

no more than that. Gwenda, the generous and the pure of heart, haplessly compassing her own and her lover's ruin, is the one figure which approaches tragic force.

Kent Knowles: Quahaug. By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

In this book, Mr. Lincoln has deserted his old friends, the sea breezes and the quaint folk of Cape Cod, and has wandered after strange gods—with somewhat questionable results. One is inclined to wonder why he has made England and the Continent the scene of his latest endeavors. The one distinctive figure in the book is Hephzibah, who is obviously reminiscent of the author's former work. The story deals with a writer of "red-blood" romances, who, because of his taciturn disposition, is called "Quahaug" by his neighbors, this appellation being the New England term for "clam." Hephzibah, Quahaug's elderly cousin, is a typical Yankee spinster, of the capable, common-sense type that Mr. Lincoln handles with success. Hephzibah idolizes Quahaug, and the plot centres around the trip they take abroad: the writer, in an effort to get out of the rut into which he has fallen, and Hephzibah, in search of an orphan niece whom she has never seen. The dénouement concerns the finding of this niece and ensuing complications.

Incredible Adventures. By Algernon Blackwood. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The tale of fancy or of supernatural horror, built upon abnormal psychology, which Mr. Blackwood has made his own peculiar field, and to which he brings imagination and a style that lacks only reserve force, here suffers mainly from a want of tangible structure. In long stories the defect of the author's materials is far more apparent than in short. All the narratives are told in the first person; in nearly all the key to the mystifying situation is in the hallucination or aberration of the teller's mind; in nearly all Mr. Blackwood is under the necessity of sustaining a prolonged suspense. There are, hence, whole consecutive pages where the attention wanders, and where eeriness is dissipated through sheer diluteness. Compression is so vital a necessity, in the short story of mystery, as to be atoned for only by complexity of plot. For the rest, the author is as ingenious as ever, as full of poetic fancies, and as refreshingly original in his treatment of the unseen world. One story is of a youth wanting in vitality, who recovers himself through an unusual experience; another is of a man hurt in the Alps and carried to a house on the site of an old château, where he relapses, in delirium, into some of the experiences of the château's inmates during the Napoleonic wars; a third, where the horror is exaggerated beyond good taste, is of the atmosphere of an old house, lived in by generations of damnation-preachers. Restraint would come to the author with more attention to dramatic outline.

The Gilded Chrysalis. By Gertrude Pahlow. New York: Duffield & Co.

If there is an American university town with such an academic personnel, such methods of discipline, and such social manners as are here alleged, it might conceivably tolerate a faculty wife like Cicely. It would regard as inherently charming, though discomposing, the fair newcomer, who in her bridal months runs her husband into debt, insults his friends, flirts with his pupils, and (most crucial test of all) alienates a prospective benefactor of the University. Cicely's creator evidently thinks her delightful though erring, and it may be that feminine readers will be found to share the opinion. To the rough male intelligence she is, to put it brutally, a disagreeable little cat in need of nothing so much as the broom-handle. Her escapades with an undergraduate whom she deliciously calls "Pancakes" and who with equal humor addresses her as "Nuts," though technically blameless, show her in top form. When the patient, not to say fatuous, husband finally turns, her deep love for him is suddenly revealed to her with her own unworthiness, and she runs away, having bestowed the traditional caresses upon his pillow and shooting-coat. That she comes back in due time, penitent and to be forgiven, goes without saying. The action is liberally decorated with that form of facetious dialogue known in knitting circles as "bright."

ORGANIZED LABOR IN AMERICA.

American Labor Unions. By Helen Marot. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25 net.

Helen Marot's book contains a good deal of information on labor organization generally as it exists in the United States and will be useful to those who have not already an intimate acquaintance with the subject. As she says in her preface, she has tried to interpret the nature and purpose of each of the principal organized groups, writing not as a critic nor as an advocate (though her own sympathies are plainly disclosed at times), but as an observer and reporter. She expressly disclaims speaking for any particular group or wing. In this sense her book is more or less impartial. Its peculiar value to the general reader is probably in just what the author argues for it, namely, its interpretative character. In her pages organized labor speaks for itself with more frankness than usual, and it is always important in any matter of this kind to apprehend (and comprehend) the point of view.

