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The Picturesque Old China, Which Is Passing Into History

From a Pastel by Lucille Douglass

Courtesy of the Milch Galleries

Booming the China Trade

By Julius Klein

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FEW, if any, aspects of our entire commercial history have been more picturesque, more strikingly fantastic than our interchanges with "far Cathay." The romance of it seems to be perennial. Indeed, its often dramatic qualities were never more clearly emphasized than in the episode so conspicuously featured in the press a short time ago, when with one sudden stroke our government, through a tariff agreement, in effect extended *de facto* recognition to the new nationalistic regime in China.

Our China trade is as old as our Republic. In fact, it seems to have had its definite beginnings with the very birth of our nation. In 1783 our first trading vessel visited Canton, the one Chinese port then open to foreign vessels. Major Shaw, its supercargo, held a commission from the Continental Congress as consul in Canton—our first official bid for trade in that far-off area.

From that time on through the epic "sea years" of our national history at the opening of the nineteenth century before the great westward march of our civilization had been launched in volume across the continent, through each successive stage of our economic advance, that trade has mounted steadily and surely and always with the atmosphere of picturesque fantasy.

It figured as one of the major reasons for the vigorous defense of our merchant marine rights in the War of 1812. It had a large part in the building up of such famous fortunes as those of Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia; Elias Derby, of Salem, and many other merchant princes of that golden age of the clipper ship. It was partly accountable for those way-station supply posts, the scattered settlements of Americans on the coast of California in the early Spanish and Mexican days. They were the venture-

some pioneers who blocked the southward Russian aggression from Alaska, and in that connection had much to do with the declaration of the Monroe Doctrine in 1823. Their interests were among the lures that led Fremont on his daring expedition, the culmination of which was the acquisition of the great coastal empire.

From the very beginnings the China trade has enjoyed the special solicitations of our government. It was greatly stimulated and regularized by the commercial treaty with China of 1844, which expanded our trade contracts to five ports, in addition to Canton. In 1868 a pretentious Chinese delegation visited Washington and negotiated a new commercial understanding between the two governments. Then followed a succession of various revisions culminating in John Hay's famous "open door" declaration in 1899, an immediate aftermath to the acquisition of our foot-

Sided

hold in the Orient, the Philippine Islands.

The treaty of 1903 came as the logical sequence to this; and finally we have the new historic document signed a few weeks ago, which opens a way to tariff autonomy for the new regime. This comes as a fitting climax to the seventeen years of vast metamorphosis which has been stirring that ancient land to its very foundations. It would seem as though, in the words of one of China's leaders, the period of military activity was ending and the phase of reconstruction had definitely begun.

This new agreement, which is to be effective on January 1, or four months after ratification, means that for the first time since China entered into formal relations with a foreign nation, she shall have the right, enjoyed by all sovereign peoples, of levying such customs duties as she chooses upon her incoming and outgoing trade. It should be made clear at the outset, however, that this document in no way sacrifices any American trade prerogatives as against our competitors in the China trade.

The spectacular leadership which our government has taken in this matter may in time be rated in the history of Oriental commerce as among one of the great milestones of its development, almost as significant in a way as the opening up of Japanese trade by Commodore Perry, the promulgation of that first American-Chinese treaty of 1844, or John Hay's historic pronouncement. It should, therefore, be a matter of profound gratification to us that America once more has taken the leadership in bridging the Pacific with the bonds of effective, mutually helpful commerce.

The confusion of Chinese affairs in recent years probably has filled many of us with a more or less bewildered discouragement as to the general outlook for that land of pagodas, mandarins and missionaries, of seemingly endless "Changs" or "Chiangs" among its generals, of secret subtleties and crafty foreign intrigue, all bound up in a welter of unpronounceable geographical names.

The "changeless Orient" and "impassive East" have certainly passed into history in the course of this truly momentous transition period, which with startling vividness has wrought profound transformations in many basic social and economic elements. Time-worn incrustations of custom, age old shells of traditions are beginning to crumble under the vibrations and pressure of the new life; modern methods and modern viewpoints are certainly penetrating the ancient molds.

