

HELLO GIRLS' LUNCHEON



Reading and Lounging Room.

THEY came down the stairs, arms about waists. It was nighttime. "What day is it, Maud?" asked she of the golden locks. "Potato salad," said Maud, and quickened her pace. "Oh, Monday, of course," assented the golden-haired. And it was even so. On Monday 100 telephone operators employed in the main exchange of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph company at West Park and Alder streets, eat potato salad. "And it's good, too," said the golden-haired one. Potato salad is almost as regular at

Where Hello Girls Eat Luncheon.

the telephone luncheon as baked beans on a Sunday night in a twenty-five-dollar boarding-house. The difference lies in the fact that the potato salad is free, while the baked beans at the boarding-house come in the twenty-five. And the girls like the salad. If they didn't, they wouldn't get it. The boarders generally don't like the beans. "We give the girls what they like," explained Miss Daisy Thomas, the chief operator. "The menu is changed every day, and while we generally have one particular specialty for each day in the week, we are glad to change at any time, and we do change things once in a while. The girls appear to like the standing arrangement, though. There are 31 telephone operators employed in Portland. Of this number, 154 are engaged at the main office and

111 at the east office, while 46 are in the long distance department. Of the day staff, one lot work from 7 in the morning to 3:30 in the afternoon, and another from 3:30 in the morning to 3:30 in the afternoon. There is an hour in each case for luncheon, and during the morning and afternoon each operator has a 15-minute recess, called a relief, so that the young women put in eight hours a day actual time. The luncheon at noon is provided by the company free. During the luncheon period, between 11 and 1, half the operators are off at a time, and a fresh lot of operators sit in for the period. These girls start work again at 5:30 and work until 10 in the evening, and the night gang are on from 10 at night to 8 in the morning.

The luncheon menu is not elaborate, but everything is clean and of excellent quality, and there is plenty of it. Tea or coffee with sugar and cream is always provided. On Monday there is in addition potato salad; on Tuesday, roast beef with dish gravy; Wednesday, fruit; Thursday, wieners and sauerkraut, or biscuits and honey; Friday, baked salmon; Saturday, baked beans, Sunday, fruit. Macaroni and cheese, pickles, and other delicacies figure on the bill of fare occasionally.

How a Girl Gets on the Force.

When the company moved its executive offices from the exchange building to the Columbia building, some of the rooms in the former that had been occupied as offices were turned over to the use of the operators. Besides the dining-room, which is a long, light room, furnished appropriately with new furniture, there is another large room which has been fitted out after the manner of a club room. It is furnished with big easy chairs, couches, tables and rugs, and there is an abundance of

reading matter. During the recess time, once in the afternoon and once in the morning, the operators may read or rest in these comfortable quarters. Each girl has an expanded metal locker in still another room and there are attractive washrooms. Telephone operators differ from most other skilled laborers in that they do not have to serve an apprenticeship or pay to learn. When a new girl applies and is given a position, she starts off on a salary of \$20 a month. For two or three weeks or probably a month, she merely sits and listens to what is going on, but she draws her pay just the same. Then she is put on as an operator, and gets more pay. A girl who is bright and quick and courteous can work up to good wages in a year or less and after that there is rapid promotion for those of unusual ability.

Advantages in Telephone Work.

"The girls like the work and most of them are capable and willing," said Miss Thomas. "It has many advantages over work as clerks in stores, for

example. The telephone operator works eight hours a day. She gets off every other Sunday. The girls who work at night get one day off every week. All of the operators work in clean, comfortable quarters. Instead of standing most of the time they are provided with sanitary chairs. And they are not subjected to the insults of mashers and unpleasant experiences with customers which some girls in stores suffer. They can be certain of employment the year round."

There are probably in the vicinity of 50,000 telephone operators in the United States. This is taking into consideration only the girls at central. In addition to the army of operators at the central offices, there are thousands of young women engaged as operators in private exchanges situated in hotels, department stores and business offices. In New York, where the private branch exchanges constitute a large percentage of the telephone business, the position of telephone operator has advanced con-

siderably in recent years. Taking the country as a whole, the telephone operator is now a close second to the stenographer.

The Work of Other Women.

The telephone business is growing so rapidly that there is a constant demand for good operators. As a matter of fact, aside from the stenographers, who, it is estimated, now number about 100,000, the telephone girls far outnumber other professional women in this country. Less than 2,000 women are practicing law. Between 15,000 and 20,000 members of the sex are engaged in the medical profession. There are about as many women skilled in the art of curing natural teeth and manufacturing artificial teeth, as there are Portias ready to try a case in court. According to reliable estimates, between 3,000 and 3,500 women help make American newspapers bright yellow or dull drab. Some 8,000 women are employed in various sorts of writing, and about 7,000 are on the stage.

