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CHINESE TRIANGLES



Y. W. C. A.

The
Young Women's Christian Association
in a Changing China



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FOREWORD

To few pioneers is it given to see the results of their work in their own generation. The Y. W. C. A. in China is among that favored few. The women of China are making new paths and following them to great fields with a speed and directness that is often bewildering but always challenging. New women, do you say? Yet their modernity is so interwoven with old custom as to defy analysis by standards accepted in the West. China to-day is a dual identity, with the very old and the very new now joining hands, now facing across unfathomable depths with hostile eyes. Perhaps no generation has had so stupendous a task as that of young China to-day which must thread its way through such a maze. Moved by the patriotic desire to hold the culture of their race intact and its dignity and power undiluted, they yet are eager to adopt the best of modern science and culture.

It is in such a China, against a background where old and new are patterned in high relief, that the Y. W. C. A. works. These reports, written by foreign secretaries sent from several different countries to work with Chinese women while they are training for leadership, inevitably reflect this background. That they are careful and sympathetic students of the life here is evident from these paragraphs. Their experience is here presented in the hope that it may bring some better understanding of the problems, the needs, and the unique talents of China, and particularly of Chinese women by whom and for whom the Y. W. C. A. exists.

BRIEFLY SPEAKING:

The Young Women's Christian Association is working in the following cities:

Shanghai	Peking
Hangchow	Tientsin
Nanking	Mukden
Foochow	Tsinanfu
Wuchang (Student work only)	Changsha
Hongkong	Chengtou
Canton	Chefoo (Pre-organization centre)

The combined membership of these city Associations is approximately 3,000.

The Young Women's Christian Association is an active factor in student life in China. There are Association groups in 91 colleges and schools, with a combined membership of 6,000. In 1923 there were 16 conferences with an attendance of 1,000.

There are 51 Chinese secretaries and 64 foreign secretaries actually working in the Y. W. C. A. throughout China. In addition there are 16 foreign secretaries on furlough. (These figures are for the spring of 1924.)

During 1923, there were 675 volunteer workers engaged in work for the Y. W. C. A.

Associations in cities of China are organized only by request of the combined Christian forces in a community. The National Committee responds to such requests with pre-organization help in personnel and frequent consultation by travelling secretaries. Upon formal organization, the city Association becomes a part of the National Association.

Plans are under way to provide special training for Chinese secretaries and volunteer workers and for those who wish to enter the profession. This will be done largely through co-operation with colleges and summer schools and community agencies which offer special opportunity along this line.

The Y. W. C. A. puts special emphasis on religious education in all its work. Two travelling secretaries as well as those resident in local centres conduct Bible classes and Institutes and work closely with the Church in the community. Several study books have been written and published, especially adapted for use in China.

Books and pamphlets of technical value in social work and of general interest to Christian women are issued from time to time, as well as a magazine devoted to the needs of the Association and women and girls of to-day.

Seven city Associations are now participating in the Popular Education movement. Women and children of widely different ages study together the thousand characters designed to bring literacy within the reach of the working people.

Every city Association has from one to twenty-nine clubs for younger girls, with a carefully planned program designed to bring development of mind, body and spirit according to Christian ideals.

Two national industrial secretaries are assigned to work with the Industrial Commission of the National Christian Council.

Eight city Associations offer more or less extensive hostel service to Chinese girls needing temporary shelter or permanent home.

A Y. W. C. A. Club for Foreign Girls has a house in Shanghai that is available for meetings, and with an Employment Bureau and Rooms Registry and Tea-room service. Semi-monthly musical teas, a gymnasium class and a swimming class are added attractions.

“SPIRIT WITH SPIRIT CAN MEET”

RUTH LOUISE PARKER (America)

Shanghai

Every day we can see the East and the West meeting in China. They meet in commodities sold in the shops, mangoes cheek by jowl with Campbell's soups and persimmons consorting with Ivory soap. They meet in queer eclectic costumes—a Chinese girl's costume crowned with a homemade hat of pale blue silk! Who would have the heart to tell her that only three-year-olds at home would wear so infantile a style? And would she care when told? For it needs only a casual glance in the mirror to assure her that her absurd headgear is really bewitchingly becoming. And how must our Chinese colleagues regard our debonnaire draping of a Mandarin skirt panel over the end of a piano? How crude our foreign taste is we ourselves often perceive as we discard treasures purchased during our first months in China.

We have come so to accept all sorts of international combinations in Shanghai, in everything, from meals to marriages, that we take queerness for granted, perhaps even forgetting to smile at a ricksha coolie who has appropriated a foreign woman's dilapidated hat, around which he has wound his queue in lieu of a hat pin. In Shanghai, Chinese girls dress their hair foreign fashion as likely as not, and we foreigners carry Hangchow umbrellas as a matter of course and use a temple gong to announce our meals.

We can hear the West and the East meeting in strange discords and harmonies. The wheel-barrow squeaks piercingly to the accompaniment of automobile horns and factory whistles. Tom-toms driving away evil spirits are heard above the sound of the piano which accompanies our students in the Normal School in their charming, interpretative dancing.

To me the most distressing sound of any in China is one I heard first during an autumn-night in Hangchow and have since recognized all over the land,—a thin, uncertain piping on the hills. I could not place or explain it. Intermittent, tentative, with a faraway faintness, it was so sweet, so eerie, that I was charmed. “The pipes of Pan” I told myself, and indeed could think of no more plausible explanation. Soon I came to know that it must be the bugle practice of some wakeful soldier.

The soldiery of China! It is a tragic thing both for what it now is and for what it portends. Often the recruits are young country lads scarcely more than children. I saw many such in Foochow, of whom a Chinese woman said, “They are thrust into uniforms without any training, or education, or notion of whom or why they are called upon to fight.” To see such an awkward squad doing

the goose-step was enough to make one weep, and we did! Often, as in Canton, the coolies are seized, kidnapped in effect,—and without a chance to send word to their families, are forced into the army to take part in a futile, endless, vicious, civil war. So rival governors, or generals, use these helpless victims for their own ends, and the people pay. Those who lead in the struggle are in effect bandit chiefs, comparable, I suppose in many cases, to the feudal barons of the Middle Ages. Such warfare curses those who fight and lose and those who fight and win. Wages are uncertain. Soldiers are quartered upon the villages. They drill in the streets, they force ricksha coolies to carry them without pay. They live in old temples and deface them. They terrorize Chinese women and girls, and stories are now coming of atrocities perpetrated against their own people! In view of the lawlessness of their leaders, small wonder it is that soldiers turn easily from soldiers into bandits and back again.

Truly the "pipe of Pan" should arrest the attention of the world. For centuries China has been a peaceful nation. An old Chinese proverb says, "To understand the present one should examine antiquity; but for antiquity, things would not be as they are now." The ancient teaching included a philosophy against war. Moreover, it seems to me that almost all the qualities required in modern militarism are far from the native genius of the Chinese—group efficiency, discipline, organization, scientific accuracy, strenuousness. They are, on the other hand, addicted to an orderly way of life, essentially conventional, peaceable, not adventurous. Moreover the custom of developing peacemakers for every crisis, whose function it is to make peace between those at odds suggests that the bias of native thinking is toward peaceableness. An old Chinese proverb says, "Opportunity is not so important as position nor position as harmony." Chinese temper when aroused can be extremely violent nor is long smouldering resentment altogether alien to them, but I do not think there is to be found among them that "spoiling for a fight" characteristic of certain Anglo-Saxons. Among Chinese Christians it seems that the philosophy of non-resistance finds ready soil, and more positive teaching such as that propagated by the Fellowship of Reconciliation, as to the applicability of the law of love is proving fruitful here.

Surely some definite propaganda against militarism seems the more urgent in view of the fact that China now has the largest standing army in the world, an army which, like the lean kine in Pharaoh's dream, will consume the internal strength of the nation long before it can face a foreign foe. In the minds of many returned students, a class which is at least potentially most influential, there seems no other way out of China's tragic and chaotic difficulties than that found in the adoption of Western methods of defence. With good reason apparently, for is it not due to these militaristic methods

that the foreigner in China to-day enjoys an immunity from danger, a security in times of threatened trouble, which is not shared by the Chinese? For example, none of us foreign women give a thought to the presence of soldiers in a town, whereas Chinese women and girls sometimes dare not venture on the street.

When I was in the harbor of Amoy, word came to the Scotch captain of our British coaster from the Commissioner of Customs that rumor had it that a rival governor of Amoy, a "pretender," was about to engage in hostilities against the present official and that our ship was anchored within direct range of the guns on shore. To which advice the first officer protested, "But they will take care not to touch us; they would never dare to risk that." Is it strange that more and more the Chinese are resenting these immunities and privileges which safeguard the foreigner? Thousands of American soldiers quartered in Tientsin to protect our "rights"; the foreign concessions exempt from the laws of the land; foreign gunboats which I have seen in the harbor of Canton and up the Yangtze River, how acutely irritating these presences must be to patriotic Chinese!

There are other irritations, which require only a minimum imagination to sense. In too many cases we foreigners come as leaders, not learners, a position dangerously favorable to our self-love. Again from the nature of the case we are likely frequently to touch native life at its weak, not at its strong, points. Sometimes I fear we are rather smug. I know that often in our Western rapidity we unconsciously seek to eliminate stages in evolution simply by ignoring them, and then it is that our wiser Oriental colleagues courteously wait for us to come to our senses. We represent by our very presence an investment of a staggering amount of capital. Our living conditions, compared with those of Chinese women in similar social and professional positions, are luxurious. We live in little safety zones. Perhaps most unfortunately of all from the point of view of Christian ethics, it sometimes happens that almost from the day we arrive, ignorant and bewildered, we are put in a position to teach or lead the Chinese. In the eyes of our co-workers and friendly bystanders we must often miss the mark ludicrously, even painfully. Such a situation might well—and sometimes does—when we do not wrap ourselves in our own egotisms, give us an inferiority complex. It is clear that the only real solution for both our amazingly tolerant colleagues and ourselves is by the way of true Christian humility. Narrow is the way, and yet some there be that find it,—perhaps fewer among us than among them.

Yet it is a fact that out of such unpromising conditions there do grow many very real friendships, many fellowships in common tasks and aspirations. That our trust in one another is justified in

a thousand pleasant ways, that the bands that bind us are stronger than all causes of estrangement, that our common holdings in God's love are more powerful than our racial and national difference—these obvious facts constitute our faith, their faith and ours, that "spirit with spirit can meet" and that the Kingdom of God is nearer its consummation because we, Chinese and foreigners, are together learning how to work and live and love.

A CHANGING RELIGIOUS OUTLOOK.

CATHERINE HOTCHKIS (Scotland)

Mukden

In Peking in the Llama Temple we witnessed a strange and interesting ceremony. It is an old temple with about fifteen hundred priests, seven hundred of whom are resident; five hundred of these are Mongolians and two hundred are Thibetans.

When we arrived at the gate of the Temple a little girl of twelve or thirteen attached herself to us as guide, and she informed us with great excitement that the yellow silk sedan chair which we saw outside the gate of the inner court belonged to the "living Buddha" and that if we waited we would see the living Buddha in a few moments. Naturally we thought he had already arrived in the beautiful sedan chair and was being received by the priests within, but we forgot for the moment that this was the 13th year of the Chinese Republic and that sedan chairs have given place to motor cars, in the Capital at least. In a few moments a beautiful motor car drove up and out of it stepped the "living Buddha" resplendent in robes of brilliant yellow satin and wearing a yellow embroidered hat and a long chain. As he alighted from the car, he was greeted by some priests in yellow silk gowns who had been loitering in lazy fashion about the court waiting for the "living Buddha" to appear. After much bowing they disappeared into an inner room, and the yellow sedan chair stood without the inner gate, an emblem of the past.

Our little guide conducted us into the next court and into the large room where the priests hold their services—here some thirty priests, men and boys, were sitting on the floor chanting, swaying their bodies to and fro to the rhythm of the monotonous music. At one side of the large room which was hung with tapestries and filled with idols and incense burners, etc., were rows of long benches covered with offerings of meat and fruit and cakes. Near the front of the room stood what appeared to be a canopy of yellow satin.

After ten or fifteen minutes we were rewarded by the re-appearance of the "living Buddha" and the priests. Silently they filed into the Temple room and took their places before the shrine, the

"living Buddha" on a kind of raised throne where he sat cross-legged while the priests continued the service of chanting and drum beating. He was a man of about forty or forty-five and, far from realising the dignity and solemnity of his position, he seemed to be thoroughly bored and gazed restlessly round about him.

For some time the rhythmic chanting continued; then several men advanced and raised the silk curtains which we thought a canopy, and revealed a large relief map of Thibet in gay colors of green, blue, red and yellow. It was modelled on a slightly raised platform. The drums crashed, the trumpets blew, and a procession in garb entered from the Temple and marched slowly round the map until they encircled it.

For some time we watched them, fascinated by their weird and stately dance as they turned and bowed and waved their arms while they encircled "Thibet" to the beat of the monotonous music and chant. They were driving out the devils, the little girl said, and that was all we could understand of the strange spectacle and of the "living Buddha" who probably had come from Thibet on purpose for the ceremony.

What interested us most of all was a group of peasant women who were kneeling on the floor beside us, their hands clasped in front of their sweet faces, their lips moving in prayer, their bodies bowing low. For them it was all intensely real; to them the "living Buddha" surely impersonated the sacred Buddha whom they worshipped; theirs was the simple faith which bowed in reverence and asked no questions. Strange contrast to some priests who were standing beside us not taking part in the service; theirs was only the interest of curiosity and of something slightly out of the usual routine.

Still stranger contrast to the young educated Chinese of to-day to whom such rites seem only superstition. Slowly but surely the influence of Christianity and of the West is making itself felt; to the younger educated generation the worship of idols, the burning of incense and lighting of candles, etc. means little or nothing.

As I go in and out of the homes in Mukden, for the most part I still find the pictures of the gods on the walls, the incense burners, the candle sticks, but generally speaking it is only the older people to whom these mean anything; the younger generation seem to have cast belief aside. "We do not believe in anything" is a common expression of their lack of faith. Societies have arisen which boast no faith in God but which seek to inculcate virtue, using modern methods which will appeal to the present times.

In Mukden there seems to be a coldness and indifference to things religious; at least amongst the women and girls with whom we come in touch; amongst the poorer classes I think there is still that

sense of worship which we found in those peasant women in the Llama Temple.

What are we going to do I ask myself, how are we going to reach them; how are we going to bring to them the realisation that while their form of religion has failed to satisfy them, there is in God and in Christ a source of love and power which is endless? And to me the answer seems to lie in the awakening of the Christian Church; until the Christians really live the Christian life how can we expect Christianity to attract the non-Christians? "Your religion sounds very well" they say. "We admit that the teachings of Jesus Christ are loftier than those of Confucius, but Christians do not live up to Christ's teachings. They are not better than anyone else!" "Such a reply is unanswerable for in many cases it is alas, only too true.

Recently it was my privilege to attend a Retreat in Mukden where thirty men and women leaders gathered together to think and pray and talk things over. Bravely they faced the failure of the church, recognising that many Christians were only so in name; perhaps they had entered the church in the pre-Boxer days when to be a Christian meant material advantage because they had the protection of the church and of the foreigners whose power was then much greater than it is now; or they were quite illiterate and so unable to nourish their Christian lives.

Again they realized that the Social Gospel had been neglected, that the Church had not united to combat the evils of Society—it had not made its voice heard or influence felt. And when we came to the constructive part of our discussion it was unanimously felt.

1. That the Christian home was of paramount importance in winning China to Christ. The Church must try to establish a high ideal of home life. It must face such questions as the marriage system, relationship of husband and wife, family worship, training of children, etc., and in order to do this it was suggested that (a) Better Home Club such as run by the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. in Mukden should be started in other places and (b) that an effort be made to teach illiterate Christians to read.

2. That in the presentation of the Christian Message the wonderful heritage of China's past, her civilization, customs, ethics and religions must be regarded as a preparation for the Gospel of Christ. All that is good must be kept. We must bring people to see that lofty as the Confucian ethics are they lack the love and spiritual power which is found in Christianity. Again our opportunity is great in reaching the non-Christian women of the middle classes. We have free access into their homes, they look on us as their friends.

We believe in a fourfold programme or we would not be trying to carry it out, but are we not sometimes in danger of getting so immersed in Association activities that we forget to give always the first place to our great aim and purpose of bringing the women and girls of China to know Christ? Our Association is a link between the Church and the great non-Christian mass outside the Church. Could we not as an Association do more to help the Church—could we not help her to develop more along institutional lines so that Christians would feel that the Church took an interest in them on other days besides Sunday, and that Christianity was something which they live out in their everyday life?

PLASTERS

ELLA MACNEIL (Australia)

Shanghai

Sometimes as you walk along the streets you see a man with a great black plaster stuck on his forehead or on his leg. If you ask what is the matter, he has a headache and has put on a plaster to ease it. Or he has an ulcer, and has covered it with a plaster to heal it. External applications are much admired; they cover up the sore place, and by and by it will be better.

A little boy has a silver earring in his ear. Why? He is an only son and very precious to his family. Knowing this the evil spirits will take special pleasure in harming him. So his mother puts an earring in his ear, and then the spirits will pass him by, thinking he is a girl. Easily fooled, the spirits, but malicious—very.

Next door there is a funeral; they are getting ready to take the coffin out. Some unimportant member of the family, or some friend, is letting off great fire crackers; the explosions are deafening. What is the reason? At death a great many spirits came to take the soul of the dead man to the place of darkness, and the house is full of them. When the coffin leaves the front door all the devils must be accompanying it; if any stay they will bring disaster on the household. So the crackers are used to drive them all out. Not one must remain.

In the seventh month if you should happen to be walking in the country, you may happen to stumble on an elaborate ceremony going on in a temporarily erected mat shed, or in a temple. Priests are there; food, paper houses and horses and boats; spirit money is being burned; prayers are being offered. For what purpose? To appease the wandering ghosts of beggars or other poor homeless wanderers, who on earth had no one belonging to them, and at death are lonely and deserted, having neither kith nor kin to worship their spirits and so supply their needs in the unseen world. On this special day they are all released from

darkness, and for twenty-four hours return to earth to work their wicked will on whomsoever they can. These particular spirits are very dangerous, so all the people of the neighbourhood have contributed liberally towards this celebration which will placate their anger. A woman says, "It is specially important to worship bad spirits because they can harm you; it doesn't matter much about the good spirits. They wouldn't hurt you anyway."

