

# The MIRROR

Published Weekly  
at the  
Minnesota State  
Prison

MINNESOTA  
HISTORICAL  
SOCIETY

"IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

VOL. XVIII.—No. 38.

STILLWATER, MINNESOTA, THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1905.

TERMS: \$1.00 per year, in advance  
Six Months 50 cents

## HIS LAST DREAM.

Upon a simple cot of straw  
A dying prisoner lay.  
His form was shrunken, frail and bent,  
His hair was thin and gray.  
Upon his face—the soul's true page,  
Where written is life's every stage—  
Stern time had set the stamp of age  
That told life's waning day.

Before his mind passed in review  
Years of his erring past:  
His eyes were moist—tears of regret,  
His heart was beating fast.  
Upon his brow the dew lay cold—  
And now this man, once strong and bold,  
Lay trembling with the fear old,  
Grim death's approach at last.

O, that he might but see once more  
The world he loved so well!  
To feel again—to be enrapt  
By freedom's pleasing spell.  
To meet again those loyal few,  
Who through it all were staunch and true;  
To see again those scenes he knew  
Before he erred and fell.

To hear his father say with pride:  
"My son, my noble Roy!"  
Or hear his mother's gentle voice:  
"My little darling boy!"  
As oft she said when to her breast  
She clasped him, when he needed rest,  
And told him that she loved him best,  
He was her greatest joy.

The prisoner closed his burning eyes  
The picture to retain;  
All things around him were forgot—  
He was a boy again.  
A smile his bloodless lips o'erspread;  
Unheeded now the moments fled;  
His thoughts—'mid scenes of childhood sped  
To low, sweet music's strain.

Then suddenly he felt a thrill  
Pass through his feeble frame;  
He heard a distant, gentle voice  
That called him by his name.  
And now there fell upon his sight  
A glimmering and shining light—  
Though dazzling brilliant and bright,  
He knew not whence it came.

A far-off bell began to peal  
A silvery, cheery knell—  
Those frowning walls and grates of steel  
Shook, reeled and tottering fell.  
A vision wonderfully fair—  
A vision radiantly rare—  
Came floating through the glowing air  
Into his narrow cell.

His heart was filled with glad surprise,  
He felt a sudden joy;  
A maiden fair stood by his cot  
And softly said: "Dear Roy,"  
Her voice, so tender, sweet and low,  
Recalled a time of long ago  
When he a youth with hope aglow  
Had loved a maiden coy.

And now this maid had come to him  
His dying hour to cheer;  
What mattered now that Death was near  
What mattered earthly fear?  
For was not she—his love of youth—  
There standing by his side in sooth?  
Yes, it was she—amazing truth!  
The one he held most dear.

Old age seemed turned to youth again,  
Cooled were his burning eyes,  
Forgot were prison rules and laws—  
Forgot were earthly ties.  
Forgotten were both Death and Time—  
Now let the bells of heaven chime:  
Two souls, conjoined in love sublime  
Are soaring to the skies.

Upon a cheerless cot of straw  
A lifeless inmate lay;  
That life so seeming useless here,  
At last had passed away.  
That soul, once stained and steeped in sin,  
Through heaven's gate hath entered in  
To join the throng of Seraphim  
In life's eternal day.

EMERITUS.

Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous—a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful, because bright.—Thomas Carlyle.

Silence, when nothing need be said, is the eloquence of discretion.—Bovee.

By patience and perseverance the mulberry leaf becomes silk.—Chinese Proverb.

To the poet, to the philosopher, to the saint, all things are friendly and sacred, all events profitable, all days holy, all men divine. For the eye is fastened on the life, and slights the circumstance.—Emerson.

## The Yellow Peril Bogy.

Paper Read Before the Chautauqua Circle.

"YELLOW Peril," a coinage by European monarchists, made its first appearance in print during the Boxer uprising of 1900, in China. The whole reading world stood aghast at the atrocities told daily of the acts of these misguided brigands. In this far-away clime are numerous secret societies, which exist solely to terrorize and pillage. These societies are known to each other, but only on rare occasions do they ever work together.

