NOTE AND COMMENT

¶ A letter from Rev. Joseph Taylor of Chengtu, West China, who has remained at his post in the Union University all through the troublous times, says that too much has been made of the noisy opposition of the anti-Christian movement and too little of the stedfastness of the native Christians. He believes there is a quiet study of the Way of Jesus among the students in our schools that will bear fruit. He does not look for any mass movement among the student body in China towards the Christian church, but does feel that many of them are accepting the life that our Lord showed to His disciples. They are disciples, and by and by some of them will become apostles and go forth and preach this Christian way of living.

¶ We note on a church calendar a reminder that "subscriptions to our denominational papers MISSIONS and *The Baptist* are now due for the year 1928," followed by the sentence, "This is your last chance to subscribe for these helpful magazines." We hope that would not be taken literally. As for MISSIONS there is no "last chance." A subscription will be welcomed at any time, and the oftener the more welcome.

¶ We regret that it is necessary to delay the publication of Part II of Mr. Hayne's "From Teepee to Temple" until March issue. Each Part is treated in a sense as a separate article, and the second deals with the origin and growth of the Lodge Grass Mission, leading to the continuation in Part III of the remarkable career of John Frost. The story is worth waiting for. It is an intensely human document, and its interest will increase, not lessen.

¶ Different people bring very different reports regarding conditions and government in Russia, but the fact needs no commentary that a list has been compiled by the Russian Red Cross showing that no less than 47,009 children have been lost to their parents and families as a result of the pogroms, revolutions and upheavals since the soviet administration began.

¶ In India faculty members and students from thirteen Christian colleges took part in Vacation Bible School work. Parents as well as children attended the classes, and lantern slides illustrating the life of Christ never failed to interest and appeal.

¶ At Detroit W. E. S. Holland of India told a remarkable story of 1,200 Hindu convicts in a jail in India who, according to prison rules, each week were permitted to read one book from the prison library. More than 800 of them requested a copy of the New Testament. Out of 1,200 prisoners in any American jail, how many of them would request the New Testament as the first book they wanted to read during their imprisonment?

¶ President Coleman in his addresses gives his unqualified commendation as a business man of the manner in which the business affairs of our denominational organizations are conducted. He says: "I do not know of any business organization with which I am connected where we have the loyalty of the workers that we have in our societies and boards. Away with the criticism that we are wasting too much money in overhead. We can be proud of our organizations and give them our hearty support." It should be remembered, in this connection, that Mr. Coleman is qualified to judge, having been for years on the executive and finance committees of the Northern Baptist Convention. There is no man in the denomination whose opinion should carry more weight in this matter.

¶ Looking over the entire field, *The Baptist* is greatly reassured as to the denomination, and concludes: "The Baptist movement, vastly stronger in numbers and more united than ever before, with greater resources, and better organized for its world work, may pass from the old year into the new with the radiance of a new hope upon its brow."

¶ Dr. Thomas W. Goodspeed, who died December 16 at the age of eighty-five, was one of the instrumental founders of the University of Chicago, and officially connected with it from its inception. He largely raised the first $400,000 that secured Mr. Rockefeller's first offer of $600,000, and worked hand in glove with Dr. Harper through the years that followed. He was secretary of the University for many years, until he retired to become its historian and biographer. He wrote the biography of Dr. Burton, and was engaged upon the biography of Dr. Harper at the time of his death. Among the leaders of the denomination in the West, in connection with the Theological Seminary at Morgan Park prior to the founding of the University and all denominational affairs, probably no man had so wide an acquaintance and so genial an influence.

¶ We are indebted to Rev. Frank E. Levering of Leffric, India, for clippings from the *Madras Mail* giving a graphic account of the destruction wrought at Nellore and other points by the cyclone of November last. Our missionaries at Nellore and Kavali have described the damage done to our mission compounds, including the hospital buildings, but as Dr. Levering suggests, they did not tell of the great damage done to the town of Nellore. A large number of lives were lost there, and the destruction was so great that the Governor General made a personal visit of inspection. The report in the *Madras Mail* says that from noon until 4.00 the next morning there was one continuous gale, a bombardment of wind and water. All the trees either fell or became bare, twisted trunks. Gardens became wastes, roads were strewn with wreckage and impassable, blocked by huge fallen trees; houses were unroofed, some of thatch and mud disappeared altogether. . "For the awesomeness and devastation there is no parallel within living memory." In the midst of all this distress and desolation, a special correspondent, after describing the damage to the town and the mission buildings, says there were 40 patients in the American Baptist Mission Hospital, and that in the hospitals resident members of the staff were sharing the same quarters, at great personal inconvenience devoting as much space as possible for the sick under their care. "We have been working like coolies," remarked Dr. Benjamin, the head of the American Mission Hospital, sadly but not a whit discontentedly, about the efforts of her assistants and herself to make the necessary arrangements in the buildings that remain. The pictures remind one of the scenes in the Mississippi flood, whole streets being devastated. Of course the correspondent found Dr. Benjamin there and doing what we should expect, but equally of course no mention of that was made in the home reports. According to the official reports there were about 175 deaths from the cyclone.

FAMOUS BRIDGE AT CHAOCHOWFU OVER THE HAN RIVER, CHINA

A South China Diary

BY REV. A. S. ADAMS OF KAKCHIEH

(While the publication of this Diary has been unavoidably delayed, it will still be of interest, as showing how some of our missionaries employed themselves while they were necessarily absent from their regular posts; also the manner in which the Chinese Christians kept things going in a time of uncertainty and peril. Mr. Adams, whose station is at Hopo, in the interior, acting under the urgent advice of the American Consul, moved to Kakchieh, a suburb of Swatow, where our mission and schools are located. From this center his Diary was written.—ED.)

Tuesday, April 26. My friend Mr. Chen invited me to go to the opening and dedication service at the new Kialat Church, a branch of the Swatow Baptist Institute in an extended suburb of Swatow. When we reached the church we found many decorations of flowers and complimentary scrolls hung on the walls. A large blackboard had on it a program of twelve items and the service was conducted accordingly. One of the deacons gave a short history of the steps leading to this happy occasion. On the front of the pulpit was a gilt letter inscription saying that this was a daughter's memorial to her departed father. Dr. Lai, who was seated beside me, told me that one of the speakers stated that in his opinion the worst of the anti-Christian movement was over and that things would be better after this. Another speaker said, "You have now a large chapel; now enlarge your hearts also for the Kingdom of Heaven cause in this part of the town." Plans for this branch of the Swatow Institute were made at the time when the anti-Christian movement was at its worst, and these plans have now been successfully carried out.

Wednesday, April 27. Some Mennonite fellow workers who are staying for a time on our compound have just received word that their mission property, located at Shong Hang, in Fukien, has been looted by an anti-Christian or anti-foreign mob. This is a great trial to them. These Mennonite folks are fortunate to be absent from their station or they might have had to flee with nothing left to them, and the journey is a difficult one of four days. One of our mission residences has been placed at their disposal and we are doing all we can to help them.

Thursday, May 12. You will be glad to hear that Sunday, May 8, there were ten baptisms reported from Chaochow for the city church, with a probability of three or four more in the near future. I understand that Swatow Institute had four baptisms two weeks ago. The Woman's Bible School at Kakchieh is going strong at this time, and next week they are to have a Decision Day, when it is expected that a number will decide for Christ.

Politically, Swatow has been quieter, owing to the arrival of some 2,000 soldiers from the north. The Farmers' Unions in the outlying sections are now being dealt with, especially those of the Pu Ning section, where the farmers actually defeated and wiped out a small

force of 120 or so soldiers. They are now being "punished" for this, by having some villages burnt.

Sunday, May 15. There was a fine attendance in church, which was filled. The services were in charge of an evangelistic band from Canton City, consisting of one man and three women. The morning address was given by the leader of the band, who was a woman. Two years ago she was an anti-foreign agitator against Christianity but had been converted. Her frequent references to the text showed that she was a good Bible student. Further services have been held through the week by this band. The general impression given was good, though unfortunately an interpreter had to be used. This band is not officially connected with any Board, but depends upon free-will offerings for its support.

A PICTURESQUE SCENE IN CHINA

Tuesday, May 17. During the night previous a large ship with about a thousand or more soldiers aboard entered the Port of Swatow. A state of alarm, almost of panic, ensued. The authorities were able to embark and disarm the soldiers. It was feared that they would offer resistance as soon as their officers had been placed under arrest, but they did not.

Wednesday, May 18. Startling news from Kaying, the Hakka city. The "Sen lip" or Provincial Government Middle School was burned by rioters, or perhaps Labor and Farmers' Unions. Word was received that our Mission Academy had not been attacked, but that the principal had left for a day or two. The Swatow authorities at once sent up a thousand soldiers to take charge of the situation, so it is hoped that there will be no more trouble up there.

The same day word was received from Dr. Daniel Lai at Hopo that the people there were in fear of the Farmers' Unions from outlying sections attacking and looting the place. Some refugees came to our Hospital for safety. Dr. Lai reports also that the home of Mr. Ku Pan Nam has been burned by the Farmers' Union at a place only a day's travel from Hopo. Mr. Ku is our faithful, much respected principal of the Boys' School at Hopo. He has faithfully served the Mission for sixteen years or more.

Thursday, May 19. At 3:00, special evangelistic services were held in the church in connection with the Woman's Bible School. This was Decision Day and we hear that there were many who took a stand for Christ. The workers are greatly encouraged at the results.

Saturday, May 21. The Woman's School gives a program consisting of eleven organ solos, two chorus pieces and one piano duet. Many of the young women are preparing for service as Christian kindergartners and this program was a convincing demonstration of their attainments. The ladies in charge are to be congratulated, and especially Miss Elsie Kittlitz, their music superintendent.

Wednesday, May 25. By invitation I was present at the Swatow Y. M. C. A. reception given to visitors from Foochow, to be followed by a moving film entertainment. The chief speaker was Mr. Philip Cheng, who spoke in excellent mandarin, interpreted into local talk by Rev. Lo Siak Ku, of our Baptist Institute The auditorium was packed, about 800 being present, and much appreciation of the address was shown. Mr. Cheng emphasized the aims of the Y. M. C. A. as character building on a Christian basis with outlook towards efficient citizenship for the New China. Musical items were given by a double quartette, also from our Baptist Swatow Institute. Miss Dorothy Campbell of our Mission played an accompaniment and gave a pianoforte solo. It was instructive to sit in the audience and note how everything was run so well by our Chinese friends. Mr. Cheng was chief speaker, Mr. Lo interpreted. Dr. Hsu was able chairman of the meeting. Mr. Ho, the chief Chinese secretary, was here, there and everywhere, as he might be needed. The refreshment section, newly started under Mr. Tzu, was well patronized, and altogether I saw enough to convince me that Mr. Cowles, the American secretary, was correct when he told me that in Shanghai they say, "Swatow is today one of the bright spots in China," and they want weekly reports sent them. I confess I felt proud to see how our Baptist folk were helping out on this occasion.

Sunday, May 29. It is announced that fifteen names have been given in for baptism and church membership as a result partly of the meetings recently held, and partly as a result of the coming of warmer weather, when

REV. AND MRS. ARTHUR S. ADAMS

it is usual to hold baptisms. Thus in spite of the Academy being closed there is progress.

Thursday, June 2. The Woman's Missionary Society holds its monthly meeting in the church. Subject: Africa. Speaker: Mrs. A. S. Adams, who uses a large outline map or chart to illustrate her talk, which includes our Baptist work on the Congo where Mrs. Atkins, formerly Miss G. Aston of Kityang, now is. The collection goes toward the salary of a Bible woman.

Sunday, June 5. Here is the program for the day:

8:30. Sunday school in church.
9:45. Church service. Speaker, Min Yin of Canton. Subject: Three Important Christian Doctrines: The Cross, Baptism, The Lord's Supper.
Baptismal service for fourteen candidates.
1:00. Talk to Personal Workers by Min Yin of Canton.
2:00. Talk to new Christians by Mr. Wiens, interpreted by Ruth Chen.
2:00. Hospital Sunday school. Also Cradle Roll Sunday school.
3:00. Communion service with reception of new members.
4:00. Meeting of executive committee of church. Study class of Daily Vacation Bible School.
6:00. Young People's Choir, conducted by themselves, with Aug Lk. Hui as leader.
Personal Worker's group throughout the day.

Comment by Dr. M. Everham: "Whether we missionaries stay or not, I am sure that you will agree that Christ is here in China to stay."

Singular China! Certainly the reader of Mr. Adams' Diary would not suspect that he was living in a "state of war" when he wrote.

