

Gen. Otis were so unsatisfactory that trouble might come at any time, and therefore he did not think it advisable to let an American travel about in the interior. Necessarily I deemed it best to return to Manila and await further developments. . . .

I shall here say if the people of the United States understood the situation as I do, they would insist upon the withdrawal of our forces and in the establishment of a strong and sympathetic protectorate over the Philippine islands, leaving the government there entirely to the people. Such a policy would place the Americans unapproachably and everlastingly on top. But I now greatly fear that, owing perhaps to mischievous intrigues, McKinley's administration is drifting the American people into the treacherous eddies of the European grab policy, from which our nation will emerge smirched beyond recognition.

I have no doubt that this serious outbreak with the Filipinos could be traced to Maj. Gen. Otis. He has for months studiously subjected Aguinaldo to unmerited insolence. Through our incompetent representatives we have treated those people outrageously. The people of the United States do not understand the situation, because news has been suppressed. The Filipinos are a calm, peaceful, industrious and fairly intelligent people. I have often heard them say: "The Americans are very foolish, because they swear a great deal and drink too much liquor." Again, we have broken our promises with Aguinaldo; we have gone back on our word. He would never have returned had not Consuls-General Pratt at Singapore, Wildman at Hong-Kong and Consul Williams, now at Manila, urged him to do so, giving him to understand that the Filipinos would become independent; that the government of the United States would establish their independence when the war with Spain was over. Such was the nature of that understanding, on the strength of which Aguinaldo returned and reorganized his people; he even received arms and ammunition from the United States for that purpose. I shall assert that, but for the Filipinos, we might yet be trying to beat the Spaniards in the Philippines. Aguinaldo confined them within the city of Manila until we captured it.

Yet now we learn that this same Aguinaldo, this chief who helped us whip the Spaniards, is being hunted as though he were a wolf; that he is to be taken alive or dead and that brave Gen. Otis "has in his employ a number of daring men, both natives and American, who are devoting their entire time to the pursuit and capture" of the man whom Dewey armed and whom our consuls endorsed only a few months ago.

We hope Otis is proud of his distinction in infamy.—Daily Democrat, of Johnstown, Pa., Mar. 20.

DEMOCRACY—SPIRITUAL, POLITICAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

Extracts from the address on Municipal Ideals, delivered in Central Music Hall, Chicago, March 27, by Prof. George D. Heron, as reported in the Chicago Record.

The problem that has been working itself out in history, that really lies at

the heart of every great political struggle, every great religious improvement, every movement for new liberty in any form, is the realization of the democracy of power—a struggle for distribution of the power by which men live and organize their own lives. The revolt against religious dogmatism has not been, as men think, due to an elemental skepticism of any sort, but because the creed becomes a sort of impersonal, spiritual tyrant, dictating what men shall believe, how they shall worship and what they shall think. This revolt against dogmatism is thus an everlasting struggle of men to be free, to have their own souls in their own hands, to see God and individualize God for themselves in their own lives.

The same thing is true in politics and political revolutions. The real struggle for political liberty is a fight for distribution of power. It is a protest which must last as long as the Deity lasts against any man being subject to another man. There can by no possibility exist a stable order in the world when that order subjects men in any form whatsoever to each other. There never lived a man who could be trusted to rule another man. There never lived a man into whose hands the welfare, religious, political or economic, of any other man could be committed. This distribution of power is the meaning of all historic struggle. It lies at the root of spiritual aspiration, of what we call revolt.

Any sort of power which subjects the mind or the interests, the economic or political well being of one to another, always destroys those who are ruled over. No man was ever ruled or ever felt himself obliged to adjust his thinking and his working to some other man or some class of men without having every citadel of his soul attacked. On the other hand, no man ever ruled another man or used him to do good, even in the kingdom of God, without striking at his own soul and committing spiritual murder. Thus wherever any class has power over another class that class itself becomes enslaved. A ruling class first destroys the power of the unprivileged classes for self-government and then in turn becomes self-enslaved. Nero had power, yet he lived in constant fear for its stability. So is the modern plutocrat afraid to have a word spoken; so afraid that the existing order of things will be destroyed that he subsidizes newspapers, writes the editorials and even the dispatches from country towns; so afraid of what shall be spoken that he buys up the colleges by giving them rich endow-

ments; so afraid that he controls the organization of churches. And what are these men afraid of? They are afraid to have free men speak the truth that is in them.

