WHAT UNITED STATES HAS DONE FOR PHILIPPINES

Making Citizens of Savages--Condition of Affairs at Close *of* Spanish Rule--Work of Commissions Sent Out to Study Habits of Natives--Stories of Adventures in Tropical Jungles

By Dean C. Worcester.

IN order properly to appreciate what the United States has done for the non-Christian tribes of the Philippines some idea of the condition which prevailed during the closing years of Spanish rule and the early days of the American occupation must first be gained.

At the beginning of the conquest of the Philippines the Spaniards showed great tact in subduing wild tribes and bringing them under the influences of civilization and Chrisianity. But this conquest, which was at the outset comparatively peaceful except in the Moro country, was never pushed to completion, and for many years before the fall of Spanish sovereignty no substantial progress seems to have been made. There prevailed during this period an exaggerated idea of the prowess of the more warlike hill tribes and of the Moros, accompanied by indifference as to the progress of the less warlike non-Christians.

The trails through the mountains of Northern Luzon were few and excessively bad. In the wild man's country in Palawan, Mindoro, and Mindanao there were none, while the few which existed in Panay and Negros were footpaths impassable for horses. Not the slightest effort was made to control the Christian natives in their dealings with wild people, and abuses were frequent and flagrant.

Truce in the Moro Country.

In the Moro country, even when there was no active fighting, there existed, at the best, an armed truce. Slavery was tolerated among the Moros, and active slave hunting had not been entirely suppressed. The Spaniards had been unable effectively to occupy the Lake Lanao region in Mindanao, where the Moros continued to defy them.

A government of Christian Filipinos was established at Cotabato, Mindanao, but the Moros o fthe vicinity promptly decapitated the officials and took possession o fthe place, committing numerous ghastly outrages, not the least of which was to compel the Christian women of the place to strip and file past their leader.

Soon after American occupation military rule was extended to the more accessible parts of the wild man's country. Two expeditions in pursuit of Aguinaldo passed through Lepanto, Bontoc, and western Nueva Vizcaya. They found the Lepanto Igorots gentle and inoffensive, as they have always been. With the warlike Bontoc Igorots the soldiers got on well. They committed no abuses and paid for what they needed. The Bontoc people, unused to such treatment, conceived a liking for them. With the wilder Ifugaos of western Nueva Vizcaya our men were less fortunate. These people had never ceased to fight the Spaniards, had been roughly handled by the insurgents, and looked upon the arrival of Americans as an additional source of trouble.

From time to time they threw spears from ambush at the soldiers and ultimately succeeded in inflicting some small losses on them. The soldiers retaliated, punished them severely, and thus won their respect. Being good fighters themselves, they liked men who stood up to them better than those who ran away.

Work of Second Commission.

At this stage of events the second Philippine commission arrived at Manila on June 3, 1900. This commission was authorized to determine at what time civil government should be established in any given region, and to establish it.

In July Commissioner Wright, afterward gov[illegible]or-general, and myself were sent to investigate the climate of Benguet, of which I had heard much when in the Philippines during the Spanish times. We found that the climate left little to be desired, but that the conditions prevailing among the gentle and peace-loving Benguet Igorots under military rule were such that it was desirable to change them as soon as possible. With the assistance of Mr. Otto Scheerer, a German citizen who had lived for years at Baguio, I drew up simple acts providing for the establishment of a provincial government in Benguet and of small autonomous township goernments for the several settlements. The Philippine commission passed these acts without substantial change, and thus it happened that the first civil provincial and municipal governments organized under American rule were for the benefit of a non-Christian tribe.

In the six provinces organized under the special provincial government act all provincial officials are appointed.

The governors of those provinces are Americans, each of whom has been selected on account of personal qualities especially fitting him successfully to deal with the people whom he governs, for it is an open secret that success in dealing with four more warlike non-Christian inhabitants is far less a matter of laws than one of personality. In order to win it a governor must be perfectly fearless and absolutely just and impartial.

Men with these qualities are usually born, not made. We have found them in the regular army, in the volunteer army, in the constabulary, and in private life, and when found have laid violent hands on them and have placed them where they must meet most difficult conditions. Pack in Benguet, Offley in Mindoro, Miller in Palawan, and Johnson in Agusan have had conspicuous success in dealing with the non-Christians of those provinces, as have Lieutenant Governors Hale, Eckman, Villamor, and Lewis in the sub-provinces of Amburayan, Bontoc, Ahayao, and Bukidnon.

Stories of Odd Adventure.

The true stories of the adventures, failure, and successes of these men ought some day to be written by one who can do them justice. They have been the friends of their people, and disputes which in former years would have led to bloodshed have been freely brought to them for final settlement.

