Mrs Mary T A Smith 1925 to 1927

Saturday, January 1

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Seattle.

A crisp sparkling June morning. The taxi pants impatiently at the hotel door, and with a last hasty count of the four children and eight bags to make sure none has disappeared between elevator and car we squash in six strong and are off. A prayer on the brakes and we are coasting rapidly down one of the precipices locally known as streets. I feel it is all a dream. So the Far East, mystic and fascinating dream, to become visible to our eyes. Earth under our feet?

The time between hotel and dock slipped quickly by with cautions about hanging out the window to the eager children and brain cudgellings as to what we had left behind this time. Unable to remember anything worse than a tooth brush left languishing on the bath room shelf we gave ourselves up to thrills about this incredible adventure we had all embarked upon, and in another minute we were sliding down a long covered pier between

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pilfering freight - on until we stopped opposite the gangway of a bright green ship with her name on the bow in gold and again over it in gold Chinese characters. Chinese boys in long white gowns and black felt slippers stood in a smiling line and as soon as we had sorted ourselves out from the sardinish congestion in the taxi they whisked away our bags.

The children were inclined to linger and stare at the unfamiliar yellow faces and dresses worn by men - Having lived in the Eastern part of the U.S. they had seen no chinamen - though black faces were an everyday affair. They were easily diverted however by the fascinating prospect of exploring their new quarters -

The band playing, last telegrams being received and sent at the long legged temporary desk, the ships band blowing up - the warning gong lest stay at homes be carried off all unsuspecting - children, a number fresh faced from the long transcontinental train journey, racing up and down the snowy deck the blue water glittering in brilliant sunshine. More Chinese boys in long white gowns

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and loose white trousers snugly bound at ankles and noiseless black felt slippers pass in and out opening confetti and tightly rolled ribbons of colored paper in flat trays. Soon the deck and ships side is covered with gay streamers and confetti showers the shoulders and upturned faces of those we are leaving behind. Ropes are cast off. the schechra plays. The tumult of voices increases, and as the ship gathers way the more enthusiastic of the crowd run along the dock beside us as we move waving and calling out last good byes and bon voyages. Later we move and faster the people dwindle to mere specks and are no more distinguishable. We are finally separated from home now, and I comes to a chill moment wondering, too late for action about this journey to China with four children and a husband off on a ship and probably inaccessible at critical moments. Well - too late for thoughts like that so we hurried to the next ship, settling ourselves in what proved to be two very comfortable staterooms (furnished)

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with real beds. and hunting up the time and place for food. A thought which soon became insistant on such a brisk and thrilling day!
All that day we sailed smoothly along between two lowering mountain ranges. rising steep and green clad from the water - wreathed in mist and crowned with snow and as the afternoon wore on becoming thier and mistier and frostier until despite the warm sunshine and the June day their icy breath sent us below to find wraps.
I suppose ocean voyages are much alike to seasoned travellers but to us it was all new and fascinating.
Deck sports movies, dancing, days of calm and days of rain and wind.
A poor lorry day on the ships run.
It grew colder steadily, and the day we came within sight of the Aleutian Islands to my great disappointment we could not see them at all for a curtain of rain and a raw fog that would have been a credit to November. We had to give up and sit inside with our toes toasting comfortably near the ~~heater~~ radiators admiring the cosy glow of the electric

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heater camouflaged under red and black glass coal in the fire place.
We had gotten quite used to this new life when suddenly it warmed up again and there was Yokohama.
It seemed hardly true - particularly remembering how every evening the patient clock had been tripped up and set to do some of its days work over again, to have come across the vast Pacific and be on the eve of our first Oriental stop.
In the afternoon before signs of life appeared. Queer Japanese fishing boats with still queerer looking little men all dressed in grass rain coats - for it was raining again, much too busy about their work to return our curious stares. Their boats seemed far too small and frail to be so far out from shore.
Bright and early next day we were up and eager to get ashore. It was all very pretty. and the mountains covered with soft green stood up against the sky with just the pointed look Japanese prints are so fond of hinting at. Once inside the breakwater we were summoned to the main saloon where a funny little Japanese doctor

