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[GRATIS.]

REVIEWS.

The Prince of Destiny. By Sarath Kuma Ghosh. (Rebman. 6s.)

The "Prince of Destiny" is a fascinating statement of the problem of the unrest of India by an Indian who is at once a poet and a widely-read writer. The book falls into three parts. The first presents a glowing picture of India, the land of poetry, philosophy, romance, and mysticism. Herein is born Barath, the New Krishna, to whom the Gods have entrusted the task of solving the great question. The second picture brings the dull respectability of England before you and reveals India in the person of her chosen son receiving the key to the solution of India's misfortunes from no less a person than Francis Thompson, the poet. Truly a fine idea this of a starving and neglected English poet handing to India the key to its own destiny. Thompson imports into the story much that is saddening in English life, and his death is made the plea for a poetic translation into English of Sakuntala as a means of revealing the true India to England. The third picture is of India's deep conservatism and India under the tyranny of English political and economical rule; and Barath, whose heart has been touched by English kindness, is seen refusing "to accept his highest destiny as the New Krishna." The union of the hero with an Englishwoman would seem to be symbolical, expressing the theme of the book that the English should learn to see India, not only with an English eye, but with the eye of an Indian. England must learn to respect Buddha's ashes, for "Buddha's ashes are India's greatest asset—and Britain as India's trustee will have perjured her honour if she barter them away." From what we know of Britain she is not prepared, nor will be, for many a long day, to respect anyone's sacred ashes, and the physical force revolution will take place in India in spite of the author's belief and prayers to the contrary. However, his book affords a clear insight into the spiritual, moral, social, and economic leanings and longings of the real India, and it is charged with that gorgeous colour which alone belongs to the land of Buddha and the Mahatmas. A remarkable book.

Lola Montez. By E. B. d'Auvergne. (Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d. net.)

This is a most exhaustive study of the famous adventuress of the forties. The story of the physically courageous and beautiful woman, so shockingly bad as a dancer, is sympathetically told. She is neither blackened nor whitewashed. It is very evident, however, that Mr. d'Auvergne's research into his heroine's history has ranged him on the side of her admirers. From early childhood almost to the day of her death Lola Montez's life was a battle. And it would puzzle most readers of this volume to decide whether she won or lost. Her triumphs were all stiffly fought for, and when gained of short duration; and she ended her days as a most abased penitent. We are sometimes driven to speculate whether the Gospel tale of Mary Magdalen was not directly responsible for the creation of this type of courtesan. If so, they who have reflected, who are the images of the saint, yet seem sufficiently poor imitations. There are few converted "brands" whose regeneration does not disgust more than their sinfulness. The conversion of Lola Montez was the vulgar episode of her career. The author has exercised much restraint in his analysis of the probable state of Lola's heart, and has left her

diary to tell its own story. The rather maundering lamentations and prayers seem to us not significant of any true spirituality, and we do not hesitate on the evidence before us to give our opinion of this heroine as a woman of very inferior mental calibre to whom the loss of beauty and power left no resource save chapel and Dr. Hanks, the pastor professing himself "anxious to probe her heart to the bottom."

The Book of Friendship. Essays, Poems, Maxims, and Prose Passages. Arranged by Arthur Ransome. (Jack. 6s.)

Says Mr. Ransome, "Most anthologies consist entirely of loose passages torn entirely from their context. The feature of 'The Book of Friendship' is that it contains complete essays and complete poems wherever such are truly pertaining to the subject." To this aim of completeness are doubtless due many important omissions. We feel it is for this reason alone, and not from any lack of knowledge of his subject or thoroughness that the author makes no reference to the Greek attachment of Achilles and Patroclus, which he might have used as a parallel to the friendship of David and Jonathan. Then there is no mention Helen's feeling towards Hector, nor of the friendship of Hercules and Hylas, and most remarkable of all there is nothing from the "Phædrus" and "Symposium" of Plato wherein the expression of men's friendship reaches ecstasy. Gladstone's magnificent article on Hallam, a tribute to friendship inspired by loss; the correspondence of Goethe and Schiller, of Carlyle and Emerson; Tennyson's "In Memoriam": all these might have been drawn upon. Then again Mr. Ransome has given us no example of friendship between superior and inferior such as the fidelity of Eumæus in the *Odyssey*; the attachment of Abraham's faithful servant; of the Syrian Naaman's captive maiden. We may note too that the author's attempt to maintain an archaic atmosphere in many instances tends to limit his book to students and antiquaries; whilst his preserving the original French of La Rochefoucauld and Stendhal invites the aid of a dictionary to most readers. Mr. Ransome's completeness is not then an advantage since it robs us of so much interesting material. It is true it has resulted in a bulky volume; but Mr. Carpenter has done better in a more limited space. Still the book is good; it is in a way a history of poetical friendship; it shows how prominent men and women in all ages, from Confucius and Cicero to Yeats and Belloc, have expressed in harmonious prose and verse the many and varied emotions of friendship and love, and for this reason it deserves to be widely read. The worst feature of the book is the wall-paper design of the title page.

