

WILLIE AND HIS PAPA.



"Don't be afraid, Willie. Papa can hold you and Teddy up; papa is very strong."—New York Evening Journal.

THE PHILIPPINES "OURS"

Where in the Scriptures or Standard Works on Ethics can a Statement be Found Which Makes them "Ours?"

One of the statements we hear so often from those who uphold imperialism is like this: "The Philippines are ours, and what are we to do with them?" They call this argument, but while a bold statement with many carries conviction, an unqualified assertion—which the speaker or writer is unwilling to explain—deserves to find no lodging place in an intelligent and honest mind. The point of dispute in the above statement lies in the little word "ours." What does it signify? What gives any individual the right to say "mine?" What gives any number of people the right to say "ours?" I would challenge any one on the start to put an interpretation on "ours" in this case which will coincide with any teaching of justice and right put forth either in the bible or any standard book of ethics. No more can any one make it conform to the plain dictionary meaning as applied to the laws of our land. What law ever gave a man a title to land because he had secured it by killing or capturing the owner? Who could hold a watch or horse, although he had given value received for it, if the one from whom he bought it had taken it from its owner without his consent?

Who will deny this? Yet the only claims by which I ever heard of this country holding the Philippines were "by the right of conquest" and "by the right of possession." Some hold to the one and some to the other, while a few claim both, thinking a two-fold title strengthens their position; but one who has studied algebra knows that a plus quantity never results from adding two minus quantities. Now, a man may possess a thing and be entitled to say "mine" under three conditions. He may hold property as a gift, by right of first discovery or habitation, or by giving value received for it. The Philippines were not a gift. Clearly, too, we cannot hold them by the second right. A boy may be passing by a fine watermelon patch which his neighbor has carefully tended. He may be in the vicinity by chance or for the purpose, forsooth, of guarding the attractive spot from marauders, but the case is not altered—he cannot hold the melon patch by leaping the fence into its center and "taking possession," not even if his neighbor be miles away, not even though he raises his standard and cries im-

pressively, "I am monarch of all I survey." At the close of the ceremony the patch is still his neighbor's.

As to holding property by right of purchase, there are some regular rules in regard to this. For instance A may buy a horse of B for forty dollars, but he does not get possession of the horse by paying the forty dollars to C. Neither does the United States gain possession of the rights and liberties of the Philippines by paying Spain the price stipulated. Some who enthused much over driving the tyrant Spain from the small islands, may say now that Spain did own the Philippines. Truly, the United States did by reason of the treaty and the twenty millions admit that they belonged to Spain; but if Spain owned them, as she surely did, we had no right to interfere with her, and this nation made the greatest international breach a nation could make when she interfered with Spain in her trouble with her "island possessions." If it is our right to coerce the natives into submission, then it was the right of Spain to do likewise and no one can deny it.

Another argument, so called, is that the Philippines proper are not objecting to the sovereignty of the United States, and that we in our wisdom and benevolence are "offering them our liberty." Fancy the idea of shooting people by the thousands in order to make them take the liberty we so charitably offer, and which they are so anxious to receive. The proposition is even too ridiculous for consideration. If there are even a few Filipinos who are longing for the rule of this country, why don't they take sides and ally themselves with the American forces? Even if our troops are unable to subdue the "robber bands" they surely, by their presence, ought to make it possible for any such rally to take place. Their help would at least suffice to relieve our people of some of the burden of taxes used in equipping and transporting soldiers over there to show them what they want and see that they get it.

There is absolutely no turn which those who support forcible annexation can make that will place them on the side of right. There is only one confession they can make which will place them on a consistent footing. That would be to own that the rights of one man may be broader than his neighbor's; that the rights of one race exceed those of another. In other words, there are no rights of the weak which the strong are bound to respect. With such, it is of course useless to argue, because where there is no moral standpoint there is no basis for argument. MARY HARRIS, Crete, Neb.

If you are indebted to this paper, remember and remit at once.

THE COUNT'S APOLOGY

BY ROBERT BARR.