SCENES AT A CHRISTIAN WEDDING IN SOUTH CHINA

Balthasar Huebmaier

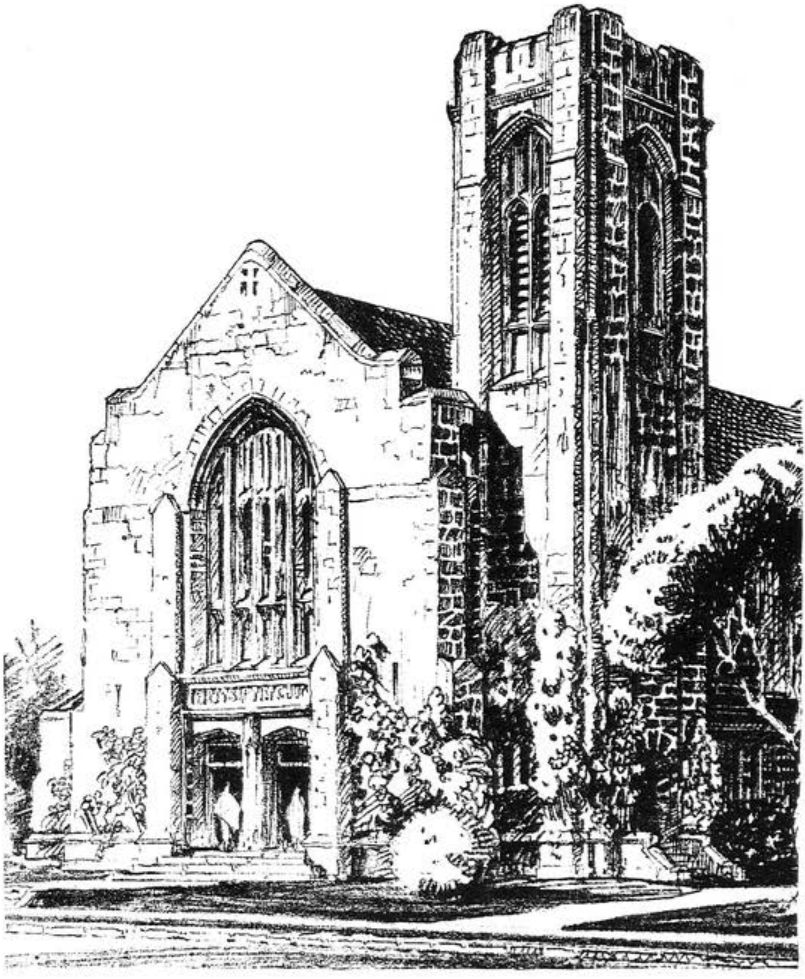
By Professor FREDERICK L. ANDERSON, D. D.

BALTHASAR HUEBMAIER was the leader of the Baptists in the time of the Reformation, and the Baptists of the world may well celebrate the 400th anniversary of his martyrdom on March 11, 1928, as suggested by President Mullins of the Baptist World Alliance. The Index of Prohibited Books, issued by the Roman Catholic Church, names him along with Luther, Zwingli and Calvin as one of the four "heads and leaders of the heretics," and this is also the verdict of the best modern historians of the period.

The reason that he is comparatively unknown is that his remarkable career was so brief, that the whole Anabaptist movement was cut short by pitiless persecution and drowned in blood, and that, after a century of misunderstanding and calumny, a conspiracy of silence seems to have been entered into by Protestant and Catholic alike to doom Huebmaier and his followers to oblivion. Baptist scholarly research now presents to us anew the picture given us by the Catholic Index. Huebmaier ranked with Luther, Zwingli and Calvin, in character, in learning and in eloquence, and far exceeded them in insight and foresight, a pioneer of the spirituality of the church and of religious liberty, three centuries at least ahead of his times. Luther and Calvin died in their beds. Zwingli fell in battle. Only Huebmaier won a martyr's crown.

Balthasar Huebmaier was born of obscure parents at Friedburg in South Germany in 1481. He supported himself while getting a thorough education. He gained his M. A. at the University of Freiburg in 1511, and his Doctorate in Theology in 1512, studying under the celebrated Dr. Eck. From 1512-1516 he was a member of the faculty of the University of Ingolstadt, and in 1515 became its Rector. In 1516 he was called to be preacher and priest at the Cathedral of Regensburg (Ratisbon) on the Danube, a famous political center in those days, and powerfully influenced the city for seven

MISSIONS



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Nov. 6 , 1929.

Dear Fellow-workers at Kaying,

We have all been hearing of your experiences and reading your communications as we have opportunity. It is needless to say we have been not a little concerned about you. Your own bravery and optimism have kept us from more serious worry. We are sorry to know of all the troubles that have afflicted your City and region, and we sincerely regret that you have been put to so much inconvenience and care and loss. We are most grateful that none of you has suffered personal injury, and we devoutly hope the worst is behind you.

In view of your communications as to what was happening from time to time we have been puzzled as to what course you should pursue. Earlier in the week I was ready to start around a suggestion that we request you to evacuate. Later advice from you rather made me feel you would not be any too happy over such a suggestion, so I desisted; and I am writing this letter instead of sending a telegram.

Lacking personal experience in the things you are going thru, I, for one, do not presume to know what is your duty. I fully appreciate the reasons you have for wishing to stay by. You do wish to avoid adverse criticism, you do not want to leave the field unless the situation actually demands it, and you know that once having left under existing conditions it would be very difficult down here to determine when it was safe to return. These are potent reasons for following the course you are taking. I am sure you are not forgetting, on the other hand, that there are times when withdrawal temporarily is the course to follow. Jesus himself did not disdain to use this method of avoiding the wrath of his enemies on occasion. Should anything happen to you, especially if you should be captured, that would involve others besides your Chinese and yourselves and us. So my opinion would be that you endeavor, as I know you are doing, to play safe enough to avoid losing your freedom; and that you may well err on the side of safety. All of us stand ready to lose our lives to-day in the line of duty; but losing life is a different thing from being taken alive by those who are at this time kidnapping for ransom, from all we hear of their methods of treating their captives. For this reason I feel you should be careful not to err on the side of risk.

I have not taken a sensus of the compoun here. Some , however, I am sure would recommend your leaving Kaying for a season in view of your experiences and present conditions. Some others would rather leave it to your own judgment, among whom I am one. But all of us would press upon you that our homes are open to you here, that we earnestly request you to err on the side of safety, and we want you to move out and come here just the minute you own judgment tells you to leave. It is inevitable that the strain you are subjected to will work on your nerves and on your bodies. Take this into account and don't hang on at a cost to your health. Be honest with yourselves and do not let your sense of duty in one direction blind you to that in another.

It is Wednesday evening, and we have prayer-meeting to-nig ht. I have been wondering how many of our people would rather feel that in view of their more advanced years, Mrs. Campbell and Mr. Whitman should exercise even greater caution and care for their health and come out of the place until they can go back with reasonable assurance of less turbulent times. I shall lay this before the folks to-night and endeavor to get an expression of opinion, after which I will write you further. In view of what you have written, tho, we are rather expecting Mr. Whitman to appear here at any time, ane we hope he brings Mrs. Campbell with him.

Should this be and conditions remain as unsettled as theyhave been, it will put an additional strain upon both Br. and Sr. Lear. Our hearts are with you, and we shall be remembering you constantly in prayer.

"Did someone say Club"

- compiled from themes written by the third yr. English class of Bridgman Academy, Peping, China

· 1929 Jun 7

Did Someone Say "Clubs"!

If we just study our lessons all the time in school, if when the bell rings we all go to class and sit quietly listening to the teachers and do only the work the books tell us to do, we cannot think about other things than books, nor know other interesting things which people besides students do, nor will we know much about our schoolmates. Then we will be like engines. The bell and the school rules are the are the workmen to manage us, and the books are the fire to run us. Our lives in school will be too simple and we will be tired of our lessons.

So for many years we have had clubs in our school and they have helped us a great deal, but at the beginning of this term the head advisor made some changes in them for us. Many new clubs were formed. Now there are twelve in all with more than ten students in each. Each student may choose the club she likes the most and enter it. Every Wednesday afternoon the members of each assemble at a certain place where they work together for about an hour.

Each group does something different. Even in the two sewing clubs the work is not alike. In the foreign one we have tried to make foreign clothes for our selves and our little brothers and sisters. In the other, the students made Chinese clothes. They looked almost like tailors as they sat there working.

Two others which are something alike are the Literary Society and the Story Club. When the Literary Society opens its meeting, one can see our principal, the advisor, laugh, and that is the only chance; he enjoys the girls' stories and speeches. The Story Club learns to tell stories and to choose the right kind of stories for different kinds of people. Some of them they can tell to their little brothers and sisters.

It seems to some students that the Home Decoration Club is the most interesting and useful one, for there we may learn to decorate our homes. If our rooms are pretty, we are happy. We have framed many pictures with jesso clay for our rooms at home, and have tried to raise flowers on the school grounds.

The Camp Cooking Club helps us when on picnics. Some members of this club like very much to eat, so they are very, very, happy when Wednesday comes because then they can eat a great deal. Perhaps if they asked the advice of the Health Club they would not eat so much!

Schoolmates of the Toy Club are learning to make toys. Whenever people went to their room, they all wanted to take one of their toys to play with. Perhaps in their hearts they wished to take one and go away because the dolls were so interesting, the pigs so fat, and the other things all made so lovely. But the girls all take care of their things!

~~The last two clubs belong to the~~

If one goes to the Clinic Room, he will see many posters which the girls of the Health Club have made. They help one to understand health rules. Sometimes the nurse tells them about how to be healthy. Sometimes they learn how to wait on patients, how to make a sick person's bed, and how to feed a sick person. One day we watched them give a baby a bath and dress it in suitable clothes.

In the Games Club we choose three people every time to find some interesting games to play. Our meetings are very interesting. Everybody must have a game during the term which she can teach to children outside our school.

The Music Club has its club song, and besides that they have learned many songs and singing games to teach children, too. Sometimes one girl plays the piano and the other play toy percussion instruments. Sometimes they ~~play better than the girls~~ teach the little children of the Bluebird Club to play these instruments, and occasionally they do it better than they girls who teach them!

The last two clubs belong to the same family. They are the Kodak and the Blueprint Clubs. Of course in the first they do more kinds of things. Every student must have a Kodak, so that she can learn to take pictures; then they develop and print their own films. In the Blueprint Club the girls get together on Tuesday after dark to make their paper and then the next day they print many lovely pictures.

Everybody is very cheerful at club time, for she can do something which she has chosen. Everybody helps others and gets much happiness from the clubs. Every member can help her home with what she gets from them. We think this is the best way to make our lives happy and active. What do you think?

Compiled from themes written by the third year English class of Bridgman Academy, Peping, China, June 7, 1929.

WOMEN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETIES IN THE LING TONG

- Edith G. Traver.

Twenty-six years ago in 1906 a Missionary Society was started in the Girls' School in Swatow. Miss Weld was principal of the School, and Tang Tek Cheng, now Mrs. H. C. Ling, was the head Chinese teacher. They two prayed about it and planned for it, and the girls became very enthusiastic over the Society. They did much handwork, in sewing and painting, which they sold; they gave money at their meetings; and in the summers they were able to send away two of their own members to hold summer classes in villages. They engaged a Bible woman later for full-time work.

Later, in 1912, a Woman's Missionary Society was started for the women of the Women's School and for all the women on the Kakchioh Compound and money was raised to engage first one, then two Bible women to go away and work in other places. In 1928 a Society was started in Swatow City, and from here sometimes one, sometimes two women have gone to other sections to hold classes or to visit and tell the Christian message.

It was not long before Kityang and Chaoyang started Women's Missionary Societies. Then all thru the country one society after another was formed in village church after village church, and in all the five centers, till now in the Ling Tong district there are twenty-four missionary societies, besides the original one in the Girls' School, which now is a W. M. G. affiliated with the W. W. G.'s in America.

Also there is one Society in the Southern mission field down the coast half-way to Hongkong, and there is one in Bangkok, Siam in the oldest Chinese Baptist church in Asia--the mother of all our Baptist churches in China. So altogether there are twenty-seven societies.

Last year, in the summer of 1931, at the time of the Ling Tong Baptist Convention meetings in Swatow, a Union of all the Women's Missionary Societies was formed. Another such Union meeting was held this year and one is planned for each year, with delegates from all societies and reports from each Association.

Then three of the Associations, Kityang, Swatow, Chaoyang, have each a union of its own missionary societies; and union meetings have been held in each Association. Kityang was the first to do this, just before the meeting of the Kityang Association last year. The societies in the Swatow Association have held two such meetings this year, and Chaoyang is soon to hold its third. These meetings last one full day or one day and part of another, and a good program is planned and carried out by the women, with delegates and reports from each society.

Besides this, an hour is usually given in the general Ling Tong Convention and in Association meetings to the Women's Committee to give a report of its work, the report including the work of the missionary societies and of all other work planned and carried on by the Women's Committees which are constituent parts of the Convention or of the Associations.

Let me repeat the report of the Women's Committee that was given at the last Ling Tong Convention. It was read by the Kindergarten teacher at Ungkung, who had been chosen to report for all the fields, but others rose to add information so that all the work might to represented. This is the gist of what was said:

"The Women's Committee is one of the committees of the Ling Tong Convention. All of the women of the Ling Tong want to help in the work of the Convention, so the Women's Committee plans how they can do this. We want to report some of the things that the women have been doing this last year to help in the Ling Tong work: All thru the country we have been starting missionary societies both to work ourselves and to raise money for women evangelists to work either in our own churches or in other places.

"Altogether in the five Associations there are 25 missionary societies, besides one in the South and one in Siam. This last year nine new missionary societies have been started. We have about 800 members in all. One thousand and twenty dollars ($1020) has been raised by all the societies during the year. Five women have been engaged as evangelists, and we are looking for more women that we may invite them to this work. Beginning with this new year we are planning to give at least one hundred dollars to the work of the Ling Tong Convention, this money to be used toward the salary of the Women's Evangelistic Secretary. We hope that each year we may give more and more for this work."

Here ~~is~~ a report ~~which~~ was given of the Union organization and the union meetings that had been held.

"The Day of Prayer was observed in every section, in the Kityang district in twelve different churches, forteen churches being represented, and three hundred women assembled.

"We have held many mothers' meetings in the different churches, telling the women about the necessity and the method of bringing up their children well.

"We have conducted seven Sunbeam Societies for the children of the churches, have many preaching bands, and many women's prayer meetings, and have helped to start family worship in many homes. Eight classes for teaching and training women have been held thruout the field. These have been from ten days to two weeks in length.

"We ask you all to pray that we may be able to do more and more for the women of this part of China".

December 22, 1932.

Traver.

