

stump he vigorously criticised the methods of the street railway monopoly and the Republican machine—whose political influence after election he straightway courted.

He was reelected by a combination between the Republican machine and corporation influences, but by a narrow margin, having lost near 6,000 of his former majority with many of the rank and file of Democrats voting against him. He has forfeited the confidence and respect of his party. His future is bound up in petty political dickers with Republican bosses, whose principal object in politics is to further the interests of semi-public corporations. His impending defeat in the approaching municipal election will eliminate him as a political factor.

And yet four years ago there was no Democrat in Wisconsin that had as bright a future before him as this same David S. Rose. Democracy everywhere in the state was looking for a capable, sincere leader. With a leader who would be sincere with the party and the people, the future of Democracy was on a rapidly rising wave. But Rose has been weighed in the balance of public approval and found wanting. The explanation of his utter inability to grasp the opportunities that have been thrust upon him may be found in his characteristic declaration at Kansas City: "This standing up and dying for principle is all d—n rot."—Editorial in Milwaukee Daily News.

FIRE AND SWORD IN THE PHILIPPINES.

A private letter from a soldier in the Philippines, whose name is for obvious reasons withheld from publication. The original letter has been copied in the office of The Public.

Balayan, P. I., October, 1901.

Your most welcome letter arrived and was delivered just as we were starting out on a war party. We were out ten days, and ravaged the country with fire and sword.

You see, this country is pacified. The civil commission says: "Lo, there is peace within the land." And though of late we can get a scrap every time out, of course what the commission says, goes. A few dead soldiers more or less don't matter; and the chorus of republican editors, led by Timothy Guy Daniells, sings: "Behold, what wondrous doings have we done." No one will tell the truth about this desolate land. The truth is so directly contradictory to administration reports that a teller of a truthful tale runs danger of prosecution for treason.

The civil commission goes around in a transport and stops at all the towns on the coast. Out comes the presidente of the town, and meets the commission with a native band, and American flags, and high-flown protestations of loyalty. The political tell the presidente he's a good American, and then depart, praising peace and native civil government. Next day a few soldiers are found with their throats cut, and the troops can't burn the place because there is peace and civil government in the land.

And so it goes on. You don't know of these things, but we do.

But enough of this growling. We've had a glorious time lately. The other side having been active of late, we got orders to start out and raise h—. We did. Our progress could be traced by burning shacks. And if a bird wants to follow our trail he will have to have a commissariat. Every shack in the mountains we came to we burned. Averaged one skirmish a day. Mud, rain, slop, short grub, and general discomfort.

Will write more at length later when rested up. Think we will be sent to Samar to help there. Pardon this rather incoherent letter, but everyone has the blues from the weather and official foolishness.

MILD AMAZEMENT.

Innocent Jim,
which is James J. Hill,
says it ain't him you should shame,
and there hasn't been any merger
because it was done long ago,
and he wants to know
why they are kicking on him
when he did so much
and gave so much
and lost so much
for the people he fosters so.
Poor little Innocent Jim,
why do the people blame him?

He says, says Innocent Jim,
there never was any merger,
he didn't do any such thing,
and the only reason he did it
was because the other fellow
would have gobbled up Northern
Pacific
if he hadn't swallowed it first.
And where would we have been then,
says Innocent Jim,
if he hadn't bravely stepped in
and headed off Harriman's crowd
with their blighting and baleful
control?

Hey?

It cost me millions to do it,
but I'll never, no never, go back
on the great northwest that I love,
especially Northern Pacific,
says trustful Innocent Jim.

It's been a lot of trouble,
says Innocent Jim,
to make this northwest
and bring it up by hand,
so to speak,

to feed it and clothe it,
as I have done all these years,
and share my earnings with it
—for I could have taken it all—
and then to be met by this,
this rank ingratitude,
and worst of all,
to have them set the dog on me.
I've half a mind,
says Innocent Jim,
never to build another northwest
again.

I was going, he says,
says Innocent Jim,
To go out and annex China
all for your benefit,
you pay me the freight
and so much a bushel besides
and I'll carry over your wheat
to sell, and if there's any left,
I'll give you the core, says he.
I was going, he says,
but I don't know now as I will.
For you don't seem to realize
how much I have done for you
and I don't care to stay
where I'm not appreciated.

It's a sin
the way we have treated him,
when he did so much
and gave so much
and lost so much
all for the great northwest
which he made himself by hand,
and to be treated so—
it's a blow
like the one that most killed father.

But what he can't understand
is why they should pick on him,
who never did a thing
but just be innocent—
poor little Innocent Jim.
—John Stone Pardee, in Goodhue Co.
(Minn.) News of December 26.

WEYLERISM IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Special telegram to Chicago Chronicle from Atlanta, Ga., under date of December 26.

Reconcentration, Weyler's methods in their extremity and desolation spread by American officers and soldiers acting under specific orders are some of the charges made by Josiah Obl, the Constitution's special correspondent in the Philippine islands. In an article written from Cebu and just received he says in part:

"The highly civilized and altogether humane methods that characterized the rule of the gentle Weyler in Cuba are being resorted to by the American army in its efforts to subject the Visayans of this island of Cebu, of Borol, and would be put into effect in Samar if the conditions were favorable. Whole villages have been burned by the orders of the general commanding this district and the reconcentration policy of which we heard so much in Cuba is about to be put into operation here—if, indeed, it cannot be said to have already been instituted.

