

For fools see not the proofs that are not displayed,
 And blame the tree, but not the roots decayed.
 From this, howe'er, the friend of truth refrains;
 He overlooks an individual's stains,
 And never strikes with might a withered bloom;
 But national sin will get its dreadful doom.

AN ICELANDER.

PURPOSE IS DESTINY.

The people have not voted for imperialism; no national convention has declared for it; no congress has passed upon it. To whom, then, has the future been revealed? Whence this voice of authority? We can all prophecy, but our prophecies are merely guesses, colored by our hopes and our surroundings. Man's opinion of what is to be is half wish and half environment. Avarice paints destiny with a dollar mark before it, militarism equips it with a sword.

He is the best prophet who, recognizing the omnipotence of truth, comprehends most clearly the great forces which are working out the progress, not of one party, not of one nation, but of the human race. History is replete with predictions which once were the hue of destiny, but which failed of fulfillment because those who uttered them saw too small an arc of the circle of events. . . .

The ancient doctrine of imperialism, banished from our land more than a century ago, has recrossed the Atlantic and challenged democracy to mortal combat upon American soil. Whether the Spanish war shall be known in history as a war for liberty or as a war of conquest; whether the principles of self-government shall be strengthened or abandoned; whether this nation shall remain a homogeneous republic or become a heterogeneous empire—these questions must be answered by the American people—when they speak, and not until then will destiny be revealed.

Destiny is not a matter of chance; it is a matter of choice; it is not a thing to be waited for; it is a thing to be achieved.

No one can see the end from the beginning, but every one can make his course an honorable one from beginning to end by adhering to the right under all circumstances. Whether a man steals much or little may depend upon his opportunities, but whether he steals at all depends upon his own volition.

So with our nation. If we embark upon a career of conquest, no one can tell how many islands we may be able to seize, or how many races we may be

able to subjugate; neither can anyone estimate the cost, immediate and remote, to the nation's purse and to the nation's character; but whether we shall enter upon such a career is a question which the people have a right to decide for themselves.

Unexpected events may retard or advance the nation's growth, but the nation's purpose determines its destiny.

What is the nation's purpose? That purpose is set forth clearly and unmistakably in the first sentence of the constitution: "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and to our posterity, do ordain and establish this constitution for the United States of America." —William J. Bryan, Washington, D. C., February 22.

JAPANESE FARMERS.

So much has been said recently of the industrial development of this country that one is apt to take us as an industrial nation. The fact is, we are essentially an agricultural country, having 70 per cent. of our people in pursuit of agriculture.

As yet, the farming industry in this country is largely carried on by peasant proprietors, and the land is quite evenly distributed among them. It is officially estimated that 56 per cent. of the whole farming population are those who own land of less than two acres each, 29 per cent. are those who own between two and three and one-half acres each, and the remaining 15 per cent. are those who own over three and one-half acres each. Although industrial development and social progress is slowly but irresistibly forcing us to the era of landlordism, only 26 per cent. of the farming population are cultivating on tenancy at present.

As a rule, life conditions prevalent among peasant proprietors as well as tenant farmers, represent the lowest type of Japanese life. For our present purpose, we select one typical case from the province of Owari, one of the fertile districts in this country. The family under our observation consists of five members—husband, wife, parent and two children, one of whom is old enough to assist his parents in the field. This family cultivates, on a tenancy, one and a half acres of rice field and one acre of dry field, both of good fertility and capable of yielding two crops in a year. The rice field yields on an average 60 bushels. Seventy per cent. of the yield is given in kind or

in cash, according to the market value at the time, to the land owners as rent. In other localities this percentage varies, but in no case does it amount higher than 75 per cent. or lower than 60 per cent.

The farmer's share, therefore, amounts to 18 bushels, which, estimated at the ruling price of one dollar per bushel, will bring \$18 as the farmer's income. Besides this, there is an additional income of \$4.50 by disposal of bundles of straw accrued. This brings the total amount to \$22.50 as the farmer's earning from the cultivation of rice.

