

behold! they are rapidly discovering that the Chinese Exclusion Act is not just what it ought to be! It never occurred to them while trade was good, but now that it is not so good, they and some of our politicians are quite sure that the "Exclusion Law does not hold out to China the hand of fair treatment and good will that this nation extends to other countries!" Just the other day it was declared by one of our Alabama congressmen, that the President has now, with Congress off his hands, a fine opportunity to put in practice his "square deal doctrine," and deliver the cotton-growers and manufacturers from the Chinese boycott! It is obligatory upon us, in other words, to deal fairly and humanly with the Chinaman, for revenue only—or chiefly!

Could there be a better illustration than this of that infidelity to the moral teaching of Jesus which confronts us to-day, whithersoever we turn? And what infidelity could be worse than that of regulating our conduct, national or individual, towards our fellow human beings, rather for what they have in their pocket-books, than for what they have and are in themselves?

Unless something is done, beginning at the cradles of our boys and girls and going with them as they grow to adult manhood and womanhood—something to check this terrible infidelity to moral ideals that is nothing less than moral insanity, more terrible often on the part of owners of millions, than on the part of the penniless highwayman, more terrible often on the part of the makers of laws than on the part of the violators of them—unless something is done, the time is close at hand when, whatever men profess with their lips, the money-bank, not the church, will be our most sacred building—its brick-and-steel vault our sacramental altar; and highest on the standard we shall follow in the conduct of our daily life will be the conquering sign, not of Jesus, Christ and Lord, nor yet of Caesar, lord, too, in his lower realm; but the *serpent-sign of the Dollar, traced in the blood of souls!*

JAPANESE SUPERIORITY.

An article kindly furnished to us by Dr. W. E. Macklin, for 20 years a missionary physician at Nanking, China.

The wonderful progress of the Japanese since 1868 has surprised the world. Their progress is not an evolution, according to the teaching of Spencer and Huxley, for this would

require ages of gradual development of the brain matter, with a resultant better mind product. The brain matter has not changed much in a generation. The Japs have simply studied and mastered the learning of the west. Formerly they learned of the Chinese. Now they follow occidental teachers.

I think they have not improved on the learning of their teachers. All kinds of Japanese manufactured articles, such as clocks, lamps, cutlery, etc., shipped to China, are much inferior to American and European goods. This inferiority the Chinese recognize.

The superiority of the Japanese in war is largely due to the fact that they have always been a warlike people, whose country has never been invaded by a foreign foe. They have always been brave, like the Swiss and Hollanders, and fear not death nor any foe. Like the Swiss, they have an intense patriotism.

The Shinto religion is a hero worship, and the great gods of the pantheon are the deified generals and emperors who have been distinguished in war. The emperor is supposed to be a descendant of the sun goddess, and a god himself. Banzai means "10,000 years" to the emperor, or "long live the emperor."

Fanatic patriotism and hero worship produce a type of soldier difficult to conquer. No corrupt government like that of Russia can hope to win against the brave island empire. The pride of corrupt Spain under Philip II. and III. was humbled by patriotic little Holland. "Charles the Bold" and other potentates struggled in vain against the Swiss love of country. The spirit of the soldier is the essential thing. Cromwell's Ironsides fought with a zeal for liberty. The French revolutionists easily hurled back foreign invaders, as they believed they fought for liberty, equality and fraternity.

It has been said that the Japanese success is due to their simplicity of life, and especially their vegetarianism. But this is surely a mistake. Many Japanese eat little meat, as they cannot afford it, but the leaders and brainy people use a great deal of animal food. Pigs and sheep have not been raised in Japan until lately, but beef is very much used. Fish, eggs and chickens are the leading animal foods of Japan.

Many Japanese gentry have fishponds in their gardens, and the guests sometimes pick out the fish to be caught by the servants. It is captured, cut into slices and eaten raw.

I have lived for weeks in Japanese hotels, and have always been served fish, chicken, eggs or beef. I have frequently been obliged to send my raw fish back to be cooked. It was found that soldiers and marines were subject to that fearful disease, beri-beri, or kakke, if they lived on a simple rice diet; but a Western diet prevented this fatal disease. Even in the jails pure rice is not served, but wheat is mixed with it. If the Japs had not more or less adopted the food-stuff of the West, as well as the weapons, beri-beri would have melted away the forces of the mikado quicker than the bullets of the enemy.

Tuberculosis is another dread disease of Japan, and I believe is due to a lack of good nutritious food, especially among poor scholars and those of sedentary habits.

It was a common practice a few years ago for a Japanese to save up for weeks, and then take his family to a Western hotel and have a good feast. Buddhist devotees are vegetarians, but with others, it is a simple question of finances.

The Japs are an exceedingly immoral people, so their military prestige is not due to moral superiority, though they are self-restrained by patriotic devotion in this great struggle against the Russian. They are certainly not saturated in vodka.

The Japanese are the cleanest people on earth. They bathe very frequently, using the hot bath. The Chinese are a filthy people, and are afflicted with itch and vermin almost universally. Their proverb says: "The rich get itch, the poor get lice."

A very important reason for military prowess among partly civilized peoples is the fact that high civilization produces wealth, while semi-civilization produces men. England has nearly ruined her agricultural population. Her "wealth increases but her men decay." Out of 11,000 men who offered to enlist in Manchester, Eng., at the time of the Boer war, 10,000 were rejected as physically unfit.

In China and Japan there is no race suicide. Farms are small, and an immense population is engaged in the simple, healthful life of producing food-stuffs from the soil. A sure way to prevent a "yellow peril" is to rapidly civilize the heathen—teach them to live to produce wealth at the expense of physique, also teach them to live in slums and flats and the benefits of not rearing a next generation.

