

cause when the war closed it would have the ships on hand and to run them would be in competition with private ownership, which seems to us a lame and impotent conclusion. As well say it would not be well to have a war because when over we would have the guns on hand. If private companies, after the war would be glad to take back the insurance business would not private ship owners be glad to purchase the ships?

The need of moving our surplus cotton and food products is very great. Before the war for forty years our government refused to make it possible for American ship owners to engage in foreign commerce. The war has come and we are helpless. Why cannot the government buy and run ships as consistently as it builds and operates railroads, as for instance in Alaska. If it will do this and incorporate into a statute the needed provisions to make ocean commerce profitable to American ships, when the war is over there will be plenty of purchasers for all the ships the government owns at fair prices.

#### From South Africa

THAT was a most significant correspondence between General Byers, who was a commander in the Boer army in South Africa, and General Smuts, his superior, accepting the proffered resignation of General Byers.

The closing paragraph of Smuts' letter shows that there are Boers who can be most incisive with the pen. He wrote:

"I cannot conceive of anything more fatal and humiliating than a life of loyalty in fair weather and a policy of neutrality and pro-German sentiment in days of storm and stress."

But the significance of the correspondence lies deeper than the letters. An imprudent letter written by the German Emperor to Old Man Kruger, during the British-Boer war, was the first cause of England's hatred of the present German government.

The German press and cartoonists helped to widen the breach.

One German paper published a cartoon representing old man Kruger bending Queen Victoria across his lap and spanking her. The old Queen at the time was closely nearing the end of her illustrious life and was very dear to the English people. During the years since no Englishman has recalled that picture in his memory that he has not felt a desire to go and help lick Germany. That the kaiser is the grandson of Victoria has only caused Englishmen to hate him the more. Doubtless General Byers likewise remembers and with him it is a case of "blood being thicker than water."

On the other hand, General Smuts realizes that English rule is better for South Africa than was that of the narrow old Kruger and his hopes are centered there.

His letter is a strong assurance that British possessions in South Africa are not going to be jeopardized by internal dissensions.

#### He Seems Seer and Yellow

COLONEL ROOSEVELT, despite his bad throat and the other discouragements which surround him, is still stumping where the democracy seems to need most help. His speeches are not brilliant; they do not on their face indicate any special courage, rather they have a tone of a man who is trying to get away from himself. We have no idea that anything like an accusing conscience worries him, for judging by his acts his conscience is like the foot of a high-caste China woman—it was compressed to a deformity in his early youth. But when he thinks of how he stood in the estimation of his countryman on that day when he landed in New York from his African trip, and thinks of his position now, he must

feel as did the creation of the great dramatist when he exclaimed:

"Of one whose hand  
Like the base Indian threw a pearl away  
Richer than all his tribe."

And then he must show his teeth and pray to find "a turban'd Turk beating a Venitian" that he might take him by the throat and "smite him," just to relieve his mind.

#### Poor Mexico

NOW General Villa heads a new rebellion in Mexico. We do not believe that it is personal ambition that prompts his act. He evidently does not believe that Carranza holds his place by fair methods or that he has either the heart or the brain needed to lift Mexico up fairly into the realm of the peace that comes through justice.

Poor Mexico. It seems to be as we feared. The way up to the light for a semi-barbarous people is over long rocky trails of suffering and through the deep salt ferns of sorrow.

#### THE DEAD VOLUNTEER

Here lies a clerk who half his life had spent  
Toiling at ledgers in a city gray,  
Thinking that so his days would drift away  
With no lance broken in life's tournament:  
But ever 'twixt the books and his bright eyes  
The gleaming eagles of the legions came,  
And horseman charging under phantom skies  
Went thundering past beneath the oriflamme.

And now these waiting dreams are satisfied  
For in the end he heard the bugle call,  
And to his country then he gave his all  
When in the first high hour of life he died.  
And falling thus, he wants no recompense  
Who found his battle in the last resort;  
Nor needs he any hearse to bear him hence  
Who goes to join the men of Agincourt.

—London Spectator.

#### BLOOMS AND FAIRY LAMPS

By L. Cranmer-Byng.

(Three Poems From the Chinese of Yuan Mei.  
—A. D., 1715-1797.)

##### A Medley of Perfume.

Prone beside the Western stream,  
In the lilled dusk I dream;  
And, mocking me, the wind of Spring  
Such medley of perfume doth bring  
I cannot tell what fragrance blows,  
Nor guess the lotus from the rose.

##### A Feast of Lanterns.

In Spring, for sheer delight,  
I set the lanterns swinging through the trees,  
Bright as the myriad argosies of night  
That ride the clouded billows of the sky.  
Red dragons leap and plunge in gold and silver seas.  
And, Oh! my garden, gleaming cold and white,  
Thou hast outshone the far faint moon on high.

##### Willow Flowers.

O willow flowers, like flakes of snow,  
Where do your wandering legions go?  
Little we care, and less we know!  
Our ways are the way sof the wind;  
Our life in the whirl, and death in the drifts  
below. —From the London Nation.

Teacher—Now, Willie, mention one of the customs at Christmas time.

Pupil—Running in debt.—Life.

## Old Masters

### JOSEPH STORY

By C. C. G.

NEXT to Chief Justice John Marshall, perhaps the work of Justice Story has had more influence in crystalizing the laws and shaping the power and scope of our higher courts, than that of any other man.

Indeed, in many departments of the science the work of Justice Story supplies to practitioners more help than that of the great Chief Justice.

Justice Story was born in Marblehead, Mass., September 8, 1779, at the time when the question whether ours was to be a nation or whether it was to remain a colony of Great Britain, was being debated by bullets and bayonets and the souls of men and women were on fire.

Young Story was given the discipline of all the schools and after graduating from college studied law. Attention to his masterful abilities was soon awakened and at the age of 22 he was appointed by President Madison a justice of the supreme court. He was the youngest man to receive that honor either in our country or in England. He held his place with ever increasing honors for thirty-four years. He died September 10, 1845. It will be seen by the above dates that more than half his life was spent as a justice of the supreme court.

He had all the attributes of a cold, scientific, exact lawyer; he had, moreover, the perfect finish of the scholar and we suspect that within his mind he held half dormant the faculties which, in other fields, would have made him famous in literature and that these faculties gave to his decisions a rhythm which in places makes it a fascination to read them.

We wish that some one who knew her had written an enlightened analysis of the character of his mother. She must have been a great woman.

When he was born she was daily reading the war news and the probable life or death of the young nation was uppermost in her thoughts, and the other great qualities of her soul were held in restraint, but when the son of Judge Story was born, though he was given a thorough education and studied law, he turned to literature. He was a writer, poet and sculptor. His poem, "Cleopatra," is one of the most striking and powerful productions in our language.

When the wonderful galaxy of writers that made New England so famous during the last century—Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes and the rest are named—Story, the younger, is generally omitted, but that is doubtless due to the fact that he early went abroad and made his home thereafter in Rome.

But this is a diversion, Justice Story for a generation stood among the very highest of all the great men of our country, and held his place of right.

The ablest lawyers felt it an honor to present a case before him and this included the ablest of all the states, from Maine to Louisiana and in that company were some of the foremost men of all this world.

He stamped his record imperishably upon our laws; hardly ever is a great cause presented to any high court of our country that his wisdom is not invoked and his dictum followed, and his life and life's work will be an inspiration to young lawyers as long as our great Republic maintains its place among the nations of the earth.

"Has Owens ever paid back that \$10 you loaned him a year ago?"

"Oh, yes; he borrowed \$25 more from me last week and only took \$15."—Boston Transcript.