One of their greatest difficulties has arisen from the inaccessibility of the territory which they have governed, and the lack of adequate lines of communication through it. The highlands of northern Luzon are rugged beyond description, and are traversed by frequent mountain streams which are liable to become dangerous or entirely impassable within the space of a few hours. The few trails which existed at the outset were at best barely passable for horses, and at the worst were dangerous even for foot passengers.

The first step toward securing better transportation facilities was to clear and widen the old trails in order to make them safe, to cut down the worst grades in order to make them passable on horseback, and to bridge or to provide trolley ferries for the more dangerous streams. Then came the search for suitable locations for new trails, their building, and the abandonment of old and unsatisfactory lines of communication.

While the Christian provinces have been talking of building good roads, the special government provinces have been building them, and in so doing have not only facilitated business and travel, but have decreased the cost of living, and have greatly aided in the establishment of a satisfactory state of public order throughout an immense territory.

In Lepanto-Bontoc alone there are today more than 400 miles of the best mountain horse trail to be found anywhere in the world, and each year sees 50 to 100 miles of new trail completed in this province. The flat has gone forth that all trails must be built on a grade of 6 per cent, or less, experience having proved that the increased original cost of construction of trail on a low grade is more than compensated for by the decreased cost of maintenance. Such a trail can be converted into a good wagon road at any time by widening and surfacing.

In Genkuet and Nueva Vizcaya also an immense amount of trail work has been done. In all three provinces the main lines of communication are practically completed, while substantial progress has been made on sidelines to important settlements.

Trails as Civilizers.

The civilizing influence of this trail construction can hardly be overestimated. Again and again we have opened up a trail to some fighting settlement in order to make possible the establishment of a constabulary post there, only to find that the people got good as soon as the trail reached them and that no garrison was needed, while the bringing together for trail work of people from hostile settlements has ended bloody feuds which had lasted for years.

The fiercest head-hunting tribes now appreciate the desirability of these main lines of communication and want to have them made safe. They have readily acceded to the suggestion that they contribute to this end by cutting down the immense bamboo grass through which the trails often run and by planting camotes in the clearings thus made to prevent danger of ambush.

Telegraph and telephone lines are rapidly following trails, and so the intolerable loneliness of the more remote hill stations is overcome and the comparative safety of those who occupy these outposts of civilization is assured.

Work Among the Igorots.

The warlike character of four of the hill tribes of northern Luzon was at the outset an obstacle to progress, but has proved a far less formidable one than was anticipated. The fact was soon grasped that the inborn hostility between Christians and non-Christians rendered it inadvisable to bring in constabulary soldiers from the lowlands for the enforcement of order. Benguet Igorots, Bontoc Igorots, and Ifugaos were therefore enlisted as constabulary soldiers to a considerable extent and with very satisfactory results. These men are physically very superior to the lowlanders. They speak the local dialects, know the local customs, are familiar with every bypath in the country in which they must operate, refrain from abuses, are loyal and brave, and, contrary to expectation, have never flinched when ordered to fire on their own people.

Fortunately there has been little of this to do, but it was decided at the outset that head hunting, with its attendant horrors and its baleful indirect results, must cease. The policy pursued in stopping it has been at once humane and extraordinarily successful. Those in authority have first sought, and have usually secured, the respect and good will of the chiefs among the people with whom they had to deal, and have endeavored, with surprising success, to arbitrate quarrels between hostile settlements. Nothing has astonished me more than the readiness with which many of the settlements have given up an ancestral custom, bound up with their religion, their traditions, their marriage customs, and their views as to personal valor.

When mild measures have proved ineffective and when that that head hunting must cease could be enforced, it has gone forth, and not until then. Transgressing rancherias have been duly warned of the punishment that lay in store for them if they did not mend their ways, and participants in subsequent head-hunting raids have in some instances been shot down, though as a rule they have been captured, tried in the civil courts, and duly punished for their crimes.

Instances of head-taking are now almost unknown in Bontoc, and are quite rare in Nueva Vizcaya. In the Kalinga country and in Apayao they are still fairly common, for the work of establishing order there has been entered upon within the year.

All in all, the progress made has been astonishing. The head hunter of northern Luzon is by no means the brute he has been pictured to be. As a rule he is a brave, honest and loyal man who does not especially object to being roughly handled when he knows he has done wrong, and is quite willing to come in and make friends with the men who whip him in a fair fight.

A Dangerous Territory.

Not only was the whole territory of the head hunters dangerous a few years ago, but they made portions of the country inhabited by Christians suffer severely as well. For instance, in Spanish times it was necessary to keep four garrisons oh the main trail between Bagabag, Nueva Vizcaya, and Cordon, Isabela, and no one was allowed to go over it without escort. Today there is not even a small post anywhere on it, and women travel over it alone in perfect safety. An American may go unarmed anywhere in Nueva Vizcaya and Bontoc, with the certainty that he will receive only the kindest treatment.

