

for whom do you take us? It is a mere show like the Auteurs Gais or the Maison de Rire—a mere show.—Figaro.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

A quotation from a letter written by Richard Harding Davis to the Chicago Record, dated Pretoria, May 17.

"An Englishman's house is his castle," and he can defend it accordingly, is the oldest of English adages. The Boer has merely been defending his castle. You can make nothing more of this war than that. The Englishman will tell you there is much more to it than that; he will talk glibly of a franchise which he never wanted, of unjust mining laws and restrictions which are much more generous than those he has instituted in British Columbia, and which he could have avoided, had he not found he was growing rich in spite of them, by simply remaining in his own country; he will try to blind you by pleading that the war was forced upon him by the Boers' ultimatum, an ultimatum which came only after he had threatened the borders of the Transvaal with 20,000 soldiers.

He will present every excuse, every sophistry, every reason save one, which is that he covets the Boer's watch and chain and is going to kill him to get it. It is too late now to go into the injustice of this war. The Boer has lost heart and is falling back, leisurely, as is his wont, but still falling back. Before this letter reaches America the end may have come and the English will be pumping the water out of the gold mines they have fought so long and so hard to win.

It is possible that the gold may repay some of them for their losses, but it will not bring 7,000 men back to life again; it will not restore the lost prestige of the British army, nor pay for the ill feeling of Europe, nor for the loss of what was once Great Britain's hope—an alliance with the United States.

"Never envy a man his riches until you know what he did to gain them," is a saying as old as Epictetus, and who will envy England her slaughtered, bleeding republics, now that we see the price they have cost her?

Except for the excellence of her transport service it has cost her her former place as a military power, her position as a religious nation. Even her archbishop of Cape Town is today with thumbs down howling in the name of "peace" for the complete

and utter extermination of the two prostrate states. It has cost her the right to speak again in the name of Christianity, for the chief loot of her soldiers is the Bibles they find upon the dead bodies of the men they have killed. It has given her a Dreyfus scandal of her own, and by the light of the homes she is burning in the Free State she can read her acts as she read the "Bulgarian atrocities."

This may seem hysterical and unjust, but it is time, now that it is too late, that we should see clearly what has been taking place while the world sat idly by. We have been misinformed and blinded by a propaganda against the Boer, a manipulation of press and parliament which has never been equaled in dexterity of misrepresentation nor audacity of untruth, not even by the boulevard journalists who live on blackmail and the Monte Carlo sustenance fund.

The murder and robbery of a Boer on the veldt is no less a murder and robbery than though it had taken place in Whitechapel or Fifth avenue.

The Boer has been murdered and robbed, and the fact that before his life was attempted his character was attacked and villified is not the least of the sins for which the "empire builders" of Kimberley, Johannesburg and the colonial office must some day stand in judgment.

CIVILIZATION AND ANARCHY.

For The Public.

What is the difference between civilization and anarchy? While 30,000,000 French peasants were held in hopeless subjection civilization was supreme; when they rose up and chopped off sundry thousands of aristocratic heads, anarchy reigned. While the troops of saintly King Humbert were shooting down the hungry Italians clamoring for bread, civilization was on top, and its only fear was that the hungry ones might win out; now that an assassin has served King Humbert with his own medicine, civilization gasps at the horror of it all, and the nations are straining every nerve to stamp out the terrible crime of plotting against the Lord's anointed. While England was waging the war to force the opium traffic on China and preparing to appropriate Hong-Kong, she was extending civilization; now that the Chinese, seeing the fate of every land where the white man is master, have decided that he shall not be master in their land if they can prevent it, they naturally represent anarchistic forces opposed to order and civilization.

If it would do any good I could look with equanimity on the extermination of the royal litters of every land on the face of the earth. But how can it do any good? "It is not kings, or capitalists, or landlords that anywhere really oppress the people; it is their own ignorance." If this ignorance, then, could only be exterminated, there might be something doing. But as long as one king succeeds another and institutions remain unchanged and the people prefer amusement to instruction, Isaiah's lament will be the real trouble with the world: "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge."

It is said that the schoolmaster has been abroad in the world, and that enlightenment has taken the place of intellectual darkness; it is difficult for a man who has seen the color of the coming day to believe it. A burnt child dreads the fire, but mankind has not yet learned to dread imperialism. Sacred and profane history abounds with warnings uttered by prophets and wise men, all testifying that "Whoso liveth by the sword shall perish by the sword," but it is of no avail. It would be well for us did we deify our prophets less and do something in the way of carrying out their doctrines in practice.

For upwards of 70 years the colony planted in Pennsylvania by William Penn got along peaceably and amicably with a race of men admittedly as savage and bloodthirsty as any that ever lived. The broad-brimmed hat of the Quaker was the badge of an honest man who wanted nothing which was not his own, and it was a better bodyguard than an army. The experience of the Quaker settlement at Philadelphia gives the lie to those who stand for imperialism, no matter what their plea may be. It is as possible for the white man to colonize in savage lands and remain at peace with the inhabitants thereof as ever—if he will but adopt the methods so successfully used by the Friends.

We are now witnessing the first skirmish in a struggle which may outlast the Crusades, in the course of which the supremacy of the white race will be powerfully threatened, and in the outcome of which civilization itself may be destroyed as it has been before. The races heretofore encountered by the white man have been comparatively feeble in numbers and fighting powers, and have been swept away or reduced to subjection without the real exertion of his power. But he has at length waked up some-

thing which may prove as strong as himself.

