



The Balanced Life

EVERY well-informed, well-endowed, and well-intentioned adult wishes to live more usefully and therefore more happily, more skilfully and therefore more pleasantly. This depends upon living intelligently until the result is the much desired balanced life.

By a "balanced" life we usually mean one in which the physical and mental activities are nicely balanced, a life that also exhibits a good balance between the serious and the frivolous, between its work and its play. Both of these balances are of indubitable importance in the kind of life which is most apt to succeed, most apt to be happy, and least liable to breaks in progress, let alone serious maladaptations. The other things that my experience has taught me to rank as of at least equal importance with physical health, work, and play, are rest, leisure, and contemplation. If these activities are in mutual equipoise and are pursued, each one, with intelligent technique, the result, according to my observations, is a balanced life, progressive, successful, and happy.

Work is obviously the first essential of a satisfactory life because it is usefulness, and usefulness is not only what civilization demands of its members, but it is also the only way in which that insistent drive to be of importance to our fellow man can be constructively and happily satisfied. Work is effort guided toward an objective, and to be satisfying it must not only be measurably successful in attaining the objective, but the objective itself must meet with the worker's approval. Whether work is in itself pleasant or unpleasant, difficult or easy, is beside the point, these are all widely varying secondary characteristics of it, but its essential characteristic is objectiveness, objectiveness to which the worker holds himself responsible. Work is marked above all things by responsibility. It is responsible striving for an approved end that differentiates work from play, from rest, or any other activity, and which makes it the nucleus and *raison d'être* of a civilized life. Like art then it must have its objective, approved by the artist, and in service of this objective, its technique.

The more nearly and obviously these two items are associated the better. For instance, in the profession of nursing, the immediate object of relieving the pain of the patient is precisely the same as the general object of relieving suffering in general. The immediate object is in this case identical with the general, a little piece of it in fact, and both the immediate and the general object are so closely connected with every smallest step of the technique that there is little likelihood of the worker losing sight of the objective; nor of the technique becoming an end in itself. In contrast, how much more difficult it is to keep the ethical objective of a complicated, prolonged, and often harassing business clearly before the mind and so prevent the technique, which involves so much of dollars and cents, from becoming an object in itself! I should say that the first and most important, and often most difficult step in developing the best technique of work is to define clearly its object and, in so defining it, to determine, without compromise whether it is a satisfactory one or not. As an obvious example, is the object of the ancient profession of stealing satisfactory, or is that of bootlegging better or worse? Is the objective of digging ditches, or that of manufacturing arm chairs, or of lending money to individuals or industries, preferable? The technique of selling may be precisely the same whether one is selling something useful and beneficial to the purchaser or something useless and harmful, but the object in each case is totally different. One objective would satisfy, the other would either have to be hidden from the public and disguised from oneself, or acknowledged with dissatisfaction if not with shame.

Keeping clear the ultimate as well as the immediate object of work also insures the efficiency as well as the efficacy of effort, for the technique of any job must be appropriate first and foremost to its immediate, and then to its ultimate objective.

For instance, if your object is to drive a nail you pick an appropriate tool,—a hammer, and use it according to a technique which has proved successful in driving nails. And if the purpose of your work is the advancement of science, or good of

mankind, the formulation of that purpose and keeping it clear in spite of threatened confusion, will go far toward guiding efforts and keeping them from being sidetracked by some irrelevant emotional impulse. If you are not on watch, a strong desire for self-expression or an impulse of self-protection may creep in and supplant the original purpose of the job. If this happens it will sooner or later affect the technique disastrously, for such errant impulses obviously require for themselves a very different technique from that of the job.

To have regular habits of work and to have office hours set exclusively for work, is essential to the highest type of professional accomplishment. It is not, as the amateur esthete would have us believe, a stultifying bondage. He scorns regularity and depends on what he calls "inspiration." He must feel like work before he can work. He confesses, albeit with pride, that he is unable to work unless his emotions are in such and such a state, unless the weather is thus and so, unless his senses are stimulated or soothed by this or that; in short, he confesses to a rigid bondage of limitations, and, worse than that, accepts no responsibility whatever towards them. Emotions being totally unreliable and irregular, he, being totally dependent upon them, is likewise totally unreliable and irregular. The intelligently regulated life of the professional, on the contrary, knows no such limitations. He holds himself responsible for using his technical ability when, and how, he chooses, and he has chosen to work at such times as best suit his needs. The working hour comes and he works. Repetition produces habit and the result is he gets full benefit from the momentum of rhythm in his working life as well as always greater power to work and work well despite contrary emotional weather. This developed and habitual ability to work stands him in good stead, for even though his emotions on occasions happen not to be particularly suitable or agreeable just before he works, they, too, are subject to habit, and after he begins to work they, too, fall into working order; whereas, on those rare days when his emotions happen to be especially finely tuned to the job, he gets a quality and strength of inspiration which the amateur could never know or, even if he knew, could never possess the technical ability to use fully. The professional, then, whose work is planned and regular, produces better work, and, in the long run, a much greater quantity of work, than the irregularly living, and irregularly working amateur.

