

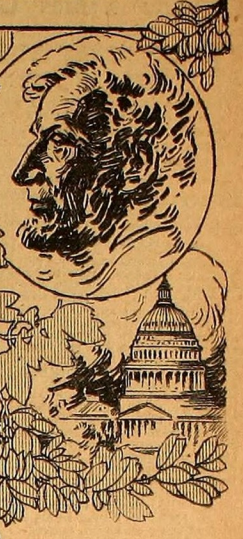


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SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1909.

LINCOLN'S OWN STORY OF HIS LIFE

An Autobiography Which Remains a Model of Brevity and Modesty--Booker T. Washington Writes of Lincoln and the Negro Race.



How Lincoln Came to Write His Autobiography

THE search for new or unfamiliar human documents relating to Abraham Lincoln, which has been quickened by his approaching centenary, has met with many unexpected rewards. It is not generally known that Lincoln wrote his own autobiography, and history is to be sure, but with a simplicity and candor which was characteristic of the man. This sketch was written in December, 1860, and fills but three closely written pages of manuscript. The original manuscript, which has been preserved, is in the familiar handwriting and borrows unusual interest from the corrections in the text evidently made during its progress.

The autobiography was written at the request of Jesse W. Fell, a prominent and published citizen of Illinois in those stirring days. During the celebrated discussion between Lincoln and Senator Douglas, Mr. Fell, realizing that Lincoln was the material from which Presidents are made, applied to him for a brief history of his early life. Lincoln was then coming rapidly into prominence before the Nation, and Mr. Fell, appreciating the rare qualities of the man, sought in this way to familiarize the public with him that he might assist, as far as lay in his power, in bringing the Nation to know Lincoln as he was.

LINCOLN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Written for Jesse W. Fell in the Campaign of 1860.

I WAS born Feb. 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families--second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks, some of whom now reside in Adams, and others in Macon County, Illinois. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham County, Virginia, to Kentucky about 1781 or 1782, where, a year or two later, he was killed by the Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. His ancestors, who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks County, Pennsylvania. An effort to identify them with the New England family of the same name ended in nothing more definite than a similarity of Christian names in both families, such as Enoch, Levi, Mordecai, Solomon, Abraham, and the like.

My father, at the death of his father, was but 6 years of age, and he grew up literally without education. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer County, Indiana, in my eighth year. We reached our new home about the time the State came into the Union. It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There I grew up. There were some schools, so called, but no qualifications were required of a teacher beyond "reading, writing, and ciphering to the rule of three." If a stranger supposed to understand Latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. Of course, when I came of age, I did not know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write, and cipher to the rule of

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If any personal description of me is thought desirable, let me say, I am, in height, five feet, five inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing on an average 180 pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair, and gray eyes. No other marks or brands recollected.

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Washington, D.C. March 12, 1862. The the undersigned hereby certify that the foregoing statement is in the handwriting of Abraham Lincoln.

David Davis, Simon Turnbull, Charles Sumner

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Frederick T. Hill's Series of Seven Articles Written for the Times Lincoln Contest.

Intervals during his boyhood was extremely elementary. He may, therefore, fairly be said to have educated himself, and of this education came a man who...

THE series of seven articles on the life and character of Abraham Lincoln, written for THE NEW YORK TIMES by Frederick Trevor Hill, are here presented. While they were written primarily for the aid of the school pupils desiring to enter the composition contest conducted by THE TIMES, they are a notable addition to the collection of Lincoln literature and worthy of the study of Americans of all ages...

LINCOLN'S BIRTH AND BOYHOOD.

Early Surroundings and Their Influence on His Future Career.

From the standpoint of history a century has not passed since Abraham Lincoln was born. Yet already many of the things which have made his name famous have been forgotten. His early surroundings and their influence on his future career are of great interest to the student of history...

His Childhood Home.

Frederick Trevor Hill, who was born in the same neighborhood as Lincoln, writes of his childhood home in a way that is both interesting and instructive. He describes the simple life of a pioneer settler in Kentucky, and how it shaped Lincoln's character...

His Struggle for Education.

Lincoln's struggle for education was a constant one. He had no formal schooling, and he had to learn by himself. He was a self-taught man, and his education was the result of his own efforts...

To Teachers and Pupils.

Every composition entered in THE NEW YORK TIMES Lincoln contest must bear a certificate by the teacher, and this certificate should be based on a statement that the teacher believes the composition to be the work of the pupil sending it. This Trust suggests the following form:

Name of pupil.....
Age of pupil.....
Address of pupil.....
Grade.....
I hereby certify that the writer is a pupil in said grade, and that I believe the composition to have been written by him (or her) without outside aid.

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST.

