

tioning in such a way that the child could easily absorb them into the general body of its gradually broadening knowledge. For a long time we saw nothing but those halting botanical analogies written by prudish authors in which pistil and stamen were referred to with a blush.

The rapid improvement here in the last five years is undoubtedly due to a great extent to the important position which biology has won for itself in our school and college curricula. On this broad basis a comprehensive program of human sex education could be built up, for where pupils of both sexes have made a serious study of biology, zoölogy, and comparative anatomy, a teacher can hardly persist in withholding human sex facts without making himself ridiculous to his classes. The study of these allied fields from the evolutionary point of view has also solved the old difficulty of selecting a particular age or school year when a child was supposedly to be shocked to death by telling it how it was conceived and born. Sex education must be graduated and progressive; it must be adjusted to the intellectual and emotional receptivity of the child from year to year. This commits the sex educator to a carefully mapped-out course which begins at the age of ten or twelve by acquainting the child with the nature and meaning of its puberty and ends somewhere in college at about the age of twenty with a study of eugenics and the problem of desirable marriage choice.

Such an ambitious program transcends the narrower scope of preaching a personal sex hygiene or warning against the dangers of venereal infection through promiscuity. For it includes the question of correct mental and ethical attitude towards all matters of sex as well as the discussion of how best to meet the complicated temptations that beset our sexual development. Professor Bigelow thinks of sex education as including "all scientific, ethical, social, and religious instruction and influence which directly and indirectly may help young people prepare to solve for themselves the problems of sex that inevitably come in some form into the life of every normal individual." His book is written with a full realization that sex education, like all other education, can only be a guide to an individual who must ultimately make his own choices.

Dr. Scholtz's book makes a good companion piece to those chapters in which Professor Bigelow in a more general way treats of how information about the sexual organs and the diseases that may affect them is best imparted to young boys. It contains a simple and straightforward description of the sexual organs and their functioning, and then proceeds to describe the various venereal infections as well as the non-venereal acquired and inborn diseases of the sexual organs. Syphilis and gonorrhea are treated in a matter-of-fact way, like any other disease, which can be cured by quick and proper attention and faithful coöperation with a competent physician. The book further contains some sound homilies on continence and the double standard and a sincere plea for self-control. Here, as well as in the discussion of masturbation Dr. Scholtz's evidently slight acquaintance with neurology somewhat handicaps him. Though he seeks to free the masturbator from much of the torture which superstition and quackery so cruelly add to his mental conflict, Dr. Scholtz still leaves him under the impression that masturbation may lead him into epilepsy or idiocy. Idiots and epileptics masturbate, therefore masturbation may cause epilepsy or idiocy. This is, of course, an entirely erroneous deduction. It still remains to be proved that even chronic masturbation without any other congenital or constitutional defect has ever led to any such grave disorder.

A. K.

In the Tropics

The Purple Land: Being the Narrative of one Richard Lamb's Adventures in the Banda Oriental in South America, as told by Himself. By W. H. Hudson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.

GALSWORTHY, who is stirred to eloquence by the fine and tenuous, fittingly wrote an introduction for "Green Mansions," but only Chesterton has a scent still the keenest for the picaresque, whose heart dilates at the hero of endless inns, quick conflicts and villain-dotted, colored high-roads. It would have been a great stroke on the part of the publishers to have called in Chesterton's aid in making people enthusiastic about "The Purple Land." One fears his fat hand on "Green Mansions." The book is too fragile; his Falstaffian pen would have torn and crushed those spidery-like webs and meshes of descriptive beauty. He might have written about it as he did about "Pelleas." But "The Purple Land" is a book after his own heart—Fielding *redivivus*. I can imagine him reading it with a shout of joy after a self-inflicted discipline of Wells or Lawrence. After reading two or three pure ideational stories most of us experience a feeling of intolerable stuffiness. We tire of their quivering restraint, their elaborate blasting and mining and digging away of the rocks and silt of convention only to disclose at the end an underground stream of anaemic, ordinary passion. We long—as Chesterton seems always to long—for spaciousness of setting, for good-humor, for generous, impulsive passions, good or bad, quickly aroused and quickly appeased, for a naturalism about sex yet a freedom from the city incubus of it. We want to read about a land where it is easy to pick up a fresh friend and a fresh horse.

