

THE NEW PEKING

HOW THE OLD CHINESE CAPITAL
IS CHANGING WITH THE MOD-
ERN CIVILIZATION.

PEKING, 1909.—Come with me this bright Sunday morning and take a look at the new capital of the new Chinese empire. We are in the ganglion nerve center of one of the greatest movements of history. Old China, with its vast population of one-fourth of the whole human race, is being reborn, and Peking is throbbing with the young blood of the new civilization. From it are issuing the streams which are starting these mighty provinces into action. They are daily increasing in volume, and promise to form a tidal wave which will engulf the whole world. Peking is the fountain of the revolution, and it is already spouting sky high.

OLD PEKING

Let us sit in its spire with the steam whistle of the railway cars dining our ears, and the new electric plant turning the silvery drops into diamonds, while we think of the past and try to realize where we are. We shall have to shut our eyes and turn our minds back into the ages. We are on a spot where men were living under a municipal government five centuries before Columbus and Remus were sucking at the teats of the wolf to grow up and found Rome. There was a town here when the great pyramid was building and when the Israelites worked under their taskmasters in the valley of the Nile. That town fell into ruins and was rebuilt and destroyed again. Eleven hundred and twenty years before Christ, its place was taken by the city of Yin, and during the days of K'ou-ching, it was the capital of the state of Yen. At the time of the crusade, it was the chief city of the Kin Tartars and today vestiges of the Kins are still to be seen.

THE WALLS OF PEKING

The walls of Peking! What a wonder they are! Those which now surround the city were constructed by an emperor who reigned 75 years before Columbus tried to find a new way to China and discovered our world. There are about 25 miles of them, and they are so high that they can be seen for a long distance outside Peking. They are as tall as a four-story house and as wide at the top as a country road. You could drive five wagon loads of hay abreast upon their tops without crowding, and throughout they are as solid as stone. They consist of two walls, of gray bricks of 26 or 29 pounds each, laid in mortar, which has outlasted the centuries. These two walls are parallel, and within them has been packed a mass of stone and earth, which the ages have cemented to granite.

These walls were first erected almost 600 years ago. They have been kept in good order from that time to this, and the Chinese are repairing them to-day. While they were building the electric light plant, and laying the tracks for their railroads, they re-erected the great gate at Chien Men, which was badly injured at the time of the siege. Right next the station, this massive structure of red, blue and gold has gone up, and it now forms a part of the old wall. It is of brick and wood, beautifully carved, its roof being upheld by many red pillars. It cost, I am told, \$500,000 in gold. It is on the lines of the wall, and in perfect harmony with them. It shows how the old and the new are going along hand in hand.

PEKING IN 1909

But come with me to the top of the wall and take a look at Peking as it lies out here on the northern edge of the Great Plain of China in this year of our Lord, 1909. Those hills at the back fade away into the mountains of Mongolia, and the level lands in front stretch on and on to the Yellow river, and thence on and on to the Yangtze Kiang. We can see villages here and there spotting the landscape. The country is swarming with people and there are tens of millions within a day's ride by train. The soil surrounding us is some of the best in the world, and for ages it has supported a vast population.

Now drop your eyes to the city itself. These walls divide it into two great divisions, forming two separate cities. The one at the north is a mighty rectangle, perhaps 13 miles round. It contains the Tartar city, in which are the great government buildings, the foreign legation and also the Forbidden city, where, surrounded by thousands of eunuchs, the emperor lives. You can make out his home by following the lines of these temple-like gates which rise high over the walls which surround it. His palaces are huge one-story structures with throne rooms and other great halls. The roofs are of yellow tiles, a color which is reserved for his majesty alone.

No one but the emperor and his household live in the Forbidden city.

Outside it is a space known as the imperial city, which is largely occupied by the officials and princes, and still farther out is the vast collection of low gray houses where the Manchus and Chinese live. A large proportion of this city is Manchurian.

