

CHINA HAS SHAKEN OFF SHACKLES

AWAKENED by the world's unrest, the last empire of old, old things, of unchanging ideas, of reverence for the past, has shaken off the shackles of autocratic, tyrannical government, and western notions of liberty, of industrial activity and modern progress have taken possession of the celestial empire. Victory after victory has placed the constitutional party in almost complete control of the country. In a frantic effort to save some remnant of its tottering power the throne issued edict after edict abjectly acceding to the various demands of the revolutionists. But Manchu rule in China is ended forever.

Wu Ting Fang, twice ambassador of his country to Washington, and one of the most famous and distinguished statesmen in China, has declared himself in favor of a republican form of government and has taken a leading part in the councils of the constitutional party. A republic, founded upon lines similar to the government of the United States is to be the future of China. What influence this awakened giant of Asia may exert in world politics is a question that is causing no end of anxiety in the capitals of the various powers and is one which only the future can answer.

Twice during the three century history of the Manchu domination of the Chinese race has the cry been heard: "Down with the Manchus." The first attempt made by patriotic Chinese to rid themselves of the tyrannical and oppressive yoke of their Tartar conquer-



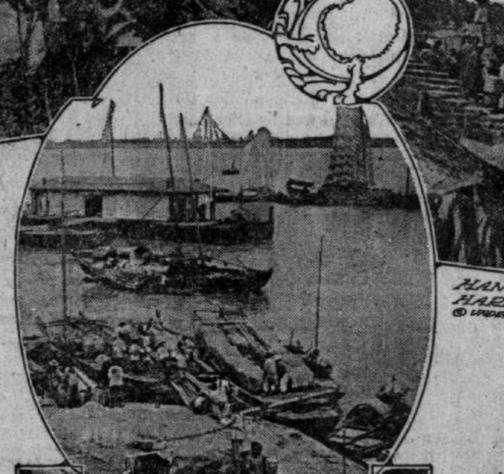
THE FOUNDATION OF CHINA



SUN YAT SEN REVOLUTIONARY LEADER



PRINCE DECENT AND HIS WIFE



HANKOW HARBOR



YANGTZE RIVER

strength, they were able to strike their first effective blow.

The introduction of foreign educational methods, the sweeping abolition of their ancient and useless "halls of learning," the establishment of foreign schools, modern factories and the construction of extensive railroads have all combined to awaken the younger generation of Chinese to the fact that they were not as they supposed, the superior of all other races, but a century behind the least progressive nation.

And, that there might be no doubt about it, Japan administered an effective lesson, and with eyes wide open, the supercilious Celestial realized that his national existence was in peril. Aroused from his long lethargy the ponderous Chinese giant turned about and clamored for the education of the west, and no scholar on



CHINA'S MODERN SOLDIERS

ors was in 1861, and for seven years there waged a civil war in the Middle Kingdom that far exceeded in bloodshed the conflict between the North and the South in the United States.

And it is an interesting coincidence, that these two national upheavals were in progress at the same time and both inspired by the same sentiment, love of country; while in a still more striking manner did this mighty Chinese protest become a counterpart of the American revolution in its avowed purpose to claim its country for itself and banish forever beyond the confines of the empire the hated Manchu usurper.

That the victory of Washington and his loyal hosts was not duplicated by the Chinese revolutionists at that time was due to the fact that their efforts were impeded, interfered with and finally successfully resisted by that same power whose unjust domination of these American States eventually resulted in the immortal Declaration of Independence.

And yet how much is known of the history of the "Tai Ping Kwok," the Tai Ping Rebellion, or "The Great Kingdom of Peace?"

The cable and the wireless have so brought the ends of the earth together that today, we read in the morning paper what has transpired in the evening on the other side of the earth.

But in those days, China was a land buried in mystery, practically unknown and unexplored and whose political and economic conditions attracted but little attention from the outside world, and so far as we are concerned we were too deeply engrossed in our own gigantic struggle to maintain the unity of our own states, to give a thought to what was transpiring across the Pacific.

The history of the Tai Ping rebellion is one of intense interest and full of tragedy, pathos, and romance, but is merely referred to here as being the first cohesive effort made by the Chinese to regain the government of their own land and free themselves from the thralldom of a foreign ruler.

Their efforts were unsuccessful. The movement was born in the spirit of enthusiastic patriotism but it ended in total riot and demoralization.

Its leader, Hung Hsieu Chuen, first raised the cry, "Down with the Manchus" and his enthusiasm was infectious.

The Chinese turned to him as a divinely appointed saviour of their land, and he, being more or less of a visionary type, believed himself to be inspired and commissioned by Heaven to accomplish this herculean task.

