

Thus, the foundation is being laid for the great future of China. As internal progress is always a sure sign of the growing strength of a nation, the steady development, as I have briefly outlined, must not be lost sight of, when we discuss the Chinese problems.

NATIONALISM

Just at this moment, a rising wave of nationalism is sweeping over all China. The Chinese people have come to realize that there must be an end to the domination of China by the foreign powers. For three quarters of a century, the Chinese have been oppressed. The Chinese nation has not received an atom of respect in her dealings with the West. Battles were fought and lost in their struggle against Western domination. As a result, Chinese in China do not enjoy as many privileges and rights as the foreigners.

In the various key cities of China, there are maintained foreign settlements, over which Chinese Government or people have no control whatever. The Chinese populations in those settlements are called upon to bear the principle burden of taxes, but they are denied representation in the municipal administrations. Public parks kept by the municipality are not open to the Chinese. Drugs and opium are smuggled, brigands harbored, and revolts fostered in these foreign settlements.

The customs administration is under foreign control. The Chinese Government cannot raise or reduce the tariff on

Chinese or foreign merchandise. Customs revenues must be deposited with foreign banks. No protective tariff can be adopted to protect China's growing industry.

The right of extraterritoriality is enjoyed by the foreigners. Ships under foreign flags are able to smuggle contrabands of arms and opium everywhere they go in China. A foreigner may kick a Chinese with immunity in Chinese territory, because the Chinese authorities cannot arrest or punish him. The foreigner is entitled to all kinds of abuses, from which the Chinese in their own country must refrain.

But of all the evils of foreign domination, the maintenance of special spheres of influence is most detrimental to China's territorial integrity and political independence. For instance, the rich Yangtse Valley (which is the Mississippi of China) is supposed to be the British sphere of influence. Only England may invest capital of build railroads for China in that region. Manchuria is called Japan's sphere of influence, and the rivalry between Tzarist Russia and Japan over Manchuria caused the Russo-Japanese War in 1904. The Chinese authorities, even the so-called war lords, must take care to keep the good will of the foreign power which dominated their regions. They might ignore orders from the Chinese Government, but they never dared to disregard the good will of the dominating foreign power. No wonder China has been in turmoil.

Shadow Shapes

ANONYMOUS

PART SEVEN

ELDORADO

After dinner Lee and Edna walked toward a park a few blocks away. A soft and clear night was born as they advanced. The great flowerbed was in full bloom. A perfume enveloped them with a precious sweetness. Under a green arbour, benches were arranged around a heavy table of axe-hewn wood. An enormous orange moon was staring at them from the rim of the mountains. They sat there looking at the immense and ruddy moon, the only thing in the far-reaching darkness.

"Do you love me just as much as ever?"

She nodded her head. He slipped his arm about her and drew her head to him.

"So I have you at last," she whispered and kissed him.

"It has been so long."

"Let's not talk about that," she smiled.

"We have each other now." She put her arms about his neck, her head far back, and looked at his hair, dark and thick, his black eyes and even chin. She laid her lips to his, sat on his knee, rubbed his face with her hair as one might bathe a face in strands of silk.

When they walked home she murmured, "Just think, we will be married a year from now! We will be happy?"

"Yes," he answered, and tears came to their eyes. They were so happy. As they walked under the trees, in the darkness by the roadside, he kissed her, and his fingers wandered over her arm. They could not see but only feel each other.

And all their days were like one unto another. Sweet, sweet dawn. Together, embracing, fresh from abyss of sleep. Their smile, their breath was mingled.

Their eyes opened and met. And they kissed. There was something deliciously sweet in the morning hours, a virgin air cooling their fever. Summer nights throbbed with a new delight. Languorous afternoons. Dreams in the fields, beneath the rustling of the tall poplars. Under the fleecy light of a silver moon they returned, clasping each other, to the house of their love. A star fell and died. They stopped for a moment. She nestled closer to him. They stood still without a word. Ah! if only life could be so forever, so quiet and so near to each other!

"Why do I love you so much?" she was almost sighing.

One Sunday they went to Eldorado Springs. They sauntered down the path along a creek, bordered on either side with bushes. They sat down near a bed of wild flowers, the fragrance of which scented the air. And from the other end of the mountain resort came the music of a dance orchestra.