The other city, on the south of the wall, is known as the Chinese city. This has the chief business streets and the chief Chinese banks. It is the place in which the most of the commercial business is done, although there are many shops in the Tartar city as well. Looking over the Chinese city, as we stand on the wall, we can see some great temples with circular roofs of blue tiles at its extreme southern end. Those on our left belong to the Temple of Heaven, where, on a great circular altar of the purest white marble, the emperor kneels and prays for his people. The little lady monarch is too young to kneel now, and until she grows bigger, the altar will be prayed for by proxy.

Just opposite the Temple of Heaven, on the other side of the wide roadway, is the Temple of Agriculture, where his majesty starts the spring plowing for the nation, and away up at the north, outside the walls, is a temple devoted to old mother earth. This temple is square, while the others are round. These Chinese school readers of the old civilization state that the earth has four corners, and hence the shape of the temple.

THE LEGATION CITY

Now, let us look at foreign Peking. It lies right under us, in the very heart of the capital, hugging the wall, and the Tartar and Chinese cities. It fronts the avenue along which the emperor goes in his cart on his way to his graves at the Temple of Heaven, and the northeast corner of it adjoins the imperial city itself. By all rights, it should be the most valuable property in Peking, and the ground upon which it stands is worth millions. This city is, I judge, about a half mile long and perhaps two-thirds as wide. It is walled on the south by the great structure which Yang Lo built, and on the other three sides by walls which have been put up since the siege. Inside those walls are the homes of the foreign legations. The most of them are mansions of brick and stone, built European fashion, each collection of buildings being surrounded by a wall of its own.

This city has its own police and its own soldiers. Each legation has a company of so to guard it, and one can see almost every uniform known to Europe as he walks through the streets. Inside the compounds are barracks, and on some of the walls the soldiers march up and down. The whole is more like an armed camp than a city, and the ministers live like feudal lords in their castles, with their retainers about them.

The legation city is divided up by electric light and is kept as clean as a pin. It represents the great world outside China, and is one of the most striking parts of the Peking of 1909.

