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ECLECTIC SCHOOL READINGS

TWO GIRLS IN CHINA

BY

MARY H. KROUT

AUTHOR OF "HAWAII AND A REVOLUTION," "ALICE'S VISIT TO THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS," "A LOOKER-ON IN LONDON," ETC.

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TWO GIRLS IN CHINA.

W. P. I

PREFACE

THE material for this book was obtained by the writer during some months of travel in China in 1899-1900, preceding the Boxer rebellion and the disorganization of the Imperial Government. Peking and the adjacent provinces were visited, and the utmost pains taken to observe and record such facts as might prove interesting to young readers, such as the geographical features of the country, its products, the occupations and customs of the people, etc.

Almost three months were spent in the capital; and from this point journeys were made to the Ming Tombs, the Nan K'ou Pass, and across Pechili almost to the Mongolian frontier. In the latter expedition the writer was accompanied by a missionary, an American lady who spoke Chinese fluently, and through whose assistance, as interpreter, an insight into national characteristics was obtained which would not have been otherwise practicable.

In addition to this, the story of the Great Bell is condensed from the version given by Lafcadio Hearn in "Some Chinese Ghosts," a delightful book, now, unfortunately, out of print. Other books of reference which were consulted

are "Through the Yang-tze Gorges" and "Mt. Omi and Beyond," by Archibald Little; "Intimate China," by Mrs. Archibald Little;" "Chinese Characteristics" and "Village Life in China," by the Rev. Arthur Smith; "China: the Long-lived Empire," by Eliza R. Scidmore; "A Cycle of Cathay," by the Rev. W. A. P. Martin, etc., etc.

M. H. K.

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TWO GIRLS IN CHINA

I. THE VOYAGE

ELLEN and Mary Spencer had lived all their lives in New York. In the summer they went to the mountains or to the seashore, and they had once visited Niagara Falls. But they had never made a long journey, nor crossed the ocean. They had a pleasant home and kind parents, who took a deep interest in all their work and pleasure. They were sent to school, and studied well, and both were fond of reading. In this way, while they had seen but little of the great world, its interesting countries and strange cities, they knew more than many young people. Ellen was ten years old, and Mary was thirteen.

Their father was a civil engineer, that is, a man who plans and lays out roads, canals or railway lines. Mr. Spencer came home one day and said that he had been asked to go out to China for a company that was building a railroad in the northern provinces. A province in China corresponds somewhat to a state in this country.

Mr. Spencer did not know what to do; he did not want to give up his comfortable home, where they had lived so long. They could not take with them their books, and pictures and the pretty furniture that had been chosen with

such care. Mrs. Spencer, also, did not wish to take the little girls out of the school where they were making such good progress. It was a hard matter to decide; there was a great deal to be said on both sides. It was even thought that Ellen and Mary might be left with friends who would take good care of them. But to this plan both children were much opposed. They would be very unhappy if they were separated from their mother, who had seldom left them. Then they wished to travel; to make the long journey by rail across the states and territories, and the voyage by ship across the Pacific Ocean. Mr. Spencer finally said that he thought they could learn as much by such a journey, if they observed carefully what they saw, as they could by remaining at school. They would be sent to school again, of course, when they were settled in their new home in Shanghai.

They felt sad when they saw their pretty house all dismantled, and said good-by to their friends. At the same time, they were interested and excited in the prospect before them. "We shall have real adventures," said Ellen, who was very brave and fearless, and who had been a leader in all the games, although the younger of the two. Mary was more timid, and cared less for what Ellen called "adventures." She wondered, however, if she could ever like the Chinese, and she asked her mother a great many qustions as to how they lived, what they ate, and what they wore. "You have read about them," said Mrs. Spencer, "and now you must wait and see them for yourself. Were I to tell you too much, you might be disappointed."

Mary was satisfied with this answer, but she said that she knew she would never be able to use the chopsticks with

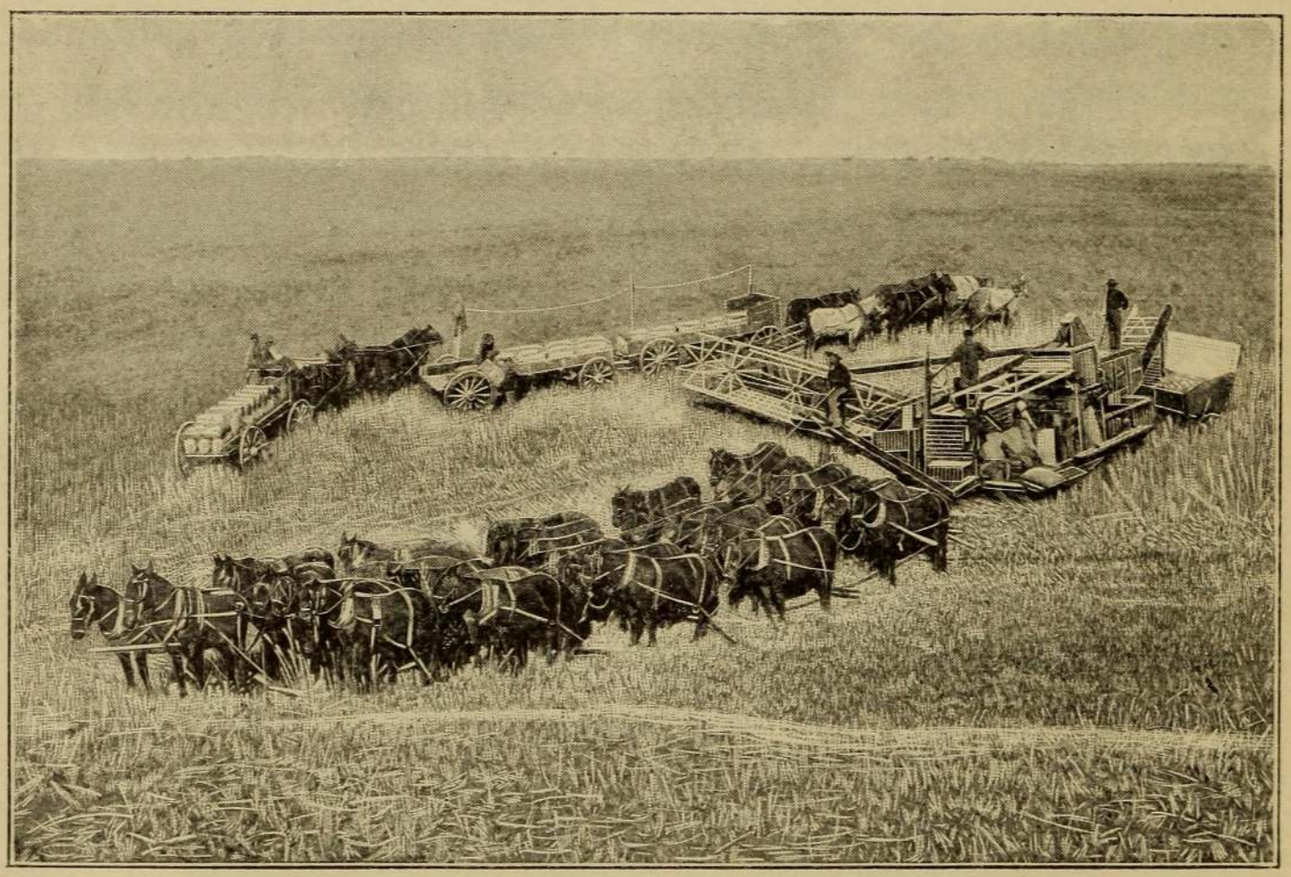
which the Chinese ate their food; and she was very doubtful if she could eat the food at all. She did not like tea, and she was always sorry when they had rice at home, which she was too polite to refuse; and these, she knew, were the food and drink of millions of the strange, yellow people amongst whom she was to live. But there were far worse things than these; in one book she had seen a picture of a Chinese coolie, or workingman, carrying upon his shoulders a long bamboo pole, upon which were strung rats, large and small, which people bought, cooked and ate. As she looked at this picture, she thought that she would not like to live in a land where rats were used as food. She supposed that they were eaten by everybody; but she was to learn, in time, that this is not true.

They left New York in the evening from the Grand Central Station. As they watched the lighted streets that seemed to race past the window, they realized the long journey before them — the miles of land and leagues of ocean which they must cross before they could sight the shores of China. The afternoon of the second day they reached Chicago, a big, noisy, smoky city, where people hurried to and fro, and where the tall buildings, which seemed to touch the sky, made the streets very dark.

They rested in the hotel, and in the evening continued the journey to St. Paul, where they spent the following day. Then again in the evening the train moved slowly out of the railway station, crossing the great bridge that spans the Mississippi, and halting for a moment at the station in Minneapolis, then moving on again into the night, westward across Dakota and Montana, over plains, mountains and rivers, skirting the shores of lovely little lakes

which were alive with wild ducks and geese. There were many pretty villages and towns, and in Dakota they saw miles of wheat fields and grassy pasture lands, in which thousands of fat cattle and horses were grazing.

At one station in Montana, among the mountains, hundreds of Indians were waiting. Their faces were painted, and in their hair they wore bright feathers, and strands of



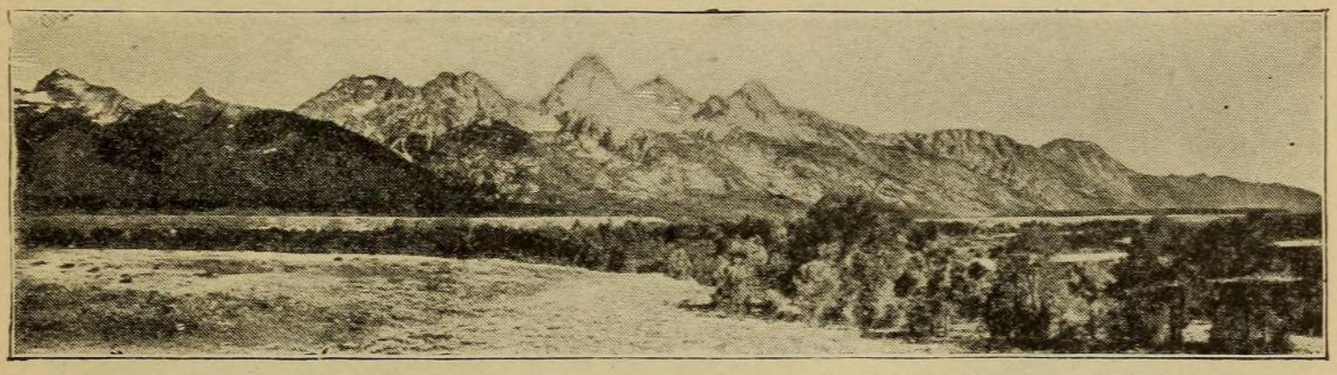
Wheat Fields of Dakota

beads around their necks; many of them were riding shaggy little ponies. Mr. Spencer said that there was an Indian reservation at this place, that is, land which had been set apart for the Indians, which could not be sold and where they could live in peace. These Indians were all Catholics, and they were waiting at the station to meet two priests who had come to visit them. As the priests stepped upon

the platform the girls saw the Indians gather about and welcome them, as if they were very glad indeed to see them.

At one place in the mountains, which were high and rugged, the train ran along the face of the cliffs, and not far away was the great Yellowstone Park, a public pleasure ground belonging to our government.

They enjoyed the railway journey very much, for the cars were roomy and comfortable, the food was good, and they were always glad when it was time to go into the bright,



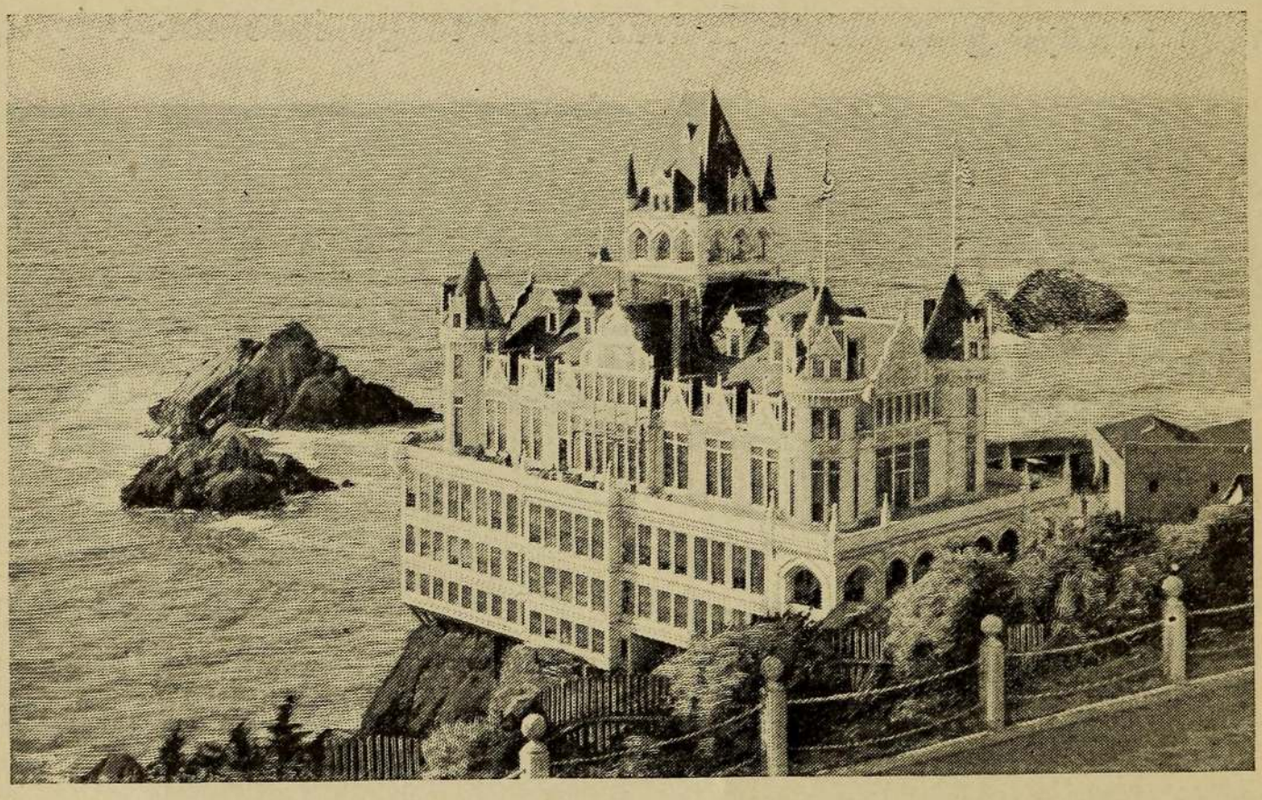
Rocky Mountain Scenery

pleasant dining car. At night they slept as soundly in their soft, white berths as they ever had in their little beds at home. The road was called the Northern Pacific, and they knew that there were other railroads farther to the north, and still others to the south, that crossed the Western plains, deserts and mountains to the Pacific Ocean. In Washington and Oregon they saw many hop fields, which they thought must be like the hop fields of Kent, in England.

At Portland, Oregon, they left the train in which they had spent four days and nights, and took another road south to San Francisco. They were glad when at last they reached the ferry at Oakland, and were steaming across the bay to the city, where they were to wait until the ship was ready

to sail to China. The time passed very quickly; they went out often to ride in the street cars which ran up and down the steep hills. They were taken to the Cliff House to see the seals basking and barking in the spray upon the rocks out in the sea, where no one is allowed to molest them.

The day for sailing came, and they drove down to the dock and went on board. There was a great deal of hurry and bustle, and the decks were crowded with people — those



Seal Rocks, San Francisco

who were about to set out upon the long voyage, and the friends who had come to bid them good-by. The big steamship was painted pure white, and her decks had been scoured and all the brass work rubbed until she was as clean as a ship could be. She had a very strange name, the *Hong Kong Maru,* and they learned that she was a new Japanese ship, and that *Maru* was a Japanese word meaning a

vessel that moves through the water. The chief officers were English or Americans, but the petty officers were all Japanese — handsome young men in white uniforms and caps trimmed with gold lace.

The servants were Chinese, the first Chinese that Mary and Ellen had seen, except the few that they had noticed walking about the streets in New York or San Francisco. On board the ship the Chinese wore long gowns of blue linen reaching to their feet. Their silky, black hair was smoothly brushed and braided in a long queue which hung down the back. The queue had been lengthened by means of black silk cords ending in little tassels; the front of the head was shaved smooth. The children learned afterward that it is very ill-bred for a Chinese to wear the queue wound about the head, and no Chinese will do so unless he wishes to be rude to his employer. Those that work out-of-doors can tie up the queue and cover the head with a cloth or towel to protect the hair from the dust.

Their cabins were large and comfortable. They came on board in good time and arranged everything that it might be ready when they were finally out at sea. The toilette things were put in the racks; the shoe bags hung up, the rugs and cushions taken out, and the steamer trunks, with the clothing they would need on the voyage, were slipped under the berths; for the other trunks were lowered deep down into the hold, and they would not see them again until they left the ship at the Wusung bar, just before they reached Shanghai. They also put their books where they could get them easily, and were then ready to go on deck. There were plenty of comfortable wicker chairs which no one had to pay for, as one must pay for them on the ships that

cross the Atlantic. Mr. Spencer, however, had bought one especially for their mother — a long, low bamboo chair with a high back and arms that were like little baskets in which she could put her book, or her sewing. It was like a comfortable lounge, and they saw a great many of these lounge chairs when they reached China, where they are made by the natives. The saloon was beautifully furnished, and there were panels of fine embroidery set all around it, which had been made in Japan.

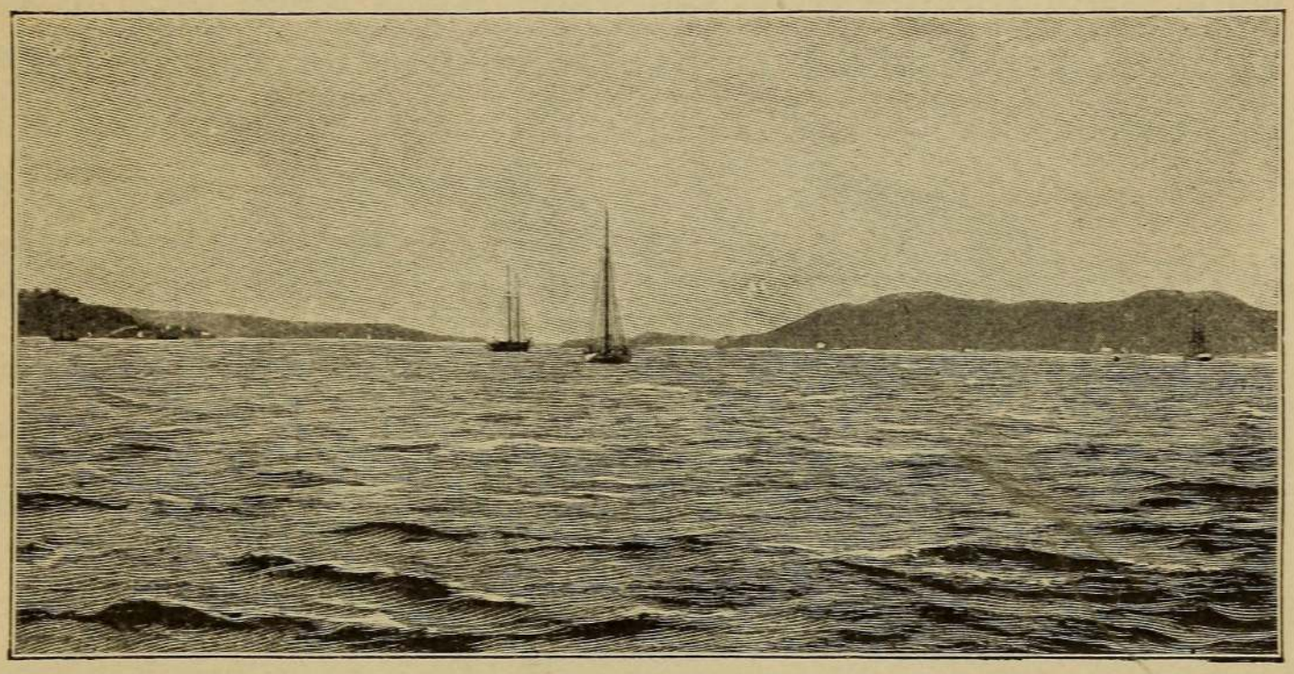
At last the gong sounded, a Chinese steward walking up and down the decks beating it with all his might. This was to warn those who had come on board to bid their friends good-by that the gang plank was about to be raised, and that all visitors must go ashore.

For a little while the confusion was greater than ever; there were many last words to be spoken, and people shed tears as they parted. All realized that the voyage would be long, and that those who were about to separate might never meet again.

When the last visitor passed down and stepped upon the dock the heavy plank was drawn up, fastened securely to the ship's side, not to be lowered again until they reached Honolulu. Then there was a long, hoarse whistle, and one sharp, sudden clang of the bell. High on the bridge stood the captain, with the pilot directing the ship's course, signaling to the engineer in the engine room far below. The great ship moved slowly from the dock, the space widening and widening, until they could no longer see the features of the people on the pier, only an indistinct mass of faces and waving handkerchiefs that soon became the tiniest white specks.

Both Mary and Ellen had often seen pictures of the Bay of San Francisco, and the narrow opening into the ocean which is called the Golden Gate. But it was far more beautiful than any picture, with its green, rocky islands and the tall peak of Mt. Tamalpais, which seemed almost to touch the clouds.

A little boy stood looking through the railing around the decks, as the ship moved slowly through the water.



The Golden Gate

"What do you see?" Ellen asked him.

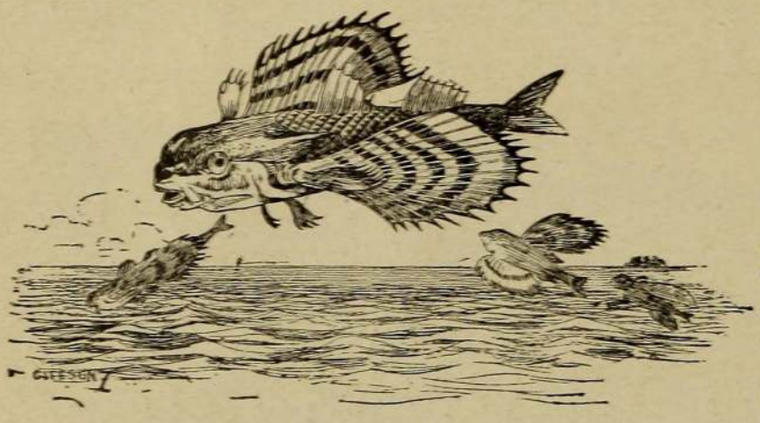
"I am waiting to see the Golden Gate," he replied.

"That is the Golden Gate," she explained, pointing out the two headlands.

His face clouded over, and he said with much disappointment: "That? I thought they were gates of real gold." He was very little, and had never been taught, and he was not in the least pleased to know that the headlands were so named from the bright, yellow poppies, which, in the spring, cover the two cliffs from the top to the water's edge.

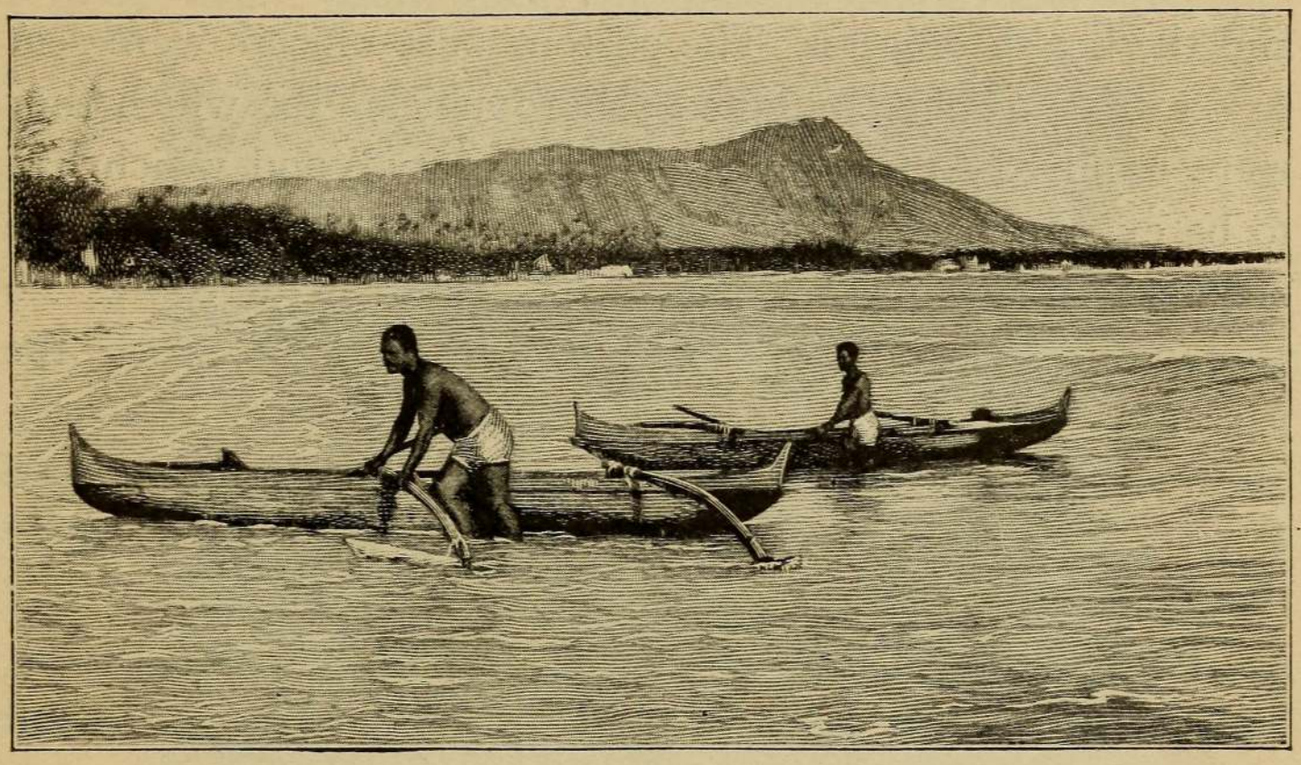
The ocean proved to be very smooth, although the Pacific does not always deserve its name. There are often terrible storms, and in the long swell that lasts for several days after a storm the ship rolls and pitches, so that it is not safe to walk about, and all this time the sky is blue and the sun shining.

In a little while they began to enjoy the life on shipboard, for neither Mary nor Ellen was in the least seasick. They were ready for the cold, salt-water baths when they woke in the morning, and they had keen appetites for the toast and the hot coffee and oranges that were brought to them afterward. There was time for a good walk or a game of bull-board on deck before breakfast at half-past eight. They had never seen anything so blue as the water, which was very different from the gray Atlantic, and there was much more life. Flocks of brown sea birds followed them, circling round and round the ship, fighting for the remnants of food which the cook threw overboard, or resting on the waves which rocked them like a cradle. As the ship sailed southeast toward the Hawaiian Islands, it grew much warmer; they saw shoals of flying fish, like flocks of snow-white birds. They leaped from the water, and moved rapidly, often for a long distance, then dropped back again. They had a sad life, between the hungry fish that pursued them under the waves and the gulls that pounced down upon them when they rose into the air. One morning when the girls came on deck,



Flying Fish

as usual, the sea was like glass; there was not a ripple, and it was studded, as far as the eye could see, with strange, delicate things that they knew must be Portuguese men-of-war, living creatures that float on the water with a mimic sail. There were thousands of them, and they were about the ship all day. As they approached the tropics there were sudden showers and splendid rainbows, and the air grew softer and the sunshine brighter. The nights, too, changed;



Diamond Head

they had never seen the stars so large and brilliant or so close above their heads.

The first of the Hawaiian Islands that they saw was Molokai, a low, gray coast like a cloud along the edge of the horizon; then the bare, brown peaks of Oahu, Koko Head and Diamond Head. They were surprised to see the harbor of Honolulu crowded with ships. The first pilot had left them after he had taken them through the

Golden Gate, and now a rope ladder was let down over the ship's side, that a new pilot might come on board. His boat was rowed by dark-skinned Hawaiians, who wore wreathes of flowers around their straw hats and laughed and chattered in their soft, musical language.

The pilot was a big, good-natured man, and shook hands with the captain and asked what sort of a voyage he had had. Other men also came on board before the passengers were allowed to land. These were the customhouse officers, and the health officers. The customhouse officers were sent to see that no one smuggled ashore articles for which they were required to pay a tax, called "duty," and which had to be examined and the duty paid on the deck. It was the business of the health officers to see that there was no contagious disease, like smallpox or plague, among the passengers. Had there been, the ship would not have been allowed to come into the harbor, and the people obliged to go ashore would have been sent first to an island, called the Quarantine Station, until it was certain that they would not be ill, or until they were well, if they had the disease. This is done, Mr. Spencer said, in civilized countries all over the world to keep disease from spreading.

All on board were well, so they were not detained. Those who were to leave the ship to remain in the Islands for awhile, and go on from there to Samoa, New Zealand or Australia in another ship, had their baggage taken off to the dock, where it was opened and examined by other customhouse officers, called inspectors.

Ellen thought that it was very disagreeable to have one's trunks and bags opened, but she noticed that nothing was disturbed, and that the trunks were quickly closed and

marked with chalk to show that they had been inspected and could now be taken away. The dock was covered with a low roof, but open at either end, and heavy gates shut it off from the street; no luggage that had not been marked by the men who examined it could be taken through this gate. The dock was crowded with people watching the passengers land; many were expecting friends whom they were very glad to see. The Hawaiians talked and laughed a great deal. Both men and women were dark-eyed and

Hawaiian Girls

dark-skinned, and, like the men that they had seen rowing the pilot's boat, all wore wreaths of fragrant flowers around their hats and throats. The women wore loose, flowing gowns, called *holokus,* white, blue or pink, which suited them well.

Ellen and Mary were delighted with everything, for it was their first sight of a foreign country. The air was fragrant with flowers; the palms waved softly in the pleasant

wind, and there were countless trees and shrubs, brilliant pink, purple and yellow blossoming vines, which they had never seen before.

Mr. Spencer had decided not to stay on board the ship that night, as they would be taking on coal; and, although all the doors and small, round windows, called portholes, would be tightly closed, yet the dust would sift in, and the noise of the men at work would keep one from sleeping. So they went to the hotel. As they drove through the narrow, crooked streets they were surprised to see so many handsome shops, quite like those at home, where one could buy almost anything one needed. The houses were comfortable and attractive, with their wide verandas and shady grounds filled with ferns and palms.

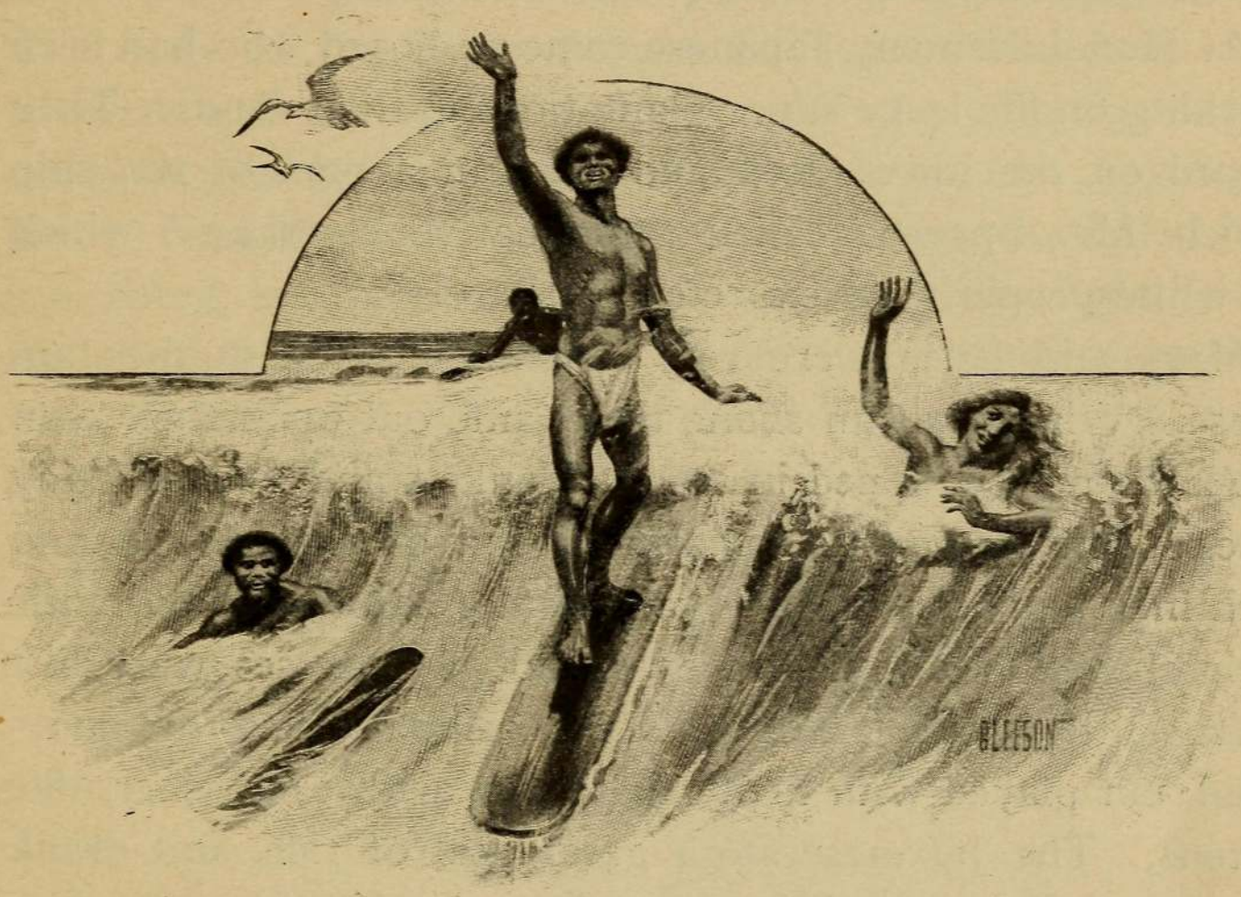
That evening there was a concert on the lawn at the hotel, to which a great many people came. The musicians were Hawaiian boys, dressed in suits of white duck, all wearing wreaths or *leis;* they played and sang Hawaiian airs, which were very sweet and sad.

After breakfast the next morning the Spencers went for a long drive to Waikiki, a beautiful beach, where the sea came rolling in, tossing its white surf high in air.

The Hawaiians were bathing, and rowing about in narrow canoes with a curved framework at one side which kept the boat from upsetting. Others were riding upon long surf-boards, painted at one end, which they take far out beyond the breakers and there wait until they can catch a rushing wave that carries them swiftly to the shore. The Hawaiians, their father told the girls, spend a great part of their lives in the water, and even children dive and swim like fish.

They came back through Kapiolani Park, which was

named for the wife of the last Hawaiian king. There was still time to drive up to the Pali, a steep cleft in the mountain, which is reached by a good road. From the Pali, around which thick white clouds were floating, they saw the city, which lay like a tropical garden far below, the ships in the harbor, and a fringe of white surf beating against



Swimming with Boards

the reef, with the blue sea stretching on and on, to where it seemed to meet the sky.

They would have liked to stay longer in Honolulu, but the *Hong Kong Maru* was to sail at noon; they had paid for their passage, and Mr. Spencer was anxious to reach Shanghai.

They saw Diamond Head fade in the distance, and in a little while sighted Kauai, another of the Islands, which is

so green and fertile that the Hawaiians call it the "Garden Island." Then they saw no more land until they sighted the shores of Japan, which are rugged and steep like those of Hawaii.

The time passed very quickly, although it was two weeks before they reached Yokohama, which was the next port at which they touched.

At Honolulu many Japanese came on board who had been working on the large sugar plantations in the Islands. They stayed on the lower deck and slept in a part of the ship which Mr. Spencer called "the native steerage," which no white people were expected to share.

Mary and Ellen were very much interested in the Japanese. When the sun shone they came out upon their own deck, the men wrapped in scarlet blankets and smoking tiny pipes. The women also smoked; a few of them sewed, and both men and women took care of the children, who, with their shaved heads, bright eyes and gay dresses were like pretty little dolls. The children seldom cried or quarreled, but played with their parents, or with each other, like kittens. The Japanese ate a great deal of rice, and drank hot tea at all hours of the day. One man had been ill when he came on board at Honolulu. He was going home so that he might die in his own country, and among his family. But he grew worse and worse, and one morning when the ship's doctor came to breakfast he told Mr. Spencer that the poor fellow had died during the night.

When people die on shipboard the body is either taken to the nearest port and sent back home, or buried at sea. The Japanese was to be buried at sea, and the body was sewed up in a shroud of clean, new sailcloth by two sailors.

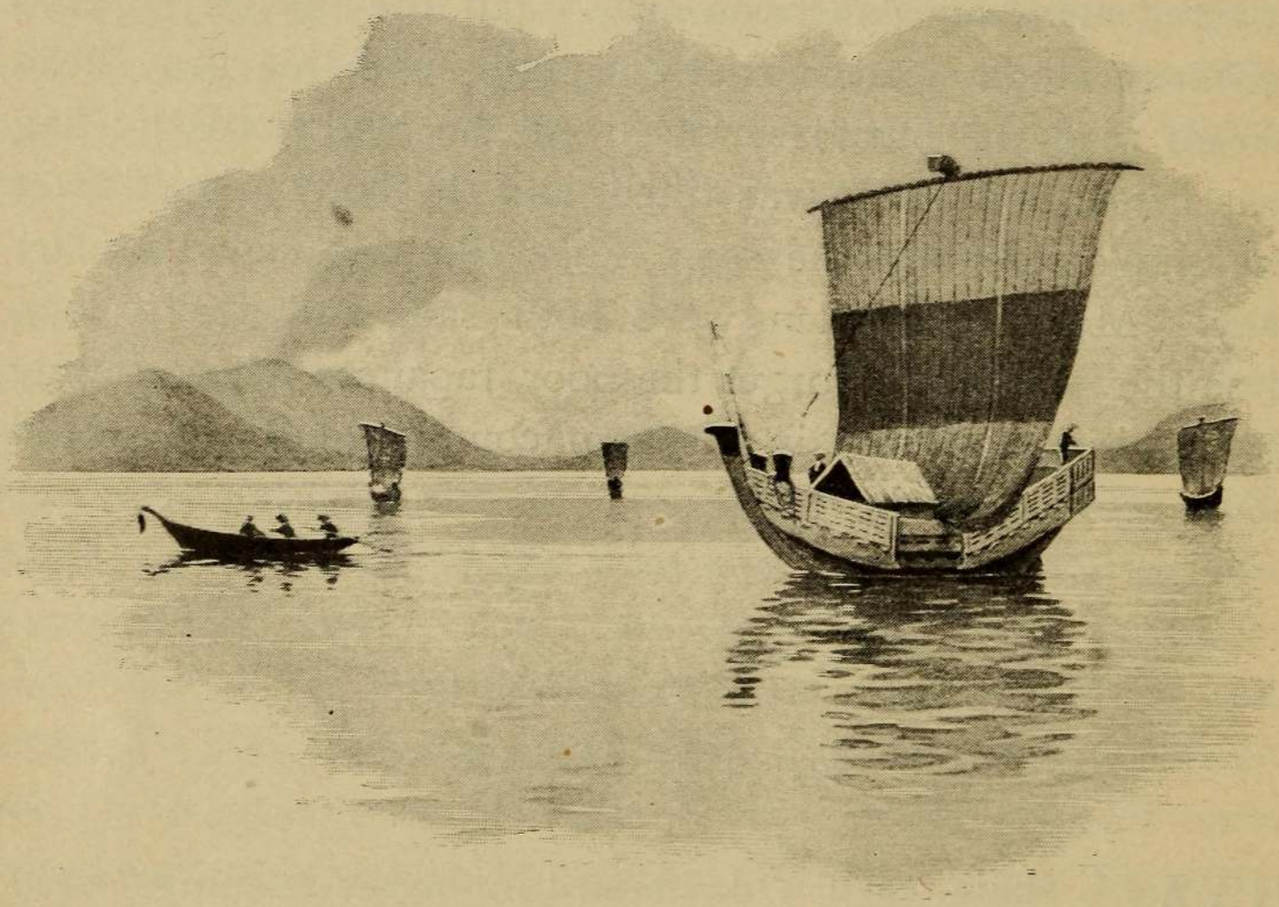
It was a dark, stormy day, with a roaring wind and a rough sea. At four o'clock the engines stopped, which made the ship seem very still after the steady throbbing that had never ceased a moment since they left Honolulu. The ship's bell tolled sadly, and all the passengers came out on the upper deck, from which they could look down upon the lower deck, where a plank had been placed along the ship's side. The body of the Japanese was laid upon the plank, and covered with an American flag. All the officers, in full uniform, stood near, and the captain, with his gray head bared, read the burial service. At the last word the flag was lifted, and plank was tilted, and the body slipped over the ship's side into the sea. Then the ship sailed on her way. Mary and Ellen were both sad, and for a long time they could not forget the poor Japanese whose family was waiting for him in his own country and who would never see him again.

II. IN JAPAN

"WE shall reach Yokohama to-morrow evening," said Mr. Spencer one Monday evening two weeks after they had left Honolulu.

Mary and Ellen could not realize that they had reached Japan. In spite of all that they had read about the country, it had been little more to them than a few scattered islands lying close to the shores of Asia. But now they were to see for themselves that it was a country with fields and woods, rivers and mountains, villages, towns and cities.

When they went on deck in the morning it was rather uncomfortable. The wicker chairs had been collected and piled in heaps, or pushed aside to make room, and everybody was too much interested in watching their entrance into the harbor to take much notice of the little girls, as they usually did. It was colder than it had been in mid-ocean, and a dull mist covered the sky, through which the sun shone like



Native Boats

a red ball. Mrs. Spencer was wrapped in a thick cloak, and both Ellen and Mary had put on their warm serge gowns and cloth jackets.

Presently the mist cleared away, but even then the sky seemed much dimmer and less blue than at home. Low pine trees, gnarled and bent, grew upon the rocky coast,

and the broad bay was dotted in every direction with queer little boats, with square sails of matting; they were the sampans or native boats of the fishermen. The Japanese eat a great deal of fish with their rice, and they also dry it in large quantities and send it to the Hawaiian Islands and other countries where Japanese working people are employed.

While Yokohama is a large city, with thousands of inhabitants, not much of the city can be seen from the bay. Most of the houses are of but one story, except the hotels and public buildings and those in which foreigners live, by which the Japanese mean people from Europe and the United States. There is no dock, as at San Francisco and Honolulu, and great numbers of sampans and several steam launches came out to the ship to take the passengers ashore. The ship was to remain until the next day to discharge her cargo for Yokohama and take on more which was to be sent to other merchants in Shanghai and Hongkong, or left at the Japanese ports of Kobe and Nagasaki.

As in Honolulu, they had again taken on board a pilot who was to guide the ship to her anchorage, which the captain is rarely ever allowed to do. A little later the health officers also came on, and no one could land, and no one could come up the gangway from the launches until the passengers had been inspected. The health officers were small, dark men in white uiforms trimmed with gold lace, and they wore small swords. Upon their caps were gold coronets and letters, showing that they were officers of His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of Japan. The American inspectors in San Francisco had worn dark-blue suits with brass buttons, and the three letters " U. S. A." on their caps.

Mr. Spencer told Mary and Ellen that the first foreign ships that were freely allowed to enter Japanese ports were American ships. They had been sent out to Japan under the brave officer Commodore Perry, about fifty years ago, to induce the Emperor to promise that sailors shipwrecked on the Japanese coast should be kindly treated and allowed to go back to their own country when ships came to take them away. The Emperor finally granted Perry's request, and the sailors of all other countries were benefited by this decision. "I am glad to say," their father added, "that the United States has never done anything to make the Japanese regret that they finally accepted us as friends. At first it was agreed that no Japanese subjects should ever be allowed to go to the United States in the wonderful foreign ships; now there are hundreds in our country. Young men have come here to work, and there are many studying in our schools and colleges. Others have shops in our cities, and there are even a few Japanese girls, who are also studying in our schools. The Japanese to-day have ships of their own; steamers like this, and great warships for defense against their enemies, much larger and better than those that they thought so wonderful when Commodore Perry visited them. They have become strong and prosperous, and have railroads, as well as steamships, and all this has been done within fifty years. There are many people, however," he said, "who knew the Japanese twenty-five years ago, and liked them better then than now. They have learned a good many things from the foreigners, as they call Europeans and Americans, that it would have been much better for them not to know."

When the health officers learned that a man had died

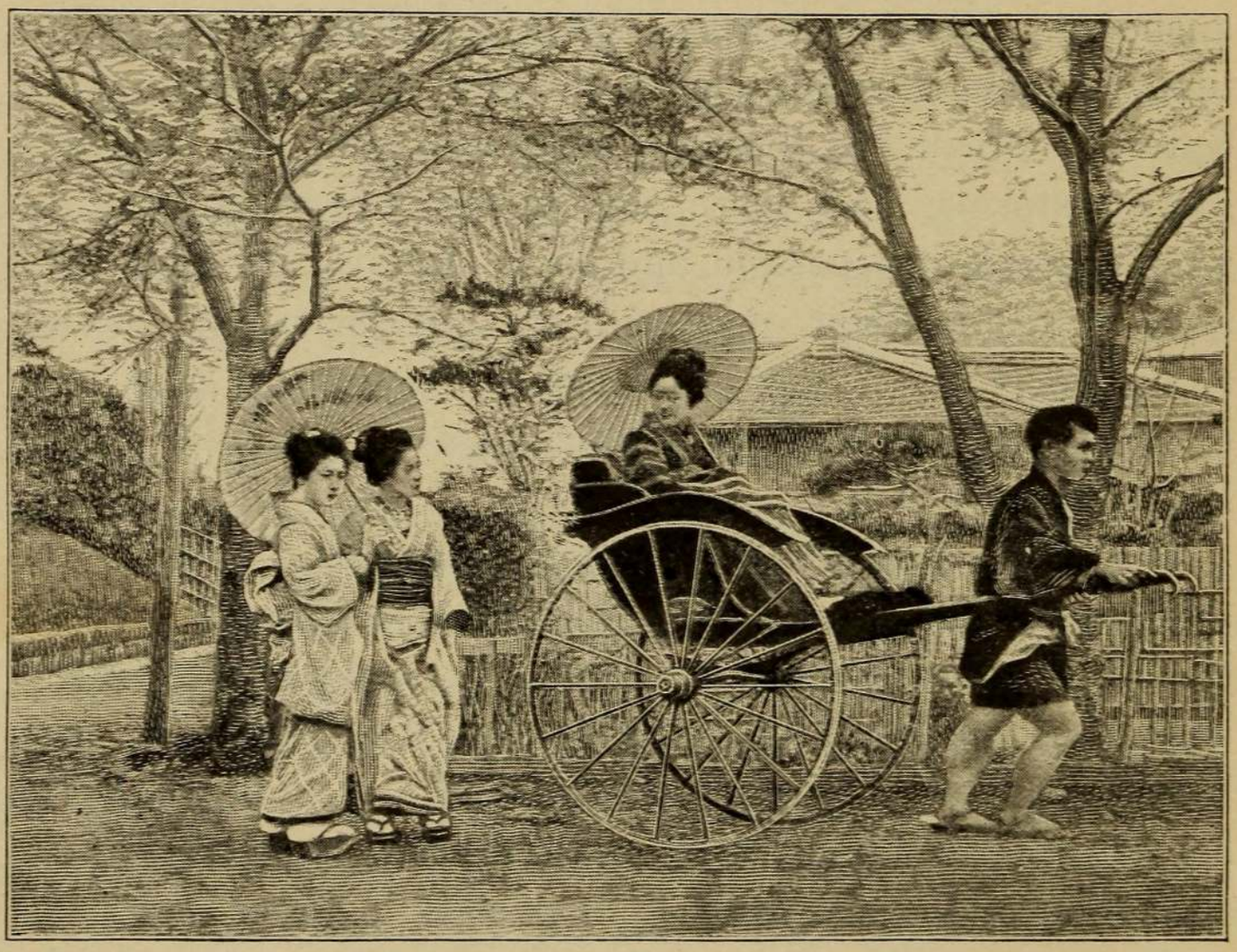
on board they were very anxious, and examined all the passengers carefully. This took several hours, and the captain was much vexed at the delay.