Where would they spend their honeymoon? Again they talked about their marriage plans.

"Perhaps we will take a little cottage here in the mountains," suggested Edna.

"Yes, a little cottage and we two alone," murmured Lee.

"Don't you think my mother and father will like to spend a week with us here in the mountains?"

"Why?"

"I know you don't like it," she said, "and I don't either, but you see, just a few days and maybe I shall never see them any more. I know they will just love it."

They thought of all that they had suffered, and perhaps—who knows?—of all

that they were to suffer in the future. From their experience of the previous year, they knew that another year of separation would be unbearable. She told him of the awful loneliness and the empty days when he had been away. She laid her head on Lee's shoulder. It was such sweet comfort to her to feel his presence. He took her hands, and muttered a silent prayer. God speed the day when they would part no more! And suddenly they kissed. O such happiness! Religious happiness! So sweet and profound that it was almost sorrow.

They sat there locked in each other's arms. They hardly breathed, and could feel heart beating to heart. A gentle drizzle was falling. Under the trees it was almost dark. Edna turned her face to him, two lips warm and parted a little. They were near swooning.

The selfishness of their love had cut them off from everything and everybody. They had no thought save that of losing themselves in each other. With every part of themselves, body and soul, they touched and tasted and sought to probe into the very inmost depths. Each in other found nothing but delight. Each in other found another self. What was the world to them? Their eyes were closed to the world. All the world was in themselves.

Even the presence of others could not embarrass them. They saw hardly anybody. Their indifference was so open that it hurt people. They were thinking of the same thing at the same time, and they knew it. They indulged in a thousand childish ways. They talked in baby-language and invented the most grotesque nicknames for each other. She used to call him her Little As Usual, Cave Man, Bad Boy, My Exasperating Tommy, and her Black-Eyed Lover. She would act like a little girl, give him every kind of affection: mother, sister, wife, sweetheart, mistress.

They thought only of each other. They were uplifted from earth by love. They

lived on in their dream. They would never live, like other married couples, as husband and wife. They would be just sweethearts forever. Like children, they saw no more hindrances in life. Nothing could stop them. They seemed to have reached the very summit of love. Now might they die readily, for they had everything, and nothing to fear. Other persons and happenings made no impression on them. They turned to themselves and seemed to say, "you people don't know anything at all . . ."

A CUB REPORTER

Lee had a letter of introduction to Clyde Harper, editor of the Denver Record. Mr. Harper greeted Lee warmly. It flattered him to think that a young man from China had come to his office to learn American journalism. A few minutes later Lee was introduced to Ray Dougherty, the city editor, who assigned him to a desk.

An air of physical disorder filled the editorial room. The floor was littered with papers, and the boys were running from desk to desk in response to the furious bellows of the writers. Dougherty in shirt sleeves, and his feet on the table, displayed a remarkable vocabulary of profane language.

"What have you got?" Dougherty asked a young reporter who had just returned from an interview with a prominent man in town.

"He said he didn't believe in either modernism or fundamentalism."

"What? Is that all the goddamn thing you've got?"

"And he told me why he thinks they are wrong."

"Hell! We can't use that junk, you sonofabitch!"

Their conversation was interrupted by telephone. Dougherty grabbed the receiver and shouted, "Hello! say something!" The police reporter was on the other end of the wire. A hot tip. A woman and her lover were murdered.

Husband arrested. Jealousy motive suspected.

"Here's a whale of a story!" the city editor kicked over his chair, "Harding, Wilson, grab a taxi, and hop right on this! Meyers, tell the art department to rush a three-column, snappy picture of Denver girls murdered by jealous lovers! Tell them to get the one with the best legs in front this time! There, kid, run through the morgue and drag out all the pictures and dope we have on murder mysteries! Hello! Hello! What's the matter with this goddamn telephone? Dorothy! Hello! Sweetheart! Gimme circulation manager . . . Hello, Don, have an extra for you in a few minutes. Biggest murder story of the year just busted"

That night Lee returned home, he was puzzled by what he had seen in the afternoon. Edna tried to comfort him. He did not have to stay there long. He needed the experience for his future work, and as soon as he learned the ins and outs of that office, he could leave that place at any time. Nevertheless, Lee was hurt by his first encounter with practical newspaper work, and it took him some time to get over it. But what was the matter with the newspapers? he often asked himself. Together with this horrific chronicle of events in this daily edition of *Encyclopaedia Americana*, he read a story about an elopement, on another page a murder, and still another page a gun battle between police and bootleggers. He hurled the paper away with a shudder.

