

## Memoirs of Li Hung Chang

CHINA'S VICE ROY TELLS OF WORLD TOUR

Series of Reminiscences by Greatest Statesman Ever Produced in Chinese Kingdom. NO. 9.

## IN PHILADELPHIA AND THE WEST.

I find that the matter of local or provincial pride is the same the world over. Londoners, in spite of the fog and damp of their great city, will tell you that it is the best place to live on the planet. New Yorkers say that outside of New York there is little to see, and they let their local pride lead them to scoff at and make fun of Philadelphia. Of course the intelligent people know that this is only palter, but the ignorant get it into their heads and war their tongues as if it were the sacred truth.

And this makes me think of what one of the reporters said to our party when we came from New York. He said that when we were in Philadelphia we would be either dead or asleep. I did not make any reply at the time, but I have since thought that there was more danger of being dead in New York, with all the rush and noise, and with the ignorant get it into their heads and war their tongues as if it were the sacred truth.

But was it not humorous that in my travels, however tired and worn I might be, I never went to sleep in public before? I had a temptation to tell the Mayor of Philadelphia when he and the other officials came to meet our party at a junction point (Germantown) what the New York reporter had said, but I was afraid it might offend him, for I did not know what a good natured man he was. Afterward he himself told me how all the country called Philadelphia slow and sleepy, so I see that I would not have hurt his feelings at all.

Late, same night. Tonight I visited the Union League and was served a delicious Chinese dinner, with wine and tea from Canton. It was the best that my stomach has received since leaving home.

A great number of prominent people were there. I have a complete list and will preserve it. But a few I will mention now: The Honorable Governor of the State, who was also a General in the great civil war; Mr. Wana-maker, the foremost merchant of the United States, besides several leading editors and writers, among them Mr. Smith.

Next morning, Gen. Hastings, the Governor of this great State, called upon me this morning to bid me adieu and to present one or two young ladies and several members of his staff. I gave the Governor a strong invitation to visit me in China, and I told him that if he would come and spend half a year in the quiet of my home in Canton I would make him so pleased and comfortable that he would not ever want to return to the noise of Pennsylvania. He thanked me cordially and said he would give the matter careful thought. Gen. Stewart, who was with the Governor, asked me if I could not make him the head of my provincial army. He said he loved to fight.

"In that case, General," I said to him, "we do not want you, for armies that are always looking for battle usually get more than they bargain for."

Can it be true? Can it be that all these changes have taken place since I took my examinations for the Hanlin? It must be, for I have heard it from every one, and a whole nation cannot lie.

For hours and hours we travel, and see nothing but great ranches, with cattle or vast stretches of country without a living man or woman or fowl. Then there will be a small town, then another, then another, until finally the train rushes through the outskirts of a big city and into a depot that makes one think again of New

York, Chicago or London. And there are high buildings everywhere, so high that men look like children when seen from their roofs. Heaven help this country, where an earthquake comes.

Yes, I can understand New York's cloud stoppers, but I cannot understand why these western cities, which stand on high hills, have not built tall buildings to see how many great buildings they can crowd together in one place. Still I suppose if I should write a whole volume and make a present of it for circulation among the business men of these cities they would not even thank me for my meddling. Anyway it is none of my concern, and besides I do not expect to see the places again.

I care nothing for mere places unless there is some charm of the mind or heart to draw and hold me. And no place because of itself can have a claim upon my affections. There must be some human or ancestral association connected with a place if I am to think about it or dream about it or write about it.

And so with Moscow—I hate its smoke and heat, but I love Essen because of Herr Krupp and admire Essen because of her cannons.

And so with Philadelphia and Washington and Mount Vernon.

And so with home—where our loved ones are! 'Twas an American that wrote a great, sweet song of home. I know the air, for I heard the bands play it on the warships when I appeared to the markings of time in a number of different epochs, it is next to impossible to know with any degree of certainty where the following lines were written; but presumably from the general tone they were written west of the Rocky Mountains.

After three days on the train. Again I must think of Russia with its vast plains and heaven reaching mountains. But here the parallel of thought must end, for with Russia all the wild and newer country in far to the west while in the United States it is the west that is wide spreading and new. Yet I must not be misunderstood, nor must I leave in my record statements that I myself will take a journey in the times to come when I see the United States and its people.

His last paragraphs, written at San Francisco, are as follows:

"Today my friends took me far out toward the Golden Gate and gave me my first view of the broad Pacific from this side of the world."

"I could not believe it was so many thousand miles across. For as I stood there upon those high cliffs at one side of the narrow strait, to the great Bay of San Francisco I strained my tired eyes across the waters and I thought I could see in the beautiful distance the holy mirage of my native land. Those about me talked and pointed, but I heeded them not, for my very mind was reaching out to the souls of China. I saw the Throne and I bowed my knee to their illustrious Majesties. I saw Tientsin and Canton and Hankow—what a place I love and will ever love."

"Returning to my apartments I had nothing more to say. I have seen the world in these months. Now all I ask is the supreme joy, of kissing the earth of my native land."

But we were saddened by the nerve-racking sound of a continuous booming from the big guns at Adrianople. For we knew that every rumble of these cannon and every flash of those spiteful fires as they blazed forth into the darkness meant brave men killed, worse still, maimed and shattered and homes made desolate. And all that night search-lights swept the sky, and penetrated the recesses of our hearts—an additional reminder that we were well within the area of war. Close by us, too, but mercifully hidden by the darkness, were lying even at that moment, the corpses of many Turks still unburied, and the lightly covered bodies of many brave Bulgarians who had been killed in battle around this village.

