themselves into their combats with more desperate frenzy.

These antagonists gesticulate in one another's faces with the passion of beings in a nightmare, their arms whirling like flails or as if swinging hammers upon hot iron, and at climaxes of the excitement they dash one another about as violently as those seeking escape from a burning building.

The grimaces on the distorted faces uncover gleams of teeth here and there in the brawling human wolf-packs; eyes seem starting from their sockets, and veins from their channels along the straining throats, while faces and necks are suffused bursting-red from the pressure of the laboring lungs.

Here one of the commercial gladiators buffets another so sharply on the chest as nearly to send him reeling, in calling his attention to a third who is willing to buy or sell at a certain price.

Here a seller thrusts a tense arm through the melee, with index finger querying where his voice could not be heard, then suddenly draws his hand back toward his face while he shakes his head in vehement refusal.

Where another seller extends his arm horizontally in offering at a certain figure, an impetuous buyer seizes his forearm to attract his notice as a starving man might clutch a shank of meat from a stall.

Here again a white hand whose owner cannot be distinguished is protruded above the throng like a mis-shapen lily growing from heaving furrows, with lean, rapacious fingers vibrating some occult offer or bid in the savage barter.

Now a broker who had been wandering aimlessly between the vortices of combat hears some significant name or number cleave its way from the mid-tumult, and instantly his aspect alters almost from human to that of a beast scenting prey, as with eyes riveted, head and shoulders thrust forward, and every muscle strung taut, he dashes into the thick of the nearest riot.

And yet splendid postures of unconscious strength and grace can be discerned also, among the more brutally striving forms, such as this eager buyer's, with one hand high uplifted, fingers straining as if to grasp some laurel of victory, and body poised on one leg while the other rests with a racer's lightness on the extended ankle behind—an athletic model for the Marathon triumph's herald with his "Chairete!"

The signs of acceptance of offers are so slight that a novice can only rarely discern them—some lifting of the eyebrows, or trifling nod of the head, or perhaps an abrupt upward gesture of a hand with a pencil, before this descends to enter the stenographic record in a notebook.

To and fro between the bellowing groups and the batteries of telephones that stare coldly with round metal eyes of their twin bells on all this feral bedlam, dodge quick-eyed messenger boys, carrying pages torn from notebooks by brokers in the conflict with instructions for their offices.

The floor indeed is strewn with an unmelting snowstorm of such scraps of paper, and remnants of "tape" from the tickers, that relentlessly issue the cryptic news of the day's transactions from between their chattering teeth of type.

And now as the visitor's almost shattered ears become slightly accustomed to the appalling din, they can distinguish from time to time a few more penetrating voices that for an instant dominate even this immense body of sound.

These vary from veritable screams of derision or glee to barking calls like a seal's or hyena's, and more rarely a booming, complaining roar of a hungry lion in a menagerie.

As three o'clock, the closing hour, approaches, the presiding officer of the Exchange on his judge's throne by the wall stoops frequently to look at his chronometer, and two boys bearing great brass gongs and hammers take positions at the middle of the floor, and watch him closely for a signal.

When he finally lifts his hand, the boys begin smiting the huge disks, but even their portentous clangor can be only faintly heard for the first minute against the blare of the human maelstrom.

But at last the battling groups begin to thin out and their tumult abates, while the flogged gongs victoriously continue their crashing through the emptying room, as a fittingly barbaric finale to the day's orgy of predatory greed.

ELIOT WHITE.

LIFE.

For The Public.

One died at forty, full of years,
For he had learned, through long days spent,
The lore of love, of pain and tears,
And much had mastered ere he went.
And one at eighty laid him down,
But small the harvest, brief the span—
His world—the four walls of the town;
The other's—all the World of Man.

JOSEPH DANA MILLER.

BOOKS

THE DEMOCRACY OF PROFESSOR HOBHOUSE.

Social Evolution and Political Theory. By Leonard T. Hobhouse. Published by the Columbia University Press. Lemcke & Buechner, Agents. New York. $1.50 net.

It will be a great day for social reform in America when the man in the street gets over his distrust of the university professor. It seems to

be a prevalent superstition that when a man dons cap and gown as the insignia of his profession he, in some mysterious way, doffs his human sanity and becomes other than a normal human being. As a matter of fact the holders of professorial chairs in the universities of this country and England are, as a class, the most radical intelligent and intelligently radical people we have. That they do not always speak out is partly because we will not listen to them, and partly because the administrative sides of our colleges are sometimes dominated by a spirit the opposite to that just indicated.

