

The First Fruits of Conquest

Secretary of War Taft, our late viceroy in the Philippines, is now swinging around the circle in the various western states, partaking of banquets and explaining our "manifest duty" to our Filipino wards. In a voice husky with emotion and rich fare, he concedes those islanders may be equal to independence some day, but not before they have been carefully nourished on Uncle Sam's baby bottle for at least two generations.

Strange to say, our noted specialist in independence disagrees with himself in fixing a time when the Filipino child can be trusted to walk alone. His first estimate, made only a few weeks ago at a Cincinnati banquet, named 100 or 150 years as the earliest safe moment to trust this infant industry on its feet. This wabbling calendar has the one positive merit of proving to the entire country that not one of his shifting estimates is worth the breath that floats it. As a Philippine expert, he is engaged in the commendable work of tearing down, at one banquet, the purely arbitrary edifice he reared at another. The only effect of this will be to create a widespread disgust with this whole tyrannical and un-American business, just because people in this country who don't mind being cruel have strong objections to being treated as fools.

Those of us who have remained quietly at home and watched the trend of events since 1899 are convinced, in daily increasing numbers, that we must abandon this unconstitutional venture in the orient for a much weightier reason than independence for the Filipinos. It must be done and done quickly, if we would save our own constitutional integrity from ruin in the United States. It is an everlasting truth, as Moorfield Storey has declared, that "we cannot destroy the ideals of this nation; we cannot insist that the Declaration of Independence is wrong; we cannot

govern millions of men outside the constitution and hope to preserve, in full strength, that faith in the equal rights of men, which is the nation's soul. Every man who defends these things has begun to lose his belief."

We know these words are true because our past five years of colonial conquest in Asia have given us, here at home, the outward and visible signs of an inward political decay. Never, in all our history, have we witnessed in the same span of time such widespread debauchery in our public morals, such fatal apathy to a wild, Tartar raid upon vital popular rights. If we could place the goddess of American liberty on the witness stand, could she testify of these five years in other words than these?

"Since my sons have assailed the inalienable rights of man across the sea, I have seen a combined and successful assault upon the rights of American free men at home. It has been the tocsin for an outburst of race violence without a parallel; for duplicating against black men in America the same barbarities which my sons have inflicted upon brown men abroad. Mine eyes have witnessed no such orgie of lawless defiance of the courts, no such wholesale destruction of human life by mobs.

"I have seen an unprecedented massing of the forces of wealth in arrogant and hostile array, and I have seen the rights of the great, consuming public broken and crushed on the torture wheel of commercial piracy incorporated under the name of trusts. I have seen the counting rooms of these trusts like unto an ogre's den—piled with the bones of rivals choked by strangulation; littered with the bleeding fragments of legal justice, civic courage and legislative honor. And my people do not rebel.

"I have seen laws placed by protected interests into one end of that automatic hopper known as congress, and come out at the other end in finished shape to perpetuate a dynasty of tariff millionaires. And my people do not rebel.

"I have seen state legislatures learning the same political machine stitch operated by the same automatic power and working gorgeous patterns of privilege and franchise into the rich tapestry of corporations. And my people do not rebel.

"I have seen municipal government all over the land, at the piratical mercy of bosses and wealth; public servants the slaves of organized greed, the ready tools of machine dictation, while public welfare is crucified between two thieves, the political boss and the 'business promoter.' And my people do not rebel.

"I have heard scores of state legislators confess from their seats that they cast their votes in defiance of the views of their people, at command of a political ring—all civic conscience deadened and servile at the crack of a party whip. I have seen 'betrayal of trust established as the form of government' over the grave of 'government by the people.' And my sons do not rebel.

"I have seen our courts of justice converted into political slot machines. They turn out corporate decisions with such mechanical profusion that it seems an outrage to subject capital longer to the annoyance of consulting the law. And my people do not rebel.

"I have, during the past five years, seen a lowered standard of all public morality. It ripens in continuous fraud, and growing menace to American institutions. And my people do not rebel.

"History is 'the record of tendencies, not of events.' A nation too heartless to respect the liberties of others, becomes too supine to defend its own. The same sun that rises over freedom throttled by my people

abroad, will set over freedom betrayed and wrecked at home. This dirge, and this only, is chanted from the tomb of the past.

