

old man, asking no favors, but grateful for any little kindness shown him, he has never wanted for bite or sup. Now that an old-age pension reaches him, he is without a care. His cottage is assured him for life, and the loom, the friend of his manhood and the solace of his old age, is there to be worked only when the inclination takes him.

Was there ever such a living-room as this kitchen, which, with the staircase, occupies all the ground floor of the cottage? It is a picture in itself. His furniture dates back to the days when solidity was more highly thought of than cheapness. That old oak chest which would look well in the vestry of an ancient church has tempted many a collector of antiquities. So has the high chest of drawers, with the inlay, and the fluted angle pieces. There is a grandfather's clock in the corner, a spinning wheel by Timmy's armchair, and a table and delph rack against the furthest-most wall which hold pottery that everybody wants to buy as relics of the old hand-weaver's cottage. You might as well ask Timmy to sell you his head!

Under the window is a dresser which proclaims what a fire-crusted old bachelor Timmy is. It is covered with tins. Preserved fruit tins, coffee tins, tins of all sizes and of all shapes—what a collection! You could imagine a conscientious Yorkshire housewife, with a craze for tidiness, sweeping the whole lot into a sack and pitching them outside. There are kindly women who would tidy things up a little if Timmy were willing. But that independent old man declares he will do his own tidying, and the woman who attempted to re-arrange his domestic possessions, and reduce his larder of tins to order, would find that behind Timmy's mild manner is concealed a tongue that scarifies.

Who can blame him! Most people are the servants of their homes. The woman who does her own housework never overtakes all that she thinks her home demands—cleaning, cooking, serving, washing, a twelve hours' day is all too short. And the middle-class and upper-class householders who employ servants, do you think they escape the tyranny of the household gods? Not a bit of it! Timmy's bohemianism is real. He was about to tidy up, so he said, when I left him. But probably he did just what I should have done in like circumstances—tidied up as little as possible, and made haste to regain that arm-chair by the fire where a well-colored clay pipe was within reach.

In the upper chamber, where Timmy's bed stands beside the loom, it is different—everything is neat. By that loom he has lived; by it unless ill-luck decrees otherwise, he will die. Timmy would pine away if his loom were lost to him. It is a gaunt, noisy thing of wooden beams, that are stained and pitted with age. That loom is the most intimate thing he knows. It has never failed him. Now, as half-a-century ago, it does good, honest work, and its click clack talks to the old man in

these long days of winter as it has talked to him in the silent years that have passed. For Timmy has always been much alone with his thoughts. There are few people to talk with in winter at Greenbottom, and when a man has his work and his home within the same four walls there is not much inclination to go afield for gossip—especially when the wind is alternately sobbing and shrieking, blustering and beseeching, as has been the case over the moorlands these seven days past.

It is bleak up at Greenbottom, but the old hand-loom weaver, said to be the last of his kind, reflects the mellowness of all the autumns that have passed over his hoary head. He is the Grand Old Man who has neither regrets nor fears. Timmy faces the future as cheerfully as he looks back on his long history.

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## BOOKS

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### A BRIEF AGAINST SOCIALISM.

*The Pattern Nation.* By Sir Henry Wrixon. Published by The Macmillan Co., New York. 1906.

The British author of this book against Socialism starts with the observation, somewhat meagerly upheld by evidence, that all nations of the Occident show the same trend in development, political, industrial, social. The pattern—that is, typical—nation is, therefore, easily imagined; especially so, if one imagines, as does the author, with one eye on the United States.

Monarchism, Democracy, Semi-Socialism—then what? In Semi-Socialism, that unstable compound of freedom and paternalism, one or the other element must finally dominate. Either the people will lose their liberty in choosing industrial ease, and full Socialism ensue; or the people will see their mistake, reverse their course and declare again for individual freedom and the natural struggle for existence. "Things move quickly in our time, and the present century will see either Socialism discredited or Europe declining."

The argument is pursued with never chapter nor heading through 170 pages of repeated generalities, all of which could probably be put into ten pages and not lose an idea. Lucky Socialists, if against their doctrine no stronger arguments existed than this book contains!

ANGELINE LOESCH.

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## PAMPHLETS

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### Trade Unions and Divinity.

Henry Sterling's addresses before the senior class of the Yale Divinity School last January on trade unions—(1) causes for existence, and (2) organization, work, methods, criticisms—are among the most