


**THE DRAGON  
AND THE  
FOREIGN DEVILS**



**JOHAN GUNNAR ANDERSSON**



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THE DRAGON  
AND THE FOREIGN DEVILS







ONE OF THE TEMPLE COURTS IN PI YUN TZE, NEAR THE  
SUMMER PALACE AT PEKING



THE DRAGON  
*and the*  
FOREIGN DEVILS

BY  
JOHAN GUNNAR ANDERSSON

*Translated from the Swedish by*  
CHARLES WHARTON STORK

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



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To  
*my two incomparable friends*

DOCTOR V. K. TING AND  
SUPERINTENDENT AXEL LAGRELIUS

*the Former head of the Chinese Geological Research, 1913-1926 and  
now governor of Greater Shanghai, the Latter economic organ-  
izer of the Swedish-Chinese scientific coöperation,*

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED WITH  
GRATITUDE AND  
RESPECT





## PREFACE

WHEN the Swedish publisher requested from me a description of my impressions and thoughts during eleven years in the service of the Chinese State, I realized that an opportunity was offered me to fulfill a debt of gratitude to the great and venerable people among whom I had felt as if in a second native land.

China is now undergoing a very momentous internal crisis, but it is chiefly the outward clamor of these revolutions, civil conflicts, plunderings and political cabals that comes out in our newspapers.

During my years in Peking I had the great good fortune to live in a circle of leaders in science and literature trained in modern scholarship, and I thus learned to know another China, seething with new spiritual power, eager to adopt all that is valuable in occidental civilization but proudly aware of the noble worth and vitality of her own cultural inheritance.

I had also occasion to reflect on the activity of the foreigners out there in the East, and if in this field I have made some sharp comments, it is only because I am so proud of the achievements carried out by our white race that I cannot leave unnoticed anything that may imperil our good name.

The chief purpose of this book has been, accordingly, to attempt to give, partly a characterization of the Chinese temperament and culture, partly an

## PREFACE

outline of China's difficult task in fitting herself to the industrial life of western machinery.

Very naturally I have not been able to take up all the sides of this delicate and multifarious question. I have principally described what I have seen myself; and to preserve the freshness of the impressions I have in several chapters, where the dates are given, set down without change some sketches which were written in 1915 and 1916.

When this book first appeared in Sweden in 1926, China was still to a considerable extent under the Imperialistic rule of the foreign powers. Since that time the situation has changed very radically. So swiftly have affairs in China moved and with such far-reaching results that it has become necessary to touch upon later developments of the Civil War that is now rocking the Empire to its very foundations. Thus for this American edition I have written two entirely new chapters, bringing the story of the revolution and China's fight against foreign aggression up to date, but even now the end of the struggle cannot be clearly foreseen.

My scientific studies are here only cursorily touched upon.

My wife has assisted in revising the manuscript, and I owe many valuable suggestions to my secretary, Miss Ingrid Starck. I am likewise grateful to Mrs. I. Essen for efficient help with the final details of the manuscript.

J. G. ANDERSSON

*Stockholm*, August 1, 1928

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THE DRAGON  
AND THE FOREIGN DEVILS





## CHAPTER ONE

### THE MIDDLE KINGDOM

HUMAN culture is a delicate plant, which has come into blossom in only a few places, where a sheltered situation, a fertile soil, climatic advantages and a favorable race temperament have worked together.

In the interior of continents — regions hard of access — in the icy wastes of the polar tracts, the rainy woods of the tropics, steppes and deserts, barren mountain stretches and scattered chains of islands the human race has, to be sure, its outposts. Generally, however, the struggle for existence has been so hard that it absorbed nearly all their attention. Beyond the care and labor needed to provide food and shelter, after fights with wild beasts, hostile tribes and sinister forces, there was little spiritual energy left for pondering the riddles of life or for the systematic observation of nature.

Song and poetry flowed forth abundantly among most primitive peoples; the plastic arts were developed in ceramics and textiles, in the adornment of the dress and weapons, often too in sculpture.

But the invention of a highly developed written speech, the evolution of a compactly organized State, the study of philosophy and astronomy, the specialization of artists and scholars as independent professions, — these are some of the forms of growth

in a high civilization which can only be attained under specially favorable circumstances.

At the beginning of the metal age the human race lifted itself for the first time to a high plane of culture. In the copper age we find the beginnings of the early civilization which came to full development in the bronze age.

In the terms of geography the picture of the first civilizations is easily comprehensible: they all sprang up on the fertile and arable deltas and valleys of the great rivers. Around the lower bend of the Nile and in the alluvial land of the Euphrates and Tigris blossomed two rich early cultures, both distinguished by their complete dependence on intensive agriculture in the river basins. A third culture meets us in the alluvial land of the Indian rivers.

The fourth region of the Old World to attain a lofty culture in the bronze age lies as an isolated oasis far off in East Asia, surrounded on all sides by the territory of barbarians.

The geographical boundary of the cultural region of ancient China is so peculiar that it demands further explanation.

Leaving out the rivers on the south coast, China proper contains two mighty river regions, both with extensive delta lands, which overlap, forming the wide coast plain of eastern China. The more northerly of these rivers, the Hwang-ho, is extremely rich in silt, a condition which has found expression in its very name (Hwang-ho = Yellow River) and which renders the stream for the greater part of its

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course so very shallow that it is only navigable by flat-bottomed vessels and rafts. The more southerly of the great China rivers, the Yangtze-kiang, is richer in water and decidedly deep, so that it can be navigated from the sea up into the mountain region of Szechuan.

Although the loose earth which surrounds the middle loop of the Hwang-ho offers the most fertile kind of soil, the farmer of northern China can, for climatic reasons, take no more than one or, in the most favorable circumstances, two crops per year. The alluvial land of the Hwang-ho is continually threatened by one or other extreme: a rainy summer with devastating floods, or a dry summer with ruined harvests and famine. The delta region of the Hwang-ho is partly sandy and barren, and the coast is desolate and hard of access.

The Yangtze-kiang runs through a province with quite a different climate; the rainfall is more abundant and more evenly divided over the year. Because of its more southerly situation the conditions for intensive agriculture are very good, and the Yangtze delta in our day is a blossoming garden, where several harvests succeed one another in the relatively long period of vegetation.

Judging by the geographical and climatic conditions, the Yangtze region should therefore be better fitted than that of the Hwang-ho for nourishing an early civilization. And yet for two thousand years the development of Chinese culture took place on the separated plateaus around the Hwang-ho and

its tributaries, the Wei-ho and Feng rivers, whereas the Yangtze valley only began to appear in Chinese history a few centuries before our time.

It is hardly possible to deduce from mere geographical conditions the superiority which fell to the more northerly and, from a climatic standpoint, less advantageously situated valley. Another as yet but dim yet most intriguing perspective here offers itself for research.

Our investigations touching the primitive history of China have shown that Chinese culture in its first beginnings was in intimate touch with the more progressive orient and that powerful waves of culture were passing over central Asia. In what direction most of these cultural exchanges passed and how far west or east were the main participants it is not yet possible to say with certainty, but it seems probable on the basis of present investigation that the cultures of Egypt and Mesopotamia were the oldest and that the cultural impulses were spread thence to eastern Asia.

That it was precisely the Yellow River and its tributaries that first received and planted these seeds of a higher culture from the west was not an accident but can be fully explained by topographical conditions.

Between the primeval forests of Siberia on the north and the Tibetan plateau on the south, a belt of steppes and deserts extends from the Caspian Sea to the Pacific, and this was the great caravan route over which continental communication between

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eastern and western Asia could most easily be made. A higher culture which pressed from the more advanced orient along this great highway to the Far East would meet first in the valleys around the Yellow River with a continuous tract of arable land rich enough to serve as the foundation for a transplanted culture.

The same influence from the west, as we have proved by our excavations with regard to prehistoric times, was repeated in respect to the earliest historical period of China. The annals of the Chou dynasty (1122-225 B.C.) are full of stories about chieftains and tribes who came from the west. Bishop regards the Ts'in dynasty as rich in western influence, and under the Han period, when the central power was extended to become the first Chinese empire, there was an active exchange of merchandise across the great "Silk Way" through central Asia.

From these historical and archaeological facts we seem to be justified in assuming the cultural connections with the west in early historic times as the factor which gave the Hwang-ho region its two thousand year start over the Yangtze valley.

It is further probable that with the cultural impulses came also racial additions, and one may perhaps represent the development in this way; viz., that the primitive Mongolian peoples in the Hwang-ho valley, who were the original source of the Chinese race, had often grafted upon them scions from central Asia or from regions still further west.

Only during recent years has archaeology thrown



any light upon these remote and difficult problems. It is likely that great surprises await us in the progress of research, and it is possible that northern China was a more primitive and original center of civilization than we can at present venture to assume. At all events we know with certainty that the cradle of Chinese culture lay around the Hwang-ho and its tributaries, the Wei-ho and Feng rivers. Here in the second and first millenniums before Christ, flourished a Chinese civilization which in speech, writing, art and statecraft already gave indications of what later became the traditional basis of the Middle Kingdom.

During the archaic period of Chinese history the Yangtze valley and the lands farther south are mentioned only episodically as inhabited by a southern barbarian people, which only later were brought gradually under the Chinese power.

It was under the Han dynasty (206 B.C. - 221 A.D.), when China first became a great power, that the country south of the Yangtze was to a large extent brought under the Chinese rule. But far on into later times the strife continued between the mighty usurpers, the Chinese, and the primitive inhabitants, who were a motley conglomeration of Tibetans, Malays, Polynesian Negroes, and possibly other racial elements. Despite the courage and love of liberty of the local tribes, such as Lolos, Miaotze, Shan and many more, the Chinese were naturally in the end the victors, and the result is that the original inhabitants of southern China have now been forced

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away to form isolated groups, which have found refuge in almost inaccessible mountain regions.

With these differing aborigines in the south and southwest, with the Tibetans on the west and with barbarous Mongolian tribes on the north, the world of Chinese culture felt itself very properly as a Middle Kingdom, a center of education, art and government, which gave out its knowledge and its art to the surrounding barbarians but demanded in return a certain degree of political submission. It should be remembered in this connection that as a land of culture Japan too is very young, having received her first impulses to a higher development from China, most notably during the Tang dynasty. Korea in the northeast and Annam in the southwest were likewise made completely Chinese, and Japan has in the course of time been much under Chinese influence. Contact with the Mongolian peoples of the steppes on the northern frontier consisted mainly of strife, often with victorious attempts on the part of the nomads to break into the enticingly rich agricultural land, and with frequently abortive but always persevering efforts on the part of the Chinese to protect their land by adequate defenses against these dreaded invasions.

While the ancient civilizations of the nearer orient and around the east of the Mediterranean were constantly in intimate touch with one another, in strife as well as in peaceful commerce, China for thousands of years went her own way and developed her separate individuality. There were, to be sure,



exchanges of merchandise and ideas, as for instance when Buddhism set its deep imprint on Chinese religious life and art, or when China sent over the central Asiatic "Silken Way" her light and transparent weaves to adorn the beauties of Rome, to receive in turn Roman glass and impulses from Graeco-Roman art. But this cultural interchange between China and the occident never approached the intensity which characterized the forced transmission of spiritual and material energies around the eastern Mediterranean, where various civilized peoples cross-fertilized, conquered and succeeded one another.

This comparative isolation of China has given rise to the conception, which has till very recently obsessed the Chinese spirit; viz., that China was the one civilized nation, a universal kingdom exalted above all the barbarian realms. It is of the greatest importance to keep this fact in mind, for only by the knowledge of this can one understand the confusion and far-reaching anxiety which fell upon the statesmen of China when in the latter part of the preceding century they made acquaintance in grim earnest with the terrible force which I have later called the white peril, the unconquerable machinery culture of the Europeans.

Let us now see what are the essential characteristics that distinguish this relatively exclusive Chinese culture.

Going first to the material basis of the Chinaman's life, let us note that he is quite predominantly an industrious farmer, cultivating the earth with an

intensiveness which gives us more the impression of gardening.

This closeness to the soil, this persevering watchfulness over the growth of his harvest which hardly leaves him idle for a day, has assuredly fostered the Chinaman's characteristic defensive nature and instinctive love of peace. The Great Wall, which runs from the ocean at Shan Hai Kuan along the boundary between China and Mongolia till it loses itself in the deserts far up in Kansu, has its spiritual counterpart in the Chinaman's phenomenal power of passive resistance, a quality which has been the greatest strength of Chinese diplomacy.

As a further characteristic of the Chinese national spirit I would call attention to the love and reverence for learning and art.

The literary examinations which formed the only tests for all sorts of official situations and which prevailed in China for two thousand years up to 1905 are significant in this regard. Reverence for the written word has expressed itself in that furnaces have been built in open city squares, in which waste paper is burned so as to give the writing an honorable annihilation. Long and beautiful specimens of writing, often set upon silk, adorn the walls of every home.

Ancient works of art are worshipped to such an extent that in the old days the emperor in some instances only altered the description of his reign by solemnly recording the discovery of some specially venerated bronze vessel. In one of the following

chapters I have given an example of how the Chinese have adorned their country with innumerable, nearly always beautiful temples.

Professor Karlgren in his excellent work, "East Asia in the Nineteenth Century", maintains that the Chinese character is marked predominantly by a kindly social instinct, and he cites as the maxims for the life of the individual the five fundamental principles of Confucius: *loyalty* on the part of the subject, *filial love* on the part of the son, *obedience* on the part of the wife, *reverence* on the part of the youth, and *fidelity* on the part of friends.

To this we may safely add that the Chinese are without comparison the foremost of all peoples in tact and politeness, in a gentlemanliness which is not an empty form but a noble national trait, as one can observe in even the lowest classes of the community.

A strong point in the Chinese communal structure is the widespread faculty for local self-government, within the province, within the *hsien* (district), and within the village. It is due only to this faculty that China has come so comparatively easily through ten years of civil war.

Finally I would offer as a distinctive trait in Chinese culture its ability to defy time.

All the other exponents of early culture — the rulers in the palaces of Crete, the pyramid builders of Egypt, the folk of the cuneiform inscriptions — are dead long since. The Chinese persist in lonely greatness as direct heirs of the writings, the philosophy

and the art which their forefathers instituted far back in the bronze age.

Many foreigners out in the East say that the Chinese lack the spirit of initiative which has made us into explosion motors and which speeds our cultural evolution on at an even madder pace. But few of these foreigners consider that the Chinese have a different sort of treasure in the spiritual repose which induces him to cultivate peonies and goldfish or to meditate under the shade of a tree, while we are striving after decorations or for the honor of discovering a microscopic little "scientific truth."

May not the day come a thousand years from now, when the archaeologist from the Far East with his imperturbable tranquillity will dig in the heaps of European ruins so that by means of a piece of enameled iron or a bit of cement he may seek to establish the site of those ancient cities, London, Paris and Berlin? And will not the sons of Han then be cultivating their wheat and making offering to their forefathers, while the Hwang-ho rolls its mud-colored waves toward the ocean?

## CHAPTER TWO

### NORTH AND SOUTH

ON a day in February I took the train from Peking to Tientsin in the midst of a heavy dust storm. It was no common little storm with dirty black dust from the streets of Peking and the fields around it, but one of the really great and unusual storms with beautiful clean yellow-white dust from the Gobi Desert, dust which fell over the city so that one could sweep it up by the bucket from the small yards, dust which piled up in small drifts out in the fields.

The sky was leaden gray with a touch of burning gold where the sun hung over the veil of mist. The mountains around the plain of Peking could only be glimpsed from time to time as dark silhouettes, when the dust sea grew thinner between the storm gusts.

The ground was still frozen and barren with the hard winter cold, and there was ice on the rivers. Travelers in thick wadded garments could be dimly perceived out in the fields, and a Peking wagon drawn by a mule rattled ahead on a hard-frozen, bumpy road toward a village with low houses under scrubby leafless trees.

It was a desolate, slumbering, severe winter landscape.

From the gloomy suburban fields of Tientsin covered with Chinese graves the "Blue Express" carried

me to Tsinanfu, the capital of Shantung, and on southward to Pukow, the railway terminus at the Yangtze River.

We passed Tsinanfu late in the evening and awoke next morning in a region of small hills on the border of the provinces of Shantung, Kiangsu and Anhui. We had come into a new landscape with a breath of spring over the greening fields. The Huai River was free of ice and full of sailing junks, groves of bamboo appeared here and there at the foot of the mountains, and soon yet another evidence of the new climate and agriculture was added: the rice fields with the water buffaloes. During the continuation of the journey from Nanking to Shanghai we saw fruit trees full of swelling buds, ready to burst into full bloom. Tillage was in full swing in the well-tended garden-like fields, where they were just harvesting the early greens. All this delta country is covered with a network of canals, and there is plenty of water for irrigating even the smallest plot.

During winter and spring, from December to May, I have roamed through parts of the provinces of Kiangsu, Anhui and Hupei, which surround the lowest bend of the Yangtze.

What first strikes any one accustomed to the exceedingly dry climate of autumn, winter and spring in northern China is the constant rainfall in the Yangtze valley. In the month of March in southern Anhui it drizzled so constantly that in the end I got used to working in a Scotch mist.



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The country there is mountainous, and when one roams about the sides of the valleys in the dripping wet, one understands for the first time the peculiar landscape types of the Chinese painters. The mountain peaks in Chinese paintings, which are often of a sugar-loaf shape, are of course fantastically exaggerated; but in these parts one actually sees very surprising mountain forms, and especially when the haze floats through a valley and is pursued by rainbows, one feels oneself caught into a shifting and contorted dream-world, which is just the mood in which the meditative and romantic art of the Chinese landscapists is conceived.

It is worthy of note that the landscape of northern China, which is sparse in trees and constantly bathed in sunlight, has given rise to almost no landscape art, except for some official palace, hunting and battle pieces. It is the hilly country of the Yangtze valley, Chekiang and southern China in general which, with its rice fields in the valley bottoms, bamboo thickets on the slopes, and mists enfolding the mountain tops, has been the great inspiration. It is of interest to note how under the Sung dynasty, when Chinese landscape was at its best, northern China was in the hands of the barbarians, while the center of Chinese culture was shifted down to the Yangtze region.

The bamboo is a motive especially loved by the Chinese artists. This love I have understood fully ever since the day when I looked down from a mountain eminence into a valley of the Yangtze region



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and saw there a bamboo grove which kept appearing and vanishing under the racing veils of mist. As the light graceful plants swayed before the blasts of the wind, they reminded me of the slender forms of girls which the Chinese painters so love to put into their landscape along with the water buffaloes and the fantastic old sages.

In April and the beginning of May, 1920, I was working in Hupei on the southern side of the Yangtze below Hankow. Here there was a yet more tropical landscape with palms on the slope of the limestone mountains and with an early-summer glory of blossom, amid which in particular whole slopes covered with azaleas in various tints stand out in my recollection. Here in the bamboo thickets of the mountain we caught for Professor Lönnberg's collection a couple of porcupines and pangolin (*Manis*), which was so considerate as to suckle its little offspring in captivity.

When I had finished my work of charting an iron ore field, we began our return trip in a little junk down a river which debouched into the Yangtze. Our voyage went through a low alluvial tract, which in large part formed a natural grass meadow. At the beginning of May they were harvesting the grass with peculiar sickles set on a long handle. While we glided in the still evening along the low banks, we saw the mowers in the midst of their work. The fresh green of the meadow, the scent of the new-mown hay, and the smoke from the mowers' cooking

fires, which floated softly away in the moisture-laden breeze, wakened in me childish memories of our marsh meadows at home in Närke. But the entire landscape was utterly different from the strangely dry spring of northern China.

If we shift over to western China and make an imaginary journey in a northerly direction, we shall find the contrast between the north and south still more strongly emphasized, since in these regions the mighty mountain chain of the Tsin Ling Shan forms a barrier between the dry north and the rainy south.

The provinces of Kansu and Shensi represent the northern landscape in its extreme form, which consists of a plateau cut through by valleys of recent erosion where the prevailing type of soil is loam, a fine yellow dust. This dust in beds of fifty to a hundred meters in thickness covers the rocky foundation, which is visible only in the valleys and in separate eminences.

The climate is absolutely dry for the greater part of the year. From September to June the rainfall is slight, so insignificant indeed that one may properly say northern China is for nine months in the condition of a desert with dust storms as a frequent meteorological occurrence.

The country is now almost entirely treeless, but certain protected forests, such as for example Tung Ling east-northeast from Peking, seem to indicate that there was earlier a connected mantle of forests which were cut down by the natives, most of them probably in historic times.



TYPICAL STRUCTURES IN THE LOAMY REGION OF NORTH CHINA WHERE THE DWELLINGS ARE  
GROTTOES CUT OUT OF THE LOAM BANKS



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The agriculture is based upon irrigation in the river valleys but is carried on as "dry farming" up on the plateaus.

The best grain of northern China is wheat, which can be cultivated even on the sandy plateaus. Besides this the soya bean and other kinds of bean are raised.

In the extreme north, on the boundary of Mongolia, are found a number of grains requiring less warmth: *kaoliang*, maize, millet of various sorts, barley and oats.

Toward the south we find cotton and mulberry trees for the silk industry.

Groundnuts and sweet potatoes have a wide distribution. So too the opium poppy, which can be raised as high as two thousand meters above the sea.

Grapes are cultivated in the mountains between Peking and Kalgan, as in many other places. Chinese pears, apricots and peaches, persimmons, and in Kansu splendid melons, — such are some of the excellent fruits of northern China.

The Tsin Ling Shan Mountains form the boundary between Kansu, Shensi and Honan on the north, and Szechuan and Hupeh on the south. At the northern base of these mountains one already encounters a new southerly climate, that of the bamboo, and on the south side of the range one enters a wholly transfigured world, a wooded, mountainous country with abundant rainfall distributed throughout most of the year.

Rice in the plains and tea on the slopes are the leading crops of this region. Sugar cane occurs in the



extreme south along with many other sub-tropical growths.

Communication in the north is principally by land. Even the largest river, the Hwang-ho, can only be navigated by rafts and flat-bottomed boats for short stretches. The country roads, which in the main are only wheel-worn paths, were the only arteries of travel up to the time of the railroads. Beasts of transport — camels, oxen, horses, asses and mules — swarm upon the roads.

House animals are rare in the south, and the water buffalo is the principal beast of toil. All sorts of merchandise are carried from the rivers and canals to the houses by hand. But all the longer traffic is by boat, and the net of rivers overspreads the country so completely that one can, for instance, travel the entire way from the south coast of China to the Yangtze valley through Fukien and Kiangsi by boat, except for a very short stretch across a mountain range.

The strong contrast between the arid north and the water-fed south shows itself also in difference between the northern and southern peoples. In the veins of the tall, lethargic folk of the north runs a certain amount of Mongolian blood from the many invasions of the nomads from the Gobi Desert. The small, alert, subtle south Chinese has also a foreign admixture, but this is of another sort from that of the north. It comes from the aboriginal, pre-Chinese race, which still survives in isolated groups in some of the least accessible parts of southern China. These numerous peoples, who appear under a multitude of names,

— such as Miaotze, Shan, Lolos, etc., belong to the group of Mon Kmer, Shan-Burmans and Tibeto-Burmans.

The contrast between these southerners and northerners, which in old times was one of a rider and battle-chariot people as opposed to one of dragon-boats (note the dragon-boat feasts which are still celebrated), has been and seems likely to remain a leading motive in Chinese history.

The one real peril for Chinese unity is the much-reiterated plan of a division into a north and a south Chinese empire. However, railroads would gradually unite the two great halves more firmly together. Furthermore, every time a foreign power seizes on any part of China's vast territory, a wave of resentment passes from Canton to Kalgan, from Chengtu to Shanghai. All, whether in north or south, are folk of the Middle Kingdom, sons of Han.



## CHAPTER THREE

### THE CHINESE AS FARMERS

AFTER several months' study in Japan, Korea and China, Doctor F. H. King, Professor of Agriculture at the University of Wisconsin and chief of the Bureau of Treatment of the Soil in the United States Agricultural Department, wrote in 1911 a little volume, "Farmers of Forty Centuries", which is a fascinating study for any one interested in the intensive agriculture of the Far East. King's book is written in just the right spirit, one of wonder and love for the subject. If any criticism could be suggested as to his most practical treatment, it could only be that he has become so enamored of the diligent celestial's highly developed farming that he has not had his eye open for certain obvious features where radical improvement might be made.

His travel study was a delightful adventure. Himself a leading agricultural investigator in a land which with just pride reckons itself first in the world in the use of agricultural machinery, he comes to the Far East as a humble observer with high expectations.

His wonder increases with every excursion he makes through the Chinese grain fields, and the summary of his observations may be given somewhat as follows:

We Americans are beginners, who carry on agriculture by extensive methods, relying on mineral

fertilizers while we let great masses of natural manure be carried off in rivers and the sea on account of our sanitary arrangements. Sooner or later, when our population has grown, we must go to the East to learn the intensive culture which, with careful utilization of all natural manure but without knowledge of artificial fertilizers, has been practised for thousands of years by the people of China, Korea and Japan, so as to preserve the full fruitfulness of the ground.

Before I attempt, with the help of King's abundant statistics, to describe Chinese agriculture, I wish to cite certain utterances in his book, which are an inspired hymn to the patient farmer of the Far East:

I had long wished to stand face to face with the farmers of China, Korea and Japan, to wander through their fields and see some of the methods, tools and processes which these oldest of the world's farmers have developed through the centuries through their needs and experience. I wished to learn how it was possible for them after twenty or thirty, perhaps even forty centuries of farming to keep their fields up to a productivity that would feed the dense population of those countries.

I have now had this opportunity, and with almost every day I am instructed, astonished, and overwhelmed by the conditions and processes which confront me wherever I turn: instructed as to the methods and the extent to which these nations have preserved for centuries their natural resources, astonished as to the quantity of the harvests they get from their fields, and overwhelmed by the amount of efficient human labor that they cheerfully give for

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a daily wage of five cents and food or for fifteen cents American money without food.

Whereas the population density of the United States in 1911 was only one person per twenty acres, that of China is roughly ten times greater, that is, a person to every two acres. From the well-cultivated plain of Shantung Doctor King gives some statistics as to the number of men and beasts which Chinese farming is able to support. In one case he finds a proportion of three thousand seventy-two human beings, two hundred fifty-six asses, two hundred fifty-six kine and five hundred twelve pigs per English square mile, and in another instance, three thousand eight hundred forty persons, three hundred eighty-four asses and three hundred eighty-four pigs on the same surface. On the island of Chungming in the Yangtze delta the density of population according to the official statistics of 1902 was thirty-seven hundred persons to the square mile.

It is a question of the greatest industrial and social importance to all nations that they should have full and correct knowledge of the methods which have enabled China, Korea and Japan to support so great a population. Many of the discoveries and steps through which this development has gone are forever buried in the past, but such a unique power of maintenance, reached centuries ago and continued to the present time with hardly perceptible decline, deserves the most thorough study, and the time is now ripe for such an investigation. We who live at the beginning of a century of adjustment, passing from isolated nationalism to cosmopolitanism, involved in far-

reaching changes as to industry, education, and social life, have especial need to make such an investigation. The time has come for every country to study the others and by reciprocal understanding and coöperative effort make the result of such studies accessible to all. This work should be so directed that all countries may become coöperative and mutually assisting factors in the development of the world.

If I were to attempt to express the secret of China's unique productive power, I should call attention to the following practical points:

1. Irrigation to a degree almost inconceivable to us.
2. The preservation and use of whatever sort of refuse can be made to serve as fertilizer.
3. Multiple harvests.
4. A limitless devotion in care and labor.

What first strikes an interested and observant traveler is that nearly all China's arable land is terraced. Only in Mongolia and Manchuria is agriculture managed on the same extensive scale as in the countries recently colonized (the United States, South America, Australia). But in the whole of China proper, with the exception of course of the absolutely flat alluvial plains, all the cultivated land is terraced. Slopes are laid out in narrow belts, consisting of a perfectly level plot and a vertical border, at the base of which is the next terrace level. This vertical border is raised often as much as a foot above its own terrace level, thus forming a rampart which serves to regulate heavy rain floods as well as the water for irrigation which is brought there in dry

seasons. This rampart is broken in one or more places to give an outlet to the overflow, and these outlets are reinforced by stones laid in mortar to keep the rampart from being torn by the violent cloudbursts which are a regular feature of the summers in northern China.

The primary purpose of these terraces is, as already indicated, to hinder the erosion of the fields by violent rainfall. On high inclined places, where the Chinese can neither conduct nor draw up water, and where accordingly they must content themselves with dry farming, the sole purpose of these terraces is one of protection. But in all the region where water is accessible the terraces have another and equally important purpose, — namely to regulate the irrigation, which is done by letting the water into the terrace through an entrance ditch until its entire surface is thoroughly saturated.

The irrigation water is obtained in various ways. The simplest and cheapest method is to deflect the water from a river over the surrounding fields. Many of the rivers of northern China have such a steep descent that a volume of water can be drawn off at some convenient point and then distributed through the fields by means of canals, which descend less abruptly than the river. In this way irrigation water is used a kilometer or so farther down the valley than the point where the main canal deflects it from the river. Around rivers which have cut their channels deep below the land immediately around them, one therefore sees the intakes of irrigation canals on



both banks, one below the other, and all the valley plains around the river are spun over with a net of irrigation canals, which provide the desired amount of water to every part of the region.

Many of these irrigation canals are as large as a small river according to the Swedish conception, and run for ten kilometers or so alongside the river but with a more gradual descent so that their water may be ten meters or so above that of the river. A canal of this size is split up into a number of small canals, which distribute the water to various villages, frequently on different levels, depending upon what branch canals have a steeper inclination than others. Such a large system as this is based upon the co-operation of many villages, and the distribution of the water when it is to be conveyed in due order to various plots is a complicated affair. The Catholic missionary in Lanchow, who had a large and fine garden just outside the city, told me that only at a certain hour of a certain day every third week might he have water for his garden, and that if he failed to take his chance, he had no choice but to wait till it was again his turn.

In one place in Kansu, the river runs in a — geologically speaking — recent channel, which is in general about ten meters below the land of the plain. Here one cannot fail to notice a direct intake from the river, such as I have described, but the water has here to be raised these ten meters up to the level of the plain. This is accomplished in a remarkably picturesque way by means of the so-called "Persian



wheel", a mighty waterwheel from twelve to fourteen meters in diameter, which is driven by the rapid current of the river. On one side of this wheel are numerous long tub-shaped containers, which fill with water when they are pushed down into the river and empty into an outlet ditch at the top of the wheel's revolution. These wheels look after themselves and work continuously during the entire vegetation period. In Kansu they are made of wood, in Szechuan, where they are also common, they are very stylishly constructed of bamboo.

In the districts where water cannot be obtained from rivers or brooks the people have no other way than to dig wells for irrigation. The simplest form of hoisting device is a homemade winch with a three-legged post. This slight equipment, which is portable, is used particularly in those cases where shallow wells are dug at random to water near the surface.

In the loamy regions of Honan and Shansi one sees wells all over the fields with a larger and more effective hoist worked by a small ass, which with blindfolded eyes trots around for hours at a time without getting tired.

The irrigation systems which I have just described are in use in the loamy parts of northern China. In southern China we meet quite different conditions. The rainfall there is much more abundant, the subsoil water is nearer the surface, and open dams appear everywhere through the fields. The delta plains are traversed by a network of artificial canals. Water is

available in great quantities, and all there is to do is to raise the required amount in order to submerge any given well-diked terrace.<sup>1</sup> For that purpose the natives use a small chain-pump operated by two or three men.

Hand in hand with irrigation goes the work for controlling the rivers, which carry a large proportion of sediment and therefore in the alluvial plains of north China continually tend to raise the level of their beds. Thus on the occasion of a specially violent summer flood the river may break through a weak spot and produce a destructive inundation. To check or at least to limit these natural catastrophes the rivers are banked in with huge dikes, a labor which sometimes demands the coöperation of many provinces, when, for instance, the river in question happens to be "China's Sorrow", the Hwang-ho, with its immense quantity of mud which is so hard to reckon with.

On the efforts of the Chinese to control this river King makes the following well-formulated comment: "How can we help admiring the temper of a people who for forty centuries have maintained the conflict against such a giant, that rushes past their homes higher than the level of their fields, shut off

<sup>1</sup>As an instance of the extremely strict economy with which the Chinaman works I would mention that the rice fields, which are nearly always of small extent, are often so small that it is almost inconceivable to us that human effort could be devoted to such miniature holdings with any hope of profit. Professor Ross says that in the interior of China the rice fields are no larger than the floor of a small room, in some instances no larger than a table, and once he saw a little rice plot surrounded by a wall and filled with water, the whole no bigger than an ordinary napkin.

only by the walls they themselves have built? They have not, to be sure, always succeeded in mastering the river, but they have never hesitated to take up the struggle anew after every defeat."

In the fertile Yangtze valley great dikes have been built to protect the outermost zone of cultivation from the ravages of the sea. This delta area has increased considerably during historic times, so that the oldest parts lie well in on the delta and only quite young communities out on the sea. This filling in, which year by year has given the Chinese peasant new land, proceeds not only as the undirected work of nature, for the people have taken deliberate measures to direct the sediment where they wish it to go.

Unless I am mistaken, the great apostle of agriculture, Rösiö, used often to insert into his hymns on the work of the fields an inspired encomium on that which is the basis of all good growth, manures. If that be so, he must be an enthusiastic disciple of the Chinese, for no one can excel them in the preservation and use of these valuable products.

In my chapter on Chinese economy I describe how people in the villages take toll from the wayfarer by laying beds of straw in the very streets so that the pack animals may be led there to deliver their tribute. I also mention how the roads and even the smallest paths are patrolled by manure collectors, who preserve with the greatest care whatever the beasts deposit.

King relates a little anecdote which is typical of the forethought with which this collection is made. On a farm in the Yangtze delta he saw an appliance for irrigation being drawn by two cows, which were driven by a little boy. This boy was provided with a wooden scoop on a long bamboo shaft, and as soon as one of the cows evinced promising signs he was at hand to convey the fresh contribution into a receptacle placed for that purpose.

King likewise narrates how in the mulberry plantations the excrements of the silkworms together with their cast-off skins and bits of leaves and twigs are preserved and carried to the earth under the trees. In that way the plantation suffers no further loss of substance than the silk which is produced from the leaves. Everything else is carried back to the earth to contribute to the development of next year's harvest.

Another custom which illustrates the strict economy of the Chinese with manure is connected with their method of heating a house in the country during the cold season. Almost every room in the dwelling house is provided with a *k'ang*, a high platform which takes up a large portion of floor space and is intended for a sleeping place. The *k'ang* is always covered with a straw mat on which the bedclothes are spread.

This *k'ang* is constructed of sun-dried brick made out of earth in which is mixed chaff and short bits of grass. In connection with the *k'ang* is a fireplace, which is either in the same room or by the outer wall

opposite, and in this stove is burned grass, twigs and other combustible rubbish. Nitrogen in the form of sal ammoniac, as well as phosphorus and potash is carried in small quantities in the smoke and deposited in the soot which clings to the long smoke pipes and on the inner side of the porous bricks. After some years the porosity of the *k'ang* foundation increases so that the smoke filters into the room, and the *k'ang* has to be reconstructed. But this labor is not considered an unproductive affair. The bricks, being soaked with soot and vegetable by-products, are kept, powdered and worked into a compost soil.

A considerable amount of nourishment is brought to the soil in the irrigation water which comes from the muddy rivers. It is a widespread practice in the Yangtze delta to fetch the mud from the irrigation canals and lay it on the fields in quantities as high as seventy to one hundred and twenty tons per acre, which process is often repeated yearly. This plan has two advantages; it gradually raises the surface of the fields so as to afford better drainage, and it offers the new growth a virginal soil of the most fertile sort. The canal earth is frequently full of snail shells, which give the fields a much needed supply of lime.

The Chinaman never shrinks from hard work if it can help him to a richer harvest. He has found out from experience that the soil which is long used in mulberry plantations is very favorable for rice harvests, whereas the earth from the rice fields assists the growth of the mulberry trees. He therefore keeps





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up a constant interchange of earth between these two species of agriculture.

The fertilizing material which is collected in the Chinese villages from latrines, cattle manure, household refuse, old *k'angs*, etc., is made into a compost, given the right amount of moisture for proper fermentation, and finally pulverized with the greatest care before being spread on the fields.

In speaking here of the preparations for fermentation I do not of course mean that the Chinese peasant has any knowledge of the biochemical processes in question. Through centuries of practical experimentation he has found that certain procedures bring good results and he works according to these rules with an unhesitating certainty which modern science cannot improve upon but can only explain.

Such too is the case with the Chinaman's remarkable process of using the activity of leguminous plants in collecting nitrogen. For this purpose he generally cultivates the plant known among foreigners as "Chinese clover" (*Medicago astragalus*). When this is in flower, it is cut and laid on compost heaps mixed with canal mud. It is left for three weeks in a process of fermentation before the green fertilizer and the compost are spread on the fields.

During my work in the Gobi Desert in August, 1924, I happened to observe a noteworthy case of nitrogen collection by means of *leguminosa*. We were staying out at Sha Ching, a little desert village which lies in the midst of the barren sandhills eight miles beyond the oasis of Chenfan. The hills lie on a plain

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of clay, which is visible over large spaces between the dune ranges. On these spaces grows a coarse, shaggy-white legume, whose name I cannot give.

I was struck by the appearance of masses of peasants coming with their wagons from the oasis out in the desert and collecting great loads of this plant. Whole lines of wagons with these loads went off in the afternoons toward the oasis.

I made inquiries of my people and received the answer that this desert plant was used to fertilize the melon fields. I had no chance to observe more closely the process which this green fertilizer undergoes before it is used, but I have no doubt that it concerns the obtaining of nitrogen and that the plant is made into some sort of compost.

Here then is a wild legume which is used for agriculture. By means of this rough plant the almost barren desert is made to help the blossoming oasis to greater fertility.

With regard to this remarkable process I make the following citation from Doctor King:

It was only in 1888 after a long scientific dispute, which was carried on for more than thirty years by the most distinguished European authorities, that the conclusion was reached that the *leguminosa* by nourishing lower organisms which live on their roots are responsible for keeping up the supply of the world's nitrogen, which is gathered direct from the air. But the experience of centuries taught the most remote oriental peasant that the cultivation of these plants is essential for maintaining the fertility of the soil. Therefore the cultivation of *leguminosa* in rotation

with other crops has become from ancient times a steadfast practice with these people.

One of the leading principles of Chinese agriculture is the harvesting of two or more crops during one and the same period of vegetation.

Far to the north in Manchuria, where the climate is severe because of its northern latitude; in inner Mongolia, where the agricultural region lies some fifteen hundred meters above the sea level; and in certain parts of western Kansu, where much of the land is more than two thousand meters up, I met with farming conditions that reminded me greatly of my native land. The fields, often of considerable size, are seldom terraced but follow the gentle slope of the ground. The usual crops are oats, barley, buckwheat, millet, hemp and flax. The spring is late, the autumn frost comes early, and the peasant is satisfied if he can harvest one sure crop.

But one need not go farther south than to Peking and Tientsin, which are almost on the sea level, to encounter the typical Chinese conditions. King makes the following statement regarding Tientsin: "I talked to a peasant who, after his wheat crop, planted his little enclosure with onions and after the onions with cabbage, by which process of three harvests he got a return corresponding to the value of one hundred sixty-three dollars an acre." Another farmer planted Irish potatoes, gathered them early, then planted radishes and after them cabbage, by which he got a return of two hundred three dollars an acre.

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In Shantung wheat or barley are planted in the winter and harvested early in the spring, to be followed by another harvest of *kaoliang* or millet, sweet potatoes, soya beans or groundnuts.

In southern China two rice crops are taken in, and upon these follows during the winter and early spring a third, sometimes even a fourth of cabbage, rape, peas and beans, etc.

To save both land and time the rice is sown on a little plot, where by strong fertilizing and careful labor for some thirty to fifty days enough plants are raised on one acre to suffice for ten. Meanwhile the nine acres which have thus been left free have had other crops, which have been taken in, after which the land is prepared for the transplanting of the rice.

In connection with these successive crops the Chinese farmer avails himself to the greatest possible extent of the system of multiple harvests. A development of this is the drill-sowing system, which is used for all agriculture and which enables the farmer to cultivate in alternating rows plants of differing age, which therefore ripen and are harvested at different times. By this method the farmer not only gets the fullest yield from the earth and a greater variety in his total harvest, but has also a better division of his labor at separate times of the vegetation period.

As an example of these multiple harvests one may thus find at one time in the same field wheat ready to reap, beans nearly mature, and cotton that has just been planted.

This alternation of various crops in the same season is carried on to some degree with the animal kingdom.

The soil of the fields is rich in worms of the sort commonly known as angleworms, which perform a necessary function for the farmer in perforating the earth and thus assisting its ventilation. These worms are carefully guarded during the preparation of the soil, for the Chinaman wishes as much as possible to spare these useful assistants. But when the water is let into the rice fields, the worms are forced to the surface of the earth in an enormous multitude. Thereupon the farmer lets in great flocks of ducks, which eat themselves fat on the worms. With the water pumped into the rice fields come broods of fish, which grow along with the rice.

Through all the foregoing description recurs as a leading motive the astonishing and to us almost incredible industry of the Chinaman. It seems as if he economized with everything except human labor. To transplant a crop as the Chinaman does with rice, to carry back and forth the soil which he uses in preparing his composts, to till, plant and weed his fields so that they look better kept than most of our garden beds,—all this is for him something that goes without saying. Often we venture to think he performs much unnecessary labor, but we later find that we did not understand his reasons for it.

*Live simply, give work to many hands, food to many mouths,* I would place as the motto above the China-



man's way of ordering his life, and this is, all things considered, no bad rule of life.

We must remember that great parts of China are so extremely densely populated that it is a very delicate task to give food and of course work to all these people. The competition for work there is intense to a degree that we can hardly imagine. Crowds of coolies are brought by sea to Manchuria every year to offer their services to the great Manchurian proprietors for a, to us, incredibly low wage. Similarly in May, 1923, I saw on a trip to Kansu great roads thronged with young men streaming down to Shensi to get a season's work.

King relates a little story that illustrates well the fearful struggle for existence:

When we left our hotel at Tsingtao to go by rickshaw to the steamer on our way back to Shanghai, we noticed a thirteen- or fourteen-year-old boy who was apparently following us, sometimes in front, sometimes behind, mostly running on the sidewalk but slowing down when the rickshaw coolie fell into a walk. It was a good mile to the wharf. Evidently the boy knew the time of the boat's departure and hoped that he might possibly earn a few cents by carrying my hand luggage on board the steamer. Twenty men were waiting at the wharf to do this little service but the boy risked a trip of a mile there and back on the chance of the odd job. When we neared the boat, the boy drew nearer to us, but strong and eager men stood there waiting. Twice he was roughly pushed aside, and before the rickshaw stopped a big fellow seized the valise. Had I not seen the boy's exertions, he would have had only his toil for

his pains. The struggle for existence is so severe that a boy throws himself into it determinedly. True to his race and training, this one had spared no pains to win and was surprised but grateful at getting more than he expected.

The primitive handwork which the Chinese enjoy so has not deteriorated as much as we incline to think. Because of the unusual dexterity which the Chinaman has attained in rice planting by hand, King discovered that this hand labor could be done more cheaply than Americans could plant cabbage or tobacco with their best machinery.

Moreover it is striking how the Chinese have time out of mind practised certain methods which for us are comparatively modern discoveries. Thus there are families which through many generations have worked at egg-hatching in incubators consisting of separate earthen vessels, which hold twelve hundred chicken eggs and are carefully heated with wood charcoal. These people have no thermometer for measuring the temperature but can ascertain whether an egg has the right warmth by pressing it against their eye.

As a whole, Chinese farming, together with the occupations subsidiary to it, is strictly regulated by sound economic principles. The Chinaman, who likes strong and rich food, such as meat, eggs, etc., at least as well as we do, lives almost exclusively on a vegetable diet because it is so much cheaper. The fat which he uses in his cooking is cheap vegetable oil.

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King gives an interesting explanation of the fact that the Chinese are such notable swine-raisers and pork-eaters. According to his figures beef makes only six and two tenths per cent. of their diet, reckoned on the dry substance of their food. The corresponding figures for mutton are eight per cent. and for pork seventeen and six tenths per cent. If we further take into account that swine subsist on a quantity of refuse and roots which are useless for the other kinds of domestic animals, we can understand why these animals are chosen to produce meat for the Chinese. In this connection it is worth noting that according to our excavations swine were the principal domestic animals in the stone age in Honan.

This account of Chinese agriculture, in which I have mostly followed the statistical summary of King, has been essentially a eulogy on the Chinese peasant's knowledge, intelligence and industry.

Is there then no weak point in this firm structure, no incompleteness in which modern science can be of help? I am convinced that there are many such lines of development, and the more progressive Chinese are minded to avail themselves of the results of Western science even in this field.

One line of procedure which beyond all others should give good results and furnish China with richer harvests is the improvement of seed by modern methods. It is in the nature of things that the simple peasant cannot do very much in this department, but in fruit cultivation the success of the

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Chinese in grafting should be carefully studied. How else can it be explained that in some of the river valleys of Kansu are produced enormous and delicious peaches, apricots and melons, which according to the testimony of American missionaries rival the best of their kind that California can show?

## CHAPTER FOUR

### CHINESE ECONOMY

DURING a trip in Honan and Shensi we had gone one evening into an unassuming little inn of the little country village of Sui Shih by the great road which leads from Honanfu west toward Shensi. The darkness had already fallen, and I was walking in the courtyard while I waited for our belated servants and baggage animals.

