

On the main road to Confucius' grave.

## SHANTUNG: SACRED SOIL

By Nathaniel Peffer

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS MADE IN CHINA BY C. LE ROY BALDRIDGE

T'AI-SHAN T'AI-AN-FU,  
SHANTUNG.



**L**HIS is the heart of Shantung—symbol now to the Western world of China's trembling fate. It is more than that. It is the heart of China itself, the soul of China, centre and sanctuary of the highest in China's faith, tradition, and history. There is thrill to the mind and catch to the imagination in standing on this soil at this time; and a feeling of æsthetic satisfaction at the nice unity in the fact that the chance of political circumstance has given to the West as sym-

bol for China that which most genuinely and most deeply is China.

For these mystic hills and the few miles of plain they command are to China sacred. Here on T'ai-Shan, the Sacred Peak of the East, on whose summit before history took up its reckoning emperors stood to offer homage for their people to the Ruler of Heaven, is enshrined the purest faith of the Chinese, not yet overlaid with demonology and spirit-worship. Around its rocks, its pools, its clusters of other-worldly trees are gathered some of their most treasured lore and beautiful legends. In its shadow lies the humble walled city of Chü-Fu,

where Confucius lived, studied, and gathered about him the disciples who spread the code of ideals that has governed a quarter of the human race, where he now lies buried, and where his descendants still live.

superimposition of pseudo-Western manners and customs; not the China of political Peking and its corruption and concession-bartering; not the China of modern railway and factory and "squeeze" and joss-house, the China that is so dis-



A Chinese soldier.

Here every year for generation on generation have come the mighty and lowly of the empire on pilgrimage, emperor and warrior and sage and coolie, seeking benevolent dispensation. And here we, too, have come (the artist and I) to catch the spirit of the real China; not the China of the outports and their ugly

illusioning to the traveller and discouraging to the foreign resident; but the China that reaches back into the mists of antiquity and has gone to the heights and depths of civilization. And there has been the lure of the dramatic in coming here now when the word Shantung is flung back and forth—undiscriminatingly,

it may be said—from political hustings at home and glares in black type from newspapers.

And—well, perhaps we have found it—China as it is fixed in grandeur in the history of man and as it is to-day in all

embellishment. And at its entrance a pavilion of gently flowing lines and gorgeous tiling, of which the roof was in ruins and the floor defiled with filth, while the money allotted by the government for its maintenance had been stolen by officials



A coolie.

its contradictions and obliquenesses and unfathomablenesses, its inexplicable commingling of subtleties and crudities, finenesses and sordidnesses, purities and corruptions, beauty and tinsel.

We saw at the graveyard of Confucius a simple and impressive mound of earth with trees and a single tablet for its only

and the very heads of the family of Confucius. Only a people of fine sensibilities could have conceived the one; only a people deadened to all high impulse could have perpetrated the other. And that is China, whether now or two thousand years ago, whether in Canton, Peking, or Chü-Fu.





C. E. Roy, Baldrige  
Chü-fu, CHINA.

Market scene at Chü-Fu on birthday of Confucius.

Perhaps, too, we have just found life. Those things that were heralded to us for their beauty and impressiveness and that are accepted by the Chinese for that, almost without exception were to us com-

the soul of the Chinese wrenches at the thought of losing Shantung. But they are not the things about which books are written or to which the Chinese make pilgrimages.



Lao Fu-Tsz.

To our improvised ménage in the unfinished church there had attached itself an eager-eyed and tattered youngster.—Page 163.

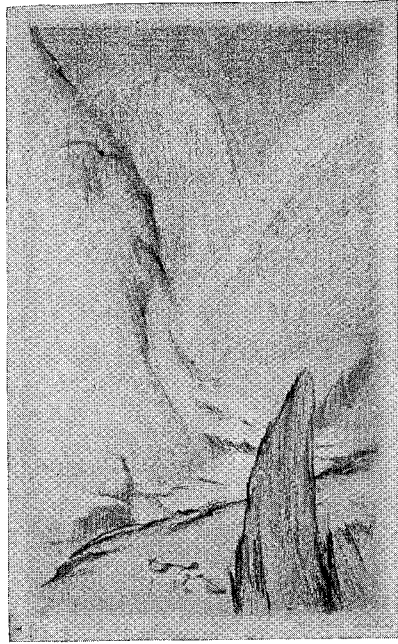
monplace and even tawdry; those of which we had not heard and which are commonly neglected were to us beautiful and impressive. The "sights" are barely worth the discomfort of the railway journey up from Shanghai; yet there are things before which one understands why

T'ai-Shan, for instance. We were, indeed, awed by T'ai-Shan. It has a religious quality, religious by other than "heathen" test. It is mystic, beautiful, cleansing, inspiring. It has a spirit too tenuous for fathoming or expressing, it leaves a memory too strong for effacing.

