

THE CHINESE OF NEW YORK

CONTRASTED WITH THEIR FOREIGN NEIGHBORS.



POPULAR opinion, when considering our foreign immigrants, has given the lowest rank among them to the Chinese. Whether or not this is a just conclusion is a matter which certainly admits of discussion. But it behooves us, as Americans who desire to see justice done to all, to consider the

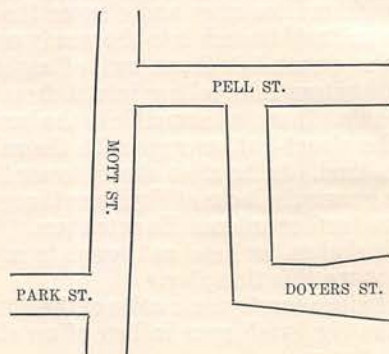
question from the standpoint of facts, and not of prejudice.

It is admittedly true that no city in America presents so varied a population as does New York. Here we have a quota of all the nationalities that have come to us, dwelling, to a very considerable extent, in colonies by themselves. Because of this colonization the native habits and customs, religious and domestic; are retained much longer, and the Americanization—I might almost say the civilization in some cases—is consequently slower and more laborious than in many cities. Here, also, the Chinese have congregated in sufficient numbers to form a settlement of their own, bearing the peculiar stamp of their nationality. For this reason, therefore, as a place for a comparison of the races when dwelling in America, New York City offers a peculiar advantage.

To judge a people accurately one should know something more of their inner life than can be learned from a tour of their colony, or from the police officers who stand guard at their doors. One should know the people by personal contact as well. From that point of view the writer is able to speak of the Chinese with the utmost freedom, and of the neighboring foreigners with a good degree of familiarity. The work of a city missionary has brought me to a considerable extent in contact with Italians, Russians, and Poles, Germans, Irish, and Chinese, and to a slight extent with Spaniards, Turks, French, and Scandinavians. But the comparisons which I wish to draw in this article are more particularly between the first-named classes, with

whom I am best acquainted, and who make up the immediate environment of New York's Chinatown.

Chinatown, as it is called, is composed of three short blocks, two of which intercept each other at right angles, thus:



Its inhabitants are not by any means confined to the Chinese, for many Italians, a few negroes, and a few Irish people share the crowded tenements with them. For the most part the buildings are old and dilapidated, and those converted to Chinese use have been refitted with the flimsiest of wooden partitions, and are void of many of the most ordinary of modern conveniences.

In the streets surrounding Chinatown to the north and east the population seems even more dense, if that can be possible, and is made up in the northeast portion of Russian and Polish Hebrews, and to the west and north of Italians. Directly east of Chinatown is that greatest artery of the city, Third Avenue, or "The Bowery," as the avenue is called from Chatham Square to Seventh street. This is the greatest field in the city for petty showmen and for lodging-house keepers. The street is lined from the terminus of the Brooklyn Bridge to the Cooper Union building with museums, theaters, beer-gardens, dance-halls, and dives of all sorts and degrees of degradation, while shops and stores, owned mostly by Jews, are sandwiched in between them. The upper stories of a large proportion of these build-

ings are used as lodging-houses and hotels for homeless men and boys, and are of all grades, from the seven-cents-per-night lodging to the fifty-cent «hotel.»

As to the moral status of the streets west and north of Chinatown, I need scarcely do more than mention that these are Mulberry, Baxter, and Bayard, and that within a stone's throw of Mott street is the notorious «Mulberry Bend,» for many years past the hiding-place of criminals, and the last and lowest resort of the abandoned and vicious of both sexes. The tales of «Mulberry Bend» that until recently assailed the ears of the missionary are absolutely unrelatable, and to be comprehended only by one used to the sight and knowledge of the lives of criminals and outcasts of the lowest possible character. Within the last few years the police have driven out the worst dives of the region, but the evil effects of those once-abounding evils are still to be seen there, and unfortunately tell sadly upon the Italians who have filled up the quarter. This, in brief, is the sort of life which surrounds Chinatown, and it is the purpose of this article to show whether or not the Chinese have found their element in its level, or whether, in spite of its stagnant, slimy, deadly influence, the Chinese character has asserted itself to be something better than its environment.¹

The moral status of a people is sometimes indicated in their amusements. The beer-gardens of the Bowery, the dance-halls and vaudeville performances of its theaters, its museums and its saloons, are patronized by English-speaking peoples of recent foreign extraction, and also by thousands of foreigners who speak no tongue but their own. Among them you will find the Polish and Russian Jew, the German, the Italian, the ever-present and permeative Irishman, the Spaniard and Hungarian, in fact, representatives from every country which has sent us its immigrants—except the Chinese.

