April, 1917.
Arlo Bates

Berlic in Sea of Marmora.
Turks wd not come, & I
sent wireless to admiral
outside harbor in code he
knew Turks had — "Have sent
all torpedoes but the sky
there for normal effect." — Eve
6 with his 6 torp. D.S.O.

Photos of Sudan. The enemy
in Behemoth
of Bradburn went east — he
followed, but not far
enough. The sch. got into
Dutch harbor (Java) & rep-
resented themselves as Emma
pocket in distress. Ang. comm
protested. Sch. meanwhile
had got wireless outfit fr.
her. steamer in harbor. When
it was towed outside 3 m. limit
bel. for steamer. It filled in

and came out. Then the crew went aboard, sunk sch. & steamed off. & went past Aden & joined, reported to Lloyd's. ~~[illegible]~~ went into harbor, & crew in dock sailed over to join Turk. when war declared. hub at Jeddah shelled & boat as Eng. & killed 1 of 42. The rest got to Constantinople, & so home.

Bertie and E.S. – blown through man-hole of coming-down – only man saved – "I was in the water 20 m. – thunder! wasn't it cold! I was a-bout done, when I saw a black nose of the trawler & was dragged ahead & dumped in the herring-nets. Perhaps I did a'c

Venus Ford."

Shanghai Rebellion. Capt. H-f-croft and Chang's of execution of 4 Chinese rebels. Chinese soldiers. Altercation at place of execution. Capt. asks matter. Discussion whether prisoners sh'd be blindfold. Capt. "Well, h-f. or don't h-f. but get on." The Chinese officer insisted th. things s'd be discussed. "They say th. if it wasn't for them then we'd n't be any ex.; & we say we are running this show." In end compromise: 2 h.-f. & two not. Photos throughout.

Burtie devised a wooden sea-grill to fit over periscope of sub., the window in breast of course larger, but not so much so as to be entirely evident.

April
Country
rather
much
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April
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which I
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There is
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help me
I could
Pöring.
Green
the hills
granite
Sept.

April 12. Leave Peking at 11.30
County for first half day
rather mountainous; no grass;
much dust; numerous walled
villages. Road bad of this French
line rough.

April 13. This morning the country
is far more attractive. We at last
come upon grass, an article of luxury
which I had begun to despair of seeing
in China. The grain is half a dozen
inches high; the water-buffaloes are
ploughing the paddy-fields. They wear
their drivers submerged to the middle.
There is a mild pretence of rain, which
I hail with joy in the hope that it will
help me to get rid of the dust-cold which
I contracted — as most people do — at
Peking.
Gradually we have been getting among
the hills. The willows are green, the
fruit-trees in blossom, some
sort of purple flowers shot-

footed m
once in
flash of
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by me
daisies. M
brown bi
may hur
drizzle
deemed
who was
free, h

rolled over the cliffs, and
once in a while we see the
flash of red from the train
looks like a scarlet wild azal-
ea, growing among the rocks.
The country, after the miles of
tree-less, grass-less China
which I have seen is very
attractive; and Mr. Hotchkiss
says it is the sort of coun-
try we shall travel through.

later. We arrived at Hankow be-
tween two and three, made our
way through muddy streets in a
drizzle of rain to the hotel, which
seemed good. There I met Jameson
who was taken completely by sur-
prise, but who seemed pleased.

3. We shall go on from here day after tomorrow, retracing our way to Siyanchow, about a hundred miles down the road over which we came, and starting out from there.

April 17th. Hankow.

I have been exploring the Chinese city this morning. I am inclined to think, although I ~~should~~ hesitate to speak with any degree of certainty, that its smells are more numerous and virulent than those of Shanghai. I did not find much of interest. I acquired two or three of the cheap blue cotton ~~coolie clothes~~ which seem to be a speciality of this ~~place~~ part of the world. They are printed with some sort of clayey stuff to stop out the dye from the pattern, and then ~~dipped in~~ painted with indigo. They are still messed up with this clay, and on my return home I washed the smalls out to get this out. It seems all right, but my fingers have taken on a sickly hue which will be interesting at the dinner

I am expected to attend this even=
ing at the house of the President
of something, — I am not clear what.
He is an American.

I went to the bank for money
and found Mr. Hitchcock acquiring
1200 silver dollars. As my modest
supply of $50 weighs at least a ton,
I can see that unless coolie-bear=
ers were extraordinarily cheap in
China, any given number would
be unable to carry into the
yields the amount of their salary
for three weeks.

And speaking of coolies, they are
as a means of conveyance not
lend=ing to a moving. I encoun=
tered a train this morning, and they
effaced every last bit of clothing
and the domestic outfit they were
transporting. In a cart, much may

to be done by piling things cunningly, and so hiding shabby or decrepit pieces. At very worst, some discreet drafing of horsehair or old carpets lends a mitigating influence. On hawkers' poles, on the contrary, the short-comings and frailties of every last stick of furniture are indecently disclosed, even thrust upon the beholder's attention, as the household goods go swinging forward to the uncouth chant of the porters. No, I cannot see how any sensitive householder can bear to move in China.

April 15. Kinfantchow. We reached here between four and five yesterday. When over sixty-two packages had been collected, we marched to the inn, where the deputy, sent ahead, had arranged quarters. Luckily, it is a new place and Hilchcock pronounces it the best Chinese inn he has seen in China. We took possession of a

sort of wing, our coolies set up our 6 cook-stove with the pipe sticking out of a window, things were distributed, things unpacked, things sorted, with a babble of Chinese in which it can hardly have been possible for anybody to understand anything. My room is fairly large with white washed walls, unfinished on the inside, and a peaked roof with a brick floor. The furniture was two tables, a bamboo couch, and four unpainted chairs of weird and quaint construction. To these were added a cot-bed, a strip of carpet, bowl, pitchers and lamp, and there we were, perfectly snug and comfortable.

Mr. Hitchcock and I went inside the walls to see the town. There we were joined by one Chow, a commissioner who had been sent into the telegraph office. We walked about for an hour, but found nothing of especial interest. I came very near buying a cotton coverlet. An old man was weaving them, and they were really very quaint and pretty. The ground was broken, and

I on it were woven dark-blue devices of fishes spouting fantastic things out of their mouths and other equally chinese and realistic fantasies. I priced one about six feet square, and found the price to be 3000 cash, approximately $2.25. The trouble of carrying it about, and the fact that I could not possibly see what I could do with it kept me from purchase, but the thing would make a capital piazza-rug.

We did not get dinner until 8.30, and by 10 I was in bed. Now, at 7.30, A.M. I have breakfasted, packed, and written. We are late, as the first day takes a good deal of adjustment of loads. It is a wonderful thing to room halt. Selling started this morning was a complicated and noisy business. The business of adjusting the loads was accompanied with many incidents picturesque and grotesque. A corner of shirtes, for instance, had gone out to join the procession with

a boy formidable in appearance, but only half full, and they had to be hauled again into the inn-court yard with blows and curses, to reload. Most of what went on, as the pulling of an old man about the street by his pig-tail, was unintelligible to me as far as the letter went; the spirit was easily evident. [insert * p. 11]

We got away about nine, and started towards the old city. Just before the gate was reached we turned aside and went on around it. We went for an hour or so through the hills. They were rather barren in most respects, but the wild flowers were abundant and lovely. They ran through the whole scale of blue and purple, from pale lavender to richest deep purple, both the red purple and the blue. Of them all I knew only the violet. Of the yellow I found an old friend in the dandelion. Indeed tadpoles and dandelions were the two things most familiar. At a distance many of the blossoms seemed familiar, but were really strange. The abundant flat and thin-leaved daisies proved on acquaintance to be something else. The buttercups were big cinquefoils;

g and purple violets - although blue violets there were, - turned into a little leguminous plant. ✗

