CHAPTER NINETEEN

SHANGHAI AND MAY 30, 1925

RAPHAEL PUMPELLY, a noted American geologist and archaeologist, relates in his autobiography the following experience which he had in Shanghai in 1863:

A steamer which had just been repaired made a trial trip with many of the most distinguished foreigners of Shanghai, who, like myself, had been invited for a pleasure excursion on the Wusung River. As we steamed along at full speed, we saw at some distance from us a sampan so heavily loaded with brick that four Chinamen could only with difficulty manage to row it. They saw us coming and, well aware how narrow was the canal, worked with all their might to give the steamer room to pass. As we stood watching the slow motion of the sampan during our approach, I listened for the signal to stop our engine. The awkward vessel was still in the middle of the stream, while the coolies strained every muscle to hurry the slow motion of the sampan and at the same time shouted imploringly for a few moments' grace. There was still time to avoid the collision, when the pilot asked, "Shall I stop, sir?" "No," shouted the captain, "go ahead." There was now no help for them. Terrified at hearing this cold-blooded order, I waited breathless for the shock, which soon followed. A shout, a crash, a swaying motion throughout our boat; then we steamed on up the canal. I went to the stern but could see thence only one of the coolies, and he was lying motionless in the water. Of the many foreigners on deck very few gave expression to the feelings which every newcomer must experience on witnessing

such a scene. The captain and mate of the steamer glanced quite calmly over the railing to see whether the bow and paddle wheels had been hurt, and the remarks they made had no reference to their victims. I may add that only a few of the passengers had noticed what was happening. That was fifty years ago; now it could not be done with impunity.

Pumpelly's account, which naturally is not to be doubted, requires little comment. The arrogance and disregard of human life which found expression in the conduct of the foreign captain was clearly founded on the tradition of the East India Company in the days of opium smuggling, and very recent occurrences show that this conception has lived on up to our time in the largest foreign community of China.

Before I proceed to relate the disastrous events at Shanghai in the spring of last year, I should like as introduction to describe a couple of small experiences which I myself had there in 1920, and which, insignificant though they are, throw some light on the surprising attitude toward the Chinese which prevailed in Shanghai's foreign settlement.

In January, 1920, I was in the district of Nanking inspecting the iron ore fields which are spread along the Yangtze River. I had already begun the studies in natural history which later entirely occupied me. I had with me two Chinese collectors who industriously contributed to the success of my work and brought the Swedish National Museum a large share of the material which was taken home through my

¹ Raphael Pumpelly: "My Reminiscences." 1918, pp. 34, 36, 37.

mediation. One of them, Chen, was a trained taxidermist, having worked under the great American collector, Roy Chapman Andrews, and according to Professor Lönnberg's evidence was an expert in stuffing mammals and birds. The other, Yao, has his name connected with possibly the richest and most notable locality for fossils, Chen Chia Yü, near Taiyuanfu in Shansi, from which the fossil department of the Swedish National Museum obtained a large and well-preserved collection. I have mentioned these details to show that these two men were really able field naturalists.

One day I decided to go in to Shanghai, which I had not visited hitherto and where I had many errands to attend to. I was to be away from Nanking several days and said to my men that they could have a rest meanwhile.

Chen then came to me and asked if he and Yao could not go along with me to Shanghai. "We have collected a good deal for the Swedish Museum," he said, "but up to now I have never seen a museum and I know there is one in Shanghai. If we may go along, we will ourselves pay for our railroad fare and hotel expenses at a Chinese hotel."

This request was so agreeable, as evidencing their interest in their work, that I answered that the two boys were not only welcome to come with me but that I would gladly pay for their journey and upkeep. We then set off without a notion of how hard it would prove for the two Chinese to get into the Shanghai Museum.

We took the night train from Nanking on Sunday evening and arrived in Shanghai early Monday morning. In the forenoon I went up to Doctor Arthur Stanley, the city physician of the foreign section and, as an amateur of natural history, the voluntary unsalaried director of the very unimposing museum.

I presented myself, giving an account of my position in the Chinese service and of my long and varied activity as a natural history investigator. Doctor Stanley met me with the very correct but cool and reserved politeness which an Englishman gives to a stranger. There was nothing to prevent my seeing the museum; on the contrary it was open for white visitors at all times, morning and afternoons on weekdays and a couple of hours on Sundays. As head of the museum he was even so courteous as to ask me to make such comments on the museum and its contents as I might find occasion to express.

