

of the reactions of men living in diverse cultural forms and the study of the cultural forms themselves lead us to infer that hereditary characteristics are irrelevant as compared to social conditions. . . . We may say, furthermore, that cultural anthropology makes the existence of fundamental racial differences very improbable."

Joseph Pennell had a collection of London sketches which Macmillan wanted "illustrated" by a text. So Sidney Dark, according to his own preface, was commissioned to write "London". The collaboration is now published, packed with Pennell's inviting etchings which sandwich in Dark's informal descriptions. If there is a London Chamber of Commerce, it should handsomely pension author and artist, for the book makes the city of fogs seem the most desirable place in the world to visit.

A new edition, in one handy volume, of "Modern Russian History" (Knopf) by Alexander Kornilov, as translated and expanded by Alexander S. Kaun, is welcome, since the first issue is out of print, and timely inasmuch as interest in Russian affairs is increasing steadily with the growth of an international consciousness. The book is made up of a series of Kornilov's lectures delivered from 1909 to 1916, covering in detail the history of Russia during the nineteenth century down to 1890, supplemented by an outline history from that date to 1916 by Mr. Kaun. This edition is further enriched by an admirable introduction written by Geroid Tanqueray Robinson, of the Department of History of Columbia University, who has also provided a fairly copious bibliography of works in English, and a few in German and French. Primarily intended as a college text-

book, it is much more than such books can usually claim to be, for it may be said to break new ground, at least so far as non-Russian readers are concerned. Kornilov's introductory sketch of the growth of Russia up to the nineteenth century is necessarily brief, since he was writing for students to whom much of that history was presumably known, but its very brevity makes it stand out as a brilliant performance. The body of the volume is a careful, minute analysis and interpretation of Russian life, political, social and cultural, during the century before the catastrophic collapse of the old régime.

It may be difficult for some readers to grant that "The Selected Works of Artemus Ward", edited with a preface by Albert Jay Nock (A. and C. Boni), merits the laudatory and glowing essay with which Mr. Nock acclaims the long dead humorist. Until this book, we had never read Ward, and we never expect to again, for we were unable to find any of the rare and exalted qualities in his work which Mr. Nock so earnestly prepared us to encounter. We hope to be forgiven the expression here of the honest opinion that these selections contain nothing which is of permanent value.

In compiling "The Golden Treasury of Modern Lyrics" (Macmillan), Laurence Binyon is inevitably challenging comparison with the "Golden Treasury" of Palgrave, a work which he admittedly intends to supplement, by beginning where Palgrave left off and including the most notable short English poems from the year 1850 until the present. As might have been anticipated, the verse selected by Mr. Binyon does not on the whole reach the same high level as that contained in

Palgrave's famous anthology; yet the compiler has done a competent piece of work, and has produced a volume which the lover of poetry is certain to appreciate and enjoy. One may be somewhat irritated, of course, by certain inclusions and omissions; one may regret that poets so notable as A. E. Housman and Alfred Noyes are not represented although Mr. Binyon has not failed to devote several pages to his own work; one may note unfavorably the slight attention devoted to lyricists so accomplished as Ernest Dowson, James Thomson, and Arthur O'Shaughnessy; and yet, in general, one must admit that the anthologist has threaded his way with skill through the difficult mazes of poetry, and has given us perhaps as good a collection of recent English verse as has been produced to date.

No phase of American history is more fascinating than the story of the life and death of a town. In some places in this country it is the chronicle of defeat against insuperable natural conditions; in others it is merely the record of the restlessness of human nature that is forever seeking Utopia round the next bend in the river or on the other side of the mountain. "The Romance of Forgotten Towns" (Harper) is fingerprinted with the marks of many civilizations — English, French, Spanish, German — and pious traces of strange religious sects looking for a haven where they might worship in peace. The author, John T. Faris, has carefully combed the records of pioneer achievement, and collected many photographs of the interesting and quaint relics of these settlements. There were giants in those days, men and women who planted peaceful industrial communities in the midst of the virgin forests. Though in many places there

is now only a brass plate or a statue to commemorate their accomplishments, the thriving cities and towns of today have arisen from the very graves of their achievement, and the fibre of our national life has grown from their bones.

Like most Americans we shall probably see the world by proxy, being too vitally concerned with pursuing the elusive greenback. We therefore nominate Harry L. Foster as our ambassador plenipotentiary to foreign lands, on the strength of "A Gringo in Mañana Land" (Dodd, Mead). By keen observation and a spicy style, Mr. Foster has created a book both informative and entertaining. To wit: Manzanillo is disposed of thus: "One of several places — where the traveler, upon leaving his ship, takes one hasty glance at the dirty black beach and the . . . driftwood shacks, grasps his nose firmly between thumb and forefinger and makes a dash for the daily train that will carry him somewhere else." A quiet family celebration: "Around the corner came a procession of mournful men and wailing women led by three coffins. Excitedly I hailed the proprietor [of the hotel]. 'A bandit, *señor*? No, indeed. Jose Dominguez had a christening at his house last night. Purely a family affair, *señor*, nothing more!" Humorous incidents, dramatic episodes, and newsy yarns make up the book, without detriment to an undercurrent of continuity. To usurp the language of the law school, Mr. Foster's work is a "case book" about our Latin-American neighbor. Underlying principles and philosophical comment are avoided; events and incidents make up the work. The reader is allowed to draw his own conclusions. May Mr. Foster travel again soon and may we have the pleasure of reading his record thereof!