

THE
UNITED STATES
OF THE
WORLD



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PRESENTED TO

BY

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HIS HEART'S DESIRE

(The records of Mr. McKinley in a private conversation with Mr. Greehman, the author.)

My one ambition is to be known as the President of the whole people. I have no other desire than to win that name. This government was created by the people for themselves, and night and day that thought is always in my mind. We are all together in this great experiment. My plan is to forget evil and remember only good. I never despair of converting an opponent into a supporter. The bitterest critic I have can come to see me, and he will find a warm hand to greet him. It is the only way for an American to live.

The
United States of the World

ARRANGED BY

WM. M. GOLDTHWAITE



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Our Flag.

*Full let that victory banner be unfurled,
For every fold commands the tribute of the world.*

*“ Our flag proclaims an epoch new and grand,
A broadening destiny for Freedom’s land;
It marked in those red flames at dawn of May,
That crimson morn across Manila’s bay,
When Dewey’s cannon thundered on the scene
The opening of our era yet to be;
Not Westward now alone, but to the sun—
Full Eastward—must our Star of Empire run.”*

*“ Forever let our ensign shine
For far unhappy lands;
That all down-trodden may divine
Where’er its starry rays entwine
The hope for which it stands.
Let not that flag be stayed at tyrant’s shore,
But be upborne within his kingdom’s core.”*

Explanatory.

“When from the lips of truth one mighty breath
Shall, like a whirlwind scatter in its breeze
The whole dark pile of human mockeries,
Then shall the Race of Mind commence on earth,
And starting fresh as from the second birth,
Man, in the sunshine of the world's new spring,
Shall walk transparent, like some holy thing.”

THERE were no photographs taken of the naval engagement in the harbor of Manila. Every one must draw upon his imagination for a picture of those wonderful scenes. Admiral Dewey, on board his Flagship, after the capture of Manila, the Stars and Stripes flying to the breeze in every direction over the gloomy walls of the subdued city, said, pointing to the battery facing the bay seen in the first view: “I hope that flag floats there forever. It is strange how we have wrested an empire from those Spanish people, and that with the loss of only a few men. If I were a religious man, and I hope I am, I should say it was the hand of God. I remember, when we engaged their fleet, seeing shells fired directly at us, and I do not understand under heaven why we escaped.”

The facts are that Admiral Dewey made no mistakes, no miscalculations, and the annihilation of the Spanish fleet, with trifling loss to the Americans, was not only a miracle of Providence, but it was also a vindication of the policy of arduous preparation, the use in structure and armament of the best material and the most practical instruments of destruction, handled by men trained in the latest intelligence and inven-

tions of the age under the direction of a man of thorough education, who was taught how to command when he consented to the virtue of obedience. Halstead concludes his story by saying that if there is any American eye that beholds that flag of freedom floating over Manila and that does not echo the words of Admiral Dewey, there is a case of degeneracy that needs the wholesome, old-fashioned Hail Columbia song sentiment.

Never in the annals of time has there been carried by an army so much of amelioration, so much of upbuilding, so much of reform, of kindness and tenderness as were carried by the American army and navy under the instructions of William McKinley. It was a destructive war, of course, but along with the destruction of war are the constructive forces of peace and humanity.

And never before have the living actions of soldiers engaged in actual warfare been so vividly pictured as are found in this collection of photographic reproductions in colors that illustrates nearly every phase of warfare in the Philippines. There will never be a history written of these events that can possibly tell the story that is to be had with their use at a glance. General Funston and General Otis, as well as others who know, pronounce them the best collection of views published on the campaign in the Philippines.

The time is indeed at hand for a free and open discussion of the most attractive subjects to man, and it is safe to say that no one creates more general interest than that of Expansion, as applied to both the race and nations of the world, in every department of human interests. There is not a doubt existing as to the manifest destiny of this nation as a power in the world for the redemption of man from his fetters of precedent to the bold and fearless individual actor on his

personal account. Our President, of the strenuous type, on foot, in the saddle, or at the seat of government, is the lion type for the occasion, and there is no fear of his acting from any other than the fairest motives, with reference to all vital questions that have to do with the Philippines, or any other lands with which our country is called to treat, for, as he says, in our facing these difficult problems we need, along with the highest qualities of intellect, that character, that compound of honesty and courage, common sense, this with resolute courage, and we can not fail in the right. We can not turn backward the wheels of progress.

In his comment on the services rendered by the Army and Navy in the Philippines, he says: "All praise is due for the courage and fortitude, the indomitable spirit and loyal devotion with which they have put down and ended the great insurrection which has raged throughout the archipelago, against the just and lawful authority of the United States. The task was peculiarly difficult and trying. They were required at first to overcome organized resistance of superior numbers, well equipped with modern arms of precision, intrenched in an unknown country of mountain defiles, jungles and swamps, apparently capable of interminable defense.

"When this resistance had been overcome they were required to crush out a general system of guerrilla warfare, conducted among a people speaking unknown tongues, from whom it was almost impossible to obtain the information necessary for successful pursuit or to guard against surprise and ambushes. The enemies by whom they were surrounded were regardless of all obligations of good faith and of all the limitations which humanity has imposed upon civilized warfare.

"Bound themselves by the laws of war, our soldiers were called upon to meet every device of unscrupulous treachery

and to contemplate without reprisal the infliction of barbarous cruelties upon their comrades and friendly natives. They were instructed, while punishing armed resistance, to conciliate the friendship of the peaceful, yet had to do with a population among whom it was impossible to distinguish friend from foe, and who in countless instances used a false appearance of friendship for ambush and assassination.

“They were obliged to deal with problems of communication and transportation in a country without roads and frequently made impassable by torrential rains. They were weakened by tropical heat and tropical disease. Widely scattered over a great archipelago extending a thousand miles from north to south, the gravest responsibilities, involving the life or death of their commands, frequently devolved upon young and inexperienced officers beyond the reach of specific orders or advice.

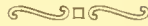
“Under all these adverse circumstances the army of the Philippines has accomplished its task rapidly and completely. In more than 2,000 combats, great and small, within three years it has exhibited unvarying courage and resolution.

“It has put an end to the vast system of intimidation and secret assassination by which the peaceful natives were prevented from taking a genuine part in government under American authority. It has captured or forced to surrender substantially all the leaders of the insurrection. It has submitted to no discouragement and halted at no obstacle. Its officers have shown high qualities of command and its men have shown devotion and discipline. Its splendid, virile energy has been accompanied by self-control, patience and magnanimity. With surprisingly few individual exceptions its course has been characterized by humanity and kindness to the prisoner and the noncombatant.

“With admirable temper, sympathy and loyalty to American ideals, its commanding generals have joined with the civilian agents of the government in healing the wounds of war and assuring to the people of the Philippines the blessings of peace and prosperity. Individual liberty, protection of personal rights, civil order, public instruction and religious freedom have followed its footsteps. It has added honor to the flag which it defended, and has justified increased confidence in the future of the American people, whose soldiers do not shrink from labor or death, yet love liberty and peace.”

Therefore let us cultivate large, unsectarian, broad and Philanthropic views, until we have the conception of justice, as well as a profound love of it, so that we may give as much freedom as we will take. We will not be large-souled enough to open the doors of freedom to all human beings, until we see, and love to see, that the divine idea of Liberty positively calls upon us to be just and true to its requirements, “At whatever cost.”

The United States of the World.



" Let the whole earth rejoice :
These are not clouds that hang above it, but
The avenue thro' which we enter in
To light above all light, there to sit down
As sons of peace in peace's inmost hall."

THE key-note of the day is growth and change. For two generations human progress has been mainly in the line of new inventions in machinery and improvements in the material aspects of life; but of late our progress is shown by improvements in thought, improvements in opinions and in ideas.

The secret fact behind the scenes, the hidden hand that directs the world, is this acknowledged fact, that our greatest progress is now and for a time will be in the direction of improvements in our social machinery, in government and legal forms, and in all our ways of doing things; that we are taking on newer, larger, better, grander ideals of life and living, and that all these do naturally and will naturally follow and parallel the tremendous improvements lately made and making in the material phases of living.

This great statement is a secret no longer. The truth of it touches at once the understanding and the pocketbook, the life and the business, of every one of us.

When but a few years ago all America was touched with the determination to save the suffering Cubans from out-

rageous torture and oppression, it is safe to say that not one even of our wisest statesmen could have foreseen the results that have followed the simple act of Uncle Sam's stepping up and forward and taking his place among the nations of the earth as one of its active and potent powers.

American ideals of citizenship, of law, of human rights and of political destiny have been popularized in every land. The fairest and most fruitful of islands have been touched by the magic wand of hope and progress and in them alone the possibilities of new and happy nations invite our admiration. Our candidates for Congress are vieing with each other for the honor of being first to promote the laws that stand as gateways to the paths of progress.

One of the simplest and most far-reaching of all these is the introduction in Congress of a bill to change the name of our nation from the "United States of America" to the "United States of the Earth," accompanied with the slight necessary steps to permit any State among the family of nations to join our Federation whenever a State shows the desire and fitness for such a step.

William T. Stead, the brightest journalist, and the political prophet of the keenest vision in England, has gone so far already as to publish a book entitled the "Americanization of the World," in which he invites his own people to at once take steps that will insure to them as a nation if possible a partnership interest in Uncle Sam's destiny. Arguing with his own countrymen on this subject, he says no one in Great Britain should resent the idea. He tells his reader, if he be a Briton, to at least go so far as to rejoice in contemplating the achievements of the mighty nation (America) that has sprung from British loins, and if the reader is an American, to tolerate the complacency with which John Bull sets down all his

exploits to the credit of the family. He adds, "However we may be outstripped and overshadowed by the American, no one can deprive us of the traditional glories which encompass the cradle of the race, for the purple mist of centuries and of song will never lift from these small islands on the northern seas."

Why not "The United States of the World"? The lofty ideals of the Declaration and Constitution are established upon the rock of freedom, and a freedom of the kind that takes no steps backward.

