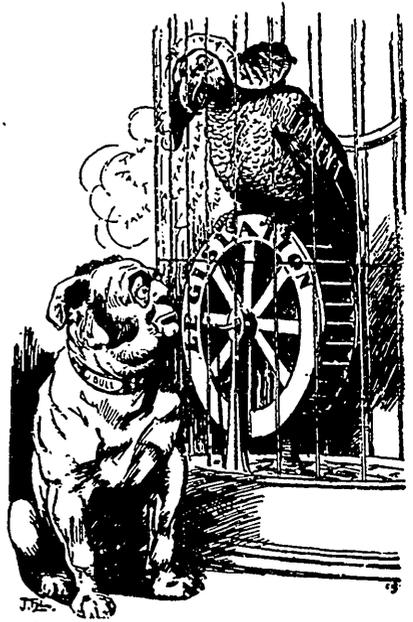


posed to give a trial more or less fair to the new douma. Let us hope that the liberties of the people, for which the peasant people have been struggling for two hundred years, may not be much longer delayed. With a great cost obtained all English-speaking lands their constitutional liberties—by civil war, by the blood of Russell and of Vane, by bonds and imprisonments—and it should be with sympathy that we note the struggles for similar liberty of oppressed peoples. A sign of this growing liberty is the greater freedom of the press. It is surprising to find a Russian post card so frankly criticising the government as that which we reproduce. A letter received yesterday from Russia comments severely on the despotic administration of the post office, whereby letters are often insufferably delayed, and sometimes are never received at all.

A good deal of obloquy has been thrown upon Lord Milner for his administration in South Africa. But all are agreed that he is personally the soul of honor, and however mistaken he may have been in judgment, was a devoted lover of his country. Punch represents the genius of history as offering to cleanse the blot from his 'scutcheon and transmit his name unsullied to after time.'

If there was one object on which the British people were determined, as shown by the tremendous defeat of the late Government, it was on economy of military administration. To this the War Office was pledged, but the lumbering machine set in motion by the ex-Government required a lot of tinkering before it would run smoothly with a less supply of oil and gasoline than it had been using. So Mr. Haldane, the new War Lord, is shown by Punch as tinkering away at the old machine, while Britannia more or less patiently is awaiting results. Substantial reductions, however, are promised in the near future.



[Tribune.]

ALL TALK.

The Dog: "Here, Miss P., more work and less talk, please."

[Mr. Crooks, M.P., speaking to a Tribune representative, said that too much time in Parliament is spent in discussion and not enough in action.]

The menaced industrial war in the United States between the coal barons and the coal miners has been solved, not by the yielding of the millionaire barons, but by the surrender of the often poorly paid miners, after losing a month in idleness. This is only a makeshift solution. It may sooner or later have to be settled by the Government assumption of the mines, and their administration for the benefit of the people. If this occurs, if the people rise in their might and compel such Governmental action, the coal barons will find a mightier antagonist than is the miner.

SAN FRANCISCO DESOLATE.

A groan of earth in labor-pain,
Her ancient agony and strain;
A trembling on the granite floors,
A heave of seas, a wrench of shores,
A crash of walls, a moan of lips,
A terror on the towers and ships;
Torn streets where men and ghosts go by;

Whirled smoke mushrooming on the sky;
Roofs, turrets, domes with one acclaim
Turned swiftly to a bloom of flame,
A mock of kingly scarlet blown
Round shrieking timber, tottering stone;
A thousand dreams of joy, of power
Gone in the splendor of an hour!

—Edwin Markham.