Lee, however, was thankful for the training he received with the *Record*. They gave him assignments of all sorts, covering conventions, interviewing prominent men from other cities, reporting tennis tournaments, and encouraging him to dig up feature stories on his own initiative. His popularity rapidly grew around the office and with many civic leaders in town. People marvelled at him, a Chinese so young to work on the

staff of an American newspaper. A severe handicap had strangely been turned to work in his favor.

To occupy her mind when Lee was working in the office, Edna had come to spend her afternoons reading. Many times in the evening, she would undress and rest in bed, while Lee would read the stories aloud. The literature of the time seemed to be teemed with effeminate men and women. It is well that people should write if they are sincere enough to describe what no other author has ever seen, the depths of a soul. But only very few dared do that. Most of them only wrote to attract the readers. The writers were as untruthful in their books as in their lives. Their lives were only successive attempts to please the public and the gradual elimination of themselves as individual beings. They jockeyed their facts and flirted with the readers. There was a shower of novels, almost all affected, written in a sort of lispng style, scented with a stale, sweetish smell. Their books reeked of it. Lee could not help being disgusted by these books, their sensuality, their hotch-potch subtlety and brutality.

But Lee was ready to admit that he was not in a position to judge. His ideas might change. When he was a child, he loved to read about the doings of the heroes in *SHUI HU*. He dreamed how he would kill a tiger single handed some-day, like Wu Sung did in the story. Gradually that childish adoration for muscular strength gave place to an aspiration for power and glory. And the *THREE KINGDOMS* became his favorite novel. After he reached sixteen, however, the *DREAM OF THE RED CHAMBER* appealed to him strongly with its romance and tragedy.

He had not yet seen enough of American life to really appreciate their contemporary literature. He had so far visited the west and the middle-west. The east, the large commercial, industrial cities, of which the authors wrote so

much about, remained to be explored. Perhaps he would understand their life better some day, and would see behind these pages of crammed metaphors and sweet nonsense, their dominant tendencies. But the only impression Lee had at this time was that of a flood of writing which looked like a national disaster. Everybody wrote: men, women, children, officers, actors, society debutantes, criminals. It was an epidemic.

Sometimes Lee would pause in his reading and see if Edna had been listening. And if he suspected that she had gone to sleep, or that her mind was elsewhere, he would make her repeat that part of the story he had just finished reading. Everytime she fooled him. Her account was almost accurate to the word. Then she laughed and with her arms about his neck, exclaimed:

"Could I make you understand how I love you? No, no human ways can. When I think of you, and I am always thinking of you, I feel in the depths of my body and soul an unspeakable longing to be yours, and to give you more of myself. There is nothing better, when one loves than to give always, all, everything. I love you to the extent of loving to suffer for you. I love in you a some one I alone have discovered, not the one which is admired and known by the others. I love a you that is my own, which cannot change, which cannot grow old. But these things cannot be told. There are no words to express them."

"Dear, dear Edna," was all he could say and pressing his lips to her fingers, he seemed to drink, to inhale from her all the love she had from him.

QUARRELS

A man's first love drains at one draught all his earthly emotions, and after such a love his heart will be closed to every other. Education, family obligations, the sense of duty, the hope of a career, are enough to discourage any person from going into a mixed marriage.

But to be loved by a pure young girl, the first to reveal to him the strange mysteries of love, his hardships made Lee's love all the more ardent because it seemed so pure.

