

THE SCRAP BOOK.

INDUSTRIAL COÖPERATION.

WHAT is coöperation? Acting together for a common end. Several families unite for the purchase of their supplies by a common agent at wholesale prices, and thus save a part at least of the profit of retail trade. This is the most common kind of coöperation. Coöperative shops are in the same category. There is likewise a coöperation, to some extent, of labour in the custom prevailing in some districts, of farmers assisting each other at harvests by uniting their hands and teams. There is no reason why two or more of them should not agree to work their farms together at certain seasons, and thus secure a concentration of labour and the use of more and better machinery than their separate means would warrant. This is, indeed, the only way in which they can compete with great estates, supplied with the best machinery and abundance of hands. See what the Shakers do. Strange as their religious tenets appear to us, they contrive by a union of forces to lessen their labours to such a degree that the women have finished their daily household tasks by ten o'clock in the morning. The men work more hours, but they are not overworked. They have shelter, and enough to eat, drink, and wear, for moderate and combined labour. Whaling voyages from time immemorial have been fitted out and prosecuted upon the coöperative theory, but without the aid of incorporation, as the persons employed are few and are cut off from the rest of the world during their voyages. There are establishments in France on a coöperative basis. Coöperative shops are frequent in London for different branches of the public service, the diplomatic, colonial, army and navy, and the church.

There are, however, two difficulties in the way of all coöperative schemes that are not endowed with the corporate faculty—the uncertainty of duration, and the personal liability of members. When half-a-dozen persons unite in a business, each becomes liable for all the rest, and the death of one may impede if it does not put a stop to the enterprise. Few persons are willing to place their interests without reserve in the hands of others, or make themselves liable for their engagements. A corporation offers the means of obviating these difficulties. What is a corporation? An artificial being; a creature of the law, endowed with certain functions of a natural person, and such a term of life as the law in particular cases may prescribe. The corporate property alone, unless otherwise specially provided, is held for its debts, and it lives out its appointed time though its members one after another pass away. Stability, simplicity, and the exemption of the members from personal risks are its attributes. Is not this then the best machinery for the working of a coöperative scheme?

How can capital and labour be enlisted? Is there any reason why corporations created for profit that heretofore have been aggregations of capital only should not be made also aggregations of capital and labour, or, to speak more accurately, representatives of capital and labour? Let us suppose a manufacturing corporation to be formed with the view of giving to all the persons employed an interest in the profits of the establishment. Divide the nominal capital into shares of small amount, some of them payable in labour to be contributed; give to the workman credit for a part of his wages, and pay him the rest for his daily living. Is this a wild scheme?—*D. D. Field, in the North American Review.*

INDIAN MYTHS AND STORIES.

FOR two centuries books upon the Indians have been accumulating. Much of this history, contained in Jesuit writings, works of voyagers and travellers, and Spanish, French and English savants, has been lying in State and college archives, unread except by a very few zealous ethnologists or care-taking historians. With the present interest in the Indians, a compilation of the substance of these works seemed to be demanded. This want is met by a recent work by Mrs. Emerson entitled "Indian Myths or Legends; Traditions and Symbols of the American Aborigines compared with those of other Countries" (referred to in THE WEEK on a recent date). . . . These quotations, though voluminous, are always in illustration of the subject-matter of the chapters, by which a continuity is made. . . . The author has not confined herself to the history of the ideas of the red race, but presents a comparative mythological sketch by drawing interesting matter from works upon other races. A book with this purpose, seeking to disclose the intellectual status of the Indians, must inevitably touch certain points that have been the occasion of controversy; and the author gives evidence of having sifted the question. The solution of some questions the Indians are made to answer themselves through myth or symbol, except, perhaps, in relation to their belief in a Great Spirit. . . . Apparently bearing in mind the statement of Francis Parkman that the Indian's Great Spirit is a "creation of modern sentiment and romance," much painstaking shows itself in her assertion in respect to the Indian's belief in a creative and Supreme Spirit. The prosecution of Mrs. Emerson's studies extended in point of time over fifteen years, the last year being used in verification and revision. Surprise has been expressed that amid much that is peurile in these myths there should be found conceptions of remarkable beauty. "Why, this reads like *Er* in Plato!" concerning one of the myths the reviewer exclaims doubtfully. But this charge is a following of the assertion met with in early and late writers; for the Indian's eloquence in council is the source of as much surprise as his poetic thought in myth and legend. The originality, however, of both is indisputable, and is proved by reference to those authors quoted by Mrs. Emerson. "Indian Myths" contains five hundred diagrams and full-page illustrations, some of which are from originals by John Wyeth, an artist sent to America by Queen Elizabeth. There is also a map that furnishes an opportunity for the reader to find the precise locality of tribes mentioned in myth or story.—*Boston Transcript.*

SONG OF THE PRINCESS MAY.

