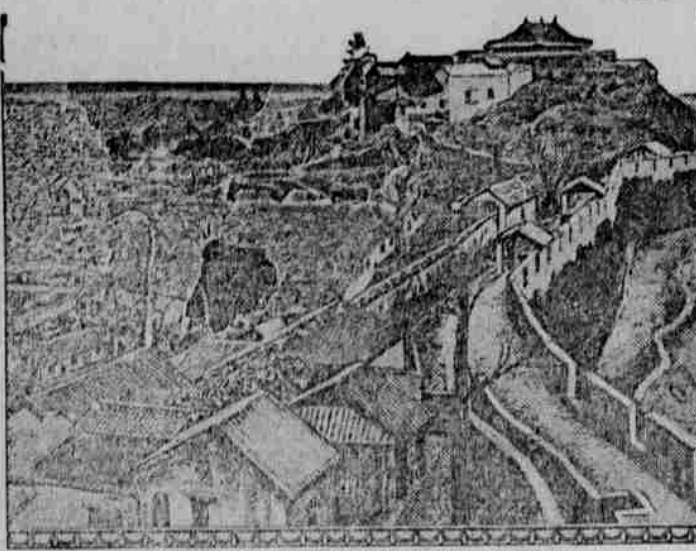


# A TRIP THROUGH CANTON



QUEEN OF HEAVEN MOUNTAIN, CANTON

**M**OST people have read highly colored descriptions of Canton as a barbarous city. What the traveler finds within a few yards of the landing stage, 30 miles up the Pearl river from Hong Kong, is a solid row of European buildings, public gardens leading to a series of tennis courts, and a British consulate. The appearance of the Shameen, the narrow island of the concession, with its churches, its lofty blocks of merchants' offices, its spacious tree-shaded boulevards, its handsome International club, and its numerous official buildings, gives an immediate feeling of confidence to any Western stranger, writes A. H. Fisher in Illustrated London News.

After I had secured a room at the Victoria hotel, I crossed the creek by the British bridge with two resident acquaintances, and entered Chinese territory. Tall brick-built godowns, with shops on the ground floor, seemed pushing out into the thronged roadway along which we walked to a part where I could get a good view of the Water-town. Here a vast population lives in various kinds of craft from small sampans or sand-boats to the gaily decorated "flower boats" with their gold-fretted fronts stuck over with mirrors.

**A Floating City.**  
Along a narrow wooden footway, built upon piles, we walked for half a mile till we seemed to be in the middle of a floating city; but away, farther to the west, I could make out an iron-roofed building, which, I learned, is the terminus of the railway from Samshin to Canton, and a pair of sheerlegs, which marked the position of the Canton-Hankow railway, connected with the other by a ferry-boat service and likely, ere long, to become the regular route for reaching the Trans-Siberian line. Looking back towards the town, I had pointed out to me a tall, gray stone building as a pawnshop, an institution regarded in China as a kind of bank.

We now turned away from the creek up a narrow street where all the buildings were wholesale rice stores. Almost every street is set apart for one trade or industry. In Sap-Pat-Po (otherwise Ward 18), however, the chief business street of Canton, the shops were filled with general manufactured goods—German and Japanese clocks, American soaps, gramophones and sewing machines. Here were strange articles of diet also—edible beetles, giant whelks, bamboo shoots and dried cuttle fish. There were bankers shaking coins into trays till each of a hundred circular depressions was filled, as a way of counting, dealers in old pictures, a lottery shop, where prizes were being paid out for a lottery lately drawn, and an ancestral hall or meeting place for some particular clan or guild. Then came a whole street of the makers of "Old-Age Clothes," as the Chinese call their coffins, and a street of pewter workers, and a street of smiths—and all this time we had only reached a gateway of the outer wall of Canton. Inside this, after passing a small island of shops, we went under the semi-circular arch of the Great West Gateway, where the wall was 17 yards thick.

