

# THE CHINESE CHIMES.

"Adjustment Number."

Peiping China,

June, 1932.

Editor (Pretend), H. W. Robinson  
Busy Manager, Mary S. Robinson  
Cub Reporter, Harold S. Robinson

Sport Editor, James W. Robinson.  
Treasure, Elizabeth A. Robinson  
Office Dog, Pickles B. Robinson

## OUR NEW DEFINITION OF LIFE.

Assuming that our readers are familiar with the fact that chiropractors give "adjustments" (not treatments) it seems to us that our experiences of the last few months justify the definition that "Life is one.....adjustment after another." Not that we have been visiting a chiropractor, nor that we feel like swearing at life, (the blank above indicates the indeterminate equation, or the unknown factor, that makes adjustments necessary; no adjective that we can think of quite fills the bill, hence the blank) but we don't remember ever having had to make quite so many major adjustments (we are grateful they were not operations) as we have been compelled to make in our plans since our last issue of the Chimes.

## OUR PROPOSED TRIP THROUGH EUROPE.

For some years we have been planning to return to America this summer via Siberia and Europe, knowing that by another furlough the staff would probably be somewhat scattered. Alas we did not dream that Japan might have other plans for us. Last February we did wake up to that fact and decided that perhaps we had better have on alternative plan. Consequently we booked on a boat to take us through the Suez Canal, along with the Hunters who had planned to make the Siberian trip with us. Then the Hunters got

news that they must give up the European trip. Did we want to pay down our passage money and thus bind ourselves to go that way? We decided that we didn't. It was one thing to spend five weeks on a boat with the Hunters and quite another thing to be there without them.

Our gambling spirit arose within us and we decided to take a chance that it might be possible to get through Manchuria to Siberia after all. Still we didn't want to leave all our eggs in one basket, especially since the basket was in a very unstable state of equilibrium, so we made a temporary booking on the President Taft sailing from Shanghai June 28. For a while we could have an option whether to take that boat or not but there finally came a day when we had to decide: Would we, or would we not sail on the Taft? Conditions in Manchuria had gone from bad to worse. The American Express Company was not booking people that way so we decided to go via Pacific. Our dream of a trip through Europe vanished from our minds. Instead of landing in New York and spending the first half of our furlough in the East we would land in Seattle, secure a second-hand car and see some of the Northwest where the Busy Manager spent the first part of her life, before driving to Longbeach, California to settle down in the little bungalow at 335 Carroll Park West.

## ANOTHER UNEXPECTED FACTOR.

Early in May we bumped into

another surprise. A telegram from Tunghsien informed us that the Cub Reporter was shooting a strange, high temperature, up one day and down again in a few hours. Later telegrams and letters told us that he had a streptococci infection in his right lung and had been taken to the Peking Union Medical College. His mother went to be with him and remained while he ran a baffling type of pneumonia which kept us guessing as to what the next adjustment might be. We knew that he was having excellent medical attention but even the best doctors are rather loath to predict what streptococci may do. If no complications set in it probably would be well to get the patient on to a boat earlier than June 28, rather than subject him to the intense heat which sometimes visits Peiping in June. Could we get passage on an earlier boat? We would try. Yes, we could get on the President Cleveland sailing two weeks earlier than the Taft. Unless there chances to be another unforeseen adjustment just around the corner that is what we shall do. The Cub Reporter is making steady progress and is now walking around in the hospital. We expect he will continue to gain on the boat and the doctor prophesies that he will be stronger than ever after he gets over this siege. This is being written in Peiping, June 6.

#### HOW THESE MISSIONARIES DO LOVE TO MEET!

Of course our definition of life is somewhat exaggerated for some events have taken place according to schedule. Spring is the time for meetings with us and there have been some real thrillers this spring. First there was the Five-Year-Movement Conference at Lintsing which the Pretender was privileged to attend. Earle Ballou and four

National Christian Council Secretaries, Chang Fu Liang, Sun En San, Dr. Ts'ui Hsien Hsiang and Dr. Han Yü Shan, landed in Tehsien late one night and the next morning we took the bus for Lintsing. These young Chinese leaders had just come from Shanghai and brought very vivid and stirring tales of their experiences during the visitation of the Japanese militarists. They reported some of their experiences at the Lintsing Conference but that was but a small part of the meeting. There was a deep spiritual atmosphere throughout the Conference and practical problems were discussed and plans made for advancing the cause of Christ in Shantung.

#### THE TEHSIEN ANNUAL MEETING.

Earle and Dr. Han attended the Annual Meeting at Tehsien and added much to its value. Dr. Wilder, who lived at Tehsien was also present and remarked more than once that the meeting this year was much better than the one last year. All of us felt that it was an unusually fine meeting. The most dramatic hour was when one of the country church delegates, a Mr. Wang, related his experiences with the bandits. He has long been a non-resistant, believing this to be the only logical position for a Christian to hold. He quoted passages from the Bible to show that he had a good foundation for his belief. Last fall, after the unfortunate shooting affair in the Tehsien hospital, our Mission Monthly published an article raising the question whether a Christian should use firearms to defend property and life. This question was quite disturbing to Mr. Wang. It had never occurred to him that there was any question about it. Of course he should not. Then his neighbors began to buy rifles to protect them-

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selves from bandits which infest the region in which Mr. Wang lives. They wanted him to buy a rifle. He discussed the matter with his family but since a rifle cost \$115 Mex and he would have to sell land to raise the money his son, who is also a non-resistant, advised that they buy a mule instead of a rifle. The rifle was not bought.

One night in March Mrs. Wang aroused her husband and informed him that someone was on the roof. He had early formulated in his mind a plan if bandits ever came to his house and he went into the court and put his plan into action. He told the three men on the roof if they wanted anything he had, to come and take it but asked them not to fire so as to frighten his family. They came down, tied up Mr. Wang and his son and lead them away. After a while the son was released so as to go back and get money ready for redeeming his father. Mr. Wang was nearly sick when he was captured but he was lead several miles to another village where he was locked in a room. He was offered food and treated well but he was so sick that he could not eat and every night for ten nights he was blindfolded and lead to some other place. He doesn't know whether he actually went to other villages or whether he was simply lead around and brought to the same village.

During his captivity he was in constant prayer,—praying that he might be released in time to attend the Tehsien meeting to which he had been elected by his church as a delegate. When the meeting opened he was not there and the knowledge that he was held by bandits cast a cloud over the other delegates. After two days of meeting Mr. Wang suddenly appeared in our

midst, and as he himself reported he was like one risen from the dead. We don't know yet just why he was realsed, nor does he. No ransom was paid and Mr. Wang said that the only explanation that he can give is that his prayers were answered. Naturally he was under great emotional strain as he told us of his experience but he controlled his emotions well and we were all deeply stirred by his story. There were other thrills in the meeting but our space is limited.

#### THE NORTH CHINA COUNCIL.

The Annual Meeting of our North China Council took place in Tehsien this spring and the two days before that we had the Tehsien Fiftieth Anniversary. The first day of Council, which was Sunday, was also the last day of the Anniversary so that day was of double significance. The ordination of one of the evangelists, Mr. Li Fu Hsiang, was a very impressive event, as was the communion service which followed it.

We all knew before the meeting of the Council took place that there were some difficult problems to be solved but it had never dawned on any of us that we should have to make quite so great an adjustment as we were called upon to do. A cable from the Board in Boston, just the day before the Council opened reported that some of the missionaries now on turlough would not be sent back this fall; the Hunters who had been granted a furlough this summer and were all set for leaving in June were asked to wait a year; other changes in personnel were announced; Tehsien and Lintsing stations were to be amalgamated and work was to be cut out so as to save \$6,100 Mex a year. We must not take space to

go into details but it was indeed a remarkable meeting. One member who is a position to know considers it the high-water mark for all our Council meetings, eighteen in all. History was made in the business sessions of the eight days in which we met and there was Christian Fellowship such as we have seldom experienced anywhere.

The question of the location of the Robinsons after furlough came up and we were asked to state our preference. We stated that we were willing to go anywhere but would prefer to be assigned to evangelistic work, since that was what we had prepared to do before we came to China. The final vote was that we should return to North China for evangelistic work and the secretaries were asked to consult Paotingfu, to which station we still belong, and circulate a motion as to our final location. This is all that we could ask for and we hope to know within a few months to which station we have been assigned.

#### MEET THE NEW OFFICE DOG.

The former holder of this important position on our staff, Cassi O. Peia, was promoted last summer to be chief guard at Dr. Willard Simpson's chicken yard. Since the Treasure was to be the only foreign child in Tehsien this year we looked around for a companion in the form of a dog. The search was not in vain for at Lung Fu Szu in Peiping we found a little brown and white Pekingese who has filled the bill most satisfactorily. She was kidnapped once but we got her back in a few days and only paid \$2. Mex to the "detective." Not only has she made a place for herself in the hearts of the members of the staff but the other members of the household in which we have lived have come to look on her as a member of

the family and serve her with willing hands and feet.

The middle letter, "B" of her name is for "Burr", the common name for Chinese dogs, and she answers to "Burr" just as well as to "Pickles". Not only has she done her work well in the office but she has also done considerable writing during the year. At least we have seen a good many letters, written mostly to people in hospitals, signed "Pickles B. Robinson". From the spelling we feel confident that either Bickles wrote them or that her stenographer is not very good at spelling. Of course we would love to take her to America but somebody must look after the office in our absence so Pickles will not leave China. The Gilberts of Lintsing have agreed to give her a home and we are sure that she will have a great time with their three children.

#### HUMANITY'S SPINAL TROUBLE.

We hope that none of our readers will get the impression that we expect the general public to consider the adjustments we have mentioned in this number of the Chimes to be of any great consequence. When we consider the adjustments that others have had to, and are having to make, we realize that ours are not really adjustments, they can hardly be considered a simple "message". Old Man Humanity is the one who is having to make adjustments and we wish that we could recommend a competent chiropractor who could put his backbone back into shape. There is one who has done much for us and we are not sure but he can help Humanity. He has had much experience, is dependable and really knows what he is about. His name is OLD FATHER TIME.