The year 1900 found these several organizations united to exterminate foreigners, styling themselves a Chinese word which means in English, Boxer. In their operations no foreigner—not even a Jap—was safe from their murderous assaults. The Japs had in 1894-5 won a great victory over the Chinese, and possessed Port Arthur for which the war was waged, but Germany, Russia and France had shown their hands, each claiming certain concessions in China, and to the slow-going Chinese government it seemed that a general partitioning of their Empire was at hand, and great unrest at once became apparent, especially, in the northern provinces of this immense territory. The foreign press, even the four great operating printshops in China, openly spoke of the certainty of this very thing, uppermost in the minds of the thinking classes of China and Japan, Germany claiming a certain seaport and much interior territory as her sphere of influence. France made a similar claim, and Russia demanded Port Arthur. China, be it known, was seemingly helpless, and like the "lamb before the shearers lay dumb," awaiting the completion of the nefarious plans of the several unscrupulous powers of Europe, whose perfidy was perfectly known to them, but their ability to cope with any one of them was inadequate.

The Boxer movement immediately made its appearance, whose watchword was the extermination of any and all foreigners, and the home-grown sympathizers; and to gain the psychological ear of the world, these governments interested—through the agency of the subsidized press—coined the word *yellow peril* and worked it for all it was worth. They thought to terrorize all Caucasians with the idea that a united yellow race would spread into the most distant clime, conquering where it would; and in the course of a comparatively brief period, entirely supplant any and all existing governments. That not only would China see the Red Hand of the Boxer, but that untold trouble was sure to be found for people wherever located, no matter how far removed from the menacing Chinese assassins of that day.

The word *Yellow Peril* had apparently come to stay, and European journalism early and late cursed the Boxer—the only force of Chinese who were active in defending a country which was their's—against Russia, Germany and France who had seized their strongholds.

The robber nations of Europe had agreed among themselves and in 1895 had compelled Japan to withdraw all her claims to the Liao-tung Peninsula—thus reserving the mainland for spoilation. In order to meet success in their land grabbing in Asia, the moral support of all civilized nations of the world must be assured, to accomplish which, "peril"—"yellow peril," with all its intensity must be made apparent; and who of us has not at various times during the past five years been told of this so-called danger? View the land grabbing of France, Germany and Russia, and say then who is in peril. The yellow people and not the white races are in peril. It is the constant aim of the nations of Europe to shield their true purposes in this cry of "yellow peril," and to make England and America believe that there is a

danger, that it is imminent and must be checked for the common good of mankind.

Say not to me that this is idle fancy, for I see in it the sinister hand of the robber, he who calls danger, when no danger exists. This foul cry is made to rouse a race prejudice, to set the Occidental world against the Oriental and to compel a complete subjugation of a peacefully inclined people. Were it known, indeed today there is as great lamentation in the high places of Germany and France over the Muscovite reverses in the Far East, as there is in the same sphere in Russia. *Yellow peril*—I say there is none, unless it be to, and not from, the men of orange hue.

Germany knows well the policy followed by Russia, and that in carrying it into execution in case of victory, which now seems doubtful, all their energy would concentrate in the Far East and their own cares along their Russian frontier would be greatly lessened. Not only this irregular boundary line, but Germany since the Jap-Chinese settlement has had undisputed control of a Chinese seaport and a certain sphere of influence, and this possession could be developed and made a stronghold, thus further imperiling the yellow race.

The yellow peril phantom has a foothold in France, for here is held a vast amount of Russian securities whose value depends for the moment upon the outcome of the war in Manchuria. Outside the larger cities, France is intensely religious and it has been an easy matter to influence the minds of this peasant population into actually fearing that Asiatic people with their idolatrous forms of worship would come west to conquer and to force upon Europe their unwelcome presence and religion.

But let me assure you that there is no danger—no yellow peril, tho as I have said Germany, France and Russia would have us believe it a certainty in a Japanese victory at this time in the war now waging.

Those who have sought to win the world to this false idea, have pictured Japan as organizing the vast population of Asia into a power to go forth and conquer the world. *What folly!* China, the first and nearest country and the one to receive earliest attention from the Japanese organizer, is a country of 400,000,000 people, speaking it is said, about two hundred languages, the dialects of which differ so much as to make them really different languages. Among such peoples, organization into a fighting unit is simply the wildest speculation, and we must admit that a Japanese is at least a man of good common sense. For would he not know that while this preparation for a conquest of the world were in progress that Europe and America would not be idle and that these countries would not be tardy in the constructing of navies and the mobilizing of armies to completely destroy any force of armies that could be organized in the Orient?

