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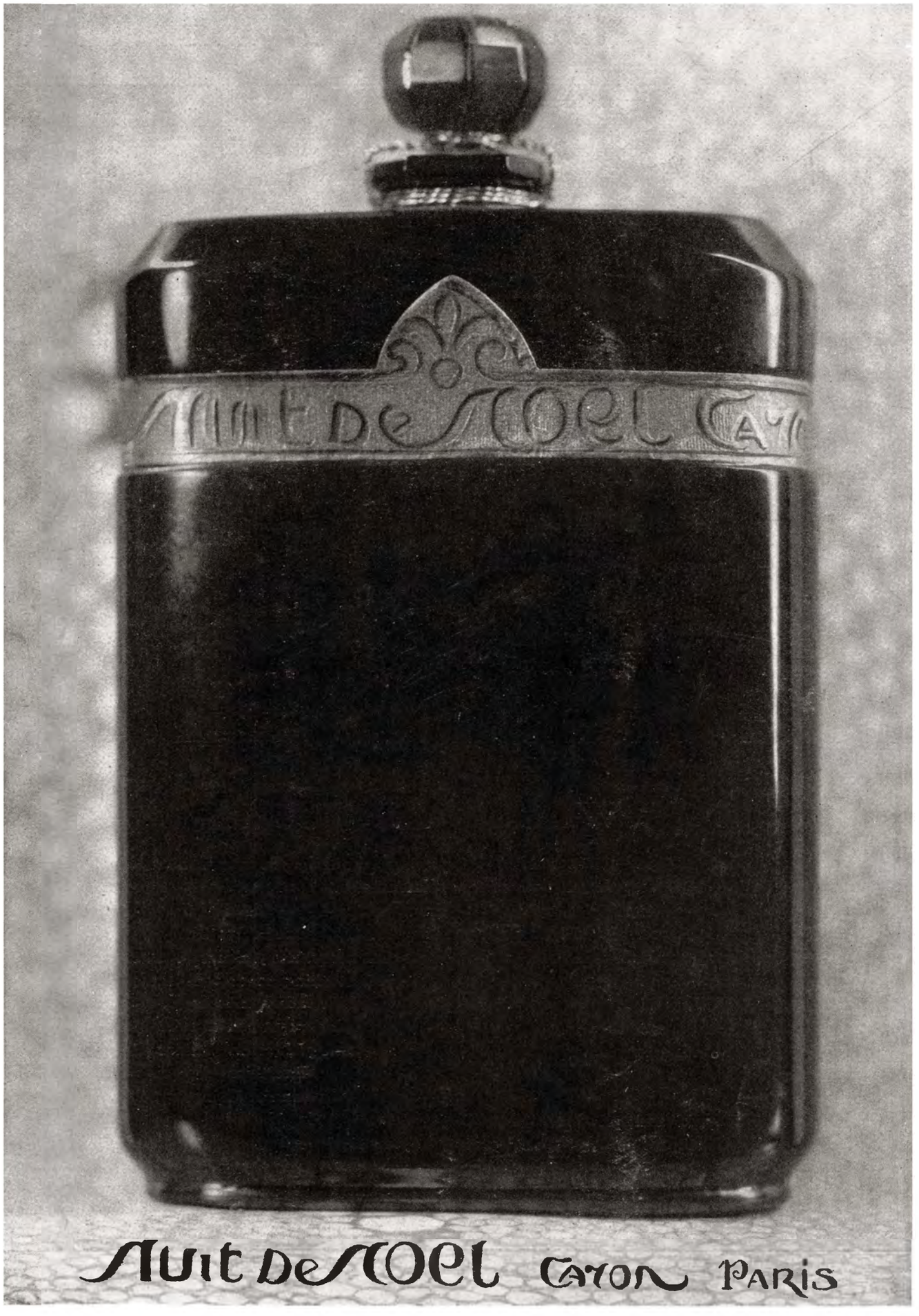

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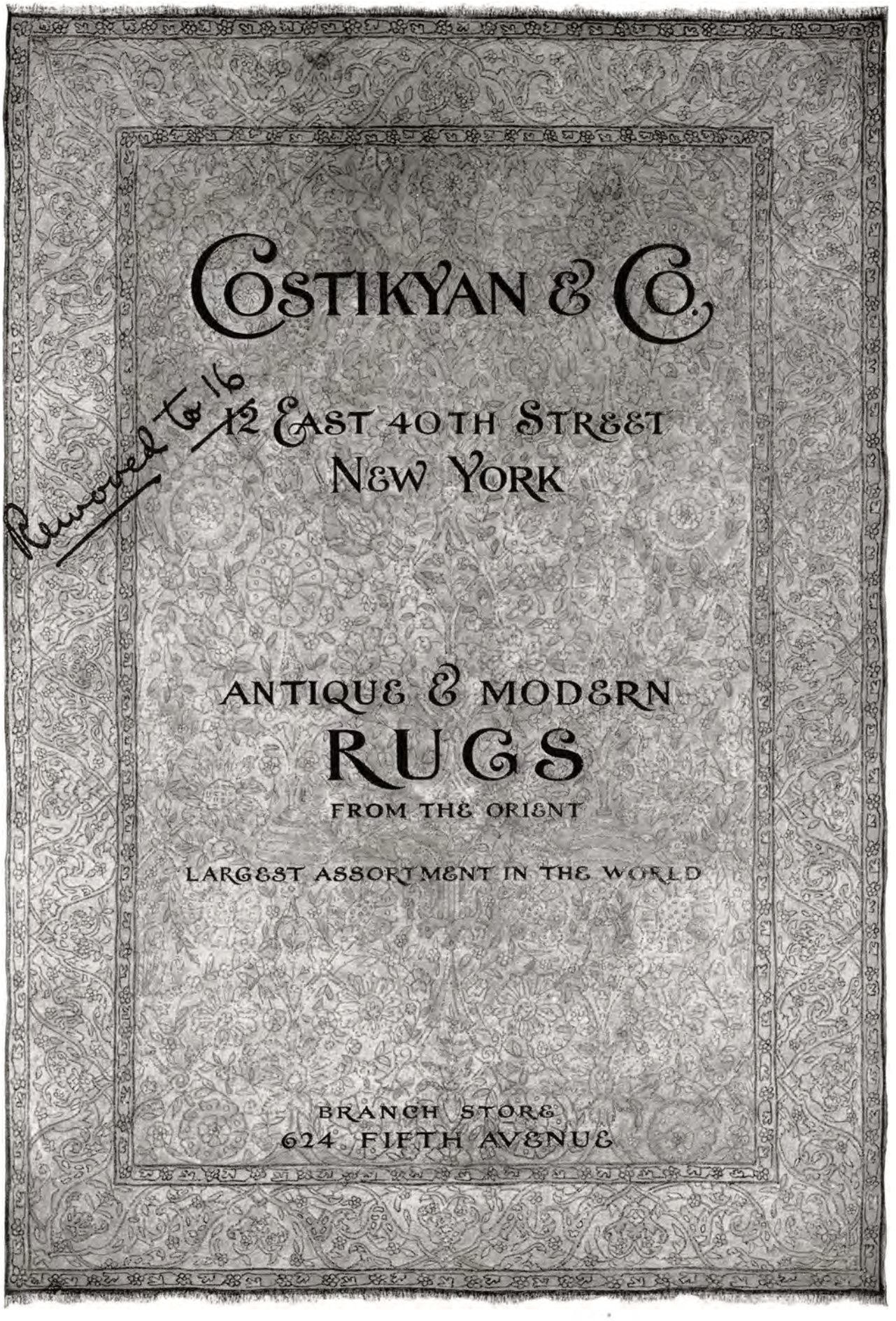
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The Grim Mr. Haley Sat Amazed

—as Stevens casually broke into French

"HERE, Stevens, this call is for you," Mr. Haley said.

"For me?" Young Stevens was visibly surprised — and embarrassed.

"Yes, for *you*," Mr. Haley answered rather curtly.

In a flash Stevens remembered. He had been expecting a call that morning, and now it had come to the last place on earth he wanted it — in Mr. Haley's office. It was the first time, too, that he had been called into the President's office. He took the receiver and spoke.

"Hello, René, how are you?" Then, to the complete amazement of his employer, Ralph started to speak in French! "*Très bien — Je vous rencontrerai à l'entrée de la bibliothèque à cinq heures et demie. . . . Pouvez-vous bien trouver le chemin? . . . C'est bien . . . N'oubliez pas . . . Au revoir.*"

When Ralph put down the telephone Mr. Haley was gazing at him curiously. Ralph felt an explanation was necessary.

"I'm sorry the call came here," he apologized. "A friend of mine telephoned to make an appointment. He hasn't been in this country long and he doesn't speak much English."

"I see. You're not French yourself, are you?"

"No, indeed, Mr. Haley," Ralph smiled. "But I have always wanted to speak French, so a short while ago I began spending a little of my spare time in picking up the language."

Mr. Haley was impressed. Here was an unusual chap, he thought. He was *accomplished.*

For a few moments they chatted together about French. Haley mentioned a trip he had recently made to Paris.

"A buyer whom I met in France is coming to see me tomorrow evening," he said. "Do you think you could come to my home and help me entertain him? I know even less French than he does English."

"I'll be delighted," said Ralph.

The following evening Ralph helped entertain M. Francois Glenneau, Mr. Haley's French client. Glenneau took an instant liking to young Stevens, largely, perhaps, because of his knowledge of French. The conversation was animated and continuous — Ralph responding to the Frenchman's keen wit and sprightly observations with complete confidence. While Haley listened, understanding little, but edging in a cautious word now and then, Stevens and Glenneau discussed business and other subjects dear to the Frenchman's heart.

Haley was delighted. "Imagine," he told the Vice-President of his company next day — "Imagine what a 'find' for us that boy Stevens is. He doesn't know it yet — but he sails in two weeks for Paris to close a deal with the Marchand people. Stevens is going far with us — you can bet your life on that."

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VOLUME XXVII

ASIA

NUMBER 11

FOUNDED BY WILLARD STRAIGHT

Contents and Contributors for November, 1927

THOMAS F. MILLARD has spent the better part of a lifetime in the Orient, as editor, newspaper correspondent and author. Mr. Millard returned to the United States this summer in time to lend his authority to the stimulating Round Table discussions on the China situation at the Williamstown, Massachusetts, Institute of Politics; and he is now at work on a new book. "Undermining Our Chinese Policy" is the second of three articles written for ASIA in exposition of the attitude of the powers with respect to China. The third, to be published in an early issue, will examine critically the policy of foreign intervention by force, for which propaganda is unceasingly carried on by certain American interests in China and by ultra-conservative British elements in London and the Far East.

JULIAN B. ARNOLD, out of his rich experience as a traveler in many odd corners of the earth, contributes to this issue spontaneous praise of the donkey, most maligned of animals. Mr. Arnold is the son of that distinguished Englishman, Sir Edwin Arnold, whose poetic retelling of the life of the Buddha, in *The Light of Asia*, has doubtless given thousands of English and American readers their first sympathetic insight into oriental ways of thought. Like his father, a skilful interpreter of alien civilizations, Mr. Arnold has achieved notable success on the lecture platform.

MAURICE HINDUS will be remembered as the author of "The Russian Peasant Reborn," in the April ASIA. Since his post-graduate student-days at Harvard, Mr. Hindus has made three journeys to the new Russia that is so amazingly different from the land of his boyhood memories. This summer, after spending some time in and about Moscow, he set out for China by way of Siberia.

Mr. Hindus has deliberately chosen the rôle of spectator. "I have certain sympathies, of course," he wrote from Berlin, en route to Moscow, "but I try to keep them to myself. What I aim to do in everything I write is neither to approve nor to disapprove but merely to portray and interpret. Ideas as such don't interest me much. It is their effect on human beings that intrigues me. I'd rather hear a *muzhik* tell me what he thinks of the Soviet marriage laws or of Henry Ford or of the hounding of the Nepman than listen to an Einstein or a Bergson or any other celebrated intellectual. It is common folk that I like, especially when they are undergoing a severe inner conflict, as nearly everybody in Russia is, in the process of readjustment to the new scheme of things."

HELEN E. FERNALD is assistant curator of Far Eastern art in the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia. Until very recently Miss Fernald was in charge of educational work at the museum, and in that capacity she gave many lectures on the Babylonian excavations which she discusses in such delightful fashion in this issue of ASIA. Miss Fernald is a woman of varied tastes and enthusiasms. In Mount Holyoke she majored both in zoölogy and in art and archeology, and, finding decision between the two fields difficult, she compromised for a time by taking a position as research assistant and technical artist in the Zoölogy Department of Columbia University. Meantime, however, she was studying oriental art; and, when the opportunity presented itself to go to Bryn Mawr as instructor in art history, she was not slow in accepting. Although, since then, her field has become more and more specialized—"not of choice but of necessity," as she phrases it—she retains a lively interest in all manner of things.

LÉON VAN DIJK, who sent us the photographs for the pictorial "Mongolian Catholic Mission Protégées," is a Catholic priest, stationed at Ningsia, in Kansu Province, not far from the Great Wall that marks the boundary between China and Inner Mongolia. "I came to China in 1902, and I shall stay as long as I live," he writes in French, in response to the request for a brief note about himself, and he adds modestly, "My life is very simple."

ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON, distinguished geographer, has been a member of the faculty of Yale University since 1907. The dozen or more volumes to his credit on library shelves are the outcome of field investigations in the Near and Far East, as well as in the West, extending over a period of many years. "One of the most interesting phases of my work from my own point of view," he writes, "has been the way in which I have gradually passed from the more direct effects of physical environment to the indirect effects, especially through the selective action of occupations, and to the manner in which the environment selects certain types of institutions for preservation. I regard this aspect of the matter as my most important contribution to science aside from my study of changes of climate and the effect of climate upon health and energy."

WYMAN S. SMITH, who in "The Rainbow-Lined Kimono" pays homage to Japanese womanhood, is associated with the Davidson Theater, of Milwaukee. Mr. Smith has had unusual opportunities to study at first hand the problems that confront the new woman of Japan; for two years ago he accompanied Dean H. L. Russell, of the University of Wisconsin, special representative of the International Education Board of New York, on an intensive survey of conditions in the Orient. For some time after his graduation from the University of Wisconsin, Mr. Smith worked on various newspapers throughout the country, his zest for travel taking him, during these years, into every state west of the Mississippi and several of the eastern states. He has contributed occasional articles to a number of American magazines.

GERTRUDE EMERSON is associate editor of ASIA.

VINCENT SHEEAN, starting from Hankow, arrived in Peking late in July and took up his abode for a brief period in the Western Hills.

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H O N O R S

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ALONG THE TRAIL WITH THE EDITOR

THE editors have asked Maurice Hindus, whose stimulating article on atheistical propaganda in Russia is published this month, to contribute to the December issue a discussion of the effect of the Revolution upon the Jews of Russia. The result is a paper that cannot fail to be of extraordinary interest to both Jews and non-Jews. Mr. Hindus has, at this writing, almost completed a new journey across Russia and Siberia into China for studies of the peasants of these lands. From his hotel in Harbin, which seemed just then very luxurious, he wrote to ASIA:

*

"BY comparison with Russia this is paradise. You expect anything, traveling about as I did in Russia, stopping off anywhere, eating anything, sleeping in a haystack or else on a hard floor in a peasant house with a half-dozen or more persons scattered all about you and with not a window open. During the week that I spent among the eastern Buryats I did not once undress. I thought it safer to sleep in my clothes than to use their bedding. I stopped in little towns in Siberia where at hotels they never expected visitors who would want rooms all to themselves, and made no preparations to receive them. Three, four, five and even ten men—yes, and women—share the same room, and they sleep not in beds but on benches, on the floor, on the table. And as for flies—if the Soviets could mobilize their Siberian flies and hurl them against all their foes, the latter would be on their knees crying for mercy in less than twenty-four hours. I never knew that flies could be so tricky and so greedy until I struck Siberia.

"But do not for one moment imagine that I do not like Siberia. I more than like it. It is in many ways the most fascinating part of Russia. It is Russia's America. There is so much here, especially the adventurous spirit of the people, that reminds one of America."

*

"CRUISING through the Stone Age," to appear in the December ASIA, is the story of the pearling-lugger *Mecca*, "P. H.," who was its skipper and diver, and Lionel P. B. Armit, the teller of the tale. The "Stone Age" is not prehistoric. It is present in the people and the life of New Guinea. Mr. Armit is an official in the department of native affairs in New Guinea under the Australian government, with headquarters at Port Moresby. He is thus in the habit of adventuring among those primitive people who step from the jungles along the New Guinea coast into positions as typists, motor mechanics and bookkeepers in Port Moresby's frontier but twentieth-century atmosphere. Mr. Armit writes fiction for American magazines and is perhaps best known for his "Jungle Hate." "Cruising through the Stone Age," however, is a personal experience.

*

CHINESE actresses have a strange reserve. "They seem to shrink from giving away their pictures," writes George Kin Leung, who will contribute to the December ASIA an article about women on the Chinese stage. "After much trouble I ordered two pictures from a shop that finally gave me one only, saying that the negative of the other had been lost. The renowned actress, Chin Hsueh-fang, now in Shanghai, however, has promised me one or two photographs of herself." The publicity dodge of refusing a picture in order to get it published may have penetrated to Shanghai, but our authority on Chinese actresses—who, in the end, has secured charming illustrations for his article—seems to discern shyness as a genuine motive.

George Kin Leung, an American-born Chinese, now in China, is shown about the Hangchow "Monastery of Secluded Light," above Lin Ying, by a monk

Perhaps this shrinking from the public gaze in print is natural because of the very recent restoration of actresses to public favor in China. Approximately two centuries ago, the Emperor Ch'ien Lung banished women from the stage. Since then, until the founding of the Republic in 1911, men exclusively have taken female parts. Mr. Leung's story of the vogue of actresses therefore is new and, incidentally, well worth reading.

A number of women have suddenly risen to public favor on the ladders of beauty, talent or scandal. They have had to be sensitively alert to masculine jealousy—not that of the stage-door "johnnie" but of the men who as female impersonators have long been in the limelight. The spell of womankind, however, has been irresistible. And so one actress from a cultured family has risen to national prominence by virtue of personal charm. Another has won a yearly income equal to that of the president of China and with it the title, "president of the Chrysanthemum Kingdom." Still another, with a record of ten adventures in matrimony on her tally, has come into a national reputation.

Mr. Leung was born in the United States and was educated here until the age of twenty. In China, he is in the unique position of being able to enjoy the thousand and one new experiences of Chinese life with the insight due to his racial inheritance but the point of view gained from his American training.

*

PIERRE CRABITÈS, American member of the Cairo Mixed Tribunals, has been looking into the influence of the Egyptian press and, in the December ASIA, will report his findings. As a result of sixteen years' residence in Cairo he numbers among his acquaintances a number of men of varied race, education and political belief, who have afforded him the opportunity to assess the influence of journalism in Egypt. At the present time, the daily and periodical press is a sounding-board for party political purposes rather than a constructive agency. Several leading newspapers, however, are self-sustaining financially. It is perhaps significant that the proprietors of the foremost three in this category are Christian Syrians. Most of the newspapers are political organs controlled and edited by Moslems. "A little capital, an editorial writer and a grievance" are sufficient excuse for the overnight founding of a paper. Judge Crabitès writes hopefully of present beginnings in journalism but holds that not until national illiteracy has been reduced by widespread education can the Egyptian press become a stable institution.

*

J. C. DE WET will tell in the December ASIA how he tried to turn an island that lies across the mouth of the Godavari River, in South India, into a government experimental agricultural station. When Mr. De Wet arrived on the island, he found the place a refuge and breeding-ground for reptiles, its only inhabitants. "It had been deserted for more than two hundred years," he writes, "the natives on the mainland believing it to be cursed by the fantom cobra." The cobras Mr. De Wet encountered as he attempted to bring the place into production were, however, far from fantom. How the motor tractors and power implements cut the snakes down at the rate of forty per tractor per day, how and why the reptilian horde defied by its numbers even this slaughter, are anomalies in agricultural pioneering.

*

A NUMBER of letters followed the publication in the September ASIA of the Venerable Anagarika Dharmapala's article "On the Eightfold Path," among them an interesting comment from the writer himself. Though this respected leader among Sinhalese Buddhists holds that "scientific materialism is destroying the spirit of renunciation, without which life is brutalized," he evidently believes it possible to apply western science and invention to the raising of the standard of living in the East without destroying religious faith.

P. & A. Photos

"Neo-militarists"—so Vincent Sheean calls Chinese generals sufficiently aware of the value of public opinion to maintain a pose of modernity, of patriotism, while reviving the vices of the feudal war-lord. Of the neo-militarists, those who have enjoyed the most flattering attention from America are the two pictured here: Chiang Kai-shek (right) and Feng Yu-hsiang

Volume XXVII ASIA November, 1927

UNDERMINING OUR CHINESE POLICY

American Officials in China and the Department of State at Cross-Purposes

By Thomas F. Millard

At times the established policy of the American government toward China has been in danger of relegation. The Hay Doctrine, advanced in 1899, gave it new life and probably prevented a partition of China among European powers. It was rescued again when the Senate of the United States repudiated the Versailles Treaty. It weathered very lately, by a narrower margin than is generally understood in America, another crisis. It almost surely will encounter in the near future still another and probably even more critical period.

The latest international crisis concerning China differed from previous ones in that some diplomatic agents of our government in China apparently wanted to subvert, and did divert, the American policy. They obstructed the line of action which the Department of State desired to follow. American business organizations in China also took that position. Furthermore (as is more consequential) the Chinese know of that attitude and those efforts.

It is assumed that diplomats are sent abroad to further dual purposes: to promote good feeling between their own nation and the people of the nation where they are accredited, and to promote specific policies of their government.

Those purposes do not always coincide. A policy which a diplomat is instructed to promote may be, and often is, ulterior, invidious, even hostile to the country where he functions. Policy always, with governments, is the major consideration of their diplomacy, although good-will is emphasized more. It is plain that international good-will, in a conventional diplomatic sense, is merely a medium through which policies may be advanced. Diplomats sent to a country to promote or to camouflage hostile policies are found out eventually. When their machinations are discovered, their "usefulness" in that particular country is thought to be ended, at least for the time being. I use the term "usefulness" as meaning usefulness to a diplomat's own government. It hardly will be assumed that any government maintains an organization to assist other governments.

If usefulness of diplomats in any foreign country is impaired there after an invidious or hostile motive on their part is disclosed, what can be said concerning diplomats who have been sent to further a sincerely friendly policy toward a country and who, by their acts and demeanor and conscious effort, operate to inhibit and defeat their own government's policy?

Operation of American policy over a long period had created among Chinese a good-will for America that is almost unique. In recent years American diplomats sent to China were not confronted with a task of creating good-will there toward our nation. They needed only to hold what already existed. On the issue of policy they were similarly favored. They had only to keep in line with motives and objectives of the established Chinese policy of our government. It has no ulterior, invidious or hostile designs. It is cogently expressed by the phrase of John Hay: "to preserve the territorial integrity and political autonomy of the Chinese Empire." Since the monarchy was overthrown, it has been thought necessary at times to support that basic principle by efforts to prevent outside interference with the Revolution. Obviously, interference by the United States singly or in cooperation with other powers stultifies the American doctrine.

One understands that policies are mutable. The Hay Doctrine is not sacrosanct. It may become expedient or advantageous or compulsory to modify or abandon it. But a long succession of American ministers and other officials in China apparently believed in the doctrine and have defended it continuously against open and surreptitious attacks. If, because of new developments and changed conditions, the policy of the United States toward China ought to be altered, no doubt it is the duty of American officials in China to put that aspect of the situation, and their own opinions, before their government. Such representations usually are private. When it becomes known that a diplomat holds opinions considered inimical to the country where he is stationed and

International Newsreel

With the northward progress of the Cantonese armies last spring, foreign troops were rushed to Tientsin and Peking, the American Legation advised American nationals in the latter city to leave and there was even serious talk of moving the legation. To forestall trouble, these United States marines closed the gates to Legation Street

that he has urged his government accordingly, it makes his position there difficult and usually untenable.

Events and occasions which in the past two years have put American officialdom in China—I include not all officials of our government, but the legation and some consulates—and American business organizations there in dissent from the policy of the American government, will demonstrate the situation.

The American Minister to China during that time, Mr. John V. A. MacMurray, had extensive previous experience with questions affecting that country. His departure from America to take his post was preceded by public statements which gave no intimation of any change in the policy of our government. On arriving in China Mr. MacMurray made similar utterances.

American policy toward China, or rather in China, has a difficulty to contend with in that its thesis and major tenet are contradictory of the treaty status that now constitutes most foreign relations with China. Americans in China share that status, and the American government at times participates in efforts to enforce treaty stipulations which its broad policy condemns.

In the time, extending more than a half-century, when Chinese felt no especial resentment of this treaty status, that anomalous position of the American government could be held without great embarrassment. Even after the new Chinese Nationalism evoked the demand for treaty revision, the American policy with some plausibility could take the position that, while the old treaties lasted, it claimed equal privileges for Americans in China, although deprecating the status as infringing China's political autonomy and sovereignty. The presumption was, and Chinese credited it until lately, that the American government would not move actively to sustain a *status quo* which it had declared to be unjust to China and obnoxious to the United States. That presumption was supported by a speech Mr. MacMurray made in America prior to his departure for China.

Some outstanding facts are pertinent. One is that Chinese political *intelligentsia*, regardless of their domestic grouping, are determined to change the treaties. In that they are supported by powerful feeling among the masses. Within the past two years Chinese leaders became impatient of the dilatory method of revision by negotiation with a dozen or more foreign governments, each with its own motives and interests, and they commenced a unilateral process of abolishing the treaties piecemeal. That forced the issue.

In those circumstances the American Legation at Peking seemed to forget or to lose sight of the fundamen-

tals of American policy, and turned to its comparative antithesis, the treaty stipulations, for guidance. The legation tried to go along with the remainder of the Diplomatic Corps. Other legations, however, were following policies that coincided with the letter and spirit of the treaties. At the outset of treaty disintegration it was evident that a degree of unity and coöperation among the legations was essential to effective resistance. (Russia had previously given up, and Germany and Austria had lost, the old treaty status.) "International coöperation," a slogan which camouflages so many private designs and objectives of governments, was the watchword. In its effort to coöperate with its colleagues of the Diplomatic Corps the American Legation at times joined in protests about minor treaty infractions, most of which had no effect except to irritate the Chinese. Perhaps the legation did not comprehend how its amenability to international cooperation as interpreted by the Diplomatic Corps at Peking was putting the legation at cross-purposes with the policy of the American government.

International Newsreel

John V. A. MacMurray, American minister to China, who is said to have differed with the Department of State on policy, has returned to Washington for conference

In China the foreign press has an influence out of proportion to its numbers and circulation. How that influence was exercised and felt during the period under discussion is indicated by the observations and comments of two Englishmen. In 1926 the Labor Party in England sent one of its members, Colonel L'Estrange Malone, M. P., to investigate conditions in China. In his report Colonel Malone wrote: "Probably the American press in China more accurately portrays the real sentiments of American democracy toward China than does official policy here. Mr. MacMurray, the American Minister, is helped by this press, just as Sir Ronald Macleay, British Minister, is hindered in his dealings with the Chinese by the bitter abuse of the British press in China. The American press is sympathetic and humane toward China, and thus creates the impression that American policy is benevolent; whilst the British press, by never missing an opportunity of being offensive to the Chinese, and by always adopting the most reactionary outlook, gives the worst possible impression of British policy. Actually neither the British nor the American press is official; but they have their great effect." In a public address at Shanghai, made toward the end of 1926, Mr. L. A. Lyall, who spent the greater part of his life in the Chinese Maritime Customs Administration, said: "I would like to make a practical suggestion, that the British press in China should be published in the Russian language, and then the Soviets will get the benefit of the ill-will it creates and not the English people."

The American press in China includes daily newspapers at Peking and Tientsin, a weekly paper at Shanghai and an incoming service of the United Press Associations that is distributed among foreign-language and Chinese newspapers. The United Press also sends an outgoing service throughout the world. There is reason to mention those publications.

The so-called "Boxer" Protocol signed in 1901 between a number of the powers and the Chinese Imperial Government causes more petty irritations, probably, than any other China treaty in existence. In compelling the Chinese to sign that Protocol the powers had both punitive and precautionary purposes: for punishment they exacted a large money indemnity, and for precaution they devised measures calculated to prevent a recurrence of the siege of the legations that happened in 1900. In 1900 the Legation Quarter was beleaguered for weeks, without the usual means of communication. The Protocol provided that the railway between Peking and Shanhaikwan and the Pei-ho (Pei River) from Tientsin to the sea, shall at all times be open for foreign navigation; and that telegraph communication between Peking and the world shall not be interrupted. To insure observance of those stipulations, certain of the powers were to keep legation guards at Peking and troops stationed at points along the railway.

The punitive provisions of the Protocol are almost liquidated. The indemnities were paid in part, remitted in part and in part wiped out by the World War. But the precautionary stipulations still exist, although China has tried to have them terminated. While the country was comparatively peaceful, the only reminder of those provisions of the Protocol was the presence of foreign troops. In later years, when civil wars have pivoted about the capital and Tientsin, the railway has had military importance to the contending Chinese armies and has been used by them.

The Protocol of 1901 should be construed in view of its original purposes and the reasons underlying its provisions. Its framers scarcely could have contemplated that, at times when the legations are in no danger except that incidental to being situated in a country disturbed by revolution, and when their own radio installations communicate with the outside world regardless

United Press Associations

Here, with C. T. Wang (center) and H. H. Kung (right), is Randall Gould, manager of the United Press Peking Bureau. For months Mr. Gould was debarred from the daily "conferences" at which news is announced by the American Legation—presumably because he gave publicity to embarrassing incidents, refused to submit despatches to the legation and was "unsympathetic"

of interruptions of wire telegraphs and mails, the Chinese governments would be denied free use of railways and waterways in China. That interpretation of the Protocol makes the railway from Peking to Shanhaikwan and the Pei-ho primarily serve a few hundreds of foreigners.

Several times in recent years the question of sustaining railway communication for foreigners between Peking and the sea has arisen. I was in Peking on two of those occasions. In neither instance was there any idea that the legations were in peril or that the foreign population was liable to suffer by deprivation: to keep trains running between the capital and Tientsin was merely a convenience. Since the opposing Chinese armies were facing each other between those cities, in positions generally at right angles to and across the railway, and both sides depended on the railway as their main line of base communication, its use was necessary to them; in fact, much of the fighting was for possession of the railway and its rolling-stock. On those occasions the custom was to run a daily "diplomatic train" between Peking and Tientsin, or in winter between Peking and Shanhaikwan, in charge of a foreign military guard and flying flags of the Protocol powers to indicate its character. This train carried mails, passengers, foreign military observers, press correspondents and photographers, spies and informers of both opposing armies, political agents, tourists and a modicum of supplies for use of foreigners in Peking. In no other country under those conditions would a train carrying such a personnel be permitted to shunt back and forth across the battle-front of opposing armies, penetrating well into the rear of both of them.

Had it been necessary, commanders of the Chinese armies would have granted safe conduct out of Peking for the legations and any foreigners who were compelled to leave. But the legations construed those provisions of the Protocol to mean that the railway must be kept running for their comfort and convenience. Finally, late in 1925, the Chinese militarists disregarded any such construction of the stipulations and the "diplomatic train," after a number of attempts to function, was discontinued. On that occasion the American Minister took the common-sense position that it was unnecessary and provocative to try to force the train through by using foreign troops. For that attitude Mr. MacMurray was severely criticized by those foreigners who regard every jot and tittle of the old treaties as inviolable and who consider that the least infraction of them will bring on a cataclysm. The "weak-kneed" policy of the American government was roundly berated. By some Mr. MacMurray was blamed for misadvising his government, and by others Washington was blamed for holding him back. The consensus among foreigners in Peking then was that the United States had kicked another prop from under the treaty status.

It may have been those criticisms, or it may have been a change of mind in the American Legation, that caused the legation, when much the same question arose a few months afterward, to take an opposite attitude and somehow to induce Washington also to switch. That occasion is called the "Taku incident."

Taku is a village where the Pei-ho enters the Gulf of Pechihli; formerly China had forts at the mouth of the river, but was required to demolish them after 1900. Early in 1926 the military faction headed by Chang Tso-lin made another effort to expel the Kuominchun—the armies commanded by Feng Yu-hsiang—from Tientsin and Peking. In the course of that effort naval and land forces coöperating with Chang Tso-lin tried to reach Tientsin by the river; and the general defending Tientsin sought, by placing some field artillery at Taku and by laying some mines, to repulse the attack. That move of course endangered navigation of the river and in effect almost closed the port of Tientsin for the time being. Under terms of the Protocol the Pei-ho shall be kept open for passage of foreign ships. Therefore the legations protested at those measures. Shots that were exchanged between Chinese naval vessels and the Chinese shore batteries endangered some foreign ships, which were trying to enter or leave the river. One Japanese ship was struck by a shell. The commander of the shore battery explained that he had fired at an enemy naval vessel that was trying to creep in behind the Japanese ship. It is pertinent that the Japanese were suspected of helping Chang Tso-lin. A number of similar incidents occurred. The foreign argument was that the Protocol must be respected in all circumstances. Chinese opposed to Chang Tso-lin contended that they could not permit enemy naval vessels and transports carrying enemy troops and munitions to pass up the river unmolested.

Harris & Ewing

J. B. Powell, editor of a too liberal journal, was asked to resign from the American Chamber of Commerce, in Shanghai

Some aspects of that situation are Gilbertian. The Peking government, then dominated by Feng Yu-hsiang, was the "recognized" government of China to which the foreign diplomats were accredited. Yet the diplomats insisted that armed forces hostile to the existing Peking government should not be opposed by measures which controvened questionable constructions of the old and mainly obsolete Protocol.

Consuls at Tientsin made the usual protests, and Chinese officers on the ground made promises of compliance, which, from the nature of the case, they were unable to fulfil. The Legation Quarter felt that a strong position must be taken in support of the letter of the Protocol; there was the usual argument about sending a joint note. Again it was doubtful whether the American government would sign a joint note sustaining the Protocol. Evidently urged to do so by the legation, it did join the Protocol powers in an ultimatum dated March 16, 1926, which required the Chinese military officers to remove mines and all obstructions and to cease all acts that interfered with safe navigation of the Pei-ho. What would have happened is problematical; but about then the attacking Chinese forces concluded that they could not force entrance to the river and moved off to land at another place.

The significance of that and previous incidents is the vacillation of our legation, and of the American government, between treaty enforcement and broad policy. It is no wonder that Chinese are puzzled regarding the motives of the American government and that those consecutive incidents, coupled with others of a similar character elsewhere in China, have aroused suspicion of where, in a pinch, the American government will stand in the coming crisis on the issue of whether the treaty status, as a whole or in part, will be maintained by military action of the powers.

Regarding the Taku and similar incidents the American press in China mainly supported the Chinese position, notwithstanding that Americans as well as other foreigners were incommoded by the disorderly conditions. That act displeased the American Legation. Some American editors and correspondents were told privately that their attitude was "embarrassing" to the legation and, so it was implied, also to the government. Even a non-partisan service like the United Press fell under the displeasure of the legation. When interest in the Taku incident was high and it was doubtful whether the United States would join in an ultimatum, the Peking Bureau of the United Press received for distribution to its subscribers in China a despatch from Washington to the effect that the American government was reluctant to act in the matter and that its influence was being exerted with the other powers to forestall an ultimatum. The manager of the United Press Peking Bureau, Mr. Randall Gould, as a courtesy, informed the legation of that despatch before sending it out, and, because of the urgency of the legation, he withheld it. For doing so, Mr. Gould was afterward reprimanded by his home office; for it seems that Washington was particularly desirous, at the moment, of having its attitude published in China. The legation, which held a contrary view to that of Washington and was trying to impress that view on the Washington government, did not want that news published then, probably feeling that publication would tend to hinder agreement of the legations on joint action and might stiffen resistance of the Chinese.

Although the feeble Chinese government at Peking had yielded, or rather had evaded the direct issue raised by the Taku incident, treaty disintegration went on apace. Hardly a month passed without a break somewhere. The Peking government was bombarded with diplomatic notes with no appreciable effect. Many of the episodes actually were beyond the effective authority or influence of Peking. (*Continued on page 952*)

Ellsworth Huntington

Here, in the famous Valley of Hinnom near Jerusalem, every Friday morning, donkeys are bought and sold. For unnumbered ages the long-suffering ass has borne Asia, northern Africa and a goodly portion of the western world upon its shoulders, and in most of the byways of men's activities it shames the encyclopedias which libel it obstinate and dull

Merl LaVoy

In the literature of Asian travel and in all descriptions of southern Europe we meet the donkey constantly, in waste and city. How sturdily this one trudges along into Vodena, in Macedonia, carrying wood for its peasant master! Proportionately to its size this soft-eyed, velvet-nosed, long-eared, quaintly befurred, equine-hoofed and leonine-tailed helper of man has no peer

IN PRAISE OF DONKEYS

By Julian B. Arnold

WHEN the world was young, man took into his corrals the wild ass, assuring it of protection; whereupon the ass foreswore the allurements of the wilderness and pledged its trust in man. Straightway man requited its confidence with derision, its meekness with abuse and its dignities with contempt and, fostering all manner of prejudices against it, permitted its name to become a reproach. A sorry indictment are the records. The Babylonians sewed up conquered kings in the skins of asses, the Egyptians symbolized an ignorant person by a hieroglyph of the head and ears of an ass, the Greeks had woefully rude phrases about asses dead and alive, the Romans held days ill-omened if they chanced to encounter an ass in the path. Demigods of mythology, lions of fable, anchorites of legend, were nowise loath to wear the pelts of asses; yet each and all would have been mightily offended had it been suggested that in any sense it was the robe that made them.

