

## Uprisings Easy in China.

"There is probably no country in the world that has, and has always had, so many and large uprisings as the Empire of China," says Isaac Taylor Headland, professor of mental and moral philosophy in Peking University. "Naturally a people of peace, they are yet a people of war—not of war, but of family squabbles, for their uprisings, except in extreme cases, do not rise to the dignity of war."

"When there is a strong Emperor at the head of the government they are peaceful, but when, as in the present instance, there is a woman on the throne, the whole empire is turned into a quarrelsome bazaar, with the Empress Dowager in the character of the domineering mother-in-law, making trouble for the whole world."

At such a time rioting even on a large scale may be precipitated by the most trivial causes.

"Let me describe an experience through which my wife and I passed. My wife, who is a physician, was going in a sedan chair to see a sick woman. I followed on a donkey to escort her. Just as we were passing through the east gate of Peking a company of soldiers came out of a side street and started the same way we had to go. My wife was compelled to get out of the chair on account of the muddy streets. The crowd that had gathered to see the soldiers called us foreign devils. I suggested that we cross over and go down a side street. As we did this a hoodlum came out of a corner shop, with nothing on save a pair of trousers and a pair of shoes, determined to raise a row. He followed us and gathered a crowd, who began to throw bricks, stones, dirt and mud, while the original disturber of the peace got close enough to kick my wife several times, without my knowledge. Then he kicked me and I knocked him down, and was about to step on him when several friendly Chinese stepped between us and him, themselves receiving many of the blows which were aimed at us. For nearly a half hour we were in the mob and while not seriously injured physically, both our nerves and feelings were badly hurt. I call attention to the fact that the mob was started by one scoundrel, or, as the Chinese would call him, a fier tu tzu (a man who encumbers the ground—in effect, a loafer,) and some of the better class risked their own comfort and safety to protect us. The city authorities issued an edict at once, the scoundrel was arrested and a wooden collar about two feet square, which he had to wear for a month, was put about his neck."

"When it is designed by any of the hoodlums or the members of a secret society to create a disturbance about the first thing they do is to placard the city. The announcement is first out on a board, the operation costing 50 cents, perhaps. From this rude engraving they can print from a hundred to a thousand copies. These are given to the members of the houses or courts but more especially near the city gates and at the cross streets, for in these localities they will be seen by the largest possible number. The words are then passed from lip to lip, and this the people call yao yen—or, as we say, report, gossip. No people in the world, perhaps, are greater gossips than the Chinese. They tell everything they know and everything they can think about."

"This is especially the case at Tien-Tsin. The Tien-Tsinese—or, as they are sometimes called, 'Tient sinners,' which they most emphatically are—are constantly placarding the city, stating the day they expect to attack the foreigners and massacre them or drive them out. Even the Tient sinners, however, are not so bad as the Mohammedans, as is indicated by the proverb which says, 'Ten oily mouthed Pekinese can't out talk one lippy Tien-Tsinese; nor can ten lippy Tien-Tsinese out talk one thieving Mohammedan.'

"Tien Tsin, like all the other ports, has suffered from its intercourse with foreigners. With the Tien-Tsinese it is much as some hold it to be with the new woman—she has ceased to be a woman, and has not yet become a man—they have ceased to be purely Chinese and have only become foreignized to the extent of drinking imported wine, beer and whiskey; smoking cigars and cigarettes and swearing. A Tien-Tsinese who knows not a word of respectable English is often able to swear very fluently."

"While Li Hung Chang was viceroy, with his residence at Tien Tsin, it made more advancement and improvement than under any other regime. He established a

medical college and dispensary, both for men and women, and a university, which is now under the management of C. D. Tenny, and is one of the best managed government schools in the empire. It is not the best of all, and is, perhaps, on as firm a basis as any of them. The students in all these government schools receive assistance from the government to the extent of from five to ten ounces of silver a month, according to their rank. In Peking there are three large educational institutions—the Peking Imperial University, the Peking (Methodist) university and the Tung Wen Kuan or Imperial College. The Peking Imperial University, which is presided over by Dr. W. A. P. Martin, is well equipped with teachers and apparatus, and has a fair number of students, but I was told by one of its most prominent men two days before Li Hung Chang that it may be closed because of the intense anti foreign sentiment that prevails among its students. This sentiment is the result of the anti foreign attitude of the present government. It is well known that when the university was opened by the authority of the Emperor three years ago there was a prospect of having 1,000 to 1,500 students of the liberal type, and the brightest young men of the Empire."

