

office alone. If the amount transmitted in drafts could be added, the figures would be many times as imposing. However, the figures are large enough to show that the Japanese are not in California to grow up with the country, but simply to make money to be spent at home.

The intrusion of the Japanese into the rural labor markets of California was accomplished by almost imperceptible degrees. Beginning by competing with the Chinese for a day's work, the little brown man is now a wealthy farmer and landlord. His progress is one of the agrarian marvels of the state. The conditions that surround the Japanese in the agricultural and horticultural sections are typified by the history of the Japanese in the Vaca valley, one of the tributaries of the great Sacramento valley in the northern part of California.

By underbidding Chinese labor, the Japanese drove their hereditary foes out of the country and assured themselves of undisturbed work in harvesting the peaches, apricots, pears and prunes for which the Vaca valley is noted. In the beginning they worked for half the wage paid to the Chinese, but not for long. When they had made themselves valuable they demanded more money, and if it was not forthcoming they had no compunction about striking in gangs at the height of the season until the farmer with ruin staring him in the face was compelled to grant their demands. Living on next to nothing, sleeping in bunk houses, buying their few necessities from Japanese storekeepers, they saved most of their money.

The next move of the Japanese.

THEN came the next step. Having acquired a knowledge of prices and profits, they proposed to orchardists to lease their crops, the Japanese to prune the trees, pick the fruit, market it and pay a rental to the owners at the end of the season. Backed by the packing houses, the Japanese made a success of their ventures and soon took the inevitable further step of leasing the orchard and farm lands. At the present time, within the township of Vacaville alone, an area of thirty-six square miles, the Japanese have leased 75 per cent of the farm lands. The farmers and orchardists have not lost money so far, but white labor has been driven out of Vacaville and expert opinion has it that the fruit trees will be injured greatly, in some instances destroyed, within a few years, by the eagerness of the Japanese to force from them all that they can be made to yield. The Japanese are not banking so much on the future as on the present; he is not wedded to the soil of California.

What is true of Vacaville has happened or is happening in other parts of the great central valleys of California. At the lower end of this fertile domain, near the mountain pass which separates southern from northern California is Fresno county, the great raisin growing section. Because he is a natural "squatter" and can endure the almost tropical heat better than the white laborer, the Japanese has become the grape-picker of Fresno. In the summer there are 6,000 Japanese employed in and about the city of Fresno. The white men cannot compete with them and they have become so expert at their work that the best pickers, doing piece work, earn from \$5 to \$7 a day. Their progress as landlords has been slower here than in the upper valley, but already 1,500 acres of vineyards are in Japanese control.

In and about Los Angeles the Japanese have to compete with the cheap "cholo" labor of the Mexicans and Portuguese; so their economic importance is considerably discounted. Yet even in that thrifty country the little brown man has acquired land and has placed himself in competition with the white farmer or fruit grower, notably in Tropic in the beautiful San Fernando valley.

California doesn't like him.

WHEREVER he has gone in California, the Japanese is disliked. That is a broad, perhaps a startling statement, but it is borne out by ample documentary evidence. The San Francisco landlord who leases his property to him or the Vacaville orchardist who lets him market his apricots has the same feeling of repugnance for him as the average Californian who meets him, as rarely as possible, in casual contact.

Ask the farmer in Sacramento, the orchardist in Vacaville or the raisin grower in Fresno about the Japanese and the answers will be wonderfully alike. They will all say that they would prefer white labor if they could get it and that, if they must have Asiatic workmen, they would rather have Chinese than Japanese. Why? Because, they answer, the Japanese cannot handle horses or machinery, because they cannot be as fully trusted or depended upon, either to do their work properly when not constantly watched, to keep their contracts or to stay by their work at the crucial period of the harvesting.

That the Japanese are industrious, progressive,



WHEN WEST MEETS EAST.

An English periodical, the London Sphere, graphically presents the importance of the race problem on the Pacific Coast in the above map. It says of the black line along the coast, "Where the Frontier line of the White Man's World has to be drawn."

law-abiding and in the main "decent," as that term is usually applied, nearly every employer of brown labor is willing to admit. Drunkenness is not common among them and while they are usually willing to lose their money to the Chinese in gambling, this vice is kept pretty well in check by their hoarding proclivities.

California glories in her cosmopolitan population. Rightly or wrongly she thinks that the blood of all Europe has helped to enrich the veins of her sons and daughters. But she has a marked racial antipathy for Mongolians; and if Japan is ever able to make good the claim that her people are not of Mongolian origin, she is perfectly willing to declare that she has a racial antipathy for Mongolians—and Japanese.