The track, which had been traversed by many thousand soldiers moving to the front and by many thousand bullock wagons bringing back the shattered remnants, was very rough, and in places over the axle deep in mud, and progress was slow, but even at the rate of one and a half kilometers an hour the trek, which had lasted seven days, came to an end at last, and we found ourselves at Kirk-Kilisse—called by the Bulgars, Lozen-grad—where to start our enterprise.

We presented ourselves at the headquarters of the commandant to receive our orders. These were simple. We were to select for ourselves from among the deserted houses of this conquered Turkish town any empty building we deemed fit for conversion into hospitals for the wounded. Before dark we were lucky enough to find three large houses, facing each other, on either side of a narrow, and as usual nameless street, and four houses in which bedrooms for the staff could be obtained. All obvious Turkish houses, with the windows protected by harem casements.

Hospital Arrangements.

The next morning at daybreak our bullock wagons discharged their burdens of beds, blankets, surgical necessities, stores, etc., and within an hour the trek, which had lasted seven days, came to an end at last, and we found ourselves at Kirk-Kilisse—called by the Bulgars, Lozen-grad—where to start our enterprise.

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## BRITISH WOMEN NURSE THE WOUNDED BULGARIANS

Commandant of Convoys Writes Interesting Description of the Difficulties in Hospital Work.

London, Jan. 11.—The following letter has been received here from Mrs. St. Clair Stobart, commandant of the Women's Convoys at Kirk-Kilisse:

As we (the Women's Convoys) are the only British women who have been entrusted with the charge of a hospital for wounded soldiers in the Balkans, it may be of interest to the public to hear something of the experience we have encountered.

Our detachment consists of twenty-three doctors, sisters, nurses, cooks and interpreters, and has been invited by Queen Eleanor of Bulgaria, with whom I had been privileged to discuss the nature of our work, by the medical military authorities, and also by the Turkish authorities.

Our hospital contains, besides the fourteen wards, operating theatre, office, dining room for staff, etc., an out-patient dispensary, to which all soldiers who are not actually bedridden come daily to have their wounds—generally of a ghastly nature—dressed. Shrapnel, grenade, and Mannlicher bullets each tell their own tale, the most merciful in its effects. But in any case the men bear the bullets and shrapnel with a stoicism which is extracted hold out their hands for the prize memento.

It is impossible to give more than a brief outline of the nature of our work, all done with improvised materials in empty buildings in a Turkish town, with difficulties of language and lack of food to be coped with. One fact, however, I should like to emphasize: that this work which we are doing is pre-eminently woman's work. It was laid at the beginning of the war that the duty of tending the wounded in the Balkans was "not fitted for women." To my mind this was a gross error, and I am glad to see that the women were not fitted for the work. Now, though there may have been some hardships and privations, as they are termed, which women are not usually called upon to face, yet, judging by the spirit with which they have been encountered by the women, with whom I have been privileged to act, the fact may, I think, be regarded as established that trained and disciplined women are fitted for any work under any conditions, wherever alleviation of suffering is the object.

As commandant of the Women's Convoys, I am grateful that, owing to the sympathetic help of Mr. Noel Burton and his fellow members of the Balkan War Relief Fund, British women have been sent, but every atom of food in this ramshackle town had already been requisitioned for the army except a few hard rye loaves and a couple of tins of condensed milk.

At Jamboli we had reckoned on being able to take in a stock of supplies for the seven days' trek to Kirk-Kilisse, but every atom of food in this ramshackle town had already been requisitioned for the army except a few hard rye loaves and a couple of tins of condensed milk.

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with 211,680 acres in this province and 7,840 acres in the Yukon territory. Baline, Stuart, Kootenay and Chilo are each over 100,000 acres, and so are the two Arrow lakes taken together. The 23 lakes and parts of lakes in Saskatchewan accounts for 5,330,000 acres. Reindeer is over 1,500,000 acres. Manitoba has over 6,000,000 acres of lake, whereof 5,536,000 acres was her share of Lake Winnipeg before the boundary extension. Lake Winnipeg is over 6,000,000 acres altogether, and the extension of the boundary adds to the lake possessions of Manitoba. Winnipegosis covers 1,300,000 acres, and this now belongs to Manitoba.

In the census record nearly half the lake area of Canada was in the North-West Territories. No fewer than 65 lakes are reported in the area, of which the Great Bear, 7,565,000 acres and the Great Slave, 5,860,000 acres, are the largest.

Ontario claims 3,211,000 acres of Lake Erie, 3,172,000 of Huron, 2,385,000 of Ontario, 7,154,000 of Superior and 748,000 of the Lake of the Woods. Lake Nipigon is the only other water exceeding a million acres. Altogether Ontario includes 12,751,000 acres of lakes in 41 lots. Quebec has 72 lakes recorded, with an area of 2,507,000 acres. But this was before the northern extension, which adds more than a million acres. She has Lake Melville of 800,000 acres, Mistassini 624,000, St. John 224,000, with a great number of smaller waters running up to half a million acres.

Two salt water lakes are recorded in Nova Scotia, the Bras d'Or waters of 147,000 and 55,000 acres, while New Brunswick has only Grand Lake of 47,222 acres.

Crawford: To do a thing well, you know, you must do it yourself. Crabshaw: But you miss the fun of seeing the other fellow work. Judge.

There never were such cookies! Delicately baked, mysteriously vanished when school hours. Cook your cookies with Five Roses.

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## Five Roses Flour

Not Bleached Not Blended



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## The Call of the Bell

whether it is the school bell or the breakfast bell it is music to Johnny's ears if he starts the day with a warm, nourishing breakfast of

## SHREDDED WHEAT

—and it's so easy to get him off to school without fuss or worry because it's ready-cooked and has in it everything he needs for study or play. It's the whole wheat, steam-cooked, shredded and baked to a crisp, golden brown.