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—By—

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ROOSEVELT AT ANNAPOLIS.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has been talking to the Annapolis cadets about war and its glories. As the young men listened to the patriotic words of the nation's chief executive, their thoughts must have wandered far afield. In fancy they must have seen the battles of Santiago and of Manila, where the bravest men in the world's greatest navy, viewed from the standpoint of fighting qualities, won for themselves renown that can never perish. Then, with the optimism of the young, the thoughts of these boys leaped into the future and they saw themselves flying the admiral's flag, while the booming of the great guns beat out a rumbling accompaniment to the music of their dream.

Let us all hope another war may never come, but, mingled with that hope, will be pride in the young seamen, faith in their ability to accomplish great achievements. The American navy, from the time John Paul Jones ran up the first American flag on an American man-of-war down to the moment when the echo of the last shot died away on that Sabbath morning in a summer sea, has always given a good account of itself. John Paul Jones in the Bon Homme Richard, breasting the storm-swept Atlantic; Perry on the Great Lakes, with his "We have met the enemy and they are ours"; Farragut on the Mississippi, Dewey at Manila, Schley at Santiago. These are the links in the chain that binds a glorious past to a glorious present; these are the names that in naval history will ever be reckoned the greatest.

At Annapolis, Dr. George T. Winston, a member of the board of visitors, referred to Sampson as the hero of Santiago. His remarks were applauded and the president set the seal of his endorsement on them by warmly congratulating the speaker. It was the one unfortunate touch to the picture. This indirect revival of the Santiago controversy must have brought to the minds of the cadets another picture, a picture of the attempted humiliation of a fighter who had done his best, a best that won for him the undying gratitude of his country. It must have reminded them of the snub administered by the president to that other seaman who pounded to pieces a Spanish fleet on the other side of the world.

If anything could quench the brightly burning fire of patriotism in those young breasts it would be the recollection of the administration's treatment of Schley and Dewey. But nothing can dim those fires, for if their country needed their services, no midshipman in Annapolis would respond more promptly or more cheerfully than Dewey and Schley. So it is with all of the nation's fighting men. They may make mistakes, as all men make mistakes, but no mortal can deny their love of country and their devotion to the flag. So long as the nation produces such men,

* * * the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

A DISCIPLE OF MULHATTON.

SOME TIME AGO it was announced that Joe Mulhatton, who was justly entitled "the prince of liars," had passed away. This report is either untrue or the lamented Mr. Mulhatton has a successor and disciple who is in every way worthy of him. The last stopping place of the gentleman was Toledo, O., where he sent out to the world the story of some most remarkable operations performed by Doctors Lawless and Bodman of that city. Here is one of them:

"The sight of James McAfee, aged 75, who had been totally blind for a number of years, was restored today. Mr. McAfee's eyes had been destroyed in an explosion of gunpowder about twelve years ago, and since that time he has been totally blind. The physicians yesterday removed the blind eyes from their sockets, rubbed them, cut off a scum that had accumulated, brushed the eyes, cleaned and replaced them in their sockets. Mr. McAfee blinked for a few seconds, rubbed his eyes, and, to the astonishment of everybody present, announced that he could see as he did before his eyesight was destroyed."

And another operation described was like unto this. The historian who is responsible for the story omitted a few nice details that would have added considerably to the credibility of his report, but, all things considered, he did fairly well. For instance, he might have let the doctors play ping pong with the McAfee optics for a few minutes. He might have turned the orbs over to a small boy to use as "taws" in a game of marbles. In the excitement of the moment, however, the promising author neglected these fancy touches. When he has acquired a little more experience his work will undoubtedly lose much of the roughness which characterizes it at present.

About the funniest feature of the whole business is the gravity with which certain of The Herald's esteemed contemporaries are publishing it. To all appearances they are laboring under the impression that it is just about as easy to lift an eye, polish it, clipp off an accumulation of scum, scrub it with lye soap and replace it as to lance a boil. Modern surgery is full of the marvelous. Operations are common today which were undreamed of less than a generation ago. No science is more progressive, but it has not yet reached the stage when eyes can be handled like apples.

The moment an eye is removed from its socket its sight is destroyed forever. All the peeling and washing in the world isn't going to save it. The Herald is prepared to rejoice with the imaginary Mr. McAfee over the excogitated restoration of his sight, so long as the report thereof is labeled romance, but it declines to take him seriously.

