

and a depth of 49 feet, gives the average reader very little idea of the vastness of this great ship.

The Celtic could carry more passengers than the great Waldorf-Astoria could accommodate. Imagine that three full regiments of infantry could find accommodations on board and not be crowded; picture the New York city hall in her capacious hold with the clock tower alone sticking above the upper deck and a faint notion of the size of this mammoth of the sea may be gleaned.

The Oceanic is four feet longer than the Celtic, but she is by no means as wide nor as deep. The Celtic has a gross register of 20,880 tons—3,600 tons greater than the Oceanic—and her displacement, when loaded, is 37,700 tons. — Chicago Record-Herald.

THE TESTIMONY OF ENGLISH SOLDIERS.

From The New Age, of London.

In view of the capital the jingo press is making out of the Vlakfontein incident—all unproved though it is up to the present—it is well to have testimony as to the general conduct of the Boers in relation to wounded British soldiers. Mr. John Bernard Seeley, M. P., writes to the Times:

During the 17 months that I served in South Africa I had, perhaps, rather exceptional opportunities of learning how our wounded were treated by the Boers. On two different occasions men under my command who were dangerously wounded were attended to by the Boers; in each case they were tended with the greatest kindness and care, and the wounded men themselves begged me to thank those who had been so good to them; on both occasions the general in command of the column conveyed his thanks either personally or by letter.

"British Fairplay" writes to the Daily News in much the same strain:

During the 13 months I served in the English ranks as a volunteer I never saw or heard from my comrades of any such conduct on the part of the Boers, but have repeatedly heard expressions from our fellows who had the misfortune to be wounded or taken prisoners of fair and even generous treatment, and it would be ungrateful if I did not protest, both on my own behalf and that of my comrades, against such cowardly slander, and I appeal to Englishmen to support my protest.

"JOHN DOE" WOULDN'T DO.

Walter Richards was a persistent jointkeeper in Topeka and his barkeeper was Henry Schmidt. One day the city attorney drew warrants for the arrest of both men, but, not remembering the name of the German, the document was made for "Walter Richards and his barkeeper, John Doe." In due time the men were ar-

rested, but Schmidt was highly indignant that he should be called John Doe. "Dot iss not mine name," he said to those who would listen. "Better go down to the court and make the judge fix it," said a joker who had listened to Henry's tale of woe. And Henry did go down to the court to fix it. Marching up to his honor he said: "Chudge, don't you know me?"

"Well," said the judge, in some surprise, "I have seen you often, but I don't seem to remember your name."

"Mine name, chudge, iss Henry Schmidt, aber in Chermany it was Heinrich Schmidt. More as ten thousand peoples in Tobeka know Henry Schmidt. For more as ten year I drove dot bread vagon for Henry Vesper, und for more as two year I draw dot beer far Valt Richards. Dot bollcemans come und dells me I vas John Doe! So long as America in I have been, I more vas not insulted. If mine name not back be schanged, I get me by Mr. Overmeyer some injunctions out."

And with head erect and indignation oozing from every pore Mr. Schmidt walked out of court never to be called back again, for the judge, though stern, was possessed of humor.—Kansas City Journal.

TWO NOBLE MEN.

Not long ago Albert L. Johnson, John Mitchell, president of the United Iron Workers, and I took dinner together in New York. Mr. Johnson had expressed a desire to meet the miners' president, for whom he had conceived a liking. The cause of it dated back to the great anthracite strike, which Mitchell was so ably managing. One day after I had been up at the mines I happened to drop into Mr. Johnson's New York office, and got to talking with him about the strike. He sat listening for a long time. Suddenly he drew his check-book from his pocket and wrote a check to my order for \$1,000. "In my opinion starvation is the chief enemy the miners have to meet in this strike. Go, give that to Mitchell if you think it wise. I want to see those men win."

I went straight to Hazleton and to the strike headquarters; told Mitchell about the check and what it was for, and presented it to him. To my astonishment he would not even take the slip of paper in his hands.

"I cannot find words to express my appreciation," he said, simply. "But I must refuse. This is the men's fight. I am here to carry out their will.

We have a little money—not much—but enough for present pressing needs. I think we shall win, and win soon. If we do not win soon, we shall want outside help. I'll be glad then to take this check if it shall be again offered. But just now we must be above suspicion of every kind. The curse of many labor fights has been the leaders who have betrayed the men. There will be no betraying here. No man shall have even the least ground for suspecting the leaders in this fight."

I knew that John Mitchell was under terrible pressure for money to relieve want among the idle miners. I had seen pain in his face as he turned away woman after woman who had come piteously imploring enough money to put food in hungry little mouths at home. But he braved that to keep his name clean.

Mr. Johnson was astounded when I handed him back his check. All he said was: "I like that man's pluck, and I want to shake his hand some day."

So, a few weeks ago, when Mr. Mitchell came on to New York to attend the arbitration convention, under the auspices of the Civic Federation, I brought the two men together. That evening Albert Johnson did most of the talking. His subjects were taken in the main from his vast store of personal experiences with men and things. One anecdote he related will always remain in my memory. He said that when his brother Tom and he were, a year or two ago, in England together, his brother said to him one day, as they strolled through a great art gallery—one of the famous exhibitions of the world: "Albert, if you had your choice of a single picture, which one of all this great collection would you select?"

With scarcely a moment's hesitation, Albert Johnson pointed to a canvas depicting a man, implored on the one side by his wife to return to work, and called on the other side by his fellow-workmen to strike. "There," he said; "there is one of the great common tragedies of life. In which direction lies the paramount duty? I'd rather have that piece of canvas than all the rest of the paintings put together."—Henry George, Jr., in Philadelphia North American.

