

EVIDENCES THAT CHINAMEN IN AMERICA ARE MENTALLY BROADENING AND SHAKING OFF RACIAL FAULTS



OFFICERS OF THE CHINESE EMPIRE REFORM ASSOCIATION.

From left to right they are: (Seated) Wang Wai Jee, the richest Chinaman in Japan; Lung Kai Chen, founder; (standing) Charles Yeh Yen, a Vancouver merchant; Pow Chee, foreign secretary.

measured with big wooden calipers, a tree is cut down, its diameter and length are measured, and with these figures in hand a close estimate of the number of feet of timber standing in the compartment is arrived at. This, with the age and condition of the timber, goes into the report to be presented to the War Department. Again, each compartment is carefully gone through, and trees to be removed are "blazed" or marked for removal.

On the face of things the work the forestry students are engaged in seems easy, but as a matter of fact it is anything but easy. The fresh air and life in the forest are desirable things, but measuring and marking trees lose attractiveness after being followed steadily for months at a time. Again, tent life, while it has its attractions, wears on one after many meals of one's own cooking, and it must be admitted that debates on which trees should be planted in this or that locality often give way to the more pressing questions of who is to wash the dishes or gather firewood in the little colony among the woods on Crow's Nest. Breaking camp and "hitting the trail" is another trial of the forestry students, and usually provokes a discussion as to who shall carry the camp kettle and other heavy pieces to the new camping ground.

The company of students is divided into three separate camps, each responsible to Mr. Marston, who has his headquarters in the village of Highland Falls, at the foot of the mountains. Daily reports are made to him, the better to help him in his work on the map and report to be turned over to the War Department.

The life of the young men up there in the woods is not without its bright side. College songs and jokes help to while the evenings away, and the echoes about Crow's Nest are doing more work now than they have done in years. Every member of the forestry party is as brown as a berry, and it is a question whether their friends will recognize them when they get back to civilization, about the middle of next month. They take great pride in the fact that they are the pioneers in a work that will mean much to one of the most important military stations in the country, as well as to the War Department in years to come.

A REAL CHINESE CHURCH CHOIR.

San Francisco has a real Chinese choir. It is a church choir, complete in all its parts, and composed of young Chinese vocalists, who are accompanied on the organ by a Chinese organist. It sings to a purely Chinese congregation composed of men, women and children.

It was in 1886 that a Chinese branch of the Presbyterian Church was formed in San Francisco. It was found extremely hard to bring the men and women together for worship. There was a religious and social chasm that the men shrunk from crossing. But concessions were made and the women were allowed to worship behind screens and curtains. Prejudices were lost as time wore on, and in 1870 curtains and screens began to be lowered and finally to disappear. But the men kept to one side of the church and the women to the other. But the choir marks one of the most positive advances, for in it young men and young women stand side by side and their voices blend sweetly, rhythmically and devotionally in hymns of praise.

CHINESE PROGRESS.

Signs of It Shown by Charity for Suffering Jews.

The announcement of a benefit performance for the Russian Jews to be given in a Chinese theatre in this city the other day caused great astonishment in some quarters.

"What! The Chinese giving to charity?" "The idea of an unselfish Chinaman!" "Chinamen helping Jews? How funny!"

These were some of the ejaculations of New-Yorkers unfamiliar with inner life of the modern Mott-st. Chinaman. To a casual observer, the almond eyed denizens of the Chinese colony seem just as stolid and sordid and selfish as ever. A few more may have cut off their queues and donned American dress, but the average New-York citizen is likely to interpret this transformation as superficial, made for mercenary purposes, and liable to give way later to the old time blouse and wooden shoes of the true native returning at last to China with a fortune.

Closer study of the better class of New-York Chinamen, however, shows that they have caught the spirit of progress from their new home. Whatever may have been the type of Celestial portrayed by San Francisco labor agitators a

quarter of a century ago, there is a goodly portion of the ten thousand natives of the Flowery Kingdom in this city who have successfully assimilated many American customs and adopted principles altogether foreign to their own ancient civilization. This broadening of the Oriental mind has not occurred in a few days. The evolution of the Chinaman from his old time bigotry and self-sufficiency to a higher plane, where he sees his failures and wants, and, in Yankee parlance, to "get there," has been the result of years. John Chinaman in this city is indeed awakening from that dreamy, narcotic lethargy which once seemed the curse of his race.