When the hills men passed, we dropped into a wide, fertile river-valley, which lasted us until this halt. We have come 25 li (7½ miles) to Sango, and here we are lunching in the main salon of the inn. It is simply furnished with a couple of over-grown stools which suffice themselves to be tables, and an equal number of stools, with half a dozen rolls of straw-beds and a few baskets some three feet across. We have seen a lot of trifles which have amused me: a spinning-wheel with the spindle close to the ground; the sometimes effective ~~fly~~ pylon; the innumerable black pigs and pert magpies; a woman on the dyke with a net out of an Egyptian bas-relief and a child behind her carrying a basket; and so on

Night. We have journeyed in ~~passed through~~ the river-valley for the afternoon, crossing the wide river-bed twice. The water is now so low that the active stream, a friend in the desert, is easily forded, or it may be crossed on a crazy bridge consisting of a succession of single planks. We passed through a smaller walled town, & went by another yet smaller, and now are landed in a third, which Mr. Hitchcock declares is the smaller yet. We have gone 30 li, or 21 miles

We have come with lightning rapidity to primitive simplicity. We are planted for the night in a deserted temple. The floors of certain unpaved and doorless rooms have been swept; swept with much dust and small improvement. I must out of this scrawl to see what I can do toward making myself comfortable. Our fur-nitures thus far established consists of

with a bed, provisions & two chairs and a table. Wood

A [insert p. 18] Our caravan consists of some 80 coolies carrying burdens, half a dozen eight or ten chairs, ~~a couple of~~ soldiers, and various extra hangers-on. In close order we cover about a sixteenth of a mile, but we are often stretched out over a whole one. The effect is not especially fine, but it was picturesque. Mr. H's head-boy and mine, known as K. K. and named I know not what, added a touch by having a Chinese to wheel them, and rocked along, one on either side of the wheel.

This is a wheelbarrow country. The roads, for all but a few principal ones, will take nothing larger, and for miles we saw only narrow ditches between the paddy-fields, worse with a deep

yet in the middle from the single wheel & the loads these harness carry are amazing. The men pant and strain, and constantly seem unable to go on with their load; but somehow they do it. The whining complaint of the wheels was hardly out of ear shot for the day.

The chair coolies interest me, as all the details of a foreign life always do. They change shoulders about every five minutes, an operation which calls for a warning cry from the leader or some man who is uncomfortable; for the placing of a pole on the ground between each of the couples, and another antiphonal cry when all four are ready. The leader also calls a warning at any uncertain footing, and as broken places, single-foot bridges, and patches of dike are numerous Bing o' Bread may come every

13 fifty feet, this is no unimportant part of his service I

April 17 We got through over the temple with no very great inconvenience. I believe we shall strike nothing worse, and if we do not we shall get through very well.

We started from Ya Ho Chen by 7.30.

We followed still up the river valley, crossing and recrossing and finding the stream always more wasted in its wide sandy bed. The country promised to be richer and more highly cultivated as we went on, but lost sight of it by nightfall. I am given to understand that, but incidentally we have in our windings and twistings gone toward every point of the compass.

Lanes are far more numerous here

than further south, and one use 14
to which they are put is amusing.
The Chinese go about bare-headed for
the most part, but on the hot sun
the hair is used to bind over the
forehead a piece of cloth so loper
to shade the eyes, ~~They also slip the~~ ~~over their wooden hats to turn the wind~~ 8
~~over~~ About eight we passed a hill
near the top of which was a large
Pohrine to [Buddhist]. It was so
shadowy within and so far away
that it was not possible, even with
a glass, anything more than that the
square opening was faced by a
group of huge figures.

The frogs on the paddy fields were
especially vociferous. The frog natural-
ly takes kindly to Chinese language,
as they have a natural facility for
its guttural chucklings; but I fancied that
the indulgence in the habit has produced a
certain harshness in their voices.

We made a long march this morning and
a short one in the afternoon, in all 60 li.
We took tiffin in a weird native inn, of
course having our own boys and

road. This afternoon we had the one dramatic incident of the trip thus far. My ~~porter~~ coolies ~~have been for these two days been constantly trying to be~~ were as usually ahead of everybody except the single soldier leader and the deputy whom they have with difficulty been induced to allow to go first on his errands of securing lodgings.

~~This afternoon~~ About three I was a considerable distance before all the others, the deputy, who was out of sight, excepted. Finding myself leaving the others so far behind, I felt at liberty to stop to observe a woman hulling rice. A stone mortar was set in the ground, and into this plunged a heavy stone pounder set on the end of a lever. The lever was hinged with the other end on a hole in the ground. A stake, worn by the hands of many workers, gave the small-footed woman steadiness as she poised on one foot and worked the lever with the other. She liked not my appearance and solemnly retired, while the carriers came up with laughter, and ~~reverently~~ pounded away until I

ended the matter by going back to the chair. The delay had brought the others within a couple of minutes. A hundred yards farther we came upon a stout man in a shabby ~~sedan~~ chair, who broke out into vociferous appeal, and who held his hands toward me in a way which made me think that he was either drunk or mad. My bearers, however, were evidently interested and interested. They set down my chair, surrounded the declamatory stranger, whose bearers, after clearing the way for me, had done the same with their burden. The bearers began in turn to talk first to the stranger and then to me.

I was rescued by the arrival of Hitchcock and Jameson, and when an interpreter was on hand, the stranger, with the help of his men, got, or rather tumbled out of his chair, wallowing on his knees toward Jameson, who stood nearest. I, of course, did not ask what was going on, but presently, the man displayed his bare legs. They were pounded black and blue and purple, and his tale was that he was the head-coolie of No. 4 surveying party, which was but two days in advance of us, and

that when he was paid the coolie-money the head police-officer of the expedition had seized $, &c., and afterwards beaten him for objecting. Of course our party could say nothing but that the case should be investigated and justice done; and in time we got away. The man's manner was so convincing that Jameson was inclined to think the story might be true. The whole thing was really exciting, perhaps especially to me.

~~The tale that we heard~~ At our stopping place, ~~Yu Ho then,~~ ~~by the story~~ was that the man we had met had by the police of No. 4 party been turned over to a local magistrate, and after a trial, beaten in the yamen. This at least looks as if "all was not sweet, all was not sound."

~~Yu Ho Chen~~ Wai Ho Yuen offered us in the way of accommodation a single room at the inn, the only guest-room in the house, and a temple. The room was large and unusually clean, and after the two bamboo-beds were taken out it served very well for Jameson and me. The plan at first was for Mr. Hitchcock to sleep ~~in the temple~~ in company with the altar and a pile of

coffins on either side. The coffins were said to be empty, but I suspect that they were in the common Chinese fashion awaiting the decision of a propitious day and spot to be interred. This did not bother us but the two buildings were far apart, and it ended in Mr. Hitchcock's having his bed put up in the vestibule of the inn. It was quite as good a room as most we have seen.

I met with a mishap really serious by smashing a second pair of glasses, one having gone the night before. I must live from here to Pekin in reading-glasses — unless I smash them too!

April 18. We got away by half past seven this morning. The day was enchanting, the country a continuation of what we saw yesterday. We took tiffin at an inn at King Chao (pronounced Gin Jar, and meaning Golden Bridge. I saw no bridge justifying the name, but as the marks of the spring floods were five or six feet above the level of the road I judged that the occasion for bridges of golden character were sometimes pressing.

We made a short day, and arrived at Tong Pai Hsien about two. Stages have to be arranged with reference to the provision we can be made for the coolies at night, and are unfortunately proportioned. We are excellently accommodated in a Kung Kwan, a rest-house designed in former days for literary disputations and gatherings of scholars. Now it is used as a school, and the numerous chambers serve travellers.

