

in addition to the danger already mentioned there is that of mercurial poisoning. This deadens the sight, and mortality among those who have worked in glass for more than 20 years is, according to recent actuarial tables, more than 60 per cent.

The occupation of the miner is dangerous both from its liability to accident and from his inevitable susceptibility to certain dread diseases. No other class of men suffer so heavily from consumption, and the life underground is apt to produce blindness and ague. Coal miners are the healthiest of all miners. They are unusually free from phthisis, and they suffer inappreciably from alcoholism. In recent years, too, the liability among coal miners to accident has decreased very considerably.

If you are employed on a railroad as a brakeman or a switchman, many insurance companies will not insure you at all. If you are a powdermaker, or a sawyer in a big mill, or a marine diver, the possibilities are that you can get no insurance. And none of these occupations, except possibly that of the marine diver, pays wages above the average for labor requiring that degree of skill. If you are an engineer, a fireman or an officer on the lakes; or a telegraph repairer, a pilot, a city fireman, a manufacturing chemist, or a logger and chopper, you can get insured only by paying big rates. The occupations are labeled as "hazardous." The insurance companies are right. Let the reader note the maimed hands of the employes of a big lumber mill; let him walk through a factory in which many different kinds of machinery are used, and the number of missing fingers and thumbs will amaze him. Those who have lost limbs are to be found in the homes of their children, living on their charity.

While some employments carry no extra risks, the conditions under which the employes labor are such as daily threaten life. No matter how well provided with fire-escapes a factory may be, for example, it is inevitable that in the excitement of proximity to a burning building, accidents will happen that end in death.

The man who works on high places seems to suffer from troubles very similar to those of the diver. The man who works in cellars and basements, on the other hand, is liable at any time to be struck by a malignant fever. If he recovers from this he is left weak and decrepit for the remainder of his life. The mortality among ordinary laborers exceeds that among the average of men by about 25 per cent.

The workers in match factories suffer from a peculiar complaint known as "phossy jaw." This was at one time the most deadly of all trade maladies, but matchmakers studied the problem and they now use a newly invented kind of phosphorus which reduces the number of fatal cases to a minimum. Nevertheless, a large number of workers in these factories succumb to this trouble every year, and insurance companies are extremely loath to insure the life of any man in a match factory. The symptoms of "phossy jaw" are a crumbling away of the jawbone, this ending ultimately in total paralysis and death.

In deciding the rate of wages for an industry, it is probable that intuitively some account is taken of the risks involved, but it is also a fact that, through the ignorance of the workers themselves of the risks being run, as well as the necessity of employment of some kind, even though death is lurking near, that the wage rate seldom covers the risks run. Only when the capitalist steps in and becomes an insurer does the fact become known that certain industries are extra hazardous. The actuaries have no interest in stating these risks greater than they are, therefore it would not be unfair for employers and employed in arriving at wage rates to have reference to the actual risks, and to rely in great measure on the tables life insurance has laboriously built up from actual facts.—Judson Grenell, in Saturday Blade.

Socrates told Ischomachus that he would have been much ashamed of his poverty if he had not once seen an admiring crowd following a fine horse and discussing its good points. "I asked the groom," he said, "if the horse was rich, and he looked at me as if I was crazy, and answered: 'How on earth can a horse be rich?' And at that I breathed again, hearing that it is possible even for a penniless horse to be a good horse, if he has naturally a good character."—The Whim.

Those ultra conscientious folks who fear that the administration, in its seemingly somewhat unconventional methods of dealing with Colombia, has violated the treaty of 1846, should learn, for their own peace of mind, the convenient art of applying the statute of limitation.

G. T. E.

Such is the perversity of human nature that small nations there are who decline to be involved in difficulties with

great Christian powers, no matter how many missionaries are sent among them.

But it is not in the purpose of the fit to give over surviving, let the obstacles be whatsoever.

Thus the Right of International Eminent Domain comes into being, and the earth, and the fullness thereof, is the Lord's peoples'.—Life.

"Do you approve of Morganizing?" "Not as a rule," replied Col. Snodgrass, "but when I hear the Nestor from the south speak on the Canal question, I can't help hoping that he is Morganizing the Senate."

