

1925



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CHRISTMAS NUMBER

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Entered at the post office as a matter of course.

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CHRISTMAS IN CHINA.

It is now something over a month till Christmas but if our Greetings are to reach you in season they must be getting started. It is some like helping a chicken out of its shell to try to compose Christmas Greetings at this early date - it's forcing nature - and if the "chick" doesn't seem to have much vitality please remember that he might have made a better showing could he have had a little more time in the shell.

The Christmas Season is a long one for those of us who are so far from home. Not only do we have to begin it early but weeks after Christmas we sometimes get gifts and greetings bearing the Christmas Cheer. We do not mean that we object to this situation For we feel that we are the gainers in having this glad season of the year spread over so long a period.

In some ways our Christmas is like the Chinese New Year. New Year is to them the great holiday season of the year. They begin to celebrate about two weeks in advance and keep it up till the middle of the first month. But the spirit of the two holidays is quite different. While "giving" is a important part of the Christmas Spirit, "gambling" is an essential feature of the New Year celebration. We are therefore eager that the spirit of Christmas in China may come to replace the spirit of New Year.

As we write these lines Chinese militarists are contending with each other to see which can get the strongest grip on the Peking government. So far, the actual fighting has been restricted to an area two or three hundred times from us but the war atmosphere envelopes us and is getting more tense each day. Fear and dread dominate the average Chinese mind, and we are not surprised. Three or four of the government schools in Paotingfu have closed and the students have returned to their homes. The main reason for this is the lack of funds, for when war is being planned all the shekels that normally fall into the school treasury manage some way to drop into the arsenal. Four of the Pretender's Bible classes are finished with the enforced vacations and eighteen of his forty-six English students in the University were absent today. The rest of the class voted unanimously in favor of going home, so it probably will be only a matter of a few days unless something happens to relieve the tension, before the University will be closed. So far we have not felt the fear that the Chinese around us do, for in spite of the anti-foreign feeling that may have existed last spring our compound probably would be considered the safest spot around here in case of trouble.

The present disturbance is the more regrettable because it seems to be an attempt to frustrate the International Customs Conference now being held in Peking. The age-long custom of settling disputes with the sword appears to be getting more and more unpopular and the Conference Table is coming more into favor. We had hoped that the Conference in Peking might have a chance to add another victory to its side but some of the War Lords see things differently. Of course a Conference victory is a blow to their business but there is a personal element in the matter as well. If the Conference becomes a success the present authorities in Peking will have thereby entrenched themselves more securely in their positions and it would be so much harder to oust them. Hence the attempt to break up the Conference. It seems to us like a pretty flimsy excuse for a civil war but such is the case when war preparations are indulged in. No very valid reason is necessary once the war machine has been put in order.

Whether the Conference is permitted to complete its session Or not, and whether it achieves all that is hoped it may, we believe that it has already won a victory. One of the students in the Pretender's class put it this way: "This action (the Conference) will remain in democratic history a great mark or milestone, for even without a good conclusion, the idea is a grand one".

We are quite conscious that this does not sound very "Christ-massy" but like the thermometer and barometer we can only register

the atmospheric conditions around us. Unlike these instruments, however, we do not believe that it is impossible to control conditions. The song which the angels sang on that first Christmas season was not sung in vain. The events which they heralded may not have become as real yet as we could wish but we are convinced that they will come- that is, provided we all think, talk and work for those events every new year with more determination than we have done before. This is the New Year Resolution of the CHIMES, as well as our Christmas Greetings for 1925.

BURY THE BUGLE.

In our last issue of this sheet we announced that we should no longer call it the Paotingfu Bugle, tho we did retain the name to the extent of using "Formerly the Paotingfu Bugle" on the cover. We gave our reasons for the change in name last time and those reasons have become so intensified during the last few months that we have decided to bury the bugle, completely, not leaving even the handle sticking up. There is an encampment of Chinese soldiers only a few rods from our sleeping porch and about three A.M., at least it seems as early as that, we are reminded by our soldier friends that they are still with us. Sometimes one, sometimes many, of these bugler, or would-be bugler, boys take this time of day, or night, to "toot their horns" and we ask ourselves, "Why did we ever choose the name 'Bugle'?"

