
BOOKS

YOUTH.

The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. By Jane Addams (Hull House, Chicago), author of "Democracy and Social Ethics," "Newer Ideals of Peace," etc. Published by the Macmillan Company. 1909.

Characteristic in its gentle urgency, and replete with illustrative facts drawn from a vast human experience, these essays on the boys and girls, the young men and the young women, of American cities, are of exceptional value. The problem they present is whether the great civilizing force which our youth bring with them into the world shall be directed or misdirected, developed or dissipated.

One of the most illuminating chapters in the book is that which shows, most clearly shows, that much of the so-called crime among city youth comes not from criminal motives but from the natural spirit of adventure for which the youthful poor of our cities find such limited opportunities of expression.

What is needed is democracy adapted to modern conditions. "It is but too true," writes Miss Addams, "that democracy—'a people ruling'—the very name of which the Greeks considered so beautiful, no longer stirs the blood of the American youth, and that the real enthusiasm for self government must be found among the groups of young immigrants who bring over with every ship a new cargo of democratic aspirations. That many of these young men look for a consummation of these aspirations to a social order of the future in which the industrial system as well as government shall embody democratic relations, simply shows that the doctrine of democracy, like any other of the living faiths of men, is so essentially mystical that it continually demands new formulation." This keen and true observation is followed by a warning—which is none the less significant of danger ahead, for the deferential language in which it is expressed: "To fail to recognize it [democracy] in a new form, to call it hard names, to refuse to receive it, may mean to reject that which our fathers cherished and handed on as an inheritance not only to be preserved but also to be developed."

The wooden attitude of churchmen—we wish we could say some churchmen, but fear we must say many—toward the relation to life of spiritual impulses in the young, is pointedly illustrated by Miss Addams with this anecdote of a personal experience: "Of the dozens of young women who have begged me to make a connection for them between their dreams of social usefulness and their actual living, I recall one"—a college graduate of twenty-two—"of the many whom I had

sent back to her clergyman, returning with this remark: 'His only suggestion was that I should be responsible every Sunday for fresh flowers upon the altar' "!

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MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

The Child You Used to Be. By Leonora Pease. With ten full page illustrations and other decorations by Lucy Fitch Perkins. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

Children's books and books reminiscent of childhood do not lend themselves readily to reviewing. Neither do illustrations. But the title of this book alone is enough to attract children of all ages; and if you look at the illustration opposite page 20, with its underlining from the text—"A group of young cannibals followed Granny around" (doughman cannibals to be explicit)—you will wish to see the other illustrations and read all the text. The author has charming insight into the heart of the child, and most felicitous child language with which to tell what she finds there. And curiously enough, the occasional obscurity of which a dull-witted reader may complain, seems to be caused by that reiterated use of pronouns which is the source of the obscurity so commonly found in children's speech when they attempt narrative. This is a book to be read by the grown and its tales told to the children as experiences of childhood,—natural, quaint, and full of the salt and the sweet of the beginnings of life.

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"THE POWER OF THE PRIMEVAL."

The Lady of Big Shanty. By F. Berkley Smith, New York. Doubleday, Page & Co. Price, \$1.50.

The author, introduced by F. Hopkinson Smith as "a man who has passed many years of his life in the Adirondack woods," unquestionably gives to his book the charm and zest of his experience. The whole setting of the story, after it is plucked out of the luxurious environment of a New York banker's home, is the untamed wilderness with its mysterious silences where human souls, fleeing from the tumult of the world, may become acquainted with themselves. The characters and incidents of the narrative are highly entertaining, if we except the Lady of Big Shanty whose marital infidelities form too stale an episode to be interesting to readers who would like to be refreshed by a story of genuine conjugal devotion. However, the hallowing influences of fire and water produce a regenerating effect on the tempted affections of the banker's wife, and the story, with its fascinating pictures and life-giving breath of the north woods, closes as purely and happily as we could wish.

As for the "problems" involved we may take