

ternity,' by John Galsworthy, and you read it, too." Presently I answered: "Tell him to send me 'Fraternity.' Since a beneficent government has protected my labor so completely, I have stopped buying pork and novels."

My knightly friend did something unusual for him; he compromised. Chivalry forbade his sending on my message, so he bought the book, had it sent to me, and I am to send it to him when I have read it. Blessed forever be the knightly ones; but for that other part of me, that book would never go forward. As it is, however, I shall have to send it, even though I deem it almost a duty to teach knights discretion.

And the book "Fraternity"? It is a striking book indeed. Personally, it is quinine to me; I rejoice in its result, if it *was* bitter to take. My democracy is less material; I notice this particularly when I remember the defeat of the Cleveland traction settlement by referendum in October, 1908.

The author gets his effect by introducing one into the lives of certain cultivated and refined people most intimately. He does this with subtle skill, one knows; but the telling is not spectacular. Lives far from cultivated, one also looks at. One looks at them quietly, there is no flashlight effect; so in consequence the ghastly meagerness and loneliness of their lives sink into one's brain.

Interspersing the doings and conjectures of the above characters is a philosopher, living with individuality, and as near to nature as his environment—Kensington, London—permits. He is writing "The Book of Universal Brotherhood," and his sayings are humorous, and are often so introduced as to contain that kind of humor especially noticeable in "A Perplexed Philosopher." These are two out of others as good:

In that slow, incessant change of form to form, called Life, men made spasmodic by perpetual action, had seized on a certain moment, no more intrinsically notable than any other moment, and had called it Birth. This habit of honoring one single instant of the universal process to the disadvantage of all other instants had done more, perhaps, than anything to obfuscate the crystal clearness of the fundamental flux. As well might such as watch the process of the green, unfolding earth, emerging from the brumous arms of winter, isolate a single day and call it Spring. In the tides of rhythm by which the change of form to form was governed, the golden universal haze in which men should have flown like bright wing-beats round the sun, gave place to the parasitic halo which every man derived from the glorifying of his own nativity. To this primary mistake could be traced his intensely personal philosophy. Slowly but surely there had dried up in his heart the wish to be his brother. . . .

They did not stop to love each other in this life; they were so sure they had all eternity to do it in. The doctrine was an invention to enable men to act like dogs with clear consciences. Love could never come to full fruition till it was destroyed.

One of the results of reading this book is a stunning recognition of the incompleteness of life lived in class segregation, while not entirely devoid of social conscience and a glimmering knowledge of the lives of the robbed producers. The mind is entirely conscious of this result, though the wit and skill of the author render it difficult to specify the method by which it has become so stunningly apparent.

One character in the book will especially appeal to readers of *The Public*. It is that of a young doctor, nick-named the "Sanitist," and entirely driven by reason. As one reads the sayings of this doctor, some of us of the West, and also of the East, aided by personal memories, will see a tallish, smooth-shaven man. To those who know him, his reason-driven eyes probing their emotions, his clear voice flaying an ill-considered remark, will appear as this doctor speaks. I am transported also to some hall, and again I hear his expression of the solution, for the things he has been so unturningly analysing. It is then that one can see how high unturming reason lifts a man. This tallish, smooth-shaven man has been transfigured, his very person changed, for me, as I have listened. Because of this connection I am the "Sanitist's" respectful admirer.

"Fraternity" is well worth while, even to those who, like myself, will associate it with quinine. For such it is, I think, particularly adapted. It has doubled, for me, the luminous value of a gem, "Man," which Ernest Crosby wrote:

He must have the innocence and humility of the saint, the power of self-conquest of the ascetic, the broad vision of the seer, the loving kindness of the lover of men,

The unquestioning devotion to quiet usefulness of the laborer, the submission and the contempt for danger of the sailor and trooper.

He must show the nonchalance of the gamester, the geniality of the tippler, the easy manners of the man of the world.

He must feel the absolute freedom, the revolt against all external unassimilated law, of the felon, the anarchist, and the atheist. . . .

