by the utmost skill of the best advertisers. . . . The teaching of history ought to be conducted in a similar spirit.' If we, like the dictators, began with weanlings, we could rear a generation incapable of both the credulity and the incredulity of the ignorant, immune to the eloquence of the self-interested, intellectually free enough to act by generous emotions, and equipped as individuals 'to give to human life that splendor which some few have shown that it can achieve.'

WILSON FOLLETT

GROWTH OF A MAN

by Mazo de la Roche

[Atlantic Monthly Press and Little, Brown, $2.50]

THE first question anyone asks about a new book by Mazo de la Roche is, of course, whether it is a Jalna novel. I have been asked myself five or six times in two days. And so I shall say immediately that it is not, but is a fine and appealing story in its own right. I read it with continuous pleasure, and with something besides pleasure, because it gave me certain twinges of memory that made me wonder how a woman could ever have discovered so much about a certain kind of boy. I do not remember to have come upon any other boy like him in a novel. I want to recommend his acquaintance to every boy who thinks his own life is hard, or who, because he is an ardent student, is laughed at as a bookworm, or who is dreaming of some day making a success that will not be merely making money. Girls should know him too, and mothers and fathers and teachers.

MAZO DE LA ROCHE

There is not a sign that the author intended to be instructive. And yet in presenting a boy and man so free from rebellion, when he has so much to make him rebellious, so sane when he might easily have been odd, and so loving when he might excusably have been embittered, she has really suggested some ideas about life that need to be expressed in our time more than in most times. It is as if she had proposed to herself to portray a man who suffered about everything that a man can suffer and yet wasted no time in pitying himself, blaming fate or other people, or rebelling against the social order, and who was heroic without ever thinking of himself as even unusual. The resulting picture is very refreshing by contrast with some other young geniuses we have all read about in novels, in its freedom from self-pity, morbid introspection, and hatred of a cruel world.

Growth of a Man is the biography of Shaw Manifold, a tough and dogged boy in body but sensitive in mind, who is solid rather than brilliant, single-minded and stable, driven to excel by an inner fire which is fed partly by love of his mother, from whom he is separated, and partly by a desire to free himself from dependence upon his grandparents, who care nothing for the things he values. From his ninth year, although harassed by poverty, ill-treatment, misunderstanding, and at last by long and desperate illness, he never swerves from his determination to gain an education and to excel in his chosen profession of forester. His ultimate triumph is simply one of will power, and in his singleness of purpose he has some of the marks of genius. But he is very much like a great many boys in real life who are not much written about, and his history might be taken as a criticism of some of our current tendencies to view man as a victim of environment and the slave of circumstances. I do not wish to suggest that it is presented as an exemplary or moral tale, or that the hero is a Galahad of purity and courage. It is a moving and yet at times highly entertaining story of an entirely believable boy.

He is not, however, the only successful portrait in the book. His grandfather Roger Gower, dense, inarticulate, and rigidly righteous, who kissed his wife only three times in fifty years, is memorable and somehow likable. Louie Adams, the ugly duckling of the high school, who later becomes a 'beauty expert' and who lies about a nonexistent lover in order to make Shaw jealous, is very touching. Dr. Clemency, who pampers his wife, and Mrs. Clemency, whose love of flowers seems so ludicrous to her stolid neighbors; Shaw's playmates in the Pirate's Cave; Jack Searle, as beautiful and as conscienceless as the gods of his Greek ancestors; the doctors and nurses in the two sanatoriums; and finally Shaw's mother Cristabel — all are alive on the page. And worthy of the characters are the scenes, in Ontario, Quebec, British Columbia, and the coast of the Pacific. It is fresh territory in a novel of this kind. I hope Miss de la Roche will work her new vein further.

R. M. GAY

SCIENCE FOR THE CITIZEN

by Lancelot Hogben

[Knopf, $5.00]

THE alliterative title, the colorful and impressionistic jacket, the attractive drawings which lighten every other page, and the popularity of *Mathematics for the Million* by the same author, all combine to lead one to expect this book to be another contribution to the growing list of easily read books 'about' science. The science is here, to be sure, but the author plunges deep into it,

The BOOKSHELF

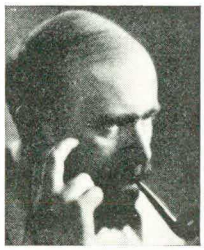
letting equations and formulas in profusion splash over what heads they may. He would, obviously, like the reader to sit down at a table with the book (it weighs four pounds) and get to work with pencil and pad, digesting each chapter in turn and solving the excellent problems he has set.

