OUR FIELD IN THE ORIENT.

THOMAS A. EDDY'S OBSERVATIONS ON A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD.

Was at Manila When the Filipino Rebellion Began—Praise for Gen. Otis and the American Soldiers—An Adventure With Admiral Dewey—The Resources of the Philippines of the Richest—Bright Prospects of Australia—Wonderful Intelligence of Elephants—Great Opportunities in China.

Mr. Thomas A. Eddy of Flint, Eddy & Co. has just returned from a trip around the world. Mr. Eddy left here more than a year ago to visit the Philippine Islands, America's new possessions in the Pacific, China and Japan and other countries for the purpose of studying industrial conditions and business opportunities in the part of the world that was opened to the United States through the war with Spain. THE SUN reporter saw Mr. Eddy yesterday at his office and had a most interesting interview with him. Mr. Eddy went from here to Europe and thence through the Suez Canal and across the Indian Ocean to Hong Kong and Manila. He arrived at Manila on Feb. 4, the very day that the insurrection against American authority started. He got there at 11 o'clock A. M. and the trouble began at 9 that night. The fighting was all on the outskirts of Manila and the Filipinos, like the Spaniards, fired high, so that practically all the Mauser bullets from their guns landed in the town itself and played pit-a-pat on the roofs of the houses or splashed in the water of the river. It was a fine introduction for a man looking for business opportunities.

"The next day," said Mr. Eddy, "that is, the morning of Feb. 5, I went out with some friends to Paco and Santa Ana, where the fighting was going on. We were close behind our troops when they made the second charge and demolished the Filipino resistance. I never saw so many dead men in my life. Our fellows rushed the trenches. The Filipinos would wait until they got within about one hundred yards and then they would run. They carried their guns away with them and they also carried away the guns of their killed or wounded. Our boys were the tall Western volunteers. They would make a rush and then drop on their knees and pot those fellows like quail. I was in Manila six weeks the first time. I couldn't get outside the city very well and could only go as far as our lines had been extended. Of course, in Manila I saw a good deal of Admiral Dewey and he was charming, delightful. He was unspoiled and unaffected. While I was there the fighting was continuous. Gen. Otis did not try to extend his lines very far for the reason that he was waiting to get the regular troops to take the place of the volunteers, the enlistment of most of whom had expired. He saw, once the insurrection started, that he would have to have a large army to put it down and it was his plan to hold things in statu quo until the army reached him."

GEN. OTIS'S SUCCESS.

The reporter asked one or two questions about Gen. Otis, to which Mr. Eddy replied:

"Gen. Otis is a wonderful man. In my opinion he and Gen. Lawton have achieved higher distinction than any other two officers who were brought to the top by the war with Spain. During the whole time Gen. Otis was in command he had an average of from four to five hours' sleep a night, and his waking hours were spent in the hardest work that a man ever did, and under the most adverse conditions. It was a new situation to him; he was a stranger to the language, the customs and the laws of the country. A good idea of his thoroughness can be gained by what followed the breaking out of the insurrection that Saturday night. Everything was so far perfected and in such a state of readiness that with the firing of the first shot the whole machine began to move like clockwork. Ammunition went to the front. Provisions and ambulances were plenty, and everything was in perfect order. It was an agreeable contrast to what happened at Santiago and it was all the result of Gen. Otis's personal work."

"What was the condition of affairs in the city of Manila itself while this was going on? Was business suspended?" asked the reporter.

"Business was practically suspended," said Mr. Eddy. "To give you an idea, the banks were open only from 11 to 12 o'clock."

"What was the attitude of the Spanish residents toward the Americans?"

"Their attitude was cynical and critical, but friendly. They had the air of continually asking: 'Well, now let's see how you people will handle this; we've had our turn.' The Spaniards realized that their safety depended upon the success of our troops."

THE WEST'S FINE VOLUNTEERS.

Here Mr. Eddy stopped to praise the volunteers.

"Those Western volunteers," he said, "I think, were about the finest body of men I ever saw. As you know, Gen. Otis is a regular army officer and a strict disciplinarian. He naturally felt handicapped, having a majority of volunteers in his army when the insurrection began. He felt that they were men with more or less political pull, and that they were not under the same control as regular soldiers. When I visited Gen. Otis one day and expressed admiration for the magnificent manhood of the volunteers, their splendid physique and their good behavior, Gen. Otis said:

"'Oh, yes, they're a splendid lot. There couldn't be better material. There is none better in the world, but they're *not regulars*. Now, I'll just tell you an incident. You know a regular never fires a shot until he's ordered to fire. Well, this morning before the break of day twenty men of the detachment of volunteers that I had guarding the water works broke away on their own hook and went off and had a good time sniping Filipinos. They surprised the enemy, killed about 20 of them and wounded 40, and they only lost 3 men wounded themselves. I had to send out a company of men to bring them in or they would have been there yet. That shows the fighting spirit of the men, but that isn't war or discipline.'

"That illustration by the General himself describes with accuracy the spirit of our soldiers who were there when the insurrection started."

ADMIRAL DEWEY'S DOUBLE DANGER.

"I suppose you had some ticklish experiences now and then," ventured the reporter.

