

thing which may prove as strong as himself.

The Chinese empire is larger than Europe, and contains more people. They have outgrown the custom once in vogue of frightening their enemies to death with horrible pictures, and are using modern arms. Their military education is still in its infancy, but it is not going to stop there. They have lived in China a long time, and are not going to be pushed off the earth this year nor next.

The child has not been born who will see the end of this struggle. There are 300,000,000 of brownies in India who will take a hand in the battle against white supremacy before it is finished. The islands of the sea contain yellow and brown people in profusion, and they do not love us. A gigantic Asiatic empire animated and directed by Japanese brains and making a strong bid for the empire of the world, is to my mind not a mere possibility, but a probability of the closing years of the century about to open, if not sooner. Circumstances bring forth men, and Asia is as certain to develop a yellow or brown Napoleon in the next generation or two as the sun is to rise.

And is there no escape? I hear some sneering imperialist ask. Of course there is, you blockhead, but you do not know enough to take it, and you are the majority. Substitute justice and righteousness for fraud and violence in your dealings with these people. Cease plaguing them with superstition and inculcate morality both by word and by example. Civilize yourself, in short, and then you may with some reason presume to civilize others. Go to the Quaker, thou fool; learn of his ways and be wise. But you will not. You will have your way, as you always have had; and you will bring things to universal smash, as you always have done.

There has never been a time when the world has more needed the full gospel of justice and fraternity; there never was a time when the world was on the whole less inclined to listen to it. It begins to dawn on me that our work has been in vain, and that, like the Physiocrats who were buried under the ruins of the French revolution, we shall be buried under a colossal crash of nations that will dwarf anything the earth has known. Of course the truth will ultimately triumph, but not "in our own times, or in times of which any memory of us remains."

But Truth and Justice have their consolations, which "everyone who

has felt their exaltation knows." Therefore, Physiocrats, who know the natural and right order of social development, talk and write against this horrid specter of imperialism which threatens once more to destroy the world. Who knows but we may yet stem the tide and again get a hearing? Perhaps Charles Mackay was right when he wrote these lines:

Men of thought, be up and stirring night and day!

Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—clear the way!

Men of action, aid and cheer them as ye may!

There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow;
There's a midnight blackness changing into gray.

Men of thought and men of action, clear the way!

Once the welcome light has broken, who shall say

What the unimagined glories of the day?
What the evil that shall perish in its ray?

Aid the dawning, tongue and pen!
Aid it, hopes of honest men!

Aid it, paper! aid it, type!
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,

And our earnest must not slacken into play.
Men of thought and men of action, clear the way!

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish from the day,
And a brazen wrong to crumble into clay.

Lo! the right's about to conquer! Clear the way!

With the right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door.

With the giant wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,

That for ages long have held us for their prey.

Men of thought and men of action, clear the way!

STEPHEN BELL.

AN EVENING AT THE TRUSTLEYS.
For The Public.

"Madam!" snorted Mr. Trustley. His wife's knitting needles moved steadily, and his helpmeet gave no sign that she had heard the ungracious address of her husband.

"Mrs. Trustley!" he snarled in a tone that would have caused most women to drop a whole row of stitches. But Mrs. Trustley knit on without a tremble.

"Emily!" The click of the needles was silenced, and Mrs. Trustley with an effort to repress a smile that threatened to ripple along her lips replied: "Well, Henry?"

"Well, Henry!" Is that the way you greet me after four weeks of silence on my part?"

"Four weeks, dear? Is it really as long as that?"

"Is it? Isn't it exactly 28 days since you returned from that trip to the Kansas City convention—that trip

that disgraced me and the rest of the Trustley family? Isn't it precisely 28 days since I swore that I would never speak to you again?"

"I don't know but that you are right, Henry; how times does fly! And to think that you have been so persistent in keeping your vow! Wasn't it very hard for you to hold out, dear?"

"Emily, of course it was hard, considering the spirit of forgiveness that I had to fight against. If it had not been for my tender nature, which compelled me to pity your isolation, you would be thirsting in vain and forever to hear the welcome sounds of my salutations."

"Oh, Henry, I am so glad that you are so good as not to afflict me with such a horridly long thirst. But, dear, don't you think that you were influenced, at least partly, by a desire to be free to speak so you could ask me to sew on the four buttons that are missing from your vest?"

"Emily, Emily! Please do not be so trifling at such a serious time as this. I do confess that forgiveness was not the sole factor which was instrumental in effecting the mitigation of my resolution. But it was not the sordid desire to which you have seen fit so irrelevantly to refer that has contributed to move me. No, Mrs. Trust—Emily; it was the voice of Duty which bade me confer with you in regard to our unlike political faiths, and to strive to come to an understanding so that our house would no longer be divided against itself politically."

"But, Henry, are you really so very anxious that our political views should be the same?"

"Emily, without exaggeration, I can say that I would not hesitate to make any sacrifice to bring about the consummation."

"Oh, Henry, I am so glad to hear you say that. I was afraid that you would never be willing to become an adherent of Mr. Bryan's cause."

"Bryan! What do you mean by uttering that man's name in this house, and insinuating that I will be his follower?"

"Why, dear, you said you would be willing to make any sacrifice to—"

"Goodness gracious! Can't you understand? I meant any sacrifice that would result in removing you from the position of political falsity, to which you, with fanatical vehemence, seem determined to cling; and which sacrifice would further result in so strongly convincing you that the

tenets of the republican party are founded on righteousness and truth, that you would hasten with enthusiasm to become with me a combatant in the coming national conflict."