Mr. Hitchcock thought it well to call on the local Mag is here, and asked me to go with him. The first step was for Mr. Wu, famous Carlier, to give me a Chinese name. His choice was Baoe, pronounced as one syllable, and meaning "develope thought". His sense is that of conveying thought or developing it in others. He explained

that in China this is the name given to Bacon, Lord Verulam. I hope I properly appreciated the honor of being allowed to hear so illustrious a title. This was but, in Chinese characters, on the back of my card. Mr. Hitchcock's card has his name printed in the proper hieroglyphics already, and the two mystic slips of paper were sent off to the yamen. Word came back that the Mandarin was graciously pleased to accord an audience; but before Hitchcock was ready to start the gentleman himself arrived. He was accompanied by a personal servant, and by three or four servants. His men taken somewhat unaware, and his reception was somewhat flurried, I had to do the honors, as I was the only one ready. We bowed and scraped and I deprecated the trouble he had

taken to come, and then he had some explanation from Mr. Wreh, who acted as interpreter, as to who and what we were. He regarded me, from my literary attainments, as the greater personage, and was much impressed by the information, which I threw in for effect. That the Chinese students at Shanghai had entertained me. The talk, however, was mainly with Mr. Hitchcock. He was keen to know about the coming of the railroad, and especially about the purchase of the land. K He wished to be ~~allow~~ notified when this process began, and to be allowed to establish an office for the business. When told that this was not in Hitchcock's

deportment, he asked for a letter to the proper authorities. When informed that the land would be bought for the railroad by the government, he was visibly disappointed, and perhaps felt that he might have saved himself the trouble of calling first. He did, however, invite us to dine; an honor of which we felt ourselves, at least our dispositions, unworthy. When the Magistrate had been accompanied to the third or fourth gate with due proper bows and protestations, we gave him time to get home, and returned the call, modestly accompanied by a single soldier. We sent in our cards, and were received with due ceremony and decorum. The talk on this occasion was chiefly with me. The Magistrate, I never got his double-barrelled name, wished to talk of the late

He began by asking me if I knew much about the law of relation to try a jury, and said that he did not, but as I did not wish to break up a conversational gambit, I added that I had a number of intimate friends who were distinguished lawyers or judges, I heard it discussed a good deal. With this as an opening, we had a fairly long talk, interesting but not remarkable. I asked him of his methods of conducting trials, and incidentally inquired of the nature of the oath by wh. a witness is sworn. He replied that no oath was used, but the witnesses spoke on his conscience and told the truth. I congratulated him on having no

He produced an icy grin. "false witnesses in China. We punish them if they do not tell the truth," he said significantly. I assured him the. we also had that custom, but the. we were not always able to prove that a witness was lying. "However," I added, "I suppose as many witnesses tell the truth in China mithout an oath, as in any country with one."

He talked a good deal, and said that in any case a magistrate could not trust to witnesses, but must decide upon the facts from his own observation and experience. When after one attempt to leave which he had checked most authoritatively, we got away, he went into the outer courts and showed us where he held audience for the different grades of crimes. He exhibited the different wooden badges which were carried as warrants of arrest by a con=

stable. The one which was borne in ominous solemnity to a man accused of a capital offence, was a sort of ~~the~~ green, feather-shaped thing some twenty inches high, covered with sinister black marking.

His Excellency insisted, despite our protestations at every door, on accompanying us to the very street entrance of the Yamen, and we set forth on our way back to quarters amid the reverend gaze of an assembled multitude.

We heard here what is probably the authentic version of the tale of the abused and dramatic headcoolie who grovelled so tragically on the dusty wayside grass yesterday. He seized from each of the coolies under him 2.00 cash each, ~~an account which~~ sounds more impressive so stated than when translated ~~proceeds~~ ~~of American money~~. The coolies protested so furiously that the Head Police of the Expedition had

the man bound, and gave them leave to beat him with bamboos. If each dubbed him but .02's worth, dubbing is cheap in China.

Tuesday, April 19. It was cooler this morning, with an overcast sky; and this evening, although we have really ascended, but a few hundred feet at most, the air is noticeably fresher. We ~~set out at eight~~, and struck almost immediately into a pass in the hills through which we came into a somewhat higher valley. It extended between the hills with the usual nearly dry stream in the middle, and the usual diked-in patches irrigated from the hills on either side. The fields and the trees were thrillingly green; everything else was drearily dusty.

China has many lovely flowering trees of the names of which I am entirely ignorant, chief among them being one we saw first at Hankow, which looks like a lavender catalpa.

27 It is superb, especially in groves; and of these we saw many today.

We came today into roads, as distinguished from the wheelbarrow-trace we have hitherto followed. We began to meet the clumsy ox-teams of the country, heavily loaded, and complaining, if possible, worse than the wheelbarrows. Our military escort, with the air of liking to show their authority, ordered them out of the way without ceremony, and often they went tumbling down steep banks into ditches or wheat-fields at break-neck pace.

At 9.30 we came upon the camp of Engineer ~~Crowell~~ Carroll, who is making the working maps for the route. He was a big, wholesome, virile fellow, most impressive and equally attractive. In his tent he had most magnificent masses of two shades of the crimson azalia, which grows in the gorges of the hills.

The camp was very prettily set

in what the old writers called a "glade", with a thin brook on one edge, and trees scattered over it. Crowell knew both Hitchcock and Jameson, and the talk was much of it purely professional; but with pleasant chat about the country interspersed. He begged that we stay to tiffin, and as an inducement said that he had just had killed a pig of his own raising. Indeed, under the trees in the back ground a Chinese boy was busily engaged in slapping with a flat stick the black corpse of the fat half-grown porker with a view to making it more tender. While we talked, too, a man came in with a couple of pheasants, so that the prospects of food were certainly good. Jameson and I, however, pushed on with the outfit, Hitchcock stayed to tiffin with a couple of soldiers.

The hills were misty with dust-

clouds, and a dust-saturated wind was with us all the afternoon. Fortunately it was behind us, but even so it was not agreeable.

We had tiffin in a dirty place where was being manufactured the inevitable bean-curd and where black pigs roam in and out. We passed in the afternoon men wet-ting their umbrellas and the brooks. As the sun was hot, I suppose there was for coolness, but I do not see just how it worked.

We reached Hsien Chi, our halt for the night, before three. We are supposed to have done 70 li, but the roads have been good, and we pot-in very early. We have clean and comfortable rooms in a fine new house.

Friday, April 20. We are ~~supposed~~ to have a long stage, and have started at 6.45. We were supposed to start fifteen minutes earlier, but the slight incident of one of our police's breaking the head of a coolie. Our doctor, a useless creature who had helped my ~~that~~ throat much by a prescription I knew enough not to take, was of course out of the way, and Jameson had to dress the head of the victim. This was done in the open street amid the absorbed gazes of the native inhabitants with difficulty kept back by our soldiers. What the grievance was I do not know, but the hurt man moaned and whined

and wailed and lamented. He was excused from burdens for the day, but at the first stage came up to complain that his head had pain and that he was about to die. He did not get much sympathy.

The country is richer. The valley is exchanged for wide and fertile plains. We have rounded the hills, and have a clear plain to Pochow. W W L L

Our first halt was, by the way, at a place where H. Pho toed a shrine

I am writing now, to the admiration, or at least to the intense curiosity of a crowd, in Ping Shih Chen. Our halt is

rather long because the head-co-
lie last night had to pay the men
off in coffers, and this place affords a
chance of getting their changed into cash.
The place is the usual walled town,
with poles high over the street
from which long strips of the universal
blue cloth dangle to dry after dying —
whe. sounds as if they were real
horrors —; with black figs and
mangy dogs and filthy children
in evidence everywhere, and the
sidewalks — so to call them —
made high above the level of the
common way. Workers in iron
and brass are in evidence, and I
have rang looked over their wares to find
something worth taking away. The
brass is white and undecorated
the iron all in domestic articles —
later, I have been in the head mast
of the morning, with only a single

soldier before me. He is musical and for a large part of the time has sung to himself like a soul in exquisite nasal anguish. The music has abounded in turns and roulades, and more full of shakes than a man with ague. It has always had the folk-tune quality; and despite the

Night. Sang Ula Tien. The predictions of a long day of 95 li need not have frightened us. We arrived here before four o'clock. Mr. Woh remarked to me on the way over: "A li is short in any mountainous country." The inn at which we are encamped is not much. I and I are in a room which smells strongly of the sorry wine which scarfs one side of it; but we have an oasis reasonable clean, and we shall do.

