

FROM CITY TO FARM

"Ye who listen with credulity to the whisperings of fancy; who nurse with excess the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow; attend to the history of Kasekas, Prince of Abyssinia."

By ERNEST MCGAFFEY

Author of "Poems of Gay and Red," "Outdoors," "Poems of the Town," etc.

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A Camera in the Country

Various devices are used at different times by city people who happen to reside in the country for any length of time. Sometimes a cheap phonograph is purchased, with its raucous blare of "rag-time" melodies, and blatant monologue; sometimes a pianola is harnessed to the piano, and muscular music ground out by means of liberal "knee action"; sometimes the baleful "game" of croquet is employed to eke out the hours of those to whom time drags heavily. But for us, a harmless, necessary "kodak" was a never-failing source of pleasure and amusement all during our stay on the farm.

We never thought of going on a walk or a drive without carrying along our pictorial recorder, in case anything new or strange crossed our line of vision. Our walks were a daily occurrence, rain, hail or sunshine, but when the weather permitted we carried the kodak. Our drives were more frequent, being a matter of sending in to town for a "rig" and making an all-day trip of it. And in this latter way we covered the country for many miles on all sides, traversing the river bottom roads and coming into towns where the houses were so old that the wind and rain and sun had bleached and then browned them until they looked like frame mummies more ancient than the human ones ten-century old in Egyptian tombs.

A kodak is an amusing little beast, and can no more be depended on to do the same thing twice than a rabbit, and no two of them are alike. You may borrow one, as I did once, and it may turn out excellent pictures regularly. You may buy one, and it may acquire the habit of taking some good and some bad ones. Each lens, so they say, is turned out exactly alike, but also for human skill, each lens isn't alike. It is one of the joys of amateur photography that you can never be sure of any particular results. Sometimes on a "perfect" day, with all the care in the world, the pictures will be flat failures. On other days, gray days, maybe, when you had no license to expect any results at all, the picture-taking will turn out to be a screaming success.

The best general rule in using these little machines is to follow directions slavishly and not expect anything. In this way you can every once in awhile surprise yourself with the pictures you will get. Sometimes the sun will be about ready to "snap" the slide, the victim all posed expectantly, will dart into a convenient cloud-bank and stay there for an hour. The sun can be depended upon to do this every time it gets a chance; don't tell me that heavenly bodies are not endowed with a sense of malignancy. I have seen a sun that rose on a comparatively clear day make the most unseemly haste to get behind a bank of clouds when there was only one cloud-bank in sight, and lay there for hours and hours until it was too late to take pictures, and then go down with a red face on it as much as to say "got you that time." The best way is to hide the camera when you first start out, for if the sun sees it you are apt to have trouble.

When you have studied the little book of instructions that goes with the kodak you will find invariably that there was something you overlooked when you first started out. Thus, after taking one picture, it is necessary to turn the crank around several times in order to get the next number on the "spool" ready for exposure. The directions plainly indicate this; but every once in awhile you forget this and try to blend the composite of a flock of sheep with a woman spinning at an old-fashioned spinning wheel, or something equally as blendable. And then when such a picture comes out there is the spectacle of a flock of sheep trying to spin an old lady into a woolen stocking, or a flock of spinning wheels trying to spin an old lady into a sheep, or a flock of old ladies trying to spin a sheep into a spinning wheel.

Always remember to turn the crank until the next number comes plainly into view. Another pesky nuisance is that the platted thing won't always give out a clear "click" as you move the slide. Beware of this, for it means that you are not taking pictures at all, but just going through the motions. When you take out such a roll of films to "develop" you are simply wasting your time on a pack of "jokers" for there hasn't been a single impression taken. We once traveled on foot seven miles to take a family group and some individual pictures, and all we got from the 12 "exposures" was a dozen beautifully assorted blurs.

