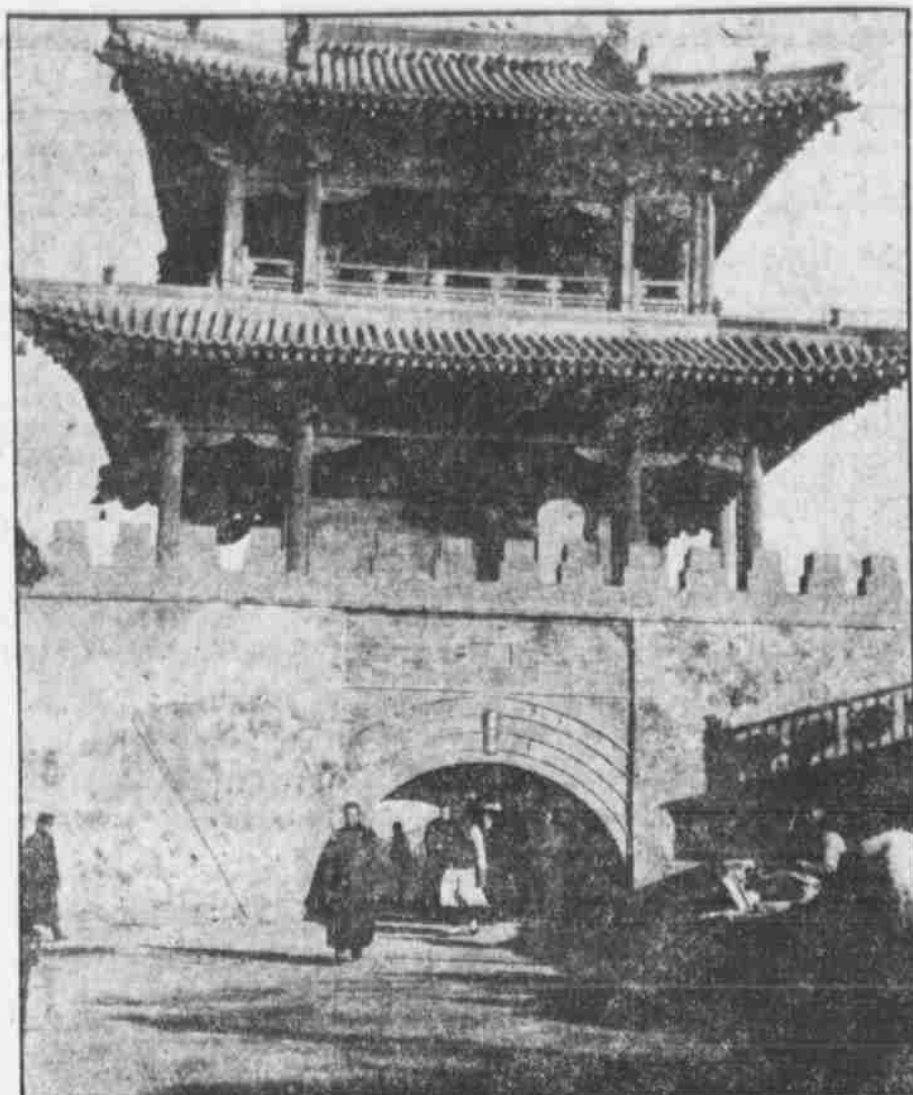


Features of Social and Business Life in the Capital of Manchuria



MUKDEN'S GREAT DRUM TOWER.

(Copyright, 1909, by Frank G. Carpenter.)
MUKDEN, Manchuria, 1909. — (Special Correspondent of The Bee.)—I am in Mukden, the capital of Manchuria. It is a city of 250,000, lying twelve hours by express train almost due north of the Russian frontier. By the Imperial Chinese railway it is twenty-six hours from Peking and just twelve hours from Shanhaiwan, at the eastern end of the Great Chinese wall. It is the largest city of Asia, lying north of Peking, and is one of the most important of the whole Chinese empire. It is the home of the Manchus, and the birthplace of the dynasty which now rules the 400,000,000 Chinese. It has scores of noble Manchurian families, and it furnishes a large proportion of the Chinese officials.

