

# WU TING FANG'S BOOK

## Chinese Minister Will Write One on America.

### AMAZED AT OUR ADAPTIVENESS.

#### This, With Activity and Mental Fertility, is What Has Made the United States Great, Claims the Statesman—"The Wonderful Nation" Title of His Book.

Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese minister at Washington, recalled to Peking, is shaping affairs for the reception of his successor, Liang Chen Tung, who is expected in a few weeks. As Mr. Wu has been given a position of prominence in China his recall is not regarded as loss of caste.

"My departure I will sincerely regret," said Minister Wu to a New York World correspondent the other day, "for the American people have been exceedingly kind to me, and I have thoroughly enjoyed my stay here. I cannot tell what will be the nature of my work in China."

"My impression of the United States I reserve for a book which I propose to call 'The Wonderful Nation.' I intend to 'scop' some of you newspaper men, but I suppose my title indicates something of my ideas and almost enough to set you guessing. There fore I might as well give you some of my basic ideas.

"I have been struck from the first with the activity of your nation. Activity, mental fertility and adaptiveness are the salient characteristics of the American people. Through these three qualities this people has grown in a short time to a position of glory and power.

"The United States is consulted by all other nations. This China has good reason to know. The calm, discreet views of your statesmen, their fair propositions and unwavering good faith have given the United States an unrivaled position in the orient. Were it not for the unfair attitude toward the Chinese as men the United States would quickly absorb the commerce of China.

"I can readily admit that your laborers may have a valid excuse of fear to compete with the Chinese laborer. There are many reasons to support this policy of exclusion within a certain defined limit, but if the United States is to have the trade of the 400,000,000 Chinese our merchants must be permitted to visit the United States in the way of trade and barter. From the present outlook there is little doubt that Chinese and American statesmen will get their heads together and come to an amicable agreement concerning the visits and residence of merchants. This is necessary in order that the United States may reap the fruits of her noble political policies.

"The adaptiveness of the Americans is the characteristic which struck me most favorably. You have no governing class. Men go about their business for years. Suddenly an emergency arises. You want a president, an ambassador, a lawyer to appear before some great international tribunal. You have no class trained and selected for such occupations, but the people always get the man they want, and he performs his duty well. Mistakes have been made, of course. Mistakes have been made in England also, and there they have a ruling, trained class. Probably the United States has made fewer grave mistakes than any other nation.

"I imagine the adaptiveness of the American springs from the almost universal diffusion of education. You have a splendid system of schools. No other people are so universally educated. I might say, considering the national passion for reading, learned. When I compare the rural and isolated districts of the United States with provincial England, the preponderance of what I am inclined to call learning is all with the United States.

"In my own experience here I recall such men as Mr. Root, a lawyer; Mr. Charles Emory Smith, an editor; Mr. Long, a lawyer; Mr. Alger, a volunteer soldier; your presidents even—what great achievements for men untrained to the special duties which they carried to success! Mr. Root is not a soldier, yet he has administered military affairs creditably to a graduated veteran of wars. Then the improvements which Mr. Smith wrought in postal affairs.

"These are some of the impressions I shall carry home and which I shall endeavor to portray in my book. It will be a pleasant task during which leisure I may command and a constant reminder to me that a man's work is never done until he dies. The American is a compound of energy, fertility and adaptiveness, with the last more highly developed than in any other type of mankind."

Mr. Wu does not expect to leave the United States for about two months. He must await the arrival of the credentials of his successor, who will accompany Prince Chung to this country, and he will probably remain in Washington a short time to instruct his successor in the intricacies of American politics.

Wu Ting Fang will find opportunity if his work is to be the revision of the laws of China, as reported, to emulate the policies of Li Hung Chang and to demonstrate that many of his projects were not mere oriental dreams. He is hale and hearty. His disposition is frank, and he is very loyal to his friends.

### Art English Clergyman and a lowland Scotsman entered one of the best schools in Aberdeen. The master received them kindly and inquired:

"Would you prefer that I should speak (question) those boys or that you should speak them?"

The English clergyman desired the master to proceed. He did so with great success, and the boys answered satisfactorily numerous interrogations as to the exodus of the Israelites from Egypt. The clergyman then said he would be glad to "speak the boys" and at once began:

"How did Pharaoh die?"

There was a dead silence.

In his dilemma the lowland gentleman interposed:

"I think, sir, the boys are not accustomed to your English accent. Let me try what I can make of them." And he inquired in broad Scottish:

"Hoo did Pharaoh dee?"

Again there was a dead silence, upon which the master said:

"Noo, boys, fat eam' to Pharaoh at his hinner end?"

"The boys with one voice answered: 'He was drooned.'"