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went around carefully counting noses. Satisfied by the second round he waved us all into the smoking room where one by one we exhibited passports and received a small square of paper with a purple hyroglyphic in the middle which turned out to be a permit to go ashore. There was a line of Japanese rickshas haughtily awaiting customers, women in kimonas and loud clacking wooden clogs which made a tremendous racket on the stone quay. And there were men in every possible combination of Japanese and European dress.— kimonas with straw hats ankle length high waisted skirts deeply pleated and shirts and many trousers cut to reach the calf of the leg and exhibit ordinary socks and gay Paris garters in all their splendor a couple of inches below their hem. We all climbed awkwardly into the unfamiliar rickshas, mid squeals of delight from the children, and set off to explore what was left of Yokohama. It felt strange to be pulled along by a human being but they were so cheerful, so matter of fact and talked so comfortably together as they ran, any such sentiment as pity seemed a positive impertinence. Yokohama was emerging from the wreckage of the earthquake but was still largely piles of rubble the shells of buildings and the skeletons of houses rising among it all. We soon made for the station and took an electric car - just like any suburban line at home - and moved on to Tokio - an hours ride. —

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We had a very interesting trip up the Whangpoo River to Shanghai. The Captain in courtesy to our naval husbands, asked us all to come up on the lower bridge as we came in and now and then called down from his lofty perch information about various points of interest. It was very different from Japan and not nearly so pretty. The country stretches away from either riverbank perfectly flat as far as eye could see.

The river was a dark ~~muddy~~ yellow, and heavy looking with the mud that gave it color. There were quantities of grave mounds, shapeless humps of earth everywhere among the fields. These constitute a real hardship for an appreciable fraction of China's area is devoted to the planting of ancestors rather than the raising of so necessary food. Not that I am accurate in saying planting for Chinese dead are put in tremendously heavy wooden coffins and set upon the earth - in some spot chosen as propitious to the spirit by a joss man - paid of course for the office.

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The poor man's coffin may be only a lighter box and if his sons lack money to build a little brick casing for him they may put a few layers of straw and matting burlap, weighted with stones - and it but very many years before his bones are bleaching in the grass. Three or four coffins together may have a little earth thrown around them as time goes on - for beans and eggplants and such things flourish to their very edges, and in time a mound is formed and cultivated around and slowly they grow sometimes to quite imposing size.

We reached the dock and were tied up about five o'clock in the afternoon and a young naval officer came aboard at once with a sheaf of orders - some for all hands.

We had left home with nothing more definite than a report to consider in chief asiatic station - which need hardly say gave us a never ending subject for speculations and hopes all the long journey out. It does interest one to know if it is to be Hankow

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a thousand miles up the Yangtze River, or Manila - a weeks further journey southward.

My husbands orders directed him to leave Shanghai at seven next morning on a destroyer sailing at that hour for Chefoo - There he was to take over his new command.

My heart did go down in my boots at this for I had counted on one day before he left to get ashore and find a place to live. H. E. also informed us that a strike against the British was crippling steamers and there so was no transportation to Chefoo that ~~the same~~ it would be impossible for me to follow. Shanghai was full of men in uniform, for it was July 1925 - and the Shanghai incident as the ~~Chronicle~~ newspapers called it had recently mutinied - and the volunteers were all ready for service an armed guard from the ships was watching at the water works and power plant to insure light and water,

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that in short, things looked rather blackish ashore.
Next morning bright and early all our trunks were out of the hold, my husband's were loaded into the motor sailer sent from the ship he was to go on, mine were sent in on the lighter to the customs jetty, and we waved goodbye as cheerily as we might as Daddy disappeared into the distance.
Formality I had a free day before the ship left and could part the children safely there with the stewardess while I took a deep breath, called up my courage and went ashore to see if I where I could find a place to live.
Its not much like home, getting on and off a launch in China. They come alongside the customs jetty there and you jump and you scramble across and climb over, around or through as the case may be, jostled and pushed by dozens of crowding coolies.
On this occasion there were only two to negotiate and I had plunged into a yelling riot, all unintelligible,

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each coolie trying to snatch a bit of luggage. I expected everything to disappear into that filthy half naked gang of villainous looking pirates but it all arrived in the customs shed eventually. One trunk had suffered getting aboard ship in Seattle and my husband had gotten a piece of rope from the quartermaster and lashed it securely in true sailor fashion - so of course it was the one trunk that must be opened.
They finished at last and chalked the last piece and I started off to inspect hotels.
The Bund is a great wide street. Streetcar lines or trams as they are known here, English fashion - run down the middle. A wide strip of grass and then the evil yellow river on one side and on the other a line of late Stone and brick buildings - much more "foreign" than Chinese looking.