The Finding of Mercia. By Cassius Minor. (Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d. net.)

All novels that deal with Utopia tend to become tiresome, even the greatest; but seldom does the reader yearn for a magic carpet to transport him to Fairyland. Mercia or Mercyland is no more attractive than the others, and there is nothing in the habits or customs of its inhabitants to inspire in any man noble discontent with his own surroundings. The book is written in a slipshod style, and there is hardly a page that does not contain a grammatical mistake. We cannot say that the disjointed ramblings of the author on his return (Part III.), when he is presumably trying to criticise our social conditions, show either insight or originality, or that he has any palliative worth considering for the evils he deplors.

Marie Edgeworth and her Circle. By Constance Hill. (John Lane. 21s. net.)

Most readers are accustomed to see Maria Edgeworth through the moral-coloured glasses of her "Tales of Fashionable Life" as a delightful delineator of Irish character and as the contemporary of Jane Austen. Miss Hill has sought to view her from another standpoint, and accordingly she gives us a picturesque account of a rather light, frivolous, and sometimes stately crowd, in the midst of which whirls the genial, observant Maria. The attempt to follow the doings of Maria Edgeworth during the dramatic moment, the Napoleonic epoch, covered by the book is a trying ordeal, seeing she has a tendency to whisk you off to France, then back to England, then to France again, all the time introducing you to a swarm of prominent men and women, litterateurs with a sprinkling of politicians, till you become dazed by the process. The fault of this hustling is that it does not allow you time to stop and learn the true significance of your new acquaintances, who really stand for more than a mere brilliant Society group. All through the Napoleonic period literature was the apotheosis of the revolutionary movement in France. Writers were divided into two parties, seeking either to bring about the downfall or the triumph of the Man of Destiny, and their efforts were greatly influenced by the many events of the years of French history with which Miss Hill's book deals. Napoleon's scheme to invade England, his abdication, the restoration of Louis the Inevitable, Napoleon's escape from Elba, his stirring 100 days, his defeat at Waterloo, his exile—all these events were possessing men's minds and moving their pens. In Maria Edgeworth's circle there were many persons, literary and other, such as Recamier, de Stael, and Benjamin Constant, who, by their writings and by their work in a compact group, made for a constitution, and were thus exerting their influence over the destiny of France. Napoleon himself noticed this force, and when his political power was failing sought unsuccessfully to turn it to his own use. Miss Hill briefly indicates his attempt to buy Constant's pen, but she only incidentally touches upon it. In short, it has been Miss Hill's aim to look into history through the spectacles of Court chit-chat. In this respect Maria Edgeworth and her circle are pleasant company, but they need not detain us long. The production of the book, with its many beautiful reproductions, adequate architectural sketches by Miss Ellen Hill, and the charming cover design, deserves the highest praise.

My Friends the French. By Robert H. Sherard. (Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d. net.)

Readers will probably find Mr. Sherard's interviews with the recluse, Edmond Rostand, as interesting as any of the excellent things in this book. We quote: "I rarely go out," he once said to me, describing his life; "I never take exercise, I never go out for the mere sake of walking, only when I have a definite object in view. I hardly ever see anybody—my wife and children suffice me for company. I never receive. My doors are closed to strangers." Mr. Sherard, "the only person to whom he (Rostand) has ever spoken of his literary career," felt much gratified to be given such exceptional opportunities of knowing Rostand. The picture he presents to us is more pleasing than might have been expected from the dramatist's own account of himself. Rostand lives in a House Beautiful, is "a dandy, one to whom all the little details of the toilette (as they are to all true artists) are of importance." "A soft, low voice, which in its rare moments rises rich and full, eloquent above others." During a long conversation, filled with details of his career, Rostand, the "nervous, tired, haggard man," suddenly "brisk with the flow of his own vivacious words, rose and walked about the room, a man altogether changed, enlivened, vigorous." We gather that Rostand has indeed a good many friends, and that he does not so remarkably seldom go forth among the rest of the world. A description of Rostand at the Academy follows the chapter upon this author at home.

