

no means of enforcing sanitary measures. At different points along the most crowded of the streets you will find cesspools in which the vilest of slops are poured and left to ferment, even in the hottest of weather. There are drains in some of the cities, but these are flushed only by the rains, and it is said that one cause of the rapid spread of the plague in Canton was the prolonged drought which has afflicted the city this spring.

The fact that the plague exists in Canton makes its danger greater than it would be had it broken out in any other city in China. Canton is the New York of the empire. It is the biggest of the Chinese business cities, and it contains something like 3,000,000 of people. Its boat population is said to number more than 300,000, and as many people as you will find in Washington, Cleveland, Buffalo or Cincinnati are born, live and die upon the waters. Its people are the brightest in China, and they are the best traders and the best workers among the celestials. They will command higher wages than the Chinese from any other cities, and you find Canton men engaged in business all over China. I met them in Hankow, I found them on the busiest streets of Chinkiang and Nanking, and here in Peking they own some of the best property, and are engaged in all sorts of undertakings. A great part of our imports come from Canton, and the credit of the big Cantonese merchants is as good as that of the most solid Americans in the banks of London. It is a city of millionaires and paupers, and it contains the richest and the poorest of the Chinese. When I visited it not long ago I was entertained by the Jay Gould of China, a man named How Qua, who is said to be worth his tens of millions, and in riding up to Canton on the steamer I saw a hungry-eyed boatman greedily grab at a dead rat which was thrown him from our ship, and which I doubt not furnished the piece de resistance for his family dinner. It is from the Cantonese province that the most of the Chinese in America come, and its people are noted for their turbulence as well as for their skilful hands and their sharp business brains.

I have never seen anywhere such a beehive of humanity as the city of Canton, and I can imagine no place better for the dissemination of a plague like this. The streets are so narrow that the big hats which the coolies wear almost graze the walls on either side, and you can stand in the middle of some of the best business quarters and touch the walls on both sides by stretching out your hands. The main streets fairly swarm with Chinese men and women, and half of these celestial humans are loaded. They push and crowd against each other as they work their sweaty way through the city, and the disease germs if possessed by one are easily communicated to many. They pack themselves together in the houses, and the population of a small city is crowded into a single block. The poorest of them have only a few cents a day for the support of their families, and 10 of our cents is a good wage for a day's work. Agricultural laborers about the city do not receive more than 5 cents a day, and women are paid still less. The average workingman who can save \$5 a

year is doing very well, and the question with the majority of the people is one of existence.

The diet of the laboring classes consists of salt fish, vegetables and rice, and if they can add to this meat three or four times a year they deem themselves happy. It is not uncommon to find 100 people living in a little nest of a dozen one-story houses, and rents per family range from \$2 a year and upward. Canton is the only city I have visited where I have found cat and dog restaurants, and it is the only city where I have seen dried rats exposed for sale in many quarters. I priced some of these rats and was charged five cents for the one I bought. It could not have weighed more than eight ounces, and I suppose I paid double price for it. At one of the dog restaurants I treated a lot of coolies to a stew of black dog's flesh, and the price for it was ten cents a plate. I could have gotten a stew of yellow dog for less, but when one gives a treat, even in China, he ought to buy the best. Black dog's meat is worth twice the price of that of the yellow canine. It is cooked with a tuft of the hair left on the end of the tail, to show the color of the dog, and it looks, when in the pot, much like the flesh of a sucking pig. The dog is killed and the hair is taken off as we take the bristles off a pig, and when stewed it is cut into small pieces. At this same place I saw cat meat cooking, and there were cats in cages awaiting the orders of customers. Cat meat is higher priced than dog or rat meat and the tabbies are killed only upon order. The people whom I saw at such restaurants, however, were those only of the poorer classes, and there are in Canton as costly restaurants as you will find anywhere in the world. I saw places where you have to pay \$5 a plate for your bird's nest soup, and where tea is served which you can't get for less than \$10 a pound.

The black plague, on account of the poor diet of the people and their poverty, will last longer in Canton than it would in an American city. There are practically no facilities for taking care of the sick, and Chinese medicine is worse than no medicine. The missionary hospital will do much. It is one of the best hospitals in the east, and it does a great deal of good. The chief Chinese charitable institutions of Canton are a blind asylum, from which blind beggars go out day after day over the city; a foundling asylum, supported out of the salt tax, and a leper asylum. This last is in a banyan grove two miles from the gate of the city. It contains about five hundred inmates, and more horrible creatures do not exist on the face of the earth. Many of them have their fingers and toes eaten off by the disease. Some have lost their noses and others have skeleton-like bodies, half of the bones and flesh of which has rotted away. Just now these lepers are an important element of the black plague. They blackmail the funeral processions and levy a tribute on the mourners. If they are not paid they raise and cry and threaten to split open the coffins and exhume the dead. There is not much danger of their doing this as to the black plague corpses, for to touch one is almost sure death, but the people fear them, all the same, and the leper fees are a legitimate part of the Chinese

funeral expenses. As it is, leprosy seems to be on the increase. There are more lepers in Canton than can be accommodated in the asylum, and there are leper boats filled with these people, who scull or row their boats among the other crafts on the river begging.

There are no more superstitious people than the Chinese, and such an occasion as this brings out all of the witches and soothsayers. I hear that the streets of Canton are now filled with priests exorcising the devils of the plague and that the people go through the city in bands beating gongs and drums to drive the demons away. At the head of one band was a boy who had on a hideous dragon mask, and the dragon boats which are kept for the annual dragon boat festival have been brought out. All sorts of praying goes on before the different josses and the ancestral tablets, and every one connected with the burial of the dead is making money. A large class of merchants sell nothing but gold and silver paper, which is bought by the families of the dead and is burned by them over their graves, with the idea that this will supply them with funds for their travels in the next world. Paper and wooden cows and horses are manufactured to be burned in the same way, and the dealers in white goods will be getting rich. White is the color of mourning in China, and the family when they repair to the cemetery wear clothes of white tied on with coarse rope. They leave food at the graves and generally send an extra suit of paper clothes along to keep the corpse warm when it becomes a ghost.

Frank G. Carpenter

CONTINUE THE SPRAYING.

Because of the general circulation of your paper in Weber county, I beg for space to say a few words to our fruit growers on the subject of spraying.

First I desire to compliment Weber county citizens for the very cheerful compliance with the requirements of the horticultural law. I venture the assertion that no county in Utah has had less trouble arising from enforcement of the law than in Weber county. While it is true that some persons have sprayed in a careless manner merely to comply with the law, still the large majority of Weber county fruit growers have conscientiously tried to make the spraying effective. Just as some men pray in a mechanical manner without the true spirit or soul's sincere desire, so have some sprayed without any heart in the work. But God is not mocked by mere lip service, neither is the answer forthcoming to such prayers. So it is in the matter of spraying, as with any other undertaking—the result is proportionate to the thought and care exercised.

Therefore I look on most gratifying results in this county for the first year's operation of the new law. However, I wish to urge a continuance of the work. Starting the work as late in the season as we did this year, it is but natural that some worms should escape the first spraying. Then, too, I have found newly hatched worms right along up to the present time. As a consequence, there are some wormy