But when we came to the question of my two Chinese collectors, I met with the greatest difficulties, since Doctor Stanley announced that the museum was open to Chinese on Saturday afternoon only.

Any one who knows the customs of Englishmen will fully understand the purport of this communication. Saturday afternoon is their week-end, when it would hardly occur to them to go to the museum, and that was accordingly the little fragment of the week which the museum management of Shanghai had thought good to bestow on the Chinese. Apart from the peculiar condition of things that there should be any question at all, in regard to admitting

the public to the museum, of putting the natives of the country in an inferior position by race discrimination, it must be regarded as outrageous to give them so little as this single afternoon.

I explained to Doctor Stanley that my men were obliged to return to Nanking on Wednesday and that therefore it was necessary for me to take my boys with me to the museum on Monday or Tuesday. I gave a full account of their remarkable ability as collectors, told of their request to go along to Shanghai to see the museum, and ended with repeating that I had given my word to fulfill their wishes.

Doctor Stanley answered very curtly, "Ah, well, Doctor Andersson, you understand we cannot make any exception for *Chinese*."

I got angry, to put it in good Swedish, and answered, "Very good, Doctor Stanley, I am going with my two Chinese straight to the museum and I should like to see the man who will stop us from going in."

When I had got out on the street, I felt that in my first excitement I had perhaps gone too far. While I and my two collectors, who had been waiting for me outside Doctor Stanley's office, walked the short stretch to the museum, I was in deadly fear lest Doctor Stanley should telephone to the museum and order it to be closed.

But for once the Lord protected a virulent Närking who had lost his head. When we came to the

¹ An inhabitant of Narke, a province of Sweden.

museum, something very funny happened. The attendants consisted of three Chinese, of whom the leader was an old friend of Chen's. These two Chinese had learned taxidermy together from an American missionary. Chen's old friend now came with open arms and with many expressions of happy recognition took Chen and Yao into the museum.

Chen stood on the steps and asked, looking dubiously at me, "That is my master, Doctor Andersson; he may come in too, may he not?"

"Of course, of course," said Doctor Stanley's taxidermist; "Doctor Andersson is welcome, naturally."

It thus chanced, then, that Chen, the excluded, helped me into Doctor Stanley's shrine, where I made some amusing discoveries. In consequence I wrote a letter to the worthy museum director in which I called attention to the fact that the wild boar is not a beast of prey, that the meteors of the museum were only brown iron ore and its fossil fern a dendrite.¹

The following morning Yao and I went out into the native city on a special mission. We were at that time deeply interested in the Chinese medicine which goes under the name of lung ya and lung ku (dragons' teeth and dragons' bones), the somewhat fantastic Chinese appelations of the teeth and bones of tertiary mammals, which are supposed to cure various kinds of disease. These fossil remains are obtained in a few districts of China by regular mining,

¹ A mineral with tree-like or moss-like marking.

and dragons' teeth are an important article in the Chinese pharmacopæia.

Our task was now to go to a wholesale house for Chinese medicine and make inquiries for this fossil in the hope of thus getting knowledge of some new type or new locality for such discoveries.

The great medical firms in Shanghai are all on one street, where they stand close together. We went from shop to shop, asking for *lung ku*, but were everywhere met by the same short and uncomprehending answer. Some after a time said they did not have the article, but some, as we realized only too well, gave us to know substantially that they did not wish to do business with us.

I asked Yao what this ungraciousness meant, but he could not give me a satisfactory explanation. After having failed in four places, we came into a shop whose owner was a remarkably dignified old gentleman. With him I did not wish to expose myself to another failure, so I took out my Chinese visiting card and told Yao to explain to him that we were from Peking and that I was in the service of the Chinese Government.

The old gentleman looked carefully at my card. He then turned to a couple of his assistants and talked to them with a low voice. Finally he opened the door to a private room and with the greatest politeness bade me come in. I was put in the seat of honor and offered tea and cigarettes. Then the old merchant began to talk.

"I greatly regret," he said, "that a mistake has

been made here. We had messages from the other shops that a foreigner had come who wished to see lung ku. We medicine dealers have very little contact with foreigners, and we Chinese here in Shanghai do not like the way the foreigners treat us. We of the medical trade therefore agreed that we should try as much as possible to have nothing to do with foreigners, and therefore you were told that we had no lung ku.

"I now realize that Mr. An (my Chinese name) is from Peking, that he is in the service of the Chinese Government and that his behavior toward the Chinese is different from that which is customary among the foreigners here in Shanghai.

