FOR TWELVE DOLLARS A YEAR

How the Chinese Coolie Works In His Native Land.

A COUNTRY OF LABOR UNIONS.

The Barbers' Union Can Bring the Government to Terms, and Even the Beggars Have a Guild.

Liliputian Wages.

CANTON, China, February 22.—[Special Correspondence of THE BEE—Copyrighted.]—I have come to Canton to see how our Chinamen live and work at home. I no longer wonder at Chinese immigration to America, for I have had a taste of Chinese cheap labor in China. It is from this district that the bulk of our immigration comes, and there are coolies here and to spare. This province is one of the most thickly settled of the provinces of the Chinese empire. It is not quite as big as Kansas, but it contains one-third as many people as the whole United States. Canton itself is bigger than New York City, and a twelve mile radius from its center embraces, I am told, a population of three millions. There are villages outside as big as Washington or Cleveland, and many of the small towns of the province have been living for years upon contributions from American Chinese laundries. How the people swarm. Almond-eyed, yellow-faced, men, women and children tramp upon one another's heels, and the thousand streets of the city are more crowded than Broadway in front of Trinity church at the busiest hour of the day. Every-one is working, from the half naked, bare-legged man, who, with a hat as big as a parasol, carries great loads upon his shoulders, to the woman in pantaloons and short skirt, who sculls the boat on the river, and to the keen-eyed merchant, who, in round, black cap and gorgeous silks, stands surrounded by his shelves of fine goods. Every branch of business goes on and Canton is one of the great manufacturing cities of the world. With the rudest of tools these long-fingered celestials turn out the finest of carving in wood and ivory, and with the weaving machines of a thousand years ago they make dresses for modern Europe. I saw a Canton lumber mill this afternoon. Two men sawed logs into boards with cross-cut saws. They were naked, save a breech-clout, and they moved up and down all day for 10 cents a piece. Wages here and all over China are at the lowest ebb, and this great human bee hive, containing from one-fourth to one-third of all the people in the world, goes on with its labor as quietly as though America did not exist.

WOMEN AS DRAYS.

What wonderful workers they are and how they tug and pull and boil their keen brains from morning until night, all over the empire. From Peking to Canton I have found the streets of every city and village filled with a pushing, hurrying throng. I have seen half-naked men sweating in carrying loads that would be heavy for a cart horse, and delicate women doing the work of drays. Human muscle does even more work in China than in Japan, and the donkey and the mule are replaced by man. Hong Kong is located at the base of a mountain, away up the sides of which the wealthier residents have summer homes. The angle of the incline is one of nearly forty-five degrees, and all the building materials for these houses are carried miles up by coolies. Women in Hong Kong carry two great baskets of stone fastened to poles which they swing over their shoulders, and of the thirty thousand people who make up the boat population of the Hong Kong bay, the chief workers are women. They row boats with babies on their backs and I see them standing and sculling with their little ones tied to their shoulders.

The cities are bee-hives of work. The streets are made up of cells open at the front and full of manufacturers and traders. Everything is done by hand and the working hours are from daylight until dark. I have made inquiries into wages and I find them so low that they would hardly pay for the tobacco and coffee of our American laborers. Coolies employed in foreign families get as low as $3.50 a month and board themselves. Skilled cooks receive $4 a month and at Foo Chow, one of the wealthiest Chinamen of the city, told me that the wages of masons were 18 cents a day, and the best carpenters received but 20 cents. Women engaged in making grass cloth, a sort of line, are paid from

TWO TO THREE CENTS A DAY,

and an old missionary tells me he can get ten men to work a whole day for $1 and leave 10 per cent to the man who hires them for him. Here in Canton the chief means of conveyance is by chair. The chairs are made of wicker and covered with cloth so that they look like a box. This box is swung in the center between two long poles, and one man walks in front with the two poles resting on his shoulders and another walk behind holding up the chair in the same way. The regular native wages for such men is $5 a month and less, and in the interior the prices are still lower. Ordinary field hands get from 3 to 4 cents a day with food, and skilled workmen receive from 5 to 6 cents. Doctors who get as high as 20 cents a visit in the cities come down to 10 cents a visit in the country, and engravers and painters receive from 10 cents to 12 cents a day. Theatre actors are paid proportionately low rates, and there are no $5,000 a night Pattis or Henry Irvings in China. The theatres, you know, last all day and half the night, and a troupe of thirty players will play for forty-eight hours for $30. Silk weavers and silk reelers are among the highest paid men, and their work can only be done when the cocoons are ready for reeling. During this time the men work for weeks day and night, and they receive from $1 to $2 a day. The grand average of skilled labor runs however about as follows; Master workmen receive $3 a week or $156 a year, and workmen under these $1.50 a week, or $78 a year. Youngsters and females get 50 cents a week and these are considered good living wages. For them the laborer does not growl as to the hours of work, and the labor unions of China regulate the hours only in the case of men working by the piece and not by the day.

