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 Colin. 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 Aeneid, 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 reread 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 colère," 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 mediæval 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 [illegible] that are written on the statute-book," [illegible] 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. 931.

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.

They are not only stated as they appear to the experimenter, but they are clothed in good, pure English that does not annoy and does not draw attention from the facts to the words. There is no branch of science in which there is so low an average of general cultivation, or education, as there is among chemists; and yet on the average they write rather well. Perhaps that power of nice manipulation which they must have by nature and by severe training, that clean purposiveness in each muscular contraction and in every designing of an experiment, which renders it a keen æsthetic pleasure to see a good chemist perform—not a show experiment, but a serious analysis—may evidence itself in their use of words. It would certainly be very easy to name some fascinating books of chemistry; but no chemist has directed his literary accomplishments to a more useful office, lowly as ambitious vanity might deem it, than Sir Henry Roscoe has done in the composition of this treatise.

The most embarrassing question for the writer of a chemical handbook, and one which hardly any two have answered alike—a diversity most annoying to those who consult these books—is in what order to take up the elements, both in the main divisions and in the subdivisions. The simplest rule (and the more one considers it, the more one finds to approve in it) would be always to give precedence to the element of lower atomic weight. The effect of this would be revolutionary, no doubt; but it would be a salutary revolution, since it would put organic chemistry—the simpler subject, and in itself, no doubt, much the smaller subject, as well as the better understood subject—before inorganic chemistry, concerning which, in the ordinary treatment of it, the student acquires many ideas (as, for example, about saline solutions) that he has afterwards to unlearn as being exploded. The first compounds of any importance that would, in the proposed arrangement, be brought to his attention would be the hydrocarbons, the compounds of which our knowledge is the most nearly complete, while he would have impressed upon him at the outset the salutary lesson that our acquaintance with chemical substances is extremely slight at best. Then would come the ammonias, amines, nitrites, etc., that do not contain oxygen; and here, too, we are upon a good solid ground of theory, relatively speaking. Oxygen would introduce him to more difficult questions, which have, however, in organic chemistry, been tolerably well answered. The separation of series of elements, such as F, Cl, Br, I, in this arrangement would force the student repeatedly to review, one by one, the facts that he had already learned, and would thus insure the accuracy of his recollections. But, of course, the capital advantage would be the simplicity of the arrangement.

"Roscoe and Schorlemmer" suffers as much as any book we know from inconsistencies of arrangement. Its general idea, like that of many other works, is to treat the elements in one column of Mendeléeff's table together. But no writer has ever adhered to that plan consistently. The result of doing so would be too atrocious in this volume. Oxygen follows after iodine. Boron is wedged between arsenic and carbon, closely casuals of the latter. Silicon, a kind of chemistry is who suppose it to be allied to silicon through their love of flint-glass-making acids—a circumstance which certainly does not affiliate boron with carbon. Nitrogen, phosphorus, and arsenic are treated in this volume; while antimony and bismuth go over to the third as being metals, although the metal tellurium is allowed a place here. A student who wishes occasionally to refer to this work along with a half-dozen other handbooks, all differently arranged, will be annoyed by the absence of any plain rule of arrangement in any of them.

The revision has been admirably performed. Its thoroughness and accuracy, and the sound scientific judgment shown wherever fact or theory is in doubt, are striking. A careful reading has disclosed but one or two slight errors. The historical statements are particularly careful, though we cannot assent to the credit allowed to Watt and disallowed to Cavendish as to the composition of water. The latter said that the two gases "are turned into water"—an expression of which the scientific caution at a time when there was no evidence whether that which was given off (which we now know to be heat-energy) was matter or not, ought to be commended in contrast to Watt's unreflecting haste. It is absurd to treat *his* remark as a great discovery. What is supposed to have been the imperfection of the statement of Cavendish? Probably, his not explicitly recognizing that the imponderable something which escaped when the two gases were "turned into" water was not matter. But even Lavoisier in his chemistry, and all the treatises of his school, reckoned caloric among the chemical elements; so that really we cannot see that Cavendish conceived the fact otherwise than Lavoisier afterwards did.

