

Froriep acquired the permission to dig in this place and discovered at a depth of three meters a great collection of human bones covered with debris of old walls and rubbish, among them fifty-three well preserved skulls, and in addition fragments of other skulls so as to make the complete number of bodies between sixty and seventy. In continuing his digging he discovered half a meter lower a number of bones with the skull which he could identify as that of Schiller. It was difficult to identify the bones or to distribute them to the several skeletons to which they belonged, for they were well arranged in a kind of classified order, the skulls heaped together in one place, the jaw-bones in another and legs and arms somewhere else so that it would be difficult to identify the bones of different individuals.

It was well known that Schiller's teeth were very regular, and that only one, the second upper molar on the left side, was missing. This information is well attested by Schiller's servants and in general also by other people who were intimately acquainted with the poet, and proves that the jaw-bone discovered by Professor Froriep must be that of Schiller himself, especially as the lower jaw belonging to this skull showed a perfect set of sixteen teeth regular in formation and position. Further, there was an undeniable agreement with both the death mask and the plaster of Paris cast of Schiller's skull. The skull shows a broad forehead although not unusually high, a weak development over the eyebrows which is so strong in the Neanderthal skull, delicate nasal bones but rather high so as to indicate the aquiline formation which was one of the poet's prominent features.

Professor Froriep recently submitted his discovery to his colleagues at the Anatomical Congress which met on April 22 to 24, 1912, at Munich, and there was not one voice which contradicted the argument.

We learn that Professor Froriep will publish a book on the subject which will contain photographic reproductions that are expected to be fully convincing of the truth of his contentions.

P. C.

THE LIFE OF AUGUST BEBEL.

August Bebel's autobiography (*My Life*, University of Chicago Press, Price \$2.14 postpaid) is a human document of remarkable significance. It gives a first-hand report of the rise and growth in Germany of the Social Democratic party. Though Mr. Bebel has been the leading spirit in this important political and economic movement for the half-century of its existence he looks upon it as in any case inevitable and upon himself as "a willing helper at a birth of whose origin he is entirely innocent." He goes on to say:

"Into the rôle of an assistant at a historical process of evolution I was thrust by the conditions of my life and as a result of my experience. Once driven into the movement that originated in the sixties of the last century among the German working-classes, it was my duty and my interest, not only to take part in the conflict of opinions born of this movement, but also to examine the ideas which were then newly emerging, and as judiciously as I could to decide for or against them. It was thus that in the course of a few years from being a convinced and decided opponent of socialism I became one of its most zealous adherents...and so I shall remain to the end, as long as my strength is left me."

The Social Democratic party had suffered much persecution from the German government, especially Bismarck, but it must be conceded that the policy of the Iron Chancellor in this regard was a serious blunder and the persecution of the leaders of the movement served only to strengthen the party. We will not here discuss the feasibility of a social democracy, but we must insist on the noble character of many of its representatives of whom Bebel certainly stands in the first rank. Much of the respect that has been reluctantly accorded to the recognition of the character of the Social Democratic party in Germany is certainly due to him, and the probability is that if he had ever been admitted to the cabinet it would have been a great benefit to the cause for it would have matured a man like Bebel and would have helped to educate the multitudes who believed in him.

Bebel's youth was spent in poverty, and his trade was that of a turner, though he says he never became an artist at the lathe. His early education was necessarily limited and he felt his deficiency in this respect very keenly when he became interested in political matters. His political persecution included several convictions for treason and *lèse-majesté*. He made excellent use of his incarcerations in filling up to some extent the gaps in his education, and during the first imprisonment of 31 months at Hubertusburg he read the political works of Plato, Aristotle and Sir Thomas More, as well as Marx, Engel and John Stuart Mill. His political influence and activities continued during his imprisonment. He was most impressed by Buckle's *History of Civilization*. As an instance of the treatment he received in prison, we quote literally from his book:

"Before I set out for the fortress a friend wrote, in a farewell letter: 'If it were not for your families, I could almost shout for joy over the stupidity of your enemies. You, for example, will certainly profit largely in health and will learn much; then you will be a dangerous fellow indeed, and your good wife, in spite of the pangs of separation, will be content if you undergo a cure which will strengthen you for good....'

