

## CHAPTER XIII

### CHEFOO

CHEFOO harbor is formed by what was once a long, narrow island lying about five miles from the shore. The western end of this hilly crest, called "The Bluff," is now connected by a sandspit with the mainland, thus forming one of the most beautiful bays in North China. The water is deep blue, and the Bluff, rising in a cone to the height of a thousand feet, often has a cap of cloud about its top reminding travelers of Vesuvius and the Bay of Naples.

It was morning when Galahad and Jeanne's steamer dropped anchor within the breakwater, a quarter of a mile from shore. They had come upon deck for the view. On their left was Consular Hill, a rocky height, in ancient times doubtless an island also. Its top was crowned with a white lighthouse whose red and white eyes wink their warning through the night. The flags of the nations, whose representatives have their residence upon the hill, waved cheerily in the breeze. Jeanie could see the British Union Jack, the red sun of Japan, and the Stars and Stripes.

Below, and to the south and west of the hill, lay the city, drab in color with its gray-tiled roofs. Fringing the city at the south rose a range of brown hills with ragged tops nearly as high as The Bluff. Several passes over these hills were clearly visible, the roadway winding up to them shining white in the June sunlight. Galahad pointed out the one over which they must pass in their journey to Leafy Banks.

On one of the lower hills to the southwest of the city was a temple standing in a grove of scrub pines. It

was the sanctuary of the "Pearly Emperor," and the hill was named after the god. This hill was the immediate destination of the couple. Again MacGregor's kind hand was appearing. He had insisted on Galahad's taking Jeanne to the home of Dr. Herbeth, an old missionary friend of his. When Galahad had demurred at intruding on the hospitality of the veteran missionary, whom he remembered seeing once at the market, and whose name was a household word throughout Shantung, MacGregor had assured him that he would write to Mrs. Herbeth, who was a fellow countrywoman, and also give him a letter of introduction. Desiring to provide Jeanne with every possible comfort before they should plunge into the interior, Galahad consented.

As they stood on the deck looking toward the shore and hills, a flotilla of turtle-shaped sampans quickly surrounded the ship. After haggling with the owner of one of these boats, Galahad engaged it to take them and their baggage to the jetty. The sampan was flat-bottomed, with square ends, and was propelled and steered by means of a single oar behind. Their pilot stood as he worked the oar. In a short time, he landed them in the midst of an insistent company of ricksha coolies who struggled with each other for Jeanne's baggage and only desisted when a policeman in khaki uniform belabored them with his club. Galahad, who had been engaged in paying the boatman, he took for her personal servant only. A few sharp words from her husband, in which the Chinese recognized the tone of authority and the flavor of education, quickly straightened out the trouble. Rickshas carried them to the gate of Dr. Herbeth's residence. As she stepped into the ricksha and it began to move, Jeanne felt like a baby being trundled in a baby carriage.

Everything she saw was of interest to her, all was so unusual. As they passed through the narrow streets, paved with blocks of stone and worn into ruts by the

incessant travel of wheelbarrows, Jeanne could look right into the tiny shops whose upright board fronts had, with the rising sun, been slipped from their grooves. Here behind the counters of various stores young men dressed in the prevailing blue gowns measured silk and satin, or cotton cloth, according to the desires of their customers; wrapped up packages of tea and other merchandise; or stood lightly running their fingers over the clicking abacus. In one street sewing machines were whirring, propelled by young boys stitching cloth shoe tops. Farther on, coppersmiths laboriously beat out bright utensils with anvil and hammer, blacksmiths made shoe nails one by one from scrap iron, and pewter workers polished their shining incense urns.

Every one seemed busy. Children were numerous, but women, except a very few of the poorer classes, were not in evidence. Jeanne wanted to ask about a dozen things she saw, but ricksha traveling is not conducive to conversation; so, after an attempt or two, she gave it up.