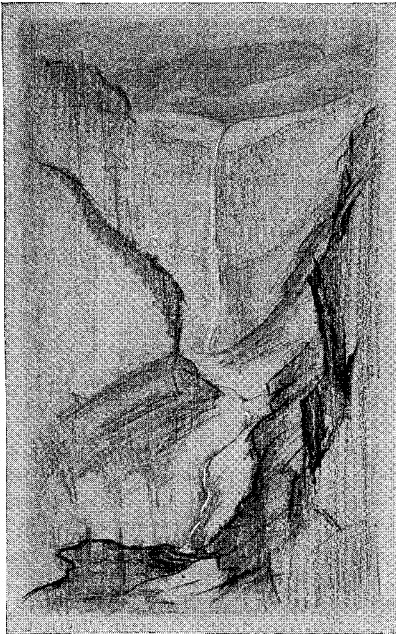




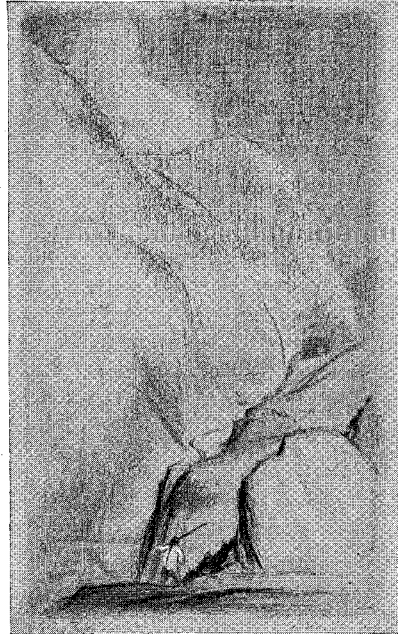
Autumn, T'ai-Shan.



Ao-lai-Shan Valley.



The Fall and Black Dragon Pool.



The Red Temple, T'ai-Shan.

Reproductions of four water-color sketches.

"For a month I have been living high up in T'ai-Shan, most famous of the sacred mountains of China. I have been impressed as no mountains have ever impressed me before. These are really "foreign" looking outlines and colors, and I have tried to show that in the pictures I am sending you."

—Extract from Mr. Baldridge's letter.

And as we first came up the valley at sunrise from T'ai-An-Fu station a few miles away, we paid our measure of respect to the people two thousand years ago and more who had already in them the sympathy, understanding, and imagination to take this for worship.

There is in these mountains that group around the peak of T'ai-Shan a thrill more than æsthetic. They are not as we Westerners know mountains, nor are they by our measurements beautiful or even noteworthy. They are not spectacular, they reach no commanding, staggering heights, they have no steep ascents, or sheer precipices, they are not heavily wooded; they are relatively low, of even ascent, barren, strewn with boulders, often mere masses of gray-green rock; they have none of the dramatic value of our Rockies.

They are—the reversion of order is not so illogical as it seems—like Chinese paintings. They lift their summits in clear and sharp line above the mist at their feet, rather than bathe their summits in it as do our mountains. They do move in those curious curves that you see in the best of the T'ang paintings. There is in them motion, definite motion—an artist would call it swing. And they are bodiless, just as on the silken rolls; in one dimension, silhouette imposed on silhouette, painted masses on a gorgeous screen. Color swimming into color—the color of the Eastern atmosphere—a deep red temple slung in some perilous niche; a sloping-roofed pavilion built by some rich merchant seeking to acquire merit; black blots of goats motionless on a ridge and a goatherd who by every association should be summoning nymphs on his willow lute; above all, the unmistakable steeping in antiquity—whether it be these, or whether mountains can take on in aspect the character that has been given them by tradition as men show the soul in the face—whatever it may be, these mountains, without the physical attributes of beauty, are beautiful with a beauty that is unearthly and deeply religious.