Any system that rests upon special privileges, that has a privileged class, is a system that has in it all the elements of corruption and destruction. A privileged or a ruled class is the seed that has been the destruction of every civilization. Special privileges have been the poison which has killed every civilization that has come into the world, and they are the poisons that are eating out the virility and manhood of this civilization.

Power can reside only in the common life. Any sort of a system, political or religious, which places men under the rule of other men, is elementally immoral. Where, then, must it reside in this day? There was a time when power resided in the throne, when it was vested in the sovereigns, but today it is not the divine right of kings; it is the divine right of privately-owned public property that we have to deal with. In modern civilization property is concrete power. All legislation, all powers of judiciary have to do with property. Property centralizes power. The kings are gone. People are no longer afraid of creeds, but property, which De Tocqueville long ago said would give to America the worst despotism it ever knew, to-day brings us face to face again with the old problem of absolutism, for the monopolist of 1899 is simply Caesar come down through state and church to land finally upon his solidest basis upon the face of God's earth, which belongs to the people. Unless we have democracy in natural resources there can never be religious or political democracy.

I would say a word anent the modern "moral crusade" extant in such cities as Chicago and New York. Crusades against those who are already helpless victims of the existing order are simply ghastly in their immorality and damnable in their moral ignorance. If preachers would crusade against gambling, let them commence with the gamblers in their own pews, and not with the souls that are the inevitable grist of latter-day civilization's mills. I agree with the protest against gambling, but let these crusaders look into their own pews some Sunday morning to discover, let us say, an imaginary gambler—one who had waxed rich through franchises or one who through real estate gambling, which is the most vicious of all gambling, had invested funds to raise nothing upon his land except the devil.

Think of how people had toiled and created his land values for him and how he had endowed pretty nearly every college in the west with the profits the people earned, and had been enshrined as a patron saint in that church or in this doctrine of divinity. I would say this gambler had debauched every educational institution, the whole religious denomination, the manhood of every teacher and preacher and every thought in this western civilization. If we are to attack civic evils, then, attack them at the root. Begin to attack gambling where gambling begins.

A business is either public or private. If it is public, private interests should not be concerned in it. If it is private, the public has no right to arrogate to itself powers of control. Attempted municipal regulation of a natural monopoly in private hands must result either in injustice and useless irritation to the holders of such privileges or, on the other hand, in debauchery of municipal servants. If the municipality must enter the field of electric lighting in order to insure justice to its citizens, it cannot secure that result by assuming to dictate the policy of a private business. Justice does not spring out of injustice. The municipality may perhaps in justice buy the plant of a private corporation at a price which it would cost to duplicate it, and grant no further privileges; but it cannot, in reason, expect private interests to continue in such business harassed by the unintelligent and often stupid restrictions imposed by ignorant legislators.—F. H. Wentworth, in *Western Electrician*.

The principal plank in the next liberal (English) platform will be to raise the needed revenue by the taxation of ground values, the absence of which relieves the immense wealth of ground landlords from its fair contribution to both the local and national revenue.—N. Y. Times.