LABOR THOROUGHLY ORGANIZED.

There is no country in the world where labor is so organized as in China, and every branch of employment has its trade organization or guild. There are 1,700 wheelbarrows in Shanghai and the guild that these belong to regulates the rate of fare and the hours of work. Weavers have a guild, the barbers have their trades unions, and even the beggars have their association presided over by a president who assigns to each his beat and who can punish with his bamboo such as refuse to obey him. These guilds are very strong and their demands are respected by the government. The barbers were for a long time prohibited from the literary examinations, which are the only passports to office, on the ground of their being engaged in a menial occupation. They combined together in different parts of the empire and the government had to come to terms. One of the great luxuries in which the Chinaman delights is the having the back of his shoulders and neck kneaded after his head is shaved. The barbers concluded that this was below their dignity and their union forbade it. They also prohibited barbers from ear cleaning during the last six days of the year, as at this time there is so much head shaving to do in preparation for the New Year that there is no time for dirty ears.

China has, perhaps, more barbers than any other country in the world, and the Chinese head needs more attention than any other head on the globe. The Chinese dude has his head shaved daily and the man is very poor who cannot afford his weekly shave. A place is left at the crown about as big around as a tin cup and the hair which grows on this forms the cue. The chinaman has his face shaved even to the forehead and about the eyes, and you find the barbers on the streets, in shops, in the country and in fact everywhere. Itinerant barbers carry two small red stools made of boxes in the shape of a pyramid in which they have drawers containing their razors and basins. They shave without soap and they use a two-pronged piece of iron with which they make a noise like that of a mammoth tuning fork as the sign of their trade mark. You hear this noise everywhere throughout China, and one of the commonest sights of the streets and country roads is one of these barbers at work upon a patient.

THE CHINESE RAZOR

is in the shape of an isosceles triangle. It is made of rude steel, and many of them are pounded up from worn out horse shoes which are imported from Europe by the thousands of barrels, and which are used in making all kinds of Chinese implements. The rates of shaving are very low, ranging from a few tenths of a cent to ten cents and more, according to the class to which the barber belongs and to the standing of the customer. The barbers' unions fix the rate of shaving for their members and they have fines and penalties.

These labor unions regulates the laws as to apprenticeship. They fix the number of apprentices that one master may have, and the silk weavers union forbids the teaching or employment of women. Apprentices receive no wages. They work from three to five years and get only food and lodging. No man can employ an apprentice who has not served out his full time, and some trades provide that only the sons and relatives of the workmen may be taught them. The usual penalty for acting contrary to the rules of the guild is for the guilty member to pay a fine to the guild, or to furnish a supper or a theatrical performance. These are, however, for minor faults only.

In serious cases there is no punishment too severe, and an employer who violated one of the rules in regard to apprenticeships was not long ago

BITTEN TO DEATH

in Soo Chow, a city not far from Shanghai. This employer was a gold beater, and there was a great demand for gold leaf for the emperor. This man took more apprentices than the rules of the union prescribed, and in seeking a punishment for him the workmen concluded that death was a necessity. They thought that if a number of them engaged in the killing it would not be possible to punish them all and biting in China is not a capital offence. There were 123 men in this guild and these rushed at the employer, each taking a bite. One man, the leader of the affair, stood over the rest, and in order that all might be implicated, no one was allowed to quit the place without his gums and lips were bloody. The murderer who took the first bite was discovered and beheaded, but the others went free. Colonel Denby has sent a report of this affair to the state department at Washington.