He had received a certain amount of Christian training and it is an astonishing fact that the whole movement was primarily based on Christian principles. But that his religious zeal exceeded his good judgment and sound reason is indicated by the fact that while he referred to Christ as the Elder Brother, he impiously termed himself the "Younger Brother" thus placing himself on an equality with Divinity.

Notwithstanding this and other faults of judgment his cause appealed to the great mass of the people, thousands flocked to his victorious banners and his war against the Manchu government was a series of uninterrupted triumphant achievements.

City after city fell before his patriotic assault and Wuchang, Hankow and Han Yang

met the fate which was theirs in this last conflict, they fell into the hands of the conquering hosts of rebels.

Success was almost within their grasp when the Peking government became alarmed and frantically appealed to the British government to send a soldier who could train an imperial army to meet and quell the Tai Ping rebels.

Gen. Charles Gordon was commissioned for this purpose, and in co-operation with Li Hung Chang he succeeded in putting into the field an efficient and well-disciplined army which was afterwards known as the "ever victorious army" for they never lost an engagement with the enemy, and in six months he had completely exterminated the insurrectionists.

Defeated and discouraged, the rebel leader, Hung Hsieu Chuen, retreated to Nanking and there committed suicide.

The Manchu government was saved to continue its dominating oppressive sway and the distinguished Englishman who came to the rescue has ever since been known as "Chinese Gordon."

Note the difference between the attitude of the powers towards the Peking government in the recent rebellion and that of England towards the Manchu despot nearly fifty years ago.

The powers refused to aid or respond to the Peking government's appeal for assistance, financially or physically, apparently recognizing that the Chinese have a just grievance and a perfect right to adjust it in the only way possible.

During the past few weeks Tai Ping history has been duplicated, but with a higher purpose and more intelligent direction. The battle cry was the same and "Down with the Manchus" found an echo throughout the length of the Yangtze valley, in hamlet, town and city, aboard ungalleyed junks and northward along the shimmering lines of the new railroad until it was heard within the crenelated walls of the Forbidden City and the son of heaven abjectly apologized for past neglect and mistakes of the throne and granted every demand of the revolutionists.

There was nothing vague or visionary in the

fer future accomplishment is more to be desired than the slavish devotion of the worship of ancestors and a complacent contemplation of hoary ages past.

Chinese graduates of American and European universities have imbibed with the various features of their scholastic curriculum a spirit of independence, and hence the new nationalism in China which has succeeded in breaking the bonds of ancient tradition and humiliating servitude.

The startling successive incidents which focused the eye of the world on central China were not the result of any local anti-foreign prejudice but the culmination of a carefully prepared plan which occupied the earnest and serious thought of the Young China party for a number of years.

A movement of such stupendous proportions demanded leaders of exceptional ability, and that these were found and proved their fitness has been demonstrated to the world by their deliberate thoroughly organized methods and their avowed determination to not permit their zeal or success to betray them into any act which might be offensive to any foreign power.

Pre-eminence among the leaders of the revolutionary party, or the "Constitutional party," as they prefer to be termed, is Dr. Sun Yat Sen, whose whole life has practically been devoted to the task of bringing about the present crisis. His career has been both thrilling and picturesque.

The lot of the reformer in China is not a happy one, and the persistent agitation of Dr. Sen soon evoked the wrath of the authorities with the result that it was officially decided that his head would be worth fifty thousand dollars. The fearless young reformer, however, believed it was worth a good deal more to him and so for its preservation he became an exile from his native land.

The organization which he and his colleagues succeeded in creating waxed mighty in numbers and influence. In constant and close touch with developments in China and the progress of the reform party, he was able to direct, at long distance, its various movements until the psychological moment arrived when, confident of their

earth is more keen and intellectually alert to learn and acquire than the yellow man of the Orient.

To the western world this revelation of the spirit of revolt and change in China seems very sudden. Most of us believed that the empire, with world-old superstitions, was still refusing to admit the blessings of modern progress. We believed that it was untouched by the revolutionary fire which in twenty-five years has changed the Japanese nation, miraculously, so that it has shaken off its old faith, and its old moralities, adopted the shoddy clothes of Europe, darkened its cities by the black smoke of busy factories, made stumps of its flower-gardens, established a great army and a great navy to fight a war which has brought it to the verge of bankruptcy, adopted the philosophy of greed and grab, and generally learnt the beauties and joys of western civilization. China still seemed to be sleeping in the sun, or dreaming away its life in the old faith of smiling contempt for the rush and roar of western progress.

