

but craftsmanship and executive ability. He has developed a remarkable institution, written a classic, and printed many good books that can be sold at conservative prices. But we have few to class with Mr. Updike, and an organization like the Nonesuch is possible only through men of erudition and craftsmanship.

Practically all the Nonesuch books have been subscribed upon publication and some are now at a premium with a substantial advance. All are limited in number of copies, with the exception of one reprint, and sold originally at a comparatively reasonable price, usually less than a pound. They are primarily collector's items and enrich any library. One should not attempt to compare volume by volume with a master like Bruce Rogers for they can be mighty good and still not equal to that test.

It is sufficient that there does not appear to be another publisher's list comparable to that of The Nonesuch Press and it is hoped that this press may prosper in the production of many more such works.

The Nonesuch Bible

THE APOCRYPHA. Reprinted according to the Authorized Version. London: The Nonesuch Press. New York: The Dial Press. 1924.

Reviewed by E. BYRNE HACKETT

THE Nonesuch Press of London, in conjunction with Lincoln MacVeagh of the Dial Press of New York, have just published The Apocrypha, preceding their publication of The Bible, which it is their intention of issuing during the course of the present year in a format which they design to be "imposing, beautiful and convenient." Should the publishers maintain the standard they have set themselves in the production of the present volume, they will justify their expectation and provide book-lovers with a noble and usable set of books.

The entire work is produced under the guidance of Mr. Francis Meynell, and is printed on mould-made rag paper by the Oxford University Press in highly legible Plantin Type, with an exquisite copper plate engraved on the title page by Stephen Gooden, who also supplies the choice but all too few head- and tail-pieces. The King James version furnishes the text.

Typographically considered, the present volume is a highly commendable piece of work: the page is well proportioned (7¾ x 12 inches); the modified Plantin type is a clear and legible face; the margins are ample and without the usual blemish of affectation, *i. e.*, over-exaggeration; the paper, while machine-made, has a large proportion of rag; and considering the moderate price at which the work is published it is excellent value and may be cordially recommended.

The one criticism which lies against the volume of Apocrypha is a certain sameness of appearance in its pages, but this is inherent in the matter presented and a difficulty from which the publisher would find it hard to escape.

The third number of *The Fleuron* has been published. This periodical, although appearing at irregular intervals is making a distinct place for itself in the literature of typography. The leading article is devoted to D. B. Updike of the Merrymount Press. This is followed by an article on the art of Albert Rutherford by Randolph Schwabe. "The Chancery Types of Italy and France" is the subject of a paper by A. F. Johnston and Stanley Morison. "The Amateur and Printing," by Harold Child; "The Development of the Book," by P. J. Angoulvent, and "Modern Styles in Music Printing in England," by Hubert J. Foss, are special features finely illustrated. A series of studies of contemporary printers begins with Stanley Morison as the first subject.

The original manuscript of one of Kipling's most famous poems, "The White Man's Burden," hangs in the picturesque study of John Hays Hammond, the mining engineer. This manuscript is of special interest to Mr. Hammond because it is a reminder of his early days in South Africa with Cecil Rhodes when he first knew Kipling.

Freud, Man and Theorist

SIGMUND FREUD. By DR. FRITZ WITTELS. Translated by Eden & Cedar Paul. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1924. \$3.50.

Reviewed by A. A. BRILL, M.D.

THE reviewer met Wittels in Vienna some time in 1908, and later in Salzburg at the first International Psychoanalytic Congress, and has been interested in him and his works ever since. Besides the present volume the author has written a number of very interesting and illuminating works, notably the "Sexuelle Not" and "Tragische Motive," which are unfortunately still inaccessible to English speaking readers. Wittels was also an active contributor to the *Fakel* (*The Torch*), a Vienna periodical of rather radical views, given out by the famous Dr. Krauss, the editor of the "Anthropophyteia." Some of the author's best essays appeared in this red covered *Fakel*. And how well he wrote! His terse, trenchant, and epigrammatic sentences were full of meat, clever, sarcastic, and witty. In the excellent translation of his present work these qualities are not as marked as in the original, or one might say as in his other works. The journalist has here given way to the scientist, but fortunately for the readers his effort was not entirely successful.

