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ASIA

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE ON THE ORIENT

★
MAY, 1922
★

Moving-Picture and Japan
BY SADAŌ IMADA

Politics and Paleontology
BY ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS

What Happened in Siberia
BY CHARLES H. SMITH

The Dancer of Shamakha
BY ARMEN OHANIAN



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Contributors and Contributions

ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS, leader of the Third Asiatic Expedition of the American Museum of Natural History in coöperation with the American Asiatic Association and ASIA, will start from Peking for the heart of Mongolia just as this magazine reaches our readers. The first of Mr. Andrews' stories of the Expedition and its work, dealing with the settling of the Expedition in its Peking headquarters and the initial fossil-hunting adventures of the members of the staff, appears in this number. Mr. Walter Granger, who has been fossil-hunting in Szechuan, is now due in Peking. His report to Mr. Andrews will probably not reach here for publication until the latter part of the year. In June and July, Mr. Andrews will give an account of his journey in search of the takin, or goat-antelope. Mr. Andrews sailed from San Francisco in March, 1921, on the United States Shipping Board-Pacific Mail Steamer "Golden State." After his departure for Mongolia, we shall be cut off from direct communication with him until he returns to Peking late this year.

ARMEN OHANIAN, whose reminiscences of her childhood in Armenia appeared in ASIA for April, tells this month how the Cossack massacres broke up her new home in Baku and led to her marriage and escape to Persia. The tale of these events has been done into English by ROSE WILDER LANE.

ASIA is glad to present the fascinating theme of film-plays in Japan from the point of view of a Japanese versed in the subject. SADAŌ IMADA is connected with the Tokyo Branch of the Universal Film-Manufacturing Company.

DR. WILLIAM L. HALL concludes this month the story of his cargo-boat journey to Suining.

CHARLES H. SMITH is an American civil engineer, who was American aide to the Associate Minister of Communications in Russia under the Kerensky régime and American representative on the Inter-Allied Railway Committee in Siberia.

ARTHUR F. FISCHER is director of forestry in the Department of Agriculture of the Government of the Philippine Islands.

When CAROLINE S. SHUNK, wife of Col. William A. Shunk, was at Camp Hay, the Mountain Province, Luzon, P. I., she worked out with the help of the official interpreter at the General's Headquarters, Spanish versions of the gardener's melancholy ditties and then translated them into English. "An Igorot Love-Song" is one of them.

DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI, a Bengali Brahman, is well known in America as lecturer and poet.

When most of our May issue was already on the press, we received a cable from London to the effect that GERTRUDE EMERSON, associate editor of ASIA, was sailing for New York, after twenty-two months in the Orient, and was expecting to complete on board ship an article on Mahatma Gandhi, whom she had had a chance to study closely, just before his arrest, through conversations with him and attendance at both Hindu and Moslem meetings addressed by him. Accordingly, we reserved space for "Gandhi, Religious Politician". In this article, Miss Emerson has presented readers of Asia with a picture of India's strange national hero, Mahatma Gandhi. Next month she will discuss conditions out of which the national movement has developed, and the third instalment of her series will present the actual Gandhi program and its bearing upon the situation as she studied it during her recent stay in India.

ASIA

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE ON THE ORIENT

VOLUME XXII

NUMBER 5

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ASIA for June

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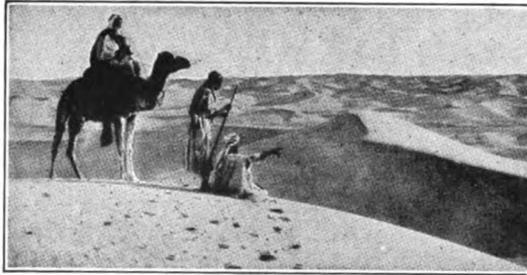
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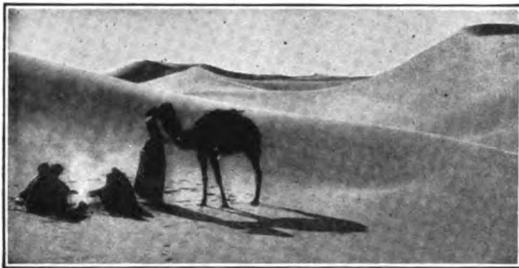
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THE DANCER OF SHAMAKHA

II. Baku

By ARMEN OHANIAN

English Version by Rose Wilder Lane

Illustrations by Wilfred Jones

AT the end of the summer we were living on the cape of Apsheron, in a large house amid Tartar gardens, sterile squares of sand surrounded by high walls. Here a few fig-trees struggled to hold up dusty leaves; half covered with the hot sand, a few vine-leaves lay parched and crisp. The vines themselves were buried deep in the protecting earth; to reach a bunch of grapes, one must dig away a foot of sand. The bare stone walls burned the fingers, the glistening sand burned the feet, and the shadows of the fig-trees were not cool. There was refuge only in the spacious house, behind the balconies protected from the sun by mats of straw. At night ladders placed against the wall led us to the roof, where we slept beneath the stars.

The Caspian Sea, smooth and shining, reflected a yellow sky. Yellow were the houses, yellow the trees. The shores of the sea, covered with salt, lost themselves in the flat distance like clouds. Their vague white contours, uncertain in the shadows of the night, quivering in the heat of noon, expressed an indefinable melancholy.

My mother was sad, and my father, troubled. For several days we had known that they were talking together long and confidentially. So we were not at all surprised when our mother called us all together for a serious family council. In a few words my father told us that it was the will of God that we should completely alter our way of life. In a little while we would go to our European house in Baku. Forced to live in that Tartar city, which had become Russian, we should have to abandon our Asiatic customs, and in the future we must be pupils in Russian schools. Soon we gave up our Tartar gardens, our long, loose, gay-colored dresses, and set out for Baku.

Our hearts fell when we first saw that city. It seemed to us that we had entered Hell. The ground, damp with oil, the black pools, the monstrous buildings, soaked in resin, the half-naked men, blackened with smoke, who toiled like fiends in the glow of immense furnaces, the horrible noise of hammers and the shrill screaming of sirens made that city a kingdom of convicts.

The wheels rattled over round cobblestones. We were in a street of markets. Under little shelters of rugs supported by poles the merchants sat cross-legged on low wooden divans. We saw again the green waters of the Caspian Sea and, on the other hand, the gray walls of the ancient Tartar citadel, where for ten centuries only Tartars have lived. The hill above it was covered with low houses—a honeycomb of thick white walls. Here and there in the little courts, a tree or a rose-bush struggled to live.

At last, a large house, heavy and imposing—ours. Here, in the Armenian quarter, the richest part of the city, all the houses were tall and grave. And here, as in a nightmare, our life was transformed into a burden. The rooms, large and solemn, were filled with hideous chairs, tables and beds. The mornings no longer filled us with joy. Hardly had we risen, dressed and eaten, when we must take our books and go to school.

Dressed in gray uniform, with our hair in braids that

hung down our backs, we felt like strangers among the fair-haired Russian children. Our heavy braids, black and glistening, drew upon us their jeers. They pulled our thick braids and called them "tails of Arabian horses". Struck by the slender curves of our oval faces and by the melancholy expression of our large dark eyes, the kindest among them called us "Egyptian mummies".

With difficulty we restrained our rage. In turn we mocked their heavy and dull aspect and their pink, soft flesh, which disgusted us as much as our golden color displeased them. But our retorts were weapons that turned against us; for each Armenian word that escaped our lips we were severely punished, for we were forbidden to speak our language in a Russian school.

Deprived of luncheon for our crime, we returned to our house in the evening, fainting with hunger. Consoled a little by the tenderness of our mother and by our brothers' threats against our tormentors, we listened to our father.

"In such circumstances," he told us, "do as the ancient Greeks did when ill-treated by the Romans; do not deign to reply."

We adopted this counsel, but our brothers, hardier and more violent in anger than we, beat their Russian schoolmates whenever they cried "Salty!" in mockery of our ancient custom of dipping the new-born into salt. And if the teachers protected the banterers, my brothers protested violently. This brought upon one of them—the pupil of Jean Jacques Rousseau—the Wolf's Card, a dishonorable certificate that the Russian colleges give rebels, in order to make it impossible for them to receive any further official instruction.

With such daily provocation, we soon became interested in the political talk of our elders. We knew that we suffered when we spoke our own melodious language, because Baku was a conquered city. And very soon we learned the meaning of a new word that held for us all the terror that the demons had once inspired; it was the word "pogrom".

Our Caucasus was then under the rule of Prince Galitzine, the viceroy, who had promised us so much that we all called him "the Archangel". He deluged us with manifestoes richly studded with the words, "God" and "Czar", in which he urged us to be perfect citizens. But these manifestoes transformed themselves into pogroms, large or small, according to the mood of "the Archangel".

It was not surprising that the ardent servants of the Czar, in wielding their power over the peoples of conquered countries and even over their own unfortunate moujiks, were not aware that they were bringing about the fall of their monarchy. Finland, Poland and the Caucasus, on fire with a hate too long held in check, only waited for a signal to revolt. The Russo-Japanese War came unexpectedly to agitate racial passions. The conduct of hostilities, unfavorable to the Russians, delighted the rebels; and the news of their defeats was read in the papers with ill-concealed pleasure.

No one doubted that the end of the war would be a catastrophe for Russia. The government could scarcely maintain its balance. The Cossacks, mounted on powerful horses, appeared in the streets. Their fierce, small eyes gleamed under tall fur bonnets; whips hung at their wrists. Students were forbidden to meet in groups of twos or threes, for fear of plots. On our way to school one morning we heard screams, the clatter of horses' hoofs and the whistling of whips. At night, huddled together in our beds by the light of candles, we were filled with terror and mirth by the tales of the servants.

From them we heard that two bombs had been found at the home of a rich and dissipated spendthrift. He was arrested and led through the streets, escorted by guards with unsheathed swords, and left in a dungeon of the fortress, to be shot next morning. Powerful friends reached the ear of "the Archangel" in time to save his life. The surprise of the Cossack commander was great when he learned that the two bombs, which no one dared touch, were the balls used by an English masseur engaged to ply his peaceful trade upon the too-round belly of the rich man, who was anxious about his figure. Happily, the Cossacks learned the difference between medicine and munitions in time to save his life.

My sisters and I dampened our pillows with tears of laughter when we heard of ludicrous invasions of Armenian weddings, betrothals, funerals and even baptisms by heavily armed officers who expected to find revolutions, even in cradles. But the magic of vodka soothed their suspicions, and fêtes were resumed under supervisors that often became the most hilarious of the guests.

"Ah, you may laugh, my young ladies!" said the servants, shaking their heads ominously. There was no laughter in our dreams, filled with vague apprehensions and terrors, and waking seemed a part of nightmare when at midnight we sat up in our beds, aroused by shouts and the pounding of saber-hilts on our gates. Then, half stupefied with sleep and fear, we ran to our mother in our nightgowns, while the most hidden corners of our house were searched, even to unclean laundry, kitchen utensils, beds. Amid the wails of the servants and the harsh orders of officers, our rooms were reduced to a chaos of overturned tables, emptied chests, heaps of rugs and blankets. Grumbling, the searchers went away at last, leaving us trembling, weeping, divided by fear and anger.

Needless to say, we took all precautions against being suspected of revolutionary sympathies. We suppressed so completely all use of the words "liberty", "revolt" or "the people" that not even among ourselves, hardly in our own minds, did we utter them. Those words, found by chance in the most innocent correspondence, cost months in prison both for those who wrote them and for those who received them.

Yet even among these shadows there remained in my heart one ray of the sun, and in it bloomed a little flower, the flower of my first love. Rahim, son of a baker, a Mussulman, poor, ragged, but beautiful, with his golden skin, in the golden sunlight beneath our walls—it was his eyes that kindled in my heart its first romance.

I was fourteen, perceiving for the first time the beauty of neck and arms and shadows of unbound hair reflected in the mirror. I dreamed of love, of a gallant lover, handsome and rich, who would give me the world to hold in my hands and be too richly rewarded by my smile. I

dreamed of a prince, and I found him in a baker's son.

We passed his father's little shop whenever we left our gates. It stood against our wall. On the low counter that separated it from the street, between the piles of bread, sat Rahim. He was slender and strong. Beneath his bonnet of astrakhan, his eyes, a trifle slanted, were like dark topaz.

It was his smile that first made me hate, with violent hatred, the ugly gray garments I must wear to school. I wished that he might see me in my beautiful Armenian robes; I wished to conceal my face from him beneath the fluttering red veils that reveal only a sparkle of eyes and a hint of curving eyebrows. I hurried past, pretending not to have seen him.

At night, dreaming with open eyes, I said to myself, "He is beautiful. He is only the son of a Tartar baker," and in delicious pain I felt myself doomed, so young, to the tragedy of an unhappy love.

In the morning, with the bread which his father delivered to us each day, came a small Tartar cake that I loved. In the center of the cake was set a forest flower. It was Rahim's little gift to me, *Hanum Gueusal*, the Beautiful Lady. I looked timidly at my mother, but this delicate attention, far from making her angry, amused her very much.

In the evenings, when his father, after the last ablutions, wrapped himself in his burnoose and went to sleep beside his breads, Rahim crouched beside a brazier, his eyes closed, his face against the disk of a tambourine, and sang softly for entire hours the lamentations of loves without memory or hope. Those melodies, voluptuous and plaintive, rose to me through the twilight, completing the beauty of the deep sky and the melancholy of the Caspian Sea furrowed by the beams of the moon.

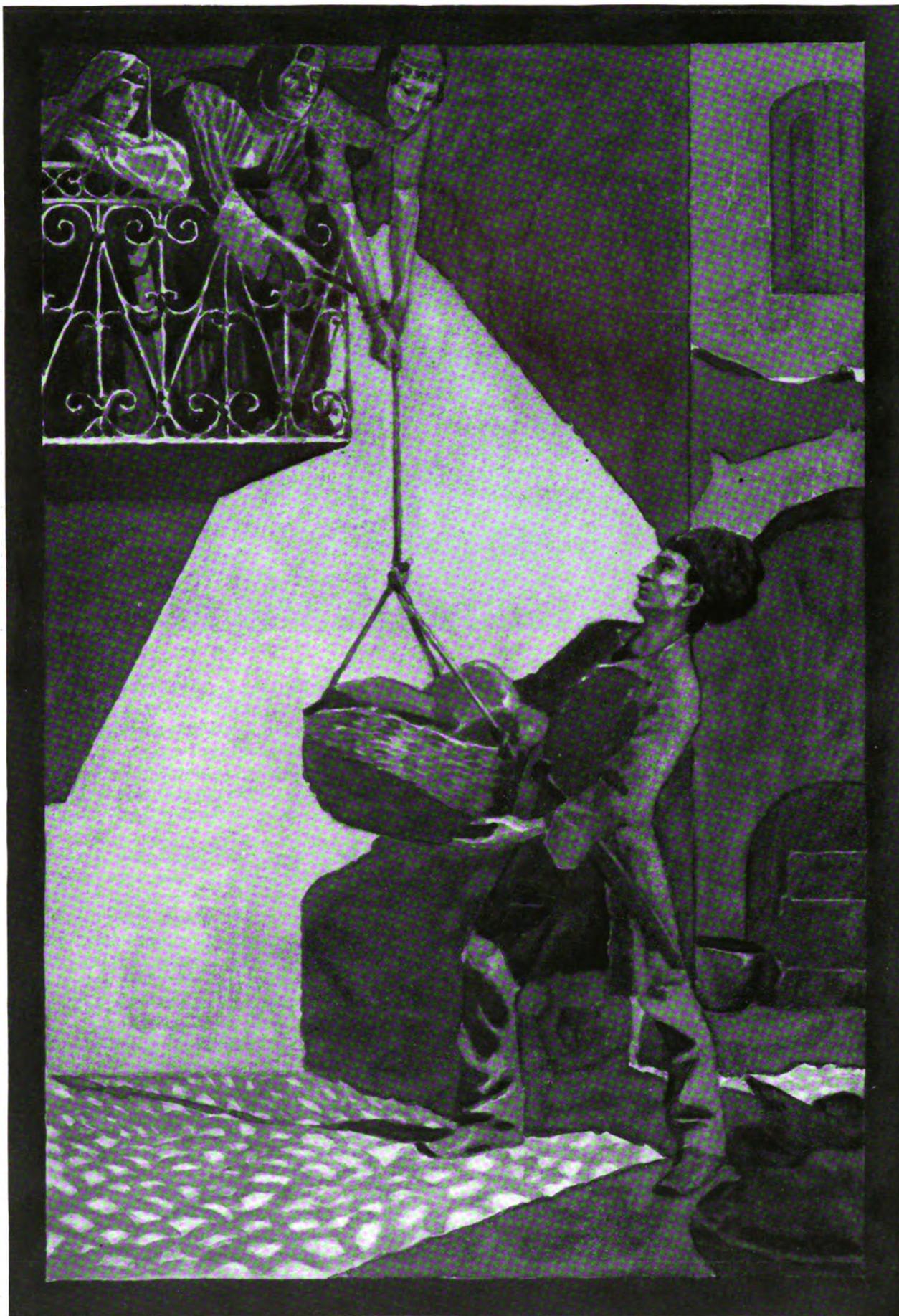
Leaning against the railing on the balcony, I listened, and my heart became a place of dreams.

Meanwhile the policies of Prince Galitzine went their way. He issued an order to confiscate the wealth of our churches. The Cossacks executed it immediately. Mounted on their horses, they rode even into the sanctuaries to tear from the priests the sacred relics.

The whole population, even Mussulman and heathen, revolted against this desecration: the clergy, no matter of what religion, are revered by all the races of Asia. Popular resentment infuriated the Cossacks, who increased their ruthlessness. But that did not prevent the miners from striking, nor the students from making demonstrations. A social earthquake rumbled beneath our feet. Every one plunged into politics. Even my little brother, eight years old, was "playing Cossack" from morning to night. Riding on my father's cane, he charged upon the throng of Socialists (a dozen straw-bottomed chairs), lashing them with his whip and singing to the tune of the *Marseillaise* a song of his own composition, "God save the Czar! Liberty, liberty, liberty and the Czar!"

My father, catching him at this play, which too painfully reminded us of the reality, placed him in a corner with his nose to the wall, a punishment which the little rebel endured bravely—it did not at all hinder him from resuming the game. And my father, his head bowed, walked gravely up and down, saying, "We are on the eve of grave trouble, grave trouble."

One day our servants, returning from market, brought strange news. The Russians were buying great quantities of grain and rice in order to feed their households during



THE SERVANTS LET DOWN A ROPE AND DREW UP BREAD AND MEAT



I SAW A HUGE HORSE STRIKE DOWN THE MAN BESIDE ME

the massacres of Armenians by the Tartars. Massacres? We were incredulous, imagining that such things happened only in Turkey. My father refused to listen to such rumors, knowing the friendliness existing between the Tartars and the Armenians of the Caucasus.

Alas, we were soon undeceived!

My mother, my sisters and I were in the bath. In the little room with wooden walls dripping with moisture, we lounged on wooden benches against the wall. Servants, barefoot and wrapped in white cloths, fed with large blocks of wood the huge Russian stove that filled three-quarters of the room, while others emptied over red-hot stoves jars of cold water, which instantly became steam. We lay gasping, wiping the streams of perspiration from our bodies with wet hands and longing for the moment when, refreshed and cool in clean linens, we should lounge on the balcony, eating fruits and sherbets.

Suddenly we heard a sharp, cracking sound. We sat up, startled. "What have you done?" my mother said sharply to the servants. But they were standing motionless, as surprised as we. The sounds came again and again. Then a pattering of them, like a hail-storm.

"The massacre!" cried my mother, with white lips. The servants ran, their screams trailing behind them.

A profound indignation drowned in me all other feeling. "Yes, yes," I thought, "like miserable beasts we shall be butchered by the daggers of these villains, armed against a peaceful family that has never harmed them. And my five brothers, beautiful as young gods, will die like sheep, unable to defend themselves."

The house was filled with lamentations and the clatter of running feet. The high iron gates of the court had been barricaded. My brothers, with a few man-servants,

were waiting behind them. The crackling we heard was the rattle of bullets against the iron. Now and then, near or far away, we heard hideous screams.

The Christian resignation of my father, who was on his knees, praying, roused my indignation to fury. "Pray, father. As for me, in the name of God and His Son, one of these villains will know the sweetness of my teeth in his throat."

From time to time a fusillade of shots struck our gates, our walls. Tinkling falls of glass were heard; the windows of the upper floors were being shattered by bullets. We heard shouting in the streets, the crash of breaking things and sudden stampedes of many feet. In this way the day passed, while we felt the slow approach of the moment when, the first fury of killing abated, hundreds of Tartars, encouraged by the Russians, would make a concerted attack upon us and our wealth.

Night came. To die in the darkness seemed infinitely terrible to me, who so loved the sun. A kind of stupor at last came over me. I spent the night neither awake nor asleep, huddled beside my mother, my poor mother who tried to hold in her arms all her daughters at once, not knowing which of us she would, at the last, defend with her own body.

Morning. My little brother, miserable in the midst of this terror that he did not understand, began to cry that he was hungry. Then we realized that there was not food in the house for all. Betrayed by my father's too little knowledge of humanity, we had not provided for a siege, as the Russians had done. We women did not eat. We gave all that we had to my brothers. During that day we began to learn what hunger is.

All around us the killing was still going on. Late that

afternoon the house next ours was raided and all the household was killed. I saw one of the Armenian maid-servants pursued across the flat roof by a drunken Tartar with a bloody knife. When I looked again, he was throwing her body from the roof to the courtyard, where smoke and laughter told me that they were burning the furniture of the house.

Since our house had not yet been attacked, we thought that the Tartars intended to starve us. My brothers threatened to rush into the street, to die after killing as many Tartars as they could. My baby brother cried all day long.

"O God, what sin have I committed, that I must suffer so?" my mother said, trying to hush him.

At nightfall I heard a tambourine beneath our walls. It seemed to me like a memory of days so long past that I could only faintly remember them. It was Rahim, singing again the lamentations of love. I looked down from my balcony and saw him dimly in the shadows. I could not see his face; I saw nothing but the shadows and the moonlit half of the deserted street, where the body of some one killed two days before still lay. But I felt that his eyes were fixed on my balcony, and as a sign to him I stretched one hand into the moonlight.

Then I saw him move into the light. He looked this way and that and stealthily opened his burnoose to show me, hidden beneath it, a loaf of bread. I understood. At the risk of his life, he was sending us food. He, a Tartar, whose people were killing mine! I wept.

The servants let down a rope and drew up baskets of bread and meat. I promised myself never to love any one but Rahim. Yes, if at that moment I, an Armenian and a Christian, could have married that son of a Tartar baker, I would have done it. I would have served him humbly all my life, in return for that one beautiful act.

It was the second night. My mother, my sisters and I were awake at midnight, huddled together around a brazier in a little room at the head of the stairs. My little brother, enjoying the delight of not being put to bed, was playing with a box of paper soldiers, which he marched and countermarched across his rug. Suddenly we heard running feet on the stairs, and one of our servants screamed, "The Tartars! The Tartars!" In our overwhelming terror a thought, a word, was impossible. Like a madness, a desire to run, only to run, no matter where, since death was everywhere, seized us all. My mother, grasping Héguiné and Zelah by the hands, fled blindly toward the stairway. Passing my little brother, I clutched him. But he, understanding nothing and enraged by being interrupted at his play, took hold of a heavy table with both hands, kicking and screaming.

"Come, come!" I said, tugging at him. He hung on with the strength of rage, crying, "I won't leave my soldiers!" To satisfy him, I gathered up a handful of the soldiers, but he still clung to the table. "Put them all in their box, all!" he insisted. "I will not go without all my soldiers."

I went down on my knees and began to throw his soldiers into the box. The door opened, and the room seemed filled with Tartars, Tartars with shaved heads and unsheathed knives. My brother screamed. Then I heard a voice saying, in Armenian, "Do not be afraid, sister. We have come to save you."

My brothers had opened the gates to a handful of brave Armenians disguised as Tartars, who had come to rescue

us. In a stupor I followed them, and I remember only that we went stealthily through dark ways, hiding sometimes in deeper shadows on the crooked streets. We reached a great empty house in the Russian quarter of the city. It belonged to a rich Russian, who had offered it as a shelter for the refugees. The floors of the large, bare rooms were a mass of huddled Armenians, who had lost everything and who sat silently, with blank, staring eyes.

From the brave men who had rescued us we learned that Prince Galitzine had had the happy thought of organizing a little series of massacres between the Mussulmans and the Christians, in order to divide them and prevent a general rising of all the Caucasian peoples against his government. The entire absence of police or Cossacks in the streets could only prove the truth of this genial program.

We had brought nothing with us; we had thought only of saving our lives. This house inhabited by misery gave us shelter, but no food nor drink. The little food and water that foraging bands of armed men could bring back to us were divided among the children and the sick. The house was often under Tartar fire, but none of the murdering bands dared attack us, in numbers as we were, and armed.

On the fifth day the Cossacks again appeared in the city. Riding down the streets on their horses, their revolvers held ready to fire, they at once, without a shot, imposed peace and order.

We returned to our house, expecting to find it in ruins. As if by a miracle, it had not even been entered. All was as we had left it. Even my little brother's paper soldiers lay waiting for him. Our servants, gathering the gossip of the bazars, explained this miracle. Some one among the Tartars had spread the tale that our house was filled with bombs from cellar to roof, and no one had dared approach it.

A few weeks passed. Rumors of new massacres began to circulate through the city. This time no one was incredulous; each household prepared for defense. Again the police and the Cossacks disappeared; again the barbarian Tartars, insane with vodka and fully armed, fell upon the Armenian quarter.

At the end of the fourth day the Cossacks reappeared, bringing "peace", with revolvers in their hands. Thousands of dead lay in the streets and covered the Christian and Mussulman cemeteries. The odor of the corpses stifled us. Everywhere women with mad eyes were seeking their children, and husbands were moving the heaps of rotting flesh.

It was announced that a mass for the dead would be celebrated in the great square and that the Governor of Baku, Prince Nakachidzé, would honor our dead with his glorious presence.

The great square was packed with human bodies. The black and violet veils of the women, the colored turbans and tall fur caps of the men, were a mosaic laid before the open doors of the church. Because we had arrived a little late, we stood on the threshold of a little shop at one side of the square.

Preceded by an escort of Cossacks, haughty in their high astrakhan bonnets, their colored sashes and wide blue trousers and glistening boots, the Prince arrived with his suite. Hardly had he entered, hardly had the choir begun the mass when a horrible explosion, followed instantly by many more, buried the first notes of the

Miserere. A groan burst from the great throat of the crowd.

A dozen bombs had fallen upon the Prince and his suite; they were dead. And hardly did we know what was happening before the Cossacks were let loose. All those blond, robust horsemen, with purple faces, hurled themselves upon us, emitting their traditional piercing whistle. Like demons from Hell their great horses, with quivering nostrils, charged upon the packed masses of human flesh. Pressed against the grating of the shop-front, unable to move, I saw a huge horse strike down the man beside me, tearing at his flesh with its teeth. In a few minutes the square was emptied, save for multitudes of corpses, heaps of rags slowly exuding blood.

That night the whole city rose in a fury no Cossack could stamp out. The leaders among Tartars and Armenians met and swore upon the Bible and the Koran to fight together loyally against the infamous Prince Galitzine. Beneath the unconquerable turmoil of rebellion there was a feast of love; in the streets Christians and Mussulmans embraced each other beneath the very

eyes of the Cossacks. The government was helpless before that uprising of two hundred thousand people against its little band of professional killers.

A new governor arrived to replace "the Archangel". And at once a general strike, supported by the entire population, took the place of the riots. For two months the oil-wells were idle, no trains ran, there was no water, no light. We lived like people in a besieged city; we divided carefully each day our little store of food, rigorously rationed by my father, who, as a leader of the Armenians, was supporting the strike that beggared us.

Yet not all our hours were tragic, nor even sad. The human spirit is a fountain; no weight can wholly suppress it. We had our happy hours in the gardens, and friends came and went as always.

Though Rahim could no longer send me the small cake I loved, his little offering of a flower appeared each morning on the small loaf of bread his father could supply to us. In the evenings his tambourine still sang of hopeless loves, and I—I will confess it—dreamed that some day I might speak to him.

One Sunday, dressed in our prettiest gowns, we were expecting some guests whom my mother had invited to drink coffee with us. Suddenly, we heard in the street a sound of singing. It was the Russian hymn, "God Save Our Holy Czar".

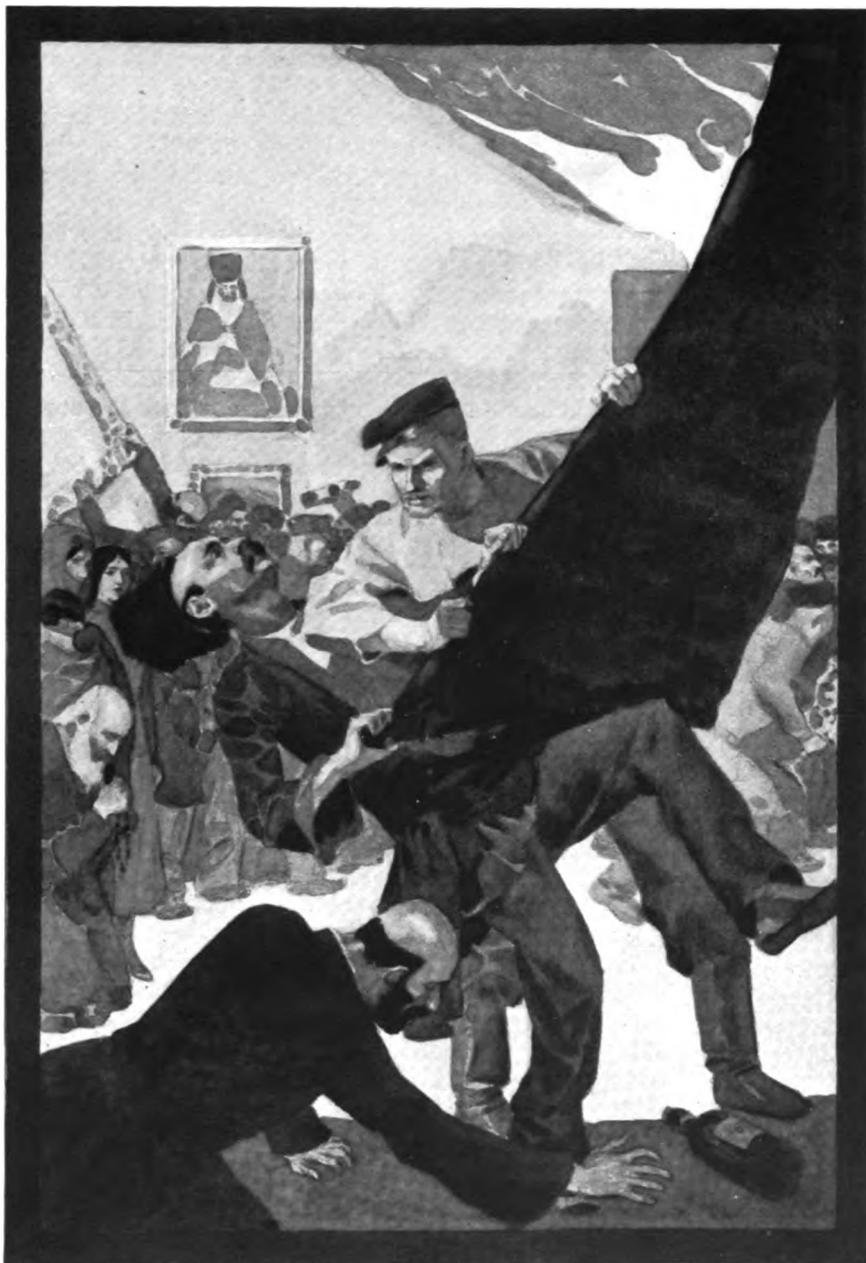
Hastily veiling ourselves, we went out on the balcony and saw a great procession coming down the street. A beautiful portrait of the Czar, painted on silk and upheld on golden poles, led the way, followed by many silken banners, all carried by Russians, their heads bared. Behind them came a great crowd of Russians and Tartars, intermingled.

