

New York produces cheapest; as Italy should with Germany, France with Russia. But they would all fear loss of nationality."

"There would be no loss of nationality, and there need be no capital at all! Just meet at The Hague, abolish the Tariff Walls and go home! The war would be over."

Wurtzel seemed doubting. "But with a world gone mad with war, who would stop to think? Did every nation in Europe in congress assembled at The Hague abolish the Tariff tomorrow, would not the war be fought to its bitter end?"

"The war would cease immediately. It would be absolutely impossible to continue it. I defy you to suggest the faintest purpose any nation would have to continue the war after the Tariff Walls had been destroyed. The soldiers of all countries would shoulder their guns—or throw them away—and start home. Seventeen million men would start for their respective countries over flower-strewn roads lined with happy, deliriously happy women and children in what had been the enemy's country, and war would be no more—destruction, desolation and death to be succeeded by a world of work and wealth!"

"It is not possible that I could continue this game," said Wurtzel, as he gathered up the chess from the board, "even had you made a play and were willing to continue. I find myself engaged in such amazing speculation—I seem to have discovered a new world—a game of chess would be puerile—"

But Ballard, interrupting him as they rose from the table, said:

"I suppose you doubt the possibility that Prinzip might have foreseen—" Ballard hesitated. "*You know there is only one possible end to the war, no matter who wins, and Prinzip—*"

"Here, come dine with me at 'The Boulevard,'" said Wurtzel, "and I'll listen to your theory of Prinzip, while you in turn shall know of the great military mistake of the Kaiser and his advisers."

Ballard seemed stunned. "I wonder if you, too, have discovered the tremendous blunder of the Kaiser—for he could have had all the world with him instead of against him!"



THE WARLUST AND THE SCAVENGER.

For The Public.

The sun in Europe plainly shone,
Shone with a wholesome light,
Doing its very best to keep
The men and crops all right.
And this was not so odd because
It was its nature quite.

The Warlust and the Scavenger
Displayed a slight caprice.
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of peace.

"If this were only cleared away,"
They said, "our woe would cease."

"If seven corps and seven more
Stormed it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Warlust said,
" 'Twould make a decent smear? "
"I doubt it," said the Scavenger,
And made an ugly leer.

"Oh Armies, come and shoot for us,"
The Warlust did command.
"Let fighting reign in hot campaign.
Come wield the firebrand.
Let humans kill and brothers spill
The blood of every land."

The wiser armies shook their heads
Which was their sole reply.
They did not wish to draw their swords
Without a reason why.
"It's very nice to live," they thought,
"And pretty tough to die."

But four young armies fell in line
And then another four.
And thick and fast they came at last
With guns of every bore.
Their faces, hands and uniforms
All dripping red with gore.

The Warlust and the Scavenger
Enjoyed the murderous spree.
And every time an army fell,
They laughed in fiendish glee.
"This kind of thing," the Warlust said,
"Always appeals to me."

"Now Armies," said the Scavenger,
"It's getting late, I fear."
"Shall we be starting back for home?"
No answer reached his ear.
And this was scarcely odd because
None was alive to hear.

ELLIS O. JONES.

BOOKS

SOCIOLOGY IN FICTION

Clark's Field. By Robert Herrick. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston. \$1.40 net.

Professor Robert Herrick, one of our most thoughtful American novelists, has evinced a tendency recently to bring the background of his stories more into the center of interest. In other words he has ceased to focus entirely on the human conflict and has thrown the light of a warm interest on the social conditions and problems which form the back drop against which the human story plays itself out. Whether the artistic quality of his work has profited thereby we need not consider here. It is always a dangerous thing for a fiction writer to do, and Prof. Herrick has