June 1933

THE GLORY THAT WAS IMPERIAL PEKING

By W. Robert Moore

Author of "Along the Old Mandarin Road in Indo-China," "Cosmopolitan Shanghai, Key Seaport of China," "Motor Trails in Japan," etc., in the National Geographic Magazine

DUST hovers over Peiping.* When a dust storm is on, half of the Gobi seems to hang over the city. Great clouds of it come rolling up from the west, the blue sky becomes jaundiced, and, as the pall thickens, the sunlight fades and is lost. Dust comes sifting through every crack and crevice and even mounds up on the sills inside tightly closed windows and doors.

Resting coolies turn their backs to the wind, people ride with scarfs over their faces, and everyone who returns from outdoor errands is heavily powdered with the wind-driven yellow-gray loess. With luck it blows over or settles in a few hours or—a couple of days.

Ordinarily, however, Peiping's dust is but that thick layer of gray earth of the street, powdered to infinite fineness by plodding camel trains, loaded "Peking carts," and the tread of countless thousands of feet. It is whisked thither by the winds that sweep along the broad avenues and eddy up and down between the walls that bracket the labyrinth of narrow, twisting residential thoroughfares.

More striking than these outward physical aspects is that perpetual dust layer of spent grandeur which haunts one of the glory that was Imperial Peking.

CAPITAL SITE FOR FORTY CENTURIES

Long before the hard-riding, conquering Mongol, Kublai Khan, with his victorious followers established Khanbaligh (Cambaluc, also Taitu) as winter capital here, the site had already supported earlier capitals.

Ancient Chi, Yu Chou, Yenching (also called Nanching), and Chung Tu had been built, expanded, and razed—piles of dust. Chinese chronicles record a span of nearly forty centuries. But who knows? Perhaps when the famous "Peking man" (whose skull I saw being studied in the Peking Union Medical College) was roaming these lands, some sort of communal center existed here.

* The name of the former capital of China was officially changed in 1928 to Peiping.

Drama has continued to march in cycles since Marco Polo visited the capital of the Khans and brought back to unbelieving Venice tales of its incredible magnificence.

The city recently gave way again to Nanking's predominance as China's political center, and has reassumed the name Peiping, which it possessed in the sad days before the later Mings and Manchus ruled from the Dragon Throne.

But Peking (or Pei Ching, if one takes the northern pronunciation), meaning "Northern Capital," it will continue long to be called, even though the turn of political events has robbed it of that rank and has reduced it to the City of the Northern Plains.

CITIES WITHIN A CITY

To see the city best is to gain first a view of its entirety. An excellent vantage point is one of the high towers of the massive city wall, or "Coal Hill," a mound back of the Forbidden City—a panorama once denied lest one happen to peep at the Imperial palaces (see Plate VI). Better yet, see it from the air.

After a bumpy and dust-choking motor ride out to the airdrome one afternoon, we are soon skimming northward toward the city on the wings of a Junkers plane. Away to the west and north stretch the faint purple ridges of the Western Hills. Within a few moments Peiping begins to resolve itself from the ground-dust haze and to take on rare symmetry.

First emerged two mighty rectangles in juxtaposition to each other and inclosed in heavy fortifying walls, rectangles splotched with blues, greens, reds, yellows, and grays. Then other divisions became visible.

A city beside a city and cities within a city—such is Peiping. As one approaches from the south, the Chinese section is in the foreground, and stretching back from it is the old Manchu or Tatar district, within the center of which is the Imperial City. Pinkish-red walls, yellow tiled on top, in turn set apart the yellow-roofed "Purple Forbidden City" in the heart of the moated Imperial inclosure.

Photograph by W. Robert Moore

THE "CAPITOL PLAZA" OF IMPERIAL PEKING NOW IS DESERTED

In this Hall of Exalted Ceremony, official positions were conferred, the Empire's policies formulated, and frequent receptions were held for vassal princes, diplomats, and scholars applying for high literary degrees. This is one of three throne halls in the Reserved City of the Emperors, more commonly known as the Forbidden City.

Photograph by W. Robert Moore

A CURB MARKET FOR CARROTS AND RADISHES

Street merchants peddle fruits, candies, and vegetables heaped in baskets suspended from the ends of carrying poles. They congregate in open markets, and call their wares from house to house, with a variety of raucous cries. Some use horns and various other musical instruments to attract attention.

"Down there's the Altar and Temple of Heaven," the pilot shouted in my ear, as he indicated the massive circular marble platform and adjacent round, blue-roofed temple below us in the center of a large park at the southern part of the Chinese City.

The old emperors believed that the center of that altar was the center of the whole universe.

Why not? Considering the extensiveness of the domain over which those monarchs ruled, there seems pardonable justification for their egotism.

We bank sharply and hang edgewise, filling the air with exhausted gasoline fumes over that three-tiered disk of pure-white marble from which once ascended annually the smoke of burnt offering—"a bull calf of unmixed color and without flaw," while the "Son of Heaven" knelt in reverence and prayed for a blessing to descend on his people. Nature worship under the dome of sky, old as time.

Americans learn with pride that the triple roofs of azure tile which crown the impressive Temple of Heaven are supported on mighty columns of Oregon pine, supplied at considerable expense of transportation when local wood of sufficient size could not be obtained, at the time the temple was rebuilt (see Plate II).

This "Temple of the Happy Year," as it is better known to the Chinese, was second only to the Imperial palaces in sacredness and in the beauty of its design. From the air, with its top of Mediterranean blue, it looks like a giant Mongol yurt.

As we swing again toward the Tatar City, we skirt the Temple of Agriculture. The grounds around the decaying buildings and the square altars have reverted to grass and weeds; a flock of sheep or goats feeds calmly in the neglected courtyards.

The walls around the Chinese City embrace only about one-half as much area as is included within the Tatar fortifications; the shops and homes of the Chinese district are crowded near the communicating gates. In 1644, when the Ming dynasty fell, all of the Chinese were forced to live in this southern suburb, and the invading Manchus appropriated the whole of the original city.

Roaring over the Chien Men, massive central gate through which a large part of the traffic between these two sections passes, people and carts coursing through its arches look like a milling army of ants, and the tramcars and autos like darting cockroaches.

Abreast, and off our right wing, is the walled-in Legation Quarter, with the American Legation and the buildings of the Marine Corps guard, marked by tall radio towers, standing closest to the gate.

"PURPLE FORBIDDEN CITY," COURTS OF GOD-EMPERORS

Almost immediately the Forbidden City is beneath us.

Only from such air perspective can come the full appreciation of the symmetry and expansiveness of Yung Lo's building operations.*

Boldly planned and executed, even surpassing the courts of Kublai Khan, were the palaces and the capital of the mighty Ming emperor. The whole plan, history says, was conceived in detail by a Taoist monk, a close friend of the haughty Yung Lo.

Below us lie rectangles of courtyards, some cut by curving marble-bridged streams, and a patchwork of red gates, halls, reception rooms, and living quarters of the emperor and his countless retainers, under roofs of shimmering Imperial yellow.

Each was built according to all the regulations of astronomic and geomantic influences. The palaces stand to-day essentially as their construction was commanded more than five centuries ago.

"What a pity I can't get that in color!" I complained at the top of my voice.

"Yes, too bad photography's forbidden. Pretty, those golden roofs."

We circle the three lakes—Nan Hai, Chung Hai, and Pei Hai (the South, Central, and North Seas)—that cut down through the Imperial City, to the west of the inner palaces. Lotus-mottled blue waters and irregular banks of green, studded here and there with yellow and green roofs, are marvels of landscape gardening, large even from the air. Yung Lo gets credit for those, too.

"Kublai Khan's palaces stood near where that white *dagoba*, shaped like a peppermint bottle, rises on that little hill," I hear above the noise of the exhaust.

"Old Buddha," as the inscrutable Dowager Empress, Tzu Hsi, was called, used to go boating on these lakes in summer and was pushed about on a sled over the ice in winter—that is, when she wasn't in residence at her Summer Palace.

Tradition says she commanded a cessation of the bombardment on the foreign legations one day during the Boxer Rebellion so that she could enjoy a boating picnic without the confusion of gunfire.

"That island, amid the lotus"—we nose sharply down toward it, beyond a thread-like marble bridge—"was where 'Old Buddha' kept Emperor Kwang Hsu prisoner while she and a eunuch ran the show."

MARCO POLO SAW DRUM TOWER

The Drum and Bell towers soon slide under us as we zoom and head north again. Marco Polo heard the watches of night boom from this same Drum Tower. The drumheads were strong then, having served but three years when he arrived.

To-day the tower has become an educational library and a propaganda center, and is plastered with Kuomintang posters, health suggestions, anti-communistic displays, and other notices.

Two slender camel caravans, in from the desert, sludge along a street; a toy motorcar buries them in a cloud of dust.

The ridge of earth off to the north of the present city wall, and running parallel to it, was the old north wall of Khanbaligh.

Swinging over the Confucian and Lama temples, their golden tile roofs still bravely flashing up the fact that they once had royal support, and then back over the Forbidden City, we catch a glimpse of green roofs far off beyond either wing tip.

The group near the lakes is the new National Library; the other, off Hata Men Street, is the Peking Union Medical College. Both are attempts to preserve the beauty of Chinese architecture in modern building construction.

*See "Peking, the City of the Unexpected," by James A. Muller, in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE for November, 1920.

Under the roof of the former is housed a fine collection of rare Chinese books and other facilities for scholarly Peiping, and within the walls of the latter foreign doctors and Chinese trained abroad are teaching new students how to help the blind to see, the lame to walk, and the sick to become whole.

HOME OF PREHISTORIC MAN

There, too, my friend, Dr. Davidson Black, indefatigably labors over the remains of the *Sinanthropus pekinensis,* to use the scientific name of the aforementioned Peking man; and through his scholarly examination, after months spent in extracting the skull from the travertine in which it was embedded, much light has been shed on this and other illuminating relics of early man in Pleistocene times, perhaps a million years ago.

Other highly valuable fossils have been unearthed from the caves near Chou Kou Tien, at the edge of the Western Hills, 37 miles from Peiping, where the geologist, W. C. Pei, made this rare discovery.

Through the mosaic of roofs, courtyards, and palace inclosures run "long wide roads through which horsemen can gallop nine abreast!" What a contrast Peiping, with its liberal use of space, presents to most cities in China! That Peiping was more Mongol than Chinese is the answer.

Roads run straight and true, cutting big and little squares and rectangles; nothing is pinched or tortured together, except in the Chinese and residential districts. A sky view even there, however, shows many wide courtyards in private homes which high mud walls along the streets conceal from pedestrian eyes.

And the trees! Until you look down from the air and see the masses of trees within the walled-in gardens, you do not suspect that the city has such an abundance of greenery.

We bank sharply over the Reserved City of Emperors to get yet another look at its symphony of color and plan—mathematics blended with esthetic beauty—then turn toward the several flags that wave over the foreign legations. Finally we dart over the Chinese City, which from our height appears like a jumble of nursery building blocks. The sun-gilded dust mantle follows fast in our wake, as we return to the landing field.

From the ground, detail and size are added to our sky-map perspective.

"Fourteen miles in circumference, fifty cubits in height and fifty in breadth, the whole circuit having battlements and embrasures"—that was the completed task of the brick and stone masons more than 500 years ago.

"There's your city wall—finished!" they must have felt like telling the emperor when they looked at bruised fingers and felt pains shooting through tired, bent backs. And yet they must have felt some thrill of pride as they stood off and looked at those massive fortifications and at the double towers that rose majestically above the long crenelated lines that encircled the Tatar City.

The city wall remains much the same today as when it was piled together. Wars, time, and prying tree roots, however, have caused it to crumble and bulge in places; spots show where repairs have been made. Few of the nine gates are intact, and all but two of the corner towers have been destroyed.

The Government railway has tunneled through the wall to the destruction of the barbican of the Hata Men, so that engines smudge the outside of the south Tatar wall (see Plate XVI).

DAILY PAGEANT OF TRAFFIC AND PEOPLE AT CITY GATES

"The gates are the mouths of the city; they are the openings through which this huge walled-in body of a million or so organisms breathes and speaks"; thus have the nine passageways been described.

One can learn much of Peiping's daily business by standing at the gates and watching the traffic that passes.

In the early morning a steadily increasing flow of traffic begins to move through the gates. Peasants push heavily laden wheelbarrows, with small jingling bells strung in the spokes of the wheels. Others carry baskets of produce on shoulder poles. Donkeys jostle rickshas, and now and then hurrying automobiles honk raucously to clear the way of pedestrians going to their various tasks.

And camels! Long caravans come shuffling in from Kalgan or far Mongolia, or are returning from the Western Hills with heavy bags of coal slung between their two great humps (see page 770).

Photograph by W. Robert Moore

THE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL, AND A "MOON GATE"

The Chinese have achieved artistic effects with doorways and rock gardens in the courtyards of their homes and palaces. Entrances also are fashioned in the forms of vases, lutes, and various other bizarre patterns.

Camels, I'm a child about them; there's something about their air of supercilious disdain, as they stalk through the streets or along the trails, that ever fascinates me. If anything, the camels of Peiping are even more impressive than the caravans I have watched moving at night across arid plateaus of Persia.

Hopes and sorrows, too, march through the gates, for through some pass the brilliant red and gilt palanquins of weddings and the catafalques of death. The most westerly of the south Tatar gates is known as the "Gate of the Dead," because numerous funeral processions may be seen moving on their slow way out through it.