When the news of the massacres at Kishineff reached the Jews of this city, and a general appeal for charity was made, there were two Chinamen who responded as if their own people had been afflicted. Joseph H. Singleton, president of the local organization of the powerful Chinese Empire Reform Association, and Guy Maine (pronounced Ming), head of the Chinese Mission of St. Bartholomew's Church, met the Jewish relief committee, and Mr. Singleton said:

"We want to help you. We believe in liberty and want to aid those who suffer from bigotry."

"The Chinese will give a benefit performance for the Russian Jews," said Mr. Maine. "We ought to raise several hundred dollars for you."

Jim Ling, stage manager and "boss" of the Chinese theatre at No. 5 Doyers-st., shook his head at first.

"I no know," he said. "I likee help, but I t'ink peformance not muchee good. No clowd. No monee."

Contrary to Jim Ling's expectations, the theatre was thronged on the night of the benefit. The forty actors who do not draw salaries, but divide the "gate receipts" between them, offered their services for nothing, and played their parts with particular vivacity. It was a tragedy of the times of the bloody Tartars, when the Chinese were first made to wear the queue by their savage conquerors as a token of subjection. Fow Chung, the Booth of Doyers-st., had a record number of curtain calls, and the box office receipts turned over to the Jewish committee amounted to \$280.

This evidence of Chinese charity, in contradiction of the oldtime belief that "John Chinaman is only for John Chinaman," is only one illustration. At the time of the Jacksonville disaster the Chinamen of this city, through the efforts of the Rev. Huie Kin, who is in charge of the Presbyterian mission in Mott-st., raised nearly \$100 for the relief of sufferers.

It has been the Chinese custom for immigrants to foreign shores to ship back the bones of their dead to their native land. At Hong Kong there is a great clearing house for skeletons, where all that is left of the wandering Celestial at last returns for a final resting place. Here relatives of the dead may come, and for the sum of \$10, to cover shipping and storage, they may obtain the coveted box and its rattling contents. In the Chinese cemetery on Long Island the body is only allowed to lie for about four years. Then comes the grewsome task of digging it up, pulling the bones apart and cleaning them, packing the gaunt cargo in a tin covered box about the size of an infant's coffin, and shipping it to Hong Kong.

The more advanced Chinese however, have revolted against this uncanny custom. They now want their bones to rest in the land of their adoption. They have bought a plot of land at Kensico, and organized what is known as the

Christian Chinese Burial Association. Among their bylaws is this significant sentence: "No heathen rite or ceremony shall be allowed at any time at the burial or on the grave of a deceased."

