

1926
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CHINESE CHIMES

APPRECIATION NUMBER

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Entered at the post office as a matter of course.

EDITOR (Pretend) H. W. ROBINSON
BUSY MANAGER, MARY S. ROBINSON
CUB-REPORTER, HAROLD S. ROBINSON
SPORT EDITOR, JAMES W. ROBINSON
TREASURE, ELIZABETH A. ROBINSON

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WHY APPRECIATION?

Since the last issue of this sheet there have come to our door many a card, letter, package and other evidence of friendship which have meant much to us and have helped to make our Christmas season, which seems to be with us still as two packages arrived today, a very happy one. We have written some letters of recognition but in as much as there is more appreciation in our hearts than has been expressed we therefore send this number out as evidence of our feelings at this particular season.

The prominence which this feeling holds in our hearts was demonstrated the other day at our foreign church service by the Cub Reporter. The leader was asking the children what they consider to be the most beautiful thing in the world. After one had answered "Love", another "God" and some others had named similar lofty subjects the Cub Reporter replied that the most beautiful thing in the world to him was "A bundle of Christmas packages." The response which he received from the congregation indicated that when we speak the truth we all have a deep appreciation of such mundane objects.

Today when the servant brought in two more packages from the post office, which proved to be from Santa, there was such a hubbub in the household that Edith Galt, who was having a music

lesson in the living room, had to discontinue her playing, and the Busy Manager had to forsake her reading with the Chinese teacher. The Sport Editor was told that if any more packages came he would not be told till they had been opened, for the mere sight of a package turns him into a regular wildman - his method of expressing appreciation. We do not all use his method but each and every one of us wishes to extend to you who in so many ways helped to make our Christmas mean so much to us our heartfelt and sincere appreciation.

ANOTHER REASON.

A second cause for calling this an Appreciation Number is that more and more we are becoming aware of the need of a deep sense of appreciation for all who are, trying to do missionary work. We remember a talk given by Prof. Fagnani several years ago in which he referred to three possible levels from which we might look out on those who are different from us, or as he said "who are not included in the pronoun 'us'". The three levels were Criticism, Toleration and Appreciation.

In an age of microscopes and scientific investigation the critical attitude is the easiest thing in the world; infact, unless one assumes it and develops it he is likely to feel at times that he is frightful behind the times. In an age of class consciousness and race prejudice a tolerant spirit may be considered of great excellence, and certainly to be tolerant is of some virtue when one has to breathe so much of the atmosphere of intolerance. But if we are ever to have an age of Universal Brotherhood neither the plane of Criticism, or even of Toleration, is of sufficient elevation for the realization of this lofty dream. Only those who have learned to cultivate a deep sense of appreciation can hope to survive in this high plane.

Missionary work has so often been considered as an attempt to "uplift" the "benighted heathen" that we have to watch ourselves lest we fall into the habit of looking upon those whom we would help as in some ways, at least, beneath us. Whatever may have been true in the past the present situation in China offers no place for missionaries who fall into such habits. Unless we can realize that there is much here for us to learn and profit by our usefulness is of doubtful value. We may have been sent out to teach and preach and heal but unless we are able also to learn and understand and appreciate, our work cannot long endure. It is for this reason that we make our New Year resolution in the form of a prayer and that prayer is simply this: "Lord lift us to a higher level of living; enable us to rise even to the high plane of Appreciation".

A TRIP TO THE COUNTRY.

Early in December the Pretender spent over a week in the country visiting some of our out-stations. At Po Yeh he attended the annual church meeting of that county and conducted baptismal and communion services. Altho soldiers were at that time keeping the country stirred up as they journeyed to the front we had a very good meeting with more than 200 present. Two women with bound feet walked nearly twelve miles to attend and brought with them a three-year-old child whom they had to carry most of the way. They started in the middle of the night so as to be on time and arrived at Po Yeh just as it was getting daylight. One of these women we learned has had the reputation of possessing a very sharp tongue and while she was inquiring of Miss Chapin how one lives the Christian life she said that since she became interested in Christianity some one had aroused her temper and the angry words came to her throat but were choked there and "didn't get out".