HARD-WORKED WALL STREETERS

IN ALL ITS LIST of correspondents, The Herald, as it has before assured its readers, has none that it values more highly than Henry Clews of New York. A degree of intimacy, say about the thirty-second degree, has been established between The Herald and Mr. Clews as a result of the many entertaining missives with which he has favored this paper. He always says something breezy, something to the point, the Wall street point. Here is his latest scintillation, culled from a column or so of gossipy chatter.

Henry has been talking about crop prospects, which he says are more than favorable. Continuing: "Farmers hold and own the lands that produce these crops, and they have been getting very rich as a result of the prosperous conditions we have had for several years past. There would be something radically wrong if Wall Street, too, did not occasionally have a good crop season to make the constant and hard-working men of the Street also prosperous."

The capital "S" in street is Mr. Clews', not The Herald's. Henry has a habit of capitalizing anything he adores, such as Money, Bond, Trust, Credit Merchant and the like. Now let us turn to the poverty-stricken operator in Wall street, for whom Mr. Clews is always manifesting the keenest sympathy. He believes Wall street should occasionally have a good crop season to make the hard-working men there prosperous. Yes, indeed. Anybody will tell you that the hardest work in the world is shearing lambs. They jump about so, the mischievous things, that the shearer is sadly put to it, sometimes, to get all the fleece without cutting himself or injuring the lamb so badly that it can never be driven into the corral again.

The strain of getting up at 10 o'clock in the morning, after spending half the night in dissipation and the other half in planning new schemes for the enticement of lambs, must be awful. Truly, the Wall street operator is entitled to rich harvests. So is the faro bank dealer, so is the man who presides at the stud poker table, so is the impassive gentleman behind the roulette wheel. Each and every one of them is working so hard for the good of his country that he doesn't have a minute to spend on himself.

Whenever The Herald thinks of its friend, Mr. Clews, being tossed about in that Wall street gambling hell, it can hardly restrain its emotion. Poor man, poor man! In the words of the old hymn: "What shall the harvest be-ee-ee-ee, oh, what shall the harvest be?"

DUTIES OF CITIZENSHIP.

ONLY COURT OFFICIALS appreciate the number and character of American citizens who try to evade the duties of citizenship. Every sort of pretext is used to escape jury service by the very class of men who are most interested in a proper enforcement of the law. An eminent judge recently had a contractor on a jury venire. The man pleaded for release, saying that if he were compelled to sit on the jury several hundred men would be thrown out of employment.

"If you had a case in this court would you like to have it tried by a jury of loafers?" asked the judge. The contractor was not a dull-witted man. He saw the point and he stayed on the jury. Average citizens are like the guests in the parable, of whom it was written: "And they all with one consent began to make excuse." And yet, when the prominent citizen has a lawsuit on hand he wants the most intelligent and representative men he can find to serve on the jury.

The legislature of the state of New York has devised a plan for solving this problem, and its workings will be watched with keen interest in other states. The new law is aimed primarily at citizens who fail to exercise their right to vote. In New York the juries are drawn from the lists of registered voters. It follows that those who are not registered escape jury duties. The statute provides that hereafter juries shall be drawn from among those whose names are not on the voting registers. Until these names are exhausted the voters are not to be summoned.

By this method those who neglect one of the duties of citizenship will be compelled to perform the other. The law seems eminently proper. Every citizen should take an active interest in his government, local, state and national. The man who does not vote has no right to complain when officials of doubtful character are elected. The man who evades jury duty gets only his just deserts when his own case is tried by an aggregation of blockheads.

ENCOURAGING BRIBERY.

CHARLES KRATZ, an ex-councilman of St. Louis, who is under indictment for bribery in that city, has found a safe asylum in Mexico. If Kratz is not guilty of the charge against him he has succeeded most admirably in making himself seem to be guilty. He has forfeited a heavy appearance bond and has deported himself in other respects as a man with a burden of crime on his shoulders. His escape into Mexico and the refusal of that government to permit his extradition are most unfortunate.

The Kratz case will be an encouragement to others who contemplate crimes of similar character. The bribing of councilmen, members of the legislature and other public officials is altogether too common in this country. Men have been known to spend far more than the emoluments of a councilman or legislator in order to secure such positions. This is not in itself prima facie evidence of an intent to defraud somebody, but when poor men wax wealthy in councils and legislatures, just ground for suspicion is afforded.