The people of Mulberry Bend and Baxter street are for the most part too poor to patronize the gaudy shows of the Bowery. They have no amusements, unless drinking beer in saloons and courtyards can be called an amusement. This does, indeed, seem to be the only pleasure these sad people know, and a wedding or christening is celebrated by an all-night carousal, when beer flows freely, and night is made hideous with their songs. Songs and drinking are kept up until daylight, when the men stumble to their own

tenements to spend the day in a drunken stupor.

The amusements of Chinatown seem to consist of three things—the Chinese theater, opium-smoking, and social intercourse.



DRAWN BY F. H. LUNGREN.

PRESSING DOUGH.

Let us first consider the Chinese theater. In contrast with the vaudeville performance of the Bowery theaters and gardens is the Chinese play, steady, dignified, dramatic, rarely ever even humorous. Here, instead of some unnamable social scandal being utilized as the dramatic impulse of their play, the national history, the greatest fictions of Chinese literature, embodying innumerable moral precepts and examples, are the subjects for the actors' interpretation. The Chinese actor himself is the very embodiment of dignity, while the quintessence of etiquette marks his manners. He endeavors to conceal rather than betray emotion.

Do the Chinese dance? Never; neither in China nor in America, unless they have become so far denationalized as to be considered a foreign graft on the Western stalk, which occurs not once in a thousand cases. There is therefore no dance upon the Chinese stage. In all their performance, from beginning to end, there is nowhere any sort of a dance, from the likeness of the minuet of a century ago to the latest ballet step of to-

¹ A park has destroyed a part of the section.

—EDITOR.

day. The Chinese look upon such a thing as entirely beneath the dignity of a Chinaman, and such a performance would be received with disgust and hisses.

A well-known New York daily newspaper recently made itself ridiculous, and lauded its own ignorance to the skies, by referring with beautiful serenity to the wickedness of the vaudeville performance in the Chinese theater. A vaudeville performance in a Chinese theater? There is no such thing. Even more than that: to a Chinaman it would be an insupportable scandal that women should appear upon the stage as freely as they do in America and Europe. Such a thing never was known either in China or in the Chinese theaters of America. A woman appears only when her husband or father is a member of the company, and then in the most insignificant parts, and her identity is suppressed rather than advertised. Women's parts in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred are taken by men, and these are enacted with a modesty and humility which we would fain see copied by the actresses of our stage to-day—ay, even by some of our women themselves. Could a little of the Chinese dignity, reticence, and womanly modesty be poured into American blood, it would be a good thing for the American people, and an admirable specific for the American «girl of the period.» There is therefore no comparison to be made, from a moral standpoint, between the Chinese stage and the vile, immodest, and frequently obscene performances which the white people of the Bowery put upon their boards. But there is one feature of New York amusements that is wholly unknown to the Chinaman, and that is the concert-garden. To congregate in a public place to drink intoxicating beverages, listen to sensuous music, and watch vulgar displays of the human figure; to be waited upon by young women of more than questionable character; to take part in profane and obscene talk: all this is beneath the dignity of a Chinaman, and nowhere in the Chinese quarter, from beginning to end, can such a place be found. But they are found on the Bowery, and Germans, Irishmen, Italians, and Jews fill the places to the doors.

If you made with me a complete tour of Chinatown, visiting every place where a Chinaman dwells, when you had returned you would sum up what you had seen about as follows:

Places where opium was smoked by Chinese in their own private apartments: about one fourth of the whole.

Places where opium was sold to white visitors who smoked and slept on the premises, and which is commonly called an «opium-joint»: possibly three in your whole tour.

