

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "if 'twas up to me, I'd eat what was r-ripe an' give what wasn't r-ripe to me inimy. An' I guess that's what Mack means."—Chicago Journal.

A BRAHMIN TURNS THE TABLES ON MR. KIDD.

If a learned Brahmin could be found to review Benjamin Kidd's "The Control of the Tropics" (Macmillan), the result would undoubtedly be a most amusing production. The humor of the situation ought to upset the dignity even of a Brahmin. He could easily apprehend the policy of taking everything in sight because you want it and happen to be stronger. That is the law of the survival of the fittest as the Brahmin comprehended it ages ago. But to take everything in sight and call it "holding the tropics as a trust for civilization" ought to excite mirth in the Orient. . . .

Suppose that the humorous Brahmin who reviews Mr. Kidd's book should be moved by its enticing sophistry to stir up his own people to apply its fine principles? It's a poor rule that won't work both ways. The Brahmin might be inspired to discourse as follows:

"Dearly Beloved Brethren! A famous English pundit named Kidd has discovered a great law of the universe, and I am incited to call upon you to try a practical application of it. The world is rapidly growing very small and over-populated. We people of the tropics send millions of rupees of products to England. These things we raise very cheap and sell very cheap. I'm told that over there in England they sell these things at a great profit, and certain of their wise men are enabled to live luxuriously upon this profit. Would it not be better for the half-starved millions of India if we could keep this extra profit for ourselves? We are strong in numbers; let us invade the country of the Englishman and seize it, and force the people to do things our way, and pay us our own price for the products of our soil and industry which they need. Thus shall we prosper abundantly at home. The astute pundit Kidd proves that this is the right course of action. For, by seizing England and governing it according to our own ideas, we shall be able to raise the standard of living here at home. The world is growing so small that there isn't enough to go 'round, and we must get all that we can while yet there is a chance. This is the great law of social evolution. It is not robbery or aggression or national bullying—it is simply seizing a weaker nation and holding it as 'a trust for civilization.' The tropics where we live are,

as Mr. Kidd well says, the hope of the world for material things. Eventually we must feed and clothe most of their surplus population. If that is the case, do not we, brethren, hold the trumps? And if we are strong enough we certainly ought to play them for our own good. Mr. Kidd thinks that England and the United States can play them better for us. But we know a thing or two. We have watched our English brethren play the game out here in India, and we have learned a few things that are not printed in this lovely essay by the facile pundit. Blessed are the strong, for they shall inherit the earth!"—Droch, in Life.

THE COMING FREEDOM.

An extract from a commencement oration, given at the Kansas state agricultural college, June 9, 1898, by Prof. George D. Herron.

Did God create our world and race in order that the strong might heap up wealth out of the forced labor of the millions, and is such an order of things the destiny that man must accept? By what device and by what right do the sons and daughters of God go daily to the task of creating supplies out of nature, whilst their needs of body and spirit go unsupplied, and they have only toil and bare existence for their portion? Who gave this earth to the profit-makers, and by what authority do they set the children of the earth to making gain for them? By what process of alchemy have the resources of nature passed into the hands of the strong, and how comes it that human life is practically treated as mere grist for the capitalist mill? Is it the end of our civilization that industry should develop into a monstrous, universal, profit-making machine, into which the multitudes are fed to be ground out as increased capital for private owners? Every nation, every conscience that has a right to be called Christian, searches for the answer, and every reform waits for it. "Now at last," says Prof. Marshall, "we are setting ourselves seriously to inquire whether there should be any so-called lower classes at all; that is, whether there need be large numbers of people doomed from their birth to hard work in order to provide for others the requisites of a refined and cultured life, while they themselves are prevented by their poverty and toil from having any share or part in that life." It is thus that the social problem is the problem of human destiny.

Some of us believe that the public ownership of the resources and means of production is the sole answer to

the social question. In order that each may have according to his needs, and be secure in the private property wherewith to express his individuality, the resources upon which the people in common depend must by the people in common be owned and administered. The common ownership of the earth, with industrial democracy in production, is the only ground upon which personal property and liberty can be built, the only soil in which individuality can take root.

In freedom alone does the soul thrive and blossom. Every sort of freedom, religious and intellectual, political and social, rests back upon economic freedom. Private ownership of public resources is private ownership of human beings. He who sells his labor-power under the compulsion of necessity sells his life for the mere means of existence. So long as the resources of the people are privately owned, so that people are obliged to sell their labor-power to the owners for sustenance, they are not free members of society or the state; they are not even free to worship God according to their own light and intuitions. "He who owns my sustenance," says Alexander Hamilton, "owns my moral being." A system which makes one human being dependent upon another for the opportunity to earn his bread and develop his life is a system, which enslaves bodies and souls; it is inherently immoral, destructive of life, wasteful of spiritual and material forces. Faith and love as social forces, with liberty a social fact, mean communism in natural resources, democracy in production, equality in use, private property in consumption, social responsibility in all relations and things. A civilization in which all shall work for the common good, and each receive according to every sort of need, is the practical realization of the idea of the kingdom of heaven on earth; it is the organized love which is the manifest destiny and liberty of man.

THE MAROONS OF JAMAICA.

When England, in 1655, took Jamaica from the Spaniards, there were some two thousand slaves on the island, most of them pure Africans, but a few the hybrid offsprings of negroes and the aboriginal Arawak Indians, whom the Spaniards had found in possession of the island, and, in the course of a century, had managed to exterminate. These slaves—known in history as Koromantyns, or, more commonly, "Maroons"—sided with their masters,

and on the flight of the Spanish forces from Jamaica they took to the mountains, and for a century and a half maintained a harassing and, on the whole, a successful guerilla war against the English. But in 1795 the Jamaican government imported from Cuba a great number of mastiffs, trained like the blood hound to track human beings by scent, but, unlike the blood hound, to attack the victim of their ruthless quest with horrible ferocity. The knowledge that these animals were arrayed against them paralyzed the the Maroons, and, rather than meet them in fight, they surrendered to the troops whom until then they had held in very scant respect. Not a shot was fired after the "blood-hounds" reached the English camp. The rebels capitulated on the single condition that their lives should be spared.