A camera is one of the best things in the world to teach self-control. The man or woman who will use one a year, the same one, and not resort to the family shotgun or the ax to demolish the machine for its devilish influence in getting out of order and playing its fantastic capers, is not only a wonder, but a person thoroughly capable of bringing up children as they should be brought up. Sometimes a kodak will stick in its case, and perhaps a little dampness in the atmosphere has caused it to swell out and refuse to budge. After heaving away at it for an hour, skinning your finger and making you wonder if this is really a good world or not, it is in order for your wife to take hold of it and lift it out with perfect ease, looking at you meanwhile with pain at your evident state of mind as depicted in your corrugated brow. Now

that kodak had deliberately let go just then for some ulterior reason of its own, and it would have held on if you had kept at it, forever. It wasn't because of any little catch or anything like that, nothing mechanical, but one of those little occult demonisms, like the family scissors deliberately crawling away and hiding in the ice-box.

In taking animals, it is well to remember that a horse or a cow is not all head. This will be driven into the intelligence after taking a few snapshots of these interesting animals and having them show up with heads like the pyramid side of a house and bodies that taper off to diminutive proportions. Take these brutish profiles, near "head on," and you will get better results. Sometimes, of course, just as you are getting the most pleasant and intelligent look on a cow or a rooster, it will turn its head or pick at this is one of the things which is to be met with fortitude.

Speaking of cows, we never failed to get a cow in all of our pictures. There were so many cows in the neighborhood, and a cow is such an inevitable accompaniment of all rural scenery, that we very soon became reconciled to the appearance of the placid cow in our pictures. These kodaks have a most "reaching" habit in regard to perspective, and while you may think you are only taking a lone tree, or a family group, you may be taking in a line of land that pretty nearly includes the whole township in the direction in which the machine is pointed. And somewhere on this angle there will be a cow. Either lying down or standing up, or grazing, or chewing the cud, or getting milked, or driven in or out to pasture, or trying to worm through a fence, or some other thing, and when you get the picture back from the reproducers, or develop it yourself, you can always bet on the cow.

We never had any particular trouble with sheep, or hogs, or horses. They are not nearly so apparent as cows are in the country. Sheep are fine objects, and give very fine results in the way of "snapshots," either grazing on the hillside, standing in groups or huddling at the approach of a human being, or lying in the shade of the trees at noon, they are always picturesque. But it is one of the cardinal principles of using a kodak to have your object in the sun, and the "camera fiend" should have his instrument of torture shaded; so that a great deal of ingenuity is needed at times to get your animal out into the sun and just where you want it in order to prepare for a successful "snap."

Sheep are very suspicious and panicky creatures, and are apt to stick their tails up and go "baaing" over the hillside just when you have teased them into an attitude of woolly curiosity. This is one of the uncertainties of the sport and requires sturdy patience and invincible good humor to counteract. A horse is different. A horse is one of the vainest animals in the world, next to man, and rather likes to have his picture taken. But as for intelligence, a horse is the most adroit brute in existence. He will shy at a bale of hay, run back into a burning barn from which he has just been dragged, and snuff at a water trough as though it was full of bumble bees. But he prances out to have his likeness "took" much as though he thought he was the pick of his tribe.

The best time for taking pictures, so we were informed by our little book, was between ten and four; but we discovered that this dictum had its limitations. For instance, some of the most sketchy and beautiful effects we got in landscapes were taken after four o'clock, and even after five, and the results gave a hazy, shadowy feeling in the little pictures which was almost as good as a miniature etching. On a few of the gray leaden days, we got some of our clearest pictures, and on some of the absolutely cloudy days got some of our most notable failures. It was a veritable lottery so far as we were concerned, for we never knew when we were going to get good results or poor ones. As a fairly accurate thing to go by, we could tell that when we were most anxious to get good pictures they turned out miserably, and that when we were not caring very much about it we got "dreams."

