the South, where the comparisons of conditions most naturally apply.

J. H. DILLARD.

DEMOCRATIC VISION.

The Vaunt of Man, and Other Poems. By William Ellery Leonard. B. W. Huebsch. $1.25 net.

William Ellery Leonard has hitherto been known to readers of scholarly works as a sensitive writer on literature, the translator of Empedocles, and, to a wider public, as the author of an interpretation of the character of Jesus, which is written from the standpoint of literary—and therefore human—appreciation. All lovers of literature will surely unite in hoping that this first volume of his collected verses will introduce Mr. Leonard to a wider and ever-widening public as a poet who is typical at once of the aristocracy of universal culture, and of the democracy of American life.

This combination of sensitive fineness of perception and spirit with a sturdiness which is typically American, or even Lincolnian, is the most significant thing about "The Vaunt of Man." It is a combination which gives the book especial value for those of us who are preoccupied with public affairs, with the chores of our social life—as so many among the serious readers of the day are occupied. For we have, in that very seriousness and social conscience, a point of entry into the spirit of these poems; and we shall find in them the corrective to that stunting of the aesthetic sense which is so apt to come from social preoccupations and which leads a man like George Bernard Shaw into a Philistine attitude toward form and beauty in art as distinguished from its didactic and will-exciting "purpose."

Mr. Leonard is not afraid to use his art for ethical purposes. He is prophet as well as poet, as the following "Remarks" written upon reading of the intended sale of the White Mountains to a lumber company, may testify:

The nations have rebuked us: "Greed for gold
Costs ye voice, vision; costs ye faith and fame."
Is this their envy? Shall we gloss our shame
Writing it "Progress," "enterprise"? Behold
Our civic life a trade, our rich men old
Bribing opinion for an honest name,
And art and letters counted jest or blame,
When (but how seldom!) they will not be sold.

We traffic with our birthright; our domain
Of torrents thundering inland shall be dumb—
We have sold our cataracts to turn our mills;
And having lifted up our eyes in vain,
Whence our help cometh, but no more may come,
Now we would sell the everlasting hills.

"Now we would sell the everlasting hills"—what a fine contempt and anger is compressed into those seven words, and how deserved must the finer spirits among us feel it to be!

But Mr. Leonard has higher work than social criticism. Passing such poems, as the above, and such national poems as his dedication ode to Lincoln, read at the unveiling of the statue in Madison, with its "dear random memories of a father dead," let us glance at his poems of the inner personal life. These are of a peculiarly intimate nature. One feels in reading them that the poet has faced those aspects of nature and life which we may call God, and is impelled to communicate the sense of vocation, calm, and certainty which he has won in his wrestle with the Infinite.

Lo, I own the dream
Of Plato and the hardiness of Kant.
I have all wealth within me; I will look—

—he tells us; but this world within is not an isolated thing, for our will, our "unconquered will," is "part of the epic of the universe."

The largeness and sanity of the communicant with nature inform all these poems, and a like large temper is apparent in those of them which deal with love. Those and other poems of personalities and of nature have been slighted here, for lack of space; and at the risk of giving a one-sided impression of the book, the reviewer cannot refrain from ending these remarks by quoting a sonnet of ethical—or rather religious—import, entitled, "The Test":

Still at the wheel to labor down the sea
With battered funnels and with riven flags,
To overcome the mountain on bare crags
Above the thunder and the farthest tree,
To face a flaring city—the mad glee
And ululations of her reeling masques
And human drift—are self-sustaining tasks,
Because they challenge by their majesty.

But in these swamps behind the hovel yard
To make my obscene way through stench and flies
And oozy fibers, and refuse glass and shard,
And still to keep some token in my eyes
Of inward dignity and God's good skies,
This, this is manhood, this is truly hard.

But that it is not impossible, is the burden of the poetry of William Ellery Leonard.

LLEWELLYN JONES.

BOOK OF ESSAYS.

Humanly Speaking. By Samuel McChord Crothers. Published by Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston. 1912. Price, $1.25 net.

Through Dr. Crothers' latest book with its glancing humor and knightly tolerance, there blows again his free optimism that dispels all fog and freshens the spirit. To be sure, the longer essays—especially those on his travels in Europe—with their too lengthy examples, sometimes trail off down anti-climaxes; and occasionally his favorite translation of financial terms into ethical or aesthetic concepts is over-worked. The essay em-

bodying the real estate dealer's advice to the realist writer, for instance, is very good counsel, but too painstakingly clever. Parts of "In the Hands of a Receiver," however, show the author at his best:

We are accustomed to grumble over the increase in the cost of living. But the enhancement of price in the necessities of physical life is nothing compared to the increase in the cost of the higher life.