He must control these sinister forces in himself as a Greek demi-god firmly planted on the back of an unruly stallion.

I am petitioning the Public Library to get "Fraternity." Since I must return this copy, and abide by my own law, this is my solution for getting quinine to cure me when malarial.

GEORGE HUGHES.

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## AMERICAN WORKING-WOMEN

Wage-Earning Women. By Annie Marion MacLean. Published by the Macmillan Co., New York. Price, \$1.25 net.

Woman, housekeeping, vote-seeking, or wage-earning would seem enough written up. Dr. MacLean proves not, by giving out this most readable

and instructive book—the result of an investigation undertaken by the author and a corps of twenty-nine assisting sociologists, for the Young Women's Christian Association.

Glimpses of hundreds of women at work in the New England mill towns, the New York and Chicago clothing trades, the California fruit industries and the Oregon hop fields are all made vivid by their concreteness, and educative through the author's clever tabulations and sane deductions.

To the non-technical reader peptonized statistics are grateful as they are rare; while the calm yet sympathetic judgments from observations appeal to one as fair—the following, for instance:

Unquestionably, the most serious problems that the young girl at work has to face are low wages and the constant jeopardizing of her health by the occupation in which she engages. Where wages are concerned, all averages are deceptive and need to be interpreted in terms of actual time employed during fifty-two weeks in any year. It is the exceptional wage-earning woman who has uninterrupted employment. And this does not mean the worker of exceptional ability, but rather the one of unusual good fortune. Employers are too ready to say that intermittent employment does not work hardship for their particular employes, inasmuch as they all live at home and welcome occasional vacations. While it is true that 1,304 of the 1,476 interviewed in New York, and 1,618 of the 1,914 in Chicago, lived at home, it is equally true that only 58 in the first group and 75 in the second appeared to have their earnings for personal use; that is, paid nothing for board and lodging. The vicious and unsupported theory that girls flock to the factories and stores for "pin money" seems even yet to have a firm hold on the employer's mind. The necessity for self-support becomes the dominant force in driving the young girl out to seek employment, and in compelling her to keep her place once she has obtained it.

A suggestive bibliography and some useful appendices complete an excellent book.

ANGELINE LOESCH GRAVES.

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## PERIODICALS

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### Everybody's and McClure's.

In so far as the interest of our readers is especially concerned, these magazines for December go together. In Everybody's, Lincoln Steffens closes the first series of "It" with the best of the series and one of the best productions that ever came from his pen. It is a profound analysis of American plutocracy, not yet complete in detail but rounded out to perfection. No attack upon any man, is this dissection of Big Business—Mr. Steffens does "not wish to hurt any man any more"—but an explanation in general of the great god Control at whose shrine the business man worships humbly as does the politician. One of the fine touches is the parallel of "boss" and "heeler" as they are called in poli-

tics, though the same functionaries have pleasanter names in business. Steffens draws a picture in Everybody's; Moody and Turner tell a story in McClure's. He is abstract, impersonal, seeking the source of business power, and finding it in "Con-

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## The Womens' Trade Union League

OF CHICAGO

PUBLIC MEETING, Sunday, Dec. 9, 3 p. m.,  
in Federation Hall, 275 La Salle st., 2nd floor.

BUSINESS—Nominations for Executive Board.

REPORTS ON

THE GARMENT WORKERS' STRIKE.

EVERYBODY WELCOME.

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## Leo Tolstoy's

Letter on the Land Question entitled

## A Great Iniquity

which appeared in the London Times of August 1, 1905, and was reprinted in The Public of August 19, 1905, can be had in book form, red paper covers, with three portraits, for 10 cents, postage included in price.

ALSO, copies of The Public containing the reprint are for sale at five cents a copy, including postage.

THE late William Lloyd Garrison said of "A Great Iniquity":

"Its substance touches the marrow of the conflict between democracy and privilege, at present nowhere raging more fiercely than in Great Britain."

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