What was our surprise to see the banners and the portrait of the Czar stop before our house. The men who carried them raised still louder their hymn to God. Then the hymn ended in a sudden howl. "Down with the Armenians! Death to the dogs! Death to the unbelievers!" Already the gates had given way, and the mob poured into our court.

In the hallway we were met by a manservant. "The Czar has given them a constitution!" he said. His stiff lips fascinated me. "Every one is free to do as he likes. That is why—that is why—the Cossacks are burning the quarter. Every Armenian is to be killed."

My mother, shaking as if with cold, tried to cover my little brother with her skirts. My father, standing before us, repeated in a firm voice a prayer to God. My heart seemed a lump of ice; my teeth chattered. The mob was sweeping up the stairs and filling our rooms with a sound of smashing doors, shouts and trampling. I smelled vodka and sweat and unwashed bodies.

Without (Continued on page 396)



A DRUNKEN TARTAR STRUGGLED WITH A RUSSIAN FOR A BLAZING TAPESTRY

MOVING PICTURE AND JAPAN

By SADAŌ IMADA

[In these days there are few international links that have more power to bind both for evil and for good than the slender reels of celluloid that girdle the world. In Japan, even more than in other parts of the Orient, the people are moving-picture "fans", as the author of the following article says. Toward the film theater, plastered with lurid paintings presenting the action of the drama and decorated with long banners on bamboo poles, splashed with bold black ideographs, announcing the stars for the day, clatters a long queue of men, women and children. The usher confiscates all the wooden clogs at the door and gives in exchange enormous wooden slabs for checks. The crowds press in at the invitation of the smiling girl usher, endlessly repeating her "*Irasshai! Irasshai!*"—"Welcome! Welcome!" They settle down on the thin straw mats with their tiny pots of tea and wait for the cherry-blossomed silk curtain to go up on Lillian Gish, Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, or on one of their own films, depicting the warrior-hero in some classic drama of feudal Japan.

The old historical play, the *Kabuki*, is rivaled in popularity with the motion-picture audiences by the *Shimpa*, which presents modern Japanese life and problems and is strongly influenced by western films. But Japan has adapted the film-drama to her individual island taste, as she has nearly everything else imported from the West. In the *Rensageki*, or "connected drama", half moving-pictures and half legitimate acting, Japan has outdone even melodrama. A hundred feet or so of film may grind out the breathless flight of a woman from a villain with a dagger. There is no escape. She jumps from a cliff, a sheer and awful drop. Then the curtain rolls up, showing her with no broken bones, ready to carry on the conversation and end the play happily. The *Rensageki*, thus combining "canned" and spoken drama, appeals to the thrill-loving audiences of Tokyo. Another innovation, or rather the taking over of an old favorite, that would seem strange to Westerners, is the *benshi*, the storyteller, who, standing on the stage in his black *haori* and *hakama*, toying with his fan, bows mightily and often and then tells his audience what the play is all about. If it is an amusing film, he keeps his hearers in roars of laughter. If it is sad, he has them sobbing. And many are the fantastic explanations he makes of social customs and love-scenes in films imported from America. He is always versatile and often transforms himself into four or five characters within as many minutes.

In motion-pictures, as in the legitimate Japanese drama, still prevails the custom of having the rôles of women played by men, known as *onnagata*. Tachibana, who has starred in many triangular problem plays and slammed the Japanese Nora's door in *Shimpa*, is a well-known *onnagata*. The greatest motion-picture actor in the classic *Kabuki*—and the most popular motion-picture actor in Japan—is Onoué Matsunosuké, who has acted on the legitimate stage since he was a child. In spite of the influence of the West, the Japanese still adore the old drama of the love and revenge and glorious battles and immortal loyalty of the feudal heroes of Japan. Recently Hirohito, Prince Regent of Japan, summoned

Matsunosuké from Kyoto to the Imperial Palace in Tokyo to play in *Kusunoki Masashige*, a favorite drama of noble sacrifice among the Japanese. Sometimes Matsunosuké appears in person before his audiences, who adore him and call out with *banzai*, "*Medama no Macchan!*"—"The eyes of Matsunosuké are coming." For Matsunosuké is famous for his eyes—and for his courage. "Matsunosuké is never beaten." Is he not always the hero with the mighty *samurai* blade? Japan even has its Charlie Chaplin, Soganoyu Gokuro, who curiously enough entered the "movies" after he failed to satisfy his political ambitions. At the Teikoku Theater in Asakusa Park, Tokyo, he delights his audiences with his absurd gestures and eccentric grimaces.

One could go down a long list of popular Japanese film actors, but although many of them are stars of first magnitude, they cannot detract from the enthusiasm with which American pictures are received in Japan. From them the Japanese have learned much that is good and useful, much that is bad and grotesque, in American life and manners. It behooves us to give them only the best.

Mr. Imada has expressed so well what the American motion-picture means to his younger generation of Japanese that the editors of *ASIA* have felt that a revision of his phrasing into a more formal and idiomatic English would destroy the charm and the fine spirit and feeling of the article that follows. — EDITOR'S NOTE.]

I HAVE been harboured from long since the wish that of to write these observation about movie, of which now I thus starting. An article "Movie", which appeared on the *Atlantic Monthly's* July issue of last year—1921—gave me stimulous to realize it. I don't know what extent of influence of movie be conciderale as suggested in that article concering recent unrest of India, but I have heard from some dependable resource, that in India foreign films found 'unwelcome by the natives, and they are making their own film to meet their own need. Generally they like the religeous picture, and on that account, Famous Players Lasky Corporation, one of the leading concern in the film industry of America, has its studio in India, and exclusively is in making for this request.

It is in the case in India; but in Japan the film fan already have seen Chalie Chaplin's "Kid", Douglas Fairbanks's "Three Masketeers", and many other latest and well known productions of America. Almost all leading news papers of Tokio have their sole column for movie; and American moving picture magazines are prevailing no less than any other periodicals of United States.

Think these facts! In every city and town all over Japan, except those pictures which made in Japan, American pictures unholding their shadows by day and night. In other words, Japan is inmersing in the wave of American picture; it is not exaggaration a bit.

And now Japan of present, is being yet on the road to rebuild her new civilization; and she is revealing the appearance of most queer to be seen; her tradition melted with the shower of foreign tides, and devastating in whirlpool. As a whole, outwardly and inwardly, Japan is now



H. Suito

ENTRANCE TO MOTION-PICTURE THEATER

Wooden "Geta" Are Checked at the Door, and Patrons Are Greeted with "Irasshai"—"You Are Welcome"

suspending in the state of chaos. Every traveller could perceive it at a glance, when who has set their first step on the soil of "rising sun". Strange mixture prevailing every direction, and not yet digested or harmonized. Mentally and materially she is being disorganized. When and how this condition of state be refined and adjusted?

Any-how as the nation of the civilized world, we require the environment that of fine and beautiful, but on this point, we Japanese living far beyond of it, we are breathing in the surrounding that of most uncomfortable.

Out of this seetheing curldolone, what sort of civilization will lined up? It can not be clearly taken in view yet. But the fact is true, to compete or to live in shoulder by shoulder among the civilized nations of world, Japan can not be loiterd in the atmosphere that of samurai and daimyo. Efficiency is forcing her to follow along the line of Europe and American civilization. Every material deviced in Europe and America imported and still coming.

Old things substituted by new ones, and that new one effects on the other things it cocern. For instance if some one purchased a piano it naturally will attracts the need of a room which furnished in the style of European to harmonize it. Foreign material make by iteself gives change to the things around or concern it. It is the material. And through books and magazines or every kind of art, new vision for life well be awaken and planted in the mind of Japanese, and it will give the effection or change on their way of living.

Morally and physically Japan is the country of import yet, Europe and America swaying upon every thing of Japan But as I said, in Japan this influx not yet well digested and refined, the change is mere superficial and no more than stuffy mixture.



H. Suito

MOVING-PICTURE FANS IN ASAKUSA

In This Tokyo Amusement Park Crowds Pay Their Respects to the Goddess of Mercy and to Their Film Heroes

It can be recognized, that Japan is modernized pretty far extent, but her modernization was not conveyed the gradual and steady process of evolution, her progress was compelled to be in haste and, her inner grown up was not paralled with material maturity. We must admits that Japanese civilization has enough spaces to place the criticism as it is superficial, and she was not sure to grip the mood or tendency with which European civilization take its manifestation, and was or is not enough to justify or diget it with her own tradition. So its phase is disclosure of disorder and chaos.

Will Japan be throughly Europeanize? This question be naturally taken its significance. Because day by day at least in appearance she is being lined up in the way of Europe and America, This impression will be deepen at the big cities, evrywhere in cities the buildings of brick and concrete are in busy to be erected. Such big building concern as Fullar of America now invading in Japan. In dressing, housing, and eating the foreign mañner take its influence amazingly.

But to adjust, digest and refine or contract the environment which is now landing on such situation and tendency, we must relish the brain with more stress, and must enrich or improve our minds to stand it. For this purpose, we must learn more about of societies of other countries, from which we are chewing the nourishments of to be necessarily for the grown up of our civilization. And whereupon, the need of mental communication is most imperative than that of material's. From this point of view I am luring by the significance of movie, as I must admit its merits.

As the medium of mental communication, we can count on book, periodical, art and anything which convey the means of information. But it would be most effective on

that purpose, that if we can find ourselves in the country itself, of which we want to know. Because we can see very environment in which those books, arts, and everything are going lively. But this chance is the thing of rare blessing. And then every body naturally be take in mind the ability of movie.

It would be sounds odd, if I say, as, ther are American colony in Japan. But the fact is true. Any movie center of Japanese cities is in its mean a colony of America. In these parts America is living. Where, we can see the sky scrapers of New York, quaint and simple town of New England, and grand view of nature of Colorado. We can hit the trail with cow boy, also can enjoy the party in a gorgeous hall with swell folks of society, and can feel the thrilling sensations in the "fish alley" or the Chaina town of San Fransisco.

We can laugh, anger, and tear with American people at our movie theatres. Of course I know that there are many people in America, who don't want to know, that, there are such fact as through movie understand America by some of people. But I do not intending here a bit, to go touch on any discussion which concern to the quality of movie as an art. But yet, I want to admire American picture as an art and amusement. I am always highly appreciating of its cleanness and healthfulness and yet having the strong value of entertainment. And am always envy for such community, in which such healthy amusement is required and going.

But it would be undeniable, that the moving picture bring America wherever it goes, it unhold the vivid scenes of the land of livery before the presence of people everywhere on globe. It is most vital and lively interpretation of New World. The message of celloid therefore un-overlookable. It is the nerve and blood of America that of covering all parts of globe.

As in America, the movie is the leading amusement or diversion in Japan. And since Japanese picture can not stand yet for foreign film, almost all pictures are supplying from United States. And the picture of Hollywood found every kind of people as its audience in Japan. But its most absorbing



H. Suito

THE MOVING-PICTURE STREET IN ASAKUSA PARK, TOKYO

Banners on Long Bamboo Poles Carry Announcements of the Plays, and Lurid Paintings above Each Theater Solicit the Lovers of Battle, Murder and Sudden Death

fan will be found largely among the younger generation.

There are such boy among my acquaintances, as who like movie rather passionately, as a result of it, some kind of Americanization became apparent. It is his most pet topic of discussion, as, efficiency. And on the everything he argue on the basis that of he think is America, and always comment on the everything of his country harshly. He is utterly dociled by America of what he thinks she is.



"TERAKOYA", AN OLD PLAY LOVED IN JAPAN

The "Kabuki", or Classic Drama, Portraying Famous Warriors and Heroes, Still Rivals in Popularity American Films and Films of Modern Japanese Life



"THE SECOND SON OF THE COUNT", A COMEDY

The Scene Is Before a Rice-Cake Shop. Three Strata of Tokyo Society Are Represented: Second Son of the Count, in Derby Hat and Morning Frock, at the Left; Rice-Cake Seller, at the Right; Ragpicker, Center



THE FOREIGN ROOM IN "THE SECOND SON OF THE COUNT"

Japanese Moving-Picture Audiences Enjoy Comedy. For the Most Part, They Prefer Comic Films Imported from America to Their Own Native Humor. Charlie Chaplin Is a Favorite Throughout the Orient



END OF "THE SECOND SON OF THE COUNT", IN MR. KURATOMI'S DRAWING-ROOM
 The Tearful Heroine in White Is Tachibana, a Popular "Onnagata". In the "Shimpa", or New Drama, as Well as in the "Kabuki", Men, Known as Onnagata, Invariably Play the Parts of Women



"AFTER THE TEAR IS SHED"

Is the Trained Nurse in Love with the Hero? This is a Modern Problem, to Be Settled in Several Japanese Reels to the Satisfaction of the Audience, Who Like to Cry, Provided the Play Ends Happily



"SAKURAKO"—"MISS CHERRY"

Miss Cherry Is Walking in the Suburbs of Tokyo with Her Suitor, Who Is as Nonchalant as a Callow American Sophomore. A Young Lady of Tokyo Would Not Be Walking with a Man—Except in the "Movies"



A TENSE MOMENT IN MR. IWAOUYE'S FOREIGN DRAWING-ROOM

Western Interior Decoration Has Influenced Japanese Houses as Well as "Movie" Stage-Sets. Every Well-to-Do Japanese Household Is Proud of Its "Yoshitsu", or Foreign Room

Beyond of Pacific is his lure, his heart always beating by it. To soothe his longing heart he found some ways, and as one of them he asks the catalogues or informations of anything which offered through its advertisement on any American magazines. Fostered by in such way, now he become acquainted, that he can picture the map of United States readily in his mind, locating its cities towns, railroads and rivers in pretty good precision.

Here is another evidence that of American moving picture had threw a new vision of life even on a girl of Japan. A poem here I cited is titled as "The Life of Cowboy" and was appeared on the Jogakusekai (School Girls World)'s September issue of this year. This magazine is most widely circulating among the girls of Japan. This is one of contest poems and of course by the pen of a girl.

*Vast wilderness which centered by the
canyon of Arizona,
Shining white sun of desert,
And there, the cow boys I like living.*

*Their boots of deer skin, which is the feature of West,
Their gloves,
And hats.*

*Vigorous black horse, neighing under
the august sun,
Revolver,
And rope.*

*Sun burnt fellow intoxicated by strong
liquor,
Song of Arizona,
And the dance of sure fire.*

*Oh! Two brave youths fighting in
duell
Backed by bloody sun,
Which sinking into desert.*

Now day and night American moving picture cultivating on Japanese people the interest of the country it comes. Every center of movie is the plant of busy activity of transporting Americanism, by its mean. And its ploughing find most good soil upon younger generation. While entertaining by it in the movie theatre they are unconsciously become aquanting with atmosphere of the land of freedom. And their interest for America will intensified.



CHARLIE CHAPLIN OF JAPAN
The Comedian, Soganoya Gokuro, Who
Delights Japanese "Movie-Fans"

suggestion from movie, or its customers order their cloths minding what size of clothes was appealed to their tastes and suggest the tailor hoping to realize it. My friend who is an architect often attend to movie theatre to enrich his vision and to learn.

Thus American moving picture are appealing to every kind of audiences, with various meanings in Japan. After all the magic of celloid is now playing on Japan, whose organic body as a whole now on the busiest currency to change into fine state as civilization, as she is now persuading by her friendly nations with agreeing her good acheivement on material side.



ONOUÉ MATSUNOSUKÉ
He Is the Leading Exponent of Classic
Drama in Motion-Pictures

Since they younger people of her are awaking for the unadequatness of their custom and efficiency, for the century they are landing, and therefore they are feeling unreasonness of their standard of moral it is still controlling upon their way of living, which had been back-boning the feudal age. Then better things and reasons will be find by them in the society of the beyond of Pacific.

It can be say that the moving picture is a refrection of the country in which it is making. In Amrican moving picture America is being mirriored. In which we can peep the moral, custom and ideal and everything which currenting and going.

So it is one of good references to Japanese people, now who are on the exigent state to reconstruct the structure that of her civilization. It will enrich their minds not least extent, and its effect will visible on the way of their living.

There is such facts, as Japanese tailor learn the cutting and any suggestion from movie, or its customers order their cloths minding what size of clothes was appealed to their tastes and suggest the tailor hoping to realize it. My friend who is an architect often attend to movie theatre to enrich his vision and to learn.

We Japanese people must wipe away the unfair reputation, as soon as possible of what we are now owing. We are inspiring by America not least degree. We owe very much to her. And it is the thing of blessing for Japan, that her people are enjoying the movie of America. It is by itself telling the progress of amiable feeling towards America is going and latenting among Japanese people. And therefore American moving picture having the mission of peace in its significance, also.

There are in our country many American haters, but I want here to demnstrate the sentiment of friendly feeling to United States, which now prevailing among we younger generation of Japan.

A FORTNIGHT ON A CARGO-BOAT

III. Through the River Gorges to Suining

By WILLIAM L. HALL

TENTH DAY—DECEMBER 7

TODAY I showed the boatmen and soldiers a newspaper cut of my face. It is a three-quarter view. They were all worried because the picture showed only one of my ears, when it was plain as day that I had an ear on each side of my head. And that reminds me of the highest examples of native art that I have ever seen—some temple decorations in a wealthy village in the northern part of China. Cut into beautiful white stone are the figures of lions, tigers, deer and herons. No animal must be depicted as a cripple; so on each profile or side view the eye that is naturally on the other side of the head is placed on top of the figure, above the hair or feathers, and plainly made, so that one may know at once that the animal is complete.

The poor trackers did not want to start out in the drizzling rain at noon today. The captain stormed at them until he lost his voice, and then he jumped up and down and waved his arms. It was at length decided that each of them should receive eleven extra cash for the afternoon if they would only try to pull us over one more rapid. Our sing-song man did not sing. Instead of leading out in front in his usual happy manner he dragged along behind, barefoot. He had tucked his long outer garment into his belt and was carrying an oil-paper umbrella.

At last the rain was coming in sheets again; and we had to stop at three this afternoon. Since then I have had a number of patients. A boy of eleven, who fell over a cliff and broke his arm, eleven months ago, is here with all his relatives, asking me to make the bones grow together again. There was no treatment for the arm when the accident happened, for the native doctors know nothing of surgery. They bound some vile-smelling concoction to the arm with bamboo splints and put another plaster of the same mixture on the back, "to draw the bone up". The arm is, of course, useless. I suggested an amputation, but the relatives will not consent to a mutilation of the body. The boy tried to prove to me, by opening and closing his hand, that the arm had life, and he would not believe me when I told him that the ends of the bone could not be brought together except by an operation. An old woman, bedridden for many years, is lying in the rain, on a stretcher made of sackcloth and bamboo poles, while her half-blind husband, who almost fell into the water when he came up the plank, pleads with me to give her some medicine to make her "feet walk, her tongue talk and her fingers able to hold her chop-sticks". A leper, blind, footless and without hands, is sitting on the bank, begging for relief from the terrible disease that is slowly killing him. He promises to spend his life in making prostrations before me if I will condescend to heal him. A girl with tubercular sinuses in her bound foot tells me that she is to be married soon and that her future husband says he will beat her if she comes to him in poor health.

About four o'clock we went out for a bit of a walk. A poor woman on the bank held out her emaciated baby and asked me to make it see. Some ignorant medical practitioner had run needles into its eyes to drive a demon out

of its stomach. The mother offered to bow before every shrine within a radius of three miles if I would only give her baby power to look up into her face. On a dirty side street we saw another woman, sitting outside her door, with her baby at her breast, and rocking back and forth. She was moaning piteously. An abscess in her ear had kept her awake for four nights, and for two days she had not tasted food. Her baby was hungry and she had no nourishment for him. I asked to examine the ear and, when I offered to treat her, her lips tried, between moans, to offer thanks for my kindness. As I hurried around a corner on my way back to the boat for my medicines and instruments, I measured my length in the red mud. When I returned, all the street knew that a foreign doctor had come and had offered to treat the young mother. Some one called out the way for me, and I passed between two rows of admiring people. The patient sat on a bench outside her door while I cleansed the ear, opened the abscess and applied the dressing. We passed that way again a little later. She smiled when she saw us coming and told us she felt much better. She was having food prepared and asked us to eat with her. Her husband came to the boat tonight to thank me for helping her. When he left home, she was sleeping like a baby.

Twenty-six boats are stopping here for the night. When the people on the other boats learn that a foreign doctor has arrived, they build a bridge of boards from boat to boat. Over these boards they come in groups, begging for relief. I make each patient take his medicine while I am watching. In this way I effectually prevent any designing person from carrying foreign medicine away for sale. Some ask for medicine for their mother's brother's cousin's baby's indefinite ailment, but the majority seek personal relief.

The men here carry small flower-pots, around which they have worked different patterns with splits of bamboo. In these pots they have charcoal-fires to keep their hands warm. The men we chanced to engage in conversation were barefoot. They said their feet did not feel the cold. The hands were more important for the reason that people carried food to the mouth by the hands, while no one would think of using the feet for that purpose. All the feet have to do is to carry the hands about when the hands have work to do. A man could not make a living without his hands, even though he had three feet on each side.

Human beings may go barefoot here, but animals are frequently shod. The water-buffaloes wear reed shoes, which prevent them from slipping on the steep stones and also protect their hoofs. Pigs also wear shoes, to keep them from sliding down high banks. Today we met an old man driving a pig. Each little pig foot wore a tiny flax-fiber shoe tied about the ankle with a bit of cord. Naturally enough, the track left by my rubber overshoes, which I wore during my walk this afternoon, provoked discussion. On my return I found some men carefully examining it. One man said it must have been made by some new wild animal; another thought it proved the visit of a supernatural being.

The captain is having trouble with some of the new trackers tonight. Yesterday he engaged twenty-two extra men to go up river to his home. Now they threaten to make trouble unless he adds a clause to their contract, guaranteeing to return their bodies to their homes if they die, and to carry them down river on his next trip free of charge if they live. The captain and the men are in conference on the back deck, between his apartment and the place where we are trying to make ourselves believe we are comfortable and happy. Every one of them is talking as fast and as loud as vocal organs can open and close.

The river narrows above this town, and the captain thinks we shall make better time. As he remembers the river, there are fewer rapids. He says he does not spend his heart in trying to remember all the bad places. He says: "It is hard enough to get out of trouble when once you're in. Why should you spend your time in trying to look ahead to some moment of discomfort or danger?"

ELEVENTH DAY—DECEMBER 8

We started before daylight this morning. After a night spent without restful sleep we were pleased when we heard the clatter that indicated a quick departure. The trackers and the boatmen entertained us last night by making conjectures about the contents and probable value of our boxes. The captain added spice to our uneasiness by announcing that his men were to sleep on the rear deck and the soldiers were to sleep up in front. Then he went into the village to drink wine. About eleven o'clock I told our boy to call the members of our escort who had been detailed to sleep at our door. He informed me that they were not going to sleep there. Then we told him either to call the men from the front or to send our officer to us. The boys came at once and were soon in their sleeping-quarters. I made all the boatmen drag their bedding to the place they had always occupied. Grumblingly and sleepily they complied with the request, which was made in rather harsh tones. Hearing ominous whisperings fore and aft, I settled down in my chair for a period of waiting. Aft, three men who ordinarily would have been snoring, hours before, were sitting up in their beds, smoking. Some one came on board, up front, and said the captain was taking much wine and talking not a little. About one o'clock he came on the boat and pulled back the mat that hangs over my head. Then he rushed off the boat and went up to the men who were waiting on shore. He said something to them and they went off over the rough stones toward the village. This morning, when I asked him why he looked in on me so late at night, he replied that he just wanted to see whether my heart was at peace. Later on, the pilot remarked to his assistant that that village was a good place in which to rob foreigners. The assistant

agreed, but said there was no possible chance to rob a man who slept with both eyes open.

At nine o'clock the river is a letter S. The water here, at a point where a perpendicular line would cross the middle of the letter, is running like a greyhound. Against a cliff to our right the water dashes full force and a whirlpool boils as it returns. Our trackers, far ahead, are holding us steady. In this straightaway are six boats. Down-stream a number of heavy cargo-boats are racing. When they reach the straightaway, the men on board lose all control of them. All they can hope to do is to hold them in the channel. Fore, on down-river boats, is fastened an immense oar, twenty to thirty-six feet long, made of heavy timbers spliced together and wrapped with bamboo splints. When making the rapids, the men grasp this oar and pull from side to side. The pilot works the rudder to turn the stern. The first three boats that came down struck our boat stern to stern, a clinging, rasping blow. Then we moved over a bit to escape the terrific drag. Just where the boats pass us the current pulls them all straight across the channel. Some of the boats are more than one hundred feet long and have a galley of from sixteen to twenty-four pairs of oars. Now five of the largest boats are grounded directly below us, and their crews are undressing to work them off. Boys are at work in every group of trackers. One boat we saw this morning had a boy for sing-song man. He gave his commands as if he were an officer drilling his men, and he shook a whip at the trackers every time he called an order.

I went off for a five-mile walk with the trackers today. We waited at a ferry for the boat to come. Among the passengers landed were two old women, who carried basket-loads of vegetables from their garden three miles away to sell in the village across the river. They were returning home, laden with cash, and appeared perfectly well able to manage a sale without loss to themselves or profit to the one who bought their vegetables. The younger of



Rosemary Wild

"CHOW-TIME" ON A CHINESE RIVER-BOAT

Boatmen and Trackers Live Meager, Toilsome Lives. A Bit of Pork Added to Their Ration of Rice and Vegetables Marks Their Day with a Red Letter



Maynard O. Williams

A RIVER PAGODA

Talismans Such as Pagodas on Hills Alter the Unpropitious Character of a Place and Bring It into Harmony with the "Cosmic Breath"

the two hopped over the stepping-stones without help, and the ferryman carried the elder out on his back. She is eighty-two years old. Her daughter, who came first, is only sixty-one. After fastening her large basket to her own back, the daughter proceeded to do a similar service for her mother. Then they bargained with a man for some baked sweet potatoes and with a boy for some barley candy. They carried on a conversation with the soldiers after noticing the foreigner. They wanted to know whether I was dangerous and whether I had any medicine to help a man who was ill. When I asked the older woman if I might take her picture, she ran like an antelope, stopping occasionally to shake her stick at me and to heap curses on my head. Indeed and she would not let me put her face on paper, to be carrying it about with me! And did I think she wanted me to have her face where I could call down disaster when she was far away and had no power to counteract my evil machinations? When she reached the top of the dike, where she thought she was safe from all foreign interference, she put down her staff and looked at us. When we last saw her, as we moved away in the boat, she stood outlined against the sky, with a chunk of candy in one hand and a baked potato in the other, taking bite about from each dainty morsel and waving the unengaged hand in our direction as she made further comment on her experience with an outside man.

This afternoon a man ran along the bank for more than half an hour, trying to sell a back-load of red turnips. Before the sale was made, nine men took part in the bargaining. In this country one hundred cash does not always mean one hundred pieces of money. In order to stimulate trade, different villages have different rates, and weights and scales vary everywhere. During the bar-

gaining, after the price had been settled, the men had to go over the ground again to decide whether payment was to be made in cash ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight or one hundred pieces to the hundred. Each man who helped with the trade wanted the man to have the number usually given in his own home town, and none could see justice in any other figure. At last it was decided that the turnip-seller should be paid in the amount current in his own village. Then he had to wait till somebody who could vouch for the truth of his statement came along. After the money, which amounted to less than five cents, was paid, the cook on our boat began to pick over the turnips, and, when he found a decaying spot, he reviled the seller for his dishonesty. Then the man came running after us to say that the payment made to him was two cash short. He was to be paid ninety-eight to the hundred and had received only ninety-six. He forced his company on us until the two cash were thrown to him. Then he went into another spasm because one of the two was spurious, and he could not spend it if any one noticed it in a string of cash. A question was raised as to whether the coin he wanted

changed was the one given him or one he had been carrying for days, just for a chance to palm it off on somebody.

We ran aground just before dark tonight. Soon after we were afloat, we ran into a blockade of large salt-boats, and our boat wedged fast between two of them. After much loss of time and the use of much wind-power our mats began to creep over us, and by that sign we knew that the men had given up hope and were ready to settle down for the night. When we stop, we hear on every side the plaintive wail for *pukai*. Life at its best is empty of all comfort and ease, but the hardest part of all is to be off here, away from a town, tired and sleepy and cold. The men settle down into heaps. They eat half-heartedly, all sighing and almost crying because they have no covers for their tired bodies.

TWELFTH DAY—DECEMBER 9

Yesterday evening, some time after we thought all was settled for the night, the captain announced that he had engaged enough extra trackers to pull the boat out of its deadlock with the salt-boats or to tear something to pieces in the attempt. The shivering men were all called out of their hard corners. For the first time they went to extra work without grumbling.

Some were even singing, and one man tried to whistle as he had seen me doing yesterday. He wanted to stick his dirty finger in my mouth so he might know if there was a singing-machine inside. He said he did not understand how it was possible for me to have low whistles and high ones in my neck at the same time. He asked where the high ones stayed while the low ones were coming through my lips. He felt sure that whistling was some foreign trick, and he was determined to learn it so he might work it on his fellows.

Every foot of all our cables was paid out, and ten of our men waded into the water to work the cables under the outside salt-boat. Then seven men on each side of our boat set their backs firmly against our hull and their feet against the sides of the larger boats. At a given signal every man began to push. For a time the mass of timber overlooking us seemed immovable, but the pressure continued. The captain kept calling to encourage the men, and once he got his back up against the other boat to show them just how to use their strength to the best advantage. Gradually a dark line appeared between the boats, and at last after a mighty push, in which we were joined by the crews on the salt-boats, our wedge-hold loosened and we started down-stream with a jerk.