Three years ago a young man, wearing the characteristic Chinese silk robe, sat dreaming in a flower-boat on the Tsing-Huai river. Five years in America. He would come back a great journalist whose name would be the very symbol of fame and fortune. He did not know the girl, and she had pleasures, griefs, loves in which he had no part. He did not exist for her, and perhaps, if she had happened to come across his name somewhere, she would not even care to find out who he was. Weeks, months, years passed, and all at once, after the had each followed their fate along a different path, they met face to face in a strange city far from their homes. They became friends and loved each other. How? Why? Their two existences were henceforth one. It seemed as if they had known each other always. All that had gone before was wiped out from the memory of the two lovers. It was curious, they admitted.

As for Edna, she no longer remembered how she had lived before. Her whole being was exalted into joy at the memory of the words they had exchanged, of the names they had invented for each other. The more she reflected the more she said to herself she had no reason to fall in love with Lee. He belonged to another race, embraced almost no religious faith, and had not enough money to give her even the simplest luxuries. Why was it then that she had loved him so? She searched her memory for the names of those whose happiness she had once envied, and she could not recall one without finding herself the happier. Did she know why? Perhaps because he was the only man who had ever loved her for herself and not for himself. He was young ardent, happy. He had inspired in her the women she

had longed to be in her dreams. He brought into her life the realization of a romance, one of two lovers under the blue sky, amidst the odors, the flowers, the breeze, the shining solitude of fields, or woods.

One afternoon when Lee returned from work, the front porch was deserted. He had expected to find her there working cross-word puzzles. The piano was idle. She was not in the parlor. He ran upstairs and called, "Edna . . . Edna!". No one answered. She was not in her room. She must be hiding again. He looked into the closet, behind the doors, under the bed, everywhere. It was the first time such a thing had happened. He went downstairs.

"Where is Edna?"

"Gone to work," replied Mrs. Davis.

"Gone to work!"

"Yes, switchboard operator at Casey Hotel."

"When?"

"This afternoon."

"She left no word for me?"

"Yes, she said she will be back at six."

All at once he remembered how they had quarrelled over her desire to work. The idea—a switchboard operator at a hotel! Some fat, greasy-looking clerk might be flirting with her now. And the bellboys might be around too. However much one loves a woman, whatever confidence one may have in her, one is always more or less jealous. He had an almost insane desire to isolate her from this world. No matter how indifferent Edna might be to her surroundings, Lee would never feel satisfied until she was completely separated from other men and things.

That night he withdrew into his room and locked the door. Presently he heard two little taps at his door, and heard her breathe through the crack, "Are you there, Tom?" Once again, not very loud, "Tom!" then a sigh and a kiss thrown through the door. She left slowly, step by step, as if expecting to be recalled. He

tiptoed to the door, his footsteps muffled in the carpet. He was almost unable to resist opening his door, when he fell anew a victim to the torment of a prying jealousy. He suddenly felt that lover's fury which changes tenderness to hatred. His nerves tingled with a shock so violent that it seemed to pierce his soul, and at once he detested her. Ah, yes! That was woman! She was like them all! Why not? She talked about work, work, all the time. She did not need the money. She was beginning to get tired of him. That job at the hotel was only her excuse to avoid him.

When he was walking to work the following morning, with quick and angry steps, jostling the passers-by, his great fury against her began to crumble into vexation and regret. After he had reviewed all the reproaches he had heaped upon her, he remembered, as he saw other women passing, how charming and devoted she was. Like most others, though we don't often confess it, he had been waiting always the meeting with that impossible person, that poetic and passionate love, the dream of which hovers over our hearts. Had he not grasped it? Had she not given him that well-nigh impossible happiness?

His resentment toward her had already faded. Now as he reasoned with himself, he questioned what cause of anger he had against her. After all, with what could he reproach her? It was a noble sacrifice on her part. She wanted to be financially independent, so that in case her father should object to their marriage, she would not have to live on her father's allowance. It was no disgrace to work. Might be so in China but not here.

He was seized with the desire to ask her forgiveness. He must see her at once. Running to the nearest telephone booth, he got Dougherty at the office, and wanted a day off.

She was in bed, crying, when Lee entered. She greeted him with such a

sad smile, such a sorrowful face, that he imagined he saw in those wet blue eyes, all the pain, all the suffering of that girl's heart. With the weary and crushed air of a sick woman, she stretched her arms yearningly toward him.