What becomes of the enormous wealth which is created by the improved technical agencies of our times? It is being concentrated and massed in the hands of a comparatively small number of individuals, who, by combining, are gradually getting to control, not only the chief business enterprises of the land, but who, by the gigantic power which they wield and which reaches out in every direction, are making themselves felt at the seat of government and in the councils of the nation. It is almost an open secret that the moneyed magnates of the land are shaping the present policy of our coun-

try. We do not complain of the wonderful development of the technical and mechanical agencies which distinguish our age, and which have multiplied the wealth of the nations, nor would we, if we could, return to the more simple and primitive condition of our ancestors, but we do deplore the fact that the immense resources of wealth are so unequally and unjustly distributed in the world; we lament a condition of things in which it is possible for a few to amass fabulous millions, whereby they can control the very sources of life, while millions of human beings must live from hand to mouth, if not in a state of actual need and starvation, and must at all times be beholden and subservient to money-bags for the miserable pittance to keep body and soul together.—Rabbi S. Safe, of St. Louis.

JOHN P. ALTGELD.

For The Public.

A brave, determined advocate of right,
Standing like adamant 'gainst lawless
might;

A broad-brained, level-headed statesman,
he—

To vindicate the truth, to aid the free,
To battle for mankind 'gainst tyrants
strong;

A living barrier 'gainst the hordes of
wrong;

A pillar holding up fair Freedom's tower;
A bulwark 'gainst imperial pomp and
power;

An anchor for fair Freedom's ship of state;
The man of destiny that tyrants hate.
Yet freemen love the man, revere his name,
Now written high upon the roll of fame.

CHARLES J. BEATTIE.

An Iowa judge relates an amusing incident that occurred in his court when a colored man was brought up for some petty offense. The charge was read, and as the statement "The State of Iowa against John Jones," was made in a loud voice, the colored man's eyes bulged out of their sockets, and he seemed perfectly overcome with terror and astonishment. When he was asked if he had anything to say, or pleaded guilty or not guilty, he gasped out: "Well, yo' honah, ef de whole State o' Iowa is agin this one pore nigger, I'se gwine to give up right now?"—Ex.

If raising an army and paying wages will create good times, why not raise an army of 5,000,000? Why not the greater the army the greater the prosperity? Who will pay the expenses?—Cleveland Citizen.

The landlord is recognized as a costly anachronism, whose moral claim, even to compensation for expropriation, is constantly getting weaker.—Matthew Arnold, as quoted by *London Daily News*.

Arctic Exploration.—For forty-five years we had been imprisoned by the ice, and our situation was become desperate. It was not likely that we could hold out forty-five years longer. In this juncture a ship appeared. An officer disembarked and came to us. "Who are you?" he asked, anxiously. "We are the Smith party," we replied. "You, doubtless, are our relief expedition." "No," said the officer, "the Jones party are your relief expedition. We are the relief expedition of the Jones party. So long." Merciful heavens! If we were not rescued soon, we should be too old to lecture!—*Detroit Journal*.

There are people in New York making pants for 12 cents that sell for \$4 to \$6—but they don't wear them. There are people in New York making suits for 69 cents that sell for \$18 and \$20—but they don't wear them. There are people in New York making shirts for 29 cents a dozen that sell for \$1 each—but they don't wear them. Only two classes of persons will defend a system under which such conditions exist—the brutal and the ignorant.—*Social Dem. Herald*.

"I thought I had him silenced," remarked the man whose mind stoops to small things. "But I hadn't." "To whom do you refer?" "That old inhabitant who is always declaring it's the hottest or coldest weather the city has known. I strolled up to him and said: 'This is very moderate weather we're having.' 'Yes,' said he, 'to my personal knowledge, it's the moderate weather we've had in sixty years.'"—*Washington Star*.

Dick Turpin is blamed (suppose) by some plain-minded person for consuming the means of other people's living. "Nay," says Dick to the plain-minded person, "observe how beneficently and pleasantly I spend whatever I get!" "Yes, Dick," persists the plain-minded person, "but how do you get it?" "The question," says Dick, "is insidious and irrelevant."—John Ruskin.

"There goes the most remarkable man in this town."

"What's remarkable about him?"

"He's the only successful merchant we have who doesn't claim to be a self-made man. He says he got rich through the faithfulness of the men that work for him."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Son—I don't want to go into any occupation that is overcrowded.

Father—Well, it's much better to go into some occupation that is overcrowded than to waste your time looking for one that isn't.—Puck.