

maker and housekeeper, a great student, allowed, miraculously in those days, to study Latin, French, German, Italian, sincerely and solemnly religious, sensitive to the point of anguish, given to fits of desperate melancholy, and painfully clever. All the experiences of her childhood fixed themselves indelibly upon her mind and gave her the material for most of her novels. Maggie Tulliver as a child is pretty thoroughly Mary Ann Evans. J. E. Buckrose's story of the young years is a fairly typical record of the youth of literary genius. Mary Ann wrote poetry—"that happened which does sometimes come to help those who are martyred by an over-sensitive disposition and have a gift for words. The unbearable took shape and became bearable." Mary Ann's mother died. She and her father moved to Coventry, she met the "literary society" of the town and began to bloom. It was, at first, a very bleak flower. One can laugh, now, over the sententious conversation of the long-faced blue-stocking who "had to go on explaining in set terms that the pleasures of the mind were unchanging" even while she was falling in love with Mr. Chapman, at once the first publisher and the first man of the world she had ever met. Mary Ann became Marian and a free thinker and very well pleased with herself—"she belonged now to the chosen group of philosophers and thinkers"—except when the melancholy was on her. She had already done some translating, through Mr. Chapman she went to London and became a very hard-working and competent journalist. She fell in love in pathetic, spinsterish, rather Freudian ways, with Herbert Spencer, among others, who fled when he found she meant to marry him. Then she met Lewes, a clever irresponsible, separated from his wife. The arguments whereby the self-righteous and puritanical free thinker persuaded herself to become Lewes' mistress are touching, casuistical. The methods whereby she overcame Lewes' scruples (which arose from sources scarcely connected with morals—"A leading article in crinoline," he had once called her) were strong-arm. Love and Lewes made Mary Ann Evans into George Eliot. She wrote her first fiction under his encouragement, and, though it was her own gifts which made her beloved of English readers, his elaborate stage management made her into a great figure in literary England. It seems probable that without him she would never have got beyond journalism. As novelist and as great woman she so completely captured the minds of her huge public that when Lewes died "Puritan England of the seventies mourned with George Eliot the loss of a lover whose

wife was still alive a few streets away." Then she married a young man who was able to worship her and carry her papers and cheer her when she was, as she continued to be, melancholy. After her death, he did even more than that. He edited her letters and diaries, which had been written to no such end, "as if they were holy writ," made a cult of her memory and "set a seal upon her achievement of a life as well as a career." The ways of genius are strange; the heart of genius but little different from the heart of childhood. Consolation, security and praise were the human things which Mary Ann Evans wanted. The divine thing which she had came to her unsought. She looked and listened and felt and reflected—just as every novelist does—and the places and people and feelings that she knew took shape in her mind. Then something happened and they slipped out of her mind and onto paper, and were the hill and the manse and the prison—Mrs. Poyser and Hetty Sorrel and life. I don't believe George Eliot would have liked J. E. Buckrose's book. She was not one to stand off and look at herself. But she was a careful book reviewer. I believe that she would have admired it.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

"THE Personality of Criminals," by A. Warren Stearns, M.D. (Beacon Press). It is encouraging to find that books treating of our crime problem in a scientific but popular manner are making their appearance. A short time ago one by Harry Elmer Barnes was reviewed in these columns and now we call attention to a little volume by Dr. A. Warren Stearns, the dean of Tufts Medical School and Commissioner of the Department of Correction for Massachusetts. *The Personality of Criminals* has grown out of the experience of Dr. Stearns in this perplexing field and is a welcome addition to the popular literature on this subject.

The author believes that when we study criminals we are at bottom merely studying non-conformists, "those who will not or cannot play upon the team." So he begins by classifying the various types of non-conformity. He finds that one group is made up of normal children who become a problem through neglect or defect in training—our criminals today are largely of this class. Then there are the feeble-minded who by proper training can take some helpful place in society. Also there are the insane who through mental disease have become socially irresponsible—the percentage of such criminals is not great. In addition to these there are the victims of personality disorders. These form an import-

The Personality of Criminals

By A. Warren Stearns, M.D.

Dean of Tufts Medical School, Boston.

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Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

This well-known psychiatrist views the problem of crime and criminals in the light of long and varied experience and points the way for further advance toward its solution.

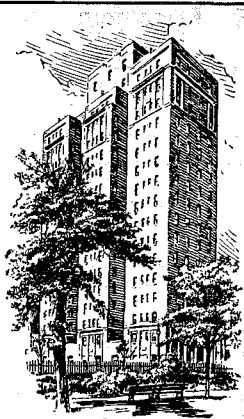
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THE BEACON PRESS, Inc.

Boston, - - - Mass.

ant part of the criminal class but not as large a part as has often been assumed. To these groups we must add those who are afflicted with functional nervous disease and senility. Then there are those who are handicapped by physical disease—a very large group and one in which alcohol plays no small rôle. In the words of Dr. Stearns, "From the standpoint of the criminologist alcohol may be said to be the great enemy." Finally there is a group who are not diseased in any way that can be noted but who are "situational or environmental problems." A large percentage of our criminal population falls into this class.