The most suffering thing in a rather monotonous day was the extensive repairs on the wall of the town where we had tiffin, Ula Sing Fu. I thought the repairing which is always going on

about the utterly useless walls of the little cities was an instance of preserving "the face" of the inhabitants; and I still think that at least this chief principle in Chinese practical ethics has at least some share in making the custom possible. Jameson assures me, however, that the immediate cause of this species of municipal improvement is the ease with which the whole thing is made a matter of graft. He gave me several instances, the most striking of which was one in which a local magistrate appropriated an enormous bite out of the foreign famine relief fund, alleging that on account of robbers it was inoperative that the town walls should be repaired. When Charlie made him disgorge two hundred thousand taels, he observed with bitterness that he would never meddle with foreign money again.

Saturday. And this morning come a sort of an omnibus rain, and in this we started. The rain laid the dust, and amounted to little. Elsewhere the head-coolies gave me a scare by stumbling and dropping the poles, but nothing else came of this. We

met many ox-carts, most of them almost lost to sight under the load. The open mouth, the bit of them, rather an ornamental bridle to a road wh. passes through the nostrils is attached a sort of flat brass horseshoe, and where this a flat brass ring comes between the eyes, against the dark hair, the metal makes a brave show; and under the ox means a string of some brass bells.

We lunched at Chi Cha Ho, in the face of a crowd, and came on through a monotonous country, intensively, so to say, cultivated. I suddenly came to a realization that I had been — in a dream, I suppose — in the midst of a romance of transmigration, in which a holy man, passing along this road, looked up, and said to a fierce and aggressive dog: "Kubla, where is Sintra?" The dog in a second of time saw a scene in the past in which he — I, I being at the same time the boy and the old man, — had

in a moment of passion destroyed his love. He saw himself thrown back on the wheel of life to the condition of a beast, and ~~not~~ by his lack of self-discipline slipping down further. The vision and the realization vanished in the twinkling of an eye, the dog-fraternity reformed, and I was wide awake and laughing at the absurdity of it all.

I fell to making nonsense rhymes about things Chinese, and I am forced to confess that they were very poor ones. I was photographed on a bridge, not a typical one, as it was much too low; and half past four we crossed a river on an exceedingly crazy bridge, scrambled up a hill, and entered the outer gate of Tsao Feng Hsien, a town more considerable than any we have been in since we left Hsin Fou Chow. The inner gate is not, as is the custom, opposite the outer. We had to pass an ~~odd~~ eighth of a mile of slums before we came to the inner entrance. A couple of soldiers went first, I next. Suddenly an impressive guard appeared in the very jaws of the gate and stopped the cavalcade. I sat quiet, for ten minutes in the vortex of a whirlpool

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of angry altercation. Then it occurred to somebody to go back to J. for official papers, and smiling calm succeeded the tumult. We were ushered in amid salutation and respect, and then had to traverse the entire city to find our quarters. They are in a private house, and for the country very comfortable.

I took a soldier and walked through the chief streets, but found nothing more interesting than many makers of fire-crackers. I purchased a pottery saint or sage on a tiger for the sum of .02; and this ended the adventures of the day.

Sunday, April 22. A cool, gray morning, a late start. The new skipper of coolies proved stupid, and we did not get away until 8½. My horses are poor, and nearly wrecked me

almost at the start. The country is described well in a remark made by Pt.: "The sort of country to please me as a rational man: level and monotonous and prosaic time" X, 92

Whom are numerous ~~We passed~~ brick-kilns in this part of the country. They are lined with straw, which might be an ingenious Bible and reference into an explanation. False, it is true, but plausible enough for theologic purposes in the "brick without straw" passages in Genesis. With the sticky clay that district that fuel seems to answer well enough

We had a flirt of a shower late in the forenoon, and while we were at tiffin in a particularly noisy and

29 Frosty room in a characteristically Chinese inn in a most sickly of walled towns, it began to rain as if it meant business. We got into order as soon as possible, and went on. The one thing which had amused me at the inn was the money-box, wh. Charlie says it to be found all over China. It was a bamboo some 4 ft. long the natural partition making the bottom, the other partitions being removed. At the top for six inches half the cane was cut away, and in the other half was made a hole by which the whole was fastened to a pillar of the house. In to this money-box went ringing and rattling the handfuls of cash as one waiter or another came up with his change. The woman who stood by the box saw to it that all the coins went in. She had no need to trouble to see that none came out, for no arm could go into the box, even if copper-disks enough to fill those of the four feet. To get the cash out, the long box must be turned bottom up.

I heard a crash soon after we started

this morning, and the matter was that the strings of cash which were to pay for the food of my bearers had somehow fallen out of the ragged raiment which is always bunched at the back of my chair. One of the men ~~confiden~~ gathered up the strings, and confidingly laid them on my footrest, where they rode for the rest of the day.

We had, to say sooth, a dull afternoon, and reached this place, San Chia Ke [pro. gee.] about four o'clock. We are to start at six tomorrow, so as to finish this part of the journey by noon tomorrow.

What happens after that depends upon the river Han. We hope it is at present provided with water enough to have allow the launch to come up to meet us. If not — more chairs.

Monday, Apr. 23. We were on route by 6.30 this morning, with the prospect of a ride of but half

the day. The clouds were threatening, but if the actual rain keeps off, we do not bother at greyness.

Yesterday I amused myself by eating 7, and at the old chorus of "scuttering-a-clear-ole-my heaven burst into hearty laughter. I understood why this morning when C. told one that he heard one of them, which he stopped for tiffin, melodiously dialect strains for the first time: gist of the account, the farmer was in fabulous and he was making his voice as deep as he could possibly strain it, in order to show how he if was not harbouring a lady.

Our way for the entire morning lay thro' a district of rich grain-fields. It is noticeable that in this

region land is not given up to graves. It is too valuable for the raising of wheat and the after-crop of cotton to be wasted on ~~graves~~ mounds for dead often forgotten. Even pylas are rare, and in three days we have seen not more than a couple of groups of mounds.

We crossed three ferries, the first swift and deep: the second the place between Hsin and the sea, on the Hsai River where the shipping congregates to be out of the jurisdiction of the magistrates of Tanchang. The junks are here gathered by hundreds, and all sorts of scenes of domestic life go on under any public eye which chooses to note them. Dozens of ~~big~~ boats, with the snout of a junk and the tail of a catamaran were waiting for prey, and a fleet of them carried us ~~an ~~ed eighth~~ half a mile down the river and landed us 15 li from Tanchang. This ferry and a half miles includes about a mile within the walls of the city. It is like all the rest, and at this moment, when I am

particularly low in my mind, it seems to me rather dull. We find the river lower than it has been for ten years; our launch cannot come up; and we start back by chair tomorrow, retracing the route of the last two days. It is not a cheerful prospect, but it is to be accepted.

later. We have been across the river to Siangyanfu. It was originally the capital of something, the province, I suppose; and was anciently of more importance than Fanchung. Now the latter is ~~the~~ has taken it. ~~important place~~. The ruins gates of both places are very picturesque, those of the side of Siangyanfu suggesting in shape the pictures of Benares. We found there a telegram saying that the launch is out of commission, so the condition of the river took no bearing on the manner of our return.

all on the manner of our return.

Here we part for ever.

Tuesday, April 24th. We started about 9 [illegible] the backward trace this morning [illegible] in rain. We took our ferries in rain, under, and at the middle

Sam Chia Ko

one were round up the river between the swaying jungles and the high banks of the river Pai. The air was thick with the songs of the boatmen, the cries of the cashers, the calling of crows, and the babble of women and children. Some of my coolies sat on the stern facing my chair, and munched and munched and munched at the rubiquities stamed biscuit which they all ate. Occasionally his ~~[illegible]~~ hornny nails would dig out something black from the whole mass, but he threw it nonchalently over board, and was in no wise disturbed.

