

And say: Within the soil there is no dearth.  
For if no blighting rent-curse comes between,  
Then years of fatness feed the years of lean.

Give back their land! It is their birth-right still!  
It is the land they love, the land they till!  
And then when monsoons blow, and fields of grain  
Wave in the harvest breeze, theirs be the gain,  
The bountiful supply for every need,  
That God has promised as the tollers' need.

Is all the gold that lies in coffered rooms  
A fair exchange for lives that famine dooms?  
Go, weigh the treasures of the world's rich mart  
And say if they be worth one anguished heart.  
The love you wage yields love's eternal joys,  
But earth reclaims in haste your tarnished toys.

E. J. SALISBURY.

#### WENDELL PHILLIPS ON THE LABOR QUESTION.

The war extended the nominal area of freedom far enough to include the black man, but it did not make him free; nor will he or his white brother ever be free until they are permitted under the laws of this country to accumulate in their own pockets the wealth which they produce by labor. The battle for the freedom of labor is yet to be fought in this country. Because the corporate power, the money power in this country, gained by that war all that the slave power lost and tenfold more, and the real battle for the freedom of labor will have to be fought against the corporate slave-driver and the money power.—Wendell Phillips.

#### MOTIVES OF THE BOXERS.

The present war in China is not anti-missionary, but anti-foreign. The Chinese do not hate the missionaries as such, but hate them as foreigners. Nor do they hate the foreigners as foreigners, but as land grabbers. Russia, Germany, France and England are responsible for the outbreak. If those nationalities, looking on the domain of the United States in the hour of our weakness, should say, one after the other: "Boston is a good looking city. I'll take Boston, if you please;" "Charleston has a fair harbor. I'll appropriate Charleston, if you have no objection;" "the Mississippi valley is quite productive. I'll accept that as my 'sphere of influence.'" If these nationalities should thus speak it would not be long before there would be some "Boxers" in America, and the scenes

of the stamp act and other atrocities of freedom witnessed in 1775 would be reenacted.—Louis A. Gould, of Shelbyville, Ind., formerly missionary in China, in Chicago Record.

#### HANNA'S FRANKENSTEIN.

Four years ago the republican convention was described as the last great convention of the party, by that clear-eyed man who has been called "the prophet of San Francisco." The prophecy was true. The meeting in Philadelphia the other day was the meeting of a board of directors.

Where was the fiery zeal of the men who nominated Fremont? Where was the moral earnestness of the men who put forward Lincoln? One does not find these things in a board of directors. Even the pinchbeck patriotism of Blaine's time, the brassy jewelry of jingoism, was lacking.

There was only one theme for consideration—dividends. There was only one subject for applause—dividends. There was only one notion of progress—more dividends.

The board of directors unanimously renominated McKinley for president and unanimously chose Roosevelt for vice president with as much showing of enthusiasm as may be looked for in the board of directors of a prosperous concern.

The body remains but the life has gone out of it. Lofty purpose, kindling aspiration, fierce desire of freedom, all that made the soul of the republican party, is gone. There is left only the board of directors.

The party doesn't know it, but it is dead, intellectually dead, morally dead, spiritually dead. Of its faculties there is nothing surviving but the appetite for dividends.—Goodhue Co. News, of Red Wing, Minn.

#### MILITARISM IN MANILA.

If there is any city wherein the civilian is made aware of his two-by-fourness that city is Manila. The soldier is all of it. The lowliest sentry holding down a street corner at night rejoices in an authority which is absolute. He is the master of all who come his way. The plain, undecorated trader and the humble tourist must take orders without parleying or go slap-bang into the guardhouse.

The martial law was: "Everybody under cover at 10:30." Anyone found in the street after that hour had to beg off or be locked up.

In the daytime the shoulder straps held dominion. If you were a civilian every second lieutenant looked down at you. In the hotel lobbies, at the

restaurants and on the street corners—white duck, gold braid and khaki. The man who couldn't talk army and navy "shop" regarded himself as an interloper and had to admit his pitiable ignorance. When he met the military men he was made to recognize the fact that they were talking down to him.

Suggestion—If you have an opinionated friend who believes that he is a person of some importance and is entitled to respectful consideration; if he is accustomed to treat his fellow men with easy and patronizing familiarity, send him to Manila. In Manila he will be a civilian, nothing more. A civilian may be an American, an Englishman, a Chinaman, a Tagalo or a Spaniard, but he cannot escape the withering fact that he is a civilian.

He has been a civilian all his life without knowing the unworthiness of it. In Manila the second lieutenants, the ensigns and the volunteer captains will bring him to a realization of his utter cheapness. They will prove to him that he is of the same relative importance as the hackman at the wedding or the charity boy at the barn raising. He is present and that's all you can say for him.

If you have a friend who thinks supremely well of himself, by all means send him to Manila and let him learn the ways of humbleness.

I would rather be almost any old thing in Chicago than be a civilian in Manila.—George Ade, in Chicago Record.

#### THE SHADOW OF A CRIME.

Precisely how clear a title we have to call ourselves civilized is just now being searched by the abstract office, upon whose report the supreme bench of posterity will pass. Vandals whose god is their belly are moving to cut down the Calaveras grove of Big Trees. If we permit them, we are as base as they. Savages, of course, are never such brutes. They take what food they need to keep warm, and no more. It takes the camp followers of civilization—the men who have grown up within reach of schools, churches and art—even to conceive of such a barbarity as turning this grove of the noblest trees in the world into boards, to be peddled at \$17.50 per M.

Now the Big Trees may be "on some one's land;" but they belong to California. They belong to every man in the United States who has risen above the mind and conscience of a razor-back porker. And if the men who "own" them are of the stuff to sell them for slaughter, we ought to be of