

and they are prepared to sacrifice much in order to obtain it. But they will allow no man or nation, however powerful, to take from them their inalienable right. A powerful nation may take their life. But they hold that it is better to have death with honor than to bow the head at the expense of legitimate pride and self-respect. This determination and sentiment is shared by practically the whole population of the archipelago, with the partial exception of central Mindanao and the Sulus.

But let there be no misapprehension. It must not be thought that our desire and our plea for peace are due to any inability to carry on the war. Our forces are in a stronger position to-day than they were ever before. They are gaining in strength and experience every day. The rigors of military rule and the new method of deportation bind our people to the deathless determination never to submit to a nation which indulges in such practices. There will be no difficulty in imitating the American patriots of 1776 and in carrying on the war for eight or even eighteen years—

For men betrayed are mighty,  
And great are the wrongfully dead.

We plead for peace, but the plea is in the interest of those who suffer and die by sword and starvation, not because of fear. We can fight long, even if we have to suffer much, for we are fighting for hearth and home and in a righteous cause. We are ready for peace; we hold out the olive branch. But on that branch is written with the blood of brave men the word liberty. For that we are willing to suffer; for that we are prepared to die. But we will never submit to have liberty conferred upon us by the "charity" or "benevolence" of any man or nation; it is ours by right, not by bounty.

With many thanks for your kindly interest in our sorely stricken people and with much respect, sincerely yours,  
SIXTO LOPEZ.

TO THE PERSON SITTING IN DARKNESS.

Extracts from an article with the above title, by "Mark Twain," published in the February North American Review.

Extending the Blessings of Civilization to our Brother who Sits in Darkness has been a good trade and has paid well, on the whole; and there is money in it, if carefully worked—but not enough, in my judgment, to make any considerable risk advisable. The People that Sit in Darkness are getting to be too scarce—too scarce and too shy. And such darkness as is

now left is really of but an indifferent quality, and not dark enough for the game. The most of those People that Sit in Darkness have been furnished with more light than was good for them, or profitable for us. We have been injudicious.

The Blessings-of-Civilization Trust, wisely and cautiously administered, is a Daisy. There is more money in it, more territory, more sovereignty, and other kinds of emolument, than there is in any other game that is played. But Christendom has been playing it badly of late years, and must certainly suffer by it, in my opinion. She has been so eager to get every stake that appeared on the green cloth, that the People Who Sit in Darkness have noticed it—they have noticed it, and have begun to show alarm. They have become suspicious of the Blessings of Civilization. More—they have begun to examine them. This is not well. The blessings of civilization are all right, and a good commercial property; there could not be a better, in a dim light. In the right kind of light, and at a proper distance, with the goods a little out of focus, they furnish this desirable exhibit to the Gentlemen who Sit in Darkness:

LOVE,	LAW AND ORDER,
JUSTICE,	LIBERTY,
GENTLENESS,	EQUALITY,
CHRISTIANITY,	HONORABLE
PROTECTION TO	DEALING,
THE WEAK,	MERCY,
TEMPERANCE,	EDUCATION,
—and so on.	

There. Is it good? Sir, it is pie. It will bring into camp any idiot that sits in darkness anywhere. But not if we adulterate it. It is proper to be emphatic upon that point. This brand is strictly for Export—apparently. Apparently. Privately and confidentially, it is nothing of the kind. Privately and confidentially, it is merely an outside cover, gay and pretty and attractive, displaying the special patterns of our Civilization which we reserve for Home Consumption, while inside the bale is the Actual Thing that the Customer Sitting in Darkness buys with his blood and tears and land and liberty. That Actual Thing is indeed, Civilization, but it is only for Export. Is there a difference between the two brands? In some of the details, yes.

We all know that the Business is being ruined. The reason is not far to seek. It is because our Mr. McKinley, and Mr. Chamberlain, and the Kaiser, and the Czar and the French have been exporting the Actual Thing with the outside cover left off. This

is bad for the Game. It shows that these new players of it are not sufficiently acquainted with it. . . .

