

SOME POPULAR CHINESE SUPERSTITIONS

Peculiar Beliefs That the Missionaries Have to Combat---Strange Ideas and Practices.

THERE is a certain Greek legend that might be recalled at this juncture of affairs in China which relates to the founding of Thebes by King Cadmus, who went about looking for a suitable site for his future capital guided by a vagrant bull.

When, having selected his site, Cadmus sent some of his party to draw water from a well sacred to Mars, there sprang a great dragon, which slew them all, but was itself slain by the king, who was directed by Minerva to sow its teeth in the soil about the city. He had no sooner done so than up sprang a host of men armed to the teeth, who were about to attack Cadmus, when he cast a stone into their midst and diverted their attention so successfully that they fell upon each other and fought until only five were left. These five had had enough of fighting by that time and so turned to and helped the king build his new city.

There are indubitable signs that the long dormant Chinese dragon has at last awakened from his sleep of centuries and, like some giant scorpion of the Nile, is bursting the elements of clay which have incased him. This dragon of superstition now threatens, like his prototype of old, to devour the intruding foreigner and to exterminate the invaders of his sacred soil. Should he be slain by some modern Cadmus, represented by the armies of the allied powers, there will doubtless be, as an aftermath, a plentiful crop of dragon's teeth, which already, indeed, have shown signs of pre-existence in the pernicious Boxers and hundreds of other secret societies, with their innumerable ramifications.

It will not be the "yellow dragon" alone which the allied powers will have to combat, but the millions of dragon's teeth, wide scattered over a territory larger than that of the United States. Armed and perfectly equipped as the powers may be, with the latest appliances and the most destructive death dealing weapons invented by modern science, it must be remembered that their foe is a great and terrible hydra, whose lopped off heads are immediately replaced by hurrying millions pressing from the rear. The arm that strikes may eventually fall from sheer weariness, and may it not be necessary to employ the Cadmus tactics and cast some stone of contention into the midst of the million headed throng, by which

heard of an instance where a man quarreled with his neighbor and killed himself in order to wreak vengeance on his enemy. Belief in the malign powers of the dead is universal. If one is in trouble of any sort whatever, it is the work of the dead. If one succeeds in business or any undertaking, it is with the assistance of the spirits. But the means of placating the spirits are very simple. You have only to secure or cut out paper representations of money, houses, clothing or other desirable things, which are burned with religious rites and become real in the spirit world.

A learned Chinese mandarin says: "In England they have the art of cutting out paper men and horses, and by burning charms and repeating incantations transforming them into real men and horses. They may, however, be dissolved by beating a gong, by discharging large guns or by spouting water over them."

Hungry ghosts, famishing for the souls of men, lie in wait on all roads, and funerals, weddings, etc., must be protected by offerings en route, to the devils and spirits, who may also be temporarily frightened away by loud

sentence. The saying that a people's gods will be very much like themselves is exemplified in the Chinese conception of this police judge, for the Chinese never knew of a judge who could not be bribed, so they argue that this spirit judge is open to conviction only through the means of "cash." For this purpose they make or buy a peck or so of paper money and burn it before his god in the temple, and thus for a few cents purchase exemption from spiritual punishment.

In one of the last letters received from the missionaries before they were cut off from the outside world, written at Lin-ching, is an allusion to the celebrated sacred tablet, which is brought out in times of drought. "This is the time of year," he writes, "when we get little or no rain, but the need is so great that the local officials are visiting the temple of the war god twice a day and prostrating themselves before an iron tablet brought from a famous well some 60 miles to the west. The custom is to keep the tablet five days in one temple, when, failing to get an answer in rainfall, it is moved to another."

One of the vexatious things which the foreigner in China has to encounter is the "feng-shui," a peculiar geomantic superstition by which the good luck of sites and buildings is determined. The literal rendering of the term is "wind and water," but its real meaning is the harmony of the air and water spirits with buildings and the circumjacent region. If one's house is not on the right spot, the "feng-shui" will be bad, and all sorts of calamities will befall its occupants. If on the right spot, it will be good, etc.

