

CHINATOWN'S PHYSICIAN.

Patients Pay Him \$1 for Bits of Burnt Paper and \$100 Per Pound for Worthless Root.

One of the queerest shops in Chinatown is that of a Chinese doctor, who wears large diamond rings and prescribes sharks' fins, birds' nests and snakes' tongues for his patients. For prescriptions for indigestion it is his custom to charge his patient \$1.

When that sum has been paid he writes Chinese characters on a long strip of paper. This he burns, uttering incantations. The ashes he permits to fall into a glass of water which is given to the patient to drink. This cure is said to work every time but a New York physician who has examined it says it consists of nothing more nor less than the administration of charcoal, long known to practitioners as a cure for dyspepsia.

A much more expensive prescription which this New York Chinese doctor puts up for his patients is ginseng. There are some species of this peculiar plant for which the Chinatown doctor charges as much as \$100 per pound.

Ginseng is supposed to infuse new life into him who takes it. To the devout Chinaman ginseng represents the fountain of youth, and for a small part of its precious wood he will often spend his last cent.

There are only three countries in the world where ginseng is found—China, Korea and the United States. Hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of ginseng are annually exported from this country to China, where it is in great demand by the native doctors, although European and American chemists who have examined it have failed to find that it possesses any curative or medicinal properties.

At this season of the year farmers and mountaineers of Tennessee, North Carolina and West Virginia are scouring the hills for ginseng plants. The plant is to be found growing in a wild state all through the Appalachian range and some of it is found as far north as New Jersey.

The woodmen sell the roots at the nearest country store, from whence it is shipped to New York and then to China, but of late years the plant has been so thoroughly gathered from the hillsides that it is likely to become extinct in this country. Attempts to cultivate ginseng in the South have failed, but it is thought it could be grown here in quantities under the proper conditions.

Our export of ginseng to China amounts to 250,000 pounds per year, and it is sold all the way from 50 cents to \$10 per pound.

In China the best ginseng comes from Manchuria and sells for \$100 per pound. This is called the "Imperial" brand. The second grade is collected in Korea, while the ginseng used by the poorer classes comes from the United States.

The Chinatown doctor sells ginseng to his patients at \$20 to \$100 per pound. He insists on wrapping it up in red paper bearing Chinese characters. An American doctor who tasted some of it the other day said it had the flavor of orris root, and that its virtues, for which the Chinese pay so highly, are purely imaginary.

WANTS TO BE AN ACTOR.

Because He Thinks It Would Be Easier Work for Him Than Bricklaying.

People have curious ideas of what constitute the essential qualifications of an actor. Here is a letter received by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, the English actor:

"Venerated Sir—I wish to go on the stage,

A SCOTCH BAGPIPER TO AMUSE A SULTAN.



THE HIGHLAND PIPER WHO PLAYS FOR THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO.

His Majesty the Sultan of Morocco is passionately devoted to the music of the bagpipes and has engaged a renowned master of that instrument to play for him.

Robert Mortimer, of Aberdeen, formerly a piper in a Highland regiment, is the man who has been honored by the Sultan. He is to receive a salary of \$1,000 a year, and a very large one for Morocco, and a

liberal allowance of expenses, enabling him to buy all the bagpipes and all the costumes he desires. He is supported in good style by the Sultan and is no doubt able to enjoy most of the luxuries of a Mohammedan court absolutely untainted by European civilization.

His Majesty, who is watched with keen interest by many representatives of foreign powers, is reported to be delighted by his new Court musician. He lounges on his divan, smoking his hookah, and drinks in the wild Caledonian melody. He would rather listen to it than watch his coochee-coochee dancers. He has the piper play at reviews of the army to instill courage into them and cultivate their musical taste.

and I would like to join your valuable staff. I have been a bricklayer for five years, but having failed in this branch I have decided to take on acting, it being easier work. I am not young, but am six foot tall without any boots. I have studied Bell's system of elocution and am fond of late hours.—E. S.

ALPHONSO XIII, ON HORSEBACK

The Little King Photographed by His Aunt on His Favorite Pony.

The boy King of Spain, Alfonso XIII, is the nominal ruler of a country with which we are having a good many unpleasantnesses. Personally he seems to be an interesting little chap and to have a good deal of spirit.

The latest photograph of the King shows him mounted on his favorite pony. It was taken by his aunt, the Archduchess Isabel, in the court yard of the palace at Madrid. This is the first photograph of him taken on horseback. He has a good seat, and is altogether an attractive figure on his pony.

The hopes of constitutional government in Spain are centered on this frail boy. It is hoped that as he grows up the nation will grow more and more strongly attached to him. The Carlists are so strong that any mistake of the supporters of the present monarchy is likely to result in the return of the pig-headed Bourbons.

