

train Prince Peter Kropotkin, who was later on to become celebrated as a Russian revolutionist and exile. He was already bursting with zeal to attack the Russian system, and, on that journey, he inspired the young woman with the revolutionary spirit. She did not, however, immediately enter upon revolutionary work. She married a nobleman and with him endeavored to educate the peasants on their estate. It was when the government interfered with their efforts and placed them under police surveillance as conspirators that Katharine finally revolted. She was then 26. The husband declined to enter upon an avowedly revolutionary career, defying all established authority, and the wife left him, determined, as she afterward said, "to suffer exile and death, if necessary, in the cause of freedom."

The Russia of the late 60's and early 70's was not a particularly comfortable place for a beautiful and well-born young woman who had chosen so precarious a career. To be sure, the Czar had liberated the serfs. But something remained to be done. Katharine could not wait as patiently as some fine people of her class for things to move themselves. "I went to Kieff, joined a revolutionary group and traveled from town to town, spreading our ideas. I put on peasant dress to elude the police and break down the peasants' cringing distrust. I dressed in enormous bark shoes, coarse skirt, and heavy cloak. I used acid on my hands and face; I worked and ate with the peasants; I learned their speech; I traveled on foot, forging passports; I lived 'illegally.'" Acid on her face! Thus was sacrificed one of the best complexions in Russia. Katharine Breshkovsky wasn't thinking of her beauty. She wished to reach the peasants and having a peasant's complexion rather than a fine lady's facilitated her task. A heroine already! And she had hardly begun.

The first arrest came in 1874. There was a night in a "black hole," the salubrious summer resort then maintained for political prisoners, and then she was made the occupant of a cell nine feet by five, and seven feet high. She did not leave that cell for two years. A mere incident, however, was that, in Katharine Breshkovsky's career. The first exile to Siberia was in 1878. In a springless wagon she traveled 5,000 miles to the Kara mines. That was a delightful place. One night eight men escaped. "For this we were all punished. Cossacks entered our cells, seized us, tore off our clothes, and dressed us in convict suits alive with vermin. Taken to an old prison, we were thrown into the 'black holes.' Each of us had a stall six feet by five feet. For three years we did not breathe the outside air. We struggled constantly against the outrages inflicted on us. After one outrage we lay like a row of dead women for nine days without touching food, until certain promises were finally exacted from the warder. The hunger strike was used repeatedly. To

thwart it we were often bound hand and foot while Cossacks tried to force food down our throats."

How did Katharine endure the life of an exile in the old days? It lasted nearly 20 years. In 1896, the government allowed her to return to home and freedom. And the woman, far from being broken in spirit, forthwith joined the social revolutionary party. No government can crush the spirit of a young woman who will suddenly ruin her own complexion for a great cause. Now began a series of great adventures in the propaganda which flowered in the revolution of 1905. For 10 years she labored, fighting Czarism to the death. At one time "she was living in the south as a French woman. Tracked down by the police at Kieff, where she was posing as a peasant woman, she escaped to the station in a carriage and pair dressed in the height of the fashion." She was resourceful and dangerous. She feared nothing. Two years ago, after her trip to America, where she made an immense impression upon all who saw her, she was arrested again. The trial has just ended. An indomitable woman! She will never be forgotten in Russian annals.

The most moving thing in her whole life—was it not, after all, that last scene in the St. Petersburg court this week? "Mme. Breshkovsky spoke briefly, mainly in an effort to clear Tschaikevsky." As for herself? Piff! She was nothing. Let the Czar do his worst.

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THE ROYAL ROAD IS RIGHTEOUSNESS.

A Very Ancient Chinese Song, Rendered into English by David Wilson. As Published in the London Nation.

The Royal Road is Righteousness.
It's straight, without unevenness:
And private love, and private hate,
It leaves aside, by going straight.
On every side it gives a view,
For ever clear, for ever true:
And broad and easy 'tis to know,
For him who has the heart to go.
The Royal Road shall never bend.
The Royal Road shall never end.

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HOW I TRIED TO GET ASSIMILATED.

Ng Poon Chew, Managing Editor of Chung Sai Yat Po, the Chinese Daily Paper of San Francisco, Writing, in the Los Angeles Fellowship of September, 1909.

The path of a Chinese who tries to get assimilated is like the proverbial path of true love; far from being straight and smooth, and strewn with thorns instead of roses.

