

had designed to bring his exile home again, determined to face exposure and live it down. As a matter of fact, Basil Forrester does not come home. In the wilds of Southern Florida he starts life afresh, enters upon a new romance, and eventually marries and settles down to a life-long idyl. There is no question that Mr. Rhodes knows how to portray people and incidents in a way that forces you to see them. But he has something still to learn about the unities of construction.

A word should be said in behalf of Stanley Weyman's volume of short stories, *Done up in Lavender*, the contents of which represents, for the most part, some of his earliest work. Mr. Wey-

man is one of the authors of whom we are not apt to think as an author of short stories; yet both the technique and the development of almost all the stories in this volume are of a quality that make us realise how far he might have gone, had he chosen, in this branch of his art. They are stories of present-day English life, in social, ecclesiastical, and governmental circles. There is, for instance, a story of the distress of a zealous young minister, whose drunken reprobate of a

father makes an untimely visit to his parish and sadly interferes with his ministrations. And there is an admirably subtle tale of a secret treaty, the untimely appearance of which in the newspapers costs the prime minister his office, and causes the downfall of his party. Now the prime minister has a young wife, who, after the manner of young wives, is jealous of her husband's devotion to his serious business of life; and circumstantial evidence points strongly to her as the guilty party, who in order to withdraw him from public life, betrayed his secret to the papers. As it turns out, however, the wife is quite unconscious of her share in the betrayal. It is quite true that she is the cause, but only indirectly, because the prime minister himself was the one who sent the treaty to the editor, in a moment of absent-mindedness, his thoughts being so full of his young wife that he did not notice which of two envelopes he was directing. Slight as they are, these early sketches leave the impression that Mr. Weyman understood contemporary life so well that a very promising disciple of Trollope was lost when he turned aside to don the sword and buskin.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

## EIGHT BOOKS OF THE MONTH

### I

#### A MODERN VIEW OF WORRY\*

The author of the *Cycle of Life* and *Evolution the Master-Key* here presents a new volume of double usefulness: from the practical side offering serviceable hints for what he considers the disease of the age, and from the theoretical setting in their proper light the current notions as to the healthful relations of mind and body. But the book is more than a compilation of the discoveries

of modern physicians and psychologists; it presents a novel point of view and abounds in paradoxical contradictions of popular beliefs. Thus it is to be proved that worry is the disease of the age and that the adult is much more gravely injured by worry than by disease. As to the first point it has been argued that observers in the past were not acute and skilful enough to detect nervous disease; but this is on the face of it incredible; men of the stamp of Sydenham had trained powers of clinical observation which probably no physician of the present day can rival; hence the only reasonable explanation of these new nervous

\*Worry: The Disease of the Age. By C. W. Saleeby, M.D. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company, 1907. Pp. xi + 311.

diseases is that they *are* new. Again, there is the popular fallacy that mental overwork is the cause of premature decay and even of insanity. But the case is simply not so. Brain-work, as such, never killed or harmed anybody. Brain-work in a stuffy room will kill you of tuberculosis; brain-work plus worry has killed thousands; brain-work plus worry plus insomnia many thousands more; but if the brain-work had been omitted the impure air or the worry and the consequent loss of sleep would have had just the same result.

Lest these general statements appear too dogmatic, recourse is now had to particular facts and corroborative details. To show how the psychical type is undergoing a modification in the direction of increased self-consciousness and nervousness, keen observers reason that civilisation is well named—it means city-fication—and the kind of mind that is produced by civilisation can only be contented in cities. As the result of this, the nervous wear and tear of “streaming London’s central roar,” is the fact that only a small percentage of the population of any city can be regarded as well; here chief importance attaches to disorder of any part of the digestive tract, for, as Professor Chittenden has lately proved, the great majority of well-to-do persons eat too much, and this is an explanation of much meaningless and unnecessary worry. Hence arises the importance of worry, not so much in the melancholic, nor in persons having vast responsibilities, nor at the great crises of life, but rather its importance as a common, constant, commonplace fact, influencing body and mind, in greater or less degree, throughout the lives of the ordinary people with ordinary affairs, who constitute the overwhelming bulk of humanity. Further proof that worry is pre-eminently the disease of this age and of this civilisation and perhaps of the English-speaking race in particular, is to be found in the fact that year by year men and women show their need for psychic help by the invention of new religions and new cults, from Christian Science and the Higher Thought to Psycho-Therapeutics and Occultism. And so the relations of religion with worry are most singular and