Perhaps you are going through a new school, or inspecting a new house which a friend has just built. You say carelessly "I wonder how you would get out in case of fire." "Hush! hush!" "Why, what is the matter?" "These are unlucky words; you may induce evil."

Going down a certain canal in a houseboat, the boat comes to a bridge; the boatmen who have been chattering like magpies suddenly fall silent. One of them raps sharply, "Foreigners, be quiet; you mustn't talk going under this bridge." "Why not?" "This is the dumb bridge; if you talk going through here, some harm will befall us or you. Be quiet, hush!"

In a big modern house in Shanghai, situated right on the tramline, lives a wealthy family, with three motors, telephone, electric light, and "all modern conveniences." They are rolling in money. In the garden is a little house fully furnished, perfect in every detail. Food is set out three times a day, and the bed is turned down at night. "Who lives here?" "O! this is for the Fox Ghost; he lives here." "Has anyone ever seen him?" "Yes, two of us have; he looked like a little old man. All our prosperity depends on him, we go in daily terror of offending him. If by any chance we should, then trouble will come." One day the mother says something about him that is not absolutely servile and flattering. That night she wakes to hear a terrible noise; one of the great mirrors in her room has fallen down. "The fox ghost! he is angry!" And she falls unconscious, paralyzed with fear, and so she stays for two years.

A girl lies dying in an upper room. None can find the cause of her disease. Doctors try in vain. They suspect the fox ghost. At night she seems better, but every morning she is feverish and exhausted. One night the neighbour opposite goes to the window to look out. Running along the ridge pole of the girl's house he sees a white animal, neither dog nor cat. It is dazzling white; its eyes are flaming red. It comes to the place where the girl sleeps and prepares to climb down into her room. The man makes a noise, and the creature turns and pierces him with its fiery glance, then vanishes silently. It is the fox ghost. He cannot injure the strong man, but his venom goes past him and affects his wife. She is ill for two months; "her blood dries up." The girl dies presently. A very powerful and terrible spirit, the fox ghost.

In the fifth month you may see all the babies in little imitation tigerskin coats, with tiger caps and shoes. The fifth month is a bad time for sickness; the spirits are specially powerful. Perhaps the tiger may frighten them away, and perhaps the strength of the tiger may pass to the child.

A child falls sick, and her family blames the people next door, where fever has recently broken out. Next door protests its innocence; they are Christians, and their spirits are not malicious. So the child's mother calls in a witchwoman to make sure. She sits rolling her eyes at the incense candles and presently goes into a trance. "No, it is not the family next door whose spirit has made your child sick. It is an uncle of your father's. Years ago he was killed in the Taiping rebellion, and nobody knew where his grave was, and everyone forgot to worship him, or to burn gifts to his spirit. Because of this he has been bitterly wretched, hungry and unclad and cold; the devils have tormented him past bearing, and so he has taken your child to sell for a slave, and so provide himself with the things he needs." The mother asks in terror, "And is the child already sold?" Like the voice of doom comes the answer, "Already sold!" and the child dies.

Thunder is a god, and lightening a goddess. If you have offended her, she points you out to the thunder god, flashing light on you from the two mirrors which she holds in her hands; and the thunder god will strike you dead.

A little old lady is going up to the temple to worship; she has come more than eighty miles to this temple, a very pious old lady. Her home people fear her temper and the force of her tongue, and they are glad of her piety; it takes her away for whole weeks at a time! She has a store of cash and coppers, and as she goes along the steep road to the temple, she does good deeds, a copper to a leper without hands, a cash to a whining child, two coppers to an old, old woman with her head in the dust. Arrived at the temple she kneels and worships, bowing as often as her piety prompts her, then she lights her incense sticks and red candles, and puts them in front of the figures sitting up there so high in the gloom. Next she takes a bamboo cylinder full of thin strips of bamboo, each numbered. She shakes steadily until one of the strips works itself out, and then she takes it to the priest sitting at a table near by. He looks up the number and hands her her fortune, all neatly printed and inevitable, and all for a copper. Next she goes to another priest, who for money gives her a yellow paper with characters written on it, and a beautiful yellow envelope to put it in. If you are curious as to what is on it the priest doesn't mind telling you. She is to have golden tiles on her house in the next world. The next person gets the privilege of seeing her enemies suffer in torment while

she is comfortably ensconced in heaven. Then the little old lady turns herself home again, full of merit and satisfaction, square with the gods. A very definite thing, her religion; you know just where it is; you can put your finger on it.

What wonder that when we go to talk with a group of normal school students on the place of religion in life, we don't get very far. They are ardent young radicals, full of rebellions; if we go with our minds full of our own preconceptions, what can we do, talking different languages when we say "religion." To us it means all the beauty of Easter and the glory of Christmas and the gentleness of our mothers. All the wonders of art and poetry and worship help us to say "Our Father." To them too often it means a muddle of superstitions and mechanical worship; sly priests, ignorant country men, and deluded old women.

I have not told about the occasional priest in a temple, whose ascetic face and remote bearing means that he has touched some deep reality. Nor about the old grandmother whom you sometimes see in a home, pious, gentle, saintly, rising before dawn to pray for her family. Nor about the scholar and statesman who may be a devout follower of Buddhist philosophy. These all have their place in the great fabric of Chinese life. But nevertheless it remains true that the background of the average woman is full of fears, crowded with superstitions, trusting to bought indulgences, many prayers and good deeds for consequent prosperity.

What happens to these women when we come along to teach them Christianity? Sometimes a literal miracle of new understanding and freedom. Always something of new beauty, for God *will* get through to the hearts of men. And yet...and yet...We teach them, they recite parts of the Bible, they sing hymns, they say, "I believe in Jesus." They set out to teach others. But what is there down at the bottom of their minds?

Too often a transferred superstition, a transferred fear. Instead of all the spirits to be afraid of there is only one God, but He is so very powerful that He is more terrible than all the others. They could be fooled, but not this God. He punishes swiftly and severely; He must be placated. His favour can be earned by diligent church going and Bible reading. He strikes at those whose piety is waxing feeble. A woman whose child has suddenly become blind says, "It is because I have been careless about going to church and about praying; God is punishing my child because of me." An old Bible-woman urges her hearers to become Christians, "This life is only a short one and it will soon be over, and then you can enjoy eternal happiness in heaven." A woman is visiting her neighbour and says, "It certainly pays to be a Christian; none of my family has been out of work since we were

baptised. Why don't you join the church, and then your son would get a job quite certainly." The old heresy which Job refused so long ago is flourishing bravely. "Doth Job serve God for naught?" A young girl says, "Don't we get any rewards in Heaven? Then what on earth is the use of trying to be good," Calamity is still the punishment of sin, Job and Jesus notwithstanding. Fear reigns; it is only *perfect* love which casts out fear.

Prayers are long—the longer the better. Often they run fluently through the familiar phrases, a set form which is heard everywhere. It has a rather hypnotic effect; they are trying to be heard for their many words.

God is so far away, Jesus stands between Him and men, separating us from His anger. A woman says, "I hate God, but I do love Jesus." How did she come to that idea, about the God and Father who was in Christ reconciling the world to Himself?

How has all this come about? Where have all these misconceptions crept in?

Perhaps we have followed the practice of the old Chinese doctor; over the spot full of fear and apprehension we have clapped a plaster, Christianity ready made. And there is the plaster—and underneath are all the old fears and suspicions, the old hopes and calculations.

Perhaps we have used the Old Testament idea of reward for service too much, forgetting that all Jesus offered His friends was a Cross. Perhaps we have been in too much of a hurry for results, and have not had time to uncover all the dark fears in every woman's mind. We prescribe a universal remedy without making a careful diagnosis, and so our cure doesn't get in far enough. Perhaps we have used fear as a motive for getting people into the Ark, forgetting the length to which God was willing to go in order to prove that love is the only real appeal.

It may be that Westerners can never get to the bottom of this, that we are too far removed or too unimaginative to help as we would like to. Perhaps it is a task for the youth of China. Already superstition is vanishing, as education spreads. And it may be that only those in close touch with the background can know what has to be cast out of hearts before God's whole truth can come in. Perhaps the dragon of fear will never be vanquished until there rides against it a young St. George, fearless, shining with the light of the Sun of righteousness, filled with faith in the God Whom Jesus came to proclaim—China's young Christians to whom is committed the task of freeing the minds of their own people from dark superstition and fear. For them as they get ready for the battle your prayers are asked.

THE MUSIC OF MANY VOICES

FANNY POMEROY BROWN (America)

Shanghai

The nun kneels quietly to be filled with the spirit of God. The musician waits on the sounds of God. He sits in the open court yard of a Chinese farm house. He hears spring in the breeze that warm with the sun plays softly on the withered bamboo leaves. It is not yet their time to refreshen. He hears the liquid notes of birds as they sway on a branch. Thousands of bees give a soft bass note as they fly to suck the soy-bean honey. Faintly comes the sound of the boatman's oar in perfect rhythm, as he makes his steady way along one of the many canals.

On the narrow foot paths that make a net work through the paddy fields, the wheel barrow man comes staggering under some great weight, and as he comes he mutters sounds deep from his stomach pit, as if he would say, had he the strength to spare, "Oh God let not the burden fall." Far across the fields comes the Hay Ho, Hay Ho from the carrier coolie as he nips along with light quick steps, the split half of a bamboo pole across one shoulder with a heavy load hanging from each end. His staccato voice keeps time with his feet. Down from the hills echoes the sharps click of the stone cutter's chisel. Then the most beautiful of songs,—the stone cutters' chantey as the men carry the huge slab of stone down the mountain, a song so rhythmic and of such clear tone that the heaviest burdens might seem as nothing when singing coolies carry them.

From inside the high wall of the temple come enchanting sounds. The Buddhist monk worships with chanting prayer and as he chants we hear the clear resounding mellow tone of the hollow wooden drum somewhat the shape of a bell which he strikes as he prays. From a dark corner comes the deep tones of a huge bell, and glorious meditative vibrations, which reach the depth of one's soul.

Into the musician's court come the sounds from the street. He knows them all and from the sound he can picture the drifting vendors, the passing workmen, all the myriad parts of the busy life that China lives on its streets. For in China they never vary, the act is father to the sound. He hears the itinerant cotton piece merchant call out in song to advertise his gay goods; his voice is hoarse and loud and his song has a stiff rhythm that seems to make the people buy. The old dried olive man sings in quavering tones "one copper, two olives."

The hollow penetrative tapping of a bamboo cylinder announces the traveling kitchen and the intervals of quiet speak of the patronage of the passers-by. The gay jingling of many brass strips tell of the advent of the petty hardware man who carries his stock in an

open case. Over all and under all is a steady chorus, now loud, now soft, from a new building where a hundred coolies are carrying mortar, or bricks, or lumber and singing a kind of antiphonal chant whose monotony makes strange contrast with the lusty voices of the singers. And from time to time comes the song of the pile-driver, that classic among chanteyes, with the clear tenor of the leader ringing out gloriously in a melody that begins with a high note of challenge and proceeds until it reaches the long succession of deep abdominal tones that are timed perfectly with the pull of the men on the ropes that lift the heavy driver for its next drop on the pile it is sending straight into the ground beneath. The musicians smile to catch the words of the leader as he uses the rhythm of his song to remark on the passing events in the street,—some comment on the big feet of a foreign woman perhaps, or a reminder to his hard-working colleagues that it will soon be time for rice and tea.

Quietly in a little shop across the narrow street a man plays his flute as he awaits his customers, the Chinese flute that is plaintive and mysterious, full of purity of tone and yet of the wildness of the winds in the trees. How can one tell the importance of the flute in the Chinese life. It is played happily in the wedding procession; played sadly in the funeral march; played in the crowded city streets, and on the boats so thickly crowded at the river's edge. In the twilight this sound seems to mingle with sounds of another world.

With all this natural music that seems to well up easily as if from a common throat, the contrast in the Chinese opera is remarkable. They seem to have turned away from the beautiful pure tones that predominate in the whole symphony of the Chinese people. Is it because until very recently men have always taken the part of women on the stage that they sing with this high nasal penetrative tone; or is this unnatural sound to amuse the people?

The musician prefers the quiet chair in his courtyard, with the song of the birds, the bees, the sounds from the fields and from the streets, where he can meditate on the beauty of a people who make a song for labor.

DREAMS WILL COME TRUE

ALICE C. HOLMES (America)

Chefoo

Out in the village of Huang Li, twelve miles from Chefoo, lived a family of Wangs. Wang En Ssu had been "cursed" with five daughters, and then, late in life, blessed with one son. Wang Mei Chen, the fourth daughter, was a bright little thing, and by the time her thirteenth birthday came around she was quite as capable as her mother in preparing their five o'clock evening meal. Her fingers were deft in patching her father's clothes and consequently she became his favorite among his daughters. Indeed the others who still remained at home he scarcely noticed save with an occasional curse. Mei Chen was already betrothed to the son of a neighbor and she knew that when her fifteenth birthday came she was to be married. Two years before the boy had gone to the city to work in one of the silk filature factories where pongee thread was made. Only in the two summer months when the heat was too great for the production of pongee thread did he return home, pale and listless from his ten months confinement within factory walls, for he ate and slept as well as worked there, was only allowed to go outside on rare occasions.

To the little son in the Wang family every indulgence was given. Spoiled and pampered, he ordered his sisters about quite as though he were lord of creation. Sometimes into Mei Chen's mind crept a shadow of resentment as she saw her father buying clothes for the boy who already had, so it seemed to her, an ample supply, while she herself had not had a new Kua-tzu since she could remember. Always it had been an old one of her mother's or her sister's which had been given her. With her trousers it was just the same, but her shoes and feet were her joy. Twice she had had cloth enough to make new shoes and they looked so well on her four inch bound-feet that she could scarcely tear herself away from contemplating them. And so from day to day life went on very peacefully in the village. From sun-rise to sun-set Mei Chen worked hard, but she often took her work out in the sun and as she sat on a low stool her fingers and tongue flew busily.

One day her father came home in great excitement. He had just heard that Li's daughter who had gone to Chefoo some months before to work in a hair net factory had been promoted to the room where the last inspection was made, and that she was getting—but this was almost too much to be believed—thirty coppers a day. If a stupid girl like the Li daughter could earn that munificent sum he knew that his daughter could, without half trying. He, moreover, was going to the city next day, for it was market day,

to sell a hundred head of cabbage, and Mei Chen could ride in on the donkey instead of walking as most other girls who went to the city had to do. But this she must promise, and the curse of the gods would be upon her if she broke it! That every cent above her living expenses would be given to her father. He would see to it that she had enough clothes until she married, and nothing else, being a girl, did she need.

On the back of the family beast of burden, therefore, Mei Chen rode to town the next day. Her father took her first to the big factory where Li's daughter, with a thousand other women, was employed in inspecting and mending the hair nets as they came in from the country. No new girls were needed so her father took her to a smaller factory employing two hundred women. To be sure the hours were longer—from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. with time out for breakfast and lunch—but that was unimportant. What did matter was the fact that the pay was less, for here she must begin on ten coppers a day, finally working up to twenty-five if she proved herself a good worker. But even that amount could be a great help to the Wang family and she might be able to change to the other factory sometime later on. So into this factory Mei Chen went. At first her eyes and fingers were slow, but gradually she acquired the knack of handling the nets rapidly. It wasn't easy always to remember not to talk as she worked. She wondered, too, why her head ached so frightfully on some days, never guessing that it was the closeness of the room from which all fresh air had been carefully excluded.

Mei Chen lived with a relative who had two little rooms which were quite distant from the factory. Every morning she rose at five o'clock in order to get there on time and returned at seven o'clock at night to get her own evening meal. As she walked home with the others the conversation was often about what each girl would buy if her earnings were hers to spend as she pleased, about the silk coats and trousers and good things to eat that she would buy. Mei Chen had another idea and an old ambition cherished since her early years came again to the surface. She did so long to be able to read and write. Once she had spoken of it and how they had laughed, all except two others who timidly said that they, too, wanted to learn because their fiances could read and write, 'twas said.

Just three months after Mei Chen's arrival at the factory a noon procession caused her to flock to the street with the others. There was a band of Chinese musicians and marching behind it were hundreds of men and boys and even some girls all carrying banners with characters on them. A young man standing near read some of them aloud, "Make Chefoo literate in ten years," "The thousand character lessons," "A chance for everyone to read and write." What did it all mean anyway? Soon Mei Chen learned that it meant

a chance for her to read and write. She told her forewoman to sign the enrollment slip for her, and two weeks later she was in a class of thirty girls—one of twenty such classes scattered over the city—learning to read and write one thousand of the most commonly used characters in the Chinese language. Because she came directly to the class-room from work she had no supper until nine o'clock. This, however, was a small matter; the important thing was that one of the greatest longings of Mei Chen's life was being met.

Who yet knows what "Popular Education" may mean to China, or where it may lead her in her awakening. Slowly the movement is spreading from place to place and masses of the people whose thoughts have always run in the same grooves as ran the thoughts of their ancestors are learning to—think!

POPULAR EDUCATION IN TSINANFU

EMMAVAIL LUCE (America)

Tsinanfu

The eyes could not picture a more delightful workshop than mine—a courtyard, hung with wistaria blossoms and centering around a crooked stone topped by a Christmas tree, and to the south, two small rooms with doors and windows made for the delight of old Father Dustwind, who rattles and blows violently to assure us that Spring has come. Within, are several rows of straight chairs, a blackboard, a teacher's table; on the wall hang huge sheets of large Chinese characters, and an attendance chart, especially designed as a psychological incentive, and not for beauty. This is the equipment of our school—the last word in pedagogical experimentation.

Could the mental test enthusiasts but drop in upon us, they would find vast fields for their conquering. Forty women and girls, all the way from fourteen to forty-eight, assemble in our "halls" five times a week, completely blissful in their zest for learning, in spite of their ignorance of the existence of "I. Q's." We know in a vague way—and so do they—that their minds are slow of comprehension, but whether "high grade" or "low grade" we plod on valiantly, night in, night out, from seven to eight-thirty, for we're discovering for the first time in our lives the joy that lies in a simple, printed page.

It all happened this way. Able men and women have for some-time been seeking an adequate way of helping China's countless, laboring illiterates. They are convinced that in literacy lies much of the hope of China. A Beginner's Primer, based on the thousand most used characters, has been carefully worked out, with weird and wonderful pictures to relieve the monotony of hard grind. All

over this great land, men, women and children are rushing into character-study groups, both large and small, with an eagerness that makes one glow with joy. The success of these endeavors is a great source of satisfaction to the various Christian organizations and commercial concerns that are sponsoring this new and tremendous scheme of education. The promise for the future is indeed bright.