The Chinese empire is larger than Europe, and contains more people. They have outgrown the custom once in vogue of frightening their enemies to death with horrible pictures, and are using modern arms. Their military education is still in its infancy, but it is not going to stop there. They have lived in China a long time, and are not going to be pushed off the earth this year nor next.

The child has not been born who will see the end of this struggle. There are 300,000,000 of brownies in India who will take a hand in the battle against white supremacy before it is finished. The islands of the sea contain yellow and brown people in profusion, and they do not love us. A gigantic Asiatic empire animated and directed by Japanese brains and making a strong bid for the empire of the world, is to my mind not a mere possibility, but a probability of the closing years of the century about to open, if not sooner. Circumstances bring forth men, and Asia is as certain to develop a yellow or brown Napoleon in the next generation or two as the sun is to rise.

And is there no escape? I hear some sneering imperialist ask. Of course there is, you blockhead, but you do not know enough to take it, and you are the majority. Substitute justice and righteousness for fraud and violence in your dealings with these people. Cease plaguing them with superstition and inculcate morality both by word and by example. Civilize yourself, in short, and then you may with some reason presume to civilize others. Go to the Quaker, thou fool; learn of his ways and be wise. But you will not. You will have your way, as you always have had; and you will bring things to universal smash, as you always have done.

There has never been a time when the world has more needed the full gospel of justice and fraternity; there never was a time when the world was on the whole less inclined to listen to it. It begins to dawn on me that our work has been in vain, and that, like the Physiocrats who were buried under the ruins of the French revolution, we shall be buried under a colossal crash of nations that will dwarf anything the earth has known. Of course the truth will ultimately triumph, but not "in our own times, or in times of which any memory of us remains."

But Truth and Justice have their consolations, which "everyone who

has felt their exaltation knows." Therefore, Physiocrats, who know the natural and right order of social development, talk and write against this horrid specter of imperialism which threatens once more to destroy the world. Who knows but we may yet stem the tide and again get a hearing? Perhaps Charles Mackay was right when he wrote these lines:

Men of thought, be up and stirring night and day!

Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—clear the way!

Men of action, aid and cheer them as ye may!

There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow;
There's a midnight blackness changing into gray.

Men of thought and men of action, clear the way!

Once the welcome light has broken, who shall say

What the unimagined glories of the day?

What the evil that shall perish in its ray?

Aid the dawning, tongue and pen!

Aid it, hopes of honest men!

Aid it, paper! aid it, type!

Aid it, for the hour is ripe,

And our earnest must not slacken into play.

Men of thought and men of action, clear the way!

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish from the day,

And a brazen wrong to crumble into clay.

Lo! the right's about to conquer! Clear the way!

With the right shall many more

Enter smiling at the door.

With the giant wrong shall fall

Many others, great and small,

That for ages long have held us for their prey.

Men of thought and men of action, clear the way!

STEPHEN BELL.

AN EVENING AT THE TRUSTLEYS.

For The Public.

"Madam!" snorted Mr. Trustley.

His wife's knitting needles moved steadily, and his helpmeet gave no sign that she had heard the ungracious address of her husband.

"Mrs. Trustley!" he snarled in a tone that would have caused most women to drop a whole row of stitches. But Mrs. Trustley knit on without a tremble.

"Emily!" The click of the needles was silenced, and Mrs. Trustley with an effort to repress a smile that threatened to ripple along her lips replied: "Well, Henry?"

"Well, Henry!" Is that the way you greet me after four weeks of silence on my part?"

"Four weeks, dear? Is it really as long as that?"

"Is it? Isn't it exactly 28 days since you returned from that trip to the Kansas City convention—that trip

that disgraced me and the rest of the Trustley family? Isn't it precisely 28 days since I swore that I would never speak to you again?"

"I don't know but that you are right, Henry; how times does fly! And to think that you have been so persistent in keeping your vow! Wasn't it very hard for you to hold out, dear?"

"Emily, of course it was hard, considering the spirit of forgiveness that I had to fight against. If it had not been for my tender nature, which compelled me to pity your isolation, you would be thirsting in vain and forever to hear the welcome sounds of my salutations."

"Oh, Henry, I am so glad that you are so good as not to afflict me with such a horridly long thirst. But, dear, don't you think that you were influenced, at least partly, by a desire to be free to speak so you could ask me to sew on the four buttons that are missing from your vest?"

"Emily, Emily! Please do not be so trifling at such a serious time as this. I do confess that forgiveness was not the sole factor which was instrumental in effecting the mitigation of my resolution. But it was not the sordid desire to which you have seen fit so irrelevantly to refer that has contributed to move me. No, Mrs. Trust—Emily; it was the voice of Duty which bade me confer with you in regard to our unlike political faiths, and to strive to come to an understanding so that our house would no longer be divided against itself politically."

"But, Henry, are you really so very anxious that our political views should be the same?"

"Emily, without exaggeration, I can say that I would not hesitate to make any sacrifice to bring about the consummation."

"Oh, Henry, I am so glad to hear you say that. I was afraid that you would never be willing to become an adherent of Mr. Bryan's cause."

"Bryan! What do you mean by uttering that man's name in this house, and insinuating that I will be his follower?"

"Why, dear, you said you would be willing to make any sacrifice to—"

"Goodness gracious! Can't you understand? I meant any sacrifice that would result in removing you from the position of political falsity, to which you, with fanatical vehemence, seem determined to cling; and which sacrifice would further result in so strongly convincing you that the