

capital, including those of the nobles and the court, come first to Tien-Tsin, and there is a stream of goods flowing continually from one place to the other fully as large as that which passes over the railroads between New York and Chicago. Through what channels does it flow, and how long does it take to go from one city to the other? I traveled nearly two whole days and nights in making my journey by land, and the average trip by way of the Peiho river is from four to five days. These two cities have not even a decent wagon road connecting them. The slow freight is a wheel barrow, and the fast express is a Mongolian pony or a Chinese cart. The Pullman car is a house boat on the Peiho river, but this lands you only at the city of Tung Chow, and you have to make the remainder of your journey by donkey or cart. I have traveled both ways, and I ran a race in my house boat with the boat of Secretary John W. Foster down the Peiho. We both had American flags floating from our mastheads, and my flag reached Tien-Tsin first. The Peiho river winds about like a snake. It cuts in and out at places like the teeth of a saw, and there are points where you can leave the boat, walk a half a mile across the fields and take a nap before it gets around the bend to where you are. These house boats are for hire at Tien-Tsin and at Tung Chow, and it costs from ten to twenty dollars to make the trip to Peking. Each house boat has a lot of sailors and a captain, and you carry your own cook and your own provisions.

My captain was over six feet in height. He was clad in wadded blue cotton, and his gown reached to his ankles. He lives in the back of the boat, and my quarters were in the middle. I slept at night under a piece of matting, and my servant cooked my meals. When the wind was in the right direction we put up the sails, and when it died down the sailors pushed the boat along with poles which they dug into the bed of the river or fastened long ropes to it and dragged it along by walking on the banks. We did not know how long the voyage was going to take, and we considered ourselves happy in having made it in four days.

The Chinese cart is a surer means of locomotion, but it is by no means so pleasant. The roads are full of ruts. The dust sweeps over you in storms and your bones are racked with the jolting of the cart. I doubt whether there is a clumsier vehicle in the world, and certainly no other could stand such roads. The Chinese cart has two wheels, each as big as the front wheel of a buggy, and each has a weight about ten times as great. The wheels have massive iron tires. Their spokes are as big around as a base ball club, and the wooden axles are as big as your arm where they come through the hub. The shafts are as large as telegraph poles, and they are fastened directly to the axle, and the body of the cart rests upon them without springs. The bed of one of these carts is five feet long and four feet wide. You cannot stretch yourself out flat upon it without resting your feet upon the shafts. There is no seat connected with it, and you lie or sit flat on the floor. A little box-like wall runs about the edge of the cart, and there is a blue canvas covering three feet high

stretched over it. Sitting upright, your head almost grazes the roof of this, and it would be impossible to put a seat of any kind within the vehicle. Each of these carts is drawn by either one or two mules, which are fastened to the cart by a harness of rope and rawhide. When two mules are used they always work tandem, as the road is too narrow for a two-horse team. The driver sits cross-legged on the shafts, and directs the mules with a pair of rope lines and a long whip.

It was in such an outfit that I went to Peking. I had two carts and four mules and the trip took me in the neighborhood of forty-eight hours. I paid eighteen dollars for my carts, and I had great trouble in getting them on account of the examinations which were going on in Peking. I had secured two at twelve dollars. While they were being brought to the hotel one of the mandarins saw them and he forcibly seized them for some student friends of his and I was left out in the cold. The next day, I had my Chinese servant go out on the road about ten miles beyond the city. He waited their till two good carts came along and then smuggled these into the hotel in a roundabout way, so that the mandarins could not see them. We started at four o'clock in the morning, and after some tea and toast by the light of the candle I inspected my outfit. You will no see more villainous faces in any rogue's gallery than those of the two muleteers, and as for the mules, Barnum's woolly horse had a coat of silk compared to theirs. My bedding and eatables were put into one cart and my Chinese boy crawled in on top of them. I took the second and before daybreak we were ready to start. We drove for miles through the city of Tien-Tsin just at dawn, and had a chance to see how the poorest of these five hundred million people look when rousing themselves for another day of their everlasting hustle. Men in sheepskin coats more like animals than humans filled the streets. Already coolies were pushing barrows over the rough pavements, and other laborers were carrying mighty loads on poles across their shoulders. In the suburbs we rode through long lines of hovels out of which disheveled Chinese men and women crawled and looked at us with blinking eyes. We passed the homes of thousands of squatters, and as we drove along the river we saw that it was lined with little kennel-like sheds made of bamboo matting. Many of these were not larger than a dog house, and those of the size of a hogshead looked palatial beside them. Many of them were half cylinders of matting just about large enough to cover a cider barrel and long enough for their owners to crawl in and sleep. A screen of ragged blue cotton formed the front of these huts and all of the cooking of the owners had to be done outside. It was cold and I shivered in my overcoat. I saw one family lighting a fire. They had no matches and were trying to ignite the wood with a flint. Another hut had a jinrikisha in front of it. This was the size of a baby carriage, and its top was a foot above the roof of the house. In some places there were holes dug into the earth and matting placed over them. The walls of the city formed the back of many of these beggars' homes, and

others were built against the banks of the river. You find beggars' quarters outside of every Chinese city, but there are few places where the poor suffer more than they do in north China. Tien-Tsin is as cold as Minneapolis, and these holes covered with straw matting are the homes of thousands.

Passing these we went over the Peiho river on a bridge of boats, and then drove through suburb after suburb, until we came upon the great plain, and began our trip over the Chinese Appian Way.

The Appian Way! What a fraud! What a travesty on the name of road! It was filled with ruts, and the dust was knee deep. Here and there stood a ragged roadmaker, who pretended to keep the highway in order. He smoothed the dust down into the ruts with a long-handled flat hoe, making it so that a cart could get a tumble without being aware of its danger. The road in many places was so narrow that two carts could barely pass, and nowhere was it much wider than the average American alley. It follows the telegraph lines, and in some places it has been built above the surrounding country. Here and there a pretense was made of repairing it, and gangs of soldiers and half-naked coolies were at work carrying dirt in baskets and spreading it over the holes. These must have been thousands of these workmen. They probably got less than ten cents a day as wages. They worked under overseers, and they sang as they worked. I was much interested in the way the road was pounded down. A round disc of metal or stone about three inches thick and about as big around as a tobacco keg was raised by eight men by means of ropes, which were tied to holes in its edges. A ninth man sang a song as the gang worked, and at a certain note they would pull on their ropes, sling the disc high in the air above their heads, and let it fall with a thud. In other places the road was pounded with mallets, and the stones were crushed by half-naked Chinamen, who raised heavy sledges high in the air and brought them down with a thump. I was surprised how fast the men worked and what great quantities of earth can be carried in baskets. They swarmed over the road like bees and each human ant added his mite to the pile. The road was made entirely of mud, and there was no pretense of macadamizing or any sort of a permanent structure. The roads grow worse from year to year and they are by no means so fine today as they were three hundred years ago.

The ninety-mile ride from Peking to Tien-Tsin was through one continuous stream of carts, wagons, wheelbarrows and donkeys hitched in front of them and men pushing behind them and on some parts of the great plain they actually used sails in order to help the wheelbarrows along. I got a photograph of a scene of this kind and the stiff wind that was blowing materially aided this Chinese cart on its way. There were hundreds of mandarins riding on donkeys. They were dressed in silk gowns of green, yellow and blue, and some of them sneered, turning up their yellow noses, and make faces such as are only possible to Chinese physiognomy.