

about ethics or international law, but falls back on his faith that "Rhodes will square it some way." Mr. Selous has the universal faith in Rhodes, and was his agent in conducting the gold-prospecting party of 1889 through eastern Mashonaland, and later in opening up the country and breaking the famous road 460 miles through the wilderness. His present book has strong historic and geographical interest; and, indeed, his personal history for the years described really forms an important part of the history of African development. Apart from this, the book is immensely interesting as a story of hunting and adventure. It is well illustrated, and contains valuable maps. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

*Lead-Work, Old and Ornamental, and for the Most Part English* (Macmillan & Co., New York) is the title of an attractive little book by W. R. Lethaby, who evidently believes, with Viollet-le-Duc, that mediæval lead was wrought like colossal goldsmith's work. Mr. Lethaby defends lead processes from the commonplace associations which cling to plumbing, for no metal is more adaptable to other uses, from a tiny inkwell to the greatest cathedral spire. With a history of almost two thousand years in England alone, lead-working, as an art for the expression of beauty through material, has at last been destroyed. That art as it existed when the guild of plumbers was established in 1365, and when designs were borrowed from neither stone nor wood, but were the expressions of a distinct artistic personality, continued only to the present century, while the London Exhibition of 1851 seemed to mark the complete eclipse of all craft tradition. Mr. Lethaby's sketch is necessarily historical, embracing the long stretch from the Phœnician beginnings to these degenerate days, and giving many illustrations of lead-work in cisterns, gutters, pipes and pipe-heads, roofs, domes, spires, turrets, finials, coffins, fonts, inscriptions, vases, fountains, and statues. It is not only a picture of what has been done, but also a plea for what again may be done.

It would not, certainly, be expected that we should speak in terms of cordial sympathy and appreciation of *The Bible and its Theology as Popularly Taught*, etc., by G. Vance Smith, B.A. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co., London), and *The New Bible and its New Uses*, by Joel Henry Crooker (George H. Ellis, Boston), for the former denies that the Bible teaches the deity of Jesus, and the latter, as we read his book, eliminates from the Bible all the supernatural. Our readers will not care for more detailed criticism of these books, which are clearly written, and (with an exception here and there in Vance Smith's work) in an excellent temper; but we cannot occupy the same standing-ground with them. It may be true, as Vance Smith urges, that all Christian doctrine is only a matter of the interpretation of the Bible; nevertheless the God-consciousness of nineteen centuries of Christendom is wholly against his new reading of the Bible contrary to the unique nature of the Divine Sonship of Jesus. And as regards the argument of Mr. Crooker, we think that he goes too far, and, in trying to eliminate the supernatural element from the Bible, he implicitly denies God who is in the world. It would, therefore, be useless for us to give space to an extended criticism of the particular points of the arguments, which, from their point of mental view, are well set forth.

*The Religion of a Literary Man* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York) appears from the preface to be based on, though not a reproduction of, certain letters published in the "Daily Chronicle" by the author, Mr. Richard le Gallienne. We advise no man to read this little book whose test of the value of religious writing is its orthodoxy. The author is anything but orthodox, but he is very suggestive. In some of his philosophizing he opens a vein of religious thought which is spiritually valuable, as in his discussion of the question, What is sin? Sometimes, on the other hand, he seems to us superficial, as in his discussion, What is pain? And sometimes he takes positions which seem to us false to human experiences, as in his suggestion that "a new friend will take the place of an old friend who possesses the same qualities;" from which he deduces the conclusion that "personality is of less value than we are wont to think." What we like about the book is not its wisdom but its genuineness, its serious-mindedness, its clearness and freshness of expression—as, for instance, "Catholicism, for example, is simply average humanity in a surplice;" or, again, "We may well pray for the spirit of our brave forefathers, who went to battle with stouter hearts than we take to the dentist's."

