

Catholic church, which cuts him off from all communication with Catholics, social and business as well as religious, threatens to sue Archbishop Feehan, who promulgated the excommunication, on the ground that the major excommunication is a relic of the middle ages and boycotts away his rights as an American citizen.

## MISCELLANY

### THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.

"He lived in a house by the side of the road, and was a friend to man."—Homer.

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn  
In the place of their self-content,  
There are souls, like stars, that dwell  
apart

In a fellowless firmament,  
There are pioneer souls that blaze their  
paths

Where highways never ran;  
But let me live by the side of the road,  
An be a friend to man.

Let me live by the side of the road,  
Where the race of men go by—  
The men who are good and the men who  
are bad,

As good and bad as I.  
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,  
Nor hurl the cynic's ban;

Let me live by the side of the road,  
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows  
ahead

And mountains of wearisome height,  
That the road passes on through the long  
afternoon

And stretches away to the night;  
But still I rejoice when the travelers re-  
joice,

And weep with the strangers that moan,  
Nor live in my house by the side of the  
road

Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the  
road,

Where the race of men go by;  
They are good, they are bad, they are  
weak, they are strong,

Wise, foolish; and so am I.  
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,  
Or hurl the cynic's ban?

Let me live in my house by the side of the  
road,  
And be a friend to man.

—Sam Walter Foss.

### SIGNIFICANCE OF THE WAR.

. . . It is fair to assume that this war is the result of conscientious motives. The great mass of Americans, who by the sheer force of public opinion compelled our government to go into an aggressive war, are in reality devout lovers of peace. And had not their better natures been stirred by strong sympathy for the little band of Cubans struggling against overwhelming odds for freedom, and had they not conceived the intensest commiseration for the sufferings of the

wretched victims of Spanish misrule, this war would never have been. Its contemplation, even, would not for a moment have been countenanced. Indeed, unworthy or base motives for our country's action are not prominent, if they exist. Even the war cry adopted by our sailors and soldiers, "Remember the Maine," is more expressive of protest against cowardly treachery than desire for revenge. . . .

Surely we must rejoice more at the evidence of improvement in the character of national motive than over any victories that may be won by our men-at-arms.

For a nation, the majority of whose citizens are ready to respond to the moral responsibility which rests upon the strong to defend the weak and upon the prosperous to succor the distressed, there is surely radiant hope. Such a nation is far advanced on the way toward a full recognition of the fundamental principles of justice and equity.

A nation that will voluntarily take the field to win freedom for a neighboring people must, it would seem, by the very impetus of its own action, be carried along toward securing greater freedom to its own citizens.—L. E. Wilmarth, in *The New Earth*.

### THE MISERY IN ITALY.

Extract from an article by Rene Bazin in *Les Annales*, translated for *The Living Age*, and condensed for *Public Opinion*.

What a charming sight, after the gloomy Mount Cenis, is the broad Lombardy plain! Here we have an astonishing problem repeated almost everywhere throughout Italy; passing from one city to another, even without stopping or questioning, one cannot help perceiving the contrast between the soil which gives everything—or might give everything—and the peasant, too often miserably indigent; wasted by the pellagra, as in Lombardy, or forced to emigrate, as in Calabria. The villages along our route have nothing of the clean and cheerful air of those of France or Switzerland. I have been to many of them—the least known, the most medieval—and, on the spot, they proved to be so sad, so absolutely miserable, that the impression of their picturesqueness, for a moment all-powerful, faded and disappeared, leaving only pity for the inhabitants. For this mass of poor human beings is a mass of plodding toilers. I know nothing more erroneous than the prejudice which insists on misrepresenting the Italians as a race of lazzaroni, sprawling in the sun, clothed in brilliant rags and begging of each passing stranger. Look

at them—those who are digging the trenches in the rice fields and along the roadside—those who are breaking the clods of the fallow-field where to-morrow they will sow the winter wheat—those who, in bands of twenty, men and women together, are hanging to the outer joists of the farmhouse the tawny ears of maize, the gran turco of which they make polekta. Do they ever stop work? Do they look like stage peasants? I have met bands of them on the great estates at the base of the Apennines, I have found them again in the Roman Campagna, about Naples, at Reggio de Calabria. In Sicily, a Frenchman, foreman of the Duke d'Aumale's vineyards, has assured me that they were more laborious, more patient, readier to work, than the French. . . . The principal reason for this distress is the crushing taxation which weighs upon the country. "Is it not lamentable?" said a farmer of north Italy. "What prosperity, what spirit of enterprise, what progress can you expect in a country whose soil is taxed thirty-three per cent. of its net revenue? And I am not speaking of our dwellings, on which, thanks to the fantastic valuation of the treasury, we sometimes pay fifty or even sixty per cent. on the sum invested in them." Count Iacini could indeed say with truth that the provincial and communal governments did not so much lay a burden on the soil, as literally strip it bare.

### THE HOME OF THE SPANIARD.

Extracts from an article on "The Resources and Industries of Spain," by Edward D. Jones, published in *The North American Review* of July.

Though Spain forms a peninsula of Europe it is most effectively separated from the rest of the continent by the Pyrenees; an impassable chain of mountains which for one hundred and eighty miles is not even pierced by a wagon road. It is not without reason, therefore, that the inhabitants betray the characteristics of an insular civilization. It is true that the peninsula formation opens the land to the sea, and gives Spain one mile of shore for every seventy-two square miles of area. It is also true that the sea has been called "the road to freedom" and the "highway of commerce." But to develop commerce a coast-line is not sufficient. There must be a productive interior region and its highways must lead naturally outward and down to the sea. The interior of Spain is an elevated plateau, walled in by rugged mountains in such a manner that communication between the inland plains and the harbors on the coast is difficult to maintain. . . .