Mrs. Herbeth was expecting them; indeed, through the telescope, which was standing on the veranda, she had seen the *Nippon* come in. With a cordial welcome, she brought them up the walk to the house. Jeanne, with an experienced eye, noted the flower beds and the well-kept garden.

The house was only one story, the tile roof coming down low to form the roof of the veranda, which ran the entire length of the front, and which was supported by square stucco pillars connected by round arches. Vines nearly covered the bungalow, and flower boxes and potted plants, together with Chinese straw mats and wicker furniture, gave the veranda a cool and inviting appearance most attractive on a warm June day.

As they stood for a moment looking at the view through one of the arches, Jeanne could not help exclaiming: "Lovely! How much more beautiful the

bay is from up here!" The city lay spread out at their feet, and, though without beauty of its own, it helped form the gray frame of the picture. White sails dotted the bay. The junks along the bund had hoisted to dry their red and brown sails, wet with the last night's shower. A red funnel steamer was nosing its way into anchorage, and a gray American destroyer lay grimly beyond the breakwater, its white numeral, painted on the prow, easily visible even at that distance. Across the blue expanse The Bluff, without vegetation on its sides, sloped evenly up to the peak, about which hung an umbrella of white clouds. It was, indeed, worth going a long way to see.

They met Dr. Herbeth at lunch. He was a man over eighty, tall and spare, with white beard flowing down over his bosom. His kindly eyes smiled as he welcomed them in a simple but hearty fashion. Jeanne felt drawn to this man of God at once. Galahad felt awed in his presence at first. "Do you speak Chinese?" the doctor asked in the language of the country, when he found that she did not understand English.

"A little," she replied, in the same tongue. "My husband has taught me."

"Yes," said Galahad, "we had some lessons in France last year and we have also improved the time on ship-board."

"Why, I think you speak remarkably well for such a short time," exclaimed Mrs. Herbeth.

So for Jeanne's benefit the conversation was in Chinese, though she took little part in it. Indeed, the good doctor, with rare tact and kindly interest, led Galahad to do most of the talking. He asked about his home, his father and mother, his schooling; about the war and the labor battalions in France; about the Y. M. C. A., and their trip; all of which Galahad told graphically and modestly. Jeanne longed to tell her story, to let them know what a hero her husband was, but no opportunity

came, nor was her language adequate even if she had been given the chance, and so the little that MacGregor had been able to include about "gallant conduct" was all they knew.

"You have been in China a long time?" suggested Galahad to Dr. Herbeth.

"Fifty-five years," he answered.

"Then you have seen many changes."

"Indeed I have, both in Chefoo and in the whole country. When we came here Chefoo was only a fishing village of a few hundred families; now it is over one hundred thousand inhabitants. In those days we looked across open fields to Consular Hill; this morning, as you came up, you saw the busy streets. Most of the houses then were in the walled town which forms the nucleus of the present city. Soon after our arrival, Chefoo was made an open port, and from that time on the growth has been steady. People have flocked here from all parts of the province and from other provinces as well. We have seen the telegraph come, as well as electric lights, and the post office has been opened. The jetties and the breakwater have been built, schools and hospitals opened, and a marvelous change in the attitude of the people towards us has been apparent."

He might have told, however, if he had not been too courteous, how French soldiers quartered in the walled town during the war of 1860 had treated the Chinese women so outrageously that for years the sight of a European or an American would send them flying in terror to their doors, which would be hastily shut and bolted. The very name of the white man was one with which to frighten refractory children. With these older families, few friendships had been made during the half century, and little or no intercourse had been maintained. To them the white man was no superior being, but a barbarian and a brute. What could he bring to them of culture or religion which was worthy of notice? What

message of brotherhood could he offer after such unforgettable savagery?