Nor might the advent of Christianity, with its larger tolerance, stem the tide of wrong against the long-suffering *asinus domesticus*. Forgetting the part played by an ass in the Entry into Jerusalem, which, as all the world knows, privileged the ass to wear the sign of the cross in the markings of its shoulder fur, the Church adopted the donkey as the symbol of the incredulous St. Thomas, its architects set asses' heads upon the gargoyles of their churches, its pedagogues shaped dunce-caps with the ears of asses, its mathematicians scornfully proclaimed the fifth proposition of Euclid the *pons asinorum*, its story-tellers introduced the ass into fiction as a jester and the multitude so debased it in their daily vocations that its coat acquired the habit of looking as if it had been brushed with whips. To low estate has the donkey fallen, and we are as swiftly moved to vexation as Dogberry if somebody likens us to one.

Rightly considered the donkey hath had much wrong. Despite the white flower of a blameless life, the scales of justice have been weighted against it, and, though other animals have their friends at court, it alone, as the poor relation of the carriers, is turned adrift to find thistles in the moorland or to discuss its case with the geese on the common. Since it was beyond the pale, the grace of an angel was required to take sides with it in its altercation with Balaam, and only a confirmed sentimentalist like Sterne would, in the Byronic phrase, dare "to weep o'er a dead jackass." Yet our debt is great to this diminutive kinsman of the horse. For, though we picture Atlas upholding the earth, has not the ass for unnumbered ages borne Asia, northern Africa and a goodly portion of the western world upon its shoulders? Proportionately to its size, this soft-eyed, velvet-nosed, long-eared, quaintly befurred, equine-hoofed and leonine-tailed helper of man has no peer. Across the deserts of Arabia, where the witless camel submits to it as leader, in Egypt, where it bears plump tourists to the tombs of Pharaohs, in the bazars of India, where it trots unconcernedly before the howdahed elephant, in the defiles of the Rocky Mountains, where it carries the kit of the gold prospector, in the Mile-End Road, where it pulls 'Arry and his coster-barrow, and in most of the dusty byways of men's activities, it shames the encyclopedias which libel it dull and obstinate.

Familiarity may not explain our contempt for the ass, which in history has held prominent positions in many a pageant full of color and not infrequently has borne the hero or heroine of the tableau. The temple-walls of Egypt and Assyria portray numerous instances. And who shall doubt that in the dawn of Semitic tradition Abraham rode upon a donkey when he came forth from Ur of the Chaldees? The women would have been perked up in carpet-covered shelters on the backs of camels, the invalids and heavy goods would have found place in wagons, the warriors would have been mounted on horses or tramped afoot, but the Sheikh surely rode on a donkey, even as in these days. Note, too, that, when Abraham offers his son Isaac as a sacrifice, he not only takes his donkey with him but is solicitous for its care, as the text shows: "and Abraham arose early in the morning, and saddled his ass, and when he saw the place afar he said unto his young man, Abide ye here with the ass." Likewise in the list of his wealth, when he went down into Egypt, it is carefully stated that "he had he-asses and she-asses and men-servants and maid-servants and sheep and oxen and camels." Only the asses and the servants are tabulated by sexes (the asses taking priority); the sheep, oxen and camels also ran.

No less does the ass add picturesqueness to pages more modern. Who could visualize the story of the Flight into Egypt or of the Good Samaritan without finding place for the patient donkey? The *Arabian Nights* resounds to the pitapat of its hoofs; in the literature of Asian travel we meet it constantly in waste and city. In all descriptions of southern Europe it is an important figure in the scene. From Constantinople to Genoa it treads the cobbled streets, bearing the fruits of the earth from door to door, or climbs alleys of endless stairs with never a stumble but much music from the panniers of pottery and hardware slung across its back. The plays and novels of Spain are full of its mirth-creating personality. Don Quixote would forfeit half his hold upon our memories if bereft of the companionship of his squire, Sancho Panza, mounted upon his sturdy ass; and, where those doughty wraiths of chivalry rode, there passed long afterward, sometimes afoot but more often seated on a donkey with both legs on the same side in true gipsy fashion, that strange figure of English letters, George Borrow.

In Africa conqueror and explorer alike have bestridden donkeys in their quests. Was not the fierce Okba, after bringing northern Africa under the sway of the caliphs and incidentally reproaching Allah for barring by the Atlantic his farther march to the west, dragged from his donkey and murdered near the Saharan oasis that today bears his name? And did not David Livingstone, in the swamps of Bangweulu, weakened by dysentery and fever beyond further endurance, bid his men lift him from his donkey and set him upon his knees to die in prayer? His rescuer in previous years, Sir Henry M. Stanley, also used donkeys in his explorations and, when he rested in Cairo after his first Congo expedition, was wont to ride the smallest ass that ever threaded the mazes of El Misr. In happy mood this animal owned the name of "Gladstone," but in moments of displeasure he became "Abu-Sheitan"—the father of sin. My own donkey at that time, being of bulkier build, supported the title of "Beaconsfield," but of this honor he was conscious only when within biting range of his nominal rival. The Egyptian donkey seems to be indifferent to the size of its rider, but the reverse does not apply. Stanley, being below medium height, was always quite comfortable on the back of one, whereas Sir Richard Burton, being a giant in stature, was compelled to view the world in front of him betwixt his knees, pressed upward by the short stirrup-straps.

My earliest intimacies with the inadequately respected ass should, perhaps, have engendered in me a prejudice against the whole genus too deep for later gratitudes, learnt in African and Asian wanderings, to shake. My first step upon this ladder of experience was abrupt and unarguable: to wit, being kicked into a bush by a donkey to which I had offered the floral decorations on a lady's hat. The teachings of centuries have constrained donkeys to belong to the school of realism. A little later, at a children's garden-party given by Napoleon III, when that ill-fated emperor was an exile at Chislehurst near London, I rode a donkey to the winning-post ahead of all the field, only to learn that in a donkey-race, where every rider is astride of somebody else's animal, it is the last in that wins the prize. This method makes for speed, but is it not strange that, even in our sports, we cannot "play the game" with donkeys?

A few years onward my father invited me, then still a lad, to take a tramp with him through the mountains of northern Wales. We duly provided ourselves with knapsacks and other impedimenta; and on the second day of our tramping through the valleys of Montgomeryshire fate led us, weary with the burdens upon our backs, to a hillside farm, where the Celtic owner entertained us, the whilst two donkeys, with the inquisitiveness of their race, investigated our baggage piled beside the open

Isaac O. Upham

Like millions of other Orientals, this Chinese peasant family of Nankow, Chihli Province, depends upon a donkey. And, though the prejudice of ages has weighted the scales of justice against it, the donkey, declares Julian B. Arnold, wears the white flower of a blameless life. Through years of wanderings Mr. Arnold learned gratitude to "the inadequately respected ass"

In Cairo the donkey carries a Mahommedan woman to market, as here, or perchance bears a plump European tourist to the tombs of Pharaohs

doorway of the porch. Their soft eyes seemed to pity what their long ears overheard of our hardships, and forthwith we proposed their purchase. For poets are not as other men and have scant regard for conventionalities. The bargain being completed, we packed our belongings upon the ridge-ways of our adopted companions and sallied forth again.

A stiff-necked world no longer acknowledged us; for by a man's friends shall you know him and we were gipsies now, outcasts and wanderers of the waste. In the true Romany manner we bestowed a flower and a name on each donkey, calling one Richard Owen Glendower (Dick for short) and the other James Harry Hotspur (abbreviated to Jack); and very frankly they munched the flowers and accepted the names so given. Their dispositions proved to be as wide apart as those of their namesakes. Dick was a materialist, and, being unsatisfied with the Biblical law that by (*Continued on page 944*)

Sometimes, if its owner is prosperous like this Korean farmer, the donkey is handsomely saddled. In olden days its trappings were often gorgeous

IS RUSSIA TO BE GODLESS?

The Effect of Anti-Religious Propaganda on the Peasant's Innate Paganism

By Maurice Hindus

ONCE long past midnight I was wandering about the streets of Moscow. I sauntered up the rolling Kuznetsky, turned rather aimlessly into a winding side street and presently found myself, much to my own surprise, on the spacious cobbled square that fronts the imposing structure of the Foreign Office. There is a little park in the center of the square, and in the daytime scores of children with their mothers and nurses enliven it with their gaiety. Now the park was deserted, as was the square, as were the surrounding streets. I leaned against the fence, and, as I contemplated the scene about me, I had the illusion that never in my life had I been in a place more blissfully remote from human turbulence than was the city of Moscow. Bolshevism, revolution and all that the words imply and portend seemed for the moment only legend. But, as often happens in Russia when the outward placidity of life bewitches the visitor into forgetfulness of its inward turmoil, an incident quite trifling jerked me back into a full awareness of the colossal drama that Russian humanity has been enacting. "Uncle," I heard a boy's voice, "give us a ten-*kopeck* piece for a loaf of bread."

It was a street waif. I had not heard him approach. He seemed to have shot right out of the earth, and, even as he finished talking, several other waifs dashed over to his side, all boys, barefoot, ragged, faces smirched with soot as if they had come out of a chimney. They explained that they had just arrived in the city on a freight-train and were fearfully hungry. I invited them to follow me, and together we walked about in search of one of those woman pedlers in Moscow who sit out until the early hours of dawn selling sandwiches, rolls and hard-boiled eggs. In the doorway of an old building we found such a woman fast asleep over her basket. I bought all her rolls and eggs; the waifs pounced on the food with delightful avidity. As their spirits mounted, they grew chummy and talkative. They had never before been in Moscow or in any other city, they told me. They were from different villages on the Volga, orphans all, and after weeks of wandering afoot, on boats and in freight-trains, they had at last reached Moscow in the hope that some Soviet organization would put them into a home. They seemed not at all worried over their rags, their desolation, their aloneness in the world. They were good-humored peasant children. Finally I asked them the question that I never failed to put to youngsters with whom I engaged in conversation, especially to peasant youngsters.

"Boys," I said, "how many of you believe in God?"

"Not one of us," replied several voices in unison.

"Don't any of you ever go to church?"

"No." They snickered as if amused at such a query.

"Are you atheists?"

"Aren't you, Uncle?" countered one of them with a touch of defiance.

"Why should I be?"

"Because"—and there was a sense of finality in the tone of the answer as if the speaker, mere boy though he was, thought the matter beyond dispute, at least as far as he was concerned.

"Everybody is an atheist," remarked the tallest of the group, apparently also its leader, "except of course some old hags."

"I'll bet you are an atheist too," teased a red-haired lad, "only you won't let on." He giggled, and the others giggled with him.

"And why do you say that?" I demanded.

"Because there is no God, that's why," responded the leader, and once more they giggled and then guffawed with amusement.

I had previously visited a number of children's homes in various parts of the country. I had also been in many schools and more than once had been accorded the privilege of putting direct questions to pupils on any subject I chose. I had been on picnics with both Pioneers and Young Communists and had talked to other youths, singly and in groups, who were under the direct influence of some revolutionary agency. Those young people were invariably atheistic, boisterously, triumphantly so. But then they had been worked on by propaganda. They had heard only denunciations of religion. They had been repeatedly informed that religion, any religion, is a curse. These waifs, however, had never been in a city. They had never come under direct or indirect influence of any revolutionary body. They had never attended school. They had never hobnobbed with Pioneers or Young Communists. Whence, then, had come their atheism? They didn't know and they didn't care. Yet they gloried in it!

Shortly afterward, in company with a Russian student, I was making a journey, mostly afoot, in one of the most far-away and backward peasant regions. No telephone-lines had yet been laid over its endless spaces. No railroad had yet cut across its vast plains. No sign of industrial civilization had yet invaded its slumbering domain. It was what the Russians call "the deaf country," aye, the deafest of the deaf. My companion and I tramped about in a leisurely way from village to village, and one day, caught in a storm, we ran for shelter into the first peasant hut we came to. A sagging log hut it was, with a thatch roof and two dusky little windows that peered into the muddy streets with the glazed dulness of the eyes of a corpse. It was obvious that this was the home of a real *bedniak*, or poor man.

A crowd of children from seven to twelve years of age had gathered there. We greeted them, but they only drew together and snickered as if abashed. I passed around lumps of sugar, a luxury of luxuries to peasant youths, and they immediately loosened up and began to talk. There were no grown folk in the house. It was summer, and all adults in the village were in the field working. There was only one girl in the group, somewhat

Courtesy of "Zion's Herald"

Above the entrance to the famous Red Square, in Moscow, where all great public demonstrations are held—even the religious processional pictured on page 902—he who runs may read that "Religion is the opium of the people." Influenced by such ideas, a new generation is growing up openly boastful of its atheism

older than the boys, barefoot and nursing a crying baby in a crib suspended by a rope from the ceiling.

"Boys," I finally braved myself to ask, "do any of you believe in God?"

Now, in the old days, when I was a boy living in a Russian village, had any one put such a question to a group of peasant youths, they would have stared at him with terror and dismay as at one demented or possessed of an evil spirit. They would have clutched at their little crosses and possibly muttered a prayer invoking the aid of the saints to protect them against an evil power. In the old days, had a man dared ask such a question of little boys, he would surely have been hounded out of the village by the elder folk or perhaps turned over to the constable. In the old days the very word *bezbozhnik*, atheist, was anathema to the *muzhiks*, young and old. In the old days—how old? Only ten or twelve years ago! But now—what an incredible upheaval! Good-humored mirth was the only response my question evoked.

"They don't believe in God," the girl broke in; "they are all atheists."

"And so are you," burst out a light-haired youth with glowing dark eyes.

"No, I am not," the girl protested. "I am like my mother and not like my father. I believe in God, and I go to church and light candles, too."

The boys laughed at her attempted defense, and she, as if hurt by their attitude, proceeded to expatiate on the subject.

"Well, Uncle, ask my mother if I am telling a lie. She will be here soon. She won't stay in the field when it pours like this. Look, I have got my cross on—see!" she went on, clutching at the little brass cross hung on a red string round her neck. "But you ask them to show their crosses."

"We have none," came the triumphant reply, and the boys burst into a fresh guffaw.

"Do *you* believe in God?" one of them ventured to ask me.

"No, there is no God," another shot out before I even had time to make reply.

"Nobody has seen God," added still another.

As I listened to their words, I wondered if they were really peasant children who were thus expressing themselves. It seemed so incredible—and yet here they were, unkempt, barefoot, ragged lads, as openly boastful of their atheism as if it were a mighty achievement or a wondrous adventure. I set about investigating the possible immediate cause of their riotous unbelief, and, at first, the more I looked into the social life of the community the more I was baffled. There was not even a Soviet in this village. It was governed by a Soviet fifteen miles away. There was no school, no club-house, no little theater, none of the agencies that the Revolution has brought into being to deluge the populace with the new ideas of life. What was even more surprising, there was not a single Communist in the village, nor a Young Communist nor a Pioneer. And yet somehow, from some invisible source, the new beliefs, new audacities, new defiances, penetrated so deep into this deaf country that

Ewing Galloway

Despite the wide-spread and eloquent Bolshevist propaganda against the Russian Orthodox Church, great religious processionals like this one through the Red Square, in Moscow, have taken place during the Soviet régime. Yet on the whole the Orthodox churches have not been half so well attended as in the old days, and many of them have had to close because of lack of support

these peasant children, illiterate all of them, spoke of their infidelity with the same gusto as do Pioneer lads in Moscow or any other large city. The Revolution seemed to have surcharged the very air with a substance that, when inhaled, automatically burned up religious faith, especially in youth. At any rate, when I met peasant youths, especially boys, in fields, in inns, at market-places, even in churchyards, I seldom heard any of them speak with reverence of the church, of religion or even of the Deity. Only the girls seemed on the whole reluctant to make an outright break with the old faith.

Of course there are thousands of churches in Russia that are still open, and on certain occasions, such as Easter or Christmas, they are crowded with visitors. I have been in villages where groups of older people were fanatically devoted to the church. I ran into such a village in the province of Ryazan at a time when the population in the entire district was feverishly agitated over an unusually dramatic incident. The local teacher, disgusted with the dilapidated hovel where he held school, petitioned the Soviet to turn part of the church, which was too large for its parish anyway, into a schoolroom. When the older folk heard of it, they held a secret meeting and resolved to kill the teacher. They would not desecrate their church by turning any portion of it into a schoolhouse, a Soviet school at that! To escape death the teacher fled from the village.

In the south, certain Protestant sects, like the Baptists and the Evangelicals, have, since the coming of the Revolution and the legalization of evangelistic services, won many new converts, chiefly among adults. Here and there a new sect springs into being with a new creed, a new system of conduct. Likewise healers, magicians, prophets, continue to bob up in village after village and, incidentally, to fade away shortly afterward. It is the exception rather than the rule for a peasant girl to be satisfied with a wedding outside of the church. Indeed, one could adduce an array of facts and incidents which would seem to indicate that religion is still in a flourishing state in Russia.

But then—after all, Russia is vast, and there are millions and millions of peasants scattered over thousands of villages. What is of prime significance is not that multitudes still attend services in the churches, but that multitudes who were formerly the backbone of the village parishes, have now ceased to go to church, to pray or to believe in God. What is noteworthy in the religious crisis in Russia is that fundamental forces have been set in

motion, some loosed by the Revolution, others always latent in the country but formerly held in leash by severe disciplinary measures and now given free play, which are working havoc with the old faith, with all religious faiths, for that matter. What should stir the concern of the honest believer is, not that hundreds of churches in Russia are still open and are often crowded with worshipers, but that hundreds of others have had to close and, most important of all, that a tide of atheism is engulfing the youth of the country. It is not the outward semblance of things but the basic processes at work that should command the earnest student's most thoughtful consideration. These processes are everywhere breaking down, dissolving the bonds of religious fealty.

Never was I so poignantly impressed, however, with the disintegration of Russian Christianity as when I visited Kiev, most ancient, most beautiful, most joyous of all Russian cities. Glorious Kiev! What peasant in Russia has not heard of this holy city, this Russian Canterbury? It was there that the mighty Prince Vladimir converted his savage subjects to Christianity. It was there that the first Orthodox church and school and library were founded. It was there that the first church printing-press was set up. It was there that the first saint was canonized. It is there, in the caves and catacombs of the famous Pechersky monasteries, that the remains of many a holy man have been preserved.

Bain News Service

In pre-Revolution days countless Russian pilgrims, like these near the river Jordan in Palestine, trudged to holy shrines, each full of faith, each eager for a miracle. But today the pilgrims are few, and in Russia the shrines are neglected

What peasant in the old days, when misfortune crowded hard, a barren woman, a man suffering from epilepsy or demented and considered possessed of evil spirits, a child without the power of speech, any one with a malady beyond the power of man to heal or a sorrow beyond the capacity of neighbors to assuage—what peasant, when in great travail, did not wish to make a pilgrimage to the holy city, to light candles before the miracle-working ikons, to kiss the shrouded remains of great saints, to drink of the water in the holy well, all in the hope of obtaining surcease from affliction? From all over Russia they trudged there, men, women, youths, hundreds, thousands of them—a half-million every year—with heavy staffs in their hands and huge loads on their backs, each with a pack of woes and troubles, each full of faith, each eager for a miracle in his own behalf?

Kiev, the dream and the glory of Old Russia, the hope of the meek, the haven of the downcast. Kiev the spirit and the soul of Orthodoxy!

Well, the city, despite the ferocious civil war that was waged within its boundaries, is as lovely to behold as it ever was. Its hills and vales, its bluffs and hollows, its parks and groves, are as ever drowned in sunshine and fragrance. Its Kreshchatik, to me the most wondrous street in Russia, more so even than the famous Nevsky in Leningrad, is as gay as it used to be; in the evenings after dark the city turns out on it, as in the old days, for a promenade—a glamourous procession of all manner of folk, the best dressed in Russia and the best-looking, especially the women, also outwardly the happiest and certainly the most genial. Kiev is one of those cities so full of intrinsic vigor and beauty that no hand of man or whim of nature ever can mar or degrade its majestic comeliness.

I hied me to the Pechersky Lavra, that ancient sanctuary, where are spread the most famous monasteries in Russia. First I walked all around the place, and then I entered the gateway, and no sooner had I stepped inside the yard than I felt the desolation that had come over everything there. Fowls and goats were strutting about the grounds, nibbling zealously of the weeds and grass that had shot out of the crannies in the broken sidewalks and in between the cobbles of the pavement. The rows and rows of halls and dormitories that formerly housed monks and pilgrims were now occupied by proletarians, and out of their interiors issued not the sounds of sacred chants and invocations but the strains of profane revolutionary anthems. Somewhere an accordion was playing a sprightly tune to the accompaniment of loud handclapping and the shouts of men's rugged voices—proletarians evidently having a good time in the very heart of the Pechersky Lavra! Few were the visitors around, and these not pilgrims nor beggars but stray excursionists out sightseeing. Not a peasant in view, and strangest of all but few monks about.

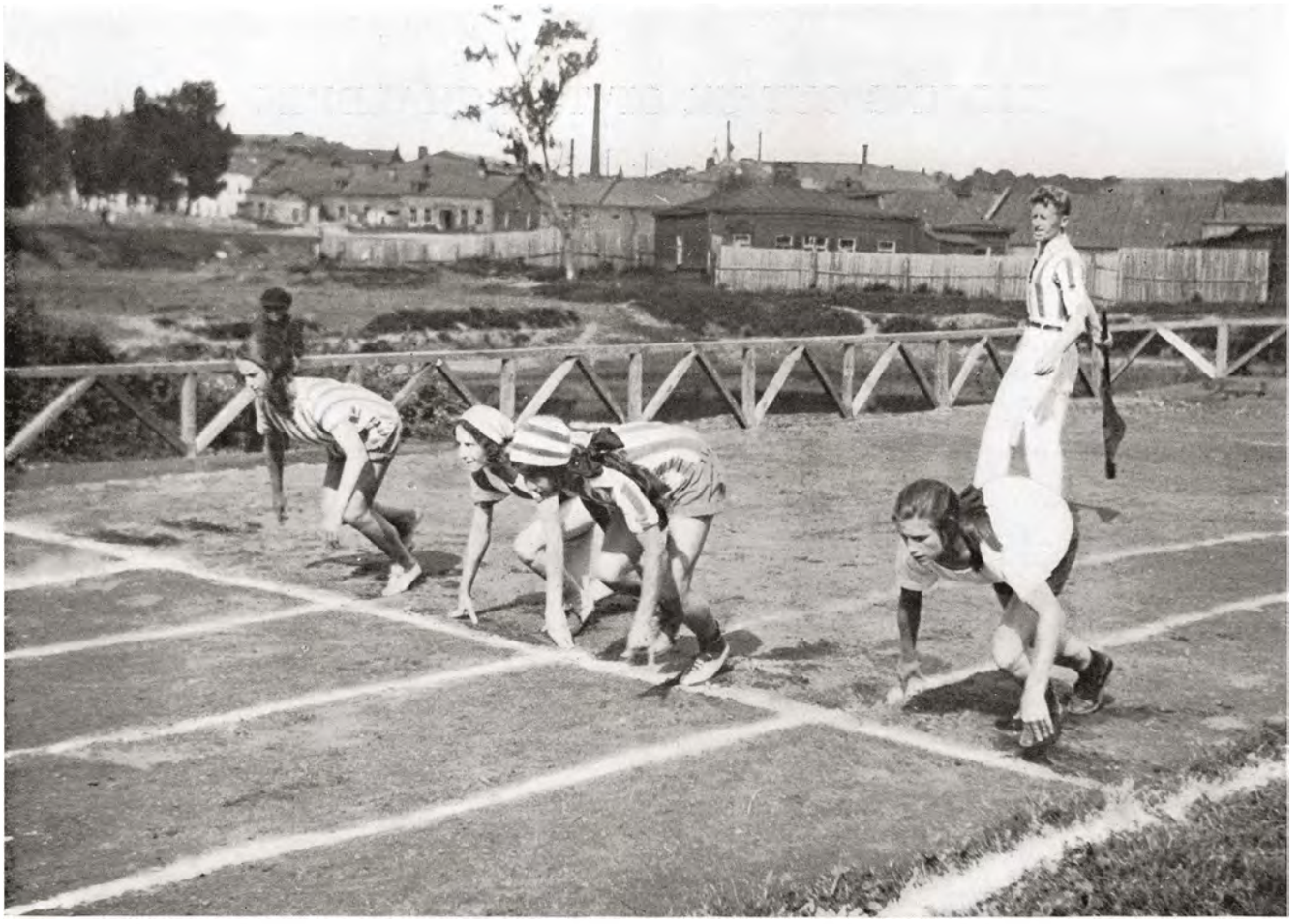
I passed a group of them leaning in stolid contemplation against a tottering board fence. Bearded men, they were, stately enough in their flowing robes and their shiny crosses, yet with an air of forlornness pathetic to behold.

Wide World Photos

At the Moscow Polytechnic Institute a discussion on "Religion and the Petty-Bourgeois Class" is here being held, under Soviet auspices. Madame Kameneva, head of the Society for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries, is chairman; Mr. Tregubov, as representative of the Orthodox Church, has opened the debate. A strange contrast, this, to the picture below!

Courtesy of "Zion's Herald"

These church dignitaries were photographed at Moscow in 1923, during the All-Russian Church Council which unfrocked Patriarch Tikhon and abolished his office. According to report, the government has decided to allow the convocation of a church council to elect a Holy Synod and a new Patriarch. Rumors of a religious revival are also afloat



In its effort to fill the lives of the Russian proletariat with interests other than religion, the Soviet government has vigorously promoted sport of all kinds. In Moscow alone the non-Party "volunteer sports circles" comprise 60,000 members; in the All-Union Federation, no less than 1,000,000. And more than twenty per cent of these athletes in regular training are girls

Lonely men they must be in these days of revolution, with youth and officialdom gnawing fast and hard at the very core of things religious. I introduced myself to them. They responded warmly, glad evidently that a stranger from a far-away land could speak to them in their own language. Other monks came out of their cells to join in the conversation. They bombarded me with questions—and what questions! Had they lived in caves shut off from all physical contact with outside humanity, they could not have been more dismally misinformed of life beyond their own immediate little world. How far was America from Russia? Was it really safe to travel on the ocean? Was there a Soviet government in America? Did Americans have ikons in their churches? Was the government supporting the brethren in the American monasteries? Questions without end.

Then they invited me to join them in their afternoon repast—tea, black bread and apple jam, which they themselves had made. They apologized profusely for the scantiness of their fare. They were poor now, poorer even than muzhiks. They could afford no meats, eggs, cakes. Fast-foods were all they had to live on. The lands and shops and hostelries that once yielded them rich revenues were no longer under their control; nor were tributes from thousands of pilgrims pouring into their treasuries. Though their robes, shirts, shoes, were worn threadbare, they could afford no new ones. They could afford nothing new, not even a teakettle, a sock or a handkerchief. What was actually keeping them alive was the sale of candles, pictures and other relics, not to pilgrims, not to pious muzhiks—no, alas!—but to excursionists, infidels most of them, who were daily coming in search of fresh weapons of attack on God and Christ. . . . That was what Russia had come to—this sacred place a mere playground for unbelievers. But then—the Lord would not desert them. Maybe He had permitted these privations just to test their faith. They would not forsake Him, even if all Russia, aye, the entire world, were to deny Him. It was comforting to hear at least this note of heroism in their otherwise despairing speech.

Then two of the brethren volunteered to take me through the famous *peshchery*, or caves, that wind in a network deep underground. With lighted wax candles in our hands to illumine the way, we descended into the ancient tunnels, where so much dramatic history was made. And not only by churchmen—knights, princes, warriors, during feuds with neighboring rulers, fled there to find shelter and to hatch grandiose conspiracies. Holy men, sick of the world with its pain and allurements, retired there for penance and meditation. Not a few of them interred themselves in the ground and remained there, living corpses, until they breathed their last. As we wound our way around these caves, we came now and then on open coffins containing the remains of some of these saints, draped in red cloth. "In old days," mourned one of my guides, "thousands of (*Continued on page 944*)

DIGGING OUT UR OF THE CHALDEES

By Helen E. Fernald

Illustrations chiefly from the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania

FROM our childhood we have been taught to look back to Mesopotamia as the cradle of the human race. Somewhere in the valley of the Tigris and the Euphrates was the Garden of Eden, so we supposed, and there Noah lived and survived the Flood, to send forth his sons and the animals he had saved to repopulate the earth. There was the Tower of Babel, and there was Abraham's old home town, Ur of the Chaldees, where he dwelt before his migration to the land of Canaan. Thus it is hardly surprising that the excavation of the ancient cities of Babylonia and especially the uncovering of Ur itself arouse general interest.

A shell plaque of 3000 B.C. or earlier, discovered at Ur

Scattered all over the plains of the lower Tigris and Euphrates valley are great mounds of mud and sand, many looking like low hills worn by the wind and the rain. The land, which was centuries ago green with trees and crops, is now bare desert and will remain so until irrigation reclaims it. The miles and miles of barrenness are broken only by the mounds and by occasional malarial swamps, where the bulrushes grow in thickets. It is a land of mystery in which the secrets of the dead past seem to be whispering from the very ground below our feet, "Let us out! Let us out!" For buried in the mounds are the ancient cities of Babylonia whose names are so familiar to us in the Bible, as well as many that are now totally forgotten or that cannot be identified.

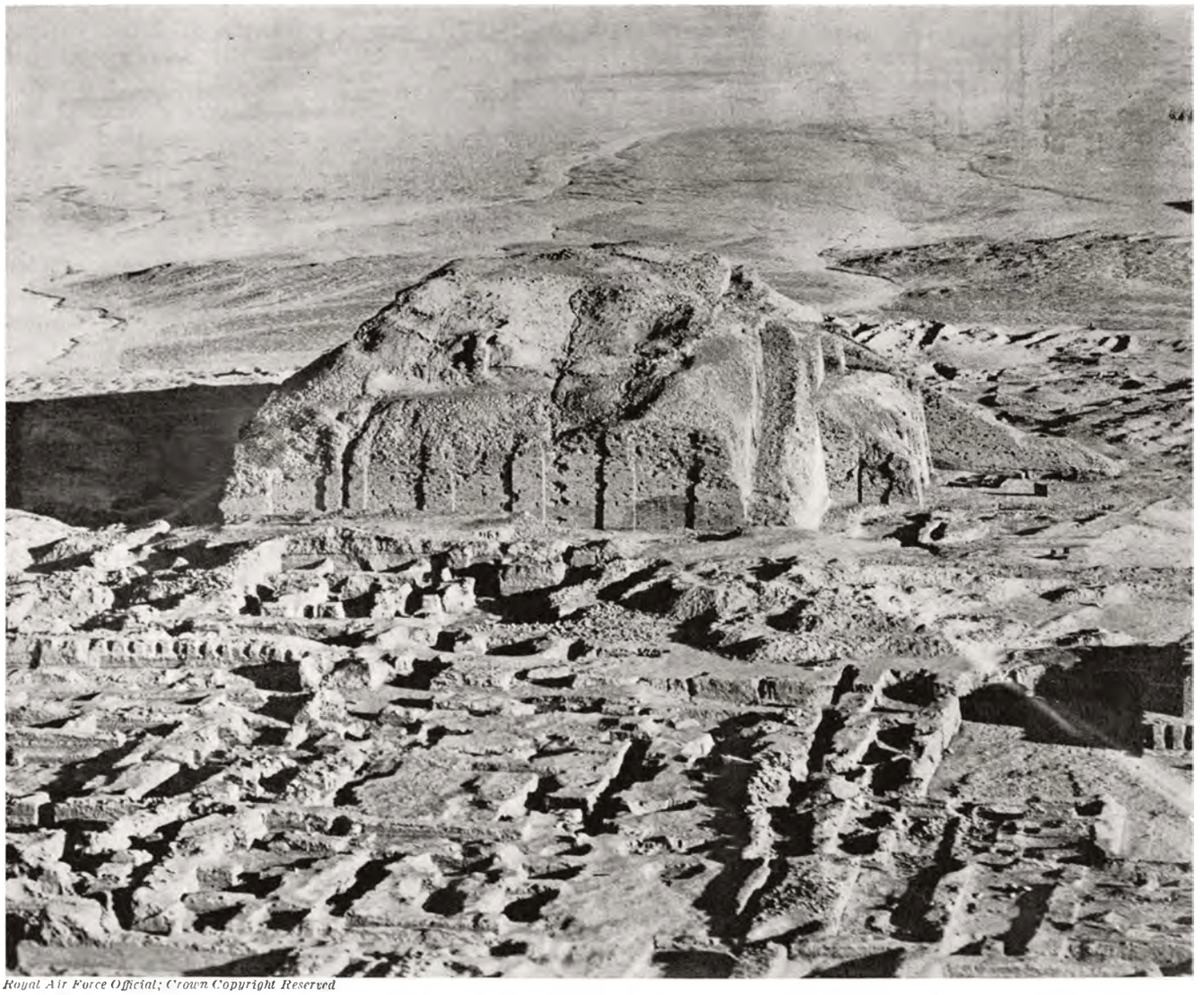
It has been known for about seventy-five years that the mound far in the south of Babylonia called Tell-el-Mukayyar by the Arabs—Tell means "mound," and Mukayyar "pitch-built"—was the site of ancient Ur. In 1854 a little digging was done there for the British Museum by J. E. Taylor, British vice-consul at Basra, but the work was soon abandoned. In 1918 it was seriously taken up again, this time under more favorable political conditions, and soon the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania joined with the British Museum in the excavation. For five winters now the joint work has gone on at this huge and marvelous site, and, in the view of archeologists, it will take at least ten more to clear the whole town.

The question is often asked, "Why are the ancient cities of Babylonia buried in such huge mounds?" Or, "Where does all the earth come from?" The answer is "Mud brick." There was no stone in all this land of Babylonia except what was imported. Every piece was precious; for it had to be brought from the hills of Elam away on the borders of Persia. So the building material was mud brick, either unbaked, sun-baked or burned. Houses and temples were built of it; courts were paved with it; the great stepped tower, the *ziggurat*, was a solid mountain of it. Rains washed the sides of the houses, and the sediment gradually raised the level of the narrow streets and courtyards until new paving of brick had to be laid and the floors inside the houses had to be raised. Roofs were of reeds covered with rushes, and mud was tramped down on top of them. Fires were frequent. After a house had burned, it was easier and cheaper merely to smooth over the débris and build again above it than to restore what was old. Thus the city rose gradually above the surrounding plain, getting higher and higher as the centuries passed. In a war, sometimes, practically the whole of it was destroyed, and, when rebuilt, it stood perhaps several feet above the ruins. In this way it happens that the Babylonian cities are found on more or less distinct levels, or layers. The brick houses did not require the deep foundations that would have been necessary for stone buildings, and therefore the layers are not mixed up or disturbed as in other countries. However, at that, the problem is not so simple as it seems, and, especially in the case of temples and other important and well-cared-for buildings, the levels are not always clearly defined and repairs and changes in plan and even use of old material often confuse the excavator.

Though most of the ancient cities were destroyed some two millenniums since, occasional mounds are occupied today by a few Arab houses. But as a rule the sites are as deserted now as they were years ago when the plain around became a desert and the sands blew over the ruins, wearing down the rough edges and covering the whole mound with earth. All outlines are obliterated except that of the ziggurat, which always projects high above the rest of the ruined city. At the mound of Ur this feature was very conspicuous.