All compositions in the contest for the prizes offered by THE NEW YORK TIMES must be written by pupils in the grades from the first to the eighth. The prizes are as follows: One hundred cash prizes of \$5.00 each, and one hundred cash prizes of \$2.50 each. The teacher of each pupil to whom a prize is awarded will also receive a prize of \$5.00.

His Career as a Lawyer.

Lincoln did not awake to find himself in the ranks of his chosen profession of the law. His own appearance in the ranks of the law was the result of a long and arduous struggle...

He Became a Grocer Again.

This was not a very promising record for a man of 27. He had, it is true, all this while been a grocer, and he had not been a lawyer, but he had not pursued it systematically, and he finally drifted back into the grocery business...

Man Matured Slowly.

It was no brilliant student who thus devoted himself to acquiring the rudiments of education, but a patient, painstaking, and somewhat slow-witted man. He was a man of slow but steady progress...

Not Sharp or Shrewd.

Americans are said to admire smartness, shrewdness, and showy traits of mind. But these qualities were all conspicuously lacking in Lincoln. He could not be said to be a shrewd man...

A Failure as a Merchant.

Why, I gave you 5 cents' worth of groceries, didn't I?' demanded the purchaser. 'Yes, I admitted Lincoln, 'but you didn't pay for them, and I didn't get them, did I?' was the retort, and the man who was one day to become the subject of the admiration of the world was now a failed merchant...

A Business Temptation.

Eugely has robbed Lincoln's honesty of nearly all its human quality. It has been said that the business has no soul, and that the man who is in it is a man of iron. This is a sad and untrue statement...

Farmland, Workman, Clerk.

Failure Marked Many of His Efforts. Lincoln's development is not infrequently described as though it were the progress of a man of a man-something more than a man, and something less than a man. He was a man of many talents, but he was also a man of many failures...

And How He Met It.

From a worldly point of view reputation was the only course to adopt. For otherwise his earnings would be insignificant, and he would be unable to support his family. He was a man of many talents, but he was also a man of many failures...

Not a Student of the Law.

It was not brilliant nor learning that made Lincoln an effective lawyer. He was not a student of the law, and he was not a student of the law. He was a man of many talents, but he was also a man of many failures...

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clined to receive himself with "law honors." It was no man who met the demands of his creditors. Though it took him fourteen years to discharge what he called his "National debt," he was a man who knew that "son cannot cheat at solitaire." Lincoln did not spring fully armed into the profession of the law. He was a man of many talents, but he was also a man of many failures...

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A Unique Study Developing a Lesson for All Americans Contained in Lincoln's Career.

Lincoln's career is a unique study, and it is one that is of great interest to all Americans. It is a study of a man who was a man of many talents, but he was also a man of many failures...

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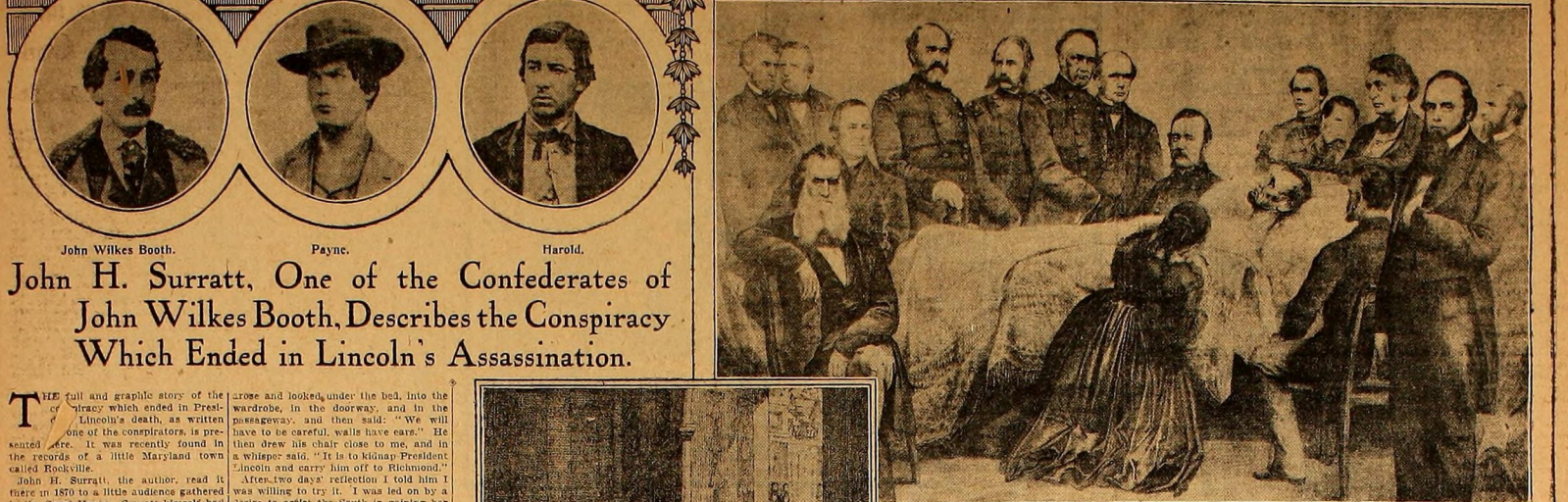
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Continued on Page 3.