The commercial history of the world has been a story of frontiers, of pioneer traders adventuring ever westward in search of new lands, new raw materials and new markets. This movement started from China, the oldest highly developed civilization of history, struggled through into Persia and the ancient empires of Asia Minor and Egypt, started Macedonia and Greece on their careers, made Rome the mistress of the world and established Europe as the center of western civilization. But the urge was steadily westward and always with the pressure of the search for new trades. Finally the hazardous gap of the Atlantic was spanned and America became the great frontier of the merchant adventurers. Then came the westward march across the Continent, always with traders in the van, culminating in the construction of the trans-Continental railways and the Panama Canal.

Now the circle is complete. The last great frontier has been conquered and we come to a new era of world history, so dramatically prophesied by Seward at the time of his negotiations for the purchase of Alaska.

At last western civilization is intimately and directly in contact with the goal of Marco Polo, of Christopher Columbus and Magellan, of the Cabots and Henry Hudson and of scores of other valiant spirits,

With such a truly dramatic setting it is not surprising that the recent striking developments have been quite in keeping with the traditions of the past. Indeed, one of the outstanding developments of our post-war commerce, so far as its general acceleration is concerned, is the literally astounding growth of our trade with China in spite of all civil disorders, disruptions and general uncertainty. Among our fifteen leading markets abroad, China has registered, since the opening of the war, the third largest percentage of gain in our exports, having been exceeded therein only by Japan and Australia.

Our sales to the Eastern Republic, including, of course, the ports of Hongkong and Dairen, averaged 31.4 millions of dollars each year during 1910-'14; they reached 130 millions in 1926 (though they fell off somewhere last year), an increase of 310 per cent. With such a record in spite of constant discouragements and disruptions, one can well imagine what will be the development as soon as conditions become more nearly normalized and public order more widely maintained in that region.

Nor is the picture entirely one sided: China's sales to the United States have grown even more rapidly in this time, having increased from 38.5 millions to 158 millions, or as in the case of our exports, more than 310 per cent. This has given her ninth place in the list of our foreign sources of merchandise, far ahead of such important trading nations as Italy, Argentina, India, Mexico, Australia and Spain.

Equally significant with these rather striking figures is the fact that the relative importance of China in our commerce in both directions has registered a substantial gain. She took only one per cent of our exports in pre-war years, whereas her average share during 1921-'25 was 2.4 per cent. Similarly, in the matter of imports she supplied us with slightly more than 2 per cent of our total incoming commerce during 1910-14, but the average for 1921-'25 was 4.1 per cent. Clearly, therefore, the China

trade has taken on a new and relatively far more significant aspect. Even with liberal allowances for price these figures represent one of the record increases in our commerce with any land during that or any comparable period.

This would seem to be an effective answer to the false assumption that the conflict in China has destroyed commerce. Naturally there have been countless obstacles to trade as a result of the disturbances but, as in the case of Mexico and other economically "new" lands, the very backwardness of China's commercial and transportation organization has been an advantage in this respect. Troubled zones have been effectively "insulated" and trade elsewhere has gone on very much as before.

The causes of this extraordinary commercial revolution, for such, indeed, it has been, are various, but chief among them has certainly been the awakening of new demands, of new commercial vitality and aspirations for better living standards among China's millions. Their war-born nationalism, stimulated by their economic isolation during 1914-'18, has been reflected in these truly impressive transformations. Then, too, on the import side there has been of course the vigorous impulse given by the tremendous increase in the needs of our new and extending industries for additional raw materials and the demands of our increasingly prosperous people for more exotic products and Oriental specialties—silks, laces, furs, perfumery ingredients and other luxury and semi-luxury items in which China has long specialized.

But this truly amazing advance should not blind the far-sighted observer to the glaring defects in China's general economic organization. Transportation facilities are, of course, primitive to a degree. She has less than 8,000 miles of railway as compared with our 265,000, and those are far from satisfactory as to equipment and maintenance as the result of the rigors of wartime abuse. There are about forty radio stations in the country, some 31,000 miles of tele-

graph wire and about 100,000 telephones, as compared with 1,850,000 miles of telegraph lines in this country and 15,000,000 telephones. She has but 20,000 automobiles, as compared with our 20,000,000, and her highways are, with a few exceptions, but primitive trails, save for a narrow network of metal roads near the treaty ports.

