

tion; with three-quarters of a million of her youth buried from the Hebrides to the Falklands; with labor troubles and with Irish troubles; with a war-fevered and sometimes delirious Continent of Europe raising Cain just across the Channel, England is "carrying on."

Out in the countryside—in the little towns of the Sussex downs or the Devon cliffs or the Northumberland moors—there are more granite war memorials and less young men than there were; but for all that a feud between the vicar and the lady of the manor is still an event of the first magnitude. The village barber may (and probably does) harbor memories of one night at Festubert when he picked up "the officer" wounded, and crept with him through a machine-gun barrage to the comparative shelter of a ruined farmhouse. To-day that same officer is very likely to be just what he was before the war—a "toff," and socially just as immeasurably far away from the barber as ever he was. The war has put tweeds in theater stalls hitherto sacred to evening clothes, but it hasn't given Shoreditch a card of admission to Mayfair. The real fact is that Shoreditch doesn't want one. Coster and peer alike turn to 1914 and the years before as the goal.

London, superficially, has changed little. Khaki and blue are off the streets

again. "D.O.R.A." still imposes a few silly restrictions about closing hours; there is no gold coin in circulation; there are more badges on coat lapels. The vast sluggish current of London life apparently wanders on much as usual.

One sits at an office window in the crescent of Aldwych and watches the ebb and flow of the tide of street traffic from the roaring stream which is the Strand. The matinée crowds, as yet only half-conscious that they have left the make-believe world of the stage's illusions, swirl from the Gaiety and disrespectfully linger to chat beneath the frowning austerity of the "Morning Post's" unmistakably Tory façade. Huge, ungainly steam lorries, which for some unknown reason are allowed to lumber through London's streets, creep along with loads of girders for a new building which is rising, American fashion, at the foot of Kingsway. "American fashion," did one say? Conspicuously absent is the deafening clatter of the pneumatic riveter; stolid workmen slowly and laboriously bolt the I-beams together by hand. It is the gaunt steel skeleton, unfamiliar to London, where solid granite is the rule, that gives the American touch.

In the crowd that passes beneath one's window nothing is conceded to Paris or to Constantinople in the matter of cos-

mopolitan characteristics. A navy, sucking a "short clay," proceeds a pace in front of a Guards officer. Sallow and bespectacled Hindus, never quite at ease in their Western garments, slide slimly past. An ample woman in a leopardskin coat with a tiny monkey cuddled in the crook of her arm appears, and draws not even a glance. (Am I right in assuming that she would cause a near-riot on Fifth Avenue?) Blandly unconcerned Japanese—London is full of them, now that Prince Hirohito has been here—add their touch of the Orient. As a filler there is the usual assemblage that one sees in any street, any time, anywhere in Europe—all nonentities, by the grace of the vast and mighty unconcern which is and always has been London's.

"Ah, but you should have seen it before the war!" sadly comments the Londoner at one's elbow. "In 1914, now—"

There is a well-known story that when the London "Times" passed under the control of Lord Northcliffe an ancient reader of that paper complained to its editor that the "Times" wasn't what it used to be.

"My dear sir, it never was!" flashed back the editor.

Sometimes one cannot help wondering whether London ever was, either.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES OF A CHINA FAMINE

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS

BRADLEY laughed till he shook "like a bowl full of jelly." I did not see the joke; probably because I was it. Still, he was welcome to his laughter, for there was mighty little of it domiciled in mid-China at the time. Bradley, although he is no thin and ghostly ascetic, is a missionary, a physician by profession, and in practice a general handy man of civilization. So when he and his fellow Southern Presbyterian missionaries found themselves in the midst of the great famine of 1906-7, the only white men and women in that remote part of China, he turned, American fashion, to the job of building roads in order that recipients of relief money might not be pauperized.

The tragic tales that had come down to Shanghai of the terrible visitation that had befallen the Kiangpeh region had of course lured the traveling newspaper man to the scene, via the Yangtze River and the Grand Canal. I well remember the panic in the American compound at Sutsien when Mr. and Mrs. Correspondent arrived from their houseboat by night; by night, when not even respectable Chinese ventured abroad because of the desperate characters whom hunger had driven into highwaymanry! A bad case was made worse because we had gone up the canal for a journey of several days without an interpreter, and so knew no better, when we reached

Sutsien, than to disembark by night. The only conveyances available were one sedan-chair and a wheelbarrow. Mrs. Correspondent was put aboard the chair and whisked briskly off ere Mr. Correspondent was fairly settled in his wheelbarrow. She arrived at the Bradley home long before her husband; and for a time there was interesting discussion as to the probability of the madman's ever getting there alive. Naturally, he did arrive, with no other wounds than those incident to wheelbarrow riding over a Chinese highway.