striking. The true religion and the truths perceived by present and past religion are cures of worry and preventives of its consequences. On the other hand, many religions have been causes of worry, laying stress upon the sinfulness of sin, and the doctrine of future punishment, and immeasurably increasing the fear of death. The latter is especially seen in the worries of childhood, where, as Professor Stanley Hall has shown in his book on *Adolescence*, each individual “climbs its own ancestral tree,” recapitulates those prehistoric days when the primitive mind, placed in contact with nature, with darkness, light and shadow, sound and silence, generated the fear of the invisible.

As in his chapters on Religious Worry and Worry as the Maker of Religions the author is evidently stirred by recollections of those harsh Scottish dogmas against which Robert Louis Stevenson rebelled, so in his invectives against alcohol as a cause of worry he evidently has in mind the equally depressing world of Scotch drink against which Matthew Arnold uttered his strictures. To demolish the grave and stupid fallacy in the common conception of alcohol he upholds a recent scientific contention that it is a substance of paradoxes; called a stimulant, as it was a half century ago, the public uses it as a sedative; uses it because it is able to calm the worrying mind, to banish care, and to bring peace. Hence the habitual use of sedatives, from alcohol to cocaine, is to be condemned without qualification as false in principle and fatal in result. But with coffee and tea, the man who is worried because his work is too much for him finds his work facilitated and its accomplishment accelerated under the influence of caffeine. If these negations be discounted as mere echoes of that temperance agitation which has been raging with such intemperance among British scientists, it is not so with the more positive sections of Dr. Saleeby’s book where he attempts to define worry as a disease by contrast with a plain statement as to what constitutes real health. In this connection he draws an attractive picture of the model man; not the valetudinarian who pays conscious attention to

his digestion and turns the festive board into a chewing contest, but the robustious male who sleeps without dreaming, eats without thinking, and works without worrying. The man without worry, he says, may have felt bored, perhaps, but never weary. He has had no pains of any kind, neither headache nor backache, nor any other. Throughout the entire day he has been totally unconscious of his own person and of all its parts, save incidentally, as when washing and dressing. He has never once thought about his digestion, and all the information that he can afford on that score would amount simply to this: that at certain intervals during the day he deposited certain pleasant materials in the largest aperture of his face, but that of their subsequent history he has no record whatever.

The reader will freely grant that if this be health, there be many who know it not. And yet this is not an impossible ideal, nothing that requires a unique brain, or Herculean muscles, or even exceptional inherited vigour. The question arises for every individual how much work he is capable of doing, whilst at the same time conforming to this standard. One may be able to do only four hours' work without defect somewhere in sleep or digestion or internal sensations. The point is to find out what are one's limitations and to consider the physical cures of worry. Minor ill-health as one of the most important causes may be removed, for worry acts not in any mystical fashion, but merely in its effect upon general vitality. One may not inherit a constant sense of well-being, that organic or gastric optimism which is the possession of the envied few, but he may gain some happy optimism, some determination to recover and finish his work, some "will to be well" which will serve the same purpose. His is that rational optimism which even in the cases of such chronic dyspeptics as Spencer and Darwin enabled them by reason to defy those internal sensations such as in ordinary men would have inevitably led to pessimism. How such health of mind is to be gained is instanced in two familiar examples—holidays and hobbies. To holiday is to be free from worry; its essence is to be absolutely careless. Of course there are

extremists here, from the man who takes his vacation in walking his legs off to the idler who lies all day in a hammock with an unread book slipping from his fingers. But for the general average of city-bred workers a real vacation is a change of occupation rather than a period of intellectual vacuity. A man with a competent and active mind is in no more need of resting that mind than a batsman who has already made ninety-nine runs and finds himself master of the bowling is in need of resting his muscles. On the contrary, it is good for the body and the mind alike to exercise those functions of which they are capable; in short, the man who is capable of exercising without strain any function whatever does well in general to do so. In contravention of the common views on the subject may be noticed the very common cases of men, active, vigorous and eager in mind, who have done abundance of hard work for years and thrived on it, and who then, retiring from business, become a nuisance to themselves and their families, begin to overeat themselves, fret, fuss and worry about trifles, and deteriorate in body and in mind—all in consequence of a holiday which was premature and was therefore not wanted. The true holiday of the brain-worker must not consist in replacing something by nothing, for nature abhors a vacuum, and will fill it with worry. It means the provision of a novel mental occupation in sufficient quantity, the essential character of that occupation being not its novelty, but the fact that there is no worry associated with it—it is done for fun.