It has been intimated that the Jap-baiters of the recently adjourned legislature lacked the sympathy of enlightened Californians. That is true, but at the same time not very many Californians look upon the Japanese as persecuted beings. California has made up her mind otherwise about the Japanese. And though there were politicians and

American college fashion, is jostled on the sidewalk and assailed with opprobrious epithets, borrowed from his own tongue. Occasionally there is an outbreak of violence. Always the Japanese is made to feel that he is with us on sufferance and that his room is vastly preferable to his company.

Will this antagonism gradually disappear, as in the case of the Chinese? It might, if the Japanese comported themselves as humbly as the Chinese. But they do not. Their assumption of equality with the white man, perfectly justified, no doubt, by the position of Japan in the civilization of today, but markedly discounted for Californians by the character of the Japanese who bulk largest in immigration, angers the Californian upon whose notice it is forced. A theoretical equality he is willing to acknowledge, but he most decidedly will not admit the Japanese to the benefits of practical equality. Remonstrate with a Californian about this and he will insist that his experience convinces him that he is right. Upbraid him and he will tell you that the president and the mikado may do what they please about it.

demagogues who made a lot of noise recently about the whole matter, California as a whole refused to lose her serenity over it.

But that serenity need yield no comfort to the Japanese and their champions. California sees no war clouds looming on the western horizon. But war or no war, California believes that the Japanese should not be allowed to come within her borders to disturb labor conditions and to get possession of the land. California has an abiding conviction that in the fullness of time she is going to have an exclusion law that will keep the Japanese out.

From Chinese to Japanese.

THE antagonism that was formerly directed against the Chinese spends itself now upon the Japanese. There is less violence, very much less, but the same feeling is there. The Japanese laborer, rakishly outfitted in the most pronounced

An End to Fear of Ocean Storms



Dr. Schlick and his gyroscope.

IN heavy storms at sea in times of yore, oil was poured upon the troubled waters. Today, science makes no effort to still the waves but seeks to keep level the decks of the ship itself. And the feat has been accomplished. A German scientist, Dr. Otto Schlick, by means of an old discarded torpedo boat of the German Imperial navy, recently offered a spectacle that evoked much wonder in the maritime countries bordering the North sea.

Off the east coast of England, a little below New Castle-on-Tyne, a little craft was bowling along at ten knots an hour. She seemed a very tiny vessel, indeed, probably measuring about 100 feet in length by ten in beam—not much larger than the sturdy tugboats that drag our huge lake craft into port.

The man at the wheel seemed in reckless mood, for presently he brought the vessel into the trough of the sea, her whole length exposed to the weather, where she began to pitch and roll in a manner apparently most dangerous.

Then suddenly a queer thing occurred. Though the pilot still maintained the course he had set, gradually this rolling motion began to vanish; it grew less and less, till finally the craft, quite independent of the rough waters, was rising and falling with the undulations of the waves—her decks as level as one could wish.

Dr. Schlick had demonstrated that his idea,—the application of the gyroscope to ocean-going vessels to reduce their rolling, was practicable beyond the shadow of a doubt.

The gyroscope operates much in the manner of the ordinary boy's top. But in a top the axes are free to turn independently. In the gyroscope, they are fixed in a ring, which itself has free motion, so that while the apparatus is running, a downward pull on one side will be found to be resisted, and the tendency of that side will be to fly up. Hence, with a ship equipped with this device, if one side is tended to be raised or lowered by the action of the waves, the gyroscope immediately gets into action and will not allow it.

The gyroscope used by Dr. Schlick can be rotated at 3,000 revolutions a minute. It may be operated by either steam or electricity.

In a heavy sea the gyroscope turns and dips, as the waters act upon the vessel. As one watches, it hardly seems as if it were this machine that were thus in motion, but rather the sides of the vessel that were rushing away before the eyes. The same experience is familiar to every one who has ridden in a train, or stood on the bank of a rapid, rushing river.

Dr. Schlick's invention will do away with that great terror of ocean-travel, sea-sickness. In a heavy gale no longer will one's coffee cup go sliding to the floor or the contents of one's dinner plate take the liberty of turning themselves gracefully over into the lap of the person who seems most handy. And on a battle-ship, with the decks as level as though they were firing from a shore battery, men-of-war men can wonderfully improve their already wonderful marksmanship.