

Kipling on Canada Asiatic Immigration

The Imperial Bard Sees Advantages in the Presence of Chinese and Japanese in British Columbia—Says Their Labor Is Necessary If White Immigration Does Not Pour In—Domestic Help Problem—The Labor Question.

Three things make earth unquiet,
And four she can not brook;
The pious-Agour counted them,
After a Servant when he Reigneth
Is Confusion to the end.

May fall asleep anon.
An Odious Woman married
May bear a babe and mend—
But a Servant when he Reigneth
Is Confusion to the end.

His feet are swift to tumult,
His hands are slow to toll;
His ears are deaf to judgment,
His lips are loud in broil;
And, if his folly opens
The unnecessary hell,
A Servant when he Reigneth
Throws the blame on someone else.

One cannot leave a thing alone if it is thrust under the nose at every turn. I had not quitted the Quebec steamer three minutes when I was asked pointblank: "What do you think of the question of Asiatic exclusion which is agitating our community?"

The second signpost on the great main road says: "If a community is agitated by a question—inquire politely after the health of the agitator." This I did, without success; and had to temporize all across the continent till I could find some one to help me to acceptable answers. The questions appear to be confined to British Columbia. There, after a while, the men who had their own reasons for not wishing to talk referred me to others who explained, and on the acutest understanding that no names were to be published (it is sweet to see engineers afraid of being hoist by their own petards) one got more or less at something like facts.

The Chinaman has always been in the habit of coming to British Columbia, where he makes, as he does elsewhere, the finest servant in the world. No one, I was assured on all hands, objects to the biddable Chinaman. He takes work which no white man in a new country will handle, and when kicked by the mean white will not grossly retaliate. He has always paid for himself, and has made his fortune on this wonderful coast, but with singular forethought and statesmanship, the popular Will, some few years ago, decided to double the head tax on his entry. Strange as it may appear, the Chinaman now charges double for his services and is scarce at that. That is said to be one of the reasons why over-worked white women die or go off their heads; and why in new cities you can see blocks of flats being built to minimize the inconveniences of housekeeping without help. The birth-rate will fall later in exact proportion to these flats.

Since the Russo-Japanese War the Japanese have taken to coming over to British Columbia. They also do work which no white man will, such as hauling wet logs for lumber mills out of cold water at from eight to ten shillings a day. They supply the service in hotels and dining-rooms and keep small shops. The trouble with them is that they are just a little too good, and when attacked defend themselves with asperity.

A fair sprinkling of Punjabs—ex-soldiers, Sikhs, Muzbis, and Jats—are coming in on the boats. The plague at home seems to have made them restless, but I could not gather why so many of them from Shahpur, Phillour, and Jullundur way. These men do not, of course, offer for house-service, but work in the lumber mills, and with the least little care and attention could be made most valuable. Some one ought to tell them not to bring their old men with them, and better arrangements should be made for their remitting money home to their villages. They are not understood, of course; but they are not hated.

The objections are all against the Japanese. So if—except that they are said to have captured the local fishing trade of Vancouver, precisely as the Malays control the Capetown fish business—they have not yet competed with the whites; but I was earnestly as-



ured by many men that there was a danger of their lowering the standard of life and wages. The demand therefore in certain quarters is that they go—absolutely and unconditionally. You may have noticed that democracies are strong on the imperative mood. An attempt was made to shift them shortly before I came to Vancouver, but it was not very successful, because the Japanese baricaded their quarters and flocked out, a broken bottle held by the neck in either hand, which they jabbed in the faces of the demonstrators. It is perhaps easier to haze and hammer bewildered Hindus and Tamils, as is being done across the border, than to stampede the men of the Yalu and Liao-yang.

But when one began to ask questions one got lost in a maze of hints, reservations, and orations, mostly delivered with constraint, as though the talkers were saying a piece learned by heart. Here are some samples:

A man penned me in a corner with a single heavily capitalized sentence. "There is a General Sentiment among Our People that the Japanese Must Go," said he.

"Very good," said I. "How do you propose to set about it?"

"That is nothing to us. There is a general sentiment, etc."