HOW THE PLOT AGAINST LINCOLN WAS FORMED



An Old Print Depicting the Scene at Lincoln's Death-Bed. At the Left, Gideon Welles Is Seated. Standing Beside the Bed Are Generals Meigs, Augur and Halleck, in the Order Named. Chief Justice Chase Stands Beside General Halleck. Surgeon General Barnes Is Seated. The Smooth-Faced Young Man at the Right of Barnes Is John Haney. At the Head of the Bed Stands Charles Sumner. At the Right, in the Foreground, Stands E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War.

John H. Surratt, One of the Confederates of John Wilkes Booth, Describes the Conspiracy Which Ended in Lincoln's Assassination.

THE full and graphic story of the conspiracy which ended in President Lincoln's death is given in the following pages. One of the conspirators, as presented here, is recently found in the records of a little Maryland town called Rockville.

John H. Surratt, the author, read it there in 1870 to a little audience gathered in the Court House. Surratt himself had escaped the fate meted out to his mother, Payne, Harold, and Booth's confederates by fleeing the country. He returned at last, after the popular excitement had died down, and told his story. It is the only one ever written by one of the men who were in Booth's secret, for Samuel Bland Arnold, who published his recollections of the plot for which he suffered, was a mere hanger-on of the conspiracy and knew little of what was revealed to Surratt.

By JOHN H. SURRATT.
AT the breaking out of the war I was a student at St. Charles College in Maryland, but did not remain long there after that important event. I left in July, 1861, and returned home, as commonly is taken into account part in the stirring events of that period. I was not more than eighteen years of age, and was mostly engaged in studying information regarding the movements of the United States troops stationed in Washington and elsewhere, and carrying dispatches to Confederate boats on the Potomac.

We had a regularly established line from Washington to the Potomac, and being the only unarmored man on the route I had most of the hard riding to do. I delivered various ways to the boats—sometimes in the heel of my boot, sometimes between the planks of the buggy.

In the fall of 1861 I was introduced to John Wilkes Booth, who, I was given to understand, wished to know something about the main avenue leading from Washington to the Potomac. We met several times, but as he seemed to be very reticent with regard to his purpose and very anxious to get all the information out of me he could, I refused to tell him anything at all.

At last I said to him: "It is useless for you, Mr. Booth, to seek any information from me; I know you are and what are your intentions."
He hesitated some time, but finally said he would make known his views to me, provided I would promise secrecy. I replied: "I will do nothing to help the kind you know well is an Southern man. If you cannot trust me I will separate."
He then said: "I will confide my plans to you, but before doing so I will make known to you the motives that actuate me. In the Northern prisons are many thousands of our men whom the United States Government has captured. You know as well as I do the efforts that have been made to bring about the desired exchange. Aside from the great suffering they are undergoing, we are sorely in want of them as soldiers. We cannot spare a man, whereas the United States Government is willing to let its own soldiers remain in our prisons, and as has no need for them. I have a proposition to submit to you which I think if we can carry out would bring about the desired exchange."
There was a long and ominous silence which I at last was compelled to break by asking: "Well, Sir, what is your proposition?" He sat quiet for an instant, and then, before answering me,

rose and looked under the bed, into the wardrobe, in the doorway, and in the passageway, and then said: "We will have to be careful, walls have ears." He then drew his chair close to me, and in a whisper said: "It is to kidnap President Lincoln and carry him off to Richmond. After two days' reflection I told him I was willing to try it. I was led on by a desire to assist the South in gaining her independence. I had no hesitation in taking part in anything honorable that might lead toward the accomplishment of that object. Such a thing as the assassination of Mr. Lincoln I never heard spoken by any of the parties—never."

Upon one occasion I remember we had called a meeting in Washington for the purpose of discussing matters in general, as we had understood that the Government had received information that there was a plot of some kind on hand. They had even commenced to build a stockade at the navy yard bridge gates opening toward the south, as though they expected danger from within and not from without. At this meeting I explained the construction of the gates and that the best thing we could do would be to throw up the whole project. Every one seemed to coincide with my opinion except Booth, who sat silent and said nothing. At last, arising and bringing down his hat on the table, he said: "Well, gentlemen, if you do come to the worst, I shall know what to do."
Some hard words, and even threats, then passed between him and some of the party. Four of us then arose, one saying: "I understand you are not doing anything more than the capture of Mr. Lincoln. I for one will bid you good bye." Every one expressed the same opinion, "I am allayed and began putting on my hats. Booth, perceiving probably that he had gone too far, asked pardon, saying that he "had drunk too much champagne" and "was in a bad humor," and was amicably arranged, and we separated at 2 o'clock in the morning.