Up river, seventy-seven naked men, wading out into the middle of the stream, our sing-song man accompanying them to encourage them with melody, worked like horses to bring us right about and then drag us up-stream. When the swift current struck a cable, it would tremble and whiz through the water with tremendous force and speed. Once the men who were pulling on the cable nearest the middle of the river were pulled down by a salt-boat passing down. Fortunately they did not lose their hold, and the cable passed safely under the big boat. Instantly they were on foot and pulling as before. The night was dark and we could not even see the banks of the river. We ran on a sand-bar and some of the trackers had to wade back to drag us off. After many discouraging trials we entered smoother water and at ten-thirty threw out our plank to the shore.

We knew of only one way to express our thanks to the men. So we called the captain and told him we would give them another feast of pork "the day after tomorrow". Like a wave passing over a field of grain the glad news spread. As the men settled down for their well-earned sleep, the coming feast was the main topic of discussion. They really could not understand why the foreigner should give them two feeds of pork on one trip. Usually the people from other lands thought only of making money or teaching about new things.

At five-thirty this morning we were awakened by the sound of joyful voices. The pilot said that, although the men were working *today*, they were living *tomorrow*.

On every hillside and in every valley today, people with baskets strapped to their backs—children, women and old men who have outlived their usefulness as laborers—are picking and scraping for dear life. They are collecting grass, leaves, twigs and weeds to serve as fuel for cooking and to give a little heat when the cold weather comes.

This afternoon a boy about five years old ran along the bank, offering for sale a basket of green onions. He did business with all the mannerisms of an adult and put his sixteen cash away in his belt as he walked off. Everywhere we stop, little children are buying and selling and some are in charge of stalls for the sale of food.



J. A. von Sopp

A LONG PORTAGE

When the Rapids Are Very Swift, the Heavy Junks Must Yield Part of Their Cargo to Coolies for Portage to Smoother Water

Just before dark, when we stopped to feed the trackers, a man came alongside to collect for his work. With him were two boys—one about nine years old, the other younger. The man opened the discussion about the amount he should have. The man in charge of the cash-bag on the boat seemed vexed and asked him how many men he had, to put in so exorbitant a bill. Before the man could reply, the larger boy called out that they were three men, that his father, his younger brother and he (he indicated each in turn) had worked all the way over the rapid and were therefore entitled to pay for their services. Because he had a drawing-tape and had been allowed to use it, he considered himself a man. When the string of cash was thrown to the bank, it was the boy who looked for it among the weeds and stones. He also counted it to see whether the proper amount had been paid. While these negotiations were under way, the little boy said not a word, but stood twisting his drawing-tape in his hands, with his mouth wide open and his eyes fixed on the white foreigners.

We have made only about seven miles today. As the water falls in the river, the rapids are harder to pull. The water is swifter and the channel narrow. To our darkened eyes the passing of some of these places seems a physical impossibility; yet we manage to get over safely and without any great delay.

THIRTEENTH DAY—DECEMBER 10

At six o'clock sharp the starting-call signaled to us that we were off. The river here is wider and the water is not so deep. To the left, outcroppings of sand and fine round stones leave the impression that we are nearing the end of the way. On our right a wall of solid stone has little paths cut into it for the trackers to follow.

At eight-fifteen our trackers are on the bank, high overhead, pulling with a will. A little while ago, the man

in front, who uses the pole to ward off other boats and to keep us from running on boulders, called out to the pilot that we were running aground. The pilot, remarking that he himself had taken notice of that fact, picked up his pipe and made ready for a smoke. A few minutes after we struck and were fast on the rocky bottom, the captain, who is now out on the hill, helping the trackers, screamed something to the pilot. His instruction fell on heedless ears. The pilot calmly remarked that he wanted to smoke when he wanted to smoke, and there was nothing more to say. Just so!

Our boat turned square across the river, scraping with little nervous jerks over the stones on the bottom. Our cables were all sent out, and all the men needed were put on for a hard pull. Passing over a bank to get down to the river, the trackers discovered that all their cables were above a tree that grew on the hill. Every man had to walk back up the hill and pass around the tree. Meanwhile we were grinding away on the stones. At last the men were in position and the captain gave the command. A long, steady pull brought our boat pointing up river. But the drag on the cables continued after we were righted, and pushed the front of our boat so far the other way that the current struck us on the other side. Before the trackers caught our signals, we found ourselves tight on the rocky bottom once more, but with the boat turned completely around and headed for the other shore. After the cables had been carefully drawn in and passed under the boat, so that they might be made fast on the other side, two men waded in to help push us back. Five of the soldiers, the pilot, our cook and two of the boatmen were hanging to our rudder-shaft, trying to hold it tight. After the cables had all been sent out and the trackers were in position, we began to move. The end of our boat nearest the deeper water entered the rapid current with a jerk and some of our cables parted in midstream. Then, with a noise like a pistol-shot, our main cable broke under our boat and the trackers piled up in heaps.

From the throat of every one of those three hundred men a yell arose as we started down the river. One of our men picked up a pole and another got an oar. The pilot squatted on the deck and lighted his pipe. Men on boats below us grabbed poles and oars to lessen the force of the impact as we struck them in passing. By this time our trackers were racing down-stream and making strenuous efforts to overtake us. The captain was running like a deer and waving his turban high above his head. Occasionally he stopped and waved both hands; then he wrung them as if he were in agony. When he came nearer, we could see his lips move but could not hear what he said. Finally we ran close to the bank and one of our men caught his boat-hook on a projecting point of rock. His hold broke. Again and again he caught his hook, until at last he won. Then we drifted right end to, and just at nine o'clock, after nineteen breathless minutes, we slipped up to the bank and landed on the very spot where we spent last night. And all during the race, our pilot, squat on the deck, had been smoking his pipe!

Five minutes after we stopped, our cook called us to breakfast and served the meal as if nothing had happened to upset our minds. Soon the trackers came aboard the boat and hungrily seized their bowls of food. The captain also appeared and tried to reprimand, all at once, the pilot, the cook, the trackers, the foreigners, chance, fate and the day. He soon decided that he could not do the

subject justice, and as a compromise effort to express himself, he tried jumping as high as possible, bringing his knees up toward his chin while he was in the air, and then dropping squat to the deck. This performance he repeated about three times a minute until he had shaken all his surplus irritation from his body. While he was jumping, not a sound was heard, excepting the noise made by his rapid intake of breath when his naked feet hit the boards of the deck. Then he settled down into the hard-headed business man and made plans to regain the lost water. Meanwhile the trackers had finished their meal and like well-trained boys had leaped to their tracking-cords.

At eleven o'clock we passed the point where we had grounded. Then we continued merrily on our way.

We did not have the feast today after all. About noon word was brought to us that a committee had been named to speak to us about it. The committee told us that all the men on board had decided that they wanted to have a little bit of the meat each day instead of eating it all at once. So each man had his tiny bits of pork piled on top of his bowl of rice and vegetables, and tonight he may dream of the slices yet to be eaten.

We are now enjoying the calm after the storm. On we go, through almost level plains, with the hills farther and farther away and the water running still and deep. Some ducks dispute our passage but move off when they know we are able to run them down. The captain is lying in his room, with his head sticking out of the door, sleeping like a man without wickedness or guile. The trackers are playing along the bank and not even earning their salt, the work is so easy. The pilot has resigned his post to the first assistant pilot, and he is spinning a yarn about a certain time when he was in a wreck that amounted to something. The fields of sugar-cane grow to the edge of the water, and men bearing burdens are thick all along the banks of the river.

About five o'clock the captain roused himself long enough to impart the pleasing information that we were nearing the last rapid of the trip and that he felt sure we should have no trouble in getting over it.

About six o'clock we crossed the river and ran into a beautiful stretch of eddy-water. We ran through this still water and struck the current. Lights on some boats made our pilot believe we were near a town. Our trackers dropped the cable, and we drifted across under the care of the pilot. We landed square against a wall of rock ten feet high and found only some stranded boats, the owners of which had lost all hope of reaching a town.

After the usual period of cursings and revilings among the boatmen, we got out a line and started up-stream. And at last, after much drifting and bumping, we were carried above the rapid, our trackers went on their way and soon we landed in a quiet eddy for the night.

FOURTEENTH DAY—DECEMBER 11

Like a babe asleep lay the waters of the little bay where we stopped last night. Flicks of foam crept around and around, driven in by the torrent outside the bay. This bay, which is almost square, lies at the mouth of a tiny stream that comes down from the hills. We were up early and walked for nearly an hour on the sand. Down-stream, we could see the tumbling water, like some terrible, living thing, from which we had so narrow an escape last night. The way is smooth now, and we are making wonderful speed. Had all days been like this, there

would have been no report to write. Ferries carry the men across; so there is no more need for them to wade. Nearly all of the boatmen have put on clothing today, and some of the trackers are wearing long garments. They want to reach our first stopping-place in proper style.

At eight o'clock we saw a man standing on the bank, waving his hand at us. He called out that he was from Suining and had letters for us. For more than two hours he followed along, waiting a chance to come aboard. At a ferry he clambered on the boat and gave us the first word we have had from the world in two weeks. Hints of the welcome awaiting us in the new home helped to make us forget the hard experience of the trip up river.

The captain, his face one broad smile, came to us this afternoon and proudly announced that he had brought us through on time and that there was to be no deduction in his pay. No matter how vexed we may have felt with him at times, there has never been a moment when we thought of taking away any of his money. The sum total for all this hard work seems so pitifully small that, were it not for making trouble all through the coming years for every foreigner who has to go by boat, we should feel disposed to pay him more than the stipulated amount.

About three o'clock we saw the walls of the city, but our boat did not find a resting-place among the myriad boats along the wall until about six o'clock. Just below the city the water is so shallow that we almost had to carry the boat over. Inch by inch we dragged along, and after sunset we were still fighting against the current. A big boat almost upset us when we were within call of the place where we must stop, and the captain grew livid after his indignant denunciation of the men who were so careless as to bump into him. After we reached the berth, we made arrangements with the captain to let some of his men carry our trunks to the house and guard the boxes until tomorrow.

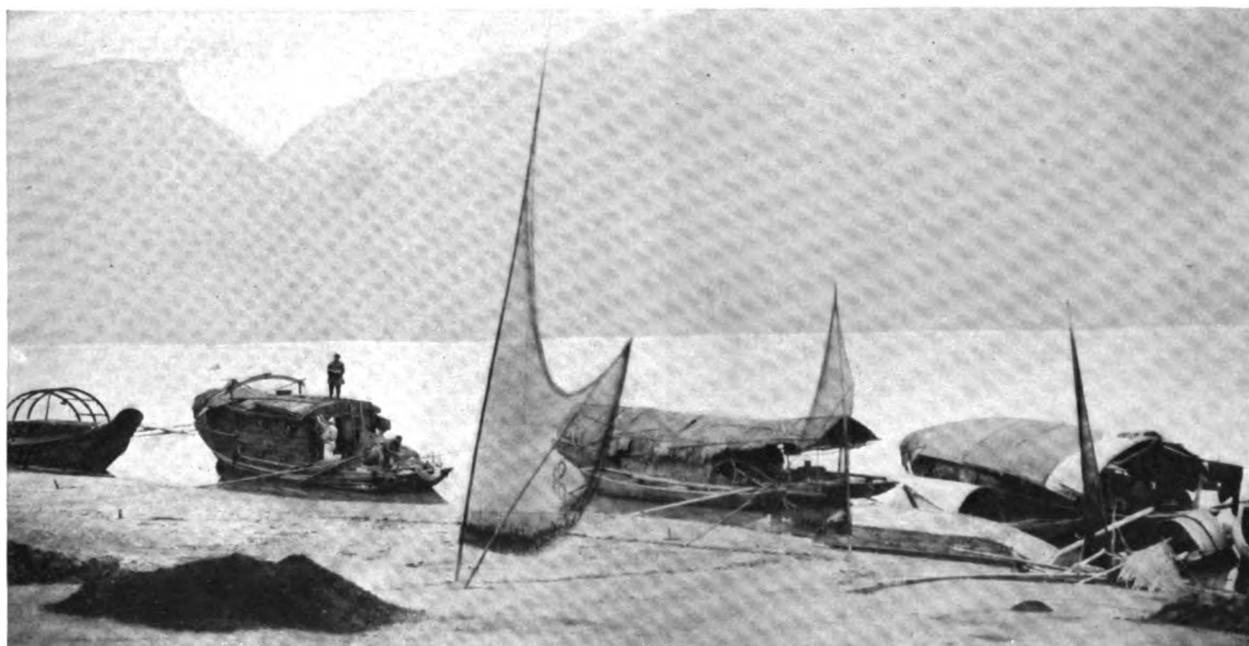
Joyfully we broke up housekeeping in the dirty quarters

where we had lived for a fortnight, and we made everybody happy by passing out all our empty cans and the other things for which we had no further use. As we packed our bags, a crowd gathered about us, each hoping to receive some keepsake or a word of praise from us. Willing hands lifted the heavy boxes and carried them where we might the better examine their contents. The boatmen who had been ill all came to thank us for every service rendered, and the captain unbent far enough to say he was glad we had chosen to come on his boat. From stem to stern we wandered, for a last look at our *Becky Jane*. "Wings of Peace" may she always have—but we are hoping we may never have to make the up-river trip on her again!

About seven-thirty some one announced that a chair had come to carry Mrs. Hall. The men lined up as for inspection while we passed down the plank, and we heard only cheerful words from them. Mrs. Hall started off in the chair and I followed after, on foot. In one hand I carried a lantern and in the other my blood-pressure instrument, which has been such a source of wonder to the people on the boat. They were always asking what we carried in the little oblong box that hung from the rafters, and, since that was about the only package they thought was secret, they were all the more curious.

Along narrow, dirty streets we wandered for a mile. We passed along low passageways, where we had to stoop. Since the city gates are closed at dark, we had to go around the north side of the city wall to reach the west suburb. Outside the west gate the streets were a mass of people. Restaurants, set out on the street, were crowded and the twelve-foot street was almost impassable.

Coming to the front gate of a large compound, we entered. The beautiful hospital in the foreground and the house, set in its clusters of shrubs and bamboo, made us realize that our long journey from America was ended. We started up the cement walk toward the house, and a volley of fire-crackers welcomed us to Suining.



A. L. Shelton

HOUSE-BOATS AT ANCHOR IN THE SHADOW OF THE GORGES

It Is Evening. Mists Veil the Cliffs. There Is No Breeze to Stir the Nets Hung to Dry on the Shore. The Weary Boatmen, Their Frugal Supper Over, Are Smoking Their Pipes and Thinking of Sleep

CHILDREN OF KYOTO



Asia Pictures

WHEN SCHOOL IS OUT IN KYOTO

Kyoto Now Has Western Playgrounds for Children Who Have Always Frolicked in the Temple Compounds



Asia Pictures

FOUR LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL

Japanese Girls, Like Little Girls the World Over, Enjoy Playing with Their Baby Brothers



Asia Pictures

THE KING OF A KYOTO ALLEY

Japanese Boys Have a Festival, on May Fifth, When Paper Carp Float in Their Honor from the House-Tops



Asia Pictures

A GAY LITTLE BUTTERFLY

Girls Also Have a Festival, on March Third, When Dolls Representing the Court of Old Japan Are Exhibited



Asia Pictures

A KYOTO SCHOOLBOY

**He Knows Many Ideographs and the Imperial Rescript.
This Summer His School Will Visit Famous Shrines**



Asia Pictures

THE REAL AUTOCRAT OF JAPAN

**Baby-chan Rules His Household. He Is Not Spanked
Nor Scolded. He Lives in the Children's Paradise**



Asia Pictures

TRYING THE WORLD IN FOREIGN SHOES

**Her Father Adores Her and Will Bring Her Toys from the
Bazar When He Comes Home from Work**



Asia Pictures

A JAPANESE NURSE-MAID

**The Baby Strapped to Her Back Sometimes Gets Bounced
About When She Plays with the Neighbors' Children**

POLITICS AND PALEONTOLOGY

By ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS

IN mid-April, 1921, when my wife and I arrived in Peking as forerunners of the Third Asiatic Expedition, we found the city all agog as to whether North China might expect peace or war in the coming summer. For a fortnight Chang Tso-ling, the uncrowned king of Manchuria, Tsao Kun of Paotingfu, his most powerful rival, Wu Pei-fu, Tsao's chief lieutenant, and Wang Chan-yuan, *tuchun* of Hupeh and master of Hankow, had been in conference in Tientsin. Then came the astonishing news that these four super-*tuchuns* had accepted the invitation of the President and would visit Peking. So it appeared that a settlement might be possible after all.

On May 5, I drove through the Legation Quarter in one of the motor-trucks belonging to the expedition and found the wide street in front of the Chien Men lined with soldiers. Traffic was halted from the railway-station to the red walls of the Forbidden City. On both sides, at intervals of twenty feet, stood khaki-clad soldiers with fixed bayonets. I asked one of them who was arriving and he answered with the single word "Chang". Fifteen minutes later came three motors with sirens blowing, each carrying six soldiers on the running-boards; then a larger car guarded by soldiers with drawn pistols. Behind the silk curtains sat the Mukden warlord. Almost before the car had passed, the street was filled with marching infantry, then a dozen machine-guns and lastly a company of cavalry.

The next day Tsao Kun arrived with an equipment equally appropriate for a peaceful visit to the President of China!

No one but the principals knew what happened at the conference, except that each *tuchun* left with several million dollars in his pocket. Since that would probably last through the summer, the favorite time for internal hostilities, we felt that Peking would remain in peace for at least a year.

Such was the political background for the work of the Third Asiatic Expedition—almost exactly as it has been since 1916, when I made my first long trip into the interior, and as it certainly will continue to be until China rids herself of the *tuchuns*.

During this period of excitement I had been very busy. For so large an expedition a vast amount of preparation was necessary before others of the staff arrived, if they were to be used effectively without delay. I began, as soon as possible, to gather my old native assistants who were familiar with the methods of mammal-collecting and to train others; for I wanted to have a zoölogical collector with every field party during the first summer's work. Also, it was necessary to select good field servants for each unit, and these are not always easy to get, even in China.

I made haste to consult with the Chinese Geological Survey, which has done excellent work, in both geology and paleontology, and to arrange for a basis of coöperation. I was much pleased with my courteous reception by all the members of the Survey. It was not long before we had perfected a plan for a division of work, which will eliminate competition and be of immense benefit to both parties. Although the main investigations of the Third Asiatic Expedition will be carried on in Mongolia and Central Asia, it was impossible, of course, even to consider those regions for the first summer. The maintenance of a large staff of men in districts so remote calls for immense preparation in the way of native personnel, equipment, field-stations and transport. We had planned, therefore, to do our initial work in China proper with a small staff while making ready for work on a large scale in the second summer. The Geological Survey very kindly offered to turn over to us a locality at Wanhsien in eastern Szechuan, which promised to yield interesting fossils. It was an excellent place in which to begin work; for it was near the Yangtze River above the gorges of Ichang, in a region known to abound in caves. Since this great river valley had undoubtedly been a highway of travel for untold centuries and the caverns would furnish excellent dwelling-places, it was not improbable that remains of primitive human beings might be found there.

We were so fortunate as to establish our headquarters in the heart of the old Tartar city, the original Peking, in the house formerly occupied by Dr. George E. Morrison, who, as correspondent for the London *Times* and later as adviser to the Chinese government, gave so many gracious years to the task of interpreting China to the Occident. The green doors, shaded by two great trees, which had been closed since Dr. Morrison's death, were opened now to admit carpenters, masons and other



"SPIRIT-DOORWAY", DR. MORRISON'S HOUSE

Since Evil Spirits Travel in a Straight Line, a Spirit-Screen Behind a Door Protects the Ancestral Altar

workers and to allow motor-trucks, laboratory supplies and motion-picture apparatus—the incongruous paraphernalia of a scientific expedition from the West—to pass beyond the sun-baked outer wall of mud and occupy the green or stone-paved enclosures and the small tile-roofed buildings, with all their courts and corridors, that constitute the beautiful old house.

With the competent assistance of the steamship company, the vast equipment—thirty-eight tons of it—that I had brought with me across the Pacific reached Peking safely and was ready to be unpacked when the first two members of the staff, Mr. Walter Granger, paleontologist, and Mr. Clifford Pope, assistant in zoölogy, arrived at the end of June.

Mr. Granger, associate curator of fossil mammals in the American Museum of Natural History, is one of the best known paleontologists in the United States. For many years he has carried on work in the Eocene beds of western America and he accompanied Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn on his famous exploration of the fossil-bearing region in the Fayum in northern Africa. Because of his long and varied field experience and his keen judgment and coolness in trying circumstances, Mr. Granger is an ideal man for the difficult and often dangerous work of fossil-hunting in China, which I believe is unlike that in any other part of the world.

Fossils of all sorts have a high commercial value to the Chinese. They are called "dragon bones" and when powdered, dissolved in acid and mixed with a liberal quantity of native superstition, are of undoubted efficacy as a medicine for every kind of illness, from rheumatism to gun-shot wounds. The apothecary shops naturally carry on a considerable trade in fossils, and if a Chinese finds a fossil-bearing locality, he guards it as if it were a gold-mine. Foreigners find it tedious and often impossible to obtain permission to examine some of the long-worked beds that for centuries have been bequeathed by one generation to another.

Belief in *feng-shui*, "spirits of the earth-wind and water", which guard all burial-places in China, is another native superstition that offers a serious obstacle to scientific work. Since in many thickly settled regions it is rather difficult to find a spot so far away from a grave-site that *feng-shui* is inoperative, the fossil-hunter must be extremely cautious in digging without having first obtained the consent of the nearest villagers. He needs unlimited patience and great tact and a saving sense of humor.

Dr. J. G. Anderson, of the Chinese Geological Survey, who has done much paleontological collecting in China, has had so many amusing experiences with the Chinese that they would fill a book. Once when he had gone through all the necessary formalities of obtaining the owner's permission to excavate, his operations were halted by the sudden appearance of an irate old lady. Angry men are bad enough, Heaven knows, but when a Chinese woman works herself into a frenzy, every one hunts cover. This particular lady was so enraged that she seated herself squarely in the hole that the paleontologists had dug and refused to move. Arguments were useless. Anderson could not well shovel her out except at the risk of having his face scratched; so, being a very tactful gentleman, he tried making her ridiculous. Since it was a hot day, he borrowed an umbrella and gallantly held it over her head while the onlookers hugely enjoyed

the spectacle. But the old lady comfortably settled herself and screamed even louder. Then Dr. Anderson thought himself of his camera, an instrument guaranteed to make any Chinese woman "step lively", for she hates to have a "foreign devil" photograph her. Dr. Anderson politely explained to the spectators that without doubt the old lady would like to have her picture taken while she was sitting in the hole. This was too much! Before the camera could be focused, she leaped out, screaming with rage. But even though she had been routed from her strategic position, she eventually won the battle; for she continued to create such a disturbance that Anderson's native assistants advised him to retire, leaving the field in possession of the enemy, at least until the smoke of battle had lifted.

I engaged as helper to Mr. Granger in his first paleontological adventures and official interpreter of the expedition, Mr. James Wong, a young Chinese educated in an American military academy and possessed not only of extraordinary energy and ability but of a charming personality as well.

Mr. Clifford Pope, who arrived with Mr. Granger, is a recent alumnus of the University of Virginia. With the background of a life-long interest in reptiles and the experience of two seasons' work in South America at the Tropical Research Station of the New York Zoölogical Society, which is under the direction of Mr. William Beebe, Mr. Pope comes to China to take charge of the collecting of fish, reptiles and batrachians. This field offers unlimited possibilities for original research because virtually no systematic collection on a large scale of these lower vertebrates has ever been made in China, and at



COURTYARD PAVILION, DR. MORRISON'S HOUSE

Here the Third Asiatic Expedition Has Stored Equipment and Fitted Up Laboratories



COLLECTORS WAITING WHILE MR. POPE CONSULTS HIS BOOK

During Our First Week of Specimen-Hunting, Near the Eastern Tombs, the Chinese Scoured Hills, Fields and Valleys for Us and Fished in the Stream Beside Our Tent

almost every turn species new to science and interesting revelations in life history await the investigator. Moreover, the work is of immense importance in its bearing upon the larger problems of zoögeography, which has had a profound influence upon early human migrations.

Though Mr. Granger and I had decided to accept the courteous offer of the Chinese Geological Survey and to make the Wanhsien locality in eastern Szechuan the first point of paleontological investigation, I should have hesitated to ask a man less cool and determined than Mr. Granger to visit so disturbed a region as the Yangtze Valley on his first trip into the interior of China. The fact that he has carried on his work without serious difficulty speaks for itself. A letter from him, under date of September 27, tells of his trip to Wanhsien:

"Our journey from Ichang to Wanhsien was interesting

we were above the turmoil of war when, suddenly, there appeared ahead of us a junk-load of Szechuanese soldiers coming down the river, and bang! one of them took a pot-shot at us. The steamboat siren blew a warning and we had to go below; four times I was chased off the deck and finally got tired of it and stayed below on the saloon-deck. Even then, later in the day, when the firing began to get on the crew's nerves, we were several times ordered below, where we had the protection of the steel hull of the ship.

"About every junk-load of soldiers we met took at least one try at us. I don't know how many hits they made, but one bullet slipped in past four of us who were sitting on the after-deck, went through the paneling into the dining-saloon and fetched up on the linoleum flooring.

"The trouble is that the river boats make such a heavy wash that junks are sometimes sunk and every load of soldiers lost in this way makes just one more black mark against the up-river boats, and there have been several such losses recently. . . .

"The steamboats in going up-stream always slow down when meeting junks, but in coming down they must maintain a steering headway, and it is then that most of the sinkings occur. There are warning signals on shore at all danger-points, announcing that steamers are approaching from above or below, but the junks mostly ignore these signals and trouble ensues. I suppose it is a question really of whose river it is: with the present total lack of government it certainly isn't China's.

"The steamboats are going to



ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS AND A MONGOLIAN BIGHORN

The Bighorn, a Grayish-Red Sheep with Strong, Slightly Spiral Horns, Is Well Known in the Rocky Mountains, Whither It Migrated Long Since from Central Asia

continue to go up and down whenever the stream is navigable, and soldiers ought to realize this after a while. There is no sense in transporting soldiers on the river anyway. If the Szechuanese would stay where they belong, everything would be serene; the only redeeming feature is that the more there are who go down the fewer there are left hereabouts. They are not likely to come back before low water, even if General Wu Pei-fu doesn't kill them off as he should do.

"Coming up the river, I was reminded of a book I had seen on sale here in China—*Glimpses of the Yangtze Gorges*. That is what we got! We reached Wanhsien at noon on the second day and I was at once welcomed by Mr. Asker, the commissioner of customs, who asked me to make my headquarters at his place, which is a large temple on the outskirts of the town."

Since this letter was written, there has been no further fighting in Mr. Granger's region, for the interprovincial war has been temporarily settled, and Mr. Granger has remained at a little village called Yenchingkao, which is in the center of the fossil-bearing region, about ten miles from Wanhsien. A quotation from the latest letter that I have received from him, under date of December 26, gives the results of his work up to that time.

"The fossils at Yenchingkao occur in pits, distributed along a great limestone ridge some thirty or forty miles in length and rising above our camp over two hundred feet. These pits are the result of the dissolving action of water on limestone, and some of them have a depth of one hundred feet or more. They are of varying sizes, averaging say six feet in diameter, and are filled with a yellowish and reddish mud, which is, I take it, disintegrated limestone. The fossils are found embedded in the mud at varying depths, usually below twenty feet. A crude windlass is rigged up over the pit, and the mud dug out and hauled to the surface in scoop-shaped baskets. At fifty feet it is dark in the pit, and the work is done by the light of a tiny oil-wick. It is fossil-collecting under the most adverse conditions imaginable.

"The excavation of the fossils has been going on for a long time—possibly some generations—and it is a considerable business. Digging is done only in the winter months.



CORMORANTS FISHING AT TUNGCHOW, NEAR THE EASTERN TOMBS

With the Help of These Keen-Eyed Birds, Valuable Recruits in the Service of Science, Native Assistants Collect Fish for the Third Asiatic Expedition

"One has to be let down with a rope around his waist and with two or three men at the windlass. The natives climb up and down the rope hand over hand, but it requires practice and agility to do this. You'd be shy one paleontologist if I tried it!

"The excavation of the pits is opening up just now on a large scale and in the coming month will probably give us about all that we can take care of. The fauna is *Stegodon* (elephants), *Bison*, *Bos* (cowlike animals), *Cervus* (deer), *Tapirus* (tapirs), *Sus* (pigs), *Rhinoceros* (rhinoceroses), besides many small ruminants, several carnivores, large and small, and many rodents; no horses, queerly enough."

The fossils about which Mr. Granger writes in this matter-of-fact way probably represent an entirely new



Walter Granger

FOSSIL-BEARING LOESS CLIFF

Near Wanhsien, Fossils Occur in Mud-Pits in a Limestone Ridge. A Windlass Hauls Up the Mud. The Work Is Done by a Dim Oil-Light

fauna. From the work of the Chinese Geological Survey and the fragmentary material described years ago by Schlosser, there was evidence of two distinct faunas in North China, probably divided by the Tsingling Mountains of Shensi. To the north of these mountains is what is known as the *Hipparion* fauna, because its most characteristic feature is an abundance of horses. To the south is what might be called the *Stegodon* fauna, for the teeth of this genus of primitive elephant appear to be fairly plentiful there.

The Chinese Geological Survey has entirely confined its work to the *Hipparion* beds, and we particularly hoped that the Wanhsien locality in which Mr. Granger is working would yield a new fauna. Such appears to be the case.

It is disappointing that Mr. Granger has not been able to investigate this season the caves along the banks of the Yangtze River, where we hoped remains of primitive human beings might be found. All winter this region containing the caverns has been so infested with bandits that it would have been extremely hazardous to attempt a survey of it. Indeed Mr. Granger is somewhat worried as to how he will get his equipment and collections to Ichang, where they can be loaded on a foreign steamer. He will probably apply to the local magistrate for a guard of half a dozen brigands to chaperon him through the dangerous country.

We may be asked why we attempt to carry on scientific work while China is in so disturbed a condition. The answer is that, if we waited for China and the interior of Asia to become peaceful, as the term is understood in America, we should in all probability be long past our days of usefulness for field-work. As a matter of fact, we can do our work with very little real danger. We must use judgment and not rush into a region when it is particularly disturbed by war or bandits, but such conditions are more or less sporadic and in any given locality usually cease within a few months. We must have time and a certain amount of mobility, so that operations can be transferred from one place to another as conditions dictate. In that way all the desirable districts can be visited eventually.

Just before we began field-work, Dr. J. G. Anderson had a piece of good fortune that shows how excellent are our prospects for making important discoveries in the realm of ancient human history. He was to go on a short expedition to Manchuria and very kindly offered to take our interpreter, Mr. Wong, with him in order to give him some preliminary training in fossil-hunting, which would be of value in his work with Mr. Granger. On this trip Mr. Wong almost immediately discovered in the floor of a cave a bone deposit containing parts of some thirty human skeletons. It was at first supposed that these were Neolithic remains, but subsequent study indicates that they are very early Chinese.