So for days we gave mute worship. We had found, we told ourselves, the unspoiled East. We, too, would fight to save Shantung. We spoke in derisive

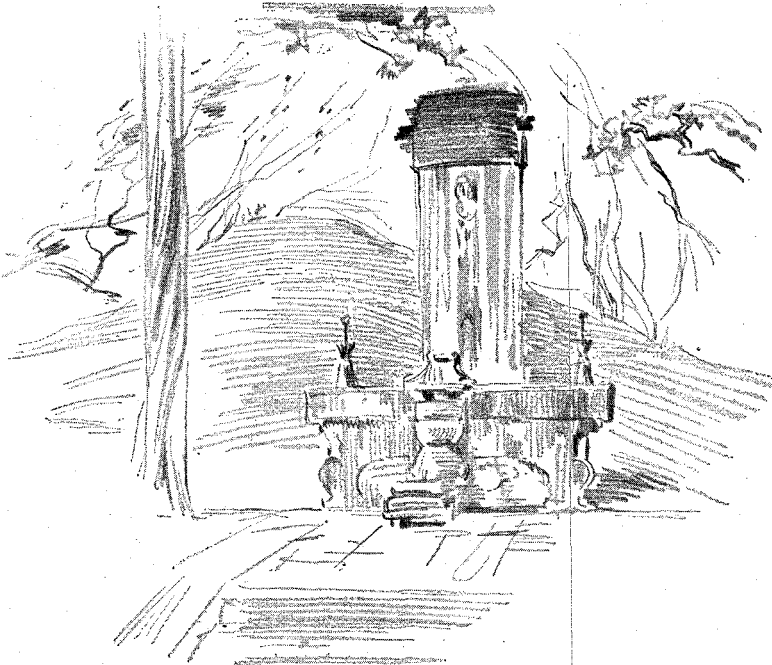
comparison of our own people; of how, for instance, Americans would treat this T'ai-Shan; how they would run scenic railways up it and spread it broad with adjurations to tooth-pastes and cow-symbolized tobaccos. We made high and scornful comedy of our own boasted civilization.

And so making, we set out for T'ai-Shan itself, for the pilgrimage proper, as the Chinese have walked it since ancient days. We have not been living on the pilgrims' path, for that is lined with temples—and Chinese temples, however attractive to the foreign eye, are not habitable to other foreign senses equally strong—but in the valley just off the path, in a cottage built for missionary summer vacations—and missionary cottages, however offending to the fitness of things, are compatible with other senses much stronger. We made, then, our pilgrimage, and we who had gone up to worship, came down to scold and call ourselves disillusioned.

Heresy it may be and the sign in us of things that are wanting, but that T'ai-Shan was to us by comparison tawdry. It is a majestic height giving on a magnificent panorama, undoubtedly; but of such are many in China and elsewhere. In its purely physical aspects it is conventional; in its spiritual aspects it is not only conventional but spoiled, more by lack of artistry than lack of religious feeling.

Beautiful temples there are bordering its road to the summit and tablets inscribed by scholars and poets whose fame spreads across the breast of Asia; trees deified in memory of grateful shelter to sage or conqueror; a stone marking the spot where Confucius stood and marvelled at the smallness of the world; a pillar built by command of the Chin-Shih-Huang, the Chinese Cæsar; the crag from which thousands have hurled themselves as placation to evil spirits beleaguering the bodies of ailing parents; a rich embroidery of legendry over its whole sweep. And laid over that a cover of man-made crudity shattering all harmony of time and nature. From base to summit runs the pilgrims' path, up which thousands pass every spring bearing fabulous sums in gold and silver paper money to be burned for transmission in





*Ch. Roy Dinklage*  
Chin - fu -

Grave of Confucius.

flame to the spirits below in remuneration for divers services. But it is a staircase rather than a road, an almost unbroken succession of stone steps: regular, mechanical, monotonous, and stupid; an everlasting monument to the want of imagination in those who built them and the generation that allowed them to be built. Whether you make the ascent tediously on foot or in the ancient chairs borne on the shoulders of Mohammedan coolies, who have the monopoly of that occupation on the mountain—to go for worship or for beauty riding on the back of another human being is an ugly and callous thing—over every other impression dominates the endlessness and artificiality of the steps. The road may have been eased somewhat for pilgrims, but it is then not so much a pilgrimage to nature's supreme shrine as an investment for prospective gain in the lower world; which, of course, is the motive of the overwhelming majority of pilgrims: propitiation of potentially evil spirits in the

nether regions, recovery of dying relatives, offspring for sterile wives, prosperity for languishing commercial ventures. For the shabby Taoist demonology has completely supplanted the sublime concept of man communing directly with the Lord of Heaven from His highest footstool. And I am not now unaware how large a part the acquisitive motive plays in the religious worship of other and more civilized creeds than this.