It began to sprinkle about the time we left the Pai, and by the time we reached the inn appointed for tiffin it was really raining. No sign of H. appeared, and after H. went off half an hour before to call on the missionaries, promising to overtake us before tiffin. The roads were getting slippery. Leo, although nominally in charge

45

was much disturbed, and did not know what to do. After we had waited an hour, I took matters into my own hands. I persuaded him to start the cookies on, and I hurriedly scrobbled down a hasty lunch (con) followed. Leo came also, and the [in charge of R.K. and a corporal 9 soldiers] cook remained to wait for H. My bearers were excellent. I had some doubts in regard to the ~~&~~ man left behind me, he could doleefully eched; but I had great confidence in the reassuring behaviour of the men just before me. My confidence was amply justified, for they overtook the caravan at its first halt, and went by with a rush, disdaining pause. The others scrobbled to their loads, and some of Leo and we made unusually quick time.

The rain held up for me to relieve my bearers by walking the worst half mile, a brother

back skirting a town whose 46
walls are mere mud-heaps.
Both yesterday and to-day come
from this miserable refuse-heap
hamlet, the pyres covered of gongs
and drums and tinkling things. Only
scores of people were forcing into
its desolation, and when I asked
her why they went, he said: "To sing."
The rain held up again as we came,
at half-past two, to the third ferry; but
of course caught our boat as we were
approved by the sleet. Fortunately the
shower was not really heavy, and we
were landing 15 lis from Sam Chia Ke,
Hen H. overtookers, and I was no longer
alone ~~and in the middle of China~~.
The last 15 lis were utterly detestable.
The clay here makes a mud like glue in which
the feet of the cobbies stuck and skidded
in most lamentable fashion. The
calves of my second beaver carried me
through, but it was dismal work. We
got to the inn where we passed night
before last at 4.30, and have since

been engaged in complicated struggles with the chair-cushions and the warming-stove. The former is adjusted, but he is still in mortal struggle with the other.

In the middle of our three rooms, for which we paid, if I remember correctly, 24 gold, are a number of hanging scrolls. Two of them illustrate admirably the character of Chinese poetry and the difficulties foreigners are sure to have in understanding it. To get at all the point of these scrolls one must remember the almost superstitious reverence in which literature is held in China; he must remember that all writing is done with a brush, and that the ink is rubbed up with water on a stone shaped for that purpose; that the finest ink gives out in the rubbing a faint violet odor; that study, especially of poetry and the classics, is most fittingly done in the night, when distracting influences are removed; but that composition is supposed to be most happy at dawn. All these things would be suggested to the Chinese scholar in reading, and he would not be conscious of having to

think of them at all. The two scrolls read: "At midnight the book ~~is a lamp~~ gives its light to the student": "The ink ~~gives~~ offers its perfume to the poet at daybreak." Of course in translation all effect of metre and rhythm ran=ish, and word-color cumulation are both lost.

Wednesday, April 25. A most dis=mal and unpromising day. It is half-past six. I have breakfasted and packed, and it is time for the coaches. I am somewhat uneasy a=bout how they behave in regard to the mud and the threatened rain. I shall be very glad to be back in Berlin. Travelling in a chair all day long in a monotonous coun=try one has seen once already, with roads like glue and skies like lead, makes one recall Madame de Staël's remark: "Travelling is the most sorry pastime of pleasures."

The day grew no worse for the forenoon, if no better. We walked more or less, although the mud was sometimes more insistent than could be called polite. At one of the halts two women were filling the reel of the loom with the warp. The reel had been brought into the open, set up on a support which allowed it to be revolved, and a threshing-floor taken for the scene of operations. The warp was in a basket which was fastened to a weighted sledge, and as the warp, ~~combed out~~ separated and kept even by a couple of combs, was wound up on the reel, the ~~basket~~ sledge was pulled forward. The resistance of the sledge kept the thread taut. It was rather a pretty process.

We reached Loong Shing Sze, the ordained place for tiffin, the inn of the big bamboo cash-box,

by ten o'clock; but the men could not pass it without eating, and so we ate also. The Chinese eat always and anywhere. If observation goes for anything, they have but one meal, which extends from waking to sleeping. It may be interrupted by other occupations, but that is to be regarded as in the nature of an accident.

The showers began again by twelve. They were fortunately not severe, but they were disagreeable. We pushed on to Chao Tang Hsien rigorously, and reached here before three. Our only excitement was at the last halt. The place was a huddle of five or six houses, half of them inns of a sort, for when people eat continuously inns must be plenty. Out of one of the houses, ~~come~~ after we had been in the place five minutes, came a woman and declared to

all heavens and to high heaven that she had been robbed; some of our company, she declared, had stolen her mirror. The coolies and soldiers answered her complaints in language which I understand to have been unfitted for polite society, although I have not been informed of its exact significance. She became more and more angry, now and more like an exploding bunch of dynamite-crackers, until H. was led to inquire what was the matter. She then hurled the battery of her eloquence upon him; led him inside ~~the~~ her door, and triumphantly showed the nail upon which the purloined mirror had hung. In the face of ~~such~~ proof of so positive no fair man could have hesitated to order an investigation. H. told the soldiers they must search the coolies who had been near the house. This was easily done, for when the men threw off their jackets,

nothing remained but a pair of cotton trowsers; and the lady assisted at the operation by telling all and sundry what she thought of the crowd. Whatever is the Chinese equivalent for Billingsgate flowed from her irate tongue in a torrent; and the climax of all was the atrocity of robbing a lone and delicate female of a mirror which had cost no less a sum than 180 cash,— almost a cent and a half. One rihald coolie when the soldier came to search him was so little impressed by the delicacy with which an operation should be conducted in the presence of a lady, not only took off his jacket, but doffed his nether garment also. H. produced a shout of laughter by suddenly turning and pretending to search me. And all the time the

shrill, virulent abuse of the woman went on with unceasing vigor. In the end H. ordered Ho to give the complainant her 180 cash, and we went on our way; but Ho's comment was: "Do lose her temper, lady." I rather incline to his view.

Thursday. April 26. Like Solomon I have been young and now am old, but I do not remember that ever before in late April have I gone to bed at 7 to get warm. That is what we both did last night.

The idea of a Chinese house is to plan as many courts as the available lot will hold, and then to utilize any space that happens to be left over for rooms. At this inn we are in the front of the building, just behind the first court. We have one fairly large room in the middle which is of course the natural passage-way to the interior. My bed was here when we went through before. Of course I do not

know how many coverts lie be=
hind, but by the constant stream
of men, women, children, hens and cats
passing through, I judge the num=
ber to be at least a dozen. One the
~~portion~~ end of this room is partition=
ed off with paper to form a chamber.
I slept there last night. Its only
windows are two panes of glass
high overhead in the roof.

The middle room, where we ate
and slept, is shut off from the
covert in front of it by a door
in six sections. The upper half of
each section is lattice-work
wood. Theoretically it is covered with
paper; practically it is fringed
with tatters. We had the warming
stove set up here, but the lattice-work was so
a crack wide enough for the pipe
to reach the open. One of the middle
panels of the door was off its hinges,
and very crazy in its place. We
had dinner, watched by a solemn
old thing whom we dubbed the Ghost

of Hamlet's father, and who watched the progress of the entire meal with the intentness of a scientific investigator) ~~and~~ then we crowded over the stove to smoke, and if possible to get warm. The entire population of the town then felt it necessary to walk through the doors by which we sat. The cracks let in icy ~~to~~ draughts, but when the middle panels were pushed wide — and they always were left so — ~~the~~ the blast which swept in might have come straight from the Arctic. We had dined very early, but we roused ~~that~~ in self-respect we could not go to bed before seven. We watched our watches eagerly, however, and at that hour hurried off. I piled my steamer-rug, my ulster, and my dressing-gown on my bed; and at last got blessedly warm. Then I slept almost uninterruptedly for nine hours.

The cold seems to have finished off the rain, and the day is blessedly bright and clear. We managed a start before seven, although we have near heavens. As we have 95 li today and a stop of 3½ days to get the train to Hankow on Sunday wh. ~~then~~ ff trains we have taken [illegible] earlier and so go forward merrily.

