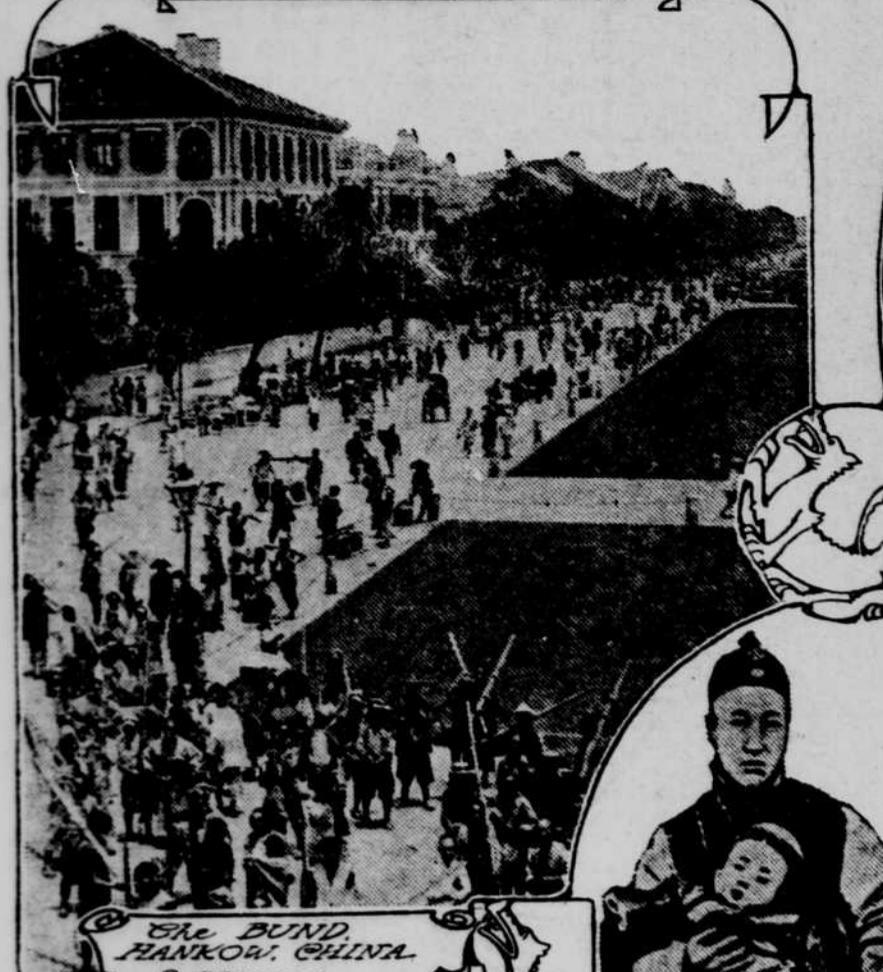


# CHINA HAS SHAKEN OFF SHACKLES

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 edicts after edicts abjectly according 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 place 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 BUND HANKOW, CHINA



DR. SUN YAT SEN REVOLUTIONARY LEADER

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 rule.

