

New York, and there are dilettante blasé Chinese gentlemen, who move slowly along and keep up their dignity as best they can in this ever-changing river of Chinese humanity.

QUEER CHINESE TRADES.

Keep your place upon the stone and note the queer things that are going on all around you; the street is narrow, but it is made narrower by the peddlers and squatters. It seems to be free for all, and the shoemaker, with a box like that of a blacksmith, sits and sews away in the street, half-soling the shoes of his customers while they wait. He uses tacks, the heads of which are as big as a nickle, to hold the sole, and instead of leather he puts on soles of cloth. Further on there is a fortune teller with a lot of forms and cards about him. His finger nails are a foot in length and he can tell you your past and your future by the stars.

What is that veil of black hanging against the opposite wall? There is a man in a blue gown standing beside it. He has a box of money near him and his customers are many. He is selling something. It looks like horse hair, and those who leave carry away long strands, which he takes off from nails which have been driven into the white wall. It may be he is selling fly brushes. Let us get closer. No, they are not fly brushes; they are long switches of human hair, which the Chinese buy to braid into their cues. There is a great trade in hair, and cartloads of it are brought from Corea every year, and the peddlers of false hair carry on a regular business. I bought a cue myself in Hankow. It cost me 25 cents, and my Chinese servant bought two cues at the same time. I carried my cue for some weeks, and when I changed my servant it disappeared, and I have no doubt but that my boy Chang is now wearing it.

IN A CHINESE RESTAURANT.

As we go on with our walk we find hundreds of curious stores, and we see everywhere evidences that the Chinese appetite is gargantuan, and that the mighty Chinese stomach takes much to fill it. There are stores which sell nothing but fowl and dried ducks. Geese and chickens hang from lines stretched across the front of the store, so that they make a veil shutting it off from the sidewalk. There are butcher shops where pork and mutton are offered for sale; and there are little booths, in which there are great vats of water filled with live fish. We stop and watch the fish peddler serve a poor customer. A small-footed woman dressed in a long, blue, cotton gown, wants a pound of fish, and the peddler pulls a large, squirming fish out of the water and lays it on the counter. He takes a long knife, which is as sharp as a razor, and cuts a slice out of its quivering side. The blood flows, and he throws the remains of the now half-live fish into the water, hoping that it may live until another customer comes along to buy the balance. Here is a Chinese restaurant. Let us go in and buy and get a bite to stay our stomachs, which have been turned over and over by the disgusting sights of our trip. It consists of a dozen rooms, separated by screens of carved Chinese ironwork, on the back of which white paper is pasted. Each room is filled with teak-wood tables, which look like ebony, and which are about four feet square. There are chairs beside them, and we take our seats, while the

frouzy servant brings in cups of tea, with the saucers turned over their tops to keep in the aroma. We take off the saucers and tilt them so they act as strainers for the cups, just touching the tea and keeping the leaves back as we drink. We are next served with a soup, filled with little bits of pork, and then with the stew, which is thick with cubes of chicken, about the size of a dice. We pick these out with clean wooden chopsticks and eat the soup with a spoon. I take out my pencil and begin to sketch. A crowd gathers about me, and the Chinese waiter, whose picture I have taken, looks sheepish and mad. I ask as to the prices, and find that I am paying twenty-one cash, or about one cent per dish. I can get a pipe of tobacco for three cash, or one-sixth of a cent; and a good handful of watermelon seeds for fourteen cash. I am surprised to see how many people eat such seeds. They are the peanuts of China, and they are served at every theater between the acts. All classes eat them, and nearly every Chinaman has them somewhere about his clothes. There are tea saloons in every Chinese street, and you can get your cup of tea and your watermelon seeds anywhere. There are restaurants of all classes, from those which sell dog's and cat's flesh, and which you find in the slums, to others, where you can pay \$5 and upwards for a good dinner. The Chinese are good cooks, and I had a number of fairly good meals in the common restaurants. The chief viands were boiled chicken and rice, roast pork and roast duck; and if any tender dogs, cats or rats were palmed off upon me, I did not know it.

