

Chinese Types



Employees of the Shanghai-Nanking Railroad.

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SO MUCH misinformation, or rather lack of information, is extant in regard to the every-day characteristics of the Chinese that the present seems opportune to acquaint ourselves with the "man in the street" in China. In numbers he is second only to the agricultural class; in importance as a market for immediate foreign development he stands first.

In forming our opinions of things Oriental, either from a cultural or a commercial point of view, care should be taken in the selection of an informant.

Beware of the much-traveled acquaintance who, upon being asked what the Chinese or Japanese look like at home, tells us that "they all look alike" to him. His information does not extend beyond the resident foreigners, hotels, and steamers concerning which he always is ready to deluge us with a description applicable to any part of the globe.

A real man of affairs returning from the Orient would not refer to the Chinese or Japanese as "all looking alike" to him; he knows better; also, it is not polite. The Orientals resent having this phrase applied to them, feeling it more as a cultural than as a physical slight, an insult to their civilization and its antiquity, of which they are justly proud. Furthermore, because of their diverse occupations and intellectual attainments, they feel themselves differentiated from one another; hence the added offense in grouping them at random.

Our oriental friends, particularly the Chinese, have a physical and cultural individuality comparable with that of any other nation, albeit developed under a different civilization.

In China the variations of type from north to south are so marked that they might be likened to well-defined strata in a sedimentary geological formation having a slight disturbance in the central layers, the disturbance representing a social upheaval in the Yangtze valley. Upon close examination each stratum resolves itself into numerous less clearly defined secondary strata: in like manner the east and west racial belts are made up of numerous weakly defined groups.

Four Outstanding Types.

In coastal or mid-China, omitting the west or highlands, the following four distinct types or strata stand out between Manchuria on the north and Cochinchina on the south, or very roughly between Peking and Hongkong:

1. North of the Yellow river the Manchus predominate. They are a tall, large-boned, stolid type, with a dull facial expression.

2. South of the Yellow river, but within its basin, there has been sufficient admixture of the original Chinese element to modify somewhat the Manchu characteristics. This type is not so tall, large-boned, or stolid as its northern neighbor. The features are more expressive and the vision is keener.

3. South of the Yellow river basin is the Yangtze valley, which up to the middle of the Nineteenth century contained a type, a distinct mean between the northern Manchu and the southern Chinese. The social upheaval caused by the Taipings unstabilized the existing blend and a new one is being evolved, medium in stature and inclining to the south in facial characteristics.

4. South of the Yangtze valley are the native Chinese, as distinguished from the Manchu or mixed races, culminating in their marked characteristics in the Cantonese. They have a slight, rather graceful stature, intelligent and mobile features, quick perception, and a profound contempt for the foreigner.

The type occupying the Yangtze valley is the largest, the most accessible, and probably the best known to the foreigner. In this large group there is far less homogeneity than in any one of the other three, and, generally speaking, this rather curious

fact may be traced to two entirely different causes—one natural, the other artificial.

The natural cause is the intermarriage for nearly 400 years of the northern, or Manchu, type with the southern, or Chinese.

Today the inhabitants of the lower reaches of the Yangtze basin are largely an average of all the former types between Siberia and Cochinchina and east of the Himalayas. Strange to say, this complex blend of several widely differing components does not vary greatly from the type of the days before the rebellion.

Adult Chinese, particularly women, are shy and superstitious, and greatly resent being photographed; even a liberal "coushew" often fails to secure the good will of a desirable study. Happily, where money falls strategy sometimes succeeds. By facing at right angles to the objective, suspicion is allayed, and in the case of a folding camera, location in the finder is no more difficult.

Lack of self-consciousness is a Chinese characteristic. And yet this statement is relative. The upbringing of the Oriental and that of his neighbors is identical and has been standardized for centuries. Consequently in his own familiar environment from day to day there is nothing to startle him; all that life has to offer he has experienced. But were he forced unexpectedly to don western clothes, including morning coat and silk hat, and set about his duties, his discomfort would be just as great as would be ours attending to our affairs in coolie garb.

