

## Books and Authors

### The Eight-Hour Day<sup>1</sup>

The two most important books of the year bearing upon a current economic question both relate to the short-hour movement. John Rae, the author of "Contemporary Socialism," and Professor Brentano, of Leipsic, the author of the great work on Guilds, have both given to this question a most painstaking examination, have both reached identical conclusions, and have both embodied them in volumes attractive to the general reader. Each of these investigators has studied the eight-hour movement historically. Wherever hours have been shortened they have studied the effect upon wages, upon the cost of production, and upon the men themselves. They find that in every nation the shortening of the hours of labor has been followed within a few years, if not a few months, by a positive increase in the amount of work done. A part of this increase in production has, indeed, been due to the fact that capitalists have introduced better machinery in order to economize labor; another part of it has been due to the fact that in the past shorter hours for labor have meant fewer stoppings of the machinery for meals; but chiefly the gain has been due to the fact that the workmen have worked with greater strenuousness and less listlessness. The mental change produced has perhaps in the long run been more important than the physical. The workmen have required less superintendence, been able to handle better machinery, and turned out better work. Both of these investigators find that wherever work is hard more has been done by the same number of hands each year when they have worked ten hours than when they have worked thirteen; when they have worked nine than when they have worked ten; when they have worked eight than when they have worked nine. The gain from the last change is of course less than from those preceding, and neither writer imagines that the reductions can be kept up indefinitely. The maximum production is apparently reached in each trade when the hours are such that the workman can always be at his best and become continually stronger by reason of his work. In other words, the hours which result in the best men will result in the most work. So convinced are both Mr. Rae and Professor Brentano that the shortening of hours has thus far always meant an increase of production that both dismiss as utterly untenable the plea that shorter hours will give employment to the unemployed. The historical evidence upon which they base these conclusions cannot be given in the limits of this review, and the reader is strongly urged to read at least one of the volumes. Professor Brentano's work is the shorter (without its appendices only seventy-seven pages), and is not less comprehensive, so far as Europe or the United States is concerned, but Mr. Rae's has the merit of describing at length the short-hour movement in Australia. The style of both volumes is so attractive, the spirit of the investigations so truth-loving, and the statement of conclusions so judicial that the volumes must have the very greatest influence in extending the eight-hour movement.



*A Corner of Cathay* is the attractive title of a pleasant book by Adele M. Fielde. (Macmillan & Co., New York.) The volume consists of a collection of studies made during a residence of fifteen years, chiefly at Swatow, in the "corner" of Kwangtung. The illustrations, done by native artists, and colored as only the Chinese know how, make an immediate impression and are of no inconsiderable value. Both paper and print are excellent. The distinctive feature of the book lies in its information regarding Chinese customs and society. We read of farm life, household economy, marriage laws, mortuary customs, babies and children, schools and schooling, lawsuits, fables and superstitions, Confucianists and Taoists. Of all these subjects this last is perhaps the one on which there is the most ignorance. The teachings of Laou-Tze, which have become the theosophy of

<sup>1</sup>*Eight Hours for Work.* By John Rae, M.A. Macmillan & Co., New York. *Hours, Wages, and Production.* By Lujo Brentano. Translated by Mrs. William Arnold. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

China, are not so familiar as are those of his greater contemporary, Confucius. Laou-Tze was a hermit rather than a philosopher. He was abstruse and abstract where Confucius was clear and practical. Though he taught no supernaturalism, he founded a system of superstition, the other sage a system of ethics. Taoist priests are allowed to marry; they are supposed to have powers of clairvoyance and to know future events, while the pope checks and directs the demons of the nether regions. So wonderful an influence have these priests and necromancers obtained that Confucianists and Buddhists as well are subject to their craft, and there are few doors upon which Taoist amulets or charms are not affixed. But it is in the depicting of household affairs that our author is at her best. Her descriptions are both interesting and instructive; for instance:

