

shows how we may linger with the longest. Of course, when he says, "*Realization* that aging is preventable *is power*. . . to transmute age-old subconscious tendency to resist it and remain young indefinitely", we are not quite sure whether the Doctor is kidding himself or us: perhaps it is both. In any event, whether we *yogurt* with the Bulgarians or repeat "a Coué formula three times daily", the book is cheering to read. The splendid array of the historical long-lived in itself will take ten years from the reader's age.

"A Study of British Genius" by Have-lock Ellis, published over twenty years ago, has been reissued for a new generation of readers (Houghton Mifflin). It is a valuable attempt at statistical inquiry in a field in which legend and sensational generalization usually pass unchallenged. Biographies of some thousand of Britain's most eminent men and women born between 1101 and 1850 have been tabulated in respect to race, social class, heredity, marriage and family, disease, stature, and pigmentation. Men eminent partly because of rank have been excluded, but "genius" is used to designate merely the degree of ability sufficient to cause eminence. Consequently many names are but vaguely familiar to American readers, and many of the poets and men of letters are hardly major, creative, writers. The conclusions are not startling, but perform a service in showing that there is no important connection between genius and an insane heredity.

Despite the fact that William James has been everywhere lauded as an intellectual, there are those of us who may dispute the claim. It is possible that he was a trifle too submerged in life, and too affected by its events and

circumstances, to be able to stand at a sufficient height above it for intellectual prowess. Surely he was the essence of vitality, and vitality, we find, is but seldom associated with the superior mind. Whatever his status, however, there is no doubt that his remarkable observation and his brilliant ability to form caricature have made more than interesting that collection edited by his eldest son, Henry James, and entitled "The Letters of William James" (Little, Brown). The book, although carrying the reader on with great speed and perhaps leaving him tired, cannot help but make for a definite and lasting satisfaction. The publishers have simplified the older editions by bringing the two volumes into one.

Viola Tree, wishing to spare posterity the burden of editing and issuing her letters, has done the trick herself in "Castles in the Air" (Doran). Miss Tree and her correspondence are of little significance but some interest. One rather expects a Tree to be original, capricious, and more or less witty. Viola is all three. She careens at singing with a huge zest and pours out her doubts, hopes, opinions, and trivia in amusing letters to various persons. Much of the correspondence is between Miss Tree and her then fiancé, but there is a fair sprinkling of letters from Asquith and other notables. The letter filled with the most common sense is, of course, from Bernard Shaw. Viola Tree has one merit, not always shared by writers of memoirs — she admits her failure in her chosen work of singing. She does not hide behind a thousand excuses — although she naturally makes some extenuation for her final fiasco. To young women studying

"voice" we earnestly commend a careful reading of Shaw's letter. It may help them. As a book of contemporary memoirs "Castles in the Air" is too slight to be of importance. But it is amusing—which is often the greater virtue.

The interpretation of dreams is generally believed to be a field of thought predominated by fakers, gipsies, and mediums; and that elusive entity, the general public, is prone to scoff loudly at the dream state, perhaps because dreams are such ridiculous things. That there is something, however, which attracts serious thinkers to experimentation with dreams, is evidenced by the fact that Professor H. L. Hollingworth approaches "The Psychology of Thought" (Appleton) through the medium of dreaming and sleeping. Those who like to wrestle with a book so concisely written that it is a distinct achievement to read a page without losing the thread of the thought, will here discover that dreams may be discussed interestingly without hocuspocus and in a seriously academic vein.

"More Uncensored Recollections" (Harper) by the anonymous author of "Uncensored Recollections" and "Things I Shouldn't Tell" continues to prick pleasantly American complacency and to play peekaboo with the privacies and peccadillos of English and French nobility, demimondes, journalists, artists, and actors—in general, continues to jump international hurdles into discreet "social, financial, literary, artistic, sporting, and political" fields, indiscriminately. To our way of thinking, many of these "things one shouldn't tell" are not worth the telling.

In her "Tu Enfanteras", crowned with a Grand Prix by the French Academy—translated by Madeleine Boyd as "A Child is Born: A Romance of Maternity" (Cosmopolitan)—Raymonde Machard describes a prospective mother's hopes, fears, joys, mental and physical whorls, from conception to delivery of her firstborn child. Its numerous naturalistic passages our Puritanism shies away from quoting. How unfortunate for America's numerous medical philosophers that we do not have also a French Academy!

From a somewhat dull title and beginning, Moysheh Oyved's "Visions and Jewels" (Holt) proceeds to tell the story of a Russian Jew's life: how he runs away to London, runs away from military service—and runs his watch shop and jewelry business. Not an admirable personality, this petty "thief" here and acute economist everywhere, by sheer beauty of his excuses and anecdotes, genius of language generally, wins our undenominational approval! Artless frankness with sudden bursts of art unquestionable rounds this little casual journal into one of the best "soul autobiographies" of our time.

How excellently James Harvey Robinson's "The Mind in the Making" prepares the way for John H. Randall, Jr.'s "The Making of the Modern Mind" (Houghton Mifflin). This "survey of the intellectual background of the present age" is divided into four masterly books, "The Intellectual Outlook of Mediæval Christendom", "The New World of the Renaissance", "The Order of Nature—The Development of Thought in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries", and "The Growing World—Thought and Aspiration in the Last Hundred Years".