

ASIA'S BIGGEST BUSINESS CITY

PEN PICTURE OF CANTON, THE METROPOLIS OF CHINA: ITS PROBABLE FUTURE

CANTON, China, Dec. 1.—Canton is the largest city of the Asiatic Continent. It is the industrial center of this side of the globe, and the day may come when it will surpass any city of the world in size. London has almost reached its maximum; New York is in its prime, but Canton, which is older than either, seems to be at its very beginning, for it has been born again. Throughout the ages it has grown into a city of 2,500,000 through a business of wheelbarrows, boats and manual work. It is now to have steam, electricity and all labor-saving inventions. It is to be the end of the great trunk line originated by the late Calvin S. Brice and other Americans which shall cross China from Peking to Hankow and thence come here, tapping the industries of hundreds of millions.

The Canton of today has not a railroad of any kind. In the future it will have as many tracks as Chicago, and the cars will shoot out from here to Tonkin, Yunnan, Burma and all parts of the Chinese empire. It has thousands of little factories now. In the future it will have more steam mills than Philadelphia, more foundries than Pittsburgh and more cotton mills than Manchester.

Celestial Recreiver.
I have spent many weeks in Canton during my several visits to Asia. The immensity of the city grows upon me. It is a vast life in which every human bee is at work. Chicago covers about the whole of Cook County. Canton proper is surrounded by walls only six miles in circumference. The walls are 20 feet high and are battered and worn. They now embrace only the older parts of the city. Modern Canton has long since overgrown them, and it now extends for miles up and down the Pearl River. It covers the banks, and it has even gone out and built houses on the water front.

Chinese Water Rats.
The boat population here is enormous. There are more people living on the water at Canton than at any single place in the world. You could take the floating population of Venice and lose it in the floating population of this city. China has more boats than all the rest of the world put together, and Canton has more than any other part of China. There are hundreds of thousands of people here who are born, live and die upon boats. There are thousands of babies who are always within six inches of drowning. I have visited many of the boat homes, sculling along from one little floating house to another, creating consternation among both parents and children by pointing my camera at them. On some of the boats babies were playing, on some they were sleeping, and on some taking a meal from their mothers. Many of the small children had barrels or floats of wood tied to their backs.

These are life-preservers to keep them from sinking when they fall in the water. Other little ones were tied by ropes to the boats, but as a rule the children sprang about free. They dodged this way and that as my boat moved toward them, diving down into the hold or hiding behind a sail or mast to keep out of the way of the camera. This morning I spotted the movement of four little boys playing on the wharf. Each had a barrel on his back. I was about to press the button when one of them sprang and gave a yell, whereupon the quartet scampered away crying, their barrels flying out behind them as they ran.

I find the Chinese here decidedly object to being photographed. When Hubbard and I were in charge of our Consulate he offered his chair-bearers 20 cents apiece if they would hold him up in the Consular chair while he had a photograph taken. They indignantly refused, one of them asking Hub Smith whether he thought him such a fool as to stand in that picture all the rest of his life. I had a similar photograph made the other day. It cost me a dollar.

