

STEAD ON BOER WAR

London Journalist Caustically Denounces British Policy.

HOW HE WOULD END HOSTILITIES

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Walter Wellman, staff correspondent of the Chicago Record-Herald, has lately had an interview with William T. Stead, in which the famous London journalist, with characteristic force and fearlessness, gives his views of Great Britain's troubles at home and in South Africa.

Mr. Wellman quotes Mr. Stead as saying:

"South Africa is irretrievably lost to the British empire, but that will prove a blessing in the end. This end should have come sooner. That is what I complain about. We have sacrificed too many lives, endured too much suffering, for that which was inevitable from the start. It is a great pity that Kruger did not take advantage of the conditions which prevailed in that 'black week' of December and march straight down to the Cape. That would have brought the end quickly enough and saved a lot of bother. But now people say the war has gone on so long, we have made so many sacrifices, that we must see it through and have our way. They say it doesn't now matter much whether we were right or wrong at the start. But I say, right or wrong does matter. It is the only thing of vital importance now or at any other time."

"The only end I see is that we lose South Africa. We may in time whip out the Boers. That is not the trouble. The trouble is that we shall be utterly unable to control the uitlanders. After we have whipped or killed the Boers for their benefit they will be able to do as they please. The uitlanders live in the cities, and they will run the governments. If we had a loyal agricultural population to depend on, we might manage them, but the agriculturists will be our bitter enemies. The Dutch will never be reconciled. The uitlanders—many of them not British at all, many of them unscrupulous adventurers, with no permanent interest in the country—will never be satisfied.

"At first we'll try holding the uitlanders down with garrisons, but when uitlander for ambition and Dutchman for revenge join hands the garrisons will be swept into the sea and South Africa will go to the devil, so far as the British empire is concerned.

"We shall be lucky if we save Cape Town and Simon's Bay out of the wreck. But these we must have, because Cape Town is the keystone of the imperial arch. It guards the ocean route to India, and every one knows the Gibraltar-Suez route will go to pieces in thirty days after we go to war with a first class power. Our troubles will only have begun when we have annihilated the fighting Boers and ended the war. Before the war it took only 5,000 British soldiers to guard our interests in South Africa. Chamberlain himself says that after the war it will take 50,000 men to keep the British flag flying down there.

"Kruger has always hoped the British would repeat. That is his hope today. That is what he is waiting and fighting for. It is true that it is only by repentance that we can be saved, but there are few signs of contrition at the present moment. The British masses have become so besotted, so drunk with blood and conquest that if tomorrow news were to come that by outlawry, rapine and murder the last Boer had been wiped off the face of the earth, a wild, hoarse scream of joy would go up from British press and people. They would say, 'Well, this is something like business at last.'

"The one encouraging sign of the times is that this war has proved a tremendous re-enforcement of general peace. England has borne the burden, and all civilization is to share in the profits. The cost of modern war is so enormous in money that capital and commerce will not permit nations to make war. It is too expensive. If it costs Great Britain £200,000,000 to put down two little republics, numbering all told not more than 60,000 men able to bear arms, what would it cost France to beat Germany or England to beat Russia? In this war, too, destruction on the sea played no part. We had unlimited freedom of the ocean. A war between two first class powers on land and sea would be a war of economic destruction so enormous that, practically speaking, war is now an impossibility. Mammon will not permit Mars to exploit himself.

"In passing, I may remark that the American mule has cost the British empire a hundred millions of pounds.

If it had not been for the shipment of mules and horses from America to South Africa, the Boers would have had us whipped long ago. You are good traders, you Yankees, especially when you can sell without danger. If the Boers were bigger, you would not have been so free to help the English. Your mule has been of far more help to the British than the Alabama was to the Confederacy, but you'll not have to pay for your wrongdoing. The Boers have no naval power.

"This war in South Africa has shown us that we have all been on the wrong tack. The enormous increase in our naval and military establishments has been to no purpose. It only shows the madness that is in men—that nations can go mad like individuals. It also

shows that pride goeth before a fall. Lucky for the world if the world learns its lesson through England's woe. I have been a sad awakening for England, lately so proud. The saddest of all is the utter failure of all but a small handful of men to realize our moral responsibility.