"On behalf of all the medicine dealers I regret what has occurred. All the *lung ku* we have on this street we shall shortly bring into this room, so that Mr. An may see it without needing to go around to the other shops."

Sure enough, in a few minutes came one basket after another full of fossil bones and teeth, and all I had to do was to choose what I wanted to buy.

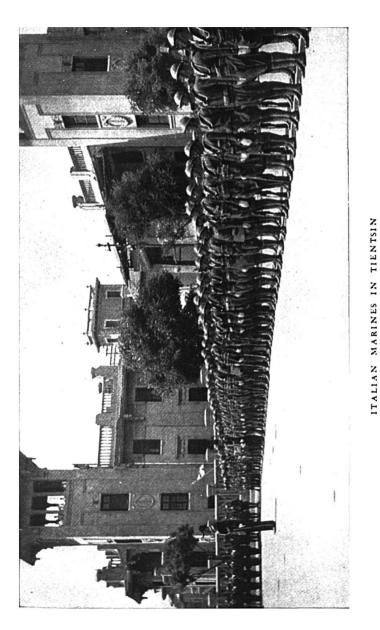
The international foreign section of Shanghai, the International Settlement, with the adjacent French concession, comprises a peculiar administrative unit, which in many respects has the character of a free Hanseatic city in the midst of our modern times. Governed by a foreign town corporation, the Municipal Council, with its legal powers entrusted to a

composite judiciary, the Mixed Court, with its special police force entirely controlled by foreigners, this great business center has developed its own administrative forms. These give a wholly disproportionate attention to the interests of the foreigners and treat the Chinese inhabitants within the concession as a serving class, which is useful and inevitable but is not recognized as having the right to participate in the affairs of the community.

Other foreign centers which are taken out of the Chinese jurisdiction are in Tientsin, Hankow and Canton, where, however, the question is not one of international settlements but of foreign national concessions, the British Concession, the Japanese Concession, the Italian Concession, etc., each with its national control in which the Chinese have no authorized influence.

A third type of foreign center is the quarter of Peking occupied by the foreign legations, the Legation Quarter, governed by the diplomatic corps, the Diplomatic Body, with its own police and with a defensive force composed of contingents of the various nations. The whole is gathered within a ring of defenses, which on the south consists of part of the Tatar wall, and on the east, north and west of the Legation wall with its outer glacis, which was built after the Boxer troubles in 1900.

In many respects, particularly in regard to sanitary arrangements, these foreign centers are model communities, from which many improvements have spread to the adjacent "native cities" and to more distant Chinese towns.



But with regard to the safety of life and property these foreign communities cannot always be considered as patterns. In Peking, where, apart from the Legation Quarter, the police force is entirely of Chinese organization, personal safety is undoubtedly greater than, for instance, in Stockholm, whereas the Foreign Settlement in Shanghai is one of the world's great criminal centers, where the Chinese riffraff and questionable foreign elements gather and carry on their lawlessness so that the foreign-controlled police never can get to the bottom of the trouble in the same effective way as does, for instance, the police force of Peking.

The principal complaint of the Chinese against the foreign communities in China is perhaps that these settlements, concessions, etc., which China's laws and spirit of order do not reach, offer asylums for Chinese political criminals sought for by the party in power. This condition, which outwardly has an idealistic appeal, has become a menace to China's modern political life, a system which offers a premium to conscienceless political adventurers and makes it impossible for the true patriots to bring the affairs of the nation to a permanent settlement.

Every politician and general who takes a part at Peking in the anything but honest intriguing for power and office knows that, if things go ill and he loses in the first game, he can find a refuge in the Legation Quarter, whence sooner or later he can sneak off in disguise to the house he has in readiness, or to one or other of the foreign concessions in Tientsin. To illustrate this situation it is sufficient to choose

some examples from the political upheavals of the last few years.

In 1917 when Chang Hsun made his restoration coup, President Li Yuan Hung took flight to the French hospital in the Legation Quarter, and in 1923, when Li in his second term as president was forced to fly to Tientsin under the pressure of Tsao Kun's party, in his last spasmodic attempt to cling to the insignia of power he sent a concubine into the French hospital with the seal which symbolized the presidency.

Returning to the political farce of July, 1917, Chang Hsun a few days later shared the fate of his victim Li, when on the evening of July 12, after the battle was lost, he was taken in a foreign automobile through the republican troops to the Dutch legation, where for some months he made his asylum.