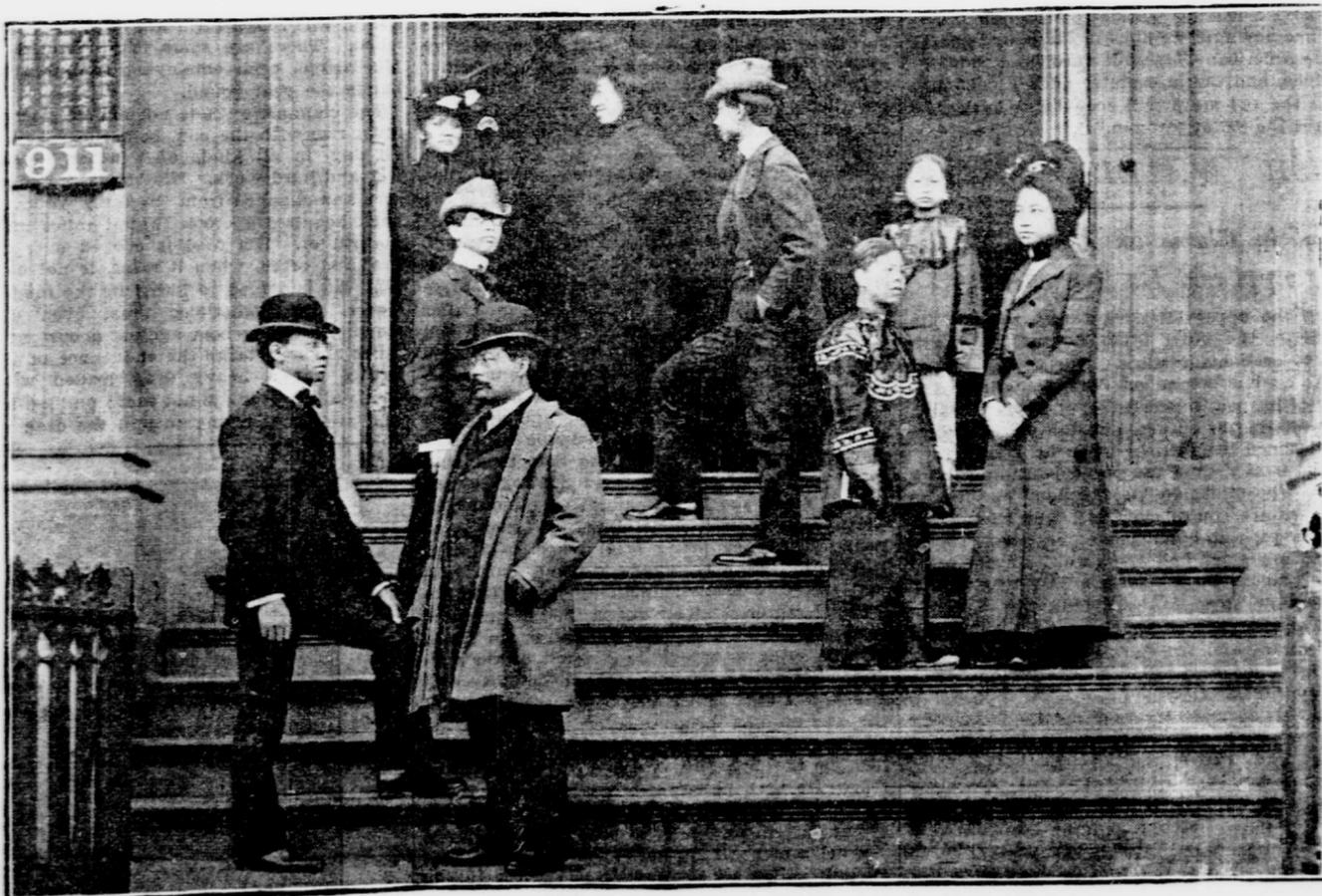
Just before this cemetery was laid out the necessity of such a place was emphasized by a pathetic event in which a heathen Chinese father and a one time Christian mother figured. Their child had died, and the father, who was a Chinese merchant, in his love for his little one, ordered the tomtoms and other pagan instruments used in the Chinese funeral service. The mother had once been a Christian, but an evil life, which had at last dragged her to the attic of a Mott-st. tenement house, had fairly dispelled her thoughts of God. Instead she worshipped the rattan couch and the sputtering opium ball. But the sight of idolatrous implements and the sound of the tomtoms for her baby roused her from her lethargy. She pleaded with the pagan merchant, but in vain. At last a gentle mannered missionary worker from the Morning Star Mission in Doyers-st. went and talked with the Chinaman. But all efforts were futile. In her desperation the wife made use of strategy, and watching her opportunity she took the coffin one night and drove off in a closed carriage. Mott-st. is still wondering where the little child was buried.

There are about ten thousand Chinamen in this city, and of these three thousand wash the clothes of their American neighbors. There are about one thousand laundries, with an average of three men to a shop. To an outsider who peers into the window by day or night it would seem that the laundrymen never sleep. From Monday night till Saturday night their rest is short, but Sunday and Monday they get enough sleep to last them the rest of the week. The laundry is, however, the missionary's easiest field. Here he finds most of his converts. Those who work hardest are most likely to keep away from evil influences.

Of the rest of the Chinese population, four thousand are merchants in the Chinese district, and their trade extends to the many thousand laundries in suburban and country districts. Another thousand are in the tobacco, cigar and cigarette business, while the other two thousand are transients flocking hither from China and representing the heads of the big commercial houses of that country.

But in all Chinatown there are only fifty Chinese women. One rarely sees them on the streets. The women are extremely shy; and yet, in spite of their seclusion and their practical slavery at the hands of their husbands or masters, they, too, have caught the American spirit of progress. When they are compelled of necessity to go out they dress after the fashion of Western women. They change their loose kimonas and baggy pantaloons for the tightly fitting waists and trailing skirts of the Americans. Almost all the women live at Nos. 21, 32 and 43 Mott-st.

"But we dislike the American dress," said Mrs. Wung Tai Kee, of No. 1 Doyers-st., who is an intelligent woman and an able partner in the business of her husband, the sign painter of Chinatown. "We Chinese women," she continued, "abominate the corset. In our native country we have the evil custom of pinching the feet. But dwarfing the feet cannot harm a woman as the squeezing of the waist. When you dwarf the waist you dwarf the heart. One may have a pygmy pair of feet and still have a healthful body. But the Chinese are progress-



CHINESE CHOIR ON STEPS OF A PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.