"No greater disaster could happen to the British empire than that we should gain the victory in South Africa. When a nation is wrong, it should be whipped, and be soundly whipped, as we were in the American war. We did not learn our lesson then. There are less signs that we are learning it now. But in the end the lesson will be understood. We may not then be so handsome, but we shall have gained a clear perception of political morality.

"Two of the greatest blessings to the British empire were great defeats. Jeanne d'Arc was the saving angel of England. We were blundering out of the right path, and she cleared us out of the continent and saved us from Europe. George Washington cleared us out of our country and saved us from America. The Boers are saving us from Africa. They will clear us out of there, and they are a blessing in disguise."

"How can you now get out of the scrape?" Mr. Wellman asked.

"It is easy enough," replied Mr. Stead. "Cut off Chamberlain's head and send it on a charger to old man Kruger at Helversum, saying unto him: 'Here, take this. It means the end of wrong. It means that we have come to make amends.'

"Yes, cut off Chamberlain's head. That's the easiest way to stop the war. There never would have been any war if Chamberlain had not refused Kruger's offer to arbitrate. As a result 25,000 good men have been put under the sod and 50,000 more have had their lives blighted by wounds. We refused to arbitrate because we knew we were wrong and because we believed we could easily whip the little nation that had the impudence to ask for arbitration. When he started this war, Chamberlain thought he could finish it up with ten millions sterling. I told him it would cost a hundred millions. He said I was crazy. Today the cost is two hundred millions and the end not in sight.

"We have acted like pirates in South Africa. What we should do now is to

repent, admit that we were wrong, offer to make reparation, to build up what we have torn down, replace the families on the farms, rebuild the burned houses, restore the implements

we have broken up, and buy new horses, cattle, sheep and pigs to take the place of those we have stolen. What other compensation is fairly due we must pay. If England were great enough to do that, she would live again. She would furnish the world a moral object lesson which would indeed stagger humanity.

"But there are few signs of repen-

tance. The orgy goes on. At a peace

meeting in the slums the crowd jeered and hooted me. I told them the trouble with them was the trouble with all

England—besotted with beer. They de-

scurred and howled. 'Well, I made a mistake. I made a mistake. I made a mistake.'

"Then how would you go about it to

stop the war, Mr. Stead?" Mr. Wellman asked.

"To stop the war? It is the easiest

thing in the world. Send a telegram

today, this very hour, to Kruger and

Steyn and Botha telling them that a

true is declared, that a tribunal is to

be formed to pass on all the questions

involved and that both sides are to

abide by the verdict. That not only

stops the war; it is the end of the

war. Not another shot. Not another

poor devil moaning his life out on the

verdict. The farms are reoccupied. Fam-

ilies are reunited. Industry starts up.

Peace reigns. It needs only the word.

"Those who scout my plan of stop-

ping the war say it would have a bad

effect upon British prestige. Well,

British prestige cannot fall lower than

it is today. They say if we compro-

mise with the Boers Australia and

Canada won't like it and will revolt.

I don't believe a word of it. If that is

the measure of their loyalty, they

won't stay long anyway and are not

worth holding. Besides, if we are to

permmit great questions of right and

wrong to be decided for the British

empire by the 5,000,000 people who live

in Australia or the other 5,000,000 who

live in Canada we of England may as

well abdicate and acknowledge that at

last the colonies rule the mother coun-

try, with the colonial office as the key-

stone of our governmental arch."

GERMAN LINE TO CUBA.

The state department at Washington has received the following from United States Consul Monaghan of Chemitz: "According to report, the North German Lloyd has decided to open a line from Bremen to Cuba, vessels sailing regularly every four weeks and touching at Havana, Cienfuegos, Manzanillo and Santiago, Cuba. Vessels begin sailing for Cuban ports about the middle of November of this year. From February, 1902, it is the intention of the line to have a bimonthly service. This is another example of Germany's endeavor to secure not only markets in all parts of the world, but efficient and regular connections with the same."

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FOR THE CHILDREN FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

Rat Catching on Board.