Suddenly a coolie came gliding silently in through the door, carrying on his pole two burdens of equal size and weight. My curiosity was excited by their smallness in contrast with the evident difficulty which the coolie had in moving under the pressure of his stick. With that came another and still another, five in all, who, familiar with the lay of the land, went into a little room, laid down their burdens, drank a bowl of warm water and lighted their pipes.

I could not forbear calling my assistant, Mr. Cheng, and asking him to inform me as to the errand of these wayfarers. I then learned that these coolies came from Sianfu in Shensi and were bound for Honanfu, a distance of two hundred and fifty kilometers. Their burdens consisted of "cash", that is to say the old Chinese brass coins, and the purpose of their long journey was to exchange, or rather sell, these masses of coins for their value in silver. By a lucky chance I had some days before gotten an insight which

made me at once understand the connection. Because of the increased price of copper in the great war, some clever Japanese had discovered that it would be good business to buy up the Chinese brass cash and get out the copper. In that way was started a considerable export of cash to Japan, a traffic which finally took on such dimensions that the Chinese Ministry of Finance found it advisable to begin likewise collecting and extracting copper from the cash.

But let us go back to our coolies. According to the information supplied by Mr. Cheng the two packages carried by each coolie represented a value of about four dollars and fifty cents, in Swedish money about seventeen crowns. In other words it pays in China to buy cash cheap in one place, carry a burden worth ten dollars a distance of two hundred and fifty kilometers, and sell it. The rate for the trip between the buying and the selling places could not at best come to more than a few crowns for each man's load, and for this price the coolie had to find himself on a ten days' trip to and fro and still have sufficient to pay for his work. Probably, moreover, it was not the coolie who undertook the matter, he was only the bearer for a business man at Sianfu, who sold the cash to another in Honanfu, in which case the former would get a good share of the profits in the transaction.

This example, to which I could add many similar, gives an idea of the small wages given a Chinese laborer as well as of his extremely modest standard of living.



As to the use of a medium of exchange, the cash, which is in many places the only one in use, with a value of about one thirty-fifth of a cent, gives an interesting insight into the simplicity of Chinese retail transactions.

A daily wage of five and a half to seven cents is gladly accepted if the employer is Chinese, whereas the inexperienced foreigner is happily surprised at getting a bearer or helper for seventeen to twenty-two cents.

If we consider that the first-named, more normal wage has to provide not only for the coolie himself but for his family, including usually a large troop of children, it is plain that these people's way of life must be practically inconceivable to, for instance, an American laborer.

Meat is a luxury that occurs only on great yearly festivals, especially New Year. The conception that the Chinaman stuffs himself unstintedly with rice every day we must also relinquish, as far as the population of northern China is concerned. Rice is there the rich man's food, the poor folk nourishing themselves on millet, maize, *kaoliang*, divers beans, cabbage and onions. The leaves of trees even are at times the principal ingredient of their vegetable soup. Despite its extreme cheapness this diet must be quite satisfactory from the point of view of nourishment. I have, to be sure, in some places seen children with their stomachs bloated by hunger, but as a rule the men are wiry and sturdy, the women strong and broad of shoulder, the children plump, bright and clear-eyed.

The country population have no need of bought goods for their simple existence. In the mountain villages of southern Shansi the farmers produce nearly all they require except salt<sup>1</sup> and a small amount of ironware. If these contented and, under normal conditions, good-natured folk were not continually troubled by the fear of robbers and tax collectors, their lives would be very happy in spite of grasshoppers, drought and violent floods.

A natural phase of the Chinaman's domestic economy is the utilization of all waste to a degree of which we Europeans can hardly dream. Ashes such as are cast out of the rich man's house on the dump are rooted over by small dusty boys, who pick out the unconsumed particles. The rag-collector's trade is of great importance and is practised especially by women, who often walk serenely along with a rag pack on their back and a nursing child at the breast.

A prime object in the Chinaman's passion for saving is very reasonably natural manure. One cannot travel long on the roads in the province of Chihli before one notices a peculiar sort of rest and tribute place for the passing beasts of burden. This is simply a rectangular excavation a foot deep in the very roadway, taking up its entire width and long enough to hold a mule. This excavation is filled with *kao-liang* straw or a similar substance, which partly by its softness persuades the reflectively plodding animal that this is the right place, and partly serves to collect the passing deposit. After a mule, an ass or a

<sup>1</sup> Salt is covered by a State tax which is at least ten times the cost of production.

pony has consecrated the institution, every successor must by the force of an irresistible social instinct stand and do likewise. Suppose the traveler to be proceeding with a caravan of, say, ten beasts, which in turn pay their toll, and it must be evident that the system is a tax not only on the beasts but also on the time of the traveler. One may, however, console himself, as the growing pile of odorous compost at the road edge bears witness that the offering is not in vain.

A foreigner, whose testimony was not perhaps wholly reliable, told me once that at Chinese feasts in the old times it was a matter of good form to repay the hospitality of the host by going into the back yard. However this was, it is a fact that the collection of dung is a profession in equally high repute with the rag collector's, though in contrast with that it is preferably a man's work, adopted not only by boys and graybeards but by men in the prime of life. The equipment is a wooden vessel the shape of a truncated cone, which is carried on the back together with a little spade, with which the deposits of the streets or roads are handily gathered and deftly thrown over the shoulder into the receptacle. Contributions not only from the genus *equus* but likewise from the genera *canis*, *sus* and *homo* are represented, thanks to the circumstance that men as well as beasts live to a large degree literally on the street or road.

That the business is lucrative is shown by the fact that in Peking a barrow-load of a certain sort of



THE MANURE COLLECTOR PUTS THE SMALL BOYS TO FLIGHT. (*Drawing by the Artist Li*)



manure brings the dazzling price of about twelve cents. In the mountain village of Chai T'ang I chanced to discover behind a temple a little boy stealing from a manure pile to fill his basket, and his guilty face was comical to see.

In no department is this eager collecting more noteworthy than where it concerns the obtaining of fuel. Nothing combustible is passed over, and children go out from the villages to collect twigs and dry plants. They preserve not only the coarse straw of the *kao-liang*, which grows to twice the height of a man; I have seen them digging up sod to shake out the earth and use the remainder for burning.

But this industrious toil for subsistence has its dark side. In many places where they gather twigs and grass for burning there is splendid anthracite coal only a few miles away, but the poor roads, together with the lack of purchasing power, restrict the coal to local consumption. What is still worse, in the mountains the people build fires of wretched twigs, while the mountains are treeless since the time when the primeval forests were cut down, and every tree shoot is mercilessly cropped by the little fuel collectors. Where the temples have groves that may not be devastated, or the cliffs are inaccessible, one sees that woods can grow on these now pitifully naked mountains. Forestry is the magic word which sometime in the future will transform the landscape and create new sources of life in wide stretches of the northern mountain regions of China. But it will take a will power of steel to produce any important



result, for the task is gigantic, especially in view of the drought prevailing from September to June.

The lack of proper roads is an unpleasant surprise for the traveling foreigner. In the last decades China has built a by no means contemptible network of railways, but the great problem of country roads does not yet seem to have become vital to the government chiefs. The country is traversed by a great number of very old highways, on some parts of which the traffic of the present day is so intense as to be very picturesque to any one accustomed to our comparatively well-built but empty roads. But these great arteries, which swarm day and night with wayfarers, beasts of burden, riders, two-wheeled vehicles, wheelbarrows, and carriers, are not built artificially except where a steep mountain pass or a watercourse has made some local intervention unavoidable. Otherwise these famous imperial roads go on over plain and through mountains with many small deviations and in continual conflict with the cultivated land. The fact that these shapeless roads are allowed to find new ways across the tilled land is an interesting evidence of the Chinese peasant's easy-going tolerance, which is satisfied with digging a few shallow circuitous holes in the new roadway, whereas in a similar case a European or American would turn to the protection of the law or, if that was unavailable, to barbed wire and shotguns.

A distinguishing, one might well say dominating, trait of Western life is the effort by simplifying

coinage and measures, breaking down tax barriers and eliminating middlemen, to bring producer and consumer into easy and cheap communication. In China the tendency seems to be the direct contrary.

One needs only a little practical acquaintance with the monetary system of the country to see this. The subject is so incredibly complex that we can only touch on it lightly.

The customary standard of exchange in Peking and the cities generally is the Mexican silver dollar (about forty-eight cents). This dollar is nominally divided into one hundred cents, and each cent into ten cash: but the copper cent has so declined in value that one gets in change for a dollar from one hundred ten to one hundred thirty cents, according to the broker's sharpness. If, on the contrary, I should go into a shop to buy something that cost thirty cents and was so inexperienced or thoughtless as not to have the change, I should get back only seventy cents; in other words the shopman would make an extra profit of ten to thirty cents.

Or, to take another case, if I were to undertake a three days' railroad trip to Tientsin and try to pay my bill at the Imperial Hotel with a bank note stamped Peking, it would be taken only at a certain discount, which means that wherever an exchange is made one must be prepared to lose a greater or less amount of the principal. This is a regular procedure by which small profits are extracted everywhere from the circulating currency.

Every newly arrived foreigner is astonished at

this labyrinthine caprice and demands a monetary reform, but after closer study he finds that the Chinaman's immense interest in profit is strongly opposed to such action. It seems to me that it would be easier to clothe the barren mountains with green forests than to reform the Chinese money system.

If I should wish to rent a house, it is commonly impossible to come to speech with the owner himself, who is invisible. Instead, a middleman appears to arrange the matter. But when everything is clear, he informs me that one and one-half to two months' rent extra must be paid as a commission to him and three or four other gentlemen whom I have never seen but who are somehow connected with the transaction. If I get angry, the middleman smiles apologetically at my ignorance. I shall soon find that this curious arrangement is an established custom and act accordingly.

This creation of unproductive profits is, to be sure, one of the many means of giving a livelihood to the surplus population. Other methods of subsistence, which though not legalized are very widespread and flourishing, are banditry and bribery.

Banditry in China — what a rich and fascinating field for sociological study! I lack, however, both the requisite experience and space, so that I must be content with a couple of observations.

Banditry is a phenomenon which cannot be dismissed after a realistic description of burned villages, surprised caravans, punitive expeditions and other technical refinements. The Chinaman, who is

by nature peaceable and by instinct a farmer and tradesman, must have strong reasons for striking out on a profession which is a deadly foe to these two modes of life.

During a trip in Shansi a little episode took place which may throw some light on this question. We had been entertained by the magistrate at Wen Hsi Hsien with the most wonderful stories about a robber band which was said to harry the mountain trails whither we were going. We were practically held as prisoners, since the magistrate would assume no responsibility for our further procedure.

It had long been dry. The situation was very bad for farming, and after appealing in vain to the "Dragon King", the patron deity of water, the community finally caught at the last straw and implored the foreign missionaries to pray to their God for rain.

We had a long conference with the magistrate and finally promised to wait a day, but no more. When we awoke on the following morning, the rain was pouring outside the window, and my assistant, Mr. Cheng, saluted me with a glad shout: "Now there will be no more robbery, now they'll have to go home and farm!"

This conception of banditry as a supplementary trade, a seasonal occupation to be turned to in time of need, has much to be said for it. In October, 1915, Professor Nyström and I engaged on Hungshan Mountain in northern China some fifty coolies for excavation work, and I was then told that many of

these fine fellows, in their leisure hours and in default of better work, engaged in robbery.

On continuing the Shansi trip we had with us as commander of our escort a young, unusually agreeable police officer, who had shot down a considerable number of robbers with his own hand and had furthermore a large fund of information about them. On my question as to the origin of banditry he assured me that only about ten per cent. of the robbers became so from a propensity for the trade, the ninety per cent. being poor devils who were driven to it by necessity.

But although banditry might be combated by peaceful methods, social reforms and the opening of new fields of employment; it would do no harm if more severe measures were used against bribery than are now in practice.

The system is venerable in its antiquity. A young Chinese with a fine Western education informed me recently that the most distinguished grafter in history was a prime minister under the Emperor Chien Lung, China's *roi soleil*, under whose reign China had its last great blossoming time. Corruption under the last of the Manchus has become proverbial, and a large number of the drastic penalties instituted by Yuan Shih Kai indicate that the custom did not die out with the Manchu dynasty.

But in this field as well we must be prepared for paradoxical experiences. It appears that the system of exacting commissions up to a moderate limit is upheld by ancient usage, and that to break this



down would be even more difficult than a monetary reform. For my own small part I have entirely resigned myself to it.

During my first months in Peking I was visited by a nice, neat little student who went around in his holidays selling silk embroidery, which I then thought extremely pretty but have since found to be rather mediocre. I bought some, which totaled quite a considerable price. When he was paid and was about to go, he asked me to follow him out through the door, as otherwise the porter would squeeze him for a percentage of his profits. Indignant at such a possibility, I did as he requested and saw that he got to the street undisturbed.

But since then I have so far advanced in knowledge of life that I realize how on that occasion I let out a thief through my door and robbed my own servants of their rightful property.



## CHAPTER FIVE

### COOLIES (1916)

"THE lowest and most despised of all castes." Such, as I remember, was the picture of India's coolies fixed in my boyish imagination by Roth's good old-fashioned geography.

But now, since making actual acquaintance with their Chinese equivalent, I have learned to value their honesty, equanimity and endurance in labor, but above all the sunny disposition with which they sustain their low and often despised position in the community.

The international idea of the lower-class Chinese is, as far as I can discover, anything but favorable: a sullen and treacherous dog, who to satisfy his vices and need of employment will turn cunningly to any expedient, however dishonorable. This idea must have grown up in the great seaports, Hong-kong, Canton, Shanghai, where a mass of riffraff is concentrated magnetically, and something of this trait may possibly be discovered in the Chinese exported especially from the southern provinces, who are thrown ashore at many coast places around the Pacific Ocean.

But it must not be forgotten that China is not a country according to European measurements, but a section of the world, and that the Chinese are not therefore the same everywhere, any more than one

can find similarities between such Europeans as a Dalmatian, a Corsican, a Catalonian or a Berliner.

The Chinese have certain traditional methods of gain, such as brigandage and grafting, which by us are considered beyond the bounds not only of the law but also of honor, yet except for these ethnographical peculiarities I have found the northern Chinese surprisingly honest and reliable.

Apart from the fact that soldiers might on a suitable occasion, now as formerly, come to burn and plunder the city, I consider that security of life and property is greater in Peking than in Stockholm, a remarkable condition which can only be explained by the fact that the police control is better organized in the former place than in the latter.

I came to China with the impression that one must always have his coat buttoned tightly over his pocketbook, but I gradually fell into the nonchalance of leaving small sums of money around till needed, without ever losing a cent.

If I leave out the mulcting which normally takes place at the doors, which is part of the graft system, I have only two irregularities to note in my servants, one actual and one imagined.

During the first year, when we lived together as a little colony of four Swedes, it happened that time after time from one dinner to another we noticed a fairly regular lowering of the surface of our brandy flask. There was evidently a drink thief about, and we gave the five servants a collective ultimatum that within half an hour the guilty one should be found

and dismissed, otherwise they should all go. In half that time it was made clear that the yard coolie had pilfered not only the brandy but two flasks of ale besides, which we had not put in question.

Here then was a striking case of theft, though the offence was not excusable but at least explicable, when I say that the object was something as seductive as Danish *aqua vitae*.

The other case of dishonesty had a most surprising sequel.

I had just had made a corner sofa with five stuffed cushions, a piece of furniture in which I may say in confidence I felt a certain pride. Then we had to shift to a new residence in another part of the city, and I decided in this connection to have packed what small collections I had of curios, such as bronzes, porcelains, etc., for forwarding to Sweden. Experienced workmen were required for this, and a row of packers were fetched. I showed them first the larger pieces and then the small stuff, which to make it more clearly visible I had thrown together on the big sofa. "Everything on the sofa is to be packed," were my instructions.

When we came to our new abode, I wanted the precious sofa put in order. The cushions, however, were not to be found. This was apparently another case of dishonesty among the servants, and they were given a thirty minutes' ultimatum to clear up the matter.

The answer came in ten minutes: the servants there present were all innocent, but there might presumably

be some doubt whether the old porter, who had been dismissed in the moving, might not have taken the cushions. I had even a full picture of how the man had probably made these somewhat unfamiliar stolen goods useful to himself and his family.

The affair was considered closed, and new cushions were made.

But fate would so have it that the packing cases with the curios, which could not be sent to Sweden on account of the war, were left standing in the rain and had to be inspected. They were three in number, of which the two large ones held all my curios well done up, while the third, smaller and much lighter, contained precisely five swelling sofa cushions.

These of which I have testified: viz., a few nips of Danish brandy and two bottles of Ny Carlsberg beer, which had been actually stolen; and five sofa cushions, which had not been stolen, are all I have to adduce as to dishonesty in the house in the past two years.

It is not unknown to me that other foreigners in Peking have had quite different experiences. A family of high social position was systematically plundered by the servants for years till finally one day the courageous housewife brought the whole robber brigade under lock and key with a most dramatic *coup*. Similar and no less dramatic experiences have been adduced from other quarters, and I for my part am mindful of the proverb: Praise not the day before the sun goes down.

However, I wish to add that Chinese servants, to

judge by my own meager experience, are remarkable for application to work and for attentiveness to their masters, which makes it easier to overlook the manipulations of the porter before alluded to.

As an example I will not cite my trusted boy Chung, who is a fine gentleman and considers himself to stand as high above a coolie as in Stockholm a Strandvägen doorman would think himself above a Nybrohamn roustabout. I prefer to tell something of the lowest of my fine servants, the rickshaw coolie. The connection between him and me occurred, like so many more important associations here on earth, through pure chance; I hired him on the street on one of the first days and afterwards we continued together to our mutual satisfaction. He is quiet, willing and attentive, and has furthermore the merit of running with a steady persevering trot without ever falling into the life-endangering pace with which many rickshaw coolies vary their usual somniferous lope.

His routine is to pull me to my office in the morning, go home and get the cook with a warm lunch, take him back, and finally fetch me in the afternoon; that is to say to traverse the distance of three and a half kilometers six times daily, besides extra trips. For a time I wanted to have a little exercise and told him not to fetch me in the afternoon. But it sometimes happened that I would be delayed by my work and would take a rickshaw on the street. When my man saw that I came home pulled by another coolie, he lamented that I should thus give away money uselessly and offered to come and fetch



me as before. I, however, wishing to have my little afternoon promenade, declined his offer. It happened again that I took a rickshaw to get home quicker, but as I was afraid because of my rickshaw coolie, I stopped at the last street corner and walked home the last fifty meters. But one must never imagine anything can be concealed from Chinese servants. The following afternoon my rickshaw coolie stood outside my office with the guilty look of a dog that has been told to stay home but has run after his master.

As I turn from the narrow circle of my personal servants to recall all the chance helpers, guides, bearers, attendants, soldiers, mule drivers, etc., with whom I came into contact on my travels, my impression is equally good. One or two have been dull and awkward, many commonplace, of whom there is little to say, but many have been really splendid fellows.

First in the long list come the bearers on the first excursion to Chai T'ang, who went singing gaily across the mountains, ate their soup of leaves, slept in the first available shed, and went home contented with a wage that seemed ridiculously small. Then there is my little coolie in Chai T'ang, who every morning as a token of respect let down his pigtail when he came into the yard, who followed me wherever I went and understood me so well when we conversed, he in Chinese, I in Swedish. Or the mule driver in Kaifeng, who had so much trouble to keep in touch with us as we went over the mountains by dead reckoning, and who was all one great friendly



smile every time he came up with us. Or my fine big coolie in Lung Kuan, who went and put up signals on mountain tops without ever mistaking the best places, who attended to my slightest motion as I stood at table, and watched over me when I took my midday nap. Or the little attendant on the trip to Shansi, a poor lad who smoked opium and had to give half his wages for some sort of suspicious Japanese medicine which was supposed to be an antidote to opium. He was the best of them all, diligent, alert, enduring and always naturally in a good humor.

Once when I was talking to a high-class Chinese and expressing my satisfaction with the coolies I had had in my service, he replied, "Yes, you naturally had every reason to be content with them, for you pay them so much more than they are used to."

With all respect for my worthy friend's experience and judgment I must, however, maintain that this is not the whole truth. The coolie is no time-server; he shows no evidence of false servility or insinuation. But what I find especially agreeable is the constant alertness and attention he gives to his foreign and accidental employer. When one is crawling up a steep cliff, invariably one feels a strong hand supporting one's slipping foot. Or the shadow has moved while one is taking one's midday rest, and one finds another protection set up in front of the sun. Or the rain begins to fall, and the coolie is there at once of his own accord to protect the table from the wet.

It is the sum of these countless details which combine to form a good impression of the Chinese servant.

It may now be asked, "Are not these guides, bearers, attendants and drivers, who prove so excellent, picked men, chosen from a multitude of less worthy individuals?"

This has not commonly been the case; they are figures that have fairly arbitrarily popped up and vanished in the course of the trip, an endless unending stream of *staffage* figures. My two or three best coolies were taken out of a casual group at our disposal ten or fifteen minutes before we were to break up our night quarters. Mule drivers were required by the police from among those who had serviceable beasts, with assuredly very little reference to the personal qualities of the owners.

These men, with whom I lived during several trips in the northern provinces, are therefore very reliable types of the country population. There is surely no essential difference between them and the thousands we see every day working in the fields, or the crowds that continually thronged the miserable roads. Everywhere the same good humor, which seemed to be a loan from the beneficent sunlight, the same steady repose and tractableness, without a trace of the unconsiderate rudeness which is so common with, for instance, the Swedish unskilled laborer.

When a foreigner comes into the Chinese villages, he wonders how people can live in these stinking

manure heaps. But here again it is the power of the sun, the continual sunshine, which burns off the microbes and preserves the lives of the children who swarm in the streets and are so dirty that they have the gray color of the dry soil.

One sees a disproportionate number of people who are blind or have diseases of the eye; in some regions many are afflicted with scrofula and many marked with smallpox, but outside of these a surprisingly strong and healthy race. I can give remarkable testimony as to the strength and endurance of the coolies, impressive feats of strength performed for the inducement of earning ten cents or so. Love for work they can hardly be said to have, that does not fit into the oriental's philosophy of life, but in that respect we all secretly cherish some more or less oriental tendencies.

The uncounted millions who cultivate the soil of China are assuredly one of the country's most important resources, with which a strong and clear-sighted government should be able to do great things. Hardy, docile, intelligent, the Chinese are splendid material for an industrial population, and under good command would doubtless become fine soldiers. . . . Such are the men; in conclusion a word as to the women.

When one sees in Peking the small thin dolls which are the wives, or "little wives", of the upper classes, one gets a very poor idea of the Chinese woman's physical development. But the woman of the country is a quite different type, which in spite of the

deforming of the feet and the diminished activity therefrom resulting is strong and well built.

I remember vividly a railroad journey through the province of Honan one day during the wheat harvest, when all the folk were out in the fields and one could for once get sight of the otherwise rarely visible women. It was like a popular festival, this eager harvest work, and one saw everywhere tall strong women with broad shoulders and full bosoms.

They have a generous share of the burden of toil, these women of the poor. They twist thread, weave cloth, dye and make garments, and sew shoes. Only the needle with which they work is bought.

Last but not least, they are strong and willing mothers, who give birth easily and, when the wished-for arrival fails to live, light their joss sticks before the goddess of fertility, imploring her to grant them a child, preferably a son of course, and so release them from the ban which always rests on a barren wife.

## CHAPTER SIX

### THE HUNGSHAN EPISODE (1915)

THE men working in the fields, the women who had gathered around the well to gossip a bit, and the children playing in the big open place where the grain was being threshed could all see high up on the mountains the coolies from other villages whom the foreigner had put to work. He had not succeeded in his first attempt to get workmen from Hungshan, the real village of the mountain, but coolies from villages farther away had gladly come in greater numbers than were needed, for the foreign gentleman paid well, even though the bailiff who came from the district town to keep order among the coolies did stuff a good deal of their wages into his own pocket.

Yes, it was easy to observe how they dug their deep straight ditches up there; from ten *li* away one could see the black stripes that ran sheer down the mountain slope, edged on either side by the rusty red of the earth that had been cast up.

It was such a remarkable sight that the travelers who proceeded along the dry river bed had to stop and inquire. And so the news spread far and wide that wonderful things were happening up at Hungshan.

Those who had gone up the mountain with planks, water, food for the coolies, or a chicken to be broiled by the foreigner's cook (one could not miss the chance of a little profit) related that the coolies were hoisting

up earth in baskets from the twenty-foot excavations and that the stranger's broad shovels and heavy picks were everywhere striking down there on the hard, blue-black, sparkling iron mountain.

The most remarkable thing of all was that the district magistrate in Wuan was not minded to take the village men's side against the foreigner's procedure. The headman of the village, attended by three others, had been in to the district town and expressed the village's alarm. There was no doubt, they had said, that this stranger had come to seize for base gain still another of the many treasures that were hidden in the mountains of China. Such things had been heard of many times before, and it was always foreigners who devastated and plundered the land.

So this question of the mountain was disturbing — this mountain that stood shelteringly above the village. Always, as far as memory could go back through past generations, the villagers had revered and guarded the mountain, performing their devotions in the temple just below the top. It had been said, to be sure, that once of old iron ore had been broken on Hungshan, but it was sons of the Middle Kingdom, not foreigners, who had labored there then, and moreover not much had come of the digging, it seemed, since it had not gone on. Should now strangers, who are more cunning in these matters, be allowed to carry off the treasures which the folk of Wuan had left untouched?

His Worthiness should graciously give heed to the villagers' fear: what if the top of the mountain should



be blown off and the mountain perhaps be offended? Might there not then be new misfortune, although drought, famine, robbers, and the terrible heavy taxes were surely enough to make life a burden? What might one not finally expect if this foreigner was permitted to desecrate the mountain at his own pleasure?

When the headman had finished his much-pondered speech, the magistrate answered, to the surprise and disappointment of all, with strange admonishing words:

“Only the ignorance of the village folk could excuse their silly idea that the government, which knows all and watches over all, would permit a foreigner to come and break for his own profit the ore on Hungshan, which is the pride and glory of Wuan.

“The stranger on Hungshan had at once put himself right with the local magistrate, showing his passport and order, both with the seal of the Minister of Agriculture. Although he had come from a little country, Jui Tien Kuo,<sup>1</sup> far beyond Tibet, he was no less than the magistrate himself a servant of the realm. He dared not do anything which he did not report to Peking, and besides the magistrate had sent his constable not merely to keep order among the coolies but likewise to report what the stranger was doing.

“It is a strange story about this work on Hungshan. The Great President, or Emperor as we may

<sup>1</sup>Jui Tien is the equivalent in Chinese phonetics of Sweden in English.

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soon call him, who has his eyes on everything in the measureless Middle Kingdom and wants to make his own province of Honan the heart in the defence of the realm, has decided to build great workshops for the making of swords, guns and cannon to use against robbers and rebels or against the enemies of the realm. And, as much iron is needed for these workshops, he intends to open an iron excavation on Hungshan and has therefore sent this stranger to find out whether the ore is good and in sufficient abundance.

“Let this be said to dissipate the ignorance and foolishness of the villagers! The government is watching without cease over Wuan, and as the harvest is approaching, the folk of Hungshan’s village should not waste time in silly prattle and debate about groundless suspicions.”

The Hungshan episode had reached this stage, when I came on a visit to my friend Nyström, the “stranger on the mountain”, who with much skill and tact was directing the large excavations. Some fifty coolies were working continuously in the narrow, dangerously deep trenches, whose perpendicular walls were lined as far as possible with planks.

We spent a week together with Mine Inspector Chang from Kaifeng in the temple on the mountain top. We had fine, fairly warm September weather with continual sunlight, which blurred the contour of the plain and the more distant mountains and made us feel more completely alone up there. Night

after night the cloudless heaven sparkled above the crowns of the temple cypresses, and deep down on the plain glided pale and red glowworms, where the peasants were burning the dry grass.

Then Nyström departed on his way to Peking and I followed him a day's journey, during which we chanced to behold two contrasting pictures: P'eng Ch'eng, the sooty and swarming factory town, where the clay of the coal formation is made into pottery of all sorts; and, on the other side of a little mountain pass, Hei Lung T'an, a pretty village, with abundant cascades running down the limestone mountain, leafy groves and picturesque temples, a place ideally fitted for oriental meditation, where one may sit and drink tea, smoke a hookah and let the time glide away unsullied by the sweat and pain of toil.

In the swiftly falling twilight we parted, and I in company with two soldiers and a blacksmith had to negotiate a night march of twenty-five kilometers back to Hungshan. The light of two paper lanterns provided with tallow candles guided us through the dark, where the flaming furnaces of P'eng Ch'eng faded gradually in the distance. We rested a couple of times at small inns and enjoyed that usual refreshment of the traveler, warm water. After passing between the fortress-like houses of the fine village of Hotsun, we began to catch sight of Hungshan's dusky contour in the north, with a great light gleaming close to the summit. This was a light that my thoughtful boy had placed to guide us up the mountain. At 1 A.M. I ate my dinner and then slept the

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deep, undreaming sleep of the weary till the new day, which was to be rich in unexpected events.

At ten next morning I was out with Mine Inspector Chang to look at the excavation. We stopped longest in the new trench on the east side of the mountain, where several huge boulders highest up toward the base of the mountain looked particularly threatening, for which reason we ordered further reinforcements of planks and props.

After lunch I went with a soldier up to the top of the mountain crest to make assays. Hour after hour passed in mechanical labor. The soldier, who soon found himself comparatively superfluous, lay dozing down on the slope, and I myself paused now and then to let my gaze run over plain and height to the mountain crests fading off in the sunny haze.

Then all of a sudden the soldier rose upright, screamed and waved his arms. The coolies popped up out of the trenches on the west side and ran singly or in small groups toward the east, where a cloud of dust was just floating off in the light breeze.

One of the trenches must have collapsed. I rushed down the slope and was in the midst of a crowd of coolies, who were running up the path to the eastern trenches.

It was the big new trench. Where it had just lain like a sharp elegant surgical cut through the rough skin of the mountain, now gaped a hideous ragged hole, from which projected stumps and planks and props broken and splintered by the landslide. The coolies crowded and swarmed around and over one

another. Some hung over the edge and simply stared, others were down in the hole throwing aside earth and stones. A man was supposed to be under the rubble, and it was to get him out that they worked so desperately. There must have been, at a guess, two or three meters of earth above him, and along with it several big rocks of several tons weight apiece. It was hopeless, that was as evident to them as to me, but it was better to let them work than stand there doing nothing. Their zeal was really splendid; only a few of them could get into the hole at the same time. How the picks flashed, the spades were swung, and the rocks were rolled out at the lower mouth of the trench! After ten minutes the first relay was exhausted, the fellows staggered out of the trench and fell headlong to the ground, drenched with sweat. A fresh relay rushed in, shouts were exchanged amid the rapid motion of the implements.

Beside the trench a man lay prone, beating his head against the ground amid piteous wails. He was a friend of the victim, giving vent to his despair.

A little farther off on the ground lay a wretched bundle, a coolie who writhed from time to time and groaned heavily. I gradually learned what had happened. He was in the trench with the other man when the collapse came, but succeeded in flinging himself out so that he was only caught by the upper layer of the slide. Just before my arrival they had dug him out. On examination we found that no bones were broken; he had only been jammed and



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partly stunned. He was carried back to the temple, where we laid him on a large *k'ang*, a stone bunk. When he asked for something to deaden the pain, I gave him some opium tablets, which was the best I had to offer, and he was then quiet and silent all the night.

I had just finished bandaging this coolie, when another came into the temple, half carried, half led by a couple of comrades. There had been a small second slide and he had been struck on the leg by a stone. Thank God! No break, but an ugly bruise. With a towel, a piece of oilcloth and one of my puttees we made him a wet compress, and after a couple of opium tablets this poor fellow too dozed off.

The dusk began to fall, and we hastened to borrow lanterns and candles from the village so that the work might proceed without interruption. Nothing was to be seen of the dead man as yet, and it became more and more evident that it would be a long job to find him.

I now learned that the mine inspector had, without consulting me, sent a special message to the magistrate at Wuan with a request for more soldiers to protect us. His idea was that the coolies and village folk would turn their indignation against me as a foreigner and a cause of misfortune. I believe his fears were unfounded; as I went about among the coolies on the scene of disaster I never saw an unfriendly gesture. I had, however, simultaneously with the request for more police assistance, taken other measures, which in my opinion were better



suiting to the situation. As the coolies, in all probability, would have to work most of the night, they would need an extra meal, and I sent a messenger to the village to bring whatever he could get quickly in the nature of food. After a while the message came that in the poor little village nothing could be got so late in the evening, so there was nothing else to do but send a new message to the village of Hotsun, four miles away.

We worked on meanwhile by the light of lanterns and torches to find the dead man. As the trench grew deeper, the danger of a new slide increased, and only a couple of men at a time could get into the narrow working space. At last they got out the dead man's head and the upper part of his body. But then came another slide, and we had to begin all over again. After a couple of hours the body was again laid bare and an attempt was made to draw it free with a rope. It was an uncanny sight to see the corpse swing back and forth like a stuffed dummy with the rough jerks of the rope. But the legs were still caught immovably in the earth of the slide.

Then came a message that the food had arrived from Hotsun. It was now nearly two at night and I took the whole company into the temple and offered them an informal meal. Mighty heaps of bread and bowls of vegetable soup were handed to the sixty guests. The bowls were emptied and refilled, and it was a pleasure to see the delighted coolies squatting in small groups in the dark temple court, munching and chattering. The improvised meal was very

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simple, but the mere fact that they could recklessly eat their fill made it a little feast for the poor coolies. "This is like New Years," they expressed it, which was assuredly the highest praise they could give the repast.

The coolies were divided into several shifts, of which one went back at once to work while the others rested. Only at eleven in the morning, after over eighteen hours' work, did they manage to get out the dead man's body, which was laid in a little chapel beside the temple.

According to Chinese custom it was not the wife but the mother who stood nearest to the dead. She had therefore been summoned at once and arrived on the mountain about noon. We offered her a rest in an armchair which was brought out in the temple enclosure, and she sat there like a picture of pitiful despair, with her sightless eyes helplessly facing the sunlight. The mine inspector and the dead man's friend told her what had happened and in between she mumbled out her grief with her toothless mouth. All about her was hushed, and the coolies who sat on the ground wept in silence.

According to the law of the mines, which in this case was our rule of conduct, the family of a workman killed in an accident is entitled to a small compensation, besides which the burial expenses must be paid by the employer. Strictly speaking, I had no personal responsibility. The formal requirement would have been to send a report to the ministry at Peking, from whom in time the small compensation

would be sent to the magistrate at Wuan and then be transmitted by one of his emissaries to the family. But, knowing the uncertainty attendant upon matters of this sort, I thought, after conferring with the mine inspector and my boy, who was deeply affected by the affair, that the small sum due should be given directly by us into the hands of those entitled to it. We therefore united on the following plan: twenty Chinese dollars should be given for the funeral and sixty to the family, of which ten should be devoted to their support in the coming winter and the remaining fifty be used for buying a piece of land for their future maintenance.

The accident had now become known all through the neighborhood, and people streamed in, many only out of curiosity, but others, especially women, wearing the sign of mourning, a white fillet around the forehead, to pay their respects in the little chapel, where the body lay on a bier.

In the afternoon the magistrate from Wuan arrived in his own person, carried in a palanquin and escorted by six soldiers. He appeared on the mountain under a red silk baldaquin as a token of his official dignity, and it was a difficult matter for us to receive in any adequate way such a mighty lord. His visit was most welcome, nevertheless, for in that way our action in regard to the family of the deceased received official approval. The best thing of all was that he sent a policeman to call the headman and two others from the village concerned to be at the temple with the widow the following day.

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With that, the exalted personage withdrew to his city, and the day after all parties of our transaction collected for a settlement. This, far from causing me any difficulty, gave me an interesting glimpse of Chinese business.

The widow was a splendid woman of the people with an ugly, scorbutic child. Both she and the village men first fell on their knees before the mine inspector and me, which was of course a reflection of the glory the magistrate's visit had cast upon our insignificant persons.

All parties concerned were then invited to sit down on the large *k'ang* in our kitchen. There were the blind old mother, the widow with the dirty child, the deceased's friend, the headman of the village and his two witnesses, the mine inspector, my body servant and yours truly. I was too much preoccupied with the proceedings to appreciate the ensemble at the time, but it later occurred to me that we must have made a remarkable picture, all these people gathered in the smoky, half-lighted kitchen, discussing in our various languages how to dispose of these few poor dollars.

With the inspector as interpreter, I rehearsed the statutes of the mining law and the somewhat more advantageous choice which, with the magistrate's approval, we offered the family. This explanation led directly to a new genuflection on the part of the widow, in token of her grateful approbation. The minor details as to the use of the money were also approved, the villagers praising particularly the

proposal to buy land with fifty dollars. According to local prices one should be able to get three "mo" (eighteen hundred square meters of land), and this was considered enough to give a maintenance to the two women and the child.

So far all was peace and unity, but then came the great question: to whom should I deliver the money?

I proposed it should be the blind mother, who was the most helpless and so the most in need of protection. But the widow immediately showed signs of unrest and the witnesses tried vigorously to dissuade me.

I then proposed the widow. "No," said the headman, "it would n't do to let her get her hands on such a great sum of money. She would then have many suitors, and so the poor old woman would be left in the lurch."

My next choice was that the headman should put through the business as an article of trust. There was a painful silence, during which I saw my boy Chung in his corner shaking his head in an emphatic negative.

The matter was getting desperate, and I went apart with my associates, the inspector and Chung, to confer. After pondering the matter a while, we returned to the kitchen with the following solution:

1. The ten dollars for the family's upkeep to be delivered in the presence of all to the widow with a strong injunction to look after her mother-in-law. (Signs of restlessness on the part of the old woman.)

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2. From the burial expenses there were five dollars left, which with the

3. land purchase fund of fifty dollars were to be credited to all those interested, and the whole, fifty-five dollars, to be laid in one of my blue strong double-sewn specimen pouches, which should then be sealed with the inspector's seal. This pouch should be turned over to the old blind woman with the following instructions: the pouch was not to be opened at random, but land should be bought for just the price of fifty-five dollars, and in the presence of all the witnesses the pouch should be delivered to the seller.

This arrangement was approved by all parties, and so concludes the story of the Hungshan episode.

May there have been no trouble afterwards with the blue pouch !



## CHAPTER SEVEN

### AN OLD WOMAN BY THE WAYSIDE (1916)

It is early in the morning and I am cross with good reason. The night has been cold, my bunk hard, and the police who have been coming in and out have always begun to chatter just as I have succeeded in falling asleep.

But the cause of my irritation is more remote and much more impressive; viz., the lord magistrate of Wen Hsi Hsien. He is anything but dependable, this smooth and smiling representative of the law. Ever since we arrived at his residence five days ago, he has treated us to the most wonderful stories about a band of robbers who are supposed to be rampaging in the mountains we have just left and to which we now wish to return contrary to the lord magistrate's will.

The robbers are said to be now a hundred, now two hundred in number. One time they were fighting the police soldiers in Chiang Hsien, another day they are going to plunder Yuan Chu Hsien (just as if they had given the lord magistrate a time-table), and a couple of days after we spent the night in the little temple of Ma Chia Miao they are reported to have sacked that place. We are quite worn out with the magistrate's talk, but he has the idea in his head that it is risky to let us return to the mountain.

Day before yesterday we had a great altercation with him, with the result that after many "ifs" and "buts" he promised us a free departure with the

escort we required. But yesterday morning it turned out at starting time that none of the promised preparations were made, and that instead he had in all secrecy sent a message to his superior, the *taoyin* in Yungcheng, to ask for orders to detain us. It was a cunningly laid trap to hold us fast, and unless we were willing to be so kept for an indefinite time, we had no other choice than to depart before the message arrived from Yungcheng.

We, that is myself and my Chinese assistant, Mr. Cheng, therefore made off on foot early in the morning, after sending the magistrate a letter explaining that we relied upon him, according to his original promise, to supply the necessary riding and baggage animals for ourselves and our servants.

There was a fearful commotion at the magisterial mansion. The magistrate's chief servant came running after us on the street, the hairtufts fluttering around his worthy head, trying with tremulous tones to induce us to return to the Residence. But a bright silver dollar in his hand and an injunction to hurry with the saddling of our ponies caused him to saunter slowly and hesitatingly back.

After half an hour we were come up with by two soldiers with horses, then came another soldier and a bit later the officer of police was sent to command our escort, and finally the guide.

So we proceeded all day without an idea what was going on at the Residence as to our servants, and on toward evening we halted in a little village in the hope that our baggage might possibly catch up with

us before night should shut in. But no word came, so there was nothing else to do but to eat a little Chinese food and lay us down to rest on a wooden bench in the police house.

I have now got up at five o'clock, made a slight toilet at the brook and watched the sunlight spreading across the delicate vernal green of the mountain crest. I am sitting here on the balcony of the police house, pondering over the lord magistrate's acts of commission and omission. Did he yesterday get together the necessary mules or has he done nothing but let everything lie in the hope that we should give in and return?

As I am thus airing my bitter morning humor, my interest is caught by a phenomenon down in the courtyard, an old woman whom I noticed last evening, who makes a very pitiful appearance as she stumps quietly along or sits on a stone and dries her watery eyes. It struck me yesterday that she was always talking eagerly to some one, now this person, now that, who stood listening beside her, and that she illustrated her discourse with the beautiful and expressive gestures which one often sees out here in the East.

There she is sitting again, talking without cessation, while from time to time she wipes away the tears. Now a muleteer, now a policeman, now one of our soldiers stands a while and listens to her, but they never stay long, and as they go away they often nod to each other with a furtive smile which indicates that they do not take the old woman very

seriously. Mr. Cheng, who has also lent the old woman his ear, now comes up and tells a little about her. It is her family griefs that she talks about for days or for years. She is now an old unhappy mother-in-law who cannot quite win the respect of her son's wife. Her son is the tall brisk policeman who does all sorts of work down in the courtyard and now and then helps the old woman to go to a new seat or busies himself about her in some other way. The family lives in one of the neighboring courts, but early every morning the old woman wanders in to the police station and stays there all day, content with always finding new listeners to her complaints. The son is the least attentive of them; he helps her patiently in all her little whims, but her words go unheeded past his ear.

Now he has helped her to a place in the sunlight, where she takes off her wadded coat and begins her morning search for vermin. Her poor old body looks thin and angular, the skeleton shines everywhere through the withered skin, but one sees by her resolute finger motions that murder is being done. It is evident that the small vermin of China have the same careless and hardy genius for multiplying as have the human beings, dogs and swine.

Right under my balcony is the police cook in process of preparing breakfast. He breaks whole armfuls of dried twigs and stuffs them under the smoking saucepan, while in between he forms lumps of dough with his nimble hands and tosses them into the oily water.

Beside him stands a little girl of about five, less dirty than the average, with a couple of jolly little pigtails around her ears, a bright rosy face and the finely chiseled eyes which one sees seldom in Chinese of the present day but everywhere on the soft figures of the old pictures.

She is a little coquette, quick and ready for whatever may come, with arms that are poised in a thousand-fold play of line. Whether she clasps her chubby hands behind her thrown-back head to look at her friend the cook, or breaks a twig to help him with the fire, or tries to catch an early morning butterfly, she is always the village beauty with a pretty delight. She smiles on all and chatters with every one, but when the big policeman comes into the kitchen, she snuggles confidently up to him. He is her father, and she is thus the granddaughter of the garrulous old woman. Her grandmother's beautiful gestures repeat themselves in playful extravagance, and one may perhaps trace a little of the child's beauty in the withered woman's fine features, even if the little one probably got a good inheritance from her unseen mother.

The food is now ready, and with the communal feeling whose principles I can never penetrate, a little wooden platter is set for the old woman. It is the child who is to carry it to grandmother. She finds the old woman dozing, puts the platter on the great wooden block beside her, and goes hurriedly back to her favorite place beside the cook.

The old woman wakes and begins to stir the food



## AN OLD WOMAN BY THE WAYSIDE

about interestedly. With ravenous appetite she eats a kind of pancake, but with that she sees something that is amiss, and her shrill old voice insists on attention. Her son comes to her and silently takes away the platter, but one sees by the old woman's excited gestures and her spying about for a victim that she will detail to the first listener this new occurrence in her imaginary history of ill usage.

Now comes the longed-for interruption. A soldier, warm and breathless, enters the courtyard and tells us that our caravan is approaching. A bit later the merry bells tinkle at the village gates, and at the entrance to the police station shine the gaudy red head-tufts of the first mule.

After Chung, my boy, has dispersed the remainder of my melancholy by a solid breakfast, we proceed, glad at heart to be fully free, over new mountains to new valley villages, new vexations and new smiles.

But the old woman by the wayside sits in her old place with her old sorrows. And while one traveler after another stops to give her the alms of his attention, her eternal flood of words runs ever on toward the great silence.



## CHAPTER EIGHT

### THE LIVING MIDDLE AGES

WHEN on Trinity Sunday the folk of the Malar region crown with leaves the old holy wells or when on Walpurgis Night we of the suburbs kindle brush heaps in our gardens, we are repeating customs which had their roots in the ancient past. Research has shown that even in a festival so apparently Christian as Yule are mingled numerous elements from the heathen festival of midwinter, and in the names of places such examples as Torsvi and Frosvi indicate places of sacrifice to the ancient gods.

