

doctrine of local self-government and who believe that the people of a community are capable of determining what is best for them, will find it difficult to oppose the amendment. In the first place the experiment cannot be tried unless a majority of the people of the county desire it, and after it has been tried the people of the county have a right to determine whether the system shall be continued or changed. What objection can the people of one county make if the people of another county favor the experiment? Every good citizen is anxious for the ultimate triumph of every correct principle, and the correctness of a principle can only be determined by experiment. A theory must be tested by experience before it can secure any extended indorsement. If the single tax theory proves to be a good one, it will spread. If it proves unsatisfactory, it will be abandoned, but whether it spreads or is abandoned, good and not harm will come from the amendment which has been submitted to the people of Colorado. To withdraw it now would indicate either a fear that the people will not act wisely in their own matters or a fear that the single tax principle may, if tried, prove successful. The democrats and populists of Colorado cannot afford to entertain either fear.—William J. Bryan, in *The Commoner* of Feb. 21.

THE HORRIBLE ROAD WE HAVE ENTERED UPON.

The following article appeared as an editorial in the issue for Dec. 13, 1901, of *The Manila Freedom*, published in Manila, P. I., Edward F. O'Brien, editor. It was read in the United States senate Jan. 28 by Hon. H. M. Teller.

Nothing can be accomplished in the Philippines until force has defeated permanently the enemy. It is useless to fool ourselves. We have tried civil government; we have placed prominent Filipinos in high places; we have prated of Americanism and progress, and with what results? Batangas, Samar, Tayabas, Laguna—and the list might be extended to cover the entire archipelago—all show the results. There is as much insurrection fomenting here as there was three years ago, and there will be as much three years from now.

There is only one remedy. The military must be supreme—must be given absolute control of the situation. There must be an army of at least 75,000 men here, and the desired end will be accomplished sooner with 100,000. The Filipinos must be defeated, absolutely and unconditionally defeated.

They must be swept aside at no matter what cost.

Reconcentration—the same reconcentration which we deplored in Cuba—must be used. Those who evidence a desire to be peaceful must be gathered in camps or towns and protected by American troops. America, unlike Spain in Cuba, must furnish, if necessary, to these people the means of life when their supplies run out. In return they must be made to assist in the erection of trenches and military works.

All source of livelihood must be cut off from the enemy in the field. The navy must furnish sufficient vessels to patrol the island and prevent filibustering, for we are blind when we deny that the enemy is receiving encouragement from the exterior.

Americans must occupy the positions of responsibility. There are places for but few Filipinos in the government until all armed resistance is put down once for all.

The results of a policy of this sort must be severe. Thousands of lives will pay the forfeit, but it is the only way to accomplish the desired end. The captures or death of Lukban and Malvar will not end the insurrection—no more than the capture of a hundred others has ended it. For every leader who falls there are a dozen ready to fill his shoes.

The time has come when the matter must be viewed from the front. We have fooled ourselves, and we have made ourselves the dupes of those whom we have trusted. The money we pay, supposedly for peace, is going to strengthen the insurrection. It is time to admit that we have made a grand mistake and undo the skein we have tangled. We must go back to the crossroads and take the other path.

They tell us that capital will conquer the islands. But when is capital coming? Will it come when it is as much as life is worth to go through the islands without a body-guard? The answer is "No!" Capital will come to the islands only when peace reigns, and according to our present procedure we will never have peace.

We are only fostering a spirit which will eventually defeat us. This may not come about through the force of arms, but it is bound to come about through the taxpayers of the United States who will refuse to sanction an unending and eminently costly warfare.

Let us have peace, and as a sure means of peace let us have warfare

unconditional, and warfare in the sense in which warfare is really meant.

DEMOCRACY AND IMPERIALISM.

In embracing imperialism—that is, the doctrine of racial ascendancy and territorial aggression—democracy sins against its own principles. If and so far as it was held that democracy would never sin against its own principles, that is certainly a "shattered delusion." But then it was never at all a plausible illusion. Everything human sins against its own principles, and why democracy should be exempt from the weaknesses that beset all other institutions and creeds there is nothing to show. * * * The errors of democratic imperialism are an argument against ascribing supreme wisdom to any self-governing people, but clearly are no argument against leaving people to govern themselves. It is not democratic self-government but democratic imperialism that is condemned, and the only illusion that is destroyed is the belief, if it ever was definitely held, that a people enjoying self-government could never be imperialist. That was, indeed, a hasty belief, for it implied an expectation that self-government would change human nature. The love of ascendancy is not peculiar to any one class or race, nor does it arise from any special form of government. All men, as Mill long ago remarked, love power more than liberty. All nations are, with opportunity, more or less aggressive. All are firmly persuaded that in their most inexcusable aggressions they are acting purely on the defensive. * * * We in England, through long immunity, had become wholly ignorant of the nature of the passions raised by war. History does not tell us much of these things. It preserves the glory of war, but suppresses its barbarities and its meannesses. It says little of that secondary war of tongues which accompanies the war of weapons and keeps up the flame of passion. It preserves the fair exterior of chivalry, and does not turn its light on the calumnies, the barbarities, the credulity as of savages which luxuriate in the national mind in war time. I remember shortly before the war broke out asking one of the ablest and most consistent opponents of the policy of aggression whether he did not think that those who were then shouting for war would not, when it came, be revolted by its realities. My friend, who remembered the Crimean war, took a very different view, and gave me clearly to understand

that from the first moment of bloodshed it would be all over with argument.—The London Speaker.