As it is, the institution has only about three hundred and fifty students, and they follow like a lot of sheep those whom the great viceroys, Chang Chin Tung, called 'the old mossback leaders of the conservative party.'

"The Peking university is at the Methodist mission, where all the missionaries of the city have been gathered and where they have been defended by the male members of the missions, the gallant marines and the 150 students of the college. In harmony with this mission there is a girl's high school, in which there are 150 students, and also a church, which seats 2,000 people—the largest auditorium, perhaps, in China. Out of the twenty eight graduates of this school one has been decorated by the emperor, by the queen of England and by the czar of Russia—Dr. Y. K. Tsao, the physician to Chang Yun-Huan, delegate to the queen's jubilee—and twenty others have entered religious (Christian) work on salaries of from one-third to one tenth what they could get in business."

"The Tung-wen Huan, or Imperial college, is under the auspices of the Imperial Chinese customs. It was under the superintendence of Dr. Martin for many years and has done a great work, many of its graduates now being connected with the Chinese diplomatic service and with the legations and consulates of different countries. The present consul in New York is a graduate of the Tung Wen Huan."

"It is sometimes said that the uprisings and outbreaks, riots and mobs in China are caused by and are mainly against the missionaries. Such reports are not true. The Chinese make no distinction between those who are and those who are not missionaries. Indeed, the present Boxer outbreaks, brigands, thieves, kidnappers, robbers or whatever you please to call them—for they all of these—make no distinction because of the callings pursued by the citizens of any country who wear European clothing. They are all equally foreign devils without difference or distinction."

"China is severely criticised because the Boxers are not put down. But the truth is that China may fairly be justified in not putting down the Boxers—on the plea that she can't do it. Any one who has listened to the pop-pop-pop practicing outside the walls of Peking, trying but failing to shoot together in volleys, will agree with this. Not long ago I had the good fortune to witness an inspection of the Peking Braves by the mayor of Peking, and it was a spectacle, I can assure you, not soon to be forgotten. It looked like Boston Common without the grass on the fourth of July when all the folks are in from the country. The tents for side shows are all stretched, the fat man stands before his tent, the alligator lies winking in his pond, the peanut vendors have established their stands on every side, and the little boys have all bought horns, which they insist upon blowing everywhere and at all times, while a great lot of men have put on striped clothing as though a thousand clowns had escaped from the circus and were now having a good time while out of reach of the ringmaster's lash. The horns are blown, the flags wave, the peanut vendors sell peanuts and candy crows gather together around an organ—and he cuts capers with his sword, the whole being

highly suggestive of a crowd of small Chinese boys once saw playing soldier during the Chinese-Japanese war."

"The youngsters had each found a small stick or a large weed, which they used as guns, and had arrayed themselves into a company. Then they made a feint as if to charge with all their force on some imaginary antagonist. They screamed and ran about in quite as military array as real Chinese soldiers or as a crowd of boys playing prisoner's base. This they kept up for some seconds until one of those in the front rank cried out in mock terror: 'The Japanese are coming! The Japanese are coming! when they all took to their heels like real Chinese soldiers and fled in disorder and dismay. The obvious reason why the Chinese soldiers do not defeat the Boxers is their utter inability to accomplish the task. As they said about the Japanese 'one or the other must retreat, and as the Boxers will not, we must!' It is a Chinese proverb 'that no good man will ever become a soldier.' And it is to be feared the proverb is nearly true—in China."

Ever since Li Hung Chang was appointed the representative of the Dragon Throne at the coronation of the Russian Emperor there has been more or less suspicion of Russia on the part of other powers. It was about that time that Sir Nicholas O'Connor, in an interview with Prince Kung, told him in a language as blunt as any Britisher ever spoke and as forcibly as any that ever fell from the lips of a son of Erin, that unless he and his countrymen altered their methods and mended their ways, he should not be surprised if within five years he heard of Prince Kung being a beggar on the streets of Peking. At that time many thought there was a deep laid plot beneath that appointment of the great viceroy.

"But with all our making fun of the Chinese because he cannot fight, we must not forget his power as a diplomatist. He may be easily overcome with the weapons of modern warfare, but look out for him when you come in contact with him in a diplomatic way. Your European representative froths and fumes, pounds the table and sometimes swears, and the Chinaman patiently waits until he gets over it and is ready to talk business, and then suggests that we go on with the affairs of state. Among the ranks of those who wield the tongue and pen the Chinese statesman stands in the foremost, and he never forgets that the pen is an index of a higher state of civilization than the sword."