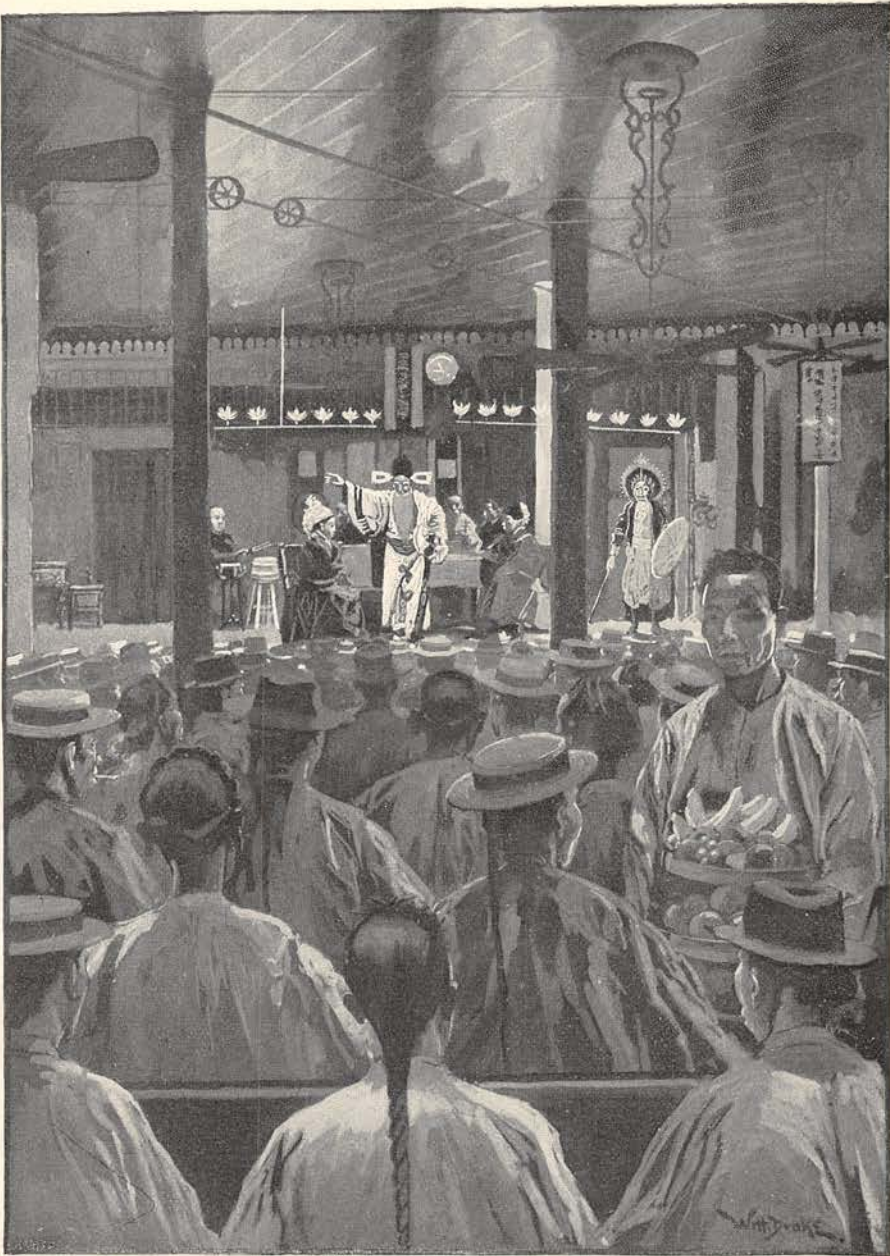
Places where gambling was in progress: about one twentieth of the whole.

Places where men were pursuing the ordinary vocations of life: nearly three fourths.

The population of Chinatown on Sundays is about four or five thousand, on week-days very much less. The difference may be accounted for by the fact that on Sunday the Chinese from all parts of New York and Brooklyn, and from Long Island, New Jersey, and Connecticut towns, flock to Chinatown to visit their friends and to do business. Since the American Sunday does not permit laundry work on that day, the laundrymen seize upon it as a general recreation day, and go to Chinatown by hundreds. This, therefore, is the great business day of that region, and all the stores are open and every employee is constantly occupied.

Here the laundrymen buy all their dry groceries, their clothing, and their laundry supplies. Here, also, are the great family headquarters whither comes the mail from China, and where the Chinese meet to discuss the affairs of their people, and incidentally the various phases of American anti-Chinese legislation.

That Chinatown is not wholly a place of opium-joints and gambling-dens, as public prejudice would have you believe, is proved by a census of the streets which recently revealed sixty-five stores and eighteen gambling-places. Since our police do not read the Chinese language, the games of chance and the sale of opium may be openly advertised with perfect impunity, and they are constantly so advertised in red placards pasted on walls, doors, and windows. At the present writing very little opium is being offered for sale, and only trusted customers can obtain it. While in probably one fourth of the Chinese apartments opium is smoked daily or occasionally, yet it would be wholly unfair to infer that one fourth of the Chinese in this vicinity use the hateful drug. That is manifestly not the case. For instance, one may enter an apartment and find two or three men smoking, and twenty or thirty who are not smoking, but are visiting, laughing, jesting, or playing on musical instruments. Among no people from any quarter of the globe, nor among those from a long line of American parentage, have I seen an equally strong desire for one another's companionship. To go to see



DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE.

IN A CHINESE THEATER.

his «cousin» is the Chinaman's great delight, and on Sunday they gather by the score in the apartments of their family or members of their clan, or in the business places of their particular friends. You rarely find a Chinaman dwelling alone, and that not from motives of economy only, but because they desire companionship. To them friendship is everything. A Chinaman trusts his friend or his relative to an extent that we

would consider foolish, almost imbecile. This testimony is borne of the people not only by missionaries of New York, but by business men of the Pacific coast and by missionaries of long residence in China.

