

THE TEMPLE OF THE EMPEROR—CANTON

THE EDGE OF CHINA



The Edge of China

CHINA is a colossal puzzle. The outside world has tried in vain to solve it, by means of force, railways, and Christianity. To force, China opposes weakness, and weakness is victorious; to railways, she opposes unconquerable superstition, and superstition conquers; and to Christianity, she opposes the weight of accumulated tradition, and thus far tradition has prevailed. The tide of Progress is sweeping the nations of the west out upon the ocean of a glorious new

century, but China, moored to the rocks of immutability, resists the modern current, despite the efforts of all Christendom to cut the cables of conservatism that bind her to the past.

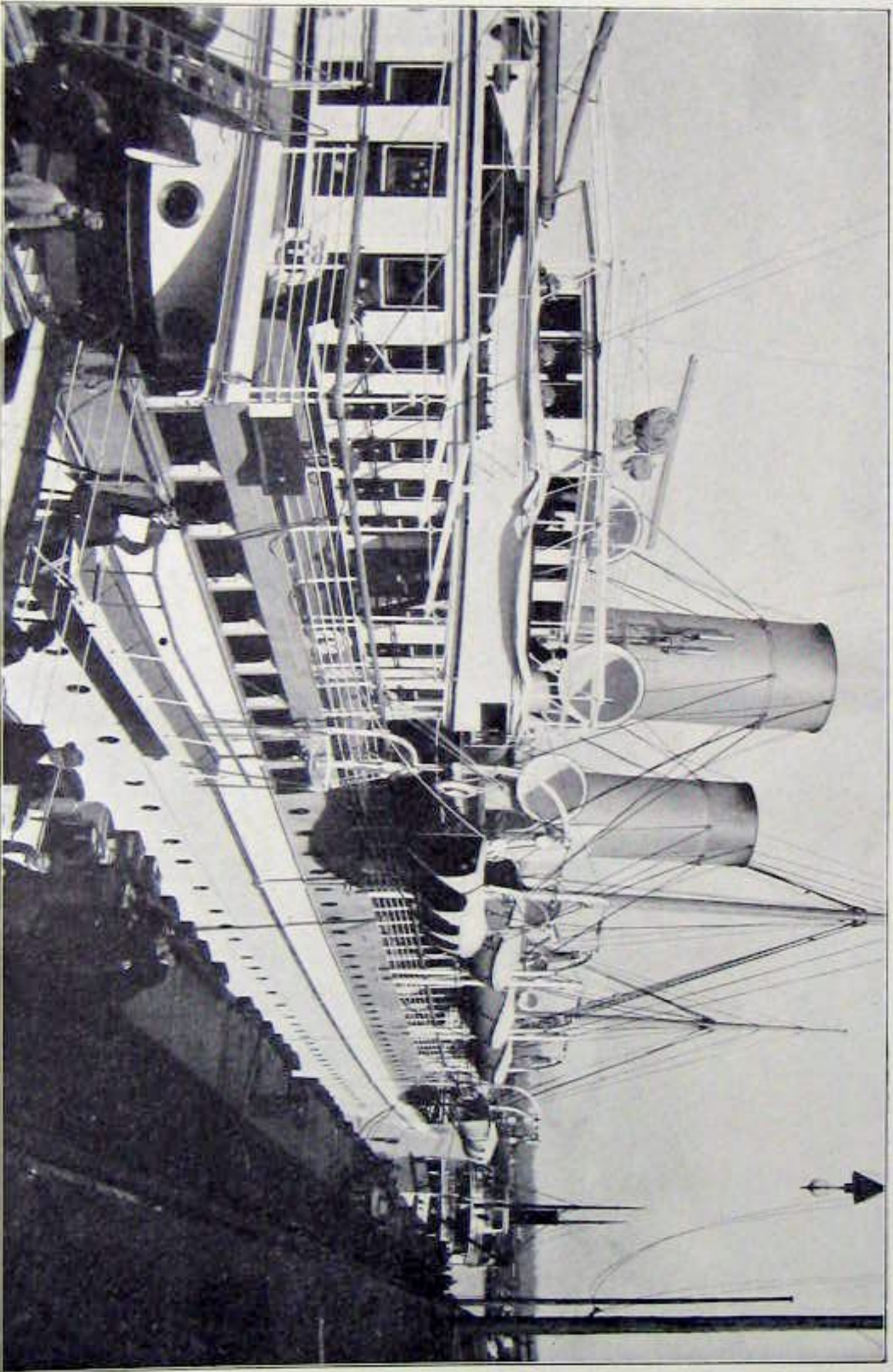
Canton is the metropolis of China and the most characteristically *Chinese* community in the Empire.

From Canton and from the surrounding province flows the main tide of emigration to our shores. At Hongkong, which is practically the port of Canton, touches nearly every ship that sets sail from our Pacific Coast for the Philippines.

If Canton is interesting to the traveler at large as the truest type of a Chinese city, it certainly is



THE MOST GRACEFUL PROW OF THE PACIFIC

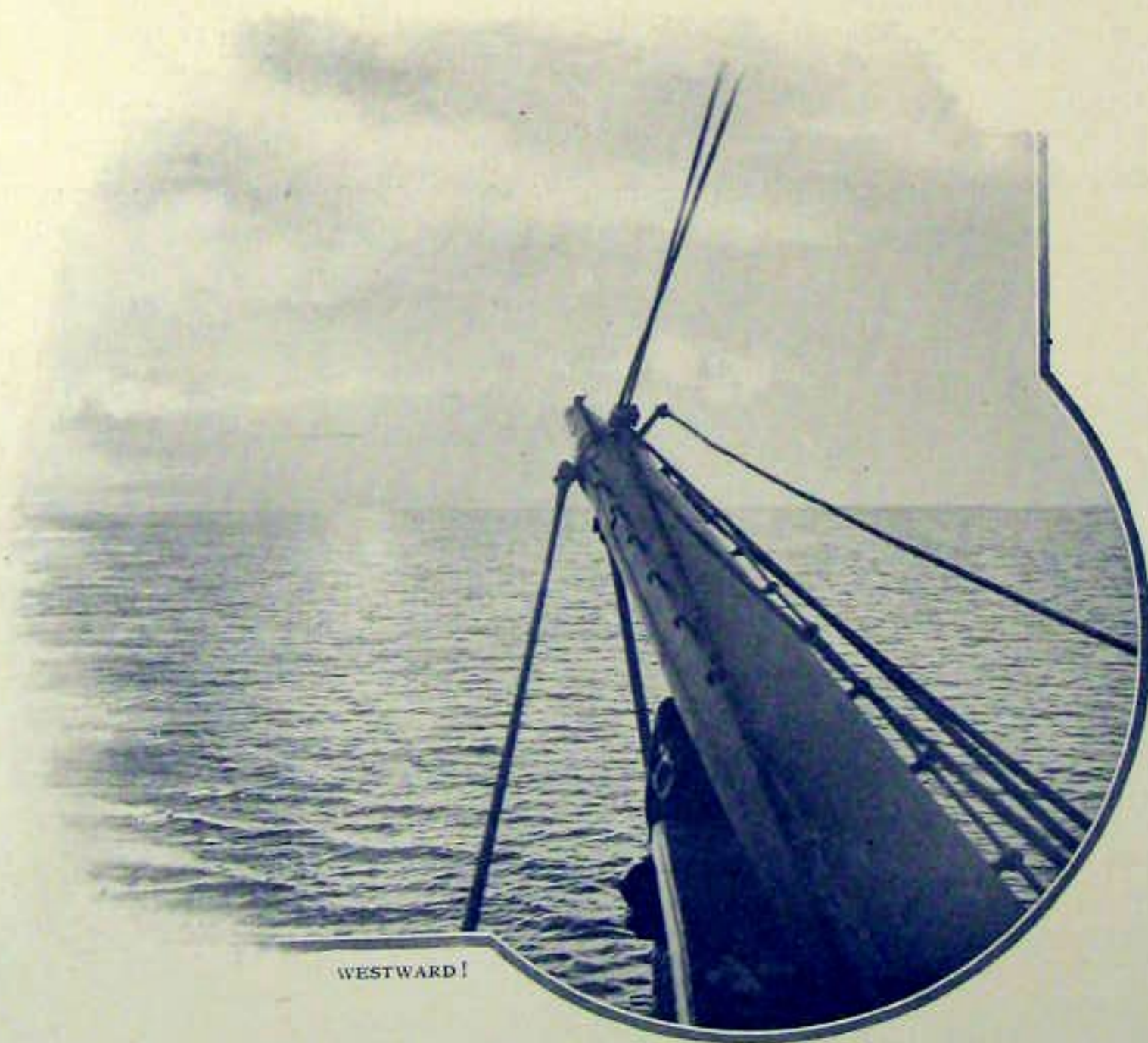


THE "EMPERESS OF CHINA" AT VANCOUVER

doubly interesting to the American, because it is the commercial gateway to South China, where lie the markets to which the merchants of Manila must look for the realization of their ambitious dreams.

It was on the first anniversary of Dewey's victory that I started for the Philippines, intending to touch briefly en route at several cities on the edge of China.

There are two ocean pathways to the Philippines across the wide Pacific. One begins at Golden Gate, the other at the gateway to Puget Sound, the Strait of San Juan de Fuca. We choose the northern route, because it is the shortest and coolest, because the ships are wonderfully fine, because the railway ride through the Canadian Rockies is a magnificent experience with which to initiate a summer holiday.



Our ship, the "Empress of China," sister to the Empresses of India and of Japan, when we first see her at the Vancouver wharf from the windows of our approaching train, appears as small as a yacht, for we have come from the depths of the Fraser Cañon, where mountains were piled all about us. But she seems big enough when once we are on board, for there are few ships afloat that offer roomier accommodations than the Canadian Pacific "Empresses."

To serve us there is a regiment of well-drilled Orientals, the Chinese stewards being far more efficient than the average white servants on the Atlantic liners. Our first impressions of the Chinese are decidedly favorable.

The weekly inspection of the crew and stewards brings out the full strength of the Oriental service. The captain and first officer stride down the line drawn by neat white socks along the deck, and there is never a Celestial that does not pass inspection. "Neat as a Chinaman" may sound strange, but "neat as a Chinaman" means a great deal on a Pacific liner. The monotony of shipboard existence is relieved by the Sunday inspection and also by the weekly fire-drill, or call to fire quarters. At sound of an alarm all hands rush to the upper decks, cast loose the lifeboats, drag out long coils of hose, play big streams upon imaginary fires, or prepare



INSPECTION



DUCKING FOR DOLLARS
IN FLOUR AND MOLASSES
SHIP-BOARD DIVERSIONS



FLOURY CELESTIALS

Among our fellow-passengers those who interest us most are two dark and dapper little men, — the first real Filipinos that we have ever seen. You may remember that immediately after Dewey's victory the papers told us of an influential Filipino family by

to rescue passengers. Then, after the excitement is all over, a bugle sounds, and all hands scramble down the ladders and return to their routine duties.

The Chinese, of course, object to being photographed, and for that reason try to dodge the camera, not knowing that the motion-picture camera is a photographic Gatling, certain to hit its victim, no matter how fast he may be able to run.



GOLDEN MOLASSES

the name of Cortes, one of the richest in Manila, who had acknowledged the supremacy, and asked for the protection of the United States. Don Maximo Cortes and his brother are the chief representatives of the Cortes millions, and are returning from a visit to Washington, happy in the assurance there given them that the lands and houses, confiscated by the Spanish and turned over to the United States as government property, will in due time be restored to them. At first they appeared very taciturn, but one day I



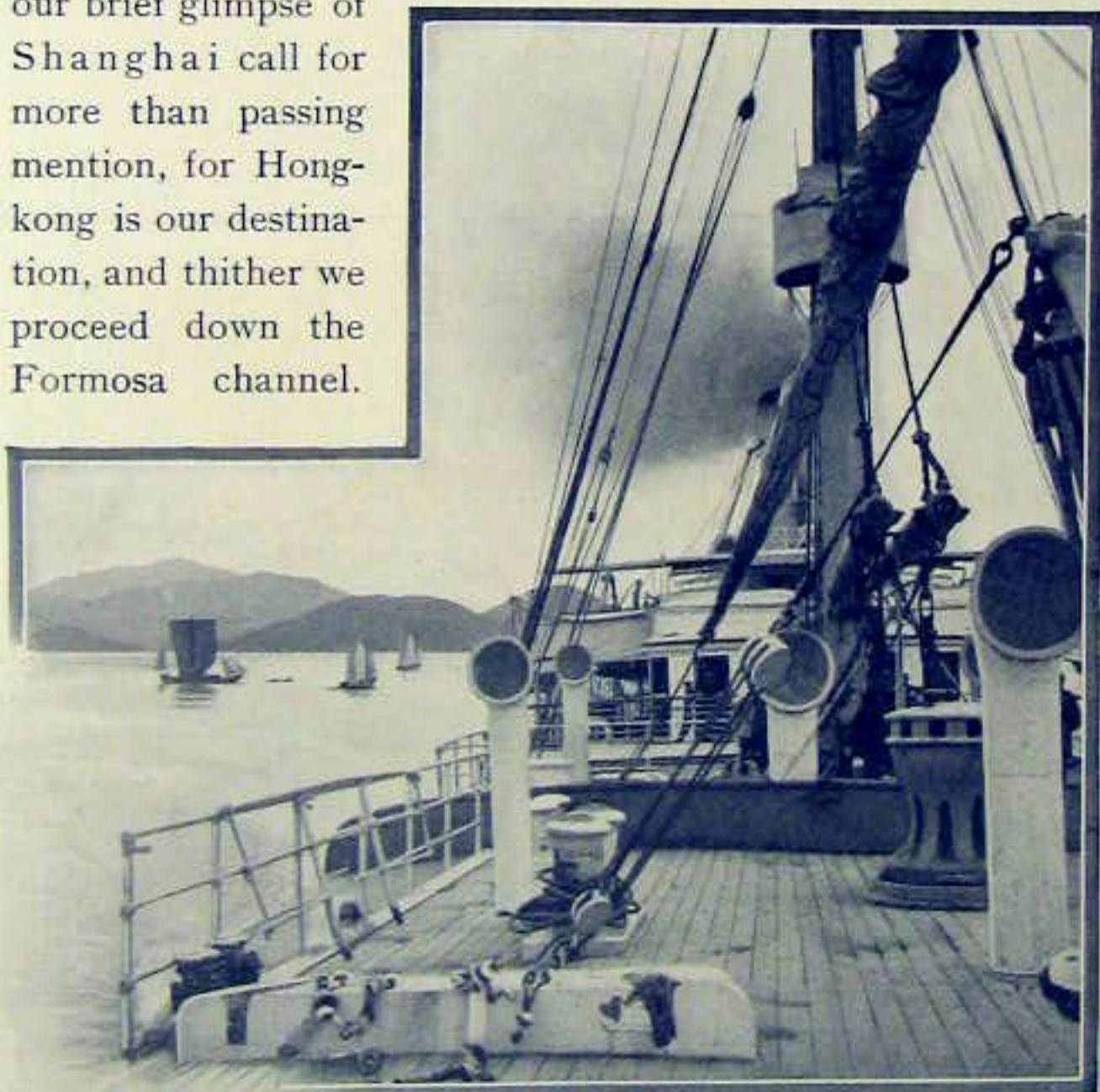
FILIPINO GENTLEMEN



"THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY" IN THE SMOKING ROOM

let them know that Spanish was not Greek to me, whereupon their lips were unsealed, and the whole story of their woes and subsequent joys was poured into my ears. Such a tumultuous flow of Spanish I had never listened to; and they talked with hands and feet and eyes as well as mouth. As they are continually pecking at sleeve or lapel to emphasize a point, a conversation with them is almost like a fencing match,—it keeps you parrying at every phrase.

We have not time to dwell upon the long days of the voyage nor on the brief and hurried hours spent on shore in Yokohama, Kobé, and Nagasaki, nor to tell of the delightful hours in the Japanese Inland Sea. Nor does our brief glimpse of Shanghai call for more than passing mention, for Hongkong is our destination, and thither we proceed down the Formosa channel.



IN THE INLAND SEA

A warm wind follows us and makes our speed seem doubly slow, giving the ship a lazy, tired motion, as if she were weary with the long voyage, run down, and on the point of giving up the race. The dreaded Hongkong damp-



FAIR JAPAN

ness has begun to make itself felt ; the paper on which we try to write is so soft that the pen perforates it at every stroke ; collars last only for a passive hour or for an active minute ; books stick to the leather-covered desks and tables—and yet this is nothing, we are still comparatively cool and dry,—so say those who have experienced the Hongkong summer ! We realize with regret that our days on the “Empress of China ” will soon be only pleasant memories.

Soon we must quit our lodgings in this floating hotel, in which we have lived for three weeks and one day—this voyage being the longest we have yet made, but not disagreeably long in spite of all. It has been restful and full of

variety. There have been Arctic days off the Aleutian Islands in the North Pacific, temperate days along the lovely shores of Japan, and days that were almost torrid in the Formosa straits; we have stepped down the same gangway into British Columbia, Yokohama, Kobé, Nagasaki, and Shanghai—and to-morrow that gangway will be for us the gateway to Hongkong, Macao, and Canton.

The weather on the morning of our arrival was what might be termed varied: apparently three fearful thunderstorms were mustering on one side; on the other, bright sunshine touched and scorched a narrow strip of shore, while fogs hung black and purple, in the harbor-entrance.



THE EDGE OF CHINA

After the ugliness of the approach to Shanghai, the beauty of the outlying islands and of the coast itself surprises us. We enter the narrow channel between the mainland and the island of Hongkong. Clusters of huts, scarcely distinguishable from the earth and rock behind them, are the only evidences of human presence, and we are vaguely surprised at this apparent desolation; we almost expected to see the teeming millions of yellow men, crowded to the very edge of China, struggling to retain a foothold on its sacred shore. Yet yonder province of Kwangtung, although smaller than the state of Kansas, has a population of 29,000,000 souls.

Suddenly the City of Victoria bursts upon us, the top of it lost in the mist of morning.

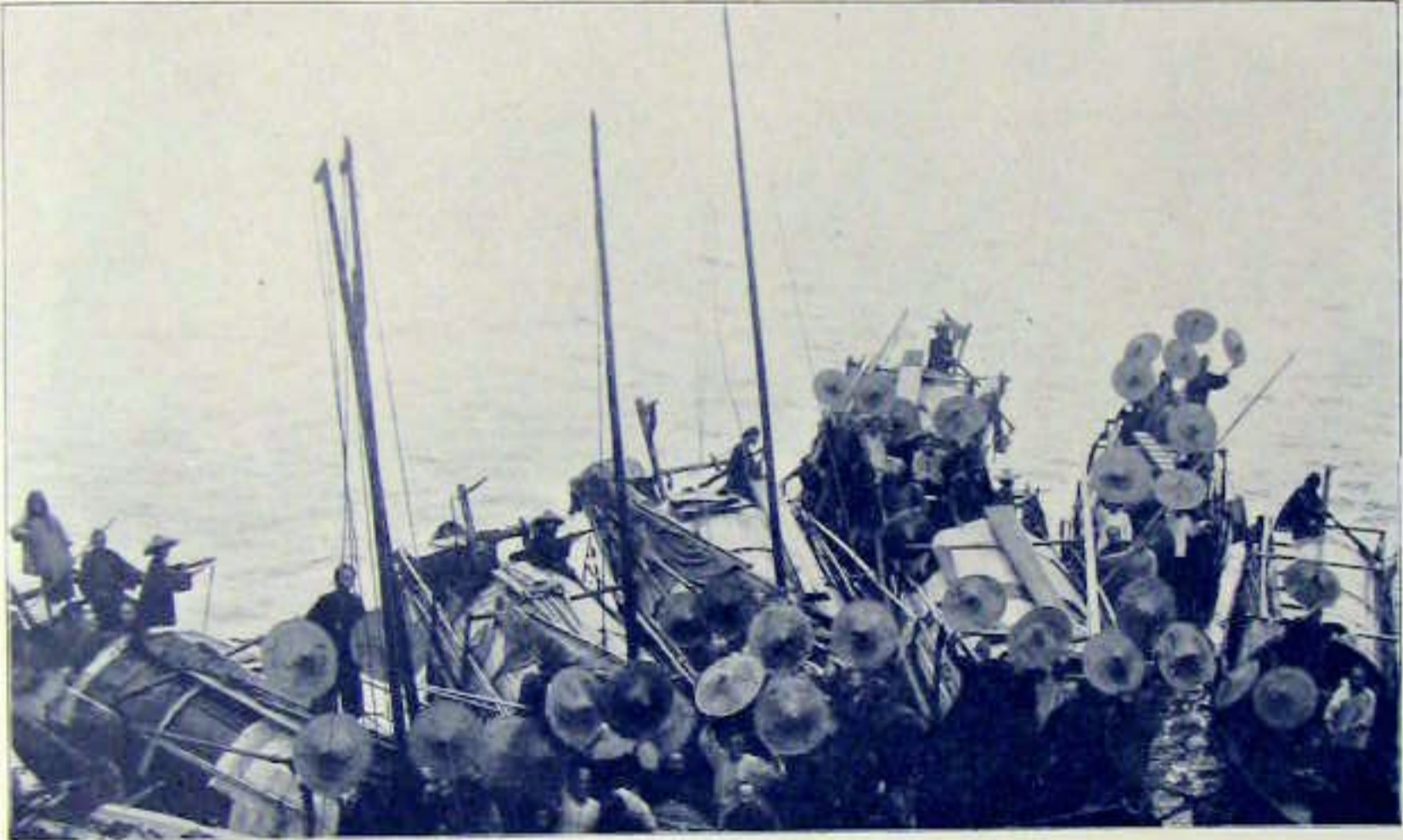
Then as the mist drifts aside for a moment, we see the whole gigantic mass of "The Peak"—it is as if we were



THE CITY OF VICTORIA

looking at a green Gibraltar—the resemblance is wonderfully striking. The peak is eighteen hundred feet in height.

We are in the busiest harbor in the Eastern Seas, the meeting-place of ships from every corner of the world. So broad is the anchorage that there is no crowding; the count-



HONGKONG SAMPANS

less mighty ships swing freely with the tide, each in its watery orbit, each with its nebula of satellites. Our steamer soon runs into a veritable milky way of little native boats.

The disembarkation of the Chinese steerage-passengers is a treat for eye and ear. A flotilla of sampans surrounds the "Empress of China." They are crowded with the runners for the native inns—half-nude individuals wearing hats as big as umbrellas. Suddenly all the hats—more than a hundred of them—are lifted and held upright like round shields above the pig-tailed heads. Why this salute or pose? Because on the "roof" of every hat is painted in huge red letters an "ad." for a hotel or lodging-house.

The sight of that hundred-odd advertising disks, waving on the waters was worth coming a long way to see. By this time an acre of little boats is alongside—and ere the anchor has gone splashing down, the ship is grappled by long bamboo poles with big hooks at the upper end, and up these poles some fifty men, with the agility of monkeys, come gliding swiftly, leaping over the rail, and dropping among the passengers like soldiers who have stormed and taken a redoubt.

Arrival in a new land is always delightful; enchantment always attends the coming into a strange harbor. We are surprised to find the harbor of Hongkong so beautiful. We pass the warship "Bennington," just detached from the Manila fleet. Then a rumor runs along our decks. Some one has said that Dewey has already left Manila, that the "Olympia," too, is here, and sure enough, there in the distance lies another warship, flying the stars and stripes. But can it be the admiral's flag-ship, that dingy cruiser with her hull



HONGKONG HARBOR



FROM THE CLUB

painted a gory red, her upper works still wearing the war-time coat of gray?

But looking through our glasses we see upon her stern the letters OLY—we can guess the rest. It is the Olympia! She is making her toilet, laying off her campaign gray, and putting on a suit of white in which to travel homeward through the tropics.

Then people come on board from launches, and we learn that the admiral is resting at Peak Hotel, up "topside" among the clouds, which at this season usually hide the summit of Hongkong. Lieutenant Hobson, too, lives there in the mist, in the hotel, which we see now and then for a brief moment, when it has been pointed out to us, far up the slope in a gap between two peaks.