When it was over, and they had had their breakfast, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer and the two girls went in one of the launches and were taken to the quay. A great many ships lay outside the breakwater where the *Hong Kong Maru* was anchored. The breakwater was a structure of stones and timbers, built from the bed of the bay to the surface of the water, to break the force of the waves that roll landward during storms, and there are narrow openings in it by which vessels can pass in and out. Among the ships were two, white like their own, with the American flag floating from the peak. These were transports — ships that were carrying soldiers to San Francisco from Manila, in the Philippines.

When the little, puffing launch steamed alongside the stone steps of the quay, they walked across the gang plank, glad to be once more on dry land. Up and down the street were the funniest little vehicles that they had ever seen. They had slender shafts, two wheels and a hood, like a baby's perambulator; they were drawn by men, instead of ponies, and were called "jinrikishas." Mary and Ellen grew accustomed to them before they had been long in the East, for they are used everywhere in Japan, and in all the Chinese cities where there are many Europeans. A jinrikisha carries usually but one passenger, although two Japanese ladies frequently hire one together.

The stout little "rikisha" men were quaintly dressed in short blue cotton trousers, a blue cotton blouse with a design embroidered on the back in white, and they wore straw hats

with broad, drooping brims. They were barefooted, and the muscles of the calves of their legs were greatly enlarged from constant running between the shafts of the little carriages. They move at a quick trot, a pace which they keep for miles and all day long, stopping only to eat and drink. They are cheerful and contented and very polite, though



A Jinrikisha

they are paid small wages. Mary and Ellen thought it funny to see their father and mother riding in jinrikishas, and they made quite a procession — the four that Mr. Spencer had hired for the family, and the two which came last, loaded with their luggage, following one behind the other.

They kept the middle of the street, which was wide and clean. On one side were low houses, with galleries enclosed in glass, looking out across the bay. The gardens were not so fine as those in Honolulu, but they saw a good many plants and shrubs that were new to them. All the hotels were on this street, facing the bay. It is called the Bund, which is the name given in all the seaboard cities of Asia to the water front. They found a pleasant, quiet hotel, with polite and attentive Japanese servants who seemed anxious to please them.

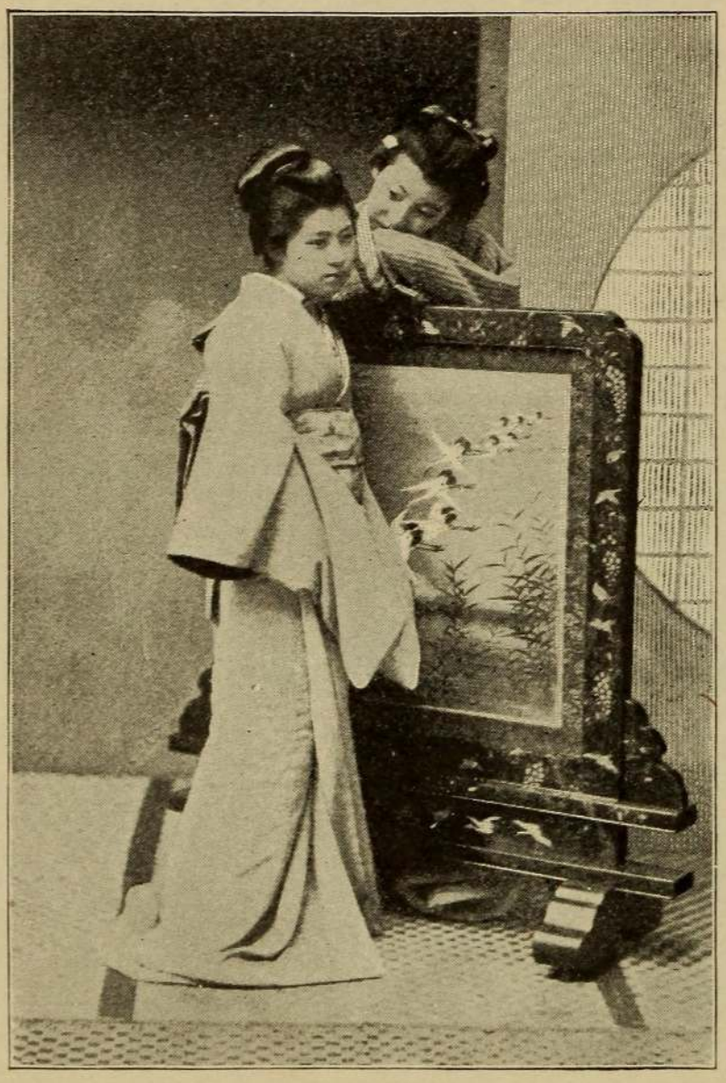
As on shipboard, luncheon was called *tiffin,* and this word was also used everywhere in China. In the afternoon they went by railway to Tokyo, the capital, which was a journey of but twenty minutes. The engine and carriages were like a toy train. The carriages for the poorer Japanese were plainer than those for foreigners and Japanese of rank and wealth.

Mary and Ellen were amused at the people in the station. Newsboys went up and down selling papers which were printed in odd, black characters; other vendors were selling tea in cups and luncheons done up in neat, white, wooden boxes. "May I buy one?" Mary asked her mother. "Yes, if you think you can eat the food," her mother said.

But this Mary would not promise to do; she did not know whether she would like the things that the Japanese ate with such relish.

"But if I do not," she said, "I can give it to someone; I do not think it would be refused." So the box was bought. They opened it carefully and found in one end of it a quantity of fresh, steamed rice; some strange-looking pickles, fungi and mushrooms. There was no bread, for

the Japanese, like the Chinese, eat rice instead of bread, which is a luxury. A pair of new, wooden chopsticks went with the box. Mary and Ellen laughed, and shook their heads; they did not want the rice, and did not care to taste the mushrooms. Ellen held out the box to a little girl dressed in a pretty gown of blue cotton, called a *kimona.* Her hair was arranged over a cushion and held in place with gilt pins, like those which her mother also wore. The child was very shy, and held to her mother's skirts. The woman said something in Japanese, and then the little one stretched out her hand, took the box, and both the mother and child bowed very low several times.

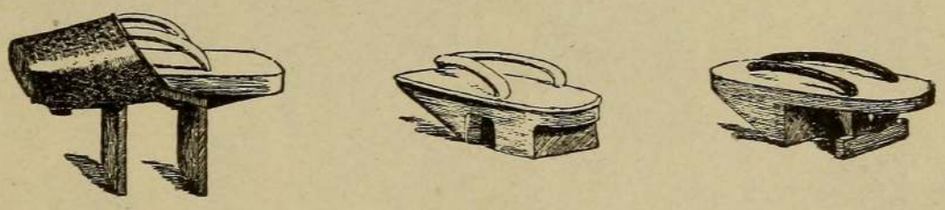


Japanese Ladies

A few of the Japanese wore the European dress, or a mixture of foreign and native costume, but these, Mary and Ellen agreed, were not half so interesting as the Japanese who still preferred their own dress. Many of the pretty little ladies wore delicate gray, blue, or brown silks and crêpes, and all, rich and poor alike, had socks of white cloth and shoes called *geta,* which are little more than soles

with a strap passing between the great toe and the second toe, to hold them in place. Each pair of geta is furnished with small bits of wood. instead of heels, upon which the wearer balances herself awkwardly, and which make a clattering sound as the crowds move to and fro.

The country was very green, with fields and gardens cultivated with great care. Upon the hillsides among the shrubs they saw huge Japanese letters, and they were much surprised when their father told them that these were advertisements, precisely like the ugly signs that are painted upon roofs and fences and rocks at home. It is one of the things that the Japanese have learned from the foreigners that it would be better for them not to know.



Japanese Shoes

At Tokyo the station is much like that at Yokohama, but the city itself is far more Japanese. The streets are muddy in wet weather and lined on either side with low wooden shops, in which there are many beautiful things for sale. They hired jinrikishas again, and were drawn rapidly through the city, which spreads over much ground. On the main street they found a very dilapidated street car line, the cars drawn by poor, feeble horses. The people enjoyed riding in the cars, especially on the platform. Both men and women smoked little brass pipes, or cigarettes which they preferred. They saw the Emperor's palace, beyond the moat, or canal, which has been dug outside the

high stone wall. Soldiers wearing foreign uniforms stood at the gates or paced to and fro.

They visited the beautiful temples and some ancient tombs, and then went to a fine bazaar, where Mrs. Spencer bought some pretty china and pieces of embroidered silk and crêpe. Ellen and Mary were allowed to choose something, and both

Main Street, Tokyo

selected purses embroidered in chrysanthemums, with clasps of carved silver.

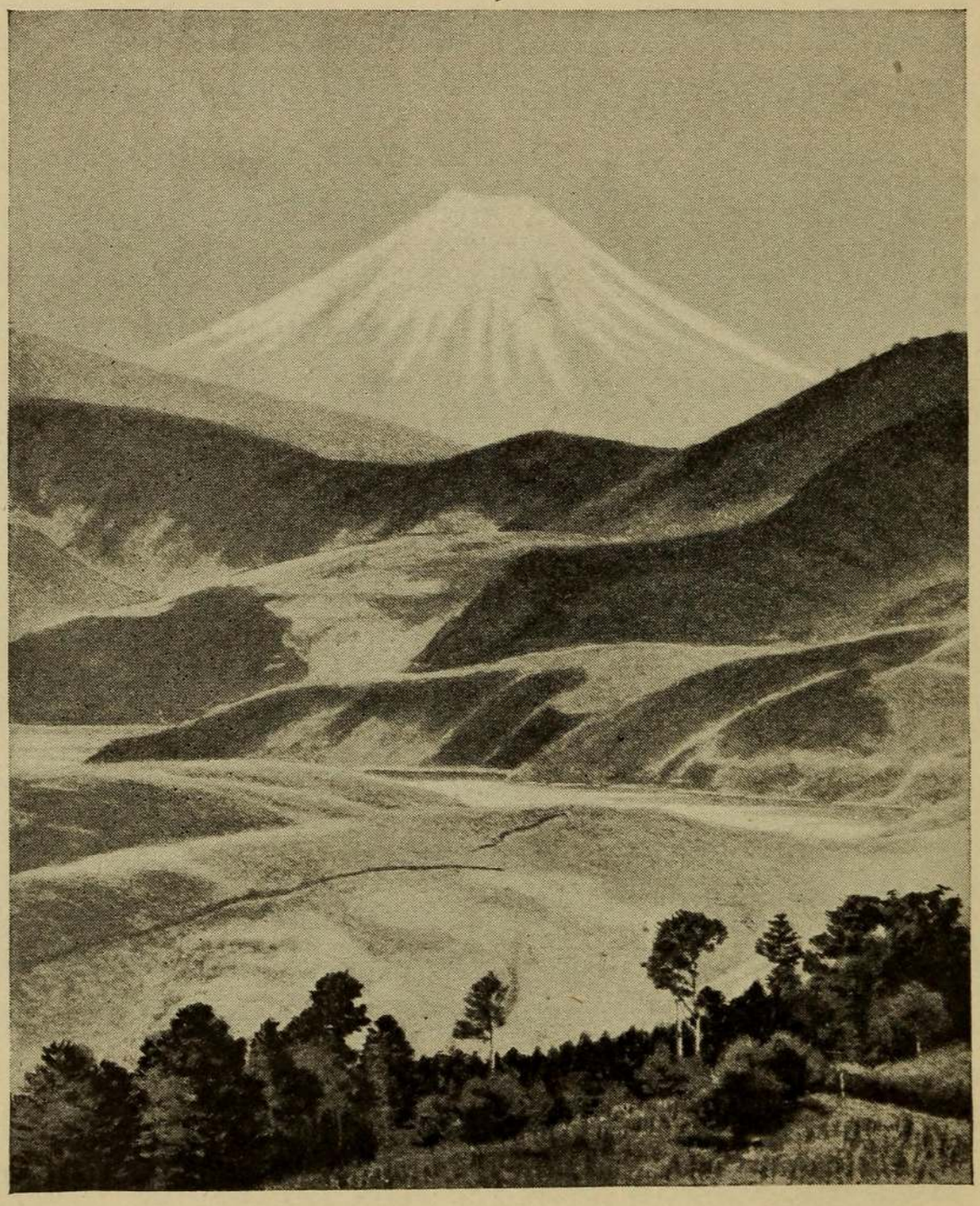
They had dinner at a large European hotel, and then went back to Yokohama in the afternoon. The next morning, as they were to sail at noon, they visited the Bluff, where the finest houses and gardens are to be seen, and spent some time in the shops, looking at many beautiful things.

III. SOUTHWARD BOUND

THE ship did not sail straight south, as Mary thought it would, but steamed within sight of the coast, against which the waves beat violently, the spray dashing far up the face of the cliffs. In the afternoon they saw a lofty peak rising out of the mist that hid the lower slopes. It was a perfect cone, the sides sloping gently and widening toward the base. It was covered with snow, which reflected the light of the setting sun in countless lovely tints — pale rose color, violet and gray. The sky was clear and the snowy peak was outlined against a background of pale blue, so that every line was distinct. Mr. Spencer told them that this was Fujiyama, the mountain which the Japanese have always worshiped and held sacred for its beauty. It appears in nearly all Japanese pictures, upon fans, and screens, banners and porcelain. The girls both remembered to have seen many pictures of it, and easily recognized it.

When it began to grow dark thousands of lights twinkled upon the sea and along the shore — the lights in the sampans of the fishermen, and in the villages. The next morning when they awoke they were steaming through the Inland Sea, which is really a channel among the islands, its waters studded with myriads of smaller islands. The land was green, from the narrow beach to the top of the hills, with the terrace-gardens of the village people. Here and there were small temples, and in front of each, at some distance, was an arch, with the ends slightly turned upward. They were the entire day steaming through the Inland Sea, which Mr. Spencer said was one of the most beautiful of voyages, which they could well believe. They never tired of looking

at the tiny rocky islands, the clustered villages, the green gardens and the feathery pine trees, which could be seen distinctly from the deck of their ship. A great many small



Fujiyama

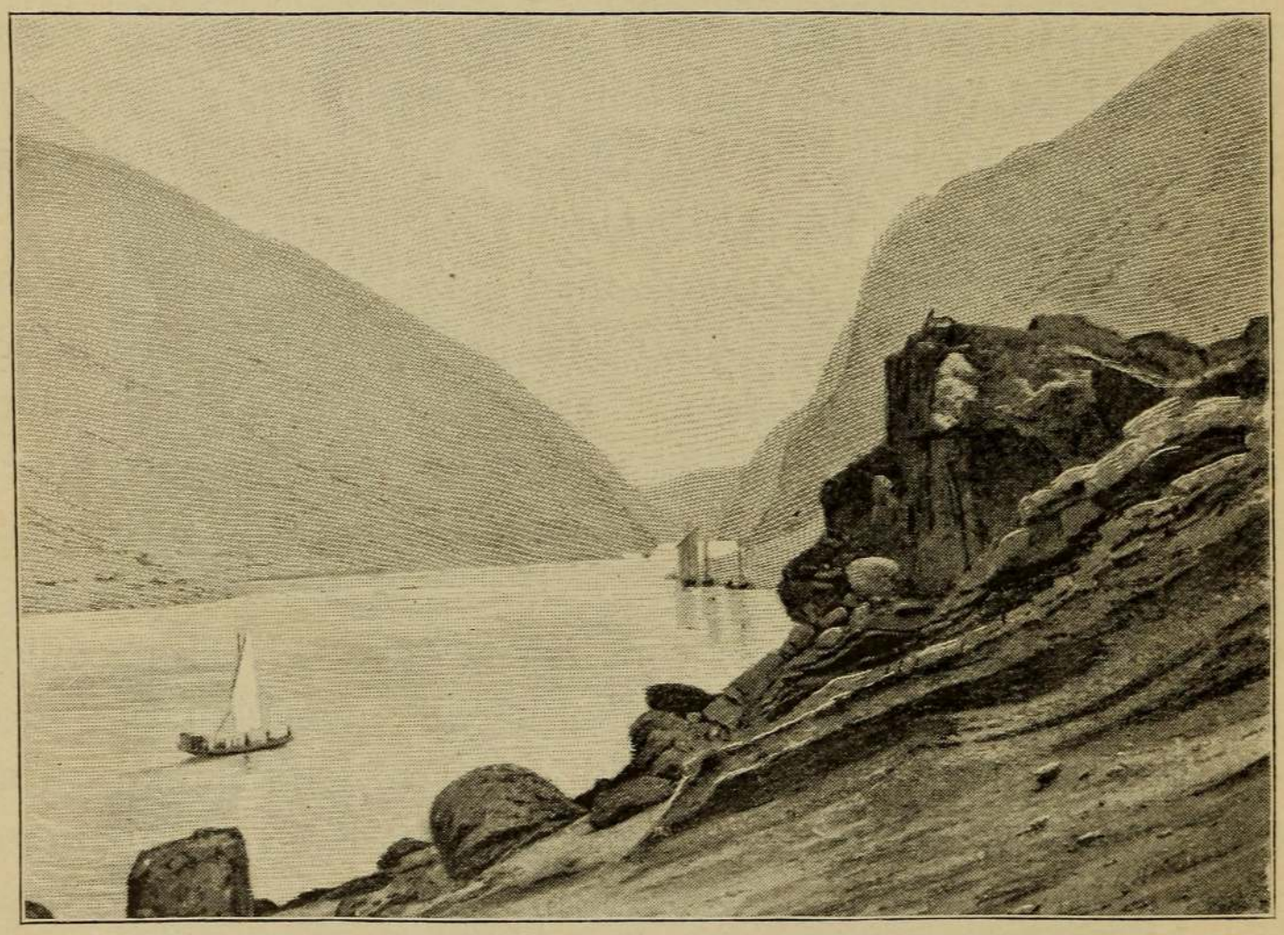
steamers sailed up and down, more than they had seen since they left the Bay of San Francisco; and with these were hundreds of sampans, and now and then a huge, ugly Chinese junk. They were very much excited when they saw the

first junk, with its broad sails of matting, the square bows sharpened on either side like tusks, and the huge painted eyes which the Chinese think every junk must have, and without which they believe it would not be able to make its way through the storm and darkness.

The *Hong Kong Maru* touched at two ports in the south, Kobe and Nagasaki. Both were pretty Japanese towns, with clean streets and shops, surrounded by high hills covered with pine and camphor trees. The camphor tree grows very tall, and has glossy, dark foliage, and it is often to be found in the courts about the temples.

At Nagasaki the "rikisha" man cut a piece of the camphor wood, which was white and fine-grained, and gave it to Mary. The odor was exactly like the gum, but in a little while after the wood had been exposed to the air this odor was gone. At Kobe the ship took on more coal, for the great furnaces under the boilers of the *Hong Kong Maru* burned hundreds of tons every day. No ship could carry enough coal to last through the voyage across the Pacific Ocean; all the ships going out to China take on a fresh supply both at Honolulu and at Kobe. Japanese women and children, as well as men, helped to coal. They came out to the ship in great barges, in which the coal also was brought, and these barges were anchored close to the ship. Then two lines were formed; one set of men and women filled their baskets, which were not large, and passed them from hand to hand until they reached the ship, and the line of children passed the empty baskets back again. There were several hundred people, and they worked all day; but they seemed happy and cheerful, laughing and talking as they tossed their baskets to and fro.

On Sunday the rocky shores of Japan sank out of sight and they saw them no more. Late in the afternoon the color of the water changed; where the sea had been clear and blue, it became yellow and muddy. No land was yet in sight, but the yellow water was the current of the great Yang-tze Kiang, the largest river in China, and one of the great



On the Yangtze River

rivers of the globe. It rises in the table-lands of Tibet, which the Chinese call "the roof of the world," and flows through lofty mountain gorges in the west across the level plains to the sea, a distance of three thousand miles. It is thirty-eight miles wide at its mouth, and the mud which it carries out to sea is really the fertile land of countless farms which the current of the river has eaten away.

After a while a low, grayish-green shore appeared in sight with a few ash and willow trees. China has few trees, and no forests except upon its western and northern boundaries.

Shanghai, they found, had not been built directly upon the sea, but upon the north shore of the Wusung River, which

View of Shanghai

is broad and sluggish, with low banks, like a canal. At its mouth is a dangerous bar, which the Chinese call "the Heaven-Sent Barrier," because large warships can not enter the river, as they might if the bar were not in the way. The name "Shanghai," Mr. Spencer explained, is a Chinese word meaning "Approaching the Sea."

The voyage was at end; but, instead of being glad, Mary and Ellen were almost sad. The ship had become a home, the days had passed quickly, and the ocean had never lost its charm. The girls went to their cabin to help their mother pack, and in a little while all their things were stowed away in the trunks and bags ready to be sent off in the launch. The big ship could not cross the bar, but anchored outside.

The morning was dull and dismal. The sea was rough, and the rain fell in torrents. It was not easy to climb down the ladder to the launch, which tossed and rocked like a cork; but one of the officers helped them carefully, and they were not afraid. Until they reached the river the little launch was tossed about roughly, but once within the banks of the Wusung there was no more motion, and but for the level fields slipping past they would scarcely have known that they were moving. The fields were quite flat, but bare and brown, for it was now the early autumn and the crops had been gathered.

"What are those curious mounds?" Ellen asked, pointing out several heaps of earth upon which a few tufts of coarse grass had sprung up. "Those are graves," her mother replied. "In China the dead are not buried in cemeteries, but quite often by the roadside, or in the fields as you see them here. Rich people often have private burial places, and keep them in order. The dead are not buried in the fields through any lack of respect, as you might suppose, because the place finally chosen is given a great deal of thought. A man called a 'geomancer' is hired who pretends that, by charms and signs, he can find a 'lucky' place. He searches, often for a long time, or makes his patrons think that he has done so, and he is paid

while the search goes on. The place of burial is whatever spot he may select, and no one thinks of disputing the choice that he makes."

As they steamed up the river they caught sight of great mills, with rows of windows and tall chimneys, out of which the smoke rolled in thick clouds. They might have been approaching an American city, and they were rather disappointed.

"Those are English and American silk and cotton mills," said Mr. Spencer, "but all the people who work in them are Chinese — men, women and children. They live in villages in the mill 'compound'— the grounds upon which the buildings stand — and they are happy, because they have work and good wages all the year round. Not many working people in China are so fortunate. These villages are like other native villages — low, gray brick houses with tiled roofs and brick floors, and in the shops they buy all the strange-looking things which they use and prefer for food. But the foreigners who own the mills pay for the schools where the children are taught, and for the hospital where the sick are sent, or those who may be hurt in the mills, who are nursed and taken care of until they get well."

The Wusung was very crooked, winding and curving between its low banks, upon which nothing grew except the thin, faded grass and a few stunted willows that were beginning to turn yellow. At the jetty where they went ashore there were many foreign steamers, none of them very large because they could not have crossed the bar; a little American warship, the *Monocacy;* scores of junks, and hundreds of tiny boats which the Chinese call "shoe boats," because they are much the shape of a Chinese shoe. These shoe

boats had come down to the mouth of the river to bring back many Chinese passengers out of the steerage of the foreign ships.

It was still raining hard, but, notwithstanding this, their first sight of Shanghai pleased the girls. The wide streets were shaded with tall trees; there were buildings upon one side only — that opposite the river bank. The sidewalks were of stone, and the buildings, banks, and offices were tall and handsome. "I could easily believe we were in an English city," said Mrs. Spencer.

The Chinese hate the rain, and when the weather is bad they stay within doors; or, if they are too poor to own houses, find shelter wherever they can. Mary and Ellen had never seen such strange-looking policemen; they were dark, with black eyes, straight noses, and very fine features; they wore tall turbans of red or other gay colors, with dark-blue uniforms bright with brass buttons.

"I have never seen men with such huge feet," whispered Ellen; but she need not have feared hurting their feelings, for they could neither speak nor understand English; and, for this reason they could not answer any questions that a stranger might ask them. This was sometimes an inconvenience. "They are Sikhs," said Mr. Spencer, who also thought they were handsome men and that their gay turbans and neat uniforms were extremely becoming. "They come from India, but are soldiers in the British army; for, as you already know, India is a part of the British Empire, and the ruler is the King of England. One of the king's titles is 'Emperor of India,' and these Sikhs, who are brave, fearless men, are his soldiers."

They went to the hotel in jinrikishas, of which there were

great numbers waiting under the trees along the curbstone. They were rather damp, but the " rikisha " men had tilted them forward so that it might not rain into them, and when the men were called they came running up eagerly. When their passengers had stepped in and were seated, an oilcloth curtain was hooked across the front which shut out not only the rain, but all sight of the streets through which they were taken. Presently they heard the wheels rumble across a bridge, which they knew must span the Wusung, and they swept around in a wide circle through a gateway and halted at the hotel steps. It was such a pleasant place, so cheerful and comfortable, even on that rainy day. People sat chatting in wicker chairs on the verandas, and near the door were half a dozen Chinese — real Chinese — with all sorts of beautiful things to sell. Ellen and Mary both stopped to look at them. They admired the little carved wooden figures — mandarins, Chinese ladies, servants and children, and even toy jinrikishas. They were told that these were " Ningpo " carvings; that is, they were made in Ningpo, a Chinese city famous for its wood carving. One odd toy was a pair of fighting cocks made of brown pumpkin seeds, fastened together loosely with fine brass wire, so that they could move easily; the feet and legs were of wire, the combs of red cloth, the bills of white paper, and the tail and wings were made each of a single soft, brown, hen's feather. They were strung upon a " T " shaped bamboo stick with silk thread, which was fastened to their backs and heads in such a way that when the thread was pulled the tiny cocks drew up their legs, struck with feet and bills, and ruffled their necks as if they were very angry. Ellen and Mary were so much interested that their mother had to tell

them finally that they must come with her as the "Boy," as they had already learned to call the Chinese servants on board the ship, was waiting to show them to their rooms.

The hotel was very clean, with long corridors looking down upon open courts where the grass was still quite green, and in which late flowers, such as dahlias, and marigolds and nasturtiums, were still blooming. Many of the floors were bare and brightly polished; this was for coolness during the summer, for it is then very hot in Shanghai. When they went down to tiffin they found the long dining room like that in any American hotel, but the people seated at the tables were talking in many languages, and nearly everyone ate rice and curry, as many of the passengers had done on board the ship. The rice is steamed and then dressed with a yellow powder, which has a strong, unpleasant odor; but it is considered very wholesome, and people everywhere in Asia eat a great deal of it. The rice was handed round first, and then the servant, a Chinese in a blue frock, of course, brought a small circular tray in which there were various kinds of cold meats and fish, which were also to be eaten with curried rice. Mr. Spencer said that the foreign people who live in China and India have a funny name for newcomers who have not learned to eat rice and curry; they call them "griffins." There was one kind of fruit which Mary and Ellen both thought delicious. They had eaten it in New York, but there it was rather sour and bitter. This was the grape fruit, which the Chinese call pumelo. The Chinese fruit is large, of a pale yellow, with a thin skin, like fine leather; within, it is rich and juicy, with a flavor like ripe cherries. When the "Boy" at their table learned how much the girls liked the pumelo he never failed to put

one on their table, morning, noon and night, smiling, as if he were very glad to please them, as indeed he was.

IV. IN AND AROUND SHANGHAI

MARY and Ellen felt the same surprise in Shanghai as they had experienced in Honolulu at seeing so many fine shops.

The book stores are as good as those in New York, but they noticed that nearly all the books had been printed in London or Paris, and very few in America. What we call dry goods stores, the people speak of as "drapers' shops," the word that is always used in England. But even in the English quarter of Shanghai are splendid Chinese shops. The shrewd Chinese merchants are glad to carry on their business in this part of the city where there are good streets and sidewalks, and where they can depend upon the foreigners visiting them and buying, as they always do. Many of these Chinese merchants have thus become quite rich, and, if they do not like the foreigners, they are very careful to conceal it, and are most polite.

The day after they landed, while Mr. Spencer went to one of the great banks to meet the gentlemen for whom he was to do business, Mrs. Spencer and the two girls decided to go out for a drive. The rain had ceased and the sun shone bright and warm; everything was fresh and delightful, and they were eager to be off.

A carriage was ordered, a low victoria with a fat, white

Chinese pony. The Chinese driver who sat on the box wore a dark green gown with several capes bordered with red; his hat had a drooping brim and a queer, peaked crown covered with threads of crimson, like coarse fringe. A boy sat beside him, dressed in the same way. The driver and

On the Bund

the boy are called in Chinese the "Mafu" and the "little Mafu."

"Mafu" drove the fat pony that trotted along soberly enough, and "little Mafu" leaped on and off the box as nimbly as a squirrel, to open doors, or to carry parcels. Sometimes he ran ahead to the corner to see if other carriages were coming, against which he feared they might collide, for the Chinese are not careful drivers. After buying some gloves

and ribbons, Mrs. Spencer told the "Mafu" to drive to one of the large Chinese shops. He could understand English pretty well, but he talked a queer mixture which in China is called "pidgin," or "business" English, "pidgin" being as near to "business" as the Chinese tongue can get. Ellen and Mary had noticed that the Chinese can not pronounce "r," and a few other letters of our alphabet; that they use the letter "l" a great deal, and end many words with "ee." They speak, too, in strange, singing tones, the voice rising and falling, and Mrs. Spencer said that this was because Chinese is what is called a "tone language."

In addition to all the words that they use, each word may be pronounced in several tones, each tone changing the meaning of the word. This has made it very hard for foreigners to learn the language, and, by pronouncing a word in the wrong tone they make some funny mistakes at which not even the polite Chinese can help laughing.

In the Chinese shop they saw many fine things in silver, — buckles, flasks, bracelets and vases,— all richly chased and carved, the work of Chinese silversmiths, who do all work by hand. There were also wonderful fans, brushes and caskets carved in ivory. There were curious ivory balls, one within the other, the large outer ball often containing a dozen or more smaller ones, all delicately carved in lace-like designs. There were also collections of sandalwood boxes, and fans, and feather fans made of the plumage of the golden pheasant with peacock feather borders, or of white goose feathers painted in flowers of blue, pink and bright green, the colors that the Chinese admire so much. One bracelet was made of carved peach stones,—

flat, polished disks on which flowers, vines, birds and dragons had been carefully carved, each disk set in a gold lace-work called filigree.

Mrs. Spencer bought some pieces of fine grass-cloth,—thin, silvery linen which is woven in the southern provinces and in Canton from a kind of hemp, or the fiber of a nettle. Each piece was tied up in a neat parcel with threads of glossy pink and green silk, with the name of the merchant on it in Chinese letters.

From this shop they drove into the New Chiang Road where all the shops are Chinese; they have neither doors nor windows, but heavy wooden shutters that are closed and fastened at night. Piles of silk and cloth were arranged on shelves, as in the foreign shops, and coats of blue, brown, black and plain colored satin, many of them lined with costly fur, were hung in lines overhead or in front. Ellen thought the gay little hats and caps for Chinese babies the prettiest things of all; they were of blue, red and green silk, with festoons of bits of metal, like coins, and white, pink, blue and green silk tassels, the cap thickly embroidered with gold thread; each little hat had a silken tuft on top, and many of the caps had coverings for the ears edged with gray fur. Mrs. Spencer said that the baby is named when it is one month old, and the Chinese ladies often take to the feast that is given at that time, quantities of these little metal coins which, when no longer needed, are given to some other baby. The girls thought this very economical, and after they had lived in China awhile they learned that the Chinese never waste anything, but everything they have does service as long as it can be made to last. They do not think it wrong to give to someone else,

things that have been given to them but which they can no longer use. Ellen said that this was much better than storing them away in some box or drawer to get dingy and yellow, and she decided that she herself would follow this sensible Chinese fashion.

When they had finished their shopping they drove out on the Bubbling Well Road. It is a fine, smooth road, like an avenue in an American city, but the large villas on either side are like English houses except that each has deep, shady verandas which are seldom seen in England. The grounds were surrounded by high brick walls, but the gates stood open and they could see the neat graveled walks, the smooth lawns, and flower beds. The road was given its name from a spring, or well, in which the water bubbles and boils where it flows out of the ground. There were many carriages like their own, with "Mafu" and "little Mafu" on the box in dark gowns, the capes bordered with all the colors of the rainbow. Two gaily dressed Chinese ladies, who could not have walked upon their tiny feet, rolled along in a great coach, the back, sides and front of which were all of glass. The Chinese admire these coaches very much. A Chinese gentleman was carried by in his sedan chair, which is a curtained box with poles on either side, extending in front and at the rear. These poles rest on the shoulders of coolies who trot quickly along chanting a melancholy tune by which they time their steps. The gentleman was dressed in silk and wore huge spetcacles with rims of tortoise shell. Mary thought that he stared at them scornfully, as no doubt he did, for Chinese gentlemen think it wrong for girls and women to go about alone. Their own wives and daughters rarely leave their homes.

They saw the pretty willow-pattern tea house, which every one visits who goes to Shanghai. It is on an island in the midst of a crooked pond which winds between its banks almost like a river, and which is spanned by a number of graceful Chinese bridges. Mary said that the bridges and the tea house were like a picture on a willow-pattern plate, which she had seen at her grandmother's. Her mother replied that this was true, and that the plate had really been painted by a Chinese artist, and that her uncle, a sea captain, had brought it from China a great many years before. After leaving the tea house they drove in another direction, through the "native city." The Chinese themselves had built it, and they live there as they do in other parts of China, in low, dark houses with gray-tiled roofs, turned upward at the eaves. Many of the streets are so narrow that the carriage could not be driven through them; they are paved, but are so dirty that Ellen and Mary hardly dared to look about them. The streets are not only dirty and narrow, but they are very dark. The upper stories of the houses project so that they almost shut out the sun, and from the balconies perpendicular signs are swung — heavy boards painted in colors and covered with the queer Chinese characters in gold. The streets were crowded with people who were buying and selling; many were eating at the open-air restaurant. Rice, fish, pork and many kinds of greasy cakes were being sold which the cooks were frying in large kettles of boiling oil.

They went for a short distance into the country amongst the rice fields which were still green. Here Mary and Ellen saw a number of large boxes standing about, which they knew at once, from their shape, to be coffins. One, stained

with mud, had been buried and dug up again. The deep hole out of which it had been taken had not been refilled, and it was full of water. Some of the boxes had been protected with low roofs; others were partially inclosed in brick and around others rolls of matting had been securely tied. A few had been left quite unprotected. Mary and Ellen did not need to be told that these were the coffins of people whose families were too poor to buy graves. It was very sad and dismal, and they were glad when the "Mafu" turned and drove back to Shanghai. The Park along the Bund was filled with well-dressed men and women, and there were many little English children with their *amahs,* or Chinese nurses, who are the only natives allowed to sit on benches or stroll about the paths. The tide was out, and where the Wusang had spread under the bridge to the low banks was now a stretch of mud. Scores of native boats, sampans and junks loaded with cotton and crockery from the west, were stuck fast, waiting for the tide to rise and float them off.

When they reached their room their good "Boy," Tuck Kee, had lighted the fire and the tea table was drawn up in front of the cheerful blaze. The tea and toast had been kept hot, and it was very inviting after the long drive.

They began to think that they should like living in China very much if they could only forget the coffins.

V. A HOUSE BOAT JOURNEY

THE week after they reached Shanghai, a friend of Mr. Spencer invited the family to go with him on a journey to Suchau and Modo in his house boat. Mary and Ellen had read about Chinese house boats but they had never seen one. They knew that people who could do so preferred to travel in this way, as the roads everywhere in China are very bad. They are cut into deep ruts by the heavy wheels of Chinese carts and wagons and are never graded or repaired in any way. When it rains in the spring and autumn they are so muddy that it is hard work to get about at all. When it has been raining for a long time the roads are like deep ditches—so full of water that men are sometimes drowned in them. The people have made canals everywhere, the largest of which is the Grand Canal. These waterways are much better than the roads for they never have to be mended. The Chinese do not like to mend anything but their clothes, their shoes, their fences and their broken dishes, all of which they do very neatly. They wear one suit of clothes the year round, wadding it with cotton in the winter. We do not think this very nice or cleanly, but it is the best that they can do, and they seem really cleaner than many of the poor in our own great cities. As the roads are so bad, thousands and thousands of Chinese travel through the country on the canals and the great rivers, and a large part of what they have to sell,— grain, cotton, oil, vegetables and wool,— they take to the markets in boats, as the people do in Holland. Ellen and Mary learned, too, that millions of the very poorest people are born in boats, live all their lives there, and die

in them at last. They saw thousands of boat people in Wusung creek, the boats lying side by side. A small piece of matting was curved above the middle of the boat, forming a low roof under which a man could hardly stand erect. The father, mother and children were crowded together in this narrow space. It is very cold in the winter,

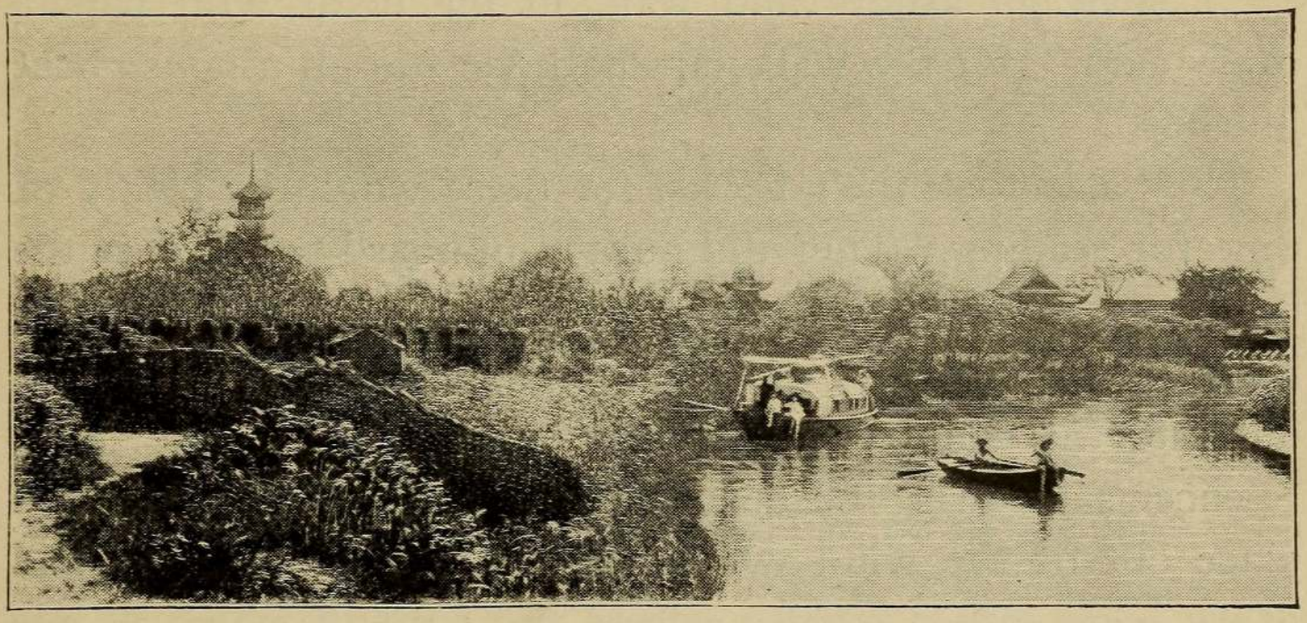
Life in the Boats

although around Shanghai there is little frost or snow, and as they have no fire but the handful of charcoal which they burn in a brazier over which they boil their tea and rice when they are so fortunate as to have any, they suffer very much. Sometimes they own a duck or a chicken and the poor fowl is tied fast by the leg to the boat so that it

can not run away. Mary saw a cat tied in this way, its fur matted and dirty, huddled up as if it were very wretched. It probably was, for Chinese cats in the boats and hovels of the poor cannot keep clean, and they get very little to eat and no milk, which the Chinese do not use.

The two girls were much interested in the house boat. They had seen several lying near the bridge, not far from the hotel. Most of them belonged to foreigners, although the wealthy Chinese also have such boats comfortably fitted up with plate glass windows curtained with silk. Mary and Ellen saw that the house boat was not unlike an American canal boat except that it was made of dark, polished wood. There were decks, fore and aft. The owner and his friends sat forward, this deck being spread with rugs and furnished with wicker chairs. The Chinese crew stayed aft, sleeping under the low deck and squatting about the rice kettle and teapot which they brought out above deck. The saloon was supplied with divans covered with crimson which were curtained at night and served for beds; racks along the sides held papers and books, and there were lockers for the clothes and the rugs. It was well lighted with many small windows which were shaded with blinds that could be drawn at night or when the sun streamed in too brightly. They ate at an ordinary table which was spread with linen and china and silver, just as it would have been at home. On such a boat it is necessary for travelers to take with them everything that they may require, for very little can be bought in the cities that they may visit. It is a great deal of trouble to get ready for a house boat journey, and several days before one starts lists are made out of food, bedding, dishes, cooking utensils, linen and supplies of all

sorts. These are carefully gone over to see that nothing has been forgotten. Chinese servants do not like the house boat very much; they prefer to stay quietly at home and so avoid the trouble of packing and unpacking. All the cooking is done on board, and the cook and the boy who waits at table must go with the boat. The house boat is propelled by large sails, and, when the wind is in the wrong direction, by trackers, as the men are called who drag the boat along by means of a heavy rope. They walk on the



The House Boat

bank in a narrow, beaten path, like a towpath, pulling and shouting with all their might. The captain, or the man in charge, is called the "Laota," which in Chinese means "old great." He usually makes a great deal of noise, screaming and using very bad language, fortunately in Chinese, so the foreigners on board are none the wiser. He calls the poor, patient trackers "pigs" and other ugly names, to which they make no reply, tugging uncomplainingly at the heavy rope. When the wind favors, the trackers

raise the great sail and do other work as the "Laota" directs.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer and the two girls were the guests of Mr. Scott, who lived in Shanghai and who owned the boat. People in Shanghai, who are very kind and hospitable, often entertain their foreign visitors in this way.

They were to be gone four or five days and Ellen and Mary put on their thick gowns and boots, for it is cool on the water.

"I shall go ashore and walk in the fields with papa," Mary said, "for the walks are half the fun on a house boat journey."

They also took their books, for there would be plenty of time for reading. They did not go on board the boat at the bridge where she lay, because it would take so long to steer through the crowded junks and sampans; but they drove out into the country and waited on the river bank. Mrs. Spencer sat down on a bench by the roadside in a sheltered place out of the wind which was rather keen. Ellen and Mary went into a garden across the road in which people were allowed to walk and climbed to the steps of a wooden tower. They could see the low gray roofs and the walls which shut in the native city, and the green rice fields which stretched away in every direction. The river wound across the level plain like a yellow ribbon, and there were hundreds of boats—the little dispatch boats which moved rapidly, rowed with the feet instead of the hands,—junks and house boats. Leather gloves were fastened to some of the oars, and the hands of the boatmen were thrust into them.

Mary and Ellen laughed at this queer custom but Ellen said:

"I think after all it is a very sensible fashion. I am sure that these boatmen never lose their gloves and always know just where to find them. The only trouble is that they can use them only when they are rowing. It would be a great deal of trouble to unfasten them from the oars every time they wanted to wear them."

The large sails of the junks came slowly in sight, the heavy vessels propelled both by the wind, which was blowing in the right direction, and by the tide which was rising fast and would carry them on their way for thirty miles. Some of the sails were of matting, like those they had seen in the Inland Sea; others were of cloth,— brown, gray, blue and even dark red in color. They were so graceful, towering aloft in the clear air with their soft, pleasing colors that they reminded Mary, she said, of flocks of great birds with wide-spread wings. At last they heard their mother call them and they ran down the steps and across the road. Their boat was in sight, the tall gray sails filling in the fresh, cool wind, and, what pleased them most of all, their own American flag fluttering at the bow. The "Laota" was on the forward deck, shouting and gesticulating to attract as much attention from the other boats as possible, so that other crews might see and envy the wonderful foreign house boat with its shining windows and the gay red and white flag, for the Chinese have a great admiration for flags.

Presently the boat was brought about close to the shore; the plank was thrown out, one end resting on the deck and the other on the low bank, and they walked across this and were soon all on board. As they did not wish to lose the tide, the plank was raised at once and they moved slowly

up stream. They were delighted with everything,— the low, soft divans heaped with cushions, the pretty cabin with its warm hangings, and flounces on the shelves and table. In one corner was a small stove, firmly fastened in its place, in which a bright fire was burning.

"I like the deck best," said Mary, "although the cabin is so snug and pretty. I think that I shall sit out there. I want to see the boats, the river, the fields, and the queer people."

She went accordingly, without loss of time, and when she had seated herself in a low chair, Ah Lum, Mr. Scott's "Number One Boy," came and wrapped her up snugly in warm wolf-skin rugs. She was happy and comfortable and presently Mrs. Spencer and Ellen came on deck, too, and were deeply interested in the strange sights all about them. "This is really China," said Ellen. The boats, both going up and down stream, grew thicker and thicker. On many women and even children were tugging at the oars, while the men squatted on their heels, smoking and gossiping and eating rice, or drinkng tea.