When I rode through Tokio on a street railway at a cent and one-half

a ride, and saw a city of nearly 1,500,000, living and doing business in one and two-storied shops and dwelling houses, I thought: "Thank the Lord for a good earthquake now and again." They can't have sky-scrapers in Tokio. Earthquakes would make it as dangerous to build flats in Japan as it was to build a tower of Babel.

The countries where the majority of the people cultivate small farms and develop health in the open air, and where the cities do not go skyward, are the "fittest to survive" in the coming struggle among nations. Given a nation of fanatical patriots, with the soldiers as tillers of the soil, innured to hardships in the open air from daylight till dark; and the workers in our factories and mills, sweat-shops and slums would be wiped out of existence. A few thousand hardy Boer farmers played with England's great army, and cost her a billion and a half of money. What could not the hordes of China and Japan, well drilled and armed, do against the flat-chested degenerates of the manufacturing and commercial races? The bummers that hang about our saloons and tobacco shops would be "food for powder." An army of 10,000,000 could be raised in China, each man capable of enduring more hardships, hunger and exposure than any of our city-bred fellows.

We should prevent race suicide, and earnestly endeavor to get our people on the land, if we desire to avert a yellow peril. Cigarette smoking, cocaine, coca-cola, whisky and other narcotics should be avoided. No artificial gymnastics will take the place of a population reared on the soil. Our hope is along these lines.

The elegant, refined artistic Jap, with his indomitable will to lead, and the great and increasing hardy farmer populations to train into soldiers! Truly, this is a world problem, and the nations are not awake to it.

THE WORKHOUSE NIGHT SCHOOL IN CLEVELAND.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer of Jan. 1, 1905.

A. B. C's at 60? Certainly, there are men in town as old as that who are studying them patiently. Not in the ordinary schools of the city, however, but in the night school out at the workhouse.

It is a little over a year since Mr. Crane, the parole officer, asked permission to set up a night school. Permission was granted, and a room was

set apart and work began. Now there are close to 100 pupils. And the men really work, too.

Mr. Crane is the only man among the lot who is not a prisoner. His assistant teachers are from among the men themselves, and energetic, trustworthy teachers they have proved themselves to be. Mr. Crane is not at all afraid of the prisoners. The men did plot once to rise against him and escape. But he has friends among them who would not allow it, and the thing was stopped before it had really begun. He likes and trusts his charges, and seldom do they treat him badly.

The school opens at 7:30, and the session is generally two hours in length. The men are not forced to come, though. If it is found that a man is quite ignorant, he is brought if he can be got to consent. The other men generally like to come. It is two hours away from the deadly quiet and loneliness of their cells—two hours when they can have a certain amount of liberty, when they may see each other, have plenty of light, and a bit of conversation now and then, though, as in other schools, "whispering" is a forbidden pleasure, and these grown-up scholars are reported for it just as they might have been long ago, when they were ten-year-olds.

As for the government, the men look after it themselves. Each class elects a representative. The school has a governor and a prosecuting attorney, who are elected by the school at large. When a man is reported for misconduct, he is tried. The representatives of the different classes are the jury, the governor is the judge, and he is represented by an attorney of his own choosing. The prosecuting attorneyship is an office much desired, and the holders of it have an importance excelled only by that of the governor.

The most severe penalty that can be inflicted on a man is that of being disfranchised. When his vote is taken from him he is permitted to go to class as usual, but he cannot have a voice in the government of the school. The punishment is a severe one, and the men really dread it—especially as their names are written on a blackboard for all to see.

The men all take great interest in the cleanliness of the school, and voted against all tobacco using during school hours. A man who swears is tried, as is a man who picks a quarrel, who is caught cheating or trying

in any way to work against the quiet and usefulness of the school.

A visit to the place is most interesting. When you enter you stand at one side of a big prison room, filled with long tables, about which sit the classes. In the center is a raised platform for Mr. Crane's desk. Around the walls are blackboards. Mottoes have been lettered on the walls, most of them relating to the advantages of learning.

The men all look interested, and seem to be working. By each class stands its teacher, correcting, assisting much after the manner of teachers everywhere.

"Oh, yes," said one of them, "I like doing this. It's lots better than staying in your cell. It's so dark there you can't read, and so lonesome it's awful. The days in prison are not so bad. You have your work. It's the nights, when you are all alone, that make it bad. And this takes you away from all that for two hours, anyhow.

"Yes, the men work pretty well. Here's a Greek over here who's rather interesting. He could read and write his native language, but when he came in here two weeks ago he didn't know a thing about English except for a few spoken words. Now watch him."

The man had spread open before him a first reader, and was copying rapidly in writing the printed words. He wrote in an easy, flowing hand, with the greatest of ease, apparently.

"I don't believe," said his teacher, "that he really understands what he is writing. When he first learned he wanted to write everything backwards. He got over that, and now writes well, as you can see, but I really don't believe he understands it."

At another table not far away was the A, B, C class. Most of its members were men over 50 years of age. A few were younger. There was one dreamy-eyed Italian boy of not more than 16. The men peered at their primers through spectacles, and it was pathetic to see their heavy, stubby fingers struggling with pencil or chalk as they tried to form the letters that were so strange to them.

Other classes were more advanced, some very far up indeed. Mr. Crane was teaching a class in geometry. Two men, seated together at a table, were studying automobile construction, and there was a large class in commercial correspondence, with a teacher who had been a successful traveling man, and who taught whereof he knew.