Meantime the English porters of the various great hotels have boarded the ship in a manner less acrobatic than that of their Chinese rivals. A man with the words "Hongkong Hotel" upon his cap, points out the house he represents. A few moments later we land at a stone pier, and thence proceed on foot to the hotel, leaving our baggage to be carried in our wake by two pair of sturdy coolies. There is no Custom House. Hongkong is a free port; the pleasure of arrival is not marred by official molestations. We are permitted to arrive without committing perjury or breaking our finger-nails upon the refractory catches of our trunks. We follow the

splendid stone quay to the right along the water-front. All this is comparatively new ; the water-front familiar to the traveler of ten years ago is now two blocks from shore : the gray structures far to the left with three tiers of arcaded balconies formerly marked the harbor edge of Hongkong. We cross a spacious square, graced by the statue of Her Majesty the Queen ; the square is but a small part of the great "Praya Reclamation" begun about ten years ago. No less than fifty-seven acres of promenades and level building-lots have been created by a process of filling in, for the town has grown weary of bracing itself on the steep incline of the rocky slope. Nor will the corner lots remain long unimproved. We see, at every turn, buildings in process of construction ; but they are not skeletons of steel with a veneer of terra cotta, like the new buildings that we see rising so rapidly in our cities ; for these rise in vaulted solidity, stone upon stone, brick upon brick, arch supporting arch.



MURRAY'S WHARF AT HONGKONG

But despite the European architecture we know that we are in an Oriental country, and we realize that we have scented a new land. The discovery of a new smell is always an event in the life of a traveler. Every foreign land worth visiting has its peculiar, its unmistakable aroma. Delight-



PART OF THE PRAVA RECLAMATION

edly we sniff the heavy atmosphere in an attempt to analyze the new-found perfume ; in it we detect an *oldness* that is not antiquity, a raciness that is not of decay, a touch of aromatic wood, and a suspicion of incense burned long ago and far away, all this saturated with the steam of a perspiring population — such is the smell of Hongkong. It gives us a keen sense of remoteness, not altogether grateful to a traveler who finds himself alone in Hongkong.

As I wrote home the first evening in Hongkong, "I am full — of things to say. To-day has been a big day — a day to be remembered ; for to-day I have learned a new smell — the smell of China, the '*bouquet du Chinois*' as the French so



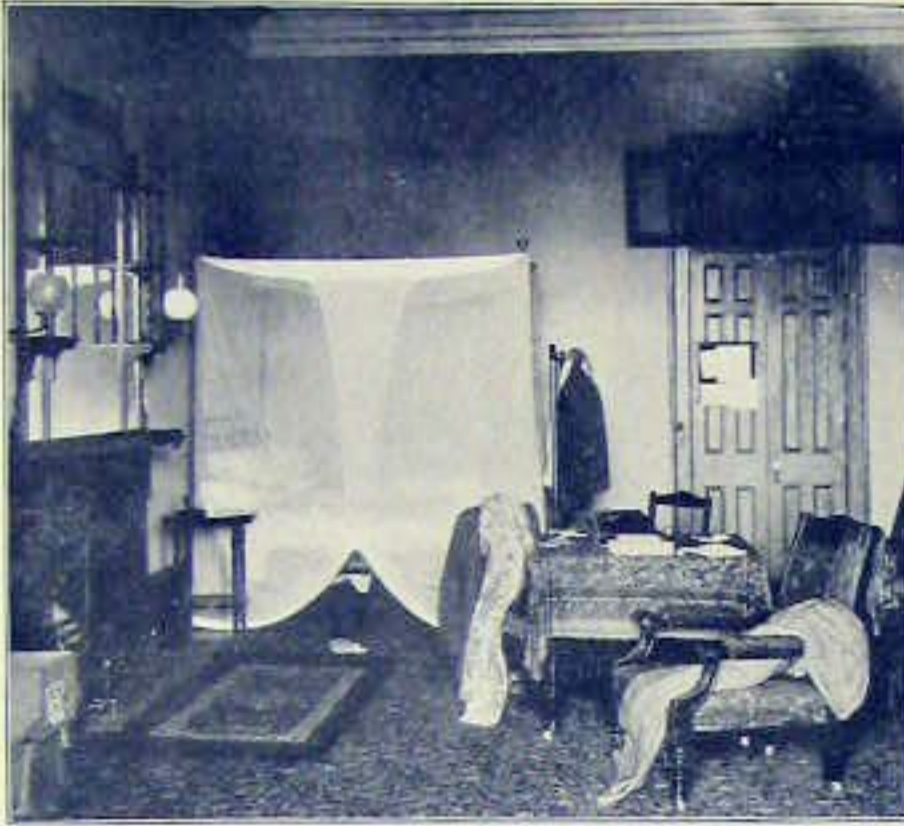
A NEW BUILDING

delicately put it. It is not the opium-laden perfume of the San Francisco Chinese quarter, nor is it the stuffy stink of the Asiatic steerage—it is a smell apart, a sort of *essence d' Orient*, distilled by the transpiration of four hundred millions of toiling Celestials,—a racy, sweetish, sourish wholesome smell, not disagreeable, at least to me, for it is new and interesting, suggestive and exotic. It is everywhere, even in the stately halls of the Club; it is wafted by every wave of every punkah—a trace of it must surely come to you folded in this letter!”

It is on landing that the new smell smites the traveler—at the same moment he begins to perspire; and continues to perspire until he leaves this Anglo-Chinese Turkish bath. At the Hongkong Hotel—a five-story pile, buff-colored and balconied, I secure a big, bare room with a sec-



VERANDA OF THE HONGKONG HOTEL



IN THE HONGKONG HOTEL

tion of a broad sheltered balcony, for ten Mexican dollars a day—about four dollars and eighty cents in our money. The house seems old and damp; it has a smell like a gymnasium and everybody in it is limp and drip-

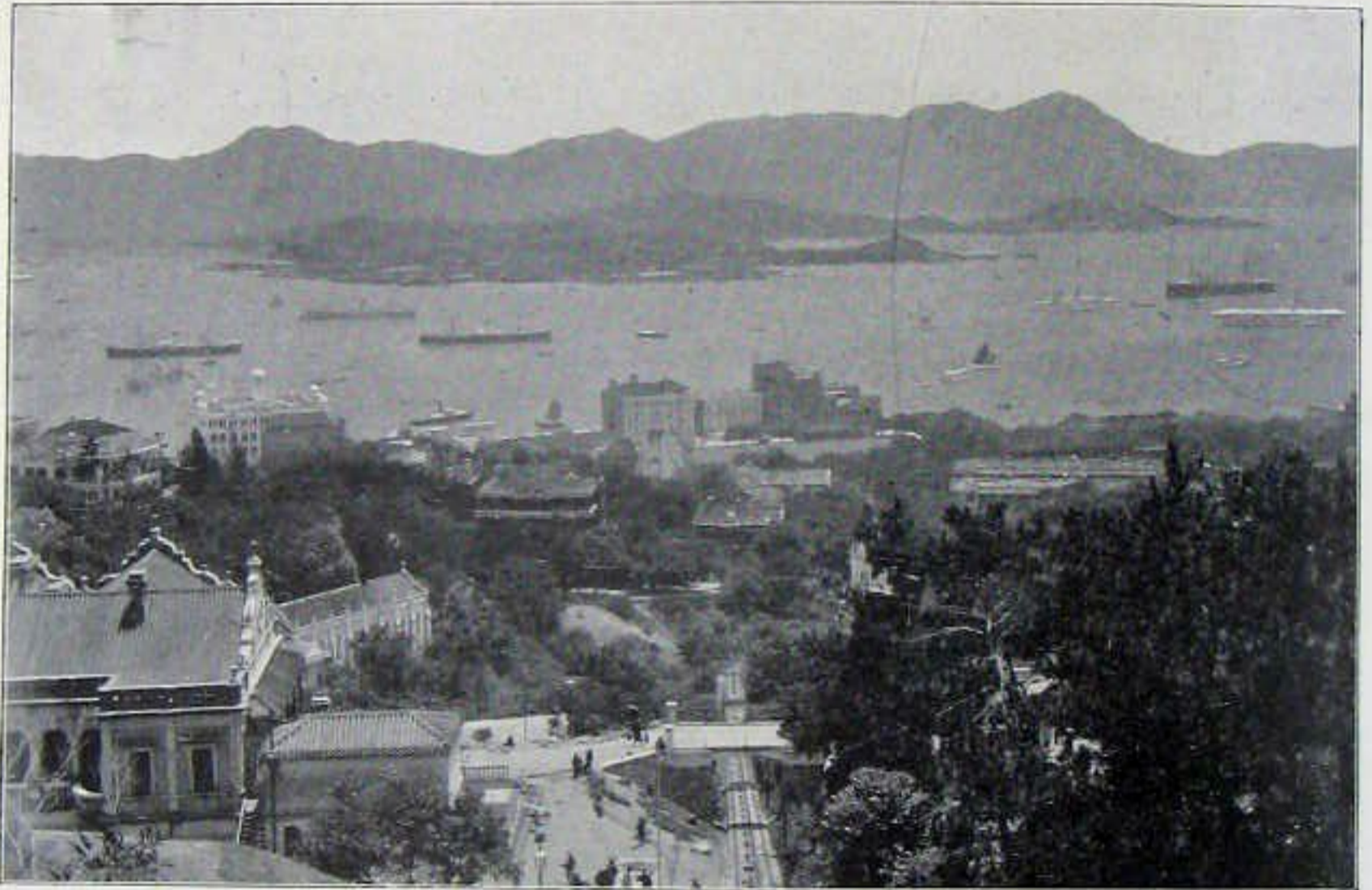
ping more or less. An attempt to strike a match results in daubing on the under side of the mantel a streak of softened yellow sulphur. Quick-tempered travelers have been known to produce blue streaks of sulphurousness. Our shoes if left out over night turn white with mildew. Everything is thoroughly damp and warmly clammy to the touch.

My first sortie is to the Chinese tailor to order suits of white, which are made in no time, for practically nothing—about one dollar and seventy-five cents a suit. The cost of laundering is only five cents each. We elbow



FIVE O'CLOCK TEA IN THE MORNING

our way in Queen's Road, the principal thoroughfare, through busy crowds, along the arcaded sidewalks ; we see myriads of beautiful brown legs, with splendid brown bodies above them, bodies nude to the waist, backs streaming with warm rain, wide straw hats dripping water ; calm coolie faces wet with sweat. Toil, toil on every side ! for all these brown men are hauling jinrikishas or carrying chairs, suspended from long



FROM THE PEAK RAILWAY

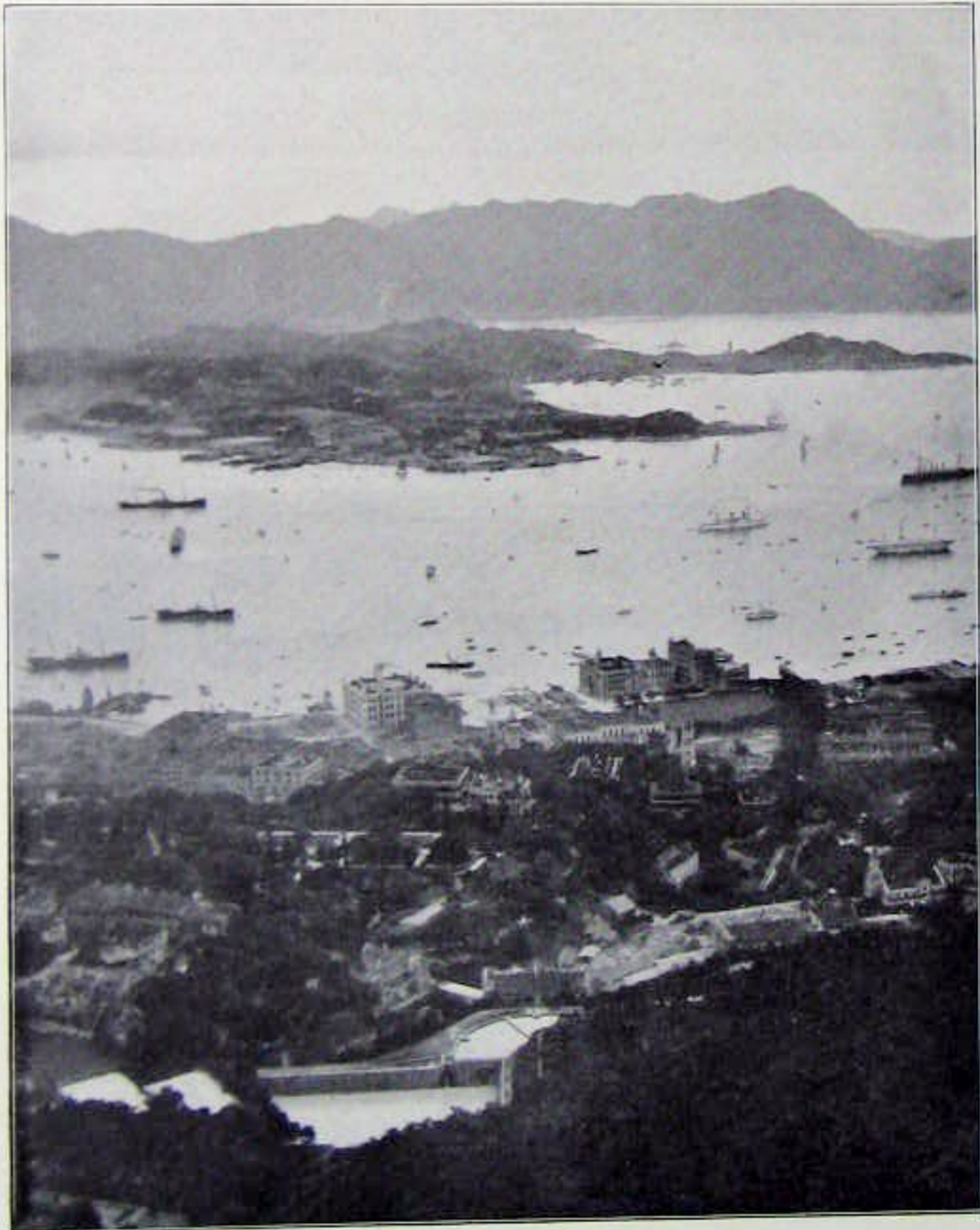
bamboo poles—the passing human panorama is all new to us, for the Chinese predominate to such an extent that it appears as if the white man were being crowded out. There is scarcely room in the thronged streets of Hongkong for its masters, the sturdy Britons who builded it as a stronghold for their commerce in the Far East.

The first day of sight-seeing includes a 'rikisha tour wherever it is possible to go in a wheeled vehicle—along the water-front from end to end, from "Sugar House" to "Gas



THE TOWER AND THE TOWN

Works," and then up and down all the level streets in the lower town, then to the race-course and the cemeteries, Parsee, Catholic, Protestant, and Mohammedan. The hand of the order-loving Englishman is seen in all things. The police are Sikhs from India, tall, splendid, dark-skinned men with curious beards that are rolled or braided and turned up and tucked under the turban forming a frame around the face.



VICTORIA AND KOWLOON



CONSUL-GENERAL WILDMAN

The evening brings no relief from the oppressive humid heat, to the dwellers in the lower town, but we are told that it is cooler "topside," and we take the "funiculare" for a skyward trip

The tramway is very steep; there are places where you catch your breath as you look down on the city and harbor.

The ascent by night is a weird experience; from the rear of the up-going car we peer down upon an inverted starry sky, crowded with constellations. The lights are numberless, on



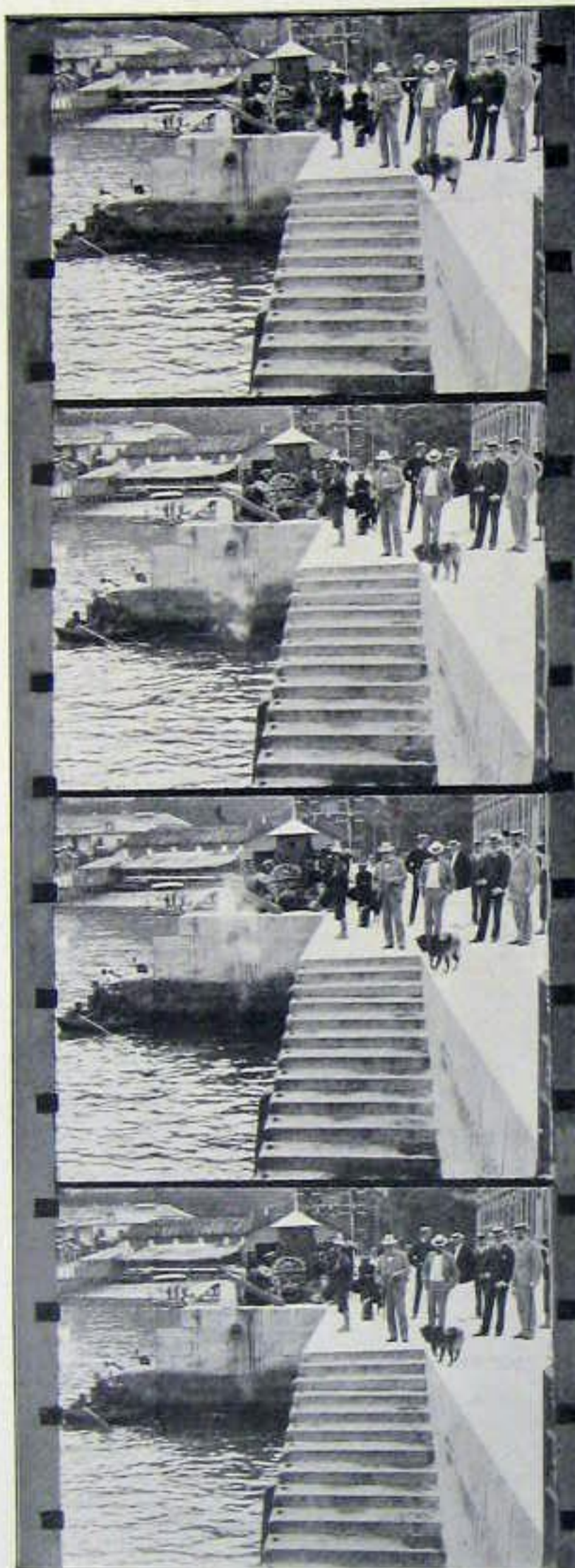
AN HISTORIC DESK

ship and shore, though we cannot distinguish the land lights from the marine ; we see only lights, pale, dim, bright,—all kinds of lights, lights of all colors ; then suddenly we collide with a cloud upon the Peak summit, and the sea of glimmering lights is lost to view.

A moment later and we are at the Peak Hotel ; a cool breeze is hurrying the vapors through the verandas, a band is playing in the bar-room — it is the Olympia's band, ordered



HONGKONG HARBOR



DEWEY AND BOB AT MURRAY'S WHARF

"topside" by the admiral. On the office black-board that serves as a register, we note among other names, the following:—

Room No. 38.

ADMIRAL G. DEWEY.

Room No. 33

LIEUT. R. P. HOBSON

"They are out there," says the hotel manager, pointing to a sheltered corner of the piazza; but there is no gaping crowd. Dewey and Hobson can rest in peace on the Peak, wrapped in its protecting mist. The band strikes up "The Star Spangled Banner." "That's the first time that was ever played here," remarked an Englishman. Then through the damp fog comes "God Save the Queen"; the admiral and his group applaud. The musicians pack up their instruments and take the last car, on which I, too, go gliding down to the muggy

lower town. Beside me sits the German trombone-player; he tells me all about it—he tooted his trombone during the battle of Manila Bay.

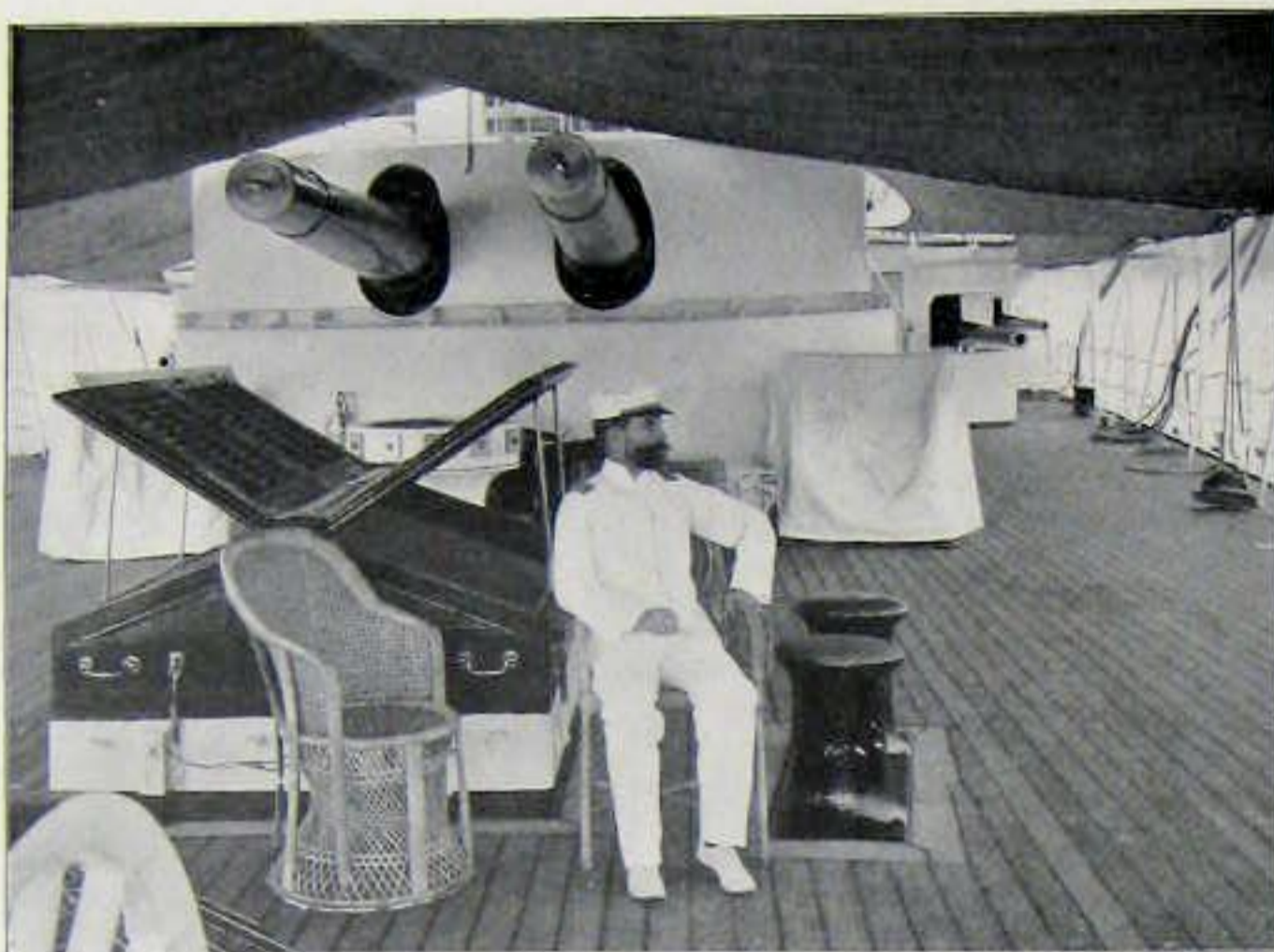
Next morning we present ourselves at the American consulate to meet the man who was the first American, not in Manila, to learn the story of the victory of Manila Bay,—



ADMIRAL DEWEY LEAVING HONGKONG — 1899

Consul-General Rounsevelle Wildman. Upon his desk, paragraph by paragraph, was laid that new chapter of our history, as written by Dewey,—begun by Dewey on the first of May.

I spend three interesting hours with our consul-general, first in the office while Chinese interpreters and servants come and go, bringing documents for seal and signature. Later we sit on the veranda of the magnificent Hongkong Club, looking over the harbor, with the Olympia in view,



FLAG-LIEUTENANT BRUMBY

while Consul-General Wildman tells me things that would have been worth millions to the man who could have heard them during the week following May 1, 1898, that week of terrible suspense. His diction is dramatic, his story of the sailing of the fleet from Hongkong takes me back a year and a month, the illusion is complete, and the stage-setting is real; there is the Olympia (now red as gore, waiting for her new white coat in which she will go round the world to the big nation that is waiting to paint everything red in her honor), and there is the tug in which Wildman carried McKinley's orders to the admiral, who was holding his fleet in readiness beyond those mountains in Mirs Bay.