As the changes of fashion in dress are but slight, a man or woman may, without being out of the style, wear any garment a lifetime. A fixed fashion saves all the wear and tear of nerve incident to cutting by new patterns, and all reckoning as to the amount of cloth required. The only measurements necessary for fitting any individual are, for a tunic, from the center of the chest to the wrist, and from the neck to the knees. For a pair of trousers or a kirtle, simply the length from hip to ankle is taken. The wearer may grow thinner or stouter without remodeling the garments. This permits one to get costly raiment, and then to lay it away and to maintain for many succeeding years that peace of mind which accompanies a consciousness of being prepared for all social emergencies. It encourages exquisite weaving and rich embroidery, because it allows the possessor of beautiful and costly robes to leave them as useful heirlooms. Women whose fashions in clothing are permanent are morally justified in arraying themselves, as do Chinese ladies, in works of true and high art. . . . Phlegm, persistence, and frugality account for all possessions. If a man has a wife, two children, and no vicious habits, and works all day for the support of his family, he can scarcely keep the wolf from the door. No one without an income from capital dares marry. The expenses of a household having only the necessities of life, as is the case in almost all Chinese families, would, for a man, his wife, and two children, be about as follows: rent for one room, two dollars a year; decent clothing, made by the wife, twelve dollars a year; food, cooked by the wife, thirty-six dollars a year. As the wages of a laboring man on a farm, in portage, or in any work below that of an artisan, are but ten cents a day, it would take five hundred days' work to pay the outlays of the year. The possession of a bit of land, or an income from rents, is therefore deemed essential to the existence of every family. An artisan, whose wages are twice those of the unskilled laborer, could barely support his family. As only the simplest and rudest machinery is used either in arts or agriculture, the time required for production makes everything intrinsically costly. The tiny light given by a bulrush pith in a saucer of peanut oil costs the Chinese laborer only one-tenth of a cent an hour; but that represents one hundredth part of a day's earnings. The food eaten by the laborer costs on the average but five cents a day, but that is one-half his day's wage, and so his plain boiled rice, salt fish, and pickled cabbage take half his time in the earning. His clothing, all woven and made by hand, costs him only six dollars a year, but that is sixty days' wages. The farmer's floorless and ceilingless house can be built for three hundred dollars, but this is as much as he could earn in ten years. . . . He is saved from extinction by making the utmost possible use of his material; he is saved from envy by being as well off as his neighbors. He suffers because he never invents, and he is lonely because he always works for personal and not general good.

A very suggestive literary study is *Repetition and Parallelism in English Verse*, by Professor C. A. Smith, of the Louisiana State University. Those who have not made a careful study of the matter do not realize how very largely the charm of a good deal of verse depends upon the skillful use of parallelism or repetition. One must go back a long way in the history of poetry to discover the earliest uses of both repetition and parallelism. The Sicilian poets understood them quite as thoroughly as did the old English poets. They are especially noticeable in ballad literature, and in modern times very much of the peculiar melody of the verse of Coleridge, Tennyson, Swinburne, Beaudelaire, and Poe have depended upon their use. Longfellow's "Hiawatha," based on the finished epic "Kalevala," is a striking illustration of the power both of repetition and parallelism. Professor Smith has very clearly brought out the influence of these two uses of words, and has illustrated that influence by a great variety of examples drawn from many sources. The most suggestive part of his book is his treatment of Poe, which is both fresh and sane. After pointing out how much Poe depended upon repetition, either partial or complete, how constantly he uses it, and what marvelous effects he gets out of it, he declares that Poe must be regarded as a writer of that class of ballads in which the mysterious forms the essential element, and that his work must be viewed as a continuation of the ballad revival which was signalized by the appearance of "The Ancient Mariner." It is from this standpoint that he approaches Poe, and from this standpoint he declares Poe must be judged. Poe's range is far narrower than that of Tennyson or even of Longfellow, and his verse is thinner; but in mastery of the sensuous effects which are to be found in color, form, and sound, he is to be classed with Bürger, Coleridge, and Goethe. Professor Smith also devotes an interesting chapter to Swinburne, whose constant use of both repetition and parallelism he illustrates by a great variety of examples from his verse, and makes an excellent suggestion when he says that when Mr. Stedman calls Swinburne a born tamer of words, he is not quite accurate, for Swinburne's vocabulary is by no means a large one. It is rather limited. "Swinburne is not a tamer of words, but of sounds."

Altogether this little book is very suggestive. (University Publishing Company, New York.)