The Chinese trades unions are against the introduction of machinery. A sewing machine for the making of Chinese shoes was destroyed at Canton not long ago, and a strike was caused here by the importation of sheet brass for the making of cooking utensils, as this would injure the business of the brass hammerers. As a rule, however, strikes are not very common. The organizations of both employers and laborers are such that it pays to settle matters by arbitration.

The officials of the cities are, as a rule, on the side of the workmen in cases of trouble, as the employers are the capitalists, and by having a cause against them they are able to squeeze money out of them for the settlement. For this reason the employers wish to have as few labor troubles as possible.

Speaking of employer's union, all classes of the Chinese business men have their guilds and these are almost as old as the country. One of the finest club houses of China is that of the Canton merchants of Foo Choo. It is made up of a great number of finely finished rooms elegantly furnished in Chinese fashion and located in the best part of the city. Here the merchants come to drink tea and to chat. They have a temple and a theater connected with it and the club consists of 500 members. I visited at Shanghai some of the finest specimens of Chinese architecture I have seen. They were guild halls belonging to tea and rice merchants and they had wonderful gardens of caves and rocks built up in the busiest part of the city. These guilds regulate the commerce of China. They fix the rate of interest, the time on which goods may be sold, the weights and the standards of goods. A member using different scales than the one prescribed is fined, and a man acting contrary to the guild can, in many instances not go on with his business. One of the druggist's guilds has just adopted some new rules which lie before me. These prescribe that accounts shall be settled three times every year, and that a discount of 5 per cent may be allowed on cash transactions. No member in the guild shall be permitted to trade with the others while he is in debt to a member of the guild, and any member who violates these laws shall pay for two theater plays for the guild and for the drinks and a feast for twenty members. Some of these guilds prescribe that promissory notes shall be dated on the day of sale and all of them fix the rules of giving credit. The bankers' guild fix all matters relating to interest, and these different organizations make the dealings of foreigners with the Chinese more safe than such dealings would be in other countries. The Chinaman respects his contract and if he does not his guild makes him.

As to the hours of work in China carpenters work eleven hours in summer and nine in winter, and masons work half an hour longer. There is

NO SUNDAY HERE

and your Chinaman works week in and week out. At the last of the year he gets about ten days off and altogether he has less than a score of holidays. On the Chinese farm every one of the family works, and children of six and seven have their daily labors. Farm laborers get from 10 to 15 cents a day and meals or from 70 cents to $1.05 a week. By the month they are paid from $1.50 to $2 and board and $12 a year with board and lodging is big pay. If a Chinese farm hand working from daylight to dark the year through can save $3, he does well. And as it costs him only about $4 a year for his clothing, he is sometimes able to do this. At the end of perhaps twenty years he has saved enough to buy himself a farm, and the average Chinese farm in many of the provinces is not more than two acres. In some cases the holdings are as low as one-sixth of an acre and tenant farmers rent out a number of these tracts for half the crops. The stock of a small Chinese farmer consists of a couple of pigs, a few fowls and a water buffalo, a sort of a cow which is used here for ploughing and working. A man wife and two children can live well off two acres. Thier diet is rice, vegetables and tea, and at festive times they have a bit of pork, a fowl or some eggs.

The living of the laborer in the cities is even worse than this, and the mud hut of the farmer is better than the home of a city workman. The average laborer of the city has three meals a day, and these consist of salt fish, vegetables and rice. He eats meat only three or four times a year, and the house in which he lives rents from $2 a year and upwards. Many families own their own houses which have grown through generations and which include the whole clan within their walls. Some such houses have from fifteen to twenty little rooms and 100 occupants is not uncommon. A Chinese house with three rooms has a kitchen, dining room and bedroom. Its furniture consists of a rude table, benches without backs, a kang or ledge covered with matting upon which the people sleep and beneath which a fire burns, and a range of brick with an opening for cooking. In the southern provinces beds of boards are used instead of kangs. A piece of matting is thrown over this and the sleepers lie with wadded comforters wrapped around them. Such accommodations make them fairly happy, and there are millions in China who are satisfied with them.

As an instance of the poverty of the boat people in China, in coming from Hong Kong to Canton we anchored in the midst of a city of boats. It is estimated that one-third of a million people are born, live and die

UPON THE WATERS OF THE RIVER

at Canton. They live from what they can earn and pick up upon the river and they carry on a regular business, employing their assistants. The average wages of boatmen is from $10 to $12 a year and food, and during our voyage two rats which were killed on the ship were thrown out to one of these boat families. They were grabbed at with avidity and the thanks our captain received were unbounded. Long before you have read this letter they will have done their part in making muscle for the boatman who ate them, and dog and cat meat are among the other foods which sustain the lives of these men.

