

WHAT THE CHILDREN SAID ABOUT IT.

For The Public.

Three earnest little boys met their father when he came home Thursday evening a week ago. All day they had talked of nothing but Aguinaldo's capture. They pressed around him while he got ready for supper.

"O papa, is it true that they have captured the Filipino head man?" asked the smallest of all.

"I am afraid it is, dear."

"I wish the Filipinos would capture our head man, don't you?" burst in the next older.

And then the oldest made his comment: "Say, father, do you know, I think *the Americans do too much.*"

ALICE THACHER POST.

WHAT WOULD BE THE VERDICT?

For The Public.

There was a hard look in the eyes of the Cuban statesman, and his forehead was gnarled like a knot of hickory.

"I fear that it means fight," he murmured, unwillingly, and yet with an air that conveyed an idea of inevitability. "But, alas!" he moaned, "we are so pitifully poor and weak. What can we do against the powerful 'liberating nation,' when far-away, effete Spain was able to keep us in subjection? Oh, what can we do? What can we do?"

"Do?" spoke up his brave, resourceful wife, who had been raised in Chicago, and who knew of certain applications of the law, "do? Why, sue your enemies for breach of promise!"

G. T. EVANS.

"A GROSS ACT OF TREACHERY."

From the London Saturday Review of March 30.

The news of the capture of Aguinaldo may be welcome, as meaning the end of a war which is still wasting life and ruining prosperity in the Philippines, but for Aguinaldo himself, whose capture was effected by a gross act of treachery, there must be general sympathy.

He gave the Americans invaluable assistance in the capture of Manila and in the previous maneuvers. He proved a faithful ally until, partly owing to a change of policy in Washington and partly to a want of tact among the American generals, war suddenly broke out between the allies.

De Wet is probably the finer general, but Aguinaldo is the finer character. Considering his antecedents, Aguinaldo has proved himself singularly humane. He has displayed, moreover,

a genius for inspiring scattered tribes with his own enthusiasm for the freedom which was promised him.

ONLY A NO. TWO.

For The Public.

In Madrid, within his magnificent palace, surrounded by trophies of many wars and the evidences of peace, Gen. Weyler in a "Dewey" chair, sat with his head bowed in his hands.

The proud, curt, resolute face, which had met the supplications of the Cuban and the accusations of the Spaniard, was gone as a mask, and in its place was a countenance that expressed fear, grief and disappointment.

Suddenly he started up, and in a weak frenzy he tore into bits an American newspaper.

"To think," he moaned, "to think that a gentle, good man like McKinley—the originator of 'benevolent assimilation'—a man from whose lips drop words of piety without an effort—a man whose tears are always on tap—a man who is a hater of iniquity, to think that such a man, not a Nero or a Boxer, but the virtuous, pitying president of the United States; to think that he could give me pointers!"

Then, with a long-drawn sigh of hopelessness, he fell fainting among the fragments of the paper from which he had learned the details of the American-Filipino "water cure."

G. T. EVANS.

A PLACE WHERE TRADE DOES NOT FOLLOW THE FLAG.

An extract from an article entitled "Along the East Coast of Africa," by Richard Harding Davis, published in Scribner's Magazine for March.

There is no more interesting contrast along the coast of East Africa than that presented by the colonies of England, Germany and Portugal. Of these three, the colonies of the Englishmen are, as one expects to find them, the healthiest, the busiest, and the most prosperous. They thrive under your very eyes; you feel that they were established where they are, not by accident, not to gratify a national vanity or a ruler's ambition, but with foresight and with knowledge, and with the determination to make money; and that they will increase and flourish because they are situated where the natives and settlers have something to sell, and where the men can bring, in return, something the natives and colonials wish to buy. Port Elizabeth, Durban, East London and Zanzibar belong to this prosperous

class, which gives good reason for the faith of those who founded them.

On the other hand, as opposed to these, there are the settlements of the Portuguese, rotten and corrupt, and the German settlements of Dar Es Salaam and Tanga which have still to prove their right to exist. Outwardly, to the eye, they are model settlements. Dar Es Salaam, in particular, is a beautiful and perfectly appointed colonial town. In the care in which it is laid out, in the excellence of its sanitary arrangements, in its cleanliness, and in the magnificence of its innumerable official residences, and in their sensible adaptability to the needs of the climate, one might be deceived in believing that Dar Es Salaam is the beautiful gateway of a thriving and busy colony. But there are no ramparts of merchandise along her wharves. No bulwarks of strangely scented bales blocking her water-front; no lighters push hurriedly from the shore to meet the ship, although she is a German ship, or to receive her cargo of articles "made in Germany." On the contrary, her freight is unloaded at the English ports, and taken on at English ports. And the German traders who send their merchandise to Hamburg in her hold come over the side at Zanzibar, at Durban, and at Aden, where the English merchants find in them fierce competitors. There is nothing which goes so far to prove the falsity of the saying that "Trade follows the flag" as do these model German colonies with their barracks, governor's palace, officers' clubs, public pleasure parks, and with no trade; and the English colonies, where the German merchants remain, and where, under the English flag, they grow steadily rich. The German emperor, believing that colonies are a source of strength to an empire, rather than the weakness that they are, has raised the German flag in Central East Africa, but the ships of the German East African company, subsidized by him, carry their merchandise to the English ports, and his German subjects remain where they can make the most money. They do not move to those ports where the flag of their country would wave over them.

