

same government. There in the Golden city were thousands of foreigners, from every country on the globe, jostling and running and climbing over each other in their pursuit of gold; here in Pretoria are the hundreds of easy-going, methodical, religious Boers, discussing affairs of state, driving lumbering ox wagons or attempting to conciliate an aggrieved uitlander. There were the cries of the stock brokers, the noise of the pounding stamp mills and the braggadocio of the gambler; here are the calm of the Christian home, the solemnity of a body of men in whose hands is the destiny of a republic, and the air of righteousness. There was Bedlam; here is the City of Peace.

Stretching away from the center of the city, where the statesmen, bankers and business men had their workshops, were the residential streets, the glory of Pretoria. There the clear mountain water, coursing in little rivulets between the sidewalks and the dwellings, fed the roots of the willows and the rose bushes, and vivified the landscape with the vari-colors of nature. Every cottage, with its rose fence and its smoothly cropped lawn, was a painting, and every Boer housewife's collection of flowers and plants was in an imaginary beauty contest, in which the admiring pedestrians were supposed to be the judges. Inside the cottages the tidiness and cleanliness that distinguished their Dutch ancestors furnished material evidence against the ruthless misrepresentation of the Boer's habits. Young women whose grandmothers assisted husbands and brothers in fighting against the savage tribes that attacked the pioneers, and who themselves were educated in European or South African colleges and seminaries, displayed their talents in the baking of bread, and the playing of pianos and other musical instruments. Young men fresh from European universities appeared, and with equal facility and knowledge discussed the latest phases of the eastern political question or the most recent advances in irrigation methods. The enjoyment which the old-time Boer, circumscribed as he was before the advent of telegraphs and railroads, found in the shooting of game, the young Boer of to-day finds in the same channels as the youth of other countries. He is a patron of the arts, loves open-air sports, dances, and, above all things, is an expert with the rifle.

"Do you know Gabbleby?"

"Well, I have a listening acquaintance with him."—Puck.

THE OTIS BRAND OF PEACE.

Judge Thomas Canty, of Minneapolis, arrived in Minneapolis from Manila, April 18. The Minneapolis Journal of April 20 contained an interview with Judge Canty, from which the following is taken:

I believe that it would take 500,000 men ten years to put down that insurrection, and that even then it would not be permanently done. The original cause of the insurrection was official tyranny and unscrupulousness and the attempt of Spain to put down the Kaputin organization, which had been formed with a membership of 100,000, chiefly among the Tagalos, to suppress them. It continues because the Filipinos have absolutely no faith in our word. The difficulty is not to defeat the forces of the islands in open battle, but to keep them driven when they have once been driven. This is impossible. By the time the pursuing force is back in quarters, the pursued and ostensibly defeated force is also back ready to resume guerrilla fighting.

When I went to Manila I asked Gen. Otis whether he considered that the war was about over, and he assured me that it was and that in a very limited time order would be restored. Acting on this theory, I began tramping through the islands, going out short distances from the towns, only to be halted on each occasion before I got outside the city limits, as you may say, by our own sentries.

The sentries assured me that if I went any further I should be knifed by the "niggers." This astonished me. I understood that the enemy had been decisively defeated and that there surely would be no danger to life in the immediate vicinities of the principal towns. I explained my ideas to the sentries, who assured me that the enemy had been defeated again and again, but that he was an enemy who would not stay defeated. He always came back again. This sort of thing happened on Laguna de Bay and in several places close to cities. The soldiers told me that the people making the trouble were ladrones, which is Spanish for thieves. Then I noticed that all the most pretentious houses in the towns were empty and that the small bamboo huts were inhabited. In other words, that the wealthy inhabitants had fled to the mountains, while a large proportion of the poorer element had remained. I asked the soldiers how this was, and they replied, referring to the wealthier class of natives who were missing from their homes, that they, too, were ladrones.

This and a number of other things brought me face to face with a conclusion that the wealthy class of Fili-

pinos were the ones running the war. I found this condition in all the principal towns outside Manila. The wealthy Filipinos and halfbreeds are ostensibly on the side of the Americans, but really are assisting to conduct the insurrection.

Our native secret service corps, for which we are paying a pretty penny, is engaged in rounding up ladrones, and in this service it does good work, being honestly assisted by the Filipinos of the better class themselves. In other words, we are doing police work for a people at war with us. But these secret service agents never discover anything of value concerning the actual movements of the enemy. If they do, they seldom report it. The fact is that if such a report was made the man making it would either have to remain thereafter in the American barracks or be assassinated.

In my opinion, the only progress that we have made in the Philippines is the substitution of guerrilla for regular warfare. Of course, our forces have opened up the railway and obtained possession of some cities where municipal governments with native officials have been set up. These officials are not loyal to us. Their existence is a continuous panorama of deceit.

TRUSTS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Surveying the wide area of British industry in general, it cannot be said that we suffer in any appreciable degree from combinations of producers to keep up prices. That "trusts" exist in free trade countries as well as in protectionist countries is undeniable; but while in the former, the economy in production which results from their promotion goes to benefit the consumer in the shape of reduced prices, in the latter they are identified with high prices to the consumers and large profits to the producers. Our American friends are just now receiving a short lesson in the principles of free trade. They have built up high tariff walls in the interests of high prices. If the American workingmen want high prices, by all means let them have them, but surely it is a little illogical for them to complain when the "trusts" and combines have raised the prices to the limit allowed by the tariff. The "trust" in itself is a harmless institution; it is the tariff—the element of monopoly—that makes it harmful. If they want to cripple the power of the trusts they must attack them through the tariffs.

We Britishers believe in cheapness. If we could get goods for nothing we would not be ashamed to take them. We are not ashamed to swallow the