

his career was understood. He was one of the men who greatly serve the state without public recognition. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* goes so far as to say that Herr von Holstein, after Bismarck's retirement, was really "the director [Leiter] of our foreign policy." Yet he was not even an under-secretary! His place was, by preference, in the background. Personally, he was the most retiring and publicity-hating of mortals. In an age when everybody is photographed in every possible relation of life, not a single portrait of Von Holstein exists. In a land of uniforms, he did not even own a dress-suit! Such at least is the inference from the story that, when the present Emperor expressed a desire to meet the extraordinary man who knew and did so much but was so rarely seen, Von Holstein replied to Prince Bülow, who invited him to dinner to meet the Kaiser: "But I don't believe that I have a dress coat. I will try, however, to get one made in time, and, if I can't, perhaps the Emperor will take me as I am."

This Privy Councillor of the Foreign Office worked in silence and privacy, but he worked with iron industry, and made himself an almost indispensable master of the entire foreign relations of Germany. Prince Hohenlohe once described him as "the diplomatic chart of the German Foreign Office." Trained under Bismarck, he served that statesman in the Arnim affair, and enjoyed his confidence and respect—until he refused to retire along with his chief. After that, the customary venom from Friedrichsruh was shot at him: But the quiet man stuck to his post, added steadily to his vast knowledge, and under successive Chancellors and Foreign Secretaries got the threads of German foreign policy more and more firmly into his own hand. Those who ought to know assert that he was more responsible than any other man for the German seizure of Kiao-chau in China. Von Holstein's real authorship of the policy pursued by Germany in Morocco was so practically avowed that, when it failed, at Algeciras, his official retirement soon followed, just as if he had been a responsible Minister. His great attainments were never questioned, though his judgment might be impugned and his methods criticised. He seems to have been a lover of indirection. One of his colleagues once said of

him: "If he wanted to get to Madrid from Berlin, he would go round by Jerusalem." This quality in the man gave point to the objection made against him that he was too clever by half—*überklug*. It is a grave fault in any public man, gravest of all in a diplomat.

The main suggestion of such a life as Von Holstein's is the enormous importance of the permanent officials of any government. They seldom get much of the glory, but they often have the satisfaction of doing most of the work. Their superiors come and go, but there they are, year after year, with their hand on the very pulse of the machine. In all departments, such men are to be found, who simply must be retained, even under the spoils system, because without them the public business cannot be done. And as the foreign policy of any country is, or ought to be, the most continuous of all governmental policies, it comes about that these inner-office diplomats, the men who are seldom seen and never heard, inevitably acquire great power. Lord Salisbury used to say that the policy of England in India was really dictated, not by the Secretary for India, or by the Viceroy, but by the permanent officials of the India Office. A. L. Lowell's volumes on the "Government of England" bring out strikingly the way in which the old employees of the Colonial Office, or the Foreign Office, come to look with contempt or apprehension or complacency, as the case may be, upon their temporary chiefs. One secretary coolly wrote of his superior that he was "not more in pupilage than is necessary and natural." It was once declared in Australia that "the million and a half of Englishmen who inhabit these colonies . . . have been really governed by a person named Rogers." This Rogers was a permanent under-secretary. He calmly wrote of even so competent a Chief Secretary as Lord Granville: "He is very pleasant and friendly, and I think will not meddle!"

In our own Department of State, we could not point to any official who has held a position precisely like that of Von Holstein. We have, to be sure, our repositories of precedent and authorities on ceremony, like Mr. Adey, but it may be doubted if any one of them ever aspired, or was able, to play such a part in directing foreign policy as did

the late *Geheimrat* of the German Foreign Office. The difference lies partly in our traditions, but more in our circumstances. The isolation of the United States, with the comparative simplicity of our foreign relations, has not made it necessary for our State Department to command the services of a man like Von Holstein.

He died at seventy-two, after a diplomatic service of forty-five years. Of the patriotism of such unrecognized servants of the state, there need be no question, but one wonders if they do not sometimes have, as they review their work, what Busch called in Bismarck "an affection of the nerves." Under one such onset the Iron Chancellor said:

There is no doubt whatever that I have caused unhappiness to great numbers. But for me three great wars would not have taken place; eighty thousand men would not have been killed, and would not now be mourned by parents, brothers, sisters, and widows.

Such flashes of insight, or twinges of remorse, must now and then come even to the diplomats behind the diplomats.

CHEERFUL DESTROYERS.

It is curious to observe how the "wild-eyed" socialist agitator has vanished from the newspapers. His place has been taken by the "parlor" socialist who comes of American ancestry, shaves every day, and expresses his views in well-modulated tones and with due regard for the feelings of his audience. When he embraces Socialism, he does not necessarily hurl his gauntlet into the face of society. Ask him, and he will tell you that his quarrel is not with society at all, but with those who keep the social system from being as comfortable as it might be made. That the world can show many pleasant things even now, he won't deny; differing sharply in this respect from his predecessors of a few years ago, to whom even the prospect of nature was spoiled by the utter vileness of man. Today, some socialists find Palm Beach in February just the quiet sort of place for writing editorials on tuberculosis in the tenements. They will tell you frankly that they like Palm Beach, and that if only the entire American "proletariat" could come to Florida with them, their cup of happiness would be quite full. Their cup of happiness, as a rule, is of fine Dresden.

