

The triumph of Democracy—mankind to manhood grown."

Said Freedom to Columbia: "Turn from your evil course.  
No lasting good was e'er attained by the maled hand of force.  
Turn, to the Constitution your first great children laid;  
That early Declaration is a truth that cannot fade.  
Turn to the path of honor, back to the way of peace;  
Then shall thy hands be stainless, and this mad warfare cease.  
Turn to the great uplifting of the people in thy land;  
This is the greater conquest—most noble, and most grand."

ROBERT T. WHITELAW.

THE PRESIDENT'S VISIT TO NEW ORLEANS.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat of May 5.

Nlle Orleans, 2 Mai, 1901.—Mon cher Sylvestre—Ah, bot thass a gret day fo' the creole, w'ich it mean that visite we receive f'om M'sieu' Mackinley an' hees gov'ment by the r-r-railroad, us, yes.

An' mon cher Sylvestre, I say to yo', if I was not r-r-ripublican befo', me, no, I am now convince' the bess thing fo' yo' an' me, is fo' tie ou'se'f to the pa'ty w'ich have a man lak that Mackinley fo' head boss, it, him, yes.

Yo' was not at that banquet, no, mon cher cousin, bot ou' family they was theh, in evidence, yes, an' the way that president laugh, yes, w'en those band they play those song, "Pauvre piti Mamselle Zizi," it do me good, yes. Bot at the sem time I mos' say, w'en I see w'at those menu, they fo'ce him fo' h'eat, him—oui, mon cousin, I mos' say, I bleev' w'en M'sieu' Mackinley finish that diner, he go'ne find the second verse of that song ver' true, him, an' then he see w'y we call Mamselle Zizi "Pauvre piti," us, her, yes.

An' the way M'sieu' Mackinley he poke the fon on those democrat w'ich they sit an' think he say good thing.—yes, mon cousin, the way those president show to those peeps they ver' little diffunce between one Louisiana democrat, an' one Ohio ripublican, ah, it mek me think M'sieu' Mackinley, he h'only h'acquaint wit' Louisiana democrat' by the way they cas' they vote in congress, yes, an' not by the way they save the pa'ty w'en they mek spich in Claiborne strit, them, yes. An' w'en he talk, I notice ver' strong they was one gret man w'at he don' say not'ing, bot he twis' hees moustache, an' he wink the h'eye,—an' thass ou' fren' Murphy Fostaire, him.

An' I feel ver' moch oblige to the president fo' the kin' word he spik

of this place, him, an' the h'only thing I didn't lak, me, was that w'en he spik of Louisiane congressmen, he hold his head op, an' spik wit'out hesitate', him, bot w'en he spik about l'histoire of la Louisiane, he got fo' rid f'om paper, him. As fo' me, I lak him mo' if turn that thing the otheh way, yes.

Bot ees not the banquet w'ich it affor'd M'sieu' le President the mos' pleasure, no. Ees the parade an' the reception the nex' day, yes, w'at he lak, him. . . .

Me, I was at those history reception, yes, in those second ricorder court building, yes, w'en we hear spich by Professeur Fortier, in w'ich he ricall to M'sieu' Mackinley we got Historical museum in this ville, us, yes, an' he h'explain to M'sieu' Mackinley the dif-funce they is between buying a contry of w'ich the peeps is glad to be purchase', an' the payment of planty cash fo' peeps w'at riffuse to deliver theyse'f h'after they is pay for. At w'ich M'sieu' Mackinley, he smile ver' fonny smile h'on the lef' side hees face, an' say to the professeur he moch h'oblige, an' that he go'ne tek that rification into consideration, him, w'en he return to Washington, yes.

An' then, afteh he drink some pink lemonade, w'ich it don' go to hees haid, no, M'sieu' le President, he go h'on the balcony an' say to the peeps w'at they kip on the outside 'ow sorry he feel he can't stay yeh fo' the res' of his life, an' he tek ride on stimboat fo' see the place General Meyer go'ne convert into dry dock, yes, if M'sieu' le President don' h'objec', an' then afteh li'l' mo' spich, they turn him loose by the Morgan r-r-railroad by w'ich he liv fo' Beaumont fo' h'examine one oil mine of w'ich Hamrobinson he sell him the h'option.