And by and by comes America, and our Master of the Game plays it badly—plays it as Mr. Chamberlain was playing it in South Africa. It was a mistake to do that; also, it was one which was quite unlooked for in a Master who was playing it so well in Cuba. In Cuba, he was playing the usual and regular American Game, and it was winning, for there is no way to beat it. The Master, contemplating Cuba, said: "Here is an oppressed and friendless little nation which is willing to fight to be free; we go partners, and put up the strength of 70,000,000 sympathizers and the resources of the United States: play!" Nothing but Europe combined could call that hand: and Europe cannot combine on anything. There, in Cuba, he was following our great traditions in a way which made us very proud of him, and proud of the deep satisfaction which his play was provoking in Continental Europe. Moved by a high inspiration, he threw out those stirring words which proclaimed that forcible annexation would be "criminal aggression;" and in that utterance fired another "shot heard round the world." The memory of that fine saying will be outlived by the remembrance of no act of his but one—that he forgot it within the twelvemonth, and its honorable gospel along with it.

For, presently, came the Philippine temptation. It was strong; it was too strong, and he made that bad mistake: he played the European game, the Chamberlain game. It was a pity; it was a great pity, that error; that one grievous error, that irrevocable error. For it was the very time to play the American game again. And at no cost. Rich winnings to be gathered in, too; rich and permanent; indestructible; a fortune transmissible forever to the children of the flag. Not land, not money, not dominion—no, something worth many times more than that dross: our share, the spectacle of a nation of long harassed and persecuted slaves set free through our influence; our posterity's share, the golden memory of that fair deed. The game was in our hands. If it had been played according to the American rules, Dewey would have sailed away from Manila as soon as he had destroyed the Spanish fleet—after putting up a sign on shore guaranteeing foreign property and life against damage by the

Filipinos, and warning the Powers that interference with the emancipated patriots would be regarded as an act unfriendly to the United States. The Powers cannot combine, in even a bad cause, and the sign would not have been molested.

Dewey would have gone about his affairs elsewhere, and left the competent Filipino army to starve out the little Spanish garrison and send it home, and the Filipino citizens to set up the form of government they might prefer, and deal with the friars and their doubtful acquisitions according to Filipino ideas of fairness and justice—ideas which have since been tested and found to be or as much an order as any that prevail in Europe or America.

But we played the Chamberlain game, and lost the chance to add another Cuba and another honorable deed to our good record.

The more we examine the mistake, the more clearly we perceive that it is going to be bad for the Business. The Person Sitting in Darkness is almost sure to say: "There is something curious about this—curious and unaccountable. There must be two Americas: one that sets the captive free, and one that takes a once-captive's new freedom away from him, and picks a quarrel with him with nothing to found it on; then kills him to get his land."

The truth is, the Person Sitting in Darkness is saying things like that; and for the sake of the Business we must persuade him to look at the Philippine matter in another and healthier way. We must arrange his opinions for him. I believe it can be done, for Mr. Chamberlain has arranged England's opinion of the South African matter, and done it most cleverly and successfully. He presented the facts—some of the facts—and showed these confiding people what the facts meant. He did it statistically, which is a good way. He used the formula: "Twice 2 are 14, and 2 from 9 leaves 35." Figures are effective; figures will convince the elect.

Now, my plan is a still bolder one than Mr. Chamberlain's, though apparently a copy of it. Let us be franker than Mr. Chamberlain; let us audaciously present the whole of the facts, shirking none, then explain them according to Mr. Chamberlain's formula. This daring truthfulness will astonish and dazzle the Person Sitting in Darkness, and he will take the Explanation down before his mental vision has had time to get back into focus. . . .

Kitchener knows how to handle disagreeable people who are fighting for their homes and their liberties, and we must let on that we are merely imitating Kitchener, and have no national interest in the matter, further than to get ourselves admired by the Great Family of Nations, in which august company our Master of the Game has bought a place for us in the back row.

Of course, we must not venture to ignore our Gen. MacArthur's reports—oh, why do they keep on printing those embarrassing things?—we must drop them trippingly from the tongue and take the chances:

During the last ten months our losses have been 268 killed and 750 wounded; Filipino loss, 3,227 killed, and 694 wounded.

We must stand ready to grab the Person Sitting in Darkness, for he will swoon away at this confession, saying: "Good God, those 'niggers' spare their wounded, and the Americans massacre theirs!"

We must bring him to, and coax him, and coddle him, and assure him that the ways of Providence are best, and that it would not become us to find fault with them; and then, to show him that we are only imitators, not originators, we must read the following passage from the letter of an American soldier lad in the Philippines to his mother, published in Public Opinion, of Decorah, Ia., describing the finish of a victorious battle:

"We never left one alive. If one was wounded, we would run our bayonets through him."