As only the geomancers or soothsayers can determine this point, the application is rather arbitrary. The rail-

earth, ranging from the deities of sun, moon, stars, clouds, thunder, mountains, seas and rivers down to those of flags, cannon, gates and streets, even of the kitchen and dust pan.

The three sects combined have over a million temples, containing at least 10,000,000 idols and ancestral tablets, and it may be said of China as it once was of Athens, that there are more statues of gods than there are men now living. It is estimated that there are 60,000,000 families in the Chinese empire, most of which have from three to five tablets of near or remote ancestors, which they virtually worship.

Having such a confused notion of re-

the only way to obtain this silver is by compounding the lead with the eyes of Chinamen. The eyes of foreigners are of no use for this purpose.

"It is impossible to enumerate all their evil practices. If we seek for the general motive which leads them (the Christians), it is a fixed determination utterly to befool our people and under false pretenses of religion to exterminate them. Thus they wish to take possession of the middle kingdom."

This book, say the translators, is directed against foreigners generally and all intercourse with them—social, commercial and national. Religion only is the point of attack, because religion,

a temple tomb, known as the Baby Tower, with an opening in one wall, into which infants unfortunate enough to have been born girls are thrust, to die amid horrors unspeakable.

So thoroughly is woman's inferiority believed in that many infant daughters are destroyed by their parents. Such is the wretched condition of the Chinese girl that many times the mother herself assists in her murder in infancy. "What then?" she asks. "Would you have her grow up as wretched as I am?"

The wretched practice of foot binding, with its terrible tortures, is in itself enough to destroy all love for life or hope of happiness in the world. Yet how many millions are compelled to do it? That the poor resort to the selling of their female children as slaves to relieve in some small measure their cruel poverty, is not so much a reflection upon their individual acts as upon the system that not only tolerates, but compels it.

It was to combat the glaring evils of Chinese superstition that the many missionaries of various sects have taken their lives in their hands and gone forth to spread the blessings of Christianity. The first to enter China were the Nestorians, more than 1,100 years ago, and 800 years later the Roman Catholics had flourishing stations there. They were received at first with tolerance, but eventually were driven out with bloodshed, and in the museum of the Prado at Madrid is a painting depicting the tortures inflicted upon early missionaries in the sixteenth century.

The lowest estimates of converts to Christianity place them at nearly or quite a million, of which the Protestants of different denominations claim about 100,000, with 2,400 missionaries and more than 2,000 stations. The first Protestant mission in China was established in 1807 by the London Missionary society, and during the 90 years and more since then the field has been the favorite for those who choose a life devoted to labor and self sacrifice.

All sects and denominations, says an English paper, have undergone sore trials, and persecution is not by any means at an end. It seldom comes from the uneducated impulse of popular fury, but as a rule is inspired by some mandarin or his hangers on. Such were the massacres of 1870 and 1895, in which latter the Rev. R. W. Stewart, his wife,

he cannot give protection and that the "yamen" is sure to be stormed by the mob. Then the missionary takes refuge in the house of some convert and is hidden there until he can be safely spirited away, or is discovered and dragged out to torture, from the contemplation of which the mind shrinks appalled.

At the beginning of this last great disruption the missionaries were already expecting a disturbance. One of them wrote, just before they were attacked by the mobs: "The condition of affairs remains about the same, and rumors still wildly float around. Our guard of Chinese soldiers still comes at night, but they will be of small service in case of actual outbreak. The morale of their presence here is the only justification for keeping them."

How futile, alas, was their hope of protection from this source! The sequence of recent events has shown, confounding in their mistaken trust in the Chinese government, with its false guarantees of protection, the missionaries were caught while peacefully pursuing their avocations of mercy and good will.

Those who were inland, including some who, like the Rev. Dr. Martin, had labored in China for nearly 20 years and were at distant stations, fled to the cities of Peking and Tien-tsin, only to share in the horrors that have awakened the indignation and resentment of the entire civilized world.

