

the control of the military. The country was deserted, the fruit and crops remained unharvested. Morrill told of riding thru groves of oranges and plucking the fruit from the trees.

Oct. 20- 1903. Went with Proutch and Englebracht to visit Aglipay. We found the Filipino prelate in his Episcopal residence on a back street near the Binouids Canal where, as "Deacon" had explained, his Episcopal outlook consisted of a hencoop. We went up thru a "vestibule" which seemed to serve as a general depository for odds and ends. A few men and women occupied the rather sordid appearing reception room. We were ushered into what appeared to be Aglipay's study. At one end, on an altar stood a gaudy crucifix covered by a glass sphere. A mass of books lay piled on a table, giving the impression that they had been temporarily removed from a shelf for cleaning purposes. Presently Aglipay appeared, clad, rather negligee, in a white cassock. He greeted us cordially. Aglipay does not impress one as a hader. He is a medium sized man, rather large for a Filipino. He has thick, iron gray hair. A small spot by the crown was shaven, according to regulations. His mouth is mobile and shows nervousness, lack of confidence. He fell to talking with us in Spanish in regard to the friar lands. These he maintained belonged to the state, as well as the church property. In many cases the priests had assumed ownership without any color of right, as in the case of certain meadow land which had been occupied by the priests of the Parish Church of Pandacan. This land had been loaned to them solely for the purpose of aiding in the support of the church. The padres had then arrogated to themselves the entire title in the land. My suggestion to Aglipay was that he should base his propaganda on the immorality of the friars, enjoining street morality upon his own adherents. In this way his propaganda would take the aspect of a true reform, and he could give the confidence of the people at home. Aglipay agreed with me in this. He showed me a clipping from a Puerto Rico paper to the effect that the church question there had been settled by placing the property in the hands of the municipalities. He also showed me a copy Captain Miller and first officer Harriman, the latter from Maine. We went upon the top deck and viewed the old wreck lying about. Harriman remarked that there were no shot holes below the waterline. There had been some Filipinos among the crews and there was a dark suspicion that they had opened the sea cocks and sunk the ships. Harriman pointed out a Filipino on the lower deck who was then chief machinist of the Tablas. He had been one of the engineers of the Cristina, and himself confused to having helped to sink the ship. Along the shore of Cairte frowned low browed batteries. The river wound in between low banks, dotted with ships. To the right stretched the narrow finger of Sangley point, at whose tip the Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific Co was putting up a great steel coal shed. Nearby the Sangley Point Dry Dock Co. had its slip. A small coasting steamer was perched at the top and men were busy riveting plates, the air vibrating with the sound of busy strokes. Another steamer was just being drawn up. We steamed over to the slip, went ashore, and met two Englishmen, Young and Aiken, who were in charge of the dock works. They lent us a small boat and Reed and I were pulled over to the hull of the Marques de Duero. The wreck was red with rust and oyster shells had clustered thick high above the water line. I pulled myself aboard, followed by Reed. The woodwork of the deck was all gone, and the still ribs and deck beams twisted and distorted. On uncommunicative Filipon was the sole inhabitant of the wreck, and he was busy in the remains of the old galley cooking his rice. I climbed up over the armored bow over the long ram and evoked aft. Like a gaping, grim skeleton the old hulk lay. I took several pictures, and we steamed out between the Maria Cristina and the Mindanao. Silent and spectral the old

wrecks lay, typical of the face of the greatest power in the world has seen. A peso or two jingled in my pocket. I turned over one of the coins in my hand and read the legend "non plus ultra wound between the columns symbolical of the traditional Pillars of Hercules. In the short space of three hundred years the people of the peninsula had emerged from their confines, extended their religion and their government to the uttermost bounds of the earth and had returned whence they came; They had completed the circle of this glory and once again the Pillars of Hercules mark the confines of their empire. We had an interesting talk with Aiken. He was an Englishman, born in Hong Kong. He had lived all his life in the Orient and had dealt with labor. The Chinamen in the shops of the Dock company were earning 40% more than the Filinos. He considered them worth more than the increased pay they received. A Chinaman could be relied upon to do his business; if he promised to get a piece of work done, he could be depended upon. Filipinos needed a boss to every thirty laborers; Chinese would get along with one boss to seventy men. I had noticed that Curran had all Chinamen in his shops, and that he paid very little attention to them. He assigned their work and let them go ahead and do it. In the evening I called on Judge Solenson and had a long talk with him on the legal side of the government. The judge was in favor of retaining the old canal code- the only change he thought necessary would be in the way of a mitigation of penalties. The punishments were not so difficult to understand. Under the old Spanish system of procedure all causes tried by courts of first instance inevitable went up to the Supreme Court. At the present time all cases where the death penalty is imposed go up proprio vigore. The penal code provides for three grades of punishment- the medium, maximum and minimum. It then provides for aggravating and mitigating or extenuating circumstances. Different punishments are then provided for the different combinations of aggravating and attenuating circumstances that may occur. In this way a rather complex septum results- not so complex, however, in Judge Johnson's opinion, as some people would have one belief.

Oct. 27. 1903. Had a long talk with the Filipino lawyers in the office. The Filipino members seem all to have taken part in the insurrection. Araneta was secretary of justice; Lavera was secretary of diplomacy; Legarda was secretario de hacienda; Paredes was a member of the Congress of Malolos; Salas and [] were in the Negros republic.

Oct. 30. The boys got up a dinner to celebrate my departure. They went to great pains over it. The invited guests were Mr & Mrs. Labor, Mr & Mrs Thronton and Mrs Ashmore and her daughter. Chandless fiancée. The boys had been planning the thing for a week without letting me know anything about it until one evening Dan Curran asked me to keep Friday night open for going down to the theatre with him. I told him I had been invited to Judge Johnson's, but would get away early and go down with him at about 8:30. Then he said that dinner was included in the invitation. I said I did not see how I could break off my engagement at the Judge's and asked him to leave the dinner out. There was a whispered consultation among the boys and finally Cameron blurted out about wanting to give me a good send off. Then Dick pitched into me about inviting Bartlett Sinclair down for dinner on Thursday- that took that night out, and I had invited him simply for the purpose of pumping him. Then all pitched into me with consent for spoiling their plans. I saw there was nothing for me to do but to cancel my engagement with Judge Johnson. The dinner went off a great success. The table was beautifully decorated with flowers. The menu cards were souvenir postal. An ample supply of whisky, sauterne and wine had been furnished. The first toast was to me

and to the “came that was taking me home,” as Chandler expressed it. I responded with a toast to those who were staying. This did not seem to arouse much enthusiasm. Dock had the good luck to be seated between Mrs. Labor and Miss Ashmore. He was the [] of all eyes and he certainly played his part to the King’s taste. I had never seen the anthropologist sparkle and scintillate in such a way before.

Oct. 31. my things were all packed thanks to Cameron’s assistance. At seven o’clock they were loaded on a carotita. I said goodbye to the boys, the best friends I had ever made, and was going to start off in the caratela when Dick called to me to go with him. So I let the caratela go on and followed with Dick in the Carromata. The boys were standing at the window and as the caballo tugged up the bridge gave the old grunt- “ugh”-which we had given so often when we saw the little animals struggling up the incline. I went to the office and then to the supreme court building. I met Judge Johnson on the way and we went up to his room where we had a short talk, the Judge telling me of his early struggles against poverty. I left him with new determination for the struggles that I saw would be mine. I then returned to the office, saying goodbye to every one and Engelbracht accompanied me across to the captain of the ports. Here I met Dan, Mr. Reed and Cameron and we went out to the Zafiro on a government launch. The steamer was in gala attire in honor of Collector W. Morgan Shuster who was to leave that afternoon. After getting aboard we learned that she would not sail until five o’clock in the afternoon. So I returned with the launch and spent the morning wandering about old Manila. In the afternoon I called at J.G. White’s office and bade goodbye to Cam and Mr. Reed and went aboard. The bottles were popping at a merry rate on deck, for Shuster was on board and his friends were baptizing his departure in beer and scotch and soda.

Hong Kong. Nov. 3. 1903. Arrived in Hong Kong early in the morning after a rough voyage. The Zafiro with her high superstructure took the seas badly. One wave dashed over the top deck and swamped a lot of us at dinner, coming down thru the topmost skylight. In Hong Kong I put up at the America Hotel, conducting a couple of Filipino students ashore. They could not talk English, and but very poor Spanish. I wondered to myself what they possibly could know. They affected being very much horrified at the sight of men pulling vehicles in the streets, and gave it as their opinion that Hong Kong was “muy sucio.” The sight of men doing the work of horses and cattle, and of women even carrying burdens, attracted my attention. Such a thing is not thought of in the Philippines. Then for the first time I appreciated the magnitude of the task we had set before us. We were trying to impose upon and oriental country the institutions and ideas of manhood which had developed in our own land. In the Philippines alone, of all the countries of the Orient, human brawn is rated slightly higher than horse flesh. Instead of acquiescing in the degradation which we found in the orient, and imposing ourselves upon it as a superior race- a thing which all other ruling nations have done- we are making a sincere effort at raising the Filipino to the level of American Citizenship. Americans are wont to cuss the government, but to appreciate the significance of the ideals which we have planted in the Philippines they should visit oriental countries and study the condition of the laboring masses there. In the afternoon I took a trip to the Peak on the tram. Very rapidly as we ascended the mountain the view of the harbor and of the mainland opposite expanded. The air became delightfully cool and refreshing, reminding me of Duluth, and also of the time when Mally and myself scaled Table Mountain and viewed the isthmus to Hong Klip.

The peaks of the mountains had been truncated and built up with hotels and residences. Up we went over a steep track where a roadway had been cleared thru bamboos and heavy underbrush. The air was delightfully clear and refreshing. I stood for a while admiring the panorama of the harbor, which forms a semicircle around the point of Kroloon opposite. (There lay ships of every nation- I counted forty steamers, besides a number of sailing craft.) Away in the distance among little islets wound the West River, where a steamer was making its way up to Canton. At the foot of the abrupt mountain side clung the roofs of Hong Kong, intersected by serpentine streets, following the [] of the coast line. I seemed to be looking down upon a terra cotta model. I turned and looked over the other side of the mountain where the China coast with its fringe of islets faded away in the glare of the setting sun, water shining like mercury. It was an inspiring sight. From that height my imagination swept over the wide circle of the British Empire with its silent sentinels Table Mountain, Hong Kong, Vancouver, waiting till the call of destiny shall bid them keep their silent watch over the outposts of another empire. I followed the winding road up to the signal station where I found a number of seamen from the "Waterwitch". One fair haired sailor boy was lying in the grass fast asleep. I had an unobstructed view of the harbor and the mainland with its background of gaunt ribbed hills, I sat down beside the signal gun and fell to musing, the talk of the seaman, who were at a little distance, reaching my ears like voices in a dream.

Hong Kong. Nov. 4. I got up early and took a long junricksha ride way out to the race course and cemeteries. There were three burial places, one belonging to the Parecs, adjoining that the Christian, and next the Mahommidan. The Parsec cemetery was a beautiful place of repose. with its terraces of flowers, fountain, and way off to the side, as if a side thought, a couple of rows of solid granite moments, marking the resting places of the dead. These bore no further record than that they were placed in memory of this or that person, parsec of Bombay, or some other Indian town, who departed this life on such and such a date. I found only one memorial to a woman. That was erected in memory of a parsec and his daughter by the surviving wife. On the grave had been placed an artificial wreath, enclosed in a glass sphere. In the center of the wreath were a two photographs. I brushed the dew off the glass and noticed that the photographs were of a man of middle age and a woman, presumably his daughter, in the prime of youth. The photograph was wonderfully life-like and showed a dark face, fine eyes, and graceful arms. In the Christian cemetery the morning sun was just lighting up a medley of viarble crosses. At the mahommedan cemetery I passed by a wrinkled servitor who was sitting by the gate and took my way up the steps which wound up the hill side. At a platform I met a young man mumbling something to himself from a book which he held in his hand. The graves were carelessly piled mounds of earth, with shabby monuments of wood, but in every grave had been placed a bough with long, succulent leaves, and small cream colored flowers. I could not find the name of this plant. The hotel manager knew it by the name of bitter rose, but did not know the scientific term. In the course of the morning I had the good luck to pick up a Maria Theresa dollar at a money changers. The Thales pulled out at about one o'clock.

Swanton. Nov 6. 1903. Stopped ashore to see Garland Williams, but found him as dead to any impression as on the former trip. We had on board a Customs examiner who told me a good deal about Chinese emigration. In Hong

Kong the carrying of Chinese coolies is regulated by stringent laws. As a consequence, most of the coolie trade comes from Amoy and Swatow where there are no such restrictions to bother shippers, and curtail profits. There is sharp competition between different lines, one steamer recently going so far as to take a consignment of Chinese to the Straits for nothing. The business is all financed by men in Hong Kong who have their agents in these other ports. The men have their passages paid for them and then are obliged on reaching their destination to work this out. The merchants get a commission per head for supplying coolies to the plantations of the Straits, of Sumatra and Java. In Java their existence amounts practically to slavery and but few of them ever return to China. From the Straits thousands come back every year, bringing their earnings and foreign women to spend the remainder of their days in place and quiet in their own country. I was told that many Chinamen return from Australia and America with white women. Many of these live in a village by the name of the Ah Chuk, about ten miles from Macao, and others at Nam Long. Little boys with blond and red pig tails can be seen running about the streets, but the women themselves are never seen. I was even told of one case where a woman, who could hardly be distinguished from a Chinese, was living in dirt and filth on a sampan. She had been a white woman at one time.

Amoy. Nov. 6. Went ashore and took a number of pictures. Called on Commissioner Van Aalst and interviewed him in regard to the coolie trade. He said an agent from the Transvaal had recently come thru the town trying to get 100,000 laborers for the mines. It is the intention in S. Africa to import the coolies only for a limited term of three years and then to compel them to return to China. He expected a coolie trade would start up soon with Mexico, as they were greatly needed there. The interference of the Customs in the trade went only to the extent of seeing that coolies were well treated. They were well treated, according to Mr. Van Aalst, in the Straits and Java. The Chinese have guilds also for the purpose of advising their countrymen as to the best places to go to.

Foochow. Nov. 7. Arrived at the anchorage at noon and found Mamma, Constance and Miss Wilkinson waiting for me. They had been waiting since eight o'clock that morning, the steamer having been expected earlier than she actually arrived. Papa was away in Shanghai at Central Conference. Everyone was well except Papa, and Constance had learned some English. I settled down to knock off a few articles for the Chinese papers and to do some work on the question of Foochow trade. In this Mr. Drew was kind enough to help me by giving me the use of the Customs reports.

Foochow. Nov. 19. Had the pleasure of a long walk over the hills with Mr. Drew. He said that where he first came out he entertained some aspirations of doing something for the Chinese by the example of a service well and honestly administered. But those ideas had long since gone out of his head. He did not know what the Chinese might think of the fact that the customs were honestly administered. Perhaps they looked upon it simply as the result of high salaries paid, which removed the inducement to corruption. Perhaps they regarded the honesty of customs officials as some strange phenomenon, altogether foreign to reasonable beings like the Chinese. Perhaps they regarded honesty simply a strange abstraction which there was no possibility of carrying into practice. Mr. Drew did not know what they thought about it. The Chinese were incomprehensible- as Mr. Pett had expressed it, the Chinese

are a deep pit. Mr. Drew had never had great intimates among the people. He had never come close enough to any Chinaman so that he could find anything in common. Mr. Drew had a great appreciation for what missionaries are doing. he thought they were really accomplishing something. In his opinion the United States would never play an active part in Asiatic politics. They would continue the same course they had followed in the past, following upon the heels of Great Britain into trade advantages which that power wrested from foreign nations. The golden days of the United States in China were in the 60's when the Russels navigated the Yangtse under the American flag. Mr. Drew said that Europeans stagnated in China. There was no virile intellectual life. European life oscillated between the office, club, race course, the dinner party.

Foochow. Nov. 21. Papa interested me by telling how the industrial schemes in Hinghina had failed. At one time or another Brewster had started into flour mills, aeromotors, sewing machines for making Chinese belly pockets, machines for grinding pigs feed, steamship companies, and what not. All the enterprises had failed in succession, the machinery had been sold at a sacrifice, the white promoters lost heavily, the Chinese partners got out easy, while other Chinese reaped the profits from the white men's misfortunes. In a fit of anger Mr. Brewster once exclaimed what reason there could be why the enterprises did not succeed. His Chinese Christian partners blandly assured him that none of the enterprise would pay as long as there was white capital engaged in it. The Chinaman is bound to euchre the white man in a business deal. All the money in the Foochow was made by the Chinese middlemen, not by the foreign tea men. The comprahores had now practically come into the ownership of the business and their former masters were their pensioners. A Chinaman is a good friend, as long as his relation is one of friendship only, and he is the last man to forget a kindness. But when you meet the same man in business, the rule is "heads I win, tails you lose."