The next day I was out with Bradley and his road-making gang. It cannot be denied that prudence is not my cardinal virtue. The entire trip had been undertaken in the face of official and unofficial warnings of its dangers. All along the way I had been cautioned against the personal perils that inhered in the distribution of money, for I carried two big pockets full of copper coins for that express purpose. Out among Bradley's hunger horde I committed another indiscretion. Upon observing a youth with a tray full of native sweets—wherever there is a market the world around, there is food of some sort to be had, regardless of famine conditions—I bought the whole supply, and began to distribute it.

At once the American Croesus was

mobbed. In their eagerness to get a morsel of the sweet provender, the men crowded upon me and crushed me and were fairly bearing me down to earth. My last sight ere I flung the food from me as far as I could send it, in order to relieve the situation by sending the men scrambling for the food, was of Bradley, up on a bank, laughing, earth-quakewise, at the plight of this Smart Aleck of a newspaper man. But then he had gone through pretty much the same thing every day for weeks as he distributed the wooden tags which meant work to a horde of heads of families.

As somewhat of a specialist in human misery all over the earth, I must say that the Chinese peasant takes his hard luck man fashion. He does not easily become a sycophantic mendicant. When he has used up all the edibles on his place and sold everything vendible he owns, at times not excepting even the timbers of his poor dwelling, he loads his remaining family possessions, including his baby and his grandmother, upon his wheelbarrow and sets out on a tragic trek toward the nearest walled town or city. In the meantime, with inherited wisdom, he has learned how to get a modicum of nourishment, or else that sorry substitute, a "full feeling," from certain grasses, roots, and barks of young trees. A compressed cake of

bean waste, normally fed to the pigs, becomes a prized food in famine times.

This tenacity of life is one of the unending marvels of Oriental hunger experiences. People live long on nothing, or little more than nothing. The marvel is not that so many die, but that so many live. China's capacity for endurance is famous; a famine reveals it to the uttermost. How a man can push a huge Chinese wheelbarrow over impassable roads with no food crossing his lips for days is beyond a Westerner's comprehension.

When the Chinese refugee, fleeing from the dread presence of famine, arrives at a walled city, he joins his fellow-fugitives in a camp. Any vacant space will do, but the nearer the wall the better, for various obvious reasons, including shelter from winter winds. These encampments of woe are a distinctive Chinese spectacle; but they are not on tourist routes. A square or two of matting is bent into a semicircular shelter, like a miniature of the great palace arch at Ctesiphon. Usually, the dimensions are about five feet square on the ground, the greatest height of the arch being perhaps four feet. Not a commodious home, manifestly; but possible because of the Oriental art of "hunkering." If the family is fortunate, there is a square of matting as floor-covering; otherwise, they sit and lie on the bare ground. All this is in winter, if you please! I personally have seldom been colder, despite a white man's seasonable clothes, than I was amid the famine refugees of Mid-China, who themselves wore meager, cotton-wadded garments. These become unusually infested, under refugee conditions, with vermin, to add to the sufferings of the patient poor.

Chinese are not exclamatory. They do not wail and cry aloud and proclaim their sufferings to the world, as is the fashion farther west in Asia. Their language, however, is by nature pictorial. The ideograph is vivid beyond all other forms of writing or speaking. As I passed emigrant famine families in rural China there would be sometimes only a single word of comment from them; this very lack of volubility made their plight seem more desperate. Over and over again the same word was muttered by these men whose backs were bent beneath wheelbarrow straps. I think it was, "Yao-ming!" Anyway, it means, "It wants our lives!" Who says the Chinese are only unimaginative materialists? That one word was tragedy incarnate. These illiterate peasants had visualized the famine from which they were fleeing as a monster that would be satisfied with nothing less than life itself. It had devoured food store and property and home, still it relentlessly dogged the heels of the fugitives, insatiate until it had got the ultimate possession.

So it was a battle for life that the Americans waged. Belatedly, the need of China got to America—primarily, let it be said with full significance, because the missionaries were actually on the

scene in remote interior China—and money and food came. There was nobody to organize and distribute relief except these expatriates of piety; and right skillfully did they vindicate their national heritage. They knew the language and the people, and they knew that to feed the hungry was the best kind of Gospeling. Let me whisper in passing that the unique position which



PHOTOGRAPH BY AUSTIN D. LONG, Y. M. C. A. SECRETARY

ONE OF THOUSANDS OF REFUGEE WOMEN

the United States to-day holds in the esteem and affection and confidence of China is due less to the praiseworthy utterances of statesmen in Washington than to the noble character and conduct of American missionaries strewn all over the Chinese nation. Somebody will one day write a profound article or book upon the diplomacy of democracy, which is nothing more nor less than the popular diffusion of good will. America is unshakably in the leadership of China to-day for the simple reason that the Chinese have had abundant evidence of the real character and disposition of this country.

