

her, but the thing is, she knows precisely what you mean, and you know precisely what she means. No mistakes. No misunderstandings. It has its charm after civilization's fitful fever."

His friend *Van Brunt*, eventually persuades him to return to his first love, now a widow in the South. And then *Thom* pleads with a half-sob in her throat for her man.

Van Brunt tries to tell her in simple language that this man has only been dreams and dream-dust to her, that she had clutched at a form and grasped a shadow, and given herself to the wraith of a man, for she never held his heart. Then the dumb, insensate anger of the Mate-woman flushed in her face, and she blurts out with savage tenacity, "He is my man."

"Then Jesus forgive all men," is the awful answer.

The rush of fight, craft, and murder comes quickly, and quickly ends, and you fairly sicken with the burden of it all.

London's story of the Sunlanders, who fell foul of the Mandell folk, indubitably has its origin in the catastrophe that occurred in 1811 on the Columbia River, to the crew of the *Tonquin*. They were all murdered by Indians, who had ostensibly come to trade—all but one man, who, although covered with ghastly wounds, dragged his way below and blew up the ship, thus effecting the death of the savages on his own pyre.

Taken all in all, "The Children of the Frost" is an exceptional book.

Macmillan Co., New York.

NATURE STUDY AND LIFE. By Clinton F. Hodge, Ph.D.

THE author is assistant professor in Clark University, Member of The American Physiological Society, Society of American Naturalists, Massachusetts Forestry Association, Board of Directors of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, and the American Ornithologists Union. Now let anyone stand forth and say that

this man does not know what's what about Nature.

And his theory is a new one. From the study of Nature have sprung love of art, science, and religion. Hence all should study it. To allow a child to grow up without planting a seed or rearing a plant is a crime against civilized society, and our army of tramps and hordes of hoodlums are among the first fruits of an educational system that slights this important matter. The omission of *soil lore* from a system of education of the young is suggestive of a relapse into barbarism. That is particularly applicable to city children. Humanity, says the author, like the giant Antaeus, renews its strength when it touches Mother Earth. Sociological studies suggest that city life wears itself out and goes to decay after three or four generations, unless rejuvenated by fresh blood from the country. Thus our deeper relations to Nature are not only ancient and fundamental, but also immanent and persistent.

The study of Nature, he contends, should be pursued in every school. The trouble hitherto has been that the field is so boundless, and books so technical that teachers have found it difficult to know where to begin, so as to bring the subject into fruitful relations to elementary teaching. In this book the author has mapped out a system of study that presents the salient and essential points of many species, without the over-elaboration of any. Moreover, his system binds school and home together in the curriculum as nothing does at present, and stimulates in the children spontaneous out-of-doors interest. They are expected to search for, and bring to school samples of the flower or insect under discussion, and to take observations in garden, field, or wood. All this goes to keep alive in the child a spirit of original research in hand-to-hand contact with Nature, which ought always to be made the breath of life of an educational system. We distrust "book larnin'," but, strange to