

Theories on the subject of an inherited memory play an important part in working out the plot. The author holds that "to the third and fourth generations" many things besides sins and punishments are quite obviously with us. In the preface, he quotes Sully on *Illusions*, and Bagehot's *Physics and Politics* as setting forth the fact of "general and deep ancestral impressions."

Taken all in all, the book is a delightful one.

Henry T. Coats & Co., Philadelphia.

ON SATAN'S MOUNT. By Dwight Tilton.

HERE is a book of pith, pathos, and power that should be read by everyone who desires to be informed on the methods of the "newly rich."

J. P. Norton, or "John Peter" as he was familiarly called by his associates, is a multi-millionaire, a modern Midas with a touch of gold. Indeed, it seemed that he could turn everything his way except the key to upper tendom, and this, after long and sore kicking against the pricks, he turns, too, when his horse *Capital* wins the American Handicap over the winner of the Derby and the Grand Prix of Paris.

The author has pictured vividly the beneficences and thefts of wealth; has shown us how the philanthropies of Midas may lend a lustre to an iniquitous system of brigandism of which the public is the victim. Now, he portrays John Peter giving orders that a hospital be erected for crippled children at a cost of two million dollars, and again, we see the magnate in almost the same breath wheeling about in his chair to outline a plan that will irretrievably ruin hundreds of families. When his secretary, *Philip Craig*, the hero of the story pleads for the men, their wives, their children, Midas brutally answers, "Pawns, Craig, pawns, to be swept from the board of life because they are in the way."

And there is a spice of truth in Midas' reasoning about gold that even the most

illogical cannot gainsay. "The almighty dollar," he argues, "is chiefly denounced by those who need it most," and again, "money may not sow the seed of happiness, but it is often a great fertilizer for it."

But the secretary's father, old *Angus Craig* had a different view of "the greed for gowd." "It makes the strong trample the weak," said this sturdy old Scot, "and the weak curse the weaker. It makes enemies o' brithers, and puts the de'il into the hearts o' babes, a'most. It sends the love o' God cowering back tae the heaven, and fill's the earth wi' rapine and tumult. It shakes the dice for the verra clothes of our Saviour, after it has betrayed him for the pieces o' siller."

In Philip Craig, we have the anti-type of the rich young ruler who went away sorrowful because he had great possessions. With a rare self-abnegation, we find this latter-day young man laying down love, ambition, wealth and fame for the one principle of simple honesty to find, alas, what others have bitterly found before, that famine and fear have a habit of crouching at the portals of Honesty even as they crouch at the gates of the Virgilian Hades.

And when as representative of Socialism, Craig became President of the United States, and felt deep down in his soul the latent passion for power, the headlong torrent of ambition that made him the arbiter of the destiny of others thus bringing him to the level of Midas who destroys in his efforts to create, it was given him to realize in almost a vision that he had been up on Satan's mount and had seen all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time.

The book which throughout is vivid and engrossing is, nevertheless, a peculiar one, and will doubtless stir up a diversity of opinion by reason of its unusual trend of thought.

By all means read it.

C. M. Clark, Boston.