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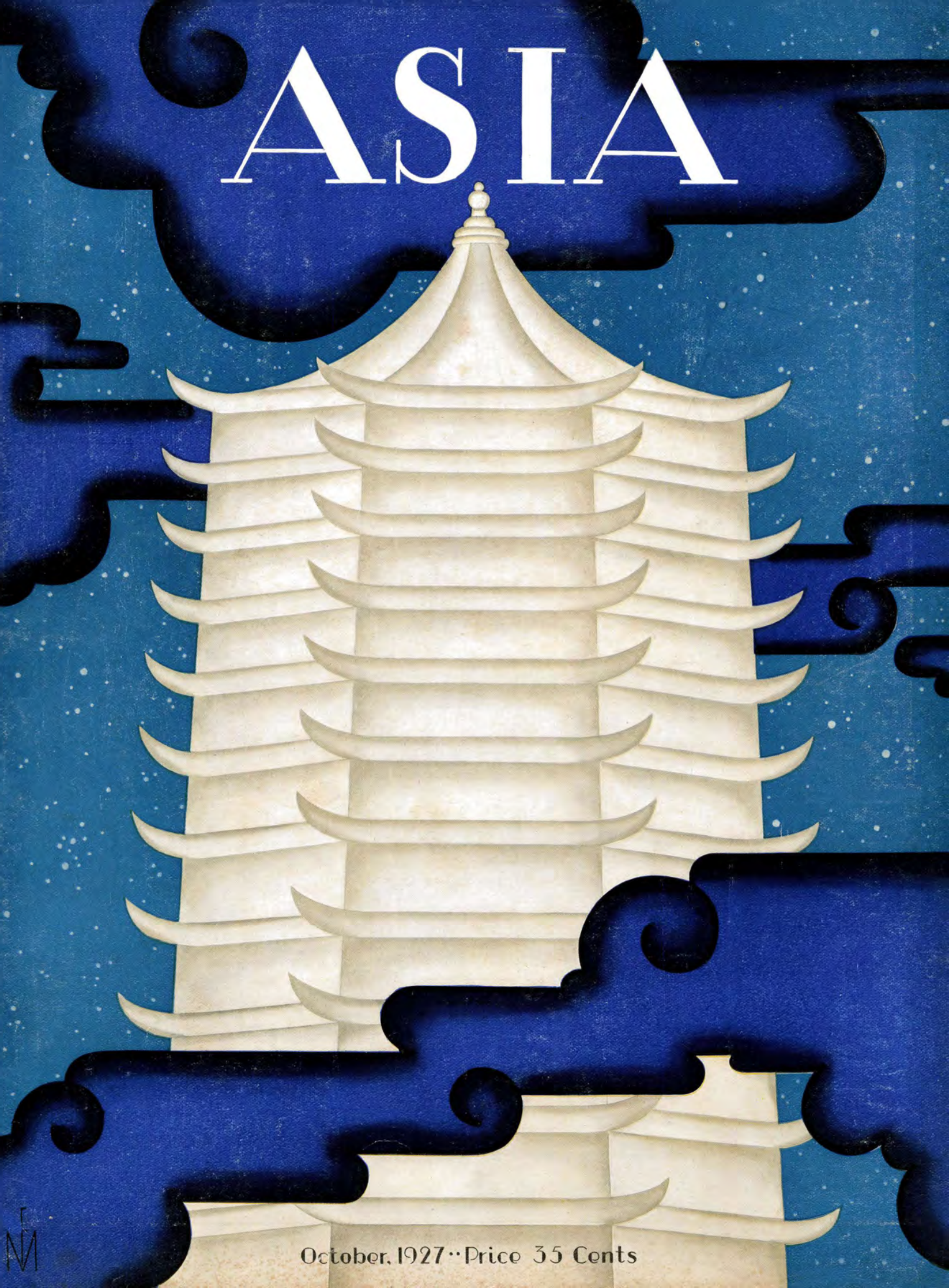

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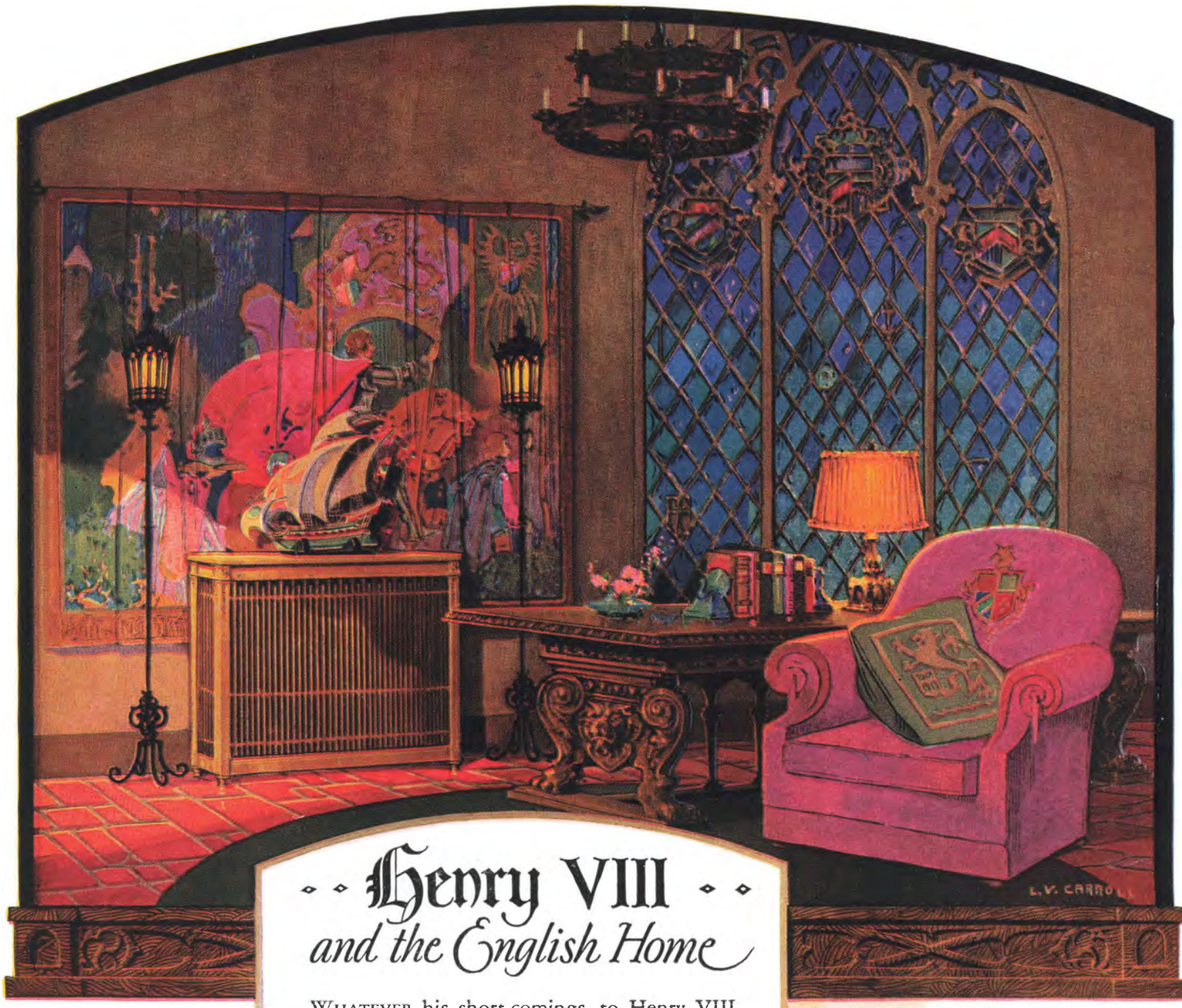

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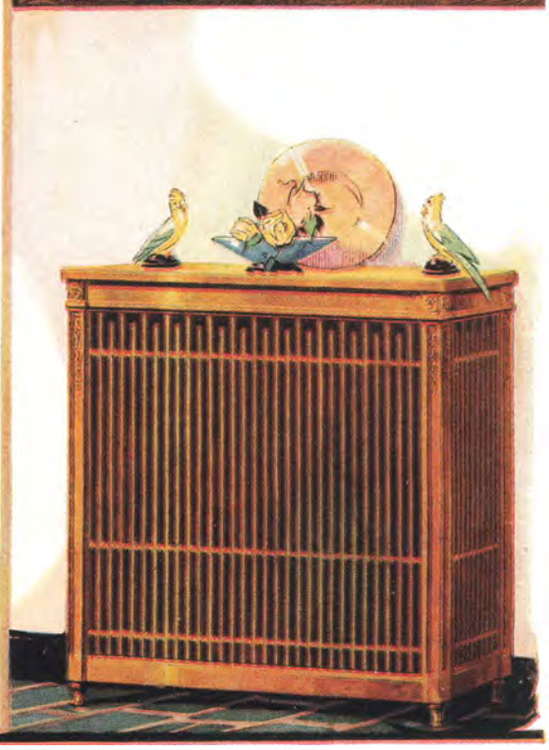

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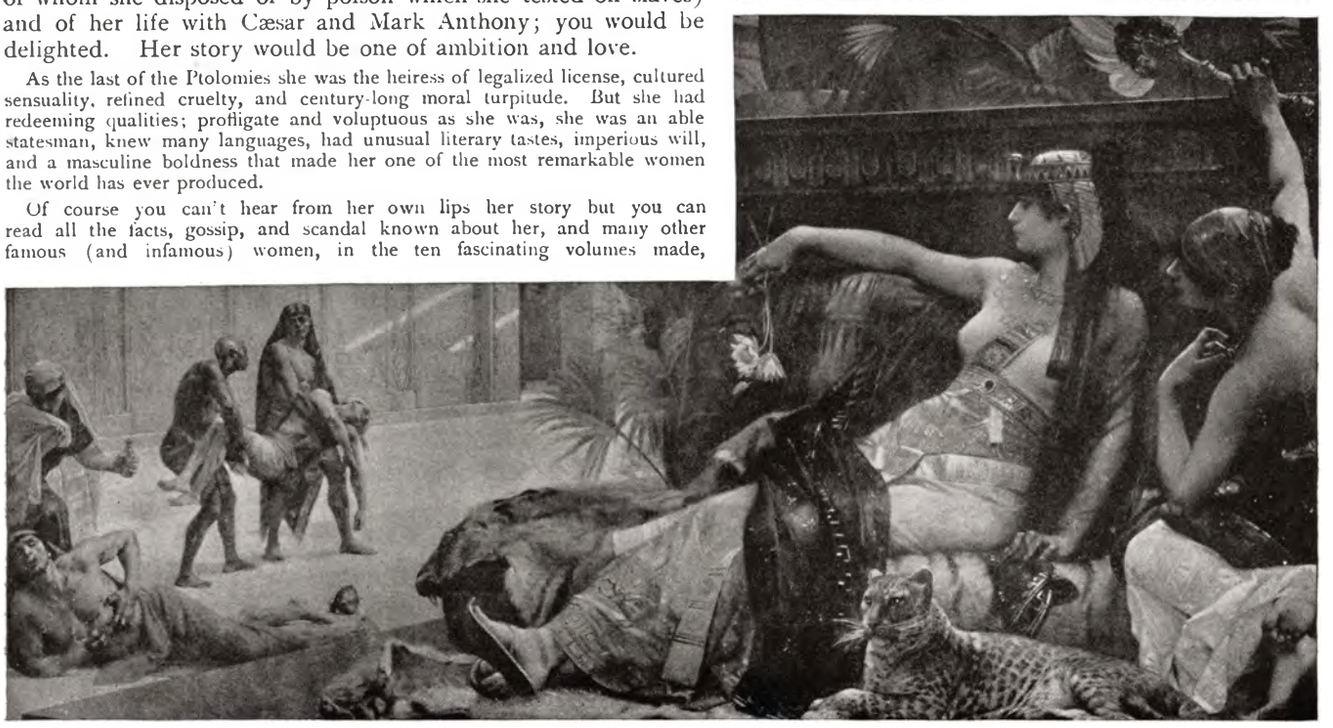

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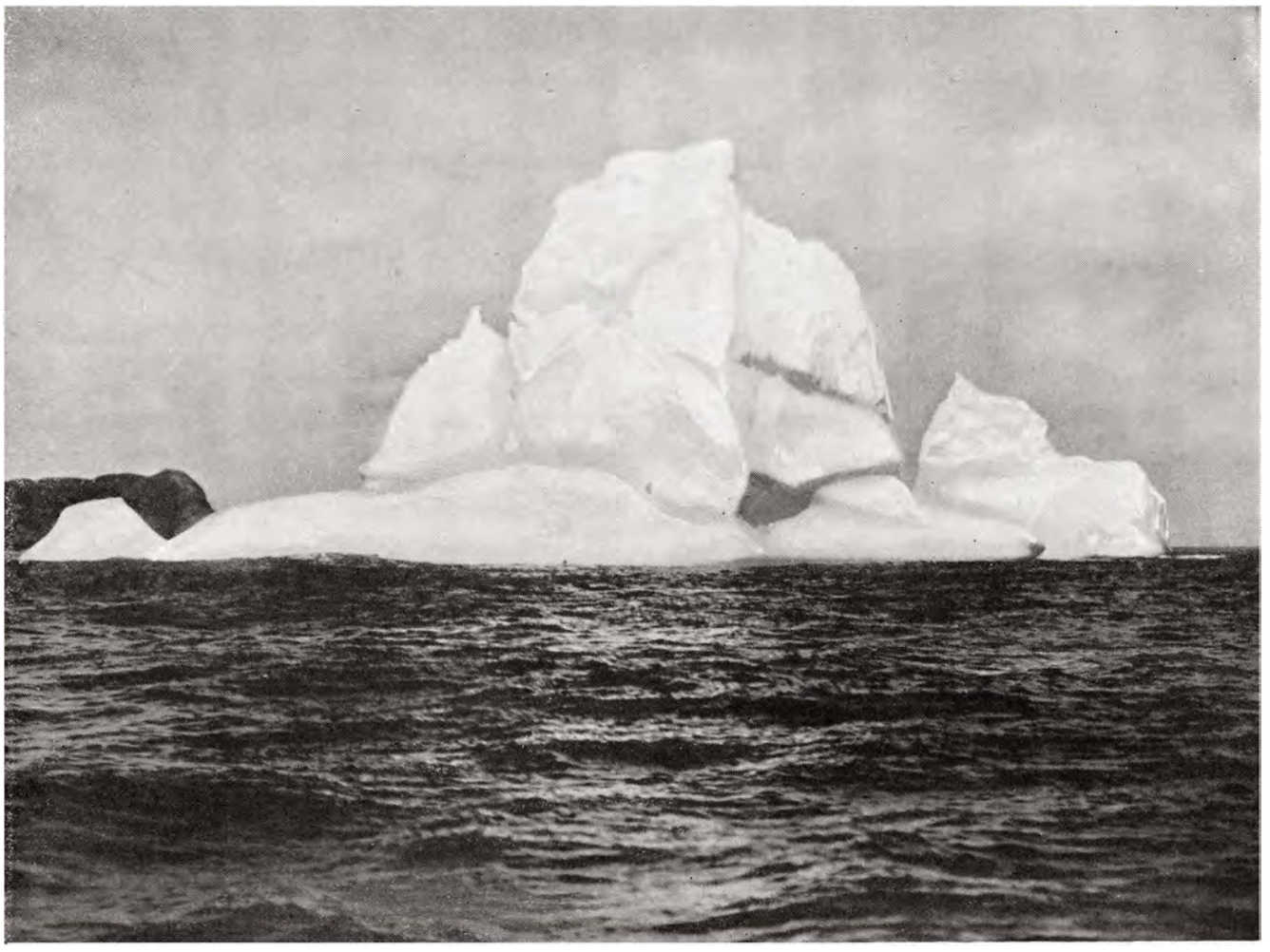

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I Scoffed

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— *until I found it was easy as A-B-C*

I WAS never so nervous in all my life as I was the night when I took Jacques Lebault to my home to dinner.

Jacques Lebault was a French banker. He controlled a large part of my company's foreign business. The vice-president of my firm asked me if I would mind entertaining Lebault.

"I shall be delighted to entertain him," I replied. But no sooner were the words out of my mouth than I realized I was letting myself in for a difficult time. For Lebault knew only a smattering of English.

While escorting the Frenchman to my home, I discovered to my horror that he spoke even less English than I expected. My heart sank. How could we carry on a conversation? I knew only a little French that I had learned in high school.

I did my best to talk to Lebault. But every minute the conversation grew more strained — more halting. When I thought of my wife who was waiting at home to greet us, I grew panic-stricken. She had never spoken a word of French in her life! What would she do?

"Hello, Frank," was my wife's cheerful greeting.

I smiled nervously. My heart beat fast as I introduced Monsieur Lebault to her. The Frenchman bowed low and kissed my wife's hand in true European style.

"Ah, Madame," he said, "enchanté de faire votre connaissance!"

"Je suis tres heureuse de vous voir," she said.

My eyes opened wide. My jaw dropped. I was so surprised that you could have knocked me down with a feather!

To my further amazement, my wife *continued to talk French* with Monsieur Lebault. All during dinner she chatted away — gaily — easily — as if French was her native language. The Frenchman was delighted.

As for me, I said nothing. I went through the dinner in a completely dazed state of mind. I could scarcely believe my ears. I thought I must be dreaming!

When Lebault departed he was all smiles. "Merci, Madame! Merci, Monsieur!" he cried, thanking my wife and myself for our hospitality. It was easy to see that, due to my wife's ability to speak French, he had thoroughly enjoyed himself.

The instant my wife and I were alone I started firing questions at her.

"Jane!" I exclaimed excitedly. "Where on earth did you learn to speak French? Why didn't you ever tell me you knew French?"

Jane laughed. "I kept it a secret because I wanted to surprise you," she replied. And then she told me the whole story.

"Do you remember that advertisement I showed you a few months ago?" she asked — "that advertisement for a new kind of French course?" I paused in thought. Then I nodded. "Why, yes, I believe I remember," I said.

"Do you remember how you scoffed at it? — how you said it would be foolish to try to learn French without a teacher?" my wife continued.

Again I nodded.

"Well, Frank," said my wife, "I hated to give up the idea of learning French. And it didn't cost anything to see what the course was like, so I decided to send for it.

My Big Surprise

Imagine my astonishment! Imagine my amazement! My wife answered Monsieur Lebault *in French!*

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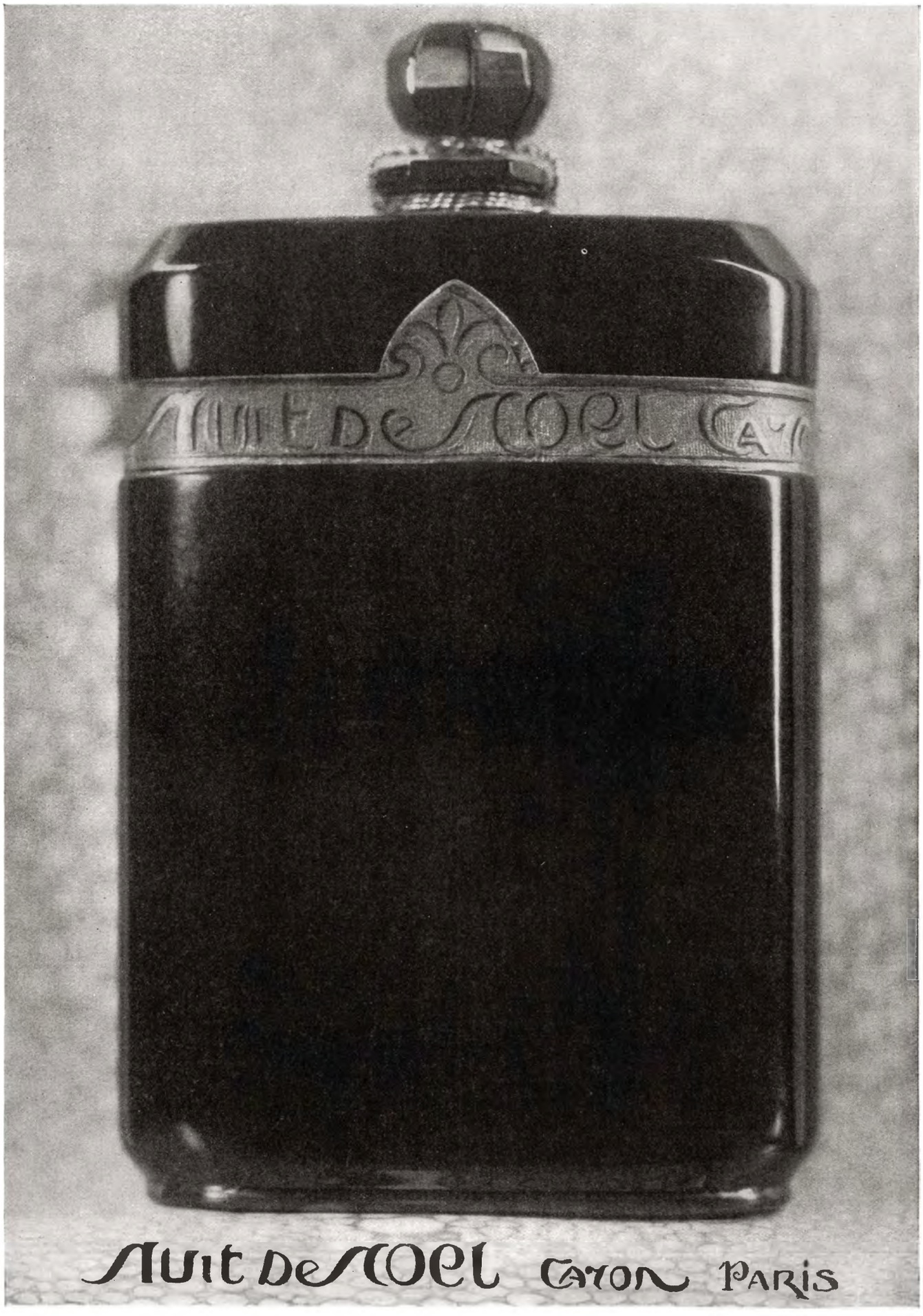

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President, The Pelman Institute of America

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You would have more wealth and material comfort, more recognition for the special aptitudes you undoubtedly possess; more responsibility and power among your associates; more respect from your immediate family and friends and from the world at large.

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But can you strengthen your will-power? You would *like* to be a person of strong and decisive will-power. Who would not? But people, you have been given to understand, must be born with this rarest of all gifts. Since no fairy godmother seems to have endowed you with it at birth, you are fated (you may think) to be a wobbler all your days.

This is the belief of most people, and yet nothing could be farther from the truth. Will-power is a faculty of the human mind, *and it can be trained like any other faculty.* In fact, it is very *quickly* susceptible to training.

The truth is that indecision — weakness of will — is due to a very obvious condition. Those who suffer from it *seldom use their will-power.* From childhood on they have been trained, abominably, to let others do their deciding for them. This fine quality, the backbone of character, has been thoughtlessly trained *out* of them, instead of *in* them. There is only one way to strengthen your will-power, it is — *to use it!*

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Exercising the Will

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KNOWN the world over as "Tay-Pay" — T. P. O'Connor is one of many world-famous figures in Europe and America who are ardent Pelmanists, who not only advise others to use this system of scientific mind-training, **but who themselves practice what they preach!** Princes, generals, admirals, statesmen, captains of commerce and industry, authors and artists of world-wide renown, are numbered among the advocates of Pelmanism. "Tay-Pay" says: "Not one person in a thousand who takes this training but will find it a distinct benefit, as many thousands have before him."

Everybody knows of the great advances that this science has made within the last fifty years. In that period we have discovered more about the way the human mind operates than was known in the preceding fifty centuries. About twenty-five years ago, in England, a movement was set on foot to utilize these discoveries of the psychological laboratories in our everyday life. This movement became known as Pelmanism, after the man who originated this simple idea, and who did more than any other to bring it to success.

Scientific Mind-Training

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By means of these simple and fascinating "exercises," you soon find your senses sharpened; you find it possible to observe more, to remember more easily, to attend more keenly, to concentrate more deeply, to reason more logically, to imagine more vividly, and, above all, *to strengthen your will-power.* Instead of drifting with circumstances, you begin to *gain control* over your life. Instead of being completely influenced by other people, *you* begin to do the influencing.

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ASIA

NUMBER 10

FOUNDED BY WILLARD STRAIGHT

Contents and Contributors for October, 1927

K. K. KAWAKAMI, Washington representative of the *Tokyo Nichi-Nichi* and the *Osaka Mainichi*, has been engaged in newspaper work in the United States for more than twenty years. During his student days in Japanese and American universities he specialized in law and politics, and he is the author of a number of volumes, in Japanese and in English, on social and political subjects. He has represented various newspaper interests at important conferences convened to discuss world affairs. At the Washington Conference, notably, he was correspondent for an American newspaper syndicate, and this summer he was in attendance at the Tripartite Naval Conference in Geneva. He is especially well qualified to discuss "The Japanese Press."

C. ERNEST CADLE, a South African by birth, grew up in the district of Uniondale, Cape Province, among the old haunts of the Cape Bushmen. In 1926, after twelve years in the United States, a number of which were spent in study at the Iliff School of Theology and the University of Denver, Mr. Cadle returned to South Africa as leader of the Denver-African Expedition. This expedition, which was financed by a group of wealthy citizens of Colorado, had as its objective the study of the fast-disappearing Bushmen, although, for purposes of contrast, other South African tribes, especially the Ovambos, were visited. Dr. Grant H. John, who served as physician, and Paul L. Hoefler, official cinematographer, who made the striking photographs that accompany the story we publish this month, were the other members of the expedition.

VINCENT SHEEAN, according to a letter received in the ASIA office on August 20, arrived in Peking late in July and found the whole city gasping for breath, with the thermometer standing at 114 degrees. Hankow, where he had written "Some People from Canton," has a reputation for being inhumanly hot, but it seemed cool in comparison. Letters from Peking Chinese by the same mail were equally preoccupied with weather.

DOROTHY BUCK CHAVANNE—Mme. Léon Chavanne—writes that during her three years' residence in Tunisia she has found Arab women to be not really shy but touchingly pleased to cultivate the friendship of any one from the outside world who will bring a little interest and gaiety into their monotonous lives. Contrary to what one might suppose, Captain Chavanne, whose official position in the Affaires indigènes de Tunisie brings him frequently into close contact with Arab *caids*, *sheikhs* and dignitaries of all sorts, has the privilege of meeting also Mme. Chavanne's Arab woman friends and even of serving as interpreter for them, since his Arabic is fluent and the confidences that they permit themselves to make to a western woman, once the veil of reserve is lifted, sometimes come haltingly in French. It is out of the knowledge gained in this intimate way that Mme. Chavanne has wrought the group of stories about women of which we publish two this month.

ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON, of Yale University, who bears a distinguished name among geographers, has personally acquainted himself with the topography, soil and climate of more portions of the human habitat than come within the average man's imaginings. His interest in travel began when he was a small boy and went without urging to monthly missionary meetings in his father's church because he could see maps there and hear about strange places. On finishing his college course he decided to be a geologist, but he had become so much less interested in the character and structure of the earth and the action of physical forces—apart from human problems and values—than in people, that he quickly turned geographer. Today, after years of investigation in Syria, Palestine, Turkey and Mesopotamia, Russian and Chinese Turkistan, Persia, India, China and Siberia, to say nothing of climatic researches in the western hemisphere, his chief interest lies in trying to understand why people differ so notably from region to region.

AMELIA O. STOTT, a venturesome Irish woman, set forth for China a year after the Boxer outbreak, armed with credentials as a certificated nurse of the Ulster Hospital, Belfast, a strong conviction that, since she came of musical stock, she was not going to be worried by the "tones" of the Chinese language, in its various dialects, and a lively desire to live, as far as possible, *à la chinoise*. A few months after her arrival in Shanghai, Miss Stott betook herself to the most notorious bandit district in southeastern China. But before long she had won a "clear-bright name" as a "heal-all first-born," and, though she acquired patients when villages adjacent to her headquarters were looted, she herself spent twenty years in China without personal loss or injury. As a matter of fact, she dreaded pirates more than she did bandits, whose wives often enough sought her aid, but she has a cheerful and charitable word to say about even pirates: "When they overhauled a junk in which I was traveling along the island-girt coast, and discovered the cargo to be of small commercial value, they accepted a moderate sum in Mexican dollars to make up for their loss and trouble."

GERTRUDE EMERSON, associate editor of ASIA, having lived comfortably in her Pachperwa mud house until the early part of August, insists that, to one who can endure Chicago or Washington or New York in midsummer, India is not unbearable in the hottest weather. After the rains had begun, Miss Emerson withdrew from the village to a spot where snakes were less numerous and houses less liable to be under water as the season advanced.

WILLIAM C. WHITE, a Princeton graduate, recently chosen by the University of Pennsylvania as Penfield fellow in political science, is doing his academic work in Russia, where during a former stay he became ambitious to study the organization of the Soviet government and to carry on research in the archives. Mr. White knows the Russian language.

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ALONG THE TRAIL WITH THE EDITOR

THE friendliness of the American public at home and the hostility of the most articulate American public in China, during the recent period when China was on the front page, were perhaps the most curious phenomena of a confusing international situation. In the newspapers, the virtual unanimity of editorial opinion advocating a "hands-off, let-the-Chinese-settle-their-own-affairs" policy contrasted sharply with the news cables from China, which echoed the demand of a vociferous part of the foreign community for intervention. The same difference, in milder form, split the missionary community.

*

Most significant, however, was the lack of agreement between the Administration at Washington and the Legation at Peking. Twice, as decisions of moment in our relations with the Far East were taken, the reader of the news could discern a fundamental divergence of policy between Washington and its representatives in Peking. These crises occurred before the sending by the powers of the identic notes on the Nanking incident, when the Administration at Washington was credited with the decision that the notes should contain no ultimatum, and before the second decision, also credited to the Administration, that there should be no rejoinder to the Chinese replies, at a time when immense pressure in publicity was being exerted from Shanghai and London to secure an international ultimatum.

*

THOSE who know how deeply the President is interested in China, believe that he meant what he said in New York last April when he declared: "We do not wish to pursue any course of aggression against the Chinese people." Since his twelve-word pronouncement on renomination, there can be little doubt that his mind is set on a liberal treatment of China and against a policy, possibly to be revived from other quarters, of "firm" dealing with intervention in the background.

*

DIPLOMATS, very close to a situation, may honestly differ with the policy of the heads of their government: they may have new facts to warrant them in urging change in a policy with which they were once in accord. So much should be said in fairness to Mr. John V. A. MacMurray. But whether or not Mr. MacMurray returns to his post, there are elements in his handling at Peking of the critical situation in China which have an important bearing upon the conduct of American diplomacy.

Thomas F. Millard has spent the past sixteen years almost continuously in China. He has had abundant opportunity, therefore, for studying that struggle between two schools of foreign sentiment toward the Chinese people from which has emerged, especially in the Administration decisions on Nanking, a reaffirmation, not of technical treaty rights, but of the traditional American policy of friendship toward China. In the November issue Mr. Millard will examine particularly the bearing on this policy of several incidents in the relations between American officials and the American business community with the press.

Julian B. Arnold, here wearing Moorish costume, inherited from his father, the poet of "The Light of Asia," a love of eastern cultures

*

"NOW these are the generations of Terah: Terah begat Abram, Nahor, and Haran; and Haran begat Lot. . . .

"And Terah took Abram his son, and Lot the son of Haran his son's son, and Sarai his daughter in law, his son Abram's wife; and they went forth with them from Ur of the Chaldees, to go into the land of Canaan."

Thus it was from Ur of the Chaldees, birthplace of Abram—afterward renamed Abraham, "father of a multitude"—that, as set down in Genesis, the long course of Jewish history was started. In ASIA for November, Helen E. Fernald, of the staff of the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, will tell the story of what has been unearthed in this ancient city, which was already known through the Old Testament but which today has achieved a non-scriptural celebrity as the center of an early and remarkable culture. In the autumn of 1922 the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania united with the British Museum in sending a joint expedition to excavate the buried city, and for five seasons the work has been going on under the direction of Mr. C. Leonard Woolley.

*

"THE excavators do have a little hope in the backs of their minds that some reference to Abraham may be found (and identified)," writes Miss Fernald, "but that and at best his house would be all. If you visit the site, you will be shown Abraham's footprint—and that of his dog! Also there are some bones said to be Abraham's. But, since he died in Palestine, I fear the archeologists will not be sponsors for them."

For several years Miss Fernald had at the museum the pleasant task of explaining in conversation with visitors and in lectures absorbing features of the discoveries. "The Babylonian expeditions had always been a favorite subject of mine," she writes further, "and when, a year and a half ago, I was appointed an assistant curator of the Chinese collections in the museum, I found it all the more important to keep up with the finds in Mesopotamia. For, although I now spend most of my time with Chinese art, my interest in the work at Ur and other sites has been intensified by the study of possible pre-Christian art connections between Babylonia and China and of the influence of Sumerian art upon all Asia."

Miss Fernald's article, announced for an earlier issue, was postponed to await the arrival from abroad of two remarkable air views of the excavations.

*

"IN Praise of Donkeys," to appear in the November ASIA, is an overdue *amende honorable*. Julian B. Arnold, son of Sir Edwin Arnold, author of *The Light of Asia*, tries to right a world wrong. He speaks without bias. His first experience of the temperament of the "poor relation of the carriers" 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." But he retained an unprejudiced mind and, in the course of his many wanderings up and down the earth, as traveler and writer, in Asia where the donkey comes most nearly into its own, in Africa, in the West, he has collected evidence for his defense.

*

"ATHEIST Russia!" The degree of its atheism is matter for controversy. Bishop James Cannon, Jr., chairman of the Federal Council of Churches' Commission on Relation with Religious Bodies in Europe, returned not long since from a survey of the church situation in Russia. His opinion was that the Communists have failed in their warfare on religion.

Maurice Hindus, interpreter of the Russian peasant, renders a quite different verdict. In his characteristically vivid way Mr. Hindus will give his reasons in the November ASIA.

*

THOUGH Wyman S. Smith, who writes of Japanese women in the November ASIA, admits that their "new freedom" has had both good and bad effects, he believes that they are "in no great danger of becoming anything except more interesting and more charming." He gathered the material for his article during a year spent in the Far East as secretary to Dean H. L. Russell, of the University of Wisconsin, representative of the International Education Board in the Orient and Australasia.

At Miyajima Island, where this "torii" belonging to the main temple rises out of the sea, steamers that ply between Osaka and Kobe stop every day. Though these great cities are up-to-date and commercial, with factories, shipping, newspapers, their people love beauty. When they visit Miyajima, they behold what is for loveliness one of the most famous places in Japan

Volume XXVII ASIA October, 1927

THE JAPANESE PRESS

Journalism in a Small Country with Newspapers of Startlingly Big Circulation

By K. K. Kawakami

ABOUT the hardest task I have undertaken is to convince Americans, fairly well-informed, well-read men and women, that the two newspapers I represent are not tabloids with sex appeal and yet enjoy a combined circulation of more than 2,000,000 copies a day. They laugh at me if I tell them that not even do these papers entertain housewives with full-page department store bargain advertisements nor their husbands with the doings of the "Gumps" or the antics of "Cicero Sapp." And, when I tell them that they are serious affairs filled with political, literary, financial, economic matters, both domestic and international, and still make 24,000,000 *yen* a year, or a net profit of 2,000,000—about $1,000,000—they become plainly suspicious and threaten investigation by Senator Reed, of Missouri.

The suspicion is not unreasonable. Japan is a small country, considerably smaller than California—that is, Japan proper, without Korea or Formosa. Its population numbers something like 65,000,000. How is it possible for so small a country to have such big newspapers—bigger, in terms of circulation, than any American paper, tabloids not excluded? Yet Japan has 1137 dailies and, parenthetically, 2850 weekly and monthly periodicals. The aggregate circulation of all the daily newspapers probably exceeds 10,000,000, or a newspaper to every six persons.