Another interesting character who is an active member of the Po Yeh church is a widow who used to wear a ring with which she clawed the faces of her enemies when she couldn't lash them hard enough with her tongue. She turned the ring over to the Bible woman when she became a Christian but her dominating personality is still with her and sometimes it is quite a problem in the church, while again it is put to good use. If there is anything which needs to be done and no one else is able to "put it over" this widow is given the job. At the time of the big meeting she was busy from early morning till late at night managing the preparation of food and preparing places to sleep for those who ate their meals and spent the night at the church building.

As there was a temple fair being held in the south suburb of the city there was great demand for bedcovers, which made it difficult to get sufficient for those church members who lived too far from the city to return for the night. After this widow lady had rented and borrowed all she could find it was amusing to see her parceling out the limited supply so that everyone would have some cover. Those who slept on the "kang" which was heated by the fire beneath did not need much over them, and by putting two settees together she made a bed for two men and told them they could have one quilt for a mattress and one for a cover. She reminded us of the Old Woman who lived in shoe, tho so far as we observed she dispensed with the spankings as "she put them to bed".

The Pretender returned from this country trip just in time to find the Sport Editor recovering from an hour or more of unconsciousness due to a fall from the top of the banister in which he banged the side of his head on an iron register. He was all

right the next day but he gave his mother and the neighbors a bad fright. In as much as his father remembers performing a similar stunt when he was a youngster the fall was probably due to an "inherited tendency".

OUR SOCIAL LIFE.

While calling on a professor at the university the Pretender was asked this question: "What do you foreigners in Paotingfu do for a social life?" Perhaps there are readers of the Chimes who will be interested in the answer to that question. Once a week we American "Boarders" have what we call a compound supper, by which is meant not that the supper is "compound" instead of complex or simple, but that all the foreign grown-ups of the compound, or station, get together for supper. We take turns meeting at the different houses and each house is assigned a certain part of the supper to prepare. After supper we have some kind of a program. This year our monthly program is as follows:

- 1st week, Bible class, in which we are following Kent's Historical Bible, Volume I.
 - 2nd " Current Events, in which different members are asked to report on subjects of interest in newspapers and magazines.
 - 3rd " Literary program, consisting of reviews of books, discussions of modern poetry and kindred subjects.
 - 4th " Social evening with varied programs. Last month 12 of us had progressive games of dominoes, flinch and "Patience" at three different tables.
- When there are five Mondays in the month we have a prayer meeting on the fifth Monday.

We also have "dinner parties" among ourselves or with other foreign and Chinese friends and the ladies of our circle give occasional "teas". The foreign ladies have a Women's Club which meets monthly and hopes to become affiliated with the Federated Women's Clubs of North China.

This may seem like a rather tame program to some of you who have such full schedules but you see we get our excitement from the environment in which we live.

WHAT NEXT?

This is the question ever before as we scan the political horizon of North China. Altho the Battle of Paotingfu, mentioned in our last issue of the Chimes, was not considered by the newspapers of any great importance it proved to be the beginning of

the most deadly fighting that has been seen in these parts for many years. Most of the engagements took place near Tientsin where the First, Second and Third People's Armies united to drive Li Ching Lin from this province. They finally succeeded but Li's army has since then been plotting with the militarists of Shantung with the hopes of regaining their lost territory. The paper stated the other day that some of the regiments of the People's Army are "for sale", and probably the side which can raise the most money will get them.