Days, weeks, and months passed by without an opportunity presenting itself for us to attempt the capture. We seldom saw one another owing to the many rumors afloat that a conspiracy of some kind was being formed. On one Saturday morning before the evacuation of that place, and reached Washington the following Monday at 4 P. M., April 3, 1865. On an early train the next morning, April 4, 1865, I left for New York, and that was the last time I ever saw Washington until brought there by the United States Government a captive in iron chains. I never saw Booth or any of the other reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

The Assassination of Lincoln.
(From an Old Print.)
In accordance with Gen. Lee's order I went to Elmira, arriving there on Wednesday, two days before Mr. Lincoln's death, and remained at the Hoffman House, as usual, "John Harrison." The following day I went to work and made a complete sketch of the prison and surrounding. About 10 o'clock Friday night I received little thinking that on that night a blow would be struck which would forever blast my hopes and make me a wanderer in a foreign land. I slept the night through and came down the next morning, little dreaming of the storm then brewing around my head. When I took my seat at the table about 9 o'clock a gentleman at my left remarked: "Have you heard the news?" "No, I have not," I replied. "What is it?" "Why President Lincoln and Secretary Seward have been assassinated." I really put no little faith in what the man said that I made a remark that it was too early in the morning to get off such jokes as that. "Yes, so," he said, "I really put no little faith in what the man said that I made a remark that it was too early in the morning to get off such jokes as that. I saw an account of what he told me, but as no names were mentioned I never could guess who he was. He was a man who was afraid to do, and she would try to turn the child's head in that direction, and would turn around herself in order to accomplish the same object."

Booker T. Washington on Lincoln.
(Continued from Page 1.)
"Look at de Saviour, an' you'll git well. Touch de hem of his garment, honey, an' yer pain will be gone."
Abraham Lincoln, in giving freedom to the black man, who was a slave, gave it at the same time to the white man, who was free. He not merely loosened the enslaved forces of nature in the Southern States, but he emancipated the whole United States from that sectional and fratricidal hatred which led the white man in the South to look upon his brother in the North as an enemy to his section, and himself, and led the white man in the North to look upon his brother in the South as an enemy not merely to the Nation, but also to mankind. I have had some experience of physical slavery, and I have known, too, what it is to hate men of another race, for I can say positively that there is no form of slavery so degrading as that which leads one man to hate another because of his race, his condition, or the color of his skin.

All these things did not seem so clear to us before the war as they do now, and yet there have always been people in the South who clearly saw the evils of slavery and opposed them. If the times had permitted these men in the South to look calmly upon the course of events, they would have found themselves in close sympathy with Abraham Lincoln. Now that the excitement of the anti-slavery agitation has died away, not merely these men, but many others in the South, are beginning to see that during the whole course of the civil war the South had no more sincere friend than the abolitionist President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln. He at least never forgot during all the long and bloody struggle that a time was coming when the men who fought for the South and the men who fought for the Union must settle down side by side as fellow-citizens of one individual Republic.

Some one who was present when Lincoln heard the news of Lee's surrender said that Jeff Davis ought to be hanged. The President in reply quoted from his inaugural address: "Let us judge not that we be not judged." Another said that the sight of Libby Prison forbade it. "Let us be judged," he repeated. "That we be not judged." This was said at the close of the war, when the whole North was aflame with the news of victory. A year before, however, he had said in his inaugural way: "We should avoid planting and cultivating too many thorns in the bosom of society." All through the war he says what Southern statesmen either shut their eyes or failed to see, that even had

freedom at the close of the war Lincoln appeared not merely as a great man, but as a personal friend; not merely an emancipator, but a savior, upon eternally.

Lincoln Legacy of Inspiration

(Continued from Page 2.)

Washington as a traitor, and that volumes of contemporary libel could be collected to prove that Lincoln was something more than a mere politician. He was a human being more maligned, more vilified, more abused, more persecuted than any man in history. He was a man of genius, a man of a rare and personal spite, a man of a rare and personal spite, a man of a rare and personal spite. He was a man of a rare and personal spite, a man of a rare and personal spite. He was a man of a rare and personal spite, a man of a rare and personal spite.

SECRET OF LINCOLN'S POWER.
Natural Development of the Man Through Failures and Success.
In seeking to interpret the careers of famous men, it is usually possible, often not difficult, to trace out some dominating influence or discover some determining factor in their lives which reveals the secret of their success. The reason, however, is rarely of any practical benefit to humanity. The circumstances that gave an impulse to such men or served to mold them are not, as a rule, within the experience of the ordinary individual. They are exceptional, extraordinary, hopelessly unique. The man who awaits some revelation in his life or expects some intervention from Providence, such as favored this or that historic character, desires himself to false hopes. All the chances are against a repetition of the events which produced any particular hero.

