

"And what is the use of making human nature an apology for mean, ignoble motives?" questioned Jeannette. "Without a higher ideal there is no real development, but inevitable retrogression."

"But what is the good of Nekhludoff's unselfishness in offering himself a living sacrifice to a degraded woman like Maslova, who does not even comprehend his high ideal?" pursued MacMillin, changing the direction of his objections.

"Beg pardon. But in this case Maslova's ideal was higher than that of Nekhludoff. It was not sacrifice and restitution that she wanted. It was love. In declining to accept his offer of marriage she was more unselfish than he in making it. He was seeking simply atonement for his sin. She was saving him from deeper profanation of the love which, under all her degradation, burned with sacred fire in the holy of holies in her soul."

And Jeannette, taking up the book, pushed on to the act of Nekhludoff giving away his landed estates to the uncomprehending and scarcely grateful peasants.

"Why, that is a wonderful tribute from the Russian count to our American Henry George," commented MacMillin, with large emphasis on the nationality of a writer whom he knew by hearsay only. "Why don't single taxers make a leaflet of that passage in 'Resurrection' for free circulation among millionaires and grasping landlords in general?"

"Possibly they find the real doctrine too crudely presented," said Jeannette, ignoring the sarcastic laugh attending the suggestion. "But single taxers, and every other lover of honor, justice, truth and fair dealing, must love this book for its fearless analysis of human character and motive, for its scathing denunciation of the hypocrisies of church and state, and for its clear presentation of the divine law of love as the rule of all private and public action."

"Yes—ye-es," drawled Mac, wearily. "But, after all, what is the upshot of all this tragedy and suffering? You have read the book, I perceive. Save me from the agony of sympathizing with these poor wretches by showing how in the inevitable state of things the misery can be prevented."

Jeannette turned to Nekhludoff's simple study of the Gospels which unfolded to his own understanding a perfectly clear course of action in every condition and relation of life.

"That might do for a Nekhludoff, who is only Tolstoy in another guise," said MacMillin, with his air of worldly wisdom. "Think of leaving the criminal unjudged and unpunished because we are ourselves sinners!" he exclaimed, with virtuous wrath. "Such a state of affairs—I don't care on what authority—would unsettle the very foundations of social order, and bring chaos and confusion that would wreck our civilization. It is anarchism—*anarchism* pure and simple, and a menace to society and the government which would be speedily overturned by the acceptance and practice of such doctrines!"

Jeannette smiled at the speaker's excitement. "Have you found 'Resurrection' 'dramatic and moving' enough?" she questioned. "It serves its purpose if it makes us think. What, after all, are the shaking foundations that you fear but the breaking up of customs and conventions which have crystallized around principles falsified and perverted by human selfishness? Cut loose from your conventionalized habits of thought—or lack of thought—and look at these Gospel laws from the standpoint of reason, unbiased by self-seeking, and see what an illumination they cast on all our vexed questions! They need no interpretation to our inner consciousness. A simple statement of them may bring us to our knees in an adoration and longing that the preachments of the church have not inspired. Think of the higher civilization we may enjoy when every individual and every nation is governed by these simple Gospel laws!"

"But—" objected MacMillin.

"Think!" insisted Jeannette.

A. L. M.

THE FILIPINO LINE OF ARGUMENT.

A letter written by a soldier in the Philippine islands, under date of Manila, January 21, 1901, to the Philippine Information Society of Boston, with permission to publish. We reprint from the Springfield American of May 24, 1901. The writer of the letter calls it "An Interview with an Irreconcilable," and says of the interview: "Believe me, while we talked, not the faintest intention of reporting his words or mine ever for one moment occurred to me. It lacks the merits of the professional interview, and the demerits, too. For each of us was in dead earnest to mutually reveal his mind, and in a measure I know we did so."