In this connection, however, the war has indirectly been decidedly helpful. The acquisition of enormous quantities of motor vehicles for military purposes has brought home the imperative necessity of better highways and the good roads movement is already well under way. China is favored with an extensive river system and many connecting links of canals. In fact, it is likely that the development of this valuable system of waterways will be an important feature of the first stages of rehabilitation. China's per capita commerce of iron and steel is about one one-hundred-and-eightieth of that of the United States. For cement her figure is three pounds per capita, as compared with eighty-five for Japan and 450 for the United States.

Much has been said in recent years of her supposedly boundless mineral resources, but these statements after careful scrutiny proved to be considerably exaggerated. Her coal and iron deposits, however, are far superior to those of any other Far Eastern country.

Her chief importance as a mineral producer, so far as her trade with the rest of the world is concerned, is in the field of those rare substances, antimony and tungsten, so valuable in the manufacture of bearing metals, type and high-grade steel. She supplies about seventy-five and fifty per cent, respectively, of the world's stock of these two alloys.

Formerly China was an important source of copper, but production is now negligible, as is also the case with silver, sulphur, phosphates and several other lesser minerals. No important deposits of petroleum have been discovered within her borders. Salt is one of China's most important products and the tax thereon is a valuable source of revenue. Large quantities of it are exported.

In other lines her resources are substantial. She is the world's third producer in cotton, her output averaging about 2,500,000 bales, or about a fifth as much as the United States. She also produces about 400,000,000 bushels of wheat and about a billion of rice. One of her most interesting vegetable products is the soy bean, which is valuable as a source of vegetable oil, as a fertilizer and for cattle feed.

Her resources of silk and tea are, of course, well known and scarcely require comment. Of tea she exported 112,000,000 pounds in 1926—certainly an ample supply for brewing a vast sea of that universally popular beverage. The uses of silk are steadily expanding and creating new outlets for her increasing production, not only for wearing apparel but for numerous new industrial purposes which range from radio set insulation to parachutes for aviators. Her trade in raw silk last year mounted to more than \$100,000,000.

There are many other exotic specialties of China which figure in the world's trade—bristles for hairbrushes, the export value of which exceeded \$3,000,000 in 1926; human hair—though the falling demand for hair nets has steadily impaired this once prosperous industry; musk, which is the basis of so many of our expensive perfumes; camel's hair for our smart sports coats; gall nuts or "oak apples" for the manufacture of high grade writing inks; firecrackers, rugs, jade, and countless others. China is one of the largest exporters of eggs and egg products. Much of our import trade in "Irish" lace—in fact, nearly all of it—now originates in the mission schools of China.

This brings up the question of the possibilities of industrializing this hith-

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The Marble Pagoda, Peking

An Etching by Lucille Douglass

Courtesy of the Milch Galleries

Wilkins and Eielson were again traveling over the Arctic ice-pack, not on foot, but in the air. In just such another blizzard—the worst ever recorded in Spitzbergen—they were looking, from another air cruiser, for a comparatively smooth landing field on Dead Man's Island, in the Spitzbergen Archipelago.

Captain Wilkins had chosen what seemed to him to be the lightest and fastest monoplane capable of covering the distance between Alaska and Svalbard (Spitzbergen), a distance of approximately 2,200 miles. The Lockheed-Vega machine weighed, empty, 1,800 pounds and carried a load of 3,400 pounds, including 370 gallons of gasoline. Three times they tried to get into the air from the 3,500-foot runway at Point Barrow, but it was impossible.

So they abandoned the laboriously constructed road in the snow, selected a more favorable site at a greater distance from the village and on Sunday, April 15, the trim little monoplane, with its propeller turning over faster than it had ever gone before, swept down the stretch. With extraordinary skill and not a little nerve—for there were only a few feet of clearance on either side—Lieutenant Eielson guided the plane down the runway and into the wind. Within a thousand feet of the end, he lifted the nose of the beautifully stream-lined little ship gently into the air and headed out over the Arctic Ocean.