The little King's father was a human wreck, and for some time it seemed as if his posthumous son would not live. Now he has developed into a bright, healthy lad of nearly eleven—he was born on May 17, 1888—thoughtful beyond his years, and well alive to the dignity and responsibilities of his position. His mother's devoted training has been thoroughly successful, and though the King has his own military governor and household, the Queen Regent's influence is still paramount.

At first there was some danger that the child was a little overeducated for his strength, so studies were replaced by outdoor exercise and sports, with the result that the young King has almost outgrown his delicacy. The summer being spent at San Sebastian, he has plenty of sea air, and greatly enjoys trips to the various Spanish war vessels along the coast. He learned riding very early, taking daily lessons in the palace stables at Madrid, where his favorite mount is a handsome pony bred from the royal stud at Aranjuez. But the King's strongest bent is to military matters, and as a wee fellow of four just getting over a dangerous illness he would insist on standing at the window to see the palace guard changed, and saluted with the utmost gravity.

When, therefore, he went later to San Sebastian, a child regiment was organized for his amusement. It proved the greatest delight to the young monarch, who inspected his seven hundred boy soldiers with much zeal, and duly shared their drills. On his tenth birthday Alfonso was allowed to don his first uniform—that of a pupil in the infantry training school—and his governor, General Sanchez, is very careful that he should become a well-practiced soldier. The young King is a very satisfactory pupil. Besides the ordinary studies, he can speak French, English, German and Italian, and is a fair Latin and Greek scholar. In appearance he is more of a Hapsburg, like his mother, than a Bourbon. Tall and slim, he is decidedly fair, with curly hair, rather prominent forehead, and a serious expression.

THE LEAD WORKER.

An Industry Which Eventually Makes a Man Look Worse Than a Corpse.

It is said that lead working disfigures the human body more than any other kind of work.

In this industry it is inevitable that, sooner or later, the workers must succumb to lead-poisoning, and there would appear to be no part of the body that the poisonous fumes and floating particles which permeate the atmosphere of the workshops do not affect. The complexion takes on a ghastly, corpse-like pallor, the gums turn blue, the teeth decay rapidly and fall out, the eyelids are hideously inflamed. A scratch or an abrasion of the skin becomes an unhealable sore.

Later on, when nerves and muscles become affected by the poison in the blood, the eyeballs are drawn into oblique positions, and take on a dim and bleared appearance. The joints, especially the knee and the wrist, become semi-paralyzed, and the whole form is gradually bent and contorted.

TO CURB THE USE OF BRAINS.

Should the Law Treat Intellectual and Physical Force Alike?

As the law has restrained the use of physical force, could it not with equal justice and advantage restrain that of intellectual force?

This is a question which is put to the community in an original and rather surprising article by Henry G. Chapman in the Bachelor of Arts. It is happily entitled "The Curbing of Astuteness."

The writer wants to know why the excessive use of brains should not be checked. If a pugilist goes out and knocks down a flabby citizen, the united physical strength of the community represented by the police is exerted to put him in jail. But a man can go into the battle of civilized life and crush a man who is ten times his mental inferior and no effort is made by the public to save the weaker.

Would it not be as logical to interfere with the process of the survival of the fittest in one case as in the other? It is considered a great advance in civilization that life ceases to be a physical conflict, but from the same point of view it may be considered a further advance when it ceases to be an intellectual conflict.

We now fight under a system of rules we call the law. These rules are precisely analogous to the rules of the ring. Certain blows are barred and called fouls. For the most part such barred blows come under the head of frauds.

The whole proceeding, however, is just as much a fight as it ever was, and our virtues are qualities which win in a fight. If we look at these virtues closely, we shall see, however, that we are wrong in saying that success is the reward of all of them in an equal measure. Industry, energy and intelligence do not alone suffice to insure their possessor any very great amount of worldly victory. Many men have all these qualities, and get only a very little way above a hand-to-mouth existence. These qualities, it is true, are necessary to the accomplishment of anything, but they may exist without accomplishing very much.

The qualities that produce transcendent results are different. They are great intellectual capacity wholly wrapped up in financial interest, and coupled, as a rule, with a certain brutality, which is capable of shutting out of any transaction everything except its bearing upon the interests of the actor himself.

Now, the fundamental and often undefined grievance of the hard-working man, who makes little or no headway in the world, is that there is no necessity of permitting any one to exercise such powers and qualities of mind among his fellows any more than there is need of allowing a prize fighter to bully smaller men, who are every bit as good as he, if not better.

There is nothing intrinsically absurd, thinks Mr. Chapman, in the proposal to restrain the exercise of certain intellectual traits, even though they be such as we now think honest. We know, as a matter of fact, that it took many hundreds of years to get physical strength and skill under any sort of control. Nor until duelling was abolished was it quite wiped out. During all but the latter part of this period the fighter despoiled the merchant, and even the man of letters, and he would have regarded the suppression of himself as an absurdity. Nevertheless there would have been nothing absurd about the notion, for he was suppressed.

