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conveyed with detail but without labour, and both major and minor characters are perfectly convincing. The character of Nahum—that is the problem! The writer has chosen to remain objective towards that part of him from which the mystery arises: we are shown his horror at his sin, but afterwards we see him only from the outside. Did Yoshe wilfully suppress knowledge of his past life as Nahum, or had he forgotten it? On his return, he seemed to remember the Yoshe period. The book would have been even larger in scope, and probably finer in achievement, had we been given the answer to the question, was it deliberate penance or dissociated personality? But fine and large it is. Messrs. Gollancz are to be congratulated on its publication and on their discovery of a really good translator: I had to remind myself that the book had not been composed in English.

The Sinner sets out to be a work of art and succeeds; *Two Loves I Have* makes the attempt and fails. At the end, one has that purposeless impression which means that the inner core of urgency was wanting in its composition. The story is leisurely and depends entirely on our interest being aroused in Anthony, a playwright who is torn between his mistress, Lucy, with whom he has lived for some years, and an Italian peasant girl, Nilla—a peasant girl such as never was on sea or land. Anthony, on whom Mr. Pitman lavishes his attention and whom he conducts through several quite irrelevant incidents, never ceases to be a shadowy figure, and the subsidiary characters with their Bohemian idiosyncrasies and interminable quasi-highbrow conversations are a fearful bore. The writing is cultured and careful—sometimes careful in the wrong way: when Anthony watched Nilla bathing she “emerged from the pool to a bank covered with gleaming star-like flowers and lay down on her slim belly in a little anguish of sensuous delight.”

Love on the Dole does not fall easily into any of our categories: it is a book written out of experience and indignation—but indignation harnessed for the purposes of art and experience which includes the practice of writing. Only very occasionally is Mr. Greenwood naive, as when, resentment overcoming good sense, he states that Sally, his hero's sister, had “a face and form such as any society dame would have given three-quarters of her fortune to possess.” The scene is the slums of Manchester; the career of Harry is traced from his leaving school and a part-time clerkship in a pawnshop “where fire never burned no matter how cold the day,” through his so-called apprenticeship in a mill, to love, unemployment, the cutting of his dole as a result of the Means Test, and his marriage to Helen, now with child. There is a vivid and convincing picture of a hunger march, ending in an unnecessary charge of the police, when Sally's lover Larry is truncheoned without provocation—a scene perfectly credible to anyone who was in Hyde Park on a recent occasion. Indeed, the whole book is painfully convincing; one is forced into familiarity with lives of grinding poverty and desperate insecurity in a manner so sober, so devoid of melodrama, at times so humorous that there is even a lurking exhilaration, such as often comes with the acquisition of knowledge. It is shameful to confess that one needs to read such a novel in order to realise afresh how an immense number of people live; but many of us do need constant reminder. That this reminder is embodied in such a shapely, controlled, convincing form, with a hero in whom one can believe as an individual, not merely sympathise with as a type, points to great talent, though not necessarily great promise, on the part of the author.

E. B. C. JONES

BIRD PHOTOGRAPHY

Northward Ho! for Birds. By H. CHISLETT. *Country Life*. 15s.

Mr. Chislett is a member of the British Ornithologist Union and of the Zoological Photographic Club who has been northward from the moors of Derbyshire through Scotland and Shetland to Öland and Lapland in search of rare birds. His book is a little under two hundred pages long; it contains eighty-seven excellent and beautiful photographs of fifty-one species, and in it, altogether, over a hundred and fifty species are mentioned. There is an introduction, in which Mr. Chislett apologises, like Hudson before him, for another book on birds, and a final chapter of concrete advice to bird-watchers and bird-photographers. Mr. Chislett's commonest birds are wrens, starlings, blackbirds, house-sparrows and cuckoos; his rarest make a long list, and he describes birds of which the average reader will never have heard and others which he has never seen except hanging in cold and

skewered strings outside the poultry shops: fulmars, godwits, shags, shear-waters, goosanders, turnstones, blackcock and ptarmigan, and many more. These have all been observed with care and patience from a hide, “most frequently a little green tent, often decorated with heather and bracken.” To some species Mr. Chislett devotes only a line or two, to none more than a few pages. His book reads like a series of notes taken at various times and places and now fitted together and given a rub over with journalistic polish. For, though Mr. Chislett takes photographs like an angel, he writes like Poor Poll. Through Hudson's eyes a linnet could become more exciting than a bird of paradise. The greatest of Mr. Chislett's faults is that in his hands the rarest of birds often seem duller than town sparrows. The book is, in short, heavily written, and it is ironical that Mr. Chislett should be at his best when he is describing not birds but flowers. These are the flowers of Öland:

When we arrived the banks were strewn with long-stalked cowslips; and meadow saxifrage graced the wayside. On the commons spread sedum, cudweed, chive alumni and many dwarf species. Under the oaks it was pleasant to meet the lilies of the valley. Solomon's seal, herb paris, and the dainty spikes of the May lily. Regiments of orchids coloured the glades with masses of purple and yellow. The meadows were gay with pink spikes of the fragrant orchis and the dwarf orchis grew there too.

His birds never come as vividly before the mind as these flowers do. The truth is that in one short book he is concerned with far too many species; he wants us to see every animal in the Zoo in half a day. The result is that we are confused and in the end cannot remember the difference between one rare duck and another. The photographs are our salvation. In them the greenshanks and grebes and skuas and dunlins and the rest really come to life; they seem to have sensed the presence of the camera and to have posed in the most enchanting and illuminating situations for their pictures. And Mr. Chislett must be thanked and congratulated warmly as a bird-photographer. His pictures are worth publishing alone in a volume that could be more easily carried about by the bird-lover than the thick and cumbersome book in which they now appear.

H. E. BATES

HEALTH AND EUGENICS

The Health of England. By T. W. HILL. *Cape*. 6s.

Dr. Hill, the author of this book, is an enthusiastic and enterprising Medical Officer of Health, attached to one of the large Boroughs of Greater London. He tells the story of Public Health administration in this country with the authority of experience and the lucidity of a good teacher. The greater part of the volume is informative, but is none the less interesting for that, for the writer's personal concern with the work and the schemes described is felt throughout. Some of his optimistic estimates of the beneficial results that would follow a more zealous application of existing knowledge are, perhaps, open to question; for of many of those diseases which Dr. Hill urges us to take steps to prevent, rather than to relieve, the true causes are yet unknown. Also, the author has more confidence in the hygienic potency of salaried medical specialists and of officialdom generally than most of those occupied with the personal care of the sick will find themselves able to share. Still, it is not until we come to the final section of the book, that devoted to racial hygiene, that the reader will find scope for wide difference of opinion.

As means for the improvement of our racial stock, Dr. Hill looks largely, if not mainly, to the spread of accurate knowledge of the methods of contraception on the one hand, and to the sterilisation of the unfit on the other. The case for the spread of contraceptive knowledge, especially among the poor, is, from the point of view of personal well-being—if religious prejudices are disregarded—beyond dispute. It is difficult, however, given the author's standpoint, to see how this would materially affect our racial quality; for Dr. Hill argues that this country is not over-populated, and he does not share the common notion that the most prolific classes—that is, the poor—are less efficient and less racially desirable than the infertile rich. The author's conception of humanity, indeed, seems a little narrow and formal. “There is only one quality worth propagating,” he writes, “namely, intelligence.” Thinking thus, it is perhaps not unnatural that he enthusiastically urges the sterilisation of so-called mental defectives, falling into which category Dr. Hill estimates that there are in this country some 300,000 persons. But if we