

# The Saturday Review

## of LITERATURE

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### Stuart P. Sherman

STUART P. SHERMAN, the ablest and most penetrating scholar critic of our generation in America, has died at the moment when his powers were greatest. His sudden death will be felt as a personal loss by every reader who has the interests of sound literature and good living at heart.

Stuart Sherman was trained in that scholarship of the beginning of the century which sought the minutest facts with a passion which disdained to weigh the value of results. Before living these scholars wished to know, and knowledge of the source of a medieval fable was as sacred to them as the beauty of holiness or the meaning of Faust. Against this system Sherman was a rebel from the first, yet in his work at Harvard he mastered the methods of his teachers before criticizing them, and so emerged with the flame of the love of literature still alight where others had quenched it, but with the scholar's tireless patience and the scholar's equipment of wide and accurate knowledge which his predecessors in American literary criticism—Lowell and Howells and Poe and Warner and Mitchell and Mabie—had often lacked.

Then he went West to Illinois and, like so many congenital New Englanders before him, became an idealist of the Mississippi Valley, an intellectual aristocrat committed to the spiritual salvation of democracy. His best books date from this period when, with a stern joy, he swept pedantic triflings out of the way, returned half-baked modernisms to the maternal dough, and gave us the best interpretation of the ideal American mind. A great puritan himself, who had escaped the narrow meagreness of his forefathers, Sherman championed the puritan spirit in American life, and was down like a blast from the north upon careless advocates of license and easy living. A reader of austere taste, yet human as all wits and epigrammatists (and he was both) must be, he proclaimed the living standards of great writing when every cabbage or cauliflower was being called a rose. A New Englander, a Westerner, a thorough-going American, he knew this country far better than most scholars and many journalists, and yet brought to his interpretation a culture that was European in the best sense. Although he was for twenty years a notable teacher of English literature, and his books and essays on such English writers as Matthew Arnold and Wordsworth are admirable, it will be as an American critic of American life and literature that he will be ultimately remembered.

Like many prudent men he hesitated to commit himself to the turmoil of contemporary writing, although certain tentatives of his own had shown how much creative power was mingled with his critical faculty. His own perspective was so long that the fuss over progress and experiment seemed to him a little absurd. The modernists of ten years ago suffered by his pen, and his passionate conservatism shocked them as much as it cheered the onlookers who knew that unless the good old times found a champion and interpreter, the fine new day was likely to end in a fog. But he grew restless, as a creative spirit will, in a rôle which was being too readily granted him. He felt, too, one suspects, the disadvantages as well as the advantages of living remote from a metropolis. That distrust, and fear, of New York, which has colored so much American thinking and feeling in late years, he felt, and the suspicion was a barrier to his growth. He determined to bell the New York cat, and therefore gave

### Her Soul In Every Part

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

SINFUL it is to say her soul keeps house  
In the dark, narrow house of bone, her  
head;  
Spiders haunt such places, and gray thoughts  
Hang silent there like gnats and flies sucked dead.

No. . . . She who has the sunset in her palms  
Has her soul in every part and place;  
Her arms have reason, and her limbs can think  
Like the limbs of runners in a race.

Her hair is running mercy like the rain,  
Her throat is eloquence beyond the rose;  
The comeliness and beauty of her flesh  
Sings like angels underneath her clothes.

She thinks as white anemones must think  
When they spread themselves to April's air;  
Her thoughts shine through her skin as angels' do;  
Her least shy touch is something of a prayer.

### This Week

"Incentives in the New Industrial Order." Reviewed by *Arthur Pound*.

"Short Talks With the Dead and Others." Reviewed by *Michael Pym*.

"The Last Fifty Years in New York." Reviewed by *Allan Nevins*.

"The Time of Man." Reviewed by *Joseph Wood Krutch*.

"A Prince of Malaya." Reviewed by *H. G. Dwight*.

### Next Week, or Later

"A Mirror to France." Reviewed by *Dorothy Canfield Fisher*.

up the academic life for good, and became literary editor of *The New York Herald-Tribune*.