In the same key are the beggars' concessions on both sides of the path. These are farmed out by priests in the temples, each beggar's sphere of influence being definitely demarked by stone boundaries within which he may beseech largess from the wealthy pilgrim scattering bounty in proportion to his need of the gods' favors and the beggar's histrionic effectiveness. Our own guide, a student from T'ai-An-Fu, passed without notice leprous old women, crippled old men, and the blind; with artistic appreciation he threw coppers to a plump and naked youngster



who interrupted his frolic with a puppy to transfix a smeared countenance in a look of transcendent agony. The coppers were reward for his skill. And the skil-

peak, unkempt, filthy, and scaling, fitting summit to a rising scale of disappointment.

And T'ai-Shan is for us forever done.  
With our self-built structure tumbled



A scholar.

ful thrive. They build comfortable mud houses, cultivate sizable gardens by the side of the wayside shrine, and pay handsome rental to the temples. And the crowing of their roosters echoes from every crag. There remains only for climax the temple to the Jade Emperor—the Taoist deity—on the crown of the

within us and in the full gloom of disappointment we turned for solace to Chü-Fu and its memories of Confucius. We did so the more expectantly because of the propitiousness of the time, the birthday of Confucius being but a few days distant and the sacrifice in his famous temple there being celebrated for its splendor.

Solace of one kind we had at once, salve to our *amour propre*. When we alighted from the third-class train, in which we had for sanitary preference ridden in the baggage-car, a bugle blared, a squad of twelve soldiers presented arms, and a captain saluted with his sword. The district hsien chiang, officially informed of our coming, had sent us a guard of honor. Now, that guard was, like virtually all of the Chinese army, deliciously comic-opera, in the cut of its uniform, its carriage, and its military demeanor; and revelatory both of that army and all of China in other respects.

It was typical that when the captain ushered us to one of the mule-carts waiting to take passengers to the city a few miles away, one of his men should intervene with the suggestion that we take a better one and the others join in the warm discussion that followed; and typical that the men should have their way and the captain yield to the force of their arguments. For in this country, if there are no kings for a cat to look at, a private can always argue with a colonel, often without even the formality of saluting.

And that holds for civilian as well as military life. Between the coolie and the rich official or merchant is the whole span of civilization, but in the ordinary intercourse of life the two can meet, and do meet, more easily and freely than within our own social classes, much less separated though those may be, mentally and materially.

Until we left Chü-Fu the guard of honor was our comic relief, and we its. And, however much our going to Chü-Fu was an event to us, it was even more of one to Chü-Fu. The interest with which we regarded it was neither so great nor so naïve nor so fascinated as that with which it regarded us. To no relic of Confucius or rite in his honor did we give such rapt and awed attention as that which was given to our meals or our toilet processes by the population of Chü-Fu. Nor was anything so alien, so exotic, or so preternatural as the folding-cot that we exhibited for the inspection of three old countrywomen who came into the half-built Christian church in which we were staying to see what manner of living was that of the wai guo jen.

Yes—Christian church. For however fantastic white men may still be to Chü-Fu—as to most other cities in the interior—it does have some foreign contacts. The most pressing is the Christian church, through its missionaries. Until a few years ago the officials of Shantung Province and the clan of K'ung, as Confucius' family is known, succeeded in keeping missionary endeavor out of Chü-Fu, but then one of the Protestant missions succeeded in inducing a needy resident to sell it a piece of property, and it proceeded to build a church. The Chinese made bitter opposition. This, they said, was their Holy City, burial-ground of their greatest religious prophet, home of his descendants; it, at least, should be spared proselytizing by any other faith. After protracted negotiations and much entangling of intrigue, the mission offered to compromise so far as to move outside the walls of the city, but no farther.

