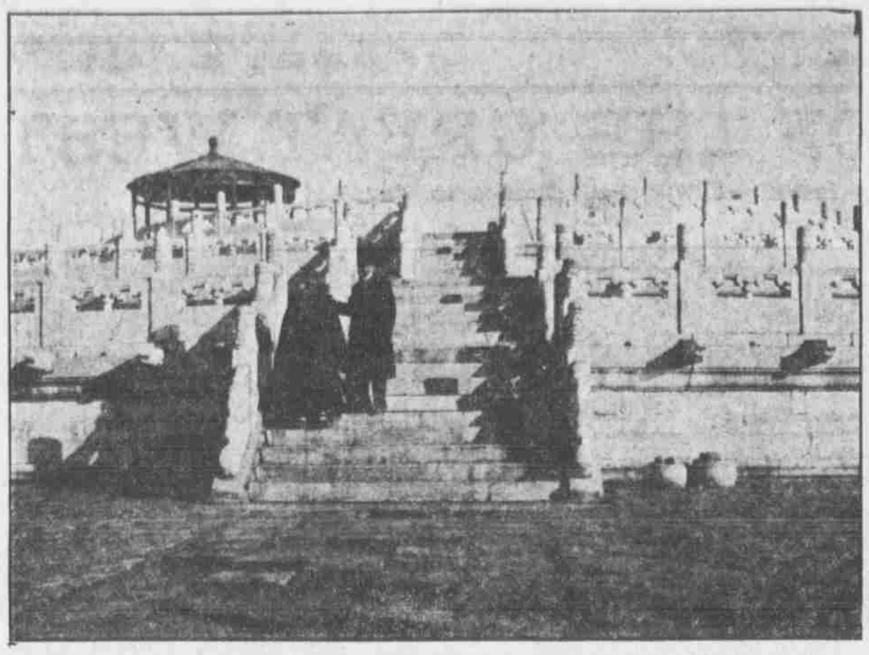
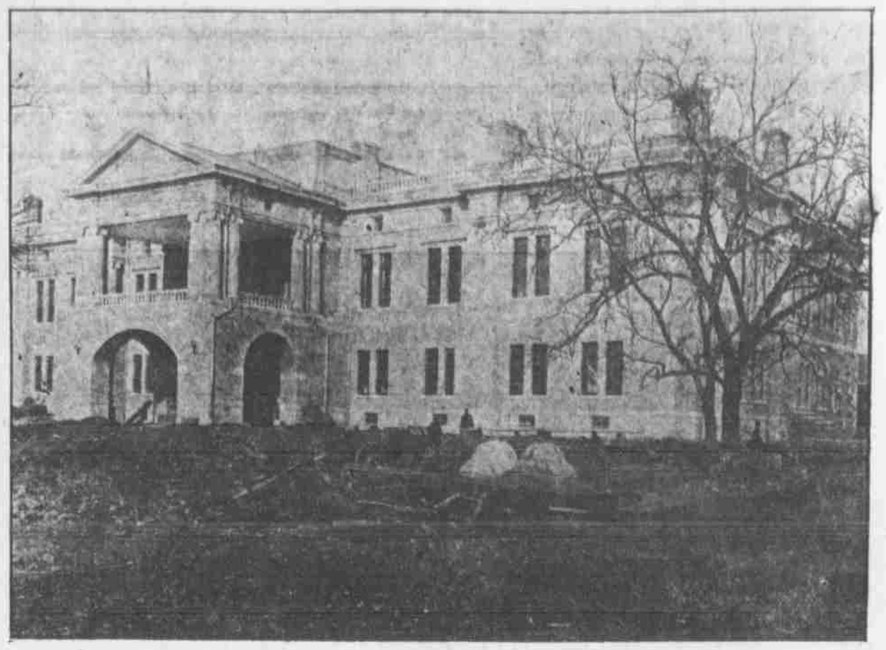
Peking Shows How Old China is Changing With Modern Civilization



MARBLE SHRINE, WHERE THE EMPEROR PRAYS FOR HIS PEOPLE.