The very practical importance of both purpose and technique is brought out very clearly, when they are given due consideration, in the process of selecting among all the possibilities what is to be the work of one's life. Many are driven by necessity to take whatever presents itself as a means of livelihood, but later on, often even they may find opportunity to exercise choice. Whether it be the first opportunity or the last, wherever there is choice, the first matter to settle is which of all these possible jobs is from the purposive point of view the most satisfactory. The ultimate purpose of this one is to grow rich, of this one to gain power of another sort, of that one to be of service to mankind in this or that way. First, which of these purposes satisfies your ideal of service for yourself? Perhaps, and most probably, several do and several do not. Those that do not are then eliminated and you have to choose between those jobs which have successfully met your first test—of purpose. Let us suppose there are four or five which have survived. Eliminate those for which you feel your particular abilities unsuited or for which you have good reason to believe your personal make-up is unsuitable. Choose among the surviving jobs those to which you feel yourself particularly suited, both emotionally and in terms of potential or already developed technical ability. Let us now suppose that the choice has narrowed down to two or three jobs, each satisfactory as to purpose, each equally suitable to one's personality and ability. All other things being equal, one would naturally choose the most available. By available, I mean not only geographically available, but socially and economically as well,—the one, in short, requiring the least monetary, social, or personal sacrifice on the part of any one concerned. But suppose all these points have been settled and there still remains a choice, then there is a very im-

portant matter, partly of suitability, partly of efficiency, partly of pleasure, still to be considered most carefully and respectfully, for upon it the whole issue may hang. It is this,—what kind of a personal, intimately personal, life does this job offer? Do I prefer to live in a city where I can have this or that and where I must do thus and so, or in the country? Does this job, within itself, bring me more in contact with books, with apparatus, or with human lives, and which of these do I like the most? With this job as the working nucleus of life, what about the rest of life? Does it, with its hours and places of work, afford the opportunity of playing, as I like to play, of taking excursions into the unreal and ideal, such as concerts, picture galleries, or other hobbies of mine of that sort? And last but not least, does this or that job offer companionship in work? Will my fellow workers be satisfactory companions in arms? Of the jobs surviving the first test, then choose the one which as nearly as you can tell satisfies and pleases you emotionally, socially, and personally. In short, choose the job which affords the kind of life you like, and want to live, in terms not only of work but also of play, rest, leisure, and, last but not least, of companionship.

If work is essential to a useful and therefore happy life, so is play, for without it, life would not be balanced and could not in the long run be either as productive or as happy. To work for an ultimate objective, the fruition of which cannot occur within the span of one's life, does not come naturally or easily to man. Responsibility is an acquired attitude. To hold oneself responsible for the welfare of others rather than to seek one's own selfish salvation is, to say the least, a very difficult attitude to acquire and, at best, can become only semi-habitual. Every child, under the discipline of school, needs a recess; every soldier, under the discipline of the army, needs his furloughs. Man must have periods when he is unharnessed from his responsibilities, when he can express his natural primitive self spontaneously and with as little restraint of discipline as the welfare of his fellows may permit.