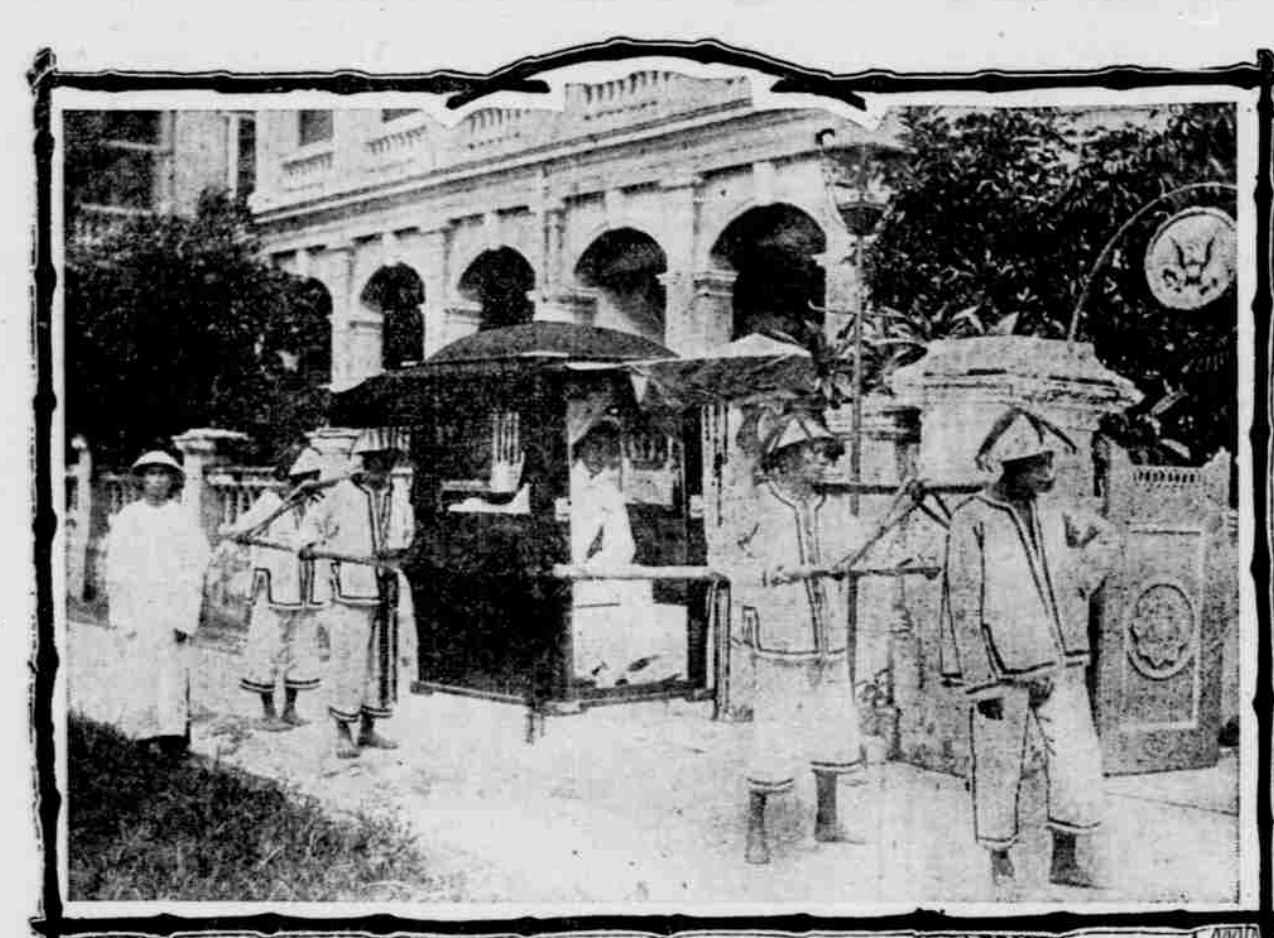
Canton vs. Chicago.

From the wharves, I went on into the city. I moved slowly, for the streets were crowded with almost-civilized humanity, and I was jostled at every step. Now and then I stopped in a store to rest, and as I did so made notes of my surroundings that I might give you an idea of a pure Chinese city. I shall try to do it by comparing Canton with Chicago.

Canton is bigger than our great city on Lake Michigan, and it could not be more different if it were situated in the planet of Mars. The town is made up of one and two-story houses, built along streets so narrow that you can often stand in the center and reach both walls by stretching out your hands. They are so narrow that two wheelbarrows can hardly pass, and so that when two sedan chairs meet one has to hug the walls to let the other go by. A Chicago dray could not get through them, and a big dry goods box carried on a pole by two coolies crowds the passers-by to the wall.

The Chicago streets are well paved. So are those of Canton, but the pavements here are of flint stones worn smooth by the tramp, tramp, tramp of millions of bare feet through many generations. The streets are, in fact, little alleys paved with stances, but that the only beasts of burden within them are men.