I wish I could repeat all he told me of those eventful days, but we are travelers, we have come to see and not to listen. I learn that on the following Sunday Admiral Dewey is to descend from his refuge among the clouds, and that he has ordered his launch to be at Murray's wharf at 10 A. M. At

by Mr. Mee Cheung, a Chinese fellow artist. The admiral appears at the appointed moment with Bob, the dog, frisking beside him. Our photographic batteries open fire. Dewey walks down the steps, looks up with a half smile, and says to Ensign Caldwell at his side, "Well, look at those photo-



THE OLYMPIA AND THE PEAK

graph fellows up there!" He carefully superintends the embarkation of Bob, the chow dog, and cordially he shakes the hands of a few officers and friends. My Chinese servant, charged to fire one of the cameras, caught the admiral at the very instant he began his homeward journey, followed by Flag-Lieutenant Brumby, and Ensign Caldwell, his private secretary. We scarcely recognize the admiral in civil dress,

but we remark his splendid carriage, his brisk, decisive air; there is no hesitation in his step as he leaves Asiatic shores to face the overwhelming welcome that awaits him in his native land. Lieutenant Brumby, during the homeward voyage, came between his famous superior and the public,



MODERN OLYMPIANIKÉS

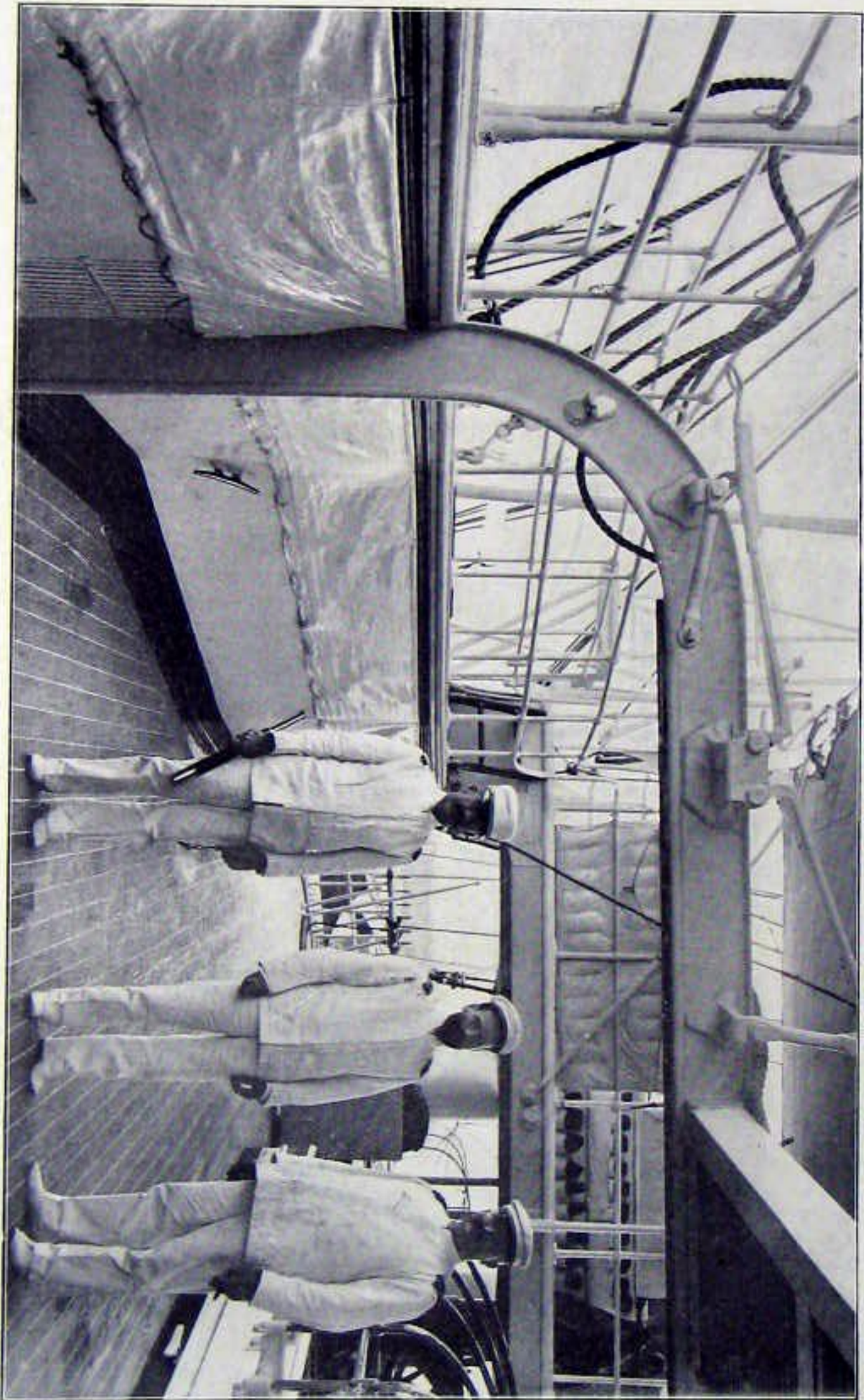
and performed the duties of his most difficult position with discretion, courtesy, and tact. And Ensign Caldwell must have been an ideal secretary for a modest man, for he possessed that same virtue for which we love George Dewey most. I chanced to lunch three times with Caldwell at the Club, as with a casual acquaintance, for I did not then know his name or his profession. The fact that he was one of

the heroes of Manila Bay had to be wormed out of him. I took him for a traveler; I asked him if he had been in Manila. "Yes," he said. "How long?" I asked. "About a year." "Did you live in the walled city?" "No, on a ship." "What ship?" "The 'Olympia.' I'm in the navy." That's the spirit of modesty that our boys have caught from Dewey.



ON DEWEY'S DECK

The Flagship of our Asiatic squadron is now resplendent in spotless white — clean, trim, and businesslike. On the eve of departure she is dressed with a hundred flags in honor of the birthday of the King of Italy, but we prefer to think it is in honor of the admiral's return, after his brief vacation on the misty Peak; and even the Peak unwraps itself to-day and stands forth clear and sharp against the summer sky, which



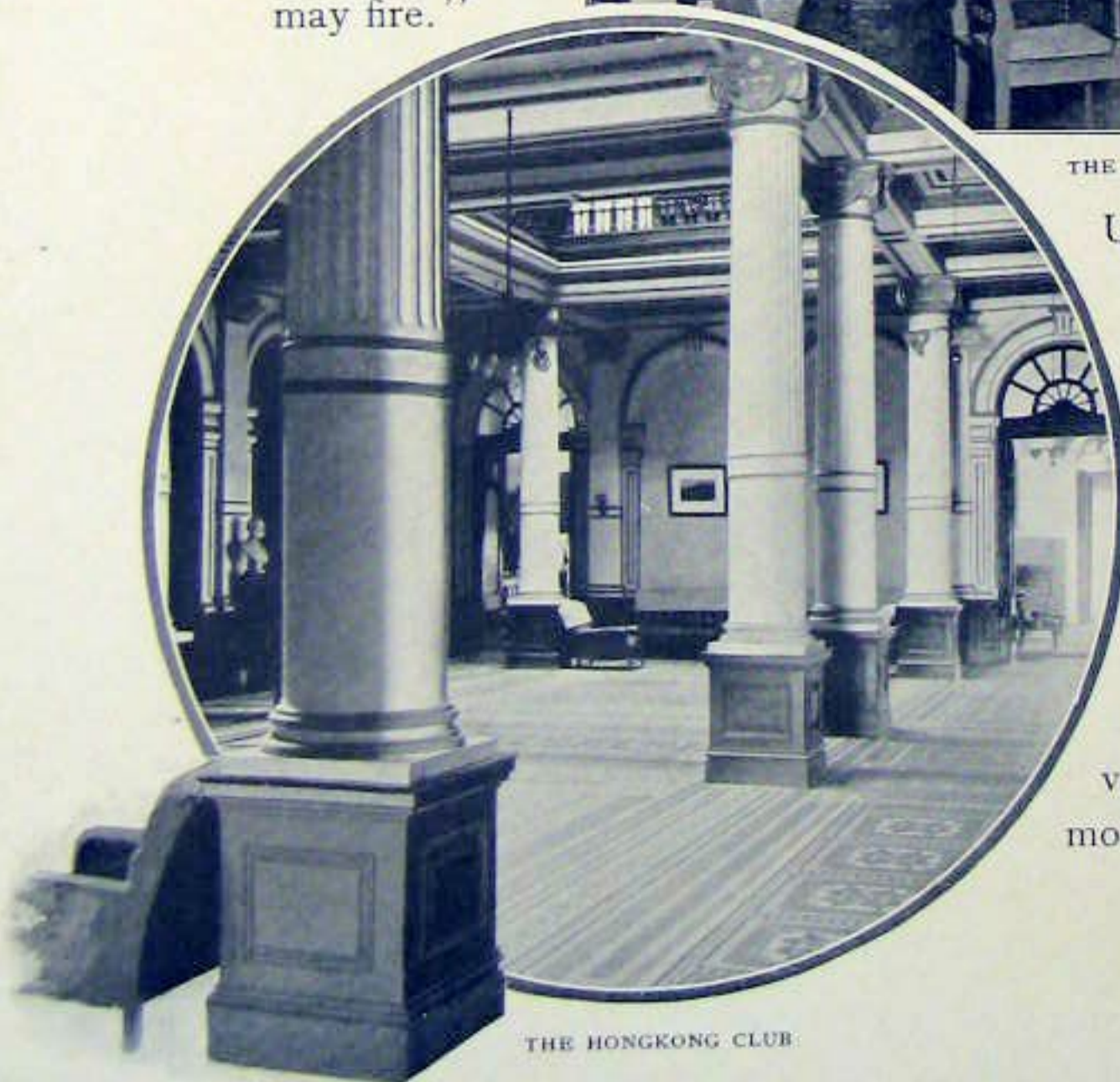
ON BOARD THE OLYMPIA

smiles upon George Dewey as he embarks to circle half the globe. But before the "Olympia" sails, let us go on board and grasp the hand and listen to the words of the man, who only thirteen months before said, "Gridley, when you are ready, you may fire."



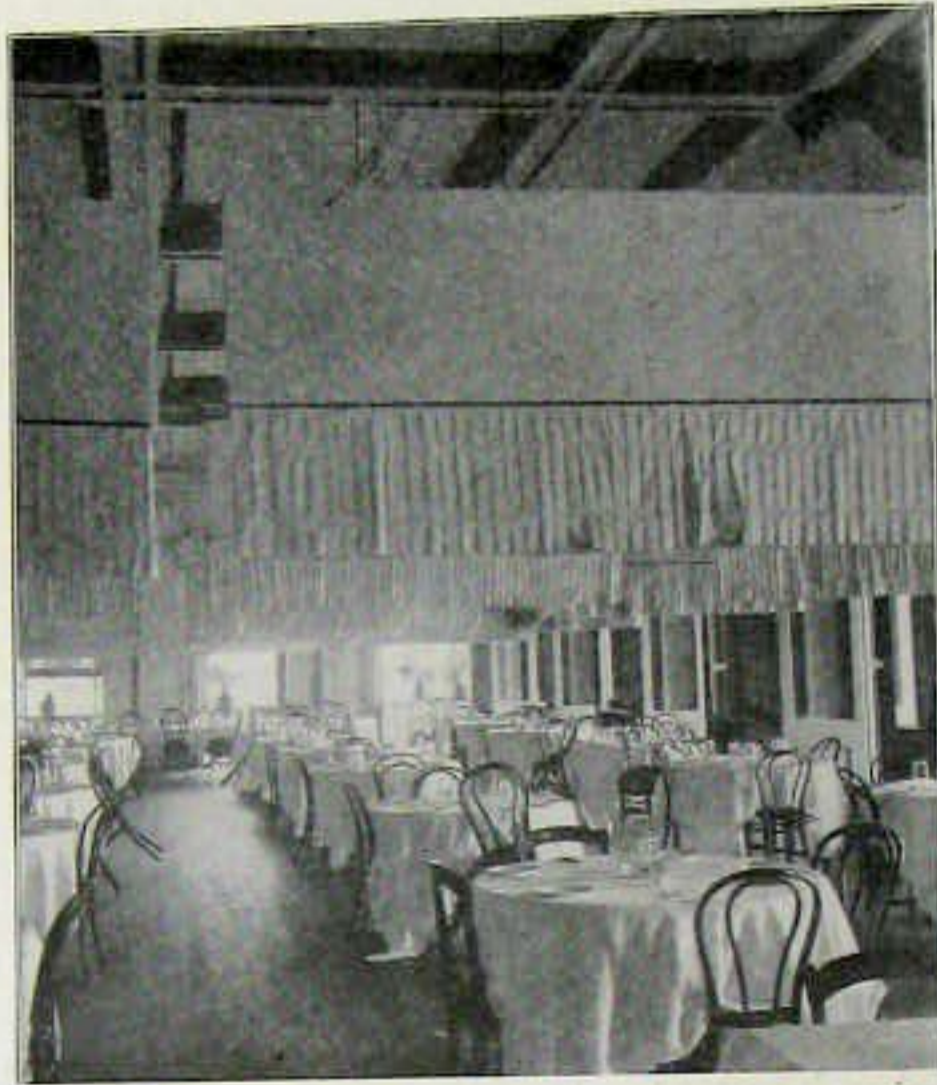
THE LIBRARY

Upon the quarter deck we are received in person by Flag-Lieutenant Brumby who conducts us, a few minutes later, to the cabin of the victorious but modest admiral.



THE HONGKONG CLUB

George Dewey does not affect the air of a celebrity; his greeting is like that of any other gentleman; nor did he let fall any of those remarks which we expect from great men's lips, phrases that are framed for repetition by the hearer. When we beg the admiral not to be too hard upon the American people, if in their enthusiasm at his return they fail to respect his inclination toward retirement and rest, he replies that he cannot understand why there should be any manifestation in his honor; "the people out here do not think that we did



BEFORE TIFFIN — HONGKONG CLUB



PUNKAS



VERANDA OF THE CLUB CHAMBERS

anything wonderful," he says, in a tone which indicates that he shares their opinion. Then with a hearty handshake he wishes us good fortune in Manila, but seems to say at the same time, "I am not sorry to be sailing tomorrow in the opposite direction."

Through the kind offices of the consul-general we are put up for an indefinite

period at the palatial Hongkong Club, where we meet men prominent in all the enterprises of the colony. We are presented to a doctor, who prescribes for us an easy chair out on the balcony, and a long cool glass of something. The long cool glass is one of the institutions of Hongkong. While the ice melts, the doctor confides to us the fact that he has had a hard day of scientific labor. "Just been studying four Chinese plague patients,—dead ones of course," he calmly remarks, whereupon we are so impolite as to shrink instinctively from the man of science. "No danger," he continues, as he follows us into the library; "the plague seldom touches Europeans, and there is no use trying

to avoid it. The servant who brings your morning tea and toast may have left a brother dying in a Chinese tenement. The papers report from twenty-five to thirty cases daily; these are the known cases only. Five times as many cases are jealously concealed." Then he relates startling



THE THIRD SEAPORT OF THE WORLD

incidents of the present outbreak. The night before he had stumbled over something in the roadway. It proved to be the head servant of a rich English family, stricken down by the bubonic terror as he was returning to serve dinner at their villa on the Peak. The morning of our arrival a jinrikisha coolie fell dead between the shafts, while running with a passenger. The dead man was picked up, placed in his own

jinrikisha, and rushed away; the first ride he had ever had, and the last. "Therefore, why make yourselves miserable with worry? Take your chances cheerfully like the rest of us, and come to tiffin." "Tiffin," in the language of the East, means the midday meal. "But why do they hang the tablecloths to dry in the dining-room?" the griffin will ask as he perceives long white linen affairs suspended vertically from the ceiling. I must explain that "griffin" is the Far Eastern word for "tenderfoot." The griffin is bound to make mistakes. The supposed tablecloths are "punkas," Indian word for fans, huge, white, suspended wind-producers, which waving slowly to and fro keep the air constantly in circulation. Without the punka it would be impossible to eat. The superiority of this contrivance to the electric fan is at once apparent. The buzzing wheel of the latter projects a dangerous draft through the stagnant atmosphere of a hot room, ruffling our nerves, while the silent waving of the punka-wings produces the effect of a gentle breeze, which cools the room and soothes the senses. The punka is the delight of all



UP TOPSIDE

save the poor punka-pullers, the miserable boys and men who stand outside on the sunny balcony and tug at the resisting ropes by means of which the motive power is transmitted. You can hire a boy to pull a punka-rope all day and



A TOPSIDE RESIDENCE

part of the night for a monthly salary of about two dollars. The side streets of Hongkong are lined with sleepy Orientals, tugging rhythmically at ropes which dangle even from the windows of the topmost stories.

We have secured rooms that open on a broad, cool balcony on the top floor of the club. There every morning at six o'clock—for even clubmen rise early in the land where the morning nap brings no refreshment because of the increasing heat—men lie in bamboo chairs, taking their tea and toast, served by silent Chinese valets.

An indispensable adjunct of every self-respecting traveler in the East is a Chinese "boy," a trim, well-trained, and inexpensive valet and interpreter. My "boy," Ah Kee, agrees to follow and to serve me on land and sea for the exorbitant monthly wage of \$11.10. The regular pay for boys is only six dollars, but as my plans include a sojourn amid the



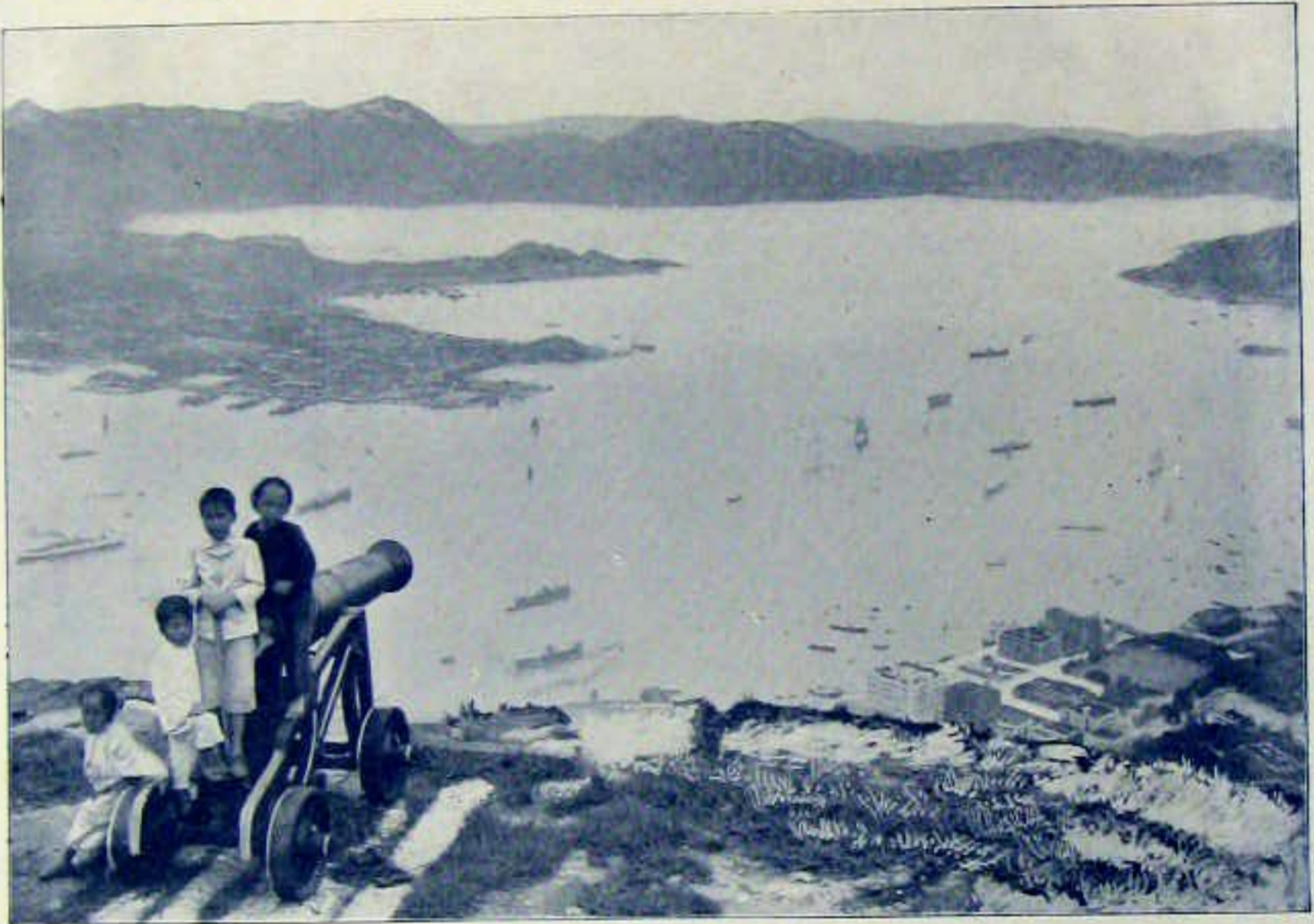
THE PEAK

dangers of the Filipino war, Ah Kee demands five dollars and ten cents extra for the risk. Thanks to Ah Kee, the petty cares of life do not exist for me.

But let us now begin a ramble around, or, rather, up and down the town, for as we extend our investigations we shall find Hongkong a place of many climbs and steep descents.

The passing 'rikishas and chairs remind us that the white man seldom walks in China. Why should he? Let me give the rates of fare for 'rikishas: one-fourth hour, five cents; first hour, fifteen cents; subsequent hours, ten cents. Jin-

rikishas are used only in the lower, level streets. To make excursions on the Peak we take the comfortable chairs supported by long, springy bamboo poles and borne by two, three, or sometimes four sturdy coolies. These are a trifle

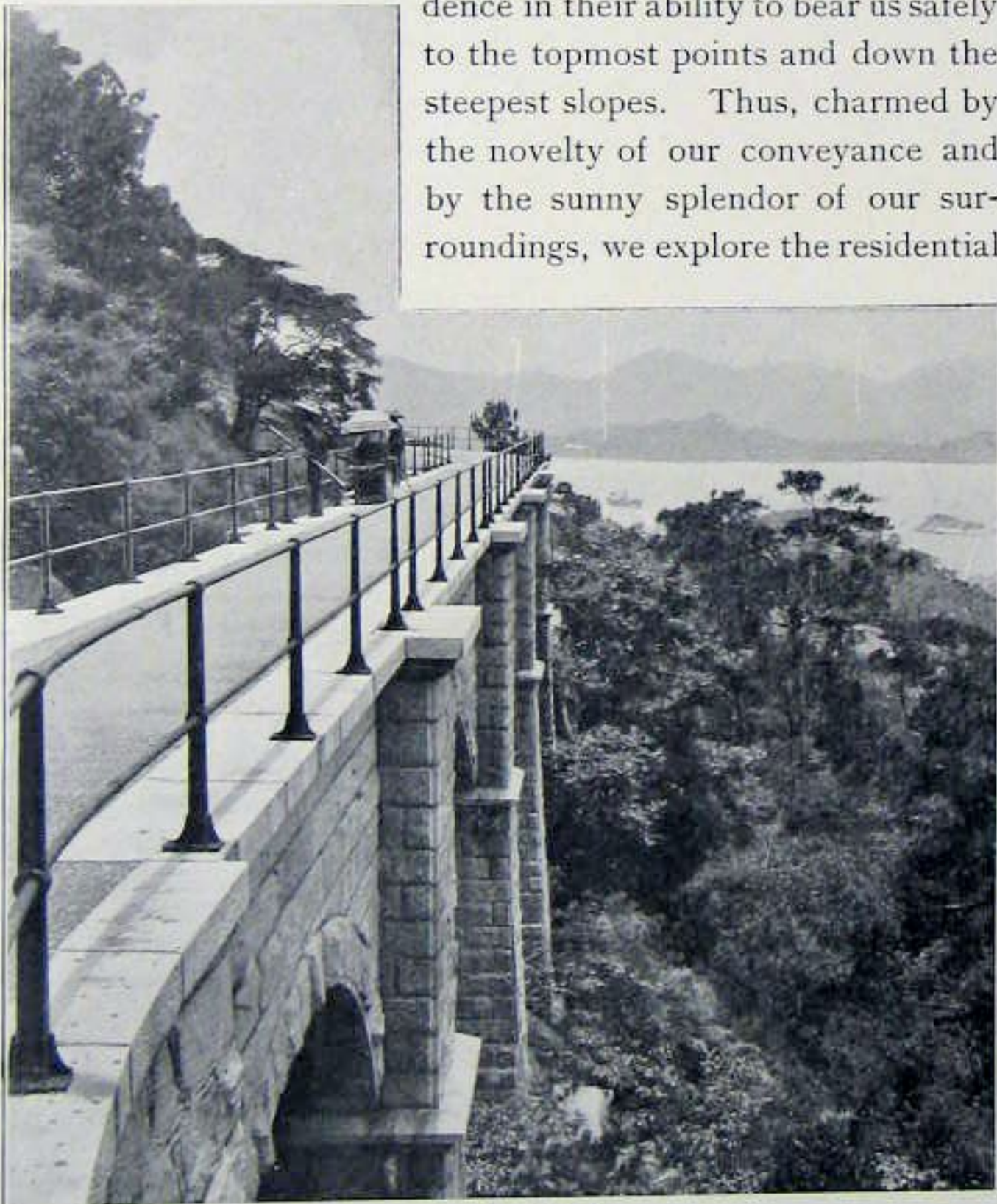


THE HARBOR, FROM THE PEAK

dearer than the 'rikishas : with two bearers, one hour, twenty cents ; all day, one dollar. These prices seem pitifully low, but we must still cut the figures in half, and then snip off a trifle more, for the silver dollar of China is worth less than fifty cents. Thus the two barebacked brown men who have borne your chair upon their shoulders all day long each receives at nightfall the equivalent of one American quarter. If we ask the reason for all this, the resident will point toward yonder mainland province of Kwangtung and remind you of its 29,000,000 plodding persistent workers, gaining a daily wage of from three to seven cents, who look enviously upon

the well-paid coolies of Hongkong. Strikes are of rare occurrence. A chair-excursion up and around about the Peak is as delightful as it is cheap. Smooth roads and paths wind from sea-level to the several mountain-tops and down the farther side to native hamlets on southern shore. The chairs are comfortable, the springy movement imparted by the bamboo poles, so long and flexible, is delightful, and the steady, almost automatic stride of the men inspires confidence in their ability to bear us safely

to the topmost points and down the steepest slopes. Thus, charmed by the novelty of our conveyance and by the sunny splendor of our surroundings, we explore the residential