Play functions, as I understand it, as irresponsible effort, effort that is expended for the very pleasure of expending it. It is activity without any ulterior purpose, its only object being the pleasure it gives to the player. Men who have not confessed but actually boasted to me that they have taken no vacation for ten years or even twenty, have proudly explained that they took so much pleasure in their work that it was play and that, therefore, they needed no vacation. These very men, however, were invariably suffering from lack of play, as manifested by the dead level of their seriousness, their tenseness in their emotional staleness. They took not only their jobs but themselves too seriously; they were so constantly responsible that their seriousness and their responsibility overshadowed their whole lives, choked their spontaneity, crushed out the thousand and one little pleasant, assuaging, intimate, and playful things which give life grace and ease and beauty, and under this unconsciously accumulating and unrelieved burden they had broken down. Their plight had become ultimately the same as that of some others who tried to make play, to the exclusion of work, the whole of life. Unbalance in their case was the cause of failure. The exclusive players had finally made work of play and failed; the exclusive workers had thought they had made play of work and they failed. Both had failed to continue to succeed. There can, of course, be play in work, in so far as the process of work may be and often is pleasurable in itself. The successful expenditure of energy always does give pleasure. But the processes of work, no matter how pleasant, are always overshadowed by responsibility, are always aimed toward the yet unattained objective, and therefore, always bear in themselves some degree of anxiety, some degree of doubt as to the outcome, some of the impatience perhaps which every traveler on the road experiences, and work is therefore always fraught with some of the emotional strain with which man must react to responsibility.

Play, unlike work, must not be too closely regulated lest it become like work. The opportunity for play, of course, should be planned for, because

by Austen Riggs, M. D. ❧ ❧ ❧

if it is not part of the scheme of life it will be crowded out by those extra side issues related to the daily routine, especially to work, which are so apt to present themselves as new opportunities for more work and which are always created by the natural outcome of successful work. In modern times this is particularly true, for the great temptation of the modern worker is to try to do five days work in one. Ambition, competition, as well as the numberless mechanical helps of modern life which have well nigh eliminated space and have cut the time element at least in two, contribute enormously to this temptation. These siren opportunities call and the worker, especially the young worker, answers. He is elastic, has great reserves of strength and accomplishes the extra tasks with success, with great satisfaction, and without any apparent ill effects. He is young, he absorbs the strain, and he thinks of play, if he thinks of it at all, as merely postponed until this or that task has been accomplished. The next extra task of the endless series, however, soon overlaps the old one and so it goes on. Being young, it is all right for a time, but being a creature of habit, he unfortunately gets used to the abnormal playless life, and the results of such a life being slow to make themselves felt, particularly in the presence of ever growing satisfaction and ever increasing ambition, it is not till some gross failure of his physical apparatus or a serious mental or emotional reaction commands attention that the apparently upward, but really downward, course is checked. I believe it is largely because in this country we are production crazy, worshipping quantity rather than quality, and therefore having relatively no interest in play except when it can be made to yield more opportunity, that so many of our men are not only old but ancient at fifty. If a man had played as hard as the average "successful" American works, if he had played as immoderately or eaten or smoked or drunk as immoderately, we would not wonder at his being a wreck at fifty. There is even less wonder that the immoderate and playless worker is so often a burnt out candle at middle age. It is rather a greater wonder that he is not always dead by then.

Play is as much a necessity of normal life as sugar is necessary to a normal diet. It cannot be postponed for a decade and then taken up, for it is a daily necessity. One cannot eat only meat for one month, bread for another, and only sweets the third, and call it a balanced diet, let alone expect thereby to maintain normal digestion and nutrition; yet, men often plan to work hard and exclusively till, say fifty or sixty, and then to retire and play the rest of their lives. It is a pitiful mistake they make, for when they retire they find that the sole ability they have left is to work,—the one they have exercised all their lives, and that their ability to play, so long neglected, has left them for good and all. The so-called "play" they attempt is just work in another form; they feel they ought to play, they have earned the right to play, they must play, but still they cannot. It has become to them a lost art. It has never been part of their daily working life, it has never had its proper place in the weekly, let alone yearly plan, and now when it has the field all to itself it is a paralyzed function. It would have been the same had they played all their lives till fifty or sixty and then tried to live on work exclusively. Work would have become a lost art. The fact is, one must go to school to play hookey, one must be a worker to play properly, and equally one must play to work properly. Work and play together balance life, one feeds the other. They are mutually necessary, neither can be neglected for long in favor of the other without causing serious unbalance and, furthermore, finally destroying the other.

There is a popular belief that people "break down nervously" exclusively because of too much play and too little or no work. This is a prejudice, and like most prejudices, is based on ignorance. As a matter of fact, in such cases the unbalance is almost always in favor of work. In my own experience, for instance, there have been some thirty exclusive workers who have broken down to every one non-working player, and it has always clearly been the unbalance between work and play that has done the mischief.

