

## CHINA'S REGENERATION IN THE LAST TEN YEARS.

Francis E. Clark, LL. D., writing to the Chicago Record-Herald from Canton, China, Under Date of December 26, 1909.

Ten years ago something happened in China. It was called the Boxer uprising. It was really the awakening of China. Through the Boxers' big swords and spears, all unconsciously to themselves, a way was made for liberty, just as truly as Arnold von Winkelried, when he gathered the enemy's spears into his bosom, made way for liberty in Switzerland.

To one who was in China in the spring of 1900 and is here again in the last days of 1909 the changes seem stupendous, almost unbelievable. It was my fortune to be in China just before the Boxer outbreak. Things were at their darkest and worst. Many saw the dreadful storm gathering, but they did not know when it would break, and they were powerless to avert it. Two weeks after my visit the storm did break, and for a time all was chaos and confusion worse confounded.

But out of the awful welter of blood and carnage have come comparative peace, freedom, hopefulness and an outlook on the future such as China never knew before. It took a moral cyclone to wake China up, but the cyclone did the business.

In May, 1900, I visited the soldiers' barracks in Chefoo, in the north of China, and there I actually saw Chinese soldiers of the regular army practicing horseback riding on wooden hobby horses a little bigger than an ordinary saw horse, while their only weapons were big spears, swords and bows and arrows, which were slung over their backs. One of these gentlemen politely posed for his picture, so that I have positive ocular proof of the state of much of the Chinese army in the spring of 1900. Now China has a regular army, well uniformed, well armed and much of it well drilled, a really formidable fighting force which other nations must reckon with if they ever go to carving up China among themselves.

The progress in other lines has been more remarkable than in military affairs. Take the city of Canton as an example. There is no more typically Chinese city in the empire than Canton—at least, this was true ten years ago. Then the clock of progress had scarcely struck one; now it is striking twelve. The police force has been reorganized and reuniformed. Their pay has been doubled, and instead of the tatterdemalions one used to see for guardians of the peace, a trim, well-officered force, in brown uniforms, guards the city.

The city is thoroughly drained, and the night soil is inoffensively carried off to enrich the surrounding farms instead of making Canton, as formerly, seventy times more malodorous than the seventy odors of Cologne. City aqueducts that provide pure water to 10,000 subscribers, in addition to many public hydrants, have been introduced. Electric lights blaze in many of the streets where formerly only the uncertain glimmer of paper lanterns lighted the traveler's feet.

Here, too, we find a great cement factory, a smokeless powder factory, a paper mill, a mint and a government arsenal. These are run very largely, some of them exclusively, by Chinamen.

Perhaps the greatest innovation which the traveler of today finds is the educational system. Ten years ago the great examination halls in the large cities, with their thousands of cells, dominated the intellectual life of China. Here students were immured for three days at examination time, then released for three days and then imprisoned in their cells for three days more, until they had passed their examinations in the Confucian classics and had written their little essay or poem in accordance with the strictest rules of Chinese belles-lettres. Only this, and nothing more; but success in this examination was the passport to civil service promotion or social advancement. Yet taking the examination was almost a hopeless task, for sometimes only 200 out of 12,000 aspirants passed, and men would go up year after year until they were 70 years old, only to be disappointed for perhaps the fortieth time.

Now the examination hall of Canton has been razed, only two of the 12,000 cells being preserved to show what once was there, and a new normal school building on western models has been erected on the site.

Quite as significant is the fact that the first Provincial Assembly of the Province of Canton met Nov. 15. This assembly consists of ninety-eight members, elected by voters who have a property qualification of \$5,000 in silver (\$2,500 in gold), or a degree. One thing already is to be put to the credit of this Assembly. It had not been in session a month before it came into conflict with the aristocratic viceroy, who formerly had exerted autocratic powers, and it abolished by one decree 1,000 gambling houses which he had licensed.

To recount these facts in cold print may not, perhaps, seem impressive, but they mean not merely progress, but a peaceful revolution; they mean that China has taken a longer forward step in the last ten years than in the previous ten thousand years; they mean nothing less than the industrial, political, and, let us hope, the spiritual regenera-

tion of nearly a third of the human race. Who will say that the world is not growing better, and that we do not live in heroic and stirring times!

