

THE CROOKED DEAL.

Mr. Roosevelt hits out wildly, like a man dazed by the heavy blows he has received. All semblance of restraint or dignity he long since cast to the winds, and his violence of language, his recklessness of assertion, his apparent inability to reason coherently, make of him a spectacle distressing to his friends and mortifying to the country. All that he had done before, however, was left behind by the statement issued by him Sunday night. In it there appears the almost insane hatred of Mr. Taft which he has displayed on former occasions, but with it he this time masses together his misrepresentations of the President and his perversions of the truth in a way to lay him open to crushing refutation by a plain recital of the facts.

During Col. Roosevelt's Western trip last week, the question was raised whether an expression in his Chicago speech meant that he was making ready to bolt the Republican Convention. When this was brought to his attention, he was indignant. He declared hotly: "Any man who reads into the speeches anything I have not said is deliberately and wilfully misrepresenting." Out of his own mouth he thus stands condemned; for he has been going up and down the land reading into a speech of Mr. Taft something that Mr. Taft did not say. We refer, of course, to Mr. Roosevelt's deliberate and wilful misrepresentation of the President's speech at Toledo. In that address, Mr. Taft undertook to explain in an elementary way the working of representative government, and remarked that the actual electors were only a part of the population, while "the controlling majority of the electorate" must bear a still smaller proportion to the whole body of citizens, so that, in fact, it is "apparent" that "ours is a government of all the people by a representative part of the people." But this mere commonplace was instantly seized upon by Mr. Roosevelt, and by him distorted into the assertion that Mr. Taft did not believe in popular government, and was for control by bosses. This is thoroughly dishonest! Mr. Roosevelt cannot be deceived about what he is doing. Even in his excitement and rage his mind must work lucidly enough to make him aware that he is stooping to a mean misrepresentation which the lowest pettifogger would be ashamed of,

and which the yellowest newspaper would feel to be too transparent as well as too base to attempt to impose upon the public. Of such wanton twistings of the truth one can only say, as the Prince said to Falstaff: "These lies are gross as a mountain, open, palpable."

Equally dishonorable use has been made by Mr. Roosevelt of another phrase of the President's. The latter wrote to the President of the County Committee in New York city that he was glad to note that every enrolled Republican was to be "allowed" to vote in the primary. The reference was, and was known by Mr. Roosevelt to be, to the decision not to contest the legality of any of the Roosevelt petitions procuring his candidates a place on the official ballot. Some of these petitions could have been successfully attacked in the courts. It was shown that some of the signatures were forged. More than one notary public has been called to book for witnessing spurious signatures in Roosevelt's behalf. Had such a thing been proved of his opponent, we know what cries of "infamy" and "perjury" the Colonel would have raised. But passing all this and ignoring the well-known facts, Mr. Roosevelt has pounced upon the President's word "allowed," and has ranted about the iniquity of conceding to Republican voters as a favor what was their unquestionable right! Whether this is more silly than despicable, it would be hard to say. That it is either fair or honest, no sane man with all the facts before him would for a moment admit.

Of Mr. Roosevelt's abuse of the newspapers, we are inclined to take a more charitable view. That is, we give him the benefit of the doubt whether he knows what he is talking about. As he was away last week, he may not have known what the papers of this city said about Tuesday's primary, and on his return may have been stuffed by some rash employee in the *Outlook* office. But what he permits himself to say is wide of the truth. It is not true that on Wednesday the New York newspapers "denounced the so-called election as a crime." They did correctly report that there had been confusion and delay on account of the failure of the printing contractor to deliver the ballots on time; but they also stated that the most serious trouble was in Brooklyn where there were no Roosevelt candidates; while in Manhattan but few election dis-

tricts were incommoded, and the Taft voters were as much hindered as the Roosevelt voters. It is needless to add that the newspapers, never having denounced the primary as a "crime," did not "instantly stop" doing so when they "realized that they might do damage to the representatives of the combination of crooked politics and crooked business which they have been championing."

All this railing of Mr. Roosevelt's like a very drab is so without relation to the facts that there is naturally much speculation regarding his ultimate motives. He must be fully aware that, as far as the Republican nomination this year is concerned, he is a beaten man. What the Seven Governors—whose number is the only thing left to make them thought of as wise men—invited him to do was to "accept the nomination, coming as the voluntary expression of the wishes of a majority of the Republican voters, *through the action of their delegates* in the next National Convention." Well, the majority is now seen to be a minority, and the delegates in the Convention are certainly not going to nominate Roosevelt. Why, then, does he keep up his useless fight, threatening his own party with disaster as it does? Is he looking forward to rising on its ruins four years from now? Or is his master-motive merely to feed fat his personal resentments? He is, certainly treating Taft most brutally. When Mr. Roosevelt was rejected as a jurymen, he protested: "Why, I would have given a square deal even to a railroad." Some one soon said: "What a pity that Mr. Taft isn't a railroad!"

DO WORDS MEAN ANYTHING?

Whether thought is possible without language is an ancient dispute, of the present status of which we have to confess our ignorance. But that when we do think in words the process must be extremely unsatisfactory unless the words are used in something like a definite ascertainable sense is a simple fact about which there has never been any dispute at all. Yet we seem, many of us, to have drifted into a state of mind in which this elementary requirement is cheerfully ignored. Examples of this habit are thick on all sides; but there lies before us a pamphlet which furnishes an unusually pretty specimen. The document is "A Special Message of

Governor Chase S. Osborn to the Forty-sixth Legislature of the State of Michigan in Extraordinary Session," and in it we find this delightful bit of political reasoning:

Permit me to call your attention and the attention of the President of the United States to article nine of the amendment to the United States Constitution, as proposed by Congress September 25, 1791, and proclaimed in force December 15, 1791. It is as follows: "The enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people." I understand from this that it is expressly provided that it is not the intention of the Constitution of the United States or within its scope to define all the rights of the people. This being true, in the light of article nine whatever is right is Constitutional.