All travelers from China bear witness to the temperate, contented, cheerful, laughing character of the Chinese peasant, and to the intelligence, the courtesy, the equality, the kindness, the calm philosophy of the Chinese gentleman. When England was a tangled forest inhabited by naked savages, China was the home of literature and the arts. For two thousand years it has had its poets and its great teachers and its men of science. Many of our modern inventions were discovered by Chinese sages a thousand years ago, and abandoned as foolish or dangerous toys which would not add to the happiness of the human race. When their passions are aroused the Chinese people have certainly revealed a savage cruelty equal, but not surpassing, perhaps, the cruelty of the western world in the middle ages. But if all things are measured up it seems that they have much to lose, as well as much to gain, in virtue and in happiness, if they adopt the standards of European civilization. For, after all, our western system of society has not, in spite of all our "progress," given a great measure of happiness or material comfort to the average laborer.

Life in Plunkville

"Abner, how about this Salome dance you've booked for the opory house? Some of our best citizens are a little worried about it."

"Oh, I've cut out all the objectionable features, you know."

"That's just it. We was afeared you would."

Hard to Answer.

Harry Hoffman, of Clifton Park, was out gathering nuts when something flew in his right eye and temporarily

blinded him. Some one just emerging from the club noticed his plight and by means of a soft pick made by twisting a handkerchief and sweeping the corner of the eye managed to relieve the little fellow.

But he kept on blinking for some time later.

"My Uncle George," he said, "told me to rub my left eye when something gets into my right eye. But I wonder what I'd have to do if-I got something in both eyes?"—Cleveland Leader.

Willing to Make it Good

"Poor Little Love" Had Gone the Way of All Flesh, but Culprit Was Generous.

The frilly lady had a great many trunks and bags to be brought down, and had driven a close bargain with the baggage man. This long suffering person was still more annoyed by the lady's pet dog, which yapped and snapped as his heels, nearly tripping him

up time after time. The lady remarked that he was not at all in good spirits, poor little love, as he bared his eyes, and she stood by, watching, so the baggage porter restrained his right foot, which ached to kick the little brute.

On the last trip the man was carrying a large trunk on his shoulders when the dog ran between his feet. There was a wild yelp and a deep

The frilly lady, who had seen the

FAMOUS AMERICAN INDIANS

BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

MOSES

A huge chief, dressed like a frontier dandy, and bearing a startling resemblance to Henry Ward Beecher, was one of the foremost Indians of the great Northwest not many years ago. He kept the government guessing, worried the settlers and managed to win important favors from both. Some historians say he was a worthy and noble man. Others describe him as one of the cleverest, most consummate hypocrites unhung.

A Warlike Career.

His Indian name was Sultash-Kosha ("Half Sun"), but the white men nicknamed him "Moses," and the nickname stuck. He was war chief of the Oki-no-Ka-Ne tribe (a branch of the Nez Perces "nation") and was later chosen chief of many other wandering bands. In early years Moses led his braves through a series of bloody wars against the Sioux and won for himself local fame as a fearless soldier as well as for almost superhuman cunning. In 1858, when the wave of white emigration was rolling rapidly westward, Moses did his best to beat back the tide of civilization. With his savage forces he met a detachment of troops under Gen. George Wright in a fierce battle at the Yakima River. This was one of the deadliest combats ever waged between white men and savages.

It was after the Yakima River battle that Moses's whole character seemed to change. He saw clearly that the Indians could make no head way against the government; that the old free warlike days were at an end. Some native chiefs continued to wage hopeless campaigns against the troops and soon of late were killed, driven far from their homes or caught. Other chiefs meekly consented to lead their tribes to one of the reservations and there to lose power and freedom as "wards of the government."

Neither of these two courses appealed to Moses's taste. He set his wily brain to work at finding some pleasanter means of solving the Indian problem. And soon his plans were made. He declared himself the friend of the local Indian agent and asked only to be allowed to settle down with his people to a quiet life of hunting and farming.

It was hard to treat a man of this sort in the stern fashion accorded to "hostiles." Yet the government did not care to have the chief and his

great following at large as a possible menace to settlers. So he was allowed to move with his people to the Yakima Reservation. Moses answered that he would be very glad indeed to go on a reservation, but that he was selected for him was already full of savage Indians who would not treat him well. So he begged to be allowed to settle upon a Columbia River tract that was of no use to white men but would make a fine home for his braves. There, he said, he and his braves would raise vegetables, grain, etc., and be model farmers.

