

The Awakening of Asia

China, Japan and Manchuria in 1909, By Frank G. Carpenter.



FRANK G. CARPENTER,

The Famous Correspondent, who is now finishing his tour of Africa, and will next proceed to China and Japan in the interests of a Syndicate of American Newspapers of which the Deseret News is a member.

BEGINNING with the first Saturday of the new year, the Deseret News will publish some striking revelations of the mighty changes which are now taking place in the Far East. Since Russia's defeat by Japan, the other side of the globe has become the world's chief news-center. All Asia is now in a turmoil of unrest and the air is full of rumors of war.

Alive to what the Japanese have done, the 400,000,000 Chinese are crying out for a constitutional government. They are establishing schools, opening factories and organizing armies. They are wiping out the opium evil, tearing the bandages from their daughters' feet, and introducing the elements of our civilization. The empress-dowager was in line with this movement, and the greatest of the Chinese officials are aiding it. Indeed a new China has sprung into existence within the past two years, and the Yellow Giant is slowly, but surely girding his loins for a fight with the west.

This revolution is now extending throughout the remainder of Asia. Little Siam has already put on the seven-league boots of modern progress. Malaysia and Burma are building railroads, and the 300,000,000 of East Indians are discussing the breaking away from England.

A little farther west, the Persians are making the land of the shah a hot-bed of rebellion, and the Mohammedans of Turkey, in their strife towards a democracy, are on the verge of a holy war.

At the same time, the Japanese are advancing as never before. They are increasing their army and navy, are building foundries and factories and by their big merchant marine are fast making the Pacific a Japanese ocean. Within the past few months they have taken hold of Korea and are exploiting it and their plans look toward the control of the great trade of China. Under them Manchuria has already become the great commercial battlefield of the nations, and the end is not yet.

Indeed, the material and political changes going on in eastern Asia are such that our state department has recently established a bureau devoted to the Far East. Our war and navy departments are alive to the new conditions and it is an open secret that our big fleet was sent to girdle the Pacific as an object lesson.

All these things are but straws which show how the international winds are blowing. They relate to a situation which is not known nor appreciated by the American people, to a mighty revolution, now in embryo, which is sure to affect us, not only as a nation but as individuals.

It is to give our readers the truth as to these matters that we, in combination with several other leading newspapers, have sent Mr. Frank G. Car-

penter to investigate and report upon them. Mr. Carpenter has already left the United States and is now traveling in Japan. From there he will make his way northward into Korea, and thence overland through Manchuria into China. He will spend some time in Seoul and Mukden, and going on by rail to Peking will traverse a great part of the Chinese empire. Later on he may make his way through Siam, Burmah, Hindustan, Palestine and Turkey.

The results of his investigations will be forwarded to us from week to week, and they will appear as illustrated letters in this journal from Saturday to Saturday throughout the year. No one who hopes to keep abreast with the times, and the live movements which are going on in the world today can afford to miss these letters.

No. 6--HEROES OF HISTORY.

(Written for the Deseret News by Albert Payson Terhune.)

Scipio Africanus, the Hero Who Avenged His Father By Conquering A Continent.

Written for the Deseret News.

A ROMAN GENERAL had fallen, sorely wounded. Above him, sword in hand, stood his seventeen-year-old son, fighting back the enemy who pressed on to slay or capture their wounded foe. And so heroically did the boy defend his fallen father that the assailants gave back and the general's life was saved. The Roman who was thus rescued by a half-grown lad's prowess was Publius Scipio, the elder. His son was Publius Cornelius Scipio, destined to become known as Scipio Africanus. The time was 217 B. C.

Carthage, burning to avenge her earlier defeats by Rome, had sent a mighty army under her greatest general, Hannibal, to invade Europe. Hannibal speedily made himself master of Spain, then marched across Gaul (France) into Italy. The elder Scipio was sent to head him off, but was unsuccessful. The armies met several times, notably on the Trebia (where Scipio's life was saved by his son), and each time the Romans were beaten. Scipio was then sent into Spain to check Carthage's growing power there. He was defeated and killed. Yet his death was a greater blow to Carthage than to Rome. For his son, the future "Africanus," vowed to avenge him. In the keeping of this vow he made his name immortal and saved his country from ruin.