Mr. Eddy laughed as he said: "Yes, I had a few. One day I went up the Pasig River with the Admiral in his launch. There were a number of us in the party, including two ladies, and we were going to visit Gen. King at the firing line. On the way up somebody suggested that it might be dangerous and the Admiral said, 'Well, we'll stop at the gunboat in the river and find out if it's safe.' We stopped at the gunboat and the Captain told us it was quite safe. He said there hadn't been any firing for twenty-four hours and that the Filipinos had been driven so far back that there was no danger. We steamed up to King's headquarters and got out of the launch. Now, it appeared that there were some left-over Filipinos there, and a body of them had secreted themselves in a dismantled church about 800 yards from our lines. They had their Mausers with them, and when they saw the white launch and the party all dressed in white they volleyed us, but their shooting was so bad that we were not in any particular danger. We hurried (didn't run, mind you, but hurried) behind an adjoining wall, and there we got into a group of army mules that had been put there for safety. The Admiral led the way, and in trying to make way for the ladies of the party he touched one of the mules, which promptly kicked him. Luckily he was just out of the danger range, but the mule left the imprint of his hoof on the Admiral's jacket. What an inglorious ending that would have been had our great Admiral been disabled by a mule. But fortunately it wasn't serious. We found Gen. King lying down resting. He had been with his men and the fighting had been continuous, and he was tired out. As soon as he heard that the Admiral of the American Navy was visiting him he got on his full regimentals. It took him about fifteen minutes to do that, and in the meantime the volley fired at the white launch and our party had started a general engagement all along the line, and we were in the middle of it. The bullets were flying in all directions. The Admiral sat there calmly, talking with a lady, and didn't seem to mind things a bit, but I can tell you that was a very long fifteen minutes for us. Finally Gen. King appeared, and he and the Admiral talked for fifteen minutes more. In the meantime we made ourselves as comfortable as possible and talked to the ladies. When we left Gen. King and started back for the launch the Filipinos in the church saw us coming and they began directing shots at our party. As I said, we were all in white and the launch was white, so we made a fine target, but they couldn't shoot straight and we got away all right. I'll admit I was mighty glad to get out of it. I remarked this to the Admiral and he said, 'Don't you tell anybody, but so was I.'"

SENTIMENTS OF THE NATIVES.

"What was the attitude of the natives in Manila while this insurrection in and around the town was the hottest?" asked the reporter.

"Unfriendly, decidedly unfriendly," said Mr. Eddy. "There was a proclamation issued by Sandico, the Secretary of War of the Filipino Government, and it was secretly circulated among the Filipinos in Manila. It called for an uprising on Feb. 15. It directed that the Filipinos should kill every one with a white face, irrespective of age, nationality or sex. The night of the uprising fires were to be started all over the town, and the proclamation said that looting, outrage and all that would be winked at. For some reasons they couldn't bring it off on Feb. 15, but it did come off on Feb. 22, a week later. Twelve hundred armed men of the Filipino army had succeeded in getting into the town. They crept along the shores of the bay and worked their way up the lagoons and creeks and places where our troops couldn't see them. On the evening of Feb. 22, about 8 o'clock, I was sitting on the veranda of the house I occupied while I was there when I saw a red fire balloon go up. Shortly after that another went up in another direction. That was the signal for the uprising to begin, and within fifteen minutes a hundred fires were set in a hundred different parts of the city and shooting in the streets began. That was another good illustration of the good organization that Gen. Otis had maintained. There were 3,000 soldiers doing police duty and they were all ready for anything. Gen. Otis's only special order that night was that the soldiers should shoot every man seen in the street wearing his shirt outside of his trousers. The fires continued all night and the fighting in the streets was continuous. The Filipino inhabitants of the town got out their hidden arms, concealed themselves in the houses and from that ambush shot the American soldiers. Our soldiers' orders were not to burn any of the houses, but the fighting became of such a nature that it was finally necessary to set fire to the nipa huts that the natives occupied. No places were fired, however, except those from which it was certain that shooting was being done. The situation, you will realize, was very critical. Manila is a city of 250,000 people, and the Filipinos were our enemies to a man. They all sympathized with the Filipino army and they wanted to take part in the looting of Manila. Why, even the servants in our houses told us that they were *voluntarios*—that is, they belonged to the Filipino volunteer corps and were liable to be called on to obey the orders of the Filipino commanders. The danger was very grave, you see, when we might expect an attack even from the servants who cooked our meals and made our beds. The only object of the Filipinos was to get Manila and loot it and they thought that the best way to get it was to start the battle from the inside."

FILIPINO TREACHERY.

"How many were killed in this fight of the 22d in Manila?" asked the reporter.

"I don't know," said Mr. Eddy, "and I don't think anybody knows, but the loss of life was large. Just what that loss was is probably not known to this day. The next morning the fighting was continued in the Tondo district. Our troops were engaged in clearing out the houses where the Filipinos were concealed and kept up a continual firing on our troops. Many houses were set on fire by the Filipinos themselves and they used the smoke and flame to conceal themselves from our soldiers while they fired on us. I was out in the district that day, and a friend whom I met told me the following story:

"He saw a wounded Filipino lying in the gutter, crying for water, and an American soldier just kneeling to give him a drink from his canteen when the Filipino drew a knife and tried to stab him. The soldier jumped back just in time and grabbed his gun. He had five shots in his magazine and he let the Filipino have all of them. Those fellows are as treacherous as the Dervishes on the Soudan. The burning and rioting continued on the night of the 23d, but was not so severe. There was more of it on the night of the 24th and after that the Filipinos made up their minds that they did not want to loot Manila."

"Did Gen. Otis know of the issuing of the proclamation before the night the uprising was to take place?" asked the reporter.

"No," said Mr. Eddy, "the proclamation did not fall into our hands until after the 22d and then the details of the plot were discovered. When I first got to Manila I was of the general opinion that gentleness was the way to accomplish our purpose in the islands, but I finally came to the conclusion that our people in the West reached in regard to the Indians years ago: 'The only good Filipino was a dead one.' The leading spirits of the insurrection were the Tagalogs. They are the dominant race of the Philippines, although they are not numerically superior to the other tribes. The only way to bring about peace is by force. Why, they haven't got in their language the phrase 'Thank you,' nor have they got in their make-up the sentiment and thus cannot appreciate mercy.

