

"You don't believe in a protective tariff, then?" suggested the Shoe Clerk.

"Well—no," admitted the Inspired Idiot, "and yet if I had pulled myself up four miles by lifting on my bootstraps I don't know whether I'd jump back all at one jump."—Chicago Daily News of February 20.

A CAMPAIGN OF REVENGE.

Extracts from an article on "Punishment and Revenge in China," by Thomas F. Millard, published in Scribner's Magazine for February.

The war in China has already developed, on the part of the allied powers, three distinct phases—resistance, punishment and revenge. The first was natural, the second necessary. The third is criminal. . . .

This third phase of the trouble, insidiously begun as early as the middle of September, though it then gallantly flaunted some of the colors of real war, culminated in the expedition to Pao-ting-fu and the subsequent operations in the south and west of Chihli province. It may be unfair to place the entire responsibility for the campaign of revenge upon the Germans; but it is certain that it would have been promptly nipped in the bud had not Field Marshal Count von Waldersee appeared on the scene. . . .

In October, when the Germans took the field against the phantoms raised by the foreign resident, the Pao-ting-fu expedition was not a new idea. It had been on the tapis for some time. Suggested in the beginning of September, it had been postponed from time to time for a variety of reasons. At one time it was regarded as a military necessity, on the supposition that the place afforded the Boxers a mobilizing point from which they could descend with equal ease on Peking or Tientsin. Then, when the incorrectness of that view became evident, it was advocated as a measure of punishment, which meant revenge. Half a dozen dates had been fixed for the expeditionary force to start, but the weeks drifted by and still the chastisement of Pao-ting-fu was deferred. The country was as quiet as roving bands of brigands wearing the uniforms of the allied powers would permit it to be. Russia, Japan and the United States had declined to participate in any more offensive operations, and were reducing the number of their troops in China as rapidly as circumstances would permit. Gen. Chaffee, who is not given to braggadocio, had stated, in the presence of a number of officers, that he would undertake to march through China from the great

wall to Canton with a single troop of cavalry. . . .

On October 12 the Pao-ting-fu campaign was set in motion. Barnum's circus was never better advertised. Pao-ting-fu had even been formally warned of the wrath to come. The Tientsin division, some 4,000 strong, marched in three columns. Its story can be told in few words. Suffice to say that the 80,000 Boxers at Chao-pei-Khon did not materialize. The march was absolutely unopposed. At a village beyond Chao-pei-Khon a regiment of Bombay cavalry hacked to pieces a hundred or so supposed Boxers. An officer who saw this fight told me that all the Chinese thus slaughtered were unarmed. Most of them were sabered while on their knees praying for mercy. Even some of the Sepoy soldiers, who are not at all squeamish, shrunk before the task of hewing down helpless men. The division was delayed by duststorms and did not reach Pao-ting-fu until October 22. It was three days behind the Peking division, which arrived a week after the battalion of French had occupied the city.

The Peking division of 2,500 men (Germans, French and British), commanded by Gen. Gaselee, started on October 12. Gen. Gaselee seems to have had a more rational idea of the task before him than the commanders of the Tientsin column. He did not expect to encounter opposition. Li Hung Chang had dispatched runners from Peking to warn the imperial troops to keep out of the way of the foreign troops, who were to be treated as friends, not enemies. The fan-ti and tao-ti at Pao-ting-fu were also commanded to open the gates and provide food and quarters for the allies. Wu, the general in command of the Chinese imperial troops in that locality, tried hard to obey orders. In their efforts to keep out of the way of the Peking division, some of his soldiers bumped into the Tientsin division and were dispersed and deprived of their arms. Some of them were cut up by the Bombay cavalry. The remainder scattered in all directions.