Though our strength was small, we felt the compelling urge to enter into this type of work. We had two rooms that could be turned into classrooms during the evening hours (in the day time they serve a thousand other purposes). And so, when other organizations in the city were broadcasting the plea "Join the Thousand Character Classes" we, too, went out into the highways and byways to spread the news of *our* school.

Our first point of attack was our nearest neighbor across the street, a noted character whose shrill, rasping voice is the despair of all aesthetes. In times past she has been known to flog her children, and more recently disposed of her only daughter by selling her to a house of ill fame. In no uncertain terms she bellowed a refusal, as we sat in her tiny mud hut—how could a poor widow find time to read, who would watch her store in her absence? She commended our efforts, but they were not for such as she.

This sort of street-preaching was an entirely new experience to most of us. As we went up one street and down another, we felt like the proverbial rolling stone gathering moss, so quickly did we pick up a curious and closely-clinging following. We found, for the most part, great eagerness to receive us, but there was also frank suspicion and even fear. The men more readily appreciated the opportunity we offered, urging their wives to pay the five coppers (the only charge we asked which was a less-than-cost price for Book I of the series of four). Weary, labor-worn mothers, with children pulling at their garments, and babies hanging at their necks, smiled wistfully—almost sceptically—at the very idea of such a thing as schooling at *their* age. Wouldn't we take their little six year old daughters and teach them instead? "They are cleverer than we. There is no use in our learning to read. Please take them." No, that we had not planned on. "We want *you*, and not your baby girls."

We went from damp, dark huts to crowded, wee stores, and courtyards where several families lived huddled together in a maze of confusion and filth. And every step of the way, we found those whom we hurriedly enrolled, lest they escape us. For the most part we made a guess at their names and ages; we found an amazing vacuity in these particulars. As I look back on those busy hours when we were campaigning for our school, I like to remember the ringing call of a tiny girl with small aching, bound feet,—“Lao

Shih (teacher), come to my house and see my mother. She wants to read." In the hearts of these simple folk there burns a longing which they have not put into words—a deep craving for a better chance. They wait to be shown the way.

Our students will always remember the evening we opened our doors for *The Beginning* as a time set apart from all others. There was so much to see: the windows of the foreign secretaries' residence on the north side of the courtyard seemed especially designed for a stolen peek into mysterious wonders; the servant talking into an inanimate something called a telephone was most assuredly a paragon of the first order. As for the electric door-bell, its charms are eternal. They were delighted by our program of organ music, peanuts, cake and tea. They listened most attentively to a brief talk on regular and punctual attendance, and some earnest remarks on hygiene, inside the classroom and out. Finally came a short introduction to the mysteries of the printed word over which they glowed with eagerness. When they left, each one tightly clutching a precious booklet, we were convinced that they had been given a key which would unlock the entrance into a fuller and brighter life.

After a day of washing by the stream, sewing, cooking and tending to a troop of children, "school" is a glorious recreation by contrast, in spite of the fact that it is not all play. It is an addition to the daily round which demands some readjustment in the family life. A number of women who enrolled have not been able to achieve this adjustment. I can think of the cobbler's wife who washes all day—if she takes time out for school, her work is not finished until midnight, and she rises at five. There is the fortune-teller who spends his day on the fair grounds: when he returns late in the evening, he expects his wife to serve him food and tea. There are babies that can't be left alone while mother is in school, and father is out on his last round of peddling bread. Or the days store account must be balanced, or one is simply too weary after a twelve-hour day in the hairnet factory to grab a bite to eat, before rushing off to class.

Many are able to arrange a successful schedule of work, else the school could not be. Perhaps they have not had to convince their elders of the worth of women's education. Perhaps they could more easily resist physical weariness, or were keen enough to arrange for the smooth working of the household wheels in their absence. Certain it is that more than one has surmounted the difficulties which stood in the way of "higher education." One young mother who was reduced to bringing her nine-month old daughter to school, found holding baby, book, slate, and pencil a trifle difficult. A bit of ingenuity has cropped out, and now, during the class-hour, baby sleeps happily on an unmercifully hard table in the rear of the room.

And her mother is scrupulously regular in attendance. For the most part, they come rain, blow or shine, because it's "fun" and besides it's not pleasant to "lose face" by lagging behind the class.

It would be possible to lose oneself in a maze of plans and possibilities for all kinds of fascinating work with such a group. Given a score of Saturday evenings, when study is suspended, one can accomplish wonders. We have been experimenting with games and find that anything even so strenuous as "Three Deep" is full of delight for these women and girls, in spite of their tiny, bound feet. It is possible to have a gloriously care free hour playing "going to Jerusalem" or "I spy" with tea and sun flower seeds thrown in by way of variety. To extract such laughter and glee from working mother of thirty and over seems almost miraculous.

We are also venturing into civics, by learning to sing China's National Anthem. This is infinitely hard on the teacher. Still, it is worth enduring the wildest disharmonies to see the enthusiasm with which they attack words and music alike. It is that spirit which we hope to direct into channels of good citizenship.

Perhaps one of our keenest desires is that these home-makers should learn that cleanliness is next to godliness. We would like them to learn that they are not good citizens when they throw their garbage into the middle of the street and allow their dirty, infected babies to crawl around in the mud with other babies, who are equally grimy but free from contagious disease. To this end, we are investigating the homes of our students, endeavoring to ascertain their standard of living, in order that we may help them more intelligently. Already, we have taken numerous cases to the hospital for examination, but before they would consent to go, we have had to use much time and effort to break down their fears.

Because these women are our friends, they are willing to hear us talk—which is a fortunate thing, since we think we have so much to tell them! At the present time we feel strongly the urgent need of drastic measures in connection with foot-binding. Perhaps in no other province of China is there such a terrible blight as in Shantung. The binding of little girls' feet is still very much a thing of the present vogue. We cannot understand fully the torture of such a custom, for we have never suffered it. But those of us who daily see its disastrous effects are convinced that no effort is too great to blot out this menace. Our desire is to begin our reforms in our own midst in view of the fact that thirty-three of our students have bound feet and many of them are beginning to bring that affliction upon their own daughters.

We like to let fancy wonder into the future where we see a little school in a better neighborhood. It is an enchanting thought. We hope that many will dream this dream with us, for we are assured that therein lies progress.

HOMES, CUSTOMS, ART

ESTHER HORJEN (Norway)

Changsha

We are invited to the home of one of our students. Three o'clock is the hour set and as we were prepared for a big feast, we did not take any luncheon beforehand.

It is a modern house and the people there try to do their best to make it as foreign and fashionable as possible. It was a very cold day, so we were very pleasantly surprised by finding a real stove in the room. The women had not changed their way of clothing of course, so before long, the windows were opened right and left and it became colder than outside.

We waited a while and saw no signs of a feast. In the meantime we had the best opportunity to study the furniture of this most unusual house of Changsha. A real rug on the floor; a table in the middle of the room with a foreign velvet cover. Flowerstands, ugly steamer chairs, ragged and out of shape.

Cakes and tea were served and we discovered then that we were invited to tea, foreign fashion. Peeled oranges were placed in the middle of the table and these were supposed to be eaten with chopsticks. Some other kind of fruit was served and our hostesses were all spitting right and left, so seeds and shells were scattered all over the nice table cover and the foreign rug. As a dessert and a real treat was served tinned-milk, warmed a little bit.

As we go around in the homes, rich or poor, there is revealed to us what changes are taking place and it is with great regret we feel the bad influences of the west. We are here seeing the result of the fact that the markets are overflowed with cheap, western articles.

How eager any of us might be to get hold of some fine Chinese art! One can not but feel sorry when one sees how the homes are emptied as their old, fine, valuable things and by and by are sold to foreigners and exported. However, here in Changsha a good deal of these old things may be found in the homes, priceless paintings and first-class embroidery. The Mandarin families have their coats, their "Mandarin-squares" etc., but they are decidedly things from the past, nobody is making anything like that kind now. One cannot but ask, is it really true that this fine, industrial art is going to disappear?

I suppose that the real, valuable articles of art never have been displayed in a Chinese home. They are carefully folded and wrapped up and laid aside in drawers and chests. This custom seems still more striking when we see the contrast in a home where the walls are decorated, foreign fashion, with pictures spread as advertisements for tobacco companies. A bright point is that the homes in many cases might be cleaner on account of the ideals of western hygiene, the chairs

may be comfortable, the old fashioned bed which is almost a little room by itself is replaced by a foreign iron-bed. That might be good, but what is gained in comfort is lost in art, while exquisite paintings and scrolls have their place in the drawers!

There might be a question about how long people are going to prepare that beautiful, artistic wood carving and embroideries which are needed for the old kind of beds. In a bed of the finest sort, we may find about ten different kinds of wood of different original colour, carved and put together in the most artistic way, sometimes framing bright embroideries, sometimes forming figures independently. The old Chinese bed is a sight,—is it soon going to be ready for the museum?

When the native art connected with temples and places of worship is naturally disappearing, it does not encourage the Christians in preserving their national art. The churches and Christian houses of worship are put up on account of immediate need for practical purposes. In many cases there is not sufficient money to make the new buildings a good sample of foreign architecture. As the practical side is the foremost in church building, the comfortable and practical side also becomes the most important in the changing of homes and the old and fine is disappearing. In the port cities, the changes possibly have been going on so long that one cannot easily know how things looked originally, but in an inland city the contrast between new and old are striking and evident.

One cannot but think of the conditions in Europe at the time when the results of all the technical inventions began to be manifested. Cheap machine work soon underdug the art in the home industry. The craft which had so much of art in it soon became an industry and lost its character of originality. It is not till lately that people have begun to wake up to the fact that a very valuable thing—national art in the homes—was about to be entirely lost, lost to such an extent that it takes time and special study to find so much out of the scattered remnants as to possibly be able to restore the craft work to its former beauty. To speak only for Norway and Sweden, there is now a great movement for this very thing. Wide agitation has been carried on and great effort has been made to educate the common people and enable them to differentiate between cheap, foreign things without style and national things with the beauty in all its simplicity.

Will the propaganda and campaign for homemaking here in China be able to prevent the people from going through their same stages and crisis?

Another thing which might be touched on in the same connection is the Chinese painting of to-day. Without any special knowledge along that line one cannot but notice the direction it is taking. All the books and articles which have been written about Chinese painting, are ex-

clusively dealing with the old painting preserved during ages. Last year Mr. Ching, the head of the School of Art in Peking, gave an exceedingly interesting and enlightening talk on that subject. First explaining how the Chinese way of painting had a future as well as a past, he talked very strongly about the foreign influence along this line. The Chinese viewpoint and motive in painting were so entirely different that a mixture would be fatal, and destroy a person with talent. His thoughts were illustrated by the comparison between the pure flower motif in Chinese painting and the western "Flower, bottle, hat, pipe" motif.

In the industrial schools where also drawing and painting are taught we may see why Mr. Ching spoke strongly against western influence. Even in rather high-class industrial schools we may find "latest results" in painting with motifs and colour compositions beyond description. How about comparing all the time and work put in this effort instead of using the energy in cultivating the native art? Even if there is useful work of high standard done in the industrial schools, the embroideries for example cannot be compared with the old ones.

As these schools take the lead and standardize the articles in that line spread in the homes, they play an important part in the present fight for finding the right direction.

THE BEGINNING OF A COMMUNITY CENTER

LOUISE MORROW, M.D. (America)

Peking

Within the past few years a group of Peking residents, interested in social welfare, have organized a large service group, which is divided into seven community service groups. Each local unit has developed according to the needs of the district and the interests of its leaders.

The Teng Shih K'ou district includes within its borders the homes of rich and poor, many shops, a few industries and official groups. The board of directors of the Teng Shih K'ou community service group has for chairman the principal of a boys' school. The other members of the board are a representative of the police, and an official of the customs, the pastor of an independent Chinese Church, the principal of a girls' school, a teacher in the same school, a member of the sociology faculty of Yen Ching University, the treasurer of the American Board Mission, a Young Men's Christian Association secretary, and a Young Women's Christian Association secretary. There are six Chinese and four foreigners in the group.

The Health Committee consists of five physicians and a social service worker on the staff of the Peking Union Medical College, the doctor in charge of the health of the men in Peking University, the pastor of the American Board church and two Young Women's

Christian Association secretaries. There are five Chinese and six foreigners on this committee.

The Relief Committee includes the owner of a machine shop, the owner of a pottery, a teacher, a practicing physician, the wife of a practicing physician of the district, the wife of a local pastor, the wife of a Young Men's Christian Association secretary and a Young Women's Christian Association secretary. Six are Chinese and two foreign.

The work of these committees and the organizations here represented is so interwoven that I will not try to deal with each group separately but will describe the work as a whole.

In the summer of 1922 the Peking Exchange allowed us two rooms in their work shop for our "Health Center." Here we began work with a baby week, where examinations of children and daily health lectures were given. Weekly children's and prenatal clinics followed throughout the year. When in the summer of 1923 the Peking Exchange moved to new quarters we benefited by their prosperity for they gave up larger and better accommodations for our clinic in an excellent location on Teng Shih K'ou Street. The clinic is here located in a Chinese building. We have about forty square feet in all. When we need more space than our waiting room affords we can always use the Kung Ch'ang work room (sewing workroom for distribution of handwork), the American Board chapel or the Auditorium of the Young Women's Christian Association. The clinics are very informal. As the numbers are small, no one must remember to bring a card. Many of the patients know each other and while they wait they compare the progress their children are making or their preparations for the babies that are coming. The woman who keeps the clinic in order serves tea to doctors, nurses and patients alike. No one is in a hurry and any problem can be discussed at length.

A great variety of needs come to our center. One beggar woman came in with her baby regularly each week, till we found her a place to work in the K'ung Ch'ang. She has not been away from work a day since that time. An elderly man came in great trouble. For years he had lighted the street lamps along a certain hutung; electric lights had just been installed and he did not know where to turn for work. After much discussion he decided he would like to try peddling so we loaned him enough money for an outfit. He will repay us in small amounts as he can. The many people wanting work present our most difficult problem. One day not long ago a trembling, wrinkled old lady, great-grandmother of one of our patients, came in for advice about her cat. The nurse sent her away satisfied, but the Chinese used was not in my vocabulary, so I don't know what did happen.

During the past year an eye clinic has been opened and the two original clinics have grown satisfactorily. One of the most interesting features of our work has been the routine examination of large groups. We have examined all the children in two mission schools, in one poor school, and part of the children in another poor school. The boys working in one rug factory have been given physical examinations, the children in the K'ung Ch'ang day nursery have been under constant supervision, and the eyes of the Kung Ch'ang women have all been examined.

As this is a health clinic, not a treatment clinic, patients are constantly being referred to other clinics or hospitals for further examination or treatment. The child who is undernourished, or the pregnant woman, will be followed by us as long as is necessary, but the patient with trachoma or any other disease which needs special or prolonged treatment is assigned to the appropriate clinic elsewhere.

Each spring small-pox vaccination is given to all who come and we then see neighbors who come to us at no other time. A surprising number of people here believe in vaccination, and a regular season has become established. Each spring just as the padded garments are put away and the spring garments (two thicknesses of cloth with no padding) are put on, the season opens. We vaccinated over five hundred the first week this year and a few still come each week. With the hot weather the season ends and the baby that is born this summer or fall must take his chances with smallpox until next spring.

Another feature of our work is purely educational. Health lectures are provided from time to time for Kung Ch'ang workers, schools, or clubs, or we simply provide a place and a speaker and invite the community to come. The lecture is often illustrated by posters, occasionally by lantern slides and very rarely we offer moving pictures, though these are the most popular of all.

Last fall the Young Women's Christian Association had a "Home Makers Week." Health was the subject for one day. We used almost the entire building that day. Each room had exhibits, demonstrations or lectures. The subjects included first aid in the home, health habits, home sanitation, flies, prenatal care, infant care and feeding and preparation of the layette. Each performance was repeated often enough that the people could see each section in turn. The day ended with a very entertaining play given by graduate nurses.

This spring six of the seven community service groups held a "Health Week." Doctors and nurses from all parts of the city helped to make this week a success, several doctors giving a lecture a day for six days. Publicity was given in Chinese newspapers and in local churches, and health literature was distributed. Each day

one subject was discussed. Our center presented the following program: Monday—Diseases of Children; Tuesday—Diseases of the Eye; Wednesday—Health and Play; Thursday—Prenatal Care; Friday—Contagious Diseases; and Saturday—Sanitation. Each afternoon free vaccination was offered. The morning the play was to be given word came that the three principal actresses were sick and they could not give the play. Our Chinese Y. W. C. A. secretaries were equal to the occasion however. They wrote a play that morning and produced it themselves at five o'clock in the afternoon. It was such a success that they were asked to repeat it five times. The day of the play the Rug Factory band marched up the street playing, and inviting people to attend the play. The Poor School children sang health songs and pupils in the Y. W. C. A. dancing class gave folk dances so we managed to give a very good program in spite of difficulties.

Another new feature of our work is the organization of clubs. The industrial girls' and the smaller girls' clubs have been under the girls' work department of the Y. W. C. A. The mothers' club has been directed by the health center nurse. The mothers' club takes up almost entirely health subjects or the care of children, but the girls have only one meeting each month on health.

As a part of the work in this district a Yen Ching University student is making a careful study of boys working in a rug factory, looking toward an attempt to improve conditions in the factory.

The Peking Exchange has many welfare features. These they have very generously shared with us. During the cold weather their kitchens provided a breakfast of millet gruel to children in the Poor School. Those who could afford it paid a copper a bowl but the majority were given the meal free. The bath rooms are also given over to our use one day a week for poor children of the district.

Our health center nurse and the charity visitor provided by the relief committee have visited all the very poor in the district. They have distributed relief and provided medical care as they found need. Much clothing was given out, especially in the very cold weather. Destitute women were given work making garments for their own families and others equally poor. Many small loans were made to those in temporary need and grain was given to those who could not provide food for their families.

Our latest venture is the boarding of homeless children in private homes. A number of philanthropic women have each agreed to pay the expenses of one child. The Rockefeller Hospital will make such examinations as are necessary and give free treatment to these children. The ordinary supervision will be done by the health center through its children's clinic and visiting nurse. Though this last work is too new to report, it is too important to omit altogether.

We have many ideals but little experience. So far we have placed but two children.