There is a very important characteristic of play which is shared with art. Each is a jealous mistress. Wherefore time, when it is given to play, must be given wholeheartedly and exclusively. No hedging is allowable. To seek even a little profit or a little gain ulterior to play will ruin it. The man who tries to profit by his play is a professional player, for that profit inevitably becomes a motive whether he plays baseball, tennis, cards, or golf. The man who in no way intends to be a professional player and yet tries to sneak in a bit of profit is just foolish, for he fools himself into losing the one profit he needs—refreshment.

Play is an item that one finds neglected even more in the average woman's life than in the average man's. The married woman's work is outwardly so apparently unlike work, being so intimately connected with social activities and with the play as well as the work of the children, that her need of vacation is only rarely recognized. The average family goes on its vacation or perhaps it would be more accurate to say on the man's vacation. He leaves his office behind him, he enjoys not only a change of scene and social contact, but a total relief from the daily effort and responsibility of his job. The children are out of school, and under the best natural conditions give themselves up to play pure and simple. On the other hand, a woman simply transfers her job from one locus to another; the husband's comfort and indeed his vacation enjoyment are part of her job. She still has him as a responsibility and as an important objective of her daily efforts. She still has the children's health, pleasure, and safety to watch over just as she did at home. Housekeeping is the same old grind. That is another unchanged part of her job, unchanged save that now she has to do it under greater difficulties than she did in the city. In short, the family vacation is splendid for every single member except herself and for her in ninety nine cases out of a hundred, not a vacation at all, just a change of scenery. On the other hand, she, because of the very nature of her job which is constant duty made up of numberless and nameless details without office hours and subject to many other peoples' more or less inevitable wants and demands, needs a vacation more than the man with his well-regulated hours and strict closing time. It is all very well to say that women could, and should, regulate their work so as to have office hours, time off for rest, etc. True, but the fact remains that the vast majority of women do not and many cannot so regulate their jobs, and even if they did, they would still be at least in as great need of regular vacations as their husbands. Unless the family plans definitely include a vacation, apart from the family, for the woman, and unless she also sees to it that her daily, weekly, monthly, and yearly allowance of play and rest is maintained, she will follow the usual routine of plugging away till she gets too tired, too stale to be able to play. Frequently, it is only then that her necessity is recognized and, instead of an enjoyable, youth-conserving vacation, she has to take an enforced, none too agreeable, none too satisfactory substitute—some sort of a rest cure. Instead of the refreshment and play she so much needed she gets "built up," somewhat rested, and goes back to her job again only to repeat the same old cycle.

Rest is a part, or if you please, an activity of life which is in contrast both to work and play. It is totally unlike both of them in that it is characterized by the absence of voluntary effort. Indeed, it is the very antithesis of both, and particularly different from work, being marked by a total absence of responsibility. Neither physiologically nor mentally is it inactivity, for all of the functions of the body go on quite busily during rest. Even during sleep, this is true, and, even in that state, the mind continues to function. Complete rest is a sort of irresponsible automatic functioning of the mind-body machine, characterized by the absence of voluntary movements and of any effort to control either the body or the stream of thought. In rest the body is relaxed and the mind wanders, that is, it dreams. At certain times, unless interfered with, this condition turns automatically into sleep. The resting

person never suffers from insomnia. Regularly recurring, irresponsible rest is as necessary to bodily and mental health, as is regulated and purposive activity. One of the most important functions of play is to prepare the worker for rest by relieving those combinations of higher brain centres, which have been employed in work, by using totally different ones. Every living animal, especially that strenuous animal man, must have sufficient rest in every twenty-four hours to reestablish equilibrium between waste and repair. The amount of rest required by each individual varies, but the average working man or woman with an output, say, of eight hours work needs nearly, if not quite, that amount of rest every twenty-four hours. It need not all be in sleep, for in this requirement normal people vary greatly, but about that amount of time free from responsibilities and voluntary exertion seems to be a necessary allowance if life and health and usefulness are to be measured in decades rather than in days or weeks. This I have found to be the average need, but it varies not only with the quantity of work done but, also, and most markedly, with the quality of the rest obtained. Some people take an hour or two to begin resting, others rest at once, as soon indeed as the harness of work drops off. This is largely a matter of technique. Some people do not know how to rest, others do. Those who do not, may easily learn the art. Suffice it to say here that this art depends, in the first place, upon understanding what rest is and then giving oneself absolutely up to it without thought of profiting in any other way during the time given to it. Like play, rest is jealous. If you have given a time to it, do not attempt to inject amusement or anything else into that time. "Write" the time "off," as a book-keeper might say. Give yourself completely to rest and let it take care of you. Leisure and contemplation, as extensions of rest, must wait for a fuller discussion.