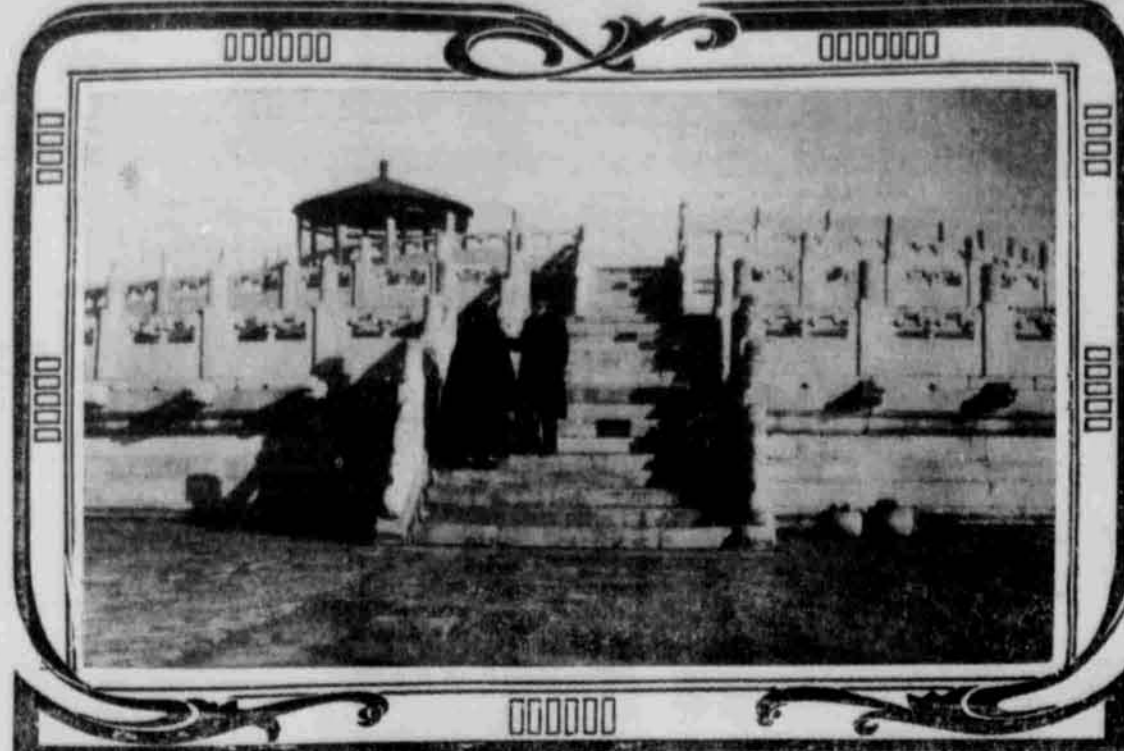
AN ORDERLY CITY

I knew the old Peking well. I visited it when President Cleveland was still in his first term at the White House, and I saw it again just before the Japanese war. At those times the streets were crowded; there was no order whatever, and a stranger could hardly make his way through. The streets were the worst I ever saw, wide, muddy and unpaved; and I saw Chinese carts which were so stuck in the mud that the silk-gowned mandarins within them had to be carried out by their retainers, before they could reach solid ground.

Today Peking is as well policed as New York and Chicago. The street traffic is better managed, and the vast mass of yellow humanity is handled with but little exhibition of force and with little noise. The chief streets have policemen in the middle of the roadway at every few feet, and the endless streams of almond-eyed mortals, which are always moving this way and that, are not allowed to flow out of their proper courses. Maintaining such order is far more difficult than in America, for the traffic is much more diverse. It is composed of every sort of vehicle, from the wheelbarrow, pulled by a donkey and pushed by a man, to the carriage, with coachman and footman in livery and retainers on horseback in front and behind. It comprises hundreds of donkeys and ponies loaded with goods; caravans of camels, ridden by red-faced Mongolians, or led along single file by coolies; and a stream thrust through the thick flesh of the animal's nose. There are Jirikishas without number, which have come here since the Boxer rebellion, and there are men and women dressed in silk and cotton on foot. The people are from all parts of the Chinese empire. Half of them cannot understand the language of the others, but nevertheless these policemen keep perfect order, with their broomstick-like clubs.

THE NEW STREETS OF PEKING

Within the past five years, the streets



"THE ALTAR OF HEAVEN," WHERE THE EMPEROR KNEELS AND PRAYS FOR HIS PEOPLE.

Photographed for the Deseret News by Frank G. Carpenter.

of Peking have been remade. The main avenues have been divided up into sidewalks and roadways. Granite gutters now run along on each side the main streets, and trees have been planted throughout the whole city. The roadways have been leveled and built up with macadam, so that they are as solid as those of any street in Japan. The material used was stone broken by hand into bits of various sizes. A deep roadbed was dug and the larger pieces fitted in like mosaic. Then the smaller bits were laid together in the same way on top, layer after layer being placed until the right level was reached. A steam roller then crushed the stones fine and the roads thus made are perfectly firm.

The Peking streets are clean. When I was last here they were covered with filth. The city had no sanitary conveniences and one had to pick his way everywhere. The streets were not watered, and in the summer the dust frequently obscured the town like a fog. Today Peking is putting in waterworks, and pending their completion, is sprinkled by men who fetch the water in tubs from wells to the center of each block and then spread it over the roads with dippers of basketwork, which are attached long wooden handles. This watering goes on in summer and winter and the dust is well laid.

The pipes of a new waterworks are now on the ground and they will have been laid before this letter is published. They will go first through the main streets, and thence be extended to the side streets and houses. The water from the river nine miles away will be pulled to a tower inside the Chinese city and will be distributed by gravity. The new Peking has many artesian wells. At 200 feet an inexhaustible supply of good water is reached, and many of the larger buildings, including some of the palaces of the imperial city, now have plants of their own.

ELECTRICITY IN PEKING

Modern Peking has its telegraphs and telephones. Every official and prominent business man now has his own phone. The service is under the government board of communications and I understand it is good. A few years ago, the city had no street lamps, but candles placed inside a wooden framework barked with white paper. It was impossible to walk the streets after dark without a servant and lantern, and the night life of the people was confined to their homes. At that time a story was current in the foreign

quarters that the government appropriated \$30,000 a year for lighting the city, and that this sum was distributed as follows: The official in charge of the matter took \$30,000 as his acquittance and the other \$30,000 was handed over to his chief lieutenant, who pocketed \$25,000 and gave the balance to a third man, who made a similar division. The distribution went on until the sum was at last reduced to a few copper cash, which were given to coolies to buy oil and wicks to be placed in gutter-like lamps. They set the lamps on the streets, where the beggars drank up the oil, and that was the end of the light appropriation.