The Chinese are a merry, fun-loving people, in spite of their general air of indifference in the presence of strangers. They race up and down stairs, or sometimes through the streets, on a frolic, every man laughing

until he is out of breath, pulling cues, stealing hats, and playing all manner of practical jokes on one another. I recently heard a great commotion in Doyers street on a hot Sunday afternoon, when the street was crowded with Chinamen, and, fearing trouble, hurried hastily to the place, only to find one man the butt of another's joke, trying to get away from his pursuer, while about five hundred laughing men joined in the fun, and finally administered good-natured justice to the perpetrator of the joke. At another time on Sunday afternoon I heard a sudden outcry and scuffle overhead, and the running of scores of feet. I ran into the hall, fearing that the building was on fire, and with a sickening dread at my heart for the Italian children in Bethany Sunday-school, which was then in session in the Mission rooms. I saw a man coming down-stairs, and asked him what was the matter. With a shrug of infinite disdain, he remarked: «Oh, my people too muchee laugh,» and passed on his way. It was only a school-boy joke played by one group of men on another, followed by a general *mêlée*, in which shouts and laughter, and the incessant clatter of wooden soles on board floors, made us think of «pandemonium let loose.» Some of the keenest and purest humor and some of the wittiest sallies I have ever heard have fallen from the lips of Chinamen in lower New York. I well remember the amused and contemptuous look with which a Chinaman once said, «Melican man savee [understand] Chinaman allee same number one fool. Chinaman savee Melican man allee same. Chinaman every time gettee top side Melican man»—which does not contain a reference to pugilism, but merely means that in a battle of wits the Chinaman «sees through» the American man, and will come out on the «top side.» They are very quick at repartee, and their black eyes will sparkle with amusement and fun if you jest with them, or when they start the ball rolling among themselves.

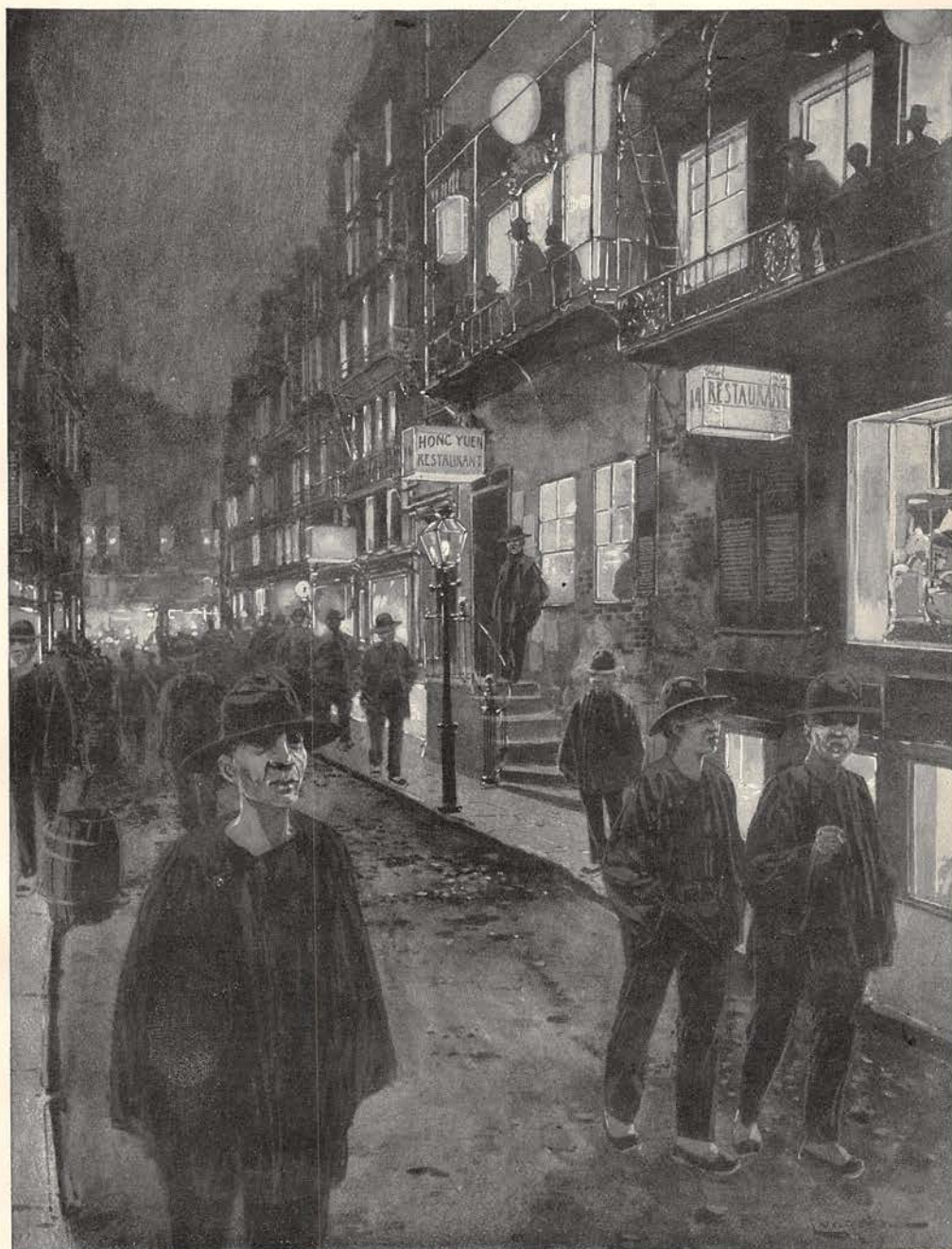
They dwell together for years in the same apartments, happy and comfortable. They minister to one another in sickness, bury a relative or neighbor when dead without calling on public charities for help, and in the case of a relative assume the support of the family of the dead man when he is gone. These people—these much-derided people—spend hours together in one another's apartments, conversing together, eating together, sometimes smoking the long water-pipe, always with a pot of steaming tea between them. In two years I have seen thousands

