

than the real variety. Her leg, which was wrapped with cloth, was as thin as a broom handle and showed no signs above the ankle of the curve of the calf. She wore a silk cap, out of which her oily black hair peeped at the back, and from her ears hung triangular pendants of green jade. On other barrows I saw Chinese men riding in pairs, and I met still larger barrows used for the carrying of freight. The passenger wheelbarrows alone in Shanghai number about three thousand, and there are more than three thousand jinrikshas. The prices of both are very low. You can ride to any point in the city on a jinriksha for five cents, and the wheelbarrow hackmen get, I am told, about a cent a mile. I expect to take a trip on one soon, and will have my photographer take me en route.

I paid a visit yesterday to the biggest Chinese newspaper in the empire to make inquiries as to the employment of a Chinese artist to do some native illustrations for me, and had a most interesting talk with the manager. The paper is called the Shun Pao, and it is the best-paying and most widely circulated of the three native newspaper dailies of Shanghai. It is an eight page sheet of about the size and shape of Frank Leslie's newspaper or Harper's Weekly, printed on the thinnest of rice paper. It is so light that it does not weigh more than a man's handkerchief, and so thin that the paper can be printed on one side only. The paper goes to press in big sheets, which are so folded that the blank side is turned inward when taken in hand by the subscriber, and so that there is neither cutting nor pasting. Owing to the thinness of the paper, it has a greasy yellow appearance, and it is printed so closely with Chinese type that not an inch of space seems to be wasted. The head line or title of the paper consists of two Chinese characters, taking up a space not wider than one of the columns of our newspapers, and not more than an inch in length. It is a one-cent sheet, its price being ten cash, but, as China is on a silver basis, this should, in our money, now be divided by two, and its price would here be only half a cent.

But let me give you my talk with the managers. I went to the office without my interpreter, and my jinriksha man, after driving me through a series of narrow Chinese streets, in which we had a number of narrow escapes from pony caps and freight wheelbarrows, landed me at a ragged two-story building, with a side entrance. Over this were large tea-box characters, meaning the name of the paper. I went in and made my way to the second story, where I luckily stumbled into the room of the managing editor. I addressed him in good plain United States, and found that he spoke English as good as I did. I introduced myself, and showed him some letters which I carry from the State Department and from high officials at Washington. He read them and looked at the seals, and then bowed low again and again, and shook his own hands at me in Chinese fashion and asked me to be seated. At my request he took up a copy of his newspaper and explained it to me, giving me a number of facts about newspaper work among the celestials. "We have," said he, "the largest newspaper in China, and our daily

circulation is about twelve thousand. There are two other native newspapers published in this city, but neither of them makes as much money or does as well as we do. We are the oldest, and we have been in existence now twenty-two years. We have a good advertising patronage, and the Chinese believe in newspaper advertising. Take a look at the paper and you will see that it is prosperous from an advertising standpoint."

I looked at it, but for the life of me I could not tell the "ads." from the editorials, and I said so. The editor took it from me and said: "The first page is all editorial. We don't let any of our advertisers use it. If we let one they would all want it, and so we use it only for ourselves when we have special announcements and for editorials and news. The second page and part of the third page is news and the ads. do not commence until the latter part of the paper. We often have to issue supplements to get in all our advertising, but our Chinese customers object if we do not put news and reading matter in the supplement as well. You note the lines run up and down the page instead of across it and the beginning is at the right of the page instead of the left, as with you. Our lines are about fifteen inches long and we count by the word; not by the line. Each Chinese character represents a word, and our rates are 5 cents for each ten characters for the first insertion, 3 cents when the advertisement runs for a week and 2½ cents a day per each ten words for all time after that."

"Are there many papers in China and do you find them in the interior?" I asked.

"No," replied the Chinese editor. "We circulate all over China, but you do not find papers published in the native cities. The governors would not permit them, as the editors might say things they would not like, and many of them would not want their doings criticised and reported. The Chinese are very economical. Money is worth a great deal here. We charge, for instance, 10 cash for this paper and we have in reality a circulation of at least 50,000, though we print only 12,000 papers."

"How is that?" said I.

"The paper is resold and rented by the subscribers and others, so that at least that many heads of families get hold of it. We pay our newsboys two cash a copy for selling, or, rather, we sell them the papers, so that we get eight cash out of the ten. They receive in your money just about one-tenth of a cent for selling and delivering the paper. Well! they cheat the regular customers often by renting the paper for six or seven cash to outsiders till 11 or 12 o'clock, when they will come around and get it and deliver it. We can't prevent this here. Then different shops subscribe for the Shun Pao and their customers come in regularly every morning and read it. Families pass it from one to the other, subscribing together for it, and there are men who make a business of going about day after day and buying up old and clean newspapers of the subscribers to carry them out in the country districts to sell. So you see every newspaper reaches at least a half a dozen persons or families before it is burned."

All of the unsold copies of the Shun Pao are burned by the office. The Chinese reverence literature so that they think it a sin to use as wrapping paper or in any common way anything written or printed in Chinese, and along the streets of the Chinese cities, fastened to the walls of the houses, you find little boxes filled with written scraps, which the passersby pick up whenever they chance to fall upon the street, to prevent the characters from being defiled. In Chinese houses, instead of pictures, you find often long scrolls containing a sentence of classic Chinese beautifully written, and the literari often write to each other in poetry.

I saw such scrolls in the little room of the dramatic critic of the Shun Pao, as I walked through the offices with the manager and was introduced to the editors. The city editor was a fat Chinese gentleman in tortoise shell spectacles, the glasses of which were as big as a trade dollar, who wore a blue silk gown and a black cap with a red button on it. He was surrounded by his long-gowned reporters, to whom he was giving the assignments of the day, and he told me that he would be on duty till 3 o'clock in the morning, when the paper would go to press. I next visited the composing rooms and took a look at the printers. There were, perhaps, a dozen at work, and I was told that their wages were from a dollar and a half to three dollars a week in silver, equal to seventy-five cents and a dollar and a half in our currency. The editors get from thirty to forty dollars a month, and reporters from eight to ten dollars a month in silver, according to their efficiency. The printers do night and day work for seven days in the week and 365 days in the year at these wages, and it takes no slight learning to be a Chinese printer. There are in the Chinese language 13,000 different characters, and each of the cases I saw in this composing room, the editor told me, contained about 10,000 different characters. Think of that, ye printers of America, and thank God you were born in a land where the alphabet contains only twenty-six letters, and where there is not a different sign for every word in the language. In a Chinese printing office the cases are ten times as big as ours, and each printer stands surrounded by three walls of type, running from his feet to the top of his head and sloping out from him on all sides.

After a look at the business office of the newspaper, I was shown the only illustrated paper in China, which is also issued from this establishment. It is published every ten days. It is about as big as an old-fashioned almanac, and it always appears in red or green covers. It publishes many descriptions of life in America, and its pictures of foreigners and their ways are laughable in the extreme. There is no perspective shown in the drawings, and the Chinese stories are full of blood and thunder of sentiment and humor. Here the Chinese Romeo woos his almond-eyed Juliet, and there the tragedies of love, abduction, of crime and superstition are depicted by the Gillams and Remingtons of this celestial land.

Frank G. Carpenter