

And ever afterward, amid the rush and roar of city streets, or sated with the dull, cold luxury of Pleasure's hall, or lying low upon the solemn bed of sickness, he will recall with self-pity and a touch of pain, the long, long ago when his faint heart feared to follow that never-to-be-forgotten voice. Then, with shame and tears, he will regret that he turned away from the Desert's call—from its romance, its hardship, its danger, and its contempt of death, to embrace a life smooth, smug, conventional and commonplace, in a land where the spirit of Mammon rules and reigns, and is worshipped more than God.

O mighty Mother! Mother of heroes. Mother of poets and dreamers. Mother of mystics and seers. Mother of romance. Mother of beauty. Mother of love. O, mighty mother, forgive thy recreant son!

When one hears a song or a poem on the Desert, and in some future hour hears again the same song or poem in the town, he will be surprised to find that it has lost a certain peculiar and fascinating flavor—a call, a lure, a witchery the Desert lends to the thing it loves.

Thou messenger, magical, strange.

This is true of the Arab. The Desert robs him in "vesture unimagined fair." But the town dishonors him. In its cramped and crowded air he is a poor crouching creature, shrunken in spirit and stature, homesick and heartsick for the Desert—for its sun and its sand.

But see him on the Desert—he triumphs there!

The Desert crowns him, and every grain of sand smiles to welcome him. For the Desert is his Mother, his cradle, his playground, his alma mater, and when he takes his last, long, loving look at its sky and its sand, he would hear Allah call while he lies like a child who is weary with play, soft on its breast and safe in its arms.

WILLIAM OTIS BROWN.

on his way to church, we try to detract attention from our own defects by poking fun at those who differ from us. With knowledge of this characteristic, it must have required considerable temerity on the part of the publishers to bring out Professor Münsterberg's book in English. That it has met with sufficient success to justify a popular edition is an encouraging sign of our emergence from the adolescent period. The work, however,—intended originally for the Germans—is appreciative, rather than censorious. He finds us a self-determining nation; our political life dominated by a spirit of self-direction, our economic life by self-initiative, and our intellectual life by self-perfection. His best criticism is naturally aimed at our schools and universities. The fair-minded reader cannot deny some of the points he makes with regard to our schools.

In his witty preface to the new edition, the author says: "Whatever the most careful author may report about America must necessarily be untrue before the printer's ink is dry upon the sheets. It was in the long by-gone days, when Theodore Roosevelt was ruling in the White House, when the suffragettes, the automobiles, the socialists and the cabarets and the law-abiding trusts were rare. The position of capital has gone through distinct development; the social conscience has been awakened; the old-fashioned faith in the system of checks and balances to the influence of the masses has lost its hold. The workingman has learned his strength, and the merger man his weakness."

Many of the subjects which are dealt with minutely will be merely tautological to the well-informed American reader. Yet because of its minuteness of analysis, and because the writer is not psychically one of us, this work becomes a compendium of our chief social institutions, and is a valuable reference work for the book-shelves of the sociologist.

JOSEPH DANZIGER.

BOOKS

AS OTHERS SEE US.

The Americans. By Hugo Münsterberg. Translated by Edwin B. Holt. New popular edition. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y. 1914. Price, \$1.00 net.

We, as a nation, display a sort of adolescent self-consciousness toward any critic of ourselves. A foreigner of note who is interviewed just after his ship passes quarantine and before he has stepped on American soil, can win our instant affections by admiring the height of our sky-scrapers, the intensity of our "hustling" proclivities and the beauty of our women. On the other hand, in the same spirit which prompts the small boy to shy a snow-ball at the top-hat of the dignified deacon

BOOKS RECEIVED

—**The Operation of the New Bank Act.** By Thomas Conway, Jr. and Ernest M. Patterson. Published by J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 1914. Price, \$2.00 net.

—**The Mexican People: Their Struggle for Freedom.** By Gutierrez de Lara and Edgcomb Pinchon. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 1914. Price, \$1.50 net.

—**Interpretations and Forecasts: A Study of Survivals and Tendencies in Contemporary Society.** By Victor Branford. Published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York. 1914. Price, \$2.50 net.



"Why are you beating that poor man?"

"Aw, he says war is brutal, an' I say it ain't."—**The Masses.**