And the Chinese had to accept; for by the treaty which the foreign Powers forced on the Chinese with battleship and bayonet, the Chinese cannot prevent missionaries from settling in any city. It is a work of righteousness with much of irony, but so is the whole relationship between the foreign Powers and China.

But in fairness to missionaries it should also be said that one feels less sympathy after having been in Chü-Fu and seen what the Chinese themselves, and even the descendants of Confucius, do with their holy shrine.

It is not evident in the works of living men that this is a Holy City. Nor was there any such sign at this time, when reverence should have been at its most solemn height. Chü-Fu is only an ordinary small Chinese city, with people as poor, streets as dirty, mud houses as squalid as any other; but besides its relics and its memories, besides the cemetery in which is his grave and the temple which marks the spot where his home stood, it is also the seat of his family. The majority of its inhabitants are members of the K'ung clan, with the blood of Confucius in their veins; and in the palace beside the temple lives the head of the family in each generation, the hereditary duke and theoretically the oldest son in direct

descent, this being the only hereditary duchy in China. Here surely the faith should be kept pure, here everything of Confucian association be kept inviolate. And yet—

a ceremonial dance to the accompaniment of majestic tunes played on the instruments in use in the time of Confucius—Confucius ranks as probably the foremost Chinese critic of music. Under the



Types.

The annual birthday sacrifice in the temple is in form and ritual impressive. On the altar before the image in the main hall are the cow, the sheep, the pig, the grain, wine, tea, and other symbolical offerings. On the stone terrace before the hall fifty youths in the rich costume of Confucian days move in the slow steps of

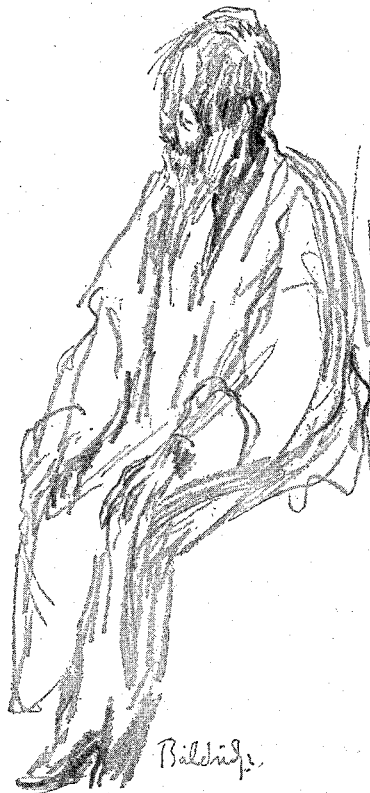
chanted directions of a distinguished scholar who is master of ceremonies, the heads of the family at appointed times in the service, perform the nine k'o-tows; and simultaneously with them the lesser members of the family and a few chosen others, massed in rows from the terrace back to the end of the huge courtyard.



In the ceremony are all the elements of stately dignity and deep reverence, all the splendor we had expected, but there was little that was impressive in it as we actually saw it. If its dignity and solemnity were felt by those who took part in it, they made effectual concealment thereof. Minor masters of ceremonies bustled about giving contradictory orders while the sacred bronze bells were being rung. Cigarettes were lit between k'o-tows. Men giggled and gossiped and spat in the front rows of the worshippers. Where there should have been respectful hush was noise, movement, and confusion. And over all was a perfunctoriness like that of school children at "exercises." It is not egotism that prompts the belief that we divided attention equally with Confucius. The temple hall was deserted to follow us; we had the eye of as many peo-

ple as the dancers; if we had suddenly left, it is not unlikely that we should have disrupted the proceedings.

The duke was away in Peking, disporting himself, we were told; he is said to be of sportive inclinations. The present duke, the seventy-seventh of the line, and in extent of family-tree, at least, the world's purest aristocrat, is held in low esteem by those who know him and in common report. He is neither scholar nor man of affairs. His intellectual attainments are rated as those of a moderately well-to-do merchant. His interest in his lineage, the achievements of his great ancestor, and the welfare of his country is almost nil. In the tea-shops of far-away cities like Hankow and Canton, he is spoken of with derision. That has not been true, however, of all the dukes. Their general average has been high;



Types.

some have even reached the top ranks of scholarship.

