

SHANGHAI, WONDER CITY OF ORIENT

LIKE most cities in the far East, Shanghai is the proud possessor of a fancy name. "The Gem of the Orient," it is called, and it is, in more ways than one, a "gem," depending entirely on the sense in which the term may be applied.

It is certainly one of the most interesting cities in the world, and no visitor to the Orient should leave it out of his itinerary.

It presents the curious anomaly of being a Chinese city, whose affairs are administered by foreigners, writes J. M. Grady in the Denver Post.

First there is the international municipal council, whose acts are subject to revision by the consular council, representing the foreign consuls resident in Shanghai, and the decisions of this latter body are subject, in turn, to revision by a council composed of foreign ministers residing in Peking and duly accredited to the government of China by their respective countries. There is no appeal from the decisions of this latter body. It is, in fact, a court of last resort—as far as the city of Shanghai is concerned.

There is, however, a native city within the old walls, in which the Chinese officials exercise exclusive control—although there are over a million Chinese living, and carrying on business in the so-called foreign settlements, which means modern Shanghai.

These are of a much better class than those who live within the walls of the native city. Under foreign protection they are free to enjoy life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness unhampered by the iniquitous exactions practiced on prosperous Chinamen wherever native officials rule. In no other city in the world, perhaps, are Chinese so safe, so prosperous, so progressive, and certainly in no city of their own country do they live under

song birds' tongues had nothing on the wealthy and extravagant Chinamen of Shanghai, for whom menus are frequently provided in some of these restaurants covering over one hundred courses, and including such tid-bits as birds' nest soup, bears' paws, skylarks' tongues, thrushes' brains, sharks' fins, canary birds' livers, and other dainties too numerous to mention.

And when I tell the reader that a plate of birds' nest soup—for a starter—costs \$25, he will have a faint idea of the amount of his "check" should he ever visit a Foochow road restaurant and try to hit the pace set by a Shanghai Chink.

There is another, and equally interesting, side to Chinese life as seen within the walls of the native—the other extreme, in fact—where teeming thousands toll all day, every day, and well into the night, running at high pressure all the time, in order to earn enough to keep body and soul together.

British There First.

Although the British "saw it first" and their commercial interests are perhaps larger than those of other nations, they do not by any means dominate the place, as for instance, they dominate Hongkong, and I hope I may, in passing, be permitted to remark, that it is quite as well they do not, and for the reason that while the very air of Hongkong is surcharged with insolent snobbery, there is, in the delightful cosmopolitanism of Shanghai society, a charm all its own.

Having said so much without fear, favor, affection, malice or ill-will, I will state that on the forenoon of the Sunday after my arrival in Shanghai I lost my way while wandering through a section of the settlement occupied by the poorer class of Chinese, none of whom understood a word of English. I noticed a Hindu



BRITISH SECTION, SHANGHAI

such favorable, sanitary and hygienic conditions, with the result that many of them have amassed great wealth and have become luxurious.

They have erected magnificent homes, in a semi-Oriental style of architecture, in the midst of grounds which the landscape gardeners' art has converted into fairylands. They travel about in costly equipages, attended by retinues of gorgeously livered servants.

Women Are Gorgeous.

Their women's arms are encased in bracelets, around their necks are ropes of pearls and their heads are covered with precious gems, while the gorgeous colorings of their figured silk costumes fairly dazzle the eyes of the beholder.

No; are the masters of all this splendor a whit behind in the matter of personal adornment. These wealthy and effeminate Chinamen seem to never allow the question of cost to enter into their calculations in the matter of picturesque display. If their luxurious habits carried them no further they might be passed up without further comment, but such is far from being the case.

Foochow Road, Shanghai, is the earthly paradise of Sycaritic Chinamen—not only of Shanghai but of the entire Orient. On this road—well back of the Bund—are to be found imposing buildings in variegated styles of architecture, gorgeously decorated, standing in their own gardens and used as tea houses, sing-song houses, theaters and restaurants, stocked with all those delicacies so dear to the Oriental and calculated to stimulate a jaded appetite or produce a new sensation.