The great interest that this work has for the general reader is the personality of Sigmund Freud as depicted by a very observing pupil who was more or less associated with the master for about five years in the Vienna Psychoanalytic Society. In 1910, the author "had a personal difference with Freud and left the Psychoanalytic Society." Wittels thinks that his aloofness from Freud's "overshadowing individuality" since then has been perhaps an advantage (?). The scientific part of the book, the Freudian mechanisms, will hardly hold the attention of the general reader whose mind has long been confused by many garbled versions of Freud's theories.

Generally speaking one can say that biographers must have a strong attachment for the personage they seek to portray. This is true even if they write in a spirit of criticism. The hero of their book is what the reviewer calls their emphatic index*. They have such a strong admiration for the subject portrayed that consciously or unconsciously they wish to identify themselves with him, and have the same feeling for him as sons for their fathers. *Il faut admirer en bloc*, with which the author opens this book, shows clearly his attitude to Sigmund Freud. It means to say, "The minor criticisms which I may mention are altogether insignificant beside the greatness of this personality." Throughout the book Wittels writes with a definite feeling of sympathy and admiration. He strives to portray frankly and honestly, and it is our opinion that on the whole he did well. The author not only gives interesting fragments of Freud's life, and clear presentations of his theories, but also some very clever analytic deductions.

The facts that he obtained from personal contact with Freud and from his works are certainly correct, but some of his analytic deductions, especially those referring to Freud's attitude towards his pupils, are necessarily biased. The reviewer, who is fully acquainted with all the facts mentioned in this book, does not share Wittels' views in this matter. It would be out of place to enter here into a long description of the episodes relating to Freud's dissensions with some of his pupils, which would interest only those who are actively occupied with psychoanalysis. But as the author, unwittingly perhaps, creates the impression that Professor Freud is an intolerant sort of person who categorically rejects any ideas not of his own conception, it is only fair to give some space to this.

From the very beginning of the psychoanalytic movement Professor Freud was most generous with his pupils. Adler, Jung, Stekel, and all the others have built entirely on his foundations. Reading their earlier works one not only finds nothing new or original, but some have actually received credit for "original ideas" which were not at all original. The reviewer had once called Professor Freud's attention to a particularly glaring example of this kind, and his characteristic reply was, "Let him take it, that does no harm." If one were to take away

**En pathos* means to feel oneself or read oneself into a person.

what is specifically Freudian from the productions of any of his well known pupils there would hardly be enough left to produce a tiny ripple in the sea of thought. The reviewer, who has the advantage of friendly and intimate contact with the master, feels that far from being intolerant to his pupils' ideas, just the opposite is the case. Professor Freud has always given generous recognition to his pupils' achievements (*vid. e. g.*, his letter to the author), but as he has worked patiently, perseveringly, and consistently for more than thirty years towards a definite goal, he should not be blamed for refusing to cooperate with those who for various reasons of their own wish to demolish the foundations upon which his structure stands. Wittels, himself, very clearly shows the glaring inconsistencies of some of those divagations.

People who just read for amusement, and do not concern themselves with the vital truths of Freud's discoveries, are easily misled by some of these glib tongued writers, but the fact remains that none of them has made any new discovery or any scientific progress to speak of since he desexualized psychoanalysis. It is the gigantic labors of Freud alone that have stirred up the resistances, hatreds, and admiration of the thinking world. It is he alone who has revolutionized the mental sciences, and has given new meaning, new interest, and new life to abnormal and normal psychology. There is so much stimulation in any one of his works, there is so much to assimilate in one of his sentences, that unless one has the proper capacity and preparation he may get an overdose with its fatal *sequellae*. It does not always result in suicide, as in the cases mentioned by the author, although the reviewer also knows of such cases, but what is still worse—surely for the public—is the resultant chronic mental confusion displayed by some of these so-called analysts. The author justly inveighs against this type of practitioner, a feeling with which the reviewer heartily concurs. This is no occupation for psychopathic individuals. Indeed the author lays much stress on Freud's decision to study medicine, which he calls a concrete science which keeps one's feet firmly planted on the solid ground of facts, and expresses his conviction that as long as Freud lives and retains his leadership his medical education "will enable him to safeguard psychoanalysis (even in this world-wide development) against a lapse into mysticism and scholasticism."

