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.

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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 litchee, a cum-quat, a bamboo and a cinnamon. A third had twice been back to China, and had brought poreclain 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

a first-rate time. Then he sat in their house, told them all sorts of stories out of his books, listened to theirs in return, and was perfectly at home with them.

Very gradually they confided to him their small ambitions. One hoped to return to his native province, and there become like Kai Lung, a famous story teller of stories about strange lands, peoples and events. Another knew where he would buy two whole acres of rice-land, seek a wife in orthodox Chinese fashion among his own people, and so settle down near to the graves of his ancestors. A third, one night said to the boy: "Bad man, good man everywhere."

"Yes," the boy answered.

"'Merican bad man very bad; 'Merican good man very good."

"Guess that's the way of it."

"Yes, that way. But 'Merican know heap. 'Merican gov'ment very good, indeed. Always treat China square. Me go back China—me 'member good 'Merican; me forget bad 'Merican."

He struggled awhile with his English, then he broke forth: "Special, me 'member you fader, you moder an' you. Me send you things ev'y year. Me like you come see me. Not long way."

It was in Kearney days, and when the anti-Chinese agitation began to spread over California it took some curious forms which its leaders probably did not expect nor desire. The little village store and post office of the valley contained a number of noisy and lazy "agitators." They organized and passed resolutions against all who employed Chinese. Their Committee waited on the old farmer, and gave him twenty-four hours to "fire those Chinamen."

The farmer invited them into his office, and called his boy in, too. Then he brought out his accounts.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, "these books show that I have regularly employed on this place five white men for every Chinaman; they also prove that the Chinamen have been carefully used for kinds of work in which no white men who ever came here are expert, and that they have thus enabled me to hire more white men. They have given me good service, and when they go back to China they will strengthen the bonds of good-will between the two countries."

"If we get hold of them they won't," said one of the agitators.

"That is quite enough for thee to say," said the old farmer with a sweet and yet tingling firmness, as he closed the interview.

As the Committee went past the Chinese camp one of them threw in a stick of stove-wood, wrecking their dishes. The Chinamen came home from the field and cleared up the kitchen without a word. Then they took the afternoon off, went down into the Creek bottoms, where the Indians lived, with revolvers and ammunition which they brought out from some secret recess. There Tye and Chue took the lead, and the bunch practiced shooting for hours at a board on which they had drawn with charcoal the outlines of what Chue said was: "One lazy, no-count bummer; he say, 'Chinese must go!'"

Soon there came the rumor that some people had said the farmer's big alfalfa hay-stacks and new barn would be burned if he kept his Chinamen.

When this reached the latter, one came to the farmer, and said: "You like, me go; you like, me stay; me whip hoodlum man."

Saturday afternoon, a little later, the wise old farmer sent again for the village Committee. He had a little wagon; he took the three men in and drove them down to the Chinese shooting-grounds, where five men were faithfully improving their marksmanship. It was wonderfully good shooting, too. Then the farmer drove the Committee around to his big hay-stack.

"Here," he told them, "are some unknown person's tracks; he went all around the other night. But here at this corner stood an armed Chinaman, unknown then to me, keeping guard. If that fellow had fired the stack the Chinaman would have shot him."

The farmer went on, in his quiet way: "Now, friends, we live together in this beautiful valley, and its interests are ours. I want to quiet down those Chinamen and have them bud more peach trees for me to sell to the neighbors. We need more orchards here. We can't have anybody hurt. If you boys will persuade your side to let it drop, I'll take away those pistols and get that budding done."

The spokesman laughed, a short little laugh. "I never supposed that a Chinaman would fight. I never thought he had any feelings. But I know these fellows would stay right with you, and I really don't understand it."

"At bottom, Hal, they are just like the rest of us. The Almighty made Asia as well as America." He put his hand in his pocket and drew out an envelope.

"Now, Hal," he said, "you remember when your little nephew died, and my boy went over and found you crying out by the barn door, and sat down and talked to you and told you how sorry he was."

"He's a mighty good boy," said Hal.

"Well, one day I found Chue out in the orchard, flat on the ground, crying. He had just heard, through his Company, that his little nephew in China, an only child, was dead, and the Company sent him a picture. He had it in his hands. You can see the tear-stains."