PEKING STREET CROSSING POLICEMAN.



WAI WU PU, CHINA'S NEW FOREIGN OFFICE.

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PEKING, 1909.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—Come with me this bright Sunday morning and take a look at the new capital of the new Chinese empire. We are in the ganglionic nerve center of one of the greatest movements of history. Old China, with its vast population of one-fourth of the whole human race, is being reborn and Peking is throbbing with the young blood of the new civilization. From it are trickling the streams which are starting these mighty provinces into action. They are daily increasing in volume, and promise to form a tidal wave which will engulf the whole world. Peking is the fountain of the revolution, and it is already spouting sky high.

Old Peking.

Let us sit in its spray with the steam whistle of the railway cars dinning our ears, and the new electric plant turning the silvery drops into diamonds, while we think of the past and try to realize where we are. We shall have to shut our eyes and turn our minds back into the ages. We are on a spot where men were living under a municipal government five centuries before Romulus and Remus were sucking at the teats of the wolf to grow up and found Rome. There was a town here when the great pyramid was building and when the Israelites worked under their taskmasters in the valley of the Nile. That town fell into ruins and was rebuilt and destroyed again. Eleven hundred and twenty years before Christ, its place was taken by the city of Chi; and, during the days of Nebuchadnezzar, it was the capital of the state of Yen. At the time of the crusade, it was the chief city of the Kin Tartars and today vestiges of the Kins are still to be seen.

Walls of Peking.

The walls of Peking! What a wonder they are! Those which now surround the city were constructed by an emperor who reigned seventy-three years before Columbus tried to find a new way to China and discovered our world. There are about twenty-five miles of them; and they are so high that they can be seen for a long distance outside Peking. They are as tall as a four-story house and as wide at the top as a country road. You could drive five wagon loads of hay abreast upon their tops without crowding, and, throughout they are as solid as stone. They consist of two walls, of gray bricks of twenty or thirty pounds each, laid in mortar, which has outlasted the centuries. These two walls are parallel, and within them has been packed a mass of stone and earth, which the ages have cemented to granite.

These walls were first erected almost 500 years ago. They have been kept in good order from that time to this, and the Chinese are repairing them today. While they were building their electric light plant and laying the tracks for their railroads, they re-erected the great gate of Chien Men, which was badly injured at the time of the siege. Right next the station, this massive structure of red, blue and gold has gone up, and it now forms a part of the old wall. It is of brick and wood beautifully carved, its roofs being upheld by many red pillars. It cost, I am told, $500,000 in gold. It is on the lines of the wall, and in perfect harmony with them. It shows how the old and the new are going hand in hand.

Peking in 1909.

But come with me to the top of the wall and take a look at Peking as it lies out here on the northern edge of the Great Plain of China in this year of our Lord, 1909. Those hills at the back fade away into the mountains of Mongolia, and the level lands in front stretch on and on to the Yellow river, and thence down to the Yangtse Kiang. We can see villages here and there spotting the landscape. The country is swarming with people and there are tens of millions within a day's ride by train. The soil surrounding us is some of the best in the world, and for ages it has supported a vast population.

Now drop your eyes to the city itself. These walls divide it into two great divisions, forming two separate cities. The one at the north is a mighty rectangle, perhaps thirteen miles round. It contains the Tartar city, in which are the great government buildings, the foreign legations and also the Forbidden City, where, surrounded by thousands of eunuchs, the emperor lives. You can make out his home by following the lines of those temple-like gates which rise high over the walls which surround it. His palaces are huge one-story structures with throne rooms and other great halls. The roofs are of yellow tiles, a color which is reserved for his majesty alone.

No one but the emperor and his household live in the Forbidden City. Outside it is a space known as the Imperial city, which is largely occupied by the officials and princes, and still farther out is the vast collection of low gray houses where the Manchus and Chinese live. A large proportion of this city is Manchu.