G. T. E.

In an object lesson on the "Cat," the teacher asked:

"What boy can tell me to what family the cat belongs?"

A hand was raised.

"Well?" asked the teacher.

"I think the cat belongs to the family that owns it," was the diminutive pupil's answer.—Philadelphia Times.

"One would think," said the taxpayer to the city official, "that a fellow who was as anxious to get into that office as you were would be willing to stay there at least an hour a day."

That seemed to be logical, too, but sometimes it doesn't work out that way.—Chicago Evening Post.

. Dick—What made you drop out of society?

Jerry—We didn't drop out; it slid from under us.—Detroit Free Press.

## BOOKS

### WATSON'S JEFFERSON.

"American historians, endeavoring to be dignified, leaned a little too far, and became dull." So says Mr. Watson at the beginning of his twelfth chapter, and many readers will agree with him. Most historians of the early periods of American history are indeed painfully dull, and as to the school histories—as Watson says of Woodrow Wilson's much-advertised five-volume book—"we will change the subject."

As to Watson's Jefferson ("Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson," by Thomas E. Watson, Appletons, \$2.50) critics may be able to find vulnerable pickings here and there, but not one of them will dare to call the book dull. It is intensely interesting from cover to cover. It is written in the honest, straightforward, rich but unconventional style known to readers of the "Story of France" and "Napoleon." There is the same sure confidence of

conviction, the same refreshing absence of pretense of disinterestedness, which many vainly affect, and in their affectation make their partiality the more offensive. Mr. Watson is frankly an admirer and defender of Jefferson, and his book will stand as a brilliant interpretation and appreciation of its great subject.

It seems to me, however, hardly equal to the author's other work, certainly not to the splendid second volume of the "France," which is one of the most vivid and discerning specimens of historical writing in the language. The "Life of Jefferson" includes the Times in its title, which gives liberty for digression; but there is, it must be confessed, a lack of complete continuity, and some chapters seem to be drawn in rather by special purpose than by necessity. These chapters are not lacking in interest, but they detract from the effectiveness of the book as a whole. It is too evident that the author holds a brief for the South as to its part in the Revolutionary period of American history. This is perhaps well, as a balance to the too predominating New England color in most histories, but it might be wished that the balance were less strained. However, there is excuse. New England has been over-vain and self-assertive. In both history and literature, and Watson's book may perhaps prove to be a happy counter-irritant.

As to Jefferson himself, it may confidently be asserted that one will get from Mr. Watson's Life the best general view of the man that has been presented, and for the very natural reason that Mr. Watson is himself a man who is democrat enough to understand Jefferson. That many who have written about Jefferson could not understand him—Roosevelt for example—Mr. Watson shows very conclusively. Democracy is of the heart as well as of the head, and Jefferson was a democrat in heart. He was a democrat by nature, as Mr. Watson shows, and drew his inspiration from his being, and not from France. Why he was such a genuine democrat, opposing every instinct of the aristocratic Virginian—who knows? The wind bloweth where it listeth, Jefferson might have taken primogeniture and the established church as other well-born Virginians did, but he did not. His life would have been far easier had he done so, but he did not. It was born in him to oppose special privilege, this is all that can be said. It is absurd, as Mr. Watson shows, to date Jefferson's democracy from his contact with the French revolution and French philosophy.

In viewing Jefferson the man, Mr. Watson is very candid in stating the great statesman's religious views. It is well known that Jefferson rejected—though he was a deeply religious man in the truest sense of the word—all of

that which we falsely call the supernatural. It should always be stated in connection with Jefferson's sayings on this subject that he was among the first-fruits of the modern scientific spirit. This spirit, a century after it struck Jefferson, is still immersed in secondary causes, and fancies, because it explains these, that it explains everything. Science does not yet see that although it talks of the chemistry of soils, the red of the rose is still a mystery; that although it talks of combustion, the light of a gas jet is as wonderful as ever; that although it gives names to volts and ohms, electricity is still occult. Science still satisfies itself with explanation of secondary causes. What wonder then that Jefferson, whose keen intellect was open to all of the new influences of science that were first beginning to flow, should have been carried away by its spirit of independent opposition to the "supernatural," as the word was understood in his day, was an almost inevitable incident of his openmindedness and his naturally scientific disposition. This should be taken into account whenever his religious views are discussed.

