

PEKIN'S OFFICIAL GAZETTE

The Oldest and Strongest Paper in the World.

Its Name Was King Po and Ho Lin Duk Was Editor—Allies Interfere With Its Publication.

The entrance of the allied powers into Pekin and the subsequent storming of the Forbidden City has doubtless interfered with the publication of the oldest and most remarkable newspaper in the world. This is the King Po, or the official gazette of Pekin.

It was through this medium that the imperial government issued its edicts to the Chinese people. For more than a thousand years, 1108 years, to be exact as it is possible to determine from the musty Chinese records of long ago, it has been printed daily and often two or three times a day. Yet in all these centuries not a change has been made. King Po is the Chinese name of the publication, and Reporter of the Capital is what that means in English. It is an official organ and incidentally a newspaper and is published by the government. It is printed in an office which until recently no foreigner had ever seen, in a building which none but high officials and employes were permitted to enter and which was included in that mysterious Forbidden City where the seat of government existed.

The daily issues were intended for the benefit of the officials and the government only and were jealously guarded but twice a week or oftener public editions, containing only such items of news or information as it is deemed prudent and safe by the censors for the common herd to know, were issued. For these latter editions a regular subscription price of 6 taels, equal to about \$9, was charged per year, and the circulation amounted to many thousands.

The number of copies issued to officials was also extremely large, for decorated dignitaries are exceedingly numerous. In fact, the men who wear the insignia of rank are so utterly disproportionate to the population that it is a source of wonder that they can all be comfortably supported by the public.

King Po contains no advertising, and the matter on its pages consists principally of government bulletins relating to public works and doings, memorials to the throne and other items supposed to be of importance to the heads and subordinates in the various departments of the peculiar government, each of which has some detail of public affairs to control for the benefit of the solemn looking Chinaman in charge.

Those papers which may be read by anybody who can master Chinese and raise the price to buy them contain edicts to the people, notices of various kinds and sometimes, it is said, peremptory commands from high handed and crooked officials—Chinese officials are nothing if not crooked—to unfortunate Celestials of the poorer classes to either come around and pay tribute for certain privileges or have their pig-tailed heads chopped off. That is the way a Chinaman who knows much about the system explains it.

One of the peculiarities of this odd journal since the first day of its existence has been what may be termed a "joke department." Into this some of the most noted pigtail humorists have injected their funnyisms—exciting the risibilities of the stolid Mongolians, albeit pointless to Caucasians. The famous wit, Fui Ah He, who labored at the same desk for 72 years and died in 1730, aged 124, was the peer of all contributors to King Po and drew a princely allowance.

The "cheebaat" (Chinese for editor) is a very dignified and more or less busy individual, for he has a lot of subordinates to look after and the high standard of the paper along certain lines to maintain. If he should make a blunder, no matter how good his previous standing, he might expect to lose his peculiar rank and consider himself fortunate to escape with his head attached to his body. Ho Lin Duk was the editor at last accounts.

It is believed that King Po has been a factor in bringing about the dark report that has shocked the civilized world from center to circumference. Though under the absolute control of the throne, it has encouraged the rebel element by its bitter animosity toward all things foreign. As early as four years ago it was predicted in the "sacred" edition that the blood of all

the "white devils" in Pekin would some day stain the streets; that every foreigner in the empire would die before the gods called him.—Ex.

Who Can Tell?

Why don't trees grow in this section of Alaska? says the Nome News. This is a question often asked, and it is pointed out that 300 miles farther north the spruce, cottonwood and silver birch flourish. We take it for granted that both deciduous and evergreen trees would grow on this coast if they were planted. No doubt that once upon a time forests flourished and tall trees bowed to the northern lights when they came down at night to dance on the boundless snows, as Kipling puts it.

Down in the Norton bay country, scarce 50 leagues east from Nome, trees and shrubbery grow in abundance. Up the Fish and Neukluk rivers forests of evergreen trees relieve the landscape and gladden the eyes, although on the hither and yonder sides are treeless wastes.

The Bering sea coast has probably been denuded of its forests by glacial action. This theory seems to be borne out by the fact that in many places in the interior fallen spruce trees are found in the beds of creeks and projecting from their banks. It may be that when the ice age came on these forests were torn down by glacial action, and thereafter they became covered by sediment. New streams plowed their way over the face of the new earth, and by attrition the trunks of the fallen trees became exposed, and today they tell their story to the scientist. We confess to be not familiar with the reason why the northwestern portion of the Bering coast and the interior is treeless, while far to the north and to the east forests abound. Nevertheless, it is a fact.