"In my opinion the war would have been finished long ago were it not for the fact that the leaders have derived encouragement from the attitude of the anti-expansionists here. They have believed that if they could only hold on long enough, the anti-expansion party would get into power and grant them their independence at once, and I consider that the misguided Filipino sympathizers have cost us the lives of poor Lawton and hundreds of other good men, not to mention millions of treasure.

"There is no organized army resisting us now, but countless bands of Filipinos, ex-soldiers, are roaming the country, burning villages, robbing the people and shooting every American soldier who strays away from camp or who may be separated from his comrades. This will go on until Aguinaldo and other important leaders consider the situation hopeless, give themselves up and use their influence to put a stop to it. I do not believe we can look for peace until after election, and only then in case the people of this country show by their votes that they approve of the Philippine policy of the Government."

Speaking of American enterprise, Mr. Eddy said that one or two concerns were established in the middle of the insurrection by large American houses. They dealt chiefly in supplies of all kinds for the soldiers. One New York firm, he said, established a branch and sent over one of its New York staff to take charge of it. That concern brought out a great stock of merchandise, among which was a large quantity of baseball material, bats, balls, catchers' masks, gloves and all the other paraphernalia.

"And I'll tell you," said Mr. Eddy, "they filled a long-felt want. There were 65,000 young husky, healthy Americans there and every one of them wanted to play baseball. The stock lasted just forty-eight hours."

AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION.

From Manila Mr. Eddy went to Australia and to New Zealand.

"Australia," said he, "was in the throes of federation. They were organizing a federation binding together the various colonies and reorganizing the country under a new constitution modelled after the Constitution of the United States. With this difference, that the Senators are elected by the people and not by the provincial legislatures. Australia is a wonderful country and its prospects are almost unlimited, particularly under federation and the protective tariff they have adopted. This tariff is going to operate severely upon the business of the nation with this country and its trade with other nations. Australians have natural resources that will supply all the raw material needed and very soon they will be manufacturing nearly everything they need for themselves."

"How about the labor condition of the country? Have they the laborers?" asked the reporter.

"Australia," said Mr. Eddy, "is the laboring man's paradise. Nothing can be done there without consulting labor. They have the Eight-Hour law and the Chinese Exclusion law; strikes and arbitrations are handled by the Government; wages are largely regulated by law, but are about the same as in the United States."

"Is there much manufacturing there?" asked the reporter.

"Manufacturing is growing visibly, particularly in Victoria," said Mr. Eddy. "The manufactories in Victoria are already supplying other parts of Australia with a great many articles."

Coming to New Zealand, Mr. Eddy said: "New Zealand is the garden of the earth. I think it is the most beautiful country I have ever seen. It is the richest in agriculture and the richest in resources. What would our farmers think of a crop of oats measuring 120 bushels to an acre? Of course, that isn't the general crop, but 65, 70 and 80 bushels to an acre is common. Wheat runs as high as 60 bushels to an acre and 35 to 45 bushels to an acre is common. The colony is growing in wealth and it is the cheapest place in the world to live."

INDIA'S PLAGUE AND FAMINE.

From New Zealand Mr. Eddy and his party went to India and went all through that country. "We passed pestilence and famine there," he said. "In Bombay there was no evidence of the plague that the stranger could see, but the natives were dying by scores daily. I had a talk there with a plague physician and he said that it had been pretty thoroughly established that the plague is a disease which can only be acquired by actual contact. That is, the germs must reach an abrasion of the skin, in which case the plague takes the bubonic form. If it is in the lungs and the germ reaches an irritated surface there it takes the pneumonic form, or if in the bowels it takes the hemorrhagic form, which is uncommon comparatively, but there have been many cases of it. Not over a score of white people have been attacked by the plague in India, and the doctor's only advice to tourists is that they must never step on the floor of their bedrooms with bare feet, but always wear slippers. The most frequent cause of infection is walking in one's bare feet."

Of the famine, Mr. Eddy said: "The distress is most dreadful and the sight of the suffering people made one feel inclined to turn over everything that he had in the world to help them."

GOLF WITH ICED BALLS.

Mr. Eddy said that in Singapore, which is practically a Chinese city with a population of 300,000, he found the game of golf had infected every European. He said there were two golf clubs there and that the members were more enthusiastic than any golfers he ever knew.

"It is near the equator," he said, "and the climate is so hot that it is almost impossible to keep the golf balls in condition. So they keep them on ice like champagne and beer. Your Chinese caddy, when he goes out with you, carries a small ice bag in which the balls are kept, otherwise you would knock them egg shape every time you hit them."

TRADE WITH CHINA.

Speaking of China and of trade conditions there Mr. Eddy said:

"Our trade of the future in China is to come from the northern part of the Empire. To-day, large as it is, it is in its infancy. The opportunities for development are very great. Our trade with Neuchwang and Port Arthur, which are held by the Russians, is already very great, and the moment the Trans-Siberian Railway is finished it will open up a large territory in the interior of the Empire which will largely increase the demands for our goods of all kinds. To-day a large part of the dry goods used by the Chinese are manufactured in the United States. We are getting the trade and getting it at the expense of England and Germany. Japan is a competing factor, especially in the cotton line. The Japanese are manufacturing dry goods of various kinds and are shipping them to China in considerable quantities. Japan also is to some extent furnishing the cotton mills in the vicinity of Shanghai with yarns. The Chinese merchant," said Mr. Eddy, "is the most satisfactory person in the world to do business with. He is noted for honorableness and straightforwardness in all his dealings. Usually a Chinese merchant's word is as good as his bond. So reliable and so generally satisfactory are they that many of them are now holding confidential positions in European houses all through the East."