Now in the old-fashioned days when words had a meaning, the conclusion warranted by Gov. Osborn's premises would not have been that "whatever is right is Constitutional," but simply that whatever is not prohibited by the Constitution is Constitutional; but presumably nowadays the rules of the syllogism must be regarded as subject to recall along with the rest of the antiquated rubbish that old fogies pretend still to regard as worthy of respect.

In the agitation that has been going on concerning the proposal to make judicial decisions on Constitutional questions subject to reversal by popular vote, there has been an amount of confusion of this same character which would be amazing were it not that this fashion of playing fast and loose with words has become so widespread. The great author of the scheme may in one breath speak of it as a fundamental reform which our democracy must have or perish, and in the next declare that he is asking for nothing but what we have already got and made use of a hundred years ago. That will be set down as only natural, since a contempt for trifles is one of the prerogatives of the big man who "does things." But no sooner has this feat been accomplished than a gentleman of quite a different type, a skilful handler of words and a trained lawyer, as well as a picturesque wielder of political power, outdoes the hero himself in the same line. Mayor Gaynor of New York tells us that there is nothing objectionable in the Colonel's proposal except the personal claim of originality, the real protagonist of the scheme having been none other than Mr. Gaynor himself. He, too, thinks that decisions should be recalled, and said so

publicly, long ago. But then it turns out that he means by recall of decisions nothing but the passing of new statutes by the Legislature, or the adopting of new Constitutional provisions, in the ways that we are all familiar with and to which no obstacle exists except a possible indifference on the part of the people. This sort of thing makes one's head swim—now you have it, now it's gone. We are exhorted to arouse ourselves mightily and lay hold of a new weapon necessary to our freedom—and the moment we protest that the gun looks dangerous we are assured that it is nothing but what we have had in our hands all the time.

One of the curious aspects of this free and easy use of words is the way it lends itself to the perversion of the sayings handed down to us from an older time. "There is a higher law than the Constitution," said Seward, in the days of the irrepressible conflict between slavery and freedom, and when the nation was on the eve of its ordeal of blood and fire. "That is just what we say," is the chorus of the Osborns and the Roosevelts. But it is not at all what they say. The radical abolitionists went further than Seward; they denounced the Constitution as "an agreement with hell and a covenant with death." When a man says *that*, we know what he means. It is revolt. Right or wrong, it is manful and unmistakable. To say that there is something higher than the Constitution, to say that the time has come when the Constitution must be trampled on, in pursuance of the imperious dictates of conscience and the paramount demand of outraged humanity, is to take a position which may be condemned, but which must be respected. To say that whatever is right is Constitutional is simply to palter with words—to utter that which one does not dignify by the name of a lie only because it is inherently nonsensical. If whatever is right is Constitutional, why bother with a Constitution at all? Find out whether a thing is right or not, and any reference to the written instrument is clearly superfluous. But the psychology of the performance is simple enough. To denounce or defy the Constitution on the petty grounds which alone they could allege as their justification would be laughable; accordingly they take refuge in a mist of words without meaning.

In a field far removed from politics there has been in our day a movement presenting a curious resemblance to this looseness of language and thought. It is unlikely that pragmatism has been in any degree the direct cause of our political nebulosities; but it is not impossible that the two have a common source in some mental peculiarity of our time. However this may be, at the door of the pragmatists must be laid the charge of having done, so far as in them lay, gross injury to one word that is among the most precious possessions of mankind. Their doctrine, so far as it can be understood by the ordinary man, lays down as the test of truth that which may be a test of something—perhaps a test of something more important than truth—but is not a test of *truth* at all. Advancement to mankind may be the only thing which we men should be willing to accept as the final arbiter of belief or opinion; but why call it "truth," when it is not at all what men have been meaning by the word? However, we do not mean to suggest that the gentlemen who find out whether a thing is in the Constitution or not by looking somewhere else, or who say that a proposal is at once an innovation and a well-established institution, have been seduced from the straight path of honest speech by the study of any philosophical theory; there is no need of this hypothesis.

THE LABOR STRIKES.

After a period far longer than had at one time been hoped, but far shorter than the intensity of the struggle led many to fear might be possible, the fearfully costly strike of the British coal miners at least seems clearly drawing to a close. That strike, however, though overshadowing all others both in the range of its immediate disastrous effects and in its momentous bearings on national politics and policy, is but one of a large number of labor movements in the same general direction, in various countries, and especially in the two great English-speaking nations. Our own coal troubles are still in the formative stage; strike movements are impending in the American railways; the New England mill strikes have furnished extraordinary developments, and disputes over wages are still to the fore in that section.

The complexity of the factors that enter into the economic and social prob-

lems of modern society has perhaps never been more signally illustrated than in these manifestations. In part, they are the ordinary endeavors of working people to improve their condition. In part, they derive their origin, and still more their intensity and aggressiveness, from the socialistic ferment of the time. And in addition to these causes, there is no question that the explanation of them is to be found in large measure in the rise of the prices in recent years. It is safe to say that the future historian of the social and economic history of our time will find in the slowness and the painfulness of the necessary process of adjustment of wages to prices one potent, though purely adventitious, cause of that intensification of the "class struggle" which has characterized the early years of the twentieth century.

That the demands of labor for higher wages in coal-mining and on the railways mean an increase of prices to the consumer, some of the labor leaders have frankly acknowledged. In some quarters, this circumstance has been taken as demonstrating a vicious circle, and as sufficient to prove that the demands are unwarranted, or impossible to concede. If, we are told, wages are to be raised because prices have risen and then prices are to be raised because wages have risen, where is the process ever to end? But the matter cannot be disposed of so easily as this; the question is far too complex to be covered by any blanket decision. In a period of rising prices, the necessary adjustments are exceedingly irregular, and the things that have lagged behind must be put up to the line, even though this process may, for a time, in some slight degree accentuate the difficulty. If general prices have risen 20 per cent., and the workmen in some particular field have received only a 10 per cent. advance, they have good reason to demand an additional 10 per cent.; and the granting of this demand, while very materially affecting the condition of these workmen, and perhaps substantially increasing the price of the particular product upon which they are engaged, will have only an extremely small effect upon the general price-level. The real question is whether, relatively to wages and prices in general, the particular wages in question are below a normal level; and this question cannot be decided otherwise

than by specific inquiry. Moreover, such readjustments as go beyond what is economically justifiable will tend to defeat themselves through a falling off of demand for the product affected; it is not within the possibilities of the case to keep up that rising-prices-rising-wages-rising-prices endless chain which has been imagined by the critics we have referred to.