There have been longer flights than that of Wilkins and Eielson and more dangerous ones, such as the various crossings of the north and south Atlantic, but none so difficult. Byrd and Bennett, in their jaunt by air to the North Pole and back to Spitzbergen, followed a known meridian, which was comparatively easy from the standpoint of navigation. Amundsen and Nobile, in the Norge, did the same thing until they arrived within sight of Point Barrow. Wilkins, on the other hand, headed out to sea over a "Great Circle" route 2,000 miles in length, which required him to change his course, with reference to the meridians, no less than twenty times in as many hours, in some instances as much as twenty-five degrees.

The objective of Wilkins and his pilot, more than 2,000 miles distant, was a tiny group of islands. Scorning the fame that would be his as the first man to fly over the North Pole from west to east, either by airplane or dirigible; putting aside the temptation to be the second to fly to the Pole by airplane, Captain Wilkins followed a course that took him across the polar meridians at varying angles, and over an area never before seen by man. Wilkins himself did the navigating.

They were fairly comfortable in their warm fur clothing, with the temperature

about 10 degrees above zero in the plane; outside the temperature ranged from 20 degrees below to 48 degrees below. As they swung away from the Pole, in the vicinity of northern Greenland, they ran into a tail wind which sped them on their way. Their average speed over the entire route was 100 miles an hour.

Finally, when they had only enough fuel in their tanks to last for two, perhaps three, hours, they saw directly beneath them the sharp peaks of two Spitzbergen mountains. The storm which later was to envelop them was then in its initial stages, and the plane bucked like a broncho.

The drifting snow completely hid the surface of the ground. With a "tail" wind they were traveling at the rate of 206 miles an hour. But Eielson "sat down" with the same skill he had shown the year before when he landed in darkness on the rough ice.

They had been in the air twenty hours and twenty minutes. The machine was undamaged and they were safe. That was all they knew for the next five days, for during that entire time the blizzard raged unabated.

During the blizzard Wilkins and Eielson slept and ate in the plane. They had landed on Monday, but it was Saturday before the weather was again fit for flying. They dug their machine out of the drifts, managed to get into the air, and found that they had only enough fuel to carry them a very few miles. Soon after they circled a headland, however, the wireless masts of the Green Harbor station came into view. Their troubles were over.

As a result of Wilkins's pioneer voyage by airplane the polar regions may within the next few years be covered with a network of airways. Wilkins already has made a good beginning; his flight has changed the map of the world by eliminating Crocker Land and Bradley Land. His feat is the outcome not only of courage and good airmanship, but of a patient persistence in the face of obstacles that would have broken the spirit of a less determined leader.

The day when trans-polar flights between great centers of population over the "top of the world" will be a part of the regular routine of travel and transport has been hastened by the pioneer journey of Captain Wilkins. He maintains, however, that long-distance flying will never be safe, nor will pilots be able to take advantage of favorable winds until we have a comprehensive system of circum-polar meteorological stations in the Arctic, as well as the Antarctic, to forecast the weather. Hence the three-year Arctic expedition which ended last April and the present quest in the Antarctic.

Little Demon of the Home

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take advertising in such-and-such a program, or, baldly, to give a check to something which may be perfectly worthy but is as perfectly unknown to them. Personally, I wouldn't give a nickel to any cause for which I was solicited over the telephone. You may not have guessed it, but I consider it the abuse of a convenience.

And while I am sitting here waving my arms and screaming about the way people hound and devil you over the telephone let me pay my ardent respects to those great magnates who, busily engaged in reading the baseball scores or Wimbledon tennis reports, have no time to make their personal telephone calls, but say to their secretaries, "Get Mr. So-and-so on the phone for me."

Thereupon the secretary calls the office central, the number is received, and the secretary commands, "Put Mr. So-and-so on the wire, please." Mr. So-and-so is dragged from his work. And then she asks: "Is this Mr. So-and-so? Wait

a moment. Mr. Magnate calling," and then, and only then, when Mr. So-and-so is hitched meekly at the other end of the wire does the great magnate deign to lay aside the sporting page and speak!

