

學生英文創作集

第一集

English Essays

By Chinese Students

SERIES I

The Miseries of War

My Conception of an Ideal Wife

The War between Kiangsu

and Chekiang

English Essays

By Chinese Students

*Answers to Three Prize Contest Subjects
Announced in No. 276 of Chung Hwa English Weekly*

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The War between Kiangsu
and Chekiang



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PREFACE

In the following pages will be found a collection of short essays written by Chinese students of the English language. These essays were written by the readers of Chung Hwa English Weekly in response to three Prize Contest Subjects announced in No. 276 of the magazine.

As the title of the book indicates, these compositions are simply specimens of work by Chinese students who are aiming at an ultimate mastery of a foreign language, and therefore must be viewed as such. They lay no claim to being models of perfect English, though quite a number of the contributions are of a high order of excellence.

In editing this book, it has been my aim to present the compositions in their natural color, but in a readable form. No attempt has been made to straighten all the errors which appeared in the manuscripts; only the more glaring grammatical mistakes have been corrected.

Z. C. Mo.

Shanghai, February 26th, 1925.

A List of Contributors

- | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------|
| Ying Y. Lee (李應元) | 徐日蔭 |
| Y. F. Shen (沈炎馥) | Loh Chin Don |
| F. H. Tsai | C. C. Hsieh (謝啟泉) |
| 阮壽榮 | Lo Kar Yi |
| P. Y. Lu (陸秉堯) | Emmy Chow |
| 嚴馥蓀 | 石家昌 |
| Hang Moon Sang | 錢儔 |
| 顧豫 | 沈祥餘 |
| Y. S. Hang | C. K. Thun (甄國燦) |
| Tao Hung Cheng (陶鴻
激) | N. U. Tuck (伍有德) |
| P. S. Kuo (郭秉陸) | Ho Shih Tao |
| 黃允明 | C. C. Yen (嚴崇昌) |
| Webster White. | S. N. Peh |
| George L. Tso (左雲
岑) | 陸景明 |
| 張石民 | Woo Chue Tao |
| 盛子琦 | 陸秉禮 |
| 張兆麟 | 張桂英 |
| 岑麟祥 | 張次婁 |
| Woodbury Wang (汪五
保) | 王慰 |
| | 呂璋 |
| | K. T. Chu (朱光斗) |
| | Tzelo, A Chiao (焦子榮) |

- | | |
|------------------------|-----------------------|
| 陸春霖 | Peter Loong |
| Yeh Teh Hang (葉德衡) | Wellington Yeh |
| 孫華卉 | Te Hua Nee (倪德華) |
| Shen Yung Ding | Johnson Hwang |
| 沈海根 | R. T. C. W. |
| Chiao Wen Chin (焦問清) | 郭叔滯 |
| Benjamin U. Ling (林炳文) | Chow Yoong Tong (周詠棠) |
| 沈汾 | Tunian Che |
| Li Bao Sik | Ong Yi-ling |
| 鄧映暉 | 郭鉅濤 |
| 孔滿光 | 周家珩 |
| 陸震東 | 崔維炳 |
| Raylin Wang (王璫林) | Hampson Yer |
| T. S. Dzen | S. H. Chao |
| 黃韻夔 | 王受權 |
| Tsao Yu Li | Chang Tse Kwok (張資國) |
| Tong Sin Cheng | 王鎮球 |
| 王明允 | 金志樞 |
| 李雅文 | Francis Vang |
| 莫清于 | |

THE MISERIES OF WAR

*(Answers to Senior Prize Contest in No. 276 of
Chung Hwa English Weekly)*

First Prize Essays

In my village, there lived an old lady whom I liked best among the ladies throughout the whole neighbourhood. She was not yet very old, but already bent with sorrow. The early days of misfortune had marked on her face the whole history of her life. Her heart, deeply wounded by the ruin her husband brought to the family, bled in pain at his death and was finally broken up into pieces by seeing her youngest child enter the grave. The brighter days were, however, drawing near, as her son, the only child that Providence had left her, had married a beautiful young lady and was in a military college. What joy could be greater to her than seeing her beloved happily married and well trained in a line of study which, she believed, would bring her honour and glory? Her hope on him was enough comfort to eliminate her former sorrows. Thank God, she had not suffered in vain!

In a summer afternoon of the year 1921, I rambled about the village in an agreeable frame of mind. Aimlessly and unconsciously, I came to an old lady sitting under a tree beside her door, with eager eyes and an impatient heart. I at once recognized it was old Mrs. Koo. After a simple exchange of greetings, I asked her why she was in such a mood. She told me she was waiting for her son who had been engaged in the war between Chihli and Fengtien. She expressed to me her fears with trembling lips. She expected him home every minute of the hour. She prayed for him for God's protection a thousand times a day. I gave her my best consolation and went away.

One year later, I was at home again during my summer holidays. I happened to come again in an idle walk to the tree under which the old lady sat last year. It reminded me at once of her and her expectations. So turning immediately to the door I knocked at it. It was answered by a beautiful young lady, in white linen, of not more than twenty years of age. White as was her dress, her complexion was still whiter; it was almost ghastly. The beauty which had once

charmed many a young man seemed to have faded away. Her face was sad. Her voice was so faint that I could hardly hear her, when she asked me "What is it you want?" I told her I wanted to see Mrs. Koo, an old lady here. She seemed much struck, having scarcely strength to stand still. "Oh, Sir, she died last winter!", answered she, with tears in her eyes. "How about her son then?" asked I promptly. "He was dead also!" was the answer which gave me more pain. Oh Heavens! They were both dead!

Depressed by the terrible news, moved by the deplorable condition of the young lady and painfully pricked by the saddening atmosphere, I asked as politely and as soothingly as possible how they met their death, after mentioning that I was a good friend of both. She drew a long breath and shed a few drops of bitter tears again and then said "My husband was killed in a campaign near Shanhaikwan last summer and never returned, not even his corpse. My mother who had expected him every minute, since he departed for the field, died of a broken heart four months later." Then she told me how her mother-in-law's expectation

darkened into anxiety, anxiety into dread, dread into despair at last brought her to the death-bed. "As for me," she went on, "I am living in misery and sorrow! The world is cruel! The war, it was the war that killed my mother and my husband!"

With a heavy heart, I bade her good-bye and came homeward. The picture of a young man bleeding in a battle-field, an old lady lying in a grave with a broken heart and a young widow leading a miserable life in a lonely home is always the chief impression on my mind, whenever the word "war" comes into my ears.

Ying Y. Lee (李應元)

About ten days after the outbreak of hostilities between Chekiang and Kiangsu one of my friends who came to the North on a business trip called upon me. He is a native of Liuho, a town which has been recently enveloped by heavy troops and where vigorous fighting for the last few days has been reported.

Being asked about the happenings in his town when he set out on his journey my friend told me a

story which might be indicative of what the war has done to the peace-loving people.

Near Liuho there is a village which is comparatively less populated than any other village in the neighbourhood. However, the village is noted for its richness and abounds in rural sceneries which give one the best idea of the country life in China. There runs a small stream encircling the village on the outskirts of which wild blossoms and green leaves of willow trees are to be seen in a distance in the first two seasons of the year.

The villagers are happy and content with all they have. They used to rise at daybreak and go out tilling their fields. They do not know what a war means and what miseries it brings to human beings. To tell the truth, they never dreamed that their happiness would be sacrificed on the altar of the selfish policy of the military parties.

On the night when the first shot was fired in the so-called "Kiang-Che" fight the tranquility of the whole village was disturbed. Alas! the shot is so mighty that it deprives the villagers of the happiness which has been so much envied by

others. Seeing that their village was exposed to the danger of soldiery and that they might be made victims of the indefensible bullets, the villagers took to flight. They took their children and beloved wives along and ran for safety.

A youth of twenty-one years of age with his young wife whom he had married only a few weeks ago also followed up the heels of the other villagers and fled. He was the only son of a well-to-do family. He was born to the family for three months after his father's death. Therefore, what is most dear in the world to the family is their only son, the youth.

Now, comes the saddest of the sad events of the night. Just a few yards out of the village a stray bullet came and ran through the head of the youth. It killed him on the spot! At this fearful sight the young wife also fell down upon the ground in a swoon. The youth's old mother, being too ill to flee, still stays in the village. What a shocking news to the aged mother this must be!