When he was only twenty-two young Scipio was made high magistrate (aedile) of Rome. At twenty-four he volunteered to lead an army into Spain to complete the work there in which his father had failed and died. He received the office of proconsul and at the head of a small army began his life-task of vengeance. In a whirlwind campaign he attacked the Carthaginians, defeating them again and again, and at last capturing New Carthage, their Spanish headquarters. By his mercy toward the conquered he won the allegiance of the half-wild Spanish tribes who had allied themselves with Carthage. Hannibal's brother, Hasdrubal, occupied what was believed to be an impregnable position. Scipio drove him from it, beating him in a decisive battle. Carthage raised a new and larger Spanish army. In 207 B. C., Scipio crushed that, too. He had thus swept Carthage's power out of Spain and made nearly all the latter country a Roman dependency.

He returned to Rome in triumph and was elected consul. But he was by no means satisfied. He had carried out to a victorious conclusion his father's uncompleted work, but he did not yet consider the elder Scipio sufficiently avenged. He asked the senate's permission to invade Africa, carrying the war into the enemy's own home territory, and to capture Carthage itself. This plan at first sight seemed rash, and the senate hesitated. For Hannibal was still in Italy. For years he had ravaged the country and had once even marched to the very gates of Rome. No one had ever been able to beat him in battle, and his name was a terror to every Roman. But Scipio pointed out that by carrying the war into Africa and menacing Carthage he might frighten the Carthaginians into calling Hannibal home to defend the capital, and thus rid Italy of his presence. The senate finally consented.

So in 204 B. C., when barely 30 years old, Scipio landed an army on the coast of Africa. The alarmed Carthaginians rushed to repel him. But he repeatedly beat them, until, as he had foreseen, they called Hannibal from Italy to repel the invaders. Back came Hannibal, bringing with him veterans of the Italian wars and raising a huge levy of raw recruits. The armies of Rome and Carthage met at Zama, October 19, 202 B. C. Scipio won an overwhelming victory. Hannibal for the first time in his life was defeated. The defeat placed Carthage at Rome's mercy. The Africans sued for peace, and Scipio forced on them terms so humiliating that he felt his father was at last avenged.

On his return to Rome Scipio was acclaimed as a hero and the preserver of his country. The senate conferred on him the surname of Africanus (the African), in honor of his Carthage campaign, and loaded him with honors. Yet he was soon to taste the ingratitude of republics. He and his brother Lucius were sent to conquer Antiochus, King of Syria. They did so, but in their absence Scipio's enemies had been busy. They dared not openly attack so popular a man as Scipio himself, so they accused Lucius of misappropriating public moneys. Lucius came to trial, carrying with him his account books whereby he could prove his innocence. But Scipio snatched these books from his hands, tore them across and hurled them to the floor of the senate.

His enemies, growing bolder, accused Scipio of accepting bribes from Antiochus. The case came up for trial in the Forum. Scipio scorned to defend himself. When he was called upon to answer the charges he arose and, addressing the thronged assembly, made a speech, which, in the light of present notions, was a monument of conceit. But it must be remembered that modesty, real or assumed, is a modern virtue and was unknown in ancient Rome. Scipio began by telling over the great deeds he had done for his country and the debt the fatherland owed him. He said, with truth, that he had raised Rome from a harassed and merely local power to the practical mastery of the world. He went on to remind his hearers that the date of the trial (October 19, 189 B. C.) was the anniversary of the battle of Zama, and ended by asking the citizens of Rome to drop all other business and follow him to the temple, there to pray that the gods might grant them children as good and great as he. At the conclusion of this remarkable harangue Scipio stalked, unmolested, out of the place, followed by the entire enthusiastic audience, leaving no one in the Forum except his baffled accusers.

The case was at once dropped, but Scipio never forgave his ungrateful fellow citizens. He retired to his country seat and there remained in voluntary exile until his death, in 183 B. C. He died in the same year as his great foe, Hannibal, leaving a name second to none, except Caesar's, in all Roman history.

GOVERNMENT PLANS

(Continued from page seventeen.)

ous use of dangerous weapons. He is universally adored by these vagrants, for he gives his scientific advice absolutely free of charge. He is a rag-picker by profession and oddly enough his pursuit of that calling led to his acquaintance with medicine. It was through the discovery in the dustbins of the city of Paris of a lot of books on medicine that he first began to study the subject. He has recently been reading some books which he picked up on a garbage heap, and is now preaching temperance to his fellow-workers in the rag business.

A UNIQUE FIGURE

One of the unique characters of this strange series of settlements is Pastor Anderson, who is trying to civilize and reclaim some of these outcasts through the medium of the young generation. Every day at 1 o'clock he teaches the elements of reading and the principles of morality to about 20 little vagabonds, three parts naked. The caravan makes a continuous tour of the fortifications, stopping at each gate until Anderson is content that he has planted seed which will bear good fruit.

