

when the mechanic gets to be a rich capitalist he still wants more; and if he cannot get it in fair business rivalry, he is not always above securing it through railroad rebates, private car "blinds," "icing" charges, ship subsidies, etc. Indeed, they do say that he has been known to go to the extent of "influencing" legislatures to help him to more than he could otherwise get. And "the more he gets the more he wants." But no matter how much he gets—one million, two million, ten million, twenty, fifty, one hundred million dollars—the "cupidity" of the man who gets the least, and asks for more, surprises him; grieves him sorely!

Yes, give a Jamaican Negro laborer toast and coffee, and it's more than likely he'll be asking for sugar and cream.

Give a banker the right to issue bank notes to the face value of his government bonds, and he's sure to ask the privilege of issuing "asset currency" to boot!

Give the earth to a railroad magnate, and he'll demand that it be exempt from taxation—and he'll get pretty nearly what he asks for.

Still, it fairly stupefies Mr. Bumble when Oliver asks for "more"!

EDWARD HOWELL PUTNAM.

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**"MANIFEST DESTINY."**

For The Public.

"Benevolent assimilation"  
Is still at its grewsome task;  
Not once in its manifold efforts  
Has fallen the pious mask.

Nor even when torture of natives  
Was woven into a jest,  
Nor at capture of Aguinaldo  
Through cunning ruse of a guest.

Each act was extolled in its season,  
In a series of similar crimes  
On our history's page recorded,  
Of these most prosperous times.

Meanwhile we are gazing at Russia,  
Aghast at her frightful scenes,  
The blackest of which can but rival  
Our own in the Philippines.

Where "benevolent assimilation"  
With Machiavellian wiles  
Still remembers the first "plain duty"  
We owe to our stolen isles.

Where, under a "strenuous" ruler,  
But lately, for duty's sake,  
Six hundred more natives were lying  
Like grass in the mower's wake;

With their women and children mingled,  
Crushed into the common grave,  
Close clinging to husbands and fathers,  
Out of the question to save.

And the wholesale feat was accomplished  
At only a trifling cost;  
Of our brave American soldiers  
Only seventeen were lost.

The cheap-won, blood-dyed laurels  
Belong to General Wood;  
And our worshipful spoil-appraisers  
Still call his handiwork good.

We boast of our peace-loving rulers,  
And gains of one-sided war;  
Our long-sighted national conscience,  
Spying but evils afar.

We are used to the trick of glamor,  
To the windings of disguise,  
To the steering of wily pilots  
Through a mist of goodly lies.

D. H. INGHAM.

**THE MORO MASSACRE.**

Letter by Moorfield Storey, President of the Anti-Imperialist League.

The cable from Manila brings us the news of an exploit by which, in the words of the President, our soldiers "have upheld the honor of the American flag" and over which this civilized Christian nation is expected to rejoice. What is it?

The island of Jolo is one of the smaller Philippine islands. Its area by the last encyclopaedia is given at 333 square miles, and its population cannot be large, as the same authority gives the population of the whole Sulu archipelago, consisting of 188 islands, with a total area of 2,029 square miles, as 22,620. In a crater at the top of a steep mountain were gathered a body of Moros, or, as Gen. Wood in his official report says, the position was "defended by an invisible army of Moros." This place was attacked by our troops, and, to quote the official report, "all the defenders of the Moro stronghold were killed. Six hundred bodies were found on the field. \* \* \* The action resulted in the extinction of a band of outlaws."

What was their offense? Gen. Wood describes it by saying that they were men "who, recognizing no chief, had been raiding friendly Moros, and who, owing to their defiance of the American authorities, had stirred up a dangerous state of affairs."

A later unofficial report says that "the families of the Moros remained in the villages located in the center of the crater at the apex of the mountain, and the women and children mingled with the warriors during the battle to such an extent that it was impossible to discriminate, and many were killed in the fierce onslaught."

The severity of the resistance may be gathered from the fact that though the Moros were described as having an almost impregnable position, our forces lost only 18 killed and 52 wounded.

No prisoners were taken. No wounded remained alive when the conflict was over and 600 human beings were slain without mercy. Not even women and children in the villages were spared. Every American must regret deeply when any of our brave countrymen are killed or wounded, but that regret must be far greater when they are sent to their deaths for such work as this.

Suppose we had heard that the British had dealt thus with a Boer force, that the Turks had so attacked and slaughtered Armenians, that colored men had so massacred white men, or even that 600 song birds had been slaughtered for their plumage, would not our papers have been filled with protests and expressions of horror? They "recognized no chief and had been raiding friendly Moros." What was their side of the story? No man lives to tell it. They have been exterminated. Is it possible that this is all the greatest and freest nation in the world, as we like to believe ourselves, can do for a people over whom we insist on extending our benevolent sway?

This outrage unhappily is only one in a series. The bloody record of Philippine conquest tells of many battles where Filipinos were killed, but none were wounded and no prisoners were taken; of systematic torture, of villages destroyed by wholesale, of cruel reconcentrations, of brutality in every form. The responsibility for this cruel policy—certainly the responsibility for this last crime—is with the President and the secretary of war. If they had really desired to stop this work, they could have done it, but they have taken the opposite course. Save Gen. Smith, who was made a scapegoat when the public conscience was aroused by the horrors of Samar, no officer has been punished for cruelty. Bell, Waller, Howse and

others who were the immediate actors have been honored and promoted. Miles, Hunter and others who pleaded for humaner methods have been discredited and abused. Brutality has been rewarded, humanity has been punished. The President now congratulates Gen. Wood on his "brilliant feat of arms" and praises this wholesale murder. It is idle to claim that it was a battle. There is no body of men, women or children not one of whom will ask for mercy. In no desperate battle are losses so unequal.