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I went on to the first hotel on my list, a world known hotel, and was told the only available rooms at the moment were in the older part, where there was no following the bellboy through a labyrinth of winding corridors I found my rooms quite passable but a bath with no plumbing except a drain pipe for the tub and basin.

In spite of the handsome foyer I decided to search further and pursue a more modern bathroom so I went on to the next on my list. Here my bath was graced by an old fashioned wash stand with basin and pitcher, and a commode primitive enough for Revolutionary days. and open arrangement met my request for a 1925 model. Somehow you do expect plumbing in the large hotels of a city - even a Chinese one - dont you!

It also disguided me a little when fancying a slight movement of the bed I looked more carefully and saw roll out from under it one of the

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hotel boys, all rolled in his quilt. He had been improving the shining hour by a restful snooze under a vacant bed - but I couldnt help wondering if he might not feel the attachment of humans for familiar things and return to snooze after we moved in!

Altogether I was profoundly grateful when through a combination of good luck and the intervention of the totally unknown friend of a friend I found rooms in a boarding house in the French concession. Coming back down Nanking Road and feeling that much done and so free to look about with real attention I was shocked to see the motor directly in front of us strike a coolie and throw him violently to the ground.

Now the Chinese believe that a peerrunning devil can be cut off

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confused and so frustrated if they can cross before a car, boat train, anything of the sort, and make a near enough thing of it so the third can't follow. They risk life and limb over and over and drive the ~~steerers~~ of helmsmen of ships and the Chauffeurs of cars to despair and often accidents in their attempts not to kill them. I didn't know this at the time however, and only saw the coolie roll into the gutter and then get to his knees nursing his arm and talking, as they always do, loud enough to be heard ~~at home~~. a block or two. I also fully expected, being fresh from home to see the Sikh policeman hold up the tragic later names and numbers and hand out some sort of summons as witnesses to as well. Nothing could have been farther from the truth. The Sikh stepped briskly forward and gave the howling coolie two or three sharp cracks with his stick,

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bade him be off. and waved the tragic on. but bears enough at home of the sufferings of the poor pedestrian, but at least he hasn't sunk so low that he is beaten for getting in the way.

I went back to the ship and lay awake all night wondering if it was crazy to go ashore and live in this place, where anything seemed to happen but what was expected and everyone seemed to be on tip toe to see what it would be.

We were all up early next morning. watching the river life with interest and surprise. Everywhere were sampans - flat boats with an arched hood across the middle of matting over a frame - Many big flat unwieldy scows loaded with all sorts of cargoes, all propelled by a huge oar which is waggled to and fro in the stern something

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like a sculling motion. This is usually done by women in the smaller boats, even little girls, & two or three men and women together on the larger ones.

Many sampan children ran about, the boys usually naked save for a gourd tied to their backs in case of a tumble overboard. Girls being of less account were not trouted even by gourds. A fall overboard is more than likely to be fatal even to the strongest swimmer – ~~in the current and~~ heavy deposit of mud and sand which instantly weights any garment, and the very swift current are a terrible combination and no Chinaman will rescue a drowning person for they believe the rescuer is forever after responsible for the support of this life which he has saved – and the rescued one usually thanks his lucky star and sits back in idle bliss for the rest of his allotted span.

