

which will meet with absolute objection. And of course some students will oppose the whole line of reasoning; but even these will hardly regret the study spent in making acquaintance with the author's philosophy.

I wish here to call attention to a few passages under the head of what the author calls "civic communism." On p. 326 he says: "The communal will is not to despoil the individual will, nor is the individual will to despoil the communal will; both are integral elements of the social order, and each is not only to allow passively the other to exist, but is positively to secure this existence." On the same page we read: "The increased value of the soil and of other things, which results from communal activity, should belong to the community, which ought not to be despoiled of it by the individual, as is too often the case. Franchises which are really a form of communal property should not be disposed of to private parties without adequate compensation to the community, their owner." Surely the wayfaring man, even though he be no philosopher, can accept this thought. One might, however, like to ask incidentally what are those "other things," the value of which results from communal activity and should belong to the community. But to return to the soil, Mr. Snider, after writing as above, goes on to say that "all the land of the earth, even that which is still unoccupied, seems destined to pass through the crucible of individual ownership. And for this a good reason is apparent—the soil must be [a man's] own as well as the fruits of his toil, if he is to do his best."

Now, in spite of the fact that the author inserts a fine passage of appreciation of the work of Henry George, it is evident from the last quotation above that he has failed to see that George's great service was to show how individual energy and pride could still be maintained in the various uses of the soil, while at the same time acknowledging the rights of the "communal will." Furthermore, when he says "George's scheme has difficulties which render it impossible to be adopted," and does not say what these difficulties are, except that "at certain points it violates established rights," we feel like saying to him that George's scheme has indeed difficulties to overcome, one of the chief of which is that men like himself, who can see and say so much in support of its essential justice, stop short—apparently so hypnotized by "established" right that they cannot see the far deeper right that needs to become established.

Is it not just this sort of petrifica-

tion of conservatism, imbedded in school, church and state, which has unhappily driven so many earnest souls in all ages into a negative attitude toward social institutions? Will not the fact that the fight against institutional wrong has so often been the fight for freedom be the strongest appeal in the minds of many against the acceptance of Mr. Snider's main argument in this book?

J. H. DILLARD.

"THE SOULS OF BLACK FOLK."

"Between me and the other world is ever an unasked question: unasked by some through feelings of delicacy; by others through the difficulty of framing it. All, nevertheless, flutter round it. They approach me in a half-hesitant sort of way, eye me curiously or compassionately, and then, instead of saying directly: How does it feel to be a problem? They say: I know an excellent colored man in my town; or," etc., etc. These are the introductory words of a book just issued by McClurg, of Chicago, of which it can be truly said, and would be said were the expression not so trite, that it fills a long felt want. It is an intelligent and candid message to the world directly from the Negro race.

White men have written about the Negro, but they have written without knowledge. Even those who have boasted of knowing his character have known him only as masters know slaves and not as men know men. Black men, too, have written about the Negro, but it is all too plain that they have written from the white man's point of view. Though Lawrence Dunbar is a Negro, he is not a Negro poet. Though Booker T. Washington is also a Negro, his pen is a white man's pen. To W. E. Burghart DuBois, the Negro educator of Atlanta, it has been left to reveal in literature the soul of the Negro. In these essays of his on "The Souls of Black Folk," DuBois has lifted the veil behind which the Negro lives his real life. And what we behold is, after all, simply a man. He thinks the same thoughts, he enjoys the same affections, he struggles with the same hatreds, he possesses the same knowledge, he fosters the same aspirations and he does the same things that would go to make up the lives of other men in the same circumstances.

Drawn irresistibly by Prof. DuBois's admirable style into full sympathy with his theme and his treatment of it, the reader forgets the black skin and the degrading history of the Negro race. What he sees is the soul of the black folk as the black folk themselves see it. He sees with them and feels with them, as if their hopes and sufferings were

his own. In this book he may realize, perhaps for the first time, the deadening blow that comes to the Negro when in the early days of rollicking boyhood some chivalrous pale face makes him understand that he is forever shut out from the white man's world by a vast veil. Here he may learn to know why the Negro faithfully and humbly protected his master's family and property while his master fought against other white men to perpetuate his slavery. Here he may enter with the Negro into his ambitions and disappointments—as a man and not as a menial; into his pride of fatherhood or love of motherhood and the anguish of Negro bereavement; and may sympathize with the hypocrisy with which the Negro defends himself against the aggressions of the superior caste or the bitterness with which he would avenge them. Never before has the Negro asked with so much emphasis and such power of thought and persuasiveness of diction, "Am I not a man and brother?" as in this book.

Yet there is in the book neither bitterness nor sycophancy. It is the work of a man who knows that Negro blood as well as white blood has a message for the world, and seeks for nothing more than "to make it possible for a man to be both a Negro and an American, without being cursed and spit upon by his fellows."

The book would be more satisfactory if it were lengthened out with a summing-up chapter, and the phrase "the rule of inequality" on page 84, were changed to "the rule of differences." Among its merits not the least is the fact that few white men can read it without harboring a suspicion that if a Negro only four generations removed from the savagery of central Africa can acquire the ability to do philosophical and literary work of such excellence, there must be something absurdly wrong with the heredity theory of Negro inferiority.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

—"Clue to the Economic Labyrinth." By Michael Flurscheim, author of "Auf friedlichem Wege," "Der einzige Rettungsweg," "Rent, Interest and Wages," "The Real History of Money Island," etc. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co., Ltd., Paternoster Square. To be reviewed.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Independent, of Lincoln, Neb., one of the ablest and brightest of Populist papers, announces a Henry George edition for May 14, to be made up of articles by single taxers. The programme suggested by the editor in the issue of the 9th is most intelligently conceived. The issue of June 11 is to be devoted to replies.

Mr. William Morton Payne contributes a very valuable article on the great Norwegian, Bjornson, in the International Quarterly, the March-June number. Fifteen or 20 years ago two little books were brought out in Lovell's library, "Arne" and "A Happy Boy," and many who read these simple stories at once recognize them as the work of a great master. It is prob-