

a large number of the beggars are supported every winter by the government of the towns and villages, but as soon as spring comes this appropriation is dropped and they are literally turned out to grass.

As to beggars, there is no country in the world that has more impudent beggars than China, but I doubt whether in proportion to its population it has more than many parts of Europe. The Chinese beggars are, however, organized into bands. They have a trades union of their own and they go into the business as a profession. They have their kings and the cities are divided up into beats and woe to the man who attempts to jump his brother beggar's claim. There is sure to be a fight and he will be run into prison or out of town. These beggars expect to get a certain amount—say one-tenth of a cent a day—from each store keeper on their beat and you can sometimes pay them to keep other beggars away.

At Wuhu a missionary owned a house facing on two streets. He had beggars on both sides of him, but he finally arranged with the beggar in the front to keep his rear cleared by the payment of a small sum per month. As soon as the bargain was made the beggars at the back of the house went away and he has had no trouble since then. Here in Nanking there is a royal guild of beggars, established, it is said, by the Emperor Hung Wo, who began life as a beggar, and became one of the greatest emperors China has ever had. The head of this guild can prevent a shop or a family from being annoyed by the beggars, and there is a system of buying off the assaults of beggars, which prevails throughout China, and which exempts the man who pays from their visits. As it is, every one gives to the beggar. The sum is generally not more than one-tenth of a cent, and sometimes only half of that. This is in silver, and it means only half the same amount on a gold basis. Think of giving a man the twentieth or fortieth of a cent to satisfy his hunger? That is what some of these beggars get. There is a kind of copper cash, about half the size of an ordinary cash, or as big as a nickel, which is worth about this, and this coin is called beggar cash. If a storekeeper refuses to give, the beggar will set up a howl, and he will continue his lamentations until the man is glad to pay him to move on. Sometimes the beggar threatens to kill himself in the store then and there if his demands are not satisfied, and, what is more, he sometimes does it. This is a terrible thing for the storekeeper. He has, by the laws of China, to pay the man's funeral expenses, and he may have to support his family for the rest of their lives.

The tricks and schemes which these beggars get up to screw money out of the people are legion. They mutilate themselves in all sorts of ways to excite pity. I watched one getting ready for business yesterday. He had a festering sore on his right foot which extended from the little toe to the ankle, and he was scraping at this with a piece of rusty hoop iron to make it bleed and to make the flesh raw and angry. He stopped as I approached him, pointed to his bleeding foot and whined out a request for alms. Another beggar I photographed in one of the main streets of Nanking

two days ago. He was standing in the center of the road, with no clothing on above the waist, and was apparently blind. He had what looked like a great brick in his two hands, and he was throwing this over his shoulders and striking himself on the small of the back. He was howling for alms as he did so, and had a basket fastened to a string, which he passed around between the blows. After his posing I gave him about 50 cash. His face lighted up and his eyes opened, and he ran off on the trot, the happiest beggar in Nanking. Other beggars cut themselves with knives to excite pity, and I saw one yesterday on what may be called the Vanity Fair of this city who had cut off his toes, and was lying on the stones with the bare stumps sticking out. One of the feet was still bloody, and the sight almost made me sick. Many of these beggars go about in boats, and there is a creek near Shanghai which is filled with boats of beggars, who go out over the country to prey upon the people. There is a jolly beggar along the Yangtse who has but one leg, but who sculps himself about from place to place in a little canoe, and gathers up the cash from the thousands who come near him on the water. I saw here yesterday on the steps of the Temple of Confucius a boy, who was pounding his head up and down upon his knees to excite pity. He had no arms, and he looked at me in a dazed way when I pointed my camera at him. Many of these beggars go about in gangs of from three to a score, and this is especially the case with the blind beggars. They have their leader, who goes ahead with a stick, and the others, women and men, follow, holding on to each other by the shoulder, and carrying baskets for cash or rice.

The worst beggars of the world, however, are the diseased beggars of China. Men and women sometimes take babies with the smallpox about in their arms and enter the stores to beg. The shopkeepers are glad to throw them some coppers to get them to move on. The lepers are another set of bad citizens. They are found all over China, and they are desperate in their applications for help. They have their unions, and they levy blackmail upon every funeral. If they do not receive it, they sometimes make it lively for the mourners. At Canton they wait at the cemetery and approach the funeral processions as they come in. They will take promises in case the head of the occasion has no money at hand, but if no money is sent they will dig up the bodies and hold them until they are ransomed.

The Chinese are, however, far more charitable than is generally supposed. They take better care of their families than any other people of the world, and a man is supposed to aid his poorer relatives and to help them on in the world. With all the beggars there are, I venture, fewer unemployed people here in China today in proportion to its population than there are in America. The government has charitable institutions, and its officials are always giving out of their own pockets. Some extracts from the great Government Journal of China lie before me. From them I see that \$50,000 was lately sent to some of the inhabitants of Mongolia who had suffered through a late rebel-

lion there, and that a lady in Peking had just sent a thousand dollars to relieve some poor people in her native province of Anhui.

In most of the cities there are government granaries where rice is stored up for the poor against famine, and there are blind asylums, leper asylums, and in some places, I am told, public hospitals. There are no lunatic asylums, and families have to take care of their own insane. There are no work houses, but there are soup kitchens and clothing clubs, and rice and clothing tickets are often given to the needy in times of famine and in the winter. The huts in which the beggars live here are mere sheds of the thinnest bamboo matting plastered on the inside with mud. These usually line the walls outside of a Chinese city. They are so small that it is hardly possible to stand upright within them, and the average size is not larger than the area of a hall bed room. The floor is the ground and this often forms the bed of the family. There is usually a partition which divides the hut in half, and the cooking is done over a fire of straw which is built upon the ground or in one of the clay stoves which are used everywhere throughout this part of China. There is, it must be remembered, no law against begging in China, and the beggars here have as many rights as any other citizens.

Our ideas of the Chinese, however, are crude in the extreme. This is the country of the rich as well as of the poor, and I see every hour the evidences of a social, intellectual and industrial life, which are different from any description of China I have ever read, and which are interesting in the extreme.

Frank G. Carpenter

EDWIN HOLDEN'S TESTIMONY.

PROVO CITY, Utah,
June 23, 1894.

Brother Edwin Holden of this city desires to write you and to bear his testimony to the various "old time" residents of Nauvoo and Missouri: I was born on the 4th of June, 1807, being now in my 88th year. I was personally known to and saw the Prophet Joseph Smith. I first saw him in the fall of 1834, at Genesee, New York state, where he and Sidney Rigdon were preaching in a barn; it was crowded, but by perseverance I got on the rafters. He preached a powerful discourse, and I knew he was a Prophet of God. That testimony has grown and is growing as his predictions come to pass, both in volume and in power. I remained in that neighborhood until after he was out of jail in Missouri. After he was free I went to Nauvoo, went to his home and asked to be baptized. He came with me, called a Brother Harris, who baptized me in the Mississippi river. The next day being the Sabbath, I was confirmed by Elders Orson Pratt and P.P. Pratt. I have been and am still a member of the Church. In reading John L. Smith's remarks about incidents of the Church which he so graphically relates, with some of which I was personally acquainted, my memory went back to the wild scenes he describes in his account on the storm on the night both companies turned