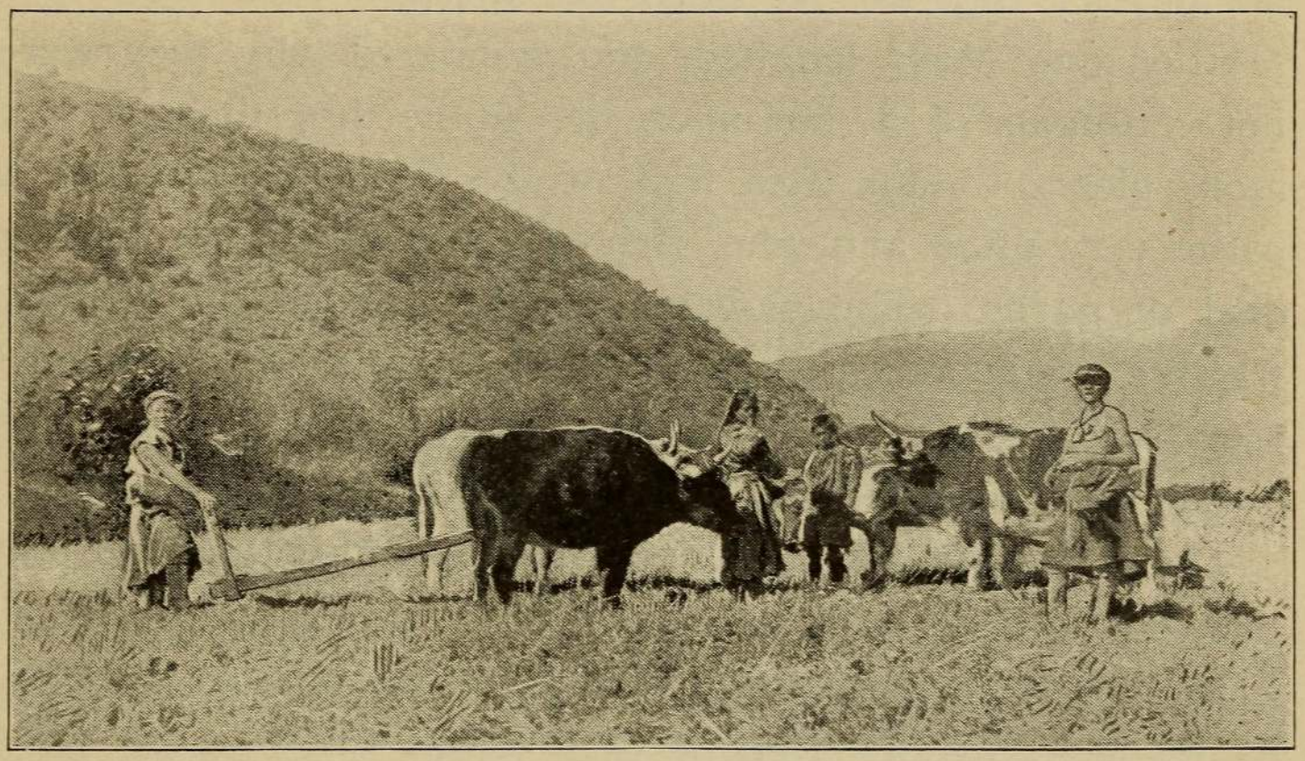
"I think the poor women in China must lead very sad lives," said Mary. "They do all the hard work, they are not allowed to rest or enjoy themselves, and the children are not so merry and happy as the children in Japan; and yet people are poor in that country, too, and have to work hard and have but little to eat."

Mrs. Spencer could not explain this, but she said that the Japanese seem to be a more hopeful and a happier race than the Chinese. They are extremely fond of children, the parents playing with them and amusing them as if they themselves were children.

They saw a man plowing a field with a rude, heavy plow drawn by a strange animal; it was big, awkward and covered with thick, dark brown hair, the long horns bent backward toward the ears.

"What is it?" asked Mary.

"It is the water buffalo," she was told, "which is used everywhere throughout the East, in China, the Philippines and India for plowing and drawing carts, as we use horses.



Plowing with the Buffalo

It is really an animal that lives much of the time in water and loves to wallow in the soft mud, in which, when it can, it buries itself up to the eyes. Once every day at least the buffalo must have its bath; otherwise it almost goes mad, running in a frenzy and attacking whatever is in the way. The Chinese could hardly live without their water buffalo; nothing else could take its place in the marshy rice fields, although we get on without it in our Southern

States. However, we do not raise rice in quite the same way."

Just then an ugly dog that was following the man turned, glared at the house boat and barked fiercely, and the buffalo began to rear and plunge in fright. They were near the shore and could see the animal distinctly. "They have caught scent of us," said Mr. Scott. "All Chinese animals hate the scent of a foreigner. The Chinese themselves do not like it; they say we smell like sheep."

Ellen and Mary laughed, and wondered why they were not conscious of it, but upon the whole they thought it a more pleasant odor than that of the Chinese who do not bathe very often and who, rich and poor alike, eat a great deal of garlic. The plowman finally quieted the buffalo, which moved across the field, but the shaggy dog ran toward them, still growling and barking. Fortunately he could not get at them and he was soon left behind.

Then Ah Lum, Mr. Scott's "Boy," sounded the gong and tiffin was served.

In the afternoon the house boat was dragged near the bank by the trackers, the plank was lowered and they all went ashore for a walk. They enjoyed the brisk exercise in the cold, invigorating air, and Mary and Ellen came back with their hair tossed by the wind and their cheeks glowing like roses.

Dinner was quite like dinner at home, with soup and fish and a joint, and fruit and cakes for dessert. It had all been prepared in a tiny closet, which served as a kitchen, behind the saloon. Here Ah Chung, the cook, and Ah Lum also spread down their mats and slept at night. Mrs. Spencer said that many a foreign cook, with a great, roomy kitchen,

could not have prepared so good a dinner as that which Ah Chung got for them in his dark little galley.

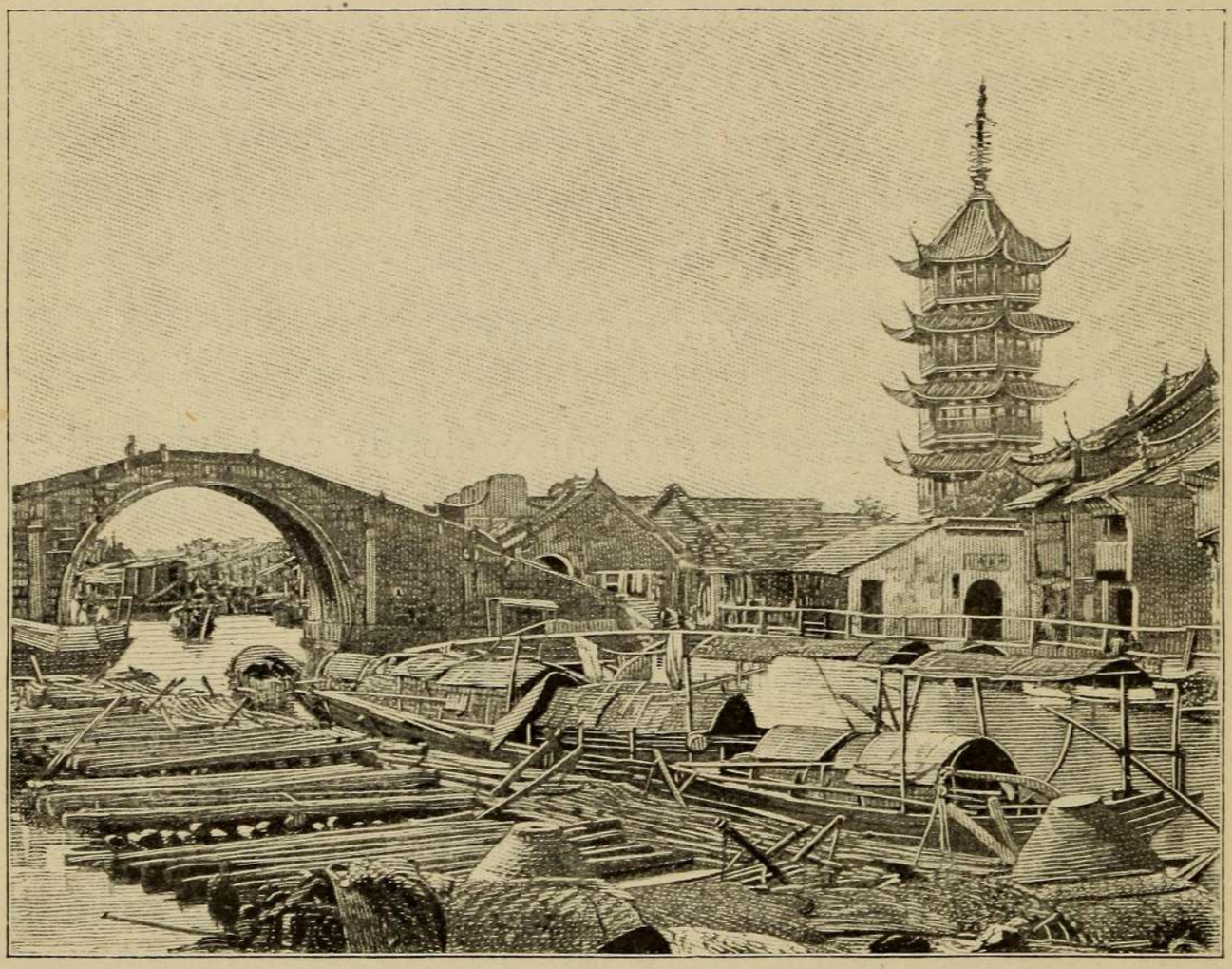
After dinner they talked and read; then the divans were covered with sheets and blankets and the thick crimson curtains were hung around them. Mary and Ellen soon went to sleep, the water rippling drowsily under their window.

VI. MODO

THE next morning it was quite cloudy and when they awoke and looked out of the window the creek was still covered with boats. The "Laota" had come in and built the fire, and they could hear Ah Lum in the little kitchen chatting to Ah Chung among his pots and pans. Breakfast would soon be ready, so they dressed quickly, put on their hats and coats and went out on the deck, where they found their father and mother enjoying the fresh air. Ah Lum came into the saloon, took down the curtains and put them away, stored the bedding in the lockers, opened the doors and windows and put everything in order for the day. The table was set and they were called to breakfast, for which they were quite ready.

They had now left Wusung creek and entered the Grand Canal. This is one of the great waterways of China. It has been used for more than a thousand years, and is seven hundred miles long. It is like a broad river with low banks, except that there is almost no current. Hundreds of small

canals empty into it which are like private roads, with little water gates that can be opened and closed. Up and down these canals boats were passing to the farms beyond. The Grand Canal near the villages is spanned by sharply arched bridges under which the junks can move, some of them

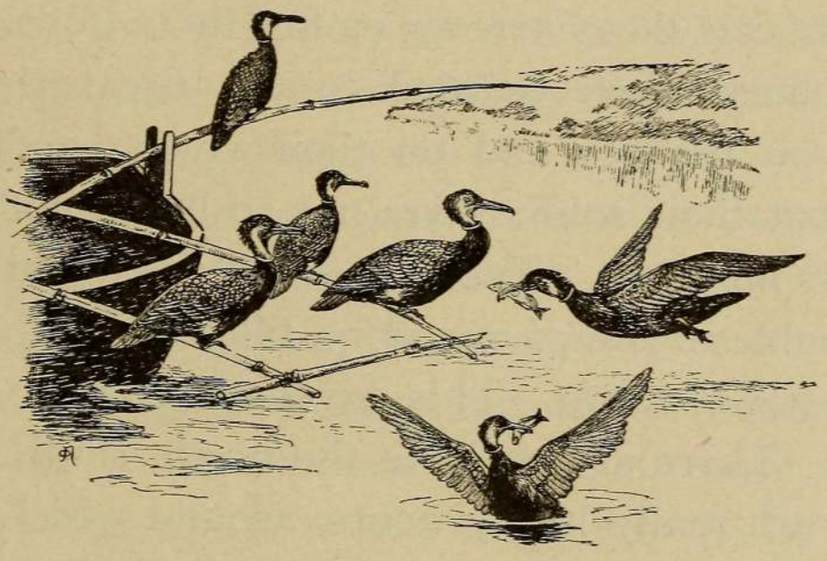


The Grand Canal

without even lowering their sails. Men and boys leaned over the bridges and looked down at them, chattering and laughing, and talking about them very frankly. They knew the flag, and pointed it out to each other. Mr. Scott understood the language and he said that they were not disrespectful, for the Chinese have always been friendly to Americans;

but they made jokes as they always do about everything. At one village, where a small creek emptied into the canal, they saw a crowd gathered about a sampan upon the sides of which some large white birds were sitting; they had bills like geese, but their necks were long and slender.

"What are they?" asked Mary, watching the crowd of Chinese who appeared to be admiring the birds extremely. Their owner was so interested in talking about them,— telling no doubt of their wonderful exploits,— that he did not at first notice the approach of the house boat.



Fishing Cormorants

"Those are cormorants," said Mr. Scott. "The Chinese find them very useful for fishing. The birds are taken out on the water, the hungrier they are the better. For that matter, they seem to be always hungry. A tight collar is fastened around the neck, not tight enough to choke them, or to hurt them, but fitting so closely that they cannot swallow. When their owner reaches the fishing grounds the cormorants are let loose, and dive after the fish which they can see at a great depth. They seize a fish in their bills, but cannot swallow it because of the snug collar. They are brought back into the boat and the fish taken from them, but every time they are rewarded with a morsel which can slip down their throats. They are supposed

to be very greedy, although perhaps they do not eat much more than ducks and geese, who are hunting food most of the time. But they have the name of being greedy and now we use the word 'cormorant' sometimes when we speak of a very greedy man."

The birds were not disturbed by the crowd, but they appeared dull and stupid, as if they had had more to eat than was good for them, which happens sometimes to human beings as well as to cormorants.

All the larger cities of China are enclosed in high brick walls with openings at regular intervals along the top through which soldiers can shoot arrows or fire their guns, for the Chinese nowadays have learned to use firearms. They have warships on the sea and on their rivers, and armies on the land; but their soldiers are not so brave nor so well trained as the Japanese. The city walls are about thirty feet high,— double walls of masonry filled in with earth and paved with stone on top. This pavement is about twenty-five feet wide. There are gates to the north, south, east and west, which are really heavy doors, around which are built two other walls at right angles, forming a hollow square; in this inner wall is another gate opening into the streets of the city. The gates are closed at night and should a traveler arrive too late he must wait outside until morning when the gates are opened again.

The double gates are for better defense, for, if the outer gate is broken down, there is still another to be forced, which the people may be able to defend and thus save themselves and their homes. The strong brick walls are so high that it is hard work to scale them; and, besides this, there is either a canal, as at Suchau, or a wide, deep ditch

filled with water, called a moat, dug all around them; the walls cannot then be reached except by boats, which are in danger of being sunk. The double walls, the outer and inner, are filled with earth and paved on top. Grass, shrubs, and even small trees spring up in the cracks of the pavement. In the autumn people are allowed to gather the weeds, grass and dead leaves, which they use for fuel.

The house boat reached Suchau the second day and passed under the wall, but they decided to go on to Modo, and then return.

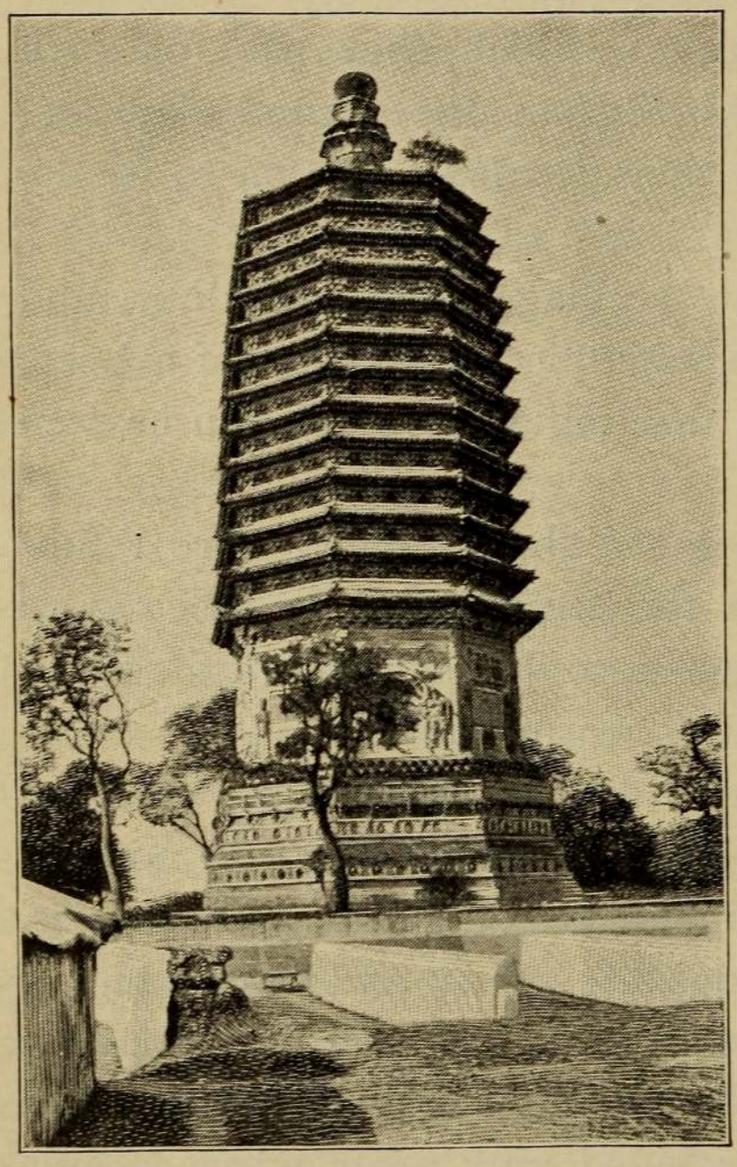
Modo is little more than a village, dark and dirty, and crowded with people. It lies huddled at the foot of a steep, high hill — the only hill in that region — which can be seen for a long distance.

They did not wait to see the shops, which were rather poor, but hurried through the crowds that had begun to gather to stare at the foreigners, to the outskirts of the town, a wide, grassy space like an open meadow.

A young Chinese prince had once lived in the pleasure garden which he laid out on top of the hill, but now nothing is left but a temple — a Chinese pagoda with many stories, or terraces, rising one above the other, and narrowing at the top. A zig-zag brick pavement has been laid from the foot to the very top of the hill, and at regular distances are broad paved spaces provided with seats where people can rest. There are many graves upon the hillside; some are the graves of nobles and soldiers, with moss-grown inscriptions in Chinese letters on the headstones. They had long been forgotten, and the withered grass around them rustled softly, as if whispering their story.

It was a long, hard climb and Mrs. Spencer and the girls

rested from time to time upon the stone benches. Then they started on again and were soon at the top of the hill. Mr. Scott was there before them, with their father. The pagoda from the foot of the hill appeared airy and graceful, but near at hand it was gray and grimy and falling into decay. At each corner, from the lowest terrace to the top, was hung a small bronze bell; the clapper was a thin piece of metal shaped like the leaf of a lotus, a kind of water lily which both the Japanese and Chinese consider a sacred flower. As the wind blew the bells to and fro, they gave out a faint musical chime that was sweet but very mournful. Within the temple were many altars, upon which were figures of Buddha, whom many of the Chinese worship, and about the figures were arranged vases and candlesticks of burnished brass. There were also fierce and scowling gods whom the people worship, for the Chinese think that they must keep the wicked gods in a good humor by offering them gifts, for fear they will do them harm.



A Pagoda

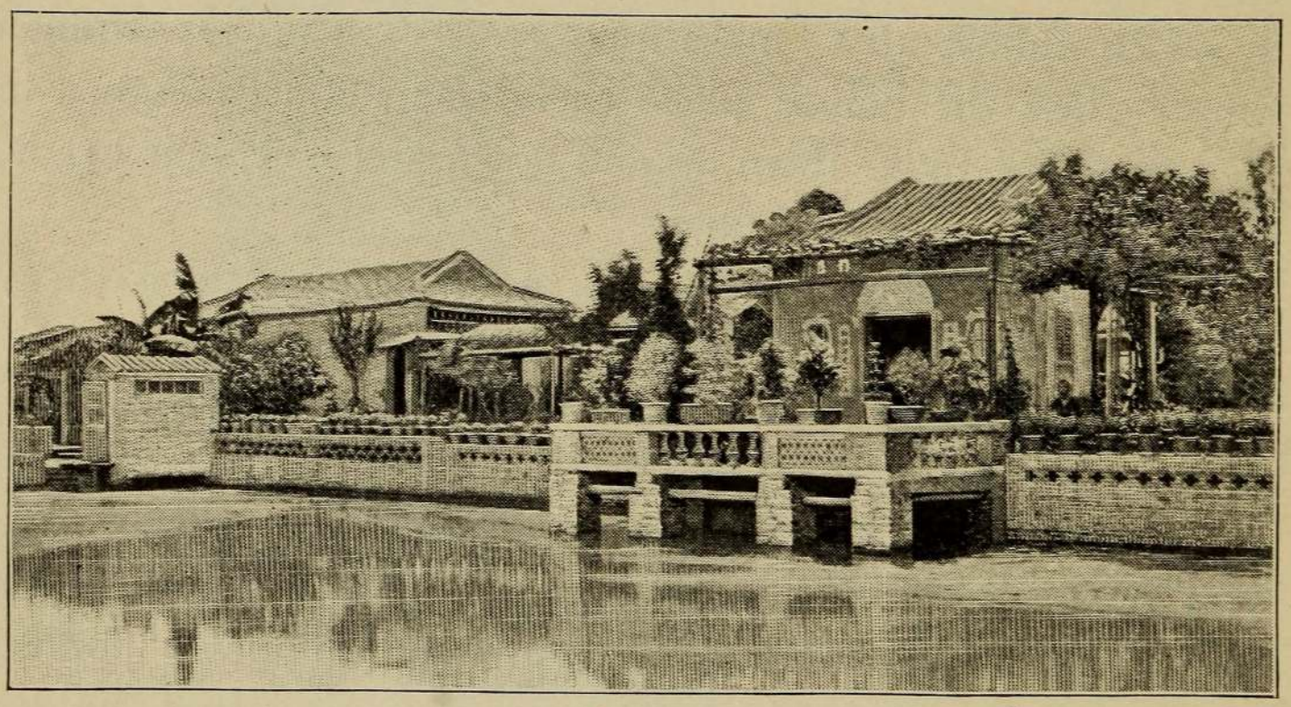
The priests that live in these temples, though poor and ignorant, are often quite gentle and polite. The heads of the Buddhist priests are shaved smooth, and they wear dirty clothes of rags which they have patched together. Travelers can often lodge in the temples, and can almost always buy food of the priests. The young man who came to meet them at the entrance of the pagoda closed his hands and placed one upon the other, raised them to his forehead, and then bowed almost to the ground. This is the way in which almost all Chinese men greet each other; women simply close the hands, place them one upon the other in the same way, move them up and down and nod their heads. Ellen thought this very queer.

"They shake their own hands in this funny, topsy-turvy country," she said, "instead of shaking ours!"

The priest spoke to Mr. Scott in Chinese and then invited them to be seated upon the narrow benches near a table, and there he left them. He came back in a little while with cups and hot water. A pinch of tea or dried willow leaves was placed in each cup and the hot water poured over them, the cup, which had a lid, resting in a holder like a saucer with a hole in the middle of it. The holder was to keep the hot cup from burning the fingers, and the lid was to prevent one from swallowing the tea leaves, it being lifted just a little as one drinks. Mary's cup was bluish-white porcelain, covered with lovely flowers and vines, and Mr. Scott bought it for her from the priest as a keepsake. Ellen was also allowed to keep hers. After the tea was poured the priest brought them some Chinese delicacies, roasted pumpkin seeds, sugared peanuts and thin strips of rice flour paste that seemed to have been dried instead of baked. Had

they been really hungry, this fare would not have been very satisfying. The priests had a little garden, and a few geese in a pond, but Mr. Scott said that they do not like to work; they are about the only lazy people in China.

Nothing was left of the pleasure garden but the lotus pond which was dry and in which nothing grew. It was a square basin walled with stone and had once been full of water. It must have been very pretty then with the pink



A Chinese Garden

and white blossoms of the lotus and the dark glossy leaves floating on its surface.

A path led to the crest of the hill overlooking a broad valley, green with rice fields, the canals that separated them glittering in the sunshine like silver. To the west they could see a chain of lakes, and far off the dark walls of Suchau.

The young Prince of Modo had chosen a beautiful site for his pleasure garden. Mr. Scott told them his story. He had been at war with his neighbor, the powerful Prince of

Hangchau, who at last, when he saw that he could not conquer his enemy, pretended to make friends with him and gave him his lovely young daughter for his wife. The Prince of Modo loved his young wife very dearly. She must have been both wise and good, for he was so anxious to please her and to make her happy. He got for her everything she wished, and made the lotus pond and the garden and built the palace that she might not regret that she had left her own family and her home. They were so contented that they quite forgot the world. The Prince did not care to fight any longer and he spent all his time with his beautiful Princess in the palace, or walking about the garden, or feeding the gold fish in the lotus pond. One day the cruel and treacherous Prince of Hangchau marched quietly into Modo with his army, put the young Prince to death, destroyed the palace, and carried his daughter back to Hangchau.

Ellen thought that this was a very sad story, and she stopped a moment by the empty lotus pond and tried to picture the young Princess with her bright black eyes and glossy black hair, and knew how she must have mourned for her husband.

The sun was setting when they started down the hill again, and it was quite dark when they went on board, the " Laota " ordering the men to hoist the sail. In the morning they were at Suchau, and ready to go ashore again for more sight-seeing, after they had had their breakfast.

VII. SUCHAU

NEITHER carts nor jinrikishas could be hired in Suchau, so they prepared for a long walk. Mary and Ellen were young and strong, and they did not object to this, and they were so interested in what they saw that they did not realize that they were tired until they had come back to the house boat.

Ah Chung stayed on board to have tiffin ready for them, while the "Laota" and the Chinese crew hurried away to the Chinese inns to gossip with their friends, to smoke, and to drink tea.

The streets of Suchau are like those of the native city of Shanghai,—paved with stone, narrow, dark and dirty. But some of the shops were quite splendid. At the jeweler's they saw fine gems and collections of pearls which the Chinese prize much more than diamonds. At a florist's they were shown queer dwarfed trees in pots of blue porcelain. The roots had never been allowed room to grow, and the stunted boughs, clipped and pruned, were gnarled and twisted like the boughs of very old trees. The Chinese consider these dwarf trees very ornamental. They buy them for their gardens or courtyards and protect them from the cold in the winter. There were also small spruce trees cut into the form of storks, lions and other animals; bits of glass were used for the eyes and in the mouths were tongues made of red cloth. The florist was so pleased with their notice that he invited them into the shop and led the way to the court in the rear, which must have been very pretty in the spring and summer, when the plum, apricot and quince trees were in bloom and the pond covered with lotus blos-

soms. The chrysanthemums were budding, but it was as yet too early for the blossoms. Mr. Scott showed them how cunningly the gardener had grafted the slips of chrysanthemum on a strong, coarse weed, the artemisia, because the large stem of the latter could nourish the flowers much better than the slender stalks of the chrysanthemum itself. There was no grass in this Chinese garden, and none in any garden that they saw afterwards. Grass does not grow well anywhere in China. None of the plants were set in beds as we grow them, but they were all planted in porcelain pots which we would have thought much too fine for flower pots, and these were placed in rows along the walks. One large ash tree grew in the center of the court. The gardener was very proud of it, as there are so few trees in China. The girls noticed several of the dwarf trees which were set where they could not fail to be seen; there was a rockery like a miniature mountain, with toy bridges spanning little chasms, and rivulets trickling down the miniature cliffs.

The florist offered them tea, and was much pleased when Mrs. Spencer bought some flowers which he arranged very prettily.

After they had left the florist's shop they passed the fish market, where they saw a clever plan which the Chinese have for keeping fish alive until they are ready to be eaten. A number of boxes filled with water are arranged one above the other in such a way that a running stream falls continually from the upper box into those beneath. In the lowest box, which is placed upon the ground, the fish swim about, able to breathe in the water that has thus been mixed with air. They saw another sight, however, which made them shiver,—men scaling fish before they had been killed. These

men did not seem to notice or care how the poor creatures writhed and struggled.

"It is dreadful," said Mrs. Spencer.

"You will see a great deal of such cruelty," Mr. Scott told her. "The people in China do not treat dumb creatures kindly, and they can not understand why we are so considerate of them. It may be," he added, "that they have been so cruelly treated themselves in the past that they have now ceased to feel sympathy for anything."

As they passed a house they heard a child sobbing and crying. It was being beaten by its mother, and the blows of the stick could be distinctly heard. Mrs. Spencer wished to go into the house and stop the angry mother, who shouted and scolded.

"No," said Mr. Scott, "you must never meddle with Chinese children. Foreigners are suspected of bewitching them, stealing them, and then putting them to death. Although the Chinese themselves leave their baby daughters in the streets to die, they can be stirred up to burn and kill if they can be made to believe that foreigners harm the little ones in any way."

They went on very quickly but Mrs. Spencer could not forget the crying of the poor baby that she would have liked to rescue if she could have done so. They intended to visit a large temple in the very heart of the city, and found it rather hard to get through the crowds that blocked the way,—scores of boys and men following them. They were not unfriendly, fortunately, but the foreigners hurried on, looking neither to the right nor to the left.

When they reached the temple the curious Chinese dropped behind and did not trouble them any more. A great fair

was going on in the temple court where books, crockery and birds in cages were offered for sale. Grown men were amusing themselves spinning tops, for in China even gray-haired grandfathers spin tops and fly kites when the season rolls around, for they have their seasons for such things, just as boys in our country have.

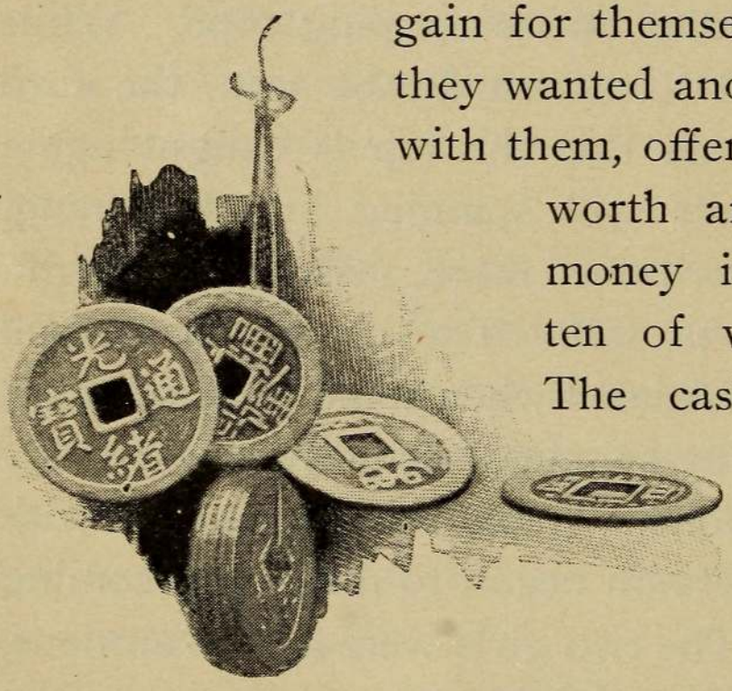
Chinese top-spinning was unlike anything that Mary and Ellen had ever seen; the tops are quite large and make a loud, humming noise, which the Chinese like to hear. The top is thrown on the ground with a quick toss from a cord that had two wooden handles like a skipping rope. While it is whirling so fast that it can hardly be seen, the cord is drawn very tight and on this the top is caught again and tossed high in the air still spinning and humming. Then it is caught on the cord once more, tossed and caught, and never once allowed to fall. The crowd that stood looking on shouted and exclaimed when some pleasing mark of skill was shown, and the spinners themselves were very proud of what they had done. While they were busy with the sport, two of the lookers-on began to dispute, becoming quite excited and angry. The two girls were a little anxious, for they did not know what might happen.

"Do not be frightened," said Mr. Scott, "a Chinese quarrel is all threats and noise. The men do not often come to blows." And, true enough, as the angry men slowly approached each other, screaming and waving their arms, two other men ran after them, seized the fighters by the waist and held on, as if this were necessary to keep them from tearing each other to pieces. The men who were thus held shouted and struggled for a few minutes, and then each allowed himself to be led away by his friend. There had

been a great deal of screaming and threatening, but they had not come to blows and did not really mean to hurt each other. "There!" said Mr. Scott, "that is the way the Chinese fight!"

"And a very good way, I think," said Mrs. Spencer, "if they must lose their tempers. They have had some hard words, but no one is much the worse for it."

The platters and bowls, teapots and cups offered for sale were so pretty and cheap that Mary and Ellen could not keep from buying a few. They could not bargain for themselves, but they chose what they wanted and Ah Lum, who had come with them, offered what the articles were worth and paid for them. The money in use is called "cash," ten of which make but a cent. The cash are round pieces of copper, with a square hole in the center, and they are strung on heavy cords. It is a hard matter, sometimes, to carry enough cash for a long journey, a thousand of the pieces of copper being worth only one dollar in our money. It is a common thing to take the strings of cash in a cart by themselves, or with the other supplies. We think this a very strange custom, but the copper cash are worth so little that ten cents in Chinese money would fill a large pocketbook, and it is too heavy to carry in a purse.



"Cash"

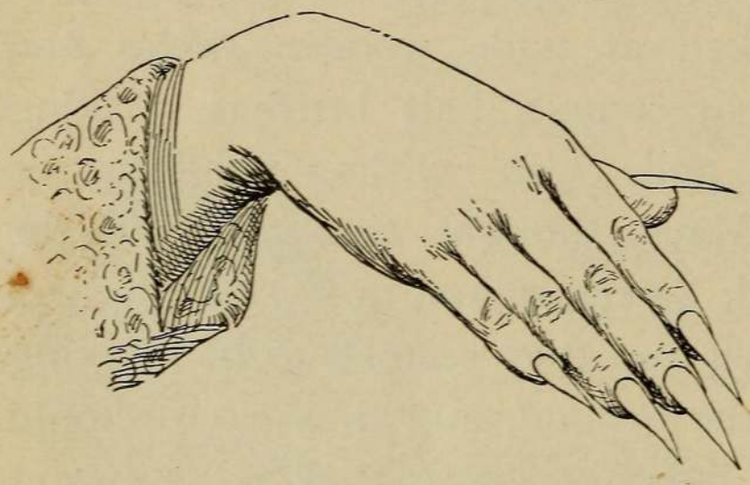
They looked over the collection of porcelain, which was

spread out on the ground, and Mary chose a large platter on which had been painted a big, dull-blue fish caught in a yellow net; on the edge of the platter were some round blue figures meant to represent waves. She also bought a bowl with a very fierce green dragon on it, one paw raised and his mouth open, showing his wicked forked tongue. Ellen selected for herself a cup covered with red lobsters, and a pretty teapot with vines and flowers in pink and blue.

In the temple they found a great many artists painting paper scrolls, such as the girls had seen in the Japanese shops. The artists worked at wide wooden tables and painted with fine, pointed, camel's hair brushes, making every stroke very clear and clean, without blotting or having to rub it out. Mary thought that many of the pictures were, as she said, "very mixed up." The figures were not well proportioned and they seemed to be walking in the air as well as on the ground, and those that should have been painted quite small, because they were meant to be far off, were as large as those that were in the foreground, for Chinese artists do not understand the principles of perspective. The favorite colors were deep blue, pink, green, black and vermilion, and there was no shading.

The girls did not wish to buy any of the scrolls, but Mr. Scott who was a good judge of Chinese pictures gave Mrs. Spencer one which he said was a very fine piece of Chinese painting. It represented a Chinese lady of high rank in a gay dress with wide, flowing sleeves; her hair beautifully dressed with flowers and jewels, her eyes very narrow and slanting, with brows shaped like willow leaves, which the Chinese consider a mark of great beauty. The

finger nails were very long, to show that the lady had never worked. In one hand she held an arrow at which she was looking closely, and on her feet she wore small boots such as Chinese soldiers wore many years ago. "I think it is meant to be a portrait of Malan, a young girl who lived more than a thousand years ago," said Mr. Scott, "but whose story is known everywhere in China and has been made into a poem. Her father was a great general and was wounded in battle so that he could not march at the head of his troops. He had no sons to take his place, and when the brave daughter learned what had happened, she put on a suit of mail, mounted a horse and led the army to battle, and drove the enemy, who had come to burn the cities and kill the people, back to their own country. Her father had been taken to his home when he could no longer fight, and no one knew who the young general was that had taken his place.



Hand Showing the Long Finger Nails

"The Prince sent for Malan to come to the palace that he might reward her. He did not dream that the brave soldier was only a young girl. When she went into his presence and knelt before the throne, he wished to reward her with gifts and honors. She refused them all, and said that she prayed only to return to her aged father, who knew not where she had gone.

"As the Prince desired to please her, he let her go. Those who went with her still thought that she was some brave young soldier that the gods had sent to help them, but at her father's door she uncovered her face, and they saw at once that it was Malan."

The Spencers were quite tired with the morning's sight-seeing, and spent the afternoon quietly on the house boat, resting and reading.

In the evening they took their place in a line of six other boats, and a steam launch towed them down the Canal into the Wusung, and so back to Shanghai. Mary and Ellen had never made so interesting a journey, and for a long time they talked of the odd sights they had seen.

VIII. NORTH TO TAKU

AFTER their return from Suchau, the weather had been very fine, for Shanghai is at its best in the autumn and the early winter months. Mr. Spencer found that he would have to go to Hangchau to be absent for some time, and he thought that while he was away it would be a good plan for Mrs. Spencer and the two girls to visit Peking.

"Everything is so uncertain," he said, "and you should go while you can." Neither realized that it would be their last opportunity to see the Chinese capital as it then was. The Chinese in the North were beginning to hate the foreigners; they believed that they wished to take their

country from them and divide it amongst themselves. They had already given up large tracts along the seacoast, to the foreign powers, and also leased great ports to them at which their ships could lie at anchor. A society called Boxers had been formed to exterminate the foreigners. Even while Mrs. Spencer and her daughters were in Peking, more and more Chinese were joining the Boxers who, some months later, were to march to Peking, killing and destroying everything in their path. These Boxers were ignorant and cruel, and they did not know that many of the foreigners were friendly to their country, and wished to do all that they could to help the Chinese. But no one then knew what was to happen, and Mary and Ellen were anxious to see Peking which had been an ancient city, long, long before Columbus discovered America. They got out their map to see where it was. On the map it seemed to be not far from Shanghai, but they learned, a little later, that it was four days' journey by sea to Taku. There they were to leave the ship for the launch which would carry them to Tongu should the tide be too low for the steamer to enter the Pei-ho River. At Tongu they were to go ashore and take the railway to Tientsin, where they changed for the last time to the main line to Peking. Much as the Chinese hate changes of any sort, they had been forced to allow the railway to be built and they had to endure having the graves of their ancestors removed,— a thing that they dread.

The first part of the journey was to be made in a small steamer, the *Shengking*.

It was rather crowded and not at all clean, although there were a great many Chinese servants on board.

They were to sail from the jetty, not far from the hotel, at noon. It had begun to rain in the night, and it was wet and dismal when they went on board. Mr. Spencer stayed with them until he was told to go ashore, as the gang plank was about to be raised. They had taken on a cargo of rice and crockery, for rice does not grow well in the north where it is too dry and cold. The coolies who were carrying the crates and sacks on board, where they were lowered into the hold or piled on the deck wherever they could be stowed, shouted and quarreled and were very noisy. They were so long at their work that it was almost four o'clock before they heard the sharp clang of the bell that warned the engineer to put on steam, and a moment later they were moving slowly down the Wusung among the shoe boats, sampans and junks.

"It is too bad that it is raining," said Mary. "I should like to see the country when the sun is shining. It would not be so dismal; but in the rain, the level fields and the graves are not cheerful." When they reached the bar they heard a voice chanting what seemed to be a very strange song.

"They are sounding," Mrs. Spencer told Ellen, and she explained how the line and lead are thrown over the side where the water is shallow, to find the depth, in order that the boat may not run aground. They had lost the tide, and had to wait until the turn, because not even the little *Shengking* could cross the Wusung bar at low tide. When the boat again started slowly, the sounding recommenced which Mary and Ellen heard all through the night whenever they awoke.

In the morning the wind was blowing hard and the

sea was rough; it was not at all comfortable on the deck, but they thought it better to sit in the open air than to remain inside. The Captain, who was very kind, had the sailors make a sort of tent out of pieces of sailcloth, which sheltered them from the gale, but the steamer rolled and pitched so that they could not walk about. The Captain had a little shaggy dog that followed him wherever he went, and the dog was miserable and unhappy in the rough weather.

"He is not a good sailor," said the Captain when Mary tried to pet the dog, "but he has gone to sea with me ever since he was a puppy. He is not friendly with strangers, although I do not think he would bite any one." His name was "Peter," and Mary called him and offered him a part of her cake, but he only sniffed at it, and would not touch it. The Captain took it from her and offered it to him, and he snapped it up in a minute. "He is not polite, you see," said the Captain, "and he ought to be ashamed of himself." But Peter only wagged his stumpy tail and trotted after his master who was going up on the bridge where the little gray dog always kept watch, too,

They had sailed on Tuesday, and on Thursday morning they anchored at Chefu, off a steep, rocky coast, which was high, and rugged, and where not so much as a bush could be seen. A few houses stood upon the hillside above the sea. One was a very large building which they learned was a school for foreign boys, where they are taught by missionaries, just as they would be here in our own schools at home.

Mary and Ellen were much surprised to see the American flag flying over one of the houses, and they presently

noticed that the English, German and other flags had been raised over other houses.

"Those are consulates," said Mrs. Spencer. "Our country, and others, send out agents called consuls, who are allowed to live in certain places where they are received and protected by the country to which they are sent. It is their business to protect any of their own countrypeople who may come to the country, and to see that native merchants who buy and sell to merchants in the consul's own country deal honestly, and are in turn, fairly treated. The United States consuls are chosen by Congress. The consuls lead rather lonely lives, sometimes, when there is not much for them to do, but they are usually kind and helpful to any of their countrypeople who may come in their way."

They were now at the entrance of the Gulf of Pechili into which two large rivers empty, the Hoang or Yellow river and the Pei-ho. They did not go ashore, for they were not to stop long in the port. A party of foreigners came on board at Chefu, and among them a lady with four children. The mother was French and the father a Chinese gentleman. The two elder children were quite pretty, and the fat, black-eyed baby was very good tempered; the third, a little girl, who said she was five years old, was very naughty indeed. She pinched and kicked and would not obey either the *amah,* the Chinese nurse, or her mother, who spoke to her in French, and begged her to be good. The Captain brought them a small jar of candies which the naughty girl kept for herself. She took it from her brother and carried it about with her, and the brother and the elder sister were too gentle and polite to complain.

"I think she will be an Empress some day," said Mary.

The storm was over and the sun was warm and bright. The Gulf was full of rocky islands upon which was neither grass nor shrub, yet on some of them were small villages, where, their mother told them, fishermen and their families lived. The Captain said that they would reach Taku early on Saturday morning, and would have breakfast at five o'clock.

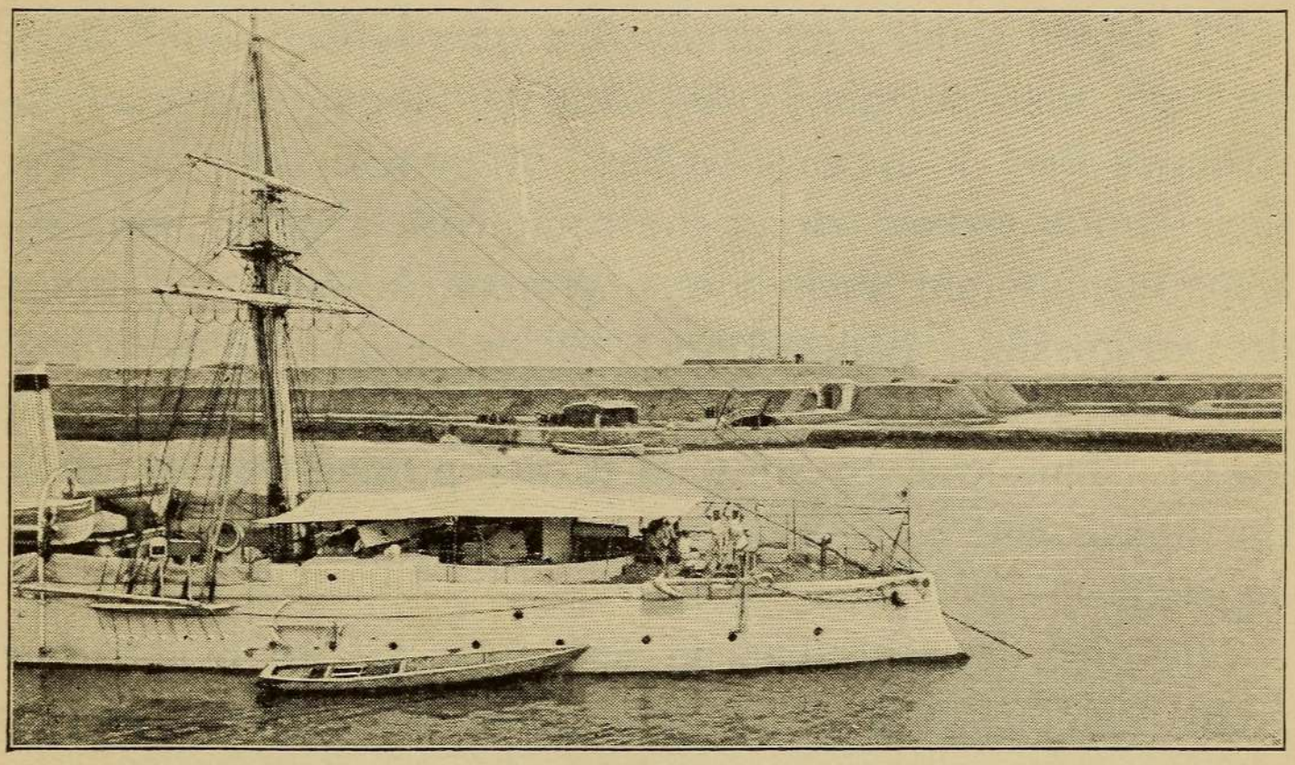
They made everything ready the evening before, and went to bed early. It was well that they did so, for at two o'clock an open barge came alongside into which the crew and the coolies, that came out with the barge, began to unload the cargo that was to be sent up to Tientsin by the Pei-ho.