The most interesting work was in taking pictures of our neighbors and our "neighbors" children. In taking a child, care should always be taken not to try to get the child's attention attracted. If that is done, some of the weirdest effects in human physiology possible will be the result. The children will have that half-scared, half-shamed look which is so common to regular photography, and will be, at the moment of "snapping," as absolutely unlike themselves inside and out as it would be conceivable to imagine. And that is one of the mistakes right of a human being it should be taken with the mask off. Children wear masks when they are noticed, or told to look this way or that. Men and women wear masks excepting when they are alone. The result is that children should have their pictures taken when their attention is strictly attracted elsewhere than on the photographer, and grown persons should have their pictures taken from ambush.

Every blip from the age of 16 upwards is thinking about himself or herself when facing a photographer, and the mask is on. Did you ever notice the difference that sleep, or death, makes in a person's features? Well, the lack of self-consciousness is the laying aside of the mask, and never until people are painted or photographed without their knowing it will

THE MYSTERY OF THE LAWS IN CHINA

The Fanny Things One Sees

Snailing Round the World

By MARSHALL P. WILDER

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Shanghai has 12 precinct police stations and one court, known as the "Mixed Court," because some representative of the several consulates sits each day with the Chinese magistrate.

I was introduced to the magistrate by Dr. Barchet, and found him very gracious, and possessing a fair supply of English. He was dressed in full mandarin dress, brown satin coat, beautifully embroidered, and a black velvet hat turned up about the edge, and decorated with the button, the horse-tail and the peacock's feathers that indicate a mandarin's rank.

We went into the courtroom, everyone quickly took their places and the hearings began. All prisoners were brought before the magistrate must kneel during the entire proceeding.

Though all the prisoners were Chinese, and the cases were conducted in that language, I could follow most of them, as the English sergeants preferred their charges to Dr. Burchet, who is a proficient Chinese scholar, and he in turn translated them to the magistrate.

When a policeman brings a man before the court he drives him by his cue, and when he takes him away, he pulls him by it, or if there are several prisoners, he knots their cues together and pulls them along in a bunch. With such persuasion, a prisoner is not apt to hesitate long.

For thieving, prisoners are sentenced to a certain number of strokes with the bamboo, or the cane for so many hours a day—sometimes both together.

The cage is a large square board that fits about their necks, and be-

der the jurisdiction of foreigners, is necessarily more merciful and lenient than an unmixed Chinese court.

A gentleman told me of witnessing a courtroom scene in the interior of China, where a man who refused to confess was struck on the ankle bone with a mallet until he fainted from the hideous pain—the bone being crushed to a jelly.

The most dreadful of all executions in China is the ling chee, or hundred cuts, where the condemned man is given 99 cuts on different parts of the body, contrived with such devilish cunning that death does not come until the last cut, reaching the heart, puts them out of their agony.

This execution is only administered for three crimes; attempted assassination of the emperor or empress, the killing of father or mother or the killing of a husband by a wife. The killing of a wife by a husband is not so serious a matter.

In China a man must sign his own death warrant by inking his thumb and making the impression of it on the paper. Chinese law, when once it has a man in its clutches, is loath to give him up whether he be innocent or guilty. So if he does not sign the warrant willingly he is tortured until he does it in sheer desperation.

Political prisoners, who are sentenced to banishment, seldom reach the place of their destination, for after such a sentence there is almost always an accident, either by the chair in which he is carried being tipped while on a bridge by one of the coolies stumbling and thrown into the river, where there is no hope of escape from the clumsy, tightly-closed affair, or else the banished one is mysteriously attacked by highwaymen and murdered.

All executions of any sort are free for anyone, man, woman or child, to witness. And the effect of that universal and deadly system of bribery is too apparent, a system that saps the strength and ability of China to become a great country, for from one end of the kingdom to the other there is no disinterested desire for advancement; only a case of the big fish eating up the little ones—and no man so great that he cannot be bought.

If a prisoner condemned to be beheaded will pay the executioner a fat bribe he may expect to be sent out of existence with neatness and dispatch after being heavily drugged with opium. But if he refuses, he will suffer a clumsy execution that will be attended by torture and pain before the end finally comes. Even in the simple



PULLS THEM ALONG IN A BUNCH.

side being very heavy and uncomfortable, is considered a great disgrace, for it has the prisoner's name and crime pasted on it. In order to make the punishment more severe, the prisoner is often condemned to be taken to the place where the crime was committed, and made to stand near the store or house where the nature of his crime, as well as his name are plainly to be read by every passer-by. This is a terrible punishment for them, for the Chinese are very sensitive about being publicly shamed, "losing face," they call it.

In the afternoon I went back to the mixed court and saw some men bamboozed. It was done in a different place from where the trials take place, being at one side of an open court, where a desk was placed, behind which the assistant magistrate sat.

The prisoner throws himself on a piece of matting laid on the top step leading to the magistrate's desk, his trousers are pushed down, exposing his thighs, and two men in ridiculous



"Make Little Squeeze."

red sugar-loaf hats trimmed with blue, seat themselves on the prisoner's feet and shoulders, the latter one clutching his cue.

Two men with little flat bamboo rods about a yard long squat each side, when one begins and delivers about 25 lashes—then rests, and the other takes it up, counting aloud as they beat. The prisoner howls and cries and begs, tears streaming from his eyes, for though it does not break the skin, it is extremely painful.

The men sitting on the prisoner joke and laugh, the officers standing about carry on animated conversations, and as this all takes place in a courtyard, open to the street, children run in and out, playing and laughing, mothers with babies in their arms look stolidly on, the babies blinking solemnly, while a little crowd of curious men stand about the entrance.

The mixed court, being jointly an-

and less painful bamboozing, a bribe will induce the whipper to hold the bamboo stiff, causing much less pain than if allowed to bend and spring. The captain of a British barque lying off Canton described the execution of 29 pirates who had attacked a tug manned by coolies and slaughtered the greater part of them. As all executions are free to the public there was a general request by the crew of the barque for a holiday, and permission being granted by the captain, there was a general exodus to the shore.

It appeared that only those of the criminals who could not purchase ransom, were executed. Those who had \$50, or friends that could supply that sum, were liberated on payment of the same to the mandarin of the district. The luckless 29 had apparently neither friends nor money. So they were marshaled out of prison under a strong guard of soldiers; and like the prisoners in our Sing Sing who are at the prison canteen affords, these malefactors were furnished any mode of conveyance at the disposal of the authorities to convey them to the place of execution.

The condemned were marshaled in line, and required to kneel on "all fours" before the mandarin and his suite. All knew the procedure, and there was no confusion. The headman, armed with a keen, broad-bladed sword, stepped out. If this gentleman should fail to sever the head of his victim in three blows, his own would be forfeit. But in this instance he did his work with both certainty and celerity. Approaching the first in line, he gave a swift, swinging blow on the back of the neck and a decapitated head rolled onto the sword.

This dreadful system of bribery and "squeezing" is the cancer at the heart of China. Everyone expects it from everyone else; even the children are not to be trusted. A Chinese woman sends her child to a chop shop, and weighs the food when it is brought home to see that her own child is not "squeezing" her.

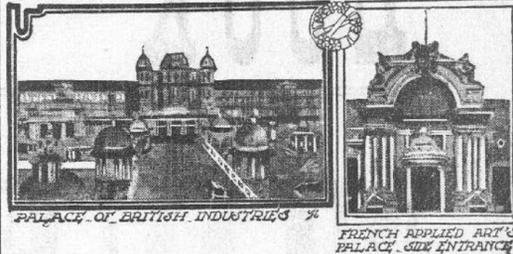
In making change, the smallest boy, as salesman, will keep back two or three "cash." Should you say "How false you steal my cash," you'll be indignant by answer: "My no 'b'long 'tief; my ketchie you watch, then 'b'long 'tief, but my just make little squeeze."