In the summer of 1920 when the pro-Japanese Anfu Party collapsed under the attack of Wu Pei Fu, the leaders of the Anfu clique hurried to the Japanese legation, where they were protected from the new Chinese authorities who would have gladly given them a drastic sentence.

These are only a few examples picked out of the heap to show how the Chinese politicians make use of the foreign reservations, so that they become cancers in the political life of China. "I may win everything and, if the worst should happen, I have only the risk of fleeing to the Legation Quarter or to my house in the foreign concession at Tientsin." Reasoning thus, the political opportunist gaily spins

his intrigues, with the result that the moral standard of politics in Peking is steadily declining.

The conclusion of the Boxer rising in 1900 forced the Chinese to have at least outward respect for the foreigners, a respect that was not chiefly produced by the twenty thousand soldiers of the punitive expedition to Peking, and still less by the excesses which these soldiers and civilians committed when the imperial city was in their power. What impressed the Chinese on this occasion was the unity of the foreigners, in which even the Japanese stood side by side with Americans and Europeans.

This respect-inspiring combination of the foreign powers continued till the year 1914, the first year of the World War. This offence against civilization and the white man's cause marked the beginning in the collapse of the white foreigner's prestige in China.

First the Allies' fear of the Germans and then their petty lust for revenge, when the terror-inspiring enemy was finally crushed, gave the alert Chinese much to think about. The night after the news of the armistice, November 11, 1918, came to Peking was a black night for the reputation of the foreigner in the Chinese capital. French soldiers tried vainly to overturn the Kettler monument, a memorial to a faithful and courageous foreign minister who in the performance of his duty was murdered by Chinese fanatics on the way to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The French colonial soldiers amused themselves with plundering a couple of German shops in the

Legation Quarter and finally set fire to the German bank, a boyish escapade very dangerous to French buildings as well. The end of this was that the American marines cleared away the French Negroes and put out the fire.

Only in March, 1919, did the Allies accomplish what was much desired in certain business circles, viz., the repatriation of the enterprising German merchants who had kept their concerns going in China throughout all the changes of the four belligerent years. The Chinese laid their hands, very decently and tactfully too, on the most dreaded of the foreigners, the subjects of the Kaiser.

The Thirty Years' War began when certain privy councillors were thrown out on a manure heap; the World War was started by the murder of a prince at Sarajevo, and the foreigners in China were roused to the consciousness of a new order of things by the massacre in front of Louza Police Station in Shanghai, May 30, 1925.

In the spring of that year there was unrest in the Japanese cotton mills at Shanghai, and it was said that a Chinese workman had been killed by a Japanese foreman. However that may have been, these doings roused great excitement in student circles, and a number of students who had taken part in demonstrations were arrested by the settlement police and locked up in Louza Station.

On May 30th a clamorous and threatening crowd of students and probably other elements came to the

station and demanded that the imprisoned students be released. The crowd was very insistent, and the English officer in command considered that the station was in danger. He therefore gave orders to shoot on the throng that was pressing in toward the gate, and the result was that some students were killed and a much greater number wounded.

In itself this episode was not especially noteworthy. The Chinese are not particularly solicitous about human life, and if the shooting had been done by Chinese police in a purely Chinese city, the matter would probably not have roused any great attention.

There were, however, a number of circumstances in this case which caused it to have fatal consequences. In the first place, it could not be proved in the investigation which followed that a single student had been armed with a shooting weapon, from which the impression rose that the police officer in question had used more violence than the occasion demanded.

On the whole, however, I should incline to excuse the unfortunate man. He was an under officer with very little ability to judge a most delicate situation. He acted according to instructions, and it is at least conceivable that he could not have maintained his position without using the weapons of his men.

The responsibility for this very deplorable affair did not, in its last analysis, rest upon this man but upon the whole system. The first fault here was the misjudgment of the settlement police as to the seriousness of the affair and their lack of the necessary means for handling an unruly crowd with a more moderate

use of force. But at bottom the responsibility lay on the governing foreigners in Shanghai, who had been going about in their comfortable automobiles between their offices, clubs and private villas without realizing that the despised Chinese on Shanghai's streets had risen in active opposition to the humiliating treatment which the foreigners of the settlement were meting out to them.