As they could not sleep on account of the noise, they got up and saw the sun rise. The sky was a strange dull blue, and the bay was as smooth as glass. Other small steamers, like the *Shengking*, lay at anchor, for here, as at the mouth of the Wusung, there is a bar which boats can not cross when the tide is out.

They hurried through breakfast, and then went down the ladder into the steam barge which was to take them ashore. All their luggage was put into the barge with them. Had the weather been bad they would have been well drenched. Fortunately, the morning was clear and warm. The shore could not be sighted from the deck of the *Shengking*, but, in a little while, they saw a line of dull green close to the water, which became more and more distinct as they advanced. At the mouth of the Pei-ho, which was yellow and sluggish, like the Wusung, were the low mud walls of the two Chinese forts, which, before many months, were

to be battered down by the guns of the foreign warships. The houses inside the forts were of gray brick and were very comfortable. There the foreign Health Officers and other officials live who are employed by the Chinese government.

The land along the sea was thickly grown with tall reeds, and the banks of the river were also shut in with reeds like a wall, so that nothing could be seen of the bare



View of the Taku Forts

level land beyond. Two little Chinese warships were lying in the river. They were like the foreign ships that the girls had seen at Shanghai, painted snow white, with all their brass work shining brightly in the sun. The Chinese did not build the ships, which were called torpedo boats, but had bought them in foreign countries. They could see the Chinese sailors on the deck quite plainly as their lumbering barge steamed past. They wore uniforms of white

duck, and caps such as sailors wear, and their queues were wound round their heads so as to be out of the way.

The passengers from the *Shengking* were to land at Tongu, which is up the river some distance from Taku. Mary and Ellen thought that they had never seen such a dreary place. The houses were all of mud, with windows in which sheets of paper were used instead of glass. At the ends of the streets were curtains of matting which were let down at night, so that robbers might not get in.

"I should think almost any sort of a robber could break through that curtain," said Mary, "though it may be stronger than it appears to be." Men with bird cages in their hands walked along the bank with a quick, mincing step, turning out their toes. Women in blue and green dresses gossiped at the doors. On one roof a tall pole had been raised and to this had been fastened a bunch of dried grass. This was to show that the people who lived in the house had something to sell,— fowls, grain, eggs or vegetables.

The girls learned that no one must ask to buy except from dealers. If a man offers, of his own accord, to buy a horse or a mule from a Chinese farmer, the poor farmer will accept the price named, no matter how little, for he believes that if he does not sell the animal it will surely die within the year. Dishonest foreigners often take advantage of this ignorance, and get a farmer's horses away from him, although he does not wish in the least to sell them.

There was no landing stage at Tongu, and they climbed out of the barge upon some loose boards laid across two old sampans, which had been dragged near the shore and made fast.

They had been very anxious for fear they should miss the train, as there was but one daily to Peking. There was no place where they could have stayed in Tongu, and they were very glad, indeed, when they saw the smoke of the engine at the station, which was not far away.

The moment they stepped ashore a crowd of coolies seized their bags and parcels and would have trotted off with them, had they not been driven away by a gentleman whom they had met in the boat and who could talk to the Chinese in their own language. He engaged half a dozen men, who tied up the trunks with stout rope, swung them on heavy bamboo poles and trotted toward the station. Mrs. Spencer, their friend, and the two girls followed.

In the village street they saw a man roasting chestnuts in a great kettle filled with burning hot sand. The chestnuts were stirred constantly and the hot sand roasted them a deep, even brown.

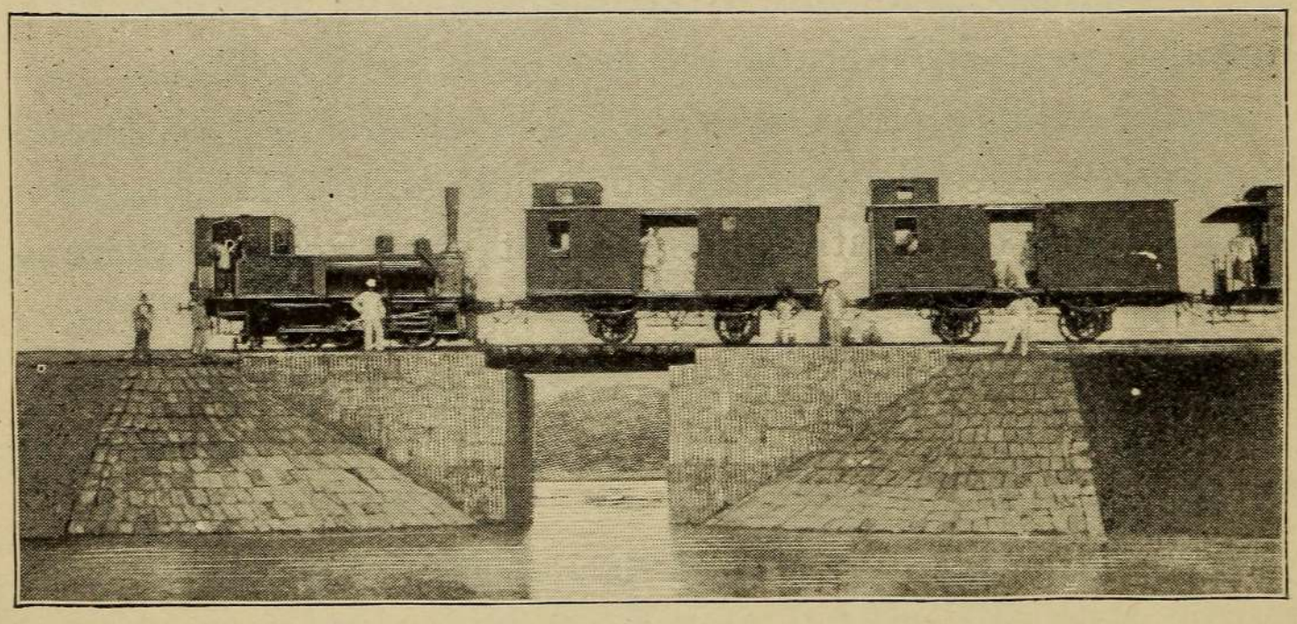
IX. A CHINESE RAILROAD

THE railway station at Tongu is of gray brick, very much like an ordinary country station in America. But Mary and Ellen had never seen so odd a train nor so curious a lot of passengers. Many of the cars were like those that are used in our own country for hauling gravel, and in these were crowded not only men, women and children, but pigs, donkeys and large, stout mules which the Chinese value much more than horses. A great many of the people, both men and women, who were dressed in clothes of blue cotton, were

eating rice and drinking tea. Nearly all were bareheaded, and, when they liked, shaded their eyes with paper fans. When the fans were not being used they were thrust into the neck of the gown, one end showing above the collar.

There were also rough box cars, provided with seats where Chinese of the better class sat by themselves. The seats were of wood like those in American street cars, and here, too, the people were eating and drinking at a great rate.

Their friend put Mrs. Spencer and her daughters in the "First Class Carriage," which was plainly marked,



Chinese Railway Train

both in English and Chinese. It was not at all comfortable. The seats had no cushions and the trunks and bags were brought in, also, and crowded into the spaces between the seats. There were no cushions, because the Chinese can not be taught neatness, and scatter their food over everything, although, in this carriage, only the rich merchants and officials traveled. The windows were so high that nothing could be seen when one sat down, so Mary and

Eilen stood and looked out at the crowds on the broad platform. Men were selling hot chestnuts, slices of red and bright orange-colored watermelon, which the Chinese can buy for a "cash" each, but which cost the foreigners much more. Several kinds of toys were also offered for sale, the oddest of which were hideous spotted pigs of clay, with long noses and flapping ears. Two pretty Chinese ladies dressed in blue satin, with large earrings set with pearls, and flowers and gilt pins in their hair, quarreled loudly with the chestnut vender over the price he had made them pay. One of them shook her umbrella out of the window at him, and shouted after him as he walked away.

"I am glad that you can not understand what they say," said their friend, "for, while Chinese ladies appear modest and gentle, they often use very bad language, and quarrel a great deal amongst themselves."

When the vender was out of hearing the two ladies sat down again, and began to giggle and crunch chestnuts like a pair of hungry squirrels. They threw the shells all about them, and did not seem to see or care what a litter they made.

As in Yokohama, newsboys ran up and down the platform selling newspapers printed in Chinese, some of which had very queer pictures. A great many of the Chinese do not like the newspapers and do not want the people to read them, and there are not so many in China as there once were.

Two years before, the young Emperor had been driven from the throne and had been shut up in one of the palaces because he wished to change the laws, found schools like our own and make other improvements. Scores of the newspapers which were being printed with his consent, were

then discontinued. None was allowed to appear that did not speak well of the Empress Dowager who had imprisoned the Emperor, and approve what she had done.

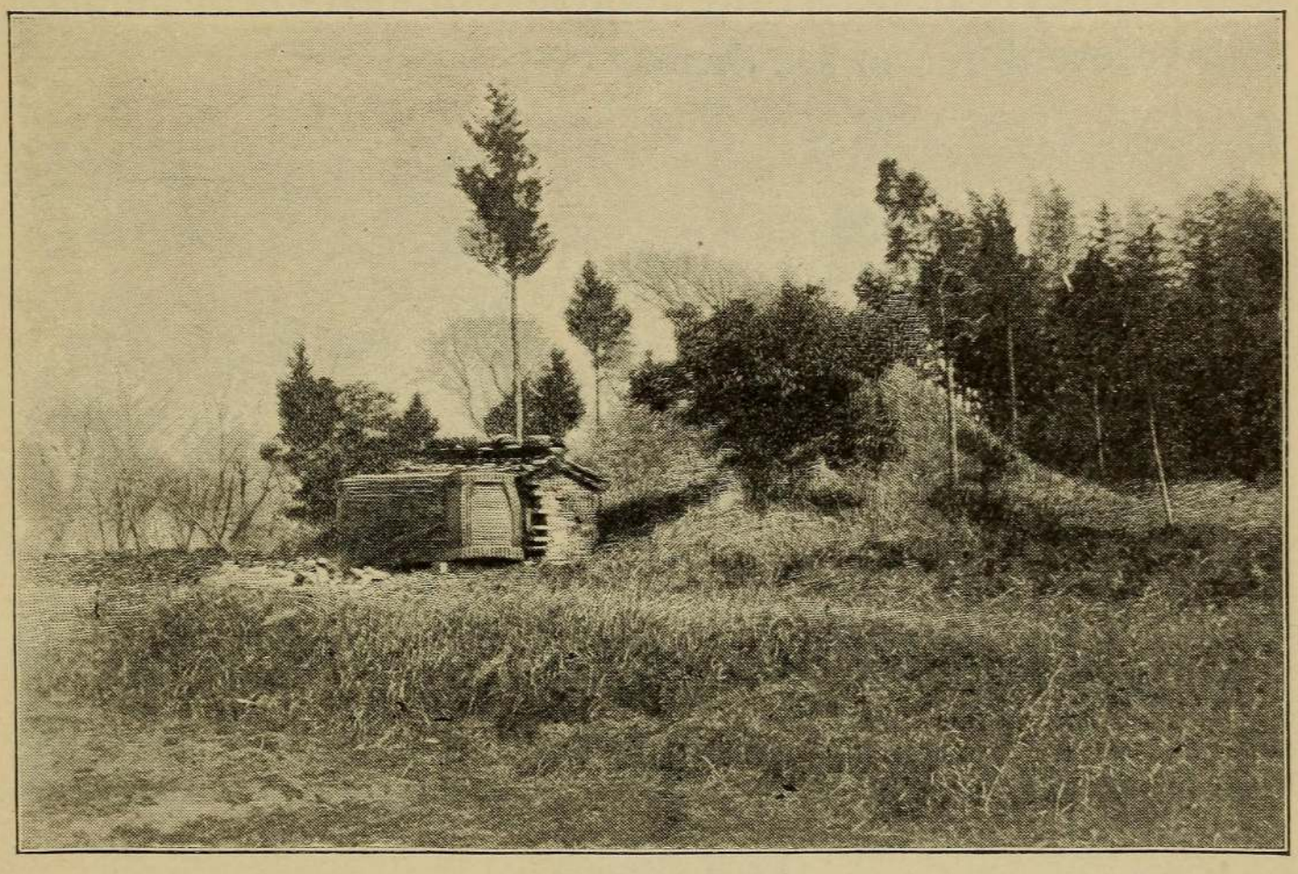
The engineer, the fireman, and the conductor or guard on the train, were all Chinese, and knew their business very well. The engineer was proud of his engine, and smiled at the foreigners from his cab window, as though he wished them to see what a clever man he was—as well-trained and able to manage an engine as any foreigner could be. He put his hand upon the throttle, the engine gave a shrill whistle that could be heard far down the river, and the long train pulled slowly out of the station, leaving the idlers on the platform gaping after it, as long as it was in sight.

All around Tongu are burial places, just as they are to be found around nearly all towns and villages in Northern China.

Long after they had gone back to Shanghai the girls remembered the railroad, the cars, the bridges and the long line of telegraph poles beside the track, for the next summer it was all torn up and ruined by the Boxers. The Boxers had told the ignorant, common people that the men who built the railroad had killed little children and placed their bodies under the ties. It would have been easy for them to dig up the earth and find for themselves that this was not true; but they did not think it worth while, or were perhaps afraid. On all the telegraph poles were notices in Chinese warning the people not to tamper with them, for the common people hate the telegraph even worse than the railway. They can and do use the trains, however, which they have found far better in every way than their

slow-moving carts and litters. But they can not understand the telegraph at all; they believe that evil spirits carry the messages and that they will never have any luck so long as the poles remain.

At one station Mary and Ellen saw for the first time a camel, which a small boy was leading. The girls did not know before that camels are used a great deal by the people



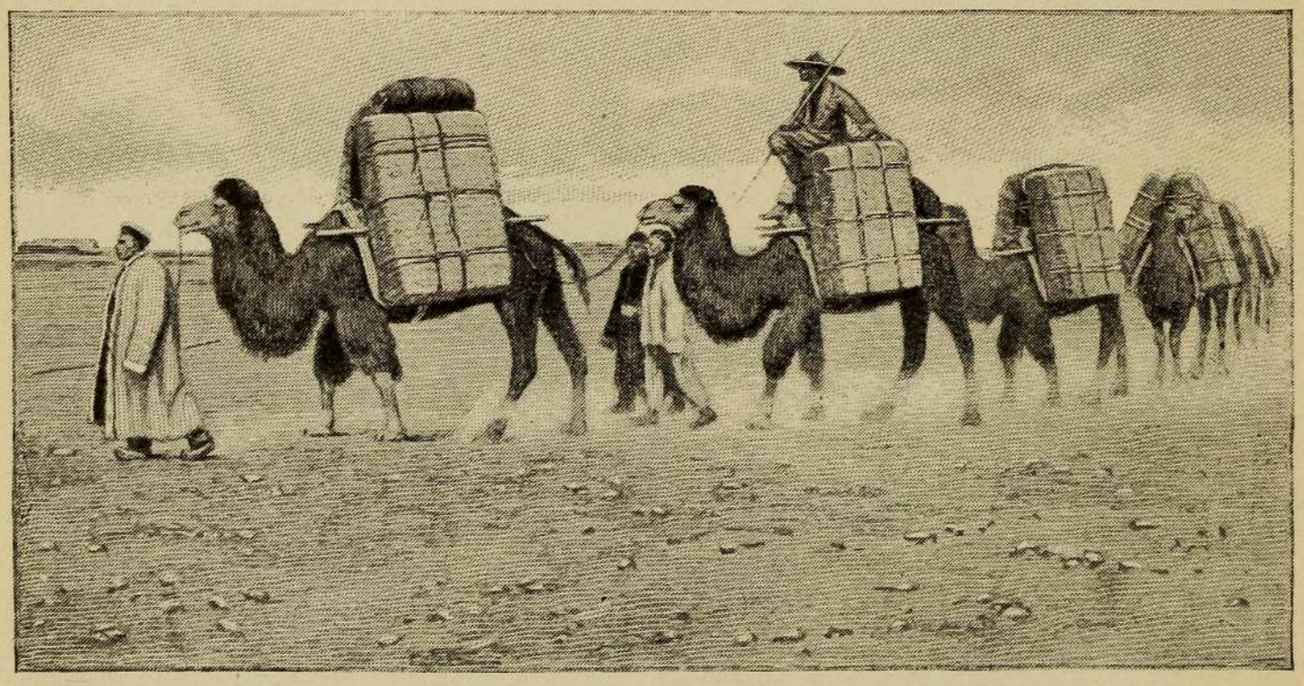
Burial Places

in Northern China; and that they graze by thousands on the plains, where they are turned loose to fatten and to get their new coats of thick hair for the winter, after shedding their old coats in the early summer. The hair is sold and sent to Germany, where fine, silky material for ladies' dresses is made of it.

The camel which they saw was terribly frightened by the train, and tried to get away; but the boy held it fast by the

halter. It did not like the noisy, puffing engine and the rattling cars, so crowded with people, and Mary said that she did not wonder at this.

At last the boy, who was not large, stood on his tiptoes and placed his hands over the camel's eyes. After that it was more quiet, but camels have a very keen sense of smell, and, like the dog that they had seen on the house boat journey, can detect the approach of men, or of animals, long before they can see them.



Pack Camels

At another station they saw a very shocking sight, which they tried to forget, but which they could not put out of their minds for a long time. A man lay dead in a ditch by the side of the railway line; his face was covered, but the body was stretched out quite cold and rigid. He had been run over and killed, and no one could take the body away until the magistrate came and looked at it, and decided how the man had lost his life! Everyone knew already, but the magistrate thought, no doubt, that he had

more important matters to attend to first, and would not come until he felt like it. They learned that the body had lain where they saw it for four days, but that is not an uncommon thing in China. With thousands of graves on every hand, the people are used to death, which they do not much fear, although they have a dread of ghosts. Nothing matters very much since, for millions of these wretched people, it is hard to get bread enough to keep them alive. Whatever happens, they say "Maskee," which means "it does not matter," and they do not try to better their lot.

The train moved slowly over the yellow plain, and the sky was even a duller blue than at Tongu; this was because of the dust storms which are common in this part of the country. The winds blow nearly all the year round, and in the long droughts volumes of dust are carried high in the air. The sky grows more and more yellow, and sometimes the dust is so thick that the sun is hidden, or is so obscured that it is like a dull, brazen ball. Then, although doors and windows are kept tightly closed, the dust blows in at every crack and cranny, even getting into closets and bureau drawers in the foreign houses. It stings and parches the skin, and the hair becomes dry and harsh and snaps and flies when it is brushed.

They decided not to stop in Tientsin on the way to Peking, but to make the visit when they came back, so they left the train when they arrived at the Tientsin station and took the Peking express which they found waiting on another line near by. It was a better train in every way than the one which they had quitted. They took a "mail carriage" which was like a small stateroom, opening into

a passage at one side which connected with the other carriage in front and with a large saloon which was free to all.

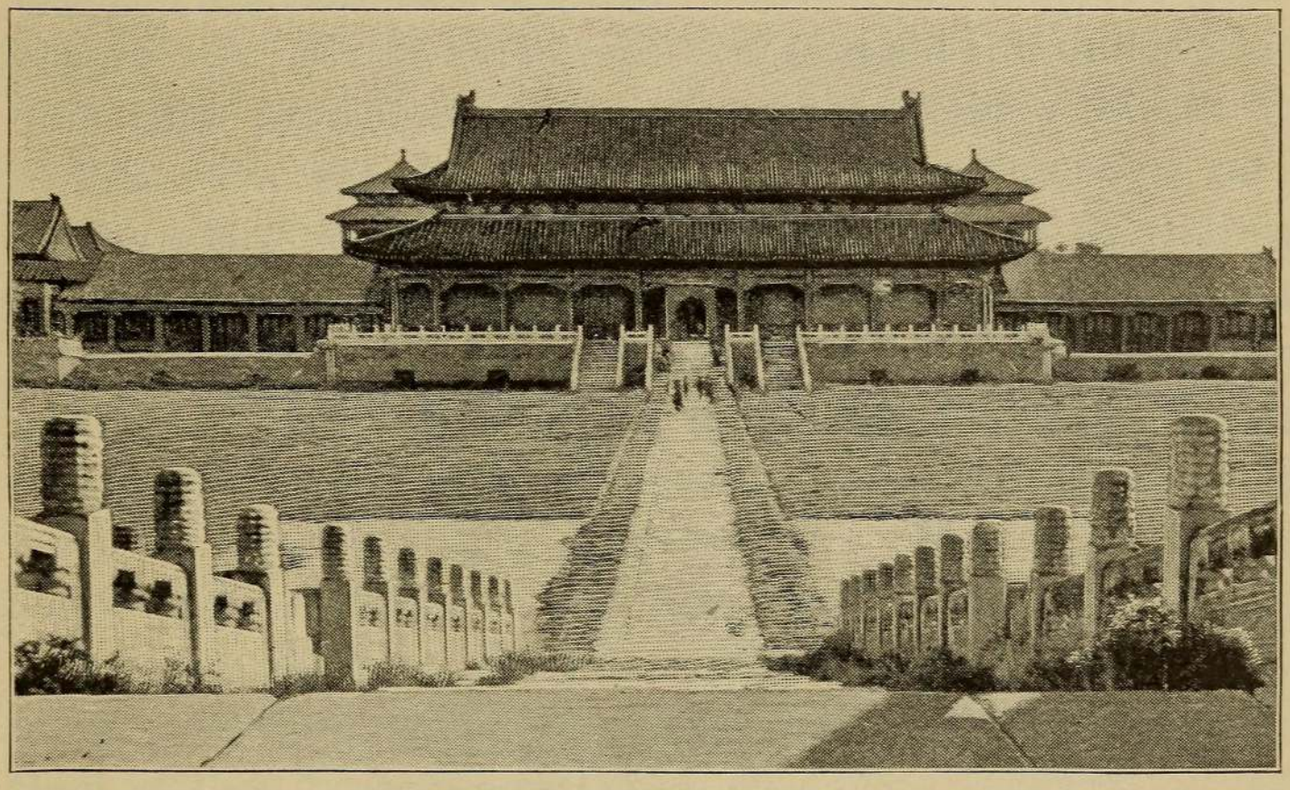
They had some nice tea with the sandwiches which had been put up for them on the steamer, and some hot, hard-boiled eggs which they found could generally be bought on this Chinese train. The engineer and stoker on the engine of the Peking express were also Chinese, and so was the conductor who took their tickets, and the man who brought their tea. He also brought them some small, juicy pears which he said were Peking pears, for he spoke English quite well.

"No one says Pek*in*," said Mary.

"Because here the name is pronounced as it should be," her mother replied.

"It is often spelled without the *g* in books and newspapers," she explained, "but it is not correct. 'King' is a Chinese word meaning 'capital'; 'Peking' means 'Northern Capital'; 'Chungking' is 'Western Capital' and Nanking means 'Southern Capital.' Nanking was the capital of the empire until the Manchus, to which the family of the young Emperor Kuang Hsu belongs, conquered the Chinese. They then moved the capital to Peking. It is a very, very old city, and stood where it is to-day when there was not a white man in our country — long, indeed, before our country was dreamed of by the people of Europe. It is very different from other Chinese cities," Mrs. Spencer went on, "for the streets are almost all wide and straight, and are laid out at right angles; but they are not paved and are very dirty,— ankle-deep with dust in the summer, and almost impassable with mud when it rains.

"The houses in Peking are low, enclosed with walls around an inner court, so that nothing can be seen of the interior. The Chinese are forced to live in the southern part of Peking, and here they have fine shops and carry on business as industriously as they do everywhere. Beyond the Chinese city is the Tartar city in which the Tartars live. They are very much like the Chinese, but have more authority and are favored by the Empress Dowager.



The Forbidden City

"A straight wall built across the Chinese city from one side to the other, joining the outer wall, which entirely surrounds Peking, separates the Chinese from the Tartar city. Within the Tartar city is the Imperial City. Here the noble Manchus live, their houses roofed with bright green tiles; and in the very center is the so-called 'Forbidden City,' in which are the fine gardens and palaces of the Emperor and the Empress Dowager. Their palaces

are roofed with deep yellow tiles, which shine like gold among the trees that grow in the courts. Each city has its own wall pierced with gates. The Emperor and the Empress Dowager rarely leave their palaces in the Forbidden City. Before the Emperor was imprisoned, which was in the month of September, 1898, he went to the temples at certain seasons to offer thanksgivings to the gods, or to pray for rain. When he did so, the people were commanded to stay within their houses that they might not see him, for his person is considered sacred. A company of the very highest princes in the land went with him. The streets through which he had to pass were strewn with fresh yellow earth upon which no foot had trodden, and all the cross streets were carefully shut out by curtains of fine yellow matting. Should any one have been detected trying to catch sight of the Emperor he would have been put to death instantly."

X. PEKING

IT was almost two o'clock in the afternoon and Mary and Ellen were very tired. They had been up at daylight and had had no rest since they left their berths on the steamer. The excitement of new scenes and adventures had occupied them, and they did not realize how quickly the time had passed.

The country between Tientsin and Peking is like that around Shanghai, except that in the south they had seen

green rice fields. Here were the same level plains, covered with scattered graves. The crops had all been gathered, and the fields where the tall millet grows in summer and ripens in the early autumn had been stripped bare. The stalks had been cut to within a foot of the ground and these women were digging with short, sharp hoes, shaking the earth from the dry roots and tying them in bundles. The millet roots, Mrs. Spencer said, were to be used for fuel.

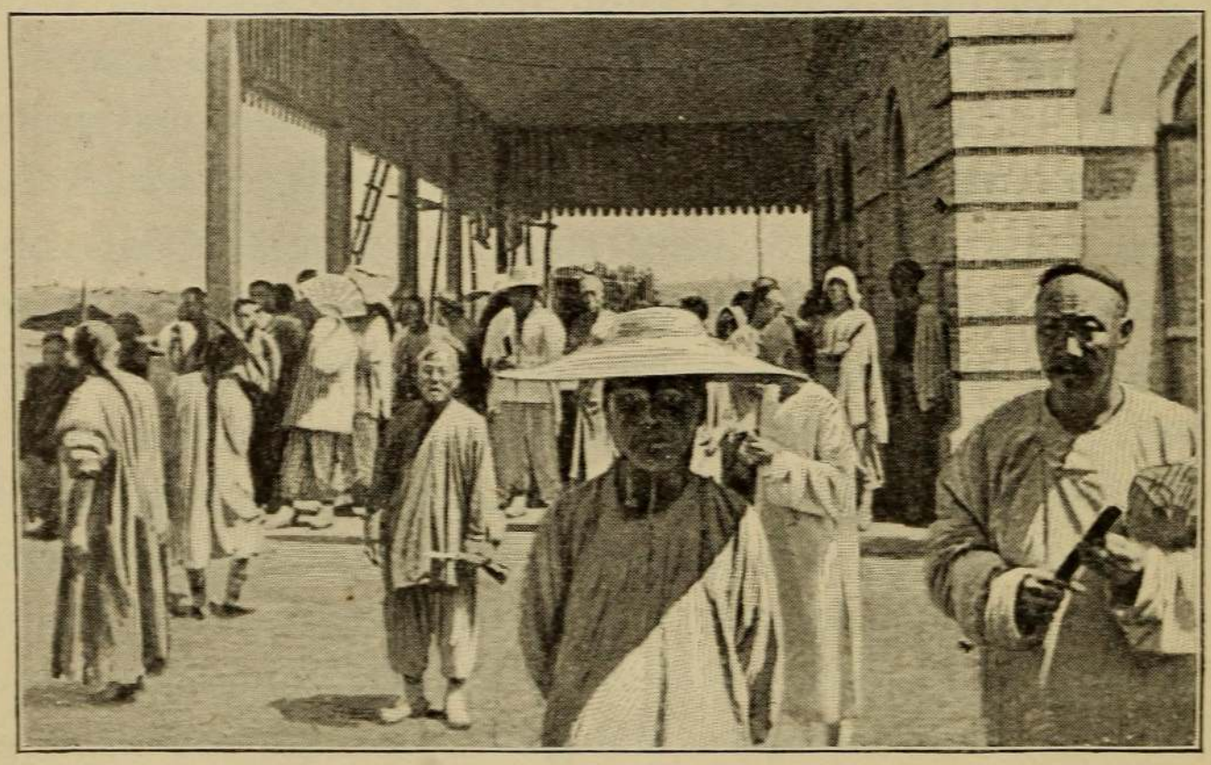
They saw but one pretty house, and that stood near the roadside in a garden where chrysanthemums and marigolds were blooming in long rows. Pumpkin seeds, of which the Chinese are very fond, were spread out on the flat roof to dry, and festoons of pumpkin were hung above the door, also drying, to be used in the winter when vegetables are scarce.

After a while, they saw a long, indistinct line, which stretched far away, fading in the distance; it semed to rise from the ground like a grayish-brown cloud. "It is the outer wall of Peking," said Mrs. Spencer, and Mary and Ellen rose, stood on tiptoe and gazed through the window for a long time, trying to realize that they were really in sight of the Chinese capital.

To west and north a rugged mountain chain appeared with sharp peaks, the slopes taking on a hundred lovely tints of pearl and pink and gray in the afternoon light. They were the Western Hills, where the foreigners go in summer to escape the great heat and the dust and stench of Peking. It was still more strange, when the train finally halted at the long platform, to see the name of the station, "Peking," in English; and the station itself was much more American than Chinese. All the passengers

hurried from the train, the Chinese laughing and talking in their high, shrill voices, and the foreigners, for there were many foreigners besides themselves, anxious to reach their homes, or the hotel where they were to stay.

Mr. Spencer had telegraphed for rooms, just as he would have done at home, and a fat, jolly Chinese from the hotel was waiting for them. Their luggage was sorted out and



Railroad Station at Peking

piled into carts, then the *compradore,* or steward, led the way to the spick and span new electric tram car, which whirled them to the city gates in a few minutes. On the opposite side of the road they saw more queer sights,—strings of camels loaded with bales and sacks, the leader wearing around his neck a bell from which hung a long tassel of crimson silk. "Cling-clang," "Cling-clang" the bell chimed, keeping time to the camel's soft tread. The animals like the sound, and followed lazily,

with half-closed eyes, their jaws moving from side to side in a very strange fashion as they munched their cuds.

There were processions of carts, big, unwieldly wagons drawn by mules, horses and even cows, all harnessed together in a perfect net-work of ropes. In the midst of this motley procession a young Chinese rode swiftly on a bicycle, bare-headed in the blazing sun, his queue streaming out behind him almost in a straight line.

The motorman and the conductor on the electric car were both Chinese, and, like the engineer on the train, were proud of their skill in managing the wonderful foreign tram. When the line was first opened they made some funny mistakes. All the cars were collected at one end of the line and were then sent back to the station, the cars following one behind the other. People who wanted to ride had to wait for them to return, sometimes an hour or more.

At the city gate the *compradore* hired jinrikishas which had just been brought to Peking, but where they could be used only on a few streets, all the others being too rough and full of ruts.

The rikisha men ran as fast as they could along the road through the Chinese city. It had once been well paved with great blocks of stone, many of which, however, had been displaced or broken, and others carried away, leaving yawning holes into which the wheels sank and bounced out again. It was hard work to keep one's seat, and they held fast to the little carriage. On either side of the road were wide spaces, bare and brown, like the fields, where there were herds of cattle and flocks of sheep and goats that were to be sold. People walked to and fro in narrow paths

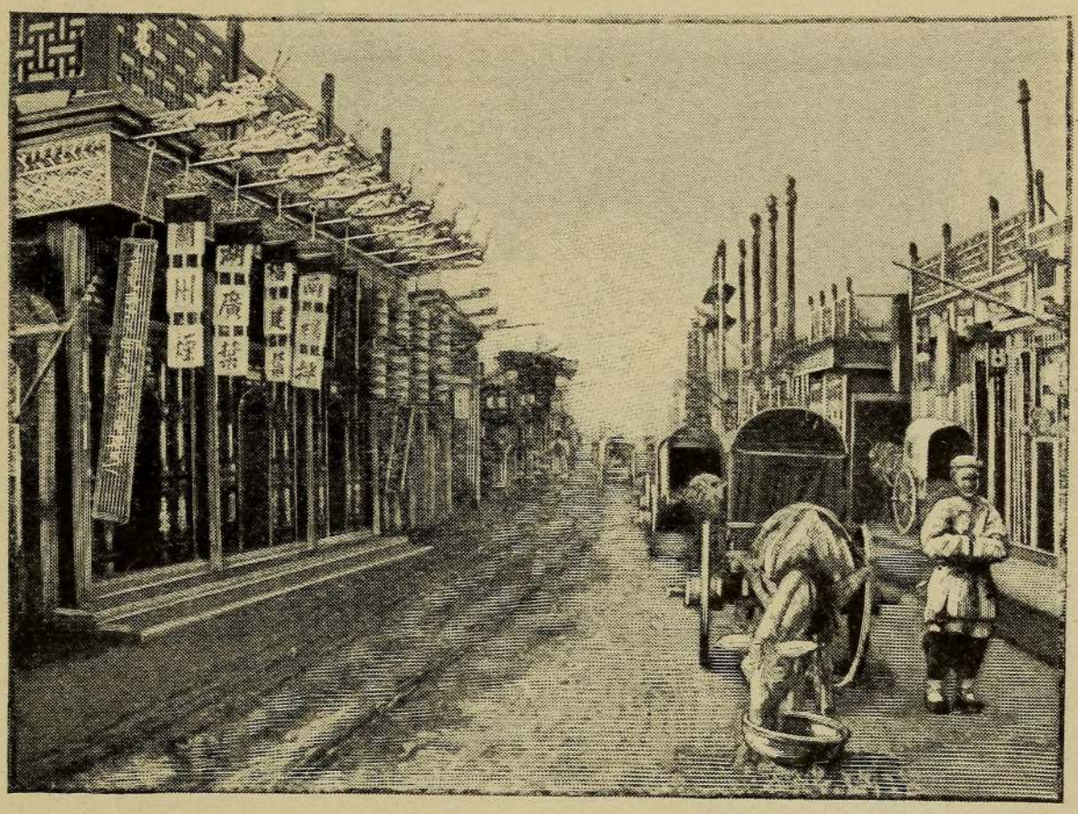
close to the wall. Near the gate of the Chinese city, opening into the Tartar city, were hundreds of shops with people buying and selling, and the restaurants surrounded with patrons, as they had seen them in Shanghai and Suchau.

Here in the north, the men were tall and strong, their skin was darker and their eyes were not so slanting as those that they had seen farther south. But they were not quite so good-natured, and two or three scowled at them angrily.

At one place a bridge crossed a stagnant canal. Mary and Ellen noticed that it was crowded with people who wore filthy, tattered clothes, and who seemed never to have had a bath in all their lives; their hands and faces were grimy, and their hair tangled and matted with dust. This was unusual, for a Chinese, who will never go without shoes if he can help it, is also careful to keep his queue neatly braided. But this was the Beggar's Bridge, where people who are allowed to beg, as a means of getting their living, are always to be seen, when they are not following their trade. Each begger has a license to beg, for which he pays, just as men pay for a license to sell various things in our own country. The beggar goes from shop to shop and the merchants are forced to give him a few "cash" to get rid of him. If they refuse, the beggar goes away and comes back with a crowd of his beggar friends and they crowd about the merchant's shop until they are all paid. The merchants have found by experience that it is better to give one beggar what he asks rather than to pay so many. No one seems able to drive them away, and they hang about, rude and noisy, keeping customers out of the shop, until they get what they demand.

The streets in the Tartar city are rough causeways, with

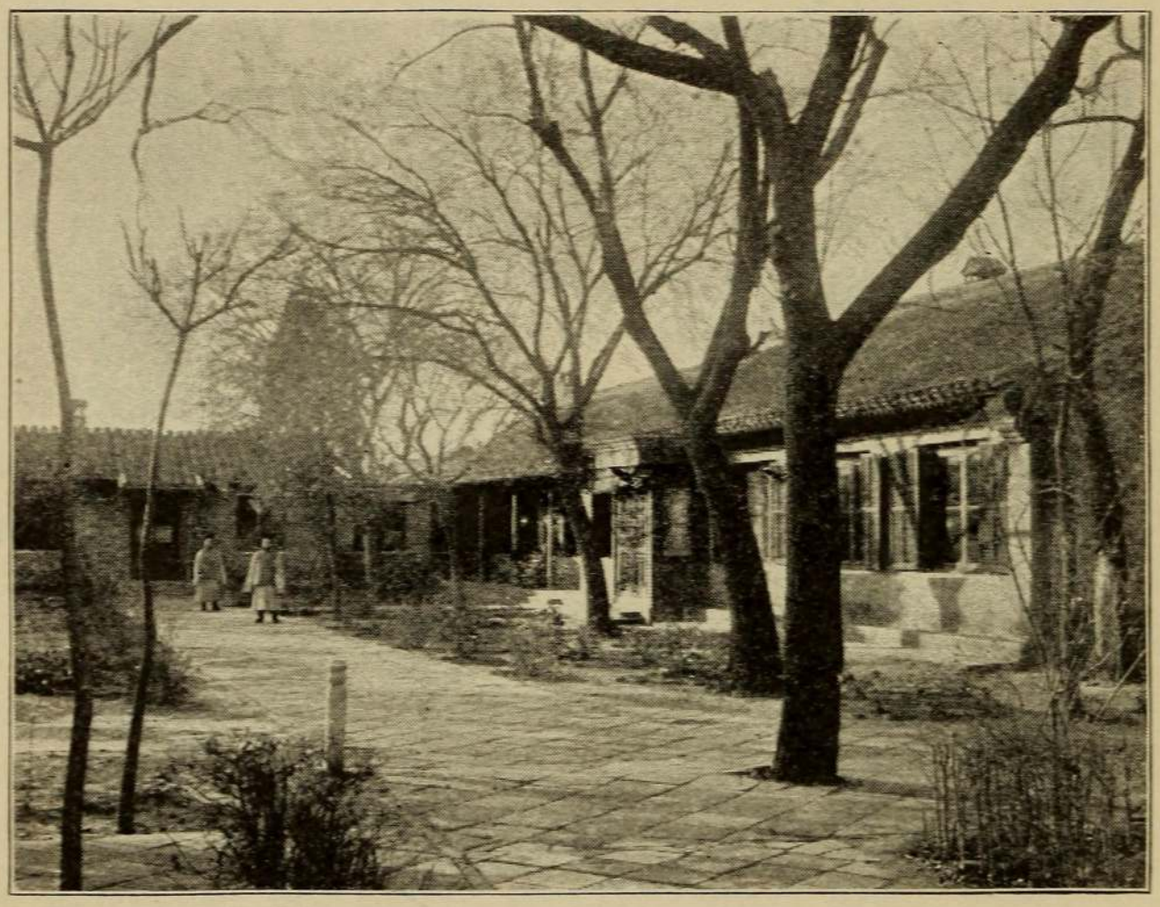
deep ditches on either side in which filthy water collects after the rains. The shops open upon the streets, and in front is a space like a broad sidewalk for people who go on foot; on the farther side of this space are small booths roughly patched together, some of them roofed only with canvas. These booths stand next to the street, or along the edge of the deep ditch which had been left from digging



Street in Peking

out the earth to repair the narrow track where two carts can scarcely pass, and which is continually worn away by the heavy wheels. The shop fronts are of richly carved wood which had been thickly gilded, but the sun and rain have ruined the gilding, and it has never been renewed. The Chinese are satisfied if what they have is fresh and bright for a little while. It never occurs to them that anything which falls into decay can ever be repaired

and made as good as new. This is true, not only of the gilded shop fronts, but of the roads and temples and the fine marble bridges which one of the Emperors had built across the northern rivers. Over the door of some of the shops are dragon's heads on tall poles, with long spiral springs of gilt wire, each tipped with an acorn, sprouting

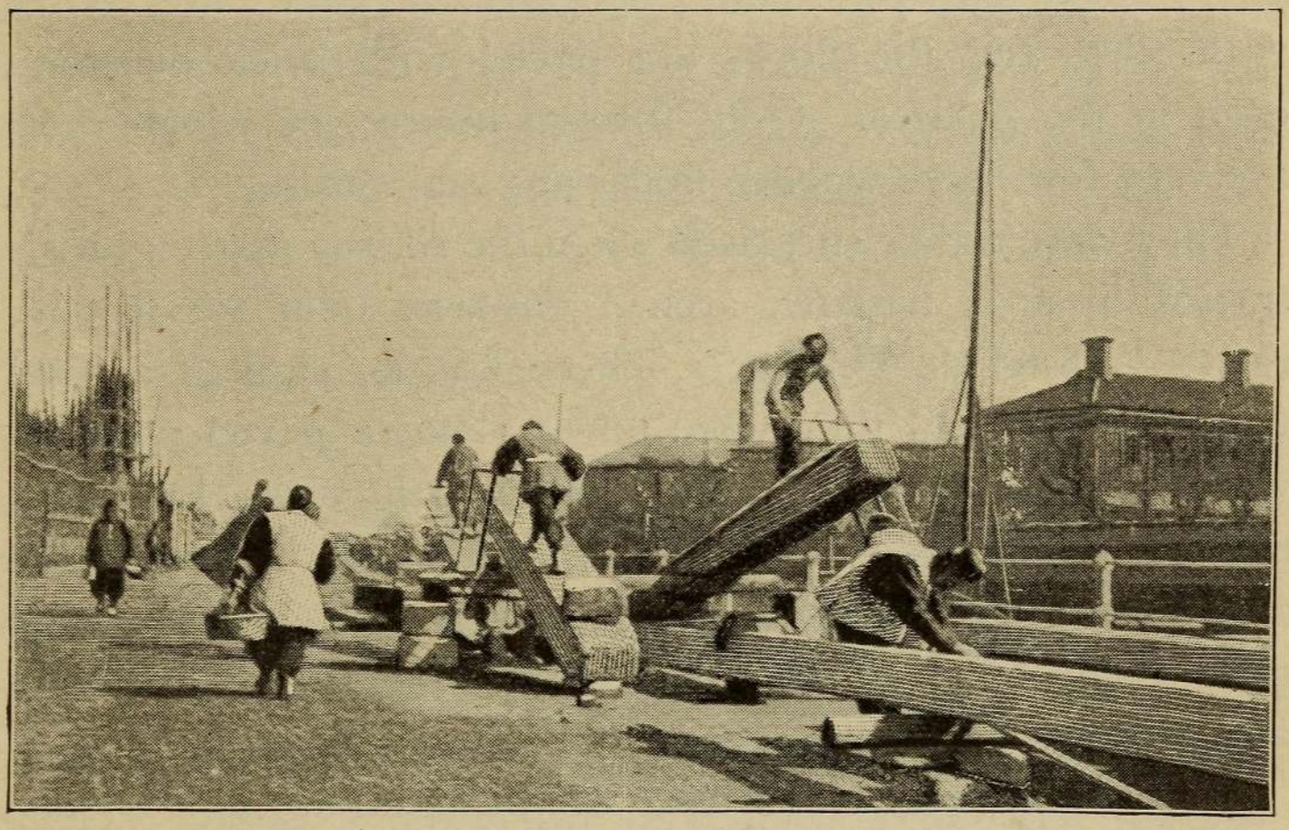


American Legation

from the nostrils, which tilt and bend continually in the wind.

They entered the beautiful Ha-ta-men. The name which was translated for them means "The Gate of Sublime Learning." They turned into what is known as Legation Street, on which all the foreign Ministers live, that is, officers of a higher class than consuls who are sent to Peking to look after the interests of their governments.

Each legation stands in its own compound, inclosed in a solid wall, entered through a gate where a gate keeper is always on duty. Over each house, on Sunday, the flag of the country which the legation represents, is raised, and Mary and Ellen soon learned to know the different flags quite well. They admired the snow-white standard of Japan with its big round Sun in the center — to represent the "Land of the Rising Sun," as Japan calls herself.



Chinese Sawyers

The streets of the Tartar city are as busy and crowded as those of the Chinese city, but along Legation Street there are no shops. They saw men sawing great beams of wood by the wayside, the beam being tilted on end and sawed into strips, or boards. Two men were required to saw the beam. Boards have been sawed by hand in this way for ages in China, and will be for ages to come, if the

people have their way. It is slow and tedious, as is most work done in China, but more people are thus employed, and there are work and wages for them, which would not be the case if mills were put up everywhere. Wood is very costly, for it must be brought from a long distance, and it is sold by weight. No one would think of using wood for fuel in China, where hardly enough is supplied for doors and window frames, furniture and coffins. The houses, as Mary and Ellen already knew, are roofed with tiles, and the floors are paved with brick or stone, even in the palaces. Only foreign houses, of which there are very few, have wooden floors and staircases.

They were rather surprised when the rikisha man suddenly turned in at a narrow, arched gateway over which they read: "Hotel de Peking." There was no sign of a hotel from outside, and they were taken along a paved passageway, covered with a trellis over which vines had been trained, which made a thick, pleasant shade. It was cool and quiet after the noisy, dusty streets, and Mrs. Spencer gave a sigh of relief when she stepped out of the jinrikisha and knew that they were at their journey's end.

Their room was at the rear of the building, and opened into the court where there were more shady arbors, and flowers growing in porcelain pots; but not a blade of grass to be seen anywhere.

The room was clean and prettily furnished, and in a little while tea was brought which they were very glad to have. During the night, when Mary awoke, she could not at all realize where she was. She heard a strange sound — "rat, *tat,* tat *tat,*" "rat-*tat*-tat-*tat,*" that grew louder as it approached, was repeated after a little pause, and then

died away in the distance. She learned that this was a policeman going his rounds; the noise was made by beating upon a piece of hollow wood, for Chinese policemen are not expected to capture thieves and evil doers, but only to scare them away, and the loud noise warns them when the policeman is coming. Mary thought this was certainly a safe way for both the policeman and the thief, who, if they never meet, can not hurt each other. She learned, too, that the police are able to pay men not to break into houses, which they do not molest as long as the pay continues. The Chinese think this a very good and wise plan as it saves a great deal of trouble.

XI. IN AND AROUND PEKING

THERE are few places where one can walk in Peking. The streets are dirty and dusty and the crowds that usually follow foreigners, or gather around them, are not always polite. "They are no worse," said Mrs. Spencer, "than ignorant people in other countries, who would be just as curious about Chinese women as these people are about foreigners. I think that they are better than one might expect to find them, when we remember how badly they have been treated. Even here, in their own land, foreigners are rude and cruel to them, and take advantage of them in many ways. We expect them to be kind and civil to us, while we treat them unjustly and have no regard for their feelings. The Chinese are taught from childhood,"

she said, " to treat their elders and their superiors with great reverence. The Emperor's teacher can sit in his presence, which not even the highest nobles can do, because the teacher ranks next to the parent. Their feelings are easily wounded and they never forget a slight. I once saw a Chinese who had been engaged by an American family to wait at table; he was very much frightened and did not know the use of the various kinds of spoons, knives and forks. He made mistakes at which they laughed and he was so much ashamed that he left the house and never went back again,—not even for the wages that the people owed him. He had ' lost face,' as the Chinese say; that is, he had been mortified and shamed in public and never wanted to see the family again."

