

ing that under orders in the army. The army is a brutal institution and its practices are more cowardly than any of its members could possibly be guilty of by himself.

"Collect a thousand of the worst ruffians in England. Have them round up a thousand women and children, herd them without proper shelter, without enough food, keep them there while they die by hundreds of cruelty and privation. There are not ten such cowardly ruffians in all England. There are 200,000 Englishmen in South Africa doing that very thing because they are soldiers.

"Oh, it's a fine thing and a brave thing to send a squad of men to burn down a village filled with women and children. It's a nice Christian act. And we are supposed to stand round and applaud it."

"They don't do it because they like it," she said. "They do it because they have to."

"Precisely. Being a soldier means that sort of thing. Obey orders and ask no questions, neither of the officer nor of one's conscience. A campaign against an exasperating foe like the Boers or the Filipinos, conscience thrown overboard, begets cruelty and meanness and all manner of devilry.

"One of our officers in the Philippines—another man who hasn't wholly been cured of talking—said the other day we ought to kill every last one of them and blow up the islands with dynamite so they couldn't come out from behind trees with their thumbs to their nose. That is an aggravating trick, but it seems hardly reason for killing 7,000,000 people.

"That would be a lovely step in our process of benevolent assimilation.

"Now that officer is probably an agreeable fellow over a bottle and a cigar. If he is married he is probably a kind father and husband. But as a soldier he is an unspeakable savage.

"Nero was considered rather a tough citizen, but I don't remember that Nero ever expressed a desire to kill 7,000,000 people in cold blood. Perhaps it was an artistic feat beyond the power of his conception.

"Why shouldn't organized murder be brutal? I don't expect to see it become anything else and I don't ask for any refinements.

"When a man goes into that kind of business he'd better not have any opinions. It may be possible in a volunteer army, organized for defense of

our homes or our free institutions. But when an army goes half way round the world to subjugate a foreign country, its conscience must be left home as excess baggage.

"But pardon the digression. You were saying you didn't approve of President Roosevelt's reprimand of Gen. Miles."

"I don't care," was her final word. "I would have told him just what I thought of him."—John Stone Pardee, in the Red Wing (Minn.) Argus of Jan. 5.

ARE ENGLAND AND AMERICA DOING GOD'S WILL?

"It is God's will." As recently spoken by President McKinley, these words are just now much in the people's mind. In one sense, I suppose, everything that is done is God's will; but different people have different ways of looking at it. I was much impressed with this thought on reading, many years ago, a magnificent poem written by John Hay, at present secretary of state at Washington, D. C. It was entitled: "Thy Will Be Done," and ran as follows:

Not in dumb resignation
We lift our hands on high;
Not like the nerveless fatalist,
Content to trust and die.
Our faith springs like the eagle
That soars to meet the sun,
And cries exulting unto thee:
"O Lord! thy will be done!"

When tyrant feet are trampling
Upon the common weal,
Thou dost not bid us cringe and writhe
Beneath the iron heel;
In thy name we assert our rights
With sword and tongue and pen,
And e'en the headsmen's ax may flash
Thy message unto men.

Thy will! It bids the weak be strong,
It bids the strong be just;
No lip to fawn, no hand to beg,
No brow to seek the dust.
Wherever man oppresses man
Beneath thy liberal sun,
O God! be there thine arm made bare,
Thy righteous will be done.

Since I have known of John Hay in his present position I have wondered if he really did write it; and, if he did, whether he had forgotten it; his seeming consent to the injustice and tyranny of this country towards the Filipinos seems such a discord with the brave, free notes of the poem.

Thy will it bids the weak be strong,
It bids the strong be just.

As a weak people the Filipinos are struggling against us. May they become strong, is my earnest wish. As a weak people this nation did become strong in its opposition to British rule. As a strong nation it has ceased to be just. It has joined hands with its

former oppressor. To-day it must stand silent and see England's unnamable atrocities carried on in South Africa because itself is doing a like work in the Philippines. Surely we have fallen upon evil times when America, set to be a light in the world, becomes an overshadowing darkness.

If I were in Secretary Hay's place, and had written and still believed in that poem, it seems to me I should say to President Roosevelt something like this:

"You have been made president in an unusual and startling way. The eyes of the world are upon you, but do not heed them. Look into your own heart and act. An opportunity has come to you such as no other man ever had. You can do a deed for freedom that shall echo 'round the world; or you can go on in the old unjust, senseless, lawless, tyrannical, useless ways followed by all nations up to this time. You can show yourself a believer in liberty, in human nature, in a world-wide brotherhood; or you can still swear allegiance to the god of Force, and lean on the sword and gun which the nations have over and over and over again proved to be but broken reeds that at the last pierced them to their full. Does not all history show you that any peace obtained through them is the peace of death, or of a sullen, rebellious hypocrisy?"

"Great Britain has set her teeth, and intends to go through the process of 'wearing down.' Can you read that and not feel stirring within you something of the blood of 1776? or is none of it in your veins? Can you read it, remembering all the horrors of the Boer war up to this time, and thinking of all that must come in this 'wearing-down process,' and still persist in a course that strengthens the oppressor's hands? It is in your power to set such an example to England that she must follow it, or be left alone to the shame of a dastardly fight against freedom.

"We are strong; let us be just. We can even afford to be generous. Were you to advise the withdrawal of our soldiers from the Philippines, you would hear such a response even from members of our own party, as would show you that the whole country is, in its heart, sorry and ashamed of the bloody, cruel work we are carrying on. 'And who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?'"

"Suppose there are some who would call you a coward, a traitor, a weak sentimentalist, a crank; no matter what. The choice spirits of the earth

would see in you a harbinger of that new time of peace and good will towards which the world has yearned through the ages.