Mukden a Tartar City.
 Mukden is emphatically a Manchu town. It makes one think of the Tartar section of Peking, except that it is better laid out and its streets are smoother and cleaner. The city has two great walls about it. The outer one is of mud and is thirteen miles long. The inner is about four miles in length, and it incloses a circle of houses a mile or so wide, comprising the old Tartar camp of the past.

The inner walls are of brick. They are forty feet high and so wide that two horse wagons could be driven abreast upon them. They run in an almost perfect circle around the inner city, being entered by eight gates, each of which has walled inclosures all the way to the windings. The most important part of Mukden is the inner city. This contains the palaces of the emperor of China, in which are stored fortunes in jewels and precious stones, wonderful carvings in silver and porcelain, worth their weight in gold. The palaces rise high above the rest of the city. They are great temple-like buildings, with curved roofs of the imperial yellow. Their woodwork is painted in bright red and green, and is wonderfully carved. The roofs are of porcelain, and the yellow tiles shine like gold under the sun. For months last year the palaces were filled with waiting officials, who went there day after day to weep for the emperor and the old empress dowager.

New Government Buildings.
 Mukden is the seat of the viceroy of Manchuria. The palaces of this man are larger than those of the emperor. They cover, I should say, a half dozen acres and contain hundreds of officials in addition to the viceroy himself. Tartar soldiers with guns in their hands stand at the gates and richly dressed Manchus may be seen going in and out at any hour of the day. The viceroy's palaces are of modern construction. They are immense one and two-story buildings, surrounded by walls twenty-five feet in height. They are of chocolate-colored brick, well constructed, and are among the finest buildings north of the Himalaya mountains.

Look over Mukden.
 I should like to give you a view of Mukden from the great Drum tower which cuts the two main streets at one corner. This tower is about 100 feet high. It rises from a pedestal fifty feet wide, through which two tunnel-like roads cross at right angles. In passing it this morning I noticed the wicket gate open and without asking permission I slipped in. I found two flights of stairs with high, narrow steps, up which I climbed slowly to a great drum which is hung among the pines roots under the roof.

Suppose you stand there beside me and look over the city. Below us, extending out to the wall on all sides, is a gray mass of low one-story brick buildings, which cover at least 1,000 acres. Through it run wide streets, cutting each other at right angles, and over the whole rise the red walls and yellow roofs of the imperial palaces.

The common buildings are of the same architecture. They are of gray brick, with ridge roofs of black tiles, the round comb of each roof sloping up into little horns at the ends. The wider streets are lined with stores, and these have double roofs, and regularly fitted from house to house that they form a sharp valley, tanked with tiles, running through the air along the roadway from one end of the city to the other.

Flowing up and down the street is a wide stream of white, blue and black, made by the clothes of the people as they go back and forth. There are carts and horses by scores, and the scene is as busy as in the busiest cities in China. Mukden is one of the richest places of the whole empire. It has a vast trade, and its people are on the go from daylight to dark.

Street Traffic.
 But let us crawl down the steps and take a walk through the streets. The Manchus are quiet, and we can go where we please. We shall have to pick our way, however, and must now and then jump into the crowd to keep from being crushed by the crowd. In addition to the freight carts carrying bean cakes, coal, grain and all sorts of merchandise, hauled by donkeys



ENTRANCE TO THE VICEROY'S PALACE.

are even more convenient for walking. The soles themselves are quite thin, but attached to them are wooden supports, which extend down from the center of the shoe, much like a French heel. Such a shoe is the badge of a lady, for no working woman could wear them. Another badge of high blood is the long finger nail, protected by a sheath of silver or gold to keep it from breaking.

Stores of Mukden.

