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10

A JAPANESE VIEW OF THE YELLOW PERIL.

Baron Kaneko Makes an Eloquent Defence of His Nation and Sets Forth its Aspirations and Ambitions—Not the Yellow, But the White Peril, He Says.

There is no "yellow peril," says Baron Kaneko, a distinguished representative of the yellow race, in a strong address in the North American Review. The Asiatic, he declares, is in peril rather than perilous, and Japan, instead of heading a huge conspiracy to oust all the "outland" races from the Eastern hemisphere, is actually busy introducing into Asia Western goods, customs, education, and civilization. Baron Kaneko is a Harvard graduate and L. L. D., and in Japan he has been Professor of Law in the Imperial University, Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, Minister of Justice, and Chief Secretary of the House of Peers. He is now in America, studying economic conditions.

The cry of "Asia for the Asiatics," if there were such a slogan, would be a worse than the Monroe doctrine of "America for the Americans." Victor Emmanuel's "Italy for the Italians," argues the baron, but as a matter of fact, the white nations seem to have adopted "the doctrine of Asia for us." He says: "Heard are the mockers of the prophets of the Christian faith, for they shall inherit the earth! For many years the missionaries have taught this precept to the Asiatics, but it has never been practiced in their dealings with Orientals. Indeed, the direct contrary has been the fact; for many a time during the past fifty years, it has been shown that a nation's surest step to its disintegration is the step to its 'disinheritation' of the earth. That a cry should arise in the East demanding 'Asia for the Asiatics' is thus a natural outcome of the policy which the Christian Powers have pursued in that part of the world. Most of the Oriental nations to be sure, lack the strength which is needed for successful resistance to the process of territorial 'disinheritation.' Consider the encroachment of the French in Tonkin; the occupation of Kiao-Chow by the Germans; the aggressive movement of Russia in Manchuria—for these are the most striking examples of the 'disinheritation' by which China has been despoiled. Only Japan of all the Eastern nations, has thus far been able to maintain her independence against continual foreign aggression. If there is a peril in the East, it is not the 'yellow peril,' but the 'white peril,' the former being a mere myth, while the latter is an actual reality."

foundation of progress in the Far East.

"For a thousand years or more after the introduction of Chinese culture, which became merged in her ethnic life, Japan had the good fortune to possess an Oriental civilization of her own embodied in language, art, customs, and institutions. But, after the visit of Commodore Perry, in 1853, following the example set us by our ancestors when they introduced Chinese ideas, we turned to the West for culture and science, and thus the laws, the philosophy, the religion and art of Occidental civilization were engrafted upon our institutions. The Japanese mind is earnestly engaged in holding into the two forms of culture, the Oriental and the Occidental, its ambition being to harmonize them, even as Rome harmonized the militarism of the northern tribes with the culture of the southern races of Europe."

"Such, then, is the ultimate aspiration, the crowning ambition, of the Japanese race. By reconciling and assimilating the two civilizations, Japan hopes to introduce Western culture and science into the continent of Asia, and thus to open up for the benefit of the world, with equal privilege for every nation and peace assured to all, the teeming wealth of the Chinese Empire. Nothing less than an aim thus ideal and lofty is what Japan aspires to realize; and, should fortune not forsake her, she will be content with nothing less. In the light, therefore, of what has been said, the alarm about a 'yellow peril' takes on the character of a golden opportunity for Europe and America to become acquainted with the real strength and ambitions of Japan. The same cry, moreover, intended to work us injury and disgrace provides Japan with a golden opportunity to show the world that selfish ambition has no part in the aspirations of her people."

ANIMALS I HAVE REEN.

(Colliers.)
I purchased her a hat because she looked so lovely.
She looked so lovely.
And said I was a deer.
Then she asked me would I buy her a gown she wished to wear.
And when I tried refusing her.
She thought I was abusing her.
And said I was a bear.
A friend I lent some money to.
He returned my virtues tearfully.
But kept my money cheerfully.
And called me "Good old horse!"
But when I asked my money back.
He slapped my back with force.
He looked at me reproachfully.
And started rather feebly.
To calling me an ass.
For when a lion I would be.
The prodigal must laugh.
He seems to think the treat's on me.
Accepts my drink and eats on me.
As on the Fatted calf.
These are examples of the change that often happens.
The world's rolling high today.
The biggest whale in all the bay.
Tomorrow's lobster is here.

HOW A SOLDIER FEELS IN THE THICK OF A BATTLE.

A Campaign Described as "A Long Period of Deadly Monotony Relieved by Intervals of Blue Funk" --- Steadiness Under Fire Not the Only Lesson to Learn.

(A. E. Johnson, in the Royal Magazine.)