In these places are to be witnessed, nightly, scenes of unrestrained license and Chinese enjoyment, of Chinese profligacy and Chinese fastidiousness.

The Roman emperor who, in order to improve his singing voice, fed on

policeman, with a rifle slung over his shoulder, guarding the entrance to a very large building. Not understanding English himself, he led me across a court yard and into the office of the building, which later I found was the municipal police court. In this office were two young Englishmen and several native clerks.

The Englishman treated me with greatest courtesy, looked up the required information and drew a rough diagram of the streets I should traverse in order to recover my bearings, and, better still, one of them (a Mr. Marriott) insisted, as he had nothing special on (it being Sunday), on taking a rickshaw with me and showing me the way. It was then about eleven o'clock and he remained with me until six o'clock in the evening, when he left me—as he kindly put it—regretfully, to keep an engagement.

The Lakes and the Woods.

The suggestion that the state get possession of the little inland lakes and reserve them for the people is an excellent one. These little bodies of water, will have wholesome influence upon public sentiment. The pleasure connected with them is of an elevating character. They are a feature of nature that should be preserved. If not soon devoted to popular use they will be commercialized and lose their grateful influence upon the civic character.

We should preserve the woods, too, as far as possible. They are beautiful and inspiring. They make people better. The very air of the forest tranquilizes the spirit and prepares it for nobler living. Let us not turn everything into money. Let money be the object of a little lake or a piece of woodland, and the effect is degenerating. Let these blessings be duly appreciated and handed over to the people for their enjoyment and uplift. —Baltimore American.

MOST REMARKABLE OF CITIES

Small California Metropolis Used Only As Medium of the Photoplay Productions.

America, the home of the moving picture industry, possesses a city that it always on the move. It is known as Universal City, and is situated in far-away California. It is one of the most remarkable cities of modern times. It has streets and houses and institutions, a mayor and corporation, and the usual civic equipment, but it is razed and reconstructed maybe a hundred times in a year, assuming a different form at each removal. It is "ancient and modern," at one and the same time. Elizabethan houses face a Norman stronghold, the wigwams of a tribe of marauding Indians stand in front of a typically English country home, and a Roman forum vies with a frowning commercial factory.

"Universal City," writes William E. Pittuck in the Millgate Monthly, "covers an area of over 600 acres and houses a community of over 1,000, all of whom, from the oldest to the youngest, find their livelihood depend on this moving-picture production. A single house, or a series of houses, may be erected for pictures one day and be dismantled the next, so that a small army of builders and carpenters are always sedulously engaged; while for the various costumes and uniforms a contingent of 80 seamstresses are kept busily employed, despite the fact that the general wardrobe of the city contains over 9,000 varied types of wearing apparel."

THOMAS SANTSCHI



Director Thomas Santschi is putting on a picture at the Selig Western studio which involves the burning of a ship at sea.

Made the Actors Work.

"Under Arizona Skies" is the title of a frontier drama just finished by Director Willis L. Robards. One of the requirements in the story is the burning of a shack by Indians. This was successfully done, but the neighboring vegetation took fire and the entire company—director, actors, and all—was forced to take a hand in fighting what might have resulted in a very serious forest fire. It was two hours before the flames were finally subdued and the work had been so strenuous that several of the actors fainted.

Will Show Arizona Scenes.

Webster Cullison is getting along so well with the officials at Tucson, Ariz., where his company's western studio is located, that he has entered into an agreement to film the numerous points of interest in and about the picturesque town. Among the pictures will be views of the historic San Xavier mission, and the reclamation project of the Tucson Farms company.

Has Her Own "Animal Farm."

Helen Holmes, the lead who plays opposite J. P. McGowan at Glendale, is going to add to her own "animal farm" in the large grounds of her home. The carpenters are busy making a series of cages to hold her pets, and a special home is being constructed for "Stripes," a big side winder snake presented to her by an old prospector from Death valley.

