

If the book analyzed great love, and how selfishness and blindness and toy-ing lust disguised as romance or soul expansion operates in some temperaments against great love, and if it left even some figure in the book realizing this and sure with achieved insight about great love, "Sisters" might justify itself as a novel and a piece of literature. As it is, Kathleen Norris never seems to have power over her material. She never presides and the material itself does not reveal. The book is physical and melodramatic. Its physical happenings never really become the progressive and revealing spiritual crises which develop character. Peter, a blind and shallow fool, doesn't seem to develop. Nobody, not even the strong and admirable Alix, seems to develop. This is possibly not in itself exasperating. But it is exasperating to feel that Kathleen Norris doesn't know any more about life than her characters know. In this book she is either spiritually stupid or artistically careless. So it may be proper to say that the book is an abortive attempt at tonic realism, a vivid, coated, ineffective pill.

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GERMANY'S MORAL DOWN-FALL

BY PROF. ALEXANDER W. CRAWFORD.
New York: The Abingdon Press

THE reader who finds the search for truth baffling and sometimes almost hopeless will possibly put down this book with a certain fleeting wistfulness, a wistfulness for the *feeling* of Prof. Crawford's certainty. But it will be agreeable reading to all of us, (and indeed we are the majority) who have no doubt about Germany's moral cataclysm. For Prof. Crawford never wavers. He is a stranger to the weariness of doubt. In those moods when one longs to be dynamic even at the expense of being potent, and enthusiastic even if not wise, and active if not reflective, in such moods one envies Prof. Crawford. But if the old trick of wondering about things, of balancing issues

and weighing data and reserving judgment, returns, then Prof. Crawford's book becomes not entirely convincing. It produces pages of precise logical comment upon the last five years of human life but it does not realize enough. We confess that thoughtful writers of to-day are admitting that Germany's theories of life and state were many of them bad and awful theories. But they are finding those theories entangled in the whole fabric of modern life, and the insistent task of civilization, they are beginning to discover, is the task of disentanglement over that total area. Prof. Crawford's book, on the other hand, pulls all one way. "Germany" and "materialism" and "force" are queer strong strands in the warp and woof of twentieth century society. It will take all care and many hands and many, many minds, working long at the infinite task of life, before those strands are completely unravelled from the intricate and too barbaric pattern. Whether Prof. Crawford's convictions are accepted generally or not, his book will be read by many with interest and sympathy.

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THE RIDDLE OF MEXICO

HERE are two books: "Mexico To-day and To-morrow", by E. D. Trowbridge (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada), and "Mexico under Carranza", by Thomas E. Gibson (New York: Doubleday, Page and Company). In the first Mexico's "new constitution and her international relations and attitude toward foreign capital are reviewed, and the financial, agrarian and educational problems that confront her are dealt with at length". The second is by a "lawyer accustomed to producing proofs that will stand the test before judge and jury". Both are from the presses of reputable publishing houses and yet anyone unacquainted with the situation in Mexico to-day, not to mention, as Mr. Trowbridge does, to-morrow, could read both and not