"I knew you couldn't stay away," was all she could say, so utterly exhausted and broken. Looking at the form resting in his arms, he needed no other proof that she was all him, heart and soul. Once more they entered their almost daily outbursts of sentiments when they exchanged vows of eternal love.

"Tom," she held his head between her hands, "I love you. You're wrong about it all. I don't want to work. I only do it for your sake. I shall be faithful to you always. Always, do you hear? Don't be mad with me. Our love has been so perfect, so beautiful. Tom, dearest, don't —please!" Her voice broke and she sank into his lap, sobbing. His hands caressed her hair. He felt at the moment as if his heart were mysteriously breaking.

"Forgive me," he answered, tears running down his eyes. "I'm a fool. I was jealous. But I love you so much. Edna, darling, I love you . . ."

"Will you then come to meet me every afternoon when I get off from work?"

"Yes."

"At six?"

"Yes."

"At the street corner opposite the hotel?"

"Yes."

One cold afternoon, she was late. Lee was at the place early, as had become his custom, for he always hoped she would come before the hour. While waiting he paced up and down, repeating the question which he was surprised to have asked himself for the millionth time during the past two years: "Is she faithful?" He had no cause to suspect her. But nevertheless he lived in terror of losing her. All that he knew not of her life made him tremble, and all that he knew

alarmed him. Every other man was a rival. He was restless, his nerves tense and vibrant. He walked about, stopped to look around, and started walking again. At every instant his eyes sought the hands of the watch moving toward the usual hour at slow and changeless pace. Several times he had been tempted to move the two revolving arrows to the figure it was reaching so lazily. It seemed that would cause the expected one to appear. Then he smiled at this childish, unreasonable desire. The clock struck, and the sound startled him, striking upon his nerves. He waited for her with that impatience which was increased by delay from second to second. She was always prompt, therefore, perhaps in less than a minute he would see her crossing the street. When that minute had elapsed, he felt distressed, and irritated that she made him wait. But he would suffer, if he went back alone. What should he do? Wait for her? No. He would go, but when? How much grace should he give her? Would it not be wiser to remain and make her understand in a few cold, courteous words that she should never be late? Could she be waiting for another man to take her home? That was impossible, but his fists tightened at the thought. Then with a gesture of delight, he saw her coming toward him. She was alone.

"Do you know what I was thinking while I was waiting for you?"

"No."

"I was asking myself whether you would stop loving me someday."

"You thought of that? Come, you are not that silly!"

But that fear was not so easily dismissed. At night he lay in bed half curled up, his eyes watching her. Under the soft moonlight she seemed to become as unreal as a painting. Her hair spread about her like a dainty fan. Her eyes deep and smiling. He raised his arms slowly until his hands held her cheeks. He was unable to talk.

"I am yours always," she whispered.

His eyes eagerly devoured the picture of her which would remain in his mind forever—like she looked that moment. And gradually the warmth of her breath and their clinging embrace soothed his fears and quieted the torment in his heart.

DREAMERS

The life that they now led for about three months was a real idyl. Lee was loved as perhaps very few men have ever been. They often told each other in great seriousness that their love was the most beautiful romance of all times. Edna was all in all to him, his Heaven and earth, his charm and delight. In her eyes, and in her soul, in her heart and in her flesh there was no object but him.

They were always dreaming. In the morning, when she was lifted out of bed, she would forget herself, and sat with her bare legs dangling down, or sometimes with two stockings on one leg. Lee would forget himself at his desk in the middle of writing. He would dream for hours on end, and then he would suddenly wake up, horrified to find that he had neglected some assignment. Hardships and struggles had never entered their minds before and were hardly comprehensible to them.

In the shadow of the trees they would slip down on the lawn and bury their faces in the grass, and shout with laughter without knowing why. He would press his lips upon the soft satin skin of her pretty rounded arms. He would read her Lamartine's *GRAZIELLA*, Daudet's *SAPHO*—and they fancied themselves very far away in a world of their own, the Island of Dreams. In her heart she heard the sweet song of newborn hope soaring, like the lark in April, in the springtime of her life. It was a joy to her to feel the flowering of her body soul, to know that she had found love. He was ecstasies over her. He

delighted in her little coquetries, to see her eying herself in her mirror, to watch her little innocent tricks.

