ernmental agency with definite national aims, as in Germany, or without a powerful and concentrated will for betterment residing in some class. So far our progress has been based on a rapidly increasing wealth which it was inevitable that a large part of society should share, rather than upon any definite social purpose. If the American people did not seize upon every opportunity to repudiate decisively the parties of broad social purpose, one would be less skeptical of our genius for the reconstructing endeavor which Mr. Eldridge outlines. R. S. B.

Out of Work

Out of Work: A Study of Unemployment, by Frances A. Kellor. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

TIME was when starvation was a personal matter. The lowly sat by the roadside and perished lingeringly of want, while the great drove by in their chariots, indifferent, or with mildly melancholy reflections upon human fate. To-day starvation is a social matter. The disinherited must find jobs, and jobs must find willing seekers, or the whole of society will languish. Satisfactory employment conditions are the fundamental premise of our prosperity.

What are we, as a people, doing to insure the establishment of satisfactory conditions of employment? We are resting our faith, for the most part, in the ability of the laborer to find work for himself, or in the possibility that private enterprise may secure an honest profit in mediating between the seekers after work and the opportunities for employment. The principle of *laissez-faire* works well enough in the market for bread and meat—why not in the labor market? Present conditions, however, suggest that there must be a difference. Because of a war conducted on the other side of the ocean, two millions of our own working men, it is said, are unemployed. Scarcely any commodity market is in parallel case.

Two million men, more or less, unemployed. Let it be admitted that this is just a guess. Guesses are our chief source of information on this vital business of unemployment. Our decennial censuses provide for inquiries on the question, but the data for 1910 have been left uncompiled, on the grounds of economy. Possibly there were better grounds, for an incidental inquiry in a census schedule is not well calculated to give the information we require.

But if we cannot know the extent of unemployment, even in normal times, it behooves us none the less to try to gain an insight into its causes and significance, and into the means at hand to abate the evil. For this purpose there is no better book available than Miss Frances Kellor's "Out of Work," now republished in an ample revision. Read with imagination, the book presents the vast problem of America as it appears to the seeker after work, often with quite inadequate mental equipment to place himself satisfactorily. Ours is a land of magnificent distances to the enthusiastic middle-class patriot; of heartbreaking journeyings to the unskilled laborer, for whom employment appears, now on construction work in the southern Appalachians, now in the harvest fields of the Northwest, now in the bleak cañons of the Rockies, and too often at the end of the rainbow. We are a people of spasmodic tastes and fluctuating purchasing intentions, prone to drive our workers to death at one season and to spurn their services at another. Were our laboring population according to variations in local and seasonal demands would still be difficult. But we have usually a million or more of immigrants who have been in the country a year or less, and certainly four or five millions who are far from being in perfect adjustment to their environment. Accordingly it is plain that we need the best industrial statesmanship in the world, and we appear to have the worst. Germany, standing against half the world, her supplies of materials cut off, her markets demoralized or destroyed, is experiencing far less industrial distress than we, whose only problem is to divert our industry from one channel to another.

The problem of securing employment is too complicated to be solved without organization. For the laborer himself to go from shop to shop inquiring for work is shameful waste of time and energy. It was inevitable that a body of intermediaries, the employment agencies, should spring into being. But the honest profits of the business have never been such as to attract an adequate number of efficient business men to the field. And so this important work has fallen into the hands of persons of small means, who conduct employment agencies in connection with boarding-houses, petty trading enterprises or saloons, or into the hands of more or less predatory persons who supplement their legitimate earnings through unscrupulous exploitation of the seeker after work or of the employer. There are, to be sure, efficient and honest employment agencies, but they labor under the severe handicap of lack of cooperative organization. A thousand employment agencies operating independently in New York result in the sending of dozens, sometimes of hundreds of applicants to a single job, with all the waste and discouragement this implies. The corrupt and predatory agency is only slightly curbed by existing public regulation. There are few states in which one cannot open an office, accept registration fees from unfortunate workingmen, and give absolutely nothing in return but false promises. There are probably no large cities free from agencies that send workers, under exaggerated representations as to earnings, into remote mining or construction camps where they will be mercilessly driven and exploited.

The trade in immigrants is perhaps the most scandalous part of this sorry business. What an awakening there is for thousands of the young men and women landing from the immigrant ships, their heads crammed with sentimental dreams of the promise of America! To quote Miss Kellor, "America is getting a bad name. It is no longer the country with streets paved with gold, but the land where men are driven with whip, lash and gun, and housed with vermin and rats." Anyone who has given sympathetic attention to the position of the immigrant in America will listen with a sardonic smile to the conventional grave discourses on the criminality of the immigrants. The crimes of the immigrant against America are serious enough, but the crimes of America against the immigrants? Think of our organized devices for robbing them of the little money they bring with them; for selling their young men into virtual peonage and their young women into the brothels—crimes for which nobody is ever even indicted. And the root of the evil is our failure to grapple with the employment situation.