Thus ended the troubles with the Maroons. Their leaders were eventually shipped off to Sierra Leone, and the rank and file, being confirmed in certain privileges which, after a previous "peace," had been granted to them, retired to their villages, and thenceforth not only lived in peace with the English, but during the negro insurrection, quelled with such merciful severity in 1865 by Gov. Eyre, they fought on the side of the whites. The privileges referred to above were the grant of certain lands in perpetual freehold and exemption from all taxation, and modified "home-rule"—*quamdiu se bene gesserint*. On these terms the descendants of the Spaniards' slaves, still known as Maroons, live in the island, and one of their locations is Moore Town, about ten miles from Port Antonio, on the northern shore of the island.

Their lines have certainly been cast, from a negro point of view, in very pleasant places. Well above sea level, in the midst of superb scenery, this interesting human fragment of old-world history lives a life very much its own and in some respects quite isolated, but year by year assimilating more and more with its surroundings.

Ever since the suppression of Gordon's insurrection in 1865 the Maroons have been gradually ridding themselves of their "caste" prejudice, which held them aloof from the freed negroes and the half-casts, so that to-day the inhabitants of Moore Town possess scarcely any special characteristics of feature and suggest no special type. Here and there, frequently enough to arrest attention, one sees fine features, thin lips, oval faces, with a lithe and dignified bearing—a combination absolutely unknown among the negroes, and point-

ing back to a strong strain of blood other than African—probably that of the aboriginal Arawak Indians, who are recorded to have been a comely and graceful race. But the majority of the Maroons are as mongrel looking a collection as could be picked up at the corner of any Port Antonio street, and though suggesting in appearance, strange to say, less of the negro than the coolie, are in gesture, temperament, and mental traits unmistakable Africans. They are very light hearted and excitable, exceedingly simple, and surprisingly shrewd; a community which would follow and desert a leader with equal alacrity; impulsive but not purposeful, and morbidly superstitious.

I confess I was greatly disappointed to find them becoming so "civilized"—to see roofs of corrugated zinc instead of palm-leaf thatch, Bass and Tennant their beers instead of pombe and cassava, and canned meats their delicacies instead of ubonni.

"What is your religion?" I asked a hoary old heathenish-looking person.

"Church of England," was the shocking reply; and later, when I expressed a wish to see his fetich, he flattened me out by asking: "Fetich—what is fetich?"—Phil Robinson, in *Harper's Weekly*.

THE RIGHTS OF THE INDIVIDUAL IN FRANCE.

In France there is one law for private citizens and one court for the trial of questions arising between them. This is the court of law. For the officials there is the administrative court; for, as Prof. Lowell has shown in his *Government and Parties in Continental Europe*, the results of French development has been to strengthen the administrative branch of the government, while English development has made the judicial branch of the government the safeguard of personal liberty. Under our system law reigns, while under the French system, when there is a question between the individual and the government, discretion rules. In other words, the law is not permitted to interfere with the exigencies of the government, or with what the administrative courts think those exigencies may be. Therefore, in contemplating the attitude of the French people towards the Dreyfus case, it is not fair to judge them by our own standards.

. . . The rights of the individual, however, suffer, and the doing of justice is not an ideal in a government whose powers are bent towards absolute efficiency. Efficiency is primarily the attribute of a wise and benevolent despotism, and France is therefore a democracy with some of the attributes

of absolutism. This puts the government of the moment higher than human liberty. And if an act of justice to an individual, whether the individual be Captain Dreyfus or an unfortunate citizen who has been run over by a Paris coachman, is likely to create distrust in the army or in the administrative branch of the government, the individual must go under. . . .

The weakness of the French political mind is that it is under the control of domineering logic. It has come to a sentimental recognition of the right of the people to govern themselves; but when Louis XIV. said: "L'etat, c'est moi!" he laid down the hypothesis on which his republican successors are still reasoning. The state would be really now the people if France were a true republic; that is, the people would have the ultimate power, and the government which they have set up would exist for their benefit. Louis XIV. really was both the state and the government, and the French people have never been able to separate the two. Therefore now, as two hundred years ago, the government is the state, and is sacred. It must be maintained at all hazards, even at the cost of injustice, even at the serious cost of personal liberty.

How many Englishmen or Americans know of the true relations between the French citizen and the gendarme or the sergeant de ville? How many of our traveling pleasure seekers, sojourning for a gala day in Paris, realize that an enemy or a policeman, especially sensitive to what our own guardians call "back talk," might easily divert their visit from one of gayety to one of penalty? An arrest is an easy matter. It is easy here and in London, but practically it is not so common an indulgence of the Anglo-Saxon as of the French police. But once the accused is behind the cell door the matter takes on a different aspect in France from that to which we are accustomed, thanks to the blessing of the Great Charter. There is no reason known to the French law for informing the accused of the nature of the charge which has led to his incarceration. All that is necessary to keep him in prison for an indefinite time is an understanding between the policeman and the magistrate—the *juge d'instruction*. It is for this embodiment of French law and French justice to discover some reason for depriving the victim of his liberty, and in the meantime the victim must remain in ignorance. He is not to know the charge that is made against him; but from time to time he is haled before the *juge d'instruction* and examined as to his life, his secret thoughts, his