

the barbers shaved their customers' heads just the same as our barbers shave our faces. When their heads were shaved, the barbers washed them in a very nice smelling ointment and fixed up the wigs just as our barbers comb our hair. Just as soon as a customer comes into the shop, he sits down and very solemnly pulls off his shoes, lets his head fall over on his breast, and never says a word through the whole performance. Being shaved is considered a very sacred performance by the Chinese. I almost laughed several times when I looked up and saw the grave look on Mr. Adams' face.

From the barber shop we went out into the residence portion of the place. The houses were all very low and pretty, and from all appearances I think that at least five or six families lived in each one. Some of the higher class of Chinese women looked pretty in their dainty dresses consisting of a very fine quality of the gaudiest silk that can be made. Nearly all of the children that I noticed, wore tanned leather shoes instead of wooden ones. The old men and women are the ugliest human beings in the world. The insides of most of the houses are very neatly furnished, and some of the people still retain the old habit of sleeping on the floor.

It now being about dinner time, we drifted back to the business portion of the town and ate dinner. Mr. Adams could speak the Chinese language and he ordered the dinner. During the progress of the meal I saw men eat rats. These are considered quite a luxury. There is not much work done