Some other villagers, who witnessed this tragical occurrence, persuaded the young wife to flee for her own life, the firing of guns being then

heard nearer and the stray bullets coming in that direction more and more. But she did not yield to their pursuation and sat beside the dead body. She held on to the idea that she would rather die from another bullet or at the point of a bayonet than to leave her dead husband uncared for. To save their own lives from the danger of stray bullets the villagers could not but resume their flight and leave the bereaved lady weeping by herself.

What has become of the young wife and the dead husband yet remains unknown to my friend who told this story.

By Y. F. Shen (沈炎馥)

It was a hazy morning; the sun shone behind dense clouds, and the whole landscape appeared to be covered with a shroud. The little village had, during the last few days, been struck with horror, lest the soldiers should have arrived, as the roaring of cannons and guns had been heard fitfully. The whole village was, indeed, mournful and distressing. Every villager, male or female, young or old,

looked wan, apprehensive, and lifeless. An indifferent noise would make all startle and wince; each gazed at the face of other with an inexpressible concern. The Heavens themselves seemed to share the fear and suffering.

Scarcely had the clock struck nine when a boisterous bustling came nearer and nearer from the east of the village. A minute or two, and the trembling villagers were seized by a gang of about thirty defeated soldiers, some of them appeared to have been slightly wounded, but almost everyone was equipped with a gun. They were quite modest at first, asking for money. "We are now between anvil and hammer" said they pitifully. "We have been defeated and are obliged to run for life. But alas! The world is too large for us. We have not a penny in our pockets, and we would starve to death. We come to you for help. As there are thirty-two of us, we ask for thirty-two hundred dollars."

Five old bearded men, who were patriarchs of the village, appeared and addressed the soldiers: "We are heartily sympathetic with you, but we are sorry that our village can scarcely satisfy your want,

We are poor farmers, and have already suffered a great deal from the present war. How can we raise so much money!"

On hearing this, the soldiers suddenly turned into fierceness. "What?" shouted some of them. "You—you are poor? We're no fools and can't be deceived. Now, we needn't mince matters. Give us money, or your life! Which alternative would you prefer to choose?"

The poor villagers were willing enough to yield to the demands of the soldiers if they could at once get so much money. No reduction was allowed; the soldiers were obstinate enough to hold to their own view. Words passed between both parties for a meal's time, but no agreement could be reached.

Alas! a terrible catastrophe finally broke out. The undisciplined soldiers, after vain efforts in quest of money, suddenly discharged their guns and began to loot the village. Rape, murder, and pillage mercilessly followed. Alas for the innocent country folks! Cries, distressing and touching, were heard far and wide, but nobody came to the rescue. And, to make matters worse, the desperate robbers, being disappointed in their

cruel adventure, set the village on fire, and then ran away callously.

The village was all but reduced to ashes. Of the entire population of about two hundred souls, only one-fifth survived. Outcasts were these survivors now. And some of them, finding that they were homeless and helpless, immediately committed suicide.

The foregoing tragic story was told, a few years ago, by my servant. He was one survivor of that merciless attack by the soldiers. Tears ran down his cheeks, and sorrow almost choked him, as he was groaning to tell me the heart-breaking story. It was in the southern part of the province of Kiangsi and in the second year of the Republic that the disastrous calamity came to pass. It shows only one phase of the intolerable miseries of war.

By F. H. Tsai

It was about a month ago at Shanghai, and in the afternoon of a stormy day. I was reading by the window, much satisfied with the book I was reading; and the consciousness that I was safe and comfortable inside despite the heavy autumn storm

and the terrible war clouds outside gave me still greater complacency. A woman made her sudden appearance at the door; she actually rushed into my neighbour's house. I took no great notice of her, for without an umbrella who would care to go out under such torrents? A cry of dismay from my neighbour roused my attention, and I hastened to see what all was about. To my surprise, the woman who a minute ago had been apparently so lively was now lying fainting on the floor.

Such fainting requires no medical treatment, it being only a temporary exhaustion of the body caused mostly through the overstraining of the mind, and it only requires time to revive. So within a quarter of an hour, we had the satisfaction to see her completely recovered and quite able to talk. Her story was quite within the range of my conjecture, for judging from her miserable appearance and the region from which she came—which my neighbour had told me was Soochow—one could easily guess that she was a war refugee and a most unfortunate one too.

“O! God of Heavens, what misfortunes have befallen me!” the woman began, half suffocated

with emotions. "You see, Sister, when the news of a war was confirmed our lane had already been deserted, and any one who was worth something had come down here to escape the barbarity of the press-gang. We had an intention to follow their steps; but you know that means expense and great inconvenience. Moreover, my husband could not get his leave for absence from his office and I was unwilling to leave him alone.

"It was but yesterday that the unfortunate event happened. My husband having failed to come home at the usual hour, I sent A-lin to see what the matter was. When my boy reappeared he was out of breath and his face showed the greatest grief and excitement. What do you think had happened? Ah! before his very eyes he had seen his father dragged away by a number of brutal soldiers. A-lin told me that his father made resistance, but that only invited some blows, and the only word A-lin heard from him was that we should take our first chance to come here. I have heard that all people thus taken are to serve as soldiers. What, is my husband also to take off his long gown and to work for these cruel beings who

are yet too rude to be his servants? How my heart aches at the mere thought!

“I followed his instructions and this morning we set out for the railway station with what money I had in my purse. We got to station all right, and the money was just sufficient for the tickets. The first train came, but it was so packed with passengers that only a very small fraction of the swarming crowd on the platform jostled in, and of course we two were elbowed far back.

“The next train was expected every minute, but it did not come till hours later. By this time the platform had become even more crowded, and the rumour that the coming train might be the last made every one uneasy and anxious to get to the front. I struggled with my might and main only to be pushed back again and again to my original stand. When the train actually appeared, I became desperate, and, having told A-lin to follow me close made my way straight to it, pushing and being pushed and taking no heed of any feminine courtesy we are accustomed to. After minutes of exertion, thank God, I got into the train at last. When I turned back I was much surprised to find no A-lin,

and so quickly struggled for my way out. But alas! it was even more difficult. You can easily imagine my feeling when I heard the whistle for the train to start and found myself still alone in the car. I actually cried, but nobody took much notice of me. My boy may have now returned home or may have gone to his teachers, but how can I pardon myself if he has been kidnapped or gone astray? I can't die peacefully if I should be destined to see my beloved no more."

The woman was so much choked with sobs that she could hardly make herself understood, and her thought for her beloved had evidently made her forget her own sufferings under the rain.

阮壽榮

Second Prize Essays

During these days of disturbance thousands of people have abandoned their homes in the neighbourhood of the battle-fields and come to Shanghai. The trains of the Shanghai-Nanking Railway are crowded every day. One of the fugitives from Nanking, Mr. C. H. Chang, who is my cousin,

is now lodged in my home. He has told me many interesting but pathetic stories about the conditions in Nanking since the outbreak of this Kiangsu-Chekiang War. Here are some of the more appalling ones.

I. On the evening of September 1, Tuchun Chi went to Changchow by a special train. This train, while passing by Shen-tse-men, rolled over and killed a conscripted coolie who, due to overwork, fell asleep on the railway. He was excused for ever by the warlord!

II. After the commencement of this war, the natives of Nanking saw many soldiers, either dead or seriously wounded, brought back every day for burial or for medical treatment. Among these poor wretches one was not dead until he had been taken out from the train for some time. He looked around and suddenly saw his old mother who hurried to the spot to see her beloved. But before she could say any word to him, he joined the majority. Being ordered not to weep, as this was the custom in the armies, she became still more sad; she looked at the corpse with her soul almost dead. Alas! how pathetic this was!

III. Before the war broke out, soldiers began to press the people of the lower class—ricksha coolies, servants, and workers—into compulsory service at the front. My cousin said that his servant, Ah Mao, had been one of these victims. One morning, while he was on his way to the market, two soldiers seized him and sent him to the front to dig ditches. At Quinsan he worked three days and nights without any rest. He escaped and walked clear back to Nanking. He slept for two whole days and nights without eating or moving; he was hardly conscious.

IV. In a small lane near Shou-si-men, there is a bathing house. One night, while my cousin was taking a bath there, six or seven soldiers went directly into the bathing house to find men to work for them in the front. Instantly there was disorder and confusion. At the back of the house lies a lake. Four windows through which one can reach the lake are on the back wall. Knowing this and being used to swimming, my cousin and several other bathers hurriedly went to the windows and jumped into the water and escaped. Several others who did not know the

existence of the lake and who were not used to swimming were sent to the front. And my cousin said that he had heard nothing of them since then. The next morning he accompanied his parents and wife to Shanghai.