A broader and deeper question than this of the relation between wages and prices has attained a certain prominence in the public mind during the strike movements of the past few weeks, on both sides of the water. A good deal has been heard of the notion that the workmen can get anything they want if they will only stand together. Before the chapter has been closed, there will be much clearing-up of ideas—mostly sub-conscious, to be sure—on this matter. The prodigious difficulties in the way of *all* the working people standing together will have been once more demonstrated—*have* been once more demonstrated in England; but that is not the whole, nor, we believe, the most fundamental part, of the case. We feel sure, the thinking people among the workmen understand that the difficulty in "getting anything they want" lies far deeper. Capitalistic enterprise, capitalistic management, the stupendous mechanism and organization of production and exchange, the vitalizing and directing forces to which all this owes its efficiency and even its workableness—these are not the spontaneous gift of nature; nor can they be thrown aside and their fruits expected to remain. Even if the universal strike of workmen might be organized, and even if it were to result in extorting, somehow or other, an immediate concession of "anything they want," how long would the victory last? The existing basis of industry and commerce—that which springs from the play of capitalistic motive as we know it—would be destroyed, and nothing would have been provided to take its place. In the schemes of rational Socialism, whatever may be the objections to which they are open, there exists no such fatal deficiency; and the hard-headed among the workingmen, whether leaders or in the rank and file, doubtless have an instinctive feeling that the age-long problem of the world is not capable of being solved by a mere wave of the hand.

EXHIBIT NO. 2—COTTON.

There is something admirable, as well as something pathetic, in the story of Mr. Taft's dealings with the tariff problem. Having pledged himself to the policy of relegating the question of revision, in its first stage, to the Tariff Board which was created by Congress upon his recommendation, he adheres to that decision with a certain judicial fidelity which, whether to be commended or not in a man confronted with the manifold perplexities of the statesman and the politician, has in it a quality the respectability of which it is impossible to deny. The wool report of the Board was disconcerting, the cotton report is more so; but the President makes no attempt to escape from these embarrassments. *J'y suis, j'y reste*, has been his motto from the beginning; and, in the face of all the difficulties into which the tariff mess has plunged him, it is his motto still.

Foremost among these difficulties is the impossibility, now twice demonstrated on a large scale, of determining that "difference in cost of production" which was so cheerfully proclaimed, a couple of years ago, as the happy and complete solution of the tariff problem. Politicians might be ignorant or corrupt, manufacturers might be grasping and deceitful, but "science" would clear away the fog that has so long surrounded the subject, and mark out the straight and narrow path along which the honest lawmaker must proceed. Well, science has done her best, and what is it? The report on wool left a margin of doubt wide enough to accommodate everybody except the standpatters; the report on cotton does the same. A single quotation from the latter report may suffice to illustrate a difficulty that runs through the whole matter:

Taking all the mills covered by the investigation in each country, there were wider variations in the American costs secured than in the English costs, due partly to the fact that the English mills were all in the Manchester district, where wages and other conditions are well standardized, while the American costs were taken from mills covering a much wider area, with much greater differences in labor and other conditions. Another reason for the wider variation in American costs is that the English mills for which figures were secured are all of a modern and efficient type, while some of the American mills included were old and of low efficiency.

We have chosen this particular quotation because its concluding remark sug-

gests a stumbling-block of another kind, a trouble that strikes even deeper than that attending the mere arithmetic of the difference-of-cost principle. The "wider variation in American costs" which was due to the inclusion of some American mills that were "old and of low efficiency" may, from the point of view of the Tariff Board's inquiry, be a mere matter of statistical fact, of which they properly take note without comment; but from the point of view of the people's interest, it opens up a broad field of doubt and protest. How much are we all paying to support concerns, in all directions, that need the tariff crutch to keep them going? This very report tells us that in the cotton industry there are many instances in which the American labor cost per unit of product is less than the foreign, in spite of our high wages, owing to the superior efficiency of American labor and organization; just as it also shows that the incomparably lower wages of Japanese workmen result in a labor cost only slightly lower than ours. Why, then, should not the people of this country get the full benefit of superior efficiency where it exists, instead of throwing a large part of it away in the shape of high-price bounties to bolster up enterprises that are less productive?

To enter into the details and complexities of the cotton schedule is a task which only those will undertake upon whom it is laid as a special duty or to whom the rates are a matter of business interest. But from the report the broad fact stares out plainly enough that the schedule as a whole has been grossly excessive; and the public will no longer doubt that the scandalous character ascribed to it, not only by Democrats but by "insurgent" Republican leaders like the late Senator Dolliver, is borne out by the facts. The President asks Congress to act, and it will be the part of patriotic duty for the Democrats to forward the fulfilment of this recommendation without any such balancings of political debit and credit as too often come to the front in such situations. It is stated in Washington dispatches that the Democrats will hang back for fear that if anything were done to relieve the public, the President would get the credit; but such calculation is too fine by half. The people will give any party that does its share towards actual accomplishment of reform

the credit it deserves; while failure on the part of the Democrats to achieve what seems attainable will be set down not only as bad in itself, but as giving a character of insincerity and unreality to those Democratic proposals the failure of which will have been due to opposition in the Senate or at the White House.

THE CRITIC'S TROUBLES.

Mr. Howells, in a recent interview, has formulated his own conception of the right conduct for critics. It may be summed up in one word—kindliness. "You cannot schoolmaster an art," says Mr. Howells, and his practice has always been faithful to his theory. Young writers have never failed of encouragement at his hands, and his praise has always been full measure. Many a young writer has been ushered by Mr. Howells to a place in the firmament which the rising star has never quite succeeded in attaining. But what is the harm? If the young man in question has the right stuff in him, eulogy is just what he needs. If he offers only false promise, the law of natural selection will attend to him sooner or later. This is a cheerful and ingratiating theory of criticism, but a great many people will always take exception to it. They cannot free themselves from the argument of etymology. Criticism, after all, does mean judgment and discrimination. Keep your critics or suppress them altogether, but if you keep them you have no right to turn them into professional eulogists. It is wrong in theory and it does not pay. Experience shows that in the end the "constructive" or incurably good-natured critic fails to satisfy those about whom he writes and those for whom he writes. If for no other reason than variety, it is good to mix the bitter with the sweet.