But with Lincoln the case is very different. It is not possible to place a finger on any one fact in his history and say with certainty that that was the inciting cause of his success, or to deny that some special chain of events made his life what it was. He was subjected to no great inspiring influences, no

was another conspiracy afoot in Washington; in fact, we all knew it. I approached the telegraph office in the main lobby of the hotel for the purpose of accepting it. I picked up a blank and wrote, "John Wilkes Booth," giving the number of the house. I looked at a moment, and then tore up the paper and wrote a dispatch as follows:
"J. W. B. in New York—If you are in New York telegraph me. (Signed) John Harrison, Elmira, N. Y." The operator, after looking it over, said: "Is it J. W. B.?" to which I replied, "Yes." He evidently wanted the whole name, and had scarcely finished telegraphing when a door right near the office was pushed open and I heard the words: "Yes, John, Junius Brutus, Edwin, and J. Wilkes Booth." The whole truth flashed on me in an instant, and I said to myself: "My God! What have I done?"

The dispatch was still lying before me, and I reached over and picked it up for the purpose of destroying it, but the operator reached forth his hand and said: "We must file all telegrams." My first impulse was to tear it up, but I pitched it back and walked off. The town was in the greatest uproar. Flags at half-mast, bells tolling, and so forth. Still I did not think that I was in danger, and determined to go immediately to Baltimore to meet the friends of the President. I left Elmira with the intention of going to Baltimore. I really did not comprehend the danger I was in. As there was no train going south that evening I concluded to go to Canandaigua, and from there to Baltimore by way of New York.

On Monday, when I was leaving Canandaigua I bought some New York papers. In looking over them my eye lit upon a paragraph which I never forgot and don't think I ever will. It ran thus: "The assassin of Secretary Seward is said to be John H. Surratt, a notorious secessionist of Southern Maryland. His name, with that of John Wilkes Booth, will forever lead the infamous roll of assassins."
I could scarcely believe my senses. I gazed upon my name, the letters of which seemed to grow as large as mountains and leap to divide away to nothing. So much for my former connection with the assassination. I thought, after reflecting the state of the case I concluded to change my course and go direct to Canada. I left Canandaigua on Monday at noon. When I stopped on the platform at the depot at St. Albans on Tuesday I noticed that one of the detectives scanned every man from head to foot, myself as well as the rest.

One of the detectives approached me, started me directly in the face, and I looked angrily back. In a few moments I was speeding on my way to Montreal, where I arrived at 2 o'clock that afternoon. There I called on a friend, to whom I explained my former connection with Booth and told him I was afraid the United States Government would suspect me of complicity in the assassination. He advised me to make myself scarce.

When my friend's tea time came I would not go to the table with him, but remained in my room. The ladies wanted to know why I did not bring my friend to tea with him. He replied that I did not want any tea. One of the ladies replied: "I expect you have got Booth in there." "Perhaps so," he answered laughingly, but I left Montreal in a main tier, and so I could not seek my friend in whose house I was called to me and said, in a smiling way: "The detectives have offered me \$20,000 if I will tell them where you are." "Very well," said I, "I give me one-half and let them know."

"I suspected this gentleman of plotting me, and they really made him the offer. One day about 12 o'clock, it was told that they were going to search the house, and that I must leave at once, which I did. They searched it before morning. I remained with this gentleman until I left Montreal, a week or so afterward. The detectives were now hunting me very closely, but I left Montreal in a hack, going some eight or nine miles down the St. Lawrence River and crossing the stream in a small canoe, attended as a hunter."

After visiting Quebec and other places with a reward of \$25,000 hanging over my head, I did not think it safe to remain in my own country. I went to an asylum in foreign lands. I had nothing now to bind me to this country save an only sister, and I knew she would never force me to leave my solitude and to stand again before the public gaze as the historian of my own life.

Trifles Which Shaped Him.
If one could select some striking event and prove that it transformed Lincoln or directed his career, the story of his life might be more picturesque, but it would certainly be of far less value. The events which shaped him were the everyday happenings of the dull, tedious world of the prison details of routine. Those who fret because they seem to be wasting time over homely tasks, or despair of gaining anything from their lives, are not progressing fast enough, or are not receiving what they really are a fair chance in life. They have something to learn from the pages of Lincoln's life, and as well as well as a subtle French philosopher who declared that "the time best spent is

NATIONS JOIN IN A WAR TO STAMP OUT OPIUM

Interesting Story of a Traffic Which May Receive Death Blow at Shanghai This Week -- An Awakened China.



In Shanghai.

By ALLAN L. BENSON.

A NATIONAL vice that does not pay is a bad way. It is like a brainless man who has become penniless--it has no friends.