Mr. Sherard seems to have met all France and half England. He claims to have heard "much clever talk, to have admired many pretty women, and to have drunk wines of velvety smoothness and exquisite bouquet." That is a good deal to have got out of life. Mr. Sherard returns thanks further for the granting of "one of life's greatest joys—making friends." His championship of John Barlas (Evelyn Douglas), the poet, is more than charming, and the sonnet quoted should arouse interest in those readers who may not know Barlas.

Jenny Peters. By C. H. Dudley Ward. (Unwin. 6s.)

"Jenny Peters" puts one in mind of contrasting panels by an old master. On the one is Lord Midland as the deity of Landlordism; he stands surrounded by bosomless, hipless women and brainless, hopeless men, driving an anti-socialist motor through the slush of aristocratic principle and medieval prejudice. On the other is the Rev. Richard Smith, the deity of Christian Socialism; he stands surrounded by the oppressed, striving to raise the iron stake of the social curse which pins them down. His efforts are however seen to be unavailing, and this partly owing to his Roman Catholic tendencies, and partly to the immensity of his task. But how could he possibly hope to succeed where so many brains have failed? Society has evolved the casual labourer class—a class but one removed from the ape family—begetting awful children like the dull-witted Jenny and her half-witted brother Fred, and flinging them together in cesspool surroundings favourable to incestuous unions such as may have been responsible for Jenny's bastard child. How are such types to be improved? Apparently not by that change of environment for which Smith so strenuously fights, for we see Jenny, in the end, joyfully returning to her Augean stables glad to be released from the (to her) uncomfortable wholesomeness of Smith's abode. Here the moral is plain, before you can alter the system you must alter the man. Spencer puts it more brutally, assist the wastrel and you injure the deserving. Mr. Ward writes with a strong sympathy for the Submerged Tenth. His low-life realism is Zolaesque, and his George Moore touches are quite excellent. A book in a low note, and much out of the common.

Sir Philip Sidney. By Percy Addleshaw. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

Possibly there is not a more fascinating study than Sir Philip Sidney, providing you study him from the right point of view. This many-hued "flower of Elizabethan chivalry," as he has been called, may be regarded from almost any point of literature and politics. You may treat Sidney as a poet and the friend of poets, writing love sonnets to Stella and defending poetry; or as ambassador and the jewel of her dominions, as Elizabeth called him, dreaming of a Protestant League; or as a pioneer of colonisation and the friend of the effusive Raleigh; or as a politician, seen in his relations with Drake; or as a soldier meeting with a heroic and chivalrous end at Zutphen. If you are ambitious you may follow in Mr. Addleshaw's steps and treat Sidney from all these points at once. The result will of course be a bulky volume, even though it covers but a ten years' eventful life, and it may or may not be an especially interesting document. As one plunges into the 380 pages of this volume one is made to realise how really uninteresting such a document may be. The author undertakes to strip from Sidney the air of romance and chivalry with which his contemporaries and succeeding generations have clothed him. He complains that "they all give us a single aspect of the man—the seraphic aspect. His fellows claimed for him almost saint-like qualities, and posterity has accepted their verdict." Again: "His name has been handed down from generation to generation as the model on whom every schoolboy should arrange his own actions." All this is doubtless true, but, strangely enough, the author falls into the very same error which he condemns in others. He indulges in

ecstasy occasionally. Says he in one place: "Sidney's sonnets rank next to Shakespeare's in merit," and in another he confirms Flugel's opinion that the "Defence of Poetry," in style and matter, is of everlasting fame. It would not be difficult to agree with this, and when we remember that Sidney was not only a good poet but a poet's type, we feel the one side of him worth emphasising is the poetic. For the rest, he is hardly worth the trouble of exposing as "prig," "puritan," and "bigot." He lived in an age of prigs, bigots, and puritans; moreover, he represents a cheap sort of highly-coloured chivalry which no one, not even the schoolboy, notices nowadays. Had the author but weltered in this poetic side of Sidney his book would have been of far more importance than it is. As it is, it stands a volume of painstaking, critical biography, based upon authority and coloured by the author's own conclusions. What these conclusions are worth may be gathered from the statement that "Henry VIII. was not a bad man. Excellent portraits and a full index complete the volume.