Remember, China is not only a weak nation today, but illimitably corrupt, and the antagonism that exists between the various powers is so pronounced as to make a union utterly impossible, and I am told by a recent magazine that there are provinces in China which have not yet heard of the war between Russia and Japan, so imperfect are the means of communication in that vast country. This is one reason and a good one, too, why the Japanese would not for a moment contemplate any yellow peril combinations.

Truly the atrocities in St. Petersburg January 22nd, show clearly what the white peril is, and this being much nearer to us than the Orient, which dread ye the most—Yellow or White terror? The czar has appointed General Trepoff Governor General of St. Petersburg, with dictatorial power—this on January 24th—and since then, indeed his ruthless hand has been steadily striking in the name of Holy Russia, and from the frequency of his

blows and the fact that his aim was well taken and the aim at human beings the result, has, by an English wit, been termed the "Red Terror."

Yes, a "bogy" indeed has been this *Yellow Peril* cry, and no danger exists nor has any danger ever existed in the sense the coiners of *yellow peril* would have it known. 1278.

## Surplus Energy.

THAT portion of energy generated in excess of the requirements of daily routine work is generally termed superfluous. If we occasionally have a surplus of energy should we consider it needless any more than a production of wheat, corn, oats or any other article a farmer produces beyond his immediate need of consumption? The farmer does not consider his surplus unnecessary, but a just reward for patient toil, and it is obviously his duty to exchange it for commodities that will be helpful in promoting the comforts and happiness of himself and family. Most of us have, at times, a greater supply of force or energy than is necessary for the acquirement of our daily bread. Yet there are a few who do not seem to possess enough to scratch their itching backs without a pole to lean against. They are the exception and something is radically wrong; they should be given in charge of a specialist who is competent to diagnose their case and prescribe for it.

Progress would be slow indeed if no one utilized his surplus force. It is not only our duty to ourselves, but also to our fellow men to make the best use of all our available resources, to do what lies within our power to better the condition of ourselves and mankind in general. In employing this power we should be particular to apply it in the right direction, as to use it wrongly would be more shameful than to let it waste.

Suppose Stephenson, Morse, Fulton and the innumerable host of inventive geniuses that have contributed largely to the welfare of our country had been contented with a mere existence, or wasted their extra force by inertia, or expended it on unworthy pursuits and selfish pleasures instead of using it for universal good, where would be our great transporting and shipping facilities, our mode of quick communication and the many other thousand things that tend to perfect civilization and bless mankind? Without these men who have utilized their surplus energy for our common good we would now be living a century or more behind the present time; still traveling overland in stage coaches and other more or less inconvenient and tiresome vehicles instead of in comfortable railway trains.

Our sea voyages could not be made in the up-to-date ocean liners so perfect in arrangement and luxurious in appointment. Our commercial advantages would be greatly reduced as the transportation of our merchandise could only be accommodated by slow and costly methods. Without the medium of the telegraph important events and the general news of the world could be transmitted only by slow and uncertain methods. Our social and intellectual development would be retarded and necessarily restricted. Therefore we owe to that portion of energy, called superfluous, our best gifts and choicest blessings.

Barbarous and uncivilized races are prone to do only that which gives immediate comfort or pleasure, seemingly never reasoning or caring for anything beyond the present time, and consequently squandering or ignorantly applying their reserve force and thereby debarring themselves effectually from a better condition. Civilization begins where individuals or communities realize they have a further duty to perform than merely to exist. No matter what station in life we may chance to occupy, it is our duty to live on a higher plane than savages and our interest also, inasmuch as we all possess an inherent desire for contentment and happiness which cannot be procured in any appreciable degree by means other than the best possible use of all our faculties.

To obtain the best results from our possibilities it is imperative that we make use of all the energy at our command. The daily labor of the average person is not so arduous as to consume his entire stock of vitality, and if a practice is made of applying the extra amount to something useful the benefits will become apparent almost immediately. When we have a greater accumulation than is requisite for the accomplishment of our daily work it might be profitably spent in many ways. Environment and the knowledge of our own deficiencies being a sufficient guide to point out the things we should do. PAUL