

OUR EXTRAORDINARY PROSPERITY.

Chicago Inter Ocean (Rep.), Dec. 25.—The American people as a whole were never so rich and never so prosperous as they are to-day, nor were their wealth and their prosperity ever so widely diffused as now. That some few rich are growing richer is true, but the well to do are growing richer and the poor are growing well to do more generally than ever before. And while the really poor are and always will be with us, there was never such willingness to help them to what they lack as in this nation now.

PREDATORY FORTUNES.

Milwaukee Daily News (Dem.), Dec. 29.—In the making of the great American fortunes, with a few exceptions, the railway has played an important part. It is a history of crime, swindling and wholesale robbery. And in the day of final accounting the means by which these fortunes were piled up will be made to justify the belated righting of the great wrong which their founders perpetrated.

MISCELLANY

IMPERIALISTIC EDINBURGH.

For The Public.

"As I gaed up the Canongate
I heard a lassie sing."—Old Song.

"The poverty and dirt of the bairns in some parts of Edinburgh, says a correspondent of the Times, are inconceivable to anyone who has not seen them."—Edinburgh Evening News, of Aug. 27, 1902.

EDINBURGH, 1872.

Lawnmarket, High street, Canongate,
I trod them when life was young.
I saw but the knights who once rode there
With pennon and banner wide-flung.
The flash and the glitter of armour,
The bit and the bridle that rung.

Black Douglas, grim Ruthven and Leslie,
Regent Moray, Montrose and Argyll,
John Knox—the wise and great-hearted—
Who knew neither fear nor gulle,
Poor Chastelar, Rizzio, Darnley;
Fair queens have a fatal smile!

I caught a blythe glint of gay faces,
As Queen Marie rode down the long
street,

With her ladies and pages behind her,
And her whispers and glances so sweet.
What wonder the bravest were dazzled
And laid their hearts down at her feet?

I heard the long bede-roll of poets;
King James with his "Kingis Quhair,"
The Guildman o' Ballengeich, jovial,
As he sat "in his ain mickle chair,"
Douce Barbour, Sir David Lyndsay,
Gentle Drummond were all with me there.

All the names of the martyrs who suffered
In the wide Grassmarket below;
The artists—the bards who have shrined
them

Forever—wherever men go,
In the islands of far southern oceans,
Or the cold Himalayan snow.

And I thought how this old town had wit-
nessed

In the long historical years,
A procession of Scotland's greatest,
Enshrining their triumphs and tears.

*From an old song:
"Was ye at Holyrood? Saw ye him there?
Saw ye him sittin' in his ain mickle chair?"

And her songs rang out like a paean—
Like a coronach walled in my ears.

EDINBURGH, 1902.

From Holyrood up to the Castle
I paced the old High Street once more,
But gone from my sight were the pageants
And the lords who had ridden of yore.
The Queen and her Maries had vanished,
The dream of fair women was o'er.

For my heart had been taught by life's
lessons,

And—shaped in its clamorous forge—
It had learned to look on the present
In the pages of Henry George,
And the student of "Social Problems"
Saw only God's image "writ large."

In the faces of helpless bairnies
All unknowing of home-like joys,
With the cold, hard plainstones for play-
ground

And the mud of the gutter for toys.
O, the poor, bare feet of the girls!
The rags and oaths of the boys!

O, the haggard, toll-worn mother,
With the poor household washing to dry
On two sticks from a wee, old window,
In a single room six stories high.
Greater trophies than banners of "Empire"
Those duds that darken the sky.

Far greater than royalist monarch
That struggling woman, I ween,
Ever scrubbing, cooking, washing,
Keeping guldman and bairnies clean.
Christ counts that tolling mother
Far grander than crowned queen.

I looked and lingered, and sickened
At each fetid waft of smell,
From the underground shops in the base-
ment,

Deep—dark as a dungeon-cell.
The buyers so poverty-stricken—
So unwholesome the goods to sell.

Then I heard the skirl of the bagpipes,
As the Seaforths marched down the long
hill.

Poor tools of our "Empire-builders,"
To hunt, burn, slay at their will.
Ah, Cain is killing his brother!
And Jacob is robbing still!

Soon the pipes sounded faint in the dis-
tance,

The kilts wagged far down the brae,
And my heart rose in sorrowful anger
At my country's folly to-day.

"O curse ye Imperialism,
Curse it deeply," I heard it say.

O women of dear old Scotland!
I call you to think and say,
If thousands of Scottish children
Shall in closes and wynds decay.
If wrong shall triumph for ever,
And the helpless be trod in the clay.

O, my sisters beyond the Atlantic!
Ye too have your part to play.
Ye too have your children's Ghetos—
Slums with overwrought mothers to-day.
Think—the hopeless grind of the millions
Must cease—would women but say:
"All monopolies, wars, shall perish."
O, hasten that great, glad day!

JANET CAMPBELL.
Dunbartonshire, Scotland.

"What is a synonym?" asked a teach-
er. "Please, sir," said a lad, "it's a
word you can use in place of another
if you don't know how to spell it."—
Sacred Heart Review.

THE STRUGGLES FOR FREEDOM
AND REFORM IN THE NINE-
TEENTH CENTURY.

An extract from the Baccalaureate ad-
dress delivered at the University of
Georgia, June 18, 1902, by Edward M. Shep-
ard, of New York.

Was all this wisely and best done,
done at the best time and when the
world was truly ready? Surely no
one can say that. If here and there
the harmony were false, neverthe-
less the one long dominant note was
true. Neither historian nor philoso-
pher nor economist, after making
every allowance for blunders and
crimes and shames and the mistakes
of fanaticism or an unripe wisdom,
will fail to say that throughout it
all the one effective triumphant spir-
it was that of elementary democracy.
Te Deums of popular rejoicing in
that century were not long sung over
conquests or more victory. Con-
science in time played its part. The
anniversaries which it celebrated
and which the world still remembers
to celebrate were those of Indepen-
dence, Freedom, Peace. Its incon-
sistent glories were short lived; its
other wreaths of laurels are in dust.
Can you recall one recurring day of
joy or thanksgiving which the cen-
tury has bequeathed us which is sa-
cred to the cause of wealth or pow-
er? Not one. But are we, the heirs
of all the wealth and power begotten
of this piercing and ruling spirit of
liberty, to give red letters in the
calendar of our country to days
commemorative of conquest or of
the triumph of wealth or physical
power?

QUEEN AND LANDLORD.

In Sir Edward Russell's book, "That
Reminds Me," occurs the following:

"On one occasion her majesty was
speaking to a gentleman of high situ-
ation, when she said: 'I don't like the
—'s,' (referring to a landed family).
'Why, ma'am?' 'Oh, because they are
very bad to their tenants, and many
of their cottages are in a horrid state;
and if anything else is done by any
tenants, at their own expense, to im-
prove their condition, the first thing
the —'s do is to raise the rent upon
them.' It may well be supposed that at
this the gentleman who was honored
with this conversation rather smiled.
He said: 'Well, I am only glad, ma'am,
that you sympathize with the afflic-
tions of tenants.' Whereupon the
queen said: 'Oh, I am a tenant my-
self. I hold —'s, (naming a place of
her majesty's), from Mr.—, of—,
and I have made many improvements.