In front of the hotel were carts, donkeys and jinrikishas which could be hired, but they learned that it was not the custom to ride the donkeys inside the walls, although they could do so outside the gates. They must go about the city either in a cart, a jinrikisha, or a litter.

On Sunday they went to a Mission Church where nearly all the congregation were Chinese. The men sat on one side of the church and the women and girls on the other. They were much cleaner than most Chinese, and their faces were brighter and more intelligent. This was especially true of the women, who, in Chinese families, except a few of the highest class, are taught very little. The hymns and the lessons were all in Chinese, and a sermon in the same language was preached by a young Chinese priest. The congregation was very quiet and listened closely. They sang very sweetly, the air only, for it is hard to teach them the different parts. Mary was much surprised that

they could sing at all, for Chinese music is so strange and discordant she did not suppose that they could learn even simple foreign airs. When the service was over, the missionaries who were there with their pupils came up and shook hands with the foreign strangers. They invited

Woman of the Wealthy Class

them to the Mission residence and asked them to visit the schools, which Mrs. Spencer said they would do.

Mary and Ellen had been taught to consider Sunday as a day of rest and they could not get used to the Chinese

Sunday which was like any other day in the week,— the shops all open, people buying and selling, the sawyers sawing the great beams of wood, and the caravans of camels filing in and out of the Ha-ta-men. Mrs. Spencer told them that there were certain feast days when people do not work, and, no matter how poor they are, almost everyone takes a holiday at the Chinese New Year. It does not come at the time we celebrate our New Year, but more than a month later, for the Chinese year is not divided like our own.

"It is a time of great rejoicing," said Mrs. Spencer. "Every man tries then to pay his debts, and it is a great disgrace not to do so. The shops are closed except those where food is sold, and but few of these are open. Everyone wears new clothes; the rich have coats and gowns of silk and satin lined with costly sable, and the poor, garments of blue cotton, thickly wadded. If a man is too poor to buy clothes, he hires them for the fortnight during which the New Year is celebrated, and, at the end of the fortnight, takes them back to the shop where he got them. Gifts are exchanged as we exchange them at Christmas, and in nearly every house much better food is eaten than at ordinary times. The people of rank and wealth give feasts that cost large sums of money, at which all sorts of Chinese dainties, which we would not think fit to eat at all, are served, — sea slugs, bird's nest soup, silkworms fried in oil, and other things. The poor treat themselves to a bit of meat which they rarely taste at any other time, — a fowl, a duck or a few eggs; this, with plenty of vegetables, soup and tea is for them a feast indeed.

"There are many odd customs connected with the New

Year; great quantities of firecrackers are set off, the courts and houses are brightly lighted with Chinese lanterns, and fresh gate gods are pasted on the gates at the front of the court. The pictures of these gods can be bought only at the New Year. One picture is of the god who, they think, sends them good luck; the other is of the wicked god, who scowls, and stamps his foot and brandishes a terrible sword. They do not like this god, but they are afraid not to paste his picture on the door, for fear he may feel slighted and do them harm; just as they put the mischievous gods on the altars in the temple, as you saw them at Modo and Suchau.

"One of the strangest of their customs is the burning of the little kitchen god on New Year's eve. Every Chinese cook, who has not been taught better, has hanging up in his kitchen a picture of this little kitchen god who is thought to befriend him and help him with his cooking, sending him 'good luck' with his pies and puddings. On the eve of the New Year the little kitchen god's mouth is smeared with treacle, of which he is supposed to be very fond, and he is then solemnly burned. When he is burned they believe he goes straight to Heaven, and, because his mouth has been sweetened with the treacle, he will tell no tales of the naughty things the cook may have done,— how he may have helped himself to his master's white bread or coffee, or ham, which all Chinese cooks like very much. It is hard to keep them from pilfering. They seem to think that they have a right to small things of this sort, when they would not touch a piece of jewelry or money.

"When the kitchen god has been in heaven for one week they suppose he returns, — although they have only

pasted on the wall a fresh picture which they themselves have bought. While the kitchen god is in heaven the bad cook thinks that he may do as he likes. There is no one to watch and tell tales, and the mistress is sometimes glad when a new picture is pasted up. Chinese children who are sent to foreign schools learn to laugh at these stories, which makes the priests very angry."

While they were coming away from the church they heard soft, strange music which came from far above their heads. It rose and swelled and died away, like the notes of an organ. They could see nothing but great flocks of white and blue pigeons, wheeling and soaring in the sunshine. The *compradore* told them, when they spoke to him about it, that what they had heard were pigeon whistles. The Chinese dearly love singing birds, and boys and men — even very old men — go about the streets of Peking carrying a pet bird tethered with a thread to a forked stick, or in cages, as they had seen them first at Tongu. There are not many singing birds in the fields near Peking, probably because of the crows, of which there are thousands, and which destroy the eggs and young of other birds; so the Chinese make whistles of bamboo, which they fasten among the feathers of the pigeons' tails and then turn them loose. As they fly swiftly, wheeling and soaring, the rushing wind blows through the little pipes fastened in their feathers, sending out the lovely sounds the girls had heard. The Chinese have given them the name of "Houris of the Sky." Houris are thought by the Chinese to be beautiful beings that dwell in the Chinese Paradise, as we think of angels dwelling in Heaven.

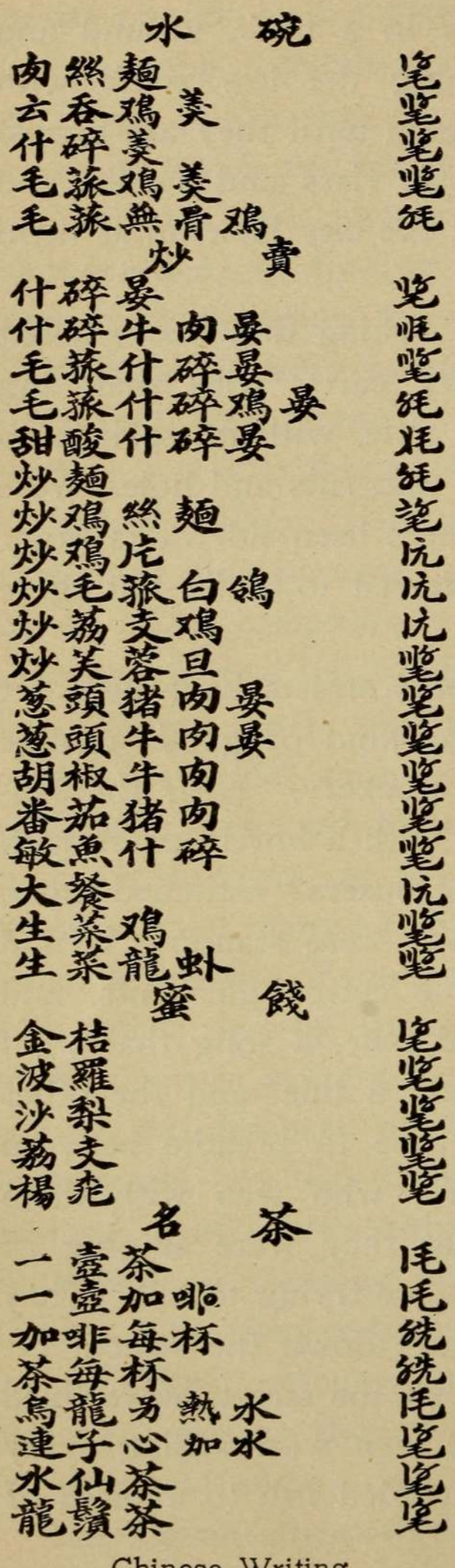
The pigeons themselves appear to be much pleased with

the music, and fly swiftly, many in a flock, around and around, to and fro, now brushing the low roofs with their wings, now soaring away again until they are almost lost among the clouds. The music rises and swells, and the little children in the courts of the city look up at them and listen with delight.

The week after they arrived in Peking they drove about a great deal, although the heavy carts, with their big wheels, the bed resting upon the axle, with no springs to soften the jolting when they sank into ruts and holes, were certainly not comfortable. Had there been sidewalks Mary and Ellen would much have preferred to walk, but there were none.

They found that in Peking whole streets have been set apart for shops in which but one kind of goods can be bought, such as books, shoes or crockery. Near the Ha-ta-men they saw a booth covered with a horrid patchwork — whole garments, frocks and trousers — stitched upon canvas. Inside the booth two men were standing behind a table heaped with piles of blue cotton garments, and they sang, in a monotonous nasal tone, a song that went on and on and on; one man sang a line, and the other replied, and there was scarcely time to breathe between the lines. A lady, Mrs. Clifford, who was with them and understood Chinese, said that they were singing of the second-hand clothes that they were trying to sell. They could hear the song a long distance down the street.

They noticed, in other places, that the streets were lined with little temporary stalls where men were selling every imaginable kind of article from a fried fish to a piece of jewelry.



Chinese Writing

Innumerable peddlers were making their way here and there through the crowd, balancing large trays on which were displayed various articles for sale. Each man had his own peculiar cry to draw attention to his wares.

Many foot passengers were walking up and down, stopping at the different booths,— bargaining, selling, chattering,— or eating at tables set out in the open street. It was a very lively scene, and Mary and Ellen gazed about them with great curiosity.

A young man, bare-headed and dressed in a very elegant blue silk frock, passed them rolling rapidly about in his long slender fingers a heavy metal ball. "That is a public writer," said Mrs. Clifford. "Chinese characters are very difficult to write. There are so many strokes, fine and heavy, with little dots and dashes, that it requires a very steady, flexible hand to make them properly. Every line that is left out, or

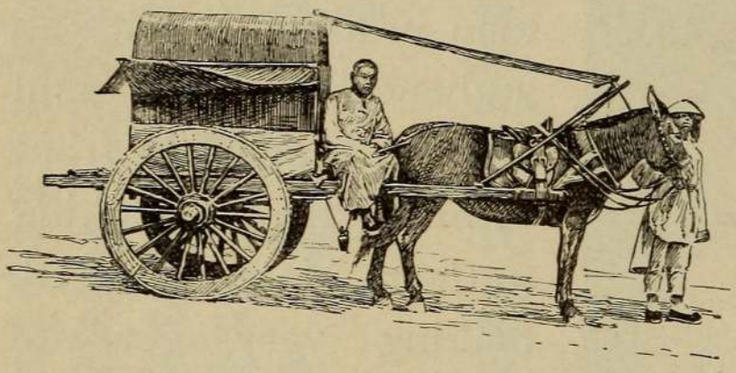
stroke added, changes the meaning of the character — a single one of which may be a whole sentence. So, to keep the fingers supple, the public writers carry those heavy balls about with them, rolling them constantly that their hand may not become stiff, just as a piano player must practice his exercises every day.

A Public Speaker

Not far from the Ha-ta-men they saw an old man in a booth, with an audience of men and boys on benches in front of him. He was talking to them, Mary supposed, making very graceful gestures, and they were listening very closely, so as not to lose a word. The man was a story-teller, and amused the crowds who gathered to hear him, with old tales and legends of China — the adventures of heroes, princes and princesses, that had been handed down for generations, and were known as our fairy stories are known to children everywhere. Each person in the audience paid a small sum for the privilege of listening. The Chinese never get tired of hearing these legends, although they know them by heart. It is a country where they are not continu-

ally asking for something new, but are still pleased and content with that which pleased their fathers and grandfathers before them.

No ladies were seen on foot; all rode in carts with the driver sitting on one shaft, where Chinese drivers are expected to sit, and a woman servant, without which no Chinese lady ever goes from home, perched upon the other. The ladies were beautifully dressed in embroidered silk, their faces powdered to snowy whiteness, the lips and cheeks painted with vermilion. The hair was arranged on a narrow board at the back of the head, projecting several inches on either side, and decorated with many bright artificial flowers and butterflies. They were Manchu ladies — the race to which the Empress Dowager belongs — and their feet had never been bound.



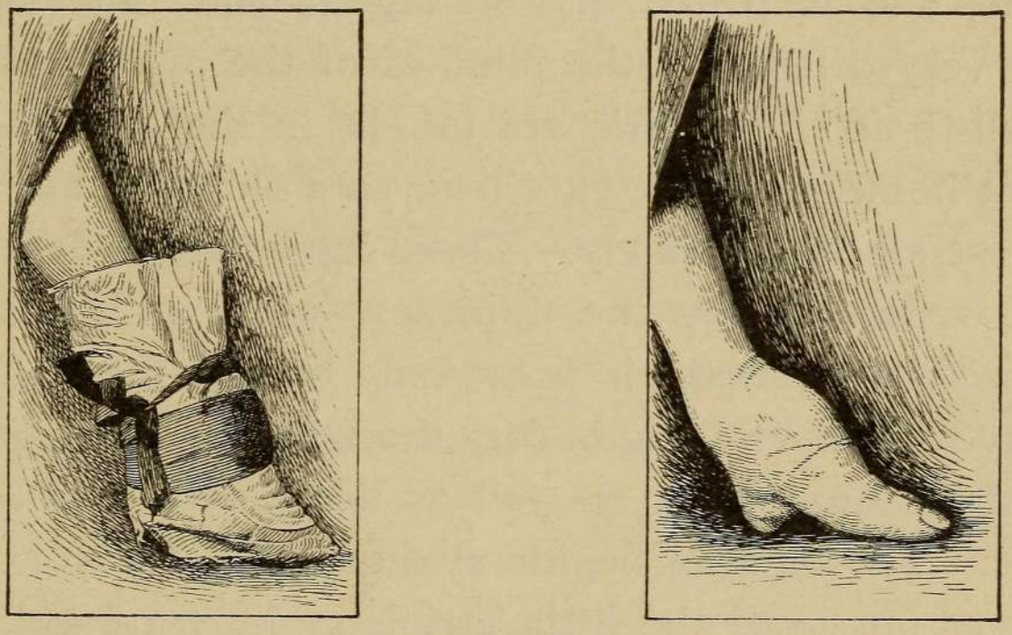
Peking Cart

Mary and Ellen did not know what this meant, and questioned their mother about it. "I will tell you about it later on," said their mother.

XII. CHINESE GIRLS

WHEN they had washed the dust from their hands and faces, and had rested a little while, Mary reminded her mother that she had promised to tell them about Chinese girls whose feet had been "bound," or dwarfed and crippled so that it was hard for them to walk.

"What is called foot-binding is not practiced by all people who live in China," said Mrs. Spencer, "although in our country many think that there are none whose feet are of the natural shape or size; while others suppose that only the feet of women of good families are bound; both opinions are wrong. There are several provinces where the feet of little girls remain as nature made them, and Manchu women, high and low, have large feet. The Empress Dowager and the ladies of her household have not



Chinese Little Feet, Showing Method of Binding

suffered from this foolish and cruel custom. The practice is so old that no one can tell when or how it began. The Chinese of all classes, even those that work at hard labor in the fields, such as boatmen and coolies, have small, slim hands and feet. They wear no stockings — only a sock made of cotton cloth, or bands of cloth in which the feet are snugly wrapped. It is thought by some that foot binding may have begun by gradually tightening the cotton bandages, until the small feet of the women became still more tiny. The Chinese admire these dwarfed feet very much

indeed, and compare them to golden lilies, and the tottering gait with which 'bound-foot' women move about, to the swaying of lilies upon their stems.

"Chinese parents desire sons; they do not wish daughters who can earn little, for whom it is hard for the poor to provide, and who, when the parents die, can not worship at their graves, or make offerings to their spirits — a neglect that they believe makes the spirits very angry and unhappy.

"Should there be a family of boys, then one daughter is welcome, and is petted and indulged; but this does not happen very often. In the families of the more intelligent and well-to-do, little girls are taught in the schools or by tutors at home, until they are ten years old, and, after that, they must study separately. There have been a few clever women writers among the Chinese — poets and writers of history. If the family is poor, only one of the daughters will have her feet bound, for, though she can and does work, she cannot work so well as her sisters who are not crippled. The binding begins at the age of four or five — sometimes not until the little girl is eight years old. The child suffers terribly and often cries day and night, and must be shut up in some place in the court where the family can not hear her. Her parents may pity her, but they will not unloose the strong bandages that cause all the pain. Perhaps you have worn boots that did not fit well, that were too narrow or too short, or that you may have out-grown, and you know how they hurt and how glad you were to take them off. You can realize, then, the torture that poor little girls in China suffer while the bandaging goes on which causes the foot to wither and shrivel until it scarcely looks like the foot of a human being. The toes are bent under

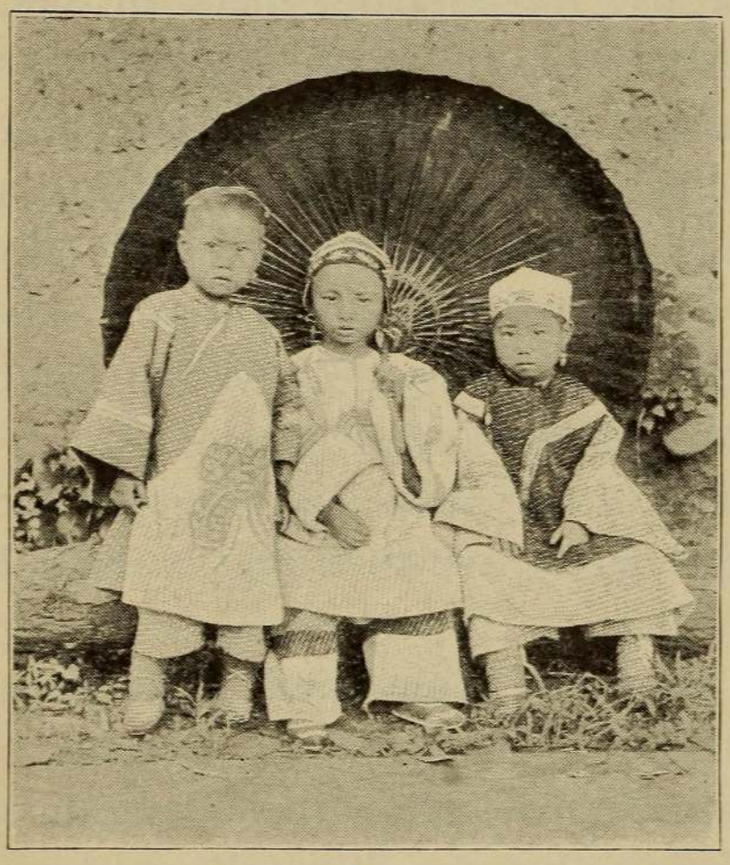
the arch of the instep, protruding at the side, the great toe only remaining in the proper place; the heel is bent forward and the child must walk all her life on the back of the heel and the great toe. It requires months and even years of binding to dwarf the foot so that it can never grow any more, and during all that time the girl never for a moment, day or night, ceases to suffer.. When the foot is sufficiently small, little shoes, four or five inches long, made of silk. and covered with fine embroidery, are worn, and Chinese 'bound-foot' women, who are never strong and are rather silly, are quite proud of their small shoes. I heard of a great mandarin who had a little daughter, who was a bright intelligent child whom he really loved very much. He watched her playing about the court and said: 'Poor little one; she has but two years more to run!'

"He meant that, at the end of two years, she would never again be able to use her feet freely, which would be bound and deformed."

"But why do Chinese mothers allow their little girl's feet to be bound?" asked Mary.

"Just as mothers in other countries allow their daughters to do hurtful, foolish things — because it is the custom. Then in China young men and women must marry, and men are not willing to have wives with large feet; they say that where the feet have been crippled women cannot go about, unless they ride, which they can not always do, and so they have to stay at home. It is a cruel, selfish reason, but it is that, really, which has made it so hard to do away with the practice. Even the silly women themselves wish to have their feet bound, and blame their parents if they are allowed to grow up with feet the proper shape

and size. Foreign teachers who have opened schools all over China for girls who are anxious to be taught, are doing a great deal to abolish foot-binding. They will not receive ' bound-foot ' girls; or, if their feet have been bound, the bandages must be taken off when they enter school. This can be done, and the foreign doctor can help the cripples, by straightening the foot and softening the stiffened muscles, although their feet will never be what they were before they were bound."



Chinese Children

"I am very glad that I am not a Chinese girl," said Ellen.

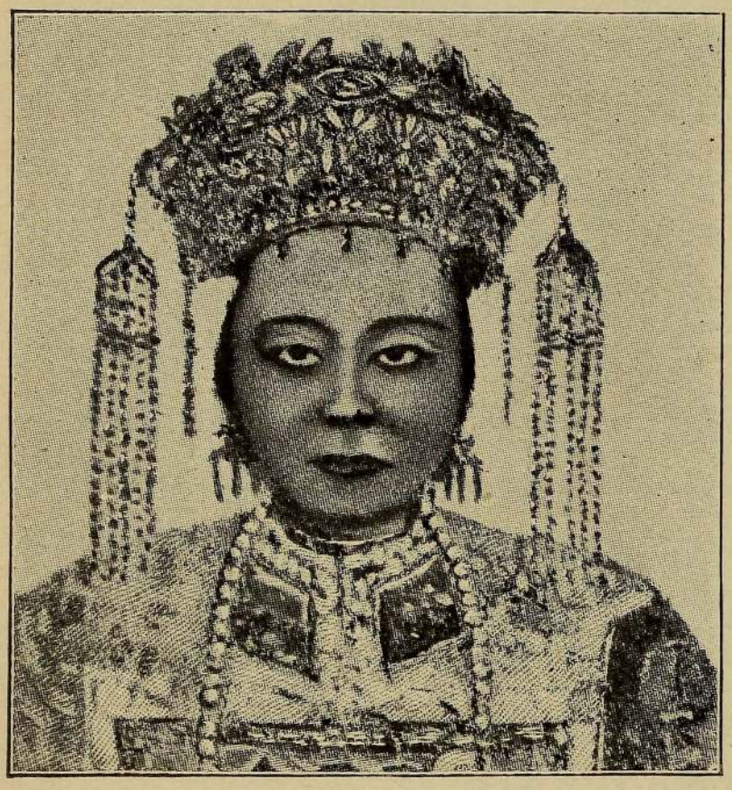
"You have many reasons to be," her mother replied, "for Chinese girls have very little freedom and happiness and affection, compared to those in our own country. When many girls are born in a Chinese family, the parents believe it is because the gods are angry with them, and the poor little creatures are often treated with much cruelty — starved, beaten, tortured and even put out into the street to die. The foreign teachers have saved hundreds of these waifs, taking them into their own homes, or hiring native women to take care of them, which they are glad to do, if they are paid for it. Many that have been saved in this way

have been educated and have grown up to have homes and families of their own, and you may be very sure that their daughter's feet are never bound, nor are they starved and beaten. You already know what respect the Chinese have for schools, and teachers and education, and when the girl is taught and becomes intelligent, she is respected by the family as she never could have been if she had remained ignorant. She is not only taught from books, but to sew and make lace, to speak English in order that she may make herself useful in foreign families who are glad to hire her and pay her good wages; and this makes her family respect her still more. One little Chinese girl that I saw in Shanghai earned more by making lace than her father and all her brothers were able to earn. She gave all her money to her parents, of course, and you can guess how clever the family thought she was, and how much better she was treated than if she had been able to do nothing, and still had to have her portion of the tea and rice, of which there is never quite enough to go around."

"If the Chinese do not respect women very much, how does it happen that they have an Empress who has more power than the Emperor, who is a man?"

"A great many people have asked that question," Mrs. Spencer replied. "It is because the Emperor is the adopted son of the Empress Dowager. Her own son, the Emperor Tung-Chih, died after he had reigned a few years. He had no son to succeed him, and the Empress Dowager chose her husband's little nephew to be Emperor, as she had a right to do, under the laws of China. He was only four years old,— too young to be a real Emperor, so his foster mother governed the empire for a long time until

he was old enough to sit on the throne. She was looked upon as the mother of the Emperor, and this gave her an authority over him which will last as long as he lives. A son must obey his mother always, and never, even when he is a grown man, does he pass from under her control. When the son marries, he does not make a separate home for himself, but brings his wife to his mother, where they live in the same court; no matter if there are six sons or more, all bring their wives to their mother's house, where they wait upon her and are treated with very little regard until they have sons of their own. Should they have only daughters they are treated like servants, always. The daughter-in-law who has no son does not often sit at table, or even sit down in the presence of her mother-in-law, unless she is asked to do so. She must sew, and cook and clean and do all the rough, hard work, if the family is too poor to hire servants to do it. The son can not marry without his mother's consent, and he would not consider it lucky to engage in any business which she did not approve. The best of everything is provided for the mother,— the best rooms in the court, the best clothing and the best food,— and a son who neglects his mother, disobeys her, or treats her with disrespect, is



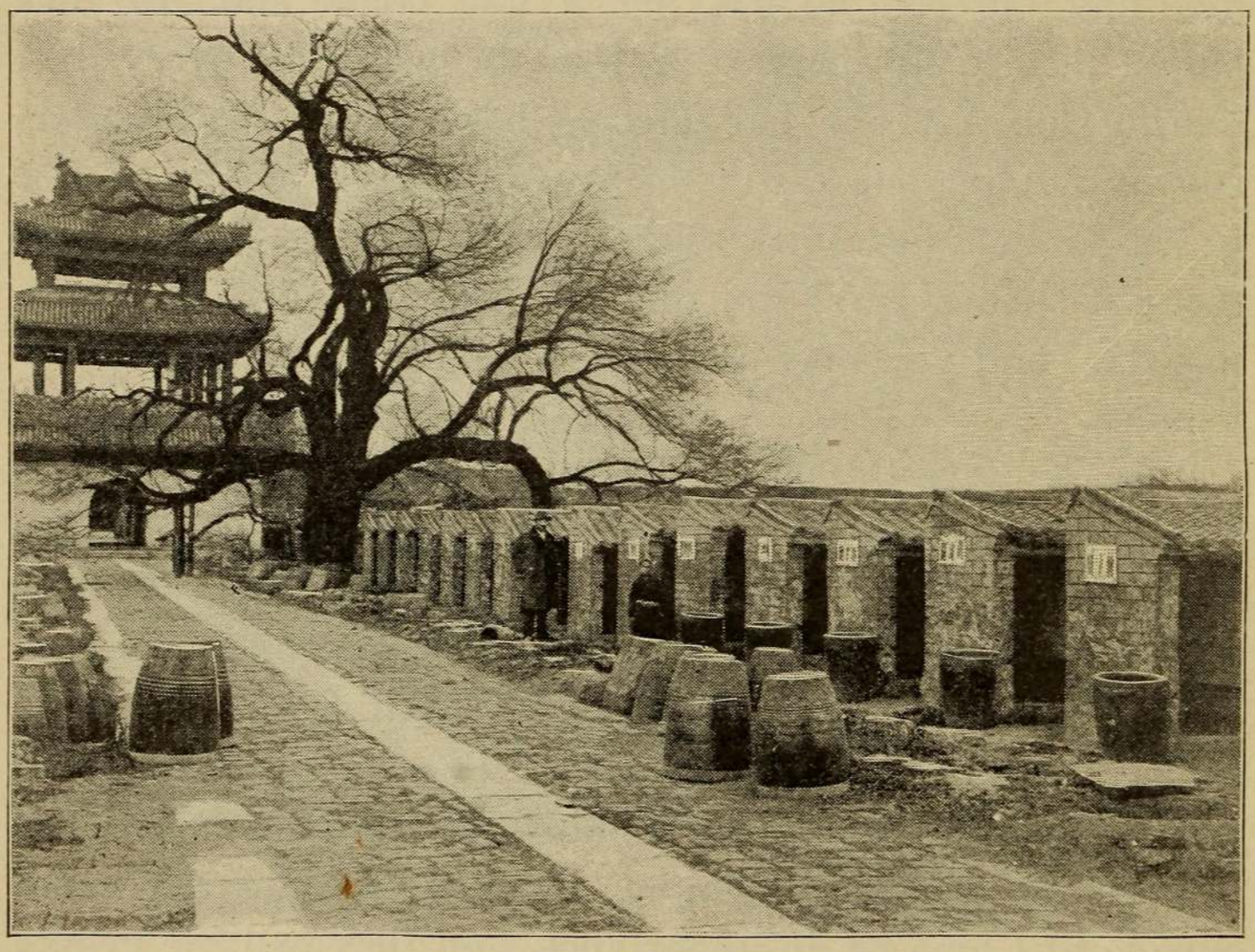
The Empress Dowager

looked upon as a very wicked man. Sons often almost starve themselves to death in order that their mother may have food, if there is not enough for all; so you can see why sons are so much desired. The Chinese have a legend of a young man who devoted his whole life to caring for his mother; he worked early and late, and was only sorry that he could not do more. When she finally died he mourned bitterly, bought her a fine coffin and had her buried in a lucky place. He went to her grave every day, During her life she had always been afraid of thunder-storms. After she died, during storms he slept upon her grave so that her spirit might not be troubled. He was thought such a good son that the Chinese worship him to this day, and you may see figures of him in many of their temples.

"Every office in China depends upon scholarship, and is obtained by means of examinations. Men study for these examinations books that have been written by great Chinese teachers — Confucius, the greatest of all, and Mencius who lived many years later. They know nothing of arithmetic as we teach it, or geography, or the real history of the world, or what are called the natural sciences. The old Chinese do not wish to know, for they consider the world outside of China of no importance, and they call the people who live there 'foreign devils' or 'outside barbarians.'

"The writings of the great Confucius and Mencius are really excellent instruction in good morals and good manners. They teach a child how to conduct himself in the presence of his teachers and parents, the duty of parents to their teachers and of men to their rulers and of rulers to their people. These teachings are committed to memory,

and, on a certain day, all men who are candidates for any office meet in the capital of the province where the examination is held. Men of all ages come up to the examinations, — the young, the middle-aged and the very old, the 'grandfathers,' as the Chinese call them. If they fail, they may try again and again, and there are some who keep trying all their lives and never succeed. Boys of all classes can



Examination Hall

prepare for the examinations, except the sons of yamên runners (as the errand boys at the official residences are called), the sons of actors, and the sons of the women who sing on the flower-boats and in public halls. When a young man passes his examination in the capital of his province, he can go up to Peking and pass the highest examinations of all, which are held every three years.

From among these successful students are chosen the candidates for the various offices.

"When the examination is to take place, each student is shut up by himself in a little brick cell, like an old-fashioned oven, in which there are two boards, one upon which he sits, and one upon which his writing materials are placed,— the paper and ink-stone, which is a piece of India ink, for they do not use fluid ink like ours. The camel's hair brush with which they write is sharpened to a fine point, and with this the characters are really painted upon the sheets of soft rice paper which they use, — not from left to right — but from right to left. The examination requires about three days, and none of the men who hope to pass can leave their cells, except to take a little exercise; their food is cooked where the examinations are held and brought to them in their cells. When a student is successful, there is the greatest rejoicing in his native town or city; firecrackers are set off, there are illuminations and processions, and everybody takes pride in the honor which their candidate has won, which is an honor not only for himself, but for his family, his city, and his province. No one else is so proud, then, as the mother, whose friends visit her with gifts and congratulations; no one is so happy as she, and other mothers envy her good fortune."

The girls were very much interested in all this, but Mary said: "I am more glad than ever that I am not a Chinese girl; I would not like to live in a country where I could not study and be taught, and where there was no place for me, no matter how hard I might work, or how clever I might be."

XIII. ON THE WALLS OF PEKING

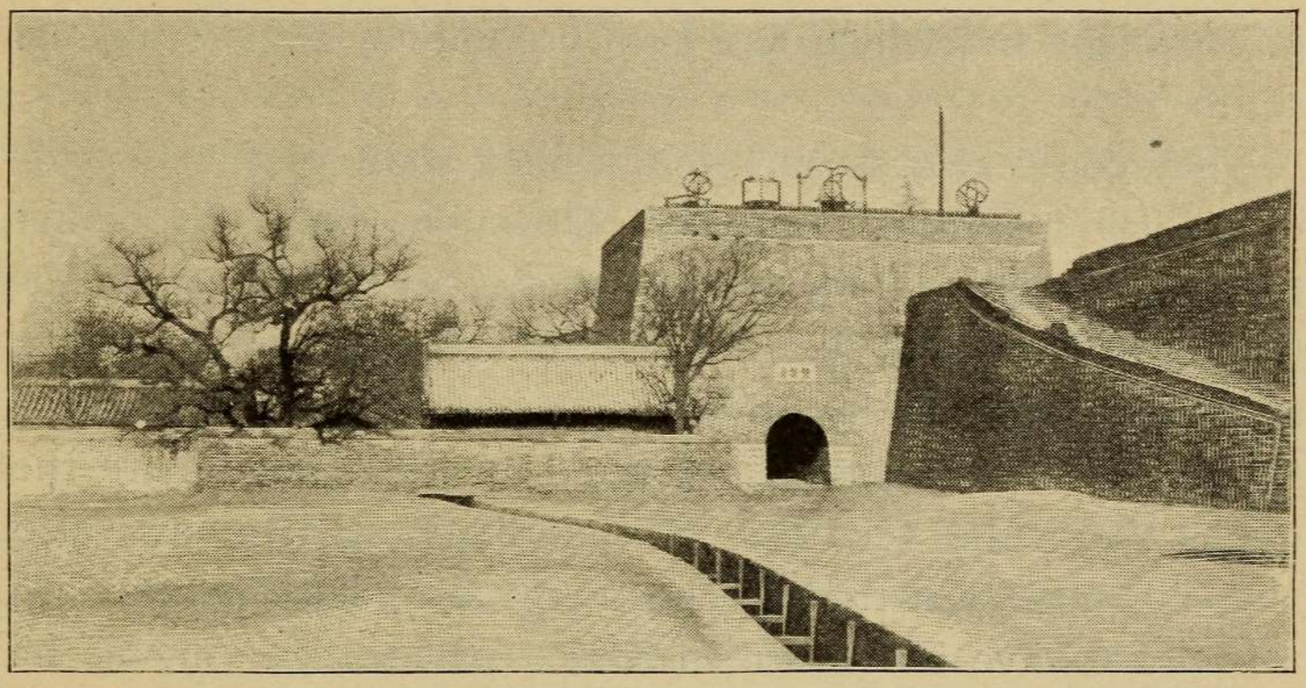
MRS. CLIFFORD had promised to take Mary and Ellen upon the city wall, and a few days after they had met her she called at the hotel for them. Mrs. Spencer went with them. They walked, for it was not very far from the hotel. The walls of Peking are almost like those of Suchau, except that over each gate is a lofty tower of many stories, each story tilted upward at the corners, like the terraces of a pagoda. There were times when the Chinese refused to let foreigners walk upon the wall, and Chinese women are never permitted to do so. Foreign women are not refused permission to walk there now, but because they go about as they like they are considered bold and immodest. Yet, while the Chinese think them much too self-reliant, they can not help admiring them because they are not afraid, and, still more, because they are educated.

Mrs. Spencer wrote a great many letters, and notes of what she had seen, and because she sat so much at her desk the servants considered her very wise, and gave her a Chinese name by which they always called her: "Mali Gow," which means in English "the Exhalted One."

Mrs. Clifford had brought with her a manservant who walked behind them. When they reached the passage to the top of the wall they found, not steps, but a long, sloping ascent paved with narrow bricks up which they climbed with very little difficulty. The walls are almost forty feet high, paved on top, and strengthened at regular distances with additional masonry called buttresses. The foundation is of stone,—two walls of the brickwork resting

on the stone and filled in with earth. Grass and bushes grow all along the wall, springing up in the crevices of the pavement. The outside wall, which incloses the three-fold city, is nearly fifteen miles in extent. It is pierced by seven gates which have very high-sounding names, like "The Western Gate of Expediency," "The Right Gate of Peace," etc.

There are almost no trees in the country, but, from the walls, Peking looks like a city embowered in foliage. The trees have not been planted along the streets, but within



Walls of Peking, Showing Astronomical Instruments

the courts and gardens from which they can not be seen very plainly by passers-by in the streets. Mrs. Clifford pointed out the Observatory where at that time there still remained the fine astronomical instruments of bronze which the Catholic priests, more than two hundred years before, had taught the Chinese how to make. Among them was a great globe of bronze, with the stars placed upon it as

they are placed in the heavens. The metal had been so burnished by the rain and wind that it had a gloss like brown, polished marble.

Looking east from the Observatory they saw the remains of another wall; this was the ancient wall of the old city, which had been visited centuries ago by a great traveler named Marco Polo, who wrote a book about the Chinese. He told many strange stories that nobody then believed, but which afterwards were found to be true. Near the ancient wall they saw the Emperor's rice granaries, a row of low buildings in which is stored the rice which belongs to the government and which had been brought by ships from the south.

They could also see the yellow-tiled roofs of the Forbidden City, where the Empress Dowager lives. It is not really a city but a collection of temples and palaces in beautiful gardens filled with trees, flowers and lotus ponds, and canals spanned by bridges of beautifully carved marble. The green-roofed palaces of the Imperial City, where the nobles, and the relatives of the Emperor live, are also shaded by tall ash trees. The relatives of the Emperor are allowed to live in the green-roofed palaces, so long as he does not want them for some other purpose — for other relatives, or officials, or, as sometimes happened, simply to tear them down.

Mrs. Clifford told them that she knew a family of charming Manchu ladies who were cousins of the Emperor and had lived in a palace in the Imperial City. A Chinese palace, after all, is rather a poor sort of house. It is scantily furnished compared to our houses, and is cold and uncomfortable and never very clean. There is no

glass in the windows, the frames being set with squares of white paper which, wet with the rain, soon become ragged and broken. The floors are paved with stone or brick and are not covered with rugs or matting; everything that is not wanted is thrown upon the floor, for, as Mary and Ellen knew, the Chinese are not neat.

The Emperor's cousins were very happy in their palace, which was better than most of such buildings. The garden was pretty and spacious, with its lotus ponds and pools for the queer, goggle-eyed, spotted Chinese goldfish.

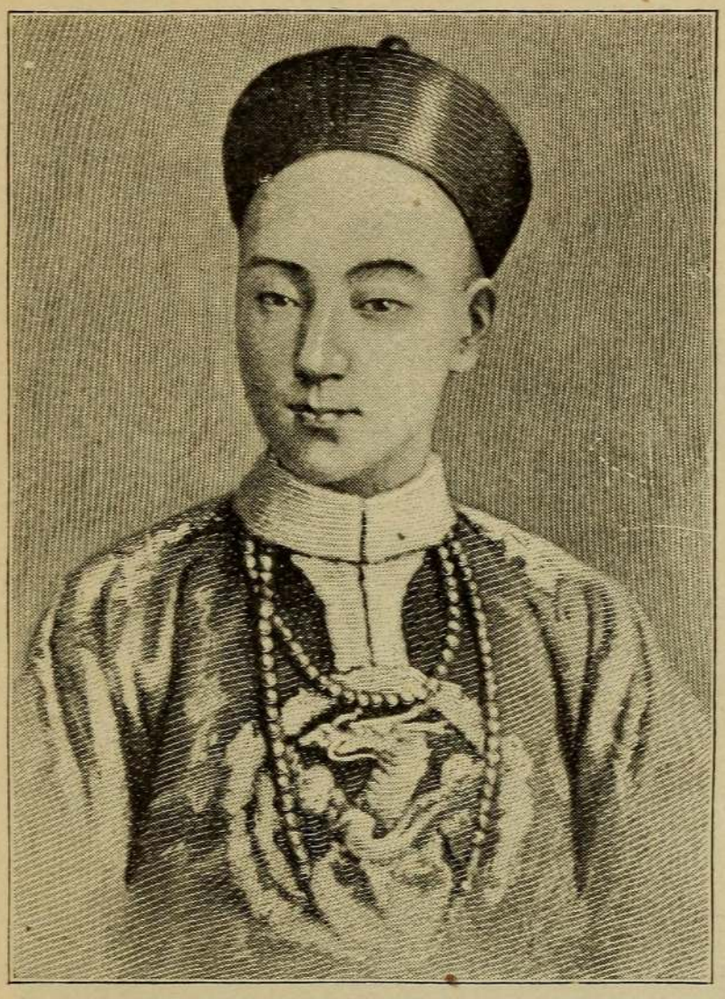
They had their own theater even, where plays were given that it required weeks to present, with large companies of actors and musicians who made what we would think very horrible noises with their squeaking bagpipes, trumpets, hautboys and clanging gongs that sound like so many tones in Chinese speech — " z-i-n-u-n-g; — p-i-n-u-n-g; "— all together making a deafening discord. The princesses stayed in their palace in cold weather and sat on the brick platform in their rooms, — the *k'ang,* or Chinese bed — which is heated from a little furnace in the floor. They ate and slept, read and gossiped, or worked at their fine embroidery, or made funny animals, cats, goats and donkeys, out of cotton wool which they colored very prettily and fastened upon sheets of blue or green paper and hung upon the wall. In summer they strolled about the garden, for being Manchu ladies their feet had not been bound; or they sat upon a bench in the shade, while one of the ladies read aloud from the classics, or a Chinese poem or story. The garden which they loved was beautiful and peaceful; they thought that in all Peking there was not one to be compared with it. Alas! one day a haughty servant from the Forbidden City

came and told them that the great Son of Heaven, which is one of the Emperor's titles, wished them to move to another palace in quite a distant part of Peking; he wanted the ground upon which their green-roofed palace stood for a pleasure garden, and all the buildings were to be pulled down. "You can imagine," said Mrs. Clifford, "how grieved they were, and how hard it must have been for them to give up the home of which they had grown so fond. But the word of the Emperor is law, it is, in fact, the real law of China. So they collected their cabinets of carved wood, their porcelain and cloisonné — which is metal work inlaid with enamel,— and their stools and tables, which were piled into carts and taken to the new palace, which was not half so pretty as the old, and where I do not think the princesses will ever be quite contented, although they must submit and not complain. I passed their old home the other day," Mrs. Clifford went on, "all the buildings were gone, and the brick and rubbish that remained was being taken away in carts. It may have been that some one who did not like the princesses put it into the head of the Emperor to take their palace from them, for such things happen in China; and he has so many gardens already, that he could have done very well without another. Nothing is left but that tall tree," she said, pointing a long distance away, and they saw it distinctly, its spreading boughs stirring softly in the wind.

"The Emperor must be very cruel and selfish," said Ellen.

"On the contrary," said Mrs. Clifford, "he is very mild and gentle, and not more selfish than any other one man would be who has great power; who has been taught all his life that every wish must be granted, and who has

been courted and flattered and even worshiped. The Chinese think that the Emperor is really the Son of Heaven,— not a common man likes the rest of us, although he may be sad and discouraged, ill and unhappy and disappointed, and must die at last, like other men, only perhaps earlier than men who have led less anxious and self-indulgent lives.



The Emperor Kuang Hsu

"Those who have seen Kuang Hsu describe him as tall, slender and very pale, with large dark eyes and arched brows, an oval face and good features; but they say that his face is very sad, for he is anxious to save his country, and to make his people happy, which you may not quite believe, because he took his cousins' palace from them."

They walked for several miles along the wall, Mary and Ellen stopping to gather Tientsin dates,— a pleasant, tart berry that grows everywhere on the low bushes, but the hungry fuel gatherers who are allowed to take away the weeds and leaves on the wall, had not left many of them.

To the north they saw a tall, mound-shaped hill, with trees growing along the sides, and a small pagoda, or summer-

house, on the top. This is the Ching-shan or "Coal Hill." It is said to be a great mound of coal collected ages ago and covered with earth — stored there to be used in case the city should ever be surrounded by enemies, and the coal mines be cut off. One of the Emperors, the last of the Ming dynasty, or family, whose name was Tsung-Cheng, hanged himself in this summerhouse when the Man-

Temple of Confucius

chus captured Peking and drove the Chinese out. Though he was an Emperor, with great riches and armies of soldiers, palaces and thousands of slaves, he could not endure life when all these were taken from him, and he died by his own hand, rather than submit to being put to death by his enemies.

At the south gate are two parks filled with tall trees, and here Mrs. Clifford pointed out the roofs of the Temple of Agriculture at the left, and the Temple of Heaven at the right. These, with the Temple of Confucius which they visited before leaving Peking, are the most sacred temples in all China. The temple of Heaven is so old that no one knows by whom or when it was first built. It had been rebuilt by the Ming Emperors, the great roadmakers and builders of China.

The grounds around the Temple of Heaven contain many acres, and are larger than those of the Temple of Agriculture. Both are surrounded by high walls and entered through lofty gates, which at that time were closed to foreigners.

At certain seasons of the year the Emperor goes up to the Temple of Heaven to offer prayers, not to the gods, but to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, in whom the Chinese believe.

Petitions are offered for rain in time of drought; for good harvests; for protection from floods; for relief in time of famine; and for continued peace, for the Chinese hate war, as they have reason to do. It is customary for the Emperor to leave the palace the evening before the day upon which prayers and sacrifices are to be offered. The solemn day is the twenty-first day of December, the winter solstice, the shortest day of the year. He is carried in a gorgeous sedan chair covered with jewels and embroidery, on the shoulders of thirty-two bearers, a band of musicians preceding him, and he is followed by a long procession of princes, nobles and magistrates on horseback.

Within the gates the Emperor leaves the sedan chair and

proceeds in a carriage drawn by elephants to the Temple of Abstinence. Here he remains all night, not daring to sleep for a moment, or to taste flesh or wine. When the hour for sacrifice arrives he puts on the robes which he has to wear at that time and walks to the altar and kneels while the fire is lighted which consumes the bullock laid upon an iron grating. He bows three times, then prostrates himself before the altar, making costly gifts of silk and gold and jade, all to the sound of strange, unearthly Chinese music. At the last, after other ceremonies, he kneels and receives from a priest wine and meat, "the cup of happiness" and "the flesh of happiness."

A ceremony of the same sort takes place at the spring solstice, the 21st of March, when prayers are offered for an abundant harvest. This festival is not so important as that which occurs in the winter when blessings upon the whole empire are asked.

In the Temple of Agriculture there are four altars; one each set apart for the spirits of heaven, the spirits of earth, the spirits of the year, and for the spirit of the man who is known throughout China as the first farmer, or Shen-nung, who taught his children how to till the lands, sow the grain, cultivate the vegetables, and gather the harvest. While many trades are carried on, farming is the chief industry and is looked upon by the Chinese as very honorable. Every spring the Emperor goes also to the Temple of Agriculture and plows a piece of ground, to show his reverence for agriculture and to set an example of industry to his people. A high magistrate is also required to plow a piece of ground set apart for the purpose.

