

climax, which would show that Western lacquer may be a removable dressing on occasion, is not quite four-square with the incidents as recorded.

*Nos Enfants au Collège.* Par le Dr. Maurice de Fleury. Paris: Armand Collin. 1905. 18mo, Jésus, pp. 315.

Six years ago, almost to a month, we noticed a volume of fifty thousand words (the present one has not seventy thousand), by Dr. Fleury, entitled *Le Corps et l'Âme de l'Enfant*, a very sensible and detailed book, readable by mothers, concerning the bringing up of children from three to fifteen, and strongly marked by the characters of a medical man and of a Frenchman impressed by Anglo-Saxon superiority. He was full of Herbert Spencer, in whom he admired a trait which it needed his fine observation to discover, Spencer's wit and humor. It seems that that volume contained the results of studies, which the author had been led to make by his having a son of his own; and the same circumstance has caused the present sequel. Dr. Fleury's ways of thinking remain what they were, those of a physician interested in psychology, and given, for example, to going about and asking many people the same question in order to tabulate the answers. He is not at present in quite so admiring a mood toward the Anglo-Saxons. In his former volume he marched under the Anglomaniac banner of Demolins, talked of our "vital superiority," our "vigor of expansion," and so forth. At present, he wishes it distinctly understood that he does not agree with Demolins, and talks of Anglo-Saxons, especially the American bred, as pirates eaten up with jingoism and imperialism.

For the moment, he is strenuously in favor of the suppression of Latin as a general study for boys. He says he could formerly recite the entire second book of the *Æneid*, and now could not read it without a dictionary. Does this mean that if a man has once read a book, and subsequently is for any reason in no condition to re-read it and cannot repeat much of it, the reading can have done him no good? He gives about five pages of quotations from a book by André Beaunier, in which we are told that there are only five or six works in Latin that are worth reading, and that the principal reason for learning it is that it enables one to understand the formation of French words. Dr. de Fleury himself speaks as if one of the chief reasons for learning Greek is that it furnishes information of the meanings of technical terms such as "telegram." Really, it does not heighten one's respect for a writer on education to learn that, knowing Latin and Greek, he has found them of no service to him.

The author is alive to the medical side of educational questions; he has read physiological psychology and takes it into account, and he has the physician's skill in dealing with situations that he does not half comprehend. There is much good sense in the book. Thus, it is rightly insisted that the greater part of the labor of mental work consists in getting one's mind riveted down upon the problem in hand. This has been said often enough before. It accounts for a powerful intellect's need of a physical constitution which can go long without

sleep or food, the first few hours being unproductive drag. Of course, it is as undesirable as it is impossible that boys and girls should accomplish any memorable thinking; and it is also true that very young children can gather all the mental power in their possession in a few minutes. But this is far from being the case with the big boy. In one hour he will not have got his second wind, he will not have reached the stage of enjoyment of mental work; and if at the end of one hour he is invariably set upon doing something else, it is the inexorable law of psychology that he should look upon study as thoroughly disagreeable. Who could ever write a book if his attention were entirely taken off from it for five minutes every hour? The really fine thinking is done in seconds; but hours must prepare for them, and many more hours must seize upon the product of these seconds and utilize it.

As in his former volume Dr. Fleury gave two highly useful chapters to the study of "l'enfant colére," two to "l'enfant peureux," three to "les paresseux," and one "sur le mensonge," among other subjects of the same order, so here he does not fail to consider the proper plan of treating inattention, the *mauvais vouloir*, and other things which some people still seem to think beyond the scope of science. His book has three parts: "La Vie Physique," in 44 pages; "La Vie de l'Esprit," in 150 pages, and "La Vie Morale," in 91 pages. It is not a great work; but it is a very agreeable and extremely useful series of talks.

*The Memoirs of an American Citizen.* By Robert Herrick. The Macmillan Co. 1905.

