

stage, so such a revolution is easy for us. In Britain and America capitalists with their vested interests are entrenched and it is therefore difficult to dislodge them. In China capitalists and vested interests have not yet appeared; hence the revolution of society is easy. I may be asked, "To accomplish such a revolution as you foreshadow, will military force be necessary?" I reply, "In Britain and America it will be necessary to use military force, but not in China. The coal strike in Britain is a proof of what I say. Yet the coal strike cannot be called a revolution. It is merely that the people desire to get possession of the sources of wealth and can only do so by violent means. Although the revolution of society is difficult to accomplish today, the time is surely coming when it will be an accomplished fact, but by what desperate means it shall be accomplished and through what dangers the state shall pass, it is difficult to prognosticate. If we do not, in the beginning of our republic, take thought for the future, by-and-by, when capitalism is developed, its oppression may be worse than the despotism which we have just thrown off, and we may again have to pass through a period of bloodshed. Will not that be deplorable?"

There is one point to which we ought to give the greatest attention. When the new government is established it will be necessary that all land deeds shall be changed. This is a necessary corollary of the revolution. If we desire to forward the revolution of society, then when the change is made a slight alteration should be introduced into the form of the deed in order that the greatest results may be achieved. Formerly, people owning land paid taxes according to the area, making a distinction only between the best, medium and common land. In the future, taxes ought to be levied according to the value, not the area, of the land. For land varies much more than in the ratio of these three degrees. I don't know by how much the land in Nanking differs in value from land on the Bund in Shanghai, but if you rate it according to this old method of three degrees you cannot assess it justly. It would be better to tax it according to its value, the poor land paying a low tax and valuable land a high tax. The valuable land is mostly in the busy marts and is in the possession of wealthy men; to tax them heavily would be no oppression. The poor land is mostly the possession of poor people in far back districts; nothing but the lightest taxes should be levied on them. For instance, a piece of land on the Bund pays taxes at the rate of a few dollars to the acre and a piece of land of equal area in the country pays an equal tax. This is far from being just. If the tax were levied on the value of the land then this injustice would be done away with. If you compare the value of land in Shanghai today with what it was one hundred years ago, it has increased ten thousandfold. Now, industry in China is about

to be developed. Commerce will advance, and in fifty years' time we shall see many Shanghais in China. Let us take time by the forelock and make sure that the unearned increment of wealth shall belong to the people and not to private capitalists who happen to be the owners of the soil.



DR. SUN YAT SEN.

Editorial in the Independent (New York) of June 13.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen is one of the world's most historic men. By consent of Chinese belief it is he that has overturned the old Manchu rule of centuries, and, more than that, has replaced by a modern republic the imperial government of thousands of years. He has done it in the simplest, most original and yet most ideal way, not by leading an army, not having ever commanded even a single company of soldiers, and with the slightest effusion of blood; just by going about for years in China, among the Chinese of this country, consorting with the Chinese students in Japan, talking to them, of human rights. So quietly did he do this that the outside world did not know that such a man existed; and yet he was undermining the very foundations of the ancient evil institutions of the nation and re-establishing them on the new foundation of equal rights for all men. Incredible would have seemed the purpose, if we had known of it, and yet it succeeded; and when this house of cards, these walls of Jericho, fell down, by universal acclaim this unheralded, insignificant, unknown dreamer, this impractical reformer, was made first President of the new Republic of China. Others had done the visible work of overthrow, but his was the inspiration, his the dynamic, ethereal current that had conveyed the compelling message all over the twenty-two provinces of China.

Then he was elected leader of the successful republic; and then he resigned. Why? This address tells us.*

He has a yet greater task on hand. He would not only create the republic, he would create the new social institutions of the country. He sees not only the wrongs of imperial tyranny, but the evils which endanger the civilizations of the West, and he would escape them. The perils of accumulated wealth and galling poverty he has observed in Europe and America, and he would teach a better way to his own people. Our civilization is seething with the passion of class hatred. We call it the "unrest" of the working people, who are threatening by violence to seize the reins of government, to destroy old vested rights, to deny the claims of property to rule, and, we fear, to raise a civil war whose end we cannot guess. Can it be that our boasted civilization rests on double foundations of sand and rock, on both democracy

*See preceding page of this Public.

and plutocracy, on principles that in the end will be found inconsistent, unstable, and that must involve disaster to the civilization that rests upon the two?