Therefore, when the statement of the earth reached the tardy conclusion that the encouragement of opium--which really did not pay, the amount of the poppy fields was ready to be bowled over. At this propitious moment the United States Government, which had never sought to fatten on the opium traffic, initiated a world-wide fight against it.

That was two years ago, China, which for 700 years had alternately fought against and wrung revenue from its greatest national weakness, rallied for another attack.

First an edict went forth that every Chinese official who smoked opium must forthwith cease to do so.

Then the common people of China were notified that they, too, must soon stop. The common people, however, were given ten years in which to taper off the habit to the vanishing point.

China also entered into an agreement with Great Britain to decrease, year by year, the acreage of poppy culture in China and in India.

But it is at Shanghai that the nations of the earth are drawing back to deliver what it is hoped will prove to be the knockout blow. In this Far Eastern city assembled last week the International Opium Congress. This body, which is still in session, was convened upon the initiative of the Government of the United States. Bishop Charles H. Brent of the Episcopal Church of the Philippines is the leading American delegate. In fact, it was he who began the agitation that resulted in a determined government attempt to stop opium smoking in our Oriental islands, perhaps it would also be true to say that to Bishop Brent, more than any other individual, is due credit for America's initiative in calling the International Opium Congress.

But that isn't all. Even while the Bishop and his American associates were attending the Shanghai Congress last week, the American Congress was passing a bill absolutely to prohibit the importation of smoking-opium into the United States. This bill is now before the President, and, of course, will be signed by him.

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This bill is of more importance than most persons suspect. During the eleven months that ended on Nov. 30, 1908, there were brought into the United States 146,176 pounds of smoking-opium, the value of which was \$1,237,234. During the same period in 1907, only 121,065 pounds were imported. These figures show how rapidly the habit was growing.

Of course one does not need to go far to find the reason for America's opposition to the opium-smoking habit. As a people, we do not burn the poppy's blood, and we are not greedy enough to care to continue to collect the \$6 a pound tax that we have levied on the opium that the Chinese and the White



At the District Weighing Place.

its weakness by impoverishing with taxes those whose bodies opium was impoverishing.

Opium was unknown in China until the latter part of the twelfth century. Who brought it there precisely does not make so much difference, since it is there, but the British say the Arabs did. At any rate, the dried juice of the poppy came from some of the Eastern European or Western Asiatic countries where it had been known for a hundred years prior to the Christian era. And at first it was used only for medicinal purposes. Then, as now, many Chinese were afflicted with fevers, and opium helped them.

Meantime the Turks had introduced opium into India, where the natives soon engaged in its cultivation on a large scale. The Chinese, after forming the opium habit, then bought their supplies in India. At that time there was a considerable export trade from China to India, and the junk that carried other merchandise from the Celestial Empire brought back the raw material from which opium is made.

In 1308 the habit had become widespread that the Emperor, noting its ill effects, issued an imperial decree against the use of and the traffic in opium. In the original decree he prescribed only moderate penalties for its violation, but as his subjects did not obey him, he increased the severity of the penalties until death or transportation became the lot of every one who persisted in the use of the baneful pipe. And, as the Chinese had then been smoking opium less than fifty years, they broke off the habit, just as an American youth who has smoked to-day only a year or two can give up the use of tobacco.

But, like the American boy who "swears off" and then in two months goes back to his tobacco, the Chinese in a few years resumed the use of opium, and again a stern Emperor stopped it. Nor was opium again smoked in China until the latter part of the eighteenth century.

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British rule having been imposed upon India, the Government of 1757 granted to the East India Company a monopoly of the trade in opium. The East India Company at once cast its eyes Chinward. There it saw an Emperor who had forbidden the importation or use of opium; there it also saw laws fixing the opium penalty at death. But there it also saw gold, and plans were at once laid to provide the Chinese with opium whether their Emperor would have it or not.

The scheme devised was for British ships to lie off Chinese ports and deliver opium to such persons out of whom they might come to buy. And the plan worked so well that in 1790 600,000 pounds of the forbidden product were sold in China.

Of course the Chinese Government did not sit still. It cut off a few heads and sent many persons out of the country for the opium's good; but the smoking of opium went on. What's the threat of death? A man who wants to die something? Around the world in England at that very moment men were being hanged for it. And the Chinese continued to smoke their opium. In 1839 the East India Company sold to them and they smoked 2,500,000 pounds. The East India Company was



Chinese in a Poppy Field.

becoming rich and the British Government took toll from its trade.

History records the fact that in the year 1837 the Chinese Emperor screwed up his courage and talked fight. The sale of opium to his subjects must stop. The supply ships that were lying outside his harbors must clear out. If they didn't there would be trouble. So he said in his proclamation.

The British East India Company treated him as if he were a chattering child. He was a raging, roaring old man. He felt precisely as the Bostonians did when the tea-laden British ships came in after their tax. And he did precisely what the citizens of Boston did--boarded the ships by proxy of course, and dumped the opium into the ocean--3,000,000 pounds of it!