The commander of the French battalion which took the city contented himself with occupying the gates and walls while he waited for the allies to come up, merely looting the treasury of 180,000 taels which it contained. He had been received cordially by the municipal officials and provided with food. On the day following his arrival, he dispatched a mes-

sage to Gen. Lorne-Campbell, from which this is quoted:

"You will be happy to learn that the gallant French soldiers under my command have succeeded in occupying Pao-ting-fu without slaughter."

I shall not attempt to depict the happiness of the British general when he received that message.

Gen. Gaselee reached Pao-ting-fu October 19, and billeted his command on villages outside the walls. A deputation of civic officials and prominent citizens waited upon him and volunteered to supply the troops with provisions, which had been collected in large quantities under Li Hung Chang's instructions, in anticipation of the arrival of the allies. For three days the troops remained outside the city, not even officers being permitted to enter. The Germans and Italians were furious. Officers openly fumed, protesting that the French were looting the city and that there would be nothing left. October 22 the Germans, French and Italians entered the city, which had been divided into four parts, each to be exclusively controlled by a different nationality. Gen. Gaselee would not permit the British troops to enter, and issued stringent orders against looting. These orders were obeyed as well as such orders may be. The officers and men grumbled a bit. "We might as well not have come," they said.

Of the British it must be said that on this expedition they behaved rationally, with few exceptions, a compliment which cannot be paid their allies. Your Indian soldier is, when not rigidly curbed, the most ravenous looter in China; which may seem a rash assertion. The British paid for most of the provisions they consumed. The Germans, with exquisite irony, paid in due-bills on the Chinese government. The French and Italians simply appropriated.

The effects of quartering the Germans, French and Italians in the city soon became apparent. When they moved in, conditions were about normal. The streets teemed with life, and the shops and markets did business as usual. By the next day nearly all the shops were closed and the markets vacated, except in the quarter policed by the British. The major part of the population had disappeared. The ways were comparatively deserted. Carts trundled by French, German or Italian soldiers, and laden with loot, could be seen everywhere. The town was evidently being pillaged deliberately and sys-

tematically. Now and then a woman's piercing scream broke from the muffling depths of a cluster of houses, and spent its echoes in the empty streets. Such sounds, with their sinister meaning, were frequent in the French and Italian quarters. Columns of smoke, lifting their snaky forms high above the thatched roofs, showed where fires were raging. Uncertainty and apprehension marked the faces of the residents who showed themselves. Coolies, who were to be had in any numbers, when the allies arrived, were hard to find, and soldiers with bayonets coerced them at their tasks. Three days of civilized rule accomplished a revolution.

When the allies occupied the city, a joint commission was appointed to investigate the outrages on and murders of the missionaries, and mete justice to the responsible authorities. This commission began sitting immediately in secret session. No correspondents were permitted to be present. Evidence was secured on which the fan-ti and a number of officials were condemned to death. It was further decreed that the temple of the city's tutelary god be destroyed, as well as many other temples, and the gate-towers leveled. The corner of the wall, where some of the missionaries were executed, was also to be razed. These are degradations terrible to the Chinese mind. It was decided that the city should not be burned, provided all persons implicated in the anti-foreign riots were delivered to the commissioners. Thus was Pao-ting-fu to be punished.

Three days elapsed after the French reached the city, before the imprisoned Green family learned of their presence. A faithful Chinese servant conveyed to the French information of the Greens's predicament, and their release was immediately demanded of the fan-ti. I shall not dwell here on the harrowing story of the suffering of the Greens, nor relate the details of the murder of the other missionaries at Pao-ting-fu. Evidence given before the joint commission developed that the women were not outraged before being put to death, which conveys a certain consolation. The mob must have been in some degree orderly, for a sort of trial was held before the missionaries were condemned. This does not palliate the offense. Rather does it aggravate it, for it implies deliberation. The little Green girl, wasted by hardship and disease,

died a few days after the allies reached Pao-ting-fu, and Mr. Green was not expected to survive. I can easily understand the indignation which the suffering of this unfortunate family, and those of other missionaries, will cause throughout the civilized world. There is a pathos in the helpless agony of children which powerfully strikes the heart-strings. But, to me, the spectacle of a Chinese baby torn from its dead mother and bayoneted or thrown to drown in a river, is as pathetic as if that child were white. Such scenes have been common enough since the allied troops occupied China. The graves of the Simcox and Green children might be inclosed by a fence, each picket bearing the name of a Chinese boy or girl who has, within the three months just passed, suffered worse at the hands of men whose skins are white. Against the awful background of this war, the death of the few missionaries is lost in the mists of a ghastly perspective.