Suppose you could take out of Chicago every street-car, every dray and wagon, buggy and cab; suppose you could remove the horses, the buses and the automobiles and take away the elevated roads and let the only means of conveyance



OUR CONSUL IN HIS CHAIR



A CANTON MERCHANT AND HIS FAMILY



CHINA HAS DANDIES AS AMERICA HAS



A RICE MILL AT CANTON. HUMAN MUSCLE DOES THE WORK

be shank's mare and box-like sedan chairs two feet wide, slung between poles curving on the shoulders of men. Then you have the rapid transport of Canton. To carry out the illusion you must cut down Chicago's big buildings to ridge-roofed structures of blue brick or of one and two stories with here and there a powerbroker's shop six or seven stories high rising above them. The buildings must be close to the streets and their overhanging roofs must almost shut out the sun. In the street shopping sections you must roof the space between with oyster shells, shutting out the glare and giving an opalescent light to the crowd below.

You would have to change all the signs. We Americans do not know what the business signs are. If I could have one hundredth part of the gold which is placed over such signs in Canton, my prospective grandchildren might ride in their carriages. The signs are wonderfully carved. They are inlaid with gold leaf or enameled in brilliant colors, so that you can see a haze of red, white, green and gold as you look through the streets.

Each sign is a board a foot or more wide and from four to 15 feet long, upon which is cut the name of the firm doing business. Some advertise the excellence of the store wares and others bear such names as "Lucky Frolics," "Good Fortune" and "Cheap John."

Suppose we take one of Chicago's chief business streets and with the magic wand of the fairy make it Chinese. We have brought the walls close together; the plate-glass windows have all disappeared; the big department stores have vanished and the clerks and merchants have multiplied a thousandfold. The complexion of the people have turned yellow; every man wears a pigtail, a long and long gown, and a yellow-faced woman hobbles along on small feet. The five-foot streets are lined with boothlike openings, each about 15 feet wide, separated from one another by walls of blue brick. Each of the booths is a store, and every one is filled with wares. There are scores of bookkeepers and clerks, many of the latter bare to the waist. There are proprietors dressed in

naturally very small feet. They are among Nature's aristocrats as far as delicacy of form is concerned, and the girls who work in the fields have feet sure passing those of Venus in beauty. The ladies' shoes are so little that the smallest would hardly hold a Yankee girl's feet, much less her foot. They are made of the finest satin and are often embroidered in gold.

The men's shoes are not unlike slippers with heavy soles. The commonest kind are of black satin with soles of white wood or cloth, half an inch thick. For full dress the most delicate reds are worn by both men and women. The shoes have no strings and do not lace or button.

In the shoe street you see no women at the bargain counter. I have never seen a Chinese lady buy shoes, and I am sure no Chinese shoe clerk has the slightest fitting the "toothless woodies" of the maid of Canton. In China it would be improper for a man to lay his hand on a strange woman, and a woman's foot is considered one of the most sacred parts of her person.

Every shoe store is also a shoe factory. The most of the goods made in China

are turned out by hand, and there is a vast amount of home and shop industry. At the back of the store men are pasting, sewing and stitching on the shoes soon to be sold at the front. This is so all over the city, each establishment making a large amount of the goods which it sells.

Let us go into one of the rice streets. At the front of each store are great baskets made of bamboo, each holding from 10 to 20 bushels of grain, while in the rear are the cleaning and hulling mills. We heard the hum, hum, hum of the millstones and go in to see the machinery. It is largely human. The hulling is done by men who step on and off a board all day long, moving the mill by their weight.

It is so with everything in Canton. The whole city is moved by human muscle. It is a cannibal town, feeding upon the flesh and blood of its citizens. In some mills I found 30 men going up and down like a dog in a churn, moving a circular belt communicating with a buzzsaw. You would think steam would be cheaper. It is not. Wages are so low that the whole 20 do not earn more than \$5 a day, and the fuel for steam and the wear and tear of the machinery would cost more than

that. These human machines need no repairs. If a man gets sick he is dropped and another takes his place. In this same connection many of the boats on the Pearl River are run by human weight. The paddle wheels at the stern are moved by men who walk up and down on the spokes of connecting wheels inside the boat, thus forcing the great wheel around and moving the boat through the water. Many foreigners have houseboats operated in this way. Now and then they take the men from the wheels and harness them to a long rope which is tied to the mast of the boat, and, like so many horses or mules, they pull it along from the banks.