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We were also intrigued by the daring manner in which they got their daily food. Each boat was provided with one or two long poles with a fine meshed cotton bag attached to the end much like a crab net at home. These are held up to the slop chutes of the big ships and every now and then a gook fills it with broken head orange peel, coffee grounds, bottle refuse. This they carefully swish to and fro in the filthy river a few times – to floss? and then dump out on a flat board to be sorted into tiny piles – Rice here, head to dry there, and any choice bit is popped at once into the mouth. Everything is fuse except coffee grounds – and strange to say the people who live in what seems to us, brought up among ice boxes and much careful watching over what we eat, a singularly unsanitary and dangerous manner, seem largely to be fat, rosycheeked and jolly – always ready to laugh and certainly looking well fed.

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Many of these people live entirely, some years end to years end in these sampans, and subsist upon what they can pick up.

Going ashore, to stay this time I tried to gather a little information about that mystifying thing Chinese money. To start with it comes in "big" and small. Big money is never less than a dollar – Small is what we'd call change. So far simple enough. But, when you progress to the knowledge that anything from 200 to 250 coppers make a dollar – six 20 cent pieces and some coppers make a dollar – anywhere from twelve to seventeen coppers make a dime! – and then you are always expected to pay shops in big money – coolies and street cars can be paid in small. Fifty cents small money is two 20's and a ten cents, but fifty cents big money is three twenties. Whats more the number of coins you get changed from day to day and so you must go to regular change shops to get your small money you must keep an alert eye on things or you will be badly done – To finish with Chinas money must be at least half bad

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and no one thinks of accepting silver even a ten cent piece without ringing it, generally inspecting and all but tasting it to be sure its good and the bank notes must be inspected for the money you use in each city is different and only useful to you in the wrong city where you buy the right sort at a change shop – invariably at a discount.

People who gaily suggest purchases from home dont realize that your Peking dollars wont buy a thing in Shanghai – your Hongkong money is scorned in Chefoo – and you must be quite an astute arithmetician not to lose heavily in each exchange.

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Letter. R.C.S. from Nanking - Dec 26.

Sunday night the northerners started to crumble. By Monday they were completely defeated everywhere and started withdrawing on Nanking. Monday afternoon put a small guard ashore with the Consul - Phelps in charge - and a signalman - Wilson in the standard oil house to communicate with the ship. Emerald tried to get a guard ashore but it was stopped. Ours got through because I got cars driven by Americans sent for them. Thurs. am at 6. we started evacuating women and children. Had 175 off from 5 to 8 miles up city by noon - 102 in No. 73 in Preston (which came up from Wuhu in a hurry - That afternoon put 30 aboard a river steamer and sent them down leaving 72 with us. Thurs. night quiet firing getting nearer. Wed. am. went ashore with Rohe to look at our guard at Consulate and Rohe's on Standard oil hill. Came back about noon and at 4.00 went on hand to see what was going on. While I was there heavy firing started

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all around. We got our beach guard along with Emeralds into B. S. hulk and returned to ship. The Northerners were ~~coming~~ crossing the river all ~~day~~ night and continuous firing along bund, but quiet in city. Others. Am. now firing and they began to fire on the ships. One shot hit the bridge just over my head and spattered me with lead. About eleven the Consulate had to be abandoned and under fire the party made their way back country lanes to the Standard Oil house on the hill. Some British from their Consulate also got up there. Their Consulate was looted and their Consul General wounded. He and his party finally got out yesterday about 5.30 P.M. So they had in that house about 34 people including naval personnel from Noa and Preston. The Consul, 2 ladies, 2 children and men. We had been in precarious but steady communication with them all morning and early P.M. Wilson and the Preston 2 signalmen had to stand on the top amid a constant sniping to signal. I am going to recommend

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all men for a Navy Cross. and our signalmen on ship board were also sniped at. but in town all missing and foreign property was thoroughly looted by organized bands of soldiers. People hid and all were eventually saved but one man. The soldiers had surrounded a woman's college with all the girl students and professors inside and were setting fire to it. On the hill the situation by 3 P.M. was serious. They were being closely besieged had given up all their money and about everything else they had and as a last resort when they saw a determined attack by a large mob signalled for fire from the ships and cut loose themselves. We were all ready but Noa got off the first salvo. One shell hit on the near slope one just to the left of the house in the open and one over the top of the hill where most of the mob etc. were. We had planted each shell with a plumb bob we couldn't have gotten them off better. There was a great scattering all the soldier bandits ran for shelter.