Cases there are, of course, where men will sacrifice much money for what they conceive to be the honor attendant on public office. They are actuated in the beginning by thoroughly honest and sincere motives, but men of that character usually quit at the end of their first term. The others stay on and on until they are kicked out in an upheaval of public indignation. And really the men who are bribed are not so much to blame as those who do the bribing.

Many men start out with all the good intentions in the world. Then the tempter comes along in the form of a corporation lobbyist. Money is offered for a vote. Perhaps it is refused a dozen times, but the amount grows larger and larger until at last the desire for wealth overcomes weak natures. Then the dishonest official is punished while the man who made him dishonest escapes.

St. Louis had an opportunity to make an example of Kratz, an example that would shock other bribe givers into inactivity. The action of the Mexican authorities in refusing to surrender him to justice makes this impossible. Kratz will stay in the domain of President Diaz until the memory of his crime has become dimmed in the recollection of St. Louis citizens. The witnesses for the prosecution will move to other cities or go the way of all flesh. Then will Kratz return and be triumphantly "vindicated."

THE PESSIMISTIC SUN.

ONE OF THE HERALD'S sprightliest and most esteemed contemporaries is the New York Sun. It may usually be depended upon to state facts briefly, breezily and brightly, not to mention truthfully. Even the Sun, however, sometimes exaggerates, and it is with the deepest pain that The Herald calls attention to a recent instance. In its issue of Tuesday, April 29, appeared this paragraph:

"Regan looked in the mirror behind the bar, took aim, and blew the top of his head off. He was taken to Gouverneur hospital, where it was said he might die."

Here is manifested a pessimism not usual with the Sun. The disposition to make the worst of everything is entirely too pronounced in most newspapers and The Herald is extremely sorry to see that the Sun is falling into it. To quote the hospital authorities as saying that a man might die from a mere superficial injury like blowing the top of his head off is surely over-stating the case. It is hardly probable that the house physician indulged in any such doleful prediction. The Sun reporter, in his desire to make a readable story, must have thrown in the touch of lugubriousness by way of embellishment.

Out here in the bounding and boundless west lots of men shoot off the tops of their heads every morning just for amusement. It is considered one of the safest and most healthful forms of exercise, and besides, it keeps the cartridges from rusting in their chambers. They don't need any mirrors to assist them in the operation, either. Any old place or time suits just as well as any other.

It is to be hoped that the Sun will cheer up. In this day of prosperity, when the clear, spring skies and the genial sunshine are making all the world better and brighter and happier, neither man nor newspaper should be doleful. Of course, when a citizen does something really hurtful to himself it is all right to mention it, but a simple little performance such as the one described by the Sun does not warrant any prophecies of death in the near or the remote future.

Its story reminds The Herald of the account of an assault on a Chinaman written by a "student" in Chicago. After telling how the Celestial had been chopped with an ax, how his ribs had been kicked in and his face stamped, the reporter gravely added: "It is thought the Chinaman would have been seriously injured if the police had not interfered."

King Victor Emanuel has pardoned the American naval officers who took part in a disgraceful brawl in Venice. The king's clemency should have no bearing on the subsequent treatment of those officers. For the honor of the navy they must be courtmartialed, and if the facts are as stated in the original dispatches, they should be expelled in disgrace from the service they have dishonored. That would be the result if they were plain "jackies," and the fact that they have commissions raises the degree of their offense rather than mitigates it.

News of the death of Congressman Amos J. Cummings will cause widespread regret. During his years of service in the house Mr. Cummings had become known as one of the ablest men on the Democratic side. He graduated from the newspaper profession, and in spite of his many congressional duties, he found time to continue, to a certain extent, his newspaper work. His death will be a blow, not only to the Democracy and to his New York constituency, but to the entire country.

Administration papers attempt to compare the "Red Shirt" and "Ku Klux" outrages in the south with the torture of Filipinos by American soldiers. Why not say something about the "White Cap" depredations in the north? Fairness is a most commendable virture that doesn't enter into the composition of administration partisans.

A movement has been started in France for the punishment of clergymen who took part in the recent election. A whole lot of reverend gentlemen in this country could be made decidedly uneasy by a similar movement.