I have pursued my studies of labor in Canton largely in company with Consul Seymour, and I went yesterday to the the flouring mills which here compete with our Minneapolis millers. They consisted of a series of mill stones, one lying above another and two constituting a mill; the motive power was a water buffalo, the ugliest species of cow that God ever made, and the driver was a half-naked coolie. A dozen of these buffalos and coolies and two dozen stones made up the big establishment we visited, and it is in this way that a greater part of Canton's flour is ground. The rudest of machinery only is permitted in China. The people will not allow steamboats to go on the rivers in the interior except in those places laid down in the treaties, and the small cargo boats which do the trade of the canals have paddle wheels which are turned by gangs of men, and the other boats are moved by ores and sails. Anyone in traveling through China can perceive the ignorance of the people as to labor-saving appliances, and the learned Doctor Macgowan, who has lived in China for nearly half a century, and to whom I am indebted for many of the figures and facts of this letter, tells me that a free press would do more than anything else to bring the country to an acceptance of the best things in our western civilization.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

A March Wave.

New York World.

Tho' from the skies were flowing
Both icy sleet and rain,
And bitter winds were blowing
With all their might and main,
Storm beaten! undefended!
Two arms so wan and white
Were pleadingly extended
Out in the chilly night!

Alas! in all the city,
Tho' winds blew sharp and keen,
No hand appear'd in pity
To rescue from that scene
The waif so bruis'd and shatter'd,
So mercilessly hurt,
Out on a clothes-line batter'd—
Mulrooney's Sunday shirt!

Knick-Knacks.

New York World: Painter's overcoat—varnish.

Fishes (s)pawn their offsprings.

Done with the pen—a dead pig.

Can the caves of old oceans be called salt rheums?

When a man hasn't a red cent he gets blue.

Can a dealer in extracts be called a dentist?

Capital exercise at the bank—turning over money.

Can eloping be called body snatching?

If a hennery is a pen for hens, is chicory a pen for chickens.

Postage stamps know their places when they have been licked once.

Are book-worms good for bait?

Pigeons on toast is worth two in the bush.

Does cough-y agree with consumptives?

School girls are always looking for rain-beaux.

"How long can a man live without brains?" asked a professor of a rustic. "I don't know," replied the latter. "How old are you yourself?"

THE BABY INCUBATOR.

How Little Florence Ryall is Nursed in a Box.

Miss Vieth, who is the head nurse in the maternity department of the Women's Hospital, at 2200 North College avenue, says the Philadelphia Press, was leaning very tenderly over very small Florence Ryalls, yesterday afternoon, when she told the interesting story of how the unusually diminutive Florence is being cared for.

Miss Florence is in a box, which she occupies with a thermometer, a baby's night slip, two sponges and four hot water bottles, and she is very well considering all circumstances, according to Nurse Vieth, who has her in constant charge.

She is gaining flesh daily, and cries and kicks and sleeps, which is all that can be asked in the way of entertainment, life and trouble from a miss so young and so small, and who is undergoing an experiment such as has never before been experienced on this side of the water.

Miss Florence Ryalls was born in the maternity ward of the Women's Hospital nine days ago. Her birth was premature by one month, and she was not expected to live from the moment her black eyes first opened on daylight, but since she was put within the four walls of the rectangular box which she now occupies her improvement has been so great that Nurse Vieth says positively now that she will in a month or so develop into a fine and blooming baby.

The box or machine, or whatever it may be called, in which Miss Florence does her crying, kicking and sleeping, came from Paris about a month ago. It was one of the four which were brought to this country for the first time, and this is the primary opportunity that has occurred for its use in baby raising. The idea of its practical use is to care for prematurely born and exceptionally weakly infants who without it would undoubtedly die.