The walled town was one of many built along the coasts of Shantung as a refuge from the Japanese pirates, who in early days made raids upon the shores of China much as the Norsemen raided the coast towns of Gaul. But here was a type more terrible than the pirates, because they were armed with modern firearms, reinforced by ships of war, and operating not by small bands but as units of international alliances. It has always been so with China. She has been compelled again and again to face a poterie of European powers growling at her from behind their long guns. The good of civilization and the progress and safety of business have been invoked too often, however, to deceive the Chinese. He is clever enough to recognize sham, and shoddy motives cannot find a market in the Middle Kingdom.

"Of course Chefoo is not really Chinese," said Galahad. "We shall have to pass the hills to the south before Mrs. Yao will really be introduced to my China. Chefoo, like Tsingtau and all these other ports, is very much Europeanized. The country customs have changed less. Inherited ways of thinking yield slowly. Indeed, there are many things which I hope will never yield."

"For instance?" asked Mrs. Herbeth.

"Well, my impression of life in the West is that it is too hurried. People have too little leisure for conversation, for one thing. There is a great deal of rushing about, a great deal doubtless accomplished, but there is a noticeable absence of repose."

"No," agreed Dr. Herbeth, "I don't think we Westerners think much about repose. We feel rather ashamed not to be busy about something. To be making something, or turning out something, or changing something, is our idea of life. You are right."

"And if the people I met are to be taken as typical,

there is very little peace and serenity in their lives. We Chinese think that life in itself is good and offers most of the satisfactions which make for joy. We enjoy simple things—flowers, a well-phrased line of poetry, mountains, the song of birds, or an old gnarled tree.”

“That reminds me,” said the doctor, laughing, “of something the captain of the *Lienshing*, one of the new steamers plying up and down the coast, told me. It was his first trip to Chefoo in this ship, so he invited a group from the Chinese Chamber of Commerce to visit the vessel and inspect its modern conveniences. They discovered in the saloon a potted flowering plant and, much to the captain’s disgust, spent the whole time inspecting and discussing, not the engines or staterooms, but flowers in general and that plant in particular.”

“Then there is the simplicity of our ways of living,” continued Galahad. “Your homes are wonderful but rather bewildering to us Chinese. You have so many things, so many unnecessary things. It must take a great deal of thought to look after them and to remember where they all belong. I wish China might keep her simple ways, but I am afraid my wish will not be granted. The very shops along the streets of Chefoo are crowded now with all sorts of new, bright things from Japan and Germany with which to litter up our houses.”

“Yes,” assented Mrs. Herbeth, “the stores of the city have changed in the last ten years. Board fronts have been replaced by plate-glass windows. One-story houses have made way for two- and three-story buildings. And, as you say, the quantity of all sorts of knick-knacks in the stores is amazing. The Chinese must have cultivated a taste for such things, or there would not be such a sale for them.”

“That is what I said,” answered Yung-fu, “our tastes are being corrupted by these cheap, tawdry toys. One sees it even in the homes in the country. Instead of delighting in a scroll of fine penmanship or a landscape

by a noted Chinese artist, or a simple piece of fine porcelain, you will find now paper flowers in cheap, Japanese vases, German chromos of battle scenes, and shrieking talking machines. Glass lamps and tin lanterns are supplanting our artistic lanterns, and ugly furniture, such as crudely made washstands with gaudy washbasins, occupy the place of the carved screens of former days. We Chinese are in danger of losing our artistic sense, or of having it buried under an avalanche of painted tin and colored glass."

"I agree with you, Mr. Yao," said their hostess, "that the old Chinese things are much more admirable than any of these new-fangled creations. We must work together to preserve them and the taste for them."

"You both forget, do you not," asked Dr. Herbeth, kindly, "that porcelains and fine scrolls are for the wealthy? The poor like a little brightness in their homes as well, and these things, which seem cheap and tawdry to us, seem very beautiful to those who have so little. They are, moreover, within their means."