After getting Mr. Granger started for Szechuan, I made a short expedition with Mr. Pope to the Eastern Tombs, which are about eighty miles from Peking. The object of this trip was to initiate Mr. Pope into the methods of reptile- and fish-collecting in China, as well as to train three native assistants in the preparation of mammal skins. The region of the Eastern Tombs, which I described in the September, 1920 ASIA, is one of the most interesting in all North China because it stands as a "forest island" amid an otherwise treeless country. Not

only does it contain wonderful scenery, but to the zoölogist it is particularly important because its fauna indicates that in past centuries there must have been a more or less continuous forest from the Yangtze River to the Manchurian frontier.

That this wonderful forest, the last in North China, is being cleared as fast as ax and fire can do the work is one of the most disgraceful chapters of recent Chinese history, and I was sick at heart at the progress of destruction since my visit two years before. The beautiful valley where we had camped amid one of the most splendid forests I have ever seen, is now filled with fields of corn and millet—not a tree remains. The mountainsides are scarred with patches of waving grain almost to their very summits. A few years more and this glorious spot, which should have been a national park, will be as bare of trees as are the other hills of North China. I like the Chinese farmer—he is the hope of the nation—but sometimes I hate his handiwork!

Our first camp was on the outskirts of a mountain village, Shinglungshan, and Mr. Pope, who has been accustomed to doing his own collecting, had a real surprise at the methods we use in China. Our tents were surrounded immediately by dozens of curious men, women and children. We encouraged their interest, for they were our potential collectors.

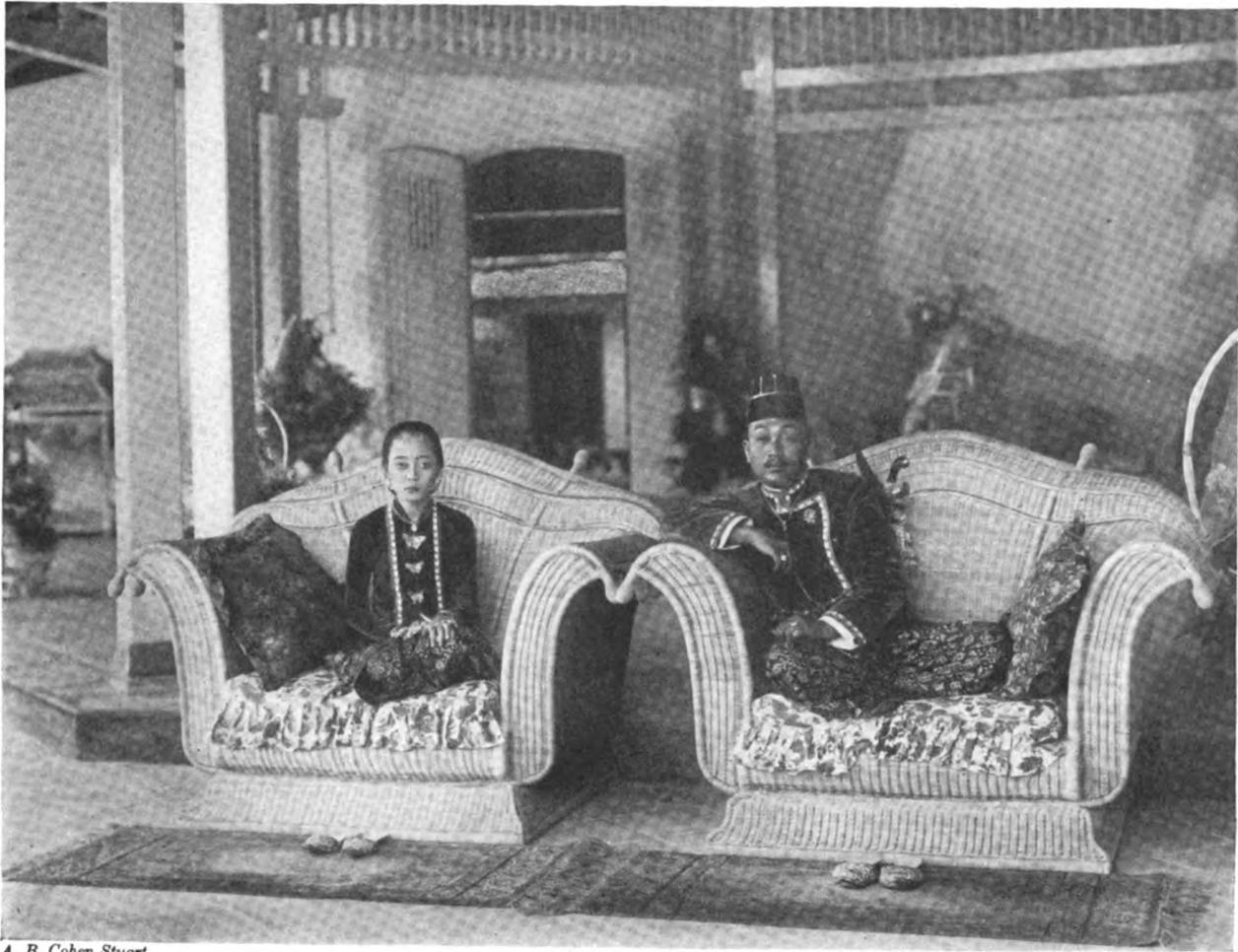
We told them that we would pay three coppers—about one cent—for every frog, lizard and toad they brought us and more for snakes. At first they were inclined to doubt. Why would any one be fool enough to pay good money for something that he could not eat? After a little, one or two of the more enterprising boys went away and returned with several frogs. They presented them with evident embarrassment, as if expecting to be ridiculed by their friends, but when the spectators saw them promptly paid, the affair assumed a different aspect. We might be temporarily insane—probably we were—but at least we had money, and if we wanted to squander it, that was our business. It was a heaven-sent opportunity for quick profits on easy work, and above all things a Chinese is a business man. As a result, before the day was ended, specimens were pouring in faster than we could care for them.

During the week in which we remained at that camp hundreds of men, boys and girls were scouring the hills, fields and valleys, and dozens of others were industriously fishing in the little mountain stream beside our tent. When we had a sufficient quantity of the more common species, we reduced the price or ceased buying altogether and offered a special premium for the rarer forms. We collected more than a thousand specimens, and we left with a confident feeling that we had a complete representation of the fauna in the vicinity of Shinglungshan. What those two or three hundred Chinese did not find for us must be very rare indeed!

Our trip to the Eastern Tombs was hampered by floods of rain, and we returned to Peking earlier than we had planned but with something over four thousand fish, reptiles and batrachians as well as one hundred mammals.

By this time Mr. Pope had had sufficient experience in these new field methods to carry on his work alone. After packing the Eastern Tombs collections, he made a very successful trip to Anhwei Province in the Yangtze Valley and returned with several thousand specimens.

Mr. Pope is at present at the (*Continued on page 400*)



A .B. Cohen Stuart

The story of this royal couple of Soerakarta reads like an oriental "Romeo and Juliet" with a happy ending. It is a tale of two houses of Java, long separated by feud, and now, at last, united. A hundred years ago, the first Prince of the house of Mangkoe Negara expressed as his dying wish that his successors would never marry any of the house of the first Sultan of Djokjakarta. For seven generations, his wish was observed. But now Kandjeng Goesti Pangeran Adipati Ario Praboe Prangwedono, the present head of the house of Mangkoe Negara, has wedded Kandjeng Goesti Toean Ratoe Moeriah, a daughter of the house of Djokjakarta. Prince Prangwedono is said to be the most progressive of the independent princes of Java. He is well-educated, has passed his examination as an officer in the Dutch army and holds the rank of major. But his western education has not taught him to despise the ways of his own people. Within his "kraton" may be seen some of the most wonderful of the puppet shadow-plays and the beautiful symbolic dances of Java. His own wedding with the Princess of Djokjakarta was an occasion for the revival of ancient Hindu-Javanese customs. For the Prince is prominent among those who are trying to put new life into the old culture of the land.



V. Forbin

Khai-Ding, "Era of Peace", is emperor of Annam. His throne is of pure gold. His rich, brocaded robes of imperial yellow are fashioned after those worn in China in days long past, when Annam paid tribute to the Ming emperors. On his head he wears the nine-dragon crown. He seems the very symbol of refined barbarism and autocratic power. Yet Khai-Ding is a ruler in name only. In theory he and his secret council hold in their hands the destinies of his six million subjects. But in practice his sway does not extend far beyond the many-gated palace where he lives in oriental luxury, surrounded by his wives and his rosy-heeled concubines. The French Resident Superior and his "Conseil de Protectorat" do the real work of governing. Provincial chiefs are chosen by the Emperor, but all the native officials are under the eye of the Resident, who is privileged to annul the imperial appointments. Even the Emperor must sit his golden throne circumspectly. Two of his predecessors, "Increasing Prosperity" and "Devoted to Reforms", indulged in political intrigue and are now in exile. But Khai-Ding lives up to his pacific name and does not meddle in what does not concern him.



Johnston and Hoffman

Sir Ugyen Wang-Chuk is the first hereditary maharaja of Bhutan. His name became familiar to the western world in 1904, when he accompanied the British mission to Lhasa and assisted it in its negotiations with the Tibetan government. He is known as a most enlightened man and a loyal friend of the British, and he wears very proudly the order of Knight Commander of the Indian Empire. Although Sir Ugyen Wang-Chuk is the real head of his little kingdom in the Eastern Himalayas, the Darma Raja, traditionally the spiritual ruler, and the Deb Raja, the temporal ruler, are allowed a show of authority. But they are merely figureheads. In feudal Bhutan, government is to the strong. Subordinate officials and governors of forts, independent of central authority, tyrannize over the peasantry. Rivalries are many and keen, and petty wars and revolutions frequent. But Sir Ugyen Wang-Chuk has weathered more than twenty years of very rough sailing.



Lewis K. Freeman

The Maharani of Nepal is an impressive figure in her strangely Victorian costume of close-fitting basque and billowing muslin skirt, a good fifty yards in width. When she rises from her sofa, she will gather her garment in her arms, disclosing her voluminous pajamas and neatly stockinged feet. Then she will call a maid-servant, whose braids proclaim her a Gurkha, a descendant of the fierce old Rajputs who fled to the hills to escape the Mahommedan invader, and the maid-servant will trot up with a little wooden saddle on her back, all ready to carry Her Highness to her apartments—elegant apartments that reproduce exactly the reception-rooms of a house in London, near Belgrave Square, which the Prime Minister of Nepal, Sir Chandra Shamsher, once occupied when on a visit to London. Though Nepal has its maharaja, Sir Chandra Shamsher is the real ruler. For generations the power has been handed down from prime minister to prime minister, the succession being, whenever possible, from brother to brother. Sir Chandra Shamsher also bears the title of maharaja and wears decorations bestowed by the British government, which exercises a benevolent supervision over the foreign policy of Nepal.



Edward A. Salisbury

There are chiefs and chiefs in American Samoa. But this Chief is a very great one, as may be seen from the fine European bed that gleams in the shadows of his airy grass hut. He is a potentate who has learned through experience the folly of opposing the protecting power of a western nation. He figured prominently in the petty rebellion stirred up in Tutuila some two years ago by intriguing whites. The rebellion was soon put down, and the Chief, a wiser man, is now a staunch supporter of Governor Evans. He is an imposing figure, with the discarded coat of a navy officer added to his customary "lava-lava", and he carries his fly-chaser as if it were a scepter. His principal duty is to see that his subjects produce the amount of copra demanded by the authorities. Though the government contracts for the copra crop at a higher rate than in any other group in the South Seas, it is hard to persuade the natives that work is important. The Chief is paid, like the other chiefs of American Samoa, out of the taxes collected from the natives by the United States government. In addition to his official duties, he trains his warriors and women in the "siva-siva" and derives not a little extra revenue from the tourists who come to see the dance.



Taken especially for Lovell Thomas by F. A. Swaine

The ancient capital of Bagdad, long shorn of regal splendor, is the seat of this war-made ruler, Emir Feisal, king of Irak. In the story of this young Arab, son of the King of the Hedjaz, the old and the new East commingle. He spent his boyhood among the Bedouins of the desert; and after a period at school in Constantinople he was closely associated with his father, who had become the Grand Sherif, or governor, of the holy city of Mecca. Through him, the Emir gained an insight into tribal administration; and when he was elected to the Turkish Chamber of Deputies, he became the leader of the Arab Nationalist Party. During the war, he cast in his lot with Colonel Lawrence and played a brilliant part in the Palestine-Syrian campaign. At the end of the war, the Arab Congress at Damascus elected him king of Syria. But France claimed the right of protectorate over Syria, and the new-made King was ousted. Then the Emir laid his case before the British. "First quiet the unruly Arabs in Mesopotamia," he was told. Emir Feisal's conquest of Mesopotamia was a political campaign, marked by oriental display, and at the end of it the sheiks, with the approval of the British government, elected him king of Irak. His coronation is said to have recalled the days of Harun-al-Raschid, in whose capital the Arabs hope to reestablish a center of the culture of their race.

WHAT HAPPENED IN SIBERIA

BY CHARLES H. SMITH

IT was St. Petersburg on that unforgettable Saturday in March, 1917. I was out in the Nevsky Prospekt to see how much excitement there was after the strike that had been called the night before. In the crowd I was brushed against one of my Russian friends of the upper classes and we stopped to chat. "The old régime will fall," he said, and then—pausing to enjoy the obvious effect of his words as registered on my face—"That will end it forever." I thought that he was mad. And so would have thought every other foreigner in Russia that day, and nearly every Russian.

The truth of his words I have seen vindicated by events every day from then until a few months ago, when I returned to America, and everywhere across the endless reaches of Russia from the Gallic quondam capital to its farthest outpost on the Pacific. Seven or eight times since then I have crossed Siberia, and it is with the Siberian reflection of the Revolution that I have had most contact. By reason of my work my contact has been necessarily most intimate.

A railroad man by profession, I went to Russia in a private capacity, in 1916. When America entered the war, I was dissuaded from going to France by Mr. Francis, our ambassador, who told me there would be no lack of opportunity for service in Russia, which only one who knew Russia and its language could do. And a few months later I was appointed American aide to Mr. L. A. Oustrougoff, associate minister of communications, chosen by the Kerensky government as special commissar for the rehabilitation of the Trans-Siberian Railway. Less than a year later, when the Allied expeditionary forces arrived in Siberia, I was appointed American representative on the Inter-Allied Railway Committee, to which was assigned the coördination of all communications in Siberia and the restoration of transportation. On the board were Russian, British, American, French, Japanese, Chinese, Italian and Czech representatives. Among those who sat on the Committee at different periods were: for Great Britain, Sir Charles Eliot, now ambassador to Japan, W. E. O'Reilly, now minister to Bolivia, and W. G. Hodgson, now trade commissioner to Soviet Russia; for France, M. Bourgois, of the Embassy at Tokyo, and M. André, consul at Vladivostok; for Japan, Mr. Matsudaira, secretary-general of the Japanese delegation to the recent Washington Conference. I sat throughout as American representative.

The railway is the key to political and economic control of Siberia and also the most valuable developed asset and therefore the biggest stake in the country. It and its branches are the only fast means of communication. The Committee became therefore the clearing-house of all military, diplomatic and political activities of the intervention. Before troop movements could be made or government supplies or even commercial shipments forwarded, the Committee had to be consulted. It was therefore on the inside of the inside of Siberian affairs. Under the Committee, it should also be explained, were two boards: the Technical Board, to supervise operations, and the Military Transportation Board, to coördinate military traffic.

For three years I sat with the Committee, reporting directly to the State Department and receiving instructions from the State Department. I went as a railway man and found myself soon with the duties of a diplomat. There I saw not only what my Russian friend had prophesied but what no man could have prophesied: Siberia, for decades the continent-wide dungeon of the freest spirits of Russia, became a new arena of international contention, one with the Balkans, the Near East, the African coast and China—especially China. Both countries have become "problems" out of the same causes—the disturbing influences of a selfish alien interference. They afford a new piece of evidence for Shaw's dictum that history tells us that we never learn anything by what history tells us: while repenting by way of international conferences for the errors we made in China a hundred years ago, we repeat simultaneously the same errors in Siberia. And I am convinced in my own mind that we shall some day see in Siberia, too, as we are beginning dimly to see in China, that there can be no progress without threat to the peace of the world unless Siberia is free from foreign interference and unhampered in working out its problems.

Nor is the method of solving these problems inconsequential to the future of any country, no matter how distant. Siberia is now remote, sparsely populated and of small immediate political importance. But it is a great storehouse of raw material, and the world is crying for fuel to feed the fires left dying by the war. Remember that before the war one-ninth of the world's gold production came from Siberia. In Siberia are the largest timber supplies in the world and the biggest fisheries. There are huge, undeveloped fields of coal and oil and minerals. Siberia may also become a world granary as was European Russia. Monopolistic control of Siberia's resources may well produce another war.

As in Siberia, so in China, the concrete, pressing question is, What shall we do with Japan? In Siberia, also, Japan is the *enfant terrible* with giant ambitions. In its broadest outlines the present situation in Siberia can be briefly put. The wave of counter-revolution has passed. It will not recur, unless rolled up by the magnetic force of foreign gold, in this case Japanese gold, with French moral contributions. There is at Chita a struggling government, known as the Far Eastern Republic. Whatever may be true of the private economic beliefs of some of the men at the head of it, it is a democratic government. It is not Bolshevist nor Communist, because Siberia itself is not Bolshevist nor Communist, and it never has been and never will be, unless alien invasion gives the Siberian peasantry no choice except between alien conquerors and their own rulers, even though the latter are Bolshevist. And with respect to the competency of the government I can testify that, where its sway is unchallenged, there is order. Disorder exists only where there are foreign troops and consequent foreign meddling. The irksomeness of alien regulations to civilian populations, the friction produced by the arrogance of conquering troops, the resultant defiance by the civilians inevitably produce a clash.



MONGOLS IN THE CHITA MARKET-PLACE

Japanese Troops Are an Obstacle to the Extension of the Sway of the Chita Government Over Siberia

Sometimes they are intended to have precisely that effect.

The chief obstacle to the consolidation of power by the Chita government and the extension of its sway over all Siberia is the presence of Japanese troops. The Japanese now have troops in and about Vladivostok, on the coast and on the Chinese Eastern Railway, between Manchuria and the Siberian border. Since Vladivostok is the only important port of entry as well as the chief commercial distributing-point and the rail-head, its control by Japan may be likened to a clutch on a single artery somewhere in the human body that can choke off the circulation of blood over the whole body. You have only to consider what would be the results if an alien Power held the New York terminus of the New York Central Railroad and the harbor. Also, Japanese control of Vladivostok can and does serve as a breeding-place for counter-revolutions, local disturbances and subtler forms of obstruction. First one Russian hireling, and then another, is bought by bribery, fitted out and sent off either as a frank bandit or as a more ambitious insurrecto by the Japanese. Thus the Japanese are able to announce to the world that disorder prevails in Siberia and they must remain to prevent chaos. In 1920, for instance, when the Japanese were forced to evacuate the city of Khabarovsk under Allied pressure, they caused it to be noised about that it would be dangerous for residents to remain after they left and offered facilities to all who wished to depart under Japanese protection. Then it was learned by the Chinese merchants in the city and immediately telegraphed to the Chinese Consul in Vladivostok that the Japanese had arranged with the leaders of a band of two thousand Chinese brigands, supplied with Japanese arms, to pillage the city as soon as the Japanese left. This report was confirmed from Russian sources, and the Chita government, which was taking over control, rushed troops to the city and frustrated the plan. But such plans have not always been frustrated.

That affairs have come to this pass is merely the logical sequence of the inexcusable torturing of the original object of the Allied intervention into something totally



GUARDING HIS TRUNK, EVEN IN SLEEP

Until Siberia Is Freed from Foreign Interference, Revolutions Will Bring Loss of Life and Property

different. The Allies entered Siberia to keep military supplies accumulated in Vladivostok from falling into the hands of German and Austrian prisoners in Siberia and to evacuate the Czech troops who had started across Siberia from eastern Europe in order to get to the Western Front *via* the Pacific and America. We Americans, like the other Allies, went there with those objects. We stayed to fight imaginary Bolshevism. We gave our support to counter-revolutionaries like Kolchak instead of bolstering up Russian democracy with all the pillars we could construct out of our wealth and power. We provided the Japanese with their excuse for remaining.

Siberia is not Bolshevist, because it is populated by the descendants of political exiles, by the more adventurous and free-spirited Russians who came out as pioneers and by the Cossacks, all of them more democratic than the Russians proper. Also the Siberians are not an urban people—there is not an industrial city in all Siberia—and even in European Russia it is only in the cities that there are Bolsheviki in any numbers. The Siberians had one ruling motive for their actions. That was to prevent the czarist régime from returning. For that reason they would have none of the numerous dictatorships, directorates and other mushroom governments that sprang up in 1918 and 1919—Horvath in Harbin, Orloff in Pogradichnaya, Semenoff at large, and, conspicuously, Kolchak in Omsk, all of whom were reactionaries under an anti-Bolshevist disguise to deceive the Allies. And when the Siberians did for a time support the Bolshevist forces in western Siberia, after the defeat of Kolchak, it was because they knew that they at least would not restore czarism.

Again and again I have heard this from Russian workmen as I have traveled back and forth across Siberia. The Siberians had confidence in the Czechs—who understood them and their democratic aspirations and therefore hated the Kolchak régime—and pathetic trust in the Americans. I have had conferences in railway centers with workmen's committees, composed of hostile, sullen men, suspicious already of all foreigners. I have outlined what I conceived to be American aims in Siberia

and then have seen their sullenness dispelled. I am afraid, however, I did not represent American actions accurately, though I believe I did give American intentions accurately. I told them we wanted to show them American methods of railway operation because greater efficiency meant more speed and quicker relief to their needy peasants. This policy they welcomed heartily enough, though they did not see it in evidence when the Kolchakists were paralyzing the railway. I remember one committee meeting in Chita, where we had a delicate task, for the atmosphere was none too cordial. Before I had finished, the chairman arose, an engineman named Kasachaeff, a square-built, bullet-headed chap, and abruptly spoke: "All of you know that I am not much of a man to talk, for I believe in action. I have heard what the Americans have said at Irkutsk and here, and I merely want to tell you that I am for them first, last and all the time." That was all, and that was enough.

Some months after that, when American troops had been sent out on the Trans-Siberian Railway to guard the line, there were one or two brushes with the Partisans, bands of peasants embittered at the atrocities committed by the Kolchak government and making guerilla attacks all over the country. The American troops had explicit orders to avoid hostilities with the Russians, and a private and unofficial meeting was held between representatives of the Partisans and American field officers. It was an unorthodox and interesting meeting. "We understand your position and see why you are taking up arms," the Americans said in effect, though in more official phraseology, "but you must understand ours also. Our duty is to guard the railway. We have orders to do that and we must obey them. So don't attack the railway in our district. If you do, we shall have to protect it by force. Do whatever else you believe to be your duty, but let the railway alone." The Russians acceded to this demand and did not attack the railway—at least where there were American troops.

Though the Russians could understand our position

in regard to the railway, they were pathetically bewildered by our support of Kolchak. "But you are Americans," they said to me again and again. "You have been fighting in the war for democracy. You are the greatest democracy in the world. That is all that Siberia wants—democracy. We only want what you have. Why don't you sympathize with us? Don't you see Kolchak and his kind stand for everything opposed to American ideals?" I never tried to explain the incongruity. I could not explain it to myself. I do not think it can be explained.

To the Kolchak fiasco and the support given it by the Allies may be traced all the evils that subsequently developed. This is not wisdom after the fact. I may say that the majority of those who knew Siberian conditions most intimately and had been longest on the scene and were without preconceived prejudices felt at the time that a mistake was being made, and those of us who were in official position said so. As American representative on an inter-Allied organization I did say so repeatedly in my official dispatches.

The arrival of the Allied troops was the signal for the reactionaries to mass and prepare to act. I have always supposed they knew they would get foreign support. On November 18, 1918, at any rate, they did act. They overthrew the democratic Directorate at Omsk, and Kolchak was proclaimed supreme ruler.

It was not long before the true nature of the Kolchak government revealed itself. It did away at once with all the democratic organs of government, beginning with the Siberian Duma. Then it curbed the zemstvos, clapped censorship on press and speech and every other form of activity and made arrests innumerable, which were always followed by secret military trials and the disappearance of the prisoners. The old Black Hundred of czarist Russia—no, in truth, a worse power—was in the saddle. There was a modicum of law and justice and impersonality in the old capital; here there was unrestrained cruelty—the settling of personal grudges under



American Red Cross

CZECH CAMEL TRANSPORT IN SIBERIA

When the Czechs, Alienated by Kolchak, Decided to Leave Siberia, the Japanese Employed Semennoff to Block the Railroads. The Czechs Stood Firm; the Japanese, Obligated to Yield or Fight, Chose the Graceful Course



SEMENOFF'S SOLDIERS ON GUARD

Admission of Semenov to the United States Has Been Opposed on the Ground of His Treatment of American Soldiers in Siberia

cover of the law and indiscriminate extermination.

At this period, those two butchers, Ivanoff-Rinoff and Rozanoff, were in the full power of their activity, and on a larger scale Kalmykoff and Semenov. These men permitted their followers to torture their enemies, to brand them, gouge out their eyes and whip them to death. Conscription of peasants was declared, but the peasants took to the hills, for they hated the Kolchak régime violently for its outrages. For revenge those who did not escape and the relatives of those who did were taken, tortured and murdered. I have pictures and records of the bodies of victims, many pictures of corpses lying near to the charred ruins of their homes. Undoubtedly such

Department not only that the Kolchak government was acting in a way subversive of all decent government anywhere but that it was doomed, because it had alienated the population and existed only by the strength of Allied arms behind it.

But not until it was too late was any move made to apply pressure. In the spring of 1919, when the Allies were debating in Paris whether or not to recognize Kolchak, it was already apparent, only four or five months after he had declared himself supreme ruler, that he had so completely repelled the Siberian people that only a miracle or an enormous Allied army could save him. To this ironic or tragic pass we had come, first, because of the personality of the highest Allied representatives in Siberia, and second, because of the poisoning of the world's mind with propaganda.

The Allied representatives at Omsk were men drawn from the ultra-conservative ranks in their own countries. They naturally agreed with the Russian reactionaries that the only way to bring the Russians back to their senses was to rule them with a military dictatorship and to use measures stern but supposedly just. The Allied military commanders reported to their governments that all was well. General Janin, French commander, a thoroughgoing pro-interventionist, was outwardly pro-Kolchak. General Knox, British commander, was recognized as creator of the Kolchak government and the man behind it. The Japanese were intent only on reaping a harvest for themselves and getting military control of the country, no matter at what cost of suffering. General Graves, American commander, possessed but limited authority. He was not to interfere in internal affairs. Besides, the American



International Film Company

KAMCHATKA FISHERMEN

The Salmon and Sturgeon of Siberian Lakes and Rivers Feed the People and Contribute Largely to the Income Derived from Exports

government also was, at least half-heartedly, supporting the Kolchak government. I have only the highest admiration for the way General Graves discharged his duties. I am sure conditions would have been worse if he had not been there. And I think I can say that if General Graves ever empties his heart of his feelings concerning the American expedition to Siberia and what he saw, what we shall hear will tincture a little with shame our pride in the part we played in the war in Siberia.

Siberia was the largest well from which was drawn the poison that crazed the mind of the world on Russia between 1918 and 1921. The Russian reactionary agents, ignoring the fact that not more than five per cent of the Russian people were of Bolshevik tendency, painted to Allied citizens in Siberia and through them to the Allied people at home such pictures that the world visualized Russia as a country of

raving Communists with a bomb in one hand and a firebrand in the other. Those of us who were living in the Siberian part of Russia all this time and hearing of these terrors always in some other city than the one in which we happened to be, saw soon enough what were the sources of the propaganda and the motives for it.

The end of Kolchak's power came quickly. The Siberians rose against him, dispersed such of his troops as had not deserted, overthrew his government, captured him and put him to death.

Meanwhile the Japanese had already taken advantage of conditions ideally suited to imperialist profiteering in Siberia. Evidence accumulated early to indicate that the Japanese military were backing individual aspirants to Siberian supremacy. When Rozanoff, who had butchered with obscene bestiality, was defeated and had to flee for his life, he was given shelter by the Japanese military command.

The Japanese military were shrewd enough to know that they could never hold so huge an area as Siberia. They determined instead on a policy of holding a few strategic points. To do so they would have to make terms with local chieftains. Rozanoff, Kalmykoff and Semenov were their first tools, and the worst of these was Semenov. Since that time they have had to restrict their scope even more, because the world has begun to look a little too sharply at events in Siberia. They have determined therefore on a policy of holding all the means of ingress into Siberia, and they do hold them. They have Saghalien, which commands the mouth of the Amur in the north, Vladivostok, the principal port, and Dairen, a China Coast port. To those points, which they hold as they do everything else they have obtained in Siberia, by means of their Russian tools, they have had to recede. Those points, however, are sufficient to constitute the mastery of Siberia for all practical purposes.

The Allied expedition had not been long under way before we realized that it had two aspects: one, Russian and the other, Japanese. I can say from my own official experience that the latter was the more difficult and the more troublesome. Everybody knows now that although



EGGS, NEAR HARBIN, AT TWO HUNDRED FOR A DOLLAR

Harbin Was Founded in Connection with Surveys for the Chinese Eastern Railway, Which Links Manchuria with World-Markets

the Japanese government and the American government agreed to send 7,500 troops each into Siberia, Japan in a few months had poured in 70,000 or more. From that time forward every Allied object met with Japanese obstruction, in an indirect, oblique, maddening form. "*Cherchez le Japonais*" became the rule of action, at least in the Inter-Allied Railway Committee, no matter what happened. The greatest disorders, the most awkward obstacles in the way of the objects of the Committee, were always in the territory controlled by one of the Japanese-supported Russian generals, usually Semenov. It was interesting that when the Allies allotted the stretches of the Trans-Siberian Railway that the forces of each were to guard, the Japanese chose the section under Semenov's control. And when the Japanese were requested by the Committee to compel Semenov to cease disorganizing traffic on the railway and pillaging towns along the railway, they replied that they could not "interfere". Yet when anti-Semenov Russian forces threatened to enter Semenov territory, they could always stop them. And it was interesting that Semenov's acts always produced results in harmony with results that the Japanese wanted to accomplish and that Semenov's money was always Japanese *yen*. The Japanese could not interfere and did not attempt to interfere in Russian internal affairs. It was known that a guard of Japanese troops was stationed around Semenov's house in Chita, and Japanese officers lived in his house. Once during an American official call, made nominally to pay respects but really to sound him on his intentions, he said, for he never really has disliked Americans: "Be careful. There are Japanese in the next room. They overhear everything I say and watch everything I do."

There is special American interest in Semenov now, because at the time of writing he has just been granted permission to enter America. Having become a marked man, he has outlived his usefulness to the Japanese.

I first met him in March, 1918, in a modest room in a Harbin hotel. He was then unspoiled, a Cossack captain of medium height and build, with no outstanding physical characteristics. In fact, with a quiet voice and

colorless manner, he gave little indication of the horrible part he was to play. He told me of his plan of action against the Bolsheviki and his aim to make conditions favorable for a democratic régime. All the Allies were then supporting him, but when he showed his character, all but the Japanese dropped him. Two months later he made another trip to Harbin. He was then drunk with power, and soon he was drunk with the conventional intoxicant. He painted Harbin red—redder than it usually is. From that time he degenerated, officially and personally.