But it is not only our morning nap that is disturbed. Go where you will around Paotingfu, and our humble city is probably not unusual in this respect, be it morning, noon or evening, and your ears are bombarded with the blasts from these blowing boys. We have seen much drilling, and heard much bugling since we came to China but never has it been so common as this fall. If other parts of China have been recruiting as has our area recently there must be over 2,000,000 men, or boys, in the Chinese army today. In fact one of the University students told us the other day that there are actually that many in arms in this country at present. To be sure they get a living, and that to them is an important item, but what they get some body else has to furnish, for the average Chinese soldier is a non-producer, if there ever was one.

Is it any wonder that one gets tired of the "bugle" and what it stands for? Do you blame us for wishing to have it buried? We haven't looked up the history of it but possibly the "bugle" is an heritage from the West. Certainly much of the war equipment in China is at least copied from that section of the world, and what a pity that poor Old China should have become so civilized! We welcome the good news that so much is being done to "bury the bugle" in America. Would that it might become an international funeral of

world-wide celebration. The Chinese Chimes would gladly join in the dirge.

WE HAVE DISARMED.

In the spring of 1912 there was looting in Paotingfu and the captain of the police station in the southern part of this city brought his men to this compound, supposedly to protect the foreigners, tho we are told that it may have been to keep his men from joining the looters. When he left the compound some twenty of his rifles remained behind, for just what reason we do not know. When we moved into our present residence we discovered these rifles in the attic but paid no particular attention to them. Last spring when a military representative came to our compound to see if we were bringing in machine guns (but found that it was only waste pipe for a bath tub), and one of the missionaries of the station was held up at the south gate one night and searched for fire arms on his person, we became uncomfortably conscious of those rifles in the attic and wished they were some where else. Suppose our house should be searched, wouldn't those guns have made a splendid foundation for a thrilling story of how missionaries preach peace with their attics full of "cannon"! We did not care to have them moved out so long as there was any suspicion of our position here but we decided that as soon as things quieted down we would "disarm" our attic. Consequently, a few weeks ago we notified the police headquarters that we would be glad to have their rifles removed. The present authorities knew nothing of their being here but were very glad to send a cart for them as they had had to give up some of their guns to the soldiers.

It was a great relief to see those guns being taken away and we wonder whether it would not be a great relief to the world if more disarming could be carried on. Instead of feeling that we are in more danger with the guns no longer here, we feel much safer. We are inclined to believe that friendship is a better international insurance for peace than firearms, and good will more effective than gun-powder.

THE PRETENDING EDITOR MAKES A CONFESSION.

Every time the writer refers to himself as "Editor" he seems to hear a voice saying, "Editor? Fiddlesticks!" The title won't fit. We shall use it no more and shall substitute instead, "The Pretender", a more fitting label. In China it is quite in order to change one's name, even if you don't get married, we claim that privilege as ours at present.

MEET OUR VISITORS.

Our residence, which is a brick building of a blue-gray color, is wearing a new coat, yes two of them, of green paint on its woodwork. Some of the walls of the rooms are dressed in new coats of calcimine and are decorated with a stencil border. Our guest room and another one adjoining it are donned in good American wall paper and the ceilings are covered with native paper, they are fresh and clean. Our bath tub, flush toilet and septic are all functioning in proper style so we are more glad than ever to have the opportunity of sharing our humble home with guests, whether they come from near or afar. May we introduce some of the recent ones? We believe you will find them worth meeting.

A CHINESE EDUCATOR.

The first one we will present is a "Phd." from Cornell, who specialized in Rural Education and Sociology. He spells his name in English Tung but do not call him "Dr. Tongue" for his Chinese name has not that sound. "Doong" is perhaps as good a Romanization as we can give, if you are interested in how his name sounds when pronounced. After having received his degree in America Dr. Tung spent several months in Europe studying rural conditions and has but recently returned to China where he has joined the Mass Education Movement. His headquarters are in Peking and he came to Paotingfu about two weeks ago with Dr. Faul Fugh, another "Phd." from Cornell also in the Mass Education Movement, to attend the graduation of some classes in our field. Their classes have been studying the "One Thousand Character Books" which this Movement issues and were given diplomas for having passed examinations showing that they have learned to read. Last year there were over 5,000 people in our Paotingfu area who studied in such classes, probably the most of any similar area thruout China.