The two years of his New York editorship were most interesting to his friends and admirers. From a caustic skeptic of contemporary books he became a sympathetic reader, willing to learn and to praise. His mind, which once had seemed to be governed exclusively by principle or prejudice, softened and grew flexible. He who had dealt only with the mighty ones of letters now wrote of good, bad, or indifferent alike: travel books, trivial novels, passing essays, along with Anatole France, Byron, and Poe. There was an immediate gain in interest, but a loss in power. Although in New York he lived as simply and almost as quietly as in his Illinois home, he seemed to yield his will for the time to the great city, to be blown with the winds of doctrine with somewhat of New York's tolerance, to share with New York the excitement over this  
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### Winthrop M. Praed

By CAMERON ROGERS

IN a day when much of the current and accepted wit was sheer discourtesy and when the manners of gentlemen of fashion might easily have been confounded with those of horse boys, Winthrop Mackworth Praed offered a comparison in which even such a disagreeable young man as Edward Bulwer, afterwards the first Lord Lytton, might rejoice. Bulwer, his contemporary at Oxford, spoke of him as being, from the personal interest he excited, to the University what Byron was to the world, but there the similarity ceased. If only because Praed was a gentleman and the Byrons, though possibly Bloods, were singularly and uncandidly bred. While Byron was begetting Allegra and outwearing a pose, Praed was astonishing Eton with Latin and Greek verses, and developing that quality which is the leaven of letters as it is of Society, a wit that does not offend. Time has been unkind to him and has refused to forgive him for a talent that never burgeoned into genius, just as it would like to forget, and but for unsubtle meddlers, would forget, Byron's bad manners. Though it holds ever with genius, Times comes to despise talent and Praed, in his generation a most beloved and admired gentleman, has something suffered with the years.

Born in 1802 of an ancient family resident in London and in Devon, he entered Eton in 1814 just four years after the departure from that college of Percy Bysshe Shelley, whom Praed's elder brother, William, doubtless remembered as a youth undistinguished for anything save an ability to screech and an aversion to fag-masters. Praed would have had no sympathy with Shelley, being, even as a small boy, brilliant but conventional and nothing, certainly, of an atheist. Besides he was one marked for advancement and the redoubtable Keats, not, as M. André Maurois supposed, headmaster in Shelley's time, looked upon him with favor. He achieved and was highly commended for his Latin verses and in 1820 greatly distinguished himself by establishing two short-lived but able school periodicals, the *Apis Matin* and later the *Etonian*. At eighteen a delicate, faintly sardonic, gaunt-faced youth, he had reached that stage in his development as a wit where contemporaries and even the sires of contemporaries would, in the hour of port and anecdote, preface their contributions to the wheeling talk with "Here's a good thing Praed said the other day." In this respect he resembled that charming character who has been called his companion scholar-wit of the century, the old Harrovian and Cantab, Charles Stuart Calverley. Praed, as did later Calverley, came to command from his generation a loyalty to his epigrams and sallies that only faltered with its gradual decimation, but the sons and grandsons of his liege admirers forgot him to follow the more attractive inheritor of his manner. The essential difference between Praed and Calverley lies not in the respective calibres of their wit but in the fact that Praed's verses spring from the thin and ever-shifting soil of society while Calverley's are rooted in a greater and more fecund field, the nature of humanity. Praed, however, found the times out of joint for any but small talk that like the egregious Prince-Regent's, and even like Brummell's, dealt in personalities so coarse as to be Billingsgate with the aspirates intact. The repartee of the bucks and the Corinthians was muddy and he was born to cleanse and charge it with vitality, while Calverley had no such function to fulfil or disadvantages under which to compose.

He went up to Trinity College, Oxford, in the fall of 1821, a young gentleman of fashion with a brilliant reputation. Bulwer who met him was at once struck with his appearance and personality.

In our lecture-rooms one face instantly arrested my eye; a face pale, long, worn, with large eyes and hollow cheeks, but not without a certain kind of beauty, and superior to all in that room for its expression of keen intelligence. The young man who thus attracted my notice was Winthrop Mackworth Praed, the editor, and the most sparkling contributor to a magazine set up at Eton, and called *The Etonian*; a scholar of remarkable eloquence and brilliance, carrying off in the course of his University career, prizes in Greek, Latin, and English, the readiest and most pungent speaker at the Union Debating Society; the liveliest wit in private circles; in a word, the young man of whom the highest expectations were formed.