BOILED BREAD—THE LAND OF THE DOUGHNUT.

I looked in vain for any signs of baking, and the Chinese have no such thing as baked bread. They boil their dough, and you can get boiled biscuits almost anywhere. They are great on frying dough in grease, and north China may be called the land of the doughnut. It is the general opinion that the Chinese live almost entirely upon rice. This is a great mistake. Rice is expensive everywhere, and the people of the north are too poor to eat it. They use millet seed and sorghum seed, which are ground up like we grind wheat. Rice is the bread of south China, and pork is the chief meat all over the empire. The average Chinese hog is the dirtiest animal in the world. It gets its living off of the foul refuse of the city's streets, and the biggest of the Chinese cities permit the pigs to run wild within them. There are different grades of pork in China, as there are in America, and the finest kind of pork comes from an island south of Hong Kong. The pigs here are fed upon chestnuts. They are shipped to all parts of China, and they bring high prices. The better class of Chinese will not touch rats, and dogs are usually eaten by the well-to-do Chinese only as a medicine. Sucking pigs form a part of each big feast, but they are brought on the table cut up into little cubes, so that they can be eaten with chopsticks.

WORMS AND SNAKES FOR FOOD.

The Chinese are fond of some kinds of worms and there is a greenish-brown worm, which comes from the rice field, which brings high prices in the markets. They eat silk worm grubs, and in some parts of the empire the poorer people eat snakes. In Amoy and Swatow

snakes are sold for food and they are used to make soup. They are quite expensive, and a good-size snake of the right variety will bring seventy-five cents. I found the Chinese restaurants well patronized, and there are peddling cooks everywhere. The average laborer buys his lunch where he works if he belongs to the cities, and wherever there is a band of workmen you find from one to a dozen lunch peddlers. It is the same as to smoking. On nearly every corner you find a table with a lot of pipes upon it, and a man standing beside it ready to rent them out for a fraction of a cent a smoke. The pipes are made of copper, and they are a sort of a water pipe, with which you draw the smoke through the water before it comes into your mouth. The bowls hold about a thimbleful of tobacco, and the pipe has to be lighted about every two minutes. Of late years the Chinese of the seaports have taken to smoking cigarettes; and you find great quantities of American cigarettes consumed in Shanghai and Canton.

KINE AND FILTH.

In my walks through the Chinese cities the things that impressed me most were the things that I did not see. I looked in vain for street lamps. There was no sign of sewerage, and the public buildings were more like stables than anything else. The only fire preventives were wells which had been dug here and there, and which were kept full in order to use in case of conflagrations, and great clay jars which were used on the roofs of some of the houses. I was told that the houses were numbered; and at the corners I saw characters which gave a description or census of the families of the neighborhood. Most of the streets of the cities which I visited outside of Peking were paved with stone, which had been worn smooth by the bare and shod feet of a thousand generations of human beings. Outside of the hogs and the dogs, you see few animals in one of these big towns. There are no carts and no carriages. The men ride through the streets in chairs, and the merchandise is carried by men or pushed and dragged through the city in wheelbarrows. There are no statues and no public squares, except here and there, where a place may have been left for a market. There are no telegraph lines and no tall buildings. The roofs are of heavy, black tiles, and most of the city houses are built of blue brick with a foundation of stone. I saw no signs of cellars, though under some of the streets there are drains, and some have gutters. Both drains and gutters are usually stopped up, and they form the breeding places for disease and bad smells.

The filth of a Chinese city is in fact beyond description. Peking is worse than a baryard; and the vilest cow yard in America is cleaner than the mud through which you wade in walking through Hankow. You have to keep your eyes on your feet; and there is no bone factory in the United States which surpasses the smell arising from the streets on a wet day. Here and there along the business streets or in the side streets just off of the most thronged parts of the city, you will pass great vats splashed with the vilest of dirt. These are public water closets. They are owned by private parties, who grow rich by selling the sewerage to the farmers. You go on and on through scenes