No one can go through the streets of Mukden and not be impressed by its business. There are miles of one-story booths, back of which are warehouses filled with fine goods. There are streets of stores and streets devoted to the making and selling of silver, copper and brass. There are innumerable peddlers, who go along crying the wares, and places where the goods are put out in the open during the day and taken in at night.

Caps and Shoes.

Mukden has a large trade in hats, caps and shoes. There are winter shoes and summer shoes, shoes for workmen and shoes for officials. There are men's boots of leather, men's boots of felt, and crea-

tions of all sorts in silk, satin and fine leather for women. The felt shoes have soles an inch or more thick, with uppers whose thickness will average a quarter of an inch. They look clumsy and heavy, but are wonderfully light and remarkably cheap. The coolies wear shoes of leather much like moccasins and the officials have boots of black silk and velvet.

The shoe merchants display their wares on the sidewalks, and there the cobbler sits and mends your boots while you wait. Near my hotel a wooden boot is hung out as a sign. It is painted white, green and red and is quite as big as the shoe in which the old woman lived with all of her children.

And the caps of Mukden! They are of all kinds and can be seen by the hundreds on any main street. They are stacked up outside upon shelves, which are laid up along the walls of the buildings. They are made of fur, silk and felt, with rolls which can be turned down to cover the



WOODEN BOOT USED FOR SIGN.

ears. There are also hat and cap stores, and places where fur ear-taps are sold.

Hot Water Peddled.

One of the queerest of the Mukden street sounds is a shrill whistle which may be heard in almost every block. It is long and loud and continuous. Still it took me some time to learn whence it came. At first I thought it might be the whistles these people tie to the tails of their pigs to scare off the hawks, but I afterward learned it was the whistle of the hot water peddler. The whistle of selling hot water on the streets as a business! This is the occupation of many men in Mukden. They have great Tartar samovars made like gigantic tea kettles. These kettles have a stove pipe in the middle, connecting with another pipe which runs in from the side near the bottom. In the latter pipe some charcoal is lighted. As it burns the pipe warms the water and the steam is forced out, not through the spout, but through an opening on top in which is a whistle, of the same shape as the tin two-penny affair used by our school boys. The steam blows the whistle and the boiling water thus advertises itself. The people come to such men with their tea kettles and gruel. They pay a fraction of a cent for enough to make tea for a family and thus save the expense of keeping a fire.

A great many of the Manchus cooking utensils are made of brass or copper. Not far from the Drum Tower is a long street devoted to the brass-smiths. Here are blocks of brass stores, in each of which a half dozen men in blue jackets and trousers sit before low anvils and pound out brass pots, wash basins and dishes. They make brass chafin boxes with holes below them for charcoal incense burners, candlesticks and the great brass gongs which are used by the mandarins to warn the common people to get out of their way when they ride through the town. Beyond this is a street of silversmiths' shops, where one can find most gorgeous hairpins and bracelets of silver decorated with enamel. Such wares are sold by weight. The extra charge over the actual weight of the silver being for the workmanship.

Mukden's Big Fur Trade.
 This place is one of the chief fur markets of Asia. The country above Mukden swarms with wild animals and their raw skins and furs are brought here for sale. There are more than forty tanneries in and about the city, and one sees leather and fur stores everywhere. The fur shops are all open. The skins are displayed just as they come from the tannery and also sewed together in the shape of the mandarin coat. Such a coat is large and full, the fur being afterward cut and fitted to the shape of the wearer. Many such furs are used for linings, the outside being of broad satin or silk, and some are worn by the Chinese with the hair outward, the lining being of silk or other materials. There are also rugs of various sizes and furs for sale to foreign dealers, such as sable and fox. There are buyers who come here from all parts of Asia, and large shipments are made every winter to Shanghai, Peking and Hankow.

During the coldest weather the Tartars in the northern part of the empire wear almost nothing else but furs of one kind or another. The coolies have suits of sheepskins and goatskins, while the nobles wear foxskins, mink and sable. The Manchus wear furs are poorly heated, and fur-lined clothes are worn indoors and out. As a rule the best furs are exported. I had thought to have bought an overcoat here, but am told that I can purchase one at a much lower price in Peking.