Of course this act was construed by the British to constitute a cause for war, and hostilities were opened as soon as the aggrieved persons could get on their feet to take action. This was in 1840. The Chinese even in that day were as poor fighters as they are now. In a little while a British fleet had captured Chusan. The next year the Bogue forts fell, and then Canton, Amoy, Shanghai, Champo, and a lot of other places gave up the ghost. By 1842 the Chinese Emperor was very glad to buy peace by ceding Hongkong, paying an indemnity of \$2,000,000, and throwing open four ports to foreign trade. He even humiliated himself by degrading commissioner Lin who had carried out the Emperor's orders. Nor did he get even the thanks of his own subjects for his efforts in their behalf. The whole empire was torn with rebellion. Rebel armies robbed, murdered, and plundered almost as they pleased. If they had had an intelligent leader who could have welded them together and directed them with spirit, they might have done away with old Tsou-kuang, but in 1850 he saved them the trouble by dying.

From that day until two years ago no

laborer may take a glass of beer at noon and another at night.

All this is now changed. The Chinese Government has imposed the same sort of regulations upon the sale of opium that many American municipalities have imposed upon the sale of liquor. Not only is a heavy license fee charged, but only the better class of men are permitted to engage in the business. The result is a marked decrease in the number of places in which opium can be bought or smoked.

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"Is the smoking of opium a habit with which the greater part of the population of China is afflicted?"

"No, I don't think so. Very few of the upper classes use the drug to excess. A well-to-do Chinese may smoke now and then, but he can hardly be said to have the habit. That is why the edict in which public officials were forbidden, on pain of instant dismissal, to smoke at all, was so easily obeyed. If the public officials of America were suddenly ordered to stop smoking cigars I imagine the command would be obeyed only with the greatest difficulty by some of the men who have been using tobacco twenty, thirty, or

farmers who raise poppies do not smoke opium. The result they have good health and live long. It is not unusual for a Chinese farmer to reach the age of 70 or 80, and occasionally one hangs on until he is 100."

Those who have believed that opium smoking is a national vice in China will perhaps be surprised at the Consul's statement. It is verified by the fact that China's birth rate remains moderately high, notwithstanding the low rate in the cities, where opium is used.

But, if the Consul's statement is surprising, what must be said of that of Dr. Hamilton Wright, one of the American delegates to the Shanghai Congress? Dr. Wright says the Chinese who are resident in America are rapidly giving up the use of the drug. The better class of Oriental exiles not only do not smoke, but regard with scorn any of the countrymen who do.

Why, then, are the nations of the world so anxious to stop opium smoking in China? And who smoked the million and a quarter dollars' worth that was imported in the first eleven months of last year?

In the answer to these questions lies the interest of the United States in stopping opium from this country and eradicating its use everywhere. The fact is that American women, or at least white women, used a large part of the smoking opium that was brought into the country last year, and therefore supplied much of the great sum that went to pay for it. Even the latest white men are not likely to develop a hankering for opium, but degraded white women yield to it as readily as the Chinese ever did. Possibly they want to forget--perhaps opium helps them to blot out for the moment which they would not remember. In any event, every great city contains places where women may go to smoke opium, and in New York in particular, one need not go far down the hall of many a cheap lodging house to catch the fumes of the drug with which China has wrestled for 700 years.

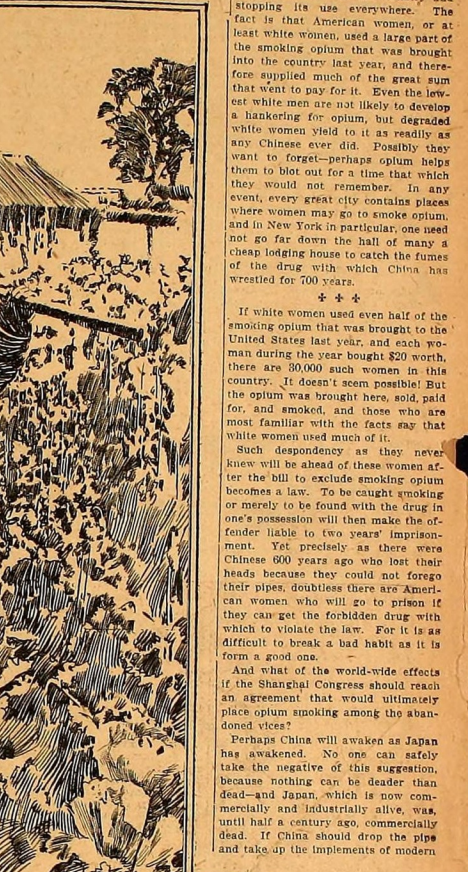
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If white women used even half of the smoking opium that was brought to the United States last year, and each woman during the year bought \$20 worth, there are 30,000 such women in this country. It doesn't seem possible! But the opium was brought here, sold, paid for, and smoked, and those who are most familiar with the facts say that white women used much of it.

