

A terrible episode has occurred in the history of the country—an episode so criminal that the glory of war and victory has been dimmed by the wrath caused by the wrongs and sufferings of the soldiers who have fought the war and achieved the glory. . . .

Thirty-three years ago we saw the soldiers coming home after a war that had endured for four years. Many of them had lived in camps and fought over fields from which the skeletons of to-day are carried to the hospital. We saw the veterans of that great conflict march home. Their ranks were thin. Some companies brought back a file or two led by a non-commissioned officer. Some men rode in carriages; but they were wounded men, not men sick with fevers. The men who marched moved with the vigorous stride of health. In that day we did not see such ghastly reminders of the war as we are seeing now in camp and on the return of the men who enlisted for the war, unless we saw the victims of southern prisons. Then we saw men starved because their captors had nothing for them. Now we see men starved and fever-stricken because their government has not the capacity to take care of them, and even seems indifferent to their suffering.

The sufferings of our soldiers must not be forgotten. If the people of the country permit this scandal to find a grave before some one is punished, they will thereby make themselves accomplices in the crime.—Harper's Weekly.

THE REAL DESTROYERS OF CIVILIZATIONS.

An extract from a review of Rodolfo Lanciani's "Pagan and Christian Rome," by Prof. George D. Herron, published in *The Kingdom*.

Who were the real destroyers of Rome; of its palaces and monuments of immense art and marble splendors? Upon this subject I learned much from other authorities in Rome as well as Prof. Lanciani. But in the book under discussion, "Pagan and Christian Rome," Prof. Lanciani makes quite clear that the real destroyers and spoilers of ancient Rome were not the Huns and Vandals of our school-day histories, and of Macaulay's declamation, but the priests, property owners and politicians of Rome itself. The Coliseum was for centuries the great marble quarry from which the popes and nobles took the materials for the building of their palaces, tombs and churches. No historic structures or monuments were sacred to these political and priestly Vandals. Anastasius IV. "removed the remains of a canonized empress from"

a "noble sarcophagus in order to have his own placed in it." The best frescoes, the finest tombs, the most beautiful paintings, some of them dating from the first century, manuscripts and relics of priceless value, were stolen, and finally scattered far and wide. Catacombs were destroyed and tombs rifled, purely for the sake of finding treasure that could be turned into gold or money. Speaking of a certain church, Prof. Lanciani says:

Here, also we find the evidence of the gigantic work of destruction pursued for centuries by the Romans themselves, which we have been in the habit of attributing to the barbarians alone. The barbarians have their share of responsibility in causing the abandonment and the desolation of the Campagna; they may have looted and damaged some edifices, from which there was a hope of a booty; they may have profaned churches and oratories erected over the tombs of martyrs—but the wholesale destruction, the obliteration of classical and medieval monuments, is the work of the Romans and of their successive rulers. To them, more than to the barbarians, we owe the present condition of the Campagna, in the midst of which Rome remains like an oasis in a barren solitude.

So the great ruins that remain in Rome, that spread out over the Campagna, which the traveler is in the habit of viewing as the work of barbarian invaders, is really the destructive work of the Roman upper classes. The devastated splendor which makes Rome seem like the graveyard of history to one who looks out upon it from the hills of the Caesars, is a vast monument to the wolfish selfishness which was always the chief characteristic beneath the pomp and strut of Roman knight and orator. The Huns and Vandals who destroyed Rome were the Roman rulers. The politicians and preachers still work the Huns and Vandals, with the destruction of Rome, as warnings of what will happen to civilization if we listen to social agitators and permit them to arouse the people. But the priests and politicians, and the propertied classes whom they serve, are the real barbarians who destroyed not only Rome; they are the Huns and Vandals of all arts, nations and institutions. The barbarians whom the people need to fear, and who are preparing the destruction of both civilization and the peoples, are these same Huns and Vandals—the great property owners, the ecclesiastical managers, the politicians; these are ever the destroyers of liberty, faith and all that is good.

VERY INTENSIVE FARMING.

In that part of Chicago known as Brookdale, about nine miles out on the Illinois Central railroad, is located a small plat of ground which is put to more varied use, perhaps, than any

tract of similar area in the entire city. The neighbors refer to it as the "menagerie," though the term is applied in no ill nature, as a better-behaved, better-kept menagerie never existed than the aggregation of flesh and fowl whose members thrive and grow fat on this little Brookdale lot.

The lot is owned by Addison Foy and faces Madison avenue, near Seventieth street. Its dimensions are 25 by 125 feet. An enumeration of the various fowls of the air and beasts of the field that are quartered there, to say nothing of the variety of vegetables and flowers growing thriftily out of the soil, would make the very shade of old Noah turn green with envy. There are dogs and cats, chickens and rabbits, a horse and a canary bird, peas and beans, goats, turkeys, lettuce, squash, ducks, radishes, cucumbers, cabbages, tomatoes, onions, geese, corn, flowers, doves, and a small boy. There are hencoops and duckhouses, kennels, and barns, and tiny gables wherein old mother hens and their large broods of fluffy chicks are kept, to say nothing of the snug cottage which occupies at least a good one-third of the 25 by 125 foot lot, and in which Mr. and Mrs. Foy and their small son are comfortably housed.

The following is a list of the inmates of the yard: One horse, 246 chickens, 15 hens, 1 rooster, 2 rabbits, 1 goat, 1 kid, 26 ducklings, 3 goslings, 1 dog, 3 turkeys, 1 canary bird, 1 cat, 1 kitten, 2 doves, and 3 guinea chicks.

But this is not all. Five hens are now sitting, each with from a dozen to 15 eggs under her, so there are prospects of new broods of from 60 to 75 additional hatchable things.

There are some inconveniences as the result of the crowded conditions. For instance, the number of gates must be reduced to a minimum, as gates require space wherein to swing. As a solution of the gate problem, therefore, so far as the goat's pen is concerned, that animal is each evening gently and submissively lifted over the low fence into the pen in which he is confined at night, and in the morning lifted out again to roam a vacant lot adjoining the Foy premises. Here the chickens are also allowed occasionally to taste the blessedness of comparative freedom.

The barn in which the horse is kept is pretty small for the horse to stand in and feed in at the same time, so the animal eats his oats from a box inside the south fence, standing the while in the same vacant lot next door and eating over the fence.

The marvel of it all would appear