This is an abuse which is being carried to a peak of bad manners shocking to contemplate. Any person to whose advantage it is to get in telephonic communication with another person ought to be forced to do so personally. When I say forced, I mean forced. The business man or woman who wants to do business with any other man or woman is in the position of asking a favor, and the least that can be done as a preface to asking this favor is not to require the other person to take the wire before he himself is there. Not very long ago a certain man in a publishing firm called me on the telephone to ask to see a manuscript for book publication. Please note that he wanted it—I had not offered it. He put in his call, let his secretary get me on the telephone, kept me waiting some

minutes, and then sent me word that he was unexpectedly detained and would call me back later! If I ever die of apoplexy it will be in just such a moment. Yet I dare say that he doesn't consider himself a mannerless bore. Well, I do—over the telephone, at least.

Here is another little true story for the broadcasters! A friend of mine bought a co-operative apartment. She bought it before the house was half way built—it would be months before she could possibly live in it. Yet, on the morning when the news of the sale was published in the papers she was hailed to the telephone twice from her bath, twice again as she dressed, and once as she drank her breakfast coffee, by interior decorators who hoped to persuade her thus that they, and they alone, could give her new home that style and beauty and chic which it ought to have.

Now it is obvious that there is no living human who can persuade any one on any subject before half-past eight in the morning—but from eight to eight-thirty was the time selected by every one of these decorators to telephone. My friend is an energetic woman with a lively vocabulary, and I gather that her replies did not lack interest or spice. I believe she convinced her five callers that she was no succulent worm for even the earliest early bird decorator to devour. But consider the waste all around, the nervous energy spilled, the hate engendered. And the utterly bad

judgment of those who thought themselves showing such business enterprise.

All these telephone transgressions are comparatively new. The good old days when the worst you could expect was "Wrong number" or the silly ass who began a conversation with "Guess who this is" are past and gone. Nowadays people give their names at the beginning of a conversation almost automatically. It saves time, it saves friction. But that is about as far as the world has progressed in telephone etiquette—and it needs to go much farther, and quickly, before we all go mad. The telephone is here to stay, and we need it—we cannot get along without it. But it must be disciplined; it must be used with some decency as regards the rights of others.

As a first step in this direction I recommend my formula to all those who suffer as I suffer from strangers who want to sell stocks or bonds, charity or insurance, interior decoration, real estate, Italian linens and magazine subscriptions by this method. Strong-arm 'em, push 'em off the dock, shoot 'em at sunrise! Let it be known, at once, that you "consider it the abuse of a convenience," and perhaps, after a while, it may seep into the go-getter chiefs who command these telephone salesmen that the telephone is not the best selling medium yet invented, and that the creatures on the sucker list may not be such everlasting suckers as was scornfully supposed.

Booming the China Trade

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erto, predominantly agricultural people. With a vast population of 400 millions, nearly equal to that of the whole of Europe, with an area greater than that of the United States and Mexico combined, and with corresponding variations in climate, topography and, therefore, resources, the possibilities of industrialization would seem to be very promising. It was not, however, until 1890 that the first smokestacks of modern factories appeared on the Chinese horizon among the quaint pagoda roofs. There are now hundreds of industrial plants, largely cotton mills, with some 3,600,000 spindles (one-tenth as many as ours), about 160 modern flour mills turning out 120,000 barrels a day, more than 400 electric light and power plants and hundreds of lesser establishments producing various fine fabrics, glass, porcelain, paper, matches, etc.

At first thought, this movement might appear to threaten seriously our export trade in certain competing lines of goods, notably textiles, hardware, etc. The broad commercial effect of such a curtailment, though evident in some commodities, is apt to be overestimated. In the first place, the output of the Oriental factories is largely of lower grades, which compete more with German or Japanese exports than with our own. Secondly, the outstanding merit of American industry is the speed of its progress; and the rapid advancement in technique, with consequent cuts in production cost and improvement in quality of output, have been and will continue to be sufficient to maintain a substantial margin of advantage for our trade.

It is worth noting in this connection how our sales of raw cotton to China have increased because of this industrialization. They totaled about \$530,000 in 1913, but advanced to \$19,000,000 last year.

Furthermore, there is the resultant increasing market for machinery, replacements and supplies, which we are in an excellent position to provide. She bought \$4,200,000 worth of machinery of all types from us last year—nearly six times as much as in 1913. Even more important is the fact that this industrial development involves the payment of wages which yield a much higher in-

come to thousands of natives than they would otherwise enjoy; it has already had a marked effect upon their purchasing power.

