

**"THE YELLOW PERIL."**

"Talking about the yellow peril, did you ever stop to think about the people of Japan seriously?" asked a man who thinks well of the Flowery Kingdom. "If you have not it would be well for you to look into a few things before you make up your mind on the issues involved in the struggle now being made in the far East. For instance, here is a thing I take from Japanese verse of about the eighth century:

SHE.

"While other women's husbands ride  
Along the road in proud array,  
My husband up the rough hillside  
On foot must wend his weary way.

"The grievous sight with bitter pain  
My bosom fills, and many a tear  
Steals down my cheek, and I would fain  
Do aught to help my husband dear.

"Come! Take the mirror and the veil,  
My mother's parting gifts to me.  
In barter they must sure avail  
To buy a horse for thee!

"But listen to what the husband  
says in response to this noble offer:

"If I should purchase me a horse,  
Must not my wife still sadly walk?  
No, no! Though stony is our course,  
We'll trudge along and sweetly talk.

"Now, what do you think of that for a yellow peril? What do the men and women of this beautiful and altogether delightful country think about the people who would thus regard the sacred relationship which ought to exist between the husband and the wife? I will not press the question. At any rate there is no such thing as a yellow peril when you come to think of it. Firstly, here is a man who was considering his wife in an affectionate way, in a section of the world where we did not expect to find it. But mark you with what nobility she met the issue.

"Take the mirror and the veil,  
My mother's parting gifts to me.

"This is no small offer for a woman to make. She loves the mirror and the veil. She will love them more if they are her mother's parting gifts. Yet there is somehow ample compensation in the refusal and the promise of the husband:

"We'll trudge along and sweetly talk.

"My dear fellow, the Jap is not a heathen. He is very far from it. He is probably farther from it than we dream at times. At any rate let us forget the yellow peril."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

**RENT LESSONS IN ST. LOUIS.**

An extract from editorial correspondence from the St. Louis exposition, in the American Machinist of June 2, 1904.

Exhibitors declare with practical unanimity that the expense of main-

taining an exhibit here is much greater than at any other of the great exhibitions of modern times. Men are here who have had the experience upon which to base comparisons. Whether this is more than would be accounted for by the general advance in the cost of living that has taken place during the past few years, it is difficult to say; but it is quite certain that expenses here are considerably higher for the same grade of accommodations than they were at Chicago or at Paris. President Francis, speaking at the Press Congress, told how much money the citizens of St. Louis had subscribed for the fair, declared they did it from patriotic motives, and did not expect a cent of it back. Those of them, however, who happen to be in a position to charge visitors for things they need are getting a few cents back in that way. Hotel keepers in the western portion of the city will, without the blink of an eye, ask you \$6 a day for a room without bath or running water—a room dear at \$2 a day in New York city. This of course is a detail of the general rise in rents that has taken place and which is working real hardship to many St. Louis citizens. A friend of mine living here told me of one case of a man who had been paying \$60 per month rent for the house in which he lived. The rate has been raised to \$175 per month, and the man declares he can do no better than to remain and pay it. This increase in rent is, of course, representative of St. Louis' present guess as to the value of opportunities to get money out of visitors to the fair. There are those who think that the guess is too high and that there will be a slump. The value of the opportunity will of course decline toward the end of the exhibition, but some of those who are at present paying the higher prices are anxiously wondering whether or not the decline will be to the former level; especially workmen and others employed in the city whose incomes are fixed, or practically so, and who have no opportunity to get at the visitors' pocketbooks but must pay just the same as though they had such opportunity.

**NATIONAL COLLECTIONS OF OBLIGATIONS BY BOMBARDMENT MUST CEASE.**

An extract from a letter written by Hon. John Sharp Williams to the New York World, published in the World of June 3. The World had called Mr. Williams's attention to the following quotation from a letter written by President Roosevelt under date of the White House, May 20, and read at the Cuban banquet by Mr. Root:

"Any country whose people conduct themselves well can count upon our hearty friendliness. If a nation shows that it knows how to act with decency in industrial and political matters, if it keeps order and pays its obligations, then it need fear no interference from the United States. Brutal wrongdoing, or an impotence which results in a general loosening of the ties of civilized society, may finally require intervention by some civilized nation, and in the western hemisphere the United States cannot ignore this duty."

JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS WRITES:

The most absolutely indefensible thing which the president says, in the quotation which you send me, is this: "If a nation pays its obligations, then it need fear no interference from the United States." The necessary inference is that if a nation does not pay its obligations, then it must "fear interference from the United States."

This is the most absolutely reckless, unsafe, and I had almost said, insane, utterance that has ever been attributed to a president of the United States. I cannot believe that the president said it. You must have misquoted him.

As far as individuals are concerned criminal procedure for the collection of debts has been abolished in all civilized countries. Dickens made the people of England and of the world ashamed of imprisonment for debt. Now comes along the president of the most enlightened nation of the world and intimates that it is the duty of that nation to resort to interference whenever a nation in the Western Hemisphere refuses to obey its obligations.

What would the interference be? Why, if serious and if resisted, it would result in the bombardment of cities, landing of troops and killing of men, besides rendering women and children houseless. "Imagination of poet, madman or lover" never went further than the imagination of the acting president, when he says, if he does say, that it is the duty of the United States to make of itself a universal national collecting agency; if he meant the same simply to apply to people of the Western Hemisphere, then an American hemispheric collecting agency.

The truth is that commercialism ought to be taught a valuable lesson, to wit, that if it chooses to do business in unsafe countries, without stable institutions and among semi-barbarous peoples, it does it with its eyes open, it takes its own risk, and the armies and navies of the world, especially those of the United States, maintained by taxing the people, cannot be used as constables,

without warrant or other process, for debt collection purposes.