In an earlier novel Mr. Herrick showed how the sight of the success of the unscrupulous, and the desire to get rich at least as quickly as one's neighbors, may corrupt a man who starts in life with the most honorable intentions. The "Common Lot" was an unpleasant picture of the conditions of the building industry in Chicago, but the collapse of the hero together with his shoddy structures left the reader with comfortable assurance that justice had limped behind to some purpose and was well up with the wrong-doer. In the "Memoirs of an American Citizen" Mr. Herrick paints the picture of a Chicago pork-packer who from the first had no scruples to lose. Harrington's steady nerves were never shaken by the constant expectation of dishonor. Publicity for this resourceful hero always meant ruin, but at the critical moment he never failed to buy a fresh lease of secrecy. Mr. Herrick has made him tell his own tale, which is of course the only effective way of describing an unscrupulous man. Yet Harrington is no villain in the old-fashioned sense of the word. He is merely gifted with an imagination for commerce which blinds him to the ordinary distinctions of right and wrong, and he has hours of almost spiritual exaltation when the magic idea of controlling "the entire food products business of the country" ceases to be wholly an affair of dollars, and carries him away like any medæval hero on a quest. Mr. Herrick is wise in not laying too much stress on this view of pork-packing, and just avoids the revolting features of the canting millionaire. There is a sort of honesty in dishonor which

to some extent saves Harrington with the reader. "There are no morals in business that I recognize except those that are written on the statute-book," says my mind, there was something childish in the use of those words "better" and "worse." Every age is a new one, and to live in any age you have got to have the fingers and toes necessary for that age. For my part, I went with the forces that are, willingly, gladly; believing in them, no matter how ugly they might look. So history reads: the men who lead accept the conditions of their day."

The lesson of the book is that scruples and morals are "college talk" and end in failure, as in the case of Harrington's old employer Dround, who refuses to profit by rebates, private agreements, and "all the underground machinery of the packing business." In the end the youth from Indiana who had arrived in Chicago in the seventies with fifteen cents in his pocket, buys himself a seat in the United States Senate, after the Spanish war, with as much ease and almost as little secrecy as though he were acquiring the directorship of yet another great industrial concern. His brother, who had been handicapped by moral scruples, sinks into poverty in the Chicago slums. The love interest, as in other novels of this type, is entirely subordinate to the commercial. Harrington is not the man to fall under the sentimental influence of a woman. But he has his Egeria in Jane Dround, his employer's wife, a sphinx-like person, who reminds one of a Wilkie Collins heroine except that her passion is commercial rather than social intrigue. In the company of Jane, Harrington breathed more easily, and her glance was enough to inspire him with all the details of a new "merger." Happily, her influence was only intermittent.

This is not a book that we should care to see in the hands of youth. No one demands that a novelist should be didactic. But who, on the other hand, desires to entertain his leisure with a cynical apologia for commercial dishonesty? Success never seemed more unlovely, but it is still success, and this time justice is hopelessly beaten in the race.

*A Treatise on Chemistry.* By Sir H. E. Roscoe and C. Schorlemmer. New edition, completely revised. Macmillan Co. 1905. Vol. 1. 8vo, pp. 331.

The appearance of the first volume of a thoroughly revised edition, no doubt the last one that will have all the advantage of its author's skill, of Sir Henry Roscoe's "Treatise on Chemistry," is an appropriate occasion for noting the value to science of literary culture. The student of chemistry has no small task before him when he sits down so to impress upon his memory all the facts contained in these eight large volumes (as they probably will be, though they may be numbered as three) that each fact is ready at hand at the moment it becomes pertinent. In this undertaking he can receive from no other handbook in any language the degree of aid and comfort that he will gain from "Roscoe and Schorlemmer," because the facts are here set forth very plainly and with no suspicion of artifice, yet in such a way as to make him alive to them to the very end of the twenty-five hours of reading a day which is said to be necessary for the young chemist.

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