Foochow. Nov. 21. Took a long walk out by the stone seat. The hills are terraced for rice or pockmarked with graves. The whole face of nature is made repulsive by these thickest cordines of human decay. I could compare the Chinese to nothing but human vermin. They swarm upon the earth, festering in their corruption, and then again to earth yield the fatness they have absorbed. in most places several crops a year are raised. The soil is under constant mulating, but is stimulated by the consumption of most of the crops in the locality so that the same materials ultimately find their way back again, and existence is kept dragging in one perpetual circle.

Foochow. Nov. 24. The new viceroy today made his official calls at the Consulates and we saw his retinue pass as he entered the French office opposite our house. There was a brass band of four or five pieces, led by a drum major. Then came the red-coated Manchu soldiery, blue turbaned and armed with Remingtons. With a sullen stride they swung down the road, their impassive, immobile countenances giving evidence of primordial, unconscious forces, and I thought of the day when another Napoleon would forge this native ore into an instrument to dominate the world. Then came a detachment equipped in German style with blankets, spades and knapsacks. There were several officials mounted upon miserable rags whose raw [] their shaggy hair was not sufficient to conceal. The viceroy travelled in a large square chair, borne by four coolies. He is an old man, with long wisp beard. I believe the Chinese

have developed so far that they have been able to dispense with what we call our law, which is more or less of a form for arriving at justice. The Chinese do away with the form, and in most instances, according to Giles, get substantial justice nevertheless. I doubt if Americans undertook to rule the Chinese they could do it in a very different way from that which the Chinese themselves employ. Witness the Chinese quarter in Frisco- they are practically a law unto themselves. The Chinese have got the art of living down to such a point that all deadweights, such as our system of treat has been done away with.

Foochow. Nov. 26. Father preached the Thanksgiving sermon in our parlor in the morning. In the evening I went over the bridge to attend a Chinese theatrical to which Mr. Kaw had invited me. I had a chair and three coolies to get me there. A fourth man went ahead, carrying a lantern. The streets were comparatively deserted. Here and there a dim light was thrown across the narrow passage way where some artisan more industrious than his fellows, was still at work. At other places the light filtered out between the chinks of the planks that had boarded up a shop. Now and then we met other sedan chairs, and the coolies would halloo to each other. The great bridge, usually the scene of so much activity, was deserted and [] save for the footsteps of my men. Now and then a sudden light would flare up where a passerby had beat his torch with against the trelments of the bridge. We passed a beggar or two groveling on the passageway and moaning for alms. At the mid of the bridge we turned off to the left and threaded a narrow tortuous street until we arrived in front of a high wall. We entered through a gate into a court where a member of sedan chairs had been deposited and coolies were lounging about. From without I could here the sound of tom toms, cymbals drums and above all the shrill cries of the vocalists. Aside passage brought me to the payment in front of the stage. A number of round tables occupied this space around which there seated alternately men and young girls partaking of the viands before them. The whole place was crowded with servants and waiters. I was met by Mr. Kaw, who introduced me to his friends at the table. Room was made for me beside one of the sing song girls and I began to take in the play. The actors all shrieked in the favorite Chinese falsetto. The drift of the first play seemed to be that a man had died leaving by his concubine a son who was inclined to prodigal habits. The wife, who according to Chinese custom has authority over all the sons, chastised the young man, whereupon he cried out that he was made to suffer for not being the son of the wife. The rest of the plot then hinged on punishing the young man for his insolence, the actors alternatively shrieking and wiping their eyes with doleful flourishes on long towels which hung from their belts- this, I suppose, to indicate the depth of their emotion. The plot of the second piece concerned a Chinese general and his loner. The latter part was acted out to perfection by a man dressed up as a woman. He had the appearance of small feet, imitated the stilted walk, the facial expression and the gestures of a woman to perfection. The general, in the course of his blandishments, which were rather vulgar, let drop his wallet of dispatches. he bade goodbye to his mistress without noticing the loss of the papers. After a while he rushed in on the stage in a great frenzy. His Delilah produced the dispatches, but laughingly told him that she had read all the contents. here began the psychological interest of the play- the conflict between the man's patriotism and duty and his love for his mistress. Finally his country won and amid rabid shrieks and wild flourishes the girl was stabbed. Upon this succeeded some acrobatic work, not of a very high character. Then the actors began to troop out over the front of the stage and men began to carry off great chests of stage properties- all this much to the chagrin of the

guests who argued with the proprietor for a continuation of the performance. Finally one man returned and indulged the audience with a little horseplay. At eight o'clock I took my leave of the company. My coolies carried me back through the dark streets. As one place we met a crowd with torches crowding the way. At another there was a straggling procession following a band which halted occasionally and discoursed diabolical armories. As a steady swinging gate my men carried me all the way up the series of steps by the Club.

Ku Shan. Nov. 30. With Mr. Miner and Mr. Bissounett I had the pleasure of a trip to the famous monastery of the Shan. We boarded a houseboat and made our way propelled by six oarsmen, between large junks, loading logs, sampans and launches. Some of the junks are large craft- larger and more seaworthy, would judge, than the models of Columbus' ships which I saw at the world's fair. Goodwells and Siemens's mills seemed to be The rocks all along the way are inscribed with antique Chinese characters. Far stretched the brown, level plains until shut in by the here and there a village with its black roofs rose like an island from the alluvial plains. the busy places on the river. Great rafts were lying there and men were pulling the logs into the Millway. Mr. Miner's bay prepared us a fine lunch. By the time we were through the houseboat had come to a stop by the river bank. We went ashore, the coolies following with our loads. After threading several villages where the pigs ran and [] between our legs we reached the foot of the long flight of steps leading to the monastery. Every bit of the way is paved and constructed quite a feat of engineering. Lall pines clothed the mountain side and filled the air with their sighing. Now and then we would pass a line of women and girls with heavy wads of a pungent smelling [] needles which they had raked up as the mountain and were carrying down to the village for fuel. Small rest houses span the way at intervals, and here parchment skinned monks in ashen robes regale the passerby with tea and sweetmeats. the air becomes [] and clearer as one ascends, the view over the river Min, Foochow island and the Jug Hok gradually expand. The solitude, too, becomes more apparent until finally, The image must be about twenty feet high and are all gilded. They are replicas of the conception which appears all over China, Japan & Korea. Along the sides of the hall are ranged two rows of lesser gods, in various attitudes and with different expressions. An altar with a great brazier full of ashes studded with a few sticks of burning incense stands before the deities. when it has reached its depth, it is broken by the measured reverberations from a bell of most mellow sweetness. And one is at the portal of the famous monastery. The monastery buildings are well preserved and show the effect of constant attention. A broad stone paved area leads up to the temple court. The court is enclosed at one end by a minor temple containing an image of Buddha flanked by two hedions looking guards. At the further end of the court is the temple proper. This is a large building and contains three images each some twenty feet high, seated upon immense lotus flowers. The floor of the temple is provided with kneeling benches and seats, much after the fashion of an Anglican church- indeed the seats which I saw in Westminster abbey I am certain must have been made in China. At about five o'clock the priests filed in and took their places. They were a slatternly lot with countenances which have Mrs. [] of every vice and unnatural propensity. Some wore rust coloured robes, others yellow, [] over one shoulder. Others appeared in ashen gray. Slowly of whose piety, we inferred we were to [] estimate from the number of patches in his robe at first they began to drone their invocation to Ai mi-ta to the accompaniment of a wooden drum. They proceeded with an accelerando until suddenly the climax was punctuated by a crash from a brass gong and the chorus broke into a slower measure.

The same tempo was repeated several times, and then they began to march, winding in and out between the rows of kneeling benches, droning in semitones the while. Then they marched about the sides of the hall and filed out thru a postern. Presently a priest busied himself with extinguishing the lights and candles and invited us behind the altar. he pulled open a drawer and produced a tray with teapot and cups, showing that the physical [] of the worshippers were not forgotten in their devotion to the deity. Constant with Chinese politeness, we all had a sip. We wandered about the temple grounds, stopping at the pond where greedy carp gobbled the biscuit we flung them; we saw his holiness of the rags, a devotee whose piety we inferred we were to measure by the crazy patchwork which made up his garments; we had a peep into a side show whose attraction was a monk that had taken the row of perpetual silence; we strolled thru the dining hall with its rows of tables with three bowls set in each other and a pair of chop sticks at each place; from here a pungent, appetizing odor attracted us to the kitchen. For a cumshaw of ten cents each we had a peep into the shrine which contains one of Buddha's teeth, a huge quartz molar as big as a cobble stone. The shrine contained also a vial of the teacher's tears. After making these rounds, accompanied by a group of devotees intent upon []-shaw, we retired to a room which had been assigned us by the abbot. The abbot, I must say, was rather a striking looking person, with sharp nose, thin lips, quick eyes and energetic address. The room was in a building close to the main temple. The boy prepared us a supper, and then we investigated the sleeping apartment. This was provided with three Chinese beds with rattan mattresses. Mr. Miner with trained eye scrutinized the beds for freight matter, organic and inorganic, and being satisfied, the order was given the boys to lay the blankets. First, however, we had a flashlight of all three of us in our pyjamas crawling into rapped lash in the silence of the mountain. the covers. We had enjoined the priests to awake us at four o'clock the next morning so that we might be present at the early morning prayers. Repeating this injunction for a last time we blew out the lights and dozed away in the peaceful repose of the mountain, whose silence was deepened by the mellow tolling of a bell. The silence was broken only by the mellow tolling of a bell which only seemed to add to the repose. True to his word, our priest awoke us at four in the morning, bringing us hot water to wash. We shook off our slumber and got into our clothes and went into the temple before the monks got there. Mr. Miner and I adjusted our cameras to take some flash lights. The service over, we all three went to the lookout, a dilapidated shrine situated on the spine of the mountain hence we had a view of the river and the broad Foochow island lying below us in the shadow of the mountains. Puffs of filing smoke spreading their nebulous [] over the villages told us that the people were already stirring about their morning meals. By the time we got back to the temple the boy had arranged the morning meal for us. We ate heartily and then in the bracing morning air began the descent. We found the houseboat in a creek at the foot of the mountain. The tide was beginning to turn and the men had to row almost the entire distance to the city. I lay on top of the cabin and watched the passing scenery. On the fields the women were at work, harvesting, I believe. The boatmen brought our craft quite close to the river bank and poled us along. At Foochow the scene became busier. Great junks were loading with various cargo, chiefly, however, with lumber and poles. The rafts were lashed alongside the junks and the oven with pole hooks deftly handled the logs into the ships keeping time to a loud voiced song. Some of the junks were loaded with poles, a large part of the cargo being lashed alongside. The junk itself was almost out of sight, being sunk almost to the gunwales. The whole resembled great, massed faggots lying in the river.

Foochow. Dec. 5. Finally, after much urging, I induced Mamma to let me take my leave of Foochow- much, however, against her will. The decision was made at the last moment, and consequently I was considerably hurried in my arrangements. The China merchants steamer Hal. Shin was to leave the following day, and the launch was to take passengers to the anchorage at seven o'clock that night. We heard afterwards that the steamer was not expected to sail Sunday, but on inquiry at the office were informed that it would surely "leave tomorrow afternoon sharp." Not wishing to spend the night and a good part of the day on the steamer we decided that we would all go down in the mission houseboat, leaving about ten o'clock that night. Sowe arranged everything for starting from the house. Coolies, or women rather, were engaged to carry my trunks down to the boat. Dr. Wilcox and Mr. Miner had dinner with us and we were enjoying ourselves when we were casually informed that the women had gone home and that it would be impossible to get anyone to carry the loads. This led to some confusion in the camp. The cook was dispatched to various places to find men, but returned unsuccessful. Father and I went down to the boat and succeeded in rousing the sailors sufficiently and after considerable haggling several of them volunteered to go back after the baggage. We started towards the house with the contingent, and he sails were hoisted, the men bent to the oars. Like a phantom ship we glided silently down the moonlit river, in and out amid the slumbering craft. had only gone a short distance when we met the baggage coming along. All this was typically Chinese, a domestic tempest in which all plans seem ready to shipwreck, when suddenly, in some unaccountable manner the wind veers and one is driven safely to this destined home port. So we finally succeeded in getting to the houseboat. The sails were hoisted the men bent to the oars, and we glided quietly down the moonlit river among slumbering craft. Now and then a sampan would detach itself from the cluster along the river bank (as if disturbed at our approach) and like some huge water foral propel itself into mid stream as if to seek another roost. There were no lights on any of the boats except the little Japanese steamer which was anchored like an intruder among the native craft. Like a phantom ship on an enchanted river we glided. High before us rose the sacred Ku-shan, its sides bathed in moonlight and a halo of mist about its summit. We slept well, considering our improvised beds, and early in the morning were awakened by the shouts of the boatmen. We had anchored by the Pagoda during the night, and had still quite a distance to make to the steamer. The tide was running very strongly, so we had no difficulty in coming alongside, tho there was of course the usual shouting and [] without which nothing ever comes to pass in China. From the Hal-shin I paid a visit to the old Lhales and bade farewell to Captain Robson and the officers. Constance was, as usual, eager for information, and had to be taken to every part of the ship in order to gratify her curiosity. At about eleven the steamer prepared to pull out, so I carried Constance down the gangway into the houseboat and she began to cry when I said goodbye. The tide was setting in strongly and carried the boat quickly up river. I watched for a long time the picture in the houseboat window. Pipa's gray beard, mamma's smiling face, and Constance's baby features- until the boat disappeared behind a Chinese cruiser, and was then lost to view in a bend of the river. The trip up the coast was uneventful. The board on the steamer was [], and the saloon was kept cold until I protested that I was catching influenza. Then the place was sizzled with steam.

Shanghai. Dec. 8. We arrived at Woosung during the night and then went up the river early in the morning. At about eight o'clock I came on deck and saw through the mist a line of wharves with steamers unloading and a dreary background of monotonous warehouses. I got into a sampan- one of the tiny, pink sort- and was waddled ashore. A junricksha brought me to 10 Woosung Road where I made the acquaintance of Mr. Lucy and his partner, Dr. Wilson. Returning to the steamer, I got the things loaded on a couple of sampans, had them paddled ashore, and then transhipped to a couple of wheelbarrows. Everywhere Chinamen pressed their vehicles upon us. One engaging fellow whose personal assets consisted in a slight knowledge of English offered to conduct all my freight to its destination with this understanding I made my second trip to the publishing house. In the afternoon Dr. Sites called at the publishing house and asked me to go but to an. Yang with him. We drove out behind his Chinese house, stopping on the way at the rooms of the Royal Asiatic Society, where I met a young Portuguese, M. de Jesus by name, and also at the municipal building where a meeting of the Society for the Diffusion of Christian and General Knowledge was being held. A Mr. Ades, Assistant manager of the Hong Kong & Shanghai Bank, presided. On the platform were also Dr. Allen, of the M.E. Church South, Dr. Timothy Richard and two Chinese officials. The proceedings were very orderly, after the English fashion, and according to our notions, exceedingly inane and uninteresting. Somehow the upper classes among the Englishmen lack the glow of enthusiasm which is so much in the American character. A live American coming into such a meeting would in all probability descend like a bomb. After the cut and dried performance had dragged its way through, interrupted now and again by seemingly automatic "heah heahs", Dr. Sites and I took our leave and began the long drive out to the College. I plied the Dr. with questions regarding the adaptability of our Political Economy to the Chinese. How, for instance, A sonorous creaking of wheel barrows woke me in the morning. could a nation whose history is so long that there cannot be traced any stages in industrial development, profit by William Carup's theory of Protection. China has never been in the hunting stage, or in the pastoral stage, or the agricultural, nor does any other distinctively European analysis apply. Dr. Sites did not argue much in favor of Economics, but contented himself with the general statement that his students were deeply interested in knowing what foreign nations had done. In Shanghai, moreover, theories of protection did not have & once vital importance, and some apt application, in the result establishment of filatures.