The Chinese have a saying: "First comes the missionary, then the consul, and then the general." It would seem, indeed, that the attack upon foreigners and native Christians had long been contemplated, and that the sufferings they have endured are only whetted the appetite of the dragon, who is implacably determined upon their extermination.

FREDERICK A. OBER.

RAW MEAT FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

The juice of raw meat is the newest cure for consumption. Zomotherapy is the scientific name for the new treatment, which has been formally approved by the French Academy of Sciences. Its inventors are Dr. Hericourt and Dr. Richet, two learned men who have devoted 15 years to the study of tuberculosis. Tuberculosis, reasoned Dr. Hericourt and Richet some years ago, is a wasting of the tissues that mean life. In such conditions drugs or any ordinary methods of treatment are useless. The imperative thing is to repair these tissues. But rapidly disappearing animal tissues cannot be repaired with vegetable matter. More animal tissues are needed, and they should be supplied to the patient as quickly and in as large quantities as possible.

Raw beef taken as food seemed the most feasible way of introducing the needed healthy organic life into the body as a substitute for the organic being consumed by disease. As cooking would weaken, if not destroy, this organic life, it seemed necessary that the meat should be eaten raw. The theory was tested on animals suffering from tuberculosis. It worked marvelously. The patients recovered rapidly. The doctors next tried separating the juice from the muscular portion of the meat on the theory that it was the juice alone—in other words, the animal blood—which was beneficial, and this theory was sustained by the experiment.

FLOWERS FOR TEMPER.

It is told of the princess royal of England, now the dowager empress of Germany, that she had a very early temper when she was a little girl. Quick, hot words came readily to her lips, and once she was even known to speak angrily to her gentle, indulgent father when he refused her some trifling pleasure.

Queen Victoria, always a wise and kind mother, did not punish her little daughter for these outbursts of temper, but one day gave her a little garden for her very own and advised when anger got the best of her judgment that she go out to the garden and work for a few moments. The plan acted like a charm, and a very few months among the smiling faces of her flower friends brought the little princess, ashamed and repentant, to beg for forgiveness.

The habit thus formed in childhood has never been broken, and during the entire life of this, the oldest child of the English queen, flowers have held a high—nay, the highest—place in her regard. When affairs worry or annoy her, as they will worry and annoy every empress, she always found a few moments in which she could slip away among her blossoms, and the sweet companionship of the little pansies, the fragrant rosebuds and the modest violets seemed to give her strength to cope with any difficulty and wisdom to solve any puzzle.

LETTERS FROM THE PRINCE.

A lady, who is now a charming matron, has been telling some amusing reminiscences of the Prince of Wales when she was a girl in her earliest teens and his royal highness was not yet a grandfather, but full of mirth and spirits. This young lady and another girl of the same age were staying in a country house where the heir apparent was being lavishly entertained, but they were not yet "out" and were not supposed to participate in any of the gayeties going on. However, they were allowed to ride as much as they liked, and it was during their excursions on horseback that the illustrious guest found them out.

Truth to tell, the "grown up" company had been found rather disquieted by Albert Edward, and he was delighted with these two fresh and light-hearted ladies. He rode with them, talked to them, told them good stories and even contrived to find out the retired corner of the house where they were supposed to be kept in seclusion. If he could not get them to come forth from their cloistered nook at his call, he used to send a summons in the shape of a big wet sponge. And then there was an interchange of pretty billets doux, and some of those charming, little, good natured notes from the future king of England are treasured by one, at any rate, of the fair recipients to this hour.

Switzerland imported 15,027 bicycles in 1899, the highest priced ones—\$62.50—coming from Belgium, and the \$42.16—coming from America. The American wheel is admitted to be the best as well as the cheapest. Only 21 wheels were imported in 1894.



NATIVE MISSIONARY.



