

Pervasive of the reeking routes to hell.
This afar smokes with fragrant sacrifice,
Whose incense soars, and heming finds its
kindred skies!

Nor hoof, nor horn, nor forked tall pre-
sides
The bottles o'er, and spill's their burning
tides.

Garbed all as saints, the ministrants ap-
pear—

Pour out each draught of fire with Chris-
tian cheer,
Or to each fable, mixed with loving care,
Pop in a sible-text, perhaps a heartfelt
prayer!

L'ENVOY.

Praise Him, our God, from whom all bless-
ings flow,
Yea, even rum shops in His Kingdom here
below!
Chicago, Aug. 8, 1904. C. M. S.

If we were just we would grant that
the white peril to the yellow race is
much greater than the "yellow peril"
to the white race.—Dr. Paul Carus, in
The Open Court.

Petey—So youse lost de game nine-
teen to nuthin?

Captain Mulligan (cheerfully)—Yes,
but we didn't need dat game anyway.

Petey—Say, youse ought ter be a
Russian general!—Puck.

The word Voodoo and the notions as-
sociated with the term, are not of Afri-
can, but of European origin. As heret-
ics, the Waldenses, or Vaudois, ob-
tained evil repute as sorcerers; they
were therefore credited with all the
orgies ascribed to witches, and the
name, losing specific application, passed
over into a designation of any enchanter.
The dialectic form Vaudou came with
French emigrants to Hayti and Louisi-
ana, and, extending itself to English-
speaking districts, is used to denote a
negro conjurer and an imaginary negro
sect.—New York Nation.

Editor (addressing school)—Now,
children, I suppose you all know that a
newspaper is a public educator?

Head Scholar—Yes, sir. Teacher
brings a copy of your paper to school
with her every day, and makes the gram-
mar class pick out all the grammatical
errors, and she makes the infant class
pick out all the errors of spelling and
punctuation.—Woman's Journal.

Martha is a little New York girl
who last week for the first time ex-
perienced some of the benefits of the
fresh air camp at Westfield. A kind
of a quiet awe seemed to pervade her
spirits as she joined the ranks of the
children waiting at the railroad sta-

tion. All through a wide stretch of
open fields she sat solemnly and silent-
ly looking out of the window. Final-
ly one of the women in charge of the
expedition, touching her on the shoul-
der, said: "Martha, wouldn't you like
to look out of the window at the other
side of the car?" Martha hesitated a
moment and then, looking searchingly
in the woman's face, said, cautiously:
"Will it be country on the other side,
too?"—Elizabeth (N. J.) Times.

"The chief of the secret service says
that there is \$100,000 in good bills for
every dollar that is bad."

"Yes; but we are much more likely
to get the bad dollar than we are to get
100,000 good ones."—Cleveland Plain
Dealer.

BOOKS

THE YELLOW VAN ONCE MORE—
AN EPIC OF THE LANDLORD.

Mr. Whiteing's Yellow Van, which
is at the same time a book with the
land question as its theme and a novel
of first-rate artistic qualities, has al-
ready been most happily reviewed in
The Public (vol. vi., p. 606). My purpose
is only to call further attention to sev-
eral points which cannot be too often
noted, and to do homage to the au-
thor's fine literary touch, which en-
ables him to present the earnestness of
reform in the attractive garb of a real-
ly artistic performance.

We all know that there are large
landed estates in England. But how
vividly Mr. Whiteing brings the fact
home to his reader: "For 20 miles
round at Anstead, as for 13 here at
Allonby and for about the same at
Lidstone, you might walk without set-
ting foot on any man's land but the
duke's."

Then he tells us incidentally how
gently and peaceably many of the
great estates have grown in the hands
of their benevolent lord: "First, he
puts up a notice-board warning man-
kind at large against trespass and its
consequences. Then, when the notice
has matured into a kind of assumption
of private ownership, he puts up a
fence. The fence, in its turn, matures
into a full recognition, as from time
immemorial; and the strip is now
part of the ducal domain."

Really, the neat manner in which
England's dukes have dealt with Eng-
land's land, before the face of all the
people, goes a long way in support of
the theory that the English are a peo-
ple lacking in a sense of humor. Mr.
Whiteing's book ought to help them
open their eyes to the humor of the
situation, and incidentally to remind
us on this side that, though not quite
so amusing, our own practices are not
without comic features. Do not all

of our assessment books present fun-
ny pages, not to speak of the farce of
our method as a whole?