For evidence of that eternal growth, read this from the loftiest declaration of law that man has ever yet conceived:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to affect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience has shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed."

The Constitution was framed through the agency of a mighty intelligence on broad lines, to encompass all the domains of earth, and that ideal is an ever-expanding ideal that will never cease to hold man's attention until every

living thing on earth comes under its beneficent, life-giving rays. There are none so base who have drank of this fountain or tasted the sweets of mental expansion under its protecting wings who would willingly delay the day for others to come and partake of this feast, prepared and placed here on earth for man's unfoldment in the great school of human progression.

"The Briton," says Mr. Stead, "instead of chafing against this inevitable suppression, should cheerfully acquiesce in the decree of destiny and stand in betimes with the conquering American. The philosophy of common sense teaches us that, seeing we can never again be the first, standing alone, we should lose no time in uniting our fortunes with those who have passed on in the race. Has the time not come when we should make a resolute effort to realize the unity of the English-speaking race? What have we to gain by perpetuating the schism that we owe to the perversity of George the Third and the determination of his pig-headed advisers 'to see the thing through' and chastise the insolence of these revolted colonists by fighting to a finish? As an integral part of the English-speaking federation, we should continue to enjoy, not only undisturbed, but with enhanced prestige, our pride of place; while if we remain outside, nursing our imperial insularity on monarchical lines, we are doomed to play second fiddle for the rest of our existence. Why not finally recognize the truth and act upon it? It is not a sentimental craze. The question is prompted by the most solid of material considerations. Why should we not combine? We should be stronger as against outside attack, and, what is of far greater importance, there would be much less danger of the fierce industrial rivalry that is to come, leading to international strain and war. New York competes with Massachusetts, and Penn-

sylvania with Illinois, but no matter how severe may be the competition, its stress never strains the federal tie. States in a federal union are as free to compete with each other as are towns in an English county, but, being united in one organic whole, the war of trade never endangers the public peace. Why should we not aim at the same goal in international affairs? If the English-speaking world were unified, even to the extent of having a central court for the settlement of all Anglo-American controversies, our respective manufacturers would be free to compete without any risk of their trade rivalry endangering good relations between the empire and the republic, and that would be again worth making no small sacrifice in order to secure.

“Why should not we of the older stock propose to make amends for the folly of our ancestors by recognizing that the hegemony of the race is passed from Westminster to Washington, and proposing to federate the empire and the republic on whatever terms may be arrived at, after discussion, as a possible basis for the reunion of our race.

“Is this to be the end of British monarchy? If so, then welcome. The question next arises: How can this unity most easily and effectually be brought about? In the presence of a problem so immense, fraught with consequences so momentous for the weal or woe of mankind.

“We have no written constitution of any kind, whereas the American Constitution is the best-known type of a written constitution in existence. The constitution of the reunited English-speaking race must of necessity be written. The adoption of some sort of written constitution is therefore inevitable, and by its adoption the fundamental feature of the Reunited States would become American, not British.

“Many forces are working steadily in that direction, the

significance of which is very imperfectly revealed to our eyes. One of the chief of these is seldom realized, for its operation is silent and subtle as the law of gravitation.

“ It is, indeed, no other than the law of gravitation operating in the political world.

“ If a plebiscite were to be taken to-morrow, and every white adult in the empire were to be asked to vote for or against hereditary legislation, an established Church and our present illogical system of unpaid Parliamentary representation, what would be the result? It is more than probable that even now the majority of British subjects would be in favor of the American view. The most significant factor, however, remains to be noticed. We boast that we have encircled the world with self-governing colonies, but without a single exception every one of these colonies, while rejoicing in the shelter of the Union Jack and enthusiastically loyal to the person of the sovereign, has organized its own constitution on American, as opposed to British, lines.

“ All this means one thing and one thing only. It is we who are going to be Americanized; the advance will be made on our side; it is idle to hope, and it is not at all to be desired, that the Americans will attempt to meet us half way by saddling themselves with institutions of which most of us are longing earnestly to get rid of.”

Why Not?

“ Roll back, ye clouds, and let the sun burst thro’!
Earth needs it all! Too long have been the years
Of shade and frost!”

“**T**HE United States of the World.” Why not?

Our great nation is being swept along by a world movement greater than itself. The philosopher must be profoundly impressed by such a crisis, while the devout mind must inquire whether this demand, coming without man’s plan or prevision, yet so nearly resistless in its impulsion, be not a call of God. Our continental seclusion was narrowing the circle of our views and of our sympathies. Suddenly we found ourselves a part of the great family of man. Shall we stay with our race? It may be that the outlook could be had without the outreaching, that we might have world-wide interests and sympathies, though we should have no extra continental possessions. In fact, this has not been. But, with our ships and our sons in the Caribbean and the Philippines, nothing on the round earth will be a matter of indifference to us evermore.

The citizens of the United States, to the last man, are voluntary citizens. They are proud of their citizenship. There are no unwilling subjects in the whole republic.

When the war broke out with Spain, no recruits rallied to the defense of the star-spangled banner more heartily than the sons of the men who, under Davis and Lee, had shed their blood in the attempt to destroy the Union. Uncle Sam has no unwilling subjects.

Mr. Bryce, in speaking of the American Constitution, says: "After all deductions, it ranks above every other written constitution for the intrinsic excellence of its scheme, its adaptation to the circumstances of the people."

"It is not merely," says Mr. Bryce, "that they are supposed to form an experiment of unequaled importance on a scale unprecedentedly vast. It is because they are something more than an experiment: they are believed to disclose and display the type of institutions toward *which, as by a law of fate, the rest of civilized mankind are forced to move*, some with swifter, others with slower, but all with unresting feet." When you have two parties in council, one of whom is heartily ashamed of his system, while the other is absolutely convinced that his system is so perfect *that its ultimate universal adoption is only a matter of time*, it needs no prophet to foresee which system will be adopted as a result of their consultation. Nor can we be surprised at the American's reverence for his Constitution when we read the terms in which it has been spoken of by eminent Englishmen.

Mr. Gladstone declared: "The American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man."

The Marquis of Salisbury says that what he admires most in it is "the security which it offers against reckless innovation and the guarantee which it gives to liberty of contract and the right of a man to do what he will with his own."

"*We would have our flag mean everywhere* what it means in our own land," says Mr. Fernald in the *Imperial Republic*, "— civil and religious liberty, industrial advancement, popular education — the church, the school, the home, in the light of freedom, under the shield of law."

It is this goal of the nations, then, toward which statesmen have been reaching out for ages, on which, in the sudden exigency of battle, the American Republic has set her foot. And there are those who would flee from the advanced position — give it away, throw it away, even sell it — do anything to escape the bigness of the responsibility.

But do or say what we will, the responsibility has come. The forward movement is fully on its way. The Atlantic is already receding, like the Mediterranean, and the Pacific has become "The Great Sea." What was once deemed the vast distance between America and England is now easily traversed in six days, and Americans take a run through England and Scotland, or France and Switzerland as an easy holiday excursion.

We have no more to consider a mere barren sweep of ocean.

Great continents, rich and populous realms, form the shores of this mighty sea, or are reached across its expanse.

The war with Spain brought about unanimous agreement among the American people as to the necessity of the inter-oceanic canal, to remove the last barrier between the Atlantic and the Pacific, that seagoing vessels may pass from ocean to ocean in four days and a half.

The neutrality of the canal must be guaranteed by some power strong enough to make its guaranty effectual. That power, whichever it be, must have substantial control of the waterway and the land immediately adjoining, for the protection involves power and control.

We talk so freely of destiny that the word has almost ceased to have a meaning, but is there not in a true, high sense an intimation of destiny here? Is there not in this vast linguistic force an irresistible trend, an assurance of

advance and conquest, that must have real and enduring results among all nations for ages to come?

In the words of Dr. Marsh, "Community of language is a stronger bond than identity of religion or of government, and contemporaneous nations of one speech, however formally separated by differences of creed or of political organization, are essentially one in culture, one in tendency, one in influence."

A historic language like our own carries with it a wealth of suggestions; the struggles and victories of centuries are in it. English has become pre-eminently the language of personal, social, civil and religious liberty.

By a subtle elimination, all the literature that upheld the divine right of kings, the duty of passive submission on the part of a people, has faded out of the recognition of the English-speaking people, till only scholars know where to find it. The literature of freedom is full of life and vigor, and the words and forms of speech that tell freedom's story shall long live and ring on the lips and in the hearts of the English-speaking people.

The English is also the language of administration, of governments, of reverence for law and of the citizen's duty of obedience to just and lawful authority. The wild Jacobin idea of liberty finds no place in it. The spirit of the Mar-seillaise expires in an English translation. The English is also the language of thrifty, practical, constructive, effective life — of toiling, trading, inventing — of doing and not of dreaming, and not only of doing but of getting things done.

But we would have a cordial commercial understanding with only such a degree of wholesome rivalry as exists between separate States of our own Union. We would have all disputes that may ever arise between the two nations settled

by peaceful arbitration; we do desire that the United Kingdom and the United States should deeply feel that we have a *united trust* — *to hold for the world and extend throughout all the world all that English and American civilization have won through centuries of heroic struggle* — and, if ever need should be, to maintain that trust against all the world.

It was our federal republic that bore Tennyson's prophetic vision onward

" Till the war drum throbbed no longer,
And the battle flags were furled,
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world."

And nothing short of this will answer.

Great Britain and the United States, cordially united in moral alliance, can do more than any other force to make the grand vision a fact. Men have only to be true to themselves and then differences of longitude and latitude will matter little. The United States desires to avoid war; its policy is one of peace.

We desire peaceful commerce by which our own Southern ports may grow rich and prosperous as the gulf comes to be thronged with the shipping of the world. We wish our Pacific ports to have freer access to Europe than by the hauling of their goods across steep mountain grades by rail, and their transshipment at our Atlantic ports.

We wish our Atlantic cities to have all the Pacific opened to their trade, so that New York shall be nearer to San Francisco, Honolulu, Yokohama or Manila, by ten thousand miles.