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In fact just at this time a wad of money made up by all hands was thrown to them and they didn't even wait to pick it up but skipped. Then Preston and Emerald opened up and plastered that neighborhood. After a good while the house signalled that they were clear and would try to get over the wall. They had one rope and had ripped sheets etc to make two more. They went to the bottom of the hill and over the wall. Preston and Noa stopped fire while Emerald continued shelling over the house at about minute intervals until all were clear. As soon as we heard they were going out we called away landing force and all ships landed them opposite ships in a flat place. The wall is about a mile in here and the intervening land is cultivated built on Chinese houses, and intersected with canals. We sprayed the foreshore well with machine guns. No one answered and the party started in. They went one way and the party coming out another but got out safely and put the pickets and rear guards in places near the shore. We had boats in and brought our men off. H.M.S. Woolsey went in close and

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covered the debarkation and took off the civilians. both American & British. The lads all gave a big cheer for the Noa when they came alongside. I was certainly glad to see them. I never expected to. Then the Preston boat came alongside with the Consul and got me and we went to Emerald. There was a delegation of Chinese on the beach with red cross flags waving who wanted to come off and parley. We sent after them and presented a demand they were to transmit to the general. Capt. England and myself signing them. Just as I had done so the Tsetsi came in from Hankow and I claimed to be senior officer present. The Admiral approved of all I had done including the firing. Then about 11 P.M. the delegation came back with a letter from another general and we had another conference which lasted until 3.30 a.m. when we finally discovered that these important looking personages were really nothing at all and had no authority of any sort. So we gave them another letter requiring the

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presence of the general to talk to by noon. (Fri.) He didn't come but another and higher one sent another letter which was very sassy and insolent. So we sent him back an answer that he was to have all remaining foreigners in Nanking on the dock that afternoon. These included about 150 more Americans. The British consul generals party and others. They were ceremoniously escorted to the dock just before dusk and just as we were getting ready to open fire again. So we did get every foreigner out of Nanking except one American missionary wantonly shot, 2 British ditto, 2 French priests ditto. The Emerald had one man killed on board by rifle shot and the Japs one man killed ashore yesterday in a landing party. Had a man wounded in the landing party had at the Consulate. Now we are sending out the last refugees and sending to the respective Admirals what we think of the situation and what we propose doing unless stopped. The missionaries who came down yesterday all say the firing even down in their end of town was what saved their lives - that they were in the gravest danger and everything was being looted and burned

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and when we fired all the soldiers took to their heels and about 6 P.M. a strong guard of good troops arrived at all the various places and preserved order and the lives and property of foreigners. Yesterday at one of our conferences in the P.M. it was debated whether to fire again or not our demands not having been complied with. We had because of the people still ashore and of the fact the Japanese were ashore then. About decided not to when word came the British C.G. was on the bund. That told us that the Chinese were bringing out the refugees and saved Nanking another bombardment. Today has been quiet except for the arrival of another British and a Jap cruiser and the sending down to Shanghai of the refugees. The first loads of refugees went off about 3 Friday escorted by Preston & H.M.S. Cricket. Preston was fired on several times and once by a 3 inch gun from a range of about 500 yards.

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They replied effectively to all fire and when they had escorted their ship beyond the zone of the forts they returned and were not fired on at all. The missionaries all say if we had fired again yesterday they could have strolled safely down empty streets to no bund.

Saturday about midnight I was awakened by a message from the Admiral to go to Wuhu at daybreak Sunday. We reached Wuhu about 9. and I called at once upon Capt. Allen of H.M.S. Caradoc. whom I had previously met and he took me ashore to talk to the people there assembled. at the B.A.S. hulk. We urged them all to come into the hulk to live (very nice quarters) which they agreed to. and we finally got hold of an old fossil of a Methodist ~~minister~~ bishop there and tried by fierce language and other persuasions to get him to order out his five remaining women. Americans. two were in charge of a girls school whence all the girls had fled. but he didnt get them in - and the others were doctors in the hospital who were caring for wounded Canadian soldiers