We climbed from within on to the top of the wall, and above there was a sudden peace and quietness. Here and there about the bastions were old British muzzle-loading guns on wooden carriages. On one I read the date 1812, and on another 1816. We followed the top of the wall for some distance to the great five-storied pagoda, and began to climb it from floor to floor, passing through the flap doors which shut down over the stairs of each. On the fourth floor was the official tea house, and on the uppermost a group of figures of Chinese deities. From the balcony a number of people were enjoying the view over the city. In the distance rose the twin spires of the French cathedral, which the Chinese thought would attract devils until they reflected that the second spire neutralized the bad effect of the first.

Beyond the city we could see the Pearl river, and near it the Normal college for training Chinese teachers, which stands upon the site of the old examination cells. By the lower slopes of the hill called Queen of Heaven Mountain, we found the famous City of the Dead, where bodies of defunct Chinese wait in their coffins, sometimes several years, before the priests are able to determine an

auspicious day for interment. The City of the Dead has many mansions, if by that name may be designated the little rooms, each 10 by 15 feet, with whitewashed brick walls and paved with pale-red tiles. Before the coffin hung a curtain, and in front of this stood an empty chair, a table spread with food and—in the case of a man—tall dolls standing on either side to represent girl attendants.

**Eggs Eighty Years Old.**  
Near the Flowery Pagoda in the old deer park, formerly part of the Tartar General's palace grounds, I visited the British Yamen, where English cadets studying Chinese used to be quartered before it became customary for them to go to Peking. Very different from the quaint charm of these buildings was the somewhat squalid aspect of the courts of the famous temple of Su Mong Mu.

One evening I was shown a number of the fantan gambling houses, in which the banker puts on the table a double handful of the common coins called "cash," and then withdraws them in fours with a small stick, the game being to bet on the last remaining being either one, two, three or none. At a restaurant my friends entertained me to a typical Chinese feast. Nearly all the dishes were palatable, and several extremely good, especially some eggs which were reputed to be eighty years old and tasted like a glorified almond paste.

## WORSHIP A SPURIOUS RELIC

"Tooth" of Buddha, Venerated by Millions, Not the Sacred Object It is Believed to Be.

At Kandy, in Ceylon, is kept Buddha's tooth, which is the object of the unbounded reverence of more than four hundred million people.

When this holy molar was brought to Ceylon in the sixteenth century, Kandy was only a mountain village. Now thousands of pilgrims go every year to the gorgeous temple where the tooth reposes, bringing gifts of every kind, gold and silver ornaments, coins, jewels and even fruit and flowers. The kings of Burma and Siam send annual contributions toward the support of this temple that holds the sacred relic, which has a rather strange history.

It is said to have been the left eye-tooth of Buddha and to have been taken from his ashes 2,500 years ago. For centuries it was the marriage dower going with certain favored princes.

In the fourth century after Christ it was taken from India, then the Malabars secured it. It was afterward captured by the Portuguese, who took it to Goa, where it was burned in 1590 by the archbishop in the presence of the viceroy of India.

But a spurious tooth had to be provided to effect an international marriage, and the molar of a wild boar or ape was used. Its dimensions show that it could not be a man's, for it is two inches long and an inch in diameter.

On important occasions it is displayed, but only at a distance. It is sometimes carried in processions on the back of an elephant.

**Demolition of First Sky Scraper.**  
There has recently been demolished, to make way for a larger structure, a ten-story tower building, at 60 Broadway, New York city. The building was erected in 1889 and has been in service for a quarter of a century. Naturally the condition of its framework was a matter of interest for architects and engineers. The frame consisted of cast iron columns and wrought iron floor beams. The floors were of flat-arch, terra cotta construction. The framework was found to be in excellent condition, the wrought iron beams showing a practical absence of rust, and the cast iron columns, with a three-inch cast iron shell around them for fire protection, showing only a few localized patches of rust and heavy rusting only at a few special points.—Scientific American.