The farmer drew the picture out of the envelope and gave it to Hal. It showed a beautiful boy, eager and lovable. Hal handed it back, nodding his head slowly, shook hands with the farmer and went off with his companions.

"Go down and tell Tye that the trouble is all over," said the farmer to his son, "and ask him

please to bring their pistols and cartridges to me, and then take their budding knives and work extra hours!"

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN

"THE CITY OF THE CIVIC MIND."

From Report of the Recent Conference of Charities and Corrections, in the Survey of July 6.

Cleveland has a way of revivifying one's faith in the city as the "hope of democracy." Fifteen hundred members of the National Conference of Charities and Correction last month caught something from its spirit in helping to expand the range and democratic emphasis of their own body. . . .

It was this city which contributed to the National Conference the largest audience which it has ever known. It was the press of this city which, at a time when the political grist was the most plentiful in the history of parties, opened its columns to a greater quantity of Conference news than any papers ever had done before. But it was not only the Cleveland of oil refineries, of steel specialties and of automobile parts that did this. It was the Cleveland of three-cent street-car fares and of the lowest death rate among the large American cities. It was the Cleveland which boasts of a larger home use of its public libraries than Chicago and a larger per capita circulation than Boston or New York, Philadelphia or Cincinnati. It was the Cleveland that has already expended $12,000,000 on a "group plan" of public buildings which when completed will cost upward of $25,000,000. It was the Cleveland which insists that more of its residents own their own homes than is the case in any other city of equal size. It was, finally, the Cleveland which claims a greater amount of intelligent acquaintance with civic affairs among its citizens than can be found elsewhere in the United States. The tent meetings during the traction campaigns a few years ago were great schools of public questions, and night after night the people listened to presentations of the law and the facts, transfused with the vision of the city that was to be. At the Mayor's Luncheon, held under the auspices of the Conference committee on standards of living and labor, when the spirit of the late Tom L. Johnson, Mayor and man, was vivified by his successor and associate, Newton D. Baker, this story was told:

A man once came to Mr. Baker and said: "My town is going to have a street railway fight. I want to know all about Cleveland's."

"I shall be only too glad to tell you all I know," said Mr. Baker, "but unfortunately I have appointments until one o'clock. Will you come back then?"

"How can I most profitably put in the two hours until that time?" asked the stranger.

The answer was: "Go out on the public square, sit down by the most unlikely man you can find—the one who looks most as if he didn't know the difference between a franchise and a double track. Ask that man to tell you about Cleveland's street railway fight, and when you come back I will tell you whatever you haven't been able to learn from him."

The man came back at the end of two hours. "I needn't keep my appointment here," he said. "I found an old chap whose feet were out of his shoes, whose elbows were out of his shirt sleeves, and who looked as if he had just sobered up for the first time in a month—in short, I found the unlikeliest looking individual at large. I put one question to him and he started right in at the beginning and filled in all the details and brought me down to date. There's nothing for you to tell me unless you know what's going to happen. He hasn't been let in on that."

This coming together of the expert and the man in the street, which has been characteristic of the militant city movements of the past decade, is scarcely less true of the fields of social concern treated by the National Conference. It would be impossible to interest an entire city in the bookkeeping of a car barn as such, but when this is lifted into a place in the city's program of achievement, then the capacity of the people to study and understand is well-nigh limitless.

VIOLENCE AND VOTES.

Lucia Ames Mead in The Independent of June 27, 1912.

We have recently seen the private property of neutrals destroyed without compensation in the "war" in which English suffragets have engaged in London. Their violence was by no means the result of impulse, but was coolly planned and executed, and they did what is prohibited by all codes in actual war.

The primary reason why these women, many of them refined ladies of social position, engaged deliberately in such lawlessness, at the word of command from headquarters, was chiefly that their judgment had been warped by misinformation persistently drilled into their minds for years by leaders whose devotion and ability were unquestioned and whose statements and unfounded inferences were adjudged to be equally unquestionable. Two statements were reiterated vehemently on all occasions—one, that extension of the suffrage to men had usually been achieved through violence, and only so could a stubborn Parliament be made to yield; the other, that all peaceable methods had been exhausted and nothing but violence, under the euphemism of "direct action," remained as the alternative to abject failure and submission. In