"The mistake made by the adherents of the young Emperor Kuang Hsu, was in entirely disregarding the army, poor as that body is. It Kuang Hsu had first surrounded himself with a bodyguard that would have protected him from the eunuchs of the palace and the empress Dowager, he might have carried out his magnificent reforms to a successful end. And never in the history of China did so magnificent a beginning come to such a lamentable and pitiable end. That a young man raised from infancy in a palace prison, with two old conservative women as his chief advisers and associates, should break away from all the mossback official customs and many traditions, both of her own ancestry and of the people he governed and set himself to study the Christian bible, western science in all its branches, including mathematics, chemistry, physics, medicine, history, and even the English language, is evidence enough that Kuang Hsu is not a 'weakling,' as some of the papers represent him to be, but a character which, when the true history of China is written, will shine either as the first martyr for liberty and reform, or the Constantine Charlemagne, or Cromwell of the Orient."

### UNJUST UMPIRE FOILED.

Defeat of the Houndville Humpers by the Hurling Lilacs out in Wisconsin.

The baseball cranks were assembled in their usual place in the back room of a drink dispensary, and were swapping stories. The man with sunburnt neck had just finished telling how he had once made a triple play unassisted, when the man with the sandy whiskers spoke up.

"The remarkable play which the man with the sunburnt neck has described," he said "reminds me of singular game in which I myself once participated. It took place out in Wisconsin. The team of which I was member was called the Hurling Lilacs, and my position was right field. The Houndville Humpers, the team that went up against us, was made up of cowboys, and they had the reputation of getting burly on the slightest provocation. The umpire was an extremely large man, who knew about as much about baseball as Adam did about the mechanism of an automobile."

"The game began, and the umpire's decisions were so uniformly unjust and idiotic that neither side suffered more than the other, and for a time all went well. But in the last half of the eighth the trouble

began. The score stood 48 to 40 in favor of the Humpers. Our side was at bat, and the first three men up drew bases on balls. Then the fourth man got four wide ones and the umpire called him out. Our first baseman was justly enraged at the unfair decision, and demanded an explanation.

"The bases are full," said the umpire, "and there is no room for the batter. Therefore he is out."

"Why you blankety-blanked chump, exclaimed the first baseman, 'don't you see that it forces—?'"

"No man can be scored unless the ball is hit out," interrupted the umpire. "You may go to the bench for using profane language."

"Of course the opposing pitcher gave the next man up four wide ones, and the umpire again called an out. The second baseman was the one to protest this time, and he in turn was sent to the bench and put out of the game. When the umpire called the third man out on the fourth ball the rage of our team knew no bounds. Fear of the Humpers prevented us from doing anything violent to him, and we had to be content with killing him with our mouths. We throw out words and epithets so vehemently that when our opponents came to bat every one on our side but myself had been ordered out of the game."

Our adversaries were already proclaiming victory, but I bade them cease their cries and went in to contend against them alone.

"The first man up knocked a pop up fly, which I easily gathered in. The second man hit a little grounder, which I stopped and by hard running beat him down to first. The third man was disposed of in a like manner."

"I was the first man up in the next inning, and I saw that, as there was nobody to follow me, it would be necessary to make a home run. The first ball pitched was a wide one, but I leaped across the plate and landed into deep centre for four bases. I went to the bench and then came up in place of the second man. This time I jumped high into the air and banged the ball right over right field fence. Nine times I came to the bat and made one home run, winning the game by the score of 49 to 48. The Houndville Humpers were crazy with rage, but none of them questioned the slight irregularity of my coming to bat nine times in succession, as it was that I should take the place of the absent players. And when they take a good many liberties with the national rules out there."

### A Silent Rhinoceros.

Still hunting at night in Africa has its drawbacks and surprises. These are sometimes in the form of snakes, sometimes of larger things. What it was that surprised Mr. C. V. A. Peel during a night hunt in Somaliland, is told by himself. He was stalking oryx, a kind of antelope.

We could not see more than ten feet before us, he says. I tiptoed, in my tennis shoes, over the stony ground toward the oryx. Not a sound could be heard. Suddenly, on turning a bush, I became aware of an enormous head and horn within three feet of my face.

I had literally walked into a big rhinoceros, which stood rigid. My shikari, who had my rifle, seemed petrified. I gave a glance each way, and backed out slowly and noiselessly, and got behind the bush.

As I turned to take my rifle, I saw the shikari farther back, behind another bush, pointing at the 'rhino.' I turned back, and there was the great beast advancing toward me without a sound.