An' thass h'all, mon cher cousin; bot thass a gret deal, yes. Thass the firs' time a president comes yeh since President Andrew Jackson come, an' he was not yet h'elect' w'en he come, that General Jackson, no.

An', between yo' an' me, Sylvestre, I h'agree wit' M'sieu' le Maire, w'en he say this a day fo' be mark wit' tombstone of w'ite kalsomine, fo' we will nevaire fo'get w'at tol' us by the president of les Etats Unis, no; if I don' mek mistake, some peeps w'at bleev they represent those democratic pa'ty in le congress, they ain' go'ne fo'get that visite, them, no, not fo' long time, them. Thass h'all. Vive l'empereur!

JACK LAFAIENCE.

ONE WAY TO CLEAN A CITY.

An interview with Charles A. Joslyn, Jr., published in the Chicago Record-Herald of May 5.

"The 'clean street' and 'beautiful city' problems that confront Chicago could be easily solved if each individual property owner took the proper interest in his own piece of ground and surroundings," says Charles A. Joslyn, Jr. Mr. Joslyn is perhaps better known to the public as the owner of "Golden Rule Park," a creation of his own, illustrating his own ideas, in his own way.

"I think I can safely say that I have the cleanest place in Chicago," he continued, "and considering the condition of the surroundings, the cleanest street in front and the cleanest alley behind my place. It doesn't take me an hour a week to keep it so, either. Any other man can do the same as I, and if every other property owner did, or had it done for him, the city would be a model of neatness.

"Now, if you'll just come out in the yard with me I'll show you how I do it," he went on. "I guess if we take in the street and the alley first it will be more methodical. Now, you see we have cedar block paving in the street, and though it is in rather bad shape, it is clean."

And it was clean, swept as thoroughly as a neat housewife's kitchen floor. Not a scrap of paper or a bit of dirt to be seen.

"I sweep this, with the help of my son, every Saturday morning. I sweep the length of my lot and half the width of the street. You see a few of my immediate neighbors have become imbued to some extent with my ideas, consequently nearly all the block is swept. The dirt is taken out in my chicken yard, where it soon turns to good soil, which in turn I use in my garden.

"The city street cleaning department hasn't been in this neighborhood for a year, and they wouldn't find anything to do if they should chance to put in an appearance. If I had my way I'd abolish the department—it's of no use. I believe that every property owner should do his own cleaning and have it done. As it is, we all pay taxes to have it done, and few of us ever get any benefit from it. If we had to do our own cleaning we would be sure to have it done properly.

"They make a lot of fun of the Hollanders, call them slow and all that, but they have the right idea about these things. In Amsterdam it has been the rule for years that every man should keep his own street front and

premises clean, and Amsterdam is the cleanest city in the world. The Dutch law is right. The man who makes the dirt ought to clean it up."

"But everyone doesn't live in a house, as you do," was suggested. "What would you have flat dwellers do?"

"The owners of the buildings should see to the cleaning—not necessarily do it themselves, but bear the expense. They might as well, they don't get their money's worth out of the city street cleaning department. And, besides, doesn't it add to the value of the property when the surroundings are cleanly? Now, come out in the alley and I'll show you something that will open your eyes." And he led the way through "Golden Rule Park," where the new grass is just beginning to peep out of the ground, the tulips and hyacinths are getting ready to bloom and the trees are blossoming out in all their springtime glory. There was a smell of fresh paint in the air and the seats and swing in the park shone brightly.

"You ought to see the park in the summertime," said Mr. Joslyn. "It's a regular Garden of Eden compared to some yards in this town. Come through the chicken yard into the alley, look out for paint there. Now, what do you think of this? Did you ever see such an alley?"

To tell the truth, it didn't look like an alley. The rear of the houses and sheds were the only incriminating features about it. But for these it could have easily passed itself off as a little side street in a real estate folder. The ground was swept as clean as the street in front of the house, with not a tin can, a scrap of paper or a bone in sight.