A power is moving on the world to-day whose results no man yet presumes to forecast, everywhere massing all business in the hands of a few great corporations and drawing the smaller communities and States within the boundaries of great dominions or federations. As sure as the tie that binds

the planets to the sun, will be the gravitation of free Cuba to the great Northern republic, whose portal she guards, and by whose sword her chains were hewn away. But she will come in by the vote of her own people.

The molding influence of this great engine of human thought is for us to extend among the nations as far as arts or arms, commerce or education may fittingly carry it, knowing that over multitudes of the hitherto undeveloped, perverted or oppressed the very language that is our inheritance will have a transforming influence.

Heralds of the golden age are to be found in every walk of life, forcefully, faithfully, and intelligently calling man's attention to the wonderful opportunities that await him under this universal government of justice. This is an age of unity, and the very highest qualities of human nature are being called forth and developed in both sexes, to the end of a perfected race here on this earth.

Manifest Destiny.

“ Swell out, O voice of the expanding song:
Into one holy concord gather up
The squandered melodies of time, supplant
The jar of ages, strike the unknown chord.”

ALL hail to the glorious golden age of peace on earth and good will to men! No more the rankling hatreds of the race can find enlodgment in the minds of man, nor will there longer be anything but justice and love thrive therein. All hail to men of every type whose thoughts are centered in the hope of heaven here on earth! Let them know, as in their hearts they do, that *all* are free and no more are cruel chains to be forged as manacles for thinking man, for it is through the crucibles of men's thoughts that we arrive at the consoling, supporting truths of life, until their unfolding minds are prepared to comprehend the wisdom and beauty of living harmoniously under the law of universal love. Every day and everywhere the old forms are giving way to the new, and man is learning to take his place among the Godlike beings that he is. Concerning the probability of such a thing as “The United States of the World” coming to pass, we call the reader's attention to the trend of events in every direction. Evidences are to be found on every hand that the day is not far distant when the awakened people of all nations will demand and secure a just and fair recognition of their divine rights, of freedom of thought and action, where that freedom is not used to obstruct another's path of progress.

It matters not from what source came the American Constitution. The great principle involved in its creation is

intended to bless the races of men and to forever remain on this earth for their guidance and protection. The people have their reasoning eyes open, and nothing short of the truth will satisfy their demands. The glorious "Age of Reason" is on in the land to stay, and nothing can induce the awakened race to retreat to the dull shades of blind faith again. "The world, then, is my country, and to do good is my religion," is the immortal name across the sky, standing out boldly where all mankind may see and drink the sweet inspiration of its wonderful meaning. "Uncle Sam of the World!" How beautiful a name that signifies; no hereditary king or autocratic ruler by any other than the divine right of the people. Every man a king, every woman a queen; all moving along life's highway in order and harmony. So simple! It is the simplicity of it all that confounds at the first glance, but it will prevail, and in this age.

The glad song of freedom is abroad in the world. The prayers of eighteen centuries are to be answered in the way the people have demanded them to be, and that is, that "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done upon earth as it is in heaven." The age of the cross has passed, and the age of love in human hearts is on. It requires no very sane man to discern this state of things. Everywhere these conditions are to be met with, and evidence is no longer wanted to show that man's true aim in this life should be to do good in order to share in the good things of this life now and here on this earth and not be constantly put off for their rewards in some mysterious future state or place.

The things that are wanted and demanded by the masses must be talked about in order that they may take definite form in their minds.

Reviewing the situation during the administration of McKinley, just prior to the war with Spain, there was no single act he performed that called forth more criticism and condemnation than when he made the famous trip, in the midst of gloomy and complaining conditions, through the country to get at the sentiment and voice of the groaning people; and when he had sounded their views he returned to Washington and immediately commenced active and aggressive action against Spain, everywhere the howl of rebuke went forth from those who thought that he could have acted without making that junketing tour to sound the political side and then to act; but we pause for reflection after the battles are over and the whole world is amazed at the finished and satisfactorily finished way his part was done. He sought the voice of the people as the voice of God, and then acted in faith that all would be well, and all was well done. There is no doubt that justice in its fullest measure will be done to the Philippine people in due time and in a way to meet with the approval of all just-thinking mankind.

It fell to the lot of William McKinley to introduce America to the audience of nations. He did it gracefully and grandly. Not without forethought. Not, indeed, without hours of tribulation of spirit. But when all was ready he did it, and the halls of history will hold no picture more finished in technique or striking in effect. His life and character are indissolubly joined to the life and character of his country. No loftier comment was ever made on the character of man than that offered up from the soulful depths of his conviction spoken by Mr. Hay in his memorial address, as follows:

“The life of William McKinley was, from his birth to his death, typically American. There is no environment, I should say, anywhere else in the world which could produce just such

a character. He was born into that way of life which elsewhere is called the middle class, but which in this country is so nearly universal as to make of other classes an almost negligible quantity. He was neither rich nor poor, neither proud nor humble; he knew no hunger he was not sure of satisfying, no luxury which could enervate mind or body. His parents were sober, God-loving people—intelligent and upright, without pretension and without humility. He grew in the company of boys like himself—wholesome, honest, self-respecting. They looked down on nobody; they never felt it possible they could be looked down upon. At seventeen years of age William McKinley heard the summons of his country. Although he was the sort of youth to whom a military life in ordinary times would possess no attractions, his nature was far different from that of the ordinary soldier. He was of the stuff of which good soldiers are made. He enlisted as a private; he learned to obey; he was ever faithful in the little things, and they gave him more and more to do. He left the army with field rank when the war ended, brevetted by President Lincoln for gallantry in battle. William McKinley, one of that sensible million of men, gladly laid down his sword and betook himself to his books. He quickly made up the time lost in soldiering. He attacked his Blackstone as he would have done a hostile intrenchment; he entered the Albany Law School, there to fit himself for his chosen profession, where he worked faithfully and energetically, with brilliant success; was admitted to the bar and settled down to practice, a brevetted veteran of twenty-four, in the quiet town of Canton. But a man possessing the qualities with which nature had endowed McKinley seeks political activity as naturally as a growing plant seeks light and air. A wholesome ambition, a rare power of making friends and keeping them; a faith, which

may be called religious, in his country and its institutions, and flowing from this, a belief that a man could do no nobler work than to serve such a country—these were the elements in his character that drew him irresistibly into public life.

“ I wish I had time and space to give the whole of his great speech at Buffalo. Nothing I might say could give such a picture of the President’s mind and character. Would that each word might sink so deep into the hearts of the people that it might act as an incentive to greater, grander and nobler accomplishments. I will give here but a brief outline of that memorable speech: ‘Our capacity to produce has developed so enormously and our products have so multiplied that the problem of more markets requires our urgent and immediate attention. Only a broad and enlightened policy will keep what we have. No other policy will get more. In these times of marvelous business energy and gain we ought to be looking to the future, strengthening the weak places in our industrial and commercial systems, that we may be ready for any storm or strain. By sensible trade arrangements which will not interrupt our home production we shall extend the outlets for our increasing surplus. A system which provides a mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential to the continued and healthful growth of our export trade. We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing. If such a thing were possible, it would not be best for us or for those with whom we deal. . . . Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development under the domestic policy now firmly established. . . . The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of good will and friendly trade relations will prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are

in harmony with the spirit of the times, measures of retaliation are not.' He stood that day past master of the art of statesmanship. His mind and heart were purged of the temptations which beset all men engaged in the struggle to survive. In view of the revelation of his nature vouchsafed to us that day, and the fate which impended over him, we can only in deep affection and solemn awe say: 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.' He had not long to wait. The next day sped the bolt of doom. . . .

* * * * *

And even so soon as this it seems as if the hand that guides the nations beckoned him away that the opening work for the uplifting of the race so grandly accomplished might be accepted quickly. The voice of criticism was hushed in the presence of death, and we turn from the bier to gaze upon the decree of our grander destiny written across the skies.

Man's Progress Toward the Golden Age.

“O light of the eternal ages, come,
And with the sunshine of unsetting day
End the long midnight of humanity,
Which thou alone canst end. Fill with thyself
These heavy skies; pour down thy love upon
The hills and valleys of this ancient earth,
Which waits for thee, that thou and it together
May yet rejoice, thou resting o'er it fondly,
And it as fondly looking up to thee,
The blight, the tempest and the gloom all gone.”

IN order to fully comprehend the progress that man has made through the different ages, of his earthly history, it should be borne in mind that there have been peculiar characteristics developed; and in order to obtain a true idea of the past generations of mankind we must possess ourselves of that “charity which thinketh no evil,” and which will make full allowance for the way men have acted in the different ages.

In the barbarous ages of man's existence, but little advancement was made in the arts and sciences. The spontaneous productions of the earth constituted the principal source of substance upon which they relied. In this period, the mechanical faculties of man were but little unfolded, and were used principally to construct implements of warfare and means of defense against enemies. Strife and contention constituted a marked feature of this early stage of man's history. To a superficial observer it seemed that the only object that man

had in view then was to propagate his species, and again to destroy them. The divine law of progression, however, was not inoperative. Favorable circumstances produced a higher development of individuals, who, in turn, being elevated above the surrounding mass, would take a higher position, and after much opposition the mass would ascend to the once-rejected eminence.

It was in this age that the evils of war, anger, and licentiousness had their origin. Man's combative nature, given to overcome the influences that oppose his advancement, in his ignorant state was directed against his brother on the slightest provocation. Hence originated war, the leading evil that has affected mankind. It is, however, a cause of the greatest joy to see that this "evil" is fast losing its respectability, especially among the more advanced portions of mankind. And as truly as cause and effect are commensurate with each other, this evil will soon be known only in history; for the nations shall "beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks." The evils which have affected the world have been many and varied, with a predisposition to disease, and an abnormal inclination to a perverted use of particular faculties. Man is rapidly learning the important lesson that each faculty of his nature is intended for a particular use. Passion and greed have ruled the world and the individual long enough. Man's higher or spiritual nature is now seeking the loftiest possible development, in order that he may direct his lower or passional being to its proper and legitimate action. Physiology has become one of the prominent branches of study in all primary schools, and its great lessons will unfold to all minds of the coming race knowledge that will enable man to avoid perversion of his natural functions. It is driving ignorance away from the threshold of humanity's nature, and in its place is enthroning

the majestic form of wisdom, and the evils that have filled the world are fast passing away, as darkness recedes before the rising sun.