of such groups, but never yet have I found these men drinking liquor together. I have found them playing games—sometimes, but not always, gambling; have found them playing their musical instruments, which are harmonious to them, however much they may lack of melody to other ears; or have found them reading or discussing the last Hong-Kong or Shanghai daily: but I repeat I have never found them drinking liquor, or in any degree under the influence of intoxicants.

The Chinaman celebrates his wedding, not by a drunken carousal, but by the finest feast that his pocket-book can command, to which not only his immediate relatives are invited, but all who have the slightest claim of friendship upon him. A Chinaman who was recently married in Mott street gave three large feasts in as many restaurants, entertaining several hundred people at each before he had gone the round of his acquaintances and friends. Yet this man was not one of the most prosperous ones. A child's birthday is likewise celebrated with a feast, the wife entertaining her friends in the family home, while her husband entertains his friends at his place of business or in a public restaurant.

I have said that a Chinaman trusts his friends to an extent that we would consider almost imbecile. Among them money is loaned without interest and without any written acknowledgment or witnesses. If a man is «short» and appeals to his cousin or his friend to help him, that friend will divide up without specifying a time for its repayment. If the man is sick or poor, the creditor, in all probability, will never mention the matter again, and will certainly not ask for its return while the debtor refrains from gambling or opium-smoking, and honestly does his best. I have known men to be for a time without employment, and while they were trying to obtain it, if they conformed to the strict moral code of Chinese law, they were helped by the various cousins with gifts of money sufficient to support them until work was obtained; and not only to support themselves, but their families also. And then, as «turn about is fair play,» they were expected to be equally generous with some one else.

One amusing incident of Chinese generosity recently occurred under my notice. A man who had been out of work for some time, and had been liberally helped by his friends, tried in every possible way to earn money. One day he found an attractive Newfoundland puppy up-town, and purchased the



DRAWN BY F. H. LUNGREN.

NIGHT IN CHINATOWN.

dog for a dollar. He brought it home for his wife and baby to see, gleefully announcing that he would sell the puppy for «two, t'ree dollar» to some of his countrymen. He soon afterward started out, with the dog under his arm, in search of his hoped-for customer. He was soon surrounded by admiring Chinese,

and the first man who got the dog in his arms, quite unaware of his friend's financial scheme, begged him to give it to him. Thereupon the would-be dog-merchant cheerfully presented the canine to his friend, explaining to his wife afterward: «Of course, he askee dog, me give him. Me no got bad heart

for friend.» It was perfectly proper that he should make a present of the dog at his friend's request, and he did so without hesitation.

Perhaps in these things I need not stoop to contrast the Chinese with the lower classes of Irish, Italians, Hebrews, or Germans, but may go somewhat higher, and compare them with the Americans, who are the outcome of generations of enlightenment, the progeny of ancestors of strict piety and principles of honesty and integrity, and may point out that in generosity and kindness to his brother the Chinese strangely outstrip us.

Some of our immigrants become paupers, or dependents on public or private charity in some form, and many others are, or become, criminals. The percentage of foreigners in our hospitals, asylums, and penal institutions is overwhelming. But the Chinese make little call upon us for philanthropy, and that only for medical help. Little by little these people are coming to see the superiority of our medical treatment, and in cases of severe sickness they will sometimes turn to our hospitals for help. But they ask no other aid from us. If a Chinaman needs any monetary assistance, his countrymen help him without burdening our public philanthropies. It is not uncommon for the men of one clan, or friends from different clans, to band together to establish a loan fund, every man giving so much toward it week by week. This is loaned to needy men, without security or interest; and when repaid it is loaned again, and thus many a man is carried through a sickness or set up in business, and outsiders are none the wiser.

Let us contrast these foreign immigrants from another point of view—that of their value in the labor-market.