"But, Henry, I don't see what bearing your sacrifice could have to the changing of my belief. It seems to me that a proof of the claims you make for your party would be more to the point."

"Proof! Proof! Isn't my word sufficient?"

"Henry, my husband dear, was your word sufficient 20 years ago when you asked me the important question of our lives, and you talked so hopefully of your prospects? Don't you remember that I asked for documentary evidence, and that you showed me your bank book and your life insurance policy? You didn't seem to think that I was unreasonable, then, to ask for proof."

"Oh, Emily, how childish you do act! If proof is really necessary, just look out over our land and observe the prevailing prosperity. You will see that there is not a man who has no employment."

"Why, isn't there, Henry? I thought the crowds of people this morning that answered Mr. Naber's advertisement for a laborer were men?"

"Emily, Emily! Will you force me to lose patience? The isolated exception to which you allude, only proves the rule."

"Proves that it is false, do you mean, dear?"

"No, I don't! And if you gave a little more of your time and attention to literature you would know what the expression signifies, and you would not exhibit your ignorance by asking absurd questions. It is not at all unlikely that Mr. Naber's experience is only an apparent exception. He may have offered to pay more than the current rate, and the men you saw had probably left their jobs to obtain the increase."

"I hope that is the reason. It would be so nice if Mr. Naber has suddenly become generous. Only last week he refused to raise the hired girl's wages to one-fifty a week."

"What incongruity! What has the miserable servant girl question got to do with the important matter we are trying to consider? Do be reasonable, Emily, and stick to the subject. Another eloquent and undeniable proof of our prosperity may be seen in the numerous immense buildings that are springing up everywhere. Look on—"

"Pardon me, Henry, for interrupting you, but your reference to large buildings reminds me that our Eddie wants me to ask you if the largest building in the county will be our new poorhouse?"

"How do I know? Do you suppose that I am a volume of 'Curious Questions Answered?' Do you think that I am an encyclopedia of trivialities? I'm going to bed. I'm not going to stay here and allow my valuable time to be frittered away by you!"

"But, Henry, please stop, wait a minute. What time will you want breakfast in the morning?"

"Whenever I get to the restaurant. I'm going to eat my breakfast in peace."

"But don't be in a hurry, dear. I may not see you in the morning, and I want to ask you if you will please order ten yards of bunting for me at the dry goods store?"

"What do you want the bunting for?"

"Why, I thought it would be so nice to make a small Bryan banner to hang from the house, and—"

Mr. Trustley did not express his feelings until he had ascended the stairs. Then there was a series of reports that would have alarmed a less experienced woman than Mrs. Trustley. But Mrs. T. quietly smiled, for she recognized the familiar medley of door slams in which so often her husband would indulge.

When the noises had ceased and were succeeded by a silence broken only by Mr. Trustley's snores, his wife went to the kitchen and directed the cook to have beefsteak and onions for breakfast. She knew that when the odor of this combination reached Mr. Trustley not even a Delmonico restaurant would entice him from home.

GEO. T. EVANS.

THE WHITE SLAVERY OF AMERICA.

For The Public.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still
Slavery! said I—still thou art a bitter
draught.

—Sterne.

All history shows that there may be despotism without monarchy, and that absolutism may exist under the guise of freedom. The subjects of a monarchy may not seldom enjoy a liberal measure of freedom, while the most degrading tyranny may at times be enacted under the authority of a nominally free government, in the name of Freedom and by sanction of Law. Where men do not enjoy equal opportunities to labor and live upon

the earth, there cannot be freedom. You may call it "industrial depression," or what you will—it is not freedom. I have heard a man, vain in his rags, boasting of his liberty, when as a matter of fact he had no more real liberty than a Spartan helot, bound to the soil and doomed to a life of servile drudgery for the bare means of existence.

In most minds the idea of slavery is associated with that of manacles, of chains and other implements of physical restraint, and men are apt to think that where this outward insignia is lacking slavery cannot exist; which is as much as to say that the various drugs of an apothecary would all be the same in substance but for the difference in the labels on the bottles. But strychnine is strychnine, whether it be labeled capsicum or attar of roses.

The lexicographers say that slavery "is the state of entire subjection of one person to the will of another; a condition of subjection characterized by lack of freedom of action or of will; bondage; servitude, vassalage." If these are proper definitions—and their correctness, it seems to me, will hardly be questioned—then there is more slavery in the north to-day than there was in the south before the civil war, and there is probably as much slavery in the south now as there ever was.

We are told that this nation is prosperous and free; but you cannot tell the prosperity of a nation merely by counting its millionaires, nor can you judge of the measure of popular freedom by the high-sounding phrases of constitutions and political platforms. To quote Mrs. Browning:

You have . . .
Princes' parks and merchants' homes,
Tents for soldiers, ships for seamen—
Aye, but ruins worse than Rome's
In your pauper men and women!

There are more tramps and paupers in the United States to-day than there were men, women and children in the original 13 colonies at the time of the revolutionary war. They are, as James H. Hammond said in a speech delivered in the United States senate in 1858:

The very mudsills of society. * * * We call them slaves. * * * But I will not characterize that class at the north with that term; but you have it.

Nearly 70 per cent. of the American people are homeless; renters, mere tenants by the courtesy of another, owning no land or having no right to a foot of the soil. The majority of these men are not freemen in any