Progressive Redemption. By H. E. Sampson. (Rebman. 12s. 6d.)

Of this work it is unnecessary to speak beyond saying that it fully confirms our favourable impression of its predecessor. Continuing the thread of his previous work the author proceeds logically to map out a neo-Catholic *via-media*, in three divisions. In part one he deals with the Catholic Church in its relation to mankind, and divides the incarnating spirits into two classes. In part two he reveals the Catholic Church as the repository of the divine mysteries, and the custodian of the principle of grace; whilst part three is concerned with the two-fold means of grace, Instrumental and Functional, as well as the stages of attainment under the guidance and ministry of the Catholic Hierarchy. The fundamental means of grace concludes with a brief reference to the vital principle of love, the principle for which the Catholic Church stands and which must be made the chief factor of redemption. The outstanding feature of the work is the author's bold attempt to restore the Virgin Mary and Child to the home, to bring the modern scientific question of eugenics within the church, and thus to discuss redemption in the only logical way, namely, in terms of Eugenics. Says the author, "Normally, the Church's work is the preparation and fitness of the parents for the inception of the microcosmic protoplasm in their respective generative organs," which is only another way of expressing Plato's words, "the intercourse of the male and female a *divine* work, through pregnancy and production, is, as it were, something immortal in mortality." Again says Mr. Sampson, "Normally the Church is a segregated Fold. . . but this condition is, alas, one that has sunk into absolute neglect and oblivion. . . . Under the Church sex-affinities and sex-relations are neglected. . . . and marriage is one of the most carelessly, godlessly, and promiscuously conducted matters under the sun." This unsegregated state of the Church and its apostasy from the sacred mysteries of which it is the guardian, and which it should alone teach, bars the possibility of redemption. The Church has lost its power to benefit mankind seeing that the functions of "the Sacerdotal Hierarchy as it was constituted and left by Jesus Christ, and established and executed by the Apostles, has fallen in abeyance." Thus it will be seen that the main thesis of the book is that man has fallen from his high estate through sexual over-indulgence and the neglect of the Church to fulfil its proper purpose. The author maintains that the business of the Church is to bring mankind to recognise that "the reincarnation of microcosmic beings is specifically a physical process, through natural generation"; that, therefore, the sexual instinct is the holiest thing in our nature, and both the sexual act and marriage should be held sacred. In other words the Church must demoneytise itself, give up politics and economics, and turn to its business of teaching man the importance of love in all his relations to life. In this

way it will serve to people the world with the largest number of men and women who to the greatest extent realise the ideal of what a human being ought to be. Thus it will return to its office of inculcating the principle of reincarnation—the principle that each should be the incarnation of love, and the doctrine that each human being is to reap the consequences of a graceful, not a grace-less past. And thus it will once more become a live factor in the organising of the spiritual life on a true basis of a spiritual world. Hence the re-ascent to Heaven wherever that may be.

The book is the work of a man of vision, a mystic who is able to see and trace the natural law of the origin and progression of human life from its earliest physical procreative stage to its highest spiritual manifestation. Its new point transfers its author from the priests to the prophets, and will no doubt confer upon him the privilege of being stoned. In any case, "Progressive Redemption" will stand as an amazing performance. It is the nearest approach yet to a reconciliation between science and religion, and though essentially for mystics, it is a book that no one can afford to neglect.

Jack Carstairs of the Power House. By Sydney Sandys. (Methuen. 6s.)

