RECENT BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN enjoys boasting of a paucity of enthusiasms. His latest book, "The World in Falseface" (Knopf), as others before, indicates that while in number the critic's enthusiasms may be scant, in emotional measurement his one great love — the theatre — is tremendous. He revels in it. One knows that Nathan must be Nathan, so a dig or a conscienceless epigram is looked for on every page; and because Nathan is Nathan these expectations never bring disappointment. He is such an institution by now that one rather takes him for granted. He explodes in queer places and with strange noises sometimes, but generally he is like Old Faithful geyser in Yellowstone Park — one can tell just when, where, and how the eruption is to be. Yet, as with the geyser, each performance is enough to hold one's attention while it lasts.

Memories of "The One-Hoss Shay" were constantly called up by a pleasurable reading of the "Yankee Notions" (Yale) of George S. Bryan — the G.S.B. who so frequently adds flavor to F.P.A.'s "Conning Tower". Well scattered through the versed stories in the Down East dialect, though, are bits that are extremely different. They are poems of a New England into which no Yankee farmer intrudes. They are children born of an adoration of this, for America, old section. The hills, the trees, the weather — all the things that have for ages inspired songs to nature win a happy response. These, perhaps, will be first forgotten, for the others have the qualification of being pure Yankee despite the light ridicule at the traditional characters of New England. The poet is a man laughing at the peculiarities of what he loves. These poems have fewer rivals with which to compete and so should better stand the battle for existence. The whole collection is for those who know New England and for those eager to see the literary records of nationally recognized characteristics.

Out of the tumbled pile of European events, Charles A. Beard has selected a few facts and piled them neatly in "Cross Currents in Europe Today" (Marshall Jones). The revelations of the secret treaties, the rise of new European governments, the tendencies of the socialist and labor movements abroad, and the general economic situation are the diverse subjects of the volume. From a consideration of them, and of America and the balance of power, Beard draws hesitatingly conclusions which he placards "general and tentative reflections". Perhaps the chronicler of so many glorious plans gone to smash may well hesitate to conclude by drafting another labeled, "Infallible". And the value of the book may be that it isn't trying to prove, or recommend, or forecast anything.

Is Ambrose Bierce still living? The question is raised by Samuel Loveman, who edits a limited edition of "Twenty-one Letters of Ambrose Bierce" (George Kirk). The startling possibility opened up by Mr. Loveman is based upon the last communication

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he received from Bierce, dated September 10, 1913, consisting of the message, "This is only to say goodbye. I am going away to South America in a few weeks, and have not the faintest notion when I shall return. May you prosper and be happy." Resting his case — presumably upon what some will regard as the slender evidence of this letter, since no further proof is even suggested — the publisher asserts, "Bierce knew his destination; Bierce willed to disappear. Hence, the hoax of his entry into the World War and his reported engagement with Mexican bandits, is punctured for all time. The possibility may even be ventured that Bierce is still alive." No attempt is made to strengthen the weak points in this theory. For instance: had Bierce planned such a hoax, would he have endangered it by the very letter upon which the hoax theory is founded? The rest of the correspondence printed relates largely to certain poems by Mr. Loveman.

One day in 1921, some three years after his death at Palermo alone and in distress, a Uruguayan warship brought back to his native city of Montevideo the body of José Enrique Rodó for burial beneath a national monument erected to his name and fame. Rodó's genius has been widely recognized in many lands, especially throughout Latin America, and now "Ariel", perhaps his greatest work, has been translated from the Spanish by F. J. Stimson, late United States ambassador to Argentina. In "Ariel" (Houghton Mifflin) Rodó speaks to all who are striving for an art of life, and particularly to youth, through the mouth of "the venerable old master whom we used to call Prospero". And it is Shakespeare's Spirit of the Air who guides him in warning his scholars against the sensual and stupid Caliban. Prospero teaches and preaches in delightful talks "the coming of a human generation which shall return to life a sense of the ideal", and the education he would bring about includes "the informing of the fathers' experience with the innovating inspiration of the sons". Mr. Stimson's beautiful English translation makes "Ariel" doubly welcome.