He accumulated wives here and there—among them the famous Mascha, once humble *danseuse* of the Café Palermo whom he gauded with diamonds bought with yen—and the wives and his other habits required money. And the more money and the more power Semenoff got, both through Japan, the drunker with power and wine he became, and the more barbarous. He shot up towns, leaving the dead in his path, and looted them of all valuables, apparently for mere sport. And the Japanese never interfered with his pastimes. I do not suppose they really approved of all his activities, but they allowed him his savagery because he did their political bidding, and he was willing to do their political bidding in exchange for protection while he went on with his atrocities and profited by them. Yet he never really trusted the Japanese, as the incident I have told illustrates. But he needed them. For now and then he overstepped his bounds and had to flee. He never had stomach for fighting; in fact he was always conspicuous for his remoteness from the region of battle. And when he fled, he found it convenient to take refuge in Japanese territory, either in Siberia or on the China Coast, where Japan has territory. When he returned from his Japanese asylum, he always bought his ruble exchange with Japanese yen.

The most illuminating illustration of Japanese methods was the manner in which they used Semenoff to obstruct the Czech evacuation. It was to protect the Czechs in their evacuation, remember, that the Allies entered Siberia. The Czechs played a heroic part until they were revolted by Kolchak's oppressions. When they found that protest was futile, they decided to avail themselves of the permission previously granted them to leave. But Kolchak did not want them to go, for they were his chief support; and the Japanese did not want them to, for if they did, then the Japanese themselves would have no reason for staying. So they hired Semenoff to hinder the proposed withdrawal.

Finally the Czechs threatened to force their way through. So serious did the situation become that the Inter-Allied Committee had to take cognizance of it, and on a French proposal I was authorized by the Committee, including the Japanese member, to go to Chita with full power to arrange for the evacuation. On my arrival, I found a Japanese-dominated committee acting on the matter—or rather, not acting. I presented my credentials and was told by General Hoshino, the Japanese chairman of the committee, that he had not heard of my appointment. I soon got confirmation from Vladivostok; so the Japanese set out by other means to delay the Czechs.

They resorted to a multitude of petty obstructions. They left locomotives on the main track at big stations to hold up Czech trains. They offered excuses that rol-

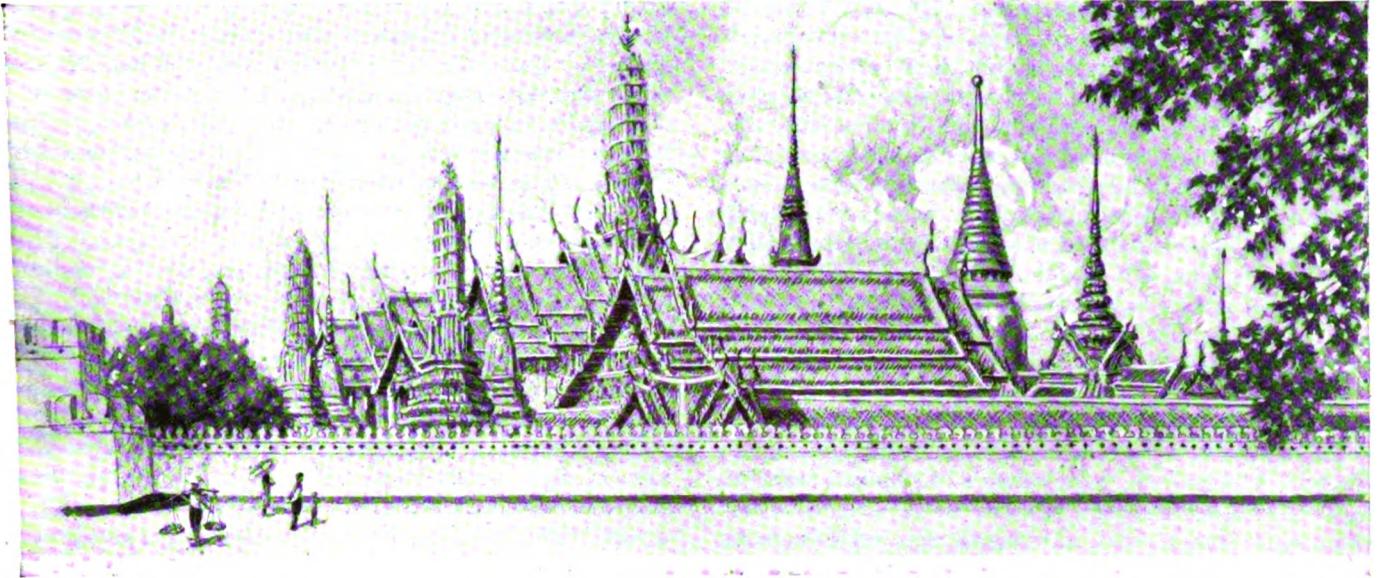
ling-stock and locomotives needed repair. If the Czechs offered to send their own mechanics into the shops, the Japanese replied that they would have to have Japanese workmen, who would soon be there. The Japanese workmen never came.

One night in Chita the Semenoffites blocked all the tracks leading into the city just before the arrival of one of the fighting echelons from the West. The Czechs demanded entry. The Semenoffites refused. Then the Japanese ordered out eight hundred troops and two pieces of artillery, which they placed outside the station. The Czech commander, not knowing the cause of the delay, came into the city on foot. He took one look and then sent a notification to both the Semenoff officers and the Japanese that at eight o'clock the next morning he intended to enter. Semenoffites and Japanese both understood. They knew the Czech mettle. They knew that the commander would come in or fight. They withdrew. Naturally, the Japanese did not want to fight. That would be advertising to the world that they were fighting the very men they were in Siberia to protect.

In the meantime the Japanese were busy with their own exclusive enterprises. They sent detachments of troops to all the principal stations along the Chinese Eastern Railway, which the Chinese had been commissioned to guard. The Chinese protested to the Allied Railway Technical Board and to the Allied commanders. The Japanese explained to both that the troops were there merely to keep the telegraph line to Chita in repair. They said further that they would make no change in the guarding of the railway, but that anyhow this was a matter for them to settle with the Chinese separately. It must be remembered that the Peking government at that time was in the hands of Japanese agents. It must also be remembered that the Chinese Eastern Railway is the southeastern loop that connects the Trans-Siberian line with the Chinese coast and therefore commands North Manchuria.

About the same time—the spring of 1919—the Japanese sent troops to Nikolaevsk on the Amur River, although there had been no agreement with the Allies to do so and there were no railways to guard within four hundred miles. They explained in defense that they had to protect their fisheries in the coastal region around Nikolaevsk. Why the navy could not do this work they never explained. As a matter of fact, they wanted to hold the mouth of the Amur, the great channel of water communication in North Siberia. At Nikolaevsk occurred the massacre of seven hundred Japanese, in reprisal for which the Japanese have seized the southern island of Saghalien, with its wealth of resources. The Japanese have never brought out the fact that their garrison was in Nikolaevsk without permission or lawful right; nor do they tell what their troops did to the Siberians there before the latter retaliated.

It is necessary to cite, as one more instance of Japanese methods, the first seizure of Vladivostok. On April 1, 1920, the last of the American troops sailed. The other Allied troops had already gone. There were left only the Japanese. Three days after the Americans had gone, the Japanese seized Vladivostok and then Khabarovsk and Nikolsk. And then they sent dispatches all over the world, saying they had been attacked. But on my return a few days later—I had been west with the Czechs—not a bullet-mark (*Continued on page 402*)



WATS OF BANGKOK

Illustrations by Margaret Ayer

BEHIND high white stucco walls and above the green masses of Buddha's own tree flame the gorgeous roofs of Bangkok's wats. Yes, flame! They are covered with tiles of red, green, blue, yellow, the primary colors found in flame, and they break at the edges into dragon-forms like twisting golden tongues of frozen fire. These white walls, with the vivid green of the bo-trees and the barbaric splendor of the roofs, which rise tier above tier in serried ranks of straight lines broken only by wriggling dragons and by the curve of the swan at the gable ends, strike the most distinctively Siamese note to be found in all Bangkok.

To the American, a temple, a church, if you like, is a building set apart for the worship of God or of some divinity unrecognized by us but highly regarded by its devotees. The Siamese do not think of their temples, their wats, in quite these terms. To begin with, Buddha was not a god, is not a god, never claimed to be a god, and is not regarded by intelligent Siamese as being in any way divine. He is a teacher only. Further, he did not teach the existence of a godhead. He did not deny it but simply disregarded it as a matter not susceptible of proof. Go to Chao Kuhn Priedoakse, the abbot of the monastery



WAT PHRA KEO

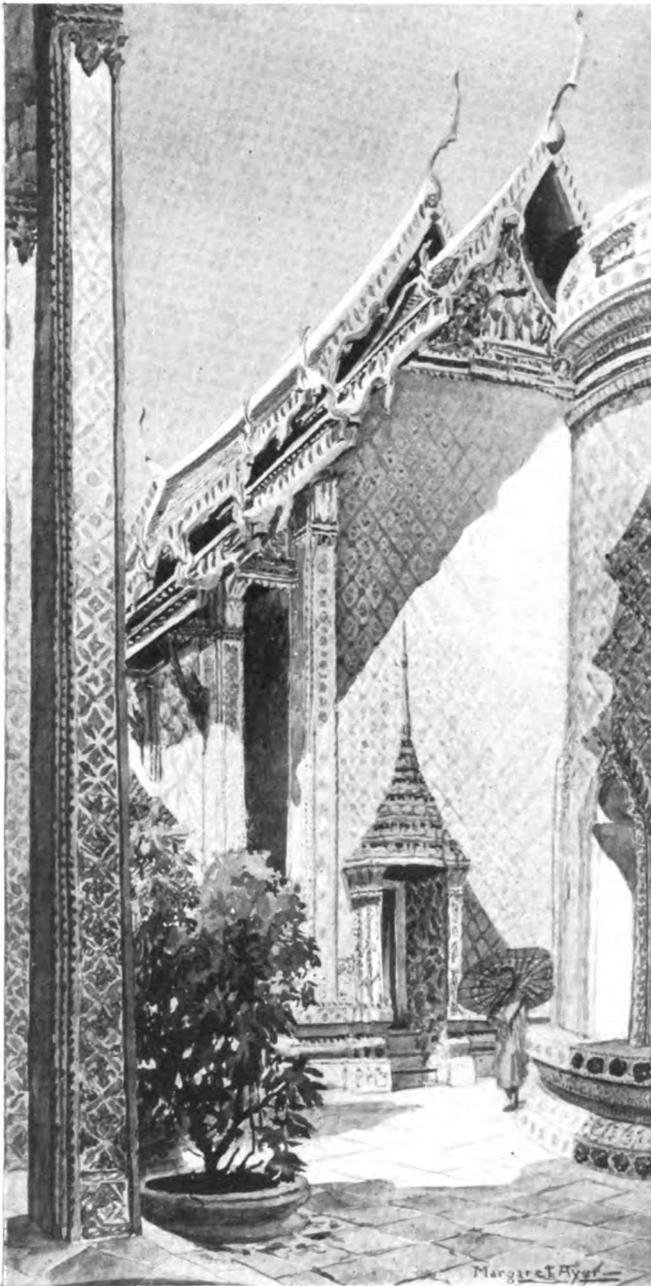
at the foot of the enormous artificial hill upon which is Wat Sakhet. Let him explain Buddhism to you.

If you go on Wan Phra, you will find on the altar fresh offerings of flowers, fruit and wax symbols of the universe; for in the Siamese week of eight days, Wan Phra corresponds to our Sunday. All the morning the abbot has been reading the Scriptures to his priests and to such of the people as chose to come into the temple and listen to the service; he is weary. Nearly two hours' steady reading of Pali is enough to tire any one, and Chao Kuhn Priedoakse is not an athlete. He is a pleasant, courteous, rather frail gentleman—more scholar than preacher. He reads English but, as he explains, he speaks it too seldom to use it fluently. He has a priest set a beautifully upholstered gold chair, which might have come from some ultra proper drawing-room in America, at the edge of the little dais where, at the close of the service, he and his two *confrères* highest in rank have been breaking their fast on fruit, rice, tea, cigarettes and betel-nut. He offers you the chair and seats himself on the floor near the betel-nut tray and the cuspidor.

"Phra Bhut," he begins in answer to your question about Buddhism, "say to command the

action, the words and the thoughts. He say, 'No lie, no steal, no drink spirits, no murder, no take other man's wife, no sing—no do anything that make excitement.'" Here Chao Kuhn fills his mouth with the usual Siamese mixture of red lime, betel-nut and fine-cut tobacco. There is a good deal of betel-nut and not much mouth; so the rest of the Buddhist commandments become only a mumble of words. Fortunately, one betel-nut is quickly consumed, and by the time Chao Kuhn is ready to explain what the gold figure of Buddha before you really means, you are able once more to understand him.

"That," he continues, pointing to a lovely little glass-covered gold Buddha placed on a gorgeous piece of Chinese embroidery, all crawling gold thread dragons, "that no Phra Bhut! That not a idol!" Here he registers much scorn, or as much scorn as his gentle face can summon. "That a figure, a image. We look at that and our thoughts flow through to Phra Bhut. No, it would be no sin to cast down and break up, but"—here he



WAT RAJ BOPIT

breaks into a gentle chuckle—"it very silly thing to do. There much gold on that figure. Phra Bhut no a god! He no a man. He no anything now. When he die, when you die, when I die—all, all the same. His soul flow apart to place where all souls gathered together. His hair do same, flow apart to place all hair gathered, his flesh, his bone, his finger-nail. But," he adds, pointing to a cat that plays about on the bright red carpet with which his audience-room is covered, "cat soul flow apart to one place, dog soul to another place, man's soul to another place."

While the abbot has been speaking, many priests have been watching you intently, their brilliant yellow robes, with the brown of their naked right shoulders, making a daring yet pleasant contrast with the red of the carpet, on which they sit. They hang on your words; those who have a slight smattering of English no more interested than those who have no idea of what the conversation is about. You finally realize that some of them are waiting to speak to their chief and that only his delightful courtesy has kept you from seeing how busy he is on Wan Phra. You thank Chao Kuhn Priedoakse and withdraw, perhaps without any very definite idea of Buddhism in your mind but, at any rate, with an explanation for the casual way in which the Siamese use their wats.

You have discovered that these stately edifices, these buildings upon which time, skill and infinite pains have been lavished, these walls so crowded with finely wrought details of exceeding smallness, have been set apart for the consideration of an idea, for the furtherance of an educational project—not for the worship of a deity. Thus, to the Siamese, a wat can not partake of the holy character of a deity; for they worship no deity within its walls. As Kim's old Lama says: "Nay, child, I worship none! I do but bow myself in consideration of the most excellent Law."

Despite the basic idea of Buddhism, even despite its general acceptance by the people at large in their everyday use of the wats, one has but to see a Wan Phra service in a big *vihara*, or shelter for a single figure of Buddha, to feel that the Siamese do, after all, endow Buddha with some of the attributes of divinity. Their attitude is one of extreme reverence. One feels it even before one enters the portals of the wat. Each person—as in America, the congregation is composed largely of women—brings some offering—flowers, votive wax candles, sticks of incense. Besides these things, many carry little baskets resembling English tea-baskets. The candles and incense are lighted on the broad temple portico and left on the long racks placed there to receive them. After *wying*, or bowing, deeply before the burning candles and incense, the lady—if one may assume for the moment that the worshiper is feminine—enters the door of the wat, drops to her knees and, still kneeling, proceeds to her place. When she reaches it, she settles herself on her knees and her bare toes, for if she has worn shoes, she has left them at the door with her small servant. She sits in an attitude that would simply kill a Caucasian but in which a Siamese or any other Oriental can be comfortable for hours at a stretch. Her tea-basket, which she opens at once, contains a teapot, a little Chinese teacup, a small cuspidor and a betel-nut set. She may put these things into immediate use, or she may not. At any rate, she has them within reach and is therefore ready to give her entire attention to the service.

When the building is comfortably full, many priests, sometimes as many as two hundred, file in from each side of the altar and take their places on the raised dais before the figure of Buddha. The abbot then proceeds to his place before the priests, and the service commences with a chant in Pali that sounds like a Gregorian chant in Latin. Afterward, the priests seat themselves in the proper attitude and the sermon begins. It lasts for about forty minutes, and the whole service takes about an hour and a half. It has been so like the Christian form of worship that, were it not for the drinking of tea, the steady chewing of betel-nut with the passing back and forth of the public temple cuspidors among those who have brought none of their own and the occasional lighting of a cigarette by a priest taking part in the service or some man or woman of the congregation, one would hardly realize that one was in a Bangkok wat.

So far you have been thinking of a wat as a Buddhist church, a building—housing a figure of Phra Bhut—wherein services are held. Now you must discard the idea that a wat is only a building. In America, the church is only a building; even in Toronto, where spacious and lovely grounds surround many of the temples of Church Street, these grounds are used solely to set off the ample proportions of the church building. Of actual use of these grounds, in the Siamese sense, there is none. The inhabitant of Bangkok thinks of his wat as a spacious park, dotted more or less thickly with rest-houses, where a weary man may sleep away the heated hours of the day; with *phrachedee*—little or big spires set out to commemorate a person or event long since forgotten; with school buildings, which usually line the street-walls of the larger wats; with wide-spreading bo-trees that offer grateful shade and keep the flags cool for hot and tired bare feet; with little stone images of bizarre men or beasts to delight the eye that sees no other art and almost no other beauty; with houses where gigantic Buddhas dwell in mysterious semi-twilight. In each of the larger wats—with six hundred ninety-six wats in Bangkok, one need not go far before coming to a fine large one—there are from six to fourteen huge buildings. Each of these contains a colossal Buddha.

In Wat Poh, for instance, there is a building, pretty much a ruin now, where the reclining Buddha lies. This great figure, which is about a hundred and forty-three feet long, rests on his raised divan, his head supported by his hand and many cushions. Through the immensities of the room the smoke-wreaths from the incense float gently to his calm face, which gazes down with a detached, yet benign, expression on the little men who stick small patches of gold-leaf on his gigantic limbs in the hope of gaining merit for themselves. Is he amused by the curling wreaths of incense, by the flickering pin-points of candles, by the inch squares of gold-leaf? Imperturbable, he meditates.

At one time he was completely covered with gold, but the plaster that then overlay his bronze has scaled off, and now only his head is still all gold. His feet have had better luck. Each enormous sole is covered with pictures of elephants, *devadas*, or Siamese angels, and many other designs exquisitely wrought in mother-of-pearl inlay, and the *Chakra*, the Wheel of Things, is in the exact center of the foot. Even the whorls of the toes are traced most carefully in mother-of-pearl.

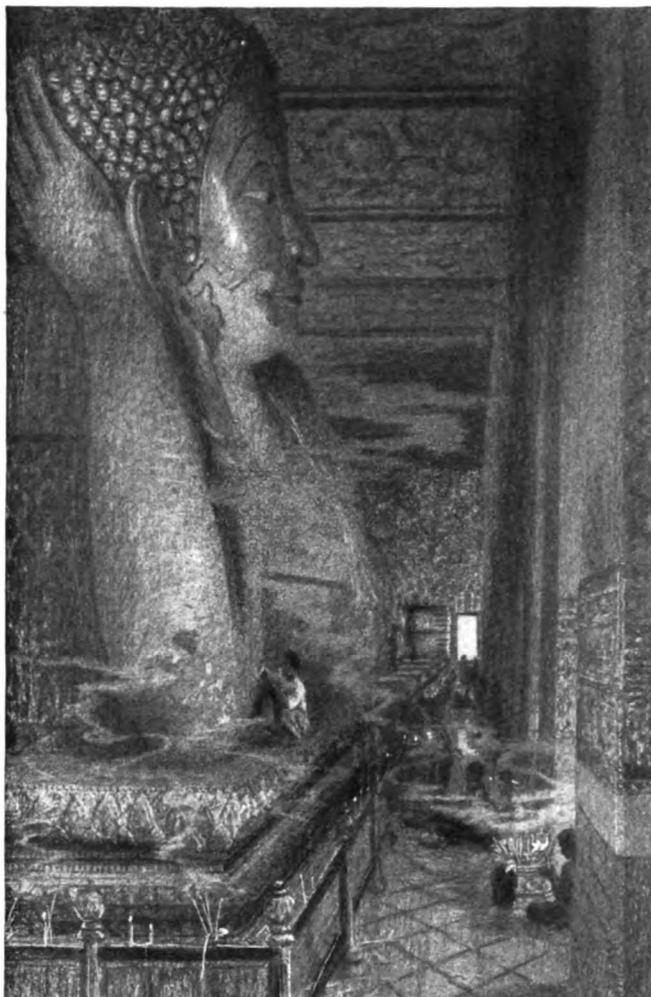
In Wat Poh there is also the Buddha beneath the bo-

tree. There is the Buddha aroused by the machinations of his wicked oppressors, who caused him to drop one hand over his knee, instead of keeping it in his lap in the attitude of meditation. There is the Buddha receiving the adoration of the elephant and the monkey, which may perhaps be intended to represent Ganesh and Hanuman. And there is, too, the preaching Buddha with his disciples gathered about him. Each of these figures has its own building, and besides these are many long, low houses entirely open on one side, where chance sunbeams find out vast numbers of other Buddhas in their shaded retreat.

These, the temples proper, as we are apt to think of them, are all in one wat compound, but there are many other buildings. Some of them are used for schools. Chao Phya Dharmasaktri, the minister of education and religion, explains the presence of schools in a wat compound in this way: "You see, the priests have all of their food, raiment and lodging given them. In return, they have for ages given instruction to the people—free instruction! They have taught reading, writing and some



WAT POH



RECLINING BUDDHA, WAT POH



A SERVICE AT WAT POH

figuring—the three R's, in fact—and also, of course, religion.” Though most of the temple schools have been taken over by the government, the old buildings are still used, so that one comes out of some quiet hall of Buddhas into the din of a Siamese school-room in full operation. The children con their lessons aloud, and when all are studying at once, one needs no guide to conduct one to the school.

Education and religion do not by any means exhaust the uses of a wat compound. It is a public playground, a resort for yellow-robed priests, a refuge for the tired and sleepy, a meeting-place for crowds too big for the two—or rarely three or four—rooms of the average private house. It offers gamblers, who are numerous among the Siamese, a quiet spot for a quiet game. It provides a football-field. Wat Debsirindra has a very big and very good school in its compound, and in its grounds the school plays the Navy, Suen Kalarb School, or whatever other member of the Football Association may be scheduled to meet it. Every Saturday and Sunday there are big prize-fights, called boxing-matches, in the Suen Kalarb School grounds, which are part of the Wat Lieb compound, to raise money for the Rifle Fund of the Wild Tiger Scout Corps, a volunteer military organization of which the King himself is scout-master. At these same contests, lottery tickets are sold for the benefit of the corps. A fresh prize and a fresh drawing for each Saturday!

Many and varied are the uses of the ordinary temple

compound and many and varied are its users: between classes, schoolboys take a few minutes breathing-spell there; cooks, their perambulating kitchens swung from their shoulder-poles, serve the schoolboys or any other hungry soul who may want food—and can pay for it; soldiers or police—only the educated eye can tell them apart—squat on the ground about a professional gambler who is taking a part of their munificent pay, four *ticals* (\$1.48) a month; ragged, happy urchins play chuck-penny; women with babies on their ample hips walk about on some unknown errand; and always the flotsam of the great city drifts to a temporary haven there on the broad porticoes of the temple buildings or in the rest-houses, stretched out on the stone pavement—asleep possibly, motionless certainly.

Very different is the compound of Wat Raj Bopit. This, as the name indicates, is a royal wat. The Grand Patriarch of all Siam, a prince of the blood royal, is in residence there. All the doors are fast shut; even the heavy gates to the street are usually closed. Only by special permit, none too easy to come by, may one view the beauties of this wat. Some architects say that, in artistic excellence, it is second only to Wat Phra Keo, the King's own wat; others place it first. The compound is very small in comparison with that of Wat Poh or of Wat Sudhat. All of its buildings, aside from a few rest-houses open on all four sides to the light and air, are grouped about a large central phrachedee. A phrachedee is

a circular building sloping rapidly from its bell-shaped foundation to a little cupola, which is hung with tinkling, wind-driven golden bells and topped by a tall, slender, tapering spire having little collar-like projections all the way to its tip. About this phrachedee are four fair-sized buildings, each pair standing at right angles to the other, connected by a circular corridor open on the side near the phrachedee but roofed and walled on the outer side. About the whole enclosure, four feet above the ground, runs a marble pavement with an open balustrade of white plaster stucco along its edge. The wat walls are made of red, green, blue, white and yellow painted tiles, about seven inches square, with the figure of a seated devada on each. Little bits of colored glass—green, yellow, blue—relieve the heavy scrolls, golden and massive, of the royal crown that surmounts each doorway. The doors themselves are of wonderfully wrought mother-of-pearl inlay. On these doors are the insignia of every decoration and order given by His Majesty, the King of Siam.

Stand by this doorway for a moment, only a little moment, and sketch, or take notes, and you will be surrounded by priests who crowd about you and look over your shoulder without the slightest embarrassment. They will even read aloud what you have just written, as pleased as Punch to show off their knowledge of English. No one in all Siam, whether he be in royal palace or in coolie's hovel, has even so much privacy as a goldfish in a glass bowl.

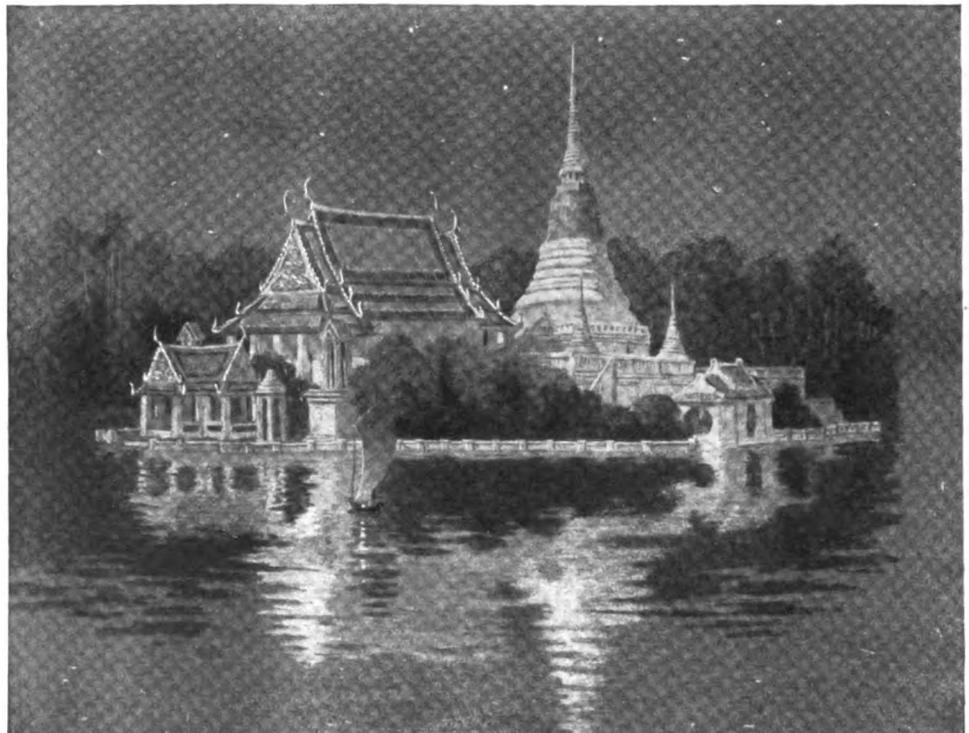
Immediately behind the main compound, where the monastery is situated, is another; and to the right, as you enter, is still another, reserved for members of the royal family. Climb a little way up the high wall surrounding this compound and part the heavy vines that cover the iron fence surmounting the wall and you will see a lovely garden with irreproachable granitoid paths winding about in the tropical shrubbery between countless phrachedee, most of them of gold, still more with the royal emblem on their crests, and one purely Gothic and looking more at home in this oriental company than one would believe possible. Royalty knows how to acquit itself extremely well in the East, even in the matter of private temple gardens.

Still, as far as decoration goes, the other temples are not much behind Wat Raj Bopit. Wat Arün, the Temple of the Dawn, for instance, which raises its towering spire many *waw* above the river at its feet, like a miniature—not so very miniature, either—Eiffel Tower, is gorgeously splendid. This *phraprang*, or square and tapering tower, has no hollow core in use as a place of worship; it was intended to be simply a thing of beauty, and it fulfils its purpose. It is a lofty tower of white, stucco-covered brick with its decorations made entirely from broken bits of china dishes. Very cleverly the builders broke these plates and very cleverly they set them in the plaster, so that each

plate has the semblance of an open flower. The colors of the plates—an unpainted bit of Siamese porcelain is unthinkable—have been blended so perfectly that one gets the effect of a white field covered with thousands of brilliant, exotic blooms.

The bent and withered custodian, eager for a good tip, tells you the reason for the modern iron fence about the base of the tower. When the craze for old china struck Siam, he says, it occurred to some clever and unscrupulous curio-venders and to some collectors, too, though these are not to be mentioned, since they belong to the aristocracy, that besides quantities of broken dishes, Wat Arün had some very old and perfect examples of Siamese pottery stuck whole into its base. The inference was obvious. It did the curio-venders no good where it was; it would bring them a big price if it were in their own shops. After a little time the inference was obvious to the government also, and the result was the erection of a high iron fence with sharp points at the top—a fence very hard for a nearly naked and totally unshod man to climb. Because of this fence, Wat Arün still delights the eye with its pictured blooms, as well as with its fine lines and stately proportions.

Wat Arün is very old. Rama III, who was very fond of this wat, caused a royal crown to be placed on its very top. There is an interesting legend connected with this crown. It runs in this wise. Rama II had two sons. The one, older than his brother by sixteen years but born of an inferior wife of the King, was very dear to his father; the other, Monkut, born of the royal spouse and entitled to the succession, was too young to be companionable. The elder son became commander of the Siamese army, premier of the kingdom and really ruler of Siam. When Monkut was but fifteen years old, the King died. Knowing that he was about to die, he yet made no mention of the son who was to succeed him; for, though he loved his elder son better, he would not be responsible for setting aside the lawful heir. The elder (*Continued on page 404*)



WAT PAKNAM

WHERE SHALL WE GO FOR TROPICAL PRODUCTS?

By ARTHUR F. FISCHER

THE United States imports every year approximately \$2,000,000,000 worth of food products and raw materials from the tropics and semi-tropics. Without these products, manufacturing would languish and many thriving industries of the country would fall away. In other words, we are becoming more and more dependent upon the great undeveloped areas of production in tropical countries for our very existence.