Three main groups are distinguished in the general body of organized labor in America: the American Federation of Labor, the railway brotherhoods, and the I. W. W. The American Federation stands for the general principle of partnership relations between labor and capital, and also for what may be called a community of labor interests, while the railway brotherhoods, accepting this principle of partnership, have adopted a thoroughly exclusive policy so far as other

labor interests are concerned and are not members of the Federation. The I. W. W. rejects *in toto* the notion of any partnership between labor and capital, and stands for complete economic revolution by dispossession of capital. It is in fact the simplest form of syndicalism. Besides these broad lines of distinction there is another, viz., that which divides the "craft union" from the "industrial" union. Broadly speaking, the latter form bears the same relation to the former that is borne by the "integrated" industry to the ordinary craft. The United Mine Workers (coal), the Western Federation of Miners (metals), and the Brewery Workers' Union are the principal examples of the "industrial" type: all three are members of the Federation. The author regards this type of union as more "sophisticated" than the craft union, and therefore better corresponding to present-day conditions.

In one sense, there is a radical difference between the "partnership" theory of labor organization and the syndicalist theory, but the description given of the point of view of organized labor—what, indeed, might be termed the soul of the labor movement today—makes it reasonably clear that in practice the entire movement is at the bottom revolutionary in tendency. This is stated in terms in the author's preface:

There is no question of rivalry between the reform movements and the labor unions . . . many movements of national scope operate without crossing. But the difference between labor's activity in its own behalf and the activity of others in labor's interest is not only a matter of results. Immediate results may be served in either case, but whenever labor attacks the evils which beset it, *new power is created* . . . no one doubts that measures for industrial betterment, as they are initiated by philanthropists or by capital and administered by experts or state officials, will make large contributions towards minimizing physical waste and disease in modern industry. It is indeed a movement for sanitation and conservation. Its full realization would give clean homes, healthy children, and efficient workers. But class-conscious labor wants much more. It wants citizenship in industry. It is no more willing to submit to the rule of the beneficent and efficient than were the American colonists willing to submit to the rule of the British Parliament. Labor would rather be free than clean. The reform movement is not co-extensive with democracy, but with bureaucracy. The labor unions are group efforts in the direction of democracy (pp. 8-10).

All through her discussion of matters like the boycott, sabotage, and violence the author makes it clear that between the existing order and organized labor there is an irrepressible conflict, although in her statements of the labor theory on these matters there is not the frankness of admission that characterizes the utterances of extremists of the type of Haywood. It is, however, probably fair to say that she regards as the final ethical test of these things the value that they have as tending to advance the interests of labor as such. Of violence, for instance, she says: "The conviction of union men is that violence does not meet the oc-

casion, not that the occasion does not justify it" (p. 198). Of the courts she says that "labor's particular quarrel with the courts is that they refuse to take motives into account or provocations for coercion; that courts are incompetent to distinguish between acts which are inspired by selfish interests and acts which result from efforts to settle issues of social significance . . ." etc. (pp. 181-2). All this may be regarded as the contribution of revolutionary Socialism to the labor movement in general. It may be that Helen Marot overstates the extent to which the revolutionary idea has permeated organized labor's consciousness, but there can be little doubt that it is in complete possession of its sub-consciousness. Because her book shows this more clearly than have the books of most other writers who are not professedly Socialist in their leanings, it is of especial interest.

SOCIETY AMONG DIPLOMATS.

The Sunny Side of Diplomatic Life, 1875-1912. By Lillie de Hegermann-Lindencrone. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$2 net.

A volume made up of extracts from the private correspondence of a clever woman, covering a period of thirty-seven years spent at various capitals, could hardly fail to be an interesting human document. This one will have a peculiar attraction for readers old enough to recall the career of the Miss Greenough, of Cambridge, Mass., who studied singing under Garcia, achieved a notable artistic success in Paris while living there with her first husband, Charles Moulton, and after his death married Johan de Hegermann-Lindencrone, of the Danish foreign service. The fragmentary record carries us from Minister Hegermann's first billet, at Washington towards the close of Grant's Administration, to Rome, Stockholm, Paris, and Berlin, where he reached the legal age of retirement. In the opinion of his wife, obviously, the sunny side of diplomatic life is its social side, and this lends itself readily to the gossip method of her letters.

As a music-lover, Mme. Hegermann naturally found most enjoyment in her stay at the Italian court under the reign of King Humbert. Queen Margherita was a devoted amateur in music, and used to sing duets with her. Here, too, she met many musical geniuses, including Verdi, who struck her as abnormally self-contained, and whose "very interesting face with burning eyes" surprised her by not glowing perceptibly when she told him how much the Queen admired his operas. Another visitor was Liszt, tirelessly watched over by an unseen and unnamed guardian angel of the gentler sex, who saw to it that he should not be allowed to sit in a draught, or smoke too strong a cigar, or drink any but weak coffee lest it interfere with his sleep. An old acquaintance was renewed with Massenet, whom Mme. Hegermann had helped in his days of penniless obscurity by paying him five francs an hour for copying manuscript, but

whom all the fashionable world was now paying twenty francs for the privilege of merely looking at him.