JAPANESE PROGRESS.

Speaking of Japan, Mr. Eddy said that the Japanese trade prospects were such that in his opinion the country would import very little more manufactured goods. Under their protective tariff, he said, their manufactures were growing and they were manufacturing for themselves nearly everything they need. He said that the working of the new treaties with Japan was found to be very satisfactory, and that the foreigners found ample protection under the Japanese Government. He said that he had made the closest investigation as to the possibilities of a war between Japan and Russia, but he found no evidences of it anywhere beyond the known naval preparations that Japan was making, and also the steady progress of strengthening the principal forts and the entrance and exits of the inland sea.

"The Japanese," said he, "have made wonderful progress in civilization and undoubtedly must be counted with in the future development of the East and the partition of China. They are extremely friendly to the Americans and favor us as far as they can, realizing that we and they are the two great powers on the Pacific."

PHILIPPINE RESOURCES.

Returning to the condition of affairs of the Philippine Islands, Mr. Eddy said that the possibilities opened there to American enterprise, once the form of government for the islands was settled, were very great. "The resources of the islands," said he, "are of the richest. There is no reason why there should not be an enormous development in mining and agriculture, even to the growing of wheat, which can be done on the uplands of Luzon. Cattle raising is also a very profitable industry."

"What are the nature of the mines?" asked the reporter.

"Gold, copper and coal," replied Mr. Eddy, "and they are believed to be very rich. The one thing that is needed to firmly establish our American trade in those islands is a line of American steamers flying the American flag. In the beginning it would be necessary to give them a subsidy. But the line should be self-supporting very quickly. A direct cable is also of the utmost importance. I don't know that our Government will confirm the exclusive concession given to an English company by Spain, but a direct cable is a matter of the very highest importance. I think it ought to be under Government control, but any cable under any control, so long as it is direct from the Pacific Coast, is essential to the proper development and to the American control of the islands."

GERMANY AND THE TRANSVAAL.

The Present Situation Viewed in the Light of Their Past Friendly Relations.

The relations of Germany with the Transvaal have been the cause of much discussion, and at the Jameson raid were of considerable anxiety to England. By most persons in England the German interest in the Transvaal is regarded as beginning with the Emperor's message to President Krüger at the time of the raid, but it really existed, and in very substantial form, some time previous to that. To understand the true inwardness of these relations it is necessary to go back to 1895. In November of that year Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, then, as now, Secretary of State for the Colonies, was the principal guest at a banquet given by the Agent-General in London for Natal to celebrate the completion of the railway extension from Natal to Johannesburg. Among the other guests was the late Mr. Beelaerts von Blokland, diplomatic representative in Europe of the South African Republic. He was present and spoke in his official capacity, no one taking exception or raising objections, which proved the recognized right of the republic to be represented and have a foreign policy, subject only under the London convention to the six months' condition of approval or veto by the British Crown. On Mr. Von Blokland's death he was succeeded by Dr. Leyds with identical powers.

The key to the political relations between Berlin and Pretoria is to be found in the anti-German campaign in a certain part of the South African press, inaugurated in 1890 when Mr. Rhodes first became Premier of Cape Colony. From that day to the present it has never ceased. In 1894, before the raid, the *Kimberley Advertiser* printed a letter in which the German position was exposed at considerable length. It attracted much attention at the time and one part of it seems worth reproducing. It says:

"Though the interests of Great Britain in South Africa come first, the interests of Germany undoubtedly come second. Germany has already obtained a very substantial footing on the west coast. German merchants hold a very important place in the commercial community in Cape Town, in Port Elizabeth and in Durban. A German line of steamers has for some time been trading between Europe and South Africa, and there can be no doubt whatever that this line of steamers was established very largely with a view to the trade which might be expected to gravitate toward Delagoa Bay on the opening of the railway between that port and Johannesburg. Hence Germany has most real and legitimate interests in South Africa in general, and in the relations between the Transvaal and Delagoa Bay in particular."

With regard to German influence the same letter points out that while Germany was represented at Pretoria by a most tactful and able diplomatist, Herr von Herff, now German Consul-General at Milan in Italy, where he was met by the Transvaal delegates recently sent over to Europe and this country, British interests were entrusted to Sir J. de Wet, an agent entirely devoid of tact and violently prejudiced against the Government to which he was accredited. He was generally regarded as the agent of the Rhodes party and believed to be bent on bringing about some act of British intervention in Delagoa Bay hostile to the Transvaal and prejudicial to German interests. In 1891 it was conclusively shown that the Chartered Company had sought to stir up a native rebellion against the Portuguese authorities with the object of bringing about British intervention and the seizure of the Delagoa Bay territory and railway with a view to controlling the trade of the Transvaal in the interest of Rhodesia and the Cape Colony. The Transvaal Government was in a serious dilemma. It could not appeal with any advantage to the British Government, for it was guided by the then High Commissioner, Sir Henry Loch, and he in turn by Mr. Rhodes. It was at this juncture that the German Government sent a cruiser to Delagoa Bay and made representations in London that led to the formulating of an Anglo-German agreement for the maintenance of the status quo at the Portuguese seaport.