RESTRICTING THE SUFFRAGE.

There are people—and they do not live in the south—who would gladly restrict the suffrage far beyond the color line, where the southerners would stop. It is not the negro alone

who is threatened by the disfranchisement laws passed in the southern states and by the talk now grown almost fashionable, even in the north, against the fifteenth amendment. The ruling class in North Carolina has elaborated the theory that ignorant white men inherit with their blood a capacity to exercise the franchise wisely and well, but that notion will not be widely accepted. Every person has in mind some one with a white skin whom he considers incapable of casting his vote intelligently, while the people in any city who exercise the franchise absolutely without party or class prejudice are so few that a small hall could contain them.

Mr. Lecky is very emphatic in the opinion that democracy is doomed to failure, and, of course, he criticises severely the extension of the suffrage which the nineteenth century has witnessed in all the civilized nations.

In meeting the assaults of the critics of democracy, it is no more possible to deny somewhat of their indictment against the weakness and corruption of white rule, by masses, than it is to deny the incoherence and incapacity of the black race in politics. Many of the facts cited are strictly true. . . . The chances are, however, that the representative of the educated or the property-holding class is as likely to be swayed by class bias, or party prejudice, or one-sided reading, or selfish interest, as the day laborer. The history of the race under aristocratic or oligarchical governments is full of evidence showing that one class cannot be trusted to look after the interests of other classes. A great mass of humane and creditable labor legislation, for example, which has been enacted during the latter part of the nineteenth century, has been secured solely because the extension of the suffrage has given representation to the great body of wage-earners, and invested them with the political power to compel the enactment of laws in their behalf.

The educational and uplifting influence of the franchise upon the common people was powerfully argued by John Stuart Mill, and the brief experience already had in democracy tends strongly to confirm his views; but it is not necessary to discuss the question elaborately. One thing should be held to strongly, and that is the right of every great class of society to political representation in the government. Above all the workers of whatever grade should not be eliminated. Our

methods of representation may be faulty. Minority representation is certainly desirable in a truly good government, and it is possible to say something in favor of the Belgian system of plural voting, that is, allowing one vote to every citizen and then granting two votes to a much smaller class that pays a certain amount to the state in taxes, and three votes to a still smaller class that is assumed to be of exceptional service to the state because of property or education or special training. But, whatever the system adopted, every class or grade should have its right to representation held sacred on the simple ground of self-protection and self-preservation. The southern movement to disfranchise the negroes is a blow at the fundamental principle of political rights, since it aims to destroy entirely the political representation of a whole body of citizens, a class that contributes industrially to the wealth of society, that pays taxes and can be drawn upon to defend the state in war. The disfranchisement of any other class would be no less and no more objectionable.

When the democratic principle is assailed by a crusade against a particular portion of the electorate, the standing of other portions is inevitably threatened. For this reason the success of the present movement against black voters, acquiesced in by the tacit demeanor of the whole nation, would be followed sooner or later by efforts to restrict the suffrage among white men.—Springfield Republican.

AN AMERICAN LETTER FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

The following letter from Walter L. Richardson, a former resident of Pasadena, Cal., was published in the Pasadena Weekly News of July 17:

Rooodeport, June 2, 1901.

Generally speaking, this is a fine, healthy climate to live in. Winter time is now upon us. The grass has all dried up and been burned off by the soldiers. The veldt now presents a most desolate appearance. There is ice nearly every morning, and to-day a cold south wind is blowing that can penetrate three overcoats. I feel sorry for the poor Boers who are out on commando. Some of them are well provided for, but others who are not fortunate enough to come in contact with British convoys have not enough clothing or food. The Boer is now entirely dependent upon his enemy for supplies. When one seriously thinks over the conditions here it is most

laughable. Here are 250,000 British soldiers in the country, which they have occupied for a year. The whole expense of governing, etc., rests with the British; they also are obliged to feed all the Boer women and children who have been rendered homeless by the war, and all the Boer prisoners in various parts of the world. They are also supplying the enemy with ammunition, guns, food, clothing, etc., for he takes it just when and where he pleases, always destroying the train, which the British have to pay the railroad company for. It has been costing the British government a little more than a million dollars a day to carry this business on.

It has already cost over \$760,000,000 and is liable to cost twice as much more before the last Boer is subdued, if Britain can last that long. On the other hand, the Boer has nothing, and in that his strength lies. He has all the cunning of the native, is a dead shot, moves in small bodies, strikes a blow and runs, and is constantly picking off the enemy.

Time is nothing to him. He is playing the waiting game, and in my opinion it is just a question of who can wait the longest who will be the victor. England cannot afford to let go here now, for she would lose her hold in South Africa and be the laughing stock of the world. But she will see as year after year goes by and this vast debt of millions upon millions accumulates to grind and crush the very life out of the working classes of Great Britain, that something must be done, or, as old Bismarck said, "England's policy in South Africa will be her downfall." The other night about 30 Boers came into a Jew's store at Moraisburg (near here).

They changed all of their shoes for new ones, took everything that they wanted, the commandant saying as they left: "Just hand our cards to the officer in command," pointing to the pile of cast-off boots.

There are plenty of Boers about, but they lie pretty low in bush veldt just north of here.

I expect to be leaving the Transvaal soon. Shall go to Natal, then travel awhile before I come home.

There are a lot of new regulations in British liberty, freedom and justice.

You may not believe what I am about to say, but it is so, and that is why I, among hundreds of others, are leaving the country.

The new government has inaugurated a system of absolute slavery for