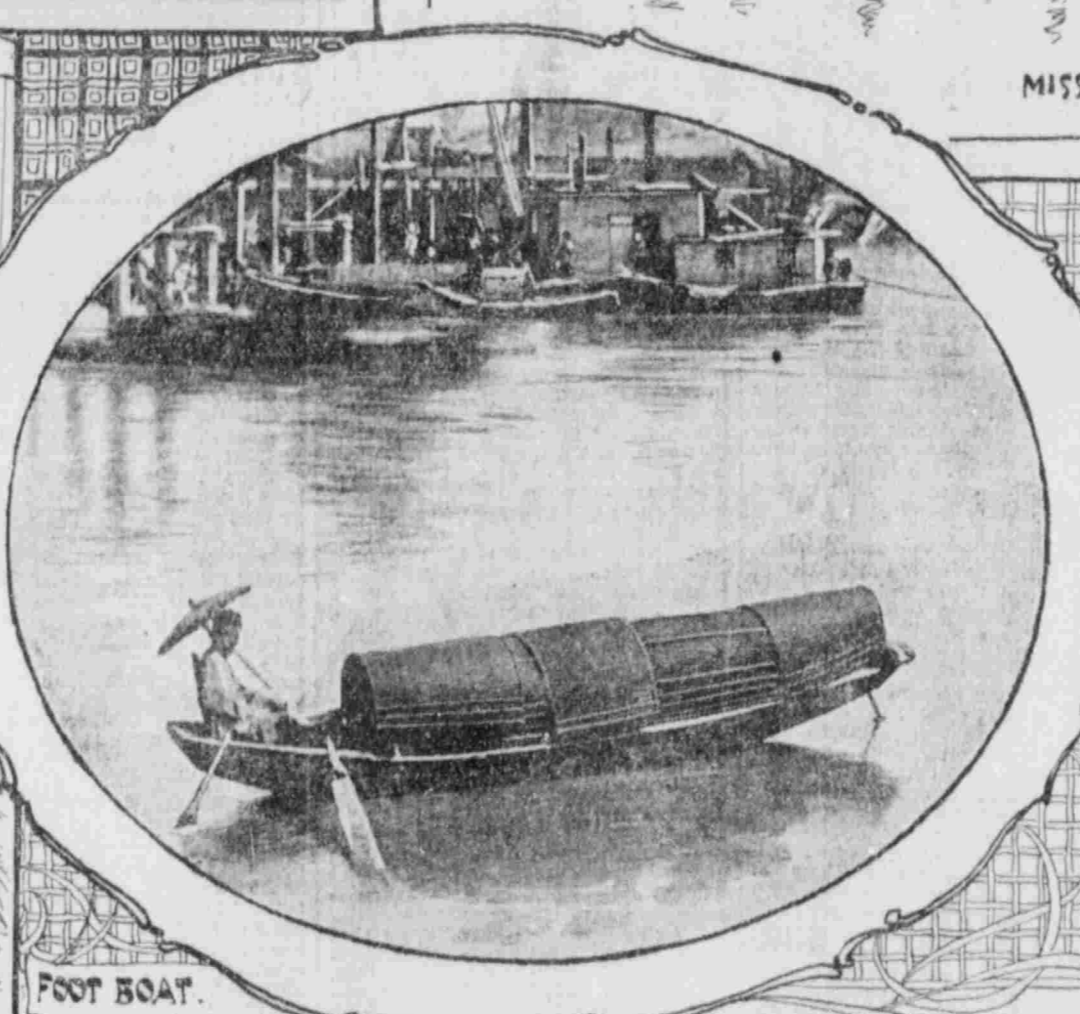
BABY TOWER.



MISSIONARIES GOING TO CONFERENCE.



NATIVE PREACHER AND FAMILY.



FOOT BOAT.



THE REV. DR. BROWN.

PICTURESQUE SCENES IN THE DISTURBED CHINESE EMPIRE.

the members shall turn and rend themselves.