Nan yang College. Dec. 9. Immediately after getting up I went out on the porch of Dr. Sites house and had a view over the surrounding country. It lay before us in a broad plain, parched and sere, [] in the distance by a haze of smoke where lay the busy city of Shanghai. On our left stretched the road through the French concession, its course marked in the distance by a few isolated brick mansions. On the right lay a little Chinese village, with the usual utilitarian The man propelling the wheelbarrow was out of sight and the huge bulk of white looked for all the world like an enormous moth struggling unsteadily along the uneven road atmosphere over everything. A sonorous chorus of squeaking wheelbarrows called my attention to what seemed to be enormous moths struggling over the roads. They were great loads of raw cotton which were being wheeled into the city. The men propelling the vehicles were wholly out of sight. On morning Dr. Sites took me into some of the classes with him. In a casual observer the college, with it's fine, modern buildings, seemed a replica of the thousands of institutions which are representative of American civilization. A second glance, however, revealed the first inroads even on the façade, of the

slipshodness and disregard for repair which is characteristic of the Chinese. There were evident in many places on the walls the stains of dirty water thrown from the windows. A dirty bag fluttered from one window sill. A pastor inscribed with Chinese characters was parted on one side of the entrance. No more was needed to convince me that the institution had passed wholly under Chinese control. As I had been informed, Dr. Fergman, the builder of the college, had suddenly been dismissed from his position as president. A Chinese director had taken his place, and the American instructors of whom there remained three, Sites, Leavenworth, and Lattimor, did not have much to say in the management of the institution. Dr. Sites and I entered a cold room where a frosty, sleepy class awaited instruction in the elements of Political Economy. The discussion was not particularly brilliant on the part of the class—a fact due, no doubt, to the lack of command of the English language. The examination papers which Dr. Sites afterward showed me were models of good English, and apparently evidenced a grasp of the principles presented to them. There are at present about 170 students in the college. These young men and boys come chiefly from the upper strata of Chinese society. Tuition is free, and board and room in the college buildings are supplied at cost. The curriculum is divided into three parts—primary, preparatory and college, the latter tending to a commercial course. The whole institution has been modeled largely after a Western college, there being provided even an assembly room, in analogy to the college chapel. This is a large airy room, with platform at one end and a gallery at the other. On the platform is arranged a piece of carved woodwork, apparently merely as an ornament and background. Closer examination, however, shows that it is provided with sliding doors. When these are pushed to the side there is revealed an incense burner flanked by candlesticks, all of pewter, and behind this a red and gilt inscribed tablet. This is Confucius shrine, and all students are required to prostrate themselves before it every two weeks. I was present at one of these performances. It took place at 8:15 in the morning. The doors of the chapel were thrown open, incense and candles placed in the shrine, and kneeling mats arranged on the floor. As the sound of a large drum the students lined up in the corridors. A master of ceremonies took his place in the rear of the Chapel. A line of teachers and students, with the director in his official garb at their head entered and took their places before the mats. In a loud voice the master of ceremonies commanded the assembly to kneel, then to kowtow; the kowtow was performed three times, then the command to rise was given, and then to kneel, and the kowtows were repeated. When the thing had been gone over three times the assembly filed out of the hall, and another lot of the younger students was admitted. In striking contrast to this was a game of association football which I witnessed on the college grounds on New Year's day. The match was between Nan Yang and St. Johns. The two colleges are great rivals, and Mr. Lattimor informed me that their rivalry in football often came to blows—the most hopeful sign I have yet seen, and one which furnishes the only mutual ground which I have ever observed between East and West. The players were variously arranged. I could hardly believe that the men I saw on the field, most of whom had made up a sporting costume out of underdrawers and sweaters, were the same I had seen clad in flowing gowns offering reverence to a defunct sage. Even an instructor in brass rimmed spectacles and with pig tail flying, took an active part in the game. The college boys stood quietly on the side lines, observing the progress of the contest, but without any demonstrations except an occasional murmur of approbation or disapproval. At one end of the field was a stand here pots of steaming tea were free for all. The signals were shouted in English, presumably the [] that might be necessary in a Chinese translation were too long. The men played vigorously, but without losing that immobility of

contenance which I have so often remarked among all Asiatics. One man was pointed out to me as a typical football man. He was [] in a pair of underdrawers and a yellow striped sweater. His pigtail switched viciously in his plays, and his front hair becoming loose, gave him the appearance of a Western football type. He was described to me as negligent in his studies, but eager in the pursuit of sports. A good deal is to be hoped from him.

Shanghai. Dec. 10. Today I became acquainted with Mr. I. R. Jermigan, formerly U. S. Consul General in Shanghai, now a practising lawyer. I suggested that I would like to come in with him for a short time. He informed me at once that he was looking for someone to go into business with him permanently. Mr. Jermigan had just published a book which I had borrowed from Mr. R. W. Little, of the U.C. Daily News, and he seemed to be more interested in that than in anything else. We discussed that for a while, and I then took my leave, not expecting to receive any opportunity from his quarter.

Shanghai. Dec. 11. Called at the Jesuit Mission in Sieawei with Dr. Sites. We were conducted about the buildings by Perd Boncher, the superior, a remarkably bright man, and a fluent speaker of English. While taking us around the premises he explained some of the methods employed by his order. They did not make an effort to bring people individually into the church, but only by families and communities. In this way, while recognizing the individual soul of each man, they avoided the dangers and difficulties which result from detaching the individual from his natural environment, and leaving him isolated and shorn of all social and economic ties. The Jesuits endeavored to effect the transition from heathenism to Christianity with as little disturbance of existing conditions as possible. The entire social and industrial organization was transplanted to a Christian soil, and the old was quickened with a new spiritual life. The Jesuit methods shows moreover, the adaptations of symbols to various grades of intellect. This is possible, and may be advisable, in a hierarchical organization where the higher members are educated and confident of their leadership. To men who have not advanced sufficiently to realize the reality of moral and mental torture, there must be a physical hell- and this the Jesuits provide for the ignorant Chinese. Some of their orphans are employed in depicting in vivid colors, after the fashion of the Buddhist pandemoniums, the tortures of the wicked in the next world. Of course the fathers themselves do not believe in this, and as their converts advance mentally, new symbols are substituted. It is a question whether this method is not more advisable than the tour de force by which our own missionaries endeavor to implant in the dwarfed intellects of their converts the [] ideas which it had taken us centuries to evolve and bring to consciousness. The Jesuits first made their appearance in China three hundred years ago. They became influential in the government, and China after the example of all European countries, expelled the order. They were allowed to return about sixty years ago. They found the Christian communities which they had established still flourishing Strangely enough, these Christians, in the [] of heathenism, were opposed to the conversion of their fellow countrymen, thinking their religion a special gift to themselves. Pere Boucher is a wide reader, and of this fact he gave frequent evidence in his conversation. He follows attentively the discussions in the Chinese Recorder. The articles about self-support, so he said, interested him greatly. While Protestant missionaries are discussing its advisability, the Jesuits have it, and have had it from their first advent. The priests are supported by the communities they serve. These provide them with meals and shelter, and when they wish to go further in their

itinerary, one or more of the converts offer their services as wheelbarrow men. Pere Boucher is also of the opinion that the Jesuit organization, his discipline, its vows of obedience and poverty, are far more efficient for missionary work than the methods of the Protestant missions. The members never go home. They obviate the break in the continuity of the service which is incidental to our system, burdened as it is with the care of wives' and families. Moreover, their service is a life long one, and consequently no acquired experience is ever lost. I am of the careful study of all missionaries. The friars have collected a fine library of Sicawei. It is well arranged, and on Chinese matters I imagine as complete as any there is. From this we went over to the meteorological observatory. The scientific work of the Jesuits in Manila and at Sicawei is of course known throughout the world. There is a large orphanage connected with the mission. This is a part of the same program of solidarity which all the work manifests. The orphans having no connection are brought up in the Christian life and then intermarriages take place among the Christians and in this way families of converts, whose children will be brought up in the Christian life, are established. There is also a University in connection with the mission. Pere Boucher did not appear to think very much of it. he regarded it as incidental to the mission work. The only reason for its establishment was that it had been desired by many young men, not themselves converts, who wished to study recidental sciences. A brother or two was assigned to give them the instruction they desired, and this work was made incidental to the principal work of the mission.

January 16- 1904. Today I had my first experience in the mixed court. I had been in the place before, but not for the purpose of representing a client in a trial. The mixed court is held in a building in the Chinese quarter of the city, some distance up the Soochow Creek. it is in a brick building of foreign architecture, tho the presence of Chinese has hallowed it with a halo of musty utility. A long brick wall decorated with a representation of some kind of hippopotamus screens the entrance from the invasion of unholy spirits. Chinese swarm about the place through an anteroom crowded with runners you enter the hall of justice- and such a hall. Behind a tribune sits a Chinese magistrate in fur robe, mandarin hat and peacock feather. By his side is a foreigner who acts as assessor. Theoretically he has nothing to do with giving any decision. He is simply there as a spectator and advisor. The place is crowded with prisoners and friends among whom the [] runners bustle with much show of authority. A prisoner is dragged in by the pigtail and kneels before the tribune. From one side the foreign policeman explains the charge, which is interpreted to the magistrate. The latter at once asks the prisoner what the hell he did it for. Then every body begins to talk. In the midst of the babel the assessor whispers a few words to the magistrate. He dips his pen in the vermilion ink slab and enters the sentence on the docket before him. The prisoner is dragged out as unceremoniously as he was dragged in, and another case is called up. This is the usual procedure unless the prisoner has sufficient money to hire a foreign lawyer. Then there is an exhibition of [] fit for the gods. The court recognizes no rules of evidence, and anything can be introduced if it is hacked with sufficient effrontery. The whole procedure is a caricature of justice. That such a tribunal should be tolerated at all, and that important cases should be entrusted to its decision can be explained only on the supposition that the business community tolerate the procedure as a form of gambling. No man with a good case would ever want it to go before such a court. A European who has nothing to lose, and the chance of gaining something by the reference, may bring his suits into the court. It would seem that

sure justice could be accomplished by making the assessor really a judge, and regarding the Chinese magistrate as a jury to pass upon the facts. The procedure could then be controlled by a European with some instinct for law, and the magistrate could aptly take the place of an ignorant juryman. A good deal of advantage is taken by Europeans of the system which requires the defendant in a suit to be tried in the court of his consulate according to the law of his country. In making contracts the foreigner can then use his knowledge of his own law in such a way that the contract has no legal effect under his law, while to the Chinaman it appears a valid engagement. When the native sues the foreigner he then learns to his sorrow that the white man's law has been used to hoodwink him. It is not wonder that with these precedents the legal profession should not be looked upon with much favor in Shanghai.

Shanghai. Jan. 27. Thru the kindness of Dr. Reed I was given the Mei Lan-Fang opportunity of hearing a first class Chinese actor. His name is [] and he is a favorite actor of the Empress Dowager. He had come down from Peking for an engagement of some weeks in a theater on Nanking Road. The entrance to the playhouse was rather shabby and dirty. The alley leading from the street to the box office was lined with fruit stalls and sugar cane trays. We waited here for the ladies to arrive- Mrs. Reed. Miss Hykes and Miss Wabster. A number of carriages drove up while we waited and from each there alighted one or more women glaringly painted and bedecked with jewelry. These were the courtesans that frequent the houses. Some arrived carried on the shoulders of men. [] women are not seen in a theater in China. We pushed our way thru the crowd that was converging on the entrance and were nearby the actor, Mr. Reids' friend. He is a tall man, and tho a Chinaman, has the actor's mobile countenance. His face was striking and strong, such as would attract attention anywhere. He showed us up to the gallery where a table had been laid with viands in European style. We seated ourselves and were soon distracted by the din of the tom-toms, castanets and drums. From above this turmoil arose the shrill treble voices of the actors. The parquette, as we should call it, was crowded with tables occupied by celestials. At one end was the stage, a raised platform upon which opened two doors hung with tapestries. A row of gas lights in front, without screens, served to blind the audience without throwing much light on the performers. On the pillars at the corners of the stage were hung placards bearing the names of the actors. These were changed as different men came on. As in a Greek play, all actors entered by the left hand door and left the stage by the right. The costumes were rigorous and showed considerable versatility. Some of them were gorgeous. All the plays were historical and represented personages well known in China lore. One was patriotic in character, depicting the capture of the chiefs of a foreign state who were beheaded rather than forswear their allegiances. The top of the railing surrounding the gallery was made wide enough to accommodate dishes. In front of the railing was a passage which the waiters used in going about to minister to the wants of the guests. The entire railing was lined with young Chinamen who seemed to be watching the progress of the play with much the same interest as young men at home. There was, however, no handclapping. Approval was widened by shouts of "hau, hau," uttered with abdominal impulses their attention upon their costumes. These were gorgeously embroidered. They all showed a great predilection for great flowing beards. Some of the actors wore most unnatural masks- some pure white, and in regular unbroken lines, the eyes regular almonds, conventionalised to fit a wall paper pattern, and with most prodigious slants. They wore boots with high soles, and walked in a most deliberate stiff strut. This is the mandarin style par excellence. Twice I was startled to see actors come upon the stage in the true, square,

free mason stride. Dr. Reed's friend came on in the last act, of which there were five. He was placed last in order to keep the audience. His role was that of a Taoist priest. his costume was therefore a rather simple grey lined with white, but his hands sparkled with diamonds.

Feb. 7- Had dinner at the club with Captain Basset and Mr. Jeringan. Captain Basset has been a skipper out here for forty years, and consequently has lost most home ties. He has a fine daughter here living with him a Bubbling Well Road. The Captain informed me that American shipping was much in evidence out here when he first came, in the early sixties. The Confederate cruisers had been busy in the Pacific during the war. The Alabama came out by way of Cape Hood Hope and destroyed a good many American tea ships around Singapore. She did not however, venture up towards Shanghai. The feeling among the Americans there was pro union, and a plan had been laid to blow up the Alabama, should she appear there.

Shanghai. Feb. 10. Dowil and I after lunching at the Y.M.C.A. walked down the French bend to a point opposite the man'o war anchorage and took a sampan over to the Russian gunboat Mandjur. We came quite close to the ship so that we could distinguish the type of feature among the crew as typically Slavonic- rough cast, devoid of refinement, and relecting only the primordial forces of nature under a subconscious mental state. One of the crew on watch on the bridge had caught sight of us and leveled his telescope in our direction. The ship had but recently put on her war paint of black, and the color was streaked with the white background. She seemed to be well armed. Several guns which I took to be six inchers peered over embouchures and one particularly large one swept the stern rail. We came close enough to touch the sides of the ship. We went all around but when we came by the gangway we heard a gruff voice "what do you want here", and looking up, an officer in full uniform was standing at the head of the gangway frowning upon us. Our actions were suspicious- there was no gainsaying that, and we ordered our sampan man to waggle for the shore.

Shanghai. Feb.12. Dowie and I made another trip to the Russian gunboat. Dr. Barchet meanwhile had informed me that a Chinese authority when asked what action he would take with reference to the presence of the punboat had said that he was inclined to take no notice of it. If the matter was called to his attention, he would order the commander to deliver into his keeping his powder and shot. On this visit I was armed with my camera. Rumour had said that the Mandjour had left harbor, and as there was a Japanese cruiser waiting for her at the entrance, had probably already fallen an easy prey. This, however, was contradicted by the statement that she had gone to the Chinese Eastern Ry wharf and that she was being dismantled. We thought we caught sight of her masts from the P&O jetty, but as we went up towards the French bund we lost sight of her. We hired a sampan, however, and waggled out into midstream, and there we came in plain sight of the craft. She was alongside the Chinese Eastern Ry wharf and to all appearances, was deliberately placing herself hon du combat. Her fires were out, and tackle was rigged up for getting her equipment overboard. The sailors were all busy in the work, but stopped to look at us as we pointed our camera. I took a couple of snaps and then we went back.

Shanghai. Feb 15. Went down Foochow Road with Wolsey, Frost, and Kirchhoff. The strut presented an unusually animated scene, the houses gaily lighted up with centurys, and all the trades people busy in their shops. Streams of Chinese flowed and eddied in the narrow throughfar, some stopping at a shop, others gathering in a cluster about the players at a gambling table, others sauntering along with vacant holiday air- for it was the night before Chinese New Year. At on place we heard the raucous tones of a barrel organ and in the brightly illuminated interior vows of Chinese standing before stereoscopes. Gambling was at high tide. Every little while we came upon a table in the street fringed with celestials attentively watching some game of chance. Painted prostitutes were in evidence, riding in rubber tired pinrickshas or carried on the backs of men. Small footed boys, led by some old woman, or carried like girls, and gorgeously dressed, were also to be seen- evidence of the vile passions to which Chinese have degenerated. I believe the Chinese race- no, not the race, but at least the upper classes, are the worst of degenerates. Their civilization is one which has outstripped itself and turned back upon its beginning. Their literature shows no mental energy- their art is insipid and meaningless. Their minds are so exhausted and [] that they do not respond to suggestion. Therefore the meaningless detail exhibited in all their pictures and in their art. They are incapable of analysis. The attitude which we imbibe as we learn to talk, as we learn the distinctions of grammar, they never attain, for their speech is only a jumble of confusion.

Shanghai. Feb. 20. Frost and I took a walk out Nankin Road and on our Bubbling Well Road. -

June 30. I went on board the "Kiangen," China merchant's steamer to go to Hankow where Mr. Jerunjan had a ease for the Jen Fung silk given against Carlowitz & Co arising out of a matter of insurance.

