

ingly and faithfully for the defense of the flocks and herds of the much-maligned Boer. These folk were perfectly free to come and go; yet I have never known an instance in which an Englishman could keep his or her house full of servants in the same way as the Boer could.—“Transvaal of To-Day” (pp. 197—202) by Alfred Aylward.

Of course the Boers, like ourselves, have been engaged in frequent native wars. Doubtless these wars were often unnecessary and barbarous, like our own iniquitous Zulu war, or our constant Kaffir wars before 1854, our Basuto wars, and Mr. Rhodes's Matabele campaigns. In these wars the Boers took prisoners whom they indentured as farm laborers. That no doubt is an approach to slavery, but our hands are certainly not clean. Hardly more than a year ago we virtually sold a number of Bechuana prisoners of war into slavery. — London Morning Leader.

ARRAIGNED.

Those who make private property of the gifts of God pretend in vain to be innocent; for in thus retaining the subsistence of the poor, they are the murderers of those who die every day for want of it.
—Gregory the Great.

Turn your eyes to these faces. Ah, see what they tell!

All marred with the misery of want!
Have beasts in the forests no homes where to dwell?

Are they always hungry and gaunt?—
Is there plenty for creatures that live midst the trees,

And but little for children of men?—
Are the homeless poor beings that God never sees?

Are hungry ones outside his ken?—
Is earth made too small—without room for all?

Will God's soil furnish food for but few?
Does he guard with a wall the green fields where fall

His life-giving rain and his dew?—
Is not earth, by its plan, the great storehouse for man—

Ever full of the bounties of Love?—
Then, who shuts the poor, by an impious ban,

From the gifts of the Father above?—
From the places for homes and the earning of bread,

Who, who turns them hopeless away—
To the deserts, the streets, and the dens full of dread—

In want to exist how they may?—
With a price for each use of the All-Father's lands.

Ah, who takes their birth-right to live—
While to earn daily bread they have skill and their hands,

And the means, the Creator does give?—
Shall not woe betide him who joins field unto field,

Until there's no room in the land—
And faces grow wan—and work does not yield

To starved bodies the bread they demand—
And toiling and struggling, 'tis useless to try

To replace Heaven's gifts that he takes—
And oh! every day little children must die
With the hunger his robbery makes?—

Shall not woe betide him whose riches increase
By the killing of joy and of hope—
By the breaking of hearts—the destruction of peace—

By the strangling of virtue and love?—
By this turning God's earth into poverty's hell—
The where 'tis unaltering fate,
Side by side with oppressed, oppressors must dwell

Midst the shadows of crime and of hate?
Ah, what is your right to these bounties of God?

Have you bought them from babes yet unborn?
Can you tell of a day when to all you gave pay,

For these gifts that from all you have torn?
Does community's treasure from you have its measure,

For these stores whence all must be fed?
Or do you, to gain gold, Heaven's free table hold,

And crowd children away from their bread?
ASHER GEORGE BEECHER.

WHY IS INDIA STARVING?

The New York Times is astonished at the frankness of some of the missionaries from India who are attending the ecumenical conference in this city. In discussing the Indian famine they stated that what the people of India need is not grain, but money. “There is plenty of grain in our storehouses,” say the missionaries, “and the natives only lack the money to buy it at the prices at which it is held.” Then the virtuous Times proceeds to haul the grain speculators over the coals, and to recommend that the English government take steps to have the grain distributed, and pay the speculators for the grain.

It seems to me I have read something like this before. Henry George states that Ireland exports foodstuffs regularly to England, famine or no famine. He says the same thing of India. It is likewise, according to George, true of Egypt. Strange, isn't it? It is worth looking into.

Who raised that grain in the India storehouses?

The Indians.

Who are starving?

The Indians.

Why don't they eat the grain?

Because it isn't theirs to eat.

Why don't they buy it with the money they received when they sold it?

Because they virtually received no money for it. It took all the money

they got to pay their taxes, rents and blood money generally.

But hasn't India a favorable balance of trade?

Oh, yes; very favorable indeed. India exports pretty much all she produces, and when the “home charges” are all settled she has little or nothing coming back to her.

What is the matter with India, anyway?

Why, you see, it is impossible to keep her people in a proper state of subjection except by the display of vast pomp, power and circumstance. These things cost money. It costs Lord Curzon nearly half a million a year to keep a proper establishment, and there are hundreds of others who have to keep up establishments, too. Then the army has to be supported, or the first thing you know the Indians would be running their country themselves and lose all the benefits of the Christian civilization which England is piously cramming into them. Who knows but they might try to stop the opium traffic itself?

The people of India don't appreciate their blessings. Just as the English have got the rewards of industry down to the lowest notch, so that India has every advantage of low wages and could cut the industrial heart out of any country on the footstool, the people begin to sicken and die of starvation and their generous patrons and masters have to dig up their wallets and help them tide over the difficulty. It is very unpleasant and diminishes English capital, thereby diminishing wages still further.

It is a hard nut to crack. Between the fact that the Indians cannot govern themselves and the corresponding fact that it takes all the people can raise to pay the English for governing them, the outlook for India is not a happy one.—Stephen Bell, in Justice, of Wilmington, Del.

THE GODDESS' REPRIMAND.

For The Public.

(A Dialogue Between the Goddess of Liberty and Her Daughter, Columbia.)

Goddess—My dear Columbia, what is this. I hear about your new pranks, such as going in for annexation, imperialism, and other naughty games, and keeping suspicious company? I'm surprised at you, indeed I am. You, my favorite child, ought to know better.

Columbia (with her hands over her eyes)—Please, mother, I didn't think I was doing wrong. I only felt that I was getting too big for the mantle you gave me, and I wanted to stretch myself. Besides, mother, am I not old

enough now to take my place amongst the nations of the earth?