Dr. Tung and Dr. Fugh spent a night in Paotingfu and then went to the country for three or four days. On their return they spent another night and we greatly enjoyed having them in our midst. They had films of their work in and around Peking and showed the pictures to the students in our schools the night they came back from the country. The next night Dr. Fugh showed the same films at the Normal School in the West Suburb. We are glad to mention these men and the work in which they are engaged for they are building a foundation for a real Chinese Republic. It is a comparatively young movement but it has taken well and it is growing vey rapidly. The originator of this Movement, "Jimmy" Yen, was in Honolulu last summer as one of the Chinese representatives of the Pacific Conference and according to magazine reports he made a very favorable impression. President Wilbur of Leland Stanford University

is reported to have said that he considered this Mass Education Movement one of the most significant movements in the world today. We feel that it was a real honor to have had Dr. Tung with us.

AN AMERICAN PROFESSOR.

The second guest whom we wish to present was also a "Phd." and no explanation of the pronunciation of his name is necessary—he spells it S-M-I-T-H, "J. Russell Smith" is the way it appears on the cover of his "Human Geography", which some of the children are studying in this compound. He is professor of Economic Geography in Columbia University and has already written a series of Readers for school text books. At present he, with his wife and two sons, are traveling around the world collecting material for some Geographical Readers. He believes that one of the best ways to get nations to live peacably (sic) together is to teach children in each nation to understand and appreciate the peoples of other lands. Some of the text books that are now used give American children the impression that people in other nations are very peculiar and different from themselves. Prof. Smith would like for them to realize that we are all "Human" and the reason we are different is mainly because we are born and brought up in different environments.

This guest was with us two days and he worked hard morning, afternoon and evening. Some of us took him out into villages where he took pictures and asked questions of the people whom we met. We called on a returned student from America, and Prof. Smith gained considerable information from him regarding Chinese customs and manner of living. While he was primarily looking for information he kindly agreed to speak to the students in our three schools and gave a very interesting and stimulating talk. He announced for his subject, "International Co-operation" and while that sounded like a rather deep subject for boys and girls he made it very simple yet effective.

As an illustration of how nations are now dependent on each other he said a few years ago there was a revolution in Russia. As a result of this revolution the Russians were not able to purchase tea from China, as they had formerly done. Because the Chinese could not sell their tea they could not afford to purchase cotton cloth from England. The English, therefore, had thousands out of work and England could not buy cotton from America. As a result of this situation American cotton dropped in price and American business was in a bad shape. All these countries suffered because of the Russian Revolution.

World Trade is a new fact in the world situation and be-

cause of this new fact we must find new methods of handling the new situation. Just as we had to make new laws to meet the new situation when automobiles became a fact in our lives so we must make new laws and adopt new methods to meet the situation brought about by World Trade. War will no longer solve the problem. Even civil war effects other nations than the one in which it is fought and the world will require that nations take their cases to court instead of trying to settle them by war.

Prof. Smith said that he once believed that the World Court must have some "teeth in it" if it was to become effective but he is convinced now that public opinion will provide that element. He cited Italy as an illustration. A few years ago Italy took possession of an island which she wanted to control. The case went to the League of Nations and Italy found that the other nations didn't accept her point of view. The Italian representative returned to his government and reported that all the other nations were against them. In less than a week Italy had found an excuse by which she could save her face and moved out of the island.

When asked whether he thought that the United States should enter the League of Nations Prof. Smith answered that he was not in any hurry for that step. He believes that the League must be changed somewhat, and perhaps Uncle Sam can have as much an influence in getting those changes carried out by being outside the League as "he" could were "he" a member. "By all means", said he, "We should go into the World Court".

We don't know that Prof. Smith is particularly interested in Foreign Missions, as such, but we felt that he is doing a fine piece of mission work and we would that there were many more of his type trying to study other peoples with the purpose of finding what we have in common, instead of emphasizing the things that separate us.

There are other guests that you would be interested in, but we must not let the "Society Column" monopolize too much space. We will bring it to a close by an account of our

RECEPTION FOR THE WHEELERS.