"If these are the first fruits of colonial conquest, what think ye, will be the last? Shake off, then, your national torpor! Undo this colossal, corroding wrong! Freely give, in full measure, to those brown millions beyond the sea the same liberties ye claim as inalienable gifts from God. Get right with your soul! And remember, in all coming years of national temptation, that Caesar crossed the Rubicon, not because he wanted an empire, but because an empire wanted him."—Columbus Press-Post.

The Skeleton in Armor.

It has long been the desire of the Women's Educational and Industrial society of Fall River to commemorate the discovery in 1831 of the skeleton in armor referred to in Longfellow's famous poem, and its efforts have at last been crowned with success. A bronze tablet twenty-four inches in length and twenty inches in width has been placed in the brick building on Hartwell street which occupies the site of the finding of the skeleton.

According to the story told by Miss Susan H. Wixon, president of the society, Hannah Borden Cook, the discoverer of the skeleton, was a resident of Fall River. On the morning of the discovery she had been busily engaged in the spring housecleaning, and everything was as clean and sweet as limewash, paint and hard work could make it. The pewter, brass and tinware only remained to be scoured, and Hannah went in search of clean, white scouring sand to the "sandbank" well and favorably known in olden times to housewives far and near. The spot was between Fourth and Fifth streets in those days, but it is now covered by dwelling houses and other buildings. Suddenly, as she scooped the white, dry sand, Hannah's hand same in contact with some hard, dry substance. Hastily pushing aside the sand which covered it, she was horrified at seeing a grinning human skull lying there in the warm sunshine, face upward. Hastening homeward, she told her husband, William Cook, and with his friend, John Orswell, he hurried to the spot.

On being unearthed the object was found to be the skeleton of a human being, clothed in brass armor and buried in a sitting posture, facing the east. The bones were those of a tall, large framed man. The knees were drawn up toward the breast and the forearms were drawn to the shoulders. From the head down the figure was wrapped in a sort of shroud of woven bark, seven varieties having been used in its construction. All of it, however, crumbled to dust and vanished on exposure to the air. The armor upon the skeleton was made of fine brass and beside it were six arrows of brass, thin, flat and triangular in shape. These arrows were in a sort of quiver of bark, which dropped to pieces on exposure to the air.

The skeleton was carefully examined by local physicians—Dr. Wilbur and Dr. Glazier—who came to the conclusion that it was that of an Indian, and that it had lain in the ground one hundred and fifty years. The bones were gathered up and, with the brass arrow tips, were placed in a case with a glass cover and deposited in the Fall River Athenaeum. There the skeleton lay in state, an object of interest to all beholders, until destroyed by the great fire of 1843.

In connection with the identical spot where the skeleton was found a tragedy occurred a few years later in the life of Hannah Cook, the discoverer. Her little son, eleven years old, while playing there lost his life,

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Through the caving in of the bank he and a small companion were suffocated.—New York Tribune.

Religion for That Region.

The Rev. V. B. Carroll, a prominent southern clergyman, tells the following story, says the Mobile Register: "We were driving out one Sunday from Decatur, when we came upon a negro with a club in his hand and a freshly killed 'possum on his shoulder. We stopped to examine his prize, and the colonel said:

"My friend, do you know it is Sunday?"

"Sartin, boss."

"Are you a religious man?"

"I are. I'se jist on my way home from church."

"And what sort of religion have you got that permits you to go hunting on Sunday?"

"Religion? Religion?" queried the man, as he held the 'possum up with one hand and scratched his head with the other. "Does you 'spect any black man in Alabama is gwine to tie hisself up to any religion dat 'lows a 'possum to walk right across de road ahead of him an' git away free? No, sah! A religion which won't bend a little when a fat 'possum heads you off couldn't be 'stablished round yere by all the preachers in the universe."

Bad Weather Prolonged.

Theodore Garrison is responsible for this: "I was in a cable car when two women entered through opposite doors. After a time they recognized each other, and one of them said: 'So delighted to see you again. Why, you are scarcely altered.'

"So glad! And how little changed you are," cooed the other. 'How long is it since we met?'

"About ten years, I think."

"And why have you never been to see me?'

"My dear, just look at the weather we have had!"—New York Press.

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