While this fighting was taking place Kuo Sung Ling, one of Chang Tso Lin's ablest generals broke with his chief and lead his army towards Manchuria with the object of ending Chang's military career. For a while it looked as if he would succeed but the tide soon turned and Kuo and his wife, who was with him at the front, were captured and shot. Mrs. Kuo was a young Christian woman and a graduate of Yenching University in Peking. With such women so scarce, and so much needed, in China it was a thousand pities that her life had to be snuffed out so prematurely. Chang Tso Lin still reigns supreme in Manchuria tho it is rumored that some of his other generals are none too loyal and his power may be nearer the end than outward appearances seem to indicate.

After the capture of Tientsin Feng Yu Hsiang resigned his military position and with his family is planning to take a trip to Europe, and possibly to America. The People's army has tried in vain to get him to return as Commander-in-Chief but he refuses to do so and we wish that the rest of the militarists would follow his example.

Wu Pei Fu, who for several years has been trying to break Chang's grip on Peking is said now to have combined with Chang to oust Feng's army from the Capital. Strange bed-fellows these militarists sometimes choose! Wu has already arrived in Honan on his way north and as usual we are waiting to see what the next step will be. Will he fight his way to Peking or will there be some other shake up so the confused condition will become still more complex? The answer is about as definite as was the reply given to an Irish Colonel on the eve before his regiment was about to engage in a decisive battle. "Will you fight like men and be a credit to your country, or will you turn and run like cowards?", asked the Colonel. "We will", was the quick reply. "You will what?" inquired the leader. "We will not," answered the men. "I thought you would", concluded the indefatigable Colonel.

Chinese soldiers are not all fond of winter warfare, and particularly do they like a vacation at Chinese New Year, which comes this year on the 13th of February, but militarism seems to

have taken such a grip on China this time that it looks as though even the age-long customs can't shake it. One wonders how long it will be before the common people will rise up and rid themselves of these "native devils" but since the Chinese are probably the most patient people in the world it isn't likely that it will be before the end of this Chinese year. Were there Jeremiahs in China today they would find ample material for another stirring hook but so far none seems to have appeared. Magistrates, policeman and other civil officials stick to their posts till they can stand it no longer then run away, leaving the fate of the people in the hands of brigands and bandits.

With the coming of the Honan Army to Paotingfu all government schools, including the university, were closed and they have not yet re-opened because there is no money for education. A new president was appointed for the university by the Honan militarists but when he found that there were no funds he resigned and so far as we know no one has been found who will accept the position. "Discouraging" is much too weak a word to describe the situation as it appears to those young men and women who have prepared to do teaching and believe that education is China's only hope. Some of them turn to gambling, opium smoking and high living and under such circumstances it isn't strange. There are plenty of them who become "prophets of gloom" but few there be who are "prophets of hope".

AN INSPIRING EXCEPTION:

We have recently met one very hopeful exception and it was so refreshing that we shall ask the indulgence of your patience as we present him. He is a young professor from Yenching University in Peking who came to Paotingfu a few weeks ago to give an address at our East Street chapel and to speak to the students in our boys' school. Altho only 25 years of age, and small of stature he has a "Ph.d" from Iowa University and has had a remarkable experience as a teacher in China.

For a while he was the only Christian teacher on the faculty of Wu Chang University, at a time when a group of radical students controlled that institution. This man, Dr. Hsu, had been at Wu Chang only a short time when the Anti-Christian students posted some very radical attacks on Christianity. Dr. Hsu reports that he was shocked but said nothing. He learned who the leaders were and invited them to his home. Instead of trying to make Christians of them at once he got them interested in forming a discussion group on the subject "The Philosophy of Life". This group grew to include 200 members and the course finally became a part of the university curriculum.

For two years there had been no examinations at the university as the students objected to them and any professor who tried to overrule their desires was likely to lose his job. Nevertheless, at the end of the term Dr. Hsu held examinations in his courses and "got away with it" but when another teacher followed Hsu's example the students went on a strike and the professor had to leave. A little later the dean had to go because he in some way displeased the students and Dr. Hsu was made dean in his stead. Then came a still more serious crisis and the president had to resign. Hsu was made acting-president but as he did not care for this kind of a job he resigned and accepted a position at Yenching where he is now teaching sociology.