Mr. And Mrs. Mark H. Wheeler and four children have recently Come to Paotingfu where Mr. Wheeler is general secretary of the Y.M.C.A. We have enjoyed having them in our midst and decided to give a reception so that they might have an opportunity to meet some of the Chinese who should be interested in the Y.M.C.A. Twenty-eight Chinese and twelve foreigners responded to our invitation, including five Chinese wives. That should be qualified, as one of them is half American and another is German. The Paotingfu post-

master and his wife, the dean of the University and his wife, four doctors from the Medical School, two of whom have studied in America, and several other returned students from America "were among those present". Two principals of schools came and the following day another one called with his wife and son. They had intended to come to the reception but a theft in the school had prevented them so they came a day late.

The idea of a "Reception" is quite novel to the Chinese and we did not know how they would take to it but now we have new evidence that the Chinese are "just like Americans". They seem to take to this kind of a meeting like fish to a fountain and the way they chatted, sipped tea, and coffee, ate cookies, cake and peanuts made one think that they had always gone to receptions. Miss Tinkham of the West Suburb sang a couple of selections, Dr. Chou of the University made an address of welcome, to which Mr. Wheeler responded in a very fitting manner and the program went off without a hitch. In spite of the fact that we were not going to "toot our own horns" any more we will repeat what was said by others: "The reception was a great success".

WEATHER REPORT.

Prof. Smith was particularly interested in the climatic conditions of this region. Perhaps some of the readers of the Chinese have similar interest. Autumn is by all means the proper time to visit North China. The winters are practically snowless and rainless, the springs are infamous for their dust storms and the summers are rainy. This autumn we have had unusually fine weather and I think we have never gone so late before without a fire in the furnace. We have one grate fire, and an oil stove for the bathroom, but fortunately we have not had to start the furnace. Coal is about twice as expensive as it was three years ago, and if the war materializes it probably will be even more so, if it can be bought at all.

Besides the warm autumn weather the farmers of this region have also been blessed with sufficient rains so they have been able to plant their winter wheat. If rain' doesn't come at the proper time, or if it is not of sufficient quantity, wheat is not planted for it would rot in the ground. With the autumn rain, and the warm weeks since, the wheat is in splendid condition and gives the people something to look forward to next spring.

THANKSGIVING.

The Americans in Paotingfu are planning to have their Thanksgiving dinner all together. The people of the Presbyterian Mission have entertained us over there once this fall so we are

inviting them here November 26. We are planning for thirty-five, tho they may not all be able to attend. Like Christmas, it is a time when we feel our heartstrings pulling for the homeland but we have had some very happy Thanksgiving days in the years past and we expect another one soon.

THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENS.

If one would be a prophet in China and retain his reputation let him but predict that the unexpected will happen and the chances are that his predictions will be fulfilled. (We claim no credit for this wise remark as it is not original with us).

Last Tuesday (it is now Friday) we went to bed with more optimism than for some time, for the welfare of our city's immediate future. The Mukden (Chang Tso Lin's) soldiers had been leaving for two days and were mostly gone. To all appearances they were making every effort to get away as soon and as peaceably as possible. Notices were posted at the city gates that Feng Yu Hsiang's soldiers would come to replace the ones that were leaving and even to those who haven't much use for Feng this was good news for everyone knows that Feng's soldiers can be depended upon, and they are welcomed wherever they go.

Early Wednesday morning we were awakened by a great fussilade which some of us at first took to be a firecracker celebration of the retreating troops. We were not fooled for long, however, for when the bullets went singing through the air we realized that something was happening more serious than a firecracker celebration. A telephone message from the Presbyterian Mission informed us that we were not the only ones who were hearing bullets. Fighting was going on in the west and north suburbs as well as here in the south. As soon as it got daylight we could see soldiers outside shooting at something, but we did not know whose soldiers they were nor at whom they were shooting, tho they were not firing towards our compound.