Fond of Jewelry.
But let us go into one of the jewelry sections. The Chinese are fond of the things. They have luxurious tastes. The richer of them delight in silver plate and they wear jewelry of pure gold. The Chinese swell, woman or man, will have nothing but gold 22 carats fine. The women are decked with earrings, bracelets and anklets and the children of the well to do wear many rings. Silver drinking cups are common.

Most of the ladies use silver hairpins, and the gentlemen drink their wine out of silver cups. You can buy silver toilet articles everywhere. There are combs and brushes, toothpicks and carvings, tongue scrapers and scratch-your-backs. There are silver saucers for cups of fine china and carved tea sets of solid silver. Many jewels are sold. The Chinese like diamonds and pearls. They are fond of jade, an opalescent stone, which is so popular that there are whole streets of jade stores. They also like coral, using it in different shapes. Coral beads are strung and wound into balls as big as a walnut and used as buttons on the crown of the hat.

Nearly every American traveler talks of China's bad smells. I find that there are more good smells than bad ones, and there are many which I wish I could carry home with me. Much of Canton is a Dutch parlor compared with parts of New York, Philadelphia and Boston, and some of it is comparatively clean. Some sections are perfumed with sandalwood. There are streets which deal in nothing but sweet-smelling woods. Here you find men cutting odoriferous logs into pieces for fans, workboxes and other things.

Some are saving them up into dust to mix with mud for the incense sticks used in every Chinese temple and house. Such sticks serve as cigarette and pipe lighters. They are burned in front of the stores or under little altars to the God of Fortune, hung up on the wall. Sometimes there are altars of this kind outside the stores. In this case the incense sticks are always lighted toward night, and they look quite weird as dusk comes on.

Night Business in Canton.

But the night life of a Chinese city is hardly worth mentioning. It is not to be seen on the streets. No business is done after dark. The stores are all closed as tight as a drum, and the only lights are oil lamps.

It would be almost impossible to go through Canton late at night. In the daytime the city is a checkerboard of densely packed workshops; at night it is a catacomb with the passages walled up. Every narrow street has doors at the end of each block and at every street crossing, and all these are gates provided with locks. There are also great doors at the holes in the walls, whether at the entrances of canals into the city or of streets. All such places are closed at a certain hour in the evening, so that you could not walk a block without coming to a gate, and once inside, you could not get out.

There are but few policemen, either day or night, and the order on the streets is excellent. The police call out the hours as they go the rounds after dark. They make the night hideous by clapping sticks and gongs to show that they are awake, and possibly to warn thieves of their approach. The police stations are immense wooden boxes not unlike coal storage boxes; they are placed along the sides of the streets, and in them the policemen lie down to rest, not a few sleeping on their posts as do our policemen at home.

Chinese of All Classes.

In fact, I find the Chinese decidedly human. They have about the same classes as in the United States, and they are moved by much the same springs of action. Canton is a checkerboard of business men and loafers, of business men and idiotic dandies. The crowd through which I walk is of all classes, from the sweating coolies who carry the wares, to the rich and powerful mandarins, whose long finger-nailed hands are as soft as the cheek of your baby. There are big-footed women, who toll for three cents a day, and there are "golden-lipped," powdered ladies, who each spend a thousand dollars per year on their clothes. There are Chinese scholars with spectacles and long white beards, politicians who lick their lips and look wise, story-tellers and actors, solid bankers and brainless fools, and all the other classes you will find in any city. In deed, there are the same grades of society, the members of which have as many petty ambitions, as many fears and hopes, and I might add, as many loves and hates. This Chinese human, although in our conceit we are prone to think differently, is about the same kind of a two-legged animal as you and I. Our dear Lord gave him quite as good a body and as good an intellect, feelings and will.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

GEORGE ADE'S MODERN FABLE

ONCE there was a Patient Man, who had one kind of a Wife. Something hurt all the time, but she could not tell just what it was. She was afflicted with Soul-Hunger. She was a new woman. In fact, she was one of the Newest Women that ever came out of a Back Store and she was Fresh every Hour.