"On the afternoon of the 8th of July I started on my journey to Hubertusburg. A crowd of both sexes was at the station to bid me goodbye. Amidst my luggage was a large cage with a cock canary, the gift of a Dresden friend. 'as a companion in the prison cell.' I got him a wife, and a goodly number of children and grandchildren were hatched to him in prison....

"The Castle of Hubertusburg is quite a considerable pile of buildings in the baroque style. Our cells had large iron-barred windows, which overlooked the great kitchen garden, where we took our regulation walks, and beyond the walls over forest and field to the little town of Mutzchen.

"The cleaning of our cells was done by a so-called 'calefactor.' We had to pay for this cleaning and rent as well—for the State does not give even prison-room for nothing—at the rate of some fifteen shillings monthly. We got our food from an inn in a village near by. Our daily routine was as follows: We had to be dressed by seven o'clock, when the cells were opened for cleaning. In the meantime we had breakfast in the large corridor. Our friend Hirsch used to take this opportunity to play chess with another civilian prisoner, with whom he used to be continually quarrelling over the game. From eight to ten we were locked in our cells; then we took our regulation walks in the garden. From twelve to three in winter and four in summer we were once more locked up, and then took our second walk, to be locked up

at five or six, according to the season, until the cells were unlocked next morning. We had the right to burn a light until 10 p. m., and these hours I devoted to study. After some months I obtained permission to have Lieb-knecht locked up with me in my cell, from 8 to 10 a. m., that he might give me lessons in English and French. Of course, we used to discuss our party affairs, and I answered the business letters which my wife sent me every day.

"Liebknecht and I were great lovers of tea; but we could not get any, and we were forbidden to make it ourselves on account of the danger from fire. However, rules are made to be broken, and I managed to smuggle in a spirit lamp and kettle and the necessary ingredients. As soon as we were locked up for the night I began to brew my tea; and in order to give Lieb-knecht the pleasure of indulging in his favorite beverage, I had cut a pole in the garden, which was about nine feet long, to the end of which I attached a net of my own making. As soon as tea was ready I knocked on the wall—Liebknecht's cell was next to mine—and I placed a glass of tea in the net; I then thrust the pole out of the window and swung the glass round to Lieb-knecht's. In the same way we exchanged newspapers....

"I experienced a great need of bodily exercise, and the notion struck me that I would do some gardening. We could not get garden plots allotted to us, but were allowed to cultivate as much as we liked of the fallow land along the garden wall. We set to work with great energy. Lieb-knecht, who was just then writing his essay on the land question, regarded himself as an expert on agrarian matters, and assured us that this fallow land was one of the most fertile soils. But when we began to dig we found nothing but stone. Lieb-knecht pulled a long face, but we all laughed. We then took to spreading manure—not a very nice job, and one which we should have refused with indignation had the authorities forced us to do it.

"We sowed radishes and awaited the harvest. They came up beautifully—at least, the leaves did—but there were no radishes. Every morning when we started to take our walk there would be a race to see who should first pull up a radish. But always in vain. There were no radishes; and finally the warden told us the reason: we had manured the ground too well. The soil was too fat. We looked very foolish indeed."

NOTES.

The chief propagandist work of the Ethics of Nature Society has reached its third edition in the French language under the title *Morale fondée sur les lois de la nature*. It is written by the president of the society, M. Marius Deshumbert, and was reviewed extensively with comprehensive quotations from the English edition in *The Open Court* of April, 1912. Copies of the French version will be furnished without charge to any one applying to the Hon. Secretary, Dewhurst, Dunheved Road, Thornton Heath, England. ρ