

WRITES TO THE FILIPINOS.

A Letter to Aguinaldo's Followers About Uncle Sam.

Humorous Account of What the Filipinos May Expect If They Become Citizens of Uncle Sam's Domain.

(The Nugget is furnished the following through the courtesy of Mr. Mart Bray.)

My Dear Misguided Human Brothers: Just lay down your fuses, bows and arrows and let me talk a little advice and some information.

Now, to begin with, you fellows would do just as well to climb into a sausage grinder as to tackle Uncle Samuel. Uncle Samuel is a figurative expression for 70,000,000 of people. I do not want to see mince meat made of you. We have too many varieties of meat now. You may think you are receiving pretty hard treatment, but Great Scott! What would it be if Uncle Samuel should take a notion to send you a cargo of canned beef. You ought to be thankful you have escaped that.

Now let me tell you what to do: Stop fighting. It is only a matter of time when you'll get licked anyway! Surrender under one condition only—that you shall not be fed on canned beef.

You fellows don't know what a good thing you are missing by not wanting to become citizens of this grand country of ours. There isn't anything like it under the sun. You ought to send a delegation over here to see us—this land of the free—land of churches and 40,000 licensed saloons; bibles, forts and guns; houses of prostitution; millinaires and paupers; theologians and thieves, libertines and liars; Christians and chain gangs; politicians and poverty; schools and scalawags; trusts and tramps; money and misery; homes and hunger; virtue and vice.

A land where you can get a good bible for 15 cents or a bad drink of whisky for 5 cents; where we have a man in congress with three wives, and a lot in the penitentiary for having two wives; where some men make sausage out of their wives and some want to eat them raw; where we make bologna sausage out of dogs, canned beef out of horses and sick cows, corpses out of the people who eat it; where we put a man in jail for not having the means of support and on the rock pile for asking for a job of work; where we license bawdy houses and fine men for telling the truth on the streets; where we have a congress of 400 men to make laws a supreme court of nine men to set them aside; where good whisky makes bad men and bad men make good whisky; where newspapers are paid for suppressing the truth and made rich for teaching a lie; where professors draw their convictions from the same place they do their salaries; where preachers are paid \$25,000 a year to dodge the devil and tickle the ears of the wealthy; where business consists of getting hold of property in any way that won't land you in the penitentiary; where trusts hold you up, poverty holds you down; where men vote for what they do not want for fear they won't get what they do want by voting for it; where "niggers" can vote and women can't; where the girl who goes wrong is made an outcast and her male partner flourishes as a gentleman; where women wear false hair and men "dock" their horses tails; where the political wirepuller has displaced the patriotic statesman; where men vote for a thing one day and "cuss" it 364 days; where we have prayers on the floor of our national capital and whisky in the cellar; where we spend \$5000 to bury a statesman who is rich and \$10 to put away a workingman who is poor; where to be virtuous is to be lonesome, and to be honest is to be called a crank; where we sit on the safety-valve of energy and pull wide open the throttle of conscience where gold is substance—the one thing sought for, and God is a waste basket for our better resolutions; where we pay \$15,000 for a dog and 15 cents a dozen to a poor woman for making shirts; where we teach the "untutored Indian" eternal life from the bible and kill him off with bad whisky; where we put a man in jail for stealing a loaf of bread, and in congress for stealing a railroad; where the checkbook talks, sin walks in broad daylight, justice is asleep, crime runs amuck, corruption permeates our whole social and political fabric, and the devil laughs from every street corner.

Come to us, Fillies; we've got the

grandest aggregation of good things and bad things, hot things and cold things, soft things and hard things, all sizes, varieties and colors ever exhibited under one tent.

We've got more guns, more bibles and more whisky than any two shows on earth. If you don't come, we'll fetch you. "Read ye not the changeless truth, the free can conquer but to save."

"We want to save you first, then we'll salt you down. Then we'll give you a bible and you can get consolation out of it without extra charges. "If the salt loses its savor where with shall it be salted?" "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." "Thro' much suffering ye are made perfect." That's what our guns are for.

Of course when you fellows jine us you will have to stop eating each other. You will be our meat then. Our people won't stand it to see a lot of good meat wasted that way. You can eat each other's substance that makes the flesh. You can eat dog bologna or canned horse meat. It will expand our meat trade. Now, this letter ought to fetch you. Give Aguinaldo the marble heart. He's sold you out twice and would likely do it again. Besides, we have bought you and have offered you all the inducements of civilization. Come to our arms.

P. S.—Forgot to say that when you "jine" us your women would have to change their mode of dress. In other words they should have a more elaborate wardrobe and wear something more than a summer smile and a pair of earrings. Nudity is not permitted with us except in the theaters and first-class ball rooms, and then not with male men.

Britain's Glory.

(Inscribed to a certain section of Cape Colonists who are said to be disloyal.)

Have you heard 'em tell the story,
Have you heard 'em sing the strain
That the ancient, honored glory
Of Britannia's on the wane;
That her star is surely sinking,
That her sun has truly set,
And her pale-faced moon's ablinking—
But, my boys, she's not done yet.