Once it is conceded that the critic may speak harshly, provided he does so in a good cause, it is unkind to taunt the critic with the mistakes he makes, or rather not his own mistakes, but those of his profession since the beginning of time. If the critic is inclined to take a severe view of the condition of literature in his own day, he is reminded that critics have always failed to find good in the men about them. If he ventures on the mildest form of "this will never do," he is reminded of the

glorious destiny of Wordsworth. The common formula is that genius has always been misunderstood—see Richard Wagner. Too commonly the formula is changed so as to read that being misunderstood is the first sign of genius. This view finds expression even in the conservative columns of the *London Times*. The argument is that to-day there may be great writers unrecognized among us:

There is no great poet of the present day who commands the allegiance of young readers as it was commanded by Tennyson, Browning, and Swinburne when they were at the height of their powers; but that proves nothing. Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats did not command the allegiance of young readers when they were at the height of their powers; and there may be poets of the same excellence writing now. It is true that we cannot name them; but that also proves nothing. Hardly any one would have named Keats or Shelley in their lifetime as two of the greatest English poets; and as for Blake, he was not commonly esteemed a great poet until at least a century after his death.

Now was there ever so parlous a profession to be engaged in as this business of literary criticism? Disregarding fear and favor, honestly and after much study and reflection, I am about to say that Smith's verse is really third-rate, when an icy hand falls on the critic's shoulder and a solemn voice intones, "Think of what the world may say about Smith's verse a hundred years from now."

A Keats or a Shelley may be writing to-day—"it is true that we cannot name them; but that also proves nothing." Now this bland statement can only mean one of two things. Either it means that the present-day Shelley's verse has got into print, has been reviewed by the critic, and has failed to be recognized as the work of genius; or else it means that the new Shelley has entirely escaped the critic's attention, has not even got into print, and is destined to serve the future as a monument to the cruelty of Chance. The latter possibility may be dismissed at once, for the very reason alleged by our writer in the *Times*: it means nothing. To go about and say that there are Shakespeares, Michelangelos, and Raphaels among us, but we cannot name them, is to fall into that auto-intoxication of the modern spirit which so frequently makes the younger generation look back with pity on the entire past. How can you help pitying the past? See how comparatively little they accomplished and compare it with

the magnificent possibilities that may be going on among us! Blessed is the twentieth-century ferment, for out of it anything may come. To be sure, the young generation easily enough passes from "may come" to "is coming." The Shakespeares and Michelangelos are there, only we cannot place them. But this is very near to nonsense.

So we return to the old accusation. The critic frequently has Keats or Shelley under his eye and fails to recognize him. The charge is true. The gravamen of it is, of course, largely mitigated, by various considerations. For instance, the very people who reproach the contemporaries of Keats for not recognizing him are the ones who will argue that Keats was essentially ahead of his times and could not be recognized in his own day. To blame the critic for not liking what it takes fifty years' ripening to like is somewhat unkind. But for the moment we may let that pass. Let it be admitted that it is the critic's business to have his taste so perfected that he shall discover and like what the ordinary man will discover and like half a century later. The question then rises, How can you expect this highly refined palate to be tolerant of the gross meat and drink that serve the daily purposes of one's contemporaries? In other words, How can you expect the critic to be both discerning and kindly? Does not the very business of hunting out a Shelley and championing him before the world imply the necessity of beating down the vast mass of written stuff that is not like Shelley? It is precisely by clearing the garden of literature from weeds that the perfect flower may be grown. It is unjust to accuse the gardener of being cruel both to the weeds and to the flower.

THROUGH THE OUTLOOKING GLASS

Alice had been sprinkling water on his face and fanning him with her straw hat for several minutes, and still the Red Knight lay quite motionless. He looked so wan and pale it made Alice's heart ache. But just when she had decided that a doctor must be sent for, the Red Knight opened his eyes and sighed.

"Where are we?" he said.

"We are still in North Dakota," said Alice.

"And our opponents?"

"They have gone somewhere else."

"I knew it," said the Red Knight. "They have left the field to me! I knew it would be like that. I always win. Did you see the charge?"

"I did," said Alice. "It made me so sad

to see you go over your horse's head so many times."

"I did that to disconcert them," said the Red Knight. "As long as I stayed in the saddle they would keep on fighting. But as soon as I fell off they would naturally be at a loss what to do next."

"But you frightened me horribly," said Alice. "Every time you went over you landed on your head."

"Oh, that was all right," said the Red Knight. "My head has always been the strongest part of me. Besides, I always think very well on my head. It stimulates me. Some of the very best ideas I have had—like the recall of judges, for instance—came to me in that position. The thing to do is to follow up our victory."

"You must not bother about that now," said Alice. "You must really rest. Talking isn't very good for you."

"It never hurts me to talk," said the Red Knight. "It is no strain whatever. I can do it without thinking."

A tired look came into Alice's face.

"You are not discouraged, are you?" asked the Red Knight, a little wistfully. "You mustn't be, you know. If I gave up the fight who else would there be to carry it on?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Alice.

"There is no one else," said the Red Knight. "I'll prove it to you." He reached into his back pocket and pulled out a collapsible foot-measure of the kind carpenters use in their business. He handed it to Alice and asked her to open it out.

"This is a very droll rule," said Alice. "I thought all these pocket-measures ran up to six feet, but this one stops short at five feet eight and a half inches."

"Exactly," said the Red Knight. "Now would you mind taking my measure, just as I lie here?"

Alice wondered, but complied.

"Why," she said, "it is just your height."

"Of course it is," said the Red Knight.

"That, you see, is the rule of the people. I always carry it about with me. It is a very good rule, because it works only one way."