An ivory libation spoon dating from the Persian era

Modern excavators have worked out a scientific technique. They remove one layer at a time, planning, making diagrams and photographing each part most carefully before taking it up to see what is underneath. It is an expensive method but far better than the old, nineteenth-century one of sinking wells and tunnels and digging haphazard here and there, since that mixed everything up and destroyed evidence before it was understood. The new way reveals the history and life of the city as the old



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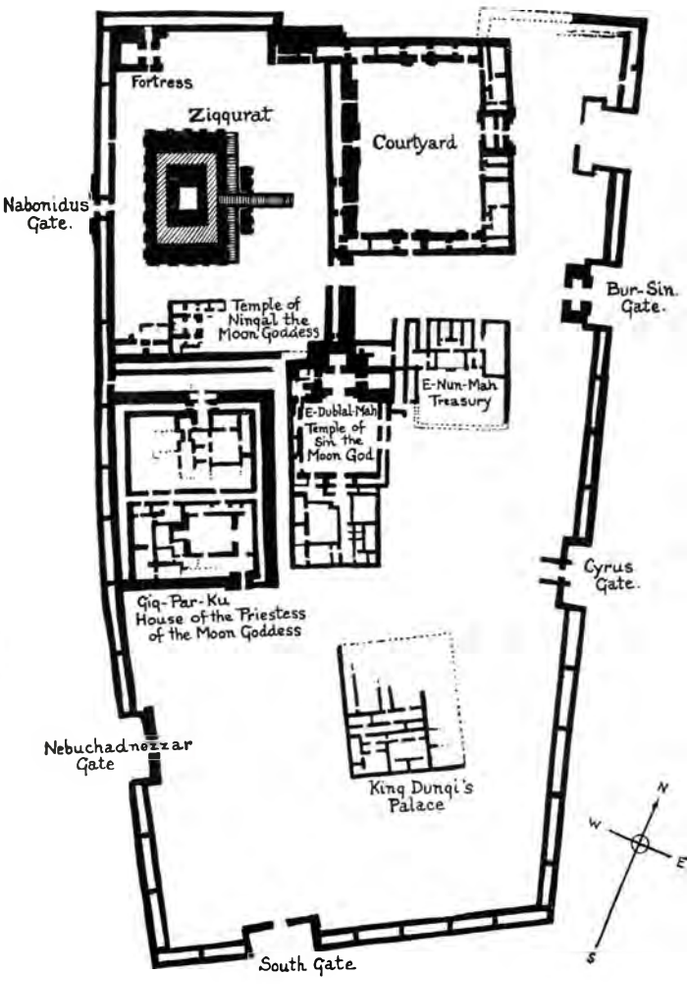
Even now, ruined as it is, the Ziggurat at Ur—a solid artificial mountain built of mud brick laid in bitumen for mortar—dominates the landscape. It was constructed by Ur-Engur (2300 B.C.), but Nabonidus, last king of Babylon (550 B.C.), rebuilt its upper stories, including the shrine to the Moon God Nannar, patron deity of Ur, that stood on its topmost summit

way never could do. In the early days, however, the main object of digging was to get antiquities to take back home and show. The aim of the present day, on the other hand, is to bring to light in their totality the various stages of an ancient culture. The first archeologists were curio-hunters; the modern archeologist is a historical detective who uses every shred of evidence in his study of the mystery of an early civilization. Every basket of earth is searched for beads, small terra cottas, bronze nails and knives, fragments of stone vases and pottery. Lines of light railway carry the débris out to a spot very carefully examined beforehand; for it has been discovered by sad experience that it does not pay to use as a dumping-ground some place that you will want to excavate later on.

Before excavations started at Ur, it was known that the high part of the mound covered the great Ziggurat. It is supposed that the Sumerians, who founded the Babylonian cities more than sixty-five hundred years ago, had come from a hill-country where they were accustomed to worship their gods on mountain-tops. Having no mountains down here on the plains, they set to and built themselves some, one for each town of any importance. Each town had its own patron god who was worshiped in a little shrine on top of a ziggurat. The patron of Ur was Nannar—or Sin—the Moon God. The excavators knew that, within the sacred area, or Temenos, where the Ziggurat of Ur stood, would be found also the House of the Moon God and all that great complex of buildings which the god needed for his government of the city.

The work of the first two years consisted mainly in clearing the Ziggurat, in following the walls of the sacred area and in locating a building called E-Nun-Mah, at first thought to be the House of the Moon God itself. Three more winters have brought to light many more buildings and been productive of truer ideas concerning their uses in relation to one another. Older structures lie underneath most of the buildings; below these often are others still older; and so on down through four or five main building periods until the earliest walls of all are reached. The excavation as a whole has not gone deeper than the level of Ur-Engur, a powerful king of Ur in 2300 B.C. and a great builder. His were the buildings standing in the days of Abraham, somewhat repaired perhaps. Below them the layers go on down, as is shown by exploratory shafts, some to levels that must be dated in the fourth and the fifth millennium B.C., and even then the virgin soil is not reached!

The Temenos is the most important part of the city to excavate because it was the center of the municipal life. Nannar the Moon God lived there in his temple with his servants the priests, his great sacred mountain dominating the landscape for miles around. The king of Ur probably lived there: the excavators have begun uncovering a building that they think is the palace. And all the government buildings, such as the Treasury and the Court, were located within the walls. For Nannar was the ruler of the city; the king was his representative, his mouthpiece. Every citizen came to the sacred area to offer sacrifice and ask advice in his personal affairs. Here the oracle of the god was consulted in time of civic danger. Here the people brought their taxes and temple tithes, and for this payment in kind—for there was no money in those days—there were huge storage-houses. Business contracts of all kinds were recorded in cuneiform writing on clay tablets by scribes; receipts were given for produce brought in; the accounts of the temple were most carefully kept, with lists of temple employees and their salaries checked up every month. We know who the people were who lived inside the walls, what they did and how much they were paid for it. We know what they ate and how much each was allowed from the temple stores. Since the walls were very thick and doubtless well fortified—some strong fortresses have been found on the northern wall—and since the god had storehouses full of all necessary food-supplies, the Temenos could be turned into a citadel at any time. Thus it was the seat of religion, government and business and was the stronghold as well.



This diagram of the Temenos at Ur—the citadel and seat of religion, government and business—covers practically the same area as the photograph on the following page

This sacred enclosure at Ur was in the general shape of a rectangle with the long sides on the east and the west and the north end a little wider than the south. It was about four hundred and thirty yards from north to south (nearly one-quarter of a mile) and one-half that across. There were probably six gates in the wall, two on each long side and one at each end (the north one not yet located). A seventh gate was cut through later into the great courtyard. The wall was thirty-eight feet thick and had many small intramural chambers. It was built of mud brick and had been repaired many times. The gates especially had been often rebuilt. Burned bricks were used at the gates, and inscribed door-sockets give the names of the kings who built them. But of the main part of the wall we only know that it was very ancient. One of the two great fortresses erected at the northern end has been completely excavated and seems to date from 2060 B.C. No traces of forts have been found at the south end.

Inside, near the northwest corner, rose the great bulk of the Ziggurat, built solid of mud brick laid in bitumen for mortar. Three wide flights of stairs mounted the front to meet at a gate in the parapet of the second story. From there other, shorter flights led to the top of the third story, or terrace, upon which stood a shrine of Nannar, this shrine being the only part of the structure that was not solid. The upper stories and the shrine were so nearly obliterated by wind and weather that only careful study of the remains revealed the plan. The main story had been built by Ur-Engur probably over a still earlier ziggurat, but his upper stories, whatever they were, had been swept away by Nabonidus, last king of Babylon, 550 B.C., who built new ones, the black and the red, and topped the whole structure with a blue shrine. The color was obtained by means of glazed bricks. It must have been a gorgeous sight with the sun shining on it.

Mr. F. G. Newton's drawing of the Ziggurat as it looked in those days of splendor gives us a good idea of the impressiveness of this artificial mountain. So it must have appeared to the Jews who were in captivity in Babylonia. Even now, ruined as it is, it rises above the surrounding excavations and dominates the whole region. The Ziggurat of Babylon, known to us as the Tower of Babel, was half again as large. According to the records it was three hundred feet square at the base and rose three hundred feet high; the Ziggurat of Ur is only one hundred and ninety-five feet along its longer side and rose only one hundred feet. But the tower of Babylon exists no more, and that of Ur is the best preserved of all ziggurats in Mesopotamia. At Ur the stairways and the walls of the first story are almost complete. We can climb the flight of one hundred steps to the top and look along the sides to see how the ancient builders tried to make a monotonous brick wall more beautiful

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The Temenos, or sacred area, of Ur—here seen from the air—is the most important part of the city to excavate, because it was the center of municipal life. As the digging proceeds, the débris is carried off by lines of light railway to the dumping-grounds, which appear as fanlike excrescences outside the walls. One line (top) runs a long way to avoid dumping on unexcavated ruins

by bringing part of it out into pilasters, thus relieving its flatness and giving it a look of strength. It was a trick they had with all such wall surfaces. Here and there are small holes in the wall known as "weeper holes." They were made to let out, from the solid core inside, the moisture that would have burst the walls if such precautions had not been taken. The engineers of even the most ancient times knew the danger and how to avoid it.

The first building the excavators unearthed in their search for the main temple, or House of the Moon God, was E-Nun-Mah. For three years this was thought to be the principal sanctuary, but recently it has been identified as the Treasury of the God. However, it was remodeled by Nebuchadnezzar, apparently so that it could be used for public worship. In ancient Babylonia, where religious rites had always been more or less private, temples were not built to accommodate crowds all worshiping at once. But the Bible story of "the golden image that Nebuchadnezzar the king hath set up," with the command that the people should fall down and worship it, at "the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of musick," intimates that public worship had been instituted. Moreover, the changes made by Nebuchadnezzar in certain buildings seem to bear out this idea. In E-Nun-Mah, a sanctuary having four tiny rooms and long narrow storerooms all around, the excavators found, first of all, above the demolished walls of previous storerooms that faced the shrine, a courtyard with an altar, an offering-table and a footstool behind the altar, and then, in front of this and a few steps below, a much larger courtyard. In this larger court the people stood during the public sacrifices inaugurated by Nebuchadnezzar, while above were the priests alone, probably, in the small court around the altar.

In imagination we can reconstruct the scene, as described in The Book of Daniel when "all the people, the nations, and the languages" were to fall down and worship. That incident happened in the plain of Dura and got three well-known Jews into trouble, but the same sort of thing seems to have been going on at Ur. In the great courtyard were assembled the people, every eye riveted upon the spectacle in the upper court. Back of the altar and in front of a doorway stood the high priest on his footstool, looking very tall in his gorgeous robes and lofty head-dress, while on the altar lay the slaughtered sheep, the blood flowing into a golden basin below. Other priests stood by in their assigned places. Behind and on each side rose the white walls of the shrine, and through the doorway the gaping crowd could just catch a glimpse of the golden image "half hidden in the gloom of his sanctuary." Clay tablets, on which are inscribed the records of purchase, reveal many of the details of temple-furnishing. We know from them, for instance, that the rough brick altar and the offering-table were covered with plates of shining metal, probably bronze, that the high walls with their brick pilasters were plastered and whitewashed until they must have looked like paneled wainscoting; that the door-frames were of precious woods, the doors themselves, of wood covered with plates of gold or silver or bronze and studded with costly metal.

Great aids to the excavator at Ur are clay cones bearing records and descriptions of the buildings into the brickwork of which they were driven like tacks. Those pictured above are from the fortress of Warad-Sin (2060 B.C.)

In Babylonia archeologists have many aids to the identification and dating of their finds. Each king, at least from 2800 B.C. on, had the bricks used for his temples and palaces stamped with his name. Thus every building of importance, such as would be erected or rebuilt by the king's orders, would be dated within itself on every brick. From the records on bricks we know that Nebuchadnezzar built the courtyard described above; that in the level below this lay what remained of Kuri-Galzu's building (about 1600 B.C.); that the walls below his are Bur-Sin's (2250 B.C.); and so on down. Inscriptions on door-sockets are another aid to the excavator. There were no hinges in those days; each door was fastened solid to an upright post that

In ancient Ur, in lieu of hinges, each door was fastened to a post, one end of which turned in a socket like this one. It is inscribed with the name "Gimil-Sin" (2210 B.C.)

served as an axis, its upper end being held in a hole in the lintel of the door, and its lower end resting and turning in a stone sunk below the level of the door-sill. For such use the stone had to be very hard. Most of the sockets found are of diorite, brought from the mountains of Elam at least two hundred miles away. These stones were usually given by the king himself and inscribed with his name and the name of the building they were for, with sometimes a curse on whoever should remove them. Many door-sockets were found at Ur, some of rather fine shape and proportions with beautifully cut inscriptions. A door-socket of King Ur-Engur (2300 B.C.), taken from the ruins of the House of the Moon God, shows the bronze sheathing of the end of the door-post still sticking in its stone. The sheathing contained traces of burned palm-wood.

The diggers at Ur have found a great many inscribed clay cones, another great aid to the dating of a Babylonian structure. They are of about the shape and size of ice-cream cones but are solid. The heads and shafts of these cones bear long records and descriptions of the buildings into the brickwork of which they were driven like tacks. A great many were found in the walls of the Ziggurat, where the heads were left uncovered to form a sort of pattern on the face of the wall. Some were found also embedded inside the thickness of one of the fort walls. Previously excavators had come across clay cones lying around loose; but at Ur, for the first time, they discovered cones still in position. Thus by stamped bricks, inscribed door-sockets and record-bearing clay cones the excavators have identified the separate buildings at Ur and their various structural layers. But trenches sunk lower still, below the temples made of burned and stamped bricks, show that the ruins continue on down through unstamped bricks, which must have been laid before 2800 B.C., through sun-dried bricks—evidently long used—and then through primitive "green bricks," not dried at all, to plain molded mud walls. The earliest temple to the Moon God at Ur was probably built as early as the fifth millennium B.C.

Well, why not! Some four miles out from Ur, on the plain, is a tiny mound called Tell-el-Obeid, which contains the ruins of a temple dedicated to a very primitive deity, Nin-Khursag—a temple that on very good evidence has been dated 4300 B.C. How can ruins be dated when the excavator gets down to the early levels built with unstamped bricks before it was the fashion to inscribe clay cones for records or to date door-sockets? Common sense of course declares that, if one wall lies under another, it is probably earlier. But for obvious reasons a mere estimate of the length of time it would take to develop changes in methods of construction or to accumulate the amount of débris found between layers cannot be accurate. There is a better way whenever the foundation tablets, or what today we should call the corner-stone records, can be found. For the Sumerians, with much ceremony, apparently, placed in a specially prepared brick box in a wall of a building, a deposit of tablets, giving the name of the king, the name of the building he was erecting and various facts connected with his reign. At Tell-el-Obeid was found an original foundation tablet, to which scholars assign the early date 4300 B.C. When this ancient temple is referred to again, the chronological problem involved will be briefly explained. At Ur correspondingly ancient records doubtless exist in the lower levels not yet excavated. Corner-stones often contain several tablets in different materials—diorite, limestone, lapis lazuli, copper, zinc and perhaps gold and silver. These last two kinds have not actually been discovered in any but Assyrian deposits.

This is a copper bull from the temple of the Earth Goddess Nin-Khursag at Tell-el-Obeid (4300 B.C.). At his feet were once flowers with red and white stone petals stuck on clay stems with bitumen

I have spoken of the walls, the Ziggurat and the building E-Nun-Mah, which was at first thought to be the main shrine. It was finally established last year that, although Nebuchadnezzar may have altered the building to use it for public worship, E-Nun-Mah was originally the Treasury and that the great House of the Moon God, E-Dublal-Mah, the Hall of Justice, was next to it on the southwest. The plan I have drawn will show the location of E-Dublal-Mah and of the courtyard in front, from which it must have appeared very imposing. It is the most conspicuous ruin at Ur, a terraced building with thick, heavy, indented walls, which have been preserved to a greater height than those of any of the other buildings—except the Ziggurat, of course. Though it had, inside, a sanctuary to Nannar and a few small rooms, its most striking feature was a great gateway or doorway where the king administered justice. When he sat there and held court, he was the mouthpiece of the god, was his interpreter—was the god. E-Dublal-Mah was the center around which life in the Temenos revolved. Here, as I have said, the king tried cases, hither came the

elders of the city in times of dire peril to consult the oracle of the Moon God; here offerings of special value were made and stored away in the adjoining Treasury; here the priests went through their daily rites of feeding the Moon God and his consort—for all Babylonian gods were married—and informing them of public events.

Architects have been especially thrilled by this building because it has in it an arched doorway of the time of Kuri-Galzu (1600 B.C.), which is very much the earliest example known of an arch employed as an architectural element in the façade of a building. Mr. C. Leonard Woolley, of the British Museum, director of the excavations, thinks that the great doorway where the king sat and held court may have been arched too. The recent discovery of arches in private houses of 2100 B.C. outside the sacred area has led him to believe that by the time this building was erected, five hundred years later, the architects must have learned how to span with arches even such great doorways as this and perhaps have learned to construct domes also. But as yet he has no proof of his theory. There is still much to be learned. The walls now uncovered must have older walls beneath them in many layers; for records on the door-sockets indicate that the sanctuary occupied a spot sacred from the earliest times.

Inside the Temenos there were other buildings, not all of which I can even mention. In the northern part in front of the Ziggurat was an extensive sunken courtyard surrounded by storerooms and entered by a gate that faced a gate in the Temenos wall. It is thought that this was the place to which rents and taxes and tithes were brought; for there was the court, in which trains of laden asses could be received and unloaded, and there were the rooms, suitable for the storage of vast amounts of grain, oil, hides and so forth. Tablets containing records of payments in kind found in some of the rooms seem to bear out this theory. South of the Ziggurat was the large Temple of Ningal the Moon Goddess, wife of Nannar, containing a shrine and apartments for the high priestess of Ningal. This high priestess, a very important person, almost always a sister or daughter of the king, was considered the actual wife of the Moon God, who visited her and gave her inspiration to interpret dreams and oracles. Probably she lived in the Temple of Ningal in the early days.

This jewelry, of gold, lapis lazuli and carnelian, unearthed at Ur, dates from the seventh century before Christ—a comparatively late period

When Nabonidus (about 550 B.C.) appointed his daughter Belshalti Nannar to be high priestess at Ur, he rebuilt for her the old house, a palace called Gig-Par-Ku. It had elaborate suites of rooms surrounding open courtyards, besides kitchens and baths and even a museum. This oldest museum in the world contained a strange assortment of objects of various dates. There was a fragment of an old statue of King Dungi, who had ruled in Ur thirteen hundred years before; there were an old foundation cone, a few clay tablets of early date, a granite mace-head of great antiquity, a boundary stone of the Kassite period (1800–1200 B.C.) and finally, most interesting of all, a museum label. This label was a clay cylinder on which had been copied a Sumerian text of about 2250 B.C. with the label itself in Semitic written below: "Copies of bricks of Ur, the work of Bur-Sin, King of Ur. Nabu-shumiddina the priest of Ur has singled out and copied them for men's admiration." He little knew how long men's admiration would last or that his act itself would be admired more than two thousand years later. Nabonidus is known to have had keen archeological interests and often to have dug and searched for the original foundation stones of the buildings he repaired. Evidently his daughter inherited her father's taste for antiques.

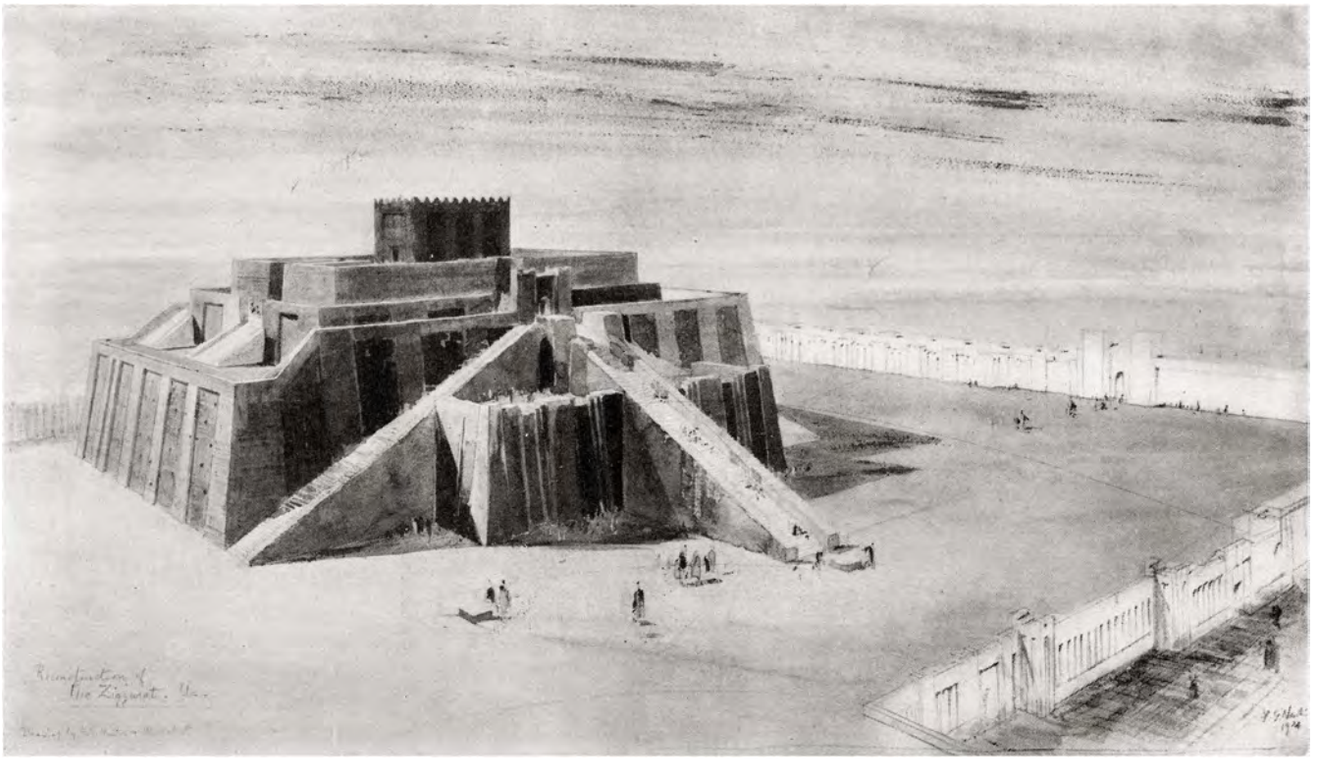
In the sacred enclosure there are other buildings waiting to be uncovered. In the southern part the palace of King Dungi—at least it is thought to be Dungi's palace—has been partly excavated. Here and there through the maze of buildings and courtyards are little shrines to minor deities. There are guard-rooms for the soldiers and quarters for the officers in charge of the various departments, religious or secular. Methods for draining the area are most up-to-date; elaborate drain-pipes are found under every building.

One of the latest reports from the field, where a staff of six and workmen numbering from a hundred and fifty to two hundred are busy, tells of the recent excavation of some private houses along a narrow street in the town. These houses date from about Abraham's time and yet are "almost exactly like the best houses of modern Bagdad." They are well built of burned brick and are two stories in height. "There was a central court with a wooden gallery running round it on to which the upper rooms opened. . . . The ground floor must have been twelve to fifteen feet high." There is evidence that the houses were excellently decorated and furnished. The workmen, who are convinced that a certain one of them was the very house in which Abraham lived, show it to visitors with an enthusiasm and confidence hardly shared by Mr. Woolley or any of his conservative staff. However, since Abraham, according to the Bible records, lived somewhere in Ur, it is within the range of possibility that his dwelling will be found and authenticated by some note on a clay tablet.

Interesting objects, some very beautiful too, are turning up constantly in the digging. These go eventually to one of the three museums interested in the work. Bagdad gets half; and the British Museum and the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania divide by lot the other half. Of stamped bricks, of course, there is a satiety. There are many fine inscribed door-sockets, inscribed cones and even foundation tablets. Hundreds of clay cuneiform tablets of varied sizes contain business accounts, notes of the temple administration, mathematical tables. Some bear literary, scientific or historical records; many are

Wide World Photos

When this photograph of the Ziggurat, as it stands uncovered by the spade, is compared with the imagined restoration below, the first story of the great "stepped tower" and the three wide flights of a hundred stairs meeting at a parapet are seen to be almost complete. Marvelous is their preservation through thousands of years under a "hill" on the Mesopotamian plain



hymns. But the majority relate to business or to the maintenance of the dignitaries, with their attendants, who served the Moon God. Although it is possible that a temple library will be unearthed, so far the tablets have been recovered from small rooms in various buildings, mostly from the Hall of Justice.

Some fragments of statues have been found. One of the courts of E-Dublal-Mah seems to have been a sort of hall of fame, where stone statues of early kings of Ur were set up. Although they were later knocked down and broken to bits by some enemy—probably the Elamites—we can see from the pieces how archaic they were. A fragment of a face, however, shows great beauty and refinement of modeling.

One of the most important finds ever made in Babylonia is that of the pieces of a huge slab of stone set up as a monument to or by Ur-Engur (about 2300 B.C.). It was adorned with scenes carved in bands on both sides of the stela. These scenes commemorate Ur-Engur's exploits and especially his building of the Ziggurat. We see the king praying before Nannar and before Ningal, observe worshipers being led by minor

This frieze from the temple to Nin-Khursag at Tell-el-Obeid (4300 B.C.) shows milking customs of a remote past

deities before those who are greater, and behold the king himself, with building tools, starting to work, with a shaven and shorn priest behind him. We even see the actual building going on, a ladder set up against a brick wall and men bringing bitumen for mortar. The stela is so broken and so many fragments are missing that we are not sure yet whether there were two separate stelæ or just one. As may be seen from the picture, the relief is of a high order.

Other objects found are bits of stone vases, pins, necklaces of semiprecious stones, gold jewelry, game-boards, stone heads, little bronze figures of dogs and men, engraved shell and bone inlay, bronze and copper knives and nails, small molded terra-cotta reliefs, quantities of undecorated pottery and fragments of a very early painted ware. One of the loveliest things—from the seventh century B.C.—is an ivory toilet-box of Phœnician workmanship, exquisitely carved with a row of dancing-girls.

It is thought that the oldest part of the sacred area is that around the Ziggurat; for shafts sunk near it reveal many fragments of painted pottery of the oldest type. A little shell plaque on which are delicately engraved two crowned figures with large noses and typical huge Sumerian petticoats, is a delightful example. It cannot be dated later than 3000 B.C. The discovery of such objects deep down near the Ziggurat makes us fear that the earliest temple buildings of all lie under the tower itself—where it is certain that no one will undertake to excavate.

In connection with the earliest sites known, something further should be said about Tell-el-Obeid. During the first year of the work at Ur, Mr. H. R. Hall, who was then in charge, noticed a little mound about four miles to the west, insignificant enough, like a mere hillock rising perhaps twenty feet from the level of the plain. But its very commonplaceness was alluring, as were the pieces of pottery of the earliest painted type that lay scattered about. So one day, when he was discouraged about the work at Ur, Mr. Hall went out with a few men to uncover the ruins. It was the beginning of one of the most important excavations in the history of the world. The building proved to be a little rectangular temple set on a platform, all built of crude, unbaked brick. It had been ruined twice and repaired twice—the top walls being made of bricks stamped with Dungi's name—and then, about 2200 B.C., had been deserted. Two hundred years later, in the time of Abraham, it must have been a mere heap of ruins, probably even then covered with sand, though people were still being buried in the cemetery near by. But peculiar sanctity hung over the place—and hangs over it to this day.

Although the temple built by Dungi and the one below his, were shapeless ruins, they had protected the third temple down, which was the oldest; in fact, the whole ground-plan, several feet of wall and the architectural decorations were all there, crushed down but preserved by the later buildings. And it is this early temple that is so exciting.

It was dedicated to Nin-Khursag, an earth or mother goddess, who is mentioned in some very old stories, found on Sumerian tablets, as having been present at the creation of the world. And it was built by A-an-ni-pad-da, son of Mes-an-ni-pad-da, founder of the first dynasty of Ur. Mes-an-ni-pad-da had always been considered more or less of a myth, but now he takes rank as a fact. Three objects bearing A-an-ni-pad-da's name were found in the ruins: first a gold bead with the king's name on it; second, a fragment of a stone vase, on which is a reference to a well made in the temple "for the service of Nin-Khursag and for the life of King A-an-ni-pad-da"; and third, the previously mentioned foundation stone itself, a tablet of white marble, about six by nine inches, inscribed in archaic characters, "Nin-Khursag, A-an-ni-pad-da, King of Ur, son of Mes-an-ni-pad-da, King of Ur, has built a temple for Nin-Khursag." As a starting-point in written history, we must now, thanks to the Sumerian passion for making records, begin with this little temple, about 4300 B.C.

On this limestone plaque of about 3000 B.C. are (above) a king, as priest, pouring out a libation before the Moon God Nannar and (below), behind a priest who performs a libation, a high priestess of Nannar's wife Ningal. Thus Ur worshiped its patron deities long ago

These are some of the fragments that tell how King Ur-Engur (2300 B.C.) undertook the building of the Ziggurat. The Moon God Nannar here holds out an architect's coiled line and measuring-rod to the king, who, in the completed stela, pours a libation into this vase of dates and palm-leaves

It is seen that the only "date" actually on the tablet is the equivalent of some such phrase as "in the reign of King A-an-ni-pad-da, son of King Mes-an-ni-pad-da." The date 4300 B.C. was arrived at through study of the thousands of Babylonian clay tablets unearthed from various sites in the past thirty years. Many of these tablets contain regular tables or lists of the kings of the various Babylonian cities, giving their order of succession and the lengths of their reigns. Also in their libraries the Babylonians had histories and historical records just as we have in ours; only, as a rule, each clay tablet had a short narrative of some event rather than a long, compiled history, and the event was dated "in the —— year of King ——" or by some such formula. We are gathering these fragments together and piecing out the connected history from them, just as, if we had the narrative of the Ride of Paul Revere and another of Bunker Hill and another of Valley Forge and still others, we might put them all together into a complete history of the American Revolution. And, if they were dated "in the fifteenth year of the reign of George III" and so forth, that would constitute no difficulty, since we could easily consult the list of English kings, in order to put the date in the more usual terms. Now, (*Continued on page 968*)

MONGOLIAN CATHOLIC MISSION PROTÉGÉES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

LÉON VAN DIJK

Not far from the Great Wall of China, in Inner Mongolia, is a little settlement of Mongolian Christians, who cherish traditions left them by the French Lazarist priests Évariste Régis Huc and Joseph Gabet some eighty years ago

Samdandjimba, the guide who shared with these two priests the perils of their famous journey into unknown Tibet, in 1844–1846, lies buried in Borobalgassun, where these photographs were made. His grave is held very sacred

At the left, in front of a sheepfold, sits his granddaughter with her child. The Mongols of this community live, not in "yurts," or tents, but in simply constructed earthen houses within the walled Catholic Mission

Primitive though their life may be, these Mongolian women wear with dignity their elaborate jeweled head-dress, of silver and bits of coral, with heavy tubes for the two braids, which hang over the shoulders. It was derived, no doubt, from ancient China

THE TROPICAL PLANTATION

Which Now Yields Luxuries but Perhaps May Some Day Help Feed the World

By Ellsworth Huntington

DURING the past century or two a new type of agriculture, the tropical plantation, has arisen. Such a plantation is usually most interesting and attractive to the Northerner. Perhaps it is a sugar plantation in Cuba. On some convenient site, in the midst of a gently rolling topography, a tall, smoking chimney marks the location of the central, or mill, surrounded by many smaller buildings, sheds and the like. Off to one side stands a group of pleasant houses, the larger and more pretentious of which are surrounded by pretty gardens set with trees enough to provide shade but not enough to shelter damp spots fit for mosquitoes. They are the homes of the white manager, chemists, engineers and others who form the brains of the organization. Farther away, perhaps out of sight of the mill, the brawn of the organization dwells in a village of thatched huts.

Outside the mill little tram-cars on rails scarcely two feet apart are being pushed up one by one to the unloading platform. There colored men with more or less shouting and singing throw the canes out of the cars. Others cast them upon a moving platform, which feeds them to large rollers that press out an astonishing amount of sweet, watery juice. Inside the mill the atmosphere is steamy and enervating. Stickiness is the pervading characteristic: the sap as it flows into the containers is sticky; the steaming kettles are sticky; and stickiest of all are the slow streams of brown molasses that are gathered into hogsheads, and the great bins where yellowish sugar, not yet refined, is being shoveled about like coal. The curious, heavy atmosphere that hangs over everything is compounded of the pleasant scent of fresh cane, the smell of molasses and sugar and the odors of machine-oil, steam and burning *bagasse*, as the Spaniards call the squeezed cane fiber which is used for fuel.

Out along the many little tramways that radiate in all directions, one perhaps passes first a field of cane stubble, green, to be sure, but looking like a poorly cut mowing-field combined with a corn-field where the stalks have been cut but only half carried away. Next comes a field where a new crop of canes has sprouted to a height of two feet, very rank and flourishing. The grass and weeds have likewise grown so well that a small army of brown-skinned men must be put to work at cutting them down. Elsewhere another group is plowing the earth and burying bits of cane to start another crop. The next field is full of great canes like corn-stalks twice as high as a man. On one side its beauty is being spoiled; for a gang of cutters armed with big sharp *machetes*, as the heavy knives are called, is hacking away, felling a cane at each stroke. If labor is cheap, the leaves are stripped from the canes by hand, the useless tops are cut off and only the neat green or reddish stalks are piled on the little tram-cars. If labor is expensive, as on the Australian plantations, where white men do the work, the ripe fields are set on fire. Though burning off the leaves and tops saves work, the blackened canes discolor the sugar so that more work is needed to refine it. But the refining, which is done by machines, is cheap.

On another plantation, far away in Ceylon, the lovely tints of row after row of pale-green tea-bushes, almost as high as a man, cover slope and hollow for miles near the crests of the mountains. The plantations farthest up, four or five thousand feet above the sea, become so cool during the nights of the dry season that sometimes a few acres of blackened bushes in some hollow tell the tale of cool, descending air that has brought a frost. In the unfrosted fields, women with scanty clothing gracefully draped around them are plucking the tenderest leaves, while men bare to the waist pick up great baskets on their shoulders and carry them to the drying-sheds. There the baskets are weighed, and the tea is dried by artificial heat and sorted for market by another group of women and girls. A pleasant smell of green leaves and tea fills the air, and the women laugh and chat as they work.

A little removed from the factory and its many outbuildings, perhaps on the open top of some sightly knoll with a glorious view over miles of tea-fields and dark-green tropical forests, one finds the home of the European owner or manager. Not far away, half hidden but not too closely surrounded by trees, a few other houses of the staff may be clustered. There you will find Englishmen of intelligence, sometimes with their wives and families, but often alone. Many of them, like some of the Americans at the sugar plantation, have traveled widely, know more about world affairs than do we who stay at home, and can talk most interestingly. But all too often, even men of this type are so bored and tired that they join their less intelligent countrymen in spending much of their spare time in the lightest kind of reading, in gambling, drinking and otherwise trying to forget that they are exiles, as they feel themselves to be. They are in the tropics to make money but not to make homes; their great desire usually is to succeed well enough to retire and go back to England.

Fly now to Venezuela, and visit a banana plantation, in a rolling, heavily forested region a few miles from the coast. It is something like a sugar plantation when looked at from above; for, as its characteristic feature, it has great areas of big-leaved green canes interspersed by the tiny threads of narrow-gage tram-lines. But here the canes are nearly twenty feet high and six inches in diameter at the butt. The heart of the whole plantation is the spacious, cool-looking, heavily screened house of the manager, a house with wide, pleasant porches, standing on a grassy knoll where all the trees have been removed in order to invite the breezes and ward off the insects. Around it are other houses of the same sort, not quite so good but fit for American families. On another knoll the hospital, mainly used by colored people but having a section for the white Americans, forms a second center.

Official Photograph, Fiji Government

Until recently, most coco-palms grew wild or were owned, in small numbers, by natives. But today western enterprise is responsible for thriving coco-palm plantations. Although the coconuts are used for confectionery, salad-oils and butter substitutes, most of their oil goes into non-nutritious commodities such as soap and candles

Some distance away are the native quarters. Generally they are built on lower ground than those of the foreigners and not so far from trees and standing water, and they are by no means so carefully screened. Yet even there, much pains has been taken to insure proper drainage and sanitation, so that the conditions of health are far superior to those in an ordinary native village.

Each morning a troop of dark-skinned men leaves the village and goes out on the tram-lines. The tram is drawn by a tiny engine operated perhaps by a white man who lost his job elsewhere through too much drink, or by an eager youth who longs for novelty, travel and adventures. At a place where the weeds and bushes between the rows of banana canes are two or three feet high, some of the gang jump off to hack down the surplus vegetation. Others go on to a section where many of the huge canes are bent downward under the weight of fat green bunches containing perhaps a hundred and fifty fruits. If a

bunch looks ready for market, a "cutter" raises a pole in which is fastened a sharp *machete* and slashes the main stem of the plant a few feet below the bunch. As the fruit topples over, the cutter uses his pole to ease it down on to the shoulders of a "backer." Quick *machete* blows sever the bunch from the plant and lop off the long blossom. Then the backer gives his load to the "mule man" or himself carries it to the tram-line if the distance is short.

We might visit a coffee plantation in Brazil, a cacao plantation in the Portuguese island of San Thomé off the coast of Africa, a rubber plantation in the Malay Peninsula, a model quinine plantation in Java, a coconut plantation in the Philippines or a clove plantation in Zanzibar. In all cases the essential features are the same: namely, a product desired by the white man; relatively inefficient tropical labor; and white overseers, white superintendents and skilled white technicians.

