

GOVERNMENT OF CHINA

China is an absolute monarchy, but the emperor spends his life inside the sealed walls of the Forbidden City, and not one Chinaman in a hundred thousand ever looks upon the imperial face. Again, in spite of the absolute character of the monarchy, there is, according to the Chinese law, a body called the Tu-ch'a-yuen, or board of public censors, which is independent of the supreme government and, theoretically at least, higher in authority. Theoretically, again, the supreme direction of the affairs of the empire is vested in the Chun Chi Ch'u, otherwise known as the privy or grand council. The practical administration of the laws is under the charge of the Nei-ko, or cabinet, a body which consists of four members, two Chinamen and two Tartars, with the assistance of two members of the Great College of Confucius, whose duty it is to see that nothing is done by the cabinet which is not in strict accordance with the sacred books. Under the cabinet, again, are seven boards of administrators, each of which is presided over by a Chinaman and a Tartar jointly. These boards have the work of government divided among them as follows: 1. The board of civil appointments, which has charge of all the civil officers in the empire. 2. The board of revenues, which has charge of all financial matters. 3. The board of rites and ceremonies, which has charge of enforcing the laws and customs of the empire. 4. The military board. 5. The board of public works. 6. The board of criminal jurisdiction. 7. The admiralty board, which makes its headquarters at Tien Tsin. Equal in authority with these is the board of foreign affairs, or Tsung-li-Yamen, which

treasurer, the subcommissioner, and the literary chancellor. Each province is divided into departments, ruled by prefects, and each department into districts, with a district ruler over each. Each town and village has also its separate government, with a complete set of officials, so that the officeholding class in China is large and extremely influential. The gradations of rank among Chinese officials are clearly defined, and each man is directly responsible only to his immediate superior. Thus the village governor reports to the district ruler, and he in turn to the governor of the department. The departmental governor reports to the governor general of the province, who may remove him at will or even cut off his head. The whole administration, therefore, hinges on the eighteen provincial governor generals, or viceroys, and those positions are in the greatest demand. A village official who wishes to keep his place finds it a good plan to make large gifts to the district ruler, and therefore levies large taxes on the people. The district ruler finds it good policy to hand over most of what he gets in this way to the departmental chief, and the latter passes it on to the governor general of the province. To be appointed governor general of a Chinese province is therefore equivalent to a gift of a large fortune, the amount depending only on the avarice of the viceroy in power. A wise Chinaman greatly prefers to serve his country as a provincial governor general or viceroy than as member of the grand or privy council, the "prerequisites" of which positions are small. This form of administration makes it clear why the body of Chinese officials

with the conviction that we are right, and that those who oppose us are wrong? When Washington stepped forth at Yorktown to receive—

But no matter. The hall was empty when he wiped his brow and sat down, two hours and twenty minutes later.

Prince Ching.

Prince Ching, leader of the counter revolution in North China, and political rival of the monstrous Prince Tuan, is now looked upon as the hope of the foreigners in Peking, or of such of them as have survived the atrocities of the Boxers. He is a great and powerful

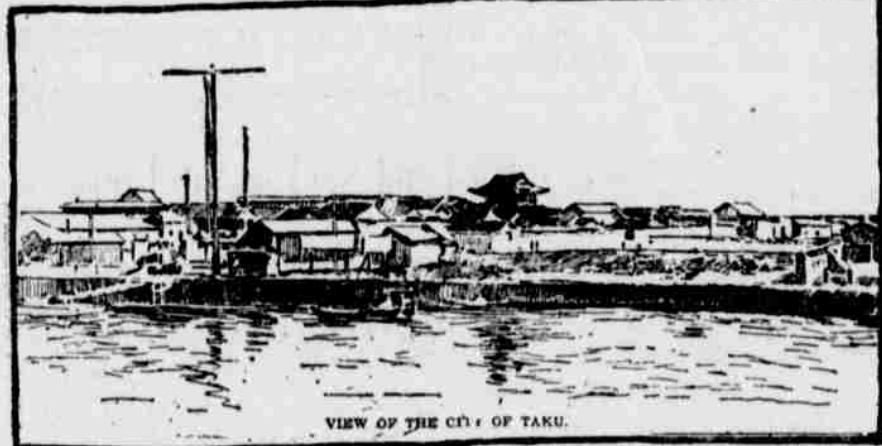


PRINCE CHING.