Dr. C. R. Ball of the United States Department of Agriculture maintains that within twenty-five years we shall be consuming, either as food or as essentials in manufacture, practically everything we can raise in the way of agricultural products and shall have nothing left for export. Prof. Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins University estimates that when the maximum population of 197,000,000 is reached in the continental territory of the United States, one-half of the calories necessary for sustenance of this population will have to be imported. These calculations may be viewed as alarmist creations of fanciful minds. It is true that they imply the old economic fallacy of "other things being equal"—which they never are.

In any case, we have obviously not reached the stage of brotherliness where the mess of pottage is assured, where raw materials are guaranteed. Yet the average American, with an indifference savoring somehow of laziness born of plenty rather than of the Old World fatalism born of religious acceptance of adversity, is likely to say, "Why worry?" and cheerfully dismiss, as none of his business, all the problems that are going to confront the next generation. Meanwhile countries of longer vision, such as England, Japan, France, Holland and Belgium, are taking a very different view of the matter. They, too, are using up their resources beyond the scale

of production. Therefore they consider it essential to develop and protect their colonial possessions and to give governmental support to friendly trade relations with such countries as furnish them with the sinews of their industry. Herein lies the secret of the major difference in foreign trade policies between the United States and other great countries.

The Philippines are the only important tropical country, except Cuba, Hawaii and Porto Rico, with which the United States has other than commercial relations, and it is confidently believed by many that, no matter how the present relation might be modified in consequence of the independence of the Islands, Americans would retain an advantageous position as compared with capitalists of other nations. Moreover, the Filipinos would welcome such capital as would contribute to the development of the natural resources of the country.

The Philippines possess, in addition to soil and climate almost unrivaled for the production of tropical crops, hitherto uncultivated areas vastly larger than either of the other two countries named above or than Cuba, our nearest neighbor. Cuba is only about one-third as large, the Hawaiian Islands only one-seventeenth. The Philippine Islands have a total area of 120,000 square miles, or 4,000 square miles less than the combined area of the states of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and West Virginia. In view of these facts, it behooves the American people to make a survey of Philippine products and Philippine trade and to take stock of their own needs.

During the twenty-two years of American occupation, the import trade of the Islands has grown from P38,385,-972 to P298,876,565, and the export trade, from P29,693,-164 to P302,247,711. That is, the total trade of the Philippine Islands has increased under the present régime from P68,-079,136 to P601,124,276.

But that growth does not imply that the resources of the Islands have been fully turned to account. There remain vast undeveloped areas such as the island of Mindanao in the south, comprising 37,000 square miles of rich and almost virgin territory more than equal in extent to the state of Indiana. Of the total area of the Philippine Islands 80 per cent is public domain under the control of the Bureau of Forestry and the Bureau of Lands. The Director of Forestry must certify to the agricultural or forest value of all land before it can be disposed of. At present only about 12 per cent is under cultivation. Of the remainder, 58 per cent consists of forest and 30 per cent of grass-lands locally called



Philippine Bureau of Science

HEMP ON THE DRYING-RACKS, IN ZAMBOANGA, MINDANAO

America Imports a Small Quantity of Hemp, Especially Manila Hemp, from the Philippines. Japanese Capital Now Controls the Finest Hemp Region, Davao, in Mindanao

cogonales. Of the 80 per cent held by the government, fully 55 per cent is excellent for agricultural purposes. It must be remembered that the growing season in the Philippines is 365 days, and that, with fertile soil, sufficient water and that prime necessity, heat, two or three crops a year can be raised to one in the United States. Father Algué, director of the Weather Bureau of the Philippine Islands and one of the greatest living authorities on climatology, states that no other country in the tropics is so favorably situated with respect to climate and rainfall as the Philippine Islands. They lie in the valley of the two great mountains of pressure, that of the Tibetan highlands in continental Asia and of the Pacific Ocean. The deepest soundings ever made, 9,900 meters, have been taken just east of Mindanao. Thus situated, the Islands are fortunate enough to possess three distinct classes of climate and one intermediate class, all within a small range of atmospheric pressure. These climatic conditions, coupled with the fertility of the soil and the ease with which water can be supplied by irrigation in the regions of distinct dry seasons, will make the Philippines, if properly developed along scientific lines, the greatest production area in the world. Why do we not develop the 80 per cent of rich idle land in the archipelago instead of relying on other countries for our supplies?

The value of our imports from the Philippine Islands in 1920 amounts to the respectable sum of \$109,936,448.50, and yet the coconuts and tobacco, the sugar and hemp and the few other products that we bring in from the Islands make but a poor showing, in both number and quantity, in comparison with our imports from other tropical lands. We are, in fact, as we learned during the war, startlingly dependent for actual necessities upon tropic regions not controlled by our own nationals.

Although over 75 per cent of the manufacture of raw rubber, for example, is in the hands of Americans, approximately 97 per cent of the raw product is controlled by Great Britain. Quinine, a small and rather insignificant item of importation, but a specific absolutely necessary in medicine, is raised only in Java and controlled by Holland. Gutta-percha, without which no submarine cables can



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BULLS, PLOWING COFFEE-FIELDS FOR FILIPINO PRISONERS

Luzon Coffee Has Been Blighted, but the Delicious Mindanao Wild Coffee, Probably Introduced by Mahommedan Missionaries, Might Become a Valuable Export Crop

be made, is produced in British and Dutch colonies and controlled chiefly by Great Britain. Camphor, which is used in the film and pyralin industries, is produced in great quantities in Formosa and allocated to various countries by the Japanese government, which possesses a monopoly. Camphor is made synthetically from our southern pine products, but within a few years our pine in the southern states will have been cut out. Palm-oil, an essential in the tin plate industry and in soap manufacture, is controlled by Great Britain through concessions to its capitalists in Africa. The guns and oils used in our varnish and paint industry must also be procured from the nationals of other lands. Going through the



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COCONUTS—ALWAYS A BUMPER CROP IN THE PHILIPPINES

Circular Rafts, Made by Stringing Coconuts on a Rope Ring and Filling in the Middle with Nuts, Are Constantly Afloat on the Pagsanjan River in Luzon



Philippine Bureau of Science

SACKING AND WEIGHING SUGAR AT CALAMBA, LAGUNA PROVINCE

Should the Increase in Sugar Plantations and Centrals Continue, the Philippines Will Be a Big Factor in the Sugar Production of the World

list of our industries, we find that many products come or will have to come in the not very distant future, from the tropics. With the ratio of industry to agriculture in the United States standing at about 60 per cent to 40 per cent and industry gaining, would it not be wise to try to make some provision for the future by developing sources of supply under conditions favorable to the United States?

In view of these general facts, it is evident that a general survey of the natural resources of the Philippines and a scientific study of appropriate methods of development must be of the greatest value to us. So far, less is known of the minerals than of the other natural resources of the Islands. Yet one fact is clear: though iron deposits are very rich and indications of oil are found, there is so little coal that future economic prosperity is necessarily based upon agricultural pursuits.

It is therefore most fortunate for both countries that practically every product now imported into the United States from the tropics can be successfully grown at a profit in the Philippines. Many products on which the world is depending came formerly from the jungle, but now are grown commercially. Wild rubber, gutta-percha, gums, rattans, oils, etc., are diminishing in quantity and must be provided through cultivation. Among tropical products entering into industry and formerly not grown commercially, two of the most important, quinine and rubber, are American in origin, but have been supplied most abundantly and advantageously by the Far East. For that matter, all tropical products, with the exception of sugar, have been studied and developed to a greater extent in the British and Dutch possessions of the Far East than in any other portion of the tropical world. The greatest obstacle to the development of the Central

and South American tropics, which are rich in natural resources, is lack of labor, and until the population of the American tropics increases sufficiently to overcome this shortage, progress will be slow. Furthermore, I am convinced not only that any attempt of American capitalists to turn the tropics of Central and South America to commercial account must be guided by experience gained in the Far East, but also that, with the source of tropical agricultural knowledge and the source of tropical labor supply in the Far East, the development of the Philippine Islands should come first.

At the present time, the Philippines are foremost in the production of Manila hemp, which is the finest in the world. From it are made the cordage and binder-twine on which our shipping and the harvesting of our small-grain crops are dependent. Copra and coconut-oil are two major essential food products of which the Philip-

pines are the chief source of supply. Tobacco-growing has attained great commercial success since the American occupation. Other products, especially sugar, are coming to the front rapidly. Should the increase in sugar plantations and centrals continue, the Philippines will be a big factor in the sugar production of the world. Coffee from Luzon was in years past a considerable export crop, but before the American occupation a blight gradually killed the industry. In the Bukidnon country of Mindanao, however, is found today a delicious wild coffee that no doubt was brought in by Mahommedan missionaries. Trees six inches in diameter and over forty feet high are producing luxuriantly. Rice could be developed into a large export crop, and cattle-raising in the grass-lands is again beginning to be an industry, now that rinderpest can practically be controlled. The manufacture of alcohol from the nipa-palm and from sugar by-products is already a sizable industry and could be expanded. The manufacture of paper-pulp from bamboos and grasses and also from the large stands of *lauan*, comparable to our poplar in fiber length, offers wonderful possibilities. Rubber has been planted by private capital and has been paying dividends, and quinine, gutta-percha and camphor are potential plantation crops. The oil-palm (*Elæis Guineensis*) is especially adapted to the Philippines.

The forests are the greatest known natural resource of the Philippines. They contain heavy stands of beautiful and useful woods. The area of the virgin forests is about 40,000 square miles, with stands of 10,000 board feet and more to the acre. The remaining wooded areas cover approximately 19,000 square miles, with stands of less than 10,000 board feet to the acre. This wealth of forests is greatly increased by the so-called minor forest products, such as Manila copal, resins, oils, rattan, tan-



Philippine Bureau of Science

GIRL RICE-THRESHERS, BULACAN PROVINCE

The Philippine Climate Allows Two or Three Crops a Year.
The Islands Could Produce Much Rice for Export



Philippine Bureau of Science

FOREST-WEALTH OF THE PHILIPPINES

The Bamboos, Grasses and "Lauan" Stands of the Islands
Make Possible a Large Paper-Pulp Industry

barks, medicinal products, vines, fibers, etc., which usually make tropical forests more valuable than those of the temperate zone. In the case of the Philippine forests, Americans have seized their opportunity. They are already operating some sixty saw-mills and have more under construction.

Yet from the manufacturer's point of view, lumbering is the one Philippine industry that American capital has developed on a practical basis. Under existing conditions other nationals seem likely to reap the profit from the time and energy that we have spent in the Islands. Japanese capital now controls the finest hemp region, Davao in the island of Mindanao, and English capital has recently bought a substantial interest in one of the largest coconut-oil firms. Upon the pioneer work of Richmond on the sources of paper-pulp in the Philippines, the French in Indo-China have established pulp factories and are making paper, while the British in India are trying to put the pulp and paper business on a firm basis.

The case of the Indo-China paper industry is but one instance of many in which the results of preliminary scientific investigations made in the Philippines have been utilized, not by Americans, but by experts in the employ of foreign technical or commercial enterprises. Fortunately the National Research Council is now turn-

ing its attention to the work of providing trained American scientists to direct economic activities in the Islands. There is no doubt that at present the scientific publications of the Philippine government are better known among English, French, Dutch, and Japanese technical men in the Orient than they are among Americans, and it is a notorious fact that American scientists who acquired their knowledge of oriental affairs in the Philippines have been drawn away from the Islands by government projects and even by private undertakings in a number of neighboring countries. Americans have only recently discovered the eastern tropics and naturally have been attracted to the centers where the greatest development has taken place; viz., the Federated Malay States and the Dutch East Indies. Here the trend of governmental activities has been absolutely economic. In the Philippines it has been to all intents political. It is to be hoped that in the future the encouragement given by American capital to economic expansion will equal our past efforts toward political enfranchisement. For with the Philippines as an actual and a potential source of tropic raw materials, we should be more nearly self-sustaining in case of war, and in time of peace we should be able to exercise a salutary control over prices and over foreign relations.

AN IGOROT LOVE-SONG

Translated by CAROLINE S. SHUNK

*The Lady Moon shines softly
Down by the pool under the bamboo.
There comes the white man—
The Moon lights his way.*

*White man loves earth-maiden;
The Moon loves white man;
I love my sweetheart—
She loves me no more!*

POIGNANT SILENCES

By DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI

BIRTH OF DAY

*A cloud of agony is thy face,
Poignant the silence of the hour;
Lo, listen to the golden cry that breaks it!
Rejoice, O East,
Thy child is born—
The day!*

SIVA

*Come, Black Lord, come, Kala.
Take me to thy death-dumb land;
Take me, though my sorrow is young,
And my laughter has the strength of tigers.
The burning-ghats are red where thy footsteps pass;
By this way I must go to drink thy black peace.
From the life-sounds that have bewitched me
Wrap me in thy loneliness,
Blow thy horn of soundlessness;
Dance over my burning,
Dance on my dust till it stings;
Dance on the hydra of immortality;
Trample it down.
I have forsworn Brahma who makes,
I have done with Vishnu, the preserver;
All has been poisoned with life:
Save me from deathlessness!
Come, Black Lord, come, Kala,
Take me, though my sorrow is young,
And my laughter has the strength of tigers.*

AFTER A BENGALI SONG

*In the forest of my being the voice of your flute,
In the depths of my heart the pearl of your tear,
In the temple of my soul the bell of your love.*

*The fire of dawn, the shadow of eve,
Life's sorrow and death's ever-enchanting peace
Steal away silently, fearfully, at your flute's music.*

*O frail, faint call, which I echo!
O breath of love laden with the aroma of my soul!
Why seek I ever without? O guest at my heart's door!*

just to pay their respects to the train that was carrying him.

In my concern to arrive in good time for my appointment, I found myself drawing up in front of the house of Mr. Rai half an hour too early. It seemed best to wait where I was, and I had just instructed the chauffeur accordingly when a car came swinging out of the gate with Gandhi and half a dozen people crowded into the seats and on the running board. When he saw me, he stopped his car and explained that he was then on his way to a big mass meeting in the Badshahi Mosque. "If you would care to come," he said, "we could return to this house afterwards. Then I will answer any questions you wish to ask me."

He made room for me to sit beside him, and off we drove to the mosque through streets lined with the cheering populace of Lahore, including many school children in Gandhi caps, singing a national song. Fifteen thousand people must have been packed into the mosque. There was not anywhere a square foot of unoccupied floor space, and those who could not get inside had scrambled all over the outside of the building, so that every cornice and projection and even the roofs were swarming with motley Gandhi throngs. We entered by a side door, and almost before I realized what was happening, I found myself obeying Mr. Gandhi's request to precede him along the narrow temporary bridge erected from the back of the mosque to a small square platform in the center. As we hurried along this structure, I was pelted with a generous share of the flowers intended for Gandhi, and my feet narrowly escaped the eager hands reaching up on every side to touch in superstitious reverence the bare feet behind me.

An *imam* opened the meeting, followed by one of Gandhi's coworkers, who made a full report on the results of the "national schools" founded in opposition to state schools a year ago. At the close of his address several graduates of the "National University" of Lahore received their diplomas from Mr. Gandhi's own hand.

As he rose for the first time, dropping off his blanket shawl and appearing clad only in a very short dhoti, in accordance with a recent resolve he had made to share the utmost poverty of his people, I saw, to my surprise, an expression of sophisticated amusement run across the faces of those nearest the platform. But if for one moment a few people laughed, the laughter ceased abruptly. Mr. Gandhi began to speak in a voice that at first sounded a note of great physical exhaustion but after a few moments shook off this weariness and rang out with arresting urgency. He is not an orator. His thin right hand with fingers bent flexibly backward at the tips made the same automatic gesture again and again. He did not plead with his audience. He made no attempt to flatter it.



S. M. Rose

HINDUS BATHING IN THE SACRED GANGES AT BENARES

It is because of the ancient hold of religion on India that Gandhi, half-starved and half-naked prophet and political leader, carries millions with him

Rather did he seem to be speaking in anger and bitterness of heart. He was asking the people how they expected to have *swaraj* when they would not work for it; when they would not adopt the vow of *swadeshi* and thus make India self-sustaining as she was of old; when, through incapacity to deny themselves comforts or to suffer, they showed themselves unprepared for true self-rule. Some of the familiar catchwords I caught. A stout Moslem gentleman who sat near me on the floor of the platform occasionally acted as interpreter.

But the text of Gandhi's face was what chiefly interested me. I am almost tempted to call him ugly. To begin with, his head is small, even for his short stature, though possibly the proportionately broad Indian shoulders make it seem more so. Close-cropped iron-gray hair with the long wisp generally worn by Hindus—I never saw Gandhi himself wearing the cap his followers have adopted—a forehead with very deep horizontal lines, a long nose shadowing a distinctly oriental mouth with a clipped moustache, thin cheeks, dark eyes rather far apart with indefinite eyebrows and heavy eyelids—such is his general appearance as well as I can describe it. Perhaps it is the effect of sharp features too much crowded into the lower half of the face that is its most distinctive characteristic. Perhaps it is the troubled forehead and the deep-set lines running from nose to chin. The lines are those of suffering and old age, now not very far away, although in years Mr. Gandhi is only just fifty-two. When he smiles, one notes with a shock how the lines in his face deepen and how the absence of two or three teeth in the lower jaw accentuates the impression of advancing age. There was something inappropriate about that smile. Gandhi once remarked to me that it was his sense of humor which kept him going sometimes. But I have heard many people lay claim to a sense of humor

when I could never discover a trace of one. So it was with Gandhij. His smile was not of the troubled soul. It broke around the mouth and passed quickly, like a veil thrown for a fraction of a second across the settled melancholy of the face. Many Indian faces wear that same melancholy. Sometimes it is sunk in apathy, often it expresses itself in conscious discontent, but whatever its varying shades, it has seemed to me fundamental to Indian thought. It is a flag of the mind. You never see it reflected on a Malayan face, for instance. As for the eyes of this man, they suggest a stern and critical appraisal of everything coming within range of their vision, and a curious detachment. It is so that one looks out on a glittering tropical sea or toward the desert horizon.

The windows in the mosque darkened, and the lights hanging from the ceiling gleamed with hostile brilliancy. Many men in the audience were now weeping. The slight, half-naked figure of Gandhij, saying again for the thousandth or the ten-thousandth time all that he had to say about the *charaka* and *swadeshi* and *swaraj*, seemed to shrink even smaller. Was it that something of himself was actually spent, something material and physical, as his indomitable will battled against the mass mind, striving to lift it to the plane of his own strange vision?

I am aware of having drawn a picture that commits me to a certain sympathy with Gandhij's personality. This sympathy has nothing to do with my critical estimate of his balance or his political judgments, which I shall attempt to give in a succeeding article. For the present I shall not discuss any of the involved questions that have made Gandhij a dangerous person in the eyes of the English world. It is worth stating, however, that, although I talked about him with a great many English people in all parts of India, I never heard any except two general expressions of opinion concerning him. To the larger number, he is nothing more nor less than an arch hypocrite, a man who talks non-violence and indirectly incites to violence, who professes to love mankind and all the time stirs up the bitterest feelings of race hatred. To the rest he is an incomprehensible religious fanatic whose psychology and point of view are so apart from the usual understanding that it is impossible to meet him on any sort of common ground; in short, a fool. Both sections of opinion agree that he has let loose forces beyond his control, and that it would have been better if he had been shot a long time ago. Very few of those with whom I talked had either seen or heard him. They said they did not want to do either. For three years he has been publishing a weekly paper in English called *Young India*, containing signed articles by himself on nearly every development of the political, social and economic situation in India. Almost no one in the English community is sufficiently interested to follow that expression of his opinion. I except the censors, naturally.

Over against this almost universal Anglo-Indian attitude there are a great many different Indian attitudes, the why and the wherefore of which I shall discuss in another place. But I can remember only three Indians who accused him of out-and-out insincerity. Sir Surendranath Banerjee, who has rendered distinguished services to the liberal party in India and is now occupying an important post in the government of Bengal, made no effort to disguise his feeling that of late Gandhij had turned into a mere politician. A Gurkha cook who looked after a little tea-house in the Himalayas where I

sometimes dropped off my horse to have a cup of tea and get warm after a ride from Darjeeling, insisted that Gandhij's real object in life was merely to become *maharaja* of all India. And the superintendent of the model prison at Jaipur expressed his convictions with equal certainty. "He is a malicious disturber of the peace," said that gentleman. "If he ever dares to come into our state, I will see that very good care is taken of him, very good care indeed!" Rabindranath Tagore and the great scientist, Sir J. C. Bose, neither of whom agrees with Gandhij's narrow nationalistic bias or his economic conceptions, definitely stated to me that his integrity could not be questioned. Whatever the truth of this issue may be, the fact remains that the ignorant masses have come to look upon him as a god. He has cast his shadow over India as a banian-tree—wide-spread, deep-rooted.

One day the director of the Royal Library in Calcutta told me a story indicative of the extent and the character of Gandhij's influence. In the interest of the Library, the director had sent a Tibetan from India to visit various monasteries in an attempt to persuade some of the lamas to sell their holy books. This man kept a diary, and in it he recorded that he was very often asked whether it was true that the Second Buddha had been reincarnated in India and was known as Mahatma Gandhij. The Tibetans said they had heard that he was now waging war with the English King, but that, when his enemies tried to shoot him, their arrows passed harmlessly through his body. When they tried to crush him by running iron trains over him, he merely stood up twice as strong as before. The other answered that, though he had not heard of anything like this and did not believe it was true, certainly there were many marvels in this distant country of India. For instance, he himself had seen automobiles that flew in the air. "Now," said the Tibetans, "we know that you are lying to us. Now we do not believe anything you say." Thus had the Gandhij legend spread in roadless, trackless Tibet.

In a country where ninety-six per cent of the people are illiterate, it is something quite different from any fundamental understanding of Gandhij's political aspirations on behalf of India that gives him his support. Last winter we all read in the papers one morning how a certain tree in Calcutta was supposed to have sprouted *swaraj* leaves. "Swaraj" is a word of Sanskrit origin meaning self-rule or self-discipline. It has been incorporated in the ordinary political vocabulary to signify home rule. The leaves in question had some curious white markings that somebody had deciphered as "swaraj", and at the same time fibrous strands of a cotton-like substance appeared on the branches. In other words, when the people took to spinning their own cotton and weaving their own cloth, they would have *swaraj*! I intended to go and inspect that tree, but the evening papers announced that there had been a stampede of several hundred people who wished to possess the sacred leaves and that they had stripped the tree absolutely bare. Another story that impressed me indicates the tragic possibilities inherent in this blind acceptance of a faith. Gandhij has laid great insistence on the fact that India must be self-sustaining if she is to be self-governing. Toward that end he has preached the necessity of developing spinning and weaving as home industries and has urged that every one discard foreign-made cloth and put on the *swadeshi*, or home-made, product. One ignorant countrywoman who had heard

him make this plea returned to her mud-walled house and obediently flung out of the door her single garment of English cotton. Then she remembered that she had nothing to substitute for it. Two days later her son-in-law, wondering why she had not been to visit her daughter, came to see her, and before he could be warned, entered the house and beheld her in her pitiable condition. He at once rescued the discarded sari, threw it to her and went in search of the daughter. When they came back, they found that she had hanged herself with her sari, as the only means of expiating her disgrace.

After I had been in India a few weeks and had tested out the cloth bazar districts and the slums of some of the larger cities, I was on the point of believing that every one of the 319 million inhabitants of India knew all about Gandhi. That the mass of people cannot read does not stand in the way of their learning of the events of the times. In every village there is, of course, some person who is familiar with a written dialect, and he it is who sits of an evening by the well or in front of the shrine to the Monkey God, or whatever god may be worshiped in that village, and reads out the news from old papers that find their way, no one knows how, into the district. Moreover, the National Congress, a body of several hundred Indians who meet annually to pass resolutions as an expression of "public opinion", furnishes both paid workers and volunteers who have spread Gandhi propaganda assiduously for the past few years. Nevertheless I did find two people in India who had never heard of Gandhi, and there must be many hundreds of thousands to whom his name means less than it does to the casual reader of a metropolitan newspaper at home.

Biographical details can no more tell the essential points in a man's life than a tombstone screed can sum him up after death. Nevertheless, without them we are at a loss how to interpret the manuscript of what he is. Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi was born in October, 1869, in the province of Gujarat on the northwest coast of India. His family seem to have been local officials of sorts for a few generations back. There is nothing particularly to record of either his father or his mother except that they belonged to the third of the great Hindu castes, the Vaisya or trading caste, and were exceedingly strict in the observance of caste principles. Among these the doctrine of *ahimsa*, non-killing, is one of the most important. A biographer of Mr. Gandhi relates how Gandhi as a boy used to steal off with some of his school friends to the bank of a stream, for occasional meat-eating feasts, very much against the vegetarian tenet of his religion. It is the solitary sin I have found recorded against his name unless his brief effort, in his London days, at conversion to the standards of an Englishman must also be set down. Gandhi had early conceived the wish to go to England to study law. His mother opposed the scheme, and it was only after she had made him take three solemn vows in the presence of a Jain priest, to abstain from meat and from wine and to observe chastity, that she gave her consent to his leaving India. In London a friend took him in hand and tried to turn him into



Johnston and Hoffmann

THE HINDU GODDESS KALI

Although Gandhi Is a Hindu, He Is Openly Opposed to the Degenerate Aspects of Modern Hinduism

an imitation English gentleman. Under his tutelage Gandhi studied French, music and dancing, but there was something incompatible in all this with his deep-seated religious nature. Once at a dinner party as he was eating meat soup a sudden abhorrence came over him. He rose abruptly and left the room, much to the disgust of the friend who had brought him there. After this little incident he abandoned the attempted compromise with his principles and devoted himself solely to his studies.

When he returned to India, at the end of seven years, after he had been called to the Bar, his mother had just died. According to Indian custom, he had long before been married, at the age of twelve, to a child wife. He now prepared to settle down and began his practice of law in the Bombay High Court. Within a few months, however, a chance offer came to conduct a case in South Africa in which some Indians were concerned, and Gandhi embarked on that long chapter of his life which was to last for twenty years and to foreshadow in surprising detail his recent activities in India.

Just as the case on which he had gone out to South Africa was brought to a satisfactory conclusion and he was on the point of returning home, it became apparent that serious anti-Asiatic legislation was likely to be enacted in the colonial legislature. Gandhi decided to give up his personal career, so far as becoming merely a

successful barrister was concerned, and to devote all his strength and ability to serving his ignorant countrymen, of whom several thousand were at that time settled as indentured laborers, working in the mines and on the plantations, in Natal and the Transvaal.

Two aspects of Gandhi's life in South Africa are of interest in connection with his subsequent leadership in India. He began as a champion of the rights of labor, and it is among the laboring classes that he has chosen to spend practically the whole of his life. But in that isolated Indian community where the conflict between the white rulers and the Indian workers was necessarily a bitter one and where the Indians were at an appalling disadvantage, the sense of nationality and of patriotism emerged under the white heat of the fire. Mr. Gandhi became an ardent patriot.

In the second place, in organizing his campaign of Indian resistance to oppression and of open warfare on behalf of principles of justice, he made use of all the familiar western machinery of opposition, employing such coercive measures as strikes, refusal to recognize discriminatory legislation and voluntary imprisonments. But always he laid emphasis on the more spiritual side of the struggle. It was not primarily a material end they were fighting for, and the means to be employed must reflect that truth. One sees rapidly emerging all those ideas that have since given color to the movement in India. Physical force is to be met with soul force, that is, passive resistance. If non-coöperation on one side, instead of persuading those in power to give in, results in their using violence and physical force, those against whom this force is used will fearlessly bow the neck and offer their bodies to the will of their conquerors. Their souls yet remain their own. In the end soul will win. Through concentrating on this conception and on that of self-discipline as a means of attaining the self-control

essential to the successful working out of his program, the labor leader and patriot began to allow the religious side of his nature to expand. Mr. Gandhi became an austere, a great, religious teacher.

Both these attainments are the result of fine emotional capacities.

In 1914 Gandhi returned to take up the broken thread of his life in India. He came back a hero in the eyes of the Indian people. In South Africa he had earned four terms of imprisonment and the stigma of being considered an agitator, but he had succeeded in what he was trying to accomplish, namely, the protection of the right of Indian immigrants to settle down and own property and to be treated, as far as the law is concerned, on a basis of general equality with other inhabitants. He now turned his attention to the condition of affairs at home.

There, on the outskirts of the great industrial city of Ahmedabad in his own province of Gujarat, he founded at Sabarmati the *Satyagrah Ashram*, or asylum of truth-seeking. It is here that he has lived with his wife and several grandchildren, when not off on one of his exhaustive tours. His oldest son, who is not in complete sympathy with him, is a merchant in Calcutta. The second son has been active in carrying on various sorts of work in connection with the movement, particularly the teaching of Hindi as a national language, in Madras and elsewhere. At the time of my visit to Ahmedabad, in December, I made the acquaintance of the youngest son, who had just returned from South Africa where he has continued to publish *Indian Opinion*, the paper founded by his father years ago. He was trying to decide whether he would now remain in India with his father. Gandhi himself has spent the better part of five years in holding big meetings in every section of India, in traveling up and down in the interests of the campaign against the government and in performing the other acts of leadership that have devolved upon him.

As I jolted along, in a springless *ghari*, on my way to a talk with Gandhi in his own home, I felt how old a city Ahmedabad is and how surely, if I had time to hunt, I should find in it traces of Indian splendor. Long since it has outgrown its walls and pushed its way through its own gates in a clutter of small mud houses and dusty streets. Dirt and flies are everywhere, and that profusion of cheap lives characteristic of the East. I rode through the city, then across the river, where strips and squares of many brightly-colored pieces of cloth were being laid to dry on the banks, and out into the country. The road passed between brown, sun-burned fields. Wherever a tree grew, it cast a welcome shade. Little hammocks generally swung from the branches, and here the babies of women in trousers, working in the fields beyond, slept or wailed accord-



Ralph S. Rose

INDIAN VILLAGE POTTER AND HIS MUD HOME

It is the Ignorant Country Folk Who Have Come to Regard Gandhi with Superstitious Reverence as a Reincarnated Holy One. Herein Lies His Power

ing as their stomachs were full or empty. Wild peacocks occasionally trailed across the road, and once I saw a large monkey with a very long tail turning himself upside down by the gate-post of a land-owner's property. I drove for about an hour and a half and then I came to a cluster of isolated houses, some of them yet unfinished, scattered in haphazard fashion on both sides of the road. This, my driver told me, was the Satyagrah Ashram. It was a bare spot with no beauty except that of the dusty fields and wide horizon and sandy river. I saw no one about; so I followed a path that led through a garden of papaya-trees and magenta flower-beds to the covered veranda of one of the houses. The place looked rather neglected, clean enough, but evidently not occupying the attention of those who lived there. In a swinging settee sat Gandhi's son. He arose and, after disappearing for a moment into a room on the left, returned to say that his father was waiting to see me.

The Mahatma was sitting on a mattress on the floor, in front of a low table covered with books and papers. He took off his steel-rimmed spectacles and without getting up smiled pleasantly and invited me to sit on a square stool. I preferred the floor, however, and sat down on the piece of faded red cloth that did service as a carpet. A small spinning-wheel and some carded cotton were near the table. Otherwise the room was bare of furniture.