Some of the interpretations given by the author are very good, his fragmentary cases are extremely interesting. He touches upon all of Freud's works—and he knows his Freud well—and discusses, sometimes very briefly, the theories of the neuroses, dream interpretation, repression and transference, slips, mistakes and blunders, eros (in what is an especially good chapter), narcissism, castration complex, Freudian mechanisms, and bipolarity. The last really belongs to the part dealing with Stekel, as the castration complex is an addendum to the chapter on Adler. In the other chapters the author deals more directly with Professor Freud's personal characteristics as shown by his early life and development, by his behavior towards friends and pupils. Viewing the whole book the word "fascinating" comes to the mind which may not be as dignified a characterization as the work merits. Objectively speaking the present work gives a concise and somewhat fragmentary, but very interesting presentation of some of Freud's theories. As to its throwing more light on Freud the man, the best that can be said is that the author has made a good effort in his own way and has illumined some features.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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Published weekly by Time, Inc., Henry R. Luce, President, Henry S. Canby, Vice-President; Briton Hadden, Secretary-Treasurer, 236 East 39th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription rate, per year, postpaid: In the U. S. and Mexico, \$3; in Canada, \$3.50; in Great Britain, 16 shillings; elsewhere, \$4. For advertising rates, address Noble A. Cathcart, Advertising Manager, 236 East 39th Street, New York. Circulation Manager, Roy E. Larsen. Entered as second-class matter July 29, 1924, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Vol. I. Number 25.

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The Human Animal

STUDIES IN HUMAN BIOLOGY. By RAYMOND PEARL. Baltimore: Williams & Wilkins. 1924.

Reviewed by C. R. PLUNKETT
New York University

THE papers brought together and republished here in book form, can, as Professor Pearl states in his preface, "make only such claim for unity as inheres in the *point of view* of its author." What that point of view is may be perhaps most briefly expressed in the caption he has chosen for one part of his volume: "Considering Man as an Animal." This is not, however, one of those books, with which we have been surfeited of late, dealing with social problems from a "biological" viewpoint—mostly by authors who have never seen the inside of a biological laboratory, except, perhaps, as troublesome visitors. It deals, rather, with various general biological questions, using the human animal as subject.

The twenty-five chapters—most of them originally separate papers—deal with almost as many distinct topics, a few of which are: the weight of the human brain, and the question of its correlation with intelligence; the sex-ratio in man; relative variability of the sexes; racial fusion and survival in America; hereditary factors in tuberculosis; the influenza epidemic; food consumption and waste; the growth of populations, past and future.

Since problems of human biology are not, in general, susceptible of experimental study, these topics are all, necessarily, treated by means of the statistical method. Professor Pearl is probably the most able master in this country of the laborious and often treacherous tool of scientific research. His point of view, which is the obvious *motif* of almost every chapter, is excellently expressed in the address entitled "The Statistical Evolution of Public Health Activities."

The statistical method as a means of acquiring knowledge is one of the most powerful tools at our command. At the same time it is one of the most dangerous. Every one feels entirely competent, whether he has had any special training in the recondite field of the calculus of statistics or not, to draw conclusions from figures. The result is really, though not generally recognized so to be, just as bad as would be the case if wholly untrained persons felt free to draw conclusions in the most advanced fields of physical or organic chemistry.

Many of the chapters are devoted to showing that sweeping conclusions thus drawn by more or less statistically untrained writers are not supported by a correct statistical analysis of this data. In connection with the discussion of epidemic encephalitis (the "sleeping sickness" of newspaper writers), for instance, the author quotes the statement that "the greatest proportion of cases occurred in young adults"; and then proceeds to show that "the age distribution of attacked cases . . . does not significantly differ . . . from the age distribution of the general population." This is an example of a common sort of case where inspection of the crude statistics would probably lead to an entirely unjustified conclusion.