The Bontoc Igorots and the Ifugaos are skilled agriculturists, and their wonderful irrigated terraces extending thousands of feet up the mountain sides are coming to be regarded as the great wonder of the Philippines. The abolition of head hunters frees the men from the necessity of being constantly under arms, and makes it possible for them to aid the women in cultivating the soil. As a result, in settlements where a few years ago rice was a rich man's food, there is now enough stored in granaries to last the entire population for from four to six years.

The Negritos, who use bows and poisoned arrows, are fairly well able to take care of themselves, but have suffered the loss of not a few children who have been kidnapped and brought up in a state of servitude by Christian natives. When cases of kidnapping are discovered due punishment is inflicted, and they are now growing rare.

The other tribes have until recently suffered wrongs unspeakable. A large proportion of the Tagalog inhabitants of Mindoro lived off the poor Mangyans, whom they kept in a state of peonage closely approaching slavery. In Palawan this condition extended even to the more ignorant Christian natives.

Whenever the special provincial government act has been put in force the American who has been appointed governor has been instructed that all such abuses must terminate as speedily as possible. He has also been informed that his life might be threatened or even attempted as a result of the machinations of those whose tyranny and oppression it was his duty to end, and that he would probably be accused of everything from gross immorality to manslaughter, but that so long as he did his duty fearlessly and well he had nothing but possible personal violence to fear. In several cases such predictions have been fulfilled, but the men appointed have in each instance discharged their duty fearlessly and well.

Believers in Suicide.

A few years since it was not unusual for the Mangyans of Mindoro to commit suicide when attempts were made to bring them to the capital or even to the Christian coast towns. Now they thread the jungles and plod over the hot plains for scores of miles in order to lay their grievances before their friend, the governor, and they, in common with other tribes, are slowly learning that they have rights which must be respected.

In many instances the non-Christian people have shown themselves highly appreciative of the protection thus afforded them and have been quick to take advantage of it. In not a few cases their inability to overcome the timidity resulting from lifelong ill-treatment has caused them to refuse to testify against those who have wronged them, but sufficient success has already been obtained to justify the statement that the suppression of slavery and peonage is one of the greatest benefits conferred upon the non-Christians of the Philippines by the United States.

Forced labor, which was the rule with these people in the old days, has not only been made unlawful, but has been pretty effectively abolished and provincial governments have set the example by paying a fair wage for work performed.

Fighting the Headhunters.

Many of the settlements of Benguet-Lepanto Igorots and Tinglans, which are organized as townships, have made gratifying progress in self-government. The greatest obstacle encountered at the outset was the complete illiteracy of the people. It was the custom in Spanish days to refuse to admit to the schools pupils who declined to accept Christian baptism.

Now it would be impossible to find in the Philippines a Christian municipality more cleanly, more orderly, more prosperous or better-governed than is the Igorot settlement of Kabayan, in Benguet. In fact, I have repeatedly heard Governor-General Smith suggest to delinquent municipal officials in the lowlands the advisability of taking a trip into the mountains and learning from the Benguet Igorots how to govern a town.

Heretofore an excuse has been found for failure to prosecute educational work among the non-Christians in the alleged shortage of funds. It having been deemed fitting and necessary to expend for the benefit of Christian natives practically all of the appropriation made available for educational purposes. Now, however, a special fund has been set aside for educational work among the non-Christians.

In describing the government established for non-Christians I have thus far omitted mention of two very important matters. In view of the somewhat arbitrary powers vested in provincial governors and provincial boards, it was deemed wise to allow the people of each province organized under the special provincial government act to elect a popular representative who might serve as a go-between in dealing with the secretary of the interior. The movements of the popular representative must be facilitated by all government officers when he desires to visit Manila, and he may not be proceeded against for statements which he may make. He is thus given every encouragement to make some complaint should abuses be perpetrated or should government officials misuse their authority.

In summarizing what has been accomplished under American rule for the non-Christian inhabitants of the Philippines, it may be said that, while the obstacles presented by the nature of the country to be operated in and the character of some of the people to be dealt with have been great, and while the work has been carried on in the face of more or less determined opposition by that portion of the civilized population which has heretofore lived in whole or in part off the wild man, and of that other portion which is ashamed of its origin from a stock physically far better and mentally quite equal to that of the civilized Christians of today, and which would, if possible, conceal from the world the fact that approximately one-eighth of the inhabitants of the Philippines are non-Christians, yet good lines of communication have been opened.

Wild Men as Policemen.

Head-hunting, murder, robbery, peonage, slavery and the purchasing or kidnaping of young children and of girls has been checked or abolished; the wild men have been used successfully as police officers and constabulary soldiers for the maintenance of order in their own territory; forced labor has been done away with, and a fair wage system has been established; government sales depots have been opened for supplying the needs of the wild men at reasonable cost; the production of agricultural products for sale has been stimulated.

A system has been established for protecting non-Christians from oppression at the hands of their civilized Christian neighbors; every effort has been made to encourage the non-Christians to manage their own local affairs and to aid them in so doing, many settlements of the more civilized tribes having as a result made substantial progress, and last, by no means least, the debauching of the wild man with bad liquor has been practically ended.

The policy which has brought about these results should be continued and developed as experience may suggest, and active operations should be extended as speedily as possible throughout the interior of Mindoro and the mountain regions of Panay, Negros and northeastern Luzon, where governmental authority has not yet been established.

I say, without fear of successful contradiction, that the future attitude of the Christian natives toward this work and their success in carrying it on may be taken as an index of their ability to establish and maintain in these islands a just and stable popular government. When those among them who occupy positions of influence and power have learned to stretch out a helping hand to the ignorant Christian inhabitant of the lowland plains, and to the wild man of the hills as well, then, and not until then, may we look to them for the inauguration of a policy which, if patiently persisted in, will ultimately lead to the goal of their ambitions.

PEGGY AND THE BURGLAR

(By Helen Lindsay.)

"OH, Miss Peggy, we shall all be killed in our beds!"

"Nonsense, Parker!" said Miss Peggy Maple, speaking a little more boldly than she felt. "You've been reading those silly newspapers or hearing some foolish gossip. There are hundreds of bigger houses than this around here, and burglars don't break into places so near the main road."

Peggy finally induced the girl to go off to bed and then Peggy lowered the lights and went to her own room. It was 10 o'clock and her father would not be home till nearly 1. She was not inclined for sleep and she wanted to finish a rather fascinating book.

Eleven o'clock struck.

Then suddenly a sound smote her ears. Surely someone was down stairs.

She crept to the staircase. Sure enough there was a light downstairs. It was streaming into the passage from the dining-room.

Cautiously she made her way down stairs. At the coatrack she paused; an idea had struck her. She plunged her hand into the pocket of her father's thick winter coat, and brought out—what she had hoped to find—a silver-mounted pipe case.

Then she crept to the dining-room and looked in. Horror! There was a stranger there.

He was a young man, she noticed, and—for a burglar—quite respectable looking.

She entered the room.

"Move a finger and I fire!" were her words, as she covered him with the pipe case.

He seemed taken by surprise, and, so she thought, cowered before her weapon.

"How did you get in?" she asked. He pointed to the French window. She saw it was ajar. "You've forced it."

"No," he said calmly, seeming to have made up his mind to make the best of things. "It was open."

"It would serve you right," she said, with new-born boldness, "if I passed you over to the police."

"Oh, don't do that!" said the burglar. "I say it would serve you right."

The man seemed something of a philosopher. "We don't all get what we deserve in this world," he said, with an air of sadness.

"Poor man!" she said slowly; "perhaps I misjudge you. You look honest. Tell me, have you been driven to this life by misfortune?"

"Run of circumstances, Miss," the burglar replied laconically.

"And have you never——"

"You were asking, Miss!"

"If you ever tried to earn an honest living!"

He laughed a little bitterly.

"An honest living?" he repeated. "why, I started life in a stock broker's office."

"My father is a stock broker," said Peggy, with dignity, offended at his implication.

"Ah, is he? Then I expect he wouldn't blame me if he were here. He'd understand. A fellow feeling makes us——"

"My father would have you sent to prison," Peggy declared angrily. "There may be dishonest men on the stock exchange, but I know my father isn't one of them; and if you dare to say another word I'll——"

"Oh, I am sorry, Miss," the burglar's voice showed his contrition. "I'm sure I meant no harm, and I wouldn't say a word to hurt your feelings for worlds. But, you see, we look at life through our own glasses. When a man has no friends, no home, and no ties of love and tenderness, it embitters him."

"Poor fellow!" she said, speaking slowly. "I am so sorry for you! It is easy for me to blame you, but I understand now. Of course, once started on a downward path, with no one to put out a helping hand or speak a word of advice, you just drifted."

"That's it, Miss," said the man eagerly; "you've put the whole thing in a nutshell."

"Oh, I'm so sorry for you! I'd do anything to help you," declared Peggy.

"Would you, Miss?"

There was a catch in her voice as she answered him.

"I would, indeed. Do let me advise and counsel you. Let me be your friend."

"But it's too late now," Miss," he broke out almost fiercely; "you can bend the twig but not the tree!"

"Don't say that," she pleaded; "it's never too late. What fascination can there be in such a life?"

He pointed to the sideboard. She felt a little thrill of alarm again.

"Words are words," he said deliberately, "silver is silver."

She went on, using pleading words and earnest arguments. She was winning on him. Already his head hung forward on his breast, and she could almost affirm that she saw a tear glisten on his eyelids.