Remarkable for Bulwer but a statement that he cannot bear to leave untouched. Bulwer as well as Macaulay and other younger men who were to become distinguished as Parliamentarians, spoke frequently at the Union, and rivalry was an attendant element. Touching Praed's speeches, made, most of them, doubtless with the tongue in the long, gaunt cheek, the future Lord Lytton remarks that though he was unquestionably "first in readiness and wit, in extempore reply, in aptness of argument and illustration, in all that belongs to the stage-play of delivery, he wanted all the higher gifts of eloquence. He had no passion, he had but little power, he confided too much in his facility, and prepared so lightly the matter of his speeches, that they were singularly deficient in knowledge and substance. In fact, he seemed to learn his subject from the speeches of those who went before him."

In itself no small thing to accomplish. It is interesting to observe that he gained much the same prizes and scholarships that Calverley was, some thirty years later, to carry away. In 1822 Sir William Browne's medal for the Greek Ode and for the Epigrams; in 1823 the same medal for the Ode, in 1824 the same medal for the Epigrams, and in both 1823 and 1824 the Chancellor's medal for English verse. When in 1830 he gained the Seatonian prizes, his reputation like that of Canning who was rescued from the slums to become the particular star of the two most aristocratic institutions of learning in England, Eton and Christchurch, at Oxford, was so considerable as to warrant the mention of his name in speeches in the Commons.

Praed, however, on quitting Oxford in the autumn of 1825 returned to Eton as tutor to the Lord Ernest Bruce, a younger son of the Marquis of Ailesbury, and there remained for two years. His school preserved for him an extraordinary and undying fascination and as in that English soldier who, before he died in an untravelled jungle in the Dekkan peninsula, wished engraved upon the rough slab that was to mark the place of his repose, his name and only the one remark "An Old Etonian," Praed's glory in Eton was as deeply sown as his love for England.

Twelve years ago I made a mock  
Of filthy trades and traffics;  
I wondered what they meant by stock;  
I wrote delightful sapphics:  
I knew the streets of Rome and Troy,  
I supped with fates and furies;  
Twelve years ago I was a boy,  
A happy boy, at Drury's.

The Eton that he remembered was far from being the horrid academy of brutes and imbeciles that did Shelley, who would in any institution of organized curricula have been an impossible inmate. Praed was popular at school not because he was an athlete but because he possessed an extraordinary intelligence and a gift for verse, qualities that never lacked for appreciation at Eton. Unlike the genius, however, he possessed self-control and a pleasing amount of selflessness, and then too, there was his sense of humor. The Philistinism of the Public Schools beneath which some have believed that such fine spirits as Shelley's suffered, was largely mythical, and was never more so than at Eton where even Swinburne was extremely happy. Calverley at Harrow, Lionel Johnson at Winchester, and Rupert Brooke at Rugby, were, whatever their abilities, no less fine in spirit than Shelley and each loved and was loved by his school. Praed's "School and School-fellows" of which the above is the admirable first stanza, is typical of the witty pathos and light music of his verse.

Tom Mill was used to blacken eyes,  
Without the fear of sessions;  
Charles Medler loathed false quantities,  
As much as false professions.  
Now Mill keeps order in the land,  
A magistrate pedantic:  
And Meddler's feet repose, unscanned,  
Beneath the wide Atlantic.

Wild Nick, whose oaths made such a din,  
Does Dr. Martext's duty;  
And Mullion, with that monstrous chin,  
Is married to a beauty;  
And Darrel studies, week by week,  
His Mant, and not his Manton;  
And Ball, who was but poor at Greek,  
Is very rich at Canton.

It may be well to observe in connection with Mant and Manton that the former was a bishop and an authority upon Divinity and the latter the name of one of the best fowling-pieces made not only then but now. Unlike Hood, with whom he may reasonably be compared, and who grappled with puns and was apt to throw them heavily, Praed fenced delicately with them and kept them, save in a few instances, at bay. When he left Eton and, having devoted himself to the study of law, was called to the bar in 1829, he entered upon a life of social as well as professional activity that led his mind to other themes but in that year he pronounced in this poem more than a perfunctory avowal of preference:

I wish that I could run away  
From house, and court and levee,  
Where bearded men appear today,  
Just Eton boys, grown heavy.

