

have become big shopkeepers and are ever and evermore casting about for fresh customers for their wares. The wide world is all too small for their rivalries, their settled policy is one of grab; and they are constantly in search of pretexts to pick quarrels that will give them the command of the hinterlands of the worlds or the ownership of the rich mines or other commercial advantages which small nations here or there possess. Once on a time, wars were mainly dynastic. From the seventeenth century onwards they have been undertaken almost altogether for the purpose of opening new markets or securing other commercial advantages or monopolies. In the days when Britain, Portugal, Spain, France, and Holland were exploiting the newly discovered lands in the west and east and south, war (as the historian John Robert Seeley points out) was a commercial industry—'a profitable investment into which men put their capital as the most thriving business of the time, and for which they readily ventured their lives.'

Holland, for instance, embarked her all in the big 'plunge' of a war with Spain. It was purely a commercial speculation. For eighty years Don and Dutchman pounded and skewered each other for the trade of the western world. The war almost bled both antagonists white. But it made little Holland one of the great commercial powers of the time. Great Britain undertook the conquest of India for a corporation of traders called the East India Company. She encouraged them to form a large native army. She stiffened the backbone of their white soldiers by bountiful drafts of royal troops. Leopold, King of the Belgians, acquired the Congo Free State as a commercial undertaking. 'Spheres of influence' in Darkest Africa, the Persian Gulf, etc., represent a political euphemism. It means the control of such mines and other valuable commercial considerations as may exist there, and a monopoly of markets for the shoddy clothing, cotton shirts, iron pots, and wire nails of this or that Great Power. Madris are 'smashed,' not for sentiment, but because they bar the door to the commerce of a region or like the Algerine pirates, render its communications insecure. The trouble between Russ and Jap in the Far East is, in its last resort, a commercial rivalry over the expanding markets and the rich trading possibilities of Korea. For Japan it has come to mean something more as well. For Russia is the empire that has never turned back. If she once absorbed Korea, the next and inevitable step would be the 'benevolent assimilation' of Japan. And so Mikado-land has got its back against the wall.

Just six years ago the 'herte' of the American Jingo or expansionist party was bursting to find some means of picking a quarrel with Spain. The pretext for forcing on an open rupture soon came. One night in February, 1898, the United States battleship 'Maine' was blown up in Havana harbor. The Jingo journals gripped the incident with fierce joy. Without the shadow of evidence they charged the Spaniards with having deliberately destroyed the ship, and night and morning they shrieked about the treachery of the unspeakable 'Don' and made the land ring with the cry, 'Remember the Maine.' The party who sought an 'open door' for their iron bolts and enamelled saucepans and tinned facts and patent wringers in Spain's colonies, wanted war. They wanted it, too, without allowing Spain a chance of clearing herself of the dishonoring charge of treachery that had been laid at her door. They got what they wanted. The 'Maine' incident served its term. But no man now, either in or out of America, believes that the Spaniards had a part in the blowing up of the 'Maine.' Senator Teller, of Colorado, voiced the same feeling of every decent American when, a few weeks ago, he said on the floor of the Senate in Washington: 'Nobody knew and nobody can prove and never did prove, and it cannot be proven to-

day, that either Cuban or Spaniard had anything to do with the blowing-up of the ship. I heard one of the best military men now in the service of the United States say within a month that he believed the ship was blown up by the powder that it had on board, which went off without any action of Cuban or Spaniard either.'

The war in South Africa was the natural, foreseen, and predicted sequel of the Jameson raid. Nobody now pretends that a desire to remedy the alleged 'Uitlander grievances' was the real purpose of that long and costly struggle. British and German stock-jobbers and Jewish mining syndicates wanted the war. They got it. Australia and New Zealand sent their gallant and resourceful sons to protect and secure the property of the Rand millionaires. The men from under the Southern Cross did the 'hight of the fightin'.' They were patted on the back. They were praised and flattered for their dash and gallantry by high-placed officers of every rank, up to and including the Commander-in-Chief. Hints or promises of grants of land were dangled before their eyes, and the vast mining territories of the Transvaal were to be a new El Dorado where the white Uitlander would never again know the 'grievances' which were supposed to have torn his heart under the regime of Oom Paul. All this was in the days when 'blood was thicker than water,' and when the Empire needed strong hands and manly hearts. Then the syrens of the London Stock Exchange told a flattering tale. But they sang quite a different song when peace was proclaimed, when their vast concessions were secure, and when Johnny came marching home. Then came the great betrayal. At Durban and Cape Town, the 'loyalists' refuse to employ Australians or New Zealanders. The Rand millionaires insult the hunger of the gaunt and starving Uitlanders that ate day by day tramping the streets of Johannesburg by tens of hundreds and passing their nights under the falling rain or the blinking stars. The white man is not wanted by the nabobs of the Rand. Hordes of yellow pagans are to be imported to work the mines which were secured to them by the toil and blood of Britons, Irish, Canadians, and Australasians. These are to be boot-toed out of the country which they helped to win, and their places are to be filled by swarms of slant-eyed heathens from the huts and kenne's and opium hells of Hang-chow and Canton.

The Rand is no longer to be a white man's country. Yet (as the London 'Daily News' points out) 'it is neither the costliness of white labor nor the insufficiency of black that is the motive for the conspiracy of the mine-owners to impose 300,000 Chinese upon South Africa. It is the determination to keep out of the country a class of labor that would demand votes and a share in the government of the country. The financiers have secured the prize through the blood and treasure of this country, and they do not intend to share it with organized and enfranchised labor. The white man was a useful instrument in deposing Mr. Kruger. Now he is thrown aside like a sucked orange. If this monstrous scheme is to be thwarted, it can only be done by transferring the government of the country from the mining houses to the people.'

The more culture the less jewelry
Work, not play, is the divine opportunity
The Church aims at realities, the world at decencies.
Folly comes unsought, wisdom only when entreated
Poverty is the north wind that lashes men into Vikings
What some folks call luck is in reality disaster to them
Night is only a tunnel to him who travels towards hope
A noble character produces no impression on a vulgar mind.