

# Newspapers Beginning to Play Important Part in Public Life in China



Cartoon from Chinese Paper. China now looks at the world through the right end of the glass



In a Composing Room



Title page of a Peking illustrated daily with Opium Cartoon beneath



Chinese Railroad Newsboy

(Copyright, 1910, by Frank G. Carpenter)

**S**HANGHAI, 1900.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee).—China is now looking at the world through the right end of the opera glass. Its four hundred millions have their almost eyes open and it wants something yellow to stir up its blood. Moreover, it is finding that something in the new newspapers, which are now springing up all over the empire. Within the last three or four years about 400 periodicals have been established, and half that number of dailies are now coming out in the different cities. There is a yellow journal on the borders of Tibet; newspaper reports are interesting the statesmen in Peking; and the native editors are demanding a boycott against foreign goods down in Canton. There are already twenty-one dailies in the Chinese capital, and eight here in Shanghai. Five have been started in Hongkong; and more in Canton and others of the provincial capitals.

These journals represent every shade of opinion, and not a few of them are sensational. Some are ardent supporters of the imperial government, and others are criticizing it. Some boom certain local issues, while others denounce them. The public officials are beginning to wake up to the power of the newspaper, and not a few of them are starting journals to forward their views.

Here in Shanghai there are altogether about 100 periodicals. These include monthlies, weeklies and dailies, the latter being among the most important in China. The papers are published in the foreign section of the city, and are therefore free from government inspection. This allows their editors more latitude of expression than is permitted to the papers in the native towns, and the Shanghai papers therefore go out to all parts of China.

that of the newspaper owners. They have combined together not to cut prices and to defend themselves from the printers and others.

The Sin Wan Pao has a circulation of about 20,000, but this is equal to more than 100,000 in the United States, because every copy of a Chinese newspaper is sold over and over again. It first goes to the rich, who use it for the morning. In the afternoon the boys call for it and sell it again. In the morning it is worth its cash, or about one-half cent American. In the afternoon it will bring a quarter of a cent and the next day perhaps half that. Every copy is supposed to reach five different families. So that, as far as the advertisements are concerned, it touches five times as many people as a United States journal.

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But come with me into the composing rooms and see how a Chinese newspaper is made. The printers work in pens made of type cases, which rest on the ground and rise high above the heads of the cases slope backward and each contains thousands of lead characters. The types are thicker than ours, but not so tall. They are made in the establishment, and boys are kept busy day in and day out casting new type for the paper. Some of the foreigners are now putting in stereotyping outfits, and the Sin Wan Pao is cast in cylinders just like an American newspaper. It is run off on a rotary press, which prints 20,000 an hour. It goes to press at 4 o'clock in the morning and has telegraphic news up to that hour.

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I wish I could show you one of these new Chinese newspapers. The Sin Wan Pao, when spread out, would cover a big double bed. It is divided up into pages or sections, each of about the size and shape of a gentleman's handkerchief. The printing is done only on one side of the sheet, and the whole is a collection of characters such as are used on the tea boxes, with cartoons, the electros and wood cuts of advertisements scattered through here and there.

The paper begins at the back and one reads up and down the columns instead of across them, as with us. The first page is taken up with the title and important advertisements. This space commands the highest price, and the 'ads' upon it bring three times as much as those on the inside of the paper. The second page has the table of contents, and the imperial edicts telegraphed from Peking, while the third has heavy editorials on leading questions. Further over there are special telegrams from all parts of China, and still further important news and correspondence. The Chinese news has the first place, and local telegrams often crowd out the cables. The paper has also law reports, translations from the foreign newspapers, personal gossip and even fashion notes. I am told that its advertising is steadily increasing and that the Chinese are beginning to appreciate the value of

newspapers for selling goods. There are many Chinese patent medicines, and such advertisements may be seen in every journal.

