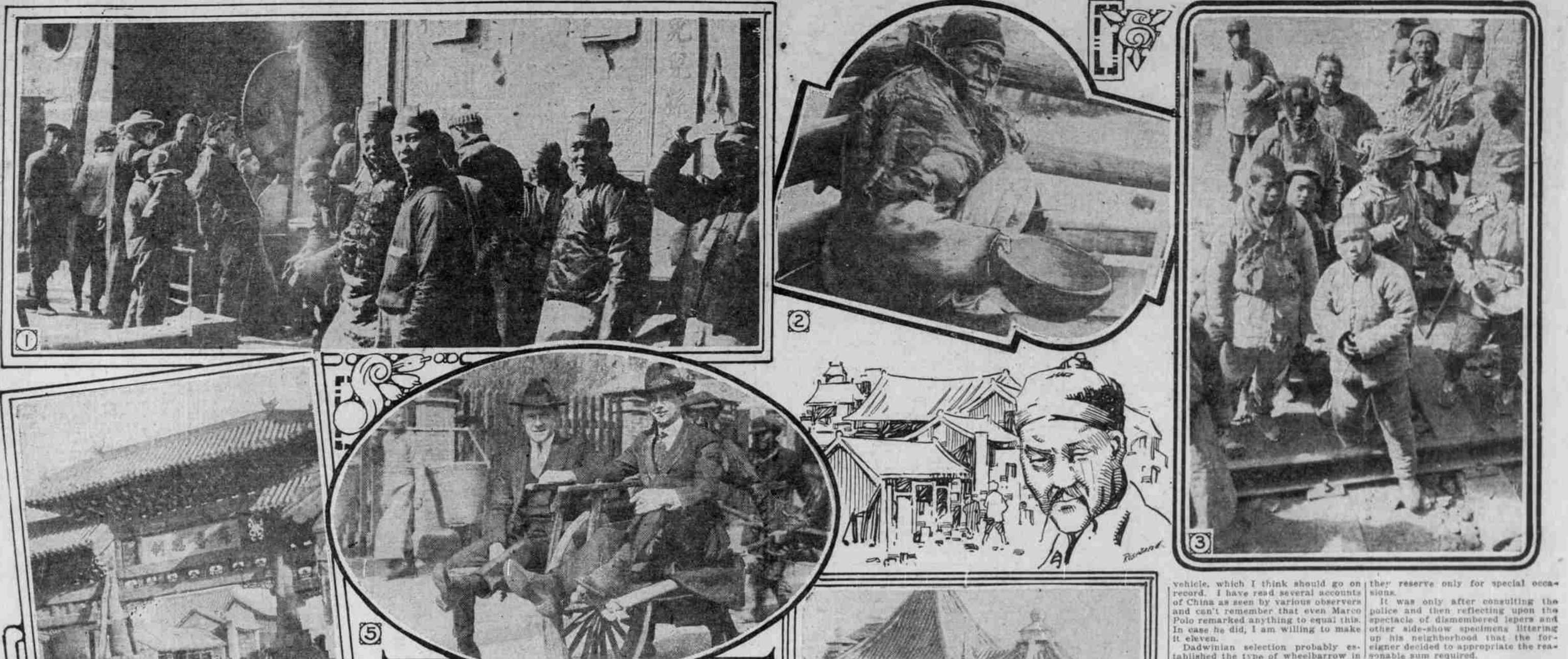


# TOUR PROVES THE POPULAR CONCEPTIONS OF CHINA ARE TRUE

Nation Is Found Right-Side-Up and Belief That Chinamen Eat Dogs, Cats and Rats Is Repudiated—Beggars' Guild Minimizes Destructive Competition and Thrives.