The blurb on the cover of "Fauns at Prayer" (Brentano) informs the reader that Leolyn Louise Everett is American born but an adopted daughter of Italy. Perhaps that explains the mediocre quality of the author's poetry. It is very evident that she is suffering from too much mingled emotion, and the result tends more toward a farrago than anything else. Italian landscape gardening has so blinded her as to cause the reader to suspect instinctively that she keeps a memorandum of choice phrases. At any rate, so unexpectedly do they leap out at one that very often the intent of the poem is lost in an intermittent salt shaking of utterly incongruous, if pretty, phraseology.

Unselfish interest by England is scouted by Wilfrid Scawen Blunt in "Secret History of the English Occupation of Egypt" (Knopf), an interesting amplification of notes of history in the making as it came under his observation during a long period of years. In the chronicling of it he does not mince matters to protect his personal friends. "It is", he says, "one of the evils of the English Imperial system that it cannot meddle among free people, even with quite innocent intentions, without in the end doing evil. There are too many self-

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ish interests always at work not to turn the best beginnings into ill endings." Mr. Blunt found during his travels, prior to the English occupation, free tribes of Bedouins who actually practised "liberty, fraternity and brotherhood" to a degree that is but an idealistic dream and an empty boast among "civilized" nations.

In "Eminent Europeans" (Putnam) Eugene Bagger reveals himself as a biographer with a journalist's heart, a chronicler with a gossip's soul, a little brother to Lytton Strachey. Throughout the volume, and especially in the thumbnail portraits of Paderewski and Queen Marie of Rumania, he interpolates an occasional bit of philosophic shading that serves to lift his work above the ordinary clever level of the various Mirrors. He has introduced a subtle device not unknown to biographers but rarely employed to better effect: when he chooses to retail some choice morsel of gossip, or some questionable myth of uncertain source, he salves his conscience by prefacing his version with a skeptical line or two scouting the authenticity of the yarn. Yet he tells it, thereby spicing the solid meat of fact with the ever palatable sauce of semi-libel.

Over one of the doorways in the library at the University of Pennsylvania there is a motto wrought in stained glass to the effect that Talkers are No Great Doers. After reading "American Individualism" (Doubleday, Page) one might add that Doers are No Great Writers, for despite the fact that so capable a citizen as Herbert Hoover is its author, this book sounds like nothing quite so much as a Fourth of July oration. It is a tract abounding in vague, grand gestures, and juicy phrases: a conventionally composed potpourri of platitudes.

Somewhere in "Our Best Poets" (Holt), Theodore Maynard, himself a poet, says: "When the author has confessed that he does not fully understand all of his own poetry, but that the meaning of this line or that has been discerned by him only in flashes of illumination, others can hardly expect to gain his meaning with casual ease. The whole definition of inspiration is that the inspired man, be he prophet or poet, is possessed by an influence, whose instrument he is, whose will he performs, but whose purpose is not always known to him." It is these poets who are the greatest, says Mr. Maynard. There may be a few sincere students who find the greatest poems ever written those whose obtuseness baffles comprehension. For these few, Mr. Maynard's attitude toward poets and poetry may be clear. The majority of those who love the beauty of poetry, however, sing not the praises of those who bury their truth or philosophy or purpose within the unlit walls of some labyrinth, the secret of which even the poet knows "only in flashes of illumination". Mr. Maynard's book treats of the twelve poets of England who, he thinks, rate the highest, and then a few last chapters on American writers are tossed in. Mr. Maynard loves Chesterton above all others and sees little of good in the vers libre schools of this country.

