

honorable exceptions, has worked itself into such a state of mind as would be gratefully appreciated by a Cæsar or a Napoleon, and a state of public opinion has been produced which it requires considerable courage to question."

And this has been peculiarly the case on the Pacific coast, where the material advantages of supplying an army in the Philippines have been eagerly seized upon, while the consequent burdens of administration to the people at large are not yet realized; but the day of reckoning will come. The hopes of most of those who expect to gain something—money, glory, prestige—will be disappointed. "The cost of conquest and maintenance in life and gold is in grotesque excess of any possible advantage to trade or civilization."

We had but just emerged from a period of industrial and financial crisis and depression during which fifty thousand miles of railroad had been in the hands of receivers, and twelve hundred banks had failed, when, without deliberation or reason, we plunged into a war with Spain, followed it up by a wild shout for expansion, and proceeded to inaugurate a war upon the Filipinos, a people whose only offending (insofar as the United States was concerned) has been that they, like Americans, desire liberty, to whom we presented an ultimatum of submission or ruin. One of the Paris Peace Commissioners has added that to accord freedom and citizenship would be to demonstrate ourselves the most imbecile of all time's offspring.

Gracious God! Is it possible that one short century of material prosperity has so completely deadened our conscience and hearts to the imperishable principles that sustained our forefathers in their struggle for the same liberty that the brave and devoted Filipinos strive for, and have striven for years and years?

Can any conscientious man or woman deliberately aver that our course has been justifiable? No. It is not possible, and any such averment could not justify the wrongs we are perpetrating. Our attitude is excused by the plea "we are in it and cannot back out"—the ethics of a dog fight and the reason of a bull in a china shop, and a fight too, in which the disparity between contestants is as ten to one. To which I remark, "It's never too late to mend."

"The devils of national vainglory, of imperial expansion, and of the passion of robbing and crowing over victims, are simply the devils of individual vainglory, the devils of business and domestic ambition and rivalry." "There is no sense in the American people dealing with the Filipinos as though they were uncivilized barbarians who had no right to aspire to a separate national existence. Thus far we have sent them nothing but the sword. The policy of crushing first and conciliating afterwards is replete

with the brutality and impolicy of war." The one thing denied the Filipinos by the government of this country is the one single thing that George III wanted to withhold from our forefathers—Liberty!

William Pitt, Earl Chatham, declared in Parliament: "It is said the American Colonies intend to rebel. I hope they may; I am delighted to hear that they are likely to do so."

Neither congress nor the people have asked to govern the Filipinos, and the natives are resisting our "benevolent assimilation" with their lives. Our soldiers are being returned home enfeebled, crippled and ashamed of their home government, while other soldiers are being reluctantly transported to their vacant places. The following from the San Francisco Chronicle of the 25th instant speaks for itself: "Home from the wars came yesterday a shipload of soldiers, some sick, some bullet-torn, a few of them dead. The ship was the Morgan City, and it was her business to bring back such victims of the firing line and of camp disease as seemed fit for the month-long journey across the Pacific. At 3 o'clock yesterday morning the steamer's lights were visible off the Golden Gate, and it was noon when the slow procession of wounded and invalided veterans began to stumble down her gangplank at Fremont-street wharf. There were aboard the Morgan City 480 sick and wounded men, three who had died on the thirty days' voyage from Manila, two attending surgeons and seven Hospital Corpsmen, a guard of eight from the Third Artillery, a ship's quartermaster, and one officer as a passenger.

"It is the most remarkable aggregation of fighters that ever recrossed the Pacific. Among them were 100 volunteers who had felt the sting of Mauser bullets and seventeen regulars who were sufferers from gunshot wounds, a total of 117 soldiers who had actually shed their blood on the field of battle in conflict with the Filipinos. There was material enough for a whole nation's sympathetic tears, but no tears were shed. No bands of music, no patriotic public, no thankful friends, no tender relatives greeted the home-coming of these real victims of a foreign war. Their return to their native land was pathetic in its mute appeal to sympathy. Eyes dimmed by fevers and by long sickness gazed wistfully along the wharf, and poor fellows struggling cautiously to the rail on crutches looked in vain for a familiar face or a welcoming smile among the little handful of persons, attracted to the scene by idle curiosity, just as though it were only some strange collier about to dump her load of coal."

Is it not time the true facts were known, and that something rational—humane—be done—some course of Chris-

tian action be defined? There is nothing so kingly as kindness and nothing so royal as truth.

JOHN J. VALENTINE.

San Francisco, Calif., July 31, 1899.

POPULAR ENDORSEMENT. THE CONSERVATIVE, during a forty-five years' residence in Nebraska, has been a close observer of the rise and fall, in the popular esteem, of individuals engaged in public affairs.

The things least deserving of praise in legislative, executive and judicial life have been most lauded and the things most worthy of commendation have, nearly always, been—at least temporarily—condemned. The men who worked to be in accord with popular clamor and to allure the plaudits of the multitude in 1855 and thence on to 1865 have, as a rule, been forgotten. They merged individual opinions in the common torrents of popular views. They even lost individuality itself, and as integral parts of a composite, can no more be recalled and distinguished today than a particular drop of water or grain of sand can be selected from the Missouri river at full flood. Impulses and prejudices too often form public opinion. Reason and reflection evolve conclusions and opinions for the studious and the thoughtful.

The man who acts for what he believes to be the right, regardless of the plaudits and indifferent to the jeers of today, does the best for the commonwealth and will be alive in the history of innumerable tomorrows, when the very existence of the time-server shall have been ignored.

TWO HUNDRED CENT DOLLARS.

The numerous lawyers of the populist persuasion who, from Allen down, claim that their practice during the last ten years has averaged \$2,500 annually seem to forget that these diabolical dollars, under the gold standard, contained each a purchasing power of two hundred cents! All the stump speeches proclaiming calamity which these gentlemen have so eloquently delivered throughout this state must have been deliberate and agreed-upon falsehoods, or else the statements now made by Allen, Bryan, Clem Deaver, Kem, Holcomb, and others of that kind, that any of them, all of them, have, ever since they began life, made always more than \$2,500 a year are lies. Have those prototypes of "the plain people" been unable to live on \$5,000.00 incomes? These celebrated benefactors who instituted the Missouri river, established the gold and silver mines of the Rocky mountains and are now members of an office-seeking trust—for cash only—could not be more distinguished than for the remarkable impediment in their veracity!