Last spring when the students were boiling over with enthusiasm and had to parade the streets to keep their zeal from burning up their very souls Prof. Hsu joined the students and marched on the street with them. 20,000 of these young fire brands decided to march thru the Legation Quarters where the foreign governments have their representatives quartered. When the students reached the border they found that the gate was closed and guarded within by foreign soldiers and machine guns. What should they do? Should they rush the gate and offer themselves as martyrs to machine guns? A "council of war" was held on the street and some of Dr. Hsu's own students suggested that they send delegates to consult with the dean of the Diplomatic Body. The suggestion was accepted and acted upon, turning the tense situation into a reasonable democratic action instead of mob violence. Prof Hsu says that he still has faith in the Chinese students. All they need is proper leadership, he thinks. Quite so, and may there soon be many more leaders like the little Dr. Hsu.

THE TREASURE'S REPORT.

The Treasure is a Little Bit confused concerning holidays. When her second birthday came she had a light attack of flu and celebrated in bed, so that a birthday meant only presents. Shortly after that event, her brothers began to talk of Santa Claus and presents. Gradually she evolved a theory of her own, and frequently announced, "Santa Claus going to bring me a birth present". On Christmas eve she saw the genial old gentleman and she wanted to run away. However, she was delighted with the gay handkerchief he gave her as with the rocking chair he left. She had great fun pulling out the contents of her stocking Christmas morning, and all day long she went about singing "Merry Kismus" and "Happy Bells".

Just a week later everyone said, "Happy New Year" in greeting, and on that same day she attended two celebrations in honor of her elder brother's becoming eight years of age. She had a very happy day and when night came she said "Mother, who is Happy New Year, and where has he gone?"

WAGES TO BE RAISED AT THE "KUNG CHANG".

Recently the Busy Manager gave the Kung Chang girls a talk on the care of the teeth. Not one of the twenty-eight present admitted owing a tooth brush,- nor had any of them ever had a tooth ache. Each girl was given a tooth brush, but it is very doubtful if they are used properly.

In spite of upset conditions the Kung Ch'ang has had a very successful year and wages are to be raised after the Chinese New Year vacation. On the next pay day a small bonus is to be given, which will be most welcome, to help the workers get over the New Year.

ANY EXTRA SUNDAY SCHOOL PAPERS?

One of the Busy Manager's weekly pleasures is the planning for the foreign children's Sunday school. There is a regular attendance of ten children ranging from ten to two years of age. Opening exercises are held at the Robinson home, and then the children divide into three groups, when the very youngest go out doors to play, and the older children have class work. The Busy Manager has the five older children for half an hour of story and note book work.

The children would very much appreciate Sunday School papers. If any of our readers would like to contribute them they would be most gratefully received.

THE GINGHAM DOG AND THE CALICO CAT. (Chinese version with apologies to Eugene Field.)

General This and Tupan That,
Perching like vultures on the country sat,
Each with an army all ready to strike
At any move which he didn't like.
But the Great Wall Tower and City Gate
Appeared to know that as sure as fate
There was going to be a terrible spat
 (I wasn't there: I simply state
 What was told to me by the City Gate.)

General This went "Bow-wow-wow!"
And Tupan That answered "Mee-ow!"
The air was littered a month or so
With human wreckage of friend and foe
While the Great Wall Tower and the City Gate,
Their heads hung in shame had calmly to wait;
And the people paid in coin and blood
For the terrible carnage which brought no good.
 (Now mind: I'm only telling you
 What the Great Wall Tower declares is true.)

The City Gate felt very blue
And wailed, "Oh dear! What shall we do!"
But General This and Tupan That
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
Employing every tooth and claw,
In the awfulest way you ever say,-
And, oh! how the shot and powder flew!
 (Don't fancy I exaggerate
 I got my news from the City Gate.)