John Chinaman Is Afraid of Spooks and Spirits

(By William T. Ellis.)
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PEKING, CHINA.—Why Chinese have said, in English speech and print, that all in all, Confucianism is quite as good as Christianity, if not better, and they have more than implied that it is an impertinence for Christian nations to send missionaries to their country. This matter is fundamentally important; most investigation of missions must deal with the native religions of the mission field. Moreover, as I am studying mission work at first hand, and not from the books written about it by propagandists, I am bound to form my conclusions of China's religion by observation of the life of the people, especially with respect to their religious practices. Broadly speaking, and apart from the Christian adherents, the Chinese are less religious than the Japanese, and more so than the Koreans. One looks in vain for the multitude of idols and shrines which are to be met on every side in Japan. The idolatry of the Chinese may almost be said to have been exaggerated. While every house has its "kitchen god," there is lacking the god shelf that is found in most Japanese homes, and the public idols are few, except in temples.

The Superstitious Chinese.

John Chinaman seems to care more for the little gods than for the big gods. Occasionally one is met who regards "the favor of heaven or worships the important figures in the national pantheon; but 99 Chinese out of a hundred are chiefly solicitous concerning the evil spirits of the air.

Confucianism, which is more a code of ethics than a religion, is the national creed, and Buddhism is supposed to be the dominant faith, but Taoism, which makes room for an innumerable variety of spirits, holds the greatest sway. If any one of these blended religions may be said to dominate. The ordinary Chinese is not a Confucianist, or a Buddhist, or a Taoist; he is all three. In a Buddhist and Taoist temple he worships in exactly the same way—as, indeed, he does also before his ancestral tablets—and it is difficult for an uninitiated person to distinguish between the two temples. None of them, as a matter of fact, is over-rushed with business. On New Year's day there is considerable patronage of the temples, with the burning of unmeasured incense and bushels of paper money, and the offering of innumerable candles, which last the thrifty priests quickly extinguish and melt down, to be sold over again. There seems to be no moral idea connected with Chinese worship, gambling games run in full blast in the temple courts. A proverb showing the contempt in which priests are held, runs,

"Every shaveling is a rascal, and every rascal is a shaveling." The priests are a despised lot.

Fooling the Spirits.

But the geomancer, the fortune teller, and the writer of charms, does a thriving business. John has all the inveterate gambler's belief in "good luck." And he is superstitious to the last degree. Mr. Charles M. Alexander, the famous evangelistic singer, fell with his horse a few weeks ago, during a visit to southern China. He lay unconscious, but none of the coolies accompanying the party would help pick him up. They thought they might displease some of the spirits who wanted Alexander's life. As it was, he lay helpless and unconscious until a missionary and a native Christian came along to pick him up, and he was in a semi-conscious condition for several days subsequently. Similarly, one Chinese who watched another drown without stretching forth a hand to help him.

Every imposing residence in China has pasted on its doors hideous images to scare off the evil spirits. Streets do not run straight, in order to baffle the spirits. Inns and large residences have stone screens in front of the principal entrances, so that the evil spirits may not find their way in. Charms hang over almost every doorway. Graves are assisted until a missionary and a native Christian came along to pick him up, and he was in a semi-conscious condition for several days subsequently. Similarly, one Chinese who watched another drown without stretching forth a hand to help him.

Chinese and the Grandfathers.

Of all the religious tenets of the Chinese, that of ancestor worship is the strongest, although it can hardly be dissociated from spirit worship. It is probably less a matter of love for ancestors than of fear of their spirits which lies at the bottom of the Chinese regard for the departed. The great occasion for doing reverence to ancestors is the New Year; elaborate offerings are made before the ancestral tablets, and afterwards there is feasting and music.

So ingrained is ancestral worship with the social, civil and political life of the Chinese that it is very difficult for the Christian convert to separate himself from it all, especially on the occasion of funerals and the New Year. Certain veteran missionaries assume the position that the veneration of ancestors should not be regarded as idolatry; they prefer to look upon it purely as filial respect, just as the northern states of America keep Memorial day. Were all missionaries to take this ground, serious obstacles would be removed from the paths of many natives who want to enter the church.

For their ancestors. An interesting concession to this feeling is to be noted in the practice of many missionaries, who prominently display family and ancestral portraits where native guests will see them.

A Motley Crew of Dirty Priests.