"Saxon chiefs or Norman lords,"
says Mr. Whiteing, "in the fullness of
their power were not in it with the
landowner of to-day. He has got you,
body and soul. The parson is actually
his nominee, and often his poor rela-
tion. . . . The tradespeople of the
village rent under him, and even if
they don't they can be ruined by his
power. The laborers live in his cot-
tages, and are absolutely at his mercy
for the privilege of hiring a bit of al-
lotment land—hiring, not owning;
mark that well! He is usually the
magistrate; and so he and his admin-
ister the law that should stand be-
tween you both."

Who can say that this picture of the
landlord's power is overdrawn? Land,
labor, church, court—are they not all
at bottom his, whenever he chooses to
exercise his sway?

This book shows the submergence of
a farm laborer, under the stress of this
sway, into the slums of London.
"Who killed Cock Robin? Shall I
tell you? The English land system.
. . . . You can't keep all this wicked
luxury of landlord, aye, and gentleman
farmer, too, out of one pair of laborer's
hands. . . . You can't live and
thrive, increase and multiply, here
without the good leave of your bet-
ters; and they won't give you leave.
They want the land for a pleasure-
ground; they can get their incomes
somewhere else."

So the Herions went to London.
"They had saved a little while his
work lasted, but her confinement and
the loss of work together pulled them
down. And they went from bad to
worse. The rent was crushing. It
keeps pace with the very need of shel-
ter. The greater the crowd, the dear-
er the homes." When the friend of
the duchess of Allonby at last found
them, "George had gone out again to
look for work. Rose was lying ill
on the bed in a dismal room, still and
quiet, with a baby opening its eyes,
for the first time, on a vista of East
End back yards. A mouse, trustful in
the stagnant place, foraged for its
breakfast, and hardly stirred when I
came in."

"Who sublets such holes?"

"Speculators."

"Who owned that one?"

"The duke of Allonby, I believe."

Thus had they, leaving the duke's
country, come to the duke's city and
a source of the duke's income.

Is the duke of Allonby an ogre? On
the contrary he may be a most agree-
able, charming, kind-hearted gentle-
man. And his American duchess may
even have a sort of enthusiasm for hu-
manity. The author makes no impos-
sible drawing. His people are natural
enough.



THE COCKNEY SPORTSMAN.

"Confound that dog! he's gone off on the wrong scent altogether!"

And the story, what little there is of it, takes us on smoothly. It catches the reader's interest and holds it. Some of the latter part of the book might have been spared for a closer following of the misfortunes of the Herions, but this would not have been very pleasant reading, and it must be remembered that Mr. Whiteing wants an audience for his preaching. The success of his books shows that he knows how to attract as well as how to preach. This is a great part of his power. Rarely, indeed, has a book appeared which combines so cleverly as this the craft of artistic excellence with the purpose of a splendid radicalism.

J. H. DILLARD.

PERIODICALS.

C. E. S. Wood does some plain and wholesome writing in the Pacific Monthly for August.

An Illustrated "Reading Journey Through Japan," by Anna C. Hartshorne, is the feature of The Chautauquan for August.

"Wages and the Cost of Living" is the subject of the July Bulletin of the Department of Commerce and Labor, which has just appeared, in the nick of time for the Presidential campaign.

Outing for August presents a variety of attractive matter. Admirers of Dan Beard, the Illustrator, will be interested in his instructions for amateur dam-building, bridge building, etc., etc.

The Arena for August, more than maintains the promise of its first number under the new regime. The only criticism to make of it is the bad printing of the portrait illustrations of Flower's "Golden Day in Boston's History," though this defect is well offset by the excellent frontispiece portrait of Prof. Frank Parsons. One of the valuable articles, though not one of the opinions of

which we should wholly approve, is Holder's account of the workings of the Chinese Six Nations in this country. An open letter to President Roosevelt by his personal admirer, Prof. Parsons, is a well-aimed hint to Roosevelt the taking of which might open a new and brilliant career to him; but Prof. Parsons probably mistakes his man. U'Ren's story of the initiative and referendum in Oregon is too brief for its subject, though good as far as it goes. Another article of special interest describes the political situation in the Australian parliament. These are only a few of the more serious articles, to which ought to be added a review of Poe's poetry by Edwin Markham.

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