The other city, on the south of the wall, is known as the Chinese city. This has the chief business streets of Peking. It has thousands of stores and the chief Chinese banks. It is the place in which the most of the commercial business is done, although there are many shops in the Tartar city as well.

Looking over the Chinese city, as we stand on the wall, we can see some great temples with circular roofs of blue tile at its extreme southern end. Those on our left belong to the Temple of Heaven, where, on a great circular altar of the purest white marble, the emperor kneels and prays for his people. The little baby monarch is too young to kneel now, and until he grows bigger, the nation will be prayed for by proxy.

Just opposite the Temple of Heaven, on the other side of the wide roadway, is the Temple of Agriculture, where his majesty starts the spring plowing for the nation, and away up at the north, outside the walls, is a temple devoted to Old Mother Earth. This temple is square, while the others are round. The Chinese school readers of the old civilization state that the earth has four corners, and hence the shape of the temple.

Legation City.

Now, let us look at foreign Peking. It lies right under us, in the very heart of the capital, hugging the wall between the Tartar and Chinese cities. It fronts the avenue along which the emperor goes in his cart on his way to his prayers at the Temple of Heaven, and the northwest corner of it adjoins the imperial city itself. By all rights, it should be the most valuable property in Peking, and the ground upon which it stands is worth millions. The city is, I judge, about a half mile long and perhaps two-thirds as wide. It is walled on the south by the great structure which Yung Lo built, and on the other three sides by walls which have been put up since the siege. Inside those walls are the homes of the foreign legations. The most of them are mansions of brick and stone, built European fashion, each collection of buildings being surrounded by a wall of its own.

This city has its own police and its own soldiers. Each legation has a company or so to guard it, and one can see almost every uniform known to Europe, as he walks through the streets. Inside the compounds are barracks, and on some of their walls the soldiers march up and down. The whole is more like an armed camp than a city, and the ministers live like feudal lords in their castles, with their retainers about them.

The legation city is divided up by wide streets. It is lighted by electricity and is kept as clean as a pin. It represents the great world outside China, and is one of the most striking parts of the Peking of 1909.

Orderly City.

I knew the old Peking well. I visited it when President Cleveland was still in his first term at the White House, and I saw it again just before the Japan-China war. At those time the streets were crowded; there was no order whatever, and a stranger could hardly make his way through. The streets were the sewers. They were wide, miry and unpaved; and I saw Chinese carts which were so stuck in the mud that the silk-gowned mandarins within them had to be carried out on the backs of coolies before they could reach solid ground.

Today Peking is as well policed as New York and Chicago. The street traffic is better managed, and the vast mass of yellow humanity is handled with but little exhibition of force and with little noise. The chief streets have policemen in the middle of the roadway at every few feet, and the endless streams of almond-eyed mortals, which are always moving this way and that, are not allowed to flow out of their proper courses. Maintaining such order is far more difficult than in America, for the traffic is much more diverse. It is composed of every sort of vehicle, from the wheel-barrow, hauled by a donkey and pushed by a man, to the carriage, with coachman and footman in livery and retainers on horseback in front and behind. It comprises hundreds of donkeys and ponies loaded with goods; caravans of camels, ridden by red-faced Mongolians or led along single file by ropes fastened to sticks thrust through the thick flesh of the animal's nose. There are jinrikishas without number, which have come here since the Boxer rebellion, and there are men and women dressed in silks and cottons on foot. The people are from all parts of the Chinese empire. Half of them cannot understand the language of the others, but nevertheless these policemen keep perfect order, with their broomstick-like clubs.

New Streets of Peking.

Within the last five years the streets of Peking have been remade. The main avenues have been divided up into sidewalks and roadways. Granite gutters now run along on each side the main streets and trees have been planted throughout the whole city. The roadways have been leveled and built up with macadam, so that they are as solid as those of any street in Japan. The material used was stone broken by hand into bits of various sizes. A deep roadbed was dug and the larger pieces fitted in like mosaic. Then the smaller bits were laid together in the same way on top, layer after layer being placed until the right level was reached. A steam roller then crushed the stones fine and the roads thus made are perfectly firm.

