



## "Breakers Ahead!"

The lookout calls the warning, and if he calls it in time the ship is saved from wreck and destruction.

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or to praise Bonsels because he puts love above hatred. The former is a born story-teller, and the latter is not. Many may think the entire comparison unfair, but it is not. Kipling has shown us how it is possible to enter into the life of beasts so that they become real to us. Bonsels much of the time merely talks about them without making us really live their lives, and there is the real difference between those two. This distinction, however, does not preclude the likelihood that many children, whether grown up or not, will enjoy Bonsels's new book as they enjoyed his tale of "Maya, the Bee." The translation by Mrs. Seltzer is good, and Arthur Guiterman's renderings of the lyrics form a particularly attractive feature.

### SCIENCE

#### RARE, VANISHING AND LOST BRITISH BIRDS.

Compiled from Notes by W. H. Hudson by Linda Gardner. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$4.

We have here brief descriptions of twenty-five species of birds, of which one is wholly extinct, others are entirely lost to Great Britain, and still others are to be found in Great Britain only in very small numbers; and (more important) we have remarks (often of course very bitter) on the circumstances of loss or reduction of numbers. For thirteen of the birds the text is a reprint of a pamphlet written by Hudson in 1894 for the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds; for the remainder, the text was compiled from rough and scattered notes left by Hudson. The work of the compiler is well done. There are twenty-five beautiful colored plates to illustrate the text.

Despite the brevity of treatment, the book has the true Hudsonian flavor, and all Hudson lovers will wish to own it.

### ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

**LATITUDES.** By Edwin Muir. B. W. Huebsch, New York. \$2.

At his best, Mr. Muir is provocative; at his worst, provoking. Between these extremes of merit and demerit he swings with vertiginous rapidity. He forces one to think, but the outcome of one's thinking is not so much approval or disapproval as a regret that he has nothing but a new one-sidedness to offer as substitute for the existing one which he decries. In his discernment of this bias on the part of our own time he may be granted prophetic rank of the Jeremianic order. In his prescription of remedies he is frequently, though far from always, like a blind man claiming extraordinary acuteness of vision. He pleads for "psychology in literary criticism" and demands, most properly, that the critic be at once artist, psychologist, and philosopher. But his own appraisements fail constantly in that supremely essential quality of spiritual humility which makes

# Off the beaten path



see  
something  
new  
this summer

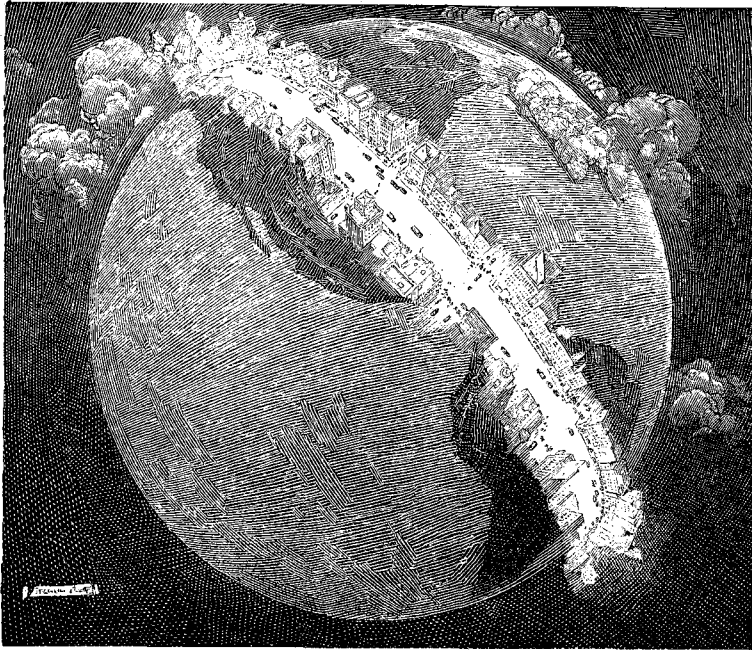
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the true critic first of all seek the symptomatic value of all phenomena observed, whether they relate to life or letters. One moment it is psychoanalysis, or psychoanalytic writers like Anderson, Joyce, or Lawrence, and in the next it is "the Rosicrucians, the Swedenborgians, and their degenerate survivors, the Theosophists," by which he lets himself be goaded into sweeping depreciatory judgments, when one really concerned with the psychology of men and things would rather try to divine what new truths are struggling toward the light through any

such movement, however distorted or faddish it may appear in its momentary manifestation. He proclaims Mr. Conrad "the greatest psychologist since Dostoyevsky," and then adds promptly that the author of "Lord Jim," "Heart of Darkness," etc., "sees everything in man except the soul." What he really means by "soul" we never learn, though the term figures repeatedly in most of the articles, reviews, and aphoristic essays composing his new volume. He is more or less against everything modern, and to him this epithet is almost synonymous with democratic. True to his Nietzschean backgrounds, he insists on deriving aristocratic individualism from the spirit of Greece and democratic herdism from Christianity, while at the same time he holds the latter responsible for the "introverted" character of so much current literature. Like all critics of similar temperament, his judgments are largely determined by "past performances," as when he sweeps aside all writers now exploring the unconscious with the dictum that "Dostoyevsky long ago did more wonderful things in that way than will probably ever be done again." He scores Ibsen for uttering such "naïvetés" as "The strongest man is he who stands alone," while himself naïvely declaring that "the fascination of the problem of criticism lies in the fact that it can never be solved." These are some of the inherent contradictions and fallibilities that make Mr. Muir's volume rather good reading. One disagrees so delightfully with him.

### TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

**RED BEAR OR YELLOW DRAGON.** By Marguerite E. Harrison. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$3.

Without possessing any great claim to the reader's serious attention, Mrs. Harrison's brisk, gossipy chronicle of her tour through Japan, Korea, northern China, and Siberia, and of her involuntary second visit to Soviet Russia, may be read with interest as well as enjoyment. The very limitations of her wholly journalistic attitude increase rather than decrease the value of her observations. As a rule she is content to record what she has seen and heard and experienced, without any attempt at interpretation. Thus the reader is left to draw his own conclusions from facts presented evidently with little, if any, personal bias. Nor are the events recorded very impressive. Frequently they don't get far beyond the commonplace. Yet they help toward a better understanding of the regions traversed, while at the same time they cannot fail to inspire a liking for the remarkably even-tempered and intrepid traveler.