erful prince, and seems to be a friend of the whites. He is now in Peking at the head of the Manchu garrison in that city. These forces number about 10,000, and numerous Chinese are flocking to the standard of the new leader. Ching is the uncle of the late emperor, Tsai-Tien, who was the poisoned the other day by the order of Tuan. He is the great-uncle of the heir apparent, who was chosen last winter by the empress dowager. He was president of the tsung-li-yamen before the government was sundered by the revolt of Tuan and his followers.

A Trust Solution.

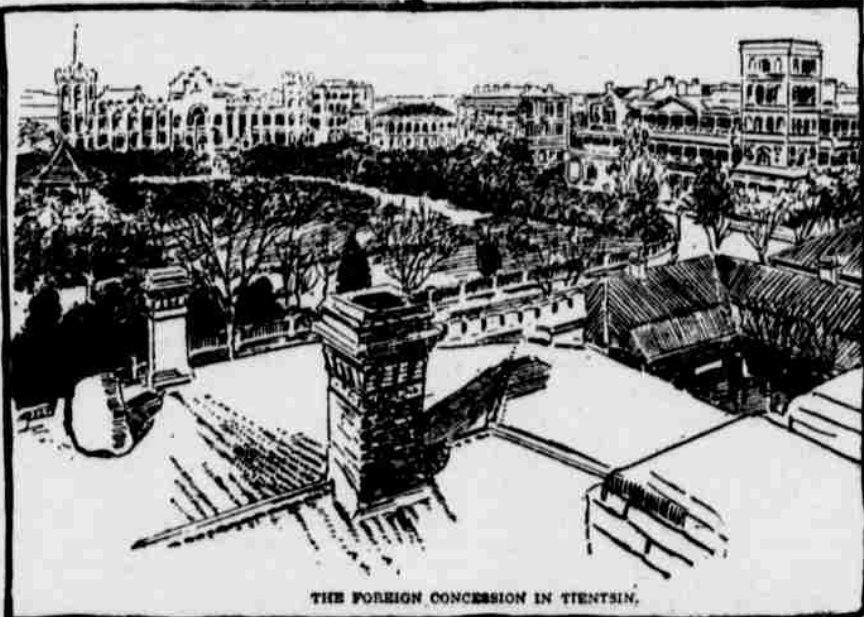
The manufacture of binding twine by the inmates of the Kansas penitentiary, it is said, has been a success. In Kansas, as in other states, the trades unions were opposed to the employment of the convicts in labor that would come into competition with that outside of the prison walls. Yet it



VIEW OF THE CITY OF TAKU.

has as members all the members of the grand or privy council.

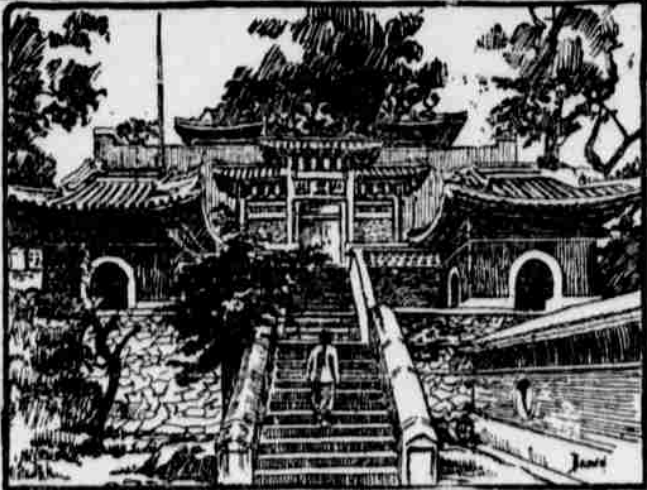
As for the mysterious emperor, he spends his life in the Forbidden City, into the central portion of which no man may enter. There he lives, surrounded by the members of his harem and by the enormous number of from 8,000 to 10,000 slaves. Massive walls and the even more formidable barriers of Oriental etiquette shut him off entirely from the rest of the world. When on rare occasions he goes out to worship at one of the temples or to visit one of the palaces in the vicinity the streets along which he and his retinue will pass are cleared and freshly paved, while the houses and other buildings along the line are barricaded and the fronts covered with huge mats, so that no vulgar eye may look upon the great lord of the sun as he is carried along



THE FOREIGN CONCESSION IN TIENSIN.