Since then the relations between Germany and the Transvaal have been of the best. In January, 1895, President Krüger expressed his gratitude to Germany on the occasion of the Emperor's birthday at a banquet given by the German Consul-General; and on the failure of the Jameson raid the Emperor cabled his congratulations to the President. If in the interval the German interest in the Transvaal has slackened, and at Berlin its absorption by England is looked on with equanimity, it can only be because Germany has received an equivalent in some other direction. Should this be the case it must come out in the settlement made by the British Government after the complete subjugation of the two republics, which no other Government seems disposed to prevent.

Women Taxpayers Vote.

From the Baltimore Sun.

ANNAPOLIS, Md., May 14.—The city of Annapolis to-day voted by a majority of 441 to issue $121,000 of city bonds for permanent improvements. Under the act submitting the question only taxpayers were permitted to vote, and women taxpayers voted as well as men.

The vote was: For city bond, 560; against, 119. There were 24 defective ballots, which were thrown out.

The election was particularly interesting from the fact that women, as taxpayers, appeared at the polls for the first time in Annapolis to exercise the elective franchise. Several ladies went to the polls in carriages, others walked. A woman taxpayer when asked by a friend to vote refused to do so, saying: "I don't believe in woman's rights. If I could vote by proxy I would do so, but not otherwise." Only 22 of the women taxpayers voted, and of these 14 cast their ballots for the bonds and 8 against them. One of the women was colored.

AT A CHINESE BANQUET.

TAOTAI OF SHANGHAI ENTERTAINS PRINCE VALDEMAR OF DENMARK.

Nineteen Courses of Cold Food Served in a Cold Banquet Hall Makes the Visitors Put on Overcoats Over Their Dress Suits—Actors in a Continuous Performance.

ON BOARD THE DANISH CRUISER VALKYRIEN, SHANGHAI, CHINA.—We have been swinging at anchor here for nearly a week, and have been doing little besides attending festivals in our honor on shore and giving return courtesies to the Shanghaians on shipboard. We have been dined extensively in French, in English, and in Danish style; our stomachs need a rest, but the ordeal of a typical Chinese feast awaits us. The mighty Taotai, or Governor, of Shanghai has invited "his Most August Royal Majesty"—thus the scroll reads—the Prince Valdemar and suite, to a banquet in their honor at the country residence of the Toatai.

We know they do things by contraries in this country of Celestials, and we are getting so used to the unusual and unexpected that natural things appear to us no longer real. In the Canton districts we found the farmhands building hay rigs around trees for a centre support; but instead of building from the ground upward, like ordinary mortals, these pig-tailed, yellow-faced devils start at the top and build downward. Religious processions on reaching the temple face about and walk forward with a backward step. Doctors charge their patients not for the time they are sick, but for the time they are well. We are constantly being introduced to people in heavy silks and dolly little slippers, who, nstead of shaking hands with us, shake hands with themselves—that's the proper way here. In a shop in Fu-Chau we saw a native mechanic put his file in a vise and rub a lock across the file. In a carpenter shop artisans were using modern planes in a backward fashion. Instead of pushing away from them, they pulled toward them, and laughed at us when we showed them how to handle the plane properly.

Quite naturally, when we spied a Celestial on the quay at Shanghai in the process of mounting his bicycle, some of us stopped to see if the man would not pedal backward. To our astonishment, he rode forward in the proper manner. His attire was such as is not easily forgotten. The baggy trousers were hauled up over the knees disclosing a pair of shinny sticks swathed in dishrags or something. This was done to prevent his trousers from tearing in the chain. Bare feet on rubber pedals, a big yellow balloon shirt bulging out like the spinnaker on a racing yacht, and a flying pigtail under a small tin-can of a cap topped by a button. He was a wealthy merchant, we were told, and looked as if wheeling agreed with him in spite of his clothes.

The banquet came off, and we had our Chinese fare. We were thirty-five at the table, counting the Prince and his staff of hardy Norse naval officers. The table was set in crescent shape, and each of us had a humble slave standing like a lamb behind our chairs, ready to get anything we might call for, and unable to understand anything we said. Consequently nothing was called for, and for a while we sat there with empty stomachs and plates. At a gesture by the Taotai, however, the mob of servants began to pile up provender in front of us in such quantities that the table, had it been less massive, might have crashed on our feet. There were nineteen courses, mind! and they were nineteen wonders to us. As all other people finish their meals with dessert, it was not only natural, but imperative that this formidable Chinese banquet should begin with dessert. There was tea and rice to overflowing with each course. Some roasts, some entres, some fish, some nameless and indefinable Celestial morsels, some soups, some puzzling fancy dishes, and the stately dinner was over. It took a long time to get through. Due regard was shown for our Western habits in placing at our disposal fork and knife in addition to the usual chopstick of the Empire. Wines of European origin were served, but the Chinese present seemed to prefer the native table wine, which was sipped from shallow metal bowls, and enjoyed, though it tasted to us like salt water to a suspicious degree. Of the native dishes, which we were able to define, swallow nests with enclosure of pigeon's hard-boiled eggs proved a trifle too much for us to swallow. We took the egg and discoursed upon the nest, which was gray, jelly-like and forbidding. Prince Valdemar, however, on whom the watchful glance of many Mandarins rested, was obliged, for courtesy's sake, to eat one nest with enclosure. He looked as pleased and serene as it is possible for any human being to look in such a strait, thereby proving his inborn courage and right to bear the name of Prince of the Danes, and, what is more to us, brother-in-law to the Prince of Wales. Shark-fins in style Celestial was another surprise, which we were very careful to avoid, of which the intrepid prince found himself compelled to partake, together with his begoggled Mandarin entertainers—the prince affecting a semblance of pleasure that was irresistible. Asparagus was brought forth with solemn pomp, the Chinese evidently considering it a rare treat, and they expressed surprise when no one ate it—no one but the prince. He had to, and he did eat one solitary asparagus. Instead of serving them hot and with sauce or butter as we do, these otherwise well-seasoned crops were parcelled out among us in an almost frozen condition, resembling long, green icicles. A Lieutenant at my side transferred one of these verdant icicles to his coat-tail pockets, remarking that he would try it for a black-jack.