It would seem as if all the horrible punishments so publicly administered would effectually prevent even the most reckless and hardened from committing crime, but it doesn't seem to do so, and the courts go on flourishing on the bribes extorted and the money paid by innocent people to keep out of court, for it is openly avowed that a Chinese court of justice, among other delinquencies, is not even above blackmail.

It is not surprising that among the people are such sayings as "Tigers and snakes are kinder than judges or runners," or "In life, beware of courts; in death, beware of hell!"

FRANCO-BRITISH EXPOSITION

VAST GROUNDS AND FINE BUILDINGS NEARLY READY.



PALACE OF BRITISH INDUSTRIES FRENCH APPLIED ART PALACE, SIX ENTRANCE

Since the great exposition at the Hyde Park in London in 1851 there has been nothing in that country of the same scope and magnitude as the Franco-British exposition, now nearing completion at Shepherd's Bush, ready for opening in another month. It was the dream of Queen Victoria and the prince consort that the exhibition of 1851 would promote the brotherhood of man, and pave the way for universal peace, and now it has been left for King Edward, by his tactful and statesmanlike policy, to promote a spirit of amity between Great Britain and other European nations, and in particular with her nearest neighbors across the channel. The outcome of the entente cordiale is the Franco-British exhibition.

The idea of a mutual exhibition between the two nations for the purpose of increasing commercial intercourse was proposed by the French chamber of commerce in London in 1905, and was eagerly taken up on both sides of the channel. A meeting was held at the Mansion House July 11, 1906, to inaugurate the scheme, and the king and his majesty's ministers gave their cordial approval to the undertaking. The duke of Argyll was made honorary president, the earl of derby president and Mr. Innes Kiralfy, that prince amongst exhibition organizers, was appointed commissioner general. The first sod of the grounds of the exhibition was cut January 3, 1907, by Comte de Manneville, on behalf of the French ambassador, in the presence of the duke of Argyll, Sir William Bull, M. P., the mayor of Hammersmith, and a representative company of distinguished people, and now, a little more than a year after the first sod was cut, a marble city, with halls and palaces, domes and minarets, has arisen in the great wilderness of land.

The exhibition site covers 140 acres, and the exhibits will be housed in 20 palaces, and there will be a series of eight exhibition halls, the largest of which is the Machinery Hall, which, with its annexes, covers over 250,000 square feet of floor space. The buildings are divided between the French and British exhibitors and devoted to the liberal arts, science, social economy, hygiene, chemical industries and alimentations sections. Other palaces are devoted to education, fine arts, decorative arts, applied arts, music and women's work, and there is a fine congress hall for meetings and conferences.

The Women's Palace is chivalrously described by Mr. Kiralfy as "the most beautiful palace in a city of palaces." Architecturally, it is a perfect little gem, and is set like a hole of holies in the center of the exhibition. In the court of honor, having the Palace of Music on one side and the Royal Pavilion, which provides accommodation for the king and queen and members of the royal house, on the other side.

Some idea of the practical interest France has taken in the scheme is evidenced when it is stated that out of 35,000 applications for space so far received, 19,000 have come from across the channel. One-half of the entire space available—30 acres, or 1 1/4 square miles of floor space—is to be devoted to French exhibits, which will be more comprehensive than those displayed by France at any exhibition outside of Paris.

The buildings are spacious and artistic structures, built for the most part of steel, iron, concrete and plaster. Wood is conspicuous by its absence, with the result that all the edifices will be fireproof. The giant of the palaces is the Machinery Hall. It is the largest building ever erected at any exhibition. It covers an area of over six acres, and consists of a main building, running northeast and southwest, joined together at the south end by a building of similar construction, the whole resembling in design the letter "U." Each side building is 661 feet long by 130 feet wide, and the cross building 302 feet long by 210 feet wide. There will be a total floor space in this one building of eight acres.

The next largest is the Indian Court, where the products of the Indian empire will be displayed to full advantage. This structure will be one of

the prettiest in the whole grounds. In front of each palace are gardens.