**Woes of Women.**  
"What's the matter, girle?"  
"I have lost my ideal. He has married another."  
"I lost mine in a slightly different way," said the older woman reflectively.  
"How was that?"  
"He married me."

## BOILING WATER AS WEAPON

Parallel for Act of Heroic Women Found in Siege of Naaur by the Tartars.

The heroic acts of the Belgian women who defended their homes against the German invaders, resorting to boiling water when their ammunition gave out, has a historical parallel which will no doubt be of interest at the present time, says the Outlook.

In this case the defenders were Cossack women and the scene of the encounter a small town not far from the Sea of Azov.

In 1774, during the first Turkish war, the town of Naaur was being besieged by 9,000 Tartars—a large army in those days. All the men of the town had left for the war, which was proceeding at some distance, and the town remained undefended save for a handful of soldiers. It had, however, the advantage of being surrounded by a wall, and was well supplied with ammunition. The enemy imagined that they would only have to overcome a very few soldiers and the town would be theirs. Instead, to their amazement, they had to face an army of women, young and old, arrayed in their best red sarafans, fully armed and eager to fight. And these women not only defended the walls of their town, but they sallied out and fought valiantly in hand-to-hand skirmishes. They also tended enormous fires and heated pitch and boiling water to pour on the heads of the enemies when they approached the walls of the town. The story goes that not only did they pour water and pitch on the foe, but the broth that was cooking for dinner went the same way.

That was the first experience of the Cossack women had of "active service." Later it became a tradition and a custom that in battles the women should take their share of actual fighting. And during the continual raids and battles which occurred they became expert soldiers, standing side by side with old warriors and often helping with less usual weapons, such as scythes and pitchforks.

The Cossack woman of today has retained her traditions, and she is not only independent and generally efficient, but she is also often an excellent shot, and is quite capable of defending her village if necessary as fiercely as her ancestress.

## War and Woman.

"There is, perhaps, no woman who could look down upon a battlefield covered with slain, but the thought would rise in her, 'So many mothers sons! So many young bodies brought into the world to lie there! So many months of weariness and pain with bones and muscles were shaped with in! So many hours of anguish and struggle that breath might be! So many baby mouths drawing life at women's breasts—all this, that mer might lie with glazed eyeballs, and swollen faces, and fixed, blue, unclosed mouths, and great limbs tossed!' And we cry, 'Without an inexorable cause this must not be! No woman who is a woman says of a human body, 'It is nothing!'"

"Women will end war when her voice is fully and clearly heard in the governance of states—because, on this one point, and on this point alone, the knowledge of woman, simply as woman, is superior to that of man. She knows the history of human flesh; she knows its cost; she does not."—Olive Schreiner.

## For Drying Ball Grounds.

A machine fitted with gasoline blow torches was put in use last summer at a Tacoma (Wash.) baseball park for the purpose of artificially drying the grounds following rainstorms. The apparatus is similar in principle to devices used in asphalt pavement repairs. It is built with an iron frame in the shape of an equilateral triangle mounted horizontally on swivel wheels carrying five coil burners with downward projecting jets. Over these burners is a deflector hood with adjustable wings made of galvanized iron and asbestos. At the front of the carriage are a gasoline tank and pressure pump, which supply the fuel. When the machine is drawn slowly over a moderately wet field, it is asserted the ground is within a short time dried sufficiently for use.—Popular Mechanics.

## Queer Lights.

"Speaking purely as a neutral," said Representative Harvey Helm the other day in Washington, "I can't help remarking what odd lights the various powers have to throw on events in order to make them seem favorable to themselves."

"Now England, now Russia, now Germany and now France comment or events so strangely that I am reminded of Hellyon."

"Hellyon, talking about his employer, a manufacturer, said: 'He's no harsh taskmaster. He's ho speeder-up. Other firms have this here blasted eight-hour law—ye got to git through a whole day's work in eight hours or out ye go. But down to our place ye can take yer time Ye got 16 hours to do a day's work in.'"