As to the extent of the fur trade, it is enormous. In addition to the vast quantity used by the natives several hundred thousand skins are annually exported. A large part of the product goes to America, and among the things sent there are thousands of dogskin suits and dogskin rugs, as well as piles of squirrel tails and fox tails for muffs and hat decoration.

Some of the furs are fine. There are tiger skins, which bring as high as \$400, and leopard skins at from \$20 to \$60 apiece. Something like 8,000 sables are annually exported, the best of them yielding \$35 a skin. Last year about 2,000 silver foxes were sold, some of which netted \$50 a skin. Over 20,000 red fox furs brought from \$10 to \$30 each, and as to the skins of wolves, badgers, goats and lambs, they were sold by the tens of thousands.

Manchuria's Dog Farms.
 The biggest part of the fur trade with America is the dogskins. The country is so cold that this animal grows a long, thick coat, worth so much that dogs are raised for their skins. The best skins bring \$4 apiece, and they make beautiful rugs. I am told there are many dog farms between here and Siberia, where the animals are bred for this purpose. They are killed just before spring, while their coats are still long and warm. The killing is done by strangulation, for the reason that a knife might injure the fur. The dogs of the cities are treated in the same way. I see many in Mukden today which I doubt not will be turned into American rugs in the next year or so.

Japanese Speculation in Dogs.
 The people here look upon dogs as so much live stock, and bitterly resent their being killed on the ground of hydropathy or for sanitary reasons. At the close of the Russian war when the Japanese took possession of Mukden they cornered the dog market, and made something like \$20,000 in selling the skins. The scheme was originated by a party of Japanese traders, who are charged with bribing certain of their military officials into passing an order that all the dogs of the city should be destroyed on the grounds of hydropathy. This order enabled their own killers to accompany them and thus they got possession of the skins, which numbered some 200,000 so. Among these were many pet dogs. The people would not stand such an outrage today.

Dogs for Dowries.
 In the northern parts of Manchuria it is said that dog farming is carried on much after the manner of sheep farming in Australia. In some places the dogs are reared in connection with goats, and a single farm may have a hundred or so. In such regions dogs are often given as wedding presents, and a girl may receive a half dozen as her dowry. Inasmuch as a dog is ready to breed in eight months it will be seen that a fortune could easily arise from such a beginning. Such dogs are fed upon millet, and they have also what they can get by foraging outside. The flesh of the animal is used for food, dog meat being largely eaten in both Manchuria and Korea. In Seoul there are certain seasons when the flesh of these animals is considered the sweetest. I have tasted dog roast in Seoul and in Canton I once visited a restaurant where a dog stew was cooking.

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Quaint Features of Everyday Life

Sikh Outwits Lawyer.

HERE is a Sikh out in Victoria, B. C., where Sikhs are about as popular as Japanese in San Francisco, who got himself out of a serious predicament by a clever ruse. He was up against the law and as he was something of a black sheep even among the Sikhs it looked as if it would go hard with him. He had had a bad record in Hong Kong and this was known to other Sikhs and to the prosecuting lawyer. So he arranged to have an unfriendly Sikh informed that for a crime in Hong Kong he had been branded on the left arm. The unfriendly Sikh lost no time in passing the information to the prosecutor.

The lawyer held the information until he wanted to make a telling point at the trial. Then he pointed an accusing finger at the Sikh and called out sternly: "Pull up the sleeve on your left arm and let the court see the brand placed there by Hong Kong Justice!" The Sikh obeyed. His arm was without blemish. The unfriendly Sikh and the lawyer did not know that branding criminals is not in fashion in Hong Kong. The point was so telling that the accused Sikh got off.

Cat Gets String of Fish.