Ewing Galloway

Crude rubber—here being weighed in Peru—falls among the four chief imports into the United States. But almost no degree of demand would make additional supplies available unless the white man started plantations

The primary reason for tropical plantations is that the white man desires certain products which grow in warm countries and nowhere else. The people of the tropics, however, have so little initiative and are so content with life as it is, that they do not raise these products in quantity, no matter what price the white man offers. Accordingly, the white man goes to the tropics and tries to stimulate production. His first method was to establish a trading center here and there and endeavor to persuade the native people to bring what he wanted by offering them cloth, beads, knives and the like. Calcutta, Singapore, Batavia and Hongkong at one time were little more than centers of this sort. This kind of trading did not long prove successful because the tropical people were not sufficiently tempted.

The white man's next step was to employ his own agents, who traveled about, picking up from the natives small quantities of tea, coffee, bananas or other products. He likewise began employing natives to gather wild products such as rubber, quinine and mahogany in the jungle. This method, too, proved unsatisfactory. The quality of both the cultivated and the wild products thus brought in varied enormously and was often inferior. Moreover, the supply was hopelessly irregular.

The alternatives for the white man were to give up or else acquire land and raise the things he wanted. Not only have the plantations established as a result of his choice increased astonishingly in number and size, but new products have constantly been added. Only a generation or two ago wild rubber was an important article of commerce; but no rubber whatever was cultivated. Today rubber is one of the chief plantation products, and the wild article has almost disappeared from commerce. Similarly, no longer ago than the World War, most of the coco-palms that furnished copra and palm-oil either grew wild or were the property of natives, each of whom owned only a few. Today plantations of coco-palms are numerous.

We hear so much about tropical products and tropical trade that we often greatly exaggerate their worth. How many truly tropical products are really valuable and how great is our trade in them? To begin with the genuine food products, sugar is far and away the leader—the most important of all tropical products, whether foods or raw materials. The United States imports close to four hundred million dollars' worth of it. Coconuts in various forms, including copra, palm-oil and the shredded meat, come next among tropical foods but are worth only forty or fifty million dollars, and then come bananas, worth scarcely half so much. All the other tropical foods, such as

To a world constantly menaced by chills and fevers, quinine is all but indispensable. So, in Java, which produces nearly nine-tenths of the bark from which quinine is extracted, young cinchona-trees are planted under western supervision. Though the people who care for them must be fed, cinchona bark—like rubber, tea, coffee and spices—adds nothing to the world's food-supply

pineapples, Brazil-nuts, tapioca and rice, together with chicle for chewing-gum, are worth only about half as much as the bananas. Moreover, although coconuts and their oil are employed for confectionery, salad-oils and butter substitutes, most of the oil is not used for food, but goes into such commodities as soap and candles. Other fruits, aside from the banana, count for practically nothing as food, although long lists of them can be made. People often think that tropical fruits are more important than they are because oranges, lemons and grapefruit are mistakenly included. As a matter of fact, these are primarily semitropical and rarely are found in good quality within the tropics. Aside from sugar, the value of all the genuine food products imported into the United States from tropical countries amounts to only about as much as the peanuts raised in the country. Indeed, so far as food value is concerned, the peanuts rank far ahead. Obviously, then, the tropical countries thus far do very little in the way of feeding us.

But, even if the tropics do not feed us, they at least make us enjoy our meals. That is why we spend a quarter of a billion dollars each year for coffee and something more than one-tenth as much for tea and likewise for chocolate, cocoa and other commercial forms of cacao, which, unmixed with sugar, are of negligible importance as contributors to the actual food values of the higher latitudes. Spices were the first of such stimulants or appetizers to be sought, but today, in spite of their large number, all of them together are worth scarcely half so much as the tea. Even if we add what little tropical tobacco we get, all the quinine, and every other tropical stimulant or drug that we can think of or that the Department of Commerce can haul into its statistics, the total value of all the others, including tea and cacao and putting in also the palm products, does not come to a third as much as the coffee alone.

But surely sugar and coffee are not the only highly important products that we get from the tropics. How about all the raw materials? Well, what are the raw materials? Which of them, for example, fall among the thirty most important products imported into the United States? Only rubber, worth some two hundred million dollars, and jute, worth sixty millions. With the jute, which comes mainly from the province of Bengal in India, should be put perhaps fifteen million dollars' worth of Manila hemp from the Philippines and nearly as great a value of sisal from Yucatan. Each of these fibers is peculiarly adapted to a special climate and can be raised easily almost nowhere else. Aside from this, our imports do indeed include a few million dollars' worth of cotton from India, Mexico and other tropical countries, and some dyewood and mahogany from South America, but the wood is not a plantation product.

The whole matter sifts itself down to this: we obtain from tropical regions three really important articles, sugar, coffee and rubber. Raw silk is the only other import that vies with them in value, but it comes from farther north in China and especially Japan. We also get two other stimulants—tea and cocoa (or chocolate)—which are moderately important; three fibers—jute,

Manila hemp and sisal; one fruit—the banana; one nut—the coconut; and a group of spices. That is the list, which comprises, all together, about one-fourth of our imports. The importation of any or all of these products save sugar and rubber could come to an end without any serious harm to us. To put it in another way, we could annihilate our trade with all tropical countries except Cuba, whence comes most of our sugar, and the Dutch and British East Indian region, whence comes our rubber, without seriously incommoding ourselves and without cutting off our foreign trade by more than about twelve per cent. All our tropical trade together amounts to no more than our trade with China and Japan and to less than that with Great Britain or Canada alone. Why, then, do we make such a fuss about it? Why do we hear far more about increasing our tropical trade, and especially our South American trade, than we do about increasing any other kind?

Ewing Galloway

Stickiness is a pervading characteristic of even such primitive sugar-mills as this one, in Occidental Negros. Each year nearly four hundred million dollars' worth of sugar comes from the tropics into the United States

The answer seems to be partly that the plantation products from which arises almost the whole of the trade between tropical lands and others are mainly luxuries, and almost everybody spends far more time and energy in deciding about luxuries than about necessaries. Another reason is that, though trade with other regions increases of its own accord with the growth of population, tropical trade increases only when the white man acts as the motive force at both ends of the line. Almost no degree of demand for rubber, for example, would cause large additional supplies to be available unless the white man himself started plantations. In the third place, all the agitation about tropical trade is perhaps justified by the fact that in no other form of commerce, in all probability, are the ultimate possibilities so great.

Two curious facts about plantation agriculture are that almost all of the products come from perennials, and the majority from trees or bushes. Jute, to be sure, is an annual, but it is not a plantation product to any appreciable extent, being raised in little plots by the Hindu farmers of Bengal. It is mentioned here merely because it is one of the chief articles exported from the tropics. Thus in his first attempt at cultivation within the tropics, the white man practically limits himself to trees, bushes and large succulent perennials. He is following in the footsteps of his tropical predecessors. Like the savage, he began to exploit the tropics as a collector, who wandered around here and there, picking up what he could of the products prepared by nature. Then he undertook to cultivate the trees and bushes, just as the primitive tropical people first began cultivating the trees that supply coconuts, bananas, breadfruit and the like. As yet he has not reached a stage corresponding to that of the hoe culture of the tropical people who raise cassava, yams, sweet potatoes and pumpkins. Whether he will take that next step and then go on to raise annual crops of cereals such as corn, millet and especially rice, no one can yet tell. The chances are that he will do so. If these new steps mark as great a degree of progress for the white man within the tropics as they have marked for other races, one wonders what will be the final outcome. Will there arise a new and highly advanced type of civilization, standing as high above the white man's present tropical level as the rice-raising type of culture stands above all other types that have thus far prevailed within the tropics?

Leaving these speculations, to inquire how widely plantations are distributed within the tropics, we find that they are highly restricted. Only a few are located as much as a hundred miles from the ocean, and the great majority are almost within sight of the coast. But by no means do all coasts fare alike. Islands are the seat of tropical plantations far more than is the mainland. Cuba, Jamaica, Porto Rico, Mauritius, Ceylon, Sumatra, Java, the Philippines, Formosa and the Hawaiian Islands, together with the Malay Peninsula, which is almost an island, furnish by far the major part of all plantation products. To these we may add a few coastal areas such as those around the Caribbean Sea, the palm-raising coasts of central Africa and some parts of the coasts of India and Indo-China. Even the coffee region of Brazil is not far inland. The white man's agricultural penetration of tropical lands is scarcely farther along than was his occupation of North America when practically no settlements had been made as far inland as the Appalachian Mountains. Is this in any respect an augury of the future?

We shall not attempt to answer this question, but we may note several factors that delay the white man in penetrating far inland. One of these is the climate, which, by its effect on his health, creates one of the greatest difficulties. In general, the seacoasts are more healthful than the inland regions; for the ocean winds, especially the trades, blow far more steadily than the land winds, thus tempering the heat and driving away the insects. Where a small island lies in the trade-wind belt, on the borders of the tropical zone, as do the Hawaiian Islands, Porto Rico and Luzon, conditions are far better than in the interior of a great tropical land mass.

From the fiber of the "abaca" (right) comes the Manila hemp on display in this market at Jaro, in the Philippines. It is used for twine and coarse fabrics

Although the relatively healthful quality of the tropical coasts is highly important, it has not necessarily been the main factor in determining the sites for plantations. The original reason for their being located on islands and near the coast, and one of the main reasons even now, is accessibility. The people of European races went to tropical countries in ships, and ships are the only means of carrying away the products. It is vastly easier to go from one plantation to another by water than by land; for the difficulties of transport are very great in the regions where the rainfall favors plantations. With this may be put the fact that level land of the kind needed for sugar is more abundant near the coast than farther inland, and that the coco-palm, like the human being, seems to thrive best where there is a touch of sea-salt in the air.

Yet in the Philippine Islands, Java, Sumatra, the Malay Peninsula and Ceylon, as well as in Jamaica and on the mainland of the Caribbean countries and Brazil, many of the best plantations are on fairly hilly land at altitudes of several thousand feet. Practically all coffee and tea are raised in such regions, and so is a good share of cacao, spice and rubber. It is chiefly the sugar plantations that are located on the lowlands, although to some extent bananas and coconuts are grown there. The reasons why sugar needs level land are obvious. The extreme weight and bulk of the sugar-cane and the difficulty of transporting it to the mills make the use of rough land almost impossible. To a less degree bananas present the same characteristics, and their perishable nature also makes it advisable to raise them near the seacoast so that no time shall be wasted in getting them to market. Palm-trees grow as well and can be harvested almost as

Official Photograph, Fiji Government

These Fiji Islanders are gathering fat green hunches of bananas. Wherever the tropical plantation may be—whether a sugar plantation in Cuba or a tea plantation in Java—the essential features are the same: namely a product desired by the white man; relatively inefficient tropical labor; and western superintendents and technicians

easily on slopes as on level land, but the direct effect of sea-salt seems to be important in making them thrive near the ocean.

If a plantation product weighs little in comparison with its value, as is true of tea, coffee, cacao, spices and even rubber, a fair degree of hilliness is no great disadvantage. In fact, it is often a benefit; for it insures good drainage during the heavy tropical rains, thereby helping both the plants and the people who work among them. But mountainous regions have another advantage. The white man who establishes a plantation at a moderate altitude among the hills will find himself in a fairly healthful location. Not only is the temperature lower than at sea-level, but breezes are more usual upon the hilltops than in valleys or where the land is level. For this reason, the man whose plantation is high up and whose house is in an open place at the top of the hill is decidedly more likely to succeed than is his neighbor in a lower and more malarial location. The less level lands have another advantage, especially where rice culture

prevails; for they are relatively cheap. Good rice-land is always expensive, even where everything else is cheap. Values as high as five or six hundred dollars per acre are not uncommon in almost all the main rice-raising lands. So the white man, in order to save expense, as well as to preserve his health, finds it advisable to take himself and his plantations to the hills.

Still another condition, the quality of native labor, seriously restricts the location of tropical plantations. Since the white man in the tropics cannot or will not work with his hands, he must employ native labor or else import Chinese or other workers. Of course the efficiency of tropical labor varies enormously. Hunting tribes like the Amazon Indians, Pigmies and Negritos, are almost useless as laborers; they are here today, gone tomorrow. People who practise hoe culture in its simplest forms, like some African tribes, are a trifle better but very unreliable. Those who raise millet and corn, as do the negroes near the Niger and the Indians of the highlands of Central America, are more reliable. Yet even they may behave like the Maya Indian in Yucatan who failed to do the last day's work on a two weeks' job. "Why didn't you come to finish your work and get your money?" asked the white employer when the man finally turned up. "Oh, we had nothing to eat; so I spent the day fishing." He chose the chance of getting a few fish by nightfall in place of the certainty of two weeks' wages. The best of all tropical workers are the rice-raisers. That is probably the main reason why tropical plantations are found in greatest number in the East Indies and on the neighboring coast of southeastern Asia. There the white man takes the best available lands near the rice-fields and hires the rice-raisers to work for him. Sometimes, to be sure, when he raises sugar, he (*Continued on page 966*)

T. W. Campbell

In Ceylon rows of pale-green tea-bushes, almost as high as a man, cover slope and hollow for miles. After the tenderest leaves have been plucked, they are dried by artificial heat and sorted for market by a group of laughing, chatting women. Though the tropics do not feed us—tropical products are for the most part appetizers and stimulants—they at least make us enjoy our meals

This gay batiked kimono, worn by a "geisha" or, it may be, by a young woman dressed for the New Year's celebration, is not the typical costume of the Japanese woman. Her outer kimono, on the contrary, is of somber color, relieved only by a gorgeous "obi," or sash. Its real charm lies in the hidden rainbow lining—a symbol of the true being of Japanese womanhood

THE RAINBOW-LINED KIMONO

Expressing by Its Inner Brightness the Quality of the Japanese Woman's Soul

By Wyman S. Smith

THE woman of Japan has painted the pattern of her soul in the rainbow-tinted lining of her *kimono*. Woman always carries with her some of the colors that suggest her changing moods, but the woman of Japan takes her hues from the earth, the sky and the sea; though the outer color of her kimono has the somber tones of earth, the lining is a flower-garden that has borrowed colors from a sunset over the seas of Nippon. In old paintings there are curving lines and tints, in the fields there are toil-worn hands and wrinkled faces, in the homes are gracious, delicate gestures, in the tea-houses are the dance designs of the *geisha*, in the street are eyes curious but never inviting; yet nowhere is there a revelation more suggestive of the true quality of Japanese womanhood than in the gay lining of the kimono. Of course there is the sash, or *obi*, which is the joy and pride of every Japanese woman, and there are little pink-, blue- and purple-toed wooden *getas*, and there are pictured parasols; but the meaningful colors are elsewhere. The style of the kimono worn by the dignified grandmother is no different from that of the kimono worn by the bright-eyed, laughter-singing geisha, but the colors are unlike.

Ordinarily the dress includes two kimonos—the inner gay, light one, which enfolds the body and is held in place with a tied-and-dyed sash of variable colors, and the outer one with its somber exterior of dark green, gray, brown or black and its brilliant lining. Round the neck, between the two kimonos, is worn a simple, long, narrow band, or *eri*, which is revealed in the "V" of the collar. Round the waist over the outer kimono is worn the obi, a wide sash more than four yards long, which is folded double. It is held at the bottom with a cord and at the top with another cord, which has a small pad for the back. After these two cords are in place, the obi is once more turned about the waist to cover them and then the ends are pulled up, carried under the lower cord and over the pad, and finally arranged in a large bowlike decoration, which makes young women, and girls especially, look like so many dolls or butterflies ready at a moment's notice to lift themselves from their getas and fly away. The costume is completed with white hose, which seem never to become soiled even though the mud may be inches deep; and in inclement weather a loose coat or *haori* is worn over all. One more decoration is allowed the woman in her baby, which she dresses in the most flowery colors imaginable. Blues, reds, greens, purples, pinks and yellows, flowers and butterflies and formal designs, all help to make her baby as gay as a young sultan. If she carries a bundle or a package, she wraps it in a large handkerchief or *furoshiki*, which may be of silk or wool or cotton but is of a color to match her outer garment.

To almost everything she does, the Japanese woman brings some touch of artistry, some gay smile or a gentle graciousness which at one time makes her a charming doll-figure and at another endows her with all the serious understanding and aloof compassion of a Mona Lisa. She has learned nobility from Kwannon, Buddhist Goddess of Mercy, whose face and form have followed Buddhism through the Orient. In an old painting of the thirteenth century, a little puff of cloud coming from infinity trails down the sky until it blossoms in a lotus from which springs the Goddess of Mercy, born as the breath of a benignant deity—and it is some such origin that belongs to the kimono-clad woman of Japan.

All Japan has been sampling and testing the civilization of the West for more than a half-century, and the Japanese woman has learned by experience to choose those things that she requires. She has not accepted occidental dress, but she has adopted a simple arrangement of the hair over her ears as a substitute for the old coiffure that required hours to achieve; she has gone to work as a bread-winner and she has gone to school; she is gradually turning her attention to politics, art and the stage. In literature and dancing, her influence has always been felt; indeed, *Genji Monogatari*, written by Murasaki no Shikibu in the late tenth or early eleventh century, has been called one of the twelve great novels of the world. Feminine political and other public meetings, once unthinkable, are now held; law has been included in the curriculum of a girls' school; and some private universities have opened the way for coeducation by allowing women to attend lectures. Thirteen per cent of the total female population are classed as "bread-winners," and of these three and a half millions nearly a million and a half are in commercial and factory work, nearly a million and a half are in agricultural and domestic service and a half million are doing other than manual labor.

American newspapers are much concerned with the jazz age and woman's increasing recklessness, but the "degeneracy of the younger generation" is just as exciting a topic in Japan. Newspapers publish long editorials about the wanton new woman, but the new woman cherishes many old-fashioned ideas of propriety, even if, in some instances, she seems to be taking lessons from motion-pictures and cheap magazines. Newspapers bemoan her attendance at "voluptuous foreign dances," and—so far has she thrown passive reserve to the winds—Kobe actually talks about its street-walkers. Yet it

is hard for one who has observed the Japanese woman in her modern freedom to believe that she is in great danger of becoming anything except more interesting and more charming.

In remembering her varied aspect, I have often thought of that slim, graceful woman who stood talking to her companion in the ferry depot of a sailor's town, Shimonoseki, and who followed us with a smile in her lovely eyes as we walked down to the boat. Yet she did not come aboard, even though she had hurried along as if she were afraid of missing the ferry; she simply waited there on the pier and settled back in languorous ease against the rail with one knee bent and the soft folds of her kimono clinging to her. She was tall and elegantly dressed, and she moved like a lily in the waves when with hesitating steps she started away, turned once to look back, went on slowly again and once more looked back. As the boat pulled into the blue darkness and I caught a last glimpse of her bright obi, I thought that perhaps she might be Madame Butterfly.

One night when we were taking a second-class train north from Tokyo to Aomori, a little woman of about thirty occupied the berth across the aisle. Naturally the sleeping-car etiquette of Japan is different from that of other countries, but it was rather a surprise to see this woman begin to undress as nonchalantly as if she were in her own home. She was very graceful and very clever, however; for she slipped from her daytime kimonos into her night kimono and in the morning changed back again without showing more than a glimpse of her shoulders. All the next day she sat huddled on her bare feet in her compartment, holding in her mouth one corner of the handkerchief that hung over her face, while with sleepy eyes she dreamed away the landscape. Just before reaching her station in the afternoon, she began to dress; she returned from her toilet with a face as fresh as a rose, added a dab of powder here and there, arranged her hair into smoothness, put on her clean white hose and was ready to step into her getas and clip-clap away to meet her friends. They were waiting for her on the platform, and, as in all Japanese meetings, there were many deep and long bows, and more bows.

At a hotel in Hokkaido, the northern island, a girl knocked at the door a few minutes after our arrival and tripped in with a lacquer tray, a covered bowl and tea. She smiled—this little *nesan*—and was much amused, when she lifted the cover of the bowl, to show that there were cookies inside, although tea and cookies greet every guest at a Japanese inn. Later, she came back with a bucket filled with coals, which she put into the *hibachi* one by one with a pair of iron chop-sticks. And then she took up a copper spreader and piled the ashes carefully about the coals so that a little heap like the cone of a miniature volcano was left in the center of the hibachi. She smiled; she was enjoying all this. But she did not become really hilarious until the afternoon when she found me at the wrong entrance, looking for my shoes. I was wearing a pair of those heelless slippers that are given every guest, and I was more than awkward in keeping their toes pointed straight ahead; but, on discovering me, she took me by the arm and started off at a run to find my shoes in hurry-burry American fashion. And, when my heelless slippers went spinning away across the polished floor and I followed her unshod, she giggled as if it were the best joke in a month. But a moment afterward she sat at my feet, put on my shoes very demurely and then laced them. When I returned, she had left a vase with three chrysanthemums on my table, the three flowers representing earth, man and heaven. Next morning she came to the door again and announced, "*Asa-gohan ni oide-kudasai*," and, when I did not comprehend at once, she took my coat and waistcoat, helped me into them and without more ado pulled me along down-stairs to breakfast.

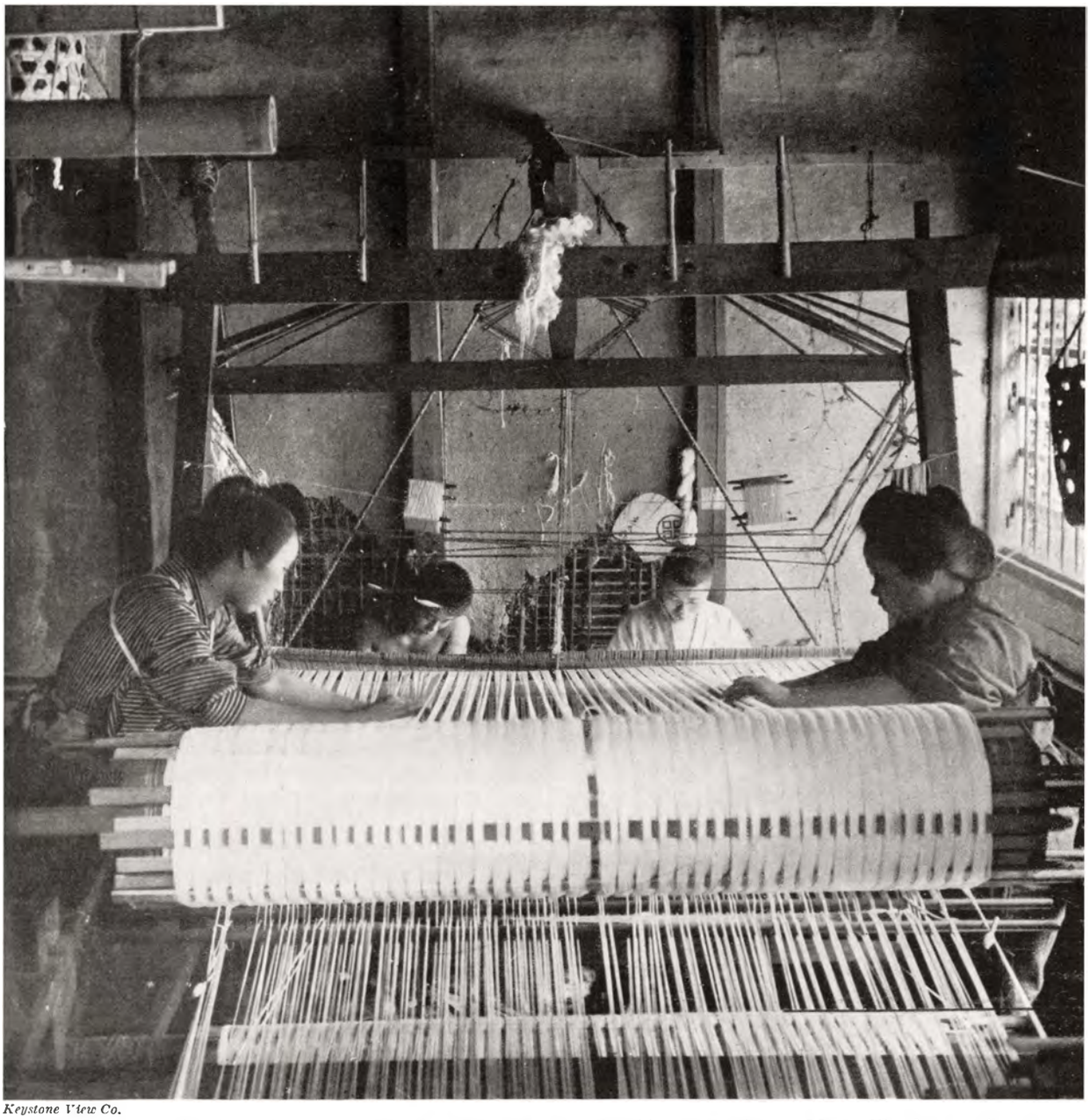
Always ready to do some service, always on the run, with a glad little "*Hai!*"—"Yes!"—when she understood a number of frantic gestures and poorly pronounced words, this nesan was like many others of the Japanese inns. They are jolly and free and wait at the door for the privilege of taking off a guest's shoes and bringing the slippers. But they keep their own dignity; I saw a man fail when he playfully proposed to kiss one little girl.

To observe the nesans about their work of dusting and cleaning or to watch them roasting tea or pickling the large radishes called "*daikons*" is to see them creating designs often made use of by Japanese painters and dancers. But to the mistress of the home is reserved the performance of the finest and most perfect art of a Japanese household—the tea ceremony. Pouring tea is everywhere considered something of an art, but only in Japan has tea-drinking been made such a ritual of friendship as finds a complement in the calumet smoked in token of peace by the American Indians; for the tea ceremony as practised in the days of the great *shoguns* gave the Japanese some rest from the incessant feudal wars that raged until their country was unified.

When we visited the home of a wealthy middle-class business man, one evening in Tokyo, our host was waiting for us at the gate, escorted us through the garden, provided us with slippers and then introduced us to his kind-eyed, gracious mother, who spoke her welcome in Japanese. She was an artist, was this grandmother, and she showed us many dolls that she had made and dressed in silks and brocades during her spare moments. She lived upon memories of the old days when her husband, a lover of painting, had collected the hundreds of *kakemonos* that were stored in the upper rooms of the house; and very proudly she recalled the order of merit that her husband had received from the Emperor for an essay upon the tea ceremony.

We inspected the house, we talked with the young wife, whose eyes were bright and whose cheeks wore the bloom of peach-blossoms, we smiled at the two boys who came so quietly and bashfully into the foreign parlor, and we said good evening to the youngest son, who had awakened and, when brought down by the nesan, held out a chubby little hand to shake. We visited the shrine-room to the grandfather, where it was the habit of our host to study and meditate and reverence his father's memory; we enjoyed the beauty of the old masterpieces of Japanese painting and entered the storeroom, built into the earth at the side of the house, where valuables might be kept during danger of fire or earthquake; and finally we entered the tea-ceremony room.

It was a small room and contained the prescribed four and a half mats; for, since the tea ceremony is a rite of friendship, the room is small that it may encourage the atmosphere of intimacy and confidence. All other rooms are built to contain a certain number of the rice-straw mats which measure about three feet wide and



Keystone View Co.

In Japan, as elsewhere, the women of the twentieth century are breaking conventions. Many, like these workers on the silk-looms at Kiryu, have entered factories in order to be independent—so many that fifty-six per cent of the factory labor in the islands is now performed by women. Just what this may mean is a question for excited debate

six feet long, but in the tea-ceremony room one mat is cut in two. In one corner of the room stood a *furo* with a *chagama*, or iron teakettle, singing over the charcoal, and beside the furo was a little wooden stand, called *kojoku*. On the upper shelf stood a small container of finely powdered tea, and on the lower shelf was a pot of cold water with a wooden dipper. When we were all seated around the room, with the most important guest farthest to the right, the grandmother placed before each of us a small piece of paper and passed delicately colored cookies, which contained a fine and exquisite design.

Then, kneeling before the *kama*, with a slow and stately motion she lifted the wooden dipper from the wooden shelf and just as carefully and gracefully took down the jar of ground tea and a treasured ancient bowl. With the dipper she put a bit of hot water into the bowl, washed the bowl carefully, poured out the water and with a long, thin bamboo spoon put in a measure of the ground green tea dust. Next she took a dipper of cold water from the cold water pot, poured it into the hot teakettle with a falling-water sound and brought back to the bowl a measure of hot water, which she poured into the bowl with a falling-water sound. Steam rose from the tea-bowl when she took up a split bamboo brush and beat the tea until it was whipped into an iridescent foam. And finally, with the same exact and graceful gestures, she passed the bowl to her first guest, who took it in both hands and drank deeply, once, twice, and at the third drink finished the tea, so that nothing but a little tip of green moist powder remained at the edge of the cup. This last bit (the final full measure of friendship) was wiped off with the paper, and what was left of the cookie (and a little should always remain) was wrapped in the paper and folded away inside the guest's kimono. Each

friend was thus served in turn, and, when the ceremony was over, the room was deserted in as leisurely a way as if the visitors were withdrawing from a temple.

We did not see the grandmother again after that evening, but we met the business man and his wife a few evenings later at the home of the friends who had introduced us. The young wife seemed to us the sweetly grave ideal of Japanese womanhood. But the rainbow

Charles R. Frazier

Very modern is this Tokyo bus, with its device to protect pedestrians from mud and its attractive girl conductor. She is one of 3,500,000 Japanese woman bread-winners

lining was there, and it flashed suddenly when she slipped into the haori that her friend had just purchased. The sleeves were bright and long and colored with reds and blues and greens, which set off the black in such a way as an occidental woman desires. But it was a new experience for the Japanese woman; with shining eyes she looked at herself in the mirror, and a moment later she had turned to dance about her husband. Then she stood close to him; his hand touched her shoulder, and the bright moment passed, but it had given us a glimpse of what is possible in Japanese family life.

For freedom and gaiety may have their dwelling-place in the Japanese home no less than in the house of the geisha. Indeed, in modern Japan geishas and concubines are going out of style; for Japanese women care no more for shared affections than do those of other countries. The geisha herself is an artist and she asks for love and artistry, but she expects to marry as soon as she finds a man who loves her and whom she loves in return. Her house with its sliding doors and translucent paper windows stands in a garden, and about it linger the murmur of voices, laughter and the singing tang of the *samisen*. At night there are those who come with samisen and song to serenade her, and in the late evening she will stand in a doorway, an oval-faced, deep-eyed woman in a bright-colored kimono (like that sold to occidental women) and say good-by to her lover. In her happiness she prolongs the farewell; for she has sorrows enough. Little popular tunes, of the kind called *dodoitsu*, are hers, and she sings them with the samisen, but they are sad and filled with longing:

"I opened the door, believing my lore had come, but the moon in the wind-disturbed water was laughing."

"A white heron, with its head cocked in hesitation, water mirrors itself to see whether it is careworn."

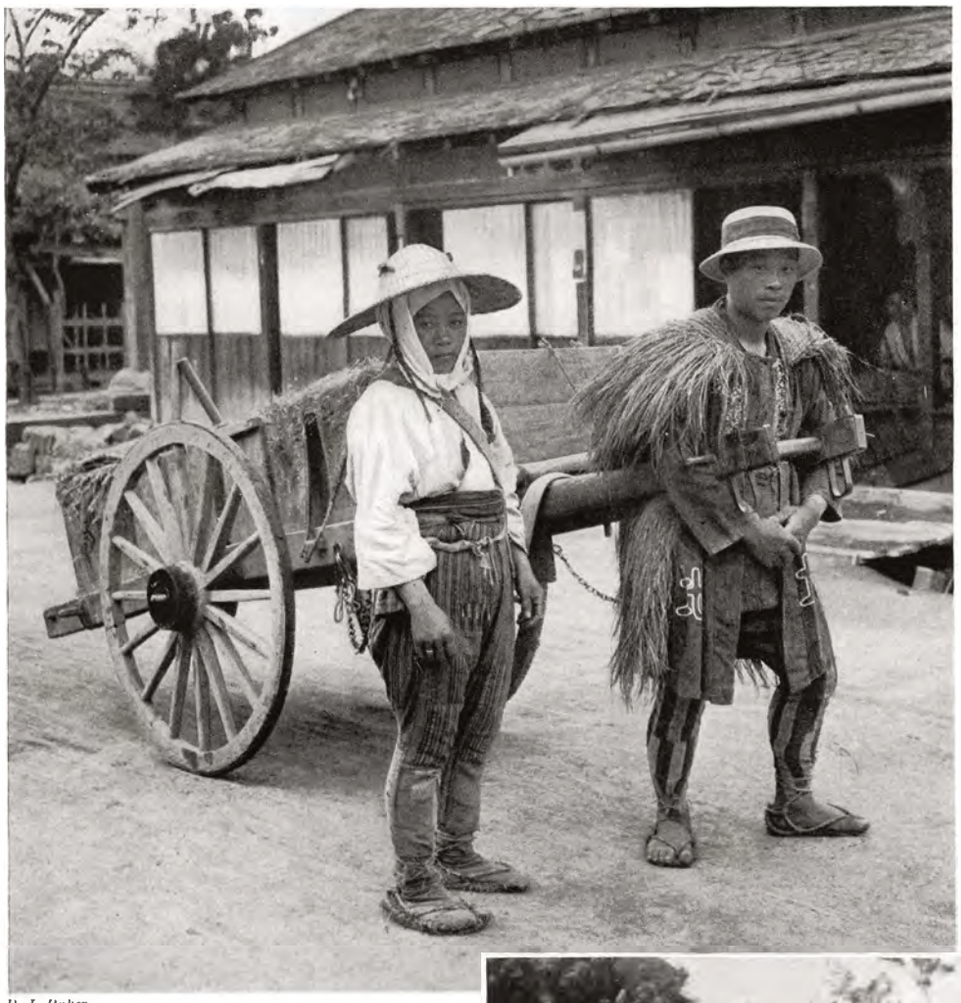
"Never do mind the hardship I now endure, but how I wish that it might be worth the enduring."

"Sober wooing! Sincere is their love each for the other, as undiscernible as a heron in a drift of snow."

A far sadder existence than that of the geisha, however, is the life of those women and girls who enter the licensed districts of the cities. In Tokyo, with its population of two millions, there are six thousand women in the *Yoshiwara;* yet they are fewer by far than the number reported in a census of the vice districts of London. The Japanese, feeling it impossible to eradicate prostitution, have regulated it. The women in the prostitutes' quarter are inspected by government doctors. Cleanliness prevails everywhere; streets are swept clean and planted with trees; strict supervision is maintained. Strangely enough, no women are seen; for there is no soliciting by the women, although men stand at the doors of the little houses to accost the passer-by and invite him in. If he stops, he leaves his getas or shoes at the door, selects a woman from a picture-gallery on the wall of the entrance-room and is then shown into a reception-room, where the mistress of the house serves tea and introduces him to the original of the photograph. It is she—this saddest of Japanese women—whose inner kimono is of flaming poppy-scarlet, and she, too, smiles.

Even this seclusion is being done away by the new freedom; for every taboo is broken by the woman who walks the streets. Yet, in a lesser degree, all women are breaking conventions in Japan, as they seem to be in the rest of the world. Girls and young women are finding work that makes them independent. In Tokyo there are more than seven thousand waitresses who range in age from eighteen to twenty-five, and of these more than half are between eighteen and twenty. In addition to tips, they receive from ten to twenty-five dollars a month. Most of them spend their wages on clothes and other personal things; some help their families or put money in savings banks.

They are demurely gay and courteous; at one time they provide the guest with a hot towel so that he may wash his hands and face; at another, they laugh and bring a French menu; or they will try to amuse their



R. J. Baker

For strenuous labor the Japanese peasant woman forgoes the kimono in favor of more convenient attire

foreign patrons by playing "My Old Kentucky Home" or Beethoven's "Minuet" on the phonograph. But they seem to do a remarkably true thing when they present a box of matches on which is written the legend, "Fortune comes in by a merry gate."

Laughter of women there is, not only in the cities of Japan, but even in the country and on the seacoasts where the fishermen work. Out along the roadways of angling pines, which run through the *paddy*-fields and the *taro*-fields, by lotus-ponds and fish-ponds and in the villages where little wooden houses huddle together in all those places young women and older women, who work hard all day and even carry their babies on their backs while they wade in the mud among the rice-plants, somehow manage to be merry. The country woman labors in the fields from the spring planting to the harvesting; she will thresh the rice and, while her husband pours it, will fan away the chaff. She toils until her hands are no longer soft, but, happy with her family and her baby, she keeps the mats inside her home clean and dry. And, though her means are scanty, she will offer the visitor tea and serve it as graciously as if she were a queen.

