

THE PRODUCERS OF CHINA.

They Are a Happy Class of People.

A rich Chinaman wears silk, a poor one cotton. Since the proportion of rich to poor is about one in a thousand, it follows that the growth and manufacture of cotton are vital necessities. It is thought cotton culture was begun in the thirteenth century, the plant coming in from India, where



THE WEAVER.

It has been known for 2000 years. In spite of her unequalled agriculture, China does not raise cotton for export—nor, in fact, enough for her own needs. In the growth and manufacture of it, as in everything else, the aim is not, as in these United States, to save hand labor, but to use as much of it as possible. There are no power-

gins for taking out the seed. Instead, the Chinese use the little hand-gins, very like those still to be found in the homespun regions of the Appalachian chain. The gin is nothing more than a couple of small wooden rollers, made fast in uprights affixed to a bench. They are turned by a wooden crank, revolve one against the other, and free the cotton of seed by drawing the lint. The lint is fed to them by hand, and it takes a long and steady day's work to gin five pounds of lint—which means twenty pounds of cotton in the seed.

The cotton is carded simultaneously with the ginning. A second man stands at the end of the bench beating the clean cotton with the *te-kung*, or earth bow, into big flaky "bats." These bats the women spin in various ways. Sometimes they use the old-fashioned spinning wheel. Much oftener it is something approximating the ancient distaff. The spinner twirls it steadily, walking around and around as she twirls, thus winding the lengthening thread into very long hanks. If it is spun and run into broaches or quilts, they are often reeled with a hand-reel. Chinese industry indeed is as inveterate as Chinese economy. Women usually work at such reeling while they stand and gossip in the alley ways between their homes. If there is no reel handy they will be stitching upon a shoe sole, always a salable article. Bare feet are

unknown in China. Even a beggar wears shoes, though he may have no other clothes than the head-bowl, which serves both as a hat and to hold out when there is a chance of alms.

Nothing is wasted in China. Even grass and wheat roots are pulled up, washed, dried and used for fuel. Scraps of paper and cloth are pasted together to make the insoles of shoes. Bits of wood are glued to build up either a board or a post. Women spinners and straw-plaiters earn 2c a day. The spinning, though, is most commonly like the weaving at the hand looms, only a part of unpaid household labor. Machine-made cloth and thread have of late come to bear heavily upon the cotton-workers, but that fact is in a degree offset by the greying import of raw cotton. Still some of the light yellow hand-made fabric, known the world over as nankeen, from the city of export, Nankin, is shipped abroad. It is made from a peculiar yellow-staple cotton, hence not dyed. The same yellow-staple cotton is grown and manufactured by Arcadians in Louisiana, but the fabric is so scarce it does not compete with the Chinese one.

Five dollars a year will clothe a Chinese husband and wife something more than decently. Underwear is usually unknown—so is fitting a garment. The only measures taken are from the hip to the ground, and from the middle

of the breast to the finger tips. Fashions do not change. Winter garments and bedding are wadded with cotton. Once a year they must be ripped apart and washed, padding and all.

How useful is economy may be judged from a few figures. Unskilled laborers are paid upon an average 7c a day. Masons, carpenters and stone cutters, here as elsewhere the aristocracy of labor, get from 25c to 30c a



THE STONE CUTTERS.

day. According to the average of prices of articles of consumption in China 25c a day is equivalent to \$2.50 per day here. Work begins at sunrise and keeps up until dark. Notwithstanding all which strikes are virtually unknown, and the Chinese laborer is the happiest and most contented in the world.

AWFUL EXPERIENCE.

SURVIVES TWENTY DAYS WITHOUT FOOD.

Thrilling Tale of Terrible Ordeal Related by William Warwick Who Was Rescued From the Jaw of Death off Newfoundland Coast.

After he had spent twenty days on the desolate piece of rock off the southern coast of Newfoundland, William Warwick, a sailor, has been rescued and placed under a physician's care. His feet have been amputated, and his physical condition is very bad. His tale of suffering is almost beyond belief. He said:

"On July 1, with two shipmates, Oliver Smithwick and Henry Winn, I deserted the British schooner Little Pet. We slid down the line by which the yawl was made fast astern and cut adrift. Smithwick had robbed the galley of stores enough to last for three days. We expected to reach the French lobster factories on the west coast of Newfoundland, where Winn said there was plenty of work at good wages.