To fight fire with fire, is an axiom of war; to combat superstition with superstition may prove the legitimate corollary which shall bring the "foreign devil" in China out of his difficulties. But, to be perfectly fair with the Chinese, let us inquire if they are open to the charge of being superstitious and fanatical. Two definitions of the term "superstition" will establish that, one of which is "an excessive reverence for or fear of that which is unknown or mysterious," and "the worship of a false god or gods, false religion, religious veneration for unworthy objects." From the joint of these two spring fanaticism—a state of high wrought and self confident excitement.

If the Chinaman were called a worshiper of false gods, he might retort that this was a mere matter of opinion; but he must assuredly be, if the consensus of our highest civilization is of any value. That portion of the world which has made the greatest advancement no longer recognizes a belief or trust in inanimate objects, such as idols of wood or stone, prayer machines or paper ghosts.

As to the other part of the definition—"fear of that which is unknown or mysterious"—says a writer who resided in China for many years: "Fear is at the root of all Chinese religion. When a man dies, his ghost acquires great powers and is to be feared and placated. It

noises, like the pounding of gongs and firing of firecrackers.

At new year's every house is cleared of ghosts by a sort of spirit house cleaning, which, as is said of the Chinaman and his bath, is done once every year, whether needed or not. The ghosts thus driven out from every house fill the streets—the courtyards and doorways opposite being protected by screens—for devils move only in straight lines. Every year there is an all souls' day, when offerings are made to homeless and hungry ghosts who have none to care for them.

It is this belief in the necessity of caring for the ghosts of friends and ancestors that prevents the Chinaman, it is said, from permanently settling in a foreign country and causes him to stipulate that if he dies his corpse shall be sent back to the land of his birth. The spirit Chinaman, like his relative in the flesh, wants a noise, and plenty of it. Even the sick are cured—or killed—by the same heroic measures, for "musicians" fill the house with terrific and discordant sounds until the devil is driven out or the patient gives up the ghost.

There is a certain temple the chief god of which is supposed to be a mighty policeman, who keeps watch on people and decides when, how and where they ought to die. As the soul is about to leave the body he sends out two or three of his spiritual policemen, who seize and bring it before him for

roads are very antagonistic to the "feng-shui," because they are generally straight, while good spirits, as is well known, always travel on curves. One company of wealthy Chinese merchants bought an English railroad at Shanghai 15 miles long and destroyed it to placate those same spirits. In several cities whole streets of houses are shown only two stories high which were originally intended to be three, but had their construction stopped on account of those opposite being no higher, and consequently provocative of a very bad "feng-shui." It is said that the real cause of the terrible massacre of Europeans at Tien-tsin in 1870 was owing to the erection of a high tower for the French cathedral, which, as it over-looked all other structures in its vicinity, was peculiarly bad "feng-shui" for that part of the city and religiously resented.

As to the so called religion of China, it may be said, as an old writer declared of its history, "If you wish to be acquainted with it, you must read five cartloads of books." There are two recognized religions—Taoism or Rationalism and Buddhism—besides Confucianism, which is political and moral rather than religious. One writer has called the Chinaman the "religious triangle," because of his three sided belief, for in this respect he really suffers from an embarrassment of riches. The result is that he has more "gods" than any other people on the face of the

reputation in England; a son in the navy (Lieutenant Gaunt) distinguished himself in the recent fighting in Samoa, and Captain Cecil Gaunt, another son, attached to the Fourth Royal Irish dragoon guards, was among the heroic defenders of Ladysmith. Edwin G. Cooley, who succeeds Dr. Benjamin Andrews as head of the Chicago public schools, is not a college graduate, and, though a learned man, began his education rather late in life. It is said in Boston that Professor Charles Eliot Norton has declared his intention of leaving Harvard at his death his large library, valuable archaeological collection and priceless collection of manuscripts.

Paderewski at home is a slave to the piano. His work is as arduous there as in public places. After his early dinner Paderewski practices until his second breakfast, at 12 o'clock, or devotes a part of the three or four hours to musical composition.