This home of Mr. Gandhi's outside Ahmedabad must, I think, be very similar to the one he founded nearly eighteen years ago in Natal. At that time he had been reading Ruskin's *Unto This Last* and conceived the idea of some sort of settlement in the country, where a small community of men and women might live together in spiritual unity. They were to divest themselves of all the artificial trappings of so-called civilization, and in this haven of sanctity and peace, through contact with nature and by rigid discipline of the body, come nearer to an understanding of divine principles. It was during this period that Gandhi laid upon himself and his family an iron yoke of habit. He gave away his fortune. He wore the simplest raiment and took only enough food to sustain life. He slept outdoors on a coarse blanket. If one knows India, one can appreciate why the superstitious report has spread that he possesses miraculous powers and that the arrows of his enemies have no power to do him injury.

At the Satyagrah Ashram Gandhi has gathered around him a curious group of disciples. They have taken eight vows: the vow of truth-seeking, of non-killing, of fearlessness, of "a celibate life, whether married or unmarried", of poverty and of control of the palate, the vow to use every influence to do away with caste regulations against the Untouchables,

which Gandhi believes to be the greatest blot on Hinduism, and finally the swadeshi vow—patronizing and encouraging home industry. About a hundred persons have become members of the community, but since many of them go out to carry on the work of organization in different parts of India, there are never so many at hand.

Just now, or at least when I visited the settlement, the tension of the political situation and Mr. Gandhi's determination to identify his religion with the government of India were reflected in the daily routine. Everybody was spinning. It is one of the fundamental points in his propaganda that India must become self-sustaining if she is to be self-governing. Agriculture is therefore to be supplemented by the creation of a spinning and weaving industry on a vast scale. Instead of exporting cotton to be bought back in the form of manufactured goods from Manchester, India will supply herself with what she needs, or as much of it as she can. But why advocate a return to the handicraft stage? Why must everybody possess a charka, or spinning-wheel, and produce his own hand-spun, hand-woven clothing? Mr. Gandhi gives two answers.

"I am not opposing the establishment of mills in India, but I am doing nothing to encourage it," he said to me. "Flooding India with mills will not solve the problem of the poverty of millions. Thirty million people at least live on only one meal a day, consisting of a *chapati* containing no fat and a pinch of salt. Our vast agricultural population is idle four months in the year. These are the people who suffer. Formerly we had a great spinning and weaving industry, but it was deliberately killed. It must be built up again."

Mr. Gandhi advocates the revival of cottage industries because he believes also that the material civilization of the West stifles the soul. He says of civilization: "People living in it make bodily welfare the object of life. . . . Formerly men were made slaves (*Continued on page 405*)

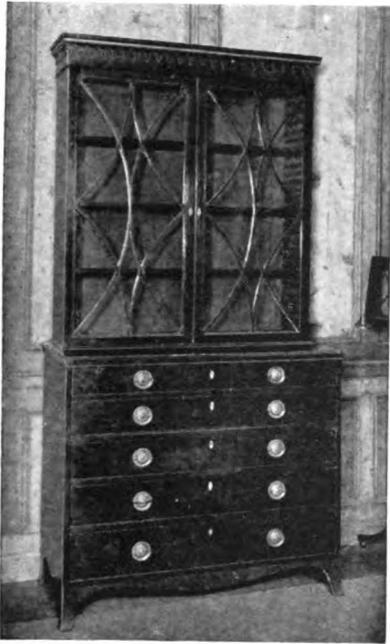


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THE DANCER OF SHAMAKHA

(Continued from page 344)

stopping to kill us, each began to seize whatever he could. Chairs, armchairs, little tables, curtains, mirrors leaped into the air and passed from hand to hand over the heads of the crowd. Furniture too heavy to lift was smashed. A flaming torch appeared. The house began to burn, but the pillaging continued in the smoke. A drunken Tartar struggled with a Russian for a blazing tapestry.

My father finished his prayer and told us to follow him. But we could not get through the crowd. Hundreds of men jammed the rooms and the stairways. The air was filled with thick smoke. From the upper stories men were escaping by jumping from balcony to balcony and sliding down the columns like monkeys. At intervals we still heard the song, "God Save Our Holy Czar," rising from the street, mixed with cries, "Death to the Armenians!"

The mob, terrified by the fire, carried us with it down the stairway into the court. Somehow we got through into an open space before the gates. Suddenly I heard curious, whistling sounds like the passing of insects with whirring wings. My father tottered and slowly sank back on me. I put my shoulder under his armpit and held him upright. Wishing to screen him from the bullets and having nothing, I covered him with my veil.

A few steps away the Cossacks, leaning back in their saddles, were smoking their pipes and watching the scene. I took the hem of the captain's coat between my fingers and said to him, "Brother, in the name of Christ, I beg you, save my father."

He spurred his horse and replied harshly, "To dogs the death of dogs."

I could say no more; my throat contracted. My father was sinking: I could not hold him up. I knelt, covering his face with kisses and tears. O my father, my father! He had said to me always, "My little daughter, you must not judge the good Russians by the deeds of the Cossacks. The true Russians are generous and kind. The Cossacks are a mongrel Tartar people, barbarians from the steppes of Siberia. One must not judge them too harshly, either; they do not know what they do."

My brothers lifted my father and carried him away. Weeping, we followed, supporting our mother. In the poor house of a rug-seller, we were given shelter.

My father's wound would not have killed him. But he was unable to survive all the horror and misfortune that had fallen upon him in these few hours. Both our house and all our wells were burned. The whole city was in flames, and even the waves of the Caspian Sea, covered with oil from the burning wells, spit fire like a dragon.

Thus the Cossacks celebrated the constitution the Czar gave Russia after his defeat at Port Arthur.

In a bare, small room, on a bed of rags, my father lay dying. "Forgive me," he said to my mother. "I did not mean to abandon you thus."

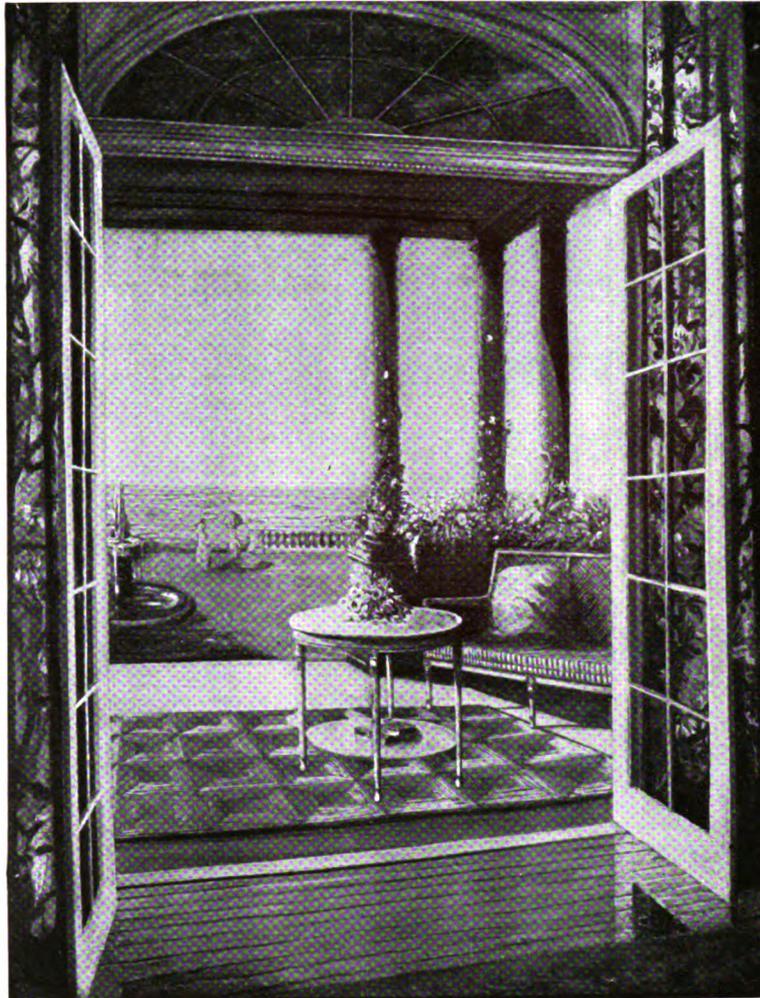
Seeing that my mother could hardly keep back her tears, I brought my little year-old nephew to my father, saying, "You will live, Grandfather, to teach me how to walk."

He turned toward the child, his eyes already dim. "Grandfather is going on a long journey."

These were his last words. The death agony began.

Overcome by the almost lethargic drowsiness that seizes

(Continued on page 398)



DURING the Summer months, the furnishings of home undergo a complete change—from the atmosphere of warmth, with the fireplace as the keynote—to surroundings indicative of everything bright and colorful with the open window furnishing the key.

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THE DANCER OF SHAMAKHA

(Continued from page 396)

me in moments of great anguish, I fell asleep near my dying father. When I awoke, he had breathed his last.

My mother, bent over him, did not even stir. "Gone, gone," she whispered.

Then, after a long silence, she knelt at the foot of his bed and remained there, motionless, her head in her hands, repeating over and over again, "I did not know that I loved you so much—I did not know."

It was the first time we had heard her speak of her love.

In the terror that still held the city we could not even decently mourn our dead. My father was buried hurriedly; his body, guarded by an escort of police, was carried through the streets, accompanied by a few brave men. My little mother, homeless and a widow, gathered us around her to consider what should be done.

"As for you, my little daughter," she said, embracing me tenderly, "you are to be married tomorrow."

This information surprised me very much. But when I learned that, even in the wreckage of our fortunes, a respected maker of marriages had found for me a husband in a young Persian, handsome, rich and of good family, I could not help being pleased.

"O my mother," I said, clasping her in my arms, "how can I bear to leave you?" My tears were sincere, but beneath the grief that was like a load of ashes on my heart I felt life becoming faintly warm again. Tomorrow I would escape from this nightmare of death and fear; I would go toward the sunshine again. I would be a bride amid the roses and fountains of Persian gardens. This marriage was great good fortune, and my mother was happy that our calamities had not destroyed her hopes of finding me a good husband. Even in our poverty, our name was so honorable that one of the noblest families of Persia would receive me as a daughter.

"Be obedient, my dear daughter; love your husband and honor his people. Do not forget daily to thank God, who has remembered us in our sorrow, and His blessing will be sunshine and dew upon you all the days of your life," she said, putting aside her violet mourning veils to kiss me for the last time.

We were so poor that even her veils had been given her, and my oldest married sister had dressed me in her own garments. She was to accompany me to the church; my mother, being in mourning, could not go, and in those days of terror there could be no marriage festivities. I embraced my mother and sisters, wrapped a dark cloak around me and hurried after my oldest sister.

It was evening. The city was in darkness, lighted only by the moon and the red glow from smoldering fires. A few policemen marched beside us, brusque and impatient because of the late hour. The district was under martial law; the streets were deserted. Some vagabond boys followed us across the square and into the church.

In the light of the candles upon the altar I saw three Persians. My heart beat painfully. I glanced at them, seeking the first sight of my husband. He was a young man, dark-eyed and with a brow like marble. This was all I saw before, modestly lowering my eyes, I knelt before the priest, who hurriedly began reading the marriage ceremony. He was obliged to make haste, so that we could catch the boat that was to take us to Persia.

In ASIA for June Armen Ohanian will tell the story of her life in Persia.



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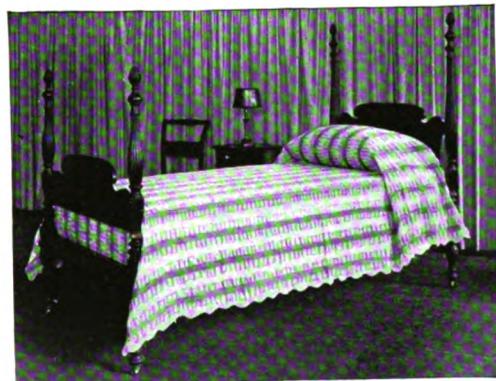
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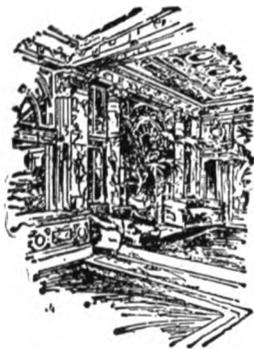
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"Asia At The Crossroads" is a handsome octavo of 325 Pages and 50 Illustrations. It is published by The Century Co., 353 Fourth Ave., New York City. Price \$3.00.

POLITICS AND PALEONTOLOGY

(Continued from page 364)

Tungting Lake in Hunan Province, where he is spending the winter. This lake, which is not far from the Yangtze River, presents extraordinary possibilities for intensive study. Centuries ago it was probably connected with the sea, and because it almost dries up in winter, the reptilian and fish life that it contains is of an unusual character.

Some years ago Mr. Gerrit Miller, of the United States National Museum, described a remarkable fresh water porpoise from the Tungting Lake. He had only the skull and neck vertebrae, but these demonstrated that the animal was a member of the family *Inidae*, the only other representative of which lives in the Orinoco River of South America. The family was abundant in the Miocene period some two million years ago. This Tungting Lake species, which Mr. Miller named *Lipotes*, presents so many primitive characters that it is almost a "living fossil".

I had given Mr. Pope particular instructions to make every effort to obtain a specimen of *Lipotes*, and on Christmas day I received a telegram announcing his success. He has carefully preserved all the viscera and bones. The anatomical study of this material may yield some highly interesting results for the evolutionary history of whales and porpoises. Mr. Pope also got from the lake another porpoise, which I cannot identify until I have examined the skeleton.

These acquisitions alone would have made his trip successful, but he has obtained many other specimens. His letters indicate that he has already collected a valuable series of fish and reptiles and that he is about to start on a special trip to obtain Yangtze River alligators. Although crocodiles are widely distributed, alligators are found only in Florida and in the Yangtze River. They bury themselves in the mud during the winter. Mr. Pope will make a careful study of their habits in the Yangtze in order that a group may be prepared in the American Museum of Natural History.

With the exception of my personal field trips, which will be described in subsequent articles, this gives a fairly complete account of the activities of the Third Asiatic Expedition up to January 1, 1922. I should now like to say a few words in regard to the next campaign. South and west of Urga there is an enormous belt of little known country, which extends to the northern frontier of Chinese Turkestan. Across this stretches the desolate waste of the western Gobi Desert, cut from the northwest by vast chains of mountains. This region the Third Asiatic Expedition hopes to investigate soon.

There is excellent reason to believe that in remote geological ages this entire plateau was less arid than at present and had a more salubrious climate. That it may have been the home of primitive men and animals is a theory that has much support. At present its geology and paleontology and, in a less degree, its zoology are but little known. No reliable maps are extant, and modern information as to its

resources rests largely upon the verbal accounts of Russian traders. Its people are the semi-nomadic Mongols, whose lives and customs offer a fascinating field for study because they are living today much as they lived seven hundred years ago in the glorious days of Kublai Khan.

Our plan is to make a thorough reconnaissance of this region from the point of view of paleontology, geology, zoölogy and photography. In a country so remote and of such vast distances, transportation is the main problem. With camels we should require two years to cover the territory we wish to investigate in six months; therefore we shall attempt to use automobiles and motor-trucks. While working in the mountains and along the foothills, we shall, of course, depend on horses, but we ought to find the cars invaluable for rapid movement over the plains and for the transfer of our men and equipment from place to place. Mr. Bayard Colgate, of Orange, New Jersey, is in charge of transportation, and in preparation he has spent several weeks at the various automobile factories. So complete an assortment of "spare parts" has been shipped to China that he feels confident we could almost build a new car in the desert.

No cars have ever been within many miles of this area, but I am sure, from what I learned while in Mongolia two years ago, that they can be used. I believe it to be largely a matter of thorough preparation in advance. The two trucks have been selected because of their lightness and solid construction. They will be used as movable bases to supply three automobiles with gasoline and accessories. We shall run for a hundred miles or so and camp, and in the smaller cars the members of our scientific staff can carry on their investigations over a large circle with the trucks at the center. This method we shall repeat over the entire region. Two field bases will be established—one almost in the center of Mongolia, three hundred miles southwest of Urga, and the other some three hundred miles farther west. This winter a hundred camels will carry gasoline, food, camp and motor equipment and scientific apparatus to these bases, so that all will be in readiness when the staff leaves Kalgan on April 15, to begin active work.

Our staff will consist of twelve native assistants and seven foreigners: Charles P. Berkey and Frederick Morris, geologists and topographers, Walter Granger, paleontologist, Bayard Colgate, manager of transportation, J. B. Shackelford, cinematographer, F. A. Larsen, field manager, and Roy Chapman Andrews, zoölogist and leader of the Expedition.

What this Expedition will yield of value in paleontology and geology no one can tell. I am confident of its entire success zoölogically. Cartographically it should be of value. Photographically it cannot but be of exceeding interest.

If our hopes are realized, next summer's work will be but a beginning, and the following year more detailed maps will be made and our staff of scientists will be enlarged. If we are disappointed in the initial reconnaissance, there are other fields to conquer. Tibet, the land of mystery and of glamor, awaits us.



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WHAT HAPPENED IN SIBERIA

(Continued from page 378)

could be found on the building occupied by the Japanese troops, though the nearby buildings occupied by the Russian military were riddled. So it was, wherever there had been fighting. It would seem strange that the Japanese should be attacked simultaneously in three widely separated cities, that all the casualties should be Russian, that the Japanese should be ready to put up signs in Japanese characters with the names of all the stations on the railway between Nikolsk and Vladivostok and that suddenly troops should be found all along the railway.

What events like these meant to the Russians I can best tell by a concrete case. In Nikolsk there was a Russian school-teacher named Polushkin. He was also secretary of the Railway Club, housed in a building that had been seized by the Japanese military. As secretary he went to the club to get some papers. By several people he was seen entering. He was never seen to come out. He was never seen again. The affair was reported by the Russians to the American railway inspectors in Nikolsk. They asked the Japanese chief of *gendarmerie* to investigate. He denied that the man had ever come into the building. The affair was then reported to the Inter-Allied Railway Committee, which could find out nothing.

Through this entire period there came reports from our Technical Board in Harbin of demoralization of the Chinese Eastern Railway by the Japanese. Trains were being stopped, sent back, held for long intervals. Russians were being arrested and executed without trial. Men were beaten. Private residences were searched. Everywhere terror reigned. The Japanese had seized upon the excuse that they had to protect Korea and China from Bolshevism, which the American press swallowed, and then they sent Semenov, Kalmykoff and other Russian employees off on sacking expeditions to prove that there was disorder in the country.

The effect on the Siberians can be imagined. They were goaded to fury, the more frantic for being helpless. In constant dread, submitted to every indignity and outrage, they took their revenge, where they could, by boycotting Japanese goods. For, remember, the Japanese brought in thousands of merchants and exploiters as their clutch tightened, and simultaneously they prevented business men of other nationalities from shipping their goods on the railway.

On one occasion the Russian railway workers threatened to strike in protest against the way they were treated by the Japanese. Mr. Matsudaira, the Japanese member of the Railway Committee, came to me and asked me to intercede, knowing that I spoke Russian and had the confidence of the workers. I went to them and finally dissuaded them from striking, on the plea that all would suffer if the railway ceased operations. When I reported my success to Mr. Matsudaira, he told me he should like to talk to one of the workmen directly and pressed me to arrange an interview. I asked the head of the switchmen’s union if he would talk to Mr. Mat-

sudaira. He consented, and I brought him to my office and called Mr. Matsudaira.

Mr. Matsudaira asked why the Russians were so opposed to the Japanese. “For three reasons,” said the Russian: “because of the undemocratic government of Japan and because of the brutalities of Japanese intervention and because of the Japanese treatment of Korea.” Mr. Matsudaira admitted that Japan was not a democratic country and that the army was not under the control of the civil government, but he said that Japan would soon be democratic. He made rather a lame explanation of the intervention and was silent on Korea. He then asked the Russian to come to his house. The Russian hesitated a moment and then spoke to me in Russian, which Mr. Matsudaira did not understand. “Should I go?” he asked. I asked him why not. He said he feared that it was a ruse to trap him and that he would be arrested. I explained to Mr. Matsudaira, who looked embarrassed and then wrote out a safe-conduct on his visiting-card.

A few days later I met the Russian and asked him how he had fared on his visit. Mr. Matsudaira, he said, had argued with him lengthily and then asked him to go to the Russian workmen and tell them that Japan was all right.

“Did you?” I asked.

“No.”

“Why not?”

“Because I don’t want to be hanged by my own people.”

Now I want to make one point clear. I do not think the reprehensible policy of the Japanese military was the expression of the unanimous will of the Japanese. I have had evidence to the contrary. I know, for instance, that, at sessions of the Inter-Allied Railway Committee, Mr. Matsudaira himself frequently squirmed when confronted by the fact that the army had violated his promises. I know that at times he intervened with the military to call them off some outstandingly evil project. I have had one of the foremost publicists speak condemningly to me of the actions of the Japanese military.

Once in Harbin, while I was reading in my private car, in which I lived, a Japanese in a colonel’s uniform entered. “I will not tell you my name,” he said, “for I should be ruined if this were known, but I want to tell you that there are some of us who are ashamed of the conduct of our representatives here and that it does not typify our people. We ought to get out and leave these Russians alone. I cannot give you my name, but you may tell your government what I have said.”

Less dramatic but more enlightening and promising was a visit I had from a representative of the Bank of Japan, accompanied by a Japanese Foreign Office man. They came to protest against the conduct of their own army and asked me to protest also to my government in the strongest possible terms. I told them I usually did.

Another man of wide financial interests came to me once and said: “We are trying to enlist the help of America. We are trying to abolish in our country the graft

that ruined China and Russia too. I can tell you our largest business houses all feel the same way. Our very army officers here are engaged in corruption, besides following a line of conduct that can only make us enemies in Russia. We want you to fight the military all you can." By way of proving his sincerity he told me of definite cases of corrupt deals then under way, involving the military clique and certain business firms. I had heard something of these matters before. He confirmed the information I had that certain officers of high rank were helping Japanese business companies with political connections to evade customs duties on commercial shipments into Siberia. Through him also I obtained a hint that commercial shipments were entering the country as Red Cross supplies, with the connivance of military officers.

I had later a specific instance of this kind of trickery from an American who told me of a Russian firm that refused his orders because the Japanese underbid him. He was curious to know how such a thing was possible. The Russian showed him goods that had come in cases marked with the Red Cross stamp.

"Why can't you do this?" the Russian asked.

I should add that I reported this whole matter to Mr. Matsudaira and that he immediately took steps to prevent the dishonest practices of Japanese importers.

Let me say in conclusion just why and how the Siberian question is of practical, immediate importance to Americans. It concerns our commerce now, our legitimate commerce. Just before I left Siberia, there arrived in Vladivostok a twelve-car shipment of hardware consigned to a Russian importer in the west. When the American agent tried to have the goods shipped, he was balked. The Japanese would not give him the cars. One carload left immediately, because that contained a small Japanese order. The remainder of the shipment was held up for two months.

A little later there came a British consignment of cable. It, too, eventually got through but only after long delay. The Japanese insisted and still insist that no trains shall leave Vladivostok without their permission. How long British and American competitors could hold out under such conditions, experience in Dairen, Tsingtao, Port Arthur and other Japanese-controlled ports proves.

In Siberia, as in China, there is hope in the existence of a class of Japanese who feel as do some of the minority I have cited, but this class, though liberal, is now decidedly in the minority and powerless. It can but slightly mitigate the evils of the nature of the Japanese occupation and of the occupation itself. So long as the Japanese are in Siberia, there must be trouble. Until they leave, a real Siberian government cannot possibly be established. Trumped-up revolutions will be unceasing, and each will bring its loss of life and property. This is the real crime of the Japanese occupation. But I would not seem to lay the crime at Japanese doors exclusively. I have tried to point out that the European Allies and America must share the guilt. That is the real tragedy of Siberia.



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WATS OF BANGKOK

(Continued from page 383)

son was in complete control. He called together all of his nobles and asked them for support in his usurpation of the throne. Then, with their unanimous consent, he became Rama III, while Monkut, the legitimate heir to the throne, went into a monastery. When Rama III was approaching his end, he refused to appoint his successor. He had received his crown from his nobles, he said, and he would return it to them. He would make no recommendations but would leave behind a hint, which they might follow or not as they chose. Shortly after this decision, he caused a crown to be set above the pinnacle of Wat Arün, the highest point anywhere about. Thus he placed over all Bangkok the "crown", the Siamese word for which is *monkut*. Then the nobility, perceiving what the King had desired, called Monkut to the throne as Rama IV. Thus Wat Arün bears everlasting testimony to the fact that Rama III had no wish to establish a new dynasty.

So many wats have interesting stories connected with their origin and subsequent history that three times the space allotted to this article could be filled with such tales. So many are intrinsically beautiful that, out of the six hundred and ninety-six wats of Bangkok, at least two-thirds merit particular and detailed description. There is Wat Sampeng, where one of the loveliest of altars offers all sorts of pretty things to the Lord Buddha while the priests drink tea on the shady portico and the temple servants wash dishes between courses, squatting near by on the stone flags of the pavement and drawing water from the little ornamental pond of not over fresh water before the temple. Not far from Wat Sampeng, there is Wat Samplüm, where the crocodiles are kept—the creatures to which, in by-gone days, men convicted of some particularly heinous crime used to be flung. There is Wat Benjama Bopit, erected by the late King, all done in the loveliest of white Carrara marble, with a hundred and fifty bronze Buddhas lining its corridors, no two of them the same and most of them older than Bangkok. There is Wat Sudhat. On its walls is portrayed in exquisitely neat little pictures, none more than eighteen inches square, the entire *Ramayana*; and before its altar sit eighty-eight plaster likenesses of meditating disciples, in the costume of the priests of today. There is Wat Sakhet, perched at least two hundred feet in the air on the top of Golden Hill, which is made of brick and originally had a gold-leaf veneer.

Shady courtyards dotted with pretty little rest-houses and stone figures of bizarre Chinese workmanship, well-trimmed shrubbery, decorated temple buildings, tinkling temple bells, bronze, stone and golden Buddhas, row after row of them, sitting calmly, benignly—meditating, gigantic figures of Phra Bhut in huge, dim, fragrant chambers, laughing voices of playing children, droning voices of studying children, raucous cries of food-vendors, and the rising and falling cadences of Pali chants—of such are the wats of Bangkok.

GANDHI, RELIGIOUS POLITICIAN

(Continued from page 395)

under physical compulsion; now they are enslaved by temptation of money and of the luxuries that money can buy." And elsewhere, "According to the teaching of Mohammed this would be considered Satanic civilization. Hinduism calls it the Black Age." In contrast to the materialistic creed of western nations he says that "Hinduism, Islamism, Zoroastrianism, Christianity and all other religions teach that we should remain passive about worldly pursuits and active about godly pursuits." In Gandhi's own tongue, Gujarati, the equivalent for civilization is best translated as "good conduct".

I should like to quote at length one passage from his book on *Indian Home Rule*, because it seems to me to sum up his idealistic view of life and at the same time to reveal his inherent mental weakness:

"We notice that mind is a restless bird; the more it gets the more it wants, and still remains unsatisfied. The more we indulge our passions, the more unbridled they become. Our ancestors, therefore, set a limit to our indulgences. They saw that happiness was largely a mental condition. A man is not necessarily happy because he is rich, or unhappy because he is poor. Millions will always remain poor. Observing all this, our ancestors dissuaded us from luxuries and pleasures. We have managed with the same kind of plough as it existed thousands of years ago. We have retained the same kind of cottages that we had in former times, and our indigenous education remains the same as before. We have had no system of life-corroding competition. Each followed his own occupation or trade, and charged a regulation wage. It was not that we did not know how to invent machinery, but our forefathers knew that, if we set our hearts after such things, we would become slaves and lose our moral fibre. They, therefore, after due deliberation, decided that we should only do what we could with our hands and feet. They saw that our real happiness and health consisted in a proper use of our hands and feet. They further reasoned that large cities were a snare and a useless encumbrance, and that people would not be happy in them, that there would be gangs of thieves and robbers, prostitution and vice flourishing in them, and that poor men would be robbed by rich men. They were, therefore, satisfied with small villages. They saw that kings and their swords were inferior to the sword of ethics, and they, therefore, held the sovereigns of the earth to be inferior to the Rishis and the Fakirs."

It is in statements like this that we see the Indian mind at work. In the West there is no fundamental scorn of life in itself. But the ancient East has grown weary of the struggle. All Eastern philosophies teach that life is a process of pain from which we must seek to escape. Over against an unhappy reality mankind will always create in imagination that state of perfection for which the soul yearns. Some of us invent a Bright

(Continued on page 407)

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GANDHI, RELIGIOUS POLITICIAN

(Continued from page 405)

Heaven yet to come, and some look back to a Golden Age that never was. Mr. Gandhi is of this latter sort. Only once in all his writings or speech did I ever find the slightest suggestion that perhaps this Vedic India he so persistently paints as an actual historical reality was not that, after all. He was elaborating his conception of the joy and beauty to be found in cottage industry and the happiness of village life worked out on this principle. "I always hear divine voices telling me in my ears that such life was a matter of fact once in India, but even if such an India be the idle dream of a poet, it does not matter. Is it not necessary to create such an India now? . . . I cannot bear the heart-rending cry of the poor." And when he left South Africa to return home after his twenty years of voluntary exile, he wrote as his final word, "I believe that it is in India that the nearest approach to perfection is possible."

All that morning that I spent with Gandhi at his Ashram, he himself sat spinning. He looked like the fifteenth century poet Kabir, thin, bare from the waist up, one hand holding the twirling cotton and the other turning the wheel.