The appointment of a Wyoming woman as seamstress at the Shoshone Indian agency has not yet been claimed as a victory for Senator Kearns. Evidently that press agent needs looking after.

Those leading officers of the Independent Order of Foresters ought to be investigated. They have declined to accept an increase of pay.

No bids were received on Havana's proposed $28,000,000 bond issue. That is one effect of reciprocity with Cuba on the homeopathic plan.

WANTED—An expert bookkeeper. Apply at once to E. Root, Washington, D. C.

THE LITERARY OUTLOOK.

(BY HERBERT BREWSTER.)

An interesting case in copyright is now up before the court of appeals. A Boston publisher is suing a New York publisher for infringement of copyright on Harriet Beecher Stowe's "The Minister's Wooing," and Oliver Wendell Holmes' "The Professor at the Breakfast Table." It seems that twenty-nine out of forty-two chapters of "The Minister's Wooing" were published serially in the year 1859, when the whole book was published and copyrighted by the author as a whole. Then the remaining thirteen chapters were issued serially without anything more than the publisher's general copyright. The circuit court held that the publication of the first twenty-nine chapters of the story without any copyright abandoned them to the public, and that, as the remaining chapters were published without proper notice of copyright, sufficient notice was not given of a copyright by Mrs. Stowe. The case of "The Professor at the Breakfast Table" was similar. Ten of the twelve parts of the book were published serially without any notice of copyright. When the book appeared it was copyrighted by the author. The circuit court of appeals held that a literary work published serially with the consent of the author and copyrighted in the name of the publishers gives rise to such conditions that the author cannot subsequently secure the copyright. If the author subsequently publishes the book, together with a copyright notice in his own name, instead of that of his publishers under which the original copyright was taken out, such republication with such notice constitutes, according to the court, an abandonment of the copyright.

Perhaps in years to come it will be possible for some one to master the intricacies of the copyright law. As it stands at present, it cannot be said that any one person is able to interpret it. It is interesting to note that the New York publisher who was involved in the above case is the author of the most authoritative work on our copyright law which has yet been published.

Hobart Chatfield-Taylor, whose last novel, "The Crimson Wing," is making a commendable record of sales, is now in Washington getting material for another novel, which he hopes to have finished by the coming winter. The dramatic rights of "The Crimson Wing" have been secured by Mr. Daniel Frohman, and the play will probably be seen on the boards next season.

Somehow or other the general reading public has conceived the idea that Mr. Chatfield-Taylor is more of a glass of fashion than he is an author. The gentleman himself says that his one object in life now is to live down the general impression that he is a "dude" rather than to write the great American novel. It seems that Mr. Chatfield-Taylor was unfortunate enough to be well born and to have had an excellent education, both in this country and abroad. During his youth he traveled extensively in Europe, and it happened that when Princess Eulalie visited Chicago at the time of the World's fair there were few natives of that progressive city who knew just how she should be treated. Mr. Chatfield-Taylor was one of the few, and the committee of arrangements persuaded him to take charge of her reception and entertainment. As a boy, Mr. Chatfield-Taylor was plain Hobart Chatfield Taylor, but an uncle, a Mr. Chatfield, with whom the young man was a favorite, made a sort of death-bed request of him that he perpetuate his name. The young man promised to carry out his bachelor uncle's desire, but when he requested the courts to use his middle name, Chatfield, in the hyphenated surname, it was decided that this could not be done, and the only solution of the problem was to insert another Chatfield in the name. He then became Hobart Chatfield Chatfield-Taylor, and, when he was called upon to take charge of the visiting Spanish princess, the newspapers all over the country thought that the bearer of such a name must be a cad, and he was subjected to all sorts of newspaper ridicule. His intimate friends say that he is a prince of good fellows, just the opposite to what the general public thinks he is. At any rate, he writes acceptable stories, and it is to be hoped that he may continue his good record in this regard, as well as prove himself a decent sort of man.

A book which is seasonable just now is "The Field Book of American Flowers," by F. S. Mathews. The author has collected his material with great care; one can imagine long excursions into the woods and the haunts of the flowers, and many delightful days in the labor. There are given fairly accurate descriptions of 850 different American flowers and drawings of 350, some of which are in colors. Enough is told of each flowers to excite the interest of the reader, and the volume is one which will serve as a valuable means to the enjoyment of nature as she is in these early spring days. As it is of pocket size, the book will not make a large burden, a fact which is worthy of note, when one thinks of the huge tome-like appearance of some of the recently published nature books.

