

pendent—phobia, and refuse to be scared by the miscegenation bogey. But these arguments of innate and irremovable inferiority are only a rehash under the guise of science of the ancient statements that some men are better than others and therefore fitted to govern them—for their welfare, of course! The iron law of heredity is substituted for the iron law of wages which in turn supplanted the divine right argument. And such pseudo-science if unchallenged when aimed at the right of the black man to equal opportunities can easily be extended to cover the protesting white.

That the North is often hypocritical in its attitude towards the Negro question may freely be conceded; also the assertion that the Negro is losing ground industrially—just as the white workman is losing ground. But this is part of the Labor problem—which monopoly would like to obscure by intensifying the Race problem. And with decreasing opportunity for employment (or at least for self employment) the desire to limit competition for jobs finds expression in antipathy to the Negro and hostility to the Immigrant. Ignorant prejudices are aided by the ease of drawing a line according to visible color or obvious differences of nationality, and under the pressure of economic competition the pendulum swings back towards the time when little tribes of the same Aryan ancestry hated each other with perhaps greater intensity than now exists between races.

Give the Negro opportunity—give all men an opportunity—and these problems of race that now seem so perplexing will work out their own solution. If opening opportunity to the Negro enables him to achieve social equality that will only be because he deserves it. To deprive men of what they might obtain through their exertions, to shut the door of opportunity for fear that the lowly may exalt themselves, is to retard the progress not of one race, but of mankind.

A. C. PLEYDELL.

* MRS. MILNE'S LATEST VOLUME.

Mrs. Francis M. Milne has been justly considered the poet laureate of the Single Tax cause. Others have written occasional verses for the movement stronger perhaps than those which make up the contents of this volume—Bliss Carman and the late Richard Hovey have both paid fine poetical tributes to Henry George—but Mrs. Milne is the only one whose lyric genius has sought its chief inspiration in the movement for industrial freedom which has come to be known as the Single Tax. She has been identified with it from its begin-

*For To-Day's Poems by Frances M. Milne 12 mo. 231 pp. Price \$1.50. The James H. Barry Co., 439 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

ning, and she has sung its triumphs and its tribulations, picturing in melodious verse its glorious anticipations and sorrowing in tuneful threnodies for the deaths of the departed leaders.

Perhaps her range is not wide; perhaps, too, these occasional poems lack strength, there being few distinctly quotable lines when wrested from the context. But there is simple melody, heartfelt feeling and sweetness, which if never rising to the highest poetic utterance are never bald or commonplace. In a volume filled for the most part with verse in one common strain this is no mean achievement.

A number of these poems are tributes to our great leader. Perhaps the best of these is the Welcome to Henry George which was read by Hamlin Garland at the mass meeting in Cooper Union in this city, on the occasion of Mr. George's return from his trip round the world. It seems to us poetry that narrowly misses inspiration of a high order.

"Peter, thy dome attesting stands—
The glory and the shame of faith!
And Memory flits from shrine to shrine
A pallid, self-accusing wraith.
Italia—wake! the hour is here!
A greater than thy poets dreamed,
Thy land, expectant waits to be
From ashes of the grave redeemed.

"Hast thou not welcomed, sunny France?
The immortal past invokes thee now!
Imperishable glory gleams
To crown thy city's jewelled brow.
Thy history's page has record bright,
America can ne'er forget;
Her Prophet bears the gift divine—
A gift to cancel all the debt!

* * * * *

"A thousand, thousand welcomes home!
Our Prophet friend! from journeyings far,
From thy imperial city's gates
To San Francisco's harbor-bar,
The throbbing heart-tides swell and meet—
A tidal wave of joy and love.
Leader of souls! to thy high call
Not all unworthy would we prove."

As Ye Walk and Are Sad is another poem in a different vein. We quote the first two stanzas:

"I cannot image Him, as preachers tell us—
The tender Friend who wept with Mary's
tear—
Enthroned on height supernal, and behold-
ing,
Afar the issue of our conflict here.

Nay, rather, as the artist's dreaming fancy
Beheld him journeying with the throng of
men—

Unseen companion of our wayside faring—
I think he visits our sad earth again."

One poem, The Awakening, has a stanza that arrests the attention.

"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.