not done it often enough yet to keep the balance of interest so exactly poised that his work appeals to the thought and to the emotion evenly. But even in that respect the present book, his latest, shows an advance over the chaos of "A Life for a Life." Possibly because a very definite (and also a very fundamental) social and moral wrong is taken for the theme of the book, its influence upon the human protagonists can be more clearly traced as an integral part of the story. Adelle Clark could not have been just what she was, nor have lived the life-experience that she did, had it not been that private property in land values is the great basic wrong upon which our modern civilization is built up. Her fate as well as that of many others, their point of view in life, are so conditioned by the possibility of sudden great wealth pouring in upon those who have not earned it, who have the very vaguest notions as to where it comes from and why it comes, that the pictures drawn are typical and universal. A certain aloofness on the author's part prevents a great warmth of interest in the human beings portrayed from coming to full growth in the reader's mind. And yet, as one goes on in the book, one does grow interested in Adelle from a merely human point of view, one grows desirous of her final awakening to the realities of life as truly as if one knew her in the flesh. And this, after all, is the novelist's true triumph.

The thematic center of the book is Clark's Field, a fifty-acre tract of land, which came afterward to be the heart of a factory suburb of a great city. Apparently ownerless, the object of endless litigation even when it appeared worthless, the Field came later to be a source of wealth pouring out upon one young girl, the last anaemic scion of a long "land poor" family. Friendless, alone in the world, Adelle Clark finds herself the heiress to millions. The banking house, which is her legal guardian, does "its duty" by her and makes her an extravagant, utterly unthinking "young lady," the prey of all sorts and kinds of sharks. A fine old judge, whose attention was attracted by the possibility of some human interest in a document given him to sign by a law firm which he did not trust, was the means of saving Adelle's "rights" to the Field. And at the last, it is this same judge who awakens Adelle's rights to her own soul. When she realizes, through human sorrow, the greater truths of life, the judge shows her the source of her wealth, the human rabbit-warrens that cover the Field thickly. The work Adelle then takes up is the weakest part of the book, because by it the author's clear reasoning on property rights in land values seem to sink themselves in a sort of benevolent philanthropy which is even less desirable than feasible. It is strange that a mind such as Professor Herrick's, so quick to see the wrong, can

not see the remedy. Or possibly at the last he wished to save the right of his book to be classed as fiction, by letting the emotional imagination have full sway. The wisdom of the move is dubious. Those interested in the problem will be disappointed in the remedy proposed. And those not interested will not be made more so by the philanthropic leavening. But enough is said about the wrong of turning men's necessity, the community's necessity of civic growth, into private profit, and about the baneful influence of utterly unearned wealth on the human mind and heart, to make many readers think of this fundamental problem who perhaps have not yet done so. Therefore all readers of *The Public* are recommended to Prof. Herrick's book. And they will welcome him gladly into the community of those who see the basic wrong, even though, as novelist, he is not yet ready to join with us in an open acknowledgment of the simple remedy.

GRACE ISABEL COLBRON.



WOMEN AND SOCIALISM

Socialism and Motherhood. By John Spargo. Published by B. W. Huebsch, New York. 1914. Price, 60 cents, net.

Freedom for women "to stand erect and unbound," "to achieve her highest and noblest aims," "to love and choose maternal responsibilities with fullness of knowledge and power," is and has always been one of the great aims of Socialism, writes Mr. Spargo. And it is with the hope of leading more women to see clearly the force of its peculiar appeal to them as wives and mothers, that his little book has been written.

Its first part is a general exposition—a very simple and useful one—of the principles of Socialism—with emphasis particularly upon their relation to women, both as workers and individuals. Part Two is the author's answer to the "free love" charge against Socialism. He considers the evidence brought to show that Socialists advocate "free love." That Oscar Wilde and Karl Pearson were representative Socialists he denies. He admits, of course, that August Bebel was representative, but argues that his opinion was avowedly his as an individual, never adopted officially in any way by the Socialists and never adopted in any numbers. Of the position of Socialism with respect to marriage Mr. Spargo makes this statement:

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the fact that it is no part of the aim of modern Socialism to bring about a particular form of marriage or family organization. . . . Of course, the reorganization of society upon Socialist lines must of necessity affect the family. It is impossible to imagine such a fundamental change being accomplished without influencing one of the fundamental institutions of society. Every great comprehensive change in the economic