

Heve that the supplies now being purchased for the army will be inspected in spite of considerations touching the honor of the packers.

\* \* \*

The Filipinos have demonstrated that they are good fighters. They are brave and patient. To be sure, their guerrilla methods are not in the latest style of civilization, but according to their lights they must be given the credit of being the most formidable enemies the Americans have met in this war. And good fighters eventually make good citizens. Just as soon as they come to order they will have an opportunity to practice on citizenship, and prove to the little Americans how shortsighted they were and are in endeavoring to prevent the Filipinos from having an opportunity to prove their ability.

\* \* \*

It is doubtful if a flag, even the stars and stripes, which is kept hanging in all kinds of weather, can stimulate patriotism. Dirty, ragged, patched, and faded, the winds have had their way with it and the chimneys all around it have vomited black smut on it until it is not an object of which an American can be proud. The dirty rag afloat on the flagstaff of what the board of education chooses to call the administration building has passed through all these experiences and the little schoolboy whose mother thinks he is not fit to go to school until his face and hands have been washed looks upon the flag by which the school board is thinking to stimulate his love of country with some contempt. Contrariwise if the flag were displayed only on national holidays, the little school boy's cap might come off when the bright red and white stripes and the blue signature floated over his head in honor of the day and the history of his country. A few years ago it was announced by some educator that the future of this country depended on the patriotism induced in the boys and that it could be cultivated by a display of the flag. The school boards sprung at the idea, adopted it, and since then the precious emblem has not had a roof over it during the school year, when the weather is the worst.

THE COURIER has attempted to reform various chronic and incurable cases like Bud Lindsay and Mayor Graham, and to lead the way to a more reasonable life. Not that any success has rewarded the publisher's efforts, but because of certain motives which are supposed to animate a reformer as well as an educator, it is occasionally gratifying to call the attention of the public to other failures, besides his own. No piece of cloth will stand the wear and tear of a Nebraska wind and the constant deposit of soft coal smoke, without fraying and soiling and becoming an untidy object in consequence, and the distinguished students of children should have taken these results of exposure into consideration. The cost of keeping a flag fluttering for eight months is considerable, even if the G. A. R. considers the suggestion unworthy of the nation they fought for and draw a pension from. But nevertheless it is expensive and does not accomplish the effect it is intended to produce upon the small boy, whose enthusiasm is rarely awakened by anything unconnected with his stomach or sport and who is much too clever to respond to the mistake of hanging an unpleasant looking rag from the top of his school house.

\* \* \*

Senator Talbot's dramatic and emphatic denial of having seen or spoken with the agent of an insurance company was met by the Bee's publication of a letter from Senator Talbot to

a member of the legislature in which he says that he has seen and talked with the tempter referred to and that his friend may safely do the same and signs his name. The effects of political life have had a deplorable effect upon Mr. Talbot and his reputation. While ostensibly supporting Mr. Thompson's candidacy Mr. Talbot was really in favor of a lighter complected man by the name of Talbot, who received one vote in caucus whenever Mr. Talbot was present and not any when Mr. Talbot was out of the room. Now whatever may be said of Mr. Burns, he was loyal to Mr. Thompson from the beginning to the end, and there is some virtue in loyalty even if it is necessary to be disloyal to exhibit it. If reports are to be believed Mr. Burns was ready to betray the republican party in order to be faithful to his chosen candidate. It is difficult to select the least obnoxious among the members of the Lancaster delegation, but the puzzle can be simplified by removing Mr. Talbot from the competitive examination to start with. He is still a young man but the moral of his conduct since he has been in the legislature should be pondered by the young man with political ambition.

\* \* \*

The Tissot pictures of the life of Christ, which have been on exhibition in Chicago at the art museum are, as all the world knows, very interesting. More than four hundred in number and varying in size from fifteen square inches to six square inches, anything like an appreciative examination demanded several days' time. But the excellent color, original and never duplicated composition, is apparent at the first glance. This latter quality is remarkable considering the large number of pictures and the monotony of the landscape about Jerusalem. But the perpetual sunlight and picturesque oriental costumes supply the artist with what redeems all monotonous backgrounds—light and color.

On the other hand the face of Christ and the apostles and disciples indicate a lack of spiritual insight, though no brush can paint the Christ adequately and without disappointing the most ignorant worshiper. No one can paint more than what may be conventionally accepted as a sign of Christ. The light which falls upon the person and garments of Christ is tender and seems to come from Him, thus satisfying the mystic symbolism of the tradition perpetuated, and very likely originated by the old masters or their unknown predecessors.

As an exhibition the collection has attracted wide attention. During the last days of the exhibit the rooms were excessively crowded and by reason of the press it was difficult to get near enough to the small pictures for an adequate view of them. But it was gratifying to see the multitude there, exhibiting so real an interest in pictures of the neighbors, relatives, followers and judges of Christ. It has been said by art critics that sacred subjects by modern artists no longer attract an audience as in the Raphael and pre Raphael days, but the crowds in front of the Tissot pictures in both New York and Chicago were large enough to make such a statement of doubtful accuracy.

\* \* \*

The subscription to Mr. Hagenow's open air concerts which he proposes to give this summer alternately on the capitol grounds and on the government square has been liberal and indicates an appreciation of the very valuable musical services which Mr. Hagenow has rendered Lincoln. Costing nothing to the general public, they will attract a crowd and afford recreation and education to the summer crowd which drifts here and there on a summer evening. Twenty concerts have been proposed, the first one to be held in June.