"When we had been afloat about six hours, it blew a gale. The yawl upset, and the last I saw of Winn and Smithwick they were fighting in the water to get on the yawl. They were out of sight in a minute, and I fancy they were drowned.

"I kept afloat. When it got daylight my legs were swollen and cramped, and I had no feeling in my arms. I saw an island and swam for it. The surf rolled up on the rocks and pounded me. I remember dragging myself out of the reach of the waves and going to sleep. I woke up about noon and the sun was frightfully hot. My skin was all puffed out in blisters. My legs were so swollen that I had to cut my trousers off with a sharp piece of stone. I could not get my knife out of my pocket. I lay there in the hot sun all the afternoon, too weak to move. When it got dark I went to sleep again for a while, and when I awoke it was raining. My tongue was swollen so that I could not keep it in my mouth. I rolled over and drank my fill from a hollow in the rocks and went to sleep again.

"On July 3, at daybreak, I dragged myself to the top of some rock to get my bearings. I could see the mainland, about ten miles off to the north. My idea was that I was off Cape Race, and I was right, for, after dark, I saw the Cape Race light.

"It may sound strange, but up to July 4 I had not been hungry, although I had not had anything to eat since leaving the Little Pet. I guess I was suffering so much that I forgot to get hungry. There was plenty of water in the hollows of the rocks. I went off on a cruise around the island for something to eat and found that I was upon a rocky desert. There was not a weed, a bush nor a root on the whole island. On July 5 I became very hungry. The sun came up as hot as in the tropics and my skin began to peel off. I drank a quantity of water but could not drag myself around much. A fishing schooner passed, but I could not attract its attention.

"On July 6 I tore up my trousers and made a sort of a hook out of the buckle. I tried to fish, but, having no bait, of course I did not catch anything. I was out of my head at times with pain and hunger.

"On July 7 I soaked the pocket of my trousers in which I had carried tobacco, in water, and chewed the wet cloth. It seemed to me that it stayed the hunger some. On July 8 I was in a kind of stupor. Several fishing boats passed during the afternoon, but they were a long way off. I could scarcely crawl, but I kept filled with water. On July 9 the sun was very hot and I suffered more than at any time since I had been cast ashore. I had lost all feeling in my legs from the knees down. My stomach hurt me so that I was bent up with frightful cramps. I drank about a barrel of water on July 10, and for the four succeeding days all hunger had left me and I lay without moving, at the side of a pool of water. I saw a steamship passing one day so close that I could see people on the deck looking at the island, but I could not make a move to call attention to myself.

"On July 15 the wind blew a gale through the night and it was frightfully cold. I managed to crawl to the side of a rock close to the water, where I was sheltered from the wind. My feet were beginning to turn blue. I remained there till the 17th, when I began to feel quite strong, and, getting up, tried to walk on my swollen legs. They did not hurt, but I could not manage them. I had to make up my mind that I was going to die, when a small yacht came along and appeared about to put off a boat. I jumped up and screamed, but my scream was a whisper. My throat seemed to close. On July 18 I knew I was going crazy. I could see hundreds of boats on the water. They all came to the beach and turned around and went back again. I thought there was a big band playing at Cape Race, and that I could hear the music plainly. The idea got into my head that I had found a rich gold mine. I actually crawled around hunting for gold. Toward evening the wind blew up cool and fresh and I had frightful pains in my stomach. The last I remember was a dream of eating almost everything I had ever heard of.

"On July 19 I can remember for a short time in the morning, after sunrise; I looked at my feet and wondered if they were there. They were burst-leg, but I did not feel pain. I don't remember drinking water."

Mr. James Currie, a telegraph repairer, while passing Isle du Marte in his boat, saw the body of a man on the beach, investigated, and found Warwick, who was unconscious. He has a remarkable constitution, which was all that carried him through his terrible experience.

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WASN'T A PROPOSAL

But the Girl Was Thankful for Her Escort's Private Hint.

