# THE PRODUCERS OF CHINA.

## They Are a Happy Class of People.

A rich Chinaman wears silk, a poor one cotton. Since the proportion of rich to poor is about one in a thousand, it follows that the growth and manufacture of cotton are vital necessities. It is thought cotton culture was begun in the thirteenth century, the plant coming in from India, where

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it has been known for 2000 years. In spite of her unequaled facilities China does not raise cotton for export, not in fact enough for her own needs. In the growth and manufacture of it as in everything else the aim is not, as in the United States, to save hand labor, but to get as much "Yankee" as possible.

gins for taking out the seed. Instead, the Chinese use the little hand-gins very like those still to be found in the homespun regions of the Appalachian chain. The gin is nothing more than a couple of small wooden rollers, made fast in uprights affixed to a bench. They are turned by a wooden crank, revolve one against the other, and free the cotton of seed by drawing the lint. The lint is fed to them by hand, and it takes a long and steady day's work to gin five pounds of lint, which means twenty pounds of cotton in the seed.

The cotton so carded simultaneously with the ginning. A second man stands at the end of the neighboring bench and, working in with the picking, or carding bow, the big fluffy balls. These bats the women spin in various ways. Sometimes they use the old-fashioned spinning wheel. More often it is something approximating the ancient distaff. The spinner, Lady Godiva fashion, draws out and around as she walks, thus winding the lengthening thread into cylindrical hanks. If it is spun and ran in to bunches or quills, they are often reeled with a hand reel at the time. In general it is inserted on a spool in the shuttle of a loom. Weaving and winding are so simple as to require no comment. Whether the cotton is spun or not, it is then dyed, and the dyeing is done in the piece. Indigo is the favorite color, and the cotton is dyed in the indigo vat, which is a hole in the ground. Then it is bleached, and the bleaching is done by the sun. The cotton is spread out on the ground, and the women sprinkle it with water from bowls. Then it is dried, and the drying is done by the sun. The cotton is then ready for the market.

unknown in China. Even a beggar wears shoes, though he may have no other clothes than the head-bowl which serves both as a hat and to hold out when there is a chance of alms.

Nothing is wasted in China. Even grass and wheat roots are pulled up, washed, dried and used for fuel. Scraps of paper and cloth are pasted together to make the insoles of shoes. Bits of wood are glued to build up either a board or a post. Women spinners and straw platters earn 2c a day. The spinning, though is most commonly like the weaving at the hand looms only a part of unpaid household labor. Machine made cloth and thread have of late come in, but it is only upon the cotton workers that that fact is in a degree offset to the growing import of raw cotton. Still some of the light yellow hand made cloth, known the world over as nankeen from the city of export Nanking, is shipped abroad. It is made from a peculiar yellow staple cotton, hence so dyed. The same yellow staple cotton grows and manufactured by A. Affairs in Louisiana but the fabric is not identical with

of the breast to the finger tips. Fashions do not change. Winter garments and bedding are padded with cotton. Once a year they must be ripped apart and washed, padding and all.

How needful is economy may be judged from a few figures. Unskilled laborers are paid upon an average 7c a day. Masons, carpenters and stone cutters here as elsewhere the aristocracy of labor, get from 20c to 30c a

THE STONE CUTTERS

day. According to the average of prices of articles of consumption in China a dollar is equivalent to $3.50 per day here. Work begins at sun rise and ends at sunset, with an hour for refreshment at noon. Nowhere is work-handling all with the hands. Nowhere is it more finely finished. Nowhere is the

A VIEW OF THE CITY OF CHUNG KING FU, IMPORTANT COTTON CENTER AND A BOXER STRONGHOLD.

# Russians Saved Women and Children.

We occasionally hear adverse reports of the conduct of the Russian soldier in the field. As a matter of fact, such reports generally emanate from untruthful sources. The fact is that were it not for the protective arm of the czar's soldiers in China by this time bloodshed would have attended many points. Some days before the capture of Tsing in a company of Russian soldiers carried the city. Of their heroic effort on behalf of the foreign ers Mr. Charles Denby, Jr., writer to the son of the ex-minister to China writes from Tientsin: "Enormous fires in the native city were started and the Boxers began their attack on the settlement. So we were all aroused at 1 o'clock, and every one who lived in the extra concession went either to friends on the Victoria road or into the town hall. As it happened, Mr. Von Hanneken had asked us to come to her in case of alarm, so we escaped to the town hall. There were perhaps 50 people who remained in their homes. All the

MISS TILLIE FAHR,
In Native Costume

rest were huddled together in Gordon hall for ten days.

"The Chinese troops were everywhere. Two days before the allarm 1,700 Russian troops arrived. They saved our lives. Had it not been for them all of us would have been slaughtered. On that Monday they fought 5,000 Chinese well-drilled troops for twelve hours. At one time they thought they could not hold them, but in the evening the Russians still maintained their position. How Ruslans fought and suffered! I cannot describe their courage. For three days they lay in the open, exposed to a terrible fire, without being able to fight back. The Chinese were behind trenches, so the Russians could not afford to waste ammunition.

"All these days we were waiting and waiting for reinforcement. We could not believe the admiral would not have the forts at Taku plunge us into war and then leave us with only a few hundred troops. Such, however, was the case. At one time we were on the brink of starvation. Rice was the only food we had left, and we were almost out of that. Then Jim Watts, the brave Englishman, who was in charge of all the defenses, came to us and said: 'Ladies, I have just received a message from the admiral. He says he will send us provisions if we can get them through the lines.' Jim Watts, who was always a great favorite, got a loud cheer for his answer. Then Jim Watts