

The White Man's Burden.

Rudyard Kipling's latest poem that has been telegraphed over the world is given below. The reader will at once recognize the subject as that of the disposal by Uncle Sam of the Filipinos.

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

Take up the White Man's burden—
Send forth the best ye breed—
Go bind your sons to exile
To serve your captives' need;
To wait, in heavy harness,
On fluttered folk and wild—
Your new-caught sullen peoples,
Half devil and half child.

Take up the White Man's burden—
In patience to abide,
To veil the threat of terror
And check the show of pride;
By open speech and simple,
An hundred times made plain,
To seek another's profit
And work another's gain.

Take up the White Man's burden—
The savage wars of peace—
Fill full the mouth of Famine,
And bid the sickness cease;
And when our goal is nearest
(The end for others sought)
Watch sloth and heathen folly
Bring all your hope to naught.

Take up the White Man's burden—
No iron rule of kings;
But toil of serf and sweeper—
The tale of common things,
The ports ye shall not enter,
The roads ye shall not tread,
Go, make them with your living
And mark them with your dead.

Take up the White Man's burden—
And reap his old reward—
The blame of those ye better
The hate of those ye guard—
The cry of hosts ye humor
(Ah, slowly!) toward the light:
"Why brought ye us from bondage,
Our loved Egyptian night?"

Take up the White Man's burden—
Ye dare not stoop to less—
Nor call too loud on Freedom
To cloke your weariness.
By all ye will or whisper,
By all ye leave or do,
The silent sullen peoples
Shall weigh your God and you.

Take up the White Man's burden—
Have done with childish days—
The lightly-proffered laurel,
The easy ungrudging praise.
Comes now, to search your manhood
Through all the thankless years,
Cold, edged with dear-bought wisdom
The judgment of your peers.

The following "Address to the United States" by a jingo stripling, parodizing the above, appeared in London "Truth." It is entitled

THE BROWN MAN'S BURDEN.

Pile on the brown man's burden
To gratify your greed;
Go clear away the niggers'
Who progress would impede;
Be very stern, for truly
'Tis useless to be mild
With new-caught, sullen peoples,
Half devil and half child.

Pile on the brown man's burden;
And if ye rouse his hate,
Meet his old-fashioned reasons
With maxims up to date,
With shells and dum-dum bullets
A hundred times make plain
The brown man's loss must ever
Imply the white man's gain.

Pile on the brown man's burden,
Compel him to be free;
Let all your manifestoes
Reek with philanthropy.
And if with heathen folly
He dares your will dispute,
Then in the name of freedom
Don't hesitate to shoot.

Pile on the brown man's burden,
And if his cry be sore,
That surely need not irk you—
Ye've driven slaves before,
Seize on his ports and pastures,
The fields his people tread;
Go make from them your living,
And mark them with his dead.

Pile on the brown man's burden,
Nor do not deem it hard
If you should earn the rancor
Of those ye yearn to guard.
The screaming of your eagle
Will drown the victim's sob—
Go on through fire and slaughter,
There's dollars in the job.

Pile on the brown man's burden,
And through the world proclaim
That ye are freedom's agents—
There's no more paying game!
And should your own past history
Straight in your teeth be thrown,
Retort that independence
Is good for whites alone.

Pile on the brown man's burden,
With equity have done;
Weak, antiquated scruples
Their squeamish course have run,
And though 'tis freedom's banner
Your waving in the van,
Reserve for home consumption
The sacred rights of man.

And if by chance ye falter,
Or lag along the course,
If, as the blood flows freely,
Ye feel some slight remorse,
Hie ye to Rudyard Kipling,
Imperialism's prop,
And bid him, for your comfort,
Turn on his jingo stop.

The Boston Post gives the following welcome to Kipling!

We've read a heap of writin' in our time—
And some of it was good and most was rot—
Some pickin's fr'm the livin' chaps is prime;
But Ruddy's is the first o' the lot.

We never gets no sleepin' draught from him—
He ain't no limpkin sluggard with his pen—
He can juggle English so 'at his own mother
wouldn't know it,
And our feelin's inside out and in again.

So here's to you Rudyard Kipling, and
we thanks you for the past,
Though you ain't no Billy Shaksphere, yet
you're gainin' on him fast.
We've hard times and fightin' ever since
you went away—
And you comes back with prosperity—do
bring your trunk and stay.

The jungle and the forest are his homes;
He's a brother to the tiger and the tar,
He can jungle every lingo where he roams;
He can read your heart and tell you what
you are
He has boxed the writers' compass—troopers
kings,
Engines, heathens, all are specialties o'
his—

He can graphically paint any giddy thing that
aunt,
And he wipes the earth with everything
that is.
Then here's to you, Rudyard Kipling as you
enters of our land;
We takes our hat off to you and we give
you the glad hand,
Our spare rooms swept and waitin, and you
aint' no stranger guest,
For of all the lyn' literary crew, we loves
you best.

—Francis James MacBeath.

The day after the big storm a Boston paper appeared with the following.

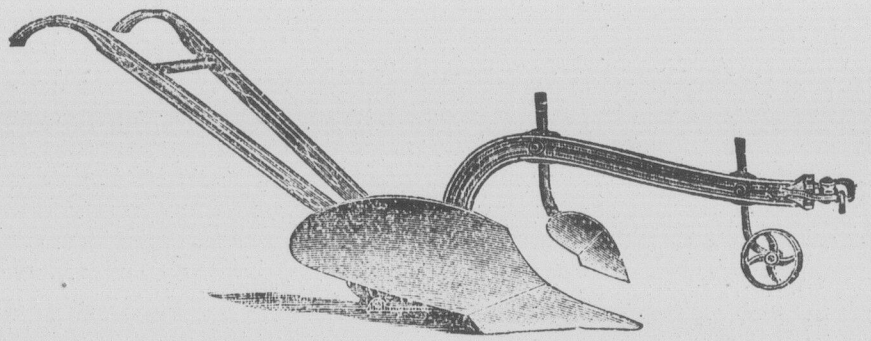
THE MAN'S WHITE BURDEN.

Take up the man's white burden,
Or microbes it will breed;
Go arm your sons with shovels,
And let them earn their feed;
White steeds in heavy harness
Are lashed to cart or sleigh,
To take up the street's white burden
And cart the stuff away.

Take up the town's white burden—
Ye need not soap for less
Than two big silver cartwheels
To cloak your weariness.
And when your job's most finished
The drifts will fall anew,
And sullen half "friz" people
Shall "cuss" the storm and you.

Miss Josephine Kipling, the eldest child of Rudyard Kipling, who was whipped for telling a fib and went to bed sobbing rebelliously: "I think it's real mean, so there! My pa writes great big whoppers, and everybody thinks they're lovely, while I just told a tiny little story and gets whipped and sent to bed!"

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