In large measure the Chinese are as much boulevardiers as the Parisians; in fact, they outvie the Parisians by having their entire meal in full view of the passing crowds.

Pushing a wheelbarrow in China is a dangerous occupation, many a broken rib and back resulting therefrom. This is so contrary to our own experience that to understand it we must have a conception of how a native wheelbarrow is constructed and handled, a high degree of specialization being involved in each.

The construction is somewhat as follows: the wheel, nearly a yard in diameter, is shod with a heavy, grooved tire to prevent skidding, an ever-present danger, and is placed centrally between two slatted platforms, each about three feet long and a foot wide, carried on a framework some inches above the axle. Part of the frame extends beyond the platform, ending in two strong handles; below is the usual pair of legs.

Operating the Wheelbarrow.

Operation of the wheelbarrow is somewhat complicated. Assume a load of cotton, one most difficult to manage. Two bales, half a ton, are securely roped onto the parallel platform. The coolie then enters the shafts, or handles, first slipping over them the loops of his strap, which is of such length that, with his shoulders straightened, the legs of the wheelbarrow clear the ground.

The handles are grasped with palms down, for, remember, the shoulders carry the unbalanced load; the arms, assisted by the weight of the body, are exerted only in controlling the balance. The balance also may be accomplished by raising and lowering the shoulders and planting the feet firmly—a sort of emergency measure requiring a halt, and therefore seldom used, for every coolie knows that time out is money out.

The danger lies in having an upset, which frequently occurs through skidding; hence the heavy, grooved tire. Collisions, too, are common, as generally the coolie cannot see over his load.

Owing to the demands of the work, wheelbarrow coolies are generally recruited from a locality near Chin Kiang, on the Yangtze river, where the people, largely of Manchu stock, suffered little dispersion in the Taipings rebellion. They are larger and stronger, though less intelligent than their neighbors.

FLASH

By GEORGE MARSH

The Lead Dog:

W. N. U. Service

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SYNOPSIS

Up the wild waters of the unknown Yellow-Leg, on a winter's hunt, Journey Brock McCall and Gaspard Lacroix, his French-Cree comrade, with Flash, Brock's puppy and their dog team, Brock's father had warned him of the danger of his trip. After several battles with the stormy waters they arrive at a fork in the Yellow-Leg. Brock is severely injured in making a portage and Flash leads Gaspard to the unconscious youth. The trappers race desperately to reach their destination before winter sets in. Flash engages in a desperate fight with a wolf and kills him. Gaspard tells Brock of his determination to find out who killed his father. Tracks are discovered and the two boys separate for scouting purposes. Brock is jumped by two Indians and a white man and knocked unconscious. He is held prisoner. Gaspard rescues him while his captors sleep.

CHAPTER V—Continued

The lean features of Gaspard twisted with hate as he replied: "No, we feenish dem now!"

"Wait!" Brock held the arm of his friend. "They didn't shoot or knife me today, when they had the chance—they fought me with their hands. We can't do this—after that!"

Lacroix scowled. His black eyes narrowed as he met his friend's pleading look. Then, with a nod, he agreed: "We go."

And, like the feather patrols of the forest night, the two drifted silently from the sleeping camp.

As a blitzer dawn slashed the eastern horizon with blue and gray, and the stars faded, Gaspard and Brock crossed the ice of the outlet and built a fire in a cedar swamp, to boil their tea, eat, and rest.

"Why do you think they tried to take me alive?" queried Brock when he had given Gaspard the full details of the fight and capture. "By golly, 'm lucky not to be stiff in the snow this minute full of knife jabs."

"Ah-huh! Eet tea ver' strange," agreed his friend. "But you mak' mistake to sit up last night. Four of dem—I fix dem all wid de knife. Now dey hunt us tru de long snow."

"I'm not so sure of that. From the way they opened their eyes when I told them that your uncle Etienne and Black Jack Desaulniers were here, I bet you dey leave the country—think they're being hinted themselves. They don't want to meet that pair."

"Wal, de" will be hunted," said Gaspard, grimly. "One of dem will tell me wot he know about my fader—before de goose fly nord."