Of late years there has been a constant cry against «Chinese cheap labor.» Whatever may have been the price put upon Chinese labor when the great railways of the West were built by these people, to-day it is evident to all who have studied the question that there is no such thing as «Chinese cheap labor.» Chinese laundries charge higher rates than domestic laundries. Chinese laundrymen command higher prices than laundresses of other nationalities. A Chinaman earns ordinarily from eight to fifteen dollars a week and his board and lodging. The white or colored laundress makes from four to ten dollars a week, without board or lodging. The Chinaman works from eight o'clock in the morning until one or two o'clock at night. Sometimes he washes, sometimes he starches,

sometimes he irons; but he is always at it, not tireless, but persevering in spite of weariness and exhaustion. Other laborers clamor for a working-day of eight hours. The Chinaman patiently works seventeen, takes care of his relatives in China, looks after his own poor in America, and pays his bills as he goes along.

In the Chinese store ten dollars per week is the lowest sum paid for a man-of-all-work. In a Chinese restaurant the lowest wage paid to a kitchen-boy is twenty dollars per month and board. Chinese cooks will not go to American families for less than forty dollars per month, and they rarely ever stay for that sum. This, then, is Chinese cheap labor—a cheap labor of which ordinary people cannot avail themselves.

«But,» perhaps you may say, in considering this topic, «there are certainly many evils in Chinatown.»

So there are. Gambling is an evil, whether the gambler be a white, black, or yellow man. But to show you that the yellow gambler is at least no worse than the black or the white gambler, I will say that as a Christian missionary I am able to enter freely all the gambling-rooms of Chinatown, and go among the men, being treated everywhere with respect and courtesy, a thing which I could not do among any other people on the continent.

Again, opium-smoking is an evil—an evil offset by the use of intoxicants among our natives and among foreign peoples of other climes. Among the opium-smokers I can go with perfect freedom, bearing Christian literature, and with an invitation to our mission upon my lips. But I could not go into an American saloon with the same safety or impunity. Among the Chinese I am safe from fear of insult or annoyance, be they good or bad men. It is not so among our white peoples. There the missionary must curtail many efforts and walk with cautious steps. But you say, «There is the terrible (Hip Shing Tong,) the high-binders' society.» Yes, even in New York this branch of the evil society exists; but against that let me place the imported Mafia of Italy, the nihilism of Russia, the anarchism of Germany and Italy; and while we weigh one against the other, let us remember that while the Hip Shing Tong may sometimes become the instrument of private vengeance for personal wrongs, the anarchist club and the nihilist society hurl their death-dealing blows at great social and political institutions, and attack and destroy the pure and innocent without reason or cause.

«But,» you say, «personal purity is not the

rule in Chinatown.» I do not know if it be the rule or be not the rule. I know that there are many buildings in Chinatown for which a Chinaman would blush as quickly as an American. I know also that in these buildings lewd women have fastened themselves like leeches, fostering sin and guilt wherever they are. I know that on these thresholds Christian missionaries must halt for very shame, and that the Chinese who dwell within these buildings, knowing no other type of American womanhood than this, have small conception of purity and chastity. I know of no degree in such vice. It is the same heinous, shameful sin, whether the sinner be black or white, red or yellow. Only in this can the Chinese be said to be different from others: they are less brutal and violent to these women than are the men of whiter skin, and for this reason, and because of the love of opium which is so prevalent among this class, the women cling to the neighborhood, and refuse to leave unless effectually driven out by the police.

But from among the Chinese themselves have come many strong efforts to do away with these evils. Much good has been accomplished. In the coming years let us hope that much more may yet be done, and that the honor of thousands of respectable business men may not be impugned by the sins of their guilty countrymen.

Let us now examine the police records as to which nationality most often falls into the hands of the law. I append below a table based upon the police report for 1890, and the United States census for that year:

NATIONALITY.	POPULATION.	NO. OF ARRESTS.	PER-CENTAGE.
Italians	39,951	4,757	11.9
Irish	190,418	21,254	11.
English and Scotch..	47,149	3,388	7.
Swedes and Norwegians	8,644	526	6.
French	10,535	549	5.2
Russians and Poles..	55,549	2,624	4.7
Natives of United States	875,358	39,611	4.5
Chinese ¹	5,000	219	4.3
Germans	210,723	9,146	4.2
Bohemians and Hungarians	20,321	308	1.5

