

Sword of Justice occupies the place of the right hand. On the top left hand corner is the scroll "Postes;" opposite, a space, where the figure representing the value of the stamp are billeted; at foot another scroll "Republique Francaise." At bias points are a bundle of lictor's rods, standing on end, but, instead of the protruding axe, is a Phrygian cap, that recalls a tumbler pigeon on its perch. These and the grasped sword are not artistic; the roosting Phrygian caps look bizarre.

The French appear to conclude that by duties on foreign importations, striking an impost on foreign values, and subjecting foreigners to a poll-tax, they will be able to pay off their national debt. They place difficulties in the way of those desirous of being naturalized French citizens—a boon and a blessing Anglo-Saxons avoid. Every year a Chauvinist deputy takes up the utopia to tax foreign workmen; a few days ago, the round-about plan was proposed, to levy the tax through the employer, *per capita* of the employed. It required the presence of the common sense Minister of Foreign affairs, Berthelot, to explain to the parliamentary committee, that conduct would be opposed to national law, and would be met by severe reprisals. A French manufacturer, etc., generally employs the foreign workman—navvies, clerks and domestics, chiefly because they accept low salaries, and he would continue to do so, till the difference between the tax and the wage, made the latter too onerous; this point reached, he would dismiss them. That treatment would be resented, by Belgium, Switzerland, Germany and Italy, expelling French residents from their midst.

M. Zola is up again, as candidate for a fauteuil at the Academy, where he has been uniformly black-balled. But his great enemy, Alexander Dumas, being dead, the opposition to his immortalship may be less wicked. Zola published very severe estimates of the literary baggage of Dumas fils, and denied his claim to any genius. But Zola has plenty of enemies; a pamphlet has been published, containing all the nasty things Zola said of the Academy and its members; with also a collection of the strongest obscenities taken from his works. That will not facilitate his admission, but will make him known to the Immortals; of the forty Academicians, perhaps not more than three have read his works; several admit they never heard of the author! What constitutes fame after that?

The new horseless cab has appeared, and by the end of the present month, upwards of fifty will be delivered by the inventor, who guarantees to turn out five a week till the close of the year. They are worked by compressed air, and luxuriously fitted up, as to cushions and electric lamps, or perhaps the new gas acetylene. The wheels also are cased with an India rubber band, like the wheels of a bicycle; so the occupants roll unjolted, and can talk in the vehicle. A proprietor of ordinary cabs, now has all their wheels rimmed with pneumatic bands of India rubber, and the amelioration adds nothing to the amount of the fare. The rheumatic may now have no dread of aching bones, when rattled over the stones.

Z.

Paris, February 12th, 1896.

Settlement Life Among the Poor.

THE belief that the sentiment of charity is not merely a simple and primitive emotion but a factor in human progress capable of development on scientific lines is an idea that is an essentially modern one. For centuries the rich man was expected to give of his abundance, and the poor man was expected to rise up and call him blessed, and no one questioned if this position satisfactorily covered the ground! Maurice, Kingsley, and their followers were among the first to realize the awful failure of thoughtless charity to alter for the better the condition of the poor of England. They listened and heard from factory, shop and coal-field the bitter cry that Villon, centuries before had first put into words:—"It is not to poor wretches like us, that are naked as a snake, sad at heart, and empty of paunch, that you should preach virtue and temperance; as to us, God give us patience—" and they formed themselves into a band that, known as Christian Socialists, did good work for years in preaching the principle of brotherhood, in legalizing trade unions, in founding coöperative societies and in improving the sanitary condition of poor dwellings. They realized the value of numbers, "union" was their watch-word, and

"co-operation" almost their fetish, and they did work valuable beyond words, but they never succeeded, to any appreciable extent, in getting into personal touch with the very men and women they tried so hard to help. Arnold Toynbee was the first to attempt a solution of the problem of personal intercourse. An Oxford student who had resolved to devote his life to political economy and social questions, he saw clearly that mere pecuniary assistance unaccompanied by knowledge and sympathy could bring about no lasting change for the better in the condition of the poor; and, taking as a working formula the belief that he who would know the poor must live among them and share their lives, he took, in 1875, a room in a common lodging-house in Whitechapel and threw himself into the life of the neighbourhood. It was, thank God, no new thing for men and women to give their lives for their oppressed brethren. Clergyman, priest, and nun, district nurse and reader went in and out among vice and want, but their very vocation cut them off from so many work-a-day problems, that the poor man felt they and he viewed life from different standpoints; and though he might turn to them in an emergency emergencies come rarely in life and the forces that stir us then are apt to be dumb at other times. Toynbee bought his food at the little shops; exchanged kindnesses with his fellow-lodgers and spent his evenings listening to the ideas of East End politicians. He had to leave Whitechapel at the end of the long vacation, and, unfortunately, his delicate health never allowed his return. He died in 1883, aged only thirty-one, but he did not die before he had succeeded in impressing on those about him his belief that in philanthropy, thought and knowledge must take the place of feeling. Toynbee left behind him many who loved him, and who, filled with grief for the voice "untimely silenced," banded themselves together and erected Toynbee Hall in Whitechapel to perpetuate his memory and develop his theories. Toynbee Hall has now been in existence some ten years, and most of us know, by this time, a little about the work that is done there.

Twenty university men—under the Rev. S. A. Barnett, as warden—live in Whitechapel and constitute themselves friends and helpers to the entire district, looking after Boys' Clubs, Lecture and Art Courses, Co-operative and Sanitary Committees, studying local difficulties, and attempting, by every means in their power, to foster in those around them a sense of civic duty and a belief in the responsibility and reality of human brotherhood, while at the same time they acquire that knowledge of life among the poor that will enable them to obey the mandate "Bear ye one another's burdens."

Toynbee Hall would be an interesting experiment had it remained unique, but, after all, its chief value lies in the fact that to so many people it has suggested new possibilities in work. All over England and America the settlement idea, as it is called, has taken root and is bearing fruit. In many cases the houses are, as yet, small and their influence, even in their immediate neighbourhood, hardly perceptible, but it needs little consideration to realize in what new channels philanthropic efforts will flow if many men and women accept this new experiment as a feasible one.

As Toynbee Hall stands for settlement work in England so Hull House in Chicago may be taken as typical of its best development on the side of the water. Six years ago two young women—Miss Jane Addams and a friend—representing no society, but backed by many friends, took possession of an old house on South Halsted Street—a house that in the sixties had been the home of a Mr. Hull, and that through all its vicissitudes of tenement and junk shop had retained its neighbourhood title—restored it to its early dignity, converted it into a beautiful dwelling place and made it their home. The third of a square mile about Hull House includes, east of the river, a criminal district which ranks as one of the most openly flagrantly vicious in the civilized world; and west of the same stream the poorest and probably the most crowded section of Chicago. Rear tenements and alleys form the core of the neighbourhood, and children swarm on every door step and every foot of vacant ground. Foreigners form the great bulk of the population—Bohemians, French-Canadians and Russian Jews; most of them undersized and unhealthy looking and the large proportion the slaves of the omnipotent sweater. If we remember, in addition, that municipal rule is an absolute farce in Chicago, and that the Police Justice of a poor