And a smart little fellow added:

"Ony lassic could hae tell't ye that!"—London Tit-Bits.

### The Man He Wanted.

Senator Clark of Montana had occasion once on in Helena to hire a carriage driver. The roads were mountainous, and a skillful man was needed. On the appointed day the candidates for the position appeared. "You know where the road runs along the mountain, with the hill on one side and a gorge on the other, five miles from here?" asked Senator Clark, and all the men nodded affirmatively. "How near can you go to the edge of the road?" was asked, "without upsetting my carriage?"

The first man said, "Four feet," the next man answered, "Two feet," the third man said that he would drive close to the edge, and the fourth man allowed that if one wheel was over the brink he could still turn the horses in time to save the carriage.

At last Mr. Clark turned to a brawny Irishman. "What would you do?" he asked.

"Bogorra, Mr. Clark," said the Irishman, "I would keep as close to the side of the hill as I could without pulling off a wheel."

"You are the man I want," replied Mr. Clark, and the Irishman got the job.

### The Box Tortoise.

Though the tortoise is slow of foot, it is quick to make the best of all its available modes of defense. The box tortoise possesses a singular defensive apparatus. The plastron or shell covering the under part of the body is so formed that its front segment can be drawn upward to protect the animal's head, the head meanwhile being drawn back under the carapace or shell on the back of the tortoise.

The upper and under shells then meet in front, forming a kind of box in which the creature is unassailable. When the danger is passed, the reptile relaxes a muscle, and the raised part of the plastron falls, allowing the head and fore feet to come forth. This movable plate is fastened to the plastron by a strong hinge of elastic ligament.

### Jekyll and Hyde Indians.

It is said that the Seri Indians are a cleft of Jekylls and Hydes. They spend a portion of the year in the neighborhood of the boundary line between northern and Lower California, when they dedicate themselves to peaceful pursuits and evidently adopt civilized customs, frequently working as farm hands on the haciendas. When the crops are in, however, they experience a remarkable change, like any of the lower animals with a change of season. It is then that they have a wild longing for a savage life and emigrate to Timonon Island, where they lead a barbarous existence, even indulging in cannibalism, it is averred.

### One Better.

Mike—It's meself that wishes every day was Saturday.

Pat—And for why, Mike?

"Shure, and shouldn't I just take me wages every day?"

"Bogorra, I wish every day was Sunday!"

"Ye do? And for what reason?"

"Shure, and shouldn't I get a holiday every day and draw me wages the day before?"—Exchange.

### Half Mourning.

"That's Mrs. Gillette-Bonds, the prominent society leader," said the man in the crowd who knew.

"What's she in half mourning for?" inquired several voices.

"Three of her six former husbands are dead," said the man, whereupon the crowd expressed great admiration for her delicacy of feeling.—Philadelphia Record.

### Not Quite Sure Which.

"After all," he remarked, "it is youth alone that has real courage."

"I don't know," returned the elderly spinster, with acerbity, "whether it should be called courage or foolhardiness, but it is unquestionably true that the girls who marry at an unusually early age quite young."—Chicago Post.

### Buried in Africa.

In certain parts of Africa it is considered a mark of disrespect to bury out of doors at all. Only slaves are treated in such unceremonious fashion. The honored dead are buried under the floor of the house.

### Mutual Admiration.

Miss Budd (to famous pianist)—That music was truly divine, monsieur.

Monsieur—Ah, mam'selle, zat is indeed praise, for who but an angel would know divine music!

## THE FALLEN CAMPANILE.

### History of Famed Bell Tower of St. Mark's Church in Venice.

Dominating as it did all the surrounding buildings in the famous square of St. Mark, the campanile, the great bell tower of St. Mark's church, which was demolished the other day, was the most conspicuous of all the landmarks of Venice, says the New York Times. It rose sheer above the highest pinnacles of the famous church and had stood there, visible for a considerable distance from the city, for a little over 1,000 years.

In the early days of the republic men stood on the tower to watch for home-coming vessels, and the news of many a victory was signaled to the anxious citizens in this way. But the tower was also used for the purpose which its name signifies. According to some authorities, four bells were rung for various purposes. One sounded at dawn to call the laborers, another opened the official bureaux, a third called the councils, and the fourth tolled out the names of persons who were to be executed. Gallelli made many observations from the tower.

The campanile was begun by the doge Pietro Tribuno in the year 883. In 1329 it was restored. Nearly a century later it was provided with its stone top, and in 1517 the figure of the angel was placed at the summit.

The campanile was built of brick. It was 325 feet high and 42 feet square, on a stone base, simply decorated with slight pilasters. The upper part was an open lantern, with a pyramidal roof, and on the apex was the fine colossal statue of an angel, formed of plates of gilt bronze on a wooden core. The campanile was built on a foundation of ten foot piles of white poplar closely driven into the stiff clay. Above was a double layer of oak planks and above them rough footings of trachyte and other volcanic stones.

There was no staircase in the tower, the ascent being made by a winding inclined plane of thirty-eight bends ending in a few steps. The entrance to the tower was by a small door on the west side. Visitors to Venice usually chose the sunset hour for ascending the tower, when from the summit a wonderful view of the city and its surroundings could be obtained. Indeed, to ascend the tower was the only way to understand the intricate plan of the city, which from the top of the campanile was spread out like a map, with all its spires and churches and distant islands, while beyond could be seen the snowy Alps. The tower was always open, but visitors were not allowed to enter it alone. A single traveler had to engage a bystander to enter it with him. At the top, even in modern times, was always stationed a watchman, but not for the same purpose for which a sentinel stood there in the days of Venice's greatness. The watchman of modern days carried a telescope, but it was not to scan the horizon for vessels bringing news of victory, but to look for fires in the city and give notice of them.

### Plucky Boer Boy.

Youthful De Wet Tells How He Thrashed an English Officer.

One of the most interesting of the released Boer captives who arrived at New York recently with a number of his fellow prisoners from the prison islands of Bermuda is Master M. J. De Wet, a twelve-year-old lad who does not look to be more than ten, says the New York Herald. An exceedingly handsome and manly little chap he is. He was dressed in knickerbockers and wore a sunburn which shaded blue eyes frank as they were fearless.

Master De Wet said he was no relative of his celebrated namesake as far as he knew. What he did know was that he had gone to the front with his older brother and the two had fought side by side until both were captured near Kimberley in September last. He had been in several fights, and the Mauser carbine which he carried had killed more of the enemy than he could count.

But the fight that he is most proud of is one that he had just before his release from captivity. It was with a young English subaltern, who, according to Master De Wet, had called him names. So one day, according to the youthful narrator, they adjourned to a vacant space and had it out.

"Did you thrash him?" he was asked.

"Well, he couldn't stand up to the time we left," was the modest reply.

"How old was your opponent?"

"About seventeen; but he wasn't much bigger than me," said the lad proudly.

### Autumn Coats For Women.

The coats of all the costumes designed for early autumn are made long enough to come more than half way down the skirt, and the short jacket of last year and the year before is quite out of date, says Harper's Bazar. And yet, to show how capricious in fashion, an immensely smart little coat is on the old fashioned reefer style, double breasted and curved in at the sides. After all, the fashion which remains as many styles come and go is to pay more and more attention to the question of which style is becoming to the special individual who is to wear it, and from all present indications the autumn and winter will not show any more definitely marked lines than did last year.

### Dress Suit Case Novelty.

The newest fad in the dress suit case line is the writing desk, says the New York Journal. This case is eighteen inches long and about four inches deep. When opened, the bottom is transformed into a tablet. In the lid of the case are pockets for paper and envelopes, and on one side is the ink well.

## Her Mistake.

Two elderly women and an old man, evident strangers in the city and who were carefully guarding a huge telescope between them, stood in front of the Grand for an hour the other day, waiting for some kind soul to direct them to the residence of a friend they had come to visit. The noise and bustle of the city evidently confused them, and they stood bewildered, not knowing which way to turn. Finally one of the women plucked up courage to address a man who was passing, saying, "Could you tell me where Will Blank lives?"

"Who?" inquired the man.

"Why, Will Blank. He used to live next door to us in Linton, and we have come in to see him."

The man had to acknowledge he had never even heard of Will Blank, and the old lady turned away with a scornful smile, saying, "Oh, I thought perhaps you lived here."—Indianapolis Sentinel.

## Remember the Baker.

At the court of assizes in Venice, when sentence of death is about to be passed, a man clothed in a long black robe enters the court, and advancing to the bench bows profoundly to the judges, saying, "Remember the baker!" Then he bows again and retires. Here is the explanation of the custom: Three centuries ago a baker was executed at Venice for a crime of which he was not guilty. When his innocence was fully proved, the judges who condemned him invested a sum of money, the interest on which serves to keep a lamp perpetually lighted in the palace of the doges, this being called the "lamp of expiation." In addition, their fatal mistake has for 300 years been held up as a warning to their successors on the bench when they are about to inflict the extreme penalty of the law.

## An English King's Death.

William Rufus was killed by an arrow, either accidental or with murderous intent. He died in the New Forest, his body was stripped by tramps and the next day was found by a charcoal burner, who placed the naked corpse on his cart, hoping to receive a reward. On the way to Winchester the cart was upset, and the king's body fell in the mire. Covered with filth and black with charcoal, it arrived in Winchester, where it was buried in the cathedral. A few years later the tower fell and crushed the tomb, and 600 years after the Puritans rifled the grave and played football with the king's skull.