Turning to the "categories of criminals" as distinguished from other non-conformists, Dr. Stearns believes that the soundest view is to conceive of crime as natural conduct unconditioned by training or self-control. Hence his grouping is on the basis of the human impulse involved. Here he lists the pugnacious impulse which gives rise to assault and murder, the acquisitive impulse which results in theft and dishonesty, the procreative instinct which gives rise to the various sex offenses and finally those acts which have been made criminal by laws made necessary by our complex civilization. His treatment of these various groups is most fascinating and often upsetting of preconceived opinions. He finds that murders do not climax a long career of crime, but are generally committed in the heat of anger and by those of a low cultural level. The murderer is "often the least depraved of all criminals." His experience leads Dr. Stearns to the conclusion that no small share of crime is crime against property; to use his words, "over half the serious crimes and a substantial percentage of all crime." This incidentally would bear out the socialist contention in this field. Twenty-five per cent of the serious offenders are guilty of sex offenses and these offenses occur more



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often among married men than among single. In discussing the prohibitions made necessary by our complex life he points out that there seems to be something about the automobile which stimulates primitive selfishness. "The same people who will go to a ball, bow deeply and insist that everybody enter the room ahead of them, when seated in automobiles in a crowd where lives are imperiled, will grit their teeth, blow their horns, and insist without regard for life or limb in getting there first."

And how shall we control crime? Apply the scientific method to it. Stress the side of diagnosis. Build up proper case records of our criminals. Do away with our trials by combat as they now take place in our court rooms. Above all we must take care of our children. "Every cent spent on effective child guidance is a contribution toward crime prevention." Let us remember too that "Every new law dilutes the police force just so much." As the author sums it up: "Let us not pin our faith upon legal enactments, ritualistic procedures, architectural devices or harsh punishments. Science is knocking at the door; she has not yet solved the problem, but . . . has made an impressive beginning." Dr. Stearns has not overloaded his book with case material but he has given

enough to make it highly interesting as well as instructive. The thinking public is his debtor.

EDMUND B. CHAFFEE.

"YACHT RACING" (Little, Brown, \$4) is a book that is made for fans and that will make fans. Its author, Edwin A. Boardman, designer and racer of small sailboats, becomes almost lyric as he describes the zest of sailboat racing for young and old; but he has also crammed the book full of sound, modestly offered advice to the novice and the old hand. There is beauty as well as instruction in the twenty-five illustrations of large and small sailing craft.

A third of the 236 pages are devoted to a description of "some actual races" and it is there that the fan will begin to read the book—unless he steers at once for the chapters on sails and rig, and on the care of hull and equipment.

Like many another expert helmsman, Mr. Boardman has been cocking his eye at a sail and handling a tiller since boyhood. He began forty years ago: here's hoping he'll be at it in 1971!

For the present and future benefit of the sport, Mr. Boardman recommends the creation of a new inexpensive class—"an open boat that is small, capsizable, and very fast, and one in which the management and the live ballast are the means of keeping her upright on her feet, so preventing her from turning over or filling up." The lessons learned in such boats, he says, will "always stand one in good stead, no matter in what type boat one may eventually do his racing."

RODMAN GILDER.

"FOUR IN FAMILY," by Humphrey Pakington (Norton, \$2). This is indeed a contrast to the gloomy innuendoes so popular, at the moment, in stories of family life. Mildly sly, lightly satiric, Mr. Pakington rattles on about the Warmstry household and their friends without a formulated plan. He makes no effort to dovetail their relationships or to evolve, for their emotions, some high-pitched, fevered crux. He contents himself with mirroring their habits, their pastimes, their platitudes,

The list of ten best-selling books printed on Page 440 is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, New York; SCRANTONS, INC., Rochester; KORNER & WOOD, Cleveland; SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, St. Louis; KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., Denver; TEOLIN PILLOT CO., Houston; PAUL ELDER & CO., San Francisco; NORMAN REMINGTON CO., Baltimore; EMERY BIRD THAYER, Kansas City; MILLER'S BOOK STORE, Atlanta; BULLOCK'S, Los Angeles; STEWART KIDD, Cincinnati; J. K. GILL CO., Portland, Oregon; JOHN WANAMAKER, Philadelphia; THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., Boston, Massachusetts.

and their idiosyncracies. Mrs. Warmstry, endowed with a placid banality, is trying to settle her family in the social life of Severnhampton where she has just completed a new house. Mr. Warmstry, being of a somewhat more rebellious nature, handicaps his wife's activities by an occasional outburst against conventional neighbors. No other friction mars the smoothness of their lives for, as the author explains, they were both, in their different ways, built for happiness. Their son and their three daughters contribute a pleasant confusion. The Colonel and his wife, the Dean, the Bishop and a handful of neglected ladies who comprise the cream of the community buzz around the edges of the Warmstrys without the power to sting them. There is a dinner party, given by Mrs. Warmstry for her new friends, which, in comic actuality, stands flawless. The book has a bright, brittle surface. It is safe to say that, although it is a novel without a struggle, it will entertain you.

VIRGILIA PETERSON ROSS.

"THE IRISH BEAUTIES," by E. Bartrington (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50). Under her own name, L. Adams Beck, the author has published Oriental romances; under her pseudonym she has had wide success as a writer of fictionized biography. Byron, Napoleon, Mary of Scotland, Marie Antoinette, Cleopatra, Lady Hamilton and other tragic or startling figures of history have been presented with a strong leaning toward the sentimental and romantic. Now the Gunning sisters, Maria and Elizabeth, undergo the same process, and furnish good material for this kind of writing. Their astounding social success, first in Dublin and then in London, was due to their beautiful faces and perhaps even more to the adroit capture of Horace Walpole's patronage by Elizabeth, who was the brains of the family—neither Maria nor Mrs. Gunning had a particle. Such a furor for girls who were never on the stage, who were distressingly poor, who were only of fairly good family—their father and grandfather were lords but of no character or importance—had never been seen before. An Irish granny in Dublin had told the girls' fortune; she promised Elizabeth a husband of almost the highest rank. In actuality Elizabeth was proposed to by three dukes, and married two of them—surely a record for any poor girl! Maria had to be content with just one earl.

The story is highly amusing. Also the author has steeped herself in the period and makes even its high-flown diction agreeable.