When the modern life of such a people as the Swedes can preserve so many remnants of prehistoric times, it is not surprising that so conservative and in many ways primitive a people as the Chinese carries with it many reminiscences of the dimly veiled past.

In Kansu up in the northwestern corner of China proper one sees everywhere in the villages men (oddly enough, spinning is there a masculine trade) going about spinning wool into yarn on a distaff of the most simple construction with a stone disk, which in no way differs from the spindle disk used five thousand years ago by the people of the polished stone age. This is, however, not so especially remarkable, for in the Nordic Museum we may see that our own folk a few generations back spun yarn on a distaff of about the same construction.

More interest was roused among our archaeologists when I was able to show that the carpenter's ax used throughout northern China was the groove ax, that is, the type of ax in common use in Europe in the bronze age, but which in the iron age was superseded by the form which we are accustomed to think of as the normal. The groove ax is merely an edge of metal, in the grooved hollow of which a wooden helve is set. It is evident that such a type of ax was especially useful to our forefathers, when it was important to be as saving as possible with that costly metal, bronze. For the economical Chinaman it is worth while to save even so cheap a metal as iron; he therefore uses regularly a groove ax of iron, giving it the required driving weight with a long and heavy knob of wood.

A still more remarkable relic of an ancient type was verified as the so-called rectangular knife which we found wrought of limestone and slate in dwellings of the Chinese stone age. It still exists in iron as a harvest knife commonly used by women in northern China to cut off the ears of the *kaoliang*, a tall-growing kind of grain which we know by the name of *durra* (Indian millet).

At about the time of the birth of Christ, that is in Chinese reckoning under the Han dynasty, the custom obtained of placing in the grave with the corpse the clay effigies of various useful things, such as cattle, urns with grain, ovens and even whole houses. Some of these gifts, which were supposed to be for the support of the deceased in this new life,

had the form of an entire farm in miniature, with a wall around it and a little house in one corner. I puzzled a long while over that house, which stood like a watchtower in the corner of the enclosure and which to me seemed to lack resemblance to the types of building one now meets in the Chinese landscape. But on my last trip one day in a mountain tract in the middle of Kansu I came down into a farm which had precisely that little watch house, but in two stories, at one corner of the surrounding wall — a complete replica of the miniatures from the graves of the Han period.

All the ancient traits which I have thus far instanced in the material life of modern China go back to the stone age or, as in the case of the farm with the watch house, to an early historical time. The interested observer will, however, discover in China, both in the country districts and in the cities of the interior which have been relatively little touched by foreign influence, such numerous and striking resemblances to the life of Europe in bygone generations that I do not hesitate to describe the folk life of China as it is still lived in large parts of the empire as the living Middle Ages.

First among these, to our notion, ancient traits, I would mention the fondness of the Chinese for enclosing themselves and their activities in protecting walls. The Chinese Wall has become in Western speech a figurative expression for a spiritual isolation, which has its basis less in reality than in our habitual ignorance of Chinese conditions. Neverthe-

less it is a striking characteristic of the industrious, peace-loving Chinaman that in all sorts of communal association down to the family he tries to obtain protection behind walls of the greatest possible strength.

Nearly every Chinese city is surrounded by a defensive wall, crenelated and reinforced by projecting towers, from which the moat and the far side of the wall can be protected by an enfilading fire. In construction and appearance the walls of our Visby are essentially like those of Peking, the main difference being that the towers of Visby soar high above the wall, whereas those of the Chinese city are of the same height with it. In addition the Chinese gateways have a construction which makes them into small independent fortresses, a feature to which the mediaeval towns of Europe, so far as I know, have nothing to correspond.

The predilection of the Chinese for walls has among other things produced the phenomenon that the imperial city of Peking has no less than three walls, one within the other. On the outside is the great and powerful Tatar wall, which encloses the whole Tatar city with a circumference of twenty-three and five tenths kilometers. In the center of this city we had until very recently the red wall, a comparatively weak structure without ditch; and farthest within, the moated wall which surrounded the special imperial section of the town, the Forbidden City.

It is not only the cities that are surrounded by walls, the villages also are commonly defended by

ramparts which are often crenelated and provided with reinforced gates. The separate farms too have each its wall and stout door, which is barred at the coming of darkness. In various places in Shantung I saw out in the country where the rich men, besides the defensive wall around the whole estate, had constructed the dwelling house so that it was a veritable fort of most interesting construction and considerable military strength.

It is natural that country places, which are often isolated or enclosed within a relatively weak village wall, should have this special protection. It is remarkable, however, that all houses — great and small, the rich man's palace along with the poor man's dwelling — in the great well-fortified cities should have each its wall. As one passes through the streets of Peking, therefore, one sees only outer walls and well-secured, often very handsome gates. To get an idea of the Chinese home one needs special recommendations or ties of friendship. Only after the great cloudbursts of summer rain, when the small walls which surround the houses of the less well-to-do fall down by the dozen in nearly every alley, may one — before the damage is repaired — get an intimate and often comic look at the life behind the walls, as one roams through the poorer quarters.

The most curious point to the Westerner is perhaps the fact that in the large places there are even party walls between different sections of the same estate. It is especially apt to be the case that the



servants' quarter is divided off from that of the owner in this fashion.

Within the complications of the large establishments, for instance, the extensive quarters of the Ministry of Agriculture, which are laid out quite in the old Chinese style, one finds a large number of inner party walls, often broken by round, very picturesque passages without doors. Because of these manifold walls, passages and corridors, a yamen (official building) of this sort is a veritable labyrinth, which, however unpractical, is rich in deep perspectives of exquisite beauty and quiet nooks that conduce to repose and meditation.

With the striving for isolation and defense which is expressed in city and village walls is combined the frequent phenomenon of toll barriers of divers sorts. The reason for this is that, besides the foreign customs office, which controls the duties to and from other lands, there is also a "native customs" institution, which collects imposts within the country. When for instance I sent our collections via Tientsin and Chenwangtas to Shanghai and on by a Swedish boat to Gottenburg, I had of course a special permit made out by the General Tariff Bureau at Peking, but it was still necessary to follow the shipment through the various stages of tolls to see that it did not get stuck anywhere, and in particular the internal tariff office at Tientsin proved to be a constant source of trouble.

Besides the foreign and domestic tariffs there is a particularly hated institution, the *likin*. This with



its countless offices spread over the whole country obstructs communication, especially commerce and industry, which are actually throttled by an enormous tax. Public opinion demands with increasing firmness the liquidation of the *likin* duties. Such a reform is the more desirable because the *likin* is one of those local imposts which have served as test cases and pretexts for a whole mass of irregular taxes — taxes, that is, not sanctioned by the central government — which local authorities, especially military leaders, have laid upon the unfortunate population.

When the traveler has survived the ordeal of passport inspection and the ensuing police and military scrutiny at one of the gates of a city in the interior, where automobile and other modern inventions have not yet transformed the scene, he will come upon a prospect that reminds him strangely of mediaeval European towns. One may fairly say that the whole life of the people is on the street. Whereas private dwellings, as just described, are fast shut against the street by means of strong gates, the artisans' and merchants' houses have a front open to the street, being shut in at night with wooden slides. When these are taken off in the morning, a colorful and teeming life surges through the open workshops and booths out on the street.

The joiners and coffin makers lay their logs on a sawhorse, so that one end rests on the ground while the other points up at an angle. Then a man standing on the log and another on the ground work a

big saw, which with unfailing accuracy cuts the logs into planks or joists. The booths of the undertaker are among the most imposing of their kind, thanks to the solid piles of coffins and splendid canopies, together with the great red-lacquered poles, that belong to their paraphernalia.

And as the joiner does much of his work on the street or at least so that every one can watch it, so the smith often sets his bellows and forge out in the open, and the sparks from his blows fly far across the roadway. There is good reason why the smith should work outdoors, but I was really surprised when I saw at Lanchow, in the middle of the winter, that the goldsmiths sat at a little table outside the entrance to their booth, perhaps to get better light for their delicate craft.

The dyers also work to a large degree under the public eye, and a dyer's booth makes itself evident from far off in that great strips of newly dyed blue material (blue is the most usual color) are hung straight across the street to dry, so that it is sometimes hard to pass under the lines of cloth. The paper makers stick up their wet sheets to dry on the walls of the surrounding houses, so that whole rows are plastered over with them. Another product which is dried on the streets is the sticks of incense which are burnt at the temple altars, and as they are used in enormous quantities, this occupation is a really important industry.

Speaking of industries, it may be in place here to mention the inns, where the food is spread and to a

large degree consumed out in the open. To see a Chinese cook, naked to the waist, kneading out the macaroni dough into thin strips or to hear the smart blows with which he beats time to his labor is an experience one does not soon forget.

As the artisans work on an open stage, so do the merchants to the best of their ability spread out their wares for the eyes of their customers. Trade is carried on over a counter which is freely accessible from the street, and even in front of the counter, on the steps and the projecting side walls the merchant's wares are displayed to the public. For example, on the wide steps of a grain-dealer's shop all sorts of grain and beans, etc. may be exhibited in great wicker vats.

Hitherto I have only mentioned the tradesmen who are stationary. But the street is likewise thronged by itinerant vendors, who try to attract attention by performing each upon his respective instrument. Thus the lemonade seller clatters with two small brass bowls, which he handles as castanets; the cloth seller bangs a sort of gong, which he swings deftly in his hand, the scissors grinder rattles some bundles of iron or blows a long trumpet, and the barber announces his approach with a great tuning-fork. He carries along a stand with all the implements he uses and a little stool to sit on.

In every small space where one can be undisturbed some little artisan or merchant settles down. Here will be a traveling shoemaker or a mender of china; there an antiquary, who spreads out on a cloth a



THE SCISSORS GRINDER PROCLAIMS HIS TRADE  
(Drawing by the Artist Li)



mass of indescribable junk; yonder an old man who peddles groundnuts, whose entire stock in trade represents less than the value of a dollar.

Amid this motley business life the street is thronged with beggars, who run along pursuing their vocation with shrill lamentations, exhibiting their deformities. There are blind men blowing the flute or playing some sort of stringed instrument, bearers who lope to rhythmic cries, and officials, who go about on foot or in palanquins with a dignity which befits a position exalted above the common herd. With this chorus of divers human voices blends the deep clank of the camel caravan's bells, the rattle of wagons, the bray of asses, and the bark of dogs.

But high above the clamor and dust of the street life the attentive listener may often catch from the sunny sky a faintly vibrant celestial music. It comes from a flock of flying doves, which have tied to the base of the tail pan pipes of various sorts, and it is these which by the wind of the flight produce the music.

In the evening, when the street life dies away and darkness falls over the alleys, a new picturesque figure appears, the solitary night watchman, who passes along his apportioned beat while he beats with a stick on a wooden drum to announce his approach. There is something comically tragic about this lonely figure, and it is said that once some sportive house-breakers threw tiles on the old man's head to put a stop to his tapping.

Of all the picturesque types in the street the beggars and the blind folk are the most conspicuous.



## THE DRAGON AND THE FOREIGN DEVILS

The dust, which in northern China nearly always befouls the eyes, in conjunction with the wide prevalence of trachoma<sup>1</sup> and venereal diseases, gives rise to the fact that the number of blind folk is fearfully high.

The blind man is a constant feature of the street life, as he plays his little flute and, carrying a long stick which he holds obliquely in front of him, feels his way forward with a surprising faculty of finding his way even in the thick of the crowd.

The beggars are a great force in Chinese street life. They are, in Peking for example, closely combined in a beggars' guild with its director and yearly assembly. Under the protection of this association they make themselves felt, especially in opposition to the merchants, upon whom the beggars levy a substantial tax. The police dislike to interfere with their activities, and they have therefore liberty to use very drastic measures of compulsion against an unpopular tradesman. It may happen, for instance, that a little group of beggars, mostly in wretched attire and with open sores, will come and sit on a tradesman's doorstep with piercing wails. Customers

<sup>1</sup>Trachoma, perhaps the worst of China's eye diseases, is spread in a curious way. In all public gathering places, inns, theaters, railroad trains and the like, steaming towels, often with a delicate perfume, are passed around, with which the guests or travelers may dry their faces. The process is very refreshing but extremely unhealthy, for the towels are used over and over again by various persons after being dropped into a great kettle, where the water is warm but seldom boiling. By means of these towels the trachoma parasite is conveyed to healthy eyes. According to the Chinese ideas of sanitation and cleanliness it is considered proper after the meal or at various times during an evening in the theater to refresh the face in this way. In the theaters it is a clever and admired trick of the attendants to roll up the used towels and fling them straight across the hall to the man at the kettle.

cannot get in or out, the business is jeopardized by this demonstration, and the best thing to do is to come to a friendly agreement with the malcontents as soon as possible.

A still more drastic method was used by a beggar who went early one morning to the booth of an unpopular merchant and with the help of a comrade nailed one of his hands to the door. The terrified merchant hastened to the plucky beggar and implored him to depart.

There are of course many real sufferers among the beggars one sees on the streets of Peking, but it is evident that the trade of beggary, often very cleverly carried on, flourishes to a degree hardly paralleled in the West.

The war equipment of dirt, sores and old newspapers tied with a string around the body, which is carried by some of the beggars is quite overpowering. Other beggars appear almost naked, clearly for the purpose of arousing compassion for their thin and trembling bodies. Young and strong women with little children in their blouses run a long distance after people riding in rickshaws, beseeching them for a coin to give food to a poor mother. The most picturesque of all the mendicant types I saw in Peking, was an old woman, who combined the beggar's trade with that of a ragpicker. Her dress was so much in keeping with the contents of her basket that it was impossible to decide where the woman began and the rags ended.

Besides such extraordinary guilds as associations of

the beggars and the blind men, there are others of many sorts among the productive trades, and there are also in the larger cities provincial guilds with special houses and a considerable organized influence, which are meant to hold together the officials and other persons coming from a certain province. These provincial guilds in Peking often make political demonstrations, particularly when there is a question of getting rid of an unpopular provincial governor or of protesting against an appointment which does not accord with the sentiment of the province.

As this widespread guild system is mediaeval to our Western way of thinking, so too is the case with the Chinese Government, especially in its lowest branches, the *hsien* or district, the administrative unit corresponding somewhat to our township but with a far-reaching and many-sided separate existence. The district magistrate is a sheriff, who appoints and pays his subordinates and the police, administers justice, and builds roads, bridges and schools to whatever extent he is forced by circumstances or driven by his own initiative, in case he is a forceful and conscientious fellow. In many cases, however, the system leads to grave mismanagement. The magistrate may as a rule hold his position for not more than three years, with the prospect of going without employment for a longer or shorter time, according to whether he has influence in the governor's *yamen*. Under these conditions he has hardly any other choice than to save as much as possible at the public expense to anticipate the coming

bad times. These district *yamens* are filled with an astonishing number of under officials, assistants, clerks, tax collectors, etc. It is in the nature of things that many of them are a terror and a scourge to the unfortunate peasant or huckster who comes into conflict with the law. The difficulty for him often is to get any access to the magistrate, and the unlucky suppliant has reason more than once to remember the old saying that one can always get along with His Majesty Satan, the trouble is with the smaller devils.

One evening at the district *yamen* in Wen Hsi Hsien in the province of Shansi I witnessed a judicial hearing. More than an hour before the arrival of the magistrate, the police and other subordinates were assembled together with, of course, the parties to be heard. Darkness fell while the people were slowly gathering, and finally lights were lit in a couple of big paper lanterns set on tripods. Then the great middle doors reserved for persons of rank were opened and the magistrate took his seat on the dais of judgment.

The parties to the first action were summoned and fell on their knees before the judge, who instituted a short hearing, the suppliants, still bowed to the earth, replying with querulous voices. The judgment was then pronounced and the next case called. The whole produced a very old-fashioned effect. Under a good and intelligent judge the procedure may be excellent, but naturally it leaves a very wide margin at the mercy of his caprice.

## THE DRAGON AND THE FOREIGN DEVILS

One afternoon I came into a *yamen* in Honan, where I saw in the fore court a strangely loathsome gray mass covering a considerable surface. At first I could make nothing of it, though I saw human faces here and there in the rag-gray mass, till all at once I realized that these were convicts let out to take the air. Everything — garments, faces and hands — had the same color, with which only the black of the heavy chains contrasted.

One morning I came out of another *yamen* in Honan, where I had spent the night, and saw in the fore court the corpse of a man completely naked with the feet in rough chains. It was a convict who had died in the night and been despoiled of the rags of clothing in which he died.

The incidents just related took place ten years ago, and there is no doubt that the administration of justice and the treatment of convicts have been greatly humanized since. Nevertheless I believe there is still much room for reform in this department.

The Revolution of 1911 and the bitter disillusionment of the progressives which followed led to the breaking up of the central power and the division of the realm into spheres of influence, each under a military governor or some other strong military leader. During a succession of years the government in Peking existed more or less merely by the grace of the dictators. The various marshals, Chang Tso Lin, Wu Pei Fu, Feng Yü Hsiang, etc., appointed and deposed presidents and ministers in such a kaleidoscopic manner that the whole has been hard to



follow and hopeless to remember. It is a rebirth of the ancient period of petty kings, to the great harm of an unlucky people. This people now anxiously awaits the great leader who shall come sooner or later to strike down his rivals and set up once more the broken power of the government.

There are many dark traits in present-day China which I must touch on in this description, but through the whole of Chinese history we can follow one noble characteristic which makes the Chinese very appealing in comparison with the barbarism of the West. This is the extraordinary tolerance of the race as to religious questions.

Republican China has no state religion, since the attempt to establish Confucianism as such was abortive. This religious neutrality is not a modern radical phenomenon, as with Bolshevistic Russia. It is only in the most recent years that in connection with a more or less Bolshevistically inclined student propaganda an active hostility to religion has appeared.

From the times of earliest tradition various religions have been treated in China with a broadminded tolerance which caused the educated modern Chinaman to learn with wonder of the barbarous crusades, religious wars, the Inquisition, modern intolerance, even the various forms of the Christian religion, which have flourished in the West.

Nestorians and Manichaeans won entrance into China in the early centuries of our era, and in Kaifeng in Honan there was for a while a Jewish colony with



its own synagogue. Even Mahometanism, which in point of intolerance even surpasses the so-called Christian religions, has been allowed to make deep inroads in northwestern China.

That wild and devastating wars have raged between the Chinese and the Mahometans in the northwest came from the fact that the latter invaded the Chinese empire with far-reaching political designs. That the Chinese have at times turned against the Christian missionaries was because Western politics, with its greed for power and sordid material objectives, forced the Chinese to desperate measures. Tolerant as the Chinese naturally are in spiritual matters, they will be found equally ruthless if they are made to fear that their country's welfare is in question.

But he who comes to them with a new form of belief will always find a patient and considerate listener in the Chinaman, even if the representative of the new faith has as his greatest merit a holy simplicity.

It is hardly an accident that the foreign religion which has penetrated most deeply into the folk-soul of the Chinese, remodeling the whole of Chinese art, is that which is never diluted with political motives, the transcendental teaching of the Indian lord, Gautama Buddha.

## CHAPTER NINE

### THE LAND OF TEMPLES

As I sit down to write of Chinese temples, it is not the great and celebrated shrines I would depict. I am not, therefore, going to describe the blinding marble glory of the Heaven Altar, or Heaven Temple as it is called by foreigners in a less faithful translation. Neither shall I descant on the elegant repose of the Temple of Confucius or the fantastically rich decorations and wild ritual dances of the neighboring Lama Temple. Nor shall I expatiate about the great tomb temples at the Ming graves, or Hsi Ling, where they stand as a guard of honor over the earthly remains of the great emperors.

No, it is of *my* temples I would tell, the small village temples where I rested a night or two and where I learned to love the unique repose which rests over Chinese temple enclosures.

During my first excursion in China, exploring the coal fields at Chai T'ang, I chanced to make an amusing statistical observation. In the detail mapping of the mine field on a scale of one to ten thousand I had occasion to put in all the temples: many of them small simple altars, *t'u ti miao*, dedicated to the divinities of the soil; others quite important village temples. In this way I found that in this district there was an average of one temple, greater or smaller, to every square kilometer. If we consider that these

Chinese country temples are always fitted with un-failing taste into the landscape, that with their walls and firm gates they enclose a pure and inviolate space in the midst of the village noise and dirt, and that they not seldom conceal an interior of startling beauty, we may well unite in the thought which came to me as I looked out from my measuring board across the hilly country at Chai T'ang: This is the land adorned with temples.

If, moreover, we observe how the Chinese temples are only the culmination of the rural architecture and that the village walls and private houses repeat in similar form the same architectonic ideas which the temple structures develop most richly, we must concede that, despite the dirt and decay, the Chinese have been masters in beautifying their land.

There are in particular two features which have contributed to the harmony with which the Chinese temples fit into the landscape. Partly the temples — like the tombs — are combined with groups of trees or an environment of virgin forest, partly the passes through the mountains are crowned at their highest point by a gatelike wayside shrine. From the roof of this one may look down into two separate valleys and obtain an unusually vivid impression of how completely the Chinaman has brought the land under his control.

Let me now give a few memory pictures of one or another of the temples in which I chanced to rest during my journeys.

## THE LAND OF TEMPLES

My second excursion was to the iron ore fields of Luanchow in the northeast part of the province of Chihli. Here too I was attended by the same congenial assistant, Mr. Chang Cheng Kuang, who was with us at Chai T'ang. For several days we had night quarters in a little temple which lay in the midst of the ore fields. It was a very poverty-stricken temple, consisting of a couple of houses with some painted idols of clay and straw, a wall that had partly collapsed from the weakness of age, and a little garden plot where the single ancient priest raised his cabbage and onions.

The temple offered us nothing more than a scanty covering above our heads. But it stood on a little hill, and in front of the outside wall was a terrace where we used to sit in the evening after work.

One evening as we sat there in company with the old priest, while the day swiftly changed into dark night, a form came silently around the wall and sank down on the stone terrace. A conversation ran on in an undertone between Mr. Chang and the newcomer. Gradually I perceived that the stranger was a beggar, who came to the temple to sleep the night out on the terrace. Mr. Chang questioned him on villages, roads, officials and bandits. The answers came through the dark with the same calm dignity as that with which the official's questions were put. Then gradually there was quiet. A little later, when we rose to go to our sleeping room in the temple, Mr. Chang softly laid some coins on the sleeping beggar's head.

Chou Kou Tien is a small industrial town west of Peking at the foot of the so-called Western Mountains. Endless files of camels pass up and down through the valley to bring jet from the mines in the mountains, and at Chou Kou Tien itself there is an extensive lime industry. In one of the lime diggings there was discovered in the summer of 1921 a grotto filled with earth. In this, during extensive excavations, we found rich remains of early tertiary mammal fauna. During our long and repeated visits to Chou Kou Tien we always lived in a little temple on the eastern bank of the river which ran out of the mountain valley. The temple was very insignificant and it had recently suffered the same fate as many others of China's small country temples and been turned into a village school. Several idols still stood in one of the temple houses, and an old attendant lighted sticks of incense and rang the temple bell. But in addition to him there was an active little schoolteacher, a man with horn-rimmed spectacles, on the precincts, and it was through his favor that we got a large and comfortable room at our disposal.

In the outer court, overspreading the temple like a mighty world-tree, stood an old giant specimen of the *ginkgo biloba*, a tree which with its mighty trunk, its great crown of boughs and peculiar two-lobed leaves, supple as tiny fans, immediately attracted my attention. Before I came to Chou Kou Tien the ginkgo had been but a very casual acquaintance,



which I had known only from some hothouse specimens with the botanical tag saying that the tree was native to China and Japan.

But I knew the ginkgo better from another point of view in that I had collected imprints of its leaves in carboniferous layers of the Jurassic period at Spitzbergen. The ginkgo is one of those rare long-lived organisms which, while the remaining plant and animal world has entirely changed form, lives on unaltered from the Mesozoic age. And here above this little village temple a huge specimen of this ancient family spread its vigorously sprouting branches toward the sunny heavens of northern China.

We went into the inner temple court and took possession of the room which my boy had previously put in order. From an adjacent temple building came with a rising and falling murmur the sound of the school children at their reading lesson. I asked my assistant, Mr. Yeh, what they were reading. "The teachings of Kung Fu Tze," he replied.

Confucius, prince's son, official and teacher of morals, was born in the sixth century, B.C. His words still live on the lips of his people, just as his family still lives honored in his native district in the province of Shantung.

So here were the ginkgo and Kung Fu Tze, two ancient and mighty world-trees with their roots deep in the past. In this little temple I perceived them for the first time as a vital weft in the fabric of modern existence. These two relics of worlds long dead



overshadowed here the play and work of the growing generation in the same way that China's mighty past raises itself everywhere high above the present.

One winter when the Chinese New Year's Day fell in February, I took at the time of that holiday a little pleasure trip to the warm springs of Tangshan, thirty kilometers north of Peking. The plain of Peking lies framed in a bend of mountains, and the border between the mountain country and the plain is marked by a jagged semicircular line, within which the champagne area slopes down a thousand meters or more.

Along this crack in the earth's surface warm springs break out in certain places, and the most famous of these are the Tangshan Springs. They lie at the foot of a little limestone hill enclosed within two marble basins, which are a memorial of imperial days when His Majesty visited Tangshan in his own high person, attended by his court. They resided in the beautiful pavilions which stood among the ponds north of the hot springs.

The springs have now been made accessible to the public. Some of the beautiful but dilapidated buildings of the imperial days have been torn down, and a hotel with long low ranges of buildings has been put up by the springs. In the newly constructed bath-houses the hot, as it is said radio-active, water is conducted into basins of larger and smaller sizes.

This time I did not choose the new automobile road from Peking to Tangshan but rode, followed by

my groom, on narrow paths straight to Tangshan. My favorite horse, Anton, was young at that time and we had a pleasant ride over cultivated land, sandy plain and small valleys with brooks running through. At that time of year the baths are little frequented, and I had several quiet days, during which, alternating with the hot baths, I took all-day rides up to the mountains north of Tangshan. My small horses, which had to live a long while on stable fodder, were wild with delight when they could graze on the dry winter grass on the mountain slopes.

Wonderful marble formations, limestone springs that poured in mighty torrents out of their marble beds, — these were some of the notable sights on such trips.

One day we came to a splendid park with cypresses and other trees, which in perpendicular rows flanked the approach to a tomb temple. On the northern edge of the park stood the temple buildings with a dwelling house for the guards and truncated cones painted red to mark the graves.

This tomb temple, resting in seclusion and deepest peace, had the name of Lin Yeh Fen Ti, which may be translated "The Tomb of the Sixth Sublimity." It is a minor member of one of the old dynasties who with his family has his grave here.

In the late autumn of 1918 we settled in the mountain tract between Peking and Kalgan to chart the iron ore fields of Hsuan-Lung. We worked at a height of eight hundred meters above the sea. The

November frost was beginning to penetrate the earth, and a great snowfall came very inopportunately for my work at the measuring board.

The Spanish influenza was now devastating these regions. In the little mountain village of Shang P'o Ti we found nearly all the people sick or dead. After a night there we were forced to go straight on, for we could not get the accommodation we needed. In the district capital, Hsuan Hua Fu, it was impossible to get trays for our collections, because all the joiners were making coffins.

One evening we had found our way into a little village temple at the foot of Huang Yong Shan (Antelope Mountain). The temple lies in a valley terrace, at whose foot a little river, dry in winter, winds its way. High above us to the south the dark angular contour of Antelope Mountain was outlined against the bright starry heavens. To the north we had a clear view across a treeless desert of drift sand, which extended far down to the Hun River.

I had eaten my late dinner and was standing a while at the gate of the temple court, looking out across the silent region, where the only sounds were the chatter of my men, the stamping of the horses and the chill whimpering of a dog down in the village. With that I heard the soft and distant hammering of drums and the continuous muffled note of trumpets, which gradually drew nearer. It was a band of priests and peasants coming up to the temple to make a sacrifice for the averting of the terrible visitation, the pest, as they called it.

Slowly the procession passed into the temple court. The doors of the temple were opened, sticks of burning incense were stuck in the sand in bronze bowls before the idols, and a great bonfire of twigs was kindled out in the court, while a priest beat on the temple bell and the drums and trumpets resounded.

Then all grew quiet and the men sat down to gossip in the temple, while the fire died down.

I had been sleeping a while, when the ringing of the bells again gave the signal for fresh music and a new fire out in the court. I lay in a half doze, while the fire flamed up time after time to the clangor of the bells, the thumping of the drums, and the dull bellowing of the trumpets.

But while the poor superstitious folk were working for dear life to chase away the evil spirits, the foreign devil lay secure and comfortable in his tent-bed, wondering whether he ought to be annoyed at the loss of his sleep or yield himself to the enchantment of the nocturnal sacrifice.

In the mountain region of southern Shansi we came one evening to a wretchedly poor little village, where the temple was our only possible refuge. It was so little that Mr. Cheng, my assistant, my boy and I could just manage to find room with our instruments, beds and cooking utensils.

That reverence for learning had reached even this little spot we discovered when the village school-master came to Mr. Cheng with some long paper sheets and asked him to write a couple of "scrolls",

that is, artistically executed maxims in mammoth characters in vertical rows. Mr. Cheng sat out in the temple court and there wrote in a crowd of village folk, among them my insignificant self, some caligraphic masterpieces which greatly raised us in the popular estimation. The Chinese characters are formed with brush strokes which hardly permit of any retouching, and when, as in this case, the characters are each and all some three inches high, it requires an unusual *sang-froid* to execute such patterns in public, where the slightest fault would be unmercifully criticized. Mr. Cheng's masterpiece, well backed with silk, doubtless adorns the teacher's room to-day.

Darkness had fallen and we were sitting in the little temple room at our supper, when my boy came in and asked us to excuse the fact that a woman and her son had come to make an offering to the memory of the lately deceased father of the family.

A young woman of dignified bearing with handsome regular features and bright intelligent eyes entered the temple, leading a half-grown boy, the stamp of whose aspect showed the dead father to have been a worthy mate to this mother, so radiant with health, energy and intelligence.

The woman lighted the sticks of incense at the altar, then they both fell on their knees and touched the floor with their foreheads while the mother made her invocation.

When the memorial service was completed, mother and son stood still for a time, while the mother gave



## THE LAND OF TEMPLES

concise and lucid answers to Mr. Cheng's questions. Her husband had been the headman of the village, and as a mark of honor toward the deceased and his widow, the boy, the eldest of the children, had been made his father's successor in the office with his mother as assistant. She looked fully able to manage both children and village.

During the early days of September, 1924, I was journeying in the southern section of the Gobi Desert north of the city of Liangchow in Kansu. We lived in the very smallest desert village and made all-day excursions to necropolises and ancient dwelling places. The desert surrounded us on all sides, except where the subsoil water rose near to the surface and gave moisture enough for some patches of tilled ground.

After a long desert march we came one evening to a fairly large village, where we received permission to put up at the temple. There was a small temple court shaded by abundant foliage, a glorious contrast to the empty desolation of the desert only a few hundred meters away from this idyllic shrine. My tent bed was within the temple and my table out in the open on a stone terrace which formed the front of the temple building. The darkness came with the chilly starlight of the desert night, and I sat meditating, while my men made merry around a little fire in the court. Then footsteps pattered, the door of the court was opened, and a troop of men with lanterns came in. They were villagers coming for a special late temple service.



"We shall not disturb you," they assured us affably, whereupon they lighted their incense sticks and rang the bells. Quiet and considerate, with an obvious effort to leave me in peace, the troop went by, and while the odor of the incense lay upon the court and the clang of the metal vibrated through the still night, I sat thinking on the power of Chinese culture to show even out here on the rim of life its best features: the deep peace of the temple and the quiet considerateness of the worshippers.

Now that I have set down these, to me, colorful memories of tree-shadowed Chinese temples, I may perhaps close this chapter with a recollection of a merrier sort from a Tibetan temple at Kokonor. By the western end of Kokonor Lake we found a band of Mahometan builders from the city of Tangar in process of putting up for the Tibetan lamas a new temple by the name of Gardense. The chief building was finished and was still quite clean and fine. The lamas had had letters from General Ma at Sining as to my proposed visit and were extremely agreeable. I was conducted into a stately reception room, in which was a great low *k'ang* covered with handsome rugs. The front wall was provided with shelves, on which the artistic treasures of the temple, many of them very wonderful, were arranged. There were many vessels of simple Chinese cloisonné, three foreign storm lanterns of copper, and two objects of enameled sheet iron which are known by the name of *vase de nuit*.

## CHAPTER TEN

### THE MANCHUS AND THE REVOLUTION

THE imperial succession which last held sway over the dragon throne belonged to an East-Mongolian people, the Manchus, who in 1644 by right of sword forced their way to the capital of the Ming emperors, Peking.

The Chinese have never ceased to think of the Manchus as an usurping people, and when the Revolution of 1911 overthrew the Ching dynasty, there took place in the ancient imperial capital of Sianfu, now capital of the province of Shensi, a complete house-cleaning of the Manchu inhabitants in a thorough-going massacre of men, women and children.

During the last few years the Sinological<sup>1</sup> Institute at the State University of Peking has been laboring to arrange and compile the mass of archives of the Ching dynasty, which the university historians have succeeded in acquiring in the form of a disordered mass of manuscripts. These manuscripts had previously lain neglected in the Forbidden City.

Among the relics from this documentary treasure house, which now lie exposed in the exhibition room of the Institute, there are shown a number of petitions from various Chinese corporations, in which they express their grateful submission to the new Manchu dynasty. The learned professor who showed

<sup>1</sup> The word sinology is defined in the Oxford dictionary as "knowledge of the Chinese language, history, customs, etc." It is derived from the Greek *Sinai*—the Chinese.

me these official documents declared that there was clear and conclusive proof that they were forged, as were also various details in the historical records, which were intended to show posterity that the new dynasty had been from the beginning supported by the popular sentiment of China.

It is probable that the continued critical inspection of the archives of the last dynasty will bring to light further surprises and will lead to a revaluation of the official history. However this may be, certain principal features in the development of the Ching dynasty have long ago been definitely made manifest.

We may note first that, as previously in Chinese history, the usurping people, strong in a military sense but inferior in culture, soon made themselves familiar with Chinese civilization. Some of the great Manchu emperors, such as Kang Hsi and Chien Lung, were greatly interested in literature and art and gave their support to one of the great blossoming periods of the higher Chinese culture. Both of these great rulers were most successful in warfare, and their periods indicate times of unusual strength for the Chinese empire on the material side, which is evidenced among other things by the fact that the population was doubled in the sixty-years' reign of Chien Lung.

But with this *roi soleil* of China the glory of the Manchu power expired, and his successor, Chia Ching, represented the beginning of the decline. That the later Manchu rulers brought in a period of

weakness and decay was caused to a large degree by the exhausted energy of the dynasty itself, in that race degeneracy and palace government replaced the strong vitality of the early rulers.

It must, however, be made clear that not only the decadence of the ruling family but the appearance of great, often quite overwhelming, problems contributed to the decline.

The first of these internal perplexities was the excessive population, which increased under the foregoing state of affairs. For a realm such as China, which cannot relieve its excess population by emigration on a large scale to lands across the sea, famine and revolution have been the drastic remedies by which the balance has been preserved.

Both these methods were here employed. In the great famine years at the beginning and middle of the nineteenth century over fifty million persons perished. Then came the great Taiping Rebellion, which as to the extent of its devastation was comparatively restricted. It harried the Yangtze provinces during the period of 1852-1864 and, according to a possibly exaggerated estimate, reduced the figures of the Chinese population from four hundred twenty-five to two hundred sixty millions.

For us Westerners the Taiping Rebellion is best known through the achievements of Charles Gordon, "Chinese Gordon", in putting an end to the bloodshed. The historical point of view of the well-informed Chinaman on this subject is somewhat different from ours. Gordon's military operations,

which were confined to the country in front of the great foreign center, Shanghai, contributed to quell an, according to the Chinese idea, legitimate rising against a decadent usurping dynasty; but on the other hand the Chinese critic does not attribute to Gordon's intervention the decisive importance which his Western admirers would fain see in it.

The greatest stumbling block for the Manchu Government and its Chinese subjects was, however, the new factor, ever changing in form but ever tightening its grip on the national life, which in a succeeding chapter I have called the white peril. This appeared when the foreign, especially the European, powers began to exercise an increasing influence upon questions of vital importance to the imperial Chinese Government.

In his excellent book already cited, "East Asia in the Nineteenth Century," Professor Karlgren has given a fascinating and extraordinarily lucid treatment of these events. It is sufficient in this connection to present some of the principal features as to the relations of China to foreign powers in the last century.

The great difficulties in the first stage of diplomatic communication between China and the Western powers arose from their utterly different conceptions of international relations.

According to the Chinese idea the Middle Kingdom was the universal realm, the sole country of culture, surrounded by barbarians who were tributary



to the Son of Heaven, and whose rulers and emissaries must at an audience before the emperor pay the deepest sign of reverence, the kowtow, the act of kneeling with the forehead to the earth.

The demand that European ministers should exhibit the same token of subjection seemed an absurdity and an affront to the stiff English lords representing a monarch who already ruled over a world power. It is possible that these first envoys from a great European power ended their days without ever getting an insight into the strictly logical principle at the bottom of the Chinese demand.

Lord Macartney's embassy in 1792 and still more Lord Amherst's in 1816 were miserable failures in all their negotiations and contributed only to an increase of misunderstanding.

The first definite conflict was that with the English East India Company regarding the opium traffic. That the local Chinese officials in Canton lent their support for a liberal compensation to an importation which was against the will of the government can hardly afford an excuse for the action of the foreigners, and furthermore great quantities of opium were sent in by an uncontrolled smuggler traffic which sometimes took on the aspects of simple piracy.

The efforts of the Chinese to exclude opium and the persistence of the foreigners in this illegal but most remunerative trade led at last to the so-called Opium War, which resulted in a series of defeats for the Chinese and led to the Peace of Nanking in 1842.



By this treaty the English obtained an agreement on the part of China that diplomatic relations should be conducted on a basis of equality. They also won the permission that a number of ports, Cantòn, Amoy, Foochow, Ningpo, and Shanghai, should be opened for the trade. The forced cession of the island of Hongkong to England led to a number of territorial losses to various powers which, especially in the last decade of the century, wrought up the public opinion of China to the point of desperate rage.

This being the case, the conflict was soon in full swing again, although in the heat of the strife neither party saw clearly that it involved a far-reaching opposition of principle between the Chinese idea of the universal State, which would tolerate no equal beside it, and the European system of national States which exist on a basis of equality and are bound to respect every treaty till its provisions are destroyed by an appeal to arms.

The European principle has obviously a quite different authority from that of the old Chinese conception of the single State, which could have developed only within the boundaries of China's oasis of culture and was doomed to fall to the ground as soon as China came under the inevitable requirements of modern world politics. Although the European diplomatists were thus in principle striving for a just cause, it is much to be deplored that this conflict of principles was soiled by such dubious ingredients as the opium trade, the *Arrow* affair, and the

barbarous conduct of the European soldiers around Peking.

After the Peace of Nanking the opium trade took on a still more uncontrolled form, and in its wake followed smuggling and piracy.

In 1856 the Chinese authorities at Canton received information that certain much-sought-for pirates had taken refuge in the Chinese vessel *Arrow*, which with the consent of the English authorities carried the English flag. The Chinese made a search of the vessel, caught the pirates, carried off the crew and took down the English flag. There can be no doubt that, according to Western international law, the Chinese authorities were guilty of an aggression on, and a severe insult to, the English flag. But the Chinese were in desperation because of a traffic which they sought to bar with all their power, and under these circumstances it was deplorable that England made the refusal of satisfaction for the *Arrow* affair into a *casus belli*. In the war which followed England obtained an ally in France, which wanted redress for the murder of a French missionary. This war again became a succession of easy military successes on the part of the European allies and ended, so far as England was concerned, with the peace concluded at Tientsin in June, 1858. The negotiations were conducted between Chief Secretary Kueiliang and another Chinese representative on one side, and Lord Elgin, assisted by Secretary Bruce and the interpreters, Lay and Wade, on the other. Mr. Lay, the elder of the interpreters, was a man of strong

temperament and gave free vent to his feelings before the Chinese envoys. Lord Elgin himself wrote that he was forced "to act most brutally."

One gets a wonderfully vivid picture of this meeting between East and West. On one side the noble lord, resting on his victorious English weapons and seconded by the vigorous Mr. Lay, on the other the pitiable Chinese emissaries, whose utterance was repressed by two thousand years of tradition in tact and refinement and who quietly, with despair in their hearts, gave way little by little, caught between the harsh words of the foreigners and the imperial disfavor awaiting them at Peking.

The treaty established a principle of the very greatest importance, in that it set the foundation on which foreigners since then have lived and acted in China. England received the right to have a permanent embassy in Peking (with a corresponding right for China in London), traffic on the Yangtze was granted, a number of new trading ports were opened, British subjects had the right to travel with passports into the interior of China, Christian missionaries were assured of freedom and protection for their calling, and extra-territorial rights were recognized. These extra-territorial rights consisted in the placing of foreigners outside the Chinese law and under the consular tribunals of their respective countries.

The English had thus created a type of treaty on which those of other countries with China were framed. The day after the signing of the English

pact the French envoy, Baron Gros, arranged a similar treaty with China on behalf of his nation.

When the question came of ratifying these treaties, the imperial court at Peking made the utmost efforts to keep away the detested foreign emissaries. The treaties prescribed that the ratification should take place in Peking, but the court desired that the procedure should be transferred to Pehlang, a coast town near Tientsin. An attempt with armed boats to force entrance into the Peiho River failed because of the opposition offered by the newly built forts of Taku, and nothing remained for the English and French envoys but to give up the attempt of penetrating to Peking.

But in 1860 Lord Elgin and Baron Gros returned as ambassadors, supported by an army of eleven thousand English and seven thousand French soldiers. The Chinese troops were again defeated in a number of engagements, and on October 3, 1860, Peking was for the first time in history in the hands of European troops. The Emperor Hsien Feng fled to Jehol up on the Mongolian border. In my opinion the military action was so far necessary and fully justified in order to convince the obstinate Manchu court that it must keep the conditions of its treaties and give up the old idea of the Son of Heaven as exalted above — and so not responsible for his promises to — other princes.

But when all resistance was broken and there was no military object in further violence, the imperial summer palace of Yuan Ming Yuan outside

Peking was burned by Lord Elgin's order after it had been plundered by the foreign soldiers !

The last two decades of the century record some black pages in the history of the foreign powers in their relations to China. To use the picturesque and laconic English phrase, the great powers rivaled one another in "the game of land-grabbing."

Disputes between China and France down on the southwestern border in 1882-1884 led to the decision of France to assume political influence over Tonkin.

It was, however, the war between Japan and China, 1894-1895, which first brought foreign aggression to a head. Japan, who, without in any way modifying her Eastern spiritual culture, had quickly and skilfully adopted the military and, in general, materialistic methods of the West, had an easy and crushing triumph over ill-prepared China. The Peace of Shimonseki assured to Japan the control of nominally independent Korea, recognized Japan as conqueror of the peninsula of Liaotung in south Manchuria, as well as of Formosa, and furthermore assigned her an indemnity of two hundred million taels.

Russia, who for her own part was interested in the Liaotung Peninsula, where an ice-free Pacific port beckoned to her, succeeded in getting the support of Germany and France for an action which forced Japan for a small increase in her war indemnity to give up this very important territorial gain.

As a reward for her services in this affair Russia obtained a concession to extend the trans-Siberian Rail-



road through Manchuria to Mukden and Port Arthur, and this led somewhat later to her extorting the right to fortify Port Arthur and change it into a strong Russian war port.

In November, 1897, two German missionaries in Shantung had been murdered. The German Government took this affair as a pretext for the realization of an idea which the great German traveler for research, F. von Richthofen, had long before developed: viz., the exploitation of the province of Shantung with the splendid harbor of Tsingtao as base. The gulf of Chiao Chow, on which Tsingtao lies, was therefore "leased" by Germany, and German enterprise began here a colonization, the high quality of which could not conceal the fact that without any reasonable cause a seizure of Chinese territory had been made.

Alarmed by Russia's occupation of Port Arthur, England sought a compensation at China's expense in the port of Wei-hai-wei, together with a portion of the mainland opposite Hongkong; and France occupied Kuang-chow-wan, opposite the island of Hainan.

This sort of thing was carried on still further in a way which showed the final intentions of the foreign powers toward helpless China. Each of the great powers assumed a sphere of influence: France taking Yunnan and Kuangsi, England the Yangtze valley, Japan, Fukien, and Russia, Manchuria. Maps which showed China in various colors as divided into spheres of influence were printed and circulated in Europe.



It is surely natural that a people who from the earliest time had regarded themselves as holding a distinguished and exceptional position high above other races should be stirred to their innermost depths at such treatment by strangers whom only a half century before they had regarded as vassal barbarians.

The reaction came in a way characteristically Chinese through the formation of a society hostile to the foreigners, especially in the province of Shantung, the native region of Confucius, which now felt severely the humiliation of the foreign invasion. These fanatics, who were called in Chinese *I Ho Chuan* or by the foreigners "Boxers", drilled eagerly with ancient weapons such as knives and spears and believed they could not be wounded. The imperial court and many officials cherished sympathy for the Boxers, and in the early summer of 1900 the government soldiers began openly to fraternize with them.

Toward the end of May some hundreds of foreign troops were sent from Tientsin to Peking as a guard for the legations, but a larger relief force under the English Admiral Seymour was forced by the Boxers and Chinese regulars to retire to the coast.

From June 20th to August 14th the Legation Quarter of Peking was subjected to a regular siege, and it is very uncertain how the little band of foreign troops could have held out against such superior numbers, if the attack had not been carried on with a certain hesitancy, because many of those in command doubted the expediency of using violence.