In this as in all our work we are trying to let our very efficient Chinese advisers make the final decisions, in order that the work may be truly Chinese and permanent. We have found some of our Chinese workers extremely resourceful. The following incident is included as an example of ability to meet a situation. A connection with our center can be claimed only because one of our workers solved the problem. While our health center nurse was at her home in the Yangtze Valley this spring, she found a woman trying to drown herself. She prevented the suicide and this is the story she heard. Married at fifteen, the woman's husband left her two years later. She then went to work as a servant but her husband's brother and his uncle took every cent earned. Finally a thief, just after she had been paid, took her money and all her clothes except those she was wearing. The next day her husband's brother arrived, demanding money. When none was forthcoming he was furious and said she'd have to go into another profession that would bring him more money. She could see no way out but death. She knew she could never escape those men in her own city. Our nurse verified the story, put the woman on the boat and brought her to Peking where she found work for her.

We are constantly asking ourselves: Are we giving the community what it needs? Are we giving it what it wants in the way it wants it? Can we expect to get our community back of us until we have approached each person in the district in order to tell him what we are trying to do, and arouse his interest if possible?

We believe that we can succeed only by making such contacts. We hope to enlarge our staff next year. With another nurse, some graduate students from Yen Ching, and additional help from the Young Men's Christian Association we hope to give every one a chance to know what we have to offer. If we can get the people with us, whether we are helping them or they are helping us to help others, we will feel that we are working along the right lines.

In the meantime we will continue to try to relieve some of the distress that is all around us and continue our program of education.

THE HEALTH PROGRAM OF THE Y. W. C. A.

THE EDITOR:

Interesting in connection with Dr. Morrow's report of health work done by the Peking Y. W. C. A. at the Community Center there, which gives a comprehensive idea of the need for such service in China, is a brief review of the general progress of health work elsewhere in the Association in China.

In the countries of the West, and especially in the United States, the Y. W. C. A. is known far and wide for its gymnasium, its swimming pool, its hikes and general recreation program. In China where so short a time ago women never left their own courtyards save by sedan chair and where a certain daintiness if not delicacy of health habits characterized the women,—in this China, the Western ideal for vigorous exercise is a far star to which the ambitious hitch their wagon.

That it is not too far a star, is proved by the growing success of the Normal School for Hygiene and Physical Education, an entirely modern institution which was established in 1915 and which in the past eight years has sent out nearly a hundred girls to teach the gospel of health and exercise in the schools of China. This school has served its purpose of demonstration and missionary work in its propaganda and now everywhere government schools are demanding teachers of physical education. That the profession may be builded on sound lines, the Normal School in 1924 is to amalgamate with Ginling College at Nanking where girls may root in a sound academic foundation the technical training that will surely revolutionize the lives of Chinese girls in the next generation.

What does the city Association do in the health and hygiene programs so ingrained in the Association ideal?

Eight of the twelve city Associations have no committee for physical education, only three—Peking, Shanghai and Canton—have physical directors, yet in every place but one,—Mukden, a very conservative city, where the staff of a very young Association is too small to make interest where there is none,—there is a definite health program. Perhaps it takes the form of health lectures to Mothers' Club or general membership, perhaps elementary teaching in Girls' clubs, perhaps picture talks or a daily drill on the playground to children. Hongkong has a swimming class: Canton leads the way with the first Association swimming pool which is being built outdoors for the summer of 1924. Peking is the only Association with gymnasium classes and their 25 with a registration of over 300 is a demonstration of what can be done with trained directors and full time work. Peking has no suitable gymnasium but it contrives to carry not only these classes in various places around the city but also a course

for playground leaders and ten game-groups, a class in individual correctives, and two playgrounds. Playgrounds are a possible beginning in a health education program that all Associations use, and Tientsin, Shanghai, Hangchow, Canton, Changsha and far-away Chengtu have all-the-year or summer playgrounds either alone or in co-operation with other organizations. Sometimes, as in Hangchow, this playground is made the occasion for health examinations, free vaccinations, health lectures and movies.

More and more the plan of co-operative effort is adopted by the Y. W. C. A. in China. The health work in Peking is an outstanding example. Changsha, too, co-operates with the Hunan Health Association for a campaign and exhibition held in the famous Temple Grounds that serves that Association for headquarters; co-operates with Yale Hospital in its health clinic for children; co-operates with the Hunan Central Welfare Society in its playground where children from the Beggars' Home come daily to play. Hangchow, in co-operation with the Y. M. C. A., the Medical Association, the Union Committee (Christians of the city) and others, a total of seven city-wide organizations mostly non-Christian, has organized a Better Baby Show for the past three years.

Foremost in the influences that are bringing this revolution in the Chinese attitude toward health is the Council on Health Education, a co-operating group of National Medical Association, China Medical Missionary Association, China Christian Education Association, Y.M.C.A. and Y. W. C. A. The Y. W. C. A. has contributed toward its budget, and has given the service of one of its staff, namely Dr. Appleton, for the past two years. Her work for the first year was mainly concerned with Child Hygiene and in addition to preparing a set of picture charts for child health and a book on Pre-Natal Care for translation into Chinese, Dr. Appleton has been largely instrumental in establishing Baby Clinics, Baby Shows and Welfare Weeks, Mothers' Clubs in the Associations in Hangchow, Hongkong, Changsha, Peking, Nanking, Foochow, and other centers not Y. W. C. A. Co-operation has been the key-word of the work of the Council, and that has called for numerous articles for professional journals and other publications on child hygiene, and addresses before national meetings of medical and social workers. A book, Hygiene and Sanitation for China, by Dr. Appleton is meeting a long-felt need. This past year the Y. W. C. A., through Dr. Appleton's work, has had its share in the opening of health centres where a general community program can eventually be incorporated though at first the mere business of examinations, vaccinations and the like are of engrossing need. Health centers in a country where nursing is a young and uncertain profession and trained nurses are almost unknown save in foreign-operated hospitals

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Eight of the twelve city Associations have no committees for so important in the Association itself.

What does the city Association do in the health and hygiene programs for the next generation?

Technical training that will surely revolutionize the lives of Chinese at Nanking where girls may look in a sound academic foundation the first the Normal School in 1924 is to amalgamate with Chungking College of Physical Education. That the profession may be pushed on some grounds and now every where government schools are demanding teachers trained in the purpose of demonstration and missionary work in the progress of health and exercise in the schools of China. This school has had eight years has sent out nearly a hundred girls to teach the modern mission which was established in 1912 and which in the the Normal School for Hygiene and Physical Education in Chungking.

That it is not too late a sign is proved by the growing success of exercise is a sign that to which the ambitious high their women characterized the women—in this China the Western idea for vigorous sport and where a certain distinctness is not deficient of health habits sport a time ago women never left their own compounds save by sedan chair or palanquin and general recreation program in China where so the Y. W. C. A. is known for its wide for its gymnasium, its swimming

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China is a brief review of the general progress of health work which gives a comprehensive idea of the need for such services in done by the Peking Y. W. C. A. at the Community Center, these interesting in connection with Dr. Morrow's report of health work

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case they should get too near the edge (which is all too near them) and fall in! Old China!

The darkest side presents itself as one sees hundreds of children not in any school, playing about in their stores and in the street. You may chance to pass a big factory just as one shift is leaving and another coming, and here again you see a sight that grips your heart,—hundreds of little boys and girls work long, long hours in a factory, deprived of their right to play and with no place to play! Modern industry has invaded the Orient and is robbing it of its childhood. Old China in the grip of the New!

There is much that is going on that is not visible to a passer-by on the road, but behind many of those high gray walls at least a few children are being given a chance. The mission schools in so many parts of China realise the great value of play, and are providing for it in their school compounds. I wish you could see the Ginling College girls at play too. Many of them for the very first time are learning to catch a ball! They play "ball" of one kind or another during their four required periods each week on their athletic field—and then put in many extra hours, for they have just discovered the joy that comes from play! When winter rains come, they resort to their spacious room where they have folk-dancing and other forms of wholesome exercise.

Then what a joy it is to step into our own school, where we are trying so hard to give the girls a real conception of the value of physical education. You will see thirty fine-looking girls, perhaps doing interpretative dancing or folk-dancing, or playing team or group games or any of the various things Physical Directors are taught to do. Then to follow them into the various schools and associations where they are teaching is an even greater joy. This has been my privilege. When I ask them what I can do to help most, they always say, "Talk about physical education, for our students and teachers do not understand what we are trying to do, any they do not think it very important." So talk I do, and it helps keep alive the spirit that will some day help to emancipate the women and girls of China. For our students are the pioneers who are blazing the trail.

FINANCING IN THE ORIENT

HARRIET SMITH (America)

Chengtu

The problem that meets us everywhere in finance work, "how shall we separate a man (generic!) from his money," is not a simple one and the solution differs widely. That compartment of the human heart locks tightly and we need to study the combination, in each case, that will swing wide its doors. For this we will need to know a bit of psychology, first of all, and that presupposes some knowledge, too, of the background and traditions that govern the habits of thought and action of those with whom we work.

I never realized how different these are in the East and West until we attempted finance campaigns in Chengtu, our outpost Association center here in China. We have just finished our third now, so I am beginning to get a "feel" of what financing up here in interior China is like. "Down River," where foreign (western) influence is so much stronger than up here, beyond the Gorges and "behind the ranges," I had already helped in a good many finance campaigns, and was even rash enough several years ago, to write a modest manual on the subject. Difficulties there certainly were and are, besides those we usually meet at home. Romanizing the Chinese characters made the card-catalogue a puzzling problem to say the least of it, and the barriers of language often tried our spirits, but we did use card catalogues, with blue and white cards in the most approved style; we did make finance calls; we did have publicity, cultivation banquets, etc, all quite along the lines we westerners understood, and could even help in.

To secure money here in Chengtu for any public enterprise is another matter, and unbelievably difficult. This is the capital city of this most inaccessible province of Szechuan, a province without a mile of railway in it; with steamers to the nearest river-port (ten days overland from Chengtu) only part of the year and the rest of the time mail and goods all coming overland on the backs of coolies, for a thousand miles.

Naturally, we are not a commercial city, in fact business on anything like a large scale is non-existent, and officialdom, "subject to change without notice," controls what money there is.

There is, literally, only one firm in the city on which we can, and do, make a proper finance call. This is the famous silk-shop "Ho Tai Yuen," where foreigners, from far and wide, secure the beautiful Chengtu crepe which is so popular. Because of this foreign trade which we of course help along, we can and do go in there, solicit and secure, (under pressure, for he is a close man!) the subscription of the head

of the firm. Every other subscription that comes, does so through a "middle man." Therein lies one, if not *the*, secret of the whole system. The middle man is the key,—find the right one, and the lock will open.

The history of our three Finance Campaigns is an interesting one. The first year a goodly amount in membership fees and a very small budget helped us to make ends meet nicely, especially as we had one key man who secured for us a modest subscription from the Governor then in power.

Last year, our second attempt, this friend at court had gone, the political situation was in a state of flux, and though we actually had more people interested and working, no one would call outside the circle where she could claim "personal relationships" as a lever, so the amounts turned in were hopelessly small when we depended on them alone to make up a second year's budget. Fifty dollars was the largest gift and that stood quite alone in its class. Result, we had to cut everywhere, and even then we knew the pinch of poverty. This year we knew we must do something different, and the plan decided on, together with a favorable turn in the political tide, has made for success.

We felt that we must have the interest and gifts of the men as well as the women, that they held the purse-strings in most cases, and that also they would be more accustomed to the thought of public giving than the women have yet become. Of course one always does count on men in finance efforts, but one generally gets at them through finance calls and that is not one of our "methods" here in Chengtu. So we invented another, and incorporated the gentlemen in the Campaign itself. Five "Captains," all tried and trusty friends of the Association, formed their own teams and went out for their share of the money we had to have. We had five teams of women besides.

Our only fear was that they would get more than their share and the women with their smaller gifts would be swamped and discouraged, but it did not work that way at all. The competition seemed to act as a spur, and the women's teams, all five of them, did nobly and kept well ahead in the race throughout the whole Campaign. The race, as you see, is one of the methods we retain, competition evidently being an universal instinct.

The Campaign organization, set up entirely by Chinese, was very elaborate and something of an index to their psychology. There were many places for "honoraries" from General Yang Sen, (who was our Honorary General Team Captain) down; each title of course carrying with it the assumption of a goodly contribution for the sake of "face" if nothing more. There was also the provision for bestowing of extra points to those bringing in the largest amount in subscriptions on each

Report Day, while at the end the Winning Team had its picture taken (a much coveted honor, strange to say!) and each team member who secured as much as \$60 has her name engraved on a brass shield which will decorate the walls of the Association, to her lasting honor.

Another "method" that carries over in the Orient, is that of reaching the heart through the stomach. It cannot, however, be nearly so impersonally applied nor in so wholesale a manner as at home. The personal element is much more emphasized in regard to both hostess and guest. We find that an invitation to our home is much more honorable than to the Association, so we do all our entertaining there. We always, too, serve foreign (American) food, as nine-tenths of our Chinese friends are as enthusiastic about that as we are about their delicious cooking. Also, of course, we are on our own ground and much less liable to social blunders.

In this last Campaign we gave three big all-Chinese dinner parties, for the good of the cause. The first was for all the Team Leaders, men and women, as they were all of the progressive element of Chengtu society whom we dared invite to a "mixed party" especially when given and chaperoned by us foreigners.

The second was for Governor Yang Sen, our Honorary General Team Captain, and a few minor lights, all interested in the Campaign but also chosen to fit in with the Governor and help make the dinner a success. The only ladies at this party, besides ourselves, were Mrs. Hu, our President, an asset to any group; the Vice-President, who is also our one woman "returned student" here in Chengtu, and our non-pareil Executive Secretary and social asset, Mrs. Feng. This time, we had not only the ten-course dinner indoors, but had to supply another table, which we set in the court-yard, for the Governor's bodyguard of soldiers. These men shadow him wherever he goes, running in front or behind his chair or horse when he is abroad, and when he is being entertained are liable to appear in the doorway at any moment, sometimes with an important letter, but more often with a towel, wrung out of hot scented water, whereon to wipe his honorable face, Chinese style.

The last big party was for all the men workers, not included in the first, (it is apparent that we specialize on feeding the men!) twenty-odd of them, and was quite an undertaking for us foreign secretaries. Fortunately, we had a glorious spring day and could use the whole out-of-doors which in this wonderful old Chinese place where we live, is our greatest asset. Our big open air pavilion was plentifully supplied with chairs, and what is almost necessary here in China, with tea-tables, and given a lovely place to sit and drink tea, the average Chinese man is quite happily entertained. With these three dinners, one tea,

also at our own home, and plentiful refreshments at each report day, we met the requirements of this "method."

We always start our Campaigns here in China with as grand a flourish as possible and here in the interior we seem to emphasize that even more than elsewhere. This last Campaign was no exception, and we were certainly glad that our Association building, which is really a very cramped-up little place, was nevertheless Chinese, and so lent itself to the doing away with partitions and even some of the outside walls, which gave a spacious look for the time being. Governor Yang Sen came in person to this Opening Meeting, and also sent his Military Band to "arouse the attention of the audience" as his English secretary explained in his letter!

Then for a couple of weeks we just jogged along, and saved all further flourishes for the Grand Finale. The last week was quite exciting. The race was on in earnest by that time and the spirit of it running high, though with really good sportsmanship throughout.

Such nice unexpected things happened too, such as the gift of \$100 from the Japanese Consul whom we barely know but whose wife is in one of our English classes; and the extra \$40 which came from one of the Team Captains,—the price of opium which she sold after Mrs. Feng had helped her to break the opium habit which she was beginning to acquire.

There were funny things too, the outstanding one of these being the way that, after receiving the Governor's signed order for \$500, we chased around trying to get it cashed. We were met on every hand, even at the Treasury, with the same cry, "no money," and were sent on elsewhere till we felt like "Pussy wants a corner"! Finally, at the Mint they agreed to let us have it, in coppers. Think of \$500 in coppers, not the dainty little one-cent pieces we know under that name, but great heavy 200-cash pieces the size of silver dollars! However, cash of any kind, be it silver or copper, was what we were out for here in Chengtu where our officials are "here to-day and gone to-morrow," and their promises apt to be scraps of paper when their brief day is over. So we took the copper-cash as well as the silver dollars, and have the novel and happy experience of starting out on this year's program, with money actually in hand with which to carry it through.

ON THE STUDENT FIELD

E. CYNTHIA SCRIBNER (America)

Wuchang

A field student secretary uses modes of travel ancient and modern. To go to the school at Fancheng in northern Hupeh province, one can take either a Chinese house-boat or the rail-road and sedan chairs for the five days away from the rail-road. One gets off from the train at 3:30 in the morning, lights a lantern and proceeds to the station. There in the telegraph office one spreads one's cot amidst the already sleeping hangers-on of the station. These number perhaps from eight to fifteen, the number varying according to the pull of such outside interests as passing freight trains or the arrival of future passengers. One sleeps until daylight and then employs chairs and baggage coolies for the five days' trip. Perhaps the boat up-river would have been less promiscuous but it takes three weeks to get to Fancheng by such a method. We two foreigners took a house-boat down-river and with the use of a sail managed it in five days.

To get to another part of the Yangtze Valley Student Field, Suchoufu in northern Kiangsu province, one takes the notorious Blue Express, rides for hours in modern manner and descending at the station, experiences the difficulties of riding over what seems to be a stone quarry mostly quarried. It is hardest on the greasy, sweating human being who pulls one perhaps; one's bump of sympathy certainly becomes greatly enlarged. The train to Changsha, Hunan province, is full of impudent soldiers. It is also considered dangerous because all the road ties are rotten and no new ones to replace them are forthcoming, but one has the choice here of taking a longer trip on a British steam-boat, which like the steamers of the Yangtze River closely resembles a good ocean liner for conveniences, but costs over four times as much as the train. These steam-boats certainly do contrast with the low, matting-vaulted house-boat which affords only enough room to stretch one's cots and to stand for dressing in the morning. It may be somewhat cramped but it is surely jolly to lie on one's back throughout the day and between intervals of reading and studying Chinese to watch the water slip from under one so close by.

On the house-boat one's servant has a three square feet of space in the bow for preparing one's food; during the ruder, overland travel by chair one stops off nights and meal times at dusty tea-houses, perhaps in the wood shed of an inn, and sometimes one is lucky enough to arrive at a mission station where a good foreign home exists. Occasionally the city where one stops contains a real continental hotel! This is seldom the case, so for variety of travel experiences, secretaries of the interior fields find life very spicy.