1—Wheel of fortune seems to be one of the milder forms of aleatory diversion encountered in Chinese streets.  
2—Choice location for mendicants in Shanghai is afforded at every angle of the zig-zag bridge leading to the ancient willow pattern tea house. This beggar has exclusive rights to one of the more desirable "signs."  
3—All trains are met by members of the beggars' guild, as shown here on the outskirts of Tsinanfu.  
4—Wheelbarrow parking spaces at Tsinanfu are usually at the main street intersections.  
5—The classic mode of locomotion in China is usually tried by foreigners at least once.  
6—The willow pattern tea house is in the center of the old walled city at Shanghai. Devils, having no joints in their knees, cannot cross the zig-zag bridge leading out to it from the edge of the stagnant pond where it is situated.

BY EDGAR PIPER JR.  
IN common with a great many foreigners visiting the orient, I feel compelled to confess, on returning that very few matters were discovered at variance with the conceptions we have long entertained in respect to China; and that, so far as I am concerned, the reports of previous observers, beginning with the distinguished Marco Polo, may as well stand confirmed.  
This comforting reassurance, however, applies only to the larger generalities. It is true that the population runs into extravagant figures; that most Chinamen work hard and earn little. It is true that they wear their hats in the house and begin their meals with dessert and end them with soup; it is true that they pay doctors to keep them well; and it is true that white instead of black is the color for mourning. It is true also that Chinamen going down the street do not walk abreast, but in column, like their own written language. It is true, finally, that next to feasting a majority of Chinamen prefer gambling; although nothing is life quite so much as death, which is regarded as a supreme achievement.  
**Some Beliefs Repudiated.**  
Some few popular beliefs in regard to the Chinese must be repudiated. It has been supposed at times that

China is upside-down and that people walk around heads downward; and that a majority of the population is enthusiastically engaged in the laundry business; and that all Chinamen have long fingernails and wear pig-tails; and that Chinamen eat dogs and cats and rats. But these beliefs are all chimerical, as I shall hope to reveal.  
China is right side up except in a merely figurative sense. Considering the second point, I have observed that John Chinaman does not "wash his hands" to any extent. It is not an iron-bound custom among the Chinese to perform any sort of ablutions, these rites being purely voluntary. Here are the facts: (a) The Chinese do not like to wash. (b) The Chinese are not obliged to wash.  
**Categorical Denials Enough.**  
As to the fingernails and the pig-tails, categorical denials ought to suffice. Only a few details and a few sets of "long fingernails have survived." The fallacies regarding Chinese diet are easily indicated. Chinamen eat what they can get; they leave nothing for rats and cats. A rat has no chance. Conclusion: there are hardly any rats in China, so how could Chinamen eat them?  
Dr. Otis Akkio, who, after several years which have clouded our understanding. The next chapter, attracting most observers could be entitled, "What is Wrong With China?"  
But as to the rather acute difficulty of existence in China, as to the

scanty happiness and copious misery of the inhabitants, the prevalent impressions scarcely need rehearsal. Of course it is granted that most ideals are shaped to suit circumstances. Accordingly, it is not surprising that in China, perhaps through the cultivation of superior moral qualities, that civilization has attained an ideal, still highly regarded among other nations whereby human offspring are produced in such marvelous abundance that, in spite of regular visitations of famine and pestilence, an ample surplus will always remain, as in "Penguin Island," who might "contribute by their private misery to the public prosperity." Toward these beings who survive the dangers of infancy and succeed in the struggle for a livelihood, Chinese forbearance, then, is superfluous. Their society has succeeded in assuring to each of these beings his narrow, ugly and disgusting little private well-being. Here, apparently, is an ideal admirably realized.  
**Labor Burdens Heavy.**  
To suit the needs of their society, the individual man has come to be, through a process of biological adaptation, such an admirable bearer of burdens and such a laborious performer of wearisome tasks, that he might be described most conveniently as a rather versatile domestic animal. He is adapted so well, in particular, to the conveying of freight as to