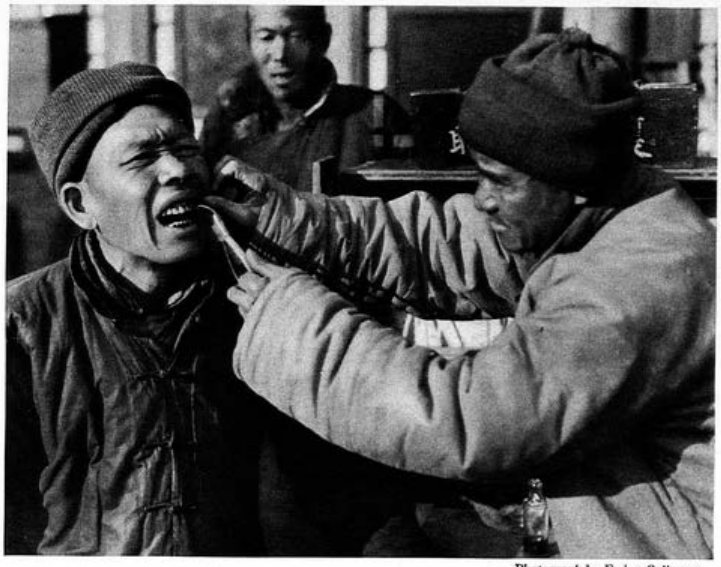
The tempo of traffic at the gates increases at the height of day and dies down again after twilight fades, finally becoming almost stilled at night. At one time curfew was rigidly enforced, and the ponderous doors creaked shut on their grating hinges. Movement then ceased until they swung open to a new day.

Now curfew is neglected except when, as happened several times while I was there, martial law is declared because of anticipated political disturbance. On such occasions theater-goers hurry from the darkened halls at 10 o'clock, and, together with other groups, make rapid moves to get on their home sides of the wall before the rusty closing gates deny further passage.

Known by several names, the official, literary, and popular, the gates are symbolical of understanding, brightness, abundance, peace, victory.

FORBIDDEN CITY NOW OPEN TO VISITORS

The Chien Men, the central one of the south wall and largest of them all, was officially the Cheng Yang Men, "Straight to the Sun," and was once the emperor's because he alone was allowed to pass through the central archway. But China has become a people's country and the gate is often referred to as the "Nation's Gate."



Photograph by Ewing Galloway

"NOW THIS MAY HURT A LITTLE!"

Native dentistry in China is far from painless. This practitioner, working in the streets of Peiping, uses no anesthetics. He jerks out the tooth, washes the wound with an antiseptic, collects his fee, and then hunts up another patient!

Back from it stretches the royal avenue which leads to the Imperial palaces—the Purple Forbidden City.

The entrances to this sacred royal precinct also have swung open to even the humblest who have the few coppers necessary to buy a ticket at the "Gate of Military Prowess." This paper allows them to walk where the god-emperors once abode!

Sad they are now, but still rescued from the ignominious fate of extensive plundering. A committee preserved as much as possible of the glorious palaces and converted them into a museum (page 768).

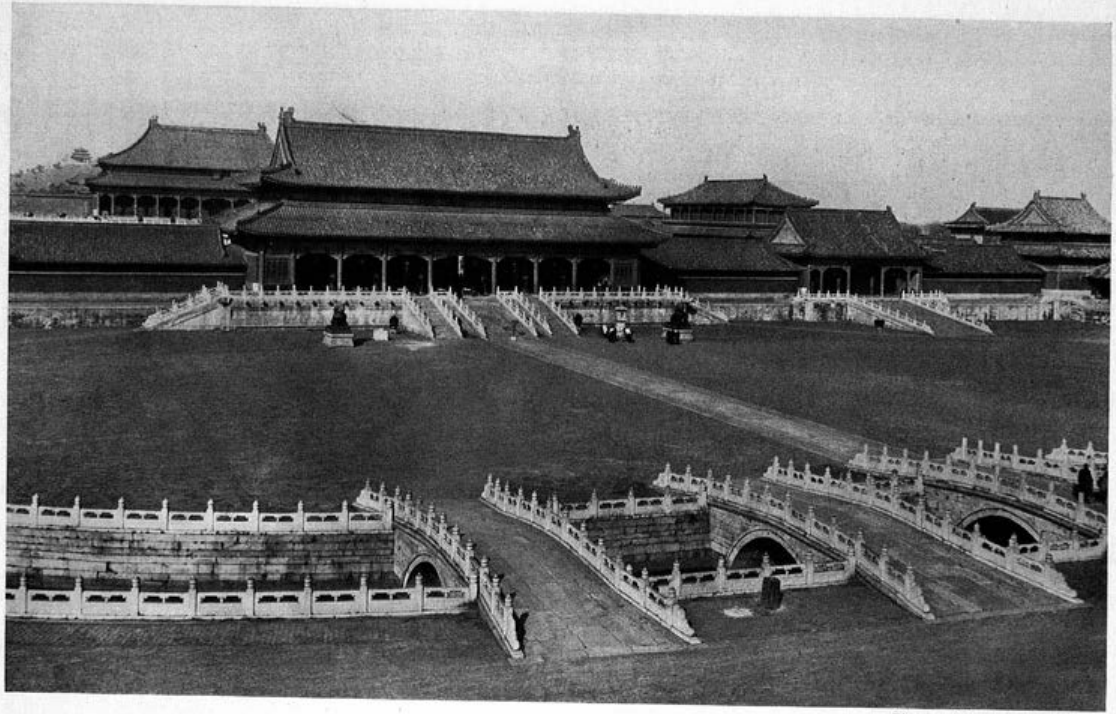
To-day anyone may stand in front of the Imperial throne on which the Son of Heaven sat, surrounded by his court. Here, in the sacrosanct Supreme Harmony Hall, some 200 feet long and 100 feet wide, deer-horn curios and other gewgaws from the Jehol summer palaces now lie in front of the barren, roped-off dais where emperors have been seated in glory (see Plate V).

The last was the pitiful Pu-Yi, who, weeping and wailing, was hastened from his bed one night when he was but two years old, clothed in the royal robes of state, and placed on the tottering Manchu throne as Hsuan Tung.

That he was forced to sign his abdication in 1912 in favor of the Republican movement, but still permitted to live in the palaces on a grant of money which was never paid, and was finally forced to flee for his life twelve years later, is history. And that his exit was rapid, a faded flower in a vase and books strewn about the royal apartments, now sealed, still bear mute witness.

During the first part of those twelve years the Monarchist-Republican Yuan Shih-kai served as President and, attracted by the glittering monarchy and by royalist palaver, made an unsuccessful gesture towards mounting the Dragon Throne.

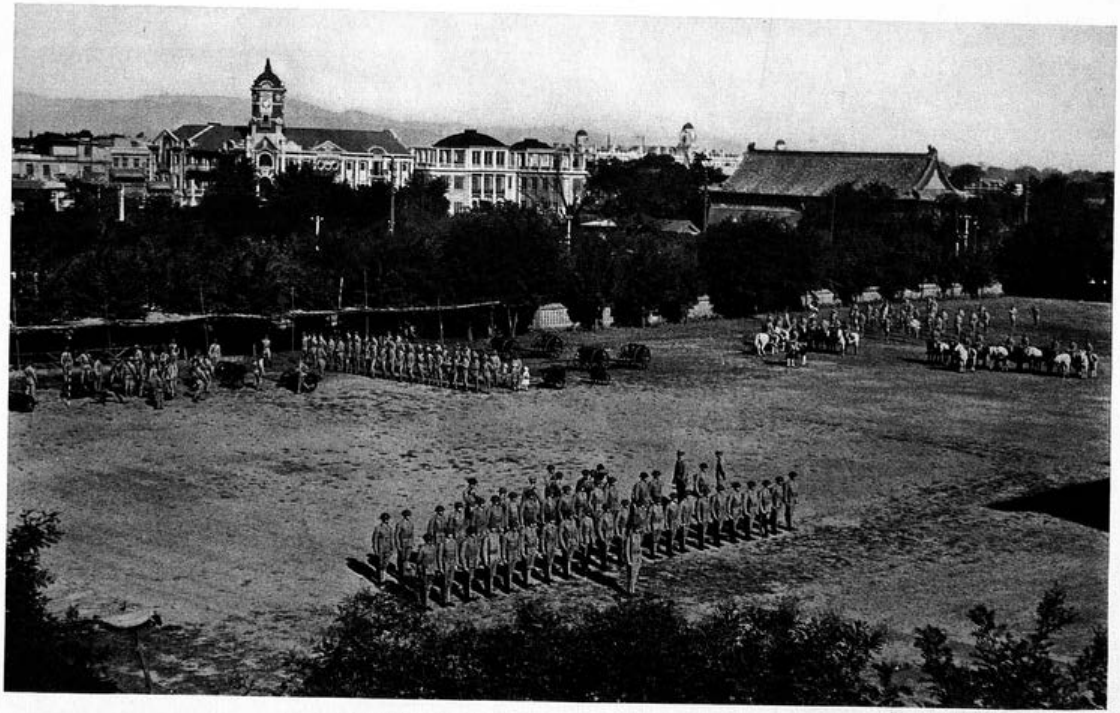
In 1917, too, tragic Pu-Yi made a dramatic return to the throne for a few days.



Photograph by W. Robert Moore

PALACES AND COURTS RESEMBLE A SILENT CITY OF THE DEAD

This view across an area where emperors once ruled in opulent splendor looks from the Meridian Gate toward the Supreme Harmony Gateway, beyond the marble bridges. Back of this elaborate entrance rises Supreme Harmony Hall, in which was located the Dragon Throne (see Plate V). To the extreme left, in the background, is a pavilion on "Coal Hill," from which the view in Plate VI was taken.



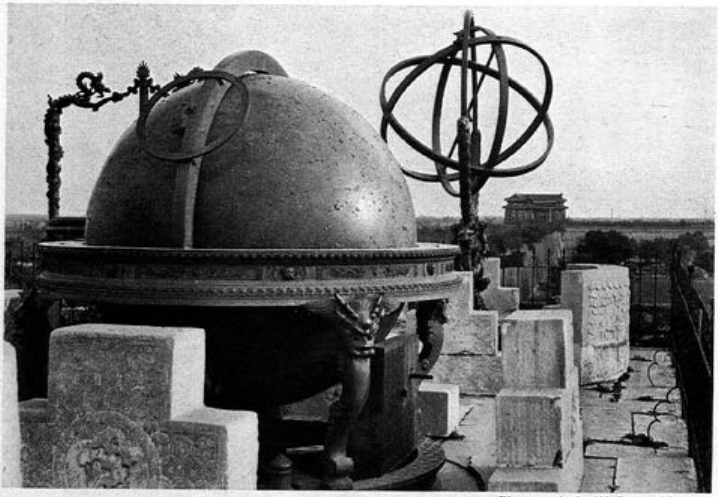
Photograph by W. Robert Moore

INSPECTION DAY FOR THE UNITED STATES MARINES IN PEIPING

Since the Boxer uprising in 1900, garrisons have been maintained in Peiping by the American, British, French, Italian, and Japanese legations. The United States Fifteenth Infantry is also stationed at Tientsin, 80 miles distant. Although Peiping is no longer capital of China, the foreign legations remain in that city.

PERHAPS MARCO POLO HALTED FOR SUCH A CAMEL CARAVAN

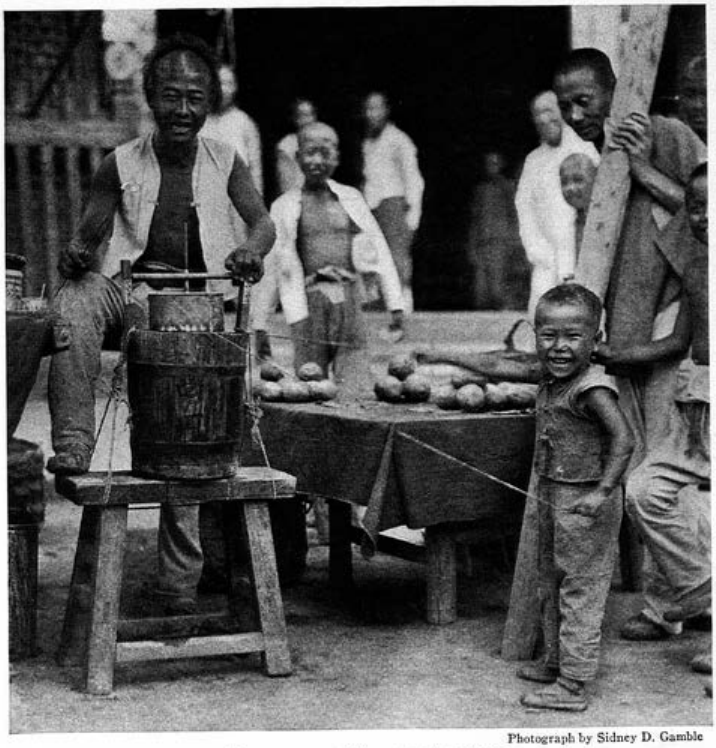
The famous bridge near Peiping was described by the Venetian explorer. It was built in the twelfth century, and was partially destroyed and restored several times. To the world at large it is the Marco Polo Bridge, though correctly it is the Lu Kou Chiao.



Photographs by W. Robert Moore

FOR 750 YEARS CHINESE ASTRONOMERS HAVE STUDIED THE STARS

This observatory on the east walls of Peiping was founded by Kublai Khan, and in 1685 was modernized by Father Verbiest, a Jesuit priest chosen as Court Astronomer. He designed the bronze star globe, the skeleton celestial globe (right), and the partially concealed instrument (left) to get altitudes and angles, in relation to a meridian, of heavenly bodies.



Photograph by Sidney D. Gamble

A "HOKEY-POKEY" MAN OF PEIPING

During the stifling heat of summer, perambulating "ice cream parlors" dispense half-frozen ices with a little flavoring. This youngster is turning the freezing can by means of a seesaw action on the cord he has looped around it.

Now he has come into the limelight again, this time as the puppet head of an equally uncertain State, that of Manchukuo (Manchuria), the ancestral land of his fathers.