The temple, like all temples to Confucius, is of a vasty grandeur and simplicity, in marked contrast with the shabby trappings and mummery that cheapen all Buddhist and Taoist temples in China. Broad courtyards with rows of trees fantastically grayed and twisted with age; green and red and yellow tiled roofs; marble pillars deep carved in the dragon motif; a main hall of deep red tones, massive redwood pillars running up to a gorgeously panelled and studded ceiling, and the image half-hidden behind warm yellow curtains; it is a shrine which in structure and design is worthy a great prophet. But here, too, are decay and neglect, débris piled into corners, weeds growing between broken stone flaggings, paint scaling, and wood rotting; always the jarring note.

The graveyard is a noble expression of the dignity and mystery of death; it is impossible to think of a Western cemetery, with the Western profusion and overdecoration and easy symmetries, that has touched its height. It lies a mile from the city gate. Leading to it from the gate is a broad avenue of trees spanned half-way by a stone arch of exquisite carving and majestic lines. The graveyard proper—really a park—within which any member of the K'ung clan may be buried, whether scholar or coolie, is enclosed in a pink wall. Within that wall is the spell of the Infinite. On thin, eerie trees that lean rather than stand, lean rigidly and reverently, things of a twilight world never planted by the hand of man, lies the mood of death. Under them are scattered the stones and tablets marking the passing of the seventy-seven generations. At the farther end of the park is another wall behind which are the tombs of Confucius, his son, and his grandson. The mound of Confucius is just that: a piling up of earth before which are a stone altar, a tablet inscribed with six Chinese characters, a stone urn flanked by two bronze candlesticks; along its sides are a few trees, and around it shrubbery. That is all. It is the simplicity of the sublime. One need not be a Chinese to bow the head. That graveyard could stand alone

as the masterpiece of a race and in itself mark that race as one that had added to mankind.

And then—then one finds the small family temple near it littered with manure, the wall of a pavilion erected for meditation broken down, stone seats rocking uncertainly, the scars of ruin everywhere. And one knows that the K'ung family has enormous holdings of valuable property, that the government remits the taxes on much of the property, and that appropriations are periodically made for the maintenance and repair of the cemetery; and that the rich heads of the family have kept nearly all of what the officials have not squeezed. And there is a sweep of bitterness and disgust that the corruption that eats through the whole texture of life in China should have gnawed so deep as this. Here is all that remains of him these people know as God; here are the men of his blood, raised above all others of their nation because of that; and it is impossible not to believe caloused to all decent appeal a people whose petty pilfering does not stop even there. It is impossible not to believe them degenerated utterly beyond saving. It is impossible not to feel that hopelessness that every foreign resident of China does sometimes feel, the questioning whether the Chinese race has not outlived itself, whether it did not spend itself for all time in the creative centuries up to five hundred years ago. Probably that feeling is not justified. Corruption and decadent cycles are not peculiar to China or even the East. For every sordid trait an admirable one can still be found. But this much is true, that a great many of the old race impulses are dead and that some kind of rebirth must come.

Is Confucianism decayed, then, as the faith of the Chinese? On that no two foreigners have ever agreed. Probably it is—to the extent that all old faiths are, of the West as well as of the East, and in greater degree in proportion as it is older. That is a condition conclusive neither as to the Chinese nor as to Confucianism. It is the normal phenomenon in the relationship of peoples and religions. Confucianism still lives in its forms; its spirit is dead. The same may be said of other religions—or will be, probably, when they

are as old. The need is, perhaps, not so much of a better religion as of fresher impulses.

Those impulses surely will spring again and that rebirth come; to the casual traveller even is evident the solid founda-

Chü-Fu who are descended from Confucius should run the whole social scale from man of leisure to coolie. As a test we took to asking the names of many that we met in the streets and shops. We met mule-carters who were of the K'ungs,



A sketch.

tion of admirable traits to balance those that seem so to demean. For one such quality, one in which China has always been an example in practice to nations that have talked more about it, Chü-Fu is dramatically conspicuous. That is the sense of the equality of all men. It is more than a pleasantly romantic fact that the three thousand or more inhabitants of

hawkers, tinsmiths, and proprietors of tea-shops. And it is neither kudos to the hawker in the alley or humiliation to the man of leisure in the palace courtyard that the other is what he is.

