

rising bitterness against America, although the editor prints those on the other side as well. James McNeill Whistler is the latest contributor to the discussion, who shows that an F.F.V. of Virginia is more of a gentleman than any mere nobleman they have in England, and the editor gives his old friend the artist all the honors of double-leaded type on the principal page of the paper, where letters are not usually printed, so Mr. Dunn cannot be accused of not giving both sides a show. Meanwhile the Mail prints pleasant peace-producing items like the following:

John Bull gets angry, but when it comes to fighting a fellow of his own size, he exclaims: "Let it be done by any hands but ours."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Whenever Great Britain wishes a row with us she can have it. We are quite ready to annex the Klondike country and all the Canadian accessories.—San Francisco Call.

And thus the gospel of hatred is promulgated, and the work of the devil is done much more satisfactorily than Satan could do it for himself.

Some curiously erroneous notions are abroad in America regarding all this. The Englishman is hated, while the Irish and the Scotch are looked upon as passably decent fellows. Now the Englishman is a peaceable man who loves to make money. Mr. Massingham, editor of the Daily Chronicle, who stands for America through thick and thin, is an Englishman to the back bone. Mr. Dunn, whose voice is for war, is a Scotsman, and the editor of the next most anti-American paper is an Irishman. These are the men you have to account with in war and in journalism. The Englishman doesn't fight; he gets other people to fight for him in the most marvellous way, he doing a bit of leading and doing it remarkably well. It is the Egyptian soldiers who are at this moment doing his fighting in the Soudan. It is the Mohammedan who, at his behest, is fighting the Mohammedan of the hills in India. It is the Inniskillan Dragoons, the Scottish Highlanders, the Gourkhas and the Sikhs whom America will have to cut to pieces before the British Empire is dissolved.

Another cherished delusion, which was in especial prominence during the Venezuelan unpleasantness, is that the British Government is an aggressive empire expanding government. People have frequently said to me after a visit to the old sod: "Oh, the English people are all right enough in their way, but confound the British Government. It is simply a land-grabbing organization."

Curiously enough the very reverse of this is the case. It is the English people who are the land grabbers, who are and always have been restricted in their operations by the Government. M. de Thierry, in the article I have already alluded to, says:

From 1762 to 1815 the idea underlying the terms of every treaty takes the form of what is practically a reproof to English soldiers and sailors for robbing Spain, France and Holland of their colonies. Promptly returned on the declaration of peace, these colonies were as promptly retaken in war-time. In this way Senegal was captured and ceded three times; Guiana once; Gaudeloupe three times; Pondicherry and the minor East Indian settlements four times; Martinique three times; and St. Pierre and Miquelon three times. After the battle of Waterloo, which crowned her long and heroic struggle with Napoleon, England, alone of the nations, gained practically no territory by the treaty of Paris. She was in a position to get anything she chose to ask and she asked nothing. Is there so splendid an instance of self-abnegation in the whole domain of history? France, all broken and helpless as she was, regained Gaudeloupe, Martinique, Senegal, Bourbon, Isle de France, Guiana, Pondicherry and the minor settlements on the coast of India, all captured by Great Britain during the war.

SOMEBODY....Sarah E. Eastman....Golden Days.

Somebody crawls into mamma's bed,
Just at the break of day,
Snuggles up close, and whispers loud:
"Somebody's come to stay."

Somebody rushes through the house
Never once shuts a door;
Scatters her playthings all around
Over the nursery floor;

Climbs on the fence and tears her clothes—
Never a bit cares she—
Swings on the gate and makes mud-pies—
Who can somebody be?

Somebody looks with roguish eyes
Up through her tangled hair;
Somebody's "me," she says, "but then
Somebody doesn't care."

"Freddie, why did you drop the baby on the floor?" "Well, I heard everybody say it is a bouncing baby, and I wanted to see it bounce."