

What dat ol' Saul is a-tryin' foh to kick?
 Hol' on, Tarsus, hol' on!
 He's a-buttin' at de sperrit en he fin' dat it prick;
 Hol' on, Tarsus, hol' on!
 Paul was de smartes' man dat ever tuk a bref,
 But I grieves foh to tell you dat he done tuk his def,
 Wif a boomalooma, boomalooma-oom.
 Den it's men' my wing
 Wif a silver string,
 Caze my ol' fren' Paul is a-waitin';
 En we'll set right dar
 On a golden star
 En we'll chunk down a rock at Satan!
 —Edmund Vance Cooke, in Puck.

BOOKS

THE GOLDEN SEASON.

The Golden Season. By Myra Kelly, author of "Ros-nah," "The Isle of Dreams," "Little Citizens," "Wards of Liberty," etc., etc. Illustrated by R. M. Crosby, H. Heyer and W. Morgan. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. Fixed price, \$1.20.

When Myra Kelly "broke into" magazine literature—for that is the way she got there,—she introduced a new and intensely interesting human type to magazine readers; and the farther she gets away from that type, the more does one wish she might come back to it, so charming was her work. Perhaps, however, we should all be disappointed if she did stick to that type, for the danger of monotony would not be light. At any rate, we must be satisfied with what she offers. This is easy enough with "The Golden Season," a breezy story of the escapades of a coltish college girl. Beginning in a glare of feminine bachelorhood, it ends all around in the soft lights of marital domesticity; and on the way, Myra Kelly's characteristic and irresistible humor meets you at every turn of the road.

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DEATH AND VICTORY.

Mors et Victoria. Longmans, Green & Co., London, New York and Bombay. Price, \$1.00.

A love-drama in three acts, published anonymously, but privately announced as the work of Mrs. Spencer Trask.

It is the old legend of Huguenot lovers told with a sympathy and passion that annihilate time and space, and bring the actors of a dead past upon the stage of the living present.

Marguerite de Bonne-Grace, repulsing the suit of the Duke of Guise, flees to her tryst with her Huguenot lover, Vallon de Vallonbois, in two notable scenes in Act II, which hold passages well worth citing. And in Act III, where Marguerite pleads with Vallon to renounce his faith, or re-

frain from singing with the band of heretics, the psalm for which the Duke of Guise has threatened all with death, the scene is tense and strong with emotion. To Marguerite's entreaties and fears the lover replies:

And what is mortal death but life? It would, indeed,
 Be death did we permit our souls to die
 In ignominious fear and leave unscathed
 A few more fleeting years our frames of dust.
 If death comes, let it come; we all must die;
 And how can we die better than to stand
 Praising our God when we are called to God?

And still, pleading her own anguish, Marguerite cries at last:

Is this the end? And you will not be moved?
 Vallon: Not unto sin, dear heart,
 Marguerite: Love is not sin, for God himself is love.
 Vallon: True, God is love and we can trust His love.

But nowhere has He told us love is God.

And with this cruel distinction the tragic parting passes, the massacre follows, and Marguerite after all dies upon her lover's breast with the words:

It is no dream; joy is the twin of love;
 And love and joy are mine forever more;
 Pain cannot touch their immortality.
 Vallon—What was that word? The word is true!
 Our God has taught us that love conquers death—
 Love conquers death—love, Vallon—love.

All in all, the tragedy of the Huguenot lovers, treasured in the memory of poet and artist for more than three hundred years, has never been more eloquently and touchingly portrayed than in this little drama, "Mors et Victoria," by Katrina Trask.

A. L. M.

* * *

A LAUGH.

Warrior, the Untamed. The story of an Imaginative Press Agent. By Will Irwin. Illustrations by T. R. Gruger. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co. Price, 50 cents.

This book is a laugh from cover to cover. To explain why, might advertise the book, but it would spoil the laugh.

PAMPHLETS

Property-Power and Economics.

Samuel B. Clarke's pamphlet examination of "Some of the Bases of Economic Theory" (32 Nassau St., New York), is what professional economists would call "unique" or "suggestive" or "startling," or the like, these being the usual professional epithets for polite disapproval. We should wish to be understood in the same way if we used the same or similar adjectives; as indeed we might, for Mr. Clarke's conclusions really are unique, suggestive,

startling, etc. They would topple over every economic theory that has or has ever had vogue. He makes "property power" the primary factor in production. "You must own before you can produce, just as you must own before you can eat;" and distribution is determined by pre-contract and not by contributions to production. The training Mr. Clarke has brought to his consideration of this subject is evident in his reasoning. A lawyer of vast experience in large things, his professional training takes him to property-power as the universal basis of industrial life, and confuses economic principle in his mind with legal principle. The fact that the latter is primarily conventional and the former primarily natural, eludes him. It may be conceded of course that conventional property-power does control economic phenomena; but this explanation of economic phenomena falls far short of explaining. Peculiarities of property-power may account, for illustration, for the inertia or activity of a machine, but they do not explain mechanics. So peculiarities of property-power (slave laws for example) may account for peculiarities of production and distribution, but they do not explain the natural laws of production and distribution. To the lawyer, intensely trained in conventional legal principles, it may indeed seem that property naturally precedes production and that contract naturally determines distribution. But back of the property-power which laws confer, it is evident that property in products (and this is the essential thing) cannot precede their production, and that contracts for distribution are merely speculative sales in advance. Nature gives to the producer: the produced object comes first into his possession. He may sell it, or give it away, after production or before, or have it taken from him by plunderers and in obedience to fear of pistols or to the coercion of conventional property-powers that override natural property-powers—as under slave systems or land monopoly systems. But by economic law (whatever your conventional law may be) production must precede property in products, both as a physical and an economic fact; and distribution is in the first instance directed with reference to productive forces, however it may be subsequently determined by pre-contracts, free or coercive.

PERIODICALS

The bulletin of the "International Labor Office" (3 New Road, Woolwich, London, quarterly, 8s per annum), in the third number of its second volume, offers a rich collection of information regarding labor legislation the world over. This periodical is published for the "International Association for Labor Legislation," which has its central office at Basle, Switzerland. The president is Sir Thomas Oliver, M. D., F. R. C. P., the president of the American section being Henry W. Farnam of Yale, and the secretary and assistant secretary, respectively, John R. Commons and Irene Osgood of Madison. The American membership fee is \$1 a year, or \$3 with the Bulletin, and the objects are: To serve as a bond of union to all who believe in the necessity for labor legislation, to organize an international labor office, to facilitate the study of labor legislation in all countries and provide information on the subject, to promote international agreements on questions relating to conditions of labor, and to organize international congresses on labor legislation.

+ + +

Uncle: "I hope you've been a good boy, Tommy."

Tommy: "Well, no—I haven't."

Uncle: "Dear, dear! I hope you haven't been very bad."

Tommy: "N'no! Just comfortable!"—London Opinion.

+ + +

"Ay tank Ay go across the street and get the tailor to mend my vaist," drawled the Swedish foreman, showing his employer a very ragged vest.

"All right, John."

In a few minutes the Swede returned with his vest untouched.

"Aren't you going to have it mended?" asked the boss.

"Ay tank not in that shop," replied the Swede. "Ay ask him vhat he charge an' he say, 'Two dollar.' Then Ay ask him, 'Vill you take the vaist in part

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