

part of their income to landowners, but instead they are heavily taxed by national and local governments. The national tax on land amounts to about \$5 per acre, and local tax comes to about \$6 per acre. Thus, supposing the tenant farmer we have above depicted as owning the land, we will find his yearly income is added to by \$56, or his total income will amount to \$147.45. Deduct from this the national and local taxes, aggregating \$27.50, and there remains in the hands of the supposed peasant proprietor a sum of \$119.75 for his living expenses, or \$28.50 more than that of the tenant farmer. It is quite apparent that this small additional income is insufficient to materially improve the life conditions of peasant proprietors.—From an article in *The Coast Seamen's Journal*, by Fusataro Takana, of Tokyo, Japan, as republished in *Justice*, of Wilmington, Del.

COMMENT OF "JUSTICE" ON THE FOREGOING.

Small as the difference in favor of the peasant proprietor appears, it is as \$2.90 a week for him against \$1.75 a week for the tenant. The landowner takes as rent nearly 40 per cent. of the tenant's earnings, nearly as much as Delaware landlords, but pays more taxes. It will be noticed that the tax is apparently levied on the area of land, and bears heavily on the working farmer who owns his land. It should also be remembered that landlordism is a modern institution in Japan, and that 20 years ago there was a vast amount of free land open to the people, now mostly fenced in for speculation.

GEN. EMILIO AGUINALDO.

Extracts from an article with the above title, by Edwin Wildman, United States vice-consul-general at Hong-Kong. Published in *Harper's Weekly* of February 25.

In the nineteenth century there has not been a more unique figure among the native races of the earth than this Tagalo patriot—or rebel; call him what you will. Philosophers call silent men wise; superficial people call them ignorant. Aguinaldo is wise among his people, ignorant among Europeans. A man must be judged by his environments, his compatriots, his race. Aguinaldo is not a Napoleon nor a Washington; neither is he a Tecumseh or a Sitting Bull. He is Aguinaldo, and his name stands for no metaphor. He has the astuteness of his race, the fearless bravery of the savage warrior, the sphinx-like imperturbability of the Indian, the straightforwardness of childhood, and the innate sense of justice that characterizes all aboriginal races. It may be premature to sum up a man's character while his career is at the zenith.

Some trick of circumstance or expediency may shift the kaleidoscope, for no man can stand under the microscope of the historian until the last page of evidence has been turned in; but Aguinaldo, as he is to-day, commands the consideration and respect of all who have taken the trouble to study his character and watch the trend of events of which he is the central figure.

That he loves pomp and opera-bouffe, ludicrous though it seems to the European, cannot condemn him to the showy nobility of the kingdom that taught his people to reverence gold braid and plumed cockades, nor to the gaudy monarchies of the old world, nor to our own bemedaled, brass-buttoned and gold-chevrons army and navy. Aguinaldo is but a feeble imitator of a civilization a thousand years his senior. The cost of all the insignias of his 300 officers would not equal the expenditure for the full-dress regalia I have seen worn by the English colonial governor at Hong-Kong. His much-advertised gold collar pales into insignificance in comparison with the ones worn by the British dignitary.

Aguinaldo takes himself seriously. It is a primitive old-fashioned idea, and never fails to arouse the amused smile of a foreigner. If we set that same representative of a higher civilization down in the presence of the Tagalo chieftain at Malolos headquarters, the smile will vanish from his face, and he will begin to ask himself why he feels ashamed at his thoughts. . . .

Aguinaldo holds his councils of state, directs his army of 20,000 or more natives, and lives at Malolos—a quaint little town made up of nipa huts, a dozen whitewashed brick structures, including a great church and convent, 30 miles eastward of Manila in Luzon. He has appropriated to his use the convent of Malolos; and a half-dozen soldiers, and two natives with Mindanao spears, all doing guard under a Filipino flag at the convent's entrance, inform you of the fact.