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

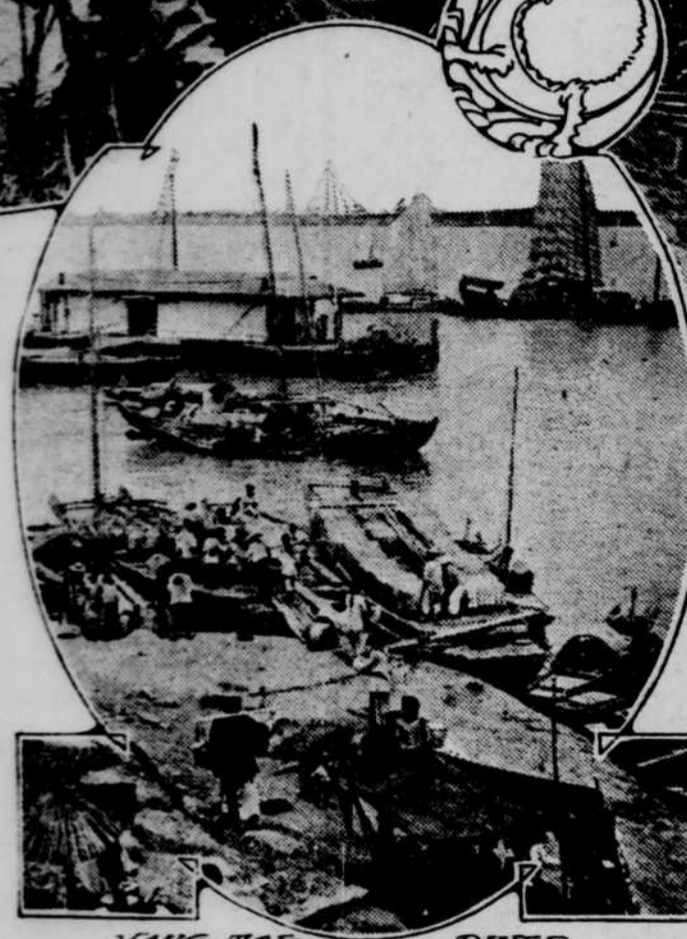
Its leader, Hung Hsieu Chuen, first raised the cry, "Down with the Manchus" and his enthusiasm was infectious.

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 Heavens 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 sentiment 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



SIANG-TSE RIVER



HANKOW HARBOR

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 way 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 Yang Tse valley, in hamlet, town and city, aboard unguilty 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

minds or plans of the leaders of this new movement, during the past decade young China has been at school. Bright and intelligent oblique-eyed youths from the Dragon land have traveled beyond the seas and in this and other lands have learned that the preparation for 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 focussed 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-eminent 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

# Mrs. Jack's Elopement

By LOUISE MERRIFIELD

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The Percival Kinneys started the rumor. They had motored out to Edgemere to surprise Mrs. Jack, who was going through one of her periodical grass widowhoods.

Jack had taken a sudden notion he wanted to have a fling at fall shooting in Saskatchewan.

"Or was it Kamchatka?" mused Mrs. Kinney, telling of the whole tragedy later. "I'm not sure. But he went two weeks ago, and I knew Lenore, poor dear, would be lonely. So Percival said we'd run down and stay the weekend with her. The Clinton Hasleighs had been at Edgemere a week and over and I knew Lenore would be half dead entertaining them. And the Jameses from New Orleans said they were going down for Thanksgiving. Well, that's really all there is to tell. We arrived. The house was in utter desolation—servants gone, Lenore gone! Only the stables intact, and the housekeeper left. The large touring car was gone, too. No one knows the truth. In the dead of night a message arrived by A. D. T. Lenore rose, dressed for traveling, acted excitedly, took her jewel case and furs and the touring car, chauffeur and maid."

"But even so, my dear," protested Kinney mildly. "She may have been summoned to a deathbed."

"A deathbed? Percival, why do you seek to protect the guilty merely because they happen to be social acquaintances? It is a positive fact that Lenore met a man at the Castlewood Inn, half way to New York, and they went away together in her car. Poor Jack! And there's no getting word to him, for we're not sure whether it is Kamchatka or Saskatchewan. But I'm really surprised at Lenore. Married two years, and so young."

"Whom do you suspect, Mrs. Kinney?" smiled Carey Roberts, Jack Barton's close pal.

"I would not dare to say," Mrs. Kenney's brows lifted.

"Wouldn't you? Somehow I can't feel bothered over it. Lenore's a



They Trilled the First One.

mighty straight little girl, and Jack's a prince. I think I shall wire Saskatchewan."

He did, but there was no response. The rumor grew into alarming reports. Mrs. Jack had been seen abroad with a thin, fair man, reported to be the Baron Gritz Somebody. Mrs. Jack had been observed at Palm Beach pacing the promenade with a short, stout man, undoubtedly senator from a certain western state. Mrs. Jack had occupied a box at the opening opera season in London, and behind her sat the well-known Italian Marquis So-and-So. Edgemere remained closed. The tall, ivy covered uptown house, that had been Jack's wedding present to his bride, was closely boarded up. Rumor stated that several bodies had been found resembling Jack at various points of the compass.

