

ing the shops the common property of the workers. . . . Now the door is closed to men who want to work, and those who are allowed to work can do so only on condition that they make profit for the useless capitalist, because the factories, land, mines, mills, machinery, railroads and other means of production are privately owned.

THE YELLOW PERIL.

The (N. Y.) Nation (Ind.), May 12.—Naturally, the startling apparition of Japan as a first-class military power causes consternation among the prophets. The Spectator mutters dolorously of the Yellow Peril, which it consents more kindly to call "a very serious and momentous change in the balance of power in Asia." We, for our part, believing that the balance of power in Asia is essentially temporary and vicious, and that the greatest of the continents should learn to govern itself, have welcomed the emergence of Japan from medievalism and would also welcome the rehabilitation of China. There can be no peril to the world at large simply because the yellow races are learning to fight for their undoubted rights. Peril to certain forms of commercial exploitation, peril to the notion that the yellow races have practically no rights, there is; we grant that freely. As for dread that China under Japan's guidance will overrun the world, we have Professor Ladd's testimony—he knows the Japanese well—and we have common sense to tell us that this prospect is the most unsubstantial of bogeys.

WM. J. BRYAN.

Johnstown (Pa.) Democrat (Dem.), May 13.—Mr. Bryan has got the Republican press in a perfect frenzy by refusing to stay dead.

MISCELLANY

PER ASPERA AD ASTRA.

Here's to the man who kicks.
Not the man with a grouch
playing the anvil chorus,
finding everything wrong
and grumbling his days away;
not the misanthrope
with black spots before his eyes;
but the indefatigable kicker,
with good red blood in his veins
and a healthy contempt for shams
and a high regard for real things,
with faith in his fellow man,
faith in our common humanity
and faith that God rules his world.

One of the right sort of kickers
glances back on the past,
not to sigh for the good old days;
but to trace the slow road up hill,
and discern the long upward track
to the loftier heights of the future.
He studies our present affairs,
not to gloom over untoward things
as matter for pessimism;
but to pick out clews of progress
to higher and better conditions.
The dust cloud of passing events
is not to him mere confusion,
but a sign of a struggling host
moving, though slowly, forward.
But most of the time
he is not studying history,
nor pondering facts;
but there in the thick of the throng,
tossing and turning and wrestling,
he too is struggling forward;
blindly, perhaps, half seeing
which way the path sunward lies;
pushing on as best he can,

and at every glance of the sun
through the eddying dust,
throwing himself toward the light.

Often down flat in the dust—
never mind, grits his teeth,
up and at it again.
Often finds after his agony
he has simply swung round a circle
to the place he has started from—
Never mind; try it again;
there's a way forward somewhere.
Sometimes finds that his comrade
with whom he linked arms to make way,
was all the time dragging him backward—
Never mind, so it has been
and so it will always be;
one must get somehow forward,
or smother where the dust settles.

Defeat cannot daunt him;
disloyalty cannot dishearten;
sneers cannot discourage;
doubts cannot give him dismay—
Blinded and choking with dust,
he has to go forward.

Do you know what that dust cloud is?
'Tis the pillar of cloud by day
that leads to the promised land.
And the red flames that glow,
the revolutions, the strikes—
even the riots and wars—
are the pillar of fire by night,
guiding to that far country
flowing with milk and honey.

Moses and Joshua,
Phillips and Garrison,
Jefferson, Washington, Adams,
old Possawatomie Brown,
Abe Lincoln and Henry George,
and all their great company,
once shuffled along in the dust—
not knowing whither they fared—
but they had to go forward.
—Goodhue Co. (Minn.) News.

ORGANIZATION.

The arrogant capitalist refused to confer with the representatives of the workmen.

"Why do you refuse to meet us as man to man?" asked the representatives.

"I do not believe in organization," replied the capitalist.

"But you belong to an organization that is fighting labor unions."

"Quite true, but we have organized to protect property, while you have organized only for the protection of human life."

Moral: There's nothing cheaper than human life.—Will M. Maupin, in The Commoner.

THE FILIPINOS WILL NOT "TAKE UP THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN."

From an article on "Hawaii and the Philippines," written by Sixto Lopez and Thomas T. Patterson for the Springfield Republican, and published in the Weekly Republican of May 6, 1904.

The charge is that "the Filipinos will not work." The sentence is not complete; it should read: "The Fili-

pinos will not work for foreigners." That is to say, they will not work for the vampire and the wolf whose sole intent is to amass wealth by the labor of others.

This is a fact of which every Filipino ought to be proud, for it places the Filipinos in marked contrast with all the peoples of the East, excepting Japan where a similar condition is found.

In India and China and in other eastern countries the "white man's burden" consists in making colossal fortunes out of the inadequately paid labor of the brown man.

But the Filipinos and the Japanese will not "take up the white man's burden;" they prefer to let the white man carry it himself, and hence his complaint.

The Hawaiian, the Indian and even the shrewd Chinaman are deceived by the professions of those who declare that "it is all for the brown man's benefit." But the Filipino knows that unless this "philanthropy" promises to yield 50 or 100 per cent. profit it will never be put into practice.

The Filipino, in short, will not slave for the benefit of foreigners any more than will the American or the Englishman or Mr. Kipling; nor will he barter his substance for rum, and so the white man finds when he takes rum to the Philippines he has to drink it himself!

That is what is now taking place in the once temperate city of Manila. Rum—using the word in its generic sense—is the only kind of trade that "follows the flag," and those who carry the flag have to drink the trade!

WE WILL RAISE THE WINDOW YET.

For The Public.

"That bee who's supposed to be busy,
Has bumped his poor head till he's dizzy.
Just trying to pass through a clear pane
of glass.
He may be a model of virtue (Alas!)
But he's not very clever, now, is he?"

One summer day as I lay half dozing near my window, suddenly from the open door on the opposite side of the room came a buzzing sound, and, like a rifle shot, came a "ping" against the window. It was a laden bee, his legs yellow with pollen, his little pouch filled with nectar culled from the fields. The sudden contact with my window stunned him and he fell to the sill. He was up again in a moment on the window, bumping and complaining in his buzzing bee language at being detained from his duties at the hive. He rose and dropped and bumped and fell, still