Ellen and Mary would have liked very much to see these

temples, but even if they had not been closed to foreigners the Chinese would not have been willing to admit girls. They were not so strict in the Temple of Confucius.

As they came back along the wall they peeped into the door of one of the towers, which had been left ajar, and saw a lot of dusty rubbish and rusting cannon. The soldiers that stood by the tower did not object, but let them look as long as they liked.

When they reached the street they heard approaching a great noise of gongs which were being struck with slow, loud, crashing blows that almost drowned the trumpets and bagpipes. "That is a funeral," said Mrs. Clifford; we must wait and see it. It must be the funeral of an official, there are so many musicians."

It soon came in sight, the musicians sounding the trumpets and beating the gongs. In the procession were men and boys dressed in long, dingy, scarlet frocks,, with pointed red hats in which were broken, draggled feathers, the whole dress being very shabby and dirty. Each carried a wand or banner of some sort. These men and boys had been picked up anywhere in the streets, and were paid a few "cash" to walk to the grave and swell the procession.

Behind them came other men, dressed in white from head to foot. They moaned and wailed, and some appeared so faint with grief that they had to be supported on either side, as if they were not able to walk by themselves. The family, the wives and children of the dead man — for rich men in China have several wives — rode in carts, and they, too, were dressed in white; even their shoes and earrings were covered with white cloth, but they did not appear to feel very sad.

Some of the men in the procession carried strings of queer-shaped silver and gold paper which had been bought in certain shops where it is always sold. This is called "spirit money," which is burned at the grave, and which the Chinese believe can then be used by the spirit of the dead man in the spirit world, to which his friends believe he has gone. But they carried not only paper money, but representations of carts, horses, mules, servants, sedan chairs, wives, all of the natural size, and all cut out of paper, painted to make them as lifelike as possible. These, like the money, were to be burned, and thus changed into spirit mules, carts, wives and servants. Such a funeral is very costly. The coffin, which is always of fine cedar with black or silver letters on the end, was carried on a bier and was hidden by a pall of splendid scarlet silk, richly embroidered in flowers, birds and butterflies. The bier was carried by means of heavy scarlet poles and cords, and required seventy men to lift it.

The Chinese are very proud of their funerals, and it is a common thing for them to buy their coffins and keep them in their houses for years before they are needed. They do not dislike to have the coffin in the house, as we would, but show it to their friends, who admire it as we would admire a fine piece of furniture. There are many coffin shops in all Chinese towns and cities, and the fragrance of the cedar out of which the coffins are made is very pleasant.

"As they are going to bury the man, I suppose the geomancer must have been paid well to find a lucky place for the grave," said Mary, who remembered that this was necessary, and that bodies sometimes remained unburied for months and even years, if the geomancer did not exert

himself, or was being too well paid, and so prolonged his search as much as he could.

XIV. THE MING TOMBS

THE time had passed so quickly they did not realize that the middle of October had come. Mr. and Mrs. Clifford, whose home was in Peking, had made up a party to go to the Ming Tombs and the Nan K'ou Pass, which everyone who can do so visits while in that part of China. Mrs. Spencer, Mary and Ellen were invited to join the party, an invitation which they were glad to accept.

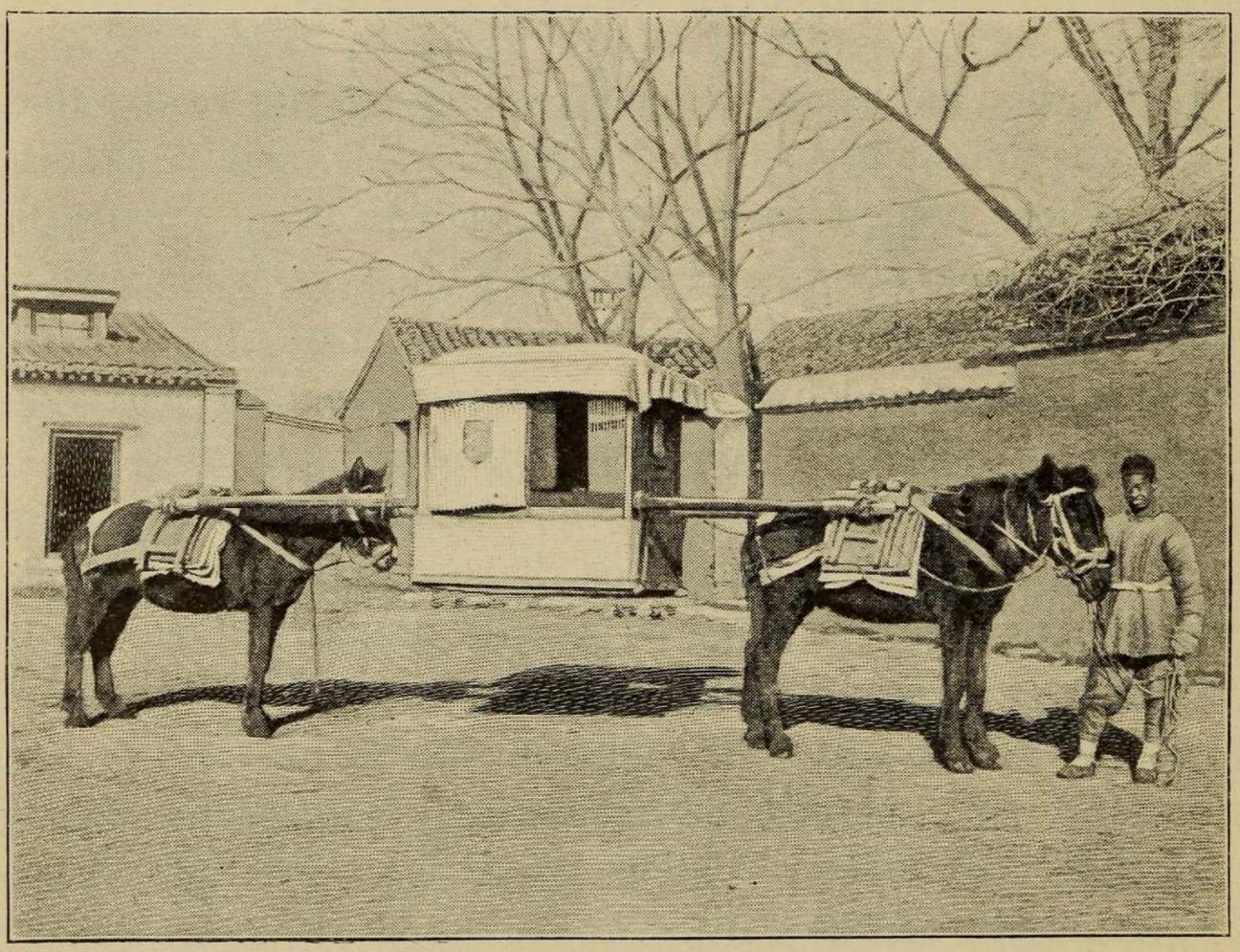
The Ming Tombs are the burial places of the great rulers of China who did so much for the Empire and the people before they were conquered by the Manchus, a people living in their own country to the west of China. At that time the Manchus excelled only in making war; they had very few arts, very little learning, and lived as the people still live in Manchuria, chiefly by raising flocks and herds.

The tombs of the Mings are about thirty miles northwest of Peking, and the Nan K'ou Pass is at about the same distance but a little more to the south.

The pass is the opening in the Hsi Shan, or Western Hills, along the summits of which rise the towers and solid masonry of the Great Wall. The Pass is a long defile, with towering cliffs on either side, following the bed of a stream which is dry through the summer and winter. At the northwest termination of the Pass is a lofty archway in the Great Wall,

through which go long caravans of camels, mules, horses, donkeys, carts, litters and wagons. It is the road over which traffic is carried on between China, Central Asia and Russia.

As Mary and Ellen had often been told, it is hard work to travel in China, away from the seacoast cities where foreigners are allowed to live, or remote from the rivers and ca-



Mule Litter

nals upon which one can travel in a house boat. There are no roads that can be called roads; no comforts, no conveniences of any sort. Mrs. Spencer was to travel in a mule litter, and the girls were to go in a cart to the City Gate; then they begged to be allowed to ride upon the little gray donkeys which seemed so gentle and surefooted. They

could dismount and walk when they liked, and take turns riding with their mother in the litter.

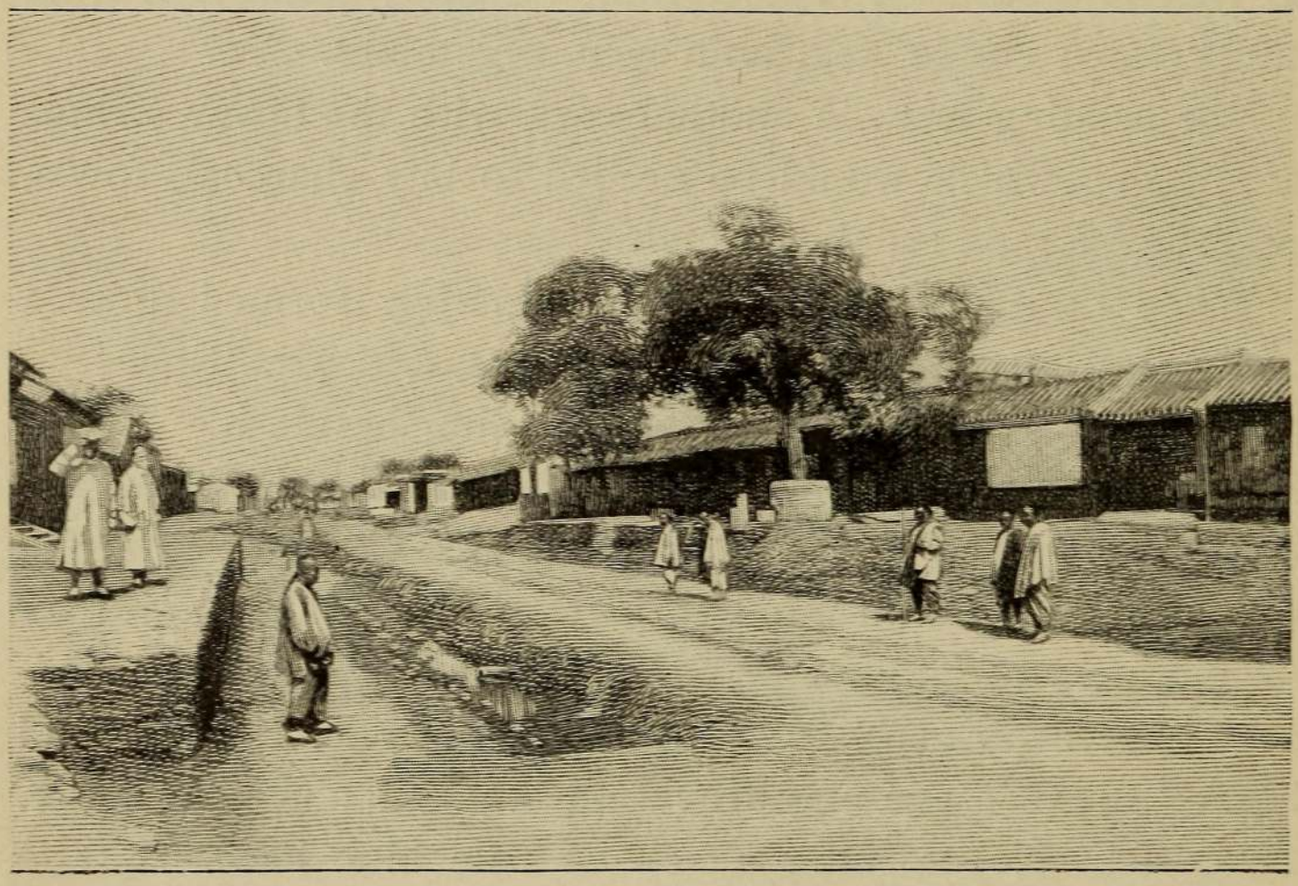
Everything that they might require had to be carefully thought of and lists made out beforehand, as on the house boat journey, for they could buy very little in the towns and villages through which they were to pass. One cart was loaded with supplies of food — bread; beef, partially cooked so that it would not spoil; tinned fruits; condensed milk and cream; coffee, tea, and even vegetables.

The bedding went in another cart, with the heavy strings of "cash" which would be needed to buy charcoal, fowls, eggs, and forage for the animals.

When they set out from the hotel they formed quite a caravan, with the carts, mules, servants, and Mrs. Spencer's litter, with the mounted litterman riding beside it. It was a lovely autumn morning; the sky more deeply blue than they had yet seen it in China. The hills, which were really mountains, took on a hundred lovely tints; but, though they seemed near at hand, they were really far off, and the Chinese have a proverb, "Who goes to the hills, rides a dead horse," because one may travel all day and not reach them. Over their slopes hung a veil of pale blue haze. "It is quite like an October morning at home," said Mrs. Spencer, "except that here there are no trees or vines turning yellow and scarlet in the frost."

They made their way along Legation street very leisurely, passing the British Legation, which is not far from that of the United States. The walls are high and strong, and the buildings are solid and roomy, and can be seen from the street. No one knew what was to happen within that compound before many months had passed, and the big

gates stood hospitably open that bright October morning. Behind those walls men and women, surrounded by cruel Boxers, were to be imprisoned for weeks, with little hope of rescue — saved at last, however, by the brave soldiers sent to their relief. It was well that Mrs. Spencer could not look into the future, for she would never have ventured to visit Peking, much less go into the country with her



Legation Street, Peking

two daughters, when, even at that time, although they were outwardly friendly, the people were ready to make war on the foreigners, and had determined to kill them all — men, women and children.

The streets at that early hour, for it was only a little past seven, were already crowded with busy people buying and selling, none idle but the beggars, and the boys and

men who were gathered under the story-teller's tent, listening as he read or talked.

At the gate they met scores of men carrying baskets balanced on poles and heaped with glossy, orange-colored persimmons, which were very tempting, but which Mrs. Clifford said were not fit to eat yet, because there had not been frost enough. The rutty tracks outside the walls were thronged with people on their way to Peking. Mary and Ellen had never seen such multitudes; those on foot were dressed alike in blue frocks, black shoes and white socks; some bareheaded, and others with the hair covered with a cloth or a black satin cap with a scarlet tuft on top.

The girls left the cart, glad to escape the terrific jolting which they could not have endured very long. They mounted the little gray donkeys that, saddled and bridled, were waiting for them outside the walls. They were as gentle as kittens, but rather lazy; and now and then one would doze as he walked, stumble and fall with his rider. Fortunately, the donkey is such a tiny beast that no one is hurt by such a mishap.

The girls were glad when they struck off across the fields by a path just wide enough for the donkeys, but in which the carts, which went around by the road, could not travel. They were to have their noon dinner at an inn in a village about ten miles from Peking, and Su Neah, Mrs. Clifford's "Boy," went on ahead to prepare it.

They were to stop at the Ta-Chung-sze, or the Temple of the Great Bell. It stands, like all the other temples they had seen, in its own grounds, behind high walls and great, closed gates. They paid the gate keeper to let them in, which he was not quite willing to do. The court was not very

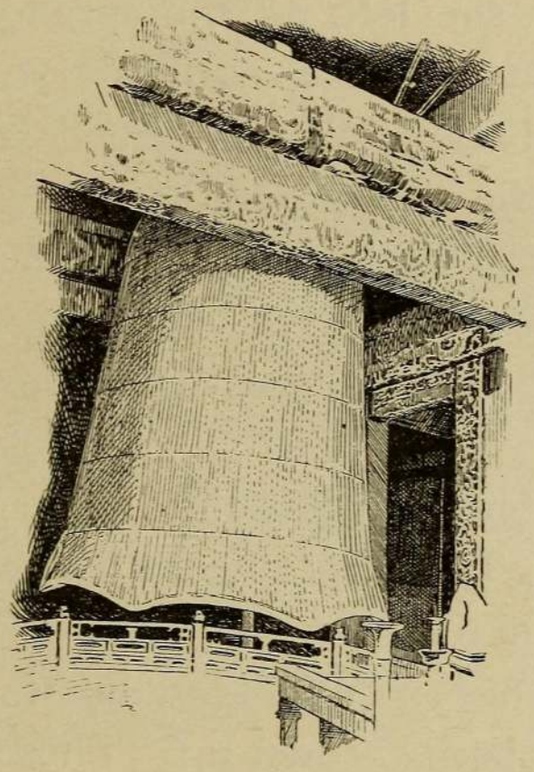
clean, but the oak, pine and ash trees made a pleasant shade, and it was very peaceful and quiet. The great bell hung in a small pavilion of its own, in a framework of stout timbers, and, like all the great bells of China and Japan, was sounded by being struck on the outer surface by a heavy beam that can be moved to and fro. The Chinese think that when-

An Inn Courtyard

ever it is struck the gods will at once send rain; though, if this were really true, they need never suffer from the long droughts that so often parch the fields and ruin the poor farmers' crops in all this part of China.

The bell is of bronze, and was cast in the reign of the Emperor Yung-lo, who is called by the Chinese the "Per-

fect Ancestor." This was over four hundred years ago. There is but one other bell in the world that is so large,— the great bell which hangs in the Kremlin in Moscow, but which was cracked in casting. The bell of the Ta-Chung-sze is sound and whole, and has a deep, rich tone that can be heard for a long distance. It is said that fourteen men can stand under the great bronze bell, every inch of the surface of which is covered with texts from the writings of Buddha, who is worshiped by millions of people in China and India. The texts are in Chinese characters.



The Great Bell

In China the children are told a legend of the great bell, and there are few of them who do not know it. When the Emperor gave orders to have it cast, all the master-molders of the Empire were summoned to Peking by the mandarin, Kouan-yu. The metal was collected — vast quantities of brass, gold and silver — and the furnace fires were lighted. But the melted metals refused to blend, and three times the bell was cast without success. At last the Emperor warned Kouan-yu that, if he failed again, he would be put to death. The mandarin was sad and troubled. He had a beautiful daughter, Ko-N'gai, whom he loved fondly. She noticed her father's anxiety, and, learning that his life was in danger, she consulted the geomancer to see if the peril could be

averted. The geomancer told her that the metals would not unite unless they were mixed with human blood. On the dreaded day, when the bell was to be cast for the fourth time, Ko-N'gai begged that she might go with her nurse to see the molten metal poured into the mold. They stood upon the platform looking down upon the seething mass of brass, gold and silver, boiling and bubbling, and when the final moment came Ko-N'gai cried: "For thy sake, O, my father!" and leaped down into the burning metal. Not a trace of her body was found, but she left, as she sprang from the platform, one tiny shoe in the hand of the nurse, who tried to catch and hold her back. When the bell is sounded the Chinese say that, as the tones die away, they can hear the voice of Ko-N'gai calling "Hi-ai," and the Chinese mothers say to their little ones:

"Listen! that is Ko-N'gai; that is Ko-N'gai crying for her shoe."

They saw for the first time, after they left the temple, Chinese farms and farmhouses. The fields were being plowed for the next year's crops, and they were very smooth and clean. There were neither fences nor hedges, but in some places low embankments had been thrown up. There were no dividing lines that could be seen between most of the fields, but the farmers themselves knew where they were, and they never quarreled about them or encroached upon their neighbor's land.

The inn where they had dinner was very bare — low houses arranged around a court in which the carts were left, the animals being fed at stone troughs in sheltered stalls opposite the rooms which they hired. There was a reception room and a bedchamber; the floors were paved with brick,

which Su Neah had swept; there were panes of glass in the window, and a crooked mirror for the use of foreigners, who were received at this inn without objection. Many Chinese innkeepers will not receive foreign guests. In the reception room were some benches, two straight-backed, long-legged Chinese chairs and a greasy table. In the

Chinese Farm — Drying Rice

chamber the ka'ng, or Chinese bed, on which Su Neah had spread a clean straw mat, took up half the space. In the floor, close to the ka'ng, was a square hole, with pipes running under the bed. In winter, balls of coal dust mixed with earth are placed in the square hole and a fire is then lighted; until the coal balls become red-hot the family can not come into the room, for they would be in danger

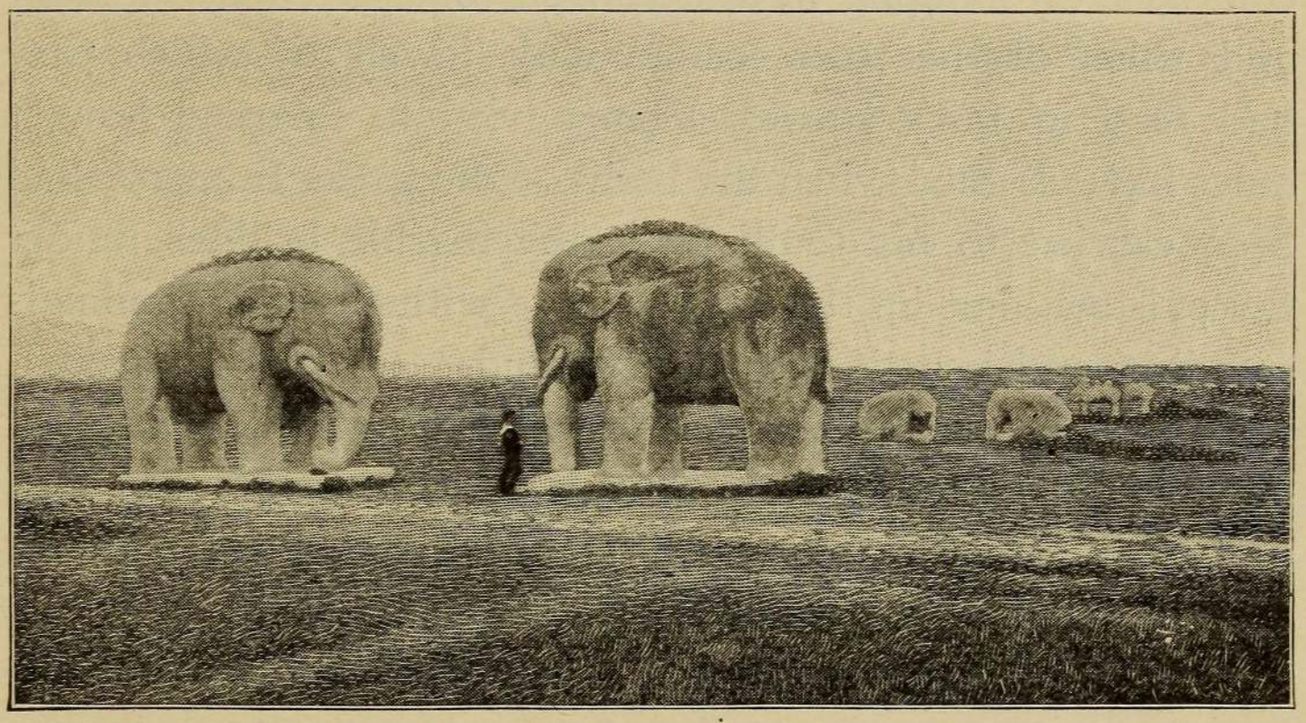
of being suffocated with the fumes from the burning coal balls. The ka'ng, instead of the room, is heated, and the guests sit there in the daytime and sleep upon it at night, wearing thick, wadded coats. Only the houses of the very rich have stoves heated with charcoal, and many of these are without pipes, so that when the first fire is lighted doors and windows must be kept open for some time. Many persons die in China every year from the fumes of charcoal fires.

They rested for an hour, and then set out again, hoping to spend the night at the little mission of Ch'ang-p'ing-chow, which they were able to do. It was in charge of a mild, gentle Chinese and his young wife, both Christians. Although it was only a native Chinese house, with its bare court, with very little furniture, the place was so sweet and clean, compared to the dirty streets of Ch'ang-p'ing-chow, that Mary and Ellen felt it was almost like being in their own country again.

Su Neah cooked the supper over a brazier in the court; broiled the beef, made toast and cocoa, and did it all quickly and neatly. Mary and Ellen brought chairs out of the house and sat by the glowing fire and watched him. He smiled at them and showed his pretty dimples, and both girls thought him sweet-tempered and good-looking. The stars came out high overhead in the sky, which, in China, seems so far off and so sharply arched. The mattresses were spread upon the ka'ng, and they went to bed very early, and were on their way the next morning before the sun had risen. They had crossed several marble bridges, which must have been very splendid before they had fallen into ruin; the balustrades were finely carved, and the roadway across them

was paved with great blocks of stone clamped together with bolts of iron. But the paving was worn and broken, and the piers had fallen down, and many of the marble slabs had been carried away, or used for stepping-stones in the shallow streams.

The Ming Tombs are in a wide valley inclosed on three side with hills; there are thirteen, each at the foot of a low spur which reaches out into the level plain from the higher range of hills behind it. The central tomb is that of the



Avenue of Animals—Ming Tombs

great Yung-lo. The entrance to the valley of the tombs is through a pai-low, or gateway of white marble columns, and beyond the gateway is a pavilion containing an enormous stone tortoise, upon the back of which is a stone tablet. A poem by another of the Ming Emperors has been cut upon the stone. From this pavilion they entered the Avenue of Animals, a long avenue bordered on either side by figures of elephants, lions, camels, horses and unicorns, some stand-

ing and some kneeling, with other figures of magistrates and soldiers. At the head of the avenue there had once been another fine marble bridge, but it was gone. The tomb of the Emperor Yung-lo is like the others, in the midst of a large inclosure shut in with high walls.

As they had been riding for many hours, they decided to have luncheon before trying to parley with the gate keeper. The day was warm and bright. Not far off was a persimmon orchard, the first trees that they had seen. The orange-colored fruit hanging in the crimson foliage reminded Mary and Ellen of the trees loaded with jewels of which they had read in fairy stories. They tried to imagine how it must have seemed when the body of the great Emperor had been carried to his tomb, over the marble bridges, under the pai-low, and up the long avenue with the stone animals standing and kneeling on either hand.

They had seen no Chinese anywhere, but when they sat down to the picnic luncheon, men and boys, who appeared to have sprung up out of the ground, came and watched them hungrily.

Mr. Clifford spoke Chinese, and he had to persuade the gate keeper a long time before he would open the gates; he wanted a great deal of money, but when he found that he could not get the sum he named he took less, but was not in a good humor about it.

The court, like that at the Bell Temple, is planted with fine oaks and pines, and pretty gray squirrels were running about gathering their winter stores of acorns. The Chinese have great regard for what they call "the written character," and burn all waste paper upon which anything has been written or printed. An oven stood just within

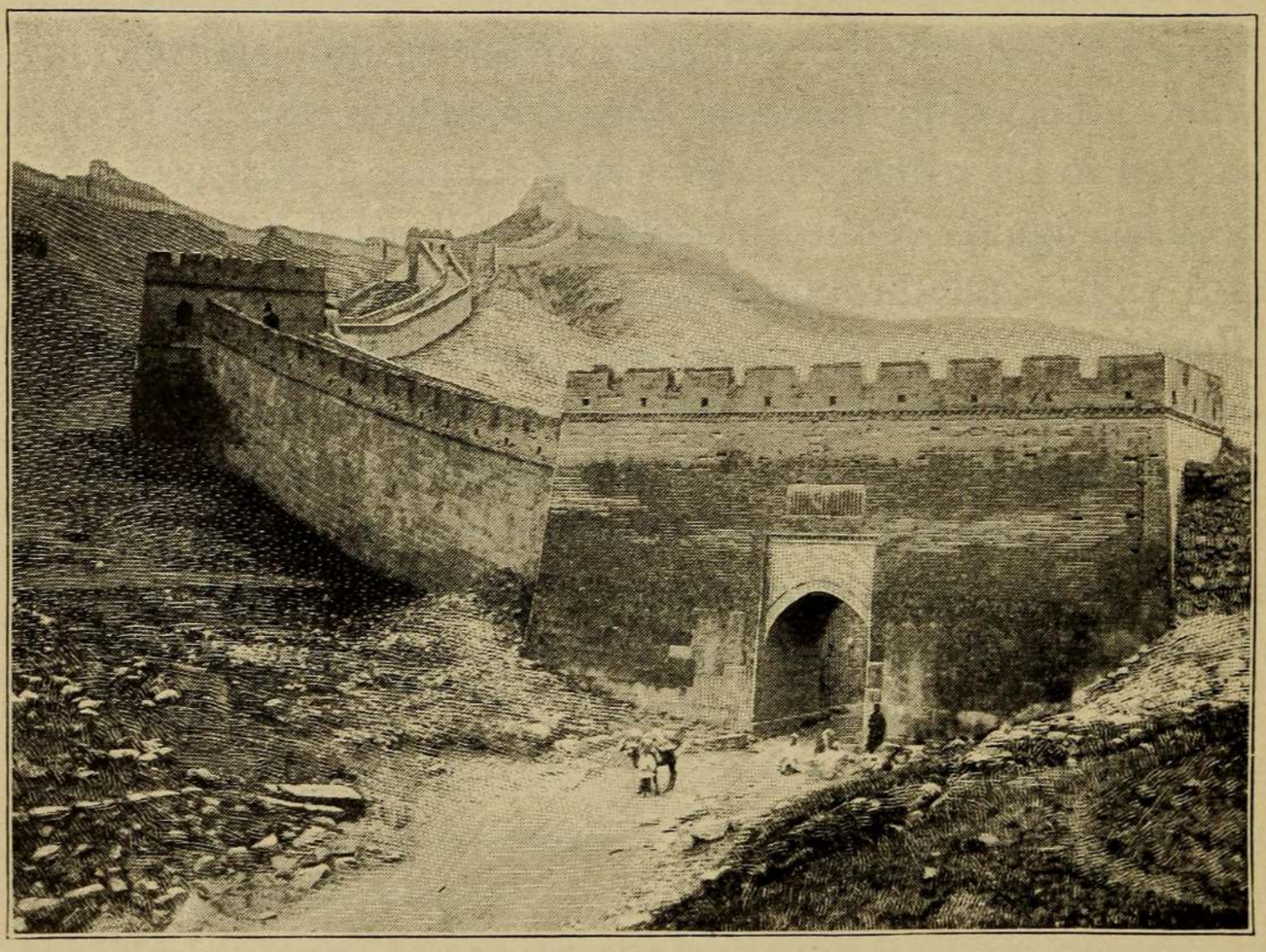
the gate, in which all paper of this sort was burned.

The Ancestral Hall is approached by a terrace with balustrades of carved marble, and the steps are also of marble; it is here, upon the altar set with vases and candlesticks, that sacrifices of food and drink are offered to the spirit of the dead Emperor. The roof is very lofty, paneled in green, and supported by columns, which are made of the trunks of giant teak trees which were brought from Burma. Behind the Ancestral Hall is the last pavilion, where the coffin passage, through which the body was carried to the grave, has been walled up so that it can never be used again. Other passages have been left, to the left and right, and through these one can reach the last court of all. Here the Emperor was buried under a mound of earth half a mile high and one hundred and fifty feet in circumference. Forest trees have sprung up in the centuries that have passed, and the " Perfect Ancestor " and " Literary Emperor " has not been disturbed where he has lain so long at rest.

XV. THE NAN K'OU PASS

AFTER leaving the wonderful tombs, they went south to the Nan K'ou Pass. They did not reach the walled town of Chu-yung-chuan at the entrance of the Pass. where they were to spend the night, until it was almost dark. The walls of Chu-yung-chuan are irregular and broken, but two strong towers still remain behind the

town from which the sentinels can give warning when an enemy approaches. In the very center of one of the towers a tall telegraph pole had been planted, which Mary and Ellen pointed out, and which, in that strange country, seemed familiar and friendly. The telegraph line runs from Peking to Kalgan, a flourishing Russian settlement in Manchuria, where a large trade is carried on.



Great Wall—Nan K'ou Pass

It was already dusk in the valley, and they turned in at the gate of the inn where they were to spend the night, tired and dusty. As they went into the house there was a rushing sound over the ragged paper which formed the ceiling. "Those are rats," said Mr. Clifford, laughing, "they do not like the smell of foreigners, and they are

running away; they will not come back, no matter how hungry they are."

Mary and Ellen were a good deal relieved, for the thought of rats running over them in the night was certainly not pleasant. For once, however, Mr. Clifford was mistaken; one bold fellow — quite a hero he must have been among the other rats — did venture back in the night, climbed upon the table and made a good meal off the sperm candle, which Su Neah had left there. Mary and Ellen slept so soundly that they did not hear him. They woke long before daybreak and listened to the stir of multitudes of feet and the measured clang-clang of camel bells. The caravans were coming and going through the Pass, for camels must give the road in China to everything. This delays them so much that the camel driver prefers to travel by night and rest by day. The animals are tethered in strings of six or eight, walking, one behind the other, the leader wearing a tasseled bell, as they had seen the camels in Peking. When it is broad daylight they are allowed to rest, relieved of their loads, either in the court of a camel inn, or on the open plain by the roadside.

Mary and Ellen rose quietly, dressed, and went to the gate to look at the camels. They came steadily on, with a soft, undulating tread, their huge, cushioned feet making a pattering sound on the dusty road. The driver walked beside them, but he rarely spoke to them; they quietly and obediently followed the sound of the leader's bell. They bore upon their humped backs bales and bags and square boxes, which contained silks and tea for Russia, charcoal, soda and skins from Siberia, and wool and goat's hair from Mongolia and Manchuria.

"These are real camels," said Mary, "they have two humps; the dromedary has but one. I wonder how long it takes the silk and tea to reach Russia? It is a very, very long distance, and see how slowly the camels walk."

"Mr. Clifford told me that they would not reach Russia for a whole year," Ellen replied. "When the great railway across Siberia is finished it will not take more than two weeks."

"But if all the bales and parcels are sent by train what will become of the camel drivers?" Mary asked. But this was a question which Ellen could not answer.

Presently the sun touched the highest ridges of the mountains, and there before them, high up on the very crest, they saw the outlines of the Great Wall. The brick work might have been a part of the mountain itself, following the ridge up and down, now easily traced, now lost sight of, the upper edge crenelated, or cut out in embrasures, like all walls built for defense. It reminded the girls of a huge serpent that had dragged its dun-colored length along the mountain top, and remained there to bask in the sun. As the light grew stronger, the narrow road that wound up a gradual ascent could be seen for some distance, but it was finally lost sight of behind a jagged cliff.

Fewer and fewer camels passed and then came scores of mules and donkeys,— the poor little donkeys so loaded with the bundles of millet stalks that they carried that nothing could be seen of them but their mouse-colored legs and faces. They seemed to be living bales and nothing more. At a little distance they saw three men stop suddenly and stoop down in the road; they were picking up, one by one,

some grains of millet that had been spilled from a broken sack. Confucius, the great teacher, taught the Chinese that if a man finds a grain of rice which he can not use himself he should place it where a sparrow can get it. Millet is the cheapest food in China, yet the people are so thrifty that not even a grain of it is wasted. One never sees any scraps of paper or shreds of cloth, no weeds or dead leaves lying about; all are made use of in some way.

If the people were not so thrifty, many more would die than now perish every year from hunger in spite of their saving habits and ceaseless work.

Su Neah called them in to breakfast which was very nice; he had made delicious coffee, porridge and even hot cakes over the charcoal brazier, and after they had eaten all they wanted they were refreshed and ready to set out again.

The road through the Pass was very rough, cut into ruts that are never filled, and strewn with bowlders over which the wheels of the carts jolted and ground.

As they mounted higher and higher, the black cliffs on either hand seemed to reach almost to the clouds. The river, which during the rains overflows its banks, was now quite dry.

They had seen few birds since they came to China, except the pet birds which were carried about on forked sticks and in cages, and the flocks of crows, and magpies. Once they had seen a crow and a magpie fighting a hawk, the crow cawing in triumph as his enemy flew away, glad to escape with his life.

The mountain gorges of the Pass were alive with wild pigeons and beautiful pheasants. Mr. Clifford, with Su

Neah, left them to go on to the head of the Pass where he said he would soon join them, after he and Su Neah had had a little shooting. Presently they heard the noise of his gun, the echoes repeated many times in the wild gorges. When he finally rejoined them he had half a dozen pheasants and twice as many pigeons. Mary and Ellen felt sad when they looked at the dead birds which, only a little while before, were enjoying their free, happy life and now lay on the ground at their feet, their beautiful feathers torn and stained with blood.

"Another bird is found in the Pass," said Mr. Clifford, called the bustard. It is quite large and excellent to eat. Chinese turkeys are poor and tough, and the Americans who live in Peking always try to get a bustard for their Thanksgiving dinner." Then he told them that foreigners in China grow very tired of game and much prefer beef. A fat pheasant can be bought for ten cents.

They saw here and there along the road the most squalid inns for the camel drivers and their animals. There were no walls around the court, nothing but a low embankment of earth, but the camels had been fed and watered, and they lay on the ground contentedly resting.

It was about ten o'clock when they reached the head of the Pass. The wall here was like that which they had first seen at Nan K'ou, and the stony road which passed beneath the arch crossed the plain beyond, and thence to Manchuria, Siberia and Russia. There were lofty watchtowers upon the wall at regular distances, and the top of the wall was reached, not by a paved incline, but by a rough stairway.

From the top of the wall, which they reached without difficulty, they saw a flock of sheep approaching, some of

them with jet black faces and large fat tails, which the people of Mongolia consider a great delicacy.

The men in charge of them carried small triangular yellow flags which fluttered from long staves. On the flags were Chinese letters. "The sheep are tribute from Mongolia," said Mr. Clifford, "and are being driven up to the capital." By this he meant that the Mongolians, who are subjects of the Emperor of China, do not pay their taxes in money, for which, in their country, they have very little use. They have flocks and herds, however, and, regularly every year, a certain number of animals are sent to Peking to the Emperor instead of money. They are sold there, and the money received for them is paid into the imperial treasury.

They also saw droves of fat swine that were being taken to Peking by the herders, and the oddest thing about them was that their hoofs had been covered with shoes of heavy white canvas. This was to protect their feet which otherwise would be cut by the sharp stones. This would lame them so that they could not travel and they would have to be left behind. The only difficulty with the cloth shoes is, that they must wear out very fast and have to be replaced very often, which must take a great deal of time and work. The Chinese are patient and painstaking, however, and do not often complain, whatever they have to do; so, perhaps they do not mind shoeing their pigs every day, as they draw near to Peking. The girls were surprised to see the animals — the sheep, mules, horses, camels and pigs — so fat and healthy. The backs of the litter mules were galled, but, aside from this, the Chinese do not appear to treat animals cruelly. The girls did not see any animals beaten, and they had watched the carter feeding

the mules and donkeys in the morning and evening. Each was given a generous meal of millet fodder chopped fine, and mixed with beans or grain; at all the wayside wells they are watered, and are never hurried. The man who drew the water was paid one "cash" for each pailful.

They sat upon the wall for more than an hour watching the flocks and herds, the carts and wagons and litters that passed in and out under the arch, lost in the curve of the road behind the cliffs in one direction, or disappearing in the clouds of dust which hung like a haze over the valley, in the other. The wall was paved on top with large gray bricks that had not been dried in the sun, but baked in kilns until they were almost like glass. They walked for a long distance and climbed to the top of another watchtower, Then they retraced their steps to the carts and donkeys and set their faces toward Peking.

They were glad that they had seen even this part of the Great Wall, although it was not so old as other portions, northeast of Peking, which are little more than heaps of ruins, and which extend in a crooked line to the sea. As they retraced their steps through the busy streets of Nan K'ou, and entered Chu-yung-chuan, they saw upon the inner walls of the archway inscriptions in six languages which had been cut there centuries before. A still stranger sight was several pairs of shoes hung in plain view above the gates. Mr. Clifford explained that when any great man, a scholar, magistrate or general, visited the city, he was begged to leave a pair of his shoes to hang up over the gate that the people might be reminded of his virtues and imitate them.

Mary and Ellen were also told that if a son killed his

parents, or soldiers mutinied in a walled city, they were executed and as many embrasures in the wall filled up as there had been executions. This was to publish the disgrace of the city to the world. When such crimes occur every one is held responsible,— the relatives and neighbors that they have not set a better example; the magistrate that he has not governed better; the teachers that they have not given proper instruction; and all are very much ashamed to see the walled-up embrasures which will always remind them that they have not done their duty.

At a stream some distance from Chu-yung-chuan they saw a company of strange men. They had dismounted from their shaggy ponies and were smoking their pipes. Their faces were very swarthy, and they wore queer, tall hats of black lamb's wool, long, dark gowns, or caftans, belted at the waist, and boots of wrinkled leather.

"They are Mongols," said Mr. Clifford, "rough, boisterous men, not cruel, and very kind to their animals — much better than many Christians. In the winter they take great quantities of frozen game and meat to Peking where they stay sometimes for several weeks, living in tents wherever they can find space."

They spent the last night at the little mission, to which they returned and which seemed even more comfortable than before, and the next day pushed on, stopping only for a little rest and luncheon at noon. About two o'clock the wind began to blow very hard, and the sky grew dark as if a storm were approaching; the sun was hidden and they had to cover their eyes and mouths to keep from being blinded and suffocated with the dust. When they finally reached the hotel in Peking, although the doors and windows

had been tightly closed, everything was coated with fine brown dust that had been forced in through every crack. It was of no use to clear it away until the storm was over. No rain fell, but the wind roared and howled all night.

XVI. THE SCHOOL

MARY and Ellen knew that in China girls are not always sent to school. In the families of the rich they share the lessons of their brothers until they are ten years old; then boys and girls are taught separately; or, perhaps, the girls' lessons cease altogether, for the Chinese do not really think that it is a good thing for women to read and write. They are afraid it may cause them to neglect their homes and their children. Men and women from our own country have gone out to China and have founded good schools for both girls and boys in many places. At first none but the children of the very poor came to the schools, and most of these came simply because they were given food and clothes which they could not get at home. Other children are picked up out of the streets — tiny babies who can hardly walk or talk. The Chinese, themselves, let such children die, and they can not understand why people of a different race, who never get any money for their work, should care for them and want to teach them. The Chinese usually expect some return for what they do, in presents and money, for which one can not blame them, when it is remembered how many millions

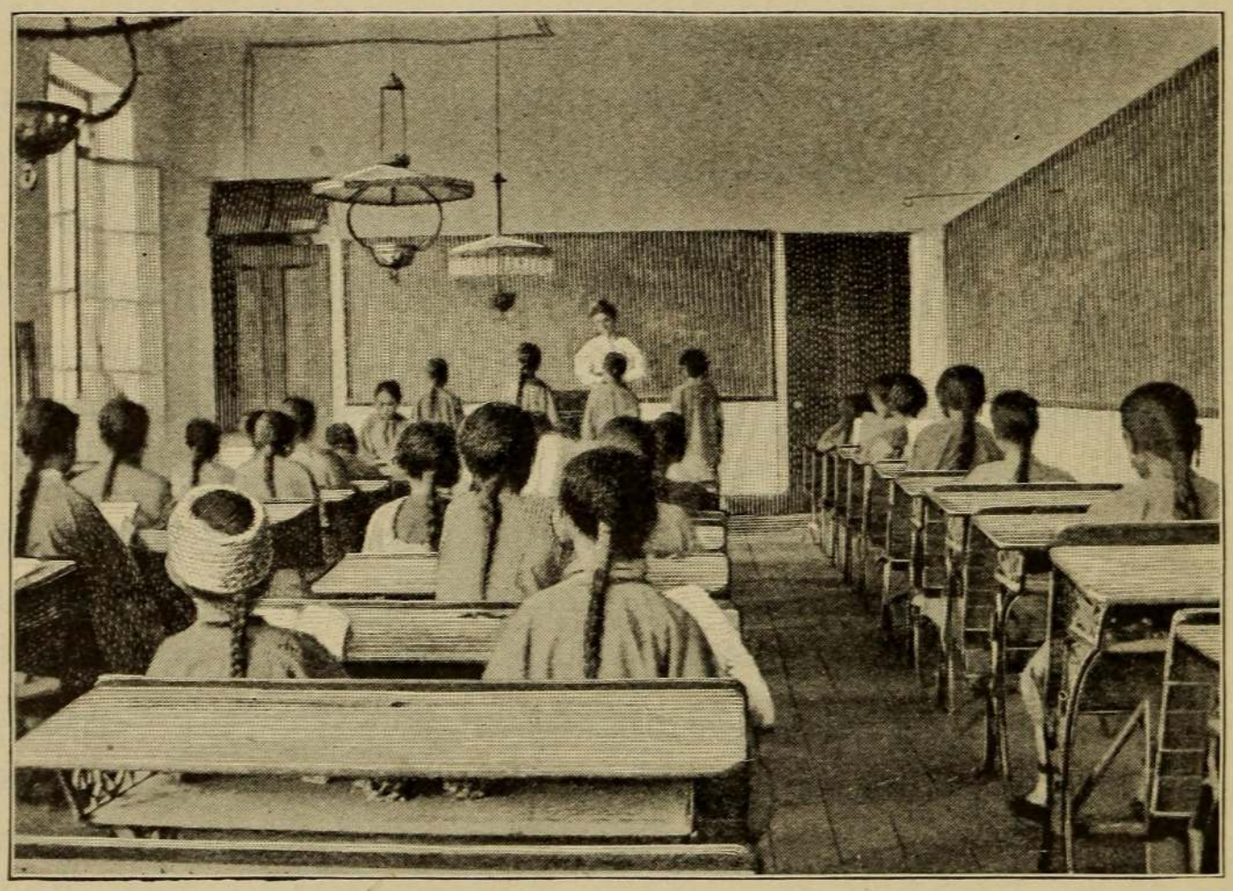
there are in China, how poor so many of them are, and how hard it is for them to get even millet enough to eat. The Chinese who wished children to learn only the teachings of the classics, that is, the writings of Confucius and Mencius, told terrible falsehoods about the foreign teachers. They said that they tortured and murdered children for their eyes and their blood, out of which they made medicine. The Chinese who might have been friendly were frightened, but, after a while, the pupils and their friends and parents learned for themselves that such stories were false and silly. Then more and more children were sent to the schools, many more than could be received, for there were neither rooms nor teachers enough.

Thousands of young men have entered the colleges that have been founded by the foreigners, and are being taught as they are taught in civilized countries,— young men who will one day govern China. A change has come about, too, in regard to the girls. When their parents saw how much better and how much more intelligent they became through the help of the foreign teachers, they were eager to send them to the schools. Then the Chinese themselves began to found schools of the same sort; not for boys only, but, more wonderful still, for girls as well. In the girls' schools they employ foreign ladies for teachers, and Chinese ladies who have been taught in foreign schools.

Mrs. Spencer was asked to visit a Mission school for girls before she left Peking, and Mary and Ellen went with her. At the Mission gate they found a tall, dark-skinned Chinese who let them in, bowing very low. They had not seen such a pretty place since they left Shanghai. The

compound contained several acres, and inside the high walls were the residences of the teachers, the hospital and dispensary, the school building and the little Chinese houses in which the schoolgirls lived.