It has been said that trees would not flourish on the coast, but the statement seems to be baseless. We have no doubt that tree planting on the vast tundra plains that skirt this section would be a pronounced success. The moss that covers the tundra prevents seeds taking root, but if it were removed there is no doubt that they would grow and thrive. It is possible that Nome streets may yet be lined by trees; and that the cultivation of forests may become an industry. This section is not so inhospitable as it has been painted. It has been already demonstrated that hardy vegetables, such as potatoes, turnips, radishes, as well as lettuce, of a quality unsurpassed in southern climes can be raised here. Oats will flourish. There is in Nome a lady who threw several handfuls of oats on the tundra near her home; the oats had been brought to this city as a packing for eggs. They took root and grew so luxuriantly that all the horses in the neighborhood of the lady's residence took cognizance of the fact and enjoyed a feast. Though "cropped" many times they are still flourishing. All of which teaches a lesson; we may yet have an Arbor day in northwestern Alaska; may chop down our own trees; eat our oatmeal mush, made of home-grown oats, and drink our own home-distilled whisky (not hootch), and drink our own beer brewed from our own barley grown on what were once tundra plains covered with reindeer moss. Who can tell?


An Historical War Weapon.
"Chispa"—the "Sparkler"—was the name given to a quaint piece of ordnance when it was cast in bronze 124 years ago in old Seville to do battle for the king of Spain. Perhaps when it was new and lusty and vigorous it did sparkle, but now it is dull and dim with age, though still sturdy. It stands thousands of miles from its birthplace, in alien surroundings, in the plat of park that surrounds the temporary Montana state capital building at Helena. On it is an inscription to this effect: "Spanish cannon brought from the Philippine islands by the first regiment, Montana volunteer infantry. Presented to the historical library by Colonel Kessler."
That tells the story of its presence in Montana.

When the Montana volunteers in the Philippines began to talk of returning home the idea struck them that it would be well to take with them some souvenir of their visit, something big enough and interesting enough to be given to the state. A cannon was the thing. Everybody thought of it at once.

Then it was decided that the officers would defray the cost of purchasing the cannon, but Col. Kessler vetoed this proposition and decided to pay the cost himself.

Some people might think it would have been nicer for the regiment to have brought home something it captured by force of arms. Of course it would, but the regiment had no right to bring home what it captured. What ever was captured by the regiment became the property of the United States

A Word About Overcoats



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government and not that of the regiment.

To get any sort of a cannon, even by purchase, was not easy. There were lots of old Spanish cannon about, supposedly the property of Spain, but it was found that they were not to be brazenly bought in the open market. One had to approach their Spanish custodian with as delicate a regard for his feelings as that demanded by Poo Bah when he was to be "insulted."

But diplomacy and money secured the cannon at length, the deal being completed through the efforts of Capt. L. P. Sanders, and it was turned over to Col. Kessler. It was brought back tenderly watched over by the regiment, and when home was reached it was presented to the State Historical Society.

The gun is a fine piece of bronze. Inscribed on it is its name, "Chispa," and the date of its casting, July, 1776, with the name of Seville, the city wherein it was cast. There is a deal of handsome chasing and engraving on the piece, which would go to show that the Spanish gunmakers took pride in their work.

Eight centimeters is the calibre of the gun. Thus it would throw a projectile of about six pounds weight. Like all pieces of ordnance of its period it is smooth bored.

The weapon undoubtedly saw a good deal of service, even in recent years. The carriage upon which it was mounted when Capt. Sanders purchased it was badly worn out, so a newer one, but nevertheless one of great age, was substituted for it and is that upon which the gun now rests.—Anacoda Standard.

The Emergency Clerk.

"I ran across a clerk here who is worth his weight in gold, or, at least, in gold bricks," said a guest at one of the hotels. "If I was in business in New Orleans I would get that man if I had to choleraform and abduct him. The way I discovered his merits was this: I was standing in a store down the street, waiting for my wife to decide what she didn't want, when a tailor made girl walked up and asked to see some golf clubs. The young man behind the counter showed her several, and in a few minutes she found one that suited her and went away with it under her arm.

"Are there many players in New Orleans?" I asked after she had gone.

