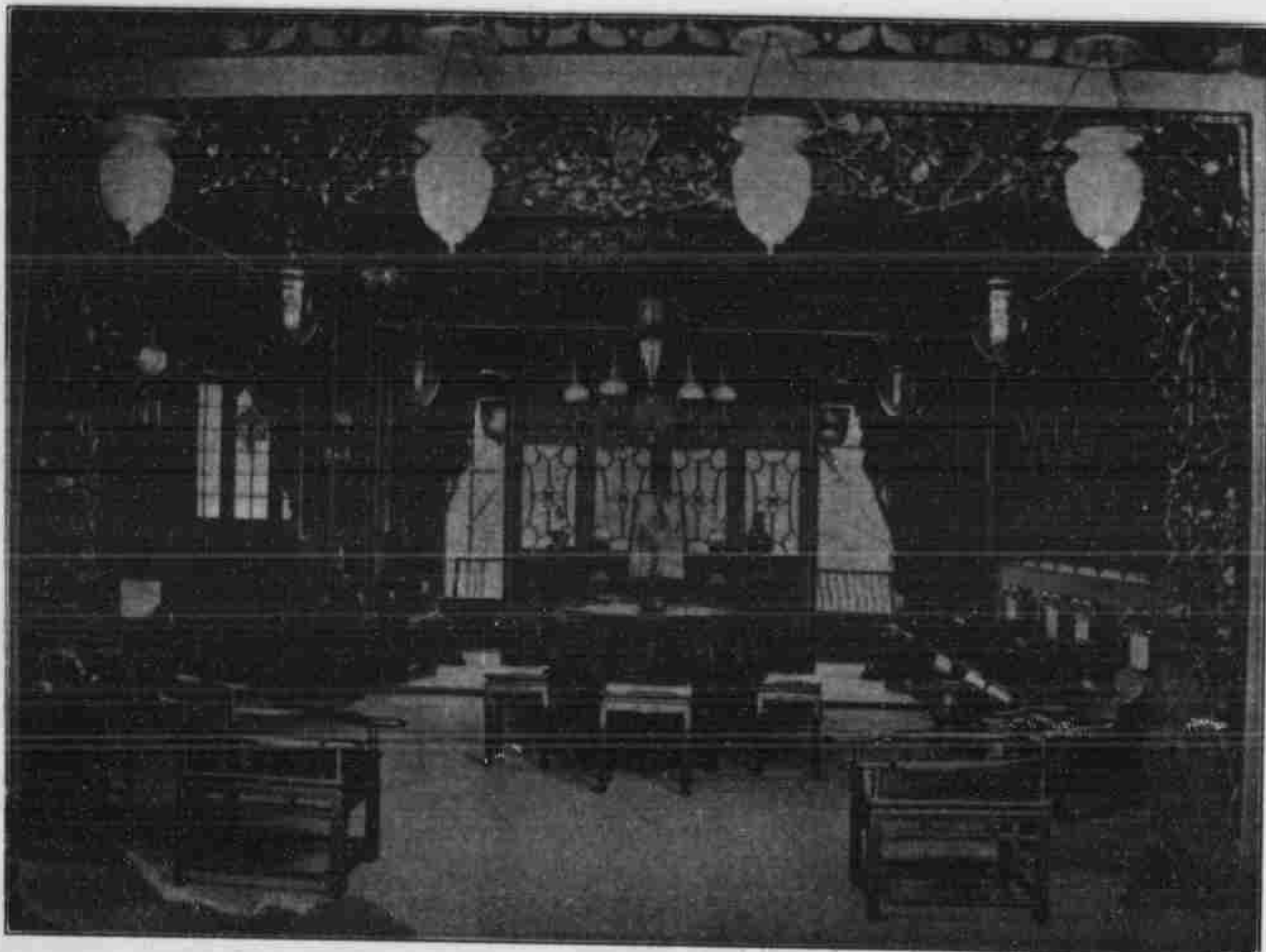


Hangchow, Great Silk Manufacturing City of China



IN THE HOME OF A HANGCHOW MILLIONAIRE.

(Copyright, 1902, by Frank G. Carpenter.)
HANGCHOW, Chekiang, China, Jan. 16.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—Have you ever heard of Hangchow?

It is the capital of the silk province of Chekiang and the chief silk manufacturing center of the great Chinese empire. It has thousands of hand looms and tens of thousands of workers. It weaves silks of all kinds and it has hundreds of looms which are employed exclusively in making goods for the imperial household.

Hangchow has silk millionaires by the dozen. It is one of the richest cities of China and in proportion to its population it has more rich men than any other. It is one of the centers of trade of the great Yangtze valley and with the opening up of the country, now that the war is settled, it will grow enormously in population and wealth. The city is already twice as big as Cincinnati and larger than any city in the United States except Philadelphia, New York and Chicago.