Let it not be inferred that Miss Kellor treats our handling of the employment problem in a spirit of destructive criticism. She portrays conditions with a calmness which one would not expect to find in a writer possessed of her vast store of real experience in the field. But Miss Kellor

heart of her work is the chapter on "A Program for America." This consists of two parts, a temporary plan for dealing with emergencies—like the present—to provide relief for those already unemployed, and a permanent plan for the prevention of unemployment. Both plans are national in scope, but call also for cooperation of the local governments and private bodies. The emergency plan involves the establishment of employment bureaus, the institution of public works, and the settlement of unemployed workers on the public lands. The permanent plan includes the careful collection of information, for the whole country, relative to the resources for employment and the supply of labor; it further includes a national system of labor exchanges, the control of industries with a view to mitigating the tendency toward seasonal concentration of employment, vocational guidance and industrial training. On the question of unemployment insurance Miss Kellor is conservative; she does not reject the principle, but she does not appear to repose great confidence in it.

There are few who would not agree that Miss Kellor's proposals are sound, and, if realized in permanent institutions, would go far toward coping with the evils of unemployment. Doubtless we shall find that there are still other resources that might be made available for the purpose, once we have fully made up our minds to accept the fact that unemployment is essentially a matter of social and national concern.

ALVIN S. JOHNSON.

The War at First Hand

Paths of Glory, by Irvin S. Cobb. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50 net.

On Five Fronts in the War, by Robert Dunn. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.25 net.

Fighting in Flanders, by E. Alexander Powell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00 net.

In a Moment of Time, by Reginald Wright Kauffman. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. $1.00 net.

Russia and the World, by Stephen Graham. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00 net.

From the Trenches (Louvain to the Aisne), by Geoffrey Young. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.00 net.

WE all knew the war could not happen. It could. We all knew that the war correspondent had passed away. He has not. On every side, irrepressible, he has seen most of the great war; has made the old-fashioned dash through fire to get the wire with the news; has dined with field-marshals and stolen cabbage with rookies; has been photographed in the old war-worn, fearless pose. He is the dashing romantic figure of this tragic war. Out of the deluge he has come through with vivid, remarkable impressions, such first-hand impressions of war as have probably never been captured before. And, above everything else—here is his considerable importance—he agrees that this war of hate is nothing but nasty nonsense. He has said this with most force of all.

To quote "From the Trenches," by Mr. Geoffrey Young: "Afterwards, there must be no sentimentalizing over the glitter; no wilful blindness when, the cloud cleared away, the light of sanity falls again upon the nakedness of its inhuman mechanism, the hideous squalor and vulgarity of its monstrous destructiveness. . . . We have chosen war, and must f[illegible]

So much from Young, the Englishman. So much, too, in the very title of Cobb's "Paths of Glory."

It is no news to us that the hate war is a delirium. But these books so wonderfully illustrate its delirium that they may be remembered when we get our own armor and stretch our own sinews. Let parents read them, and when they purchase bright little tin soldiers next Christmas, add to them the other accoutrements of modern war, as shown forth in these books; add a few men without faces and women without homes, and an inescapable stench of human flesh.

For incisive observation, intense realization of what they observed, and neutrality in judgment, it is hard to choose between Irvin Cobb's "Paths of Glory" and Robert Dunn's "On Five Fronts." But the choice leans to Cobb. Odd, perhaps, that one of America's funny men should write the best war correspondent's book, yet "Paths of Glory" is unsurpassed, not alone because of its rich material, but especially because of its moving style. Cobb reached deep down into human nature. Not only has he given the color of the picture, the long marches, the firing-line, the hospital, and the off-duty periods, but he has done that far more difficult task of bringing out all that war means to the many kinds of men engaged in it. In his vastly varied experiences he is able, now by a deft touch of anecdote, now by a gentle flash of quaint humor, to show the psychological reaction on the professional fighting man, the unimaginative recruit, the stunned peasant, the wounded and the dying. It is far and away the book best suited to transplant us to the other side and give us the regular every-day feeling of the war.

From the invasion of Belgium Cobb passes to his stay as the semi-prisoner of the Germans. We see the Prussian machine from the fly-wheel. No other of these books gives one such a definite ground for suspecting that perhaps the Germans are, after all, quite human; very much like the Germans one has known in the United States; very much like the English in the poor, bewildered, efficient, clever, determined plunge into the war which they made lest they should have to plunge into war. Cobb finds the hate war unutterable in its horror, but he does not find the Germans horror-makers. He seems to feel that a man killed by an English bullet is as dead as a man killed by a German bullet. And therein is the value of his book for us, who may gaze upon the fighting Europeans and say, "There, but for the grace of the Atlantic, goes Uncle Sam."

Robert Dunn's title, "On Five Fronts in the War," hints at the fact that probably no correspondent has seen the war so widely as he. With the English in France—from Mons to the Marne; with the Austrians in Galicia—in the Carpathians, at Przemysl; in Flanders with the Germans, in Bukovina with the Russians, finally in Servia, he has gone with such a power of seeing little, significant, heart-breaking things as equals even Mr. Cobb's. Only Mr. Dunn is young. He has pride. These innumerable tragedies he has witnessed do not hurt him as they hurt the simpler man.

"Fighting in Flanders," by E. Alexander Powell, geographer and diplomat, is a lucid and exciting chronicle of the German raid into Belgium, of the terror of Antwerp's bombardment, of how the Belgians, the Americans, the British, all the peoples involved, comported themselves. It is a smoother narrative than the book by Mr. Dunn. It appeals more to the romantic lovers of motor-cars, dashes by night, swords out and at the Uhlan raiders