"Having rallied my troops," said the Red Knight, "I will now march to settle the Trust problem at the head of my invincible army."

"You mean *invincible*, don't you?" said Alice.

"I mean *convincible*," replied the Red Knight. "Because we always march to battle convinced that we shall be robbed of the fruits of victory."

"Then why fight at all?" said Alice.

The Red Knight looked at her in astonishment. "If we don't fight, how can we cry fraud afterwards?"

"But you don't absolutely have to cry fraud, do you?" said Alice, timidly.

For the first time since their acquaintance the Red Knight grew sarcastic. "If you can tell me any other way we can keep up our spirits, I'd be much obliged," he said.

Alice was just on the point of saying, "You might whistle," but she thought better of it and turned the subject.

"Your army doesn't seem to be a very large one," she said.

"Yes, it is," said the Red Knight. "I have countless millions on my side. But they are of rather a retiring disposition. You'd never suspect they were there if

I didn't tell you. These men you see are only my Field Marshals. I don't suppose you have ever met them before, have you?"

"I never have," said Alice. "I am only eight, you know, and Mamma says I must be seventeen before I go out in mixed company."

"Then I must introduce you," said the Red Knight. "The small man in armor on the right is the Harvester. We call him that because with him money cuts no ice. He just loves the people. He sits up half the night loving them. And he is so modest that the people don't even suspect it. A good man, the Harvester, and as true as United States Steel."

"I don't think I like him," said Alice.

"I didn't until he came out for me," said the Red Knight. "That showed how mistaken I was. The tall, thin man in green next to him is the Forester, so called because he is frequently up a tree. He is a nice fellow, but not practical enough. I sometimes wonder whether he belongs with the rest of my Field Marshals. Next to him, in sheepskin, is the Barrister. He got his title from his willingness to round up Southern delegates for any candidate, bar none. He is the most unprejudiced man I know. The last man on the left, in a uniform of colored frontispieces, is the Publisher. But sometimes we call him the Pink-Cheeked Boy, because his circulation is so good. Have you ever seen a more impressive lot of men?"

Alice couldn't honestly say that she had. So the Red Knight gave the signal and the convincible army started out. Soon they came to two finger-posts pointing in the same direction. One finger-post said: "To the House of Good Trust," and the other finger-post said: "To the House of Bad Trust."

Alice thought that was very odd, but she resolved she'd wait until they came to a crossing. But when they did the road on the left had no guide-post at all, and the two fingers continued to point down the other road.

"Do Good Trust and Bad Trust both live in the same house?" asked Alice.

"I shouldn't be surprised," said the Red Knight, and they marched on till they came to New Jersey; and there, sure enough—but what Alice saw there will be told by the Red Knight in the preceding chapter.

GERMAN BOOKS ON AMERICA.

The reader familiar with the work of Ernst Freiherr von Wolzogen is likely to be disappointed on seeing the title of his volume of American impressions, "Der Dichter in Dollarica" (Berlin: F. Fontane & Co.). But if on surveying the contents of the book one feels that the poet's and the humorist's license enters largely into its composition, this is not meant as a reproach. From the very first chapter the sympathetic reader will sense the genuine Wolzogen spirit, and will gradually yield to the spell of his whimsical and graceful, and always thoroughly individual manner. But it is not all whim. The chapters in which he discusses the "Yankee" race, the "Yankee" as educator, and American college life, show keen insight and

a just valuation of the character and the achievements of a society which strikes him as being, above all, endowed with "youth, charming, wild, naughty, strong, indecently healthy youth." What Herr von Wolzogen says about the physical advantages of the "Yankee" race curiously coincides with and corroborates reflections which at various times and from various German sources have come to the knowledge of the reviewer, viz., that centuries of political and social repression, military coercion, and individual restraint have left their imprint upon the average German physiognomy and prevented the development of clearly and harmoniously cut features. It is interesting to learn from the chapter on private and public morality that German newspaper correspondents in the United States are forced to cater to the prejudices of ignorant German readers by sensationally colored reports on things American. Herr von Wolzogen deserves credit for his condemnation of that system and for his attempts to correct some misstatements which have widely affected public opinion in his country. He regards political corruption as an inevitable result of the expanse of the country and the four-year term. He rather admires the American's patient acceptance of petty annoyances and nuisances which in Germany, as in other European countries, would give rise to outbursts of bad temper, whether the scene be a public conveyance or a public thoroughfare. Of course, he disagrees with the system of avoiding the discussion of certain questions, however vital they may be, in our literature and the press. But he admits that American morality and American educators have provided the best possible material for future fatherhood, which is the highest compliment to be bestowed upon any nation.

Considerable space is devoted in the book to the "cultural" aspects of America, but the author's familiarity with American literature seems rather limited. Of contemporary writers he recognizes only Jack London as possessed of a strong individuality with a distinctly American coloring. He justly credits German pioneers in music with having elevated American taste to such a degree that American audiences can appreciate a performance of "Parsifal" and a programme of Beethoven and Brahms, but when he mentions as one of these pioneers Max "Friedrich," he seems to have meant the veteran of the German Lied, Heinrich. Save for the work of the New Theatre, he has a very low opinion of the American stage. The best comedy-acting he saw was by a "Yiddish" company at Miner's, on the Bowery, which he calls "The Miners." He is of the opinion that the safest way to lower the standard of a newspaper is to furnish illustrations, and sharply censures sensational headlines and other

abuses. But he is mistaken in assuming that there is probably no daily in this country which is not illustrated. There is a great deal worth reading in the last two chapters, especially the one entitled *Was können wir von Amerika lernen?* He calls it the country of the absolute present, and a mirror in which all cultured nations may read their future.

The thoroughgoing seriousness and dignity of Wilhelm Müller's book, *"Das religiöse Leben in Amerika"* (Jena: Eug. Diederichs), revives the memory of the well-known, excellent work by Wilhelm von Polenz, *"Das Land der Zukunft."* The German author, who for many years lived and taught in this country, had incomparably greater opportunities to study its people than the other distinguished visitor, but the spirit in which he went at this task made him arrive at similar conclusions. Von Polenz called America the land of the future. Müller is inclined to call it the cradle of a religion of the future.