This rural picture so delighted the government that his request was at last actually granted. Instead of being packed off to some already crowded reservation he was allowed to settle on the rich tract of Columbia River land. There he promptly made a more comfortable living by raising out the prairie pastures (on which he had told the authorities he wanted to raise crops) as grazing ground to his steers. By this means alone he was able to pocket a rich sum.

A Clever Escape.

But before he succeeded in his Uncle Sam so skillfully to his white men were one or two times when Moses needed all his ready wit to save his life. For instance, when Gen. Joseph of the Nez-Perces began his terrible war against the government, Moses (perhaps foreseeing the result of the conflict) loudly refused to let his people join their relatives, the Nez-Perces. Yet rumors soon arose that he and braves of his were waging secret war on white settlements. Moses indignantly denied this, and succeeded in convincing the agents that he was innocent. Then an angry white family named Perkins on the Columbia River were murdered and their house and barns burned. "Frishtly" Indians accused Moses and his men. Again Moses denied the charge and even offered to help find the culprits. But public opinion was far too strong for him. He was arrested, put in irons and imprisoned at Yakima City. Gen. Howard Agost, Bur and other officials who believed in Moses, were hastily summoned and had the old chief set free. There was a final diplomatic stroke, he secured the special reservation he had so long wanted, and retired to a life of ease and profit.

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POWHATAN

On a high platform shaded by a grizzled Indian. On either side of him stood one of his favorite daughters. Below the platform were ranged forty guards. Beyond were a mass of savages. In front of the dais stood a thick bearded white man. This white man—fearless adventurer, amazing liar, founder of Virginia, ideal soldier of fortune—was Capt. John Smith. The grizzled chief on the platform was Wab-un-so-na-cook. He is better known to history by his official native title, "Powhatan."

Capt. Smith's Rescue.

Smith had left the struggling English colony newly established at Jamestown, and had gone into the wilderness on an exploring expedition. He had been captured by Indians, and passed on from tribe to tribe until he had been brought before Powhatan. For three days and nights there had been ceremonials to determine whether Smith was the "reincarnation" of a good or an evil spirit. At last Powhatan stopped the investigation by ordering Smith put to death. At this point—according to Smith's own story, which has of late years been doubted—Powhatan's thirteen-year-old daughter, Matoaka (known to the English as "Pocahontas") leaped down from her place at her father's side, threw herself between Smith and the executioners, and begged Powhatan to spare the captive.

Powhatan was born about 1550 and was hereditary chief of eight small Virginia tribes. But by successful warfare and diplomacy he soon found himself Sagamore, or head chief, of thirty tribes, with wide territory and about 8000 warriors. He had twenty sons and ten daughters, but Pocahontas was his favorite child.

Powhatan did not wholly welcome the coming of the English. Sometimes he posed as Smith's dear friend; sometimes he clamored for his life. More than once he sent provisions to

save the Jamestown colony, but starving; again he planned that either side of him stood one of his favorite daughters. Below the platform were ranged forty guards. Beyond were a mass of savages. In front of the dais stood a thick bearded white man. This white man—fearless adventurer, amazing liar, founder of Virginia, ideal soldier of fortune—was Capt. John Smith. The grizzled chief on the platform was Wab-un-so-na-cook. He is better known to history by his official native title, "Powhatan."

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BEING BRISK A GOOD HABIT

Children Should Be Taught Quickness in Running Errands and in Dressing Themselves.

If a child is allowed to acquire a slow, dawdling manner when told to do any particular duty it will be found very difficult to effect a cure, and this means a serious hindrance to success in after years.

Teach them while very young to do everything promptly and to finish what they have commenced. If they are sent on a message make them to clearly understand that they must go direct to the shop and not loiter on the way. Children may be seen at any time carrying a message and lingering to look at everything on the way.

I often wonder at what time the poor mother gets her messages home, when I see a child loitering about in stead of walking along briskly. Quickness in dress, also, should be insisted upon. If too young to dress themselves they should be taught to

keep still while the mother or other puts on their clothing.

At a later age forbid any loitering about the house until fully dressed, and quickly dressed. Some young maidens are rather fond of looking in the glass while dressing and this is a habit which should be at once repressed. It not only encourages idleness but it causes the child to waste much valuable time.

Sculptor Receives Decoration

Albert Jaegers, the sculptor of the Baron von Steuben statue, which was recently presented by the United States to Germany, has been decorated with the Order of the Eagle, a class, in recognition of his merit, was born in Eiberfeld, Germany, 1868, obtaining his education in public schools. Without wealth or influential friends he worked away the face of many discouraging rejections, until, self-taught in art, he arrived at the point where his creations demanded recognition. He came to this country several years ago to make a home, and he has an attractive place at Suffern, New York.