"Ah, Miss," he said suddenly, in a voice that came slow and seemed broken with emotion, "things would have been different with me if there had been one like you to be a sort of a sister to me."

"Poor fellow!"

"No, I'm really not a bad sort at heart. But supposing I gave it up, what then?"

"Your conscience would reward you."

"I've had a conscience all my life, but I've only had you five minutes, and see what you've done. I feel wretched, Miss. Why, that silver—" he again pointed to the sideboard—"doesn't seem what it did. I suppose I shall end by not taking it—" he paused—"certainly not the plated goods," he added thoughtfully.

Peggy persisted, though his differentiation of values troubled her. She seemed to be making headway. The burglar sank into a chair and his head fell forward on the table, while she continued to strengthen argument with entreaty.

"Poor fellow!" she said, gently touching his shoulder; "I am so sorry."

"Oh, why has no one spoken to me like this before?" he cried in a voice that seemed broken with sobs; "I'd have been so different."

"I am sure you would," said Peggy gently.

"But who cares about me?" His voice became almost fierce again. "What gentle, sweet-faced girl would care what I am? Twenty-eight years old," he said, he said it bitterly, "and I have never known the compassion of a loving voice or been helped with a sisterly kiss."

What strange words. But they struck right home to heart, and made her realize his loneliness in the great world and its terrible effects upon him. A bold idea came to her.

"You shall never say that again!" she said. And, impelled by her lofty motive, she stooped and kissed his forehead.

At this moment—which ought to have been so solemn—there was a terrible interruption.

"Ahem!"

Peggy turned. Her father was standing in the doorway.

"Thought you were in bed, Peggy," he said; "I got back a little early, you see."

And then she saw that his eyes traveled from her to the visitor behind her. It was a moment for action. She spoke up quickly.

"Oh, it's all right, father; it's only a burglar! But he's quite good now, and I've promised that he should go—"

"Only a what?"

"A burglar, father."

"A burglar! What? That man?"

"Yes."

"Ho, ho, ho! A burglar! Why, what an idea! That's Collier—Frank Collier, my new partner! He came down with me to spend the night. We caught the 12:18 instead of the 12:02."

"Father,"

"Yes; that window was open and we came in that way. I've been up sorting out the visitor's room for him. I did it alone, thinking it better than rousing the house. How did you get the idea that he was a burglar?"

Peggy looked from one to the other. Her cheeks were crimson.

"You seem to get on with burglars, Peggy," went on her father relentlessly.

"A burglar! Ha, ha, ha!"

And with a hearty roar of laughter he left the room again.

Left alone, the two stood looking at each other, Collier demure, Peggy indignant.

"Forgive me," he said.

"You are a wretch," she replied. "How dared you? Why did you say you were a burglar?"

"But I didn't," said Collier; "that was your idea. My words were entirely noncommittal and equivocal."

"But you spoke of stealing silver?"

"On the contrary, I said I had almost made up my mind not to do so—at all events, not to take the plated goods."

"You—you are a wretch!"

"It was your own fault, Miss Maple. You see that pipe-case revolver gave me the idea. I saw you wanted a little romance, so I decided to give you some."

"But you made out—"

"Quite right! I made out that I had never been influenced for good by a really sweet girl before. That's true. I said my life would be different if I had been—so it would. And when you acted the sister to me, and—"

"O, stop!" she cried, her cheeks flaming, "you are a brute!" And she quickly left the room.

Breakfast next day was a trying time. The little conversation there was was maintained by Mr. Maple and "the burglar," and Peggy seemed relieved when the two set off to the city.

A fortnight later he called

"I want a little more influencing," he said.

She tried to protest.

"You told me there was a spark of good in me somewhere. Don't you think you could find it?"

"On the whole, she seemed to conclude she could, for a few months later Mr. Maple's young partner became his son-in-law.

DISGRACE IS FOR HIM WHO ACCEPTS IT

By John A. Jayné.

THIS is the story of a man who does not live in Pittsburg, neither in Wilkinsburg, not yet New Castle. Just where he does live has nothing to do with the story that is to be told. Neither does the story, which is a true one, require that his name be given. It is a story that may be matched possibly many times, but it is to be doubted if you will ever run across its parallel.