At least one man learned during the 1906-7 famine in China what sort of men and women missionaries really are. A British war correspondent, Captain K—, left Shanghai with me, bent on the same errand. He confided to me his fears about the missionaries whom he would have to meet; for, said he, of course he did not believe in missionaries—they were persons who could not make an honest living at home, and they were possessed of no social qualities. I did my best to reassure him that, even though he would have to put up in missionary homes—there was nowhere else to go—he would not be abridged in his liberty of opinion on that account. The point troubled K—, for he was an honorable gentleman and did not care to eat a man's salt and then pillory him in print.

Soon he had troubles of a different sort. In the mission homes the day begins with family worship, and poor

K—, with all his cosmopolitanism, had never before run up against that institution, and really did not know how to behave. I especially admired the skill with which he concealed that precious part of his baggage which was carried in bottles. Worse was yet ahead. At Antung the China Inland Mission ladies took it for granted that nobody would ever penetrate to such a remote place on a benevolent mission without the constraining impulses of religion. At the first meal Miss Reed naturally asked, "Captain K—, will you please say grace?" Doubtless Captain K— had often used the language commonly heard in grace before meat; but not exactly in that connection. But he was prepared, probably by his American wife, so he blandly remarked, "Miss Reed, my family are all Quakers, and we use a silent blessing at the table." All the while he was at Antung that clever correspondent substituted a "silent blessing" for the usual grace before meat.

Blasé and worldly-wise and British, K— was not given to enthusiasms; but when he returned to Shanghai he wrote in the "North China Daily News" a tribute to missionaries that was heartier and more effective than is usually found in the professional literature of missions. And to me he said, special-correspondently, when we met: "As you know, I've been everywhere and mingled with all sorts of people; but that American missionary Patterson, at Sutsien, is the finest man I've ever known in all my life."

I cannot quite bring myself to tell tales of famine horrors: the monkey-faced, pop-eyed babies tugging hungrily at the cold breasts of dead mothers lying on the frozen ground; the piteous old women and the stoical men; the incredibly deformed starving waif whom I picked up outside of the city of Tsingkiangpu; the boy on the wall of Chinkiang who was carrying home a starved cat for food, and in response to a query tried so hard to sell it to me as a delicate morsel; and such general concomitants as the incidence of smallpox plague with the famine.

One of the unexpected aspects of work in the famine camps came while I was accompanying Mrs. Paxton, of Chinkiang, as she made rounds to distribute medicine to the sick among the hungry. As a matter of fact, relatively few persons ever die in a famine directly from actual hunger, but rather from diseases induced by malnutrition. Obliging, Mrs. Paxton freely translated for me as we went along, and we found, in pathetic paradox, that the commonest request of these starving creatures was for medicine to give them an appetite! Even when they succeeded in getting a bowl of food from the relief station, ran the repeated tale, they could not eat it, having no taste for food. To us this meant, obviously, that the sufferers had reached the final stages, where craving for food had passed away. They were not hungry, because they were starving!

“MINE OWN PEOPLE”

IN The Outlook of May 18 we announced our third prize contest. We asked those of our readers who felt like entering it to write six hundred words on the subject of “Mine Own People.” We asked the contestants to tell us what they really thought of their own families. “Do you agree,” we said, “with Oliver Herford’s dictum: ‘God makes our relatives; thank God we make our own friends?’ We should like to know what kind of environment you live in; does it stimulate you or does it depress you? Would you have chosen it if you had had any say about it? Tell us truthfully of your revolts, if any, against your home life; also of your enthusiasms. If you are a woman, what do you really think of your men? If you are a man, let us have a critical estimate of your women folk.”

Some of the letters were tragic; some of the letters were bitter; but, nevertheless, we found them a deeply interesting self-revelation. Pen-names conceal the

identity of most of the six hundred and seventy-four aspirants who entered.

The object of the contest was to stimulate frank criticism of American life, and the result is an engrossing running story of American manners and human contacts, of enthusiasms and revolts, of all kinds of reactions to environment. This collection of letters is an illuminating survey of current life, emotions, yearnings, strivings, and restraints. It contains nearly half a million words of intimate observations and reflections—it is an almost staggering, close-up, composite picture of a multitude of lives.