We were not half through this memorable feast before every man in the party except the mandarins, was shivering with cold. The soup the eatables, the "unnameables," in fact the entire bill of fare, was cold. The hall of feasting was cold, and the Prince was responding to a toast in a few chattering syllables. "How is this" I ask. My learned friend, Onam, the mandarin, explains "Chinese eat cold, sit warm; other people eat warm, sit cold." Looking about I saw all the mandarins festively decked out in heavy, quilted garments, and by each comfortable Celestial a miserable member of my race fighting off chills in dress suit and starched front! We felt the temperature more and more, and under some pretence or other we all found our way to the entry, whence we reappeared attired in overcoats, carefully buttoned. We all had the benefit of this protection against barbaric Chinese table etiquette—all of us except the Prince. He had to freeze for decorum's sake, and he did freeze most dutifully.

While this change of costume took place at the table, several startling changes took place on the stage of the improvised theatre erected in our honor in a corner of the hall. A show without beginning or end was going on. Actors with frightful masks tied to their faces, dressed out in the manner of dragons with horns and claws and twisting tails rushed hither and thither howling dismally, but doing no harm. There was an exasperating accompaniment of war drums. Other people attended to the making of other noises but we failed entirely in seeing the object of this consolidation of noises, and an object there is, says my learned friend, Onam, the mandarin. He tells me in tolerably intelligent French that the theatre in China, contrary to the reports of our travellers, is not a historic institution. That means in the Chinese sense, that it is not several thousand years old. Nothing is history in China that is not at least ten centuries old. In ancient Chinese times music, but not the theatre, was known, until by the time of the birth of Christ the art of "acting" was engrafted with many modifications from the branches of the Greek drama upon the noisy boards of the Celestial stage. The Emperor, Ming Medang, made the theatre a national institution by decree in the seventh century, and it is therefore, Celestially speaking, a rather recent form of amusement in China.

I had heard that women were forbidden on the stage, as I believed for ethical reasons, but Onam, the mandarin, informs me, in his blandly despotic man-ner, that it is no such thing, the matter being a piece of Chinese State history. The Emperor, Yung Tsching, married an actress at the beginning of the eighteenth century, when women were allowed on the stage. The Emperor died, and the actress Empress dowager ruled the country for her son, the Prince Kim Sung. To satisfy her vanity this shrewd and most peculiar women issued a decree in the year 1736 forbidding, under penalty of instant death by the sword of the executioner, any member of her sex to appear on the Chinese stage. "After me, no one," said the Empress dowager, and since her day no woman within the reach of Chinese law has dared to test the strength of her decree, although I am told that women are quite common on the stages of Hong Kong, it being a protectorate of the British Crown.

I have a great deal of faith in Onam, the mandarin, a trifle more, perhaps, than his countrymen (but who was ever a prophet in his own country?), who seem to be jealous of him chiefly on account of his learning, and also because of the white button he sports on the top of his cap. There are six buttons on the road to the pinnacle of Celestial honor, and the white button is number four. The crystal and the golden button are respectively number five and six in the honorary scale. Some of these mandarins amass great fortunes. Li Hung Chang, the statesman, the richest of them all, is reported to be worth about three hundred million dollars in real estate and treasure.

But Onam, the mandarin, has little taste for finance, and drops into history on every occasion. He tells me with a heavy heart that Chinese acting has declined during the last century, and from what I have seen of Celestial theatres I am inclined to think that he is right. He claims that nothing has been written for the stage for more than ten decades. The people prefer the classic repertoire, as if that could be the result of literary effort. The plays mostly represent national ghosts and devils of historic significance, and they sometimes go on for a week at a time. All the plays are graced by what the Chinese are pleased to call music, which is somewhat at variance with the ideals of our musicians as it generally resembles the noise produced by a hotel dish-washing machine and a buzz-saw competing with a baggage smasher in activity of enterprise. Whenever Mozart and Beethoven have been tried in Shanghai, the Chinese listeners present have plugged their ears with their fingers. They find our music unbearable. If we would confine ourselves to a treatment of the big drum, and arrange a fight between the players of stringed and the players of wind instruments, a noise of crashing fiddles and banging trombones might be produced that would be sure to please Chinese ears, Onam, the mandarin, suggests. This is valuable advice, I take it, to any orchestra leader who wishes to capture Celestial audiences. The European musical alphabet has eight notes, the Chinese only seven. Modulation is considered weakness, and is accordingly never used. A long, continuous din seems to be the ideal. China is a very quiet land void of the noises of workshops and factories, and doubtless the native musicians feel that their art should relieve the monotony of everyday life which it does.