Having now laid all the historical facts before the Person Sitting in Darkness, we should bring him to again, and explain them to him. We should say to him:

"They look doubtful, but in reality they are not. There have been lies; yes, but they were told in a good cause. We have been treacherous; but that was only in order that real good might come out of apparent evil. True, we have crushed a deceived and confiding people; we have turned against the weak and friendless who trusted us; we have stamped out a just and intelligent and well-ordered republic; we have stabbed an ally in the back and slapped the face of a guest; we have bought a Shadow from an enemy that hadn't it to sell; we have robbed a trusting friend of his land and his liberty; we have invited our clean young men to shoulder a discredited musket and do bandit's work under a flag which bandits have been accustomed to fear, not to follow; we have debauched

America's honor and blackened her face before the world; but each detail was for the best. We know this. The Head of every State and Sovereignty in Christendom and 99 per cent. of every legislative body in Christendom, including our congress and our 50 State Legislatures, are members not only of the church, but also of the Blessings-of-Civilization Trust. This world-girdling accumulation of trained morals, high principles, and justice, cannot do an unright thing, an unfair thing, an ungenerous thing, an unclean thing. It knows what it is about. Give yourself no uneasiness; it is all right."

Now, then, that will convince the Person. You will see. It will restore the Business. Also it will elect the Master of the Game to the vacant place in the Trinity of our national gods; and there on their high thrones the Three will sit, age after age, in the people's sight, each bearing the Emblem of his service: Washington, the Sword of the Liberator; Lincoln, the Slave's Broken Chains; the Master, the Chains Repaired.

It will give the Business a splendid new start. You will see.

Everything is prosperous, now; everything is just as we should wish it. We have got the Archipelago, and we shall never give it up. Also, we have every reason to hope that we shall have an opportunity before very long to slip out of our Congressional contract with Cuba and give her something better in place of it. It is a rich country, and many of us are already beginning to see that the contract was a sentimental mistake. But now—right now—is the best time to do some profitable rehabilitating work—work that will set us up and make us comfortable, and discourage gossip. We cannot conceal from ourselves that, privately, we are a little troubled about our uniform. It is one of our prides; it is acquainted with honor; it is familiar with great deeds and noble; we love it, we revere it; and so this errand it is on makes us uneasy. And our flag—another pride of ours, our chiefest! We have worshiped it so; and when we have seen it in far lands—glimpsing it unexpectedly in that strange sky, waving its welcome and benediction to us—we have caught our breath, and uncovered our heads, and couldn't speak, for a moment, for the thought of what it was to us and the great ideals it stood for. Indeed, we must do something about these things; we must not have the flag out there, and

the uniform. They are not needed there; we can manage in some other way. England manages, as regards the uniform, and so can we. We have to send soldiers—we can't get out of that—but we can disguise them. It is the way England does in South Africa. Even Mr. Chamberlain himself takes pride in England's honorable uniform, and makes the army down there wear an ugly and odious and appropriate disguise, of yellow stuff such as quarantine flags are made of, and which are hoisted to warn the healthy away from unclean disease and repulsive death. This cloth is called khaki. We could adopt it. It is light, comfortable, grotesque, and deceives the enemy, for he cannot conceive of a soldier being concealed in it.

And as for a flag for the Philippine Province, it is easily managed. We can have a special one—our States do it: we can have just our usual flag with the white stripes painted black and the stars replaced by the skull and cross-bones.

And we do not need the Civil Commission out there. Having no powers, it has to invent them, and that kind of work cannot be effectively done by just anybody; an expert is required. Mr. Croker can be spared. We do not want the United States represented there, but only the Game.

By help of these suggested amendments, Progress and Civilization in that country can have a boom, and it will take in the Persons who are Sitting in Darkness, and we can resume Business at the old stand.

JOHN FISKE ON INDIRECT TAXATION.