MY BROTHER.

I care not in what land his birth occurred,
Nor in what language his thought finds its word,
Nor what the color of his skin may be,
Nor what religion wins his fealty,
If against tyranny he wages strife,
Resists oppression at the risk of life,
However poor in purse, unknown to fame,
That man from me a brother's love may claim - -*J. K. Budyard.*

The undeveloped state of man's intellectual powers to-day bears a striking resemblance to the undeveloped state of his moral or spiritual nature in that primeval age, as then, gross in his desires, the Gods he worshiped were but the reflections of his own inharmonious nature. Thus not being able in his undeveloped state to unfold the truths of science, many objects in nature were adored with the most devout reverence.

In the patriotic age, man assumes a higher position in the scale of advancement, and now he rises from the savage state of society; and the grossness with which he is clothed becomes somewhat refined, though not entirely abandoned. Arranged by the wisdom of some master-mind, the different tribes of mankind have approached national and characteristic distinction; passing through which the race approaches a state of true Civilism, the arts and sciences assume an important and increasing attraction, intelligence becomes more generally diffused, and industry is manifested in cultivating the soil, in manufacturing countless useful articles, and in advancing the general interest of society. In this state of man's development the former errors became still more refined, and assumed the dignity of lawful measures. Thus, war was legalized by

acts of the highest legislative powers. The manifestations of anger, revenge, etc., are now subjected to a due "process of law," that decision may be made between the contending parties.

The next and greatest of all periods in man's march of advancement, the Republican age, dawned upon the world. This was the rising sun of human freedom that is destined to shed its refulgent rays over the despotisms of the whole earth, and it will join the races of man into one united bond of brotherhood.

And this age of man's progress is destined to effect a permanent destruction of evil in the earth. War shall cease, freedom shall be universal; vice, in all its modified forms, shall pass away; sectarian jealousy and ignorance shall yield to greater light; and one vast halo of spiritual and mental illumination shall cover the earth, by which the spiritual world shall hold uninterrupted converse with man.

Thus everywhere the tree of error is withering away; its leaves are becoming sere by the scorching rays of the Sun of Truth; its branches are being shriveled up by the want of vital energy and its attenuated trunk exhibits the sure symptoms of an internal canker, while its roots are withdrawing their fastenings from the soil, preparatory to the utter annihilation of the whole body. And as fades away the midnight darkness before the ascending luminary of heaven, so shall the darkness of human error pass quietly into an oblivion from which it shall know no resurrection. Free from its folds, universal man shall continue to progress in the shining pathway of his liberated mind.

Present religious, as well as political organizations, are justly chargeable with selfishness; such systems to gain the general consent of mankind, must be founded upon immutable

principles, and not upon casual emergencies. The only religious organization needed to assist man to unfold his spiritual side is being provided in the new social structure. In the interim, man should seek freedom from all sectarian tendencies and bigoted ecclesiastical associations, that he may the more clearly form his own conclusions, by internal meditations.

As the great Sun of intuition is now risen upon the world with a brightness and power that can not longer be successfully resisted, therefore man need have no fears to use his reason, if he would be free from the shackles of all superstitions. It is the course marked out for man by infinite wisdom.

“MY KINGDOM IS WITHIN YOU.”

“He whose thought is full of vile passion, paints the tent in which he lives with the shadows of his own deformity, and creates within and around him a hell of distortion, loathsomeness, and pain. But the world is beautiful to him whose nature is beautiful: who, looking out through what is within him, beholds everywhere the mirage of his own nobility.”

Truth Can Make No Compromise With Error.

“One day of that deep sunshine will undo
Dark years of frost. Draw up these mists, O sun,
That drench us with their cold, unmeaning spray.”

IN the present state of society it appears that wealth is too often diverted from the fields and objects of general good, to particular directions for individual gratification, and very often to the personal injury of others. The industrious and toiling millions have long enough poured their offerings at the feet of the favored classes, while they should be engaged in educating and developing themselves.

The grand object of the new social order must and will be to obtain a higher development of humanity. And the great object of the physical and mental culture schools all over the land is to afford an instrument to individualize the immortal spirit of men, while here on earth, to that degree of development of which it is here susceptible.

To unfold and progress, then, being the destiny of all intelligences, the interest of mankind requires that the best method of promoting personal development be speedily adopted. To accomplish the purposes of these high ideals, mankind should unceasingly labor. To construct society on a permanent basis of social equality and mutual interests; to organize a government wholly republican; to promote fraternal relations,

and to cultivate friendship with all nations—the activities of all reformers should be constantly engaged. The truth, concerning all questions of vital interest, must be made known to all the inhabitants of earth; no compromises will be permitted, and the mighty proclamations that are being made on every hand must be repeated until the human mind turns from all external sources for inspiration, and looks within its own spiritual temple to read the “law written upon the fleshly tables of the heart by the finger of God.” Thus will every man be a “law unto himself.” “Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free.”

That Spain is catching the divine idea of progression, behold her youthful King celebrated his coronation by laying the corner-stone to a public school. If the Spanish people will see to it that the school is kept public, and not parochial, then will their progress stand for something.

For it is owing to the mighty incubus of ignorance of her masses that have been held under subserviency to the “powers that be,” that has been employed to depress rather than to elevate, that is why she has so long occupied the laggard’s seat in the race of national progress. It is gratifying to observe the change that is being effected through her terrific jar in the recent conflict. An enlightened people can not be enslaved, neither can an ignorant race enjoy freedom.

Surveying the situation at their seat of ruling power, we witness the flickering sparks that are emitted when her fading ruler speaks. It is a dry and soulless attempt at show, and carries with it no sincere love to the races of mankind, and man is coming to understand this more and more, and having cried out to the god of justice for, lo, these centuries for an equal chance in the realm of reason, is awakening on every hand and in every land to the dawning of this well-earned day. It is

here, and the glad song of its arrival can not be silenced by a hush.

There is no need of a bugle's clarion note to herald its arrival; it needs no pomp of plumage and display of color to feed a vanity on.

Decaying monarchies are passing like a dream, and the loveless rulers of ancient creedism, in their last great gasp and greed of power, are stretching their gaunt and feeble arms toward the New Republic in the western hemisphere in the hope of re-establishing their tottering forms (thrones) in their ancient glories among a new race of men. It is understood that the Latin races are menaced with decadence, that they can not count on the unreserved support of France, and they wish to rely on the Anglo-Saxon race, whose influence will to-morrow be all powerful. This can not be. For the last time on earth this figurehead of man's redemption is being swept away, and the new race of men will take up the ruling places on a developed sphere to whirl away in its completed form, among the galaxy of God-worlds.

Look in any direction, compare conditions of the present with any of earth's time, ask for others' views as to the Golden Age of earth, and you will be surprised to find how acceptable this thought is to the majority of mankind to-day.

And as Edwin Markham adds, nothing short of this will answer. We have tried substitutes, but they fail. We have tried charity-giving; but, worthy as the work is, it is not the one thing needful. It needs extinction of all private monopolies and special privileges.

And he further prophesies that the social man of the coming kingdom will be a practical christian—the one who really does the will of the Father. He will be the divine flower of the ages.

He will move in the power of the social passion. He will reject self-riches, self-distinction, self-dominion, in his pursuit of the common good.

And closes in his poetic appeal to The New Republic, thus:

THE NEW REPUBLIC.

Voices are crying from the dust of Tyre,
From Karnak and the stones of Babylon—
“ We raised our pillars upon self-desire,
And perished from the large gaze of the sun.”

A grandeur looked down from the pyramid,
A glory came on Greece, a light on Rome;
But in them all the ancient Traitor hid,
And so they passed like momentary foam.

There was no substance in their soaring hopes:
The voice of Thebes is now a desert cry;
A spider bars the road with filmy ropes
Where once the feet of Carthage thundered by.

A bittern cries where once Queen Dido laughed,
A thistle nods where once the Forum poured;
A lizard lifts and listens on a shaft
Where once of old the Coliseum roared.

There is a Vision waiting and aware;
And you must draw it down, O men of worth,
Draw down the New Republic held in air,
And make for it foundation on the earth.

St. John beheld it as a great white throne
Above the ages wondrous and afar;
Mazzini heard it as a bugle blown,
And Shelley saw it as a steadfast star.

Freedom Is the Native Air of the Soul.

“ Where not a cloud obscures the jewelled azure;
Where nothing dies, where nothing lives in vain;
Where light is light, and love is without change.”

THEN roll on your Juggernaut of mammon. Shout and hurrah for kings, priests, popes, bishops, honorables and aristocrats of every grade—your gods. Dress yourselves in your gaudy shrouds for one universal burial. Marshal your hosts for the grand carnival of death; for what matters the blood of ephemera? Ye pass away like insects. Another race is coming — one in whom this outward tumult of a boisterous will shall give place to silence and peace, and man shall live till he chooses to die.

Love is the great equalizer, the universal solvent, a reservoir which is never full, a fire which devours all lesser forces, passions and desires. He who is capable of evolving love from himself need fear no evil, for he is involved in good which is the germinating principle of immortality. The only purifier of blood is love, which evolves the Christ spirit into our very environment, in which he who loves is involved, as in the kingdom of God, which is peace and good will. This is the work of every man, and his only way of salvation.

To strive for quality is manly and laudable. To be free, self-poised and self-supporting is evidence of spiritual life evolving within us; but to aim to rule another involves us in perpetual strife.

Lust for money is degrading and destructive. To own, to hold large possessions of material things, to be at the head

of the procession of society, should not be man's sole aim in this life.