The day at Sabarmati begins at half past four in the morning, when all the members of the community gather outdoors for prayers. There are no monastic rules requiring that everybody do the same thing at the same time. The Satyagrah philosophy encourages independence. It is merely the bond of a common effort that brings together the various persons associated with the Ashram. But since the spirit is one, the day falls into a natural order. Between the early prayers and breakfast people busy themselves as they please, performing the simple tasks of cooking, cleaning or attending to other personal matters. According to Indian custom, each family or individual prepares food separately and eats alone. After breakfast the work of the day begins in earnest, and continues until evening prayers at six. Until lately there was a school attached to the settlement, but Gandhi has become somewhat indifferent to the idea of the school. Even the young, he says, must make their sacrifice at this critical time and devote themselves to national work of some kind. So when I went through the grounds and inspected some of the other buildings, I saw little evidence of anything going on except work in connection with the swadeshi part of Gandhi's program. A curious twang echoed from a number of cell-like rooms opening off a covered passage on an open court. When I put my head inside one or two doors, I saw young men carding raw cotton with a tightened string. In the weaving school a child six years old was busily spinning. From this homemade thread cotton cloth of several varieties was being produced on hand-loom, operated by weavers of the neighborhood and poor women paid to do the work. Two of the women were rocking their babies in hammocks beside their looms,

(Continued on page 409)

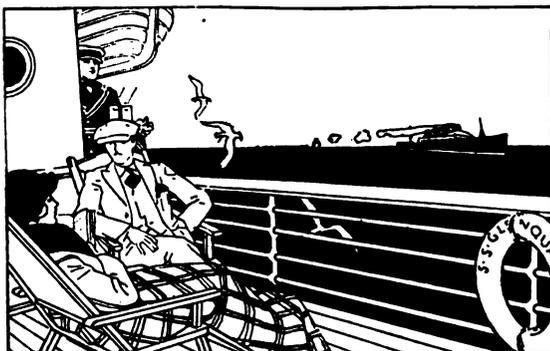
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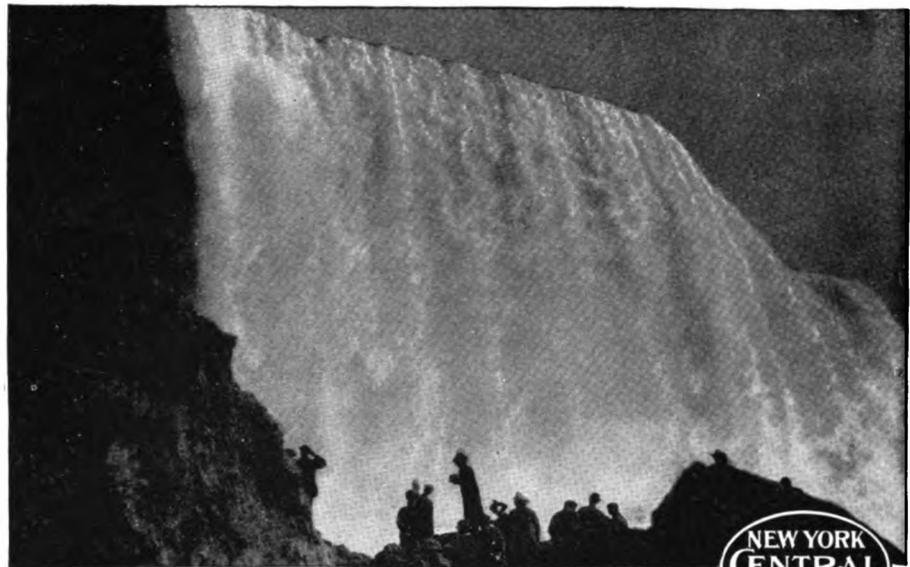
GANDHI, RELIGIOUS POLITICIAN

(Continued from page 407)

swinging them by a rope fastened to the big toe. All the cloth is sold, and the money goes into the swaraj fund.

It seemed strange that a movement of tremendous political destruction should emanate from such a place. But it was after all only the background of a different sort of activity. Gandhi himself, although he has taken to spinning a great deal of the time, also writes his weekly copy of *Young India* at the little desk in front of his lowly pallet.

All the time I was at Sabarmati people were coming and going, making reports on the progress of the non-coöperation movement in all parts of India. The organization has long been an elaborate one, reaching out to every village. I saw a little by what process this organization is carried on, although I had only my eyes to interpret for me. Gandhi's room gradually filled up with persons waiting to interview him. I remember being struck by the variety of these people, both as to apparent position in life and occupation. There were several barefoot Hindu gentlemen in swadeshi skirts and shirts and Gandhi caps. So far no one has copied Gandhi's style of entirely dispensing with an upper garment. These men were obviously political organizers. A Jain priest, wearing his yellow robe over a coarse shirt, came in and sat down by the wall, depositing near him his red lacquer begging-bowl and his drinking-cup made from a coconut shell. I felt sure that a Jewish-looking man, perhaps Persian, was, like myself, a stranger. He kept looking around with a nervous, pleasant smile. He wore a high white cap and a long coat, with an agate watch-chain, and carried a black walking-stick with a silver top. Then there was a strange-looking man with curly black hair reaching to his shoulders and black glasses, which gave him a fantastic appearance, as if he were masquerading. And then there were two very neat gentlemen dressed in sheer white linen with red and gold borders to their dhotis and flat red turbans tightly folded. They looked like wealthy merchants, but one, from the fine red lines painted between his eyes was evidently a Brahman. He wore a large diamond ring. Yet he had intimate business with this man whose vow of poverty was a visual reality before us. Besides these visitors, who had all come on business, there was a constant stream of silent women, presenting themselves just within the doorway, kneeling down and touching their foreheads to the floor in humble reverence, gazing a few seconds with awe upon Gandhi—spinning at his wheel and never even looking at them—and then making way for the others who had collected at the door. Occasionally Gandhi greeted some one who entered the room, but for the most part he did not lift his eyes from his work. He seemed to have great power of concentration. Once he remarked that he had set aside the hour from three to four to see strangers, and he seemed annoyed that the streams of silent women had somehow found their way into



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Nothing in Turner's finest water color drawings is so ethereal, so imaginative, so gorgeous in color.—CHARLES DICKENS.

The sublimity of rest is a distant view of the Alps; the sublimity of motion is Niagara.—RICHARD COBDEN.

Niagara is the Titan in whose presence you stand dumb.
—BAYARD TAYLOR.

Blessed were the wanderers of old, who heard its deep roar sounding through the woods, and approached its awful brink in all the freshness of native feeling.—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

I know of no other thing so beautiful, so glorious and so powerful.
—ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

Niagara calls up the indefinite past.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Niagara appears divinely and deliciously graceful—a specimen of the splendor and wonder of water at its finest.—SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

I do not know that there is anything in nature more majestic than the view of the rapids above the Falls.—DUKE OF ARGYLL.

If we fix our thoughts on the lapse of time required by the recession of the Niagara from the escarpment to the Falls—how immeasurably great will its duration appear in comparison with the sum of years to which the annals of the human race are limited.
—SIR CHARLES LYELL.

Nothing quite compares with the sensation of standing “where Niagara stuns with thundering sound,” and feeling with Lincoln, the power of this great cataract to picture the story of the human race through the ages.

An illustrated booklet of Niagara Falls may be obtained free of charge by addressing the Advertising Department, New York Central Lines, Grand Central Terminal.

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One part of Antung is a modern town developed by the South Manchuria Railway Company. Banks, shops, schools, a hospital, broad clean streets, modern civic administration and the latest sanitary improvements are found there.

The old native section, called Sha-ho-chen, has the ancient charm and individuality of all Chinese cities. At various times in the year picturesque caravans bring into Antung the *tussah*, or wild silk-worm cocoons, from which pongee silk is made. There are a number of modern silk filatures and many native silk-reeling houses using the old, Oriental equipment.

Dense forests along the Yalu River, navigable for 270 miles above Antung, are a prolific source of lumber, which is floated down the river in curiously constructed rafts.

The production of bean oil is another important Antung industry, and it offers attractive opportunities to American manufacturers for the installation of modern oil-pressing machinery.

Antung imports cotton yarn, cloth, food-stuffs, wheat flour, hardware, sugar, kerosene and other products, and is one of the big, fast-growing cities of Manchuria.

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his presence at a time not set aside for them.

While we were discussing his idea of the right type of education for India, suddenly he looked up and asked me abruptly whether I would excuse him while he went to take his bath. "Otherwise the whole of my day will be upset," he explained. He was gone about twenty minutes and then came back, followed by his wife, a thin little woman with a personality curiously reflecting that of her husband. She, too, has known her prison sentences in South Africa. With other Indian women there, she led in a fervid refusal to recognize the new law that legislators attempted to pass when the anti-Asiatic feeling was running high, declaring void the Indian marriage laws and customs. From the first to the last she has stood staunchly by the side of her husband, obeying without question and with such understanding as may be derived only from the school of life and the promptings of her heart, his exacting requirements. For no one may live near Gandhi and enjoy a life of ease. Now she brought to him his noonday meal, milk in an old silver bowl (this was the solitary object in the house even whispering that Mr. Gandhi had once known and enjoyed wealth) and the equivalent of a biscuit, which he ate as he continued talking to me. When he finished the milk, he took some sliced orange, and his meal was over.

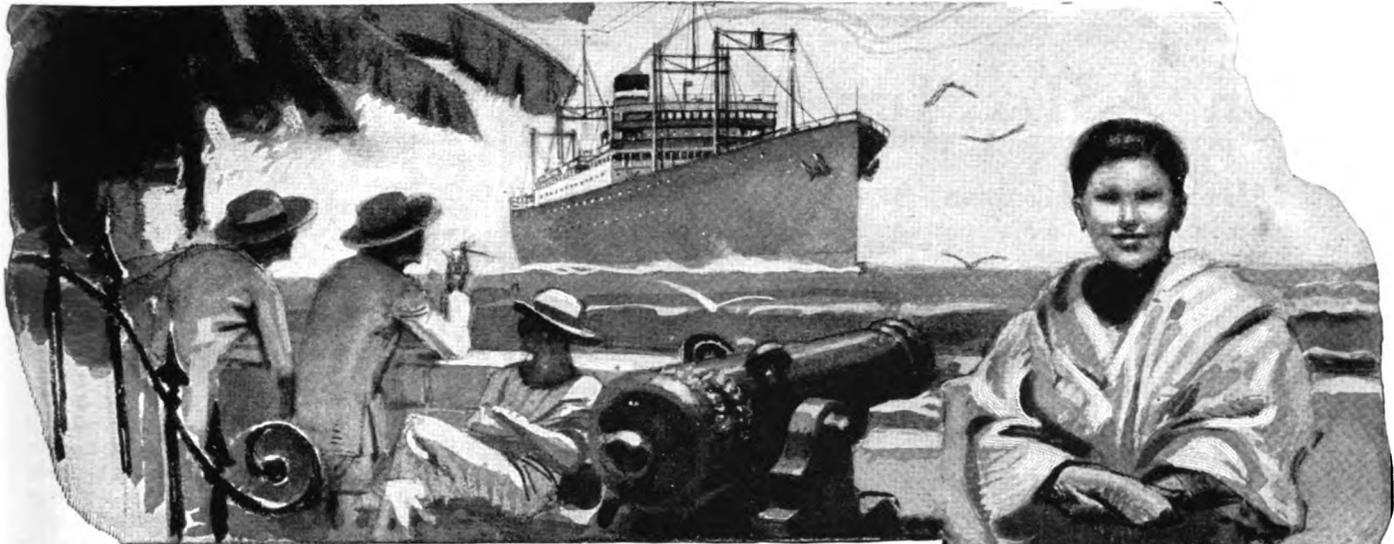
At the time when I went to see Gandhi, it seemed evident that the non-coöperation program was about to adopt new measures of some sort. The government had recently abandoned its tolerant policy under which Gandhi had been free to say everything he pleased wherever he pleased, with one brief exception, since his return to India in 1915. The Viceroy had recently declared that Government was determined to put down this confused opposition, which had for its aim not any concrete reforms, but a policy of forcing the government to yield large measures of control. To whom? In what manner? To what end? Those are questions that the Indian politician never seriously confronts. Force the government to give in. That is the sole cry.

When I asked Gandhi what steps he now proposed to follow in his policy of non-violent non-coöperation he made an astonishing answer:

"I expect to have peace established in India at the end of three months, but this will depend on our ability to exhibit real strength, that is, to suffer. We will flood the gaols of the country. Now that the government has taken up repression in earnest, all we need to do is to feed the government gaols as soon as possible. Then the administration will come to a standstill, not because of the arrest of a few thousands, but because it cannot face such an expression of deep discontent. You see, I still give the government credit for feelings of sincere humanity."

"There are three reasons for this program of voluntary arrests. It will bring the government to a standstill. This is the lowest reason. A higher reason is that we need discipline in suffering. If we weaken at facing imprisonments, the little pin-pricks in store for us, then we

(Continued on page 412)



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In ASIA for June

Sidelights on Indian Nationalism *by Gertrude Emerson*

Saint and politician. So Mahatma Gandhi is described by Gertrude Emerson in the May number of ASIA. In June, she will follow her picture of the man as she saw him with an article on the complex background of India against which he stands. Miss Emerson, associate editor of ASIA, fresh from four months in India, writes with sympathy but without sentimentality. One can look to her for a calm and unprejudiced analysis of a very troubled situation.

The Quest of the Golden Fleece *by Roy Chapman Andrews*

Roy Chapman Andrews, the leader of the Third Asiatic Expedition, sent by ASIA, the American Asiatic Association and the American Museum of Natural History, to search for human fossils even more ancient than the Java Ape Man, who lived 500,000 years ago, has established his headquarters in Peking, and members of his expedition are now in the field. He will tell the story of his experiences in remote mountain regions of China, where he went to get specimens of the takin,— the Golden Fleece of the Orient.

Mahommed—Her Conqueror *by Demetra Vaka*

Against the vivid background of the havoc wrought by fire and sword, Mrs. Kenneth-Brown pictures the life of a well-born Turkish girl and her two youthful aunts, who fled by boat from their ruined house and in a delightfully high-handed way commandeered the quarters of a Turkish policeman in the town where they went ashore. The events that follow illustrate very prettily the way in which love laughs at social distinction, and, very profoundly, the price that Turkish women have to pay for their new freedom. But "MAHOMMED—HER CONQUEROR" is a story that everybody who is interested in marriage will want to read. Its psychology is none the less universally human because it happens to be Turkish.

Spring Millinery in the East

An eight-page insert of photographs Oriental beauties in strange head-dresses, taken in lands where the styles have not changed for centuries. These handsome pictures, printed on special paper in colored ink, are interesting both as studies in costume and as examples of modern photography. And they are only a few among the many excellent pictorial features.

The Opinions of the Sayyid *by John Dos Passos*

"Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about; but evermore
Came out by the same door wherein I went."

The Sayyid, in whose company John Dos Passos, author of *Three Soldiers*, made a journey through Persia, apparently did not differ much from the old Persian philosophers whom Omar the Tentmaker berates, but he was a very pleasant traveling companion. And delightful and original are the impressions of Persia and Persians set down by Mr. Dos Passos, who had a "spasm of revolt against the romantic Morris Gest-Pierre Loti sort of Orient."

The Three Hundred and Twenty Little Sultans

by Laurence Shaw Moore

Yussuf Kemal Bey has gone home to Angora after the Near Eastern Conference, with a proposal for a Greek-Turkish armistice in his hand. Will that proposal be accepted? The decision rests with the Great National Assembly—"the three hundred and twenty little sultans" that constitute the government of Nationalist Turkey. Mr. Moore, who has recently returned from Angora, will describe the machinery of that government. And he will give glimpses of some of the interesting personalities of official circles, from Halideh Hanum, the brilliant feminist, who won a corporalship in active service on the Anatolian front, to Mustapha Kemal himself.

The Dancer of Shamakha

by Armen Ohanian

In the third installment of her memoirs, which will appear in the June ASIA, Armen Ohanian will tell how she was brought to the home of her Persian husband—of her life in this rigid patriarchal household, where her father-in-law, stern and religious, made her learn the two hundred and forty-four names of the fathers of Abraham; her honeymoon in Teheran in the garden of a palace of a Vizir; the desire of her husband to save the world; and the sudden eclipse of her perfect happiness.

Four Years of Mistakes in Siberia *by Charles H. Smith*

Is the Far Eastern Republic in the same position that our own young and struggling republic occupied in the dark years following the American Revolution? Are we to help Siberia get on its feet? Did we make a mistake in giving Siberia soldiers instead of economic aid? Charles H. Smith, American representative on the Inter-Allied Railway Committee in Siberia, will take you behind the scenes.

GANDHI, RELIGIOUS POLITICIAN

(Continued from page 410)

cannot expect peace in three months. The struggle will be infinitely prolonged. We must remain dignified and calm. With quiet dignity we must go into the gaols. Lastly, we feel uneasy, remaining in so-called freedom in a state we hold to be corrupt."

I asked Mr. Gandhi why it was that he himself had not been arrested, when so many subordinate leaders of the movement were now in gaol. Only that morning had come news of the arrest of C. R. Das, president of the National Congress.

"My turn will come," he answered.

"After the Prince leaves?" I queried.

"No, before then. I hope to be able to precipitate my arrest. It will come in January, I think."

"But do you not think that, if you are arrested, there will be serious outbreaks of violence all over India?" I asked. It was an important point. On it hung my final judgment as to Gandhi's sincerity in his non-violent pronouncements.

"The people of India are receptive to the doctrine of non-violence," he answered quickly. "For hundreds of years they have been trained in it. I find no difficulty in making people here listen to that doctrine, but I should be laughed at all over Europe if there I gave expression to such an idea. Big audiences here have listened to me with attention and with understanding. It is because the people themselves know and love this ideal of non-violence that they attribute to me extraordinary powers. They have always believed in it. It will be India's salvation."

"But we would have sent in thousands to the gaols before this, if up to this time we had not been afraid of the outbreak of violence. Now the time has come for the final test. The leaders are going to gaol, and the people too will offer themselves gladly for imprisonment."

"But if you are making a mistake? If your arrest does precipitate revolution?"

For a moment Gandhi was silent and thoughtful. "Then," he said, "everything that I have done will have been in vain. I shall have lived my life in vain. There will be no more use for me or for my work. I shall die in prison. I shall declare a perpetual fast."

The three months have nearly passed, but peace as predicted by Gandhi is not established in India. Gandhi was arrested three weeks ago. We have heard of no violent demonstrations. One report has said that everywhere the people are waiting expectantly for the locks to fall off the doors of his prison. But to those of us who have just left India, the calm seems rather like a lull before a storm. Between the high points of Gandhi's religious and patriotic ideals lies something futile that is part of the man. But he himself has said:

"See me please in the nakedness of my working and in my limitation; you will then know me . . . my path is destined to be through jungles and temples. The glamour produced by the saintly politician has vanished. Let us be judged eye to eye."

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THE THIRTEEN PRINCIPAL UPANISHADS.
Translated by Dr. R. E. Hume, Union Theological Seminary. Oxford University Press, 1921.

THE earliest literary source of that strain of mysticism which makes people delight in Tagore, the first picture of those views of life which give characteristic charm to such Indian stories as ASIA has been publishing, the first revelation of that indefinable spirit which we know as "The Call of the East"—this is what the Upanishads are. But they are more than this. They are the earliest records of the earnest search of a philosophically minded people after the First Cause, of their bold attempts to solve the great problems of the universe. All this Dr. Hume's book reveals to us in plain, simple language, helping us to reproduce the very scenes in which ancient philosophers disputed at the courts of kings, so that we see them as real personalities and think their thoughts after them. Dr. Hume is able to do this for us not only because he is an able scholar, but also because he was himself born in India, and lived there for years as a missionary in close and sympathetic touch with the people.

We have long needed a new translation of the Upanishads into English. Hitherto the only translation available has been the pioneer translation by Max Müller in *The Sacred Books of the East*, published in 1875 and 1884. The present translation is a great improvement over the earlier one. It is superior in accuracy, as well as in mechanical form and size, for it puts the leading thirteen Upanishads into a single volume. In this compass, the book includes all that is really valuable in the Upanishads, for the scores of later ones add only some Yoga ideas and lack the bold speculative features which characterize the earlier books. A very valuable feature of Dr. Hume's book is the excellent Introduction of some seventy-two pages, which summarizes the whole of Upanishad philosophy. The book closes with a most exhaustive annotated bibliography, of great help to those who wish to carry the study farther. American scholarship is to be congratulated on Dr. Hume's achievement.

GEORGE WILLIAM BROWN.

THE FOREIGN RELATIONS OF CHINA, by Mingchien Joshua Bau. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago, London and Edinburgh, 1921, 508 pp.

THE great drama of China's penetration and exploitation at the hands of the western Powers is here presented against an adequate documentary background of treaties, diplomatic notes and commercial agreements. Dr. Bau writes with the restraint of the scientific historian. Occasionally he denounces some peculiarly flagrant act of aggression; but as a rule he contents himself with setting down a simple record of China's foreign relations. Even such a dispassionate record conveys a remarkably vivid picture of unscrupulous international imperialism preying

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The author distinguishes four stages in the modern diplomatic history of China. First there was the period of struggle to open China to foreign trade, of which the Opium War was a characteristic incident. Then ensued the process of lopping off China's dependencies. Great Britain seized Northern Burma and Sikkim, Japan took over Korea and Formosa, France occupied Annam and Tongkin, while Russia acquired the western part of Ili. Then the integrity of China proper was assailed. Leased territories and spheres of influence sprang into existence. The Chino-Japanese War, which revealed the weakness of the Chinese Empire to the world, was followed by a furious scramble for spoils, in which Japan and all the great European powers except Italy participated. Russia pushed forward in North Manchuria and Outer Mongolia, Japan in Manchuria and Inner Mongolia, Germany in Shantung, Great Britain in Tibet and the Yangtze Valley, France in the three southern provinces of Kwangtung, Kwangsi and Yunnan.

More recently still another tendency has manifested itself in the dealings of the foreign powers with China. Competition in the exploitation of China's resources has been replaced by coöperation. Before the war there were several instances of international coöperation in the building of Chinese railways, and since the war

a serious effort has been made through the international banking consortium to separate the development of China's economic resources from the intrigues of nationalist politics. Dr. Bau feels that the success or failure of the consortium depends largely upon the Chinese people themselves. If its facilities are used only for the financing of sound industrial enterprises, it may be a means of liberation from undue dependence upon individual foreign Powers. But if loans continue to be abused for administrative purposes, it is not unlikely that China will experience complete subjugation and partition. Dr. Bau concludes his admirable review of Chinese foreign relations during the past century by recommending a program of sane and moderate nationalism for adoption by China as soon as that country gains sufficient military and political power to enforce it.

W. H. CHAMBERLIN.

JAPAN AND THE UNITED STATES, 1853-1921, by Payson J. Treat. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York, 1921, 282 pp.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE SEA ON THE POLITICAL HISTORY OF JAPAN, by Vice-Admiral G. A. Ballard. E. P. Dutton and Company, New York, 1921, 311 pp.

JAPAN'S adoption of the technique of western civilization during the past fifty years must be considered a remarkable demonstration of collective intelligence and adaptability. The transformation is all the more remarkable if one considers the

strong anti-foreign prejudice which had grown up as a result of Japan's long period of voluntary seclusion. Perhaps a subtle instinct of national self-preservation helped to facilitate the change. For no one who is familiar with the Asiatic policies of the large European Powers can reasonably doubt that Japan owes her position as a sovereign state to her recently developed skill in the use of western arms.

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(Continued on page 418)

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(Continued from page 416)

many precedents for Japan's actions in China and Korea. However, this is a line of reasoning that can easily be pressed too far. And Professor Treat, in his eagerness to shield Japan against unjustly discriminatory criticism, does not sufficiently consider fundamental questions concerning imperialism. The author is at his best in the last chapter, when he formulates a program for international adjustment and coöperation between America and Japan. His statement of the reciprocal rights and obligations of the two peoples might well be accepted by reasonable men on both sides of the Pacific.

Admiral Ballard's history is colored with the natural enthusiasm of a British seaman for an unconquered island people. The author dwells on the details of the Japanese medieval wars and of the recent conflicts with China and Russia, summarizing rather briefly the outstanding effects of the sea upon Japanese history. Japan's maritime isolation preserved her from subjugation at the hands of the Mongol conquerors of the Middle Ages. This isolation, however, ceased to be an adequate defense in the day of the steamship and the modern war vessel. Japan suffered from her two centuries of rigorous seclusion while the rest of the world was advancing rapidly in the field of mechanical warfare. However, this handicap was overcome; and Japan's victories over China and Russia, combined with the break-up of the old Russian Empire carried her to a position of unquestioned dominance in the Far East. The author adds a word of blunt caution to any nation that may be tempted to challenge this dominance. Japan's strategic position in the Pacific is so strong, in his opinion, that no country could safely enter into war with less than three times the Japanese naval strength.

W. H. CHAMBERLIN.

THE TWENTY-ONE DEMANDS, by G. Zay Wood. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago, London and Edinburgh, 1921, 178 pp.

THE CHINO-JAPANESE TREATIES, by G. Zay Wood. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago, Edinburgh and London, 1921, 151 pp.

CHINA, THE UNITED STATES AND THE ANGLO-JAPANESE ALLIANCE, by G. Zay Wood. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago, Edinburgh and London, 1921, 176 pp.

MUCH valuable documentary material regarding Chino-Japanese relations can be found in these three little volumes. The full text of the Twenty-One Demands is given; and the significance of each of the five separate groups is briefly discussed. A number of the notes exchanged between the Chinese and Japanese governments in regard to Shantung and other matters are reproduced; and the development of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance is studied in some detail. The author's personal point of view is consistently and strongly pro-Chinese.

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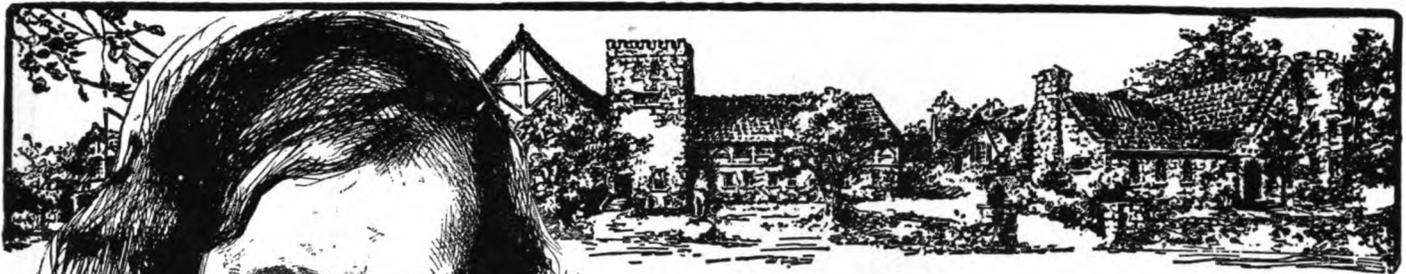
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The same spirit of devotion has prompted the Roycrofters to issue their memorial edition of "Little Journeys to the Homes of the Great." In no other way could they so fittingly perpetuate the memory of the founder of their institution as to liberate the influence that was such an important factor in moulding the career of his genius.

Little Journeys to the Homes of the Great

FOURTEEN YEARS were consumed in the writing of the work that ranks to-day as Elbert Hubbard's masterpiece. In 1894 the series of "Little Journeys to the Homes of the Great" was begun, and once a month for fourteen years, without a break, one of these little pilgrimages was given to the world.

These little gems have been accepted as classics and will live. In all there are one hundred and eighty-two "Little Journeys" that take us to the homes of the men and women who transformed the thought of their time, changed the course of empire and marked the destiny of civilization. Through him, the ideas, the deeds, the achievements of these immortals have been given to the living present and will be sent echoing down the centuries.

As a writer Elbert Hubbard stands in the front rank of the Immortals. One of the ablest writers in America, Ed Howe, called him "the brightest man in the writing game."

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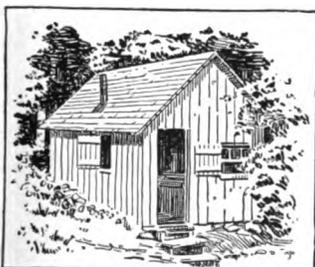
is merely the expression of a man's joy in his work."

No public speaker who gave the platform his whole time appeared before as many audiences in the course of a year as this businessman and writer.

Where did Elbert Hubbard find the inspiration for carrying on his great work? It is no secret at East Aurora. It was derived from his own little pilgrimages to the haunts of the Great.

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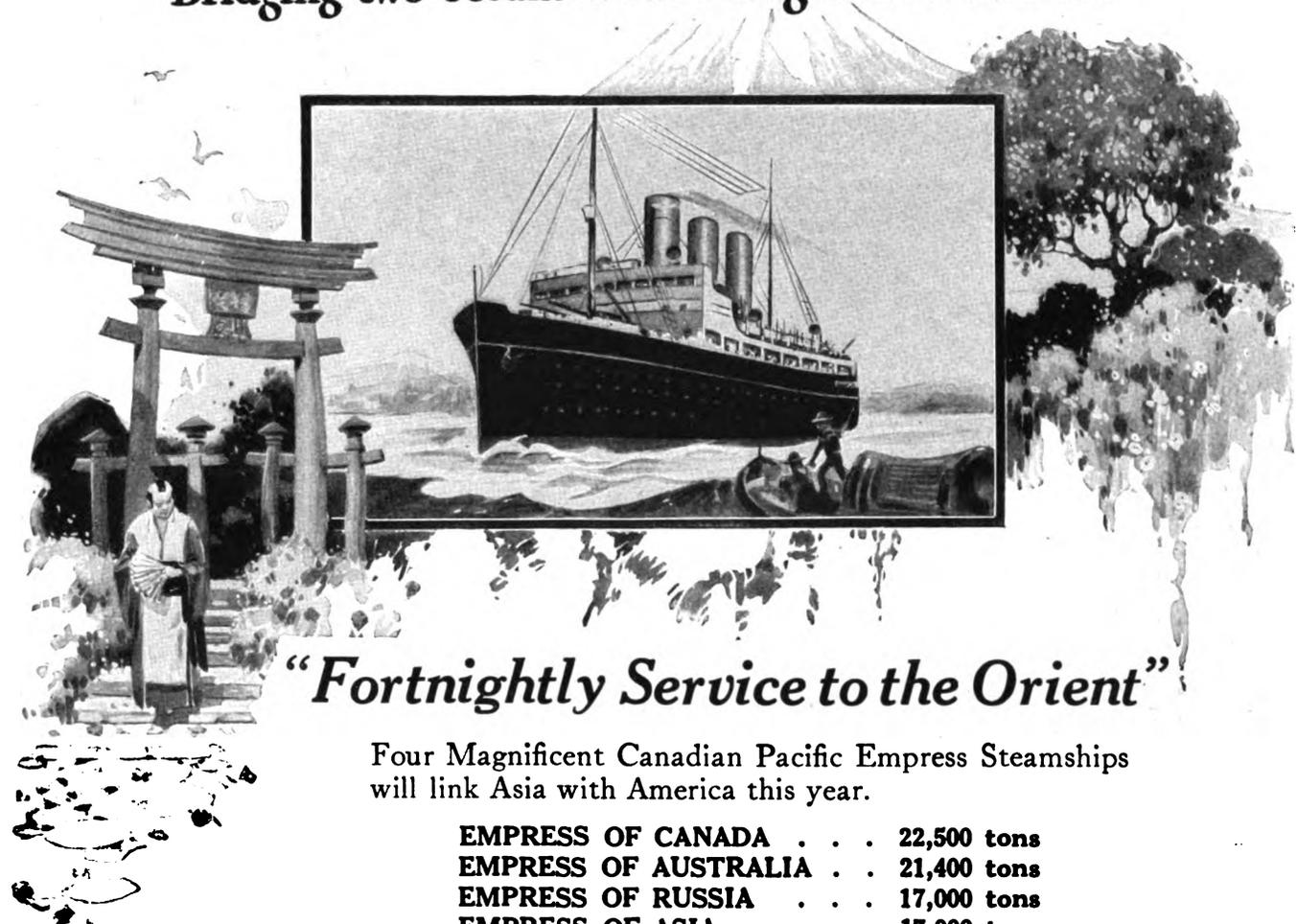
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