Ghosts of god-emperors stalk through the halls; hints of intrigues ride on the echoes in the empty courts and corridors; the stage is there, but the actors have gone. It is a revelation to see the mass of jades, porcelains, brocades and paintings which were the "props" of those successive royal players who held leading rôles as political and spiritual heads of one-fourth of the human race. The Republic, having Yuan Shih-kai as an example, prefers to keep aloof from too close association with the trappings of royalty.

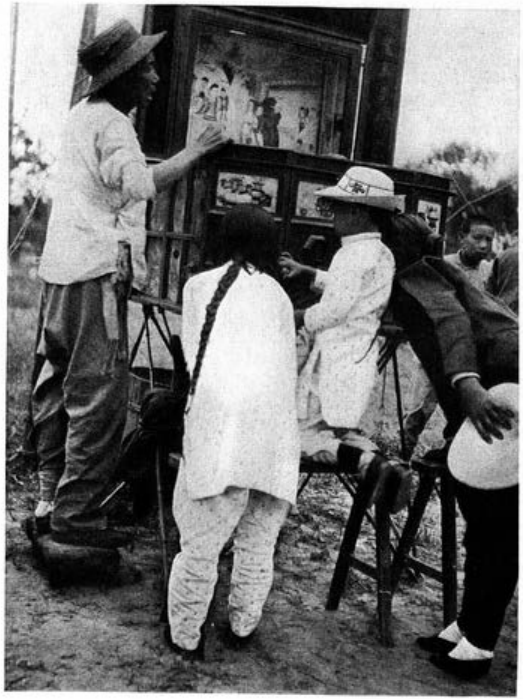
The lake palaces were less formal, and frequently much more popular with many of the monarchs. Especially is the Empress Dowager's name associated in one way or another with most of them.

In the whole group nothing else is so outstanding as the magnificent Nine Dragon spirit screen, whose chromatic dragons writhe and squirm in a most vivacious manner, as if they were about to leap off at anyone attempting to trespass in the temple courtyards to the rear. Even their sprightly contortions, however, have not

Photograph by W. Robert Moore

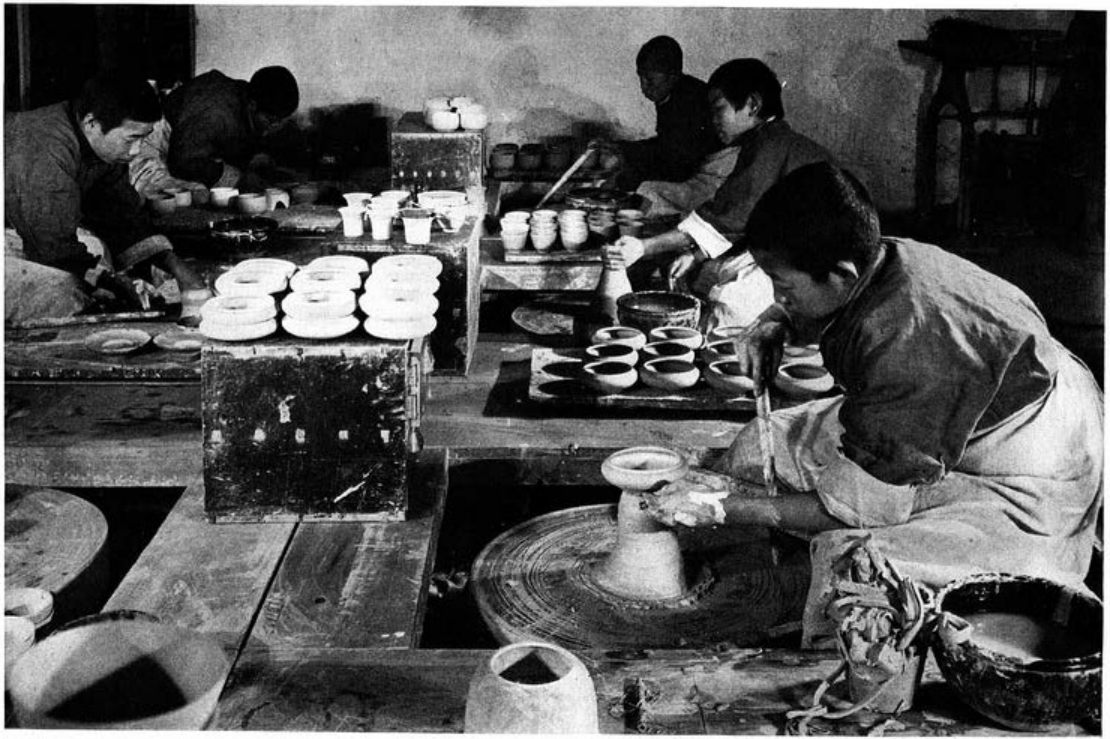
THE FAMOUS "JADE BUDDHA" WITH THE "MONA LISA" SMILE

The image is not made of white jade, but of alabaster, and is beautifully appareled in gold and gems. It rests behind sealed doors in a building on the site of the Mongol "Round City," a palace praised by Marco Polo.



FOR CENTURIES CHINA HAS HAD SUCH "MOVIES"

In some "peep shows" tiny figures are moved across the plane of vision; in others the operator pushes the illustrations along a track. The woman at the right has bound feet, a practice that is becoming rarer.



Photograph by Ewing Galloway

CHINESE ARTISANS HAVE A CENTURIES-OLD RECORD FOR FINE PORCELAIN AND POTTERY

Chinaware, along with silks and spices, was a lodestar that attracted early explorers to Cathay. The zenith of the ceramic industry was attained, under royal patronage, in the century Jamestown and Plymouth were settled. In that period Ching-teh-chen (Kingtehchen), about 200 miles from Shanghai, surrounded by deposits of kaolin and fine clays, had some 3,000 kilns and a population of nearly a million supported by the industry.

Photograph by W. Robert Moore

THE CIRCUS AND THE DRAMA SHARE THE STAGE

An acrobat ranks as an artist in China, and his exhibitions alternate with plays. Both are accompanied by the monotone music of the 5-note scale. Shakespeare lightened his tragedies by buffoonery; the Greeks, by the chorus; the Chinese, by such acrobatic "shorts."

successfully guarded the temples from the smother of dust and decay, though their unrelaxed vigilance may have frightened away the less tangible lurking evil spirits. Other examples of glazed tilework may equal this colorful masterpiece, but few, I am sure, will surpass it.

PEIPING DRAWS VARIED POPULATION

At numerous intersections of the streets throughout the city stand ornamental *pailous,* or decorative archways of the Mings, some of which are badly battered, but others are as colorful as the peoples and processions that pass underneath them.

Mongol, Manchu, Turki, and Chinese—Peiping shows a cross-section of the far-flung areas over which it ruled. Many of its polyglot dwellers have come to enjoy the sophisticated life of the city and others have sought within its friendly walls refuge from districts where they are no longer welcome. Like China itself, Peiping has that power to assimilate and remold its citizenry.

Through a warm friend and writer for the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, Mr. Owen Lattimore,* I met a fine young Mongol prince from one of the Banners of eastern Mongolia. For the greater part of the year the prince spends his time in Peiping with his Manchu wife and two charming youngsters, but makes a visit each summer to his native Mongolia.

It is an appreciable span from the portion of their home, furnished in foreign manner, back to a felt *yurt,* or to the time-old shrine at the edge of their courtyard where they worship. The wheel of his American automobile has become more familiar to the prince's hand than the reins of a spirited Mongolian pony. Besides dressing her lustrous black hair in a permanently waved long bob, the princess has had a rich old court robe "modernized" into a stunning fur-collared coat to wear over her semiforeign gowns.

* See "The Desert Road to Turkestan" and "Byroads and Backwoods of Manchuria," by Owen Lattimore, in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE for June, 1929, and January, 1932, respectively.

When I had finished making several photographs, we were invited to share "pot-luck" luncheon with them. They sent out to a Chinese restaurant for the food—a convenient and not unusual procedure in China when guests come. It was a thoroughly enjoyable meal throughout. But at the end—shades of the mighty khans and their strong bow-pulling followers—came glasses of crême de menthe instead of hardy mare's milk!

Photograph by L. W. Chamberlain

ONE STREET ACROBAT WITH A "STEADY" JOB

Balancing 11 china bowls on his head and supporting his entire weight on his hands, placed on two legs of an upturned stool, is just one act in the day's work of this youth, who belongs to a troupe of wandering minstrels and acrobats.

A ROYAL MANCHU FUNERAL

A couple of days later occurred what will probably be the last of its kind in Peiping, a royal Manchu funeral, the rites in honor of one of the ladies of late Emperor Tung Chih's court. Because of the outside stress of political activity, and perhaps to show a shadow of favor toward those whose ancestors came from the land that was then slipping from their grasp, the officials allowed the ceremony. Indeed, so much time had elapsed since the last such funeral that there was considerable debate among the Manchus as to the correct procedure to follow.

It was a happy day for the beggars' guild, because some two hundred of their tatterdemalion group were assured of a good meal, and were also able to dress up in misfit grandeur of green cloaks and battered, plumed hats of thick felt. To them falls the task of carrying the brocaded parasols, the lions and phœnixes of evergreen, paper effigies, banners, and other trappings. About a hundred of the weathered men carried on their shoulders the huge catafalque, which was draped in Imperial yellow silk.

The carrying supports emphasized that such funerals are now rare, because they showed every indication of having received a hasty coating of yellow paint over the usual red color that is common for other than royalty.

Another group teased mournful wails out of big round drums, shaped like Gargantuan yellow Chinese buns, and from gilded hoselike horns, the weird dirge being punctuated by the discordant clashing of cymbals.

Photograph by W. Robert Moore

STALKS OF KAOLIANG ATTAIN THE SIZE OF BAMBOO POLES

This tall millet (*sorghum vulgare*) is grown extensively in north China, Manchuria, and Chosen. The stalks are used for making side walls to houses, over which mud is plastered, and for fences and windbreaks.

Photograph by Sidney D. Gamble

THE "FIVE NATIONS POORHOUSE" TEACHES USEFUL CRAFTS

Named for five races or groups in China—Chinese, Manchus, Mongols, Tibetans, and Mohammedans—it is a home for 70 boys and 20 poor men. They weave suitcases, baskets, and water dippers from coarse reeds or willows to help pay the cost of maintaining the home.

Photograph by Sidney D. Gamble

TRANSPORTATION FOR THE HEREAFTER

The funeral horse and carriage, made of paper and kaoliang stalks (see opposite page), are burned at the grave so the departed may enjoy a similar conveyance in the spirit world. Servants, furniture, and now automobiles, all made of paper, also are constructed as a delicate hint to the gods of the style of living to which the dead would like to become accustomed.

Manchu priests in yellow silk robes marched in the cortège, which, with mourners and others, was several city blocks in length.

The young beggars, rapscallions all, made life miserable for those who attempted photography; none was averse to leaving the line of march and begging for coppers along the way.

Taking their cue from these imps, all the rowdy youngsters of the locality entered heartily into the pleasure (to them only) of jumping up and down in front of cameras and grimacing in lenses. I saw several having hilarious enjoyment pulling a French cameraman backward by his coat tails every time he tried to get a picture.

Grown-ups smiled tolerantly; children can do no wrong. They're just playful, that's all!

We had climbed to a roof to get a better vantage point and at the same time avoided the rowdyism. Our princely Mongol friend spied us and climbed the roof to join us. He then volunteered to go ahead to find a good position at the temple where the coffin was to be placed temporarily.

When we arrived, a few minutes later, there stood the prince's car with crumpled fender and bumper and a burst tire, the victim of a traffic accident. But, knowing full well the tactics of the police if he were caught, the prince had vanished. To the Chinese arm of the law, an offender in hand is worth several in the bush on which to show authority. Later the prince's chauffeur, who had been with us, repaired the tire and drove the car away; lengthy explanations had been avoided.

BEGGARS EMPLOYED AT FUNERALS

Patterning after the elaborate model set by the royal Manchu funerals, other funeral processions make as brilliant display as possible and use the same green-clad beggars. The catafalque, however, is draped in red brocaded silks instead of Imperial yellow.

The number of bearers and the length of the processions depend upon the rank and wealth of the deceased, but filial piety directs that it be as impressive as the family purse will allow.

Geomancy decides the favorable days

for funerals and for weddings, so it is not unusual to see a score or more funeral and wedding processions in the course of one auspicious day. As the same beggars and musicians are called upon for each occasion, the similarity is such that one hardly knows whether a funeral or wedding is in progress until the coffin or bridal palanquin comes into sight.

While we were watching the last sacrificial rites of the day being performed before the royal coffin we met an old friend of Mr. Lattimore, the Dilowa Hutukhtu of Nariwanchin. Although ranking as the highest living Buddha of Outer Mongolia, he is now a refugee in Peiping because of the active campaign against the lama church by the Soviet.

At his invitation we visited his small, unpretentious quarters at the near-by lama temple. There we drank tea, chewed on rock-hard pieces of dried cheese, and listened to his rich guttural conversation.

LAMA TEMPLE FALLEN ON EVIL DAYS

What a contrast, the quietness of his small room, to the main portion of the decadent lama temple, which caters largely to the Mongol and Tibetan Buddhists! There the impecunious priests and acolytes, when they are not kneeling in prayer on the dirty mats before the Buddha, are trying to harvest coins from their almost sole source of support, the tourist, now that the golden assistance no longer comes from the Dragon Throne.

With a few coppers here and a few more there that are charged for opening locked doors, together with other limited funds and gratuities, they eke out a living. The fat, greasy countenances of some of the priests, however, belie the fact that the temple has fallen on lean years. But the cloisters are far sadder and dustier than when they were transferred to religious uses by Emperor Yung Cheng, whose palaces they were before his accession, in 1722, or when rich tribute came from the Mongol Banner Corps in Peiping.