In addition to his serious labors on novels and short stories, together with book reading for a firm of publishers, Mr. Frank Norris has found time to prepare a series of literary talks for one of the magazines. In the course of the season Mr. Norris will have completed the second volume of his trilogy of Wheat, the first of which was "The Octopus." It is a remarkable fact that when Mr. Norris came to New York about three years ago he was barely able to make a living at his writing. He was not long, however, in making a place for himself, and now that he has established himself firmly and married the girl of his story "Blix," he has settled down in his home over in New Jersey to a life devoted entirely to writing and criticism. He is still a young man; he works rapidly, and is capable of turning out many books yet which should at least be equal to what he has already done.

The recent death of Frank R. Stockton brings into prominence again his great story, "The Lady or the Tiger," the true solution of which died with the author. Many were the attempts which were made to get Mr. Stockton to tell how he would solve the riddle. At dinners, if the souvenirs or ices were made up in the forms of ladies and tigers, he invariably took one of each. Nothing could persuade him to give any explanation of his story; he preferred to keep every one guessing—which every one certainly did. There was another curious fact about Mr. Stockton which the obituary notices have brought to light to the surprise of his admirers. Few thought of him as anything but a young man, when, as a matter of fact and record, he was nearly three score and ten. He did not begin writing until nearly middle age; or, at least, he was well along in years before his work began to attract general attention. Doubtless the whimsical character of his stories and the noticeable youthful tone of his writing aided in giving the impression that he was not an old man. His death is a distinct loss to the book world.

Henry M. Alden is the oldest active editor in this country. He still occupies his little cubby-hole of an office in Franklin square, into which, it is said, a visitor has to walk backwards if he wishes to get out all right. Along with his work as editor of a magazine, Mr. Alden has never given up the delights of writing, and in a current number of one of the leading magazines he gives considerable advice to young writers.

"In any great story," he writes, "the creative work is not only done first, but it is done 'without observation'—it is a part of that emotional and mental culture of which we have spoken, and which in the soul of an artist becomes a storage that, like the lightning-burdened cloud, must have precipitate release. This image is too violent, perhaps, to indicate the expression of the artist's mood, which, whatever its tension, has a more stable temperament and more gradual release than have the elemental forces of nature; but the operation is, like that of these forces, spontaneous and inevitable.

"There is no mental storage save of power; the writer's culture is a growth of his power, the exercise of which is as natural as the flowing of the fountain which becomes the stream. It is a part of his life, with the creative quality of life, tireless in action as are respiration and pulsation; there is no burden, since in this, as in the physical world, weight is but another name for an attraction. The burden of the artist's work is in the inertia of his material, which through industry and discipline is translated into force—an unveiled force in the material itself, and, through reaction, a structural strength in the artist himself, manifest in his firm workmanship, until finally difficulty becomes facility."

Santos-Dumont has written a book, or will have one completed by next fall. It would have been a surprising fact if he had not. No man does anything out of the ordinary in these days of great and fearful deeds without putting his experiences down on paper, for which accounts the publishers are willing to pay large sums. Marconi has practically completed his story of wireless telegraphy; Santos-Dumont will tell the story of his airships; Baldwin, when he returns from his search for the north pole, will also have a volume for the reading public. It is a good tendency after all, for these books doubtless serve as more or less accurate guides of what has been done along sensational lines of achievement up to date.

NOT DR. ILIFF.

Mr. Mabry Says That He Was Not Meant.

To The Salt Lake Herald:

Referring to your review of "When Love Is King," in your issue of April 20, I feel constrained to say that while the circumstances attending my misfortune at Salt Lake City suggested the plot, your reviewer is wholly in error as to most of the characters.

Nothing was farther from my purpose than to attribute to Dr. Iliff the vices and crimes portrayed in the career of the Rev. Augustus Topliff. The name itself was suggested to me by a hotel of the same name at Elyria, O., where I often had occasion to stop at the time when I began the writing of the story. While I have suffered much at the hands of Dr. Iliff, I would not knowingly do him an injustice.

Nor did I intend that the virtues and accomplishments set forth in the Rev. Albert Armby should be attributed to myself. He is simply my ideal of a Christian minister, in spirit, in faith and in work—an ideal up to which I make no pretension of having measured.