Even today, Japanese girls often accept very early the traditionally selfless rôle of woman in their country. I saw the young girls on the streets, at the temples, and I saw them at Nikko, climbing the path to the waterfalls with their top kimonos tucked back to allow them greater freedom in walking. Up the road they came with temple green and maple red, marigold and blue showing between the folds of their haoris. They laughed and chattered and giggled, and I wondered when they would learn the grace and ease of—for example—that woman in the shining black-and-gold *jinrikisha*, whose white silk brocaded scarf, draped over the

(*Continued on page 969*)

SPRING MOVING-DAY

During Holi, a Fête That Permits Indian Villagers to be Unreservedly Merry

By Gertrude Emerson

WELL, the moving from my tent into my house has been accomplished, and it was thus. Early on the morning of the seventeenth, I came over here to superintend the placing of my things as they arrived on the heads of a half-dozen men and boys; the *ayah* and the cook stayed at the tent to superintend the clearance; and Asgar Ali ran back and forth, as liaison officer, between the tent and my hill.

All worked very well, and I am established as if I had been living here for a year or two. Around the edge of the veranda my seventy or eighty pots of Allahabad prison-flowers are now coming into blossom—snapdragons and little blue things and colored daisies and I don't know what else. It is great fun to watch the buds swell and burst into some surprising thing. Also, the African morning-glories I planted the other day are up in their pairs of leaves, and the grass lawn we had brought by twenty or thirty children from a green depression where cattle sometimes graze beyond my hill, has the appearance of having grown here for ages. Of course I do look very magnificent with my wide pink paths of crushed brick and my green grass and my white house with its green doors and windows. No wonder the villagers keep arriving in swarms. I have been letting them all come in and inspect my palace, thinking that after a day or two everybody would leave me in peace. But now I surmise that they are traveling from miles around to see the mysteries. The ayah is getting tired of cleaning away the dusty footprints—only a few of my visitors have shoes—from the green cotton carpets, and, to tell the truth, I am tired, too. Of course the hundred-and-first to arrive does not see why he should not be permitted to come in, if the hundredth has just preceded him. So far, until the doors are shut at night and the servants are in bed and asleep and only the little gray-brown owls are still chattering and calling softly from the branches of the big *shisham* over my head, I seem unable to have five minutes to myself. One reform, however, I have rigidly adhered to. I see and treat no sick villagers after ten in the morning. Already, in these few weeks, they had appealed to me in burdensome numbers. Whenever I thought of settling down for an uninterrupted hour of writing, along would come a man who wanted castor-oil for his stomach-ache, or somebody with a swollen jaw would ask for "tooth-paint" or the compounder at the hospital would call to say that the brick-maker with the broken leg, whom every one refers to as my "patient" since I rescued him, was seeing ghosts at night and ought to have a man hired to sleep with him for two weeks. But now my clinical hours have been reduced to two—from eight to ten.

On the occasion of the Holi festival the Thanadar and the Holy Man presented themselves drenched with rosy dye

The day of my removal had many remarkable incidents, chief among them, perhaps, the visit of a Holy Man. He was not the feeble creature you might expect a *sadhu* to be, and he helped efficiently with the moving, lifting things about for me and putting them where I told him to, and dusting some of the furniture with the end of his *dhoti*. A fearful dust-storm was blowing, and everything arrived laden with coats of gray powder.

I had first encountered the Holy Man two days before, in company with Haweli Singh, owner of the kiln where the bricks for my house were made. I was coming back from a last inspection of the house, about seven o'clock, and the moon was making neat shadow-prints on the ground. The Holy Man looked rather satanic. He was wearing a gray woolen garment of curious cut, belted in at the waist with folds of white cloth, and a white cloth tied over his head and knotted under his chin like a hood. He had very black eyebrows and a wide mouth and seemed a trifle overvoluble for one of his profession. The next day, however, the Tahsildar and he and I all chanced to meet at my house, and the Tahsildar said he really was a sadhu. In fact the Tahsildar had just been entertaining him at breakfast. They had had a religious talk, in which the Holy Man used such difficult words that, according to the Tahsildar, it was hard to understand him. "But he knows about *pranayama*, that method of saving breath I was telling you of the other day," added the Tahsildar. Although I was thinking that the Holy Man must lose all the breath he saved if he talked as fast and as much as he seemed to be in the habit of doing, I suggested that he might be willing to give us a demonstration. He obligingly said he would come at eight the next morning. His own "Big Guru," he informed us, had lived to be five hundred. "I don't know whether it is true or not," said the Tahsildar, "but that is what he says."

To celebrate moving into the Happy House, Gertrude Emerson distributed grain—rice and "dal"—to these poor folk of her village. Later she entertained forty prominent villagers at dinner in front of the house, seating them with a care to caste distinctions and taking the precaution to eat her own dinner first. For days people kept arriving in swarms to inspect her palace

Of course, since this is Pachperwa, it was not eight but twenty minutes past twelve when we finally convened. The Tahsildar was busy hearing the usual run of petitions. I was giving a coat of white enamel to the Balrampur Estate wash-stand with which I have been provided, while a dozen onlookers watched me and marveled. In this land, if you are the *sarkar*, or head of the household, you do no work. The Holy Man was sitting on a string-bed under a tree, pumping a miniature harmonium with one hand, picking out some unrecognizable melody with the other and emitting a loud braying sound that purported to be song. Such a harmonium was designed, I think, to be used by itinerant missionaries as an accompaniment to hymns. It can approximate two octaves of a western scale but does not hit the quarter-tones of the Indian scale at all. So you can imagine that the harmonium and the singing were excruciatingly discordant.

When we were finally gathered together in the Tahsildar's open court, the Tahsildar sat behind his table, the Holy Man on the bench facing him and I in a chair at one side. A small crowd had collected at a polite distance. The Holy Man began with a learned disquisition on the five elements composing the body and the five subdivisions of each of these, but the Tahsildar soon got tired of taking notes and told him to give us a practical demonstration of how we could save our breath and prolong our lives. Since he said he objected to doing it with so many people about, the Tahsildar and he and I retired to the Tahsildar's room. Chairs were produced, but the Holy Man, leaving on the floor his wooden sandals with petals carved for his toes to rest on—a pleasant conception to allay the weariness of a dusty road—jumped up and sat on the Tahsildar's bed. He took off his apricot-colored shirt, crossed his legs Buddha-wise, drew himself up very straight and held his two hands so that the four fingers of each were tightly pressed against eyes, nostrils, upper and lower lips. Very quickly, five or six times, he alternately raised and lowered the fingers closing his nostrils. Then he took one big breath and afterward remained unbreathing for what seemed a rather long time, but, since my watch stopped just as I began to time him, I cannot say how long he held his breath. My limit, I find, is one minute: his was perhaps a trifle longer. This, it seems, is the first exercise, and you practise it every day until by the end of a year you can hold your breath for an hour. The second exercise consists in breathing through your back-bone. The air is cleaner here than in the lungs, and you do not need to take so much as you do in breathing the other way. I could not follow his method of achieving this feat, however. He next told us some elementary principles of *Yoga*, all directed toward keeping the body clean. For instance, you may swallow twenty-four feet of cloth and gently pull it up again, with the object of cleaning your stomach. He did not offer to show us the exact technique; nor did we ask him to. By this time it was two o'clock, and the Tahsildar was ready, as I knew, for his noon meal; so the meeting disbanded without my having been greatly enlightened regarding the secret rites of breath-saving.

About half past five the Holy Man unexpectedly arrived at my tent. When I tell you that from that time until he left somewhere around eleven—he went away for an hour while I ate my dinner, and then came back again—we conversed without one word of English, you will see that no matter how inaccurately I may speak Urdu, I

have now obtained a serviceable emergency use of it. I mean that I can make myself understood, and, if the person talking to me will speak slowly and repeat and use simple terms, I can get the sense of what he says. The Holy Man was good at this procedure, and we managed rather intricate topics, such as transmigration. I asked him if he wanted to live to be very old and if he thought there was any special advantage in reaching the five-

In the heat of the day in Pachperwa, when the thermometer climbs high, this boy stands behind the Tahsildar, or district administrator, diligently waving a gay-colored Utraula fan

century mark. The fact that I questioned the advantage struck him as so amusing that he laughed hard. Like all Hindus, of course, he believes firmly in transmigration.

The leaves of my big *pakar*, which have begun to fall heavily of late, came tapping and sliding down the tent-roof with a dry rattle. "Will they ever go back to the branches again?" I asked. "When we fall, like these leaves, why should we live again?"

"Trees are all alike," he answered. "They share in the same winds and the same rains and the same sunshine. The lot of men, however, is cast unevenly. Yet God is just. Therefore he gives us many lives, so that apparent injustices in the end are leveled away."

This reasoning, like the Mahommedan habit of placing all responsibility upon God, makes people supine. God, I find, is a very good alibi for everything troublesome in India. For instance, when our *munshi*, who seemed to be implicated in the theft of the Tahsildar's box, containing among other things the horoscopes of his two younger sons, had to leave without notice, the Station-Master, really a very good and kind little man, said to me quite cheerfully, "God will help him." Looking at the poor munshi, who, having twelve women and children to support, had come to ask me to write a letter in his behalf to the Kanwar Sahib, I felt that a gift of twenty-five *rupees* would at least be of more immediate help, and I sent it to him that evening. He bequeathed me in return his fine painted rooster with four wives, one of whom has since died, and he left the Naib, or deputy, Tahsildar, who raised a subscription of another twenty-five rupees for him, his little white dog, Moti, whom I mentioned in a former letter. Moti, with a certain gastronomic instinct, perhaps, has preferred to live with me, and at this moment he is shedding his white hairs on the green rug at my feet.

The Holy Man, of whom I was speaking a moment ago, presently thought he would favor me with some further selections on his harmonium, but, since I did not feel that I could stand it at close quarters, I played some Galli Curci and Kreisler records, which seemed to please him. Some time before this, I should have said, he had discovered that in my last life I lived as a hermit in a forest here in India. Whatever he may have been previously, I had come to the conclusion that in this life he was a rather worldly Holy Man. He struck me as altogether normal, except that, as a sadhu, he can wander wherever he pleases and be fed by a gracious people. He accepts only cooked food; so he saves himself the trouble of having to prepare even his own rice. At ordinary times he lives with ten other sadhus in a forest near Gonda, he tells me, but his "Big Guru" ordered him to go out and teach people. He apparently knows a few Sanskrit *mantras*, but, when I asked him to write me some Sanskrit, he confessed that he knew very little. The two little books he carried were in Hindi.

When the concert was finished, I told him I had work to do and he had better go. But he was fascinated by the typewriter and had to have a lesson in how it worked. Then, attracted by a small magnifying-glass I have, he began to look at various things on my desk. He thought America must be a fine country and expressed a desire to visit it some day. Next, he took out a small round box with red paste in it and put some on his face and, before I could stop him, reached over and put some on mine. It was the usual attar. I told him we preferred soap and water. The next moment he was untying a corner of his neck-handkerchief to show me a small heap of crumbled gray-green

leaves, and this, he said, was *ganja*. I had suspected him of a fondness for ganja or *bhang* or *charas*. Whenever you see a sadhu or a *fakir* smoking a little clay pipe like a chalice of a flower, you may be pretty sure that some such drug is mixed with the rank tobacco. I told him I thought ganja was very bad, and the ayah, who came in at that moment, gave a dramatic representation of how people smoke or drink narcotic drugs and of the reeling or somnolent effect produced. She says the head "dances." I also learned that these drugs, which are sold on government license, make a very profitable illicit trade.

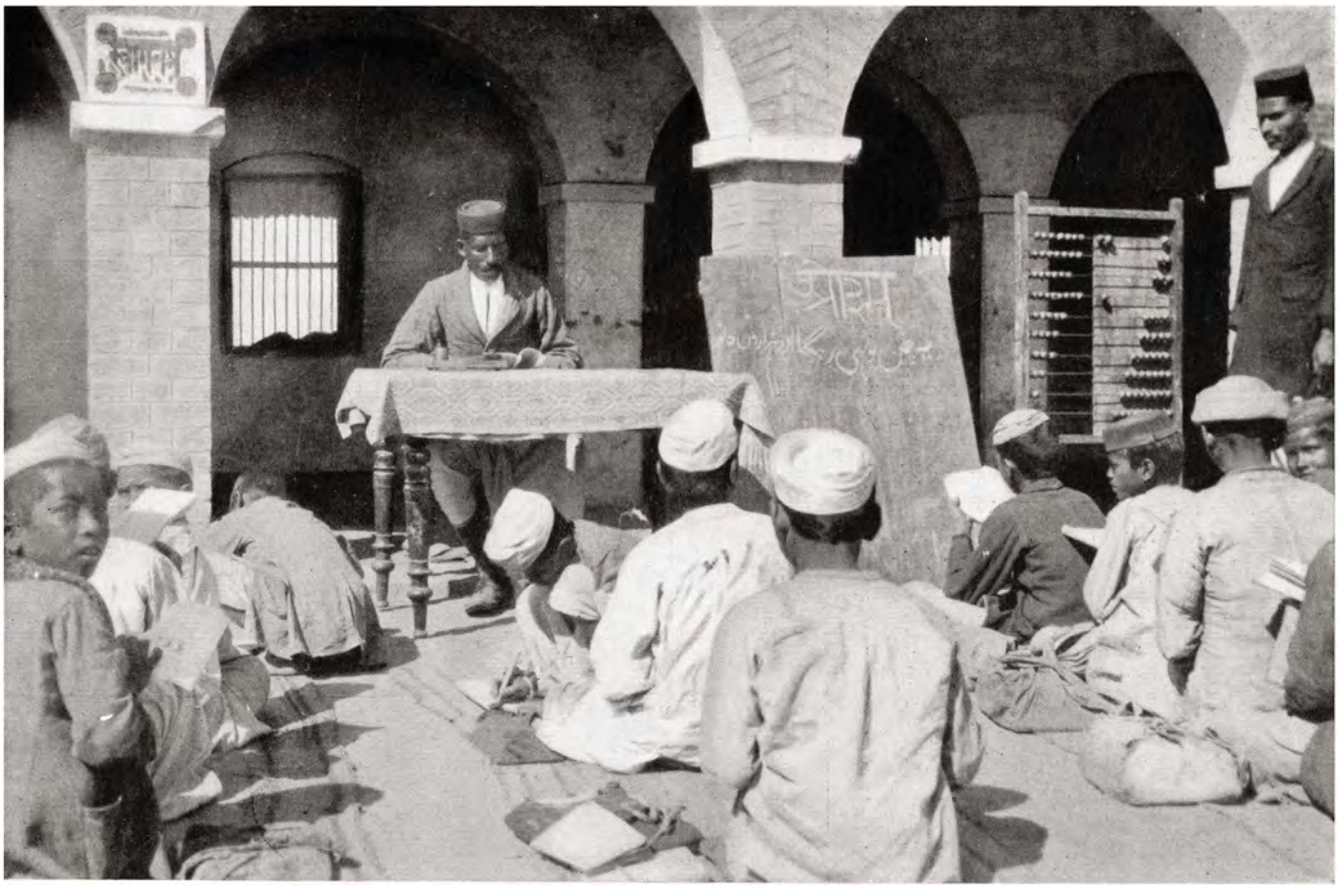
I asked the Holy Man why he liked ganja, and he said it made you feel happy —all troubles melted away, you sat under your tree in the forest, and your mind, emptied of worldly concerns, perceived God, very close and large, just as if you had a *dur-bin*, or telescope, like this (he picked up the magnifying-glass and held it over the page I had just typed) in your mind. He showed me three light pink scars on his left wrist and said that once at Fyzabad, when he was smoking a great deal of ganja, he had fallen over into a fire and burned himself. He was getting ready to fill his pipe and see God a little closer, but I told him he might not smoke in my tent and must now take his departure. He was very affable and promptly tucked his pipe away and got up to go, asking permission, however, to leave his harmonium with me for the night, since he was a homeless wanderer.

The next day, he came back and assisted me, as I have said, with the moving. But I had already had quite enough of him and did not encourage him to linger. When he offered me some more of his attar, I bluntly repeated my assertion about soap and water. So he asked me whether I would not give him some soap to wash his apricot shirt with. I delightedly acquiesced, and off he went.

The rites appropriate to moving I had planned to observe after the return from Balrampur of the Tahsildar, who had gone there with most of his staff for the Holi festival. But on the first afternoon a ceremonious train of people came up the hill—first the Doctor, then Haweli Singh, then the Thanadar, then the Inspector of Roads, then the old Jamadar, then the Holy Man. Asgar Ali kept bringing out chairs to the veranda, where we were sitting, until all my nine were in use. Before long the little son of the Inspector of Roads folded his hands in *salaam* and with some prompting made me a speech, and presently several of the villagers, men and children and women, arrived, bearing *dalis*. Dalis are offerings of sweets, nuts, fruits, flowers and so forth, arranged on round brass trays. You are expected to take a quick look and return in cash the value of each present—on the spot or, as in this case, at some later, more convenient time. I told all my dali-bearers to come back the next day, and for the time being Jawahir the cook stacked their offerings in the room in which I am keeping trunks and boxes.

The jungle near Balrampur, where Miss Emerson took this photograph, is full of "termitaria," like this one on which eleven-year-old Ram Lakhan is perched. They are the homes of termites, or antlike insects

Meanwhile the Doctor, being chief historian in Pachperwa, started a long tale, which the Naib Tahsildar translated for me, about the King who taught all his



Quick-witted pupils in this primary school at Pachperwa may make out on the blackboard the Sanskrit "Om"—the mystic symbol for God—and the first line of an Urdu poem. Besides Hindi and Urdu, they are taught arithmetic and a little geography. The Master Sahib (seated) receives twenty "rupees," or not quite seven dollars, a month; his three assistants get less

subjects to call him "God," and his son who refused to do so and called upon Rama instead. The King tried all means in his power to kill his son, but without avail, since the son was protected by Rama every time danger threatened him. Finally the King told his daughter, Holika, who was supposed to have a charmed life, to conduct her brother into the midst of a lighted pyre; but the gods deserted her for her infamy, so that she was burned and her brother saved. Then Rama himself emerged from a metal pillar, in a form half lion and half man, and tore the vitals out of the wicked King. Hence the Holi festival, at which, in the morning, people throw mud and filth at one another in the name of the reviled Holika, and, in the afternoon, colored waters in the name of Rama and the worthy son of the King. Incidentally, Holi, which is a festival of the new year and apparently of sun-worship, is a time for licentious songs and all sorts of excesses. When I expressed a desire to go to the village and see how Pachperwa amused itself on this day, the assembly said I had better go with the Thanadar, who, as sub-police-inspector, could protect me from being a target for missiles or pink or yellow water. I decided that now and then the arm of the law may be useful. The Thanadar promised to fetch me at nine in the morning, and, as my guests were leaving, I profited by the public aspect of the occasion to ask the Holy Man to carry his possessions with him from my house. So he gathered up his pipe, his two books, his little drum, his blanket and his harmonium and took them along.

The Thanadar, true to his word, strange to say, arrived promptly at nine, with the Holy Man in tow. It was I, as a matter of fact, who was not quite ready to start; so they went to pay respects to the Naib Tahsildar and returned a few minutes later drenched with pink and yellow dye he had thrown over them. We were joined en route by Haweli Singh, duly bepinked, and the Thanadar's little girl. She is always overcome with such a weight of shyness in my presence that for fifteen minutes she hangs her head and dares not lift her eyes. Then she edges over to where I am sitting, and after awhile she is in my lap. I think she must be all of five. She wears a little long dress, Mother Hubbard effect, of black cotton, and has her hair either tied in a skinny pigtail with colored pompoms dangling at the end or freshly oiled and sticking out in straight wisps in all directions. She has a pair of heavy silver anklets that clink pleasantly as she runs along, and on most occasions she is shod, without stockings, in a pair of clumsy leather shoes.

She and her father and Haweli Singh and I, who was expecting Holi to be rather lively, went to the far side of the village, to the small lake beyond which Asgar Ali's father has his house and garden. In reality there was little to see except a great crowd of men and boys, together with a handful of girls. A big ashen log, still smoldering, represented the pyre of Holika, and part of the ceremony seemed to involve the washing of all animals in the lake, since everybody was scrubbing down his buffalo or oxen or cow or horse or donkey. The village struck me as, if anything, quieter than usual. Probably

all women were studiously keeping out of sight. My Mahommedan potter was busily turning his wheel, and I took some pictures of him at work and then came home.

But about a half-hour later I heard a skirling of bagpipes or something very like it. Since the uproar was obviously coming straight up my hill from the village, I went out on the veranda—to be greeted by about the wildest sight I have yet beheld. There was a crowd of a hundred people, with clothes, faces, hands, hair, all of the most vivid magenta-pink ever conceived. Presently I recognized familiar faces. There was Haweli Singh, with his curly beard, now a deep magenta, there was the fat little Marwari Banya, glowing beyond your utmost dreams of rosiness, and there, if you please, was the Thanadar himself, as pink as everybody else, and they were all laughing and enjoying themselves, much as boys do the world over. All the real boys of the village were there too, and there was a contingent of musicians. Everybody had a squirt-gun, and the Marwari Banya had a glass siphon, and with these contrivances, filled with the pink water, they were besprinkling one another to their heart's content.

"I have brought them all here! I have brought them all here for you to see them!" the Thanadar kept shouting above the din, and I shouted back my delight that he had had the happy thought. We stopped the musicians long enough for me to solicit the privilege of photographing my guests, but first they insisted on coming up one at a time and putting a red thumb-print on my forehead. They also asked if they might not dye pink some one of my old garments, to be taken back to America with me as a memento of Pachperwa, and accordingly I donated a handkerchief. It rather looks like some late novelty from Paris. But all this color comes out in the wash, and needless to say this week the *dhobis*, or washermen, are doing a heavy business. I saw mine going off with a bundle about the size of my kitchen on his back.

The little Big Marwari invited me to come to something or other, I couldn't quite make out what, at five in the afternoon at the New Bazar, and I accepted with pleasure. The Thanadar said he would call for me again, and he arrived at the stated time with a cortège of now clean and recognizable gentlemen. Haweli Singh had a large, pale-hued pink turban, which gave the effect of an organdie poppy blooming on top of his head. Alongside the Thanadar skipped his sweet-faced little girl, in a new foreign dress—white with green machine embroidery—which made her little body look hideous compared with the *sari*-draped figures of ordinary children.

We all went to the temple, and there I found a flower-garden assembly of men and boys and a few small girls. As soon as they go into *purdah*, of course, girls may not attend any public gatherings. In our village the poor are blessed with freedom, but those who think themselves aristocrats immediately shut up their women. Some rugs had been spread on the open ground in front of the temple, and there we sat, the Holy Man at the opposite end of my rug and all the others in long rows on both sides. Presently the Pundit of the temple, with whom I am on friendly terms, read out the prognostications for rain and so forth from a printed almanac, but, since he read in Sanskrit, I am afraid not many derived much benefit from the reading. Meanwhile one man went around and again thumb-printed everybody on the forehead with some dry red powder, and another passed bits of chopped coconut and *litchi* (*Continued on page 970*)

At school this seven-year-old son of the Thanadar, or sub-police-inspector, of Pachperwa—a Khatri by caste—is writing Urdu (right to left) on his wooden slate with a reed pen. A vernacular form of Urdu is the common language of Pachperwa, which Miss Emerson has learned to speak at great length, albeit haltingly, with her neighbors

THE CHOICE OF MASTERS IN CHINA

The Alternatives at Present Offered a Chinese Who Would Serve His Country

By Vincent Sheean

THE following article was completed and posted by Vincent Sheean a week before Chiang Kai-shek resigned all his civil and military offices in the Nationalist Nanking government.—*Editorial Note.*

IT has been my view since last April that General Chiang Kai-shek, in defying his Party's authority and establishing his anti-labor and anti-peasant dictatorship at Nanking, was ruining the Kuomintang and the Nationalist Revolution of China. I should say that this ruin was now complete, and that the Chinese civil war had resumed its 1922-1926 character as a meaningless squabble of militarists. This is the opinion of Madame Sun Yat-sen, who knows better than anybody else what Dr. Sun believed and hoped for China. Madame Sun, cruelly disappointed and embittered by the militarist *coup d'état* in Hankow, has definitely retired from politics and declared that no group or "government" in the so-called Kuomintang of today represents the principles to which her great husband devoted his life. And certainly no faction in China will now bear examination from the *San Min Chu I* ["Three People-Principles"] point of view: everywhere reaction rules, and the "common people," upon whom Dr. Sun hoped to build his country's future, are as pitilessly crushed in Hankow as in Shanghai, in Peking as in Szechuan or Yunnan or Canton. General Li Chi-sen beheads the labor leaders in Canton, and General Chiang Kai-shek disembowels them in Hangchow; Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang "persuades" them (i. e., drives them) out of Honan, to be massacred by General Tang Seng-chi in Hupeh and Hunan. And, of course, there is always Marshal Chang Tso-lin, who strangles them in Peking. The barbarity, the sheer ferocity, with which the Chinese generals of all parties have turned upon the labor leaders and Kuomintang agitators surpasses anything they have displayed in their wars against one another. This is due to the fact that against labor and the peasantry, or against any attempt to awaken those sodden and unconscious masses, the Chinese generals face a "live option," as William James defined it, whereas the other questions at issue present, for the militarists, only "dead options."

In July, General Tang Seng-chi expelled the radicals from the Hankow government and made himself dictator

Gibbon has a stately passage in the fifth chapter of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* which gives the essential character of these Chinese civil wars very adequately indeed. It expresses so well what I mean that I am driven to quote the whole of it.

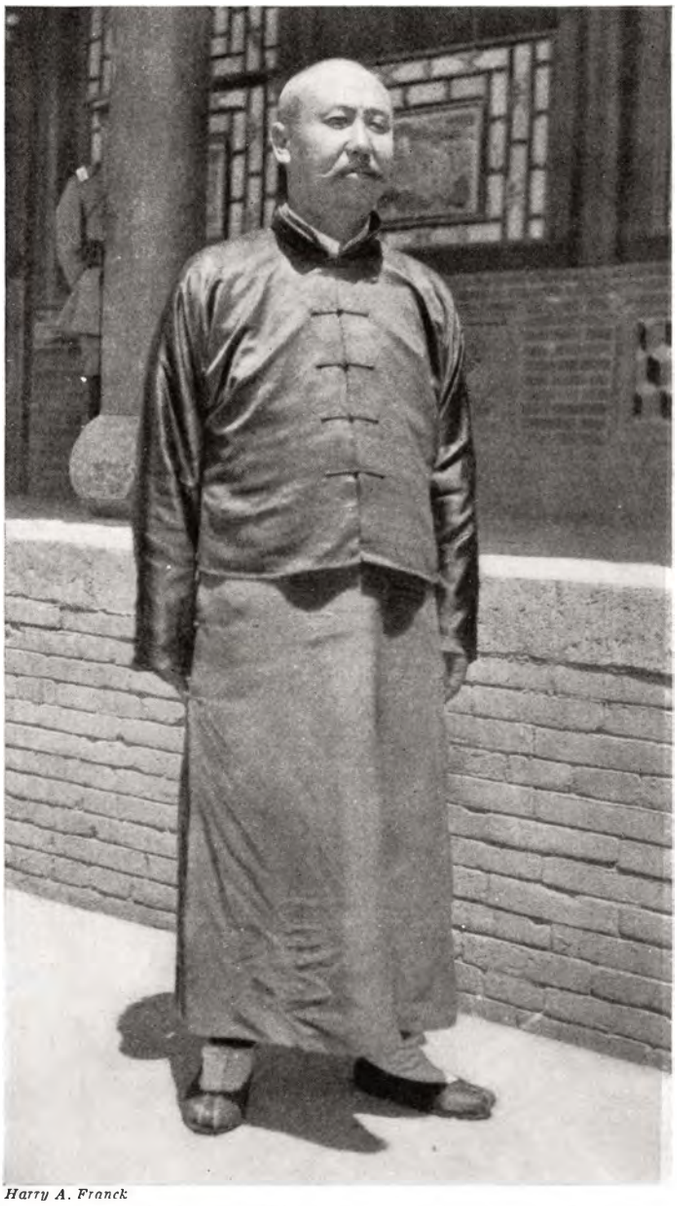
"The civil wars of modern Europe," he says, "have been distinguished, not only by the fierce animosity, but likewise by the obstinate perseverance, of the contending factions. They have generally been justified by some principle, or, at least, coloured by some pretext, of religion, freedom, or loyalty. The leaders were nobles of independent property and hereditary influence. The troops fought like men interested in the decision of the quarrel; and as military spirit and party zeal were strongly diffused throughout the whole community, a vanquished chief was immediately supplied with new adherents, eager to shed their blood in the same cause. But the Romans, after the fall of the Republic, combated only for the choice of masters. Under the standard of a popular candidate for empire, a few enlisted from affection, some from fear, many from interest, none from principle. The legions, uninfluenced by party zeal, were allured into civil war by liberal donatives, and still more liberal promises. A defeat, by disabling the chief from the performance of his engagements, dissolved the mercenary allegiance of his followers, and left them to consult their own safety by a timely desertion of an unsuccessful cause. It was of little moment to the provinces, under whose name they were oppressed or governed; they were driven by the impulsion of the present power, and as soon as that power yielded to a superior force, they hastened to implore the clemency of the conqueror, who, as he had an immense debt to discharge, was obliged to sacrifice the most guilty countries to the avarice of his soldiers."

With very little qualification, this passage written to characterize the pretorian struggles of decadent Rome applies to the military antagonisms of contemporary China. Rome had, during one of these periods of chaos, six emperors at once; but China has done even better, and in a territory smaller than the ancient Roman Empire, has succeeded in establishing twelve independent governments. The rulers of Yunnan, Szechuan, Sinkiang

and Kweichow are completely autonomous and recognize no superior authority; the governments of Tibet and of Mongolia are so used to their independence by now that they no longer consider themselves parts of China; and the cliques which control Peking, Hankow, Nanking, Canton and the province of Honan all operate without regard for any controlling organization. Kansu and Shensi, nominally under the influence of Feng Yu-hsiang, are really independent; and the province of Shansi, under the rule of Yen Hsi-shan, has been like a separate nation in China for the past fifteen years. Leaving out Kansu and Shensi on account of their theoretical submission to the authority of Feng Yu-hsiang, there are twelve main governments at present operating in China, without counting the feudal, autonomous sub-divisions in the Manchurian confederacy, in Szechuan and elsewhere. Between them they manage to keep some sort of war constantly in progress, but it would be vain indeed to search for any real principle at stake in their bickerings.

There are striking differences between the various military chieftains, of course; but these are in reality of a psychological nature. The political hypocrisy which was an inevitable accompaniment of the exploitation of the Kuomintang supplied some of the generals with the husks of ideas; the ideas themselves are absent, but the catchwords are enough to deceive some elements of the population. Particularly with regard to foreign opinion are these catchwords of value, as Chiang Kai-shek has proved this year and as Feng Yu-hsiang proved three years ago. The generals belonging to this group—Chiang Kai-shek, Feng Yu-hsiang, Li Chi-sen, Chang Shih-kiang, Tang Seng-chi, Hsia Tao-yin, Ho Chien and Chang Fa-kwei—are all sufficiently aware of the value of public opinion to maintain a consistent pose of modernity, of patriotism; I should call them, therefore, neo-militarists, in that they revive all the vices of the feudal militarist in new and superficially less repulsive guise. The other group, which I shall call militarist pure and simple, comprises Chang Tso-lin and Chang Hsueh-liang, Sun Chuan-fang, Chang Tsung-chang, Yang Yu-ting, Yang Sen, Wu Pei-fu and the *tupans* of Sinkiang, Yunnan and Kweichow. A special place, classifiable neither as militarist nor as neo-militarist, belongs to Governor Yen Hsi-shan of the province of Shansi; he is, as Mr. Walter Duranty of the *New York Times* dubbed him, a "peace lord," and only the dire necessities of China's ordeal force him into the lists at all.

This, then, is the choice of masters in China. If a Chinese wishes to serve his country in some capacity, he can choose to obey either a plain wolf or a wolf in sheep's clothing. Except in the single province of Shansi, where an orderly administration exists under the benevolent, progressive dictatorship of Governor Yen, there is nothing else to choose. Madame Sun is not the only Chinese who prefers to leave politics strictly alone under such conditions. Thousands of other intelligent men and women who are not at all deficient in feeling for their unhappy country have taken the same course. There is arising—there has been arising for some years—a school of social theory in China based upon the idea that the government or governments of the country cannot execute the ordinary functions of government. Thus the Mass Education movement, which has made progress all over the country with its uniform textbooks and its "thousand-character-writing," exists apart from any political organization or establishment. The bankers form their own protective associations, as do the teachers and the laborers; in this they are on common ground—the government is their enemy, all governments are their enemies. For the same Chinese soldiers who behead, strangle or disembowel the labor-union leaders and school-teachers also grind the bankers and merchants for money. In the same way (that is, upon the same instinctive basis) the peasants of Honan, southern Chihli, northern Hupeh and adjacent districts have organized those weird defensive bodies known as the "Red Spears" and the "Heavenly Hosts." The peasants, too, know no government which has not proved itself their enemy, and no general



Harry A. Franck

A "peace-lord," as Walter Duranty dubs him, is Governor Yen Hsi-shan of Shansi Province, where there exists—what is rare for China—an orderly administration

P. & A. Photos

Most ferocious of Chinese war-lords is the Manchurian bandit Chang Tso-lin, dictator of North China. To the right is his private motor car, well protected against attack

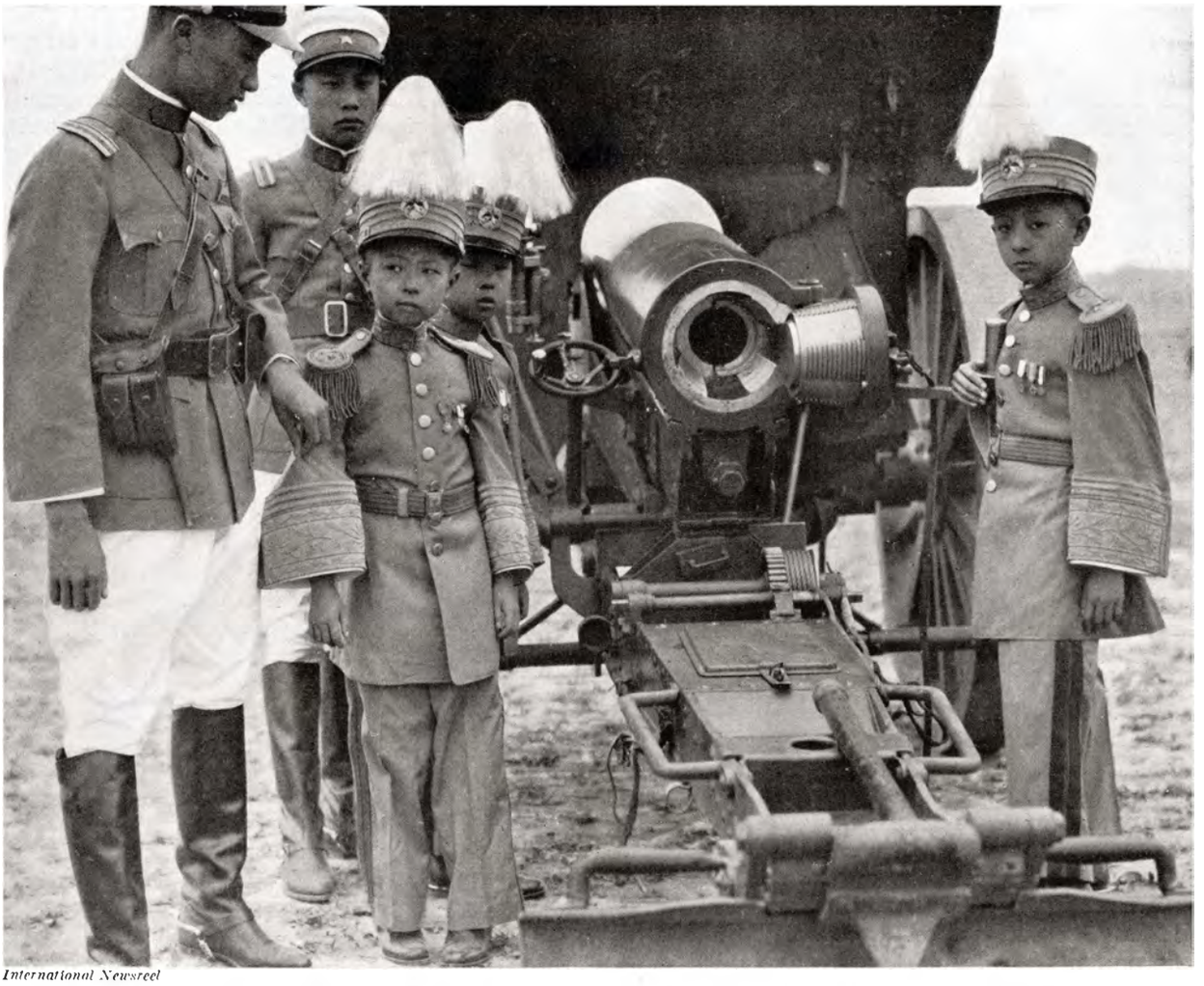
who has brought them anything but evil; they must defend themselves as best they can.

Of the neo-militarists, those who have enjoyed the most flattering attention from America are Chiang Kai-shek and Feng Yu-hsiang. To them should be added Tang Seng-chi, the general whose timely desertion of an unsuccessful cause ended the Hankow government in its civilian form and drove the revolutionary leaders from Wuhan. Of less importance are Li Chi-sen, tupan of Kwangtung, and Chang Fa-kwei, commander of the Fourth Revolutionary Army, the "Iron Army" of Canton, with the various slogan-slinging satellites—Ho Chien, Hsia Tao-yin and so on.

Chiang Kai-shek is not a very admirable personage, but in a choice of evils there are perhaps some things to be said for him. In the first place, there is no doubt that he was sincere in his dread of Communism, little as he understands what the word means. There is also a relative certainty that, in establishing his government at Nanking, he made an effort to maintain the forms of Kuomintang rule. He gathered around him a disparate group of persons united by their fear of Communism or their desire for profit. All but three of the important members of this group had previously been expelled from the Party, or else had never belonged to it; and the claim of Chiang Kai-shek that his was the "true" Kuomintang government was, from the very beginning, ridiculous. Of the thirty-three members of the Central Executive Committee of the Kuomintang, twenty-one remained loyal to the central Kuomintang government at Wuhan; six gave Chiang either active or passive approval, and four others were scattered elsewhere. One, the Communist intellectual Li Ta-chao, one of the greatest forces in modern Chinese thought, was strangled in Peking. Another, T. V. Soong, abstained from participation in any government. Chiang relied, for his new régime at Nanking, on reactionaries and others previously expelled from the Party. From the Kuomintang itself he took only one conspicuous figure, the venerable Tsai Yuan-pei, once chancellor of the National University of Peking, and leader of the Chinese philosophical anarchists. But Tsai Yuan-pei's value lies exclusively in his prestige as a scholar and philosopher; he is too old to do any active work, and, as an anarchist, he cannot be very devout about the forms of government.

For actual work, therefore, Chiang had to rely upon the experienced *politicos* and professional officials. Of these the best-known are probably Dr. C. C. Wu, Mr. Huang Fu, General Hu Han-min, Mr. C. T. Wang, Mr. Wong Chung-wei (not to be confused with the revolutionary leader Wang Ching-wei) and Mr. Kuo Tai-chi. We need waste no time over Mr. C. T. Wang,

International Newsreel



International Newsreel

These three grandsons of Chang Tso-lin are inspecting guns. Chang has an excellent army, which its British and Japanese officers say is the equal of many European forces, and, thanks to his foreign friends, it never lacks for equipment. During the last eight years he has brazenly accepted the aid of the Japanese without any pretense

a well-meaning Republican who has worked for all governments and all parties, sometimes simultaneously; his intentions are no doubt excellent but he has nothing to do with the case. He is a professional office-holder. Dr. C. C. Wu is, of course, a different matter; a distinguished leader of the old Kuomintang, he might add a good deal of luster to the Nanking régime if he could do anything. But, as minister of foreign affairs, he has his hands tied. He is, of course, inclined to friendliness with the foreigner (he was expelled from the Party as a reactionary) and wanted Chiang to make some sort of settlement of the Nanking incident. Thus the British Minister, Sir Miles Lampson, visited Shanghai on the assumption that Dr. Wu could get Chiang to act. The Dictator absolutely refused to budge, in spite of the pressure brought to bear by Dr. Wu, and the negotiation (which was only tentatively and unofficially approached) got nowhere. What can a minister of foreign affairs do when he is directly responsible only to an irresponsible soldier?

Mr. Huang Fu is a pro-Japanese politician with considerable ability in intrigue but no great reputation for integrity; Mr. Wong Chung-wei is a reactionary; General Hu Han-min, the most tarnished and perhaps also most brilliant member of the Nanking government, was once expelled from the Kuomintang and exiled as a dangerous anarchistic and anti-government conspirator. After an exile in Moscow he changed colors completely, and, from having been too Red for the Kuomintang, he became much too White for it. He is alleged to have been implicated in the assassination of the revolutionary hero Liao Chung-kai in Canton, and was also heavily involved in the early financial scandals of the Kwangtung government. All in all, he is an example of the opportunism which prospers so effortlessly in Chinese public life; and the case is made a good deal worse by the fact that he is equipped, by brains and education, for a much more useful career.

There are mitigating factors about Chiang himself. In spite of being very limited in his outlook, very imperfectly educated and very dictatorial in his methods, he has some sincere impulses which he follows without regard to consequences. Thus he declared war on imperialism, and, although under constant pressure from pro-British and pro-Japanese influences in Shanghai, he did not consent to compromise. Apart from this single issue, however, Chiang's limitations put him at the mercy of the cleverer, better educated and probably more unscrupulous politicians who surrounded him. In finance, in labor and peasant policy, in the administration of justice, their intrigues determined the Dictator's whim.

The forms and symbols of Kuomintang government, as constituted in Nanking, were meant to facilitate the dictatorship. One day this summer Chiang descended upon his Finance Committee with a demand for a larger sum each month for military expenses than he received in three months from the Party while he was loyal to it. Instead of giving him a stiff reply and an order to revise his accounts, as the true Kuomintang would have done in Canton or in Hankow, his tame Finance Committee made obeisance and immediately set about finding the money in the most outrageously illegal and unsound ways. Obviously the function of the Finance Committee, therefore, has been merely to save Chiang the trouble of finding his own money.

The demoralization and disintegration of civil government under such irresponsible military dictatorship became increasingly apparent in spite of all the smoke-screen of pseudo-Kuomintang propaganda created by Chiang's parasites. Even the Post Office, the most inviolable of institutions, suffered in Chiang's territory; no revenue, however well-guarded, is quite safe under such a régime. The administration of justice is equally impossible, and for political offenses in particular, no justice exists. On June 8 in Shanghai a girl of nineteen was beheaded by Chiang's soldiers for crying out "Strike down Chiang Kai-shek" (one of the current slogans of the secret labor organizations) in a street procession. In Hangchow on June 21 three Kuomintang agitators were disemboweled for saying in public that Chiang did not represent the party or principles of Dr. Sun Yat-sen. One of these was a girl of twenty-two whom I had met. Her intestines were taken out and wrapped round her body before she was dead. This is not an uncommon punishment in China, but the sheer ferocity of such methods gibes very badly with Chiang's pretensions.

It is fair to Chiang to say that, when this happened in Hangchow, that city was ruled by Hu Han-min; but Chiang appointed Hu and supported him when the people were goaded into riots by the governor's severity.

This summer, moreover, in the streets of Shanghai, the old "cage punishment"—hanging a man up in a wooden cage in the sun, without food or water, for a period of days—has been used by Chiang against minor offenders. Few of them recover, thanks to the heat. Similarly the more familiar of the old tortures—whipping with bamboo sticks, thrusting needles up the finger-nails, and binding the body in positions which become agonizing after an hour or two—are in regular use against political offenders. A "political offender" includes anybody who sells an article of Japanese goods or belongs to the old Shanghai General Labor Union or communicates with the Left Wing Kuomintang organizers.

I am not attacking the principle or practice of torture or the forms of Chinese punishment; I admit that the Chinese have a perfect right to administer justice however they please. But I am pointing out, at the same time, that Chiang Kai-shek is no better and no worse—i.e., no different—from this point of view than the most bloodthirsty tyrant of other, and less slogan-soaked, districts.

The financial muddle of Nanking has been an additional evidence of the hypocrisy of Chiang's régime. In spite of its pretense at regularity, at committee government, at civilian administration, Nanking has been able to collect scarcely more than one-eighth of the revenues of the richest district in China and convey them to the government's coffers. This district, including the provinces of Kiangsu, Chekiang and Fukien, normally yields forty per cent of the total national revenue. The corruption in the administration appears to be simply staggering. Where has the money been going? Where, indeed!

Harassed by Chiang's perpetual demands for money and by the somewhat inconvenient fact that little money reaches the treasury, the Finance Committee has embarked upon a hazardous and highly illegal series of measures to obtain new revenue. One means is the familiar "squeeze" technique, applied to the Shanghai bankers and merchants; but another, of particular interest to foreigners, is a desperate and completely illegal schedule of customs tariffs and internal taxes on "luxuries," the "luxuries" being defined roughly as almost anything a foreigner uses. This is the sort of discriminatory taxation which is outlawed between civilized nations by treaty, in the ordinary way, and its only possible justification is that it represents an effort to get revenge for the years in which the foreigner imported whatever he wanted tax-free.

These practical aspects of the Chiang Kai-shek régime ought to be enough, of course, to characterize it. But in this day of propaganda it is always possible, by a judicious insistence upon and vulgarization of theory, to make facts seem unimportant. Thus Chiang's propaganda bureau partially convinced China and the world at large that he represented the Kuomintang, the Party and principles of the late Dr. Sun Yat-sen.

The "Will" of Dr. Sun Yat-sen and the *San Min Chu I* are two documents which ought easily to dispose of this pretension. In the "Will," Dr. Sun declares that after forty years of Revolution and failure, he has at last come to the conclusion that his Party and movement must be based upon the "common people." Chiang's government is based upon the generals, bankers, merchants, *compradors* and part of the students and intellectuals of Shanghai. Is that the "common people"? The best Chiang has done for the "common people" is to kill some eight or nine hundred of them. He has smashed their labor-unions completely and made them over into innocuous organizations without even the right to strike (unless ordered by the Dictator). He has destroyed their political freedom and their freedom of speech; no doctrine may be taught and no subject discussed in their meetings without the approval of the Dictator's Labor Reorganization Committee, a Fascist body with extensive powers.

As the "Will" of Dr. Sun Yat-sen clearly defines the social and economic character of the Revolution and imposes upon it a friendship with Soviet Russia, a great many of the Nanking propagandists quite simply say that the "Will" was forged. This is not an official defense, and probably never will be; there are too many clever men in Nanking for such a mistake to be made. But insidiously and persistently the story, originated in Peking, of Wang Ching-wei's alleged forgery of the "Will," has spread all over China in the past summer. Nanking has welcomed the *canard* as a way of justifying its violation of the "Will's" message.

From the *San Min Chu I* point of view, particularly as regards the second and third (*Continued on page 959*)

THE APACHE TRAIL—ITS WONDERS AND THRILLS

One of the Most Awe-inspiring Motor Trips in All the World

By Gordon Hughes

AMAZING tales had been related to us by friends who had taken the Sunset or Golden State Routes to the West—tales that taxed the credulity of those who were really eager to believe, but none touched our minds with the fire of imagination so surely as the descriptions of the unique attractions of the Apache Trail. It was, therefore, understood long before we began our pleasure tour to the Pacific Coast that we would include this magic wonderland in our itinerary.

Traveling by through train from New York to New Orleans, though it is also possible to use a Southern Pacific steamer between these two cities if desired, we enjoyed a day or two of leisurely sight-seeing in the historic "Crescent City" and then boarded a Pullman of the Sunset Limited and rolled smoothly and swiftly over the Sunset Route of the Southern Pacific to Bowie, Arizona. There, our car was transferred to the Apache Trail branch line and after a short night journey we awoke one early dawn at Globe, Arizona.

Only a fleeting glance we had at this busy, typically Western town and the nearby smelters of Miami, for our twelve-passenger motor touring coaches were waiting. Our seats had been reserved and we found supreme comfort in deep upholstery, and quickly settled down for the surprises and amazing spectacles of that wonder-ride of 120 miles over the Apache Trail.

It was with satisfaction that we observed the business-like manner in which our efficient chauffeur swung into the pace of the journey. We instinctively felt safe under his care.

Our road began to climb immediately after our momentary glimpse of the town of Globe, and in a very little time we were at the top of Cemetery Hill. The little towns below looked like miniature houses, so high had we mounted.

But soon all towns were forgotten. Our interest was absorbed by the strange formations of the many-colored rocks all about us. And then we took the final rise and were on the summit of the Divide, 4,000 feet above the sea. Gila Valley spread below us on one side, and Salt River Valley on the other.

We passed close to the foot of cliffs so high we could not see over their tops, but far up we saw the Cliff Dwellings, homes of a vanished people.

We coasted down the 2000-foot grade with many a winding turn to Roosevelt Lake and Dam where we could grasp at close hand the marvel of engineering that made this artificial lake possible, and that could reclaim nearly a quarter-million acres of fertile soil to agriculture by impounding the waters and releasing them where and when needed. Roosevelt Dam is a creation of masonry higher than Niagara. Its apron is 284 feet above the river bed, and 1,125 feet long. Its escaping waters create electricity for power and light, and are again impounded for irrigation in the lower valleys.

We climbed from Roosevelt Lake to Fish Creek Canyon and passed between the impressive "Walls of Bronze," towering nearly a half-mile above the stream, forming one of the most stupendous sights in all the world. We paused at Fish Creek Inn for an ample and appetizing luncheon—made doubly enjoyable by the keen air of the mountains.

Then we resumed our journey and saw Hell's Canyon. Tumbling waters far below us raced between imprisoning walls, but so far away that we could not hear their thunders. Diabolo Canyon was next, and then Niggerhead Mountain and Tortilla Rock, and the Little Alps—so many things of marvelous scenic worth thronging the mind with fantastic shapes! But we must tell you about Whirlpool Rock. Through some strange trick of nature, it seemed as though a whirling torrent of racing water had instantly turned to stone, preserving every little wavelet and whorl. It was one of the most fascinating things imaginable.

After a little while we took the last high grade, passed over the crest and coasted down the long, smooth slope round many a broad curve, and between the fertile fields that surround Phoenix.

Soon we were back in a waiting Pullman ready to take us to Maricopa and the Main Line and then on without change via the Sunset Route to Los Angeles. The luxury of the Sunset Limited was most satisfying. Shower baths, the ministrations of the barber, the valet service and the luxury and comradeship found in the men's club car—and for the ladies their own lounge and bath with maid service, and the skilled services of hairdresser and manicure—all of these added to the interest and enjoyment of the passing hours.

Stupendous Fish Creek Canyon where, beyond Roosevelt Lake, rugged rock formations tower vertically for hundreds of feet and the road creeps doggedly like a white ribbon up precipitous slopes.

If you are going to the West this season you should by all means arrange your itinerary to include the Apache Trail. Convenient Southern Pacific service to and from the Apache Trail via the Sunset or Golden State Routes is maintained throughout the year. From November to April, through Pullmans are operated between New Orleans and Globe on the East and between Los Angeles and Phoenix on the West, also to and from Chicago by way of the Golden State Route over the Rock Island-Southern Pacific Lines to El Paso, Texas, where the Sunset Route is joined. Through tickets in either direction are honored for the side trip over the Apache Trail for only $10.00 additional for each person.

Complete information regarding the Apache Trail Trip will be sent without cost, if you will write asking for the booklet, "The Apache Trail," addressing your nearest Southern Pacific Agent: 165 Broadway or 531 Fifth Avenue, New York; 38 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago; the Pan-American Bank Building, New Orleans; the Southern Pacific Building, Houston, Texas; the Score Building, Tucson, Arizona; the Pacific Electric Building, Los Angeles, California; or the Southern Pacific Building, San Francisco, California.

IN PRAISE OF DONKEYS

(*Continued from page 899*)

night "the ass knoweth its master's crib," he insistently browsed during the daytime on the herbage of the roadside, resenting protests and ignoring persuasions. Jack was esthetic and inclined to meditate upon the problems that trouble the hearts of donkeys. Such conduct invites sympathy with Balaam, and, when I glanced at the registry book of our hotel on the night of our first companionship with these animals, I observed that, under the signature of "Edwin Arnold and Son," the future expounder of the Buddhist creed of grace to all living things had written:

"Two donkeys we had, Jack and Dick,
Which constantly needed the stick,
One of us would whack
The recalcitrant Jack,
While the other attended to Dick."

As we approached the end of that memorable tramp, it became necessary to dispose of our associates. It was by no means easy to find any one willing to become our heir, but in a happy hour we encountered a journeyman tinker wheeling his barrow in the outskirts of Carnarvon, and he succumbed to the offer of Dick as a gift. We assisted him to harness that wayward creature to his barrow, and, when the two started down the cobbled street, the dwellers in far Anglesey could have heard the music of the swinging pots and kettles. Jack had a gentler destiny. We presented him as a tip to the maid at the final hotel of our tour, and, as became severance with one whose spiritual nature was as advanced as his, our last vision of him was beatific. He was being regaled on carrots brought to him in a lordly dish by his new mistress, who knelt before him on the daisied lawn, a Welsh Titania, enthralled by her translated Bottom:

"I thy amiable cheeks will coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy."

IS RUSSIA TO BE GODLESS?

(*Continued from page 905*)

pilgrims would come here daily to kneel beside these *moshtshui*, to kiss the cloth enveloping them, and to spend hours, aye days, in prayer and meditation in these underground chapels. But now—" he did not have to finish the sentence. The utter stillness of the place told the story of its abandonment more eloquently than could any words of his.

"How do you account for this sudden apathy of the Russian muzhik?" I asked.

"Ah, this muzhik," replied one of the monks, a small man with a bristly red beard and sparkling little eyes that gleamed with despair as much as with rancor. "He is a beast, that's what he is, this muzhik of ours. He is the ruination of our great country, he more than all the infidels and Bolshevists and other Reds. He knows nothing. He never had God in his heart. That's the truth, my friend—the real truth. The muzhik never took Christ to his heart, because he never understood Him. Oh, this damned muzhik, this human beast."

"Yes, this brother is right," remarked the other monk, a tall man with a flowing black beard, more reserved than his companion, "the muzhik is at heart a bezbozhnik. Otherwise—well, atheists would not be ruling our country. Do you understand what I mean? I can say no more."

Several hours later I left them, and, as I was walking back to town and catching a last glimpse of the towering cupolas growing dim with dusk, it seemed to me that night was

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"And very seldom then, if the car is on Kelly-Springfields."

settling not only over this ancient lavra but over the old faith that it symbolized, aye, perhaps, over all religion in Russia.

Afterward, as I wandered about Russian villages in other sections of the country, observing everywhere the pronounced religious indifference of the peasant, especially of the rising generation, I asked myself and others what had happened to the muzhik, this ancient and stalwart pillar of Russian Christianity or Orthodoxy. What has happened to the man of whose piety and godliness so many rhapsodic books have been written, who was always pointed to as the symbol of Holy Russia, the great sufferer and the great mystic, in brief the man with the soul of a saint? How has it come about that this valiant protagonist of Christianity has yielded or is yielding so readily to the blandishments of infidelity?

I know the answer some people will make. I have heard it so often from the lips of believers, Russians and others. It is a simple enough answer—Bolshevist propaganda. But such an answer invests Bolshevist propaganda with a power too terrific to contemplate, as if it were an omnipotent force. Of course there has been Bolshevist propaganda, wide-spread and eloquent, but why has it seemingly been so successful? Why has it been overcoming the propaganda of which Russian Christianity, or Russian Orthodoxy, had held an undisputed monopoly for about a thousand years?

And then, whatever the trespasses of the Bolshevists, they do not persecute people for their religious beliefs or practices, certainly not now. True, they have prohibited the religious instruction of youths under eighteen years of age outside of the home, that is in Sunday or parochial schools or in any other organized manner, but they do not interfere with the services of any congregation in any community. There is not a Protestant pastor in Russia but will gladly testify that never in the old days did his people enjoy so much religious liberty as they now do under the Soviets. The Bolshevists have disinterred the remains of certain saints and have put these on exhibition, but they have not prohibited pilgrimages to Kiev, to Pereyaslavl, to Poltava and to other places that formerly drew thousands of worshipers. Why then are there practically no more pilgrims in Russia? Even the beggars that trudge around the bazars with accordions or some other musical instruments are now beginning to sing revolutionary songs instead of ancient religious chants. The Bolshevists do not fine or tax people for attending services, and yet on the whole the Orthodox churches are not half so well attended as in the old days, and hundreds of them have actually had to close because of lack of support. Witness especially the desolation that has come over Kiev—not enough pilgrims now coming to provide ample means of sustenance for a mere handful of monks, whereas in the old days several thousand monks could thrive on the fees and contributions of visiting pilgrims.

What has happened to the peasant?

Nothing really extraordinary has happened to him, excepting that the Revolution has battered down the mask that had so long hung over him and concealed his real self. There was gall but also truth in the words of the monk who guided me through the Pechersky Lavra in Kiev when he said that the Russian peasant never had really taken Christ to his heart. Many a Russian thinker has of late been taking a similar view. The peasant's piety was mere form. His humility may have been in tune with Christian teaching but was certainly not a result of it. Rather was it an outcome of his century-old inferior social

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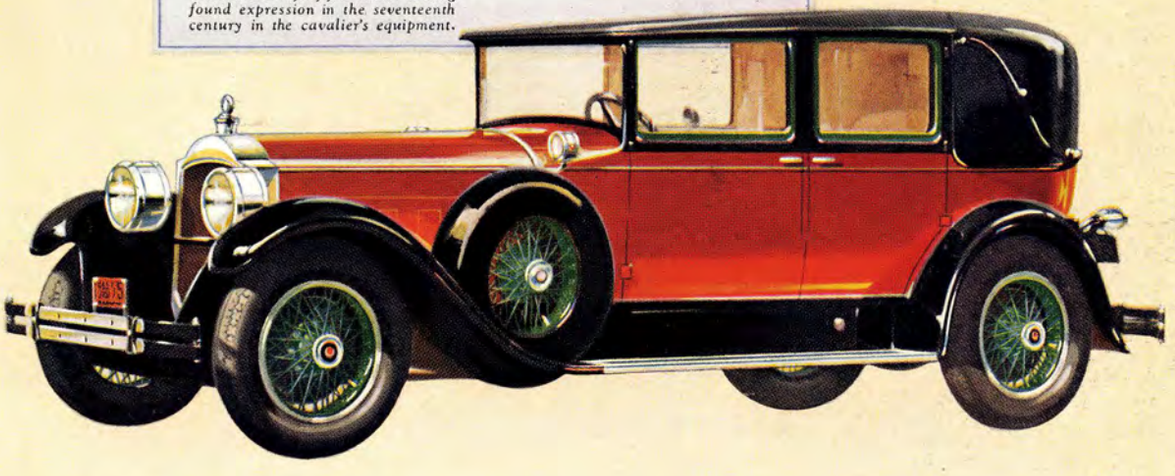

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position. The Tatar peasant and the Kirghiz nomad, who are Mahommedans, have probably never heard of Christian humility, but where in the world are there folk more humble or more kindly than they? I once asked a crowd of Russian peasants on a boat on the Volga what they thought of the Sermon on the Mount. I might as well have asked them what they thought of the nebular hypothesis. They had never heard of it!

The peasant had always regarded God or Christ as a sort of mystical mechanist, who for certain acts pleasing to Him, such as prostrations, the lighting of candles, the dropping of coins into certain receptacles or the performance of acts of physical self-denial, would offer a fitting reward. His was not a spiritual but a materialistic conception of the Deity, in essence not a whit different from that of his ancient idol Perun, the god of thunder. Both were part not of his inner consciousness but of the external scene. The oriental splendor of the Orthodox Church overpowered him, but the mission and the spirit of Christianity hardly stirred his imagination, with the result that in his art life one can observe the influence of the first and hardly a trace of the second. In his embroideries and in his carvings it is not Christian themes but church objects that often serve as patterns. For the most part, however, elements from the surrounding natural scene, such as animals, trees, birds, flowers, wells, frost crystals on the window or the rainbow are the subjects of his designs. Nor is there a religious passion in peasant folk-songs, as there is in negro spirituals and in ancient Hebrew chants. The peasant sings of love and jealousy, of life and death, of toil and vodka, of the sky and the forest, but not, in any noticeable degree, of righteousness or spiritual perfection or of his yearning for communion with the Deity. Stories of the Old and the New Testament, such as Joseph and his brethren, or the life, the crucifixion, the resurrection of Christ, have been turned into songs, and beggars, as they go from house to house soliciting alms, chant them frequently enough to the accompaniment of ancient instruments. But there is no subjective quality in these songs, no intimate feeling about the events and personalities dealt with. In other words, the attitude, or rather reaction, of the peasant to Christianity even in his art life is objective, external, as to something interesting, indispensable perhaps, but detached from his inner life, not part of his spirit. And as for the numerous customs that he has evolved, in theme they are invariably pagan and not Christian. At Easter-time he will carry eggs and honey and bread to the graves of his relatives; at Christmas he will dress up as a devil, a bear, a goat; at Pentecost he will plant saplings in his yard and in the street and scatter grass on the ground; at other festivals he will engage in other practices that dramatize the occasion for him but that are nevertheless utterly pagan in both meaning and form.

Indeed at heart the Russian peasant is not a Christian but a pagan, almost as much so in his outlook on life as he was in the days when Russian rulers at the point of the sword drove him into the river to be baptized into the Orthodox faith. Even as I write, my mind teems with incidents, typical enough, that reveal an absence of that spirit of reverence and devotion which we expect of a true follower of Christ.

Once at a mass-meeting at which several thousand peasants had gathered—men, women, youths—I asked if any among those present had Bibles in their homes. Not a hand went up. I then asked if any of them had possessed

Bibles in the old days. About a half-dozen hands shot upward.

"What," I continued my questioning, "have you done with them—sold them?"

"No, indeed," came the reply from some one in the crowd, "we have smoked them up."

He meant that they had used them for cigarette paper. This was precisely what peasants in other villages had done.

At another time, while passing through a village, I was attracted by a gigantic brick structure that was as if in process of being wrecked. The tin roof was gone, the windows and doors had been taken out and several layers of brick had been removed from the top. It was dusk, and a militiaman with rifle in hand was standing in front of it on guard. When I asked him why he was stationed there, he replied that, if he had not been, the peasants in the village would have taken apart and carried off bit by bit the entire structure, which, he emphasized, was not the home of a former landlord, on whom they might wish to wreak vengeance, but a newly built church that had had to close because of lack of support. I visited several other villages where churches had had to close and where the local peasants had begun taking them apart—stripping the tin off the roof, removing iron, glass, lumber and other materials that might be of use to them. Only after the local Soviet had stationed armed guards about these places did the plundering cease. When I asked peasants why they were inconsiderate of a former house of worship, which they might some day need, if not for a church, then for some other communal purpose, they had no real explanation to offer. It was a *kazenny*, or government, building, they would say, and, as long as it was not in use, they might as well help themselves to anything in or about it that might be of service to them.

I was in villages where peasants had taken up the fences round cemeteries, churches, shrines, had pulled up the wooden crosses that marked the graves of their dead and had used them for fuel or lumber. Once, while I was driving to a distant village, my coachman stopped at a crossroads to water his horse. I noticed that the watering-trough was resting on a huge and fine piece of marble. On investigation I discovered that this was a tombstone, evidently out of the grave of some landlord. The peasants seemed to have had no qualms whatever about lugging it to this place and putting it to ordinary use. On another occasion, as an elderly peasant was showing me around his barnyard, I saw a mud-hole plugged up with two large marble tombstones. I asked him where he had secured them, and he said that his boys had brought them home from the private chapel-grounds of a near-by estate after the landlord had fled to foreign parts. But, I remonstrated, was it not a sin to put tombstones to such use? In reply he shrugged his shoulders—perhaps it was a sin, he remarked, but his boys had done it, and youths in Russia no longer believed in sin!

And what shall I say of the dilapidated state of the shrines in the villages, including my own? In the old days, if a board or a shingle or a window-frame ever got loose, the faithful immediately rushed to repair the damage. But now shrines are crumbling, tottering to ruin, with grass and weeds and moss growing on roofs and through the floors, and no one seems to bother. Certainly these facts and many others that space does not permit me to cite, do not speak of a stirring reverence in the peasant and of an outgoing devotion to the Christian faith or to the Orthodox Church. If the peasant were the

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holy man depicted by impassioned Slavophiles, would he have dared or been willing to "smoke up" his Bible? If he were the Christlike soul that British writers discovered him to be in the pre-war days, just at the time, incidentally, when England was especially eager to have the good-will of old Russia, would he have pulled tombstones out of graves and put them to every-day use? Would he have had the courage or the heart to strip a closed church of materials that he could utilize for household purposes? Would he have prayed, as so many a peasant has done, for success in robbery, in arson, in murder?

Yet the peasant is hardly to blame for his lack of religious understanding. The old Orthodox Church had failed to stir it in him. Coming to Russia at the end of the tenth century by way of Byzantium, the Church brought with it both physical magnificence and a new morality, for those days radical enough to have subdued even as lustful a ruler as Prince Vladimir of Kiev. But it soon stagnated, having acquired tremendous wealth and become a plaything in the hands of rulers; particularly with the advent of Peter the Great, it grew cruelly intolerant of change or dissent. It depended for its appeal, not on living sentiment, on devotion, on understanding of the purpose of faith and the meaning of service, but on magic, miracle, ceremonial. It had always emphasized the form rather than the substance, the technique rather than the spirit of worship. I was present once at the Donskoy Monastery when the late Patriarch Tikhon was canonizing a Siberian bishop. The services were aglow with color and action, stirring to the eye and the ear—spectacle, pageantry, drama. Beautiful music, jeweled ikons and symbols, glittering vestments, always marked the Orthodox form of worship. But the peasant never made any mental connection between this gorgeous ritual, this extraordinary ceremonial, and his humdrum personal affairs. Hence Christianity never became a transcendent force in his life.

The Orthodox Church never even sought to wean him from his pagan superstitions. It was quite tolerant of the witches, sorcerers, magicians, incantations, charmers that infested the villages and preyed cruelly on the helpless muzhik. It saw him wallowing in alcoholism, in thievery, in cruelty, in other vices and hardly made an effort to regenerate him. At a mass-meeting in a village a woman asked me once if the men in America ever beat their wives. "No," was my reply. "Then," remarked an elderly, bearded muzhik, "America must be a rotten country." In my own village one old woman complained fearfully of the new law forbidding parents to whip their children. "And the worst of it is," she wailed, "that the little brats know of this law, and, if you lay your hand on them, they run to the Soviet and complain and a militiaman comes to take you to headquarters."

The tragedy of the Russian Orthodox Church lay in the fact that, at the time when it was turned into a state institution, it was saved from the necessity of fighting intellectual and spiritual opposition. It considered itself the beginning and the end of all spiritual wisdom and justice for all times and all mankind, and the government protected it against all enemies. Once a year it would pronounce an anathema on those outside its fold. It had no incentive to investigate, to test, to search, to expand, in brief to adapt itself to a changing human scene. It ignored the multitude of new forces that science and industry had brought into being. It really remained aloof from earthly life, from the problems and

burdens and conflicts that harassed and lacerated the peasant.

The consequence was doubly calamitous for the Orthodox Church; it failed to develop the inner vitality that would enable it to withstand with effectiveness an outside onslaught such as the Revolution had launched on it, and it failed no less dismally to make the peasant loyal enough so that in a crisis he would rally to its defense. It overawed the muzhik with its temporal power. It bewitched him with its grandiose magic. But it did not stir in him the fealty that comes from close fellowship, from a kinship of spirit and a reciprocity of sentiment.

What further weakened the peasant's faith was the sheer helplessness of the Church and all its dignitaries in the face of the attacks that the Revolution had launched on it. He had always regarded the Church as above the possibility of being harmed by mortal man. He had deemed the high functionaries of the Church capable of conjuring up supernatural forces to ward off encroachments on their life or liberty. Again I must emphasize the fact that magic and miracle in a literal sense were the essence of the peasant's conception of religion. And yet, when these dignitaries of the Church refused to accept the new order, they were exiled, imprisoned, put to death, and nothing happened to their enemies. No curse from above smote them. Soldiers and commissars and militiamen removed the jewels from miracle-working ikons, confiscated Church properties, drove priests and bishops and archbishops from their homes and turned these into Soviet offices, schools, club-houses, and again nothing happened. There was no miracle. The saints seemed helpless. All incantations and ceremonials and anathemas were like so much wasted breath. The wicked revolutionaries had triumphed over the Church, over magic and miracle, over saints and bishops, over the very God that the peasant knew.

Naturally the Bolshevists, eager to exterminate religion from the land, made the most of the occasion. Their "I told you so" is still resounding over the country with crashing impact. The religious crisis in Russia has resolved itself into a struggle between the Church and the home on one hand and the Soviet government and the Communist Party on the other for the control and allegiance of youth. The Bolshevists wish to wean youth away from all religious influence. even though, for reasons of political expediency, they may seem, of late, to be exhibiting a more conciliatory attitude toward religious interests. They argue that religion is not the result of an inborn force or impulse but of training, of something that is superimposed from without, and that, if children are reared without any religious guidance or teaching, they will grow up to be non-religious and then religion will die of its own accord. Hence, they continue their argument, it is of no use to resort to coercive methods as did the French revolutionaries, to break the hold of religion on the mind of man. The older folk, it is clear, have to fight the issue out with themselves, but, even if they persist in their faith, no harm can result provided youth is guarded. In every conceivable way then, the Bolshevists are endeavoring to draw youth away from the influence of the home and the Church. The agencies that seek to achieve this end are indeed formidable. They embrace the Red army, the schools, the children's homes, the playgrounds, the lecture platform, the moving-pictures, the press and all the other institutions under their direct and indirect control, including such organizations as the Octobrists,

the Pioneers and the Young Communists, with a joint membership of more than two million youths. Rich, or comparatively so, in material resources, in energy, in daring, these agencies seek to make the Revolution, including of course atheism, a stirring adventure to youth, a glorious achievement.

What can a Russian home or church, poor in material resources and barren of a spirit of adventure, offer youth to counteract the revolutionary influences of governmental and communistic institutions? The Orthodox Church is unprepared to meet the challenge. The Protestants are greatly worried. They are lavish in their praise of the Soviet government for the religious liberties it has extended to them since it has been in power, but they shrug their shoulders when questioned about their future in Russia. The Roman Catholics are in despair. There are several millions of them in Russia, and the confiscation of their properties, as well as the law prohibiting religious instruction to youths under eighteen outside of the home, has been of especial damage to them. "What hope is there for us in this land," a leading Roman Catholic clergyman said to me, "when we are forbidden to bring up our own children in our faith?"

Meanwhile the forces of infidelity which the Revolution has loosed over the land bore deeper and deeper into the life of the Russian people.

UNDERMINING OUR CHINESE POLICY

(*Continued from page 895*)

It became more and more evident that, if further disintegration, indeed if total annulment, of the treaties was to be prevented, force must be substituted for argument and protest.

Use of force to hold the *status quo* meant foreign military action on a large scale. It was evident also that effective diplomatic pressure or military action would be hard to bring about if the United States refused to participate or if it opposed such action of other powers. For many years the avowed policy of the American government toward China had aimed to destroy Europe's hegemony there, which is entrenched in the treaty status and is protected by the coöperative or concert method of dealing with issues arising from interpretation and infractions of the treaties. Could the American government be turned around? In its remoteness and detachment from the turmoil in China, Washington might keep in view its ultimate objectives and refuse to be pulled away by expedients having different motivations. The American Legation at Peking was subjected to the full force of the prevailing anti-Chinese hysteria of foreigners in China and of its diplomatic colleagues. That influence was brought to bear on our legation, which, in the period under review, was not of a caliber to resist it. It was brought to bear also on the American press in China, but with different results.

With progress northward of the so-called "Cantonese government" and the examples, given at Hankow and other places, of its resolution to revise or nullify the treaties without delay, that government and its protagonist, the Kuomintang, became bogies to the Legation Quarter at Peking. Compared with the Kuomintang, the Northern war-lords who dominated at Peking seemed conservative to the foreign diplomats. Moreover, those war-lords still gave perfunctory attention to the Legation Quarter, while the Legation Quarter had no contact and hardly a vicarious influence with the Kuomintang. The Southern Nationalists declared that they contemplated the removal of the capital from Peking, which would mean an end of the Legation Quarter

and its unique status. Partly for this reason, the Quarter became strongly anti-Southern, or, since the Kuomintang adopted the title "Nationalist" for its administrative régime, the Quarter became anti-Nationalist. Implications conveyed to Chinese by that attitude would have cautioned diplomats whose political judgment had not been prejudiced by environment. All intelligent Chinese are Nationalists in the general meaning of this term.

Reactions of the Legation Quarter to the Nanking incident (in which a few foreigners were killed and consular buildings were damaged) naturally had a strong anti-Kuomintang bias. Little effort was made to conceal that feeling. Senior diplomats observed outward decorum, with some exceptions; but junior diplomats and attachés voiced their sentiments and opinions freely in public and semipublic places, where they were heard by Chinese. Members of the American Legation spoke of the Hankow and Nanking régimes as controlled by murderers and thieves and used opprobrious epithets in referring to the Kuomintang.

My comments should not be taken as condoning or wanting to condone the conduct of persons whose identity and whose responsibility for the Nanking incident are not officially established or as condoning or wanting to condone other outrageous acts that have marked the course of Chinese Nationalism in late years. The point under discussion is whether a minor episode like that at Nanking gives a sufficient reason or provides a suitable occasion for changing the policy of the American government in China. In years gone by a good many missionaries have been slain in China; a good deal of mission property has been destroyed. Any such incident can be made the occasion of political action by one or more foreign powers. When some German missionaries in Shantung were killed, in 1898, the German government despatched a naval squadron to Kiaochao Bay and then exacted a leasehold of Kiaochao to Germany. Germany's action then was premeditated: the murder of German subjects provided an opportunity to obtain desired concessions from China. If the United States had designs concerning China and the rest of the world that could be fostered by punitive action in such a case, then one could comprehend what political ends the Nanking incident might have served. But for the American government to have been drawn into punitive action contrary to its policy and without preparation or design would have seemed unintelligent. Very lately American embassies, legations and consulates have been menaced in various parts of the world in an effort to influence the course of legal procedure in the United States. Yet because of that the government at Washington has not changed its broad policy regarding those countries. Chinese have greater provocation to attack foreigners than citizens of most countries have.

The Nanking incident, coming with cumulative effect after a series of previous affronts and injuries to foreigners, was seized upon by those foreign elements in China that want intervention as an occasion to bring it on. A division of British troops had been despatched to China before the Nanking incident happened, and all foreign naval and military contingents in the country were reinforced with the stated intention, in the event of a general antiforeign uprising, of giving protection to foreign residents at principal Treaty Ports.

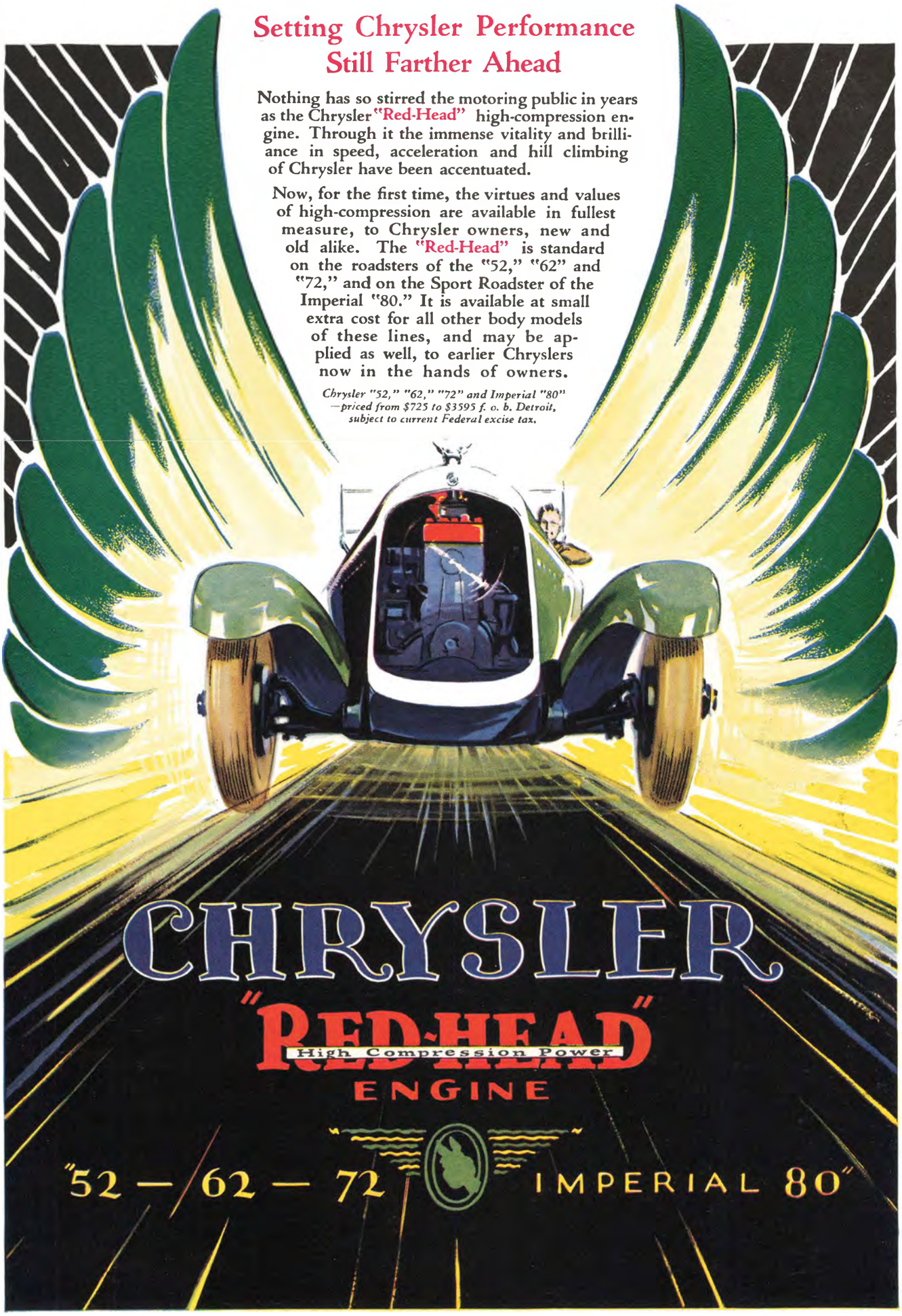
The "drive" to bring on intervention is reducible to simple elements. Decision rested with the home governments, which meant, in fact, governments of the actual Pacific Ocean powers, the United States, Japan and Great

Britain. To influence those governments it was required to create in America, Japan and Great Britain a public opinion favorable to intervention and to have the Diplomatic Corps at Peking encourage and promote that outcome. For effect on opinion outside of China an extraordinary propaganda exaggerating the perilous situation of foreigners there, misrepresenting the attitude and purposes of Chinese Nationalists, emphasizing horrifying details, exploiting imaginary plots for the massacre of foreigners, working up artificial panics among foreigners in China, describing feverish work on defensive measures, was broadcasted. There was enough of reality in events and conditions to make the propaganda impressive. But the broad political purposes underlying it, and its bias and exaggeration, were palpable. I believe that some so-called defensive and precautionary measures of the foreign authorities at Shanghai, Peking and other places, during that crisis, were taken for effect in the home countries, to build up a psychology favorable to complete armed intervention.

Of foreign officials in China, none seemed to surrender more completely to the panic psychology than our legation and some of our consuls did. With many of them, probably, doing so was partly a revulsion. Although Americans suffered inconvenience and injury in the course of the "recovery of national rights" movement, they had regarded those experiences as vicarious. The wanton killing of an American missionary educator at Nanking, gross indignities to American women and violation of the American consulate there, without any provocation by Americans, were a tremendous shock. The legation ordered a general evacuation of Americans from the interior and a concentration at places where protection is possible. The panic extended to Peking and especially to the American Legation, which advised Americans in the city to leave, causing a hurried exodus that took with it women and children of the legation personnel. There was serious talk of removing the legation to a safer place. Foreign troops were rushed to Tientsin and Peking. The basis of that panic was a presumption that the Kuomintang government would soon occupy Peking and that its appearance there would bring a repetition of the Nanking incident or worse. Subsequent events made that panic ridiculous.

In such an atmosphere, the Diplomatic Corps conducted negotiations to adjust the Nanking incident. That affair happened March 24, 1927. After much discussion among themselves and a vast amount of private telegraphing between the legations and their governments, and between foreign offices of the powers, an identic note was formulated which was communicated to the Nationalists on behalf of the British, Japanese, French, Italian and American legations, on April 11. That note demanded apology for violations of foreign consulates and reparations therefor, indemnities for foreigners who lost their lives and for personal and property injuries and damages and punishment of Chinese who were responsible for the outrages and those who committed them. The meat of the note was this paragraph: "Unless the Nationalist authorities demonstrate to the satisfaction of the interested Governments their intention to comply promptly with these terms the said Governments will find themselves compelled to take such measures as they consider appropriate."

When the note of the powers concerning the Nanking incident was in process of formulation, there was a strong effort made within the Diplomatic Corps, and outside of it, to give the note the character of an ultimatum and to indicate sanctions. (In a diplomatic sense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the word "sanctions" means penalties.) It was understood that the British, French and Italian legations wanted sanctions annexed to the note, while the Japanese and American ministers were dubious. The American Minister apparently was brought around by dint of argument and persuasion. For several days the note was suspended while that point was argued. All the legations were in almost hourly communication with their governments.

Whatever obscurity may have existed at Washington about the meaning and logical eventuation of a note with sanctions as compared with a note without sanctions, the matter was understood in China. Many diplomats at Peking and other foreigners in China, and many Chinese also, thought that the powers would work the old diplomatic device of making demands impossible of literal fulfilment and then, when they were not satisfied, promptly put the sanctions into effect. At that time and subsequently, when the sending of a second and stronger note was being discussed, the foreign press in China gave details of what the contemplated sanctions were, or ought to be. It was proposed to occupy Hankow, Nanking and all important ports along the Yangtze River with foreign troops; to put the principal railways and revenues there under foreign control; to limit navigation of the Yangtze and some other interior waterways to ships under foreign command and foreign naval escort; to put the entire Port of Shanghai under foreign authority; and to hold that position until Chinese could give reasonable guaranty of their intention and ability to protect foreign rights and interests in China. The plan was to draw a line of foreign military forces across China, dividing the Northern and Southern political sections, and to take over and administer the more important governmental functions of the country. That plan would use foreign troops to prevent further progress of the Kuomintang northward.

If the American government were committed to an ultimatum with sanctions, then it would be very embarrassing for it not to join in the succeeding steps to enforce the sanctions. Plenty of circumstantial evidence exists indicating that the American Minister favored an ultimatum with sanctions and tried to induce his government to participate in such action. While the question of sanctions or no sanctions was pending and there was anxiety everywhere in China about the matter, the United Press sent the following despatch for distribution in China and the Far East:

"Washington, April 4: The United States Government today sent instructions to American Minister J. V. A. MacMurray at Peking regarding joint American, British and Japanese demands which are to be conveyed to the Nationalist authorities. It is understood here that the instructions permit Mr. MacMurray to join in joint demands for indemnity in connection with the Nanking and other recent outrages. The instructions are likewise understood to provide for a request for guarantees from the Nationalists in connection with future protection of lives and property of foreigners in China. The instructions do not authorize the United States Minister to participate in any form of joint ultimatum, it is declared."

Among the newspapers in Peking that received that despatch was the *Peking Leader*, published under American editorship. Realizing the significance of that news, the acting editor of *The Leader* telephoned to the American Legation and read the despatch to Mr. Ferdinand L. Mayer, counsellor of legation. Mr. Mayer asked the editor not to publish the despatch, intimating that its publication would embarrass the legation. The editor pointed

out that the despatch would go to other newspapers (Chinese) in Peking and to newspapers elsewhere in China and in Japan and the Philippines and that the same news would be published in America; but he consented to hold the despatch.

That despatch, which proved to be substantially correct, showed that the American government had decided to limit its action about the Nanking incident to the customary protest and representations and would not join in an ultimatum. The effect and outcome of the action of the powers turned on that point. A note without ultimatum and sanctions was innocuous. A note with ultimatum and sanctions, and especially a joint note, meant action that might change the course of history. As between a joint note and identic notes there is a distinction. A note by a single power is subject to interpretation by that government alone. In identic notes several powers agree on phraseology, but each reserves its own right of interpretation and subsequent action. A joint note commits its signatories to joint action throughout, and inferentially to majority interpretation and opinion.

At about that time, independent American publishers and correspondents in China who had been reporting events impartially and were giving a fair showing to the Chinese side of questions, and who editorially were supporting the broad purposes of American policy as indicated by the government at Washington, instead of insistence on treaties, as apparently was favored by the legation, began to be subjected to intimidation and persecution.

After he sent out the previously quoted despatch, Mr. Randall Gould was summoned to the legation, where Mr. Mayer remonstrated strongly with him about the despatch, intimated that it was misleading and furthermore said that other despatches received and sent by the Peking Bureau of the United Press were inaccurate and objectionable to the legation. Those imputations were resented by Mr. Gould, who challenged Mr. Mayer to point out any inaccuracies. Mr. Mayer suggested that incoming despatches should not be sent out before being referred to the legation. Mr. Gould said that smacked of censorship, which he could not submit to. The interview ended inconclusively.

In the next few days thereafter several events occurred at Peking that were given wide publicity. One was the "raid" conducted, April 6, by Chang Tso-lin's soldiers and police, on Russian Embassy premises with previously obtained warrant of the Diplomatic Corps (not, of course, the Russians) to invade the customary immunity of the Legation Quarter, at least to the extent of entering private properties in the Russian Embassy Compound. The American Legation took a rather prominent part in making the raid possible. That sensational event was profusely reported by all foreign correspondents in Peking. Mr. Gould, for the United Press, interviewed the Russian Chargé d'Affaires and reported his side of the story.

Coincidently, two American newspaper writers, Mrs. Mildred Mitchell and Mr. Wilbur Burton, were arrested by Chang Tso-lin's police and confined *incomunicado* at their hotel outside the Legation Quarter. The circumstances are as follows: Mrs. Mitchell had been employed for a while by a Chinese news agency, Chung Mei, but shortly before that, was discharged because the agency was closed by the police. Chung Mei, like nearly all Peking Chinese news services and newspapers in Peking, had, in the time when Feng Yu-hsiang controlled there, been favorable to his government and probably received financial

support from the Kuominchun. It had employed foreigners, principally Americans, from the beginning, and at one time it was in good standing not only with the Peking government but also with the legations. But with the rise of Nationalism, which it supported enthusiastically, the agency lost the sympathy of the legations, and, after foreigners came to regard Feng Yu-hsiang as leaning toward Russia, it was looked upon as of a Red hue. It was incorporated under American laws, but the "protection" of the American Legation was withdrawn on March 31, at the request, it is believed, of Chang Tso-lin. When Chung Mei was suspended, its employees were dismissed, including Mrs. Mitchell. She was arrested on the eve of leaving for Shanghai, where she hoped to get a position. Mr. Burton had arrived in Peking a short time previously from South China, where he had worked for the publicity bureau of the Cantonese government. Being unacquainted in Peking and knowing Mrs. Mitchell, he sought her out at Chung Mei. That association presumably was the reason for his arrest along with Mrs. Mitchell.

Mrs. Mitchell managed to get word of their predicament to Randall Gould, who saw the news interest of the event and who, as a fellow newspaper worker, felt that he ought to assist them. With some difficulty, Mr. Gould managed to see the prisoners and then apprized the legation of their difficulties. It seems the police, knowing that an implication of their being Reds had been put on Mrs. Mitchell and Mr. Burton, and perhaps hoping to find among their effects some evidence of Red affiliations, had seized and searched them without warrant and had searched their rooms.

A majority of the foreign correspondents then in Peking were disposed to be indifferent about the incident. In that they followed the wishes of the American Legation. But Mr. Gould sent a report of the matter to the United Press, thus giving it wide publicity and virtually forcing the legation to move.

It is a custom for press correspondents to be received at the American Legation every day. The function of giving out news was then being performed by the Counsellor. On April 9, when Mr. Gould called at the legation, he was not received, and later he learned from Mr. Mayer that displeasure of the legation at those previous incidents, and especially at Mr. Gould's acts in interviewing the Russian Chargé d'Affaires and reporting the case of Mrs. Mitchell and Mr. Burton, made him *persona non grata*. He was excluded from the daily "conferences," as the reception of newspaper men is called. Because Mrs. Mitchell and Mr. Burton were detained *incomunicado*, Mr. Gould tried to get an American lawyer for them; when one came from Tientsin, he was not allowed to see them until after considerable delay. There is no doubt that publicity drove the legation to move in that matter against its will. Given a time-limit to prefer definite charges against Mrs. Mitchell and Mr. Burton, the Chinese police abandoned the case, and the prisoners were released after a week.

Mr. Gould made a report to his head office about being debarred from the American Legation. The head office took the matter up at Washington, and the Department of State asked an explanation of the legation. Mr. MacMurray explained that a reason was that Mr. Gould was suffering from a nervous breakdown to the extent of being unfit for work and that he showed an "unsympathetic" attitude toward the legation. On learning of that statement, Mr. Gould had himself examined by three of the foremost foreign physicians in Peking, who pronounced him normal. After the matter had dragged along for three months,

the Department of State instructed the legation to lift the ban and receive Mr. Gould.

The attempt to intimidate J. B. Powell, editor and publisher of the *China Weekly Review* at Shanghai, is interesting from another angle. Mr. Powell, who also is correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* and the *Manchester Guardian*, offended foreign interests at Shanghai both by his reports to those newspapers and by his presentation of Chinese events in *The Review*. Since it was founded, in 1917, *The Review* has consistently advocated the established policy of the American government toward China. In regard to treaty revision, Mr. Powell has believed it to be unavoidable and therefore has favored timely concessions to the swelling Chinese national sentiment in respect to both general provisions of the treaties and relations of foreigners and Chinese at Shanghai. Mr. Powell discredited purposeful exaggerations of the Nanking incident. He was outspoken in criticizing extraordinary measures deemed necessary by the local foreign authorities for protection of the International Settlement. That was enough to damn him in the opinion of those who want the old treaty status held at any cost and who think the right solution of China's troubles is foreign intervention. A number of anonymous letters attacking Mr. Powell appeared in the leading British newspaper at Shanghai; some writers intimated that he ought to be deported from the International Settlement and *The Review* suppressed. Some of those letters purported to be written by Americans, and probably they were, in view of what followed.

The annual meeting of the American Chamber of Commerce at Shanghai was on April 26 last. It happens that Mr. Powell, more than any other person, is responsible for the existence and present consequence of that Chamber. For years he acted as its secretary without pay. Also without pay, he spent a year in Washington, working for the adoption of the China Trade Act, a law desired by American business men in China. When the Chamber could afford a paid secretary, Mr. Powell retired, but he continued active in its work. Mr. Powell attended the meeting of April 26 as a member of the Chamber. He did not know what was to be done concerning him. That, however, was already known to people outside of the Chamber. The British newspaper that had published those attacks on Powell had been apprized of what was to happen and had sent a reporter. After some regular business was disposed of, a member introduced a resolution declaring that the views expressed in the *China Weekly Review* were in direct opposition to the opinions and views of the Chamber and requesting Mr. Powell to resign from the Chamber. Mr. Powell was surprised, but he defended his course and refused to resign. The resolution then was adopted on a vote.

Membership in the Chamber is of little practical value to a newspaper, and that action was taken with intent to stigmatize Mr. Powell and to brand him as "antiforeign" in his activities and sympathies. The proceeding carried a local implication that *The Review* was subsidized by Red political groups in China, although no such accusations were made. That would be libel. Following that action of the Chamber, some firms withdrew advertising from *The Review* and others gave intimations that, when their contracts expired, they would not be renewed unless *The Review* changed its policy. Mr. Powell refused to alter the policy of *The Review* and has continued to advocate the established policy of the American government, which, as now appears distinctly, is deprecated by American business

organizations in China and by important officials of the government there.

After the Hankow and Nanking régimes had replied evasively to the identic note of the powers about the Nanking incident, a major part of the foreign press in China, and especially the British press, demanded that the note should be followed by another one in the form of an ultimatum with sanctions. It was generally believed that decision of that matter depended on the American government; for it was felt that other powers would hesitate to act without the consent and coöperation of the United States. When it became known that Washington would not go any further and would not permit the American Minister to join in an ultimatum, there was angry and embittered criticism of the American government, which was accused of abandoning its colleagues after having led them to expect its firm coöperation. The evidence to justify that grave charge is circumstantial, and rests on the belief that the American Minister at Peking, in talking with his diplomatic colleagues, committed his government to the ultimatum and sanctions program. As one diplomat was heard to put it: "The American Minister promised to deliver his government, but he failed to bring it off." Yet that despatch of the United Press which the legation wanted to suppress shows that, prior to the first Nanking note, the American government rejected the ultimatum proposal. Had a second note, with ultimatum and sanctions, been signed for the American government, the American people a few days thereafter would have learned, probably with amazement, that their nation had embarked in a military intervention in China.

American officials in China, and especially the legation, had acted and talked, albeit confidentially, in a way to cause a belief that the United States, having fallen in with the ultimatum method of treaty enforcement in the Taku incident, would go along with it in regard to the Nanking affair. But Washington either had seen a light or was made uneasy by prospects of "coöperation," as it was being developed by the Peking Legation Quarter; for it drew back. Chinese were quick to note the change; for they had previously observed the attitude of the legation, and their faith in American policy was partly restored. Whether that faith can survive further diplomacy of that kind is problematical.

It is questionable, also, whether the established policy of the United States in regard to China can be advanced or even kept from losing ground with American officials and interests in China working against it. The American government cannot control and is not responsible for opinions and utterances of its private citizens; but it can select and dispose of its diplomats, and because of this power it is held responsible for impressions they give in foreign lands. On the good-will side, American diplomatic work in China during the past two years is an almost total loss. Any salvage is due mainly to the American press in China.

THE CHOICE OF MASTERS

(Continued from page 942)

principles, Chiang's régime is even more flagrantly a betrayal of the doctrine of Dr. Sun. Dr. Sun set as the aim of the Revolution the constitution of a Socialist state in which wealth should belong to those who produced it. He predicated industrialization, the abolition of the bourgeoisie and the political awakening of the agrarian proletariat as necessities for the constitution of this state. Now, of course, it is quite true that Dr. Sun was neither an orthodox Marxian Socialist nor a

pawn of the Third International; there is a great deal of Socialist doctrine and Communist technique which he rejected unhesitatingly. For instance, he always maintained that the class war was not a necessity to China and that the country could be industrialized and socialized without it. He furthermore made it clear that he held the orthodox Marxian system to be inapplicable in a country so feebly industrialized as China and so unlikely to acquire a predominantly industrial economy.

Nevertheless, all these modifications and qualifications aside, Dr. Sun was a Socialist—a Socialist of a peculiar stamp, crammed with logical contradictions, but nevertheless a Socialist. His doctrine looked toward the socialization of China under a strong Party oligarchy. And what has Chiang done in that direction, or in the direction of tutelage preparatory to socialization? Nothing, and a good deal less than nothing. In fact, he has opposed and suppressed anything with a tendency in that direction. Karl Marx and Nikolai Lenin, whom Dr. Sun delighted to honor, and whose pictures used to hang in every Kuomintang labor-hall, are anathema in Nanking now. Theories of socialization may not even be discussed in Chiang's territory, and the peasants' unions, which had only a scant few weeks' existence before Chiang's advent, have been "reorganized" out of existence. So much for the "political awakening of the agrarian proletariat" and the third principle of Sun Yat-sen!

In short, of the political, social and economic doctrine of Sun Yat-sen, Chiang has remained loyal to one section only—Nationalism. Even this he and his friends interpret in the narrowest conceivable sense, far indeed from the broad and noble conception put forward in the *San Min Chu I*. The Nationalism of Chiang is the same as the Nationalism of Mussolini, and another name for it is *chauvinisme*. It is frequently indistinguishable from antiforeignism; a cheap and easy war-cry in China. For these reasons I believe that the imitation Kuomintang organized at Nanking is not only practically pernicious but intellectually dishonest.

Feng Yu-hsiang, like almost everybody else in China this summer, pretends to belong to the Kuomintang and to believe in the "Three People-Principles" of Dr. Sun. In his case the pretense is not meant to deceive anybody. It is only a part of that national comedy called "face"—Feng must he "in the movement," must accomplish the gestures which his contemporaries have decided are appropriate. Beyond flying the Nationalist flag and putting Nationalist badges on his soldiers, Feng has not changed his manner of doing things. He now rules the province of Honan, and does so on the unmodified war-lord system. He permits no Kuomintang propaganda of either the social (freer marriage, unbound feet for girls and so on) or the economic (labor, peasantry, standard of living) orders. He permits nobody to advocate any alteration in the social or economic structure of China. To do so is "Bolshevism." Even the administrative system of the Kuomintang he has ruled out completely. He proclaims his belief in the Kuomintang and in the "Three People-Principles" of Sun Yat-sen; but, as I have repeatedly said already, this means nothing. The "Three People-Principles" are known to Feng and his people merely as three formulas; the discussion of them, particularly of the third principle, is forbidden, and Heaven knows it is easy enough for anybody to say he believes in Nationalism, Democracy and Social Welfare. Even Chang Tso-lin says so nowadays.

Feng's intellectual character is, however, very interesting. He is full to the brim of aphoristic altruism; he learned some phrases from the Christians, some others from Confucius and a few from the Russians. What they mean to him is doubtful, but the mere fact that he has them makes him a neo-militarist rather than a frank adventurer of the old type.

For example, the Marshal inscribed a fan for me when I visited his headquarters at Loyang. On one side he wrote "All men are equal," and on the other side he wrote "The world is one brotherhood." When he came to write my name on it, he called me "Comrade Sheean." Now I should say that the only thing on either side of the fan which he *really* meant, or which meant anything to him, was his signature, "Feng Yu-hsiang." "All men are equal" is a Franco-American Christian ideal; the idea of universal brotherhood is a familiar Confucian concept; and the use of "comrade" is a trick brought back from Moscow.

Feng's mind is in a fascinating state of receptivity to such concepts. If he had been born in a higher order of society, or had received instruction, he might have been a speculative philosopher. As it is, he does all his speculation in action—a most disastrous course, leading, as it does, to the appearance of unrelieved treachery. He switches from cause to cause, from one direction to another, like a weather-vane. Borodin, who knew him pretty well, once told me that Feng was not so much a born traitor as a born experimenter, the victim of successive sincerities. The objective results are, of course, the same: betrayal, betrayal and betrayal. But psychologically the phenomenon is far different and much more interesting. In this clouded and imperfect mind, handicapped by ignorance, superstition and the most unrelieved obscurantism of religion, all sorts of intellectual adventures go on from time to time. It is, in a way, a very miraculous thing that an ill-educated and priest-ridden peasant like Feng should be able to transfer his allegiance from St. Paul to Lenin and from Lenin back to St. Paul again in the space of a year, and do it with a recognizable sincerity. Another of the most fascinating qualities of his queer mind is its unpredictable future; he has already developed so strangely that there is no means of knowing where he will end. I should not be surprised to learn some day that he had become a devout Buddhist and had raised the standard of a religious war to restore the temples and the faith of an earlier time, with perhaps an emperor for high priest.

Feng is the son of an Anhwei peasant soldier. He was born in 1881, and was destined very early—like many of the abysmally poor in China—to the army. He could neither read nor write until he was well into his twenties, but, after he had taught himself some hundreds of characters, his progress became rapid. Chang Shih-kiang, the most important of his generals and the most devoted of his friends, knew him in these early days and no doubt assisted him both in the struggle to learn to read and in the gravitation toward Christianity. Chang himself is devout and has, I should say, a more thorough understanding of Christianity than Feng possesses.

Feng signed cards in the Bible classes of Dr. John R. Mott in Peking, in 1913, and was baptized some months later by Dr. Liu Fang of the Methodist Church Mission. Since 1913 Feng has been an adherent of Methodism, and, when I talked to him only three weeks ago, he declared that he still considered himself a member of that sect.

The Marshal's Christianity is a curiosity

in itself. It is composed of two main elements, one of which is ethical and one theistic. The ethical portion of his faith is, I should say, chiefly Confucian. He has put it down in a little book which has been since 1922 a regular part of the disciplinary study he imposes on his armies. It does not concern itself with the idea of God, but with the duties of man, which it groups under such headings as Modesty, Magnanimity, Meekness, Liberality, Love, Humility, Purity and so on. The ideas may all be found in the Confucian Analects, with Christian modifications and adjusted emphases—Repentance, Humility and so forth—of Feng's own. It is interesting to note that he gives the Golden Rule in both the positive (Christian) and the negative (Confucian) forms, one after the other: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you"; "Do not do unto others what you would not have them do unto you."

The theistic portion of the Marshal's faith is Christian, but Christian of that terrible, Hebraic strain which has produced so much intolerance and suffering. This has been greatly modified of late, thanks perhaps to the influence of Moscow, and the Marshal no longer forces his soldiers to be Christians or to listen to interminable sermons by persons who cannot speak Chinese. But some years ago Feng's God was a very irascible deity, who did not, apparently, have enough intelligence to realize that he was himself largely responsible for the "sin" in the world. Feng's deity told him to drive out prostitutes and sing-song girls, for example, and Feng did so with a cruelty and perseverance which would have pained the heart of Jesus Christ. It was only much later, and under the influence of the Anglo-Saxon missionaries, that the Marshal made some amends by founding workshops and "industrial schools" for some of these unfortunate women whom he had treated so ruthlessly. Nowadays the Marshal is quite reconciled to this form of "sin" and contents himself with taxing it heavily.

Theism as theism, of course, is always likely to develop another of the elements of Feng's Christianity—superstition. The Christian doctrine of the efficacy of prayer gave a powerful impetus to his mind's natural tendency, and to this day he still presents his daily list of orders to the Almighty in confidence that he will, if he pays with the corresponding "goodness," obtain immediate delivery. There are a good many miracles on Feng's records, which simultaneously delight the impious and make joyous the heart of the faithful. This is an innocent pastime, like the collection of St. Michael's toe-nails, and harms nobody. But the important thing to remember is that Feng's idea of God is very primitive; it is not essentially mystic, but essentially practical. He finds the Christian God useful as a sort of Australian Uncle, to whom he can appeal in moments of difficulty for practical assistance. It is akin to the Christianity of those mission-educated Chinese who, when gambling at *ma-jong*, often repeat the Lord's Prayer to bring them luck. I had an interpreter who used to do this, and he assured me that it was very common and very efficacious. I have no objection to it; on the contrary, I find it a charming custom. But it must be made clear that Feng is not any better than anybody else on account of his Christianity; it must be made clear that the devout American who prayed the whole night of October 20, 1924, for the success of Feng's arms, was praying for a singularly interesting but very benighted heathen. Whether the label given is "Christianity" or "voodoo," does not alter the nature of Feng's religion.

Feng obtained Peking and the control of the "national" government on October 23, 1924, by a *coup d'état* against his commanding officer, Wu Pei-fu, then engaged in his struggle with Chang Tso-lin. Feng's *coup* was a barefaced piece of treachery, which has never faded from the minds of the Chinese people; for the peculiar ethical system of China, which permits many forms of betrayal and trickery, never forgives the treachery of a son to a father, a pupil to a teacher or a protégé to a patron. Feng was a protégé of Wu Pei-fu, who had advanced him from post to post and had counted upon his loyalty. This is why, as it is explained to me by the Chinese themselves, nobody in China nowadays will trust Feng. His special kind of treachery is the most repulsive known to the Confucian system.

Feng himself says he did this thing for his country's sake. There may be something in that; he has always been a semi-revolutionary by temperament, and, although he understands very little about the great forces amongst which he moves, his "hair has been stirred," to use a phrase of H. G. Wells's, by the storm. He drove out Marshal Wu because he considered Marshal Wu to be bad for China, let us concede. Similarly, in March, 1926, he was himself driven out of Peking and from the country because somebody else (in this case Marshal Chang Tso-lin) considered him "bad for China."

With Madame Feng and the five Feng children, the Marshal then went to Moscow. What his year in Moscow did for him is still a matter for conjecture. Clearly the Russians did not convert him to Communism, and clearly they did not detach him from Christianity; but they did establish a pretty firm influence over him, shrewdly supported by those practical arguments which he most completely understands.

This past spring, when Chiang Kai-shek's defection left the Wuhan government badly in need of support, Russia put Feng on his feet again, gave him a war-cry, and marched him southward to the support of Hankow. Everything he had, from his rifles to his shoelaces, came from Russia by way of Urga. The silver money which he brought with him was also Russian property. He executed the movement agreed upon, advanced on Chengchow along the Lung-Hai Railway and had the pleasure of sending his Mahommedan cavalrymen into that city just as the last of the Fengtien troops had retired. But, as soon as he obtained Honan, he did another right-about-face, thumbed his nose at Russia and went into a conference with Chiang Kai-shek.

This final and startling betrayal was not expected by the Wuhan government, in spite of Feng's record. Borodin himself, who knew the man, said Feng would not "go over." Yet a month later Feng was bombarding Wuhan with telegrams ordering Borodin to go home, ordering the Communists out of the Kuomintang and ordering the suppression of the labor and peasants' unions! Since then he has done another even more startling thing in refusing to join Chiang Kai-shek against Wuhan; and tomorrow he may be openly and unashamedly betraying Chiang, as he has already betrayed everybody else. His future is simply unguessable, from any point of view.

One rather amusing thing about Feng is the pains he takes to "save face" in these successive treacheries. He saves face, not only for himself, but for his victims, in a laudable effort to keep everything on the friendly plane. Thus, in ordering Borodin to leave Hankow, he said, "Mr. Borodin, who has already resigned, should return to his own country," although Borodin had never dreamed of resigning.

Similarly he telegraphed that "those members of the Wuhan government who may wish to go abroad for their health should be allowed to do so," although the Wuhan government's members were, at the time, in no need of physicians. Feng's face, which would seem, from a western point of view, one of the most difficult in China to save, is one of the most elaborately protected both by himself and by his many clever advisers. Even with Russia he has saved his face to some extent by keeping his seven or eight Russian officers, by giving high honors to the retiring Russian advisers from Wuhan who pass through his territory, and by sending flowery messages to Moscow. He is wise to try this, even if it does not work, since Madame Feng and the five Feng children are still in Russia.

Tang Seng-chi, one of the most recently elevated of the neo-militarists, is now virtually dictator of the districts ruled by the erstwhile Left Wing Kuomintang government of Wuhan. Once a commander in Marshal Wu Pei-fu's forces, then accepted into the Kuomintang and given command of the Eighth Revolutionary Army (Hunanese), he is and always has been a rather uninteresting professional soldier. From 1925, when he assumed his position with the Cantonese armies, until this summer, the principal fact about Tang Seng-chi was that he hated Chiang Kai-shek and was cordially detested in return. Their rivalry—a personal and childish affair—was a fortunate fact for the civilian authorities of the Kuomintang, and by playing Tang against Chiang they succeeded in staving off for some months that military dictatorship which seems destined to overtake every political group in China. They tried to forestall this development by abolishing the office of "commander-in-chief" (*tsung ssŭ-ling*, a title given all dictators in China, North and South) and by pushing a younger general, Chang Fa-kwei of the Cantonese "Iron Army" well to the front. But Tang saw what was coming and took his precautions; he got himself sent first into Hunan, his own province, where he established a military régime and installed himself thoroughly (June 10–June 30). He was then ready to declare himself, and on July 5 he did so. Through Ho Chien, a subordinate, he engineered the *coup d'état* which followed, in which the labor-unions, peasants' unions, Communists, Socialists and Left Wing Kuomintang leaders were all attacked. By July 15 his victory was complete, and he had established a Hankow government on the same basis as the Nanking government—a military dictatorship, dignified with a façade of politicos and committee members. Tang Seng-chi is the least forceful and individual of the neo-militarists, and he probably has least chance of surviving.

Between the neo-militarists and the militarists stands Governor Yen Hsi-shan of Shansi. He is a mild-mannered, charming Chinese of the old school, whose traditional classic education has been supplemented by training in a Japanese military academy. Governor Yen's type has long since vanished from the stage of this civil war; with the single exception of Marshal Wu Pei-fu, none of the other war-lords and military adventurers has enough education to stuff into an opium-pipe.

To the grace and refinement of an old-fashioned Chinese official, Governor Yen adds those more vigorous qualities which are the natural accompaniment of an inquiring mind. Thus we see him planting trees and sinking artesian wells, building good roads and stock-farms and agricultural experiment stations, sending his young men to France, England and Germany to study geology, mineralogy,

metallurgy, and at the same time exhorting his people in phrases taken from the Confucian Analects or from the *Tao Tē Ching*. He often causes improving reflections or admonitory aphorisms to be displayed on the telegraph-poles and the walls of public buildings, calling upon his people in the language of their ancestors (which remarkably few of them can read) to be good, to be industrious, to be humble and to follow the Golden Rule.

Governor Yen became Shansi's *tuchun* in 1911, when he drove the Manchus from the province. At that time he was a battalion commander of twenty-nine years, a member of the secret revolutionary organization of the Republicans and a devoted disciple of Sun Yat-sen. His popularity during the revolutionary period was immense, and still is very great indeed. He accepted fully and with complete faith the first Chinese Republican Constitution, that pathetic document which has since undergone so many changes and such complete oblivion. From 1912 until April of this year, 1927, Shansi was uninterruptedly and peacefully governed under the forms of the first Constitution.

It is in administration that Governor Yen's work is most striking. His first effort was to exterminate banditry and guarantee order throughout the province. This he accomplished, and the accomplishment is unique in China. One can go anywhere in Shansi in safety; one can display unusual amounts of money without danger; one can travel the mountains day and night without interference from anybody. This is not true in other parts of China, and it is for this one reason as much as for another that the Chinese call Shansi their "model province."