#### LIEUTENANT BURT WHEDON'S LETTER.

*In Camp near Water Works, 8 miles from Manila.*

*February, 14th, 1899.*

*My Dear Father:*

On Saturday night, February 4th, the Colonel detailed me to take charge of outpost No. 2 which is about a half mile to the left of our old camp at Santa Mesa, an outpost line of Spanish block houses which were at that time occupied by the insurgent forces. For quite a while the Filipinos had been threatening our outposts, attempting to drive them back, and doing everything in their power to harrass our men and bring on a fight without having to start it themselves. Our orders had been to avoid getting into a quarrel with them and we had taken insults and banterings which would have been quickly resented under ordinary conditions.

On this particular day things had come to such a pass that the General decided we could stand no more of their impudence so he issued orders, and these were the orders he turned over to me, that any more insults to our outposts should be resented. That the Filipino soldiers must keep within the lines agreed upon between our authorities and theirs, and any who advanced beyond such a line should be arrested by our men, and if it was impossible to arrest them they should be driven back about one hundred yards from outpost No. 2.

Down the road to the left is the village of Santol. Here we had a post of eight men stationed at the junction of three roads, one leading back to our outposts, another to block house 7, and the third to block house 6. These men had orders to patrol the roads to the block houses every half hour, to see that the insurgents did not advance from their lines.

About a quarter of eight I visited the post in Santol. A patrol of three men had started toward block house 7 about five minutes before; the other men were stationed in the middle of the cross road with fixed bayonets and loaded guns for they expected an attack that night. The sky was cloudy and the night as dark as pitch. I had reported instructions for this post and seeing that every thing was all right, was preparing to return to the outpost when suddenly, as the books say, "a shot rang out on the still night air." The men jumped into the shadow of the building and I ran up the road to the block house to see what was up.

About fifty yards up the road I met the three men of the patrol returning. The leader shouted as he passed me, "I shot the gentleman." Well, I knew "the stuff was off;" we could hear them coming down from the block house shouting and cursing, for our patrol had killed their man. I assembled the men in the shadow of a house along side of the road and went back to the outpost, had the guard signal to the camp, then returned to the post in the town. We were listening in the shadow at the edge of the road when suddenly several forms emerged from the bushes, stopping on the outside of the road not thirty feet away, and fired at us. We returned the fire with a volley and then seeing that they were coming from all directions, followed along the edge of the road to the pipe line, the insurgents keeping up a heavy fire upon us.

As I have written you before, the water supply for the city of Manila comes from a mountain stream about eight miles to the north from here. The water is pumped through a pipe about three feet in diameter which lies on the surface of the ground to a reservoir about four miles from the city where it again flows into another large pipe, also laid on top of the ground,

into the city. It was along this pipe line that we took our post as it offered a fair protection from mauser bullets and I had orders that in case of an attack we were to fall back to and hold the pipe line.

In about ten minutes the firing from Santol ceased and then there began a general firing from all along the line of insurgents upon our camp, then upon the Colorados and South Dakotas on our left and so around our side of Manila there began a general fight between American and Filipino outposts.

As soon as our signal was seen in camp and the firing had begun all lights were extinguished at the call of arms and in a "jiffy" the whole regiment was out in position and prepared for action. All that night the Filipinos kept up a heavy firing upon our camp and also upon us. We at the pipe line fired a few volleys at Santol and also at block house 7 whenever we could see anyone but we wasted no ammunition as we were ordered not to fire unless we could see something to fire at. About 2 o'clock a. m. the firing ceased and we had a little time to rest; up to this time none of our men had been hit and it is a wonder for the bullets came very thick.

At day light the next morning with shouting and cheering the Filipinos went at it again and so did we this time for business. During the night the Utah battery had placed two guns on a small hill in our rear and by 6 o'clock they opened up on block house 7 sending shells over our heads which hit the block house every time. After about a half hour of this they stopped firing and the Colonel with "K" and "D" companies charged and took the block house.

Down the pipe line it was pretty hot. The insurgents got an enfilading fire on us and wounded two of our men, but we gave them a good time and made it as hot for them as they did for us. After the block house was taken we, behind the pipe line, made a break for the San Juan river and got behind a stone wall where we could fire across at the Filipinos. To our right was a bridge where the Filipinos were concentrating a heavy fire. In fact they were right on the bridge trying to drive "F" company out of a position where that company was getting in some good work.

The artillery had been firing at the bridge and had got in some good shots. Then we saw "F" and "I" companies, led by Major Mulford, charge the bridge and drive the Filipinos back. At this "B" and "H" companies (I was with "B"), made a dash for the bridge and we, with companies "I" and "F" drove the Filipinos back along the road. There was some pretty hot fighting.

The Filipinos are braver than the Spaniards and a great deal harder to move. They took up a position on a hill above this road behind some stone walls and made it pretty warm for us. To the left on a small hill was an old powder magazine that had been occupied by the Filipinos. Major Mulford had taken this place and I joined him there, being his adjutant. We waited there about ten minutes when the Utahs got in a little work on the hill above us, then the colonel joined us and we made a charge up the hill on the Filipinos and drove the whole lot of them over the other side of the hill down the road. On the top of the hill is the reservoir that I mentioned. Here we raised our flag about 11 o'clock and sat down for a rest.

We stayed there until noon the next day when we continued our advance along the pipe line towards the pumping station.

That afternoon we got into a sharp skirmish with the Filipinos to the left of the main road. Company "L" was advancing on the left of the line (we were deployed in line of skirmishers for nearly a mile) when suddenly a party of