

The Chinese Exhibit At the Paris Show

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PARIS, July 28.—When a French orator wants to apply the biggest words in his vocabulary to the universal exposition he styles it a "festival of peace, uniting all the nations in the brotherhood of labor." To the casual visitor, or to the person who reads about the big show from afar, this may seem a fanciful and exaggerated phrase, but now and then, as one wanders through the grounds, he sees a spectacle that realizes the precise sort of international fraternity to which the Frenchman refers.

A striking instance of this is visible at the foot of the stairway leading from the Trocadero into the exhibition grounds. Immediately on the left is an enormous turreted castle, the imposing facade of which runs about 200 feet along the thoroughfare, and whose irregular sides stretch twice as far back and end in a forest of detached buildings of most picturesque effect. There is no need to try and figure out the nationality of the edifice from the big inscription over the main portal, printed in letters of a strange alphabet. The general architecture of the big structure tells plainly as words that it is Russian, yet in the wide vestibule you see a sight that makes you doubt the inference. Seated there are half a dozen Chinese in their flowing robes of silk.

No Hostility Here.

The newspapers are full of startling tales these days from Pekin, and the pivotal point of most cablegrams is the intense hostility that exists between the Chinese and the Russians. English newspapers persistently hint that Tartar machinations have brought about the Boxer troubles, so that Russia might have a pretext for rushing in and grabbing territory, and the same journals give the impression that the Flowery Kingdom is less inimical

with dragons, insects, flashing, many-hued birds and effigies of the funny-faced little men and women familiar to our eyes since childhood, carved in stained woods, projecting from every side. In doorways and window sills, on balconies and in the gardens, there are flowers everywhere; and the pagodas and painted roofs overhead blend with the thick-leaved branches of the trees, leading irresistibly to the thought: "This is the land of the picturesque, the veritable Flowery Kingdom."

Chinamen at Home in Paris.

Sitting on the porches before their houses or shops, or strolling nonchalantly through the gardens, are almond-eyed Celestials precisely as they may be seen in their native land. This is China, idealized, if you will, but surely having little in common with the squalid, dirty sights that affront the visitor to the Chinatown of many an American city. In all the vista roundabout there is not a single laundry, and no John Chinaman, with his queue tucked up under his dilapidated "Melican" cap and in his slovenly blouse, squirting water at a wriggling shirt. Here the whole picture is different. The yellow men at the exposition are at their best; they comport themselves with dignity, making it understood that they come from classes in the vast empire which hold themselves far above the sordid specimens of Celestial humanity that have given Christian nations their impression of the ancient race.

Viewed as an ensemble or in detail, the Chinese exhibit at Paris manifests extreme cleverness on the part of its designers in presenting an effect that is true to life at the same time that it is most artistically picturesque. It was a difficult undertaking to construct a Chinese village that would prove one of the most thoroughly interesting features of the great show and vie in attractiveness with the countless novelties exhibited by the white races.



REPRESENTATION OF A CHINESE FUNERAL.

collections of Chinese art works, embracing objects of virtu in metal, wood and precious stuffs. Exquisite paintings representing Chinese landscapes, some of which were the handiwork of the greatest artists whom China has ever produced, are shown. It would require volumes to give even an imperfect description of many of the superb pieces, but one may imagine their character and priceless value from the lesser collections one sees in the great museums throughout the world.

Illustrate Social Life.

An interesting feature of the official exhibit is the wax figures, standing, in the most lifelike positions, here and there about the building. In general appearance, in facial traits, in the shapes of mustaches and beards, in the various fashions of wearing the queue, and, particularly, in the costumes, these interesting mannikins illustrate the many social grades in China and the infinite provincial races of which the vast empire is composed.

To the average visitor it is by no means an easy thing to distinguish a living Chinese from one of these imitation men. In complexion and in the passivity of his expression the living Chinaman whom you may see standing about often looks more like a wax figure than the wax figures themselves. About the only way to tell them apart is the label that is hung from the front of the inanimate men. It reads, in French: "Please do not touch."