To think kindly of others, to mingle with them in fellowship and friendly appreciation and forbearance, to grieve with those who mourn, to give of our strength to the weak—this is to involve ourselves in the spirit and acts which evolve true and noble manhood and womanhood. Although this spirit will build no thrones and erect no palaces, it will so equalize conditions that the whole earth may become a paradise, when all false distinctions would cease forever. Freedom, which is the native air of the soul, is found in the whole, not in isolation or the separation of parts; but this oneness must exist first in each individual before it can be perfected in the mass. Man is free only when he has the good of every other human being at heart and evolves that good into the universal life.

To this great truth let man seek to conform, by seeking a divine assimilation, realizing the important and elevated position he occupies in the scale of existence. "Leaving the things that are behind, press forward to those which are before," remembering that present attainment, however great, is but a step comparatively in the onward course of endless progression.

Thus Wisdom is the "light of the world," and is dispelling the gloom, sorrow, and darkness from the earth. And this agency is the volition of God; the ultimate and combined energy of infinite wisdom and love.

Let truth be your constant standard. By its teachings let all your energies be directed. You need not—you will not—go far from the true standard as adapted to the sphere of your attainments, if your eye is ever single, and your mind is unbiased by popular opinions and dogmatical theo-

ries. Political organizations should constantly aim at the general good.

No political sectarianism should be admissible; no sectional jealousies should interfere with the true interests of a common country. As the grand object of all government should be the development of all the resources of the nation, the organic systems of political action should seek the general diffusion of knowledge on all subjects, as the only means of securing this object, and of perpetuating individual freedom or national security.

Political organizations should seek to elevate to office those only who are developed in the science and power of self-government. A combination of undeveloped individuals can never be efficient in advancing the true interests of any government. Qualification for position should be the only requisite demanded of any officer; wisdom, not favoritism, should always make selections for official stations. An unprogressive man will never develop the resources of any state.

Political organizations should not only seek to develop the citizen by providing means of general education and refinement, but should constantly aim to secure harmony of interests among all classes of society by protecting the natural rights of each member of the body politic. That the numerous but not conflicting interests of government may be regulated harmoniously, the pecuniary attractions of office should be reduced to the lowest possible standard, so that the developed wisdom of the nation, which values the right more than all riches, may direct the affairs of state.

The high salaries of many official stations constitute a fruitful source of much evil to the world. To obviate this retarding influence to humanity's advancement, a mere compensation for services rendered should be the rule of allow-

ance. Then swarms of office-seekers would no longer trouble the officials of government ; for labor would be remunerated in one department of industry only on the same principle that it is in another.

The hand and foot are as needful as the brain and the heart, while honor resides with each member that accomplishes its appropriate use.

“ Creation waiteth for the healing breath
Of Him from whom all sickness flees, whose cross
struck into earth's dark soil shall be the cure
For all creation's ills, tho' planted there
By hands of men who knew not what they did,
Nor how from it a purged world should arise.”

An Artist in the Philippines.

MR. VERESTCHAGIN, the great Russian artist, conceived the idea of placing on canvas his great lesson on the horrors of war, and we are fortunate in securing half-tone reproductions of these famous paintings, which tell a story that can not be told in such striking and forceful manner in any other way. It does not necessitate one's having experienced actual war to see his meaning at a glance. Mr. Verestchagin in his youth was with the expedition which broke into the wondrous Samarcand, the ancient treasure city of Tamerlane, and in his prime of life was wounded on a Russian torpedo boat. A year ago he found himself with the American army near Manila. War was going on there, a small war, but it was none the less a fierce one. "War is war, everywhere. It is to-day what it was yesterday—what it will be to-morrow—always the same," says this Tolstoyan denouncer of bloodshed.

"The Interrupted Letter; A Poem in Paint." This begins with a son far from home. Next, "You're Hit, Sergeant?" "Yes, sir," with blood pouring down his face. Next comes where he is being carried to the hospital on a stretcher. In a Manila hospital. Then in "Dear Mother" he lies bandaged on his narrow iron cot, dictating a letter to a nurse, who sits beside him in her neat cap and cleanly uniform. There follows "The Letter Is Interrupted," where the wounded man has fallen back on his pillow and the nurse is anxiously feeling his pulse. In "The Letter Lies Unfinished" you see the paper forgotten on the floor at the foot of the bed where the sergeant.

lies dead, and you know that it never will be finished. These distressing pictures, which tell such a pathetic story in themselves, are certainly not objects of sensuous beauty, if that is what works of art should be. There are merely the white, iron bed, the bare whitewashed wall, with mosquito netting drawn back against it for setting to the livid sufferer, and the calm, serious young nurse in her light cotton gown. A professional nurse who saw it in Chicago, however, could not praise it enough for its faithful depiction of a hospital scene. Why, indeed, should it not be faithful? It not only was painted from actual facts in a Manila hospital, but had been, so to speak, actually experienced by the painter. When he saw the American soldier endeavoring to send a dying message home, like a flash his mind went back to his own unforgettable feelings as years before he lay in a hospital on the banks of the Danube with what was believed to be a mortal wound, and in his turn painfully dictated his last wishes to his attendant. Two of his Philippine pictures point to a drumhead court-martial, where officers of the vanguard are interrogating a deserter to discover whether he is a spy. The other, a spy clad in light uniform, with arms bound, stands before the officer in command, who sits in front of his tent. Other works are simple straightforward battle pictures. One represents Gen. MacArthur and his staff watching the progress of the battle of Calocan from the top of the queer blocklike tombs near the church of La Loma.

Another battle witnessed and painted by Verestehagin was that of Santa Ana near Manila, in which Gen. Charles King, well known for his novels of army life, was in immediate command of the line in front of Santa Ana. The fight began at daybreak and was stubbornly contested for several hours. Their entire casualties were never accurately known, but from

the number that were buried next day it appeared that approximately three hundred were killed and twice as many wounded. Of the Americans, fourteen were killed and about sixty wounded. The picture of Zapote Bridge shows the mountain artillery, which was worked at the very close range of thirty-five or forty yards, the men at the guns kneeling or lying down. "War," said Sherman, "is hell." And Verestchagin reaffirms the terse utterance with all the power of his brush. Every mother's son who was in the frays in that far-away land knows what kind of bravery was required of them.

"It makes one uneasy to travel through a country like this, for you can never tell when an enemy may be hidden in the next clump of bamboos. Murders are so frequent that you can never know when your turn is coming. Last week," says Frank Carpenter, on his recent trip through the Philippines, "I was in a country filled with brigands. It was the land of our friends, the Macabebes, and there were ladrones upon every side playing upon these natives and our troops. I rode up the Rio Grande River in a little dugout not more than fifteen feet long and two feet in width. It was so narrow that I had to sit very straight to prevent overturning the boat. I had two Macabebe guards and Lieutenant Chadwick with me. We rode for seven miles up the river so close to the shore that we could almost touch the bamboos which hung out over the stream. Lieutenant Chadwick warned me that if there was firing I should throw myself flat in the boat. It was dark and we moved without lights for fear we might attract the fire of insurrectos.

"We reached Calumpit all right, and I did not think of danger until about 2 o'clock that night. I was sleeping in a bamboo shack in a banana plantation about two miles from our regular troops, with Lieutenants Chadwick and Geiger,

guarded only by a small company of Macabebes. Then we were awakened by a sound of firing. The officers sprang from their beds and Chadwick said: 'Those guns are Remingtons! The camp must be attacked by insurrectos!'

" 'Yes,' said Lieutenant Geiger, 'they are right across the river and they will be here in a moment.'

"As he said this there was another volley, and then a third. Geiger lit a match to find his shoes and Chadwick d—d him and knocked it out, saying he would draw the fire to our shack. I crawled around in the dark to find my shoes and clothes, for I was in my pajamas and a fair mark for bolos.

"At this moment a soldier came to the door and said that he had heard terrible screams down the river and that he thought the guards must be attacked by bolo men.

"The result was we dressed rapidly and took our revolvers and started out. There was no further firing, however, and after a walk through the bananas in the immediate vicinity of the hut, we went back to bed.

"The next day we discovered that a band of ladrones had assaulted and massacred some peasants across the river not 300 yards from where we were and from where they could easily have shot us while we slept. They must have been near the banks of the river when we came up in the boat, and in the dusk could easily have shot at us and gotten away. It is such things that make one uneasy."

There are many banditti in Mindoro. They have existed there for years, the Spaniards never attempting to break up their settlements. Dean Worcester mentions a Negros bandit named Martin, who was a fiend incarnate. He took children and tore them to pieces, and the natives, so it is said, believed that he feasted on the livers of his victims.

The hills of Luzon seem to be made for banditti. There is no country where guerrilla warfare can be carried on more successfully. You are seldom far from the mountains, and the valleys are filled with clumps of bamboos. The American Indians had nothing like the opportunities that the Filipinos have in their warfare with us. Indeed, I doubt if our Indians could have been conquered if their country had been similar to the Philippines.

There are places for ambush within every few miles. The rice fields are interspersed with swamps, and there are many thickets in which the robbers can hide. There are bamboo clumps everywhere, and many places where the ground rises in hillocks topped with thick grass in which a man can lie concealed and wait for his prey.

There is nothing but trails through the mountains, and travelers often have to cut their own paths through them. The woods are so bound together with long lianas that they form a perfect mass of matted vegetation through which one must cut his way. The lowlands are unstable at certain times of the year and in the rainy season they are impassable for horses or carriages.

Mr. Leon Pepperman, member of the Civil Service Commission, just arrived from the Philippines as we go to press, says that the immediate reward to successful applicants for office has caused a change from the old classical system of education under the Spanish regime to one based largely on practical business lines. So great is the interest of the Filipinos in acquiring a knowledge of English that 11,000 adults are going to night school in Manila. Before the American occupation typewriters were almost unknown in the Philippines, but now at every examination applicants are qualifying in typewriting and stenography. Of the 6,000 positions men-

tioned, 4,000 are held by natives, the remainder by Americans. The policy of the commission, Mr. Pepperman says, has been to replace the Americans by Filipinos as rapidly as possible.