In 1830 he entered the House of Commons as the member for St. Germans and though at Oxford he had professed Whiggism he made his parliamentary debut as a Tory introduced by the Great Duke himself, though Wellington knew him only by reputation. His maiden speech on the cotton duties made a sensation but that which he delivered upon the Reform Bill, since it was long past midnight when he caught the Speaker's eye and the House was pardonably sleepy, fell flat, an occurrence which much disheartened him. He was always handicapped in politics by the realization that he was looked upon as a coming young man, and consequently ringed round with certain individuals hopefully awaiting a slip. In 1832, St. Germans having, by the Reform Bill, lost its franchise, he unsuccessfully contested St. Ives in Cornwall and was eventually returned in 1834 as one of the members for Yarmouth. In the meanwhile he was much in demand in society and the exigencies of the season contributed material for the innumerable delightful *vers de société* which are far more interesting today than his championings of the Conservative policies. Creevy and Charles Greville have left no more interesting sketches of London society in the thirties than are these, nor in half so easily genial lines. Creevey, unjustifiably eueptic considering the dinners that he ate in the houses of his rich friends, is nevertheless something acidulous and Greville mars outline with detail. Praed is witty but amiable and squanders no illusions.

Praed's London was that of a century ago and we have it in its glitterings as plainly in our minds as did he. It is somewhat sad but thoroughly natural to suppose that such a contemporary as Keats was to him not only a poetaster of questionable breeding but a bad poetaster into the bargain. To be confounded with Leigh Hunt, at that time always in bad odor as a low fellow editorially inclined, was an undoubted misfortune and Endymion was as open to criticism then as it is today though perhaps not as much as one might gather from those lines from "My Partner":

Was she a blue?—I put my trust  
In strata, petals, gazes:  
A boudoir pedant?—I discussed  
The toga and the fasces;  
A cockney—muse?—I mouthed a deal  
Of folly from "Endymion."

Whatever Shelley's eccentricities might have seemed to Praed, a multitude of failings were undoubtedly covered by the solidity of his heritage and blood though those that were not, were for the same reason utterly unforgivable. A Cockney apothecary's assistant might be expected to do anything but not so a Sussex gentleman of breeding and estate.

Considering his political activities during the eight or nine years of his public life the amount of Praed's poetic endeavor is astonishing. His longer poems are now somewhat uninteresting as is the bulk of his serious verse, but he achieved a sufficient number of *vers de société* to make a volume while at the same time preparing and delivering his speeches in the House, contesting elections and defending His Grace of Wellington from the ill-natured attacks of those who believed, not without justice, that the patronage of the Duke's party was something excessive. Wellington was so pleased with him for this office, per-

formed in 1833 in the *Morning Post*, that he invited him to Walmer Castle and for a time made him intimate with his plans and opinions. From 1834 to 1835 he was requested by Sir Robert Peel to serve during that Statesman's Premiership as Secretary for the Board of Control and in 1837 he found himself once more in the Commons, this time as the member for Aylesbury, for which borough he sat until his death.

He died of consumption in his London House in Chester Square in 1839. He was thirty-seven years old. The comparatively swift eclipse of this career heralded by an elder generation while yet scarce more than embryonic, the double flame of which had stirred not only scholars but veteran statesmen, recalls but another similarity between the destinies of Praed and Calverley who was doomed by the hideous consequences of a casual mishap to a life of inaction and slender yield. Praed died before he had made his mark, and before the promise of his abilities might ripen to achievement, even though the Lord John Russell with a regret perfunctory and not untinged with patronage might speak of him as a rising statesman. His ambition was to administer the policies of his country and to be remembered not by the histories of literature but by those of nations, and certainly had auspices been attendant at his birth or during the brilliant days of his young manhood their interpretations must have boded well for his desire. Like Calverley's, his star promised to be long crescent and fell suddenly and tragically upon the wane, and shone, after a little time, no more. Before its disappearance, however, it had cast a most salutary radiance over the dirty by-ways of contemporary wit and had destroyed utterly the specious reputations of men who, during the Regency, had palmed off cruel practical joking for humor and outrageous rudeness for repartee. He was the first and, save only Calverley, the most brilliant member of a new school of poets, admirable intellects, many faceted and free from pedantry, whose contributions to letters are in their fashion no less indispensable to us than those of acclaimed genius. Such men as Praed and Locker-Lampson, Calverley and Dobson and Oliver Wendell Holmes, in the more notable quality of their writings, form the essential leaven of nineteenth century literature and at its best their wit is a weapon against which the splenetic bodkin of Whistler, or the paste implement of Wilde, tinkles but ineffectually.