If you see a silk-robed Chinaman without this sign you may assume he is alive. All visitors, however, do not know this rule, and consequently the living attendants who stand guard in the buildings in close juxtaposition with their wax countrymen are daily subjected to funny mistakes.

A row of Chinese shops, attended by merchants from Pekin, Tien Tsin and Shanghai, add another attractive feature to the section, and further heighten the illusion that the stranger has really been carried into the heart of the land of flowers. Far and away the most conspicuous element in the Chinese exposition is a huge, pagoda-shaped building modeled after one of the country palaces of the emperor. On the ground floor is a general mart, where all sorts of native curiosities are exposed. An exterior stairway, with the bannisters

brilliant with flowers, leads to the second floor, where a big hall, beautifully decorated in the Chinese fashion with wall paintings, curtains, matting, chairs, etc., is devoted to the purposes of a theater. Here prestidigitateurs and miracle workers give four exhibitions each day.

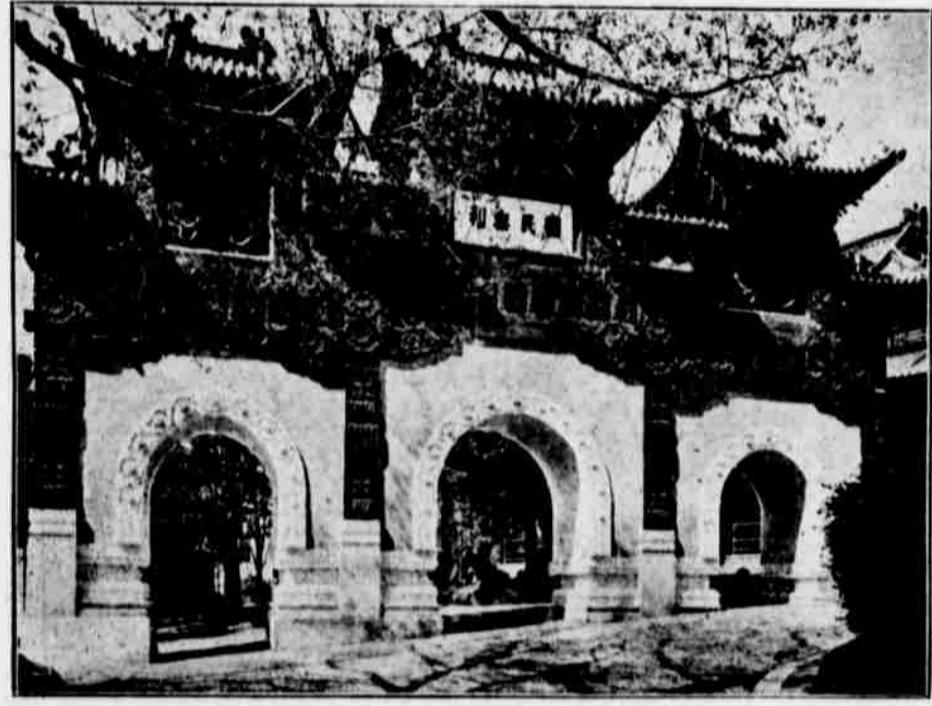
Overhead is the restaurant, not only the gem place of the section, but one of the most popular and fashionable spots in all the exhibition grounds. The interior decoration is sumptuous in the extreme, and the silver dragon, employed profusely in all the decorations, shows that the building is a literal reproduction of an imperial abode.

A wide, pagoda-peaked balcony is spread with tables, and from that spot one realizes an additional reason for the exceptional popularity of the Chinese restaurant. Stretching away off in the distance is an exquisite vista. You see the infinite variety of the foreign representative buildings, the Seine flowing by; beyond it the graceful lines of the Eiffel tower, forming a frame to the gardens of the Champ de Mars, and the whole picture, walled, far away, by the beautiful Chateau d'Eau, from which falls a mighty cascade of water, flashing in the sunlight, or still more bewitching at night when dazzling lights are flashed upon the Niagara-like waterfalls.

When you stand there you understand why it is necessary to secure a table a whole week ahead if you want to dine at the Chinese restaurant. And when you dine there you may be told that the cooks are Chinese, but you are sure they have been well taught how to cook a la Francaise. And another thing is certain, though you may forget many things at the Paris exposition, you are likely to remember for many years the Chinese section.