I was returning to my company, stationed in Nueve Ecyá, after a few days' leave of absence from my regi-

ment in Manila. I boarded the train just as it was pulling out of the Tondo station, shouted farewell to my friend, with apologies for leaving him to settle my score with the charioteer, and then looked round at the third-class compartment I had scaled. Deference to the Manila Railway company and the law of the libel prevent my saying more than this. (I quote a veteran who knows the line.) The second class is better because it has all the doors knocked off, while the doors of the third class have survived, obstructing the view and preventing the free egress of air and smuts from the engine. Never mind. "Laetus vorte mea" was the motto of a very young soldier, as Mrs. Ewing said, and it must do for the older soldier, too, if he is worth his mettle. So a smile of satisfaction lighted up my face as I contemplated the filthy vehicle in which my lot was to be cast for the next couple of hours. The crowd of Filipino passengers reviewed and discussed their obstructive baskets of multifarious purchases, prattling among themselves incessantly the while. But it was the young man who sat silent that I singled out as one that might have something to say. And he had.

I borrowed his newspaper, a new publication, half in Spanish, half in Tagalog, the policy of which is, it maybe, to justify the Americans to the Tagals. It was full of flatulent and urbane promises of millennial joys under the American rule, decidedly annoying to a man who realizes how slightly forms of government affect intrinsically the lives of the governed. It was most depressing; and after returning it we both sat in silence for a mile or two as the checkerboard of rice fields rushed by, reminiscent of Alice's journey with the White Queen through the looking-glass. I think that we glanced at each other in turn. "He, I noticed, was tidily dressed in a gray cotton suit and straw hat, a well-built young man, obviously a Filipino in whose veins runs a strain of European blood—*mestizo* is the word. There was nothing to distinguish him from many another; he was a typical Tagalo, until you saw his eyes, and they, one might possibly notice, were in direct communication with his soul, not subject to the common distorting intervention of the flesh.

It was I who started the conversation, by nodding toward his newspaper, and saying: "You agree with it?" And the answer came in melodious and incisive Castilian: "No, I do not believe in it at all." "Why?"

"The Americans give us fair words, but their actions differ widely from the principles they enunciate; they say one thing and do another. They talk of equality, but they believe it less than any other country in the world. What about the social condition of the American negro in the United States? The barrier between him and his fellow-citizens who are white is as impassable as that which divided Lazarus from Dives. What white American to-day acts as though he really believed the quip of the Latin clown (salamanca): 'Nemo a me alienum puto?'"

I interrupted him. I granted that herein we are false to our principles. Can a just-minded man do else?

"And we," he continued, "are we not as capable of self-government as the American negro? Place us fairly in the category of human races, and you cannot dispose us lower than him; in truth we are, as a race, much more refined." I assented. "You admit him to the rights of citizenship. What we ask is that equality which your constitution hypothecates should be put in practice. We know that greedy European powers would scramble for our islands on the pretext of protectorate if the Americans abandoned them. We ask you to maintain the protection of your rich government. We are willing to be taxed to pay the cost of such protection—the protection of the younger brother by the elder. But we want autonomy, we want an independence within the limits of the Philippines. We detest and feel intolerable this subjection to the whimsical tyranny of the white man, who is by his whole previous circumstances incapable, I say it deliberately, incapable of fully sympathizing with and understanding us. How can he know how to govern us, if he neither knows nor loves us? Knowledge and love are vital elements of true government. We want to govern ourselves without the irritating sense of supercilious superiority which your inquisitorial government indicates by its presence. You think yourselves superior, not equals; you are infidels to your own constitution; otherwise why this lawmaking by legislators and this law-enforcement by soldiers, who are not elected ad hoc by your people, much less are they representatives of our own selection. We are subject—slaves is an equal word—to the chance nominees of your president and his war minister. We want, and many of us agitate for, independence for the

Filipinos, under the protection of your flag."

"I quite understand," said I, "what you want. But how is your Filipino republic to be constituted? How, for instance, will you obtain true and proportionate representation of the Moros, the subjects of a despotic king or sultan, and how will you get them to Manila?"

"We shall abandon, as far as the Philippine republic is concerned, the Moros, and all others who are unwilling to freely ally themselves with our junta."

"You would narrow then the term Filipino?"

"Yes, certainly, we are different races. The southern islands have never rendered more than nominal obedience to the crown of Spain. And even your own great republic, with its fair words about 'inalienable rights,' has entered into an unholy and unjustifiable compact, recognizing slavery and despotic government in Tolo, and anarchy a thousand times more cruel than ever this island has known."