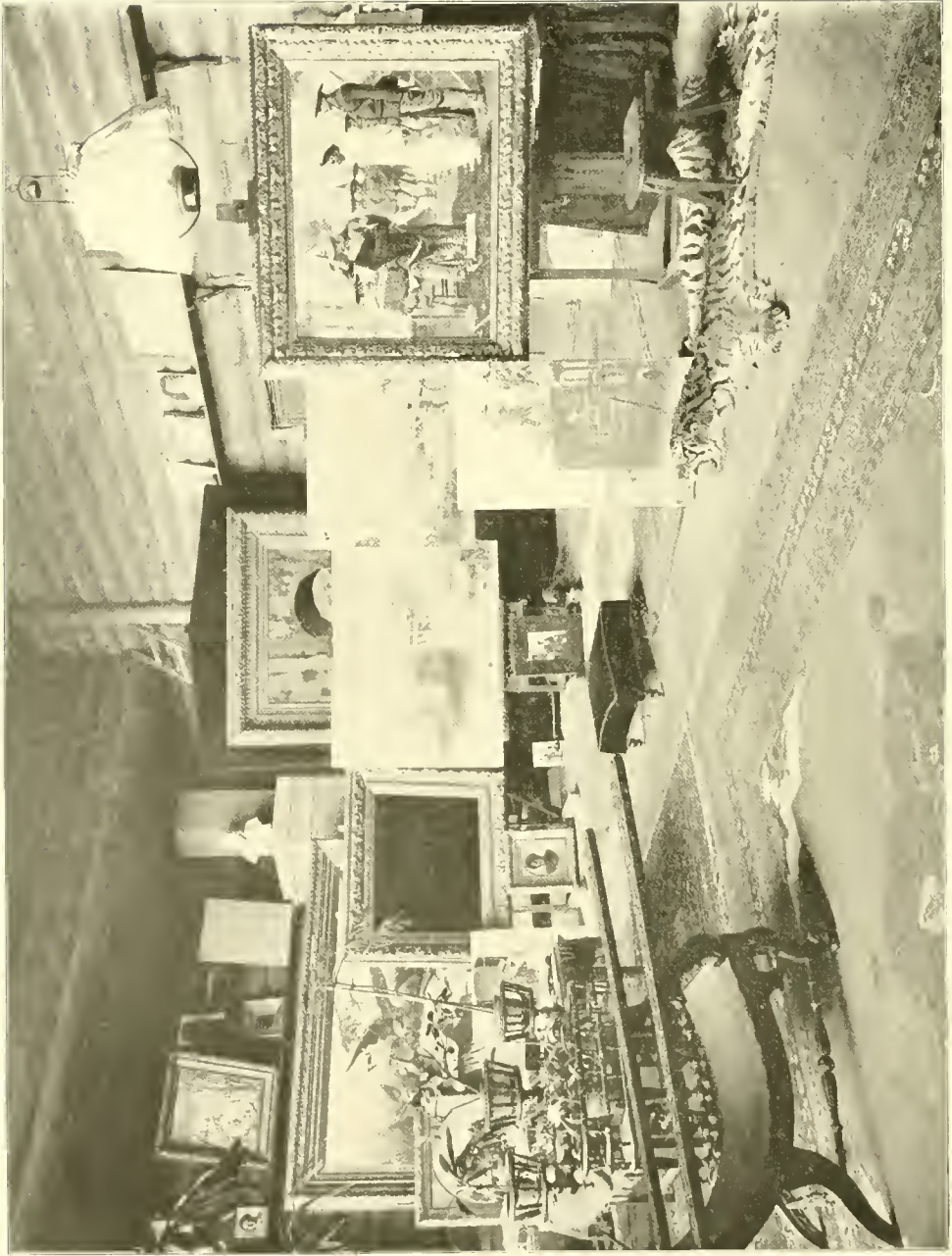
“Under Spanish rule,” he continued, “women were unheard of in the government service, but just before I left Manila three Filipino young ladies had passed successful examinations and had been given good positions.”

There is no corner of the world in which the development has been so swift and so perfectly successful. These native states are now prosperous and contented. Their trade has increased by leaps and bounds. This is an advantage to us and to the rest of the world. Piracy, the joy of the Malay population, has disappeared. Civilization is making rapid way, and daily reports are coming to our country of the progress the Philippine people are making in their onward and upward strides in civilization.

Where the American Flag Flies.

United States Insular Possessions.

- Hawaiian Islands. (Group.)
Porto Rico and bordering islands.
Philippine Archipelago. (Large Group.)
Samoan Islands.
Tutuila, Manua, Ofoo, Sand and Rose
Aleutian chain, extending west from
Alaska.
Guam, southernmost of the Ladrone
Islands.
- LIST OF GUANO ISLANDS APPERTAINING
TO THE UNITED STATES, bonded under
the Act of August 18, 1856, as at present
on file in the office of the *Comptroller
of the Treasury*:
- Baker's or New Nantucket, Pacific, w. e.
Jarvis, Pacific, e.
Navassa, W. of Haiti.
Howland, or Nowlands, Pacific, e.
Johnson's Islands, Pacific, e.
Enderbury, Phoenix Islands, Pacific, e.
McKean, Phoenix Islands, Pacific, e.
Phoenix, Phoenix Islands, Pacific, e.
Christmas, Pacific, e.
Malden's Islands, Pacific, e.
America Islands, Pacific, e.
Anne's, Manihiki Islands, Pacific, e.
Birnie, Phoenix Islands, Pacific, e.
Caroline, Pacific, e.
Clarence, Duke of, Union group, Pacific,
e. s.
Dangerous, or Pukapuka Islands, Pacific,
e. s.
Davids, Pacific, e.
Duke of York, Union group, Pacific, e.
Farmers, Phoenix Islands, Pacific, e.
Favorite, Phoenix Islands, Pacific, e.
Flint, Pacific, e. s.
Frances, Manihiki Islands, Pacific, e.
Gardner, Phoenix Islands, Pacific, e.
Ganges, Manihiki Islands, Pacific, e.
Groninque, Manihiki Islands, Pacific, e.
Humphrey, Manihiki Islands, Pacific, e.
Kemp, Phoenix Islands, Pacific, e.
Lideron, Manihiki Islands, Pacific, e.
Low Islands, Union group, Pacific, e.
Mackin, Phoenix Islands, Pacific, e.
Mary Letitia, Phoenix Islands, Pacific, e.
Mary Atoll, Phoenix Islands, Pacific, e.
Matthew, Phoenix Islands, Pacific, e.
Nassau, Pacific, e. s.
Palmyra, Pacific, e.
Penrhyn, or Tongareva, Pacific, e.
Pescado, Manihiki Islands, Pacific, e.
Phoenix Islands, Pacific, e.
Prospect, Pacific, e.
Quiros, Union group, Pacific, e.
Rierson, or Rakahanga Atoll, Pacific, e. s.
Samarang Islands, Pacific, e.
Sarah Anne, Pacific, e.
Sydney, Phoenix Islands, Pacific, e.
Starbuck, or Hero, Pacific, e.
Staver, Manihiki Islands, Pacific, e.
Walker, Pacific, e.
Washington, or Uahuga, Pacific, e.
Great and Little Swan Islands, Caribbean
Sea.
Islands in Caribbean Sea not named in
bond.
Pedro Keys—Quito Sereno (Quito Bueno)
bank, Petrel, and Roncador, Caribbean
Sea.
Serranilla Keys—East, Middle and Bea-
con, Caribbean Sea.
De Aves, Caribbean Sea.
Western Triangles, Gulf of Mexico.
Island of Arenas, Gulf of Mexico.
Alacranes Islands, Gulf of Mexico.
Barren, or Starve, Pacific, e.
Barber, Pacific, w.
Bauman, Pacific, e. s.
Dangers Rock, Pacific, e.
Flint, Pacific, e. s.
Frienhaven, Manihiki Islands, Pacific, e.
Gallego, Pacific, e.
Rogewein Islands, Pacific, e. s.
Morant Keys—Northeast, Sand, Savanna,
and Seal, Caribbean Sea.



The Artist's Studio in Moscow, showing his famous paintings of Philippine War scenes.



In Manila. Far from Home.



"You are hit, Sergeant?" "Yes, sir."



"To the Hospital."



"My Dear, Beloved Mother,—"



"The Letter Is Interrupted."



"The Letter Lies Unfinished."