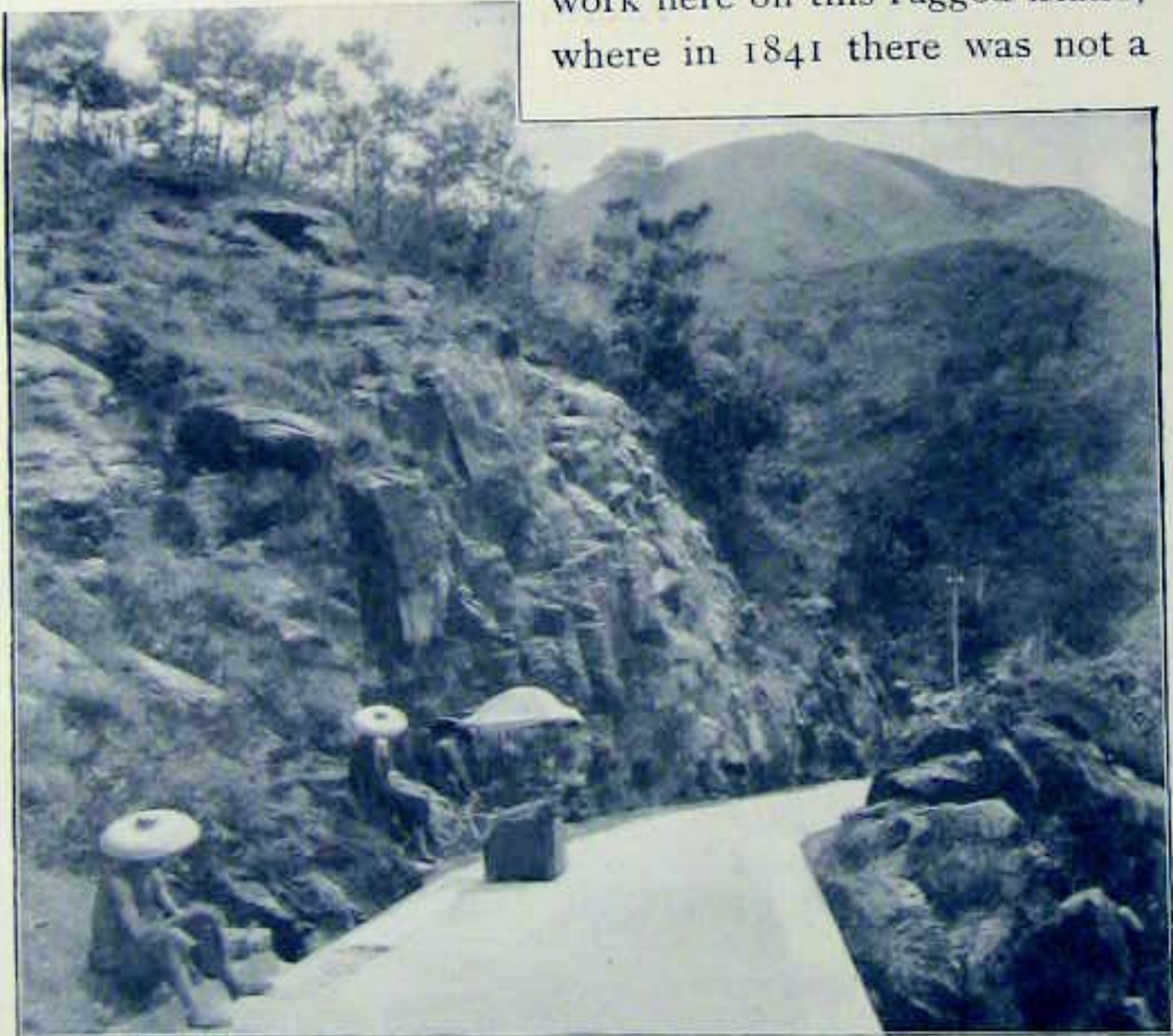


TOWARD KOWLOON

suburbs on the Peak. Up "top-side," as has been said the temperature is lower than in that part of town called "down-side," but the humidity is greater. Sometimes for weeks the Peak is wrapped in damp cloud masses, and everything inside the houses is wringing wet. The first day of sunshine following a foggy period sees these same homes literally turned wrong-side out. Bedding, mattresses, and curtains hang limp from every window, soggy upholstered furniture is ranged out on the lawn as if for a grand auction-sale, — even the shadows try to creep around into the sun to dry themselves.

Above the Peak Hotel looms a larger structure, originally intended for a hotel, but now used as an army sanatorium and barracks. How marvelously well has England done her

work here on this rugged island, where in 1841 there was not a



A PEAK PATHWAY

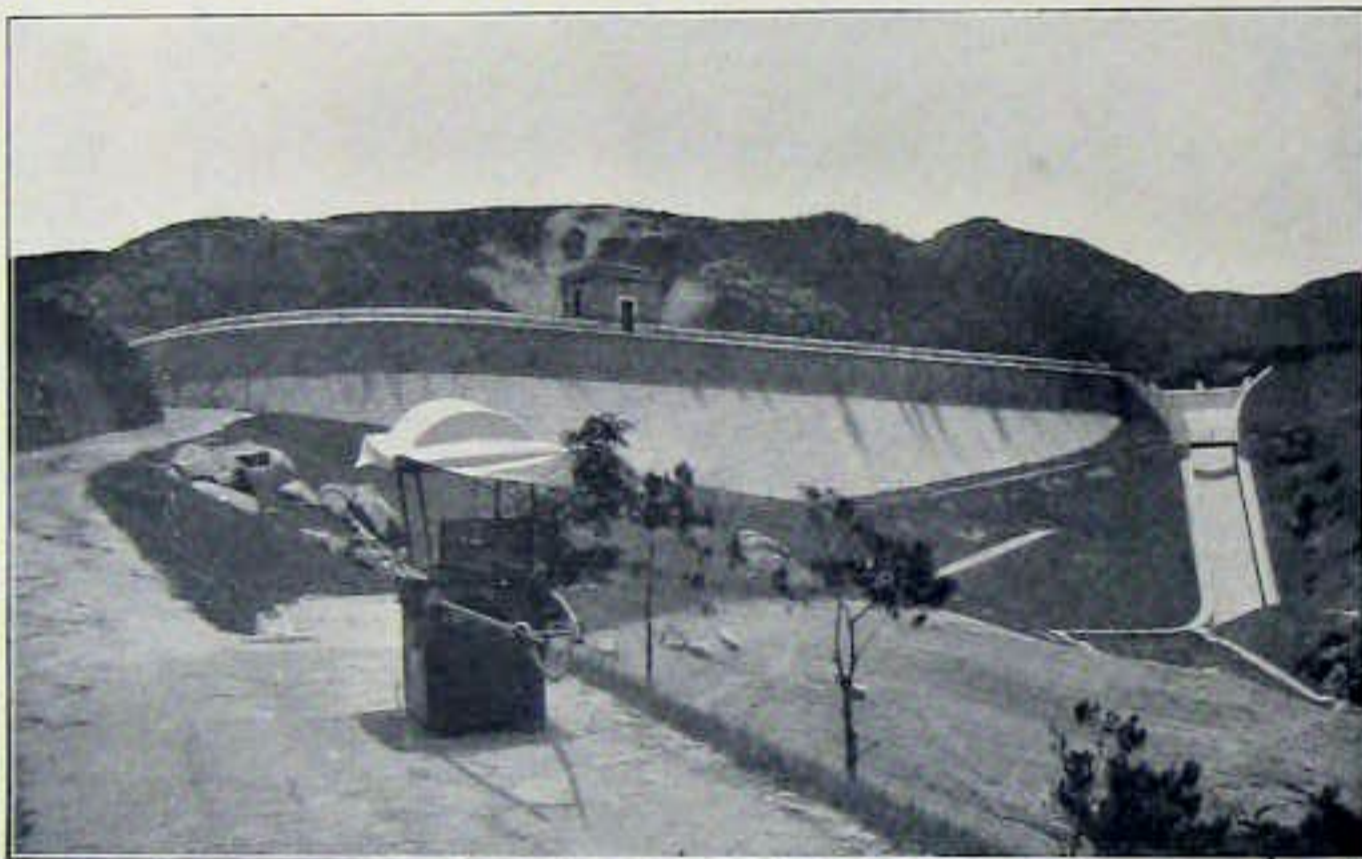


THE TAI TAM DAM

sign of civilization, and where to-day we find a splendid city of a quarter of a million people! The story of Hongkong is worth the telling. The island came into British hands in 1841 as a Voluntary Cession on the part of the Chinese government. China in our day has made voluntary cessions and friendly leases to other powers, but by a strange coincidence the giving of these valuable gifts is always preceded by the assembling of fleets, the roar of cannon, and the march of troops. In 1840, British trade with the great city of Canton had come to a standstill as the result of Chinese interference and hostility. A British fleet blockaded the Canton River. The forts of the Bogue were taken, a fleet of war-junks was destroyed, and British trade was speedily resumed. Then came the "voluntary cession" of a barren island to the so-called barbarian foe. The British found a population of 2,000 miserable fishermen and farmers. A city was founded. It was called Victoria, but it is more widely known as Hongkong, the name of the island on which it stands. In sixty years this thriving city with its splendid commercial palaces, warehouses, factories, dwellings, and

churches, have been created by the mighty impulse of British trade ambition. The opposite peninsula of Kowloon, ceded in 1861, is now the site of splendid dry-docks, ship-yards, and naval-shops, where the fleets of the Pacific may be as thoroughly cared for as in the ship-yards of the Occident. The Spanish ships which Dewey sunk were there refitted under the direction of Lieutenant Hobson.

In 1899, an extensive hinterland, behind Kowloon, came into the possession of the British,—of course, by voluntary

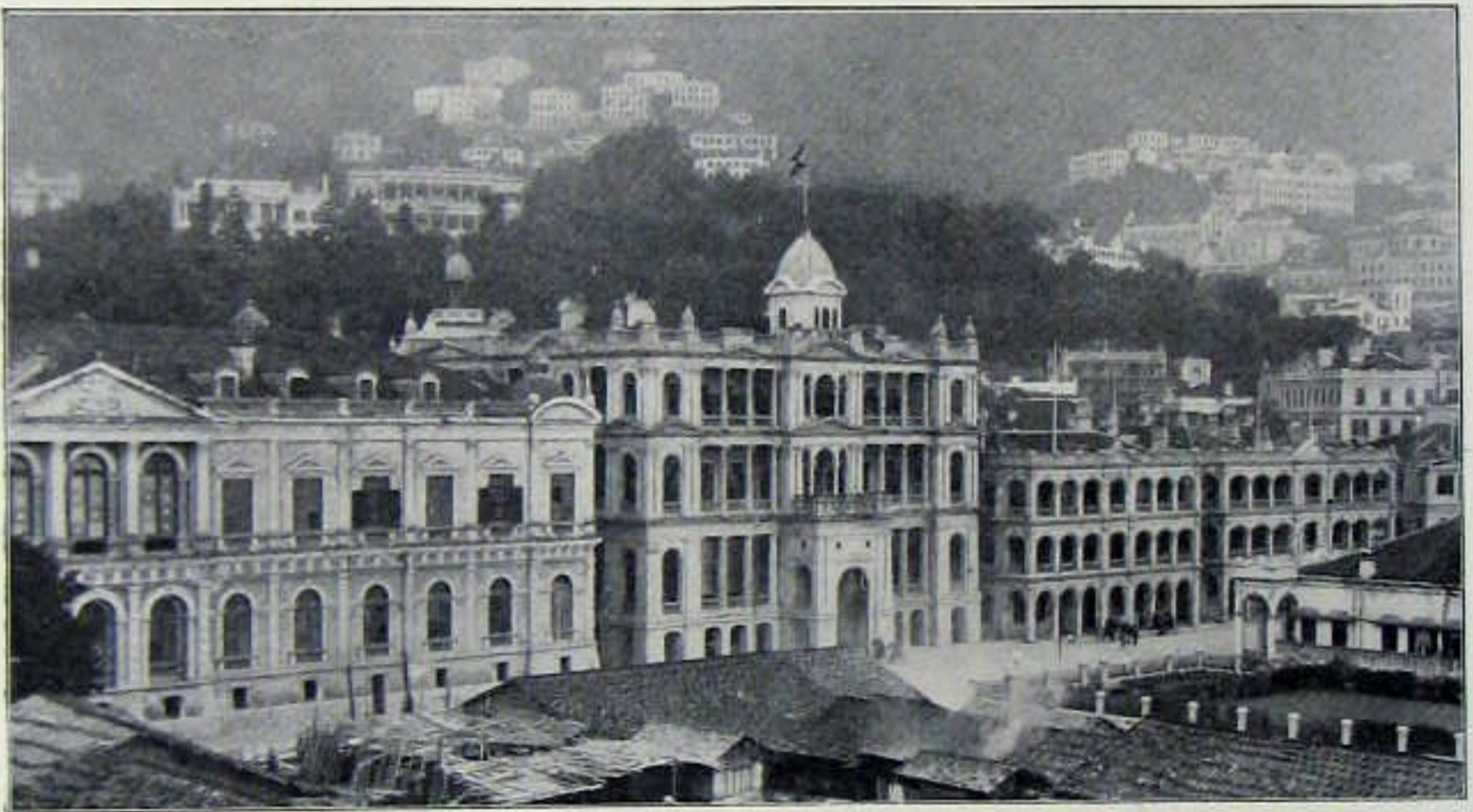


THE TAI TAM RESERVOIR

cession, although two hundred Chinamen were killed,—of course by accident, or rather through their own ignorance of what was best for them, for British rule has proved a blessing to the native population. No fewer than 250,000 Chinese have settled in Hongkong to escape the exactions of their own authorities, to benefit by the just laws, and to enjoy the protection which Great Britain gives to guest as well as subject. Thus, thanks to its moral, commercial, and geographical advantages, Victoria is in 1900 the third seaport of the world, rivaling New York, surpassing Liverpool. Seventeen million tons of shipping enter the port each year.

In 1896 the ships numbered nearly 35,000. Leaving out of consideration the 30,000 Chinese ships, we find that of the foreign vessels more than three thousand were British, 700 German, 120 French, but only fifty-six came under the Stars and Stripes, and the United States is to-day a next-door neighbor!

The public works of the city of Victoria keep pace with her commercial glory. Witness the superb roads and promenades; look at her water-works and reservoirs. Far up

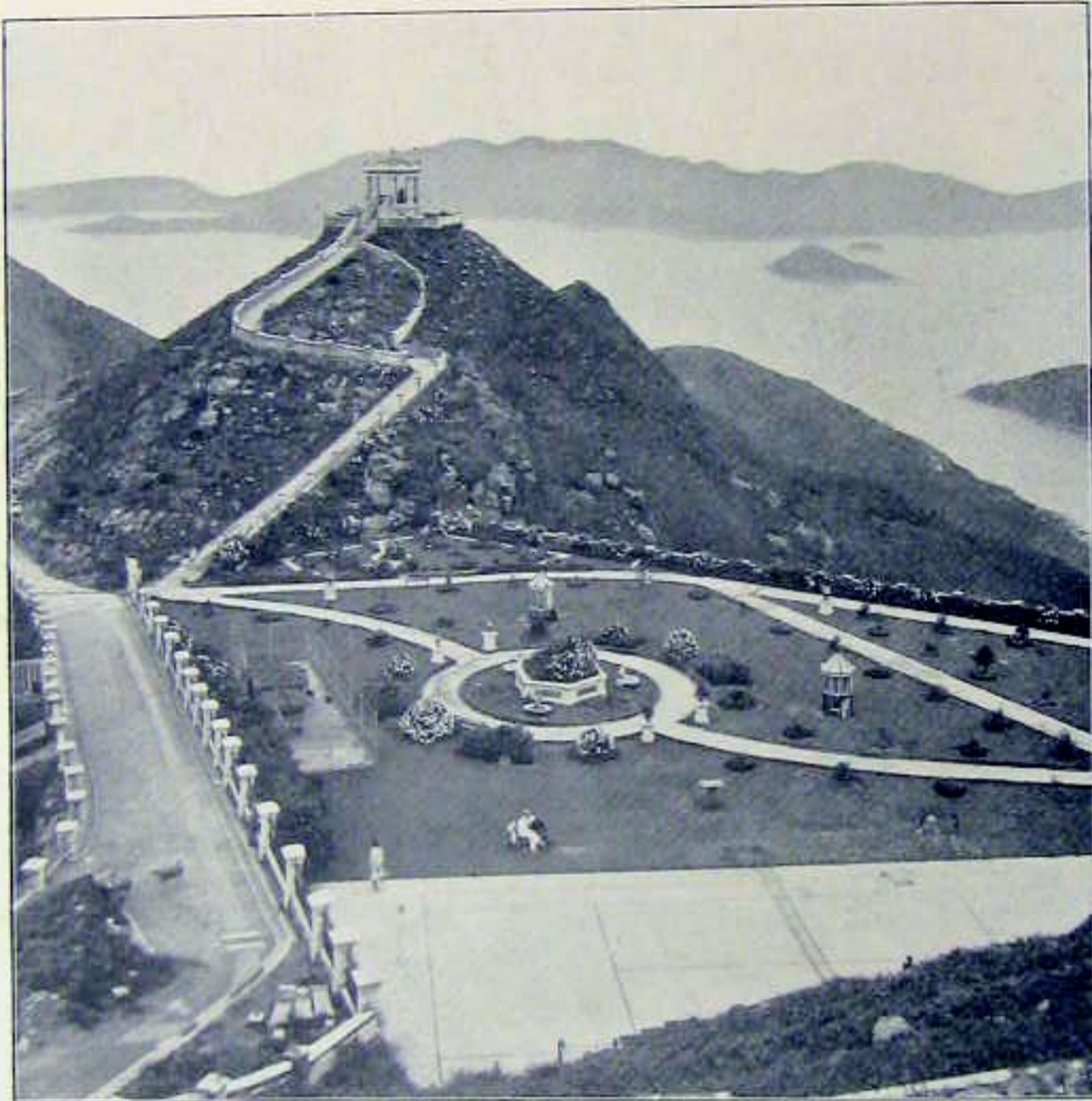


THE HONGKONG AND SHANGHAI BANK

amid the island summits we find the splendid Tai Tam reservoir with a capacity of four million gallons and, in spite of its altitude, a catchment area of two thousand acres.

These things all speak of vast commercial success, of rapidly increasing capital. To care for this, to canalize this flood of wealth, there are world-famous banking institutions, of which the most prominent is the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation with a capital of ten million dollars, with an annual net profit to the shareholders of a million and a half. Many of the stupendous loans which China is period-

ically making, and the recent great railway concessions and construction contracts are financed by the "Hongkong Bank." The manager, Sir Thomas Jackson, receives a salary larger than that of the President of the United States, and has besides the use of two residences, each one more com-



THE TOP OF HONGKONG

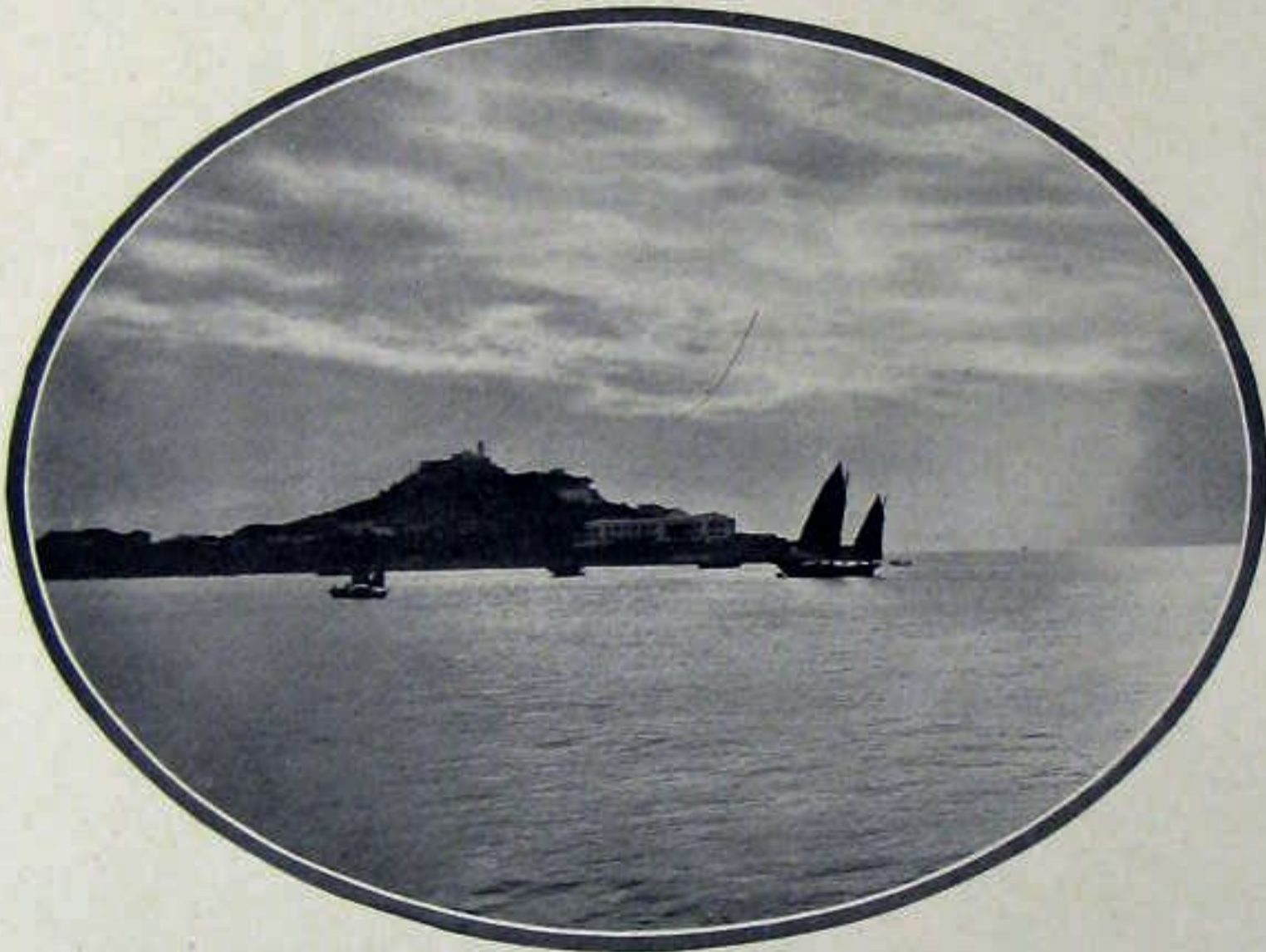
fortable and more luxurious than the White House in Washington. And yet as we gaze from the peak summit where, eighteen hundred feet above the sea, we find the gardens, tennis courts, and palaces of men enriched by the commerce of that almost impenetrable nation the edge of which we see upon the far horizon, we realize that all that we have seen is but the beginning, the promise of a future prosperity to which



MOUNT AUSTEN BARRACKS

no man dare set a limit. And an eagerness to see what lies beyond those distant hills, to penetrate into the China of the Chinese, lays hold on us. Nor is our desire difficult to realize. We know that Canton, the most populous city of all China, may be reached in half a day by modern river steamers.

En route to Canton the traveler usually stops at the City of Macao, the oldest colony in China, founded by Portugal



MACAO

in 1557. A voyage of half a day brings us from the busy present to the inactive past. The last thing that we saw at Hongkong was the "Olympia," witness of latter-day events and American conquests. The first thing that arrests the eye as we scan the silhouette of old Macao is a lighthouse, called the *Guia*, or the guiding light—the first and for many years the only lighthouse on the treacherous Chinese coast. It speaks of the forgotten past and of the early conquests of the Portuguese in commerce and in war. Macao,



THE CITY OF THE PORTUGUESE

though lying near the mainland, is built on a peninsula, which itself is a part of an island called Heung Shan. The city, in spite of its medieval origin, presents a fresh and young face to the sea.