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for sooth! and he wouldnt get them in. I certainly cursed that man. He used fair words - but deeds talk and he did nothing. I believe they have since evacuated. I sincerely hope so. Returning to the Ship I found an alarming state of affairs. We had some sort of sickness aboard. whether food poisoning or flu of some sort brought aboard by the first batch of refugees is yet uncertain. Thurs. Some were under the weather. Friday several quite sick. Sat. noon - Sunday morning 25 down and Sun. noon 39. This was alarming. Sent for Caradoc's doctor and sent a radio to Admiral Hough and was ordered to return to Nanking and the Stewart was sent to Wuhu to take my place. I waited until after four to take off those women should they come down but they didnt. so up anchor and away. Got to Nanking about seven having made 24 knots down. Went over to see the Admiral at once and to report we now had 42 sick. Despite my pleas I was ordered to return to Shanghai and went down and berthed alongside

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Chaumont. We expected to be fired on at several places and expecte reached them on the way down we went to general quarters. With loaded guns trained on the forts we passed them without incident. Most of them were not manned but in one place we passed a lot of soldiers behind a dyke with field guns etc. They made no move except a few soldiers and an officer in a long gown getting up on the dyke and standing at salute until we passed by. Just below that was a long line of troops on the shore kneeling, with rifles ready. We kept our guns on them and not a peep. But for the past three days the boys at that point had amused themselves by taking shots at everything that passed by. I wouldn't wonder if the bamboo telegraph had functioned to warn all hands against fooling with 343 and 344 - At least old China hands here have assured me that such was certainly the case.
During our trip down the sick began to improve and under good care aboard Chaumont rapidly

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got well.

I was so surprised to find the predominating colors so dull in Shanghai streets. True there are many street signs hanging - largely gold characters on a scarlet ground - but the colors of the clothes of the crowd are black, white, and every shade of blue. The coolies all wear loose short trousers and loose coats. pajama style - wide open in warm weather, & hanging on the barrow or rickshaw ~~shaft~~ handle or shaft. and all of them are black white or blue - and at least two thirds patches - In July a pair of trousers rolled to knee length and maybe an old straw hat, or a passé French model from the dust heap on their heads. Saw one rickshaw boy in an ancient green felt jaunttily turned up with the remains of a pearl ornament, and another with a faded, but still red merry widow. garnered from Heaven knows what ash heap.

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The men who are a rank above coolies wear a long gown. In winter clothe or silk often lined with fur - in summer usually white cambric or "grass" linen. They are made with a low collar and fasten with loops on the left shoulder, under the left arm and down the side and are worn with loose white trousers. A delightfully cool ensemble I should think which our men might well envy on a roasting summer day. White socks and black brocade or cloth slippers complete one end of him and the other is usually finished off with a plain straw or fedora in colder days. But there is no "colorful East" in crowds of men so attired. The women never wear anything on their heads and the hair is always dressed the same way. If you are a married woman it is made slick and smooth with oil and is pulled back absolutely smoothly into a coil or a braid which is wound round and round on the back of the head. Sometimes it is decorated by a line of heavy scented jasmine flowers to outline the coil - often graced by a simple golden hairpin ~~pick~~ and ~~an~~ ~~pick~~. head scratcher thrust

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negligently into the knot. Now and then a coolie is hailed into court for being unable to resist one of these ornaments so handy to his reach as he stands behind her rickshaw in the traffic. It is quite ladylike to use ones head scratcher in an elegant manner, and no hair cut is complete without an ear clean thrown in. The Chinese seldom have any hair on their faces so shaves aren't important and when they have half a dozen hairs growing from the chin, perchance a mole, they cultivate them as we do orchids and let them hang down as long as they can be induced to grow. And to a western eye very unsightly they often are - however exquisite the brocade gown they repose on. If you are an unmarried girl your hair is cut in a bang and slicked back to a pigtail - usually long and thick - which at the end - and often at the nape too is wound, beautifully evenly, a