P. Y. Lu (陸秉堯)

Every man hates war. The fact cannot be denied even by the warlords that where there is war, there are always misery and suffering. The following story gives us only a slight idea of what the masses may suffer from war.

Some days after the outbreak of the Kiangsu-Chekiang War, one of my relatives was caught unexpectedly and pressed into compulsory service. He was promised to receive the daily wages of one dollar besides food and bed. Then, together with many others who had met with the same fate, he was led to Liuho where they were ordered to carry bullets, drive wagons and do miscellaneous heavy works.

On the fourth day, however, my relative resolved to escape; for the stunning sound of the

guns and the dazzling sight of the fire were already more than he could bear. So at that night, he took off his uniform and retired from the front. He did not run, nor did he walk, but crept. He crept and crept; and, when he felt he was far enough from the soldiers, he stood up and ran. On his way, he heard faint moanings, saw distant sparkles, smelled rancid blood and trampled corpses. He was trembling with horror. Sometimes he was entangled and stumbled. Thus through thick and thin he arrived at the bank of a small river. To his good fortune, he found a small boat the owner of which being a human and charitable man, consented to his request and ferried him to the opposite bank. Thanking the kind-hearted ferryman he went on and on. Now it was dawn when he reached 曹家渡. Then he hired a ricksha, and reached home quite worn out, nearly half gone.

嚴 馥 霖

A few months ago, when Sun Yat-sen was about to give a general attack on General Chen Chuan-ming who had revolted against him and fled to

Eastern Districts, a cruel movement took place to conscript the travellers in the streets for military service. They were sometimes ordered to carry military weapons or to be trained as reserves if they were strong enough. When caught by his soldiers, they could never get out of their hands, unless they secretly gave them two or three dollars.

Now, let me tell you a true story of the war which I heard from a country-man who was seized by the soldiers, but stole away home.

“One day early in the morning I went by steam-launch to Canton to buy goods for my retail-store. No sooner had I got out of the ship on arrival than several red-hatted soldiers caught me by the hand. I made all efforts to escape but nothing availed. I shouted and shouted but no one dared to come to my rescue. In a twinkling of an eye, I was brought to the Headquarters.

Next morning, the soldiers were to be sent to Eastern Districts, and I with many other victims was ordered to carry bullets and many other articles. Off we set, crossing hills, tramping along river sides, over fields, through parks, for several days and then we reached our destination. As soon as we put

down the heavy burdens, we had to make many barracks and dig many military ditches. As I was never trained for this kind of hard labour, I felt extremely tired, but had no chance to rest. No sooner had all the things been done than Chen's army marched toward us. In a moment, all the soldiers were lined up ready for fight. All at once, battle drums were heard, guns and cannons of both sides were fired, many soldiers were shot or wounded, and many houses were destroyed. All the poor people who remained in the districts were frightened to death. Thus they fought for about four hours. We had to distribute bullets to the troops in the front. Though I was by nature a timid fellow, yet I was encouraged by them. When it was dark, they stopped fighting. I made many efforts to get away, but chance had not come. Thus I was confined there for about three days.

One night when all soldiers were in the front, I put on a suit of dark clothes and crept out of the camp. As soon as I was about half a li from the camp, I stood up to ran as fast as my legs could carry me. As I had no money with me, I had to beg my way home. After that, I was sick

at home for more than three weeks, but, after all, it was good luck out of great distress."

From the story mentioned above, you can easily see that war is the most inhuman and dangerous thing. I admire Woodrow Wilson very much, for he stopped the Great War of Europe. But when will another Wilson come out of China so as to stop the miserable war of the Republic of China?

Hung Moon Sang

The Kiangsu-Chekiang War was in its height. For the sake of saving their dear, dear lives, the citizens of every district within the zone of danger were then fleeing to Shanghai to seek refuge. At this critical moment, there was a man named Chao Sze Chong (趙世昌). He was employed in the Tung Chi (同濟) University, Woosung; but he had an eighty-year-old grand-mother who lived in the vicinity of the West Gate of the city of Kiating.

A sharp fighting was soon reported to have been waged outside the West Gate of the city. The city was almost desolate. A greater part of

the inhabitants had removed already. The aged woman and her old servant could find no ways to escape. With doors barred, they left their lives to the fate's dictate—for what else could they do? The anxiety of Chao, who was still in Woosung, was hard to describe. He wished to go to Kiating to save his grand-mother. So he came to Shanghai to consult with his relatives. But instead of getting encouragement and good advice, he found quite the contrary. These are what they said: "There are dangers in Kiating. Even if you reach there, what can you do? Your grand-mother is so old and weak, so there is no hope for her to get out of the city. On the other hand, if you let her stay at home, probably she'll be all right."

Chao was, for a moment, disheartened. He felt, however, unless he had got his grand-mother out of danger, his mind would not rest at ease. Thus with an unalterable determination and a mind that knew no fear, he boarded a steamer provided by the Red Cross. When Chao got home, he found the parlour occupied by many soldiers. Some of them were dead while others were wounded. What a dreadful sight it was! Being

thus confounded, Chao was compelled to enter the house by the back door.

The poor old woman had had no food for full fifty hours, on account of fear. Neither could she sleep. Is there any wonder than that she was exceedingly delighted at the unexpected return of her dear child?

Chao packed up the necessaries and helped his aged grand-mother to start on the way. Happily, they found a ricksha. Whereupon the old woman seated herself, while the son followed on foot. When they got to the quay, they boarded a ship which came there for the relief of refugees. They at last got safely to Shanghai.

Well, dear readers, this aged woman was among the fortunate. Try, to picture the disaster which has fallen upon the head of the more unfortunate ones, then you may have some idea of the miseries which war brings in its wake.

願 豫

Third Prize Essays

"When drums speak law is silent" is an unmistakable truth, and it has become quite obvious in these days of actual hostilities between Kiangsu

and Chekiang. People are now no longer protected by any law, but are destined to suffer. Lives as well as properties of many unfortunate but innocent victims are lost or endangered. It is no uncommon thing to be told that people abandon their lovely homes and flee for safety; that others, still more unfortunate, are pressed into compulsory service at the front, or are even killed by stray bullets. Just think of the miseries the present war has brought to the masses! Scarcely is there any one who would not be moved to tears on hearing such disheartening stories of endless woes. And just picture to yourself those poor innocent victims who have actually suffered pains. What would be their feelings! The following are a few extracts from the saddest stories which the writer has heard from his friends in the war areas.

Before the war started in Quinsan, only a few rich and well-to-do families had fled for safety. Being poor, the majority could not afford to leave their homes, so they had to stay behind. When actual fight took place, many of them met with ill-fate—that is to say, they bade good-bye forever to this world. Soon was many a child made

fatherless, and many a lady widowed! And who would take any notice of these widows' tears or the orphans' cries!

The ill-fate of these poor people did not come to an end yet. For at length the town was wholly looted by unworthy soldiers and relentless bandits. The rich houses were, of course, the first ones on which the rascals laid their foul hands. But the poor houses did not, under the protection of insignificance, escape their notice. In fact, every house was visited for several times by the unwelcome guests. In their first visit the unworthy soldiers asked for money and valuable things; in the next, for clothes and household articles; in the third, they would carry away with them such things as clocks, bottles, China-wares, and so on and so forth; finally, as the house was empty, they would turn over the bricks and tiles in the hope of discovering something valuable purposely concealed in secluded places. Having their wants thus satisfied, they would then take off their uniforms, give up their rifles, and flee for safety in the guise of ordinary refugees.

The discarded uniforms and rifles, when found

by bandits, again helped them to practice foul tricks. They usually disguised themselves as soldiers. Following their steps, they plundered, and spared not a single house. When their desires were not satisfied, they would often set the houses on fire as a cruel means of redressing their grievance. As a result, no house there was found perfect. It might be justly termed, "There is nothing left." People fled. The autumn harvest was neglected. Famine is sure to come after the very heels of war. Indeed it was the saddest scene that had ever happened. So far as the eye could detect, everything bore signs of desolation. A few columns of smoke at times arose from smouldering fires, that had once consumed many a splendid edifice. Every now and then came a strong gale through the desolated earth, sweeping clear its way, scattering the ashes and smoke, or roaring, as if mourning for the desolation. What does the war mean? It means something that brings scars; something that sheds many a one's tears; something that sucks many a one's blood and dries many a one's bones. Alas! May it be forever expelled from this earth!