Then when one gets to the school where a regular affiliated student Y. W. C. A. exists! A reception committee of bright eyed students greet one. If they live far in the interior they are wearing black pig-tails, cotton jackets, generally blue, trousers instead of skirts. Formal, shining expectancy sits on every countenance. It surely is worth the trip or voyage. Think of traveling five days away from the rail-road and finding girls like that, girls who are linked up with other Christian students of the different parts of China and even with the destitute students of central Europe in intelligent Christian sympathy. For we find them sending in their contributions to the European student relief quite regularly! And they show much cleverness in adapting the Y. W. C. A. to their local needs and keeping the spiritual content. In a Nurses' Training School one finds a physical committee which recognizes the nurses' need of recreation as imperative to the well-rounded Christian life. In some mission boarding schools which have primary departments, there is a children's committee attached to the Y. W. C. A. cabinet, and it is wonderful to see how the older girls help the children in the Morning Watch worship or to form an organization of their own, governed and run by little children. One cabinet has a Sunday committee formed with the idea of helping the students observe Sunday properly; other have "store" committees which earn the money which the Association must have for local work or needs to send in towards headquarter's support. Bible committees organize study classes among non-Christian neighborhood children or adults, for the school servants, for the students themselves. Evangelistic committees, sometimes called missionary committees, organize preaching tours into the villages and country places, popular education classes for illiterates in the neighborhood, prayer groups or social events for the new students of the school, all with the purpose of winning these people into knowledge of Christ. It is inspiring work to help the leaders of these enterprises in a mission school.

But the field student secretary also has responsibility for government school students, especially those girls who are not helped by organized city Y. W. C. A. work because in their cities no Y. W. C. A. exists. Missionaries are asking the Y. W. C. A. to try to find some plan whereby such girls may hear of the Christian God. So one visits as many government schools as possible in order to find a basis for work with the government school girl. As a general thing there is much difference between the two kinds of schools, mission, and government. When one enters the mission school compound one usually finds it spacious, green, artistically set with trees. Often it is a mass of flowers beautifully placed. Paths are bordered with flowers and trees and lead to small retreats in garden nooks or wall crannies. One often finds students here studying or chatting.

Buildings are usually in good repair. In type of architecture they may be an adaption of Chinese architecture to modern ideas of convenience. The government school compound seldom compares well with such mission schools. If the governor of the province is strong at political intrigue, he usually is maintaining too great an army, to afford giving adequately to education, and so the government school compounds fall into disrepair. General cheerlessness often is the prevailing atmosphere of the place. Flowers may be there but growing rankly or in pots stuck about rather disconsonantly. The girls' laundry is often too conspicuous, there is always the wail of an organ or several organs horribly played. Within the dormitories and class rooms one usually finds creaky floors, paint falling off, dust, and then, the independent school girl herself.

Often she seems to be planning how many vacations she will vote herself, how she shall be taught, who shall teach her and what she, the new woman of China, shall have as a career and that with the least possible expenditure of effort in the gaining of an education. The educational funds do not afford such a student the best of teachers; those who stay with the school for any length of time are few because of the failure to pay salaries, and these are frequently old men of the old school of education. The inexperienced young man who uses this kind of school as a stepping stone to something better which may turn up in the course of a year, drops off from the teaching staff more quickly. If the girls do not like him, they may refuse to open their mouths in the class room, or they may post placards defaming him; in one case, they took staves to drive him out. Sure it is that he has to go and then there is a long wait until another man can be induced to accept this bed of roses. Sometimes a government school is more fortunate in that a woman matron holds many of the duties of a principal. She may be unselfish, kind, and intelligent in purpose. If so the whole school compound speaks the fact. But such a matron is a rarity and an up-to-date woman principal even more so.

The government school girls can choose unrestrainedly from the foreign customs which meet her inexperienced eye. She sometimes chooses cropped hair, hair ribbons (difficult to place when the hair is cropped), an adaptation of foreign millinery which would startle an uninitiated foreigner.

She is picking and choosing her ideas from the scant western civilization which she experiences about her. May she have abundant opportunity to see and judge that which is truly Christian! At present she frequently has queer notions of Christianity. She may think that it is all theory and not practical for real living because some friend has told her about a Christian once met who didn't measure up, or perhaps just from superficial or prejudiced observation

she esteems it not. Then she is known to think it a religion of comfort, only for those who have their way paved for them and can give their leisure to ethical cultivation.

The mission school girls are generally eager in spirit, with a face full of peace and happiness, occasionally radiant with the light of an active faith, industrious, disciplined. She is now on the battleground of choosing her future. There is the pull for self cultivation, and also the pull to go back into the less fortunate, (spiritually, materially, or both,) environment out of which she stepped when she came to the mission school. She is thinking of taking the opportunities which have been hers to her people before going to college, if ever she goes. Some of us who are further along in life than the high school age would find such choice difficult to make if we live in China. Many girls do forego greater privileges of education and this is in part due to the fact that their teachers are exemplifying the principle of sacrifice in daily life among them. One cannot help wishing that the government school girls might have the inspiration which the mission school girls have, that of living near teachers of genuine Christian character.

One seeks to promote intercourse between the girls of the two types of schools. They can meet in athletic contests, and then principles of honor, unselfish preference of the rival in sport, are promoted and friendly relationship and mutual understanding are started. Local student secretaries encourage all such association of mission and government school students. Where there is no resident secretary, one finds the faculty and the Y. W. C. A. cabinet in the mission schools most willing to do what is possible in bringing about such fellowship. The chief difficulties lie in the too crowded schedules of all students, and the fact that Sunday is the only holiday allowed the government school girl. These are the conditions, however, with which we must work and the best solution seems to be that of a Chinese local student secretary co-operating with missionaries in the student center and visited often by the field secretary. She can keep open house in rooms rented for students of all schools to use and by association with them she can bring about fellowship which will lead increasingly into the abundant life.

THE GENTLE AND ANCIENT ART OF CALLING

EDITH MAY WELLS (America)

Tientsin

I must order a new supply of calling cards. One hundred do not last long in a land where calling is one of the important phases of work.

My little pieces of white cardboard have my name and address in English on one side and on the other my Chinese name and title and address. The Chinese is indispensable but the English is useful too.

The white card marks me as a foreigner; although Chinese friends use white cards now when they go calling they still keep a supply of the red ones on hand for calling in official families or for birthdays and special holidays.

Sometimes I call alone if it is a home where I have been before but whenever possible I go with one of the Chinese secretaries or one of the Association members. A Chinese who is herself interested in the Association can recommend it and explain its purpose much better than the foreigner, who is apt to be something of a curiosity.

Mrs. C— called for me one day in a little carriage drawn by an old black horse. "This horse has done a good deal of Association work in the past three years" she remarked, as we started out. "If I do not go myself I sometimes lend him to others who are making formal calls." This footman and driver too seemed familiar with our ways. I thought it a pity for one poor horse to have such a load and wished the footman might be left behind. I soon found he was very important; at every block in the traffic he jumped down to hold the head of the horse who did not show the slightest inclination to run away. When we came to a corner he was at the horse's head ready to guide him in the right direction.

The carriage had pink silk curtains with grey fringe and leopard skins thrown over the seat. It was so small that I felt that I was taking more than my share of the space and there was hardly room for our feet. Perhaps it was built to fit the little horse. Mrs. C— was dressed in a lovely blue brocaded coat; her skirt of black satin was cut in foreign fashion. Her shoes too showed foreign influence, for they were of black velvet made large to conceal the little bound feet of other days. She sat beside me with hands folded, her black hair carefully oiled, her simple costume almost without ornament and I was conscious of my hat which was so superfluous in a carriage, of my coat which took up so much space, of gloves of another color.

We called first on Mrs. Y— who lives in a large two-story house built on foreign lines. The gateman recognized Mrs. C— and ushered us at once into the reception room which was furnished in western furniture and was gay with college banners, college pillows

and many photographs after the style in college dormitories. The man of this house had studied in America and I was at once aware of his college.

Our hostess had bound feet and was the typical old fashioned woman of high class who did not go out except to pay family visits on special occasions. Her three daughters were very shy in the presence of the two older women but I soon drew them into conversation and found that they had been studying English and had many new ideas. Perhaps the mother is not so old fashioned as she seems or the father may have seen the advantages of modern education even for women.

The servant brought in tea and Chinese cakes and we were offered some peanut brittle made by the girls. So they are adding cooking to their other accomplishments! When I left I asked the mother if the girls might come to my home some times and she said they might. If that was not just a polite promise given lest my feelings be hurt by a refusal, I hope to get to know them better and perhaps help them to understand some of the fuller, richer life which is open to our American girls and which may some day be theirs.

That same day we called on Mrs. T— or we tried to. After the usual parley with the gateman the large double gate was thrown open and we drove through a lovely garden right up to the steps. The servant showed us into a living room and again to my disappointment I saw it was furnished in western style. In a few minutes Mr. T— appeared, greeted us cordially and proceeded to entertain us as if we were calling on him. After a few moments we asked for his wife and were told that she was "too old fashioned" which as an excuse is very much used and may mean anything or nothing. As Mrs. C— knows Mrs. T— I had to conclude that Mr. T— was afraid of this unknown American and the new ideas which she might give his wife. There are many men like him, fairly well educated, going out among all kinds of people but wishing to keep their women folks shut safely within the compound walls. We sometimes think that we shall have to start a campaign of education for these men if we are to reach their wives and daughters. I tried to explain to him what we were trying to do for Chinese women and he praised us generously for our "righteous hearts" but with no thought of the wife we wanted so to see. We spent over an hour there listening to this man's talk, slipping in a word now and then which fell on deaf ears; finally we left with a sense of defeat.

As we drove away Mrs. C— said "He will not let his wife go anywhere or have any pleasure but I thought he might let her see you and that would be something to interest her." Then as if to show her own independence she took me to a silk shop and with great

deliberation purchased just enough bright red velvet to make a pair of slippers.

Mrs. S— invited me to go with her in her big purple limousine the other day to call on Mrs. L—. We stopped before an old yamen and walked through the open gate into a deserted courtyard. She assured me however that this was the right place but money was scarce since the change in government and the family occupied only a few of the many courtyards. Weeds were growing between the stones of the pavement and grass among the tiles of the roof. Only a beautiful screen which separated this courtyard from the next had kept its lovely colors and suggested the beauty that had once been here.

We went through three such courts, all deserted, and finally at the door of the fourth were met by a servant who took our cards and led us into a typical reception room of a well-to-do Chinese family. Chairs and tables of carved black wood were arranged against two of the walls. Bright red cushions in the chairs and two blue vases gave the right touch of color. Against the wall opposite the door was a long table where stood the ancestral tablet flanked by candles in pewter candlesticks. Complimentary scrolls hung back of it and incense burned in a brass brazier in front of it.

Mrs. L— came to greet us dressed in lovely satins, blue coat, grey trousers and embroidered slippers. She escorted us into the inner room and with much bowing, insisted that we take the most honorable places, while we with proper modesty tried to take the "lowest seats." Here again the room was furnished in Chinese style with more scrolls extolling wisdom and all the virtues.

After asking and answering the usual questions in regard to all the members of our families, we talked of many things. In a little while they seemed to forget my presence as they talked of former acquaintances and I was glad to listen to try to discover what interested them most. There was no talk of fashions and shopping nor of recent fiction, but all was of people. "Your eldest son's wife, how many children has she?" "Three." "Are they all students?" "No, one is a girl." "Do they go to school?" "No, they study at home. And yours?" "Mine go to school." Then there followed an interesting discussion of the relative advantages of schools and a private tutor.

"You have a new daughter-in-law?" "Yes, but she is very stupid." "No, I am sure she is very clever." "Can she recognize characters? (read and write)" "No, she is a girl and so never learned." "My little girls go to school with the boys." "Is it possible?" Here they talked of women's education and what the Association was doing to teach illiterate women to read and marvelled that women could learn so quickly.

"Your friend Mrs. W— how is she?" "Oh, had you not heard? There is a concubine in the house and she must eat bitterness." So they sat and discussed the evils of this system, speaking more freely than I had ever heard Chinese women speak on the subject.

Later Mrs. L— said "You must be a Christian to take such an interest in social questions." Mrs. S— hesitated, for though she is interested in Christianity she has never joined a church. At last she said, "No, but I am a member of the Y. W. C. A." "Oh," said our hostess, "that explains it." Then suddenly she remembered having heard of the Association before and to my consternation she said, "Y. W. C. A.? That's what old Mrs. C— died of." She went on to explain that old Mrs. C— used to live opposite the Y. W. C. A. (We had tried to call on her but were never admitted.) One summer evening our students were giving a scene from "Merchant of Venice" and the courtyard was bright with lanterns. The old lady's curiosity got the better of her conservatism and she sat on the balcony of her home and watched from afar. But alas! the night turned cool and she caught cold and died soon afterward. I should like to think that she enjoyed her view of our performance that night.

Mrs. L— youngest daughter-in-law came into the room in purple coat, green skirt and pink slippers. She served us with fruit, watermelon seeds and Chinese cakes. The old nurse could restrain her curiosity no longer so she came into the room with the baby in her arms. "He wanted some of the refreshments," she remarked though I am sure he was too young to eat them. She helped herself to the food, watching us and listening to our conversation until the baby howled and had to be taken out. It is customary to leave soon after tea is served so we said "good bye" while our hostess told us she had treated us very badly and we assured her that on the contrary she had "spent much heart on us."

DOUBTS AND CERTAINTIES

SARAH E. GLASS (America)

Canton

"Here, upon the verge
 Of the momentous years, I pause and trace
 The shining footsteps of my forefathers,
 And the far distant goal that drew them on
 Too distant for my range. Howe'er resolved
 I may go forward, lo! a thousand tracks
 Cause me to swerve aside. A little child—
 Only a little child—I am too frail
 To cope with the anxieties of state
 And cares of king-craft. Yet I will ascend
 Into my Father's room, and through the courts
 Below, forever seeking, I will pass,
 To brush the skirts of inspiration
 And touch the sleeves of memory.

O great
 And gracious Father, hear and condescend
 To guard, to cherish, to enlighten me."

—From "The Prayer of the Emperor Ching" in the Odes of Confucius.

It was late dusk of an early November afternoon. The quiet of the night was gradually settling down. In the sections of the city through which we passed, candles were being lighted and doors closed. Few people were on the streets; occasionally a late vendor of sweets, or a child clattering along on wooden shoes, or a group of neighborly women exchanging the last choice bits of gossip of the day, shrank close against the wall to escape being struck by my chair. The steady, swaying rhythm of the chair men, the echo of their unfamiliar calls down the long, twisting, narrow streets, the pungent fragrance of incense from frequent wayside shrines, were all soothing and lulling; and as we went, I mused quietly on the strangeness of the situation, on my feeling of perfect security and safety in the hands, at such an hour, of these people whose ways of thinking and living and speaking were utterly unknown to me. Why should one ever fear the unknown? Then, suddenly, we turned a jog in the street, and some twenty feet ahead of us, where the road was considerably wider, and in the circle of brightness cast by a street light, was a group of twelve or fifteen women and children gathered about some object on the ground. In a nearby shop door a man sat smoking; two or three others had stopped a moment to see what was happening, and then passed on. Instinctively a great fear surged up in my heart. From the vantage point of the chair, as we came close, I

looked down and saw a small boy writhing and moaning in agony on the ground. A bundle he had been carrying had rolled to one side. No one made a move to help him,—they were merely curious! Everything in me called to me to stop, but "lo! a thousand tracks caused me to swerve aside." I had been here only five weeks; I did not know the language! I could neither understand these people nor make them understand me. I did not know the name of a single hospital in C—. I should merely create a sensation should I stop. Besides, it was late and I must hurry to catch the boat. We passed on down the street, now quite dark and deserted; and at every footfall on the hard, rough stones there rang in my ears, "And in like manner, a Levite too, when he saw him, passed by on the other side."

"Yet I will ascend
 Into my Father's room, and through the courts
 Below, forever seeking, I will pass,
 To brush the skirts of inspiration
 And touch the sleeves of memory."

It was a beautiful walk, more than an hour in length. We had been instructed to travel straight toward the sun, with the assurance that we should surely come out at home. We left about five o'clock with the sun still high, walked for quite a long time through college property, striking off at length over the grave-covered hill-sides. All of the country around C— seems to be grave-yards. The college itself is operating on reclaimed grave land, land from which literally thousands of graves have to be removed in order to make it at all usable. We passed through numberless little villages, full of friendly older folk, curious, boisterous children, and barking dogs. The sun set, and the evening star took its place as our guide. Once, just as twilight was settling into night, our star took us to the very door of a little old temple with several babies playing in the dust and dirt in front; but in the temple itself, far back in the interior, a lone candle illuminated the god above it and threw its steady ray past the prostrate figure of a worshipping woman, out into the dark. Involuntarily we caught our breath at the sheer beauty of the picture,—above the low curving roof a white beaming star, out of the darkness a tiny gleam of light, human hearts seeking the Unknown. We, too, prayed a moment, and then followed our star homeward.

IN CHANGSHA

INGEBORG WIKANDER (Sweden)

Changsha

In Changsha perhaps the best illustration of the old and the new mingling together into a new world, most perplexing in its many sided aspects, is to take you for a visit into our Y. W. C. A. center.

We are coming off the busy North Gate street and turn down on a quiet side alley, planted on both sides with trees. Then we walk in through the heavy gates; the Chinese characters ingraved over the gates mean: Memorial Temple of the Duke Tso. At the side of the gate hangs the signboard of our Y. W. C. A. After passing some front courts with offices and Hostel buildings in bright colours we are standing unexpectedly in a big Temple court with massive granite pillars bearing up high, heavy roofs, with characteristic Chinese emblems in richly carved woodwork. In front of us is the inner, quiet court with the big Temple itself, imposing in its nobleness of structure with daring, but gracefully upward curved eaves, decorated with phoenixes, lions and dragons in bright red, green and yellow faience. Two beautiful cymotomeria trees, whose branches seem to have shaped themselves after the curves of the eaves, help to set off the massive roof with its rich, gilded carvings.

On both sides of this temple court is a lovely large rock garden in pure Chinese style, with grottos and mountain walks, with ever-green creeping over the wildly shaped rockeries, with roses, lilies and a variety of other flowers blooming freely in between the rocks. This is indeed an Eldorado for Chinese, who love to see the moon reflecting in the silent, green waters of the canals and ponds, and who love to follow the ever surprising turns of the narrow walks into new picturesque sceneries.