They were first invited into the house which, although plainly furnished, was neat and cheerful, with shelves full of books, pictures and a piano. After they had tea they



Chinese Mission Schoolroom

went with the principal of the school to see her pupils at work. The schoolrooms were large and light; the floors were very clean, and the girls sat at desks like those in American schoolrooms. They were nearly all dressed alike in blue coats, which reached to the knee, with wide sleeves edged with a pretty border, and in trousers which fitted closely, and which were fastened at the ankle with a neat

silken garter. Their hair was smoothly brushed and braided in one thick braid, fastened close to the head with cords of black or red, and hanging down the back. All wore white cloth socks and Chinese shoes. A few wore white clothing, being dressed in mourning. "They are Chinese girls," the teacher said, "and we change their customs as little as we can; they are not foreigners, and must spend their lives here. We want to make them better and more intelligent, teach them to be clean and truthful and good, without unfitting them to live amongst their own people."

Mrs. Spencer thought this was very wise; indeed, she was pleased with all that she saw,— the gentleness and patience of the teachers with their pupils, and the love and reverence of the pupils for their teachers.

They were studying and reciting from Chinese books. They read, and two or three were working problems of arithmetic upon the blackboard, just as Mary and Ellen themselves might have done. There were no idle pupils; all were so anxious to learn that they wasted no time.

"They are very easy to control," said the teacher. "They wish to do right, and we do not have to make them work; they study because they love to study." She then told Mrs. Spencer that some of the pupils had really remarkable minds; and she pointed out one tall, beautiful girl who, she said was the best pupil in arithmetic that she had ever known.

They sang very sweetly for the visitors, which did not surprise them as they had heard the Christian Chinese sing at their church. These girls, however, had been taught to sing the parts, contralto and soprano, which seemed as

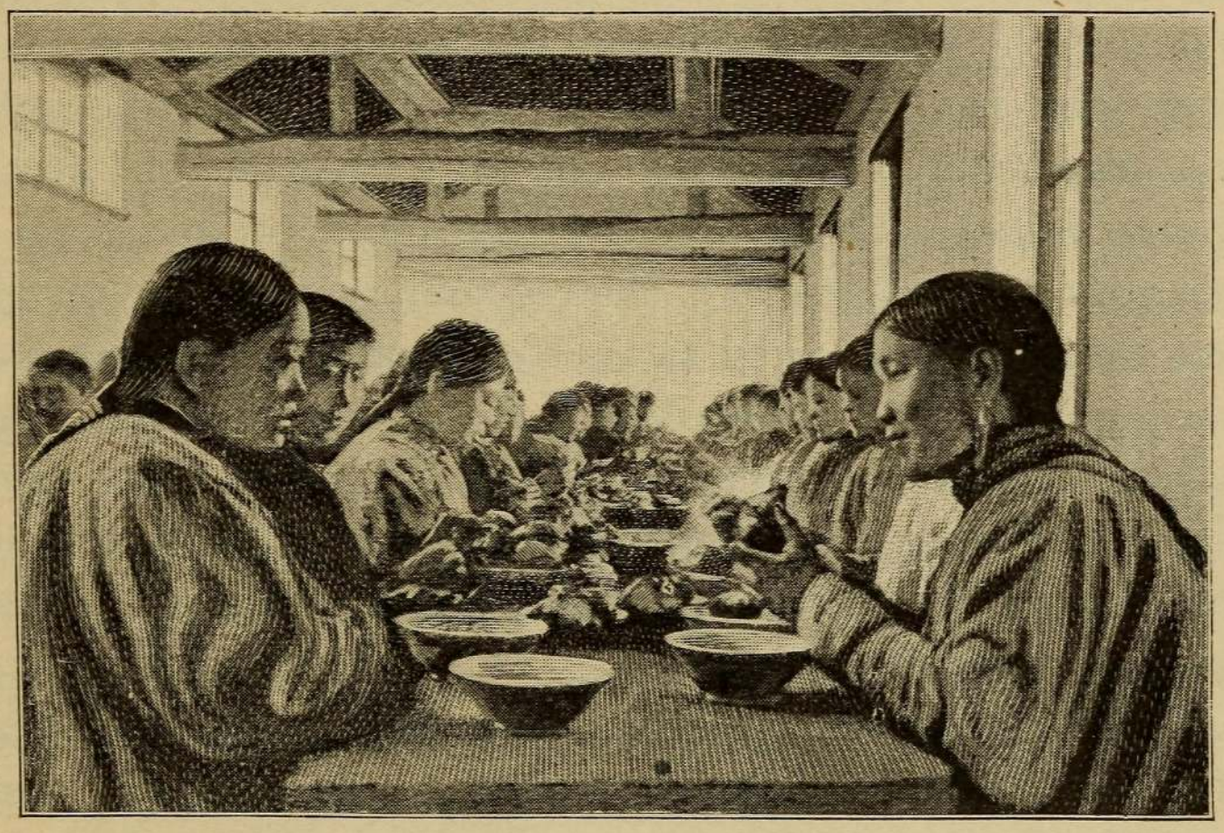
natural to them as to any other girls. Mrs. Spencer and the girls, after leaving the schoolrooms, went into the sewing school where the pupils were taught every Friday afternoon. Some were cutting out, and others were making and mending garments, and still others were running the sewing machines. They are also taught to make lace,

Chinese Mission Schoolgirls

which they sell, and which helps to clothe them and to pay their expenses.

Last of all, Mrs. Spencer and the two girls were taken across the court to the little houses in which the resident pupils have their rooms, and, in this respect the school is unlike a foreign boarding school. All the cooking is done by the girls themselves, who take turns in the kitchen. The food is such as the Chinese prefer,— plain, but enough of it, and everything of the best.

A Chinese range is of brick, the fire-box lined with metal. It does not look in the least like a stove, and a foreign cook could scarcely use it. The oven is on top, and might have been mistaken for an iron kettle turned upside down. Yet, with this clumsy contrivance, a clever Chinese cook can bake the most delicious bread and pastry and puddings. Things of this sort, however, the schoolgirls rarely have



Dining Room — Chinese Mission

except on Sundays and feast days. They eat a great deal of millet porridge, large, cone-shaped cakes of maize meal steamed until they are light and thoroughly done, rice and vegetables; and, twice a week they are given meat, which is much oftener than most Chinese, unless they are very rich, can afford to have it.

When the visitors went into the kitchen they found one stout girl steaming maize cakes at the queer stove, and

another preparing the vegetables; still another was scouring a table. They were chatting merrily and were healthy and happy. In the dining-room were two long tables at which the pupils ate, waited upon by those who take turns at this work, also. To a foreign girl, their bedrooms would have seemed bare and cold, but they were such as even well-to-do people in China are accustomed to. The floors were of brick, neatly swept. In each room was a table with wash basin, combs, brushes, and soap. Each girl has her own room, and is expected to take good care of it. The ka'ng took up a great deal of space. It was heated with the little stove in the floor, and upon it the girls sat and studied, chatted and sewed. At certain hours they were allowed to visit each other. Monday was washing day, and all washed their clothes in small tubs, making a kind of merry game of it. It is not hard work as the clothes are very plain, simply the white socks, the blue blouses and the underclothing, which ordinary Chinese, however, do not wear.

The clothes were pressed, not ironed, in a way which Mary and Ellen thought very funny indeed, being taken from the line before they were quite dry, and smoothed and pulled until all the wrinkles had been smoothed out; then they were tidily folded and the girls either placed the blouse, socks and under garments under a heavy stool or sat upon them! It answered every purpose, and the blue blouses looked rather better, after this sort of pressing, than if they had been ironed.

Mary noticed that all the rooms were supplied with candles, for after supper the girls studied from seven until nine o'clock in the large well-lighted, well-heated school-

room, after which they returned to their own rooms and went to bed. Several of the girls had small clocks of which they felt quite proud, for the Chinese love clocks, not as a means of telling the time of day, for they rarely ever wind them regularly, but because they love their ticking. The girls in the Mission school were always careful to wind their clocks every morning. They were also very fond of pictures. A good many had photographs of relatives and friends hung upon the walls, just as foreign girls would have; and others had gay collections of picture cards which the Chinese prize very highly, and these they had arranged quite tastefully. Every morning a teacher went the rounds, looking carefully over each room, and the girls occupying it were marked, either for neatness or untidiness, as they deserved.

Mrs. Spencer could not help thinking how much pains the teachers had taken to teach the young girls everything that might help them to become good, intelligent, useful women, far, far better, in every way, than the poor, ignorant creatures they would have been had they had no such advantages as these.

The girls had a debating society where they spoke on many interesting subjects, read essays and recited in English, which they spoke very well. On Sunday they went once to the Mission church, and to Sunday school, where the older girls taught classes of younger children.

They kept their court clean and made a little game of this, too, getting out with their brooms and sweeping with all their might, until not a leaf or scrap of litter was to be seen. It was their playground, and their good teachers had given them a swing, see-saws, and skipping ropes,

and they played many games of their own, running and shouting and laughing, as active, healthy girls do everywhere, if they are given any freedom.

Just then the girls were quite sad; they had lost a four-footed friend that they loved dearly, Don, a beautiful dog that had belonged to the Principal. The girls had great affection for Don, and Don loved them. Whenever play-time came he begged to go into the court to romp with them. Next to the Mission lived a cruel, wicked "Yellow-Girdle" man, that is, a Chinese who held a small office and who wore, as a badge of authority, a yellow girdle.

He hated the school and the foreign teachers, and thought that Chinese girls should be taught only what they could learn from their mothers. When tney were building the teachers' house, he shrieked and screamed and beat his head against the wall until the police came and threatened to take him to prison. He hated Don, and the girls were always afraid that he would kill him. Don was not allowed to leave the court and they watched him whenever he came out to play with them.

One day they went to their teacher and said: "Please tell Don not to eat anything that he may find lying about. We have told him, but he does not understand Chinese, so you must tell him again, in English."

His mistress did so, but he did not understand English any better than Chinese; and one day they found him stiff and cold, lying near the wall that separated the school from the "Yellow-Girdle" man's court. He had been poisoned. The girls could not have been more sad if it had been one of their number who had died. They cried bitterly and buried him under the big ash tree near the hospital.

After they had seen the school Mrs. Spencer and the two girls were shown through the dispensary, where the little woman doctor of the Mission receives those that are sick, treating their sores and hurts, giving them medicine and doing all she can for them. Any one may come, and no one is asked to pay who is too poor to do so. The doctor's assistant was a tall young Manchu, who had learned all about the different kinds of medicine, and was very skillful. Often as many as fifty women came in one afternoon for medicine for themselves or their children.

When Mrs. Spencer bade the missionaries good-by, the gate keeper bowed low and said: "They go, but they will come again."

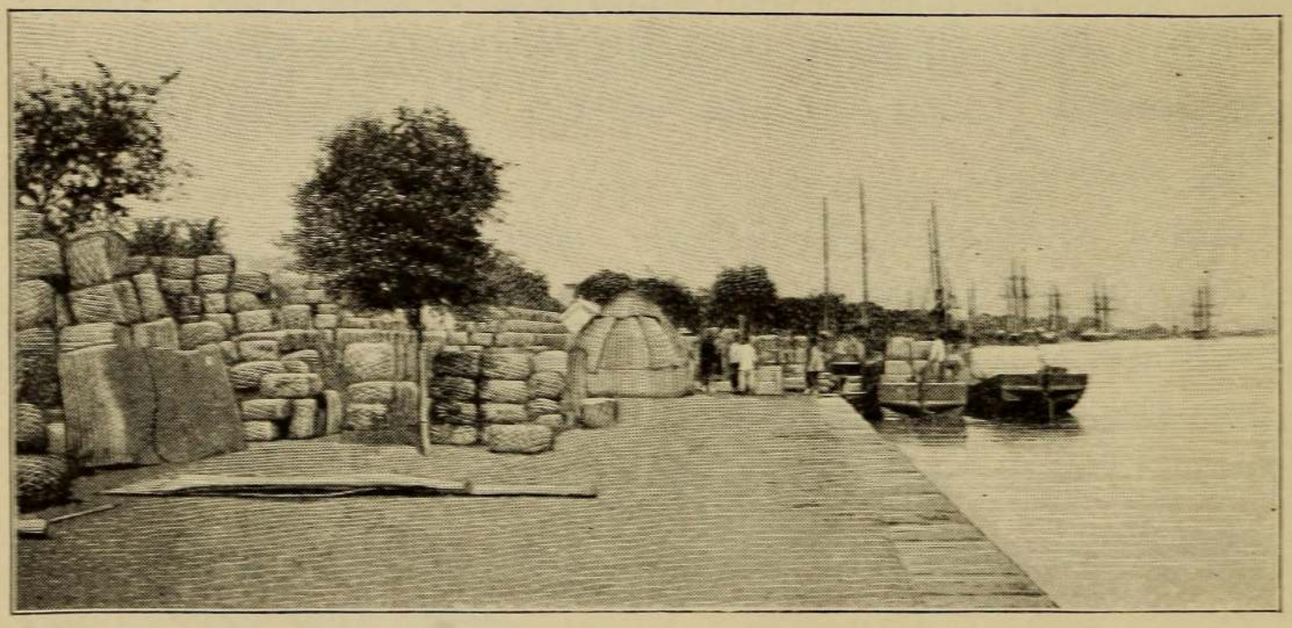
Alas! that was not to be.. Months afterwards Mary and Ellen remembered the school as they had seen it; the bright-faced industrious girls busy with their tasks, the court bright with sunshine and as peaceful as if the danger, and ruin and death even then hanging over it were things unknown.

XVII. A FEAST

THEY left Peking for Tientsin one bright morning in November. They would have liked to stay a few weeks longer, for there was still much to see. But they knew that they must make haste, for, in a little while, it would grow cold, the Pei-ho would freeze over, and the steamers would stop running until spring. The mouth of the

Pei-ho is the only harbor, and when it is frozen the ships can not land their freight or passengers. They rode through the rough streets of Peking in the jolting carts for the last time. Mr. Clifford came to the station with them and bought their tickets and put them safely on the train.

They did not take the mail carriage as they had done when they came, but sat in an ordinary first-class carriage. The seats were of wood, and their trunk (they had brought



Landing at Tientsin

but one, being wise) was placed on the platform outside the door. In the carriage with them was a foreign gentleman who told them that he had lived in China for forty years. His wife was a Chinese lady, and she gave the girls some pears and chestnuts, and they, wishing to return her kindness, gave her some small, sweet cakes which pleased her very much. She smiled and bowed to them, and her husband said that she liked foreigners.

Tientsin is a large city on the Pei-ho which they remem-

bered flows down to the sea at Taku. When the water is high steamers can come up as far as Tientsin, but it had been so low for months that people made the journey by the short railway line, by which Mrs. Spencer and the girls had come and would return.

The foreign city is well built, with good sidewalks and streets that are well-lighted and there are fine hotels and handsome houses. Best of all, there are dozens of jinrikishas which can be used on the smooth, well-kept streets of Tientsin. The girls noticed that the Chinese used jinrikishas quite as often as the foreigners, and although they would not keep their own quarter clean, they preferred to have their shops in the Englsh concession, just as they did in Shanghai.

Mrs. Spencer and the girls spent several days in the hotel, resting and going out for short walks and rides. A friend of Mrs. Clifford's called upon them, and to their great joy said that she had an invitation for them from a Chinese lady who wished to give a feast in their honor.

Foreigners are rarely asked to a Chinese house, especially foreign ladies. The women physicians who go out to China are almost the only persons who see the Chinese families in their homes, for they not only treat the poor in the dispensaries, but they are called in when the wives and daughters of mandarins and viceroys are ill. They go to visit them professionally, and are then asked to come as friends. The lady who brought them the invitation was a physician and her Chinese friend was a lady of high rank.

"It will be most interesting to see such a family at home," said Mrs. Spencer, "and I am sure that we never expected such good fortune."

Mary and Ellen were delighted, and were so curious and impatient that they could hardly wait for the day of the feast to come.

Carts were to be sent for them, and they arrived promptly the next day at noon, each accompanied by a woman servant who sat upon the shaft.

Their hostess' house was in the native part of Tientsin, quite a long distance from the hotel. When they reached the gate they found their hostess, whose name was Mrs. Wang, with two or three of her daughters-in-law waiting within the court. The carts stopped at the gate and the women servants set small stools on the ground upon which the visitors stepped in getting out of the carts.

The ladies greeted them kindly, smiling and nodding and shaking their own hands Chinese fashion. In the court were large white and pink chrysanthemums growing in porcelain jars. The strangest thing of all was a small, leafless tree which appeared to be quite dead, but which was planted in a blue porcelain jar. The tree was covered with little live birds, each tethered with a cord by one foot, the tips of their wings drawn up across their backs and tied with bits of thread to keep them from flying. They did not mind it, evidently, as they hopped from twig to twig, twittering cheerfully, and were not frightened when one stopped to look at them.

The court was large, with the usual low houses around three sides, and still others crossing it at right angles. Several beautiful trees shaded it,— ash trees that had not yet shed their leaves. There were a great many chrysanthemums, and boxes of portulaca, but the great stone-walled lotus ponds were filled with withering stalks and leaves.

At the door of the house in which the mother-in-law lived, which was the best of all and fronted the south so that it had the winter sunshine, Mrs. Wang stopped, waved her hand and begged them to enter. The lady who had come with them interpreted for the party, that is, she explained to them what Mrs. Wang said, and told her, in turn, what the foreign visitors replied.

It would not have been at all polite, according to Chinese ideas, if they had gone into the house at once, so Mrs. Spencer, who had been told what she must do, shook her head and begged Mrs. Wang to go first. She refused, and this was repeated several times, when Mrs. Spencer and the girls, with their friend, entered first, as it was intended that they should. They were asked to be seated, and this invitation was again urged and declined several times before they took the chairs that were offered them.

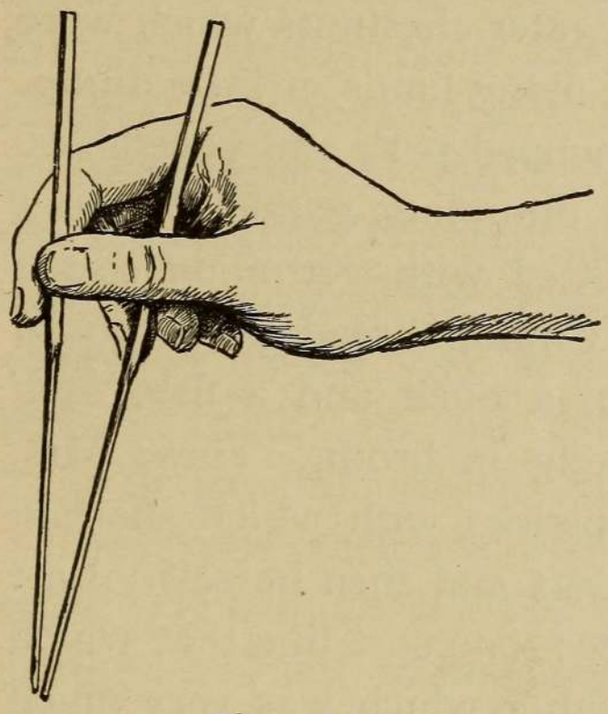
Mrs. Wang was short and stout, with very white teeth and sparkling black eyes. She wore shining gold pins in her coal-black hair, with flowers and butterflies; her dress was of black satin, with a border of flowered satin ribbon, buttoned with small gold buttons, two in front, and three lower down, at the side. Her large gold earrings were set with beautiful pearls, and, as she was a Manchu lady, her feet had never been bound. The floor of the reception room was paved with brick; on the ka'ng stood a cabinet filled with costly china and bronze, and at one side was a small, square table with very long legs, a short-backed, long-legged chair on either side of it, with other chairs facing them. When they were seated, a servant brought in tiny brass pipes, but, as none of the foreign visitors smoked, a habit which is quite common among Chinese ladies, the

pipes were taken away again. Then tea was brought in thin, delicate cups, on lacquered trays. The hostess took hers and begged the guests to drink, which, of course, they refused at first to do, as is considered the proper etiquette in China. When they did taste the tea they found it delicious, very hot, and clear, for the Chinese think that sugar spoils tea. It had been flavored with the dried petals of flowers which made it seem, as Mary said, "almost like drinking some pleasant perfume." After they had told Mrs. Wang how old they were, which is a question which the Chinese always ask, her eldest son came into the reception room to see them, and brought with him his little boy, a pretty child, dressed just like his father in a blue satin frock, black cloth shoes, a black silk cap, with his queue braided smoothly and hanging down his back. He shook his own chubby hands, and bowed just as his father did, and wished them to see all his toys. One was a collection of small balloons which whirled round and round when it was wound up, and the father took it from the child and showed it to them himself, for grown-up Chinese like toys as much as children do.

Then the little boy said in Chinese, which their friend repeated in English: "Show the Great Sisters the foreign toy." It was brought by one of the servants — a white, quacking duck, of which the child was very proud. When the father and his little son had gone away, a servant came in and told Mrs. Wang that the feast was ready.

She led the way across the court to another room. The table was not large, and there was no cloth. There were tiny plates for the hostess and her guests and the other dishes were like small, blue porcelain fruit-stands, and were

set out in four rows each. The dessert was eaten first, for in China many things seem to be the reverse of our custom. Hence, at dinner, the dessert comes first and the soup last, and the most important guest is given the "honorable place," which is at the left instead of at the right of the hostess, as with us. The plates were very small indeed, and they could not be changed, no matter what was put upon them, because if this is done the Chinese think that the hostess is certain to die within the year.



Chopsticks

They did not want Mrs. Wang to die, but they did not believe the foolish omen, and would have been glad to have a clean plate when they found that they could not eat all that was set before them. For dessert there were pears and apricots, and sugared peanuts, walnuts that had been first fried in fat and then dipped into syrup, squares of stiff, red fruit marmalade, and quantities of roasted pumpkin seeds. "We must have borrowed our idea of salted almonds from the Chinese," said Mrs. Spencer, for the pumpkin seeds were eaten all through the feast between the courses.

"It is to pass the time," said Mrs. Wang. "You do not eat them propertly; let me show you." And she placed a flat seed between her white front teeth, gave it a quick crunch and the kernel came out whole. She smiled as if she were quite proud of her skill.

Chopsticks, the long pointed sticks with which the Chinese

eat, had been placed at each plate, but the foreign visitors could not use them. One must be held very firmly, as we hold a pen, and the other so that the point can move freely. There is a knack in it that foreigners can acquire only with much practice. But they tried, and this amused Mrs. Wang and the daughters-in-law, who were allowed to look on, but were not asked to sit at table. Afterwards the girls could not remember all that had been offered them,— sea-slugs that looked like pork rind, water chestnuts which were sweet and good, bamboo sprouts, many kinds of little dumplings filled with sweetmeats or chopped pork and vegetables, well cooked and seasoned, each dumpling gathered into a floury ruffle on the top, and dotted with vermilion spots; there were flat cakes of steamed Chinese bread, pork cooked in a great many ways, chicken, a duck and a fish, each brought on in a tureen, swimming in broth. These Mrs. Wang dipped into with the chopsticks with which she had been eating, helping first her guests and then herself. Last of all, they had two kinds of rice; one sort like that which they had eaten at home, and another which was very much like tapioca.

They were at table a long time; one course was cleared away and another brought on, until it seemed as if the end would never be reached. One great delicacy was buried eggs, a dish which even rich Chinese have only on great occasions. The girls would not have known what they were eating, if they had not been told. The eggs, usually duck eggs, are rolled in a mixture of clay, lime and chaff of oats and buried in the ground for several years. They decay, and are really what the Chinese call them,— rotten eggs, but the earth absorbs all the bad smell and bad

flavor so that they have only a faint salty taste. The eggs were of a dark green, cut in thin slices. It was well that Mary and Ellen did not know what they were, or they certainly would have declined them; but wanting to know just what Chinese food was like they accepted a small morsel of everything that was offered them.

It was "a feast in fours," that is, four dishes formed each course, and one could not be had without ordering the other three. Rich food for feasts is never cooked at home. It is sent from a restaurant, ready for the table, in air-tight boxes, and with vessels of boiling water with the hot dishes. They sat at table several hours, the hostess making a great noise with her lips which polite Chinese always do when they wish to show that they think the food is good. At last their friend said, as was proper, "Ch'-ih pao la," which, in English means "Eaten full."

They were then excused and allowed to rise from the table. The hostess asked them to call upon one of the daughters-in-law whom they found in her own room, lying upon the hard ka'ng with her little baby by her side.

She was greatly pleased to see the foreign ladies, and asked a great many questions, which is not considered bad manners in China. She wished to know how old they were, and if a foreign tailor had made Mrs. Spencer's gown and bonnet, which she looked at carefully. She also admired her fan, which Mrs. Spencer begged her to keep; she would not do so, however, but Mrs. Spencer was told to leave the fan upon the chair when she went away. The Chinese lady could then accept it without "losing face."

Upon the wall was a cat and kittens, made of cotton wool and fastened on a sheet of green paper, with butterflies

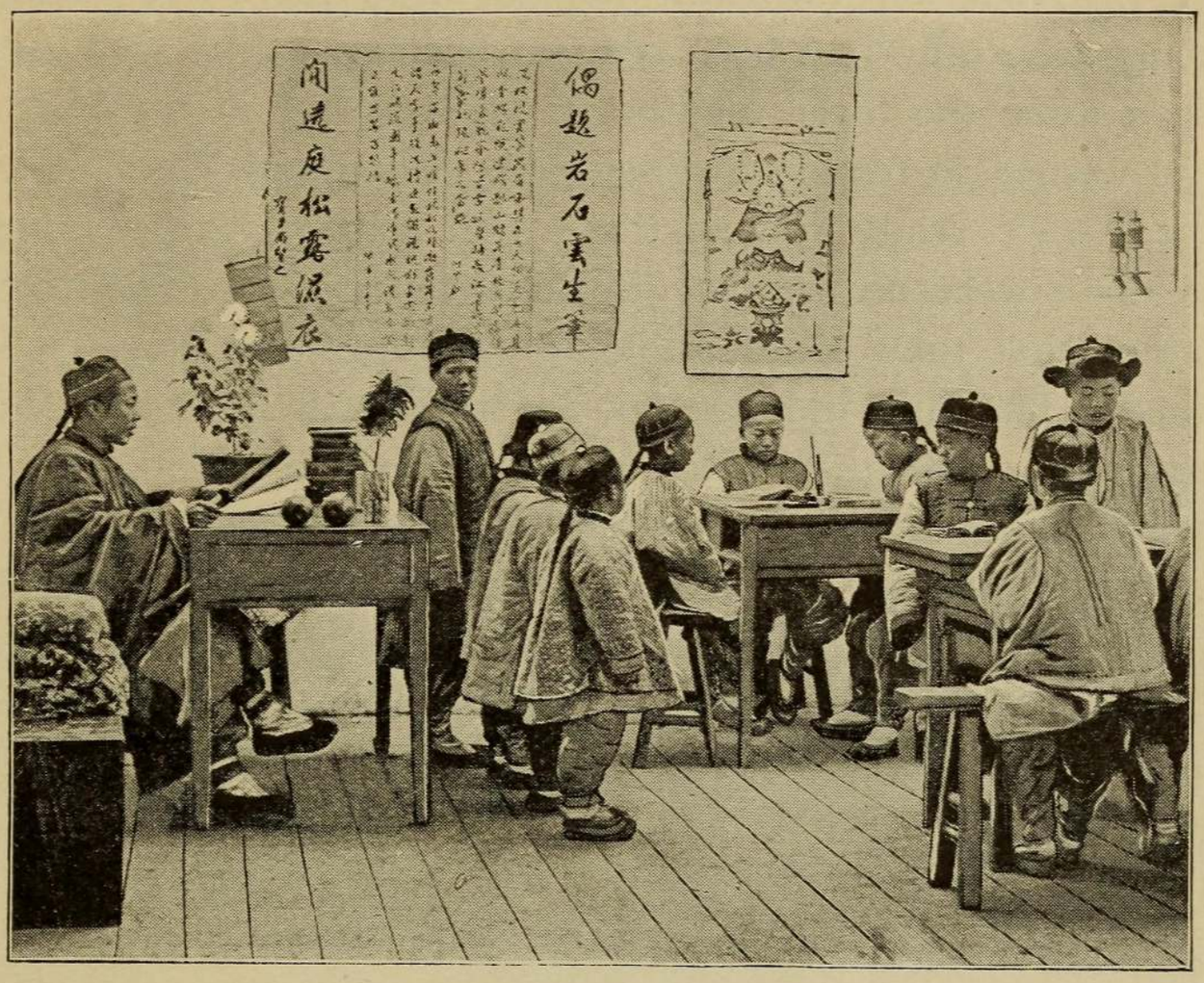
in each corner. Mary and Ellen both admired the cats, and when they rose to look at them more closely, Mrs. Wang ordered the servant to take down the cat family and present it to them.

They wanted to keep it and found it hard to refuse; perhaps they would not have done so, even at the risk of being thought rude, had not their friend told them that the cat and kittens would certainly be sent to them the next day, as is the Chinese custom. Sure enough! Next morning a servant came, not with one, but with three of the charming families.

Last of all, they were taken to the schoolroom to see the children at their studies. When the pupils heard the visitors' feet on the pavement, all the young voices struck up a kind of piping chant that must have astonished any but a Chinese teacher. But Chinese school children study all together, at the top of their voices, and when they are quiet the teacher suspects that they are idle or in mischief. They were learning words, that is, how to pronounce them, for they had no idea of what the words meant; this they would not learn until some time afterwards. A little boy went up to recite, for Chinese children say their lessons standing, and, instead of facing the teacher, he turned his back, which would have been thought very rude in a foreign school.

Mary and Ellen pitied the poor little pupils when they learned that the Chinese school children have few holidays. There are four great feast days, and the two weeks at the beginning of the Chinese New Year, but no Saturdays, no Sundays and no Christmas. They go to the schoolroom early in the morning, have a short rest at noon, and study

again all the afternoon until four or five o'clock. Chinese boys do not play games that furnish them exercise, for such games are not considered proper. The teacher was pale and feeble, and it was not surprising.



A Chinese School

They walked from the schoolroom to the stable yard, where the carts were waiting, and thanked Mrs. Wang for the lovely feast she had given them, wishing only that they might, in some way, return her kindness and hospitality.

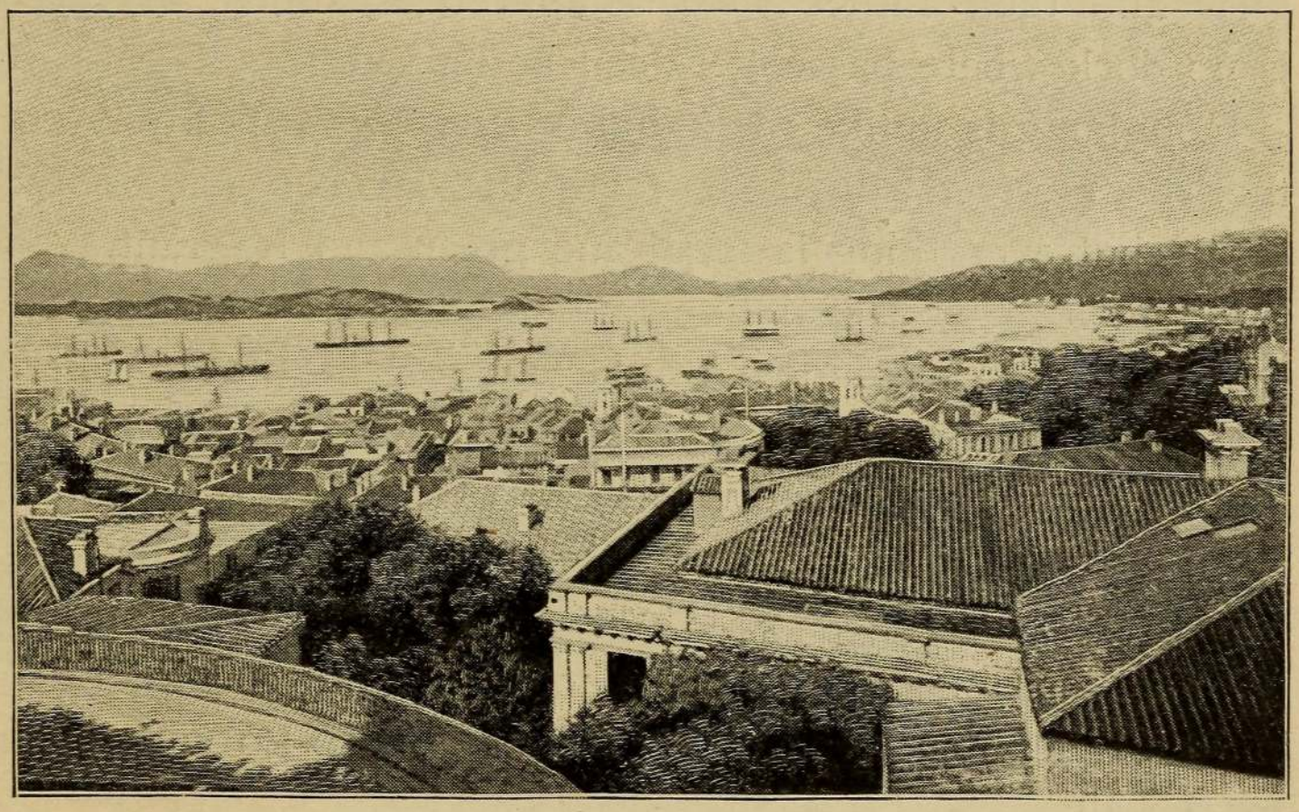
XVIII. HONGKONG

WHEN Mrs. Spencer returned to Shanghai she found that her husband was about to leave for Hongkong, where he had been sent on business. She was very tired after the three months of sight-seeing in the north, and wished to remain in Shanghai. Ellen and Mary, however, were ready for anything that was suggested, and, as there were no especial preparations to make, told their father that they could go with him that very day, if he liked. The ship did not sail for the south until the next afternoon, and they were given a little breathing spell, which, after all, they were glad enough to have. After a night's rest, they were fresh and full of eagerness to be off again. Lighter clothing would be required, for it is much warmer in Hongkong than in Shanghai. They had hoped that they would stop at Amoy and pass close to the island of Formosa, which China had been forced to give up to Japan after the war with that country some years before. In both desires they were disappointed. After leaving the mouth of the Wusung, down which they sailed again for the second time, they saw no land until they sighted the rocky islands that lie along the southern, as well as the northern coast. North and south these islands are alike — bare, yellow crags projecting above the water and very dangerous for ships. Nothing grows upon them, not even the coarsest grass. Still, fishermen live upon them who earn a livelihood by catching fish in the sea.

The harbor of Hongkong is nearly surrounded by lofty hills, as barren and rugged as the adjacent islands. It is

one of the most important harbors in the world, and it was crowded with vessels, large and small, great Pacific mail steamers, men-of-war, smaller ships that traded along the coast and in the Chinese rivers, and sampans and junks. The flags of England, France, Germany, Russia, Japan and our own country, floated at the mastheads of the various ships.

At Hongkong people who go out to the east from



Harbor of Hongkong

Canada or San Francisco transship, that is, take another line for Manila, Australia, New Zealand, Siam or India. This makes Hongkong a busy and important place. It is an island, a mere rock like others that they had seen, and it belongs to Great Britain. The name of the city is really Victoria, but it is rarely ever called anything but Hongkong, and there are many who do not know that it has any other name.

The streets have been cut along the face of a cliff that rises hundreds of feet like a solid wall behind the topmost terrace. The streets that run from the water front, which is broad enough for but a single street, are so steep that horses and carriages, and even jinrikishas, can not be used; people must either walk, which is very fatiguing, or must be carried in sedan chairs, which are like litters, except that they are borne upon the shoulders of men. The girls and their father went ashore in a launch, as there is no dock where passengers can be landed.

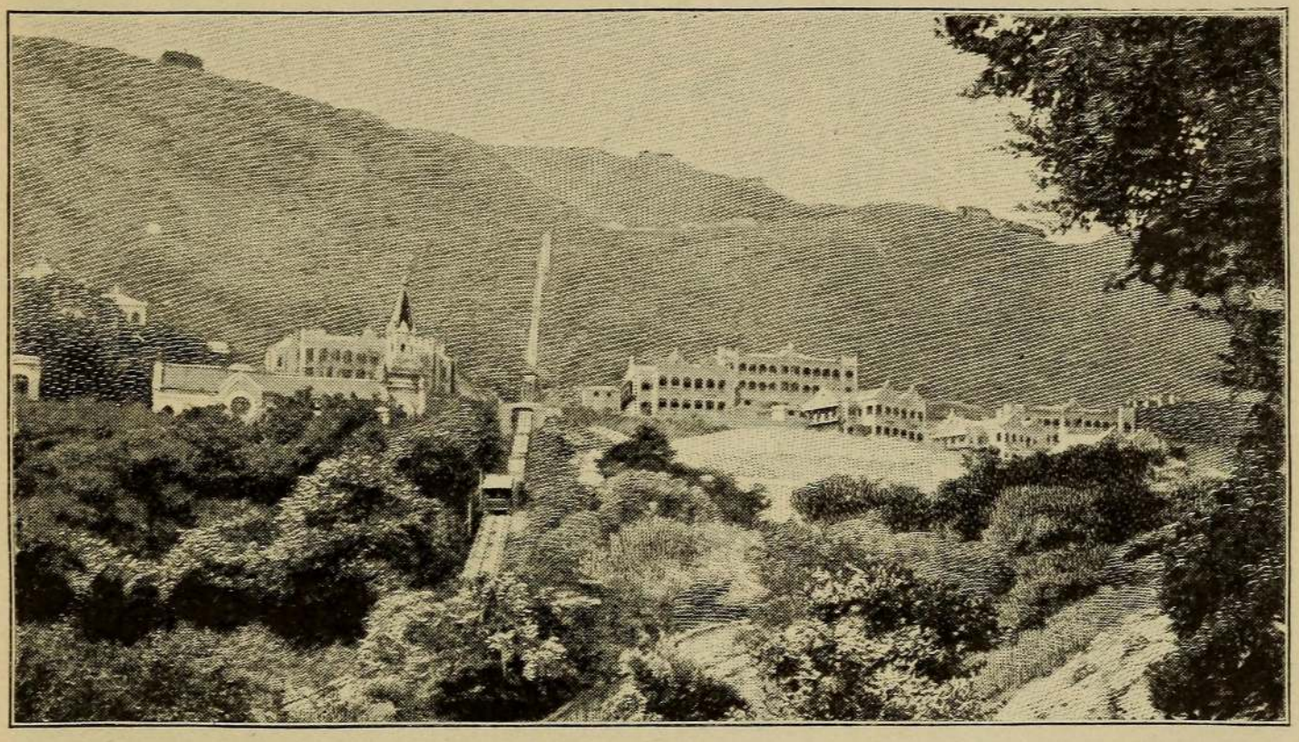
Hongkong is unlike Shanghai in every way; not only are the steep streets different from the level roads of the north, but everything is fresh and green and fragrant. "I think it is a good deal like Honolulu," said Mary as she looked from the window of the comfortable house where they had found lodgings. "Here are the same flowers, though not nearly so many of them; the same sweet smells, and I hear the doves cooing, just as they did in the palm trees there."

They could not stay in the house a moment after they had had their tea, and begged their father to go with them for a walk.

As they were carried through the lower streets in their sedan chairs from the landing stage, they had noticed the fine hotels, public buildings and shops; the streets crowded with people of all colors and nationalities — Europeans, natives of India, Americans, Japanese, Siamese and tiny dark-skinned men, who Mr. Spencer said were Filipinos, for Manila is only three days' journey from Hongkong. Far above the roofs and spires and the uppermost terrace rose Victoria Peak, which had been named for the Queen

of England, as the city itself had been. Great, ragged clouds swept about it often hiding it from view.

The Peak was reached by an incline railway so steep that Mary and Ellen were certain that they would never dare to make the ascent. They thought better of this after they had been in Hongkong for a few days, and were glad that they had been able to overcome their fears. It would have

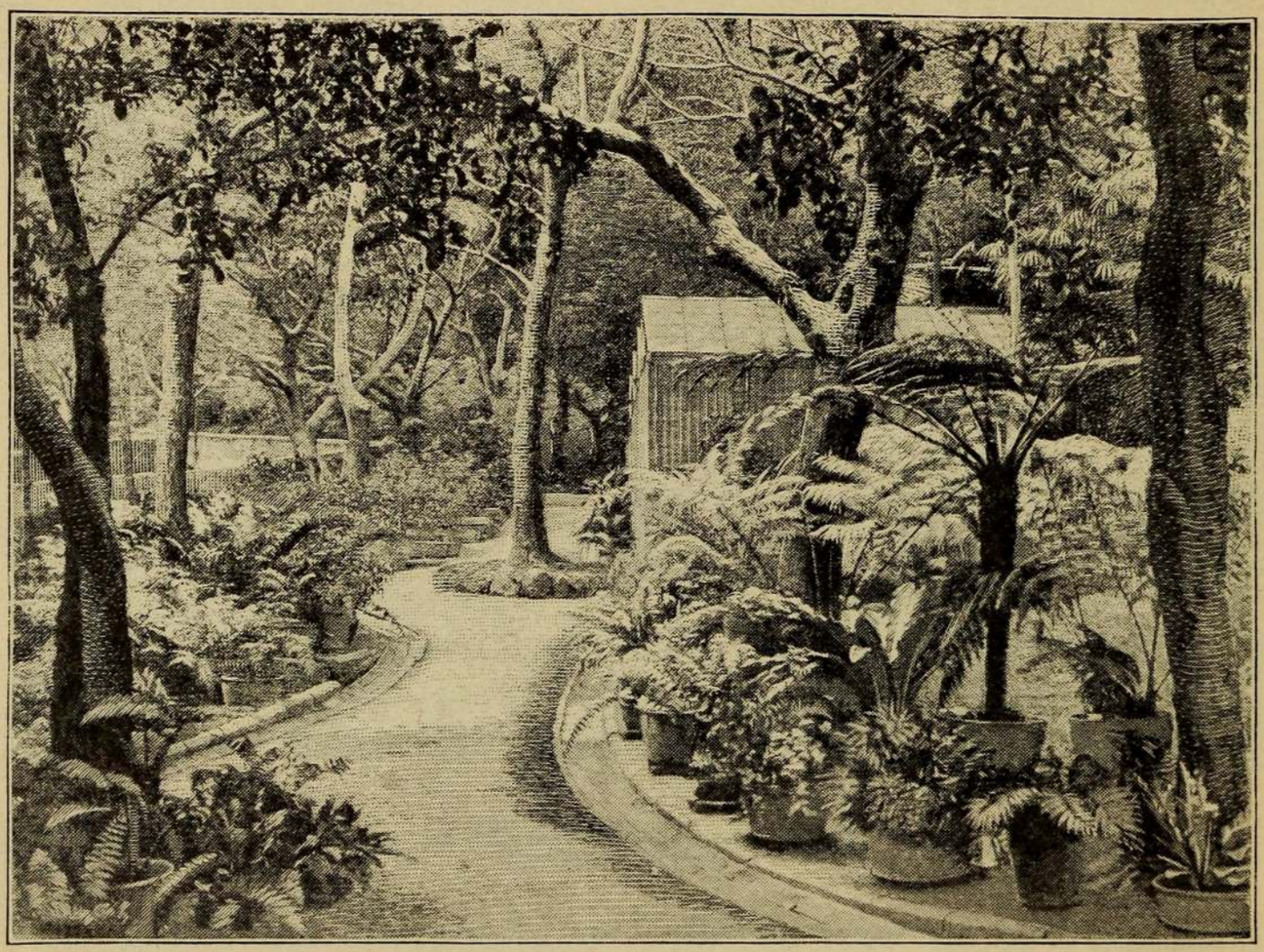


Peak Railway, Hongkong

been too bad to miss seeing Hongkong, its encircling hills and fine harbor, from the brow of the Peak.

For their walk they went up the road to the park, stopping now and then to rest. The path from the street to the park had been thickly planted on either hand with feathery bamboos, tropical shrubs and vines, amongst which birds were singing sweetly. The camellia plants were the most beautiful of all, the long branches bending to the ground with the waxen flowers — white, pink, and deep crimson.

"They are exactly like roses," said Ellen, "but they have no fragrance." The Chinese admire camellias and are most successful in raising them. The natives are allowed to walk in the park in Hongkong, which they are not permitted to do in Shanghai. The girls watched them strolling quietly along the paths, careful not to walk



Public Park, Hongkong

upon the grass, stopping to look at the flowers, but never handling them. "They are quite as well-behaved as people at home," said Mary. It was delightful to see grass once more, after the naked fields of the north, though that in the park in Hongkong had been made to grow only with much pains.

"The same may be said of everything here," said Mr. Spencer. "It is hard to believe that this was once a naked rock, and that the bamboos, the fine trees, the camellias and roses have been brought here by foreigners, just as the trees and shrubs were taken to Hawaii."

From the park they saw the roofs of the city far below them in the midst of dense green foliage. The ships in the bay were like toy ships, and people moved to and fro like ants about an ant-hill.

In the evening they went for a ride in jinrikishas, which they took at the foot of the street where they lodged. They followed the sharp curves of the bay for several miles, the smooth water on one hand and the naked cliffs on the other, with just space for the road between them. They saw the Happy Valley, where sports are held,— the annual games which every one goes to see,— and they stopped at a little tea house before going back to the city, so that the jinrikisha men might rest. The air was mild and soft, like that of a warm, spring evening, and as it grew dark they heard, far away, the chimes of the English cathedral.

When their father had finished his business and was ready to take them up the incline railway to the top of the Peak, they had ceased to be afraid, and, as the car climbed higher and higher up the steep track, the city unrolled below them like a panarama.

On the top of the Peak they found several large houses, together with a hospital, and a hotel where people come in summer, when it is hot and damp in the city below, for in summer it rains in Hongkong almost every day. The hospital was built for the English soldiers who may be taken ill in the barracks, down in the city, where there

are always a great many English troops. They are sent out to Hongkong from India or England, and then ordered to other posts in the East, wherever they may be needed. Around one of the houses on the Peak which belonged to a rich merchant, was a large garden in which, however, only a few hardy flowers and shrubs would grow, as the wind blew so constantly that it bent and broke all but the toughest stalks. In the garden were many kinds of animals in cages, and a great variety of caged birds, the splendid golden pheasant of China amongst them.

Visitors are allowed to walk in the gardens and look at the birds and animals, and no one teased or fed them.