The old industrial order in China was of the primitive household variety—an intimate adjunct of the barter stage of trade, the lowest form of commercial life. With the newly stimulated buying power of industrial payrolls the market for many classes of American goods hitherto unsalable in China has come into being. For instance, the American cigarette has come to displace Chinese tobacco and those picturesque little metal pipes. In the period just before the war we were selling that country about 650,000,000 cigarettes a year; the sale last year was about seven billion. The smoke of factories seems propitious to the smoke of "fags."

For the same reason—the improved living standards—there has been a striking growth in recent years in our exports to China of wheat flour, especially from the Pacific Coast in years of rice crop shortages.

Similarly, dried fruits (notably raisins), flashlights, radio sets, canned vegetables, toilet requisites and even chewing gum are beginning to figure in our trans-Pacific sales. As yet some of these represent individually only moderate values, but they are straws indicating the direction of the trade winds of the future. These imported luxuries are certain to be more and more in demand as the standard of living rises in China and our share in supplying them should be a substantial one.

In the staples which have long figured prominently in Chinese imports, we continue to maintain a strong position in spite of some losses through competition. Our trade in petroleum products is conspicuous in this respect, as is also the export of raw cotton, iron and steel, lumber and timber. Trade in these staples, while not capable of particularly rapid expansion, nevertheless has been increasing steadily.

It would be unduly optimistic to infer, from the highly encouraging figures just given, that this great and growing market is ours for the asking. As China recovers, competition is bound to be more acute, particularly from England, Germany and Japan. It is, however, very

gratifying to know that our share in China's imports has risen from 6 per cent in 1913 to 16 per cent in 1926, one of the largest growths of this type recorded anywhere in our entire foreign trade. Meanwhile the Japanese percentage has risen from 20 to about 30 per cent in the same period and Britain's has dropped from 16 to 10.

Fortunately for us perhaps, the purchasing power of China has increased so rapidly that these gains of ours have been only to a moderate degree at the expense of our competitors; they have been made up largely of sales of characteristic specialties of American factories. But the time is certainly coming when we shall have a real struggle on our hands as the rehabilitation of the republic gets under way and creates more and more lucrative opportunities for imported wares.

Britain has the advantage of having been more continuously aggressive in the cultivation of her China trade, which is well served by many great British trading houses firmly established as the result of years of unbroken operation. But she has specialized heavily in the cotton goods trade and has therefore been hard hit by the new mills in China. Germany, though momentarily embarrassed through the interruption of her activities there during the war, is now making strenuous efforts to regain her former position, particularly in dyes, machinery and hardware.

With all of this momentum in recent years, the China trade still has many aspects of antiquity which must be closely observed. Old habits which vitally affect buying conditions have been deeply entrenched in that ancient land. The work of modernization is an inconceivably gigantic task. In many basic economic matters the great, impervious, inarticulate mass of the Chinese people moves with an almost glacial slowness. Great changes are evident here and there on the surface and in a few substrata and regions, but in so many essentially personal matters affecting the buying preferences of individual consumers, it will be many years before the depths have been greatly stirred. Widespread illiteracy will long qualify

the type of trade effort which can be made in that country. It makes the motion picture film a valuable adjunct to selling. It stresses the necessity of very careful observance of the "chop"—not China's favorite pork chop, but the generic term for a trademark or brand which serves as the invariable indicator to millions of purchasers throughout the country. The inclusion in the "chop" of certain colors distasteful to the Chinese for various religious or traditional reasons, or such innocent devices as pictures of dogs or turtles or rabbits will completely nullify the most aggressive type of sales campaign. They have meanings for the Chinese mind which we do not associate with them. The Chinese showed an aversion at first to a certain little gnome-like figure used in a well known brand of chewing gum. It was viewed with superstitious fear as a "bad joss," or bad luck imp. But this attitude has been gradually overcome by various means and the little goblin is now looked upon with favor. A well known type of condensed milk immediately established its good repute by picturing its trademark eagle carrying a boy baby in its beak, which promptly commended the article to the son-loving Chinese.

Many far-sighted and shrewd American sales executives have availed themselves of that ancient institution, the wandering story teller. He now entrances his village audiences with sundry embellishments to his tales of mighty warriors and savage dragons by including occasionally more modern touches alluding to magical new patent medicines, cigarettes and such American specialties.