The two poles are not further apart than is your reviewer from the truth in the suggestion that Edna Lee was, in any respect, intended to represent Mrs. Reilly. There is absolutely nothing in common between the two. Very truly,

W. D. MABRY.

THE PHILIPPINE OUTRAGES.

To The Salt Lake Herald:

When the news of the declaration of war against Spain by the United States had been flashed over the country, a thrill of honest pride and exultation passed through the hearts of the American people, for they realized it was the beginning of the end of a long and systematic course of tyranny and oppression under which the people of Cuba had been suffering. It signalized the termination of a cruel war, that had converted the Pearl of the Antilles into a wilderness of ruin and misery. It meant the destruction of the reconcentration camp with its unspeakable horrors and atrocities, the putting an end to the petty tyrannies and remorseless exactions of military officials perpetrated on the unfortunate inhabitants in the name of civilization.

In the course of a few months the military and naval superiority of the Americans was abundantly demonstrated, and the ostensible object of the war was accomplished; the Cubans were freed from the blighting domination of their oppressors. The Philippines, by virtue of the genius of "manifest destiny," that plastic and accommodating "alleviator of outraged conscience" that has ever been employed by the crowned ruffians of the race as a pretext to justify a policy of robbery, conquest and extermination, were likewise liberated from the remorseless grasp of the tyrant, and brought in subjection to the "benevolent assimilation" policy of the conquering nation.

The military operations of the Spanish government, both in Cuba and the Philippines, had drawn the fire of denunciation from all the enlightened nations, and it was the verdict of all Christian peoples that her manifold crimes and abominations justly merited the retribution that overtook her as a result of the war.

It is said that the United States, by virtue of the right of conquest and the payment of $20,000,000 to Spain, forthwith became invested with an indefeasible title in fee simple to the Philippine archipelago, succeeding to the rights relinquished by the Spanish government. In the light of recent events, made appreciable to the understanding of the Americans by the vigilance of the United States senate in its inquisition into the military operations of the islands, Spain not only conveyed to us its title to the people and land of the Philippines, but in some mysterious manner has transmitted to our government an unsolicited stock of military brutality and fiendishness, the application of which, in the hands of General Smith, who will be known to future generations as the American Cortez, has become intensified. There can be found nothing in the wide range of history more demoniacal and absolutely fiendish than the orders of this monster, wearing the uniform of the American soldier, for the indiscriminate murder and assassination of men, women and innocent children, in the prosecution of the campaign in the province of Samar. Aside from this order of miscellaneous slaughter, methods of torture, for the extortion of desired information from captured Filipinos, unexampled in the annals of so-called civilized warfare, have been employed indiscriminately by our officers. Applications of the "water cure," from the evidence disclosed by the senatorial investigation, are not of isolated but of general occurrence in many of the provinces sought to be subjugated. If the applications were casual and not part of a general system, justification might be found, but the contrary, unfortunately, seems to be the case.

Some contemporary writers, irrational and intemperate adherents of the doctrine of imperialism, seek to spread on the whitewash of exculpation for the orders of General Smith, by urging the existence of extraordinary military exigencies, that could only be properly disposed of by such extremities, citing the execution by Napoleon of the prisoners of Joffa, taken in the Assyrian campaign. There is nothing in this incident that affords any extenuation for our Philippine barbarities. It is not a parallel case. The circumstances of Napoleon's situation on the plains of Asia were totally dissimilar. The French general was cut off from his base of operations, in the midst of the hostile armies of combined forces. The Assyrian soldiers ordered to be shot had in a previous engagement been taken prisoners by the French and released upon their promise not to take part in any subsequent engagement against the French, but in the next battle fought, untrue to their promise, they were enlisted under the banners of Ahmet, and were taken prisoners a second time. Having no soldiers to guard them, their execution was determined upon. This measure was justified by the military necessities that the perilous situation of the French presented. There is nothing in this example of military severity that the defenders of American Weylerism in the Philippines can draw consolation from. Those who seek to excuse General Smith, and therefore indirectly the administration, may find some favorable argument by comparison with the Smithfield burnings, Bartholomew massacre or the military exploits of Cortez and Pizarro. They can find nothing by an appeal to an enlightened Christian policy, civilization or American manhood. So long as talent and brains continue to be an object of human traffic there will be no extremity of outrage and barbarity to which the party in power may descend but that will be defended by the crouching and subservient tools of the money power.