How could I, who know so little of the past history of the Philippines, gainsay him? Whether he was right or wrong I know not. So after a moment or two's silence, I reverted to matters of knowledge.

"That subject is difficult," I said. "But you are a patriot, you care much for your native land. You are fit, at this hour, to take part in government; but the true natives (Indios), the people in general, they are apathetic. What care they so long as rice and dinero are abundant? Your own immortal poet, Jose Rizal, peer of Victor Hugo, points to the cancer (*noli me tangere*) and tells, what I, too, have learnt, your people in general care more for the cockpit, for gambling, for amours and paramours. You understand me, I think, without my saying more?"

And then there came into his eyes that mysterious look, which twice before I have seen in other men—once when in childhood, I saw Mazzini—baffled yet hopeful still—in London; and again in John Ruskin's eyes when undergrads in the gallery of the Indian museum at Oxford jeered at some remark of his in the last lectures which he ever delivered there.

It was almost bitterly he replied after a pause: "I cannot see how you will lessen our ceaselessness, our apathy—how you will kindle our enthusiasm. The only moral preceptors our people have from America are

your soldiers, who are not paid to teach us how we ought to think and act. Do they, by their example, offer us the pattern of good life? Are they moderate in drinking; do they set their faces steadfastly against gambling; have they a chivalrous regard for the honor of women, and their own? You know," he added with emphasis, "the true answer to these interrogations, for you are yourself a soldier." He did not look for reply, nor was any vouchsafed, for I am an enlisted man and I know.

I couldn't leave the subject thus, and at length, in awkward phrases of pigeon Spanish, I put it to him thus: "Every great European power which has dependencies governs them as autocratic masters of a servient race. The English teach their Indian civil servants, before they leave home, Sanskrit, so that they may be able to command the Indian in the Indian tongue; England makes no, or very little, effort to Anglicize the native Indian; as he was, so he is, and so will he remain. The Dutch do the same, and never dream of qualifying an oriental people for the task of self-government. On the other hand, the United States has set before itself the uniquely heroic obligation of qualifying tropical races to exercise with discretion the rights of citizenship, an experiment without precedent in the world's history, trusting that its fidelity to the principles of the constitution will be rewarded in a few years by cheerful and wise co-operation of the Philippine population, who already are mastering the English language, and assuming American manners with almost incredible celerity. With the schools staffed with teachers of strict integrity, trained in American educational methods—the best in the world, I explained, for I had traveled much—a new phase of oriental life would blossom, and his children's children would rise up and call the United States blessed, though to-day insurgent bullets still sporadically plug against convent walls and whistle through nipa shacks where our troops are quartered. Heroic is the ideal, and daring is the experiment, but with the imperturbable confidence which has enabled us to make a great nation out of inharmonious and unaccustomed elements, we go forward to the work of making an oriental race compeers of the Teutonic." I paused. His look of amused incredulity arrested my attention; I could say no more, my blossoms of

rhetoric withered in the bud. But he had listened patiently, helping me here and there with a word.

He took up the parable: "We, too, would prefer to work out our own salvation, instead of having your great nation to work it for us. I have read your history, and the very obstacles which confronted you and which you overcame gave you stronger hearts to go forward, and conquer fresh ones. It is adversity which makes great nations as well as great men. And you will make our path to civilization easy, you say? But I would a thousand times rather let my people learn in the school of experience the lessons of statescraft. Thus you learnt it yourselves by insurrection against your own fathers; we meet a more proper antagonist in you to whom we owed no filial obligations, you, who came here under the guise of friendship—so you said—to help us free ourselves from the intolerable cruelty and rapacity of Spain. Rather the open claim of imperial dominion, with all the undisguised arrogance of English supremacy, than the claim of brotherly equality covertly masking your contempt for and distrust of us, the flat-nosed savages of the Philippine islands. There is a word—I hesitate to use it—hypocrisy—which describes your attitude toward us, for after revolting from the dominion of England, you try to quell our rebellion against the white man. But the meridian of your greatness has been reached, and now you will decline among the world powers, diminishing in diplomacy abroad and mutual recriminations at home. Your declension began that day, when having bought the rights of Spain in this archipelago, you denied the authority of the Filipino republic, whose headquarters were over there," he said, indicating Malolos church as we drew up at the station. The confusion and bustle of our fellow-passengers wrestling and struggling with their overflowing baskets of merchandise, the importunity of would-be vendors of water, boiled eggs, rice, oranges and cakes, diverted the conversation.

