

NATAL.

From far off Natal comes cheering news of the progress of the movement. The Natal Progressive League is doing good work in popularizing the single tax in the colony, and the recent election of Rev. Mr. Ancketill as a member of the local governing body of Durban is an indication of the way the truth is spreading. It will be remembered that his first candidacy was unsuccessful. On the first occasion Mr. Ancketill polled 942 votes against Mr. Maydon's 1,094. In the second campaign the single tax representation received a total of 1,472 votes—a great victory for the cause in Durban.

We append some verses just received from Mr. Ancketill, with no apologies for inserting them in this connection. The lofty spirit that animates the lines is no less distinctive than the genuine literary merit which makes them worthy of permanent preservation:

"LIVE THOU THY LIFE."

Live thou thy life, nor count the time ill-spent,

Tho' men should doubt the puissance of thy deed;

Hope be thy Anchor, work in sweet content;
If faith wax feeble, Love shall intercede.

Live thou thy life, strive onward in the gloom,

Tho' men may scorn and stab at thee with sneers;

Courage alope can win the victor's plume,
Hold firm the helm as on thy vessel steers.

Live thou thy life; the royal souls who fought

Battles as grim as thine, still watch o'er man;

Perchance inspire thee with the noble thought,

Winged earthward from the white empyrean!

Live thou thy life, and let thy whole aim prove

Loyal to TRUTH, whate'er may be thy fate;

And for thy guerdon seek thy brother's love
By acts that even saints might emulate.

Live thou thy life, e'en though thou must resign

Hopes sweet and pure as pearls beyond all price;

The fire of sorrow will thy soul refine,
And chrismal oil is won by sacrifice!

Live thou thy life; in patience hold thy song
Till the deep gloom is pierced by early dawn;

Perchance the dear God may not try thee long,

Thou yet mays't see the blushing of the morn.

Live thou thy life, whatever shall betide,
And let thy bread be o'er the waters borne;

Nor Laurels seek, nor Roses, in thy pride;
The noblest crown must ever be of Thorn.

Natal is waking up to the evils of the policy by which the lands of the Colony have been squandered. Last July the *Natal Mercury* said: "The prodigal manner in which the lands have been given away or sold in large blocks to speculators and others has virtually left the Government with nothing on hand but the waste places and barren lands of the Colony." But the people are fast perceiving that these evils are not without a remedy, and that the single tax is the way out.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Cervantes with his wonderful *Don Quixote* laughed the follies of the "Age of Chivalry" away; to laugh away the infinite follies of militarism is a work of greater magnitude. This is the task that our militant apostle of peace and single taxer, Mr. Ernest Crosby, has set himself in *Captain Jinks, Hero*, illustrated by Dan Beard, and published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

The satire is a little broad, it is true, and the work seems to have been written with unusual haste. But the caricature, if here and there too much exaggerated, is true to its purposes, and the pages are full of humor and much keen perception. It is not too much to say that the follies, the cruelties, and all the delusions and emptiness of things military are uncovered with an unsparing hand. It is impossible to rise from the perusal of this book and not feel that a contribution of permanent value has been made to the world's "Peace Movement." No one after reading it can ever look upon the customs of war in the same way again. And broad as is its caricature and absurd as are many of its incidents, our own military history furnishes the closest parallels to its entire theme. In it Colonel Roosevelt and General Funston may see themselves as others see them, for it is to them the mirror is held up, though other characters may also find their prototypes here: the marauding missionary along with the ministerial braggart and the looters of holy cloth. This healthy, honest, virile satire is the work of a man in earnest, a six-footer, and nearly physically perfect son of Adam—no effeminate sentimentalist nor dawdling friend of peace. And the blows he strikes ring with the courage of sincerity, and his works, even while we laugh, must in many quarters sting and hurt to the quick.

There is much that is quotable throughout, and we venture to recall a few extracts:

"As a correspondent you ought to be satisfied that you are doing the right thing. To me as a soldier it is a matter of no importance anyway, because a soldier only does what he is told, but you as a civilian have to think."

"There was nothing military about the station and no uniform in sight. He no

longer wore a uniform himself, and the landscape was painfully civilian."