Despite the typical frankness and exactitude of Emile Zola as used in "Nana", it seems possible that it may act as a palliative to the ailments of the Sumnerian group. "Nana" has always been a comparative rarity in this country, possessed almost exclu-

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sively by those who owned the complete works of the French master. Now Alfred A. Knopf has tossed three thousand handsomely done copies of the book into the market, but it seems unlikely that the reformers will protest. Aside from the recent judicial bumps administered to the habitual protestants, there is the story of the book to keep them away from suppression. Casanova's escapades were attacked because they were successful; Nana's unconventionalities will probably miss the valuable advertising of attempted destruction because Nana, at the end, lies dead, with the body that so many worshiped in a horrible condition. It would probably be safe to say that anything could be printed in this country were it made clear that dishonor staggers its sinful way to the morgue. Despite the hundreds of realistic novels that have been published in recent years, "Nana" still stands out above most. Burton Rascoe has written an introduction to this edition in which he gives a concise criticism of Zola in an endeavor to beat back the attacks which have been made upon the Frenchman.

"Chinese Nights Entertainments" (Brentano) is hardly a fair title. It leads one to expectations that are in no wise fulfilled. Brian Brown has selected and edited a group of oriental folk tales to give an idea of China's mythology, and to connect the tales he has endeavored to reproduce the circumstances under which these yarns might be spun. Stories of the China which preceded western civilization seem belied by this book. Surely out of the land of past romance and learning should come more interesting tales than these. There is through them all an oriental air — at least, it is not occidental — the atmosphere being more arresting than a majority of the stories. Sao-Ke Alfred Sze, Chinese minister to this country, has written a short foreword to the volume.

With "Leaves on the Water" (Seltzer) by Stanley Kimmel, the Pole Star of romantic poetry swings again into its favorite oriental orbit. Here in a series of "sketches" in free verse, and "tales" in violet prose, we meet again that perennial romantic figure, the mysterious Chinese, inscrutable as ever, with pink blossoms, lanterns, and shy, silky maidens forming a familiar and attractive background. A shrewd ironical vein seldom occurring together with the Chinese motif rises to the surface from time to time as a reminder of the common bond of human frailty uniting East and West.

There are two kinds of newspaper romance. One is the kind that leads persons to read and enjoy stories about cubs who make scoops and thus win glory. The other, and authentic kind, makes men cling to newspaper work despite inadequate pay, interminable hours, and recurring disappointment. Of the latter is made "Deadlines" (Covici-McGee) by Henry Justin Smith of the Chicago "Daily News". The era of yellow journalism which was at its height about the time of the Spanish-American War might have furnished better copy for an adventure tale. It was a wise author who decided to make his book of the stuff of which real newspapers are made. Here we have portraits of a city room, of the men in it, and of their stupefying shop talk. Newspaper men will call this book authentic and harrow their souls by reading it. Others will just enjoy it.

To read B. W. Matz's volume on

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"Dickensian Inns and Taverns" (Scribner) is to be transported back to the pages of "David Copperfield", "Nicholas Nickleby", and "Martin Chuzzlewit". The inn, in the Dickensian sense of the term, is an institution that has practically vanished, doomed by the advent of the locomotive; but all the good cheer, the friendliness, and the hospitality of the inn and of "its first cousin, the tavern" are made to live again in Mr. Matz's book, which is devoted to a discussion of "The Saracen's Head", "The Maypole", and other public houses celebrated in the novels of Dickens. Genuine warmth and a kindly good humor radiate from the pages of the volume, which will prove a joy to all who have found delight in "Bleak House" or in "The Old Curiosity Shop".