Rifle and Romance in the Indian Jungle: A Record of Thirteen Years. By Capt. A. I. R. Glasfurd of the Indian Army. With numerous illustrations by the Author and from photographs. John Lane. 1905.

The man behind the gun seldom becomes the man behind the pen, and if one's enjoyment of Capt. Glasfurd's spirited descriptions is somewhat marred by the solecisms to be found therein, one can cheerfully forgive the author, whose tales are so vividly told. In this collection of reminiscences and fanciful stories, the latter could easily be spared; the ghost-story and the well-seasoned tale of impossible horrors are more amusing around the camp-fire than in an otherwise admirable series of scenes from the jungle; moreover, the parody of "Hiawatha" might better have remained in the author's desk. Yet these are slight errors of judgment compared with the real worth of the book as a whole. If one wishes to get out of the beaten tracks and plunge into Indian life as seen by the devout hunter, one cannot do better than peruse Capt. Glasfurd's narrative of tigers, bears, and deer, bagged or lost according to the whim of the hunting-god. The captain himself does not seem to be a remarkable shot, yet as he does not mind failing how often his rifle misses aim, so has his story a freshness of unfamiliarity that straddles to most hunters' yarns. No one who delights in the jungle and its denizens can read these pages without pleasure. The [illegible] following biographies of the *sambar* deer and antelope. The last, indeed, is a severe tax on the imagination. One can fancy a jungle antelope in India using English and Hindustani; and "*shábásh*, little one," is no shock when one has heard the antelope describe how it crossed a *nála*, escaped three *párdis*, and entered the fields of *jawári*. But when the same animal talks about getting caught in a *cul-de-sac*, one's best endeavors to envisage the little polygot fail utterly. Even a Hindu deer is not likely to talk French. On the other hand, the chapter entitled "Reminiscences of Junglypur" is a genuine bit of hard-earned and well-spent experience; adventure and description being in well-balanced proportion.

Yet to an American the sport of India seems rather tame. The only really exciting fun is pig-sticking. One chases a boar, and either sticks a spear into him or gets stuck by the boar. But deer-hunting is without danger, and tiger-hunting is the tamest sport of all. To have a bed slung in a tree and to doze there with soda-water, sandwiches, and tobacco at hand, until a tiger comes to the bait below, and then shoot him without exposing one's self to danger, may be sport to those accustomed to the bravery of fox-hunting; but no American need lament that he cannot hunt tiger, either in this quiet way or in the more costly method, when one sits on an elephant. Even buffalo-hunting seems to be rather wearisome than virile sport. That out of such materials Capt. Glasfurd has succeeded in composing so excellent a book is greatly to his credit. He makes each tiger-hunt as realistic as possible; and as he weaves into it everything on land and in the sky, the result is satisfyingly picturesque, though the real excitement seems to be that of the poor little "bait," a goat or heifer tethered beneath the tree to entice the tiger. But the Indian sportsman wastes no more sympathy on his "bait" than the country boy on his angle-worm.

What Capt. Glasfurd says of the manufacture of "trophies" ought to bring the blush of shame to many of the bold hunters who proudly exhibit to friends at home the horns and hides they take back from India as their own spoils. It appears to be the practice nowadays to buy one's bag in the secret market exposed by the author in the matter-of-fact chapter "Round the Camp-Fire," where, by the way, one may also learn how to dress skins and what rifles to use in India. In the same chapter the author discusses the "depopulation" of India (meaning the extermination of game), and urges that, if the country becomes depleted of her game, she may "hold out fewer inducements to young men of sporting proclivities" and so "cease to attract to her public services many recruits of a desirable type."

In a new edition such slips as follow can easily be rectified: "Of he who," p. 187; "is into," p. 222; "Every other creature scatters," p. 309; "I should have liked to have watched," p. 312; "a fauna," p. 317. The book is well illustrated.

William Bodham Donne and his Friends. Edited by Catharine B. Johnson. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905.

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