In the midst of this are the pavilions and garden-houses that now are serving as our classrooms, guestrooms, reading, club, and committee rooms. "This is the most unique place, used for Y.W.C.A. work, that I have seen in the world", said Mary Dingman when she visited Changsha.

Surely the young girls in our Hostel and classes, the students from Chinese schools, who are playing basketball in the outer temple court, or tennis on the open playgrounds, or the women who are coming for the Christian services in the Auditorium, which used to be the banquet hall where the ancestral ceremonial feasts were given by the Tso clan, with the official and nobility of the province as guests, these are enjoying something of the very best of the old China and the new combined.

But there are more telling contrasts than these. Come with us after sunset into the inner Temple court. An old man is coming

out of the Temple, and we observe a small flickering light over the altar inside the Temple. Why, is the Temple still used? Yes, it is! Listen to a few paragraphs in the six years contract with the Tso family:

"The Tso Family, for the sake of friendship and public welfare, are willing to rent a part of the Tso Memorial Temple to the Young Women's Christian Association of Changsha, the following terms being mutually agreed on:

1 *Place:* From the East door of the Tso Memorial Temple to the West door, including the chair hall and the garden, but excluding the ceremonial hall, where the ancestral tablet is placed, and the court and small rooms immediately in front of this hall."

7 *"Ceremonies of the Tso Family:* The Tso Family retains the full right to use any and all parts of the Temple and premises even those specially rented to the Y. W. C. A., at any time, for family ceremonial purposes. It is however agreed that a three days notice of any such ceremony will be given to the Y. W. C. A."

May it be added here that such ceremonial feasts are seldom given nowadays. As long as I have been in Changsha I have heard of no such clan ceremony given here. But the paragraph is inserted to satisfy the old members of the family to whom the longpast times still are living realities, and to make sure that this right of using the whole place still belongs to the Family.

8 *"Ceremonial Hall:* It is understood that the Temple-keeper of the Tso Family is free at any time to enter the premises for the purposes of burning incense and lighting the lamp in the Temple. There will also be provided for the said keeper, within the premises, living and cooking quarters."

The old man has just been fulfilling his daily duties, keeping the incense and the oil burning on the Viceroy's ancestral altar. In the Auditorium, where the Cross in gold on deep red silk stands out against the white wall, we have just been singing Christian hymns and now in Easter time listening to the message of Life conquering death, and here we are looking in silence at that mysterious little flickering light among the deep shadows in the inner court of the Ancestral Temple of our nearest friends in China.

Let me picture to you another contrast:

One of the most promising activities of the Y. W. C. A. in Changsha is the work of its Social Service department. Some of the best women of our city are serving on it and are keenly interested. A good deal of time was given last year to research work, finding out living conditions in the many home industries of this place, embroidery, cross-stitch, stocking, and weaving-factories, etc. We mostly found working and living conditions depressingly bad, even in some places owned by Christians.

We also have given some help to the Hunan Central Welfare Society in its effort to centralize, reorganize and reform the many institutions that in the home countries belong under the poor law's jurisdiction. Specially we have been interested in this Society's brave and efficient work of gathering in all the numerous beggars off the streets into homes. By degrees they are now separated into different institutions, the younger to learn trades, the children to be given school education, the older ones to have a sheltered place for their closing days. Changsha has here set an example that is now being noticed and copied in several other provincial capitals of China.

The Hunan Welfare Society has asked us to assist them in establishing and supervising a new institution, where they plan to educate some of the younger women of the destitute class, that appeal to them for help, into useful members of society as home servants.

For the first time some of our ladies have met with men in a committee, in a joint effort of regaining some of their lost sisters to a new and better life. To friends in the homeland this probably does not sound very remarkable, but to us in an inland city of China it seems a stirring experience and a very significant sign of a new time. It is noteworthy also, that it is a non-Christian society of men appealing to a Christian association of women for co-operation and help.

This same Hunan Central Welfare Society has asked our service and help for the future in a more official way than before and have elected us all who serve on the Y. W. C. A. Social Service Committee to become members of their Society with full voting power and eligible to offices. We have given our answer that we are willing to accept their invitation and will try to respond to their confidence by serving in all ways possible. For the first time in the history of that Society women will take part in their affairs. We all feel that this is a step forward for the women of this Province and a way that may open up new spheres of service for the women of this big city.

But there are discouragements. Again and again we meet hindrance from suspicion and ignorance.

People doubt the unselfish purpose of our work. I have come to understand that the root of the trouble is this: They have never before in their lives met with anything like unselfish care, and so they do not believe there is such a thing! The best they will think about us is that we are helping them in order to gain religious merits for ourselves. We have only to work on realizing that it will often take a long time to convince these poor people—sometimes even their leaders—that there is such a thing as unselfish love and service come into the world with Jesus Christ.

Those who serve on our Y. W. C. A. Social Service Committee are most of them married ladies of the Gentry or Scholar class. The chairman is Fifth Madame Iso. Her husband was one of the sons of the great Viceroy's first son. As he in his generation was the fifth son born in the clan, that number serves as his title in the family, and his wife naturally bears his title, and so is always known as the Fifth Madame Tao. She is one of the leading personalities of the whole clan. Some of the other members are also women with a position in society. One is the wife of a man who was one of the first promoters of women's education in Hunan and started the first school for girls in this Province. Another of them is one of the first women who has been offered, and now is filling, a post in the provincial government service.

It is a thrilling experience to sit together with pioneer women like these who all are of the first generation of women to carry any responsibility outside of the direct home duties. It sometimes seems like a wonder to have a chairman leading our committee meetings in a most graceful and capable way and know that her whole education was given her in a secluded Chinese home, where the ladies were never allowed even to meet any men but the ones of the nearest family circle. She sometimes opens our meeting with prayer, though she has not yet been able to take the step of becoming a church member. While I listen to her earnest prayer I cannot help remembering the altars in her large family compound where the incense is burnt daily in front of the ancestral tablets and where she herself still has to perform the time honoured rites of falling down before the family altar on the special days of birth and death of her fore-fathers.

OUR NEIGHBORS

GENEVIEVE LOWRY (America)

Hangchow

Opposite the Association doorway in Nan Ban R'Yang rise high white walls. Passers-by note them and casually remark "a wealthy neighborhood." But they fail to notice the narrow lane that winds between them.

For many weeks this lane seemed to beckon, so one day we decided to call on our neighbors. We made plans for a movie and as soon as the tickets were printed we planned to sally forth to give them away.

A few feet from the street the narrow lanes makes a sudden turn into a strange land. Low dirty hovels lean one on the other. Sullen eyed, stringy haired women work in the open door ways. Yelling, ragged urchins played in the filth of the lanes. Leering eyed men slunk around the corners. **Our neighbors!**

One whole afternoon we spent twisting here and there in the two blocks of filth and misery crouching behind the high white walls of Nan Ban R'Yang. In a low roofed mud room forty girls, from daylight until dark, dexterously twist the silken thread on reels. The gay greens and red, lavenders and yellows of the flying reels seemed to strike out from the cob webbed shadows. At night the girls spread their strips of matting on the floor to sleep fitfully with the vermin.

Before a stable in the sunshine, a pale, flat chested girl made paper match boxes. A turn here, a dab of paste there, a quick twist of the hand and one more box added to the fast mounting pile. One thousand boxes a day for the wage of 8 coppers!

Coughing and spitting, a haggard faced old woman banged the door in our faces and shouted "go on!, go on,!" Faces peered through half-opened doors and one was conscious of eyes shining behind a multitude of cracks.

We go on our way attended by a band of ragged lads all begging for more tickets. Ducks, plastered with mud, flapped out of our way. A diseased old man turned listless eyes to follow us.

One woman wipes off the edge of a bench so that we can sit down. She goes on with her work, scrubbing a worn blue cotton garment with a small stiff brush. She tells us that her husband works in another city but that his wages are not enough to support herself and the children so she stays at home earning what she can and looking after her large family. She practically never leaves her dirty room. She has heard of those strange things called movies and her eyes grow wistful as she refuses the ticket. "Someday," she adds, "I may be able to go."

We had entered the twisting lane behind the high white walls of Nan Ban R'Yang with the spirit of adventure. We came out saddened and heavy with the material and spiritual filth of that lane. Again and again we question each other, why? why?

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The printed tickets we gave our neighbors said "Doors open at seven;" but we, wise in the ways of the lane, ate an early supper and were at the Association by six o'clock. The suggestion that we have two policemen at the gate to maintain order had been scorned for somehow it seemed so inhospitable to my Western eyes to entertain one's neighbors under the arm of the law. As compromise I had promised to stand at the gate, assured that my size and strong cane would be sufficient to keep peace.

By six-fifteen the crowd had begun to come. Supper was over, in the small homes and the bean oil lamps lighted so our neighbors, those with tickets and those without, fared forth. Out of the narrow lane that ran between the high white walls of Nan Ban R'Yang they

swarmed in the twilight, small boys and girls, men, women with babies in the their arms. The buzz of voices grew and swelled. The boys made a rush for the door and I began to fear that my stout stick would give way. My face must have shown my distress for suddenly out of the sea of swaying faces a jovial man stepped into the doorway. He jollied the crowd, took tickets and sent back those who had no slip of admittance. By seven every available inch of room had been taken and the street doors had to be closed after we had explained to the waiting crowd that there wasn't one bit of space left. Then I turned to my jovial faced friend to inquire whom I might thank. In reply to my request for his most honorable name, he merely twinkled more than ever and bowing low said "I'm just a neighbor" and passed swiftly out into the crowd.

From the time of the closing of the doors, we led a dual existence. Within, a spell bound crowd watched the movies. For many it was the first time in their meager lives. Outside the crowd grew to a mob; stones flew; cat-calls made the night hideous; rushes were made against the doors. Finally the gateman and I decided to stand outside the door and keep them from further physical attacks.

What a queer sight it must have been to the passers-by. Moonlight reflected into the street by the high white walls; yelling urchins; a few older men whispering in the shadows, putting the children up to their mischief; and then the gateman and I, impassive, arms folded, standing for two hours outside the stone doorway with the crossed flags of the Republic floating overhead.

There is a limit to all endurance. At last lungs wearied and agile legs grew heavy. Sleepy eyed urchins were swallowed up in the black opening of the narrow lanes. The more hardy seated themselves on the pavement and we talked as best we could with my slow and faulty Chinese only partly understood.

What relief when the great doors finally flew open and the bright flash of the lights announced that our first "At Home" for our neighbors was over! How they talked as they too in turn were swallowed up by the narrow land! Cheery good-nights and friendly thank-yous came back on the night air. Warily we counted the bits of red paper,—over two hundred of our neighbors had come to us from behind the high white walls of Nan Ban R'Yang.

A HISTORY OF INDUSTRIAL WORK IN CHINA TO 1924

FLORENCE SUTTON (England)

Shanghai

The remarkable story of the Y. W. C. A. industrial work during the last three years undoubtedly has its roots in the very earliest days of the Association history. Although a national industrial secretary was not appointed until 1921, such a person was asked for in 1908; but even more noteworthy is the fact that the earliest Association work was among mill women in Shanghai, in 1906 a large Chinese house being rented in Yangtsepoo Road for this purpose; and although this work was not carried on for very long, yet the fact remains that when industrial work in a new form and on a national scale was begun in 1921, there was an accumulation of nearly twenty years' interest in the subject. Another notable record from the early days, considered in the light of later events, is that in 1908 Miss Coppock recommended that industrial work in Shanghai be the model for industrial work in China.

Before beginning the direct history of these three years, mention must be made of events of the preceding eighteen months which were valuable in breaking up the ground. For example, one of the secretaries of the Shanghai staff had been for some while collecting industrial statistics and when the deputation for the Federation of Woman's Foreign Mission Boards of America came to China in the winter of 1919-20, she was appointed vice-chairman of the Commission on Social Service of which Ernestine Friedmann was chairman. Miss Friedmann's survey of industrial conditions in several cities and her report, were a valuable background for future work.

In May 1921, Agatha Harrison arrived in China as Industrial Executive. The conditions awaiting the new industrial secretary are best described in her own words:

"My first visit to a cotton mill is burnt in on my memory. A large place, working two shifts of twelve hours, seven days a week, equipped with modern English machinery, with none of the modern ameliorating conditions. Primitive sanitary arrangements—an open space in the middle of the yard was the only convenience as far as I could see. The workroom was crowded with people, ranging from a few months to seventy years of age. Some of the women at the machines had bound feet that only measured about five inches. And everywhere children. In odd corners babies lay in baskets or on boxes asleep, or women sat feeding them, and you could scarcely walk for the tiny tots that swarmed the rooms. Some were working hard, others seemed to be running round—such attractive little people with deft hands, who rightly should be playing. Instead they spend

twelve hours daily, seven days a week, in the mills. The dust was appalling."

Such a description could be applied to scores of factories, where the latest thing in machinery might be found with the most antiquated treatment of the workers; and hundreds of factories where machinery and buildings and conditions were all comparable to those in England more than a hundred years ago. Although a few firms, both Chinese and foreign, considered their workers as human beings, for the most part Miss Harrison came to an untouched field as far as dealing with fundamental problems was concerned.

On the other hand she found herself a member of a closely knit national organization of women; there remained the interest stirred up by Miss Friedmann's commission and report; and there was the burning enthusiasm and unshaken faith of Grace Coppock. In consequence, within a few weeks of her arrival the National Committee of the Y. W. C. A., instead of deciding on a policy of palliative work of clubs and classes, passed a strong recommendation that "The Young Women's Christian Association can choose to begin an industrial program at one of two points; a program of recreational and other activities among employed women, or a program directed primarily towards the making of opinion. Inasmuch as the latter method is more characteristic of the Young Women's Christian Associations' previous record in other countries and is undoubtedly more fundamental, it is recommended that the National Committee begin at once to make a direct and accurate study of industrial conditions in typical centers to equip it with the knowledge which will enable it to serve both employers and employees in the most constructive ways and to help create the public opinion that must precede legislation."

In pursuance of this policy of creating public opinion it was immediately decided to accept the invitation of the International Working Women's Congress to send a fraternal delegate, and Miss Zung Wei Tsung, at that time working in the Publication Department, was appointed to attend.

Another outlet for public opinion was ready to hand. In the preparation for the National Christian Conference of May 1922, Miss Coppock found that the industrial question was to be given no place and, as a result of her insistence that room be found for it, she was appointed chairman of a committee whose terms of reference were "to inquire into the future task of the church in view of the changing economic and industrial situation." This committee was set up with great care and, through its corresponding members collected an immense body of material which, after the hard work of many months, formed the background of the very valuable report presented to the conference.

The women's organizations of Shanghai were also brought together to form another strong body of public opinion. A letter from Miss Coppock inviting to a meeting members of the American, British, and Chinese women's clubs, together with the Y. W. C. A., resulted in a Joint Committee of Women's Social Service Clubs being formed to which the Y. W. C. A. contributed several members, Miss Harrison being chairman. This joint committee during the subsequent eighteen months worked on the problem of rousing public opinion against the employment of child labor.

In addition to these stated groups, every available means was employed,—correspondence and articles in the press, several papers giving most generous space; countless interviews with employers and managers; consultation with education and public health authorities (in particular the Education Commission, in whose report stress was again and again laid on training in social science and the need for a Bureau of Economic Research), social and industrial forums for students, leading up to the World's Student Christian Federation Conference at Peking. This conference was held in April 1922, and was one of the landmarks of a notable year. The next was the National Christian Conference held in May.

At this conference the report already referred to, the result of so much detailed, patient work, brought out the urgency of this problem. One section of the report, the industrial, was lifted out of the remainder for immediate action, and the whole conference with only one dissentient voice recommended the adoption, as a minimum, of the following three-fold labor standard:

- a. No employment of children under twelve full years of age.
- b. One day's rest in seven.
- c. The safeguarding of the health of workers, for example, limiting working hours, improvement of sanitary conditions, installation of safety devices.

Probably only a few realized the immense significance of this session, namely, that for the first time in history the official representatives of the entire Christian forces of a nation were aiming a determined blow at the existing industrial order.

Later in the year, following upon visits made by Dr. Sherwood Eddy and Miss Mary Dingman, groups were formed in several cities to bring united pressure to bear upon local social and industrial conditions.

Here it may be well to point out why so much of the work recorded was carried on apparently outside the aegis of the Y. W. C. A. It was Miss Harrison's strongest conviction from the first that a solution of industrial problems, in China as in other countries, was

a task too big for any one organization. Not only did it need the concerted efforts of all Christian bodies, but of all in any way connected with the situation—employers, workers, educationalists, and so on—so that although the mainspring of most of the above movements was of Association origin (first in Grace Coppock and afterwards in Miss Harrison) the work was carried on through many agencies.

Among the Association secretariat there was a widespread interest in this new field of work, the student secretaries being among the most active workers in the local industrial groups.

In November, 1922, also, there sailed for England, Shin Tak-hing of Hongkong, to take up training for industrial work at the London School of Economics where a scholarship had been promised for three years in succession. Zung Wei-tung, who had attended the International Workers of the World Congress, was now working half time in the Industrial Department at headquarters.

Early in the following year a strong plea was sent to the World's Committee asking for the release of Miss Dingman after her visit to Australia and New Zealand, to take Miss Harrison's place in 1924. It is interesting to note that the World's Committee, seeing the urgency of the situation, agreed to do this, until such time as a permanent secretary could be found.

In the early months of 1923 the joint committee of the Women's Social Service Club, having for more than a year been engaged on creating public opinion against the employment of child labor, drew up a protest to the Municipal Council. This and subsequent letters were published in the Municipal Gazette and, finally, in April the Council agreed to appoint a commission to inquire into the condition of child labor in the settlement. Miss Harrison was appointed a member of the commission.

In the last week of March 1923, the Chinese government, partly as a result of long continued pressure from a small group, partly as the result of pressure from the workers, especially in connection with the Peking-Hankow Railway strike, issued regulations concerning factories; one of the articles being the prohibition of the labor of girls under twelve and boys under ten. As a result of this, and several interviews, one of the leading British firms in Shanghai decided to prohibit child labor as defined in the regulations.

All the winter and spring the Committee on the Relation of the Church to China's Economic and Industrial Problems had been working on a report to be presented to the National Christian Council in May 1923. Miss Rietveld of the National Y. W. C. A. was one of the secretaries of this committee. The report embodied the following recommendations:—

1. That the National Christian Council appoint a committee to carry out the recommendations outlined in this report, and instruct the committee so appointed to take up the question of a permanent staff, and report to the National Christian Council at the earliest opportunity.