The Peking streets are clean. When I was last here they were covered with filth. The city had no sanitary conveniences and one had to pick his way everywhere. The

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Fraternal Order of Eagles an All-Embracing Body of Altruistic Men

(Continued from Page One.)

to their distant homes and give to others. Omaha's responsibility here is apparent. Not only for this reason, but for larger and less selfish ones, the Omaha Eagles have spent four months of Herculean effort and energy in the preparation. And incidentally they will have spent $20,000 in something more tangible than human effort.

If anybody wants to know where this money goes, let him view one of the down-down streets during the festival, streets illuminated as the streets of Omaha have not yet been. On to the depots where the visitors will get their first glimpse of the city these lines of incandescent bulbs will be stretched and over the intersections great strings of light, colored in the hues of the order, will be interwined to form the most brilliant spectacles. And then commingled with the varied-colored lights will wave banners and pennants of red, white and blue. These will flutter to the breezes and present a pretty picture during the day as well as night.

So elaborate is the scale of all this decoration that professional decorators from many of the larger cities of the country have come to Omaha and are taking orders from various firms and business men to adorn their places of business for this occasion. Not only, therefore, are the Eagles putting up a vast scheme of illumination and decoration, but private firms are doing a great deal of it on their own account.

Then there are the items of badges, banners, music and entertainment to add to this, the expense of decoration, printing and maintenance for four months of the headquarters bureau and the convention committee and management.

The comfort, pleasure and convenience of the visitors will be the first consideration of this convention so far as the local committee is concerned. Rooming and feeding this army of 50,000 will be the greatest problem, but the solution is simple and sure. John J. Ryder, secretary of the convention committee in charge of the bureau, with his corps of assistants, has devised a card system that defies criticism in the matter of providing quarters for the delegates. Of course in the first place the hotels will receive all the patronage their facilities will accommodate. Then what? This: by means of this card system every private home in the city that wishes to take roomers for that period is on record with the prices it expects to charge and the delegate, when he arrives, may signify what price he wishes to pay and be assigned to a place in a minute or two. These private homes are tabulated according to their prices. But in addition to this Colonel Ryder has had a system of correspondence all over the United States by which he obtains the names and number of persons coming to the convention and in many cases he has obtained from these delegates orders for rooms so that by sending them the little maps of Omaha he has got out, showing streets and street car lines, they may know before coming just where they are to go and which car line to take. They may simply board their car at the depot on arrival and go directly to their boarding places.

Then in addition to this an arrangement has been made whereby local friends may find any delegate they wish by another card index. "John Jones, Kalamazoo, assigned to 101 North Harrison street, telephone 425." This is the scheme and it is so simple that no time will be lost in accommodating the demands.

Fraternal societies and state organizations are coming to the aid of the Eagles nobly in the matter of entertainment. For instance the Woodmen of the World will throw open certain portions of their large building to the visiting Eagles who are Woodmen and other orders will do likewise. Fraternal halls in all parts of the city will be employed by the respective orders for the reception and entertainment of the Eagle members of those lodges. There they may go at any time and find a lodge home with friends of their own society to mingle with. This very feature is calculated to do more than any other one thing, outside the bond of Eagledom itself, to cement the friendship of the local and out-of-town people and make the visit of the strangers delightful.

Then certain state organizations will follow out the same scheme. Pennsylvanians in Omaha are already planning toward this end. So are Ohioans, Californians, Wyoming people and, in fact, Nebrasans.

The reception of the visitors will begin the moment they land at the depots. Committees will be there to meet them. F. W. Judson will appoint a reception committee of citizens. G. F. West, one of the Eagles, and these reception committees will meet every incoming train, and then there is O. D. Kipinger, chairman of the committee on music. He will have bands enough to meet every train and escort every contingent of Eagles from the depots to the Auditorium.

The plan is to escort the delegates directly to the Fourteenth street entrance of the Auditorium, where the general information bureau will be established and where they may get their bearings, hotel or boarding house addresses and begin to get acquainted. No man, woman or child will be allowed to feel for a minute that he or she is among strangers, but all will be compelled to feel that the warmth of home is about them and they are in the hands of friends.