When I made my visit to Aguinaldo I was accompanied by a native Filipino of Manila who stood high among his people, and when he made known my desire to meet the general we were ushered through the lines of the well-worn storied stairs of the old convent into the council room of the Filipino government. It struck me as incongruous that there, in the heart of a palm-enhanced village of bare-placed, scantily furnished native huts, I should find myself suddenly in a great well-furnished reception-room, laid with a handsome French carpet, gorgeously frescoed and decorated, and hung with

oil paintings, though of native masters, creditably done; yet I could not help admiring the attempts to ape European grandeur. At one end of the council chamber hangs a life-size portrait of Aguinaldo, painted, I suspect, by a Chinaman. The portrait looks younger than the general, and does not give a correct idea of his face, but it serves to remind the writer that he is in the hot-bed of insurrection—in the very home of the little rebel who has focused the attention of the world. Along the sides of the room are a number of skillfully carved miniature images illustrating various methods of torture and abuse to which the Filipinos were subjected by the Spanish friars in order to extract the secrets of the masonry which was the preliminary organization that united the natives of the islands for the purpose of subverting the Spanish rule. . . . A pair of red curtains separated the inner sanctum of the commander-in-chief of the insurgent forces from the council room. They were deftly held back by the aid-de-camp as I passed into the presence of the famous Aguinaldo. . . . Nothing in the chieftain's dress suggested his rank, but a glance at his serious bronzed countenance stamped him, in my estimation, as a leader. His head is large, but set well upon his rather slight body. His hair is the rich shiny black of the Tagalo, and is combed pompadour, enhancing his height somewhat. He was neatly dressed in a suit of fine pina cloth of native manufacture, and as he stood there straight and dignified, one hand resting on his desk, despite his under-size and mock-heroic surroundings, he impressed me as a man capable of all he had undertaken, and the possessor of a will and determination equal to the task set before him, and I made up my mind then and there that he was genuine; that his dignity was natural; that his aim was lofty, and his character trustful and worthy of being trusted. True worth shines through the eyes, will shows itself in the mouth, ability in the curve of the nose. There is a look in the faces of men who lead, men who command, that no student of character can fail to note. There is a something in the make-up of this little Tagalo that inspires more than respect—something that commands without words. I do not think that I am overestimating Aguinaldo when I say that he possesses the attributes that go to make up greatness as it is understood among men. There is something out of the ordinary in a man, born in the wilds of an outlying island, uneducated, uncultured, untraveled, who

possesses the power to inspire men to heroism and self-sacrifice; who can muster an army out of men who never fought but with the knife or the bow and arrow; who can hold in check the violent passions of revenge, plunder and destruction in a race which has never known anything but cruelty and oppression from the white man, and which does not forget that the soil must be tilled and the crops harvested, and that there is a God in Heaven who will listen to the petition of a Tagalo cure and will reject the mock prayers of a Franciscan pharisee.

Aguinaldo's generalship shows itself in his resolute chin and overshot jaw. If he were a bull-dog a fancier would call him a thoroughbred. In Malolos the natives told me that Aguinaldo never slept. While the Filipino takes his siesta from 12 o'clock until 3:30, the priest from 12 until 5, Aguinaldo grapples with the problems of war and peace. Over a thousand miles of telegraph wires (captured from the Spanish) terminate at his desk. All parts of Luzon, and even beyond, are within his ready reach, and every regiment receives its orders daily. He is an enigma to his people, and to the foreigners who would probe his thoughts. Among the natives he is held as a demi-god who leads a charmed life—even far back among the hills the yet untamed Negrito tribes fear his name. He knows every inch of Filipino soil, and can hold the outlying districts loyal, for his purpose is never questioned, and the ethics of right and wrong are not discussed. His flag flies over every group of huts, every petty pueblo, and every junk and barge that plies the rivers and bays of Luzon, and it is not a stranger among the southern islands. His people, in the general acceptance of the word, are Indians; but they must not be confused with the North American product. They are advanced in the arts of civilization far beyond the native races of our own continent. They are industrious; they make the soil productive; they understand the method of developing to their best maturity the native fruits, the cocoanut, the betel-nut, the banana, the mango, and even raising potatoes and apples of an inferior quality. They build substantial houses; they make and mix paints; they carve in wood; they work in iron; they make skillful machinists, good mill-hands, barbers, servants and day laborers, and they worship God. They respect morality; they love their homes and their children. They make successful merchants, scholars, divines, and in music their talent is universal. As manufac-

turers and weavers their skill is wonderful. They utilize the palm, the bamboo, the abaca-plant, the cocoanut fiber, for food, clothing, and household utensils innumerable. All this I assert from observation and investigation, and not from hearsay. As soldiers they have shown themselves capable of splendid achievement, daring, and heroism for a hundred years and more.