To make the situation clear, permit me to transfer the episode to our Swedish environment. Imagine that here in Stockholm the City-Between-the-Bridges was taken possession of by foreign powers, who there started a foreign settlement where Swedish law did not hold good and Swedish authority could not interfere. Assume, next, that there were rumors in North Stockholm that a Swedish workman had been killed by, say, a Finnish foreman. Imagine that Swedish students had been arrested during a demonstration on Long Western Street and that at a later demonstration of unarmed youths from the schools of North Stockholm a number had been killed and wounded by the order of a German officer of police. Would not our quiet people be roused to a frenzy of indignation?

A general strike was declared in Shanghai. Shops were closed, food supplies were shut up, servants and nurses left their well-paid positions.

The waves of the Shanghai disturbance soon reached Peking. On one of the early days in June a giant procession of students marched to the Legation Quarter to make a demonstration before the foreign ministers.

The Legation Quarter was put into a state of defence with soldiers and machine guns on the walls. Had there here again been shooting and bloodshed, the misfortune would probably have spread to a catastrophe. But prudent and considerate behavior on both sides hindered the invasion of the students into the Legation Quarter, and the danger was averted.

However, student demonstrations continued day after day, though they were no longer directed toward the Legation Quarter. On my way to and from the Ministry of Agriculture in my rickshaw, I passed daily through myriads of protesting students but without ever being in the least inconvenienced. It must be said that the conduct of the Peking students in this tumultuous time was wholly admirable. In other places, such as Hankow and Kiukiang, there were serious disturbances with injury to foreign property.

I should like to record an episode of the demonstrations at Peking, because it throws a glaring light on the conditions in Shanghai which led to the events

of May 30th.

One day in June, Peking awoke to find itself snowed under with posters, which shone everywhere on house corners and telephone poles. These were printed in red on white paper, and across them diagonally was the picture of a gun and the inscription in great red letters, SHOOT TO KILL.

Under this principal group was printed in smaller type an extract from a Shanghai paper, which said that the police officer who had given the order to

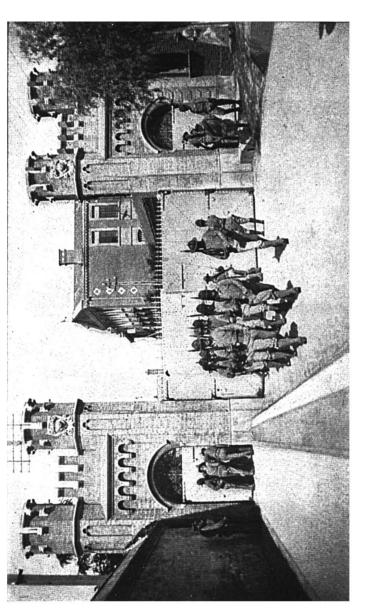
fire on May 30th had at the hearing of the case referred to his instructions. These were that guns were to be used only as a last resort, but in that case the men were to shoot to kill.

The poster struck me as an, in its way, clever and irresponsible falsification. I went straight to an acquaintance in such an official position that he could give me accurate information, and he said to my extreme surprise that there had really been in the police instructions at Shanghai the words "shoot to kill."

There was much said and written far and wide after May 30th to show that the Russian Bolshevists had incited the student demonstrations. It is possible that Russian agents may have directly or indirectly assisted in fomenting the excitement, but it is unquestionably true, as one of my Chinese friends wrote in an excellent article, viz., that all the Bolshevist propaganda in the world could not do so much toward making the Chinese students see red as the death volley outside the Louza Police Station, May 30, 1925.

After various investigations and hearings with the participants in the affair of May 30th, it became gradually clear that the shooting was a most deplorable episode. The men most responsible for it among the police fled from China, and indemnity was offered to the wounded and the heirs of the dead.

A conference of Chinese and foreign delegates for the revision of the customs tariff and other connected matters has been working in Peking for many months,



WESTERN GATE OF THE LEGATION QUARTER OF SHANGHAI GUARDED BY AMERICAN MARINES AND JAPANESE INFANTRY

and the question of renouncing extra-territorial rights has also been touched upon.

Thorough-going changes as to the position of foreigners in China should be made. We must hope that the foreign centers in Shanghai and other cities will have such an administration that the claims of the Chinese to justice may be satisfied without risking the safety of the foreigners. Another desideratum is that the administration of the customs and the salt tax, which is now done very honestly and effectively under foreign control, shall not be allowed to degenerate.

For my part I do not believe that the system of Chinese justice is yet in a condition to offer foreigners the safety which should be required before the extraterritorial rights can be wholly dispensed with.