So the days slipped by for the two. Then came September and with it the necessity to leave. On the evening of the day before—a melancholy evening toward the middle of September—as they walked along the street, the trees shivered and whose fantastic shapes danced in the moonlight. They longed to cling to each other and stay together. They went instinctively to their room. It was their last night together in a house which was so indissolubly linked with their joys and sorrows, as to be part of their life. His trunks were packed. He was to take the first train the next day for New York. He touched the walls, the furniture, all the things he was going to leave, pressing his face against the windowpanes, trying to take away with him in memory the contact of the things he loved.

At last they made an effort to shake free from the absorption of their sorrowful thoughts and discussed their future in details. A year from now Lee would come back from New York. They would be married in Denver before starting for China. Among the modern cities in China, Peking was the only place where she could live. Nanking, his home town, and Shanghai are too near the sea coast. The low altitude of those cities would not be good for her lungs. They almost had to start their married life together on nothing. Certainly they could never expect any financial assistance from their parents. He had to have a job before they return to China. He did not even have the money to pay their traveling expenses. Perhaps he might get a position, when he was in New York, as the Peking correspondent for some American newspaper association. The idea pleased them. He would then have a chance to give the American public the true reports of the existing conditions in China. No Chinese newspaper

could guarantee him a steady position. The militarists had everything their way, suppressing newspapers and shooting journalists at will. So he must get a position as the Peking correspondent of some American newspaper association. Their future, at least its start, depended on that. They knelt by the bed and said their prayers.

About six o'clock in the morning, Edna laid her hand gently on Lee's shoulder, and she said in a low voice:

"Tom, dear, it is time to get up."

He sighed, opened his eyes, saw her face leaning over him. She smiled sadly and caressed his face with her hand. She said:

"Come!"

They got up.

They crept about the house noiselessly, like thieves. The tick-tock of the clock seemed to them to be the beating of their hearts. The air was keen. About the house hovered the profound silence of a cold morning, such a morning as makes all living things cower away for warmth into the depths of sleep. The hours passed. Edna must go to work at nine. She had wanted to take a day off, but Lee would not let her. In the half light of their room, all her weariness, all her heart-sickness returned, heavier and more cruel than ever. And his pain was intensified by the things about them which they loved, the furniture, the little dressing room, the mirror of their happy days. Secretly he cursed poverty and was almost angry with the world. If only he had the money! If only they lived in a world without economic burdens and unnatural struggles! He would never have to leave her. They would remain together forever.

Arm in arm they walked slowly down Emerson street, with the mountains rising out of the darkness in the distance. At the corner of Washington street, very near the hotel, they had to part. All her courage, all her energy, all her resolution failed her. He tried to smile, and tell

her to be brave. The sadness which followed that attempt was painful. A groan she could not suppress came from her lips. Stifled and breathless for a few seconds, she took her handkerchief from her pocket and covered her eyes. Then with a supreme effort of the will she ceased sobbing, uncovered her face, and looked at him with eyes wide open, without a contraction of her features, though tears continued to flow slowly. They gazed at each other, both motionless, no longer knowing that anyone else was around them, and their glances carried a superhuman emotion from one heart to the other. It was between them the rapid, silent and terrible recollection of all their love, of all they had left together, of all they had united and blended in their lives. They gazed at each other, recalling those thousand intimate things, so sad, which arose to their minds irresistibly. She grazed his forehead, then his eyes, then his cheeks with slow kisses, light, delicate as caresses. She touched him with the tip of her lips, with that little breathing noise that children make when they embrace. And that lasted a long, long time.

"Only think that....another minute... ..I'll be gone...."

She stopped him, her heart breaking.

"Just another year and all our heart-aches will be over. Be brave. Think of me as I think of you."

Once more they gazed at each other, motionless, joined together by the burning clasp of their hands. She pressed, with gentle motions, the feverish hand she was holding, and he responded to these calls by tightening his fingers a little. Every one of those pressures said something to them. Each one of them was a silent caress. As she tried to disengage her hand from that of Lee, he pressed it, uttering a long sigh. She was gone. Her figure grew smaller until it was no more than a wandering star.

(To be Continued)