## THE MANCHUS AND THE REVOLUTION

An international army of twenty thousand men forced their way to Peking and found the foreign ministers unhurt, with the exception of the German minister, who before the beginning of the siege had been killed by an assassin's bullet on the way to the Chinese Foreign Office.

Peking was now again in the hands of foreign troops and again the foreigners were guilty of violent measures, while the Forbidden City and even the homes of the rich Manchus were plundered in the most barbaric fashion.

When the foreign troops were about to press into the capital, the dowager empress and the emperor with part of their court found a refuge in Sianfu, the capital of the province of Shensi.

In the provinces of Chihli and Shansi a large number of missionaries as well as native Christians had been killed during the months when the Boxer rising had free play, but thanks to the foresight and moral courage shown by the vice regents in middle and southern China, who in opposition to definite orders from Peking protected the foreigners in their provinces, the massacres were confined to the two provinces just named.

The end of the convulsive outbreak of national spirit on the part of the desperate Chinese people was the conclusion of a peace which guaranteed large indemnities to the foreign powers out of revenue duties to be administered by a joint foreign and Chinese control.

Long before the Boxer disturbances there had been

efforts toward reform in a modern spirit. One may cite the fact that General Tso Tsung Tang, a prominent militarist and statesman, on his deathbed in 1885 proposed in a memorial to the emperor an extensive reform program. In this he emphasized the building of railways, the strengthening of the navy and coast fortifications, mining according to imported methods, the improvement of manufacturing, the establishment of a firm financial policy, and the encouragement of study abroad.

The unhappy result of the war with Japan showed the Chinese their inferiority in comparison to the little island realm which had resolutely and successfully adopted the superior Western means of power. The consequence was a turning toward Japan in an effort to learn the new ways, and crowds of Chinese students streamed into the Japanese high schools.

The little group of reformers who in 1898 induced the Emperor Kuang Hsu to start an extensive reform movement was strongly influenced by Japanese models. Unfortunately the attempt was short-lived. The energetic and power-loving dowager empress Tzu Hsi, who had long been the leading force in directing the realm, once more took the reins. By a *coup d'etat* on September 22, 1898, just a hundred days after the publication of Kuang Hsu's edict of reform, she put the emperor out of office, shut him up in an island palace in the western part of the Forbidden City, and had executed all the reformers who could not save themselves in flight.



THE GREAT QUEEN DOWAGER, TZU HSI





## THE MANCHUS AND THE REVOLUTION

The bitter experiences which followed the suppression of the Boxer rising and the occupation of Peking by international troops finally taught the empress the necessity of transforming China into the likeness of the Western powers and Japan. From January 7, 1902, when, after making her first trip in a railroad train, she returned to Peking from her flight to the interior, she put herself at the head of the reform movement. In the same year, too, the vice regents of the Yangtze valley developed in a memorial to the throne a thorough reform program.

A remarkable labor of transformation was carried out in the years 1902-1908 under the external stimulus which Japan's victory over Russia, 1904-1905, gave to pan-Asiatic thought. The most remarkable feature in this transformation was the abolition of the old literary examinations in 1905 and the institution of a program of instruction which laid its chief emphasis on natural science in the Western spirit.

On November 15, 1908, the day after the death of the unfortunate Emperor Kuang Hsu, the great dowager empress closed her days, and with her died the last forceful personality in the otherwise decadent and corrupt Manchu dynasty.

The two great Chinese statesmen, Chang Chi Tung and Yuan Shih Kai, who had supported the elderly dowager were now got rid of, the former by death, the latter through being dismissed in disgrace by the ruling party at court, "to recover his health" in his native province of Honan.



## THE DRAGON AND THE FOREIGN DEVILS

The regency which now controlled the government during the minority of the little Emperor Hsuan Tung was a court government of the very worst order. State offices were auctioned off to the highest bidder, and the princes in power used every means to fill their own coffers.

The people began to awake to the necessity of freeing themselves from this outworn dynasty of usurpers, revolutionary impulses became active in many quarters, and on October 10, 1911, came the outbreak which led to the dethroning of the Manchus and the proclaiming of the republic.

In general the revolution was not at all sanguinary, and the forbearance with which the overthrown dynasty was treated was a fine example of Chinese moderation. The deposed emperor was assured a yearly allowance of four million dollars (Chinese), and was permitted to reside in the Forbidden City and to make offering at the temples and mausoleums of his ancestors.

The Revolution of 1911 had its essential significance in that it marked the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty. Beyond that it was only a step in a great and complex process of transformation. It did not represent the beginning of a great era of reform or the liberation of mighty, hitherto-repressed popular forces, as was the case with the French and Russian revolutions. A good deal of the work of reconstruction which one can now point out must be accredited to the last period of the empire. Most of the railroads now existing were finished as early as 1911,

## THE MANCHUS AND THE REVOLUTION

the administration had then essentially its present form, and the old system of examinations had been abolished, as already noted, in 1905.

In many respects the republic has been a time of dissolution, because of the constant civil wars, and the last two years (1924-1925) in particular have been extremely hard for living conditions, because the contending generals have vied with each other in confiscating and holding the rolling stock of the railroads to the immeasurable damage of communication and business. At the same time the authority of the government at Peking has declined far below the worst stage of the imperial times.

The old political organization is cut to pieces and the new governmental edifice is of a defective and provisional nature. On the whole the new developments within the administration are inconsiderable. On the other hand, industry and commerce, without government support, even despite the civil wars and the irregular administration, have made many notable advances.

As to the future the most hopeful sign is that the higher education, despite the lack of money, has made great progress. A new generation of men taught by modern methods has grown up, and their influence on the destiny of the realm is increasing every year in power and certitude.

The revolution was on one side a slight step forward on the toilsome way of reconstruction, but it meant at the same time the destruction of much that had aesthetic value. Everything which symbolized

the imperial power was swept away without reference to its artistic superiority. The wonderful dragon flag had to make way for the five-barred bunting of the "five peoples." The officials, who in the imperial days wore magnificent costumes of a strictly national type, now go about in frock coats and high hats. Most uncanny of all is the architecture; it is called semi-foreign and produces monstrosities for which no one should dare to be responsible.

The decline of taste, the disappearance of the old sure feeling for style in favor of the trumpery stuff that now fills the shops and house façades, seems to me almost worse than civil war and lack of government.

But in art, architecture and handicrafts there will no doubt come a renaissance with the watchword: Return to the great national traditions.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

### THE DRAGON IN ICHANG

The discovery in China of immense fossils of marine reptiles presents many points of interest, more especially at the present acute stage of the country's political history.

"Good Joss" and "Bad Joss" always figure largely in the Chinese mind, and the discovery of fossils which may clearly indicate the region of the Imperial Chinese Dragon may well be considered "Good Joss" at the present time when the restoration of the Monarchy seems imminent and is indeed practically *un fait accompli*.

J. O'MALLEY IRWIN

in the *Far Eastern Review*, December, 1915.

AT the close of 1915, when the monarchistic movement in China was at its height, there appeared in the newspapers various accounts of a remarkable find which had been made near the city of Ichang in the middle part of the Yangtze valley. There in a grotto had been found the well-preserved remains of an immense dragon, and since in China from immemorial times the dragon had been the heraldic emblem of the imperial glory, it was considered to be a significant and good omen that the dragon had thus appeared at just the time when the first emperor of a new dynasty was about to ascend the dragon throne.

That the old mystical ideas should revive around an occurrence of such deep historical importance as the institution of a new dynasty was only natural. But it was also a sign of the times that many foreigners, among them first of all the American adviser of the constitution maker Yuan Shih Kai, Mr. Goodnow,

was assisting or at least smoothing the way for the monarchistic propaganda. It was characteristic therefore that a society of foreigners had the honor of discovering the dragon and that they at once described the find as "Good Joss" for the new imperial régime.

The matter was presented in an article, "Fossils of the Chinese Dragon", in an excellent and reputable magazine, the *Far Eastern Review*, December, 1915. The author, Mr. O'Malley Irwin, was clearly entitled to the chief credit in making the find.

Mr. and Mrs. Irwin had undertaken a voyage from Kwei Chow Fu down through the famous rocky defiles of the Yangtze River, and at the upper end of the gorge of Ichang Mr. Hewlett, the English consul at Ichang, and his wife had joined them. Mr. Hewlett had been telling of a large grotto on the right side of the river a mile above the customs station at Ping Shan Pa. Hereupon was conceived the idea of a visit, which Mr. Irwin describes:

A great boulder is visible at the entrance to the grotto and about eight yards further in is a curious rock formation like the tail of a great reptile. This resemblance, imperfect as it is, appears to have impressed the Chinese imagination, for we were told that this cave was sometimes called the Dragon's Grotto and that it was supposed to go on for thirty kilometers and lead to Lung Wang Tung (The Dragon King's Grotto) which is near Ichang.

On various occasions previously strangers have penetrated the grotto far beyond the place where the fossils are now plainly visible, for which reason it



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seems probable that they have been recently exposed, perhaps by some heavy flood in the grotto.

When with lighted lanterns we had proceeded about a hundred yards, we found ourselves going along a ridge of rock to escape some pools of water, and it was the peculiar winding course on this ridge which roused our attention and led to more careful scrutiny. This scrutiny revealed the fact that we were going along the back of, as we first conceived it, a Chinese dragon cut in the rock, and we furthermore observed that there were six or eight of these stone "dragons" lying curled together. Further lighting in the form of flames from bamboo rope together with the investigation of loose pieces of the beasts' armor convinced us that the supposed sculptures were in reality fossils.

As we had no way of measuring the specimens, we decided to come back to the grotto early the following morning to make measurements and such superficial observations as the short time at our disposal would allow. The following calculations and observations were made on our second visit: The length of the largest fossil was between sixty and seventy feet from a point where the head was partly covered by the wall of the cave to the first point of contact with the other specimens. Its length must therefore have been at least sixty to seventy feet and seemed as if it extended another sixty to seventy feet, but because of the intertwining of various reptiles at this point a mistake may be possible and the final figure must be left to some experienced observers with plenty of time at their command.

The height of the exposed part of the body was two feet. Two partly exposed extremities were visible twelve to fourteen feet from the head and another pair forty to fifty feet from the same point. The



head appeared large and flat. It seemed probable that the specimen examined was a fossil of a *Morosaurus*<sup>1</sup> *Camperi* and that it, together with the other reptiles, must have got lost in the grotto long ages ago and died of hunger. A comparison of the reptile's length and the thinness of its body suggests the leanness of hunger.

There is much in his description which warns us to proceed cautiously. Aside from such unlikely notions as that Mesozoic saurians could have gone astray in a modern grotto and there starved to death and become petrified, it is hardly credible that a whole group of genuine saurian fossils should have become so freed from the living rock that the head and extremities could be distinguished. In general the directly visible parts of genuine fossils are not conspicuous, but on the other hand the eye of the uncritical amateur has a — to the specialist — amazing faculty of seeing in unorganized formations complete examples of all sorts of remarkable organisms.

The four photographic reproductions which illustrate Mr. Irwin's article also demonstrate quite clearly that the objects here in question are stalagmites of a kind which often forms into the most fantastic shapes through the deposits of limestone from trickling water. The editor of the *Far Eastern Review* has informed me that other persons have also called attention to the stalagmite nature of these supposed fossils.

To get further light on the matter I wrote to

<sup>1</sup> Should be *Mosasaurus*.

## THE DRAGON IN ICHANG

Consul Hewlett at Ichang, who had the kindness to send me a piece of the "fossil" for inspection. But while this sample was on the way from Ichang, I was called up on the telephone by my friend Chang Yi Ou, General Director of the Division of Mines, who asked if I would like to go with him and call on an officer who had gone down by the order of the emperor to Ichang to get the facts about the imperial dragon. We rolled along in our rickshaws to a little Chinese house like thousands of others. But the master of the house was all the more remarkable and well worth seeing on his own account: a powerful military figure with full but handsome features, a splendid blue-black beard, and a jovial manner that was wholly attractive. This gentleman described with vivid gestures his visit to the grotto and inspection of the twining "dragons." But he evidently believed that there was something queer about the affair and was therefore very cautious in what he said about the nature of the phenomena in question.

After we had drunk tea and chatted with him an hour, the great moment came. He went into another house and returned with a piece of the "dragon", a fragment of limestone in all essentials like certain specimens of calcareous tufa in Sweden. The stone was presented to Mr. Chang and now holds an honored place in the curiosities section of the new geological museum.

I later received the sample sent by Consul Hewlett, which only served to strengthen further the proof as to the stalagmite character of the formations.

The good old legends end when the dragon has been conquered and the young knight has been rewarded with the princess and half her father's kingdom, and so perhaps this modern saga should end when the strange monster of the Ichang grotto was duly slain. But there is a Chinese document in this affair, which, because of his fine style and sureness of treatment in dismissing the whole matter, deserves to be brought to the reader's notice. It is the imperial mandate published in the middle of January:

Wang Tsan-yuan and Tuan Shu-yun have stated in a telegram that they have received from the bureau of trade, the schools and various persons of authority, etc., in Ichang a petition to the following effect: "Certain Europeans while investigating the grotto of Sheng Hsi at Ichang have found a stone dragon, which is fifty chang (about five hundred feet) long. It has been proved that this is the fossil of an ancient dragon. At this moment, when a monarch has arisen like a dragon and the foundations of a dynasty of ten thousand years are being laid, a Divine Dragon has appeared in the region of the Yangtze River as a symbol of Heaven's protection and the people's joy. It has therefore been proposed that a telegram should be sent to the Throne to bring to the knowledge of all this discovery of the stone dragon at Ichang. It is further requested that this discovery should be taken to the Historiographic Bureau to be preserved for the enlightening of posterity. In this way the sign of Heaven for the prosperity of the nation shall be duly appreciated and the desire of the people gain fulfillment, etc."

## THE DRAGON IN ICHANG

From the beginning the efforts of the government to improve the administration of the realm and to encourage the enlightenment of the people have been the only warrant for the rise of a new dynasty. The government must provide occupation for every man in the realm. No improvements can be made in the administration if the people begin to talk openly of signs from Heaven, such as magic birds, yellow dragons, etc. In these days science has reached a high development and learned men have sought to discover the true causes of things. It is therefore meaningless to make words about things which one cannot comprehend and to seek to explain everything as signs of peace and prosperity. The request that the fossil in question should be transferred to the Historiographical Bureau cannot be granted. Since, however, ancient fossils which are preserved in mountain caves may serve as material for investigation, the following military and civil governors are herewith empowered to make the local officials responsible for preserving the fossils, so that scientists may have access to them and study them.

When I arise early in the morning to labor and plan, just as when at night I lie down to rest, the thought of my people's weal and woe is continually foremost in my mind, and the only sign from Heaven which I seek is my people's happiness. I hope that all my generals, officials, learned men and nobles will understand how to treasure my thoughts.

Let us assume now that everything had gone as the monarchists hoped in January and that thus Yuan Shih Kai, The Mighty Emperor, had come to rule over the Middle Kingdom for many fortunate years. Might it not then have happened that a plodding

professor at some Western university, some time about 1970, in a treatise on "Modernism in China at the Foundation of the Hung Hsien dynasty" might have produced this most dignified mandate as a proof of Yuan Shih Kai's advanced mode of thought. As it is, we may perhaps modestly content ourselves with tracing back to some little unknown clerk in Yuan's office this unimportant document, to which the ruler in the midst of his toil and ever-increasing problems once gave a hasty perusal.

During that momentous year of 1916 there was much that seemed great and promising in January, which in June already lay in fragments. Thus it befell that Yuan Shih Kai never became a real emperor, that the dragon of Ichang never became a real dragon, and that Mr. O'Malley Irwin never was hailed as the founder of the new science whose vague contours we dimly perceive in his article, a science which we may perhaps tentatively call heraldic paleontology.



## CHAPTER TWELVE

HIS FALLEN MAJESTY (June 6, 1916)

THE night is windless and tepid, with the crescent of a new moon so unreally thin it seems only a crack in the dusky dome of heaven.

The city does not sleep, it waits in uncertainty. Police patrols go along the streets, detachments of dismounted cavalry are discreetly placed where they attract least attention, and a strong watch is set in all the government buildings over which the five-colored flag hangs at half-mast.

The foreign quarter with the legations is, at the suggestion of the Japanese commander, declared to be in a state of siege. The Austrians have built barricades of sandbags, which have since been removed. The English minister has given his instructions, "business as usual", while his French colleague has ordered the women and children of the French colonies into the Legation Quarter.

In my little courtyard the servants are busy strengthening the gate in case the soldiers should get out of control, and the house at the back is occupied by an anxious Chinese couple, who, leaving two small children sleeping in their own house, have come here to be under the shelter of the blue and yellow flag.

Well-to-do Chinese families by the hundred have gone off by railroad to Tientsin during the day, and those who remain are cautiously preparing for whatever may come. What the poor people feel and think



is harder to guess, but the atmosphere is very tense since the hated moratorium has made the government banknotes invalid and in consequence the supply of necessities of life has almost run out.

The increasing tenseness of the last months and weeks has now led to an explosion through an occurrence, the news of which is being spread to the farthest corner of China. The central person in the crisis which is now shaking the realm has reached what is perhaps the only reasonable solution of an untenable situation. Yuan Shih Kai, dictator, president-emperor, about whom popular opinion has raged with ever-augmenting fury, broken down by the terrific physical and mental strain which laid him on a sick bed a couple of weeks ago, died to-day at half-past ten o'clock.

It is a momentous career for the fate of China which has thus reached its end.

Born in 1859 of a middle-class family in the province of Honan, Yuan passed through military training to the rank of officer, till in 1882 he entered public life as commander of a body of troops sent to Seoul, the capital of Korea, to look after the interests of China. This command marked the beginning of a changeful and embittered fight, both open and secret, between the influence of China and Japan in Korea. From 1885 on Yuan Shih Kai, as imperial minister in Seoul, took the central position on the Chinese side of the struggle, which continued till 1894 when Korea was lost to China through the Japanese appeal to arms. Yuan's enemies are eager

## HIS FALLEN MAJESTY

to ascribe to him a large share of responsibility for this misfortune, and unquestionably it took him several years before, in 1896, he was restored to favor as reorganizer of the troops at Tientsin.

Two years later Yuan first played the rôle of balance weight which on a future occasion was to raise him to the highest office of the realm. The emperor Kuang Hsu, who was friendly to reform, wished to free himself decisively from the influence of the ever-powerful empress dowager and for that purpose ordered Yuan to march with his troops to Peking. But Yuan communicated the emperor's purpose to the party of the empress dowager and thereby gave rise to a counterblow which made Kuang Hsu a prisoner for life in the island palace at Peking. The unfortunate emperor never had a chance to vent his hate against the, from his standpoint, disastrous treachery of his subordinate, but after the death of both Kuang Hsu and the empress dowager, Yuan was dismissed to his home in disgrace by the prince regent, the brother of the late emperor.

After this dismissal he was recalled in October, 1911, by the Manchu court, which was threatened by revolution, and he made his entrance into Peking with a display of military pomp which marked him as master of the situation. He now used with striking success the tactics of balance in which he was a past master, and when the Manchu power collapsed and the new situation began to clear, he was at the helm of the republic. It was in the midst of great internal difficulties that he took the lead of the new

era, but on the other hand he met with warm sympathy and high expectations, not least on the part of the foreign powers, who in the spring of 1913 placed a reorganization loan of twenty-five million pounds sterling at his disposal.

Beginning with a disintegrating realm, a collection of self-governing provinces most unwilling to subject themselves to a central government, Yuan Shih Kai quickly succeeded in getting the power into his hands, after a premature attempt at parliamentarism had been rather summarily crushed. The patriarchal autocracy which the strong man of China exercised in the days of his prosperity may in many respects be likened to Gustaf Vasa's method of governing, with its minute penetration into all the details of administration, in which the ministers functioned as mere instruments of the president.<sup>1</sup> With titan strength Yuan Shih Kai shouldered the mighty burden, and the results now in evidence at the time of his decease are unquestionably significant, even if it must be granted that most of the great demands for reform are still unsatisfied and that the transformation thus far has not been wholly for the better, in

<sup>1</sup> An amusing little example of Yuan Shih Kai's personal supervision in even the smallest affairs may here be given.

In March, 1916, when the question came up as to my withdrawal as head of the Swedish Geological Research and my permanent installation in the Chinese service, there was some difficulty at the last moment in getting the contract signed. After various "ifs" and "buts" I was informed that the Chinese text of the contract had been referred by the Minister of Agriculture to Yuan for his approval. The emperor, as he was then entitled, had put a scrawl at one place in the margin and the minister found it hard to determine what this annotation signified.

Meanwhile Yuan had other troubles to deal with, as will soon be shown, and my contract was signed without further annoyance to the great man.

that much of worth in the old has been swept away and some features of the new are not of the best quality.

During the years 1914-1915 it seemed as if, in spite of external difficulties, Yuan Shih Kai had led his realm toward better times. When the war broke out in Europe, August, 1914, there was no lack of gloomy prophets in Peking, who predicted that China, lacking the financial support of the foreign powers, would soon collapse in economic misery. These prophecies were wholly unfulfilled. The Chinese Government in every respect made good its economic obligations and in general won approval for the tact with which the country's neutrality was sustained, in spite of ugly-looking complications and the lack of effective military munitions.

In January, 1915, the Japanese Government demanded in extremely curt fashion the unconditional assent to a great number of concessions which would have practically made China into a dependency of Japan. This idea of using the isolated and defenceless position of China during the European war to make a sudden and profitable *coup* was unsuccessful, thanks to the pertinacious skill of the Chinese policy. China made the Japanese certain valuable concessions but escaped the threatened crisis with her integrity preserved. Yuan Shih Kai, who had been all the while the robust central figure of the passive resistance, now enjoyed a popularity and a national following such as never before.

The events which came afterwards and which led

the way to Yuan's tragic end are too near in time to judge fairly, even in the opinion of the Chinese. Under these circumstances a foreigner must content himself with relating the course of events and presenting certain surmises as to the, as yet, partly obscure causes behind them.

There is, for instance, an open question as to how far the monarchistic movement can be traced back to any secret initiative on the part of Yuan, or whether he only proceeded more or less willingly with the proposal made him by the monarchists.<sup>1</sup> It is a fact that as early as late summer of the previous year a movement was in full swing over the whole of China with the purpose of restoring the empire, with Yuan as the founder of a new, wholly Chinese dynasty. The sporadic efforts of constitutionalists to stamp this propaganda as revolutionary were repressed, and there was a more and more open use of governmental organs in the service of monarchism. After a skillfully staged plebiscite had unanimously declared for the return of the empire, the throne was offered to Yuan Shih Kai, who after first declining submitted on the second occasion to "the will of the people." It is, as previously noted,

<sup>1</sup> A story is told of initiation of the monarchistic movement which has in it something of tragic greatness. Yuan is said to have been informed by a soothsayer that the year 1916 would be very momentous for him, involving peril to his life. The monarchists who surrounded him made this prophecy a pretext to remove his doubt as to the debated question of his elevation to the throne. They said to Yuan that he as president was a common mortal who might be the victim of a prophecy, but if he became emperor, he would stand high above fate and be able calmly to ignore soothsayers.

The prophecy thus became the occasion of his fall and death in 1916.



impossible to give any decisive opinion on the motive of Yuan's conduct, but it seems likely that, along with his personal ambition, he was led by truly patriotic considerations, primarily the desire to assure his succession and get away from the disastrous contests involved in presidential elections. It is fairly certain that Yuan, isolated in his palace, was so blinded as really to believe in the "will of the people" manipulated by the monarchists.

On December 10, 1915, the spectacularly arranged voting took place in Peking, when the Manchu prince of the blood Pu-lun enthusiastically called upon all to rally around the new emperor. But even at the time of this effective display the wings of the political stage had begun to loosen at the hinges.

The Chief of the Bureau of Economic Cartography, General Tsai Ao, one of the most energetic of the younger officials, had vanished from Peking<sup>1</sup> under

<sup>1</sup>Tsai Ao had shown himself such an able general that Yuan feared him and therefore invited him to Peking in order the better to control his actions.

Tsai Ao allowed himself to be enticed by the glittering representations which Yuan made to him, but in Peking he found himself almost a prisoner with very limited power of action. As the monarchistic movement progressed, the control over Tsai grew more strict, and at last he was followed night and day by two political agents, who had orders to take extreme measures if he should attempt to escape.

Tsai now outwitted Yuan and his agents. One day he had a great set-to with his wife and, apparently in great anger, sent her and the children to Tientsin, where in the foreign concession they were in comparative security. Tsai's next step was with his two compulsory followers to begin frequenting low resorts, in particular striking up an acquaintance with a little courtesan named Hsiao Feng Hsien. After long preliminaries the girl one evening invited Tsai into her bedroom, while the detectives slept in the young lady's hall without suspecting that Tsai had vanished by a back way and was already in safety on a Japanese steamer at Tientsin. †

Several years later, when Tsai had died and his memory was celebrated at Central Park in Peking with a great popular feast, Hsiao Feng Hsien was hailed as a heroine for assisting the revered national hero to escape Yuan's agents.



romantic circumstances, to appear again in the province of Yunnan far down in the southwest, where he had previously been governor and had therefore far-reaching ties. In combination with the leading men of the province he now declared Yunnan independent and proclaimed a general rising against Yuan Shih Kai, who had betrayed the constitution of the republic. The central government hastened to assemble troops against Yunnan, and it seemed at the start as though the rising might be suppressed without much difficulty. But in the middle of January the neighboring province of Kueichou followed the example of Yunnan and the two insurrectionary provinces won notable successes with numerically inferior forces.

When then, in the middle of March, Kuangsi joined the "disturbed" provinces and signs of unrest showed themselves in other quarters, the ruling clique in Peking gave way, and Yuan Shih Kai abdicated, March 21, from the dignity of emperor and reassumed the title of president. This gesture was thought at the start to be a relief to the situation, but the insurgent provinces stood firm in their demand for Yuan's departure. An attempt to appease the south by the formation of a responsible ministry proved to be ineffectual. Kuangtung, Chekiang and Szechuan, one after the other, declared themselves unsatisfied; signs of unrest appeared also in the northern provinces; and the government troops in Szechuan, through the clever strategy of Tsai Ao, got into a very critical situation.



WU MEN, THE CHIEF INNER GATE OF THE FORBIDDEN CITY



## HIS FALLEN MAJESTY

Simultaneously the state finances, thanks to the many military enterprises, had got into a more than awkward predicament. Contributions from the provinces were not forthcoming, while on the other side the allied powers under the leadership of Japan took over the salt tax, which was under the control of the foreign banks. The state banks, Bank of China and Bank of Communications, in order to keep up the military operations, had to go to their reserves to such an extent that at last the situation grew untenable, and thereupon the redemption of bank-notes by these two banks was suspended May 12 through a "moratorium."

Yuan Shih Kai's position was now in truth deplorable. It was fairly evident that he could not hold out much longer amid the fragments of his former power, but on the other side it would have been hazardous for him to have gone out as a private citizen from the palace, which was strongly protected by his bodyguard. Finally the excessive strain and mortification broke down his robust health and during the final weeks he had been pretty well *hors du combat*. Death, which to-day put an end to his remarkable career, was, it may be, only a merciful liberator from a more bitter fate.

It may, as said, be months, perhaps years, before it is possible to make a moderately just summary of the present crisis. The contending troops accuse one another of egoistic motives, but in both cases these aspersions must be largely unjust. It is very probable that Yuan Shih Kai, along with his lust for

distinction and his ambition for his family, believed he was performing a patriotic duty when, misled by the representations of the monarchists, he accepted the imperial dignity. It is also probable that the leading revolutionists, with commendable determination, staked their all to hinder a movement which, according to their opinion, threatened to hinder all true reform for many years to come. The comments brought against Yuan Shih Kai as founder of a new dynasty are of considerable weight. It is said that he who did away with the Manchu dynasty was nevertheless so inured through all his training and career to the mandarin world and the Manchu methods of government that, when he came into power, he was guilty of the same palace despotism to which the Revolution of 1911 was the violent reaction. Far from being the first subject of the State in a republic, he inclined more and more to treat the country as a great family domain. A suspicious fact against him was that at the time of the monarchistic movement many of his friends and of the land's best men left the government service or in other ways signified their disapproval. Noteworthy in this connection was the politely expressed but none the less bitter criticism which he received from his old friend the former Minister of Agriculture, Chang Chien, one of China's most respected authorities of the old school.

With his faults and virtues Yuan Shih Kai was still an outstanding personality. The little man with the strong soul showed his character even

## HIS FALLEN MAJESTY

in such obvious things as his fabulous power for work, his enormous appetite and finally now the fact that twelve widows and thirty-five children stand sorrowing at his bier.

It is a restless wake that Peking holds to-night. The morrow will be given over to the quarrels of petty kings.

All the friends of the patiently contented and industrious Chinese people, who now suffer all the horrors of civil war, must wish that a new leader will soon step forward, one to guard the land more faithfully and successfully than the dead chief, whose tragic fate it was that at the very summit of his contentious but mighty life-work he was tempted and fell.



## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

### PEKING UNDER THE DRAGON FLAG AGAIN (July 10, 1917)

ON June 6-7 of last year, the night after Yuan Shih Kai's death, I made a rash attempt to give a short summary of the events which led to the fall and the final disappearance of this man, surely the strongest among the Chinese of the present time. As I now glance over what I then wrote, I discover that some of the closing words, "the morrow will be given over to the quarrels of petty kings", became true for the unhappy country in a peculiarly calamitous way.

The death of Yuan was felt all over China as a release from the intolerable position to which the monarchical movement had brought the country. The new president, Li Yuan Hung, is an unpretentious man, respected by all parties for his unquestioned honesty, but beyond that hardly equipped with any great measure of statesmanship. He came into the foreground during the Revolution of 1911-1912 almost by accident.

On his accession to the presidency he was hailed with the most friendly expectations, but he soon divined that fate had set him a task that was beyond his resources of initiative and foresight.

Premier Tuan Chi Jui was one of Yuan's most trusted followers and after his death the undisputed head of the North China military party. He is reputed to be a courageous, independent and intelli-

gent leader, who, now that Yuan is gone, should be the best man at the country's disposal, even if his administrative ability is chiefly confined to preserving peace and order by military means.

After some introductory differences of opinion between the political parties, there was a restoration of the parliament which had before been so drastically dismissed by Yuan Shih Kai. The parliament's activity soon turned into the continuation of a struggle for power between the military party under Premier General Tuan on one side, and on the other the parliamentary majority under Kou Ming Tang, which was usually supported by the president. This struggle grew constantly more bitter.

The first disastrous encounter took place on the question of whether China should enter the World War as the enemy of Germany. When the United States broke off diplomatic relations with Germany, China followed with a similar declaration, whereupon the question arose: "Shall we go on and establish a formal state of war?"

To a European audience it may seem comparatively unimportant to speak of China's participation as a belligerent power, since it is clear that the Chinese could not in any military way be effective in Europe. A more careful study of east-Asiatic conditions will, however, show that China's entrance into the war does not lack its interest for the Allies, and that on the other hand this hazardous act, if it is well performed, may be a profitable matter for China.

For the Allied Powers, especially England, China's entry as a belligerent against Germany would contribute two valuable advantages: first, the free use of China's cheap and, in Europe, badly needed labor; secondly, the possibility of completely uprooting the German business ventures in the Far East.

For China on the other hand there would be an opportunity, in conjunction with her entrance into the war, to devise with the Allied Powers certain regulations vital to the land's economy in regard to the revenues and the indemnities for the Boxer uprising.

The development of these questions presents one of those labyrinthine mazes in which Chinese politics so lamentably abounds.

On one side the inclination to proceed to a declaration of war against Germany was quite general in political circles throughout the land; on the other the parliamentary majority seems to have feared to give the premier and the military clique behind him the economic advantage which might be reaped by an agreement with the Allied Powers.

In order to bring pressure upon the refractory parliament, Tuan undertook in April to hold a conference of the provincial military governors, who appeared either personally or through representatives and certified their agreement with Tuan's war policy.

When this military conference failed to persuade the opposing parliament, an almost riotous demonstration was made before the parliament building.

The participants, who carried flags with grandiose inscriptions, such as "Representatives of the Five Chinese Nations", etc., consisted chiefly of hired coolies and soldiers in citizen dress. They threatened to blockade the parliament till it should decide to declare war on Germany. The police stood about passively all day, but in the afternoon when the premier succeeded in getting into parliament and was seized as a sort of hostage, the parliament square was cleared in very peremptory fashion.

This affair was the signal to a more acute conflict. During the days immediately following, most of the ministers were dismissed as a protest against the premier, who was held to be in sympathy with the demonstration before the parliament house. When the premier showed no disposition to resign of his own accord, he was dismissed by the president.

General Tuan now went to Tientsin and the remaining military governors betook themselves to their respective homes.

For several days it looked as if President Li had come out victorious. But then came the news that Governor Ni of Anhui had declared his independence, and, soon after, one declaration of independence followed another, while a provisional government was established simultaneously at Tientsin and a punitive military expedition sent against Peking, viz., against the president and parliament.

At this stage General Chang Hsun stepped into the foreground. He was inspector general for the Yangtze provinces and holder of other high offices,

an exceedingly picturesque figure, a relic of the Middle Ages in a comparatively modern community.

Without any of the book learning so highly prized in China, even — according to some accounts — illiterate, Chang Hsun had by his military prowess and old-time loyalty to superiors won one of the highest positions in the army, which he then strengthened in a very arbitrary fashion so that he made it a state within the State. He was supported by his soldiers, dreaded after their plundering of Nanking in September, 1913, for whose pay he not only made sharp demands on the central government but took possession of levies originally made for quite other purposes in the regions where he encamped.

Chang Hsun offered himself as mediator between the government at Peking and the provisional government at Tientsin, that is between the president and parliament on one side and the rebellious military governors with General Tuan behind them on the other.

In a mandate which highly praised Chang Hsun's deserts the president invited him to come to Peking, and after several days' conference with the authorities at Tientsin he arrived with six thousand of the soldiers so abhorred and dreaded by the populace, half-wild warriors, fantastically uniformed and wearing pigtails. The police were ordered to treat these "pigtail men" with the greatest consideration, and the theaters and other amusement places had instructions not to ask them for entrance money if it was not offered voluntarily. Chang Hsun conducted



himself from the start with the air of a master, but it must be granted on the other hand that he had thus far maintained discipline among his troops.

At the beginning he seemed also to be in earnest about his position as mediator. The president was first obliged to disband parliament, a concession that accorded ill with his promise earlier in the quarrel to die for the principles of the constitution. Thereupon the revolting military governors were induced to recall their proclamations of independence and withdraw the troops sent on "punitive expeditions" against Peking. In the last days of June it looked as though a peaceful solution of the dissension was in sight.

But with that, on the night of July 1 came Chang's thunderbolt, a *coup* utterly unexpected by all outsiders and carried out in masterful style.

For many years Chang Hsun had been known to sympathize with the restoration of the Manchu empire, but he had given solemn assurance that, because of the anti-monarchical tendencies then prevailing, he had given up any such design.

Nevertheless on the night of Sunday, July 1, the Forbidden City was occupied by Chang's soldiers. A vain attempt was first made to induce President Li to resign in favor of an empire. This opposition, however, hindered little. Despite the representations and lamentings of the highest Manchu dignitaries, the reascension of the boy emperor to the dragon throne was celebrated in the early dawn, and soon afterward the dragon flag was waving every-



where above the government buildings, while an imperial edict announced the restoration and Chang Hsun's appointment as premier, vice regent of Chihli and high commissioner over Northern China. A striking detail in this truly impressive edict (probably composed by Chang's associate, K'ang Yu Wei, a man more experienced than he in literary art) was the provision that the emperor's subjects might, according as they pleased, wear pigtails or go with close-cropped hair.

All Peking was in consternation over this *fait accompli*, all strategic points were occupied by pigtail soldiers, and Chang Hsun was for the moment undeniably master of the situation.

President Li had, however, succeeded in getting quietly out of the palace and finding refuge in the Japanese legation, where he took occasion to send two telegrams: one to Vice President Feng Kuo Chang at Nanking, requesting him to act as president; the other to General Tuan, reinstating him in the office of premier.

Even before President Li had in this moment of desperation sought an alliance with his antagonist, General Tuan, the latter had begun to rally all the forces at his disposal for an armed opposition to Chang Hsun.

The main body of Chang Hsun's troops was still in his old headquarters at Hsuchow in the northern part of the province of Kiangsu, and the first thing to do was to hinder the transportation of these men, who were already on their way to Peking. By swift

and resolute action General Tuan first succeeded in getting the governor of Shantung to turn against the troops at Hsuchow, whereupon the governor of Chihli, who had already declared himself for the empire, turned his troops against Peking.

There was in these days a great migration of well-to-do Chinese from the capital. Every train to Tientsin was packed with fugitives, and those who could not leave Peking sought refuge in the Legation Quarter or with their foreign friends. Ever since the severe reprisal after the Boxer rising, the Chinese retained the impression that the houses of foreigners would shelter them against impending disturbances. To show the practical consequences of this state of mind let me cite some of my personal experiences:

The General Director of Mining has rented his house to me, only that I may raise the Swedish flag there. I have from five to eight Chinese constantly living in my own house, and my nearest neighbor, General T'ang, who has soldiers to guard his house, notwithstanding sends his twenty-year-old sister every evening to sleep under my more secure protection. Chang Hsun's private residence lies only a few hundred meters from my house. He has now fitted it up as a fortified camp, with soldiers' tents, cannon, machine guns, automobiles and baggage wagons, the whole protected at the outer gates by sandbag barricades and earthen ramparts.

On a couple of mornings recently we had the pleasure of seeing a flying machine circle over the Forbidden City. It dropped several bombs, which

caused more alarm than direct damage. Malice reports that at the explosion the boy emperor slid off the throne, the courtiers rushed from the palace in their automobiles, and the dowager empresses did not dare to take food for the next twenty-four hours.

Chang Hsun's cause is certainly lost by this time. The troops he has sent out of the city have been beaten in a couple of minor engagements, the city gates are in the hands of the republican troops, and a couple of times the sound of a rifle has reached my abode of peace.

The dragon flags have again disappeared from the city, though they still wave over Chang Hsun's camps. A number of his soldiers have cut off their switches of hair, since General Tuan has proclaimed that all "pigtailed" met with in the struggle are to be slain without mercy. A price of one hundred thousand dollars (Chinese) is offered for the capture of Chang Hsun dead or alive, but there are still negotiations with him.

Is there a peaceful solution near or will there be street fighting with fire and pillage? These are questions that will be decided in the next few days.

Evening of July 12. The epilogue of Chang Hsun's adventure in restoration was played to-day.

At half-past three in the morning the first cannon shots sounded and machine guns began to rattle in various quarters. Chang Hsun's main force, which lay within the extensive wall enclosing the Altar of Heaven, became isolated at once and in the course of the day was disarmed.



TIEN AN MEN, THE CHIEF OUTER GATE OF THE FORBIDDEN CITY



Detachments of republican troops penetrated into Peking through many of the city gates and made a concentric march toward Chang's house. Around Tung An Men, which was the nearest entrance to the headquarters of the emperor-maker, there was quite a sharp fight, which led to the capture of this important gate by the republicans.

Small groups of the attacking soldiers climbed up combinations of ladders to the summit of the "red wall" directly facing Chang's house and from there opened fire, presumably with little effect. But meanwhile the wall had been broken in several places, and when about two o'clock cannon were put into these openings, Chang's house was soon set on fire. During this procedure, however, he had escaped in a foreign automobile to the legation quarter, where he was received into the Dutch legation. By five o'clock his house was a smoking ruin.

Stray shots from the republican artillery have done a good deal of harm in Chinese houses both north and south of my home, and my men have collected a handful of shell fragments and rifle bullets in our courtyard. But the police have been at their posts in the streets during the whole fight, and as far as I can tell there has been hardly any plundering.



## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

### TSAO

DARK and heavy the mountains stood in a circle around the little valley plain where he had his childhood home. Naked rose the crags which had been swept by ancient landslides, and one night in midsummer, when the lightning flickered on all sides and the hot rain rushed down the slopes, a new piece of the slaty limestone mountain slid down into the river with a clattering roar.

Ah, the river! For the most part it was dry, with a few trickles of water, a curving band of boulders, and gravel. But in the season of rains the water might come as a rolling wall, dashing down through the valley, roaring and rumbling when the great fragments of rock were set in motion. Tsao's father tried to eke out the product of his poor little farm plot by cultivating a part of the river bed. For a couple of years he succeeded in reaping a scanty harvest from the stony gravel. But one summer, when the great rain was more fierce and persistent than usual, the protecting walls were torn away, and the stream ploughed itself a new furrow through the cultivated land. The water rose still higher and, when the twilight fell, Tsao had to go with his father and mother and the other children up into the little safety-hole at the foot of the mountain. Next day the water had subsided, the house was still standing in a bed of gravel, but the beasts were

gone, except for a few wild and frightened goats which turned up among the mountains during the next few days.

Another summer, when the second harvest was nearly ripe, the grasshoppers came like a heavy rain of great dark drops. For two days the devastation lasted, after which these creatures of destruction passed on down the valley in a shimmering cloud, but a winter of hunger grinned from the stripped fields at the poor farmfolk.

One winter night, when the whistling dust storm had extinguished moon and stars and had shrouded everything in its filthy murk, a roving band of brigands, for lack of better prey, descended on the little place.

Tsao thought he should die of fear as he crouched in a corner and stared at the inconceivable doings: his father beating his head on the ground and offering all he had if only his life was spared, and his mother biting and striking the strangers, till they finally made her be quiet and could do as they chose.

Yes, there were dark memories in Tsao's childhood. Yet there were many sunny mornings when he could go up with father to the mountains to gather brushwood or tend the sheep and goats all by himself and be away till late in the evening. He would then splash in the rills of the river bed, peeping at the schools of little fishes and the funny crabs. Sometimes he would hear the shrill call of the pheasants and catch sight of these magnificent birds in the

thickets of the valley slope, and sometimes his glance would follow a hart, which with its lithe strength would clear the crags in a few long leaps and be gone.

Often he would meet shepherd boys from other farmsteads farther down the river. They laughed together at the duels of the rams till they nearly choked, or they would catch dragon flies, grasshoppers and the nimble lizards, or they would survey with wonder the travelers who passed along the stream bed with tinkling bells, brightly caparisoned beasts, rich packs of merchandise and shining guns.

Thus the boy grew up in the sunny freedom of his poverty. And just as wild lilacs, yellow roses, pink spirea, and the showy wistaria vines bloom in these lonely valleys, the mysterious and lavish hand of nature transformed him into a youth of uncommon beauty. He was tall and broad-shouldered, his cinnamon-colored skin was firm and smooth, and the braids fell in flowing profusion over his brown back. His mouth was small with strong white teeth, the nose perhaps a little too boldly upturned, and between his delicately cut eyelids his glance was frank and pleasant.

As a boy he was betrothed to one of the little girls in a family farther down the river. He rarely saw her and had hardly ever spoken to her. But at the spring festival, when he went with his father to make the offering at the little mound of earth which was his grandfather's grave, he thought of the fact that he would be responsible for the offering when

his father was dead, and he pictured to himself a new little Tsao, who would in due time make sacrifice at *his* grave mound. And he planned to take up the strife with the river, build new walls and clear new fields.

But the little almond-eyed, turn-up-nosed maiden was never to realize her silent girlish dreams of sleeping on the same *k'ang* with the handsome boy.

Tsao was already a well-grown youth when the event took place which accidentally directed his life into a quite new course. One of his small brothers was sheep boy now, and Tsao went to work with his father. One day in harvest time, when they were bringing down great loads of wheat from the small plots on the opposite bank of the river, a mule caravan came up through the valley. Tsao saw at once that it was a postal convoy, easily recognizable by the marks on the big sacks which lay lashed on the pack saddles.

"You've a strong boy there," said the leader to Tsao's father. "I'm short a man; let him come with me."

Tsao's father perceived that this was a good opportunity for his son, and in a few minutes the matter was arranged, and Tsao, just as he was, had taken the road to a new destiny. His mother cried her courageous tears and his father looked anxiously up the valley every day, till finally a week later the postal convoy came back on its southern trip with Tsao in good condition, his mind enriched with many new impressions.

All the way up through Shansi to the capital, Taiyuanfu, he had gone day by day. Dead tired, he had come at evening to the small inns, yet he had to be up long before daybreak to fodder the beasts.

They had left many smaller cities behind them ere the convoy reached its goal, the capital, Taiyuanfu. Here Tsao saw many new things: fire-wagons, which could carry heavier loads than ten mules and with which people traveled five times faster than a horse could run; lightning lamps, which shone inside a little globe as clear as water and gave a light as bright as the sun without any smoke; foreign people, who had red hair, green eyes and funny clothes; and soldiers, who had nothing else to do but march in long rows with jolly high steps in an enclosed plot.

When the postal convoy was on its way south again with new loads, it chanced one day that a wagon came rolling speedily along the road, without the shining iron track of the fire-wagon but letting off smoke at the back in little ill-smelling puffs. The mules shied and dashed up against the walls of the ravine road. There was a soldier with a pistol in his belt on each step of the wagon, and the dust whirled up after it in a thick cloud.

The other muleteers told Tsao that the distinguished traveler in the wagon was Ta-shui, Yen Ta Jen, Yen Hsi Shan, the overlord of Shansi. Tsao did not understand all the titles they gave to this high potentate, but he listened with wonder to all they related about his remarkable qualities. The bandits that had ravaged here and there in Shansi when Yen Ta



Jen took control were now so completely rooted out that the Shansi folk asserted with pride there was not a single "tufei" in all the province. Opium, *ta-yen*, which was grown and smoked in other provinces, might not be found in Shansi on penalty of the severest punishment. Parents might no longer bind the little girls' feet, which were to grow as freely as those of the boys, and the *pien-tze* (pigtail) might not be worn on penalty of being cut off at the nearest police station. Much was said back and forth about Yen Ta Jen, but the prevailing opinion was that he was a good governor.

Back and forth, northward to Taiyuanfu and southward to the boundary station on the Hoangho, went the postal convoys of which Tsao was a member. He learned the cries by which the baggage animals were guided, he grew accustomed to tend the sores of the saddle-galled mules in the evening, and he sang as well as any one the songs which resound over the country roads. The rough pleasantries and racy abuse came easily to his tongue, and he had strong arms to strike when invectives no more sufficed. Once between two journeys he had even been in the prison at a *yamen* for insulting a policeman.

A high official on his way from Taiyuanfu to Sian in Shensi borrowed a number of baggage animals from the postal service, and Tsao found himself among the men who were sent with these animals. As soon as he had crossed the Yellow River at Tungkuan, he found he had come to a land with other



customs. The men nearly all had pigtails, the girls had small feet. Tungkuan was full of places where men smoked opium, and along the road to Sian were fields which now in the early summer were full of blooming poppies. Bandits were said to be in the mountains on both sides of Tungkuan, both in Shensi and in Honan, and the soldiers were often no better than *tufeis*. The beasts with which Tsao came out of Shansi never returned there; they were taken by the troops and used for military transportation eastward to Kuanyintang in Honan. Tsao himself was here taken as a recruit and sent to the great military camp at Loyang to be drilled. He was soon marched further east to the capital of the province, Kaifeng, where he became a unit in the army of Governor Chao Ti. He learned accurate marching and the simple manual exercises. He liked sentry duty, for then he had his thoughts to himself, but at other times he went with the groups of soldiers along the city streets. After the rare and irregular pay days he went with his comrades to small shanties in back streets, where one might lie on a *k'ang* and smoke an opium pipe, while some little girl in trousers with a smooth fringe of hair on her forehead would sing or offer her favors for a small return. As a consequence of these pleasures Tsao had in his time to lie some months in a military hospital before he could once more stand in line. Meanwhile he often thought of his home among the slate mountains and wondered how he should ever be able to get back there.

When he came out of the hospital, he went to a

scribe, who was sitting in his little stand offering his services to any one unable to write, and with his help had a letter despatched to the schoolmaster back in his home village. He asked this man to speak to his father and say that Tsao wished to come home again and work in the fields as soon as he could get free of military service and secure enough money for the journey. There was never any answer from home, and Tsao wondered whether the scribe had cheated him and never sent the letter, though he had been well paid.

There was much talk about the various generals who were now the masters of China. It was said that Wu in Loyang was the bravest, that he knew every man in his army, that he went about dressed as a common soldier, and that his mere presence made his troops go unhesitatingly against an opposing force of thrice their strength. It was said that Feng, who had come as dictator to Sian, was also a strong man, but that he had embraced the faith of the foreigners, the teachings of Jesus, and many Chinese did not trust him. Far up in the north in Fengtien was another great general named Chang, who had great rich lands under him, great quantities of money, and many soldiers with fine new weapons.

Chao's troops, it was said, were as good as Wu's or Feng's or Chang's. But their guns were old, and Chao never came out to watch their manoeuvres.

The air had been full of rumors, till at last far up in the north war broke out between Wu and Chang.

It was said that Chao was a good friend of Chang's and that Wu and Feng would soon have to flee. Wu had gone north with a great quantity of railroad trains full of soldiers. Feng and his troops had come out of Sian and taken position at Chengchow, where the Kaifeng road crossed the railroad line from Peking to Hankow. Kaifeng was full of rumors, and the merchants buried their most precious wares, chiefly out of fear of the governor's own troops, it was said. But Chao stayed in his *yamen* and smoked opium, while the messengers came and went, telegrams rained in on the irresolute governor, and the whole city buzzed with gossip.

Most of Chao's troops lay near Chengchow to keep an eye on Feng, and one day the two armies broke loose at each other. They fought for two days with varying success, on the third Chao's men were in wild flight and Feng was on the march for Kaifeng.

The brigade to which Tsao belonged had been kept at Kaifeng as a bodyguard for the governor, and when he fled, the soldiers hastened to appropriate whatever of value was left in the *yamen* and to plunder a merchant or so on the way.

It was no longer an army but a disorganized mob of armed men who surrounded the fleeing governor, and it gradually became evident even to an ignorant soldier that the whole train were being hunted like lawless robbers by Feng's troops, who kept popping up from various quarters during the pursuit. Chao's own province was now treated as hostile territory by the beaten and fleeing soldiers. Peasants were robbed,

and the smoke of burning villages hung dark on the horizon behind the fugitives. The little group with whom Tsao went got off safe to a corner between the provinces of Honan, Anhui, Kiangsu and Shantung. Here they were taken into the following of the famous bandit chief, Sun Mei Yao, who operated in the mountain region between the four provinces and took full advantage of the governors' inability to unite on joint action for the suppression of the brigands.

Drifting with the stream, Tsao had now become a bandit, just as without his wish he had previously become a soldier. The robbers had their caves and fastnesses up in the mountains, whither they carried their booty and the rich men and women whom they had captured down in the villages in order to extort ransom from their families. Expeditions of soldiers were almost constantly on the hunt for the freebooters, who were compelled to shift ground night after night with their prisoners. It was a restless and weary life, and in winter it was biting cold in the earth huts and rocky caves up in the mountains.

When spring came, the pressure of the provincial troops increased. The robber band, which had previously operated in scattered order here and there in the mountains, was forced to unite at Paotzekou, an almost inaccessible mountain fastness with only one approach, which could be defended by a handful of resolute men. The troops hardly dared attempt to storm this robber fortress, but the situation was still

precarious, for the bandits crowded up on the mountain top had food for only a few days, and their nightly forays to the plain for provisions became constantly more dangerous. The brigands still had friends down in the villages and had an understanding with some of the besieging troops, but their position was well-nigh desperate.

It was then that Sun Mei Yao devised his masterstroke, which earned him a place among the great bandits of all time. About twenty-three kilometers from Paotzekou runs the great Tientsin-Pukow Railroad, which makes the connection between Peking and Shanghai and is one of the finest roads in China. Twice a week in each direction passes the so-called Blue Express, an elegant and completely modern through express.

How long Sun was preparing before he struck, only a little group of his trusted followers knew. At all events, it is worth noting that there were no Japanese on the unlucky train, also that it was very easy for the brigands to bring the swift express to a standstill. It was later surmised that Sun had friends not only among the surrounding soldiers and on the train, but that warnings of his intentions went out much further.

One dark April night Sun led a large band of his boys down from the fort on paths where no soldiers were visible. A couple of hundred robbers got down without hindrance to the railroad in a fairly short time. The north-bound Blue Express was stopped and all the passengers, among them twenty-six



foreigners, mostly Americans, were ordered to leave the train. A foreigner was shot down in the first confusion, and many passengers were forced at the pistol point to leave the train in their night clothes and without shoes. A hasty return was then made to the mountain. The half-dressed and wholly terrified travelers were forced to go between guards more than sixteen miles in the dark night over broken and stony paths. Some sank beside the road in sheer exhaustion but were forced by bayonet pricks and cudgel blows to continue.

Tsao had behind him a fat little foreigner, who groaned and swore to the great delight of the brigand lads as they thronged around the foreigners, eager to get a glimpse of this great and astonishing quarry. But in front of Tsao went a tall foreign woman, barefooted and incompletely dressed, but silent and without complaint, carrying her little daughter on her arm. Tsao wondered at this woman's free and lofty manner of walking, so unlike the uncertain wobbling and tripping of the Chinese. But then he saw in the darkness that the foreign woman tottered and was about to fall. He supported her and took the child from her arms. The little girl was asleep but soon awoke, roused by the rank perspiration from Tsao's dirty body. Terrified at finding herself in a stranger's arms, she began to cry, but the mother turned to her.

"Nellie, Nellie, be quiet. He is a good man."

"Ne li, Ne li," said Tsao with his most friendly intonation.



The child cried herself to sleep on Tsao's arm, and fearing she might be cold, he unbuttoned his blouse and laid the child against his breast. The mother turned from time to time to look after the child and without hesitation laid the dirty and ragged flap of Tsao's blouse over the little one's shoulder.

Driven by many a blow, drooping with fatigue, their feet bleeding pitifully, the foreigners came at dawn to the top of Paotzekou Mountain and sank down in a swoon, which for some hours caused them to forget the terrible experiences that had come upon them so suddenly in the night.

There was little of the occidental composure and dignity in the pale and half-clad beings who later in the day were gathered in the courtyard of the fort for a first inspection, while the bandits sat around making their mocking comments. This first dreadful day was followed by many more, and the days became weeks, while the beards of the men grew and their ragged clothes were filled with vermin and dirt. The little band of unfortunates was composed of many weak and timid individuals, together with a few strong and heroic men and women who kept up their courage and arranged the life of the foreign colony as well as they could with what means the bandits afforded. Little Nellie played with a couple of Chinese children who had come among the captured Chinese, and Tsao, her helper of the first night, became her friend, getting her many tidbits. Both captives and robbers used to gather in a ring around the playing children to watch amid jest and laughter

how the little American girl tyrannized over her big *tufei*.

Tsao did not know much more than his little charge as to the negotiations of the messengers who came and went on the mountain. At last an enormously fat foreigner, An Lao Yeh,<sup>1</sup> came up the mountain. He talked Chinese as well as a native and soon got on friendly terms with Sun and his lieutenants.

One day when summer had come with its oppressive heat, the order was given that the women and children were to leave the mountain, and Tsao offered to carry little Nellie down to the place where the robbers were to release their captives. From that time it became a standing joke on Tsao that at the time of parting he gave an old umbrella to Nellie's mother so that she and the child should not suffer from the sunlight.

When at length all the prisoners were released, Sun attained his object. The Chinese authorities had been forced not only to pay a substantial ransom for the captives, but to receive Sun and his men into fitting positions in the army. Sun and some of his leading men became generals; others according to their deserts were officers of various ranks, while the general mass, among them Tsao, became privates.

So Tsao drifted on the stream of life like a little insignificant straw.

He slept in barracks and drilled or did sentry duty.

<sup>1</sup> Roy Anderson, an American brought up in China, who rendered great service in procuring the release of the foreigners.

His pay was rarely forthcoming and then often in paper money of little value.

Then began a new war between Wu and Chang. Tsao was among the ill-equipped troops gathered from many quarters who were placed under Wu's command, and up at Shan Hai Kuan on a narrow strip of shore between mountain and sea he had his baptism of fire. Tsao's regiment lay in trenches and sought to hold back the advance of Chang's well-equipped men, who with abundant artillery, trench mortars, machine guns and rifle fire were trying to break Wu's line of defense.

A shell fragment had torn Tsao's right side, but no one in the trenches had time to think of him. A handful of men held the position as twilight fell over the battlefield.

In the darkness the Fengtien troops attacked. One of their men, shot through the stomach, fell beside Tsao, and these two, enemies for a day but sons of the same great people, lay side by side, while the nocturnal battle receded as far as Wu's men had been driven back.

The Fengtien man let Tsao drink out of his canteen. Moaning, the two young soldiers looked at each other. As they lay there under the cold bright stars, they did not understand why fate had flung them together. Long before morning could bring them warmth and help they were both dead.

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

### THE PETTY KINGS

THE internal history of China from Chang Hsun's exploit in July, 1917, till the present day presents only the picture of an increasing dissolution, wherein the events and personages are of relatively little importance. Nothing has happened to gather the scattered energies of the country into unified action, and none of the rival leaders has had the strength and opportunity to fight his way into a position dominating the land as a whole.

After the revolution the dethroned imperial family was granted comparatively favorable terms, including the right to live on in the northern part of the Forbidden City and to receive a subsidy, which was, however, only irregularly paid by the republican ministry of finance.

Neither Yuan's tragic attempt to found a Chinese dynasty nor Chang's short-lived effort to reinstate the old imperial Manchu family in power created any great change in the family of the Manchus.

The stage of an imperial court was kept up in that part of the Forbidden City where the young ex-Emperor Hsuan Tung lived. At the northern rear gate of the Forbidden City one might behold on imperial feast days a pale reflection of the ancient splendor. In litters, old-fashioned Peking wagons, one-horse droshkies or automobiles the Manchu princes and nobles, together with other wraiths of pre-revolutionary times, would arrive to affirm their

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submissive devotion to Hsuan Tung. Finely chiseled faces with the marks of long degeneration, or the fat, withered features of eunuchs could be seen through the carriage windows. Mandarin hats with the button on top and peacock feathers at the back, splendid costumes in the old traditional pattern — the whole was an anachronism in a republican community.

Hsuan Tung, who at the Revolution of 1911 was only five years old, grew up under the instruction of native tutors and of a foreigner, Mr. R. F. Johnston, a finely educated Englishman with great interest in literature and culture.

In December, 1922, Hsuan Tung celebrated his marriage at once with an "empress" and a concubine. The ex-emperor's followers, with small understanding of the consequences, made use of this occasion for an extra performance in ancient court etiquette. Even the foreign legations were invited to an audience given by the newly wedded imperial pair.

There are said to have been other signs that the Manchus and other affiliated circles cherished ambitions that did not fit in well with republican statesmanship.

In short, at the end of October, 1924, when through Feng Yü Hsiang's *coup* an extreme Left party connected with Soviet Russia took control of Peking, the new rulers decided once and for all to make an end of this absurd survival of an apparently outworn and powerless phantom court, which still offered temptations to dangerous combinations.



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One day the ex-emperor and his little court were unceremoniously driven out of the Forbidden City, the imperial name of Hsuan Tung was taken from him, and he became from that day plain Mr. Pu Yi. What was left of the ancient magnificence, such as furniture and works of art, was confiscated under circumstances of which many fantastic stories are told.

Pu Yi lived at first in his childhood's home in Peking, but Feng's attitude toward him grew so threatening that he took refuge first at the Japanese legation and then at Tientsin, where he now lives in very reduced circumstances.

The once proud and mighty imperial authority of the Manchus had thus sunk into a nonentity, but a strange fate ordained that the same harsh *comp* which in 1924 expelled the ex-emperor also dispersed like chaff the corrupt remains of a parliamentary government.

The various parliaments which had sat at Peking since the Revolution of 1911 had carried out little constructive reorganization, but had preponderantly devoted themselves to finicky party politics. This parliamentary corruption reached its climax in 1923, when Tsao Kun was elected president by a parliamentary majority in which it was generally known that bribes had played the decisive part.

When now in October, 1924, Feng deposed and imprisoned Tsao Kun, this parliamentary majority was stigmatized as a venial horde, and the remorseless hand which drove out the ex-emperor also dispersed the unblest remains of the parliament.



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There is small doubt that the experiment of parliamentarianism during the first twelve years of the republic was a succession of blighted hopes. If China should submit her fate into the hands of a national assembly with any prospect of success, it must be of a new and purer type controlled by unselfish patriotism without reference to personal gain and petty caballing.

If we turn from the very unheroic history of the parliament to the incumbents of the republic's highest office, the presidents, we meet an, if possible, even more depressing picture. The presidential chair, eagerly sought by the most eminent men in the country, seems to be anything but a healthy position. Men who by their earlier careers have won a respected and honored name have entered upon the office amid high expectations but have soon shown themselves powerless and ended wretchedly or been driven out by some vigorous general.

Yuan Shih Kai was in many respects a case by himself. He assumed his high situation as the first pilot of the republic in Peking at a time directly after the fall of the empire, when the air was full of vernal dreams and people hoped with childish optimism that the new dispensation would come soon and easily. Yuan had the whole land under his control, the provinces paid their taxes to Peking as in the imperial days, and he further had at his disposal a large amount of money in the form of a foreign "re-organization loan" of twenty-five million pounds sterling. At the start he met with much determined

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opposition from the first parliament, but with a very skillful parceling of favors and threats he succeeded in getting clear of the troublesome legislative body and afterwards guided the realm with the firm hand of a dictator.

At one time, when by clever diplomacy he succeeded in parrying Japan's attempt to fetter China with her famous twenty-one demands, Yuan's popularity was enormous. Had he not listened to the flatterers and adventurers who whispered to him that he ought to be emperor and had instead remained as president to reorganize the realm, a genuine popular opinion might at last have given him the imperial title as a national reward. As it was, he and his advisers, in carrying through the monarchistic movement, met on all sides with such a violent opposition that in the end his death on June 6, 1916, came as the simplest way out of an untenable situation.

Li Yuan Hung served as a young officer under the famous vice regent, Chang Chi Tung, and later studied military science in Japan. At the outbreak of the revolution he held an important position in Wuchang and was forced by a handful of desperadoes to put himself at the head of the revolutionary forces. When the revolution had been successfully completed and the Manchu dynasty forced to abdicate, he was chosen vice president of the republic. During the time when Yuan governed China as president, Li lived in the island palace, which is situated in the midst of the lake region west of the

Forbidden City and in its time had a reputation as the place of deportation for Emperor Kuang Hsu. During this time Li lived a very isolated existence and kept aloof from Yuan's monarchical ambitions.

At Yuan's death Li automatically assumed the position of president. Many hopes were then directed to him, for he was regarded as a man of honor who was truly devoted to the republican form of government. Nevertheless it soon became evident that his ability for statesmanship was far from equaling his undisputedly honorable and well-meant intentions. After a number of tactical blunders he was ousted in a quite shameful way by the emperor-maker, Chang Hsun, a melancholy story which I have related in the chapter "Peking once more under the Dragon Flag."

The vice president in Li Yuan Hung's first administration was Marshal Feng Kuo Chang, who as governor of Kiangsu with his seat of authority at Nanking held the key to the important Yangtze provinces and thus for a time played the significant rôle of balance weight in Chinese internal politics.

After the collapse of Chang Hsun's attempt at a restoration, Feng, on August 1, 1917, assumed the dignity of president, but it was not long before he showed himself little fitted for this heavy task. When he died a year later, his sons disputed over his property, but public opinion paid no more attention to him who only a year before had been China's strong man.

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Hsu Shih Chang was now elected president. He was a man who on his succession to office might lay claim to the honorable title of one of China's "elder statesmen." During the last decades of the empire he had held in succession nearly all the highest offices in the country: Minister of the Interior, Minister of Communications, Vice Regent, Member of the High Council, and Guardian of the Emperor. After the revolution he occupied in the last-named office a special position as protector of the dethroned emperor and the Manchus, and on some occasions Hsu succeeded in saying a good word to those in power for the benefit of the ex-imperial court, which was in constant economic difficulties.

Hsu served as president from September 4, 1918, till June 1, 1922. This was a time of increasing financial difficulties for the central government, which received no taxes from the provinces but on the contrary had to give up much of its scanty resources to those of the disputing generals who had for the moment the greatest influence in Peking. Twice the sound of cannon reached Hsu as he sat in his palace: first in 1920, when Tsao Kun, or rather his general Wu Pei Fu, in combination with Chang Tso Lin, crushed the Anfu party, which had then the power in Peking; and again in 1922, when Wu Pei Fu overwhelmingly defeated Chang Tso Lin close to the capital. It is asserted that in these critical days "old Hsu" played a double game, in consequence of which Wu gave the old gentleman instructions to vanish promptly on penalty of being forcibly removed.

Hsu understood the hint, laid down his office on June 1, and departed next day to Tientsin.

Li Yuan Hung was now recalled, but on this occasion also his exit was very undignified. Along with Chang Tso Lin and Wu Pei Fu a new man, Feng Yü Hsiang, the Christian general, had raised himself to a dominating military position. His forces were stationed close to Peking and he was thus in a situation to exercise a direct influence on the political fortunes of the capital. In the spring and summer of 1923, when there was a general wish that Tsao Kun should accede to the presidency, Li stood in his way. He became the object of much direct pressure, which could hardly have been without Feng's silent connivance. When at last poor Li's water supply was cut off and the electric wires to his home cut, he was finally induced to depart to the home which he had prepared in one of the foreign concessions at Tientsin.

Tsao Kun had won a respected name as an officer, and some of the leading generals, such as Wu Pei Fu and Feng Yü Hsiang, had graduated from his school. He was for a time chief of the Third Army Division, which later won such fame under Wu. During the years 1917-1923 he was military governor of his native province of Chihli and in the latter part of that time inspector general of the provinces of Chihli, Shantung and Honan.

Tsao had the reputation of being a good-natured, decent fellow, but he came more and more under the influence of his brother, Tsao Jui, who was





GENERALS CHANG TSO LIN AND WU PEI FU





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characterized as his evil genius. This brother and a number of conscienceless politicians started a campaign to have Tsao Kun chosen president, and on October 5, 1922, they attained their object by a parliamentary majority secured through liberal and well-distributed bribes.

Tsao's elevation was not long-lived, and his fall was more dramatic than that of his predecessors. On October 22, 1924, when Feng Yü Hsiang moved into Peking and instituted his famous revolutionary *coup*, he first attacked Tsao, who was imprisoned and threatened with an investigation and sentence for the immense bribery proceedings which had led to his presidency.

After Tsao's fall the then coöperating generals Chang Tso Lin and Feng Yü Hsiang called upon the old Tuan Chi Jui to head a provisional government as the "chief director" of the country. Tuan was an old general who had served the land so as to win general respect during the last stage of the empire and under Yuan Shih Kai. But he was powerless in the tug of war between the rival generals who were contending for the mastery. He has recently been forced to give up his rôle as "chief executive."

During the period just described the presidents have in many cases had little influence on the course of events, and much of the executive power has, at least apparently, resided with the cabinets, which have varied greatly in type and composition. In these rapidly changing governments there have been a large number of very able men, inspired by an

active wish to save the country from its distress. The direction of foreign affairs should be noted as particularly good, with men such as W. W. Yen, Wellington Kou, and C. T. Wang, diplomats who can hold their own with the best the occident can show.

The position of Minister of Finance has always been a difficult one. Without support from the provinces, but with one or more generals always demanding money, the unfortunate incumbent has faced an impossible task. He has often had to hide himself among his friends to get any rest from the growling bears.

As a common objection to the composition of the government it should be said that generals have too often been taken as premiers. These generals, even if they were worthy men personally, have rarely had any other fitness for the office than that they were favored by some still greater general outside Peking. Another deplorable fact, especially in the last few years, is that the government was often formed by a compromise between various parties, besides which some general would often send representatives rather as spies than as useful heads of departments.

The observant reader has surely now a clear idea of the reasons why the country suffered by a constant process of dissolution after the death of Yuan Shih Kai. The barrier to any work of constructive reform in all this time has been that the country has been divided into loose and constantly shifting minor kingdoms, each under a great general who either

defied Peking or, what was almost worse, dominated the president and cabinet, or in extreme cases played one governmental function against the other.

In describing this rule of small kings we may properly begin with a man who was not military by profession, although for a time he figured as general-in-chief of the Cantonese armies. I allude to Sun Wen or Sun Yat Sen, as he was most often called in European papers. Sun studied medicine under doctors in the English mission and took his degree as doctor at Hongkong, 1892. He practised for some time at Macao and Canton, but soon became an active revolutionary. When he arrived in England in 1896, he was forcibly detained and taken to the Chinese legation to await an opportunity of being shipped home to China as a dangerous character. Sun, however, succeeded in throwing a letter out of the window and thereby rousing the London authorities, with the result that after several days of discussion he was set free.

When the revolution broke out in Wuchang, Sun was in England, but hastened home and was chosen president of the newly proclaimed republic. He was, however, compelled to yield place to the more artful Yuan Shih Kai. After an abortive attempt to rise against Yuan he lived for some years in Japan. In April, 1921, he was elected president of a so-called parliament, which had assembled at Canton, but his attempt to maintain a South-Chinese federation of a socialistic or more nearly Bolshevistic type was crowned with but slight success. In the summer of

1922 he was driven out by a general with whom he had previously been allied, but in February, 1923, he was again in power at Canton. In the course of a year the position became again too warm for Sun, and when Feng executed his *coup* at Peking, Sun accepted the invitation to come to the northern capital. He was, however, taken sick on the trip, and his condition grew worse, so that on his arrival at Peking, December 31, he could not receive the ovation which had been prepared for him by the party of the Left. At Peking he could never take any part in the political developments and on March 12 he died. His funeral was conducted with great solemnity at the Central Park in the southwest section of the Forbidden City. Thus fate ordained that this remarkable politician ended his days in the capital against which he had fought through his whole career.

Sun Yat Sen was an idealistic fanatic who had little contact with political realities. In comparison with the other leaders of "independent" parts of China he stands out as a faithful standard-bearer of his radical ideas.

Chang Tso Lin, the "uncrowned king of Manchuria", is in every respect the opposite of Sun. I have never heard that Chang advocates any special political ideas. He is said to have cherished sympathy for the restoration of the Manchu dynasty as long as that question was mooted, but one might well believe that on any suitable occasion he would be prepared to shake an emperor out of his long coat.





*Photo by Keystone View Co.*

DR. SUN YAT SEN



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Chang's origin is somewhat obscure. He first became conspicuous during the Russo-Japanese War, when as leader of a robber band (the *hung hu tze* = redbear) he did scout service for the Japanese in Manchuria and carried on a profitable guerilla war. At the end of the war Chang and his brigands were enrolled in the Chinese army, where the leader won rapid promotion. In 1911 he became military governor of the province of Fengtien (southern Manchuria) and in 1918 inspector general of all Manchuria. [In May, 1922, when his armies pressed forward toward Peking, he was thoroughly beaten by Wu Pei Fu, and in October, 1924, these two antagonists met again in a life-and-death struggle at Shan Hai Kuan. The position here was critical for Chang but was saved by the treachery of Feng Yü Hsiang toward Wu. Late in the winter of last year (1925) Chang's power trembled in the balance, when one of his young generals, Kuo Sung Lin, suddenly and in the boldest fashion rebelled against his master and made a forced march to Mukden. It might have been all up with Chang then, had not regulations as to the Japanese-controlled railroads in south Manchuria given the Japanese the right to protect their old friend Chang, so that he had time to reorganize his defenses. When Kuo could not follow up the surprise attack on which he had counted, his plan collapsed and this adventure which looked so dangerous for Chang ended with the capture and execution of Kuo and his wife. At present Chang is more secure and powerful than ever. His troops are around

Peking, where he, in casual alliance with his old enemy Wu, is trying to break down the resistance offered by the armies of Feng.

Despite all the contests which Chang has waged against Wu and Feng, Manchuria has under his leadership made tremendous progress in the improvement of agriculture and commerce. Manchuria may be considered at present as one of the best-governed provincial groups, and the credit for this is undoubtedly due in large part to Chang. How far he may presume to be the savior of all China, the strong hand that shall hammer the kingdom together, is very doubtful. He has been strong as long as he kept to his own territory, Manchuria, but his ambitions "inside the Wall" have on two occasions, 1922 and 1925, collapsed in pitiful fashion.

Wu Pei Fu, if any one, is the national hero among the contending generals. He was Tsao Kun's pupil and followed him as chief of the Third Division, which under Wu's command attained an unique reputation for discipline, initiative and courage. Wu and his division first attracted attention in the spring of 1918, when they were sent to Honan to win back the cities of Yochow and Changsha for the Peking Government.

In the summer of 1920 Wu and his troops came up to Peking to fight the Anfu Party, which was then trying to pawn the country's natural advantages to the Japanese. The miserable overthrow of the Anfu-ites was chiefly Wu's work.

In the spring of 1922 Chang Tso Lin had pushed

his armies to Peking, and the "Manchurian Tiger's" strength was greater than ever before. Thereupon Wu and his men arrived at the capital, determined to undertake the apparently hopeless struggle against the well-equipped Manchurian armies. Day after day we heard in the city the thunder of the heavy Manchurian<sup>1</sup> artillery, and bulletins from the front told of the successes of Wu's troops.

Then suddenly it was found that the invaders were in wild flight. While the main body of Wu's men kept up a steady bombardment, a minor detachment had made an encircling movement around a mountain. When this force began a rear attack on Chang's troops, the whole proud Manchurian enterprise tumbled to the ground in a few hours' time.

Wu now undertook an exploit which recalls the boldest feats of our Swedish hero kings. At the railroad junction of Fengtai south of Peking he gathered some hundreds of men and got on a train which had been taken from the material left after Chang's flight. With this handful of soldiers he rode down to Tientsin across the path of the retiring Manchurian hordes, who were following the railroad line. He was there surrounded by myriads of his fleeing enemies, and had but a single superior Manchurian officer had his wits about him, Wu would have been lost. The mere fact that Wu had got to Tientsin was enough to scare Chang's troops

<sup>1</sup>Manchurian has in this case nothing to do with the East-Mongolian race, Manchus, but indicates the troops, artillery, etc., from Manchuria, in other words Chang's armies, which were composed of Chinese, Manchus, Mongolians and "White Russians."



so, as they streamed in from all directions, that they surrendered incontinently.

One of my Chinese friends visited Wu in his railroad carriage as he was at Tientsin letting his victory ripen around him. When my friend came down to the station, Wu was asleep and his chief of staff received the visitor. He talked about the Third Division, which had never been defeated, and of Wu's courage and coolness on the battlefield.

During the conversation two captive division commanders were brought into the train. They expected the worst, but Wu's chief of staff gave them a chance to wash and then bade them sit down and eat with him. Wu, who had now waked, came into the dining car and sat down very quietly to talk to his captured foes.

He was now at the height of his power but never mixed in with politics. On the contrary, he returned to his military post of Loyang in the province of Honan and there continued to drill his troops.

Chang Tso Lin had meanwhile taken instruction from his bitter lesson and turned resolutely to reform and enlarge his armies. The next time the two antagonists met, which was at Shan Hai Kuan in the autumn of 1924, Chang was a much more dangerous opponent than at Peking two years earlier. His armies were well equipped for the cold season, besides having trench mortars and superior artillery in general. The conflict raged for many days without any decisive advantage on either side.

Then came Feng Yü Hsiang's famous treachery

toward Wu. Feng was placed as Wu's subordinate at the head of the Third Army, which was to march in the direction of Jehol. Feng departed in good order, but as soon as Wu became engaged with Chang's main body, he turned in a forced march on Peking, which he occupied, thus forming a terrible threat against Wu's military base, Tientsin.

Wu hastened in an express train to Tientsin so as to arrange for a defence at his rear, but this effort failed and he boarded a government ship which took him to the Yangtze valley. After Wu's departure his proud Third Division was annihilated at Shan Hai Kuan in a rear-guard action, and later the whole defense gave way before the attack of the well-equipped Manchurians.

After a year of retired life Wu is once more one of China's leading men, allied for the moment with his old enemy Chang in an effort to suppress Feng.

Wu has around him the glory of a courage that despises death. The most remarkable of his exploits next to his railroad trip to Tientsin in May, 1922, was doubtless his relief of the city of Ichang in the western part of the province of Hupeh in the Yangtze valley. In this city a little garrison of Wu's troops was hard pressed by an army from Szechuan, and the fall of the city seemed to be a question of days and hours. Wu, who was then in the district of Wuchang, took a few hundred men with him and hastened to the relief on board a river steamer. He arrived at the last moment, when the enemy had already won the citadel at many points. The addition

in military strength which Wu and his handful of soldiers brought to Ichang was of minor importance. Yet he had reasoned correctly: the mere presence of the great conqueror made the garrison follow him to a counterattack, and in a few hours Ichang's fate was saved.

Wu has also the good name of being an absolutely honest and loyal man. That he remained quiet at Loyang while Tsao Kun's circle bribed parliament and so secured him the presidential title was only out of consideration for his old chief, Tsao.

It may, however, be questioned how far Wu could be the man to establish a united China. One has rather the impression that he is first a good army leader and a man of rare valor, but much less an administrator of such capacity as is needed for him who can successfully become dictator of China. Had he been sure of his ability as statesman, it seems as if, after his overwhelming victory over Chang in May, 1922, when he was tremendously admired, loved and feared, he would have gone straight to Peking, which lay open to him and where he could have taken the helm of government without opposition.

Wu is in all respects the most attractive of the great military leaders and he has the advantage of being national Chinese and not of relying on any foreign power, as does Chang on Japan and Feng on Russia.

Feng Yü Hsiang, "the Christian general", is a peculiar type, very difficult to describe. It seems probable to me that both those who exalt him to the

skies and those who see in him only a traitor are unjust, and that Feng is a mixture of good and bad qualities, both exhibited in gigantic proportions.

Feng's best deed is his soldiers, who are in China of unique excellence. I myself made their acquaintance one night under the city wall of Peking, some days after the *coup* of October 23, 1924. Not only were these soldiers conspicuously well disciplined, so that one felt absolutely safe among them, but they were polite, helpful and intelligent. They sat ranged like good boys on the edge of an open baggage wagon, listening with interest to our descriptions of the journey from Kansu.

One hears the same good opinion of Feng's troops from all quarters, and it may safely be said that there must be much good in the man who can create such a splendid soldier type.

When Feng came as military governor to Sianfu in Shensi, it is said that he gave the women of the streets forty-eight hours to leave the city and that opium smoking was severely punished. When he came in the same high capacity to Kaifeng, the capital of Honan, he came out against not only the singing girls and sellers of opium but even against the use of silken clothing. There is much confirmatory evidence that he is a fanatic with a violent temperament.

What is most held up against Feng is the desertion of his superior, Wu, in October, 1924, when he also attacked his old chief, Tsao Kun. Loyalty is a thing taken for granted among the Chinese, and Feng's

offence against this virtue has caused great masses of the educated people to lose confidence in him.

I should not, however, be just to Feng if I did not add that something can be said in his defense. First there is his personal feeling: Feng considered that he had been ill-treated by Wu and it was therefore human that he took his revenge. Feng further asserts that Wu was ill-equipped and inferior to Chang that it was therefore only to prevent useless bloodshed that Feng ended the war with his *coup*. On the contrary it may be asserted that Feng afterwards, last winter in fact, did not hesitate to storm and capture Tientsin with a disregard of human life that is unique in China's recent civil warfare.

Feng is the only one of the great generals just described whom I have met personally. It was in April, 1925, shortly before my departure from China. I had submitted a proposal for a geographic-hydraulic investigation of western Mongolia and Chinese Turkestan with regard to the possibilities of putting the desert into cultivation by means of extensive irrigation projects. Feng was interested in this plan, and I was requested to come along with Doctor C. T. Wang, the great diplomat, when he went to Kalgan to visit his friend Feng.

I had read much of Feng's simple manner of life, but what I saw surpassed all I could have imagined. The great marshal lived in what had been our countryman Larsson's weaving establishment, which had been somewhat spruced up to serve for human habitation. Round these little huts passed numerous



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sentries armed with executioner's axes, but peace reigned in Feng's courtyard and his little children played in front of their papa's window.

Feng appeared dark and gloomy, and he said himself that he had little time to think of such remote questions as those I spoke of. I went home with the feeling that I had visited a deeply unhappy and lonely man.

Feng himself is said to be now on his way home from a visit to Moscow to consolidate the work in which he coöperates with his Russian comrades. Meanwhile his armies are fighting north of Peking against the allied forces of Chang Tso Lin and Wu Pei Fu.

The civil war in China will continue till a leader shows himself in a position to strike down all his rivals and unite the country. I can not tell whether this will prove to be Chang, Wu or Feng. Perhaps the man of the future is sitting on his study bench at the university or is serving as a young officer with one of the great war lords. In such a case the civil war will continue to rage for some years to come.

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN

### SIGNS OF SPRING

WHILE war lords fight, betray and circumvent one another, while peaceful countrysides are devastated, cities plundered and the flower of the land's farming population is destroyed in fratricidal conflict, there are spiritual forces at work preparing the minds of the people for the much-desired but as yet faintly imagined conditions which shall form a new realm.

The religious, social and literary renaissance, which is the harbinger of a new spiritual spring, has not come *in spite of* but rather *because of* these internal dissensions.

Difficult times bring the strong men into the front line. Anxiety for the fate of a mighty and beloved fatherland and the fear that an honored ancient culture might be jeopardized have caused creative spirits to leave their daily occupations to prepare the people by literary reform, religious awakening, and social experiment. Particular attention is given to fitting the minds of the young for the expected renaissance of the realm.

Something must be done; that is the feeling which now dominates the intellectual circles of China, and which by its reaction against turmoil and dissolution has set in motion the strong impulses now prevalent in China's spiritual life.

The voices are disputatious and some of them downright harsh. But minds have awakened, the

old type of writing is defunct, the literary examinations done away with. The young are standing at the gates, looking for new banners under which they can enlist.

A group of these modern spiritual tendencies are of a religious cast. Modern China is not, as many Westerners fancy, a lawless heathen land which has forgotten the old idols and where a band of inspired and self-sacrificing missionaries work to kindle here and there a little candle in the spiritual darkness of four hundred million people.

China is to-day seeking desperately for spiritual support, and this she finds not only in Christian missionary stations.

A contest is raging on the subject of Kung Chiao, the moral teaching of Confucius, supported by a tradition of over two thousand years. A number of modern thinkers proclaim that Confucius with his worship of ancestors, his unlimited devotion to ancestral authority and all his fettering of individual initiative has been largely responsible for the superannuated condition of Chinese culture. In other circles, however, there is an attempt to bring new life into the teachings of Confucius.

During the first years of the republic an attempt was made — unsuccessfully, to be sure — to have Confucianism proclaimed as the Chinese state religion. But neo-Confucianism has not been inactive. The Confucian church at Peking, the plan for a Confucian university, the installation of Confucian priests in the army, and not least General Yen Hsi Shan's

“Temple of Self-Purification” at Taiyuanfu, where this governor in his isolated and ideal situation himself leads at the Confucian hours of worship, — all these bear witness to the vitality of the ancient national school of morals.

From the renaissance in Confucianism we may properly pass over to neo-Buddhism, the leader of which is the monk Tai Hsü from the monastery of Tien Tong in Chekiang. It is his endeavor to bring Buddhism into contact with modern social movements. This neo-Buddhistic school has got an especially firm foothold in the provinces of Chekiang and Kiangsi. In many cities the people are restoring the old temples or building new ones, Buddhistic temple texts are published in new editions, and there are magazines which expound the meaning of the new movement.

In the summer of 1922 there was a conference of Buddhistic leaders under the presidency of Tai Hsü at Kuling Mountain near the city of Kiukiang in the province of Kiangsi. On this occasion a Norwegian missionary, K. L. Reichelt, was asked to give an address on the relation between Christianity and Buddhism.

Even the lowest, most superstition-bound of the three great Chinese religions, Taoism, shows signs of new spiritual force. In Taoistic circles the Tao Yuan movement has progressed. This is a combination of Confucianism, Buddhism, Taoism, Islam and Christianity.

Besides these great communal beliefs there are in

China numerous small sects, often formed for some special object: the protection of social ideals, protecting the nation against a decadent dynasty or against the hated foreigners, the prevention of disease, famine and floods. One often finds a very deep religious feeling in these circles, from which many of the best Christian proselytes have come.

In strong contrast to the religious movements is the radicalism, which is now rapidly spreading, especially in student circles.

Ibsen and Nietzsche, with other Western authors of a later date, are read diligently, and Bolshevistic views are much circulated among students. No dogmas are left untouched, every traditional truth is questioned, discussed and revalued. Anti associations of all sorts are much in fashion: anti-capitalism, anti-religion, anti-family tradition, etc.

To put the students in touch with the most advanced Western thought a society was formed at Peking to invite to China the most significant intellectual leaders.

Professor John Dewey, a well-known teacher at Columbia University, spent two years in China and gave lectures in many places before large attentive audiences. Bertrand Russell, the English philosopher and mathematician, lived a year at Peking to develop his radical ideas on social and psychological questions. His visit resulted, among other things, in the formation of a Russell Society to work in the direction which the master had shown. Hans Driesch, the German psychologist, was the third to

be invited. The most picturesque, however, was the old Indian poet, Rabindranath Tagore, as he stood in crowded rooms or faced enthusiastic audiences. His pan-Asiatic message roused the enthusiasm of the students up to the time when physical over-exertion compelled him to break off his lecture tour.

The young students, thirsting for foreign intellectual impulses, yet at the same time roused to national self-consciousness, had in 1919 their first chance to help in freeing their land from foreign usurpers.

In the spring of this year tidings came from Europe that the Peace Conference at Paris had assigned to Japan the possessions which Germany had previously wrested to herself in Shantung. There was then at Peking a pro-Japanese ministry, belonging to the so-called Anfu Party whose members appropriated personal rewards through accepting a state loan from Japan, in return for which many of China's most valuable national resources were pledged as security.

When the resolution adopted at Paris on the Shantung question became known in Peking, it roused a storm of indignation. On the morning of May 4 a parade of fifteen thousand students, representing thirty-three institutions of learning, passed through the streets. When admittance was denied to the Legation Quarter, where they wished to enlist the help of the foreign ministers, they went to the home of the Minister of Communications, Tsao Ju Lin, to have a reckoning with him who was



considered first among the Anfu-ists as a tool of the Japanese. Tsao was at this moment sitting at table with two other "traitors", the Minister of Finance, Lu Tsung Yu and the Chinese minister at Tokyo, Chang Tsung Hsiang. Tsao and Li succeeded in vanishing by a back door, but the unlucky Chang, the least guilty of the three, was severely handled. Tsao's house was also set on fire.

The government now attempted to punish the students, but a general strike in the schools of Peking was then declared, with the support of the superintendents and teachers. The next procedure of the students was a series of street lectures, at which, by a well-arranged plan, each hundred meters of Peking's streets was assigned to a student, who stood and spoke to the people against the Japanese and the Anfu-ists. The movement now spread rapidly over the whole country, and in city after city the students began similar demonstrations. The street addresses reached such a point that the government decided to arrest the participants, and a thousand were collected in the dormitory of the university, where they were kept under police supervision. But on the following day many thousand students came to the dormitory and asked to share the fate of their comrades who had been arrested. The police tried to get them away, but toward evening they came by the hundreds with their sleeping clothes in bundles on their backs, prepared to sleep on the open square in front of the dormitory. The police, who were completely dumbfounded by the students' behavior, put

themselves in telephonic communication with the government, and the upshot was that the incarcerated students were released. As a result of this triumphant demonstration, the three ministers who were considered most responsible for the Anfu-ists' actions were forced to resign.

The students thus attained their primary object. But they then went on and won an important ally in the merchant class. Although it involved considerable losses, the shopmen joined in boycotting Japanese goods. The movement spread quickly and became such a threat for Japan's business with China that the former nation found it necessary to make diplomatic representations at Peking. The boycott then took on another significance in that it was turned not against Japanese goods but against goods of "inferior quality."

These combined utterances of the popular will had as their result that China's delegates at the Paris Conference felt they had the moral support they needed in order to refuse to sign the article of peace which secured to Japan the territory in Shantung formerly possessed by Germany. This refusal became in due time the cause of the situation which in 1921 caused Japan at Washington to consent in restoring her conquests in Shantung to China.

The year of 1919, then, showed the Chinese students for the first time their power as a factor in the people's struggle for national independence. Since then the student movement has grown much stronger, and an organization has been formed which assures

that any action directed against China will almost immediately lead to defensive measures in student circles throughout the land. Foreigners had at last an opportunity to learn this in connection with the incidents described in the chapter "Shanghai and the Thirtieth of May, 1925."

The student movement is certainly far from being beyond criticism. Not infrequently, when in recent years the students have gone into a strike against their rector or some unpopular professor, it would have been better to stay quietly at their studies, and it may well be questioned how far the strong Bolshevik tinge which student opinion has taken in many places really harmonizes with the political, economic and social temperament of the Chinese people. It is very easy to understand that the students, prone to sudden enthusiasms, have in pure despair over their country's misfortunes caught as a last resort at the extreme doctrines which Russian agents offer them; but it seems probable that the Chinese character, naturally so moderate, will find other ways of solving the national problems.

In all their actions the students have become a power in China's struggle to win back her complete national integrity. Despite its excesses and lack of ripened judgment, the student movement is born of idealistic motives, in sharp contrast with the arbitrary conduct of the inspector generals and the intrigues of the professional politicians.

The modern student movement in China is predominantly political in its tendency, with the

purpose of opposing foreign encroachments and the actions of such national leaders as are considered traitors to the public cause. But scientific studies and social investigations have also set their stamp on this new phenomenon in China's spiritual life. Since 1917 there has arisen an extensive and varied periodical literature, partly as the organ of special societies or other associations. These publications, which are of the most modern type, treat of the most widely differing subjects, but in particular those of a literary, social and scientific nature.

Carried along by an eager wish to strengthen the spiritual resistance of the people at a time of special temptation, the students have turned their energies to the assistance of popular enlightenment, especially toward giving some knowledge of reading and writing to the great mass of the illiterate in the lower strata of society. There is a lively experimentation with various systems of simplified writing, with courses in "the thousand most important writing characters", etc. Students and teachers devote their leisure time to free courses for laborers, rickshaw men and others, who need and desire to learn the foundations of written speech.

This multifarious movement among the students has spread about with the force of an explosion, and its development would be incomprehensible without knowledge of the *literary revolution*, begun in 1917, and its far-reaching influence on the spiritual life of modern China.

Up to very recently, and still extant to-day in official

circles, there prevailed in China the very peculiar condition that in official writing, scientific treatises, literary work and letters between officials and other educated persons a written language was employed which was a dead speech before the beginning of our era. In 120 B.C. (under the Han dynasty) premier Kung Sun Hung utters the following complaint in a memorial to the emperor: "The imperial edicts and laws no matter how elegantly expressed or how full of wisdom they may be, are incomprehensible to the less educated of the officials, who are therefore unable to explain them to the people."

Thus for two thousand years the official language has remained a stereotyped literary treasure which the learned classes have jealously guarded, hedging it in behind the public literary examinations which made the knowledge of the classics and the use of their speech the only certificate for public promotion.

The first great barrier for the popularization of writing was broken down in September, 1905, when an imperial edict abolished the old system of examinations and laid the foundations of a modern education. But the old language has still been retained as the official medium for writing and printing. It is thus worth noting that my treatise, "An Early Chinese Culture", in which I describe the first investigations of prehistoric China — a modern work on archaeology, therefore — is as regards its Chinese text embodied in a speech which was stereotyped and inaccessible to the average man two thousand years ago. This speech is extraordinarily concise,



clear and elegant, but it is a dead language. China is therefore in the same peculiar condition as was Europe at the beginning of the renaissance and in some instances much later, namely, that the official and learned world used a language which was effete and inaccessible to the great mass of the people. The only essential difference is that Europe used a dead language, Latin, which was for most countries a borrowed speech, whereas the Chinese use a language which belongs in direct descent to their own culture.

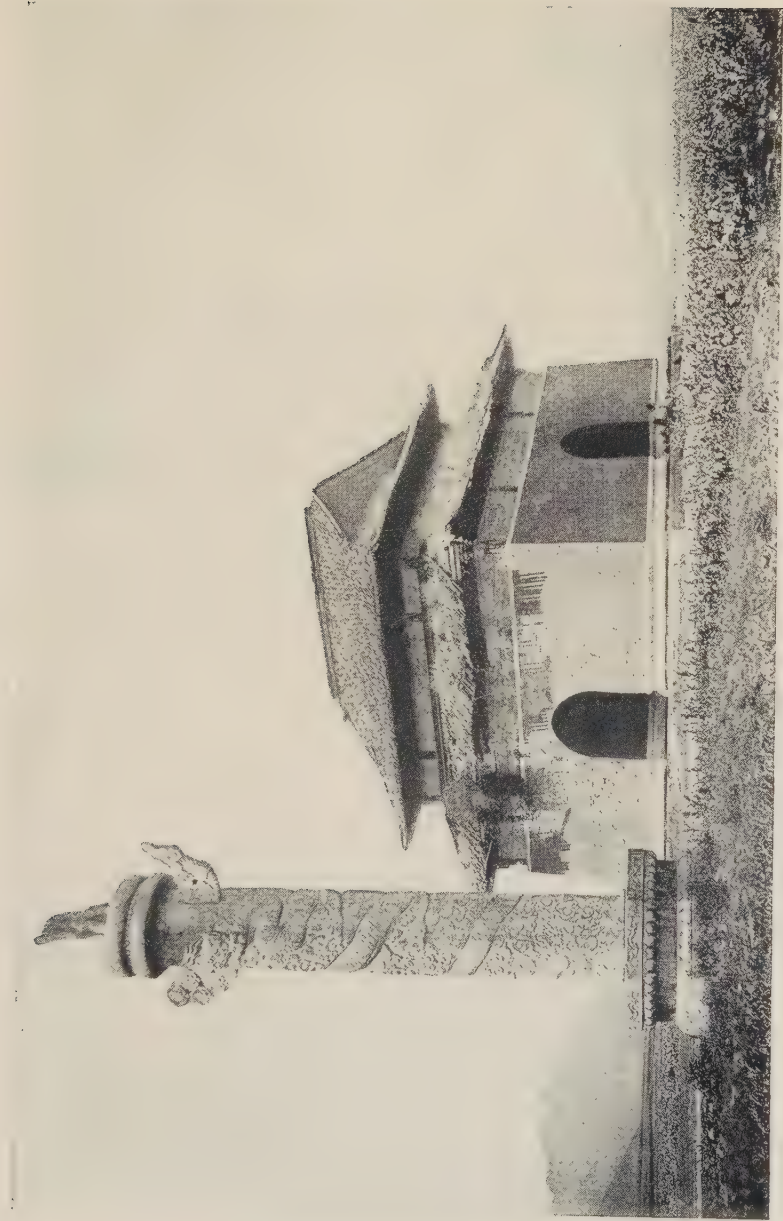
Beside this official Chinese writing, which has become set in its forms long ago, China has had for centuries a vulgar literature, mostly narrative, in the constantly changing language of ordinary speech. One might say that this vulgar literature was an unnoticed stream flowing under the smooth and elegant ice of the literary language.

A little band of thinkers and poets have now boldly cut a big hole in the winter ice and made way for a foaming spring flood in the spiritual life of China.

The leader of this literary revolution is Doctor Hu Shih, professor in the State University of Peking, philosopher and poet. Through his poems, his literary pioneering, and not least through his rich and inspiring personality, he is among the foremost leaders of the new youth.

Some of my finest memories of Peking are connected with Hu Shih. Sometimes at my home, sometimes in his quiet little studio we met a few





AT THE MING TOMBS, NORTH OF PEKING



friends to discuss the questions of the day or the scientific problems then rife, and our greatest pleasure then was to hear how Doctor Hu's delicate spiritual interpolations combated with Doctor Ting's, the geologist's, clear-cut scepticism and biting characterization of the leaders in the political game of the moment.

Doctor Hu took the lead in reforming the language through two articles, "Proposal for the Reform of Chinese Literature" and "A Constructive Reform within Chinese Literature", the latter published in the magazine *La Jeunesse* issued at the University of Peking. He proclaimed that the educated Chinese should recognize the language spoken by the majority of the people as "the true national speech and as a flexible instrument for a living literature in all its forms."

The secret of Hu Shih's phenomenal success was partly that he has command of a brilliant style and partly that his arguments convince by their bold self-reliance.

I take from "China's National Language", one of Doctor Hu's articles written for a foreign public, the following picture, which attempts to elucidate the linguistic situation in China when he and his friends began the movement for reform:

Imagine that modern Europe had just come out of the Middle Ages and found itself gathered into a great united empire with Latin as the official literary language. Imagine that this realm persisted undivided for two thousand years with only two or three

short periods of political dissolution. Imagine further that a uniform system of public examinations, based on the ability to read and write the speech of Caesar, Cicero and Virgil, had been retained without break for a period of twenty centuries. Under those conditions the modern national languages — Italian, French, English and German — would have continued to grow and develop, but would always have been regarded merely as local dialects, and Latin would in all probability have remained the only officially recognized literary language up to to-day.

He goes on to describe the liberation of the national European languages from the domination of Latin: how in Italy the Tuscan dialect became the national literary language through the masterpieces of Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio; how in England the Midland dialect became the standard, partly through the popularity which Chaucer and Wiclif won through using this dialect as their medium; and he recalls how the court speech of Paris developed into the literary language of the French.

After a hasty review of the numerous Chinese dialects, he comes out with the declaration that the northern group of the mandarin dialects, in other words the speech of Peking, is that which deserves to be the new literary language of China.

The importance of Peking as the political center for many centuries has also been a great factor in making its speech the most distinguished representative of the northern dialects. The speech of Peking, which of all the dialects has probably absorbed the greatest number of Mongolian elements, quickly

became a language unequalled in richness and vitality and developed quite differently from the conservative dialects of southeastern China.

I do not know what linguistic scholars, Professor Karlgren, for instance, have to say about Hu Shih's deductions, but at all events they served as a powerful propaganda for reaching the goal he proposed.

Hu Shih now goes on to describe the history of the vulgar literature. He recalls how anonymous songs and ballads from the first six centuries of the Christian era were so full of beauty that they were accepted even by the literary class as a legitimate part of the national literature and became known under the title, "Old Song Collections."

Vulgar prose was developed in the ninth century by the Chuan or Zen schools of Buddhist monks. Its evolution was so astonishingly rapid that in the tenth and eleventh centuries there were already long sermons and letters written in fine and forceful vulgar prose. The style was so well fitted for philosophic exposition that the neo-Confucian philosophers of the Sung and later dynasties adopted it to preserve important utterances and as a medium for philosophic discussion. This helped to give vulgar prose a well-formed style, a notable step in the construction of a prose literature.

Northern China was conquered by the Nuchen Tatars in the twelfth century and later by the Mongols, who in 1279 conquered all China. At that time the center of classical education had shifted to southwestern China. Up in the north the rule of the barbarians was not favorable to the old classic learning. Under the Mongols the literary examinations were

suspended for a period of nearly eighty years (1237-1313), a violation of the tradition otherwise unbroken for twenty centuries. This temporary weakening of the hold of classical learning on the people gave an excellent opportunity for the popular literature to develop freely and rapidly. Thus arose the great dramas of the Yuan period, which were written especially for the people and in some cases by authors of the lowest social class.

The need of instructing the barbarians and the barbarized Chinese as to the great traditions of the country gave rise to a new class of prose literature called *Yen yi*, or popular history. These stories soon developed into historical novels and then into novels of every sort. The sixth century witnessed the appearance of four of China's greatest novels, all by unknown authors and some clearly of very early and primitive origin, from which they were gradually completed by a series of collective and individual revisions. The rise of the drama and in particular the development of the great novels exalted the vulgar literature in the eyes of the literary class. One of the great critics in the middle of the seventh century declared that there was no literary work which could be compared to the novel "Shui Hu Chuan."

It is these novels which have standardized the national speech. Most of them are written in the northern or middle dialects, and it is an interesting fact that many were written by southerners, who got their knowledge of the national language by the study of the great novels.

Doctor Hu's controversial writings aroused a short but bitter conflict. The literati of the old school saw in him a vandal who sought to profane the sanctuaries of national culture. But the young students,



together with teachers and writers of the more advanced type, embraced the new movement with enthusiasm. The time was full of fermenting material which required form, and a whole literature arose, with the vulgar speech, *pai hua*, as its medium. Thus it is said that more than four hundred magazines in this speech were founded in the year 1919 alone. In the following year the authorities gave a partial recognition to the movement when the Ministry of Education enacted that *pai hua* should be used as a beginning in the elementary schools.

The old official language is still used in government circles, but the vulgar, or "national", speech, as Doctor Hu loves to call it, has become a medium for the dissemination of knowledge outside the special learned class. There is no doubt that the literary revolution of 1919-1920 means much more for the spiritual development of the Chinese than does the political revolution of 1911.

A curious reciprocity prevailed between the student movement and the literary revolution. In 1919 and later the student movement was in want of a medium to reach the great masses of the people, and the learned language was useless for this purpose. But Doctor Hu and his friends had just provided the new medium, *pai hua*, which was admirably fitted for the students' propaganda. When in 1919 the students won their moral victory in the contest with the Anfu party and Japan, *pai hua* had its baptism. The national language did such service to the national cause in a vital question that the new speech

could at once take its place among the most notable resources of Chinese culture.

China is still in danger. The imperialism of foreign powers still threatens her, the civil war still rages, the time is still full of difficulties and perplexities for the young students who wish to do their share for the salvation of their native land.

But when I see our modern Swedish students, a new generation in elegant clothes who seldom have occasion to think of their country's weal and woe, but who securely divide their time between jazz and examinations, my thoughts go back to the insignificant-looking little Chinese students. And it is then brought home to me that the latter are more spiritually rich, for they live in a time of storm and stress, when chaff is driven before the wind, when the shallow-rooted tree falls and only the strong birds dare to try their wings.

## CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

### THE MISSIONARIES

IN the spring of 1917 I made a geographical reconnaissance through western Honan from Tungkuan at the border of Shensi along the Yellow River eastward to Shanchow. On the way out to this field of activity I had come to Loyang. There I spent the night while waiting for the early morning train that was to carry us — myself, my assistant, Mr. Hsü, and my boy — westward to Kuanyintang, the western terminus of the railroad.

When we got up next morning about six o'clock, somewhat chilly on account of the early hour, we discovered that the train which was to take us west had only one provision for passengers, viz., a freight car, where we were packed in with coolies and old peasant women.

On a little wooden bench in this car I caught sight of a foreign woman dressed in a simple costume of blue cheviot, a small, unassuming person with eyes that radiated kindness and intelligence. We spoke, as is the custom among foreigners in China when they meet in their journeys. I addressed her in English and she conversed a while in that language, but we soon discovered that we were of the same country. When I had told her my name I learned that she was Maria Pettersson, born at Lundsbrunn in West Gothland and now since many years a missionary at Sinanhsien in Honan. After about an

hour's run we came to her little city. Miss Pettersson left the train and I went on.

But I came back to Sinan several times and at each visit spent several days at the little mission station, where I met with unusual hospitality, kindness and help in my scientific work.

The mission station at Sinan, which belongs to the Swedish Missions in China, was conducted by two female missionaries, Maria Pettersson and Maria Hultkrantz. The former came from a peasant home in West Gothland, the latter had grown up in a Vermland manor house. It was very interesting to see these two female workers in mission service who had come from such different surroundings getting on so harmoniously together, and I often had the impression that the peasant's daughter was the leading personality, especially in spiritual questions.

Maria Pettersson was a veteran in missionary work. She had been in Sinan many years before the Boxer troubles in 1900. Her recollections of that memorable year sound as strange and improbable as a saga.

She with several other female missionaries was forced to traverse on foot the six hundred and fifty miles from Honan to Nanking. This was during the weeks when the massacre of foreigners took place in northern China, and it seems a miracle that these women escaped with their lives. They were often exposed to scorn and abuse from fanatical mobs; at times the district authorities debated whether or not to imprison and execute them.

But what Maria Pettersson most treasured in her memory of these weeks of suffering and anxiety were the humorous incidents or the times when friendliness was shown to the fugitives. They sometimes met people who amid curses and blows secretly put bread and other edibles into the foreign women's dresses.

Once the fugitives were invited by a kindly magistrate to a great dinner of twenty-two Chinese courses. "But," said Maria Pettersson with a mournful smile, "our poor stomachs were in no condition to do justice to so many good things."

After the suppression of the Boxers, when conditions gradually became normal again, Miss Pettersson returned to Sinan, and it is now her hope to work and die in this little provincial town which has become her second home.

It was in the late autumn of 1918 that I was first a guest at her station and learned to know and appreciate more intimately this unassuming, pertinacious and fearless disciple of the great Master of Nazareth.

My purpose this time was to locate the tertiary mammals upon whose traces we had just come and of which we later made such extensive collections. Maria Pettersson took a day off from her missionary labors and led me on small paths far about in the district of Sinan. I knew it was a regular bandit resort we were going to and asked her in the morning as we were getting ready if I should take along my automatic pistol, but she declined to have me do so.

We left the city and walked all day over mountain and valley past many small villages. All the while she told stories in a very amusing way about the robbers. At one place two young sons on a farm had been carried off and nobody had seen them since. She surmised that they had possibly been sold as slaves to the gold diggers in the province of Heilungkiang far up in northern Manchuria. At another point a funeral procession had come through a village. But when the procession had come into the midst of the village, the bearers had set down the coffin and opened the lid, disclosing not a corpse but a pile of guns, which were taken out to keep the people quiet while the pall-bearing bandits plundered the village.

As I listened to these robber stories I longed for my pistol, which was behind at the mission. But when some weeks later I told this to the missionaries at a neighboring station, I was told with a smile that any one would be safe in the district of Sinan who was out with Maria Pettersson. I thus learned that she had become a privileged person even among the local bandits.

One night there had been a battle between the soldiers and the bandits near Sinan, and the wounded of both sides had come to the Swedish mission to have their wounds bandaged. The situation was very threatening. The soldiers had reinforcements near and it looked as if there would be a fresh battle in the mission courtyard. But at that Maria Pettersson took command:



## THE MISSIONARIES

“Let the soldiers go on the west and the bandits on the east side. And behave yourselves properly, boys, because if you start any rumpus in here, I shall take off your bandages and put out the whole lot of you.” From that night this quiet little woman became a holy person among the bandits of Sinan.

Next year, 1919, I came again to Sinan. All this part of Honan was then a great famine camp, where people tried to get along, while they waited for the harvest, on bread baked of clay with a little mixture of green leaves. The two Marias, Pettersson and Hultkrantz, had thrown themselves with all their might into the work of relief. Standing by a great cauldron, they distributed food to the most destitute, while little children who exhibited alarming symptoms of hunger were taken into a little improvised nursery. Those who had just come in from the starving families out in the country were the most revolting, but in proportion to the time they had spent in the nursery their healthy childish look had begun to return. They were, however, all quite dirty and I had the temerity to make a remark on the circumstance. But at that I got a sound lesson from Maria Pettersson, who gave me an astonishing insight into the relief work which the two foreign women had carried on during these weeks. It was her, doubtless correct, opinion that it would be absurd to think of washing the clothes or attempting to clean these children thoroughly, while the two missionaries needed every minute of the day and most of the night together with all the means at

their disposal to bring in and feed the starving children who were still waiting in crowds out in the villages.

Yet again I came to Sinan and found Maria Pettersson in full career, building a home for little girl children who had been exposed and cast off by their parents. This home had long been a dream of hers, and she now shone with happiness at finding herself on the threshold of its achievement.

Dear Maria Pettersson, when you see these lines, let me offer you this tribute for your dauntless courage, your gay and cheerful disposition, and your burning love toward the small and weak. You are verily in spirit and in truth a faithful follower of Him who preached love for children. You and such as you among the missionaries cause the work of the missions to be respected and honored among the Chinese, and you make amends for much of the wrong of which the rapacious foreigners have been guilty toward the people of China.

I do not know when and how Joel Erikson first came to take up the art of healing, but when I first visited his station in 1919, he was already a great and trusted medicine-man among the Mongols. He mended men who had been wounded by robbers or bitten by the angry Mongol dogs; he delivered women in childbirth when their labor was particularly hard; he cured coughing and indigestion and tended, usually with success, a hundred other ailments. But among a people where almost every

adult individual was infected with syphilis he had a greater and more vital task. Old chieftains who could not speak or stand, wrecks of humanity eaten through with disease, were brought to him, and a few weeks of mercury cure did wonders. The old men could go home on horseback and would send back a cow to the mission in payment. Joel's fame spread far over the steppes, and Mongols came from afar to be treated by the famous physician. In Mongol circles, where this mission would have won but scant hearing, folk became favorably interested in these strangers who could master the great disease. Finally even the lamas from a temple where Mongol medicine was taught came to Joel when the affliction became too severe.

Joel Erikson went through courses at the great American college for medical training at Peking, and when in 1921-1923 he was home in Sweden on leave, I succeeded through the active help of Professor Carl Winan in getting him the chance to share the work in numerous medical clinics at Upsala University.

He could now add new treatments to his earlier methods, and I have learned that he has successfully performed even such delicate surgical work as an operation for cataract.

A couple of efficient trained nurses at the same mission worked for a while at Urga in Outer Mongolia with great success till the attitude of the Red Russians forced them to give up this field. Very recently a trained physician has been added to the Swedish mission in Mongolia, and Joel Erikson has therefore

his support in carrying on the work of healing the natives.

It was certainly a fortunate gesture on the part of the Swedish mission in Mongolia to engage so resolutely in the medical side of their activities. Because of the incredible power which lamaism exercises over the Mongols by means of its numerous priesthood the mission in Mongolia has a much more difficult task than that of similar institutions in China proper. It is practically impossible to win a Mongol to Christianity unless the mission can assume responsibility for the future support of the convert and his family, for he who has drawn upon himself the malediction of the lamas is absolutely thrown out of the Mongol community.

In this meager soil the medical activity has been the plough to open the ground for the spiritual seed of the missionaries. Joel Erikson, the spruce little Westmanlander with the sunny boyish temperament — together with his elder, more slow-going but extremely persevering colleague, Magnus Johansson, and some women assistants, Annie Erikson, Gerda Ollén and Hulda Wiklund — has performed a pioneer work which has brought much material help and spiritual enlightenment — the latter less willingly accepted perhaps — to a people once great in their barbaric might but in the bonds of indolence and vice.

George Findlay Andrew played the same part in my work in Kansu which Maria Pettersson had done in Honan and Joel Erikson in helping my researches

in Mongolia. There is a trait in common among these three foremost among my missionary assistants; viz., their bright, spirited dispositions. I like to believe that this natural freshness of temperament in them is only one side of the broadmindedness which caused them to be interested in an activity so different from theirs as was mine.

Andrew met all people with an exuberant humor behind which was hidden a deep seriousness and an undeviating fidelity. With these qualities he had won a remarkable power over the local population, and the most extraordinary part was that he was equally trusted in the two hostile camps, the Chinese and the Mahometan.

In the spring of 1924 when Andrew was called by the Board of Missions from Lanchow to a new position at the English school at Chefoo in Shantung, Governor Lu at Lanchow made two attempts to get the Board of Missions to retain Andrew in Kansu. It surprised me that the old Chinese general was so desirous to keep near him this foreigner, and I gradually collected evidence as to his motives. Andrew was an extraordinarily outspoken man, who gave his unvarnished opinion on many occasions. But it was just this fearless yet at the same time pleasant and likable frankness, contrasting with the servility which otherwise surrounded Governor Lu, which had won his confidence. The governor had the feeling that Andrew would be the man in the hour of need, when others were silent, to open his eyes to approaching danger.



Andrew's special society and the subject of his study was the Mahometans of Kansu, concerning whom he has written a most readable book. All the five great *mas*, the five free-lance generals of Kansu, were his friends, and his acquaintance among the other Mahometans was extensive and varied. The reader may gather an idea of Andrew's frankness toward his Islamitic friends from the following anecdote.

Andrew managed one day that he and I should be invited to dinner by an active and enterprising but somewhat violent Mahometan, who gave us a splendid meal and treated Andrew with the greatest respect. In the midst of the feast Andrew said, "You may well imagine, Doctor Andersson, that when the new city prison is dedicated, our host, who seems a bit overstimulated, will be the first guest in it."

Considering the absurdity that a Mahometan could appear tipsy, I turned to Mr. Ma with an air of perhaps indiscreet surprise, but was still more overcome when Ma, clearly somewhat taken aback, nodded assent to Andrew's assertion. It seemed that Andrew wished to use this occasion for a humorous yet significant reminder to his friend Ma that he should not behave so any more.

It is my firm impression that Andrew has a great task to fulfill in Kansu. The hatred between the Chinese and the Mahometans is always smoldering, and only a chance encounter is needed for a devastating fire to sweep over the province. There would



be no one better equipped than George Findlay Andrew both to get the missionaries into safety and to mediate between the contending peoples.

On my table lies a little volume, "China's Challenge to Christianity", which analyzes in a masterly way the present state of the missions in China and shows with unsparing frankness the ways to be followed if the work of the missions is not to stand still or go back.

The book is founded on a deep knowledge of the Chinese people and is filled with an intense respect for their culture.

The Chinese are a good-natured people, sober, peaceful, law-abiding, with wonderful energy and patience.

In handling a people such as the Chinese, with an old and rich cultural heritage, the activities of the missions should be carried on with respect and understanding; respect for the unique and valuable characteristics of Chinese culture, understanding for the Chinese temperament and the theory of life which their culture has created. The greater the reverence and the deeper the understanding, the better can we approach the Chinese in the spirit of Christ.

I am proud to say that the author of this broad-minded and tolerant presentation is a friend of mine. Lucius Chapin Porter is the son of an American missionary and has from childhood won familiarity with the Chinese speech and national temperament. He received his university training in America and

described himself on his return to China as a "returned student", which is the phrase applied to Chinese students who have gone through a foreign university and later returned home. Porter speaks and reads the Chinese language like a native, so that he is in the enviable position of being able to judge the situation in the East with equally thorough knowledge of Eastern and Western culture.

After working for some years as teacher in the high school of the Methodist mission at Peking, he assumed for two years the honorable duty of following Professor Hirth as Professor of Sinology at Columbia University. After these two years as a university teacher in America he returned to Peking and there organized, along with Mr. Pettus, the Yenching School of Chinese Studies, an institution richly endowed by Americans, which has as its object the promotion of study in the Chinese language and Chinese culture.

Lucius Porter represents the highest education and widest vision among the missionaries in China. It is he and men of his type who justify our hope that narrow-mindedness and self-righteousness shall not be the weeds that will choke the sound growth of the missions. Highly educated and liberal leaders of his sort might most happily bring the activities of the missions without any great losses through the storm which now threatens because of the movement against the foreigners. This movement the foreigners themselves have conjured up and under it the missionaries are now compelled to suffer.

Maria Pettersson, the simple, true-hearted servant in her Lord's work; Joel Erikson, the successful amateur physician; George Findlay Andrew, the trusted friend of Chinese and Mahometan; and Lucius Chapin Porter, the highly educated and broad-minded student of the past — these are some of the finest types among the numerous missionaries whom I met in my expedition in China. To these names I might add certain others: Oberg, recently deceased, the children's friend up at Saratsi; Van Dyk, the finely trained art lover, now living at Ninghsia; and many others whom I cannot here describe.

It is no injustice to the missionary band now working in China to say that among them are also personalities of minor significance, more narrow-minded and with less all-around education.

I must also emphasize the fact that my treatment of the missionary problem is almost entirely the outcome of my experiences among the Protestant missions. I have had comparatively little contact with the Catholic missions. Living apart, because of their vows of celibacy, and trained under a much stricter spiritual discipline than the often quite free-thinking Protestant missionaries, they have developed a type of their own which is much harder for us to appreciate.

In one respect the Catholic missionaries are more virile than their Protestant colleagues, especially in the matter of self-protection in times of unrest. In a number of the Protestant missions there is a quite stereotyped submission to these changes, but the

Catholics are not content with a passive reliance on God's protection. Their stations are well provided with weapons and ammunition, and in critical times many of the fathers have shown that they are members of a church militant. During the Boxer agitation many of the Catholic stations — Peitang in Peking, Paotingfu and some of the missions on the Mongolian border — succeeded in holding their own till relief came, while the Protestants in the same district were massacred.

In later times too the Catholic stations have been regarded in times of unrest as safe fortresses, whither even the local Chinese officials could flee for refuge in case of necessity.

A little story of a warlike father which I heard on the Mongolian border is so diverting that it deserves retelling.

One of the Catholic stations in Mongolia was constantly disturbed by a robber band, who were specially addicted to plundering the neighboring villages, inhabited by Catholicized Chinamen. The father's repeated attempts to come to a reckoning with the robbers were unfruitful, till at last, becoming desperate, he mobilized his men for a return attack. At the time when the father went on the warpath the greater part of the bandits were far away in search of other booty. The father therefore found only a herd of fifty of the robbers' horses guarded by two men, who attempted to defend it and were shot down. Had the Catholics taken the horses as spoils of war, the consequence would have surely been an

attack by the robbers to recapture them. The good father, however, had a better knowledge of psychology and did something which terrified both his proselytes and the bandits. With his own hand he shot down a large number of the horses and then returned to the station with his mind at ease.

He had calculated well. The robbers, who could understand a man's stealing horses but not his shooting them down by the score, were greatly frightened and said to themselves that the father was a strange and violent man and that it would be best to make terms with him. They therefore offered terms of peace, which were easily arranged on the basis that the robbers should not molest any Chinese belonging to the Catholic station and that the father should shoot no more horses.

The good fathers live well at their stations up there on the Mongolian border. Red wine for dinner and a good cigar afterwards is a thing of course to them, whereas such things would make the hair rise on the head of a world-renouncing Protestant missionary. An elegant, well-educated Catholic bishop, resplendent in every detail, who once invited me to lunch, had a delightful little trick which quite captivated me. When the coffee was drunk and he had puffed a while at his black cigar, he proposed that we should go out and look over the station. It was in excellent order: there were schools for the converted youngsters, beautifully laid out gardens and a handsome church. When we had come to the church door, Monseigneur laid his cigar in a niche in the



wall, which had evidently been put there for that purpose. He then went in, bowed his knee before the altar and crossed himself; whereupon he quickly showed me the church, came out into the open again, took his cigar and continued to smoke.

Some Protestant missionaries find it hard to believe that the full-blooded fathers can content themselves with the joys of the table, but rumors to the contrary may be ascribed to a natural "professional jealousy" or to the unbridled imagination of the narrator.

The Catholics make a rather inconsiderate use of the privileges granted by treaty to the missions as to acquiring land in China. Considerable stretches of land around the stations belong to the Catholic missions, which lease the soil to their proselytes, thus making them dependent in every way. The way in to the Catholic mission is as easy, with its enticing privileges, as the way out is difficult.

The Catholics offer legal help to their communicants, and this help often takes the form of putting pressure on the local authorities, a method which the Chinese detest.

There is in general a great danger for mission activities of all denominations in that the Chinese, with their highly developed sense of property, seek and easily find material advantages in becoming Christians. A famous authority on China invented the term "rice Christians", which deeply wounded the missionaries but unquestionably put a finger on their weak point. A rice Christian is a Chinaman who has



entered the mission to be assured in future of access to the much-desired rice bowl, both literally and figuratively.

In the first place the mission gives work which is decent and well paid to a large number of people. It is good, furthermore, to have in the missionary a friend who can recommend the Chinese convert's child, brother or cousin to foreigners and influential Chinese. Beyond that an active Chinese brain can make use of the mission in a thousand ways.

If the God who presides over all missionaries should one day search their hearts concerning the results of mission work, he would behold the fearful spectacle of sighs and groans from faithful enthusiasts, who in many cases have to admit that their good intentions have been ill repaid. It is natural that these bitter disappointments should not willingly be made public, and in order to stand on firm ground I shall content myself with citing a couple of my own experiences.

Just once during my many journeys was I thoroughly hoodwinked by one of my servants. I had sent him ahead to get four wagons for a long country journey, when I found to my annoyance that I had to pay much more than I had calculated, viz., two hundred dollars a wagon, eight hundred for the whole outfit. But gradually through the other servants the truth leaked out and finally the man in question made a voluntary confession that he had paid only one hundred and sixty dollars per wagon and put four times forty in his own pocket. There

is in China, to be sure, a widespread custom of taking *some* commission. Five dollars per wagon would have been quite reasonable, ten I should have put up with in silence, but all the other servants agreed with me that this was exorbitant. The man himself lost countenance at the discovery and asked permission to leave my service. The gratitude and discretion with which he took his departure was quite astonishing. He was the son of a typical rice Christian.

Just once too I was forced to have a business settlement with an "evangelist" at a Protestant station. Evangelist is the possibly too pretentious title of a native preacher in the Protestant missions.

In the case in point the missionary, to whom I owe the deepest gratitude, had helped to arrange a large excavation in the village where the evangelist had his childhood's home. I lived with his brother and on my arrival found with surprise a number of trays, quite new and of the type I used for packing my specimens. At first I was greatly delighted at the evangelist's considerateness in arranging this for me. But when the bill came I grew suspicious, for they were twice as much as I had paid in other places. I made investigations and found I could get them at half the price from a near-by town.

As the evangelist was well compensated for all his help to me, I got furious when at the reckoning his heathen brother related that this was a deliberate plan to get a double price. I first thought of letting the local authorities take the fellow in hand. But

partly it would have been grotesque to put an evangelist in jail, partly I wished to spare my good friend the missionary. So I turned the matter over to the mission and the end of it was that the dirty rascal had to pay the mission orphanage the money he had filched from me.

Ah, yes, the missionaries often have bitter experiences. But not all of them are so open-hearted as the little woman with the saint's halo and the frank address, who on Sunday morning, before the people slipped in for the service, came to me, her guest, and told me to take into my room all the things I had lying around the door. "Because," she said, "they never steal as much with us as on Sundays."

I have often met with the statement that the missionaries choose their profession not exclusively from enthusiasm for their spiritual work but likewise for practical considerations. Illustrative of this conception there is a caricature of a mission station showing in the foreground a splendid villa and in the background a disreputable-looking little preaching place, the whole with the motto: "Of the bricks which remain over when we have built our temple we made for ourselves a simple little cottage."

All such talk seems to me a conscious or unconscious libel on the missions which has no foundation. No doubt there are in that large band some unscrupulous individuals (some special cases in the summer resorts of Peitaiho and Kuling founded by the missionaries are not typical of most of the band) and no

doubt the comparative comfort and large supply of servants may be an enticement, but this applies to all of us who have known the indolent life of the East. Taken as a whole, I dare go on record that the great majority of the missionaries are self-sacrificing, pure in heart and devoted to their calling, people to whom material considerations are in another plane. I was often startled at the poverty in which certain Scandinavian missionaries were compelled to work, and the insight into the missionaries' household affairs which an Englishman of the China Inland Mission gave me, to show how comparatively highly I had paid for a service he had done, caused me to wish that God might by some miracle increase their scanty bread.

I should like to warn other foreigners who visit China, often with large means in their capacities as business men, diplomats or employees of the Chinese Government, not to express any careless condemnation of the missionaries. For the missionaries, often in situations of peril, perform a labor of devoted love, however small the results may seem, which may entitle them as foreign devils to a little mitigating consideration in compensation for the crying injustice which the foreign powers have done to China.

Hitherto in my estimate of the missions in China I have kept to externals and expressed no opinion on the central question: Christianity as a beneficent power in Chinese spiritual life.

The question is difficult and I lack the equipment to answer it exhaustively. I shall, however, venture a few observations as a contribution toward the solution of this hard problem.

One must begin from the historical basis that the Chinese are people of an ancient culture, who preserve in unbroken descent the proud traditions of their wonderful age of bronze.

What is precious and holy in this ancient heritage, the social teachings of Confucius with sacrifice to the memory of their fathers, was to the missionaries incomprehensible, indifferent, or actually a "heathen" abomination. Professor Karlgren has admirably described the blind struggle of the missions against the holiest traditions of Chinese culture, and I venture to quote his words:

"They (the missionaries) caused their proselytes to cease revering the spirits of their ancestors and made them regard Confucius as a false prophet. What was worse, they made them refuse their support to the temples and celebrations maintained by the community. They brought discord into the family — the foundation of the community — and put their small congregation into a sort of hostility with their whole environment."

The Chinese have kept building diligently on the revered corner-stone of their ancient civilization, assimilating new cultural elements with Buddhism. And now last of all, through the hundreds of students who have brought in Western science from America and Europe, they make themselves so



familiar with our education that the true-hearted but ill-trained peasant lads whom the Mission Society sends out from my home region of Närke are dumb-founded when they meet a cultivated Chinese official of the modern type.

Here we have the first requirement of the mission, if it is to become a living spiritual power; viz., that no one shall be permitted to work in the mission service who has not a general education and a breadth of spiritual vision such that he can meet an educated Chinese on equal terms.

There is also another historical endowment which must be taken into account; viz., the rich supply of spiritual direction which is open to the Chinese, partly through the teachings of Confucius, partly through Buddhism. To give an estimate of these very different spiritual movements as compared with Christianity is naturally beyond my province; but it seems to me that primarily the Chinese moralist, and yet the founder of the Indian religion too, both of them at the cultural peak of their environment, have in some respects a richer equipment for winning response from the Chinese soul than has the simple carpenter's son of Nazareth.

Any attempt to calculate the impression of Christianity and its instrument the mission on the popular soul of China is of necessity a fumbling in the dark. The figures given by the Catholics, showing a large number of converts, are quite hollow, and the reaction of Christianity on the average Chinaman

is most difficult to ascertain. Personally I incline to believe that in this as in other fields we may easily over-estimate the spiritual influence of the foreigners, which on the whole has been little and extremely unimportant beside the far-reaching effects of our material culture. Railroads, machine guns, flying machines and films — these are the sign that we have won a victory, but one of very doubtful value.

If we seek for a tangible effect of the missions, I find it most simply in the formula, *the personal contribution*.

Teaching dogmas mean to the Chinese practically nothing. What appeals to him, rouses his respect and consideration, and in the end wins friends for the missions is personal example. It is therefore the good workers, such as Maria Pettersson, Joel Erikson, George Findlay Andrew, Lucius Porter and hundreds more whose names I cannot mention here, who by their deeds raise the standing of the missions in China. Here it is not a question of the, from the Chinese point of view, barbarous doctrine of the Eucharist or of hair-splitting about the Trinity. What the Chinese hears with interest is that Christ taught pity for the weak, love toward children, reverence for father and mother, honesty and love of truth, for these are moral precepts which China's own sage inculcated in him over two thousand years ago.

When he then sees that the best missionaries translate their Lord's teaching into their lives, it occurs to him that among the wicked foreigners there are also good people.

If I do not believe in a complete and unqualified success for the missions, my opinion is based on the special obstacles in the way of such a fortunate development.

The first difficulty lies in Christianity itself, which is divided into a considerable number of creeds in a manner very hard for the Chinaman to grasp. To the inflexibly logical Chinese it seems incontestible that there should be only *one* Christian church, since there is only one Christian God. When, next, the various leading churches in the mission field stand out as sharply separated and often hostile to one another, the whole matter becomes still more incomprehensible to the so-called heathen.

Another great hindrance to mission work is the political conduct of the great European powers toward China, which seems to be quite at variance with the teachings of Christ. How can the English missionaries square the opium war of 1840-1842 with the teachings they advocate? How can the poor missionaries answer when the Chinese ask them how it is possible for Christian governments to send armies on vandal "punitive expeditions" to the capital of China, and how shall these embarrassed representatives of cultured Western nations put in a favorable light the land stealing in which nearly all the great powers indulged at China's expense in the decade of 1890, as well as the perhaps even more unjustifiable attempt to divide the whole Middle Kingdom into "spheres of interest?"



TEMPLE OF CONFUCIUS





## THE MISSIONARIES

The frightful slaughter in Europe 1914-1918 greatly weakened the prestige which the messengers of the Prince of Peace enjoyed previously in China.

And last, but most disastrous. In Shanghai on May 30th of the previous year, an injudicious foreign police officer opened fire on a clamorous but unarmed crowd of Chinese students, who were making a demonstration for what they considered a vital patriotic question. This murderous volley was the spark which kindled an artificial and outgrown spirit of arrogance among the leading foreigners of Shanghai and set all China aflame against the foreigners. The patient efforts through decades of the best and most enlightened foreigners and Chinese to build up a friendly understanding were swept away in the hopeless desolation that followed. Only when it was too late did the foreign authorities perceive that the China of to-day, despite her internal strife, is a much more powerful and calmly calculating adversary than the old Chinese community which committed the pathetic folly of the year 1900.

The missionaries, who were entirely guiltless in the affairs of the year 1925, must now suffer and strive for decades to win back some of the ground that has been lost in the last twelve months.

The foreigners can, with few exceptions, be divided into two widely different categories. On one side are the missionaries, and with them a small number of doctors and university teachers, who live a simple life of work where the wives bear their full

share of the burden; on the other are the business men, the foreign servants in the Chinese civil service department — which is under foreign control — together with the personnel of the legations and consulates. This latter group has many expensive habits, many of the men spend a large part of their time “at the club”, and many of the women sleep till lunchtime, squander their afternoons in visits and *thés dansants* besides devoting almost every night to dinners and balls.

This luxurious class of foreigners, which of course includes also many fine, industrious persons with an idealistic home life, still as a whole gives the Chinese an unfavorable impression of Western life, a distorted picture which is still more strengthened and fixed by the films.

He who visits the cinematograph in China will be led to surprising reflections. What is most shown is American films of the most spicy sort, banditry and burglary, ill-masked rape and orgies of all sorts; or, alternating with these society dramas, so-called comic films, of which unfortunately many are only comic in the sense that they make the foreigners ridiculous in the eyes of the Chinese. The Chinese public, which does not understand the English text, delights in a childish way in the most grotesque and raw effects; indeed the Chinese seem to be most amused when the foreigners are most absurd.

I ought to add briefly that there are also extraordinarily good American films shown in China. I have the deepest admiration for the Americans as the

## THE MISSIONARIES

people who have best understood how to meet the Chinese in a spirit of equality, generosity and willingness to impart their culture. It would be very gratifying if this young and rich people could wash away the one dark spot on the proud American name in China, the bad type of American film.

## CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

### THE WHITE PERIL

MY friend Doctor Ting once said to me that the expression Yang Kuei Tze, foreign devil, should not be understood as an invective but as a zoölogical definition. Man is a creature with dark eyes and black hair; devils have red hair and green eyes. The foreigners therefore fall into the latter category, that is as simple and incontrovertible as to judge a flower according to Linné's sexual system.

The shrewd and learned doctor is certainly quite right in his way, but Yang Kuei Tze is still a term of abuse when it is flung after a foreigner by small boys in a crowded street or in an angry mob.

What are the reasons why the Chinese look askance at foreigners and why despite their admirable self-control, tact and cordial kindness they yet have a certain reserve toward these alien barbarians?

We must first realize clearly that till very recently the Chinese regarded themselves as possessing a universal culture, a Middle Kingdom, mighty in population and natural advantages, exalted through learning and art.

Outside this center of the universe lived barbarian tribes, troublesomely warlike at times, but greatly inferior to the people of the Middle Realm in writing, education and statecraft. The barbarian princes paid a regal tribute to the emperor, and when they or their emissaries received an audience before the Son of

Heaven at Peking, they made a kowtow, i.e., they sank on their knees with their forehead to the ground.

The mobile nomads of the North, first the genuine Mongols, then the Manchus, fell upon China and founded the dynasties of Yuan and Ching, which governed China with power and skill till each in their time fell. But these barbarian dynasties soon assumed the culture of the Chinese, and their occupation was predominantly of a military and political sort with little encroachment upon the development of the national spirit.

The Chinese thus exalted their position successfully as a leading and central people of culture till they met the new and powerful factor which they with justification call the white peril.

In the chapter "The Manchus and the Revolution" we have indicated certain leading characteristics in China's groping and painful effort to fit herself to the new situation, which arose through the Western civilization of machinery and the advance of Europe's land-grabbing régime into the Far East.

A glance at the relations of America and the European powers to China in the eighteenth century and the first two decades of the nineteenth will show that England, Russia and France, who made their power felt in the East during the first part of the last century, were far inferior in technical equipment to the same nations to-day. The Western squadrons of the line which made demonstrations formerly in Chinese waters, and the English-French forces which undertook "punitive expeditions" to Peking were no



doubt more effective than anything the Chinese could oppose to them, yet utterly inferior to the war equipment of to-day. With the speed of an avalanche, which perhaps foretokens a short life for the present occidental type of culture, new instruments and machines have been invented and perfected in every field. The white man's victory in overcoming the realm of nature rushes onward toward goals that loom wondrously ahead.

For the Chinese rulers of the old stock it must have been a strange and troubling question, this ever increasing might of the Yang Kuei Tze, this limitless capacity for devising ever-more-terrible machines of death.

But the Chinese have now learned their bitter lesson. The first bit of a railroad which the foreigners contrived to build in 1875 from Shanghai to Woo-sung was bought by the Chinese and the tracks torn up, but since then other ideas have prevailed. Germans and English were permitted to build the Tientsin-Pukow Road, Germans the Tsinanfu-Tsingtao, Belgians and Frenchmen the Peking-Hankow and Lunghai lines, the French a road in Yunnan, and the Russians and Japanese the railroads in Manchuria.

A Chinese engineer, Jeme Tien Yü, built the Peking-Suiyuan Railroad through the difficult Nankou Pass with such elegance and solidity that this specimen of Chinese engineering is universally admired by American railroad constructors.

The Chinese have eagerly acquired all the technical discoveries of the foreigners; machine guns and

trench mortars, flying machines and wireless telegraphs, thermos bottles and cinematographs, hair-cutting machines and fountain pens.

On the spiritual side too the West is the object of lively interest. Students read Nietzsche and play Ibsen's "Doll's House" in Chinese. Bolshevism has won an enormous popularity in student circles. A school of painting in Peking is working along Western principles. The Chinese *jeunesse dorée* in the big cities worships jazz and bobbed hair. Opium is now often taken in the refined form of morphine injections, which are generally used in the great coast cities among rickshaw coolies and similar folk.

Although the military and technical equipment of the European powers has been gigantically improved in the last hundred years, the same can hardly be said of their political ideals. The same greed for land and power, the same disregard of relatively defenseless "colored" peoples which has always characterized their colonial policy seems to live on despite all official guarantees in the spirit of humanitarianism.

Japan's twenty-one demands, which won her such ill repute in 1915, were a direct corollary to the violent policy of the European great powers toward China in the 1890 period. England is quietly and methodically strengthening her influence in one of China's vassal lands, Tibet, and new Russia is "reorganizing" another dependency, Mongolia. Some years ago when the French authorities wished to have a

certain section of land in Tientsin and their negotiations with the Chinese were unsuccessful, they arranged one morning a *fait accompli* by occupying the district in question with French police, a gesture which indeed roused a momentary coolness toward France but was then forgotten, while the French, according to their intention, retained possession of the land.

It is a striking fact that the two great powers, Russia and Japan, who as direct neighbors of China have unusual opportunities of getting a foothold among the Chinese by friendly means, have by their conduct lost much of the sympathy which otherwise would be near at hand.

Japan has a specially favorable position as regards China because of the racial ties between the two peoples. Japan, who had carried out her new development in such brilliant style and raised to the rank of a great power by her victorious arms, had a most rich opportunity of becoming the martially equipped Asiatic brother who should protect the less fully prepared China against the aggressive policies of the European powers. It is also quite certain that this great and inspiring task was clear to the minds of the Japanese statesmen, but it seems as if the need of finding an outlet for her excess population forced Japan to a line of conduct which in some respects surpassed that of all the other great powers in ruthlessness. It may also be noted that China's fertile plains and rich mineral treasures were an almost irresistible lure for the ambitious leaders of the

island kingdom, which was so deficient in natural wealth. The consequence has been that Japan, discarding her great and noble rôle of protectress, has with armed force, diplomatic pressure, and an army of business and commercial agents carried on a policy of penetration. This policy has clearly given her control over wide territories suitable for agricultural colonization and over many of China's most valuable ore fields, but has at the same time fostered in the Chinese a deep mistrust and a smoldering hatred toward Japanese methods. The culmination of the Japanese policy of aggression came in 1915 and 1919; the former year made notable for the twenty-one points which were intended to make China a dependency of Japan, the second date significant through the collapse of the Chinese Anfu Party, which to keep itself in power by means of a Japanese loan had pawned to Japan many of the country's most valuable resources. On the whole the sound judgment of the Chinese and their unique faculty of passive resistance have been fairly successful against the efforts of the Japanese. Since 1919 it seems as if Japan had adopted a more considerate policy, in which she recollects the ties of blood between the two countries and seeks for friendship on the basis of Asia for the Asiatics.

The old Russia of the empire could hardly have given the Chinese any illusions. It was too well known how the Russian bear ate his way forward through the primeval forests of the Siberian plains till he reached the Pacific. But the coast he found

there was an ice-bound shore and, desiring a warmer sea, he turned south and came down into Chinese Manchuria. Crippled by the unsuccessful outcome of the war with Japan, he lay comparatively inert, but that his disposition was the same the Chinese were quite certain.

Then came the Revolution of 1917 in Russia, that frightful cataclysm which threw the empire from its aristocratic state into a communistic experiment of fantastic dimensions. The Soviet régime took a wholly new attitude toward China. The new leaders freely gave up all extra-territorial claims and other advantages which had been given by treaty to Russia along with the other powers. They branded the policy of the other powers toward China as imperialistic and spoke fine and sympathetic words about Asia for the Asiatics. More than this, in 1924, when the new treaty between Russia and China was signed, the Soviet Government proposed, because of the size and importance of both the States, that on both sides the rank of the diplomatic representatives should be raised to ambassador, a proposal which greatly appealed to China's national self-esteem. Thus it came about by very clever Russian manipulation that China has an ambassador, and that the Russian emissary to Peking is the only ambassador in the midst of a circle who have only the rank of minister. The situation was very entertaining to an outsider. These proud foreign ministers, who previously did not wish to acknowledge the able and intelligent representatives of Russia, found themselves reduced by this bold



move to a position secondary to that of the new ambassador.

This was an enviable starting point, from which Russia might continue to advance to an unique position in the favor of China. Later, however, the Chinese have had many reasons to deplore the outcome. Over the Chinese Eastern Railroad up in northern Manchuria, where the Russians have far-reaching interests, have arisen serious discords.

In Outer Mongolia, a Chinese dependency, the Russians of the new régime have taken a deep hold on the government and the defensive arrangements. At the beginning the Red invasion of Outer Mongolia was fully explicable, since it was a question of rooting out the bands of White Russians who had made this their final rallying place and who had not been disarmed by the Chinese. It seems, however, as if the Soviet Russians in Urga, the capital of Outer Mongolia, had established themselves for a long stay. The old Mongol Government was replaced by a "Young Mongol" ministry, which works hand in hand with the Red Russians, and a new Mongolian army has been created under the leadership of Russian officers.

All this would signify little if it concerned itself merely with events which occurred far out on the border of the Chinese realm. But with all allowance for the traffic of lies carried on by the other powers to discredit the Soviets, the fact cannot be reasoned away that Bolshevik propaganda has been conducted on a wide scale in China proper. Sun Yat Sen and his

party in Canton openly worked with the Russian communists. Red propaganda was also carried on in Shanghai, and it is said that Feng Yü Hsiang and his army, who are now fighting north of Peking against Chang Tso Lin and Wu Pei Fu, are receiving help from Russia, where Feng himself was recently entertained at Moscow. As a consequence of all this the situation is very tense between Russia and the Chinese leaders, who seem now to have made it their primary object to eliminate Feng.

And as Feng is actively supported by Soviet Russia, so Japan is supposed to be assisting Chang Tso Lin, though it is done under more discreet forms than the Soviet-Feng alliance. Behind the conflict between Feng and Chang lurks the antagonism between the two traditional rivals for the mastery of the East, Russia and Japan.

At all events there is nothing more exasperating to the educated and patriotic Chinese than the participation of foreign powers in the civil wars of China. Support in the form of money and war material has more than once helped a beaten general to get back on his feet. Thus the foreign intermeddling has prolonged the civil war by making impossible the "fight to a finish" which alone can make a strong leader the master of the entire land.

Among the foreign powers the United States takes an honorable position, thanks to the justice and consideration which have been shown toward China by the American diplomats.

At the period just before the close of the century,

when the great powers of Europe took each its bit of the Chinese coast region (*cf.* the chapter "The Manchus and the Revolution"), and their "spheres of interest" rested as a menace over the whole Chinese realm, the American statesman, John Hay, proposed in a circular note to the European powers and Japan that China's national independence should be internationally guaranteed and that all the powers should be assured equal rights in relation to China. The principle behind Hay's gesture has been called "the open door", and although it obtained full recognition only from England, his note must have helped substantially to combat the plans for "spheres of interest."

In 1908 the United States Government resolved to restore to China nearly eleven million gold dollars of the indemnity apportioned to America because of the Boxer rising. With this money was built outside the northwest corner of Peking the college of Tsing Hua, which is intended to prepare Chinese students for higher university studies in America. From the time when this school began in 1911, some nine hundred of its students have been sent to America and it need hardly be said what this means in spreading interest and love for American culture in China.

America has also taken the lead in the movement recently started to give back entirely this indemnity money which is constantly being paid to make good the damage to foreign property during the Boxer troubles of 1900. The United States Government has already restored to China all the indemnity assigned

to America, to be devoted to scientific and other cultural purposes in China under the direction of a committee; this committee to consist of eleven members, of which eight are Chinese and only three Americans.

The other nations too, England, Japan, France and Russia, have declared their willingness to renounce the installments still due on the Boxer indemnity, the sum preferably to be devoted to education in China. But these governments have shown a tendency to keep control of the funds to a greater extent than the United States has done. England, for instance, will only admit one or at most two Chinese into a committee of numerous Englishmen. The Japanese wished to put the direction of the proposed institution in China under the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Tokyo and only after long negotiations have agreed to a committee composed equally of Chinese and Japanese.

Whereas the conduct of the United States has won the warm approval of the Chinese, there is no small mistrust as to England's and Japan's method of handling these questions.

As John Hay by his open-door policy has made his name honored among the Chinese, American statesmanship has recently celebrated another great victory in China.

To reward Japan for her help in the World War, the Allied Powers assigned to Japan the German possessions in Shantung which the Japanese took by force. China, though a late addition to the Allies and not a direct participant in the fighting, yet by her

voluntary army of coolies gave valuable assistance behind the lines. She therefore considered that she had a right to the Tsingtao district which Germany had wrested from her, as well as to the German mines and railroads in Shantung. China's embitterment at the decision in favor of Japan was so great that the Chinese delegates refused to sign the Treaty of Versailles.

At the disarmament conference in Washington, 1921, the United States assisted China to a better solution. Japan pledged herself to restore to China the former German possessions in Shantung, an agreement which has since been performed in an exemplary manner.

England pledged herself at Washington to restore to China Wei-hai-wei, which has not as yet been done, in spite of lengthy negotiations.

When I used in this chapter the expression *the white peril*, which must have been startling to many readers, I had in mind partly the predatory policy of the great powers toward China in the period of 1890, partly the maladministration in the Chinese "concessions" under the control of foreigners which led to the deplorable incidents of the past year described in the chapter "Shanghai and May 30th, 1925."

The victorious march of the white man through the world is paved with the bleaching remains of the peoples whom the invaders have annihilated.

The rich and flourishing settlements of the white man in North America have crowded out races which certainly stood low in culture but which in their wild



and active life developed some of their faculties very highly and had at least a right to existence.

The Spaniards' conquests of large portions of the American continent are some of the darkest pages in the white man's occupation of the earth. America's highest native culture, the realm of Montezuma and the Incas, was devastated with frightful ruthlessness.

The ancient culture home of India, Australia's remarkable stone-age world, Africa's savannahs and rainy forests, not to mention the white coasts of the polar regions, all have echoed to the advance of the terrible invaders. "Colored" races, as well as the larger wild beasts of land and sea, have been decimated and forced out. The volleys of the war of conquest in Morocco have just become silent. Even to the sunny islands of the South Seas the foreigner has come with his sinister gifts: alcohol, syphilis and consumption.

It is remarkable that the peoples of the Far East, Japan by her quick and successful transformation and China by her astonishing power of passive resistance, have best of all the "colored" races withstood the white onset. Despite the civil wars and incredible chaos which now prevails in China, no foreign power any longer thinks of dividing the land. In the midst of his impotence the Chinese giant can be seen winning back his independence step by step. In the Shanghai fracas the foreigners have found it advisable in the end to make certain concessions, as for instance with regard to the tariff. Even the doing away

with extra-territorial rights has been discussed, especially from the direction of America.

The sooner foreigners perceive the only possible way with respect to China, the better will it be for settling the whole infinitely difficult problem of east Asia. The most important thing is that the Chinese be left to fight out their own fights to the bitter end. Furthermore the foreigner in China must remember he is there only as a guest, and as such must show respect and consideration for the customs of the country. The earlier and more completely all the powers unite in supporting this broadminded and humane policy, which hitherto has been represented by the Americans alone, the sooner will one of the greatest and hardest problems of world politics approach a solution.

In this argument of mine for fair play toward the Chinese I am by no means blind to the fact that the foreign embassies at Peking have important interests to represent and protect.

One of these is to guard the security of the foreign loans to China. First among these is the great reorganization loan in 1913 for twenty-five million pounds sterling, which was guaranteed by a salt tax under united Chinese and foreign control. This has in recent years been confiscated to an increasing degree by the "independent" generals. A second and greater task is to determine the question of extra-territorial rights. This ponderous phrase expresses the special position which foreigners have acquired in China by treaty, which among other things puts them outside of

Chinese jurisdiction and assures them the privilege of being tried and judged by the consular courts of their own countries.

The same situation existed for a time in Japan and until quite lately in Turkey, where, however, these "capitulations" have been unceremoniously revoked by the vigorous Kemal Government.

That Chinese capitulations will also disappear is beyond doubt, but it is also plain that China, with her defective and arbitrary system of justice and her present lack of settled government, is not now capable of giving to foreigners the secure legal protection which their own countries provide. The abrogation of extra-territorial rights should be accomplished in many stages, in proportion as the efficiency of justice in China progresses. The solution of the problem demands moderation on the part of the Chinese and good will on that of the foreign powers.

If I have strongly condemned certain features in the conduct of the foreign powers toward China, I am of course not unaware that in the last fifty years the white man has enormously widened the spiritual horizon of the Chinese and has put into their hands mighty levers for material improvement. One of my best Chinese friends once said to me that the best gift of the occident to Chinese culture was scientific method, the ability to gather data systematically and to analyze them with the aid of all possible means of comparison. In this respect the modern educated Chinese is very willing to acknowledge his deep indebtedness to our culture.

But beyond this the Chinaman is most sceptical. Many of our so-called axioms of life are for him either dried leaves or, what is worse, objects of his discreet but therefore more unerring satire.

At any rate we may assert with pride and pleasure that no small number of foreigners who have worked out in the East have won the affection and respect of the Chinese by their skill, incorruptible honesty and enthusiasm for their duties. Even among the diplomatists, whose task is naturally very delicate, are a number of names that are spoken of with warm appreciation by the natives.

Nearly all foreigners who have been in the service of the Chinese Government have won the reputation of being immune to bribes and of having a strong sense of the sacredness of duty. Many of them have been men of but moderate ability, others insufficiently prepared for the tasks they made bold to undertake, but many stand out as great figures, men who are an honor to our race and a valued memory among the people whom they served.

Possibly the foremost of these foreigners in China was the Irishman, Sir Robert Hart, 1835-1911. He reorganized the Chinese excise system and made the maritime customs a pattern, so that it was the most reliable source of income for the central government, the financial prop that could be depended upon, even in the most troublous times. Hart's reorganization work was not confined to the customs tariff. He also organized the Chinese postal service to an astonishing efficiency and was for a

long time head of both these difficult departments. This uncommon man also helped in scientific matters. He was active in instituting Tung Wen Kuan, a high school at Peking. The excellent statistical publications which the tariff control publishes, and which provide one of the best sources for knowledge of China, was also founded by this diligent and far-seeing man.

The present Inspector General of Customs, Sir Francis Aglen, is not a man of Hart's inspiration, but he represents finely another good British quality, that of absolute honesty and an invincible steadfastness to what he considers his duty. Aglen's work in consolidating the internal government loan and keeping the customs free from irresponsible influences makes him one of the finest examples of a foreigner who is serving China well and judiciously.

When in connection with the reorganization loan of 1913 the salt tax was to be rearranged partly under foreign control, this difficult undertaking was entrusted to the Englishman, Sir Richard Dane, who carried out his work in brilliant fashion. Dane, who had previously served in England, was already an old man when he came to China, and his step was heavy, almost limping. But he walked daily the long stretch to and from the Ministry of Finance, where he had his office, and when he was out on his long official tours, he surprised his young subordinates both by his endurance and by his passion for the exacting sport which Englishmen call big-game hunting. Sir Richard was a Kiplingesque type, one



of those Indian civil service men who thrive as well in the jungle and the desert as in the club and office. The old man naturally won the respect of the Chinese, although in his reorganization work he dealt severely with deep-rooted economic interests.

By the side of many mere fortune hunters with little education one finds in the list of foreigners who have worked for the Chinese Government a large number of exceedingly able men, men who have assuredly done China great service. Partly for the pleasure of being able to honor an admired and beloved colleague, partly because the man is such an interesting and original type, let me dwell a moment on a person who has not, to be sure, adorned any prominent position of leadership but who has had the skill to carry out a great work under many disadvantages. The man to whom I allude is Professor Grabau, palaeontologist of the Chinese Geological Research Bureau and professor of palaeontology at the national university at Peking.

Doctor Ting, the first chief of the Geological Research, made inquiries during a trip in Europe and America with the object of obtaining an able foreign palaeontologist for the Chinese Geological Research Bureau. The choice fell upon the Professor of Palaeontology at Columbia University, Amadeus W. Grabau, an investigator with an international reputation, who declared himself willing to leave his prominent place at one of the world's largest universities to take a not too well salaried extra position at Peking.

When he landed in China, Grabau was nearly fifty-two and much troubled with rheumatism, which greatly hindered his physical activity. But in this tortured body lives a soul of fire: work into the late hours of the night seems to be the breath of his life, and in between he enjoys going out or having friends at his own home for delightful little dinners. For even the youngest student he has personal interest and encouragement. The result of Grabau's years in Peking up to now is that, on the foundation of the material which geologists and his own pupils have collected for him, he has completed a scientific masterpiece and is worshipped by his students. When the chief of the Geological Research wished to send two of Grabau's pupils on a, to them, very advantageous mission to Yunnan, the two young men begged to be allowed to stay in Peking. "Our teacher is so ill just now that we don't know how long we can keep him. We wish to stay and work under him as long as we have the opportunity."

A very prominent business man, Doctor C. Y. Wang, member of one of China's best families, was formerly a pupil of Grabau's at Columbia. A year ago he donated a sum of money to have a Grabau medal executed in gold, to be given every year to the student who had done the best work in research on the geology of China, and that year the first medal was given to the revered professor for whom the medal was named.

The foreigner who perhaps all in all deserves to

stand as China's greatest benefactor, is, oddly enough, a man who, so far as I know, has never set foot in China. I allude to the old American oil king, John D. Rockefeller. It is said of him that he made his gigantic fortune by relentless pertinacity, and he seems to have used some of this same fixity of purpose in the distribution of his gathered wealth.

Instead of, like many other multi-millionaires, making donations at random to left and right, Rockefeller, if I am correctly informed, went methodically to his goal. He invited a large number of men prominent in various fields to help him discover how he could most benefit mankind with his riches.

Among the various plans, he fastened upon one suggested by a doctor for the purpose of creating a world-wide organization for the standardizing of medical instruction.

From this cardinal purpose originated the mighty Rockefeller Foundation, which undertook systematic investigations in various countries and offered its help wherever it seemed to be required.

The need for good medical assistance in densely populated China was very great. The Rockefeller Foundation has there created two great medical institutions, which coöperate intimately. One is the Chinese Medical Board, which undertakes to follow the medical situation over the whole country and take a helpful part in such a way as its great, relentlessly consistent plan requires. The other is the Peking Union Medical School, where the Chinese Medical

Board has its headquarters and where Chinese doctors and nurses are trained. This school is remarkable in many ways. It was completed in 1921 at a cost of three million dollars, and nothing was spared to make the institution first class. The mighty group of buildings which occupies the place of an old princes' palace, Yu Wang Fu, was built by an American architect in what might be called Chinese renaissance style, the style of the old palaces applied to modern buildings of two or three stories. This daring experiment has succeeded wonderfully well. The extensive hospitals and laboratories repose under their green glass roofs with rows of old Chinese ridge turrets in such tranquillity that the Chinese themselves gladly acclaim this work of a foreigner as a signpost on the way which must be followed if their old, quiet, distinguished style of architecture is to be preserved.

In this beautiful temple of science and philanthropy works a great staff of American specialists in all departments of medicine, men chosen on the strict principle that they shall be well paid but not take private practice in any form. Assistant and subordinate medical positions are already to a large degree filled by Chinese, and it is Rockefeller's intention to hand over the whole institution to China fully and unreservedly, as soon as the country has men capable of using adequately this wonderful gift.

From this medical school large bands of doctors with modern training are sent out over China every year. They take with them not only an admirable medical equipment but along with it the humane and



ENTRANCE TO ONE OF THE LABORATORIES OF THE PEKING  
UNION MEDICAL SCHOOL  
*Created by the Rockefeller Foundation*





## THE WHITE PERIL

far-sighted spirit which stamps the personnel of the school.

John D. Rockefeller's staff of medical teachers in China fills the greatest demand upon the foreigner in the Far East: to teach the four hundred million Chinese knowledge, respect and affection for the white man.

## CHAPTER NINETEEN

SHANGHAI AND MAY 30, 1925

RAPHAEL PUMPELLY, a noted American geologist and archaeologist, relates in his autobiography the following experience which he had in Shanghai in 1863:

A steamer which had just been repaired made a trial trip with many of the most distinguished foreigners of Shanghai, who, like myself, had been invited for a pleasure excursion on the Wusung River. As we steamed along at full speed, we saw at some distance from us a sampan so heavily loaded with brick that four Chinamen could only with difficulty manage to row it. They saw us coming and, well aware how narrow was the canal, worked with all their might to give the steamer room to pass. As we stood watching the slow motion of the sampan during our approach, I listened for the signal to stop our engine. The awkward vessel was still in the middle of the stream, while the coolies strained every muscle to hurry the slow motion of the sampan and at the same time shouted imploringly for a few moments' grace. There was still time to avoid the collision, when the pilot asked, "Shall I stop, sir?" "No," shouted the captain, "go ahead." There was now no help for them. Terrified at hearing this cold-blooded order, I waited breathless for the shock, which soon followed. A shout, a crash, a swaying motion throughout our boat; then we steamed on up the canal. I went to the stern but could see thence only one of the coolies, and he was lying motionless in the water. Of the many foreigners on deck very few gave expression to the feelings which every newcomer must experience on witnessing

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such a scene. The captain and mate of the steamer glanced quite calmly over the railing to see whether the bow and paddle wheels had been hurt, and the remarks they made had no reference to their victims. I may add that only a few of the passengers had noticed what was happening. That was fifty years ago; now it could not be done with impunity.<sup>1</sup>

Pumpelly's account, which naturally is not to be doubted, requires little comment. The arrogance and disregard of human life which found expression in the conduct of the foreign captain was clearly founded on the tradition of the East India Company in the days of opium smuggling, and very recent occurrences show that this conception has lived on up to our time in the largest foreign community of China.

Before I proceed to relate the disastrous events at Shanghai in the spring of last year, I should like as introduction to describe a couple of small experiences which I myself had there in 1920, and which, insignificant though they are, throw some light on the surprising attitude toward the Chinese which prevailed in Shanghai's foreign settlement.

In January, 1920, I was in the district of Nanking inspecting the iron ore fields which are spread along the Yangtze River. I had already begun the studies in natural history which later entirely occupied me. I had with me two Chinese collectors who industriously contributed to the success of my work and brought the Swedish National Museum a large share of the material which was taken home through my

<sup>1</sup> Raphael Pumpelly: "My Reminiscences." 1918, pp. 34, 36, 37.

mediation. One of them, Chen, was a trained taxidermist, having worked under the great American collector, Roy Chapman Andrews, and according to Professor Lönnberg's evidence was an expert in stuffing mammals and birds. The other, Yao, has his name connected with possibly the richest and most notable locality for fossils, Chen Chia Yü, near Taiyuanfu in Shansi, from which the fossil department of the Swedish National Museum obtained a large and well-preserved collection. I have mentioned these details to show that these two men were really able field naturalists.

One day I decided to go in to Shanghai, which I had not visited hitherto and where I had many errands to attend to. I was to be away from Nanking several days and said to my men that they could have a rest meanwhile.

Chen then came to me and asked if he and Yao could not go along with me to Shanghai. "We have collected a good deal for the Swedish Museum," he said, "but up to now I have never seen a museum and I know there is one in Shanghai. If we may go along, we will ourselves pay for our railroad fare and hotel expenses at a Chinese hotel."

This request was so agreeable, as evidencing their interest in their work, that I answered that the two boys were not only welcome to come with me but that I would gladly pay for their journey and upkeep. We then set off without a notion of how hard it would prove for the two Chinese to get into the Shanghai Museum.



## SHANGHAI

We took the night train from Nanking on Sunday evening and arrived in Shanghai early Monday morning. In the forenoon I went up to Doctor Arthur Stanley, the city physician of the foreign section and, as an amateur of natural history, the voluntary un-salaried director of the very unimposing museum.

I presented myself, giving an account of my position in the Chinese service and of my long and varied activity as a natural history investigator. Doctor Stanley met me with the very correct but cool and reserved politeness which an Englishman gives to a stranger. There was nothing to prevent my seeing the museum; on the contrary it was open for *white visitors* at all times, morning and afternoons on week-days and a couple of hours on Sundays. As head of the museum he was even so courteous as to ask me to make such comments on the museum and its contents as I might find occasion to express.

But when we came to the question of my two Chinese collectors, I met with the greatest difficulties, since Doctor Stanley announced that the museum was open to Chinese on Saturday afternoon only.

Any one who knows the customs of Englishmen will fully understand the purport of this communication. Saturday afternoon is their week-end, when it would hardly occur to them to go to the museum, and that was accordingly the little fragment of the week which the museum management of Shanghai had thought good to bestow on the Chinese. Apart from the peculiar condition of things that there should be any question at all, in regard to admitting

the public to the museum, of putting the natives of the country in an inferior position by race discrimination, it must be regarded as outrageous to give them so little as this single afternoon.

I explained to Doctor Stanley that my men were obliged to return to Nanking on Wednesday and that therefore it was necessary for me to take my boys with me to the museum on Monday or Tuesday. I gave a full account of their remarkable ability as collectors, told of their request to go along to Shanghai to see the museum, and ended with repeating that I had given my word to fulfill their wishes.

Doctor Stanley answered very curtly, "Ah, well, Doctor Andersson, you understand we cannot make any exception for *Chinese*."

I got angry, to put it in good Swedish, and answered, "Very good, Doctor Stanley, I am going with my two Chinese straight to the museum and I should like to see the man who will stop us from going in."

When I had got out on the street, I felt that in my first excitement I had perhaps gone too far. While I and my two collectors, who had been waiting for me outside Doctor Stanley's office, walked the short stretch to the museum, I was in deadly fear lest Doctor Stanley should telephone to the museum and order it to be closed.

But for once the Lord protected a virulent Närke-ing<sup>1</sup> who had lost his head. When we came to the

<sup>1</sup> An inhabitant of Närke, a province of Sweden.

museum, something very funny happened. The attendants consisted of three Chinese, of whom the leader was an old friend of Chen's. These two Chinese had learned taxidermy together from an American missionary. Chen's old friend now came with open arms and with many expressions of happy recognition took Chen and Yao into the museum.

Chen stood on the steps and asked, looking dubiously at me, "That is my master, Doctor Andersson; he may come in too, may he not?"

"Of course, of course," said Doctor Stanley's taxidermist; "Doctor Andersson is welcome, naturally."

It thus chanced, then, that Chen, the excluded, helped me into Doctor Stanley's shrine, where I made some amusing discoveries. In consequence I wrote a letter to the worthy museum director in which I called attention to the fact that the wild boar is not a beast of prey, that the meteors of the museum were only brown iron ore and its fossil fern a dendrite.<sup>1</sup>

The following morning Yao and I went out into the native city on a special mission. We were at that time deeply interested in the Chinese medicine which goes under the name of *lung ya* and *lung ku* (dragons' teeth and dragons' bones), the somewhat fantastic Chinese appellations of the teeth and bones of tertiary mammals, which are supposed to cure various kinds of disease. These fossil remains are obtained in a few districts of China by regular mining,

<sup>1</sup> A mineral with tree-like or moss-like marking.

and dragons' teeth are an important article in the Chinese pharmacopœia.

Our task was now to go to a wholesale house for Chinese medicine and make inquiries for this fossil in the hope of thus getting knowledge of some new type or new locality for such discoveries.

The great medical firms in Shanghai are all on one street, where they stand close together. We went from shop to shop, asking for *lung ku*, but were everywhere met by the same short and uncomprehending answer. Some after a time said they did not have the article, but some, as we realized only too well, gave us to know substantially that they did not wish to do business with us.

I asked Yao what this ungraciousness meant, but he could not give me a satisfactory explanation. After having failed in four places, we came into a shop whose owner was a remarkably dignified old gentleman. With him I did not wish to expose myself to another failure, so I took out my Chinese visiting card and told Yao to explain to him that we were from Peking and that I was in the service of the Chinese Government.

The old gentleman looked carefully at my card. He then turned to a couple of his assistants and talked to them with a low voice. Finally he opened the door to a private room and with the greatest politeness bade me come in. I was put in the seat of honor and offered tea and cigarettes. Then the old merchant began to talk.

"I greatly regret," he said, "that a mistake has

been made here. We had messages from the other shops that a foreigner had come who wished to see *lung ku*. We medicine dealers have very little contact with foreigners, and we Chinese here in Shanghai do not like the way the foreigners treat us. We of the medical trade therefore agreed that we should try as much as possible to have nothing to do with foreigners, and therefore you were told that we had no *lung ku*.

"I now realize that Mr. An (my Chinese name)' is from Peking, that he is in the service of the Chinese Government and that his behavior toward the Chinese is different from that which is customary among the foreigners here in Shanghai.

"On behalf of all the medicine dealers I regret what has occurred. All the *lung ku* we have on this street we shall shortly bring into this room, so that Mr. An may see it without needing to go around to the other shops."

Sure enough, in a few minutes came one basket after another full of fossil bones and teeth, and all I had to do was to choose what I wanted to buy.

The international foreign section of Shanghai, the International Settlement, with the adjacent French concession, comprises a peculiar administrative unit, which in many respects has the character of a free Hanseatic city in the midst of our modern times. Governed by a foreign town corporation, the Municipal Council, with its legal powers entrusted to a



composite judiciary, the Mixed Court, with its special police force entirely controlled by foreigners, this great business center has developed its own administrative forms. These give a wholly disproportionate attention to the interests of the foreigners and treat the Chinese inhabitants within the concession as a serving class, which is useful and inevitable but is not recognized as having the right to participate in the affairs of the community.

Other foreign centers which are taken out of the Chinese jurisdiction are in Tientsin, Hankow and Canton, where, however, the question is not one of international settlements but of foreign national concessions, the British Concession, the Japanese Concession, the Italian Concession, etc., each with its national control in which the Chinese have no authorized influence.

A third type of foreign center is the quarter of Peking occupied by the foreign legations, the Legation Quarter, governed by the diplomatic corps, the Diplomatic Body, with its own police and with a defensive force composed of contingents of the various nations. The whole is gathered within a ring of defenses, which on the south consists of part of the Tatar wall, and on the east, north and west of the Legation wall with its outer glacis, which was built after the Boxer troubles in 1900.

In many respects, particularly in regard to sanitary arrangements, these foreign centers are model communities, from which many improvements have spread to the adjacent "native cities" and to more distant Chinese towns.



ITALIAN MARINES IN TIENTSIN



But with regard to the safety of life and property these foreign communities cannot always be considered as patterns. In Peking, where, apart from the Legation Quarter, the police force is entirely of Chinese organization, personal safety is undoubtedly greater than, for instance, in Stockholm, whereas the Foreign Settlement in Shanghai is one of the world's great criminal centers, where the Chinese riffraff and questionable foreign elements gather and carry on their lawlessness so that the foreign-controlled police never can get to the bottom of the trouble in the same effective way as does, for instance, the police force of Peking.

The principal complaint of the Chinese against the foreign communities in China is perhaps that these settlements, concessions, etc., which China's laws and spirit of order do not reach, offer asylums for Chinese political criminals sought for by the party in power. This condition, which outwardly has an idealistic appeal, has become a menace to China's modern political life, a system which offers a premium to conscienceless political adventurers and makes it impossible for the true patriots to bring the affairs of the nation to a permanent settlement.

Every politician and general who takes a part at Peking in the anything but honest intriguing for power and office knows that, if things go ill and he loses in the first game, he can find a refuge in the Legation Quarter, whence sooner or later he can sneak off in disguise to the house he has in readiness, or to one or other of the foreign concessions in Tientsin. To illustrate this situation it is sufficient to choose

some examples from the political upheavals of the last few years.

In 1917 when Chang Hsun made his restoration *coup*, President Li Yuan Hung took flight to the French hospital in the Legation Quarter, and in 1923, when Li in his second term as president was forced to fly to Tientsin under the pressure of Tsao Kun's party, in his last spasmodic attempt to cling to the insignia of power he sent a concubine into the French hospital with the seal which symbolized the presidency.

Returning to the political farce of July, 1917, Chang Hsun a few days later shared the fate of his victim Li, when on the evening of July 12, after the battle was lost, he was taken in a foreign automobile through the republican troops to the Dutch legation, where for some months he made his asylum.

In the summer of 1920 when the pro-Japanese Anfu Party collapsed under the attack of Wu Pei Fu, the leaders of the Anfu clique hurried to the Japanese legation, where they were protected from the new Chinese authorities who would have gladly given them a drastic sentence.

These are only a few examples picked out of the heap to show how the Chinese politicians make use of the foreign reservations, so that they become cancers in the political life of China. "I may win everything and, if the worst should happen, I have only the risk of fleeing to the Legation Quarter or to my house in the foreign concession at Tientsin." Reasoning thus, the political opportunist gaily spins



his intrigues, with the result that the moral standard of politics in Peking is steadily declining.

The conclusion of the Boxer rising in 1900 forced the Chinese to have at least outward respect for the foreigners, a respect that was not chiefly produced by the twenty thousand soldiers of the punitive expedition to Peking, and still less by the excesses which these soldiers and civilians committed when the imperial city was in their power. What impressed the Chinese on this occasion was the unity of the foreigners, in which even the Japanese stood side by side with Americans and Europeans.

This respect-inspiring combination of the foreign powers continued till the year 1914, the first year of the World War. This offence against civilization and the white man's cause marked the beginning in the collapse of the white foreigner's prestige in China.

First the Allies' fear of the Germans and then their petty lust for revenge, when the terror-inspiring enemy was finally crushed, gave the alert Chinese much to think about. The night after the news of the armistice, November 11, 1918, came to Peking was a black night for the reputation of the foreigner in the Chinese capital. French soldiers tried vainly to overturn the Kettler monument, a memorial to a faithful and courageous foreign minister who in the performance of his duty was murdered by Chinese fanatics on the way to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The French colonial soldiers amused themselves with plundering a couple of German shops in the

Legation Quarter and finally set fire to the German bank, a boyish escapade very dangerous to French buildings as well. The end of this was that the American marines cleared away the French Negroes and put out the fire.

Only in March, 1919, did the Allies accomplish what was much desired in certain business circles, viz., the repatriation of the enterprising German merchants who had kept their concerns going in China throughout all the changes of the four belligerent years. The Chinese laid their hands, very decently and tactfully too, on the most dreaded of the foreigners, the subjects of the Kaiser.

The Thirty Years' War began when certain privy councillors were thrown out on a manure heap; the World War was started by the murder of a prince at Sarajevo, and the foreigners in China were roused to the consciousness of a new order of things by the massacre in front of Louza Police Station in Shanghai, May 30, 1925.

In the spring of that year there was unrest in the Japanese cotton mills at Shanghai, and it was said that a Chinese workman had been killed by a Japanese foreman. However that may have been, these doings roused great excitement in student circles, and a number of students who had taken part in demonstrations were arrested by the settlement police and locked up in Louza Station.

On May 30th a clamorous and threatening crowd of students and probably other elements came to the

station and demanded that the imprisoned students be released. The crowd was very insistent, and the English officer in command considered that the station was in danger. He therefore gave orders to shoot on the throng that was pressing in toward the gate, and the result was that some students were killed and a much greater number wounded.

In itself this episode was not especially noteworthy. The Chinese are not particularly solicitous about human life, and if the shooting had been done by Chinese police in a purely Chinese city, the matter would probably not have roused any great attention.

There were, however, a number of circumstances in this case which caused it to have fatal consequences. In the first place, it could not be proved in the investigation which followed that a single student had been armed with a shooting weapon, from which the impression rose that the police officer in question had used more violence than the occasion demanded.

On the whole, however, I should incline to excuse the unfortunate man. He was an under officer with very little ability to judge a most delicate situation. He acted according to instructions, and it is at least conceivable that he could not have maintained his position without using the weapons of his men.

The responsibility for this very deplorable affair did not, in its last analysis, rest upon this man but upon the whole system. The first fault here was the misjudgment of the settlement police as to the seriousness of the affair and their lack of the necessary means for handling an unruly crowd with a more moderate

use of force. But at bottom the responsibility lay on the governing foreigners in Shanghai, who had been going about in their comfortable automobiles between their offices, clubs and private villas without realizing that the despised Chinese on Shanghai's streets had risen in active opposition to the humiliating treatment which the foreigners of the settlement were meting out to them.

To make the situation clear, permit me to transfer the episode to our Swedish environment. Imagine that here in Stockholm the City-Between-the-Bridges was taken possession of by foreign powers, who there started a foreign settlement where Swedish law did not hold good and Swedish authority could not interfere. Assume, next, that there were rumors in North Stockholm that a Swedish workman had been killed by, say, a Finnish foreman. Imagine that Swedish students had been arrested during a demonstration on Long Western Street and that at a later demonstration of unarmed youths from the schools of North Stockholm a number had been killed and wounded by the order of a German officer of police. Would not our quiet people be roused to a frenzy of indignation?

A general strike was declared in Shanghai. Shops were closed, food supplies were shut up, servants and nurses left their well-paid positions.

The waves of the Shanghai disturbance soon reached Peking. On one of the early days in June a giant procession of students marched to the Legation Quarter to make a demonstration before the foreign ministers.

The Legation Quarter was put into a state of defence with soldiers and machine guns on the walls. Had there here again been shooting and bloodshed, the misfortune would probably have spread to a catastrophe. But prudent and considerate behavior on both sides hindered the invasion of the students into the Legation Quarter, and the danger was averted.

However, student demonstrations continued day after day, though they were no longer directed toward the Legation Quarter. On my way to and from the Ministry of Agriculture in my rickshaw, I passed daily through myriads of protesting students but without ever being in the least inconvenienced. It must be said that the conduct of the Peking students in this tumultuous time was wholly admirable. In other places, such as Hankow and Kiukiang, there were serious disturbances with injury to foreign property.

I should like to record an episode of the demonstrations at Peking, because it throws a glaring light on the conditions in Shanghai which led to the events of May 30th.

One day in June, Peking awoke to find itself snowed under with posters, which shone everywhere on house corners and telephone poles. These were printed in red on white paper, and across them diagonally was the picture of a gun and the inscription in great red letters, SHOOT TO KILL.

Under this principal group was printed in smaller type an extract from a Shanghai paper, which said that the police officer who had given the order to



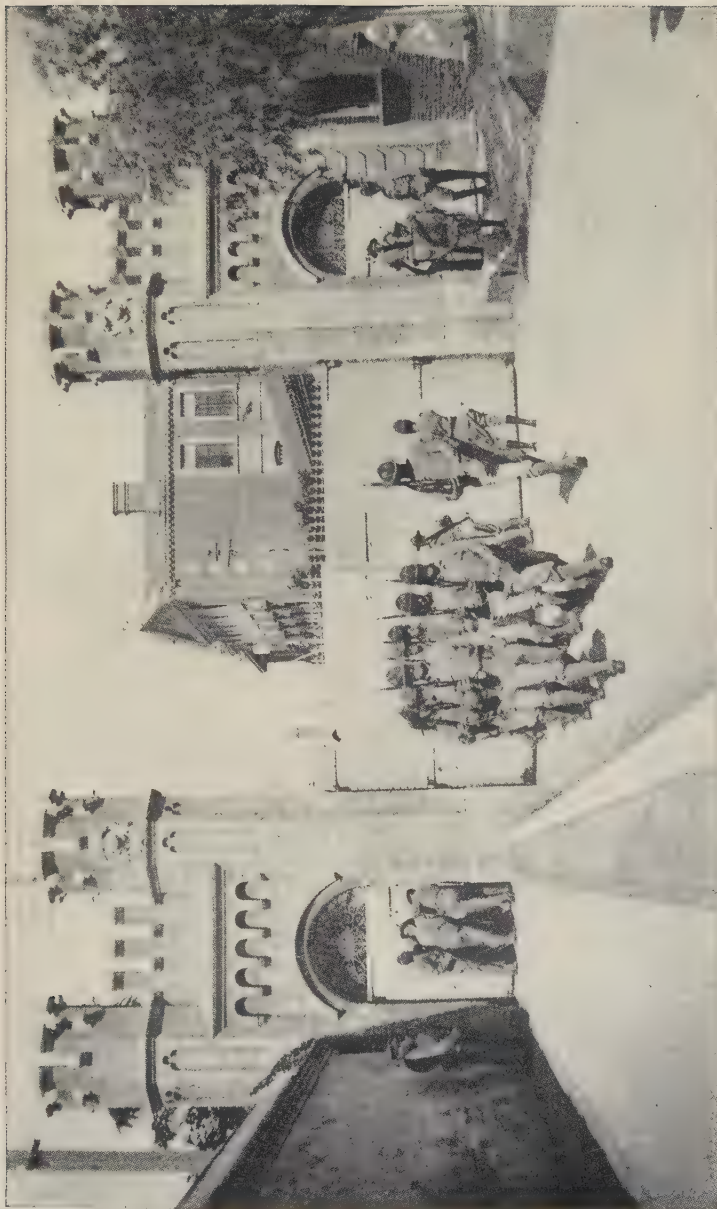
fire on May 30th had at the hearing of the case referred to his instructions. These were that guns were to be used only as a last resort, but in that case the men were to shoot to kill.

The poster struck me as an, in its way, clever and irresponsible falsification. I went straight to an acquaintance in such an official position that he could give me accurate information, and he said to my extreme surprise that there had really been in the police instructions at Shanghai the words "shoot to kill."

There was much said and written far and wide after May 30th to show that the Russian Bolshevists had incited the student demonstrations. It is possible that Russian agents may have directly or indirectly assisted in fomenting the excitement, but it is unquestionably true, as one of my Chinese friends wrote in an excellent article, viz., that all the Bolshevik propaganda in the world could not do so much toward making the Chinese students see red as the death volley outside the Louza Police Station, May 30, 1925.

After various investigations and hearings with the participants in the affair of May 30th, it became gradually clear that the shooting was a most deplorable episode. The men most responsible for it among the police fled from China, and indemnity was offered to the wounded and the heirs of the dead.

A conference of Chinese and foreign delegates for the revision of the customs tariff and other connected matters has been working in Peking for many months,



WESTERN GATE OF THE LEGATION QUARTER OF SHANGHAI GUARDED BY AMERICAN MARINES  
AND JAPANESE INFANTRY



and the question of renouncing extra-territorial rights has also been touched upon.

Thorough-going changes as to the position of foreigners in China should be made. We must hope that the foreign centers in Shanghai and other cities will have such an administration that the claims of the Chinese to justice may be satisfied without risking the safety of the foreigners. Another desideratum is that the administration of the customs and the salt tax, which is now done very honestly and effectively under foreign control, shall not be allowed to degenerate.

For my part I do not believe that the system of Chinese justice is yet in a condition to offer foreigners the safety which should be required before the extra-territorial rights can be wholly dispensed with.

## CHAPTER TWENTY

### THE FUTURE

ON a deliciously warm and quiet spring evening in 1925 we were sitting, a little company of Chinese and foreigners, in one of those peaceful old Chinese gardens which are hidden behind the myriad street walls of Peking. The yellow roses shone dimly through the dusk, great jars with blossoming oleanders stood as sentinels around us, and the perfume of the wistaria stole about our heads like a caress with every tiny breeze.

Our host, one of the leaders of medical reform in China, wished to bring a traveling fellow-countryman, one of America's most famous heart specialists, into touch with the cultural thought of Peking. The material stimulants were very simple, — tobacco and Chinese tea. Our host considered that the exchange of thought should be the main thing.

The conversation soon slipped into the usual channel, the situation in China.

"Tell me," said the guest of honor, "how things are with this civil war that you talk so much about. I found the railroad trip from Shanghai to Peking quick and comfortable, even according to our standard, and this magnificent old city is so peaceful that one would like to stay here always to sit and dream in these shady gardens. Where is this war?"

"China is large," said one of the young Chinese,



“but what happens in this country is condensed by your newspapers into a few lines, while in reality the various theaters of war are hundreds of miles apart. Furthermore they do not fight everywhere at the same time. Sometimes it has been warm enough here in Peking.”

“How long has this civil war lasted?”

“Nine years, if we reckon from the rising against Yuan Shih Kai, or perhaps we should rather say fourteen years, counting from the revolution.”

“But how is it possible that China can hold together, apparently intact, during this long internal struggle?”

“Why, Doctor C——,” one of the foreigners now struck in, “the situation is so peculiar that I should prefer to explain it by an imaginary parallel in your own country.

“Suppose the government at Washington had for nine years past had no real influence outside the capital but was, on the contrary, compelled to make a compromise between the changing ideas of the contending generals. Suppose, further, that a doctrinaire demagogue had started an independent government in New Orleans in an attempt to come into touch with and win recognition from certain foreign powers, threatening at the same time to make a punitive expedition against Washington. Assume that the southwestern states, California, Arizona and New Mexico, had declared themselves independent under a rebellious general. Imagine two uncommonly powerful generals in almost unbroken feud with each

other ruling, one in the northwestern states—Washington, Oregon, Idaho and Montana—the other in the rich northeastern states between the Great Lakes and the Atlantic; these ‘independent’ generals meanwhile receiving aid in money and war munitions, one from England, the other from Japan, while the Canadian Soviet Republic was exciting your students with red propaganda and acting especially in collusion with the demagogue down in New Orleans. Picture that this condition had lasted nearly a decade and that the military operations of the opposing generals have been increasing in area and are being conducted with growing bitterness. You have there an imaginary parallel which applies to the conditions in this country.”

“Such civil wars,” Doctor C—— remarked, “would in a few months shatter our great industries, cripple commerce, destroy finance and sink the country into complete anarchy. How is it possible that after such a frightful and protracted ordeal China shows such little sign of desolation?”

Doctor Wang, a dapper little Chinese doctor who spoke English with a characteristic laconic pregnancy, gave the desired explanation.

“The Chinese are always a primitive agricultural people without any great manufactures. Their simple life is only locally and superficially touched by the internal strife. The most important thing is, however, that the Chinese from earliest times have created a far-reaching system of self-government, which applies not only to provinces but to the smaller

administrative units such as the *hsien* (district) or even to the separate village. Certain provinces which in these years of unrest have been badly administered and have suffered long from war and banditry are in a very pitiable condition. But a certain amount of progress has been made everywhere, especially as regards the higher education and the ability of the students to consider the misfortunes of their country and feel responsible for its deplorable condition. The province of Shansi under its "model governor", Yen Hsi Shan, has enjoyed almost complete peace and has made remarkable progress in popular instruction, in the uprooting of banditry and opium, the doing away with foot-binding and pigtails, the improvement of hygiene, street paving, etc. In the three northeast provinces, which constitute Manchuria, there has been, under the excellent management of Chang Tso Lin, increased colonization, improved agriculture, the development of communication and exports. In spite of Chang Tso Lin's war with Wu Pei Fu, Manchuria is a rich and flourishing country."

"Thank you, Doctor Wang; your explanation has helped me to understand in some degree the great power of resistance in your people. But tell me, when and how do you expect the end of this chaos?"

Dr. Wang replied, "We Chinese are always drawing wisdom from our classics, always taking guidance from history. Our realm has many times before been in a state of dissolution, and it has often been decades before we again had a central government. This time we have faith that there will again be a

consolidation. The great body of the people are sound and industrious, the national debt is small compared to the natural resources of the country, and the impulse of renaissance can be felt in many ways. That we shall again have a national government, all educated and thinking Chinese are convinced. But as to when this shall be no one knows at present; it may be soon, it may be only in our children's time."

"Do you expect that this renewal of government will come through a parliament or do you count on other forces for this constructive work?"

"Our experiments with parliamentary government have been so depressing that nobody expects any good from that quarter, at least not before we get a really representative congress. Possibly, if the situation becomes absolutely desperate, there will be spontaneous coalitions, secret societies, student clubs and peasant volunteer armies, which will play their part as the expression of a stronger popular urge toward unselfish patriotic reform. But our real hope, the one solution on which we truly rely is that we shall find a great leader, a strong man, who can unite China with cannon and the executioner's ax, if necessary, a fearless and far-sighted statesman who can build up a modern society and yet preserve what is valuable in our old culture."

"What sort of man do you think this national leader will be? Will he belong to any of the familiar historical types, this man who is to fit your hopes?"

Doctor Wang smiled. "They say that Marshal Feng Yü Hsiang dreams of becoming China's Mussolini, but the type of the Italian dictator hardly corresponds to our wishes. Up to now there has been too much pose and too little actual achievement. But there is another modern dictator whom we would gladly have as our countryman. Mustapha Kemal, who began his work when his apathetic land lay crippled in the relentless grip of the great European powers, he who in opposition to a degenerate dynasty created a capital inaccessible to foreigners in a peasant village of Anatolia, he who with a newly formed army threw the Greeks in panic out into the sea, and who finally without a sword-blow forced the great powers to quit the field — Mustapha Kemal should be our man." A stern tone had come into the little doctor's cultivated voice.

"I hope," said Doctor C——, "that you Chinese will soon find the strong man whom Doctor Wang foresees. But it seems to me that every step China takes toward adapting herself to modern conditions takes you away from the good old traditions of literature, art and morals. I fear that the values indispensable, not to you alone but to the whole world culture, are being jeopardized in this leveling process."

"No, Doctor C——,"— it was now the famous Chinese philosopher, the man with the sunny smile and lively movements of the hands, who spoke — "it is not so dangerous as you believe as to the values which are about to disappear. The revolution,



to be sure, swept away all the splendid official costumes and the handsome, in its way unique, dragon banner, which has now been replaced by an uncommonly banal five-striped flag. Sometime we may possibly take back the dragon flag and the beautiful costumes, when they are no longer connected with the idea of imperial power. But they will certainly be costumes of another cut, for the discarded court costumes, like the clothes we still wear, are of Manchu cut with long narrow sleeves and buttoned up to the neck. The genuine old Chinese garments of the Tang and Sung dynasties were open at the neck, with long facings and wide sleeves. The Japanese kimono is really a survival of the old Chinese dress. Should we ever bring back the colorful official garments with dragon and phoenix motifs, it will not be the dress of the Manchu times but an older type from the ancient, purely Chinese dynasties.

“In general the modern renaissance movement is connected with a great interest in the old Chinese culture from the times before the barbarous Yuan and Ching dynasties, the Mongolian and the Manchu. What we love to go back to are the great philosophers in the last stage of the Chou dynasty, the stern statecraft of the Han period and the richly flourishing art of the Tang and Sung dynasties.

“It is a common mistake among foreigners to believe that we, when we adopt their engineering, natural science and medical training, also assume their outlook on life, their philosophy, religion and morals.

“It must be remembered that we have the same tendency toward imitation as the Japanese, who, when they were barbarians, took from us their first culture and now learn with such willingness from the occidentals. We are inclined to take advantage of the technical assistance which the materialistic civilization of the West puts at our disposal, but our own revered cultural inheritance we shall never give up, never.

“Let me make the whole matter clear in a simple picture. Have you seen our old heating stoves, great fire containers without stove-pipes which are still used in most of the homes here in Peking?

“Now imagine that a Chinese scholar is sitting at home working on a philosophical treatise. He has only a stove of the old sort, which fills his room with smoke and smell. One day he decides to have installed a cast-iron stove of the American type with a pipe to carry off the smoke. He has to stop work for a day while the new warming apparatus is put in. When he resumes his writing, the work proceeds with joy and energy in the smokeless room, but his system of philosophy is hardly influenced by the American stove.”

Doctor C—— laughed. “Tell me,” he said, “have you any direct evidence of a new interest in national culture, modern as well as ancient?”

“Yes, since we have got rid of the official system with the literary examinations, new means have appeared for the study of our people, our speech and our historical monuments. Let me show you some day

the Sinological Institute at our university, where we are busy just now arranging the enormous archive material of the early dynasties which we have just succeeded in obtaining from the Forbidden City.

“But I can relate you a little episode which illustrates better perhaps than anything here in Peking the widespread interest in the study of folklore. We have in the Sinological Institute a section for the study of folk songs and the simple tunes that are sung out on the roads and fields. A couple of days ago we received from the province of Chekiang a recent exhaustive publication containing hundreds of such popular melodies, a collection representing years of work but of which we had hitherto had no suspicion.”

“Is it likely,” inquired Doctor C——, “that the new spiritual revival which we all hope for in China will offer any essentially new contribution to world culture?”

“Here too history is our guide,” said Doctor B——, the English anthropologist. “In ancient times China made various valuable additions in the interchange of Eastern and Western culture. Berthold Laufer, the learned Sinologist at Chicago in his work ‘Sino-Iranica’ has noted twenty-four kinds of agricultural products the knowledge of which was carried from China to Persia and farther west in exchange for a great number of cultivated plants from the West which were brought eastward to China. Among the former were the peach, the apricot, and tea.

“The light garments closely following the lines

of the body which the beauties of imperial Rome used to wear were made of silk from China. The secret of how these wonderful fabrics were obtained was long preserved by the Chinese, and Latin authors related stories so extraordinary as that silk was combed from trees.

“A young American Sinologist, Professor Carter of Columbia, has followed step by step the progress of paper and the art of printing from China to the West. China thus gave to us Europeans the technical means which paved the way for the religious reformation and made possible the general enlightening of the people. In the discovery of the compass, which guided us to America, and of gunpowder, which broke the feudal power of the Middle Ages, the Chinese has also a share.

“In our time it is the West with its machine culture which has given tools for Chinese renaissance.

“Perhaps sometime it will again be the task of the East to direct the evolution of the world with a new departure. One thing we should be able to learn to-day from the sons of Han: viz., to preserve a national culture alive through thousands of years. While the civilization of the bronze age in Egypt, Crete and Mesopotamia began to be demolished by barbarians before our era, the Chinese alone upon earth preserved and developed their culture in unbroken sequence of four thousand years, and they alone of all peoples have preserved their land in undiminished fertility through millenniums.”

There was silence around the table for a time, while

a servant silently came forward and replenished the teacups.

From outside came the monotonous call of a street merchant and the quick patter of a rickshaw coolie. On the large street to the east tooted an automobile horn. Old and new were blended in a way that is peculiar to Peking.

And around our soft-speaking, dreamy group slept the wonderful city, revered with its glowing memories of three mighty dynasties, majestic in the wide simplicity of its extent, enchanting in the quiet beauty of its palaces and temple gardens, and alluring in its rich promise for the future.



## CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

### NATIONALISM (March, 1927)

ONE of the political anomalies of the past quarter of a century is now about to be canceled in China, and the only question is to what extent this will be done in ink or in blood.

The Boxer movement was started by a superannuated China, profoundly ignorant of the occident. It led to a peace treaty between the conquered land and the offended powers, a treaty which up to now has held China in a peculiar state of dependence on these powers through their control of the customs taxes, the increase of foreign concessions, the fortification of the Legation Quarter in Peking, and the patrolling of the Yangtze River and part of the Peking-Mukden Railroad by foreign warships and contingents of international troops.

It is against this dependence on foreigners that the modern national movement is reacting.

But this Chinese nationalism is not only, not even predominantly, a reaction against foreign "imperialism"; it is above all a purely Chinese revolutionary movement. What is now going on in China is unquestionably the real Chinese revolution, beside which that of 1911-1912 was an outpost skirmish. The decadent Manchu empire was abolished, but the old mandarin régime was only given freer play with the addition of a terrifyingly ignorant, lawless and arbitrary militarism.

What is now going on in China is the awakening of a national feeling that includes the great mass of the people, a one-sided and ruthlessly revolutionary, but at least a spontaneous and powerful popular movement, which a later world will undoubtedly come to regard as one of the most notable strands in the tapestry of twentieth-century history.

It is with sad and strange feelings that we look back to the two main figures in the revolution of 1911, Yuan Shih Kai and Sun Yat Sen.

The former was the last really great mandarin, the cynical and coldly overbearing puller of strings in the political play of marionettes, inspired no doubt with an old-time patriotism, but above all enflamed with the ambition to use all the new slogans — revolution, parliament, democracy — for the founding of a new dynasty, that of Yuan. On the whole his effort to restore the empire in 1916 was the last attempt in that direction with any hope of success. In that case he had the tragic distinction of ending the two thousand years of the Chinese empire, at the same time that Sun Yat Sen in all his unpractical futility stood at the door of a new China, whose political structure we can but dimly discern.

Yuan Shih Kai had a unique opportunity of building up a new realm directly from the fragments of the broken Manchu régime, but, blinded by personal ambition, he let this opportunity slip out of his hands. The military princelings, military governors, dictators, grew strong under the few years of his rule, and when he fell and disappeared in the summer

of 1916, the country lay at the mercy of their jealousy and greed for power.

The political decade of 1916-1925 will always stand out as a black page in Chinese history: one Chang, a little abortive emperor-maker, fought against Tuan and was quickly eliminated; Tuan fought against the greater Chang of Mukden; Li came forward twice and each time was dismissed with increasing ignominy; Wu defeated Chang crushingly under the walls of Peking and was then stabbed in the back by Feng. Feng was for a time Chang's uncertain ally and later became his enemy. Chang stretched his arm down toward Shanghai but was soon beaten by Sun, who shone for a time like a rising star but then faded.

No one but the specialist in Chinese political history can sustain his interest in these endless intrigues, treacheries and disputes which for ten years impoverished a peace-loving people and devastated great stretches of blossoming country. It was against this purposeless, vacillating and hopeless militarism that the national movement arose, and the cry of "Down with the soldiery!" resounds as loudly from the students who have left their desks to learn the art of war at recruiting stations as from the peasants of Honan, who formed the "Red Spear Society" to kill every soldier or group of soldiers wherever they could be successfully attacked.

If, then, the national movement is essentially a phenomenon of internal politics, born of a desperate effort to lift the country out of this apparently endless civil war, one may naturally ask why this great

popular impulse has taken on such hostility to foreigners.

The answer lies to some degree in the law of least resistance, which in every political calamity impels the masses to seek a remedy by attacking some real or fancied evil that is easily comprehensible and close at hand. All the old slogans — imperialism, one-sided treaties, unjust extra-territorial preferences, etc. — have been utilized by an extremely well-organized propaganda, and in some quarters this has gone as far as old-time superstition, which related among other things that the Catholic nuns collected the hearts of little Chinese children and sold them to foreign countries for a high price as a potent medicine.

On the whole, however, this hatred of foreigners must be attributed to more genuine causes. While the foreign powers have endeavored with all the means at their disposal to preserve the political privileges — control of finances, concessions, extra-territorial rights, etc. — which they have had through treaties at various times; they have since 1901, with a remarkable lack of consistency, tried to put into the hands of the Chinese the means which would allow them to fit themselves to Western standards.

Take, for instance, the matter of military development. At the beginning of the century, the Boxer period, China had just begun to construct an army after the Western pattern, and the Chinese troops were dispersed fairly easily by the international expedition which relieved the legations in Peking. Yet

only a few years passed after the conclusion of the Boxer affair, before the powers competed in teaching the Chinese the art of war, while agents for the military industries of the various countries underbid and intrigued among each other in the effort to supply warships, cannon, rifles and ammunition to a people who, in the old days, put the profession of the soldier in the lowest social rank.

When I came to Peking some months before the outbreak of the World War, the city was thronged with commercial agents and concession sharks of many kinds, and assuredly if the walls of the Hotel Wagons Lits could talk, we should hear some remarkably piquant inside stories of business politics.

The developments in the field of spiritual culture have been somewhat similar. The missionaries were here the trail-breakers, and to the practical Chinaman with his tolerant indifference in religious questions the whole mission propaganda appeared a phenomenon very difficult to grasp, behind which he was inclined to look for hidden influences and purposes. The attack upon missionaries was at least in one case — that of the Germans in Shantung — the starting point for political measures of wide extent. Also the Catholic missionaries often mixed into Chinese law trials on behalf of their proselytes, and the missionary thus became a factor not always to the advantage of the foreigners in the opinion of the Chinese.

Largely in combination with the missions, but quite independently as well, the foreigners in China



have set up many institutions of learning: elementary schools, high schools, medical and other special schools. At these schools all sorts of Western education, often mixed with Christian propaganda, are imparted to the Chinese pupils.

The effect of this more or less unselfish work has been to a considerable extent quite different from what its originators have imagined. It seems as if the Christian religion, the Christian training, the Christian dogma had been a little too accessible, too moderate to be fully appreciated by the well-balanced Chinese mind, which asks with surprise, even with some malice, what evil do the foreign devils feel they have committed in China if they have to make all this recompense?

At all events, in the foreign schools in China, in the modern institutions of the Chinese themselves, in Japanese, American and European universities, where thousands of Chinese students are working, a large band of the Chinese youth has obtained a thorough knowledge of the West and its culture, a knowledge which renders modern China far better able to defend herself culturally than was the case in the year of the Boxers, 1900.

It seems as if the powers, and in particular their diplomatic representatives in the East, had not sufficiently calculated on the practical effects of this change in Chinese military, industrial and cultural standards. For twenty years China has been stuffed full of war material, industrial products, education and religion; but politically it has, up to the last

two years, insisted that everything should remain as it was.

It is this inability to see in time the signs of political storm, together with the lack of a constructive liberal policy on the part of the powers, which caused the political typhoon that took the foreigners unprepared at their daily sports, *thés dansants* and cocktail parties. In a following chapter we shall have occasion to go somewhat more thoroughly into the course of events.

A striking trait in the shifting of conditions between the Chinese and the foreigners in China is the lowering of the foreigners' prestige which has come during the last years. In 1917, when Chang Hsun made his farcical attempt at a restoration in Peking and the city lived for a couple of weeks in a state of panic, the houses of the foreigners were safe places of refuge for their Chinese friends. I myself had four Chinese ladies and three gentlemen living with me, and I had besides lent a Swedish flag to a Chinese friend who lived far out in the southwestern part of the city.

It is now supposed to be best for foreigners in times of disturbance not to show their flags but rather to disappear as soon as possible.

It cannot be denied that not only the nationalist movement but the short-sighted policy of the foreigners is responsible for the degradation of our position out in China.

The first blow to the ascendancy of the white race in the East was given during the World War, when

the Germans and their confederates were taken out of the united front which, up till then, had been maintained by the whites in the East. That the guards of the German and Austrian legations were disarmed and interned was, after China had taken part with the Allies, in the order of things. But that French colored soldiers plundered German shops in the Legation Quarter the night after the news of the armistice, and that not only the German wholesale merchants and financiers, who might have hurt the business of the Allies in China, but German governesses and artisans were "repatriated", gave rise among the Chinese to many thoughts which were not favorable to the reputation of the whites.

Another foreign element which to a quite devastating degree broke down the prestige of the whites in the East was the White Russian fugitives, who pressed into China by the thousands during the last years of the war and the period immediately following.

I myself had an impressive experience of this invasion during a trip from Honan through Shensi to Lanchow, the capital of the province of Kansu, during May and June, 1923. I had my first encounter with the Russian fugitives a few days after the start in the midst of a driving sand storm between Kuanyintang and Tungkuan, the border fort between Honan and Shensi. Wagon after wagon, loaded with dusty men and with women wound up into bundles, popped out of the dark and vanished into a cloud of dust. Most of the younger men were simple peasant types

with the heavy features of the Russian common folk, probably privates of the White Russian troops whom the Reds had driven into Chinese territory and disarmed. But many of the elder men were of fine aristocratic type, evidently officers or officials.

I had many such meetings during my month's trip, and in especial I remember an evening in a little Chinese village where we spent the night, and where I found a little old Russian woman who was going begging from house to house. She turned to me a finely cut but wizened and wasted countenance, and when I spoke to her at a venture in French, she brightened up and gave me a ringing answer which soon explained that she was the wife of a well-known general and had frequented the salons of St. Petersburg. While sharing my simple supper she related how on tired and swollen feet she had roamed slowly and without hope on her *via dolorosa* to the West.

I have already noted that this invasion of White Russians contained elements of the most varied sort: youths and old folk, proletariat and aristocrat, ignorant peasants and highly educated people of the most contrasting professions. With Russian good nature and cheerfulness they were in the main well prepared to meet their trials, and in the course of the year these fugitives gradually came to rest at one place or another, especially at Shanghai and Tientsin, where the colonies of White Russians are extensive.

Under poor conditions, often near starvation, they work their way up in most cases as honest and

law-abiding members of the community where they have found refuge.

But many strange destinies have befallen these emigrant colonies. Many happy and charming Russian girls have been forced to make their living by prostitution, open or secret, and the great Chinese generals have willingly received portions of this easily won booty into their harems. I know of one case where a servant of the Russian consulate sold his wife to a rich Chinese for a quite moderate sum, and I have reason to suppose that the affair was arranged with the good will of the little lady in question.

I have been speaking thus far of the Russian fugitives who, thanks to their enterprise, industry and stalwart courage, have succeeded in supporting themselves by an honest trade or in the worst instances to keep on the picturesque border between the upper and under world. But there is still something left to say of those who declined into beggary or direct crime.

When I returned to Peking last year I read during my first days there of the numerous Russian vagabonds or criminals who peopled the Chinese prisons of Peking and caused the Chinese authorities much trouble. Some days later there came under my eyes a striking example of the desperate criminality to which necessity had driven a number of the Russian emigrants.

A Chinese jeweler in the native city brought his



valuables every evening in a little cart to a place of safe deposit not far from the Wagons Lits Hotel, and every morning he trundled the cart back through Chien Men to the shop. Some Russian adventurers found out about this and planned a most daring *coup*. One morning, when the valuables were loaded on the cart, an automobile drove up with three armed men and a Russian girl as driver. A couple of pistol shots struck terror into the peaceable Chinese, and the chests and blue bundles were tossed into the automobile, which was then driven northward at a furious pace. A Chinese policeman on his beat up at Hou Men somehow got the idea that the speeding car was out on an unlawful errand. He fired his gun, forced the automobile to stop, and so the whole robber gang was caught.

To realize fully the tremendous harm which the White Russian fugitives did to the prestige of the white foreigners in China it is necessary to observe that up to the most recent years — apart from those poor people above all criticism as to respectability, the missionaries — nearly all the foreigners in China had belonged to a well-to-do upper class which, with few exceptions, could uphold before the Chinese a standard of decency and outward honesty. For me, who was accustomed to the idea that a foreigner in China must necessarily behave as a gentleman, it was therefore a terrible shock on my arrival at the Grand Hotel de Peking in the autumn of 1925 to find its gate besieged by two Russians of the lowest type



with coarse features and ragged clothes, whose crude begging was the object of mischievous smiles on the part of the surrounding rickshaw coolies, men with a most keen sense of humor.

It is not only into the women's bower that the Chinese generals have taken Russians into their service, but also into their barracks and on the field of battle. The general governor of Shantung, Chang Tsung Chang, has a brigade of White Russians to which is entrusted the heaviest and most dangerous tasks and which has no hope of mercy if it should fall into the hands of the Red Russian military adviser directing the opposing forces.

One sees everywhere at the railroad stations in Manchuria great flowing-bearded Russians dressed in Chinese police uniforms, poor White Russians who have had no choice but to serve under Chinese masters for pay that would make a Swedish constable laugh a dubious laugh.

Every clear-headed and impartial observer must perceive that this White Russian proletariat has lowered the prestige of foreigners in China in a most fatal manner, and must deplore the short-sightedness which has allowed this evil to take root and grow to be a genuine danger to the white man's cause in the East. For reasons easy to be seen the Soviet Government does not care to do anything for these emigrants, who are in open war against the new Russian régime. But it was incumbent upon the other powers, at a moderate cost with a little well-directed organization, to remove to colonial

environments in South America, Australia or Africa this stream of unfortunate fugitives which is now filling to the brim the brothels, jails and slums.

This short-sighted inertia has let things go from bad to worse, so that China in 1925 offered a most favorable field for Red Russian propaganda.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

THE CHINESE REVOLUTION OF 1926-1927,  
(January, 1928)

FOR more than five hundred years the Swedish people strove against foreign invasion under conditions which strikingly recall the present struggle of the Chinese to get rid of the foreigners.

In the first Swedish town community, Birka, there was such a foreign infusion that a talented observer gave his impression of Birka as not a Swedish city but a Frisian "concession", to use the modern terminology. Demonstrably the influence of foreigners in Birka was very important, and the "men from outside" — to give a verbal translation of the Chinese word for foreigner — were here in the north, as now in China, bearers of the knowledge and spiritual impulse of the new age. The coining of the first Swedish money in feeble imitation of foreign patterns and the sending of missionaries to the heathen Swedes give two striking parallels to present-day China, with its multifarious foreign and Sino-foreign banks and its thick net of foreign missionaries.

If we turn to the ancient Swedish town of Sigtuna, which carried on the heritage of Birka, we find even more striking evidence of the foreigners. The numerous churches of gray stone we must partly interpret as signs that there existed here a community of faith among various nationalities living side by side, just as now in Peking and Shanghai, and the

distinctive character in these churches of combined house of God and fortress leads one's thought to the Peitang cathedral in Peking, which in 1900 successfully withstood the attack of the Boxers. A runic stone which stands in the churchyard of Sigtuna tells of the "Frisian feast-brothers"; it is thus a sign of administrative adjustment which leads one to think of the concessions at Tientsin, Hankow, and other Chinese "treaty ports."

If it is true that the walls of Visby were built, at least in part, to protect the foreign colonists against the peasant population of Gothland, we have there a sort of military-topographical parallel with the wall, moat and glacis surrounding the Legation Quarter in Peking. In Visby, too, the numerous ruins of churches tell of the various groups of religions that were compressed within the area of the city.

According to the law of Magnus Eriksson half the burgomasters and aldermen of the city were to consist of Germans, a condition which may be compared with the question of proportion between foreigners and Chinese in the municipal council of Shanghai.

Under Albrekt of Mecklenburg the land was ravaged not only by the Germans but also by the Swedish chieftains in their lust for power and plunder. Such a lord as Bo Jonsson Grip may well be likened to the worst dictator of the past decade in Chinese history. The worst Swedish expression of this time, "The law now lies on the point of the spear", can now be translated for modern China, "Justice is now

administered by soldiers' bayonets." The Red Spear Society, the peasant levies in Honan who kill soldiers wherever they find them, irrespective of whom the soldiers serve, had also its counterpart in mediæval Sweden.

As robbery by land and water and continual treachery in the rapidly changing combinations of military leaders form a part of China's present afflictions, we find the same shadows over our mediæval history. Sven Lagerbing's description of Karl Knutson's time might appropriately be set over the military dictator period of Chinese history, 1916-1925 "Treachery, villainy, faithlessness — without the slightest love of native land — under the mask of devotion, made the country a horrible den of wild beasts, where virtue and honor were sometimes words without meaning."

Gustaf Vasa became so dependent on the mighty Hanseatic League that he was compelled to give it the privilege of bringing its products into Sweden duty free. We may compare here the control over the Chinese customs which the foreign powers obtained after the subjection of the Boxers, an influence which is now about to fall to pieces.

Finally, after five hundred years of wrangling between the Swedes and the foreigners, Gustaf Vasa's victory over the League in 1536 brought about the decisive success of Swedish nationalism.

Even if the parallels just noted are only the random fingerings of a man without historical training on a fascinating theme, and if Chiang Kai Shih, the young Kuomintang general, never becomes a realm-builder

of Gustaf Vasa's proportions, these comparisons may at least warn us to judge cautiously and moderately what is now going on in China.

Two combined circumstances seem to have caused the political party of Sun Yat Sen, the Kuomintang faction—which earlier played a rather subordinate rôle confined to southern China—to rise in the year 1926 to be one of the leading factors in the civil war.

The first of these circumstances seems to have been that the Moscow Government, which previously had sent all its aid to the Red cause in China through Feng Yü Hsiang, "the Christian general", decided that this mighty but fanatical and unreliable general did not show the signs of being China's strong man which they had previously counted on.

Toward the end of 1925 there was indeed a time when Feng and his allies nearly became masters of Northern China. General Kuo Sung Lin, an ambitious major general under Chang Tso Lin, had made a secret agreement with Feng and in the autumn of 1925 raised the flag of rebellion against his leader at the same time that Feng advanced to the assault of Tientsin. This city was taken only after a skillful defence which caused Feng immense losses. But Kuo's dramatic march to Mukden lost its strength before it reached the Manchurian capital, and the young rebel and his wife, who had taken an active interest in preparing the *coup*, paid for the failure with their lives.

In the spring of 1926 Feng was again on the



defensive. During the summer the armies of Chang Tso Lin drove him out of Nankou Pass north of Peking and forced him to make a general retreat toward the interior of northern China, the provinces of Shensi and Kansu.

Feng himself made a trip to Moscow, a visit which began with great ceremony but ended feebly. On his return he was less Christian and more anti-foreigner than before, but otherwise there was little advance. On the contrary it appears the lords in Moscow concluded that Feng could at best only fill the rôle of a secondary threat up in northwestern China, whereas the Kuomintang at Canton offered better prospects for a victorious fulfillment of the Red cause.

We must, however, be careful not to lay too much weight on whatever help the Soviet Government gave directly or indirectly to Canton, chiefly in the form of military and political advisers. A thorough shake-up of the Kuomintang's previously weak military organization was conducted when the leadership came into the hands of Chiang Kai Shih, a young general from the province of Chekiang.

General Chiang's march from Canton down on the south coast of China up to the Wu-Han cities on the Yangtze River was a brilliant exploit with many striking incidents. On the first part of the way Chiang had the support of a railroad, but on the mountain passes into the province of Honan all his equipment had to be carried by coolies. This transportation was organized by the Cantonese in a quite novel way.



*Photo by A. E. Lelius*

GENERAL CHIANG KAI SHIH



The generals of northern China, Wu Pei Fu, Chang Tso Lin, etc., used to commandeer the number of coolies needed for the occasion and make use of them, unpaid and ill fed, till their strength was exhausted. This procedure, together with their violence and plundering, caused the northern armies to be profoundly hated in the provinces through which they passed.

The Cantonese set to work on a quite different plan. The transportation was arranged along a system of stations between which the various groups of coolies moved back and forth, well fed and sometimes regularly paid, so that the war soon became a popular trade wherever the Cantonese armies went.

If the Red Russian political and military advisers to the Kuomintang did any service in arranging the commissariat and directing on the battlefield, their great and decisive contribution is still that they taught the Cantonese their remarkably effective Red propaganda. The provinces and cities which were the goal of the Kuomintang's advance were flooded with Cantonese political agents. Hundreds of propagandists in civil dress went in front of the armies, preaching the doctrines of Sun Yat Sen and promising higher pay to coolies as well as land to the peasants. As a result great sections of Honan, Kiangsi and Chekiang were conquered without a blow. The northern generals opposing the Cantonese were similarly plied, often with such success that, for example, the very important Yangtze cities of Hanyang — with a great arsenal — and Kiukiang were captured with only a little shooting for the sake of form.

After the Canton armies invaded Honan during August, 1926, they captured Hanyang on September 6, through betrayal as just described. Two days later the unhappy Wu Pei Fu, involved in a net of treachery and insubordination, was forced to evacuate Hankow. Only Wuchang, on the southern shore of the Yangtze, surrounded by strong old-fashioned city walls, offered a determined resistance and held out for several weeks against the attack of the Cantonese.

Wu Pei Fu was now driven from the Yangtze valley, and Chiang Kai Shih could turn against the military governor of Nanking, Sun Chuan Fang, who more or less fully controlled the provinces of Kiangsu, Kiangsi, Anhui, Chekiang and Fukien. Severe fighting with varied fortunes raged around Nanchang, the capital of Kiangsi, which was taken and retaken several times; but when in the beginning of November Kiukiang on the Yangtze River was taken by the Cantonese without resistance, Kiangsi was lost to Sun.

The military activities of the Cantonese now turned toward the province of Chekiang, which was partly occupied in the course of December, the fighting going on with varied success until the capital, Hangchow, was taken by the southern troops in February, 1927. By the end of March Shanghai and Nanking were occupied, and the whole of southern China up to the Yangtze was under the Kuomintang's control.

All this advance of the Cantonese to the Yangtze was markedly anti-foreign. The political principles



of the Kuomintang with their strong condemnation of the foreign concessions, extra-territorial rights, etc., naturally created from the very start a certain antagonism, especially against England, which was considered the most dangerous representative of foreign "imperialism." The employment of Red Russian advisers by the Kuomintang sharpened this antagonism still more.

There is also along the Yangtze River a particular animosity against foreigners concerning which we must in justice make allowances for the common people. Navigation on the great river was conducted in former days by native vessels, junks and sampans. When then the foreigners came with their great steamships, the entire navigation on the Yangtze was changed. The animosity against these changes is especially strong in the upper bend of the river above Ichang. The foreign steamboats with their great freight capacity took away a great deal of the traffic, and the numerous guild of junk captains rightly felt their existence threatened by the foreign invasion.

What was worse, however, the foreign steamers often ran down and sank Chinese junks, and this happened most often in the section above Ichang, where the current flows violently through narrow ravines, compelling the use of specially constructed steamers with particularly strong engines. It is very possible that the sinking of junks in the rapids could not in certain cases have been avoided without risking the safety of the steamer, but on the other hand

we must understand the widespread indignation at this loss of Chinese life and property.

It was for this reason that the foreign powers, England, Japan and America, patrolled the Yangtze with their gunboats constructed especially for these waters. The Chinese are a proud and sensitive people who do not care to see their finest river policed by foreign men-of-war.

I have thus far described only the Chinese side of the Yangtze conflict. But the foreigners also have reason for complaint. The river used to be a constant field of operations for bandits, and during the earlier years of the war the contending generals would sometimes endeavor to commandeer foreign vessels to transport their troops and war material.

Add to this that the Yangtze valley, with Shanghai, is the chief industrial district of China and contains great masses of ill-paid laborers, and it will be evident that this river region abounded in dangerous provocations to conflict. As early as the autumn of 1926 the situation became almost untenable for missionaries in southern China, and in many places the foreign personnel went home on furlough.

After the Kuomintang had conquered the Wu and Han cities — Wuchang, Hanyang and Hankow — a movement began which was directed against the foreigners. Strikes were the order of the day. Trades societies were formed which raised the wages and made a great many more or less reasonable demands on the employers. The customs, salt and postal administrations, which the foreigners controlled,

began to grow lax, and there was a bitter propaganda against missions.

On January 4, 1927, in Hankow the mob invaded the British concession. Except for the local volunteers, the British consul general had only a handful of sailors to protect the concession. Because of the bitter experiences of May 30, 1925, at Shanghai every effort was made to avoid the use of firearms. For hours the English soldiers stood drawn up in an attitude of defence while exposed to the raging Chinese mob, which reviled them, threw mud upon them, and endeavored to break through their thin array. The discipline and self-control shown in these critical hours by the English sailors and volunteers were almost unparalleled and constitute a splendid example of the calm, well-balanced English national spirit.

The situation at last became so acute that the local English authorities gave orders to take the women and children to the English ships which lay in the river, after which the band of defenders retired and the British concession was turned over to the protection of the Cantonese military authorities.

The action of the English consul general in evacuating the concession and giving up its control is much debated. Some critics consider that he might have been able to hold the concession with the small force at his disposal and that the prestige of the white man suffered a fatal loss in this capitulation. Others think that the consul's behavior was a praiseworthy act of moderation and foresight.

The immediate consequence, however, was that similar excesses were begun in other Yangtze ports, notably in Kiukiang, where there was serious destruction to foreign property. In England the Hankow affair aroused strong popular feeling for the defence of English interests in China, and under the pressure of this opinion the government, which had hitherto carried on a very passive Chinese policy, decided to send a division of English troops to Shanghai to protect this, the largest of the foreign colonies in China. This was undoubtedly an act of keen foresight. During the critical months of the spring this growing body of English troops at Shanghai was the only fixed point in China. There is hardly any doubt that its presence saved the foreigners as well as China from the most serious complications in the great manufacturing city, where a hasty evacuation would have been simply impossible. So far as I know, the English defensive force has behaved with the greatest consideration, and the more moderate Chinese are said to admit that it was lucky for all parties that there were foreign warships and troops enough to protect the foreign settlement against all eventualities. Other powers — the United States, Japan, France, etc. — followed England's example, so that during the spring there were concentrated at Shanghai military forces of considerable strength and an international battle fleet of very imposing dimensions.

It was on March 24, when the Kuomintang troops — in this case mostly men from Honan, the province most strongly hostile to foreigners — occupied Nan-

king, that the most serious aggression was made against the foreigners. Many of the foreign consulates were plundered, and in especial the Japanese consul, who was ill at the time, was handled most ruthlessly. The missions and private houses of foreigners were looted and at first it was feared that the foreign loss of life was very great, but it fortunately turned out that with a few exceptions the one hundred and fifty members of the foreign colony at Nanking escaped with their lives, though only after treatment which, especially in regard to the women, was indescribably brutal.

The reaction in Peking to the proceedings at Nanking was instantaneous and far-reaching. The Americans ordered the evacuation of all American missionaries in the parts of southern China occupied by the Kuomintang, American women and children were sent from Peking as quickly as possible, and the possible removal of all American subjects from China was discussed.

However, it gradually became clear that the disturbances at Nanking were not directed exclusively against foreigners but that they were rather an outcrop of the shifting conflict between the parties of the Right and Left in the Kuomintang. Chiang Kai Shih, the commander in chief of the Cantonese forces, a man noted for his moderation, had at the time Nanking was taken been on the Yangtze on his way down from Hankow to Shanghai, and it was supposed that the radical Left group at Hankow, fearing Chiang would come to an understanding with the



foreigners, had decided to strike a blow at Nanking which would compromise him irretrievably in the opinion of the foreign powers. The violent demonstrations which were first discussed as reprisals for the Nanking affair never came off, since the powers could not unite on what should be done. Thus it gradually became evident that it would be better not to stir too much in these questions, since Chiang was going to call to account those who had presumably been behind the disturbance at Nanking, viz., the communistic Left wing of the Kuomintang party.

The first blow against the communism inspired in China by Russia was struck in Peking on April 6. It had been known for some time at Chang Tso Lin's headquarters that communistic propaganda was being carried on in the parts of the Legation Quarter adjacent to the Russian embassy and under its control. When the Chinese authorities in control at Peking had sounded the position of the diplomatic corps, they made on April 6 a visit of inspection to these homes, including the office of the Russian military attaché.

Malice relates that old Chang Tso Lin, who is known to be poor at keeping secrets, learned only when he was about to go to bed on the evening of the fifth what had been planned by the active heads in his camp. In any case I can testify from my own observation that the investigation was conducted with great speed and tact. By accident I was to go to the Russian consulate on that very morning to have my passport viséd, but found the embassy

closed. The Chinese porter was, however, in good spirits and advised me to go a little farther down the street because "there was something amusing going on with a lot of Chinese police and soldiers." Quite true, it was a remarkable sight to find part of the Legation Quarter occupied by bands of armed Chinese. Automobiles came and went in rapid succession, Chinese policemen led out small groups of pale communists, who were tossed into the automobiles, while other vehicles were being loaded with red flags, pistols and documentary material. Nearly a hundred persons were arrested on this occasion, seventy five of them Chinese and the rest Russians. A number of the Chinese communists were executed by strangling some time later.

The police authorities of Peking announced that Russian documents of great importance were secured in perfectly legible form, despite the attempt to destroy them at the last moment by throwing paraffin on them and setting them on fire.

About the same time as the raid in Peking, General Chiang Kai Shih began a movement to expel the communistic radicals from the Kuomintang party.

The raid on the Peking communists gave new prestige to Chang Tso Lin and his party, and at the beginning of May the position of the northern troops in Honan was very favorable. But again the treachery of certain generals seems to have played a decisive part, and at the end of May Chang Tso Lin was forced to abandon his newly won gains in Honan and to withdraw his troops to the north of the

Yellow River. Simultaneously his allies in Anhui had severe reverses, which allowed the southern troops to take possession of the southern part of the Tientsin-Pukow Railroad as far up as Hsuchow.

A couple of weeks later, however, Chang Tso Lin pulled himself together again in that on June 15 he proclaimed himself dictator in Peking. A month later Chiang Kai Shih was forced to retire southward from Hsuchow toward the Yangtze River and on August 13 he laid down his command and betook himself, first to his native province of Chekiang and then to Japan. The cause of Chiang's resignation was the increase of the conflict between the moderate element of the Kuomintang under him on one side and the extremists in Hankow on the other. Two of Chiang's lieutenants, Li Tsungjen and Chen Chien, had also been directly insubordinate toward him.

Chiang's retirement inflicted a great loss of prestige on the Kuomintang cause. The English, who till then had been waiting passively at Shanghai, gave the Kuomintang troops an ultimatum on August 16 on a quite unimportant matter of an aeroplane. The Shanghai-Hangchow Railroad was torn up by the English troops when the English demands were not complied with. A couple of days later, however, a peaceable adjustment was reached through Japanese intervention and the whole matter relapsed into a local and transitory incident.

The northern troops under Sun Chuan Fang followed in the tracks of the retreating Kuomintangists

and crossed the Yangtze River at Pukow with the object of retaking Nanking, but in the last days of August met a very vigorous resistance, which caused Sun to lose twenty thousand men on the southern side of the river.

Yen Hsi Shan, the model governor in Taiyuanfu, who has managed to keep his province comparatively free from fighting through all these years, had been showing increasing sympathy toward the Kuomintang in 1927. At the end of November he engaged on two fronts — one on the north along the Suiyuan-Peking Railroad, one with a starting point from Shih Chia Chuang, a junction between the Peking-Hankow Line and the side line up to Taiyuanfu — as an offensive against Chang Tso Lin. The attack was skillfully begun and was crowned at the start with considerable success, but the superiority of the Mukden troops in numbers and equipment soon made itself felt and at the end of the year the Shansi forces were driven back from nearly all quarters within the boundaries of their own province. Chang Tso Lin did not, however, win any decisive victory against this new and extremely popular adversary.

The Kuomintang party, whose disintegration had continued in the autumn of 1927, turned again to Chiang Kai Shih as its only possible savior from the chaos into which it had come. In November he returned to Shanghai, the Kuomintang was purged of its communistic elements, and at the beginning of the new year he was again commander in chief at Nanking, at the same time as his troops reoccupied

the southern part of the Pukow-Tientsin Railroad and had reached the border of Shantung.

The situation at the turn of the year, 1927-1928, is therefore that Chang Tso Lin is in Peking as lord of the Manchurian provinces, together with Chihli and Shantung, while the rest of China is occupied by the Kuomintang on behalf of southern China, and by Feng Yü Hsiang, who has Honan, Shensi and Kansu. Yen Hsi Shan still rules over his province of Shansi, Yang Sen and Wu Pei Fu form a more indefinite background toward the west in Szechuan.

Chiang, Feng and Yen are more or less clearly hostile to the Mukden party now reigning at Peking, where, however, a fraction of the younger element is said to be trying to combine with Yen and Chiang, while nearly all avoid Feng, whose unreliability has become proverbial.

The year of 1928 should surely show whether Chang Tso Lin will be able to make his dictatorship effective over the larger part of China, or whether he will be forced back to his stronghold in Manchuria.

If the Kuomintang gets possession of China proper, it will devolve upon that party, which has proclaimed that it stands for progress, to show its ability to rebuild the unhappy country which has been suffering for ten years the desolation of civil war. That this southern Chinese party has a deeper understanding and desire for reform than had the northern generals there can be no doubt.

In the summer of 1927 the foreign powers extended their precautionary measures to northern China,



where they concentrated more than five thousand troops, principally at Tientsin. Besides these the Japanese, despite the protests of China, sent for a time considerable forces to Tsingtao and Tsinanfu to protect the large Japanese population in Shantung.

At the same time with these struggles of the civil war and the protective measures on the part of the foreign powers there has been diplomatic action, in which the foreign nations have lost in all essential matters and the Chinese have won.

In the clearing up of the Shanghai episode of May 30, 1925, the diplomatic corps already showed a moderation which would have been unthinkable some years earlier. The negotiations between the Chinese Government and the foreign powers as to extra-territorial rights was also marked by an increased understanding of the need for abolishing the anomalies in the intercourse between China and the outside world, anomalies which are now without parallel, since the Turks have freed themselves from their "capitulations." On the other side the evidence offered by the powers in the attempted agreement on the question of extra-territorial rights contains many examples of the lawlessness which military force has created in China and which naturally disinclines the powers to give up these rights before the Chinese can guarantee an established system of justice.

Notwithstanding, the Peking Government is beginning to take the development of these matters more and more into its own hands without first asking the consent of the powers.

Just before Christmas last year the English Government tried to come to an agreement with the Chinese in proposing an immediate enforcement of the higher customs rates which, under certain guarantees, had been contemplated at the Washington Conference, and it was intimated in the English memorandum that both extra-territorial rights and the one-sided treaties between China and numerous foreign powers should be revised as soon as possible.

These British proposals were undoubtedly liberal and far-reaching but they seem to have come a few years too late to have a beneficial effect for either side. The comment of the foreign powers and press on these proposals was not wholly laudatory, and the Chinese in Canton as well as in Peking were either opposed or indifferent to the action of England.

At Canton the customs rates had already been raised in agreement with the proposal of the Washington Conference, and the same arrangement was now made at Hankow.

Without asking the consent of the powers, the Peking Government followed the example of the Cantonese, announcing on January 14 that from February 1 the increased customs rates would be put in force and that complete customs autonomy would be established January 1, 1929.

The English-born Chief of Customs, Sir Francis Aglen, an official of unimpeachable character who had rendered China great service in stabilizing the government loan, refused to obey the order of the Peking Government as to enforcing the higher

customs rates without referring the matter to the foreign powers, for which action he was curtly dismissed.

During the late autumn of 1926 there was an exchange of notes between the Peking Government and the Belgian legation as to replacing the current treaty between China and Belgium with another founded on equality. At the start the opinions were sharply opposed and there was a question of taking the dispute before some international tribunal, but on January 17 the negotiations were resumed on the assumption that the new treaty should be based on complete equality. On this occasion Belgium also made a surprisingly liberal gesture when the Belgian minister declared himself ready to restore the Belgian concession at Tientsin. In itself this gesture had little value, since the Belgian concession is a small district inhabited by only two thousand Chinese and not a single foreigner. On the other side it is obvious that Belgium's anticipation of China's wish has the most far-reaching significance as a precedent in the great question of restoring the foreign concessions to China.

The future of the Tientsin concessions was the subject of later consideration, and the attitude of the powers toward China is developing in that Japan has started negotiations with the Peking Government as to revising the treaty between the two nations. Also in November, 1927, the Peking Government terminated the treaty with Spain, which had been valid since 1864.

On the whole it is evident that China's relations with foreign powers is going to be readjusted in a

manner that recalls the events in Turkey some years ago. The nationalistic movement has swept away obstacles that previously seemed almost insurmountable, and the foreign powers meet the new demands with alacrity. This shows they have at last realized that the present disturbances have the character of a pan-Chinese revolution in which the nationalistic cause is advancing victoriously despite civil war and state bankruptcy.

It is as well first as last to see clearly that this is the end of the quarter-century when the foreigners out there lived in the sun. Foreigners in China must now take up their work under less favorable prospects, under the defective shelter of Chinese jurisdiction — which probably will be none too reliable for some time to come — and under the depression which follows a chaotic condition of government finance.

Interesting and difficult problems face the Chinese statesmen and foreign diplomats in arranging the administration over the great foreign centers, Shanghai, Hankow and Tientsin. During the last twelve months the foreign powers have shown such a ready understanding of China's natural aspirations that it is now incumbent on the Chinese leaders to create the needed security for the great foreign business centers which for a long time on will be necessary to China's material progress.

A question of almost unlimited range is the future of the missions. The mission stations are now largely vacant because of the political unrest and the

ill will toward foreigners. This is therefore a time when it may suitably be questioned whether or to what extent mission work should be developed or revised. Many far-sighted missionaries are inclined, as far as it can be done, to leave to the Chinese Christians the task of creating a national Chinese Church, which will then show what it can do in competition with the other religious movements.

If foreign missionaries should work in China in the future, it seems to me inevitable that the Board of Missions should realize how quickly and radically the cultural situation there has changed, so that a high standard of education may be required of those who go out as missionaries. In our time, when crowds of Chinese students stream back to their native land with a thorough knowledge of Europe and America, the simple, true-hearted, but poorly educated missionary is no longer effective. It should be a minimum requirement that a foreign religious teacher should know foreign conditions as well as does the Chinese official of the new type with whom he comes in contact, and besides this, he should have greater knowledge and appreciation of Chinese history and culture.

I therefore propose that the Swedish Mission Board, which has now taken back a large number of its workers, should arrange for courses of training to include in particular the history of culture and religion.

Should it happen that many of the missionaries cannot pass the new examinations and so be unfit to



return to the field in China, it seems to me that there should be fine opportunities for them in the home missions of our own country.

Many foreigners out in China speak with supercilious contempt of Chinese graft and conscienceless greed for money. This is no doubt very bad, especially in these times of unrest. But I have been surprised at the widespread dishonesty even in our well-ordered land. Newspapers are full of embezzlements: bank cashiers, government servants and men in other places of public trust who default with their funds. And now a priest in the national church has shot himself in his own church after making away with all the money in his coffers. Would it not be a sign of Christian humility to deal first with our heathen here in Sweden?

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