"Gen. Hughes believes that war is

hell,' as Sherman said, and he is giving the people of Cebu a taste of the brimstone. Only a few nights ago an American officer boasted that he is known as the Weyer of the district where he is in command. He also said—though it may seem incredible—that he was proud of being so called.

"The people of the United States have no conception of the conditions prevailing down here. If they had a howl would go up from one end of the country to the other. Army officers tell of these things in confidence, but nothing is said with the idea that it shall get to the outside world. I have no doubt that when this appears in the Constitution there will be a chorus of denials, and yet I am writing only that which I get from the very best authority.

"General orders have been issued that whosoever shall in any way give aid and comfort to the enemy shall be visited with dire punishment; that his house shall be burned over his head and that he himself shall be dealt with as severely as is possible.

"The officer commanding the battalion over on Bohol has been given instructions to kill off everybody suspected of connection with the insurgents. He has been told that these orders give him the widest latitude; that he is not to be very particular whether the suspect is bearing arms or has been; if he is a suspect he is to be treated as an outlaw and shot down. The people are to be brought in from the country and cooped up in the towns. Those who refuse to come are to be hunted down."

Mr. Obl proceeds to give accounts of many villages burned and innocent lives taken and refers in scathing language to wholesale attacks upon native women by American soldiers. He then quotes Col. Crane, adjutant general to Gen. Hughes, as saying:

"The best thing to do with them (the Philippine islands) would be to kill off the people and then put a bomb under each island and blow it from the face of the earth. I would never leave here, however, so long as there was one of these fellows left to stick his fingers to his nose at us when we were passing."

Mr. Obl declares that many other officers feel similarly, although those well informed recognize in the Filipinos a race of promising ability and prospects.

A paternal government never becomes so thoroughly fatherly that its children don't have to pay all its bills. —Puck.

FOOLING LABOR SOME MORE.

The conference in New York under the benign influence of the Civic federation between the warring elements of "capital" and labor eventuated in a beautiful love feast that has set all the society saviors and other fools into a state of ecstatic confidence in the future. The spectacle was presented by Senator Mark Hanna and President Samuel Gompers meeting on a common platform in the support of trusts. Archbishop Ireland and Bishop Potter spread unction over the lovely platitudes and fond deceits which characterized the occasion. It was a splendid illustration of the spider and the fly.

The assumption of these people that there is or ever has been or ever could be a war between capital and labor—between the plow and the man who holds it; between the locomotive and the man at the throttle; between the wheelbarrow and the man who pushes it; between the sewing machine and the woman who runs it—is its own commentary on the honesty and intelligence behind it. No such war exists or could exist. The notion that a man can be at war with the things he uses in producing wealth might be worthy of savages or Standard Oil professors of "economics," but certainly it is out of place in the minds of men who have escaped the breech-clout stage without falling under the blight of Standard Oil "education."

The New York conference was a farce. Its result is the best possible proof of the utter incompetency of the so-called labor leadership. There was not a single man in the conference who posed as a labor leader possessing economic sense enough to lead a flock of geese. The geese themselves would have sense enough to seek water, but no labor leader would ever think of leading his flock to its native element. There was no sign of any comprehension of the real problem involved on the part of Gompers or Shaffer or any of the rest. They were absolutely unconscious of the grotesquery of their assumption of a war with capital. The suggestion of this idea came from the smooth and oily and self-satisfied gentlemen on the other side. The latter carefully concealed the real enemy and they made a charming pretense of fraternity, moving Gompers and his fellow dupes to tears by their eloquent pleadings for brotherhood.

One of these days perhaps the futility of such conferences as the one just held will be realized. Mark Hanna

and Mr. Schwab and their fellow monopolists know perfectly well what is going on. They know that there is no war between the tools of labor and the labor which uses the tools. But they know also that there is a bitter and relentless war—an irrepressible conflict—between privilege and its victims, between the monopolist and those who yield him tribute, between the forestaller and those who must pay him a price for opportunity. One right word fitly spoken thrown into that conference would have caused greater consternation than an anarchist bomb. But there was no man there to speak it. The Civic federation had taken excellent care on that point. It was really a conference between socialists who want to establish a universal militarism in production and those who are enjoying the benefits of a jug-handled paternalism. Mr. Gompers made it very plain that he was a socialist and that he welcomed the trusts as a stepping-stone toward his ideal. And Bishop Potter and Archbishop Ireland helped on the play. They want "capital" to do everything for labor except to get off its back.

Had some one been in that conference to point out the real conflict and to say how it could be resolved, felicitations among the organs of monopoly would not have been so vociferous as they are. We are now told that the problem is in the way of solution; that the lion and the lamb are going to lie down together; that the big fish are going to be good and cease to swallow the little ones. Mr. Gompers and Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Shaffer and Mr. Schwab, Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Morgan are going to get together and work in beautiful harmony for the uplifting of labor. Labor is going to quit being naughty and boisterous and "capital" is going to exercise pink tea morality in dealing with the toilers. But meanwhile nothing is to be said about the legislative advantages enjoyed by Mr. Morgan and Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Schwab and Mr. Carnegie. These advantages are mere instruments in their hands for the uplifting of the horny-handed masses. Out of the millions which come to them as tribute they are to build great universities and endow libraries and cultivate the fine arts, allowing labor to luxuriate in their manifestations of munificence. Labor on its side is to dream dreams of the time when the trusts will metamorphose the country into a military industrial camp. And possibly labor fancies that a Gompers or a Shaffer or a Mitchell will then