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The 15 nobles who formed the council of state for the Moselle valley stood in little groups in the rittersaal of Winneburg's castle, situated on a hilltop in the Ender valley, a league or so from the water of the Moselle. The nobles spoke in low tones together, for a greater than they were present, no other than their overlord, the archbishop of Treves, who, in his stately robes of office, paced up and down the long room, glancing now and then through the narrow windows which gave a view down the Ender valley. There was a trace of impatience in his lordship's bearing, and well there might be, for here was the council of state in assemblage, yet their chair-

man was absent, and the nobles stood there helplessly, like a flock of sheep whose shepherd is missing. The chairman was no other than the Count of Winneburg himself, in whose castle they were now collected, and his lack of punctuality was thus a double discourtesy, for he was host as well as president.

Each in turn had tried to soothe the anger of the archbishop, for all liked the Count of Winneburg, a bluff and generous hearted giant, who would stand by his friends against all comers, was the quarrel his own or no. In truth, little cared the stalwart Count of Winneburg whose quarrel it was so long as his arm got opportunity of wielding a blow in it. His lordship of Treves had not taken this championship of the absent man with good grace and now strode apart from the group, holding himself haughtily, muttering, perhaps prayers, perhaps something else.

When one by one the nobles had arrived at Winneburg's castle, they were informed that its master had gone hunting that morning, saying he would return in time for the midday meal, but nothing had been heard of him since, although mounted messengers had been sent forth, and the great bell in the southern tower had been set ringing when the archbishop arrived. It was the general opinion that Count Winneburg, becoming interested in the chase, had forgotten all about the meeting, for it was well known that the count's body was better suited for athletic sports or warfare than was his mind for the consideration of questions of state, and the nobles, themselves of similar caliber, probably liked him none the less on that account.

Presently the archbishop stopped in his walk and faced the assemblage. "My lords," he said, "we have already waited longer than the utmost stretch of courtesy demands. The esteem in which Count Winneburg holds our deliberations is indicated by his inexcusable neglect of a duty conferred upon him by you and voluntarily accepted by him. I shall therefore take my place in his chair, and I call upon you to seat yourselves at the council table."

Saying which the archbishop strode to the vacant chair and seated himself in it at the head of the board. The nobles looked one at the other with some dismay, for it was never their intention that the archbishop should preside over their meeting, the object of which was rather to curb that high prelate's ambition than to confirm still further the power he already had over them. When a year before these councils of state had been inaugurated, the archbishop had opposed them; but, finding that the emperor was inclined to defer to the wishes of his nobles, the lord of Treves had insisted upon his right to be present during the deliberations, and this right the emperor had conceded. He further proposed that the meeting should be held at his own castle of Cochem as being conveniently situated midway between Coblenz and Treves, but to this the nobles had with fervent unanimity objected.

Cochem castle, they remembered, possessed strong walls and deep dungeons, and they had no desire to trust themselves within the lion's jaws, having little faith in his lordship's benevolent intentions toward them. The emperor seemed favorable to the selection of Cochem as a convenient place of meeting, and the nobles were non-plused, because they could not give their real reason for wishing to avoid it, and the archbishop continued to press the claims of Cochem as being of equal advantage to all.

"It is not as though I asked them to come to Treves," said the archbishop, "for that would entail a long journey upon those living near the Rhine, and in going to Cochem I shall myself have to travel as far as those who come from Coblenz."

The emperor said: "It seems a most reasonable selection, and unless some strong objection be urged, I shall confirm the choice of Cochem."

The nobles were all struck with apprehension at these words and knew not what to say, when suddenly, to their great delight, up spoke the stalwart Count of Winneburg.

"Your majesty," he said, "my castle stands but a short league from Cochem and has a rittersaal as large as that in the pinnacled palace owned by the archbishop. It is equally convenient to all concerned, and every gentleman

is right welcome to its hospitality. My cellars are well filled with good wine, and my larders are stocked with abundance of food. All that can be urged in favor of Cochem applies with equal truth to the Schloss Winneburg. If, therefore, the council will accept of my roof, it is theirs."

The nobles with universal enthusiasm cried: "Yes, yes; Winneburg is the spot!"

