

the ownership of the street railway system of Glasgow, and other movements of the kind all the world over. Such questions as these are now before the public and promise to occupy leading place in the consideration of our home affairs.

The question is whether the democracy shall take the advance step and seek to deal with these new issues in the spirit of the declaration of independence or try to retrace its steps. To-day these questions in definite form cannot be said to be partisan issues—that is members of both leading parties are found on either side; it is to be hoped that they never may become partisan in a narrow sense. But that there shall be a political division along these lines cannot be doubted when we consider that special privilege does exist and its beneficiaries will seek to perpetuate it, while those who see its evils and experience its injustice will try to crush it out.—The Farmers' Voice of Nov. 10.

#### SIXTO LOPEZ TO GEN. WHEELER.

Extract from letter dated 41 Woburn place, London, W. C., June 30, 1900. We reprint from City and State.

Our contention is this: The Philippines were and are our country. "Forcible annexation," as your president has admirably expressed it, "would be criminal aggression." No legal quibble about "the right of conquest and purchase" will obscure the moral question or even serve as a lubricant to conscience. No profession of "philanthropy" or "benevolent assassination or assimilation"—we will not quarrel about the word, the meaning is practically the same—will serve to shield your president from the charge which he has made against his own policy.

Nor will it avail to offer insult to one's moral sense by claiming a legal title to sovereignty due to "cession" and "purchase" from Spain. Spain never had a moral right to our country. Her alleged ownership rested solely on might and not on right. She never possessed even the tentative right which comes to the provider of beneficent rule. This was recognized by the United States when it went to war on behalf of Spain's colonial possessions, and demanded that Spanish sovereignty should cease.

In addition to this Spain did not possess sovereignty at the time of the so-called "cession." Her territories were in the hands of the Filipinos (with the exception of one city) who had established an independent government, *de facto* and *de jure*.

If Spain, then, had no moral and no

legal ownership to the Philippines, who had?

There is but one answer: the owners were and are the inhabitants, the Filipinos.

Who, then, is the aggressor in this war? Who is it that is endeavoring to seize and annex the Philippines over the heads of the natural owners, the inhabitants, and to purchase a legal title in absence of a moral one? Who was it that fired the first shot and took the first life? Who is it that declares that "all just powers of government are derived from the consent of the governed?" Who is it that now seeks to deny the application of that principle of human rights to the Filipinos? Who was it that sought and accepted our aid in the conflict with Spain and now denies that we have any right whatsoever to a voice in determining the fate of the Philippines?

Whoever is chargeable with these acts, on him and on them must be laid the responsibility of the war and bloodshed.

If the United States administration had promised that the principle enunciated in the declaration of independence and quoted above would be made applicable to the Filipinos, there would never have been a shot fired, and if that promise were now made there would be no more war. That promise could have been made and can now be made.

#### MR. BRYAN AS A CANDIDATE.

In our opinion no higher type of man has ever been nominated by any political party for the presidency of the United States than William Jennings Bryan. No public man in our history was ever inspired by higher motives or loftier ideals of right and duty. Mr. Bryan is above all a manly man; frank, courageous, brave, clean of life, large of brain, great of heart. He possesses and fully deserves the admiration, the confidence, and indeed the love of several millions of his countrymen. He is one of the most picturesque and attractive figures that ever appeared on the stage of American politics. In spite of his two defeats for the presidency and of the disasters which have overtaken the democratic party under his leadership, it is entirely too early to assume that his public career is closed. He is yet comparatively a young man, and it is by no means improbable that conditions may yet arise which will impel the country to summon him to the highest public service.

No party leader in our history—not even excepting Henry Clay or James G. Blaine—has possessed a larger measure of personal magnetism or

inspired in a higher degree the enthusiasm and devotion of his following. But neither Henry Clay nor James G. Blaine became president. It seems that the American people—in tensely practical and utilitarian as they are—are disinclined to call men of this type to the executive office.

Mr. Bryan is perhaps too much of an idealist—too warm in his sympathies, too emotional in his temperament, and a trifle too radical in his methods for the cold American nature. Although more ardent and impulsive than either Thomas Jefferson or Abraham Lincoln, there is much of both of these great characters in Mr. Bryan's composition. Both were essentially radicals, and each was, like Mr. Bryan, a bit of a dreamer and more of a philosopher than man of affairs. Yet they rank as perhaps our greatest two presidents. Each proved a success as an administrator, as Mr. Bryan doubtless would if given the opportunity, and each wrote grand pages in our national history. But they lived in different times. It is safe to say that in the present temper and with the present tendencies of the American people, neither Thomas Jefferson nor Abraham Lincoln, if alive, would stand a ghost of a chance to be elected president.—Indianapolis Sentinel of Nov. 8.

#### MUST WE GIVE UP "THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER?"

For The Public.

As I write these lines a party of apparently highly intelligent men and women, a party of fathers and mothers almost exclusively, are singing "The Star Spangled Banner."

Ah, they have stopped at the end of the first verse and chorus!

Can it be that the same thought and feeling came to each one during that first verse? Else why did they stop so suddenly?

That was their first song of the evening! They are singing no other songs now, they have broken the circle and some are leaving the parlors. They stopped abruptly, like a piece of machinery, and, without apologies or excuses, instantly separated.

Now, why have they acted thus? They came together by prearrangement for an evening of song here in our hotel parlors. Instantly, and without previous warning, without discussion they break up their party, their circle, and separate.

Can the same feeling which took possession of my heart, instantly I heard the first strains of that heretofore inspiring music, have also swept across their heart strings?