render the competition of horses, mules, trucks and of railroads difficult. In consequence, that Chinamen occupy themselves to a large extent in the classic role of porters, rickshaws, wheelbarrows and sedan chairs, utilizing a maximum of human labor for the results accomplished.  
seem to characterize China in the eyes of foreigners and to illustrate the disadvantages of being a Chinaman.  
Upon the famous Chinese wheelbarrow I shall endeavor to furnish no fresh data, except that I have seen ten passengers riding on one

vehicle, which I think should go on record. I have read several accounts of China as seen by various observers and can't remember that even Marco Polo remarked anything so equal this. In case he did, I am willing to make it eleven.  
Dadwinian selection probably established the type of wheelbarrow in use today throughout China. All Chinese wheelbarrows are identical. Some trifling provincial variations are noticeable, for example at Tsinanfu, where all the wheelbarrows ran without grease and squeaked through the streets like a thousand files. Lower Shantung had improvised a small square sail on its wheelbarrows for traveling before a fair wind.  
**One Class Thrives.**  
Between the customary spectacle of Chinese economic distress and the unusual features of this year's famine it is difficult for an inexperienced observer to distinguish and I should prefer not to expatiate upon the phenomena visible in North China today as the result of crop shortages. As in Europe during the Middle Ages, there is a flourishing class throughout all China professionally engaged in the art of mendicancy and furnishing beggars around when a famine is on, though a rather unappealing spectacle. Many are members of a guild, or confrerie, which sustains their monopoly of alms-gathering to such an extent that few casual observers, perhaps, could dissociate the genuine cases of indigency created by famine conditions.  
It is the beggars' guild that undertakes to perfect the practice of mendicancy and to systematize its pursuit to the greatest degree possible. I was told that in Peking a strike was recently organized among the beggars who thus obtained better recognition from their guild for certain classes of service.  
**Beggars Regulate Hours.**  
The functions of the beggars' guild have been, apparently, to minimize destructive competition between recognized members, regulate working hours, and to systematize their proper relief on all profitable locations, to discourage "scabbing" and particularly to see that public gatherings and social functions are adequately covered by representatives of their craft. As an instance of their strength, it is seriously noted that a sum in the neighborhood of \$500 was recently paid by a wealthy foreigner for immunity on the occasion of a banquet, and it is well-nigh a sure thing that the ceremony in force, bringing along all of the distinguished talent which

## CAREER OF CRIPPLED NOMAD RIVALS ANYTHING IN FICTION

Marian, Girl of 20 Years, Now Walking Without Crutches or Other Supports for First Time in Life Full of Adventures.

AFTER being a helpless cripple since birth, and leading a nomadic existence rivaling anything in fiction, Marian, a pretty 20-year-old girl, is now walking without crutches or other supports for the first time in her life.  
Born of parents whom she has never seen, Marian was left, with little unshapen legs and a twisted spine, in a public orphanage in a middle-western city when she was but a few days old. Since then she has traveled in every part of the country, dressed at times as a boy, and always suffering severe pain in those crippled legs which had always failed to yield to medical or surgical science.  
It was a year ago that she arrived in Portland, sick and despondent, and in the verge of quitting this world which had afflicted her about with the relentless regularity of the tide of the seas. And then one night, she crawled her painful way deep into the woods back of Arlington Heights, there to lie down and die. She reached a new neighbor, she wanted to live. She wanted to walk and play like other girls whose friendships she had held during her strange vagrant career.  
**Refuge Finally Found.**  
Dawn was just breaking over the city that early spring morning a year ago as she dragged herself through a drenching rain to the Salvation Army White Shield home, below Arlington Heights, and appealed for aid. At last she had reached her port of refuge.  
She was taken in, and there for the first time she told the complete story of her miserable existence to Major Harris, matron of the home. And there she found that sympathetic understanding that had so long been denied her.  
That was a year ago. Today Marian

## CHECK AND PLEA TO SUPPLY LIQUOR ARE SENT SENATOR

Capper of Kansas, However, Is Compelled to Inform That He (the Writer) Can't be Considered as a Hospital.