One needs a strong stomach to travel in the east but the famous Lama temple in Peking is enough to turn the strongest. This is supposed to be Buddhism at its best. Buddhism straight from Lhasa, the home of the grand Lama. In its prime the building was no doubt splendid, and it has many interesting carvings and bronzes; but as a whole it is in a state of miserable decay. Its dirt and griminess and squalor,



A GLIMPSE OF CHINESE LIFE RAISING WATER FOR IRRIGATION.

however, are nothing as compared with the filth and odiousness of the priests. They are the most repulsive lot of mortals I have ever been my bad fortune to meet. Their unwashed, unkempt external appearance is less hideous than their manifest moral rottenness. One does not need to hear the tales with which the community abounds to learn that here is depravity remarkable even for China.

There are some 800 of these yellow-robed priests, men and boys. They are famous for the deep tones in which they chant their ritual daily, recording, it is said, a lower register than the human voice has been known to attain elsewhere. Nothing manly is to be associated with these deep voices, however. They are a lot of degenerate mendicants whom no Chinese is so low as to respect. There are few visitors to the temple except tourists. At every doorway, and one must pass through at least a dozen in visiting the temple, one or two priests stand with outstretched palm, demanding a fee. Others try to

sell bits of bronze or chinaware. This is Buddhism at its highest and worst.

One of China's Great Sights.

The old Confucian temple at Peking, although very shabby, and manned at every gate by begging attendants, commands respect for its fine old trees, its ancient royal tablets on the backs of great stone turtles, its meteorite drums, of immemorial antiquity, and its tablet to the great teacher and his 12 disciples. It was at the Confucian temple that I first heard the sweetest sound in the east, the pines with soft whistles fastened to their backs, making, as they circled and flew above one, music out-rivalling an Aeolian harp.

The greatest native religious spectacle in China, sublimer even than the

Shinto shrines at Ise, in Japan, is the Temple of Heaven, in Peking. This is now open to visitors, although formerly closed to alien eyes. Hither the emperor, or his representative, journeys every year to offer sacrifices to heaven. Smaller temples of heaven exist in every provincial capital.

There are none of the gew-gaws of ordinary temples here; all is spaciousness, simplicity, grandeur. The few plain temple buildings are scattered over a wide area, those containing the imperial tablets being circular in shape, with gilt summits. The center of all is the great white marble altar, circular in form and 200 or 300 yards in diameter. It is entirely open to the sky, and in its lack of appointments quite suggestive of spiritual worship. Here a sacrifice of bullocks is made yearly, as also at the temple of earth, on the other side of the city. The deified con-

ception of heaven and earth, while not held by the common people, is the highest Chinese thought on religion.

The Lost Jews in China.

One of the many romances of China has to do with the Jewish colony at Kaifungfu, in Honan, the history of which has baffled all investigators, although many curious conjectures are made. It is certain that here are to be found a small colony of Jews, who, while retaining certain Jewish characteristics, have so largely intermarried with the natives that they are now practically Chinese. It is certain, from the inscriptions on the monuments still remaining, that they came to China not later than the early part of the twelfth century. They maintained a synagogue until within less than 80 years, Dr. W. A. P. Martin having visited it while in ruins and having talked with the Jews who tore it down, after it had fallen into decay. The scriptures and the Jewish ritual were also partly preserved. The manner in which this mysterious remnant kept alive their national and religious identity through at least eight centuries is one of the marvels of Chinese history.

The inscriptions of the two monuments still standing have been translated by Dr. Martin. One monument was erected in 1485, to commemorate a rebuilding of the synagogue, and the other in 1512. Both summarized the history of Israel, from Abraham down to Adam being mentioned. The Hebrew faith, as set forth on the tablets, is however, tinged by Confucianism. Mohammedanism widely exists in China, its adherents numbering millions. Mohammedan mosques and pagodas may be seen in various parts of the empire. The Mohammedans, for one thing, are the butchers of the nation. Buddhism having scruples about taking animal life. They are a rather wild and turbulent people. Of course their Mohammedanism is greatly corrupted.

Of all the faiths of China, except Christianity, one is bound to admit that they have deteriorated greatly from their original character, and are, in practice,

little more than superstitions, with scarcely any corrective influence upon character. This nation is in need of a new religion.