The impression which one obtains from a view of the outlines of Spain is that of massiveness. As has often been said by geographers, the country seems to repeat, in miniature, the interior highlands and compact outlines of the continent of Africa. It is a common saying in France that Africa begins with the Pyrenees. There is a lack of that delicate articulation of parts which is shown by Greece, and of the slender and symmetrical structure found in Italy.

As Irving years ago said: "Many are apt to picture Spain in their imagination as a soft southern region decked out with all the luxuriant charms of voluptuous Italy. On the contrary, though there are exceptions in some of the maritime provinces, yet, for the greater part, it is a stern, melancholy country, with rugged mountains and long, naked, sweeping plains, destitute of trees, and invariably silent and lonesome, partaking of the savage and solitary character of Africa."

The general slope of the country is toward the southwest. The main rivers rise in the east and flow in long courses toward the west. Spain turns her back upon Europe and the Mediterranean, and looks toward Africa, whence came her first permanent civilization, and toward the countries west of the Atlantic, where she has dreamed her dream of empire. . . .

In the extent of its mineral resources Spain ranks as the first country of Europe. . . . Spain is rich in iron, copper, lead, zinc, antimony and silver, yet she exports all except the last two in the form of ore, to be smelted and manufactured elsewhere. In true coal Spain is not well supplied, but she has an abundance of peat and lignite, and means have now been discovered of producing excellent charcoal from these substances. Until within recent years mining was discouraged by taxes which were designed to promote the exploitation of colonial mines, from the product of which the crown was able to claim a liberal share. At present the mining industry is abundantly fostered and protected by law, but it is chiefly carried on by French and English capital. . . .

A map of the density of population in Spain shows that the regions of greatest density are along the coast. The peninsula shows a fringe of fertile and prosperous country. The nation camps upon its borders, and presents to the outside world hardly more than a shell, having its political head and directing center suspended within it in a capital which is nowhere in

close connection with the living tissue of the race and nation. Of the rule of the central region Mr. Webster has said: "It is one of the misfortunes of Spain that from the advantage of their elevated, central position, the Castilians, as warriors and statesmen, at all times among the least civilized of her peoples, have been able to rule and control the more civilized and more advanced communities of the seaboard. It is a want of discernment of this fact which makes so many of the picturesque histories of Spain utterly fail in explaining the origin and the progressive causes of her present condition." The maritime populations were held together to expel the Moors. But when not under intense pressure, they have easily perceived that their interests differ widely from those of the central region. Thus the rule of Castile has been looked upon in many districts as foreign and hostile. The political history has been marked by civil dissensions. Barcelona has been federalistic and revolutionary, and has played the same role that Marseilles has taken in France. The Atlantic coast has been Girondist, as in France, while the center has been the stronghold of conservatism and royalism. This lukewarm patriotism, springing from the lack of proper economic and social bonds to knit the nation into a whole, explains the political corruption that has long been rife and the hesitancy and inefficiency of the central government. The political life of Madrid is, in a way, analogous to its economic life. The city is in a region that can do little towards its support. It stands on sandy hills in the midst of a treeless, infertile plain. Vegetables and fruits for the population must be brought from distant Valencia. Wheat comes from across the Guadarrama mountains, while manufactured goods are brought from Catalonia or are imported from abroad. The local industries are chiefly for the purpose of providing articles of luxury demanded by the royal household and a large official and military class. The economic life of the city is artificial; it is not rooted into the soil on which it stands.

#### THE PROBLEM OF SOCIAL DUTY.

Extracts from a baccalaureate sermon, delivered June 5, before the class of 1898 of the Kansas State Agricultural College, by the President, Thomas Elmer Will.

I would point you to the social cellar, to the pictures of how the other half lives, to statistics of business failures, of suicides and insane, to the army of drunkards and drunkards' wives and children; and would remind you that

while reconcentrados famish in Cuban cities, our own brethren starve in American cities, and I would bid you hearken to the weeping of the children in our factories and to the bitter cry of those who tread the winepress of our civilization.

Say not this is no concern of yours; that were Cain's reply. Man is his brother's keeper. In the name of him who sought not his own, who went about doing good, who came to bring deliverance to the captives, to set at liberty them that are bound, and to preach the good news to the poor—in the name of him who, careless of power and place, and of the praise or blame of men, spent his life for others, and gave it up for the interest of the larger, nobler, holier life for every child of earth, I beseech you that you give yourselves not over to this hardness of heart, to this dry rot of our civilization. . . .

However unquestioning may be one's acceptance of traditional creeds, and however punctual his attendance upon the means of grace, if he love not his brother, if he withhold his compassion and assistance from those in need, if his sympathies go not out to classes whose lives are embittered by hard bondage, and if his indignation burn not at the injustice which would exalt the strong and debase the weak, protect the oppressor and enslave the toiler, that man's religion is vain.

The Christian is a follower of Christ; and Christ stood not for theological technicalities, not for tithes of mint, anise and cummin, not for holy days and rites and ceremonies—against all of these things he rebelled, denouncing the priestly class who laid upon the staggering shoulders of the people this burden of sacerdotalism. Jesus was the iconoclast of his time. On the Sabbath day he healed the sick, and rubbed wheat heads in his hands; he ate with unwashed hands; he associated with the lower classes, to whom, by trade, he belonged; he rebuked the clergy, condemning their deeds and impugning their motives; he trampled boldly on the conventionalities and the proprieties of his day; but he went to the heart of things in his simple talks to the common people, workingmen, shopkeepers, farmers and fishermen who gathered around him in the streets, on the vacant lots and by the water front. For later generations of theologians it was left to spin the webs of doctrine and announce what form and shade of intellectual belief admitted man to Heaven and excluded him therefrom. To him all such mental gymnastics were beside the point; the fundamentals were