Such despondency as they never knew will be ahead of these women after the bill to exclude smoking opium becomes a law. To be caught smoking or merely to be found with the drug in one's possession will then make the offender liable to two years' imprisonment. Yet precisely as there were Chinese 600 years ago who lost their heads because they could not forego their pipes, doubtless there are American women who will go to prison if they can get the forbidden drug with which to violate the law. For it is as difficult to break a bad habit as it is to form a good one.

And what of the world-wide effects of the Shanghai Congress should result in an agreement that would ultimately place opium smoking among the abandoned vices?

Perhaps China will awaken as Japan has awakened. No one can safely take the negative of this suggestion, because nothing can be deadlier than dead--and Japan, which is now commercially and industrially alive, was, until half a century ago, commercially dead. If China should drop the pipe and take up the implements of modern



In a Chinese Opium Den.

forty years. They have the habit. That's the difference--public officials in China have not the opium habit.

"It is unfortunately true that the lower classes in the cities are slaves of the pipe. When a poor man lives on a farm, he seems to get along easily without using opium, but when he comes to the city he picks up the habit within a year. If he smokes in moderation, no great harm seems to come to him for a while, although ultimately it undermines his health. But the trouble is that few Chinese in the cities use opium moderately. They soon smoke as many times as they can during the day, and go at it again at night, continuing until sleep overpowers them. In this way they economically cannot do much, and they are also able to do a great amount of work for a while without feeling the usual fatigue.

"Yet the health of such as these invariably soon gives way. First they become shabby thin--sometimes almost approaching the skeleton stage--then they lose strength, ambition, and lastly life itself.

"In the country it is different. Many

industry she might make trouble for the rest of the world. She has cotton enough and men enough to supply all of the inhabitants of the earth at a lower price than they can make the same materials for themselves. All she needs are machinery and energy. And she has lumber from potential grain crops, and other resources beyond the ability of a mathematician to compute.

We poor humans have a way of often aiming at one thing and striking another. How unexpected but not how strange would be the Shanghai Congress should vary the procedure a little by knocking out the opium plant and awakening the colossal Oriental sleeper with the same blow?

James J. Hill would not be surprised. Many of them would not be surprised. Mr. Hill and the others believe the awakening is destined to come soon, that any jar is likely to bring it about, and that when it comes China will swamp the markets of the world with its cheap products.

That's why Mr. Hill cries "Back to the land," and others cry other things, each having his particular remedy.

Prehistoric Laundries in Mexico

Although They Bear Glowing Names They Are Marked by Decidedly Venerable Features.

YOU New Yorkers may kick all you like about the way the laundries here chew up your clothes, but you ought to live in Mexico a while to appreciate how much you undervalue the way your washing is done here," said a man who has spent several years in the capital of Diaz's Republic yesterday.

"There are only two steam laundries in Mexico," he went on, "and those are in the chief city of that country. They are owned and patronized solely by the American population, which numbers several thousands. They kick about them as if they were the best of things, but even these steam outfits have a shade the best of it compared with the way the washing is done for the seventeen odd millions who make up the balance of the population--and who do have washing done--solely by the washerwomen--lavanderas, they call 'em--cleanse the clothes the same way that they did in prehistoric days, spread the garments on a flat rock by some pool or stream and pound them vigorously upon another flat stone whenever there are any spots that will not come out ready with rubbing. The spot generally disappears, but leaves a hole in its place.

"Soap is expensive, so the native women use plenty of 'elbow grease.' They stances, for fuel is a costly luxury. They have no tubs, and the fire convenient wet spot, no matter how covered with pretty, green slime, is where the operation is carried on.

"The vegetable growth on the top of the water can easily be pushed aside. If a running stream is handy, so much the better from a sanitary point of view, but that is something I never think of. When the clothes have been rubbed and pounded sufficiently they are spread out on bushes to dry, and the fierce verdant sun of midday does more than any thing else to whiten them.

"After they are forked they are carried through the streets to the customer's house. If the day is dusty they collect more germs in this way. This public exhibition of the 'interior clothes,' as the Mexicans call them, is the only way the American laundry has of advertising.

"There are a few Mexican laundries that employ a number of women to do the washing, but in most of these the ironing is done. These laundries are in low adobe buildings with gaudily painted fronts and each bears a fanciful name--Mexican, rather.

"My wife had her work done for some time at the 'Laundry of the Gates of Heaven,' then she tried the 'Evanine Star.' When I left she was thinking about changing to one in Mosquito Street called 'The Captors of the Gate of the Sun.' They are all bad, though, but one has to get used to such things in Mexico."

From that day until two years ago no



Nancy
Hanks
Lincoln
Public
Library