INTERIOR OF THE FORBIDDEN CITY.



KIOSK ON IMPERIAL LAKE, PEKING.

In a magnificent sedan chair. Only once in a number of years, when the emperor goes out into the country, where it is practically impossible to barricade all the roads, does the average Chinaman have an opportunity to get even a glimpse of his imperial master.

There is no law of hereditary succession to the Chinese throne, it being left to each emperor to appoint his own successor from among the younger generation of the imperial family. As the emperor commonly has a number of wives and children the practice opens opportunity for an endless amount of intrigue and chicanery. The manner in which the present emperor, Tsai-tien, came to the throne is an example in point.

The whole Chinese empire is divided into eighteen provinces, each ruled by a governor-general, who is responsible directly to the emperor for the entire administration, political, judicial, military, and financial. Each governor general is assisted by a council and by a number of minor officials, such as the

is the most corrupt and unscrupulous in the world.

The Spellbinder.

"Fellow citizens," he said, "I don't intend to keep you long. [Cheers.] I have only a few words to add to those that have already been said. [Cries of 'Hurrah!'] I know you do not care to listen to any further speechmaking after the eloquence that you have heard here this evening. [Tremendous applause.] You are tired. [Cheers and cries of 'Good!' 'Good!'] It is unnecessary for me to go back over the glorious history of our party. [Enthusiastic outburst lasting eleven minutes.] I will not weary you with a repetition of the arguments that you have heard before. [Hats tossed in the air; handkerchiefs fluttered and wild yells from all parts of the hall.] But, my fellow citizens, the principles for which we are fighting today are those for which our fathers fought before them. Who among us can calmly analyze this matter without arising

was realized that the life of idleness led by the unemployed prisoners was of advantage neither to the state nor to the men themselves, and in fact worked serious harm to both. The idea was hit upon of employing them in the manufacture of binding twine, that industry being in the grasp of a trust that charged the farmers of Kansas exorbitant prices for the necessary article.

At the beginning the twine was put on the market at three cents a pound below the trust price, and then both sides cut their prices until the Kansas farmers saved five cents a pound.

Wisdom in Wives.

David Starr Jordan does not think that a college training unfits a woman for the severer discipline and humbler duties of matrimony, and he says that the half-educated woman is exposed to more dangers and is more susceptible to the "higher foolishness" than is her better balanced and more brainy sister.

HAS A QUEER BELIEF.

This Woman Believes That Dogs Have Souls...

Mrs. Izora C. Chandler, of New York, painter of dogs' pictures, author of stories about dogs, and lover of these intelligent animals, is a firm believer in the theory that they have souls.

"Yes, that is my conception," said Mrs. Chandler. "If dogs live up to the best canine ethics they will go to heaven just as we, if we live up to human ethics, will go to heaven. And I think that their heaven and our heaven are the same. Dogs and human beings are too close friends here to be separated hereafter."

Mrs. Chandler has a pet St. Bernard named Rex that died a few years ago and left a void in the world for her.

"Heaven is a state in which we shall all be content," continued Mrs. Chandler, "and I should never be satisfied unless I met Rex there, and I know he would not be content to follow another angel about. The Indian is sure that the first object he will see when he goes to the happy hunting ground will be his dog. And why should he not, if he was a good dog and lived according to his light?"

"We claim to be their superiors. In some respects we are, but we can learn much from dogs. They serve us faithfully, they show their gratitude for the smallest kindness and their faith in us is sublime. Dogs feel love and hatred. They experience despair, they have patience that is angelic, they know the pangs of jealousy, and they show a desire to help and comfort that is more than human. Man has a will. So have they. They are capable of obedience, whether present or absent from the one giving the command. They endure self-denial for the object of their affection. I believe that the



MRS. IZORA C. CHANDLER.

possession of all these indicates a soul and that all souls have a future state."