This is the ostensible conception of Christianity entertained by the educated Chinaman. Having thrown down the gauntlet so boldly, he seems to assume by his proud self sufficiency, his reverence for ancestral traditions and his contempt for modern innovations that his 2,000 years of Taoism and Confucianism and 1,800 of Buddhism have resulted in a product every way superior. But do the records bear him out?

It would rather seem, according to an eminent writer, that a significant result of this union of beliefs has been the debasement of man's moral nature to the lowest level found in any of the creeds. It has often been remarked that there is no other civilized nation in existence under such bondage to credulity and superstition as the Chinese. They feel that the earth, the air and the heavens above them are filled with mysterious powers, envious if they are happy, unwilling to give them health or sympathy. They worship their ancestors as a protection from their angry ghosts, who would harm them if they failed in their offerings.

Visitors to a certain district of China have been shown a small structure like

three daughters, son and seven others were murdered.

Referring to the sneers of Chinese diplomats at the treatment of the 100,000 low class coolies in the United States, who invariably intend to go back home with their earnings, and to the accusation that many of the so called converts are "rice Christians," one who is well informed says: "On the other hand, there are but 1,000 Americans in all China, half of them women, children and missionaries, all respectable, self supporting people, most of them well educated, many with large capital, all of them bringing something to improve the civilization of China."

"But how is this handful of Americans, as well as other foreigners in China, treated? They are called 'foreign devils,' missionaries and their converts are persecuted; merchants have their trade hampered and restricted by oppressive taxation; foreign residence is officially confined to a few sea and river ports, and foreigners go into the interior at their own risk, where their lives and property are never entirely safe; anti-foreign riots often occur, and the government rarely interferes until the mischief is done."

Missionaries only fight when their lives are actually in danger. In the first place, when rumors of trouble are rife, they flee to the nearest important "yamen" and claim the protection of the official. Usually the mandarin dare not refuse it, but it may happen that

civil engineering to devote his life to the service of the church. He served two terms as city engineer.

It is recorded that Pope Gregory XVI offered his snuffbox to a cardinal, who declined it, saying, "No, your holiness; I have not that vice." To which the pope replied in a thoroughly human way, "If it had been a vice, you would have had it."

Chin-Tan-Sun, the Chinese Czar of San Francisco, owns a gold mine and a multitude of fruit canneries.

With the expiration of his term in 1902 Senator Vest of Missouri will retire absolutely from public and official life.

General Chaffee, who has been ordered

ed to China, was to have delivered a course of lectures on the lessons of the Spanish-American war at the Newport Naval college this summer.

The Gaunt family of Australia is versatile. The father is a Melbourne judge; a daughter, Mary, is a colonial novelist who has made a considerable

reputation in England; a son in the navy (Lieutenant Gaunt) distinguished himself in the recent fighting in Samoa, and Captain Cecil Gaunt, another son, attached to the Fourth Royal Irish dragoon guards, was among the heroic defenders of Ladysmith.

Edwin G. Cooley, who succeeds Dr. Benjamin Andrews as head of the Chicago public schools, is not a college

graduate, and, though a learned man, began his education rather late in life. It is said in Boston that Professor Charles Eliot Norton has declared his intention of leaving Harvard at his death his large library, valuable archaeological collection and priceless collection of manuscripts.

Paderewski at home is a slave to the piano. His work is as arduous there as

in public places. After his early dinner Paderewski practices until his second breakfast, at 12 o'clock, or devotes a part of the three or four hours to musical composition.

Professor Max Muller in a recent interview said: "I lost very little time on novels during my illness. Now I delight in them. Not that I read them extensively myself. They are read to me."

The old novels are very good. I am never tired of Sir Walter Scott, but modern fiction is mostly very poor stuff."

Father Patrick O'Connell, who was ordained in Cleveland recently, achieved success in another profession before he made up his mind to study for the priesthood. He was city engineer of Lansing, Mich., when he abandoned it."