Whistler's brutal observation to a friend encountered arm in arm with an enemy, "ha! ha!, you know Damien died," is in actuality typical not of the renascence of true wit brought about by Praed in the middle of the century but of the unregenerate period when at Waitier's or White's Brummell's "d'ye call that thing a coat?" brought down about the head of some less well-armed beau the mockery of the company. Of the two, Brummell, capable of far better things than mere boorish cudgel play, possessed potentially the better talent, but his art, which was self-adornment, and which was characterized by a genius no less considerable than was Whistler's, called forth less opportunity for its exercise. But both in any passage of words sought a victory more sanguinary than neat, and since war and wit may never be allied, both fail, as Pope and the Augustans fail, to rival the skilled and friendly attack of such a man as Praed who never had need to remove the button from his foil.

As a poet it has been held against him that in his verses there is no quality of universality, that they are inspired by a life at best artificial and restricted, and that the society which they described was unworthy to be perpetuated, in which case the canvases of Watteau and Fragonard should be carefully collected and thereupon burnt, for the society of which Praed rhymed compared with that of the reigns of Louis the Well-Beloved and of his pathetic son was as pure as spring water and as solidly and honestly constructed as Westminster Abbey. As to the universality of their appeal, his deft and musical poems may, it is true, be something lacking in that element, but the fault lies not in the verse but in the Universe, for the latter bears a lack more blamable, that of a sense of humor. But Praed himself would have been the last man to defend his own work and he was very sensibly aware of the far from infinite scope of his very excellent talent. Much idle talk wearied him, and as he himself wrote, much thinking betokened folly:

I think that some have died of drought,  
And some have died of drinking;  
I think that naught is worth a thought,—  
And I'm a fool for thinking!

## Charting New Channels

INCENTIVES IN THE NEW INDUSTRIAL ORDER. By J. A. HOBSON. New York: Thomas Seltzer. 1926. \$1.75.

Reviewed by ARTHUR POUND

THIS stimulating little book is strictly Hobsonesque in its qualities and defects. Among the former are a refreshing combination of sanity and liberalism. Among the latter is a tantalizing vagueness. Just when the reader expects something definite, Mr. Hobson's habit is to treat him to a series of provisos. So, while one may get a great deal from this book, the one thing he cannot get from it is Hobson's direct answer to the question: "Will these industrial incentives, so thoroughly described, really work well enough to pay for the trouble of setting them up?"

Perhaps that is an academic question; actually society never weighs such considerations thoughtfully in its transitional periods. Instead, it writhes blindly toward the new, driven by primitive emotions no less than by modern machines. What it seeks is improvement; what it gets is sure to be called progress and is more likely to be, in cold truth, merely change. But Mr. Hobson, here as in his other books, is a herald of mighty faith, though not without caution. He doesn't expect too much of his incentives or of the changes which he groups under the phrase, the New Industrial Order. The State will merely socialize a few key industries, like railroads, coal mines, and banking, while leaving the rest of the business organism to go its own gait unless it runs too strongly in the direction of profiteering and monopoly. He thinks that enough competent managers can be found for State purposes among men who prefer fame and social applause to unrestrained industrial power and great fortune, and that such high-minded souls will endure, for the sake of the general welfare, a control compounded of the interests of labor, consumers, and the state. For these few key industries the thrifty who value stability more than big dividends will continue to furnish capital by saving; as to labor, the author concludes the odds are in favor of the state getting a fair day's work for a fair day's pay, in spite of the deadening influence of bureaucracy.