THE OREGONIAN NEWS BUREAU, Washington, D. C., May 14.—Senator Arthur Capper is one of the driest of dry senators, and when it is pointed out that he comes from Kansas the reader will readily understand that a walk through the Sahara desert at midday would have no terrors for him and that the prohibition amendment and the Volstead act are in his opinion among the greatest bits of legislation ever put through congress.  
Not long ago one of the press associations carried a story over its wires about the seizure by customs authorities of a large quantity of the very best kind of liquor that would make a dying man sit up and beg for a prescription. The government, the story said, was to dispose of this run for \$1 a gallon, to hospitals which desired it.  
"Dear Senator," the government, the story said, was to dispose of this run for \$1 a gallon, to hospitals which desired it.  
"I have been feeling bad lately. I call your attention to the enclosed clipping. Here is my check for \$5. Please send me five gallons of the best brandy. I will use it as a tonic, for medicinal purposes only."  
Here was the check, the letter and the clipping with the story. The senator didn't know what to do at first, but finally wrote his correspondent that since he hardly could be called a hospital he hardly thought he would qualify to get the five gallons.  
To anyone looking from an airplane, two of the members of President Harding's cabinet, Secretary Weeks of the war department and Secretary

## George V. Hobart, the Playwright

George V. Hobart, the playwright, who wrote "Budding" and a few other plays, and a telegraph operator years ago and once upon a time copied the Associated Press night report on a paper down in South Carolina.  
One night when things were slack and the market stuff was coming in on the wire, which Hobart's paper never used and he didn't have to copy, he thought he would play a nice little joke on the copy desk and composing room of the paper.  
So he sat down at his typewriter and rattled off about three columns of stuff which he headed "The following message was sent today by President Hayes to Secretary of State Blaine." The rest of the three columns was nothing but an unintelligible mass of figures and letters and everything on the typewriter keyboard which would not make sense hooked together.  
Hobart took this "story" of his typewriter, put a copy on the book as he did it, and sent it to the copy desk. It got to the copy desk. The man reading copy that night was not particularly fond of the foreman of the composing room so he sent it along upstairs to be set as if it were to go into the paper.  
The foreman was a pretty smart bird himself. He had the edge on the copy desk because it had been set up, so he turned it over to a compositor and had it all set up and apparently ready to go into the paper, where it undoubtedly would have made almost as much of a sensation as the firing on Fort Sumter.  
But along about this time the proprietor of the paper happened to come in. He found a proof of this code message story on the book in his

## Private Office and He Made Things

private office and he made things hop around the whole office for the next half hour. In those days there were no machines for setting type, at least in this South Carolina office, and the whole three columns had been set by hand. It was a very positive job. The boss traced the thing out and finally chose the copy-reader for the post. He had the pleasure of having the copy position taken out of his weekly pay envelope.  
Hobart didn't suffer at all.  
E. I. Lewis, the newly appointed member of the interstate commerce commission, from Indiana, may equal if not surpass all records on the commission for travel. Mr. Lewis has traveled and investigated public utilities in Europe and has been in the South since ago going around the world for him is almost like boarding a rattler to go to Chicago is for most Indiana folks. Some of the old-time players around the commission are making jokes that Edgar E. Clark, once a member of the body who was now head of the railway conductors, had Mr. Lewis faded in the matter of miles traveled, but Indiana here who know what Mr. Lewis has done in this way are betting on him. The president wanted a man for the vacancy on the commission he spoke to Senator New about it.  
"I want the best man I can get on any state commission," is about the way the president put it.  
"Here you are," said Senator New in substance, "None better anywhere."  
So Mr. Lewis was appointed.  
Secretary Weeks of the department of labor works hard but tries to take life not too seriously in his off hours. He was strolling over to a cabinet meeting when the secretary's wife was talking to some newspaper friends about it and trying to get a laugh or two out of a serious situation.  
"Why," said Davis, "I've been working on this strike situation all the time. I put in four hours last night. I guess I'll have to mend in a bill for overtime to Andrew Futuro, president of the International Seaman's union."