We did not stop to dress up stairs and while we were eating breakfast one of the servants brought down a bullet which had landed on our sleeping porch. Other bullets went thru windows in this compound and as the Pretender was returning from the Boys' School where he had gone to see how students and teachers were faring he heard something strike the ground just back of him and looking around saw the dust and a furrow where a bullet had ploughed up the dirt about three feet from his heels. He decided that his most important work for a while would be in the house. By noon things had pretty much quieted down and people from outside began to come into the compound.

We learned later that the fighting had been between the retreating Mukden soldiers and a regiment of Honan soldiers who arrived in Paotingfu at about 2 P.M. that morning. Some of the missionaries from the west suburb went to the railway station and interviewed the Honan General whom they found in a rather stupid state with an open can of opium and an opium pipe on the table. His story was that a group of Mukden troops had ambushed him outside of Paotingfu and he was trying to take their arms away from them. Later reports make this story seem rather weak and a more generally accepted story is as follows:

When the Paotingfu Merchants' Guild learned that the Honan soldiers were nearing Paotingfu they sent a telegram asking them to wait a day till the Mukden soldiers could all get out of the city. Altho no war had been declared between these two armies the telegram was disregarded and the Honan soldiers arrived at the west city gate early in the morning. Two Mukden representatives went out to consult with the Honanese and when they refused to agree to give up their arms before leaving Paotingfu they were shot in their tracks. Some of their fellow soldiers were on the city wall and opened fire on the enemy. From this fighting spread in all directions.

When the authorities in Peking learned of the trouble Feng Yu Hsiang and Tuan Ch'i Jui sent down peace envoys and it was finally agreed to open the east and south city gates until midnight so the Mukden troops might leave in that direction (taking their arms with them) and after midnight the west and north gates would be opened so that the Honan troops might enter the city. Several civilians were killed by stray bullets and many others were wounded. No one knows how many soldiers were killed, but in spite of the fact that fighting continued for ten hours and thousands of shots were fired, there probably were not more than "some tens" of deaths. What to expect next we do not know. Perhaps the unexpected will happen again.

LATER REPORTS.

Saturday, Nov. 21. Yesterday the newspaper reported that the skirmish in Paotingfu was not considered of any great significance from a national point of view. Chang Tso Lin was reported to have backed down all around and was withdrawing his soldiers away from Tientsin. It looked as if the whole of North China was getting into a much more hopeful situation. Just now the yesterday's paper says that Chang may not have been as peaceful as he seemed a few days ago. He has suddenly ordered 24 trains in Tientsin and now one knows where he intends to move next.

The reports of the Tariff Conference in Peking, both yesterday and today, are decidedly to the good. The foreign representatives have consented to grant China's requests and the whole spirit of the Conference seems to have been friendly and frank. Perhaps to have been able to carry out such a Conference in the midst of a war atmosphere makes it all the more significant. The Discussion Table seems to have won in spite of War. So may it continue to be. We shouldn't expect that "Mans" will pass out "peaceably" but every victory like that which has just been won in Peking is one more nail in the Giant's coffin.

THE BUSY MANAGER FINDS TIME FOR A WORD.

For a time last Wednesday the Sport Editor and Cub-Reporter enjoyed the distinction of living in the only house in the compound which was known to have been struck by a bullet. During school hours that morning they proudly displayed the bullet to admiring playmates. Their joy was short-lived, however, for as soon as it was considered safe to be outside, every child began a hunt for bullets. The Hubbard boys found one embedded in their porch, the Galt children discovered a split shutter and all three Chinese schools reported damages from flying bullets. Now almost every youngster carries a bullet which he has found, as a good luck piece.

Many and loud complaints have been made by the woman of the station about the annoying "Bugling" heard at all hours of the day and night. However, after a few hours of rifle serenade, they have decided that the sound of a bugle is most musical.

Occasionally, the Busy Manager corrects English papers for a teacher at the Boys' School. She felt repaid for some hours of labor in finding the following sentence, "The air is chilly now. My body can not boycott it. Please, father, send me some clothes".

The Treasure has recently celebrated her second birthday but she is somewhat impatient of her extreme (sic) youth, and is frequently heard to tell her brothers "When my is a big girl, my will have that too". Two things which have been specified are candy and waffles.

THE ENTIRE STAFF OF THE CHIMES EXTENDS TO THE READERS OF THIS SHEET BEST WISHES FOR A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS.