

Chinese Require Ostentatious Official Mourning for the Late Emperor



HIGH MANCHU GIRLS—LAWS PROVIDE THAT THESE WOMEN MUST TAKE OFF THEIR ORNAMENTS DURING THE MOURNING PERIOD.

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EKING, China.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—The Chinese are still mourning the emperor and the great empress dowager. The emperor has already had two funerals, and he will have a third before he is finally laid away in the great western tomb. His monument there is now building, and it will cost \$1,000,000 before it is completed, two years from now. The remains of the great dowager lie in a lacquered coffin here in Peking, and preparations are making to carry her to her last resting place. Her tombs will cost more than that of Kwang Su, and her funeral expenses will run high into the millions.

A Nation in Mourning.

It is now almost a year since the deaths of these monarchs, but the period of mourning is just at its beginning. It will last for three years, and during that time the highest of the imperial clan will keep on their sackcloth and will have their regular periods of wailing. Many of the high officials still wear mourning buttons, and Pu Yi, the baby emperor, is frequently reported as giving a wail for his grandpa, the dowager, in filial style.

The death of a monarch means much to the great Chinese empire. No one who does not understand the reverence these people have for their emperors and their holy feeling for ancestral worship can appreciate what has been going on here during the last nine or ten months. I was in Mukden, Manchuria, at the time of the imperial deaths, and when I reached Peking was still undergoing its twenty-seven days of deep mourning. I can describe it best by supposing similar conditions to exist in the United States.

What would our people think if the government at Washington should send out an edict that for 100 days every man in our whole country should go about unshaved; that every woman should take off her finger rings, earrings and all other jewelry, and every man, woman and child should lay aside all bright colors. Suppose the proclamation should provide that during that time not a face should be touched by the razor, not a lock of hair cut, not a finger nail pared. Suppose all feasting and love making should be forbidden, and marriages absolutely prohibited within twenty-seven days. This was the condition of the death of Chien Lung, the second great emperor of the present dynasty, who is said to have inaugurated it when his favorite wife died. His grief was such that he ordered his officials not to shave their heads for 100 days; and thereafter a similar order was sent forth upon the death of an emperor.

How it Affected the Women.

The imperial deaths had a serious effect upon the women of the empire. The laws provided that they must take off their jewelry within three days and lay aside their silks and satins for three months. All wore dull colors, and some clad themselves in white. It was against the law to wear red, and any woman found on the streets with a red gown was ordered back home. A young Chinese lady of this city



"MOURNING WAS ESPECIALLY HARD ON THESE BARBERS."

disregarded the law and started out to call, wearing a pair of red slippers. A policeman saw her as she crossed a muddy place in the street. He stopped her and pulled off her shoes. She begged to be allowed to wear them back home, saying that she would put on white slippers thereafter. He refused, and she tramped back home. Another regulation prohibited the painting and powdering of the face. This was severe on the Manchu girls, who plastered their complexions with white and tint them with rouge, as well as upon the Chinese, most of whom do likewise.

All Weddings Held Up.

The regulation that abolished marriages for twenty-seven days created great consternation. It was known about two days beforehand that such an edict would be issued, and during that period there was an epidemic of weddings all over the empire. Every city and town had scores of them, and although Peking was shrouded in gloom on account of the deaths, the other cities were alive with weddings and their festivities. Even here there were many marriages.

In the hurry the brides and grooms were sometimes mixed up, and the wrong parties found themselves tied together in the bad matrimonial. According to Chinese custom, the groom furnishes the clothes for his bride, and he seldom sees her before the wedding. She always comes veiled to the ceremony. At a wedding which occurred at this time in Tien-Tsin, when the bride unveiled, the groom said: "These are not the clothes which I furnished."

"And that is not the girl I choose for you," said the matchmaker.

It was then discovered that two weddings were slated for that night in the same block and that the wrong bride had been carried in their closed chairs to the wrong groom.

This was not discovered until the ceremonies had been performed, and it took considerable money to buy the officials to unite the knots and bring the right couples together.

\$500 for Playing the Banjo.

For a certain time after weddings were suspended it was prohibited to use music in connection with them, and during the period of deep mourning all noisy festivities were punished. A high Chinese scholar of Peking who played the banjo was fined \$500 and given twenty-five lashes.

In the city of Wuchang a Greek had been granted the right to open a biography show for a month. He had just begun to exhibit his motion pictures when the im-

perial death occurred. The officials said the show must close, and the Greek demanded damages. He was paid \$1,250 in lieu of his loss.

In this same town of Wuchang, which lies just opposite Hankow, the police were given scissors the day of the mourning began and were instructed to cut from the caps of the men every red button they saw; they were ordered also to cut into pieces any red clothing that might be worn. An official of this same region shaved his scalp contrary to law. He was at once put into a cage; that is, a heavy board framework five feet square was fitted around his neck so that it hung upon his shoulders, extending so far out that he could not touch his head with his hand. After that the police smeared his scalp with pitch and turned him loose on the streets.

Blue Store Signs.