The country begins to rumple, and I suppose the shorter way we are taking to get to the railroad meets & cuts across the hilly belt, through which we journeyed from ~~Hsi~~fan- ~~taking three~~. Then taking lain to ~~7 [illegible]~~ We took ~~four~~ 8 days to Hsian. ~~the old~~ come from the rail; we go back in 3/7, striking it nearer Peking. We have ~~passed~~ met CC

57 Thanks to our extra bearers we made the whole trip, and came to Shing Long Chi for lifters, at 10.30 The town is on a height, with picturesque approach, but is much like the rest. It was market day, & from a pool street was crowded, but it seemed to rain for something to buy. ⊗ p. 59.

We crossed the valley surrounding the town, climbed to the plateau again, and went on in the heat of the afternoon. I have learned to turn the chair, the with some bearers this is not easy. We passed thro' a dirty very old walled town, wh. Leo called — or spelled Leis Pow. A mile or

so H. espied a hundred feet 58
ft. to wood an extraordinary group
of figures on a slight elevation,
and we went to see it. There had
been a stone tablet, now fallen
and broken. Behind it was a semi-
circle of stone figures, most seated, but
one standing, before was a figure
of Buddha. The whole was so
old that features of most of the
figures were worn almost
smooth; most of the heads had
been broken off, though all
had been replaced, and painted
with crude semblance to the
face. The big Buddha even gor-
geous with recent paint. Lee
said the tomb was Sung, and very
connected with Lien Pao.

59 likely the standing figure was originally in the middle.

[In the street a doctor had his stall. It was laid out with a big lizard-skin suggesting a crocodile, a row of black and battered skulls of wild beasts, with a weird variety of reals - herbs, and bundles. He was sticking a seton through a coolie's ankle, with a coolness only equalled by the nonchalance with wh. the patient endured the operation.

A shower came upon us about half-past one, and lasted us for a couple of hours. The way, for the most part, along the wooden in the hills, was often very rough. Sometimes I expected to be thrown out over the heads of my forward bearers and sometimes to be dropped on the gates of those behind me. In some of the worst places I walked, both to be merciful to my bearers and to avoid possible disasters to

my chair, which through all its bam=
boo-joints complained bitterly at
the strain of my clinging in precipi=
tous passages. We reached ~~that~~ Tang
Psien a little before four, and are
installed in an inn rather cleaner
than most that we have seen. We are
honored, moreover, by being in the suite of
H. and I sat down to exchange,
and all the world crowded the
door to see us; when my room was
ready I began to perform my toilette. I raised
my wet face from the basin, and ~~saw~~ was
confronted ~~confronted~~, not two feet away, with a row
of seven faces crowded into the window
opening. Fortunately there was the unusual
provision of a paper-covered sash wh.
could be folded down over the opening,
and I gave the audience what in the=
atrical parlance is known as "quick
curtain." I have never dreamed of the
possibility of such unrestrained and
shameless curiosity as pursues one
in China. China seems to have few pri=
vacies in domestic life, and means to
leave none to the traveller. This are not
more impudent or more aggressive.
They are at this moment poking holes in the
paper of the windows for peep-holes.

61 Friday. April 27. A bright cool morning saw us off by six. We were to go 50 lis before breakfast. The men started in great spirits, the country was much as yesterday, the hill-ridges and their passes rather stiffer, the stages rather longer. The wide valleys were very green, the cane-rows with cotton, with hides, and with holes or hummocks as numerous as ever; the part magpie, with his devil-devil air and insolent flirting of his tail, rather scarce. All over the region we have traversed farmers do as do, in the Soudan, and protect the fields with skeleton dogs from holes, this constantly humiliates of the fields, and when the difference is so great as to become an inconvenience the fields seem to be hemmed into rice-paddies. At least this is my im-

pression from the observation of the past ten days.

We reached Ben Chan at eleven. The towns in this part of our journey are the cleanest I have seen in China. We had a private ~~dining~~ dining-room, a little clean hole, over the half wall of which drifted flakes of soot from the kitchen. The halt was not long, for the head coolie is evidently training his men for the rush of the last day.

We descended into a sandy plain, but after a mile or two crossed a wide shallow river, the Ho, and ascended again to the grain-fields of the plateau.

We met a woman in exquisite trousers trimmed with blue riding a shaggy white ass and attended by a crafty servant, leaving

the air and carrying her luggage. Often they feet hardly held to the stirrups. The women horseboots, and of course we have seen only common people, very generally have had their feet bound, and little girls with bandaged extremities are not uncommon.

T. has pink & white corn = volvulus close to the ground, and growing in sheets among the wheat are very delightful and friendly, as if they were little fairy-folk in "pixiland corn fairy" like Wis daffodils.

We passed through the crowded streets of a walled town where market-day was evidently in full force; then we followed for miles the high bank of the Fu Ho, now a trickle of water in half a mile of sand; we met a company of travelling mountebanks with a couple of world-weary monkeys; KK we had the monkeys men with their long pipes stuck down the bank

of their necks for convenience of carriage. We saw four men operating together an irrigation weed-mill, and we noted other details mildly amusing, but not of much interest in record.

~~Shai Hsien~~, at which we arrived about four, is a town with a telegraph station and at least of some size. I cannot yet say whether they are lighted ~~and the least~~ street lanterns. It is the hour at which we have struck accommodation in the way of inns. We were sent by the magistrate out of the main portion of the town, which seems to be the residential portion, into the suburbs, — if that is the term properly applied to the portion between the inner and outer walls. Here we have a room and a half, a great deal of noise, a great volume of smoke, and general surroundings which would make any self-respecting New England housekeeper draw up her skirts to the limits of decency and sit with her feet on the rung of her chair. It is hot for one night, however, and it will pass.

Saturday. Apr. 28. It is six no the morning. We have breakfasted, and the pack of coolies, "the Hounds of Baskerville", as H. calls them, are upon us in a whirlwind of babble. It hails monosyllables.

We went to bed at eight. I am getting hardened to noise, for last night I really slept a good deal, and the noise might have kept the fat Boy awake. In the front of the inn a crowd argued and sputtered vociferously; through a thin wall of mud-brick on the next house a rice-huller went pounding stolidly on until eleven over-head the rats rattled and squealed, though the only one I really saw was one which ran across my foot while I was dressing; in the kitchen, with only a paper partition between him and me, a man was for hours apparently choking to death, coughing and strangling

frightfully; dogs kept up a hard-ly interrupted antiphony; and in the next room ~~the~~ H. was doing his worst.

I have hitherto refrained from speaking of H.'s snoring, as it seemed in the nature of a discourtesy to my host; but I have decided that I can not pass over in silence anything so tremendous without being false to history. What Caruso is to music is H. to snoring. He is the only human being I ever encountered, perhaps the only one alive, who can snore in two keys at once. On the chords of his throat he performs an operation similar to that of double stopping on the violin, and gives two notes at once. His snoring is cyclonic, catastrophic. I have become fairly well hardened to it in its ordinary manifestations, but last night he excelled himself. He sat twitched, and the rats

the wall incidentally bored by electrics. That I slept at all was a marvel; but I did sleep a good deal. At half past one a great outcry occurred in the outer room, and everybody apparently rushed off as if after a thief. Then with a fearful fit of coughing the man in the kitchen died, or I hoped he died, since then he would be out of his misery. H. had the field entirely to himself, and to the time of his magnificent performance I slept intermittently until 4.30.

later. I am writing in my chair during a halt at Se Ho. One of our soldiers has just dispersed a mob of children crowded about us, but about as many adults remain.

We have travelled two hours and a half, and it is now a

quarter to nine. We come out of Shai Hien on a sandy waste, went along the high bank of the Ta Ho, and presently found it deep enough for crowds of junks. We have met many folk, a large proportion of them women and children, on their way to a temple festival. Ninety per cent of the women were small-footed; those in palanquins, the aristocracy, it is to be presumed, often had feet as small as a child of three. Many were richly dressed, and some were so conservative as to have curtains before their chairs. Not all of these, however, could refrain from peeping.