It is a relief to visit the adjacent Hall of Confucius, where all is restful and secluded amid hoary cypresses. Like some of the proverbs of the great sage, simplicity speaks vividly. Only a slender tablet in the vast hall emphasizes the reverence for that deep-thinking propounder of China's 24-century-old philosophy. A little mound of burned-out incense ash lay before the red lacquer plaque. Lesser tablets to his four great disciples share the room with the master.

Many other temples and palaces are getting shabbier and dustier through neglect and decay in these days. Peiping is no longer an Imperial City and there is little authority for the preservation of its precious monuments, save where some committee has taken charge, or where the places have been "sublet" as tea shops or to local cameramen for exclusive picture rights, in exchange for an irreducible minimum of weed cleaning. But weeds fall usually only when they begin to encroach upon the keeper's activities.

In Peiping the visitor touches one of the world's richest treasure-troves of curios and antiques. Porcelain, jades, embroideries, brocades, mandarin coats, paintings — the quantity and variety are confusing. Much, of course, is cheap and spurious imitation. Yet I have also seen articles from an extensive collection of some of the most treasured pieces that at one time were in the Imperial Forbidden City, but had systematically been looted by grandfather, father, and son when they were high officials in the emperor's court.

One by one as well, valuable jades and other treasures are being regretfully parted with by one-time Manchu courtiers to supply funds for their depleted family coffers. Still other pieces, "crackleware" and "antiques," are hardly cool, and yesterday's smearing of earth is still heavy.

The range of curios is large. You can buy from the pile of curb litter, the second-hand junkman, and dealers that perpetually clutter your doorstep; from dignified curio "shoppes," or from priceless private collections.

DELIGHTS OF A PEKING DUCK DINNER

Gastronomically speaking, Peiping probably still rules supreme, unless Canton's famous dishes claim part of the honors; for the visitor who has not gone to one of the city's 6,000 restaurants and enjoyed Peking duck has missed one of the interesting treats that the old capital has to offer.

Our party, which included several Americans and foreign-educated Chinese, rickshaed one evening out through Chien Men (see text, page 766), around through the twisted, narrow Chinese thoroughfares, and came at last to one of the oldest of the city's restaurants. While some nib-

Photograph by W. Robert Moore

IN CHINA THE TRAIN HALTS FOR MEALS

Every one rushes to get a quick lunch, and many return to the cars carrying fruit, roast chicken, and rice cakes. The porter has his identification numeral on his back. This photograph was made in winter, along the railroad that runs from Peiping to Inner Mongolia.

bled at dried watermelon seeds, the more curious of us went down to see the plump ducks thrust in the glowing ovens and soon come out sizzling and roasted to a rich golden brown.

Practically every part of the duck is served—pieces of savory roasted skin, sauced bits of rich flesh, soups of other parts. These are eaten with the helpings of rice and washed down, if one desires it, with rice wine or *kaoliang*.

The wine is usually too highly scented and insipid for most foreign tastes, and the kaoliang, brr-rh! *Gambei*, or "bottoms up," a few cups of it and one's esophagus is completely scarified. Made from the kaoliang, a grain from a species of sorghum that is one of the most extensively cultivated cereals in north China and Manchuria (see page 776), this powerful drink of the same name has reached an uncompetitive position in fiery action.

"It's just the thing to remove the duck fat from one's throat," remarked one of the party in choking bravery.

But it is heroic treatment, indeed, for that or for anything else.

After many courses of food the bill was presented—the duck's bill, I mean! By this unique token the Chinese waiter indicates that the duck dinner is at an end.

People and palaces, the concourse of camels and donkey carts, temples and art treasures do not exhaust the many phases of Peiping's charm. Numerous other temples and historic monuments also are scattered over the plain outside the city walls.

"A FIFTY-MILLION-DOLLAR WHIM"

The outlying Summer Palace of the old Empress Dowager attracts much attention. One traveler has said that if he were allowed to visit but three places in the world, one of them would be this beautiful array of pleasure pavilions, mile-long corridors, and religious domes that overlook the lotus-strewn lakes. Resting on the sloping hillside, this "woman's $50,000,000 whim" is a symphonic splashing of reds, blues, greens, and Imperial yellow.

In walking through its halls and courts one's admiration for its beauty almost causes one to overlook the fact, as did Old Buddha herself, that the 24,000,000 taels which she diverted from naval appropriations for its building was a factor in the country's weakened defense during the Sino-Japanese conflict in 1894.

Since the royal barges have ceased to move over the lake, reeds grow high around its edges and choke the canals under the high-arched camel-back marble bridges; paths are smothered in weeds. The temples and monasteries in the Western Hills also show touching evidences that moth and dust have corrupted. A number are used as summer homes for Peiping residents.

GREAT WALL OF CHINA RESEMBLES A WRITHING DRAGON

"See the Great Wall and Ming Tombs from the Air," advertises an airplane company!

The world has shrunk indeed when the mighty Long Rampart of stone and earth and the secluded resting places of the Mings echo to the roar of circling planes, so that pleasure-tripping visitors may gaze earthward at the height-dwarfed structures in "a two-hour flight arranged at any time!"

From the air this stupendous barrier, monument to China's absolute faith in the efficacy of walls, looks like a twisting thread thrown at random over the hills and ravines. Impotent, so it seems now, to have stemmed the tide of warriors that swept down from the north and northwest. Emperor Chin Shih Huang Ti thought otherwise when he "sacrificed one generation to save many," nearly twenty-two centuries ago.*

Insignificant it appears at first sight. But try your legs on it.

Long before I had reached my goal at the top of one of the highest parapets at Nankow Pass on a morning climb, I had gained great respect for the wall. My overfed-looking guide wheezed and stopped exhausted where the first leaping slope was stairstepped to the next guard tower, and there he stayed until my return.

Legend says that the wandering course of a white horse was followed in its building. To me, the barrier resembles one of China's writhing dragons, his body scaled with brick and stone.

I saw it first at Shanhaikwan, where it rises from the sea and takes to the hills. Here, at Nankow Pass, its tenuous body comes squirming over the rough peaks, dips and rises again and again. Back and forth, leaping and twisting, it extends over the ridges, out of sight (see Plate I).

Later it was my opportunity to see it again near Kalgan, where its parapet-knobbed back silhouetted the uneven skyline atop the mountains. Farther beyond, on the road to Mongolia, I glimpsed loops of its sinuous body. On and on for upward of 2,000 miles it sprawls, at various places reaching out its leglike spurs.

The Ming tombs are also near Nankow, but by the time one has ridden down the "Triumphal Way" between the rows of marble animals, monsters, and men, across the old river bed, and up to the disintegrating buildings, one wishes that he had been content to see these once-glorious tombs of Yung Lo and his twelve successors from the air or not at all, so atrocious are the roads now (see Plates X and XII).

WHEN WINTER COMES TO PEIPING

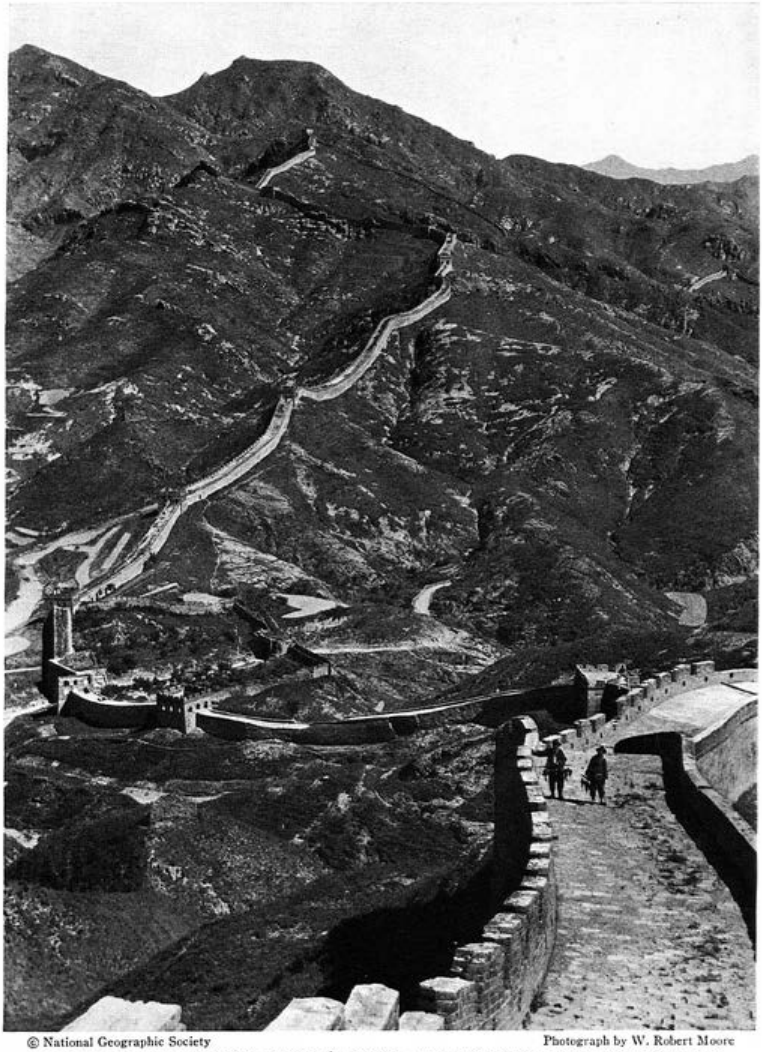
Winter brings a different, a barren and often cold, Peiping; and people submerge themselves in furs or several layers of padded cotton garments.

North China's arid winds bring few clouds or snowstorms; the sun shines clear almost daily on the golden roofs and the pink and gray walls. Peiping, however, is at no time more beautiful than when its battlements, roofs, and courts are piled high with an unusually heavy fall of snow.

On my last evening in Peiping, as I opened wide the window and tossed my last few coppers to a blind beggar, whose stiff, cold fingers plucked the strings of a Chinese guitar, a puff of dust struck my face. These dust storms will continue to ride in from the Gobi and empty part of their burdens within the city walls, so that industrious statisticians may figure the number of carloads that are deposited. Extensive asphalting, already in progress, will reduce the layer of grime that is raised underfoot.

But, as new cycles come, it is to be hoped that they will not ignore the historic monuments and let them slip into shapeless masses of dust and ashes and silence forever the glory that was Imperial Peking.

* See "A Thousand Miles Along the Great Wall of China," by Adam Warwick, in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE for February, 1923.



 Photograph by W. Robert Moore

LIKE A SINUOUS SERPENT, CHINA'S GREAT WALL WRITHES OVER THE HILLS AT NANKOW PASS

This most massive construction ever made by man was begun about 22 centuries ago. Were it built west from Philadelphia, the wall and its spurs would reach into ten States and extend beyond Topeka, Kansas.

Photograph by W. Robert Moore

THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN WAS THE MOST SACRED RELIGIOUS EDIFICE OF IMPERIAL CHINA

This building, literally the Temple of the Happy Year, rises 99 feet; its triple roofs are azure-tiled and capped with a gilded ball. Here and at the adjoining Altar of Heaven the emperors, as Sons of Heaven, offered their annual sacrifices and prayers to the supreme Ruler of the Universe. The pillars holding the roofs, built after the destruction of the original structure by fire in 1889, are Oregon pine.

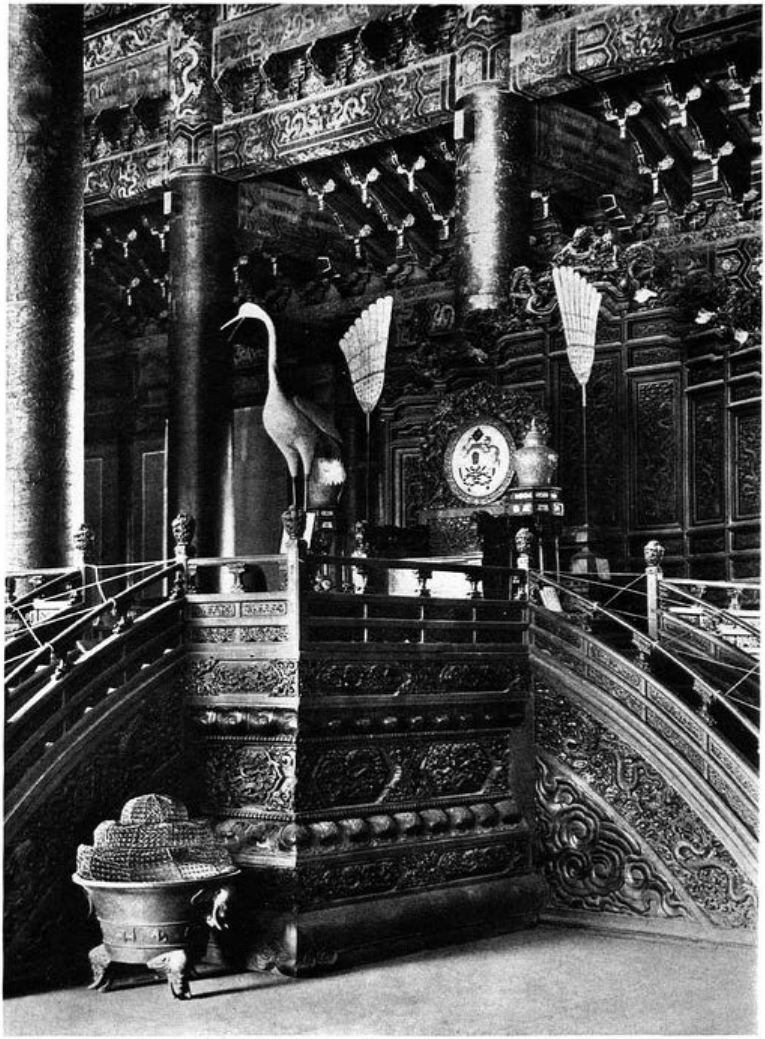
SHANSI SOLDIERS ENJOY A STILT-WALKING FROLIC

The Chinese New Year's festival, which comes about a month later than ours, brings out a considerable amount of fun-making. Men and boys often dress in theatrical costumes and women's clothes, paint their faces in grotesque patterns, and clown around on tall stilts, much to the enjoyment of the onlookers.