Charting with some friends on the captain of a big freight liner now taking on cargo at this port, some queer stories about rats as a reporter of the New Orleans Democrat. "I have the ship fitted by professional rat catchers whenever we touch at Liverpool," said, "and between times we try to keep them down by trapping, but hard work. We don't dare to use poison. If we did, the hold would be full of dead rats, and the stench would be a fever. Our traps are of twine pattern, and considerable has to be used in setting them. A ship rat is a very cunning beastie, and when it is set, it is hard to get rid of it. The rats are very clever decoys that the landlubber brothers walk into their eyes wide open. If we only baited the traps in the ordinary way, they would be easily caught. The trap doors are of twine, and left them about in the hold we wouldn't catch a dozen in a year. Our plan is this: On the first night we open the trap doors and tie them in the position with bits of string, so they won't possibly spring shut. Then we put scraps of old cheese inside and leave them until the following evening. That's to reassure the rats that the strange wire contrivances are perfectly harmless and that they may eat with a certainty of getting out again. The next night we renew the bait and take off the strings, and, as a general thing, we catch all that the cages will hold. I have seen them so full that it seemed impossible to get another inside, which is pretty good evidence, as I take it, that they can't communicate with each other and give alarm. There is nothing new about this trick I describe. It is practiced on big ships when the rats get too bad."

Nursery Art.

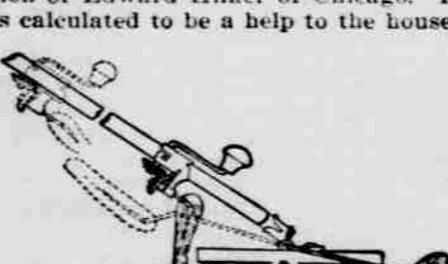
A short time ago a new children's ward was opened in one of London's hospitals, and its decorations were specially designed to suit the little inmates. Long series of pictures representing all the well known inhabitants of fairyland—giants and monsters, elves and sprites—figured there all brought together to pass away the weary hours of the poor little sufferers. The idea is a good one, and it is being carried out in the nurseries of our private houses in charming nursery wall papers of this kind. Why should not a wall paper be made an exciting story of Jack the Giant Killer or to depict the adventures of Little Bo-peep or marshal the long array of animals that were housed in the wooden Noah's ark of our childhood? Such bright and interesting surroundings in the midst of health are capital for children. For invalids their value is enhanced a thousandfold, and the doctor and nurse may well bless the skilled fingers and clever brain that devised so soothing an amusement to the young under their charge.

Cleaning Wall Paper.

A correspondent of Good Housekeeping tells of an experiment she made in cleaning her wall paper. She says: "I used pulverized pumice stone and flour, four ounces of the pumice powder to one quart of flour, making a thick paste or dough. Roll out as wide as the wall paper in length and two inches thick, then inclose the dough in a piece of muslin and set it on and boil for about three-quarters of an hour, when the rolls will be hard and firm, ready for use. You will have to use the wash boiler, as nothing else in the kettle line will be large enough to accommodate the broken lengths of the strips. These rolls are then used for rubbing over the soiled portions of the paper. Not only will they take out ordinary dirt but the paper should be dusted off carefully with a clean cloth, and if any dirt remains go over the surface again. This removes the dirt much better than the bread process, which I have tried also. It cleans like a charm."

Mop and Brush.

One of the new patients is the invention of Edward Hiltner of Chicago. It is calculated to be a help to the housewife.



COMBINATION MOP AND BRUSH.

When Tom, Dick or Harry is leaving his 'teens,' he has to think very seriously of what he is going to be. In most cases he turns from the learned professions because, he says, they are already overstocked. A young lawyer once made this complaint about the law to Daniel Webster, the famous American statesman. Webster's reply was short and sharp. "My friend," quoth he, "there is plenty of room at the top." This is true of every career. We have only to aim high enough.

An Automobilist at Fourteen.

William D. Warner, fourteen years old, has a license from the city of Chicago to operate an automobile. The city electrician said that he was one of the most thoroughly posted applicants for a license he had ever examined. The young man has run a little electric light plant for years and knows a great deal about boilers and engines. He is healthy and vigorous, with steady nerves and good eyes, and there was no good reason for refusing the license.

The Ground Squirrel.

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