It was really amazing to see these women who had practically to shuffle along on their heels, as they had practically nothing else to walk on, making this long journey of

69 miles. The girls were often pretty, some of them markedly so but the carriage-company were generally much over-painted. The babies were often enchanting. The beavers evidently made jolly comments, and were very merry. One lady, whose boy was coming along in a coolie basket, balanced by merchandise in another, had the misfortune to fall from the bamboo pole. To the chorus of glee from over men she joined not ungracefully. The Chinese sense of humor is equalled only by that of Americans.

So Ho is apparently a fair sized town. It goes on the river, and we have been skirting the walls on the sands, making our way past big herds of Colonels sirene. They are here, sleeping on the wide dry river-bed, & ~~carrying~~ & ~~chewing~~ dressing. We have halted below a gate, and the

them have gone up to eat as usual. The food here does not look very nourishing, but even so it is astonishing that the coolies can eat so often.

It is interesting to see how fields of wheat and barley in the, the young plants have all been taken up and planted in small hummocks. The children go between the rows and pull up the weeds. There are thrifty days dried for fuel; but think of a western wheat-field weeded by hand!

Later. We took tiffin at the inn at Ula Ping Chen, a very decent place as inn's go. I delighted a small boy, and incidentally his mother, by giving him some bread and jam. I also purchased three cups. Our table was close to the family altar, where be: for the ancestral tablets among the ne: sal paraphernalia were three tiny cups, so covered with dirt as to be entirely ~~dust~~ grey. With a moistened finger I discovered it color to be amazing, and with the help of tea I ~~purchased~~ bought them for the sum of three cents.

It was decided at Tiffin that we do
bring our extra kit today, so as to have
a shorter race for the train to
morrow. This will pass the men
off well, and the way he after
Tiffin proved very rough and
uncertain. In many places it
was better. It went up a ridge
in rounded slippery knobbles only
to go down on the other side in
narrow chimneys and crevices. How it
could be crossed in rainy weather I do not
see and thanked the beneficent stars that we had
been spared the experiment.

The last train, where we mean to have
stayed is so poor a place that I am glad to
have escaped it. I One of my heavens had a chafed
foot as the result of a harsh rope, and I did the medi-
cal act with lanoline and a pad of folded tissue
paper. I walked over bad ridges until my feet felt
as big as cobblegs. It got to be fairly weary
work, but at seven we were at the inn
at Ying Shan Hsu. (Fortunately the last 15 kis were better and we made good time)

Y. S. H. is of importance enough to be on
the map. I saw no more of it than a

passage in the deck, but it looked much like all the others. The one room available was given to me; but after vainly endeavoring to induce H. to share it I went about after dinner with him, found a room in wh. a Chinaman was asleep, and had him and all the furniture turned out together, then H. is installed, and all is well. We start at five tomorrow, and that means getting up at 5.30.

Sunday. April 29. When at a quarter past three this morning I tried to get a light I found that K.K. had stupidly given me the lantern with a broken catch which I cannot open. I had heard the cook breaking sticks & charcoal for a fire, so with my electric-torch I found my dressing-gown, and went into the outer room. Here I found a Rembrandtesque. The light from the stove showed the place thick with smoke, the floor covered with bundles of humanity asleep, and the cook just crawling back into his blankets to

 wait for the water to heat. I got another lantern, and returned to do what packing c'd be done before I must disturb H.K. ~~for water~~. ~~I~~ I had taken the precaution over-night to get a bottle of boiled water, and with solid alcohol to help I ~~cook~~ was able to shave in comfort. Poor sleepy H.K. had to be made = ready three times before he staid a = wake.

At six 25 the ~~[illegible]~~ train was ready, the familiar cry of the head-coolie "Ma! Ma!" was received with the dirty sheet; and in ten minutes we were off. We were seldom for a quarter of an hour in all over half a dozen without meeting or passing some sort of a train: lines of wheel = barrows, of ~~donkeys~~. of coolies, carrying cotton, rice, the perpetual brown paper for fire-crackers, of wh. we seem to have seen tons, faggots of pine-boughs, reeds, grasses, anything, in fact, will feed the quick brief fires with wh. China does her perpetual frying stunt

other thing: I recognized not went by us or met us in a hardly broken stream. The fagots, by the way, we have been meeting for two or three days. These great bundles of light fuel are carried out of the hills on men's shoulders for twenty or thirty miles. Such is the ~~type~~ way of Chinese cheap labor works at home.

The first two hours of the trail were pretty hard. The hills ~~are~~ were higher than those of yesterday, & and the trail in frightful condition. We wound about, however, and worked over way through. The poor little mule basket-ed nose got often pretty roughly pushed about. H H The trail wriggled itself free of the hills, crossed the intervale, and at 9.40 brought us to the Kouang Choi whence we were to go in opposite direction by train.

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We were nearly wrecked in merchandise and caravans and all the confusion of merchandise arriving and departing; but through it all, cheered by the thought that the end of the journey and the hour of cumshaw were at hand, bore me gallantly, and landed me on the reel~~ed~~ing platform at 9.35.

In the towns for the last two or three days we have found the narrow streets beginning to be covered overhead with awnings of cane-matting. It shows, I suppose, that the sun is soon expected to be too powerful. Perhaps it is feared that the rays may do some unwelcome disinfecting service to the streets. ~~Indeed~~ The rays are growing powerful at noon just now, and for the next two or three months are, I suppose, to get more and more stringent.

ul ul 7.53

H. who like many another bachelor, short of matrimony, is absolutely as wax in the hands of any woman.

P. L. p. 31. The quantities of eggs carried on
balanced baskets on the poles of
coolies is tremendous. The hens of China
ut be the busiest in the world, ex-
tro that they are encouraged by so-
al recognition, and go in and out
miliarly as members of the family, so
t they naturally feel their responsi-
lity ~~as~~ in the matter of helping out
the
enses; but even so it would seem
t to produce eggs in quantities so as-
nishing the Chinese hen must at
me remote period have been
ossed with the common fly. Our
ncs to perceive kindly that in
old practice of providing fowls
home with a China egg to stim-
ate their exertions there was a
bilite suggestion hitherto unsuspected.

Dr. Rennie's story of Chinese
mineer - buy silver from them
mer - pay treasury notes - re-
ved on mission - Am
d surely not take over.
treasures - they are our friends

MM 753

He, who like many another bachelor, short of marrying, is absolutely as wax in the hands of any woman.

L L, p. 31. The quantities of eggs carried on in balanced baskets on the poles of the coolies is tremendous. The hens of China must be the busiest in the world. It is true that they are encouraged by social recognition, and go in and out familiarly as members of the family, so that they naturally feel their responsibility in the matter of helping out expenses; but even so it would seem that to produce eggs in quantities so astonishing the Chinese hen must at some remote period have been crossed with the common fly. We come to perceive dimly that in the old practice of providing fowls at home with a China egg to stimulate their exertions there was a sublime suggestion hitherto unsuspected.

Dr. Reeve's story of Chinese financier — buy silver first in mines — pay treasury notes — reduced on measure — then will not take over. treasurer — they are our friends

sounds plausible and is, I believe, generally accepted. I am not sure that it could be pushed so far in China, however, as elsewhere. According to occidental ideas, the Chinese do not seem to amuse themselves. In all our journeyings I have hardly seen children at play. It took me some time when the realization of this came over me to appreciate the fact that the reason I had not noticed it sooner was because I was already accustomed to seeing the children who come under notice either at work or simply doing nothing. It would be stupid for me to generalize on my slight experience and of course Chinese children must have games and other logical manifestations of the "play-impulse" so famous in physiologic and aesthetic theorizing; but I must say that they seem singularly quiet and unobtrusive in any demonstration in this line.