"Quite so. Sentiment is a beautiful thing, but what are you going to do?" He did not condescend to particulars, but kept repeating the sentiment, which, as I promised, I record.

Another man was a little more explicit. "We desire," he said, "to keep the Chinaman. But the Japanese must go."

"Then who takes their place? Isn't this rather a new country to pitch people out of?"

"We must develop our resources slowly, step-by-step, with an eye to the interests of our children. We must preserve the continent for races which will assimilate with ours. We must not be swamped by aliens."

"Then bring in your own races and bring 'em in quick," I ventured.

This is one remark one must not

make in certain quarters of the west; and I lost caste heavily while he explained (exactly as the Dutch did at the Cape years ago) how British Columbia was by no means so rich as she appeared; that she was throttled by capitalists and monopolists of all kinds; that white labor had to be laid off and fed and warmed during the winter; that living expenses were enormously high; that they were at the end of a period of prosperity, and were now entering on lean years; and that whatever steps were necessary for bringing in more white people should be taken with extreme caution. Then he added that the railway rates to British Columbia were so high that emigrants were debarred from coming on there.

"But haven't the rates been reduced?" I asked.

"Yes—yes, I believe they have, but immigrants are so much in demand that they are snapped up before they get so far west. You must remember, too, the skilled labor is not like agricultural labor. It is dependent on so many considerations. And the Japanese must go."

"So people have told me. But I heard stories of dairies and fruit farms in British Columbia being thrown up because there was no labor to milk or to pick the fruit. Is that true, do you think?"

"Well, you can't expect a man with all the chances that our country offers him to milk cows in a pasture. A Chinaman can do that. We want races that will assimilate with ours, etc., etc."

"But didn't the Salvation Army offer to bring in three or four thousand English some short time ago? What came of that idea?"

"It fell through."

"For political reasons, I believe. We do not want people who will lower the standard of living. That is why the Japanese must go."

"Then why keep the Chinese?"

"We can get on with the Chinese. We can't get on without the Chinese. But we must have emigration of a type that will assimilate with our people. I hope I have made myself clear."

I hoped that he had, too. Now hear a wife, a mother, and a housekeeper.

"We have to pay for this precise state of things with our health and our children's. Do you know the saying that the frontier is hard on women and cattle? This isn't the frontier, but in some respects it's worse, because we have all the luxuries and appearances—the pretty glass and silver to put on the table. We have to dust, polish, and arrange 'em after we've done our housework. I don't suppose that means anything to you, but—try it for a month. We have no help. A Chinaman sixty or sixty dollars a month now. Our husbands can't always afford that. How old would you take me for? I am not thirty. Well, thank God I stopped my sister coming out west. Oh, yes, it's a fine country for men."

"Can't you import servants from England?"

"I can't pay a girl's passage in order to have her married in three months. Besides, she wouldn't work. They won't when they see Chinamen working."

"Do you object to the Japanese too?"

"Of course not. No one does. It's only politics. The wives of the men who earn six and seven dollars a day—skilled labor they call it—have Chinese and Japanese servants. We can't afford it. We have to think of saving for the future, but those other people live up to every cent they earn. They know they're all right. They're labor. They'll be looked after whatever happens. You can see how the state looks after me."

A little later I had occasion to go down a great and beautiful city between six and seven of a crisp morning. Milk and fish, vegetables, etc., were being delivered to the silent houses by Chinese and Japanese. Not a single white man was visible on that chilly job.

Later still a man came to see me, without too publicly giving his name. He was in a small way of business, and told me (others had said much the same thing) that if I gave him away his business would suffer. He talked for half an hour on end.

"Am I to understand, then," I said, "that what you call labor absolutely dominates this part of the world?"

He nodded.

"That it is difficult to get skilled labor into here?"

"Difficult? My God, if I want to get an extra hand for my business—I pay union wages, of course—I have to arrange to get him here secretly. I have to go out and meet him, accidentally, like, down the line, and if the unions find out that he is coming, they, like as not, order him back east, or turn him down across the border."

"Even if he has his union ticket?"

"They'll tell him that labor condi-

tions are not good here. He knows what that means. He'll turn back quick enough. I'm in a small way of business and I can't take any chances fighting the unions."

"What would happen if you did?"

"D'you know what's happening across the border? Men get blown up there—with dynamite."

"But this isn't across the border?"

"It's a damn sight too near to be pleasant. And witnesses get blown up, too. You see the labor situation isn't run from outside the line. It's worked from down under. You may have noticed men were rather careful when they talked about it?"

"Yes, I noticed all that."

"Well, I don't say that the unions here do anything to you—and please understand I'm for the rights of labor myself. Labor has no better friend than me—I've been a working man, though I've got a business of my own now. Don't run away with any idea that I'm against labor—will you?"

"No, no, I can see that."

"You merely find that labor's a little bit—er—inconsiderate, sometimes?"

"Look what happens across the border! I suppose they've told you that a fad fuss with the Japanese in Vancouver was worked from down under, haven't they? I don't think so. People 'ud have done it by themselves."

"I've heard that several times. Is it quite sporting, do you think, to lay the blame on 'another country'?"

"Don't you live here. But as I was saying—if we get rid of some one, we'll be told to get rid of some one else tomorrow. There's no limit, sir, to what labor wants. None!"

"I thought they only want a fair day's wage for a fair day's work?"

"They mean to boss the country. They do."

"And how does the country like it?"

"We're about sick of it. It doesn't matter much in flush times—employment is almost anything sooner than stop work—but when we come to a pinch, rich land in spite of everything they make out—but we're held up at every turn by labor. Why, there's businesses on businesses which friends of mine—in a small way like myself—want to start. Businesses in every direction—if they were only allowed to start in. But they ain't."

"That's a pity. Now what do you think about the Japanese question?"

"I don't think. I know. Both political parties are playing up to the labor vote. I understand what that means." I tried to understand.

"And neither side'll tell the truth—that if the Asiatic goes this side of the continent'll drop out of sight, unless we get free white immigration. And for a month, we have no help. A Chinaman sixty or sixty dollars a month now. Our husbands can't always afford that. How old would you take me for? I am not thirty. Well, thank God I stopped my sister coming out west. Oh, yes, it's a fine country for men."

"Can't you import servants from England?"

"I can't pay a girl's passage in order to have her married in three months. Besides, she wouldn't work. They won't when they see Chinamen working."

"Do you object to the Japanese too?"

"Of course not. No one does. It's only politics. The wives of the men who earn six and seven dollars a day—skilled labor they call it—have Chinese and Japanese servants. We can't afford it. We have to think of saving for the future, but those other people live up to every cent they earn. They know they're all right. They're labor. They'll be looked after whatever happens. You can see how the state looks after me."

A little later I had occasion to go down a great and beautiful city between six and seven of a crisp morning. Milk and fish, vegetables, etc., were being delivered to the silent houses by Chinese and Japanese. Not a single white man was visible on that chilly job.

Later still a man came to see me, without too publicly giving his name. He was in a small way of business, and told me (others had said much the same thing) that if I gave him away his business would suffer. He talked for half an hour on end.

"Am I to understand, then," I said, "that what you call labor absolutely dominates this part of the world?"

He nodded.

"That it is difficult to get skilled labor into here?"

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BRIDEGROOM

BY DOROTHY DIX

I am aware that a properly written orthodox autobiography should begin with one's entrance into this vale of trouble—that we call the world, but my life story seems to begin with my wedding day.

Of course, I had lived some twenty-seven years before I was married, but somehow they seemed very brief—a mere flash in the pan—compared to the months that have passed since I entered into the holy estate of wedlock. Besides, I was so very young when I was born that I have scarcely any memory of it at all, whereas I have a petrified recollection of getting married that still brings the goose flesh out all over me whenever I recall it.

All the young women present on that awful occasion looked about what a lovely wedding it was, and how perfectly sweet Mamie looked in her white finery. The men wrung my hand in silence with a sympathy too deep for words, and I wondered how I ever had the courage to wear that 750 mesh length of that church veil with that radiant vision on my arm, while I felt people saying "I wonder what she ever could have seen in him?" and "Looks a little bow-legged, doesn't he, the way he is standing up there at the altar?"

Finally it was all over—rice and all. I suppose even the Inquisition ended some time. Anyway, when I came out of my trance of misery Mamie and I were sitting in the drawing-room of the Pullman and the porter was trying to brush the coat off my back. I was married. Mamie was mine at last. I, plain, ordinary, onery Bill Jones, had captured the angel without wings, that unparalleled bunch of perfections, that prize pattern of all the bolts of calico.

I knooked wood in fear and trembling at my luck. My heart thrilled to bursting with happiness and gratitude and my Adam's apple swelled up in my throat until it felt as big as a prize pumpkin at a county fair.

Say, as that minute, I wouldn't have given anybody 20 cents to have issued us a guarantee, non-forfeitable, not subject to spots, or fights, or misunderstandings, insurance policy for perfect bliss for 99 years.

I could see the future stretching out before us, just as plain as daylight as that railroad track, all neatly graded, and smooth as oil, and with all the hard places bridged over by love and affection and mutual consideration, and so on. And then I planted a few flowers along the way, and had a dope vision of a sweet little home, where the fire was always burning and the meals always on time, and the reading lamp at just the right angle on the table, and the dearest little wife in the world was always smiling at me over the hearthstone.

If anybody had told me then that I had just signed a life contract without even reading the specifications—that I had undertaken a job that I didn't know anything more about than an unborn babe—and that, to begin with, I didn't have any more than a casual acquaintance with Mrs. Bill Jones, nee Mamie Smith, why, it would have taken the whole dictionary for me to have told the individual what kind of an Ananias he was.

I was an ignorant. I was a blind, blithering idiot. I was the smallest child of the kindergarten class. I hadn't even cut my teeth on the subject of Woman when she is your Wife. And I was no more fitted to tackle Mamie than I was to tackle a goddess. I was to engage in a prize fight.

Thus it will be seen that I had no preparation for the career to which I had rashly called myself, but all the same I was there, and mighty glad to be there, too. And gladdened of the company in which I found myself, and so I grabbed Mamie's hand and in a few lame, string-halted sentences, that didn't begin to express all the surging sentiment that bubbled up like a natural boiling spring within me, I tried to tell her how happy I was that she was mine and I was born.

There's not much to tell about our bridal tour. So far as I can recall it now, it was an annex to love's young dream in which we had been living all during our engagement. None of the gilt rubes of our gingerbread. Nothing jarred our cup of bliss, and it continued to slosh over as per programme that we had already mapped out.

We visited various cities and places of historic interest. I knew we went to Niagara, because it was there that I discovered that Mamie took two lumps of sugar in her tea, instead of one. I distinctly recall Boston, because there she wore, for the first time, a little red suit in which she looked too cute, and I am sure we went to New York, because I bought her a bangle at Stiffany's that I couldn't afford, but that she had set her heart on, and I am pretty sure we went to Washington also, because the city is impressed on my mind by a pink negligee she wore one day in which she looked so sweet that I felt I could eat her up—and there have been times since that I have regretted that I didn't do it.

Our bridal trip was, however, like that of every other young couple, very much in love. It was all well. We saw nothing but our own reflections. We talked of nothing but ourselves. We were interested in nobody and nothing but our own selves and our affairs. We might as well have been in Kamschatka or Kalamazoo. All places looked alike to us because all we saw was each other's eyes.

It was just before we got home, I remember, that I got my first little jar—not enough to shake my confidence that I was the Wise Man who had solved the problem of how to be very quarrelsome neighbors.

Names of the parties are Corns and Toes. Both were unhappy till the trouble was mediated by Putnam's Corn Extractor. Any corn goes out of business in 24 hours if "Putnam's" is applied. Try it.

happy though married, but just enough to make me wonder if there could be possibly any little side bets in matrimony that I had overlooked. It happened like this. One day Mamie and I were sitting up mooning at each other, and I was looting back in my chair looking at her through rings of cigar smoke and thinking that she was thinking what a fine fellow I was, and generally admiring my noble and intellectual brow and manly strength, and altogether superior lay out, when suddenly she up and spoke.

"Billy," says she, "the first thing I am going to do when I get back home is to buy you some neckties and another style of collar."

"Not on your life. Forget it," said I. "I'm not going to be one of the poultry pecked brigade. I can tell a man a block off whose wife buys his clothes for him."

"I'm sure I don't want to henpeck you," responds she, getting a little white around the lips, "but I never yet saw the man who had the slightest taste in dress. They don't know one collar from another, and you'd look a thousand times better if you'd wear a red necktie instead of the drab thing you've got on that looks like a dusting rag, and a collar that was a quarter of an inch higher and hid that scraggy place on your neck, and had your hair cut another way."

"Maybe so," returned I, "but all the same I propose to retain my manly prerogative of buying my own clothes and dressing like I please, and you can't learn that too early in the game."

"I hope," says she, bristling up, "she's got plenty of spirit, 'that you' not going to be one of these men that think their wives ought to be poor, dumb, driven cattle that haven't got a right to say a word, no matter how much they see that things are going wrong, but that they just ought to be slaves and lay down before a man and let him trample on them all he pleases, and actually like it—boo-hoo—and thank him for it—ho-ho-ho-o?"

And by that time Mamie was in my arms, sobbing on my breast that if I loved her I would want to wear the sort of a necktie that she liked and loved to see me in, and that I looked so perfectly beautiful in, and, although I was fully determined not to give in on this point, and that I considered then, and still consider, that a married man should never sacrifice his personal rights, but should maintain a firm attitude of independence in all matters that concern him individually, that very evening we went out to a haberdasher's and Mamie selected for me a large assortment of new collars and ties. And all the collars were sky-scrappers and all the ties were red.

Two young thieves who had robbed a shop front in Brussels, were so hard pressed in the chase by the police and the shopkeeper that they lost their heads and fled right into a police station before recognizing it.

Try it for breakfast, luncheon or supper, "good at all times."

Be sure you get the genuine.

See that W. K. KELLOGG is on your package.

"Made at LONDON, CANADA."

Kellogg's Sanitas

TOASTED CORN FLAKES

The sweet heart of the corn

Dr. Kennedy & Kennedy

Dr. Kennedy & Kergan

NERVOUS DEBILITY

BLOOD POISONS

Dr. Kennedy & Kennedy

Cor. Michigan Ave. and Griswold St.

DETROIT, MICH.

If Man Could Think With Woman's Mind

There would never be an inferior food article sold.

And yet grocers often take a chance on an unknown quantity. That is largely because customers do not insist.

Every housekeeper knows CLARK'S PRESERVED MEATS and CLARK'S PORK & BEANS are without question the best made and the best that can be made.

Grocers will supply them and supply them gladly if you ask for them.

Keep these in mind.

CLARK'S

WM. CLARK, Mr. Montreal.

20

Dr. Kennedy & Kennedy

Dr. Kennedy & Kergan

NERVOUS DEBILITY

BLOOD POISONS

Dr. Kennedy & Kennedy

Cor. Michigan Ave. and Griswold St.

DETROIT, MICH.

If Man Could Think With Woman's Mind

There would never be an inferior food article sold.

And yet grocers often take a chance on an unknown quantity. That is largely because customers do not insist.

Every housekeeper knows CLARK'S PRESERVED MEATS and CLARK'S PORK & BEANS are without question the best made and the best that can be made.

Grocers will supply them and supply them gladly if you ask for them.

Keep these in mind.

CLARK'S

WM. CLARK, Mr. Montreal.

20

Dr. Kennedy & Kennedy

Dr. Kennedy & Kergan

NERVOUS DEBILITY

BLOOD POISONS

Dr. Kennedy & Kennedy

Cor. Michigan Ave. and Griswold St.

DETROIT, MICH.

If Man Could Think With Woman's Mind

There would never be an inferior food article sold.

And yet grocers often take a chance on an unknown quantity. That is largely because customers do not insist.

Every housekeeper knows CLARK'S PRESERVED MEATS and CLARK'S PORK & BEANS are without question the best made and the best that can be made.

Grocers will supply them and supply them gladly if you ask for them.

Keep these in mind.

CLARK'S

WM. CLARK, Mr. Montreal.

20