And so, in conclusion, one should include, as part of the hygienic or health-preserving process which we now understand holidaying to be, the habit of hobby-hunting, since natural selection acts nowadays not so much upon the plane of muscle as upon that of mind. More and more, therefore, the normal or average mental type departs from what we may call the bucolic or rustic standard and approximates to the civic standard. The man who is happy doing nothing becomes scarcer, whilst the man of curious, busy and active mind becomes more common. Now, such a man is more and not less prone to worry, and is more, not less,

in need of freedom from worry; but that need is to be met by a positive rather than a negative process. The moral is that the wise man, just as he lays a little money by, in provision for the material wants of old age, will also lay a little mental riches by, for the mental wants of old age. Do not let him be caught saying, "I have no time for music now-adays," or for any of a thousand other things. It is an imperative necessity for the average modern man, and is of the nature of an investment for coming years, that he shall persistently cultivate some other mental interest than that with which the worry of the struggle for existence is associated. Such a mental interest, though apparently not utilitarian, and though not cultivated for any utilitarian purpose, will yet prove to be a valuable weapon in the struggle for existence itself.

*I. Woodbridge Riley.*

II

JOHN HARVARD\*

John Harvard should be famous not only as the founder of the greatest American university, but also because he has remained about the most obscure Harvard man that ever lived. There is not a portrait of him extant, nor one of his letters, nor so much as a line of description by a contemporary. Although the historical spirit flourishes at Harvard, and New England genealogists are famous, it was not many years ago that a reward of five hundred dollars for five lines of information about John Harvard could be offered and remain unclaimed.

Even in the light of the latest researches, our actual information about John Harvard is supplied by a few brief entries in parish registers, wills and other records. We know, from the parish register of St. Saviour's, Southwark, and from his father's will, that he was born in November, 1607, the son of a well-to-do London butcher. We know that twenty years later he entered Emmanuel

College, Cambridge, and remained there seven years, graduating with the degrees of B.A. and M.A. A year after his graduation the record of his marriage appears in a parish register. Again, a year later, the records of the first church at Charlestown, Massachusetts, show that he was for a few months assistant minister there. The next year, 1638, when he was only thirty-one years old, he died. But by his will, in which he left his library and a sum, estimated at eight hundred pounds, to the college which the Massachusetts Bay Colony had started, he rescued his name from oblivion so effectually that to-day it is more widely known and more frequently spoken than that of any Englishman of his time.

From such scraps of actual information about John Harvard as might be contained in a few lines, Mr. Shelley has written a book of over three hundred pages. It is an extremely interesting book, not only from the skilful way in which the author uses contemporary writers to give a lifelike picture of John Harvard's environment, but from his fearless use of theories when the scanty supply of facts runs dry. The theory that John Harvard's parents were introduced to each other by William Shakespeare is a case in point. The theory is builded as follows: that John Harvard's father lived in Southwark; that his mother lived in Stratford-on-Avon; that as people travelled little in those days they would probably have remained unacquainted unless brought together by some one who had lived in both places; that Shakespeare had lived in both places. Consequently Shakespeare. Such theorising might lead to heated discussion, if taken too seriously. By a skilful use of contemporary writers, and a clear and interesting manner of handling his material, Mr. Shelley describes graphically the well-to-do tradesman's family into which John Harvard was born; the London in the time of James I. where he grew up; the Puritan college Emmanuel, at Cambridge, where he spent almost one-fourth of his brief life; and of the controversial, back-biting colony of Massachusetts Bay where he died. Unfortunately, the author cannot tell us what sort of man John Harvard was. But he

\**John Harvard and His Times.* By Henry C. Shelley. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.