Every hamlet and settlement in the Empire has its theatre, which is almost always exceedingly well patronized. The stage settings are few and meagre, as the audience is supposed to imagine the nature of the scenery and surroundings by certain tangible indications and clews. Thus, a small pyramid of stones is placed on the stage to represent a mountain. Two men come out and fight to the death around the "mountain." Two other men appear, march over the dead bodies of the fighters to the foot of the "mountain," where they raise a shout of fierce triumph, all of which means, in the Chinese sense, that a strongly fortified place has been captured after "unprecedented loss of life." The actors who performed for us at the feast of the Taotai were imported from Pekin, all first-rate artists, says Onam, the mandarin. They played no less than five one-act dramas while we were wrestling with our cold soups and frigid asparagus, but as one act dove-tailed into another, it looked, to our inexperienced eyes, like a continuous performance. As we use the curtain to indicate the close and beginning of the acts, so, of course, Chinese theatres omit the curtain entirely, except to close the show. The first piece accompanied the dessert, and concerned a monkey that, by some mistake, had gotten into heaven. Various dragons and horny spirits were contracted for by the Celestial powers to eject the monkey, and, after a lively chase the monkey, seeing the finish of its Paradisal existence, made a jump from "Eden" into the deep sea beyond—that is, it jumped from a box into a tub of water. But Chinese imagination attends to the rest; space, Paradise, ocean, and monkey are handled entirely with disregard. The action is the supreme thing, understand, and when the monkey splashes in the tub every intelligent Chinaman knows by instinct that it has been turned out of heaven.

Onam, the mandarin, tells me that stagecraft in China is a very profitable and much respected profession. There are thousands of actors in the Empire, and the good ones earn far more, proportionately, than our most successful artists. A native actor of the first rank will earn upward of $1,800 annually, and while this amount is small compared to the income of some of our actors, it will procure comforts and advantages in China which could not be had for fifty times the amount in our cities. There is a national actors' club having 20,000 life members, and the Chinese temples house a special actors' god, who is supposed to look after them in respect to their spiritual welfare. While I was out in the entry to capture my overcoat, I found time for a peep behind the scenes. The young men selected to play the feminine parts were busy attiring themselves in heavily embroidered silk dresses. They squeezed their feet into torturously small slippers, and they daubed their faces thickly with a paste that shone like grease. They had acquired female ways and coquetry to an astonishing degree of simulation. When on the stage they acted with the petrified decorum peculiar to the native women, and they were to all appearances very "ladylike."

It is not an easy matter to become an actor in the Chinese Empire. The pupils must study three years as a super, and one year is spent in examining them and finishing them off. During this period of apprenticeship they must learn some fifty odd plays, and the rest of their life is devoted to the acting of these plays without any effort being made to learn new ones. An actor must never learn, which is only becoming to an apprentice, say the stage regulations, but an actor may condescend to teach worthy pupils.

The dinner is at an end—the first dinner given by an Imperial Chinese Taotai to the Prince of Denmark. The Taotai is toasting the Prince in a long Chinese speech, which the Prince does not understand, and the Prince retaliates "most graciously" by responding briefly in French, which the Taotai does not understand. Nevertheless the most kindly mutual feeling prevails; the Taotai is charmed in the Prince, the Prince in the Taotai, all of which goes to show the superfluousness of an intelligible language for toast making.

With chattering teeth we left the palace of our host and walked back to Shanghai to circulate our blood. It was a great dinner and we all enjoyed avoiding the native dishes; all of us except the Prince, who found time to study the after effects from racing through a Chinese bill of fare in competition with trained native stomachs. He was reported "indisposed" the following day, but he held out well while the feast lasted as becomes the brother of the Princess of Wales and the Czarina Dowager of Russia.

The Woman on the Wall.

She regards her fair face in the mirror with justifiable pleasure. A fair woman has a right to rejoice in her beauty; in mooth cheeks, bright eyes, ruddy lips, and rounded throat.

But there is a woman on the wall watching; a shadowy woman with thin cheeks and wasted hands. The young wife does not see the woman on the wall. If she did she would only smile at the grotesque shadow-picture. How can a shadow so distort the beauty which casts it?

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

In that worn and wasted shadow of a woman on the chamber wall there is a forecast of a day all too near at hand, when the cheeks shall lose their softness, the eyes look dully out upon the world, the pouting lips shrink and shrivel, and the rounded throat grow lean. The changes which marriage often makes in women are matters of common note. "How terribly Mrs. Youngbride has fallen off in her looks. She's only the shadow of her old self." So people whisper as they look at the young wife whose beauty is already in process of eclipse.

WHAT CAUSES ARE AT WORK

To undermine the beauty and strength of married women? To answer that question it is only necessary to ask and answer another question: What causes are at work to undermine the health? For health is the foundation upon which womanly strength and beauty must rest. What causes these terrible headaches which ring the eyes with dark circles and wrinkle the smooth brow. What causes the backache, the nervousness, and sleeplessness which result in the weak and wasted form and pinched features? Let a woman answer that question—a woman who speaks out of an experience of ten years of suffering:

"For ten years I suffered with female trouble, also catarrh of the stomach, liver and kidney troubles, and catarrh of the bladder," writes Mrs. Lottie M. Douglas, of Glenmore, Oneida County, N. Y. "I would have very hard headaches and blind spells; stomach and bowels used to bloat a great deal, and I was troubled with bearing-down pains all the time. Tongue cannot tell how much I suffered from nervousness. I used to think I should lose my mind, my head would feel so bad. My heart was so bad that the least excitement, and even to turn over in bed, would cause palpitation. Had female weakness so bad for three years that I was in bed most of the time; in fact, could scarcely be on my feet at all. I tried seven different doctors, but received no lasting benefit. I was entirely discouraged when I wrote to Dr. Pierce, stating my case. He advised me to try his remedies, and I did so. The first bottle I took helped me, and the bloat began to get out of my stomach. I continued the medicine until I had taken nine bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and nine bottles of his 'Golden Medical Discovery' and six vials of his 'Pleasant Pellets.' I also followed special directions for home treatment (which he advised), and the result was wonderful. My bad feelings left me and I can work with comfort now. I give all the praise to Dr. Pierce and his remedies, for I believe they saved my life. Our family physician said I could not get well."