This young man came into life with a clouded inheritance. Until he was 10 years of age, he had never questioned relative to his father in anything but a boyish kind of a way; then he learned that from his father he had not received his name. When he was 16, his mother, who had been more or less of a butterfly, scandalized the whole community by an escapade not permissible to mention here. At the age of 20 he was discharged under suspicion of stealing by the business house with which he was employed. At 22 he had been arrested and had served a short sentence in jail. At 25 people pointed at him as a warning to their children. At 30 he had traveled around the world as a marine in the navy and had brought back with him, as the only exhibit of his long trip, a wonderful command of sea slang, strange oaths and a fondness for whiskey that was rapidly becoming second nature. At 35 he woke up. He realized that he was making a failure of his life, if indeed he had not already done so. He honestly tried to reform. But the bad reputation he had achieved for himself worked against him, for people said that he had a bad name, that his reformation was not genuine, that he was disgraced for life. His record for the next three years of life was a story of continual struggles upward and downward falls. At 38 he came to the conclusion that he was disgraced for life, that he could be nothing, was nothing, and was about read to end it all, saying, "Here goes nothing." It was just at this juncture in his career that he saw, in large letters, printed in a magazine for men, the caption of this little sermon in everyday life, "Disgrace Is for Him Who Accepts It."

Somehow and in some way that line had a message for him. It awoke the long dormant manhood resident within him. He resolved that right in the community where he was best known he would carve for himself a character, win for himself a name, make for himself a career that should be worth while.

Only those who have struggled against inherited tendencies, unfavorable environments and acquired habits can know or understand the difficulties that were in his way. In the eyes of the people he was disgraced. Worse than that, he had lost his own self-respect. When self-respect is gone, men have poor, if any, foundation upon which to build. But he worked, first at the most humble of toil in the spirit of his motto, "Disgrace is for him who accepts it." Disgraced he was, but he would not accept it as finality. As the days passed away, through a combination of circumstances over which he had no control, he was given on trial at the first an opportunity of making good in a more responsible position. He was told frankly, almost brutally, by his employers, that he was just a makeshift. Instead of continuing a makeshift, he rose to the ranks of a make-good. At the end of three months he was given a better position. Increased responsibilities meant increased opportunities. Presently the tide of condemnation turned, and kind words were spoken, possibly grudgingly, relative to him. He had learned, however, to care neither for caustic condemnations or the polite phrasings of praise. He was living to himself, his higher and better self. If he had the approval of that he was satisfied. To the carping criticisms of captious critics he turned a deaf ear. To sunny smiles speeding him successward he was indifferent. He knew that to himself he must stand or fall. He was like a mariner beating his way against contrary winds to his desired haven. His way was not a smooth one, neither pleasant. When one has once descended from manhood's high estate of character, the climb upward is hard. But he persevered, and at length success crowned his efforts. There came a time when a man of absolute reliability was needed to fill a most responsible position. Unanimously he was the one chosen for the place. He had conquered his past, his present, he had achieved a future for himself. Today he is loved, honored and respected by all who know him. If his past is referred to, it is only as an illustration of the truth that "disgrace is for him only who accepts it."

There are doubtless many men in this city today who have realized in their own life many of the bitter experiences of this man of whom we have been thinking. They know what it is to front the world with a tarnished name, with a blot on their character and a stain on their reputation. Yet for each of these men there is the message, "Disgrace is for him who accept it." He who honestly and courageously dares face conditions as they are, nether denying nor apologizing for them, working to overcome them, can, if they continue steadfast rise to nobler things. The world may turn a cold and ouel shoulder for a long time, but for the man who continues honest, loyal and true, for that man, sooner or later, will come the smile of the world, and, what is infinitely better, the approval of his own conscience, without which no man's life is a success.

The Boy's Sacrifice.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He was a good little boy and very thoughtful. He had heard about the great scarcity of water throughout the country.

He came to his mother and slipped his hand into hers.

"Mamma," he said, "is it true that in some places the little boys and girls have scarcely enough water to drink?"

"That is what the papers say, my dear."

"Mamma," he presently said, "I'd like to give up somethin' for those poor little boys and girls."

His mother gave him a fond look.

"Yes dear. And what would you like to give up?"

"Mamma," he said, in his earnest way, "as long as the water is so very, very scarce I think I ought to give up bein' washed!"