I may add that a Pekin banker told me in regard to hurrying work in the office that the prospect of getting away early did not appeal to the underlings. They dreaded getting away early. They have nothing in the world to do until bed-time. ~~From this~~ No wonder that China was a land of opium. Now that committing the classics to memory has gone out, the land lies in darkness unconsciously awaiting the movies!

ee with silver paper and a
t spot on t grass -

shaved, | ~~He was armed with fly,~~

children's games -

~~It the man who minded me in.~~

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eaving streets (last
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een complaining of the lack of as=
This region. He takes rarce-shows
of keeping good for business. There pro.
overcrished, and all but the cookies are de=
the most part in the blue cotton, plain
and here; but unless the pipe he reckon=
, they seem to have nothing more. It
ays travelling hoops an plenty; but we
n the first of our trip. It consisted of
d varlets ~~and~~ a ~~wa~~ monkey looking
ad than is the custom of his kind, and
coat so mangy as ~~almost~~ like a ~~my~~

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ness unconsciously awaits to me

Engraved with silver paper and a burnt spot on the grass -

H. shovel. | ~~He was covered with fly,~~

~~No children's games -~~

~~It was the man who mimicked me in~~

Course of poverty & cowardly.

~~Screaming streets (last 3 days)~~

KK P.63 H. has been complaining of the lack of amusements in this region. He takes rarer - shows as a sign of a sort of larceny good for business. These peo. all seem well nourished, and all but the coolies are decently clad, - for the most part in the blue cotton, plain or stamped, ~~made~~ grown and here; but unless the Jap he reckoned a superfluity, they seem to have nothing more. In the streets H. says travelling wrapps are plenty; but we today have seen the first of our trip. It consisted of a dozen ragged varlets ~~and~~ a ~~wa~~ monkey looking even more sad than is the custom of his kind, and a hobbson with coat so mangy as ~~almost~~ like a very travesty of fur.

I do not know how sound a commercial maxim H. has laid down, but it certainly

HH 234.

Patience is one of the poorest things in the world for a reputation. It has hit & has only a proverbial name for stupidity.

Dollar in cash at Fanching

~~Ulan~~ Early by 8 - Eggs - ~~the~~

~~Pig show~~

~~" Zua " "~~ | ~~Fair~~ - ~~exactly before~~

Washing presents. - Boys -

II p.77. Ugly looking for the place was not helped by ~~as~~ my seeing, as over chairs waited out ~~the hall~~ ~~in the~~ filthy atrat over men eating ~~the~~ eggs treated with lye soft. the white is transparent. They are most unholy looking ~~things~~ chows.

E E p. 35 Why these slates have not been sharpened and reused, I do not pretend to know. The only theory I have been able to conceive is that they were built ready-made from a distance, and the local talent was not equal to renovating them.

p. 67 p. 61 "Here and there were the water-buffaloes up to their necks in the flooded paddy-fields, with agile tongues snatching in the small leaves of the yellow water-lily."

E E p. 70 The approach to the gate-house was overshadowed with willows & plane and luxuriant in magnificent bloom was charming. Ducks were noisy and busy. Women were washing, & the everlasting blue cotton gave a fine note. The drawback was the row of detestable bell-wires on all sections on

Man is life's great adventure
and he sleeps.
"It is less with grief than envy
each who knew him weeps.

Apr. 2 5, 1917

Kafiri

I lies poor town near old
dying graves

Shrines – no priests – temples silent

As graceful in growing, and as useful grain
as wheat,

Tree-like, graceful in growing as
wheat

Be your life usefulness no less
complete

Apr. 29, 1917. Sri Aurobindo

May you in fullness be no less
complete.

N.B. P 55
K.K. thoughtfully would
look off our boots and replace
them with slippers whereupon
our feet and ankles uniformly
felt as if plunged into ice-
water. Set down in sneaper
novels to exaggerations of the hour
drag seem trifling, but they
were really as great as I
make our endurance no
less than heroic.

200 shifts in
Lee Chun-hoa Kung Tsun 140 lee
cotton cloth

~~Sewed "Hang gist" & d. & H.~~
" daily 4 ?
~~with letters & P.S.~~

~~W. Brew — S. S. Bank~~

All the long, hot, dusty way
Slow want in the

Zyt was some sort of 3 days
festival in the temple for
the ascetics & + chief
family of the place

Y & must say as an extremely
circumstance th + wheat-ears
almost brushing my chair, and
swaying in rain-heavy, more
very lovely!

Ol P.T. Trains of pack-donkeys, with all
their noses in little baskets, so
th. they cannot sniff standing
wheat; the path runs
but not wide. a corner of wheel between
loaded with bales or bales covered with mystic signs.
the cooler
strang every moment by the
out + rang & words, & sad-looking
bumped in + near by blind
of a soldier's wandering, with his

Siffen

night

Koong Shing Sze — Chao Yang Hsien

Shing Long Chi — Tang Hsien Chen

Lee Sham Chen — Shai Hsien

Stella Ping Chen — ~~Ki tou tien~~

29

Urvan Shui

Tangshan Shuf

~~Rifle always waiting.~~

Talks with Mr. Wo

with Yon Chuck

~~Nipponese property, hard.~~

~~stolen merchandise~~ ~~Chiffonnier~~

were down in gallery at 7

was busy; hence I coolies

with all sorts of things strapped

on their carrying-poles. Mr. Plunkett

a train with native cotton cloth for

Lee Chan to the shops in Tsao

Yang Tsien.

~~Poetry on the river~~

V 42 The banks for wh. we come
was a bank of clay 70 or 80 ft
high; the other low meadows
The high tide was in fact night
worse, the black rascals the
we know, and larger rascals
with white collars. The
to white. - we the fullest
the boat has, if wh. my perfect
reasoned in their favor.

W p. 42 The began to fetch baggage
sitting by the road or room to it.
They were largely women, and
the most unpleasant sort.
They should be used as fuels, or
some thing? the sun. Anything
more mechanical than their
lives is not half integrated.

~~e see good should be~~
~~sea could hood then~~

2

if boys knew th. ~~bom~~ in
church at home
gongs ~~fruit~~ to heat
in-crackers popping
ns' smelly sweat; –

3

with fend
d all cry at ~~at me~~;
won't
~~nt~~ t chance come
converts to their creed;
more things beam!"

1

ames hag ~~fs~~ boys fence
to ~~convert~~ christianize
o must be some

and the children yes

Poetry in this case

V 1-2 The banks for wh. we c
was a bank of clay 70 or 80 in
high; the other low meau
The high side was in
crooks, the black or
we know, and far
with wide white c
& white, & we c
the blue bars, if we
reckoned in

W p. 4-2 The be-gan
sitting by the road or
They were were largely
& the most unpleas
They should be used
some thing & the so
more mechanical
lines & it not by imagi

~~We see good should be~~
~~The sea could need thee~~

2

for if boys knew the ~~bare~~ in
meant church at have to
the drums & gongs ~~preach~~ beat,
~~& set off~~ & fire-crackers popping
& jaw-clear sticks smelly sweet, –

3

I think they'd all cry out ~~at once~~ with head:
"Oh, ~~why don't~~ won't Christ come
& make us converts to their creed?
~~So~~ Then we will make things hum!"

1

When missionaries beg ~~for~~ funds pence
~~?~~ Chinaman to ~~convert~~ christianize
I fear there must be some
prudence
To blind the children's eyes

Jameson's story of the Eng. capt. of Hercules dredge at Panama, his wife disguised as a boy, the Greek crew, ~~and~~ her death, and his suicide.

To see so many baskets of eggs etc, I am convinced the Chinese hen has been crossed with the fly, to make her so fertile.

Hirschberger & Cie Victor Robin

Since Chinamen have lost their queues
They die when they think best;
What can police as handy see
~~There is nest no~~
If they w'ed make arrest?

W.D. Howells and familiar lovers
~~P.~~ meet a woman dying by dandelion
(91) gleams as of the sun & fly, hovering

* (P. 3.) They are made by stencilling & painting with some coarse clay-like paste. When this is dry, & cloth is painted with a brush. The clay is left for the purchaser to dispose of.

~~The~~ ~~many~~ ~~that~~ By thousands vainly vast
~~Have~~ Lying have in vain been killed,
& many thousand stomachs big
Has encrolmed has filled;
But all these big's have left
their appeals
Still shrieking in ~~vain~~ the lanes
wheels.

PB 12

I wd fancy — heads with blunt horn &
to common sheep — crowns & big
a dies (?) — Shuneeling cry ? —
Ri — 15 lis to footing —