The long sweep of the water-front, called the Praya Grande, has been likened to a modest replica of the Neapolitan shore. Macao's commerce, although strong in its



THE HOUSE OF AH FONG, MACAO

three centuries of supremacy, could not withstand the competition of Hongkong. Grass grows in the streets to-day, and the shipping trade is largely confined to native junks. Much old wealth still lingers here, but we must not forget as we admire the pure white façades of rich men's dwellings that in the basement of many houses we could find the dark cellars, called barracoons, where stocks of human merchandise were pitilessly confined during the days of the abominable "coolie traffic," a form of contract slavery which was suppressed only in 1874. Advancing along the curving Praya, our native guide points out a stately residence and tells us that it is the property of Ah Fong, a



THE GROTTA OF CAMOËNS

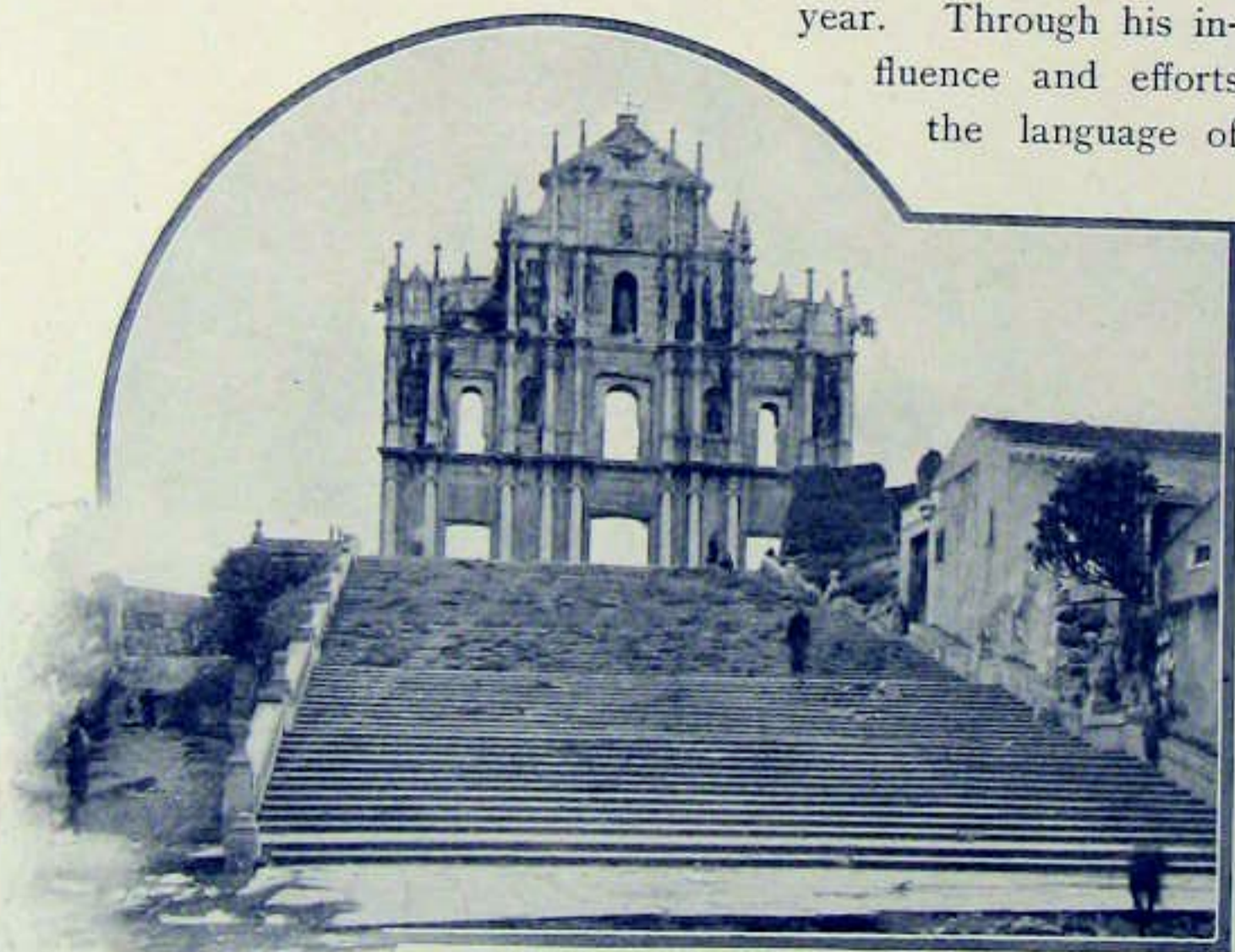


CAMOËNS' GARDEN

Chinese millionaire. There is a familiar ring about the name Ah Fong, that carries our thoughts back to Honolulu. Can we have stumbled upon the dwelling of the vanished Chinese Cræsus, whose Hawaiian family is so well-known in the islands? Yes, so it is—although this is but one of the many residences possessed by him in southern China. His favorite abode is in the hamlet of Wong-mo-si, eight or ten miles inland. It was his boyhood home, and after an absence of forty years he returned to create there, with his foreign millions, a magnificent estate. He has built picturesque Chinese palaces, pavilions, and ancestral temples; there are also memorial pagodas and gateways, with laudatory tablets erected by permission of the Emperor, as enduring testimonials that those who follow the example of Ah Fong, and by lives of industry and honesty amass great wealth, are deserving of Imperial praise. But it is to be noted that the wise plutocrat invests the bulk of his vast

fortune in other lands, where plutocrats, although not praised, are protected—not, as in China, praised and plucked.

Wandering into the higher regions of the town we find in the midst of an ancient garden a grotto, sacred to the memory of Luiz de Camoëns, author of the *Lusiad*, the epic poem of old Portugal. Banished from his native Lisbon in 1547 because of a youthful love-affair, Camoëns served his country in the war with Moorish pirates near Ceuta, on the Barbary Coast. Pardoned, he returned to find his verses far more famous than his deeds of valor. He traveled in the Orient, told in verse of the abuses in the Indian colonies of Portugal, and was again sent into banishment. It was here in the silence of this garden in a rocky recess that he composed the closing stanzas of "*Os Lusíadas*," the poem in which he sang the illustrious deeds of his adventurous countrymen in all parts of the narrow, medieval world which the Lusitanians were, by their explorations, making wider every year. Through his influence and efforts the language of



THE FAÇADE OF SAN PAULO

his ungrateful country was preserved when threatened with extinction by the Spanish occupation. Spanish was spoken at the court of Lisbon, but Camoëns' stanzas were read and cherished by the people. He died in poverty in Lisbon.

Another of the sights which every traveler must see is the hollow ruin of the San Paulo Church, a structure dating from the sixteenth century and partly destroyed by fire in 1835. As we gaze through its casements, glazed only by fragments of the transparent sky, let me remind you that Macao's pretenses to political morality are as hollow as this empty church, which stands here as a fitting symbol of degeneration. The revenues of the colony are almost entirely derived from opium and gambling licenses. In the main street we see illuminated signs that read: "*First-class Gambling House!*" Lawless characters are numerous, and although the peninsula was originally granted to the Portuguese as a thank-offering for their assistance in suppressing a band of medieval pirates, to-day daring outrages are perpetrated by the modern black



IN QUIET OLD MACAO

rovers and pirates on the neighboring streams and sea, and even in the very town itself. In the summer of 1898 a pirate band landed by night, slipped past the sleepy guards, entered the house of a rich native merchant, captured the two wives and ten children of the absent millionaire, put them in sacks,



A CANTON RIVER CAPTAIN

shouldered their living booty, and regained their boats. The authorities prepared to demand reparation from the viceroy of the Province, but the merchant begged to be allowed to pay the ransom, 20,000 taels, to save his family from massacre. He promised ultimately to betray the pirates; but when later he was urged to reveal the place to which the ransom had been sent, he declined to speak, fearing the vengeance of the band. Finally wearied by the inquisitions of the police, he moved to Canton with all his goods, and to guarantee himself against future losses of kindred or of money the wily merchant entered into an association with the pirate company to act for them as financier and capitalist.

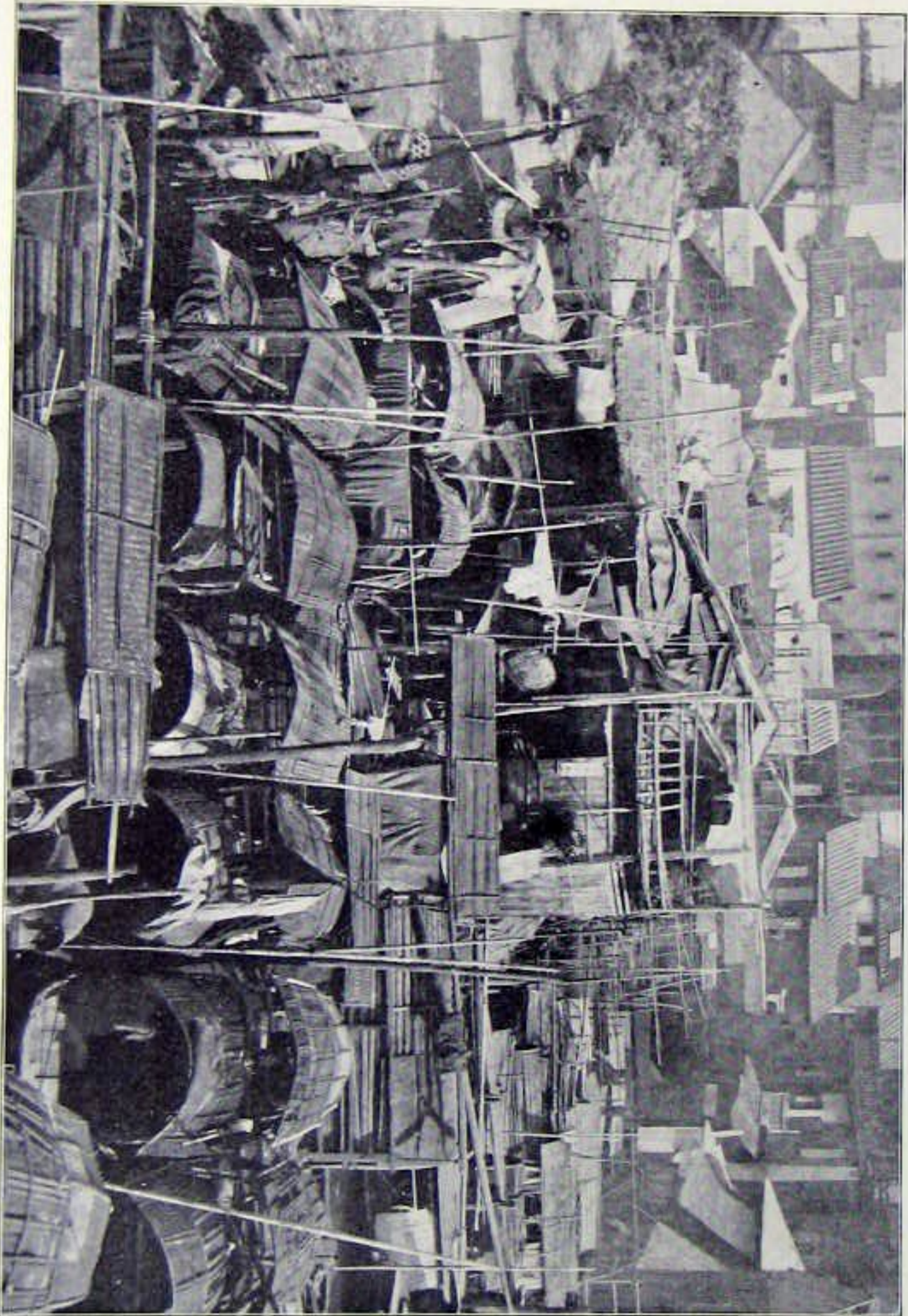
The large river-steamer, on which we travel from Macao to Canton is not unlike in appearance a Hudson River boat. But there the resemblance ceases. There are but seven European passengers; seven hundred chattering Chinese are locked below; yes, *locked* in huge compartments between



ARRIVAL OF A STEAMER AT CANTON

decks, some far down in the hold; we peer down at them through grated hatchways, as if they were wild animals in a deep pit. "Are they all prisoners?" we ask the captain. "Yes," he replies, glancing at the gun marked "loaded" near at hand. "Yes, in a way they're prisoners until we reach Canton. If they were not, *we* might soon be. Many times a steamer has been stolen bodily by its own steerage passengers, among whom were pirates in disguise, run up some quiet river and there looted or destroyed. We are only four white men in charge; we must take no chances."

There is not space for a description of the eight-hour voyage. The trip is enjoyable and above all restful; there is nothing to do but to sit in a long chair and watch the islands, the green shores, and the lazy junks drift by, until we find ourselves in the rapid reach of the Pearl River, which flows between the two vast aggregations of architectural driftwood that compose the chief city of this prolific province



Photograph by John Wright, Rochester

THE CANTON RIVER

of Kwangtung. Nothing that we have seen in foreign ports has prepared us for this arrival in Canton. At first glance the city repels, and at the same time fascinates the traveler. Our approach is the signal for squadrons of sampans to form in line of battle. Each craft is crowded with half-naked natives gesticulating wildly in their efforts to attract the attention of the Chinese passengers whom they are eager to serve either as porters or as boatmen. As the big steamer nears the pier, while she has still considerable headway, the line of overloaded sampans, impelled by frantic scullers, strikes the starboard side, and at the moment of the shock the clamorous horde scrambles aboard and is lost in the confusion of the steerage decks.

Ofttimes these reckless sampan people meet with disaster; their boats are frequently crushed or overturned by the advancing steamer, and the crews mangled by the propellers or paddles.

But these little mishaps create scarce a ripple of dismay, and no regret whatever — there are too many sampans in the Canton River and many more poverty-stricken boat-folk dependent on this traffic — a sampan less means a score less of competitors.



AH CUM, JR., CONDUCTS US TO THE SHAMEEN

A guide is absolutely indispensable in the labyrinthine city of Canton. Knowing this, we had telegraphed from Hongkong to engage a member of the Ah Cum family, who for two generations have been famous as guides.



THE SHAMEEN WATER-FRONT

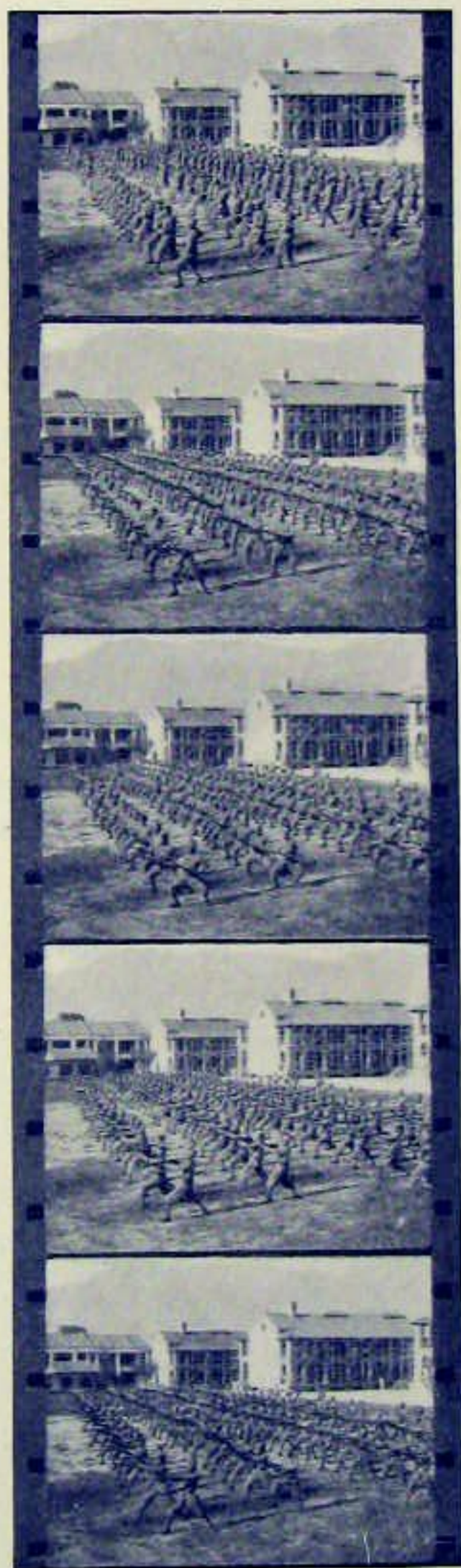
The answer duly came, assuring us that the eldest son would meet us at the wharf. The telegram read like a cordial invitation, for it closed with the words "Ah Cum!" We came and, on arrival, Mr. Ah Cum, Jr., took possession of us. In his book of testimonials we find the names of Carter Harrison, Chicago, and John L. Stoddard, Boston.

Ah Cum, Jr., conducts us first to

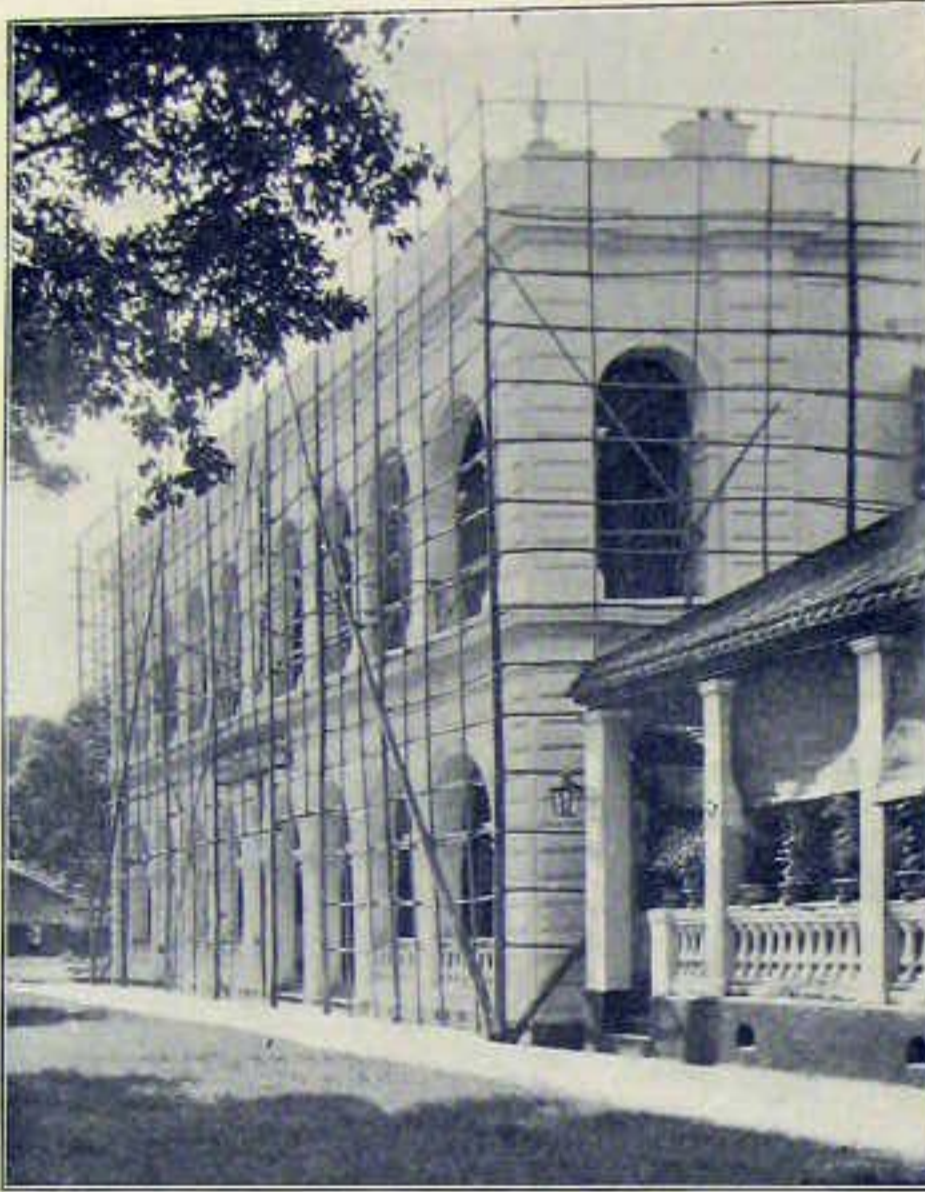


CANTON CONSULATES

the Shameen, the concession occupied by the foreign community. The Shameen is an artificial island, created by filling in a mud-flat in the river. It is about a half a mile in length, one thousand feet in breadth, and is separated from the native town behind by a canal. On our right are gardens, tennis courts, and consulates, but we cannot forget that this is China still, for on the left we see the curious junks plying on the yellow Ching-kiang. The strangeness of the river craft reaches a climax in the Chinese stern-wheel propellers, long junks with broad paddle wheels at the stern. We have seen similar contrivances on the shallow rivers of America ; but in China the motive power is not steam, but human muscle, for on each boat is a gang of coolies like galley-workers, slaving on a treadmill. Long river-voyages are made by these man-propelled "steamers." These fantastic boats, passing along the Shameen quai, tell the dwellers in this alien precinct that China is still China ; that



THE HONGKONG REGIMENT — BAYONET EXERCISE



THE VICTORIA HOTEL

while man's labor can be hired for a handful of rice daily, there is no need for inventions of the west. An Englishman observed: "Our problem is how one man can do the work of many. China's problem is how to subdivide a given piece of work that it may furnish subsistence to the largest number of persons."

At the Victoria Hotel we find a decent room and a passable dinner—we "pass" most of the courses, especially the meats.



A BRITISH HOME IN CANTON



WITH HUB SMITH AT CANTON

At the United States Consulate delightful hours are spent in the cheery company of our entertaining consul, who tells



WIDE THOROUGHFARES



THE CONSULAR CHAIR

with picturesque directness amusing stories of his life and tribulations in Canton. He gives to everything he says an illuminating touch, for he is a rare kind of consul—an able, honest, clever man, whom we all have come to love, for he is none other than Hub Smith, who wrote the dainty music for 'Gene Field's dainty lyric, "The Little Peach of Emerald Hue," that grew in the orchard of "Johnnie Jones and his sister Sue." No wonder that we listen gladly to his Oriental "tales of woe." He kindly arranges for us to make a motion picture of a departure of the Representative of the United States, in his official Pea-Green Sedan Chair, for a visit of state to the Imperial Viceroy. After three tremendously amusing rehearsals the scene was played successfully, although it came near being ruined by a lot of balky supernumeraries, the superstitious coolies, finally induced by exhortation and handsome bribes to pass before the camera.

The day has now arrived for us to make our first venture

into the native town. Four chairs await us near the door of the Hotel Victoria, where we have lodged in tolerable comfort and dined only when we could not get an invitation to dine out with some kindly resident.

Canton has the fascination of mystery ; it gives that thrill of pleasure for which the traveler travels. At first the difficulties of photography in such a place appear insurmountable, but pictures or no pictures, to *see* this city of Canton is enough—it is a new experience, another Red-Letter Page in life's diary! The sights of Canton, the temples, guilds, and yamens are hid in the appalling native city, the edge of which we see upon the opposite shore of the canal. All day a babel of voices is wafted on the heat waves from the crowded bank over the roofs of boats which never leave their moorings, for they are meant for habitation, not for transportation. At



A HONG



EDGE OF THE NATIVE CITY

night we are startled by the banging of cannon, the din of drums, and the awful lamentations of the long trumpets of the military guard. These sounds announce the closing of the city gates. We never become quite accustomed to them; they evoke always a shivering consciousness of the awful gulf between the European present and the past where China lives, a gulf so deep that we grow dizzy as we try to measure it, and so narrow that we toss a stone across it; for it is no wider than the canal that flows between the Shameen and the Chinese city. The gulf is spanned by a bridge; a stout iron grill at the Chinese end is opened at the approach of our four sedan-chairs, and closed behind us with a clank as we plunge into the Canton of the Cantonese.

