

BOOKS

AMERICAN SUBJUGATION OF THE PHILIPPINES.

"The Story of the Lopez Family" (Boston. James H. West Co. (\$1.) is not published with the object of bringing the misfortunes of that outraged family into prominence. Theirs is unfortunately a typical case, and for that reason the story is published. In learning how and why and to what extent they suffered at the hands of a ruthless army of subjugation, American readers may get some insight into the national crime which to so many Americans has seemed a glorious incident in the extension of Christian empire.

"Many years ago," says the prefatory note, "before Spain became despotic and odious, the better-class Filipinos, at the suggestion of the Spanish authorities, adopted Spanish surnames. The possession of a Spanish name by a Filipino does not, therefore, imply racial mixture." This Lopez family is of pure Filipino stock, and shows the possibilities of the race. But we must not forget to mention—as the editor does forget—that the family seems to have enjoyed special privileges, and was among the favored classes of their people. The Filipinos were, of course, no better than the rest of the world, and had favored classes. But this fact does not interfere with the effectiveness of the book as an enlightening story of our doings in their country. It is a bitter commentary on the hollowness of the quotation from President Roosevelt which faces the preface. This quotation is worth repeating, simply as an illustration of the cheapness of words: "It is unworthy of a mighty and generous nation," writes our chief magistrate, "itself the greatest and most successful republic in history, to refuse to stretch out a helping hand to a young and weak sister republic just entering upon its career of independence."

This book shows what is meant by a helping hand. It marks the beginning of a history of the American subjugation of the Philippines from the Philippine point of view. It covers the period from the latter part of 1901 to the fall of 1902, and is illustrated with portraits and characteristic scenes. An introduction by Canning Eytot tells the story very briefly. For the rest the book is made up of family letters, chiefly those of Miss Juliana Lopez to absent relatives and friends. The letters could not be better described than in Mr. Eytot's language:

"Devoid of any pretension to literary merit or descriptive art, these letters present in the easy simplicity of truth a picture of the life and character of an Eastern people which even a master hand might fail to delineate. Breathing a spirit of the purest family and filial devotion, pathetic in turn, merciless in their scorn of false friend or unworthy foe, frank in admitting or correcting a former error or false report, they are full

to overflowing of Filipino human nature—remarkably like human nature the world over. All the more valuable are they because they were not written for purposes of display or to obtain notoriety. They are simply family letters, intended for private perusal only, and were written solely for the purpose of informing those who were absent of the misfortunes that had befallen the persons and property of the family. Yet unintentionally they serve a different and an even more interesting purpose, by giving, as has been said, an otherwise unobtainable picture of family life in the Philippines, and an insight into Filipino life and character, entirely new to the Western world."

Some of these letters would need alterations only as to time, place and names, to seem like some resurrected correspondence of our own great grandmothers disclosing the brutality of "red coats" and "Heesians" when we ourselves were resisting foreign subjugation. So free and ingenuous are they that there is no mistaking their truthfulness; and this does not tend to elevate one's estimation of the "honor of our army" in the Philippines.

In concluding the volume the editor, whose work of introduction and incidental explanation has been well done, puts his finger upon the cause of "the dead hosts, the charred hamlets, and the graves upon a thousand hills" in the Philippines. "Could all this have been avoided?" he asks. "Yes, incontestably, yes. It was avoided in Cuba. How? By the substitution of a word. In the treaty of Paris, a clause relating to Cuba provided that Spain hereby 'relinquishes' sovereignty over the Island of Cuba; another clause, relating to the Philippines, provided that Spain hereby 'cedes' sovereignty over the Philippines to the United States. When that word 'cedes' was embodied in the treaty of Paris, the blood was potentially shed."

Yes, and upon the men who demanded the embodiment of that word, be they great men or small, powerful or weak, famous or obscure, dead or living—upon them rests the guilt of that blood. The stain is there, and it will never out. Its scarlet color will deepen as history evaporates the softening mists in which contemporary interests and ambitions veil it. If there are still tender souls who imagine that our country and her brave soldiers are all that honor and chivalry demand for the perfection of ideals and the progress of humanity, we advise them not to read this book without preparing themselves for a painful disillusion.