Nurse Vieth says that Miss Florence Ryals, would unquestionably, have died had it not been for this means of preserving her life. When she was born she weighed just 1590 grammes, and now, with a steady daily increase, she has reached the gratifying weight of 1720 grammes, with every prospect of a further increase. She is weighed regularly everyday on a pair of scales containing such a tin scoop as grocers use to dole out sugar, and the daily record of her avoirdupois is kept on a slate. Every hour she is fed by her mother, who is improving comfortably in the maternity ward, and she takes at each meal one teaspoonful and a half of nourishment, and seems to show an excellent appetite.

The box in which Miss Florence at present makes her home is a trifle over a yard long and about two feet wide. It is made of walnut wood, and the top is a plate of glass. The extremely young lady lies on a soft blanket wrapped in her nightslip. The air is admitted from the lower section of the upper end of the box and pssses over four bottles filled with hot water before it reaches the occupant. At the foot of the baby are two sponges strung on a cross bar over which the air also passes, thus keeping the atmosphere moist. The impure air escapes through a small funnel directly over the baby's head. Surmounting the funnel is a glass tube in which is fixed a steel regulator, in the shape of a windmill fan, which is kept constantly turning by the escaping air. The minute the regulator ceases revolving the nurse knows there is something wrong inside the box. The temperature is kept constantly at 80° Fahrenheit by the hot-water bottles, two of which are filled alternately with water at a heat of 110°. The temperature is thus never permitted to vary more than a half of a degree, and very seldom that much.

The apparatus is the invention of M. Mathieu, a French physician, and has been used with great success in saving the lives of prematurely-born children. Formerly the only method pursued in such cases was to keep the baby wrapped in cotton, and it was not effective in many cases.

SURVEYORS IN THE ROCKIES.

Exciting Experiences in the Location of the Union Pacific.

ANDREW ROSEWATER'S STORY.

Midwinter Struggles With the Elements and the Indians—Tender-Feet Escape Down the Platte in a Skiff.

Stories of Adventure.

Mr. Andrew Rosewater, ex-engineer of the city of Omaha, has not always been ensconced in the comfortable quarters he now occupies in the Paxton building, but has "roughed it" on the frontier in former years. It occurred to THE BEE man that the gentleman could a tale unfold that would prove highly interesting to those who yearn for truthful stories of adventure on the plains. Therefore Mr. Rosewater was asked for a brief narrative of his experiences in locating the line of the transcontinental railways over the Rockies.

"Twenty-two years ago," said he, "I started with thirteen others on the Union Pacific train from Omaha to explore and determine definitely the route of the Union Pacific over the Black Hills range and westward to Utah. At that time the railway was completed and in operation as far west as North Platte station. The weather was very similar to that we are now enjoying, and to a certain extent the entire winter had been of the same open nature as has characterized this one. But we had scarcely reached North Platte when a terrible snow storm set in all over the valley and extreme cold weather followed. Within a week of our departure [while we were in camp the temperature fell to 28° below zero, and we had to force our way through snow averaging nearly a foot in depth from 200 to 300 miles. On the banks of Crow creek we were temporarily delayed by the snow, and improved the time involved in laying off the town site of Cheyenne. There were no habitations to speak of within sixty miles of the place, but we accepted the 160 acres that were given to each of us in the general apportionment of the tract surrounding the new town site.

"From Crow creek we turned towards the Cache La Poudre valley, then sparsely settled by a few scattering farmers near what was then known as Fort Collins. The intensity of the cold and the depth of the snow heightened the hardships of the journey, and caused nearly every one in the party to become snow blind. The sufferings of the surveyors from this malady were severe, and they lasted in each case between a week and ten days, but fortunately we were not all stricken at the same time. We also had to contend with a scarcity of wood, and it was difficult to secure fuel for cooking in the morning and evening and absolutely none was to be had for heating purposes, but we made the best effort to retain the natural heat of our bodies by banking up the tents with snow. At one ranch that put a period to a wearisome day's tramp through the deep snow, failing to secure wood for our supper from the rancher's limited supply of fuel, in the face of an offer of $100 a cord, we were compelled to take the roof from one of his stables, despite his threat that the military would be called to punish us. Upon our arrival at the foot of the mountains we camped in this valley nearly two weeks, owing to our inability to cross the range in the snow, and began our surveys early in April from Fort Saunders, on the western side of the Black Hills range, another party being detailed to conduct experimental surveys on the Black Hills range to determine the best crossing there, while we were instructed to select the route across the main body of the Rocky mountains.