## Status of Affairs.

"What are you going to call the baby?"  
"I don't know what we are going to call him. My wife has named him Algernon."

## Mediation.

Cohen—Hands up or I'll shoot!  
Quick-Witted Burglar—Fifty dollars fer de gun!  
Cohen—Sold!

# Island of Pygmies and Cannibals

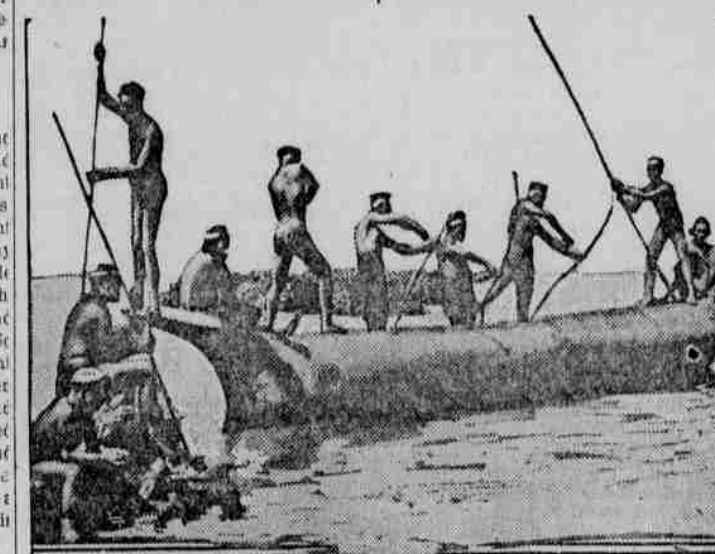
**W**HEN the Australian troops took the German part of New Guinea early in the war, Great Britain became the possessor of fully half of the largest island in the world, for Australia and Greenland are properly small continents. The other half belongs to Holland.

New Guinea surpasses Madagascar in size, its length being 200 miles greater than the distance from New York to Chicago, says Rene Bachs in the Boston Herald. Its area is equal to that of France and the British Isles combined. But what renders it most interesting is that it is today the least known portion of the habitable world, fully nine-tenths of the island being as yet unexplored.

This may well seem surprising when it is considered that New Guinea is separated from the north coast of Australia only by a broad strait. A glance at a map of the world will show that it is in reality the largest member of the great archipelago in the eastern seas, which includes the Philippine islands on the north and Borneo and Sumatra on the west. The line of the equator runs almost directly through it.

## Ferocious Black Cannibals.

New Guinea is inhabited by tribes of ferocious black people, with great mops of woolly hair, who evince utmost hostility toward all intruders. When vessels have been wrecked upon their inhospitable shores they have in a number of known instances captured the unfortunate mariners and eaten them. But if the island is so great an extent a terra incognita today it is not mainly on this account, but because of its unhealthy climate.



FISHING WITH BOW AND ARROW

From the foothills of the huge mountain range, running through its entire length from east to west, extend to north and south vast swampy plains covered with dense forests, intersected by innumerable streams, and haunted by the deadliest of fevers.

Thus it comes about that German New Guinea is practically an unknown land, except for a narrow strip along the coast, while the portion hitherto held by Great Britain has been explored only in part, and what is known of the Dutch half of the island was ascertained mainly by an English expedition undertaken in 1910.

This expedition, headed by Capt. Cecil G. Rawling, which penetrated some distance into the interior and made considerable surveys, came across tribes of hitherto unknown pygmies, the men barely reaching 4 feet 7 inches in height. It is presumed that the women are proportionately smaller, but no bribes or other persuasions could induce these little folk to produce any of their females for inspection—least, as seemed to be feared, they might be captured and carried off. Apparently the pygmies are of the same dwarf race, evidently very ancient, that is found in the Philippines, in the Andaman islands and in equatorial Africa.