Popular Novel Scenarized.

Harold MacGrath's novel, "The Man on the Box," has been scenarized and, as shown at the Strand theater, New York, was a great success. The story, you remember, is built on the old but favorite plot of a hero disguising himself as a mental in order to be near his lady love. Max Figman and Lolita Robertson play the leading roles.

Gaby Deslys On Screen.

Provided the war does not interfere, the motion picture art will soon be enriched by the screen appearance of Gaby Deslys. The international star started work two weeks ago in London on a production. The picture is an original conception, entitled "The Triumph."

Movie Showed Him Misfortune.

A farmer living near Brentwood, England, went to a moving picture show in that town during a visit and learned by a picture shown on the screen that a fire had in his absence destroyed the stables and sheds at his farm.

New Indian Animal Stories

How the Wild Boy Became Brother to the Bear

By JOHN M. OSKISON



Children, Color Up This Picture.

(Copyright, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Long time ago, in the days when the Indian hunters followed the trail of the bear and the deer far into the mountains, the little boys would watch the hunters go away from the camp in the early morning and wish that they, too, could go. Sometimes one boy would run after the hunters a short distance, and then an old man would call out:

"Ho, little one! Do you think you are the brother of the bear, and do you go to hunt with the Wild Boy?" Then the boy would come back to the camp.

"Tell me about the Wild Boy and the bear!" the little boy would say, and while the old man shaped a tiny arrow for the boy's tiny bow, he would tell this story:

It was in the days when the people lived close beside the river which runs south, and when everybody was happy and had plenty to eat. There was a young woman who lived with her seven brothers, who were all good hunters. She kept the home for them, and dressed the skins of the animals when her brothers brought them in. And all day she was singing.

But once the hunters did not come back at night, and this young woman sat up and waited for them.

On the seventh night, some one came to the house where the young woman sat and knocked at the door.

"Siyu!" (hello!) said a voice outside, and the young woman went to the door to see who it was.

Out in the moonlight stood the Wild Boy, with his bow and his quiver of arrows over his shoulder.

"Who are you?" asked the young woman.

"I am the Wild Boy, and I have come to make a bargain with you," said the boy, who stood in the moonlight. "I will go and find your seven brothers and bring them back to you if you will marry me. I have lived in the trees with the bees and the birds so long that I am getting lonely."

And the young woman studied about what the Wild Boy said a long time before she agreed that if he would bring back her seven brothers she would be his wife. Then the Wild Boy ran away into the woods and the young woman went to sleep for the first time in seven nights.

As the Wild Boy went swiftly through the woods he sang the song which the young woman had always sung as she worked. And the bear who slept at the edge of a meadow beside the river, heard the song and got up and went to see who it was singing.

And the bear met the Wild Boy in the meadow and asked him where he was going.

"I am going to find the seven brothers of the young woman who is to be my wife," said the Wild Boy. And then the bear laughed.

"You will never find them," said the bear, "unless I go with you to show you the road across the notch in the mountains which leads into the Darkening Land."

"Then you must come with me right away," said the Wild Boy.

"What will you do for me," asked the bear, "if I come with you?"

"I will be your friend," said the Wild Boy.

"That will not do," said the bear. "You must be my brother!"

And for a while the Wild Boy studied about what the bear had said and then he agreed that he would be the bear's brother. So the bear passed his tongue over both cheeks of the Wild Boy, and the two went on to find the seven lost hunters.

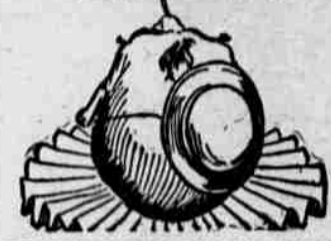
In the Darkening Land they found the seven brothers of the young woman and brought them back to her house. But then, when the young woman got ready to go with the Wild Boy as his wife, the Wild Boy cried out:

"No, I do not want a wife, for I am brother to the bear, and I must stay to live in the woods!" And ever since, the Wild Boy has lived in the woods, where only the bears know where to find him.