When the latest Fad struck Town she appointed herself a Reception Committee and hurried out as far as the Railroad Bridge to welcome it. She loved to mess around with little things that went on Young Hysan Jags, and then creeped after the Whatusits of something. If she could land in with a dreamy Bunch and sit in a Front Room with all the Curtains pulled down and the Candles shaded, while a Lady who never had ruined her Shape read a Puzzle Paper that got past every one who heard it, then the Wife of the Patient Man thought she was having the Time of her Life.

She loved to flirt with the Unknowable and occasionally take a Fall out of the Occult. But she had no Time for anything she could Understand. She preferred to sail through the Etherial Regions of the Ham-bone Dreams, having by the way and having a Rush of Blood to the Head.

As suggested at the Beginning of the Fable, the Poor Woman did not know what hurt her, but she proceeded on the theory that the Higher Intellectual Life consisted of Equal Parts of Veritigo and Guess Work.

Boy who in a Careless Moment had promised to Love, Honor and Obey. She sprang a new Series of Curves on him every Week or two. Sometimes he suspected that she had gone off to the Wheel House, but he didn't like to say so on account of a haze of red, white, green and gold as you look through the streets.

The Wife, whose Name was Azalea, used to go out and dig up all kinds of Gormless and take them up in the House and feed them. She considered it a great Honor to have some melancholy Person with an unusual kind of Hair come up to their Number and eat about \$2 worth of Food.

She and the Genius would sit at opposite ends of the Table and ping-pong a line of inspired Conversation that never touched Husband at all. He couldn't even keep Score.

Azalea never could find time for a straightaway Business Man who wore a Sack Suit and an ordinary Collar, and talked about what he had seen in the Morning Paper. No, indeed, for she was on the lookout for Rare Birds.

She went to a Padrowski Concert once, and when the Artist with the crinkly Mop leaned over to the Geo Side of the Key Board and began to tear off the Quarter Notes with his Eyes closed, it was then that Azalea tried to climb over the Foot-lamp and steal a Kiss.

and said that she had discovered the greatest Literary Genius ever born in Captivity—one who would sooner or later make a Half-Cent like 3 cents worth of Sabotage.

"How do you know he is a Genius?" asked the Patient Husband, who was becoming Leary of her Fads.

"He told me so," she replied, "and he has consented to Dine here."

"That will be sweet Billiards," said the Patient Husband. "When I come home at Night all tucked under, there is nothing clever more than to listen to an inept Author with a 16 Collar on a 16 Neck."

"But this one is a Remarkable Character," said Azalea. "He is so Erratic that every one is talking about him. He has worn the same Hat for nine years and sometimes he sits for an Hour at a time without speaking to any one. He has made a great Rep for himself by throwing down People who are trying to be kind to him. His favorite Specialty is making Cracks about those who Enter-tain him. I have no doubt that he will go away and say the most Sarcastic Things about us, but then you must expect that from a Genius."

"I'll bet that he won't say any worse things about us than I say about him," said the Patient Husband. "What time does the Genius arrive?"

wrong to tell what the Patient Husband thought.

Azalea had a way of uncovering Lady Reformers who were above the Properties of Dress. Every week or so the Patient Husband would arrive at the House to find everything upset in Honor of some long-suffering Empress in the World of Thought who glared at him through Steel Specs and wore her Wigs in the most unexpected Places. Any time that the Patient Husband humped against a Proposition of this kind, he folded up like a Pocket Camera. When it came time to Carry he would be so Nervous that every Slice looked as if it had been put through a Fluting Machine.

This went on for Years. He used to tell on the Outside, when he was in his Cuffs, that he was conducting a first-class Boarding House for Freaks. Azalea put it differently. She said that she had entertained more Whales than any other Woman along the Street.

But the Dural Vertebrae of the long-suffering Camel may be weighted to the Point of Fracture, and there came a Day when the Patient Husband riz up. He invited a few Friends to Dinner and then notified Azalea. She scanned the List and then threw a couple of Folks.

"Nobody ever heard of these Folks," she said.