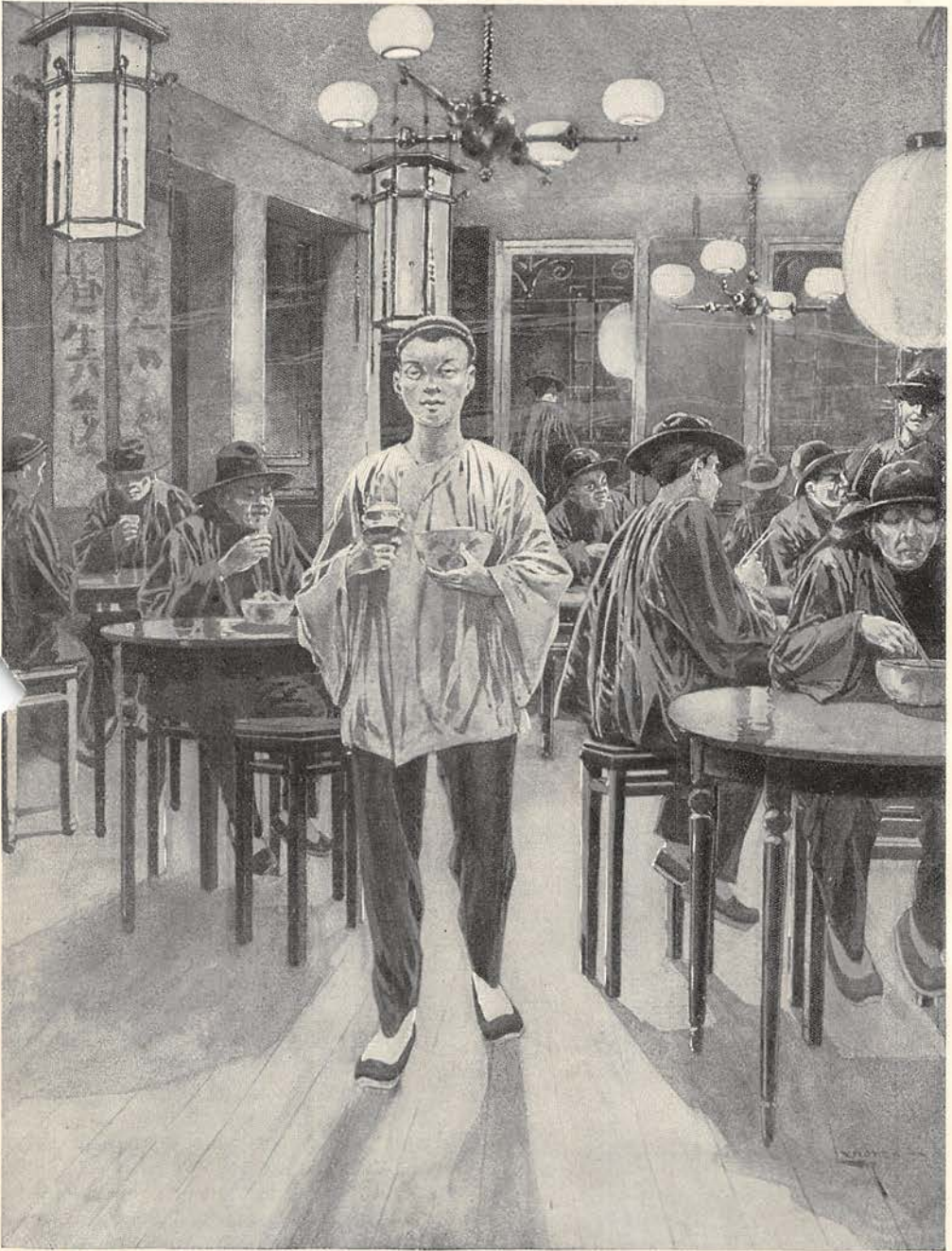
¹ The Chinese population of New York is a matter of conjecture. It is well known that it is next to impossible to obtain a correct census of these people, since their ignorance of our customs and doings makes them extremely suspicious and uncommunicative. The United States census in 1890 places the number at 2048. But a few months later a private canvass of the laundries and of the stores of Chinatown—not including the buildings there used as residences, and which shelter many hundreds—showed a population of

According to this table, six of the nations most largely represented in New York city,—viz., Italy, Ireland, Great Britain, Sweden and Norway, France, and Russia,—and even these United States themselves, send a larger contingent to our prisons than do the Chinese. It seems to me that this table is perhaps as conclusive an answer as can be given to the popular fancy that the Chinese are the worst sinners on our shores.

But let us contrast these people in the matter of conformity to American life and customs. Generally speaking, almost any other people find such conformity easier than do the Chinese. The difference between life in Europe and life in America is much less distinct than between life in Asia and in America. Of all who come here, the Chinese are the most conservative and the least pliable. Were it possible for them to attain to citizenship at the end of fifteen or even twenty-five years of residence here, it would doubtless act as an incentive to the better class among them to adopt American ideas and habits. I know of a certainty the high value which many of these Chinamen put upon American citizenship. At one time, number of years ago, it was possible for a man to swear to his intention to become a citizen, and until the constitutional amendment was passed which forbade any State to naturalize them, many judges issued such papers. I well remember many instances in which Chinese have preserved these useless papers as their greatest treasures, and have showed them to me with pride, and their eyes glistened with joy while they told me how they would sometime be citizens of this great American country. Poor fellows, how little they realized the utter worthlessness of those bits of well-loved paper! But they are stamped as «aliens» by the Government, and are treated as aliens by our people.