Had relief come sooner the little Green girl might have been saved. For full two months the situation of the family had been known in Tientsin and Peking. Several expeditions were organized to succor them, but the anxiety of the Germans to participate in some movement which could be given a color of importance caused it to be deferred. I assert this to have been the real reason, no matter what inconsequential excuses may be given. Nor can I conceive anything more ridiculous or farcical than this expedition when it did finally, with all the pomp of war, move on the enemy which the imagination of its leaders had conjured up. Any sane view of the situation would have sent a lieutenant and a troop of cavalry early in September to bring the Greens to Tientsin. Instead, a month later, 7,000 or 8,000 troops, with a strong artillery, reached the city, to find it in the peaceful possession of a single battalion of Frenchmen. The taking of Pao-ting-fu, when it was taken, was a job for a sergeant and squad of police. Yet it was magnified into a campaign fit to baptize a field marshal's baton. And the little child was dead.

However, the Pao-ting-fu campaign was not without its battles. A few days after the city was taken, a British Indian soldier reported that he had been fired upon from a near-by village, and exhibited a wound in proof. A detachment of lancers was dispatched to punish the village, which it did with enthusiasm, impaling some scores of

unarmed inhabitants on its lances. A correspondent who witnessed this fight (?) described it to me as a most sickening sight. "Pure murder," was his comment.

That same day a report reached Pao-ting-fu that a French patrol had fought a bloody fight to the eastward and suffered a loss of 76. Investigation proved that one Frenchman had been injured by the falling of some brick while he was battering in the door of a house. Unarmed Chinese, as usual, provided the "loss."

The Pao-ting-fu expedition furnished the excuse to march an army into a region hitherto only scratched by the hand of pillage. The expeditionary army was the body from which scores of smaller forces (called scouting parties, reconnaissances, or whatever you like that sounds military), issued forth, licensed to burn, loot and murder, and fulfilling their license to the letter. These detachments scoured the country, living off it, and making war at will upon the inhabitants. Yes, literally making war, where no war existed.

A civilian who accompanied the expeditionary force had, when he left Tientsin, only a few dollars, and rode a borrowed horse. When he returned, he had two horses, four mules, 1,000 taels in sice, and two carts laden with miscellaneous loot. At Pao-ting-fu he left the troops and returned over a part of the country where the allies had not been. He was accompanied only by a Chinese servant and guide. At each town and village through which he passed he announced himself to be a "top-side English war man," and demanded tribute, which the head men promptly produced according to their wealth. Two nights he slept in walled towns, the only foreigner within 20 miles, and was entertained at the yamens of the tao-tis, who knocked their heads on the floor in his presence. Armed only with a revolver, he trav-

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eled alone from Pao-ting-fu to Tientsin by unfrequented paths, far aside from the line of march of the returning column, and collected tribute by the way. He has already sold his loot and departed after more. This is a sample of what is daily occurring in North China. A reign of terror holds the land enthralled.

To the north, along the Gulf of Pechili, the French and Russians have been committing the most unpardonable atrocities. At Shan-hai-Kuan the market for produce was established three miles from the town, as the venders cannot be induced to come nearer the French and Russian camps. Even at Taku, Russian soldiers were detected robbing coolies of the 15 cents a day which they receive for working at the United States quartermaster depot. Their common enemy having disappeared, the allies are bickering among themselves. Every day that large bodies of troops remain in China adds to the roll of murders and lengthens the list of burned villages. Their conduct is a provocation which may even wear through the miraculous patience of the Chinese and create a new war out of the ashes of the old. The present is a hiatus of irresponsibility. Seized with a vertigo of indiscriminating vengeance, the powers are trifling with the peace of the world. Events such as the months of September, October and November brought to China have carried war back to the Dark Ages, and will leave a taint in the moral atmosphere of the world for a generation to come.