Aguinaldo is a native among natives. He belongs to the common people, superior only in the one gift that makes him the chosen leader of them all, and the question naturally arises, what has he done for his people? . . . Whatever the outcome of our policy in the Philippines will be, the islands will ever owe a debt of deep gratitude to Aguinaldo. He has made life and property safe, preserved order, and encouraged a continuation of agricultural and industrial pursuits. He has made brigandage and loot impossible, respected private property, forbidden excess, either in revenge or in the name of the state, and made a woman's honor safer in Luzon than it has been for 300 years. . . . I have taken Aguinaldo as he takes himself—seriously; and it is the highest compliment I can pay him, and the only way I know of to do justice to a man whose achievements stand preeminent in aboriginal warfare in the world's history.

FROM THE PRIMER.

Here is the Dog. Since time be-gan,
The Dog has been the friend of Man.
The Dog loves MAN be-cause he shears
His coat and clips his tail and ears.
MAN loves the Dog be-cause he'll stay
And lis-ten to his talk all day,
And wag his tail and show de-light
At all his jokes, how-ev-er trite.
His bark is far worse than his bite,
So peo-ple say. They may be right;
Yet if to make a choice I had,
I'd choose his bark, how-ev-er bad.
—Oliver Herford, in *The Century* for December.

No nation ever lived or will live that can be trusted with the liberty of another people. Commercialism, which has depleted the chivalry of this nation, when our manhood and womanhood were crying for liberation of other peoples from the Spanish yoke, and we stood nationally pledged to the world to seek only a war for humanity, now bids us fight the Filipinos into submission, and we stand to-day a perjured nation.—Prof. George D. Herron.

It is time that corporations, combines, trusts and multi-millionaires were requested to leave the front seats, at least, and let the men who can speak for the great body of voters, the men who believe in the republicanism of Abraham Lincoln, have room and part

in the conduct of public affairs. I do not even suggest that men be ignored and humiliated simply because they are rich, but the legislative and executive offices of this nation cannot much longer be filled with men whose claims are based solely upon their devotion to corporate interests.—Gov. Pingree.

"What have we to do with this Samoan squabble?"

"Can't say, exactly. I don't know whether it's a case of duty, destiny or humanity, or merely an old-fashioned scrap."—Puck.

What is charity anyway?

Anything that we do for others that makes us think less of them and more of ourselves.—*The Coming Nation*.

HARRIS F. WILLIAMS

ATTORNEY AT LAW

1101 Chamber of Commerce Building . CHICAGO

The Public Leaflets.

From time to time *THE PUBLIC* will reproduce, in pamphlet form suitable for mailing in open envelopes at the one-cent rate of postage, the editorial articles of permanent interest that appear in its columns. These pamphlets will be supplied upon the following terms:

Single copies, delivered at office,	\$0.02
Quantities delivered at office, per 100,	1.00
Single copies mailed to any address, postage paid,	.03
Single copies mailed to any address, postage paid, upon orders for 100 or more, per 100,	2.00
In quantities, mailed in bulk to one address, postage paid, per 100,	1.25

The following pamphlets are now ready:

1. *A Business Tendency* (from *THE PUBLIC* of September 10, 1898).
2. *That Favorable Balance of Trade* (from *THE PUBLIC* of October 22, 1898).
3. *Here-Then*, by E. J. Salisbury (from *THE PUBLIC* of November 12, 1898).
4. *Department Stores* (from *THE PUBLIC* of November 12, 1898).

The Public

is a weekly paper which prints in concise and plain terms, with lucid explanations and without editorial bias, all the really valuable news of the world. It is also an editorial paper. Though it abstains from mingling editorial opinions with its news accounts, it has opinions of a pronounced character, which, in the columns reserved for editorial comment, it expresses fully and freely, without favor or prejudice, without fear of consequences, and without hope of creditable reward. Yet it makes no pretensions to infallibility, either in opinions or in statements of fact; it simply aspires to a deserved reputation for intelligence and honesty in both. Besides its editorial and news features, the paper contains a department of original and selected miscellany, in which appear articles and extracts upon various subjects, verse as well as prose, chosen alike for their literary merit and their wholesome human interest. Familiarity with *THE PUBLIC* will commend it as a paper that is not only worth reading, but also worth filing.

Subscription, One Dollar a Year.

Free of postage in United States, Canada and Mexico, elsewhere, postage extra, at the rate of one cent per week. Payment of subscription is acknowledged up to the date in the address label on the wrapper.

Single copies, five cents each.

Published weekly by

THE PUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, Room 822,
Schiller Building, Chicago, Ill.

Post-office address:

THE PUBLIC, Box 687, Chicago, Ill.