If I choose to buy Dominican or Venezuelan securities or permit Hayti or either of the other countries to run in debt to me, it may be that I am a fool from a business standpoint, but my folly does not entitle me to have my debts collected by the navy and army of the United States, and the government of the United States ought not only not to place itself in that attitude, but it ought to go further and announce to the world that, so far as the hemisphere of America is concerned, at any rate, collection of money obligations by bombardment must cease. If a private individual killed another because that other had fraudulently incurred a debt which he refused to pay, we would hang the individual who did the killing.

#### THE TIRED MAN'S PRAYER.

The following is a portion of a sermon delivered at the Vine Street Congregational church, Cincinnati, June 19, 1904, by the pastor, Herbert S. Bigelow.

"Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest." Psalms 55:6.

So long as the world remains what it is, life, for men of conscience and sympathy, must be serious business.

It is pleasant to lie on the shore, watch the stately sails and dream of groaning argosies and distant lands. But the sailor has a truer view of life who knows the sickening monotony of the beating sun and the breathless sea, or who has heard the straining of the timbers, and has seen the waters open like a grave before the floundering ship.

The housekeeper, harried by a thousand cares; the factory worker, distracted by the ceaseless din; the business man, haunted by fears of failure; countless thousands, goaded by daily needs to relentless toil, behold the distant hills from their prison-houses and cry in their hearts: "Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest."

Last Sunday night a young man came to me who until two weeks ago had been employed in a Cincinnati factory. He was one of many who had been laid off because of sagging trade conditions. Every day for two weeks he had looked for work. While he could keep himself neat and clean he had hope. But his last penny was gone and there was nothing with which to pay for clean linen or baths, food or shelter. "Do you think," said he, "that it would be wrong for me to take my life?"

He stood at the parting of the ways. One road led to crime. The other led

to beggary. Which should he take? But wait! There was yet another road; the road of self-destruction. Might he not take that to save himself from the other two?

The battle was going against this young man. His desperation had half-crazed him. He had come to understand the Psalmist's cry: "Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest."

Look at the faces of these men, standing all the day idle in the market place. Think of the places where they dwell. See the sickly children and the sad old men. A spear of grass will not grow here. The flowers that are planted sicken and die. The deafening noise of the streets, the gagging smells from the gutters, the carousals in the grogeries, staggering men, swearing women—alas, what a civilization! This is what a certain editor calls "our social cellar."

This hurrying, haggling, hateful city—what will become of it? Will some social Vesuvius bury its shame? Will this voiceless despair one day find a Marat and a Robespierre? Or will it sink ignobly into the dust of ages, unconscious of its chains?

Whatever its fate, any man who tries to save it will be taught by his experience the meaning of the Psalmist's prayer: "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest."

But wings did not come in answer to the Psalmist's prayer. Neither did he organize a colony and bury himself in the wilderness. Apparently he stayed in the fight. He kept the faith. In spite of all his doubts and discouragements, he hoped and labored on.

Whether he lived to see the fruits of his labor we are not told. But whatever the external results may have been, he felt that in hoping when others despaired, and in fighting when others fainted, he had won a moral victory which was worth to him all it cost. His manhood, at least, had never suffered defeat. At the end he could say:

He hath delivered my soul in peace from the battle which was against me.

#### COLORADO LAW.

Extracts from an editorial in the Denver (Col.) Daily News of June 15, 1904.

The News has not attempted to assail the decision. It has not even hinted that it is not the law. It has plainly accepted it as the law, for hath not the court so decided? All it did and all it will do is to make clear what the court says is the law when it comes to the Governor declaring that

an insurrection exists, whether it does or not, and his arresting and imprisoning citizens without charge, to be bereft of habeas corpus and trial by jury and to be kept imprisoned until it suits the pleasure of his excellency, the Governor, to call off the insurrection.

The Governor and Sherman Bell are working out the clear intent and meaning of the Moyer decision every day since it was rendered. Having declared Teller county in insurrection, they seize citizens by the hundreds, not alone federation miners, but tailors, shoemakers and lawyers, and throw them into a common prison, to later (separating them from their families) deport them at the points of bayonets and the muzzles of guns, into other States, with the direst threats against their lives should they venture to return. Take the case of Hangs. Hangs is a splendid young lawyer, zealous, faithful, unpurchasable and not to be terrified. Because he stood by his clients and quite sparingly exercised some of the rights of American citizenship, Peabody and Bell decided that to suppress "insurrection" he also should be cast into jail, probably to be deported; and what can Hangs or anybody else do about it? . . . Should Hangs apply for release under habeas corpus, what must the court do under the Moyer case? Simply reply, when the Governor filed his answer setting up this insurrection proclamation: "This court can't look into the question of an insurrection, for the Governor has said there is one; and whether you have done any wrong or not we can't inquire, for Sherman Bell says you have, and that's the end of it. True, there is no charge against you, and the courts are open in the county, yet you have no right to a jury trial nor relief through the writ of habeas corpus until the Governor shall withdraw his proclamation of insurrection—which may be to-day or may not be for a year—so back to prison you must go. The courts can give you no relief."

Take the miners who are being forcibly deported. That they are deported is proof positive that they were neither principals nor accessories to the Goldfield explosion. If they were they would be held in prison instead of being sent out of the State. Should they apply for relief from the courts they could get none—for they were arrested in a county declared in a state of insurrection, and the courts are powerless until the proclamation is withdrawn. Both Peabody and Gen.