That land is the Banda Oriental of the 'eighties of the last century, and in "The Purple Land" W. H. Hudson describes it memorably. In the book is all the rare perception of natural life and beauty, so exquisitely recorded in "Green Mansions." Even the tiniest of swarming animal life flickers brightly across his pages—mice, cavies, elusive little lizards, mason-wasps and scolding, jerky, gesticulating wrens. Yet its narrative skill and simplicity are astonishing, accompanied always with surprising out-of-door similes: "She smiled at my words; it was like a ray of sunlight falling through the foliage on her face." There are stories within stories, mildly embracing the Sterne tradition. There is humor, too, which "Green Mansions" lacked. I remember the teller of interminable stories, Uncle Anselmo, who claimed that "gin is the flower of all strong drinks"; the expatriated Scotchman, Carrickfergus, proud of his dirt, which he made synonymous with liberty, the tales of the Purple Land, all solemn lies but to the natives shining as the light of truth when compared with the hero's descriptions of the homeliest London sights.

Crass realistic love encounters—seemingly inevitable in a wild country—Hudson treats with the most consummate tact. The hero is inclosed, so to speak, in the framework of marriage which makes any impulse towards Casanova episodes unpalatable; yet he is of impressionable clay and the fair child Margarita and the passionate Dolores nearly succeed in driving away his wife's image. The mind responsive to these varied personalities and bright landscapes Hudson depicts as alert and non-academic. Its quest is happiness, and by implication the author suggests how eternally simple yet how eternally difficult are the elements of happiness. I believe there is just a twinge of malice and irony in some of the illustrations; in the back-

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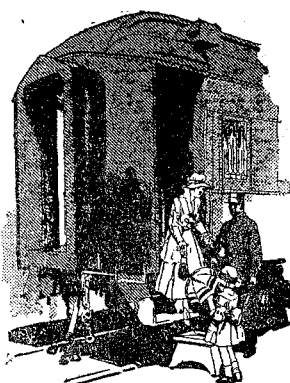
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ground of Hudson's mind must have been a mid-Victorian English village or sour Scotch piety—in the words of Carrikerfergus, "Always scrubbing, scouring, scouring—you might have eaten dinner off the floor; always singing psalms—praying—scolding." So the scene for a pretty, idyllic flirtation is set amidst the *Connorhinus infestans*, the venomous vinchucas, worst of all insects, who drive our hero to sleep under the stars. Yet somehow Hudson contrives to make us feel so wide a world to sleep on and so many stars to sleep under is still the basic fact. For the materials of that peace to which all philosophies are supposed to lead us lie all about us in the rich earth. H. S.

Roses of Asia

Through Russian Central Asia, by Stephen Graham. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.25.

OUT of the pain and the wrack of the war have been born so many plans for future pacifist internationalism that it is a bit curious to encounter an author with whom there is such quiet acceptance of war as an inevitable human phenomenon, such unprotesting recognition of the invincible diversity of the earth's great families. Indeed, "unprotesting" is a weak word, because Stephen Graham has traveled and written to define and make clear that diversity, and one suspects that for him it constitutes the chief charm of life. In the appendix to his latest book he speaks naturally of the "destiny" of the Russian and British Empires. It is as if the interminable barren phrases of the diplomatists were a kind of palimpsest beneath which were concealed the souls of the nations, incommunicable and resolute. Existence would lose its sting if that clash of outlook were lost in a friendly commercial world, a clash which of necessity issues every few generations in war. Mr. Graham does not say exactly this, yet it is not an unfair summary of his attitude.