There is a good deal of sentimental nonsense mixed up with the lesson about engineers which this book is professedly ambitious to teach. Real gipsy girls do not steal away from their camps at night to keep appointments to eat chocolates with any rather impertinent young man who crosses their path. The development which reveals this girl's father, first introduced as king of the gipsies, to be really a titled aristocrat, belongs properly to school-girl romance. Some engineering information is to be discovered by the reader. We learn that "no profession contains more 'wasters' than electrical engineering." The real engineer "is essentially a man of science; he is mathematical, theoretical, practical; he holds an engineering degree, and has been through the 'shops'; he understands both men and materials, and the methods of handling them." All of which we certainly knew before. Mrs. Darwen (the mother of a certain Darwen who has many rows with and makes many plots against Carstairs, of course over the gipsy girl) suggests that in the engineer, the tamer of metals, we have merely a "cold, brutal force" in the place of the "passionate, brutal force" which marked the old type of man, the tamer of horses. Many women who have married engineers seem to be saying the same thing: so doubtless there's some truth in it. The present volume states: "Frequently the engineer is a lonely sort of savage." The chapters on municipal corruption contain the really valuable matter, and are well worth more than one reading.

The Fun of the Fair. By Eden Phillpotts. (Murray. 2s. 6d.)

Mr. Phillpotts' popularity is increasing by leaps and bounds. This is the third impression of one of his geographical records first published but two months ago. Like so many of its predecessors, it springs from the "good red earth" of Devonshire, and of the two classes—the bathetic-tragic and the indefinite-humorous—into which the Devon stories may be divided, it belongs to the latter. It may have been noticed that Mr. Phillpotts has a humour of his own. It is true he has tried imitating Mr. Jacobs, and we are bound to say we much prefer Mr. Jacobs in his own line. He has also sought to follow in Mr. Hardy's footsteps, but with no noticeable result, save that of losing his way. As a sort of essay in doubtful bucolics of a highly diluted "Wessex Tales" brand, in which the laughter-making devices are marble troughs, toadstones, agricultural and farmyard animals, banns and match-making, and in which oddities, including the parish clerk, figure as a comic chorus, the book is good. It is a brew of Devonshire cider that rather creates a thirst than satisfies it.

Men and Manners of Old Florence. By Guido Biagi. (Unwin. 15s. net.)

The Florence of this volume is neither that of the Popes, of the artists, of the intellectuals, nor of the political Guelph and Ghibelline. It is the Florence of dull domesticity, the Florence of a period that might be said to be bounded by Dante and Ruskin, and inset with Lorenzo the Magnificent and his incomparable group of intellectuals and artists. Five essays make up this sketch of Florentine domestic life, with, for the most part, an ancient undelightful city filled with boors and practical jokers, and with merchants as the ruling class, for a background. The first essay reveals the mind of the presiding deity of the household, whose attitude towards his goods and chattels, including his wife and apprentices, and towards business matters and merchandise, would seem to have much in common with that of the merchant of to-day, in spite of what the author says to the contrary. His opinion that "woman is a light thing and vain, wherefore she is in great peril when she hath no husband," and his advice to keep women shut up and in "fear and trembling" are not yet out of date. His rule of conduct in business, based upon money-grabbing principles, is also fairly modern. The second essay conducts you into the bosom of the family, so to speak, where we are introduced to a wife whose business of breeding children is carried to such an extent that the years of her life are numbered by the names of her children. In the third Florentine morals are seen reflected in the courtesan class, and several interesting chapters are devoted to the doings of the celebrated Tullea of Arragon, a sort of Florentine Aspasia, or Sappho, whose house was the meeting-place of every man of note, and "whose hand held the key to every heart in Florence." Her life, a series of Phyllis and Damon idylls, makes good reading. The book concludes with a picture of Florence of the unromantic Restoration period. The author has apparently ransacked the Laurentian library—of which he is the learned librarian—conscientiously, and the result is a finely illustrated and fully indexed book of Florentine domestic chronicles of distinct sociological value.

The Man who Stole the Earth. By W. Holt White. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

A crack-brained story of a young man whose author would have us believe was a general benefactor to humanity. By means of bombs dropped from an airship, this hero succeeds in gaining possession of Balkania, wherever that may be. We are supposed to understand that vast good to the peoples of the earth is to result from this capture; but all we can actually read is that Mr. Strong, the airship man, gains the girl he wants to marry—nothing less than a princess, of course. St. Petersburg is shelled, not to liberate imprisoned Russians, but a newspaper lady, one of Strong's assistants, who has been abducted. Mr. Holt White has obviously attempted a thing altogether too big for him.