The natural aspect of a Canton street has not yet been suggested by photographic means. The atmosphere escapes the camera; the people, too, escape, to right and left, into the shops and alleys. The corridor first entered, which is the street of the shoemakers, was densely packed with a moving throng *before* we halted to set up a tripod. Unfortu-

nately the darkness of the streets precludes the possibility of snap-shot work, and the picture resulting from a time exposure shows an almost empty thoroughfare, with here and there the blurred face of some more daring individual. There is only one Chinaman in Canton who will pose willingly for the photographer. But he, alas, is but the Oriental prototype of the cigar-store Indian! The difficulty in ordinary picture-making being great, it seems like folly to attempt to use the chronomatograph. Yet a desire to show one of these canals of commerce in full flood, induces us to make an effort to secure a motion picture. The first three trials resulted in perilous blockades. The human river, dammed



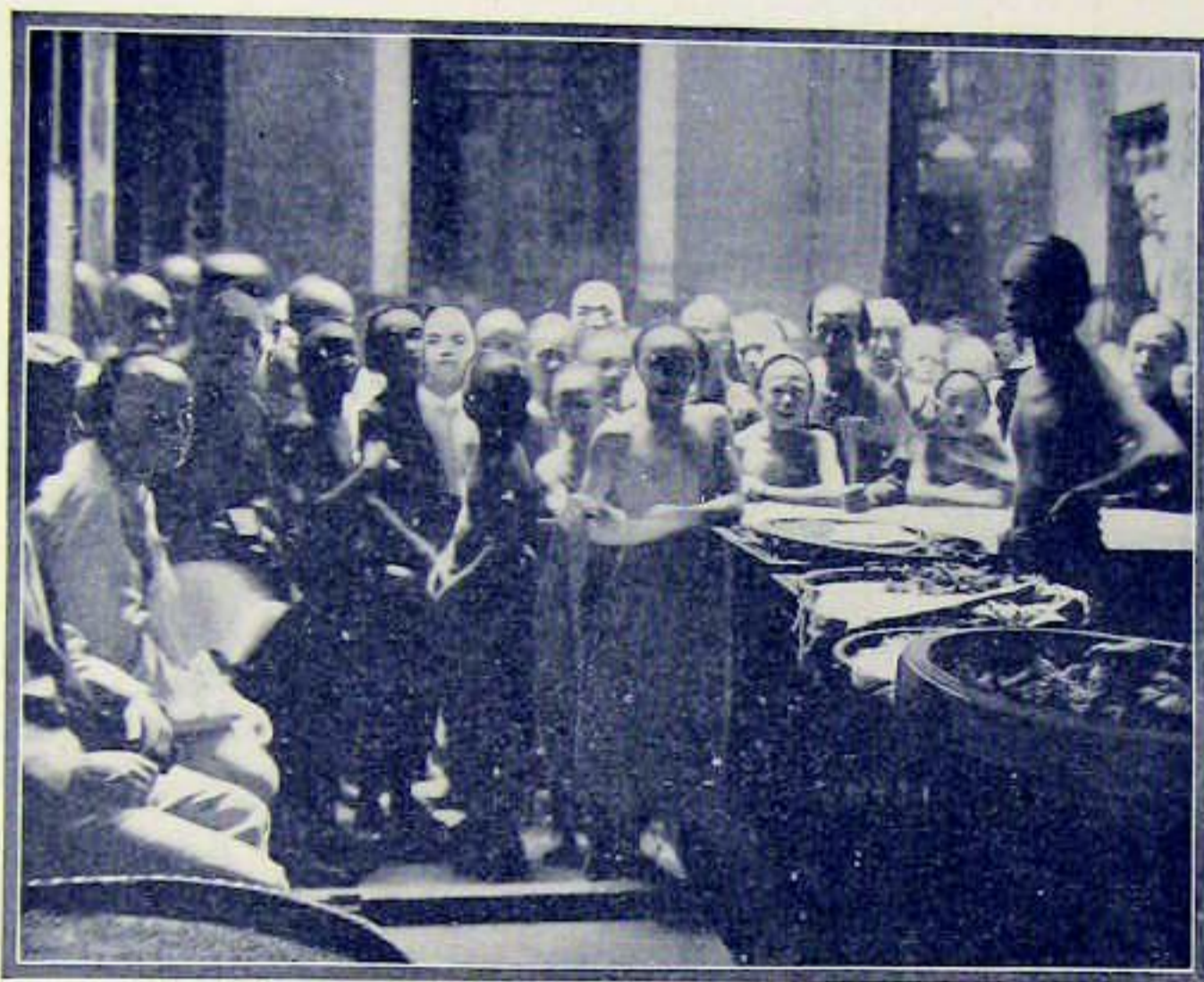
THE CANTON OF THE CANTONESE

by the crowd that invariably assembled behind the instrument, ceased to flow. Circulation for a moment interrupted, clots of humanity were formed in every lane and side street, and soon the movement of the entire quarter came to a nervous standstill. We always found ourselves the center of a curious mob. Fearing to prolong the excitement, we hastily entered our chairs and worked our way into other channels, there to renew our efforts. Fortunately, we find another animated street where for a few yards sunshine is dripping from the eaves; there by quick work we get the



THE ONLY POSEUR IN CANTON

film in motion before the busy throngs have noticed us, then by shouting menaces in English at the few who manifest an inclination to linger and look on, we delay for a few seconds the formation of the jam. Imagine miles and miles of dimly lighted intersecting corridors, through which an endless procession of hundreds of thousands of toiling creatures is passing thus all day, and day after day,



CLOTS OF HUMANITY

and you may gain a faint conception of street-life in China's busiest, biggest beehive. Nine men in every ten are bearing burdens, huge bales of goods slung from a shoulder pole, bricks balanced on scale-like contrivances, or baskets filled with everything from living pigs to fish that have been too long out of the water. Every bare shoulder has its callous scar, where the hard smooth bamboo has left its mark. The man most heavily weighted has the right of way. Thus we, because we ride in chairs, advance much faster than the crowd; the empty-handed, or rather the free-shouldered, passer-by must step aside for every toiling coolie; the coolie with his twin dangling burdens must shrink aside to let us pass, and we in turn are switched into an alley-way, with unflattering haste, to clear the main street for the passing of a mandarin, a pompous, spectacled official shut in a heavy, curtained, coffin-like conveyance, borne by four miserable coolies, who



MANDARINS

chant a groaning warning as they come swiftly along at a springy, short-stepped trot.

Never have our eyes been busier than in these streets. And so swiftly moves the panorama that we should carry off only a confused impression of multi-colored signs and breathless cries, and indistinguishable miles of merchandise, were it not for the fact that every detail of these kaleidoscopic corridors is repeated many scores of times. In every street we have on both sides a succession of shops, each differing so little from the next that all become one shop and give us a distinct composite picture of that special sort of shop, be it stocked with shoes, ivory carvings, jade bracelets, dry-goods, or multi-colored garments. A glance into the street of tailors convinces us that clothes are made for exhibition only, for coats hang everywhere except upon the backs of citizens. And though the streets are very noisy, yet to us they are doubly dumb. We cannot comprehend the meaning of a single sound, and



SHOE-SHOPS

Prosperous," and one reads simply, "Honest Gains."

And as we are looking down on the roofs of these establishments and are striving to trace the line of the crooked snake-like thoroughfare wriggling away toward one of the city gates, let me recite a list of the

the signs, however vivid their appeal to our sense of color, tell us absolutely nothing. Thus we are both deaf and blind to a wealth of curious impressions. For instance all the shops show bombastic titles on their brilliant boards. One will read "Ten Thousand Times Successful," another "Heavenly Happiness," or "By Heaven Made



STREET OF THE SHOEMAKERS

curious titles of the streets through which we have been carried. Surely a few misnomers have crept in, for we found in "Peace Street" a terrific turmoil; in the "Street of Benevolence and Love" we heard a man reviling; "The Street of Refreshing Breezes" was intensely close; "The Street of Nine-Fold



STOCKINGS STREET

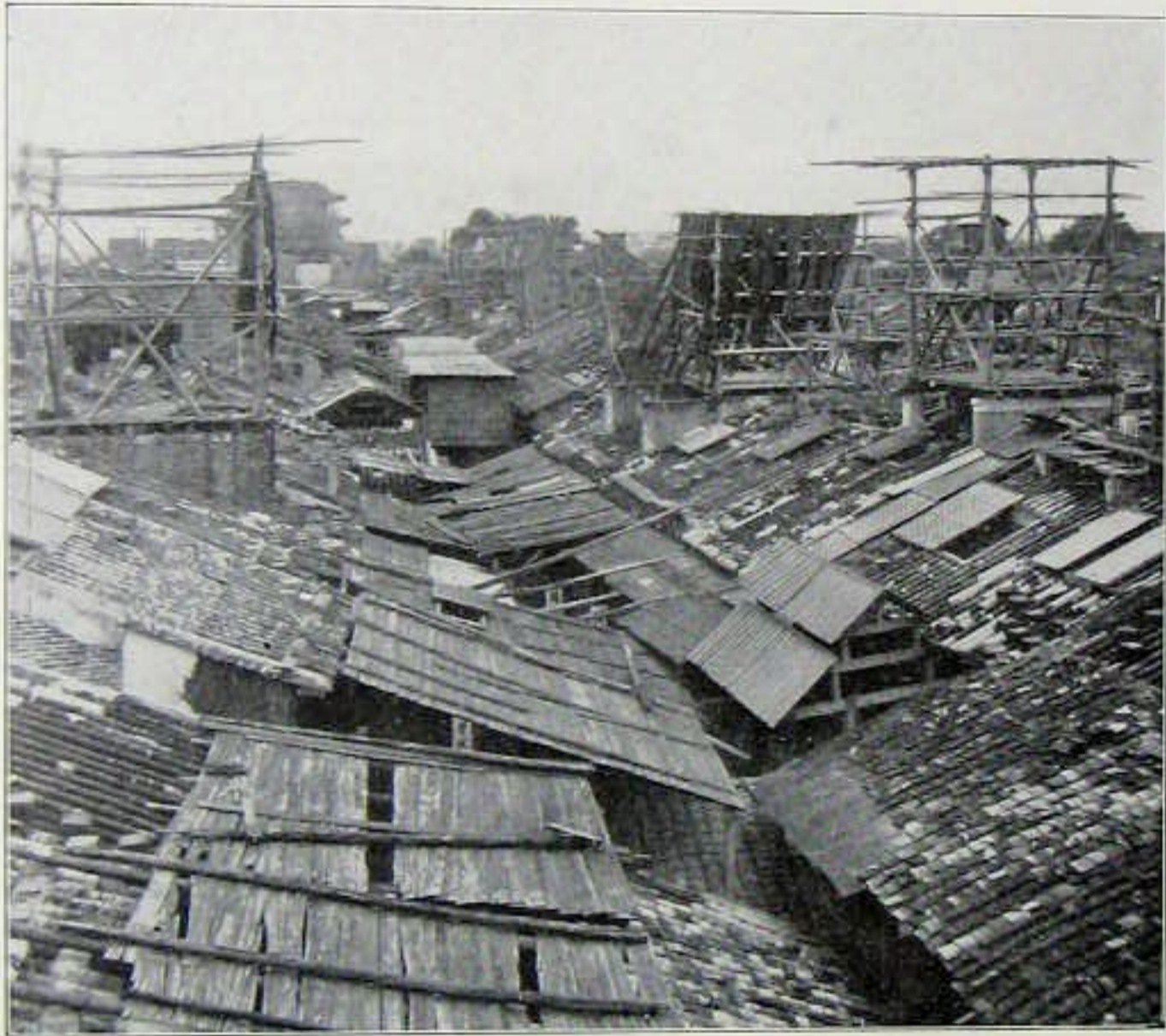
Brightness," very dark. Two streets were appropriately named, "The Street of the Thousand Grandsons," and "The Street of Ten Thousand Grandsons,"—for they were all there, with their grandfathers and their fathers, too, apparently ten thousand times ten thousand of those prolific Cantonese.

And while in those streets, which by law must be seven feet in width, we marvel at their comparative cleanliness



THE STREET OF THE TAILORS

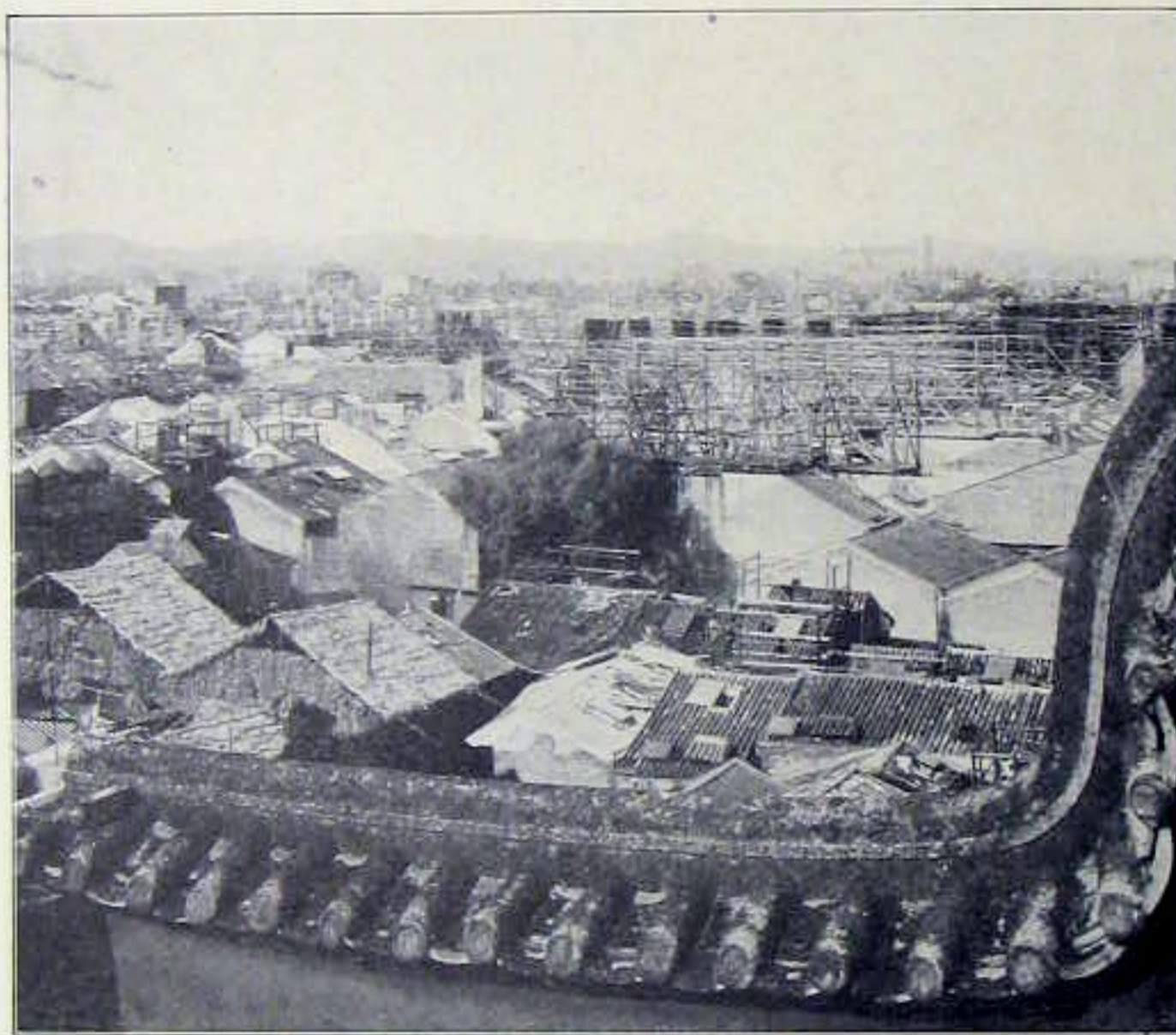
and decency; paved with stone slabs, with no apparent drainage scheme, and lined throughout the city's whole extent with serried shops and shanties they yet remain comparatively free from visible filth. Near the markets there are disagreeable odors, but do not our own cities at times offend the nostrils? Decidedly we are disappointed in the Canton smells. When we take into account our pretensions to



HOUSETOPS AND STREET AWNINGS

superior sanitary methods and to scientific knowledge, and the frankly expressed indifference to all such things of the Chinese, no fair-minded observer can deny that the condition of Canton is far less shameful than that of many of our modern towns. China is still living in the Middle Ages. Could we go back to the Paris and London of the earlier centuries, should we not find that filth and odors were the portion of

Queen Elizabeth and Louis the Magnificent, when they rode in state through the streets of the cities to which we now compare Canton? Moreover, in these Cantonese alleys, much reviled of travelers, we find large shops, that in the richness of their fittings and the immaculateness of their floors and walls and counters would put to shame many a dingy *maga-sin* in the Paris of to-day. Carved ebony and teak-wood,—



CANTON

gilded, sculptured screens,—lanterns with beautiful designs, painted on delicate rice-paper or on silk,—these things abound in hundreds of these shops; and everywhere, in the humble niche of the petty dealer and in the high-ceiled hall of the complacent silk or ivory merchant, there hang two incongruous, ugly, useful articles imported from our land—a Yankee kerosene-lamp and a New England time-piece, ticking

out the long hours of the Orient with the same tick that measures the fleeting seconds of the West. A Chinese clock differs in many important details from the imported article. A famous specimen of native manufacture is found in the upper chamber of a dingy tower. It dates from the year



A SILK EMPORIUM

1500. It has no springs, no wheels, no hands. It consists of four copper vases. Water trickling from one to another gradually fills the lowest receptacle, and lifts the slender gauge, resembling a light two-foot rule. The Chinese day has twelve periods of two hours each, divided into eight shorter periods of fifteen minutes each; the shortest unit of time in China is a quarter of an hour. This gives an idea of

the comparative value of time in the Celestial Empire—a Chinese second is, so to speak, a quarter of an hour long.

There are many shops which the traveler cannot enter without danger, that is, unless he be strong to resist the irresistible temptations offered by the fabrics and the curios therein displayed. The danger lies in the cheapness of the gorgeous fabrics or quaint conceits, in the feigned indifference of the merchant, and in the thought that never again will there be an opportunity to buy so many beautiful and curious things for so insignificant a sum of money. Embroideries, brocades, and gorgeous garments are spread before us until the color senses ache; and soon our resolutions *not* to buy lie shattered on the floor beneath a heap of useless lovely things that we have bought. Then, on the verge of bankruptcy, we turn from shops where goods are sold for cash to shops where



YANKEE LAMP AND CLOCKS

cash is the commodity on sale, and goods of every sort the purchasing medium. Literally speaking, pawnshops are the most prominent business enterprises in Canton. From the roof of one pawnshop, an Oriental skyscraper, a hundred others are seen in various directions, and we should find on the parapet of each an array of paving stones, conveniently arranged

to be dropped upon the heads of rioters or thieves should a mob gather in times of turmoil and pillage.

Among the surprises in store for strangers in Canton is the Provincial Mint, one of the best equipped and largest money-factories not only in the East, but in the world. Of course the machinery, of European make, is under the direction of an English manager and expert. Two million coins per day have been struck. The currency of China is still in a chaotic state. The modern mints in various provinces each turn out a dollar differing in weight and fineness from the dollars of its rivals; there are silver dollars of ten different values now in circulation. Although no gold is coined, the mints are not open to the free coinage of silver; the amount to be issued is determined by the authorities in charge of the finances of the province. The "tael," which is the standard of value, is not a coin, it is a given weight of silver used in commercial reckonings. The taels also vary in value; there are the long taels of the Custom Department, worth seventy-two



THE WATER CLOCK



TEMPTATIONS

cents in gold and the short taels of Shanghai worth only sixty-five cents. But with the poor, and this means almost the entire population, the familiar unit is the copper cash, a crude perforated disk, worth about one twentieth of a cent. A gold dollar's worth of Chinese cash would weigh no less than eighteen pounds, and be composed of from two to four thousand coins, according to the kind of cash, for even the cash

lacks uniformity of value. The climax of absurdity is reached when we are told that a string of 1000 cash is sometimes composed of 700 pieces, and sometimes of 1100, according to the regulations that prevail in different localities!

Leaving the Mint, we make our way to Canton's most conspicuous edifice, the French Cathedral. It stands upon the site of the former Yamen, or official residence of the famous Viceroy Yeh, who inspired and organized Canton's resistance to the French and English during the war of 1857. He was the viceroy who even in defeat remained true to his boast that he would never meet a European face to face, for he was found by British blue-jackets in the act of crawling ignominiously over the back wall of a secluded garden. For four years the French and English allies occupied the city,—from 1857 to 1861,—and this cathedral, built a few years later by the French, must be to every thinking citizen a hateful reminder of his city's foolish obstinacy, reckless folly,

inglorious capture, and ignominious occupation. The spires dominate the flat expanse of the ramshackle metropolis and are seen from the steamer's deck long before the city comes in view.

Along the Canton river-front usual conditions are reversed ; the river does not inundate the city — instead, the city overflows its banks and pours a flood of dwellings into the yellow stream. In amazement we ask, "Is Canton on land or on water?" It is on land *and* water ; about 2,000,000 people live on land, about 200,000 people on the water. And the land-dwellers look with contempt upon the floating population. But the river-folk are happy in their independence of



PAWNSHOPS

landlords and land-taxes. This aquatic community, equal to the population of New Orleans, rarely sets foot upon the land, but circulates upon streets and alleyways of planks and gangways leading into this maze of floating homes, moored in the stagnant canals and in the rapid-flowing river.

The double-decked and gaily decorated barges anchored in close array are among the most curious institutions of this

fluvial quarter. While all the rest of Canton sleeps, this suburb on the tide is wide-awake and the "Flower Boats" or restaurants are brilliantly illuminated. One night we visited the quarter with two guides, a camera, and a flashlight pistol. We peered into boat after boat, for everything is open to the public gaze. We saw rich men entertaining friends at costly dinners, providing for their guests elaborate puppet-



HOUSE OF THE MANAGER OF THE MINT



"IN HOCK"

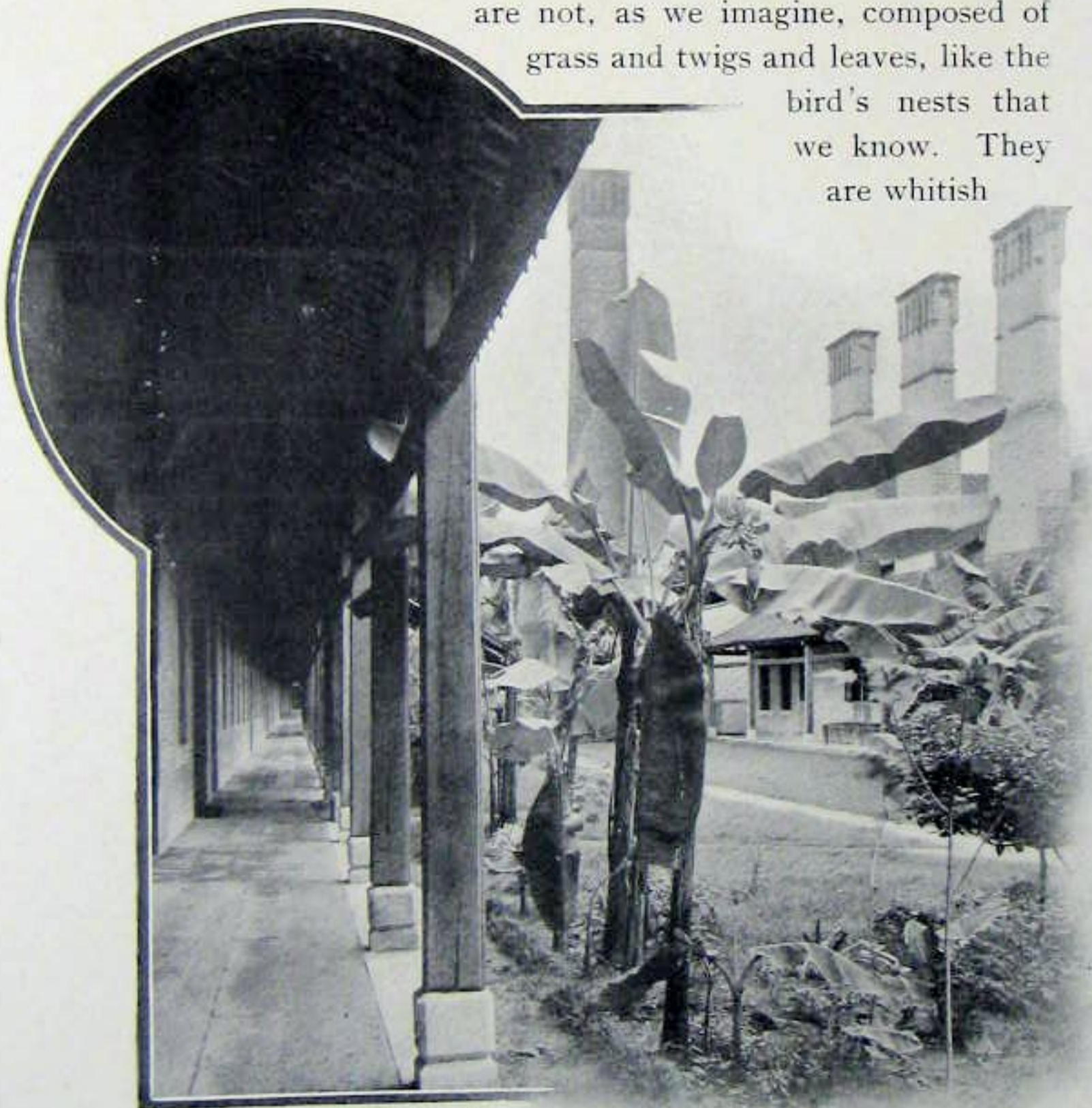
shows, or regaling them with the ear-piercing vocalizations of the Chinese "singsong" girls. Under cover of a dark outer deck or balcony of one of the elaborate Flower Boats, we planted a camera, discharged a flashlight, and as the thick cloud of smoke swirled in to choke the merry-makers, we fled along the slippery planks and gangways into the obscurity of the



A FEAST IN A "FLOWER BOAT"

rainy, pitch-dark night. A perfectly natural, unposed picture was the reward of our temerity, the sitters all unconscious of our presence. They saw a great light—swallowed a lot of smoke—and wondered what had happened. A Chinese dinner party is a very long, elaborate affair; hours are consumed in dallying with sweetmeats at a preliminary table before the guests adjourn to the larger festal board spread with the essentials of the meal, the bird's-nest soup, shark's fins, and other luxuries. The bird's nests eaten by the rich Chinese

are not, as we imagine, composed of grass and twigs and leaves, like the bird's nests that we know. They are whitish



THE MINT

masses of gelatinous substance, partly secreted and partly accumulated by the sea birds which inhabit the caves of Borneo and of the Philippines. Shark's fins ought not to shock people who eat lobster, crabs, and oysters, while as for other articles of Chinese diet in the feline, canine, and asinine line, some one has put it very euphemistically by saying: "In regard to the first requirement of the body, food, they [the Chinese] are singularly free from prejudices which interfere with the utilization of any harmless nutritive substance."