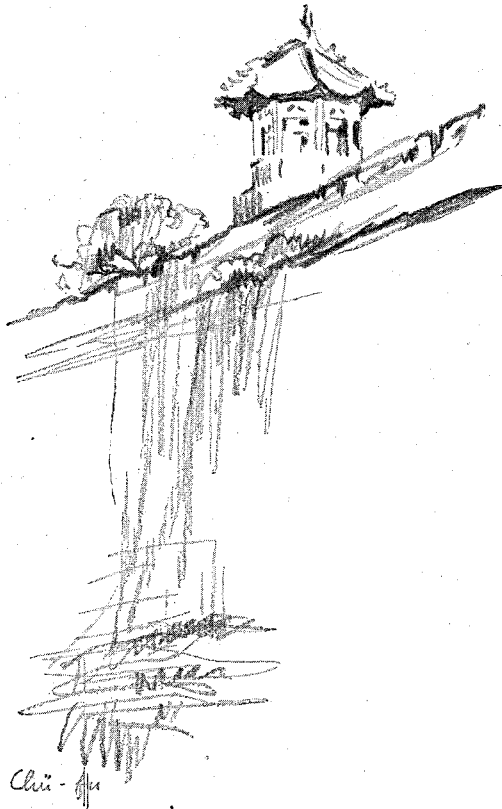
To our improvised ménage in the unfinished church there had attached itself an eager-eyed and tattered youngster who did errands for us, brought us hot water



and the like in exchange for the vantage of giving us intimate scrutiny. He was a bright lad, for whom we had come to take a fancy. The last day we were there we chanced to ask him his name. K'ung Hsing-Ku, he said, and quite casually went out. Having just come back from the ceremony in the temple and being in ribald mood, we named him anew Lao Fu-Tsz, or Old Sage, as Confucius is called. Yes, he was of the K'ungs. His father was a peasant near by, working a scanty subsistence out of a tiny measure of soil. Probably he will be a peasant, too, and his son and his son's son. And all will lie together in death in the graveyard within the pink walls, perhaps by the side of a near relative of the duke, the dust of all mingling with that of the prophet of their people. And if he is not a peasant and rises to a ministry or a

scholar's degree, as many another peasant's son has in China, he will lie there, too, by the side of some less-favored peasant's son. Whatever else may be said of the Chinese, certainly they are genuine democrats.

So, with the memory of Lao Fu-Tsz to soften the disappointment, we have come back to our T'ai-Shan, maybe the wiser now for all our disappointments. If we have not looked on China in the grandeur we had sought and expected, we have seen China as it really is. And if the disappointment, analyzed, is only that the hand of man has been laid too heavily on things that are not of man, then that is not only China and the East but America also and the West; which is the conclusion on China that every foreigner eventually reaches if he lives in it long enough.





A wave of anxiety rested on the faces of the women.—Page 175.

## MISS LIZZIE—PARLOR BOLSHEVIST

By Mabel Hill

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. E. HILL

**T**HERE'S that telephone again. You'd better answer it, Mary Carpenter. I have told Amanda I would take care of this part of the house. She is very busy this morning with the cooking, besides ironing and——"

Although Mary Carpenter had gone to the telephone Miss Lizzie's soliloquy ran along unheeded, setting forth the story of Amanda's programme for the day in detail. It was only interrupted by the return of the private secretary.

"Your nephew Jack is on his way to Clarksville, Miss Lizzie. He is arriving for luncheon, he says, and he hopes to spend the night if the welcome is warm enough."

"Jack? My nephew Jack? Why, Mary Carpenter, it can't be! I can't believe it! He is in Washington! He belongs to the Department of Justice. He

could not be released even for Christmas. Are you sure you heard correctly? Do you really mean, Mary Carpenter, that it was Jack, my nephew, who telephoned? I haven't seen him for nearly five years. You know I have told you he volunteered among the very first, and hurried off to France. He saw almost the first fighting. He was gassed twice, then he was transferred from the French to the American service, and because he was not strong enough to serve in the army he was sent to the Department of Justice where he has held an important position, his father writes, ever since. Mary Carpenter, you can't understand how excited I am. He is my brother John's oldest son. When those boys were little fellows, and spent their summer holidays here I loved them—oh, but what is the use to talk about the past when the boy is arriving now, today? And of all days, too, when there is nothing for luncheon and Miss Kornfield