The spirit which slaughters brown men in Jolo is the spirit which lynches black men in the South. When such crimes go unpunished, far more when the men who commit them are praised and rewarded, the youth of the country is taught an evil lesson. Race prejudice is strengthened and the love of justice, the cornerstone of free institutions, is weakened. When a man is lynched the community which tolerates the offense suffers more than the victim. When we honor brutality in our army we brutalize ourselves. Our colleges have failed if they have not taught a better civilization than this, our churches have failed if this is their Christianity.

These Moros were robbers, it is said. Alas, what are we? We who went as their allies and friends, who made a treaty with them to be kept while it suited our convenience and then repudiated, and who now have robbed them of their country, their freedom and finally of their lives. Have they ever injured us that we invade their little island and kill them in their homes? "They do not know how to govern themselves." That is our excuse, and how do we govern them? We have shown them how little we regard our agreements, and when they "stir up a dangerous state of affairs" we exterminate them. Thus we teach the Filipinos what American civilization means.

This nation cannot escape the inexorable law, which was stated by Emerson, "The dice of God are always loaded. \* \* \* Every crime is punished. \* \* \* Every wrong redressed in silence and certainty." Why must we persist in a policy which is repugnant to all our beliefs, which has lowered all our standards, which brings us no material profit, which has reduced the unhappy Filipinos to misery and which has placed upon our flag so many indelible stains of which the blood shed in the massacre of Jolo is the latest! Are we so low that we must applaud such deeds?

The responsibility for them in the last resort rests upon the American people. They cannot shift it to their servants unless they condemn such acts. Their silence is approval. Their approval makes them partners in the crime.

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## A HALF HOUR WITH OPIE READ.

The Distinguished Novelist Believes with Leo Tolstoy That Land Monopoly Is the "Great Iniquity."

Reported by J. L. Caldwell, for the Amarillo (Tex.) Herald, Dec. 1905.

On Sunday last, at the Amarillo hotel, I was granted an interview with Opie Read. But your space being limited—as well as my capacity for repeating his elegant English, it must suffice to submit only the substance in a crude way of the main points as follows:

"Mr. Opie Read, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," kindly responded the great lecturer and novelist.

"Caldwell is my name—a newspaper man—now out of commission."

"Happy to meet you, be seated, have a cigar?"

"Thanks, and later on you may be made happy again—to part. You must understand at the start that I am a self-confessed crank, and as they are becoming so common, such men as yourself always meet them, and find no dearth of gratuitous suggestions."

"Oh, but remember, I am a student, seeking information, and must look to the cranks for the freshest. Proceed."

"You are from Ohio, I am told."

"Well, while being a native of Tennessee, I am mostly from Chicago, some from Ohio, more from New York, and a good deal from Philadelphia, with a smattering from San Francisco."

"Indeed! Following the wake of the recent political cyclone."

"Following the wake? No, sir, not in the wake but in the thing itself—and it was a waking up, too, you may be assured. But the political sky is clearer."

"Correct, Mr. Read, as to the political sky, but your time being precious, I must hurry to my theme. Of course you know of Tom L. Johnson, the mayor of Cleveland?"

"The mayor of Cleveland! Yes, and he has been mayor of Cleveland several terms, and getting more so every year. It is refreshing, too, to know of such a democratic Democrat running the Republican town that matured a Mark Hanna, and is now nursing a Rockefeller. Fact is there are lots of democratic Republicans in Ohio and Tom is corraling them. It was Tom's automobile hitched onto Paterson that pulled him into the governorship."

"Yes, Mr. Read, but Mayor Johnson is afflicted with a special hobby that is catching; has even hobbled me and I am here to diagnose you. Johnson is a single taxer."

"Give me your hand! Mr. Caldwell, I am glad of meeting you. Yes, sir. Mayor Johnson's democracy culminates in the excellence of the single tax."

"But Mr. Read, do you differ in no respect with him regarding the doctrine of equal free access to the earth?"

"Well, Opie Read isn't up to differ with Tom Johnson on that point, nor with the Prophet of San Francisco, nor with Tolstoy, nor with Paul either, for that matter."

"Then, Mr. Read, tell me why there is anybody who should not see the justice, the righteousness of the doctrine."

"Why, the reason is plain. It is according to nature for the physical eyes of puppies to be days opening; and so it is just as natural for the political eyes of men to open by degrees."

"Thank you, that reminds; the truth was so exemplified right here in Amarillo on Thanksgiving day. Ex-Governor Browning, one of the best men in all Texas, in his address on 'Reasons for Thanksgiving on Economic lines,' among other things in substance said: 'Why, you people in the Panhandle know that five years ago lands brought only one dollar an acre, and now the same cannot be got for less than ten or fifteen dollars, a marked evidence of prosperity.'

"Well, Judge Browning was right in its being prosperity for the land speculator, but that is a one-sided, jug-handled kind. The land dealer speculates on the necessity of the people until he gets all there is in it, then he silently folds his tent and as silently steals away to other and greener fields only to repeat his forestalling process. Else, holding more than he himself can use, he demands annual, aye, monthly,