A case of more general interest, perhaps, is that treated in the chapter on "Congenital Malformations." The author's reason, as stated, for undertaking this study was that this kind of data has been used as evidence in support of the popular theory that "the male, throughout the organic world, tends to be more variable than the female. The male element in sexual reproduction was supposed, according to this view, to make for variability, and hence for progress, while the female was held to be the conservative element, making for organic stability." Professor Pearl then proceeds to analyze statistically the kind of data which have been used to bolster this contention, notably by Havelock Ellis in "Man and Woman", and finds that, in this particular case, they actually indicate exactly the contrary conclusion: namely, that in respect to congenital malformations woman is more variable than man. He draws the eminently sane conclusion that "it is quite absurd to attempt to formulate any general rule that either sex is in general more variable than the other."

In the few chapters in which the author gets to riding some of his own hobbies, his conclusions will not be so confidently accepted by all his fellow biologists. Some of the ablest men in this field believe, for instance, that his rather pessimistic outlook on what he calls "the population problem" is entirely unsupported by the statistical evidence which he cites; as this evidence does not, and cannot, take into account some very pertinent possibilities in the situation.

The general feeling that work of this kind is likely to leave in the mind of the scientist is that, in the solution of general scientific problems, no amount of statistical evidence of this nature can weigh against a single crucial experiment. But in the field of human biology, it is the best that can be done—and no one has done, or is doing, it better than Professor Pearl.

Humane Penology

THE CRIMINAL AS A HUMAN BEING. By GEORGE DOUGHERTY. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1924. \$2.

Reviewed by THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE

THE fallacy of most books on penology and studies of crime is that the authors persist in regarding criminals as a separate group of the human family; and that fallacy is taking a particularly plausible and dangerous form at the present time.

In 1876 Lombroso published his study of the criminal and led off students of penology on the wrong track for many years. His was the conception of the criminal as an abnormal human being, pre-ordained to a life of crime, whose physical characteristics might be determined by a careful study of the inmates of penal institutions. For over thirty years this absurd theory was accepted and by so long the reform of our correctional institutions was delayed. If men were born criminals and belonged to a different category of mankind obviously an attempt to administer prisons along ordinary rules of justice and common sense was useless, for to reform the criminal was hopeless. Caliban might do the bidding of Prospero, if he was forced; but at heart he remained the same—an unredeemable enemy to society and human progress.

Now we are faced with a new version of the Lombroso theory. We are again being told that certain human beings are preordained criminals, probably through inheritance; and that these enemies of society can be discovered, not by physical examinations, in the Lombroso style, but by mental examinations carried on by the psychiatrist; and that these examinations not only will disclose to us the fact whether a given man is a criminal, but will inform us as to whether or not he is going to be a criminal at some time in the future, although he may never have committed a crime.

* * *

This book comes as an admirable antidote to such dangerous nonsense. The first chapter deals with "the criminal as a human being"—a natural human being; although often, the author tells us, we are "dealing with a weak and warped personality that has seldom been treated fairly by police officers." Again: "besides the destructive influences of such a heredity and home, these children were denied the association of normal children"; so "the results of such upbringing are all too plain when the criminal is brought before the police examiner who recognizes the value of sympathy and psychology." The very sensible conclusion is: "in its dealings with criminals society has generally erred in two directions; first, by violence, severe punishment, and treatment of the criminal as non-human, and at the other extreme, overflowing sentiment for the lost sheep."

The author, George S. Dougherty, was formerly Deputy Commissioner and Chief of Detectives in the New York City Police Department. He speaks from wide knowledge of his subject, and with a restraint and common sense which gives the reader confidence in his statements. In spite of his many years of meeting crooks as a police official he continues to think of them as real human beings. It takes a man with a broad mind and firm hold of realities to do that.