PAMPHLETS.

Admirers of James Arthur Edgerton's work in prose will welcome the pamphlet issued by "The Essene," 59 Park Place, New York, in which is published a poem of his, "In the Gardens of God."

Albert Baxter has collected and the International Publishing company, of Grand Rapids, Mich., have printed, the poems of the late Cella Baxter Brigham, under the

title of "Wildwood Melodies." As Mrs. Brigham's verse writing began 60 years ago, many of her lines revive memories of the Abolition agitation and the Civil War, and recall names that were household words in her day, which are now fading in the mists of tradition. Her verses are rhythmic, and some of them appeared originally in the New York Tribune and Harper's Weekly.

Not to have read the "Straight Edge's" (1 Seventh Ave., New York) little pamphlet, "The Church of the Divine Satisfaction," is to have missed one of the most delicious satires of the day. It is not a satire upon religion, as members of the "Church of the Divine Satisfaction" and its branches are likely to infer. On the contrary it is a very genuinely religious bit of writing. But it is a satire on the plutocratic paganism that passes for religion among the pharisees, and is keen, merciless and wholesome.

PERIODICALS.

Among the gratifying indications of the growing tendency toward recognition of municipalities as the true unit of government, is "Civic Affairs," a monthly magazine published by the Civic Club, of Grand Rapids, Mich., of which the April number is the fourth issue.

Mr. Kiefer is right in pointing out, in the Nebraska Independent, of March 24, that Mr. De Hart does not comprehend the single tax. His calling it an "internal tax upon wealth" shows this. But the editor is also right in letting Mr. De Hart have his say in favor of protection. His articles are doubtless a relief to him, and they probably do an infinitesimal amount of harm in the columns of the Independent. In the same number Mrs. Eliza Stowe Twitchell has a good paper on "Farmers and the Single Tax."

In a notice of Post's Ethics of Democracy, the Nation says, "The drift of the whole is socialistic, but there is in it political economy of the most systematic kind, and political writing of a sound sort." One would like to know, for curiosity sake, what is the state of mind of the reviewer who could read this book and find the prevailing drift to be socialistic. It is easy to understand how he might criticize the author's chapter on Trial by Jury, or his theories as to Foreign Trade, or his views of Repudiation, but to say that the drift of the book is socialistic is a dense lucus a non jurendo that gives us pause.

"Our Irish Friends," is the title of a delightfully written article in Macmillan's Magazine, telling of the trip of a Scotchman to Ireland. "The poverty," he says, "of a Highlander is wealth to that of the Irishman." Though he found home-rule a word to kindle the flame of the Irish peasant's eye, he concluded that proprietorship is more to him than parliament. "There's many a lump o' land," a peasant said, "if it was divided up into bits, an' every poor man got wan o' the bits o' it, they wouldn't need to go away to foreign parts." The writer of the article does homage to the obscure, untutored, native Irish priest, who has grown old in suffering with his people.

Many boys who have reveled over the pages of "Robinson Crusoe" do not know that its author's real name was Daniel Defoe, and that he changed it to Defoe—getting the notion, perhaps, from writing himself D. Foe. A short account of him and also a description of his island, as it is today, are given in the April St. Nicholas. Defoe was a merchant for a living, and a writer for love and conviction. Besides several novels, he wrote a number of political pamphlets, which frequently got him into hot water. The article tells nothing of the real man. It speaks of his being pilloried and hunted, but gives no hint

Mr. John Z. White Writes for "Why."

Mr. White will have an interesting letter in April "Why" and each month thereafter, until further notice, describing his lecture tours and the work of the Henry George Lecture Association. You should not miss any of these issues. Send twenty-five cents in stamps or coin to FRANK VIERTH, Editor "Why," Cedar Rapids, Iowa. This pays for yearly subscription.