## Crack-Bank's "Fagin."

There is an interesting story very little known of how Crankbank conceived his picture of Fagin, the Jew. During the time he was illustrating "Oliver Twist" he spent days traversing the east end of London in search of a face that would correspond with his conception of the character. One day while standing before a mirror in his dining room "pulling faces at himself," so to speak, for the want of something better to do, he accidentally made the features for which he was looking. The picture therefore of Fagin is really that of Crankbank himself.

## Didn't Notice Improvement.

An eastern senator was riding to the capitol on an F street car when a very deaf lady, who sat next to him, asked some questions about Washington and then apologized for being deaf.

"Why don't you try electricity?" sympathetically suggested the senator.

"Well," said the lady, "I was struck by lightning last summer, but I don't see that it did me any good."—Washington Post.

## Appropriate Text.

"Hit suddenly do ill dis ole heart ob mine wif joy," began the Rev. Flatfoot as the last wall from the wheezy organ escaped through an open window, "for see so many strangers present dis galarious Sabbath mornin'. De good book hit say: 'He war er stranger an' Ah took him in.' De deacons will now proceed ter take up de collection."—Chicago News.

## Down on His Luck.

Cassidy—Shopt klickin' about yer hard luck, man! Some mornin' ye'll wake up an' find yerself famous.

Casey—Faith, O'll bet ye when that mornin' comes 'twill be me luck to overslape meself!—Philadelphia Press.

## The Hide of the Hippopotamus.

The hide of the hippopotamus in some parts is fully two inches thick.

## Crowned Himself.

That was a curious sort of impromptu coronation in which his majesty King William IV. figured. Things did not go very well with Earl Grey's government after the second reading of the first reform bill had been carried by a majority of one in 1831, and one Friday in April they suddenly got the king to go down and prorogue parliament in person. Somebody went off to the Tower to fetch the crown, and with a scratch body of attendants his majesty drove down to the house of lords. What happened there is described in Grove's "Memoirs."

"The king ought not properly to have worn the crown, never having been crowned; but when he was in the robing room he said to Lord Hastings, 'Lord Hastings, I wear the crown; where is it?'" It was brought to him, and when Lord Hastings was going to put it on his head, he said, "Nobody shall put the crown on my head but myself." He put it on and then turned to Lord Grey and said, "Now, my lord, the coronation is over."

The crown did not fit very well, we are told, but the prorogation was successfully effected.—London Chronicle.

## As His Child Saw Him.

A prominent real estate man in Los Angeles had an experience a few even- ings ago that kept him guessing for a little bit as to whether he should feel complimented or otherwise. He was at home with one little daughter while his wife and another of the children were downtown. Darkness was closing in, and the little girl was anxious watching for her mother's return. Her nervousness grew apace in spite of the father's attempts at reassurance. At length the little one burst into tears, saying:

"I just can't help it! I need mamma, and I must have her!"

"Do you do this way when your mamma is here and I'm away?" asked the father.

"No, of course not," replied the little one, "cause then there's some grown-up person about the house!"—Los Angeles Herald.

## Vanilla For Mental Weakness.

Vanilla is one of the most powerful restoratives known in cases of weakened vitality, when a large dose is given. South America in general shows a much slatter tendency to madness than any of the countries which may be called civilized. Statistical authorities attribute this fact to the ignorance and thoughtlessness of the population, but they themselves give the credit to vanilla. At the first sign of mental disturbance they ply the sufferer there-with.

## The Home Rulers.

Mrs. Krank—Yes; I'm fond of pets. I have five cats and four dogs that just rule my house.

Mrs. McCall—Ah! I've often heard of "reigning cats and dogs." These must be the ones.—Philadelphia Press.

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Vanilla is one of the most powerful restoratives known in cases of weakened vitality, when a large dose is given. South America in general shows a much slatter tendency to madness than any of the countries which may be called civilized. Statistical authorities attribute this fact to the ignorance and thoughtlessness of the population, but they themselves give the credit to vanilla. At the first sign of mental disturbance they ply the sufferer there-with.

## CONDENSED TIME TABLE

IN EFFECT JUNE 15, 1902.

NORTH BOUND.		SOUTH BOUND.	
STATION.	TIME.	STATION.	TIME.
Pittsburg	8:00 A.M.	Pittsburg	7:00 P.M.
Lawrence	8:10 A.M.	Lawrence	7:10 P.M.
St. Paul	8:20 A.M.	St. Paul	7