The "Essays" (Harper) of Percy Stickney Grant are readable and entertaining, though their general trend, perhaps, is one of affirmation of foregone conclusions rather than development of newer thought. The present generation, generally, will agree with the author in answering "Yes" to the question: "Is Bernard Shaw an Immortal?" "Browning's Art in Monologue" is a good bit of appreciative criticism, already covered; "The Religion of Shakespeare", with apt quotations, emphasizes after all the second planeness of religion in a narrower Christian sense where the dramatist is concerned. The best of the essays seems to us "Feodor Dostoevsky", an able and well informed study. There are some happy thoughts, some fine lines, in "A Fifth Avenue Parade" (a volume of poems uniform with the "Essays" in appearance). Various ones among the poems strike a note which emphasizes the difference of viewpoint between the Washington Square of Dr. Grant's Fifth Avenue and Old Trinity, Bishop Manning's Broadway.

However helpful conferences on disarmament may be, they can no more prevent war than Scotland Yard can eradicate crime. A radical change in thought among individuals must precede. Then governments, their representatives, will respect the rights of others and not insist upon their own, real or fancied, at whatever cost. Harold F. B. Wheeler in "The Story of the British Navy" (McBride) shows why Britain needs her navy. Without her sea hounds, the British Isles would long since have passed into other hands. His story takes us from the earliest times down to the present day, the chapters relating to the late war being particularly interesting and enlightening.

Someone once paraphrased Omar into: "I often wonder what the Poets read one half so precious as the stuff they write." Had Elizabeth Madox Roberts used sufficient discretion in choosing the poems to go "Under the Tree" (Huebsch) the paraphrased verse might well be applicable to her. But it is hard to believe that she can read all of this collection and emerge from the hour with that feeling. She has written bits of verse giving the child's interpretation of the things of everyday life. Some of them are unusually well done. It is not fair, of course, to put them into competition with "A Child's Garden of Verses", yet it is hard to avoid mentioning a similarity of purpose. She admits that the verses are not intended exclusively for children and there is the same attempt to give infantile impressions. Sometimes they are there with the semblance of genuine mes-

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sages from imaginative children. But too often they seem what they really are — the attempts of an adult to show what children might be thinking about. One exceptional verse, in these days of prolific publishers, is justification enough for a new volume, however, and "Under the Tree" offers this, and more. There is plenty of chaff, but the kernels are to be found by the inquisitive.

When a reviewer meets a book "affectionately dedicated" to "The Osmunda Club of Richville-Standish at Sebago Lake, Maine", after which is appended the list of senior, junior, and associate members, he feels an anticipatory glow. Then when on page 277 he finds: "If you persist in illuminating your character with the brilliant rays of self-satisfaction, how can you progress?" he realizes that the glow was due to those very rays. But progress or no progress, that self-satisfaction must brand "We Are Here — Why?" (Marshall Jones) as one of the season's most entertaining books. No offense is meant to the Osmunda Club, nor to the author, Edna Wadsworth Moody. To hearts tuned to this sort of religious thing the book may mean much. To one whose Bible is a composite of good books, past and present, the volume will be entertaining. Perhaps the reason the book did not influence this reviewer is to be found in a chapter called "Admission into the Mysteries". Here we read: "Meditation . . . is the act of turning over and over in the mind all the aspects of a single truth or quality until the consciousness is in a state to receive intuitive knowledge of the thing in its essence." We did not meditate.

The volume of essays by the late Professor Caleb T. Winchester, "An Old Castle" (Macmillan), is written neither *à la* Montaigne nor yet Emerson. The author approaches his subjects — beginning with a colorful evocation of Elizabethan England and Philip Sidney, using the "Old Castle" of Ludlow as its pivotal point — from the biographical angle. The sympathetic and appreciative papers devoted to various Shakespeare plays, to "The Literature of the Age of Queen Anne", and "The Life of Jonathan Swift", justify the claim advanced in the preface that the author was "especially interested in the man behind the book". Burns, Ruskin, Browning, and Clough are discussed; and our own New England mystic, Bronson Alcott, comes in for somewhat over fourteen pages of study, too much or too little, as one may or may not reverence his achievement. Professor Winchester is, perhaps, at his best in the Elizabethan and Queen Anne essays.