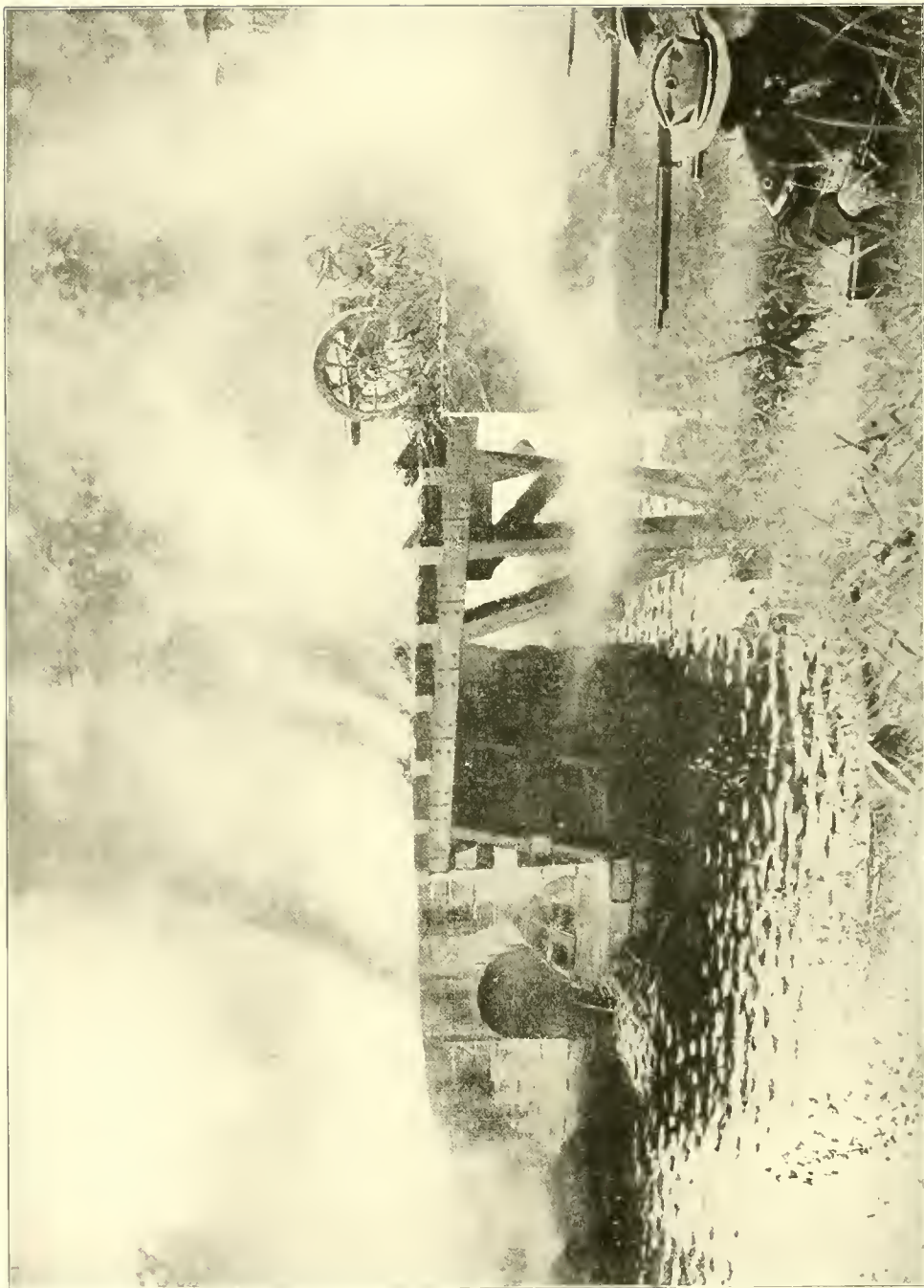
The spy, clad in light uniform, with arms bound, standing before the officer in command, who sits in front of his tent



General MacArthur and his staff watching the progress of the battle of Caloocan from the top of the queer, blocklike tombs near the Church of La Loma.



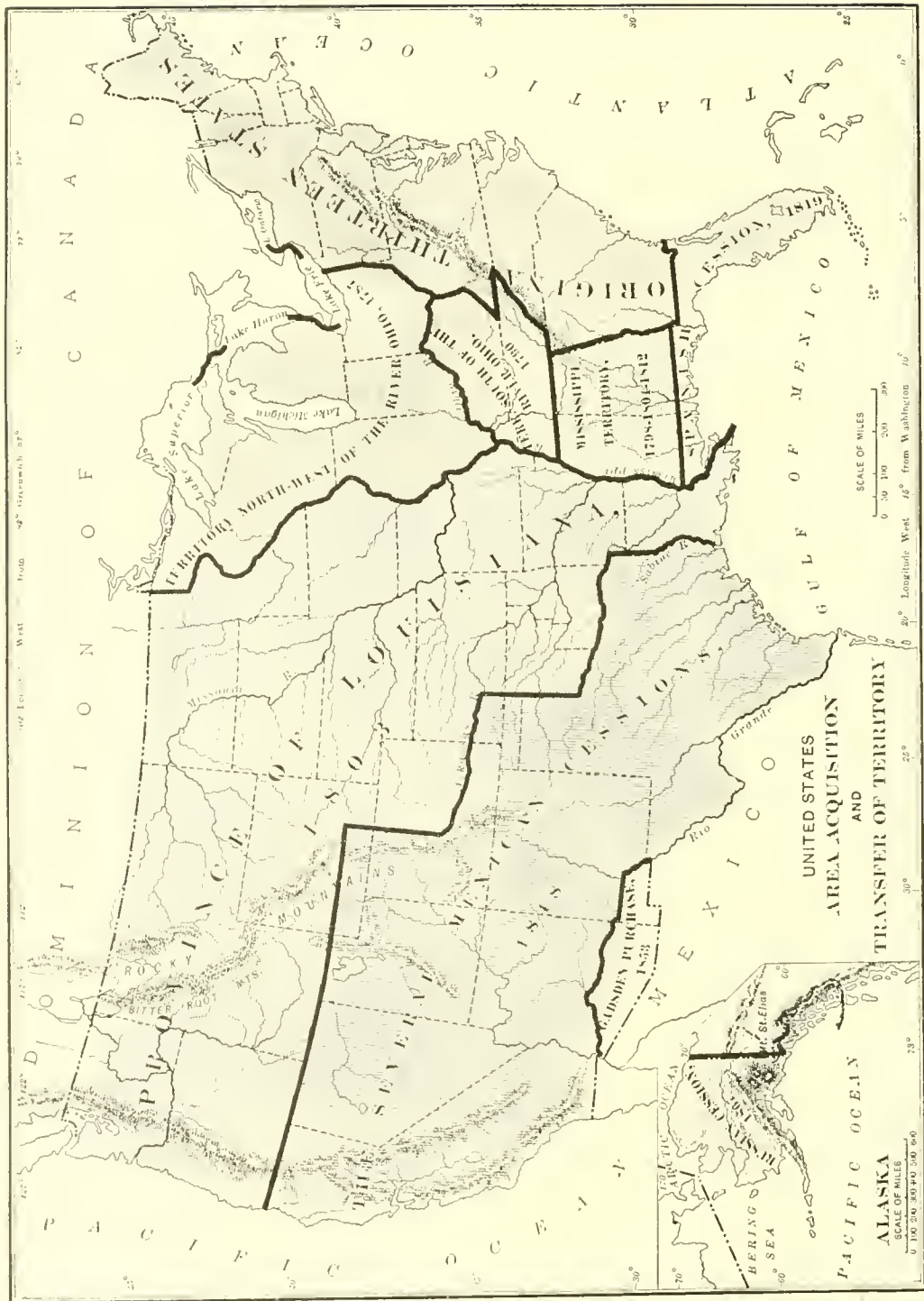
Battle of Santa Ana, near Manila. The fight began at daybreak. Gen. Charles King was in command of the line in front of Santa Ana. About three hundred were killed and twice as many wounded. The American loss was fourteen killed and thirty wounded.



Zapote Bridge, showing the Mountain Artillery, which was worked at the very close range of forty yards, the men at the guns kneeling or lying down.



On this map can be located all the scenes and incidents shown in the collection of views.

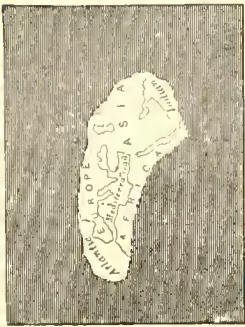


Showing the eight grand historical steps in American expansion, prior to the war with Spain.

(Reproduced from Mr. Fernak's Imperial Republic.)

THE EXPANSION OF CIVILIZATION.

About 500 years before Christ.



About the time of Christ.



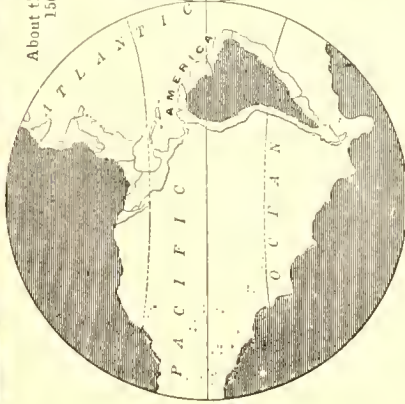
About the year 500.



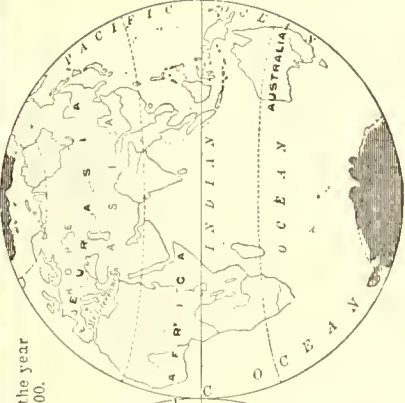
About the year 1000.



About the year 1500.



About the year 1800.



Eight Steps in Man's Conquest of the Earth.

(Reproduced from Dr. Rodway's Natural Advanced Geography.)



This shows part of a battery of twenty-four old bronze muzzle-loaders in the bastion of the walled city, facing the bay. The flag seen is the one which replaced that of the Spanish at the surrender of Manila



Desolate scene taken during the destruction of the Tondo district by the insurrectionists. The entire district was put into ruins. Only the utmost vigilance of the Americans saved the entire city of Manila.



Fire and ruins in Tondo district. This resulted from what was intended to be a general uprising of the natives in Manila in which all foreigners were to be driven out and the city captured. It failed through the vigilance of the Americans.



The national pastime of the Filipinos is cock-fighting, as is bull-baiting that of Mexico and Spain. To suppress it is looked upon as the most cruel tyranny, but it was done at once in Manila by the Americans.



The market place along the canal in the center of Manila is a rare sight. The small merchant thinks he has done a highly prosperous business, if he has been able to exchange his wares for two or three Mexican dollars.



The houses of the natives in the interior are built as seen here to provide against both flood and earthquake. In this view the mode of construction may be seen. The roof is the first part to be woven in after the frame is made.



The Spaniards lost none of their buoyancy of spirit by becoming American prisoners at the fall of Manila. It was a release from very arduous labor. The officer in the center is the only one to turn his back.



“Next!” An improvised barber shop in the Kansas trenches. The barber is not here as much in evidence as under more civilized circumstances, and the appliances were not so full of comfort, yet the service was doubtless as effective.