"Many who now through loyalty to party and administration, are silent before the policy of 'subjugation at any cost,' would be enthusiastic supporters of the administration if it would appeal to the love of justice and freedom, dwelling, though too often asleep, in the heart of every human being. We have made the Americans hated and feared even as the Spaniards. It is not yet too late to redeem ourselves. Let us leave the Filipinos to solve their problems in their own way. If we have wisdom it is urgently needed in our own country. Let us be a light to the world, a city set on a hill. There is call within our own uncontested borders for all the statesmanship at our command. There are lynchings, murders, suicides, highway robberies, ever increasing; even in what we call prosperity, vice and crime, insanity and poverty, are more and more. There are struggles between the workingmen and the monster combinations of the capitalists which neither you nor I know how to settle; there are deserts which can be made to rejoice and blossom as the rose. Let us recall our army from its work of hate-breeding destruction, and use it in construction. Show the Filipinos by example what a nation should be and do.

"Do you say that left to themselves they will fall into anarchy? Imagine the worst you can from anarchy, and I will match it, and double match it, by the work of the British in South Africa and the Americans in the Philippines.

"Wherever man oppresses man
Beneath thy liberal sun,
O Lord! be there thine arm made bare,
Thy righteous will be done."

"Sooner or later, unless England and America repent and turn from the evil of their ways, a righteous judgment will overtake them. If you miss your opportunity to turn this nation in the direction of liberty, justice, and peace, some nobler, grander, farther-seeing man will take the crown of brave liberty-lover which might be yours. I bid you pause and think, and mark out a path for yourself, and not follow blindly one marked out by others."

So would I speak were I in place of Secretary Hay. But, alas, and alas! I am only a woman, the mother of sons. And I can only sit here and let my heart bleed in vain for other mothers whose sons are being killed,

mained, debauched, crazed and brutalized, as soldiers, in the Philippines.

CELIA B. WHITEHEAD.
Denver, Col.

CORRESPONDENCE IN REGARD TO THE FOREGOING ARTICLE.

For the purpose of verifying the punctuation of the poem by Hon. John Hay, given at length in the above article, a representative of The Public searched for it in all the editions of Mr. Hay's poems to be found in the public libraries of Chicago. As he was not able to find it, a letter was written to Mrs. Whitehead asking for an authentication of the poem. Mrs. Whitehead had no printed copy of the poem; she had committed it to memory from a magazine in 1891. She therefore forwarded the letter of inquiry, with one of her own, to Mr. Hay, now secretary of state at Washington, explaining in her own letter that the person who lent her the magazine which contained the poem told her that Mr. Hay was "an eminent lawyer, as well as a gifted poet." Mrs. Whitehead continued:

"It never occurred to me that there could be another lawyer-poet named John Hay till I received the letter herewith inclosed, though it is true that since you have been in your present position I have wondered how you reconciled your seeming friendliness toward England with the spirit of the poem. But I let the thought drop as one of the unsolvable mysteries."

Mrs. Whitehead received the following reply from Mr. Hay's private secretary:

Department of State.
Washington.

December 26, 1901.

Dear Madam:—

The Secretary of State asks me to return both these letters, as the copy of the poem you refer to seems correct in your letter. The poem was published in "The Independent" some years ago, and has been since copied in Dr. Lyman Abbott's volume of hymns.

The Secretary is unable to relieve the confusion of mind you seem to be in in regard to the contradiction you see between his words and his acts.

Very respectfully,
[Signed] E. J. BABCOCK,
Private Secretary.
Mrs. Celia B. Whitehead,
1501 E. 16th Ave., Denver, Col.

THE PHILIPPINE SITUATION.

Special correspondence of the New Voice, of Chicago, dated from Iloilo, P. I., October 30, and published in the New Voice of December 19.

A prominent American gentleman, who is in the Philippine islands on business and has spent several months in Manila and other places, was interviewed in this city today by a representative of the New Voice. This gentleman has formed a decidedly unfavorable opinion of the army as it is in evidence here, and

inasmuch as the opinion has been formed upon the strength of several months of intimate and careful observation, it must be accepted as worthy of attention. The gentleman says, speaking of discipline in the army:

"Discipline is frightfully slack and as a result drunkenness prevails in most wholesale fashion and is a disgrace to the whole army and to the American name. In my way of looking at it, drunkenness in the army is to-day one of the most formidable problems of the whole Philippine situation. If the army could be sobered up and made decent, a great many of the troublesome features that now confront the American government here would be much relieved. In the cities where there are garrisons drunkenness and bad conduct upon the part of the soldiers are so constantly in evidence and so extreme that the native population is strongly prejudiced against Americans and everything American. The teachers sent here have almost no influence as compared with the destructive influence of an army of drunken soldiers. The disgust upon the part of the native population is so extreme that nothing but the presence of an overwhelming military force that has demonstrated not only its ability to fight, but as well its disposition to butcher upon provocation, prevents a general outbreak. As it is, the work of pacification goes on, but it will be slow, and tedious, and blundering, and frightfully costly."

In answer to a question as to whether any instances of drunken outrages had come under his own observation, the gentleman said: "Yes; while I was in San Fernando in the Pampango province, a cavalryman got a pass to go to Bacalor. While there he got drunk, and as he was hiding home in the early evening his hat fell off. A native who was close by ran and picked it up and handed it to him. The soldier took the hat, drew his revolver, and shot the native, mortally wounding him. The impression made by a deed of that sort upon the native community can hardly be realized. Perhaps the best approach to any appreciation of it that an American can make would be to imagine some of our states in the possession of a hostile army that would commit such outrages upon the people.

"It was only two or three days after this instance that two soldiers in a nearby town got drunk and opened