AN OPEN LETTER TO GOV. YATES.
For The Public.

Excellent Sir:

Permit me to suggest that in your next message to our legislature you embody a recommendation for the passage of a law to compel poor mothers to accept some reasonable compensation for surplus children, thus permitting ladies of the higher classes to enjoy the privileges of proxy motherhood without enduring the pangs of maternity. The necessity of such a law was brought to my attention by an article in the Chicago Inter Ocean of February 12, Lincoln's birthday. It appears that a woman of the lower class, with seven children, declined to allow a lady of our class to take one of her burdens off her hands, though the upper class lady offered \$5,000 for the privilege of becoming the child's guardian. No wonder the poor become poorer while they persist in such folly, and it occurs to me that they should be protected from the results of their own improvidence by the strong arm of the law.

Think of it! Here is a poor woman with seven children to support. A herculean task, truly. A kind-hearted lady offers not only to relieve her of one-seventh of the burden, but at the same time to lighten the other six-sevenths by a payment of \$5,000. Not only does the mother refuse, but she is encouraged by a host of sentimentalists because of her obduracy.

Is there no way for the state to punish such a mother? If not, some method should be contrived at the earliest possible moment. Such heartless selfishness as this mother displayed in the instance cited should be crushed out by law. Not only has she deprived one of her children of a good home, a liberal education and fine prospects for a superior career, but the remaining six are denied the hundreds of comforts that the income of \$5,000 might have provided them in perpetuity. Not only this, but she has deprived a philanthropic woman of the higher class of an opportunity to exercise her generosity. And all this merely to gratify her own selfishness.

No right-thinking persons can condone this mother's bigotry. In citing this case to a friend he quoted the following lines:

"Which shall it be? Which shall it be?"
I looked at John—John looked at me;

Dear patient John, who loves me yet
As well as though my locks were jet.
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak;
"Tell me again what Robert said!"
And then I, listening, bent my head.
"This is the letter:

"I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If, in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye be given."
I looked at John's old garments worn,
I thought of all that John had borne
Of poverty, and work, and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share;
I thought of seven mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this.

"Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep." So, walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band.
First to the cradle frail we stepped,
Where Lillian the baby slept,
A glory 'gainst the pillow white.
Softly the father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in a loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said: "Not her."
We stooped beside the trundle-bed,
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so pitiful and fair;
I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek,
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
"He's but a baby, too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.

Pale, patient Robbie's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace.
"No, for a thousand crowns, not him,"
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.
Poor Dick, bad Dick, our wayward son,
Turbulent, reckless, idle one—
Could he be spared? "Nay, He who gave,
Bade us befriend him to the grave;
Only a mother's heart can be
Patient enough for such as he;
And so," said John, "I would not dare
To send him from her bedside prayer."
Then stole we softly up above,
And knelt by Mary, child of love.
"Perhaps for her 't would better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in willful way,
And shook his head. "Nay, love, not thee,"
The while my heart beat audibly.
Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad—
So like his father. "No, John, no—
I cannot, will not let him go."
And so we wrote in courteous way,
We could not drive one child away.
Happy, in truth, that not one face
We missed from its accustomed place.

Now think of quoting such mawkish sentimentalism when the good of society is at stake. But it seems as though we cannot undertake anything for the benefit of the poor without having to look for some silly child's-reader stuff being flung at us. The same poor crank who quoted those lines gave voice to some such absurdity as this: "As society is constituted it looks selfish to you that the poor mother refused what seems a glittering offer. But may that not

be because society is not properly constituted?"

Now a man who would ask such a question as that deserves to be quite as poor as he really is. His railing at our established civilization shows him to be, at heart, no better than an anarchist.

It were indelicate to point out to your excellency the need of sparing the women of our class the pains of child-bearing, were the occasion less important; but the growing social duties of the ladies of our class make such demands on them that some remedy should be projected. Unfortunately the lady in the case mentioned by the Inter Ocean set a deplorable precedent in offering so large a sum as \$5,000. One-tenth that figure would have been ample. And I suggest that imprisonment for a long term, at hard labor, be imposed on any mother of the poor class who refuses \$500 for any child desired by a childless matron of the upper class.

May I hope for your excellency's kindly attention to this suggestion?

Yours obediently,

HERMAN KUEHN.

THE MORAL RESPONSIBILITY OF
NATIONS.

A portion of an address delivered by the Rev. Martin D. Hardin at the Lincoln League banquet in Minneapolis, Feb. 12.

If ever there lived a statesman who believed that nations are morally accountable to a just God, it was Abraham Lincoln. He recognized as clearly as any Hebrew prophet of old that there is a moral order in the universe before which individuals and nations must bow in humble submission, or pay to the last farthing for their transgressions of its demands. He knew that the scales of an exact justice would never be unbalanced. Hear him say:

If it must be that I must go down because of this speech, then let me go down linked to truth—die in the advocacy of what is right and just. This nation cannot live on injustice; a house divided against itself cannot stand.

This is a world of compensation, and he who would be no slave, must consent to have no slaves. Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not themselves, and under a just God cannot long maintain it.

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.

These are characteristic words of this heroic man, whose very greatness lay in his power to disentangle ingenious lies, made for expediency's sake, from about each question, and to resolve the question into a form whereby it could be easily answered in the light of eternal moral prin-