The second and third volumes of Professor Huxley's collection of essays deal respectively with (Vol. II.) *Darwiniana* and (Vol. III.) *Science and Education*. The first of these volumes is necessary to the student of modern biology, since it contains a careful criticism by one eminent biologist upon another not less able but perhaps more eminent. In the other volume, that on Science and Education, Professor Huxley appears to us at his best. He

is here constructive rather than critical, and is relatively free from that fault of dogmatic self-assertion which comes sometimes dangerously near temper, and which mars his distinctively controversial writings. Professor Huxley belongs to what we may call the broad school in education, recognizing fully the necessity, not only for literature, but for religion, to a complete and rounded education; and his protest against the narrowness which substitutes facts for truth and information for life, and which Dickens so effectively satirized in Thomas Gradgrind, is all the more effective when it comes from one who cannot be suspected of prejudices in favor of religion or even of the conventional literary curriculum. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

Those who had the advantage of any personal acquaintance with Mr. Lowell will heartily indorse Dr. Francis H. Underwood's biographical sketch, *The Poet and the Man: Recollections and Appreciations of James Russell Lowell*. Dr. Underwood had years of association with Mr. Lowell, both at the Whist Club and at Elmwood; and, in addition to this, he knows how to express appreciation in a way at once warm and yet within the limits of good taste. No man of genius was ever more genuine than Mr. Lowell, more unpretending yet thoroughly self-respecting. It took him some years to get in touch with the world, but his later career evinced an unusual acumen in his discernment of men and affairs. Mr. Lowell became a learned man, but his habit of out-of-door exercise prevented him from mere bookishness, and body and mind remained in equipoise. Dr. Underwood thinks that "Under the Willows" and "The Cathedral" must be beyond the power of appreciation of any but the few cultured. We have not found this to be so. To return to the book—it is charming and precious. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.)

We have received from Messrs. Harper & Brothers, of New York, the third volume of Green's *Short History of the English People* (illustrated edition), which deals with Puritan England and New England, bringing the history down to 1678, and closing in the midst of the reign of Charles II. Nothing in Green's History is better than his portraiture of Puritanism, and it is made much more graphic by the admirable collection of pictures which have been gathered by wide research to illustrate it. With the aid of these pictures one may almost transfer himself to this olden time.

A true story of war-times is told in Mr. L. E. Chittenden's *An Unknown Heroine*. The facts related are so extraordinary that they do not require the aid of fiction to make them interesting, and, in point of fact, we think the tale would have been stronger if the fiction form had not been adopted. (Richmond, Croscup & Co., New York.)



### Literary Notes

—One of the best German translations of Horace is that of Dr. Ludwig Behrendt, for many years editor-in-chief of the "Berliner Tageblatt," and who died recently.

—At the suggestion of Dr. Schweinfurth, a committee has been formed in Germany for the erection of a monument to the late Emin Pasha at his native town, Neisse, in Silesia.

—Mr. E. Irenæus Stevenson's story, "Left to Themselves; or, The Ordeal of Philip and Gerald," has been brought out in England in an illustrated edition by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

—The author of "German Socialism and Ferdinand Lassalle" and of "Prince Bismarck and State Socialism" is about publishing, through the Appletons, a study of Teutonic institutions entitled "Germany and the Germans."

—The February number of "Romance" contains a ghost-story from the pen of Miss Wilkins, who, so far as we know, makes her first departure out of a very actual world in this short tale. "Romance" has recently been enlarged, and contains an unusual number of well-chosen short stories.

—A well-known writer of humorous prose and verse was talking with a bibliomaniac a day or two ago, says the "Critic's" "Lounge," when the latter said: "By the way, I am collecting first editions of American authors. I want to add your first book to my collection. Have you any copies of the first edition?" "Yes," answered the author, "I have all of them!"

—We have received a copy of "The Mentor," the only magazine in the United States devoted to the interests of the blind. It is a most useful medium of communication and sympathy for those who are trying to lighten the burdens of the sightless, and has much interesting information about new methods of teaching. We advise all readers who wish to know what is being done to help the blind, and how the sympathy we all feel may be turned into practical usefulness, to send for a copy of "The Mentor" (5 Thomas Park, South Boston, Mass.).