MARCH and April, go your way!
You have had your fitful day;
Wind and shower, and snow and sleet,
Make wet walking for my feet—

For I come unsandalled down
From the hillsides bare and brown;
But wherever I do tread
There I leave a little thread

Of bright emerald, softly set
Like a jewel in the wet;
And I make the peach-buds turn
Pink and white, until they burn

Rosy red within their cells;
Then I set the blooming bells
Of the flowery alder ringing,
And the apple-blossoms swinging

In a shower of rosy snow,
As I come and as I go
On my gay and jocund way,
I, the merry Princess May.

—*Nora Perry in Outing.*

COME, let us go into the lane, love mine,
And mark and gather what the Autumn grows:
The creamy elder mellowed into wine,
The russet hip that was the pink-white rose;
The amber woodbine into rubies turned,
The blackberry that was the bramble born;
Nor let the seeded clematis be spurned,
Nor pearls, that now are corals, of the thorn.
Look! what a lovely posy we have made
From the wild garden of the waning year.
So when, dear love, your summer is decayed,
Beauty more touching than is clustered here
Will linger in your life, and I shall cling
Closely as now, nor ask if it be Spring.

—*Alfred Austin.*

AN ANGLO-RUSSIAN ALLIANCE.

THE duellist theory, or that of an inevitable conflict exempting us from any need to have our quarrel just, will not be tolerated by the great majority of Englishmen for a single moment. Notwithstanding all the talk in the newspapers, the English nation is quite as ready to give unflinching support to the Ministry if it should submit the question to arbitration as it is to support it heartily if it were clearly proved that Russia had wantonly forced a quarrel upon us by unprovoked aggression upon territory which was undisputably part of Afghanistan. We are not a gang of cut-throats with the morality of Thugs—whatever the *Times* may believe; and we are not going to spend £300,000,000 and kill 300,000 human beings over a pettifogging wrangle for fifty miles of uninhabited steppe, over which but for the order established by Russia no human being dare wander. Apart from all questions of morality, we are not going to rush into a war which at the very best could do us no good when it can be honourably and satisfactorily avoided by referring the dispute to arbitration. Russia and England are linked together by destiny for better or for worse. They have got to keep common house in Asia, and nothing that either of us can do can turn the other out of doors. Divorce is impossible, and, as we cannot kill our Russian partner, we had much better try to get on with him as best we can, treating him reasonably and fairly, and resolutely repressing as the most pernicious of madmen those who insist upon regarding an Anglo-Russian war as so inevitable that we need not be careful how we bring it about. The solution of the Central Asian question can only be found in an Anglo-Russian alliance, it will only be rendered infinitely more costly and difficult by an Anglo-Russian war.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

ELECTRICITY APPLIED TO BIG GUNS.

THE revolution which electricity is destined to make in modern warfare is as yet only in its infancy. The latest invention of Mr. Maxim, whose remarkable gun was described the other day, is, however, an earnest of the things that yet shall be. This invention is an electrical training gear, so contrived that by the simple movement of a handle the heaviest gun made may be turned by a single man, and with the greatest ease, in any direction. You pull a handle to the right, and the breech of the gun moves to the right; to the left, and it moves to the left. You raise the handle, and the gun is depressed at the muzzle; you depress the handle, and the gun is raised. This training gear was applied a day or two ago to one of the 38-ton guns at Garrison Point Fort, and the preliminary trial showed that one man could train the gun with the greatest nicety. One may expect Providence to be very much on the side of the big guns when a 38-ton gun comes to be aimed at quickly-moving objects as easily as if it were a pistol or a walking-stick.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Du MAURIER, *Punch's* society caricaturist, once studied chemistry under Professor Williamson at the Birkbeck Laboratory, and was, after a time, given charge of a Devonshire gold mine. The mine proved to have been "salted," and in disgust Du Maurier foreswore science forever, and gave himself up entirely to art.