When we restarted my curiosity in my companion compelled me to ask whether he had taken part in the insurrection. And this is what he told me.

He is now 25 years old. Some years ago he entered the Spanish army and rose to be a sergeant in an infantry regiment. When the insurrection broke out he joined the insurgents

and fought against Spain, being commissioned a first lieutenant. He saw a good deal of fighting then, and when the American government started to suppress the republic he fought against the Americans till lately (no time specified), when he saw the futility of further armed resistance, except to be killed in the cause. His wife and two young children would have no one to support them if he were killed, so he had abandoned the army, and now he works as a clerk in Manila for 25 pesos (\$12.50 in gold) a month. Out of this he pays five pesos for rent and has 20 pesos for clothing, food and luxuries for himself, wife and two children.

I told him he ought to get better wages than that; he said he could if he signed a declaration of loyalty to the American government, and "that I can never do," he said, "for I love my country, and if I saw likelihood of freeing her from this miserable American espionage I would again bare my sword or shoulder a gun to free her from the evil power of white men."

We were nearing Calumpi, where we must part. I asked for his card. He had none, but readily wrote in firm, clear, scholarly hand his name and address in my pocketbook.

"You know not what risks you run in giving me this," said I in jest; "you do not know but what I am a secret service man."

"I think not," he replied, as we held each other's hands, and looked each other steadily in the face. "I know that you care for the honor of your country, as I for mine. Adios."

"Adios!" I answered, and meant it, God-speed.

A little later as I looked at the river banks from the deck of the Napindan I marveled why we revere the memory of William Tell, of John Hampden, of George Washington, while we hold in bondage in Bilibid, and deport as convicts to Guam, men who have, too, risked their lives and given their all—home, wealth, wife and children—for love of country.

Kurius—But doesn't the constitution ever follow the flag?

Blount—Oh, I suppose it does when a judge follows the constitution.

G. T. E.

It is hard, sometimes, to get our conscience to take a practical common-sense view of our actions.—Puck.

GOD'S STEWARD.

To you who pray by night and day
That Wealth may be your share,
And give no place to God's good grace,
I say: Beware, beware!

The fattened purse can bless or curse,
And this we know full well;
Gold paves the street for idle feet,
And speeds them fast to Hell.

For Hell is not that final spot
That waits for sin's redress,
It is the sphere all souls find here
Who dwell in selfishness.

Nor, hooped and horned, by mortals
scorned,

Do devils skulk below;
But crowned with pelf, and love of self,
Purse proud, through earth they go.

They beggar toll, they seize the soil,
(God's gift to one and all);
They sling loud psalms, and scatter alms
That blight where e'er they fall.

With greedy lust and might of trust,
They take the laborers' bread;
Nor understand his lifted hand
When offered alms instead.

The thirst for gain blunts heart and brain;
The gold-mad mind is cursed;
O, you who pray for wealth to-day,
Seek God's large wisdom first.

No mortal mind alone can find
The gold-paved path to right.
With reverent mien ask Powers unseen
To lead with love's great light.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in New York Journal.

Spratt—I don't see anything unusual about the promotion of your soldierly friend. Rapid advancement is very common these days.

Scobie—But you forget that my friend is a regular.

G. T. E.

"There's wan thing I'm sure about,"
"What's that?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"That is," said Mr. Dooley, "no matter whether th' constitution follows th' flag or not, th' supreme court follows the election returns."—F. P. Dunne, in Chicago American.

Waverly—Well, I think you'll have to admit now that the flag is not followed by the constitution?

Furlman—I'm afraid I'll have to admit that it isn't followed by the decalogue either.

G. T. E.

Our missionary friends protest against the use of the word "loot."

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