Among the subjects of Mr. Watson's interesting asides are the Constitution and the Federal courts. Speaking of the leaders who made the Constitution, he says: "It is all a mistake to say that they meant to establish a rule of the people. On the contrary, they meant to make it impossible for the people to control the government." Is it not easy to see to-day that this is true? Can we not see that Hamilton and Marshall have done their work? "As surely," says Mr. Watson, "as harvest is due to the sower, Alexander Hamilton was the father of plutocracy, the trust and the lobby."

As to the Federal courts, he tells of Jefferson's foreboding and dread of their exorbitant power. "From the time," he says, "that he first realized the unique position of the Federal judiciary in our system, Mr. Jefferson was its bitter enemy. It violated all his ideas of democracy. . . . A body so independent of the popular will, and clothed with the tremendous power of setting aside the statutes of every State and of the United States, was by the very law of its nature antagonistic to the principle upon which democratic government is founded." Continuing, he says: "Jefferson dreaded it, prophesied against it, bewailed its irresistible power. Reading his gloomy forecasts, one almost believes he anticipated government by injunction and the advent of the deputy marshal."

But it would be impossible in a brief review to call attention to half the interesting features of this biography. If anyone wishes to read a book that will give the clear-sighted views of a genuine believer in popular sovereignty upon the beginnings of our govern-

ment, a book that will give a sympathetic insight into the mind of the superior thinker of those times, a book that will tell these things with the interest of a well-written novel, let him read Watson's "Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson."

There are a number of slips in the proofreading which it is to be hoped a new edition will correct.

J. H. DILLARD.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

—Cattle (The Human Species). By Archle Bell, Cleveland, O. A bit of Whitmanesque verse, strenuous, severe and revolutionary. The spirit is disclosed by this quotation: "Cattle? O, Lord, Thou knowest who the cattle are! They do not dwell in the hovels of poverty and filth, they do not toil in the factories from morn till eve, they do not lie awake at night wondering what of grief awaits them on the morrow—Nay, they are in the palaces of the rich."

—Ben Blunt, His Life and Story. Greatly Abridged and Truly Told with Much Thrilling and Ingenious Comment Thereon. An Historical Romance. By Speed Mosby, Jefferson City, Mo. To be reviewed.

—The Immortality of Animals, and the Relation of Man as Guardian, from a Biblical and Philosophical Hypotheses. By E. D. Bruckner, M. D., Philadelphia: Geo. W. Jacobs & Co. To be reviewed.

PERIODICALS.

Besides Henry George's second article on "Modern Methods of Finance," which deals with the copper combine, Pearson's for January offers an interesting historical article by Edward N. Valandigham. It is the story of the first "dark horse" in American politics. Pearson's lighter stories are as interesting as usual.

Although comparisons, especially of the living, are odious, it may be said that Thomas Hardy is the greatest of living novelists. He is also a poet, and in his poetry no less than in his later novels he shows that he does not admire things as they are in civilization and society. "Mr. Hardy's poems," says a writer of Literary Chat in the January Munsey, "are of a world which God—he seems to assume the existence of a God just for his own sinister purpose—has forgotten." This is a criticism entirely beside the mark. Mr. Hardy makes no assumption of a God forgetting the world, but there is a strong implication that the world is forgetting God.—J. H. D.

William C. Whitney, ex-cabinet minister and horse racer; John W. Gates,

Clubs of Three

To extend the circulation of The Public among new readers, and at the same time to relieve of expense such regular readers, or others, as take the trouble to procure us new subscriptions, we will supply three subscriptions for the price of two, on the following terms:

- A Club of Three Annual Subscriptions (at least two of them new).....\$4.00
- A Club of Three Semi-Annual Subscriptions (at least two of them new).....\$3.00
- A Club of Three Quarterly Subscriptions (at least two of them new).....\$1.00

Any person soliciting new subscribers will be allowed the same terms. For every two new subscriptions for which he forwards us cash at regular rates we will honor his order for a third subscription free.

Make all Checks, Money Orders, etc., payable to

THE PUBLIC PUBLISHING CO.,  
Box 687, CHICAGO, ILL.