"Samphire" (Seltzer) by John Cowper Powys is an exotic little book of verse, highly artificial and self-conscious, and conceived in a decadent mood. One cannot but feel, however, beneath all its caprice, and beneath the mocking cynicism which runs through the poems, that there is much stubborn good cheer in the temperament of Mr. Powys, that his constitution perhaps lacks the delicacy which is necessary to the fantastic imagination, and that he is a devoted student of Plato.

A series of stories contributed as daily articles to a big city newspaper is more likely to be a "stunt" than a contribution to literature. Perhaps Ben Hecht, who has gathered such a series in "One Thousand and One Afternoons in Chicago" (Covici-McGee), was warned by the success of Jack

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Lait, who did a similar series in Chicago several years ago. Hecht did not try to write tales in the short story form. He produced sketches, descriptions, anecdotes; he portrayed a real city. Then someone turned Herman Rosse loose on the book. Mr. Rosse has devised a series of hollering illustrations and smeared them liberally all over the volume. There is hardly a page without a drawing. The pictures are interesting and symbolic — but they belong to Sandburg's "Chicago Poems". Ben Hecht isn't devastating this time. The pictures are. The book is honest writing, to be read for its content not for its shocks.

Immigration, studied in the light of what may well be called the "Nordic" school of anthropology, is the theme of "America's Race Heritage" by Clinton Stoddard Burr (American Historical Society). Assuming as proved a Nordic superiority, responsible for all the achievements of the white race since the battle of Marathon, the book goes on merrily to show the general acceptability of most of our immigration before 1880 and the undesirability of most of it since. A selected — and possibly indentured, registered, finger printed, photographed, and catalogued — immigration would preserve America for the heritage of the Nordic race, Mr. Burr believes. The book is full of historical facts and dates and tables, some of which bear on the point at issue. This is the sort of thing that comes of taking Madison Grant and Lothrop Stoddard too seriously.

Poets, with the exception of an occasional genius, go through periods analogous to human physical development. There is infancy when thoughts are pure and genuine but when, alas, expression is handicapped. From this there is a disappointing plunge into poetic adolescence, bringing partial knowledge of verse mechanics but forced thoughts generally ridiculous except to the poet himself and his adolescent contemporaries. Here is no restraint as emotions jump from whirling with the stars to horrid association with graves, the jumping being done because that is the conventional thing for a poet's emotions to do. Balance between these is rare. Ill chosen, overemphatic words are used to convey the posing thoughts of this adolescence. Some persons, undiscouraged by the children of this exuberance, work on into poetic maturity; and so comes the mass of contemporary poets. An excellent example of adolescent work is "Eight More Harvard Poets" (Brentano) edited by S. Foster Damon and Robert Silliman Hillyer, containing verse by Norman Cabot, Grant Code, Malcolm Cowley, Jack Merton, Joel T. Rogers, R. Cameron Rogers, Royall Snow, and John Brooks Wheelwright. Many of these young men show real promise, and isolated poems by almost any are up to magazine standards. But a thorough reading of the book brings a feeling that if these men continue as poets there will come a time when they will regret the publication of most of the pages of this book.

The Supreme Court decision which invalidated the Federal Child Labor Act may not be the evil it seems, Raymond G. Fuller points out in "The Meaning of Child Labor" (McClurg), if the court's decision results in legislation which actually prohibits premature employment instead of reaching the end by indirection. The book is no polemic; it is an interpretation of a problem. "There is no

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danger of intellectualizing the heart out of child-labor reform if only we keep its purposes in mind," says the author. Much tenement home work and grinding farm exploitation of children continue where child labor laws are in effect, Mr. Fuller tells us. Few states lack legislation on the subject, but much of that legislation is inadequate to preserve the rights of the child.