Y. S. Huang

War! What is war? An explosion. It destroys everything. Nothing is more horrible than war. It hinders the progress of civilization, commerce and industry, causes thousands of promising youths to die unnatural deaths, and force many an old man to face a hopeless future; it brings in its wake many helpless widows and poor orphans. In the great European War, 8,000,000 men were killed besides the wounded and \$200,000,000,000 wasted, not to speak of the financial loss sustained by the people all over the world. This great number of men and enormous amount of money may be utilized for any purpose beneficial to human beings who are in want of many improvements and comforts. Why should they be sacrificed in that way? "Fight for democracy! is the principle of the War," they claimed. It is only a pretext of warlords. It was simply an economic war. "There is no righteous war between the belligerent states," said Confucius, our greatest philosopher. War is only the gambling of militarists and statesmen at the expense of our poor, innocent and unprotected people.

In the fall of the year 1924, civil war unfortunately broke out between two great military leaders, Chi Hsieh-Yuan of Kiangsu and Lu Yung-Hsiang of Chekiang for the control of Shanghai, the richest and greatest port in China as well as the Far East. They were therefore involved in desperate engagements with their mercenaries in disregard of the life and property of innocent people. When the war was doing its worst, another great military leader in sympathy with Chi Hsien-Yuan, issued confidential orders to his troops for mobilization in order to render him the latter military assistance.

There lingered a spiritless soldier before a poor log house, knocking timidly at the door. He had received orders for mobilization and knew that an indescribable mourning would soon follow his farewell to his family which consisted of his aged, weak parents, his wife and two sweet, young sons; all of them were living from hand to mouth by their respective hard work. He had loitered in front for the closed door for some time. At length, he boldly knocked the door and his family immediately assembled to welcome him. "Do you want a lunch," asked his busy but happy wife. "No,"

replied that soldier a grin, hanging down his head in silence. Just after this reply, bugle was sounded for roll call. The soldier rushed to the door and said loudly to his loved family: "I will march to the front to attack Chekiang. Good-bye." Silence ruled over all of them for a moment and then they burst into tears. His parents could not bear the grief and fell to the ground. His wife wept bitterly and the two poor children got hold of clothes, crying bitterly. Despite of this, boldly went the soldier towards the camp, and all his family followed him to the centre of the street where they were stopped by policemen. A great crowd had gathered there to see the tragedy, murmuring "War! How horrible it is!"

That family knew no rest after the departure of the soldier. Every evening afterwards, his wife with the two sons went to a certain military office to beg news from the front, while his old parents, standing before their house, gave the only monotonous question to all passers-by: "How goes the day?" But no news could they get. Their appetite was greatly diminished and their quiet sleep often interrupted by the dreadful dreams. The two

old men, being unable to bear the strain became sick and later on, died. His wife, being overwhelmed with grief, ran for help in the street where she chanced to see a group of robust, armed soldiers. Unconsciously she exclaimed: "What shall I do with this wretched life." Out of curiosity, the soldiers asked her what the matter was. She gave them a detailed account of her gloomy story. Unanimously they sighed a deep sigh, saying: "War! How horrible it is!"

One day there arrived at the log cabin a ragged man with a leg cut off. From his weary face, we learnt that he had taken a long journey. That man was the same soldier who said to his family a month ago; "I will march to attack Chekiang. Good-bye." He was maimed for life in a famous battle which was fatal to his enemies so as to enable his generalissimo to gain a very prominent position. He was, of course, warmly welcomed by his family. But he was now a burden to his poor family. He had no savings and knew no handicraft, nor had he any pension from the government, and was eventually compelled to be a beggar. One afternoon, while begging in the street

he heard the loud noise of fire crackers celebrating the assumption of duty of a newly appointed Inspector-General for whom he was maimed. Upon hearing this, that beggar was almost out of wits, saying to himself: "What do I fight for? For country? For money? It was only eight dollars a month in arrears for four months! To-day, I am a beggar in the street, and he is an Inspector-General in the yamen! To him, war is a blessing and to me a misery! Oh! War! How Horrible it is!"

It requires pages to give a detailed account of the miseries of war. The above is only one of the hundred miseries of war. It destroys families, commerce, education and what not. The history is full of the miseries brought about by war and newspapers are filled with tales of woe. But does "the stroke of war fall certain on guilty head, and do they who initiate it taste its miseries"? No. The miseries are only inflicted on the innocent and unprotected people.

Tao Hung Cheng (陶鴻徵)

One evening on my way home, I saw a crowd of people gathering around an old poor refugee.

Joining them I heard the following story told by this old fellow.

“I am a native of Kiating,” said the old man. “My business was farming. Poor as I am, I could not move my family before the war to any other place for safety. One day when my two sons and I were working in the field, two soldiers with guns approached us. Seeing that they were coming toward us, we ran before them, but were ordered to stand still by a shot of gun. My two sons were caught for carriers, while I was released for my weakness. The same thing happened to my daughter the next day when she was washing clothes by a pond. Sorrow and terror made me mad, but this was not the worst.

“Another misfortune, which made me what I am now, happened to my family last night. We were waked up by the sound “Ping Pong” of a gun. Knowing that there was fighting not far from my house, I and the rest of my family got up. We had a hasty discussion on the question whither to flee or just to hide inside the house. I favoured the plan to hide inside the house, and the rest of the family agreed. Then I took two of my grandsons

and hid in the midst of a pile of straw, while my wife, daughter-in-law and the youngest grandson were hiding in the upper story of the house, with the ladder moved away after they had climbed up. In my humble heart, I thought that we were then all in safety. But things went contrary to what I expected. A bomb fell directly toward my humble house which caught fire immediately. On my running to my wife's rescue, I left my two grandsons inside the straw pile. Seeing that it was already too late to save my wife I returned to take my two grandsons. But the straw pile was also on fire and two of my grandsons disappeared. I made haste to escape my life then for the house was all in flames. With a heavy heart I walked mile after mile in the darkness along the railway.

“On my way I saw many a house like mine burned down. I also met many refugees like myself. The game of war has caused a great loss to the common people.”

P. S. Kuo (郭乘陸)

The recent conflict between Chekiang and Kiangsu has plunged China into another civil war.

Nearly every part of the country is echoing the first war cries of the South-East. The North-East has started another war covering a much greater area than before, while the South-West has also declared a northward campaign against the Chihli faction. The conflict will be a serious one; it will be the greatest civil war in the history of the Republic.

What will be the effect of this war on the nation as a whole remains to be seen. For the present, the country is plunged from a deplorable state into an almost hopeless one. Thousands of square miles of crops are ruined, business is brought almost to a standstill, education is stopped in a thousand centers, and in every way China is weakened because it must fight out the issue rather than settle it peacefully.

During these days of great disturbance, we see and read nothing but the misery the war brings to the masses. In the first place, it brought misery to the people when the actual fighting started. The newspapers told us how people had to sacrifice their well-grown wheat and rice in order that the fields could be turned into battlefields; how they abandoned their homes and fled

for safety; and how they were pressed into compulsory service at the front.

When the war is in progress, we learn of similar stories of woe. We learn how people attempted to save their beloved ones and their personal belongings from the zone of danger; how they are killed in such an attempt; how they are robbed on the way; and how they are buried alive under the fire due to inability to get out of the war area. In the meantime, we learn how houses are run by the soldiers, how they are damaged by the bullets and destroyed by the fire. On the other hand, we learn of the sudden increase in the cost of living, how the price of rice jumped four or five dollars per picul, how vegetables and other food stuffs increased their values, which only made the life of the refugees more miserable.

But this is not all; the war will bring miseries to the people afterwards. Those who live in the war zones will receive the direct effect. Economically, the principal source of income for the people has been stopped as the harvest this year will practically amount to zero. The necessity to re-fix the houses and other personal belongings will mean

another additional burden for the poor people to bear under an increased cost of living. Physically, the people will suffer from great calamities, as after great wars, there will usually be epidemics. Unless precautionary measures are taken beforehand, the danger afterwards will be great.

All these are miseries of war, miseries of the present war. All these are and will be thrilling stories of the war. Though the bullets have not damaged my houses, my fields and my life, it is also a pity to see the loss of all those belonging to other people. It is a great pity, but so was the Great War and other wars and a lot of other things.