"We made excellent progress for the first ten days after leaving Fort Saunders, and then met new difficulties in the shape of Indian raids. An Indian war had broken out all over the country, and everywhere could be seen evidences of the movements of large bands of Indians, the burning of ranches and the destruction of everything within reach of the marauders. Near Rock Springs a detachment of our party was surrounded by Indians and Stephen Clark, a nephew of Horace F. Clark, then vice-president of the Union Pacific railway, was riddled with arrows and scalped. Another man in the detachment named Mueller, a brother of the music dealer at Council Bluffs, was in the midst of the hostile Indians, and but for the timely charge of some of our men he would have shared the fate of Clark. Everything upon the field, instruments and all, was immediately abandoned, and for several days we were compelled to remain behind rifle pits within our camp until reinforcements could be had from Fort Saunders. To secure these, two of our men volunteered to charge through the Indian camp at night, by keeping on the divides and communicate direct with the commander of that post. In this they were successful, and three days later an escort of fifty men was furnished us so that we were enabled to continue our work.

"While these events were happening on the west slope of the Rockies a similar party making surveys on the east slope was attacked and Mr. Hill, a brother-in-law of Byron Reed, of this city, and the engineer in charge, was killed, having been riddled with arrows in a desperate attempt to escape through the Indian lines towards his comrades. This occurred near what is now known as Hillsdale station which serves as a lasting monument to the victim.

"The exaggerated reports of these outrages and other depredations that were being committed on all sides at this time, induced several of our party to abandon the trip, and three persons escaped in a skiff down the Platte river, traveling at night and hiding in the day, finally reaching Fort Kearney and the railroad that conveyed them east. But our party was recruited from ranchmen in the vicinity who had been compelled to leave their claims on account of the Indian war. One of these men served as guide for us and another hunted and cooked fresh meat. The party with its strength thus supplemented again resumed its hazardous work and made slow but steady headway until the main crossing of the Rocky mountains was determined upon at a depression 800 feet lower than was originally contemplated. This crossing effected we were confronted by the great task of pushing surveys over a country that was almost an absolute desert and comparatively unknown with no roads or crossings of streams developed and affording insufficient pasturage for our horses. Our labors were not lightened by a limited knowledge of the location of springs and other sources of water supply. This whole country was formerly known as the Red desert.

"To facilitate the work of our party in crossing this stretch of country, Percy T. Brown and four others started out on horseback to reconnoiter the proposed route. Its barrenness was so strikingly manifest that all thought of Indians had long ago been dismissed. In fact, we beheld scarcely a living thing after the consummation of the crossing. Still on this reconnoitering trip Brown and his men were unexpectedly surrounded and ambuscaded by several hundred Indians, who had hidden themselves and ponies in the dry, circuitous bed of a deep ravine, whose banks were covered with high sage brush. In the the struggle that ensued, and while our men were trying to make their way to a neighboring summit, Mr. Brown was shot in the abdomen. His men abandoned their horses, picked up the wounded man and charged up the hill, determined to save his scalp. In this they were successful. The Indians scrambled over the booty in the shape of horses and accoutrements left by the white men and allowed them to make the summit nearest at hand. There the party remained until under cover of the darkness of the night they carried Mr. Brown on the stocks of their guns a distance of fifteen miles to the stage road, where he soon afterward died and was temporarily buried.

"We were again delayed by this fatality, and went into camp to consider matters.

I think it will be better to finish my story for this week right here and to relate the rest of my experience in next Sunday's issue of your paper.

TINY GIRLS IN POLITICS.

The Youngest Harrison Club in the United States.

Politics for women is not an unusual thing nowadays, but politics—real, hard, every-day politics—for little girls is perhaps something new. Probably St. Louis, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, is the first city in the United States to form a "Little Girls' Harrison club," but such is the sober fact. This promising organization, which is now a fixture, is composed of little girls, with republican proclivities, who attend the Stoddard and the Divoll schools, and who live in the west end. The ages of the little ones range from three to twelve years, and there is some genuine enthusiasm among the members of the club. The club was formed in September last, and found its suggestion in debates on the merits of the two candidates for the presidency. The most prominent on the Harrison side of the question met at the residence of Mabel Ross, 2801 Gamble street, and the formal organization of the club was undertaken.