The truth is that the line, which separates "the criminal" who has been caught from the crooks who have not, is a shadowy one at the best. In one of Trollope's novels is this excellent statement of the matter:

There are general laws current in the world as to morality. "Thou shalt not steal," for instance. This has necessarily been current as a law through all nations. But the first man you meet on the street will have ideas about theft so different from yours, that, if you knew them as you know your own, you would say that his law and yours were not even founded on the same principle. It is compatible with this man's honesty to cheat you in a matter of horse-flesh, with that man's in a traffic of railway shares, with that other man's as to a woman's fortune; with a fourth's anything may be done for a seat in Parliament, while the fifth man, who stands high among us, and who implores his God every Sunday to write that law on his heart, spends

every hour of his daily toil in a system of fraud, and is regarded as a pattern of the national commerce!

Commissioner Dougherty in his chapter on "black-mail" puts it this way:

Because many rich victims lead such dissolute lives as to be virtually criminals themselves, millions of dollars of blackmail have been paid quietly, and are being paid, and will continue to be paid as long as victims have incriminating circumstances to be hushed up. What an experienced detective could tell about the lives of many persons who stand high in the community would be highly sensational—but, like the priest and journalist, an honorable detective keeps faith and confidence.

The man who has been a policeman and has yet retained his sympathy with the criminal as a human being, who believes in enforcing the law—without brutality and sentimentality, who does not lose his sense of proportion or of relative values, is one whose conclusions are of far more value than the pseudo-scientists who weave ridiculous theories from second-hand knowledge gained from unreliable statistics.

A Name to Conjure With

RACIAL REALITIES IN EUROPE. By LOTHROP STODDARD. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1924. \$3.

Reviewed by CONSTANTINE PANUNZIO

IT was the great Englishman, R. H. Tawney, who after a visit in the United States, wrote: "My own experience is that I heard more about Anglo-Saxons in the four delightful months which I passed in the United States than I had heard during the forty years in the humid island which the barbarians in question were foolish enough to colonize."

Mr. Stoddard in a series of books he has written, of which this is the fifth, has been one of the outstanding voices to proclaim the new gospel which Mr. Tawney heard preached in the United States; and he preaches his gospel with the zeal of a new convert.

American scientists, Ripley, Dixon, Kroeber, Goldenwiser, Wissler, Boas, and others, who have given years to the study of races, are becoming increasingly cautious and are avoiding generalizations; the paucity of scientific data available is such as not to warrant broad conclusions. Mr. Stoddard, on the contrary, never hesitates to sweep everything before his "scientific discoveries."

The major theses expounded in this book, as in the others of Mr. Stoddard's, are that all of life, individual and social, finds its roots in race; that the intermixture of races has gone on at high pace in history and especially in certain sections of Europe; that all the ills of mankind are due to this intermixture; that all the races, being intermixed, are inherently inferior, some negatively bad, some *very* bad indeed—all save one, the only race which has kept predominantly pure, viz.: "Nordic Anglo-Saxon."

* * *

Brilliant in style and in the manner in which the materials are organized, this book is bound to attract many readers. The author wishes you to know that he is "scientific." He tells you so over and over. From the opening to the closing sentence of the book, he tries to impress on the reader that he is discussing "momentous scientific discoveries." But when he tells us that this nation is one-third of this race, one-fourth of this other, he leaves us entirely in the dark as to where he gets his facts, and how. This statement should be qualified, however, for he does give us some indication. He visits the British Museum under the escort of a "well-known British scientist." Who the scientist is he does not tell us. The "scientist" halts and the "scientist" talks. Mr. Stoddard looks: "The case was filled with little heads and busts made of burned clay, or terra cotta. There were more than a hundred of them, neatly arranged in long rows." . . . "I looked closer—and was filled with astonishment. Those ancient busts, modeled after men in their graves these 2,500 years, were strangely familiar. Many of them looked exactly like men who walk the earth today." One hundred *terra cotta* specimens! Of men dead 2,500 years! Looking *exactly* like the millions of today! So he makes the "momentous scientific discoveries." Then he talks with a man here and there; with a New Yorker who makes some remarks regarding a ride he once had in a London subway tube; with one "of the so-called wild men of the Glasgow group"; with a noted scientist here or a statesman there. And then, like Europeans who make a flying trip to America and write learned volumes on the realities of American life, Mr. Stoddard returns