

then president of the Police Board, in the one where I had slept that night, and told him of it, that he swore they should go. And go they did."

And Riis is a big man—one of those few big souls who possess the courage which enables a man to "ride in the whirlwind and dwell in the storm"—one of the big-eyed, clear-sighted men who see only the goal, and so always prefer to vault over obstacles, follow the shortest line, and cut the knot rather than waste time in untying it.

His description of how his forces dealt with the brutal greed and grinding inhumanity of the tenement landlords is interesting, not merely because it is a new view-point, but because it sums up the energy, fearlessness and common-sense of this ardent reformer. "*Arbitration is good*," he says, "*but there are times when it becomes necessary to knock a man down, and arbitrate sitting on him.*"

Riis tells us in this thrilling tale that ten years ago in the slum-cursed regions of New York, one-tenth of the population was always in the hospital, and the ambulance and dead-waggon made well-worn ruts at the doors. Because of the darkness, dank rottenness, and infernal system of sewerage in these "hell-holes," one in every five babies died. The houses were dens of death. The rent was literally the "price of blood." Human life weighed as light as punk against the "Vested rights" of the landlord, for vested rights were sacred, but not the blood, the sweat, or the tears of men.

But a day came when it dawned surely upon the great multitudes that go to make up the dense, slow public mind, that they must wipe out the slum or the slum would wipe out them. It dawned upon them, too, that air, light, and water are man's natural rights, because they are necessary to his being. But above all it dawned upon them that the grievance was theirs and not the landlords'; that it was a mistake to discuss damages with

him, and that the community has a right to destroy that which destroys life and manhood.

It was then that slumdom and Tammany stood aghast for their kingdom had been numbered, divided, and given over to the Medes and Persians.

New York has not reached the millenium yet. But the grip of the tramp on her throat has been loosened. Slowly, and with many set-backs, she is battling her way into light. On the spot where every foot of the ground once reeked with incest and murder, and where squalid beggary and pitiable poverty lay stewing in their own slime, to-day, on beautiful school-houses, bath-houses, and lusty children at play, the sun shines and is glad. It has been amply demonstrated that while the poor we shall always have with us, the slums we need not have. A hundred years ago they hanged a woman on Tyburn Hill for stealing a loaf of bread. To-day, we destroy the den that made her a thief.

To us the most interesting part of the story is how the play-ground is successfully "heading off the gang." The average boy is just like a steam-engine with steam always up. But in the slum with the "cop" in the street, and the landlord at the door, sitting on his safety-valve, the boy was bound to explode. Every game was haunted by the spectre of the avenging policeman. That he was not "doing anything" was no defence. The mere claim was proof that he was up to mischief of some sort. And so the "Kids" of the "pack" cultivated the gutter side of their characters till eventually they developed into the "toughs" of the "gang." And could it be otherwise, when the slum had stacked the cards against the boy?

But Reform recognized that character implies depth, a soil, and growth. The street is all surface. Nothing grows there; it hides only a sewer. Reform recognizes that the boy who flings mud and stones is entering his protest in his