The hanging space for pictures in the Fine Arts Palace is 2 1/2 times greater than that at the British Royal academy.

In the very center of the grounds, with their various palaces on either side, is a huge lake, from which run lagoons. On this waterbodies and launches will fit to and fro laden with visitors, the total navigable distance being nearly a mile in length. In all, there are no less than 76 buildings in the grounds.

A portion of the grounds, known as the Elite Gardens, will house the Garden Club. It will be the finest summer club ever built. It will contain a large banqueting hall, a dining-room, with a glass front similar to the great dining-room in the Bois de Boulogne, and ten smaller dining-rooms, as well as 24 outdoor dining-boxes. In addition to the Garden club there will also be equally magnificent quarters for the Sports club.

There will also be an Irish Village and a native settlement, including an Indian village from western Canada. Actors will find all the newest theatrical appliances and equipment on show; medical men will see the latest discoveries in medicine and surgery. Agriculturists, gardeners and florists will here be able to study the methods of the greatest modern experts in their art. In a word, the Franco-British exhibition will cater to all.

To the American nation the feature of greatest interest is the Stadium, built after the design of the famous Coliseum, at Rome. Here will be held the quadrennial Olympic games in which it is hoped all the civilized countries of the world will meet. As generations will pass away before the Olympiad is held again in England, and as at least 22 nations are taking part in the contests, the occasion will be unique in the annals of British sport.

The Stadium has a length of 1,000 feet and is 594 feet wide. The seating and standing accommodation is 75 feet wide and consists of 32 tiers for seats and 65 tiers for standing, the standing being at the circular ends of the building, and the seating at the flat sides, the whole being thus able to accommodate 150,000 people.

In addition to a huge grass lawn where cricket, football, polo and other games will be played, there is a cycling track 35 feet wide with 2 1/2 laps to the mile, and a cinder running track 25 feet wide and one-third of a mile in circumference, as well as a tank 240 feet in length and 14 feet deep for the swimming and high-diving competitions.

There will be more than 3,000 representative athletes taking part in the varied contests, and the curves of the running track have been so delicately calculated that a runner will be able to get around a corner at full speed. The Aero club will conduct a number of flying machine contests and competitions. Perhaps the most sensational item in connection with this feature of the exhibition will be the Marathon race, the competitors of which will start from Windsor and finish up in the stadium. This one building, which is double the size of the stadium erected at Athens where the Olympic games were last held, has cost \$250,000.

Much of the tobacco grown in eastern Bengal is marketed in Calcutta, whence it is shipped to Burma, where it is manufactured into cheroots.

FOR KEEPING SOLDIERS SLIM.

Woman Inventor Has Submitted Military Design for War Department.

The coronet for a soldier's corset, which will make fat soldiers slim and keep slim soldiers from getting too fat, has been submitted to Surgeon-General O'Reilly of the United States army by the woman inventor, says the New York Times.

This same enterprising person has also informed the surgeon-general that the coronet, if adopted, will make the American army officer the most athletic-looking and spryest military man on earth. The surgeon-general, according to information received by army officers in New York, is disinclined to consider the coronet question seriously, but the inventor is not without influential support. The inventor of the military coronet is a French woman, who is now in Washington pressing her claims for recognition before the war department.

On Governors Island, at the Army and Navy club, at the great artillery

posts herabouts everybody was talking coronet. The slim officers thought the matter a huge joke, but it was exactly the opposite with the portly ones.

They could be detected every now and then taking a squint at themselves in the mirror. It was plain to see that they were trying to frame a mental picture of themselves when remodeled by the coronet.

"I do not to be retired just yet," said an officer whose waist measurement does not tend to decrease the price of clothes, "but if anybody tries to get me into one of those things, well, it's the cinder path for mine."

"Me, too," a sympathetic brother answered, who was almost as portly. "The very idea of such a thing! I may be a little above the average when it comes to weight, but what I have got is mine, and I don't intend to hand nature by losing it with the aid of a thing that only women are supposed to wear."