G.—The nations of the earth! Why, you must be crazy to think of associating with such a dirty, low lot. Do you know their character? Have you looked up their antecedents? It would pay you to go to some respectable inquiry agent. It grieves me to think that a child of mine should so far forget herself as to want to play with them and learn their bad manners. Why, they are nothing but a pack of cut-throats and thieves, and they have been so for thousands of years. You know the old saying: "Tell me your company, and I'll tell you what you are."

C.—But, mamma, surely you would not want me to stop in this spot all alone by myself, and the world so full of excitement. I want to be an actress; I want to go upon the stage of the world's history; to deck myself with laurels plucked from the brows of expiring nations, and to fulfill that destiny which I feel prompting me from within.

G.—Alas! This is the result of the evil company you keep, and the naughty books you have been reading. Your head is turned already. As for your destiny, pray don't think it is that which is prompting you to do what you say. No, it is an evil spirit which will one day devour you. Why, your destiny is plainly on your countenance, if you will only view it through the mirror of history. It is to remain at home and enjoy the ample domain you have inherited from your forefathers, to defend yourself if attacked, but never to strike a blow unless somebody strikes you. Lovers of freedom from far and near, will then come to woo you, and will look up to you as an example of what a virtuous nation should be, until even the wicked European powers may be shamed into conversion.

C.—But, mother, is it wrong to strike anybody for beating and ill-treating another?

G.—No, certainly not, if it is to protect the other.

C.—Well, mother, I saw Spain hitting Cuba, and I ran after Spain and gave her a right good whipping, and then I took hold of Cuba and one or two other children that Spain had been treating badly, and I took them and am going to look after them myself.

G.—Do they want you to look after them?

C.—Oh, no, but don't you see, 'tis my destiny, and if I didn't do it—

G.—You mean, if you didn't do wrong, somebody else would. I see it all. Now,

look here, Miss Destiny—I mean, my dear Columbia—you are an exceedingly naughty girl, and are already on the downward path that leads to perdition. If you persist in your present course, I must disown you at once, and then you can sink as low as you wish. There is still time for you to turn back if you choose to do so, but you must not detain those children against their will, nor covet your neighbor's goods in any shape or form. You must give all kidnapers, pirates and slave-owners a wide berth—I thought the Atlantic was wide enough, but it seems not. If you are to be the heiress of Liberty, you must tread in her footsteps, guard her heirlooms, and live up to her traditions.

C.—How, then, mother, should I behave to the other nations of the world?

G.—You must remember what your father, George Washington, said to you with his dying lips, that while you were to buy and sell with them, and be civil in passing them in the street, you were not to hob-nob or keep company with any of them. Oh, to think what poor George would say if he were to know that his favorite daughter was falling into disgrace. (Weeps.)

C.—Mother, don't cry, I will see what can be done.

G.—Will you promise to turn over a new leaf, and to tear that dirty leaf out of your diary?

C.—Give me till next November, and I will see what I can do. I am under contracts which don't expire till that date. I intend to change my servants, whom I blame more than anybody for leading me away from the path of duty.

G.—Very well, my dear child, we shall wait and see. But what are all those bloated-looking pimples on your face?

C.—These are "trusts," mother; I wish I could get rid of them.

G.—Dear me, girl, you should look after your health, instead of playing those wicked games. These trusts will suck your lifeblood unless you get rid of them. You must rub them with taxation ointment until they disappear.

T. SCANLON.

Liverpool, Eng.

If all men were so far tenants to the public that the superfluities of grain and expense were applied to the exigencies thereof, it would put an end to taxes, leave never a beggar and make the greatest bank for national trade in Europe.—William Penn.

What Kentucky needs is a movement to teach the young idea not to shoot.—Puck.

A CHAPTER OF HISTORY.

Being extracts from a chapter in the "History of the Anglo-Saxon Race." Eckstein & Co. 1940. Three dollars.

The successful termination of the Transvaal war, which had been watched with increasing interest by the western branch of the Anglo-Saxon people, had resulted not unnaturally in a federation of the English-speaking world, and one of the most remarkable consequences of the triumph was the adoption by foreign governments of the tactical methods first used with so much success by our generals. The whole art of war had been revolutionized by the daring experiments of the new strategy; and of all those who hastened to learn the lesson none were more eager or more successful than our American cousins. Their own campaign in the Philippines had added not a little to this new aspect of the science of warfare, and the world stood confronted by 100,000,000 sterling men trained in arduous campaigns, and eager for new battles.

A second effect of the victory was the immediate absorption into the tongue and customs of the empire of all the Hindoo, Dutch, French and other native and aboriginal components of our vast dominions. In one of the most romantic scenes of which our history bears record the French Canadians, led by their priests, abjured their quaint customs and obsolete idiom upon the fields of La Rochelle, and within a very few hours the whole language had died out in Lower Canada. In South Africa the process was still more rapid, since it was helped by the munificence and imperial generosity of the great fortunes which had for so long controlled the destinies of those provinces, and before 1925 none but the most out-of-the-way villages continued to use the Dutch language. Queensland also abandoned the use of German, and the Channel islands remained as the single picturesque exponent of what had once been a Babel of tongues within the empire.

Some ten years after the conclusion of the war the Cape to Cairo line was finished, and the pessimists who had so constantly asserted that it was a vain enterprise were confuted by the vast mass of traffic and the great hosts of passengers that rushed at once to take advantage of this new method of communication. In the presence of the strategic advantage given to our forces by the completion of Lord Krugersdorp's railway the Germans were compelled to abandon their colonies to the east of it, a cession which they accomplished the more readily from the