June, the diving and fishing cat belonging to Charles La Croix, who lives in Seaside Place, Conn., came home with a fish hook fastened in her throat and a string of fish trailing behind her. There were weakfish, dogfish, eels, skate and flatfish. Her catch broke all records for a cat, but June did not seem to me especially proud of it. The big hook was sticking too deep into her throat for her to find any joy in anything.

The cat left home in the morning to go to the water front to dive for fish. When she got there she saw a nice fat mummy a few inches beneath the surface of the water and dived, seized and swallowed it. Then she started for shore. To her surprise, she felt a sharp pain in her throat and discovered she was being held by something. She began to struggle violently. Finally something gave way. She headed for shore and made it. Behind her trailed twenty-five feet of a set line which fishermen had baited with mummies and placed in the water to catch larger fish. June had swallowed part of

the bait. She headed for home, dragging the line and fish. It was not until Dr. F. L. Olmstead had performed an operation and removed the hook that tabby was relieved of her flimsy burden.

Horse Beats a Train.

As the Spokane express was outbound from Portland, a few days ago, a bay horse about sixteen hands high, and a most beautiful specimen, according to those who saw him, took fright at the approaching train, while feeding in a pasture along side the track about one mile from Fairview, and, starting down the track, ran for seven miles at almost top speed down the center of the track in front of the train.

In that seven miles, the horse jumped sixteen cattle guards, and ran at a good rate across a common railroad bridge about sixty feet in length, without a slip. He was only scared off the track when the train entered Troutdale, and when, at the call of the whistle of the locomotive, the station agent there and employees of a nearby livery stable, cornered and caught him with a lariat.

Most remarkable of the whole thing was the speed which the horse kept up in the distance. The only time that the train slowed down perceptibly was at the bridge outside of Troutdale, where it was feared the horse might slip through the ties and be caught. He slipped across the ties like the most experienced tie walker.

Dining Room of a Circus.

The discipline of an army reigns supreme in circus life, says Popular Mechanics, and it is always interesting to watch how the thousand or more people of such an organization are fed three meals a day without a hitch, and as silently as a big hotel. The grass serves as a carpet, and the forty or more waiters move quickly in and out. The kitchen tent is completely equipped with pastry ovens, warming tables, steam vats for steaming, steam urns for coffee and tea, boiling ovens and numberless other cooking utensils. The force of cooks numbers sixteen, including the three which tend the camp fire, at which nothing but soup is prepared. The ranges fold up, and are carried in wagons, and the tents are lighted with electricity at night. It is not unusual to serve as many as 5,000 pancakes for breakfast, and 600 loaves of bread are used each day, in addition to crackers and biscuits.

Fish Has Beak Like Bird.
 E. B. Rice, keeper of Eastlake park, Los Angeles, has a fish that he expects may sing like a mocking bird. It has the beak and throat of a bird all right and half of its body is that of a carp, the other half that of a goldfish.

Mr. Rice was gathering a lot of fish from the lake in a bucket as breakfast for fish-eating animals in the zoo. As he dipped up a mess of the fish, one struck a beam up through the water and twiddled a protest. This interested Mr. Rice and he took the beakfish out and placed it in an improvised aquarium.

Either the fish is too young for feathers or is molting, for no plumage has appeared. But the beak and birdlike head are much in evidence, as well as the mixed parentage shown by the combined carp and goldfish body.

Dr. David Starr Jordan probably is the only man who can pedigree the ancestry of this fish, if it is a fish, or bird, if it is a bird.

Mr. Rice is still undecided as to whether he should provide a cage of a jar for its home.

Everybody on Mother's Side.
 "I see that you have company at your house, Tommy."

"Yes; aunt from the country."

"Aunt, eh? On your father's side?"

"Not by a jugful. Everybody in this house has to be on mother's side or there'd be trouble."

Omaha Youngsters Out for a Summer Frolic



GROUP OF GUESTS OF MRS. GEORGE A. HOAGLAND ON A RECENT SULTRY AFTERNOON.