Among the lesser vices of these yellow folk is a curious habit, most common among the Filipinos and other Malay races—the chewing of the betel-nut. An illustration shows the outfit of a purveyor of this luxury. The nuts of the



IN THE GARDEN OF THE MINT

areca palm have been neatly sliced, revealing the whitish meat ; to right and left are pots of lime stained pink with a powder called suggestively "sing chew," with which to smear the nut to give the proper savor. The green leaves of the betel plant serve as wrappers for the masticatory morsel. One tenth of the human race is addicted to this habit of chewing the betel. It stains the lips a brilliant red and in time blackens every tooth. Yet its effects are declared to be identical with those attributed to pepsin gum : it sweetens the breath, strengthens the gums, and improves digestion. The



THE FRENCH CATHEDRAL



THE CANTON RIVER FRONT

Photograph by John Wright, Rochester.

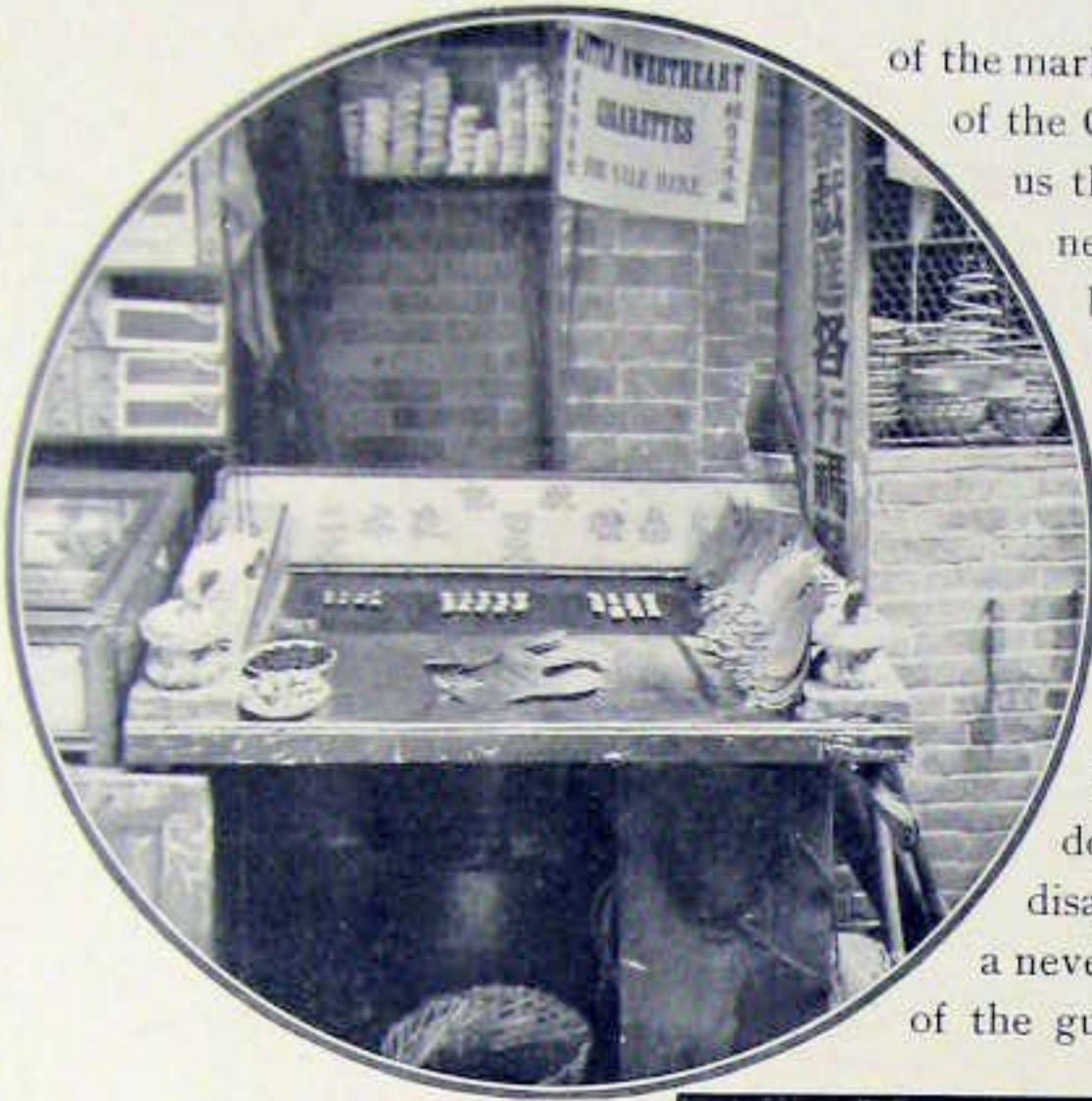
foreigner, however, feels called upon to condemn the habit, and in his effort to reform the Orient, he introduces as a tempting substitute for the areca nut, a supply of deadly cigarettes, benevolently placed within the reach of the well-to-do at three cents per box of twenty.

The fact that western civilization is making way in China is convincingly illustrated in a neighboring street. A native dental practitioner, educated by a German dentist, has, with unconscious irony, established his booth of scientific torture in the "Street of Heavenly Peace." Comparative insensibility to pain is one



EDIBLE BIRD'S NESTS

of the marked characteristics of the Chinese race. To us they seem to be a nerveless people; but if they have dormant nerves, the instruments of modern dental surgery will soon awaken them. While upon painful subjects let us have done with a very disagreeable and yet a never omitted feature of the guide's itinerary,—



BETEL-NUTS

the visit to the place of execution. This gloomy alleyway, in which the potters of the quarter set out their jars and bowls to dry, boasts of more of the slain than a great many battlefields—the Chinese headsmen boast more victims than do the executioners of the French Revolution. I shall



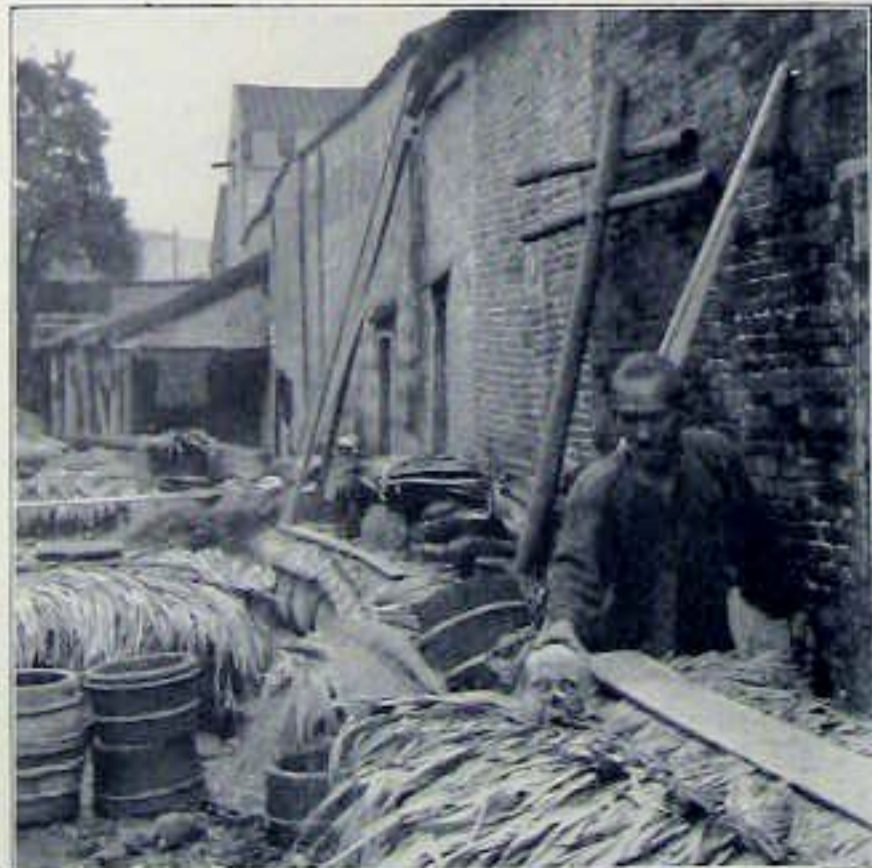
CHINESE CUISINE

not describe the crude, cruel, and merciless proceedings that attend the decapitations of the impassive native criminals, nor shall I speak of the more horrid spectacles that are suggested by the two crosses that lean against the neighboring wall. It is indeed strange that a people who pay no heed to their own or the



A CANTON DENTIST

sufferings of other living beings, and who sacrifice their own lives and the lives of others so calmly and unfeelingly should give lifelong consideration to the comfort and convenience of the dead, and worship so assiduously at the shrines of their departed ancestors. "More trouble than a funeral" is a common saying in this land, where funerals sometimes result in bankruptcy for the surviving members of the



TWO CROSSES AND A SKULL

family. The death of a parent entails a never-ending sequence of complicated costly ceremonials. An altar to the dead must be erected in his dwelling, and there remain one hundred days ; before it, relatives must bow and weep twice daily. It is not until the seventh day after death that the deceased becomes aware of the fact that he is dead. The eyes of the dead are covered with gilt money-paper to prevent the departed from counting the tiles in the roof, for if he should do so the family could never build a more spacious dwelling.

The coffin-maker when he sells one of his heavy wooden caskets must give the purchaser a present of a box of bonbons,— that the transaction may not be altogether sad. The

man who buys the coffin must guide the bearers to the house of mourning ; for should the bearers, not knowing the exact locality, ask the way, terrible misfortune would befall the innocent people whom they question. Upon the death of an old man it is not always necessary to patronize the mortuary carpenter ; the need of a coffin has been long anticipated. It is a

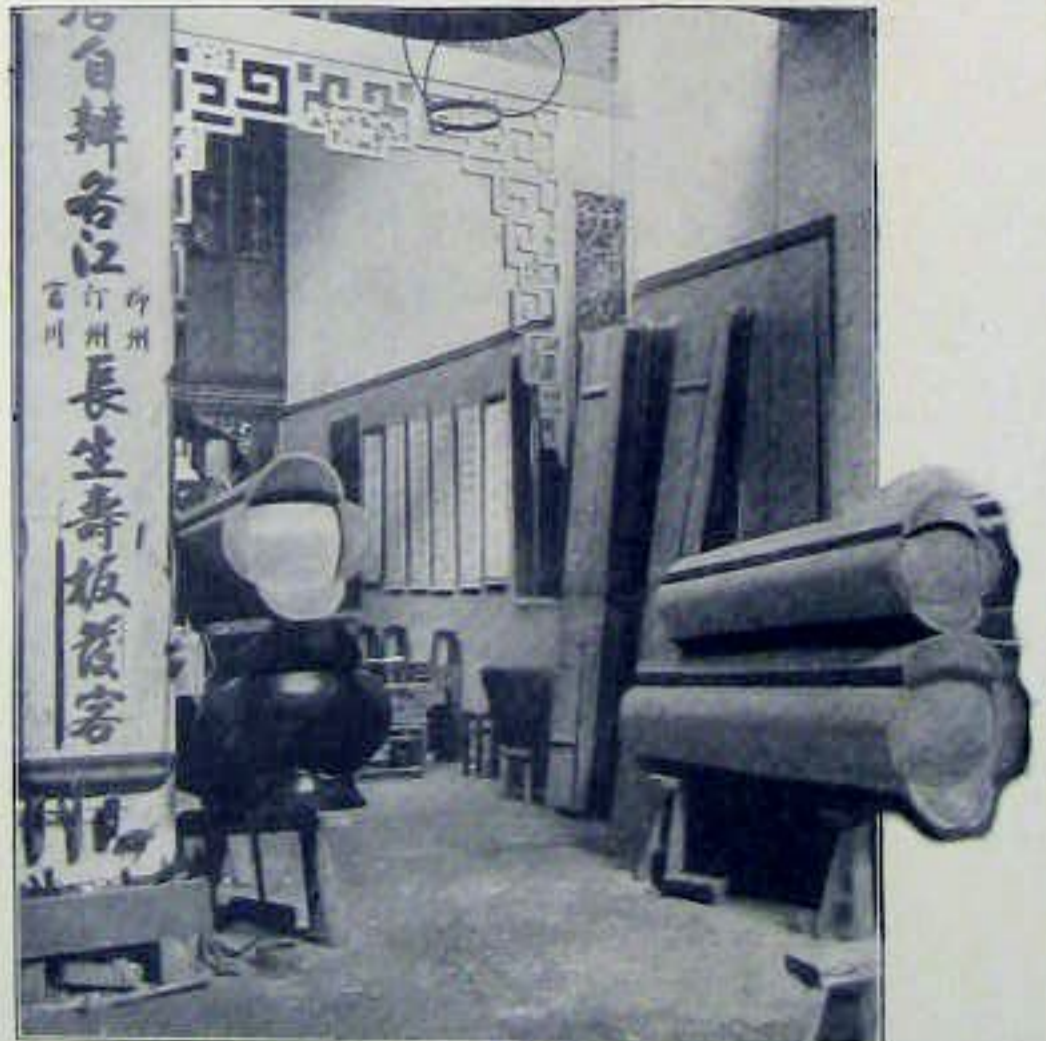


THE FIVE-STORIED PAGODA



COMFORTABLE CONVEYANCES

custom for thoughtful children and grandchildren when the chief ancestor reaches the age of sixty-one, to club together and purchase for the dear old gentleman the costliest coffin that their means afford. The giving of this grewsome birthday present is regarded as a beautiful expression of filial piety and love. Failing, however, to receive this most welcome present, a wealthy Chinese will order at his own expense an elaborate coffin against the day of need. The Grand Old Man of China, Li Hung Chang, carried a coffin nearly half way round the world; but at Marseilles, apparently convinced that he would live to reach his native land, left it in the baggage-room



CANTON COFFINS



LOTUS TIME IN CHINA

of the hotel. At last the manager of the hotel, embarrassed by this legacy, sent it to the Custom House to be put up at auction. But there was not a single bidder, coffins being but an afterthought in the gay land of France.

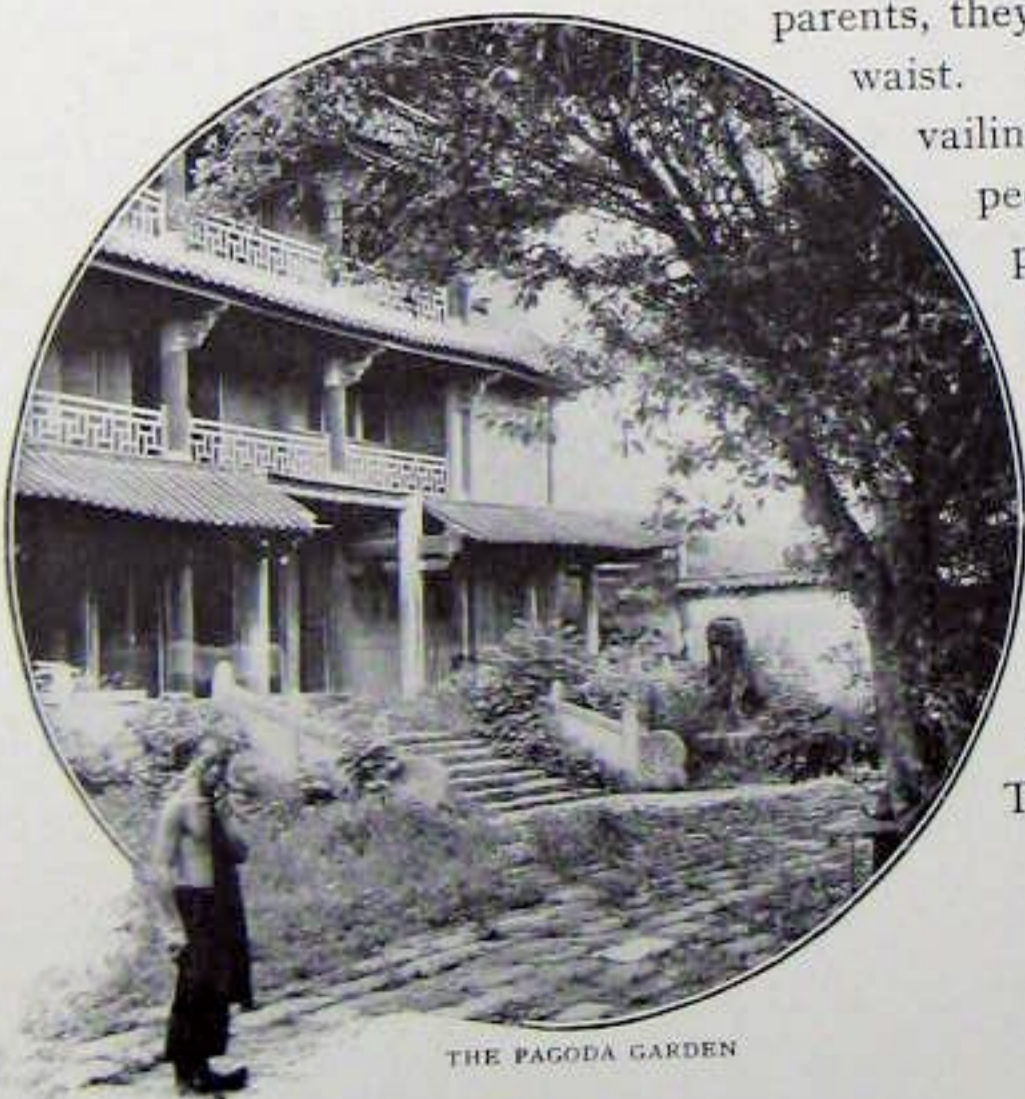
Other funeral customs excite our mirth as well as our surprise, for who can learn without a smile that grief-stricken

sons always put *fans* into the coffins of respected and presumably respectable parents? Moreover, the sons unbraid their cues to indicate confusion, and if they have lost both

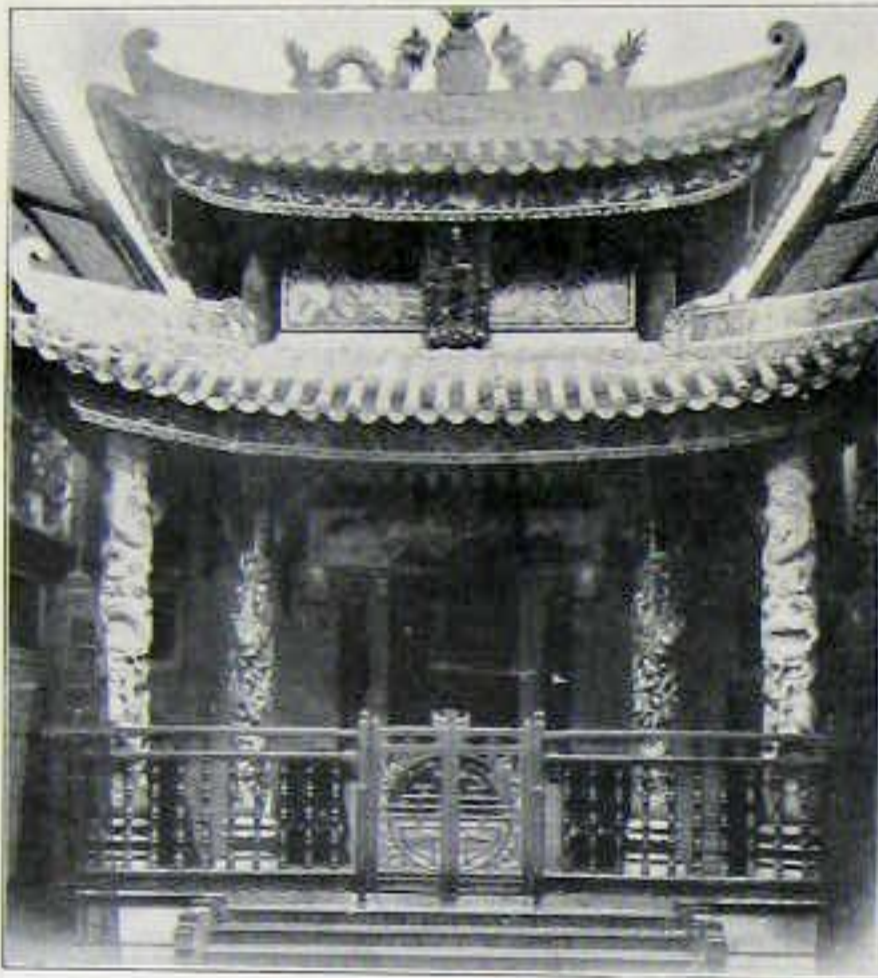
parents, they bare the body to the waist. Judging from the prevailing semi-nudity, half the people in Canton are orphans. The father's land is divided equally among the sons, the eldest receiving an additional tenth because of the extra expense he must incur from worshipping the spirits of the ancestors. The funeral itself is an



THE PAGODA BALCONY



THE PAGODA GARDEN



A CARVED SHRINE

elaborate affair, lasting for many days. During this time relatives near and remote must be generously honored and fed, priests must be paid, and spirit offerings purchased. All the necessities of spirit life are sent to the departed by burning them in paper effigy. Silver and gold,

clothing, opium and tobacco, pipes, eyeglasses, wallets, boxes, horses, sedan-chairs, boats and servants,—all elaborately fashioned of paper, and very costly, are fed to the flames. Other families seize the opportunity to send supplies and money to their kin in the next world. Other supplies of an inferior quality are burned to satisfy the pauper dead and to persuade them not to intercept these shipments to the rich.



