

"They have wakened from slumber at last—
The mighty and terrible people!
And Liberty's Bell is recast
To ring from a loftier steeple."

But we have said Mrs. Milne's poetry is not rich in quotable lines. It is simple melody. Our author sings because she must, out of a full heart and observing mind. If these lines lack for the most part the full resonance and peremptory call of the verse of Charles Mackay, they remind us of some of the poetry which originated out of the Chartist movement, a little of which has survived as literature. That part of the present volume which consists of personal tributes to the leaders of the Single Tax movement or which are suggested by phases of its progress—the part indeed which is closest to the real heart of poetry—will be recalled by the historian of the movement and quoted with delight long after more pretentious verse of more artistic mould is forgotten. Certainly, the complete chronicle of the early days of the movement will be incomplete without the mention of the name of its sweet singer.

J. D. M.

* THE UNWRITTEN LAW.

While the avowed tendency of this book is one of intimate personal import, it reaches out and above the author's intention, and touches sharply and directly upon the questions which shake humanity. The Unwritten Law is, apparently, that law of nature which parents in all ranks of life disregard, either through heedlessness or deliberate misunderstanding, leaving their children in ignorance of the main facts of life, leaving them to find out what vitally concerns them of themselves, generally through disaster. But while this more intimate personal conflict is engaging the author's attention, he finds how often and how keenly it touches those larger conflicts which we call the social questions, and, whether wittingly, or unwittingly, he does not say, * * * he shows us how even the laws of nature bear less heavily on those whom fortune has favored than on those nearer the bottom of that scale which begins in mere existence and ends in wanton luxury. There is so much that is good in this book, that it is hard to choose some one point better than others, but if we must choose, then we should say that the finest and most artistic work is done in the depicting of such characters as would always be moulded by their surroundings, and the pitiless exposing of the results brought about by those surroundings. The middle class in every way, the mediocre in intellect, soul and fortune, are those most bound hand and foot by the wheel of life,

most incapable of thought above the convention that surrounds them. In the depicting of such characters Mr. Henry has done some marvellously fine work in this novel, and he has shown how this inert mass, "the compact majority," as Ibsen so cleverly terms it in one of his plays, is the great bar to progress in the social and mental sphere, how it holds down the aspirations of those in the strata below it, and hampers and cheapens the moving towards justice in the strata above.

Social questions are touched upon in a manner so free from tendency that the pictures of life among a certain type of young people in our city streets, also products of their surroundings, are of immense value through the power their frank humanity gives them. The arraignment of official law as shown in the trial of Karl Fischer is also powerful in its directness, although the character of the young lawyer who is its mouthpiece is too didactic to be as real as are the other people in the book.

The social aspect of the life of New York is a field just beginning to open to our writers of fiction. We have thus far seen our chief American city treated in its spectacular aspects, or in "society novels" of the lighter kind, which have nothing national about them. Of the few books which have as yet endeavored to pierce the golden haze that rests over the various strata of New York life, this novel is one of the most direct and powerful, in that it does not concern itself with one little corner of the town, with some un-American and peculiar color of the kaleidoscope, but shows that part of New York life which is purely American in character, which is rapidly absorbing all the other elements and becoming typical of the city. And the picture as given here makes us stop and think.

GRACE ISABEL COLBRON.

* THE FAIR LAND TYROL.

This beautifully illustrated volume from the pen of W. D. McCrackan is a loving portrayal of the lands through which the author has made more than one pilgrimage. The topography, the art, the architecture, and the people of these interesting lands are subjected to discriminating treatment, and the volume bears every evidence of that care and scholarship which have distinguished the other works of our author.

Some of the material herein contained has previously appeared in *Harper's Monthly*, the *New England Magazine* and other periodicals. But some of it will be new to magazine readers, and the collection of it all in book form will be a welcome addition to our knowledge of the Tyrol and its people.

* The Unwritten Law. By Arthur Henry. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.

* The Fair Land Tyrol. By W. D. McCrackan. 18mo. Cloth. Illustrated. Price \$1.60 net, 328 pages. L. C. Page & Co., Boston, Mass.

The work is divided into thirty-three chapters, each of them dealing with some special subject, and many of them distinguished by poetical touches that set it apart from the more conventional records of travel.

Mr. McCrackan writes well, as he always does, whether in the discussion of the disputed points of Christian Science, or even in the more fiercely controverted questions of political economy. It is known to our readers that Mr. McCrackan is a Single Taxer, and that he was for a term the president of the Manhattan Single Tax Club, during which time he efficiently conducted the affairs of that organization. In this work he writes not only with that intelligence which comes from a clear and unprejudiced mind, but also with that finer touch due to a loving sympathy with men and women generally, and with the men and women of the Tyrol particularly.

It has been said that women write the best books of travel, and this is true of more recent times when women have only really begun to write at all. The touch of the feminine is in Mr. McCrackan's style, which Coleridge, we believe, said was present in every finer masculine mind—and it is this subtle quality which lends an inexpressible charm to these pictures of the Tyrol and its people.

J. D. M.

The Women's Single Tax Club of Washington has elected for the ensuing year the following board of officers: Mrs. L. Lora Coope, Pres.; Mrs. Jennie L. Munroe, Vice-Pres.; Mrs. Gertrude Metcalf Mackenzie, Sec.; and Mrs. J. H. Root, Treas. Delegates from the club to the National Conference were Mrs. Coope, Mrs. Munroe, Mrs. M. C. Lohr, Mrs. John Hansen, and Mrs. Farren, with Miss York and Miss Bowen as alternates.

NOTE.

Our readers who fail to see their communications in this issue must bear with us. There has been much of interest crowded out of this number, among which is an article by Lawson Purdy, replying to Mr. Buell's contribution in the Spring number, an article by James P. Cadman, of Chicago, another by Fred. C. Leubuscher, one by W. E. Brokaw, another by A. Freeland and an interesting sketch of the new Single Tax, Mayor of Kansas City, Kan., Wm. S. Rose. In addition we have been compelled to omit a variety of interesting letters from perhaps a score of correspondents, which touch upon matters of more or less interest to the cause. As many of these as possible will be printed in our next issue. Among them are several communications in reply to Mr. Peter Aitken's Plea for Compensation from Michael Flurscheim, Edmund Corkhill and others.

ERRATA—In Mr. Samuel Milliken's communication in last issue, in reply to Mr. Aitken's Plea for Compensation, the types made Mr. Milliken say, "That which is just cannot rightly be imposed by force." The word "just" should read "unjust."

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