Some of these delegations are going to surprise the natives on their arrival. For instance, the Alaskans will have their Esquimaux dog teams and will travel in this primitive fashion from the depot up through the business section of the city to the Auditorium and be seen frequently on the streets in the same style and particularly in the big parade. The Louisville visitors are bringing a big float, which will be filled with southern belles and courtly gentlemen and bedecked with the aromatic mint that the dear old colonels of the Blue Grass state so fondly dote upon. Mexico will have some typical senors and senoritas garbed in the native attire of the little republic to the south and the men from Honolulu are going to wear some characteristic dress.

Many of the delegates will come in special trains. From the Pacific coast all the Californians will travel in a train that is to start from San Francisco and go out through Los Angeles over the Santa Fe; from New Orleans comes a special calculated to bring all the delegates from Dixie; Philadelphia will send a special containing the grand officers and others and western Pennsylvania will send another one; Boston will send a big one; specials are due from New York, Colorado, Wyoming, the Pacific northwest, Cincinnati and other points. Buffalo is organizing the New York special. The Cincinnati train will make a "swing-around-the-circle" tour, coming one way and returning another.

The San Francisco, or California, special will bring Theodore H. Bell, past grand worthy president, and John S. Parry, candidate for grand worthy president, and a rousing delegation to back him, with the celebrated San Francisco minstrels to sing for him. These minstrels, incidentally, will hold forth in a big public concert at the Auditorium Monday night preceding the opening of the grand aerie, Tuesday, September 14.

Boston comes to capture the next grand aerie. And when Boston arrives you'll sit up and shout, "Look who's here!" John L. Sullivan, the "Big 'Un," he will be here, he will be at the head of the delegates from the seat of the effete east, the Hub of erudition. Old John is going to make a noise like a man fighting for something.

"I'm for Boston," writes John in a letter to Colonel Ryder, "and I'm going to land with my good right on the jaw of the town that tries to put Boston out."

And men do say that John has dealt some hard blows in his day.

While John L. Sullivan will head the Bostonians, Big Tim Sullivan, the Tammany congressman, will head the New York delegation, which will make a fight for the 1910 convention. It will be Big John against Big Tim and the fur will certainly fly when these mighty gladiators get under full headway in the forum of oratory.

Salt Lake and Sioux City are the other cities after the 1910 grand aerie. Salt Lake probably will have the assistance of the Californians and will repay them by boosting for Parry for grand worthy president. Sioux City will count on the support of the middle west, but will be handicapped by the fact that the convention is held in Omaha this year.

New Orleans expects to get in its bid for the convention in 1912 and it will have the entire south behind it.

The fight for grand worthy president promises to be a lively one. John S. Parry of San Francisco is conceded to be a strong candidate, but will have to contend with the fact that another Californian, Theodore H. Bell, has only just laid down the reins of that high office. Grand Worthy Vice President Frank E. Hering of South Bend, Ind., is after the supreme office and is going to make a great run for it. Another factor against Parry is that San Francisco wants the convention next year and if it urges this claim Parry will certainly suffer. It is likely, however, that the Californians will soon discover the disadvantage of this dual aspiration and let go of one or the other, probably the convention, in time to save itself. Incidentally the suggestion is made that jumping in with both claims is not bad politics, for one will make good trading stock.

Here is a point that ought not be overlooked by Omaha people in connection with this convention: It is the best advertisement—that is, the advertisement covers a wider area and reaches directly a larger number of interested persons—that the city has had in recent years. This order is spread over the entire continent. It has 1,900 aeries, with a total membership of 250,000. To the remotest corners of the country the little maps of Omaha with their condensed story of the city and its resources have gone. Into the hands of thousands of people they have found their way. And they tell a striking story, tell it in pithy, pointed, pungent style, in such a way as to stick in the mind of the man who reads it.