Congressional hall and executive building occupied by Aguinaldo and his aids. Here Aguinaldo took the oath of office. After the Filipinos were driven away, Gen. McArthur made it his headquarters. Photograph taken on first day of occupation



The fire department in the old walled city of Manila consists of very antiquated apparatus. However, the tile-structure of the buildings make fire-alarms very infrequent. The buildings are made to withstand earthquakes and are nearly fire-proof.



This view shows another unmanned village of the interior of Luzon. Not a man, woman or child was to be found in it as the soldiers entered. So it was with nearly every village of the interior.



Northern end of the Luneta, near mouth of the Pasig river, showing Andra Monument to the left and the Lighthouse at the entrance of the river. The United States transport ship is surrounded by native trading boats.



CALUMPIT.—The steel railroad bridge seen here, with its barricaded entrance, was fortified by the insurgents to prevent the crossing of the American troops during advance on Malolos. It was captured by Funston, who crossed the river with sixteen men and routed the insurgents, with great loss to them.



The 22d Infantry are here awaiting orders for the general advance upon Pasig. Every cartridge belt is full and every gun in good order. According to the testimony of the men themselves, they were eager for the charge.



The wall of fire. Part of the firing line near Pasig, March 15, 1899. It represents volley-firing in clock-like order at the insurgent intrenchments. The picture was taken just before the general advance.



This shows effect of first smokeless powder used by Americans in the Philippines. The guns are the old Springfield model
Photograph taken during heat of the action at Pasig. In this instance it is long distance firing.



Occupation of Malolos. Distribution of troops in various portions of the town for preservation of lives and property of loyal natives, and to fortify against attacks of insurgents, as well as to insure the general safety.



Section of the firing line at Pasig during the early part of the engagement. The insurgents are secreted in the woods about a quarter of a mile beyond the stream which is here hidden from view by the trees.



This affords a near view of the armored launch and native river boats known as cascos in which the Americans crept up the smaller streams and drove the insurgents from the neighboring encampments and fortified posts.



Suburbs of Manila. Fourth U. S. Cavalry returning to the city after the capture of Pasig, on March 15, 1899. The victory was won by a bold dash, which never failed to rout the enemy wholly unused to such tactics.



"Laguna de Bay," lying off Pasig, awaiting return of the troops; also to protect them by shelling the shore suspected of hiding insurgents. This expedition was intended to clear the rivers of the enemy for better transportation of troops.



This shows part of General MacArthur's command, the 4th Cavalry and a detachment of the Signal Corps, on an expedition along Novaliches road, preparatory to advance on Malolos. Sharpshooters and dangers of ambush kept them constantly alert.



A portion of the firing line is here shown engaged in battle during the advance on Malolos. The insurgents are making a stand among the trees on the hills seen in front of the soldiers. The enemy soon retreated.



The Twentieth Kansas Infantry is here shown digging trenches while exposed to the enemy's sharpshooters, just before the engagement at Calocan, Feb. 10, 1899. Fortunately, none were killed while at this work, but it required courage.



General MacArthur and staff with Signal Corps Detachment halting for rest on the Novaliches road while on their way to Malolos. Theirs was the most dangerous and heroic work of the early days of the war.



Headquarters of General King, near Gaudaloupe church. The photograph shows the company at luncheon before going on out-
post duty. Coffee and sandwiches constitute the "hand-out." Nevertheless it is heartily relished.



The desperate character of the insurgents is shown in this wanton destruction of Malolos church. It was fired by them as they fled before the Americans just entering the town. It was done partly in revenge against the religious orders.



The trenches before Calocan afforded the best test of soldierly nerve under the strain of constant expectation of attack. The guns are here being placed in position for the coming battle. The defense is admirable.



The Escolta, a main business thoroughfare of Manila, has a street-car line known as "Carrimatos," each car drawn by one horse, as in European countries. The travel is all to the left; this custom is shown in this view.



These are rather a ragged lot of prisoners, captured at the Bagbag river, under care of their guards. They are always cheerful and crafty, as well as utterly unreliable in all that they promise or propose.



General Wheaton and his aids at the suburbs of Malolos, preparing to enter after the retreating insurgents. This was the early seat of the Tagal government. The soldiers are at parade rest in the road awaiting orders to advance.



The American troops are here entering the public square of Malolos. The church has just been set on fire by the retreating insurgents, and was burned down notwithstanding the efforts of the soldiers to save it



Outpost of the Pennsylvania pickets in a stone blockhouse captured from the insurgents near the Chinese church, just before the battle of Caloccan. They are watching for "pot shots;" that is, shots at a mass of men at long distance.



The American engineers usually had bridges ready as soon as they were needed. This was made in a few hours strong enough to allow the passage of artillery. The stream in this scene is known as the Bigan river.



View of Pasig river. The main avenue is known as "Pasco de Magallanes." Binondo, a portion of New Manila lies across the river. The large white building is the former Spanish Treasury. Across the river are the American's quatermaster stores.



Section of Utah Light Battery in action at the battle of Calococan. The battery has just ceased firing to locate the retreating insurgents and note the effect of the last shots. Notice that none cares what the photographer is doing.



This shows an Engineer's detachment building a pontoon bridge across the Bigaa river after the surrender of the insurgents at that place. The bridge is constructed of immense bamboo poles, strong enough to support an entire company.



Corrigidor Island is one of the most picturesque spots in the Philippines. The large building is the church from which the priest was taken by the natives and drowned in the bay. Corrigidor was soon brought under control of the Americans.



This scene gives a good idea of the intrenchments and breastworks, built and occupied by the Kansas regiment and a section of the Utah light battery. Here was fought the battle of Caloocan, February 10, 1899.



Company called to arms during drenching rainstorm. They are clad in rubber "ponchos," a covering to protect the soldiers from the sudden rains. However, it is claimed by the army surgeons that the rubber coats are unhealthy.



Gun of Utah Light Battery in position near La Loma church for battle of Caloccan. Fortunately none of the men were injured in this engagement, although they were in the hottest of the fight.



Kansas firing line in the heat of battle near the Bigaa river. Our forces are near the water's edge. The river is about twenty-five yards wide. Here General Funston distinguished himself, capturing twenty prisoners and thirty guns.



This group of wounded men are en route to the convalescent hospital in the south suburbs of Manila under armed escort. They were the first men wounded in the battles beginning Feb. 5, 1899, none seriously.



This is a group of California boys who are watching the photographer set his camera. They are resting in camp. The church behind them is the San Pedro Macati, about which an unverified story of desecration was sent through the newspapers.



"Ready." A group of the Utah battery on McCloud Hill, Sunday morning, Feb. 5. It was not known what instant a volley would be poured in on them, but the boys were ready and the result was disastrous to the enemy



General Lawton during advance on Novaliches, mounted on native pony and followed by his aids. One of the typical roads of Luzon is here shown. They are too narrow to permit a column of troops or artillery to go in military form



This view shows a part of "Cemetery Hill" on decoration day. The American dead were not forgotten nor neglected by their comrades. Patriotism now finds many of its noble dead in graves half around the world.



“Fire.” Utah battery on McCloud Hill, Sunday morning, Feb. 5, 1899. This shot did great execution among the insurgents on San Juan bridge. A few minutes later a soldier was killed while reloading the gun.



Troop "K," 4th U. S. Cavalry on drill, mounted on native ponies. These ponies are very small as compared with the horses in use by the Cavalrymen in the U. S., being more like bronchos in size.



“On Guard.” What is he thinking of, home, sweetheart or sharpshooters? The gun at his right is a rapid-firing magazine used by the Utah Light Battery during their engagement, at the Manila waterworks and “Deposito,” Feb. 26, 1899.



The engineers were adept at making pontoon bridges over which the heaviest artillery and ammunition wagons could be taken with safety. This bridge is across the Bigaa river and the wagons are being hauled by men from lack of draft animals



The photographer caught this scene just after the surrender at Bagua river. The soldiers are bringing the prisoners across the river and searching for concealed arms. The dense foliage was a hiding place for sharpshooters.



From the progress made by Hawaii since annexation, it will be but a few years till such simplicity as shown in this native hut will be seen no more. The natives are rapidly taking up the advanced ways of American civilization.



The American troops are shown here in the interior of Luzon. They are conveyed up the streams in armored launches and in "cascos" where they destroy intrenchments and break up hostile settlements. Little resistance was ever offered.



An interior town of Luzon, the name of which is not given by the photographer, probably because of its insignificance. These villages are usually formed of a number of thatched bamboo huts surrounding a stone church.



Usual manner of conducting a Philippine funeral. It is essentially an old Spanish method. The niches or "cubby holes" are places for the coffins. When the rent is no longer paid, the bones are cast into a vault below.



These are "Bolomen," that is, knife and spearmen. The huge chains piled against the wall are not the ones taken from the bodies of these men when they were given American liberty. The Bolomen are small but active and strong.



Soldiers carrying American wounded and dead from the field to the hospital temporarily formed near Camp Santa Mesa, Feb. 5, 1899. This view was taken during the engagement of the first day's fight, late in the afternoon.



Railroad bridge over the Bagbag river partly destroyed by insurgents to prevent the Americans from crossing. Insurgents guarding the bridge were forced to retire and the engineers' corps built steps for the troops to cross and assault the enemy beyond.



Company H. of the 22nd infantry, at mess in the trenches of the south lines of Manila, April 15, 1899. At these times the boys generally remembered the table at home with a better appreciation of its comforts.



This is the only photograph taken of General Otis in the field. It was taken near Bizaa during the advance on Malolos. The other men are his aids. They are in hostile territory and in danger of sharpshooters.



These are reserves of the 22d Infantry awaiting their call to the firing line. They are taking their rest just before the final advance on Pasir. Their countenances do not show them to be victims either of fatigue or fear.



Tropical vegetation is of never-ending interest to the sight-seer in the Luzon. One of the many species of endlessly branching trees would be the glory of any American park. The intertwining vines help to make it an ideal shade.



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