Of some undesirable members of the community:

"The village ought to be glad that they are going to represent her at the front," said Sam.

"From all I can hear," said the commercial traveller, "I think they are."

"It's strange," he remarked to Cleary, "that tattooing is universal in the navy and comparatively rare in the army. I rather think the habit must have been common to both services, and somehow we have nearly lost it. It's a fine thing. It marks a man with noble symbols, and commits him to an honorable life, indelibly, I may say."

"It's a little like branding a mule," said Cleary.

"Yes," said Sam; "the brand shows who owns the mule, and the tattooing shows a man belongs to his country."

Speaking of the civilization of Cubapinos and the superiority of our own:

"They had a post office before," said Cleary.

"But ours is surely better," said Sam.

"It's better than it was now they've put the new postmaster in jail. They say he bagged \$75,000."

"I hear they're going to establish a permanent court at Whoppington (Washington)," said Cleary, "to determine who wins victories in the future. It's not a bad idea. My own view is that the battle won itself, and I shouldn't be surprised if that was the way with most battles."

"It's perfectly right," said Sam. "When a man's in the right, and of course we always are, if he fights a man of his size, or one bigger than he is, he gives the wrong a chance of winning, and that is clearly immoral. If he takes a weaker man he makes the truth sure of success. And it's just the same way with nations."

"That old fellow with the long beard is Cope, the inventor of the Cope gun. He's a wonder. He was out here in the employ of the Porsslanese government. Most of their artillery was designed by him. What a useful man he has been to his country. First he invented a projectile that could go through any steel plate then known, and all the navies had to build new steel-clad ships on a new principle that he had invented to prevent his projectiles from piercing them. Then what does he do but invent a new projectile that could go through that, and they had to order new guns for it and build new ships to withstand it. He's done that three times. And he's got a rifle now that will penetrate almost anything. If you put two hundred Porsslanese of the the same height in a row it would go through all their heads at five hundred yards. I hope they'll try the experiment before this affair is over."—J. D. M.

*Socialism vs. Democracy.**

It is related of the Caliph Omar, who led the conquering hosts of Islam to the capture and sack of Alexandria, that when asked what should be done with the famous library in which the Greek colonists of that city had stored all the most famous literary treasures of ancient knowledge, he replied: "If they are in harmony with the Koran they are useless; if they are antagonistic they are damnable and dangerous; so burn them anyhow." And it is further related by the veracious chronicler that the public baths of the ill-fated city were heated for ten months with these priceless manuscripts. It is to be feared that this attitude of mind was not confined to the Saracens. Our justifiable attitude of reverence to the works of our great master makes many of us wonder what is the use of writing further on a topic on which the last word has already been spoken and to make us pay but scant attention to later pronouncements on the all-important subject. That this point of view is hardly conducive to progress will readily be granted, and our teacher would have been the first to admit it. That Max Hirsch has rendered a great and lasting service to the cause of human freedom by this monumental work is beyond denial. True, we may not see eye to eye with him on some of the lateral issues, such as the question of interest, nevertheless it is well to have his point of view set forth with such clarity, if only for the purpose of having the opposition view expressed equally well.

All individualists have felt more or less strongly that socialism was inimical to liberty, but that it was so completely subversive of ordinary democratic principles did not seem as clear as it does upon a reading of this erudite volume. It may even penetrate the fog which seems ever to rest upon the professorial mind, and so prepare the way for a change in the didactic attitude toward the "economy of the common people," which in so many minds only ranks with astrology and alchemy. Forgetting of whom it was said, "The common people heard him gladly," and doubtless understandingly, they assume that what the masses believe must be wrong.

No more trenchant criticism of the whole baseless fabric of socialism has ever been written; indeed, one cannot help feeling that a strange dignity is lent to that absurd but pathetic emanation of distraught humanity by being made the object of so masterly a vivisection. The full blaze of intellectual sunlight is flashed upon the dark places of socialistic inconsequence, and the whole venture of that economic school is shown to be but "a thing of shreds and patches."

There is a plenty of argument and a paucity of epithet about this book which makes quotation, except at great length, a matter of difficulty.

It may be said in a general way that the

**Socialism vs. Democracy.* By Max Hirsch. Macmillan, New York and London.