July 1. Early in the morning I met Captain Prate and found him a typical Yankee skipper. He discovered on the early days on the river and the prominence of the American flag then. It has since disappeared entirely. The only ship today carrying the stars and stripes on the great river is a steamer belonging to the Standard Oil Co., and it is said she has no right to carry the flag. If she appeared in any American port she would doubtless be confiscated. We caught up with the little craft a little above Kewkiang. The heat was paralyzing. As long as the ship was in motion we had a breeze, but by no means refreshing. I was unable to do anything at all, the sudden change from the comparative cool of Shanghai quite overcoming me. In the lower course of the river we stopped several times to take on passengers. Boats put off from the shore loaded with Chinese, and the steamer stopped long enough to take them on board and then paddled along again. The scenery on the Yangtse up to Hankow does not present much of the picturesque. The river takes a course through broad alluvial plains. These stretch for miles in the distance and are hemmed in finally by misty rangy hills and mountains. A large part of the alluvial plain immediately bordering the river is not under cultivation. It is overgrown with tall reeds. Now and then a patch of cultivation broke the line of reeds, and not far from the fields were mud walled and thatch roof huts. In some places the farmers were garnering their cross. They were threshing out their grain in the way their fathers had done for thousands of years before. Their [] flashed in the glistening sunlight. Just before reaching Kewkiang the hills encroach to the river's edge. At one place a ship rock rises sheer out of the middle of the stream. It is known as the little orphan. It is crowned with a

whitewashed building, presumably a temple. A number of [] were taking advantage of the wind to work their way up stream. At a couple of places we passed rafts that had become grounded. These rafts are not flat, but are built deep, like the rafts recently constructed on the Pacific coast. They draw considerable water, and when aground have to be taken entirely apart. The German flag is quite conspicuous on the river. There were German gunboats at Nanking, one was stationed a Kew-kiang, and we found one- the newly built Vaterland- at Hankow. During my stay there the Fuerst Bismarck and the Hertha also came in. Most of the important places we passed in the night. At Kew-Kiang I went ashore to send a telegram. My walk convinced me that people were right in assigning to this city the reputation of being the hottest on the river. The air was dead and stifling. The sun beat down unmercifully. The Chinese, half stripped, lay along the streets apparently dazed with the heat. I threaded the streets after a guide to the telegraph office, which, of course, was located where it would be most inaccessible. I was glad to get thru my business and escape from the festering streets and the blistering sun to the deck of the steamer. I spent the rest of the afternoon in washing myself in ice water.

July 4. Hankow. We arrived early in the morning and the first sight that greeted our eyes was the stars and stripes, flung from a semi foreign house on the borders of the Chinese city. Captain Pratt explained that the house belonged to one Lee, an American who had come out to China as a skipper, had married a Chinese woman by whom he had several sons, like-wise wedded to Chinese or half-easter. He was as crooked as a ram's horn, but had any God's amount of money. He was partly paralysed and was carried about Hankow in a palanquin, and in this was transacted a great deal of business. The bund of Hankow must be over three miles long. As the lower end are the Standard Oil Co's tanks and the Belgian concession, which will ultimately form the freight terminus of the Hankow- Peking R.R. Next is the Japanese concession, undeveloped as yet, and covered with mean looking houses. Then follow the German, French, Russian, and British. Hankow seems to be laid out with a view to future development. The land is a fine piece of masonry, and will accommodate a large shipping. It is lined with trees, and the buildings on the opposite side of the road are substantial and present a finer appearance than most of those in Shanghai. The architecture, especially in the French and German concessions, shows an adaptation of continental ideas to the possibilities of Chinese material. A great amount of red sandstone is used in Hankow. I met Frost, who came to the steamer to welcome me, and he put me up at his house. The possibilities of Hankow seem very flattering. If ever the American line from Canton is completed, making with the Belgian line a trunk system from Canton to Peking, Hankow is bound to go ahead like another Chicago. But there has been a great deal of delay and procrastination about the work. Consul General Wilcox told me that they had sent young inexperienced college men out to make the surveys. They knew nothing of the country, and were entirely helpless. They started off into the interior to make their surveys without provisions, expecting to live off the country. The result was that many sick lived and some died. On one occasion Consul General Wilcox was telegraphed that General Parsons, the president of the company and his entire staff was on the way to Hankow, and would he please arrange an interview with Chang. Chi Jung. He arranged the interview and waited and waited, but no one appeared. He was being embarrassed meanwhile by repeated inquiries from the viceroy as to when the visitors would arrive. Finally one morning an insignificant looking Jew appeared in the consulate and announced himself as one of the directors of the company. The rest of the

expedition had petered out. General Wilcox gave this as a sample of the shilly shallying methods of the company. Willis Grey, the manager, I was told by others, resided in princely style in Shanghai on a salary of \$5000 [] a month. He was conspicuous more for his yellow wheeled turn-out and horses than for the railroad he built. The chief trade of Hankow seems to be in tea, [], and wood oil. The last mentioned is an article of export which was discovered by Consul General Wilcox if his account be true. The value of this export, which has come up very recently, now runs into the millions. The consul explained to me that he was constantly receiving letters of inquiry in regard to this product, many from Englishmen and Europeans. The other consuls seemed to consider themselves above giving information on commercial matters. I visited G.M. H Playfair, the British consul one morning. Taking him as a specimen, I doubt whether the other consuls were competent to give information on commercial matters, or indeed to observe anything. Playfair struck me as a dried up fossil, and quite responded to Consul Davidson's request that I bring him up a box of soap. In fact, it seems to be a tradition on the coast that Playfair is much in need of an application of the article. Mr. Playfair doubted that he had jurisdiction to try my case- at any rate, the weather was very hot, "and you will observe," he remarked, "we have no punka in the court room. We don't have one there on purpose, in order to discourage litigants." Hankow so far is only three or four streets wide,- something like Duluth- a shoestring city. The railway station is a shabby looking brown frame building, with the usual [] of a station in a waytown far in the west. A sign board announces "Hankowville." There are no houses in the neighborhood of the station as yet. The most indigent Chinese seem to have occupied the surrounding lands with squatted mat sheds. Opposite the station is a large pond, and in the distance the recreation ground and race course- of Every British settlement in China. To the left the overflow of the Han river has flooded hundreds of acres of land, and suggest what might be done in the way of reclamation. Beyond this is the broad sweep of the river, as far as the eye can reach. Levitt, who was putting up an electric lighting system in Carlwoty's works in wu-chang, one day invited Frost and myself over to Tiffin with him. We crossed the river in a crazy craft navigated by an imbecile Chinese. He was afraid to crowd on his sail, which we much desired, for there was a fine breeze. We gaily took the ropes and hoisted the sail to the peak to the consternation of the jolly tar and his progeny. We skirted the city of Wuchang for a mile or more. The river is confined to its bed by a solidly built granite bund- a work which reflects credit on the perseverance of the Chinese, but little on the engineering skill. We landed at a jetty quite near to Levitt's residence. This was a large, two story foreign house, built apparently for better days at a time when Wuchang was expected to progress rapidly. It was now in tumble-down disrepair. Levitt conducted us then his disconsolate bachelor quarters. A guitar seemed to be his only civilized companion. On the mantelpiece were a few misfit books- a bible, a text book of algebra, something on electric wires, sorry exiles with their master. I could well understand how Levitt feared that much more of the lonely life would drive him insane. In Hankow I met my old schoolmate, Ernest M. Mumas, and we decided to take the same steamer to Shanghai. As I applied late, I did not get a good stateroom and Momas very kindly let me share his. We took the Kutwo, a Jardine Matheson steamer. We had as fellow passengers a clerk from Bavier & Co's, the assistant manager of the Hong Kong & Shanghai Gas Co. Of course there was a good deal of river gossip, the changes in hong personnel, sports and so on. At Kew Kiang we went ashore and had a look at tea manufacture. I succeeded in getting some good pictures. We also learned the distinction between green tea and black tea. The former is unfermented the latter is. In the preparation of the former the leaves are stripped

from the stems and then sorted over, a work which is performed by women, who bring their families with them to the factory- probably a baby on the back and one or two others asleep in the baskets of tea leaves of playing about on the floor. The sorted leaves are then taken to a room in which there are rows of furnaces with copper kettles on top. In these kettles the leaves are roasted, being stirred all the time by men who lean over them and with their hands in the kettles keep the leaves in motion. Every lot has to be roasted for the space of two incense sticks, or half an hour. These sticks placed along the wall serve as time keepers. The heat, of course is intense in the []- the heat of the sun alone is prostrating. It seems necessary to stir the leaves in the process with the bare hands, and it takes some time for the skin to harden to the work. Novices in the first few weeks of work experience many skin troubles and their hands become covered with eruptions. At the end of the days work the men may be seen leaving the establishment and plunging into the river to cool off. I was very much pleased with Nanking. It is picturesquely situated, with bold hills for a background. I went ashore and pressed my way through a jungle of shouting Chinese. Everything seemed to have been designed with a special view to get into everyone's way, and discommode everyone to the greatest possible extent. The road along the waterfront was narrow enough with a line of homes on one side and the embankment on the other. Nevertheless rickety carriages, jolting jurrickshas and burden bearers with long poles competed to make the of the causeway a babel of confused and excited humanity. The Nanking Chinese struck me as a little more to our build than other Chinese. They are of a ruddy copper line, and have a little more of the whiteman's excitability. I passed through a large gate to within the city wall. The road was good, the air rather more bracing than I had yet experienced up the river. The willow lined road was pleasing with a bold hill with its signal station at the end of the vista. ChingKiang presents a very pleasing view from the river- a wide, shaded bund and a thickly wooded range of hills rising abruptly from the river. One of these hills has been bought by the British government for consulate grounds which here, as everywhere else in the Orient, occupies the most commanding position. The Germans are now willing with the British in attempt at appearances.

Shanghai, Aug. 13. Having learned that a Russian torpedo boat had come into the harbor. Arthur and I went down in the afternoon to see her. She was lying opposite the Pootung docks. The tide was setting strongly up river, and we had a hard pull to get down to her. She was the Grosvoi and had escaped from Port Arthur in the historic stampede of a few days previous. She showed no signs of any injury, but seemed only the worse for wear. She was very dirty, and the men on board looked forlorn, but stoical. While we were noting her a launch from a German man o' war came along side, and a German officer, with the precision of a wooden figure went up the gangway, saluted, was received by the officer of the deck, and disappeared into the saloon. Presently a newspaper man came alongside in a sampan and attempted to go up the gangway. He was presented by the marine on guard, whereupon he paddled around to the stern, branded her like a pirate, and was on the point of making a thorough inspection when the officer of the deck having been [], the latter politely demanded that he leave the ship.

Shanghai, Aug 14. Dr. Wilson, Miss Wilson and I paid a visit to the Grosvoi. the sailors were scattered about the deck and were undergoing the process of a generous ablution, of which they stood much in need. Miss Amutle, like a sensible girl took a practical view of the matter, and the incident passed off without embarrassment. Way down the

river, far in the mist, we could just distinguish four brown funnels. I concluded then belonged to the Askold, and I easily persuaded Miss Annette, and with a little difficulty Dr. Wilcox as well, to visit her also. Our man She was gaily bedecked with flags from stern to bow in honor of the birth of the [] had a long pull down the river of about three quarters of an hour, and several times we [] near being swamped by passing launches. Finally we came opposite the cruiser. She was lying alongside a wharf and her shattered funnels were being taken off- the rear one had been removed, and the scissers were being erected for the removal of the fore one. The cruiser seemed altogether in a sorry plight. A tangle of wire netting had been stirred up to her bulwarks. On the port side were two large wounds- one just on the waterline, and the other, about five feet square above the waterline had been temporarily covered with sheet iron. A large number of snap shutters and sight-seers had gathered on the dock- Russians, Germans, Americans Englishmen, Portuguese, but Japanese unrepresented. On this the starboard side, come more damage was apparent. A shell had entered the bulwarks [] ships and had swept them the deck. The funnels were riddled like pepper boxes. Aft a shell had exploded in a gun casing. The sailors were Chinese workmen were already on board beginning repairs. gathered along the bulwarks and were [] and stoically watching their visitors. We stayed for some time enjoying this novel spectacle and then started back across the river to the point. The crew had been called together and just as we were leaving the streams of the national anthem rose in deep-chested tones over the tatter of the ravel drivers. In the afternoon I visited the cruiser again in the company of Montallo []. The Askold was just entering the dock, but the completion of the operation was hindered by the turn of the tide. There was a larger number of visitors here than in the morning, among them a large number of sailors from other men o' war, and some few Japanese. The sailors, especially several Americans from the Wisconsin fraternized with the men on deck, and exchanged notes thru the [] of German, which some on both sides understood. The sailors exchanged trinkets- pictures, copicks, tobacco, [] bands, etc., and expatiating on their ware in Russian. seemed to have a perfect understanding. Thirty Chinese peddlers had also gathered on the scene and were displaying their stocks- tobacco, cigarettes, blouses, sweets, etc.,- over the dock, and [] the men to patronage. Quite a number of visitors bought tobacco and presented it to the men on board. Presently a diminutive, politely grinning Japanese arrived on the scene, and immediately became the center of interest. With a look half sleep, half apologetic, he pointed to the yawning holes in the cruiser's side. The men on deck laughed deprecatingly, the Japanese stuttered a few words in his own language and doffing his hat with a polite bob, disappeared in the throng of visitors.

Sept. 2. I called on Mr. Morse, commissioner of Customs, now in the statistical department, and had a very pleasant interview. He informed me that there were no separate statistics for German trade, as all the countries of Europe, except Russia, were bunched together. He further pointed out that the trade with these countries had increased from 27 million []. [] in 1896 to 5.6 million in 1903, or more than doubled. I imagine the bulk of this increase goes to Germany, as France does not appear to be putting forth fresh vigor, judging from the number of French firms and the amount of French shipping. The statistics were vitiated by the returns from Hong Kong, which Mr. Morse described as a sinkhole, into which all the Customs efforts as accurate statistics disappeared. Thus the total trade with India is given at 35 million toll, whereas the import of Indian opium is 43 million and of Indian cotton 45 mil. The only means of making a correct estimate of the trae of different countries would be by taking the articles in

which the various nations were known to have a share and judging from appearances the amount of the share of each country in those articles. He gave me a Customs report on which he marked the articles in which German had a share. In 1863 tea and silk formed 97% of Chinese exports. Today 5%. The other items of exports have begun and developed largely by Germans. They have created a market in Shanghai to which the Chinese producer in the interior knows he can send his produce. The Germans have resorted largely to imitation. Mr. Morse spoke of a sewing machine of German manufacture imitated from American models. The imitation was perfect, and the price was about one-quarter, but the machine was not worth anything and wore out in a year. The same is true of condensed milk. German imitators have driven the American product from the market by close imitations of American wrappers and trade marks. Mr. Morse when commissioner confiscated a whole cargo of this stuff and sent the wrappers to the Gial Borden people. What I heard from Mr. Morse was substantiated by Frost, and Virgil, the latter Shanghai manager of the New York Export and Import Co. Frost said that a German in the employ of the American Trading Co. consistently took samples of the goods the company was supposed to represent for American firms, sent them to Germany for imitation, and then sold the imitation in competition with the American goods the company was supposed to be pushing. Mr. Morse said when he first arrived in China thirty years ago. The large firms were still monopolizing the business of China- such establishments as Olyphant & Co., Dent & Co., Russell & Co. and Augustine Heard & Co. Of these great [] only the Jardines survive. Olyphant, I heard, were shipwrecked in the 70's and the Russells in the early 90's following the Baring failure. There was an aristocracy of trade. These large firms dealt only in such great exports as silk and tea, which at that time made up almost the sum of Chinese exports. The other lines have been developed by smaller firms, mostly German.

Sept. 3. had R. Kerchhoff at dinner. He told me a good deal about the relations of the government to German Traders out here. As a rule, the business men do not welcome the beaurocracy. It means loading down the community with a large number of officials who develop dry-rot in the despair of finding any useful purpose for their existence. There are in the consulate nineteen official- one consul general, 5 vice-consuls, 2 interpreters, one commercial attaché, one chancellor, 2 secretaries, 4 clerks, one constable and 2 physicians. The British consulate worries along with 14 foreign officials, and the American with 5. Each of these countries has vastly greater commercial interest in China. The German post office employs eight officials, and they find great difficulty in beguiling the [] of their existence. To drive away their [] they copy all their correspondence by hand. The government pays their salaries and part of their expenses, in which latter they include their rickshaw fare in going to and from office. So the official papers are cumbered with voluminous records of the odd [] paid by these officials to their coolies. All these amounts have to be itemized separately. In [] German officialdom is at its zenith. The atmosphere is stifled with the all dominant militarism. The heads of the oldest and most powerful firms have no standing beside swaggering young lieutenants.