Herr Müller strikes the keynote of his book in the very beginning of the chapter on the Puritan pilgrims, where he quotes their Minister in Leyden and regards his words to his departing congregation not only as the consolations of a shepherd to his flock, but as the religious and political legacy of a sage with the statesman's far-reaching vision. For him these words hold the seeds of a religious toleration which, notwithstanding painful lapses into an unbending dogmatism, were at a later period to yield the rich harvest of religious freedom. He sees in the work of all the churches that gradually sprang up in the country the growing desire to give life an ethical content. Of interest to German readers is the relation which the author points out between Jonathan Edwards's conception of history and that of Schiller's famous line:

Die Weltgeschichte ist das Weltgericht.

But even more striking is his comparison of Tolstoy's method of realizing the ideal of a human brotherhood, and that of Edward Everett Hale, the former descending to the depths of the poor and lowly to be one of them, the latter lifting them to his height to make them his equals. The chapter on Transcendentalism is one of the most thoughtful in the book. Emerson as a spiritual power is compared to a rock in the high-tide of an all-uprooting materialism. In the chapter on the Catholic Church in America the author recognizes in Hecker's association with Brook Farm, the influence which molded his character, and credits Hecker and his teacher, Brownson, with the wider social activities of the church. He regrets that the histories of literature ignore men of such striking personality and literary merit as Thomas Hecker and Father Tabb. Referring to the

anxiety sometimes felt in view of the stupendous growth of Catholicism in America, the author is inclined to share the opinion of Dr. Eliot, who said that the influence of American democracy upon that church is greater and deeper than the influence of the Catholic church upon the government and the society of this country.

Some paragraphs on Walt Whitman are commendable for their sane interpretation of Whitman's philosophy of acceptance, but it is to be feared that the author overrates the number of adherents of the "Whitman Cult," if such there be. When he surveys the work of the various "lay orders," like the Salvation Army, his conviction seems to grow that the chief feature of these and other religious organizations in America is the desire to supplant or at least supplement creed by deed.

The author of the book entitled *"Was ich in Amerika fand,"* Freiherr Hans von Barnekow, has been little concerned about the spiritual problems of American life, but has pretty thoroughly studied its material sides. The book, which is imported by G. E. Stechert & Co., is written from the standpoint of the educated immigrant, preferably the German army officer or "Junker." The author seems to have known the life of the road as of the cheap lodging-house, and to have been in immediate contact with the vast army of the unemployed. He treats the many problems that confront the foreigner in this country with commendable judgment, but the order in which he presents his impressions frequently brings into prominence things that were probably not so meant. Thus, in the very first chapter he launches forth into a discussion of the unreliability of judicial practice and makes it the starting-point for a tirade about lynching, lending color to the foreign suspicion that this is a common practice in America. In dealing with the Black Hand and other outrages he is inclined to lay the blame exclusively at the doors of the police of New York, without considering the unparalleled conditions with which this commonwealth has to cope, since its stream of immigrants is endless. His criticism of the average American newspaper is in most respects justified; so is his censure of certain society fads.

Where the writer makes excursions into topics like the American woman, it is evident that he commits the common error of hasty generalizing. His amazing statement that American women among themselves discuss with appalling frankness subjects that even men shrink from touching upon in conversation, curiously contradicts the charge of prudery raised against them even in their own country. When he says that this sort of unveiled utterance appears most shamelessly in the newspapers of the

emancipated woman, one is tempted to ask the names of those papers.

A. VON ENDE.

SWISS NOTES.

NEUCHÂTEL, March 7.

Like the Germans, the Swiss are often blamed for their dislike of fresh air. Churches, university lecture-rooms, tramways, and restaurants are badly ventilated. To some extent, this accounts for the prevalence of tuberculosis in this excellent climate. It is therefore satisfactory to remark that open-air schools for children have been founded near some of the larger towns. One of the best of these is situated near Zurich, on a high wooded hill, from which there is a beautiful view of the lake and mountains. Poor children in the canton can easily reach the place by tramway. The younger pupils are not obliged to follow any definite course of study. Those who are older have two hours of teaching in the morning, and they learn gardening and other out-of-doors employments. The physical results of this system are excellent.

In a Protestant country like Switzerland it was reasonable to expect that Christian Science would find many advocates. In the larger towns, especially, the doctrines of that sect have been well received. Professor Mayor of the University of Lausanne has lately written, if not a defence, at least a sympathetic appreciation, of Christian Science. It is entitled "Mrs. Eddy et la science chrétienne." The frontispiece is a portrait of the lady, whom Professor Mayor calls the prophetess of the new world, "la grande Américaine." Another Swiss writer speaks of her as "the new Messiah of Boston." Henri Cordey, another Lausanne professor, thinks, however, that Mrs. Eddy showed psychopathic symptoms. "We find in her case all the symptoms of an abnormal nervous constitution," "a morbid suggestibility, akin to an obsession favorable to the development of monomania." Notwithstanding, Professor Cordey maintains that Mrs. Eddy's influence was very beneficial, in encouraging optimism and giving a new vitality to the Christian religion. Another Swiss professor, who is better known in America than in his native country, has written for a religious journal, *L'Eglise Nationale*, a caustic criticism of Mrs. Eddy and her church. The author is Albert Schinz, now professor at Bryn Mawr, who is a native of Neuchâtel.

Dr. Bernhard Fehr of the University of Zurich has lately been lecturing on Oscar Wilde, as "Æsthete and Individualist." Without laying emphasis on Wilde's moral defects, he gave perhaps the best estimate of his place in literature which has yet appeared. Naturally, it is difficult to separate the English author's character from his work; but

some of Wilde's work tempts one to forget his character.