The above reflection is confirmed and reinforced by Professor Hobhouse's volume of lectures delivered last year under the Beers Foundation at Columbia University, and the statement of it is a fair introduction to the personality and viewpoint of one of England's foremost sociologists. Mr. Hobhouse is intelligently radical in the sense in which the word radical implies reformer, and unlike many present volunteer reformers he is willing to do his work on a democratic basis. This may be horribly disappointing to some people who are ardent reformers but who wish to begin their beneficent overhauling by chloroforming the common man, recasting the institution of the ballot box, and forbidding marriage to all who cannot satisfy an autocratic committee of eugenic control.

Mr. Hobhouse devotes his lectures to a theoretical defense, and a practical exemplification drawn from English social reform movements, of the following proposition: "That the conception of social progress as a deliberate movement toward the reorganization of society in accordance with ethical ideas is not vitiated by any contradiction. It is free from any internal disharmony. Its possibility rests upon the facts of evolution, of the higher tendencies of which it is indeed the outcome. It embodies a rational philosophy, it gives scope and meaning to the best impulses of human nature, and a new hope to the suffering among mankind."

The only serious objection made to such a program as this is the old Spencerian idea of its being dangerous to interfere with nature's processes of elimination of the unfit. Today a certain reform proposal has been grafted on that Spencerian superstition, the idea of "eugenics." Say the "eugenists," "If we can eliminate the weak stocks, the stronger ones will replenish the nation, and the slums will disappear for want of inhabitants. On the other hand, they claim that if we do the other thing, that is, ease up the environment by social endeavor, the weaker stock will take advantage of the better conditions to multiply with greater relative rapidity and submerge the better classes of the population.

Disregarding the slimness of the foundations upon which the "eugenists" raise so imposing a theoretical structure, Mr. Hobhouse gently convicts them of a few illogicalities in the application of their (hypothetically sound) principles. What qualities do they wish to transmit? Certain specific virtues, say they? But in relation to what sort of an environment are those qualities virtues? Is liability to tuberculosis a weakness to be stamped out? Then when the tubercle bacillus itself is stamped out by proper civic sanitation what net good will have been gained by killing off a human strain that might have had untold possibilities? And are not social reform measures justified in their improvement of the social environment, a matter which is quite independent of race improvement? Then as to the cry of physical deterioration, Mr. Hobhouse flatly denies that—except in certain very narrow limits—it is anything but a myth. And he supports his denial with some acute marshallings of fact that seem definitively to dispose of the spectre.

Mr. Hobhouse concedes that the marriage of feeble minded people or of people in similar conditions, which amount not to a single weakness in the organism but to a general degeneracy, should be forbidden. But these people he repeats are by their condition wards of the state, and he sees nothing inconsistent with liberty and democracy in their state tutelage being extended to the prevention of reproduction.

Any such social ideals as Mr. Hobhouse holds forth are supposed, of necessity, to interfere with the liberty of the individual. In his last lecture then, the author is concerned with the problem of liberty within the organized state, and he proceeds to show that this misunderstood word does not mean caprice, does not mean anarchical lack of clearly defined pathways of conduct, but that true liberty is a social product made up of restraints. The laws of a free people, in so far as they are the expression of needs which all the people feel and have threshed out in honorable debate, are, he argues, simply an expression of that people's will where the will is common to all of them; and in the author's view, in passing such legislation they are simply using the state and law as an engine for the registering of their free choice, sacrificing no essential liberty in doing so, for without such means of common expression and common action they would indeed be slaves.

All democrats have watched with almost breathless interest the developments of democracy in England during the last few years. Like the cloud no greater than a man's hand, those developments began long ago, and now they begin to fill the sky. Will they fill it and water the earth with beneficent rains, or are they destined to pass? To answer that question by intelligence rather than by faith necessitates a knowledge of the philosophy of what we observe. Such a philosophy of modern democracy has been given us by Profes-

sor Hobhouse, and it is essentially a philosophy of inspiration and a call to arms.

LLEWELLYN JONES.