Shanghai. Aug. 28. I here record an event which I had omitted at the time, but seems to me now to deserve an entry. At about 5 o'clock in the afternoon an gaudily dressed woman, whom I at once took for one who in her less advanced years had belonged to the demi-monde. She finally explained to me that a young man whom I had met before, was

in jail, and she wanted to get him out. It appeared that he had just been arrested for embezzlement. She did not know where he had been taken, so I went to the Central Police station, she riding in a carriage. I in a junricksha, as I had declined to travel with her. At the station I discovered that it had been confined in the Hon-Kew station, and H. directed her to the place, following myself in a junricksha. I saw H. behind the bars, and advised him to pay up what he was owing. It seemed that he had fraudulently obtained and used \$50 belonging to his employers. The comprador had lent him some \$300, and took advantage of his fall from grace to enforce the collection of what was owing him. The Chinaman said he would get H. out on payment in full, so I advised him to get the money and the woman was standing by said she would get the money. So I went back to the office after arranging that she was to meet me there, and I was to negotiate with the Chinaman. I never expected her to raise the money, but sure enough, in half an hour she was there and laid down 44 gold sovereigns on my desk. The next task was to find the Chinaman. I found J.B. and B. at the Actor house, the former in the barroom, and off we drove to find []. After chasing down to his house which stood somewhere at the end of N. Sowsow Road near the gas tanks we were informed that he was spending the evening in a social way in a teahouse- so off we drove, and finally ferreted him from a pleasure house from among a lot of sing song girls. He accepted the money, so away we drove to the magistracy. I wanted to have the charge withdrawn and H. released. We met the Magistrate's secretary, and thru him made our wishes known, to acting as interpreter, with a countenance of innocent amiability the rascal carried our message to the magistrate and returned with an unfavorable reply. Several trips were made by him ostensibly to the magistrate's apartments, and every time returned with an unfavorable reply. Finally I got impetuous and stamping on the floor said I must get the man released, and if necessary, must see the magistrate myself. The clerk secretary threw up his hands in horror and dropping his hand on his shoulder with an expression of beautiful serenity, explained, "he sleepeth." I only stomped on the floor and said if I did not see the magistrate at once I would make such a racket on the premises that he would have insomnia for six months. The faithful secretary disappeared again and presently returned to usher us into the presence. We found the old magistrate in an upper room of the yamen. He was very affable, and I imagined I detected a genuineness in his amiability, and a kind of interest in me as a young man. But the oriental is inscrutable to our dull, juvenile wits, and he may have been concocting some scheme or entertaining thoughts the very antipodes of his exterior. W., I had arranged, was to go bail for H., who was to be let out, and appear before the magistrate and assessor in the morning. But when the time came, and the magistrate began to trace a minute on a piece of red paper, Wong went back on me. The whole thing stopped, and I had to withdraw after the magistrate had consented to my wishes, W. wanted me to go bail with him- This, however, was impossible, as only Chinese can go on a bail bond in a Chinese event. I drove away, and W. took his own road. At the station I met B., and explained the situation. He at once drove off with me to find W. and compel him to go bail. Again we drove to his house, and again were directed to the tea-house. After securing our man we rattled off again to the yamen. The secretary explained this time that the magistrate was really asleep, and I could not disbelieve him, for the yamen was all in darkness. It was midnight. Upon our insisting, he undertook, for a consideration- which it was mutually understood would be at least \$25- to awake the magistrate. After fifteen minutes waiting we were ushered into the same apartment as before, the old magistrate received us. W. agreed to go bail, and the order for release was written out. The magistrate was very courteous, seeing us to the head of the stairs, and repeating that we were to appear privately

before him and Mr. Awyman in the morning. So we drove off to the station, thinking everything was fixed. But the next difficulty was with H. himself. He refused to go with me for the night. So he stayed in jail, the old woman spending the night with him on the other side of the bars, and there I found them the next morning.

Shanghai. Sept. 15. I took passage on the Japanese steamer. "Tachi mari" for Hankow to attend to Jen Fung's insurance case. The steamer lay on the Prong side, opposite the city. We, that is Mr. Jernigan's boy, and I went to a landing place near the Club. At 11 pm a steam launch took us, with thirty or forty Chinese passengers across the river. The night was dark, but I recognized the dark form of the "Mandjour" which we passed in mid stream, and on the other side the stately lines of the "Askold". The latter was well lit up, tho the "Mandjour" appeared desolate and deserted.

Nanking. Sept. 17. The steamer was just pulling off from the hulk, when we heard that a great clamor in the war. A Chinaman was leaning from the ship's rail, and was ejaculating excitedly tho we could not see who was the object of his clamor. Presently from an opening in the hulk's side there came an eruption of bundles of bedding, baskets, and other characteristic items of Chinese luggage. They were caught by people on the steamer, and then a man appeared at the opening, apparently dozed by the clamor of voices from the ship, and the gradually increasing space which separated it from the hulk. He assuaged, like to span the choken, but in vain- the steamer was too far for the reach of his composes. Finally he disappeared, and presently a boat re[] the bow of the hulk with our friend on board. Amid much excitement and wild ejaculation from his colleagues he was assisted on board, and we continued our journey.

Sept. 18. Ngankin. I was much impressed with the place. It is surrounded by a substantial wall, over whose battlement may be seen the roofs of good sized and well repaired houses. A tall pagoda serves as a landmark for many miles. It is covered with a light yellow stucco. On the East the city is flanked with a square fortification. The walls of the city border the river at a distance of a few yards. On the west is a large suburb, in which may be distinguished a number of very substantial the checker of gray roofs and white walls. How they had seen man develop from the furtive hunter to the husbandman and then to the busy artisan - how they had looked down upon the race in its vigor when with bold hand the city had been planned and the walls built and how they had watched it sink into senility and decay. How they had looked down upon in his infancy, as the furtive hunter's had seen him develop into the husbandman and then the busy artisan and [] they had witnessed his decline to senility and decay. and large houses. A range of blue mountains form the background. For a long time I watched the city recede into the distance, and thought how those same eternal hills had seen unchanged the beginnings of this hoary civilization- how they had looked down upon man in his infancy, and had seen the furtive hunter gliding among the brush, and then the farmer and the busy artisan- how they had seen man in his vigor when with hold hand he planned the city and built its walls. Beyond Wuhus the country took on the appearance of much of our farming country as home. A wide plain stretched off to the south until the view ended in blue, hazy mountains. Amid clumps of willows peeped out patches of thatched roof and straw stacks. In the meadow land close by the river cattle were grazing. People were working in the fields and I saw a cart with a load of produce which a buffalo was dragging to the homestead among

the trees. I even thought I recognized people making hay. They were tossing something in the air, but I could not make out what it was.

Hankow. Sept. 19. All day our trip took us thru a picturesque country of alluvial plains bordered by bold heights. At times these hills encroached quite closely upon the river bed, and formed narrow gorges thru which the current was very strong. I noticed that the alluvial fields were protected from the river by dykes, and hummocks dotted the top of the embankment at regular intervals. the captain told me these were graves- that the dead were buried in this way along the top of the embankment to increase its height and to insure the safety of the living. It was midnight before we arrived in Hankow and I had gone to bed, when I was awakened by the boy. He said there was a big fire at the China merchants. Going out I saw the sky livid with a tremendous blaze of [] and houses just opposite the China Merchant's hulk. Luckily the wind was towards the river, or the whole of Hankow would certainly have been swept away. Sparks were falling about our steamer, tho we lay way on the opposite side of the stream, and the crew were busy in getting the fire apparatus in order. From the city we could hear the hum of [], which is always characteristic of a Chinese fire. An interesting fellow passenger on the "Talhi Maru" was M. Yatsumoto, who the captain informed me was assistant manager of the Kohe Dock Co. The officer's were of course all Japanese, and very sociable. The captain and Mr. Yotsumoto and I spent many hours after meals talking about affairs in general. They were, or affected to be, as interested in the Chinese as I, and to them he seemed to present the same enigma. The frequently commented on their characteristics. The captain remarked that the Chinese always carried their bedding with them, which was fortunate, as otherwise the cleaning of ships bedding would be an endless task.

Hankow. Sept. 20-26 All my time was taken up in attending to Jun Fung's insurance case. This finally came on for trial on the 23rd before Acting Consul General Playfair. He was assisted by two youthful assessors. Burer and Hessian, who seemed to regard the whole performance as a joke, and I am sure none of the members of the tribunal understood what the questions in issue were. Consul General Playfair could only interrupt the proceeding occasionally by expressing his disapprobation of some expression, when, for instance, "luggage" was used instead of "personal effects" and when I inadvertently spoke of trying the case. In the midst of the proceedings Mr. Diercks, who represented Carlowitz & Co. received a telegram from Mr. Ellis, their lawyer, who had been delayed in getting to Hankow. He wired them to "insist" on a postponement. Diercks read the telegram in court. "Insist or insist, who insists?" queried Playfair, and as the German in his confusion lost control of the little English he had, the consul remarked that he ought to send someone to court who could speak English. A rather unsatisfactory judgment delivered on the 24th ended the case.

Sept. 26. [] "Kutho." On the trip down I had as cabin companion a Monsiuer Faga, a supercilious French gentleman, who impressed upon me the separateness of the continental and the Englishman and American. He began our short acquaintance by objecting to a cabin companion. Ellis, who had arrived in Hankow on the morning, also returned to Shanghai by the "Kut wo". Our distinguished passengers, however, were Lt. Col. and Mrs. Manifold, who had just returned from their expedition into Hupeh and Szechuen. They were both unassuming and pleasant. The Colonel

was very quiet, tho his conversation, when he did engage upon any, was interesting. Mrs. Manifold had lived a number of years in America. She was very talkative and I found her quite sociable. One evening we spent a long time after dinner discussing the separateness of the Asiatics. A customs officer, Harding by name, who had been twenty five years in China asserted that the Chinese liked their own ways vastly better than ours, that they could never bring themselves to like us or our ways, and that our attitude towards each other would always be one of mutual contempt. Col. Manifold reinforced this view with his Ludian experiences. he mentioned the insurance of a rajah in an independent state who had been educated in England and America, and yet when he came back to his Kingdom at once adopted the old customs, ignored public improvements, administered justice in the old native way, and all to the entire satisfaction of the people, who preferred their own way, although the European way promised greater comforts and material prosperity.

Sept. 28. The river below Chingkeaf There were on the bench the Norwegian, German and British assessors. The magistrate was relegated to a passive role and only made his presence noticeable by occasional deep bellied belches. seems to be very well fortified. An island rises high in midstream and this is crowned with Krupp gum. As the base of the eminence is a stone bund and a cluster of well kept buildings which reaches back into a cleft. On the opposite side of the river is a corresponding eminence, also crowned with gums. Behind this hill are large barracks, evidently intended to accommodate a numerous garrison. All the hills that follow in undulating curves in the distance are crowned with mend forts. I counted no less than four redoubts.

Oct. 14. Shanghai. Had an interesting scene in the [] court. Jones and I appeared for our clients in the Dong Fuh Chang bankruptcy ease. The judgment was given against my client and I at once gave notice of appeal. I suggested as an alternative submitting the question to aristration by the Chinese Chamber of Commerce. This was the first one of continuation. The assessors were half inclined to agree with me when Jones took up the cudgels against the proposition merely from his penchant for opposition. Seeing that nothing could be accomplished in the direction of arbitration I resigned myself to an appeal to the Taotai. Now the question of security came up. The Norwegian assessor with his [] head proclivities was all muddled and as there was no other means of vindicating his intelligence and self respect, became [] obstinate. He insisted upon security being given for the amount of the judgment and for damages that might ensure for the delay. I submitted that all that could be asked was that my clients surrender the shares to the court. There the German assessor put in his oar. He wanted instead of the shares their nominal value. I went back to the Norwegian square head and convinced him that my clients should not be compelled to pay the nominal value, and having seen a spark of light, the latter proceeded to follow it relentlessly. The German still stuck out for the nominal value and was attempting to convince the bewildered magistrate that his view was correct. With his arms and hands wiggling like a porpoises' fins, he tried to demonstrate his proposition to the Chi Hsien. The British assessor was passive, the Norwegian proceeded to pronounce the matter settled, ignoring the fact entirely that the magistrate and the German assessor were in the throes of a legal argument. I congratulated myself on having introduced a spark of intelligence into the pate of the Norwegian, but the next moment I was utterly disappointed. The Norwegian insisted that as no market value could be given to the shares, they should at once be sold- barring

that, my client must give security for their nominal value, and in case the judgment of the upper court went against my Client, the entire value of the security must be forfeited. For half an hour more I argued and threatened on this proposition, but in vain. The three assessors stuck by each other in insisting upon security to the extent of the nominal value- otherwise the shares must be sold. Utterly exhausted I left the court with a renewed disgust for Chinese government. Chinese officialdom, and the harpies of the continent who are praying upon their incompetence.

Oct. 15- Shanghai- Hankow. Took passage on the "Ngaukin" for Hankow where I arrived on the 19th. I was employed to attend a meeting of the shareholders of the Hankow Cask Co. Ltd. The moving spirit in this company was on Antonio Jose de Souza, a Portuguese by birth, but a British subject by naturalization. he was a man I would characterize as a "wrecker"- one who had followed a good many harrim scarum enterprises and last causes, and had always come out a winner in the game. He was agent for the Philippine insurgents government for the purchase of arms and ammunition and had made frequent trips to Europe in their interests The arms were shipped to Hong Kong, were the vigilance of Consul General Wildman was eluded either by skill or by bribes. deLonza told me that the insurgents never seemed to lack funds. In the treasury at Malolos he had himself seen five million dollars in silver. When he went on his mission to buy arms he was given a cash credit in London of \$1,000,000. The Filipino officials were corrupt to the []. De Souza told me how he had to bribe them want pass from Malolos to Manila. For this purpose he paid one of the generals \$50,000. DeSouza's connection with Cask Co. was characteristic. He had [] a Frenchman, G. Caissial by name, to give him 8,500 talls of the 15,000 talls of shares which the latter was To obtain for promoting the company. This was for deSouza's assistance in getting the deal through. His 15,000 in shares was allotted to Caissial, of which he transferred [] 8,500 to deSouza. The latter now engaged my legal talent to devise some way by which Caissials. []6,500 could be cancelled, without jeopardizing his []8,500. of course it was not hard to do this, and deSouza was [] gratified.

Dec 25. 1904. Kewkiang on S.S. "KiangKwan" Christmas dawned "brite and fare"- a perfect day. The sun lightly danced on the waters and the muddy Yangtse seemed transformed to a sheet of mercury. There were several Chinese gunboats in harbor. They were all dressed out with flags for the occasion. Even the hulks along the fund were in festive dress. The masts were wound with bunting and terminated in sprigs of evergreen. The Jardine hulk, the "Wandering Jew." bore on its bund side the liquid, "A Merry Christmas" in large letters of evergreen. The Chinese war junks that clustered along the bank were in gala attire of oriental splendor- large thru cornered, jagged edged flags- I was surprised that the German gunboat "[]" was not decorated. Presently however, there floated over the water the heavy strains of a Lutheran hymn, punctuated with thundering beats on the bass drum. I took a turn on the bund and came back to the steamer. There I was informed that it would take some hours to finish the cargo, so I went ashore again and hunted up the Anglican church. The interior was decorated as befitted the occasion, but the feeble voiced singing of the congregation only reminded me that I was far from home. In the evening a glorious Christmas dinner awaited us on the "KeangKwan." The boys certainly deserved credit for their pains. The courses were too marry to master, and the table was tastefully decorated with hon hous and flags. The shift comprised on

this occasion honored the table with his presence. I was the only passenger, and Captain Lindstrom did not appear at the table. There were in all five seated at the festive board. This was my fourth trip to Hankow I left Shanghai on Dec. 6 by the Kutwo." The first evening in Hankow Frost and I went to see a Chinese theatre. All the actors, he told me, were women. This seemed to me so extraordinary that we went to the theatre in the afternoon just to see the footlight dazzlers.

May 9. Hankow Had a long conversation with Consul General Martin which drifted into the activities of the Germans out here. Mr. Martin says the German consuls regard themselves as commercial agents, and take it upon themselves whenever required to actively assist in obtaining contracts for their nationals. They go before the officials and arrange for interior for the representatives of German firms. He mentioned particularly an instance in which the German consul in Nanking had attempted to arrange for an interview for a firm of gun manufacturers with the Viceroy of course. The Viceroy refused to entertain the idea of treating with private individuals. In his opinion the officials are painfully lacking in tact in their intercourse with the Chinese. He mentioned the fact that the admiral had called on the Viceroy Lin Kun Yi in Nanking, and alluding to the agreement of the Yangtze viceroys in 1900, mentioned that they had kept their word. Viceroy Lin agreed that they had strictly observed the terms of the compact. "But," the officer interjected, "you would never have done so had it not been for fear of our guns."