Hangchow has grown to this size without good connection to the sea, without railroads and with only canals and the little River Chentang. It is now proposed to join it to Shanghai and Soochow by rail and lines will be extended to Nanking, Ningpo and eventually south to Canton. The canals will probably be deepened and a ship canal may some time join it to the sea. Foreign buildings are already going up, although the city has only been opened to our trade for the last five years. The Japanese unlocked its gates to the world and it now has a large foreign settlement extending a mile along the east bank of the Grand canal, about four miles from the city walls. Near this settlement there is a big cotton mill filled with modern machinery and also a new steam silk flature. Both are owned and operated by Chinese.

Next to Heaven in Beauty.
 "Above is heaven, below are Hangchow and Soochow."

This is an old saying of the Chinese. They think Hangchow and Soochow are the most beautiful cities outside of heaven. Hangchow has been so noted for ages. It was the capital of China during the Sung dynasty. Marco Polo, who visited it in the thirteenth century, called it the finest city of the world. It was destroyed during the Taiping rebellion, but it has been largely rebuilt and is still noted for its beauty. It is on the edge of a great plain at the foot of rugged, low mountains, which tower high above it. There is a lake at the west and the city stretches out on all sides over the plain. I write this description on the mountain above it. There are temples to Confucius and Buddha all about me and I have climbed up here with the pilgrims who have come to worship in the temples in order to give you an idea of Hangchow.

I stand on a high precipice in front of a Buddhist temple overlooking the city. For miles in front and to my right and left is a vast expanse of low black-tiled ridge-roofed houses, cut here and there by narrow streets, which are marked out by the white buildings upon them. Beyond these I can see the great walls of the city itself. They are as high as a four-story house and so thick that you could drive three carriages side by side upon them without crowding, and I am told they are thirty miles long.

Beyond these walls extends a vast plain, cut up by hundreds of waterways, large and small. That wide band of silver which borders the walls is the famous Grand canal, the great artery of Chinese trade, which, beginning at Peking, flows on south through the most populous parts of the empire and ends here at Hangchow. See

the thousands of boats which are moving to and fro upon it. There are steam launches, great sailing junks and smaller craft of all kind. That canal is the longest of the world. It is older than Christian America and it has even now a vast trade. Along it and over the plain, cut up by other canals, a crazy quilt of green, yellow and other colored crops has been stretched and sewed together with those bands of silver water, while everywhere are the vast orchards of mulberry trees, which feed the tens of millions of silk worms for the satins, brocades and silks which make Hangchow famous.

China's Most Beautiful Lake.

Turn around now and look at the lake on the western edge of the city. It is thirty miles in circumference and its diamond-bright surface is studded with emerald islets. Some of the islands have palaces on them, the homes of the princes and rich men of the city. The hills about the lake are covered with bamboos, plum and peach trees and the gardens are full of roses and honeysuckles.

Hangchow extends back from this lake, a vast plain of one and two-story houses, with great business streets stretching for miles through the center. At the right there are two tall poles with what look like bird cages upon them rising high above the black roofs. That is the yamen where the governor lives, and where you will find as many politicians as about the White House in Washington. The big building a little further over is a Mohammedan temple and the tall tower away at the left above the lake is Hangchow's famous many-storied pagoda, which stands over a white snake, a human being who was so changed as a punishment for his sins.

But let us go down and take a walk through the streets. The city is full of business. There are miles of stores and workshops. The people swarm, and men, women and children are all working. Every side alley has its little manufacturing establishments. Here they are making furniture, there they are painting in lacquer, and farther on is a section where tin foil is pounded out by the thousands of sheets. It is used as graveyard money, which the Chinese burn at the funerals to give the dead funds to establish themselves in the world to which they are going.

How fine the stores are! We walk down the main business street. It is four miles in length and it cuts the city in halves. It

is filled with a moving human stream from dawn until dark. How narrow it is. It is not more than ten feet from one wall of shops to the other, and the signboards hang down so that we fear to bump our heads against them. There are so many signs that they obstruct the light and make the street too dark for me to take photographs. Even if it were light I could not get views. The throng is too thick and the movement too rapid. The only way that you could get a photograph here would be with a flashlight and a balloon.

Scenes on the Streets.

And still the street is full of good pictures. I stop in a store and take out my notebook and jot down the strange things all about me. There are two Chinese greeting each other. Each is shaking his own hands, putting his fists together; neither man touches the other. Here come some coolies carrying a great box fastened to the middle of a pole, which they rest on their shoulders. They grunt and cry out at every step as they move onward, and both rich and poor get out of the way. By custom the man who carries the load is given the center of the street and the others must go to the wall. This is for two reasons; one is that the Chinese naturally respect labor and another is that their clothes may not be soiled against the burden so carried.

Take, for instance, that man who is coming down the street. He is bare to the waist and he has two buckets of the vilest slop attached to the two ends of a pole which rests on his shoulders. There is a framework of straw at the top of the liquid, but the stuff would splash out if he jostled against you in passing. Behind him are two coolies carrying a load of boards on their shoulders, and still further back are other men with baskets of greasy cooked ducks. There are coolies toting bales of cotton and silk, loads of pottery, and, in fact, all sorts of things used by the Chinese. The dray horse here is the coolie, and the coolie takes the place of the wagon, as well.

Chinese Women Out Shopping.