A New Orleans girl tells this on herself: She went up to the inaugural ball at Baton Rouge in a party. Ferdinand—we will consider him as such—was with them, the dear fellow who has been "nice" to her ever since she came out, but who has never committed himself. Beauty determined to evoke something besides admiration from him at this last event of the season and in aid of that purpose carried along a choice organdie evening gown, cut just right, and as fresh as a new blossom. They had waltzed a turn or two and were moving toward her chaperon, when Ferdinand leaned forward and murmured in that only-for-you voice that will revive flutters in the heart of a divorcee: "May I tell you something?" Beauty was on the point of telling him that it was not necessary—that she knew, felt, all he would speak, but no girl wants to miss the joy of a proposal, so she dropped her head and tried to be brusque. "If you want to," she said. "You are sure you won't mind?" he went on, "I don't think I shall," she murmured, giving him the upward slant of the eye that, in the lexicon of flirtation, means—but why explain? Just then mamma signaled with her fan—for they had begun to waltz again—and Beauty murmured, "Not now; just wait till we resume dancing," and permitted herself to be taken to her mother. "You have left one of your curls up in its paper, my dear," explained mamma, sotto voce. "Put your head down as if I were talking to you and I'll take it out." Mamma was a very good sort to notice that marring detail and the papillote episode was over in a moment. She joined Ferdinand quietly, as if nothing had happened. They moved along quietly behind an avenue of palms. "And now," she said, a world of emotion in her voice. His eyes melted over her. "It's all right now," said he; "your mother took it out." Beauty says the whole social season has been a dead failure.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

MOURAVIEFF'S "COUP."

He Called England's Bluff and Won Port Arthur.

Count Mouravieff's most famous "coup" was the grabbing of Port Arthur. Concerning that bit of active diplomacy on the part of the late Russian Minister, the following story is being told: Mouravieff, it is said, heard at the psychological moment in the negotiations during the Chinese crisis of two years ago of Queen Victoria's avowed determination never to sign another declaration of war. With this knowledge at command he held the key of the situation in the Far East. He knew that Great Britain would not "risk a war," and, therefore, he read the brave talk about the "open door" with a smile, and received Lord Salisbury's protests thereby as signifying so many pretty phrases and his veiled threats as simply bluff. In this, say those that believe the story, lies the explanation of that sudden withdrawal of the British ships of war from Port Arthur after they had gone in with such brave parade. They were sent as an ultimatum, but the Admiral discovered that there was nothing at the back of the ultimatum. In short, Mouravieff's discovery of the alleged determination of the Queen never to sign another declaration of war enabled him to accomplish without a shot what Russia had secretly been striving to reach for centuries. In the language of the new diplomacy, it was the scoop of the century.

Story of a Chub.

An extraordinary account comes from Devonshire, England, of a chub, found in a muddy pool, that had evidently pushed its way when young into a cage-like space formed by the roots of a tree, and being unable to escape, had grown into the shape of its close-fitting prison. Lack of room had caused the tail to develop only to the extent of a little deformed stump. The back fin also had vanished, and the whole fish had been distorted into the gnarled and twisted form of the root cage, being hideous in appearance, yet seemingly strong and healthy. It is difficult to imagine how a fish could get food for years under such conditions.

Patent-Len'her Boots.

Nice patent leather makes the neatest of footgear, but it requires care to keep in order. There is no better dressing for it than a very little salad oil. Before wearing a new pair of patent leather boots it is expedient to well rub in a small quantity of salad oil and then polish with a soft cloth. This is to prevent the leather from cracking, as it sometimes does. Patent leather should never be dried by the fire, for heat has a way of causing the leather to harden and crack.

Memorial Day Pardons.

Ex-Gov. Bushnell of Ohio said recently that while Governor he made it a regular part of his Memorial Day celebration to pardon some old soldier from the penitentiary, always one who had been a good prisoner and who was in prison for life for manslaughter. At one time there were 119 ex-soldiers in the Ohio penitentiary.

Russians Saved Women and Children.