The emperor smiled, for he well knew that his lordship of Treves was somewhat miserly in the dispensing of his hospitality. He preferred to see his guests drink the wine of a poor vintage rather than tap the bottle which contained the wine of a yield of a good year. His majesty smiled because he imagined his nobles thought of the replenishing of their stomachs, whereas they were concerned for the safety of their necks; but, seeing them unanimous in their choice, he nominated Schloss Winneburg as the place of meeting, and so it remained.

When, therefore, the archbishop of Treves set himself down in the ample chair to which those present had without a dissenting vote elected Count



The count flung him like a sack of corn to the smooth floor.

Winneburg, distrust at once took hold of them, for they were ever jealous of the encroachments of their overlord. The archbishop glared angrily around him, but no man moved from where he stood.

"I ask you to be seated. The council is called to order."

Baron Bellstein cleared his throat and spoke, seemingly with some hesitation, but nevertheless with a touch of obstinacy in his voice:

"May we beg a little more time for Count Winneburg? He has doubtless gone farther afield than he intended when he set out. I myself know something of the fascination of the chase and can easily understand that it wipes out all remembrance of lesser things."

"Call you this council a lesser thing?" demanded the archbishop. "We have waited an hour already, and I shall not give the laggard a moment more."

"Indeed, my lord, then I am sorry to hear it. I would not willingly be the man who sits in Winneburg's chair should he come suddenly upon us."

"Is that a threat?" asked the archbishop, frowning.

"It is not a threat, but rather a warning. I am a neighbor of the count and know him well, and whatever his virtues may be calm patience is not one of them. If time hangs heavily, may I venture to suggest that your lordship remove the prohibition you proclaimed when the count's servants offered us wine and allow me to act temporarily as host and order the flagons to be filled, which, I think, will please Winneburg better when he comes than finding another in his chair."

"This is no drunken revel, but a council of state," said the archbishop sternly, "and I drink no wine when the host is not here to proffer it."

"Indeed, my lord," said Bellstein, with a shrug of the shoulders, "some of us are so thirsty that we care not who makes the offer so long as the wine be sound."

What reply the archbishop would have made can only be conjectured, for at that moment the door burst open, and in came Count Winneburg, a head and shoulders above any man in that room and huge in proportion.

"My lords, my lords," he cried, his loud voice booming in the rafters, "how can I ask you to excuse such a breach of hospitality? What! Not a single flagon of wine in the room! This makes my deep regret almost unbearable. Surely, Bellstein, you might have amended that, if only for the sake of an old and constant comrade. Truth, gentlemen, until I heard the bell of the castle toll I had no thought that this was the day of our meeting, and then, to my despair, I found myself an hour away and have ridden hard to be among you."

Then, noticing there was something ominous in the air and an unaccustomed silence to greet his words, he

looked from one to the other, and his eye, traveling up the table, rested finally upon the archbishop in his chair. Count Winneburg drew himself up, his ruddy face coloring like fire. Then, before any person could reach out hand to check him or move lip in counsel, the count, with a fierce oath, strode to the usurper, grasped him by the shoulders, whirled his heels high above his head and flung him like a sack of corn to the smooth floor, where the unfortunate archbishop, huddled in a helpless heap, slid along the polished surface as if he were on ice. The 15 nobles stood stock still, appalled at this unexpected outrage upon their overlord. Winneburg seated himself in the chair with an emphasis that made even the solid table rattle and, bringing down his huge fist crashing on the board before him, shouted:

"Let no man occupy my chair unless he has weight enough to remain there!"

Baron Bellstein and one or two others hurried to the prostrate archbishop and assisted him to his feet.

"Count Winneburg," said Bellstein, "you can expect no sympathy from us for such a course of violence in your own hall."

"I want none of your sympathy!" roared the angry count. "Bestow it on the man now in your hands, who needs it. If you want the archbishop of Treves to act as your chairman, elect him to the position in welcome. I shall have no usurpation in my castle. While I am chairman I sit in the chair and none other."

There was a murmur of approval at this, for one and all were deeply suspicious of the archbishop's continued encroachments.