And so it would seem that there is still much of the old in the new China, but it is by no means impossible for American commerce to take advantage, quite legitimately and properly, of that mingling of the ancient with the modern. The opportunities are there. We have already capitalized them abundantly. Our task is now to maintain our present rate of progress, to be sure that our trade keeps pace with the new China as it emerges from its ancient shell.

By Hook or Crook

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days passed and I saw it spread and blossom like a living flower I grew to love it. Eventually my rug became the most important thing in the world to me. I lost my sense of perspective"—

"I'll say you did," muttered Mr. Tweet, gazing at a lopsided sunflower which had once been a pair of riding breeches. "And my sense of right and wrong," continued Mrs. Challis brokenly. "When I had used up all the scraps in the house, I set out in search of more material.

"I bought what I could and what I could not buy, I stole. If I saw a piece of cloth of the shade I needed for my pattern I contrived somehow to gain possession of it, no matter where it was or whom it belonged to. As a painstaking writer searches for the *mot juste*, I searched for the *morceau juste*—and when I found it, I took it."

By this time Mrs. Challis was weeping openly. Then she caught her lip between her teeth and pulled herself together (a neat trick if you can do it). "But now I'm through," she said with determination. "This has been a lesson to me. I've had my fling, the rug is finished, and from now on I'm going straight!"

Thus ended the career of "Julia the Snipper." Mrs. Challis won her fight against the rug habit. At her request, the loom upon which she had done her fiendish work was publicly burned in the market place, while all the villagers rejoiced. Men were able to walk the streets once more without fear of sartorial mayhem.

But the women who had seen Mrs. Challis's hooked rug were filled with a desire to make rugs of their own. They began to save bits of old clothing and to sketch designs on burlap. Within two weeks almost every housewife in town was making a rug—starting it with a few odds and ends from the scrap basket and continuing it at the expense of her husband's wardrobe.

And to-day East Teabone, like the rest of the country, is face to face with a clothing shortage which is unparalleled in the history of civilization. Unless steps are taken to curtail the production of hooked rugs it may be necessary for us to ask the Near Easterners to return some of those old clothes we sent to them.

It is estimated that there are more than a million rug addicts at large in the United States—desperate, wild-eyed women who will stop at nothing in order to secure material for their looms. No wearing apparel is safe when they are around. Many men now put their clothes in steel lockers at night, along with the pre-war Scotch, and sleep with the keys beneath their pillows; the less fortunate wretches who have only one suit apiece dare not undress at all.

There is no denying that some hooked rugs are beautiful to look at, and make excellent doormats. But once a garment is shredded and scattered over the burlap, it is gone forever. You have your rug—a pretty little ornament for your guests to trip over when they come into the room. But where are the

clothes of yesteryear? And to-day and to-morrow?

What the world needs most at the present moment is a machine that will unravel hooked rugs and weave them

into decent coverings for the human form divine. There are times when even the loveliest *objet d'art* can't take the place of a pair of trousers—and this is one of them.

Twenty Million Vacations End

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all have family pride; they don't want to let the family down. If the home generates a vital atmosphere of success the child will catch it, and if praise for attainment, however slight, is bestowed five times as often as blame for mistakes, however bad, the child, immature, ignorant, timid and self-conscious as many children are, will develop an expectation to attain which gathers momentum and confidence year by year.

Family spirit can be a mighty force in the progress of each of its members. The tonic of accomplishment can become a family tradition. But the father who airily declares, "I never could understand algebra," or "I always had trouble with English compositions," with the unspoken reflection, "and just look what a thundering success I am to-day!"; or the mother who sadly confesses, "I never could spell," is laying a wet blanket on the receptive mind of youth.

Thereby a disposition is being injured. All education, as Rufus Jones has reminded us, is building up a disposition, and any transmitted sense of inherited deficiency pulls down the thing we are trying to build. The unspoken pressure of parents on children is almost terrifying in its influence. Beginning with the nursery floor, the job of education is to build up in the child a disposition of calm and cheerfulness and love, not of fear and fretfulness and failure. Even if we were not good at certain things, it is our privilege to look hopefully forward, and we may all expect our children to be better men than we are. The whole family must generate a corporate will to do well. It is the first essential.