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In one of the interior papers of a few days ago I saw medicine for bound feet advertised. It was displayed with a scare head, and with faces sad and joyful, labeled, "Before and after taking." The translation ran:

"Our Lily Print Powder has been sold for many years, and it is miraculous in its effects. By its use the foot can be bound tight without painfully swelling, and yet can be easily brought to a narrow point. Price per bottle 40 cash.... Also our Paragon Powder, the sole cure for sores caused by the binding. Sixty cash a bottle. Sold only at the drug store at the sign of Good Good Luck. In Precious and Moral street. All others are imitations."

The same paper advertised pills for women and pills for men. It also announced the virtues of hair restorer, and drugs certain to make Chinese pigtail grow.

One advertisement related to a runaway wife, and another to a female slave for the return of whom a good reward was offered.

Nearly all these dailies publish cartoons. This is especially so of the papers of Peking. The change in dynasty, the opium edict and the new army are graphically pictured. Papers of that character are popular, and they are rapidly increasing in number and circulation. The daily journals now contain the news of the court, and are full of interesting gossip about the prince regent, the empress dowager and the highest officials.

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the newspapers. Most of the Peking papers must be submitted to the censors, and a bulletin of press regulations has been issued, which provides how newspapers may be established, and how they must be carried on. This bulletin lies before me as I write. It provides that twenty days before a newspaper is established its name and policy, and the names of the publishers, editors and printers, must be sent to the officials; and, at the same time, a security amounting to \$500 must be filed therewith. All editors, publishers and printers must be of sane mind, and over 30 years of age. They must have never been punished or imprisoned, and must be in good standing. All daily papers must be submitted to the local censors before midnight of the day previous to their issue; and all corrections of misstatements must be in the following sense:

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America was discovered, and it had been in existence over 600 years when the Frankfort Gazette, the first newspaper of our civilization, began its publication in 1515.

Until recently the Peking Gazette was set up from movable type made of wood and printed on double pages of about the size and shape of the old-fashioned patent drug store almanacs. It then contained, as it does now, the imperial decrees, and gave the official news of Peking. It recorded the times when the emperor went out to sacrifice at the Temple of Heaven, and when his imperial majesty prayed for snow or rain, or started the spring plowing. It gave the official reports from the provinces and the sentences of slicing to death and other punishments which were so common until the new regime came in.

The Peking Gazette of today is largely devoted to the modern movements now going on over China. It contains memorials relating to the schools and the establishment of constitutional government. It is full of edicts regarding the opium evil, and the importation of morphine; and it has much to say about railways and other modern things. It contains now and then a paragraph concerning the emperor and

the empress dowager, as well as some of the doings of the prince regent and the cabinet officials. It is more interesting than were the issues of the past, although it is staid and steady and lacks the gossip of the new Chinese dailies.

**Woman's Daily.**

The only woman's daily newspaper published in Asia, if not in the world, is issued by a woman in Peking. Its editor is a Chinese girl belonging to a well-to-do family. Her paper is known as the Peking Woman's Journal. It is published in an attractive form and is written in classic Chinese. It is largely devoted to educational matters, and especially to the advancement of women. It advocates the anti-footbinding movement, supports the anti-opium crusade, and, in general, is for woman's rights from a Chinese standpoint.

**Foreign Newspapers.**

There are now foreign papers published at nearly all of the ports of this country. There are a half dozen or more here at Shanghai. The North China Daily News and the Shanghai Times come out every morning, and the Mercury and Gazette every evening. The French have a daily known as L'Echo de Chine, and the Germans have one, the Ostasiatische Lloyd. Shanghai has four foreign weeklies. Tientsin has several dailies, including the Peking and Tientsin Gazette, and so has Hongkong, including the Hongkong Press and the China Mail and the Hongkong Telegraph. There are papers published in the English language at Amoy, Foochow and Hankow; and there is a German paper published at Tsingtau in Shantung. The Japanese have several papers in China, and there are Portuguese journals in Macao and Hongkong.

All of these papers cater to the foreign population. They are mostly blanket sheets of the style which we used to have, and they sell on the average at 5 cents per copy. As far as advertising is concerned they are well supported and most of them are run at a profit.