So, too, to-day the astute and clever individual who, under our system of free contract can twist his fellowmen to his own uses, and by taking advantage of their necessities can turn their industry to his own account, considers it ridiculous to imagine that he is not quite within his rights, and that he is likely to be interfered with. But, far from being absurd it seems most probable that it is through interference with him that a good part of our future betterment will come.

It must be admitted that he has on his side the argument that competition in civilized society represents what in nature is the struggle for existence, and that if we do away with it we do away with an element which the world relies, in a great measure, for its advancement.

The answer to this argument is twofold. In the first place, nobody is expected to make himself uncomfortable for the sake of the amelioration of the race in future generations; or if some race lovers recommend such behavior, nobody follows their advice.

In the second place, the proposition is not to abolish competition, but to make a further reduction in the weapons with which it may be carried on; and this is a proposal so entirely in line with what has taken place in the past as to raise a strong presumption in favor of its being a step in the right direction. For, on looking back over the history of civilization, it would seem that, while competition has never been wholly banished with any success, yet the powers with which competition may be carried on have been continuously restricted.

In the beginning there was no restriction at all. Whatever natural powers a man possessed, those he might use against his fellows in making his way. As the conditions of life changed he was still allowed to compete; but one by one his weapons were taken away from him. First his powerful right arm was put on a par with the weaker one of his less-muscular neighbor; then his ability to work on his neighbor's imagination, to scare him into submission by a profession of supernatural powers; then his ability to trick and cheat him by human devices were curtailed.

Theoretically we are past this stage, but practically we are in it still. As we get through it we see another weapon, still in good standing, which looks as if it would some day be confiscated, namely, the power of superior astuteness and intelligence of a particular kind to outdo or outstrip men, otherwise equally good, in the race for more favorable existence.

PERFECT BEAUTY.

DR. CAMPBELL'S SABLE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAIFERS and FOTILO'S ARSENIC SOAP are the most wonderful preparations in the world for the complexion. They remove pimples, freckles, blackheads, blemishes, sallowness, tan, redness, oiliness, and all other facial and bodily blemishes. Dr. Campbell's Waifars and Fotilo's Arsenic Soap brighten and beautify the complexion as no other remedies on earth can. Waifars, per box, \$1; a large box, \$2. Soap, 50c. Address all orders to H. B. FOULD, 114 8th Ave., New York.

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Will present to every purchaser of her world-renowned FACE BLEACH a bar of her exquisite ALMOND OIL SOAP.

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What is the result of the wonderful cures accomplished by Mme. Ruppert? It is that to-day the newspapers are full of the advertisements of pretenders who claim by some incomprehensible way to have become specialists.

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FACE BLEACH sells at \$2.00 per bottle, or three bottles (sometimes required) for \$5.00, and will be sent to any address on receipt of price in plain wrapper. Free bar of Soap to all ordering by mail as well as office.

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Uric Acid Diseases, Rheumatism, Gout, Gouty Eczema, Etc.,

are caused by an excess of uric acid in the blood. Uric acid arises from a failure of the digestive and excretory organs to do their full duty, either from rich or high living or from other causes, until the acid makes its presence known in the form of Gout, Rheumatism, Gouty Eczema and similar troubles. Mineral springs are the most popular remedies prescribed for these ailments—especially those springs upon the continent of Europe. But a visit to the springs is costly and lasts only a short season. The waters are bitter and nauseous, and must be drunk in large quantities to accomplish the proper amount of good.

Kutnow's Improved Effervescent Powder

contains all the essential ingredients of these same mineral springs. The powder is dissolved in a glass of water to make a pleasant drink, which may be taken regularly and in exact doses. It is pleasant to take, mildly laxative, thoroughly cleansing, greatly stimulating. One dose of KUTNOW'S POWDER contains more salts than several bottles of mineral water.

KUTNOW'S POWDER cures Rheumatism by going to the seat of the trouble, dissolving the uric acid in the blood, stimulating the bowels and leading all organs back to their work in a natural and healthful manner. It has a beneficial effect upon the Liver and Kidneys. It will cure Gout, if taken in connection with a physician's regulations for dieting.

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What a Journal "Want" Will Do!

140 Nassau St.,
Brooklyn, March 27, 1897.
Publisher New York Journal.

Dear Sir:
I tried an ad. in your paper yesterday and to-day, and I wish to say that the same ad. appeared in the New York World three times and I never had a single answer. From my advertisement in your paper I have had 8 to 10 calls in two days, and I am very glad to say that I have rented my rooms. I shall advertise in the Journal hereafter.

Very truly yours,
A. MARTINDALE.

(Signed)



The Future King of Spain's First Experience on Horseback.