My thoughts were: "O God, the shame and disgrace of it! What right has any American citizen to sing of 'freedom' and the beauties and glories of 'freedom' and 'freedom's cause?'"

My heart burned with shame within me! My thoughts flew across the seas to the Boers and the Philippine islanders, one being robbed of freedom by England, grasping, relentless, heartless England, and the other being robbed of liberty and freedom by America! Robbed of the very blessing we so greatly prize, the blessing we once fought to secure!

I'll stop right here for fear I shall say too much; but let me ask the readers of these words to hereafter keep silent about "liberty and freedom," at least during the time our soldiers are shooting the liberty-loving citizens of another nation into subjugation. This request, of course, does not apply to, nor is it addressed to any other than those who voted to indorse McKinley's policy in the Philippines and Puerto Rico. I would ask these same voters, who prate of liberty, where they fancy we would "be at," even to-day, had it not been for Lafayette and the French nation, for the aid we received from France in soldiers, war vessels, munitions of war, money and moral aid?

O God! the awful shame of this war of conquest in the Philippines! It is the greatest disgrace known to history in all time. Had we not always claimed to be lovers of and defenders of freedom and liberty and the friend of all nations fighting for freedom and liberty, we would have some excuse to offer, but now! Oh, how pitiful!

F. GEORGE FLOWER.

Spokane, Wash., Nov. 10.

#### SOLDIERING IN THE PHILIPPINES.

A private letter written by an American soldier in the Philippine islands on the 5th of last July. The original manuscript of this letter has been copied in the office of *The Public* for use in these columns. As military officers in the Philippines, acting under orders cabled by the war department, have coerced soldiers into making denials and retractions of damaging statements they have made in private letters published in the American press over their signatures, we withhold the name of the writer of this letter, the names of the place he wrote from and the places to which he refers, and the name of the person to whom the letter is addressed. This precaution is necessary for his security.

This was the first Fourth of July that we have celebrated in the Philippine islands, and indeed we took advantage of it. There were but few able to report for duty. The guard-

house is filled up this morning. But I was fortunate enough—or, you might say, had too much sense to come home; so staid out all night with some of my Filipino "amigos."

Friend, it is a rather poor idea to stay among them, especially when a man is intoxicated. But then, this is done very often. Also, some never show up, and it is never known what became of them. It is not safe to go anywhere without a weapon. I always have a gun strung round my hips ready for action at any time.

Say, old boy, a man's life isn't worth a hill of beans in this country, or any other enemy's country. A man can never tell when his time may come. These people are the most treacherous natives I have run up against yet, but then we are leaving them some ruins.

Yes, indeed, we are kept busy. The insurrection is getting worse up here, and [we] don't know where to go. Our men are attacked and shot at every time we go out, but there is one good thing—their bullets never do very much damage. They are not recognized as insurgents here, and no mercy will be shown whenever they are caught up with. It is nothing but a rebellion—parties who gathered after we came here and took the place. They have gathered in large numbers, and are attacking almost every little small garrison in this district. Our first battalion has been attacked twice in B—, and there is not a house in B— but what has bullet marks. The natives have mostly all left that place and come to —.

I believe I told you that I was up there before I came here, and was one of the first Americans that entered that place. The old presidente—you know every town in the Philippine islands has a presidente; he is ruler of the town—but what I want to say about the B— presidente is that we deposed him and made another, whom we thought a friend of the American ruler of that town. The old presidente is one of the most daring insurrectos that ever existed. He and his miserable force have killed every one that they could get of their own people who were friendly and showed us the trails, and places where we could find them. God have mercy on every one we can get in reach of!

B— is a nice, large place. It is built on the foot of the mountain, and it is a pleasure to live there. To-day the entire place is nearly in ashes. About half of its inhabitants are with the insurrectos. The First battalion burned one side of the town

to the ground, and would have destroyed the whole place had it not been for our quarters. The major sent a dispatch to — during the scrap up there, which said: "Hot fire from the insurrectos located in the mountains. Town on fire. Soldiers uncontrollable." Our men didn't show any mercy, and killed every living Filipino they could see, except women and children, but several of them were killed. Of course such things can't be helped. Women are as bad as men here. They even went as far and came to our quarters for our washing, and were caught taking our ammunition. You know several of the insurrectos have our guns, which can't be helped. . . .

I tell you I could kill everything that looks like a Filipino. They are all insurgents. It is an impossibility to keep up any wires. They are cut in every direction. Nearly every small town in this district was full of insurrectos. Our troop has been out every day of late, and has done away with these places—burnt every one to the ground. The wires have since been all right.

Well, old boy, about relics—there are plenty of them to be had, but you know a little 15.66 doesn't go very far, and the postage is very much, although I will send you a native hat. This is the kind of hats the natives wear, that is, the poorer class of natives, and they are very plentiful. I had all kinds of things during our march, but I could not take them in with me. I just was glad to get myself along. We didn't have any clothes nor shoes when we came here—no mess kit, spoons or knives. Half starved, sore-footed, sick—there was never a sorer looking crowd than we were at the time we returned from the mountains. It will be a memory for the rest of my life, and no doubt will bring its results at the time of old age.

#### AN ENGLISH INDICTMENT OF THE NEW IMPERIALISM.

From an editorial in the *Manchester Guardian* of Oct. 24.

Imperialism is the desire for supremacy. Its opposite is the desire for fraternity, or, if we prefer a less ambitious phrase, the belief in government by consent. The natural man desires supremacy. Mill long ago pointed out that men are more prone to love ordering their neighbors than to make rational provision for their own liberty. As it is with individuals so is it with nations. Few nations in the world's history have