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colored thread. The brides are usually to be recognized by the bangs which are immediately slicked back and held by a comb until they grow long enough to dispense with it - and in the meantime which stands up straight in a sort of ruff directly behind the confining teeth. The coolie women wear loose trousers and coats like the men - of blue or white or black and as they wear nothing underneath either it comes handier than it would at home to sit on the curb and nurse a hungry baby. Chinese ladies wear beautiful silk trousers - the more modern with a transparent black skirt on top - and a tight fitting jacket with a low standing collar - these jackets with five buttons and may be diamond, jade or plain gold as you choose - one at the collar, one on the left shoulder, and two between the hem and under the left arm. Sometimes the top jacket is transparent as gauze but there are other ones of thicker stuff is underneath. The girls in their wide trousers are the only

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gay ones besides the children - who often wear magenta trousers and a pea green jacket or any combination. In hot weather children under ten usually run about quite naked - the the little girls sometimes wear trousers only. Many the child we see standing in a tub with a couple of inches of water placed at the kerb where mother and child may be amused by the sights while indulging in a bath. As there is no water in Chinese houses and it all has to be carried in a bucket from the nearest public hydrant washing is more of a task than for us but it is absurd to see a couple of children, stark naked, quarreling to get the best advantage from an umbrella in a shower. They do not rain - and even the umbrellas are part of a soldiers equipment, they slop bantes for a rainstorm as well as meat hover.

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Summer weather in Shanghai is abominable - hot and damp - and plenty of mosquitoes and almost no screens. In winter it is damp and cold and furnaces are very scarce. But the spring and autumn are perfect. Clear bright days that are crisp at both ends and agreeably warm in the middle. In summer there is always cholera and you don't wonder when you watch the way they fertilize. But in the French concession - in between huge white marble palaces belonging to Chinese who being well to do lots range from their brethren in a part of town where they can count on police protection and order - there are still many open lots every inch of which is used either by a grave mound or a coffin maybe burst open from many years of rains and weather and the poor bones mouldering in plain view - or by endless small vegetable patches with small hard packed runways between. At intervals there

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are huge earthenware pots which are kept filled with by little handcarts which have in turn been filled by coolies, from similar large earthen pots which stand here and there about the city in alleys or corners and serve as toilets. They use the gutter whenever possible but in the concessions this isn't as satisfactory to the police as in the native city - and the stink pots as the children elegantly named them - are all over. Even the hotels don't have much in the way of plumbing and what there is requires an expert mechanic to manipulate. To go back to the large pots decorating the fields - they are kept full and daily the truck gardener comes and takes his long handled dipper and carefully mixing water in, sprays his beans, eggplant or lettuces with this cholera dealing fertilizer. One delicacy they love which is safe from cholera but hardly, to my mind, less repellent, is the cicada.

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All summer they make a terrible din which renders conversation under the average tree impossible. The Chinese having no apparent nerves, catch the creatures and put them in tiny cages and hang them about the place and seemingly enjoy as soft music their loud rasping buzz. When autumn comes the trees are thick with them hung in little spindle shaped cocoons - and every day or every street with trees you see boys with long poles with which they knock off the cocoon. and then scramble for it - as tho it were a tasty nut. The lucky one cracks it with his teeth and extracting the chrysalis crunches it with every sign of pleasure. Another delicacy I've seen enjoyed at Chefoo - where the water is blue and clear - and unlike the muddy Whangpoo - is jelly fish. The large clear white ones are captured and sprinkled with some compound of their own which soon dries the tough outer skin. This is then peeled off as

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with a mushroom and the tit-bit remaining is then cut into strips and eaten raw. The Chinese seem to care very little for flavoring and most of their foods resemble and taste flat - like paste or dough, or unflavored jelly. The itinerant kitchens often have a great bowl of soup - which looks good - with vegetables and vermicelli - which you see in quantity. These kitchens are curious things - a sort of stand which a coolie carries along and sets up where he pleases. Underneath is a charcoal fire and on top fitted in is a round receptacle with a cover. On top is a tray with little bowls and cups and it is so the average rickshaw man gets his food - others have trays with rolls or round white dumplings looking like raw dough - or cakes that look both dealty and made of glue. It seems odd to see a man with a big tray peddling maybe a dozen peaches - one melon

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cut in slices - piles of cherries with perhaps five & six in a pile. Such small quantities hardly seem worth while to us - and if you are not expected to buy but one or two. The average street seller couldn't give you a dozen of anything -

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