

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 Aurelius, 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,

but of heart and feeling as well. The work must be taken from such hands and entrusted to a higher type of individual. But such individuals do not want the work, to the majority it is simply revolting. The real solution of the problem lies, first, in the education of the people to a realization of the demand for capable workers in the field, and secondly in the training of a class of young people along the lines of abnormal psychology, which will fit them to deal tactfully and sympathetically with minds so confused that one ill chosen remark may sever the last thread which binds them to the old life. Mr. Beers tells how a promise partially neglected caused him to lose belief in the identity of his family and friends, and how a careless remark, "We shall soon straighten you out," carried with it the sinister meaning of an impending execution. He shows innumerable instances of how his progress depended almost entirely upon the words and actions of those around him. A more telling argument in favor of the psychic treatment of the insane could scarcely be written.

The weakness of the book lies in the wholesale condemnation of all methods which were not suited to Mr. Beers's particular case. Mr. Beers represents a type of insanity in which the mind remains active, though confused, therefore its treatment should be on a rational basis and guided by the utmost tact. There is another type of insanity, however, in which mental activity is nearly abolished, the little that does remain manifesting itself in impulsive seizures, in which the patients throw themselves about irrespective of surroundings, and are apt to sustain serious injuries. An appeal in words is here obviously useless, and the only treatment possible is some form of restraint which will protect the patient from self-inflicted injury. Thus a method of restraint which was a cruel and unnecessary torture to Mr. Beers, would be the most humane treatment for this demented type of patient.

The book is so very well written that with its deep human interest it is sure to attract widespread attention. When it does, we feel that it cannot fail to awaken an understanding of the insane mind and a realization of its needs keen enough to react favorably on existing conditions.

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