

hunting and of accuracy made Roosevelt a first-class field naturalist; the hunting stories in this book are packed with far more sound observation of animals than, unfortunately, is usual in sportsmen's stories; these essays contribute much to the value of the book.

Some of the most readable passages in this very readable volume describe Roosevelt's experiences in "the Wild West"—the genuine article, as distinct from the caricature presented in Hollywood's "horse operas". Here, too, his often deflating realism appears in such remarks as "if a man minds his own business and does not go into bar rooms, gambling saloons and the like, he need have no fear of being molested", and a revolver was "a mere foolish encumbrance"; or, again, of affrays in bar rooms, "as the men are generally drunk . . . and the revolver is at best a rather inaccurate weapon, the bystanders are nearly as apt to get hurt as the participants"!

Our quotations may give some taste of the quality of the man and of this book. It does not specialize in Roosevelt's work as a conservationist, but records that upwards of sixty wildlife refuges were founded in the U.S.A. during his presidency; and it gives his opinion in the following sentence from one of his letters:—"When I hear of the destruction of a species I feel just as if all the works of some great writer had perished; as if we had lost all instead of part of Polybius or Livy." One can hardly put it better than that.

R. G.

**TREE TOPS.** By JIM CORBETT. Oxford University Press. 6s.

This little story, written by Jim Corbett, who needs no introduction to those who love the wild life of nature, covers a period of a few hours which, when history is written, will rank as the first rung on a long ladder of a life of self-sacrifice for the benefit of mankind by Queen Elizabeth II.

It is the story of a night in "The Tree Tops" overlooking a salt lick near Nyeri in Kenya where Princess Elizabeth became Queen of England. Perhaps the most moving part is when on arrival the Royal Party were threatened at very close quarters by an angry herd of elephant. Princess Elizabeth walked bravely on and a few minutes later was sitting calmly in the tree photographing the game, which enthralled her for the rest of the night.

The tale is told in the simple words of Jim Corbett, who watched the scene at the Princess's side, and will delight old and young as a bedtime story, before turning out the light on a night in Africa.

I. D. M.