It is clear that mental hygiene would be meaningless if disconnected from an ethical purpose. If happiness is a by-product following in the wake of successful adaptation to life, as experience teaches us it is, then the success in this process and consequently also the degree of happiness attained depends on just how much the individual has chosen objectives in words and balanced his purposes with play and rest. It has been my experience, that happiness, besides being a joyous by-product of such success, is a very definite and reliable symptom of mental health. Pleasure, of course, is another matter.

Experience in teaching mental hygiene, however, has convinced me that this ethical aspect has suffered a relative neglect in many of the present methods of instruction. Very likely this has been a necessary imperfection due to its youth as a science and the apparently pressing necessity, in each case, of applying a specific and detailed technique to overcome the immediate difficulty or disability presented by the case. However that may be, it seems to me that both teachers and pupils, doctors and patients, have paid relatively too much attention to the detail of reconstructive or preventive technique and too little to the main object of their efforts. Restoration of ability to serve, not relief of symptoms, is clearly the main objective of mental as well as physical hygiene. I have found, in my own teaching that, without this ethical objective, mental hygiene, as such, almost invariably fails to cure even symptoms.

Dr. Austen Fox Riggs, "the beloved physician," is the founder and President of the Austen Riggs Foundation, Inc., for the free treatment of psychoneurotic patients without means, and a specialist in the practice of neuro-psychiatry. He maintains in the Berkshires also a sanitarium where under his ministrations many a woman of wealth and man of large affairs who have suffered breakdowns from neglect of the precepts he sets forth in the foregoing article have been restored to health. It has won a wide reputation not only through the medical aid it has rendered, but because of the personality of its head. Dr. Riggs served with the Red Cross during the War. The substance of the article here presented will appear in extended form in a book to be published by Doubleday, Doran & Co.

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Conducted by MARION PONSONBY

The Bible and the Classics

IN this country, where the system of public school education has resulted in divorcing the curriculum from religious instruction, where church-going and Sunday-school attendance are no longer the *sine qua non* of respectability, where changes in college entrance requirements have made it possible for the educated man to emerge from the university entirely ignorant of the classics, it is inevitable that unless something is done to supply what has gone out of our training, literature must lose part of its content for future generations. We are not here at all concerned with the question of Bible study as religion, or with the study of Latin and Greek as mental discipline, but solely with their importance for general culture. What is to happen to our understanding of literature if allusions which once were the commonplaces of writing are to become as cryptic as a chemical formula? What is to happen to our authors if in order to make themselves intelligible to the public they must prune their works of references to the Bible and the classics?

The present generation of young parents, godless though their predecessors might regard them, are still living on the accumulated knowledge of their elders. At least, if they themselves never read the Bible, or labored through Homer and Vergil, their early reading was annotated for them by those who still had the information which they lacked. Poetry and story could be made to yield the content of their allusions if read aloud. But now mothers are frequently as unable to supply the incident back of a name as their children, and some of the richest literature of the world is to them a partially closed book. What is to be done about it?

Well, since formal education is not at present likely to make acquaintance with the Bible and the classics obligatory in later years, it would seem that the intelligent mother should lay her stress on them in the plastic period of childhood in the home. The child will absorb Biblical and classical lore with the same interest as he does the story of adventure or the fairy tale if it is properly presented to him. It will become part of the warp and the woof of his imagination, and will dwell in memory to illuminate literature for him in later years. Illustrated editions, abridged versions, anthologies—anything that serves to make reading attractive to the young without degrading the originals—should serve to stimulate and feed the knowledge that will add pregnancy to the reading of mature years. If half the pains went into presenting the Bible in attractive format that goes into furbishing forth Mother Goose, youngsters would be as familiar with its characters as with Jack and Jill.

Reviews

THE HOUSE AT POOH CORNER. By A. A. MILNE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1928. \$2.

Reviewed by JOHN BENNETT

EVER since the appearance of that inimitable contribution to the gayety of nations, "When We Were Very Young," each new book by A. A. Milne has been greeted by a chorus of delight. And, as ever, when a starlike book dawns on the reader's dull horizon, the inevitable question has arisen in the minds of the lovers of Milne: can he maintain the subtle charm which enchanted a world from London *Punch* to the nursery?