Perhaps there is no clearer illustration of the foregoing statement than my personal experience. There was a time when American youths were

less civilized than they are today in their attitude toward the Chinese,—the stoning of an inoffensive Chinaman was regarded as legitimate pastime, and often indulged in and equally enjoyed by grown ups.

When I first came to America, I had on my native garb and my regulation queue, in common with other Chinese boys, and whenever I appeared on the streets of a city or town in this enlightened Christian land, the pride and hope of the Pilgrim Fathers, I became the very center of gravitation; for all sorts of missiles were flying toward me from all directions. And whenever a specially large rock made a square and solid impact on my head, it accelerated the thinking apparatus within.

I began to think seriously in order to find out the real cause of this phenomenon. I thought my queue and my sensible Oriental garb had much to do with it. So, in order to save my life, I resolved to part with my Chinese clothes and my queue.

In cutting the queue, I did not succeed in making a good job of it, so I went to an American barber shop to have my hair properly trimmed. The shop was crowded at the time so I sat down and patiently waited for my turn. When my turn finally came I jumped up and sat down on the barber chair; my heart was overflowing with joy in the expectation that my hair was to be cut in the accepted civilized style. I was doomed to disappointment, for the barber ordered me down from the chair and out of the shop, amid the laughter and jeers of those on the waiting list. I was filled with all sorts of unholy feeling. I even wished that I was able to demolish the whole shop.

Years after I wished to join the Y. M. C. A. in order to take up studies in the evening classes offered to members of the institution. It was my desire to mingle with the American people in order to facilitate my acquiring their language and customs. My application for membership was rejected, simply because I was born with yellow skin, under the shadow of the Dragon flag.

However, I was undaunted in eagerness to learn, so I applied for membership in a Chautauqua Circle of a certain Presbyterian church, but I met with no better success.

Once I wanted to move my family away from the Chinese quarter in San Francisco to a residence district among the Americans so that I might bring up my children properly. I signally failed to rent a house, after four strenuous attempts.

Since all my children were born in this country, I wanted them to grow up worthy of their American citizenship, so I sent them to the public schools in San Francisco to study and mingle with the children of other nationalities; but no sooner had they entered than they were driven out by

order of the Board of Education. Children with white skin might enter, children with brown, red or black skin might also enter, but no children with yellow skin might enter therein.

After being driven out of San Francisco by the earthquake and fire, I wanted to settle down in a residence district in Oakland. I desired to rent, or buy a house. I failed, after repeated attempts, for it so happened that the owners either asked another price for the property from me than from an American, or themselves lived within a mile or two of the house I wanted to rent or buy, and they did not want a Chinese family to live so near to them.

I was so utterly discouraged that I had almost given up all hope of ever being able to live away from the business section of the city, when suddenly an idea came to me, which revived my drooping spirits and vanishing hope. I then said to myself, It may be all right to be as harmless as a dove, but in dealing with this generation, it is all wrong unless you be as wise as a serpent. So in making a last effort to secure a home for my family, I looked around and found a very suitable house which was one of three built side by side by the same man, all of which were for sale. I selected the middle one. I went to the agent and had papers drawn out, and I signed them. But instead of signing my name in full, I signed N. P. Chew, to the papers, which were duly presented to the owner for his signature. The owner looked the papers over, but did not see anything out of the ordinary; he could not recognize a Chinaman in N. P. Chew. So he signed the papers, and the property was transferred, a deed given and duly recorded.

Then at last, we went to see our home; I, a proud man, led the way; my wife followed me; my first child followed my wife; my second child followed my first child, and so on until my fifth child brought up the rear in the family procession.

When we arrived at our house, we were met by our neighbor, the former owner of our property. He was white-heat mad! He went to the agent and shook his fist at the agent's face and said, "Why didn't you tell me that he was a Chinaman?" and the agent replied, "Why didn't you ask whether he was a Chinaman?"

These were some of the obstacles placed in the way in my attempt to get assimilated. And I have lived in America continuously for more than a quarter of a century and yet the laws of this country prevent my becoming an American citizen.

We are prevented by law from becoming citizens of this country, and all sorts of difficulties meet us at every turn which keep us from becoming assimilated. And yet we are condemned for not becoming assimilated! It is just like breaking a fellow's legs and then kicking him for not running. "Consistency, thou art a jewel!"