It is curious how letters of self-revelation in American literature vary. The autobiographies of Dr. Grenfell and of Dr. Trudeau, both genuine pieces of literature, are happy and optimistic in spite of the fact that both of these men have seen more of the tragedy, sordidness, and misery of human life than falls to the lot of most observers.

But the autobiography of Charles Francis Adams, which has ancestry, cultivation, and wealth behind it, is the very refinement of despondency; in fact, at the conclusion of his biography, Mr. Adams tells us the story of an Oriental despot who, at the end of a reign of fifty years, said that he could only recall fourteen days of unalloyed happiness in the entire period. Mr. Adams, who was writing at the age of eighty, comments on this story by saying: “Like this Oriental ruler, as I look back over my more than fifty years of active life, I can only recall fourteen days of unalloyed happiness, but, at that, I have had more than any other member of my family.”

Some of our contestants, to all of whom, by the way, we are greatly obliged for their response to our request, are Trudeaus and Grenfells, and some of them are Adamases.

With this brief comment we submit the results to our readers.

FIRST PRIZE

MY CAVALIERS

BY ANNE MARSHALL

THIS is Monday. I spent Saturday in the city, tramping about in the rain, shopping for various members of my family, but especially for the youngest brother, who sails this week for a year in Europe. He is having too good a time to waste any hours in shops; besides, “Sis knows just what I like.”

I had a few minutes to spare and went to see a doctor. He was a childhood friend, this doctor. He lived next door, and he remembers very clearly the dark, silent little girl who looked on at the play of her five big blond brothers. He knows how the father and mother adored these boys and planned for their future and saw to it, in spite of the scarcity of money, that they had all the fun boys want—trips, horses, bicycles, and all the other things. He knows that the little girl’s future wasn’t discussed, that her gifts were few and useful, but, in spite of that knowledge, it doesn’t seem natural to him as it does to me that the boys should have taken their cue from our parents and have forgotten too. This often happens in the South. The Southerner still to a large extent regards a woman as a servant or a beautiful toy, rarely as just a woman.

The doctor remembers how he lost a quaintly fanciful little playmate when I was twelve. The mother died then and I was told that I was the head of the house and that I must consider myself responsible for the youngest boy, a

stormy, willful, hot-tempered child. He knows how I have worshiped the boy, how I have fought that temper of which the Southerner is secretly proud and from which his women and servants suffer. It was with this doctor’s help, and unconsciously as far as the boy was concerned, that I brought to him a realization of the weaknesses of the Southerner, of the dangers of his sensuality, his hard drinking, his gambling, his egotism that so often smothers ambition. Probably I’d have failed in all of it had he not in a fit of temper struck me in the face with a club and marred dawning beauty. For a long time after that he was remorseful, thoughtful, and very affectionate. The Southerner can be adorably tender, and for just a bit of this tenderness his women forgive much.

The Southerner flatters much in public and when wooing; in private he is frank. A Southerner worships beauty and resents a lack of it in his women. The Southerner of Anglo-Saxon descent is a brute, an inheritance from his far-away Teutonic ancestors. My brothers called me “Scarface” until they were old enough to be ashamed of it; but the name left a deeper and more lasting scar than any on my face. A sensitive, introspective person invariably withers in the Southern home.

Next to beauty, wit and the ability to flirt are demanded of the Southern woman. My brothers didn’t see these qualities in me and they didn’t believe that others could find them. A Southerner is chivalrous, but he is also loyal to his friends and he does not permit friendship to be imposed upon. There-

fore I was dubbed a “lemon” and the men were warned off.

I had a good mind, but the Southerner considers that a liability in a woman. I wanted to go to college, but it had never been done in our family, and the Southerner is very conventional. Of course my brothers are college men. Southern men of our class always go to college, and they major in highballs and minor in poker. I was needed at home. Woman’s place is in the home. The oldest boys were through college; they liked to entertain a great deal, and competent servants are scarce in the South.

I made many efforts to escape, but always I went down in defeat before my lack of funds and before their oratory. The Southerner considers a woman incapable of handling money, but is most generous as far as charge accounts go. The Southerner is a born orator; from him the spoken word is mightier than pen or sword.

Then came the war. The Southerner loves a fight, and all of the brothers enlisted. The father settled down into chronic invalidism. The doctor who had been the boy next door came home on a furlough and brought with him a homeless friend. Within ten days all the world had changed for me. Love had come. Gayly we told of our intention to be married at once. It was like throwing a bomb into their midst. They were willing to give their lives for their country; surely I was willing to forego a little happiness in order that their minds might be at peace, knowing that I was at home caring for our father and helping their wives with the babies.