The book of poems called *Narragansett Ballads*, by Caroline Hazard (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston), is full of Rhode Island history, related in ringing lines. "The Great Swamp Fight" of 1675 is the *pièce de résistance*, but "The Crying Boy," "Peakèd Rock," "Pettaquamscut Marsh," "Dorothy's Hollow," "Hanna's Hill," "The Fortune-Teller," "The Chase of the Orphans," "Rowland Robinson's Repentance," and other poems tell of Narragansett doings in colonial and war times. Though their form is not always so admirable as their spirit, the string of songs and lyrics in the last half of the book has real worth. We quote the lines on "The Closed Gate" at Santa Barbara, California:

Beside the Mission wall the highway runs  
The horsemen gayly pass it every day,  
And children stop beneath its shade to play,  
Brown-faced from tropic sun.  
And just beyond the shady sycamore  
There is a sudden angle in the wall,  
With pediment, and cross to crown it all,  
Above a fast-closed door.  
Without, the stir of life; within, the gloom  
Of solemn cypress, with its somber green,  
And tender weeping willows can be seen,  
That grow above the tomb.  
The wall is high and strong; the gate closed fast;  
The masonry shows white against the moss;  
And over all still stands the stone carved cross,  
To tell us of the past.  
Thou fast-closed gate of death—or of new life,  
We knock in vain; immovable thou art;  
In vain the clamor of a breaking heart,  
In vain our eager strife.  
But for each one sometime thy fast-closed door  
Will open softly; all shall see that day;  
Beneath thy cross-crowned arch, there lies the way  
To life forevermore.

*Across Asia on a Bicycle*, by Messrs. Allen and Sachtleben (The Century Company, New York), is one of the most entertaining as well as one of the most unusual books of travel. The day after these young men were graduated at the Washington University, St. Louis, they left for New York, thence sailing for Liverpool. About three years afterward they rolled into New York on their wheels, having "put a girdle round the earth," and having "bicycled" over fifteen thousand miles. The route from Liverpool lay across England and France to Marseilles and along the Riviera into Italy. The winter was spent at Athens. The Asiatic journey began at Constantinople, the travelers proceeding through Asia Minor by way of Ismid, Angora, Kaiserieh, Sivas, Erzerum, and Bayazid. They ascended Mount Ararat. Their route through Persia included Tabriz, Teheran, and Meshed; and in Turkestan, Askabad, Merv, Bokhara, Samarkand, and Tashkend. At this last-named place the second winter was spent. The Chinese route lay through Kuldja, Manas, Urumtsi, Barkut, Hami, across the Gobi Desert to Suchau, and thence to Kanchau, Lanchanfoo, Singan, Peking, and Tientsin. In view of the present war, the conversation with Li Hung Chang, the Chinese Prime Minister, and the authors' description of his appearance and manner, are perhaps the most interesting narration. But there is not a dull page in the book.

On the four hundredth anniversary of Luther's birth, Gustav Freytag was asked to publish separately those chapters in his "Bilder aus der deutschen Vergangenheit" which have to do with the great reformer. *Doktor Luther* was the result. This volume has now been edited, with introduction and notes, by Dr. F. P. Goodrich, Professor of German in Williams College, and published by Messrs. Ginn & Co., Boston. The notes are of special value, and are models of clearness, the shades of meaning in German words being set forth with an emphasis sure to make a corresponding impact on the mind. The little book is a welcome one, not only on account of this admirable text-elucidation, but as offering an attractive sketch of Luther to those who might shrink from the long volumes of Fisher, Seeböhm, Köstlin, and Kolden.

Mr. Marion Crawford's *Love in Idleness*, which the publishers (Macmillan & Co., New York) have printed in such large type that at first it might be mistaken for a child's book, is called "A Tale of Bar Harbor." The story might well be entitled "A Dialogue at Bar Harbor," for of dialogue there is over-plenty, and of incident there is but a bit crowded into corners and crannies here and there. That is not saying that the dialogue is not good. It is, indeed, very good, and we are obliged to Mr. Crawford for some capital sea-sketches. It must be said, however, that he succeeds better on larger canvases. None of

the characters in this little book impress one as likely to live long. The volume is interestingly illustrated and is tastefully made.