Has Wheels.

Teacher—Tommy, what is a dachshund?
Tommy—A little dog that rolls around with a caster on each corner.

ON THE FUNNY SIDE



TRADE SECRETS.



"Why did you take out the mirrors you had around your soda fountain?"

"They hurt the business. Whenever a woman saw how she looked inhaling a drink through a straw she'd never come back to do it again."

Speaking of Suffragettes.

A lady of great beauty and attractiveness, who was an ardent admirer of Ireland, once crowned her praise of it at a party by saying:

"I think I was meant for an Irish woman."

"Madam," rejoined a witty son of Erin, who happened to be present, "thousands would back me in saying that you were meant for an Irishman."

Explained.

"I hear that you have a college graduate for a cook. Isn't that rather expensive?"

"Not very. She works for her board and clothes."

"Why, how does she come to do that?"

"She's my wife."—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

A Stay-at-Home.

"Of course, I'd like to vote," said Mrs. McGudley. "But I dunno's I'd ever get a chance to exercise my right to vote even if I had it."

"Couldn't you go to the polls and cast your ballot, like anybody else?"

"No. If everybody voted all the help in the house would be sure to want the day off every time there was an election."

Fatal Disease.

A young painter who had just finished a picture insisted upon a friend calling to see it.

"There, now," enthused the artist, "you see my new picture. What's the matter with that?"

"I don't know," replied the bored friend, "but I should say it was a case of art failure."—National Monthly.

Saving Labor.

"The automobile is a great boon to the poor, overworked horse," said the sympathetic woman.

"Yes," replied Mr. Chuggins; "but while it is making life easy for the horse, it has three or four human beings busy day and night keeping the machine in repair."

Nothing Softens Him.

"Tomkins seems to have an incurable grouch."

"I agree with you. I've known him to eat a meal that would delight an epicure, toss off a glass of cordial, light a 25-cent cigar and start right in knocking humanity."

Not a Rash Promise.

"Do you think you will be able to provide for my daughter's wants and necessities?" asked the proud parent.

"I don't know about her wants," answered the prudent young man, "but I will be able to provide for her necessities."

Philosophers and Optimists.

"What is the difference between a philosopher and an optimist?"

"Well, a philosopher takes things as they come, while an optimist, if they come with the dark side uppermost, turns them over."

His Record.

"We want plenty of energy in our business. Has this fellow you're recommending any go in him?"

"Any go! There isn't a speed law in ten adjacent states that he hasn't fractured."

More to the Point.

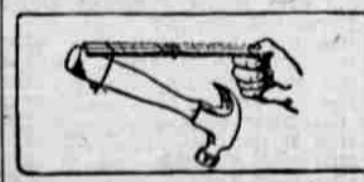
Anxious Chum—I assure you, my dear sir, my young friend will make your daughter a handsome husband.

Stern Parent—Yes, but will he make her a handsome living?

WILL FOOL SMART FRIENDS

Ordinary Two-Foot Rule Will Not Fold Up If Properly Balanced With Carpenter's Hammer.

Here is a paradox to fool your smart friends with. Take an ordinary folding rule (a two-foot rule is best), and ask your friend what will happen if you tie a hammer on the end of the rule, with the hinge on the rule underneath. Of course he will say that the rule will at once fold up, for it



Rule and Hammer Trick.

will do that even without the hammer being hung on it.

However, it's easy enough to do impossibilities provided you know how, and that is the case in this instance. You tie the hammer in the rule exactly as shown in the illustration. You may have to try several times before you will get it just right. Then when you hold up the rule it will remain stiff and straight and will not fold up, in spite of the weight of the hammer. In fact, it is the hammer which keeps it from folding up, for the weight of it is so placed that it produces a leverage upward on the end of the rule, as you can readily see when you try it.

Like a Toll Gate.

When is a dog's tail like a toll gate?
When it stops a waggin' (wagon).