We occasionally hear adverse reports of the conduct of the Russian soldiers in the field. As a matter of fact, such reports generally emanate from untruthful sources. The fact is that, were it not for the protecting arm of the czar's soldiers in China, terrible bloodshed would have resulted at many points. Some days before the capture of Tientsin a company of Russian soldiers entered the city. Of their heroic efforts in behalf of the foreigners Mrs. Charles Denby, Jr., wife of the son of the ex-minister to China, writes from Tientsin: "Enormous fires in the native city were started and the Boxers began their attack on the settlement; so we were all aroused at 4 o'clock, and every one who lived in the extra concession went either to friends on the Victoria road or to the town hall. As it happened, Mrs. von Hannekin had asked us to come to her in case of alarm, so we escaped to the town hall. There were perhaps 100 people who remained in their homes. All the rest were huddled together in Gordon hall for ten days.

"The Chinese troops were everywhere. Two days before the alarm 1,700 Russian troops arrived. They saved our lives. Had it not been for them all of us would have been slaughtered. On that Monday they fought



MISS TILLIE FAHR, in Native Costume.

5,000 Chinese well-drilled troops for twelve hours. At one time they thought they could not hold them at bay, but in the evening the Russians still maintained their position. How Russians fought and suffered! I cannot describe their courage. For three days they lay in the open, exposed to a terrible fire, without being able to fight back. The Chinese were behind trenches, so the Russians could not afford to waste ammunition.

"All these days we were waiting and waiting for re-enforcements. We could not believe the admirals would bombard the forts at Taku, plunge us into war and then leave us with only a few hundred troops. Such, however, was the case. No one knows where the fault lay. There were three dreadful days of fighting. But when the second additional troops were dispatched from Taku, after the arrival of Jim Watts, the brave Russian rider, they were able with such a re-enforcement to work their way through. Thus they all arrived on Sunday morning and we were saved."

Miss Tillie Fahr of San Francisco, who was also a refugee at Gordon hall,

pays a high tribute to Jim Watts. In her diary of June 19 she says:

"They are bombarding us heavier today than heretofore. Early this morning I stood behind a closed window peeping through the shutter slats. Four bullets pierced the shutters, but did not strike me. I rushed to the commanding officer and told him that the bullets must have come from a Chinaman concealed in a tree flanking the window. Calling four Cossacks, we went to the tree, and sure enough shook out a Chinaman, whose first inquiry was whether he had killed the lady. I told him I was very much alive. My would-be assassin was immediately tried and shot. All else may be dead, but heroism still lives. Jim Watts rides to Taku to bring us re-enforcements. He heads for Taku, but may ride into the very jaws of death. It is a most perilous undertaking, but brave Jim Watts gladly, gallantly risks his life. I myself heard him offer it. 'Some one must go to Taku,' said the commanding officer. 'It may mean the lives of women and children—it may mean death to the rider. Who will go?' 'I know the roads, every inch of them; let me go,' said a voice. Then Jim Watts stepped forward. 'I shall go; it is right. I am the older brother.' We saw him mount his horse, we heard the thuds of the hoofs beat more faintly and die. Hope took no new lease of life from this. Before re-enforcements could reach us it would be too late, granting that brave Jim Watts ever reached Taku. And what more unlikely than that?"

"June 23.—Through the glasses I saw the troops coming nearer and nearer. Are they re-enforcements for the Boxers or us? Closer they come, and yet we cannot distinguish them. Eyes strain through glasses nor catch a gleam to their identity. Another half hour. Suddenly something flutters to the wind. The stars and stripes, thank God! thank God! They are coming to us and we shall not die. How good heaven is, how sweet is life! The stars and stripes, and we wept and HOPED the first time since that day long ago when we came to Gordon hall. God bless Jim Watts! Other flags are now visible—it is 10:30 in the morning. The troops reached us before 2 o'clock. The rest of the day has been very quiet. The Chinese are evidently puzzled what move to make next. How strange not to hear the shelling! There are other discordant sounds, though—the moo of the hungry cows, the bray of the donkeys and from the other starved animals comes a cry for something to eat. Poor creatures; yet it is impossible to spare food for them."

The Name "America."

Ricardo Palma of Lima, the director of the National Library of Peru, has published a book reviving and reviewing the old controversy as to the origin of the name "America." He contends that this hemisphere was not named after Alberico Vespucci, but that the Florentine merchant's name was changed by a French painter to "Americus" in honor of his travels in the new world; then a German professor, either ignorantly or wilfully, carried on the compliment, and from a nickname gave two continents their present title. Jules Marcon, in the bulletin of the Paris Geographical society for January, 1889, conjectured this origin of "America." Mr. Palma's review of the facts and evidence

makes out a good case for Marconi's theory.