"Oh, yes; quite a number!" replied the clerk affably.

"Have you golf links here?" I continued, getting interested.

"A look of real pain crossed the young man's face. 'I am sorry,' he said, 'very sorry, but the fact is we sold our last golf links this morning. However, we have ordered a new stock,' he added, brightening up, 'and they will be here in a few days. Which did you wish, the plain or the—er—fancy links?'"

Progress of New Ontario.

The progress of northwestern Ontario has been phenomenally rapid during the past two years, and inspires the utmost confidence in the future of that great region. Mr. Arthur White, the divisional freight agent of the Grand Trunk, who has been traveling through the district, says there has been a marvelous improvement throughout the Georgian Bay region since the spring of 1898, brought about by the log policy of the Ontario government. Every lumber mill along the route has been equipped with the latest improvements, several new mills have been erected, and both the old and new mills are nearly all running night and day, supplying their own electric light, the whole region now having become a scene of renewed activity and prosperity.

The total quantity of lumber expected to be cut is about 235,000,000 feet this year, this only embracing the mills from Parry Sound north to Richard's Landing, on the Sault Ste. Marie river. The logs for this cut were all safely secured and drawn to the streams tributary to the bay, but the unusually rapid shrinkage of the creeks and streams has caused quite a considerable quantity of these logs to be hung up in the woods, and unless the customary fall rains are exceptionally heavy they will be unable to bring quite a percentage of their logs to the mills this year.

The copper industry at Parry sound does not appear to be developing itself as rapidly as was anticipated. Renewed energy has been thrown into the copper works at Bruce mines. A strong company is being formed, and it is now anticipated that the result will be a large and profitable yield.

Sault Ste. Marie shows the most remarkable improvement and signs of prosperity. Large pulp, paper, iron, carbide, alkali factories and lumber and nickel steel mills are in working order or under progress. Mr. White had a personal opportunity of verifying every detail of the various industries of Mr. F. H. Clergue, discussed at the Toronto Board of Trade, as in progress at Sault Ste. Marie, and he is of the opinion that Mr. Clergue's representations were exceedingly modest compared with the results to be seen. The Algoma Central Railway has already constructed and in operation a division of its system running from Michipicott harbor to the Hellen mines, where it taps a mountain of the purest hematite brown ore, calculated to contain many million tons. This ore is being mined for smelting at Sault Ste. Marie, Midland, Hamilton, Deseronto, and also at Collingwood when smelters are put up at the latter point.

Another branch of the Algoma Central Railway is being constructed from a point near Sudbury, tapping the nickel belt of the district with a view of supplying the nickel ore via the C. P. R. to the smelting works and rolling mills at the Soo, and to the smelting works on the Grand Trunk railway system from Little Current by water to the ports of Midland and Collingwood. The main line of the Algoma Central Railway is under construction and 25 miles of it will be completed by fall, and an additional 100 miles before the opening of navigation next year. This line traverses through one of the best portions of New Ontario, and there are already being erected on its right of way large lumber mills to saw both hard and pine lumber. It will bring to the pulp and paper mills at Sault Ste. Marie the almost unlimited supply of pulpwood in the vicinity, and also bring down for reduction purposes the nickel and other ores found in the vicinity of the country it passes through. These vast enterprises will undoubtedly quickly populate New Ontario.

The fishing industry on the Georgian bay is reported, so far as they have gone this year, as being above the average catch. The fish is being sent principally to the markets of Buffalo, Detroit and Chicago. Throughout the entire Georgian bay district and such portions of New Ontario as Mr. White visited there appeared to be an air of prosperity and contentment.—Toronto Globe.

Two Views of the Same Man.

"Why did you take that man's case?" the fresh graduate of the law school asked after his father, the old attorney, had bowed a client out of the office.

"There is no possibility that you can win it for him. One glance at his face shows that he is the briber and all around rascal he is accused of being."

"Is that so?" the old man replied.

"I'm sorry to hear it—really sorry. I wish I had known it."

"Why, you must have been able to see for yourself if you are any judge of character at all."

"I am usually pretty good at such things, but I must confess that I didn't notice it in this case. In fact, I didn't see his face at all."

"No. He had a wallet in his hand that took my eye. Now you go to work and copy off that brief, and after this if you want to learn the business watch me, not the other fellow's face." —Chicago Times-Herald.

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