We went to the Philippines with the torch of enlightenment and higher civilization, and masquerading in the vestments of the gospel of Christ we have converted the country into a howling wilderness, strewn with war's ravages and desolations. We have succeeded in the short space of three years of erecting to our memory in the far-off Occident a monument of blood and tyranny that will be transmitted down the corridors of unfolding time through many generations yet to come.

Our effort to acquire the Philippines is a crime in point of magnitude entitled to rank with England's attempted subjugation of the South African republics. The spectacle of the two most Christianized and foremost liberty-loving nations of the world consecrated to the overthrow of the independence of unoffending peoples will ever stand forth as an unimpeachable indictment of the moral and spiritual bankruptcy of those nations. Some day they must answer for their crimes. It is so written, imperishably, in the very constitution of human nature. As no individual can escape punishment who stains his hands with the blood of his fellows, so likewise a collection of individuals, organized with governmental functions, cannot escape. Retribution will overtake the transgressor of any law. It has ever been so from the beginning. It is the verdict pronounced by the miscellaneous experience of mankind, and some day England and America will reap the justly deserved consequences of their depredations.

ELIJAH FARR.

Ogden.

UTAH STATE PEACE POEM.

(Written by Josephine Spencer at request of the members of the National Peace Committee, to be recited at the peace demonstrations on May 15, 1902.)

We lift our voices in a note grown strong
With gathering cadence of a world-sung chord,
To hush the ancient dissonance of wrong,
And drown it in the music of the Word
Whose lulling sound the Syrian shepherds heard
Haunting the spaces on that star-choired morn,
When heaven's new covenant with earth was born.

Peace, the first mission of the sphere-sung King,
Peace, the sole message of the chanting stars
That Pleiades loosed from her happy ring
To light his pathway to earth's prison bars.
Yet since that time the crimson light of Mars
Has dimmed its whiter flame, with earth's own voice,
Yielding the willing dictum of her choice.

So long its pleading, like an echo swung
Vainly among the chambers of lone hills,
Down the worn highways of the world has rung
To harass heedless ears and idle wills,
That hardly now its rising clamor stills,
The old discordance of the war-throned hate,
Vaunting itself a dynasty of Fate.

Yet strong, and clearer than a lark's high notes,
That herald morning's dominant young light,
The message, taken into myriad throats,
Chants of the nearing conquest of the night;
Already robed and chariot'd for flight,
War sits, and watches for the protocol
Soon to be written on the nation's scroll.

Only the ambush of a weakened will,
The parley of a traitor faith may slay
The hope that brightens on the cloud-crowned hill
Where yet War's all but vanquished legions stay,
No other might than this may give the day
Long vainly battled, to War's straggling hosts
And yield God's banner still to Evil's boasts.

So many crying causes need our aid—
Bereavement's murmur, long without reply,
And all the bitter wrack the curse has laid
Wherever earth's stained pastures face the sky,
Shame lays its cloud on hands that idly lie
Letting the blight drag out its hated dole
To darken coming ages as they roll—

Eyes that look on, while Science, hand in hand
With Art, and all her noble sisterhood
Join to build up a second Eden, planned
By Progress, working towards the eternal good;
To see its great deliverance withstood
By this one laggard, jealous of the tears
Yielded as earth's sore tribute through the years.

Yet ours to say if still the alien state
Of the dark monarch burden coming time,
While other evils crumble, and the date
Of each year's cycle builds into the rhyme
Of Right and Beauty, nurtured in the slime
Of greed and hate, shall still this despot fight—
A recreant tool against the hosts of light?

No giant lists like this has earth yet seen
Brought to the crisis of a last affray;
Not Marathon or Leuctra, or the green
Young fields of freedom in the newer day
Vaunted a cause whose widening, heaven-led way,
Promised this peerless guerdon for their grace—
To lift War's shackles from the human race.

And we shall hold that guerdon—not as one
Gained hardly, through a lengthening span of years—
But quickly, as a thing now nearly done;
Even now we sight its place. Soon, too, the cheers
Of many peoples, watching through their tears,
Shall rise, and, men, loud hailing Earth's release—
Shall tune their life-strings to the Psalms of Peace.

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