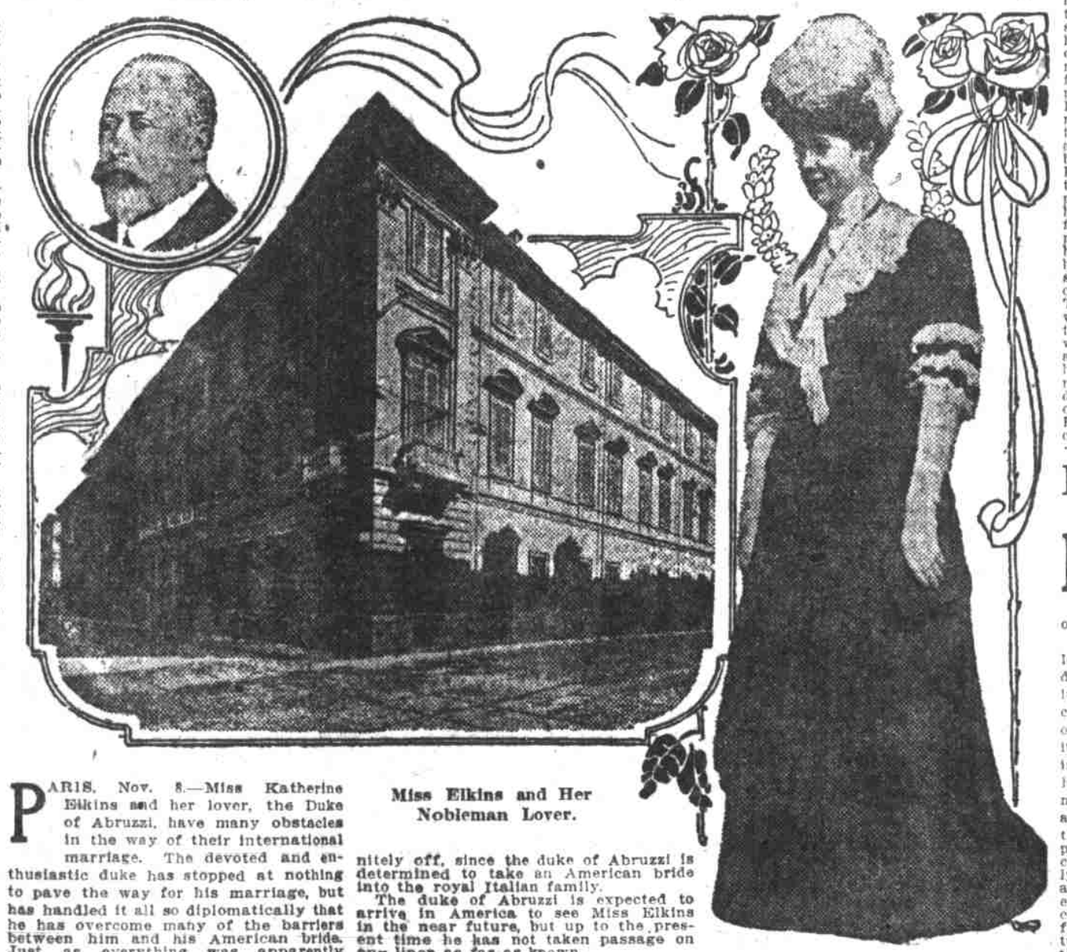
Giant Sunflowers of Kansas.

From the Atchison Globe.

Al Fiss was out on the Central Branch last week and says he never saw such sunflowers.

"When the wind blows they lean across the track. Pushing them back is what makes the trains lose so much time. When the wind is not blowing they droop over the track on both sides, and this also impedes the trains. In some places it is just like going through a tunnel. I have been told that the engineer sometimes has to light the headlight on his engine to see his way through," said Mr. Fiss.

TROUBLES OF A DUKE AND AN AMERICAN GIRL--Many Obstacles in the Way of Their Marriage



Miss Elkins and Her Nobleman Lover.

PARIS, Nov. 8.—Miss Katherine Elkins and her lover, the Duke of Abruzzi, have many obstacles in the way of their international marriage. The devoted and enthusiastic duke has stopped at nothing to pave the way for his marriage, but has handled it all so diplomatically that he has overcome many of the barriers between him and his American bride. Just as everything was apparently smoothed over and the Italian court and King Victor Emmanuel had not only granted permission to the marriage, but also agreed that Miss Elkins should be received as a royal princess, comes the report that King Edward of England has stepped in and opposed the match on the ground that Miss Elkins would become a sister-in-law of King Edward's niece, a relationship which does not appeal to the British monarch.

It seems that Queen Margherita was on her way to London to complete arrangements for the Turin-Connaught betrothal when the new outbreak caused her to stop her journey in Paris. The English court does not care to acquire West Virginia relations in this roundabout way, and it is believed in Paris that the Turin-Connaught match is definitely off, since the duke of Abruzzi is determined to take an American bride into the royal Italian family.

The duke of Abruzzi is expected to arrive in America to see Miss Elkins in the near future, but up to the present time he has not taken passage on any liner as far as known.

London, Nov. 8.—The London Daily Mail's Rome correspondent telegraphs as follows:

"The Duchess d'Aosta, stepmother of the duke of Abruzzi, has officially informed the mayor of Aosta that the approaching marriage of the duke and Miss Katherine Elkins will occur very shortly. The duke leaves Italy for America in the middle of November, and a squadron of three battleships will sail at the same time.

"No wedding arrangements have been made in Italy, as the marriage will occur in America. On her arrival in Italy the new princess will be officially presented at court, and a great celebration will be held in her honor in Rome and Turin.

"The report that Cardinal Gibbons is supervising Miss Elkins' conversation creates a pleasant impression in Italy, where the feeling is most cordial to the duke and his bride. It is also reported that several members of the royal family have ordered wedding presents from a Turin jeweler.