In arriving at these conclusions, Mr. Hobson pursues the wily method of destroying by diminution. His argument in favor of the new is always based upon a pessimistic conception of the old. By way of demonstrating that savers will always provide capital for State enterprises, he shows that they provide too much for private enterprises, thus stimulating overproduction. His argument that labor will work with reasonable effectiveness in State enterprises is based, not upon the records of such enterprises, but upon the fact (?) that labor isn't doing much better under private employers. When Mr. Hobson gets through with an old incentive, any new incentive looks rather well by comparison.

One thing, however, the author makes beautifully clear, without the slightest intention of doing so. This is the enormous breadth of the economic gulf now separating the United States and Great Britain. In general our economics have followed those of Britain from colonial times down; but if the Hobson sketch of industrial trends is valid, clearly the two nations are on different roads today. The divergence began in 1896 and the war and the war debts broadened it. Public opinion in the United States today does not even admit the imminence of a New Industrial Order which Hobson says all thoughtful people in England take for granted. And there isn't the foggiest chance of the consumers taking over these States, a shift of power which is indicated as part of the new industrial order overseas. Of course, all this may change rather quickly and presently we may be reading Hobson again as a true prophet, but for the time being the average American must consider his a voice crying, if not in the wilderness, at least in a jungle we have happily escaped.

It is strange, too, that Hobson, or any other British economist, should neglect as completely as he does the influence of foreign trade on the industrial order which he visions. A self-contained country conceivably might introduce the innovations he suggests with a reasonable chance of success; at least it could protect its trade somewhat by tariffs during the period of readjustment. But Britain is exposed to all the trade winds that blow, and in degree as her industrial experiments fail the penalty will be both prompt and expensive. The British

standard of living, and the British industrial system generally, is too much at the mercy of world conditions to make political control of industry altogether safe.

Finally, hardly enough attention is given by the author to the extraordinary adaptability of capitalism to changing social norms. Too easily is the old order disposed of on paper; the author celebrates that bloodless victory without reckoning on the "counter-reforming" power of capitalism itself.

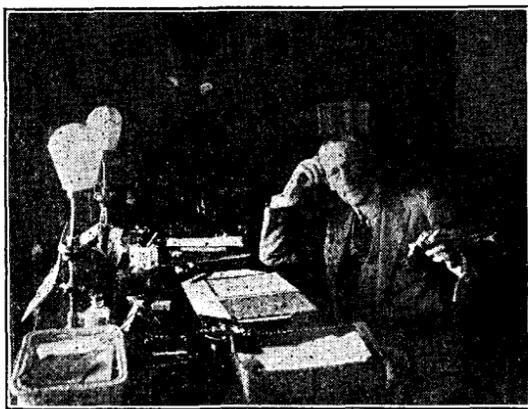
## Man and His Environment

THE RELATION OF NATURE TO MAN IN ABORIGINAL AMERICA. By CLARK WISSLER. New York: Oxford University Press. 1926.

Reviewed by ROLAND B. DIXON  
Harvard University

THE character and extent of the influence exerted on man by his environment is a fascinating yet singularly elusive problem which has attracted attention as far back as the time of Hippocrates. In the fourteenth century the Arabic historian, Ibn Khaldun, sought to explain all history as the direct result of the reaction of man to his environment. Not until the nineteenth century, however, can the scientific study of the question be said to have begun, when Ritter and Ratzel founded the German school of "anthropogeography," which has been ably carried on in this country by Huntington and Miss Semple. According to their views, environment is a direct and as a rule compelling force which moulds the culture of a people. And so definite are these results supposed to be, that various laws have been formulated which are regarded as generally operative.

In France, although the earlier writers such as Bodin and Montesquieu looked upon environment as



WILLIAM J. LOCKIE  
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essentially compulsive, the modern school as exemplified in Brunhes and Vidal de la Blache, regards it more as permissive, as affording opportunities which may or may not be taken advantage of as a result of racial or historical factors.

The method followed by almost all previous investigators has been to analyze the characteristics of particular environments and of the culture of the peoples living in them, and then to endeavor to discover causal relations between the two. In the volume at hand, Dr. Wissler has approached the problem from quite a different angle. He has made a study of the geographical distribution of a series of selected cultural and physical traits, and from the character of these distributions, has reached conclusions of much interest, some of which at least may be expected to arouse considerable opposition on the part of his fellow anthropologists.