**Chinese Papers Abroad.**

There are quite a number of Chinese papers outside China, some of which have a considerable circulation here. There are three such in Singapore, one in Penang, seven in San Francisco, four in Honolulu and one in Manila. Japan has two, Sydney two, and there are a number in Hongkong.

The empire also has several missionary journals, some of which are medical and others religious. It begins to have magazines and with the new schools and new civilization it will probably build up a new literature.

I understand that the prince regent is contemplating starting an organ of his own. He is greatly interested in newspapers, and has given orders to the grand council to have deputes report to him on the dailies and to furnish him abstracts of the important news contained in them. Eight men have been chosen to translate the foreign papers, and his highness has these classified and passed away in a scrap book. It is said that Yuen Shih Kai, who was a newspaper editor, was in Peking and that several of the cabinet officers are secretly interested in the different journals there. The statesmen watch the papers to see whether they are properly mentioned and a desire for notoriety is springing up among them.

**They Want Foreign News.**

Now that China is adopting the new civilization, the high officials are anxious to learn what is going on all over the world. They are studying public opinion in New York, Berlin and London, and they watch the London Times from day to day. They are paying millions of dollars from outside nations to develop their country as to railways and other things, and the government has to know what goes on abroad. The Associated Press telegrams are forwarded to the viceroys and to the cabinet officers at Peking as soon as they are received, and the news is translated and read before they appear in the newspapers.

The government officers are greedy for articles about China, and one of the leading cabinet ministers at Peking recently told his interpreter to give him a full translation of the London Times from day to day. The man protested that such a thing was impossible as well as unnecessary, saying that the English local news and the announcement of marriages, births and deaths were of no value to China. The cabinet minister replied that he wanted the whole thing, and that he would get another interpreter. I am glad that the Times is now translated for him.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

## Stories and Anecdotes of People Worth While

**In a Chinese Newspaper Office.**

I spent some time going through the establishment of the most important of these papers. It is known as the Sin Wan Pao, and has about the largest circulation of any newspaper in the empire. It belongs to a limited liability company, made up largely of Chinese, but most of the stock is owned by an American, Dr. John C. Ferguson, who is also proprietor of the Shanghai Times. It was with Dr. Ferguson that I went through the offices. The Sin Wan Pao is situated on what might be called the Fleet street of China. This is a part of the Shanghai road, which is lined with newspaper offices, and lies in the heart of foreign Shanghai, with big business buildings on either side.

The most of the papers, however, are housed in low, dark, ill-lighted structures, the offices being reached by narrow stairs. I was especially interested in the sleeping accommodations for the compositors and editors. It was so strange that our newspaper men that the employees of Chinese dailies should be "slept and eaten." Their wages always include board and lodging. But the meals cost but a few cents each per day, and the lodging is not as good as the sleeping accommodations on an Atlantic steamer. For instance, in one journalistic building I found ten men sleeping in a bedroom not over twelve feet square. They lay one above the other in bunks built around the walls, and the only private property I could see was the boxes in which the men store their clothes. Not only the compositors and reporters, but some of the editors sleep on the premises in this way. They are always on hand and there is no trouble in getting out an extra at any hour of the night.

**The New Minister to China.**

WILLIAM J. CALHOUN, the new minister to China, was a Chicago lawyer with little more than a local reputation in 1866, when he fought for McKinley's nomination and for his election as Bryan, relates the Washington Post. On the stump he attracted a lot of attention, and some of his friends say that a story he told at a big political meeting in Chicago had as much bearing upon his future career as anything he ever did or said. It was at the closing meeting of the campaign, the so-called "Flag rally," presided over by Mark Hanna, that Mr. Calhoun sprung this:

"I was recently campaigning down in that part of the state we call 'Egypt,'" said he, "and was just getting started on my speech, when a man who was the worse for several drinks broke in:

"I can lick any man in Egypt," he remarked loudly.

"Nobody paid any attention.

"I can lick any man in the country," he volunteered again.

"Nobody accepted the challenge.

"I can lick the sufferin' out of any man in the state of Illinois," declared the scraggy member.

"No takers."

"I can lick any man in the whole United States, and I can lick him to death," was the last challenge.