"That is very true, Dr. Herbeth; the poor have little but drudgery for their lot. I hope that the time may come when rural life may be made more comfortable and happier, but I would keep it Chinese and not lose the elements of our own Chinese culture. Cheap reproductions of Kiangsi porcelains can even now be purchased and they are not lacking in beauty, and penmen are not wanting even in the country villages."

"But you did see much in the West which you would be glad to have transplanted to China?" said Mrs. Herberth inquiringly.

"Yes, indeed. There are the beautiful roads, for instance. How often I coveted them for my native land! Better means of communication would do wonders for China. We know our own people only too little. Then there is the ability which appeared everywhere that you Westerners have of working together, of subordinating



your personal interests to the common good. There is so much suspicion and so little confidence with us that the families on the north street and the south street of a village even find it difficult to unite in a single school for their children."

"What about the churches?" asked his hostess.

"Well," Galahad hesitated and spoke as if it had not occurred to him before, "of course the cathedrals are wonderful monuments of the spirit of religious devotion, but they are European. I cannot think of them in China. Somehow, they do not fit into the picture. I am a countryman, anyway, and to me a cathedral in Shantung would be a monstrosity. I am not eager to see the church as an institution occupying the center of the Chinese landscape. I should like to see the spirit of Christ, and so far as it is the spirit of Christ, the spirit of Christianity, released in this land. To me it would be far more desirable to see it go forward as a popular ethical and spiritual movement among the common people than to see it shut up within stone walls as it is in Europe."

"What do you think of our young man?" asked Mrs. Herbeth of the doctor, as they retired to their room for the customary noon siesta.

"I think he is a type of the New China. He has ideas and he is not afraid to express them. There is not a trace of subservience about him, and no worshiping of things Western because they are Western. Chinese to his finger tip, he is yet open-eyed enough to see that China needs a new spirit. It is a type of which we have seen too little in the past, but with which we shall increasingly have to deal. I for one am glad to meet it. You remember, of course, that he is not a product of our mission education."

"Yes; I wonder whether our methods have submerged in our pupils some of that independence which is so evident in him."

"I wonder," said the doctor.

It was two days before mules could be secured for the journey inland. This time was used by Galahad and Jeanne to make some purchases necessary for the trip, to deposit their money in one of the foreign banks of the city, and to attend a tea given by Mrs. Herbeth in Jeanne's honor.

The tea, held upon the comfortable porch of the house, was an especially trying experience for Jeanne. These American and European and Chinese ladies, though they tried to conceal their feelings about her, were not successful. She had broken caste. She had done something of which they strongly disapproved. The shadow of the cross of social ostracism was beginning to fall across her path. Pity, contempt, cool disapproval, and even disgust, she detected in the intonation of a voice, the raising of the eyebrows, a covert remark behind a fan, or the secret look which she inadvertently caught. Jeanne was being condemned amid the laughter and the raillery of the tea table. She was being cast out into outer darkness in spite of the conventional social courtesies.

How she wished Galahad were near! If they could only see him, they would not feel so. They must admire him and see his real worth. Why did the Chinese *t'ai t'ai* seem so distant? They were laughing and joking with the others with no restraint. Was it possible that they felt the same way? Was she always to go through life wearing a badge of scorn? Must she forever be fighting against the subtle, unexpressed insinuation that she was a little less than nice because she had been willing to marry an Oriental?

It was to a very sober Jeanne that Galahad returned at night. Dr. Herbeth had been showing him the wonders of his Museum-Chapel. His enthusiasm about the mounted animals and birds had pleased the doctor, whose creative idea had taken shape in this unique

institution and whose industry had gathered from many lands interesting exhibits to show the wonders of creation. Galahad noted Jeanne's preoccupation through the evening meal, as did the observant eyes of her hostess.

"You have had a hard day," she said to her after dinner, "and you will have a harder one to-morrow. You must get to rest early."

Jeanne was only too glad to take the suggestion, and so she bade them good night, leaving her husband and Dr. Herbeth discussing China's future. There was, however, no one with whom she could discuss her future.