"America" is the native name of the mountain range between Lake Nicaragua and the Mosquito coast. The termination "ia," or "ae," is common in native place-names all around the Caribbean. Spanish voyagers for years after Columbus were still searching for the water passage to India and for gold. Both motives caused them to give particular attention to the western end of the Caribbean. So the name "America" became familiar long before it got into books. Vespucci's account of his voyages, published in 1504, was the first printed description of the mainland of the new world. It ran through many editions in several languages, and brought its author's name into much notice. In the Latin editions Vespucci's name was Latinized into "Albericus Vesputius."

Woman's Ingenuity.

The wifes of the policemen of Philadelphia devised a plan for keeping their husbands cool during the hot weather the other day. It, at least, illustrates how the ingenuity of a woman may make light of official rules, even though they be those of a municipal police department.

One of the strictest regulations of the Philadelphia department is that all officers on duty must wear coat and vest, and must have the top button of the coat buttoned. No infractions of this rule are allowed even under condition of Philadelphia policemen which make Police-men Keep the bronze statue of William Penn sit in his shirt sleeves. Philadelphia policemen are all strictly observing the rule, and yet they are keeping reasonably cool. The wife of each of them has taken an old vest and entirely cut away the back and sides, leaving only a single thickness of blue cloth in front without lining. This remnant has been sewed into the coat, which is also entirely robbed of its lining, so that while the appearance remains the substance is almost lacking.

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Chinese Code of Etiquette.

The standard book of etiquette in China was written by Lady Cho 2,700 years ago. Lady Cho was the widow of a distinguished literary man of north China and after his death was faithful to his memory. Her husband's brother was historian of that dynasty, but when his work was half completed he lost his sight. The Emperor sent a messenger to him asking him who could finish his book and the reply was returned that only his brother's wife was capable of doing it. The Emperor sent for Lady Cho and she was conducted in the greatest of state to the Emperor's palace. There she completed her brother-in-law's work so satisfactorily that it is impossible to tell where the man left off and the woman began.

To Make a Garden of the Soudan Capitalists of London, according to reports which emanate from importers

in this country, are formulating plans to turn the entire Soudan, in Africa, into a gigantic fruit garden. They expect that the product of their venture will supply the whole of Europe with those fruits that can be raised only in hot and moist climates. A large consignment of fruit trees has already been shipped to the Soudan and if it is found that these take root and bloom as do the native trees, then millions of other trees will be shipped and set out. Experts who have thoroughly gone over the grounds and considered the enterprise from all standpoints are confident that the scheme is feasible and will prove highly successful.

Labouchere Accused.

London Truth publishes correspondence advising that paper of the seizure at Pretoria of a compromising letter from Montagu White, former consul general of the South African republic in London, to Secretary of State Reitz dated Aug. 4, 1899, and two letters from Henry Labouchere to Mr. White, dated respectively Aug. 2, 1899, and Aug. 4, 1899, which Mr. White appears to have inclosed to Secretary Reitz, and a letter of Joseph Chamberlain, the secretary of state for the colonies, inviting Mr. Labouchere to offer explanations or observations, thereon, and Mr. Labouchere's reply. Mr. Labouchere's letters are brief and amount to advice to the Transvaal to gain time by the accept-



HENRY LABOUCHERE.

ance of the proposed commission to settle the franchise questions, etc., together with an expression of opinion from Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the liberal leader in the house of commons, and the liberals generally that the British cabinet proposed the appointment of the commission with the view of giving Mr. Chamberlain a chance to "climb down," and that the cabinet was determined to have no war.

Madame Richter, Meyerbeer's daughter, has presented to the museum her father's piano, a well-preserved Erard, and another donor has added an eighteenth century lyre-shaped piano of great beauty. This royal collection also includes the oldest upright oblique piano in existence. It was made in Paris by the inventor, Henri Pate, in 1826.

Over in Linn county, Missouri, a man wished to marry a widow who had seven children. With a view of avoiding all future trouble, he obtained the consent of all the children and of the intended bride's father before getting a license.