BOOKS RECEIVED

—Man's Birthright. By Ritter Brown. Published by Desmond Fitzgerald, New York. 1911. Price, $1.50 net.

—The Labor Movement in France. A Study in Revolutionary Syndicalism. By Louis Levine. With an introduction by Franklin H. Giddings. Whole Number 116, Columbia University Studies in History, Economics and Public Law, Longmans, Green & Co., Agents, New York. 1912. Price, paper $1.50.

PERIODICALS

The Lake Seamen's Strike.

Victor Olander's important testimony about shipping on the Great Lakes, given before the Congressional committee on the investigation of the Steel Trust, is printed in full in The Coast Seamen's Journal (San Francisco) of March 6.

A. L. G.

Injurious Friends.

The second installment of Mr. H. G. Wells's article on Socialism, which appeared in the February Harper, was emphatically disappointing. The first installment held us in suspense, in the hope of something definite which was to follow. But nothing definite followed. There is much talk of the Normal Social State and of the Great State, with capitals, but of definite program nothing which one can lay hands on. A preacher once said that the one thing which made him think the church a divine institution was that it survives its preachers. The fact that Socialism survives so many of its expounders is evidence of amazing vitality.

J. H. D.

The West Coast Magazine.

Edmond Norton writes on the Singletax for the February and March numbers of The West Coast Magazine (Los Angeles). "'Do unto others as ye would that they should do to you,' 'Equal Rights to all and special privileges to none'; the Singletax: these are synonymous. Here we have the great Eleventh Commandment of the Master of Nazareth—the sum total of all 'the Law and all the prophets'—we have its Jeffersonian formulation into a politico-social maxim of 'Equal rights to all,' and its scientific practical application in the Singletax of Henry George."

A. L. G.

The Burden of the Feeble-Minded.

There are by a most conservative estimate 182,000 feeble-minded persons in the United States, one for every 500 individuals. Feeble-mindedness is hereditary and feeble-minded men and women are the parents of more than their proportion of children! No law in any State compels or even efficiently advises segregation for these mental defectives, and no State furnishes adequate and proper institutions to receive them, some none at all. Kept in their homes, the feeble-minded children live untaught and absorb the energies of their families. Later they crowd almshouses, reformatories and prisons, where only responsible beings belong, and where they themselves are wretched, when many of them might be both happy and partly self-supporting. Two institutions, Letchworth Village, near the Hudson, and the Templeton Farm Colony in Massachusetts, are experiments so far successful in caring permanently for these dependents. They have discovered a way—these institutions for subnormal people—to keep all happy and make many useful,—a way which many a normal human being longs for in vain,—the varied outdoor work of the farm. The Survey has again done society a valuable service in offering this symposium by twelve men and women who can speak with authority about this neglected and growing evil. This number of The Survey (March 2) announces also a most distinguished addition to its staff. Jane Addams has become an associate editor on a volunteer basis, and has already promised for the near future six articles on important subjects.

A. L. G.

Politics and the Cost of Living.

If anyone wishes to read a suggestive and thoughtful essay on the relation between business and history, he should not fail to read the article on "Politics and Prosperity," which appeared in the February Atlantic, by Mr. Alexander D. Noyes. Too little have classical historians dealt with this relation. Who thinks of the French Revolution in connection with drought and harvest failure, or of the "Long Parliament" in connection with the cost of living? But it is rather with the year 1911 that Mr. Noyes has dealt. He has shown a most striking and ingenious parallel between conditions in 1848 and those in 1911, and appeals to the experiences following the former year in answer to the three questions which he asks: "Did business automatically improve, and the political situation with it? Was politics simply shaken off as an influence on finance? Or did the business world discover, after all, that there was more good than bad in the political upheaval of the day?" Mr. Noyes's answer to these qustions, as indeed his whole article, is a useful contribution to our thoughts on business, on politics, and on history. "Possibly," he concludes, "when what is now controversy has become settled history, even the most conservative and old-fashioned of us will understand why, in the normal course of human progress, it was necessary that in 1911 the House of Lords should be shorn of its hereditary veto power; that the continental proletariat should revolt against increasing taxes, extravagant armaments, and excessive cost of living; that decrepit monarchical systems should be swept away; and that the United States government should demand the dissolution of industrial combinations, which in the wild 'promotion period' of the past ten