 Photograph by W. Robert Moore

KITES ARE ONE OF THE FAVORITE SPORTS OF CHINESE MEN

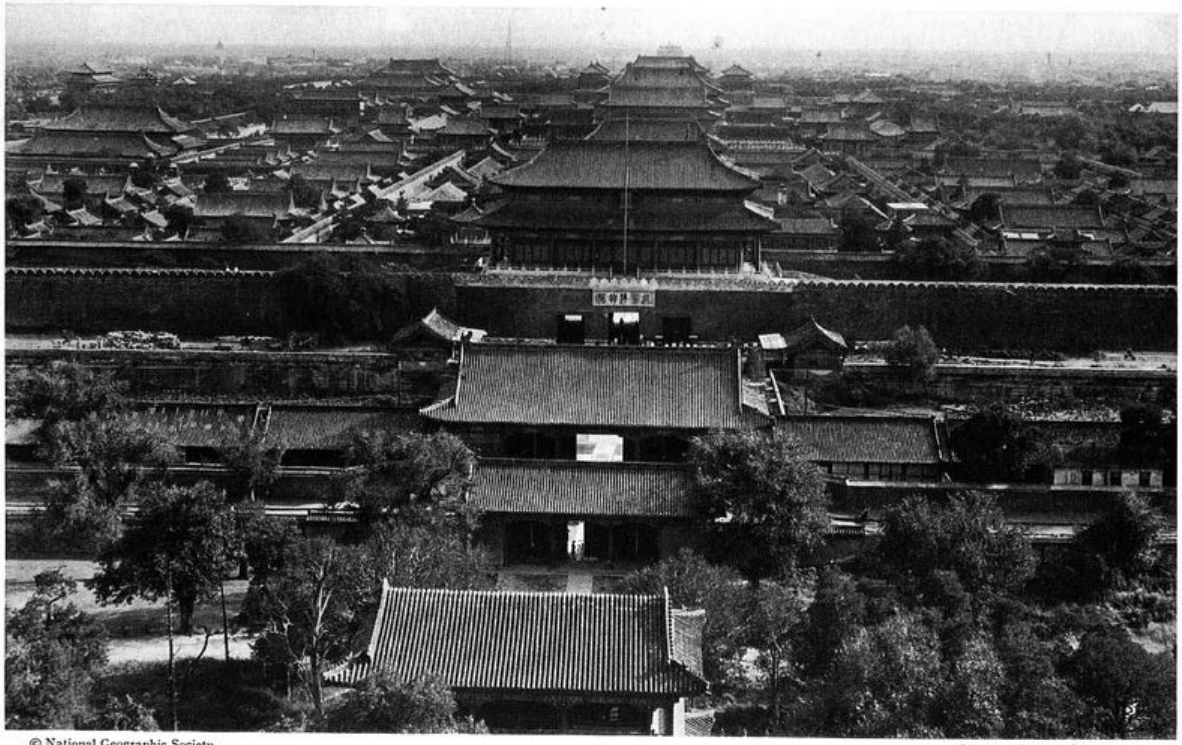
Chinese grown-ups, as well as youngsters, delight in flying kites which represent people, butterflies, fish, and birds. Battling with large kites, by seeking to entangle and pull down an opponent's kite, is a favorite pastime and game for wagering. This dealer is one of many Moslems living in Peiping.



 Photograph by W. Robert Moore

THE DRAGON THRONE, SEAT OF CHINA'S GOD-EMPERORS

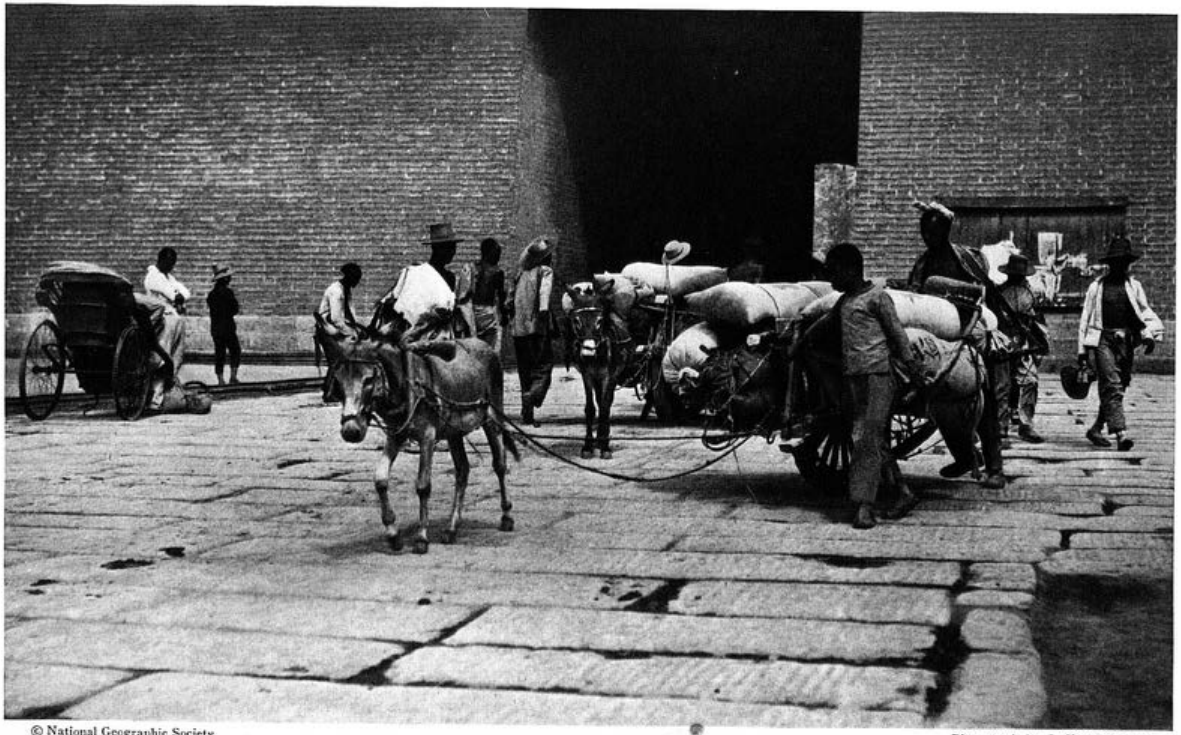
Except for a dramatic monarchist coup in 1917, which lasted for only a few days, the throne has been unoccupied for 21 years. The crossbeams and raftered ceiling of the spacious hall are as elaborately carved and decorated as is the throne itself.



Photograph by W. Robert Moore

OVERLOOKING THE IMPERIAL FORBIDDEN CITY FROM "COAL HILL"

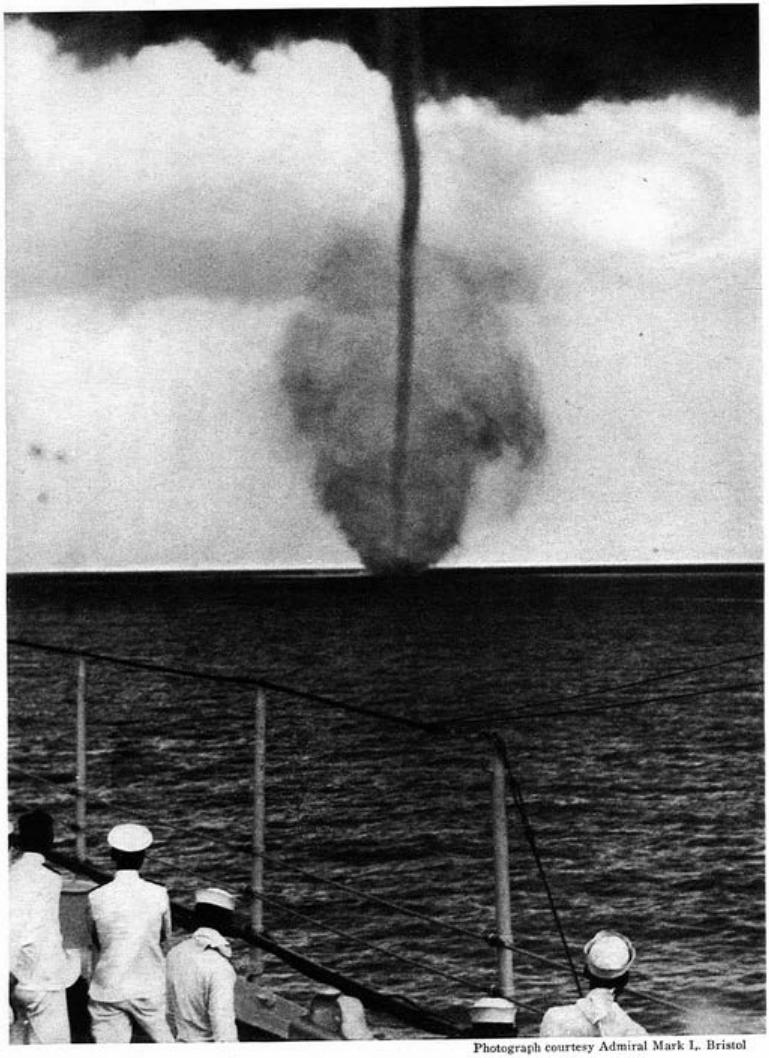
Enclosed within pink walls and roofed with shimmering Imperial-yellow tiles, the palaces and halls of the "Emperors' City" present a panorama of striking beauty. The central group of larger buildings consists of audience and throne halls and elaborate gateways. The living quarters once occupied by the god-emperors, their families and servants, are on either side. The tall building seen far in the left background is the Temple of Heaven (see Plate II). The radio tower in the background is that of the American Legation.



Photograph by J. T. McGarvey

CHINA'S ANCIENT "RAPID TRANSIT" STILL FUNCTIONS IN A MOTOR AGE

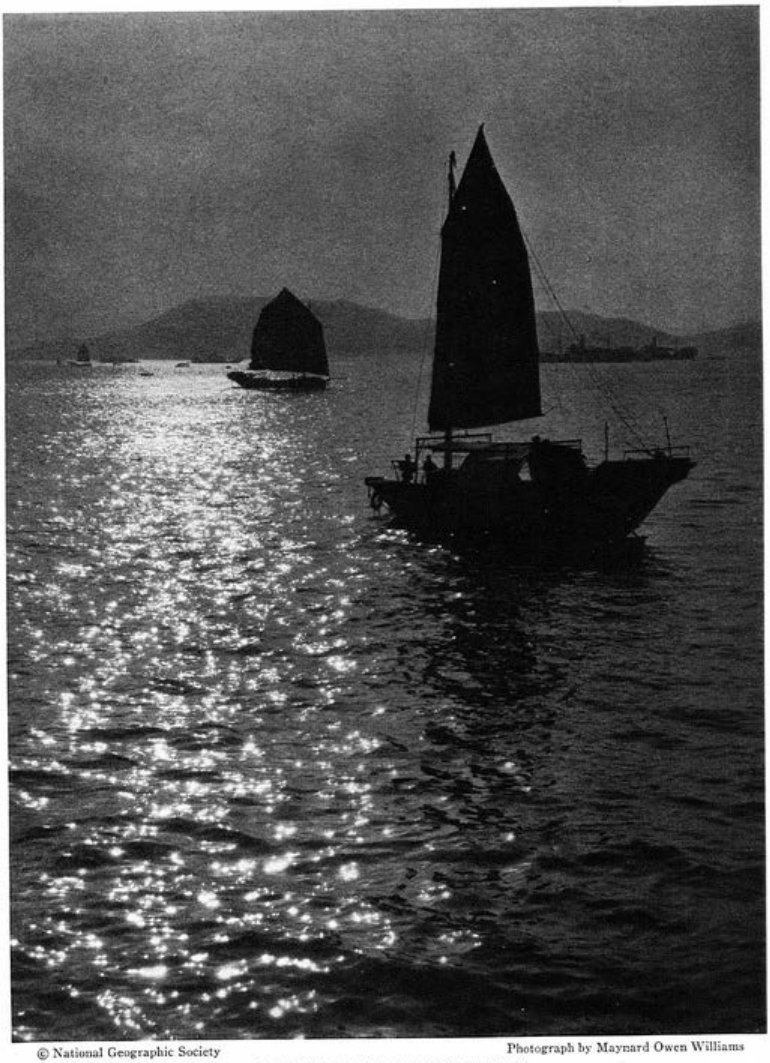
Roads accessible to motorcars are being constantly extended, and these man-and-donkey-propelled wheelbarrows are being slowly replaced by trucks and buses. This traffic is passing through one of the gateways of Peiping.



Photograph courtesy Admiral Mark L. Bristol

A "TWISTER" LICKS UP THE WATERS OF THE YANGTZE RIVER

This photograph was taken by C. A. Stahl, chief yeoman, United States Navy, from the forecastle of the U. S. S. *Pittsburgh*, entering Shanghai, when the waterspout passed within 100 yards of the ship. The cloud around the base of the waterspout is spray churned up from the surface of the water.