"That is why it will be such a blamed Relief to have them around," said the Patient Husband. "I long for the sight of those that Comb it in the Ordinary Way and talk about something besides Them-selves. I have got good and tired of looking at Genius through Smoked Glasses. Before I die I should like to attend just one Dinner Party at which he invited a few Friends to Dinner and then notified Azalea. She scanned the List and then threw a couple of Folks."

Moral: It gives one a Crick in the Neck to look up all the Time.

GEORGE ADE. (Copyright, 1902.)

WHEN KING EDWARD DINES

WHEN King Edward and Queen Alexandra give a state dinner, the following is the form of invitation:

The Lord Steward is commanded by the King and Queen to invite Mrs. Vanderbilt to dinner Thursday, the fifteenth, at nine o'clock. Full dress.

The guests assemble in the drawing-room and then arrange themselves in a crescent to await their majesties' entrance, which is made without announcement. With the ladies only is there a handshaking ceremony. Guests invited to a private dinner find their royal hosts in the drawing-room to receive them. The guest of honor sits on the King's right hand, and the royal family on the left.

The precedence at state dinners is as follows: Foreign Ambassadors take precedence of English nobles; archbishops rank with Dukes, bishops with Earls, foreign Counts and Barons take no precedence, but rank with English Barons or great landed proprietors, and in entitled precedence an Earl's grandson or near relative of the aristocracy precedes the esquires or country gentlemen; next come wives of country gentlemen of no profession; then barristers and their wives, naval officers and their wives, military men and their wives.

wives. Physicians are ranked in the royal household as next to Baronets. At private dinners usually some members of the royal household are present. The royal household numbers about 200.

Archbishops of King Edward's new rules on precedence at his coronation. Presidents will rank with Kings and Emperors. His argument is that he desires to honor the state, and not the man. No distinctions will be made, except perhaps in the case of near relations of the royal family. There is no race prejudice in England, and had not King Edward issued a decree to the effect that widows of peers who had married commoners had forfeited thereby their prerogatives as peeresses of the realm, there would have appeared among the latter at Westminster Abbey on coronation day a negress of the Hot-tentot type, for the widow of the Earl of Stamford has lately married a Boer.

On state occasions there is splendid display of silver and gold, crystal and fine porcelain being more in evidence at private dinners. The dishes which the flunkies carry about must be deftly balanced on three fingers. One dinner set of pure gold will dine 120 guests; in another set there are 400 silver plates. The sideboard is decorated with a lot of golden trophies, some captured from the Spaniards, some from the walls of the banquet-room of Buckingham Palace are displayed many gold shields mounted on scarlet; a peacock of precious stones valued at \$100,000; a tiger's head with a solid gold tongue and diamonds for teeth. The value of the royal plate, including services for every function, is over \$5,000,000. To pay his yearly household expenses, about \$200,000 is necessary.

To return to the state dinner, there are three servants to six guests—one to pass the food, one to take away the empty dishes, and one to go for the food. The King is always waited on by his own footmen, and he is always served first; the Queen has her special servant. The menus are printed on beautiful cards, surmounted by the royal arms and with a picture of Windsor Castle. Buckingham Palace or whichever royal residence may be the scene of the function. The menu is headed, "Their Majesties' Dinner." This is followed by the date, and after that the French name of the various dishes—potage, poisson, hors d'oeuvre, relache, entrees, sorbet, roti, salad, fromage, dessert, fruits, various, cafe noir. The usual order is two kinds of soups, two kinds of fish—in fact, two kinds of each course, with three different desserts and a side table of various cold meats. King Edward likes to drink a little wine; nor are long menus popular, an hour at most being the limit of the dinner hour.

ELEANOR JAMIESON.

Lead Pencils Stop a Bullet.

Wilmington (Del.) Every Evening. Two lead pencils side by side in his vest pocket probably saved William Smith, of 29 South Gay street, from death or injury by braving the force of a pistol bullet. The revolver is said to have been of 22 caliber. One shot was fired from a distance of about 15 feet. The bullet struck Smith over the left breast and just below the heart. It bored through coat and vest and spent its force in shattering the two lead pencils. Smith staggered, but it was found that he had only a slight bruise on his left side. The bullet dropped into Smith's vest pocket, where it was found by Patrolman Ramsey. It was not battered.