The prose adventures of "Winnie-the-Pooh" enchanted maturity a little bit less, but enchanted the children more. "Now We Are Six" was received with trepidation, lest the enchanter's gold wear thin. Yet, though difficult for even genius to recapture the first fine careless rapture which caught the world all unaware in "When We Were Very Young," in full fair measure the volume did so. Then, with a keen sense of disappointment one regarded the pedestrian course of a syndicated story by A. A. Milne, the thin-drawn humor of which, if any, was headed not by a title legitimately or derivatively its own, but by the name of the author alone, thus doing its dull, destructive business under the promissory device of a happy name. While thus killing the goose for the golden egg, came a "Fourth Volume by the same Author

and Artist," "The House at Pooh Corner."

Apprehensively one turned to the "Fourth Book," suspiciously scanning the patent appeal of its uncapitalized title. And met . . . ah! isn't it a grand and glorious feeling, once more not to be disappointed by expectations of delight?

Making every allowance for the fact that this is Milne's fourth volume of similar substance, and that readers cannot expect to be surprised by what they anticipate, one is charmed to find that "the house at pooh corner" grades well up to Milne's high level of whimsical laughter and charm.

Perhaps there is not so often the almost uncanny revelation of a child's mind, that marvellous intuitive piercing of childhood's mental process in action, which before so delighted the adult, winking and sparkling along the page.

There is a change, not a decline; but something has gone, with the dancing music; the tale departs perceptibly from the naive humor of child psychology to narrative more wholly concerned with the adventures and misadventures of those quaint small beasts, the astute and poetical Pooh, the melancholy Jaques, Eeyore, the bouncy Tigger, Piglet, Rabbit, Kanga, Roo, and W O L, the burlesque tragic fall of the house of Owl, the mysterious fog in the Hundred Acre Wood, the diverting conversations and recreations of the storied Forest around Pooh Corner, and, comedy of errors, the building of a new house for Eeyore.

All is as ever whimsically laughable and delectable. And though, perhaps, the appeal to the old is less, the appeal to the young is undoubtedly greater, with more exciting adventures and droll events, and less psychological quiz, which, after all, is but matter-of-fact to a child, though diverting to its elders.

Almost on the level, and comparing well with Milne's first and best, "the house at pooh corner" will be welcomed by the young of all ages wherever Milne's books are known.

The drawings by E. H. Shepard are, as always, animatedly droll, and Christopher Robin's adorable legs are as irresistible as ever.

THE PIGTAIL OF AH LEE BEN LOO. By JOHN BENNETT. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1928. \$3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

IT was in the pages of "the old *St. Nicholas*" that I first made the acquaintance of John Bennett, via his silhouettes and rhymes. We older people have a way of speaking of "the old *St. Nicholas*" as though the period in the past during which we subscribed to that famous periodical, still extant, were the period of its heyday. Nevertheless, permit me, for one, still to think so. There were serials in it like "The White Cave" and "Jack Ballister's Fortunes" and "The Lakerim Athletic Club." To my mind the extremely affluent novelist, Rupert Hughes, has never done anything better than his fully-rounded portraits of the various boys in the last-named story. But I am concerned with John Bennett in this instance.

How various are John Bennett's gifts. One of his long stories for children, "Master Skylark," a story of Elizabethan England, is now a classic. His beautiful novel of old Charleston, for adults, deserves the same ranking. He is as clever in drawing as in writing, deft both in verse and prose. This present collection is the result of years of the highly individual entertainment he furnished my generation when they were younger, and today, as I turn the pages, there is the same glamor about his work.

"Ben Ali the Egyptian," with its clever intricacies of rhyme, and the brief jingle with the beautifully contrasted pictures, of "Granger Grind and Farmer Mellow," remain two of my old favorites. Others are "Hans the Otherwise" and "Ye Old-Tyme Tayle." But there is abundance in the book, abundance of caliphs and giants and fools who were wise and wise folk who were fools, plenty of beautiful and funny silhouettes, plenty of nonsense, plenty of good ballad measures; knights and scullions, peddlers, tailors and piemen; barbers,

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A Noble Rake

By ROBERT S. FORSYTHE

All the great figures of the early eighteenth century file through the pages of Professor Forsythe's book as they do through the pages of Thackeray's *Henry Esmond*; for this is a true account of the somewhat sordid career of the mediocre profligate who served Thackeray as the original of the villain of his great romance. To add to the attractiveness of the book to anyone who cares for eighteenth-century things, there are fifteen reproductions of rare mezzotints and a wealth of antiquarian footnotes.

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