Sapulpa, Okl. Know where that is? No. Probably not three persons in Omaha ever heard of the place. Well, that place has heard of Omaha as the convention city, of Omaha as the place where the Eagles' convention is to be held and that little isolated community down in the new state of Oklahoma is going to send a special train of its own to this convention.

Depend on it, no stranger who comes to this convention will need to go away without seeing all there is to see in and about Omaha, without getting a comprehensive knowledge of the Gate City to the west and its splendid resources. For the Eagles, aided by the commercial bodies and the citizens of Omaha, have seen to that; they have made such a complete and systematic plan of entertainment as to preclude the possibility of oversight in this respect.

And here it should be said that a special plan contemplates the entertainment of the women who come with their husbands, brothers, fathers or friends. Throughout the period of their visit they will be looked after with earnest solicitude. Sunday preceding the opening of the convention it is proposed to place automobiles at the command of the women and give them a full sight of the city and its environs. The Eagles will have reverent respect for the religious proclivities of everybody and therefore refrain from business activity on Sunday, but they are of the opinion that it will be generally agreeable to enjoy auto rides on that day.

Creighton hall, Fifteenth and Harney streets, has been secured as women's headquarters. It will be their's exclusively. On the day of the grand parade, when the thousands of visitors assembled from so many points of the compass will march through the principal downtown streets, the women will view the procession from the windows of their own headquarters.

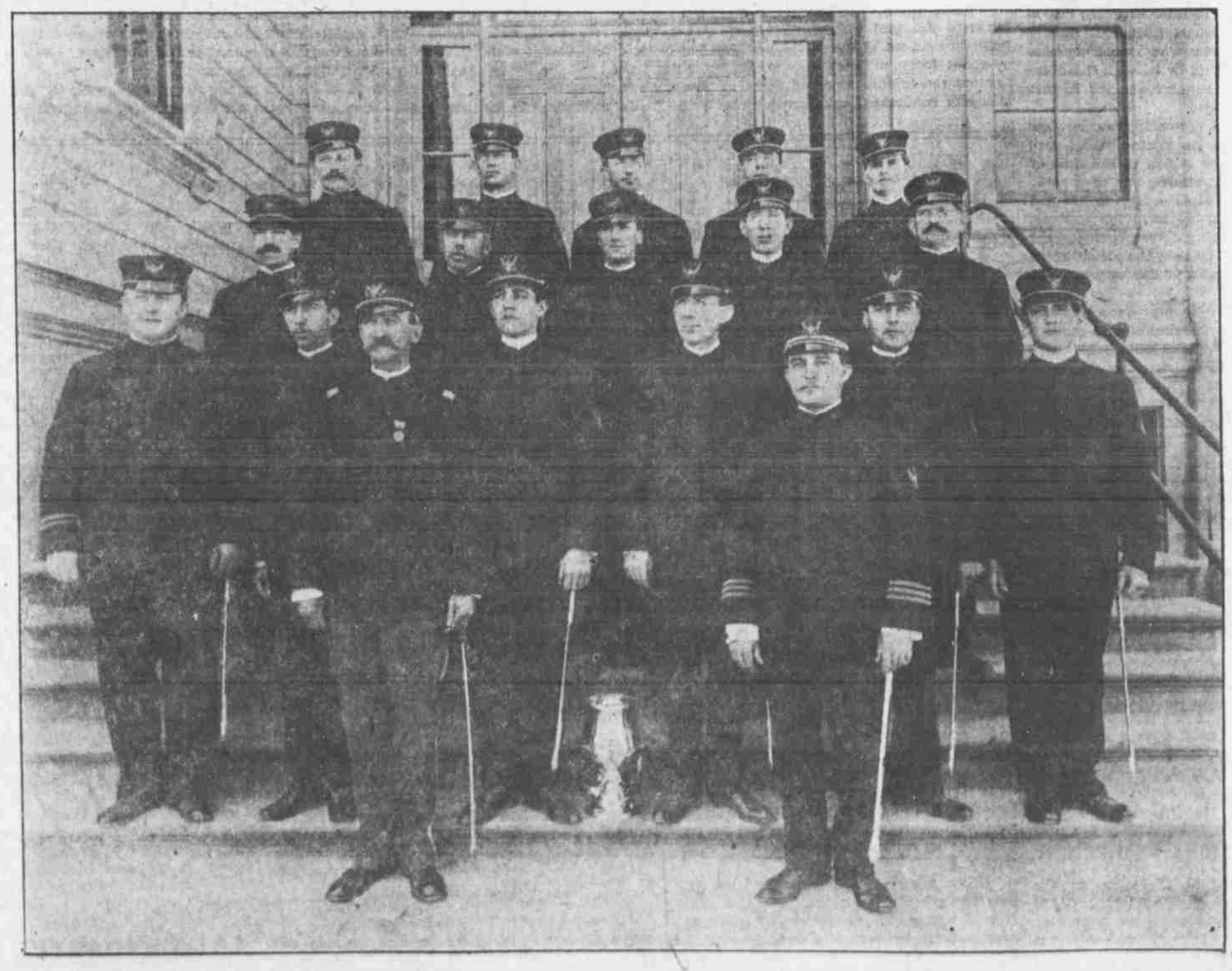
The grand officers of the order are to arrive one week before the convention begins, which ought to bring them here by Tuesday of this week. Most of them will come on the Philadelphia special, but those who live in the west will scarcely care to go to the Pennsylvania metropolis to get that ride. These are the grand worthy officers:

Grand Worthy President—Bernard J. Monaghan, Philadelphia.
Grand Worthy Vice President—Frank E. Hering, South Bend, Ind.
Grand Worthy Chaplain—John A. Cline, Cleveland.
Grand Worthy Secretary—Conrad H. Mann, Milwaukee.
Grand Worthy Treasurer—Finley McRae, Helena, Mont.
Grand Worthy Conductor—Charles E. McDonald, Buffalo.
Grand Inside Guard—Robert L. Armstrong, Fort Worth, Tex.
Grand Trustees—Martin Gray, New Haven; William T. Garland, Boston; Henry J. Lee, Seattle; W. C. McKinney, Saginaw.

Secretary Ryder of the convention committee, who is also president of the Nebraska aerie, is anxious that this point be brought out so as to clear up a lot of confusion about this convention: There are two conventions, the national and the state, to be held. The state convention, or aerie, will be held Monday and Tuesday, September 13 and 14, while the grand aerie, or national convention, will be called to order Tuesday, September 14, at 12 a. m. Colonel Ryder will preside at the state aerie and George F. West will open the national meeting. Mayor Dahlman will make the address of welcome and Rev. Robert L. Wheeler, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of South Omaha and a member of the order, will invoke divine blessing. The national gathering will be held at the Auditorium and the state at Benson, where the Eagles have a splendid hall of their own.

Your old friend, King Ak-Sar-Ben, is not going to overlook any bets with the Eagles. With his customary hospitality he is going to take a very large part in showing them a royal time. The fourteenth scion of this ancient dynasty will be near the end of his reign and he will because of that fact do everything in his power to win the hearts of his new friends. He will give them free rein in his imperial city and they can do anything they want to except usurp his throne. In his royal court, otherwise known as the den, he will show them "the time of their lives," or he will miss his guess. For Samson and the board of governors have certainly got the finest little trick fixed up for these people and they are going to give them two or three nights at it.

Eagles of Whom the Golden West is Proud



Back Row, Left to Right—Herman Goldman, Secretary; Harry Baldwin, Frank Conway, Arthur Garrott, Thomas Gibney. Second Row—George, Bryan, John Whelan, George Messent, Thomas Meagher, Thomas Howard. Third Row—Captain Harry Jones, Ray Parks, Theodore Werner, James Dhue, Matt Leonard, William Bournes. Front Row—Colonel Thomas F. O. O'Neill, Conductor Fred Everett.

DEGREE TEAM OF SAN FRANCISCO AERIE NO. 5 F. O. E.