It is curious that, for all the glamour which overhangs a soldier's life, but little is known by the civilian of what the life really is. Perhaps if more were known the glamour would be less. Life in barracks, for instance, how differently from the civilian soldier orders his affairs—or, rather, has them ordered for him. Consider briefly the daily round of the trooper in the "room."

The army teaches a man self-respect—the first qualification of the straight man. It sets the waster to go a man's work; moreover, it makes him do it. He kicks at first, but, being compelled, learns in time the pleasures of honest employment, and ends with a pride in the performance of his duty. Then the life in common teaches him that the respect of his comrades is a desirable thing; to attain that, he must first learn to respect himself. Gradually he works out his salvation, and attains his moral manhood.

To turn, however, to the grim side of soldiering, and a picture of war, red and terrible.

There is muttered rumor in the battery that the hills yonder are occupied by the enemy. As we wait for a moment on the crest of the hill, suddenly the spattering sound of rifle fire snaps the stillness of the morning air. The noise pulls me up with a jerk. My half-finished sentence ends abruptly, and I feel a shock within me as of a tug upon my heart-strings. The talk has ceased on the instant. A curious silence falls upon us, broken only by a hoarsely whispered, "We're in it!" from a comrade.

under a heavy fire. "Action front!" In a trice the guns are wheeled round and unlabored.

Now for the first time I begin to be conscious of the fire under which we are acting. All round I see little spots of dust kicked up from the ground by some invisible agency, live goblets of dry mud thrown up by the impact of colossal rain-drops.

Presently I hear the mellow thing whine—like the deep vibration note of a harp's tight-strung bass—of an unseen bullet flying past me. An uncomfortable sensation seizes me in the pit of my stomach, a kind of sickness that is hard to describe in precise terms.

Yet it is not physical fear that lays hold of me. To feel that, one must needs confront an actual, tangible foe. It is rather a mental terror with which those invisible missiles of death fill me. There is no combatting them. They come from nowhere, as it seems, and no man can say where they may find their billet. I am helpless. I can stand still in my place, waiting with sickening expectancy, to see whether I shall be hit.

A gusher beside me falls. It is sudden and quick. Without warning, his arms are flung wildly up into the air, and, with a hideous, gurgling groan, he collapses. For a few seconds, his limbs jerk convulsively, his hands tearing at the tufts of grass, and his teeth savagely biting the dust. As suddenly, the movements cease, and the lifeless corpse lies where it dropped. My gorge rises, and all things squirm within me.

But things are not always thus. A man there was who described his experiences of the South African campaign as "a long period of deadly monotony, relieved by intervals of blue funk." But most men get speedily used to the sensations of being under fire. He is a callous soldier who can go unmoved through his first ordeal, or, for that matter, can face in contemptuous mood the early stages of any action. But once through his baptism of fire, or warned to his work, the soldier rocks little of bullets and shells. Use is everything.

that I am to be hit, hit, I shall be. If not—tant mieux! I come to disregard the singing the bullets, and begin to have even a contempt for cover. If I wish to move from one point of vantage to another, I no longer cast about for the seemingly safest route. I am as likely to be hit one way as another, and I go straight in consequence.

Steadiness under fire, however, is not the only thing which the soldier must learn. War holds other things to shatter the toughest of nerves. We speak not of certain sights and sounds which those who have witnessed and heard them will recall to mind. This is not the place to paint too vividly the horrors of battlefield and hospital. But heaven grant the soldier may never have to face a charge of cavalry. To stand and watch the wild rout of demonic horsemen sweeping onward; to hear the swelling thunder of hoofs as the vengeful horde rushes down upon him to catch with unflinching eye the glint of bare steel brandished fiercely; these are the things at which the stoutest heart may quail.

VAST AMERICAN MAIL SERVICE.
(Boston Transcript.)
The United States mails carry in a year 8,500,000,000 pieces of matter at a cost of \$100,000,000 and if the rural free service, which now serves one-seventh of our people at an expense of \$22,000,000 were eliminated the postoffice would be self-supporting. The postoffice is not a charitable institution, but even without any retrenchment it would make money by the sale of stamps, but stamps were introduced here as it exists in other progressive countries.

DISCOVERIES IN MYTHOLOGY.
(Chicago Tribune.)
Pegasus has made his first flight to the summit of Mount Olympus. "Pegasus," he whinnied, "remember, as I am not a machine, I suppose it would be of no use for me to claim that \$100,000 offered by the St. Louis World's fair people!"

Bursting into a horse laugh he looked around for something to browse upon.

COULDN'T INTEREST HIM.
Solicitor—I have just opened a dying establishment around the corner, and would like to have your trade.
Old man—You would be welcome to it, but I have nothing to dye.
Solicitor—Nothing whatever?
Old man—Absolutely nothing. You can see for yourself that I am perfectly bald.

Piles.
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