[For list of Books Received see page 287]

## With Our Readers

### Correspondence

#### The Unemployed—Send Them South

To the Editors of *The Outlook*:

In the issue of *The Outlook* for January 20 is an interesting article, "Come West with Your Unemployed." From the reports received from Chicago and other Western cities it would seem that already in the West, as well as in the North and East, the care of the unemployed is a serious question. The solution offered by Secretary Hoke Smith, in a recent interview in the Washington "Post," is to send them South, and I want to second his motion. He calls attention to "the excellent opportunities offered in the South to small farmers with only a few hundred dollars capital," and tells them that good, fertile lands can be had "at from \$3 to \$10 per acre." In support of this there is now before me in one of our dailies an advertisement offering a 1,100-acre farm near town, with good dwelling, tenant-houses, gin-house, and all the equipment of a Southern farm, also well adapted to stock-raising, "for \$3,000, half cash, balance in one and two years." This is less than \$3 per acre; and a ten-horse-power engine for ginning, and the gin, are included. Small farms can be had at similar rates. So that one can get a start here wonderfully cheap, and make good and profitable crops the first year. And this in a section where schools and churches are already established. Why go to the harder climate and less profitable crops of the West, when such splendid opportunities are offered South, and a welcome far more cordial than can be had elsewhere? We want men, we need them here, and they need our lands and the marvelous advantages here offered for securing homes and a competency.

Nor will the negro be a drawback or hindrance, but a help rather, just the help needed. So send on your small farmers with a few hundred dollars capital, and they will ever bless the day their feet were turned toward this goodly land of the South. Here one can work outdoors on his farm 365 days in the year.

But there is another class who have not the "few hundred dollars capital." To these, too, the South offers the most favorable opportunities. They can get positions as tenants, find comfortable homes, go to work, and be self-supporting at once, and without any capital but their own strong arms and hearty good will. There is a style of tenantry much in vogue in this immediate section, here in southeastern Alabama and southwestern Georgia, that offers prudent, industrious persons without capital most excellent advantages. It is what we call "cropping," or "working on halves." The landlord furnishes houses, land, stock, implements, feeds the stock, and advances supplies for the tenants till the crop is made. The tenant has half of all that is made, first paying for his advances out of his half. This is a most admirable plan. The tenant's risk is small, support is certain, and almost always there is something besides to begin another year on. Good, industrious tenants are now in demand here, and homes could immediately be had on this plan.

Secretary Smith tells us that in northern Georgia "they can raise everything needed for home supplies but sugar and coffee." Here in the more southerly section the planters can raise their "sugar" too. There is hardly a more profitable crop than the sugar-cane, and it is very cheaply cultivated.

Nor need they be deterred by not knowing how to cultivate the crops. Situations can be had on farms managed and supervised by our best and most experienced farmers. So those with small capital, or even those without capital, run no risk in coming South. It will afford me pleasure to answer all letters and give any information desired on this line. We have plenty of clerks, bookkeepers. No room for these. All town positions are crowded. But plenty of room on the farm—no overcrowding there. So send us your farmers and farm

tenants. Let them come; we will help them, and they will help us build up this beautiful Southland, "beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside." So I leave off as I began: Send Your Unemployed South.

Eufaula, Ala.

W. N. REEVES.

#### The Cotton-Farm Tenant and the City Tenement-Dweller

To the Editors of *The Outlook*:

Your issue of August 26, 1893, contained an article "From a Staff Correspondent" on "Southern Farms," which I laid aside for reply, but have only now been able to undertake it.

The article is fair in spirit and contains such partial truth as may be obtained by a stranger in a hasty survey of the outside of things. But his conclusion, "The poverty of the city tenement-houses is nothing to the poverty of the cotton-farm tenant," seems to me so absolutely incorrect that simple justice to truth itself requires its correction.

I shall try to write only the facts as known by long observation. Born in Georgia, formerly an owner of slaves and a planter in different parts of the State, I have ever been a careful student of the negroes' wants and their supplies; from duty while they were slaves, and from interest since.

First, in general. The daily papers in New York and Chicago have been filled with accounts of the sufferings of the poor—women crushed to death in the struggle to enter rooms where daily relief is dispensed, others found starved to death in the streets, even churches thrown open to afford shelter for the night, and press and pulpit combining their powerful agencies to provide food, shelter, and clothing absolutely necessary to save human life. It is true "times" are unusually "hard," but that condition prevails in the South also, and yet I venture the assertion that not *one* negro farmer in all the South has died from starvation in all these months; nay, further, not one in a thousand has suffered from hunger for twenty-four hours.

But let us come to particulars. Your correspondent figures out \$130 as the tenant's share of the crop at the end of the year, and, while these are rather minimum figures, we accept them. But bear in mind this is *cash*, his share of the cotton crop only—the cash crop. No estimate is given for anything else. But, in addition to the cotton, there will generally be planted, on the average "one-mule" farm, some 15 acres of corn, yielding 200 bushels, and 12-15 acres of oats. The tenant has his half of these also, say 100 bushels of corn and 125 of oats, available for food, or no small addition to his income if he sells.