"I'm with you, partner! The bumps on my old head 'el for revenge. I'm with you to the finish. I've told you once, and I tell you again, that I'll never forget what you did for me last night. When I heard that old signal of ours, I thought my heart would jump clear out of my mouth. You're a sure enough partner. Before we leave this country we'll do some tall hunting on our own account, eh?"

"You keep your eye open afaft dis," said Lacroix, soberly. "Eef dey shoot at you and miss, mak' dem tink you are hit. Fall down and wait wid your gun cocked for dem to look for you."

"Oh, I've learned my lesson. To think of that Indian getting so close without my knowing it."

As the sun turned the white lake below them into a sheet of flame, the partners followed the rock outcroppings of the long ridge which sided out their trail and baffled any immediate pursuit. In the middle of the forest, four hungry and delighted huskies welcomed them home.

"Now we've got some fur to trap, Gaspard," said Brock as the partners took counsel for the future. "You and I are each in debt at Hungry House about four hundred dollars, and we've got our hearts set on owning a first-class outfit, haven't we?"

Gaspard nodded as he smoked. "Well," continued Brock, "my idea is to concentrate on fur until the January blizzards, while it's prime. After that, if we've had good luck, and these people let us alone, we can start, when the sledging is better and the snow packed, looking for them. What do you say?"

Gaspard's black brows contracted in a frown. "Dey neavre keep away so long time. Dese people come and look for trail, for sure. Some day dey work sour' of de ink and walk into camp."

"Well, we can't help that," admitted Brock. "They're bound to cross our trap-line trails if they come far enough, and the snow holds off. If they find the camp while we're away, they'll shoot the dogs and wait for us. How can we avoid it?"

"We mak' new cache for half de grub, fust ting—back een dat swamp on de head of dis brook, and keep away from it so de snow show no trail. Den we always travel wid a dog and sen' been ahead w'en we come back to camp. Dey got to shoot huskie or he smell dem an' holler. Dat weel save us from ambush."

"That's a crackin' idea, Gaspard!" cried Brock, then his eyes shifted to the great slate-gray puppy lying in the snow. "If they shoot that fellow over there, though," he nodded at his

dog, "they've got to get me too, haven't they, pup?"

The husky rose from his bed, his oblique eyes intently watching the speaker.

"But how shall we leave the other dogs? Loose? They'd hunt, of course—wouldn't be around, probably, so that wouldn't help any."

"No, we leave dem tied on weak raw-hide. Dat hold dem, but eet dey smell Cree dey go wild an' break eet. We hide dem een de scrub spruce each side de camp."

"It's the best we can do—unless we quit the country."

Gaspard knocked out his pipe on a fire-rod and rose. "You goin' leave dis country, Brock?" he asked, the wrath of a smile curling his stiff lips.

"By the great, horned owl and all his descendants—no!" And sucking a long breath into his deep chest, Brock rose and clapped his friend on the back. "I'm goin' to help you find out about your father, partner. You know that?"

"Ah-hah! I 'ot so!" The eyes of Gaspard pictured his gratitude.

CHAPTER VI

He Laughs Best Who Laughs Last.

As their traps needed their attention, the boys lost no time in sledging half their meat and fish and all their fur and emergency outfit to the hidden cache in the thick spruce swamp at the head of the stream. There it would be safe, after the next snow



"By Golly, I'm Lucky Not to Be Stiff in the Snow This Minute Full of Knife Jabs."

had wiped out their trail. Then with Kona and Yellow-Eye hidden in scrub on either side of, and a hundred yards from, the camp, the trappers hitched the other dogs to their handsleds and started south.

Before dawn, when Brock rolled out of his robes to start the tent stove, he had stared in surprise at the empty blankets of his partner. But by the time breakfast was ready, a dark face thrust through the double flaps of the tent.

"Come an' see how you tak' something out here," said the half-breed with a grin.

"What you been up to?" Gaspard led his partner a short distance in the direction of the lake, then stopped beside a fresh trail.

