

THE FOREST GREETING.

Good hunting!—aye, good hunting,
Wherever the forests call;
But ever a heart beats hot with fear,
And what of the birds that fall?

Good hunting!—aye, good hunting,
Wherever the north winds blow;
But what of the stag that calls for his
mate?

And what of the wounded doe?

Good hunting!—aye, good hunting,
And ah! we are bold and strong;
But our triumph call through the forest
hall
Is a brother's funeral song.

For we are brothers ever,
Panther and bird and bear;
Man and the weakest that fear his face,
Born to the nest or lair.

Yes, brothers, and who shall judge us?
Hunters and game are we;
But who gave the right for me to smite?
Who boasts when he smiteth me?

Good hunting!—aye, good hunting,
And dim is the forest track;
But the sportsman Death comes striding
on:
Brothers, the way is black.
—Paul Laurence Dunbar, in *The Century*.

"Why is it," asked a curious citizen,
"that in Stockholm a conversation by
telephone costs only a fraction over
a penny, while in New York it costs a
dime?"

"Um—er—well, you see," said the
telephone man, "the language there is
different from ours."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

"Is the Rev. Mr. McMan orthodox?"
"No; he wears light colored trousers
and he talks politics."

G. T. E.

BOOKS

ONE RESULT OF MODERN CIVILIZATION.

London's slum, that festering sore in
England's body public, that crowning
proof of the benefits of present econom-
ic conditions, has from Dickens down
attracted the attention of many a novel-
ist. Dickens described without reason-
ing, without tendency of any kind, and
his audience was not yet alive to the pos-
sibility of a meaning behind the de-
scription. But the description itself, as
a work of pure genius, left haunting
memories of horror in the minds of those
who read, and paved the way for the
work of the writers of to-day, who tell
of the London slums with a purpose.

Many books of this kind, some good,
others less so, have passed in review
these last few years. The most recent
addition to the ranks is a novel which
makes very little pretense of being a
novel so-called, of telling a story, but
which tells the story of London's slums
with the power of deep sympathy and
aroused reason. "The Samaritans," by
an English writer, John Alexander
Stewart, (Fleming H. Revell & Co., Lon-

don and New York), is the second pic-
ture of London's slums its author has
given us. But while the first book, "Wine
on the Lees," brought but fleeting
glimpses of Gehenna, in the present vol-
ume the Slum dominates the book. The
Slum, the monster that swallows men,
women and children, and casts them
forth, broken, despairing wrecks, seek-
ing only the Great Silence; the man-
made horror, that, like the Franken-
stein of the poet's imagination, holds its
creator shuddering with fear at the
feet of the Thing he has created—this
Slum is the subject and the hero of "The
Samaritans."

The human figures are but puppets,
fighting valorously, but vainly, against
the monster's growing strength, or fall-
ing helpless and hopeless into the open
maw, where so much hope has already
gone down in tragedy. The writer leads
us down through gradations as easy as
those of Dante's Inferno, down to the ut-
termost hell, where all feeling is lost, all
sense of honor and decency gone, all
semblance of humanity torn from the
beings that dwell there. We watch
the downward progress, step by step; we
can see the inevitable, so unavoidable,
and yet so unnecessary. For herein lies
the strength of the book, that the writer
does not in any way believe this horror
to be God's work, or God's intention. He
recognizes in it the effect of man-made
laws, of centuries of legislation for a
class, and he touches the rock bottom of
Truth when he hints at what must come
if the mass of mankind be cut off from
access to the soil.

The baneful shadow of the slum land-
lord hovers over the deeps whence comes
the money that enables him to live in
brightness. But with rare artistic dis-
cretion, and a still greater perception of
truth, Mr. Stewart does not for a moment
blame even this figure of evil. He
shows the slum landlord to be merely a
man like other men, taking with greedy
hands full measure of what his coun-
try's laws allow him, careful ever to keep
within the law.

Mr. Stewart's book is a magnificent ar-
raignment of man-made law, and of the
results developing logically from the
doctrine of liberty, equality and fratern-
ity, as understood and practiced by the
powers that be in business and politics
to-day.