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### FAIRY DIAMONDS.

For The Public.

Silvery white against the blue, pale sky  
The branches blaze; their showery plumes are set  
With diamonds, like the woods in fairyland.  
All clashing softly in the passing wind,  
They sway and shift; sparkles of myriad light  
Flash out and disappear.

FRANCES SHRIVER.

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### SOME OF DOBBS'S THINKS,

As Remembered by Jackson Biggles.

For The Public.

Our janitor picked out the coldest night of the season as the proper time to dump the fire grate and let the steam go off duty. The heat in our flat was up to zero; the frost was on the windows, and the temper of all the members of the household was sultry. In this condition of things Dobbs came over to make remarks about the Administration and other things that were causing him trouble and worry. Although his sentences were carefully edited before being mailed to the paper they were of such a rugged and unflattering nature that the paper refused to print them.

Considering everything, this decision was probably right. Since the Pinchot committee began its sessions and the party mechanics started in to prepare materials for the whitewashing and decorating that part of the cabinet that needs cleaning, the papers have altogether too much to say about the shortcomings of the Administration. Housecleaning is rather a disagreeable subject at the best. It is enough to know it is going on without having to read about it every morning. It was later in the season when Dobbs came over again to say a few words about Rockefeller and his proposition to organize a Corporate Benevolent Society with a tax exemption attachment, under the protection of the Federal Government.

The temperature was hugging 65 degrees that night, and the janitor had all the steam on that was due us in January, so the recollections of Dobbs's ideas may be a little confused in parts, but in the main they convey the substance of what he thought he was thinking.

"Say, Biggles!" he began, as he leaned back against the radiator, "don't it beat you about that Rockefeller philanthropy trust that the Government is goin' to charter?"

"Not very bad," says I, not understanding the drift of the observation; "not very bad. Nothin' beats me nowadays but the landlord and the butcher. I'm fully prepared to see anything in-

corporated. The people will buy and sell anything that's got a nice picture and a seal on it."

"But this Rockefeller benevolence is to have no stock to sell," said Dobbs. "It's a purely charitable institution that is to have the endorsement of the Federal Government and be backed by the army and navy and all the militia from now on to the end of time. It will furnish a fund for the perpetuation of beggary as long as the world stands."

"Suppose it does," I inquired; "why have it incorporated?"

"Don't you see?" replied Dobbs; "some people think that the gathering of these great fortunes was done at the expense of the masses of the people, and by means of special privileges and unholy combinations that the law has not yet been able to control. Thinking this way they may some day get such a large majority of the people to think with them that they may attack the foundation of the great fortunes, and inaugurate laws that will in time distribute them in such a way that their power will be gone. What the makers of the great fortunes want is power. What they want again is to hold their power after they are dead and gone, so they are always scheming to perpetuate themselves after they are dead and buried. Some irreverent man has expressed the opinion that the world is pretty near governed by the dead hand now. The holders of the great estates think of these things and are always reaching out to make the fortunes secure. Rockefeller seeks to build a wall round his accumulations that will preserve it from all attacks as long as the government endures. It is to be incorporated with trustees and officers in such a way as to secure perpetual succession. The management of the corporation will be in the control of the trustees and officers. Such salaries will be paid as they decree, and such benefactions will be given as they deem wise. The estate will be exempt from taxes and with its present proportions I see no reason why it should not in time equal the government itself in wealth and power."

"So you do not give the Rockefeller any credit for benevolent feelings in this proposition?" I said, as Dobbs moved away from the radiator and removed his coat.

"Credit!" he exclaimed. "Certainly I do. I think his benevolence is just beginning to grow. He's like that fellow that held me up the other night and took all the change I had in my clothes. I remarked to him that it was awful cold and the walking was bad and it was tough to leave a fellow so far away from home without any car fare. He actually seemed to be sorry for me. I thought I saw a tear glistening in his eye and he gave me a dime of the change he had taken away from me, and walked away wiping his eyes. Yes! I think Rockefeller feels awful sorry for the folks that's