May 10. Took picture of German consulate. This is situated on the bund in the concession and occupies a large [] an acre. The main building is a large two story affair with minarets on the corners, giving it a distinctly Ottoman appearance. In fact the talk went around that the Sultan desired to purchase it as a Mahommidan mosk. Besides this there is a smaller interprelins building, and several other smaller houses, probably for servants and guards. The establishment will, when completed, equaled only by that of the Russian consulate. Not many firms are located in the concession Melchers, Corlowitz, Ost. Hand. Ger-Deutsh- As Bank are all in the wuchang, has recently been dismissed and his place supplied by Japanese. The Japanese are very active all over China. Mr. Lacy in Shanghai stated to me that during the Chino-Japanese was the American consul in Foochow discovered that there were three Japanese in Foochow, each of whom was capable of [] a [] into the harbor. In one little curio shop which probably did not aggregate \$5.00 a day in sales he discovered three Japanese, who held commissions in the army- Captain Minning of the Meishun informed me that the Hamburg Amerika Rine was making arrangements for a trans pacific service in convention with a rail route in the U.S. Some years ago attempts were made for joint operation with the Santa Fe, but these fell thru- The H.A. L. has now made arrangements with a southern railway then thru the U.S. which will connect with a Mexican line from the terminus of this Mexican line a line is being built to this part of Topolobampo on the Gulf of California. This will form the western lumines of the land route, and from there streamers will cross the Pacific. On the way down from Hankow I met Chevalier Ferdinand de bauer, a Belgian engineer who had been engaged in the interior surveying for the extensions of the Franco-Belgian line. These men from Kaifuyfu to Hunanfu and north to Sinufu. He said the Yellow River bridge was completed and was probably the longest in the world. It was the greatest engineering feat. The river bed was constantly changing- in fact had

shifted 75 miles in fifty hours. After driving down the [] by a screw process they had dunked 300,000 cu. m. of rock and rubble about the piers to give them some hold.

Shanghai Sunday May 28. Went with Dr. Patrick to visit the lunatic ship, the Whampoo. She has been chartered by the Russian government to take maniacs who developed during the siege of P. Arthur, back to Odessa. She is a trim little steamer, of 1100 tons, painted white with a great red cross amidships. The decks are taken up with wire cages, which accommodate twenty or thirty men each. Here they are allowed to sit and air themselves by day. Under decks the hold is partitioned into senate cabins, each fitted with two very narrow bunks, and the walls padded. These cabins extend along the sides of the ship- Bunks occupy the space along ships between these cabins, and in there the keepers, two of whom are provided for every patient sleep. Altogether there were 170 lunatics on board. As I was going then one of the cages a man rushed up to Dr. Patrick very excitedly, shaking hands with him, then to the officer accompanying us, and then to me. He grabbed me by the shoulders excitedly and blustered out in broken English- "Russia. Russia will win." I was told he was formerly lieutenant on the Sebastopol. The Russian fleet was rumoured to be just outside the saddles. This fact lent interest to a [] line of steamers anchored in the river. They were loaded to the waterline with coal. They were the "Mathilda", "Plon" "Sishan" and "Tungchow". Application had been made at the customs for clearances to foreign ports, but the customs had required [] to five times the value of the cargo conditioned on the coal being delivered to the consignees. This they had failed to furnish, and were consequently not allowed to clear. Each of the ships had a Customs officer on board.

June 3. 1905. Started on my sixth trip to Hankow to take charge of the Wah Chin Chang insurance case against The Attas, represented by Carlowitz & Co.

Shanghai May 23. had a long talk with Millard of Scribner's Magazine, in regard to politics out here. He detailed to me his opinion of the history of the American China Development Co. Calvin Brice, senator from Ohio, resident in New York, had been originator after scheme. he called on a number of his friends, among them Daniel Lamon; to contribute sums of about \$20,000 for "enterprises in China" which seemed to offer a good prospect for speculation. These amounts were paid, in,000, and the concession was obtained. The original promoters, probably, had no interest in the enterprise beyond a speculative one- they probably [] on clearing up a few million dollars when the bond were floated. At the beginning, however, they put up a big front, designed to impress the world with their project. Willis E. Grag was sent out as manager with a salary of \$25,000. Soon after this Brice died and shortly after Lamont also. The other investors had no interest whatever in Chinese enterprises, and as the morning spirits had passed away, were quite prepared to lose the money they had invested and get out of it. Meanwhile the Pehan railroad, built by French and Belgian capital and with the Russo Chinese Bank as financial manager, was being pushed to completion. One J. C. Ferguson saw the lay of the land the apathy of the American investor and the political movements of Russia, and originated the profitable plan of transferring the road to the Pehan system. In pursuance of this plan, options were purchased on American []. If peace had continued in the Far East Russia would undoubtedly have taken transfers of the shares, and the road would then have been constructed to suit Russian

political schemes. But the outbreak of the Russo- Japanese War in February, 1904, shelved these schemes. Under the pressure of hostilities Russian interests were unable to proceed with the plan, and the options on the American shares were allowed to lapse. In this way the enterprise reverted again to American hands.

Shanghai. Sunday July 23, 1905- Went with Baldwin on board the Reina Christma at Mugkadoo Dock. she and the Isla de Tundanao, the mail steamer, had recently been towed up from the Cairte and lay at the back like gaunt, brown skeletons. They had both been patched up to make them sea worthy, but inside the Reina was simply a mass of twisted, [] iron. We marked a number of holes where shells had gone thin. The bridge was altogether down. The engine room, too, was merely a mass of confusion. Baldwin and I tried to break off one of the starting bars of the engines for a [] but it resisted all our efforts, I picked up a bucket from the engine room and Baldwin found a coffee pot. A plank passageway had been laid over the wreckage from stem to stern so as to assist in the navigation and a wheel stood prominent on a raised platform in the rear.

Shanghai July 25. had dinner with Harding of the British consulate. He does not think the anti American operation is of Japanese investigation tho he believes it is inspired by the example of what Japan has done. It is the result of a general awakenings to the responsibilities and possibilities of one independent people. That Japan has not a controlling influence in China is proved by the agitation among the Chinese for a share in the peace negotiations- a step to which Japan is distinctly opposed. There are about 40 Chinese daily papers in all in China- 3 in Peking, 4 Nientsin, 8 Shangai 2 Hankow, 1 Chungking, 1 Chentu, 1 Chamsha, 1 henoy, 1 Foochow, etc. of these German and Japanese interests each control one in Peking, both sorts paying subsidies, the Japanese \$300 per []. In Tientsin 1 paper is controlled by Japanese. In Shanghai, 3, the Tung Wen Hia Pao, the [] Sogitti and the Eastern Times. 2 in Hankow are under Japanese influence and 1 in Foochow. The Eastern Times Mr. Han [] regards as the best paper in Shanghai. The Japanese have a college on the outskirts of Shanghai near the arsenal known as the Tung Wen College. It exists for the purpose of training Japanese youth in Chinese languages and customs- [] to enable them to go into business in China, but most of the graduates of the school have been drafted off into [] service.

Aug 7. 1905. Called on Lewis. The conversation drifted to the matter of the boycott of American goods. Lewis said the matter was really serious- the Chinese had been wrought up to a high pitch of indignation. The wrongs of the King family had been the proximate stimulus to their indignation. These young men with their sister, had been educated in England, and had been entertained by the nobility on arrival in Boston they were treated as criminals- hustled off to a detention shed, photographed and measured. They returned to China breathing a vengeance which nothing could satisfy. Already a number of large Chinese subscribers to the Y. M. C. A. building had withheld their contributions, refusing to pay until the exclusion trouble was settled. While we were talking a Mr. Ling, secretary to Lord Li, came in. Mr. Lewis introduced me, and then the conversation drifted into the same channel again namely the boycott. Ling was in close touch with the movement, tho Lord Li refused to be openly identified with it. He said the Chinese Chamber of commerce were instrumental in the movement, but its head was Chun Suo Ching, a

Foochow man, and a wealthy sugar merchant who lived in French town Lewis told me this man was known for his moderation and conservatism. Lewis asked Ling whether, if the American minister and the sec'y of State save their assurances that the insulting treatment of the Chinese were abandoned the Chinese would stop the boycott. He pointed out that until Congress assembled the President could do nothing- it would be far more effective, after having demonstrated their ability to boycott the Chinese should now withdraw from their position, give Congress an opportunity to act, and if there was any delay would then put on the screws again. Ling said it was not merely an amelioration of the treatment of Chinese they were striving for- it was the admission of Chinese on the same conditions as all other nationalities. As a matter of fact, they did not care much about the Chinese who went to America- they came almost entirely from four districts in the neighborhood of Canton, and were the worst elements in the Chinese population. It was not the injustice in concrete cases that they complained of- it was a matter of principle they were fighting for, they demanded recognition of their equality with all other peoples. As long as laborers from other countries were admitted into the U.S., they wanted Chinese labours to have the same privilege- not that any appreciable number would even take advantage of the privilege. I pointed out to Mr. Ling that they were then fighting against the insults offered to Chinese private individuals in a foreign country; what about the insults their own officials, nay, their Emperor, were suffering in their own country ? I then narrated to him my first encounter with Dr. Shirmer in the Mixed Court, and my experience with the French vice-consul in the En Dah San case in Hankow. Their own officials, the present incumbent of the Mixed Court, had been repeatedly brow beaten by German officials on their own territory. Mr. Ling said they would direct attention to that in time. Mr. Lewis contended that the boycott would not be observed by the Chinese and instanced several cases where Chinese merchants had duplicated their old orders. Mr. Ling at once took up the allegation, One merchant, Su Pao San, had duplicated an order for oil. It had been discovered and the committee were taking steps to check every sales of his orders. All American merchandise already on hand were to be stumped and the natives instructed not to buy any more bearing this stamp. Su Pao San was on the verge of bankruptcy as a consequence and had appealed on his knees & in tears to the member of the Chamber of Commerce and [] San Ching to alter their decision but to no avail. I told Ling that their demands would never be granted- that the China trade was a mere bagatelle compared with the harm that would be caused our [] people by the introduction of Chinese, and they would sacrifice the whole of it, rather than see the doors thrown open. The only result of the present agitation would therefore be to arouse sentiment against China with the result that the U.S. would henceforth be lukewarm, if not hostile, in her attitude toward China.

Shanghai. Sept 2. 1905. Tho a typhoon- the most violent for many years- had been raging at Shanghai for the past two days. I decided to take the H. A. P.A.G. [] "Knivberg" for [], Chefoo and Nintsin. When we got up in the morning we found the cutin compound flooded to a depth of two or three feet, almost up to the floor, and Quinsan Ro was under three feet of muddy water. A number of trees had been torn up on the bund by the violence of the storm and had carried away the trotter in their fall. A great amount of cargo was destroyed by the flood. Towards afternoon the wind subsided and the water receded, and by 9 o'clock at night the stars were out and the air was crisp and clear. Father and Rosenberg accompanied me on board the "Knivberg". I had been led, from the

advertisements, to respect a steamer filled up with the finest passenger accommodations. The "Knivsberg" by no means fulfilled these anticipations. She is a small steamer built chiefly for cargo, and is very much cramped for passenger space. The sun was shining bright on Sunday morning when we pulled out. In the river, the typhoon had [], but when we got well clear of the land we encountered the heavy swells which the typhoon had left in its course. The "Knivsberg" made hard work of it. Tossing and selling disconsolately. we passed a good deal of wreckage, evidently Chinese junks which had been broken up by the storm. A good many land birds alighted on board, and continued with us until they were able to regain the land again at Tsnigtan. My travelling companions were three in member. Ed. Finger, business manager of the Oshasiatische Lloyd and its affiliated papers in Osnigtan and Tientsin; he was going up to Tientsin to meet his bride and be married; the German military attaché from Tokio, whose name I did not learn; and a German manufacturer from Dusseldorf Franz de Hesselle by name. We became sufficiently acquainted to form a most entertaining company. The last gentleman, especially was interesting. He was making a trip around the world for the purpose of studying commercial conditions and factory methods. he was a representative of the alert, studious men that Germany has been sending out for some time gathering the experience of foreign peoples for the benefit of her factories at home. Such a man, he told me, is sent out every year by every large manufacturer in Germany. They study the opening for trade- He had made a large collection of native manufacturers. These he told me, he would on his return send to manufacturers at home and see if they could be imitated and places on the Chinese market against the goods which the natives themselves were producing. It took considerable cross-examination for me to elicit this information from him, but I suspected that he was following this method which is extensively practiced by Germans. I met him on the train coming into Weinstein and got to talking with him, and it was then that he told me. His second object was to study factory methods in America. It was customary with German manufacturers, he said, to send someone abroad every year to look into the factory methods of foreign lands.

Tsingtan. Sept 4. 1905. We reached Tsingtan late on the night of Sept 4. but did not get alongside the dock until the next morning. It was a beautiful morning when I awoke. I at once dressed and went ashore. We were lying alongside the pier in the greater harbor. This harbor has been built by the Germans at great expense and labor. A great stone breakwater runs out in a circle from the land, leaving just an entrance from the southwest. The railroad track has been run out on the pier, thus allowing cargo to be transferred directly from ship to rail. The great floating dock upon which much money has been spent has just been completed and looms up to a height of 100 ft or more in the harbor. An interned Russian warship and several torpedo boats were lying alongside the pier opposite to ours. Without waiting for breakfast I took a junricksha and started on my sight seeing. The harbor is behind the wedge of land on the south side of which Tsingtan is built, and one has to go over the hill to reach the settlement. A beautiful, wide macadamized road now connects the two. Over this road we went, passing first the Chinese settlement of Lapanton, with its regular streets and substantial Chinese houses, and then coming to the neat little foreign settlement which seems to spell 'made in Germany' all over. The streets are wide, well [], and lined with neat houses whose white walls and red tile roofs remind one of old Nuremberg. From the back of the hill I had a beautiful view one Tsingtan Bay. Areona Island, and Cap Jaeshke- The air was wonderfully clear and invigorating. I went

down the hill to Kaiser Wilhelm Lifer, past the Hotel Pimz Heinrich, and then up Bismarck strasse to the []. Half way up the hill stands the school house, and going further one comes to the Diederichstein. This is a rock or rather a wall which has been built up artificially into the side of the hill. It contains a sculpture of the German eagle and under it the legend. “[]” From the pass on the hill I had a good view with of Tsingtian Town and harbor, and on the other side of the hinterland behind the hills. The hills everywhere still stand out bold and barren, tho in places the persistent efforts at reforestation are beginning to show results. I returned to the steamer and found Finger ready to go ashore, so we got into the Pr. Heinrich omnibus and drove away. As we were driving over the macadamized road Finger suddenly exclaimed “Walerhaftig sind wir an deutschem Boden”, and pointed to a menacing placard, the burden of which was that something was “strong verboten” by order of the “Kais. Governor.” We pulled up at the Pr. Heinrich Hotel, which stands on Kaiser Wilhelm Ufer facing Tsingtian Bay. It occupies a splendid into and is well arranged we both enjoyed our breakfast exceedingly. After breakfast I got a Victoria to drive us around the city. Finger could not go with me, but fortunately I met W.W. Lyon, who made the rounds with me. We visited the Catholic mission on the hill, when a lay brother profuse with embarrassment and politeness showed us around the establishment. He took us thru the printing plant. The government/printing is all done here, and also the printing for the railroad. Among other jobs we found them printing boycott posters for the Chinese and tickets which were to be used to mark the goods whose purchase was permitted. From the mission we went to the Girls school which is conducted by Franciscan nuns. A very spiritual looking nun conducted us over the place and seemed to take great pleasure in showing us the work. From here we drove to the bodestrand. This is a long crescent of fine beach just east of a little promontory which encloses Tsingtian Bay The hills behind the promontory are being fortified and quite a number of guns are visible pointing over earth embankments. Just back of the beach stands the straw Hotel. A row of bathing houses lines the beach. Some distance back and to the East, near the foot of Iltis Berg, is a group of fine new buildings, three or four storey high. These are the new barracks. We drove over the pass between Bismark Berg and Iltis Berg. and down on the other side, This brought us up before the only factory of Tsingtian- the Germania Brewery. A good deal of its product is exported to Tientsin when it satisfies the eager cravings of some 2,000 German troops. The fore deck of our steamer when we pulled out of Tsingtian was covered with beer casks. From this point we made a circle of the village of Yang Tschia Tsum and then back to the hotel. The plan of Tsingtian is admirable. The government is also making vigorous efforts to attract trade. Formerly it was said that Tsingtian imported bottled beer and exported empty bottles- now it may be said that the city exports cask beer and imports empty casks. Giving up to Tsingtian our fore deck was covered with full casks- coming back it was full of empty over. In spite of the efforts to attract trade, however, the streets have little life and the harbor is deserted. The life of the place appear to be the military, and the business men really depend on them for their trade. The Japanese are making vigorous efforts to combat German competition, and I believe the greater part of the trade of Shantung is in their hands. deHasselle did not entertain great hopes of the development for the peace. The railroad could never compete with the canal in transportation. Goods could go by boat from the northern coast of Shantung thru the Imperial Canal Tsinanfu cheaper than they could from Tsingtian- in fact the transport by canal would be about 30¢ a [], that by rail \$1.50. It is even cheaper by way of Tientsin. deHasselle had travelled 20 days on the canal from Tientsin south, and his diagnosis was doubtless based on accurate observation. Lyon told me that the

Chinese were becoming quite satisfied with German rule. The Germans had, in the past year, also changed the policy materially. The Chinese were now treated with more consideration and greater justice. We visited the law courts. These are held in a small building just behind the yamen. In one room there was hearing of a suit by a Chinese horseboy against his employer for wages. It results in favor of the boy. Back in the interior, too. The Germans are beginning to make a more favorable impression. This I attribute to the success of Japan in the late war. Millard told me the attitude of German diplomacy in Peking had changed. The same change has been brought about in Shan-tung. The Japanese are keeping close upon the German in all their efforts at preponderating influence. The greater part of the trade than Tsingtan is Japanese. To combat possible pretensions against Chinese territory, the Chinese government recently threw open Tsinaifu and Weibsien as open ports. The Japanese have consulates in both cities, being the only government beside Germany to have established them.