Dar Es Salaam, although it lacks the one thing needful to make it a model settlement, possesses all the other things which are needful, and many which are pure luxuries. Its residences, as I have said, have been built after the most approved scien-

tific principles of ventilation and sanitation. In no tropical country have I seen buildings so admirably adapted to the heat and climatic changes and at the same time more in keeping with the surrounding scenery. They are handsome, cool-looking, white and clean, with broad verandas, high walls, and false roofs under which currents of air are lured in spite of themselves. The residences are set back along the high bank which faces the bay. In front of them is a public promenade, newly planted shade-trees arch over it, and royal palms reach up to it from the very waters of the harbor. At one end of this semicircle are the barracks of the Soudanese soldiers, and at the other is the official palace of the governor. Everything in the settlement is new, and everything is built on the scale of a city, and with the idea of accommodating a great number of people. Hotels and cafes, better than anyone finds in the older settlements along the coast, are arranged on the water-front, and there is a church capable of seating the entire white population at one time. If the place is to grow, it can do so only through trade, and when trade really comes all these palaces and cafes and barracks which occupy the entire water-front will have to be pushed back to make way for warehouses and custom-house sheds. At present it is populated only by officials, and, I believe, 12 white women.

THE FIRST TERRITORIAL LEGISLATURE OF HAWAII.

A letter from Charles L. Rhodes, special correspondent of the Chicago Record, dated Honolulu, March 1, and published in the Record of March 20.

The opening of the first territorial legislature of Hawaii was the first public event connected with the annexation of Hawaii in which the native Hawaiians as a body have been able cordially and heartily to take part.

The fact that it was the first legislature elected since the overthrow and the beginning of what to them was a dark period in Hawaiian history, chosen at an election in which Hawaiians could fully participate, was to them like a return to the time when native Hawaiians were the people of the land and all others were strangers, admitted to rights by their good will. It was like a return to the house of their fathers.

The fact that the legislature was very largely composed of members of

their own race, just as it was in the old times, doubtless added very much to this sentiment. This feeling was displayed in the crowds that thronged the grounds of the capitol building on the morning the session began, and which filled the visitors' galleries in both houses.

At the time of the flag raising, and again at the inauguration of the territorial government, there were comparatively few Hawaiians in the crowds. But on this opening morning of the legislature there were comparatively few but Hawaiians. They began coming early in the morning, and by ten o'clock, when the two houses assembled, the capitol grounds were filled with Hawaiians in holiday attire, and of those in the visitors' galleries fully three-fourths were the native children of these sunny isles.

To the native members of the legislature it was a serious and important occasion. They all came to the capitol in carriages, and every one of them was dressed in a black frock coat, with black trousers, and wore a high silk hat and white gloves. It was the old court costume of the monarchy for daylight ceremonies, and, indeed, many of the coats and trousers worn this day, to say nothing of the silk hats, dated from the days of the monarchy. Many of them doubtless were in fact the largesse of the throne for in the olden days it was the custom when there was a royal funeral for the king's chamberlain to distribute several hundred suits of black clothes and an equal number of black holo-kus for the women, in order that the funeral cortege should be imposing and becoming. These "blacks" were preserved by the recipients, and they come out only on state occasions. An old resident, with a discriminating eye as to cut and fashion, could probably call off the particular royal funeral for which this or that frock coat was given out.

The house of representatives met in what was the old throneroom of the palace before the building erected as Iolani palace was given the more republican and American name of capitol. It is the room in which all public court functions under the monarchy took place. It is a splendid room. The ceiling is lofty, the windows are large, the window and door frames massive, and of the polished koa wood of the islands, as handsome and now much more expensive than mahogany. On the walls are the por-

traits, in oil, many of them by masters, of all the monarchs who have ruled this island kingdom since Kamehameha I., including his portrait, the gift of France, from a smaller portrait by one of those romantic adventurers who came to this remote part of the world while the great Polynesian conqueror was still in the midst of his triumphs.

The members took their seats without any particular selection, and by ten o'clock, the hour set for the session to begin, all the members but two were in their places. These two were delayed in their arrival from one of the other islands by a storm which had disarranged the sailing schedule of the island steamers.

The house was called to order by Representative Beckley, a young half-white, who claims descent on his mother's, or "the calabash," side, as they say here, instead of the "distaff" side, from one of the greatest chiefs of Hawaii island. On his motion, Representative Akina was made speaker. His father was an adventurous Chinaman who came here many years ago, prospered as a rice planter, and married a native woman. Then there was a long and sonorous prayer in Hawaiian by a native minister, dressed like the members in black, though his clothes probably originated with the Hawaiian board of missions, which has been almost as lavish in its gifts of clerical wardrobe to the native clergy as the monarchs were in funeral wardrobe for their retainers. After that the organization of the house proceeded very much as such things do in other legislative assemblies, there being as active a scramble for the clerical and other salaried positions from clerk to janitor as there is where politics are supposed to be less simple and naive than they are here.

The opening session of the senate did not attract as much popular attention as did that of the house. The senate is a smaller body, and there is a less proportion of native members in it. The chamber in which it meets is less commodious and well fitted. It is, in fact, nothing but the upper hall of the old palace, shut off from the stairway that leads from the main floor to it by movable screens. . . .

Perhaps it would be unjust to criticize too severely the volubility and triviality of the debate in both houses on mere matters of procedure and organization, but the fact remains that it was not until the third