2. That the National Christian Council reiterate the recommendation endorsed by the National Conference, May 1922.

3. That the training of leaders of social work be given as strong consideration as is at present being given in the fields of medicine, education and evangelism, and to that end:—

a. That schools of social science be developed in connection with existing universities.

b. That as fast as possible trained social workers be added to the staff of the Christian institutions which are, or ought to be, dealing with the social problems of the people of China, and that steps should be taken to secure the services of any visitors to this country who have outstanding knowledge and experience of the industrial situation in other countries, such as Dame Adelaide Anderson who will be in China at the end of the year."

As a result of the adoption of the Report, a Standing Committee on Industrial and Social Problems was formed under the National Christian Council and an Industrial Commission appointed. This Commission held an all-day session in June, and after careful thought decided that the matter of first importance was the education of Church members as to their responsibility towards industry as consumers, employers or workers. Miss Harrison and Miss Zung both formed part of the nucleus of this commission and gave much time and thought to it and were later appointed on the group of six who were delegated to meet three times a week and carry all the executive work of the commission. They were also two of the three N. C. C. special industrial commissioners, who were to be called on by the various local groups for visits and any kind of help and advice.

During the summer and early autumn the strictly Association work along industrial, as along all other lines, centered in preparation for the First National Convention, to be held in October 1923. A bulletin was issued for consideration by the Pre-Convention Committee in every city, explaining the present situation and stressing two points: (a) The need for endorsing the National Committee's industrial recommendation of June 1921 respecting merely palliative work, and aiming at study and the creation of public opinion; (b) the need for the co-operation of all Christian forces, for the Association

to throw itself into the larger work of the Church instead of attempting an industrial policy and program of its own.

A week or two previous to Convention the National Christian Council Industrial Commission, very opportunely, had decided to send an appeal to the Conventions of the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. and to other Christian bodies touching the industrial situation, urging co-operation amongst all groups tackling this question and a unification of policy and program under the direction of the Industrial Commission of the National Christian Council, that being their officially constituted central body. At Convention the following reply to the appeal of the National Christian Council was unanimously endorsed:

"The First National Convention of the Y. W. C. A., realizing that the workers in China have no opportunity to attain the fulness of life, welcomes the appeal from the N. C. C., and is willing to co-operate with the council in its effort to solve the social and industrial problems of China."

As has already been stated, Miss Harrison and Miss Zung (who was now giving full time to the Industrial Department) were already serving on the National Christian Council Industrial Commission, which was a practical form of co-operation of Christian forces. The Y. M. C. A. also were giving the time of their national industrial secretary, Mr. M. T. Tohou, who was a member of the executive group above mentioned, and a special commissioner.

Another successful piece of co-operative work had been in the summer school at Tsinanfu in July of that year, when Miss Dingman and Miss Zung lectured on industrial history and kindred subjects. Their classes had been so much appreciated that the Y. W. C. A. was immediately asked to co-operate again the following year.

The end of the year, then, saw the work of the Y. W. C. A. National Industrial Department merged almost entirely in the work of other bodies; Miss Zung was giving her time to the National Christian Council Commission; in November she spent three weeks visiting smaller centers in Chekiang Province, and December and January were given entirely as an National Christian Council Special Commission to the work of the Shanghai Local Industrial Committee, engaged at that time in legislative and educational efforts. Miss Harrison was dividing her time between the National Christian Council Industrial Commission and the Child Labor Commission of the Shanghai Municipal Council.

At the beginning of December arrived in Shanghai, Dame Adelaide Anderson, late principal lady inspector of factories of the home office, London. Dame Adelaide's thirty years' intimate experience of industrial conditions, her expert knowledge of legislation and of individual experiments, and above all her intense human

interest in and understanding of the problem were invaluable at this juncture.

The end of the year also saw the welcome return of Miss Dingman to China after a very successful tour in Australasia, and the release, by the Peking board, of Miss Haass in order that she could, after furlough and special training, return to China as industrial executive.

Someone after reading through the file in the industrial office, made the following remark: 'All these are roots. I wonder what kind of plant will grow above ground.' The Association will have a large share in answering this. At the Convention it was decided that the Y. W. C. A. should have no separate industrial work of its own but that its effort should be merged into that of the Church. To work in this way is going to be a very severe test, not only for the secretaries concerned, but for the Association as a whole—an "acid test" of the Association's Convention pledge "to co-operate with the church in leading women to attain fulness of life." The Christian forces in China have undertaken a terrible responsibility, but the fact that back of them stands this army of women, staunch and unafraid, makes one able to look into the future with a great courage.

WOMEN AND FACTORIES

ELIZABETH K. MORRISON (America)

Shanghai

The sudden changes that in the last few years have come into the life of Chinese women is a subject one hears on all sides. Their emergence from the protecting walls of home to the wider phases of the country's life is usually attributed to the influence of western education. In and around Shanghai there is another factor from the west which has called from their homes many more girls and women than has the school. This is the modern factory. Not only do women living in Shanghai crowd to the factories, but thousands come from the country, moving their few household gods and usually many children—those over six to work in the factory with the mother, while the younger toddlers are left to the care of the old grandmother. Much has been said about the danger of leaving home for the school girl; ten times as much could be said about the factory girl and woman, who practically never can read or write her own name and who is offered no protection that schools give. There are no accurate statistics in China. It has been roughly estimated that there are 400,000 girls in modern factories in and near Shanghai, and 200,000 girls and problem of the thousands

To any one interested in education nor opportunity for learning, of factory workers, with no

is as fascinating as it is discouraging. The dreadful need and the hopelessness of filling it is depressing, but, in a sense, intriguing. Nothing can be as hopeless as this looks—a perfect vicious circle, and no one to cut it. No factory legislation, no compulsory education, no schools if there were laws, no money for schools, no trained teachers for schools; and even if there were these things, practically no factory parent willing to let his child leave the factory for school, because the child's tiny earnings are needed to keep the family from sinking even farther below the minimum standard of living. And apparently the employer willing to pay adults a wage on which they can live without having the six, seven or eight year olds working.

A living wage one would say was the crux of the matter; but so is the need of money for schools a crux, though that is more easily solved. The lack of teachers is serious because it will take more good normal schools and some years to produce them. Another serious problem is that part of Shanghai is governed by foreigners and part by Chinese and they do not work very harmoniously together. In the case of factory and educational legislation, they both with one accord resort to the same subterfuge that "the Chinese can't do any thing because the foreigners won't, and the foreigners can't do anything because the Chinese won't"—much as they would both like to, of course!

This is the situation that the Committee on Education for Industrial Workers* found confronting it when it began its work in January 1923. I have spent a good deal of my time in the past year on the work of this committee. After a year and some months, we can hardly say that the situation is much changed. The Committee made several rough surveys of industrial sections of the city, to find out the approximate number of workers, and the number of children under 14. In one large industrial center, there were found about 37,000 workers, and of these 5,750 were under 14 years of age. As a general thing, we found about one-sixth of the factory population was under 14 years. Education for these child workers seemed the most pressing need, not only because of the benefit to the future, but because if a possibility of providing schools for the children could be discovered, that would strengthen the hands of those who were trying to get legislation prohibiting child labour. They are constantly met by the criticism that if the children are put out of the factories, there are no schools for them to go to, and no mother at home to look after them, so they are better off in the factory. So because of the urgency of schools for children, the committee decided to confine its efforts to trying to procure education for factory workers under 14 years.

* A sub-committee of the Shanghai Industrial Committee appointed under the National Christian Council, with members drawn from colleges, social centres, government and mission educational associations, the Y.M. and Y.W.C.A.

Then came the old question of the best line of attack. Should a model school, for a limited number, say 200 children, be started as a private enterprise, or should the city government be roused to city responsibility to provide education for these children? Should funds be asked from the public, or the employer, or both? Should the schools be inside the factories, or outside?

It would probably have been possible to secure funds for a model school and to get some more enlightened employer to release some children half time. We estimated the cost for a school providing for 200 children—100 in the morning and 100 in the afternoon—and found that it could be done very well for \$2,500. Mex. a year. Several members of the committee felt it would be wise to open such a school, the city might have contributed part of the funds, and if it were successful it would be a spur to other organizations until the city was willing to take it over. Besides it would be an actual beginning, a demonstration, something one could see and something the public could see, for the public was beginning to criticize the would-be reformers of the industrial system as all talk and no deeds. However, the plan was finally turned down, partly because of the expense of duplicating it for the thousands of children, and partly because it was feared that if such a school was founded by private funds, it would later be difficult to make the city take responsibility for it. I have always been sorry that the committee did not try the school. Not only would it have been a concrete beginning, but it had the advantage of being the kind of concrete thing that would not have blocked a wider, or more public enterprise.

When the committee came to consider ways and means of rousing the city government to its responsibility, it found scores of difficulties. For one thing, the Municipal Council had stated that it had no obligation to provide education for children of Chinese tax payers so it was not likely that it would be moved to do so for factory children whose parents paid almost no taxes since most of them live outside the city limits and come in for work in the factory. For another thing, the Council had said that it did not see its way clear to the prohibition of child labour, and a system of education would mean at least only half time labour for children. Since members of the Council were largely the employers of labour, it is easy to see why such a school system would not appeal to them. Besides, many of them (all the Council are foreigners) do not believe in educating the Chinese. The Council had appointed a General Education Commission in 1922, and its report was due early in 1924. Members of our committee interviewed members of this commission, hoping to get some recommendations on factory children's education. When the report was published in March 1924, it contained the following statement:

"Child Labour: The Commission views with the greatest concern the employment of children of tender years in the Factories and Mills of the Shanghai International Settlement.

It considers such employment as highly detrimental to the physical, moral, and intellectual well-being of the children, and feels assured that the Council will do all in its power to remedy the situation.

The Commission suggests that the co-operation of mill and factory owners should be sought by the Council for the establishment of educational facilities for

(a) Children who are too young to go to work in the mills where the parents themselves are at work:

(b) And, if possible, children employed in the mills; which might be accomplished either by means of night schools, or, in the event of the "half-time" system being introduced as regards children, schools to which this class of children would go as "half-timers," i.e., work in the morning and school in the afternoon and vice versa or such other system as may be found practicable."

While such a recommendation was not ideal, it was more than most of us had expected from this semi-official commission. Whether it will be acted on is still doubtful, since a great deal of space was taken up in the report saying that after all the Council had no responsibility in the matter of Chinese education. Mild as it was in its suggestions for a few more schools for the children of the Chinese tax payers, the report when published called forth a storm of criticism, and letters were written to the papers urging that no more money be spent on Chinese education. Factory education as such has not been mentioned, probably because every one is waiting for the report of the Child Labor Commission of the Shanghai Municipal Council.

After the Education Commission report was published, the Committee on Education for Chinese Workers wrote to the Child Labor Commission of the Shanghai Municipal Council asking that they endorse these recommendations. The Child Labor Commission has not yet reported but whatever their report may be, it will certainly be a start on reform. On that subject, at least, enough public opinion is aroused to demand some action. Something will be done on education, and our committee can perhaps influence public opinion enough to see that the greater number of children get some education. In the curriculum we had planned for the model school, there was a good deal of recreation and health work which I hope can be introduced into whatever system comes into being. The girls especially need it, after hours of monotonous work. The hours these children work average twelve a day or a night.

One can hardly imagine what a change this factory life brings to the women and girls who come from their country homes. The men

had always gone out somewhat, but the women seldom left their home and practically never left their village. Here they are packed in a factory with strangers, associating with men in an unheard-of fashion. Instead of staying eternally in their homes, they are away thirteen hours out of twenty-four. They are shut in with noise and machinery, they who have never known noise, and never seen a power-driven machine. Their fingers must make incessant quick motions to keep up with the machines, when all their ancestors made slow, unhurried, leisurely motions. It is a revolution in their physical, moral and mental lives.

And what is there to help them meet the change? No explanations of the new life except how to keep from catching their finger in the unknown being they watch over all day. Where did it come from? Where does the cotton go? Why is the foreigner almighty? Where will her six weeks old baby lying in a basket under her machine be when she is twenty? No answer to any of these questions.

Other people may have some satisfactory answers gleaned from the teachings of Buddha, of Confucius, or Jesus. She has hardly heard the names of the great Teachers, and if she had a library of their works not a word could she read. She can't write her name. The rice dealer can sell her a catty of rice for 8 cents, when plainly written on the rice is "6 1/2 cents a catty." She doesn't know the difference. One could get along in the old life, but in this one, one has to know something or one loses out. However, what is the use of worrying? One can't learn anything with thirteen hours away at work,—housework and meals and children to look after and sleep to be snatched in the other eleven.

After all, this life is more exciting than the old—more people, street-cars, flaring posters, a movie once a year. More wages, and the children can earn too. There's a certain independence in earning 30 cents a day. Her husband certainly has to recognize her value. After all, one wouldn't change back to the old life in the country!

THE FIRST NATIONAL CONVENTION OF WOMEN IN CHINA *

MILDRED HAND (America)

Shanghai

Another milestone in Association history was passed when on October 25th, 1923, the National Association of the Young Women's Christian Associations of China was formally organized. China then became a fully-pledged member of the World Association and adds her eight thousand members to the vast membership in which the women of so many nations are bound together.

* Reprinted from WOMANS PRESS, February, 1924.

The convention marked the close of a long era of preparatory work done under the auspices of foreign boards and foreign workers. As long ago as 1899 the Association was asked to begin work in China, and secretaries were sent, a few at first, and later in increasing numbers as the work grew. The development and spread of the movement has been increasing steadily, particularly since 1908, until now there are more than 90 student Associations with a membership of approximately 6,000 and flourishing centres in Shanghai, Nanking, Hangchow, Foochow, Canton, Hongkong, Changsha, Tientsin, Peking, Tsinanfu, Chengtu, and Mukden. The new centres, Chefoo and Tsingtao, are beginning a lively program of pre-organization work, and Hankow and Amoy are interested to begin work as soon as sufficiently wide-spread enthusiasm is manifested. These city centres have an approximate combined membership of 2,000.

At the time of organization, there were 85 foreign secretaries and 65 Chinese secretaries on the staff of the country. The proportion between foreign and Chinese workers is steadily shifting in favor of a predominance of Chinese workers. The national committee, which has proceeded with its work by self-appointment, has been changing in its personnel from foreign to Chinese, and the new national board as elected at the convention has but seven foreign members in a total membership of forty-six. It is truly a time of "taking-over" by the Chinese.

No one who sat in that convention could doubt but that the Chinese were taking over the responsibility for the Y. W. C. A. in China. When the program was made, the westerners had deliberately held back on their instinctive plans for a full program. Chinese secretaries at headquarters also felt that it would be a mistake to ask Chinese women to talk business all day long for a week. Accordingly, the afternoons were kept open for social features of the program and as time developed certain changes in the program that made necessary slight encroachment on the free afternoons, there was great regret and uncertainty in the minds of the pre-convention committee. But did the delegates object? They said, "We have not left our homes and come all these miles to play. We came to work," and they carried a program at that convention that would be worthy of any group of convention-sophisticated westerners. It was a working Convention!

Conventions are a new idea in China, and one would not predict that they would be entirely consistent with the thorough and leisurely minded Oriental methods. Moreover, this was the first time that any large gathering of Chinese women has ever taken place, for any purpose. A few years ago it would have been impossible to collect a group of Chinese women from such a distance, for any purpose. Their families would not understand why they should leave home,

even if the women themselves were willing to endure the hardships of travel. When you remember that Association meetings and parties have often failed utterly because a rainy day kept the women at home, it is all the more remarkable to reflect on the fact that one woman travelled from Chengtu to Shanghai and back again through a war-swept and bandit-ridden country, and that another woman, of a conservative family that shelters its women, rode a day and a night in a fourth-class coach surrounded by soldiers, on the only train to go over the tracks during a truce in the fighting and that she went with no assurance of a time when fighting would cease so that she might return to her family,—when you think of these changes, it is a sign that something is happening to women in China and to the position which they hold in family and community life. The idea of social responsibility is abroad in China and with the spread of that ideal comes the freer standards for women, because all the traditions of women's authority in the management of the home are quite naturally carrying over into the extension of the home into the community.

There were fifteen students at the Convention, quick-minded and progressive and with the unbounded enthusiasm and the conviction that characterizes the students of all the world to-day. The majority of the delegates, however, were women from homes and many of them were mature women of long Christian experience. One who had travelled the farthest is not a Christian by commitment, yet she had made great sacrifice to help establish this Christian force for the women of China. Some were of the growing class of young professional women, who are working to adjust the best of western thought to the advantage of the women of the East, without violating any of the essential characteristics that preserve Chinese unity. It was a thrilling assembly of women.

One hundred and eight voting delegates together with eighteen invited guests, fifty-four visitors, six speakers and eight workers, make up the convention personnel. Seven nationalities were represented—Australia, Canada, China, Great Britain, Japan, Sweden and United States. Convention sessions and addresses were given both in English and Mandarin, with occasional dialect interpretations on a point under dispute. There was a unique and highly successful plan evolved to meet the dialect difficulty for important discussions. Groups, divided according to dialect, discussed the Constitution in several one-hour meetings before the report that combined their opinions and suggestions were brought to the Convention in full business session. Small groups with dialect interpreters met for discussion of special programs of Association work, such as religious education, industrial work, girls' work, etc., and their opinions and recommendations were brought in turn to the Convention in full

business session. Further discussion from the floor was then in either Mandarin or English. In corners of the room there could be heard the click or buzzing of Cantonese, Fukienese, Shanghai, as the local interpreters translated,—then in the rhythmic sonorous flow of Mandarin the discussion proceeded. There were miracles in interpretation. The chairman, Fan Yu-jung and the vice-chairman, Ruth Cheng, spoke both in Mandarin and English. Theresa Severin of America and Ingeborg Wikander of Sweden spoke in both languages, as well as others of the secretaries from the Mandarin-speaking districts. It was interesting to hear Michi Kawai of Japan speak in English for interpretation into Mandarin by Ruth Cheng, a Chinese.

With all this handicap of interpretation, it might be expected that there would be a danger of disintegration of thought. That did not happen. There was a remarkable fusion of purpose, of ideals, of conviction on the essential points in the organization of work and a friendly spirit of tolerance and freedom in the plans for carrying out that work in local centres. Although they are women of one race, they came from districts so widely scattered and so long isolated that they might almost be said to have developed individual racial characteristics within the race. yet they were of one mind on the needs of China's women and the place of the Y. W. C. A. in working to satisfy those needs.