It was now my turn to run. When I reached my servant, I took the rifle and proceeded to look for the rhinoceros. We could find it nowhere. Hearing two oryx close by, I started to stalk them, when my shikari again stopped. His face was as white as if he had seen a ghost. He pointed and whispered.

There, within a few yards, stood the rhinoceros which I could not find a moment before. I was unceremoniously dragged from the spot by my shikari, who was superstitious. 'Leave him!' he implored. 'It am de debil—you no kill him!'

With much persuasion I got the men to go back, as I wanted to shoot the animal. I found him standing with his side towards me. I levelled my big rifle and was on the point of pulling the trigger, when he gave one wriggle of his huge form and vanished in the jungle. That was too much for my men. They ran for their lives.

I am not superstitious, but it was a curious fact that during all that adventure not a sound was made by the rhinoceros; not even a stone rolled under his feet as he moved. And in the morning we could find no tracks.

'You'll never be able to make a strawberry shortcake the way mother made hers.' 'Oh, I suppose not.' 'No, mother was left-handed.'

## FLASHES OF FUN.

The Lobster—You have no lungs. How do you get your breath?

Chorus of Clams—Bivalves in our shells.

Hingsso—Bragge is a liar.

Jingo—What's he said now?

Hingsso—Says he can read a Sunday newspaper through in 48 hours.

General (haughtily)—I went to the war and defended my country.

Statesman (wearily)—That's nothing. I stayed at home and defended the war.

He—It is said that in making champagne the grapes are squeezed six times or more.

She—Well, if that's the case, I don't think you would ever succeed as a manufacturer of champagne.

Maude—Isn't the man you are engaged to a speculator?

Clara—No, indeed! He's a financier.

Maude—How do you know?

Clara—He didn't buy the engagement ring until after I had accepted him.

There goes our most remarkable citizen said the New England man to the visitor. 'What is there remarkable about him?'

He is the only banker in the state who was not the original of the character of D. vid Harum.

McJigger—He fell into Jones' well, and it never fazed him.

Thingumbob—You don't say! Didn't hurt him, eh?

McJigger—No; and you know how hard he water is in Jones' well.

'Well, dear, you enjoyed a good night's sleep last night.'

'No, Clara, not at all; I could have slept, but I stayed awake worrying because a good night's sleep always means I won't sleep a wink the next night.'

This theory about fish being brain food is all nonsense.

'Why do you say so?'

Because the greatest number of fish are eaten by the very people who are idiots enough to sit out all day waiting for them to bite.

There was a piece of cold pudding on the lunch table, and mamma divided it between Willie and Elsie. Willie looked at his pudding—then at his mother's empty plate. 'Mamma,' he said earnestly. 'I can't enjoy my pudding when you haven't any. Take Elsie's.'

'And how do you spend your spare time?' inquired the philanthropist of the over-worked humorist.

'Revising my collection of bathing costume jokes for the July market.'

'And why do you revise them?'

'They are all too long for the present styles.'

'What's Redhedde kicking the dictionary so furiously all around the library for?'

'He swears it's no good.'

'Why not?'

'His doctor advised him to avoid all phlogistics this summer, and he's spent all morning looking through the F's to find it, to find out what the doctor meant.'

Towne—I saw Rashley today with a big bundle of railway guides under his arm. He must intend to do considerable travelling.

Browne—Oh, no. He's going to marry a Chicago woman.

Towne—What has that to do with it?

Browne—He wants to find some nice place to spend the honeymoon where she hasn't already been on a wedding tour.

### Miss Gould's Clever Secretary.

Miss Julie Lipmann, the poet, is the secretary of Miss Helen Gould, and acts for her in other matters. When the Windsor Hotel fire broke out Miss Gould was not at home and her secretary opened the house, turned it into a temporary hospital and refuge, and invited those rendered homeless by the conflagration to enter its hospitality.

She was mistaken for Miss Gould by both the public and the representatives of the press. Miss Gould, having been sent for, returned shortly afterward and, complimenting her secretary for her thoughtfulfulness, had a hearty laugh over the mistake. Miss Gould then continued the work which had been started, and proved as skillful a nurse as had the poet. Miss Lipmann's literary talent is largely hereditary. Her father was secretary to Washington Irving, and her aunt was the wife of Alexander Dumas, fils.

### A Compliment on Ice.

Mrs. Gadd—"You do not show your age at all."

Mrs. Gabb (delightedly)—"Don't I?"

Mrs. Gadd—"No; I see you've scratched it out of your family bible."