The winter crop, for which no rent is paid—or, rather, is paid in advance by the rice crop—is a source of far more important income to the farmer. It is the general practice among farmers inhabiting the districts in question to lay out rice plots, drained of water, of course, for the cultivation of rape-seed plants. The yield of the farmer by this means comes to about 41 bushels, and estimated at the rate of 61 cents per bushel, it represents an income of \$25. The stalks are not valueless. They fetch about \$1.50 for the whole area. Thus, the winter crop of the farmer brings to the pocket of the farmer a sum of \$26.50 as his net earnings.

[The writer then enumerates the crops raised as the dry field spoken of above. First is barley, valued at \$24, of which \$14 goes as rent for the field. From the stalk the farmer gets \$1.50. From the various summer crops planted after the barley has been harvested he obtains \$30.75, a total income of \$91.25. The article continues:]

On examining the living expenses of the farmer's family, we find that owing to the higher cost of rice, they subsist on rice evenly mixed with barley. Fish, which is one of the common foods with other classes of our countrymen, is a thing of luxury for them, and they partake of it on the occasion of village festivals only. The chief item of food is mixed rice, which costs for the whole family \$3 per month. For fuel 90 cents is spent, for clothing 45 cents, for repair of furniture and tools 45 cents, and other expenses, including public burdens, foot up to \$1.25 monthly. The whole expenditure thus comes to \$6.05 per month, or \$72.60 per year. To this, the outlay on account of manure, amounting to \$15 per year, must be added, and there remains \$3.65 to be expended for incidental purposes.

Turning our attention to peasant proprietors, we observe no marked difference in their life conditions in comparison with tenant farmers. True, they are not liable to give up the greatest

part of their income to landowners, but instead they are heavily taxed by national and local governments. The national tax on land amounts to about \$5 per acre, and local tax comes to about \$6 per acre. Thus, supposing the tenant farmer we have above depicted as owning the land, we will find his yearly income is added to by \$56, or his total income will amount to \$147.45. Deduct from this the national and local taxes, aggregating \$27.50, and there remains in the hands of the supposed peasant proprietor a sum of \$119.75 for his living expenses, or \$28.50 more than that of the tenant farmer. It is quite apparent that this small additional income is insufficient to materially improve the life conditions of peasant proprietors.—From an article in *The Coast Seamen's Journal*, by Fusataro Takana, of Tokyo, Japan, as republished in *Justice*, of Wilmington, Del.

COMMENT OF "JUSTICE" ON THE FOREGOING.

Small as the difference in favor of the peasant proprietor appears, it is as \$2.90 a week for him against \$1.75 a week for the tenant. The landowner takes as rent nearly 40 per cent. of the tenant's earnings, nearly as much as Delaware landlords, but pays more taxes. It will be noticed that the tax is apparently levied on the area of land, and bears heavily on the working farmer who owns his land. It should also be remembered that landlordism is a modern institution in Japan, and that 20 years ago there was a vast amount of free land open to the people, now mostly fenced in for speculation.

GEN. EMILIO AGUINALDO.

Extracts from an article with the above title, by Edwin Wildman, United States vice-consul-general at Hong-Kong. Published in *Harper's Weekly* of February 25.

In the nineteenth century there has not been a more unique figure among the native races of the earth than this Tagalo patriot—or rebel; call him what you will. Philosophers call silent men wise; superficial people call them ignorant. Aguinaldo is wise among his people, ignorant among Europeans. A man must be judged by his environments, his compatriots, his race. Aguinaldo is not a Napoleon nor a Washington; neither is he a Tecumseh or a Sitting Bull. He is Aguinaldo, and his name stands for no metaphor. He has the astuteness of his race, the fearless bravery of the savage warrior, the sphinx-like imperturbability of the Indian, the straightforwardness of childhood, and the innate sense of justice that characterizes all aboriginal races. It may be premature to sum up a man's character while his career is at the zenith.