The headquarters of the foreign element of this peculiar city is the Montreuil gate. The German makes a specialty of basket-work and at day-break every day, perfect swarms of women and children leave the camp with baskets of all sorts for sale in the shops and streets of Paris. The Spaniard is either a hawk or a growler of onions and garlic. An old Spanish woman and her husband have founded a unique business in establishing a home for the maimed and injured. When the writer recently paid a visit to one caravan in which they housed the exchange guests, he found four blind people, two without arms, one without legs and a paralytic. They are fed and tended by the old couple at a monthly wage. The Italians are, in nine cases out of ten, musicians when they are old enough and beggars when they are not. In the former case their average earnings are about \$2 a day with either violin or guitar and in the latter from \$5 to 10 cents. Five performers on the mandoline told the writer that on the first of January this year they made no less than \$50.

There is a remarkable amount of

settlement is to be destroyed with the demolition of the fortifications and the inhabitants scattered to the four winds. It will be a severe blow to the sight-seers and even to the native Parisians who find infinite enjoyment in making the rounds of this alien quarter within the confines of their own city.

LEON REYMOND.

CHOKED TO DEATH

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JORN MILTON, POET, BORN 300 YEARS AGO

(Continued from page seventeen.)

head a still greater judgment on the King," asked Milton, unabashed. The Chalfont St. Giles cottage, described as "a pretty box" in those days, is carefully preserved now though divided into two tenements and still used as a dwelling house. There is no danger that the place which sheltered him at the time when the manuscript of "Paradise Lost" was complete will suffer the fate of Milton's numerous London homes. Milton's arms, "argued, a spread eagle with two heads, gules, legge and beaked sable," are not unknown in the county of Buckingham. It may be noted, for they are to be seen at Horton, 13 miles from Chalfont, where Milton lived from 1632 to 1639.

HIS LAST YEAR.

More than eight years of the poet's life remained to be spent in Artillery

Walk after his return from Chalfont St. Giles when the plague had come to an end. Between that return and the last scene of all, the funeral at the parish church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, the three daughters left their father, but he met with better care at the hands of his third wife—"Elizabeth, my loving wife," he calls her in his already mentioned will; and we are at liberty to picture him in peace as he sat at home in his gray cloth suit or took a walk abroad wrapped in a gray cloak, and with a small silver-hilted sword hanging at his side. When he rose in the morning he would have read to him a chapter of the Bible in Hebrew, and with the aid of a reader continue his studies until noon, when he dined. If the weather prevented a walk he would take exercise upon some kind of swinging machine; a curious anticipation of physical culture for the home! A little music followed on the organ or the bass viol, both of which he played in spite of his blindness. Study occupied him again until six, visits from acquaintances until eight, while the close of the day was devoted to a light supper, mainly of olives, accompanied by a glass of water and terminated by a pipe of tobacco before bed. It is pleasant to think that Milton did not in vain say to his third wife, "Make much of me as long as I live, for thou knowest I have given thee all, when I die, at thy disposal." He died more gently than he permitted himself to be permitted to live.

PHILIP WALSH.

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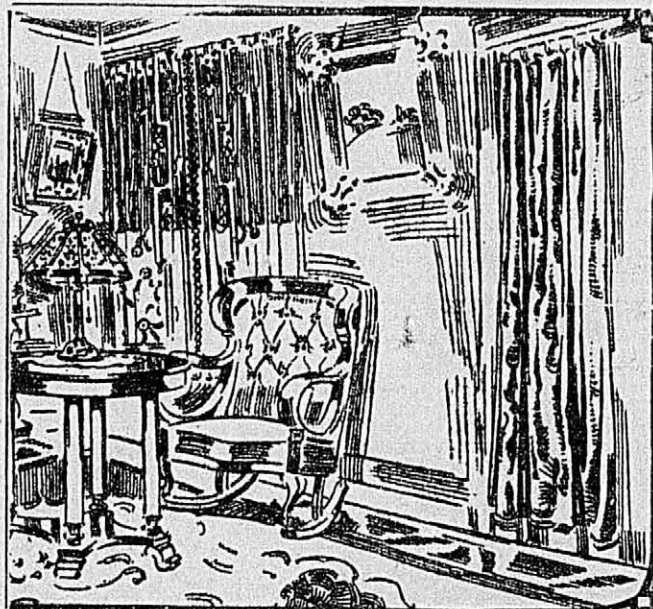
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