Taiyuanfu, the ancient and once remote capital of Shansi, has electric lights, clean streets and a sewage system. There are fifty-six artesian wells in and about the city. The streets have gutters along their sides, and the inhabitants are required to put their rubbish out to be collected every morning. These may seem insignificant things, but they are very rare and striking in China—as striking as Governor Yen's "Free Compulsory Education" edict, which, although only partially carried out, has reduced the illiteracy of the province seven per cent in ten years.

The administration of Shansi should not, of course, be excessively praised. Its Chinese admirers fall into ridiculous hyperbole about it; they compare it, frequently to its advantage, to administration in France, in England, in the United States. This is sheer nonsense. There is a great deal of perfectly obvious corruption and nepotism in Shansi. The standard of living is as low as in Honan or Hupeh, and, although I heard a lot about agricultural machinery, I never saw any. What may be said is that the Shansi administration is very remarkable for China, and that Governor Yen deserves the most unhesitating admiration for doing a thing which nobody really expected him to do; for there was nothing but his own benevolence and sense of responsibility to force him into doing anything at all.

Governor Yen has grown nervous. Feng Yu-hsiang gave him a rude shock last year by attacking one of his northern cities—Tatungfu—and marching an army across his territory; since then, the Governor has been increasing his military preparation. He has French and German advisers, chiefly; the aviation is both French and German (two men of each nationality) and the arsenal is entirely German. It has become clear that Shansi can no longer be separate from the rest of China; geography, which puts Feng Yu-hsiang's provinces on one

side and Chang Tso-lin's on the other, has seen to that. In addition, the Kuomintang's irresistible sweep across the country has not stopped at the Yellow River; Shansi became Kuomintang last April, and the Governor reorganized his province on the new basis, with committees and a propaganda-machine.

Before the Kuomintang had been operating in Shansi a month, the Governor saw its inevitable direction and "reorganized" it amid the usual shouts of "Bolshevik!" He expelled the Left Wing agitators, made the labor-unions over into organizations which he could keep under his thumb and reduced the social propaganda to a minimum. It remains, even in its most innocuous form, a disturbing element, and sleepy Shansi will probably never know its ancient tranquillity again. On the day I arrived in Taiyuanfu the mobs gathered to demonstrate against Japanese imperialism overpowered the guards at the Governor's palace, and only the gentle, prematurely aged, but somehow majestic figure of Yen Hsi-shan himself stopped them from further violence.

Governor Yen is, I believe, very much afraid both of war and of revolution. All he wants from life is that it leave him in peace to plant his trees and administer his province in the way he understands. His white, trembling hands and his lisping, whispering voice were never made for the kind of hurly-burly which is going on in China now. Yet necessity forbids him to ignore what is happening to the whole country, and whatever happens henceforth, he is likely to have a hand in it. If national unity were, under present conditions, possible in China, certainly the whole Republic of the Middle Flower could do worse than unite under Governor Yen.

There is little space left for the feudal militarists, but they need little. The wolf presents less variation than the wolf in disguise; and Chang Tso-lin, Chang Hsueh-liang, Chang Tsung-chang, Sun Chuan-fang, Yang Yu-ting, Wu Pei-fu and their kindred are enough alike to be classified together without much injustice. Wu Pei-fu is the most popular of them all in China, and one can easily understand why: he is very courageous (as few generals are), he is of a very much superior culture to the others and he did perform a great service to his country in 1919 by overthrowing the unspeakable Anfu régime. He is certainly the most respectable militarist discernible on the horizon. But unfortunately Marshal Wu is rapidly disappearing; by the last report he had joined Yang Sen in Szechuan, far from the scenes of his earlier triumphs, and it seems doubtful if he can find an army or a party to bring him back.

Chang Tso-lin, the *tayuanshuai*, or "generalissimo," as he now calls himself, is a Manchurian bandit of forty-seven or forty-eight, the most ferocious and unprincipled of all the generals. He has brazenly accepted the aid of the Japanese for the past eight years, without pretense of any kind. The Japanese first established him in Manchuria and then installed him in Peking, where he shows every sign of remaining for some time to come. His frankness is refreshing, and one must give him full credit for it. In comparison to the hypocrisy of Feng Yu-hsiang and Chiang Kai-shek it is worthy to be called true intellectual honesty. Lawless he is, and lawless he is quite willing to be called. He lives in the Imperial Palace with a body-guard officered by imperial princes, takes his diplomatic orders from the Japanese, with the occasional assistance of the British, allows General Yang Yu-ting an almost free hand with the army and the Manchurian party and devotes himself to concubines and Shansi wine with a clear conscience. The territory over which he is tayuanshuai includes all of Manchuria, Jehol, Chihli and Shantung—what may be described as the Japanese sphere of influence.

The Tayuanshuai has an excellent army, which its British and Japanese officers say is the equal of many European forces. It never lacks for equipment, thanks to the Tayuanshuai's foreign friends. Aside from the army, the Tayuanshuai does not permit his foreign advisers to introduce too much modernization; the financial and judicial systems are on the old militarist basis. His courts are run like that of the Queen of Hearts, with its charming refrain of "Off with his head!" When the twenty Chinese Communists and near Communists who had taken refuge in the Russian Legation were captured last April, Marshal Chang ordered them to be strangled. Strangled they were, although in several of the cases (as in that of Li Ta-chao's daughter, the seventeen-year-old Phyllis Li) there was no evidence of any kind against them. Similarly in the case of Madame Borodin, the Marshal decided upon strangulation, but was persuaded by various persons (including, it is said, the American Senator Bingham) to give her a trial first. It never occurred to him that the trial could end otherwise than as he wished, and, when Madame Borodin was acquitted and released, he was struck dumb with fury. It is said now that the Tayuanshuai is in a great state of rage against all lawyers and law courts and favors their instant abolition. Certainly one of his avowed purposes in life is to catch the judge who acquitted Madame Borodin and strangle him, too.

Marshal Chang is as ignorant as most of the other generals, but his son Chang Hsueh-liang has been very carefully educated. There is a tendency in Peking to regard Chang Hsueh-liang as his father's foreordained successor, somewhat in the manner of a crown prince. There can be little doubt that the Japanese intended him to fill that rôle; but since his return from Japan he has aroused suspicion at times by his queer, fitful manifestations of sympathy for liberal ideas or for Chinese Nationalism. As a result the Japanese are cooling toward him, and their present attitude indicates that they will rule the princeling out in favor of General Yang Yu-ting, the most capable and energetic officer in the Tayuanshuai's party. Japan has recently organized and equipped five army corps in Manchuria, which it has presented (June, 1927) to Yang Yu-ting for his own, without responsibility to Chang Tso-lin.

Two other Northern militarists are worth a glance, if only for the marked difference in their personalities. Chang Tsung-chang, the Shantung tupan, is the purest and most delightful example of the old-style military adventurer now to be found in China. His oriental vices are as luxuriant as his oriental courtesy; he allows the Japanese to do as they please in Shantung so long as they leave him alone to enjoy those pleasures to which he quite sensibly considers himself entitled. He has thirty-six concubines at present, but the estimate varies from time to time. He is a little too old-fashioned even for the Mukden party, and there has been a steady effort on the part of Yang Yu-ting and others to get rid of him. It is felt that he discredits the whole Manchurian group with his extravagance, luxury, vice and cruelty. So long as he has Japanese support, however, Shantung is his; and the Japanese are not likely to remove a tupan who displays such a charming lack of curiosity about their affairs.

Sun Chuan-fang, the last of our militarists, is one of the most hard-working and successful

of the tupans. He used to administer the provinces of Kiangsu (containing Shanghai and Nanking), Chekiang, Fukien, Anhwei and Kiangsi. In the maintenance of public order and the administration of the finances he was far more successful than his successors, and in normal times he was not tyrannical in the execution of justice. Of course, in the siege of Shanghai he once beheaded fifty-two striking laborers on the same day, but this is not so very criminal in China. At present he is heading a drive southward with the purpose of dislodging somebody from somewhere and carving out for himself a territory to exploit. He is a war-lord without a province, but his progress has been so rapid that he may soon be reëstablished.

This picture of the choice of masters may not be very cheerful and is not intended to be. To be cheerful about Chinese politics seems to me sheer idiocy. The alternatives for an intelligent and public-spirited Chinese are, I should say (provided he does not want to make a compromise with his honor and take one of the lesser evils among the war-lords), just two: either to go "underground" with the radical students and the labor leaders and work against the whole system of things which makes such a situation possible, or to ignore politics completely and try to find some solution apart from any government or governments. I know a good many fine Chinese minds which are preoccupied just now with these alternatives. The first, of course, can only bring Revolution, while the second may produce—very slowly, very painfully—an evolutionary change. Those who burn with a great impatience (and I confess for them much sympathy) will choose the first alternative, while those whom age or philosophy or disappointment has chastened, will choose the second.

THE TROPICAL PLANTATIONS

(*Continued from page 925*)

actually cultivates the rice-lands. He would do so much more frequently were it not for governmental regulations. In Java, for example, the government does not allow the rice-land to be used for sugar more than one year out of three; nor can the white man purchase it.

In the New World, most of the labor on tropical plantations is performed by negroes imported from Africa, or by a mixed race in which the blood of the people of Spain adds an element of enterprise and industry rarely found in either the negroes or the Indians. On the whole, however, the tropical labor of America, aside from the West Indies and southern Brazil, where the percentage of white blood is high, is by no means so competent as that of southeastern Asia and the more advanced East Indies. Its unsatisfactory character is one reason why Great Britain and Holland, with their rice-raising dependencies, have had a practical monopoly of rubber, while Java raises nearly ninety per cent of the world's quinine. Most of the world's tea, as well as hemp and jute, come from that same general region.

One of the most interesting questions connected with tropical plantations and with the tropics as a whole is whether they will some day furnish other parts of the world with large supplies of food. Many persons believe that the vast, unused tropical lands of South America and Africa, not to mention those of the great islands of Borneo and New Guinea, are capable of producing enormous quantities of food as well as raw materials and thereby of supporting the rapidly growing population of the manufacturing countries of Europe and North America. Perhaps something of the sort may happen in the future, but not unless a new mode of tropical development appears.

Thus far the tendency has been in exactly the opposite direction. A hundred years ago, when tropical plantations were in their infancy, the tropics were self-supporting. Cuba, Jamaica, Porto Rico and Java never thought of bringing food from abroad except in minute quantities for a few white people. Today quite a different situation prevails. The production of food has declined in comparison with the population. When a white man starts a plantation, he needs perhaps a hundred laborers. He pays them such good wages that not only they but their families cease cultivating their own land. Food must at once be brought from somewhere else. So the planter begins to import corn or wheat in the ships that carry away his sugar or tea. That is the easiest method of feeding his workers; for he does not see how he can take time to improve the local system of agriculture or increase the industry of the local population.

Of course the matter is not quite so simple, but that is the gist of it. Cuba today is scarcely more self-supporting than England; in proportion to the needs of the people, the importation of food in the two regions is approximately the same. Even though vast quantities of sugar are exported, together with some pineapples and other foods, Cuba is now much more of a drain on the food-producing resources of temperate countries than ever before, and its tendency to require flour, meat and fish from other countries is increasing.

The same state of affairs has come about in every other place where tropical plantations have been highly developed. Where rubber, tea, coffee, spices and rope-making fibers are raised, the products are either not edible or have no real food value; yet the people who raise them must be fed. The wheat farmer in the Dakotas, Argentina, Russia and Australia is more and more called upon to feed, not only his own country and the manufacturing countries of Europe, but the brown-skinned tropical men who raise the coffee and sugar that he drinks for breakfast, the afternoon tea and cocoa used by his neighbors in the city, the cloves that his wife has stuck in the juicy roast ham, the jute bags and the sisal or Manila twine that he uses to tie up his wheat, and the rubber on which he rides to town. This situation may be good or bad, but people surely ought to understand it and not think that by developing the tropics we are increasing the world's food-supply. We are doing just the opposite: we cause the population of the tropical countries to grow enormously—sevenfold in a century in Java—while the food production increases only a little, if at all.

There is, of course, nothing sure about the duration of the present tendency. Some day, as we have said, the white man may evolve an agricultural technique for the tropics as far superior to the present plantation methods as rice culture is to primitive hoe culture. In that case he may raise the staple kinds of food as well as luxuries that provide little nutriment. Suppose, for example, the vast plains of the Amazon could be drained and plowed so that the soil would be aerated. Suppose they could be converted into rice-fields where the machinery now used in Louisiana could be applied on a vastly larger scale. In that case, the work of one efficient man with a tractor might easily produce as much food as is now produced by a hundred industrious rice-raisers. If such a thing should happen, the world's supply of food in proportion to its inhabitants would be enlarged to an amazing extent. Whether that is possible, no one can yet tell. It depends partly on the degree to which the white man can live permanently in the tropics, partly on the degree to which the energy of tropical

people and their desire for higher standards of living can be stimulated, partly on the sphere where man's inventive genius next exercises itself. For the present we can merely point out that plantation agriculture is a new thing in the world; it is thus far limited to a few islands and seacoasts where the conditions of topography, transportation, health and labor are especially favorable. Will it spread, flourish and evolve as the civilization of Europe has spread, flourished and evolved in the New World discovered by Columbus, or as the oriental type of rice culture spread long ago in the mainland and islands of southeastern Asia?

DIGGING OUT UR

(*Continued from page 915*)

from many clay tablets, such as those described above, containing names of Babylonian kings, and from fragments telling of historical events during the reigns of these kings, scholars have been able to draw up fairly accurate tables from earliest times down to well-known dates such as those of Nebuchadnezzar and Nabonidus. The oldest kings have of course fewest records; so, where they are concerned, there are not always chances to check one list against many others. But the amount of work that has been done in this field is tremendous, and the number of references to even early kings like Ur-Nina (3100 B.C.) is sufficient to establish their dates with reasonable certainty. After years of research, Dr. Leon Legrain, of the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, has been able to draw up a chronological table that is generally accepted among Babylonian scholars.

The discovery of the old temple at Tell-el-Obeid has thrown interesting side-lights on these early dates. The Sumerian king-lists, clay tablets actually written about 2000 B.C., are (as indicated by style and other evidence understood by the specialist) what one might call "later editions" of far more ancient books. They place the first dynasty of Kish immediately after the Flood, then a dynasty of Erech and third the first dynasty of Ur, in which Mes-an-ni-pad-da heads the list of kings. For all of them the names of the kings are given and the length of their reigns. The kings of Kish and of Erech, the oldest whose names are given on any of the lists, are credited with such very long reigns—several reigned twelve hundred years according to the tablets—that we cannot accept as historical anything except perhaps the names (though it has been discovered that the word translated "year" meant in the oldest language in some cases "period" and that in earliest times a "period" meant a lunar month—not a solar year. So the lists may be more nearly correct than appears).

Mes-an-ni-pad-da starts the first dynasty of Ur badly; for he is said to have reigned eighty years, a period almost too long to be accepted. Now, with the discoveries at Tell-el-Obeid, the probable truth is revealed. For the king-lists did not contain the name A-an-ni-pad-da at all, and, if the foundation tablet had not added the information that he was "son of Mes-an-ni-pad-da," we should not have known, except by guess, where he belonged. This fact also explains the long reign attributed to Mes-an-ni-pad-da by the lists. The names of father and son are similar, and the probabilities are that the later chronicler lumped their reigns together. The kings following have perfectly reasonable reigns of thirty, twenty-five and thirty-six years.

The temple at Tell-el-Obeid stood on a high platform approached by a flight of steps. There was a small porch. On each side of the doorway stood a tall mosaic column of triangular pieces of red stone, black paste and mother-of-pearl. These pieces were set in bitumen over a wooden core. Along the wall of the temple on a low platform stood a procession of copper bulls with their heads turned away from the temple. Since their feet were partly hidden by flowers having red and white stone petals stuck on clay stems with bitumen, they appeared to be walking along in blossoming fields. A little distance above the bulls was a frieze of reclining cattle, their bodies done in relief, their heads in the round. These, too, were of copper, hammered over a wooden core. Higher still on the façade of the temple ran a couple of narrow bands of frieze made in a peculiar way—cattle, birds, figures of men, cut out of white limestone or shell and embedded in black bitumen for a background, with a strip of copper above and below. These shell and limestone friezes reveal in an extraordinary way the life of 4300 B.C. There are bulls walking in procession, and ducks too, but most interesting is a milking scene. It shows the calves tied to the cows while men behind are milking; two heifers are coming out of the gate of a cattle enclosure; and beyond are men straining the milk into huge storage jars.

Besides the remains of these façade decorations were other objects: copper heads of lions with white and blue inlay in the eyes; panther heads; a gold horn from one of the marching bulls; a large relief in copper showing two stags seized by a lion, which probably decorated the space over the doorway. A stone statue of a king of about 3600 B.C., various engraved shell plaques, a sculptured stone well-head, all make fine museum exhibits. Finally the old cemetery by the temple was excavated also and yielded a quantity of material contemporaneous with the temple—beads, pottery and copper tools and weapons.

Nin-Khursag, a goddess of creation and birth, seems to have been also a goddess of future birth. Hence her connection with death and the location of cemeteries around her sanctuary. She must have been very popular in 4300 B.C., when A-an-ni-pad-da built this lovely little temple to her and people came out from the city to worship her and bury their dead. But it would seem that her popularity fell off after about a thousand years. Perhaps Nannar the Moon God was partly to blame.

Nannar—or Sin—was, indeed, a powerful god. He ruled the calendar, and time was divided according to his phases. He was thought of as the moon, as a god, as a man in the form of a king. He is depicted in art as a king with a long heavy beard, seated on a throne. He wears a flounced robe and a sort of turban head-dress upon which rise four pairs of horns with a disk or a crescent at the top. He is sometimes described as riding through the sky in a ship—the crescent moon, probably. Indeed the symbol of the Moon God was a crescent. Often, too, he was represented by triple circles, the sign for "thirty"—meaning thirty days. The Moon God even took precedence over the Sun God, Shamash, and with him and Ishtar, or Venus, his daughter, made in later times a triad of great popularity.

As Nannar grew in importance, the following of the older deity declined. In fact, Ur-Engur's building of the great Ziggurat to Nannar must have rung the death-knell of Nin-Khursag worship; in a century or so more the little temple was deserted. Now all the worship was for the Moon God and his consort; all religious life centered in him; his temple became the political and business center of the city. No one thought about Nin-Khursag except when the funeral processions wound their way out to the cemetery at Tell-el-Obeid. Back in the city were processions that were truly magnificent for those times and festivals

that must have thrilled the people. These festivals of the Moon God were held on the first and the fifteenth of each month—the one when the moon was crescent, the other when it was full. They were held always at sunset.

There are many collections of hymns to Sin. One written apparently for the ceremonies of the full moon has been translated thus:

"O Sin, resplendent god, light of the skies, son of Enlil, shining one of E-Kur!
With universal sway thou rulest all lands! thy throne is placed in the lofty heavens!
Clothed with a superb garment, crowned with the tiara of rulership, full grown in glory!
Sin is sovereign—his light is the guide of mankind—a glorious ruler
Of unchangeable command, whose mind no god can fathom.
O Sin, at thy appearance the gods assemble, all the kings prostrate themselves."

We can imagine the old town of Ur with its picturesque mud walls rosy beneath the setting sun while through the narrow streets winds a long procession of white-robed priests with shaven heads carrying the golden statue of the Moon God on a throne. Torches flare in the already darkening alleyways—here and there along the route an ox or a sheep is sacrificed on an altar while people stand reverently with one arm raised. Slowly the procession enters the sacred Temenos; now it is in front of the Ziggurat, which looms up huge and dark against the glowing sky. Above, the blue deepens, and, as the top of the full moon appears on the eastern horizon, the priests begin a low chant. Separating into three groups, they mount the steps with measured rhythm, the golden statue gleaming as it moves up the great central stairway. Just as it reaches the upper terrace, the huge round moon clears the horizon and throws its light over the level plain upon the Ziggurat tower with the long columns of white-clad priests grouped on the three stairways. Then the chant dies away into dead silence as all catch their breath and raise their arms in greeting to the moon, "resplendent god, full grown in glory."

THE RAINBOW-LINED KIMONO

(*Continued from page 931*)

shoulders of her purple kimono, set off the head-dress of her jet black hair. Yet, puckish and irresponsible as these little schoolgirls looked, many of them would go to work when they were fifteen to help their families or perhaps to assist their brothers in acquiring an education; and they were gay about it.

Of all the schoolgirls, I remember best the delicate, shy little daughter of an innkeeper of Kyushu, the southern island. Her name was Sakae, which means "full bloom." We did not see her until, on our last day at the inn, she came down the walk like a bright flower with her long sleeves falling below her knees and a bundle of books on her arm. She was shy as a fawn and would have slipped away had not one of the hotel nesans caught her in both arms and then introduced her by pronouncing her name as if it were "Sa-ki-eya." She laughed and then she blushed. Hers was the way of a wood-flower, and her skin was clear and soft as the mist of falling water. But at last she was shy no longer; she came to my room to watch the packing with a serious face until she decided that she could help by folding some of the things. The bag was strange to her hands, but she stowed things away with little bursts of laughter. She finished, but there was still something; she must have paper and pencil. And then she wrote her name in English with large round letters sweetly molded—she was very proud of that, being only fourteen. She was clever. When we were ready to leave, she came out with her mother to say "*Sayonara! Sayonara!*" many times; and she put her hands to her eyes to pantomime her sorrow, although she laughed a moment later. There she stood, with her roguish smile and her long sleeves, of blue and marigold, purple and dashes of red, and her soft voice, saying "Sayonara!" as we drove away.

In a few years Sakae will be the woman of Japan; she will be different from the woman of today; yet she will be wise with the knowledge of ages and young with eternal youth. For always the woman of Japan has kept her soul young: she has worn her brightest colors inside her kimono and has dressed her babies so vividly that they resemble gorgeous orchids when they ride on her back and, with blackbead eyes, watch everything that goes on around them.

But customs and ideas are changing. The doctors have decided that babies are no longer to be tied on the back. Under the guise of health Japanese women are gaining freedom in other ways; girls not only wear bloomers for gymnastics, but they enter running and jumping contests and take part in a great many sports. Also, of course, they are becoming modern in thought. In a report to the National Education Association, one principal declared that the "girls under me are fast losing the self-denying spirit that graced their mothers, and seem to be led by selfish cravings and love of luxury"; another observed that "many of the girls talk with alarming freedom of the emancipation of the sex, and things of that kind of which they understand little, but which nevertheless make them bold and reckless even to the extent of laughing at womanly virtues"; and still another principal referred excitedly to "a growing vogue among country lasses to go in for all sorts of mannishness imitated from city flappers, even doing and saying things that would have shocked the genteel daughters of old Japan." The young girls are restless; in answer to a questionnaire thirty-six per cent of the girls in several high schools said that they wished to be men; forty-three per cent admitted that they wished to be "sometimes a man and sometimes a woman"; only twenty-one per cent were content with being women.

Such desires do not, to be sure, indicate any revolutionary impulse; for it is not woman's nature to obtain her will by revolution. But they suggest changes that keep pace with those now coming about in the social and economic structure of the Japanese Empire. Foreign books, which have been translated both by men and by women in the past half-century, have exerted an influence, and dozens of magazines similar in fashion to the western true-story magazine tend to make the Japanese woman more like her occidental sister.

The new literature of Japan treats new problems; the imported motion-pictures show contemporary occidental existence in a very vivid manner, and even the Japanese motion-pictures present modern life. More than twenty different monthly periodicals for women and girls are published, and one of them has a circulation of nearly a hundred and fifty thousand. Woman novelists discuss questions affecting women, and the women themselves are organizing societies for various purposes. Christianity also is in some degree accountable for the altered status of woman. Though the Christian Church as an organization is not making great strides, the ideals of Christianity are being broadcasted and Buddhism is accepting many of the Christian ideals and incorporating them in its religious practices. Furthermore, the Japanese women are meeting foreign women who come to teach in the schools or to work in the churches, or who accompany their husbands on business trips or simply remain in Japan for a time as travelers. Just what the entrance of women into industry may mean in Japan is a question, since in western countries it tends to delay marriage and to change the institution of marriage itself.

In 1923, Japan had a divorce rate of ten per cent, which is the highest in the world. This high rate may or may not be significant; for the condition of the Japanese woman in marriage is not greatly unlike that of the woman of other civilized countries, although her legal privileges and status differ. The law prohibits the marriage of a woman under fifteen and of a man under seventeen, but no man can marry without the consent of his parents until he is thirty and no woman can marry without her parents' consent until she is twenty-five. Before marriage the legal status of a woman who is not a minor (under twenty) is the same as that of a man, but afterward she can perform various legal acts, such as borrowing money, making real estate transfers, taking action in law and the like, only through her husband.

Divorce is comparatively easy in only one way—agreement in which the mutual consent of husband and wife is the sole requisite. The other divorce is for adultery, in case of which a husband may bring action against his wife but the wife has no recourse unless the husband of another woman has brought action against her own. The law itself will not grant a wife a divorce if her husband has illicit relations with unmarried women or widows, or if he consorts with prostitutes or takes concubines, but public opinion in such matters is changing.

Fifty-six per cent of the factory labor of Japan is done by women and girls, and girls have been doing a great share of the child labor; for, though the boys and the girls in ordinary schools have numbered about the same, in the schools that continue the elementary work for two years there have been only half as many girls as boys. The school law recently enacted will change this condition, since it requires the attendance of all children at school until the age of sixteen and at the same time prohibits child labor under that age. This law is the more remarkable because there are no woman voters in Japan.

To overemphasize the beauty, grace and refinement of the Japanese woman would tend to leave the impression that she has no sterner virtues. Because she is rare and flower-like, she seems naturally adapted to the home, but, once she makes ready for the world, she shines no less brilliantly there. The women who now take an interest in public affairs or are at work in the professions have been trained in universities; they have studied medicine and are being educated in other sciences; they talk easily about the social and economic needs of their country and they understand the women of Japan. The new Japanese woman is everywhere. Even the geisha, who has always been a private entertainer, has now played for several years upon the stage of Tokyo's great popular theater, and the stage, which has been the sole domain of men (for the men impersonated women), has been opened to actresses.

Yet the ideal of Japanese womanhood has changed less than have outward observances; in the old Japanese novels, for instance, men expected their women to be able to talk on a number of subjects, to understand art and to be skilled in certain phases of it themselves. The modern woman is simply doing in public the things she has previously done at home. She is turning the rainbow colors out.

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SPRING MOVING-DAY

(Continued from page 937)

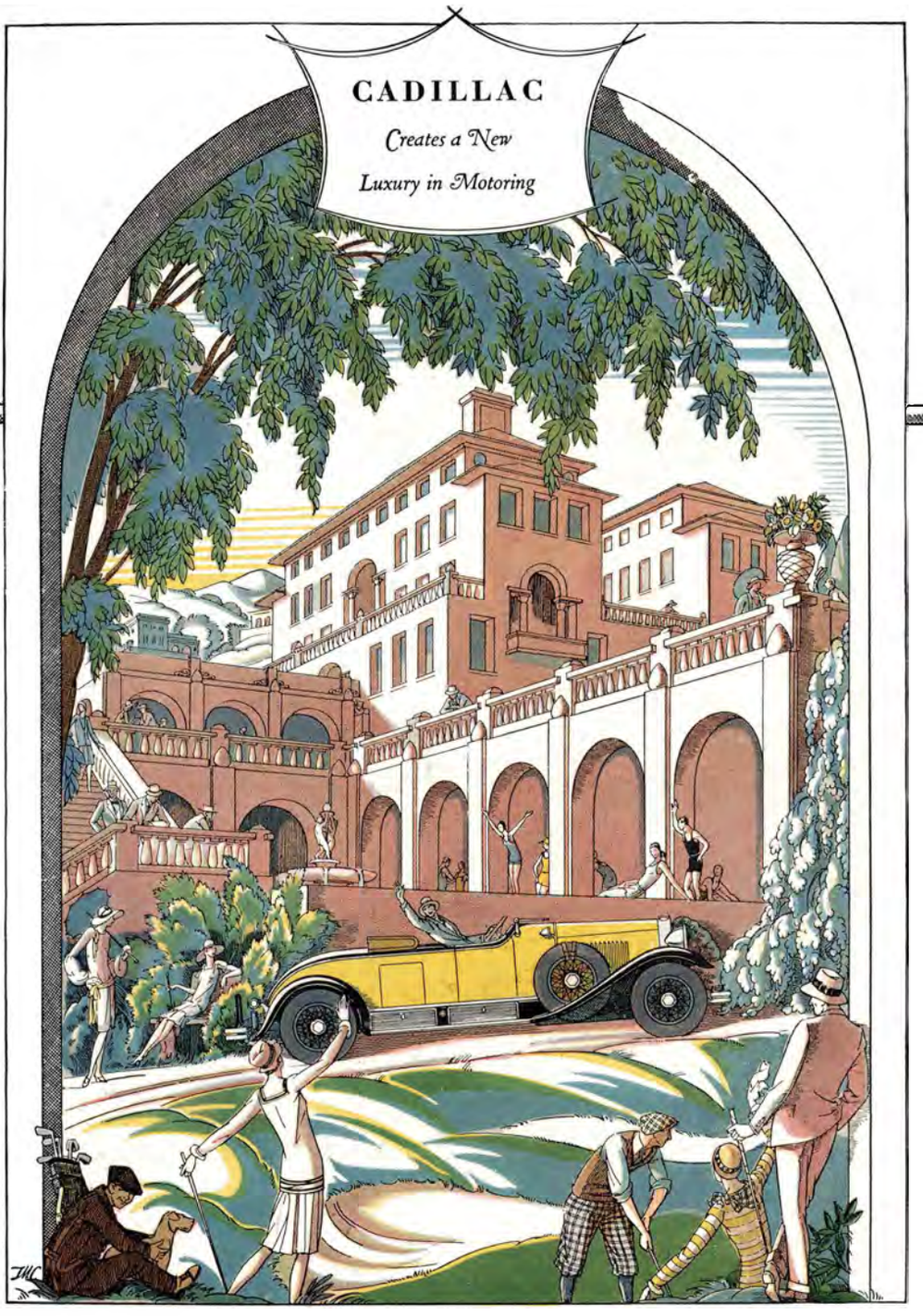
nuts. The son, or brother, of the little Big Marwari also came along with a bottle of attar. When he came to me, I held out my handkerchief, and he poured most of the contents thereon, so that I smelled unto heaven. In the case of the especially honored others, he merely touched their hands with the oily essence.

When the reading of the almanac was over, some one asked the Holy Man to "say a few words," and he warmed up to the task with alacrity. He reminded me of an after-dinner speaker at home—the kind that nobody can pull down, once he is on his feet, but, since this one happened to be sitting on his, his position was even more solid. The light faded, and the purple-and-gold velvet caps of the little boys looked less impressive and the pale-green and yellow tightly folded turbans of the *marwaris* and Haweli Singh's pale pink one and the orange saris of the little girls all melted into harmonious vagueness. From within the temple came the faint gleam of two oil-lights on stands in front of the gods and Sita; her stiff, gold-braided skirt I could see standing out from her clay or wood body, and the three faces of the gods gleamed out mistily under their opaque white paint. Still the Holy Man rambled on. I heard my name brought into his discussion more than once. He mentioned the fact that I was not in purdah and said that I could tell with my "fever-pencil" just how much fever a man had. It seems he was exhorting them to use the Holi festival for improving the minds of their women rather than for reviling them after the usual fashion among the lower classes, but somehow I cannot believe that making me an example had much appeal in it. Not one person in Pachperwa would want his wife or daughter to be built after my independent and, I should almost say, indecent model. But I think the villagers do like me—*for my type*, that is, given the drawbacks of my foreign origin. I have been told many times that God brought me to this place, and only this morning I was called a goddess by Dukhi, a Mahommedan barber. That was because I put some argyrol in his sore eyes.

After the Tahsildar returned, I had a distribution of grain for a hundred and fifty poor people and of clothes for some of the coolies and children who worked most faithfully on my house. Then, two nights ago, out in front of the house, I had dinner served to the *tahsil* officials, the chief *banyas*, the doctor, the police officials, the pundits, the village postman and the chief *panches* who supervised the house building, about forty persons in all. One of the big marwaris in the bazar did all the cooking and furnished the leaf plates, neatly sewn together. It was amusing to see the way the Tahsildar seated my guests. A cloth had been spread on the bare ground beyond the fringe of grass in front of the house, and the Mahommedans sat at one "table," the officials, including Khatris, Kayasthas (writers' caste, i.e. clerks) and a Nautanwa Pundit who arrived that afternoon, at another, the Orthodox Brahman village postman all alone, the banyas by themselves, the Tharu Chaudhari alone, the servants by themselves and the sweepers and menials by themselves. I took the precaution to eat my own dinner first, and there was nothing amiss in this. Afterward, we had fireworks, produced in the village by the bangle-makers' caste, who have fireworks as a side issue. And now the feasting is done, and I rather hope to settle down to a quieter life.

* * *

In December Gertrude Emerson will tell how the people of Pachperwa and neighboring villages thrust upon her the rôle of doctor.



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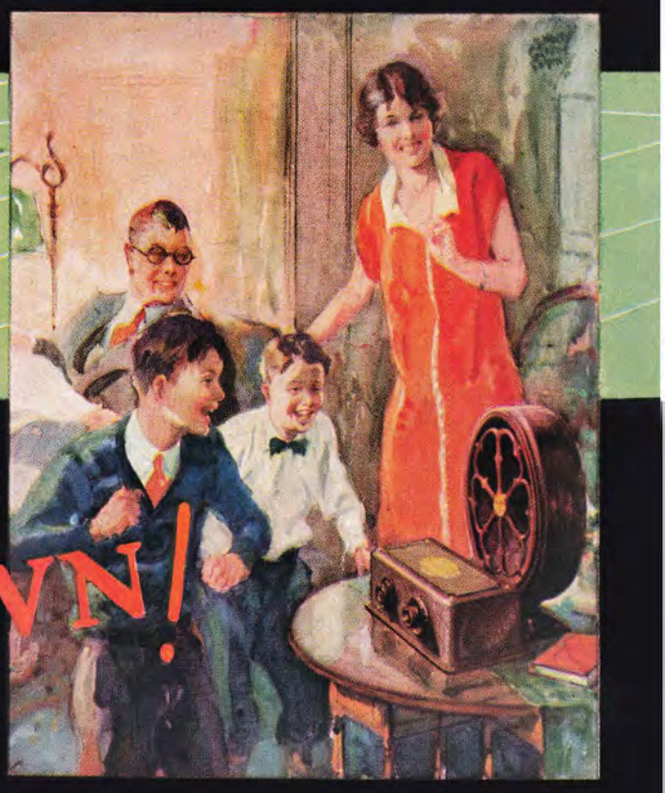
ATWATER KENT RADIO



TOUCHDOWN!

Enjoy what you hear

When cleated shoes paw the autumn turf, when the backs go tearing through, when the next tick of your watch tells the story of victory and defeat—

Then you need the unfailing clarity of Atwater Kent Radio. Then you appreciate the thrilling certainty of the Atwater Kent ONE Dial. Actually you can follow *two* games at once, played on different fields, a hundred miles apart—just by turning the ONE Dial back and forth.

More than a million families are receiving from Atwater Kent Radio the satisfaction of good home entertainment. Can you afford to miss it any longer? Hear it—at the nearest Atwater Kent dealer's—and note the moderate price—TODAY.

Write for illustrated booklet of Atwater Kent Radio

ATWATER KENT MFG. COMPANY
A. Atwater Kent, President
4705 Wissahickon Avenue Philadelphia, Pa.

Prices slightly higher from the Rockies West, and in Canada.

MODEL 30, six-tube, ONE Dial Receiver. Solid mahogany cabinet; gold-plated name plate, power supply switch and vernier knob. $80

MODEL 33, six-tube, ONE Dial Receiver with antenna adjustment device. Unusual selectivity. Solid mahogany cabinet; gold-plated name plate, power supply switch and vernier knob. $90

MODEL E RADIO SPEAKER. Faithfully covers the entire range of musical tones, from the lowest to the highest register. With 9 feet of flexible cord, $30. Model 35, six-tube, ONE Dial Receiver. Crystalline-finished cabinet; gold-plated ship-model name plate, decorative rosettes and power supply switch, $65.

"B" POWER UNIT. Automatically controlled by switch on receiving set. "A" battery and trickle charger can be connected to this "B" Power Unit, in which case the automatic switch also starts and stops charger, if one is used. Plugs into A.C. light socket. Delivers up to 135 volts. Operates Atwater Kent Receivers or other make consuming not more than 40 milliamperes. Brown crystalline finish. Including long-life rectifying tube (no filament to burn out) and 7-foot flexible cord.

Type R, for 60-cycle 110 to 115 volt Alternating Current $50
Type S, for 25-cycle 110 to 115 volt Alternating Current $55

MODEL H Radio Speaker. With 9 feet of flexible cord. $21

"B" Power Unit

ONE Dial Receivers licensed under U. S. Patent 1,014,002.

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING:—The Atwater Kent Radio Hour brings you the stars of opera and concert, in Radio's finest program. Hear it at 9:15 Eastern Time, 8:15 Central Time.