However, this may be, no real light was furnished until the new Peking was created. Today the city looks most beautiful at night. Its long, wide streets shine with incandescent globes. There are thousands of lights about the gates of the palaces and on those which go through the walls. There are many street lamps, and one can find his way anywhere at any hour of the evening. The new electric light plant stands close to the wall of the Tartar city, and its smokestack is visible for miles over the country. In addition there is a plant which lights the palace, and for obvious reasons the legation city has a plant of its own.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS

The Chinese government is just beginning to erect office structures in accord with the new civilization. It has already built many schools of modern architecture, and it has just completed a large office building for the Wai Wu Pu, or the board of foreign affairs. This is the best office building I have seen in eastern Asia, and is by far the finest of the Chinese capital. It is right next to the old wall which was established 40 years before our world was discovered and which was costing money for the government up until the year 1900.

The new building and its grounds cover seven acres, and the building itself one-fourth of an acre, not including the large offices for clerks at the back.

The Wai Wu Pu is a great structure of two stories, built of gray bricks. Its architecture is entirely foreign and is remarkable for its massive simplicity and beauty. Indeed, it would be an ornament among the public buildings of Washington or London.

The Wai Wu Pu is heated by steam, lighted by electricity, and has all modern sanitary conveniences. There are a number of rooms for entertaining, including large reception halls and a diningroom which will seat 500 guests. The diningroom has a stage for theatrical entertainments, and it is lighted by 200 electric globes, hidden from view in a groove round the ceiling. The building is beautifully finished, the mantles and all its woodwork having been made in China. Much of the wood is of Oregon pine, but most of the other materials, including the steel construction, are from England and Germany. The structure cost 400,000 taels, and it could not be built in the United States for twice that many dollars.

The architect is Mr. C. D. Jameson, a well known civil engineer. He has been connected with the Chinese foreign office as its architectural engineer for a number of years. It was he who put the electric light plant in the palaces of the emperor, and he has also made some beautiful additions to the summer palaces outside Peking. Mr. Jameson comes from Bangor, Me. He was for a time a professor of engineering at the Boston School of Technology, and, later on, was connected in a similar capacity with the Iowa state university. He came out to China about 12 years ago, and since then has done much engineering and architectural work here.

PROPOSED PARLIAMENT HOUSE.
The Wai Wu Pu is one of a large series of buildings which China is to erect in the not distant future. With the adoption of the new civilization, buildings of many kinds will have to be created for the legislative, judicial and executive machinery necessary to carry on its various departments. This is the biggest nation on the face of the globe, and it will eventually have an

army of clerks and officials. Within eight years from now China is to have a parliament of its own and the officials are already thinking of how this can be accommodated. One idea is that the plans should be made out on a broad scale, the erection of government departments and the parliament buildings running through a series of years, and eventually forming one architectural and artistic whole. It might be well to have a new capitol the center, and the others grouped around it, a large space on the edge of the city being set aside for that purpose. According to some sketches already made, the parliament house may cost about \$7,000,000 in gold. This would be just one million dollars more than the cost of our national library at

Washington; and with Chinese cheap labor, it would mean structures equal to any that could be constructed for 14 or 15 million dollars in the United States. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

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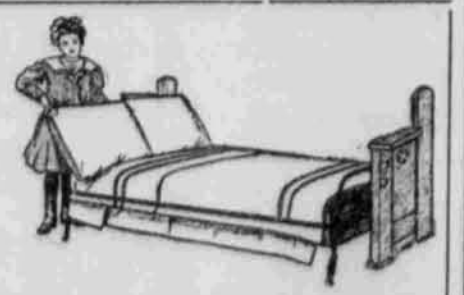
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