Professor Masson of the University of Fribourg has lately read a paper before the French Academy of Moral and Political Science. It concerns a rough draft, or *brouillon*, of Rousseau's "Emile," a manuscript now in the possession of M. Favre at Geneva. The 28th of June is the two hundredth anniversary of Rousseau's birth. Of course the occasion will be widely observed in France. But Geneva is the place where Rousseau's memory is most fondly cherished. The people there still speak of him as "le grand citoyen." Neuchâtel, however, where for a time Rousseau resided, has no special reverence for the author of "Le Contrat social." While a resident in this canton, Rousseau wrote several letters about the Neuchâtelois which will never make his memory dear to the natives. But Geneva is to celebrate elaborately Rousseau's birthday. M. Fazy, a leading Radical politician, has charge of the matter; and with him is associated Professor Yung of the University. There is to be a great public meeting, with addresses concerning Rousseau's life and work. A brochure about Rousseau is to be distributed to the young people in all the schools. Then there is to be a procession of all the little Emiles and their sisters.

Imitating their French neighbors in the medical schools of Paris, students at the University of Berne have been in rebellion. "L'unique objet de leur détestation" has been Professor Kolle, who has the chair of hygiene and bacteriology. Kolle has earned a fine reputation in science; but his assistants and students complain of his severity and arbitrary methods. Besides being professor at Berne, Kolle is scientific director of the Dresden Institute of Bacteriology. It is from the Dresden laboratory that "pyocianose" is obtained. This seems to be a sort of panacea, curing everything from human influenza to the petty diseases of cats and dogs.

In a lecture delivered recently before the Historical Society of Bale, Dr. Escher of the University there spoke of Richelieu as the Mæcenas of French literature. Of course, Richelieu's general services to literature are well known; but Dr. Escher has collected interesting and hitherto unnoticed facts concerning the Cardinal's devotion to art and letters. Dr. Escher's lecture is an important contribution to the history of a great literary period.

A. A.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Although the third part of the Robert Hoe library, which will be sold by the Anderson Auction Company April 15 to 26, is of less interest than the preceding parts, yet the two catalogues, 3,412 lots, include a number of important and valuable books. Chiefest among them is the first

edition of John Gower's "Confessio Amantis," printed by William Caxton in 1483. This is, perhaps, the best of the seven known perfect copies of one of the few original English books from Caxton's press. This copy, formerly Bryan Fairfax's, was sold by him to Francis Child in 1756, and when sold at auction in the Earl of Jersey sale, in May, 1885, brought £810, and was bought by Mrs. Norton Quincy Pope of Brooklyn. In 1895, after Mrs. Pope's death, the book, with many others from her library, was acquired by Mr. Hoe. One other Caxton, a fragment of his second edition of the "Golden Legende" (1483), is included in this sale. There are five books from the press of Wynken de Worde: "A Contemplacyon or medytacyon of the shedynge of the blood of our lorde Jhesu Chryste at seven tymes" (about 1500), apparently the only copy known; "The Chirche of the Evyll Men and Women, whereof Lucyfer is the heed and the members is all the players dyssolute and synners reproved" (1511), one of three known copies; "The booke of good maners" (1507), having three preliminary leaves not in any of the other described copies; "The Golden Legend" (1527), the text of Caxton's translation, and a school grammar, "Promptuarium parvulorum clericorum" (1516).

Among English books of the eighteenth century, the collection of first editions of Dryden's books is most remarkable. Among other rarities may be noted "A Poem upon the Death of His Late Highness, Oliver," and the same in "Three Poems" (both 1659); "To his Sacred Majesty, a Panegyrick on his Coronation" (1661); "The Conquest of Granada" (1672), "Absalom and Achitophel," both parts (1681-82); "Henry Purcell" (1696), and "Alexander's Feast," better known as the "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day" (1697).

The first editions of Goldsmith include "The Deserted Village" (1770), on large and thick paper, a form virtually unknown to collectors and bibliographers, though there was a copy in the Rowfant Library, and another, uncut, in a private library in London. The owner of the latter has accompanying it an uncut copy of the ordinary issue. With the two side by side all doubt as to their being two distinct forms is dispelled. Goldsmith's "Poems and Plays" (Dublin, 1777) is also on large and thick paper, and Anderson's catalogue surmises that it is "probably unique." There are, however, at least two other copies in America (in the Morgan and Chew collections), which, as the title-pages of the two differ, were described in this column some three years ago.

The first edition of Pope's "Dunciad" (1728), an uncut copy of which brought \$1,800 in the second Hoe sale, and the first edition of Prior's "Poems" (1707), a copy of which brought \$350 in the preceding sale, are two rare books which Mr. Hoe owned in duplicate.

While the Hoe library is not especially rich in first editions of modern authors, this third part includes a long series of Scott and Marryatt and desirable items by Thackeray, Swinburne, Ainsworth, and others.

After the two Columbus Letters, Planck's second edition (Rome, 1493), and the Verardus-Columbus (Basle, 1494), the most valuable early American items in this part

are two Mexican imprints. Richel's "Compendio breve que tracta d' la manera de como se han de hazer las processiones," printed in Mexico by Juan Cromberger in 1544, is the Andrade-Brinley copy, and just about the earliest American-printed book which any collector may expect to be able to procure. Vasco de Puga's "Provisiones Cedulas, Instruciones de su Majestad," printed in Mexico in 1563, is notable as being the first volume of laws printed in America, and one of the earliest American-printed books not theological in character. This also is a duplicate, Mr. Hoe's other copy having brought \$610 in the preceding sale. But a later book, a compilation printed in Amsterdam in 1651 with the title "Beschryvinghe van Virginia, Nieuw Nederlandt, Nieuw Engelandt," etc., may, on account of a little copper-plate engraving on page 21, be expected to bring a higher price even than the Columbus Letter of 1493. This little copper-plate bears the legend "t'Fort nieuw Amsterdam op de Manhatans," and is the earliest engraved view of the city of New York.

The books in special or *provenance* bindings include three specimens from the library of Jean Grolier; Castiglione's "Libro del Cortigiano" (1528), Cicero's "Epistolae familiares" (Aldus, 1522), and Albertus Krantz's "Wandalla" (1519). There are also books bearing the arms of Colbert, Cardinal Fleury, Count Hoym, Louis XIV, Louis XV, Louis XVI, Louis XVIII, Marie Antoinette, Madame du Barry, Madame de Pompadour, the Duchesse de Montpensier, and other notables. At the end of the Catalogue is an index of the books with Armorial bindings.