WOMEN, THINK OF THIS!

If you follow out the clue of headache, backache, the physical torment and mental misery endured by women, you will find it lead to a diseased condition of the delicate womanly organism. Cure that diseased condition and the effects of it in head, back, and nervous system will be cured too.

The general health of every woman is so intimately related to the local health of the womanly organism that when this is diseased the whole body must suffer.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a medicine specially prepared to cure the ailments and diseases peculiar to women. It contains no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine, nor any other narcotic. It is purely vegetable and will not disagree with the weakest constitution. The results produced by its use are marvelous, because it cures the causes which undermine the womanly health and strength. It regulates the periods, dries the drains which weaken women, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures bearing-down pains and female weakness. The scope of "Favorite Prescription" may be summed up in the statement: "*It makes weak women strong, sick women well.*"

NO LONGER A WALKING SKELETON.

"I endured nearly four years of suffering," writes Mrs. J. L. Myers, of Washington, West Virginia, "caused principally from improper medical attention after the birth of a child, and female weakness, resulting in a complication of diseases. I suffered from bilious attacks, kidney trouble, palpitation of the heart, and numerous other ailments. Had a terrible cough and an incessant pain and soreness in lungs. Was reduced in flesh from 184 pounds to about 100 pounds in eighteen months. I had no appetite, and became so weak and nervous I could scarcely sit up. I doctored with our home doctors, taking an indescribable amount of medicine, for two years. Became disheartened and disgusted at the thought of medicine, for none had ever done more than give relief for a very short time, and seemingly made my suffering greater. I was finally induced to try Dr. Pierce's medicines. *I wrote to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, regarding my case, and received a prompt reply free, advising the proper medicines for my case.* I obtained the medicine of the druggist, and after taking four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and four of his 'Favorite Prescription,' three doses each day, also taking one bottle of Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed and some of his 'Pellets,' I experienced decided benefits. I ceased coughing, and am now enjoying splendid health, and have gained thirty-five pounds in weight. I again feel like my former self, thanks to Dr. Pierce and his great medicines. I am no longer the 'walking skeleton' that I was a few months ago. I gladly and cheerfully recommend Dr. Pierce's great medicines to my friends, and especially to all suffering women."

There is no stronger proof of the sound remedial value of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription than in that it restores the wasted form to its wonted roundness. Alcoholic or narcotic medicine will make one "feel good" for a time, the one by stimulating, the other by stupefying the nervous system. But there is no real gain. "Favorite Prescription" tranquilizes the nerves by feeding them, and builds up the body by nourishing it.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, *free*. All correspondence is guarded as sacredly secret and womanly confidences are protected by professional privacy. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Accept no substitute for "Favorite Prescription." The dealer may be tempted by the little larger profit paid by less meritorious articles to offer a substitute as "just as good" as "Favorite Prescription." There is nothing just as good for weak and sick women as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

"PENNY WISE AND POUND FOOLISH"

Has an application to those who do not avail themselves of the opportunity to obtain a copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, FREE. This great work contains 1008 pages, and is copiously illustrated. The only cost is 21 penny stamps (to pay expense of mailing ONLY), for the book in paper covers. For the book in cloth binding send 31 stamps.

Address: ***Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.***

COLORED PHOTOGRAPHS.

The First Time the New Process Has Been Used by an Explorer.

Mr. H. J. Mackinder, the professor of geography at Oxford, who last summer made the first complete ascent of Mount Kenia, the great African snow mountain through which the equator passes, took with him an outfit for taking photographs in color. This is the first time the new art has been applied to the illustration of a scientific expedition, and the results Mr. Mackinder attained were quite gratifying. The color photographs were taken by the Ives process and show vivid effects in the reproduction of the colors of tropical skies, vegetation and waters. When Mr. Mackinder made his report to the Royal Geographical Society of London recently he showed a number of the pictures, and the geographers agreed that photography in colors is a most desirable addition to the results of exploring enterprises.

One of the color prints was a scene in the Nyika, the scrub desert which extends for a hundred miles inland in the rear of the fertile costal belt. All who had seen photographs of this waste were impressed with the far more vivid result of color photography. The ordinary photograph gives no idea of the color of the ground, which is uniformly reddish, but Mr. Mackinder's picture showed the red tint of the earth as well as the black bodies of the dwarf bushes, their brown tops and the light blue sky and white clouds above them.

It is well known that the chief reason why the African snow mountains were so long unascended was because the natives could not be induced to climb above the snow line. Mr. Mackinder discovered interesting proof that the Wanderobo natives who live near the base of Kenia are constantly climbing around its sides and ascend higher than any other African natives have done. He found the remains of grass huts and fires and also many footprints, which prove that they often frequent the upper limit of the forest region more than 10,000 feet above sea level. They visited some of his men at an elevation of over 12,000 feet.

It was in September when he climbed this mountain directly under the equator. In the night time at the higher elevations he recorded temperatures below the freezing point. The air temperature at the top of the mountain, over 17,000 feet above the sea, was 40 degrees above zero at noon, and the lowest temperature on the previous night at 16,700 feet was 28 degrees. There are fifteen glaciers on the mountain sides and evidences of other ice streams which no longer exist. The Lewis glacier is a mile long, the Gregory glacier is rather shorter, and all the others are small. All these glaciers head around the top of the mountain, and their lower ends reach levels of 14,450 to 14,900 feet above sea level. Comparatively little water was flowing from the glaciers, and the ice which formed them was intensely hard and fed by fine hail rather than snow.