THE FILIPINO SOLDIER.

For The Public.
On a battlefield in Luzon,
Lying there among the dead,
Was a Filipino soldier
With a bullet thro' his head.

He had fought to save his country—
For his country he had died;
And he should have been successful,
For the right was on his side.

He had left his wife and children
When he heard his country's call,
And for liberty and freedom
He had given up his all.

He had given up his children,
He had given up his wife,
He had given up his fortune,
He had given up his life.

But it all had served no purpose,
All his efforts had been vain;
And he lay among his comrades,
With a bullet in his brain.

But has it served no purpose?
Have his efforts all been vain?
If they have, then, God forgive us,
Liberty indeed is slain.
LEOPOLD SULZBERGER (16 years of age).

If every attempt at epoch-making were successful the supply of epochs would be greatly in excess of the demand.—Puck.

JANUARY MAGAZINES.

—Words of Truth Series. Quarterly (Battle Creek, Mich.: Review and Herald Publishing Co. Price, 10 cents per year; 3 cents each) contains a presentation of the nature of hypnotism.

—Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science. Bi-Monthly (Philadelphia: American Academy of Political and Social Science. London: P. S. King & Son, 2 Great South, street, Westminster. Price, \$5.00 a year; \$1.00 a number) contains a notable communication on "The Function of Saving," in which L. G. Bosted lucidly and satisfactorily refutes Bohm-Bawerk's theory that saving is the primary factor in the formation of capital.

FEBRUARY MAGAZINES.

—Home and Flower (Springfield, O.: The Floral Publishing Co. Price one dollar per year).

—The International Socialist Review (Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Price, \$1 a year; ten cents a copy) leads with a paper by the editor, A. M. Simons, on the relation of the United States to world politics, as seen from a socialist point of view, which is followed by a socialistic solution of the negro problem.

—Why (Cedar Rapids, Ia.: Frank Vierth. Price, 25 cents a year; 5 cents a copy) is given over to an article in which "things that are up-side-down are turned right-side-up." The article is a novelty in single tax discussion, and though printed anonymously might bear the author's name without discrediting him.

—The Quarterly Journal of Economics (Boston: George H. Ellis, 272 Congress street. London: Macmillan & Co. Edited by F. W. Taussig. Price, \$3.00 per annum) devotes to a survey and criticism of the literature of trusts by Prof. Charles J. Bullock of Williams college. The survey is extensive and the criticisms direct. One of the things that Prof. Bullock emphasizes deserves more consideration than it usually receives, and is coming more and more to be realized in actual experience. It is this: That "the growth of a business enterprise is limited by the fact that companies of a certain size will secure 'maximum efficiency' of investment, and that beyond this point concentration brings no increase in productive capacity." In other words, combination has its economic limitations. And that is doubtless true, except as to combinations of monopolies. Prof. Bullock is especially satisfactory also, though somewhat over-cautious, when he asks if it would "not be well to make a genuine trial of competition before condemning it for producing evils which are greatly increased by governmental interference with industrial freedom." He adds that "competition cannot be proved a failure until it is given a trial."

MARCH MAGAZINES.

—The Chautauquan (Cleveland: The Chautauquan Assembly. Price, two dollars a year; two cents a copy).

The Arena (New York: The Alliance Publishing Co. Price \$2.50 per year; 50 cents a number), has an article on crushing trusts, by Judge Clark, of North Carolina; and one on direct legislation, by Eltweed Pomeroy.

The edition of "The Public" this week is 6,000.

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