No one would gather from reading the book that Dr. Travis is a clergyman, so modestly has he kept himself in the background and so closely has he adhered to the discussion of his facts. He has been in charge of a mission church at Montclair, N. J., for the past four years, and has also acted as assistant to Dr. A. H. Bradford. At the same time he has carried on graduate studies at Columbia and at New York University, and has made an investigation of the penal and charitable institutions of the county for the Montclair Civic Association. What his pastoral work has done for those under his care may be inferred from a story he tells in this book, about the young man who was indicted for obtaining money under false pretenses and was given “one more chance.” The story is so human and so humorous in itself, that our only regret is, it is too long to quote here. Those who read the book will not fail to discover it.

It is this sort of work,—painstaking scientific investigation, accompanied by hand-to-hand struggles with the weak of will,—that must be done by clergymen everywhere if they are to deserve their lofty title, “pastor;” and prove themselves, like Dr. Travis, worthy “shepherds of men.”

A. T.

Why Worry? By George Lincoln Walton, M.D., Consulting Neurologist to the Massachusetts General Hospital. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1908. Pp. 275.

Dr. Walton does not content himself with analyzing worry, showing its relationship to fears, doubts, and obsessions, but in the last two chapters he points out the mental treatment or training necessary to conquer this so-called “disease of the age.” In his book Dr. Walton follows the worrier home, sits with him at table, accompanies him on his travels, and exhibits him in all his familiar unattractiveness. In his chapter on obsessions he points out their presence in childhood, and their persistence under different forms in many adults. An amusing instance quoted is that of “a boy who had to touch everyone wearing anything red. On one occasion his whole family lost their train because of the prevalence of this color among those waiting in the station.”

Dr. Walton recommends the fad, be it stamps or golf, as an admirable method of changing the current of one’s thoughts; he quotes Saleeby as saying that “the mock worry of a game is a good antidote for the real worry of life.” As Dr. Walton says, we spend far too much thought on the weather. Dr. Samuel Johnson remarked this some years ago with “Sir, this is all imagination, which physicians encourage.”

Dr. Walton’s premises are sound and his advice excellent, none the less so for the fact that we have heard all of it before. It is no new thing to be told that in order to woo sleep successfully, you must be indifferent to whether you sleep or not; that in order to digest your food properly, you must stop fussing about it, and that in order to live at
peace with your family you must have both self-control and philosophy. Dr. Walton makes no claim to originality; rather does he collate for us the wisdom of the ages. He devotes a chapter to the philosophy of Epicurus, and another to that of Marcus Aureliius, two forerunners of psycho-therapy and mental healing. To him "who finds himself out of joint with his surroundings," he offers the sage reflection of the Chinese philosopher,—"The legs of the stork are long, the legs of the duck are short; you cannot make the legs of the stork short, neither can you make the legs of the duck long. Why worry?"

No honest reader of Dr. Walton's arraignment of "fuss-budgets" can fail to cry out peccavi at some point in "Why Worry." But what then? Between Epicurus and Dr. Walton we have had countless philosophers and teachers who have pointed out to us the evils of worry and the pleasures of the tranquil mind,—and yet here is worry called the disease of the age. "I told them once, I told them twice, they would not listen to advice," for, like the little fishes in "Alice in Wonderland," the public offers an impassive resistance to the reiterated counsel of the mentor. Herein is sufficient warrant for recommending the perusal of Dr. Walton's clever and entertaining resetting of an old theme.

E. R. W.

A Mind that Found Itself. By Clifford Whittingham Beers. New York and London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1908. Pp. 362.

"A Mind that Found Itself" is a wonderfully graphic account of the wandering of a mind set adrift, recorded by that mind after it had once more found its moorings. The author describes, as only one who has experienced them can describe, the vividly realistic hallucinations and terrifying illusions which continually harass the victims of certain forms of insanity. He gives some telling illustrations of how quite common sounds are misinterpreted and grow in significance until they become positive proofs in support of some elaborate delusion which colors the whole thought and conduct.

He impresses upon us, not only by these vivid pen pictures, but also by a pitiful tale of the lack of tact and understanding of those in charge of him, how necessary it is that such mental states should be understood by all practical workers with the insane. The book should be read by every nurse and attendant in the land. It would then accomplish its mission, the improvement of conditions in hospitals for the insane, more surely than if it led to the wholesale investigation which it recommends.

Mr. Beers pleads passionately for more human treatment at the hands of hospital attendants. This lack of humanity is in reality grounded in their absolute inability to understand the mental life of the patients. Such understanding could scarcely be expected in a class of men utterly untrained in that most difficult of all arts, the understanding of human nature. The picture of cruelty drawn by Mr. Beers makes us feel that many attendants are utterly devoid not only of tact,