He does say, however, that he sees no reason why the inevitable conflict between Russia and England—favorite antebellum fancy of the Germans—should not be indefinitely postponed, and when he is not drawing lessons from Russia's central Asian colonial schemes for the British Empire he is finding common sympathies between the two peoples. He advises his countrymen to decrease the import of foodstuffs from Russia after the war and learn to become self-dependent on the colonies. Russia herself is self-supporting and will not misunderstand, he assures us. London, too, might do well to copy some of the methods for colonial expansion taken by the clumsy autocracy at Petrograd—the peasants can travel thousands of miles for less than a sovereign; they are advised where to settle and when; they are given bounties and fertile land to cultivate. Mr. Graham can destroy illusions (at least American ones) as well as create them. Russia, the merciful mother, who is so eager to have even the humblest of her sons acquire a stake in the Empire—that is not our conventional conception. In this country of the free, migratory workers, traveling from harvest field to lumber camp, have to fight for a place in a box-car. In barbarous and uncivilized Russia they are transported free of charge.

With his *arrière pensée* for the picturesque and glamorous, Mr. Graham must have odd misgivings in such ancient cities as Tashkent and Samarkand. He writes of the old and the new there, cities springing up side by side, but the new is the Russian, the enterprising pioneers from Moscow and the great stretches of land to the Urals—

and Mr. Graham loves the Russians. He feels their colonization more as a moving dramatic pilgrimage, steady and calm and flecked with color. He does not want to see Russian central Asia Americanized. He does not mind its being somewhat Russianized. For the peoples there are decaying, and someone must take up the task of rehabilitating the land; that task he believes is Russia's own. But there is just a twinge of melancholy when he describes so charmingly the ancient tribes and their modern descendants: the mixed Mongolians, the Sarts, the Persians and the Kirghiz. "They [the Mohammedans] are fond of weapons as of toys, fingering blades and laughing, guffawing at the sight of cannon. They love steamboats and battleships as children love toy steamboats, and they sail them on the waters of the Levant as children would their toys. Their hospitality is mirthful, as are also their murders and massacres.—Hence, from Delhi to Cairo and from Kashgar to Constantinople, a playful and sometimes mischievous and difficult world."

Mr. Graham is not content with the type of descriptive writing that so valiantly attempts to evoke local color by the merciless exercise of exhausted adjectives. He does not prettify; the cinema at Bokhara captures his attention as surely as the covered ways and the bazaars with their lustrous silks and carpets. He makes the roses of the desert bloom again. Nor are episodes on the road just gracefully reported; they are refracted through an alert intelligence. And the sum of his method of approach is a picture of great beauty and vigor and authenticity.

H. S.

Our Neighbors Visited

Tramping Through Mexico, Guatemala and Honduras. Being the Random Notes of an Incurable Vagabond. By Harry A. Franck. New York: The Century Co. \$1.50.

MR. FRANCK'S first book, "A Vagabond Journey Around the World," deserved its popularity. It was gay and human. People before had had the idea of walking around the world; possibly somebody had even done so. But Mr. Franck stole a march on everybody by describing vividly what the feat was really like. He wrote frankly from the point of view of the average American, with much stressing of episodic detail, long menu lists, comparisons with home cities, naïve encounters with the picturesque. It was an indigenous product, unpretentious and flavored with homely virtues. The public roared its applause, and when, shortly after, Mr. Franck published his story of Panama, "Zone Policeman 88," roared again. It is an older, more sophisticated and better read Mr. Franck who writes "Tramping Through Mexico, Guatemala and Honduras." Yet anybody who has ever watched a train pull out of a station with regret will read it through, for it keeps the early human virtues. There is still a bit too much self-conscious vagabondage about it; Mr. Franck sleeps in dirty hovels too conscientiously. Also his descriptions, if graphic, are often hardly arresting—and there are too many golden sunsets. But the lane of human life that runs through these lands unwinds like a long carpet on the lovely fields and bare, stony uplands. It is not an exceptionally clean carpet. Nearly everybody was ragged, dirty and ill fed. Mr. Franck seems to have met hardly one educated or interesting native on his journey. The level of their minds was about as low as it is possible for the human intelligence to sink, and the author