"According to the most reliable information, the official announcement of the engagement will come out through a letter from King Victor Emmanuel to the premier, Signor Giolitti, shortly after the duke arrives in the United States, which will be communicated to the public by an Italian news agency. The premier also will immediately inform the cabinet ministers, the presidents of the senate and the chamber of deputies and the high officials of state."

Shall We Ever Know Our Real Selves

DEATH is the guide of our life, and life has no goal but death. Our death is the mould into which our life flows—it is death that has formed our features. Of the death alone should portraits be painted for they only are truly themselves and who for one moment stand revealed as they are?

What life is there that does not become radiant when the pure, cold, simple light falls upon it at the last hour? It is perhaps the same light that floats around children's faces when they smile at us, and the silence that steals upon us then resembles that of the chamber where there will be peace forevermore.

I have known many whom the same death was leading by the hand, and when I think of them I see a group of children, of youths and maidens, who all seem to emerge from the same house.

A strange brotherhood already unites them. It may be that they recognize each other by birthmarks we cannot see, and that they secretly exchange mysterious sign of silence.

They are the eager children of pre-consciences. At school we were dimly aware of them. They seemed to be at the same time seeking and avoiding each other. There were times when they seemed to be looking down upon us as from a lofty tower, and though we were the stronger we dared not molest them. For truly there is nothing that can ever be really hidden, and whoever meets me knows all that I have thought and shall think—yes, even the very day when I shall die, but he has no way of telling what he knows, though he speak ever so softly and whisper to his heart.

We pass heedlessly by the side of all that our hands cannot touch, and perhaps too great a knowledge would be ours if all that we know be revealed to us.

Our real life is not the life we live, and we feel that our deepest and most intimate thoughts are quite apart from ourselves, for we are other than our thoughts and dreams, and it is only at special moments, perhaps by the merest accident, that we know and live our own life. Will the day ever dawn when we shall be what we are?

As the Twig Is Bent.

From Des Moines Register.

Father—What, in your opinion, is my son's natural bent?

Teacher—Across a knee

LOVE OF MAN IS SELFISHNESS

By Max Nordau.

IT MAY sound very shocking, yet I must say it—we can love several individuals at the same time with almost equal tenderness, and we need not lie when we assure each one of our passion.

No matter how deeply we may be in love with a certain individual we do not cease to be susceptible to the influence of the whole sex. The most chaste and loving woman is still part of the general feminine half of humanity, as the most honorable loving man is still a part of the masculine half—he as well as she experiences the mutual attraction of the opposite sex and under certain favorable conditions, this attraction may become the starting point of a new, special attachment to a certain individual, as first love is usually nothing more than the collection and transferring of the preexisting general attraction of the other sex, to a certain incarnation of it, ordinarily the first with whom one has an opportunity to become well acquainted. By this I mean chaste women and honorable men. I am not referring to women who have a tendency to wantonness, nor to men born with a superficial temperament, whose number is far larger than moralists like to admit.

Unconditional fidelity is not an attribute of human nature. It is no physiological companion of love. That we demand it is an outcome of our selfishness. The individual wishes to reign entirely alone in the heart of the beloved, to fill it completely, to see only his own reflection in its mirror, because this effect upon another is his highest sphere of activity, the most powerful completion of his life, as egotism or vanity can conceive of no more perfect gratification.

As man feels himself a complete individual most profoundly and thoroughly, when he has conquered some antagonist in a free single combat, man against man, he appreciates his own individuality most intensely and at the same time delightfully when he knows himself to be the complete possessor of another individual.

To exact loyalty is thus nothing else than the wish to extend the limits of one's own personality into another and to rejoice in their compass; jealousy is the intensely painful recognition of the limitations to this extension. We can therefore be jealous without being ourselves in love, as we can wish to surpass a competitor in a race without hating him personally. In both cases the point is to become conscious of ourselves as superior individuals, thus gratifying our vanity; it is a question of superiority of strength, of physical training, and thus we exact fidelity without feeling ourselves laid under obligations of reciprocity.

A man demands unconditional fidelity from his wife, but does not concede to her the right to demand the same of him. When she forgets herself she has committed a deadly sin, whose lightest penalty is public contempt, but when he does the same, he has only been guilty of a charming little lapse from duty for which the law has no penalty, at which society smiles discreetly and good naturedly, and which the wife pardons with tears and caresses if she took it seriously in the first place.

India is the scene of the utmost extension of this power of the egotism of husband. In that country he considers the possession of his wife as so absolute that he carries his exactions of fidelity to such a horrible extent as to compel the widow, and even the betrothed, to take her place beside her dead husband or fiance upon the funeral pyre—while the husband whose wife has just died is not obliged to hurt a hair of his head, but can return from the funeral to enter a new nuptial chamber if he wishes, without offending propriety.