*Chronological Outlines of American Literature*, by Mr. Seldon L. Whitcomb, is a companion volume to a similar work covering English literature. The latter book, Mr. Ryland's "Chronological Outlines of English Literature," was published four years ago, and has proved so serviceable in many ways that a kindred treatment of our own literature seemed not only desirable, but almost imperative. The work has been undertaken by a Fellow in Literature of Columbia College, who has modeled his book closely upon Mr. Ryland's, with such modifications as the use of that book has suggested. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)



## Literary Notes

—A certain poet once complained to Mr. Oscar Wilde that "There is a conspiracy of silence against my book. What would you do about it if you were I?" "Join it," was the answer.

—Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave, as Professor of Poetry at Oxford, announces the following subject for a forthcoming lecture: "Certain Recent English Poets, Deceased, who have Failed to Obtain Due Honor."

—M. Antoine's company from the Paris Théâtre Libre has produced Théodore de Banville's "Baiser" and Brieux's "Blanchette" in Berlin—the first time since 1870 when a French play in the original has been produced in the German capital.

—It is said that Ian Maclaren is only a pseudonym, and that this writer's real name is John Watson, the pastor of the Sefton Park Presbyterian Church, Liverpool. The author's first book of collected stories, "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush," is now announced by Dodd, Mead & Co.

—It is announced that Lord Roberts, of Kandahar, is shortly to give to the public his reminiscences of over forty years in India, the story of a subaltern's rise to the proudest position in the service. Readers will eagerly look forward to what will undoubtedly be the authoritative work on the Indian mutinies and wars, the siege of Delhi, the relief of Lucknow, the expedition to the west, and the march to Kandahar.

—Professor James Darmesteter, whose death has been announced, was still a young man, having been born in 1849. He was educated in Paris at the Lycée Bonaparte, where he took the *prix d'honneur*. In 1877 he was appointed Assistant Professor of Zend at the École des Hautes Études, and in 1885 Professor of Persian at the Collège de France. He had published a number of learned works on the mythology of the Avesta, on Persian literature, and on the Afghans.

—The fifth of November will be the four hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Hans Sachs, Nuremberg's famous shoemaker, poet, and mastersinger. The day will be celebrated, not only by the historians of literature—who find Hans Sachs the most remarkable of German poets in the sixteenth century—but also by the shoemakers, both men and women, in all Germany and Austria, who are making great preparations to do honor to him who has now become almost their patron saint.

—Herr Paul Lindau has been appointed Intendant of the Ducal Theater at Meiningen, perhaps the most famous playhouse in the world in the presentation of the classic drama. The present Duke has always had a keen interest in his theater company, and has done much towards the genuine popularizing of Shakespeare and Schiller by insisting on the accurate historical treatment for which "Die Meininger" are justly celebrated. As poet, dramatist, critic, and journalist Herr Lindau holds high rank. Perhaps the best known of his plays is "Mary Magdalen," which was first produced in 1872.

—A correspondent of the London "Literary World" thus writes concerning two most conceited men:

I was once present at a literary reception at which Mr. Whistler and Mr. Oscar Wilde were the lions for the afternoon. Unfortunately, the lions came too early, when the few previous arrivals were altogether too insignificant to be introduced to them. So they had to talk to each other. It was on a very warm Sunday afternoon in the season, and Mr. Whistler, by the by, was wearing a white "duck" waistcoat and trousers, and a fabulously long frock-coat, made, I think, of black alpaca, and carrying a brass-tipped stick about four feet long in his right hand, and a wonderful new paint-box, of which he was proud, under his left arm. Neither of the lions took any notice of what the other said. Finally Mr. Wilde, who had spent the previous summer in America, began: "Jimmy, this time last year, when I was in New York, all we men were carrying fans: it should be done here." Instead of replying, Mr. Whistler observed that he had just returned from Paris, and that he always came by the Dieppe route, because it gave you so much longer for painting sea effects. Whether Oscar thought he was going to have an opportunity of scoring or what, he was tempted to break through the contempt with which he had treated Mr. Whistler's other remarks. "And how many did you paint in four hours, Jimmy?" he asked, with his most magnificent air of patronage. "I'm not sure," said the irrepressible Jimmy, quite gravely, "but I think four or five hundred."

[For list of Books Received see page 765]