Mrs. Chandler paints miniatures of men and women as well as those of dogs, but the novelty of the dog miniature painting has made it a fad. Recently she painted the heads of three French bulldogs belonging to one of New York's fashionable women and received \$300 for the work.

"Three of us," one of Mrs. Chandler's books about dogs, has been called the "Black Beauty" of the dog world. It is dedicated to the memory of a pet dog she once owned, and is full of the author's pleasing belief in the immortality of our faithful dumb friends.

ZANGWILL'S STORIES.

He Recalls Delightful Tales of Married Life.

"I was married in Ventnor, at least so I gathered from the local newspapers, in whose visitors' lists there figured the entry 'Mr. and Mrs. Zangwill.' I do not care to correct it because the lady being my mother, is perfectly accurate and leads to charming misconceptions. 'There, that's he,' loudly whispered a young man, nudging his sweetheart, 'and there's his wife with him.' 'That! Why she looks old enough to be his mother,' replied the young lady. 'Ah!' said the lover, with an air of conscious virtue and a better bargain, 'they're awful mercenary, these literary chaps.' The reverse of this happened to a young friend of mine. He married an old lady who possessed a very large fortune. During the honeymoon his solicitous attentions to her excited the admiration of another old lady who passed her life in a bath chair. 'Dear me!' she thought, 'how delightful in these degenerate days to see a young man so attentive to his mother!' and, dying soon after, left him another large fortune."—Philadelphia Press.

WHITE-HOT BOLTS

Sent Spinning Through the Air by a Delt Twist of the Wrist.

The passing of white-hot bolts from section to section of the new Continental building, in course of erection at the corner of Baltimore and Calvert streets, is one of the spectacles in connection with the setting of the steel for the structure which helps entertain the great numbers who day after day congregate about this busy vicinity, says the Baltimore American. The bolts and rivets necessary in joining the great steel girders are heated in portable forges, which, with the attendant, are placed high in the air on strings enough, but what look from the street like very frail, platform of boards. All about the forge the setters are at work placing the bolts, and as each is riveted another is placed in position. It is the method by which the blazing bolts get from the forge to

the riveter that supplies the spectacle—a fascinating, and at times an alarming one. The bolt is caught securely in pincers, and by a deft twist of the wrist is sent spinning through the air in the direction of the men at work on the structure, from five to ten feet away, and sometimes farther. There is a swift, brilliant flash through the air, and then a shower of sparks as the bolt reaches its destination—the bottom of a bucket held by one of the workmen. There is play for dexterity both in throwing and in catching the blazing metal, and, while misses rarely, if ever, occur, still there is a chance, and this chance gives zest to the interest of the watchers on the sidewalk. The bolts in their comet-like flights ordinarily pass from girder to girder, with open way through the skeleton structure below them, so that a miss means that the hot metal will come earthward at an alarming rate of speed, and with probable dire results to one or more of the scores of men at work between the sky line and terra firma. The men, however, who do this little turn have done it before a few times, and themselves and the hundreds below them have perfect confidence in their ability.

PAID FOR HIS FISH.

How Senator Quarles Victimized a Fellow Student.

When Senator Quarles of Wisconsin, a new man in public life, was a student at Racine college, he had for a classmate a young man who was more attentive to the pleasures of fishing than he was to his studies. He always relied upon Quarles to coach him at recitations. One of the requirements was an original essay from each member of the class once a fortnight. The piscatorial student had drawn on Quarles until that worthy thought it time to call a halt, and one day he refused. His chum had a big fishing expedition on, and pledged earnestly for one more essay. "What do I get?" asked Quarles. "Half the fish," was the reply. "All right," said Quarles, "I'll help you out once more." On the afternoon for essays the fisherman student took his place, and when he was called he stood and read in the most solemn manner "Lochiel's Warning." His voice never changed from start to finish. Lochiel and the Wizard were one and the same to the reader. The class suppressed its laughter, seeing that the professor never changed a muscle. After the reading the professor asked: "Mr. A., do you wish the class to understand that you offer this as original?" "Certainly, sir. Entirely so," was the reply. "There is a striking similarity between your paper and the poem of Campbell on the same subject. Have you ever read Campbell?" "Which Campbell?" "Thomas Campbell, the poet." "No, sir." "If you will come to my room after the class is dismissed I will show you the poem." "You had better show it to Joe Quarles," said Mr. A., who realized by this time that he had been victimized, and, turning to Quarles, he said: "If you get any fish today you pay for 'em; understand?"