黄允明

There is nothing in the world more merciless than war. I don't know why it should have continued for such a long time in human history, with the end still as distant as ever.

Reading the histories of the world we find little else than accounts of the bloody deeds of warlike heroes. It is also strange to me that their merits were judged sorely according to the number of persons killed by them. What a great man

Napoleon was! What a great number of persons had Napoleon killed! If we will conscientiously stop to think about the war, what a devastated scene we shall make out in our mind! How the mother groans of the dying of her son! How the wife grieves of the losing of her husband. How the ignorant child expects the returning of his father! How many buildings are destroyed, and how fertile lands are devastated! In a word, nothing is left but the miseries.

I am a native of Szechwan—the most disturbed province of China in the few years past. As the editor of *Chung Hwa English Weekly* gives us the subject, “The miseries of War,” it is a chance for me to write down what the people of Szechwan have suffered from the war.

In the sixth year of the Republic, a fight between the soldiers of Szechwan and the soldiers of Kweichow happened in the city of Chengtu. The soldiers of Kweichow hated the people of Szechwan so bitterly that they killed them whenever they met them. When the fight was over, the Red Cross Society announced that there were more than four thousand corpses exposed on the street,

not including those who were killed in their own homes.

In a family there were an old mother, a son and his wife and a child two years old. The young man was pressed into compulsory services, and was killed. The woman was ravished. The mother was put to death for rescuing her daughter-in-law. Only the child was left alive with his five fingers cut off by the soldier. Any man hearing this story will burst into tears. But there were so many other stories as miserable as this. Let me keep on.

Once in a village there came at twilight a large number of defeated soldiers. They extorted fuel, provision, coverlets and mattresses as soon as they arrived at the village. When their demands were not so met as they desired, they became angry. Their anger strengthened into rage—rage into ravage, ravage into massacre. All the people escaped. However, the young women and adult girls were intercepted. The painful cries were suddenly heard here and there in the gloomily open air. The parents had to leave their daughters! The husbands had to leave their wives! The brothers had to leave their sisters! Though there

were many who could not bear to desert their dear ones, yet they were all put to death. What a pitiful and dismal scene it was! But there were yet more stories of woe.

There lived in a certain village a poor couple. The husband went out to work every day, and was, on his way home, forced into service by the soldier. He got free from the field and returned to home a few days after. To his great surprise, when he entered into his bedroom he found his wife and a naked baby lying dead in the bed! No doubt that she died of wanting a person to wait upon her when she was giving birth to the infant. I will now stop my story here, for I can hardly tell one tenth of such miseries brought upon the people by the barbarous soldiers of Szechwan. Indeed, such a scene is beyond any description.

Now what the people living in the battlefield have suffered I cannot tell, but there were a few events in the city of Nanking worth mentioning. When the fight broke out, the soldiers of this city became disorderly. They took money from passengers. They forced people into service no matter they could bear hard work or not. Several students

of Southeastern University and Nanking University were caught by them. These students would not have got free if their respective presidents had not asked the authority to release them.

A friend of mine who was one day going home from school was seized by two armed soldiers. He said he was a student and he could not do hard work. "Why," said the soldier, "I don't know what is a student and who can work hard." "You had better obey our order," said the other, "or we can not be too courteous to you." What could my friend do with such almighty soldiers? He could do nothing but to obey. However he thought out a good plan—by giving five dollars to the soldiers, he was speedily and kindly released.

There were at the next door of our house a couple and their children. They were supported by the husband, but he was pressed into service at the front. Hence the weeping of the woman and the crying of the children were often heard. The wife was even heard to be weeping painfully in the dead of night.

Though the people of Nanking are living more than two hundred miles from the front, yet they

have suffered so much misery from the fight. I am sure that the miseries suffered by the people of Kiating, Kiashen, Quinsan and Liuho are no less than that of Szechwan as I stated above.

Webster White

I intend to give in this short account, a brief description of the miseries of war which is, among other things, the most lamentable feature of human civilization. In spite of the various attempts to eliminate its growth, the ways of fighting are still being developed steadily. Not to mention the World War which was so manifestly disastrous that we need no description of it; even within our own boundaries, sanguinary wars have been fought year after year and thousands of our brethren have been innocently killed, and their family members and friends are still lamenting of the loss. National finance has been drained, and national foundation shaken. Industry has been discouraged, business interrupted. Everybody, man or woman, rich or poor, faces each other in a sadly seeking for safety.

How unfortunate we are to be born in this land! Alas! within these twenty years in which I have lived, I have never enjoyed a single day of tranquility. I still remember a dreadful case which I can never forget. At the outbreak of the revolution I was accompanying my mother to visit her brother who was in Anking where we had stayed for about a month before the war broke out. On hearing the horrible news, we began to flee. As we stepped on board a steamer bound for Shanghai, we found that she was already full of passengers. Notwithstanding our first-class ticket, we were directed to rest in a corner next to the stair. The entire vessel was crowded with people. There was neither bed nor chair; the deck served both purposes. It is no exaggeration to say that there was not sufficient room for every one to lie down straight; some of them were compelled to sit up for a whole night. Crowded as the vessel already was, a still larger number was added at Chingkiang where the actual fighting was taking place. It being midnight, the miserable fugitives dashed on board half-naked and excited, howling and crying. One woman found that her baby's head was badly

hurt in the agitation, another perceived that her elder boy was lost, while a third witnessed her incapable old mother drowned in a haste. A moment of disorder was followed by one of bitter lamentation which, accompanied by the bombardment on shore, gave a deplorable sight that even the most hardened ruffian could not help from shedding tears. The vessel did not stay very long and some unfortunate creatures cried grievously on the shore in disappointment. After one hour's sail we could still hear their voices and see the fire of the burning houses. These houses which were the accumulation of human energy, the fruit of human industry, and the sign of human activity, were all destroyed in a few hours. These poor creatures, who were beloved children of their parents, who were lovely members of their families, and whose incidental uneasiness had more than once caused bitter grief in their husbands, wives, and children were innocently killed, robbed, and banished. In that ship, there was a universal murmuring, "This is the only reward of war."

George L. Tso (左雲岑)

Other Worthy Contributions

One of my Liuho friends, when I asked him what experience he had got from the present war, told me the following story:

“As you know, I live in Liuho which was, and still is, the first object of attack in the present war. Before it began, I had planned to move my family for safety. But the war broke out before we could escape. The soldiers were most cruel, killing or punishing the innocent people at their will. Here is an instance which will show their cruelty. There lived a young woman of about thirty at my next door. She had lost her husband, and was crying inconsolably. Instead of consoling her, a soldier got angry with her weeping, and soon put her to the sword. They were also selfish. They sometimes broke down the door of a house, entered it, took what they wanted, and destroyed what they did not. Domestic fowls such as ducks and hens were killed, cooked, and eaten by them. In a word, the lives and property of the people were all put at the mercy of the soldiers.”

“We had hidden ourselves by closing the doors for seven days, before we were able to

escape from the zone of danger. During these seven days, I often saw red hot bullets flying to and fro in the sky, and heard the noise of guns and cannons. Most of the houses were destroyed, it is reported. But it is not quite true. I could sometimes see soldiers brought back in a piece of cloth from the battle field through a crack of the door of my house. They were badly injured. They often had their legs, arms, or fingers broken; or breast, head pierced. Their clothes were dyed red by blood. They sometimes groan at the top of their voice for pain. Some of them could not be cured and died at once. What a dreadful scene! What would you feel if you saw these things?"

This story is true and reliable indeed, and will, I believe, suffice to show the miseries of war.

張石民

Before the declaration of the war between Kiangsu and Chekiang there lived, to the west of Liuho, a family consisting of a father, a mother, and two sons. They possessed large tracts of land and many houses, so that they could support themselves by collecting rents. Last month, the war was

declared and a serious fighting took place at Liuho. Nearly all the people of that place abandoned their homes and fled in panic to Shanghai for safety. This family also fled to Shanghai and lived in a large hotel.