The putting on of mourning has not been confined to the people. Many things material, ordinarily red and gold, have been covered with blue or white. At the rail-road stations the baggage carts had blue paper pasted over them; the trolley cars in Tien-Tsin have used white flags instead of red, and for a time they had white cloths over the red signs on their sides.

For 100 days after the emperor died every policeman in China wore a wide white band around his left arm, and for a few days after that every merchant put a table covered with a white cloth on the street in front of his shop. This table contained two mourning candlesticks of white paper and a pewter bowl, in which sticks of incense were burned. All of the store signs of red and gold were covered with blue paper, on which new signs were painted, and even the numbers on the doors or door plates were made white and blue. This was not so only of Peking, but of places like Mukden, Hankow and Canton. It was so everywhere. The carts have blue cushions and the passenger wheelbarrows, which usually have red blankets, were covered with blue.

Walling for the Dowager.

An important part of the official celebration was the walling. This was done by the officials all over the empire. While I was in Mukden they came to the palace at about half past 4 in the morning, dressed in white, with girdles of sackcloth. They were then divided into two parties, the military and the civilian, one standing on one side of the room and the other on the opposite side. In front of them were the imperial tablets. At a given signal from an official all of these white-gowned men got on their knees and bumped their heads on the floor as they screeched out a weird, wild wail. At another signal they rose to their feet, and at a third went down again and again wailed. This was done for three days succeeding the death of the emperor and the empress dowager.

Similar proceedings occurred at every official's residence throughout the empire, and in others he may wear plain clothes, such as white gray and black. During three years after the death of a parent no silks should be worn; and the man, if an official, should retire to private life to wall. This was required of Li Hung Chang when his mother died but his services were such that the empress dowager begged him to omit the custom for the sake of the state.

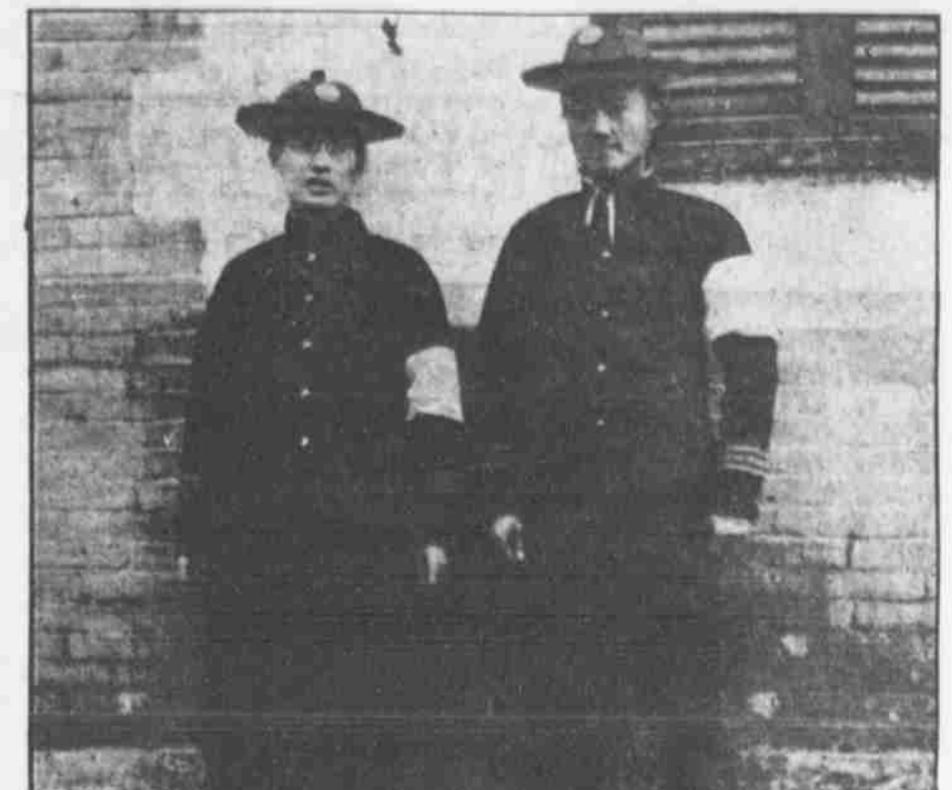
When a death occurs in a Chinese family its members put on sackcloth or white clothes, braid white into their queues and wear white buttons on their caps. They send out mourning cards of white paper.

At the end of six months or so they go into half-mourning. They change their white clothes for blue ones, have blue buttons on their caps and braid blue threads into their queues. Then send out blue cards, and on them are printed the names of the Boxer uprising is said to have been the rage of the people against the last emperor, Kwang Su, because he was born at such a time.

The grieving of the imperial clan will continue long after that of the common people has passed away. The lowest classes of the Chinese have up their mournings at the end of 100 days, and some even put on half-mourning in the end of twenty-seven days. All members of the imperial family must continue to mourn for three years. During that time they can engage in no festivities, and they will not be allowed to have children. It is a disgrace to a family to bring forth a child while the mourning period lasts. Indeed, one of the reasons for the Boxer uprising is said to have been the rage of the people against the last emperor, Kwang Su, because he was born at such a time.