Sept. 5, 6, 7, 8, 1905. Tsingtan- Chefoo- Tongku- At Tsingtan we took on board an Austrian naval officer who was going up to Peking to take command of the [] guard. he proved a very affable gentleman and we had very interesting after dinner talks. A good deal of the conversation related to the recent Japanese successes. All were unanimous in condemning the corruption prevalent throughout Russian officialdom as responsible for the disasters suffered by the Czar's men on sea and land. our Austrian friend related how the fleet was left entirely without ammunition, all the money disbursed for that purpose having been squeezed for that purpose having been squeezed by the officials. As a result when war broke out, the fleet in the Far East was unable to combat Japan until ammunition could be shipped out from Europe. This accounts for the hesitance of the Russian ships to engage the Japanese and for the fact that battle was not offered until August 10, 1904. He also relates an incident typical of the means employed by the Japanese to gather intelligence. At one of the headquarters in Manchuria there happened to be a home of prostitution with Japanese girls. Russian officers frequented the place and were attentively served by a man who seemed to be manager of the place. It afterwards developed that this man was a major in the Japanese general staff, and that all the information which the Russian officers allowed to escape in their [] was at once telegraphed to the Japanese headquarters. The Austrian commander expressed great admiration for the attention to duty manifested by the Japanese officer. He was life and soul for his profession, and cared for nothing else. A couple of boys, Paul Bergen and Harold Burt, came on board at Tsingtan bound for the C. L. M. Boys school at Chefoo. Mr. Bergen was at the wharf to see his son off. I bailed him from the ship just as we were casting off and he asked me to look after the boys a little. This I was glad to do, for it brought me back to the time when I myself went to school there. We got into Chefoo at about 7 at night, and I was just preparing to take the boys off with me, when much to their disgust their escort, a Mr. Willets, arrived to take them to the school. I stayed all night at the Beach Hotel and the next morning early walked out the beach to the Boys school. A new building had been put up. All that was left of the old establishment, so far as I could see, was one end of what we knew as the "long corridor." I did not linger around the place, but returned at once to the hotel.

Taku. Sept 8. 1905. Early in the morning we came up with the shipping anchored off Taku Bar. The coast line was flat, showing only slight mounds on either side of the Peiko entrance where the historic forts had been. It took us

half an hour or so to drag ourselves thru the nun bar and get to the mouth of the river. The destruction of the forts could now be plainly seen. A Japanese picket occupied a position right at the mouth on the north side of the river. I was astonished at the narrowness of the river between its banks- there seemed not even enough room for a small ship like the "Knisberg" to turn in. As far as the eye could reach. The country seemed to be nothing but a dreary mud flat. The houses, or rather huts, of the natives were made of the same color of the yellow mud. There is quite a village of these mud homes at Tongku. We also noticed a number of ships in mud dock- one of them seemed to be a neglected Chinese man o' war. As I was anxious to get to picking as soon as possible, I decided to go ashore at Tongku and take the 2:16 train- our steamer would not get to Tientsin until late in the afternoon. The Austrian officer wished to do the same, and Finger was anxious to get to Tientsin. So we all went ashore at Tonku in the pilot's boat. We had several hours to wit, and so went to the hotel at the railroad station for tiffin. Here I happened to meet Boone who had come over from Chefoo. At 2:16 we all got aboard the train. We were fortunate in having the buffet car. It was built like an observation car, with wide windows and revolving chairs, which allows us to take in the country as we rode along Refreshments, too, were handy. As much of the Chinese town of Tientsin as I could see seemed to be built up in the same way as the village at Tongku. The surrounding country was low and appeared subject to inundation. A little way from Tientsin cultivation began, and most of the country up to Peking seemed to be planted in Kauliang, or millet. It was nearing harvest and the brown tops of the groin covered the landscape as far as we could see. The communications between Peking and the sea are still tied by foreign troops. Of these there are 8,000- 2,000 men each being maintained by Germany, France and Great Britain and the rest scattered among the other treaty powers. The United States has very few troops left. At frequent intervals on the railroad we passed outposts- flying a German, French, Italian, Austrian or Japanese flag, as the case might be at the stations, too, we usually found quite a collection of military types- the diminutive but [] Japanese, the slouching Russian, the florid German, the middle sized, dark and alert Italian. at Tongku the Germans have extensive barracks which they are constantly improving- giving one the impression that they are on the spot for good. We stopped at the historic stations of Lofa and Yangtsun which I remembered from my reading of the accounts of the relief expeditions. I had telegraphed to Dr. Lowry from Tongku to meet me at the Wagondits in Peking. much to my surprise, at Fenstain, as I was stretching my legs about the station, I noticed a familiar face in a car window. It was Dr. Lowry himself. He was just returning from Pitaho with his grandson. he at once insisted very cordially that I go with him and stay at his house. So I told Boone, with whom I had arranged to stay at the [] and went with Dr. Lowry. Way in the distance ahead of us we could now see a man of purple mountains. These are the Western Hills, behind Peking. Presently we came in sight of gray embattled walls. These we skirted a while, then dodged thru them, and we were in the Chinese city of Peking. This is by no means as thickly populated, at least in the Eastern part, as I had anticipated. In fact, most of it seemed to be given up to agriculture. Presently we reached the Southeast tower of the Tartar city. This rises up above the cover of the wall to as total height of ninety or a hundred feet. It still showed the effects of the bombardment from Captain Riley's guns. The eastern façade was badly torn out. Here the track made an abrupt turn, and we continued the rest of our journey close along the wall of the Tartar city. The wall is built up of large brick and is strengthened at intervals with square bastions. We sped by the Hatamen, the new water gate, and finally pulled up at the Chienmen station. The Chienmen, which was destroyed in 1900, rose before us, a mass of

scaffolding. it is just now being rebuilt. The station is right close to the wall, and looking up, I saw a number of American soldiers on the battlements. They were of the legation guard. The legation area being directly behind the wall. I went with Dr. Lowry thru the water gate, past the Hotel des Wagonslits, down Legation street to Hatamen Street, and then thru a side ally to the Methodist Minion. This occupies a splendid tract of land some 40 acres. I should say adjoining the Tartar wall. In the evening Dr. Lowry took me over to see Dr. Davis, a travelling companion of Father's some forty years ago. He is a well preserved, hale old gentleman, but rather hard of hearing. I also met there a Dr. Walker who knew my Father. But the most interesting call was at Dr. Headland's. He is the author of "Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes," "The Chinese Boy and Girl," and other books. He is an enthusiast on China. he is now making a study of Chinese pictorial art and he showed me many of his pictures. They were a revelation to me as to the capabilities of the Chinese in this direction. The coloring especially was excellent. But the Chinese artist excels in attention to detail. A picture cannot be studied too closely. Among other paintings Dr. Headland showed me one entitled "The Hundred Cranes"- and the picture really did contain that number without seeming to be labored or overcrowded. Another series of twelve pictures represented the Howage of the Birds to the Phoenix.

Peking, Sept. 9. 1905. Dr. Lowry and Dr. Headland had very kindly arranged so that I could see the most of Peking on the short time given us- for I had to leave again by the 2:40 train. at 6 am. Dr. Lowry awakened me and took me to the top of Pilcher Hall for a view over the city. The morning seen was just trying to break them the Grey clouds and the historic city lay before us, its features softened in the dim light. I could just make out the outlines of the walls. The Hatamen, the Chienmen scaffolding and the gateway of the Imperial and the Forbidden Cities. Suddenly the sun broke them and the yellow roofs show resplendent in golden light. Far in the distance rose the purple hills. The majesty of the imperial capital of so many centuries was upon me and I stood in silence. After breakfast Dr. Headland accompanied me to the Temple of Heaven. Dr. Lowry had hired a Victoria for me. We also had the distinction of an outrider- or backrider, rather, for he kept behind us most of the time. We drove to Legation street and saw the little German fort perched on the wall- a similar fort at the other end of the legation area commands the wall and effectually prevents it falling into the possession of any Boxer army. Under the German fort there is a small parade ground, and these German soldiers were going thru artillery drill. We stopped as the wagona[] to get Boone, but as he was still in bed we did not wait for him but drove right on them the Water Gate, over the railroad track, and westward along a road skirting a deep ditch until we came into Chienmen street. It had rained heavily but a short time before, and the street was deep in mud. Added to the natural unevenness of the road, the ride was by no means comfortable, had not my attention been absorbed by everything around me. The Chinese of the north or rather of Peking seem to be of an entirely different type from those one sees in Shanghai or Canton. They are a large boned, rugged looking race, and this characteristic is seen also in their work. The street was wide and the shops lining it were heavy and substantial instead of the flimsy pendant sign boards which one sees in other cities. The Chinese shopkeeper here advertises his business in an imposing timber, twenty or thirty feet long which is planted in the ground between granite supports. The carts, too, are of a substantial make- they have to be to negotiate the Peking roads. Their tires are studded with big nails, and the spokes as well giving an impression of primeval virility.

Frequently we passed a caravan of mincing, supercilious camels. The Temple of Heaven is imbued in a wall three or four miles in circumference. This occupies an open space on the eastern side of the Chienmen street. The street is paved with rough granite slabs. on the other side a similar enclosure surround. The Temple of Agriculture. A broad roadway leads from the Chienmen street to a gateway in the middle of the wall. Here we gained admittance and found ourselves in a wide field, overgrown with grass and weeds. A stone slab pavement, also overgrown with weeds, leads up to the next encircling wall, in the centre of which rises the blue porcelain roof of the temple. We made for this wall and then formed ourselves in a grove of hoary cypresses. Another gateway finally admitted us to the river sanctuary of the temple. No conception can be had from a mere photograph of the beauty of this pile. It stands on a slight eminence which is circled with marble palisades and approached over marble steps. The roofs, of which there are three [] tiled with deep blue porcelain, and the rest of the structure is decorated in gilt on a background of rich blue and green, the theme of the decoration being phoenixes and dragons, always in pairs, and the two designs [], that is, a pair of dragons on a blue background is blanked on each side by a phoenix on green, and vice versa. The building is supported by three rows of pillars- the outer row enters into the partition, there is an inner row supporting the second roof and then four pillars decorated in gold on a background of red support the topmost cupola. A circular slab marks the centre of the circular structure and above this the series of roofs culminates in a round panel carved with dragons and phoenixes and brightly gilded. Another gateway whose walls are colored in a rich Pompeian red faces the temple. We went out thru this gate, pausing to take another look at the wonderful color study of the temple. We proceeded down a stone trotter to the altar of Heaven. Just before getting to the eminence which contains the altar is another building with blue tiled roofs which serves the Emperor as a vestry when he officiates as the high priest of his people. The altar of heaven stands on an eminence similar to the Temple. It is encircled with marble palisades and approached by three tiers of steps, each containing nine steps. The tope is paved in concentric circles of stone slabs, each circle containing a multiple of nine stones, until the central stone is reached. The whole eminence, with its palisades is enclosed by a wall with blue porcelain tiles. on the round stone in the center the Emperor kneels, and with the canopy of heaven as his only covering, prays to the Lord of Heaven who dwells not in temples built with hands. The bullocks are slaughtered in a building adjoining the enclosure and brought thru covered passageways to the large bronze [] where they are cremated. There is something grand and majestic in this conception of homage to the Emperor above, as the Chinese express it. The temple of heaven, with its tremendous areas, The simple architecture of its buildings, and finally the altar which is open to the blue skies above, are the most striking expressions of the grandeur of the worship. The great open areas and the simple outlines and motions of the buildings serve more powerfully than any architecture to impress one with the infinite greatness of the Deity and the futility of all human works in his presence. Dr. Headland could not tell me who built the temple and established the worship. It has existed for many centuries- ever since the time of Kubla Khan. Whoever the originator may have been, he was a man of magnificent conceptions- he must have been a conqueror and a mighty ruler, a man who habitually associated with great ideas. We retraced our steps thru the ancient cypress grove and came to a compound surrounded by a moat. Besides numerous adjoining buildings for servants and attendants, there is a central building, called the Hall of Fasting. here the Emperor passes the night in fasting before proceeding at early dawn to offer worship at the altar. Dr. Headland repudiated the idea that the Chinen were decadent, or that the

present generation could not produce what their forefathers had. The Temple of Heaven he said, was struck by lightning in 1890 and totally destroyed. Still artificers were formed in Peking who could rebuild the pile as it stands today. Nor are the Chinese lacking in originality. Their great artists have again and again originated new and distinctive styles. We drove back the way we had come, entered the water Gate, drove along the canal until we came in sight of the red wall of the Imperial City. Here we caught a glimpse of the old legation wall which today bears the legend "Lest we forget." Opposite this wall the wall of the imperial city showed some patching in spite of the color that had been put over it. This was the position where the Chinese mounted the gun with which they fired into the legations. In order to get along faster we turned into the broad Hatamen Street and continued our journey to the northern part of the city. Coal Hill soon came into view with its coronets of little pavilions tiled with yellow, green and blue porcelain. They are very beautiful. The northeastern corner of the [] of the Forbidden City is defended by a town with yellow porcelain roofs, beautiful in design and coloring. It showed, however, the effects of violence, for the lattice work windows had been torn out. Our next stop was at the drum tower. This is a [] pile, about a hundred feet high, apparently, consisting of a woodwork superstructure on a substructure of masonry, built in an arch like a gate. Just to the north of it is a similar structure known as the bell tower. The substructure is of solid masonry. We ascended then what seemed a tunnel excavated into the solid pile and came to the bell platform. Above this was suspended a tremendous bronze bell. Dr. Headland says there is a legend connected with the founding of the bell which says that a maiden was consumed in the metal. The official who was intrusted with the execution of the work failed twice in the founding, each time the metal becoming honeycombed. His daughter learned of her father's trouble and consulted a soothsayer who informed her that the bell wouldn't be successfully cast until the blood of a maiden had been mixed with the metal. When therefore the next casting took place, she threw herself into the crucible. The casting was then successful. The bell tower is in a direct line with the drum tower, one of the pavilions on coal hill and the southern entrance to the Forbidden City. This arrangement is for the purpose of warding off the evil influences from the north, and the function is also observed of having no opening in the middle of the northern city wall, like the Chienmen in the south. [] idea, that disaster comes from the north, has doubtless been [] by the numerous invasions the Chinese have suffered from that direction from Mongols, Manchus, and others. From the bell tower we had a good view of the Halls of the Classics and the Llama Temple in the northeastern corner of the city. Far to the northwest, against the foot of the hills we could just make out the façade of the summa Palace. Our next trip was to the hall of the Classic. In the courtyard stand obelisks, some of granite, which are supposed to contain the names of the graduates of the college ever since the beginning of the dynasty. At one of the gateways, on either side of the entrance. There are ten stone []. They are very ancient, and on them are recorded the hunting exploits of an Emperor who lived some two thousand years ago. Exact replicas have recently been made of these drums, and placed on the outside of the gate. The tablet of Confucius is contained in a large hall at the head of the court. On either side of the room are the Tablets of Mencius, Licius, and two other followers of the sage. We tried to get into the examination hall, but this was out of the question, as examinations were being held at the times. The gates were locked against all offers of cumshaw. We could, however, see them the crack in the gate the yellow and green porcelain pavilion, and on either side of the enclosure the stalls which contain all the classics of China engraved in stone. Our next point was the Llama Temple. Two bronze lions guard the enclosure. The images of the

Buddha are contained in a series of three temples with intervening courts. A cumshaw of ten cents gained us entrance into each of them. The third building contains a gigantic standing figure of Buddha which reaches way up to the roof. There is a series of buildings flanking these principals ones on each side. One of them contains a representation of the origin of creation. It was now Tiffin Time and we had to retrace our steps to the Methodist Compound. We returned by the broad Hatamen street, passing under the Ketteler monument. This is a triple arch, built in Chinese style, of white marble. Over the principle passageway, on a dark blue stone, is an inscription in Chinese characters. On the right is a similar legend in Latin, and on the left in German. These relate the death of Baron Ketteler, the anger of the Emperor, and the erection of the arch is a memorial thereof and as a warning to all future ages. After tiffin I went to the [] where I found Boone and a number of foreigners amusing themselves with a Chinese conjurer. He certainly was a skilful one. He was squatted down on the porchway of the hotel with a little mat in front of him on which he performed his tricks. He made bowls of water and sold pikes [] from the most surprising, and apparently empty places and then made them disappear again. He would spread a dirty rag flat on the pavement give it a few taps raise it a little, and when he took it away there stood a porcelain bowl full of water. Boone and I travelled together to Tientsin. It was with great regret that I was obliged to then curtail my visit to Peking, but there was no help for it. I stood for a long time on the platform, watching the historic [] wall fly by. At the southeast corner of the Manchu wall we turned abruptly to the south and then skirted for some time the wall of the Chinese city; until finally we passed that too and found ourselves again out in the open among kitchen gardens and fields of Kanliang.