Besides these, he generally has for his sole benefit a "sweet potato patch," yielding a winter supply of yams, and in the summer his beloved watermelon patch. He has, also, if he wishes, his vegetable garden, and in most cases raises about his lot one or more hogs—furnishing his bacon for part of the year. Many of them keep a cow, though common stock; and almost all raise fowls. The chickens and eggs go far toward buying tobacco, coffee, and sugar. Our markets are chiefly supplied by the negro farmers.

So much for what the negro tenant has, or in almost every case can have, if he wishes.

Now, consider the expenses of the city tenement-dweller, that our negro farmer saves. Rent—he pays none; his cabin is furnished him. Fuel—he buys none, but hauls it in lavish abundance from the woods around him. Add these savings to his income to make the true comparison. And, in minor points, his water is generally from a clear spring, while he has space, air, privacy, unknown in the city.

It is true his cabin is often made of logs, and many have no window. But these log "huts" or cabins can be dry, warm, and comfortable. It is the fault of his own laziness if it be not so, for materials are abundant around him, and the work requires no skill. Even though the door must stand open for light in the day—and this is by no means universal

—this is thought no hardship in the South. You will often find in his landlord's framed dwelling the door wide open, but the fires bright. Our people like that, and consumption is almost unknown. At night the humble cabin shines bright from his blazing pine knots.

It is rare that the furnishings are as meager as described by your correspondent. Plain furniture is now so cheap that few negroes' wives will be content without some store-bought piece, and even their rude carpentry is generally sufficient for making a plain bedstead. Cotton is so abundant all around them that cotton mattresses are easily within their means.

My knowledge of life in city tenement-houses comes only through the abundant literature of the day on that subject: but the negro farm tenant I have known for sixty years, and my conviction is strong that he is greatly the more comfortable, the healthier, and the happier of the two.

I will even take a higher type—the agricultural laborer—and venture the assertion that, in adaptation to and enjoyment of his environment, the negro farm tenant at the South will compare favorably with most; and this opinion is the result of personal observation both in this country and abroad. I have never forgotten the reply of a Vermont farmer to my query, "How can you make a living on this thin, stony land?" "Why," said he, "we sell everything that we can; what we can't sell we feed to the pig; and what the pig won't eat we eat ourselves!"—a grim joke, but underlying it we see a glimpse of the economy and industry necessary for a bare living to the Northern farmer. Similar methods at the South would soon elevate the tenant into the owner. Possibilities here are greatly in his favor, and many are the instances of negroes beginning as renters who now own farms running from two to five miles.

I might also take up the brighter side of life and speak of the negro tenant's recreations—his Saturdays spent in hunting with dog and gun; the coon and possum hunts at night; his religious carnivals under the guise of revivals and camp-meetings—but I forbear. The subject may not interest others as it does me. For three score years I have lived among these simple people, and I love them. It would be a real grief to think your pictures of city tenement life could be fairly paralleled among them. How could I remain silent when they are proclaimed as even poorer?

W. F. A.

#### The East Side House

To the Editors of *The Outlook*:

The East Side House (foot of Seventy-sixth Street, East River, New York) is taking its place among the societies which are aiding our citizens to provide work for those who need it and cannot get it in the usual channels. Our residents have become acquainted with many whose savings have supported them thus far, but who, to use the words of one of them to Mr. Holcombe, "cannot hold out much longer." We are in conference with the Committee already appointed, of which President Low is Chairman, and hope to be able to render them important service.

We opened our free Circulating Library on the 15th of January. It begins with 4,000 volumes. It is greatly needed. There is not in all that part of the city, east of Central Park, a single public library, of which we have any knowledge. Yet there is a population of 250,000 souls. In the new library building we can provide for seventy-five children in the kindergarten, and have already applications from that number. We have in this building an assembly-room where we propose to provide lectures and concerts.

Our experience has convinced us that this enterprise, undertaken three years ago, is an element of real value in its neighborhood, and is training the young to become better men and more useful citizens.

We do not ask money for the expenses of the Men's Club. That is self-supporting. We do not ask money for the board of the residents. That they pay themselves. We do ask money to support a settlement that is the