Last week, when the fighting became less serious, they decided to return home to take all the deeds of lands and houses out of the battle-field. Accordingly, both sons were sent there. They ventured through the battle field, and reached their village after much difficulty. But greatly to their disappointment, they found that their home had been destroyed, all their furnitures broken and all treasures robbed by soldiers. They merely groaned to each other and started to return at once. When they were walking together along a narrow path, a loud sound of firing was heard. They immediately lay flat on the ground in order to save themselves, but a stray bullet came penetrating the brain of the one of the brothers. Death was instantaneous. The survivor was so heart-broken that he nearly wept to death. At first, he endeavoured to draw the dead body out of the battle-field and planned to carry it to home,

but the fighting was so serious that the showers of bullets flew through the air as if it were raining, and so he was obliged to leave his dead brother. He made his escape by rolling on the ground. At midnight, the fighting was ceased and no bullets flew through the air. Then he stood up to walk, but, not having taken any food after breakfast, he felt very hungry and was extremely tired. After walking a few miles, he found himself much inclined to sleep and could hardly walk any farther; so he stopped and slept on the ground. No sooner had he closed his eyes than a motor car, which was used to convey wounded soldiers from the battle-field to hospitals drove near him. He was awakened and got up immediately. He was picked up and sent to home. He is now overcome by fatigue, and anxiety, and is being confined to bed.

盛子琦

One day in the afternoon, when we were sitting quietly in our parlour, our silence was suddenly broken by the entrance of a lady, who, with her two children—one about seven, and the other about four

—stepped into the room in a mournful manner. Scarcely had we recognized her face and hardly had she uttered any words than she burst into tears and cried bitterly. Her face was pale, her eyes swollen; and she seemed to have suffered deep grief and sorrow. She was Mrs. Tsui, a cousin of mine. After she was consoled and had seated herself for a while she related the following tragic story.

Her husband, Mr. Tsui Tze-an, is a Chihli man and was engaged in military affairs for more than seven years. One day, out of his expectation, he was appointed officer-in-chief in the hospital in a certain regiment, which I need not name here. Unfortunately, only three days after the new appointment, a bad news was brought to him: the third day witnessed the busy preparations for the present fight between Kiangsu and Chekiang provinces. This Mr. Tsui, whose duty was to take care of the wounded soldiers, hurried to Quinsan with his regiment, leaving this solitary woman and her two little children.

The house in which this Tsui's family lived was located in the Chen Chu Bridge, near the General's Yamen. During the daytime, she saw how the

soldiers mercilessly siezed the people for military service and how the disobedient ones were beaten without sparing. In the night, she was annoyed and disturbed by the noise of the cars carrying cannons, bullets, uniforms and other provisions to the railway station. Furthermore, what was more grievous, the two children cried again and again, asking for their Papa. Within a few days, the whole place was deserted by all except the three solitary persons. The days were long, the nights were drear, and the time rolled slowly on; still they could have no way to hear from him. Was he still alive? or dead? still in the battle-field? or at the other side of the golden river? They, as well as we, trust him to God.

張兆麟

In my native city (Limchow) there never had been any war. All the people had lived a happy life and enjoyed themselves in business of their own. But in the sixth month of last year, when the two generals Wang Ming Tung (黃明堂) and Shing Pao Feng (申葆藩) were in disagreement, a war was declared between them. General Wang

wanted to keep away from General Shing and the latter tried to drive the former out of Limchow. Neither of them would yield and there took place between them a fight which brought to me many unpleasant things as follows:—

1. The war hindered me from doing my habitual work. Before the war, I had much work to do every day. I used to play ball in the morning, go to school after breakfast and review my lessons in the evening. I had much pleasure in them. But as soon as the war took place the stray bullets often entered into my playground. The school was closed; I had no way to study in it. Every day I had to sit quietly, unhappily.

2. The war give me no chance of buying things for daily use and communicating with other men. Before the war occurred, I was always ready to buy things and communicate with other men. In our city, there are wires, post offices, shops, companies etc. But when the war was going on; the wires were broken, the business was at a standstill, and all the shops, post offices were closed. Though I wanted to tell some news to my uncle who was living in Pakhoi, not far from Limchow, I could not

do it. Though I wished to buy something for use, I could find no way to buy it. All the city was disturbed and felt very sorry.

3. My mother had to spend much money in repairing our house. Our house had stood in the suburb of Limchow city for nearly thirty years. It was indeed very old, but could still be a shelter of ours. No rain could fall into it nor could wind blow into it. No matter what a storm we had, we would not feel unsafe. But when the war was over, it was not the case. Whenever rain fell in torrents, we would be wet to the skin; and when the wind blew, we would feel very cold. Many tiles of our house had been broken by the bullets, and a wall in the northern part was pushed down by cannon. We felt really very unsafe. What should we do? Should we leave the house and buy another one instead? No, of course no; we were very poor; we could not afford to buy a new one. "Let us have our old house repaired," said my mother; and so with the money she had saved, she had it repaired very well. Oh, how kind is my mother to have our house repaired! How unkind are those who fought for

their own will in spite of the pains of others
Hereafter I hope you, the authorities, would not be
so unkind as to lead your people into misery.

岑麟祥

It is doubtless that war often brings much misery to the masses. How rich people abandon their homes and flee for safety; how poor people suffer from the high cost of living; how laborers are pressed into compulsory service at the front; how the soldiers groan in the battle-field; and how soldiers fall into sickness through overwork and lack of rest occupy large columns in the newspapers. Even those living outside of the war zone cannot help thinking about the misery it brings to the people and have sympathizing with the victims. As for me, I have heard much from my friends who are living in the war zone or happened to pass through the war zone. All the stories are pathetic. I shall write down one of them in the following. It was told me the other day by my friend Mr. Franklin Lee, who came from Shanghai ten days ago.

He began by, "Woody, (a nickname of mine) you ought to congratulate me on my narrow escape."

"What? Franklin, are you pressed into service?" asked I in astonishment.

"No," was the reply.

"Tell me the whole story, Franklin, if you please," said I.

Mr. Lee then said; "This is a sad story. I shed tears for our hero."

He went on to say, "One day I had to go to Chapei. I called for rickshas for a while but none came to answer my call. I had to go on foot. I trudged for a long time when, to my joy, I caught sight of a ricksha coolie. Running to him I said: 'Take me to Chapei as quickly as you can and I will pay you well.' But to my disappointment, I heard a trembling sound, saying, 'Sir, I am sorry I cannot run.' 'Why?' asked I. Then the ricksha coolie went on to say in a low voice, 'I have had nothing to eat for three days.' Being surprised at this I asked again, 'Why have you had nothing to eat? Where are your daily wages?' The coolie sobbed and said, 'I have an old mother and four

young children to support. Formerly, my wife shared the burden with me by doing little jobs in the city, but now war has broken out and no jobs can be found. She is now sick at home. So I must support six persons beside myself. I heard some of my neighbors say that the press gangs are conscripting labourers for service at the front. So I dared not go out at first. I gave all my savings to my mother and wife and children and had kept nothing for myself. The pawn shop, which is a source of help in times of need, is now closed. The rice shop, too, refuses to sell anything on credit to me. Having no resource I ventured out this morning." Greatly moved by these pathetic words, I did not hurry him and shed many tears. All of a sudden we heard a harsh voice say, 'Stop, no farther!' The coolie told me that he would make an attempt to flee. Then he ran as quickly as his thin legs could carry him. But how can a hungry person with a heavy burden run out of the sight of a strong soldier. In less than ten minutes the soldier overtook us. He stopped the coolie and said, 'How dare you escape?' With that he gave a box on the face of the coolies and said, 'go with

me.' The coolie fell on his knees saying, 'My most kind sir, have pity on me. I am not fit for any hard work, for I have had nothing to eat for three days. Besides, I have an old mother of seventy and a sick wife and four children. They all need my help. If I go with you, they will all die through want of food! Do have pity on me! I will reward you in my future life!' But the heartless soldier refused to release him. He said in a still graver voice, 'You rascal. You wish to escape from hard work and tell me a lie. I will not let you go!' Upon this I said in support of the coolie that he uttered the truth. Yet the lion-like soldier was not moved. I then continued to join in the entreaty with the coolie and told the soldier to choose another in his stead.

"'We soldiers are trained to kill persons. We know not what pity means. But as you say he tells the truth, and as you told me to choose another in his stead, now I choose you. So go with me, Mr. X.' 'No, no!' I cried as quickly as I could before his last word ended, 'I do not mean this.'

"'Then you go your own way and do not interfere with another's business.' With that, he

turned to the coolie said, 'Now go with me.' Then he pulled the ricksha coolie away. I noticed that tears ran down his face as a shower."