If one should charge the leaders of

Socialism with insincerity, it would be falling into the bad manners which socialists themselves are fast discarding. The most intelligent socialists, for instance, do not attack Mr. Rockefeller or Mr. Carnegie in person. The proper course now is not to hate them, but to be sorry for them. Mr. Rockefeller is as much the victim of the present insane social system as the unemployed workman at his gates. Present-day socialists accept things as they are to the extent that they can see how essentially weak is man and how powerful are the circumstances that shape him. They can understand why Mr. Rockefeller should like his ease. They can see why he should believe what he believes in. They have come to recognize that men are men first and capitalists, or socialists, afterwards. Hence a decided cheerfulness of tone about latter-day Socialism, with comprehension of the fact that, even in this poor world as it is, socialists have a good deal to enjoy and even something to learn.

We do not know how socialists amused themselves in earlier days, but the chances are that play was looked upon as somewhat inconsistent with true Marxian zeal. To-day the *International Socialist Review* of Chicago advertises an artistic pack of socialist playing cards on which John D. Rockefeller is the king of spades. He holds a sword labelled Profit and Interest in one hand and a University in the other. Across his breast runs the spirited verse:

I love to oil the college wheels
And grease the pulpit stairs
Where workmen learn to scorn the strike
And trust to Heaven and prayers.

The publishers are quite right in describing these cards as "just the thing to break new ground for socialistic propaganda." Shall there be no cakes and ale because Karl Marx once lived, no pinochle and skat and poker? "Get a workingman to read what is on these cards," say the publishers, "and he will be mighty likely to show some signs of intelligent discontent by the time he lays them down." Particularly if the other man holds all the socialist aces.

Whether there are socialist playing blocks on the market, we do not know. But there is no reason why socialist children should not build little labor exchanges and coöperative commonwealths on the floor, and improve their spelling at the same time. There is no telling how far back one could go.

Socialist infants might cut their first teeth on a rubber link from the chains that bind the workingmen, and nursery bottles might have blown into the glass, "This is the way capitalism drains the laborer." Going from fancy to fact, we might point out that so austere a spiritual socialist as John Spargo has condescended to write a story-book for children, which is entertaining as well as instructive. There is a chapter on Robert Owen, and there is another chapter headed "A Little Talk on Karl Marx." The socialist Sunday-schools are firmly established in New York, and their children's fête at Cooper Union recently was a high-spirited entertainment. It must be these Sunday-schools which make use of the "Socialist Primer," that has greatly stirred up the editor of *The Square Deal*.

Yet one only has to read the citations from the "Socialist Primer," printed in *The Square Deal*, to see how vain is the fear of its editor. Lesson V has a picture of a heavy representative of the predatory classes spurning a beggar. The text is:

Here is a man who begs. Why does he not go to work? He would, but he cannot get a job. Can he not go to work in a shop? No, for a fat man owns the shop. Can he go to work in a mine? No, for a fat man owns the mine. Can he go to work on the land? No, for a fat man owns the land. It is a great scheme! When the thin man can get work, he must work for the fat man. The thin man is poor. Is the fat man poor? The thin man makes the fat man rich. Would you like to be the thin man?

Who works for the fat man?

Who is a slave?

Now, we submit that this is miles away from the pike-staff and the bomb. Are society and the family really in danger of violent disruption at the hands of people whose sense of humor overflows even into their schoolrooms, who buy their children picture books, teach them socialist songs and dances, and are themselves fond of a quiet game of cards?

THE "QUARTERLY" CENTENARY.

Periodicals have their *fata*, as well as books, and time has brought about the hundredth year of the continuous existence of the *Quarterly Review*. Founded in 1809, as a Tory counterblast to the Whig *Edinburgh*, its influence for many years upon English politics and literature was undeniably great. With famous editors and still more famous

contributors, it made or marred the fortunes of many a public man and many a writer. If it has recently sunk from its high estate, this is doubtless due more to the changed habits of reading, and the consequent new conditions of successful publishing, than to any disastrous falling off in ability. It is not a little pathetic to see the *Quarterly* in these latter days endeavoring to assume its old rôle of arbiter of the fate of nations—as in its violent attacks upon Germany. To use an expression of one of its own founders, George Canning, this irresistibly gives the impression of "the contortions of the Sibyl without its inspiration."

As the ups and downs of political parties are, after all, of less significance, or, at all events, of less perennial interest, than the general intellectual movement expressed in letters and science, it is the historic place long held by the *Quarterly* in literary criticism which most prompts to comment. It early raised many questions of editorial and publishing ethics, or, at least, etiquette. The first editor, Gifford, was a valiant knight of the blue pencil. Inviting the ablest pens to contribute, he wreaked himself upon their manuscripts in a way to evoke groans from the authors. Southey, in particular, was subject to ruthless evisceration by Gifford. It may have been the poet laureate's unhappy experience that Byron had in mind, when he wrote, in "Don Juan," about his intention to

—defy

All other magazines of art or science,
Daily, or monthly, or three monthly,
for the reason that

—the Edinburgh Review and Quarterly
Treat a dissenting author very martyrly.

But this custom had its reverse. Some writers were permitted in the *Quarterly* to review their own books! Walter Scott was the best-known favorite, in this way, though his chief motive was to keep up the mystification about his authorship. Yet in his article about himself there were some passages of extreme laudation. This seems very strange, coming from the man whose "Journal" showed that he took the most hard-headed view of his own productions, receiving extravagant praise with ill grace and private grunts of "Nonsense!" But it is now explained that these highly flattering sentences were inserted in Scott's review by the editor, Gifford. This revelation relieves