The Life and World-Work of Thomas Lake Harris. By Arthur A. Cuthbert. (C. W. Pearce, Glasgow. 2s. 6d.)

The difficulty of placing an abnormal character is once more seen in the case of Thomas Lake Harris. By some Harris is said to have been the legal descendant of Isaiah, Ezekiel, Swedenborg, Boehme, and other prophets and supernormal sensitives; by others, the initiator of Christian Science. In truth, he is neither. Harris was certainly not a mystic; he was more like an electro-plated spiritualist, with an abnormal imagination and sensual instinct. He sought, among other things, to establish Fay, or Nature-Spirit, worship, and to apply the principle of the immaculate conception to human beings, teaching such nonsense as that husbands and wives descend from Heaven. Not even the initiate has been able to interpret the Harris mysteries literally. The only influence that the Harris movement appears to have had on modern thought is to give an impulse to the mixing of mysticism and sex matters. Mr. Cuthbert seeks to evolve Harris as a mystic and a seer. His book is an

astonishing piece of work. At least it contains some excellent poetry. Though not a Quarles, a Blake, a Herbert Vaughan, or a Rossetti, Harris was an inspired singer. He remains a fit subject for the poet and medical man.

Strange Fire. By Christopher Maughan. (S. Paul and Co. 6s.)

This book is a long temperance tract. The story, which reveals one curate planning and compassing the ruin of another curate who has inherited the drink craving, by abandoning to that weak individual all the Sacrament services, is obviously far-fetched. But the following is a notable speech. It is delivered by a brewer to the villain curate:—

"Suppose every public-house in London were closed to-morrow, what would happen do you think? . . . There would be a revolution in less than a week. Shut up the public-houses where the British and foreign workmen turn in and stupefy their senses into a comfortable torpor and forget their poverty and wretched surroundings, and you'd have a savage horde of hundreds of thousands of slum-dwellers awake at last to their degradation. I tell you you'd be thankful to drug the whole lot of Hooligans with their cheap spirits again out of downright terror for the lords and ladies of London."

Man's Survival after Death. By Charles L. Tweedale. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

One of the features of this book is the foreword in which the author fully states his position in the Church of England, and as fully recounts his belief in the well-known formula, "I believe in God the Father, Almighty." The book maintains the spiritualistic theory of a life hereafter. This it does in a long research story of ghosts and spirit manifestations, backed up by Bible authority and spiritistic specialists, from Myers to Crooks. It evidences a patient search after truth, but it also requires the patience of Job to read it, such is the author's desire to impart second-hand information. Perhaps the most interesting chapter is that on "The Testimony of Modern Science," which reveals a group of well-known Italians, headed by Lombroso, interpreting spiritistic phenomena. To some it will appear a book of Revelations, to others a book of Miracles, to the twenty-second centurist it may come as a book of Superstition.

The Man from the Moon. By Philip Carmichael. (Grant Richards. Price 6s.)

This is a story for rather old little miseryites. The matter is excellent, and the illustrations, by Frank Watkins, perfectly enchanting. We have not seen anything for a long while so innocently dreadful and dreadfully innocent as "The Dragon." Sprites, with butterfly wings, hover around the baby Man in the Moon when he goes to inquire the fate of the Wooden Soldier. "You swallowed him, didn't you?" The Dragon confesses. "Well—yes, but you mustn't blame me. You've noticed my mouth. It's *rather* large, isn't it? Now, one of the children dropped the Wooden Soldier into my mouth, and, of course, I swallowed him, but I didn't want to." The coloured illustration, showing the Magician on shore among the baby dragons, with their feeding bottles and spades and pails, is most entertaining. All the rocks look like potential dragons. A book more fascinating for the nice child would be hard to find.

Men, the Workers. By Henry D. Lloyd. (Doubleday and Page, New York.)

Perhaps the most important point in this statement of the Labour Movement is that the demand for the eight hours day is of more importance than the demand for wages, since it implies that the working-man understands and appreciates the value of time. This indicates to some extent the spirit in which the author preaches his Labour Day sermon. It is a very fair and straightforward spirit, and the book is good oratory. But it merely states and argues a case that has already been stated and argued to death. All who are in possession of the facts of the Labour Movement in America need not trouble to read it.