Woodbury Wang (汪五保)

One day in summer vacation, as it was raining I could not go outdoors. There had been many times when I longed for a friend to spend the lonely hours with me. When my soul was crying out in it's loneliness, the door opened and Mr. Tai came into the room. I shall never forget that picture of despair. He held a telegram in his hand. He gave me the telegram and, in a voice trembling with emotion he said, "Read it." Never as long as I knew him did he seem to be so broken up, so dispirited, so ghostlike. Claspig his hands behind his back, he walked up and down the room, saying "My God! My God! What will my mother say? What will my mother say?"

Mr. Tai is a son of well-to-do family. His father has a small estate in Huantu. He is kind in temper and modest in disposition. A year before, he fell in love with Miss Wang. Miss Wang, a student of McTyeire, was beautiful and gentle, attractive in

manner, and strong in character. Such a young lady, of course, had many friends and suitors. When she was engaged to Mr. Tai, the future looked happy to them both, and their schoolmates rejoiced with them. But "Calamity comes from below!" During the present fight Miss Wang, as she was in Huantu, was killed by a stray bullet, and the telegram above-mentioned disclosed to Mr. Tai this unrelieved calamity.

After looking over the telegram, I knew not what to think. Nobody bear to hear the death of such a young woman. But what shall my friend be after the death of his fiancée?

徐日蔭

The Great World War was awful. It involved pain. But the recent civil wars of our own country were even more awful and more painful. For the allies fought for freedom and right, whereas the only purpose of our wars was to increase the power and territory of our 'warlords'. The masses gained nothing in return for their sacrifice!

Unfortunately, we are now suffering under another great civil war, the so-called "Kiangsu-

Chekiang War." The masses in the south-east are in great tumult and alarm. The people in the neighbourhood of the battle-field are in great haste to abandon their homes and to flee for safety. The trains coming down from Nanking, Changchow and Soochow to Shanghai are ten times as crowded as in ordinary days—so crowded that husbands and wives, fathers and sons, brothers and sisters can hardly keep company with one another. Oftentimes, when a train has gone, there remains in the station many a child crying for its mother and many a mother crying for her child. It is a tragedy, indeed!

This is pathetic: and yet the most pathetic part of the story remains to be told. Commencing on the 24th of August, as the newspaper said, soldiers started the game of seizing coolies, ricksha men and workers to be their load carriers. Later on, the seized were compelled to work for them—dig ditches, watch railways etc.—and were even to be sent to the front. On the 26th and the 27th, the situation become still worse when people with long gowns were being seized. So people became more nervous and began to flee for their

lives. With rickshas all disappeared (ricksha men had either been sent away or were in hiding) and carriages afraid to go out lest they should be seized, people could not but go to the station on foot.

During this period of compulsory service, a new business started. The soldiers began to take bribe. Certain persons on being seized, devised a means of escape by bribing the soldier with a dollar or two. More had to be paid when soldiers were becoming more expert in the business. A certain Mr. Li was said to have given the soldier who seized him \$50 for the bribe. Thus the soldier's whip which he used to whip his "would-be-slaves," was delegated by an open hand, or rather the two were complementary to each other.

My uncle who is an official in the Tuchun s yamen in Nanking told me a story, both ridiculous and lamentable. One day, while he, dressed in ordinary clothes, was walking on the street, there came a soldier who ordered him "stop!" and who with an open hand asked for bribery. My uncle stopped with astonishment and asked what did all this mean. "Money or else you must follow me"

was the immediate answer. My uncle smiled and showed his official badge to this soldier, who was so much frightened that he fell on his knees immediately and begged for excuse. My uncle reprimanded him and did not let him go until he swore that he would never do that again.

All the above-mentioned are true stories. They are already enough to put the readers in deep lamentation. But still there are hundreds of other similar stories, which are equally or even more pathetic. The writer sincerely hopes that there will be no wars in future and that the Kiangsu-Chekiang War will soon come to an end and will mean something, i.e., will give us something in return for our great sacrifice.

Loh Chin Don

Six years ago, when I was a boy of sixteen, studying in a middle school in Changsha, many woeful and miserable events which I longed eagerly to put down in writing happened during the conflicts between the Hunan soldiers under General Tan Yen-kai and the Northern soldiers under General Chang Ching-yao, who was, at that time,

Tu-chun of Hunan. But owing to my disability I could not put them in writing at that time. Now I am going to write a few paragraphs in order to let my readers know the misery and distress that war brings to the masses as well as the soldiers.

The Northern soldiers under Chang Ching-yao fell back, and seemed content to let their enemies advance without further molestation. It was in the mid-night when general Chang and his army fled from Changsha. After his departure, the whole city was utterly tumultuous, because the Hunan soldiers—the victors—did not arrive at Changsha. Some of the Northern soldiers, who had not left the city, robbed and plundered everywhere they went.

One morning I got up early and went out with some of my friends. In the streets, men were moving here and there very quickly. Some went to the foreign institutions such as Churches, Hospitals, etc, for protection; some fled to the country for safety. Shots were heard every where and many people were killed by stray bullets. Stores and shops were closed and city gates were shut. In a street, not far from my home, we saw many soldiers who were trying to rob a silk store.

When they went in, we stood outside and watched what they were doing. Loud and angry voices were heard and about thirty soldiers appeared, as it were, by magic, where a dozen only had been seen a minute ago! "Here-here-there-there any-anything!" exclaimed the breathless storekeeper, "take all, but please don't hurt me." The soldiers took all the money and the goods away. But three of them, who had not got anything, went upstairs to seek their fortunes. They found nothing but a woman wrapping her child in her shawl and holding it closely to her bosom. They advanced to seize the shawl without the least hesitation, and tore the screaming infant from her arms. One of them took away the shawl but the others failed to find anything. They were angry and finally dashed the head of the baby against the wall and cast its quivering remains to its mother's very feet. Then the mother cried bitterly and at last she herself was also killed.

C. C. Hsieh (謝啟泉)

After my marriage I went with my wife to her father's house which was in a place named

Lu Tung, surrounded by beautiful trees. One evening, all the folks of the house had a chat with me under the moon-light, talking about the miseries of war. One of my wife's sisters was rather proud to say that she had never seen a northern soldier although they passed by and disturbed our town for several times. Indeed, I admired them as they lived in such a fine country far away from our city Ping Kiang.

On the morrow, it drizzled. At about eleven A. M., when I was reading in my room, two boys came running to me, saying that some soldiers were coming. Soon, most of the family gathered in my room, looking out of the window, to catch a sight of the coming soldiers.

"Local soldiers, I think," said one of them.

"Ah, now then, you will see whom you have never seen," said I. The soldiers seemed to be more than ten, in yellow uniforms, rain-coat, each carrying a rifle. Soon the rifles sounded. As I turned my head round to those who were in the room with me, I found all had disappeared except my wife who with a frightened, pale face ran to me and took my hands trembling.

"Mother, sisters...have gone! We...what shall we do?" she said bitterly.

"Yes, well,"... At that moment I could think of no plan. "To go? The bullets are flying in the air now. To stay here? Well"... The hard knocking stopped my words. While I went trying to open the door, my wife would not allow me to do that but she wanted me to jump down from the window with her. She jumped down first. When I began to jump after her, the door was broken and I was seen by the comer with his rifle pointed at me.

"Hands up!" commanded the very loud voice. It was strange that I became less afraid and said with the slow and distinct words, "Yes, let us go to the hall. I should like to have a talk with you." As I spoke I walked near him. He allowed me and went out with me as if my words were hyphotic.

On seeing me the soldiers were very glad as though some hungry fox had caught some animal fit to eat. They all said to me, "You, you the master of this house?"

"No, I am not the master."

"Then you are the son of the master."

"No, I am simply a guest here." Being unafraid I continued, "What do you want the master for, if I can act as master of the house?"

"Nothing," suddenly came the reply, "We only want the master to serve us a dinner. That is all."

To that I agreed immediately. Just then I saw two or three servants sent by my father-in-law to see how things were going on, so I called them to cook rice and some foods.

Dinner was over. They took a rope and said to me, "Where is your money? Show us the way to get it, or you will be tied up, and heavy blows will be given to you."

My father-in-law changed his clothes in the guise of a servant and stood among the servants. He saw this, and said to the soldiers, "Do not hurt this young man. It is true that he is a guest here. As you want money, perhaps I can help you to find out where my master's money is." Now, they no longer dealt with me but with the servant who was the real master. They asked him to guide the way. He led them to his own

room and said, "This is the room of my master and as I understand, this chest is the only treasury of his, but I don't know where the key is." Certainly they found it easy to open the chest. Two hundred dollars were taken by them.