The central theme of the Conference was "What can the Young Women's Christian Association do for the girls and women of China to-day?" All discussions hung on that question, no matter how far afield they might wander into methods and means of rendering that service. The purpose of the Association fully expresses the whole spirit of their deliberations:

"To unite, establish and develop the Young Women's Christian Associations of China, to share in the work of the World's Young Women's Christian Association, to advance the spiritual, mental, physical and social welfare of women, in order to co-operate with the church in leading women to attain fulness of life in the Saviour Jesus and in helping bring in the Kingdom of God on earth."

In framing this purpose there was interesting discussion of the relation of the Association to the church and a strong desire evidenced to blend the Association work with the work of the church whenever there was opportunity to do that, rather than to preserve the individuality of the Association in a community just for organization's sake. The note of co-operation was an insistent one. Over and over again there was a conviction for the support of the church in a community program or for the support of existing agencies designed to meet community needs.

The international mind of the convention was another feature that merits remark. Foreigners were there but they were heavily

in the minority so far as assertion of opinion was concerned. It was a Chinese convention, and yet the idea of international fellowship pervaded the group.

Perhaps the internationalism so strongly evident in the Y. W. C. A. of China is the result of the plan by which secretaries of so many countries have come to serve on the staff during these early years of preparation and organization. The Convention passed resolutions of gratitude to those countries who sent money and personnel for the work here, and showed no evidence of a desire that foreigners be withdrawn from the secretarial staff. A new department of work was established by action of the Convention, namely for the training of Chinese secretaries. Such a plan will facilitate the work of the local centres by providing them with workers already familiar with Association ideals and methods. It will also have the effect of opening a new profession to Chinese women on a scale that will soon make itself felt among the younger generation of college-trained women who wish to live and work in modern ways.

The interest manifested in the home and its problems and development along the lines of modern science and thought, was naturally emphasized in a group of Chinese women. The questions of hygiene, child care, religious education and recreation in the home, even decoration, food values, all these had their turn in the discussions at one point or another and there was an expressed desire for immediate help both in the form of an annual Better Homes Campaign in each local centre, in the request for printed material and articles in *The Green Year Magazine* and in an interesting request to the National Christian Education Association that they help to promote the inclusion of a course in home-making in both girls' and boys' schools.

That one problem of the home that is China's sorrow, concubinage, was inevitably a part of the discussions. By vote of the Convention, it is recommended that each Association write into its purpose a statement that the Association take a definite stand against the system of concubinage and that every member do all in her power to further this purpose. It was further voted that a Commission be appointed by the National Committee, in consultation with the religious education, city and student departments, for the study of this problem and that the Young Men's Christian Association be asked to appoint a similar commission to work with the commission from the Y. W. C. A. on the study and on methods of attack of the problem.

These few pages are not by any means the whole story of the Convention. One could go on and on with a recital of this feature, an interpretation of that. The real story will be told, however, in separate chapters that will be lived, not written, all over China by those delegates who travelled down to Shanghai and on to Hang-

chow for conference together and the business of organization. The next convention is set for 1926. With three years to go and the impulse that was acquired by the success of this convention, added to the inherent convictions that made the first convention come true, one looks for the next three years to bring about in China even greater things than have happened within the Association in the past.

With Chinese leadership both in staff and boards increasing in numbers and in responsibility, and with the firm spirit of service that expresses itself in alliance with the church and with all agencies of social purpose, and the fundamental attitude that to lose one's life is to find it, the Young Women's Christian Association of China takes its place with its sister organizations in the world fellowship that by its friendship has brought it into being.

The picturesque elements of life in China were elaborately embroidered over the experience of Convention. Two special cars were attached to a regular train, and the delegates travelled down together from Shanghai. Many of them had been with friends in Shanghai, others had accepted the offered hospitality of the Shanghai Association in finding accommodations for the days spent here. Everyone came early to the train, according to Chinese custom, and there was plenty of time for a picture of the delegates on the platform and a picture of the train with its bold white banner which announced in two languages that this was the first national convention of the Y. W. C. A. on its way to Hangchow. The traffic manager of the railroad, with his wife and baby, came to see the train start, and halfway down the line the traffic manager from the other end got on and rode in friendly fashion with the delegates, ate their chestnuts and helped to organize the confusion of arrival.

The committee of the Hangchow Association, together with some of the Y. M. C. A. staff, had provided a flock of rickshas and each delegate manoeuvred her own baggage to the dusky corner where the rickshas waited. It was a dramatic moment when all were seated and the procession started. Through the streets of Hangchow in single procession, one hundred and more women were drawn by shouting, grunting coolies. The warning cry of the coolie in Hangchow is constantly on his lips, and there is no chance of making an inconspicuous arrival in Hangchow! One hundred women, mostly Chinese, riding in a line with rickshas piled with baggage, would be conspicuous anywhere in China. It is not often they travel abroad without their families.

The convention was held in a Chinese hotel on the shores of West Lake, famous as a pleasure place for kings and poets and all beauty-loving Chinese. The greater part of two sections and one court were reserved for the Convention guests. Meals were served

in a suite of several rooms, hung with posters and pictures sent as exhibit from the several Associations. A business office, a book room where the publications of the Y. W. C. A. and other Christian publishing houses of China were displayed with a general exhibit showing the scope of the Association work to date, and a large room for the general meetings, comprised the setting. The large room would ordinarily be the reception lobby, but pewter altar set and scroll of the patron god of the hotel were removed and in their place were great gold paper characters against a red curtain, whence blazed the question, day by day, "What can the Y. W. C. A. do for the girls and women of China to-day?" Crossed flags, made of brocaded silk in red and white, carried the welcome of the Hangchow Y.W.C.A. in black velvet characters. On the wall hung complimentary scrolls, gold characters on Chinese pink, presented by Hangchow friends. In contrast, the advertising posters of the book-room gave a modern touch, and as the tempo of the Convention increased and resolutions were up for vote, there appeared the less beautiful but equally Chinese because so practical, large sheets of white paper with huge black characters splashed on without regard for the nicety of line and curve that is the pride of the Chinese artist and writer.

The new-comer to China would have been disturbed at the curiosity of the hotel servants, their propensities for loud talking about their work just outside the door of the Convention room during the morning devotion or in the middle of some address or discussion. It did not disturb the Chinese greatly, and foreigners soon learned to "not hear" as the Chinese do not hear.

Tea in the court was a feature of each morning and afternoon progress, and the fifteen-minute break for buffet refreshment was a wise provision.

There were some social hours, when the delegates rode out in rickshas to visit the temples in the hills surrounding the lake, or in boats to visit the famous places along its shores. There was one moonlight excursion to a hill where the Chinese have gone at certain phases of the moon to look out on the beauty of that lake and these hills; than which there is nothing lovelier in all China. The Chinese have a saying, "Above is heaven, below is Hangchow," and on a moonlight night one is surer than ever of the truth in that saying.

There were other excursions to the shops of Hangchow,—and if one judged by the amount and variety of the things taken away by the delegates, one would have said that there could have been no time for Convention business. The Chinese are most particular about the custom of taking gifts to relatives and friends. The Hangchow umbrella is especially attractive. Surely there were no less than five hundred umbrellas taken out of Hangchow by the delegates.

There is a valley near the lake where wonderful tea is grown,—tea that was drunk by the Emperor in bygone days. There were great bundles of tea taken out of Hangchow for the friends of the delegates back home. There were baskets of all sizes and discriptions,—enough of the tiny ones to stock all the church fairs in China for a year to come, and enough of the big ones to hold the innumerable purchases of the delegates. The station platform when the day for departure came, was a picture equal to any refugee scene! Foreigners and Chinese alike were prepared with Hangchow cutlery, Hangchow persimmons, Hangchow umbrellas and all the rest for Christmas and all the holidays to come. They were tired but triumphant, for they had established the Young Women's Christian Association as a national movement in China, and they had seen one of the beloved cities of China, and they were prepared with the gracious argument of gifts, to persuade the family at home that a Convention of women is a good thing and ought to be repeated.

LEADERSHIP OF THE FUTURE

JANE SHAW WARD (America)

Shanghai

In China to-day, missionaries and Chinese Christians alike are hoping, working, praying towards a time when the Christian movement in China may become truly "indigenous." The word is used to conjure with, and numerous projects are launched in its name.

As various plans are considered, inducements offered and pressure applied, in order to hasten the Chinese Christian movements into "indigenoussness" (why not a noun to that useful adjective?), a large measure of success can be hoped for only if we are reasonably agreed as to what we mean by the term as we apply it to Chinese Christian institutions. Yet the widely different methods we are using in order to attain the desired end, would indicate a lack as yet of fundamental agreement as to its significance. To some an indigenous church means, apparently, one in which the Chinese themselves raise and control the church funds; to some, that they raise some funds locally and control all moneys whether raised here or "at home." To some a local institution locally administered is indigenous; others again use the term to point towards a time when Chinese men and women shall control the institution concerned, direct its policies, disburse its funds, and determine the appointments on the field of both Chinese and foreign workers. To yet others the term means the striving toward something far more deep-reaching, and more difficult of definition and attainment.

As ideas are developing and changing, the meaning we attach to a word must also be allowed to change. A definition is nevertheless

often helpful in clarifying our thought. One simple and accurate definition of "indigenous" is "native-born," and with this our thoughts are turned at once from the idea of power and control to something vital, organic, creative.

At heart, a movement to be indigenous must partake of the qualities and genius of the people among whom it is developing. If it originates within the country, it will grow up to embody the racial characteristics of the people of the land. If the movement is brought in from without, the hope that it may become an organic part of the country's life is in inverse proportion to the extent to which foreign technique, method and control exercise a moulding and directing influence over its development. For a movement to become creatively indigenous is a process of growth—intangible, usually slow, and by its very nature one that cannot be directed, and must not be pushed and hurried, from without. The criticism may seem elusive and nebulous. But the truly indigenous development of a movement introduced from abroad is an illusive, intangible thing. It cannot be measured or stated in terms of bricks and mortar, of dollars and cents, or even of authority and control.

Lest we be tempted to feel that this meaning for the term involves us in a passive and half hopeless attitude towards the future of Christianity in China, let us at once recognise the fact that Christianity will hold a powerful place in China's life before it becomes truly indigenous. Moreover history is continually giving us encouragement regarding the way in which, as time passes, a religion may become typically expressive of national genius and yet keep its own essential characteristics. The truths of Christ's teaching are universal, and so simple and fundamental that they may become a part of any civilization and find their expression in forms and philosophic formulae natural to any race. As an illustration we may consider how wholly Christianity, which is Oriental in its physical origin, has become a part of the civilization of the West. It is true indeed that our Western civilisation, though it has been incalculably altered by Christian thought, is not Christian; but it is also true that the ways in which we have organised and interpreted Christianity are essentially Western. We have created a Christian movement indigenous to the West. Until the Chinese and other Eastern races have absorbed the principles of Christianity, and interpreted them into Oriental terms of philosophy, organization and living, the infinite possibilities of Christ's message and life will be only partially revealed and recognized.

Are we in danger then of delaying this development because we are propagating, not Christianity itself but our Western version of it? Is there any danger that we shall set China's thought of the Christian religion in a Western mould? Probably there is no such

danger; but we are all realising that in the immediate present, delay and loss may result from a mistaken or shortsighted policy regarding Western missions in the East. For race, and race characteristics, are mysterious things, and if by indigenous we mean that which expresses in an organic way the nature and life of the nation concerned, then as we deal with Christian institutions in China in their slow growth, one of our most real, and sometimes one of our most difficult, services to our cause will be to exercise over ourselves, and over our home-boards and the home-bases, a deliberate and conscious control.

This is not to express a fear that the West will Westernise the millions of China. The race characteristics, present and potential, of the great slow-moving masses of this land are, for good or ill, beyond the reach of present-day Western pressure and efficiency. This however is not true in the same way of the Christian movement.

Recently a young Chinese man, an acknowledged leader among China's Christian young people, stated that he felt that there was a very serious question as to whether the forms of religious organisation into which Christianity has set in the West, can ever become indigenous to the Orient; whether Christianity, without a complete break with Western forms and institutions, can ever become an organic part of the country's national life, and express for the people at large the true genius in China. This question, seriously asked, gives us to pause. Everywhere we who are foreign Christian workers are thinking and re-thinking our duty, and deeply troubled, are trying to find our new place in the changed conditions of work on the mission field.

At the heart of the problem lies the question as to how the Christian enterprise can take a characteristically Chinese form while foreigners are carrying large responsibilities within it. For some the problem would be solved by deciding that the foreigner has as his sole responsibility the sharing of the Christian good news, that when he has gathered a small group of converts, he should go on and leave them to develop their own forms, interpretations and expressions. Let us not, in these days of uncertainty, be too sure that this solution is wholly wrong. But those of us who cannot see the problem so simply, certain more or less negative aspects stand out boldly.

It is impossible to state them briefly without appearing to exaggerate the facts in certain directions and to slur them in others. But the attempt to get them before our minds is interesting, even though it will appear to many a very partial, perhaps an unfair, presentation. The problem is many sided. To consider it adequately would be to study into mission work, in all its forms and activities. But the statement of one or two outstanding factors may stimulate

others to a deeper and more far-reaching study and presentation of the subject.

When mission work begins, it is apparently necessary that foreigners should occupy the places of first responsibility. In Christian work in China, they have held great power,—till fairly recently, the balance of power. It is true to-day that in many missions final responsibility is being given to Chinese leaders. But to hand over to a group of Chinese employees and board-members the administration of an organisation set up along Western lines, will not always entirely meet the difficulty. Under the pressure of carrying on activities already in motion, their programs are usually so crowded that little time is left for concentrated thought. And much time and quiet concentration are needed on the part of a Chinese board or staff if they are to re-think the organizations, policies, and modes of expression of the work in hand, in order to direct its growth along lines characteristically Chinese.

The problem is further complicated by the fact that a considerable number of the younger Chinese leaders have spent their most formative years under strong Western influence, and, when ready to take up work, have been placed in positions of great responsibility in institutions whose type and methods are already set and established in a Western mould. One is often surprised and deeply impressed by the fine way in which many of these young people, without lowering the essential standards of Christian living, have refound their old friendships, and have become quickly and truly a part of home and family life. But for others, especially for those who immediately on graduation have accepted responsibility in some institution of Western type, and even more especially for those who have made their home on the campus or within the institution, this situation is more difficult, and it may be several years before they become in national interest, sympathy, fellowship and understanding, real factors in the development along Chinese lines of any institution or movement.

Moreover even when much has been entrusted to Chinese leaders, missionaries still remain as "advisors," "senior workers," and representatives of those powerful bodies abroad which are able, and sometimes willing, to impose rigid and often thoroughly Western terms as the condition of their contributions of money and missionaries. Not infrequently these terms and conditions are framed with the express purpose of encouraging the movement to become indigenous. That "indigenous," and self-supporting" are sometimes used as synonyms indicates the extent to which we have confused financial responsibility with creative self-direction.

A further complication is not infrequently introduced into the situation. A board, or group of specialists "at home", recognise

some outstanding need in China, and undertake to meet it. Because they want to go forward only if they are sure the plan commands "the support of the Chinese," they devise a scheme whereby such support must be secured before the contribution is made. Often China has greatly benefited by such understandings. It is nevertheless true that to challenge a Chinese board on terms framed in the West, and to have the terms accepted and met, may make the movement concerned more independent, more self-supporting, more successful, but it does not by any means necessarily make it more indigenous. Indeed the result may be the exact opposite.

Frequently the building, the equipment and the program made possible by such offers are quite distinctly un-Chinese. The plan proposed may, for example, be inherently American or British. For the country of its origin it may have many virtues, and yet in China it may cut across unseen lines of social development or spiritual tendency; left to themselves Chinese leaders would not have evolved such a plan. But they are very busy men and women; they are working at Western tempo, in an organisation built along Western lines, and when they are faced with a brilliant offer and asked to make a speedy decision, they do not find time to think deeply into the philosophy of possible results. However, a group needs great courage to refuse a possible benefit to a work they care about, even though they feel that the occasion is untimely or the offer somewhat inappropriate.

In another case the acceptance of a plan which in itself is in no way opposed to natural Chinese development, may bring about undesirable results. The pressure of a demand for immediate, generous and enthusiastic Chinese response in time and effort, may seriously affect plans that have developed slowly and are maturing in ways natural and encouraging. To drop these, or to lay them aside for a period of time in order to meet this crisis—in order to rise in response to this splendid challenge,—may be just what the group at that moment needs. It may on the other hand, be disastrous to what might have been a more normal and far more long-fibred development.

Or sometimes, when the organisation concerned is considered as an isolated body, the offer is wholly for its good. Yet its acceptance may be undesirable because conditions will be created which are harmful to other movements developing in the same community.

The plea may be made that there is no coercion, and that in all such cases the offer should be refused. True—but it is asking a great deal of practical-minded men and women to refuse a shining temptation for abstract and theoretical reasons.

We have brought into China with Christianity, the many-wheeled organisational forms of the West, and we demand much from Chinese

leaders when we ask that within such organisations they shall develop ideas, methods and expressions distinctively touched with the slow, deep-moving, contemplative Chinese genius. Because of the difficulties already inherent in the situation, it seems unwise to add the spasmodic pressure of these specially created crises.

Other aspects of the difficulties we have created and are now facing, are illustrated by a consideration of the whole question of building and equipment. So far in mission work, an overwhelming percentage of our buildings are of a purely Western type. Inherent in them are Western implications regarding methods of work and forms of life. That many of the more recent of these buildings have been paid for wholly or in part by Chinese money does not at this point affect the argument. Such buildings convey to the Chinese men and women who see them an exotic, "foreign" conception of the religion they represent. They are also bound to exert over those who use them, an intangible but ever-present influence which will definitely affect the forms and types of activity that take place within their walls. Other illustrations could be brought forward of our fumbling attempts to hurry into existence that which may grow quickly, but must grow from within.

The situation indeed has increasingly its encouraging side. Churches are developing original forms and types of work and worship; individuals are expressing Christianity in ways inspired by their own creative thought. Not infrequently in the past such developments have been frowned upon as "not in line with our policies." To-day they are often welcomed as an expression of that very spirit after which we are seeking.

We foreigners in China recognize that by the very nature of the case we cannot originate the indigenous developments we long for. We are schooling ourselves not to force Christian living into Western moulds. And to this self-control we are fain to add a vision delicately sensitive to recognize and encourage the beginnings of really indigenous developments, whenever they shall appear.