Tientsin. Sept 10. 1905. As I got into Tientsin after dark the evening before I did not get an opportunity to look around the city. Early in the morning we started down the Peiko. This is the most tortuous river I have ever seen. in and out we wound among fields of Kanliang. The channel barely wide enough to allow two vessels to pass at close quarters. Over the fields we could also see another steamer following us on the same course. Three of the sharpest bends in the river have been cut off by canals, but there are plenty of others left. At TongKu we were obliged to tie up to the wharf and wait for the German mails. There are substantial brick barracks here, and from the amount of timber and material on the place I would judge that the Germans were still improving them and building others. We had considerable difficulty getting over the bar. We stuck in the [] for about an hour, in spite of all our efforts to wiggle off. Outside the bar lay the American fleet which had come up from Chefoo to escort the Taft Party. I had read in the Tientsin paper that Miss Roosevelt was to be entertained in the palace, a special apartment fitted up in European style having been prepared for her. We arrived in Chefoo in due course.

Tsingtan. Sept. 12. 1905. We arrived here a little before noon. I had hoped to have an opportunity this time to take a trip on the railroad from Tsingtan to Kiaochow City, but the time tables did not permit. So I started out with a rickshaw after Tiffin to see as much of the country as I could in that way. A fine macadamized road brought us to Yangtse Tsun and the adjoining village of Tatuschen. I was surprised at the fine order prevailing everywhere. The streets were well laid out, perfectly clean, and the houses numbered. There is a market in this village. It is held in an open space in the middle of the village. The dealers pitch little awnings about the place, spread out their little stock

under them, and wait for customers. Among the articles sold I found German porcelain, evidently made in imitation of Chinese, knives and razors in the same style, and towels. The last named carried Chinese designs, especially the bat design, but their texture showed plainly their foreign origin. One man had a peep show. The thing was made of [] in the shape of a locomotive, and for a fee you were allowed a peep at the pictures inside. These were photographs of scenes around Shantung. Continuing on the macadamized road I came to the village of Hsiao Tsun Chuag, and from here a country road took me to Schang Ly Fan. Everywhere one observed the same order and cleanliness, the people seemed contented and well fed. I returned to Tsingtan over the Iltis Berg, getting another splendid view of the Bay and the settlements. A squad of soldiers were hauling a siege gun along the road to the Badestrand. The points commanding the entrance to the harbor have been fortified. I was told afterwards that the Germans had blasted into the Bismarck Berg to a depth of 30 meters to form tunnels and magazines for their guns. At the Pring Heinrich Hotel I stopped to say goodbye to Dr. Watson, a fellow traveler by the Kiantachou two years ago, and who had now come down with us from Chefoo. Promptly at 6 o'clock I was back at the steamer. I no sooner crossed the gangplank than it was pulled away and we cast off. Altho every effort has been made at Kiaochow to attract trade there is little evidence of any business. The streets have little traffic, the few steamers that visit Tsingtan seem lost in the magnificent harbor, and the [] and box cars along the dock stand idle and empty. The Germans themselves have no great hopes of the development of the place. Dr. Watson told me the Japanese were making every effort to keep up with the German in the province. They do most of the business. He told me of a Japanese intelligence officer who stopped with him recently. He had a map of Shantung province fairly accurate, which had been made by a Japanese thirty years ago.

Sept. 11. 1905. About four in the afternoon we passed the entrance to Wei Hai Wei. There is only a narrow opening between high promontories, and behind the bay there rise in irregular masses the mountains of the mainland. It was a beautiful day- The sky clear, the water a deep blue. Just off the entrance a cruiser was maneuvering back and forth and practicing on a target. We crossed the range and a shot passed over us and raised a column of spray as it splashed into the sea near the target.

Sept. 13. 1905. The talk at the table this evening turned on curios, and from this it drifted to the imitations which are now made in Germany for sale to travelers in China and Japan. The Major told of a friend who bought a lot of silverware in Canton, too them home and paid the customary duty, consoling himself with the thought that he had something which could not be obtained in Germany. His friends at once recognized his curios as of German make and they did actually contain the mark of a firm in Offenbach. Another story was told of a cargo of curios which were going from Germany to the Far East. The ship stopped in Falmouth, England, and the goods were there brought in large quantities by English curio dealers. The Japanese are imitating largely foreign products. This is seen especially in matches. The Japanese article is put up in boxes containing Swedish words and [] similar to those which decorate the Swedish product which has long held the markets. A Japanese firm which imitates German products has gone as far as to the adopt as a trade mark the letters D.R.G.S., standing in German for "durch Reichazestz seschistzt" which accompany a trade mark on German articles. The Japanese are particularly clever in

supplying to the Chinese the cheap stuff which they desire. The Chinaman never stops to think that an article a little more expensive may be worth more than the added price in durability. He wants to get the article as cheaply as possible- the morrow and posterity may look after themselves. They are quite willing to take off goods which are short measure, provided they look like the genuine and honest article. Lama braids they buy of German firms in [] looking like what they have been accustomed to, and apparently containing the same amount of goods. They are glad to get the article at reduced prices regardless of the fact that the braid is wound looser and contains a shorter length. Spooled yarn and thread can be sold as long as it appears to be full quantity, even tho it is actually short.

Shanghai, Sept 14. 1905. Arrived in Shanghai on a hot day and went at once to the Parkers and the office. The office seemed a little strange, as Mr. [] had moved my desk out and was himself engaged with the interpreter. I realized that I no longer belonged to the establishment the Mr. Jerrigan was very kind in assuring me that I would always have a home in his office. I had intended to leave by the "Captic," going with her as far as Yokohama, and then taking the "Tartar." But Mr. Jerrigan and Father persuaded me to change to the "Minnesota", and I did so.

Shanghai Sept 26. At 4 p.m. the tender "Alexandra" pushed off from the P&O jetty with a big crowd of passengers. Mr. Jerrigan came down to the jetty with me. He had that morning made me a fine present of a watch fob and a bracelet for the wrist of the young lady I might someday marry. They were both beautiful and testify to the inmate generosity of his heart. Father in his patient way helped me off and went down with me on the tender. I have often thought how much his patient goodness they had to put up with from my fickle nature. We said goodbye on the deck of the "Minnesota" and I watched and waved my handkerchief until his old gray hair was lost from sight.

Moosung. Sept. 27. 1905. Early in the morning the "Minnesota" left her anchorage.

Nagasaki. Sept. 28. Arrived in the afternoon and were guided thru the mines by a little pilot steamer. The harbor is picturesque, surrounded by high hills, which are pretty well wooded. The "Minnesota" was so big it seemed she could hardly get into the place. The same evening hundreds of coolies wee at work lashing scaffolding to the sides of the ship. These hundreds of men and women took their places on the stages and passed baskets of coal from barges on to the ship. This process continued for two days. The ship taking on board 5,000 tons. I was appalled by the sever labor the women were compelled to do. But I was told afterwards, and verified the statement from my own observation that neither this hard labor nor any other seems to brutalize or degrade the Japanese. Every morning these coal passers go to their work clean as a pin and when they get thru they wash themselves.

Sept. 29. took a junricksha trip over the hill back of Nagasaki to Mogi. The scenery, especially on the farther side of the hill was beautiful. A good part of the way up we had a splendid view of Nagasaki and harbor. The road down to Mogi is well built and winds about considerably to avoid the grades. The hills are thickly wooded with a great variety of perennial growth and bamboo groves were in the more sheltered spots. On the way we passed a long procession of children, girls as well as boys, just out from school. The girls marched in front and the boys in the

rear. There were one or two male teachers and several young women with the procession. I imagine they were going out for a stroll somewhere. At Mogi one [] a fine view over the blue Shimbara Bay to the blue heights beyond. I stopped at a teahouse and was waited on by a charming young girl who quite captivated me.

Sept. 30. We left Nagasaki. My cabin boy is forever anathema to me for having thrown overboard my finest purchase, a big Imari ware punch bowl. I still feel so sore about it I cannot detail the tragic event. I had intended it for

Rheinpank. Oct 1. 1905. Early in the morning we entered the straits of Shimonocki, steaming among a labyrinth of native craft. How we managed to miss running them down is more than I can tell. The passage itself is tortuous and narrow. On our left we passed Shimononki a mass of native houses crossed down to the sea by the abruptly rising hills. Mr. Bash pointed out the temple where Li Hung Chang stopped while negotiating the peace with Japan in 1895, and where he was shot. On the right side of the channel is Moji, as more extended city and from the chimneys and smoke hanging over the place evidently given over to manufacture very largely. A short distance out of the harbor of Shimonoseki, where the "Minnesota" would have plenty of berth room, we anchored and waited for Miss Alice Roosevelt. At about 11 o'clock a flotilla of steam launches gaily bedecked with flags and bunting have in sight from the Shimonoseki passage and came alongside. Miss Roosevelt came on board. She is a well formed girl, a little under average size, but she looks just like her pictures. She is very vivacious, as we could observe from her manners. She and her party were given a special table by themselves in the dining saloon.

Oct. 2. We arrived in Kobe. I called on Hunter Sharp, the American consul and his wife. Our party, which included the Lacys, Miss Bryan, Mrs. Allen and Mr. Williamson, visited the falls together, and in the afternoon the Danbutsu.

Oct. 3. I had decided to make the overland trip to Yokohama, and so started for Osaka at about 11:30 by rail. The railroad station at Kobe, as at all other places in Japan, I found a model of cleanliness. I could not help contrasting it with our public buildings at home- the filth, the squalor, the dirty woollens we wear year after year without washing, the spittoons and sawdust [] that would be lying about. I concluded that we had a great deal to learn from the Japanese in personal cleanliness. The cars I noticed were also kept scrupulously clean- even the third class apartments. I travelled in the sleeping car. Several Japanese were in the same car, and they were all dressed with the utmost neatness, some in their national costume. From the car windows I noticed that we were traversing a highly cultivated belt of land bounded by the sea and the hills. The slope was terraced into levels and every available space was taken up. We stopped at several stations, and I noticed that at each there was a large white sign board, detailing the objects of interest in the vicinity in English and Japanese and concluding by advising the traveler for "further information" to "apply to the station master." We pulled into a large station at Osaka. Hundreds of Japanese got out and the clack of their wooden slippers resounded on the platform like the sound from a thousand castanets. The station was a fine large building, as imposing as any similar edifice in the United States, only far neater and cleaner. No sooner had I left the station building than a very engaging rickshaw man ran up to me, speaking excellent

English, and offered to take me around and show me the sights. I at once accepted his offer, and as the event showed, the arrangement was [] satisfactory. Our first visit was to the Lenma noting in temple, a Shinto shrine. My rickshaw man dodged in and out thru the narrow, but well kept streets, and finally landed me before a heavy teakwood gate. The court inside was crowded with people. The steps to the shrine had been worn smooth and shining by the many bare and stocking feet that had ascended it. The worshippers upon arriving at the platform clapped together thru great blocks of wood suspended from heavy strands of cotton yarn. At the top, these strands passed over a gong, so that insistent worshippers could insure the attention of the deity by both the clapping and the resonance above. Having made the signal the worshipper at once assumed an attitude of deep devotion, their lips moving inaudibly in prayer. Whether conscious of the true god or not. I am assured that no heavenly father could be deaf to such supplications, even the perchance they might be addressed to the wrong tribunal. We wandered around the lotus pond, which was alive with thousands of turtles, to a park stocked with beautiful white storks. At our place a man had attracted a little group of children who watched his motions and hung upon his words as tho enchanted. He was selling little blocks, out of which he constructed all manner of little designs and was demonstration there possibilities to his enraptured audience. The blocks sold for a sen a piece, and I took one for a souvenir. From the temple we again dodge in and about streets until we came out upon at broad esplanade, beyond which rose the angled walls and at intervals the white citadels of Osaka castle. Soldiers were dueling in the open space. There were several squads of recruits just harming the step and the swing of the arms, another squad more advanced, was [] formations, and still another was undergoing rifle movements. There were also two squads practicing in transportation. They had hardy Korean ponies provided with pack saddles on which were loaded boxes of ammunition. A wide causeway led thru the moat to the gate of the castle. Here I was passed a sentry, entered the gate, but was stopped by a corporals guard. They requested me to sign my name in a little book, one of the officers spent a little case at his belt, took out a miniature ink pad and stamp, wrote his name under my signature stamped the paper, and then a diminutive soldier was [] from the guard room. He provided himself with a rifle and bayonet about ten sizes too big for me and then escorted me. With one hand he steadied the rifle with the other he carried the book. [] escorted I passed the curtain protecting the main entrance, and emerged into a large open space, beyond which rose the second line of gray granite walls. this was also provided with a moat, but the ditch had been partly filled up and was dry. Part of the space was crowded with filed [], all in fairly good preservation, it seemed to me. Examination showed Russian inscriptions they [] part of the trophies of the great war. We entered the second enclosure there and then causeway. We were stopped by the guard at the gate, and the book was taken before the captain of the guard, examined, and stamped. We then passed on into the enclosure which contained a large building with wings- I judged that it must have served as the residence of the Shoguns at one time. Opposite it stood a large administrative building of modern design. Inside this second enclosure was still another Japanese dolls gaily dressed. I could not make out whether the rotaries were praying for children or to have their children restored to health. On one side of the priest sat a secretary at a little writing box. The worshippers told him something he wrote few characters on a chip of wood, and placed it within easy reach of the priest. The latter took these chips in order, one by one, presented them before the arcanum went into a monotone of prayers, concluding by ringing a bell by means of a rope which hung before him, and then passed the chips to the woman, and took up the next one. And so it

went on, in one steady drone of incantations. As soon as they received back the chips, the women went to another shrine where water spouted from a turtle's head into a stone basin. The chips were then carefully deposited in this basin. My man next took me to a teahouse, but one look at one of the girls introduced to me turned my stomach and I left. Our next place was Dotonbon. This is the amusement quarter of the city. Theatres and museums crowd the street I could not help noting not only the artistic but also the absolutely chaste character of the posters. I could not help comparing these with the outrageously vile placards which our friends sprinkled all over our American cities. The entertainments too, so far as I could see, were far from any indecent [] The wonderful street hawker, who seems in every land an inevitable [] of amusements was also present. At one stand a clever looking fellow was discoursing eloquently and demonstrating the superior quality of his pens. he was fully up to any man of the trade I had ever seen in America. It was not getting dark and I directed my man to take me to the station. I asked his price. He said it had been worth considerably more to me and I gave him two. I took the train and out to Kyoto. I had decided to try a Japanese inn here, and upon emerging from the station gave directions to my rickshaman to take me to a place of which I gave the name. he dodged in and out thru a labyrinth of streets & alleys. I was uncertain that he was taking me to the right place, we retraced our steps, landed at a place whose name sounded similar to the one I gave, we started off again, and finally ascended a rather steep hill and [] several courts found ourselves before a neatly dressed Japanese. He informed me that he had no European food, so we started away again to the Miyako. This hotel is built up on the side of a picturesque mountain which overlooks the city. It has several stories, or rather the stories are merely separate buildings set up a little higher on the mountain side. Early in the morning I went out on the balcony before my room and enjoyed a view of the city. Just below the Miyako lay the grounds of the old Imperial place. The great halls were tiled in green. Immediately after breakfast I started out sightseeing. Our first place was the Chion-in, a wonderfully picturesque temple situated on a shelf on the