Have you heard the voices ringing
In Australia far away?
Have you heard her patriots singing—
Have you heard 'em for us pray?
Have you heard her children's voices
Singing "Save Our Gracious Queen?"
And each little one rejoices—
For they sing just what they mean.

They may say our Empire's falling
And declare our Night has come—
'Cause they hear no bugle calling,
See no sword, and hear no drum;
But the Lion's only sleeping,
And the cubs are on the Towers,
And Britannia still is keeping
In the van amongst the Powers.

Don't you know the Frenchmen love us
In that great land of the North,
And we float our flag above us—
And we've learnt to prize its worth;
Ties of blood they may divide us,
But one hope each spirit knows,
And she takes her stand beside us—
That true "Lady of the Snows."

Let 'em whisper the foul story—
For the Lion is asleep;
Let 'em vaunt their fancied glory,
And their paltry triumphs keep;
Let 'em venture to the foray—
Let 'em twist the Lion's tail,
And before him—aged and hoary—
Shall the earth's foundations quail.

Yes! we've heard 'em tell the story,
And we've heard the Dutchmen say
That Britannia's had her glory—
That the Lion's had his day;
Better look afield my brothers,
Ere you point the traitors' guns,
Or the Lord be with poor mothers
Looking for their rebel sons.

—J. Paton.

The Ink Plant.

The juice of the ink plant, which can be used as ink without any preparation, comes out on the paper at first a red color, but after a few hours it changes to black.

Lacking in Spirit.

Jimmie—What kind of a man is yer new boss, Tommy?
Tommy—Aw, I guess he don't amount to much. He never swears at me—New York Journal.

Discouraging.

"Perhaps you could learn to love me in time?"
"I don't know. I never was any good at learning things I didn't like."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Something Accomplished.

"Hasn't the peace conference done anything yet?"
"Of course; it has unearthed a lot of new things to quarrel about."—Chicago Record.

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Dreyfus.

By Edwin Markham, author of "The Man With the Hoe" and other poems.

I.
A man stood stained; France was one
Alp of hate,
Pressing upon him with the whole
world's weight
In all the circle of the ancient sun
There was no voice to speak for him—
not one.
In all the world of men there was no
sound
But of a sword flung broken to the
ground.

He laughed its little hour and then,
behold,
How, one by one, the guarded gates
unfold!
Swiftly a sword by Unseen Forces
hurled,
And now a man rising against the
world!

II
Oh, import, deep as life is, deep as
time!
There is a Something sacred and sub-
lime
Moving behind the worlds, beyond our
ken,
Weighing the stars, weighing the deeds
of men.

Take heart, O soul of sorrow, and be
strong!
There is One greater than the whole
world's wrong.
Be hushed before the high Benignant
Power

That moves wool-shod through sepul-
cher and tower!
No truth so low but he will give it
crown;
No wrong so high but he will hurl it
down.

O men that forge the fetter, it is vain;
There is a Still Hand stronger than your
chain.

'Tis no avail to bargain, sneer and nod,
And shrug the shoulder for reply to God.
—From the September number of Mc-
Clure's Magazine.

Truly a Brute.

Mrs. Oldham—Doctor, what shall I do to prevent these horrid wrinkles from coming at the corners of my eyes?
Doctor—Stop getting old, madam. Two dollars, please—Chicago News.

Street Car Courtesy.

"Don't you dare touch my shoulder again, sir!"
"I was only taking a pinching bug off your back. Here, I'll put it on again if you say so"—Chicago Record.

99 cream, on account of its purity, stands freezing. Mohr & Wilkens.

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EXODUS OF

100,000 Colored Leave the

And Pray Their Way Being Circu

South McAles petition, started South McAles thinking, and it the African qu States. Some t of this place on red citizens of meeting here.

The meeting reports of lynch mistreatment of the South. At ambles and res but any menti were carefully The result was tion praying behalf of the them to Liberia

The petition as to protect the as well as the rights law was stantly violated for the two race

mony. There v petition that wo argument, but a ment of the f of the colored are now being ery hamlet and meetings have tactics used in here where the

It is estimate least 100,000 si petition, which gress when it c who was instru movement, says and strangely people who kno the colored man of a complex n losing much his emancipati

Four-fifths of dian territory their earthly body to Libe there as a colo Johnson is met; other edu ing the questi and West. Wi heaped upon fresh infusion ment, and the a willingness in any other m

The colored territory woul more significant they be given congress of the

Arbitration

Washington, of state has rec Ambassador V American del peace conferen represented ha the arbitration the lists are P sia. The trea tive, so far as cerned, until senate, so that be availed of boundary dis States and a treaty is ratifi on this questi less with the ties.

Against

London, Oc Morning Pos report current larger South picious of the of Cuba, Port and the gr America, have subject of a alliance again prime mover Brazil, Arge guay. It is the alliance b