There are many women in the crowd moving past me. Some of them are gorgeously dressed. They totter along on small feet, leaning on canes or aided by servants. Here and there you see one sitting in the stores or on the steps, resting herself during her shopping.



HANGCHOW'S MANY-STORIED PAGODA.

But what is that procession which is going by now? It pushes everyone to the wall. First come men bearing great boards on which red characters are painted, and behind them boys in long gowns, with red conical hats. Some carry flags and others maces and dragons on poles. Some have red umbrellas and there are two Chinese officials on horseback, and behind them a gorgeous Sedan chair. I look in at the window as the chair passes. Its occupant is a woman, the wife of a Chinese general. She is splendidly dressed and the red paint of her cheeks is spread on in smears. Behind is a rich Chinese merchant in silk, and with him are two boys in spectacles, who are perhaps preparing for the examinations which they will soon take at Peking.

In a Chinese Silk Store.

There are silk shops everywhere. Children are weaving most beautiful ribbons and crepes, some of the finest of Chinese silks being made by boys and girls under 15 years of age. Some of the stores which sell silk have factories connected with them and some of the silk establishments are very large. Hangchow has whole streets of silk shops, some of which sell hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of goods every year. The shops are nothing like our dry goods stores. There are no dresses displayed in the windows and no goods on the counters. The interior looks more like a music store than anything else. Its walls are covered with pigeon holes, out of which long rolls of cloth stick. To each roll is attached a little strip of white muslin bearing the price mark in Chinese. You ask for what you want and the goods are then brought forth and unrolled. Many of the silks are sold by weight, at so much per pound.

Later on I enter a silk factory. It is one of the largest in the city, and there are about a hundred girls sitting on the floor pounding at the refuse or waste of raw silk. The girls look up as I come in, and when I point my camera their way they stampede; every yellow almond-eyed maiden jumps up on her little feet and toddles away at full speed. They huddle together behind the partition at the back of the room, and I hear their voices indignantly scolding, when my guide says:

"Master, no take picture here. China girl, be no likee you take picture. He think you makee die."

Biggest Fan Store of Asia.

One of the largest businesses of Hangchow is making fans. They are produced by the millions and shipped from here to all parts of China. Some of them are very valuable, costing \$5 and upward. Some are made of eagle's feathers, others of silk with ivory handles and many of paper, wood and other materials. The Chinese use more fans than any other nation. Both sexes carry them, and there are fans which are proper for men and other makes which are only proper for women. One of the most popular gifts is an autograph fan, and poetry fans are common. Such things are written in Chinese characters, and when produced by a scholar are much desired. There are folding fans and fans with maps of the various cities of China upon them. Some

fans turn in at the ends. Some are round in shape and many are hand-painted and embroidered.

One use of the fan is to shade the eyes from the sun. The most fashionable gentleman's cap has no brim and the man who has no fan cannot walk about without an umbrella. Many of the people go bareheaded, and, as they are shaved to the crown, they must have something to protect them from the hot sun. In the shade the fan is either carried in the hand or folded up and stuck in the back of the neck or sometimes in the top of the stocking.

Hangchow has the largest fan store of the world. It faces the main street, and consists of many rooms running around courts and covering a large space. In the front part of the establishment a dozen clerks are kept busy showing fans to would-be purchasers. The other rooms are workshops, where Chinese men, women and children are making fans. In this store the business is done in departments, one set of men making the sticks, another painting the leaves and others making the nails which join the sticks together. In most businesses one Chinese makes the whole product, but the fan business here is organized into many divisions.

They Paint and Powder.

Among the other queer shops of Hangchow are those which sell perfumery and cosmetics. The Chinese women paint and powder more than their sisters of the United States. The women cover their cheeks with rouge. They shave their eyebrows and pencil out new ones after the most fashionable arch. They paint the lips red and paste the neck over with a ghastly white. The painting is done by females of all ages, from little girls to old women.

Other odd shops are the silversmiths, where most beautiful cups, pitchers and other things are sold. Among the curious articles are silver shields to protect the long fingernails of fashionable women. Both sexes allow the nails to grow and I have seen men who could put the palm of one hand on their chin and scratch the back of the neck without moving it. Long nails, you know, are the signs of a gentleman, for no one who has nails two or three inches long can possibly do menial labor.

I am surprised at the good order of the interior Chinese cities. The people are courteous and very polite. In Hangchow I am treated everywhere with deference, and, though a crowd follows me when I attempt to take pictures, no stones are thrown, nor, as far as I can learn, are any rude things said. We have now grown accustomed to the Chinese, but twenty years ago a party of celestials in gowns would have been mobbed in many of our interior towns, and the boys would probably have thrown stones at them. Certainly a Chinese woman dressed as she is at home could not go about upon her small feet in our cities today without a crowd of boys at her heels.

The streets here are so crowded that it would be impossible to do business if the people were not very good-natured. Very few policemen are required. In the four-

(Continued on Seventh Page.)



MR. CARPENTER AND CONSUL GENERAL GOODNOW AT A RICH MAN'S GATE IN HANGCHOW.