Those London critics who welcomed the book with a glad chorus extolling the 'lively style of writing,' 'enlivened by witty comment,' I am tempted to accuse of having read only the introduction and the chapter heads. Their reviews would lead one to expect a book in the Eddington or Jeans tradition, whereas the concept and treatment are somewhat Wellsian, though the book is much more than an outline of science. Hogben claims that his book can be read painlessly, but he goes into his subject so thoroughly that the reader is forced to concentrate much more heavily than is usually required by a 'popular' book.

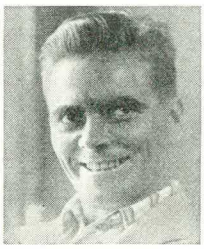
Professor Hogben calls the volume 'A Self-Educator based on the Social Background of Scientific Discovery,' and in it he covers in a scholarly, but exceptionally clear and unpedantic manner, the elements of astronomy, physics, chemistry, biology, and a bit of psychology and genetics, with running comment on the social implications of the development of these sciences. The 'citizen' for whom this science is intended is not the man on the street, but the enlightened inhabitant of a world in whose shaping science is becoming increasingly important.

LANCELOT HOGBEN

The volume begins with a section on 'The Conquest of Time Reckoning and Space Measurement,' wherein astronomy and navigation are outlined with great thoroughness, and elementary mechanics, sound, and light are set forth. Part II takes up 'The Conquest of Substitutes,' and deals with the mechanics of fluids, and the elements of inorganic and organic chemistry and of the atomic hypothesis. Then comes Part III, 'The Conquest of Power,' wherein mechanical invention, elementary heat and thermodynamics, and a bit of electricity are treated, with just a hint of modern physics in a chapter entitled 'The Waves That Rule Britannia' (radio). Finally come sections on 'The Conquest of Hunger and Disease' and 'The Conquest of Behavior.'



RICHARD HUGHES



E. GARSIDE

A fairly diligent search for errors of fact or typography revealed only one. The book is plentifully provided with excellent reading references, and has an adequate index. The 480 drawings by Horrabin, an artist who has an unusual facility for making an inviting cartoon out of a simple sketch designed to illustrate the inner workings of a doorbell, enliven the almost 1100 pages and prevent the book from looking too much like a ponderous tome.

GEORGE R. HARRISON

Novels That Are Different

Nine years have passed since **Richard Hughes** gave us that strange novel, *The Innocent Voyage*, a story that outraged and enchanted us by its skillful mingling of terror and beauty. Structurally his new book, ***In Hazard*** (Harpers, $2.50), may be inferior to it, but it is equally impressive for the same qualities, ground and faceted now, that gave such brilliance to the earlier book. The restraint of the writing disguises its power, and the seemingly casual incidence of the most normal events upon the tension of the plot is craftily planned.

Mr. Hughes is a courageous author to have challenged the sufficiency of Conrad's *Typhoon* in this tale of storm in the Caribbean. The parallels are unquestionably deliberate, the proud steamers, the devoted Chief Engineers, the menace of the Chinese in both books. The English reviewers have condoned this arrogance on the assumption that the books are comparable, but here I cannot agree after a rereading of *Typhoon*. Conrad's horizon was a broader one, I feel; the overtones of his storm echoed from the hearts of more men than that small shipload. But Mr. Hughes, better than Conrad, can pull you gasping through his pages. His pace is generally quicker, and the growth or decay of his characters is perhaps more subtly shown.

When the hurricane hit the steamer *Archimedes* on its way to the China coast, each man aboard was changed by pride or fear, and the distinction of class obliterated. The inside of the funnel belonged to the engineers, the outside to the deck officers, but the funnel blew out before the 200-mile-an-hour gale — a velocity that has, for a moment, actually been recorded. The rudder jammed, the engines died, and from Wednesday to Sunday the men were without food or water, wallowing in one of the most violent and vividly described storms of recent years. Fear spread like a plague over the ship. Chief Mate Buxton's feet crept backwards under him 'like small rabbits looking for their holes.' The pet lemur delicately tried to lift the coward's eyelids, then scurried away 'nervously folding and unfolding his ears.' And the junior officer, heroically oiling