So Dr. Sun believes. Such danger has he seen in these Western lands, and this danger he would avoid for his new republic. What we cannot reform without civil war, perhaps, he would have China guard against at the very beginning. Can she not, he says, give the republic a real democracy which has in it no danger of rule by selfish wealth?

Such has been, and is, his double task, to create the republic, and to create a social order that shall make the republic secure. We honor our Washington, who led the armies which achieved our independence, who was the first President of these United States, and who taught the feeble nation to avoid entangling alliances. Greece honored Solon, who gave her laws and institutions. It is not ambition, not the love of personal glory, but pure patriotism and extraordinary wisdom which made this Chinese statesman seek the regeneration of his country, not by arms, but by the dissemination of ideas, and who lays down the display of power that he may again go about, a new Solon, a new Confucius, telling rulers how they should master greed and assure a contented people.



LITTLE TALES OF FELLOW TRAVELERS.

No. 8. Some Chinese Laborers.

For The Public.

The boy of the last one of these stories began to grow up in the place which was known on the maps as Green Valley, but which a few people called in their hearts "The Place of Peace." The other boys called him "Johnny;" the Indians' name for him was "Boy John."

He worked on his father's farm by the creek, near the foothills below the old adobe mill. He sowed seeds of many plants and trees; he wrote letters to far-off countries, he went swimming and read books, broke colts and collected postage stamps. Mostly, however, he went to the little old brown school-house in the middle of the valley. But Saturdays and vacations were given to hard work on the farm.

After awhile he noticed that their farm was differently managed from other farms in the valley. Once he had to punch a boy's head for calling it a "menagerie." Fleda Fillibron named it "a circus" one recess, but you couldn't do anything when girls said such things. It was all right, this old farm of theirs, and very interesting, too, because so many different sorts of people lived there more or less of the time.

First, were the Indians on their island in the

willows. The boy liked them exceedingly, and they taught him lots of new things.

Then there was a little bunch of Canton Chinese with their "boss-man," who had a neat little camp under a sycamore. His father said that several of these Chinamen had been twenty years on the farm. They were fine workers in the nursery and garden; they could bud, graft and take care of young plants.

Nor was this all. He could look across the fields from the top of the barn and see a number of Portuguese, Italians and Chilenos running chisel-toothed cultivators; he could go through the vineyard, orchard or dairy and find Frenchmen, Swiss, Scotchmen and sturdy Americans from Maine, New Jersey, Missouri and elsewhere, all getting along together in great cheerfulness. One year half a dozen Negroes got in the hay crop.

The boy's father hired anyone that happened along, only asking each group to choose its own "boss-man," and everyone was contented; the same people kept coming back year after year.

There was nothing quite like this anywhere else in the valley. One land-owner used only Indian labor. He complained, however, that they got drunk too often. Another rancher depended entirely on Portuguese, but he said they had too many feast days. A stately Virginian had a row of cottages on his land for the families of his Negro laborers, but he acknowledged that it was impracticable to get white men to work with them.

One evening the boy told his father that he wished some Dyaks, Zulus and Patagonians would happen along. The old farmer smiled, as if he had somewhat expected this; he kept fairly good track of the youth's reading.

"Last year," he said, "you wanted Greeks to tell you the Homeric legends, and Hungarians to sing you the songs of Arpad. The year before that you had the lame little sailor from Finland who gave us so much of the Kalevala."

But as no more "new neighbors from strange countries," as the farmer's wife called them, came along that summer, the boy had to make the most of his Asiatic friends the Chinamen—Chue, Fot, Tye, Sing and three or four others. One of them had carried him around when he was a baby. Another had sent to China every year for seeds and even plants, which were now growing comfortably on the old farm—a tea-shrub, a camelia and a lichee, a cum-quat, a bamboo and a cinnamon. A third had twice been back to China, and had brought porcelain cups to the farmer's wife and treasures of jade to the boy. Big Tye had once pulled the boy out of a creek in wild flood, when the bank crumbled with him, for Tye had been a river boatman, and could swim like a Mandarin duck.

Every now and then the Chinamen invited the boy to take supper with them, and he always had