"When did you make this?" demanded the perplexed boy. "This trail wasn't here yesterday."

"Ah-hah, dis trail run quite a piece—I mak' eet."

"Why, so they can walk into our camp?"

"Yes. Dat ees eet; so dey walk right into . . . dis ting."

"Well, I'll be skinned—the bear trap! Gaspard, you're a genius!" cried the delighted Brock.

"Eef dey work dis far back de lak dey hit my trail and—find de camp and de bear trap. Den he go click!"

So, with a heavy sniping as a lever, the boys pried down the trap spring and set the terrible, toothed jaws agape, under a covering of light snow on which they left the webbed print of a shoe, and lightly swept it with a raven's wing to make it appear natural. The foot which stepped on that engine of steel was doomed to freeze stiff in a matter of minutes.

Coconut Sugar

In the East Indies a sugar known as Jaggery is made from the sap of the coconut palm. The sap is obtained by cutting the flower spathe and the juice yields about 15 per cent of sugar. It is consumed locally and is very impure. Chemically, much of it is identical with cane and beet sugar.

Land of Fine Flowers

Brazil has given to the world many of the most beautiful flowering plants; its famous orchids adorn greenhouses all over the world. What is said to be the greatest water lily in the world the "Victoria Regia" is to be seen in a pond of the Rio Botanical gardens.

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Way Back When—

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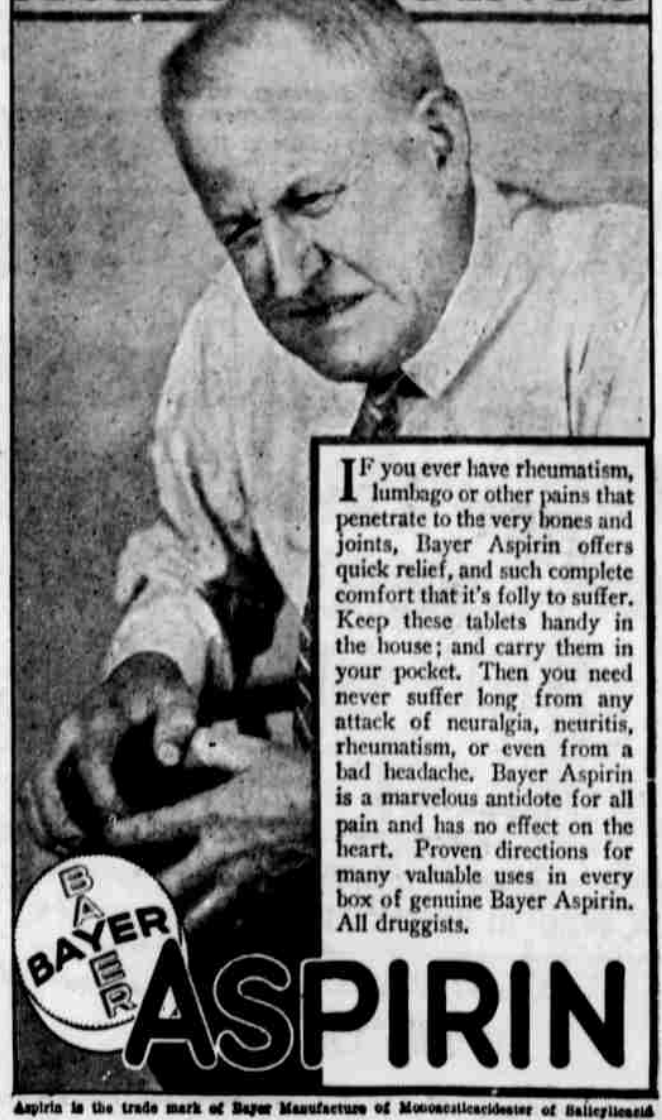
Limits of Gratitude

There's nothing like being grateful for small favors and a girl in a new fur coat remarked to us yesterday: "Thank heaven I'm warm nearly down to my knees."—Ohio State Journal.

Universal Desire

It is the beautiful necessity of your nature to love something.—Douglas Jerrod.

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