The child who must look to the teacher or the school for all his intellectual impetus is handicapped. Our second unexpressed aid to progress is an atmosphere of appreciation at home. If the very walls of our houses vocally express what tastes a family possesses, how much more will the avocation of the elders set its tone! Don't you think it must be pretty hard for a child to develop a taste for books and a desire for book learning when the reading of the family is nothing more solid than newspapers or flimsy magazines?

One thing every family can do—encourage reading aloud. There you have a pleasurable exercise in brain stretching. Not only shall this be reading to the children, but the children shall read to the family.

Select a good, exciting historical novel and have it read aloud, chapter by chapter, by Billy and Edith and Tom. Sometimes the youngest child reads best of all—that will stimulate the others to improve. The plot thickens, the excitement of the story creates a power to read faster. There will be laughs and gasps, and the great discovery that a book can contain life will once for all be made. Poetry, too, will become a pleasure. The reading aloud of such a graphic piece as Masfield's "Dauber" will convince young people that often very appealing things are couched in verse. And what will be the result? Not only history and language, but the general background of culture, will become living realities.

School work will thus take on a valid pleasure. The learner will enjoy his task, which is another essential in the divine drudgery of getting an education.

Elders can also help by using every opportunity to link learning with living. Unless the learner can discern some connection between to-day's lessons and to-morrow's duty, between this year's curriculum and an ultimate career, schooling will be a treadmill affair. But if parents can forge a link between the lessons-to-be-learned and the life-to-be-

lived, rationality immediately invests the assignments in the books. This is hard. This is sometimes frustrated by meticulous teachers, whose vision does not extend beyond the schoolroom walls. It is better to chat with your boy and lead him to see the relation between algebra and engineering than to exult when he gets a 90 on his report; it is better to let your daughter's mind leap from the history book to the current newspaper history that every day shapes itself between Europe and America than to dwell on her punctuality and decorum. Parents help their children best by praise and practicality.

The age of telephones and automobiles and radios are sorry days for youth at school. What chance for consecutive self-education (which we call home work) has the child at whose front door a car is in readiness, with the jangle and jazz of interruptions inside the house? Concentration, which every one knows is essential to learning everything, is defeated by restlessness besetting many a family. Often failure of a child at school is directly traceable to the folly of its parents at home. These are hard words, but we had better face it out before the school bell rings. Consider! Mary begins her home-work, and her mother sends her on an errand to the store. Tom digs into his geometry, and Dad, poor, tired Dad, turns on the radio. The sacredness of study time, the quiet hour and a half following supper, are essential to what we are all after—the development of a young person wholesome in body as well as in mind.

From Monday until Friday parents who use their children's time for secondary things are the enemies of schools.

I doubt if many of the young people will read as far as this. You're in a hurry. School begins to-morrow. You must get your things ready. Let me whisper just two things to you, things that teachers and parents don't like to talk about. Teachers naturally can't bear to ask for attentions to themselves, and parents have too much proper pride to tell you how absolutely bound up with your success their happiness must be.

Of course, teachers are grim assigners of lessons, tyrants endowed with power to keep you after school! But I'm told that some teachers are men of heart, some are women of wit, and many care more for the pupil's pleasure and progress than for any personal boons. There's a lot of burden on the teacher's mind, and when people get thirty, forty, fifty years of age, they lose the resiliency so taken for granted in the second decade. If you want to be a good school citizen plan every day to be a lifter in the school; not a leaner, but a lifter.

About your parents; you get, of course, so used to them, to their gifts, their sacrifices, and the reassurance of their very being, that you take them for granted. They are the given boons in your career. Do you realize that you hold them in the hollow of your hand? Your smallest pleasure means more to them than their own greater gains.

Haven't you noticed your mother's flush of pride, her rested maternal satisfaction when you achieved distinction? Haven't you seen your father straighten up, as by some physical repropping, when you treated him like an older brother? The way you conduct yourself, the progresses you win these next months, will mean deadness or vigor, gloom or sunshine, in the home. I specifically don't say that it is up to you to make good. It is up to you *plus*.

Well! The bell is ringing. The new textbooks are distributed. The corridors are crowded. Let's all begin!