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

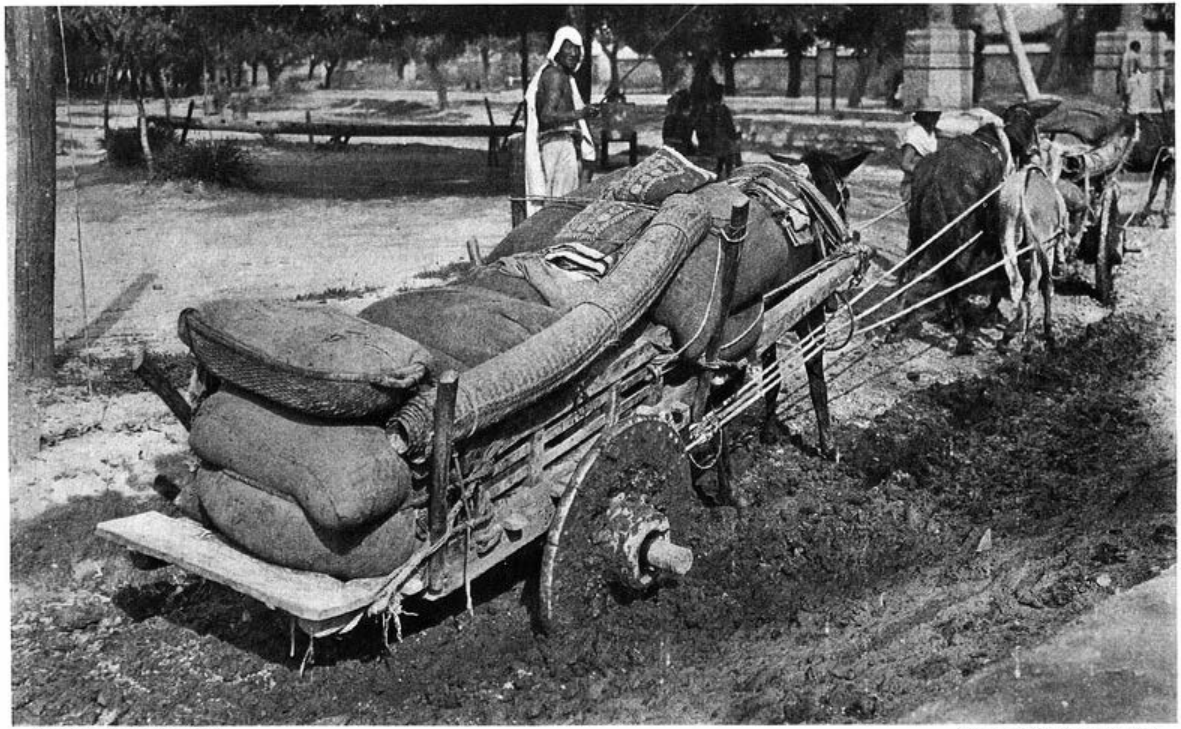
SUNSET IN HONG KONG HARBOR

From early morning until late at night the harbor is active with Chinese junks of ancient design, modern ocean liners, tramp freighters, and British and other naval vessels. Some 70,000 people live on such junks as these and on smaller craft.

Photograph by W. Robert Moore

THE FIVE-ARCHED MARBLE GATEWAY AFFORDS A MAGNIFICENT APPROACH TO THE MING TOMBS

Its archways reveal a panorama of the long, sacred avenue (see Plate XII) and the rugged hills within whose shadows sleep 13 of the 16 Ming emperors who ruled over China. Emperor Yung Lo, who established his capital at Peking (Peiping) in 1409, selected this site for the tombs. The memorial gateway, or *pai-lou*, dates from 1541.



Photograph by Sidney D. Gamble

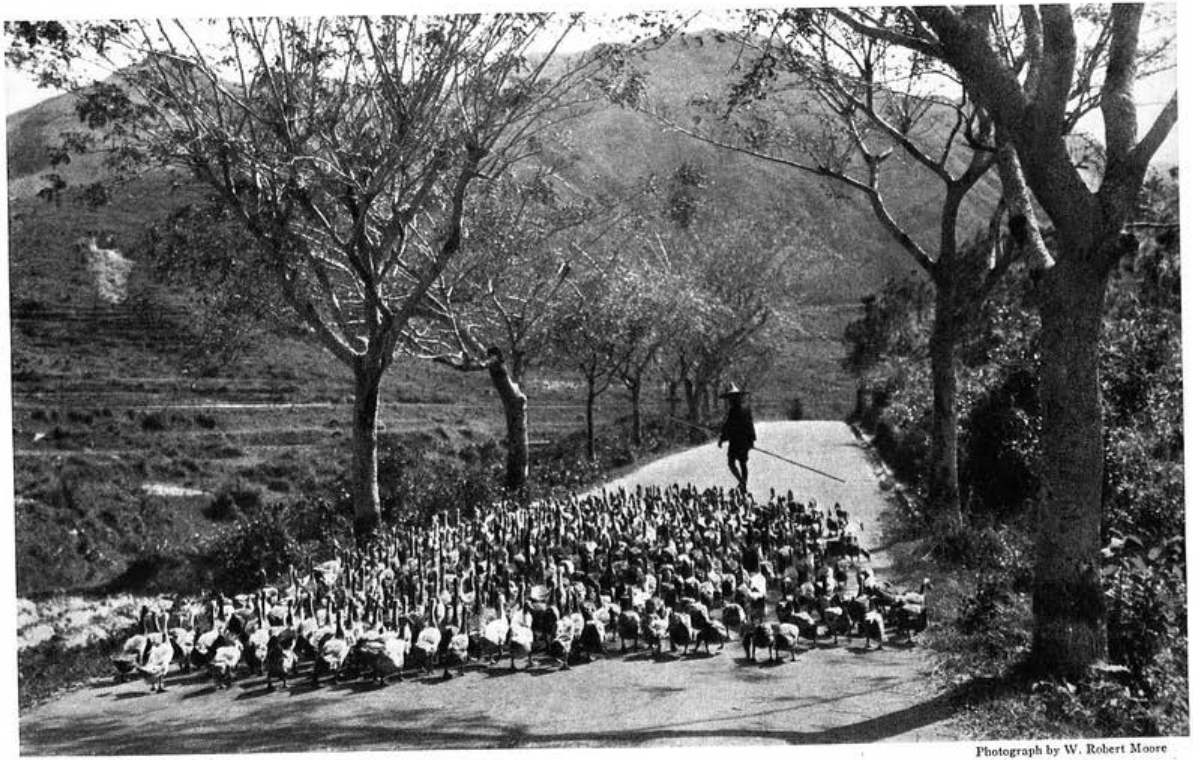
IN WET WEATHER, AXLE-DEEP MUD; IN DRY WEATHER, DUST!

Most of north China's roads are unpaved tracks across the country where the soil is fine-grained and, when wet, exceedingly sticky. The cart wheels are made with narrow tires so they will not gather heavy loads of mud. As a consequence, the roads are soon badly cut up with many "chuck holes" passable only with the almost indestructible "Peking cart."

Photograph by W. Robert Moore

MARBLE FIGURES LINE THE "TRIUMPHAL WAY" TO THE MING TOMBS

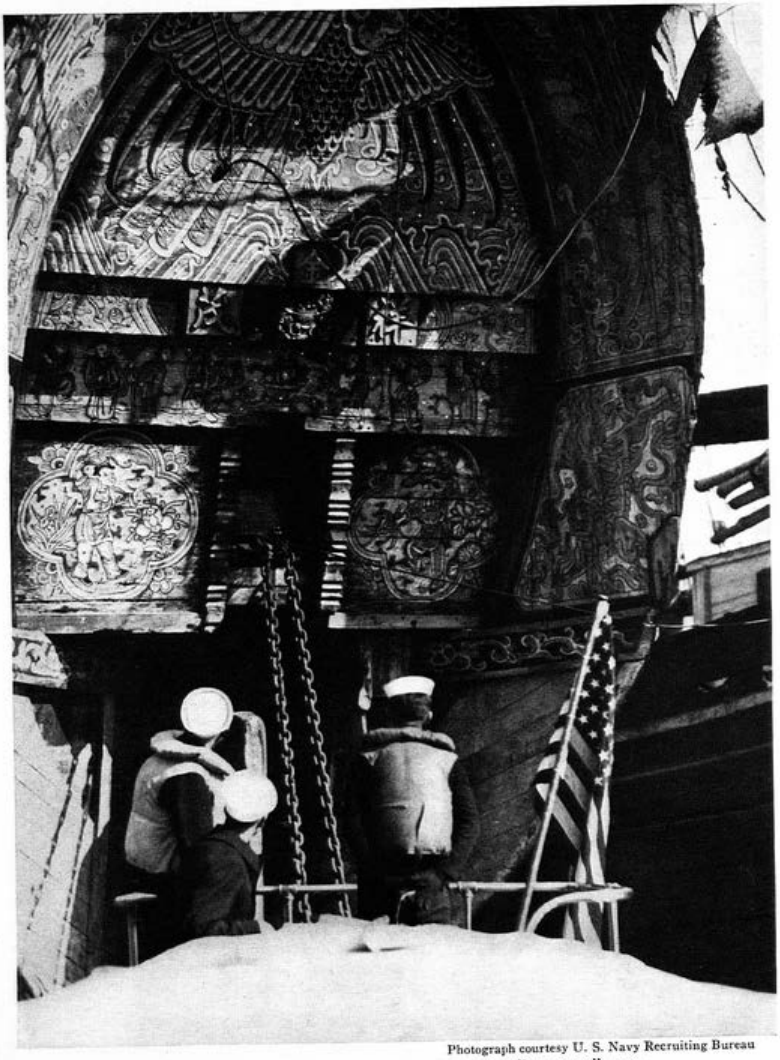
The 18 pairs of statues represent men, camels, elephants, lions, horses, unicorns and other mythological monsters. Two of the 13 tombs can be seen in the midst of wooded gardens at the base of these hills, which are some 30 miles north of Peiping.



Photograph by W. Robert Moore

THIS CHINESE LEADS HIS DUCKS TO PASTURE

In the performance of many other daily tasks, the oriental uses methods which are directly opposite to those of the West. In south China the duck eggs are often hatched in primitive incubators, the sun frequently being used to provide heat. In such cases, trays of eggs are placed outdoors for a few hours, until thoroughly heated, and are then taken inside and covered over to retain their warmth.



Photograph courtesy U. S. Navy Recruiting Bureau

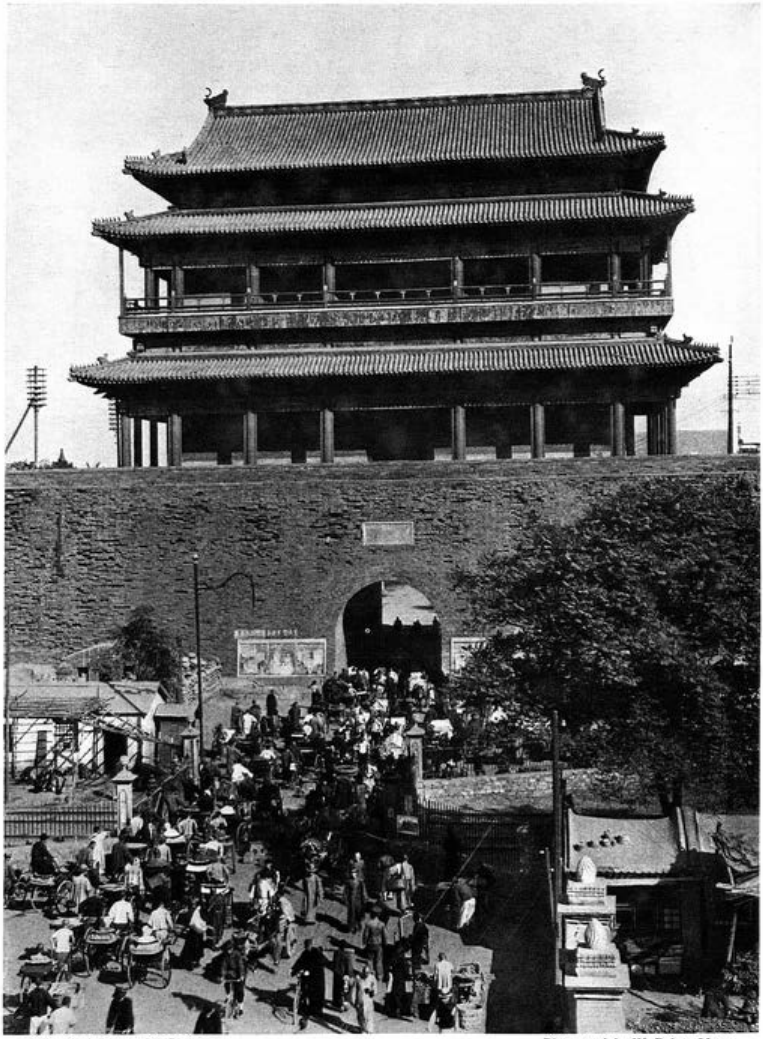
AMERICAN BLUEJACKETS STUDY CHINESE "MARINE" ART

They are examining the series of paintings and emblems on the high stern of a junk anchored at Shanghai. The blending of colors of some of these paintings is remarkable when one considers the crude "canvas" and cruder tools with which the artists had to work.

Photograph courtesy U. S. Navy Recruiting Bureau

BARGAIN DAY IN SHANGHAI

A group of sailors from one of the ships of the United States Asiatic Fleet enjoy an afternoon tour of souvenir shopping in the maze of Chinese shops along the busy thoroughfares of Shanghai. The signs proclaim a variety of "Great Sales," "Bankruptcy Sales," and outstanding bargains.



 Photograph by W. Robert Moore

TRAFFIC THRONGS THE HATA MEN, SOUTHEAST GATEWAY OF PEIPING'S TATAR CITY

The heavily walled Tatar city was provided with nine gates, two on each side except the south, which had three, the central one reserved for the emperor. Each of these gates was faced with a massive guard tower. The fortification at Hata Men has been removed to allow traffic free access and the entrance of a railway, the guard gates of which can be seen in the foreground.