There are those now living who can remember when almost any one could have the satisfaction of being considered a good citizen and neighbor. All one had to do was to attend to one's own business and keep within the law. He would then be respected by all, and would deserve the most eulogistic epitaph when he came to die. By working for private profit he could have the satisfaction of knowing that all sorts of public benefits came as by-products of his activity. But now all such satisfactions are denied. To be a good citizen you must put your mind on the job, and it is no easy one. . . .

What we call the awakening of the social conscience marks an important step in progress. But, like all progress, it involves hardship to individuals. For the higher moral classes, the saints and reformers, it is the occasion of whole-hearted rejoicing. It is just what they have all the while been trying to bring about. But I confess to a sympathy for the middle class, morally considered, the plain people, who feel the pinch. They have invested their little all in the old-fashioned securities, and when these are depreciated they feel that there is nothing to keep the wolf from the door. . . . The old-fashioned private virtues which used to be exhibited with such innocent pride as family heirlooms are now scrutinized with suspicion. They are subjected to rigid tests to determine their value as public utilities.

ANGELINE LOESCH GRAVES.

PAMPHLETS

Pamphlets Received.

Restriction of Immigration. Extension Division Bulletin, No. 360, Published by the University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis. Second Revised Edition, November, 1912. Price, 5 cents.

Popular Election of United States Senators. Extension Division Bulletin, General Series No. 359, Published by the University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis. Second Revised Edition, November, 1912. Price, 5 cents.

The Political Situation in a Nutshell: Some Uncolored Truths for Colored Voters. By Dr. J. Milton Waldron and Lieutenant J. D. Harkless. Issued by the National Independent Political League, 6th St. and La. Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.

The Canadian Pacific Railway and Its Capitalization: A Sequel to "The Burden of Railway Rates." Pamphlet Number 3. Compiled from a Series of Articles Published in The Free Press, Winnipeg, 1912. Reproduced by The Free Press for Gratuitous Distribution, Winnipeg, Canada.

"I ken, Donald, we've had twa fine days the month."

"Aye, mon, and one was snappet up by the Sawbath!"—The Tatler.

PERIODICALS

The French Singletax Review.

Mr. Georges Darien, editor of "La Revue de L'Impot Unique," represented the French Singletaxers at the Land Values Conference in London early in October, a report of which holds the place of honor in the November issue of the French review. This conference not only marked a step towards the triumph in England of political economy, rescued from contempt and vitalized by the genius of Henry George, but emphasized the international character of the struggle for economic freedom. The revival of economic discussion in France and the popularization of the Singletax doctrine in the Spanish-speaking countries, one of the most remarkable signs of the times, indicate the vitality of the movement towards democracy at a time when many discouraging reactions are in evidence. If it were not for this world movement reformers might well despair in face of the gross materialism paraded by the eugenists in the fair name of science, the savage justification of cruelty by the Governor of a great State, and the universal expansion of armaments, which make frequent wars inevitable and neutralize the advance in wealth production. "In the 20th century it is easier to learn to kill than to learn to live." France offers a striking refutation of the dismal science of Malthus. Its shrinking population continues to exhibit the very miseries supposed to be the penalty of overcrowding. Having exchanged the ideas of its sages for those of Napoleon, it has encouraged monopoly to such an extent that individuals and corporations depend upon public assistance and struggle to shift public burdens upon the shoulders of others. "France has become a nation of soldiers and beggars. . . . And industry and commerce fail to perceive that they will have to fill and refill the public coffers into which the government must dip for the alms it gives them." Instructive to the foreigner, to whose superficial observation the French people appear to be a temperate race, is the verdict of the doctors that alcoholism accounts for two-thirds of the tuberculosis in France. Unfortunately the doctors do not seek the origin of alcoholism. If one-half the time and money spent in medical research and the black art of animal experimentation were devoted to a study of the cause and cure of poverty the devastating diseases of our time might be swept away as effectually as the superstitions of the dark ages. "Men deprived of their natural right to life, of access to the earth, the source of all production, are condemned to all the horrors of material and moral pauperism. They are exposed to exploitation, unemployment, vice, alcohol—to all the monsters of distress. They are thus subjected to tuberculosis—one of the many maladies which our grotesque social system manufactures with such care. Abolish land monopoly, and you will abolish at the same time not only tuberculosis and alcoholism, but the pauperism from which they spring."

F. W. GARRISON.

A little girl was playing at the table with her cup of water. Her father took the cup from her, and