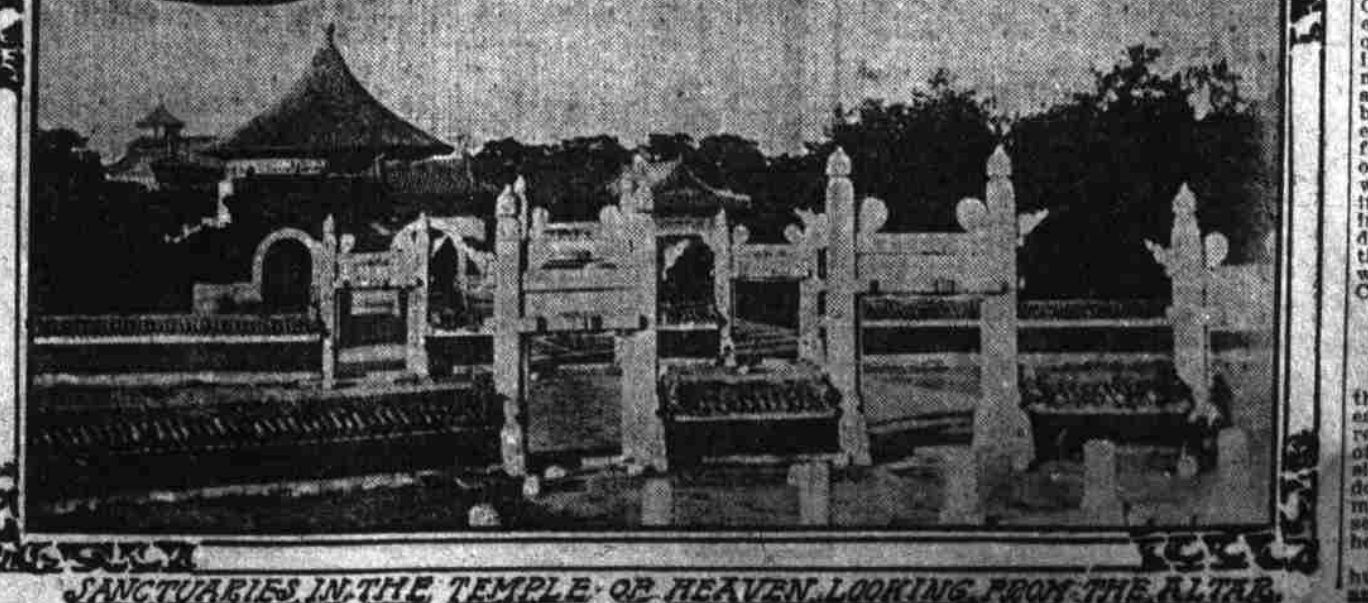
Will China Become Christian?

Is that new religion to be Christianity? Have the nearly 4,000 Protestant missionaries in China, (the figures for the Roman Catholic mission are not obtainable) made such an impression upon this nation of 400,000,000 that the ultimate conversion of the whole is to be predicted? Faith, rather than facts, would have to underlie such an assumption. The missionaries have only begun to make an impression upon China. Vast as have been the treasures of human life and gold and energy expended upon the Christianization of this inconceivably immense empire, the visible cause of great waste of work and money, and of no little duplication of effort and of mission rivalry. All this being true, it yet remains undeniable—and this is the most sweeping criticism I have to make upon Chinese missions—that the enterprise is conducted on too small a scale for the results sought. If mission are to be maintained in a manner commensurate with the object. There has been in China during 100 years and by no means without result. But it strikes an observer forcibly that if this generation or the next are to see China as a whole reckoning seriously with Christianity, there must be some bigger, broader, more aggressive and more comprehensive campaign in the mission bodies—or the churches behind them—might well learn a lesson from Dowry's method of attack upon New York.

To return to my main question: Is Christianity the religion that China needs? The fact that Christianity has undeniably met the need of tens of thousands of individual Chinese giving them a nobler character, a social usefulness and an apparent happiness not ordinarily found among their non-Christian neighbors, would seem to necessitate an affirmative answer to the question. There appears to be nothing in the nature of Christianity which makes it impossible of acceptance by an oriental; and there appears to be no barrier in the nature of the Chinese, except that which makes it impossible for them to become Christians. Their old faiths may fairly be described as worn out, and ready to be discarded if the lives that many missionaries live in China, and the work they do, were duplicated on a sufficiently large scale, there can be small doubt that China would within two generations become a Christian nation.

She Had Heard of Him.

From the Westminster Gazette. The vanity of Samuel Warren, the author of "Ten Thousand a Year," is a remarkable and there is a story told of him to the effect that on one occasion at a friend's house he had to take down to dinner a lady whom he had not met before, and as soon as they were seated at table asked her if she had ever heard of Samuel Warren. "Oh, certainly," was the reply. "My husband professes Warren's teaching to my other. We always use it."



SANCTUARIES IN THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN LOOKING FROM THE ALTAR.