"Knowing Birds Through Stories" by Floyd Bralliar, beautifully illustrated by E. R. Kalmbach (Funk, Wagnalls) is a worthy addition to the books which introduce us to bird life. The birds we meet and become acquainted with in these stories belong to the families of birds we are most apt to see in our wanderings in the woods, by the ocean, in the orchard. They are described clearly and hence effectively.

One can hardly be said to receive "The Hour of Magic" (Harper) promised by W. H. Davies's book of that name. Such enchantment as there is slips through the pages elusively. One traces it faintly in several whimsical poems, in a few vivid phrases none too subtly devised; otherwise the reader must be content with superficially pretty poetry.

The dedication of Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer's 250 page defense of censorship, "The Morals of the Movie" (Penn), is a short but significant one. "To Katherine A. Niver, my comrade in arms in the thin red line" — so it reads, and never was a dedication more revelatory of the state of mind of an author and the clan which he represents. As a member of the Pennsylvania State Board of Censors Dr. Oberholtzer has been battling valiantly for the last six years to keep several millions of his fellow citizens from embracing the devil. He and his comrades of that "thin red line" are all that stand between sin and the sinful minded. Only the few can gaze upon these lascivious motion pictures without moral contamination, and these few are the censors and their friends. The great majority of men and women must be saved from their own evil impulses and devilish desires that lie dormant until the uncensored film arouses them. That, in brief, seems to be Dr. Oberholtzer's explanation of the necessity for a censorship of films.

Like our own Paul Elmer More, the Honorable Stephen Coleridge is something of a literary Tory. Yet while Mr. More chooses to hold himself apart in austere impeccability, only occasionally amending his meditations in a new Shelburne essay, Mr. Coleridge dares to believe that he can diffuse the vision of the grand style and the Great Tradition, even on this side of the Atlantic. And so he has made a new compilation of his masters and called it "The Glory of English Prose" (Putnam). This book takes the form of letters to his grandson — evidently a model youth. The nobility, majesty, and pomp of English literature, the extraordinary charm of the landscape of Devon (the county which produced Sir Walter Raleigh, J. A. Froude, and the Coleridges), the spaciousness of the days of Henry VIII and the vulgarity of our own era, are all insisted upon with impartial emphasis. If the gloriousness of our literary heritage consists less in its expression of a national spirit, and less in a criticism of life, than in its reflection of parliamentary grandiloquence and a tradition of social aristocracy, then the

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Honorable Stephen Coleridge has produced a sound and a valuable book.

For a great many years Sunday school children were taught to look upon the "Songs of Solomon" as being addressed not to a beloved woman but to a revered God. The casual reader of "Soul's Secret Door" (Vedanta Centre) by Swami Paramananda could easily be led into just the reverse misconception. Among these verses, after the manner of Tagore, one finds this from "The Joy of Thy Coming":

> For this madness of mine I can find no cure;
> There is no help save when Thou art near.

Yet it is not an amorous note but a religious one. The book is full of phrases, too, reminiscent of Biblical passages, and there is no noticeable improvement over the older work. For those of the author's faith it will be welcome; others will be bored by a lack of originality and beauty.

Little or nothing is added by the journal of Louis Etienne St. Denis, known as Ali, to the already crowding shelf containing recollections of "Napoleon, from the Tuileries to St. Helena" (Harper). Here the main facts are given again from the customary angle. The chronicler is not interested in studying Napoleon, but includes among such traits and characteristics as are mentioned a new and fuller catalogue of his menus, wardrobe, and daily routine. These are set down with all the zeal of a devoted personal attendant.

There have been at least two bibliographies of Walt Whitman published in the past decade, and now comes a third, limited to 550 copies, edited by Carolyn Wells and Alfred F. Goldsmith (Houghton Mifflin). They call their little volume "A Concise Bibliography of the Works of Walt Whitman with a Supplement of Fifty Books About Whitman". Then, in an introduction, they explain that the work is not complete but "is, rather, a check list of the works of Whitman". An effort has been made by the editors to list all of the various editions of "Leaves of Grass", which effort seems to be the purpose and the accomplishment of the book.