Wouldn't Worry Him

Chicago Post: "Of course, if you want to go into politics, that's your own lookout," said the wise citizen, "but I think it's foolish for a man who is ordinarily successful in any other line. You know they say politics makes strange bedfellows." "Oh, that won't worry me in the least," returned the ambitious man promptly. "Why, I was a commercial traveler with a route that took in small towns in the west for seven years."



GRAND ENTRANCE TO CHINESE SECTION AT PARIS EXPOSITION.

to Christians in general than to voracious Russia in particular. The man from anywhere who comes down those Trocadero steps and tumbles upon six Chinamen sitting placidly happy in the Russian vestibule is likely to think he is dreaming.

Standing thereabouts he sees men in Russian uniforms, between whom and the subjects of the son of heaven the best of good feeling obviously exists. Then the visitor realizes that the French orator must be right and that the exhibition really is a festival of peace and brotherhood.

Following the example of nature, which made them a sort of geographical neighbors, the exposition authorities, with the cordial concurrence of both nations, have allotted the Russians and the Chinese adjoining strips of territory that isolate them from the rest of mankind and enable them to live in a harmony that is most picturesquely effective.

Moving Panorama.

The visitor has scarcely reached the foot of the Trocadero stairway before he is confronted by a corner tower of the Russo-Asiatic palace, over the door of which is the notice:

- • • • •
- TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILROAD. •
- Voyage from Moskow to Pekin. •
- • • • •

There is a train inside that carries travelers over that long route in an hour, the trip being accelerated by imagination inflamed by a moving panorama. When the train runs into the sacred city, or the deluded traveler fancies it has, he descends from the luxurious Pullman, passes through the railway station and then out into the streets of what surely looks like the loveliest corner of a Chinese metropolis. The most stolid European or American is bound to be enchanted when he looks around and to forget that he is really in Paris. On all sides one beholds captivating specimens of Mongolian architecture—houses that look like pictures cut from a Chinese screen, brilliant in color, odd and fanciful in shape, fascinating or weird in their decorations,

Other countries were able to send to Paris products of their latest manufactures in every conceivable line of industry and invention, but in those respects China was handicapped, for the China of today has nothing new to show, nothing that it could not have exhibited just as well one, two or even ten centuries ago.

While other nations, Japan among them, forwarded to the universal exhibition samples of their most recent developments in the way of army and naval equipments and construction, armament, etc., the government of the dowager empress had nothing of that kind to show, or at least nothing that it cared to let the world know about. Measured strictly from an up-to-date standpoint, therefore, the Chinese exhibit was outweighed from the start. This fact, however, only emphasizes the intelligent care and ability manifested by its designers in making it what it unquestionably is—one of the most interesting and attractive features of the great fair.

At the head of the Chinese section is M. Charles Vopereau, a Frenchman, who has spent thirty years of his life in the Celestial empire. Few foreigners know that great country so well as he and when appointed commissioner general of China he set about his work with energy, zeal and knowledge. He selected the best models of architecture for the various buildings he proposed to construct, conscientiously determined to make them represent China to the life.

The section assigned to China suited the purpose admirably, for it embraced a bit of rolling ground that was deemed fairly characteristic of a Chinese landscape, at the same time containing many flowering trees and shrubs that fitted to perfection the architecture of the buildings and the arrangement of the gardens.

The various structures are grouped about in a fashion that in nowise suggests the idea of being overcrowded or space. Four of these buildings are exclusively devoted to the exhibits of the Chinese government. Six others are used to illustrate various phases of the commercial, industrial and social life of the empire. In the official buildings are shown superb

Humor in the Jungle

"General," said Lieutenant Muchafraido, as the descent of the shades of night made it possible for him and his august commander to poke their heads out of the cave for a breath of fresh air, "why are you like Niagara falls?"
"Give it up," said Aguilardo, after a hard think, "unless it's because no one has ever succeeded in shooting me."
"Nope," said the subaltern, edging off behind a pile of rocks, "it's because you're running all the time."
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