From a study of the distribution of a number of selected cultural traits, Dr. Wissler shows that such traits have, in general, a continuous distribution; they are found within a definite and determinable area and not outside it. Where the trait shows variations in complexity or specialization he finds the simpler forms to be the widest spread, whereas the more complex are restricted to a more or less central position. He assumes that the simple forms are the older forms and that they have spread solely by diffusion from the central area where they originated. Here the more specialized forms are from time to time evolved, to effuse in their turn toward the periphery of the whole area. The distribution of cultural traits may thus be mapped schematically as a series of concentric circles, the outermost representing the primitive form, the successive specializations occupying the progressively smaller circles, while the central spot represents the highest com-

plexity as well as the historically latest form.

Having shown that each of the cultural traits selected conforms to this rule, Dr. Wissler turns to physical characters, and tries to demonstrate that such factors as stature, head form, and eye color follow the same laws. Both cultural and physical characters thus, on his theory, tend to diffuse outward in all directions from a center of origin, and from the observed distributions we are able to draw valid historical as well as developmental conclusions. Now Dr. Wissler finds that each of these centers of origin coincides in a remarkable way, with the center of a typical environment area, and we are thus led to believe that an inherent relation must exist between environment and man. The life complexes are adjusted to the natural resources of the area, the most perfect and specialized adjustment taking place in the region in which each particular environment is most typically expressed. The heart of the ecological area is thus coincident with the center of cultural and physical development, thus demonstrating the far-reaching influence of environment on man.

The implications and consequences of Dr. Wissler's theory are obviously very significant, and in many respects, especially as regards racial characteristics, are in rather sharp opposition to currently accepted views. While detailed or technical discussion of the problems raised is clearly out of place here, some points of general criticism may be offered. It is unfortunate that Dr. Wissler has in some cases used only rather antiquated data in plotting his distributions, which would have been considerably modified if later and easily accessible sources had been used. In other instances he has made his case only by dealing with a portion of the area involved, when if the whole region had been included the results would have been quite different. Again, he has, as in the case of mounds and earthworks, made a wholly arbitrary and, I believe, unjustified sequence of specialization which few other students would accept. In some instances there are careless and regrettable misstatements of fact, and in more than one case, although the schematic diagram shows the cultural center of a trait as centered in its area of distribution, a true plotting reveals it instead as peripheral. Sometimes in his discussion, Dr. Wissler has minimized or neglected historical data as to actual succession of traits, and throughout has failed adequately to consider the influence of migration. For although centrifugal diffusion is obviously the more common type, many cultural and physical traits have been demonstrably spread by actual popular movements.

These minor points although they mar, do not invalidate, the significance and suggestiveness of the theory set forth in the book. Dr. Wissler has written an extremely readable and interesting little volume on a topic of far-reaching importance, and it may be expected to arouse abundant discussion.

## The History of Anatomy

THE EVOLUTION OF ANATOMY. By CHARLES SINGER. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925. \$4.

Reviewed by EDWARD C. STREETER, M.D.

ANATOMICAL investigation represents the very axis of all medicine and the story of its rise and progress from pre-history to the present is one of sheer fascination: in which opposition and ignorant enmity add, now and again, the needed touch of high romance. Strange, indeed, that this subject should remain unbroached by English-speaking scholars for more than a century. Matthew Baillie in 1785 made the last previous attempt at the theme, last in any comprehensive sense. Now appears this notable "history of anatomical and physiological discovery from the earliest times down to Harvey," by a proven and most competent hand. It is called by the author "a preliminary sketch," but dipping in we find here no mere hasty farrago. The work is the matured issue of Dr. Singer's Fitzpatrick Lectures delivered two winters ago at the Royal College of Physicians.

The main chronological divisions are as follows: The Greeks to 50 B. C., The Empire and the Dark Ages, The Middle Ages and Renaissance, Modern times to Harvey. The first section contains certain "addita" to our knowledge of anatomical activities, in the immitigable eld of time, which are of the utmost importance to the expert. The "Middle