When all was done, where the two had sat,
They found no trace of This or That;
And if they have fled, or made themselves safe,
By resigning till time for another scrap,
No one can tell, but the people wish
That like cat and pup
The Generals had eaten each other up,
And would come no more like murderous fate
To harass and worry the Tower and Gate.

A LONG DISTANCE ECHO.

One of the joys we get from "ringing the Chimes" comes from the echoes that return to us from near and far. Just today one came all the way from the League of Nations in Geneva. Some of the readers of the Chimes will remember I. Ayusawa who was a student of ours in Honolulu. After receiving a Phd. from Columbia University he was sent by the Japanese government as their representative in the International Labor Bureau at the League of Nations. He is married to a Japanese Christian girl and they now have two children, who, he writes, are known in the Japanese colony there as "Ayusawa's masterpieces". Altho we haven't his permission to publish the letter we wish there was room for the whole of it for it contains the kind of news we are glad to scatter. We are taking the liberty to quote from this "echo" and hope the writer will take no offense but write again. Wouldn't it be fine if he would condescend to become a "contributing editor" to the Chinese Chimes! Here is part

of his letter: "Here in Geneva, for the League of Nations the year opens with rather bright prospects. The long-pending question of Germany's entry into the League has finally been settled. She will be formally admitted with full rights into this body in a few months. When she comes in, her efforts will be directed not to more armaments but on the contrary toward their reduction. This situation cannot result but in adding some thing to the moral influence at least if not the actual material strength, of the League. What country will be the next to come in?-----". The world generally moves slowly, but when it does move, it sometimes jumps.

The International Labor Office, where as you may recall I am engaged has been building a new office-building, spending several millions of gold francs. The construction work has been going on for more than 2 years and it is now finished. We move into it next month.----- The League of Nations proposes to build next its assembly hall and the Secretariat, expending 15 million gold francs. The League is steadily laying its foundations, as you see, both morally and materially."

A LOGICAL QUESTION.

The Sport Editor had been told by the Busy Manager that the "Hook Worm" makes people lazy. A few days later the conversation at the dinner table drifted to music lessons and when the Busy Manager was asked why she did not learn to play the piano when she was a girl she replied that it probably was because she was too lazy to practice. Association of ideas, must have taken place in the Sport Editor's mind for he immediately inquired, "Did a hook worm get into you?"

A PARABLE OF TWO STUDENTS.

Two students went from China to America to pursue their studies. Each was sincere in his quest for the highest treasure that might be found in the wisdom of the far country, but as they journeyed they were lead in different directions.

The first student was attracted by the material achievements and the genius for organization which he discovered in the land to which he had gone. To him it seemed that the bankers stood at the apex of the complex structure of modern business. Wall Street became his place of worship and he had not long been in the "Land of the free and the home of the brave" before he decided that he would become the "Morgan of China." He spent several years in America and became an authority on American banking but never once while he was in that country did he visit an American home. He became acquainted with many Americans but it was always "at the

club" or "in the office" that he met them. He never thought of them as "men with families" but as men with "affairs". He returned to his native land to become a banker among bankers. This was the treasure he had found in his search for the best that America had to offer.

The second student had quite a different experience. He made some very dear friends, both among his fellow students and among his teachers. He was invited to their homes, some of which he found luxuriously furnished, and some of a very humble type. But in these homes whether humble or otherwise, he was impressed most by the Spirit that he found among the members – between husband and wife, between parent and child, between brother and sister, between servant and "served": there was Reciprocity as he had never seen it before. The Christian family, as he saw it exemplified in the homes which he visited, was more wonderful than any material achievement or business organization. He returned to China convinced that America's richest treasure and China's greatest need were Christian homes. His ambition was to have such a home and to do what he could to promote such homes to others.

Which of these two thinkest thou found the highest treasure?