In no other Asian country does the press enjoy so great a prosperity and exercise so tremendous an influence as in Japan. Indeed, the Japanese newspapers compare favorably with the newspapers of the foremost countries in Europe and America. The reason lies in the general progress of the country and, in particular, the wide diffusion of education. It is estimated that at least 91 per cent of Japan's school population is in the public school. Including institutions for higher education, both governmental and private, we have 43,825 schools with an enrolment of 10,500,000 students. This, more than anything else, is the factor which makes for the growth of the press. Generally, the Japanese are omnivorous readers. In 1925 we published 18,082 books on all subjects, and in addition we imported American, English, German, French, Chinese and other foreign books to the value of 4,500,000 yen. For all larger newspapers, book publishers and dealers are the most generous advertisers. Just why the Japanese read so much, I do not know. They read because they like to, and that is, perhaps, as good an explanation as anybody can offer.

We have said that the total circulation of Japan's daily newspapers is more than 10,000,000. Of this about half is claimed by ten of the larger publications in Tokyo and Osaka. Let us glance over the list. First come the *Osaka Mainichi* and the *Tokyo Nichi-Nichi*, publications of the Osaka Mainichi Company. Then there are the *Osaka Asahi* and the *Tokyo Asahi*, both published by the Osaka Asahi Company. These are the "Super Big Four" of Japan's newspaper world. The two companies are the fiercest rivals one could imagine. The Osaka Mainichi Company, a stock corporation, under the vigorous leadership of its veteran president, Mr. Hikoichi Motoyama, assisted by its able editor, Mr. S. Takaishi, has been forging ahead steadily until today it claims a daily circulation of 1,300,000 copies for the *Osaka Mainichi* and 800,000 for the *Tokyo Nichi-Nichi*. The Asahi Publishing Company, presided over by the venerable Mr. Ryuhei Murayama, runs a close second—almost a neck and neck race. It, too, claims a combined circulation of 2,000,000, more or less. Probably the only newspapers whose circulations exceed that of the *Osaka Mainichi* are the London *Daily Mail*, the Paris *Journal* and the *Petit Parisien*.

After the Super Big Four come what may be called the smaller "Big Six," all of Tokyo. First in this group is the *Jiji* ("Current Events"), established by the late Yukichi Fukuzawa, "Sage of Mita" and founder of the famous Keio University. The journal today seems rather a pale shadow of its former brilliant self; yet it still has a large number of steady clients throughout the country. It lays stress upon financial and diplomatic matters. Then comes the *Hochi* ("Reporter"), launched

as party organ by the lieutenants of the late Marquis Okuma, long famous as Japan's "Grand Old Man" and as founder of Waseda University. This journal, in spite of its handicap as the avowed mouthpiece of Kenseikai, the party until recently in power, is still regarded, in point of circulation, as the biggest of the Big Six. The *Chugai Shogyo* ("Domestic and Foreign Commerce"), a ("Evening News"), which champions the cause of the poor and of the working class, is not counted among the big papers, but it has a large circulation, possibly more than 200,000. Add to these a half-dozen minor newspapers, and the list of Tokyo's "metropolitan" journals is complete.

Tokyo is not the home of Japan's greatest newspapers.

Here, at a dinner-party in Japan, were photographed, a few years ago, two of the most influential men of recent times, both publishers of newspapers with an enormous daily circulation. To the left is the venerable Mr. Ryuhei Murayama, still president of the Asahi Publishing Company; in the center, his guest of honor, the late Lord Northcliffe, of London newspaper fame

journal more decidedly economic and commercial than the *Jiji*, is favored by bankers and business men. The *Kokumin* ("Nation"), largely by reason of editorials and historical essays from the facile pen of its veteran editor, Iichiro (Soho) Tokutomi, finds followers among students and conservatives. Its star has somewhat waned since Tokutomi espoused the cause of the Katsura Cabinet in 1912 and became rather reactionary; for in Japan a newspaper, to retain its hold upon the public, must be like the fabled Irishman, always "agin the government." The *Yomiuri* has long enjoyed a reputation as a literary journal, but it seems to be losing ground before the onslaughts of the *Tokyo Asahi* and the *Nichi-Nichi*. The *Yorodzu* ("All News"), once a powerful "muck-raking" journal under the ingenious, versatile and often unscrupulous leadership of the late Shuroku Kuroiwa, has lost its influence, like the *Kokumin*, since Kuroiwa extended too ardent a support to the government under Marquis Okuma's premiership. The circulation of the Big Six varies from the *Hochi's* 500,000 to the *Yorodzu's* 100,000. Even the staid *Jiji* claims 200,000. The Tokyo *Maiyu*

More than two hundred miles to the southwest is Osaka, a city almost as big as Chicago, which claims the head offices of the Asahi Company and of the Mainichi Company. The rise of modern industries in southwestern Japan, especially the rapid growth of Kobe as a port of international commerce, has shifted press supremacy from Tokyo to Osaka. The increase of the Japanese population in Korea and Manchuria also has helped Osaka's newspaper enterprise. Still the Tokyo journalists take a certain pride in their newspapers located in the political and cultural center, in constant touch with big men and big affairs such as are found only at the capital. Osaka, unlike Tokyo, has only a few newspapers. Take from it the *Asahi* and the *Mainichi*, and there remain only three or four papers, of small consequence.

One of the first discoveries a Japanese makes upon his arrival in America is the absence here (the *Christian Science Monitor* is of course a special case) of what may be called a national newspaper—a newspaper that circulates in all parts of the country. While at home, he would read an American journal, say, the *Chicago Daily Tribune*,

which modestly calls itself "The World's Greatest Newspaper," and would imagine that it was read all over the United States. It had not occurred to him that the vastness of the country required more than one or two news centers. He is surprised to find out that the *Tribune* circulates only in Chicago and within a radius of some two hundred miles of it and that the metropolitan journals in New York are subject to the same limitation. On the contrary, the big metropolitan newspapers in Japan are really national.

The English press of Japan is worthy of a few words. The *Osaka Mainichi* publishes in Osaka an eight-page English daily. This unquestionably is the most popular English journal; for it gives more Japanese news than the various English journals published by foreigners in Japan. The *Japan Advertiser*, in Tokyo, owned and edited by Americans, is an excellent newspaper, highly valued by the foreign community. The *Kobe Chronicle*, published by an Englishman, makes a specialty of attacking the Japanese government and generally grumbling about Japan. The *Japan Times*, of Tokyo, originally published by Mr. M. Zumoto as a government mouthpiece, has frequently changed hands and for years has been a "sick" paper. Its present relationship with the Foreign Office is not clear.

The most interesting chapters in the contemporary history of Japanese journalism are those relating to the sharp competition between the *Mainichi* and the *Asahi* interests. It is an exciting story. It entails a war, peaceful but ruthless—a contest for the winning of which either side is ready to go the limit of its resources. Six years ago the *Osaka Mainichi* erected a magnificent five-story building at a cost of 2,500,000 yen—the best-appointed newspaper building in the world, as the *Mainichi* publishers then thought. This was soon followed by the erection of the *Tokyo Nichi-Nichi* building, on a somewhat smaller scale but still the best newspaper building in Tokyo. Of course, the *Asahi* would not let such "affronts" pass unchallenged, and it is about to move into a new eight-story building near the Tokyo railway-station —a "super newspaper building," as it is called, costing 3,000,000 yen.

In 1924 the *Mainichi* sent its hydroplane around all the main islands of Japan. Then the *Asahi* went the *Mainichi* one better by sending an airplane across Siberia and Russia to Paris. The *Mainichi* has since purchased five airplanes, which are used in carrying photographs and other matter between its Tokyo and its Osaka offices or making flights for advertising purposes. This move the *Asahi* has countered by establishing a regular air-mail service for the government between Tokyo and Osaka and between Tokyo and Sendai. For years the *Mainichi* has been issuing at a considerable sacrifice a braille weekly for the benefit of the blind. To keep pace with this, the *Asahi* has, also at a loss, been publishing a condensed and indexed monthly edition in book form, which, small only in size, is exactly the same in substance as the regular daily edition—an enterprise highly valued by libraries and those who preserve the paper for future reference.

The keen rivalry between the great newspapers redounds to the benefit of the public. If one issues an evening edition and distributes it without additional charge among the regular subscribers to its main morning edition, the others are obliged to follow suit. If one issues a free local supplement for each of the provinces where the paper circulates, the others must do likewise. This supplement is peculiar to Japanese journalism. The *Mainichi*, for instance, prints thirteen different supplements, each giving minor news relating to the specific locality for which it is intended. Thus the reader gets both the morning and the evening edition, with a local supplement, for the price of one subscription. Nor is this all. The city subscribers to any of the larger newspapers have the benefit of free delivery of "extras" issued at frequent intervals in times of important events such as war, earthquake disaster or the serious illness of the Emperor. The Japanese extra, unlike the American, is a sheet giving only the news for which it is issued. The size varies according to the amount of matter printed. It may be a slip of paper, or it may be as large as a full page of the regular edition. The way extras are sold in the street is interesting. Our newsboys carrying extras do not go about their task in the leisurely manner of their Yankee fellows. They tear through the streets, ringing bells, often flying small flags, shouting "Extra! Extra!"

This is Mr. Hiroshi Shimomura, director of the "Tokyo Asahi," one of the "Super Big Four" of Japan's newspaper world. In Japan a newspaper, to retain its hold upon the public, must be like the fabled Irishman, "agin the government"

Since a Japanese newspaper is printed in about fourteen hundred Chinese characters and forty-eight Japanese "kana" letters, typewriter and linotype are useless. In a newspaper editorial room, such as this one of the "Tokyo Nichi-Nichi," copy must all be handwritten; and, as for the composing-room, to a western printer it means despair

as if the world were coming to an end. You simply have to buy an extra lest you should go to your doom unawares!

With competition so keen, the large newspapers use up enormous sums in gathering and distributing news. The *Osaka Mainichi* (including the *Tokyo Nichi-Nichi*) expended 440,000 yen in reporting in words and photographs the great earthquake disaster of September, 1923. It mobilized a large force of reporters and photographers and couriers and used airplanes to gather news and to take photographs and transmit them to Osaka; for the usual means of communication were, in the circumstances, not available. And, while the devastated regions were still aflame and quivering, the *Mainichi*, besides telling the story in the regular editions and in extras, sent out to all parts of the country, even to Korea and Formosa, moving-pictures of the disaster, taken by its own men. Nor does the *Mainichi* or the *Asahi* rely entirely upon mechanical devices for the transmission of photographs and manuscript. May not the airplane break down on the way? May not rail communication be interrupted? To be prepared against such emergencies, the *Mainichi* keeps a flock of well-trained carrier-pigeons, two hundred strong. These birds often accompany reporters and air pilots to "cover" important happenings. In transmitting news matters over wire and by telephone the Japanese journalist is greatly handicapped by the inefficiency or inadequacy of the government-owned telegraph and telephone service. The bureaucrats ridden with red tape have no desire to accommodate the press as do American telegraph companies. The idea of leased wires with government operators working at newspaper offices is so foreign to the bureaucrats that repeated appeals of the publishers have failed to realize it. Moreover, since our wires are not underground but overhead, our telegraph and telephone service is frequently interrupted by storms or earthquakes. Hence the pigeons, besides motor-cycles and airplanes, as part of the necessary equipment of great newspapers.

The manner in which the *Asahi* and the *Mainichi* reported Emperor Taisho's illness, which ended in his demise on December 25, 1926, was highly illustrative of the competition always existing between them. As early as the beginning of August, long before the Emperor's condition was known to be critical, the two newspapers rented houses near the detached palace at Hayama and began to station reporters there, each acting clandestinely so that its strategy would not be detected by the other. Each made the most elaborate preparations, installing many telephones, improvising a photographic studio, mustering airplanes, motor-cycles and carrier-pigeons. By December the *Asahi* force at Hayama had increased to sixty men, including office boys, couriers and chauffeurs. The *Mainichi* had no less. All this ado just to report the Emperor's death by an extra, ten or fifteen minutes before the other papers. What a mania for scoops! Incidentally this Hayama contest shows what great importance the public, and therefore the press, attaches to news of this nature—news relating to the Imperial House. One wishes that the Japanese press would expend as much attention and money for important foreign news.

The force temporarily stationed at Hayama by the *Asahi* and by the *Mainichi* is an indication of the large numbers of their employees. The Osaka Mainichi Company, with two newspapers in the vernacular and one in English, together with a few periodicals, has 405 men on the editorial staff, 368 in the business section, 120 at local branch offices, 858 in the composing and printing department, 457 office boys, messengers and couriers and 256 in the shipping department—a total of 2,465. Undoubtedly the *Asahi* force is no smaller. The buildings that house such large forces are proportionately large. The magnificent *Osaka Mainichi* building is occupied entirely by the newspaper. Almost a city by itself, it has a restaurant, a barber-shop, bathrooms, roof gardens, a meteorological observatory, lecture-halls, elegantly furnished reception-halls, a well-appointed library, all for the exclusive use of the newspaper, besides, of course, all the essential equipment for editorial and printing purposes. The new *Tokyo Asahi* building, when opened, will probably have more innovations of which to feel proud.

The news-gathering system in Japan is not much different from the corresponding systems in other countries. The *Rengo* ("Associated News") is organized very similarly to the Associated Press for the purpose of supplying its members, ten of the larger metropolitan newspapers, with foreign news. It has some sort of arrangement with the Associated Press for American news as with Reuter's for European news. In the field of domestic news the *Teikoku Tsushin* ("Empire News Agency") and the *Dempo Tsushin* ("Telegraph News Agency") are the largest. The latter, through an arrangement with the United Press, also obtains American and European news for its clients. To the small journals, the various agencies are the exclusive sources of news supply, except for local news. The larger papers, in addition to securing material from these agencies, gather news through their own organizations, as witness the nerve-straining activities of the *Asahi* and of the *Mainichi* during the anxious four months preceding the Emperor's death. For foreign news, these big papers station their own correspondents at important centers in Europe, America and Asia; for they want despatches based upon Japanese observation besides those sent by foreign agencies. There is, however, as yet no Japanese newspaper which attaches to foreign news so much importance as does, for instance, the *New York Times*.

Maynard O. Williams

This newsboy and others like him help to distribute Japan's 1137 dailies, with their aggregate circulation probably in excess of ten millions—a newspaper to every six persons in all Japan

The remarkable growth of the Japanese press seems all the more surprising when mechanical difficulties due to the peculiarities of the language are taken into consideration. Unlike the English newspaper, the Japanese newspaper uses about fourteen hundred different Chinese characters and forty-eight Japanese *kana* letters. Chinese characters, as a rule, serve to figure the principal words of the sentence, such as nouns, verbs and adjectives, while the syllabic kana letters, interspersed throughout the text as participles, prepositions and the like, form connecting links between the principal words. This precludes the use of typewriter and linotype or intertype. The manuscripts must be hand-written, and the type must be hand-picked. To the western printer the Japanese composing-room means despair. There are rows and rows of cases containing hundreds of thousands of pieces of type. The compositor—and there are at least a hundred of him in the newspaper composing-room—stands before an assigned section of a row, with copy and a small case in his left hand, and with his right hand picks out the type he needs and puts it in the case. Since type easily wears out, the *Osaka Mainichi*, for example, has eight Thomas type-casting machines constantly working. In addition it uses thirty-six monotypes. Small newspapers have no type-casting machines of their own but buy types from foundries. The sizes of type are standardized on a point system which is slightly different from the English system. For one thing, we designate larger fonts by smaller numbers. Thus eighteen-point in English corresponds to

In Japan the two great rival newspaper interests vie in promoting aviation. This plane belongs to the "Asahi"

one-point in our system. The stereotyping and printing processes are like those used by English newspapers, but the labor expended before this stage is reached is staggering. The distressing part is that there is no way out unless we change the language, which is impossible. For printing, the *Mainichi* uses fifteen multi-unit super-high-speed presses of the R. Hoe type. The *Asahi* uses the same machine. For rotogravure they use the latest machinery made in America.

In America the income of the newspaper comes mostly, perhaps entirely, from advertisements. The Japanese newspaper derives income almost equally from advertising and from the sale of the paper. The subscription price is seventy *sen*, or coppers, a month for the smaller papers and one yen for the larger, or two to five sen a copy. For one yen the *Mainichi* and the *Asahi* deliver a morning and an evening edition with a local supplement to boot, as well as such extras as may be issued from time to time. The morning or main edition consists of eight pages, and the evening edition and the local supplement usually have four pages each. The advertising rates are one yen eighty sen per insertion for a line of fifteen five-point characters, about as large as six-point in English. In Japanese newspapers the lines, usually two inches long, run perpendicularly, the columns horizontally. Since there are about 1716 lines to the page, a full-page advertisement in a first-class newspaper would cost 3,088 yen, or half that number of dollars. As a matter of fact, the amount is considerably larger, because special spaces or locations call for special rates. The most liberal advertisers are book and magazine publishers, followed by druggists, dry goods stores and makers of toilet articles. The entire front page of the *Tokyo Nichi-Nichi* is always filled with book advertisements. The latest financial statements of the *Osaka Mainichi*, including the *Tokyo Nichi-Nichi*, show an income of 10,000,000 yen from advertising and 14,000,000 yen from other sources, mostly from the sale of the paper. The net profit is reported to be 2,000,000 yen.

The lot of the Japanese journalist, though it appeals to youthful imagination, has long been unenviable. Up to ten years ago his salary was comparatively small, and his social status far from happy. The "scribes," except a few distinguished ones, were looked down upon by the rich and uppish. Parents of the staid type refused to give their daughters to newspaper men. This condition has been much improved by the rise of great newspapers. The chief editor of the *Mainichi* is said to receive 30,000 yen a year. Salaries for less important positions are proportionately generous. This is almost a revolution in a country where Cabinet ministers receive only 12,000 yen a year, and provincial governors 7,000 yen. Another ten years, and the newspaper man may be sought by every parent of every marriageable daughter under the Mikado's rule! Who knows? Much of the credit for desired changes belongs to Mr. Hikoichi Motoyama, president of the Osaka Mainichi Publishing Company. Not only by initiating the better treatment of newspaper men, but by launching various social-service enterprises in the name of his newspapers, he has contributed much toward elevating the status of the press and of journalists. He has organized "traveling" hospitals for the benefit of the poor, donated a concert-hall to the Osaka Municipality, contributed large funds to the advancement of science, held educational expositions, sent a scientific expedition to Northern Sakhalin, encouraged athletics by various means. The *Asahi* is also doing admirable work of a similar type.

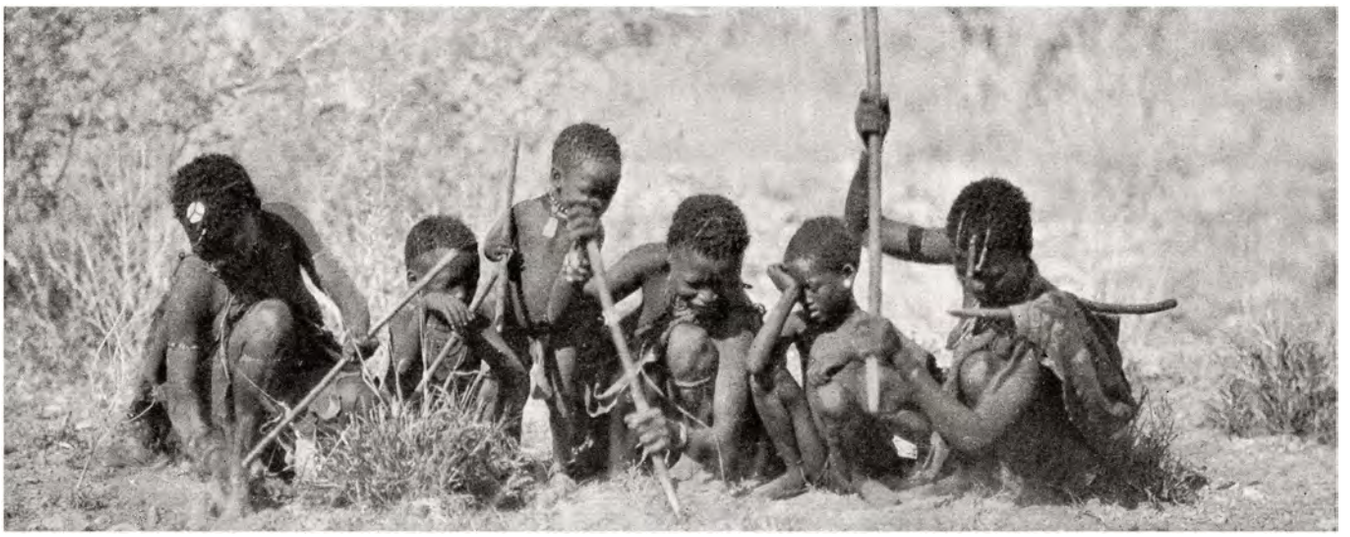
As a boy I felt chiefly the glamour that envelops journalism in Japan as elsewhere and cherished an ambition to become a great newspaper man. What a sport, I fancied, to write editorials impeaching the government or lecturing a prime minister as if he were a schoolboy! It was the time when the great Fukuzawa, the ultra-liberal of his day, was captivating the public with his lucid editorials in the *Jiji*—when the learned Tokutomi was fascinating the younger generation with his brilliant interpretation of western political ideas in the *Kokumin*. Indeed, the newspapers in those days existed for editorials rather than for news. The editor was a crusader and a reformer, since the government was still inclined to be autocratic and the press had to surmount many obstacles. It was this crusading spirit which fascinated the young men; for a fight always appeals to youth. Every newspaper in those days had a "jail editor," whose sole function was to go to jail when the real editor violated the law, often deliberately—a practice that survives, though the dummy editor nowadays seldom has occasion to go to jail.

Japan owes much to the press for the liberalization of its government. The anti-government agitation of the press reached a climax between 1908 and 1918. During the titanic war with Russia in 1904–1905 the government, under the egis of emergency measures, was inclined to interfere with the freedom of the press. The end of the war brought forth a sharp reaction, and the newspapers took up the cudgels with vigor against the authorities. The fall of the Katsura Cabinet in 1913 was

due to the combined agitation of the leading journals in Tokyo and Osaka. The Yamamoto Cabinet, which followed, also went down before the onslaughts of the press. Count Katsura represented the Choshu military clique, Admiral Yamamoto the Satsuma naval faction. Both were assailed by the press as inimical to constitutional government. The attack was led by the late Shuroku Kuroiwa, founder and editor of the vitriolic *Yorodzu*, on which I had my first newspaper training. He was a born fighter, intense in his likes and dislikes, dogged, unscrupulous, unflinching, thoroughly convinced that the end justified the means. When the Yamamoto Cabinet fell, the Elder Statesmen planned to empower Viscount Kiyoura, generally regarded as the protagonist of bureaucracy. Again the opposition of the press nipped the scheme in the bud. The resumption of power by Okuma in 1914, after a long retirement, was made possible by the support of the newspapers; for he had taken pains to cultivate the good-will of the editors. Unfortunately Okuma's statesmanship did not measure up to general expectation, and the newspapers, especially Kuroiwa's *Yorodzu*, which had supported the Premier whole-heartedly, lost influence as Okuma himself alienated popular sympathy. The greater newspapers such as the *Mainichi* and the *Asahi* withdrew their support from Okuma in order to protect their own integrity as independent organs. The advent of the Terauchi Cabinet in 1917 as successor to the Okuma ministry was looked upon as the last rally of the Choshu faction. Naturally it was the target of press criticism from the beginning. When in 1918 the high price of rice caused mob riots in various sections of the country, the Cabinet tried to suppress or to make innocuous the press reports of the incident. This brought forth vigorous protests from the newspapers, which were in sympathy with the plight of the poor. The *Osaka Asahi* published something that was interpreted by the authorities as an instigation to violence. This, coupled with other inflammatory utterances, caused the government to prosecute the *Asahi* and to persecute it in various other ways. All this added fuel to press antagonism against Premier Terauchi, and the Cabinet went down even before the *Asahi* case reached a decision.

With the fall of the Terauchi Cabinet the press may be said to have passed the abnormal period of anti-government crusade—a period in which the editors were animated with the ardor of a reformer-patriot and the devotion of a martyr—and to have entered on a new stage of handling news and editorials much as the American or British press does. Japanese editors regard the newspaper as a business enterprise as well as an organ of public opinion and of social service. That they are critical goes without saying, but there is a difference between criticizing the acts of the government and making a business or hobby of attacking it. Nevertheless, in spite of the changed attitude of the Japanese newspapers, the old political tradition seems to persist in more or less modified form. It is indeed a singular fact that in Japan a newspaper, to be popular and prosperous, must not support the government but must always remain a free and untrammeled critic. Quite naturally, the metropolitan newspapers, except the Tokyo *Hochi*, organ of the Kenseikai party, and the Tokyo *Chuo*, organ of the Seiyukai party, are independent. On the other hand, most provincial or small-town papers, whose business has been greatly curtailed by local supplements of metropolitan journals, manage to exist as party organs, more or less subsidized from (*Continued on page 863*)

Modern in every respect—even to the white trucks waiting to rush the latest edition to an eager public—is this new eight-story plant of the "Tokyo Asahi." It cost 3,000,000 "yen," or $1,500,000



BESIDE THE BUSHMAN WERF

In African Desert Borderlands Where Both Nature and Man Oppress the Weak

By C. Ernest Cadle

"EVERY man's hand was against them, and so they passed out of sight, but perished fighting stubbornly, disdaining compromise or quarter to the very last. There is no longer room on the earth for palæolithic man." Like the clear and unmistakable call of the bugle sounding taps over the remains of the once myriad race of South African Bushmen, comes this statement from the pen of George McCall Theal, historian of South Africa.

Once the Bushmen overran a large part of the African continent. Indeed some anthropologists have advanced the theory that a branch of this race, or other races related to the same stock, wandered into Europe and southeastern Asia as well. However that may be, theirs was a losing fight. The present time finds but a handful of miserable creatures huddled in the shelter of rude windscreens in and near the Kalahari Desert, in South-West Africa, whence they have retreated from their human foes, white and black.

It was in early July that we set out in our big truck from Cape Town for regions west and northwest of the Kalahari. Our party of three Americans, who composed the Denver-African Expedition, was augmented by Professor A. J. Goodwin, from the University of Cape Town, and Mr. Donald Bain, from the Museum of Natural History in Cape Town. We had also three gallant dogs, but of the trio only one, Bobby, the most courageous fighter that ever worried a lion, came back with us. On the edge of the Etosha Pan the other two died in combat with the king of beasts.

The first objective of our *trek* through the wilderness to South-West Africa was to meet Kanna, of whom Bain had heard on a former trip into the Karroo. Kanna was reputed to be more than a hundred years old, perhaps the last member of the race of pure-breed Cape Bushmen. And find him we did one morning, huddled over a small fire near the abode of some Hottentots, with whom he lived. We were playing in great luck; for we were then still on the south bank of the Orange River, over which one must pass before Bushman country can be entered. We spent three days in feeding and questioning Kanna and listening to his chatter. Here again fortune favored us. I happen to have been brought up in the mountains of Uniondale, a district of Cape Province, among the old haunts of the almost vanished Bushmen. My nursemaid had boasted that Bushman blood flowed in her veins; and the nursery tales she had told me were old Bushman legends of jackals and hyenas. So, having learned Nama and several other native dialects when a boy, I was able to talk with Kanna in a tongue that he too had partly learned in his far-away youth. The events of his life indicated that he must indeed have been close to a hundred years old. The most vivid experiences of this four-feet-six-inches of humanity had to do with hunger and its appeasing. Nothing, apparently, had any meaning for him except as he saw it, felt it or tasted it.

As we journeyed northward, the Dutch farmers continually warned us of the darker side of the Bushman's nature. Beyond the Orange River the tales became increasingly gruesome. The most bloody of them was the story of the murder of Van Rynevelt. Against advice, this Van Rynevelt, a local magistrate, had insisted on giving chase to a number of Bushmen who had come out of the desert, killed several cattle on border farms, eaten their stomachs full and then vanished into the night. After being pursued for several days by Van Rynevelt and his native police, they had wearied of the chase and led their foes into ambush. Burying themselves in the sand, with tufts of grass to hide their heads, they had waited until their victims' horses were snorting in alarm. Then the sand spewed up the little demons. Before the rifles could prevent, came the sharp twang of the sinew bow-string and the swish of the poisoned arrow. Van Rynevelt clutched his side and toppled from his mount, the virulent poison on the ivory arrow-head making sure

To the initiated, the costumes of these South African Bushman belles give evidence of mixed culture and their features, of mixed blood. Though the individualistic Bushmen have as a rule kept aloof from other races, intermarriage does sometimes occur. Uneventful and full of drudgery is the woman's life in the bush

his death. To add weight to the tale, the very bow and arrow with which he had been killed were thrust into our hands for examination; the blood had not been removed from the shaft.

But Africa is a land of contrasts. Within two weeks after leaving Cape Town we drove into thriving little Windhoek, the capital of what was formerly German South-West Africa. Everywhere evidences of European civilization greeted us as we passed down the wide main street to the government buildings. We could make but a brief stop; for time was pressing. So, though loath to leave the delightful atmosphere of Windhoek, where we had received invaluable coöperation from the Governor and his staff, we set out, over poor roads, toward Otyo. At that point we should once more replenish our supplies before proceeding into the Kaoko Veld, the land inhabited by the wild Ova-Chimba, great hunters in a land where game is always plentiful.

Otyo is connected with the outside world by a little narrow-gage railroad. When once you find yourself in what the African people call "the blue"—anywhere beyond the farthest outposts is "the blue"—an awful sense of isolation settles down upon you. A bit of information we picked up at Otyo did its part toward

Much less primitive than the nomadic Bushmen are the Ovambos, who cultivate the soil and pile up wealth, if not in material things, at least in wives and children. Here, for instance, is Chicuma, an Ovambo subchief, seated with some of his thirty-six wives and numerous offspring in front of the stockade that protects his substantial, well-thatched huts

creating this sense of ever-impending danger. We learned that, less than a year before, the very Bushmen we hoped to meet and live with had brutally slain and eaten a number of Ba-Rotse Kaffirs who had come from the region of Zambezi to work in the mines at Tsumeb.

Before setting out from Otyo for the Etosha Pan, we loaded the truck with three tons of food, thinking, however, that, if we saw more than a score of Bushmen whom we might invite to eat with us, we should be exceedingly lucky. For two days we ran through herds of zebras, kudus, wildebeestes, giant elands and many other species of big game. There were literally thousands of animals running and frisking along the Pan, an ocean of glass, in which the mirrored images assumed the giant proportions of the vanished creatures of prehistoric ages. This was Etosha. Prior to 1914 the region and its environs were known as the Kaiser's own game preserve.

As the mirage-like scene gave up its details, what we had at first taken to be a vision of a great medieval stone castle, proved to be a castle in fact. But it was modern. It had been built as a lookout on the border of Ovamboland, where the Ovambos, a very powerful Bantu tribe, had frequently attacked the Kaiser's soldiers. Sparkling in the sunlight was a masonry swimming-pool, fed by a clear, cool brook. A substantial neat cottage belonged to Captain Nelson, game-warden and unofficial guardian of the last of the living members of the once numerous Heikum Bushman tribe. Only a man living as he does, at an outpost of civilization, could feel the desire to extend to his own kind such a welcome as we received.

That very night, however, we repacked, and next morning, accompanied by Captain Nelson, we drove into the heart of the Heikum Bushman country. There, beneath a giant camel's-thorn tree, we pitched our tents, and then with Captain Nelson and our mixed-breed Bushman guides we strolled out to meet our first Bushmen of this section. Suddenly Captain Nelson halted and pointed. In the lee of some shadows we saw three hunters barely discernible. They were watching us and had come out so that we could see them; for they knew Captain Nelson and understood that his attitude was friendly. In their hands they carried long bows. Their quivers were full of arrows iron-pointed and poison-tipped. Within speaking distance they halted. Nelson

Between Harold Eedes, who is the British commissioner in northern Ovamboland (left) and C. Ernest Cadle, leader of the Denver-African Expedition, stands Queen Kalinasha, ruler of the Ovambos

Hiambili, consort of Queen Kalinasha, is a typical "funny man." Dressed in a shirt of western make and a silk hat adorned with a feather, he is at all times bent on making life merry with his pranks

Being so weak that his strength cannot be matched against that of his foes, whether man or beast, the little Bushman has developed animal-like powers of stealth and cunning to a remarkable degree

He will stalk his quarry in the open, protected by some such disguise as this, made of long tufts of grass, or sit patiently near a water-hole, ready to let fly his poisoned arrow the moment game appears

If the Bushmen of South-West Africa know one thing better than another, it is how to distinguish a desert "spoor," or trail. All their lives these Bushmen have been reading records in the sand. But here, for the first time, they are studying the trail of a twentieth-century motor-truck—the truck that carried the Denver-African Expedition into the wilds

Although this zebra may have gone on for an hour or so after the deadly poisoned arrow stung his flesh, he has finally succumbed; and the Bushmen, who have been following his trail with assurance, are about to enjoy one of their infrequent feasts. Notice how the arrow and the surrounding flesh have been cut away. In the laboratories of the University of Colorado the poison of the Bushman arrows has been carefully analyzed

spoke to his boys, who in turn spread the good news: into the bush had come a company of white men, friends, who wanted to learn about the life there. All the Bushmen would get food and presents from the visitors if they would only come forth and eat and dance and talk.

Highly elated at their responsiveness, we hastened back to camp with the good news and spent the evening in listening to our host relate some of his experiences with these savages. It was so quiet at intervals that we could hear the scorpions come crawling over the leaves toward the fire. As each insect approached, one of us would take a stick and despatch it with a toss into the flames. Suddenly Bain turned to fill his pipe from the tobacco lying behind him with his other belongings. With an oath he jumped to his feet and reached for his gun. Nelson jumped up and restrained him. By that time we were all on our feet, uncertain of the next move to make. Seated in the circle about us, so close that we were beginning to smell them, now that we knew they were there, were six Bushmen. Three of them were our guides, who had gone into the bush at dusk and had now returned with the three hunters we had interviewed that afternoon. Unseen, unheard, silent as the shadows of the night, they had come and joined us. The sight of them, each with his full quiver and efficient bow, made us nervous—foolishly so, perhaps.

The new day brought new problems, which were not without humor. We were all out at dawn, eager to see what would be the outcome of the promises of the day before. About a score of the Bushmen—men, women and children—were standing uncertainly near the camp, ready for hasty retreat at the first sign of hostility. Our doubts were banished, and our hopes justified. But at Captain Nelson's suggestion we paid no attention to the Bushmen, accepting them as part of the scenery and beginning to prepare our breakfast. The odors of boiling coffee and fried bacon were wafted to our visitors. Chatter and eager gestures began. One of the camp-boys at this juncture nearly broke up the party. He climbed into the truck after some trivial thing and happened to touch the horn. Instantly the Bushmen to an individual were gone. For nearly an hour, we did not see them again.

At last they reappeared, their numbers augmented by several families. We immediately set about feeding them. But to our despair we beheld our flock grow as by magic under our eyes until it numbered one hundred and seventeen men, women and children. After a hasty conference we decided to give each one of them three days' rations. A Bushman's only storehouse, however, is his stomach, and, when he gets food, he eats until it is gone. Thus our group immediately proceeded to act, making such rapid progress that by evening not a morsel was left.

We realized that we should be out of supplies in a week. Hence we should have to make a flying trip for more food; for we intended to stay at least a month. We had done our best, but there were several things that even Captain Nelson had not foreseen. He came to our rescue by turning over his private store of provisions. This, together with two wildebeestes or two zebras, which we shot for the Bushmen every day, filled our savage friends with contentment until our truck came back, reloaded, from Tsumeb.

Never again did we give the Bushmen any rations in advance, though by doing so we could have saved many hours of labor, since the doling out of the food took more than an hour each morning. But our effort repaid us well; for our pensioners soon took us into the most intimate association that we could stand. We saw to it that their camp was made a hundred and fifty yards from ours, since the Bushman has not even the most elementary knowledge of sanitation. He minds neither bodily filth nor spoiled food. On several occasions we saw our Bushman hunters eat with relish the remains of putrid carcasses. They actually broke the bones with stones in order to get the rotten marrow they contained. The first ablution of a Bushman baby consists of a rub-down with a tuft of grass, and, except when a Bushman is rained on, water never touches him. Of course, it would take more than a rain-storm to wash away from his body the dirt of a lifetime. This dirt has its uses; for, mingled with the ointment that he smears on, it helps to protect him from insects. His ordinary wardrobe is a strip of buckskin—antelope hide—about six inches wide and twelve inches long. But scantness of clothing seemed to us a special advantage to a people who did not bathe.

These Heikum Bushmen use iron arrow-heads and knives as well as crude clay pots, all of which they obtain from the Ovambos to the north of them in exchange for animal sinew for sewing leather aprons and stringing beads. They live in the rudest wind-screens, which take only about ten minutes to build. All that is required to form a screen is to break down the lower branches of a tree. In the rainy season some loose, long grass is added. There is no method involved. The people merely wait until thunder announces the approach of summer showers; then they scurry around for a little extra grass and throw it haphazard on the screen. The improvised thatch does not even shut out the wind or shed the water.

As a rule, about three or four families live together in the *werf*, the term applied to a collection of screens. Aside from this slight social gesture, they live in a highly individualistic manner, acknowledging no law or leader, every man being a law unto himself. Occasionally we found a man and a woman who refused to come and join our camp when food was offered them. They dwelt in absolute isolation, spurning the gregariousness of the werf. They even lacked the companionship of a wild hunting dog. As a rule, however, the Bushman is fond of this, his comrade of the *veld*, the only domestic animal he has, and treats him better than do most African peoples. True, the dog has suffered and become stunted in the werf, but his deterioration is due to the scarcity of food. When his master eats, he eats also, and, when his master feels the pangs of hunger, he too must go unfed.

Because of this scarcity of food, life is held very cheap by the Bushmen. The stronger prey upon the weaker; the young kill the old; the healthy destroy the sick. The old and feeble are carried to the water-hole, there to be left to the lion and the leopard, the hyena, the vulture and the jackal, which narrow their circles as death creeps on. For an old Bushman there is very little help, unless the super-Bushman ancestor of the race be placated on his behalf.

Children are born as fast as nature will allow, but very few survive. Girl babies are more to be desired than boys; for the boy seeks a mate and vanishes, perhaps to some neighboring werf, but the girl usually stays with

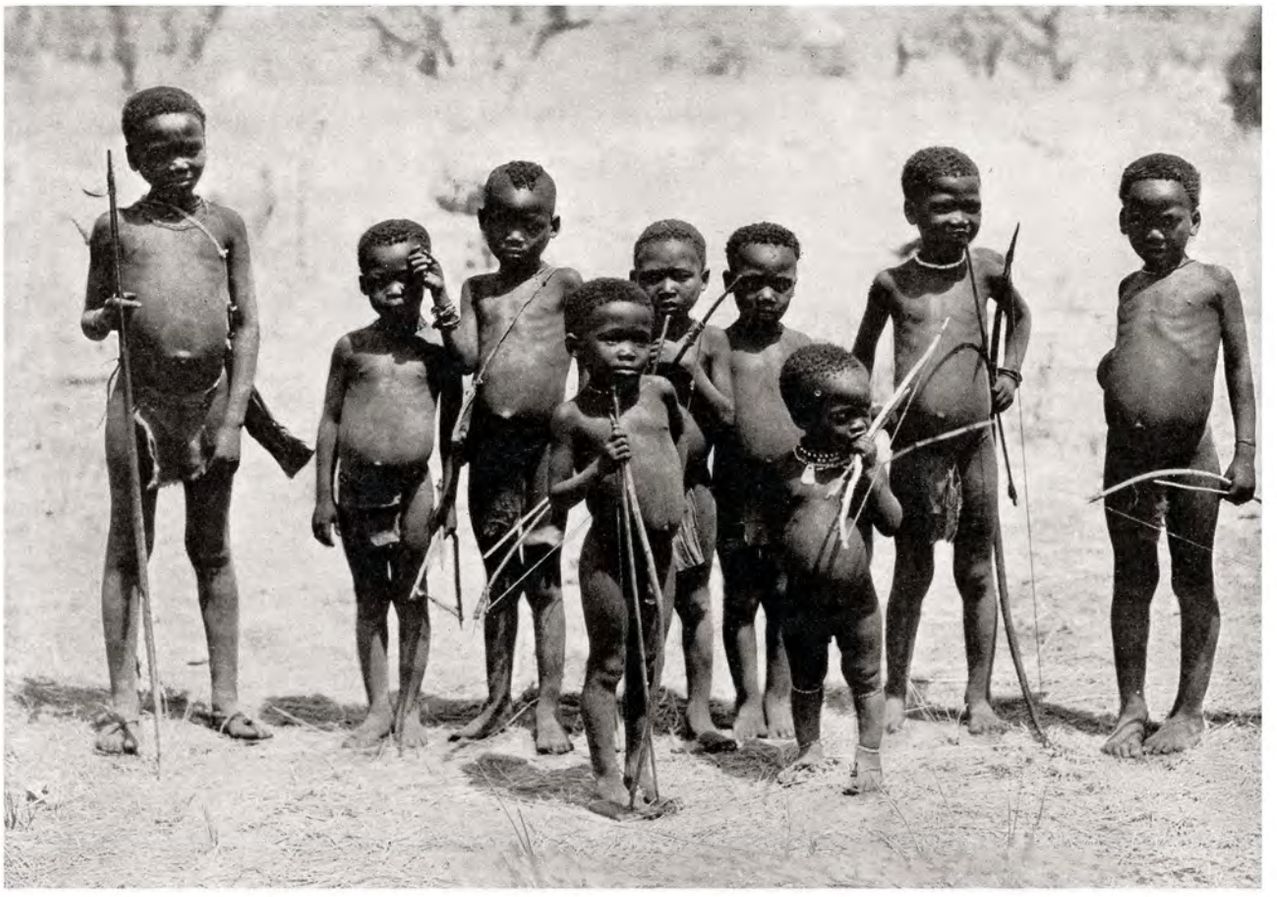
Here is C. Ernest Cadle, leader of the Denver-African Expedition, with two average-sized Bushmen. To offset the handicap of small stature, in a country of fierce struggle for existence, where only the strong or the crafty survive, the Bushman of the African wilds has developed, through the decades, traits that have made his name a terror to Europeans

or near her mother. When she marries, the hunter marrying her must pay dowry of meat to her parents whenever he makes a kill.

Marriage is not a very elaborate ceremony. The boy goes to the wind-screen of the parents of his chosen girl and bargains with the father and mother about the size of the dowry. When this is agreed upon, he returns to his own quarters, eats his fill, an enormous amount, and goes to sleep. The next morning he arises at the call of the bird, takes the first trail of gazelle or duiker that he finds and follows it until he is able to catch his game alive and alive present it to the girl's parents as a proof of his ability to hunt and provide food. Then he takes the girl to his screen and the ceremony is over. The Bushman may marry as many wives as he can support, but, according to our findings, he can seldom take care of more than one. The marriage customs of the different tribes vary but are in the main much alike, except for the animal caught as a feat of prowess.

The lot of the women is much the same as in all primitive races. In the morning they go out with their sticks to dig their daily roots, which in some seasons are not larger than a peanut. If the season is right, they may glean a few berries and wild plums and perchance a few uncultivated figs. But these are luxuries and last but a short while. In some parts of the Kalahari the wild melon becomes the staple diet and also the only water-supply. Uneventful, in the main, and full of drudgery is the woman's day.

But the man's life, because it is that of the hunter, is crammed with thrilling adventure. Being so weak that his strength cannot be (*Continued on page 864*)



Since hunger and its satisfaction loom so large in the life of the Bushmen, even little fellows like those pictured above go hunting in dead earnest. In their most characteristic dances the Bushmen, with amazing skill, dramatize the hunt—or sometimes, as here in this gemsbok dance performed by Heikum Bushmen, they will imitate the actions of birds or beasts, with every detail of which their experience as hunters has made them familiar. The gemsbok is the largest and handsomest of African antelopes

SOME PEOPLE FROM CANTON

Riders in the Storm of Destiny, Whirled with Their China to the Unknown

By Vincent Sheean

VINCENT SHEEAN'S "Some People from Canton" is most opportune; for the manuscript was completed shortly before General Feng Yu-hsiang's ultimatum to the Nationalist (Wuhan) government, followed some three weeks later by General Ho Chien's occupation of Hankow. Since then, despatches, frequently unverified, have reported changes at Hankow: the arrival and the departure of T. V. Soong, the withdrawal of Madame Sun Yat-sen and of Eugene Chen to Shanghai, the resignation of Chiang Kai-shek, Michael Borodin's prospective return to Russia—even his detention at Sianfu by General Feng. Whatever turn events may take, it is evident that Mr. Sheean's portraiture of some of the most distinguished members of the group that carried the Chinese Revolution from Canton to Hankow presents them to the inner eye of the thoughtful reader in a critical hour of their destiny.—*Editorial Note.*

THERE is a definite importance to be attached to the examination of the Chinese revolutionary leaders and their motives, but the difficulty is, in an atmosphere so charged with hatred and suspicion, to arrive at anything like the truth. Obviously one can believe nothing one hears in Shanghai, where the most fantastic tales about the Chinese revolutionaries receive an eager hospitality. It is almost equally difficult to trust anything one hears in Hankow. The only alternative is to depend upon personal observation, fortified by whatever facts appear to be beyond doubt.

For this reason I shall not try to speak of those Chinese revolutionaries whom I do not know fairly well or do not know at all. There are many of these, and among them some who are fully as important as some of those I shall discuss. There is the Yunnanese Tan Yen-kai, for example, a true Nationalist conservative of the old type, who adhered to the Left Wing of the Kuomintang this spring because he believed in Party discipline. Another interesting figure is Kuo Meng-yü, head of the Propaganda Bureau of Wuhan, a Communist, fanatically revolutionary, and tubercular. Still another, of first importance, is George Hsü Chien, minister of justice—a social revolutionary, a Christian, a Robespierre to the counter-revolutionaries and a man almost incomprehensible even to those who know him well. Then there is Su Chao-jen, the first minister of labor in the Wuhan government; he is the greatest of Chinese Communist revolutionaries since Li Ta-chao was strangled to death last April. Su Chao-jen, unlike Li Ta-chao, is himself a member of the working classes, a Cantonese seaman.

These people I am not qualified to discuss; but my opportunities have been better with regard to certain other men and women who have brought this Revolution across China from Canton. Seven of them—Michael Borodin, Madame Sun Yat-sen, T. V. Soong, Eugene Chen, Chiang Kai-shek, Sun Fo and Wang Ching-wei—furnish the material for this article. And it may be well to issue warning in advance that I shall not hesitate to be trivial. The man who described Saint-Simon as "trivial but truthful" was commending a fairly useful adjunct to history.

Mikhail Mikhailovitch Borodin is the first of my "people from Canton." When I told him so, he mildly suggested that he was not "from Canton." As, of course, he is not; yet, so far as the rest of the world is concerned, he might as well be. We know scarcely any details of his life before the Russian Revolution, and precious little after that. When I asked him if he wanted to give me some facts—some of the "Who's Who" sort of facts—he smiled his slow, expansive grin and shrugged. "I was born in the snow," he said, "and I live in the sun—yes? What good are facts?"

Therefore I am unable to construct an exact biography of Borodin. He is certainly Russian, and not Jewish. I believe his real name is Michael Borodin, but I am aware that at various times he has—like other revolutionaries—assumed other names. One of these names, I believe, was Rasberg; another is said to have been Jacob Brown. He took part, as a young man, in the abortive Russian Revolution of 1905 and fled to America after the revolt had been crushed. He met Madame Borodin (Fanny Glusburg), a Russian Jewess, in the United States, I believe in Chicago or thereabouts; they were married in Illinois, and their two sons were born in America. Borodin returned to Russia after the Revolution of 1917 and put his services at the disposal of his Party. Lenin had considerable regard for him, I believe, as had also Karl Radek and Madame Krupskaya. He used to live in the "Sugar Palace" guest-house in Moscow in 1919 and 1920. He came to China in 1923, to advise Dr. Sun Yat-sen, and established his office as general adviser to the Kuomintang, with a Russian staff, in 1924. These are about all the biographical facts which I—or anybody I have talked to—can affirm with any certainty about Borodin.

But, if I do not know his "dates" or his "Who's Who," I do know the man. And a more impressive personality I have never encountered. He has, to begin with, that instantaneous effect which is the rarest of all gifts to a leader of men—the effect of "greatness." An incongruous comparison it may be, but in this he reminds me of *Père* Clémenceau. Once about five years ago I went out to Clémenceau's house in Passy to interview him about something or other—I have even forgotten what. When the old man came abruptly into the room, in smoking-jacket and skull-cap, it was as if an electric current filled the air. Until that happened, I had been in a state of virtuous disapproval of Clémenceau and all he represented; but afterwards it was apparent to me that to disapprove of Clémenceau was like disapproving of the moon or of the sea. Since then I have done a good deal of this "interviewing" of the earth's puissant,

here, there and yonder, but I never again encountered quite that instant impression of greatness until I met Borodin.

That impression, of course, can be taken apart, analyzed; but it cannot be constructed. Like genius, it is not a manufactured product; the effort to fabricate it produces only a posture, a Mussolini. You may take my word for it that Borodin has the real thing; for in the course of the past few weeks I have talked to many people who are his bitter enemies, but never to anybody who denied the fact that he is a tremendous man.

Since that first meeting I have seen him a good many times; he lives around the corner from me, and he finds odd hours in the intervals of his harassed existence to talk to me. Just at present he is ill and very tired; malaria has weakened him surprisingly during the past fortnight, and he is unable to work at his old rate of eighteen hours a day. Since his illness, when I go in to see him, we seldom talk politics; but there is scarcely anything else we have not talked about. The resources of his mind, even when he is weakened by fever and stuffed with quinine, are astonishing. Everything interests him; to everything he applies the patient, humorous, thoughtful processes of his philosophy. In this he is totally unlike the typical revolutionary—the juiceless fanatic who sees everything from scenery to shoe-laces in the terms of class warfare. Borodin has, indeed, the detachment which Lenin is said to have preserved to the last, a recognition of the littleness of men and things in the vastness of their ultimate intention. I am quite conscious that Borodin, like Lenin, would stop at nothing to achieve his ends; but at the same time he, like Lenin, has no illusions about the nearness of those ends. He does not believe (as so many Russian revolutionaries believe, or believe they believe) that the "world revolution" is just around the corner. He is thus in the position of devoting his life to a cause which cannot be victorious until long after his death; and, once that choice, that decision, has been made, matters which would be sword-wounds to lesser men are not even pin-pricks to him. He reads the scurrilous attacks on him which are made in the Shanghai newspapers, when he has time; but, instead of being annoyed, he is amused. He has a prodigious sense of the unimportance of the unimportant.

His chief interests, aside from his innumerable daily tasks as the mainspring of the government, are in books and horses. He is also very fond of playing chess, but he plays the game so well—with such strategical precision and coolness—that it is difficult for him to find anybody who can supply opposition. I never saw a more striking refutation of the French saying that *le meilleur joueur d'échecs n'est qu'un joueur d'échecs* (Baudelaire said that, I think; but no matter). Borodin reads everything he can get his hands on, everything from statistical reviews and technical reports to metaphysics, detective stories, novels, history, poetry. He has just been reading *Elmer Gantry* this week and finds it interesting and important. "Not because of what it says," he points out, "but because this shows that a critical attitude towards life—yes?—is being developed in America. It is a tendency." He reads English as if it were his native language, and, if it were not for the interrogative "yes" and "no" which he sprinkles through all his conversation, he would speak the language as well as he reads it. Scattered around his sick-room are Professor Barnes's work on *History and Social Intelligence* (which he

International Newsreel

Michael Borodin, in 1924 made adviser to the Kuomintang, is here addressing a meeting in Hankow

Mr. Borodin ten years ago

Though Vincent Sheean talked to Mr. Borodin's enemies, none, however bitter, denied his greatness

International Newsreel

T. V. Soong represents an intelligent, honest, liberal and energetic Nationalism. As minister of finance, in less than two years, without any important increase in taxation, he multiplied the revenues of Kwangtung Province by twelve. Although his uncompromising honesty made enemies, he earned the reputation of being the most capable administrator in Chinese public life

says is a variant manifestation of the tendency which produced Sinclair Lewis), the McGovern book about Tibet, dozens of books about China, books of travel and philosophy and political science. He not only reads a great deal, but he remembers with remarkable tenacity what he has read. The first time I saw him he quoted a saying of Sadi's which had struck his eye in an article of my own in ASIA six or eight months ago—"Twenty dervishes may sit upon a carpet, but the whole world is too small for two Shahs." Since then I have become familiar with this characteristic, but it never ceases to surprise me; he can drag at will out of his memory things he has read years ago, things which are lodged in some cranny of his unconventional but profound culture.

Some of the idiosyncrasies of Borodin's mind are of a sort generally described as "literary." For instance, he has a feeling for words which extends even to remembering where he got them—a characteristic common enough in writers, I suppose, but unusual in political leaders. He associates the word "expunge" with Calhoun because he first saw the word, eighteen or twenty years ago, in a speech of Calhoun's. But in spite of his love of reading and of his feeling for words, there never lived a less "literary" person than Borodin. He is too unselfconscious, too impersonal in his attitude towards life, to be capable of phrase-making or of pose. In this, as we shall see, he is strikingly different from that other revolutionary who lives across the street from him, Mr. Eugene Chen.

Most of Borodin's physical energy, apart from his work, goes into his antics with horses. He loves to ride hard and fast, take jumps and do "stunts" which make his staff men afraid for his life. He is a powerful man when malaria leaves him alone, and his system—not to speak of his temperament—demands hard exercise. He takes a polo mallet and ball and smashes about the field all by himself sometimes, since there are not enough riders in Hankow to get a game. He is not, truth to tell, a particularly good rider, and as a result his love for hard cross-country gallops frequently brings him to grief. Just at present—preceding and helping his malaria—he has a compound fracture of the left arm, the gift of a horse which stumbled in taking a ditch. He has had some very nasty spills in the past two or three years, but they do not appear to discourage him. His children inherit his passion for horses, and his younger son Norman, twelve years of age, is not afraid to ride anything he has ever seen in the shape of a horse. Norman and his father, when they crossed Mongolia last year with Mr. Chen, would appear to have done enough riding—and falling off—to satisfy ordinary people for half a lifetime.

Borodin's political philosophy and his practical intentions in China ought, I should think, to be fairly clear by now to anybody who has followed the situation at all. He is a Communist, of course, and believes in the world revolution; but he has made his immediate object the creation of a united and strong China. This united and strong China would be, in itself, a terrible blow at the nineteenth-century imperialisms which have so far constituted Soviet Russia's enemies; thus China's cause

Sun Fo, the son of Sun Yat-sen by his first marriage, is competent, cool, hard-working, matter-of-fact—a very businesslike person

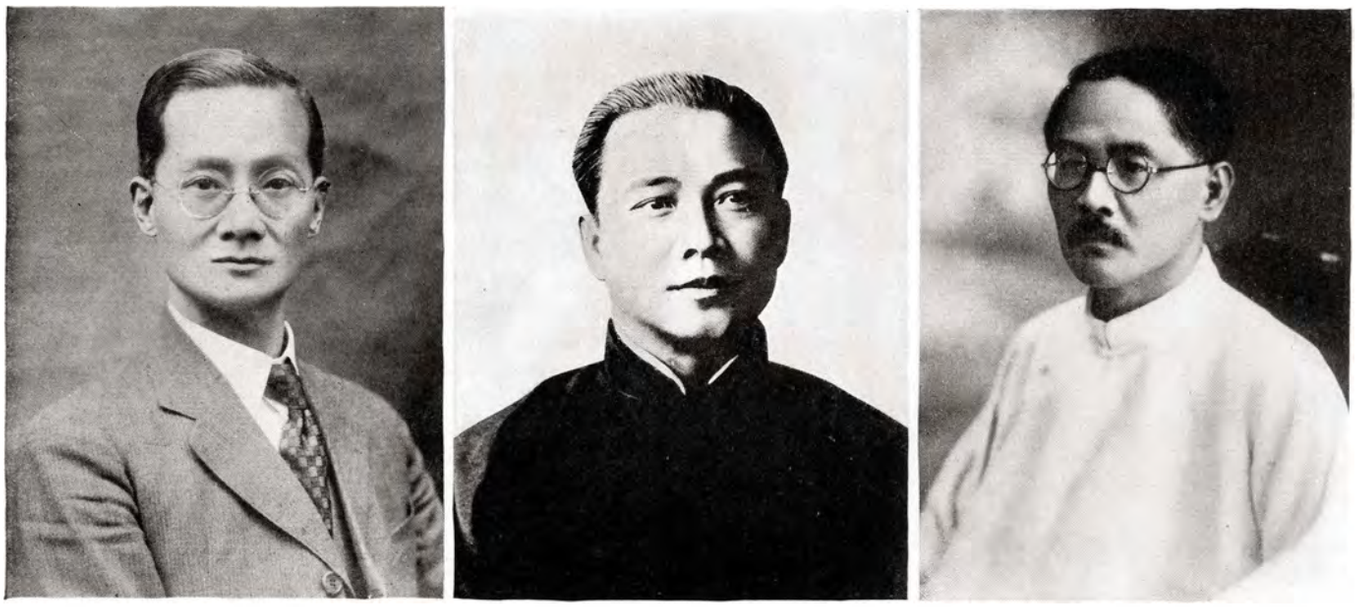
and Russia's are, up to a point, identical. That he wishes to transform the Chinese Nationalist Revolution into a social and economic movement is also obvious. The whole course of his action during the past three years proves it. In this he may be right or he may be wrong—among other things, it may be urged that China has the machinery for a syndicalist state and no fitness for a proletarian dictatorship—but the essential thing, for a comprehension of Borodin the man, is that he believes in what he is doing and that nothing will shake his determination.

Incidentally I remark, before taking leave of Borodin, that he has far too much common sense and political acumen to be responsible for many of the more useless gestures of Chinese Communism in the past few months. In fact, the Chinese Communists in general, although they admire and like him, have frequently criticized him for going "too slowly" in the direction of social revolution. It is undoubtedly true that Borodin has held the Kuomintang and the Communists together during more than one crisis, merely because he realizes that either one alone is less effective than the two together. His definite, immediate object (as opposed to the ultimate and distant object of world revolution) is the unification of China under a strong party oligarchy supported by trade-union and peasant organizations. This object is one in which all Chinese classes except the great *comprador* and merchant groups of the Treaty Ports can very well unite. That they do not do so is no fault of Borodin's. He has done everything possible for one man to do, even to the point of effacing himself completely when it was necessary. He would go back to Moscow tomorrow if he thought that his retirement would help the cause he serves. He has no personal ambition whatever and is single-mindedly devoted to his task. It would be well for China if the same thing could be said of many Chinese.

The Soong family in Shanghai has produced two of the most important figures in the Revolution—Madame Sun Yat-sen, the widow of the late Tsung Li—Dr. Sun—and T. V. Soong, minister of finance. Since T. V. Soong (Soong Tsze-vung in Chinese) has the reputation of being the most capable administrator now in public life in his country, we may take him before his famous sister. He is under an eclipse for the moment, to be sure; but his ability is so extraordinary that he cannot long remain in retirement.

Of all the persons discussed in this article, Mr. Soong

As the widow of the revered Sun Yat-sen, Madame Sun is sacred. The contrast between her own shy delicacy and grace and the tremendous name she bears is truly dramatic: it makes her a figure of romance



Left to right are George Hsü Chien, well known as minister of justice at Hankow; Wang Ching-wei, a romantic, almost a lyric, revolutionary, whose mere appearance on a platform arouses a storm of enthusiasm; and Eugene Chen, an inveterate phrase-maker, a lover of battle for battle's sake, who has functioned conspicuously as foreign minister of the Nationalist government

is probably the one whom China most desperately needs. He combines West and East—he has adapted western method to eastern substance—with remarkable success. This cannot quite be said of any other leader of the Revolution, not even of Dr. Sun Yat-sen himself (especially of Dr. Sun!). And to a very large extent Mr. Soong's significance is non-political—that is, although he is a devoted member of the Kuomintang, his achievement in administration transcends Party lines; it has proved what can be done in China and what must be done if the country is to emerge from confusion. "T. V.," as he is currently called, commands the admiration of all those people in China, both Chinese and foreign, who are not completely blinded by anti-Kuomintang prejudice.

Mr. Soong is a young man in his thirties, a graduate of Harvard, and was trained for some years in the International Banking Corporation (National City Bank) in New York. He belongs to an important family of Shanghai *comprador*-merchants, of the class which is on the whole the most reactionary in China. One of his brothers (also a Harvard man) is now in business in Shanghai; his youngest brother is still at Harvard, and his eldest sister married Dr. Kung (Marquis Kung, I believe, is the old title), a direct descendant of Confucius. His sister Rosamonde (her Chinese name is Chungling) is Madame Sun Yat-sen. That a family like this should produce revolutionary leaders is one of the most striking proofs of the exclusively "nationalist" character which the Chinese Revolution possessed during its first thirteen or fourteen years. And that the Soong family (except Madame Sun and, to a lesser degree, "T. V.") is no longer revolutionary is proof that the Revolution has fundamentally changed its character.

"T. V" came back to China six or seven years ago. During the lifetime of Dr. Sun Yat-sen he was not permitted to hold an important office in the Cantonese government; the late Tsung Li disliked and opposed the nepotism which characterizes most Chinese governments, and he was reluctant to place even very capable members of his own family in high positions. But after 1925 "T. V." was minister of finance. And during the time of his term of office—less than two years—he increased the revenues of the province of Kwangtung to twelve times their previous level, without any important total increase in taxation. Taxation was entirely made over, reapportioned; a drastic reform in methods of collection and accounting produced the rest. These things are so unheard of in China that only the strongest support from the army (Chiang Kai-shek) and the Party (Tan Yen-kai, Sun Fo and the rest) made Mr. Soong able to execute his program. Nevertheless it was his program, and he never wavered in it. He had the assistance of some Russian advisers, but in matters of finance the Russians have nothing whatever to teach the Chinese; indeed, Mr. Soong's chief lieutenant in the financial reform was the astute Chinese director of the Bank of China in Hongkong. The Central Bank of China (Dr. Sun's bank, then a very wabbly institution) was reorganized and put on a sound basis. When "T. V." left it, the Central Bank had the largest silver reserve in China in proportion to banknote issue (its fiduciary circulation was twenty-five per cent secured, whereas many Chinese banks have no more than four or five per cent silver). Its credit in South China was superior to that of any other government bank. A branch in Hankow had been established, with a banknote issue of $18,000,000 (Mexican) of which $15,000,000 was in circulation, secured by twelve per cent silver. But as soon as "T. V." left Hankow, the Central Bank's notes began to decline, and after his resignation as minister of finance they became practically worthless. In spite of Mr. Soong's unpopularity—and every decent and capable finance minister for years to come will be unpopular in China—his integrity constituted one of the most effective guaranties of honest administration in his bank. His prestige still is so great that his resumption of office would, even now, have an instantaneous effect on the exchange market.

In Canton and in Wuhan, he has fought for economic and financial stability at all costs. At times he has been almost alone in doing so; for the primary demand

of the Revolution—to arouse the masses—frequently conflicted with the simplest requisites of commerce and finance. You cannot organize labor and instil the revolutionary spirit without strikes; and a series of political strikes is enough to upset the most carefully balanced budget. (Mr. Winston Churchill knows this fact as thoroughly as does Mr. Soong!) But Mr. Soong makes no secret of the fact that he is not a social revolutionary. He sees, and wishes to change, the appalling conditions under which Chinese workmen make their living; but he never approved of the arming of the laborers and peasants. He recognizes the immense services Chinese Communists have rendered the Kuomintang in arousing the masses of the people, but he distrusts the Communist purpose in so arousing them. He is the friend of Borodin and probably gets along with that remarkable genius better than the Communists themselves do; but he has always struggled to keep the Nationalist movement a "nationalist" movement. This does not mean that he is reactionary; indeed, the true reactionaries in China have no more formidable enemy. But he does not consider the Marxian economic theory applicable to China, and he wishes to avert a class warfare which could only add more terror and misery to the sufferings of the Chinese people. His views on this point are well known and, combined with his rigid ideas of honesty in public finance, have at times made him extremely unpopular. The Communists and the labor-unions used to demonstrate in front of his house, both in Canton and in Hankow, with monotonous regularity. His life has been in danger more than once from the crowds; once, early this spring, just before he left Hankow for Shanghai, his motor car was mobbed on the Bund. Only the providential arrival of a detachment of soldiers saved him from being dragged out into the street, perhaps to die.

P. & A. Photos

Chiang Kai-shek, head of the Nationalist (Nanking) government, here addresses an enthusiastic Hsuchowfu crowd. Later, meeting reverses, he resigned all offices, August 13, leaving the fate of the Nanking régime in doubt

After the fall of Shanghai Mr. Soong left Hankow for what was intended to be a brief period. He was to organize the financial administration of the province of Kiangsu (Shanghai and Nanking), which produces forty per cent of the Chinese national revenue. At the same time he hoped, by his influence on Chiang Kai-shek, to stave off the impending disruption of the Party; and there can be no doubt that he also was profoundly disturbed by the labor excesses which were ruining the effort at orderly government in Wuhan. He met Wang Ching-wei, just back from France, and the two of them conferred with Chiang Kai-shek on the question of exclusion of the Chinese Communist Party from the Kuomintang. The three agreed to try to bring about a general Party conference to debate the whole question. Wang went up to Hankow to lay the plan before the Central Executive Committee; but, before any decision could be reached, Chiang Kai-shek in true military fashion took things into his own hands and "summoned" a conference to meet in Nanking to "expel" the Communists from the Party. Events marched rapidly after that; no self-respecting civilian official could—whatever his opinions—obey a completely illegal order from a general, and Chiang's "anti-Bolshevik" conference never met at all. What did happen was (April 18) the proclamation of a new government at Nanking, the *tuchun*-ate of Chiang Kai-shek, dressed up in Kuomintang catchwords and equipped with a puppet "Central Executive Committee" of the war-lord's appointees.

This disastrous rebellion—which I believe definitely ended the Chinese Nationalist movement, as a "nationalist" movement— lifted Mr. Soong out of his position and left him high and dry in Shanghai. So nearly as I can tell—so nearly as I can define the words—he is all that is left of the Chinese National People's Party. The Revolution remains on one side—(*Continued on page 850*)

IN THE STREETS OF TUNIS

By Dorothy Buck Chavanne

The Window in the "Souk"

TO Europeans, a window is nothing but an aperture to let in fresh air. To Arab women a window is the door to all romance. Through its iron-barred grillage they look on the world. But, unless you have lived within four walls all your life, you can never understand the wonder of kneeling at the window, looking down at the passers-by.

Mokhtar-ben-Reshid-ben-Belgacem, rich merchant of Tunis, had chosen a tall, old-fashioned house in the heart of the *souks*. He was a widower, who had no son and adored his pretty daughter Nafissa in a stern and austere fashion of his own. Nafissa was never allowed to go out, even veiled, nor to wear European clothes, and she was permitted to receive only the most carefully selected of girl friends. She spent her days curled up on the broad seat before the window in her room, and, far below, all the busy and brilliant life of the bazar passed up and down in full view, in full hearing if she chose to open the window a crack.

Nafissa saw many tourists, handsome, fresh-skinned Englishwomen, tall, lounging, tweed-clad Englishmen, horn-spectacled Americans, coquettish Frenchwomen, delicately rouged and powdered, with blackened lashes, like herself. And she had a glimpse of two shops in the souk, gleaming richly with tinted Persian rugs, with beaten brass-ware, with vividly worked leather shoes from Rhadames and heavy silver bracelets curiously chased. Messaouda, her negress, brought her the news. "Yesterday," Messaouda would recount, "an Inglizi came to the shop of Ahmed-ben-Youssef and paid a thousand francs for two Nabeul pots worth fifty! Wherefore Ahmed is giving a feast to his friends; for it is not often that such things happen, even with an Inglizi!"

One day Messaouda came in great excitement and caught her by the hand. "Come quickly," she whispered. "Mansour, thy betrothed, is passing the window. I saw him as I entered from the souk."

Nafissa ran to the window in time to see a tall figure in a crimson *gandoura* pass into the shop of Ahmed. So, with a fast-beating heart, she sat down to wait for the moment of his departure. It was now two months since she had been *fiancée*, and this was the first glimpse she had had of her future husband.

Mokhtar, her father, had told her one evening that she was to be married—in a tone that admitted not at all of argument, hardly of comment. Nafissa had no mother to plead for her youth, no one in whom she could confide, no one to tell her if this man chosen out for her was likely to make her happy. She had said timidly, "Is he young, Father?" and Mokhtar, shocked, had replied, "What is that to thee, my daughter?" Mokhtar had no notion of what went on inside a girl's head or heart. He had done his duty in choosing a suitable husband for Nafissa, and to his mind she would find her certain happiness in bearing many sons. But Nafissa's ideas were a little less prescribed. She had read a great many French novels of the romantic order; and, more than that, she still saw several of the friends of her school-days, who enlightened her on the circumstances of the longed-for state of matrimony.

Would her fate be that of Xenieb, who, married at fifteen, had borne five sickly children in five years and at twenty was prematurely worn out, robbed of all her charm? Or would it be that of the beautiful Mabroucka, whose husband, still enslaved, permitted his wife to go out freely, took her to the theater, bought her exquisite French clothes and jewels and bore her no grudge for not having as yet given him a child? Or that of Aicha, married at fourteen to an old, old man of sixty, who alternately fondled and beat her, whose mad jealousy pursued her ceaselessly—Aicha who had come within an ace of being divorced in a moment of fury, since Arab women can be divorced for no better reason than that they have ceased to please their masters.

"I hope he is young," thought Nafissa. "O Allah, let him be young!"

And he *was* young. At this moment he came out of the shop. He was tall and lithe, brown-skinned and black-eyed, with a gay smile that showed a double row of snowy teeth. He had an insolent and audacious air about him, an air of conquering youth. And the heart of Nafissa throbbed madly against her bosom as she watched him. This thing seemed too wonderful to be true. She was destined to be happy, to be loved, to love in her turn, like Mabroucka!

"Is it *really* he, Messaouda? The one in the red gandoura?"

"It is he, Light of My Eyes!" smiled the negress.

Thenceforth Nafissa moved in a dream of happiness. Day after day she took up her post at the window. Some days she watched in vain. On others the tall, long-striding figure in red came to the shop of Ahmed to see his friend. Meanwhile the women sewed at her wedding-garments. How many pairs of fine white linen trousers, exquisitely embroidered, were made, how many lengths of gorgeously striped *haik* silk, in every rainbow tint, were bought! Nafissa herself wove yards of delicate Arabian lace, like *filet* in pattern and texture, with which to border sheets and bedspreads and napkins.

One day, looking down into the street, she saw her lover looking straight up at her window. It was the first time he had ever seemed to realize that behind those bars lived the girl who in a few days was to be his wife. Nafissa, with a movement purely instinctive, drew aside the curtain. But at the same moment some one plucked Mansour by the sleeve and spoke to him, and it was another man who, unperceived, caught a brief view of the beautiful, half-hidden face.

"Shameless one!" cried Messaouda, drawing the curtain again.

"I wish that he had seen me . . . " murmured Nafissa.

"Thy cousin Mahmoud comes to eat with us tomorrow," carelessly said her father that evening. Nafissa, quite uninterested, gave orders for an elaborate meal. Mahmoud-ben-Ali-ben-Ibrahim, who called himself Mahmoud Ibrahim in European style, was her cousin on her mother's side, a young man entirely Europeanized in his manner of living, who had been away from Tunis for years. He wore French clothes, had for the most part French friends and had declared his intention of marrying a Frenchwoman. It was rare indeed that he made a visit to his Arab relatives, but after a long journey abroad family etiquette demanded it. The day he chose was three days before Nafissa's wedding.

Was it a surfeit of the openly revealed charms of Frenchwomen, a sudden harking back to the ancestral ideal of women, or was it merely Nafissa's own adorable youth that so irresistibly pleased his fancy? He looked as long as he dared at his little shy cousin, at her red lips, her curling black hair, the deep shadow of her downcast lashes, the little round figure enclosed in the tight black corselet, the slender crossed ankles.

Next day her father summoned her. Distress and perplexity were in his face as he put his arm round his daughter and drew her to him.

"Nafissa," he said bluntly, "thy cousin Mahmoud has demanded thee in marriage."

"But I am already promised, Father," faltered Nafissa, paling.

"Promised—but not to one of our family. Thou knowest well that, if Mahmoud insists, he must have his

So carefully did the Tunisian merchant Mokhtar bring up his pretty daughter Nafissa that he never permitted her to go out, even shrouded, like this woman, in the black veil prescribed by custom in Tunis. But from her curtained window Nafissa eagerly watched the life of the "souk" below

William Thompson

Like Mabroucka and her companions, who performed their intricate dances in a queer little theater in Tunis, far from Biskra, their desert home, these are women of the tribe of Ouled-Naïls. Within the tribe all well-favored women become dancers and sell their charms in businesslike fashion. But for her daughter Mannoubia—"Rose-Hidden-in-the-Foliage"—Mabroucka ardently desired a different fate

way. Thy cousin has the first right over thee, before any other."

"Then why did he not come before?"

The tears rolled slowly down Nafissa's round, childish cheeks. Oblivious to all that went on near her, to the attempts of her father to make Mahmoud change his mind, to the tales of her cousin's obstinacy, to the insistence of Mansour on his claim, she spent her days curled up on the window-seat, forlornly watching the souk. She had drawn aside the curtain, and Messaouda no longer rebuked her. But Mansour did not pass by. He had given in.

"If only thy cousin had not seen thee!" wailed Messaouda, rocking her nursling in her arms.

The young girl looked at the too-alluring beauty of the face reflected in the silver mirror. "If only *he* had seen me," she whispered.

Mabroucka the Dancer

In the program of the Théâtre Arabe, Mabroucka, with her companions, was featured under the heading, "*Les Ouled-Naïls de Biskra.*" The manager of the queer little theater in the Avenue de Carthage considered he had done extremely well in bringing a troupe of Ouled-Naïls to Tunis. No one had ever before seen the desert dancers, and they had an immense success. They were well paid by the theater, and their less legitimate earnings mounted rapidly.

Most of them were handsome, and one or two were beautiful, but Mabroucka was infinitely the most sought after. In looks she was typical of her tribe, pale-skinned as a European, with heavy-lidded, long-shaped black eyes set obliquely beneath her brow. Her lips were a thin thread of brightest crimson, her hair, heavy, black and oily, was brushed smoothly back in Chinese fashion, with a purple turban wound about it. She had rather high cheek-bones and a lean, supple body, and she seemed to have more of the Mongol than the Arab. She had a curious habit of never smiling, of continually looking straight in front of her with a cold, Sphinxlike stare. For here is the odd thing about an eastern woman practising, as Mabroucka did, an ancient if not an honorable profession: she will make no pretense at gaiety; nor will she attempt to clothe lust in the garment of love. Coldly she will offer herself to whoever cares to pay the price. Above all is this so with the Ouled-Naïls, who pursue the *métier* in businesslike fashion, hoarding their savings carefully and eventually, in nearly all cases, returning to their desert homes, there to marry, with the aid of the dowry so peculiarly acquired, and to pass an honorable old age.

The six dancing-girls all sat cross-legged on a long red divan on the little stage of the Théâtre Arabe. Behind them, on a raised dais, were three negro musicians of frightful ugliness. One had an eye missing and one an ear, showing how primitive justice had been meted out, but they played with unexampled skill, the one on a sweet-stringed native zither, the other on a flute, the third beating a monotonous rhyming cadence on a huge drum.

When it came the turn of the Ouled-Naïls, the curtain was raised to reveal the six immobile dancers on their divan. To the audience it was left to decide who should begin. Cries of "Mabroucka!" "Zohra!" "Lalia!" filled the air as the admirers of each clamored for their favorite. Zohra and Lalia would pretend to hide their faces. Mabroucka would slowly turn her graceful head and regard the audience with heavy-lidded scorn. Mabroucka was infinitely weary of this nightly farce, and day by day she counted her gains, methodically, as a merchant in his counting-house. Too contemptuous to seek to please, she knew well enough that her popularity would find her out; for as a dancer she was unequaled. Sometimes she was called three times in succession, so that the others missed their chance of dancing and cast her black looks. But she cared little; for all is fair in commerce and war, and Mabroucka had set herself a certain task. She meant to put aside forty thousand francs. When she had done that, she would go back to the mountains.

One evening a noticeable figure strode into the Théâtre Arabe—a huge Arab, dressed in the fashion of the Algerian tribesmen, white-robed and white-turbaned, with the lower part of his face bound, so as to leave only the bright black eyes visible. It is not often that one sees a desert man in Tunis, and the red-fezzed Arabs of the town looked at him curiously. It was Boubaaka-ben-Hroumana's first visit to a town, and to him the women of the Ouled-Naïls were novelties. He singled out Zohra for his attention, a lazily smiling, well-rounded beauty of seventeen. But as usual the majority was for Mabroucka, and presently the negroes began a queer little whining tune, monotonous, insistent, such a tune as the first man might have played on his reed pipe in the first days of time. It was "The Dance of the Ouled-Naïls," to be danced by Zohra and Mabroucka; so the two girls rose and began to perform the intricate steps.

Presently Boubaaka forgot the plump and still foolishly smiling Zohra and looked, like every one else, exclusively at Mabroucka. Holding her body rigidly erect, hands on her supple, oscillating hips, Mabroucka advanced and retired, advanced and retired with mincing, strutting steps, advanced and retired as the first woman, perhaps, may have done before the eyes of the first man. Her head was turned in a snakelike fashion at an entire right angle to her body, and over one shoulder she threw a mocking glance of wicked invitation. The small, purple-covered head darted forward on the slim neck—forward and then back—back and then forward—like the head of a striking snake. And all the time the living muscles rippled and swelled beneath the thin, gleaming stuff of her bodice, and the wide skirt of orange-colored silk began to float round the jerking hips like a yellow balloon.

As Lilith, the lovely and accursed, might have tempted Adam from the chaste side of Eve, so Mabroucka, scorned and scornful, tempted every man in the little theater to her arms. For, while Mabroucka danced, you looked down the ages, the endless centuries in which love has fallen beneath the lance of lust, back to the dim darkness of the first days of the world, when man tasted the forbidden fruit: and, until you had seen Mabroucka dance, you had no knowledge what the phrase might mean. It mattered nothing that you might buy her with so many francs; she had wakened strange and fearful things, roused dormant memories and instincts. This dark glamour was possessed by her alone.

When she took her place again, a deep sigh came from those who watched. Each moved as if released from a wizard's spell. The turbaned (*Continued on page 871*)

Salisbury-Burchardt

H. Bodom

In Java, where these rice-fields were photographed, two or three crops of rice are raised each year. The farmers have become expert at smoothing off terraces and rimming them with little walls (above) so that water may stand upon the growing rice for weeks. Volcanoes—Mount Tjikoeraj, here pictured, is an extinct volcano—make the soil rich in minerals that are plant food

MAN AND NATURE IN HOT CLIMATES

How a Tropical Setting Affects Racial Culture and Density of Population

By Ellsworth Huntington

THE tropical and semitropical parts of the world may be divided into three great types. The first comprises the two million or more square miles where there are practically no inhabitants. The second comprises another eight million square miles or so where the population ranges from one to a hundred per square mile. The third consists of the relatively small but extremely populous areas where the density averages above one hundred. Many persons seem to think that the inhabitants of all these regions can be lumped together as backward or even uncivilized. That is a great mistake. The differences between the most primitive tropical people, such as the wilder hill-tribes of India, and the most advanced, such as the Parsis, are enormously greater than the differences between the most advanced tropical people and the races of the West.

The most primitive tropical people are generally savages who live in the equatorial rain forests where the population is scarcely more than one per square mile. They include such types as the Pigmies of Africa, the Negritos of the East Indies and the Indians of the Amazon Basin. Such people wear almost no clothing; they live in tiny shelters of branches and leaves, which often are placed among the trees; they hunt with the most primitive implements such as poisoned arrows. Even in our day they are so poor and have so little contact with the outside world that iron tools are rare. Organized government is almost unknown, and cannibalism, witchcraft and similar savage customs prevail. In spite of the common supposition to the contrary, they rarely get fruit and nuts from the trees which form a dense canopy far above them; nor is it possible to raise domestic animals. Almost their only source of livelihood is whatever game they can bring down, a little manioc and such other edible herbs, fruits and nuts as they can pick up in the forest. Even if they were not terribly handicapped by the enervating damp heat and the virulent diseases, it is doubtful whether they could cultivate the soil. It is too thoroughly leached and water-logged; useful plants run to stem and leaf rather than seed and are choked by weeds with almost incredible rapidity.

Although people of this most primitive forest sort occupy a considerable area, they form only a small percentage of the inhabitants of the tropics. A vastly more important group comprises those who dwell where jungle rather than dense rain forest prevails, and who practise what may be called hoe and tree culture. Such people drop the seed into holes punched with a stick and

This Javanese rice-field is ripe for the harvest. Except in manufacturing centers, the areas of densest population in the world today are the rice-lands, which support about five hundred million people. In strong contrast to the non-rice-growing natives of equatorial Africa, New Guinea and the Amazon Basin, these rice-growers of the tropics are industrious, civilized folk

grub up the weeds with a hoe, but they do not employ animals to plow or cultivate the soil. They are found in practically all parts of the tropics aside from the most sparsely populated regions and those of dense population, where rice culture almost always prevails. They form almost the whole of the eighty-five millions in Africa between the dry Sudan on the north and the Kalahari on the south. They likewise comprise a large fraction, possibly a quarter, of the three hundred millions of India. In the East Indies and Indo-China perhaps fifteen millions of them live outside the rice areas; in America, from central Mexico southward well toward the southern side of Brazil, the majority of the sixty-five million inhabitants are of this same type.

The degree of progress among the two or three hundred million tropical people who practise hoe culture varies greatly. The most primitive generally occupy the regions where the rainfall is heaviest, or most constant throughout the year, and where the jungle is consequently most dense. As a rule, they live in rough, pointed huts with heavy thatches of palm-leaves or similar material, and with flimsy walls of sticks. Around their huts they have a few fruit-trees, such as coco-palms and bananas. Their fields consist of almost inconceivably weedy patches of yams, cassavas, pumpkins, millet or Indian corn. Often a field is cultivated only one or two years and then abandoned in favor of another, which has been freshly cleared and burned.

Above this lowest type of agriculture a whole series of higher types is found. Where the jungle is less dense, trees and roots more and more give place to millet and Indian corn, and culture gradually reaches a more advanced stage. These cereal crops require at least a certain degree of regular cultivation and thus encourage a civilized mode of life. In still higher stages tropical agriculture branches along two lines, both of which were probably introduced from regions beyond the tropics. One of these is rice culture and the other plantation agriculture.

Tropical agriculture and transportation are generally confronted by difficulties greater than those experienced in middle latitudes. A corn crop of fifty bushels an acre can be raised by almost any farmer in central Illinois, but a crop of that size on the borders of the Amazon or Congo valleys would be a remarkable illustration of human energy. One of the greatest difficulties in the way of successful farming is the soil. Fresh volcanic soil, such as that of Java and Martinique, is as good in the tropics as anywhere else, but unfortunately it is scarce. Most parts of the vast area within the tropics suffer because the soils are so highly weathered and thoroughly leached that they have lost most of their plant food. They may form the red material known as laterite, the dregs of a soil after the good parts have been carried off. Even where laterite does not prevail, decay occurs so rapidly that the soil lacks humus and is poor in nitrates and in other essential constituents. Elsewhere, as in vast sections of the Amazon Basin and the plains along the coast of New Guinea, the soil is water-logged so that it does not have a chance to become aërated and productive. The heavier the rainfall and the more evenly it is distributed throughout the year, the worse this handicap.

Another great hindrance to tropical agriculture is the vast number of fungi, insects, birds and beasts that devour the crops or otherwise destroy them. Even in temperate countries the farmer is often in straits because of wheat-rust, potato-blight, cutworms, potato-bugs, squash-bugs, currant-worms and tent-caterpillars. In some places, such as parts of New England, he is also seriously hampered by crows and deer, which eat his corn, and by rabbits, raccoons and woodchucks, which destroy his vegetables. In lower latitudes leaf-blight, root-rot, hoppers and boll-weevils do hundreds of millions of dollars worth of damage to the cotton-fields, while the San José scale is a terrible pest to the orange-raisers. As the tropics are entered, the pests become more numerous and destructive, until they become well nigh unconquerable unless a very high type of agriculture is introduced.

The people of cooler climates rarely appreciate the difficulties imposed upon the tropical farmer by the rapid growth of vegetation. Of course the crops develop with marvelous speed, but the weeds grow still faster. Any one who has struggled with a garden knows that in dry weather it is easy enough to root up the young weeds and let the sun kill them. In wet weather, however, not only is it difficult to manipulate the damp, sticky soil, but, even when the weeds are dug up, they take root again at once. In order to keep them down, the tropical farmer who practises ordinary hoe culture must work far harder than the farmer of cooler regions.

This fact, together with the poverty of the soil and its tendency to become sour or otherwise unfit through the accumulation of bacteria, accounts for a common but seemingly wasteful method in large parts of tropical America, Burma, Indo-China, the East Indies and equatorial Africa. That method is to cultivate a field for a year or two and then abandon it. The first crop may be good, but the second is much less abundant and the third may be scarcely worth harvesting. Even if the slight supplies of soluble plant food are not exhausted and if the soil remains sweet, the fields may be completely clogged by grass. In the Philippines, where cogon grows six feet high, the roots often form so tough a mat that the weak native oxen with primitive plows cannot plow it. In Guatemala the weeds sometimes grow so fast that the corn crop is practically smothered. Or perchance, when a new field is being prepared, the nominally dry season is so rainy that, after the trees and bushes have been felled, they do not become dry enough for burning before the genuine rainy season comes again. When that is over, so much new wood has grown that the work of clearing the land must be done again.

So it is not surprising that the standards of tropical living are low. Even when the tropical farmer has raised his crops, he finds them more trouble to preserve than does the farmer in cooler lands. One reason is the nature of the crops themselves. Bananas will not keep like apples; corn and millet spoil more quickly than wheat; and cassava roots and yams cannot be kept so easily as potatoes. Another difficulty is the nature, together with the abundance, of the insects and animals that attack tropical crops. For example, storehouses can hardly be made proof against the all-devouring termite, and thatched roofs, which are needed to shed the rain, are a great resort for mice and other little rodents. Besides, molds and other fungi develop very rapidly in the moist, warm air that prevails in many part of the tropics. People in the northern United States know how difficult

These Javanese women are using a primitive hand-mill to husk their rice. Certainly rice feeds more people than does any other single crop, and its effect upon civilization has probably been greater than that of any other product except iron. Wherever rice-cultivation becomes well established, there is a premium upon such qualities as industry, forethought and order

it is to keep food and other products in the damp dog-days of August. If a few days of such weather produce such an effect, think what must happen when the dog-days continue for months.

The problem of draft-animals is serious for the tropical farmer. The rapid and rank growth of vegetation makes strong animals necessary for the work of plowing land beset with large weeds or grasses. Yet, aside from the water-buffalo, such animals do not thrive in the majority of tropical countries. Ordinary European cattle, and especially horses with their delicate skins, soon deteriorate in tropical countries unless given extreme care. Every animal has, of course, its optimum climate and cannot live beyond certain climatic limits. The optimum means the condition under which the animal's health and vigor are greatest.

The causes of disease in animals are numerous in warm countries. One such cause is the vegetation. Many tropical grasses are too coarse and stiff for the tender mouths of European cattle and horses. Others are so rank and watery that they derange the digestion. In addition, insect pests are abundant. In central Africa the tsetse-fly is so far fatal to horses and cattle as to exclude them from millions of square miles. Ticks are almost as bad in other places. Ticks, flies, mosquitoes and the like, even if less menacing than the tsetse, often irritate horses to a frenzy that diminishes their strength, increases their susceptibility to disease and shortens their lives. Among work-animals the water-buffalo, or carabao, as it is called in the Philippines, is indeed an exception. Its optimum climate is warm and moist. Its digestive system is adapted to coarse, watery vegetation, and its thick hide, plus the coat of mud with which it loves to encase itself, makes it fairly immune to insects. But unluckily the water-buffalo is useful mainly for wet crops, like rice. For other kinds of agriculture, the native humped cattle of India and the allied *banteng* of Java are the best available, but they are relatively small, inefficient and unintelligent compared with the horse, and they suffer from attacks by insects.

The handicaps to which agriculture is in itself subject, are increased by those of transportation. Even if everything else were the same, it is probable that the moister tropical countries would have harder work to maintain good transportation than would the countries that are cooler. One reason for this is the rapid deterioration of roads because the warm dampness causes any material used for hard roads to weather and decompose, but this is not so bad as the frost farther north. A much worse trouble is the rapid growth of vegetation, which in

Unlike most draft-animals, water-buffaloes thrive best in a hot, moist country, such as Java, where this photograph was made. Their digestive apparatus is adapted to coarse, watery vegetation, and their thick hide, plus the coat of mud with which they love to encase themselves, makes them fairly immune to insects. They work better in a wet rice-field than almost anywhere else

many tropical countries makes it a task to keep ordinary roads and trails open unless the population is dense. In much of Africa there are not even trails, let alone roads, through hundreds of thousands of square miles of tropical forest. In a region like Yucatan, after the gatherers of chicle sap for chewing-gum have been through a forest and tapped all the available trees, the trails that they have made disappear almost overnight. Not only do new bushes and trees grow up from below, but lianas drop down from above. If a road or trail is kept free from vegetation, it usually suffers from torrential rains, which, as a rule, are much heavier than in higher latitudes. Where the trails lie on slopes, the rains convert them into rocky ruts; where they are level, the rains give rise to seas of mud. These difficulties—they are certainly greater than those created by snow, even in this age of motor traffic—are of the same kind as those encountered in other parts of the world, the only difference being in degree. Communication in the tropics suffers further by reason of the poor quality of the domestic animals, and, if the culture of a region advances to the point where wheeled vehicles and finally motor vehicles are used, there are fresh obstacles to rapid transport. The rains tear the roads to pieces, and all sorts of tools and machinery rust very rapidly.

All this merely means that the hindrances to agriculture are more discouraging in the tropics than in the temperate zone. Progress in civilization demands that people raise a variety of foods and raw materials and accumulate a surplus on which to live while making new discoveries and taking new steps in advance. It also demands that people be able to travel about and get ideas and materials from other places. But in most respects it is more difficult to do so in tropical than in temperate lands. Moreover, the incentive is less than in cooler countries. Not only is there less need of clothing, shelter and fire, but the absence of strong seasonal contrasts removes one of the greatest of all stimuli to activity.

In tropical lands, in fact, the lazy, indolent type of man has been able to live and to support a family almost as well as has the one who is more industrious. Although the matter has never been adequately tested, the man who exerts himself little may possibly have an even better chance of survival than has the one who exerts himself strenuously. It has been demonstrated that in warm, moist air, a given degree of exertion raises the body temperature and leads to exhaustion more quickly than in cold air. Such exhaustion probably increases susceptibility to disease or causes a diseased person to be more liable to die than is one not thus exhausted. When primitive tribes have migrated to tropical countries, as has frequently been the case, those who wanted to be always on the move, always doing something, may actually have killed themselves off because overexertion has rendered them subject to disease. In this way tropical people may have become relatively indolent, not merely because life is easy, but because the most energetic types have been exterminated.

Still other conditions also cause the human animal to be rarely at his best in tropical countries. For example, he is plagued by insects even if he is not in danger from snakes and wild beasts. In certain places the mosquito comes almost as near to exterminating man as the tsetse-fly does to exterminating cattle. The way in which malaria killed off the workers in the early days in Panama is well known. During the building of the Indian railway from the Portuguese port of Goa to the main British system, sixty-three thousand patients were treated for malaria. When the Tehuantepec railway was being built in southern Mexico, work had to be suspended because of the loss of workers through disease. The hookworm disease, although not fatal so often as malaria, perhaps does quite as much to reduce efficiency. In a

great many tropical regions, half the population is infected with hookworm, and practically all have been infected at some time. How greatly this diminishes people's activity, even when it does not make them really sick, may be judged from the fact that in Costa Rica the amount of coffee-land cultivated by sixty-six laborers increased from five hundred and sixty-three acres per month before they were treated for hookworm disease, to seven hundred and fifty afterward. In India, Java, British Guiana and other places, a similar increase of from twenty-five to fifty per cent in the efficiency of laborers has been found after the hookworm was eradicated.

The health of tropical people is depleted also by the nature and quality of the food. The many conditions already described, especially in the rain forest and the denser jungle, tend to cause tropical people to depend on a very small number of food products—those that can be most easily raised. In addition, the quality of the tropical foods is relatively poor. The banana, the melon-like papaya growing at the top of trees that suggest dark palms, the guava, breadfruit, coconut, mango, are excellent fruits, but it is doubtful whether, for steady use, they equal the apple or the orange, which is of poor quality in genuinely tropical regions. The main trouble with the tropical fruits, however, is not their quality, but the quantity in which they are eaten in the regions where they grow luxuriantly. Many a child may eat little except bananas for several days in succession. The root crops and vegetables are likewise inferior. Manioc, or cassava, yams, pumpkins and sweet potatoes are scarcely so good a diet as onions, green corn, beans and white potatoes. The cereals show the same contrast. Millet, maize and even rice are starchy foods, by no means so well balanced as rye, barley, wheat and oats. Then, too, it is much more difficult to procure meat, milk and eggs in tropical countries. The animals best adapted to furnishing meat do not lay on flesh in warm, moist countries. Those adapted to supplying milk do not thrive; the "teacup" cows of southern China, for instance, illustrate by their name how little milk they give. Even though the hen thrives, the other conditions that keep civilization low have prevented her egg-laying powers from being much developed.

Here, then, is the sum and substance of the situation in by far the greatest tropical areas. Agriculture in one form or another is practically the only occupation hitherto developed. But, as a net result of the handicaps here enumerated, the tendency is for tropical peoples to succeed less well even with agriculture than do those of lands that are cooler. It must constantly be remembered, however, that in the tropics themselves the differences from place to place are enormous. Where a great number of conditions are highly unfavorable, as in the dense rain forests, we have primitive savages like the Pigmies. In other places, as in Ceylon, although many conditions are more unfavorable than in temperate areas, they do not prevent the growth of a much higher type of civilization, especially if rice culture prevails.

Rice culture is of vast importance; for among the places where human beings live in greatest numbers, the rice regions are even more densely peopled than the manufacturing regions. If a shaded map showing the amount of rice per square mile is superposed upon a similar map showing the percentage of the population engaged in manufacturing, the result is a map much like that of density of population. If all the areas having more than one hundred persons per square mile are considered as densely populated, the rice type of dense population is represented in most of China; in much of India, aside form the northwest and the north-central part of the peninsula; in the central plains of Burma, Siam and Indo-

G. A. Van Bovens

Next to water-buffaloes, humped oriental cattle, like these of Java, are best adapted to the trying conditions of a tropical climate. But they are subject to attacks by insects; and, compared with the horse, they are relatively small, inefficient and unintelligent. Everywhere in the tropics, both agriculture and transportation suffer from the poor quality of the domestic animals

Ernest B. Schoedsack

This Lao of the Siamese jungle is planting a spirit-chaser in his rice-field to keep the evil spirits away. Amid many dangers he cultivates his little crop

China; in the islands of Java, the northern Philippines, Formosa and Japan; and in Egypt. Two main areas represent the manufacturing type. One in northwestern Europe includes most of the region from Great Britain and France through Germany to Italy and eastward to Hungary, Poland, Lithuania and even the Ukraine; the other and smaller lies in the eastern United States from southern New England and New Jersey westward to Chicago and Milwaukee. Italy and Japan belong to a transition type combining the characteristics of rice and manufacturing areas.

Does rice really have anything to do with the fact that the tropical or semitropical rice-lands support approximately five hundred million people, and have a relatively high and uniform civilization? That cereal certainly feeds more people than does any other single crop; its effect upon civilization has probably been greater than that of any other product except iron; and it seems to excel all other products in its effect upon the distribution of population. In order to understand how this is possible, consider first the yield of food per acre from rice compared with other crops. Among the plants that man has domesticated, few except potatoes exceed rice in their capacity to support a large population on a small area. In Java, for example, where two or three crops are raised per year, the average yield per acre is something like two thousand pounds of rough rice. If we make allowance for the parts not generally eaten by man, this supplies an amount of food about six times as great as does the average acre of wheat-land in the United States. Conditions similar, although not quite so extreme, prevail in the rice-lands of China, Japan, India and Egypt.

The most essential point about rice, however, is not that the amount of food yielded by it is so great, but that its cultivation automatically solves many of the difficulties of tropical agriculture. First of all, the constant irrigation helps in preserving the fertility of the soil; for it means that new material is brought from higher levels and that deep plowing can easily be done. Thus there is no need of clearing new fields every year or two, and a given tract of country is enabled to support a far greater population than is possible when large areas of unused land must be left to grow up to bushes. Moreover, the opportunity for concentrating effort on a single area year after year and utilizing the streams for cultivation causes people to gather thickly wherever rice-fields are cultivated. The mere fact that the population is dense and the land fully cleared diminishes the depredations of wild animals and helps to free the people from certain insect pests, such as ticks. The insects and bacterial pests that attack the rice itself are relatively harmless compared with those that trouble corn and cotton. The fact that the rice-fields are covered with water so much of the time helps greatly in keeping down the weeds. For storage purposes, likewise, rice far excels most of the other tropical foods. Because of its hardness it can be kept almost as well as wheat; almost no other kind of tropical food is so resistant to the ravages of insects and fungi.

In addition, the cultivators of rice are able to use domestic animals more freely than are those employed in other forms of tropical agriculture. This is partly because oriental cattle and especially water-buffaloes are fond of wallowing in the mud and work better in a wet rice-field than almost anywhere else. Another reason is that rice-fields, being soft and almost free from weeds, can easily be plowed with crude implements and weak work-animals, which would be balked by the stumpy, weedy, grassy fields of the people who practise hoe culture. This last advantage is of extreme importance. The use of domestic animals, like that of machinery, vastly increases the work that each individual can perform and thus raises the scale of living. When all these conditions are combined, it is evident that the rice-raisers have an overwhelming advantage over the people who merely plant corn, yams and pumpkins in holes punched among half-burned stumps and rely half the time upon the poor food furnished by bananas and coconuts.

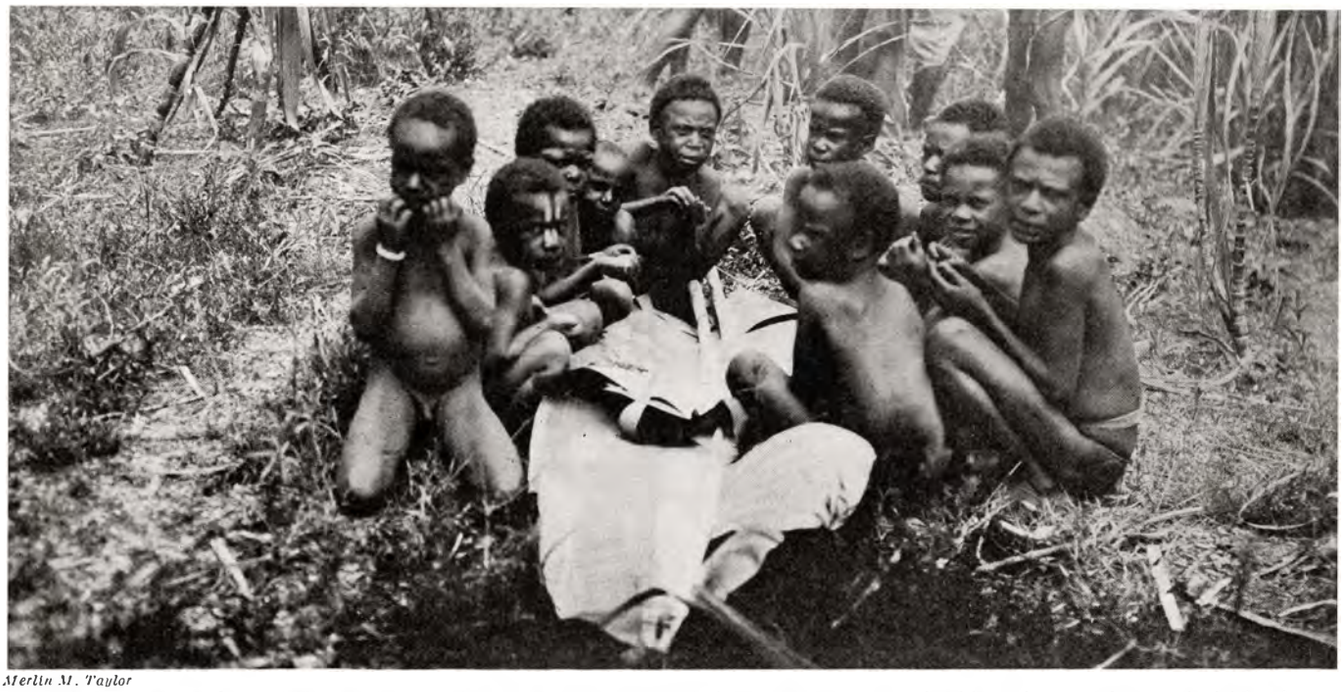
Wild rice appears to be a native product of India and

possibly of China. Thanks to some unknown genius, a group of Asiatic people long ago attempted to cultivate this plant whose wild seeds they had presumably long been gathering. At first the methods of cultivation were undoubtedly very crude. As time went on, the rice-raisers learned to smooth off terraces and rim them round with little walls so that water might stand upon the growing rice for weeks. They built ditches whereby to bring the water from the streams. They found it advisable to go around each day among their fields to make sure that the water was flooding all the terraces and to repair the breaks. This may not sound like a very arduous task, but such work is extremely irksome for primitive people who have been in the habit of wandering here and there as fancy dictates in search of wild fruits, seeds and game. Only the intelligent, far-sighted and strong-willed, and only those physically and temperamentally fit to labor steadily in the hope of a deferred reward, were likely to persist until the art of raising rice was mastered and a new and abundant source of food assured.

All this presumably required many generations. During that time, and for hundreds or even thousands of years thereafter, the art of raising rice spread gradually abroad. It expanded along the southeastern borders of Asia as far as Korea; it spread to some of the islands of the sea, especially Java, the Philippines, Formosa and Japan, on the one side, and Ceylon and Madagascar on the other. To other islands, such as Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes and New Guinea, which at first sight would seem almost equally well fitted for rice, the art spread little or not at all. Whether this was due to poor soil, droughts and so forth or to the backward character of the native inhabitants or to the failure of these regions to receive sufficient immigration from rice-raising lands has not yet been convincingly determined. Westward from India the spread of rice was checked by the dry climate. Rice did indeed reach Mesopotamia in the sixth century B.C. or thereabout, but neither there nor in Egypt did it become important until modern times.

Wherever rice culture took root, two opposing groups must generally have arisen. One consisted of people who were adapted to the rigorous routine of rice-raising; the other, of those who were not. Even if the two groups intermarried at first, there was, it is probable, a growing tendency for each to live by itself. Moreover, since social distinctions almost invariably follow the lines of occupation, they doubtless cooperated with geographical separations to check intermarriage, so that the groups must have become more and more differentiated. The wild, careless group presumably did not increase greatly in number because its resources did not expand. It still persists among the more primitive inhabitants of the remoter mountains and forests of Java, the Philippines, Formosa and other rice-raising areas and among most of the population of the huge islands of Sumatra, Borneo and New Guinea. In such places, even though hunting has ceased to be a main mode of life, the crude cultivation of coconuts, bananas, yams and such easily raised products provides a far less certain basis for progress than does the more arduous rice culture. Among the Indians who roam the vast tropical lands of South America this simpler mode of life, which seems to doom people to remain few in number and very low in civilization, continues dominant. Apparently it does so not only because it is bequeathed by social inheritance and training but because the inherited temperament of such people hinders most of them from settling down to steady work.

On the other hand, there seems to be abundant evidence that, wherever rice is raised, not only do the standards of living rise and the (*Continued on page 868*)



Merlin M. Taylor

These mountain boys of New Guinea are having their first taste of rice. Strange to say, in this and some other tropical islands which at first sight would seem almost as well fitted for rice culture as Java or Siam, the art has spread scarcely at all. Usually the people of New Guinea get their food by hunting and the crude cultivation of such products as coconuts, bananas and yams

CHINESE KNIGHTS OF THE OPEN PALM

By Amelia O. Stott

RAGGED beggars of all ages and descriptions, some smoking and gambling, others shouting and carrying on hectic conversation, a large number horribly maimed, sick or miserable but the majority in strangely good spirits in the midst of indescribable squalor — such was the first glimpse I had of the large, rambling old Chinese courtyard below the window of my room in the "number one topside guest-shop," or best hotel, when I arrived at Ping-yang, a town in Chekiang Province. The inn was what the Chinese call a "twice-exalted abode," since it boasted a second story. My window, on the upper floor, commanded a fairly extensive view. Summoning my invaluable boy, I asked how it came to be that the old courtyard, with its once fine mansion, was occupied solely by beggars.

Ah-fu pointed to a cryptic sign, at one gable end of the low, sloping roof, which announced that this was a Beggars' Gild hostel. He explained that hostels like this abound especially in the interior provinces of China. Just as automobile and cycle clubs have certain distinguishing signs on hotels and inns in the West, so the members of the powerful Chinese body known as the *tao-fan-hui*, or Beggars' Gild, appropriate various roomy old buildings and put up in them nightly. "The tao-fan are many about here," said Ah-fu, "and so are the bandits; for they all work in together. If you talk to Mr. Tien-li—'Sweet Pear'—our honorable topside host, he can give you much knowledge about the hui next door."

Later I sought out the garrulous old gentleman of the yard-long pipe, which held about a thimbleful of tobacco in its acorn-shaped bowl. "*Ai-ya*," he said, "the tao-fan-hui is in every town and district in China, and well do the beggars know how to make their trade bud and flourish. Here, by establishing a league with the local *chiang-tao*, robbers, they give our people much bitterness to eat! Do you see that shop opposite? When first that pigs' carpenter"—by this term he meant "butcher"—"came here, he failed to secure the protective shade of the tao-fan-hui. His place was raided, his customers were annoyed and his business soon became so moth-eaten that at last he was only too willing to pay all that the hui demanded. Likewise my cousin, a farmer beyond the East Gate. He swore he would not buy the good-will of the gild and talked many top-story words. But, when his first harvest was ripe, no extra labor could he hire, and, though he and his sons worked all night in the fields, not one grain of rice could he sell to fat profit. In time he too learned to walk the way of wisdom."

"Well," I remarked, "it doesn't seem all a course of savories to live in the interior of China. Do you mean to say nobody's residence, property or business is let alone unless by the express approval of the Chinese Beggars' Gild?"

"Your words are flavored with understanding," said my host, bowing. "It is even so. These wily persons have kneaded themselves together into a powerful body. They are destitute only in name and appearance; for they wield an influence in Chinese life that few dare to ignore. Perhaps you would desire to visit the Tao-fan Guest Retreat under my humble shadow?"

I confess that to accept my host's offer took more

Weathered by the vicissitudes of life is this knight of the open palm, president of a Chinese Beggars' Gild "local." He eats in solitary state. His food comes from the communal stores, which he keeps carefully under lock and key

In indescribable squalor lives the Chinese beggar, but he is sometimes destitute in name and appearance only. The Beggars' Gild wields a powerful influence, especially in the interior provinces. By the means at hand, it collects its "flowery dues." When the gift is withheld, the beggar may try some device, such as "snake lassoing," for persuading greedy-hearted ones

courage than anything I had faced in China for many years. But, stiffening up my will, I went with him. We passed the sentry beggar at the courtyard gate unchallenged; for my companion had duly paid his way and was unobjectionable to the gild. The inmates stopped all their various plays to stare at the "outer barbarian," but they were most polite and only too ready to show us around.

Words absolutely fail to describe in any degree the filth, smells and repulsiveness of that appalling place. In two big kitchens food was being prepared for the entire community. It consisted of rice, salt chopped fish and cabbage and sweet potatoes. The share-alike system was scrupulously observed, at any rate in this particular gild. The amount consumed by each person was fixed by order of the president. He was an elderly man, not without a certain dignity of appearance in spite of his filth and ragged clothing. He held the common stores, to which each member must contribute a minimum quantity of food and cash, under lock and key. If a member failed to provide his share, he was turned out to beg "on his own" after he had been given a certain number of days of grace.

It speaks well for the organization and good spirit of the Beggars' Gild that fatal quarrels are not more frequent or do not wreck the brotherhood throughout China. Much depends upon the wise choice of the *tung-ko*, president-elder-brother, and his administration. This one that I met in the Tao-fan Guest Retreat—an entertaining and influential person—willingly furnished many facts. "When starting out on the day's business," he said, "we usually divide the district by casting lots. I see that everything is done according to propriety." And indeed he looked quite capable of carrying out whatever ideas of begging "propriety" he saw fit to adopt.

"And what about these children?" I remarked, looking with pity at the crowd of dirty urchins of every age and size.

"Ah, truly they are of much use," replied the president. "The small people of China quickly learn our trade. They are born, not made, successful members of our honorable profession."

I had no doubt whatever of their conspicuous ability; for already I had been besieged in many appealing ways to "please love me to a twenty-cent piece at least." As my eyes wandered over that filthy place, I happened to notice among the garbage several old baskets containing snakes, mostly of a non-poisonous species. "Ah," I remarked, "so you include the art of snake-charming in your program?"

"Not necessarily," answered the president, "but some of our members find these snakes useful in collecting their flowery dues from greedy-hearted ones. To dwell upon the fierce love of money in men, and especially in women, weighs down the spirit. Often the tao-fan has to throw a snake round a woman's neck before she will drop her grudging gift. The act invariably arouses in those who behold it so great a degree of terror that they quickly avoid similar inconvenience." He summoned a member of the hui, and I was shown a most skilful demonstration of "snake lassoing." Some days later I actually chanced to see the method tried successfully upon a well-dressed Chinese woman who encountered the beggars in the street.

Once, when visiting a fairly prosperous Chinese merchant whom I knew well, I noticed that he seemed

In small craft like this, up and down the rivers inland in China, move the beggars. Usually, while the men loll and watch, the women and the children do the rowing. When they take possession of a town in large numbers, they are not unlike an army of locusts descending upon a promising green pasture

troubled. After much persuasion I managed to extract the reason. "Two days ago," he explained, "I received knowledge through the local tao-fan-hui that the bandits in this district are planning a raid on my brother's small farm. The sum demanded in order to tie hands is so large that at the moment I have serious difficulty in raising it at high interest." I fully sympathized with my old friend; for I knew well enough that necessity was laid upon him.

The most interesting, perhaps, of all towns that I visited in another province had a name signifying "Elegant Retreat of Wisdom." It was situated at the foot of magnificent hills and surrounded by high stone walls several feet thick. Here dwelt ex-mandarins and retired government officials. None of any lower rank might live there, and all had to be of an assured financial status, since the town was under a fixed tribute to the tao-fan-hui. No bandits or robbers had ever dared to attack the accumulated wealth of the inhabitants; they lived in "elegant peace and heavenly tranquillity in their pleasant retreat."

One morning on my way thither my boat was overtaken by a flotilla of small craft rowed by crowds of beggar women and children. Apparently we were all bound for the same place. The tao-fan were quite jolly together and reminded me of an army of locusts about to descend upon a green pasture. "Are you never short in receiving the 'flowery dues' at the 'Elegant Retreat of Wisdom'?" I asked of a man, more intelligent-looking than the rest, who was lolling in the boat nearest me whilst his womenfolk did all the rowing.

"Those who deign to live there," he replied, "would lose face if the requisite amount of rice and money were not duly furnished. Ex-mandarins are still desirous of maintaining their reputation above the common people. Besides, we do not lean all our weight upon collecting our

William A. Dunn

These red-robed musicians in a Chinese funeral procession have been provided by the Beggars' Gild. For weddings also it supplies the music, as well as the advance "lucky road-runners" to carry the bridal sedan-chair. The gild discourages the use of foreign brass bands, on the ground that a wedding unattended by the time-honored minstrels would result in disaster

flowery dues. We also supply the chorus of minstrels for weddings and funerals, and provide the advance company of lucky road-runners who can be hired for escorting the bridal sedan-chair. Misfortune ever attends those who dispense with our invaluable services."

"Your trade is truly of many sides," I said.

This compliment produced an expansive grin on the face of my informant. "Your words are of ripe wisdom," he replied. "The lazy indeed are those who do but one sort of work! Even the blind, the lame and the diseased amongst us toil ceaselessly for their rice. There are no other diviners in China to be compared with those of the midnight eyes. The mascots and luck charms sold by the smitten-of-heaven-ones are such as the people know to be invested with very special powers of bringing good fortune."

I soon discovered that the tao-fan-hui of China does not believe in all work and no play. Once, as I was attending some open-air theatricals in this same district, I saw, to my surprise, my friend of the boat incident, accompanied by a throng of beggars. These free-for-all entertainments are provided from the local tax-funds, but seats for the performances must be carried by the patrons. The tao-fan appeared with stools and light bamboo chairs of sorts! They were treated with a certain amount of deference. Since no one was paying to "look-see," it would have been impossible—and unwise—to ignore the right of anybody fortunate enough to be under the "shade" of a powerful organization like the Beggars' Gild.

When passing through Peking one autumn, I found a strike of beggars in full swing. The reason was that one of their "top-knot" men had been arrested. One might suppose this to be a welcome and highly desirable strike. But not so, as it turned out. It was just in the middle of the principal wedding season, and the absence of minstrels gave trouble to old-fashioned Chinese families. Foreign brass bands could be hired, of course; but the mysterious death of a young bridegroom was cleverly used as propaganda by the tao-fan-hui, which attributed the tragedy to the employment of the evil foreigners' "fashion" and predicted that any marriage unattended by the time-honored beggar minstrels would be one of woe and disaster. Besides prophecies of ill, so many other annoyances beset the citizens of Peking as a result of the strike that it ended in favor of the tao-fan. They did not resume work and banish anxiety in regard to marriage good luck until a deputation had visited them and solemnly promised to negotiate for the release of their imprisoned leader.

Such is the power in China of those whom I shall describe politely as "knights of the open palm."

Close to Gertrude Emerson's Indian house is an old Devi shrine with a row of clumsy clay elephants

PUJA FOR A MUD HOUSE

Built with This Happy Rite for an American by a Thousand Indian Villagers

By Gertrude Emerson

TO all those, and there were many, who said the thing couldn't be done, and to all those who think I must be leading a very lonely life, the only Westerner in an eastern village, and to all who imagine life to be dull and tedious in my present surroundings—salaams. May I inform your honors that this is the most interesting and most exciting place in which I have ever yet pitched my tent? The tent, of course, is literal. It is a small and rather shabby one, twelve feet square, not counting the bath- and dressing-room. The smaller tents of the cook and the *ayah*, together with the cook-tent, are ranged behind, and we are all sheltered under an enormous tree that is a whole forest in itself. It is a *pakar*, or something that sounds like that, thirty feet in girth. In the morning, from my tin bathtub, I can look up into its green vastness through a gap where the tent roof fails to meet the tent wall, and can watch the pattern made by the shadows of its leaves on the cloth ceiling. Many birds flit about up there, and some of them seem never to fly into any wider world. Others are transients, perching and calling for a minute or two and then flying off again on a bird's business. Two hornbills come now and again to my tree, and this morning there were three hoopoes, with zebra wings and proud cockades, and there is a mysterious bird that I can never catch sight of but often hear, striking up a regular staccato monotone. Of course there is always the loud rattling of the thievish crows, both the gray-throated fellows and the big shiny black ones, waiting to pounce down and seize some trifle Jawahir throws out from the cook-tent; brown doves are forever bewailing some secret sorrow in the gloom of the tree, except when they are drowned out by the vulgar screeching of a flock of green parroquets; and at night the owls utter long, trembling cries. Last night a big lone monkey, separated from his troop, who came to take up quarters in the mango grove back of my tent, climbed up into the tree and threw down things and shook the branches in feigned rage.

This is the way the days flow past. At seven the ayah appears outside my transparent front door, comes in, takes the typewriter off the small table on which it now rests, and moves the latter up beside my tape-bed. Then, through the bed-clothes, she begins to knead my legs, first making what you might mistake for the sign of the cross if you didn't remember that she is a good Moslem and is merely saluting in conventional fashion. At the same time she says, "*Salaam, huzur*," and I reply, "*Salaam, ayah*." "Huzur" is variously translated in my three dictionaries as "presence," "your excellency," "your highness" and "sir." You may take your choice. But in common usage anybody one degree higher than the person speaking is thus addressed. In explanation of the kneading process, which I cut as short as possible, I may say that apparently an ayah is supposed to massage her Indian mistress every night, but that mine, since I do not care for this attention, falls on me before I am fully awake and makes the most of her temporary advantage. In about one minute, however, I tell her "*Bas*," which means enough, and Jawahir, the cook, is summoned to fetch *chota-hazri*, which he brings in on a brass tray.

There be those who like to know your menu in a foreign land; so let me here insert mine, in parentheses. First I must say that Jawahir, when I engaged him as my cook and chief servant, was serving as scullery-maid to the cook of the European guest-house of the Maharaja of Balrampur. That is to say, he was permitted to wash the vegetables and clean the pots and pans, at a salary of nine *rupees* a month. It was on the night when I was having my dinner served in bed, on account of having broken my wrist in the morning, that Ali, who was then with me, told me that said Jawahir would like to go with me to my village as cook, and that he knew the Hindustani, Mahommedan and European culinary arts.

Jawahir, I am now convinced, is a born pessimist. I have never once seen him smile since he has been with me. But he was certainly an optimist when he said he could cook in Hindustani, Mahommedan and European styles. The first week here I let him cook after his own fashion, just to see what he could do. I soon found that his specialty was frying everything in *ghi*, which is simply butter boiled down, and that his favorite dish was potatoes, which he would serve three times in one meal, first shredded and fried a crisp brown, then in the form of chips and finally as "French fried." As far as I could see, I was getting neither Hindustani nor Mahommedan nor European food, and I decided I had better find out which he could do best and stick to that. I have at last worked out a fairly satisfactory compromise.

For chota-hazri, I have coffee, made in a percolator I bought in Lucknow, and toast. Breakfast is my Hindustani meal, except that I begin with oatmeal or eggs. This is followed regularly with rice and curry, of either chicken or fish, depending on my previous night's dinner, with vegetables all cooked together in a highly seasoned sauce, and a *chapati*. Then I finish off with a tangerine, the only fruit at present to be had in Pachperwa. For three successive days Jawahir, seeing that I sometimes took cheese and sweets at the end of my dinner, produced these for breakfast likewise, but he now knows that, among my dietary idiosyncrasies, I do not include cheese or chocolates in the morning. Dinner has been, and still is, an uncertain meal. I found the rice and curry too heavy to take twice a day and decided I should have to try to have western food at night. Jawahir had one kind of soup that was a bit queer but fairly palatable. It seemed to be made of milk, vegetables, cloves and litchi nuts—not the Chinese nut we are familiar with but a small nut people are forever chewing here, if they do not have a wad of *pan* in their mouths. After asking him to attempt one or two soups, with indifferent success, I let him fall back on his own concoction as the best he could do. This week I have been somewhat horrified to come upon an item in his account of "four heads of goats—ten *annas*," wherefrom I learn the soup-stock is made. But for the moment my attention has been diverted from the fact that I am eating goats' heads to the difference between Jawahir's listed price of two and a half annas per head to the actual market price of one and a half annas. The *tahsil* is much concerned over this discrepancy.

My next course is, on alternating nights, fish or chicken, with vegetables. A chicken costs as much as eight to ten cents, but a fish is to be had quite reasonably, for from four to six. Eggs are at present very high, eighteen cents a dozen, but they will be down to a cent an egg in another month. The problem of vegetables threatened to prove too much for me until one day I got out my big fat Urdu dictionary, looked up all the names of vegetables I might reasonably expect to find in India and recited them to Jawahir. I found that cauliflower, beans, a substitute for spinach, carrots, potatoes and egg-plant are to be had at present. And I must add that Mr. A. E. Shenton, who has charge of the gardens, stables and so forth at Balrampur, recently sent me a large basket of lettuce, tomatoes and other delicacies and has offered to send more whenever I wish to ask a *peon* to call for them. But I intend to live as far as possible on local produce; so it will be only an occasional treat when I permit myself to accept his offer. Ever since my complaint about not getting enough vegetables, Jawahir has done his best to correct the flaw in what he considers his quite perfect cuisine. The next night—this was just after my Balrampur present—he served seven! Now we have reduced the number to a fairly constant four, and I have

While Miss Emerson was still a dweller in tents in Pachperwa, she found it difficult to keep stray bullocks from regarding her seventy pots of posies as juicy mouthfuls

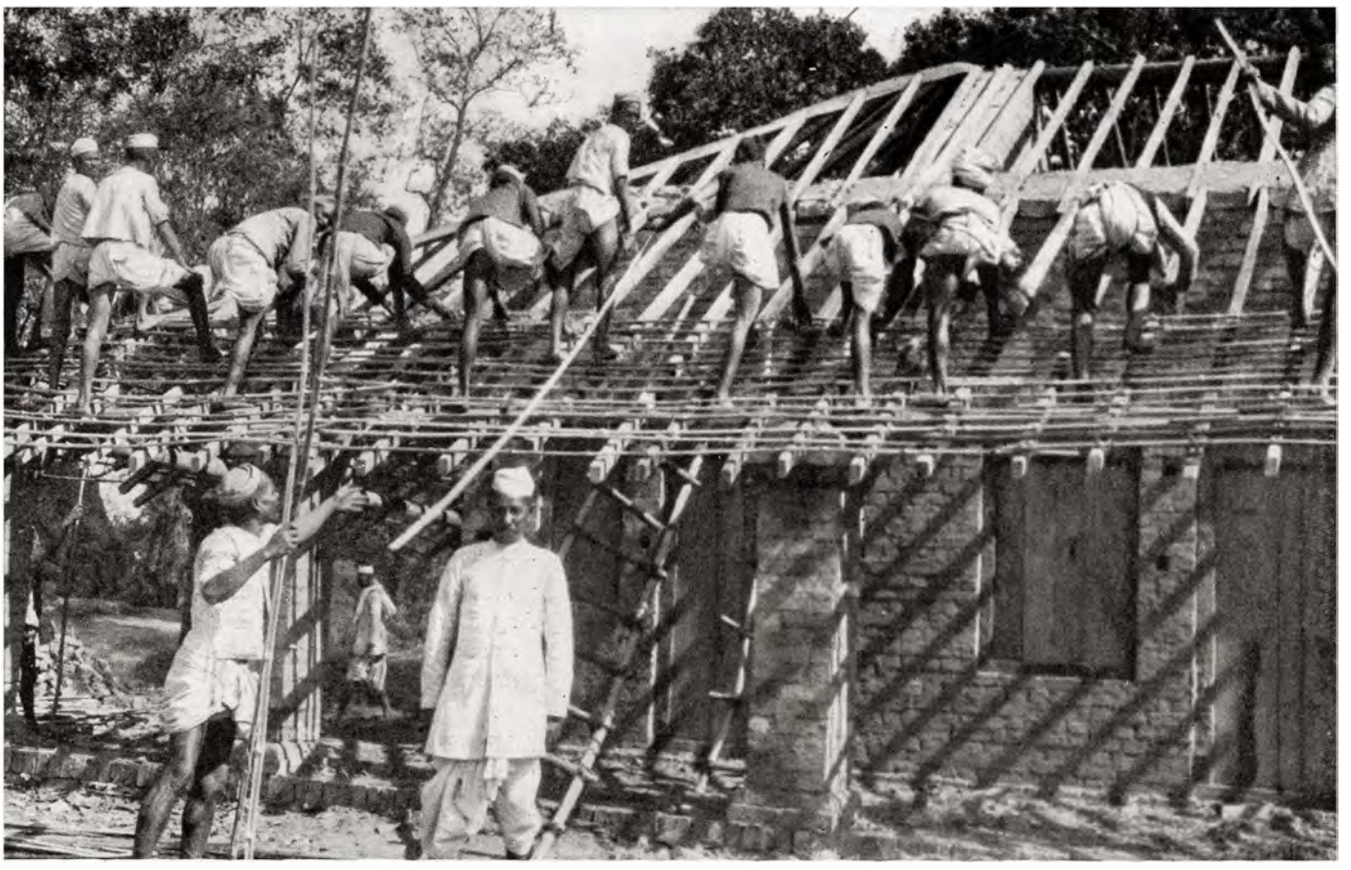
taught him to serve them hot. We had a stove built in front of the cook-tent the second and third days after my arrival. It is waist-high, made with bricks and neatly cemented over on the sides and top, and it has four holes in which four fires may be burned. Three men worked on it for a day and a half, and their combined wages were six annas, while the total cost of materials was fifteen. Forty-two cents for a stove made to order should be some compensation for a dinner that may, on occasion, taste like thirty cents. And now, to have done with food, after my vegetables I have a pudding of some kind. It is a diet on which I really thrive. Nobody can make any more copy out of my eighty-nine pounds; for on the very scales that are weekly used to weigh the thirteen-year-old Maharaja of Balrampur, I tipped the balance at ninety-five the last time I was in our "capital," three hours away by rail.

On the mat sits the Pundit who performed a "puja" to start the work on Miss Emerson's house. Behind him stands the Assistant Manager of Balrampur Estate, at whose left is the Tahsildar of Pachperwa

In case you feel inclined to turn up a nose at my goat's-head soup, I think I shall here introduce my cow. What wouldn't you give for a cow all your own? She was bought for the Governor's shooting party, and I acquired her for seventy-five rupees. Every one had told me that I had better get a cow; and, when I spoke about the subject to the Tahsildar Sahib, he promptly produced two cows for me to choose from. Each, of course, had her wee calf at her heels. Indians are firmly convinced that a cow will not give milk at all unless her baby is with her, and recently I was told a grotesque tale by an American missionary passing through Balrampur of some Indians' stuffing a calf which had the misfortune to die and standing up the effigy daily beside the poor parent cow in the hope of deceiving her. The whole tahsil stood watching me as I walked around the two cows and tried to look as wise as possible, but the only difference between them that I could note was that one was black and one white, and, since I liked the looks of the white one best, I chose her. She gives six pounds of milk daily, about three quarts, which supplies me with plenty of cream, to make into butter or to use otherwise if I wish. Of course the milk is boiled at once, strained into a pan and kept in a wire-netting food-box I have for the purpose. The first time I made butter I was so thrilled I felt like dancing all day. I had no idea it was so easy. In the morning I took the cream off the night's milk, beat it with an egg-beater in a bowl until it was too stiff to beat any more and then continued pressing it with a fork until an opal-colored fluid began to ooze out. Then I poured boiled water on top and kept on pressing, repeating operations until the fresh water remained clear and there, miraculously, was a beautiful pat of white butter, enough to last me for three days. The whole process took scarcely more than fifteen minutes. Once a week I have three small loaves of white bread sent from Balrampur, to make toast for my early repast and tea. But fresh butter, I will have you know, is equally satisfying with chapatis, which I eat at other times.

While I am manipulating my nickel-plated coffee percolator, Asgar Ali comes in at the back door of the tent, lugging two big canisters of hot water, which he dumps into the zinc bathtub. Of Asgar Ali, you shall hear more later on. Then he sets the soap-dish and my rubber sponge down neatly on the square bath-board, covered with a piece of blue cotton *khaddar* I bought at Gandhi's Ashram, and announces that the bath is ready. Just about this time, or as I am taking my bath and enjoying the green leaves overhead, a bell begins ringing. It reminds me of nothing so much as the bell of a "little red schoolhouse," but it means that *puja* is in progress at the temple in the New Bazar in what I shall henceforth call Little Pachperwa, though it is really a separate village, lying between the station and the tahsil, about five minutes from my tent. Beside the bell a conch is being sounded, and the din keeps up for ten minutes or so.

By this time it is a little after eight, but exactly how much I do not know, since the hour for puja at an Indian temple is not so fixed as the hour at home for school or office. There is not, so far as I know, a single clock in Pachperwa, except my small table-clock and the cheap wrist-watch I bought in Allahabad when I found that my cheap clock did not keep very good time. If you ask a villager what time it is, he squints up at the sun and tells you it is past noon or the middle of the afternoon or the middle of the morning. Since my two timepieces are never in accord, I have to regulate them daily, and for this purpose, if you please, I use a sun-dial. I little thought, on the day when I was tempted inside the drug store near the Grand Central Station by a window display of pocket sun-dials at one dollar each, that I should actually be using the sun-dial I then bought for amusement's sake every day of my life. I steady the needle of the compass toward the Himalaya eighteen miles away—not visible these last few days on account of dust—and carefully note how the shadow of the slender brass rod lies athwart the dial for latitude 45°. My sun-dial has created much envy in the breasts of all who have seen it, and even Kanwar Jasbir Singh, manager of Balrampur Estate, asked me if one like it might be procured in India. You may be asking, "What difference does time



Here fifty Tharus are tying down split bamboos, preparatory to thatching Miss Emerson's house. The white-coated Tharu Chaudhari, who as headman imposes his orders upon the other Tharus, stands in the foreground. The Tharus are paid in wine—their own immoral but happy coin. They are not degenerate, but brave and hard-working, for all their bibulous habits

make in Pachperwa?" Not very much, I shall have to answer, as to minutes, but much as to days. They are so filled with things to do and see and learn that I let each one pass with regret.

The ayah's walk is a slow shuffle in a pair of heelless leather slippers. As I am taking my bearings with the sun-dial, she is journeying back and forth between the tent and the bamboo clothes-line, hanging up my purple mattress, my green-and-brown steamer rug, my white woolen blanket, my blue-and-white eiderdown quilt and my sheets and towels. These bedclothes are much admired by the community. In the first days of my advent, a line used to form on the path leading to the tahsil, which runs just past my tent, and there were audible comments on what fine pieces of cloth I had. Now the bedclothes have become an old story, but a group still forms on Mondays and Tuesdays, the days for washing and ironing. The ayah, having finished hanging up the clothes, rolls up my grass front door, fetches a long bundle of twigs, which she calls a broom, and gives a few cursory scratches here and there over the surface of the striped *dari* laid down on the straw floor. I have now broken her of her inclination to dust first and sweep afterward.

Miss Emerson and her Happy House in the May sunshine

On the subject of dusters, by the way, as of dish-cloths, I could write a volume. When the Kanwarani Sahiba told me I must get my various household cloths made, I modestly thought a half-dozen dish-towels and a couple of dusters would do. And I confess I was mildly horrified when she talked in terms of dozens. The number finally settled on was five dozen: one dozen heavy cloths for pots and pans, one dozen dish-towels, one dozen glass-cloths, one dozen dusters and odd cloths and one dozen soup- and milk-strainers. But I now think I ought to have twice as many. There is a regular ritual connected with these cloths and a strong sense of possession on the part of their various users. Jawahir gets seven a week each, of three varieties, since on mature reflection I see no reason why soup-strainers cannot be abandoned in favor of a wire strainer I bought in Lucknow. Asgar Ali, who does the lamps and the bathtub and fetches the milk, gets five for his department, and the ayah has to be content with four. Before receiving their clean supply for the week, they all have to produce those I have given out the week before; otherwise, it seems, the cloths will all vanish after the fashion of handkerchiefs in our country. The first week

I found that Jawahir showed a tendency to hoard his clean towels, with the result that the two or three he had used were as black as the bottoms of his kettles before Asgar had scrubbed them with earth, ashes and straw. So I insisted that all the cloths must be brought to me dirty, one being provided for the sole purpose of being made dirty each day. Accordingly, the next week dish-cloths, glass-towels and everything else appeared all of exactly the same shade as his pots and pans. This time I gave instructions that the dishes must be first washed and then wiped, since his method, apparently, was the reverse. This week, I am glad to report, we seem to have struck the happy medium. But after the visit the other day of the district police superintendent's wife, whom I met in Bankatwa, I have taken back into my own keeping the milk-strainers, and night and morning I myself see that the milk is passed through these cloths, which I then immediately wash out with boiling water. I know perfectly well that for the few germs I may be avoiding in this way I am swallowing thousands of others, but the real value is a lesson in cleanliness to the servants.

I must say that Asgar Ali has taken a marked fancy to soap, especially since I gave him a cake of his own to use in connection with milking the cow at the time when I expected him to learn how to do the milking. Dr. "Sam" Higginbottom told me it was essential that the person who milked should first wash the cow's udders off with clean water and then wash his own hands with soap and water and dry them thoroughly. But Asgar Ali, when he tried milking, got kicked by the old lady and butted by the calf, and, ever since, he has been somewhat timid. Since the professional milkman is willing to milk into my pan and Asgar fetches the pan and stands by while the milking is going on, the principal reasons why I wanted him to do the milking have been done away with, and my present view is that it would be a pity to cheat the man out of his milking wages of one cent a day or rather one rupee a month. The question I have not yet dared to raise, in the face of Asgar Ali's commendable love of soap, is, "To whom should the cake and the towel now rightfully be allotted?" When I go along back of the tahsil, where the Tahsildar's cow and mine and some milk buffaloes dwell, and watch proceedings, Asgar grudgingly lends his soap and towel, but I am sure that, when he goes alone, the old man gets no sanitary assistance.

The "sipahi" on guard over the "tahsil" gong installed at Pachperwa some time after Miss Emerson's arrival strikes the hours punctually with his wooden mallet. The gong makes a noisy clang

Asgar Ali says he is twelve and his mother says he is thirteen, but I should really have thought him fourteen and am not at all sure that he isn't. He was born and bred in the Pachperwa brier-patch and has not, to the best of my knowledge, ever been out of it. Yesterday I went to see his house, and I now understand why he seems to be an exceptionally superior boy. He obviously comes of good village stock. His father is a *fakir*, but not of the same type as a rascally fellow who stages dramatics outside my tent every other day. I did not see the father, who was off collecting his dues in grain from some other villages. But the mother is a lady with a good deal of spirit—not at all like the average Indian woman, who is almost too shy to look at one except out of the corner of her eye. Their house is some distance from the village, beside a small artificial lake, and is surrounded by many fruit-trees and some fields, presented to the father by one of the late *maharanis* of Balrampur. The grandfather of the present Maharaja had one Mahommedan wife, and I think the late Maharaja also followed his precedent.

Asgar's brother, or rather one of his brothers, is an estate servant at the tahsil, and it was through the Tahsildar that he came to me to act as slave to everybody. For he must fetch from the well in red clay jars all the water we use, and he must wash the kettles and the dishes and grind the curry-powders and take care of my table-lamp and the four lanterns of the ménage and bring the hot water for the bath and clean the tub and fetch the milk night and morning and run to the bazar for whatever Jawahir has forgotten, and bring a charcoal-brazier to me in the evening and see that it is kept hot; and I do not know the half of the other duties he has to attend to, under Jawahir's thumb and the ayah's technique of asking somebody else to do whatever requires exertion. But he is always singing or laughing, and besides that he is a handsome boy, with an alert expression and a charming smile. For his manifold services, the Tahsildar has

instructed me to pay him six rupees a month, but I secretly contemplate making it eight.

Jawahir and the ayah each get fifteen, which Pachperwa looks upon as preposterously high wages. The Naib Tahsildar told me yesterday that his cook gets two; but the cook receives his food in addition, and my servants are *supposed* to feed themselves. Counting thirty-eight to the three main servants, four to the sweeper's family, five to the washerman and one to the milkman, my total bill for service each month comes to forty-eight rupees, or a little more than sixteen dollars. My food thus far has averaged a dollar and a half a week, excluding a few permanent supplies like cocoa, coffee and so forth, that I bought in Lucknow. My present living, everything included, comes to not more than twenty-five dollars a month. Of my investments for the house, which is almost up to the thatch now, you shall hear later.

To come back to Asgar Ali once more, the third night I was here I was invited to a puja given by the Thanadar Sahib, or sub-police-inspector, of the district, in honor of the piercing of the ears of his seven-year-old son. The ceremony took place about five o'clock in the afternoon, with a silversmith and a barber and a Brahman pundit as the chief officiants. When marigold necklaces and pan had been bestowed on the principal guests, including myself, and fireworks had been set off in showers, we took our departure, but we returned at eight for a grand feast. Afterward we sat shivering under an awning until nearly twelve while a bucolic play was enacted by various gentlemen and two beauteous dancing-girls. I leave to your imagination my utter delight on making the discovery that the prettiest of the girls, dressed in a rainbow-colored *sari* with a ruby ring through her nose and tinkling anklets strung with bells, was no other than my very own Asgar Ali. At present, peacocking in a new warm blue jacket I had the tailor make him and in a new *dhoti* and shirt, he is puffed out with pride; and, what must be still more impressive to his friends, he has, under my tutelage, mastered the alphabet and numbers, can tell time and has a vocabulary of at least fifteen English words. He, in return, is acting as my teacher in the Pachperwa dialect, and I consider that we are more than square in our accounts. I intend to bring him the equivalent of an Ingersoll from Lucknow when I go there next week, as I have to, on instructions from the civil surgeon of Fyzabad, to whom I have written concerning my wrist. It has not continued to improve, and he says I shall be making a great mistake if I do not have some competent person look at it as soon as I can. (*Continued on page 872*)

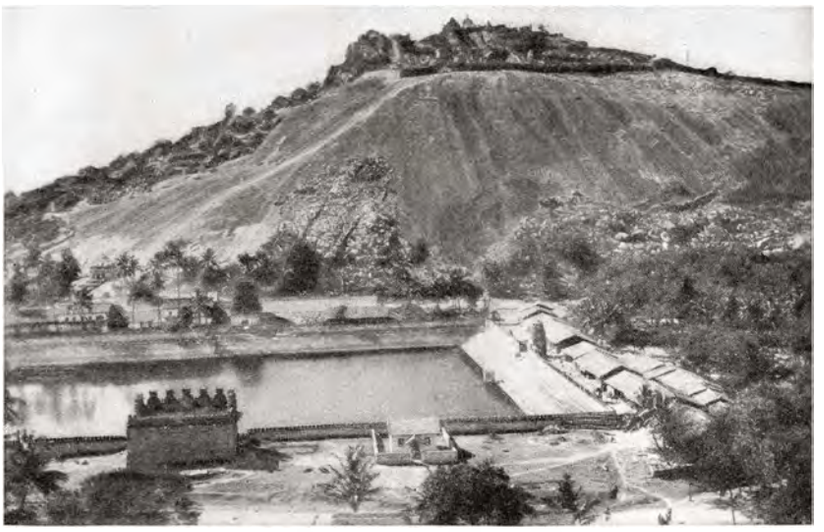
This is the seven-year-old son of the Thanadar of Pachperwa, as he appeared during the ceremony of having his ears pierced on an auspicious day by the local silversmith. Among orthodox Hindus both boys and girls go through with this rite at the age of five or seven as a rule. Afterward the child is supposed to conform to caste rules regarding food and other matters

Photographs from Arthur R. Slater

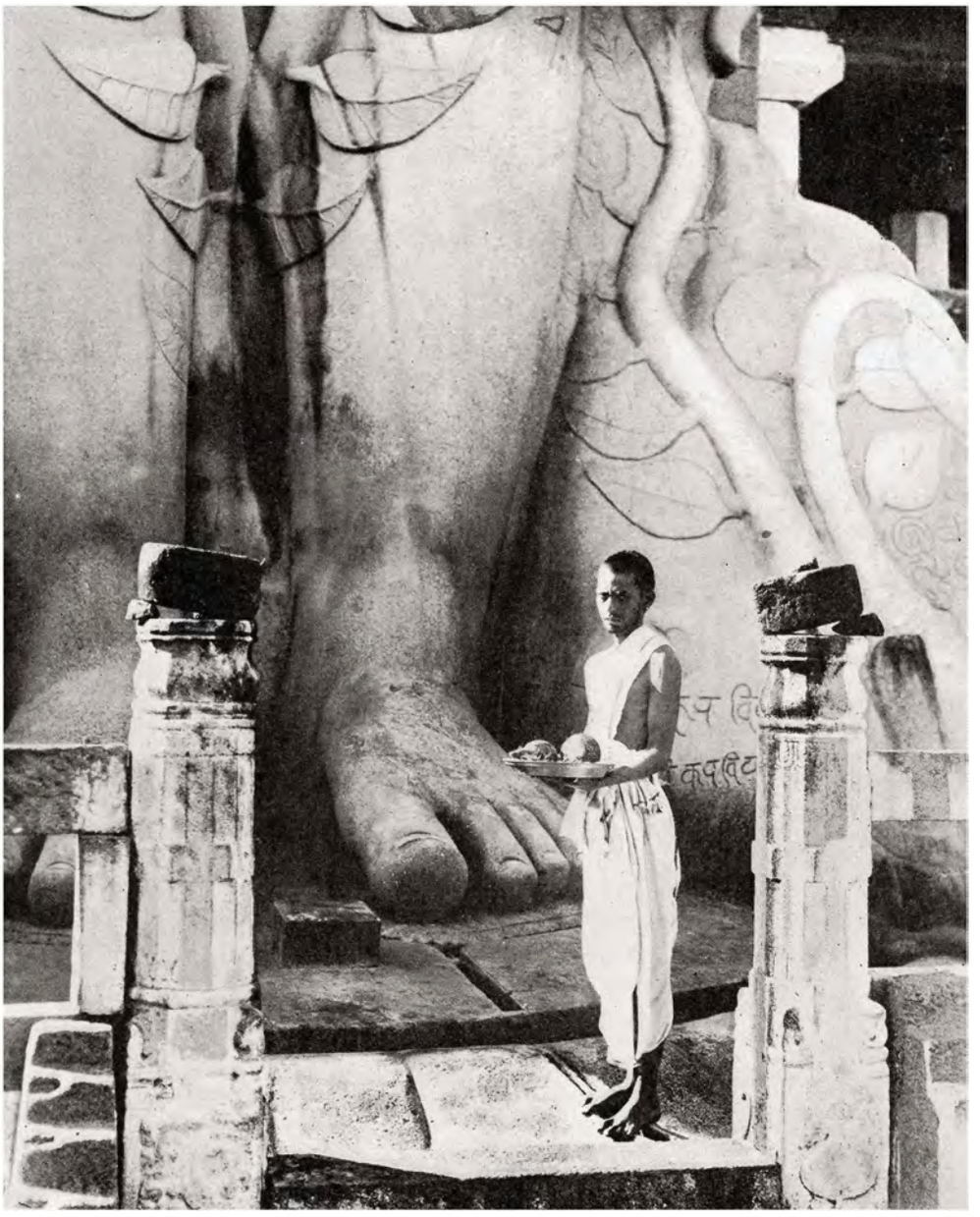
LAVING A ROCK-HEWN GOD

Seventy feet high stands this nude Jain image of Gommatesvara, carved out of the solid rock on a hill at Sravana-Belgola, in South India, a thousand years ago. Here pilgrims gather, at long intervals, of fifteen years or more, for the unique ceremony of laving the great image. Priests ascend the huge scaffolding that surrounds it and pour over the curled locks and the broad shoulders of the god vesselfuls of milk, "ghi" and sandalwood-oil

Gommatesvara is supposed to have been deeply merged in meditation; hence, symbolically, in the monolith, ants build nests around him and creepers entwine his legs and arms



This is the sacred hill on which Gommatesvara stands



The great toe of Gommatesvara measures two feet and nine inches in length

THEREFORE, STAND BY THE PARTY!

By William C. White

ALTHOUGH the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, to which Russia belongs, is directed by the Communist Party, it is quite possible to travel ten thousand miles through Russia and meet with only a half-dozen Communists. The Communist Party has always been a minority, kept in power, at first, by force—now remaining there because it has shattered opposition and has pursued a policy meeting with common approval. The Party is strongest in the cities; its strength varies inversely with the distance from Moscow, from the large cities, from the railroads. But the Party does not stand eagerly soliciting adherents. To secure membership is indeed no easy matter. There is a careful examination of the applicant, of his reasons for wanting to join and of his past. He must bring recommendations from men already in the organization—the peasant from men whose service in the Party totals fifteen years; the worker, twenty; and the member of the intelligentsia, twenty-five.

The Party does not wish for itself a large membership. The smaller the group, the better disciplined it will be. And discipline counts for everything; orders come from the top and must be obeyed. Before the Party, personal desires must bow. There is no place for the man with his own ideas of action; and there is no place for the "career man"—the man who hopes to bend the Party to personal ends.

Membership in the Party does not bring material gain. There is no advantage in belonging—save the possibility of promotion to high office—except that of feeling yourself "in," the satisfaction of being a part of a great machine working for definite ends. "Why should I belong?" asked a young Russian whose position is nearly that of literary censor for Russia. "When my work is finished, I can go home or take my wife to a theater. Party members go from their work to teach or lecture. On Sundays they act as guides in museums, as speakers at meetings. And there is no increase in their pay." Yet many of the youth of Russia voluntarily sacrifice their leisure time to work for the aims of the Party with a spirit of devotion which really challenges description.

American Society for Cultural Relations with Russia

These are some of the five thousand proletarians who spend their annual two-weeks' holiday in the vacation rest-home of the Moscow Textile Workers. As they wander about the former summer home of a czarist provincial governor, few long for the past. To them, whether Party members or not, "Communism" connotes radio, "movies," education, games—and stronger, healthier lives

The aims of the Party are threefold: to increase its membership slowly; to spread its economic doctrines; to gain sympathizers and, through them, to hold itself in power. Of these, the last, I believe, is most important. The point of view can be simply stated. The Communists have found it impossible to put their theories into effect in one grand coup: application of them is necessarily a slow process. But naturally, during the period of introduction, the Party must remain in power. Therefore, if it can provide for the mass of Russians certain things that will make life better, easier, more pleasant—things rare or unknown in the "good old time"—and if it can make the mass feel that these benefits flow from the Communist Party, then any attempt to overthrow the Party forces the conclusion: if you lose the Party, you lose all the things the Party has given you.

So successful is the propaganda of the organization that

In the library of the Moscow Peasants' Home—the headquarters for the many peasant excursions that throng Moscow during week-ends—sources of agricultural knowledge are open to every peasant. The home provides dormitories as well for its visitors

Once the Moscow Peasants' Home was a stately hotel. Now the quondam ballrooms are filled with agricultural machinery, and a man stands by, always ready to explain how it works and to show its superiority to manual labor. Here, for instance, a peasant delegation is intently studying the tractor that, perhaps more than anything else, spells hope to the Russian countryside

Wide World Photos

On Sundays Leningrad workers hasten out to Peterhof, eighteen miles away, to enjoy the huge trees and the play of the fountains in this park surrounding the palace of Peter the Great. Not because they are many of them Communists but because they feel that life is more varied, more interesting, better filled with opportunities than formerly, workers like these support the Party

sympathizers with it—many who take no part in Party work and many more who do not understand the first principles of Communism, let alone practise them—are innumerable. The opinion of almost all whom I met in Russia was that Russia is better off under the Party than under the czars. To preserve the improvements, runs the argument, keep the Party, regardless of the economic principles it professes. Consequently, although a visitor in Russia meets few Communists, he meets many who call themselves "communistic" because they have benefited from the reforms instituted by the Party and therefore support it.

I was leaving Russia, last year, at a little Ukrainian village, along with a fellow American. The hills of Poland were but a mile off across the eight-foot "river" that marked the border. Lured on by the promises of the ticket-agent in Kiev, we arrived here expecting to find a train crossing the border daily. But Russia changes rapidly and in nothing more so than in its time-tables. It was Saturday when we arrived; the train for Poland left on Monday.

The village had two streets and about two hundred houses of whitewashed stone and scrolled woodwork. Everything was quiet under the hot August sun, with no confusion save when a herd of pigs and a flock of geese, choosing to go the same way, created a transient traffic problem. There was no hotel of course, but, as we were preparing to make the railroad-station our home and play double solitaire until Monday, a woman, hearing that magic word "*Americanetz*," offered to provide accommodations. We accepted and found a two-roomed, stone-floored house, with a little lawn in front and a calf tied to a sheltering apple-tree. "One of you will have to sleep in the vestibule," said she. I accepted eagerly. "And I hope the calf won't annoy you—we bring him in there at night." I assured her that, compared with the railroad-station, her accommodations were most luxurious, even including the calf, which, by the way, slept very quietly. "Ten years ago," she continued, "we owned a house in Kiev and I could have given you a whole floor. But, since my husband was killed in the Revolution, we live here; my son manages a beet-sugar factory."

The son appeared and beamed on us, thinking of the great chance to show us the sights of his village. That evening we saw a school play, in which a Young Communist was the hero and saved the heroine from a bomb placed at her window by a villainous nobleman's son. And on Sunday we went to "The Park." It proved to be a tremendous villa with surrounding grounds and gardens, formerly the property of a noble who had counted the whole village and all the land to the horizon as his. It lay on the outskirts of the village, but the road was clearly marked by the crowds of peasants bound toward it—in wagons, in *droshkies*, on horseback, afoot. If the peasants of Russia dress as gaily as pictures and posters in America suggest, they do so in secret. Here, as in the rest of Russia, browns, grays and white predominated.

Today "The Park" is a military barracks, housing the border guard. Sunday is the gala-day. We arrived to find a soccer game between peasants and soldiers commanding the attention and voices of the crowd. In a sunken garden in the rear four peasants were playing croquet, while their wives and children cheered. In one living-room, its parquetry floor bare of carpets, a radio was picking up music from Kiev. And that night Tom Mix rode his horse, through Russian subtitles, for an excited audience.

Our guide continued his explanation through the whole day. The more questions we asked, the more he smiled. This was the place where the peasants spent their Sundays. In former times they stayed at home and drank. It was the property of the people. Once it belonged to one man.

"And how many Communists are here?" I asked.

American Society for Cultural Relations with Russia

From that part of their wages which the railway workers of Transcaucasia—like other workers of the U. S. S. R.—contribute toward social agencies, comes the money to keep these delicate tots in a sanitarium high in the hills near Tiflis. Georgian, Armenian, Turkoman and Russian children share alike in its health-giving benefits

"Oh, very few. We are far from Moscow—though it has promised us electric lights by spring—but we all support the Party. We are better off. One man has lost and five hundred have gained."

"You are a Communist?"

"No, I haven't the time. But I am communistic—that is, I believe in the reforms the Party has made."

Notice that he said "reforms"—not principles. To him, as to so many, Communism connotes radio, "movies," workmen's and peasants' benefit organizations—a tag devoid of economic implication but hard to remove. The word implies not belief in the principles of Marx as interpreted by Lenin but belief in the new life of Russia. The Russian peasant has few basic wants—land, a wife, black bread, *vodka* and cabbage soup, and these things he has. In trying to raise the standard of living, the government is providing him with others and is making of him not a believer in Communism—that may come later—but a supporter of the régime which is giving him all he wants and so much more.

The social center in that little Ukrainian village is but one of a thousand similar institutions. For the workers, there are many of the same sort, founded on the same idea. In Moscow alone there are eighteen workers' clubs, and in each of the large towns is at least one. These clubs, which are open day and night, provide the athletic advantages of a university for the enthusiastic masses. Permission to visit them is gladly granted; the government is only less proud of them than are the people who use them. They are more or less uniformly equipped. Behind a high board fence lie a football field, a running-track, croquet-grounds, tennis-courts, a small theater, a library, a boxing-ring and a club-room. Supported by part of the three per cent that the Russian workman contributes from his wages toward social agencies, they are constantly used by men and women. "*Physkultur*" is a craze in Russia, and, with the seriousness of a group of German professors taking a hike, the city workers utilize the conveniences provided.

I have visited several such grounds, both in Moscow and elsewhere. On one Sunday I found an intercity women's track meet; at another time, an intercity soccer game. On one occasion my official guide was the secretary of the local branch of the Party, with fifty small boys following after, answering every question in chorus. Playgrounds there were before the Revolution, but never on such a large scale. And, on speaking with men and women on the grounds, I reached more certainly the obvious conclusion—that the Communist Party may have few members but it has many friends, to whom the word "Communism" connotes track meets, tennis-courts, basketball games—and stronger, healthier lives.

It is difficult to enumerate the various new institutions in Russia which are gaining friends for the Party. There is the new army, in which all peasants and workers over eighteen must undergo two years of training. The army is never out of sight in Russia. There are barracks in every city; and in the suburbs twilight brings the sturdy voices of a squadron, singing as they march back from the field to evening mess. They are not handsomely clothed—khaki blouse and pantaloons, long black boots—but they are young, clean-shaven, strong sons of the fields. All whom I met were homesick, since the boys from one village are transferred to a company several thousand miles away. They are meagerly paid, as we know the phrase, sixty-two cents per month being the money wages for a private. But they are learning to read and write, to operate machinery, to take care of their bodies. In addition, they receive an elementary education in communistic economics. It may wear off, but memory will not permit them to forget to what government they owe their ability to read and write.

The Soviet policy of education is ambitious. Every railroad-station bears posters summoning Russia to its greatest combat—that with illiteracy. Facilities for learning to read and write are wide-spread and intended especially for the younger generation, since it is there that hope of success lies. It may be that, by teaching Russia to read, you can teach Russia to read communistic texts; in the process, Russia has, at any rate, learned to read! But the educational program goes further than the three "R's": technical courses are offered, tuition at the universities is free. And, what is most important, sources of agricultural knowledge are open to every peasant. One isolated example is the Moscow Peasants' Home.

This building was formerly a stately hotel, with ballrooms, gardens, marble walls and carpeted stairs. The carpets and the lavish furniture are gone. The rest remains—but the ballrooms are filled with agricultural machinery, and a man stands by, always ready to explain how it works, and to show its superiority to manual labor. He does not tell, however, how the poor peasant can buy the machinery. The gardens are planted with vegetables, to show proper planting and seeding methods. And the guest-rooms have been turned into dormitories for the peasant delegations. This is headquarters for the many peasant excursions that throng Moscow at week-ends. They sleep six and eight persons in a room and spend the day in listening to the guides—members of the Party oftentimes—who explain the exhibits, discuss personal hygiene, better pigs, more wheat per acre, diseases of the horse. And they repay the guides with the silence of men listening carefully. The following week Ivan has some tales to tell in his village.

By such varied means the government—and the government is the Party—is accomplishing the dual aim of making Russia a better land and of winning supporters. But these reforms look to the future. At the same time, the government is looking to the past and using means to show wherein the present situation is better. Here the museums, the motion-picture and the radio play their part.

When the Communists do not know what to do with a vacant building today, they make of it a museum. Moscow is the prize example, with nearly a hundred museums of art, of dress, of furniture, of revolution, of bird life, of peasant work. They are always open—the fee is nominal—and they are well patronized, especially at week-ends. No peasant delegation to Moscow has made the rounds until it has "taken in" a few museums.

It is one thing to turn a man loose in a museum and say, "Come, look." It is another to say, "Come, let me explain." Every museum has its guides—often, at week-ends, members of the Party. The Revolutionary Museum in Moscow is a large red stucco building. Here are gathered mementoes and souvenirs of all those revolutions and revolutionaries from the revolt of the Volga bandit Pugachev to the group that led the world-unsettling Revolution of 1917. (*Continued on page 866*)

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SOME PEOPLE FROM CANTON

(Continued from page 817)

Borodin and the transformed Kuomintang at Wuhan, a social and economic force based on the class-conscious workers and peasants. The Counter-Revolution remains on the other side—Chiang Kai-shek, the Denikin-Mussolini-Petlura, with his Girondists and his machine-guns. But the authentic Nationalist feeling I have discovered only in Mr. Soong. He could not join Chiang Kai-shek; no official who has seen the misery of military dictatorships in China could wish to submit to a new war-lord, whatever his Party pretensions. But neither could he return to Hankow; a large section of Party and government influence there was sharply against him from the time it became known that he had desired to end the union of the Kuomintang and the Communists. A few days later, therefore, Mr. Soong resigned the Ministry of Finance. His resignation was not a week old before both Hankow and Nanking began indefatigable efforts to get him back, and since then his house (Dr. Sun Yat-sen's house in the rue Molière in Shanghai) has seen a steady procession of emissaries from the one and from the other, asking for his allegiance. In the midst of all this he has been determinedly silent; except to publish a complete accounting of his stewardship of the finances, he has kept out of the press. His predilection, of course, is for Hankow, particularly since Hankow has succeeded in getting labor calmed down a bit; whatever his doubts about the ultimate aims of some of his fellow-workers, Mr. Soong is a "Party man" and a patriotic Chinese. He has never for one moment considered submitting to Chiang Kai-shek. This I know to be a fact, in spite of what is believed both in Hankow and in Nanking; for at the very time Chiang and his subordinates were blandly naming "T. V." as their man, I was seeing him every day. He always said, from the time Chiang issued his "summons" and began shooting down the workers in Shanghai and Canton, that he would not join the Counter-Revolution. His position was, and remains, extraordinarily difficult; but I believe that he would rather be imprisoned forever than take part in a political combination against the true interests of the country.

"T. V." is, in personality, one of the most interesting and admirable men in China. He has no influence over crowds, and he has far too much sense of humor, in any case, to be a "revolutionary leader." He once said to me that "Bolshevism" and "imperialism" were only epithets in China; one group calls the people it does not like "Bolshevists," while the other group calls its enemies "imperialists." He has himself had the honor of being called a "Bolshevist" by Nanking and an "imperialist" by Hankow. The real imperialism—the predatory foreigner, when the foreigner *is* predatory, or the predatory Chinese capitalist and militarist—has in "T. V." a determined enemy. So has the real Bolshevism—the exclusively destructive section of the Chinese Communist Party's agitation. But between those two very wide extremes there is certainly scope for an intelligent, honest, liberal and energetic Nationalism. This is what "T. V." represents; and there is nothing more tragic in the present situation than the fact that he is isolated.

He could never startle the world with rhetorical fireworks, of course, as Mr. Eugene Chen so expertly does; and he could never arouse his own people to frenzies of enthusiasm, as Dr. Sun did and as Wang Ching-wei does. But he does know how to run a government, which I suspect neither Eugene Chen nor Dr.

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Sun nor Wang Ching-wei ever did. And he is sincere; he is honest. I have more confidence in "T. V.'s" integrity than in that of any other person I have met in China. In the past two months I have talked with him a great many times, and during two of the greatest crises in his career (in April and at the end of May) I was perhaps the only disinterested person to whom he could talk with any freedom; I must testify that he has never yet told me a lie. That is an extraordinary, a very remarkable thing, perhaps even more remarkable in China than it would be elsewhere. It may constitute a serious handicap in Mr. Soong's political career, if he persists in it; but it must force even his enemies to admit that here is an honest man. Those enemies—who are numerous and very powerful, particularly in the councils of Chiang Kai-shek—have Mr. Soong bottled up in the rue Molière just now, and, if he leaves the French Concession (or even if he doesn't!), his life is not safe from them. But I believe in his future and in the services which he must ultimately render his country.

Madame Sun Yat-sen, "T. V.'s" beautiful and courageous sister, remained in Hankow after the "split" in the Party produced by Chiang Kai-shek's rebellion. In so doing Madame Sun disobeyed the wishes of her own family; and few, indeed, are the Chinese women who would dare such a deed. The Soong family, like the Kungs, are of a social group which fears revolution; Madame Sun has remained revolutionary—or has at least given the Revolution her countenance—in spite of them. Her symbolic importance, by virtue of the name she bears, is such that Chiang Kai-shek spared no effort to get her away from Hankow; at one time she was offered "refuge" on a Japanese destroyer, on the theory that she was being "held prisoner" in Hankow by the Communists. She stuck to the Hankow government through its darkest days of April and May, when ruin seemed to be inevitable, although she has no more real sympathy with Communist methods or aims than has her brother "T. V." Her loyalty to the Kuomintang and to the ideal of civilian Party government thus withstood a severer test than ever before, and her popularity is at its zenith, so far as Wuhan is concerned.

Madame Sun is a tiny, exquisite, almost doll-like creature, with a voice and manner which few who meet her can resist. In spite of her intelligence and courage, she was never made for a public career; she is very shy, she cannot make her voice heard more than four feet away and she has none of the assertiveness and arrogance which politics demands of its participants. She was telling me the other day about a pet project of hers, for a trip round the world, whenever the Party can dispense with her. I asked if she intended to lecture in Europe and America during this trip. "I? Lecture?" she asked, with a little laugh. "I could never lecture. I can't even talk!"

Madame Sun—in spite of the fact that she looks like a young girl—is in her middle thirties. She was educated at Wesleyan University in Georgia and returned to China in 1913. Two years later she married Dr. Sun Yat-sen, and since that time she has become steadily more important in the Kuomintang. She held no Party office while her husband lived, but she acted as his secretary and assistant, accompanied him on his journeys and on the political platform and became identified in the popular mind with his personal influence. Thus it was natural (as well as politically advisable) for her to take office, after his death, in the Political Council, the Central Executive Committee and other Party and government bodies. She has been particularly interested in the feminist

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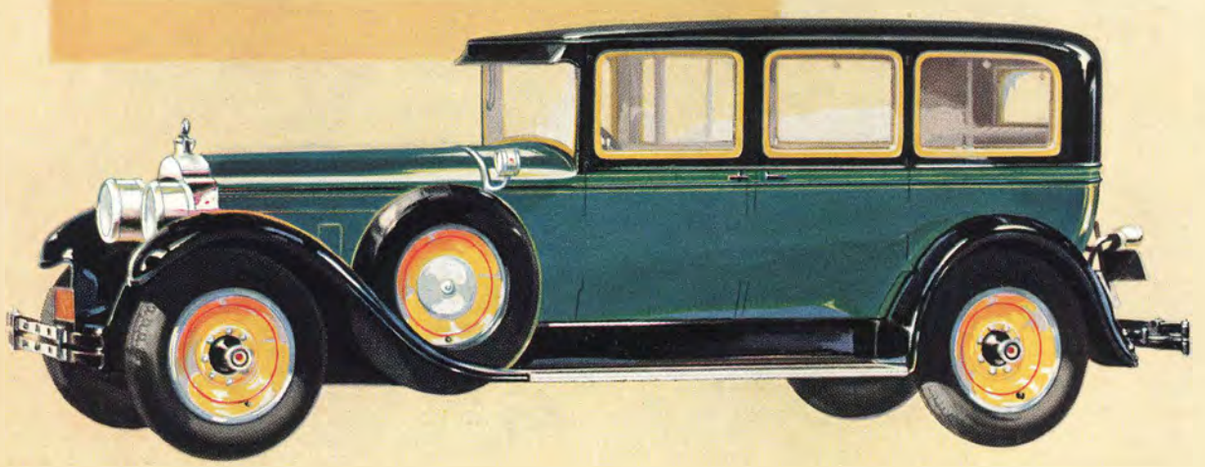

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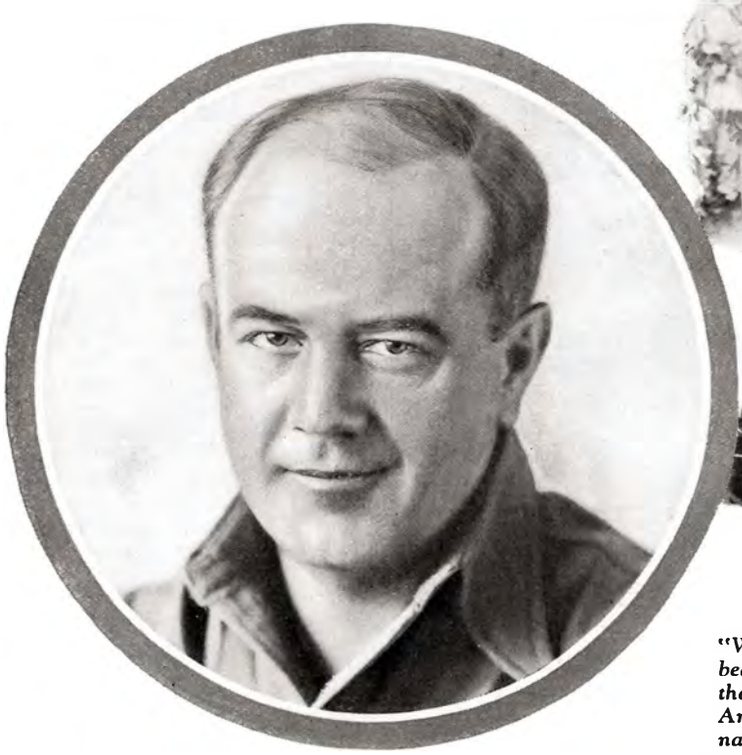
GENERAL ELECTRIC

"I thank Martin Johnson for this advice"

Said Elmer Woods to Frank Stone while on a hunting trip in the Canadian Rockies.



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movement (indeed I often think it is the only aspect of the Revolution which really commands her), in the education of women and in the development of women's organizations within the Kuomintang. The Women's Institute of Political Training in Hankow is her creation.

It is hard for foreigners to realize, perhaps, the almost sacerdotal significance of Dr. Sun Yat-sen's name. He was always the greatest crowd-idol of China, and since his death his name and portrait have been a sort of *in hoc signo*. Madame Sun, as his widow, is sacred: she could probably go from one end to the other of this war-ridden country, in spite of her identification with the militant Wuhan government, and nobody would dare to lift a finger against her. The contrast between her own shy delicacy and grace and the tremendous name she bears is a truly dramatic opposition: it makes her a figure of romance. That she is too unassuming to realize this herself is one of the many reasons why she is delightful. Her modesty and her sense of humor are rare qualities in a political world, as is another preëminent quality of hers for which I know only the foolish word "breeding."

When I told Madame Sun that some of the newspapers in America had dubbed her the "Joan of Arc of China," her laughter was as simple and unaffected as a young girl's. She really does not consider herself to be of any particular importance. At the same time she is much too intelligent not to be fully conscious of her responsibility towards the name of Sun Yat-sen. If she had not realized this responsibility, and if she had not felt a profound loyalty towards the Kuomintang, she would, I believe, have retired from politics two years ago. I am sure she will retire so soon as the Party can do without her; in the meantime she does her duty quietly and with perfect dignity. At present she is working hard for the Wounded Soldiers' Relief Association, and she is chairman of every committee in that organization. She intensely dislikes appearing in public, but she has been a public character since the age of twenty, and, when the Party needs her, she never shirks. During Dr. Sun's lifetime she was stared at, mobbed by enthusiastic crowds and photographed within an inch of her life; but it is only since Dr. Sun's death that she has had the additional ordeal of having to speak in public. She is not at home in Mandarin Chinese and prefers to speak her own Shanghai dialect; moreover, her voice is quite inaudible in a public meeting. As a result, when she is obliged to make a speech, she delivers it in her ordinary voice and has it repeated (and translated) after her by some more leathern-lunged person.

The Revolution has taken fourteen years of Madame Sun's life—the fourteen years of her first youth—and can well afford to give her that vacation which she plans to use in a journey round the world. There is something pathetic and wistful about her (although she would be the first to laugh at the idea); and I cannot rid myself of the notion that she was never made for the ugly turmoil of politics. She is not coarse; and few people who have not a broad streak of coarseness can find happiness in politics. She might have been infinitely happier, perhaps, if greatness—in the shape of Dr. Sun Yat-sen—had not descended upon her girlhood. Be that as it may, she is a charming lady; and, if her world journey is made, as it should be made, her mere presence—her delicate grace, her loyal courage—will be worth more to the Nationalist cause abroad than a host of arguments.

Mr. Eugene Chen, for a variety of reasons, is probably better known abroad than any

other member of the present Kuomintang government. His remarkable controversial brilliance, his prominence as the spokesman of the government and his thorough comprehension of the foreigner (particularly the Anglo-Saxon foreigner) have made his name as familiar in Europe and America as it is in China. Mr. Chen is only fifty and has many years of activity before him. He is not a person who would ever abandon a place in the sun once he had obtained it, and he is no doubt destined to become even better known in America and Europe before the world is much older.

Mr. Chen was born in Trinidad, of pure-blooded Cantonese parents, belonging, I believe, to the clan called Hakka. This point is worth mentioning because it is repeatedly stated that he is partly West Indian. He was educated in the West Indies and in London, he married a West Indian and his eldest son married a West Indian; but he is himself of pure Chinese race. He did not attend a university, but after a pretty extensive private education he was admitted to the English courts as a solicitor. He was thirty-five years of age before he ever came to China; but there is nothing so remarkable in that. The phenomena of awakening nationalism in many parts of the world in this century—notably in Poland and Ireland—have drawn back to the "old countries" many such men, whose devotion to the national cause has, if anything, gone farther than if they had been spared the crucible of exile. The one point of real significance about Mr. Chen's early life abroad is that he was born and brought up in a British colony. To that fact may be attributed the edge, the personal and vituperative note, in his bitterness against the British. Anybody who has ever seen a British colony knows the rigidity of the lines which therein divide the sacrosanct "white man" from even the finest examples of other races. Mr. Chen, no doubt, has many reasons to remember what a British colony (no matter how well-governed, and few people would deny that British colonies are well-governed) is like for a person who does not happen to belong to the British race.

Mr. Chen came to China in 1912 and took service in Peking under Yuan Shih-kai after the latter had ousted Dr. Sun Yat-sen from the presidency. Two years later Yuan Shih-kai bought a newspaper in Peking and gave Mr. Chen the task of editing it. The paper was the *Peking Gazette*, and, before three months were up, its readers had fully realized the presence of a new influence in the capital. "Influence" is perhaps not the word; I do not seriously think Mr. Chen has ever influenced anybody, except perhaps his own children, in his whole life. But people listened to him then, as they listen to him now; he compelled them to listen. He was like a tiger-cat armed with vitriol and dynamite. It has been his character ever since. He does not always "get his man," in the idiom of the Canadian Northwest, but he always gets his man's attention. That is his whole *raison d'être;* that is why he is foreign minister of the Nationalist (Wuhan) government, and that is why his name is today better known in Europe and in America than are the names of the more important Kuomintang leaders.

When Yuan Shih-kai began to plan his *coup d'état* for the restoration of the empire in his own person, Mr. Chen leaped upon his former patron with all the resources of his terrible rhetoric. He may or may not have been instrumental in the defeat of Yuan's plans, but he emerged from the struggle with a greatly enhanced journalistic reputation. Once during that period he was imprisoned in

Peking, but was released because friends of his claimed the extraterritoriality privilege for him as a British subject. So far as I can discover, this is the only time he has ever benefited by the extraterritoriality privilege, although the Shanghai legend is that he has frequently done so. And even in this one instance, he tells me, he was unaware that extraterritorial privilege had been claimed for him until he was out of prison. He had voluntarily renounced his British citizenship, in a florid and characteristic epistle, three years before, duly publishing the correspondence.

After spending some years as editor of the *Evening News*, in Shanghai, Mr. Chen went to Canton when the Southern government was formed there in 1923, and he became foreign minister after the death of Dr. Sun Yat-sen in 1925. Dr. Sun, I am told, had a great admiration for Mr. Chen but did not believe his gifts were of a governmental variety. Since 1925, however, Mr. Chen has functioned as foreign minister with very conspicuous success; probably nobody else at the Party's disposal could have occupied the position so well. Some of his performances I do not admire at all, and some of them I think pure waste motion; but on the whole he has understood the foreigner and he has made the foreigner listen to him, which is what he was supposed to do.

Some of the popular criticisms of Mr. Chen are: that he is not Chinese, that he does not speak Chinese, that he is not a "Party man," that he has no influence over the Kuomintang, that he is insincere, that he is powerless or a mere "mouthpiece for Borodin" and that he represents (in Austen Chamberlain's phrase) "only himself." There is a kernel of truth in all of these things. Mr. Chen is profoundly un-Chinese, in spite of his ancestry; he does speak some Mandarin Chinese, but he can neither read it nor write it; and as a result of these two facts he naturally has never been a "Party man." He probably does not understand more than one word in a hundred at a Party meeting where all the talk is in the Cantonese dialect. How could he be a "Party man" or "control" the Kuomintang?

But he is certainly not "powerless," and he is certainly not a "mouthpiece for Borodin." Within the limits of his office he is as important as he has ever pretended to be. That is, he speaks to the world for the Nationalist (Wuhan) government. What more does any foreign minister do? Sir Austen Chamberlain is, in that sense, a "mouthpiece"; so is M. Briand; so is Mr. Kellogg; so is Herr Stresemann. If the foreigners have deceived themselves into thinking that Mr. Chen is the whole Nationalist government, merely because Mr. Chen speaks for that government, surely Mr. Chen himself is not to blame. As a rule, the foreigners living in China never bother to learn even the names of more than one Chinese government official at a time; they are used to the old war-lord system whereby one personage was the provincial government. Thus the foreigners in Hankow and Shanghai assumed last autumn—quite unwarrantably—that, because Mr. Chen spoke for the Nationalist government, he necessarily controlled it; they held him responsible for everything—for the labor movement, for the financial and economic policies, for the movements of the armies—and made up their minds that he was "powerless" when they discovered that he was not responsible. Is Sir Austen Chamberlain responsible for Sir William Joynson-Hicks, and is he necessarily "powerless" because he cannot keep his fellow Cabinet-members from making embarrassing speeches in public? Mr. Chen has the position of foreign minister, with the

powers and limitations which adhere to that position in any government. He cannot always keep his promises; but neither can any other foreign minister, particularly in wartime. He endeavors to keep his promises, however; and on the whole he has kept them.

Mr. Chen is a thin, nervous, emphatic person with an almost unparalleled flood of words at his command. He has no resources of charm or of general conversation; he does not appeal, he attacks. He arouses antagonism because he is instinctively antagonistic; and he is antagonistic because he likes to be. He is in the battle for the battle's sake. I never met a man who had so little sense of humor. He is capable of laughing—a dry, bitter cackle it is, too; but he can laugh only at his enemies. And that is a singularly humorless, inhuman thing. He has four of the jolliest children any man could want, but where they get their laughter is another question. His long journalistic career has made him an inveterate phrase-maker, and any conversation with him is sure to produce a half-dozen characteristic expressions. The saving grace of it is that he never appears to have "thought them up"; they sputter from his thin lips like firecrackers at a Chinese funeral. Thus he speaks of "the leprous limb of Shanghai" or of "that Mongolian encampment known as Peking"; he feels sorry for the "tragic ignorance" of Sir Austen Chamberlain, and he says the British expeditionary force to Shanghai was a "Byzantine adventure." He finds a word or a phrase he likes, and he rides it mercilessly until there is not a particle of life left in it. Such a word is "objective," with its derivatives "objectively" and "objectivity." Mr. Chen has scarcely opened his mouth once since I have known him without saying one or the other of these words. "It is objectively impossible" is what he says when he means "it is impossible." "It is objectively out of the question" is what he says when he means "it is out of the question." And when he wants to say "the conditions of labor" he says "the objective conditions of labor." He does not mean a thing by it; but it is a maddening characteristic. One wants to edit his notes and his interviews without mercy.

For Mr. Chen's journalistic style (which is to say, his spoken and written language) is execrable. He never says a thing simply if he can possibly say it any other way. He has a passion for long words, for rhetorical figures and convolutions; he treats a word as a child treats a toy, and not as the instrument God gave him to express whatever it is he means. The English language has seldom been so tortured in our time as he tortures it in his spoken and written prose. For Mr. Chen, like the unfortunate M. Jourdain, speaks "prose"; the difference is that Mr. Chen, unlike M. Jourdain, knows it.

These characteristics of his are infinitely combative, forensic, editorial—whatever you like; they would be out of place in the foreign minister of a staid European republic or constitutional monarchy, but they are very valuable in the foreign minister of a government which is fighting its way to recognition. Mr. Chen's rhetoric, however bombastic it may be, has challenged, and at times forced, the attention of the entire civilized world. This has been his definite service to the Revolution; for, without a foreign minister who could so compel the world's attention, the Nationalist government would have had little to oppose to the ponderous anti-Nationalist propaganda of the Treaty Ports.

Mr. Chen is the friend and admirer of Borodin, but they have—as may be seen by what precedes—extraordinarily little in com-

mon. Mr. Chen does not really believe in revolution at all—neither in the world revolution nor in the Chinese Revolution, in its deeper sense of social and economic upheaval. As I have said before, he is in the battle for the battle's sake. But his desires—and I beg to point out that desire is totally different from belief—are bent upon the destruction of foreign privilege in China and upon the unification of the country under a strong central government. Since these are also the first steps in Russia's program here, Mr. Chen and Mr. Borodin have collaborated loyally so far. But Mr. Chen is no more a Communist than is President Coolidge. Indeed, I see Mr. Chen as a born conservative; nothing in the world except circumstance has forced him into association with radical forces in China. He has a natural and abiding hatred of the British Empire, and, subsequently, of the imperialist principle and practice. This hatred is produced by the fact that England educated him as an Englishman and gave him English habits, mind and character, only to inform him, when the process was completed, that he was not an Englishman and could never be the equal of any Englishman. Thus far, and for these reasons, Mr. Chen is a "radical." But, however profoundly one may respect Mr. Chen, it must be conceded that he is a professional politician; and experience has abundantly proved that radicalism among professional politicians is a characteristic of the "outs." Power destroys the revolutionary impulse in those who have had that impulse only for political reasons.

The Chinese Revolution, of course, is destined to become more and more "radical," in the sense of social and economic change; the question arises whether it will not leave Mr. Chen behind, as it left Chiang Kai-shek behind. But Mr. Chen is a foreign minister, a sort of professional foreign minister, if there is such a thing; he could not conceivably hold any other office or perform any other service than that of foreign minister. As foreign minister, he can continue his process of progressively hardening conservatism and at the same time render valuable aid to that Revolution with which he is not totally or fundamentally in sympathy. This may be paradoxical, but Mr. Chen was begotten and flowered upon paradoxes; a paradox he will remain until the end.

Sun Fo and Wang Ching-wei are what the museum catalogues call "companion pieces." They are mutually complementary; Wang Ching-wei is the Shelley, and Sun Fo the Babbitt, without which no popular movement can progress very far. Wang has the fluent and compelling charm, the lyric fervor, the passionate gesture; Sun has the arithmetic. Wang looks like a schoolboy; Sun looks like an American railway president. Each in his way is vitally important to the Revolution, and each has gifts not exactly duplicated.

Wang Ching-wei is indeed, from the point of view of revolutionary leadership, the trump card of the Wuhan government. His mere appearance on a platform arouses a storm of enthusiasm; he speaks extraordinarily well, and his eager, excited figure symbolizes the revolutionary spirit to the crowds as no other does. He is said to be the only person in China who has quite this appeal to the people, and consequently he is a very good "Party man" and an inestimable asset to the government. If Wang alone had joined the Fascist movement of Chiang Kai-shek, the issue might have been, at least temporarily, decided in Chiang's favor. But Wang Ching-wei, like T. V. Soong, Madame Sun, Sun Fo, Tan Yen-kai and the other "moderate" leaders,

refused to take part in the Counter-Revolution when it became apparent that a militarist was to be its dictator.

Wang is really a good deal older than he looks and is in his middle thirties now. He was a favorite disciple of Dr. Sun Yat-sen's, and it was probably from Dr. Sun that he acquired some of his power as a public speaker. He has twice been to France and pursued some studies there; but he is not a "returned student" in the conventional sense. His last trip to France was an exile imposed by Chiang Kai-shek after the attempted *coup d'état* of March, 1926, in Canton, when Chiang expelled —for a time—the Russian agitators. Wang is an orthodox Kuomintang member without the slightest leaning towards Communist economic theory; but he welcomed the aid of the Communists, as of the Russians, in the common cause. He has severe limitations intellectually, I believe, but these limitations are more than compensated for by his power over the Party and over the masses. His strong Cantonese accent and his look of immaturity do not seem to matter; he arouses as much enthusiasm in Wuhan as he did in Canton. Since his return from France at the end of the past winter he has completely resumed his old importance in the country, and he is today perhaps the most powerful member of the Kuomintang. Of course, he is very easily influenced; a romantic—almost a lyric—revolutionary, he is a child in the hands of a man like Borodin. For this very reason, along with others, Borodin has insisted upon Wang's importance as the "real" leader of the Party.

Sun Fo, the only son of the late Tsung Li by his first marriage, is now minister of communications in the Wuhan government. Before the Northern expedition he was mayor of Canton and made for himself a great reputation as a municipal administrator. To some extent he has received the credit for work done by his predecessor, a military adventurer of the worst type; but this ironic circumstance does not impair the value of his own contribution. He is competent, cool, hard-working, hard-headed, matter-of-fact—a very businesslike personage. If you ask Wang Ching-wei a question about the Revolution, you will get a flight of oratorical idealism; if you ask Sun Fo, you will get statistics. He is that sort of man. In addition to his own qualities, of course, he has the immense prestige of being Dr. Sun Yat-sen's son. The particular relationship of father and son is still so sacred in China—even in the midst of this iconoclastic Revolution—that Sun Fo will probably, whatever happens, retain a great influence as the living legacy of Tsung Li.

Chiang Kai-shek I have left to the last, since he has dissociated himself from all the other persons discussed in this article and from the Revolution which they lead. Chiang represents the tendency we call nowadays Counter-Revolution; his denials—pathetic in their vehemency—deceive nobody. Least of all do they deceive his supporters; for all the forces of reaction in China, all the Treaty Port *compradors*, bankers, merchants (groups whose very existence sometimes depends upon the imperialistic treaties and upon the absence of a central Chinese government) have gathered around him. Whether he wants them or not, Chiang has the friendship of Marshal Chang Tso-lin, the aid of Japan, the benevolent smiles of Sir Austen Chamberlain. He may try desperately to cling to the formulas, the empty patter, of the Kuomintang; but the reality has long since deserted him. The poor young man is in the position of having exchanged the saber of Revolution for a *papier-mâché* toy.

Chiang Kai-shek's personality, I must

confess, interests me very little. If he were a frank reactionary—if he had the courage of his bank account—the qualities of his mind would repay examination; but he is not even a frank reactionary. He is reactionary up to a point, and radical up to a point. That point in itself would be very interesting if one could ever get it to stand still. But two months ago it was a different point from what it is today; and two months from now it will be a still different point. I spent an arduous morning in trying to discover what he believed, and the effort on both sides was tremendous; but he never succeeded in conveying to me what, if anything, his conception of government was. I really do not believe he has one, but I may be unfair; it is possible that he has a secret idea of government which is too holy to see the light of day. The nearest thing to an idea which one can get out of him is that he is against "Bolshevism"; but, when one begins to try to discover what he thinks "Bolshevism" is, the result is failure. I believe all he really means by "Bolshevism" is Mr. Borodin; and, if for any reason Mr. Borodin should retire from the arena here, Chiang might make his apologies to the labor unions, declare that his massacres of the workers were all a mistake and return dutifully to the fold.

Chiang is a young man of thirty-six or so, a *protégé* of Dr. Sun Yat-sen's and a good military organizer and disciplinarian. In his work in the army, it must be remembered, he leaned heavily upon the services of his friend General Galen, an ex-German officer who is now a citizen of the Soviet Union. He found Galen (Galen is not his real name, but that detail has no importance here) in Vladivostok and brought him to Canton three years ago. His personal friendship for Galen was very real, I believe, and the fact that Galen would not remain with him after the Counter-Revolution began to take shape must have been something in the nature of a blow.

Chiang has, of course, a lot of sincerity in his system. Even now he means well and believes that he is right, I suppose; and certainly he performed a great service at a time when it was most needed. It was largely his ideas and his hard work which created the Cantonese armies. Those armies are neither very good nor very numerous; they are miserably equipped and not very well-disciplined. Their pay is always in arrears. They are nevertheless the best armies in China, because of two things which Chiang introduced into their organization. The first was the notion that a soldier's rôle in wartime is to fight; the second was an incessant nationalistic propaganda in the ranks. In pursuance of the first idea Chiang taught his men that rifles are more important than umbrellas. I am told that there is not an umbrella among all the soldiers of the Fourth Revolutionary Army (the "Iron Army" of Canton) and that the officers possess neither silk dresses nor sedan-chairs. The Fourth Revolutionary Army, under Chang Fa-kwei, equipped with nothing but rifles and a principle, has just defeated the best picked troops of Manchuria—Mukden's best, which their Japanese and British officers have frequently stated to be the "equal of almost any European army," fully equipped with tanks, airplanes, heavy artillery and unlimited ammunition. The hospitals of Wuhan (improvised, inadequate affairs they are, too) now house more than eleven thousand wounded soldiers brought down from this campaign in Honan. That is probably more wounded soldiers than there have been in all the fighting of the previous eight years in China.

Chiang scrapped all of the traditions of

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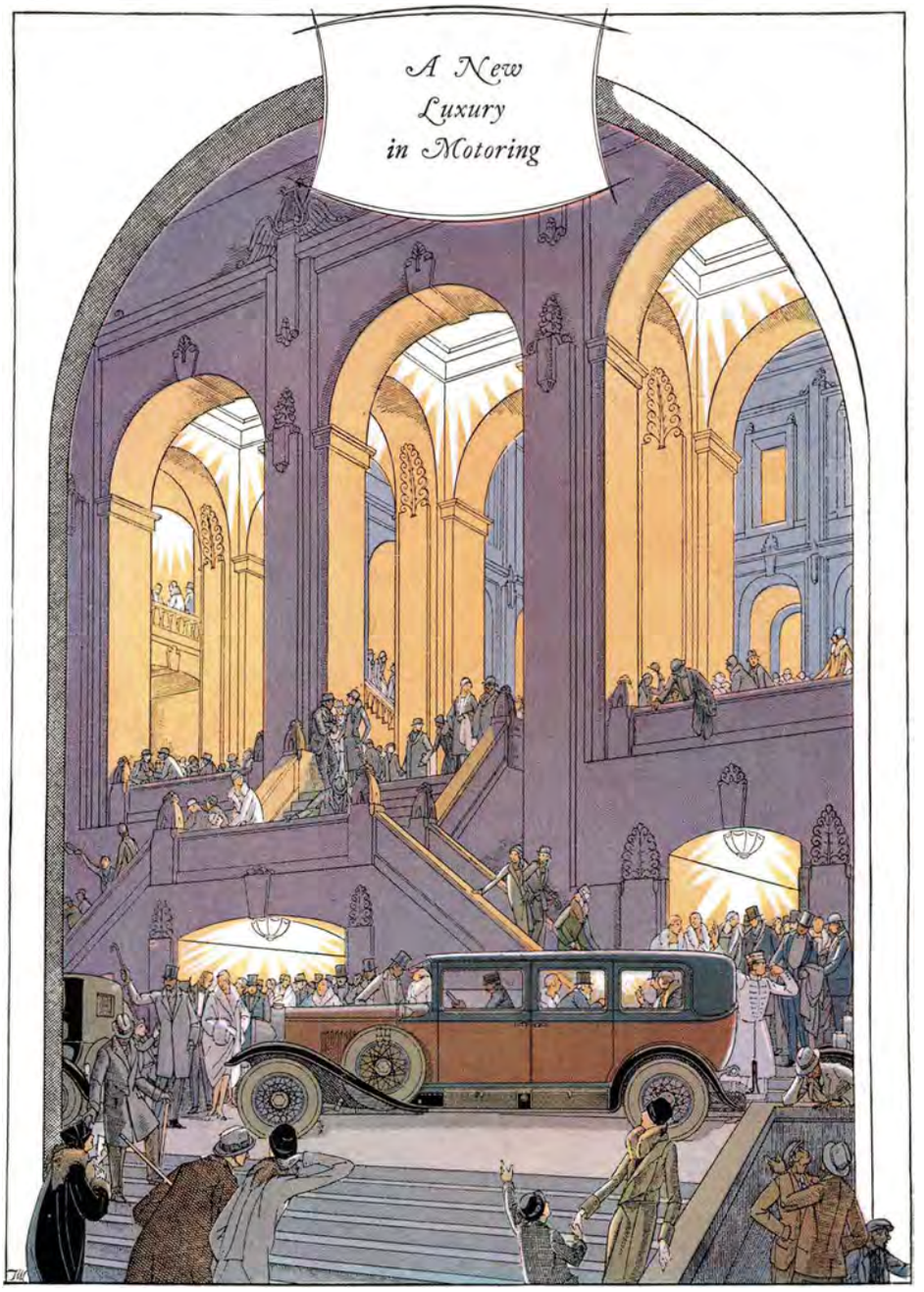

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Chinese warfare—the idea that an army must agree with the enemy upon hours of firing, days of attack; the idea that the only thing to do in the presence of a numerically superior force was to join it; the idea that it was unbecoming for opposing armies actually to meet in hand-to-hand fighting; the idea, in short, that war was a sort of civilized, ceremonious game like politics or *mah-jong*. A new military technique, aided by unflagging propaganda in the ranks, explains why the ragged and ill-fed Cantonese armies, without tanks or artillery or anything else except their rifles and machine-guns, have won so many victories. Chiang's rôle in creating these armies was of the first importance, but one of the penalties of his rebellion was that the finest of his fighting-men—the Fourth, Eighth, Eleventh and Thirty-sixth Revolutionary Armies, among others—did not follow him into Counter-Revolution.

This is not the place for a discussion of the "split" in the Kuomintang produced by Chiang Kai-shek's defection, and in any case the details of that "split" ought to be pretty well known by now. But a word might be said in regard to the argument that Chiang and his group represent the authentic Nationalist idea of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, merely because they repeat what Dr. Sun said five or six years ago. This argument is fallacious, but foreigners interested in supporting Chiang's position insist upon it. Mr. George F. Sokolsky, for example, who speaks with authority on Kuomintang affairs, has repeatedly stated that Chiang's stand is hallowed by the precepts of Dr. Sun. The history involved in this statement is correct, but its historicity is profoundly wrong. Nothing can stand still when machinery of this magnitude is set in motion; Dr. Sun himself, if he were alive now, would have been swept far along in one way or in another by this time. The Chinese Revolution must move or die; to stagnate upon the 1919 ideas of Dr. Sun would be death.

Every one of these people from Canton, from Borodin to Chiang Kai-shek, is swirled down the course of history by a power beyond control. Their greatness is measured by their consciousness of this historical force. Here, as in the case of everything else about China, one trembles before an unimaginable vastness. The energy which has been released by this Revolution may be great enough to smash the whole known system of things; it is, in any case, much too great to remain confined within the formulas of Nationalism. Everybody in China now is a Nationalist, and nobody is a Nationalist. Chiang Kai-shek, by shattering the forms and symbols of Nationalist unity, killed the "nationalist" movement. There is now only Revolution—the terrible stirring of four hundred million illiterate, starving people—and Counter-Revolution: the endeavor to keep those millions quiescent. Nobody pretends that the Chinese peasant ever heard of Karl Marx; but those who have heard of Karl Marx are at work upon the Chinese peasant. Misery, *misery*, not doctrine, is the motive power of Revolution. In the misery and degradation of the Chinese people the "unequal treaties" and the other quarrels of conflicting nationalities are nothing—nothing in comparison to disease, starvation, suffering. This is why the Chinese Communist Party, numbering less than three thousand persons, has terrified the world—because it has reached into the uttermost depths of the masses, preaching revolt. And, if those masses are, at long last, stirred to revolt, the "unequal treaties" will not be the only relics swept away. These people from Canton are riders in the gusty storm of destiny, whirled with their China to an unknown and unfathomable future.

THE JAPANESE PRESS

(*Continued from page 801*)

party headquarters or by individual politicians.

With the passing of the crusading age, the age of great editorials also has passed. Today the newspapers attach greater importance to news than to editorials. The decline of the Choshu military and the Satsuma naval factions as political powers has naturally changed the attitude and strategy of the press. In the days to come, the newspapers will devote increasing attention to economic problems, such as labor, overpopulation, food-supply and trade, as well as to international affairs, especially those calculated to promote peace among nations. This tendency is plain.

Foreign critics, studying Japan's press law in the statute book, usually arrive at the conclusion that the freedom of the press is something non-existent in Japan. Such a conclusion is as right as the assumption that China, because it has a constitution on paper, is a republic in reality. What I have said above tends to show that the Japanese press has been a great democratizing force—that it has been responsible for the rise and fall of many a Cabinet. If the press law has objectionable provisions, the editors know how to get around them. This does not mean that the editors are satisfied with the law as it stands. Its objectionable features are these: The Minister of Home Affairs may prohibit the sale and distribution of an issue containing an item or items prejudicial to peace and order or to public morals, and he may, if necessary, confiscate such an issue; the Minister of the Army, the Minister of the Navy or the Minister of Foreign Affairs may issue an administrative order prohibiting or restricting the publication in the newspapers of military or diplomatic items; the newspapers may not publish the details of preliminary examination of a criminal case before the case comes up for public trial, nor matters relating to criminal cases under preliminary examination, when their publication has been specifically prohibited by the procurators, nor the proceedings of law cases which are being heard in camera; the publisher, the editor and the printer of a newspaper which publishes an item or items derogatory to the Imperial House or subversive of the existing body politic shall be punished with imprisonment not exceeding two years and a fine of not more than 300 yen.

On paper these provisions appear formidable. In practice they are not serious obstacles unless the editor deliberately courts trouble. Apparently the authorities have learned a lesson from the vigorous anti-government campaign waged by the press for many years, and the censors are becoming more and more liberal. In fact censorship as now practised is ineffectual and often ridiculous. The publisher sends to the censor a few copies of his paper as soon as it is off the press but is free to distribute it without waiting for the censor's opinion, which in most cases is not forthcoming. The result is that the censor's injunction, when he is minded to issue one, reaches the publisher only after the distribution of the paper in question has for the most part become a *fait accompli*. Nevertheless the petty governmental interference is annoying enough, and there is a genuine desire among editors to remodel the press law. When the Parliament is reorganized next year under the new manhood suffrage law, the movement will come to a head to remove or modify provisions incompatible with the freedom of the press.

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Next month Julian B. Arnold, son of the poet of "The Light of Asia," will write of that oriental burden-bearer, the donkey.

BESIDE THE BUSHMAN WERF

(*Continued from page 810*)

matched against that of his foes, whether man or beast, the man has developed animal-like stealth and cunning to a remarkable degree He will stalk his quarry in the open with just a tuft of grass here and there behind which to hide until he is within range. The most popular disguise is the ostrich stalk. From the inside of a skin, one man manipulates a wing and the neck, which is stuffed full of grass and stiffened by a smooth stick. A second man walks under the other wing, with bow held close to his body, ready to release the poisoned arrow. The improvised ostrich is cumbersome, of course, and sometimes the animals seem to detect something wrong about it. When they prick up their ears and give signs of alarm, the ostrich begins to feed and even to walk in the opposite direction if the alarm seems serious enough. Or the hunter may wait at the water, where all the animals come to drink, hiding in a little shooting-pit disguised with grass around the edges. When the animals have learned to go to the water against the wind, they have no difficulty in scenting the man in ambush. If, however, they can be taken unaware, this is the easiest way to make a kill; for the poisoned arrows carry certain death. Some of the poisoned arrows we brought home with us. In the laboratories of the University of Colorado School of Medicine, Dr. Ivan Hall, bacteriologist, and Dr. Richard Whitehead, pharmacologist, found the poison on them to be so powerful that one ounce of pure crystal properly distributed is sufficient to kill more than twelve hundred men in from thirty minutes to an hour and a half. It is a death-sting in which are to be found some of the most deadly bacteria known to science.

The Bushman learns to utilize every means of getting food, but he depends for staple diet upon the left-over kills of the lion. For this reason the lion is regarded as a friend rather than an enemy and is never killed except when he decides to go on a Bushman diet. In fact, the tribespeople we met were loath to participate in a lion hunt, even after we had proved better friends than the lion could ever be.

The Bushman sleeps with one ear open, as it were, and listens for the lion, who always publishes his kill on the great sounding-board of the African night. The Bushman then turns over in his little screen, sits up and, having ascertained the direction of the lion's voice, indicates it by the way he places an arrow. Then he lies down again. At dawn he watches for the vultures, a practice that through the long history of the race has become the daily round and common task. Usually they arrive before the Bushman, and he gets what these and other fellow scavengers have left. Both animals and Bushman are aware that, if undisturbed after he has eaten, the lion is harmless.

In the dance that follows feasting, the Bushman with amazing skill dramatizes the hunt or the life of bird or beast. First, perhaps, the great bull seeks a mate. Then, as the young bulls seek theirs, the women are snatched into the writhing, sweating, girating mass. The dance becomes maddening, the passion of the dancers furious. They cease for the time to be themselves and are identified in imagination with the animals of the herd.

Our stay in the Heikum Bushman country came to an abrupt end. One day a swarm of flies descended unannounced out of the skies; the next day no less than a score of the people were bitten and terribly swollen. On the advice of Captain Nelson we broke camp. The guides and interpreters told us the old men of the werf were saying that we were responsible for the plague and that the disease would not

International Newsreel

Undermining Our China Policy!

SHARP, even bitter, controversy divides Americans in China. One side demands an iron hand with the Chinese; the other urges hands off.

"Enforce the treaties," says one. "Throw them away," says the other. "Compel amends for Nanking," says one. "Settle it peacefully with the Chinese later," says the other.

A policy of supreme world significance is involved. Diplomatic "sanctions," ultimatums, armed foreign intervention in China — and possibly war — go with the iron hand policy, say its opponents.

At two recent crises in the relations of the powers with China, the Administration at Washington and its diplomatic representative at Peking held fundamentally divergent views on American policy.

The Administration stood solidly against any aggression on China, blocking the influence of the Peking diplomatic body for an ultimatum.

In the November ASIA, Thomas F. Millard, probably the best-known American writer on Far Eastern affairs, will contribute a significant article in which he will deal with the dangers that threatened the effectiveness of the traditional American policy of friendship with China at these critical periods. The article is a candid statement of facts, in which Mr. Millard frankly holds the American Minister and sections of the American business community in China responsible for efforts to obstruct the American press in China in its reports of news favorable to the policy of the Washington Administration and opposed to aggressive foreign demands. It is one of the most significant articles to appear on the China situation.

OTHER ARTICLES IN THE NOVEMBER ASIA

The Japanese Woman

Despite the delicacy of soul and dignity of bearing of Japanese women, the restlessness of youth is stirring in Japan. Solemn editorials flay the flapper, her sex talk and mannishness. One delightful statistician found that thirty-three per cent of the girls in several Japanese high schools wanted to be men. Wyman S. Smith will write entertainingly of tendencies new and old, in the November ASIA.

Two Thousand Years Before Abraham In His Old Home Town

Back to 4300 years before Christ, the excavators of Ur have pushed their finds. A beautifully sculptured copper bull reveals a high art and a notable civilization in these early times. "Digging Out Ur of the Chaldees" will give a remarkable picture of ancient life.

ATHEISM IN RUSSIA

Has the Russian peasant ever been the saint of the romanticists? Or was he merely overpowered by the oriental splendor of the Orthodox Church? Maurice Hindus, in a vital article, will show how deeply the Bolshevist campaign against religion has taken hold of the peasant.

TROPICAL PLANTATIONS

The products of the tropics, once growing in riotous freedom, are now being cultivated in huge plantations backed by broad financing operations. Ellsworth Huntington, one of America's geographical experts, will inquire into the significance of this development from the point of view of world food supply.

In Praise of Donkeys

"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." Julian B. Arnold will indict mankind and defend the donkey with both good sense and whimsicality.

leave until the white men had been killed. Whether these tales were invented by the guides, I cannot say.

Our next objective lay some two hundred and fifty miles to the northeast of Grootfontein, where we found the last living members of the pure-breed Kung Bushmen. For several weeks in the desert proper we played hide-and-seek with them, placing food, candy and trinkets at the water-hole. Through the interpreter, a half-breed Hottentot who could speak broken German and Dutch as well as Nama and Kung, we finally succeeded in making friends in this new region. One evening the interpreter returned to camp with three men, the tallest standing about four feet six. We were disappointed at seeing no women and children, but, after an hour of tactical conversation, one of the men turned and shouted in his rasping voice. Almost at once seven women and five children came timidly toward us. We offered food, which was promptly devoured. It was by chance, however, that we made real friends of them. Before we had breakfasted the next morning, there came a scream from the camp. Our guide brought the news that a woman had been bitten by a horned adder. Our physician, Dr. Grant H. John, was able to administer treatment immediately and so save the woman's life. This incident helped to give us a strong hold on our new Bushman associates.

The hunt of that day furnished a dramatic incident. We were looking for herds of eland and gemsbok. For some reason our hosts seemed not to want to take us to the game we sought. As we halted for luncheon, we learned from the interpreter that they were planning to take us to a herd of buffaloes. We accepted the statement dubiously. An hour later we came to a permanent water-hole. At a near-by oasis of green grass we saw a small herd of buffaloes. It was useless to explain that the government did not permit the killing of these animals except in self-defense. We wished very much, however, to get good photographic studies of them; so we maneuvered around below the wind. But, what with our carriers and cameras, we made them aware of us, and they cleared. In a vain hope we followed.

Now was to come the thrill of risking a heavy fine to save a Bushman. Two cows and a little day-old calf had been left behind the herd. They were lying in some short brush, and we came along very innocently, not knowing what was in store. Suddenly the two cows jumped out, not farther than about twenty-five yards away, and came directly for the two white men at the head of the company. Forbidden by law to shoot, we naturally ran just as fast as our legs could carry us. The cow to which the calf did not belong made only a superficial charge and went off to the left, but the other was bent on mischief. When she had charged only a short distance, she winded one of the Bushmen and swerved toward him. He was naked, barefoot and, like all Bushmen, a good runner. He made several sharp turns. Our guide was nearest to the scene. By unhappy experience he had learned to observe the laws concerning buffaloes, and, holding Bushman life worthless, he calmly watched sure death driving down on the little savage. In agony we waited. The cow was only a few feet away from the little fellow and was gaining rapidly. Then a shot rang out. The buffalo cow dropped in her tracks. The Bushman kept on running for a considerable distance before he looked around. He, perhaps, was less surprised at the shot than was our guide, who had aided in many a Bushman hunt and, according to his own word, had killed many a Bushman himself.

The incident brought home to us the tremendous odds against which the Bushman must fight. Oppressed until the last few years almost to the point of extermination, driven to seek safety in the cruel reaches of the desert, always hungry—what a pitiful little waif he is! He has so long suffered from an unfavorable environment that he seems incapable now of altering his ways. When forced to live a less wild, nomadic life, he pines away like a caged gorilla. Almost invariably, too, when he has come into contact with any other member of the human family, a bloody feud has resulted. He, being the weaker, has naturally gone to the wall. In the early part of the nineteenth century the British government and the London Missionary Society made attempts at civilizing and Christianizing the Bushman but failed in every case. There is not, to my knowledge, one instance on record of a pure-breed Bushman who has permanently accepted European habits of life or shown capacity for cultural evolution. His type seems fixed and his doom sealed.

THEREFORE, STAND BY THE PARTY!

(*Continued from page 846*)

I followed a group of peasants, with their guide, one Sunday. "Here you see the chains in which Pugachev was brought prisoner to Moscow by the Czar. Feel them. Heavy, Ivan?" she said. "That is the way the Czar punished those who fought for the people. See, here is a picture of the execution of Sophie Perovskaya, who assassinated Alexander II. Do you know the story?" She told it simply and in the heroic manner. "Here is the press on which a secret people's paper was published. It was even illegal to read of the struggle for the people. And, if you were caught—Siberia." The crowd, listening eagerly, shuddered. She spoke briefly of dark cellars, suspicion, fear. "Here is the Lenin room. You know who Lenin was. Here are the things he used in Siberia—your leader." Many groups thronged the museum that day, and all heard similar explanations, often interrupting to ask questions.

Across the Neva River, in Leningrad, opposite the royal palaces, a graceful golden spire marks the fortress of Peter and Paul. This was the great political prison, in former times visited by no one for mere sightseeing purposes. Here men entered with youth and came out, if at all, with age. Today it is always open—six cents' admission. Within the high stone walls, against which the river rises in flood in spring, there are the prison buildings and a little chapel. Here, beneath shining marble and colored onyx, lie the remains of all the czars since Peter, save one. Their graves are undisturbed—nothing is touched. Even the jewels in the ikons and the golden candelabra remain. Peasant delegations are brought here first. The lavish simplicity impresses them. Then they cross the court to the low, dark chain of buildings that was the prison. Death brought the peace of the chapel to the Romanovs; life brought to Kropotkin, to Trotsky, to Dzerzhinsky, to many "who fought for the people," the living death in the fortress, the dark cells and the darkened garden, forty by forty feet, in which one walk each week was permitted, the iron mattresses, the eternal guard. The guides tell the stories, list the famous occupants of each cell and then, pointing across the river to the palaces, say simply, "There dwelt the Czar—here, your friends." A lonely peasant soldier, stationed in the garrison in the fortress, acted as my guide one Sunday. "It is wonderful, is it not, that we can come here and see for ourselves?" he asked.

There are museums of other types. The

Hermitage with its paintings, including the thirty-nine Rembrandts, is open, as is the great all-Russian collection of the Tretyakov galleries. While these attract great and reverential attention, they provide no moral. But the guides who show visitors through the collection of the costly and gaudy trinkets of the czars and their friends will pause in their explanations to say simply: "And this is pure gold. Did your grandfather have anything like this, Ivan?" And later: "Whose money bought these things, my friends?"

Motion-pictures provide another opportunity to portray the life of the past so as to give the advantage to the present. Nothing is so striking about new Russia as the grasp that new inventions have on the popular imagination, and of all the inventions that have come out of the West, none is more popular than the "movies." The government, which controls the production of pictures, is turning out first-rate Russian films; but most of those shown are censored American-made pictures—often our poorest productions. In them, there is little opportunity for teaching and forming pro-Party opinion. In all the Russian productions that I saw in Moscow, however, the moral is driven home like an express-train.

Visiting a Russian motion-picture in Moscow is an experience. Most of the halls are commandeered hotels and former clubs—and not churches, as is often reported. The crowd gathers early. Though there are three showings each evening, careful inspection of the hall after each exhibition prevents a family from making an evening of it on one set of admissions. When the picture begins, there comes, with the first subtitle, an amazing murmur, which swells and dies like the responsive reading of the Psalter at a Protestant service. For the literate read the titles aloud to their neighbors—an index of literacy, by the way. Between reels, when the lights go on, there are much chattering and much chewing of roasted sunflower-seeds, the peanuts of Russia.

Most of the Russian productions are based on history. In many instances the actual setting is used. The stories, which are seldom distorted, are almost invariably tragic. In them, however, there is a unique shift of values. The villains of former times are the heroes of today. The pictures glorify the rebel against the government, the assassin of the czar. And often the moral of the story is driven home by means of contrast. "Potemkin," most beautiful of Soviet productions—a true masterpiece of photography—is the story of a crew of a battleship in revolt against their officers during the abortive Revolution of 1905. In it the exuberance of the people, fired by the revolutionary spirit, is contrasted with the stern brutality of the czarist police, until the audience feels like rising and personally throttling each policeman. In another, "Palace and Fortress," the hero is a rebel separated from his fiancée and thrown into jail. He remains for twenty years—in the fortress of Peter and Paul, by the way, and the picture is the story of his life there. While the Czar and his court survey a nimble-footed ballet, the hero sadly gazes at the ball and chain on his feet. Again, as the court attends an opening of an art exhibit, with much splendor and gaiety, the prisoner is painting on his cell wall, with his own blood for paint! Single incidents such as these and the effect as a whole are the most impressive lessons the government can give. As the audience watches the portrayal of the czarist régime, it feels no doubt about which period of Russian life is better. During the theatrical season plays on the stage are also busy with propaganda work.

Finally, there is the radio. We who live in

this microphonic period of American history know well the power of radio in formulating opinion. Russia has few broadcasting stations and few privately owned radio sets, but evening in the cities finds a crowd before a public building from which a horn is belching forth music, speeches and static. I saw such a crowd in Leningrad, and I saw it, three thousand miles away, in Astrakhan. The programs are varied —music, speeches, agricultural advice, political debate. For most Russians the radio is still a novelty; so they listen to it eagerly. "We count the radio as our greatest force in our educational program," said an official of the Commissariat of Education to me. Before I left Moscow, I heard of a plan to build in that city a super-radio-station, which will reach not only all of Russia but all of western Europe.

The radio is being put to odd purposes in Russia. The government has a number of portable receiving sets and loud-speakers. They are taken to the villages on Sunday and operate in front of the churches while the peasants assemble for mass. As Ivan and his wife stand at the church door, the radio begins a speech on farming, rivaling the clanging church bells. The wife pulls toward the church; Ivan sways toward this new wonder. The children of the village are already listening, open-mouthed. The chances are that Ivan and his wife join them—especially when an engaging young man promises that next Sunday the horn shall call Ivan by name. And so the service is slimly attended that morning.

I cannot touch on the various ways in which communistic principles and theories are being spread. I think that, at this time, that question is less important than the matters I have already discussed. The power of the Communist Party and its chance of permanence in Russia are not increasing through appeals to reason, through confessions of faith; rather, its vitality lies in the numbers of men and women who feel that life for them is more varied, more interesting, better filled with opportunities because of the Party and the changes it has made. And the Party is strong, with a strength not based on fear. The propaganda put out by it today is directed far more toward gaining sympathy than toward making disciples and believers. Persons who sympathize first, may believe later; the important thing is first to gain the sympathizers. And, in the carefully cultivated minds of many Russians, there is growing the firm conviction that, no matter how low wages may be, how scarce machinery, Russia under the Party is better than Russia under the czars.

Therefore, stand by the Party!

MAN AND NATURE IN HOT CLIMATES

(*Continued from page 829*)

qualities of thrift and industry increase, but a selection occurs which tends to weed out the idle and the unruly. The peoples thus produced may be slow according to western standards, but they are comparatively steady, industrious, faithful and law-abiding. In such terms the Javanese, Siamese, Hindus, Chinese and Japanese may all be characterized. In this respect they offer a strong contrast to the non-rice-raising people of equatorial Africa, New Guinea and the Amazon Basin, and likewise to the Mongols and Ainus north of China and of Japan. So different are they from the others that Hindu coolies in South America and Africa are usually considered much better workers than are Africans or American Indians. Where they have been introduced, tropical agriculture improves decidedly. They cause British Guiana, for example, to stand much higher than its neighbors in the production of rice, sugar and other tropical products.

Of the geographical conditions under which rice culture is most likely to take place, the

Dutch possession of Java, lying a little south of the equator, provides an admirable example. Java is smaller than Iowa. Nearly half of its surface is occupied by rugged volcanoes and other mountains. Yet it supports fifteen times as many people as Iowa. Moreover, its population has increased enormously—only five millions a century ago, more than thirty-five millions today. Already Java has nearly as many people as France, which is four times as large, and the end is not yet. Most marvelous of all, this equatorial island, with its teeming masses of human beings, is still practically self-supporting. Only a handful of people live in the cities, and only a few of the rest are engaged in trade or industry. The vast majority—nearly thirty millions—live on tiny farms and raise food. They raise enough so that more than a thousand persons are supported on an average square mile of cultivated land. Two acres of such land per family, and less in many cases, is all that the Javanese can claim as a source of livelihood. How is this possible? Of course the policy of the Dutch government enters into the matter, but similar conditions of land and people lead to extraordinarily dense populations in places where the natives rule themselves, as in China and Japan.

The physical conditions that enable a country to support the maximum number of people without help from outside include level plains, deep, rich soil, high mountains, abundant water throughout much of the year, in the form of either rain or rivers, and high temperature and much sunshine throughout a long growing season. Java has all of these, and so do China, Formosa, India, Egypt, Japan and Italy—every one of the regions where both rice and people are especially plentiful. The mountains of Egypt, to be sure, are located far away in central Africa, but that is a minor detail. The outstanding fact is that, aside from portions of the manufacturing regions and very limited areas close to a few great cities elsewhere, practically every country with more than two hundred inhabitants per square mile possesses the physical qualities just described and raises a relatively large amount of rice. The only important exceptions are the islands of Mauritius, east of Africa, and Porto Rico, in the West Indies. They possess the physical characteristics of rice-lands, except that the mountains are low and do not produce long-continued floods. They also have a population of more than two hundred per square mile, but sugar takes the place of rice as the main crop.

The need for level or only gently sloping land is so obvious that we need not discuss it. Yet, even if there is not much level land, the rice-raisers' method of agriculture enables them to manufacture such land by terracing the mountainsides. That is one reason why such countries can support many people. The terraces save the hillsides from being denuded of soil in the way that is so disastrous, in the United States, in our own South. In Java, however, although the mountains are never far distant, one rides hour after hour over rolling plains, partly the old sea-floor and partly the work of rivers.

But plains are of little use in themselves, no matter how deep their soil. The Amazon Basin has some of the most vast and nearly level plains in the whole world, and New Guinea likewise has level plains along large parts of the coast. The trouble in those cases is that the plains are too flat and not enough higher than the ocean. Consequently they are almost always water-logged: the soil never has a chance to become aerated or to be subjected to the bacteria that would break it up in such a way as to prepare it for useful crops. The importance of the soil increases as one goes from colder to warmer climates. In Spitzbergen it makes little difference whether the soil is pure quartz sand, containing practically no plant food, or the richest black volcanic ash. By reason of the climate, no crops will grow in any case. In middle latitudes differences in the soil become important; for a state like Illinois shows a remarkable contrast between the rich-soiled central areas and the poor-soiled areas a few score miles farther south. In tropical regions, where the climate is especially favorable to vegetation, the quality of the soil becomes extremely important. To it is due no small share of the difference between densely populated Java and Jamaica, on the one hand, and sparsely populated New Guinea and the Amazon Basin, on the other.

Even within Java itself and in regions where there is no question of water-logging, the mere difference in the quality of the soil produces an immense difference in population. In Java the *rural* population on the best soils of the lowlands, omitting the towns, reaches the extraordinary density of more than one thousand persons per square mile in a volcanic strip extending across the center of the island from Tegal on the north to Jokjakarta on the south. In an area of about eight hundred square miles this rises to fifteen hundred and in another area of three hundred square miles to nearly seventeen hundred. All of the people thus included are either farmers or tradesmen, artisans and so forth who serve the farmers and are in reality supported by the soil. Almost nowhere else in the whole world do soil, topography and climate combine to make it possible to support so many people on a given area.

Only two hundred miles to the west, on the north coast, the region of Krawang, some two thousand square miles in area, is quite as favorable as are the most densely inhabited parts of Java so far as the relief of the land is concerned, and has almost as good a climate. Regions close by on each side have a rural population approaching a thousand per square mile. But Krawang has a poor, lateritic soil. Accordingly, the rural population falls to three hundred and eighty per square mile. That may be enormously dense according to the standards of most parts of the world, but it is sparse for Java—only a quarter as great as in Klaten, for instance, two hundred miles farther east, where there is fresh volcanic material. Even if we make full allowance for differences in the climate and relief of these two districts, the soil alone still appears to make it possible for three persons to get a living in one area and only one in another. Let an equally poor soil be water-logged for thousands of years, and we get a condition like that of the Amazon Basin, where agriculture is practically impossible for primitive people. Thus the quality of the soil reaches its highest importance in warm, wet regions, where man has relatively little energy and is still in a low stage of culture so that he cannot adopt elaborate devices to improve the soil. It is in such circumstances that volcanoes do the most good. Java and Japan without their volcanoes, old and new, would be quite different places.

If the population is to be dense in rice-raising regions, mountains, as well as plains and good soil, are needed, partly to keep the soil from being exhausted and still more to supply water. In Japan and Java their importance in enriching the soil is very great. Sometimes the volcanoes cover the fields with lava and ashes; they even destroy villages; but on the whole they are beneficent. As a rule,

volcanic soil, of the dark types in particular, is rich in the mineral constituents that are often called plant food. Java's active young volcanoes resemble those of Japan in containing large amounts of soft and friable material, easily eroded by rain, especially in the parts where the slopes are cultivated. If the underlying rock were solid, this process would soon put a stop to further cultivation on the mountains. But, as things are, erosion simply exposes fresh soil for the use of the mountain farmers and carries other fresh soil down to the plains. Except among the upper parts of the virgin forests on the steep south side, there is scarcely a clear stream in all Java. The scenery suffers, but the fertility of the island increases; for in every rice-field there is deposited each year a new layer of fresh soil. It contains a great amount of organic fertilizer; for in Java the universal custom is to use the running streams as privies. It matters not that the same stream is used lower down for the washing of people and clothes, for cooking and for drinking. Of course such a system tends greatly to spread typhoid, dysentery and other diseases, but it certainly conserves the fertility of the soil. The results would be far worse were not tea used very widely and most food eaten cooked.