"A little stubby railroad brakeman walked slowly over to him, planned a flat on the would-be champion's jaw, and the latter passed down and out. Ten minutes later he came to life.

"The mischief I made," he remarked, "was that I tried to bite off too much territory."

"His story made the hit of the evening," caught Mr. Hanna's fancy and, according to report, drew Mr. McKinley's attention again to Mr. Calhoun. At any rate, President McKinley appointed him to the Interstate Commerce commission, and a career in public life followed.

**Peddler to Peach King.**

Down in the state of Georgia, relates the Bookkeeper, they have peach orchards where one can walk a mile in a straight line and not get beyond the end of a row of peach trees. After the civil war anyone could go through the same country, and see nothing but cornfields. Now, more peaches are produced on the Georgia soil than in any other portion of the United States, with the possible exception of California. This revolution in horticulture was brought about by a Connecticut Yankee, J. H. Hale, as a boy began his start in life by carrying fruit and truck in baskets to Hartford, Conn., and selling it from house to house. He finally accumulated enough money to plant a little orchard of his own in the suburbs of Hartford on ground that people said was unfit for any crop. Hale thought differently and when his orchard grew from an acre to over a hundred acres and his income from the peaches to thousands of dollars a year, why realized that they had been mistaken.

**Why Martin Crawford Wondered.**

One of the best known guides in the capital at Washington used to be Colonel Jasper E. Snow, formerly a Kansas City lawyer,

and their only work seems to consist in saluting.

A few days ago, relates a correspondent of the New York Sun, an old peasant in his Sunday clothes entered the Vatican from the bronze gates toward dusk and showed a card to the Swiss soldier on guard. "They told me," said the old peasant in a marked Venetian accent, "that by showing this card I can be admitted to the palace, and I have been rather strict on guard. When they saw my card, they immediately he sprang to attention and presented arms. At the same time he loudly cheered out the guard in German and which a few seconds later, 20,000 soldiers, armed with rifles and in line, presented arms and a longer salute than the royal salute.

The old peasant was astonished. He took off his hat and stared at the soldiers, who stared at him and remained motionless. After waiting for five minutes, not knowing what to do, he calmly walked back toward the Vatican and the guard he took a long entrance, also greeted by a soldier salute. He again showed the card and again received the royal salute.

He greatly astonished the old peasant walked away, and as he knew that there were only two entrances to the Vatican, he went toward the other entrance, a short distance from the Vatican.

"How is it that you came back so soon?" asked the two old women, "is not it busy?"

"The foreign soldiers will not let me in," replied the man, and then he took the paper, who was looking toward the pope, and he went toward the Vatican and the guard he took a long entrance, also greeted by a soldier salute. He again showed the card and again received the royal salute.

"This is my brother."

Mr. Edison is also still busy with his new storage battery, which he claims will solve the traction question. This, too, has been scoffed at from the beginning; it is a long time since Mr. Edison began his investigation in this direction, but when a successful portable method of storing electricity is developed another industrial revolution will be accomplished.

This leads up to the point to which special attention is directed, says the Bookkeeper. In his experiments with these batteries Mr. Edison has had men at work for years with a patience unparalleled. More than a half tone of reports on experiments with batteries had been made. Two of his best men had to give up the work because of its unending monotony to save themselves from nervous breakdown. The work was continued night and day for more than three years, and more than 3,000 experiments were made without obtaining the

results which Mr. Edison wanted. A visitor to whom this was told exclaimed:

"These all those experiments were practically wasted."

"Not at all," said Mr. Edison. "I now know 3,000 things not to do"—all of which indicates that it is important to know what not to do as well as to do.

**"Then Art the Pilot."**

It is not often that the German emperor allows himself to be snubbed by one of his own subjects, but an actual instance occurred last summer. His majesty was on board the Hohenzollern, and approaching a certain German port on the north sea, the imperial yacht took on a pilot, and this authority posed himself at the wheel.

The emperor, who regards himself as the perfect master of steering, stationed himself in the vicinity of the pilot, and suggested giving him a hand at the wheel.

The rough sea-cook, not recognizing the emperor, turned around with a snarl. "Are you pilot, or are you?" he growled.

Answered, which it received credit for his water reason, but the emperor's master of it, had in a few minutes returned to the bridge, and in great humility sent a box of cigars to the pilot, with the remark:

"I am at your disposal."

**He Was Unusual.**

Harry Hallowell, the number broker, while out on a morning tour of amenity, was taken to some new accommodations at the Eagle House in City City, reports the Cincinnati Enquirer. The hotel was crowded to the wains, and at 1 o'clock in the morning the room was awakened by voices in the hall.

A young man was making objections because his request for accommodations was refused. Hallowell opened the door of his room and invited the young man to share the room, having sized him up as trustworthy and clean.

The latter was profuse in his thanks and started to make his toilet. First he opened his paper valve and abstracted a bottle of liquid with which he proceeded to rub his hands.

"What's the matter?" asked Hallowell.

"Oh, I'm troubled with the eczema, but I'm still your friend," replied his roommate. From the valve he procured another bottle, the contents of which he rubbed upon his neck and face, and in a moment he was as clean as a whistle.

"The next step was to request Hallowell to drop some medicine into his left eye."

"No," he said, "you are a friend worth having."

Hallowell looked at him with great admiration and said: "Well, my son, for a man that can't eat, see very well, or shake hands, you are about the most congenial son-of-a-sea-cook I ever stalked up against."

only 48—but we may well be thankful to have lived for the last twenty years. If I say, he had followed his own bent, he would have been killed in the Indian uprising on the Pine Ridge reservation in 1881. Remington was a daring, adventurous fellow. He learned to paint amid the very scenes he depicted on canvas. He went through the battle of Wounded Knee and was the constant companion of Lieutenant Casey, one of the heroes of that campaign. These two passed through a blizzard that winter, to which the recent storm was like a summer zephyr. When they got back to the agency, thanks to the scout under Lieutenant Colonel Charley ("White Hat") Taylor, Remington had a severe cold and the surgeons there, who had been sent for in anticipation of some serious work, commended Remington to go home. He demurred as death as he knew how, but the doctors wouldn't listen to him, and Remington had to go.

The next day Lieutenant Casey, with whom Remington surely would have been, was killed while on a scout, and I wired Remington on his way to Omaha of Casey's death. Had he remained at Pine Ridge we would not now in all probability have the many great works of art that Remington has left us.

**Mark Hanna and the Boy.**

When Senator Hanna was walking through his factory in Cleveland, some years ago, on the lookout for new ideas or anything which would aid the progress of business, he overheard a little red-headed lad remark:

"With I had old Hanna's money and he was in the poorhouse."

The senator returned to his office, relates the National Magazine, and rang to have the boy sent to him. The boy came to the office daily, just a bit conscience-stricken and wondering if his remark had been overheard and ready for the penalty. As the lad twisted his hands and nervously stood on one foot before the gaze of those twinkling dark eyes fixed on him by the man at the desk, he felt the hand of Uncle Mark on his shoulder:

"So you wish you had old Hanna's money and he was in the poorhouse, eh? Suppose your wish should be granted, what would you do?"

"Why," stammered the lad, "the first thing I would do, sir, would be to get you out of the poorhouse."

The senator laughed and sent the boy back to his work. Today he is one of the managers of a large factory, but he never tires of telling the story that held his first job.

**Asking Too Much.**

The mother of a little six-year-old Mary had told her a number of times not to hitch her sled to passing sleighs, feeling that it was a dangerous practice. It was such fascinating sport, however, that Mary could not resist it, and one day her mother saw her go skimming past the house behind a farmer's "hobs."

When she came in from play she was taken to task, her mother saying severely, "Mary, haven't I told you that you must not hitch onto hobs? Besides you know it is against the law."

Mary oiled her head. "Oh," she said, "don't talk to me about the law. It's all I can do to keep the Tea Commissions!"

**Remington at Wounded Knee.**

In a number of reminiscences of the late artist Remington in the Washington Post, Major John M. Burke "of the United States," tells of his experience during the Pine Ridge campaign:

"Remington was one of the most courageous men I ever knew. Had he followed his own inclinations we should have read his obituary many years ago. Instead of today, it is a great loss that this artist should have died so early."

**Painters' Union.**

I found many queer things in the management of this newspaper office. In the first place, the contract is made with the foreman, who sets up the paper at so much per day and employs his own assistants. In this he has to conform to the printers' union, for everything in China is done by guilds and labor organizations. The employers have also a union, and so have the newsdealers. The proprietors have to pay the latter guild so much for each copy of their circulation, and they dare not push their rates independently of it. The latest guild is

that of the newspaper owners. They have combined together not to cut prices and to defend themselves from the printers and others.

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the empress dowager, as well as some of the doings of the prince regent and the cabinet officials. It is more interesting than were the issues of the past, although it is staid and steady and lacks the gossip of the new Chinese dailies.

**Woman's Daily.**

The only woman's daily newspaper published in Asia, if not in the world, is issued by a woman in Peking. Its editor is a Chinese girl belonging to a well-to-do family. Her paper is known as the Peking Woman's Journal. It is published in an attractive form and is written in classic Chinese. It is largely devoted to educational matters, and especially to the advancement of women. It advocates the anti-footbinding movement, supports the anti-opium crusade, and, in general, is for woman's rights from a Chinese standpoint.

**Foreign Newspapers.**

There are now foreign papers published at nearly all of the ports of this country. There are a half dozen or more here at Shanghai. The North China Daily News and the Shanghai Times come out every morning, and the Mercury and Gazette every evening. The French have a daily known as L'Echo de Chine, and the Germans have one, the Ostasiatische Lloyd. Shanghai has four foreign weeklies. Tientsin has several dailies, including the Peking and Tientsin Gazette, and so has Hongkong, including the Hongkong Press and the China Mail and the Hongkong Telegraph. There are papers published in the English language at Amoy, Foochow and Hankow; and there is a German paper published at Tsingtau in Shantung. The Japanese have several papers in China, and there are Portuguese journals in Macao and Hongkong.

All of these papers cater to the foreign population. They are mostly blanket sheets of the style which we used to have, and they sell on the average at 5 cents per copy. As far as advertising is concerned they are well supported and most of them are run at a profit.

**Chinese Papers Abroad.**

There are quite a number of Chinese papers outside China, some of which have a considerable circulation here. There are three such in Singapore, one in Penang, seven in San Francisco, four in Honolulu and one in Manila. Japan has two, Sydney two, and there are a number in Hongkong.

The empire also has several missionary journals, some of which are medical and others religious. It begins to have magazines and with the new schools and new civilization it will probably build up a new literature.

I understand that the prince regent is contemplating starting an organ of his own. He is greatly interested in newspapers, and has given orders to the grand council to have deputes report to him on the dailies and to furnish him abstracts of the important news contained in them. Eight men have been chosen to translate the foreign papers, and his highness has these classified and passed away in a scrap book. It is said that Yuen Shih Kai, who was a newspaper editor, was in Peking and that several of the cabinet officers are secretly interested in the different journals there. The statesmen watch the papers to see whether they are properly mentioned and a desire for notoriety is springing up among them.

**They Want Foreign News.**

Now that China is adopting the new civilization, the high officials are anxious to learn what is going on all over the world. They are studying public opinion in New York, Berlin and London, and they watch the London Times from day to day. They are paying millions of dollars from outside nations to develop their country as to railways and other things, and the government has to know what goes on abroad. The Associated Press telegrams are forwarded to the viceroys and to the cabinet officers at Peking as soon as they are received, and the news is translated and read before they appear in the newspapers.

The government officers are greedy for articles about China, and one of the leading cabinet ministers at Peking recently told his interpreter to give him a full translation of the London Times from day to day. The man protested that such a thing was impossible as well as unnecessary, saying that the English local news and the announcement of marriages, births and deaths were of no value to China. The cabinet minister replied that he wanted the whole thing, and that he would get another interpreter. I am glad that the Times is now translated for him.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.