Why did he find it?

A ONE ACT MISSIONARY DRAMA.

PLACE: The Robinson sleeping room – Paotingfu,

TIME: During the last two hours of 1925.

Dramatis Personae:

Leading Lady,- Treasure (Sometimes known as Elizabeth or Little Bit)

Silent Partner,- Sport Editor (" " " James)

End Man,- Daddy. (Also called the Pretender)

The temperature outside is about ten degrees above zero. James is sound asleep and Elizabeth is supposed to be. (Mother is sleeping in another room for a few nights while recovering from an attack of flu.) Just as Daddy is about to fall asleep the curtain rises:

Leading Lady: "Daddy".

Daddy: "Yes, Little Bit".

L.L.: "I want a dink 'o water".

Daddy gets up, goes to bath room for a glass of water and after the Leading Lady has quenched her thirst all is quiet again. Daddy is just about to lose consciousness a second time when he is

aroused:

L.L.: "Daddy,,,,, Daddy-y-y-y".

D.: "What is it?"

L.L.: "I want a dink o' milk".

D.: "You may have some in the morning; go to sleep now and don't talk anymore."

Another silence for a few minutes is followed by a half moan, half whine from the Leading Lady's bed indicating that she is about half asleep. The dialogue continues:

D.: "Elizabeth, what's the matter?"

No reply but the continued moan.

D.: "Elizabeth, keep still and go to sleep."

L.L.: "I don't want to keep still".

D.: "Why don't you want to keep still?"

L.L.: "Because".

Daddy decides he must divert the attention of his partner to some other subject. The Cub Reporter, Harold, will have a birthday on the morrow and there is a second-hand bicycle awaiting him down stairs of which he and his young sister are both still ignorant. Daddy makes an attempt:

D.: "Elizabeth, did you know there is a bicycle down stairs for Harold?"

The moaning ceases and Daddy is encouraged to believe that his new method is succeeding so he continues:

D.: "Tomorrow is Harold's birthday and he is going to get a bicycle. You go to sleep now and when you wake up in the morning you may see it."

This time the silence lasts so long that Daddy gets so far gone it is hard to bring him back:

L.L.: "Daddy,,,,,Daddy-y-y,,,,,DADDY,DADDY-Y-Y,Y,,, D-A-D-D-Y !!!!! D.

D.: "Yes,,,,,, Elizabeth."

L.L.: "Where is my marcher doll?" (Little Bit has just received that day three delayed Christmas dolls. One of them along with her old "Manna Doll" is in bed with her and another one is to be called Fanny Archer in honor of the donor, Mrs. Archer, whom Little Bit used to call "Archer" last year. The nearest she can come to it now is "Marcher".)

D.: "Oh, your Archer doll is down stairs in your doll carriage. Now don't talk any more. Go to sleep and when you wake up in the morning you may have your Archer doll to play with."

Just at this time a sound is heard from James' bed. The silent partner is evidently so bored that instead of going to sleep as some people do in such circumstances he is beginning to wake up.

D.: "Now you see what you have done, Elizabeth. You go to sleep. Good night."

With this the curtain falls over Daddy's eyes, his ear drums become muffled so that if there were any more calls he didn't hear them. So far as he is aware this was the end of the drama.

NOTE: This play is not copyrighted and may therefore be enacted by anyone who cares to try it. Of course the "Motif" is to show that missionaries are very human. It should be said in defense of the Leading Lady's reputation that this was a very unusual performance.

THE LAST CHORD.

In bringing this "selection of the Chimes" to a close we desire that the last note be the same as the first. But lest it be lost as well last we have marked it with an underscore. Can you find it?

All around the world
People are blind to the
Potential and actual virtues of their neighbors.
Rather than take the trouble to understand, we find it
Easier to
Criticise each other.
In doing so we
Are retarding
The
Incoming
Of the Kingdom Let's
Not do so any longer.

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