

what was being done in ways that all good citizens would do well to support.



*Some Special
Features*

Morning, afternoon, and evening lectures went on throughout the eight days, in two lecture halls. These were given by both Philadelphians and outsiders, on a wide variety of subjects on the immediate issues of the exhibit, as well as on such questions as public school betterment, employees' welfare work, public parks and playgrounds. Many well-known names appeared on the programme—Mrs. Kelley, Mr. John Spargo, Dr. S. M. Lindsay, Commissioner Neill, besides many public-spirited citizens of local note. In the handbook of the exhibit there were published, among other things, a number of authoritative and readable articles on the child labor situation in its various aspects, and on related subjects; a new poem by Richard Watson Gilder, dedicated to the exhibit; dozens of photographs showing actual conditions; full descriptions of the details of the exhibit; and a descriptive directory of all the directing and indorsing societies. That several other cities have applied for the use of the exhibit material for similar exhibits of their own in the course of the winter is evidence that Philadelphia is not alone in believing that this is an effective means of appeal to the public. Its actual result in this instance cannot, of course, be told until Pennsylvania shall have made a step toward the laws she needs to control some of her industrial conditions, or at least better inspection and enforcement of existing laws; and there must also be established a public sentiment which shall demand consistent enforcement of all legislation. But one thing it has done, surely: it has acquainted thousands of people with conditions, directly affecting themselves and their commonwealth, which they had never heard of before; it has accurately and fairly presented some facts which Pennsylvania cannot be proud of, and contrasted creditable statistics from other States where there has been preventive legislation; it has awakened public feeling far and wide over the city;

and it has told the people—quite definitely, on placards hung all around the exhibit rooms—just what they can do. Such an exhibit brings before the public—advertises, indeed—as nothing else could do so effectively, the various militant organizations of a big city engaged in all sorts of social betterment work that needs wide and strong support. If it does this only, it justifies itself; but besides this it starts the legislative ball rolling, so to speak, with an intelligent public demand behind to help secure its ends.



New Year's Eve

Into the merriment of New Year's Eve, as in all hours of surrender to the impulse for pleasure and diversion, there come unbidden those sober second thoughts which wait on the gayest moments and are guests at every festival. There is a natural reluctance to counting up the years when the apex has been reached; a little sadness in the afternoon even when it holds the deepest beauty of day. Time enriches us with one hand and despoils us with the other; brings those choice gifts which gain their value from ripeness and the care of fruitful hours; and takes from us those possessions into which the fullness of our own years has gone. The inward ripening is constantly attended by the outward loss of things dear with sweet association and ancient use. To borrow a figure from classic writing, while the spirit grows in grace and strength, the house in which it is guarded and nourished falls into decay, and sinks slowly and silently into dust.

The fire that smolders on the hearth at midnight when the bells are ringing in the New Year knows many lonely figures, brooding over the ravages time has made in the fair estate of life, and counting all that has vanished as lost. If it were true that time waits anxiously on happiness, and, when it approaches its consummate hour, snatches it away with remorseless hand, men might well feel, as some of their remote ancestors felt, that the gods are jealous of human joy, and that a deep and terrible irony underlies

life and makes us the sport of the higher powers.

There is but one refuge against the sadness which the years inevitably bring, and that is the deep and abiding consciousness that all life is one, and that in the invisible mansions in which the spirits of men have their home there is greater safety than in the fortresses of stone they have often built to protect their bodies. Those whom we love go from room to room, and we remain before the dying fire and mourn as if they had gone out of the house instead of passing into another of its many chambers. We miss not only dear faces and familiar voices, but places and conditions and things to which we have grown used during happy years, and are burdened with a sense of impoverishment because changes are wrought in our surroundings; and we forget that immortality is in us, not in the things about us, and that when they have served their purpose of sustaining, nourishing, helping us, that which was enduring in them has already become ours beyond the touch of time or change.

There comes a time for us all when we begin to take down the familiar things we have brought about us at the inn where we have tarried, and to give them to those who have made our stay pleasant or profitable; when energy slackens and the passion for expression in some kind of activity gives place to the desire to meditate on what we have done that we may understand it; when, as Emerson says,

"As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:
'Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed.'"

These partings would be heartbreaking if they were the farewells of those who were never to meet again. But they are charged with no note of tragedy, however sad they are at the moment; they are spoken at the door of the inn, between those who go and those who remain a little longer before they too journey on to the same country. The world is full of the partings of ways that, through

vast circuits, converge again; of the separations of those who go by many roads to the same home.

And as the strength fails and the senses lose their keenness and the pathos of physical age touches life with its peculiar sadness, there comes also the great hope of passing, not out of a strong house into a lonely waste, but out of a little room into the freedom of that home the happiness of which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard;" for as the house of the body decays, the spirit, which has found refuge in it for a brief space on its journey, emerges into the clear light of God's perpetual presence.



The Japanese Question

We give on another page an abstract of Secretary Metcalf's report on the issue raised in California apropos of the exclusion of the Japanese children from the white schools, and elsewhere a letter from a San Francisco correspondent stating with calmness the case for the exclusionists. In this connection we here restate the principles which we think should, and eventually will, determine the whole question of the treatment of the Oriental races in this country.

I. Under our present system of government the question of education is left wholly with the States. The State may establish a system of public schools or leave all education to be carried on by private enterprise; it may establish education in some branches and not in others; it may maintain co-education of the sexes or separation of the sexes, co-education of the races or separation of the races. Possibly that clause of the Constitution which provides that "all persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof are citizens of the United States," and that "no State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States," might be construed to forbid excluding any such citizen from the public schools of the State. But, with this possible exception, the whole question of public education is left by our Constitution and by the uniform practice