From the highest point Mary and Ellen could see the ocean which encircles Hongkong on every side, and the mainland which is not far away. On the mainland is the peninsula of Kowlun which means the "Nine Dragons." The peninsula also belongs to England. They could see the two suburbs, Stanley and Kowlun. A busy town has sprung up at Kowlun where there are large docks at which ships can put in for repairs and fit out for long voyages. At the time of the war with Spain some of our ships, which were white as our warships are in time of peace, were repainted at the Kowlun docks a dull, gray hue, so that they might not be seen by the Spaniards until they could come within close range.

There is one quarter of Kowlun where people from India have settled, and where Mary and Ellen were taken by their father before they went back to Shanghai. It was like a bit of real India, with bazaars, silversmiths and coppersmiths working at the door of the shops at little forges, and slim, delicate women wrapped in white veils

and mantles, their arms loaded with silver bracelets, ears and nostrils pierced and weighted with hoops of yellow gold.

From the Peak, Kowlun did not appear half so large as it really is. Mr. Spencer told them that the climate is better than in Hongkong, and that many people prefer to live there, rather than in the large settlement.

They dined at the hotel on the Peak, in which, at that season, there were not so many guests as there would be during the hot season from March to October. The day had been quite clear, but sometimes whole weeks pass when the rain and clouds obscure the Peak, quite hiding the landscape and the harbor. They were fortunate to have had so good a day, for, at sunset, which they had hoped would be fine, the sky was suddenly overcast. A thick mist soaked everything like fine rain, and at night the clothing of the guests was taken to the "drying room," in the hotel where it remained until morning.

In answer to a question of Mary's, her father told her that Honkkong is governed by a body of men, eight in number, advised and aided by a council of fourteen, who make what laws are required. "The Governor of the island," he said, "is sent out from England, as in all other English colonies. Some day, no doubt, the people will select their own governor; and, even now, if they should be dissatisfied, he would probably be recalled. Such a thing as this rarely happens, nowadays. Good men, generally, are sent, and they are much respected by the people."

The girls learned, too, that there were good schools in Hongkong, the foreign schools being much better than those of Shanghai, although Shanghai is called the "Metropolis of the Far East." There are more than three

hundred thousand people in Hongkong, two thirds of them being Chinese who live peaceably in their own quarter. The great objection to them is that their houses are so dirty that terrible diseases, like plague and cholera, break out among them, and it is hard to make them keep their persons and houses clean. The disease spreads but little among white people, who have proper food, bathe often, and who are not afraid. Hundreds of the Chinese die of fear at such times, who would escape were they more courageous.

XIX. CANTON

LIKE Shanghai, Canton upon the map appears to be situated upon the seacoast. It stands upon the banks of the Pearl River, and is really a hundred miles from Hongkong. The water of the Pearl River is salt and it is affected by the tides a good many miles from its mouth. More than one million people, most of them Chinese, live in Canton, where there are also a large number of foreigners. But, as in other treaty ports, that is, ports at which the Chinese government has consented to allow foreign vessels to trade, the foreigners live by themselves, outside the walls of the native city.

Canton was the first port opened to ships from Europe, and the Portuguese were the first foreigners to trade with China. This was in the year 1516. The Portuguese did more than trade, however. Many of them settled in China, and their descendants are still living in Macao, which is

considered one of the most beautiful cities in all China, and which Mr. Spencer and the two girls visited on their return from Hongkong.

They sailed in the evening on a small river steamer, the *Fatshan.* One part of the vessel was set apart for foreign passengers, and other cabins in another part of the steamer were for the Chinese. Many of the Chinese also spread their mats on the deck where they drank tea, ate rice, or smoked and gambled. Piles of coin were heaped upon a piece of cloth around which the gamblers squatted, playing with tiny cards not more than an inch in length, or with boards somewhat like backgammon boards. Almost all Chinese are gamblers, and nothing can cure them of this dreadful vice. On voyages across the ocean, as on smaller steamers like the *Fatshan,* they gamble day and night, many men leaving the ship beggared, having lost all the money they had saved after years of hard work, and even their bedding and clothing. The deck where the gamblers sat was lighted with flaring oil lamps, and their dark faces and glittering eyes could be seen anxiously watching every card that was tossed on the cloth.

It was light enough to see the harbor as the *Fatshan* made its way among the sampans, junks and foreign ships, passing nearly around the island and entering the broad mouth of the river. When it grew too dark to see the shores Mary and Ellen went to bed and did not wake again until broad daylight. The steamer was not moving and they heard shrill shouting and screaming. Mary was startled to see a dark face pressed close against the porthole, looking at her as she lay in her berth. They had reached Canton, and the watermen had come on board, bargaining

to take the passengers ashore in their sampans. It was not pleasant to be stared at, so Mary slipped out of the berth and drew the curtain over the porthole, called Ellen and they were soon both dressed. It was much colder than at Hongkong, the sky was a dull gray, and a damp, keen wind was blowing, which made the girls shiver, warmly as they were dressed. They pitied the poor Chinese, especially the women who rowed many of the boats, thinly clad in blouses and loose drawers of blue cotton. Strangely enough, there were numbers who wore no shoes, those who *ya-lo-ed*, or rowed with their feet, which were purple and swollen with the cold. Still, they were smiling and uncomplaining.

Mr. Spencer selected a sampan rowed by two women, with a fat, black-eyed baby sitting on a mat in the stern. When they reached the landing stage Mr. Spencer gave the baby a piece of money, at which its mother smiled and nodded, and the other woman carried their bags and guided them to the hotel. They intended to leave Canton in the evening, and there was no time to be lost, but first they had a good breakfast before setting out on the day's sight-seeing.

In half an hour the guide was ready, for it is not considered quite safe for foreigners to go through the native city alone. He brought with him three sedan chairs and a company of bearers, and they set out, Mr. Spencer taking the lead.

Canton is quite like other Chinese cities, with narrow streets, gay shops, crowds of people and dreadful odors. They saw some strange buildings with towering roofs, and Mr. Spencer asked Ah Cum John, the guide, what they were. Ah Cum John spoke excellent English for a Chinese

who had never been out of China. He told Mr. Spencer that they were pawn shops, and that they belonged to the great Li Hung Chang, who had once visited the United States.

Even well-to-do Chinese think nothing of pawning their bronze and porcelain, their silk clothes and ornaments, when they require money which they can not get in any other way. There are many pawn shops in all the Chinese cities. Those that belonged to Li Hung Chang were almost like fortresses, and on the roof were huge cauldrons from which men stationed there could pour boiling oil or water on the crowds below, should the building ever be attacked in the riots that often occur in China. The streets are quite dark, because the houses are so close together and there are so many swinging signs hanging from the balconies. The streets are well paved but they are damp and slippery. They saw processions of blind beggars, walking one behind the other, each with his hand on the shoulder of the man in front of him. Another queer procession passed them,— half a dozen coolies carrying in baskets on their shoulders roasted

Street in Canton

pigs that were done to a turn, and as glossy as if they had been varnished. The roast pigs were ordered for a wedding feast, but not more than three or four would be used. The others had only been hired for show, so that the man who gave the feast might seem richer than he really was.

In the shops they saw hundreds of cedar coffins. Men were carving sandal wood and ivory; and they heard the tap-tap-tap of the wooden mallets with which the gold beaters were beating the metal into thin sheets of gold leaf.

Tons of gold leaf are used in lettering the heavy swinging signs, in decorating the altars and images which one sees in every shop, as well as in the temples, and in ornamenting boxes of lacquer, fans, and scrolls. A great deal of the gold comes from the rich mines of Manchuria.

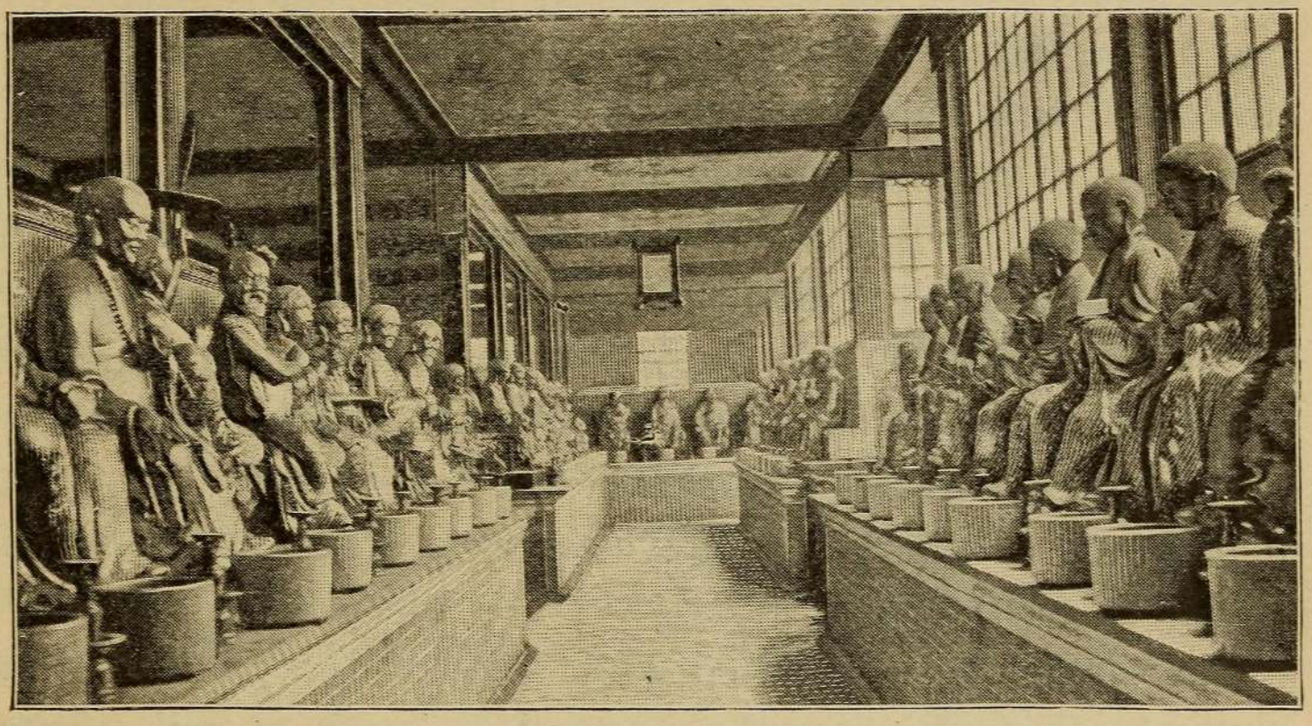
Mary saw a little white porcelain figure of Buddha which she wanted to buy. The vender, who had spread out his wares on the ground, asked two dollars for it. It was not worth so much, and Ah Cum John shook his head.

"I will get it for you bime-by," he said; and while they were loking at some carvings in a shop, he ran away and presently returned with the Buddha.

"I buy him for fifteen cents," he said.

In one shop they saw men inlaying silver brooches and bracelets with the blue-green feathers of the Chinese king-fisher. The design is etched upon the silver, and in this bits of the bright plumage are fastened with cement. It looked like the burnished cloisonné which they had seen in Peking, or like colored metal with a sheen of gold and green. Mary bought a pretty brooch, and Ellen a box covered with dragons, for their mother.

They visited the Examination Halls, which, with their brick cells, are like the examination halls in Peking. They passed the execution ground which was filled with jars, large and small, a potter having his shop in the rear of the place. Four pirates had been beheaded here a few days before. In spite of all that has been done, the coast and rivers of China are still infested with pirates, who are bold and fearless, and who are constantly committing the most terrible crimes. On the *Fatshan,* as on the steamer that



Temple of the Five Hundred Genii

plied between Shanghai and Tientsin, they had seen racks filled with rifles in the saloon, or gangway, where they had been placed loaded so as to be ready at a moment's notice. These were for defense against pirates.

One of the interesting places which travelers always visit is the Temple of the Five Hundred Genii. The temple is dirty, however, and the five hundred genii, ranged on their altars, are shabby and ugly.

They were to have their tiffin at the Seven-Story Pagoda, and, on the way stopped to go through that strangest city of all cities in the world — the City of the Dead. It is walled, with gates that are guarded by watchful gate keepers. Within there are streets, with Chinese houses facing each other, and at the doors the most lovely chrysanthemums blooming in porcelain jars. It is a real city, but a city where no sounds are heard; where no one comes or goes but the priests and the white-robed mourners; where there are neither carts nor horses to be seen; where no one is buying or selling, for the houses are the houses of the dead, and the whole city is filled, not with the living, busy and happy in their homes, but with the dead lying in their coffins. Contradictory as so many things seem in this queer land, the cities of the living are dirty and dismal, while this city of the dead is bright, clean and almost cheerful. At one door they saw a small fir tree, the boughs hung full of dreadful porcelain eyes that glared at them fiercely. "I suppose the eyes are to keep off the evil spirits," said Ellen.

Am Cum John laughed and said, "Yes;" but even well-educated Chinese who pretend to laugh at evil spirits are really afraid of them.

In each of the small, gray houses along the wide streets are two rooms. The inner one is fitted up with an altar, where the family come and offer sacrifices of wine, rice and chicken; the ceiling is hung with paper money and the banners which were carried in the procession when the coffin was brought to the City of the Dead, and which will be used again when it is carried to the grave. In the outer room stand the coffins, for in some houses there are three

or four. Each is of cedar, lacquered and polished and covered with a pall of thick, quilted, scarlet cloth, and rests upon trestles. Only those whose families are rich can be brought to the City of the Dead, where the rooms are hired, and rent must be paid as long as the house is occupied; for the coffins are kept there while the geomancer is hunting a lucky place for the grave. If the family of the dead man or woman is very rich, the geomancer often does not find the "lucky place" for months or years; he does not wish to find it, as he is being paid a good salary, which would cease when the place for the grave is finally decided upon.

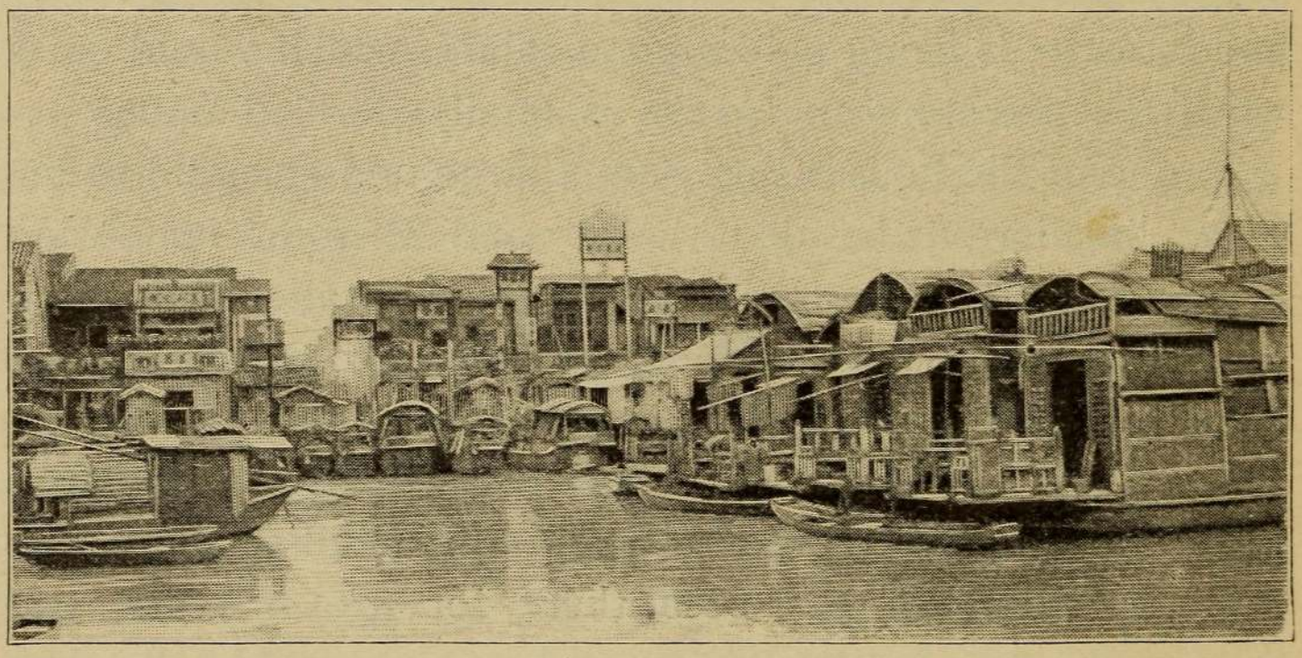
In one of the houses they saw a large and splendid coffin, with a smaller one beside it. Mary and Ellen did not shrink when Ah Cum John turned back the thick, wadded covering, for people who travel in China grow used to death, because there are graves and coffins almost everywhere.

Ah Cum John told them that the two lacquered coffins were those of the wife of a mandarin and her son. The coffin of the wife had been there for fifteen years, and that of the son for ten years, and no one could tell when they would be buried as the geomancer was being so well paid.

They climbed the steep staircase of the Seven-Story Pagoda and found a restaurant on the uppermost floor, where fifty or more Chinese were drinking tea. There was an altar in the room upon which sat two huge, ferocious gods, with two more upon the floor at the right and two at the left. A table was spread for Mr. Spencer and the girls within the railing before the altar of the gods. "They are not cheerful company," said Mary, "but I suppose we can endure them for a little while." The Chinese neglect

their gods and treat them with a good deal of disrespect. The garments of these were ragged and faded, and their long black beards were gray with dust.

From a little balcony they looked out upon the broad river winding through the level plain, green with rice fields, until it was lost among the distant hills. It was covered with thousands of boats, some moving up and down, and other thousands anchored side by side along the low banks,



Boats at Canton

for Canton has the largest boat population of any city in China.

"Why do they live on the water where it is so cold and damp?" Mary asked her father, "Why do they not find some place upon the land — in the country, as people do at home?"

"There is no place for them," her father answered, "there is scarcely land enough now; a Chinese farm is only a few acres. Not an inch of ground can be spared. The farmers themselves do not always live on their land, but more often

in small villages, walking every morning to their fields, which are sometimes eight or nine miles distant."

They did not return to the hotel, but went back to the steamer, for they had arranged to make the return trip by daylight, so that they might see the river.

They started very early, and the girls were particularly interested in the great flocks of ducks that were being driven by boatmen, as herdsmen drive sheep, and in the heavy barges which were also crowded with the quacking creatures. They reached Macao at noon and were still forty miles from Hongkong. The Portuguese settlement is on a peninsula on the southeastern coast of Hiang-shan, a large island not far from the mainland. When the Portuguese first came to China this island had been given to them for helping the Chinese overcome a fierce robber who had his hiding place there. After the robber had been captured and the Portuguese settlement founded, the Chinese showed their real feeling for them by building a strong wall across the island, which would keep the foreigners within the boundaries of their own concession.

Macao is charming, situated as it is upon a rolling plain, shut in by lofty hills. The two forts, which still remain, are picturesque, but nowadays would not be very useful as a means of defense. The flat-roofed houses painted green, pink and blue are set in the midst of trees and shrubbery,— the beautiful gardens which the Portuguese cultivate with great skill. This they do wherever they live, for they are an industrious, peaceable people, happy if they have a thatched roof over their heads and a bit of ground upon which they manage to raise enough for their large families.

Mr. Spencer, Mary and Ellen went ashore, and hiring jinrikishas went out to the Public Gardens where almost every plant that grows in China, the East Indies and Australia can be seen. Part of the gardens have been left in a natural state, and here they found a little grotto in which it was said that Camoens, a great Portuguese writer who had been banished from his native country over four hundred years ago, had written one of his great works, the *Lusiad*. They saw the churches, the Cathedral and hospital and the *Praya Grande*, or Great Promenade, where the people of Macao come in the evening to enjoy the fresh air, to see and to be seen. It was almost deserted now, and there were very few people about the Governor's palace and the official buildings which are not far away. The main street is given over to pretty shops, and here, too, are the various consulates, close to each other.

Macao was once the most important port in China, from which the greater part of all the tea raised in the country was shipped to Europe. But Hongkong has drawn away its trade, and Macao has become a dull, sleepy place, but still pretty, with its gayly painted houses and blossoming gardens.

They reached Hongkong in the evening before dark. As they went ashore, Mary and Ellen stopped a moment to watch the coolies emptying hundreds of live fish through a long net, shaped like a great bag, into boats moored alongside the steamer. Some of the fish were bought by small dealers who rowed ashore as fast as they could and ran all the way to the market so that they might get the highest prices, before the rest of the catch arrived.

The next day they sailed for Shanghai. Mr. and Mrs.

Spencer decided not to take a house until spring and afterwards were very glad that they had made this decision; they had good reason then once more to change their plans. Mary and Ellen were sent to an English school,

Street Peddlers in Hongkong

where they studied all the more willingly after their long vacation. There was plenty of amusement after school hours and on Saturdays, and they made many agreeable friends among their schoolmates.

XX. THE YANGTZE AND THE TEA COUNTRY

IN April Mr. Spencer found that it would be necessary for him to go to Hankau, an important city on the Yangtze River, six hundred miles from Shanghai.

Fine steamers run all the way, and if one wishes to go still further, there are smaller boats from Hankau to Ichang, another important town on the upper waters of the great river, among the mountains.

Unlike the crowded little ship which had carried them to Taku, the river steamer was furnished with every comfort and convenience.

As it was vacation, Mary and Ellen went with their mother and father. The girls had studied hard all winter and they looked forward to the trip up the Yangtze with great pleasure.

They went on board the steamer in the evening at the jetty on the Bund, but had to wait for the rise of the tide to float them across the shoals and quicksands at the mouth of the river. When morning came, they could hardly believe that they were on a river, except that the steamer moved rapidly ahead, with no pitching or rolling, whereas, if they had been on the open sea, they would have been roughly tossed about by the waves. No land was in sight, for just above the quicksands not far from the mouth the Yangtze is seventeen miles wide.

After a time they saw, far away, the gray-green foliage of ash and willow, for the trees were just coming into leaf; then a pagoda, which stood like a lighthouse on a rocky island, and, finally, other pagodas and forts which had been built by the Chinese during the war with Japan. There

were hundreds of Chinese on the lower deck where they chattered and gambled, ate rice and drank tea, making the place very dirty.

There were no landing wharfs, and the Chinese passengers were taken ashore at towns and villages in flat barges which came out for them, bringing other passengers who were going on to towns farther up the river.

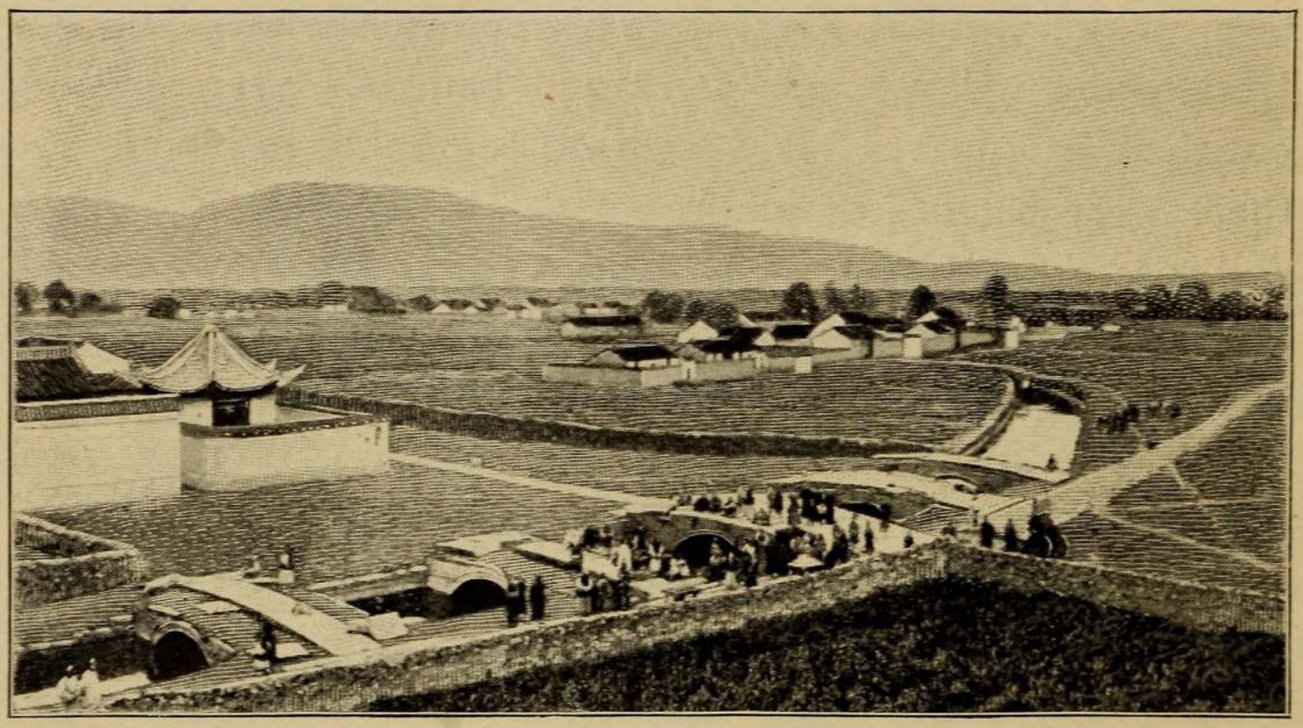
The country was now very different from what it had been in the autumn when they arrived in China. The few trees,— the willows, ash trees and bamboos, were putting out their new leaves; flowers were beginning to bloom, and there were patches of plum and peach blossoms like white and rose-colored mist. The fields were as green as emerald, and birds were singing and soaring overhead. The people were happier and lighter-hearted,— glad in China, as everywhere else in the world, for the return of spring after the long winter with its freezing mists and frost.

Near Chinkiang they passed two famous islands called *Tsiao Shan,* "Silver Island," and *Kin Shan,* "Golden Island," which are held sacred by the Chinese Buddhists. They were once covered with temples, terraces and memorial arches, and had been visited by the great Ming Emperors and by the Manchus who succeeded them. They are now deserted, and their temples are in ruins, having been torn down in the wars that have swept over the country.

Chinkiang is at the mouth of the Grand Canal, where it joins the Yangtze, and it was once a thrifty and prosperous place, but it has suffered from the rebellions and riots that have ruined its trade, and driven many of the inhabitants away.

One may go from Chinkiang south to Suchau, which

Ellen and Mary had visited when they made the journey in the house boat, and from Suchau on to Hangchau, where a great part of the silk raised in China is manufactured. To the north one may go to Peking by the Grand Canal, a great waterway, that is like a smooth road, which is never rough, never muddy, over which pass millions of boats in the course of a year. They saw at a distance



Nanking

Nanking, which had been the capital of China before the Manchu rulers moved the capital to Peking.

Mr. Spencer said that he supposed Nanking had been built at a safe distance from the river in order to be safe from the floods. It had once been one of the most splendid cities in the empire, the residence of the court and the Emperor, drawing around it all the noted writers, artists and statesmen in China. The Tae-Ping Rebellion, or war between the government and a great faction pretending

to be Christian, was especially destructive to Nanking, where the rebel Hung Siu-tshuen, who called himself the "King of Heaven," held his court after he had driven the real rulers away. The rebels burned and looted all the cities in that and the neighboring provinces, and tore down the pagoda which was built of white porcelain, and which will never be restored, because they do not build any more pagodas in China.

At school during the winter Mary and Ellen had studied about the Tae-Ping Rebellion, and they knew that it had lasted thirteen years, that half the provinces in the empire had been laid waste, and that fifty millions of lives had been destroyed.

The rebellion was not checked until the Emperor's troops were organized and drilled by an American named Ward who was killed in one of the battles. The Chinese troops were then led by a great English soldier who afterwards became known by the name of "Chinese Gordon."

The Americans have established a hospital, schools and a university at Nanking, where hundreds of Chinese boys and girls are being educated. At this point the face of the country changes. There are green hills and the river banks are bordered by giant reeds, like those that they had seen along the Pei-ho. There were more trees, verdant fields, comfortable farmhouses, fat cattle, and fewer graves.

Two rocky islands which they saw beyond Nanking are called "Little Orphan" and "Big Orphan" and the Chinese have many stories about them. Each island has a gray pagoda on its summit. The sheet of silvery water which could be seen shimmering and shining under the blue sky, Mr. Spencer said was Lake Poyang, one of the most

beautiful and famous lakes in all China. On its eastern shore is Jao-chau, where the fine porcelains made at the great potteries of King-te-chen, built by the Mings, are sent for shipment to Peking for the Emperor's palaces. Even to this day, foreigners are hardly allowed to visit the potteries which, however, will never again be what they once were. The porcelain made there ages ago was far more beautiful, both in color and design, than Sèvres or Dresden.

The French priests, whom the Chinese received kindly, and who taught them to make the great bronze globes and astronomical instruments which the girls had seen upon the walls of Peking, had also taught the potters how to make a richer glaze and new and more brilliant colors.

The heart of the tea-growing regions of China is around the shores of Lake Poyang, and the great central market of the district is Hankau. Ships formerly came up the river to load for the western market, but even the tea trade has fallen off, and the tea is sent to Shanghai and from there shipped to Europe and America.

They reached Hankau in less than a week after leaving Shanghai and found, to their great joy, a spacious English quarter, the English concession, which Mrs. Spencer said made her feel quite at home. It was clean and cheerful with wide, well-kept roads, shade trees, flower beds and a broad parapet, with a stone embankment forty feet high to protect the water front. In spite of this, at high water, when the floods come down, the river rises and spreads over the Bund, up and down which people can row in boats. A long flight of stone steps leads from the river bank to the Bund above.

There was a good hotel where they found comfortable rooms, although the busy season had just commenced. The tea tasters were arriving for the first and best picking, and would be kept in Hankau at their work until mid-summer and longer. The tea tasters are nearly all Englishmen and they decide the quality of the tea, which must be tested before it is packed for shipping. The leaves are put in a cup, boiling water poured over them, and the liquid is then taken into the mouth but is never swallowed. Although the tasters are careful not to swallow the tea, before the work is done for the season they feel the effects of it very much, and after ten or fifteen years are often broken down in health. They receive large salaries and work but a few hours each day. During the busy season, which lasts about six weeks, they can drink no spirits nor take any sort of food that might blunt their sense of taste, which becomes, with training, very acute.

After his business was attended to, Mr. Spencer took them some distance down the river again in order that they might see the fields in which the tea is raised.

"A good deal of moisture is required to raise tea," he said, "and for this reason, as well as on account of the colder winters, tea cannot be raised in the north."

The farmer, to whom one of the tea tasters introduced them, was quite polite and willingly showed them through his fields.

"Tea is a variety of the camellia which you saw in Hongkong," said Mr. Spencer. "It would grow into a small tree, if it were not cut and pruned every year. The plants are raised from seed, transplanted in the second year, and are never allowed to grow more than three feet high,— more

often but a foot and a half. They are straggling, stunted shrubs that look as if they were dying, so thickly are they grown with moss and lichens. The plants do not require anything like the care that must be given to rice, sweet potatoes, and other vegetables. They must be planted on land where there is good drainage, usually hillsides, and must be hoed frequently. The little shrubs are planted in rows about three feet apart. The flower is white, and soon falls, and, unlike the blossom of the coffee, has no fragrance. The

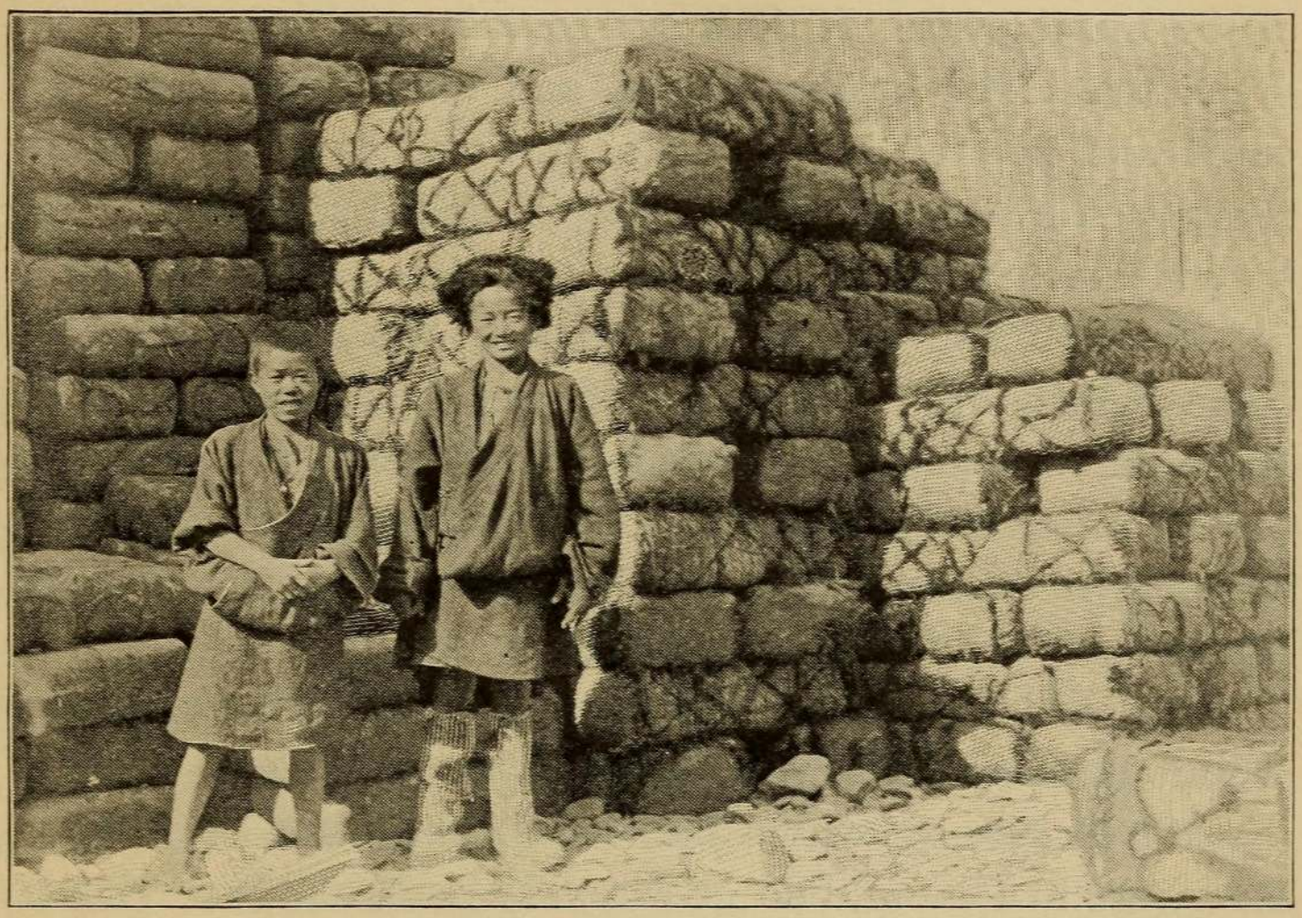
Picking Tea in China

best tea is the first picking, the downy, tender leaves which the Chinese call Pekoe, which means 'White Hairs.'

"The leaf of the tea is not like that of the camellia, but is small and thin. Most of the Pekoe is sent to Russia and England. Half-opened leaves, gathered before the heavy spring rains begin, are called Young Hyson, which means 'Rains before.' The bushes are stripped of their leaves from the middle of May until June, when the plants are most thickly covered. Great care is taken not to destroy

the tender buds at the ends of the twigs, which would stop the growth of the plant. The first picking, the fine Pekoe, is very carefully gathered, but for the second picking women and children are hired by the farmers who sell their crops to middlemen; they, in turn, dispose of it to buyers at Hankau and other markets.

"Tea shrinks so much in the curing process that for every



Tea Bales for Russia

fifteen pounds of green leaves only five pounds of the cured leaves remain. The leaves from which green tea is prepared are spread out to dry for a short time after picking. Then they are gently shaken in a metal pan over a charcoal fire; they are then spread upon a bamboo table, squeezed into balls, passed on from hand to hand, broken apart, pressed

into shape and again separated. They are then once more dried over the fire. When the tea is ready for packing, having been sifted last of all to free it from dust, it is placed in air-tight metal boxes, soldered securely, and these in turn are placed in wooden boxes encased in matting marked with Chinese letters. In this shape it is received by tea merchants in Europe and the United States.

" Black tea is allowed to wilt over night before it is dried in the metal pans. It does not contain so much oil as the green tea. The coarser leaves and even small twigs are cured and pressed into ' bricks,' and this goes to southern Russia and Mongolia where it is boiled with milk and butter like a sort of soup.

" China," Mr. Spencer continued, " is losing her tea trade, which has fallen off since tea has been grown in India and Ceylon where machinery is used, and where it can be raised more cheaply. The Chinese do all the work by hand, from planting the seeds to transplanting the young shrubs, and picking and curing the crop."

Mr. Spencer would have liked to go on to Ichang, among the mountains to the west, but he learned while at Hankau that the Boxers, of whom they had heard a good deal while they were in Peking, had grown very bold, and were threatening to drive out the foreigners wherever they could find them. At that time there were very few Boxers in or near Hankau, but it was plain to be seen that the Chinese in general sympathized with them, and would help them if they could.

The English people and the American consul advised Mr. Spencer not to go any farther up the river, as he might not find it an easy matter to get back. Had he been alone

he would have gone, but he was not willing to risk the safety of his wife and daughters. So they went back to Shanghai, and it was well that they did so, for all the foreigners who could do so soon left the river towns, and many of those who remained lost their lives.

XXI. CONCLUSION

WHEN the trouble in Peking grew worse and Shanghai itself was threatened by the murderous Boxers, Mr. Spencer felt that it was no longer safe to remain there. His business was at a standstill, for all work in the interior had ceased. Even the Chinese who were really friendly to foreigners did not dare to help them in any way. They would not sell them food or have any dealings with them whatsoever. It was known that hundreds of Chinese were leaving the city daily to join the Boxers.

Large ships that might have defended the city could not cross the Wusung bar. To the north, south, and west, were provinces where there were millions of people who were becoming more and more unfriendly to the foreigners and who were anxious to drive them out of the country.

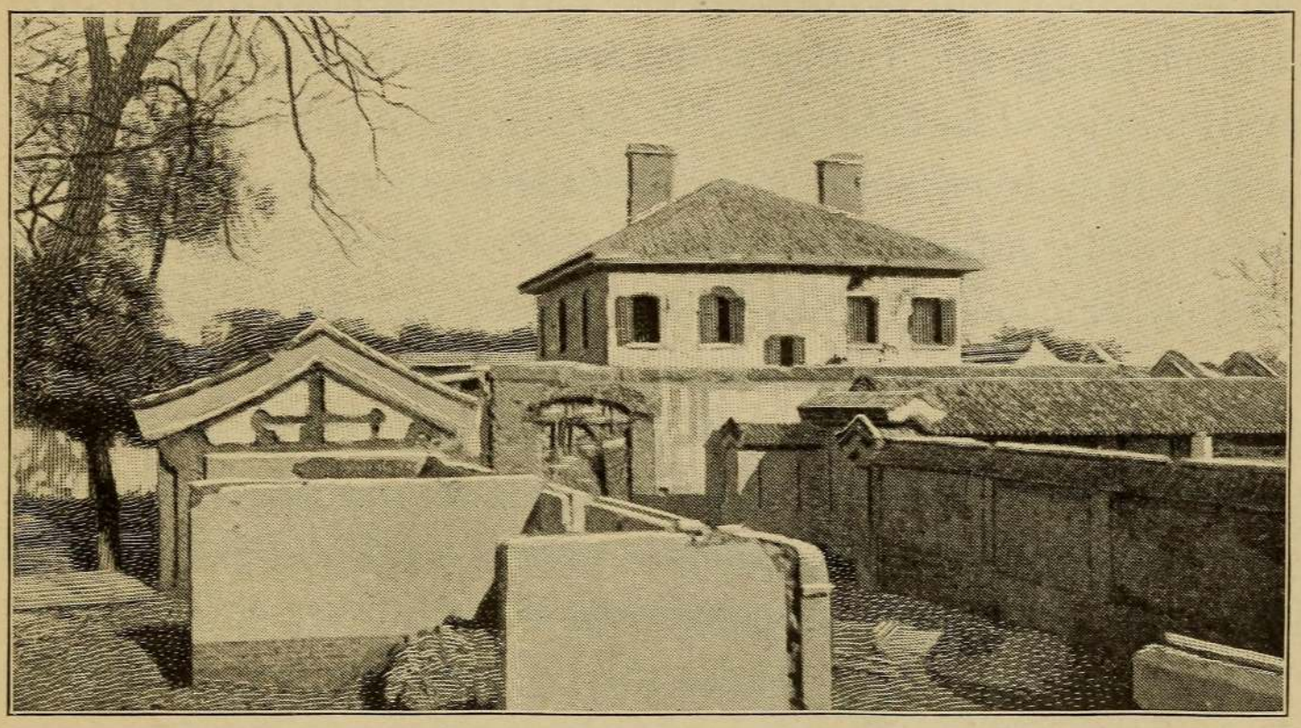
With many other Americans living in Shanghai, Mr. Spencer sailed with his family for Nagasaki in Japan, where they remained through the summer. Early in the autumn Mrs. Clifford joined them and she had a sad story to relate. Her husband was still in Peking. She had left, with other refugees, escorted by a company of soldiers

to Tungchau, twelve miles east of the city gate. Thence they were taken in boats to Tientsin, which was also occupied by soldiers, much of it being in ruins.

" Early in the spring," she said, " we noticed that Peking was full of rough, insolent men who grew bolder and more and more unruly. There were reports of murders and lawlessness in the country, and the Chinese troops who were sent out by the Empress Dowager did no good. By this time the Boxers, who were pledged to kill the foreigners, had raised an army, and in May they marched to Peking. While pretending to be friendly to the foreigners, it is now known that the Empress Dowager and the court secretly aided the Boxers. The country in every direction was filled with savage Boxers, and early in June the Japanese minister was murdered, for the Boxers hated the Japanese even more than Americans or Europeans. Three days after this, all the foreign houses were attacked, and all the missions, except the Methodist mission, were destroyed.

" This mission, as you remember," said Mrs. Clifford, " was well built, the strong brick houses being defended by heavy gates and high walls. There were a few soldiers, marines from the ships at Taku, who had been sent north when the trouble became serious, and they helped to defend the mission. They were posted on the walls ready to shoot any Chinese that approached too near. In this way they held out for some time, but at last the missionaries and their families had to go, with all the other foreigners, to the British Legation, where they were comparatively safe. Our own Legation was a common Chinese house, with other buildings like it in the compound; but the walls were not strong enough to keep out the Boxers, had any

foreigners been foolish enough to have remained there. Every foreign building in Peking, except the hotel, was burned,— the banks, churches, missions, the Customhouse and the Post Office. The pleasant house that you visited at the Methodist Mission, the schools and hospital, are all a heap of ruins and it would be hard to tell even where the buildings once stood. The railway and telegraph lines between Tientsin and Peking were destroyed, so that no



Students' Quarters, British Legation

one could get away, nor could messages be sent. On June 20, the German minister, Baron von Ketteler, was killed. He had started to see the Chinese authorities and to ask their protection for the foreigners who were detained in Peking, and he was shot in the street by a Manchu officer of high rank. The Empress Dowager asked the foreigners to leave the capital, promising to send with them an escort of soldiers to Tientsin. But the foreigners, who had lived

in China a long time, knew that they could not trust the Empress. She was really helping the Boxers, it was thought, and, once outside the city walls, the foreigners would have been murdered, and the Empress would have said, no doubt, that she had been unable to prevent it.

" They refused to go, and the people from all the legations, men, women and children, with a small force of marines, and a great number of native Christians shut themselves up in the British Legation. They had brought with them food and clothing, and mules and horses which they were afterwards obliged to eat. The Boxers surrounded them and for weeks they lived shut in, with bullets whistling about their ears, shells bursting over their heads, and the walls pierced and broken with cannon balls. Every one was very brave, even the children. The women made bags out of cloth, silk, velvet, and anything that they could find, which were filled with sand and piled about the doors and windows. In these sand bags bullets buried themselves and did no harm. When the Boxers could not break down the walls or batter in the gates, they tried to set fire to the Legation by burning buildings just outside the compound; but the wind blew the flames away, and once more the foreigners were saved.

" You have already heard how the soldiers of the Allies, — Great Britain, America, France, Germany, Russia, and Japan,— finally landed from the ships at Taku, ordered by their governments to march to Peking and rescue the Legations. It was not an easy thing to do. The weather was burning hot, there was no shade, and food and water were scarce. But they reached Tientsin and saved the people there, who were also in great danger. Then they pushed on to the north, fighting all the way.

"The people in Peking had almost given up hope of rescue. They had concluded that the outside world did not know of their peril, although they had sent faithful Chinese messengers through the Boxer lines, begging for relief. They did not know until afterwards that the whole world was in the greatest anxiety lest they should all be murdered before the army could reach them.

"The stock of provisions had run very low; there was not much food left. The mules, horses and even dogs had been killed and eaten. The Chinese had several cannon, and with these they had injured the Legation walls so much that the Boxers could not have been kept out much longer. They had taken possession of a tower overlooking the compound, from which they were able to pick off men in the Legation grounds. The brave American, Captain Myers, told the marines that the tower must be taken; he asked all who were willing to volunteer for the assault, and every man was ready, although they knew that all might lose their lives. The tower was captured, however, and danger from that quarter ended.

"During the last days, when the Boxers pressed closer and closer, they uttered a loud cry — a wild chant which never ceased, terrible to hear: 'Kill all the foreigners; kill all the foreigners.'

"At last the guns of the army coming to save them were heard, far off, outside the walls, and not a moment too soon, for the besieged could not have held out twenty-four hours longer, and not one of them would have been found alive.

"The walls of Peking were scaled, the gates blown up, the allied army marched into the city, the Boxers standing

their ground for a little while, then flying before them. The foreigners were saved, and with them the two thousand Chinese that they had cared for and protected in the midst of their own great peril. All the girls of the school that you visited were saved, except those who went back to their homes where they thought they would be safe. One of these girls was taken and burned to death, because she would not deny that she was a Christian.

"You would not be able to find your way about Peking now, it is all so changed. The heaps of bricks and mortar and the fallen trees that choked the streets have been cleared away, but thousands of houses have been burned,— the whole Chinese city, in fact, and some of the beautiful towers over the gates are in ruins. The Empress Dowager fled with the court before the foreign army marched into the city, and the Emperor went with her. He would have prevented all the bloodshed and destruction if he could have done so; but the Empress Dowager had taken the government into her own hands, and he was powerless.

"It will be many a long day before the ruin in Peking is effaced or forgotten. Perhaps, in time, there will be a new Peking better than the old, in which all that was worth saving will remain, and the Chinese themselves will have become wiser and better for the lessons they have learned."

Nancy Hanks Lincoln Public Library