During the long funeral procession which accompanied the remains of the late emperor to the western tombs, funeral money was thrown into the air, and I am told that 12,000 taels of such money was burned every day to pay Kwang Su's expenses until he was consigned to his grave. This blue and white come out in the gorgeous paper, each about as big as the bottom of life.

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CHINESE COLLEGE STUDENTS—WHITE BANDS ON ARMS INDICATE MOURNING FOR THE EMPEROR.

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Here and there a man broke the laws and had his head shaved. All such who were discovered were punished. In Tien-Tsin a clerk in one of the banks shaved his head three days after the death of the empress dowager. He was arrested as soon as he came out on the street and was fined \$250 in silver. This is equal to over \$100 gold, and it was, I venture, one of the costliest shaves upon earth.

Here in Peking a young Chinese dandy came to a barber and begged for a shave. The barber replied that he feared he would be arrested, and the dandy thereupon promised that he would stand all the fines.

The Barber consented. The man took a seat on the stool, and his head was just bald shaved when a policeman came in and took both barber and customer off to the court. The judge heard the complaint, and at its close imposed a fine of \$30 upon each. The dandy paid the fines, but, as he did so he pointed to his head and asked the judge:

"But what am I to do? I can't go about with my head half shaved."

"As to that," replied the judge, "you may have the job completed, but a second offense of this kind will land you in prison."

This custom of stopping shaving on the death of the emperor goes back to the days of Chien Lung, the second great emperor of the present dynasty, who is said to have inaugurated it when his favorite wife died.

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heard of The Trumpet Sentinel. "Where does it circulate?" he asked.

And, in his illuminating way, Sweeney wrote back:

"The Trumpet Sentinel circulates in Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, and it's just about all I can do to keep it from going to hell!"—Philadelphian Record.

Not a Bird to Imitate.

Much has been said of the modesty and reticence of the Wright brothers, of aeronautics and the Wright brothers, of aeroplane fame. That they are able to give a clever reason for their reserve is indicated by this story, told by Maximilian Foster in Outing:

"No, I ain't hurt. But I got out shootin' in time. Eh?"—Lippincott's.

Why the Bishop Played Marbles.

"Many interesting stories are told of the late Bishop Wilmer of Alabama, who was noted for his wit and sharp repartee," said Robert W. Kennedy of Birmingham, Ala. "A story which is considered characteristic of the man was told by a Virginia minister at a private dinner in Richmond not so very long ago.

"When Bishop Wilmer was rector of the little Protestant Episcopal church at Upperville, Va., said he, he was most popular with the nonresident service on Sunday of the majority of the young men of the community. On inquiry he found that instead of going to church they were in the habit of playing marbles for stakes—marbles in those days. It must be remembered, was a much more serious game than it is now, occupying much the same position in the realm of sports as do billiards today.

Bishop Wilmer, then a person not well known, determined to break up this practice. He himself had been an expert marble player in his boyhood. Accordingly one Saturday he came across a number of the young men engaged in a game. The good bishop asked several questions and finally challenged the lot to play him for "keeps." They readily consented.

"Much to their astonishment the young minister won steadily, and soon they had to go to the stores to replenish their stock. Toward the close of the afternoon Mr. Wilmer had won every marble in the town of Upperville. Putting his "winnings" in a bag he remarked, as he walked away, "Now, gentlemen, since you can't play marbles tomorrow, I hope to see you all at church." And he did."—Washington Post.

Hard to Hold It Down.

One peculiarity of the late General Corbin, as an administrator, relates a Washington correspondent, was his unvarying accessibility. This is often a sign of greatness. It all the strain and stress of the Spanish war, with seekers for patronage pursuing him relentlessly day and night, and with a mass of detail which can hardly be overestimated, there was never a doorkeeper at the adjutant general's office. Anybody could walk in. There was no ante-room; to talk with men of ideas, for unlike

General Henry C. Corbin, who died in New York recently, created something like a furore in army circles a few years ago,

always certain of success. Your pieces have all been tried before."

He was sorely disappointed with a certain book written by one of his friends. This friend heard that Jerrold had expressed his disappointment and questioned him: "I hear you said — was the worst book I ever wrote."

"No I didn't," came the answer. "I said it was the worst book anybody ever wrote."

Of a mistake philanthropist Jerrold said he was "so benevolent, so merciful a man he would have held an umbrella over a duck in a shower of rain."—Argonaut.

"I," said the adapter, "never feel nervous on the first night of my pieces."

"Ah, my boy," Jerrold replied, "you are

dinner in Philadelphia in honor of his firm's fortieth anniversary, said that to succeed in advertising required hard work.

"The successes in this business are stupendous," he said, "but some folks think that working as Roebottoms of Camden worked a man can build up a great advertising fortune."

"Roebottom was a roofer. He was enraged on a Mickie street house. One day, as he was lunching, he was heard to give a yell of pain.

"What's the matter, Roebottom?" a carpenter asked.

"I got a nail in my foot," the roofer answered.