His lordship of Treves, once more on his feet, his lips pallid and his face colorless, looked with undisguised hatred at his assailant. "Winneburg," he said slowly, "you will apologize abjectly for this insult, and that in the presence of the nobles of this empire, or I shall see to it that not one stone of this castle remains upon another."

"Indeed," said the count nonchalantly. "I shall apologize to you, my lord, when you apologize to me for taking my place. As to the castle, it is said that the devil assisted in the building of it, and it is quite likely that through friendship for you he may preside over its destruction."

The archbishop made no reply, but, bowing haughtily to the rest of the company, who looked glum enough, well knowing that the episode they had witnessed meant in all probability red war let loose down the smiling valley of the Moselle, left the rittersaal.

"Now that the council is duly convened in regular order," said Count Winneburg when the others had seated themselves round his table, "what questions of state come up for discussion?"

For a moment there was no answer to this query, the delegates looking at one another speechless. But at last Baron Bellstein, shrugging his shoulder, said dryly:

"Indeed, my lord, I think the time for talk is past, and I suggest that we all look closely to the strengthening of our walls, which are likely to be tested before long by the lion of Treves. It may have been unwise, Winneburg, to have used the archbishop so roughly, he being unaccustomed to athletic exercise; but, let the consequences be what they may, I for one will stand by you."

"And I, and I, and I, and I!" cried the others, with the exception of the knight of Ehrenburg, who, living as he did near the town of Coblenz, was learned in the law and not so ready as some of his comrades to speak first and think afterward.

"My good friends," cried their presiding officer, quite evidently deeply moved by this token of their fealty, "what I have done I have done, be it wise or the reverse, and the results must fall on my head alone. No words of mine can remove the dust of the floor from the archbishop's cloak, so, if he comes, let him come. I shall give him as hearty a welcome as it is in my power to render. All I ask is fair play, and those who stand aside shall see a good fight. It is not right that a hasty act of mine should embroil the peaceful countryside, so if Treves comes on I shall meet him alone, here in my castle. But nevertheless I thank you all for your offers of help; that, all except the knight of Ehrenburg, whose tender of assistance, if made, has escaped my ear."

The knight of Ehrenburg had up to that moment been studying the texture of the oaken table on which his flagon sat. Now he looked up and spoke slowly.

"I made no proffer of help," he said, "because none will be needed, I believe, so far as the archbishop of Treves is concerned. The count a moment ago said that all he wanted was fair play, but that is just what he has no right to expect from his present antagonist. The archbishop will make no attempt on this castle. He will act much more subtly than that. The archbishop will lay the redress of his quarrel upon the shoulders of the emperor, and it is the oncoming of the imperial troops you have to fear and not an invasion from Treves. Against the forces of the emperor we are powerless, united or divided. Indeed, his majesty may call upon us to invest this castle, whereupon, if we refuse, we are rebels, who have broken our oaths."

"What, then, is there left for me to do?" asked the count, dismayed at the coil in which he had involved himself.

"Nothing," advised the knight of Ehrenburg, "except apologize abjectly to the archbishop, and that not too soon, for his lordship may not accept it. But when he formally demands it I should render it to him on his own terms and think myself well out of an awkward position."

The Count of Winneburg rose from his seat and, lifting his clinched fist

high above his head, shook it at the timbers of the roof.

"That," he cried, "will I never do while one stone of Winneburg stands upon another!"

At this those present, always with the exception of the knight of Ehrenburg, sprang to their feet, shouting: "Imperial troops or no, we stand by the Count of Winneburg!"

Some one flashed forth a sword, and instantly a glitter of blades was in the air, and cheer after cheer rang to the rafters. When the uproar had somewhat subsided, the knight of Ehrenburg said calmly:

"My castle stands nearest to the cap-

ital and will be the first to fall, but nevertheless, hoping to do my shouting when the war is ended, I join my forces with those of the rest of you."

And amid this unanimity and much emptying of flagons the assemblage dissolved, each man with his escort taking his way to his own stronghold, to con more soberly perhaps the next day the problem that confronted them. They were fighters all and would not flinch when the pinch came, whatever was the outcome.

(Continued next week.)

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