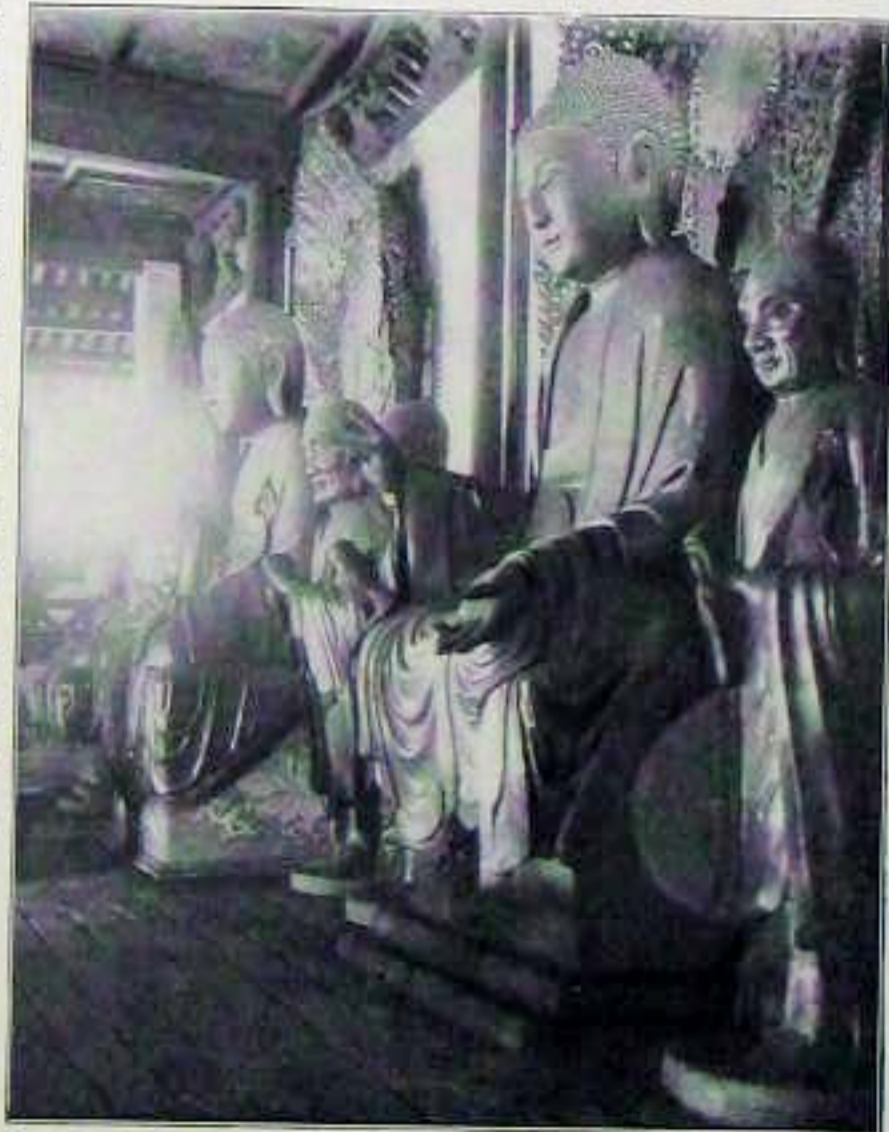
ANCESTRAL TABLETS



SACRED PIGS

New clothing is sent on the three recurring anniversaries of the day of decease. During the funeral ceremonies all the sons wear tall caps of sackcloth and wads of spirit money dangling over the ears to shut out the criti-

cisms of relatives, who may not be pleased with their manner of conducting the ceremonies or with the quality of food provided for the mourners. Moreover, as a student of Chinese customs has written: "The occult influence of the resting-place of the dead upon the weal of the living is believed to be so great that no man who has prospered since the death of his chief ancestor would permit a change in the configuration



GILDED GODS



THE HOLY FIVE HUNDRED

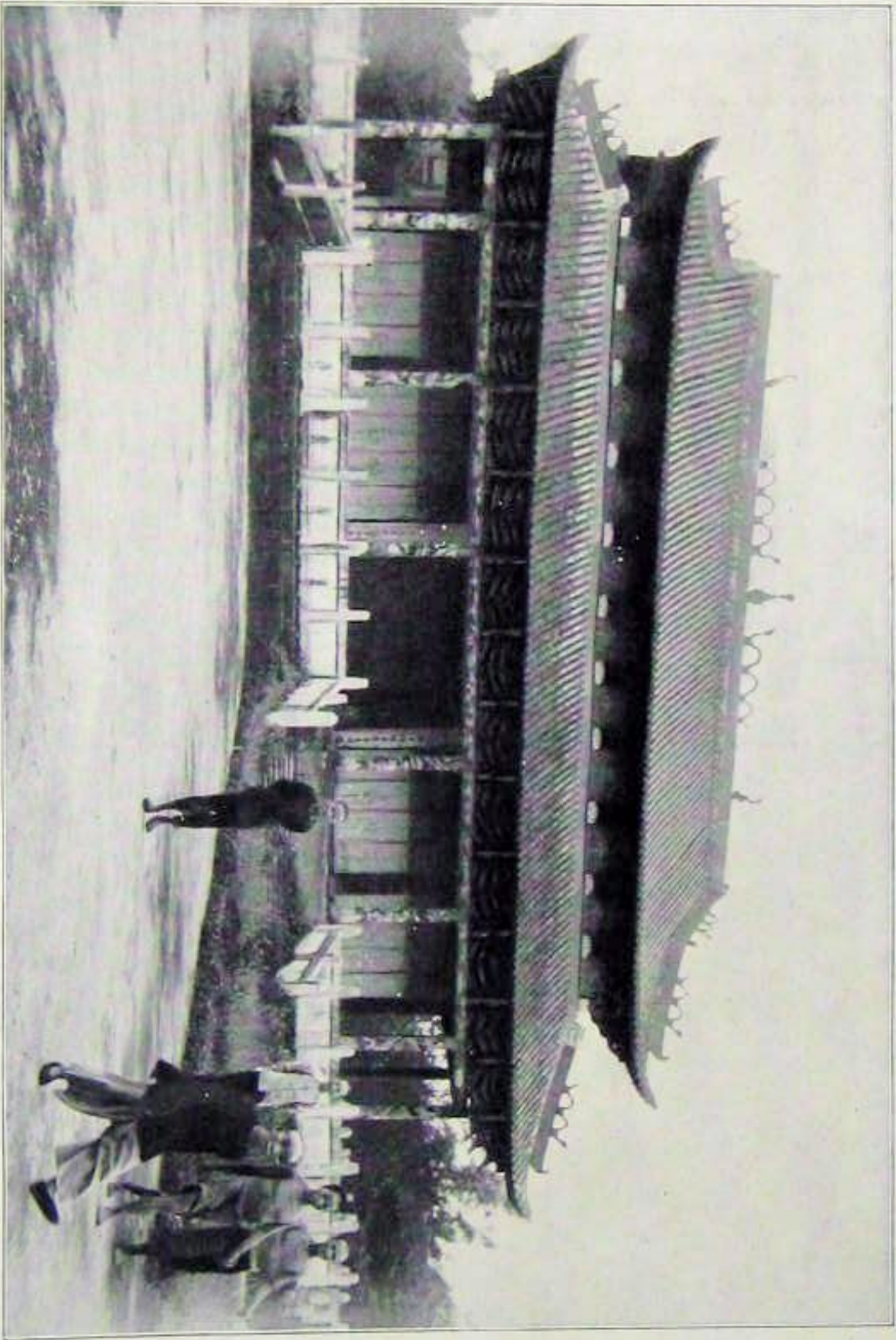
of the landscape surrounding the tomb. Those upon whom calamity comes always remove the graves to another site. The hundreds of millions of living Chinese are under the galling subjection of thousands of millions of the dead. The generation of to-day is chained to the generations of the past." This cult of the dead is carried to extremes that are to us preposterous, yet we are compelled to admit the cor-

rectness of the logic which prompts the government to ennoble the dead parents of men who distinguish themselves.

Thus, titles are extended backward to the ancestors who produced the hero, or the genius, rather than forward to his descendants who may prove entirely unworthy of the honor. The only

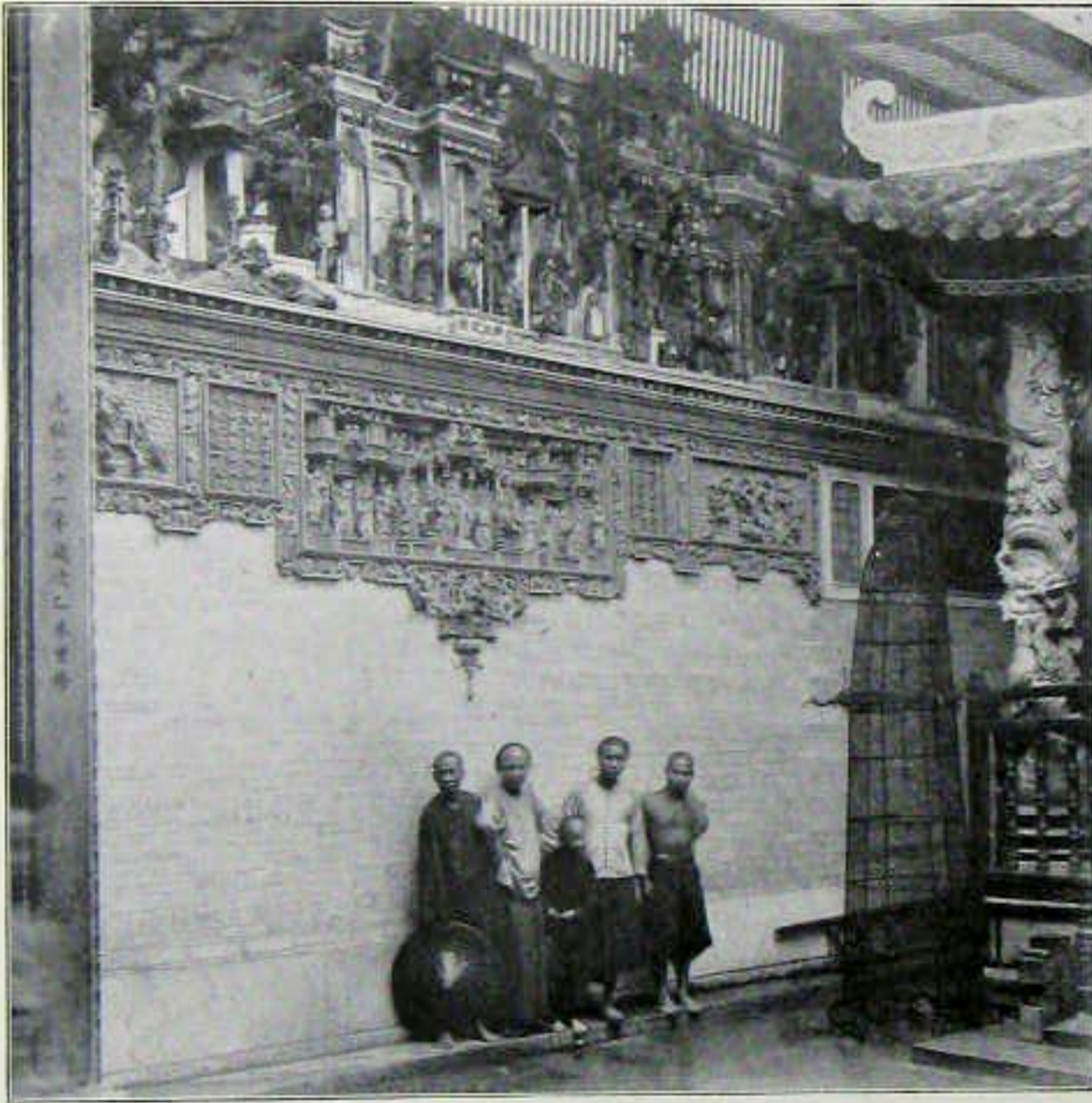


A TEMPLE COURT



TEMPLE OF THE EMPEROR

sacred places that appear to be respected or kept in repair are ancestral temples. Even the Temple of the Emperor, containing the imperial tablets, is dilapidated, dirty, and abandoned. It has the air of an old barn or stable standing in the middle of a vacant lot. Yet in this old building is enshrined a simulacrum of the famous Dragon Throne of Peking,



DAINTY DECORATIONS

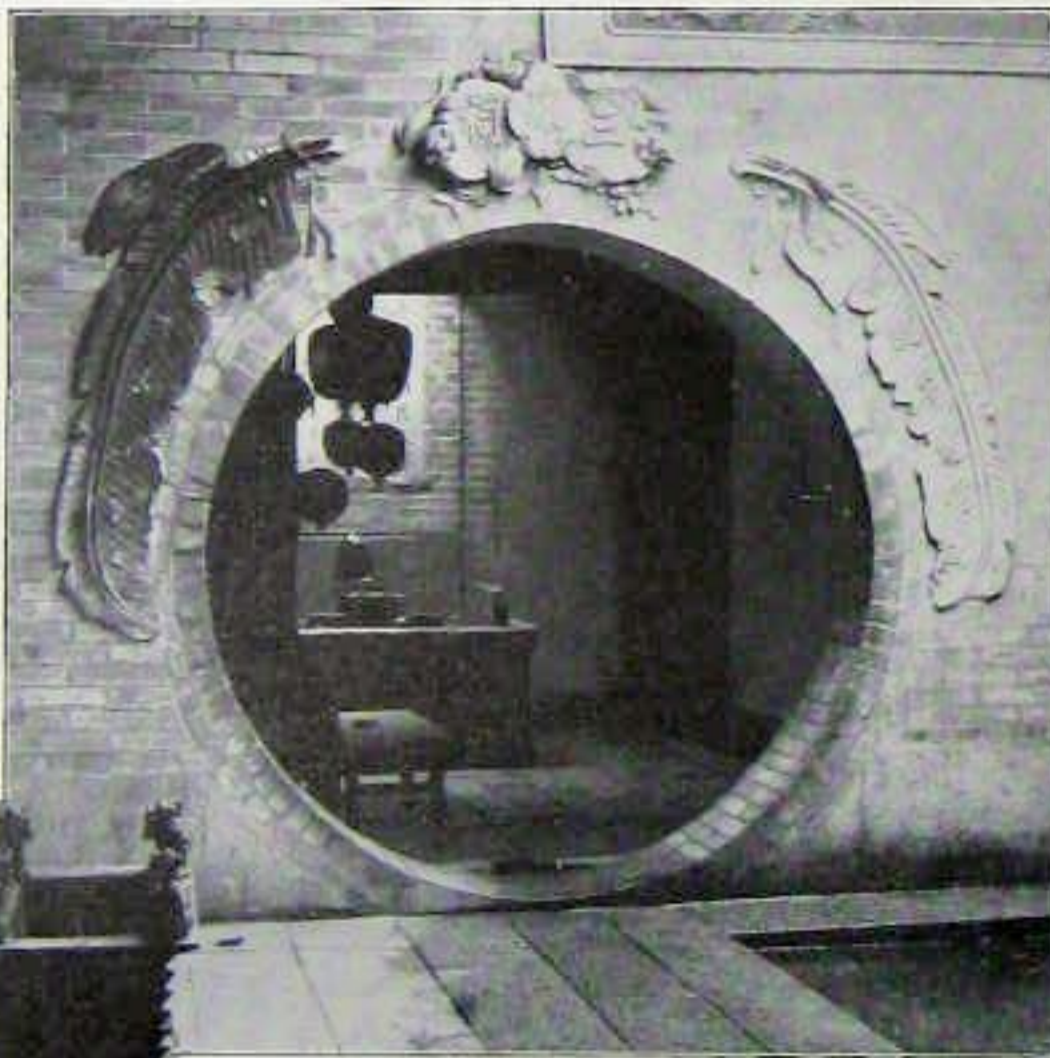
the throne of the poor young Emperor, whose name, Kwang Shu, which means "the Glorious Succession," sounds to us like a mocking epithet of fate. According to the celestial symbolism, the dragon stands for majesty and power, authority and dignity; but entering this imperial shed, we find two dragons conspicuously lacking in these attributes,



THE EXAMINATION ENCLOSURE

fantastic creatures, made of papier-maché glaringly colored, stabled at the very foot of the Dragon Throne.

On the throne rises the Imperial Tablet, which represents

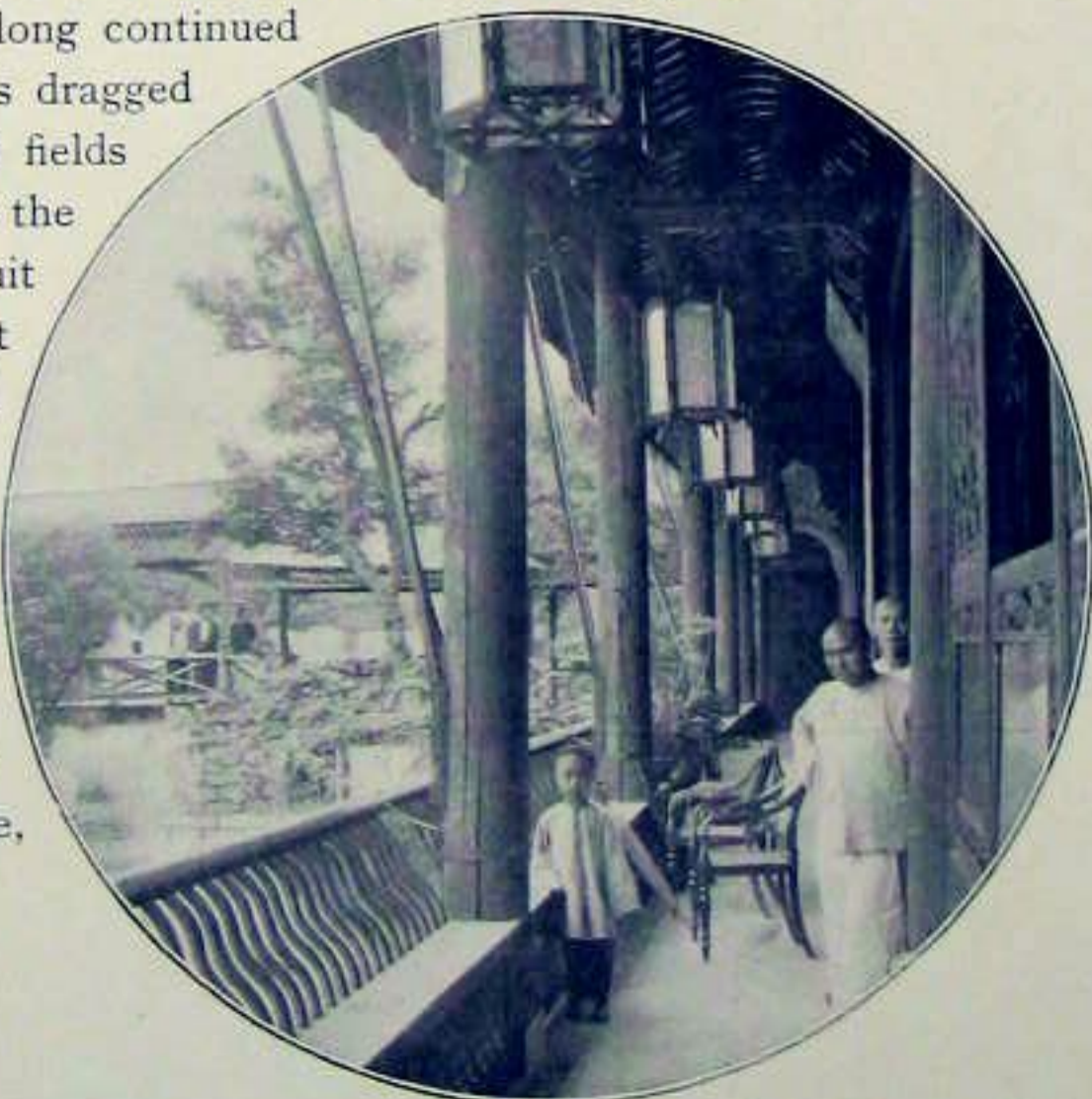


A CURIOUS PORTAL

the sacred person of the "Son of Heaven," ruler over one quarter of the whole human race and over one twelfth part of this broad earth. It bears in gold letters the inscription: "May the Emperor reign ten thousand years, ten thousand times ten thousand years."

Another tablet condemns the Empress to an early demise, for it reads: "May the Empress live one thousand years, one thousand times one thousand years." With this comparatively short allotment of time can we blame the Empress for making the most of her earthly opportunities?

The temples are almost without exception abandoned to decay and filth; and if the Emperor's shrine deserves the name of stable, a certain Buddhist Temple might well be called a pigsty, did we not fear to do injustice to the very sacred pigs which occupy the very neatest, cleanest corner of the institution. These happy porkers, offerings to Buddha, are protected by a sign which reads: "Visitors will do Well not to Annoy the Pigs, for an All-Seeing Eye will take Cognizance of their Cruelty, and on the Day of Retribution most seriously Resent it." In a Buddhist temple we find the gilded idols that are believed actually to see and hear and feel. For instance, during the infrequent repairing of the shrine, red paper is pasted over the eyes lest they behold disorder and be troubled. A rural god, who failed to listen to long continued prayers for rain, was dragged out into the parched fields and left to blister in the sun. Again, legal suit was brought against a priest, and the god of his temple, as his accomplice, was ordered into court and when the image did not kneel at the command of the high magistrate,



THE LITERARY CLUB

it was sentenced for contempt of court to receive five hundred blows as punishment. It behooves a Chinese god to be as circumspect as possible and to attend strictly to business. The saying that "there is a god to every eight feet of space" is literally true in the Hall of the Five Hundred Genii, the five hundred early followers of Buddha, who sit in smug self-satisfied poses in Flowery Forest Monastery.

"And do you really believe that there are gods like all these various personages in carven wood and gilded



EXAMINATION SHEDS

clay?" was asked of an intelligent Chinese. His answer was indeed rich in Oriental subtlety, "If you believe in them then they *are* gods, if you do not believe in them then they are not. To worship them can do no harm and it may do some good. It is well to be on the safe side."

The Chinese have no creed, only a cult, or rather several cults; for one and the same man frequently professes a belief in Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism. The exercise of intellectual hospitality has led him to entertain, without the slightest mental embarrassment, the most incongruous forms of belief. It might be said with truth that literature is the

religion of the Chinese. It is the one thing that they treat with unvarying respect. While they may insult idols inattentive to their supplications, and abandon temples to the tooth of time, every scrap of paper on which a single letter of their endless alphabet is traced becomes at once a sacred thing,—a thing that may not be neglected or profaned. It is incredible, but true, that we might rather expect to see the streets of London littered with five-pound notes, than to find lying in the streets of Canton bits of waste paper with printed, stamped, or written characters upon them. Every torn scrap is gathered up as conscientiously as we should pick up hundred-dollar bills, and reverently deposited in special boxes, placed at convenient distances in every street; a corps of men hired by the literary mandarins scour the city every day, assembling all loose bits of manuscript, and the contents of these boxes; this mass of paper is then conveyed to various temples and burned in metal furnaces. The ashes are placed in jars, and carried to the river bank where the incinerated literary refuse of the day is scattered on the surface of a seaward-flowing stream.

What is the ambition of a Chinese boy? To become a general, a millionaire, a governor, or a politician?—No. To become a scholar; for only scholars may aspire to the high places. Chinese scholars are the



SALON OF THE LITERARY CLUB

most educated scholars in the world. I do not say best educated, but *most* educated. The mass of learning which they absorb is as vast as it is useless. At the age of five, boys are able to read and repeat volumes of the classics of Confucius, Mencius, and other sages, and this before they know the meaning of the words they utter. They must know by heart the works of all the sages if they are to compete in the great examinations, success in which is the only road to honor and to power. Every male from eighteen to ninety years of age is eligible to compete for a degree. The triennial examinations are held in a twenty-acre enclosure, filled with long sheds of brick and tile, each divided into tiny cells for the confinement of the candidates. There are no fewer than 11,673 of these



LOTUS LEAVES

examination boxes, and usually there are more candidates than can be properly isolated for the preliminary tests. For three days and nights the unhappy prisoners fret in their narrow stalls, turning out essays on quotations from the classics, poems of a given length, or themes on abstruse points of natural philosophy. In a recent competition there were thirty-five candidates over eighty years of age, and eighteen venerable unsuccessful plodders at the age of ninety years came with the boys and men of middle age to try once more for the long-coveted reward. But even those who finally obtain the first degree, called that of "Flowering Talent," are but upon the



GROWING IN THE MIRE

threshold of advancement. They must achieve, in weightier mental contests at Peking, the Degree of "Promoted Talent" and the Degree of "Advanced Scholar." Then only do they become "Expectants of Office." Thus with the better part of life wasted in arduous misdirection, with minds oppressed by the weight of ponderous inconsequential theories and maxims, they are ready to assume responsibilities of government. Men who succeed in this memorizing strife have attained the highest social plane; they are regarded as successful men, and enjoy the reverence and admiration of the uneducated masses.

But, you may ask, "What of the women? You have said no word of them. Your talk has been of mandarins and coolies. What of their wives and daughters? You have shown us shops and temples, what of the Chinese homes?" We saw no homes; the traveler rarely enters them. Of women we saw a few toddling upon their tiny deformed feet along the crowded streets. One was knocked down by the pole of my advancing chair. I could not force the men to stop to pick her up. They merely laughed as if to say, "Did you not see that it was nothing but a woman?" And when we remember that Confucius taught that woman was man's chattel and had no soul, we see the awful force of the missionary statement that the "answer to Confucianism is China." And yet the yellow man in spite of his mental deformities is a marvelous piece of human mechanism. He is apparently able to do almost everything by means of almost nothing. He is rich in industry and frugality. His mind is capable of feats, which, although barren of results, surpass as mere achievements the triumphs of the white man's intellect. He is above all numerous, his number baffles computation; we say, four hundred millions, but we cannot conceive of such an aggregation of humanity. "What shall we do with him?" Western Civilization asks to-day. "What will he do with Western Civilization?" may be the question of a future century when four hundred millions of him shall have learned to *think!*



THE PRETTIEST PAGODA OF CANTON