Some trick of circumstance or expediency may shift the kaleidoscope, for no man can stand under the microscope of the historian until the last page of evidence has been turned in; but Aguinaldo, as he is to-day, commands the consideration and respect of all who have taken the trouble to study his character and watch the trend of events of which he is the central figure.

That he loves pomp and opera-bouffe, ludicrous though it seems to the European, cannot condemn him to the showy nobility of the kingdom that taught his people to reverence gold braid and plumed cockades, nor to the gaudy monarchies of the old world, nor to our own bemedaled, brass-buttoned and gold-chevroned army and navy. Aguinaldo is but a feeble imitator of a civilization a thousand years his senior. The cost of all the insignias of his 300 officers would not equal the expenditure for the full-dress regalia I have seen worn by the English colonial governor at Hong-Kong. His much-advertised gold collar pales into insignificance in comparison with the ones worn by the British dignitary.

Aguinaldo takes himself seriously. It is a primitive old-fashioned idea, and never fails to arouse the amused smile of a foreigner. If we set that same representative of a higher civilization down in the presence of the Tagalo chieftain at Malolos headquarters, the smile will vanish from his face, and he will begin to ask himself why he feels ashamed at his thoughts. . . .

Aguinaldo holds his councils of state, directs his army of 20,000 or more natives, and lives at Malolos—a quaint little town made up of nipa huts, a dozen whitewashed brick structures, including a great church and convent, 30 miles eastward of Manila in Luzon. He has appropriated to his use the convent of Malolos; and a half-dozen soldiers, and two natives with Mindanao spears, all doing guard under a Filipino flag at the convent's entrance, inform you of the fact.

When I made my visit to Aguinaldo I was accompanied by a native Filipino of Manila who stood high among his people, and when he made known my desire to meet the general we were ushered through the lines of the well-worn storied stairs of the old convent into the council room of the Filipino government. It struck me as incongruous that there, in the heart of a palm-enhanced village of bare-placed, scantily furnished native huts, I should find myself suddenly in a great well-furnished reception-room, laid with a handsome French carpet, gorgeously frescoed and decorated, and hung with

oil paintings, though of native masters, creditably done; yet I could not help admiring the attempts to ape European grandeur. At one end of the council chamber hangs a life-size portrait of Aguinaldo, painted, I suspect, by a Chinaman. The portrait looks younger than the general, and does not give a correct idea of his face, but it serves to remind the writer that he is in the hot-bed of insurrection—in the very home of the little rebel who has focused the attention of the world. Along the sides of the room are a number of skillfully carved miniature images illustrating various methods of torture and abuse to which the Filipinos were subjected by the Spanish friars in order to extract the secrets of the masonry which was the preliminary organization that united the natives of the islands for the purpose of subverting the Spanish rule. . . . A pair of red curtains separated the inner sanctum of the commander-in-chief of the insurgent forces from the council room. They were deftly held back by the aid-de-camp as I passed into the presence of the famous Aguinaldo. . . . Nothing in the chieftain's dress suggested his rank, but a glance at his serious bronzed countenance stamped him, in my estimation, as a leader. His head is large, but set well upon his rather slight body. His hair is the rich shiny black of the Tagalo, and is combed pompadour, enhancing his height somewhat. He was neatly dressed in a suit of fine pina cloth of native manufacture, and as he stood there straight and dignified, one hand resting on his desk, despite his under-size and mock-heroic surroundings, he impressed me as a man capable of all he had undertaken, and the possessor of a will and determination equal to the task set before him, and I made up my mind then and there that he was genuine; that his dignity was natural; that his aim was lofty, and his character trustful and worthy of being trusted. True worth shines through the eyes, will shows itself in the mouth, ability in the curve of the nose. There is a look in the faces of men who lead, men who command, that no student of character can fail to note. There is a something in the make-up of this little Tagalo that inspires more than respect—something that commands without words. I do not think that I am overestimating Aguinaldo when I say that he possesses the attributes that go to make up greatness as it is understood among men. There is something out of the ordinary in a man, born in the wilds of an outlying island, uneducated, uncultured, untraveled, who