Nowhere was there any such violent opposition to Hamilton's scheme of custom-house duties on imported goods. This is a very easy method of taxation, sometimes perhaps too easy. It is indirect taxation. The people do not flock to the customhouse and pay the duty, but the importer pays it and then reimburses himself by adding the amount of the duty to the price of the goods on which he has paid it. In this way vast sums of money can be taken from people's pockets without their realizing it as they would realize a direct tax. When a tax is wrapped up in the extra 50 cents paid to a merchant for a yard of foreign cloth, it is so effectually hidden that most people do not know it is there. Hence the tariff has been our favorite device for obtaining a national revenue.—John Fiske's "Civil Government in the United States," Page 258.

FARMIN' BACK EAST.

For The Public.

The incident related in this poem actually occurred at Pontiac, Ill., July, 1898.

The bliss and joy of farmin'  
Ain't to no degree alarmin',  
No matter what the poet man may write.  
There is reapin' and there's sowin',  
And a-watchin' crops a-growin',  
Never sure you won't be visited with  
blight.

From this fact there's no dissenter  
In the person of a renter,  
A-farmin' of the land that ain't his own.  
Fer the landlord in most cases  
Gineraly absorbs all traces  
Of the profits on most all the crops that's  
grown.

There ain't no joy in slavin'  
And a-pinchin' and a-savin',  
Fer to swell the market value of the land.  
As the value grows some greater  
The agent of the good Creator  
Is sure to raise the rent all you can stand.

If you own the land you're workin',  
And you don't gin in to shirkin',  
But work from early morn till late at  
night,  
You will have a chance of reapin',  
And another one of keepin',  
The reward of honest labor, which is  
right.

But it's business that is sorry,  
And it has no end of worry—  
This here tendin' of another feller's soil.  
But I reckon the Creator  
Picked out some men to be greater  
Than the rest of us poor fellers that must  
toil.

When you talk about a pension,  
You git most of men's attention,  
Fer the most of us we think it is a snap;  
But a pension isn't in it,  
And to match it don't begin it,  
When it comes to lettin' out a little piece  
of map.

In Illinois I had a naber  
That wa'n't no stranger to hard labor,  
And he saved and raked and scraped to  
pay the rent;

His wife and boys they hurried,  
But the landlord always worried.  
If it wasn't promptly every pay day sent.

The poor feller with his strainin'  
Didn't seem to be a-gainin'  
And at last in harvest time he took down  
sick.  
In spite of keeful nursin',  
This disease it went a coursin',  
Till it claimed its falterin' victim rather  
quick.

Then the sorry friends and nabers  
Laid aside awhile their labors,  
Till they bore him to his everlastin' rest.  
The pinin' wife and mother,  
Like so very many another,  
Went heart-broken back to where she  
had been blest.

The landlord he was thrifty,  
And a rustlin' like, and shifty,  
And to tend the poor man's funeral could-  
n't stop.  
On the widow's home returnin'  
She was somewhat grieved at learnin'  
He had gotten an attachment on the crop.

—E. F. VAUGHAN.

La Junta, Colo.

Once upon a time a cultivated people inhabited a small island and were happy.

"But," they suddenly exclaimed, "we have no navy commensurate with our territorial importance! How stupid of us to have overlooked this!"

Accordingly they set to work and built a large skiff, which required a crew of ten men in its effective operation.

Now, there were 11 men, all told, among these people, and they were thus able to have a taxpayer in addition to their navy.

The taxpayer was disposed to murmur until he was told that he thereby revealed an inadequate conception of national destiny, whereupon he gracefully took off his hat and exclaimed:

"My country! May she always be right! But, right or wrong, my country!"—Detroit Journal.

"Is this map of the world up to date?" asked the precise woman.

"Strictly so, madam," answered the agent. "you will note that South Africa, the Philippines and China are colored a beautiful and realistic crimson."

G. T. E.

Mrs. Brown—Was there any excitement at the stock exchange when you were there?

Mrs. Jones—Oh, yes! Prices were being marked down and the men were all rushing to get bargains.—Puck.

Crew—So the Boer war is not ended, as the British hoped?

Guerr—No. And when it is ended, it will not be as the British hoped.

G. T. E.

BOOK NOTICES.

Pamphlet V., of the Philippine Information Society (Boston: L. K. Fuller, secretary, 12 Otis place. Price 10 cents), has just appeared. It is entitled "Aguinaldo and the American Generals from the Fall of Manila, August, 1898, to the Hullo Expedition, January, 1899. The Parting of the Ways." The publisher of these pamphlets is not a political society. It aims

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