Coué appears to have desecrated the medical man's holy of holies — mystery. William Brown, M.A., M.D. (Oxon.), D.Sc., M.R.C.P. (Lond.), in an enlarged edition of "Suggestion and Mental Analysis" (Doran) gives the medical attitude on Coué and autosuggestion which should act as a necessary brake on the enthusiasm of those who forget Coué's warning that only those things possible can be done.

Witter Bynner's apotheosis of America has been reprinted by Knopf. "The New World", with its uneven metrical form, its frequent climb into ecstatic beauty, its almost naïve conviction regarding an impending triumph of love, gives the impression of at least contemporary immortality. The cynic laughs at its trust in the human mob; the idolater of orthodoxy spurns the erratic rhythm, but still it has a body that probably will be palpable when much of the verse of today has merged into a hardly distinguishable wraith. Even though there be occasional passages that to scan properly is to lose the emphasis — "That a just portion of the whole" — the poem generally runs smoothly. He who can excuse a fatuous American

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will find delight in this attractive reprint.

In 1878, at the festival commemorative of the death of Jean Jacques Rousseau, the principal address was made by Henri-Fréderic Amiel. Rousseau has been called "the father of the nineteenth century". It was his preaching of a return to nature that caused the spiritual and literary upheaval of the stiff, gilded country that was France under Louis XV. M. Amiel's address consisted of a precise and scholarly analysis of the philosopher's ideas and a survey of his influence on the thought of his time. Now, nearly fifty years since the essay was read to the gathering at Geneva, it still ranks as an unusually fine example of pure criticism. "Jean Jacques Rousseau" (Huebsch) has been translated by Van Wyck Brooks.

Paul De Kruif, bacteriologist, research worker, journalist, investigator, and a young man at that, has in "Our Medicine Men" (Century) indulged in some cynical and rather ribald jesting at the expense of the doctors. He is impatient with what he alleges are their scientific pretensions, and he would therefore separate medicine into a science of the study of disease, reserved for laboratory investigators, and the art of healing, delegated to the practitioners. Actually the history of medicine shows that the doctor in the field has contributed more than a proportionate share of the facts of medicine. Perhaps had Dr. De Kruif had experience in the study of disease at the bedside of the sick, he would realize that it is only here that disease may be satisfactorily studied. Amid all the satire and cynicism, amid the half truths and questionable statements, amid the bitterness and the savagery of this book, there are, however, thought provoking, serious, well grounded criticisms which the medical profession may well consider. Its immaturity and uncritical censure may lead the uninformed lay reader to wrong impressions, but to the physician it will indicate the pregnable points of his profession.

Outside of the fact that the recent two volume edition of W. H. Prescott's classic on "The Conquest of Mexico" (Holt) has all the physical qualities that might lead the collector of attractive books to prize it, it is distinguished by two features that set it apart from all previous editions. The first is an introduction wherein T. A. Joyce undertakes to criticize Prescott's opening chapters in the light of recent archæological discoveries; the second is a series of drawings by Keith Henderson, illustrative of the narrative, and interpretative of the spirit of the old Mexican civilization. Many of these drawings are of full page or even double page size, and they constitute an original and valuable auxiliary to Prescott's famous work.

Colorful pictures of the Palestine of today — of irrigated lands where the fig and olive grow, of blazing, sun scorched deserts, of bleak rocky hills, of treeless plateaus, and of great salt lakes steeped in a perpetual sultry haze — are to be found in Frank G. Carpenter's volume on "The Holy Land and Syria" (Doubleday, Page). The author holds his reader's attention from beginning to end; and he reveals Palestine in a light that may be surprising to a western audience, showing that it far from fulfils the Biblical description of "flowing with milk and honey", and that it is largely composed of parched deserts and of treeless hills.

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