"Why, this isn't an alley, you have no garbage box," was said.

"What of it! I don't need one. We have no garbage. The refuse from the table and kitchen is put in an iron kettle and given to the chickens. Tin cans are put in a big box in the shed yonder and at intervals are buried in trenches in the yard, where they decay in a year or two.

"Bones are taken care of in the same manner, all inflammable stuff is gathered and at the end of the week is burned and the ashes put in the garden for fertilizer. Bricks and stones are used in making sidewalks and for various purposes. Everything is disposed of in the same way."

"What do you think of small parks?" was asked.

"We can't have too many of them, nor of public play grounds. There,

again, the Dutch are ahead of us. In Amsterdam they have these things. They have had them for many years. They are a good thing, as they keep the children off the streets and give them healthful places to exercise. It is almost as good as the country for them."

"Do you really think that Chicago could be made beautiful if your rules were followed?"

"Not my rules," he hastened to correct, "but if the golden rule was followed, yes."

#### PHILIPPINE INDEPENDENCE.

An editorial in the Hong-Kong Telegraph of March 28.

It is always as well to hear the two sides of a question before passing an opinion, and as the Manila papers have been filled of late with statements to the effect that the trouble in the Philippines was rapidly drawing to a close, we took the opportunity of interviewing Dr. Apacible, a prominent Filipino, who has lately returned here from Europe and America. As will be seen from the interview which we publish elsewhere, Dr. Apacible is still as confident as ever of the ability of the Filipinos to prolong the struggle indefinitely, and he thinks, as we do, that were the whole facts of the matter placed before the American public without bias, that a solution of the Filipino problem would be arrived at very shortly.

The United States authorities have all along attempted to pose as the liberators of the Filipinos, but, according to their own constitution, you cannot govern a people without their own consent, and this is just what the United States are now attempting to do in defiance of all their traditions. At the outset as we have repeatedly pointed out, the Filipinos were treated as the allies of the Americans, and although nobody but the persons concerned can say what promises were or were not made before the Filipinos consented to bear the brunt of the fighting and drive the Spaniards into Manila, facts speak for themselves.

The United States profess to be undesirous of acquiring anything but a foothold in Asia in order to establish a base for their fleet. This could be easily arranged, for their independence the Filipinos would willingly grant one or more coaling stations. American trade would flourish, we presume, just as freely under the Filipino as the American flag, and the United States would save millions of dollars and hundreds of lives in rec-

ognizing the independence of the Philippines as suggested by Dr. Apacible. Why not establish a protectorate? It would be far cheaper and more satisfactory, and who knows but that as the Filipinos come to know the American people better, they might not themselves apply to be included in the union?

#### AN INTERVIEW WITH DR. APACIBLE.

This interview is the one referred to in the editorial printed above, and appeared in the Telegraph of the same date.

In reply to a question as to the impressions he had received and the conclusions he had arrived at as a result of his travels, Dr. Apacible said: At present I can only give you a rough idea. I cannot enter into detail until such time as I am authorized to do so. In the first place, however, I saw that the government of the United States is either very badly informed as to the true situation in the Philippines, or else is very insincere in its statements. I incline toward the former supposition, though I fancy that there is a little of both mixed up in the doings and sayings of the government. I am by no means convinced that the whole of the citizens of the United States are antagonistic to us—that is to say wish to drown our independence and force upon us their sovereignty—nor are the bulk of the most conspicuous men, nor the people of the different states against us. The political passions that blind a proportion of them and the greed of a few others are, so far as I have been able to judge, the only factors that keep alive the spirit of expansion and war. The information and reports of their own tools and appointees constitute, if not the only fountain at which the administration drinks, at least the only one utilized. To this end men so appointed have sent reports and information of a most partial character in order to serve the interests of their own party. I am sure that when the American people come to know the truth of what is passing and what has passed in the Philippines, they will insist upon the administration according to us our legitimate demands.

Do you believe in the possibility of such a change taking place?

Yes, certainly, though perhaps not for some time to come. How? By our countrymen prolonging their resistance and so causing great expense to America and touching her heart by the loss of life occurring amongst her sons. This is perhaps