The French books include long series of the first editions of the works of François Coppée, Alphonse Daudet, Alfred de Musset, Georges Ohnet, and other modern writers, as well as eighteenth century illustrated books, a first collected edition of Molière (1666), and other rarities.

A remarkable collection of books and leaflets from the Lee-Priory Press, a series of late Eighteenth Century Jest Books, a Kelmscott Press Chaucer, bound by the Doves Bindery, and a number of Grolier Club publications, the "Life of Dante" being on vellum, are other features of this portion of the Hoe library.

Correspondence

APPEAL AND THE REFERENDUM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In Col. Roosevelt's novel proposal, in his Columbus speech, of a popular referendum on judicial decisions, he entirely overlooks one important detail in our present judicial procedure, which, moreover, has not been commented on in any discussion of the matter which has come to my attention. His proposal relates entirely to decisions of the highest State courts of appeals, and is based upon the considerable number of decisions by these tribunals in which State statutes of a beneficent character have been nullified because in conflict with the Federal Constitution. It is true that he refers to the income tax decision, and that which declared the Federal Employers' Liability law unconstitutional, as instances where the Supreme

Court of the United States has failed to reflect the public will. But his chief grievance is certainly with the State courts. In his Carnegie Hall address he says: "I am not proposing anything in connection with the Supreme Court of the United States or with the Federal Constitution." He even admits that a case reversed by such a popular vote might be carried to the Federal Supreme Court, where, presumably, the decision of the State court might be sustained and the referendum overruled.

Now the Supreme Court of the United States takes a much broader view of constitutional questions than many of the State courts, as the Colonel himself shows in discussing the Ives case. The constitutionality of a statute, similar to the New York Employers' Liability law, enacted by another State, was affirmed by the Federal Supreme Court. The reason why this statute could be passed upon by the highest court in the land, and the New York law could not be tested in the Federal courts, lies in the special provision of the judiciary act of Congress which governs the whole matter of appeals to the Federal courts from State courts. It is this detail of the Federal statute which has been overlooked in the current discussion. The law provides that appeals from State courts to the Federal courts shall only lie when the decision of the highest State court has been against the party in the case claiming a right under the Federal Constitution, statutes, or treaties. When the State court pronounces against the State statute in the case, declaring it invalid as conflicting with the Federal Constitution, statutes, or treaties, no appeal can be carried to the Federal court. The reason for this provision must be clear to any one. Congress presumed that, if a State court declared a statute of its own State unconstitutional there would be no object gained in allowing the question to be carried before the Federal Supreme Court, since the latter could only be expected to affirm the decision. When, however, the decision went the other way the necessity of maintaining the supremacy of the Federal Constitution and law would be involved, and the Supreme Court of the United States must make the ultimate decision. In the case which Col. Roosevelt cites, where the Federal Supreme Court upheld the constitutionality of a State Employers' Liability act, the decision of the State court was evidently in favor of the act. In the Ives case the New York Court of Appeals took the opposite view and forestalled the possibility of an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States and a decision on the question by that body.

The remedy in the matter appears to the writer to be a very simple one. An amendment to the Federal statute permitting appeals in *all* cases, where the question of the validity of a State statute is denied on grounds of its conflicting with the Federal Constitution, statutes, or treaties, would assure a final decision by the Supreme Court of the United States, and go far towards alleviating the difficulty of which the Colonel complains. Since he admits that the Supreme Court must have the power of ultimate decision on appeal from the popular referendum, which in effect is nothing but an intermediate instance between the highest State court and the Federal judiciary, why not make the appeal lie directly from the State court to the United States court in

all cases? What possible purpose would it serve to introduce an intermediate instance, in the form of a popular referendum on State court decisions, if an appeal therefrom could in any case be taken to the Federal Supreme Court?

WALTER JAMES SHEPARD.

University of Missouri, March 26.

A ROMAN STRIKE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As the public mind is now much occupied with the subject of strikes, perhaps a brief account of a notable strike that occurred in Rome in the year 309 A. C. may not be without interest.

The pipers in ancient Rome were originally a small company whose duties were to furnish solemn music at the public sacrifices and at funerals. In virtue of their quasi-religious character they dined at the public expense in the temple of Jupiter. But, in process of time, and with the growth of luxury, it became the fashion to engage their services for private entertainments. With this increasing demand their numbers greatly increased, and they began to be looked upon as mere hired musicians; so in the year mentioned the censors deprived them of their daily dinner in the temple. The touchy artists took this in high dudgeon, and to a man picked up their pipes and marched out of Rome to Tibur (now Tivoli).

The Romans were struck with consternation at this unlooked-for *coup*; not for the loss of the music, but because no sacrifice could be offered without the proper devotional tootings; and without sacrifices no campaign could be begun, no army march, no consuls be inaugurated—in a word, all public, and much private, business would be at a standstill.

The Senate, recognizing the gravity of the situation, dispatched envoys to the Tiburtines, entreating them to send the pipers back. The Tiburtines were willing to do what they could, and, assembling the strikers in the *curia*, besought them to return. The pipers said that there was nothing to arbitrate; if their temple dinners were restored they would go back; on no other condition would they budge. The Tiburtines, a superstitious generation, did not dare to use force with men who, whatever their failings, had a sort of semi-sacred character.

A council was called to discuss the matter. In the discussion one citizen remarked that pipers were notorious wine bibbers (*vinidavidum genus*), and that in that weakness might lie the solution of the difficulty. The council caught the idea, and proceeded to act upon it. On the next holiday all the wealthy citizens gave *musicales*, at which they supplied the musicians with wine so liberally that they lost consciousness of sublunary things; upon which the Tiburtines loaded them on wagons, drove them that night to Rome, and left them, still fast asleep, in the Forum.

Great was the joy of the Romans the next morning to find their pipers back. They besought them never to leave them again, restored the temple dinners, and gave them and their successors for all time to come, the privilege of celebrating their victory by marching in solemn procession through Rome, every year, on the Ides of June, piping triumphantly. And this festive cel-

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