Skilful Australian Scouts.

In March, 1892, a great corroboree, or mimic fight, was held by two savage tribes of Australian aboriginals at Port Darwin, and it became so realistic that grave fears were entertained that it might become a real instead of a sham battle. The accompanying picture shows one of the scouts, who, in real warfare, climb trees and keep a lookout for the enemy's reinforcements. But they also provide for action in the treeless deserts. Armed with a pole about 20 feet long, he scoops out a small hollow in the ground and plants the butt of his pole therein, afterwards ascending it and balancing himself so skilfully that his



SCOUT ON POLE.

insecure perch remains perpendicular. His curious mode of climbing is well shown in the snapshot. Grasping the pole with his hand, he draws up his legs until the soles of his feet are parallel and resting against the pole. With the purchase so obtained he then raises his body and takes a fresh grip, repeating the performance until he reaches the top of the pole.

Every man tells his friends he would do lots of things if he were in their place which he wouldn't expect them to do if he were in their place.

A LEADER OF WOMEN.

THE WIFE OF SENATOR FAIRBANKS OF INDIANA.

Her Recent Elevation to Directorship a Compliment to a Learned and Refined Woman—Was Calm in the Recent Storm.

One of the new officers of the General Federation of Women's clubs is Mrs. Charles W. Fairbanks, wife of the United States senator from Indiana. She was elected director at the recent Milwaukee biennial. In her own city—Indianapolis—Mrs. Fairbanks is accounted an all-around club woman. She is the founder of the Fortnightly Literary Club, an organization of several hundred women. As the vice-president general of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Indiana she is conspicuous among the patriotic women of the country. As a member of the Contemporary Club, the leading mixed club in Indianapolis, and a worker in the Art Association, she is also well known in her state. When in Washington with her husband she affiliated with the women's clubs in the national capital.

In appearance Mrs. Fairbanks is unusually prepossessing, having that indefinable stamp of a gracious and refined woman. As one of the few women who sat through the stormy sessions of the club woman's convention



MRS. C. W. FAIRBANKS.

at Milwaukee with a serene smile on her face she deserves "honorable mention."

ONLY ONE WAY

To Entertain Men from the City Visiting in the Country.

Women make a great mistake when they try to "entertain" men who visit them for a Sunday, says the New York Tribune. Business men, when they go out to the country at this season of the year, simply love to do nothing at all—to be allowed to sit under green trees and talk, or not talk, as they feel inclined; or, if they wish exercise, to take it in the way that suits them best. To proposed drives, games, and other entertainments in which a guest feels bound to acquiesce out of courtesy is often a sheer cruelty to a tired man, who would so much enjoy a couple of days in the country if he were left alone by his overzealous hostess. "Did you enjoy your visit to the Z's?" was asked of a clubman who had just returned to town after a few days' outing. "Not at all," was the decided answer; "I had a beastly time. They kept me going every minute. I hate driving, and Mrs. Z. took me all over the country in her trap. Sunday evening I was taken to the M's for dinner and put between two young women at the table whom I did not know. Mr. Z., who is a golf fiend, insisted upon my playing the game, which I detest. If they had only let me alone I should have been happy, for they have a lovely place and particularly good food, and I like Mr. and Mrs. M. very much, but they used me up completely, and I wouldn't go again for a good deal."

Holy-Water Sprinklers.

This picture shows three natives of the Lao States, in Indo-China, on the day of their great annual fete. This fete is celebrated when the waters of the River Mekong begin to rise at the commencement of the rainy season. Prayers are offered up to Buddha to send sufficient rain to flood the rice



ABOUT TO BLESS HOUSES.

fields, and so produce abundant crops. These prayers over, the natives arm themselves with the branches of a sacred tree, and having dipped them into the river they then proceed through the village, blessing each house as they go. One of these men, it will be seen, has donned a mask, thinking, perhaps, that this will render the business more effectual and possibly frighten away those nasty evil spirits which are always at hand to frustrate all that is good.