Besides enriching the soil, the mountains encourage rain. Java, even if level, would get a fair amount, since it is an island and lies near the equator. But the mountains there, as in every other rice region of dense population, greatly help. They cause the inblowing air to rise and give up its moisture at seasons that otherwise would be dry. They also act as reservoirs so that springs keep the streams flowing in the dry season. In the same way India's dense population depends largely upon the tremendously heavy rains that fall not only upon the Himalaya but on the plains and on the border ranges of the peninsula. China receives very heavy rains both on its plains and on the high western mountains that feed its great rivers. Chosen—Korea—and Japan are likewise remarkable for the torrential showers that water their mountains in summer and for the snows of winter in the highlands, which provide abundant water for the spring irrigation of the rice-fields. Although Egypt itself gets no rain worth mentioning, the high, rainy equatorial regions that feed the Nile play the same part as do the mountains of Java. Even in Italy much of the density of the agricultural population is due to the Apennines and especially the Alps, which condense the atmospheric vapor and send it earthward to form streams that can be used for irrigation.

Still another condition requisite for the support of a dense population is a growing season so long that more than one crop can be raised each year. Even in the more northerly rice-raising regions such as Korea, Japan and northern Italy, the summers are long enough and warm enough for two crops of some sort, although not of rice. In many areas of dense population and abundant rice, a steadily high temperature, averaging not far from 80° all the year in Ceylon and Java, often makes it possible to cultivate three crops per year, two of rice and one of some other quick-growing sort.

Before we can fully understand the density of population and the stage of civilization in the rice-lands, the people must likewise be considered. One fact worth noting is that as a rule they need less food than do Americans or Europeans. This is partly because most of them are small, as is especially well known among the Japanese, but as is also true in southern China, much of India, Java and elsewhere. It is also in part because the percentage of young children is high. In the United States in 1920 fewer than twenty-eight out of every hundred persons were under fifteen years of age; in Java the number was forty-one. The warmth of the climate still further reduces the food requirements. Not only are tropical people less active than those of cold countries, but they do not need so many fats and carbohydrates in order to keep warm. Where all these conditions combine, as among the Javanese, it is probable that the consumption of food by the average person is not much more than half so much as among Americans. The small consumption of meat also helps to increase the density of population; for at least two or three times as much land is needed to yield a given food value in meat as in vegetable products. In view of all this it appears that a given area of cultivated land produces food for twelve or fifteen times as many people in Java as in the United States. And what is true of Java is true to a less degree of each of the other thickly populated rice areas.

Even yet we have not got at the full reason why the rice-lands have so many people. The rural population of Java is approximately thirty times as dense as that of Iowa in proportion to the cultivated land, but purely physical and physiological conditions seem to explain only how it can be twelve or fifteen times as dense. The remainder of the difference must be due mainly to the standards of living. The inhabitants of the thickly crowded rice-raising regions do not require so much as do those of Europe or the United States in the way of clothing and shelter because most of them live where it is relatively warm even in winter. Woolen clothing, furnaces, coal and cellars are only a few of the things needed for personal comfort in cold regions but not in warm. Even in Japan this is largely true. It is not true in Chosen and northern China, where the winters are severe; but those countries only half belong to the rice type, since other grains, such as wheat, barley and millet, assume high importance.

Not only the needs but the desires of the rice-raisers are generally small. They are content with a scale of living that would seem impossible to the vast majority of Europeans and Americans. If the immediate cause of this difference is found in social customs and long established habits, why have such customs and habits arisen? Would they have been the same if the geographical background had been different? In all the main rice-raising countries the climate is so warm, damp and monotonous for a considerable part of the year that people do not have much energy. Even in Japan people rarely display the restless energy that often makes a Minnesota farmer almost resent every interruption. A series of hot days gives us in America an inclination to work slowly. In Java, Siam, India or southern China a similar inclination lasts for generations. One of the things that most impress the traveler is the leisurely way in which people work there.

All over the world, the standard of living has a close relation to health and physical vigor. The man whose temperament is inert, either by nature or by reason of an enervating climate, may be stirred by new desires, but, after the imperative needs for food and shelter and the like have been satisfied, he is likely to feel that the satisfaction of most of those desires does not justify the extra work that they demand. When such a spirit becomes common, as happens almost universally in regions that are hot and damp, the march of progress is sure to be slow. There arises, as it were, a social inheritance of inertia in addition to the personal inertia of the individual. The old ways are good enough, not merely because they do

not demand much exertion, but just because they are old.

Where the standards of living thus become petrified at a low level, the density of population is certain to be great if a large supply of food is easily obtainable. It is simply a case of mathematics. So much land is available, so much food can be raised per acre and so much is needed per person. Automatically the population will increase until these three conditions balance one another. In a rice region, each family, let us say, needs only half as much food as in a certain more active region; each acre supplies six times as much food as in the active region; and each family is content with no more goods than can be bought if it raises one-fifth more food than it consumes. The man in the active region can raise only one-sixth as much per acre, he consumes twice as much food and, to satisfy the other needs that he considers imperative, he must raise surplus crops amounting to twice as much as he and his family eat. In the one case the land will support thirty times as many people as in the other, and the contrast will be like that between Java and Iowa.

It is not unlikely that the rice-growers, as they adopt western modes of transportation and western science, will spread rice culture into new areas. Suppose the course of human progress should make it possible for the islands of Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes and New Guinea to be inhabited by rice-raising people. The conditions of soil, relief and rainfall would doubtless make it impossible to support a population as dense as that of Java. But almost certainly the population might be as dense as in the most sparsely populated subdistrict of Java. There, in the western province of Bantam, the administrative district of Lebak, nearly thirteen hundred square miles in extent, is extraordinarily rugged and has soil of only ordinary quality. It is part of the only region in Java where the people are so wild and independent that Europeans are not allowed to travel without special permits, which are hard to get. Nevertheless, the density of the population is approximately one hundred and sixty per square mile. If New Guinea, Celebes, Borneo and Sumatra were populated with rice-raisers even as densely as that, they would support more than one hundred and thirty million people instead of only twelve millions as is now the case. So great is the power of rice culture not only to supply food but to stimulate industry and select hard-working types for preservation that the introduction of a rice-raising population might in due time raise the density to a still higher figure.

The corresponding parts of Africa and South America could probably each support a far greater number. If rice culture should spread as widely as possible, the world's population might perhaps be increased by fifty per cent. Such an increase would scarcely be more amazing than the increase of the population of Java sevenfold in a century. It might take place with little or no disturbance to the rest of the world. But whether it would help the rest of mankind in respect to its food problems, and otherwise, is quite a different question. Our purpose here is merely to point out that, thus far, the conditions that favor the greatest density of population and the greatest aggregations of human beings are those that make rice cultivation feasible for people with tropical appetites, desires and modes of living and yet with a high degree of culture according to tropical standards.

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To the November issue Ellsworth Huntington will contribute a thought-provoking paper on tropical plantations and future food-supplies.

IN THE STREETS OF TUNIS

(Continued from page 821)

Algerian leaned forward eagerly. The gleaming jewels quivered on Mabroucka's panting bosom as once more she took her place on the divan, but her face had regained its usual cold indifference. It was the turn of Lalia, and after that the audience called for Mabroucka in vain. She would not dance again, let them cry out as they would.

It was the last night of her contract at the Théâtre Arabe. Her companions had renewed theirs for three months, but Mabroucka, refusing all offers, was determined to go. She had finished her task: she had collected the forty thousand francs she had set herself to collect, and the next day she would set out for Biskra.

No one would have believed how Mabroucka meant to spend her money; for she had told no one her secret. She had a daughter, a child of eleven whose name was Mannoubia—"Rose-Hidden-in-the-Foliage." And concerning Mannoubia, the sole object of her love, Mabroucka had little by little conceived a strange ambition. She did not want Mannoubia to be a dancer; she wanted Mannoubia to marry young and bear many children. Fate had never given Mabroucka a son, but Mannoubia would give her sons and daughters. And Mannoubia was to be as her name designated her—a rose hidden in the foliage—a woman of the harem, chaste, honored, loved by her husband, if fate were kind, loved and blessed by her children, whether or no. This was the life Mabroucka had planned for her child. To realize fully the uniqueness of her project, one must understand the traditions of the Ouled-Naïls, to whom the following of a certain profession for a number of years is an accepted and approved thing.

Mabroucka could not have told you why she wished a different life for Mannoubia. Perhaps it was the desire to see her daughter the mother of sons. Perhaps it was an instinctive hatred and scorn of her own career; for there was a keen intelligence behind Mabroucka's low, wax-tinted forehead. For years her life had wearied and sickened her. The brief and fierce passions of her youth had long since burned out.

Not for Mannoubia such a fate! Nor for Mannoubia a husband of the tribe; for within the tribe all well-favored women become dancers. Mannoubia should marry outside it, some honorable peasant who would hide her beauty safely within his house forever. And, even if he forbade Mabroucka to see her daughter, the mother would acquiesce. She cared only for one thing, that the rose she had borne should remain hidden.

When Mabroucka was in Biskra, she had taken tentative steps concerning her daughter's marriage. One and all had met her advances with amusement and contempt. Mabroucka the dancer, living in the quarter of the Ouled-Naïls, was sought after and loaded with gifts. Mabroucka as a mother-in-law was a thing laughable, grotesque. With outward patience but with inward fury, Mabroucka persisted, and one day a young Arab merchant from Constantine sought her out. Rumor had told him of forty thousand francs, and for the rest he did not care. Constantine was one place; Biskra, another. Moreover he had once seen Mannoubia, a shy, enchanting child. He offered to marry her when the time came, and the overjoyed Mabroucka departed for Tunis to finish earning the promised dowry. Now she had gained it, to the last *centime*. And all she longed to do was to shake the hateful dust of the foreign city from her feet and to set her face once more toward the desert.

Boubaaka-ben-Hroumana met her outside the theater and, coming forward with arrogance, caught her by the wrist and murmured a word in her ear. Mabroucka wrenched herself free, gave him one smoldering glance of hatred and went her way. Boubaaka followed her and tried other tactics.

"Do I not please thee, O Flower I would fain pluck and wear on my bosom?"

Mabroucka answered him in no uncertain fashion and dived into a maze of black, tortuous streets among the souks, Boubaaka ever in her wake.

"I will give thee jewels, O Flower of the Desert blown hither on the south wind. I will give thee bracelets of gold and anklets of silver and rubies no redder than thy lips—"

"Wilt thou cease to yelp at my heels, O Jackal?"

Boubaaka, realizing that she was adamant, suddenly drew a wallet stuffed with notes from his breast and thrust it into her hand without further speech. Mabroucka gazed at it, fascinated. An immense sum of money was there, she dared not guess how much. If this savage chose to give it her for a few hours of her company, it would add royally to the dowry of Mannoubia.

"Follow me," she flung at him over her shoulder, and meekly he followed her into a maze of byways.

When she reached her room, Mabroucka prepared food and drink; for she had not yet eaten. The Algerian looked wonderingly at her jewels, at the immense gold bracelets that clasped her small wrists, the chains of gem-incrusted gold that overloaded her fragile neck and weighed upon her bosom. In her ears were huge earrings of gold filigree set with little diamonds, beautiful earrings of Turkish workmanship, the gift of some infatuated lover.

Mabroucka, in her turn, regarded him no less curiously as they sat cross-legged on their mats, drinking steaming green tea. He was a huge man, burned almost black by the sun, the teeth gleaming oddly in his dark face. He wore a gandoura of coarse silk, with a white linen robe beneath, and high boots of scarlet leather. He was deep-chested and broad-shouldered as a bull, and in his one closed fist both her little hands were swallowed. He called her by caressing names in his soft Algerian speech, pulled her roughly to him when the meal was finished and began one by one to take off her heavy bracelets and rings. Mabroucka suffered him silently. This great man, so different from the effeminate Arabs of the town, was nearer to winning her favor than any man she had met for years. He brought with him a breath from the immense plains of the south, from the inaccessible peaks where was her home. She asked his name, repeating the uncouth word with a quaint, clipped accent, and laughed. Mabroucka had not laughed for many months, but tonight her spirit was full of exultation. Tomorrow—freedom—and in three days she would clasp her daughter in her arms. "Praise be to Allah!" murmured Mabroucka at the thought, seeing no incongruity in whispering the words in the arms of her strange lover. . . .

There was panic in the street of the dancers. A crowd had gathered around a certain house—painted women in motley garments, gesticulating men and a few Europeans attracted by the noise and the shouts.

"What's it all about?" inquired an Englishman of a little French police official, who was busy taking notes.

"A murder—and a lot of jewelry taken," said the little officer briskly.

"Who took it—and who was murdered?" demanded the Englishman, greatly appalled.

"A dancing-girl was murdered for her jewels by her lover. They say she had forty thousand francs' worth of savings, too, but it probably isn't true. She struggled hard, made a great fight of it—but he stabbed her in the throat."

"Abominable—murdered for her jewels by her *lover!*"

The police official shrugged and replaced his notebook. "But that," he said "often happens."

PUJA FOR A MUD HOUSE

(*Continued from page 839*)

In my last letter I was so taken up with the details of my ménage as a dweller in tents that I gave no idea of what Pachperwa (it is pronounced Putch-pair-wah) looks like. Well, then, it looks like a few hundred thousand other Indian villages, except that on clear days, like today, there are the mountains. I know by my compass and the map, not to mention the sun, that these lie to the north, but the real sense of direction for me is that they lie in a straight line from my tent door. I see them when I wake in the morning, and I see them as I take my evening stroll along the road that leads past my tent and tahsil headquarters to Little Pachperwa. And between there is nothing whatever except a few clumpy mango-trees and fourteen miles of fields. The first range is generally a flat blue wash, with the unusual undulating outline. Perhaps two-thirds of the time at this season of dust-blowing, that is all there is to see. But then comes a rain, or it gets cold, and the second range springs out of the sky, twice as high as it is reasonable for any mountains to be, with gigantic white slopes and pale blue and lavender shadows, or all rose and copper. It so happens that often, because the mountains are far off, I forget to look at them. Then suddenly, by accident, I catch sight of them, and invariably I have a sense of intense surprise. They are really too high, too stupendous, too white with immaculate snow, too incredibly beautiful. And then I look down once more and see the huge patches of rusty red chillies drying on the bare ground, and my friend the King of Red Peppers squatting on his country, taking his *hookah* out of his mouth to smile his consumptive smile and say "Salaam," and Moti—"Pearl"—who would be no kind of dog at all in America but who is an aristocrat of the first water in my village, frisking along and worrying a rag scarecrow that stands on duty to keep the birds from stealing the peppers, and so I feel at home again. The King of Red Peppers is a dealer in the New Bazar, and he is now buying chillies at twenty-two and a half pounds for one rupee from all the surrounding cultivators.

Just back of the huge pakar-tree under which my four tents are sheltered, lie the four or five buildings of tahsil headquarters, rather ramshackle, with the yellow paint on the mud walls stained and streaked with black. There is one building where the *sipahis* and peons sleep. Beyond is a rather larger building, surrounded by a wall, in the courtyard of which stands the gong, our latest innovation. Whoever is on guard duty strikes the hours on it with a bamboo mallet. So my sun-dial is now out of date. By the way, did I ever say that I discovered, after the first three weeks here, that I had been calculating the time for latitude 45, whereas in reality we are at 26? The amusing part is that it made no difference whatever, since all things that have to do with time are flexibly elastic in Pachperwa.

In that court, too, on the raised platform in front of the building, squats the barber, about nine o'clock in the morning, shaving his

various victims. He also cuts finger-nails and toe-nails gratuitously. For this work he uses a triangular-edged bit of steel and with one swift stroke pares the nail to the quick. The barber may chance to be Mahommedan or Hindu, it makes little difference. We have five Mahommedan barbers and one that is Hindu in Pachperwa, and the Mahommedans, just as well as the Hindus, serve the community as go-betweens for marriages.

One room in this building has strong iron gratings, and here the cash receipts in rent for our tahsil are stored. Nearly all rents are collected in silver rupees. I sometimes see the old Treasurer counting his stacks as he sits on the floor. We are not supposed to keep more than two thousand rupees at a time on hand. When there is more, the Treasurer puts all the coin in bags and takes it to Balrampur. I might here add that our tahsil, which is ten miles wide by fifteen in length, has an actual income in land rent of three *lakhs* and seventy-five thousand rupees, roughly, $125,000. Four years ago cash rents were substituted throughout this province for grain rents, with great benefit, I believe, to the peasant, who is not now subject to extortion and unfair division of harvests. It is hard to judge whether he is paying too high a rent now. The average is two rupees for a *bigha*, and five of this kind of bigha make one of our acres. In the three small settlements that together constitute Pachperwa, there are two hundred and eighteen tenants, of whom half belong to the main village. The other night the Tahsildar read me the full list of their rents, and these ranged from something over six hundred rupees a year to eight annas. (I have made the following table of the tenants: sixteen pay more than one hundred rupees a year, twenty-two pay more than fifty, fifteen pay between twenty-five and fifty, forty-seven pay less than twenty-five and of these thirty-five pay less than ten rupees a year. This is a fair indication of the poverty of the tenant, since it has been estimated that a man cannot subsist and keep out of debt on less than five acres—twenty-five bighas—of land.

The chief tahsil building is a square house with flat roofs in which the Tahsildar lives and holds his court. Facing north, where I can conveniently keep an eye on all that takes place, is a kind of open room or inset veranda—I do not know the right word to describe it—where the Tahsildar sits behind a table, his reader on a wide board bench at one side, his clerks next to the reader and the petitioners out in front, at a respectful distance, standing with hands clasped in the conventional attitude of one who craves mercy. The large, high-ceilinged room just behind this embrasure is filled with flower-pots (or was until they were turned over to me), a dirty cloth punka overhead falling into rags, a few stray boxes and deep layers of dust. The Tahsildar, who is extremely simple in his personal habits, prefers a small room entered by a gate to the south of the house. Here he has a cot, one or two chairs, a small tin trunk, his official trousers and coats, hanging across a bamboo pole swinging from the ceiling over his bed, and nothing more. He once told me that he lived so that he could fold up all his belongings and go away in ten minutes. His room looks like that—oddly comfortless, to my eye, especially when I think that, for the past twenty months, he has been living in this austere readiness to depart. My philosophy permits me to make my surroundings as pleasant as possible but forbids me to let them dominate my life. And it would seem to be of greater importance to have lived so deeply and richly that one might be content to die at a moment's notice, than to

be prepared to catch the first train at Pachperwa Station. This is not the view of the Tahsildar. He would like to be very full of years, and the other night he told me about the possibility of saving breaths and thus prolonging one's life. "Life," he says, "may be considered as consisting of so many breaths. The average for twenty-four hours is twenty thousand, six hundred. There are ways of saving breaths, and you can prolong your life by as many breaths as you can save." And he went on to tell me that many *rishis* and *yogis* had mastered the secret and had lived to be at least two or three hundred years old.

Visible from the back door of my tent and the open ground between the tahsil buildings, is the low, square hill where my new house stands. You can see the thatched roof through the Five Trees beside the little Devi shrine just this side of it. Since the name Pachperwa is a corruption of the words meaning "Five Trees," and the shrine, unpretentious as it is, is very old and sacred, I thought perhaps the village was actually named for these Five Trees. But it seems not. Somebody told me there were five different trees somewhere else—and waved a hand vaguely to the south—but nobody really seems to know where. Whatever the facts about the trees, I am to live, I will have you understand, in a moated fastness, and the site of my house is both romantic and historical.

When I first came here to settle—you remember that this was the place where I was camping with the Jasbir Singhs after I broke my wrist—the important question was where to build the house. I walked through and around the village several times, trying to make up my mind. Though I thought I ought to be *in* the village, the mud houses there are so close together that there seemed to be no place for a new one, except in a spot where grain is stacked. The village is all but treeless and, of course, dirty, insanitary, swarming with flies. I could see that the Tahsildar did not want me to live in it, probably on the ground that I should be outside his protective jurisdiction. The main road, which leads by a seven- or eight-minute walk to the Grain and Cloth Bazar, where the rich merchants and money-lenders live, and to the station a mile on the other side of the bazar, is bordered on one side by open fields and on the other by tahsil quarters, the hospital and a big mango grove. At the far side of the mango grove, away from the road, is the *thana*, or police-station. At last I settled on the corner of the grove next to the village, only to discover that the Wednesday market of Pachperwa takes place along the road and under the trees at this very corner of the grove. Naturally, if I built a house there, I should be disturbing the village custom, and I should find one day in the week made unendurable by dirt and dust and noise. I felt a little bit discouraged. Who would have thought that, when a village was finally chosen, it would afford no suitable place in which to set a house?

And then, lying in bed one morning, I remembered the low hill just here, near the tahsil headquarters. As soon as I had dressed, I went to see and I knew it would answer. True, a little brown owl flew from one branch of one of the Five Trees to another and stared down at me with owlish dislike; and, as everybody knows, it ought to be a *nilkanth*, the wonderful turquoise and lapis lazuli bird of good omen, that graces by its presence the choosing of a place to pitch one's grass roof. Still, I rather liked the little owl. And I decidedly liked the little shrine—just a square platform of mud bricks under a *nim*-tree, with a round dozen clay elephants of varying sizes (all modeled as

you or I might make them, so that everybody would see they were *meant* for elephants, even though they were like no other elephants that ever were) standing there on their mud altar.

Though the idea of having a genuine shrine in my yard especially appealed to me, there were other considerations in favor of the hill. It seems to have been artificially constructed, since it is square and flat on top and is surrounded with what is now a grass-grown moat—a real moat at the time of the rainy season, when much of the surrounding land is inundated and all depressions are water- and mosquito-filled. On the north side, where the shrine is, a strip of ground has been left intact, like a bridge. Obviously the top of the hill insures a well-drained place during the rains. I like it for that reason, though it is only about thirty feet above the level of the village road. Then, standing on it, I have a "monarch of all I survey" kind of feeling. The road lies in front, to the west, with a line of mangoes between me and it. On the south are some *arhar*-fields—Indian "peas," somewhat like our lentils, only not so good—and beyond those the hospital and the village school and beyond those, just out of sight, but not more than a two-minutes' walk away, the village. At the back is a patch of trees, and on the other side of them a small square lake, from which I occasionally get fish. Then, to the north, are the shrine, the Five Trees, the tahsil buildings and the Himalaya. About the square top of the hill are several well-placed trees, one of them a very tall old *shisham*, which you can see in the picture of my house with the Tharus working on the roof. Finally, this site is near enough to the tahsil for me to be under its sheltering wing.

When I took the "committee" over to inspect the place, after I had made up my own mind, they approved of it. The only drawbacks are that the hill is some distance from the Tahsildar's well, from which I have to draw all my supply of water, and that it is said to be infested with snakes in the rainy season, when the snakes have to seek high ground. The first difficulty means merely that I have added a *bihishti*, or water-carrier, to my staff, at six rupees a month. And the second will not concern me, since I shall leave when the rains begin. As a precaution, however, we have cleared away the scrub around the hill.

Anand Sarup, the assistant manager of Balrampur Estate, came to Pachperwa for three days to arrange everything about the building of the house. Without the approval and cooperation of the Kanwar Sahib and all those who aid him in the management of affairs in this tahsil, I should get nowhere. I have long since learned that. Anybody who walked into an Indian village and thought he could get a house built there, though he had a million dollars to do it with, would wake with a jolt. There are a hundred subtle complications of which you know nothing until you bump up against them. For instance, all village carpenters are an institution. They make and repair the village plows, in return for which they receive from each cultivator so many *seers* of grain. Naturally their work for the cultivators comes first. Then there are no coolies in a village. There are the caste people, who all have their trades and professions, and the farmers, who also belong to various castes. Here most of the tenants cultivate their own fields, and it is only the Brahmans, Khatris and wealthy Mahommedans who hire plowmen to work for them. These hired plowmen are about the poorest and most wretched members of the village, very like slaves. At the very bottom of the social order here are two families of Doms, who act as scavengers. The members of one of these families serve me as "sweepers." (They refuse my food, but the other day when one of of my hens died, they carried her off to eat with great joy.) Money would not bribe even the lowest of these groups to work on my house.

If the Tahsildar did not order his village contractors to send people, nobody at all would come. In other words, everything is accomplished by forced labor. This means that those who are working on the house come long distances, arriving late and leaving early. They shift constantly. They work inefficiently. I have had two good masons from Balrampur, and my head carpenter comes from Utraula, but, when I tell you that in addition to these fixtures, more than a thousand persons at one time or another have worked on my three-roomed, thatched mud house, you may get a glimmer of some of the difficulties involved. But these difficulties are never permitted to touch me. The Tahsildar sends out his order for so many children to carry mud or so many men to crush brick for the paths or so many to fetch sods for the lawn. Fifty or a hundred come one day from one village, and fifty or a hundred others the next day from another village. Sometimes I wish that twenty good workmen, or a dozen, might be substituted for the lot of them, but, when I wish that, I am being American.

Suffice it to say that, when the village Pundit, in January, named February 24, 7:57 A.M., as the auspicious day and minute for me to move into my new house, he made an unfortunate mistake, since the house was not half finished. It is at last complete, however, and, without consulting the Pundit, I plan to move in on Thursday next, March 17, at whatever hour I find most convenient to myself. Do I sound like the typical grumbling house-builder? Let me hurry to add that I am the happiest house-builder that ever was, and I know right well that never, in this life or another, shall I have a grass roof under which I shall live with greater satisfaction.

One of the pleasurable things about house-building in an Indian village is seeing everything made from the very first stages. For instance, first the big, roughly squared logs of shisham and mango and teak were brought along from the estate forests to the north, about three logs to the bullock-cart. Then an honorable company of carpenters assembled from the surrounding villages—when I insert that, within a radius of three miles of Pachperwa, there are fifty villages, you will understand why I keep referring to other villages than Pachperwa—and merrily began chipping away, making door- and window-frames. They sat under some trees close to the Tahsildar's house, and I used often to go over and watch them work. In fact it was on them that I began my first timid, classical Urdu, soon to be modified to meet the requirements of our dialect. They used to produce a string-bed for me to sit on, and for as much as an hour, sometimes, I watched their methods of working. Of course their tools are very simple, an adz, the back end of which does duty as a hammer, a T square, a plane with a wooden handle to be worked by two men at a time, a saw, a clay bowl full of red earth mixed with water and a marking-string. They do not even use a tape line. In my innocence, wanting some flat boards laid across the lower parts of two tables, to serve as shelves, I carefully measured the lengths and breadths with my own tape line and told the Tahsildar. But the carpenter's way was otherwise. He arrived with four reeds, which he broke off at the desired sizes, and cut his boards according to these. The carpenters get paid at the rate of eight annas a day, except

the *mistri*, who gets twenty-five rupees a month. He turned up by mere chance, having finished a house-building job for a *fakir* in the neighborhood, and the Tahsildar took him on as master-carpenter. He is a tall, thin, black-bearded Mahommedan with a mouth overflowing with white teeth (he seems to have about twice as many as ordinary people), which he constantly displays in a smile suggesting a pious hope that I will give him *bakshish* when the house is ready or a bottle of "eye-medicine."

Do not labor under any illusions about the great skill of Indian craftsmen. Even the mistri cannot pound a nail in straight, and he is no more able to stretch wire netting for screen doors and windows than to hang a door properly on its hinges. Of course you will realize that such a thing as glass is unknown in Pachperwa; so I have no transparent windows. As might be expected, the hinged invention I worked out for folding back the wooden shutters in two halves, instead of a solid plank, has taxed the ability of the carpenters to the utmost. All the work, indeed, when examined closely, shows defects. One comes back, for consolation, to the fact that our carpenters get something like ten or twelve dollars a day, whereas these men get twelve or sixteen cents.

One day when I was walking through the village with the Tahsildar, before I had selected the site for my house, it occurred to me to ask if any special ceremonies were observed in connection with new houses. The Tahsildar said it was very important to consult the Pundit about a favorable day on which to begin operations. It so happened that our Thanadar had already consulted the Pundit in regard to a good day for having his seven-year-old son's ears pierced. More than that, not content with our Pundit here, he had sent for a "big" one from a neighboring village to perform the ceremony, and that man was on hand. The Tahsildar said that, having fixed on a proper day, one must have a puja on the spot, just before beginning work, and we came to the conclusion that, if I wished to see how things were ordinarily done in Pachperwa, I had better have one for my own house. The "big" Pundit was persuaded to perform the ceremony at eight o'clock in the morning, after the Thanadar's son's ears had been pierced by the local silversmith. The Tahsildar sent out invitations to the Doctor, the Thanadar and various *panches* and *mahajans*, or big merchants, from the bazar.

With the usual number of extras, there must have been forty or fifty persons present, including the music-beaters and blowers, also left over from the Thanadar's party. They tootled and banged lustily, and the Pundit sat down on a white mat in front of a pattern of colored flour he had drawn on the ground. The Deputy Sahib and I sat solemnly facing him, and then, for something like thirty minutes, he recited *mantras* appropriate to Ganesh, the household god of good luck, and passed me marigolds and rice and saffron and copper coins and strange leaves and heaven knows what, which I threw one at a time at the base of a common red clay water-jar, adorned with a marigold necklace and some cow-dung and supporting a saucer in which a sacred fire burned. Another fire, of sandalwood and camphor, was lighted on a grass plate, and this was waved in all directions to purify the air of lurking devils and evil spirits. We washed our hands in the cleansing smoke. Then the Pundit got a rupee for his good offices, and he put a fat marigold necklace round my neck and some thin ones round the necks of the principal guests. Thereupon everything was finished—except that a wicker tray of sweets was passed and the crows came hopping down off the

branches of the shisham to eat the puja rice.

I rather suspected that my Mahommedan servants would disapprove of my Hindu puja, and sure enough the next day the ayah told me that the most effective mode of chasing off devils was to read a bit of the Koran aloud. I explained that, if I had been in a Moslem country, I should have done it that way, and she agreed that there was some justice to the argument. I learned afterward that the villagers were vastly pleased because I had followed their custom in having the puja and that all spoke of me with great respect. "And they say she sat on the ground at the Thanadar Sahib's puja and did not require any chair at all, and she took food with her hand, like us."

I speak in terms of one house constantly, but I should explain that really I have three. My own bungalow has three rooms, a center one fourteen feet square, flanked by two small ones eight by fourteen. One of these has a bathroom opening off the back. The entire house is surrounded by a veranda with pillars, which have been made into square brick columns, and one golden roof of grass from the tracts just this side of the Nepal forests covers the whole. Fifty Tharus made the roof and were paid in wine—their own immoral but happy coin! I expostulated with the Tahsildar, but he said they never worked for money and would not work if they did not get their wine. That settled it. Everybody likes the Tharus; so don't fancy they are a perverted or degenerate people, for all their bibulous habits. It seems that a Tharu is brave and fearless and does not know how to tell a lie. He is an excellent hunter, a hard-working cultivator in his strip of field, which is nightly invaded by destructive animals from the close-lying forests. In face, he resembles the sturdy little Gurkha, but, instead of the little lock of long hair worn by Hindus, he has a big, thick tuft at the back of his pate.

Behind my house, a little at one side, is another three-room house for the servants, and crowning one of four original guard-towers, now lowered and leveled, is the kitchen. All the houses are made of whitewashed, sun-dried bricks from the kiln on the opposite side of the road directly across from my hill. Burned bricks have been used for the pillars of my house and the edge of the veranda, as well as the floors, because of the destructive effect of the rains. Over the mud bricks are two layers of plaster made of cow-dung mixed with water and mud, and over this are two coats of whitewash. Cow-dung plaster is the only kind known in these parts, or for the matter of that, in most of India. I have ceased to be disgusted by it. The mud does not stick unless it is used, and there is absolutely no odor after it has dried. When the whitewash is on top, there is no difference between this and any kind of coarse plaster. The woodwork is painted green, inside and out, and the painter has shown himself a true Easterner by never mixing exactly the same shade of green twice in succession. The result is a pleasant variation in tone, from a yellowish grass-green to a deep, blackish shade. I do not yet know exactly what the whole establishment is going to cost, but, when I last saw the account, it totaled four hundred and thirty rupees—roughly, $150.

I move in day after tomorrow. I am sorry to disappoint anybody who fancies I am going to live in primitive discomfort. My Happy House actually looks too good to be true. It would do very well in a New York suburb, where its golden thatch and its curtains made of bunches of tall grass that the Tharus picked for me near the jungle, might easily become the newest fad in "cottage architecture."

* * *

Next month Gertrude Emerson will relate the first extraordinary experiences that befell her as an American householder in an Indian village.

Pagoda and Temple, Tokyo

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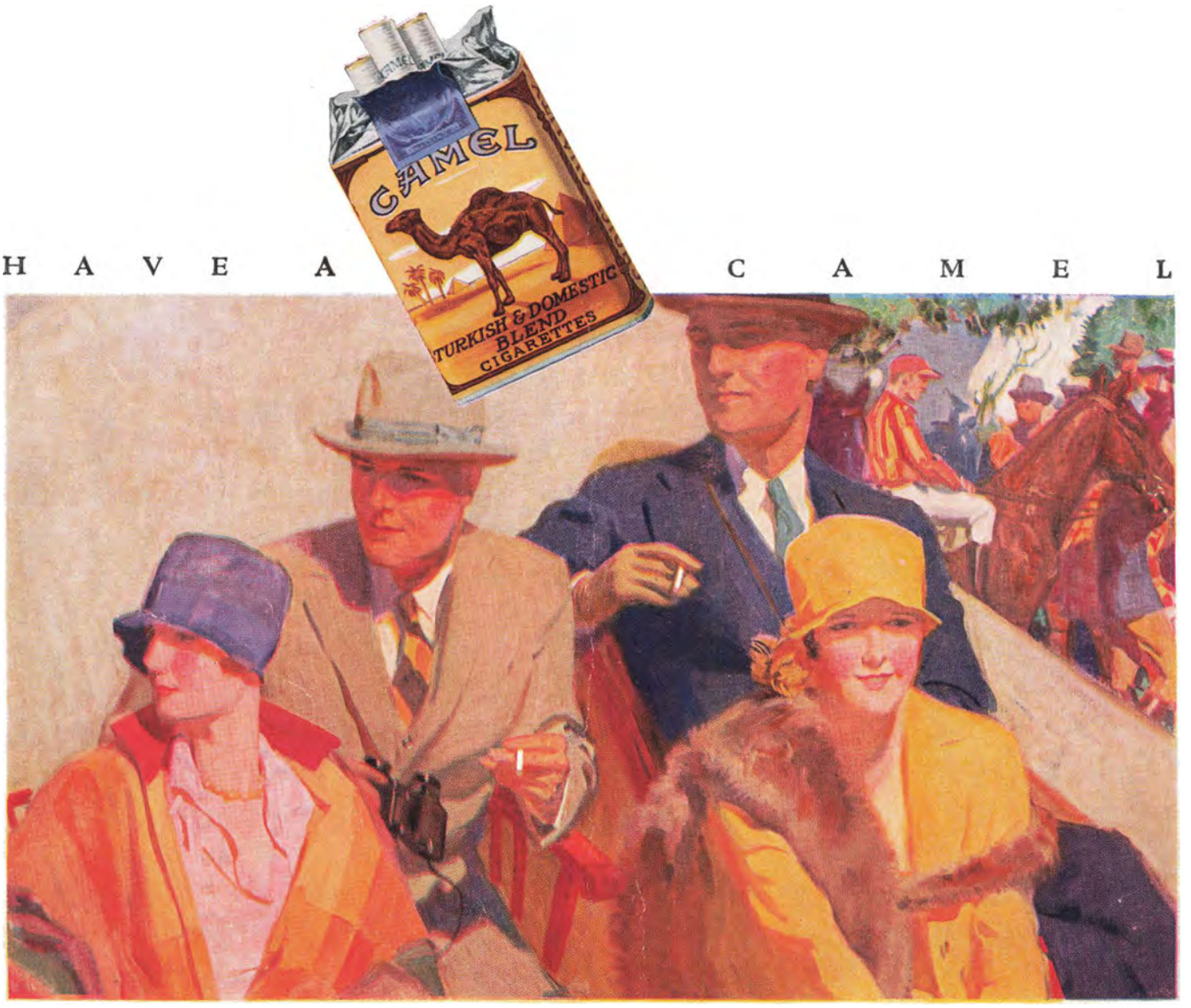

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