The savages along the coast, on the other hand, are good-sized people, remarkably muscular and with a great development of chest. The men are sooty black, the women being slightly fairer. Among them are occasional albinos, with dirty reddish hair, their pink skins blotched unpleasantly with darker color. Both sexes go nearly naked, the women wearing either a short grass petticoat or a strip of bark cloth passed between the legs and held in place by a string tied around the waist. For the man a gourd similarly attached in front often serves the purpose of raiment.

## Native Village One Long Room.

A native village is one long room, which may extend to any length, the newest member of such a community building his hut on the end of the row, without any partition. Thus there is no attempt at privacy, though each family has its own doorway and its own fireplace. The floor is of sand fresh from the seashore and covered with grass mats, and the only furniture consists of elaborately carved wooden pillows, most uncomfortable, as one would think, for sleeping purposes. Dangling from the roof, and much blackened by smoke, are human skulls and bones, formerly belonging

## IN A MUG ON MANTELPIECE

Resting Place of Old Maid Who Believed in Cremation Thus Described by Faithful Domestic.

Mary and Nora had lived as faithful domestics for many years in a home whose only other occupants were two old maids. One of these was a believer in cremation. Nora took a trip to Ireland. During her absence the old maid mentioned died. Her dust was reverently put in an urn above the sitting-room fireplace, where the remaining sister could always have a sense of the departed's presence.

A year later Nora returned, to the surprise of Mary, who gave her a warm welcome.

"I'm glad to see ye back," said Mary, taking the wraps.

"I'm glad to be back," said Nora—then added—"Is there any chance of comin' to live wid ye again?"

"There's only the one of thim here now," said Mary, reverently.

"Where's the other?" asked Nora, in astonishment.

"She's up in the mug on the mantelpiece,"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

## Resourceful.

"What are your constituents going to do about your failure to get an appropriation for Crawfish creek?"

"I don't know," replied Senator Sorghum. "Maybe this year it will go dry for keeps. Then we might work up a proposition to loosen up some expenditures by having it paved as a public highway."

## Extra Work.

"That baseball pitcher has a rather spectacular delivery."

"So he has. Do you suppose he hopes to alarm the batter by his contortions?"

"Perhaps, or it may be merely his way of showing that he is earning his salary."

## THE DAMAGE.

Doubleyew—Was anything broken when you fell on the street?  
Ecks—Someone cracked a smile and I broke a few rules of propriety.



Doubleyew—Was anything broken when you fell on the street?  
Ecks—Someone cracked a smile and I broke a few rules of propriety.

## No Chance.

"You never can tell how a man is going to turn out."

"Sometimes you can."

"For instance?"

"When I see a fellow who would rather stay in bed all day than go out wearing socks that don't match his tie, I know he'll never be the president of a railroad."

## Nothing More Useful.

"I suppose you have a great deal of poetry to handle in the spring," said the visitor.

"Oh, yes," answered the frayed and frazzled editor. "But there are times when a manuscript contains just what I'm looking for."

"And what is that?"

"Stamps."

## Taking a Gloomy View.

"What a beautiful edifice that railway station is."

"Yes, but I can't say I approve of it," replied Mr. Growcher. "Every time I look at the immense palatial structure I feel sorry for the poor railroads whose desire to elevate public taste has led them to live beyond their means."

## His Bread and Butter.

"I met Biffers' wife yesterday. Talks all the time, doesn't she?"

"Yes."

"I never heard Biffers complain about it."

"He'd better not. She supports him by lecturing."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Helps Some.

"A woman is never happy unless she is in style."

"Perhaps that is true, but she can get a great deal of comfort out of knowing that some woman is not in style."

## The Difference.

"How is it that one of those brothers succeeded so well in business while the other went to state prison?"

"Well, you see, one forged ahead and the other forged a hand."

## A Usual Title.

"What is that distinguished-looking Mexican's name?"

"I don't remember. Just call him 'general' and the chances are that you won't go wrong."

## No Impression.

"I know of one place where a wireless call for help would have no effect."

"Where is that?"  
"An intelligence office."