It was late in November when Carey Roberts, whirling around Paris with his fiancée, Diane Boileau, caught sight of a face in a passing taxi. It surely was Mrs. Jack, looking more beautiful than ever, in a stunning black and white get up, and beside her was a man. His head was turned away, but Carey gave a startled exclamation.

"Diane! You've got to trust me. See that taxi. I've got to follow it. Come with me, and don't ask questions."

Diane was American bred and French born. She smiled and stepped into another taxi, fresh for the chase. Through the streets and boulevards they trailed the first one, and finally it drew up before a very

"My elopement?" repeated Lenore, slowly. "Is that what you are all saying of me? How very, very kind." She hesitated, while Carey tried not to look sympathetic.

Diane was gazing out of the window coldly. It was almost too much, the way Lenore regarded her escape. Suddenly she began to laugh, her old, gay little ripple of amusement, and rose.

"I want you to meet my partner in guilt," she said, and crossing the room she pushed back the glass doors and disclosed Jack himself at his desk in a snug library.

"Why did we do it?" he laughed, after the storm of greetings. "Because we were going too fast a pace, and we couldn't pay up. I knew if I could get away for a few months, I could get on my feet; but keeping up Edgemere, and running a steady hotel for one crowd after another, was putting us altogether on the financial blink, to tell the plain truth, and so we eloped. Didn't we, sweetheart?"

"Biggest scandal this year," Carey returned. "I shall spread it broad, cast. When a man elopes with his own wife, the rights of bachelors must be protected. Diane, this is no place for an engaged couple. You'll be eloping with me directly after the honeymoon, and by Jove, if we could find a nest like this, Jack, I'd do it."

"You may have this after Christmas," said Jack. "We're going home."

## ALT AND ICE-MITTEN BATH

This Sort of Bathing Will Give Skin a Velvety Feeling and Cure Insomnia Sufferers.

Can you swim? Have you the opportunity? Do it, if you have. If not, follow this simple procedure and see how you like it: Take a bowl of coarse salt (not ice cream salt) and put just enough cold water on it to dampen. Rub the skin of the entire body with this mixture until it glistens, and then enjoy a full bath, of about 90 to 96 degrees. Your skin will have a velvety feeling and you will be greatly invigorated. This salt glow may be taken twice a week.

Another bath: Have the bathroom temperature at least 72 degrees. A basin of water containing a piece of ice, a loosely fitted mat made of Turkish toweling, and three dry Turkish towels, are the requisite articles. Slip on the mat, dip it in the ice water several times and rub first one arm until it is red, then the other; then the chest, abdomen, legs and back in their order. The entire body will glow with a healthy reaction; you will be refreshed and strengthened. Now rub briskly with the Turkish towels until you are revived and warm with the sensation of plenty of blood in the skin. This bath is called the cold mitten friction.

Lie down and rest one hour after either of these baths. The cold mitten friction may be taken daily. Of course, it is not to be administered the day of the salt glow.

If you are nervous and fidgety at night, if you are bothered with insomnia, don't take sleeping powders, take a neutral bath; a full bath exactly 97 degrees Fahrenheit. Keep the temperature of the bath at just 97 all the time, and remain in it for 15 minutes to half an hour, or until you become drowsy.—From the Designer.

Valuable invention. A man in East India has invented an electric pen that carbonizes the sheet of paper over which it passes.

## Willing to Make it Good

"Poor Little Love" Had Gone the Way of All Fleas, but Cupid 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 hated moving, 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

curse, and dog, man and trunk hurtled heavily down the stairs. The "poor little love" reached the bottom first—then the trunk pitched on top of him, ending his unhappy career for all time, and nearly taking off the newel post, against which it burst, exposing a huge quantity of fluffy ruffles, among which the man lit with a yell and a crash. He climbed out in a minute later and started to remove the lady's baggage from his predicament.

The frilly lady, who had seen the

whole catastrophe from over the banisters, decided not to have hysterics, but instead addressed the man furiously. "You brute, you've killed my poor dog! You did it on purpose!"

"Don't get excited, lady," came the surly answer. "I'll make it all right. I'll throw off what I charged you for bringing that trunk down!"

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 point made by twisting a handkerchief and sweeping the corner of the eye managed to relieve the little fellow of his pain.

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.