GRACE ISABEL COLBRON.

THE GREAT APOSTACY OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

The Rev. Dr. Thomas Scott Bacon,
Buckeystown, Maryland, has published
in pamphlet form an essay, or rather
a prophecy, of 42 pages, bearing the
above title. It is written with sin-
cere and convincing earnestness. Dr.
Bacon has been a clergyman half a
century, and during these years he has
evidently thought deeply on the great
problems of humanity. His words are
not those of impulsive youth or of one
seeking the sensation of idle notoriety.

What he says is the profound conclu-
sion of a long life of thought and ob-
servation. This conclusion is in brief
that our great apostacy consists in our
lack of obedience to the first and great
commandment.

J. H. DILLARD.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

—Mazzini: "The Prophet of the Religion
of Humanity." With a Biographical
Sketch; Also Mazzini's Oration "To the
Young Men of Italy." By Louis J. Rosen-
berg, author of "Sociological Studies," etc.
Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Company. To
be reviewed.

PERIODICALS.

The Labor day edition of the American
Federationist is in handsome magazine
form, with richly printed covers, and pre-
sents a varied list of contributions on
Labor Day, among the contributors being
John McMackin, John Lennon, T. V. Pow-
derly, Frank K. Foster, George E. Mc-
Neli and Henry George, Jr.

The Booklovers' Magazine for September
makes a feature of a collection of por-
traits in tint of "rulers" of American
cities. Most of the portraits are very poor
likenesses, and all are inferior specimens
of art. The article accompanying them,
"A Review of Municipal Politics," by Tai-
cott Williams, is strikingly superficial and
perfunctory. In "A Gallery of Modern
Art," the collection of pictures is up to the
excellent results in color printing which
this unique magazine has thus far accom-
plished.

Life's leading editorial of August 27, as
so many leading editorials have been
during the past fortnight, was about Gen.
Miles's snub. "No regret," says Life, "was
felt by the administration, and everyone
knew it. . . . It is at least debatable
whether, under all the circumstances, the
course followed was not in better taste." Life
and The Public are the only papers,
so far seen, that have been inclined to
praise the administration for preferring
honesty to a convention which in this in-
stance could not well have avoided hypoc-
risy.

J. H. D.

Bishop Huntington contributes a timely
and thoughtful paper to Hammer and Pen
for August, on the subject, "Society and
Character." He calls attention to what
perhaps we may call the increasing pre-
eminence of "society" over the individual.
"The moment," he says, "a new object or
subject strikes two or three people, they
must run and talk with each other about
it; straightway there must be a new 'so-
ciety'—the twentieth in the neighborhood—
'meetings' by all means, and the oftener
the better." While he sees a good side to
this, he makes the serious comment that
the individual cannot thus get away from
himself or his accountability.

J. H. D.

There are more kinds of slavery than the
genuine article that goes by that name.
One kind against which national sentiment
is not yet sufficiently aroused is contract
labor. An editorial on the subject in the
New York Nation of Aug. 27 ought to be
widely read. "Behind contract labor pro-
posals," says the Nation, "with all their
assurance of an increase of national
wealth, there lie boundless greed and the
readiness to sacrifice human beings to the
desires of a few wealthy men or syndi-
cates." When, for example, Prof. Jenks,
of Cornell University, proposes to take
contract Chinese laborers to the Philip-
pines, is he thinking most of the Chinese, or
of the Philippine natives, or of the exploit-
ers of Philippine lands?

J. H. D.

Mr. H. Foster Bain has a letter in the
Chicago Dial of August 16 on "Some
Changes in Graduate Studies," going to
show that "from being courses primarily
designed to stimulate investigation, the
graduate courses have become profession-
al." Whether or not the change should be
made a matter of protest, the writer leaves
open. Of one thing it is an undoubted
sign, that social conditions are driving
young men more and more to think only
of the "bread and butter" side of educa-
tion. Many, Mr. Bain holds, enter these
courses because of being uncertain what