We are treated to a touching story of Mascagni and the first production of his "Cavalleria." The audience, having had no foretaste of the work and knowing nothing of its source, were enchanted with the overture and grew more and more enthusiastic as the performance proceeded, presently calling in excited tones for the author. Mascagni was pushed forward from the wings, evidently against his will, shabbily attired in an old gray suit with the trousers turned up, just as he had come in from the street. His hair was long and unkempt, and his unwashed face haggard from starvation. He was but twenty years old, and with his girl-wife and baby had been living in a garret without money enough to buy a candle, and with no instrument but an accordion on which to work out his score. His awkward bows seemed to arouse his audience still further, so that they rose with a bound and cheered vociferously, their delight bursting all restraints when the intermezzo was played, and compelling him to come before the curtain at least twenty times. "Any other composer," writes our sympathetic witness, "would have beamed all over with joy and pride at such an ovation, but Mascagni only looked shy and bewildered. The tears rolled down my cheeks as I looked at the poor young fellow, who probably that very morning was wondering how he could provide food for his wife and baby."

Among the literary celebrities drawn to Rome about this time were Ibsen and the romancer best known by her pen-name, Ouida. Ibsen, "with his lion face and tangle of hair," his piercing, critical eyes looking forth from under bushy brows, and "his cruel, satirical smile," made a rather disagreeable impression on Mme. Hegermann; he did not like music, and did not disguise his dislike, so that his presence at studio teas where music formed a part of the entertainment took all the spirit out of the performers. Ouida struck her as somewhat of a *poseuse*. "She was dressed with a lofty disregard of Roman climate," wearing a gown "open at the throat, with short sleeves, and the thinnest of shoes and stockings, which she managed to show more than was quite necessary. She spoke in an affected voice, and looked about her continually, as if people were watching her and taking notes."

Not all the interesting figures in this Roman panorama were musicians or writers. One was the then youthful Kaiser Wilhelm II, just raised to the throne by the death of his father, and now making a round of friendly visits to his brother sovereigns. Our author found him a genial soul, with a sporting spirit which stood the test well when the German Minister—a happy bachelor with no talent for housekeeping—put him up at the legation in a room which boasted neither soap-dish nor towel. In a later period Mme. Hegermann saw a good deal of him at Berlin, where he continued to

please her by his preference for speaking English, and by such evidences of a cheerful temper as his endurance of an underbred American woman who volunteered her advice that he ingratiate himself with the French people by giving Alsace-Lorraine back to them! He had, we are told, "a way of fixing those discerning gray eyes on you when he talks, and you have the feeling that he is sifting and weighing you in his mind; and when he smiles his face lights up with humor and interest. You feel as if a life-buoy were keeping you afloat." Theodore Roosevelt came to Berlin while the Hegermanns were there. The Kaiser "was charmed with him, just as Mr. Roosevelt was charmed with the Kaiser." There is a familiar note in the account of the reception given in honor of the ex-President at the American Embassy, where he "was most amiable. He greeted people with a cordiality which bordered on *épanchement*, giving their hands a shaking the like of which they had never had before." He "smiled kindly at the guests as they poured in and out of the salon. It was about all the guests did—pour in and pour out."

Intimate pictures of the domestic life of several royalties are sprinkled through the book. The pleasantest, perhaps, is the glimpse we get of King Christian IX of Denmark, known to an earlier generation as "the grand-papa of Europe," and his good Queen Louise. Albeit the King tried to excuse himself by pleading a twinge of lumbago when the Queen first sent for him to come and meet Mme. Hegermann, he soon fell so under the fascination of her singing that he took down a life-size oil portrait of himself which had long hung on the wall of his room, and brought it to her in his arms, dust and all, to beg her acceptance of it as a souvenir. The old gentleman even waltzed with her. Not less appreciative, but more labored in his way of expressing his sentiment, she found King Oscar during her sojourn in Stockholm. He appears to have been fond of singing himself, as well as of listening to other experts in the art; and when he had notified her of his intention to come and sing for her, and she had had her piano especially tuned for the occasion, what was her surprise to see a van draw up at her door and discharge his Majesty's private piano! The mystery was explained when she discovered that this instrument had a shift-apparatus by which one could "lower the whole keyboard by half-tones, so that a baritone could masquerade as a tenor . . . and no one would be the wiser."

The simplicity of high official life in the Washington of the 'seventies, by comparison with the ceremoniousness of foreign capitals, is illustrated by an account of Minister Hegermann's presentation to President Grant. Attired in his red gala uniform, with all his decorations, he drove to the White House, and mounted the steps with his written speech, nicely folded, in his hand. Instead of being received at the door by a bevy of gorgeous chamberlains, he found there a negro, who, on seeing him, hurriedly