The Chinese are a specially proud people. They ask neither our sympathy nor our help. If a Chinaman ever tells you his thoughts, or talks to you of himself or his people, it is because you have won his confidence to a considerable degree. They are also extremely sensitive, easily offended, and not easily

upward of 6000. The Chinese themselves estimate it at from 8000 to 10,000. When the certificates of residence were issued in 1894, over 6000 Chinese registered from one district alone. At the Morning Star Mission, every Sunday for three years past, we have distributed in an hour from 2000 to 4000 copies of the «Chinese News», and that only in Chinatown. There has been nothing to cause either a great accession or diminution in the Chinese colony during the last five years, and hence it seems to me only a matter of justice to



DRAWN BY F. H. LUNGREN.

IN A CHINESE RESTAURANT.

placated. These qualities, added to their natural conservatism, may account somewhat for their lack of pliability, and slowness in adopting American habits and customs. Un-estimate this population at the exceedingly reasonable figure of 5000. If, however, the reader prefers to accept the census figure of 2048, the percentage of Chi-

fortunately the anti-Chinese riots of the West have not proved conducive to a great faith in our friendliness; neither have the numberless annoyances and insults to which nese placed under arrest will be 10.6, which still leaves them second in rank to the Irish and third to the Italians.

they are constantly subjected in the streets of our Eastern cities won any greater confidence in us. The Chinaman is an alien, and he knows and feels he is an alien. It is useless for him to try to be an American, for he never can be one of us, whether he be a graduate of Yale or a humble laundryman, and therefore he does not try. He comes here, therefore, spends the best years of his life in the most unremitting labor, and with his few thousands of dollars goes back to China, to a land and a government that will own him; and so long as he lives he takes care of his wife and his children, his parents, and, if they be in need, his uncles and all the rest of the family that may have the slightest claim upon him.

Other people who come here gradually adopt the American dress and way of living. Their children, if not themselves, learn to speak English, are taken into American business houses, become naturalized, and in time they are an integral part of the great whole, and no one asks, «Did you come from Italy, or Sweden, or Germany, or Turkey, or Austria, or Scotland, or France, or Ireland, or Spain?» They are thenceforward, to all intents and purposes, Americans. Their nationality is not continually thrust upon us by their dress. Unquestionably a Chinaman in American dress is better treated, more respected, than a Chinaman in Chinese dress; and while in points of comfort the Chinese dress is probably to be preferred to the closer-fitting American suit, yet many Chinamen recognize this fact, and surrender their own clothes to don ours.

In the matter of living but few have adopted American beds. Our tables, chairs, and kitchen furniture they readily approve; but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they prefer the rude wooden platform spread with straw matting to the softer beds of the Americans. Not so the European immigrants. They will have all of these comfortable things that they can get. The Chinese do not comprehend some of the ordinary but most important sanitary arrangements in our buildings. (I am speaking now of the rank and file

of the residents of Chinatown, not of the educated or the Christianized men.) Consequently in certain respects they are a problem to landlords and a menace to themselves and their neighbors in the matter of health. As a rule there is more regard for personal cleanliness among the Chinese than among either Italians, Jews, or the other races that fill lower New York. Not all are clean, but the majority are, and very much cleaner than the Italians or the Jews. A tour of Mulberry Bend or of Hester street reveals far more filth and disorder than a tour of Chinatown will reveal.

Not long ago I accompanied through Hester street a missionary from China, who has long resided in Canton. As we turned the corner and came into full view of the street, with its thronging crowd and heterogeneous merchandise, she suddenly exclaimed:

«This is China! The same crowds, the merchandise, the dirt! Only it is worse, for *there* no babes or women are to be seen.» We passed child after child, still too young to walk, lying upon the stone flagging of the pavement, or sitting upon the curb or in the roadway. From Hester street we passed to Mulberry Bend, where we saw much the same scene, but a less number of people. From both streets the odors were so foul and loathsome that upon our return to Chinatown my companion was overcome with illness. Returning to the quiet streets of the Chinese district, to their clean and orderly stores, to the well-behaved and unobtrusive inhabitants, seemed like coming from Bedlam to a city of peace.

We have now compared these peoples from the standpoint of morality, of cleanliness, and very briefly in those labor-markets in which they appear together as competitors. We have also seen them in their amusements, their domestic festivals, their social relations. It seems to me that the Chinese have not suffered by this comparison, but that they have rather risen in our estimation. Let us, then, accord our brother from the East an equal respect with the members of these other races, than whom certainly he is no worse.

Helen F. Clark.