They went away happily, but the inhabitants of the house came in one by one sorrowfully. The left sleeve of my wife's uncle's white coat was changed into dark red, because he had his left arm hurt by a bullet. My brother-in-law said to me that he saw bullets flying over his head. Suddenly I thought of my wife, as I did not see her then. While I was thinking of her, she was coming in safely, and she ran to me and took my hands with tears in her eyes.

Lo Kar Yi,

This should be an age of progress, not of War; of service, not of destruction; of life, not of death.

War had been glorified in history. We are now beginning to realize that War is wrong, from a social and moral viewpoint. We have learned that respect for public opinion and human life are purer and nobler than War.

Since the Kiangsu-Chekiang War broke out, many people are suffering, weeping and mourning. This has now become a great national disturbance, and has thrown the whole country into confusion. How long it will last, we dare not tell; but we have suffered enough of its wickness already.

Once I happened to meet General Sun's troops marching on their way. I greatly sympathized with a group of Fukien country men with their weary, fatigued and pale faces, loading the heavy cars with heavy iron tools. Again, I saw two wounded coolies lying beside the road, almost dead. I was told that because they were no longer useful they were forsaken. These coolies were employed without any remuneration.

They gave detailed reports of terrible conditions. They told how thousands upon thousands of common soldiers were languishing upon beds of sickness, tossing and moaning in agony and thousands upon thousands of homes were ruined, mothers, wives, and innocent children were eking out a wretched existence in abject poverty; thousands of people were parting with their aged elders who held them at their hearts, again and again and

say nothing. The soldiers cut down the enemies with a shower of lead like hail from a clear sky. Then in battle, the machine gun mowed them down like grass, and brought whole armies to destruction!

What an appalling wholesale sacrifice this was. What a great blow to the national welfare!

The day is near when the coming generation will see that Peace is grander than War; that to make peace with each other is far more promising than to fight with our fellow men. We can hear the nearing tread of their marching deeds, deeds which will resound in song and story throughout the coming years, and point China to a higher and richer life.

Emmy Chow

Chang Ah-Ping is the master of a paint-shop. He is a native of Nan-Ziang, and there his shop is established.

About two weeks before the 3rd of Sept—the very day on which the Kiang-Che War began—rumours of war had prevailed in the vicinity of Nan-Ziang. And people became frightened. Those who are rich, planned eagerly to escape

from danger by departing for Shanghai—as it were the only paradise. Ah-Ping, having only enough money to live in Shanghai for a short period of time, did not follow the footprints of the rich. He tried with all his efforts to protect what he had. He said “Why are people busy? I do not believe that the rumours are true, and many a learned man has said the same as I. They think it unwise to spend a large sum of money by departing for Shanghai. Therefore I shall not leave my native place.”

Still he did not follow what the rich people did, although the soldiers came in great numbers on 26th Aug.

It was unfortunate for Ah-Ping to flatter himself with the hope of the war being only a rumour. The terrible war began by 10 A.M. on 3rd Sept. near Wang-Too, a few miles east of Nan-Ziang. And the thunder-like sound of the gun frightened the people nearly to death. Those who had determined not to leave their native place, were obliged to save themselves by departing for Shanghai. Of course, Ah-Ping was equally frightened with terror. He planned with his wife to flee to Shanghai, as

soon as they could gather some precious things. But before he could escaped he was arrested by two fierce soldiers, so fierce as to make Ah-Ping's wife stand aside as if mute and deaf. Now he was all confusion. Just as he was coming out of his door, his heart was broken to pieces upon hearing his children and wife calling and weeping. He saw a great number of workmen arrested with him in the same manner, numerous girls and boys, running in disorder in the street, crying at the top of their voice for their parents, whereas many men and women, weeping bitterly, called their childrens' names. In fact, Nan-Ziang was at sixes and sevens. Yet, what was the most piteous spatacle to Ah-Ping's eye, was that numerous women, with their children in hand, followed the soldiers and asked them to set their husbands free. They said, in effect "my children and I are supported only by my husband. Should he be away from us one day, we cannot but visit Death. Gentlemen, thank you very much, please set free my husband...." Ah-Ping's grief was without parallel upon hearing such words. He assured himself that his wife must be one of the suitors, although he did not see her.

Two hours later, he found himself and his companions locked in a room, which was the residence of Mr. Yang, a friend of his, and in which there were four older soldiers. He was bewildered but he soon evinced that his friend had fled away with his household, and left his residence to the soldiers. He did not know what to do next. He continued to think of his wife and children. Indeed, he was too excited to seek opportunity to save himself from danger.

Turning to the left, he saw a window, which though closed, was not locked. This seemed to him to be the best opportunity to escape. Then he walked by the window; but when he saw the soldiers he lost all his courage. Shortly afterward however he determined to carry out his plan. He was so brave as to open the window and jump out. Fortunately it was nearly dark, and the soldiers, thinking it more important to keep the rest than to pursue him, did nothing except closing the window and guarding it more closely.

As we accompany Ah-Ping in imagination, we cannot help pausing a moment to record what he experienced on his way to home. As soon as he

jumped over the window, he ran as fast as he could. His courage seemed to have doubled. He took no care about the soldiers. He fled as a man who was pursued by some monster. He took no rest until he had passed half a mile. He was very happy at finding himself not pursued by any soldier. Then he sat by the wayside for a moment. And he made the rest of the journey by walking.

As he returned home, both he and his wife shed tears of joy. His children called "Father! Father!" to show their happiness. This time he and his wife lost no time in gathering their precious property. And he with his family set off for Shanghai on the following morning.

He sojourned in Shanghai in a small house. And the whole family spent three days in calmness. On the 7th, having been informed that there was no war in the vicinity of Nan-Ziang, Ah-Ping's wife planned to return, so that she might take some other articles left in his home. She decided to go in company with a feminine connexion, while Ah-Ping remained to take care of his children. Now he was invaded with another terror. His wife did not return on the following day, nor his

connexion. He imagined his wife must have lost her life. And he shed tears as his children asked him where their mother was. On the next morning, he was informed by the very connexion that his wife did not return simply because she fainted on the way to Shanghai. She was overpowered with fatigue: But he could not go to help her, as he might be arrested again. And his case seemed very wretched once again.

On the 11th Ah-Ping's wife suddenly returned, and told her husband that she had been saved by a priest into the church, and given food and drinks, Ah-Ping was delighted to know that she was well though he was told lately that his shop had been plundered.

Now Ah-Ping is a sojourner. But he knows how to work; he can paint for money for his family. "Art can save one in the most wretched condition."

(石家昌)

It is reported that the local public funds has nearly been exhausted in the war expense and the schools have to be closed this term. War directly affects the development of education.

War is a terrible thing. No one welcomes it. It seems to me "the war between Kiangsu and Chekiang" is a misnomer, because the people of both provinces have always been peace-loving and friendly. Indeed there is not the least desire to fight in the hearts of the people of both provinces. So we had better term it the war between General Chi Hsieh-yuan and Marshal Lu Yung-hsiang.

Owing to the war, innumerable people have lost their occupations and homes. Really, the pathetic condition of the sufferers are quite beyond description. Every one is earnestly hoping that the war will end soon, and I am also hoping the militarists of both provinces will make it "short and snappy."

(饑 餓)

Since the beginning of Kiangsu-Chekiang war, the people of the above named provinces have suffered the utmost disturbance. The people of Huangtu and Liuho had deserted their loved homes and come to Shanghai. Many pitiable scenes took place in the war zone.

The following short story was told me by a native of Kating, who is my relative, a few days ago.

In the east gate of Kating, where Dr. Wellington Koo's residence is situated, there lived a well-to-do family. They owned a small property. Therefore they did not leave Kating when the war broke out in this sector.

One day the Kiangsu forces began to invade the city. Their home was close to the fighting zone. So the bullet struck it now and then. Only his younger son left his home at once under the care of a nurse. Soon after his son's departure, a bullet struck the house and caused it to fall down. They were buried under the falling house.

Thenceforth, the site of the house was used as public grave. If any one saw a dead body, which was very common in Kating near the fallen house, he just threw it there.

(沈祥餘)



MY CONCEPTION OF AN IDEAL WIFE

*(Answers to Prize Contest for Overseas Readers,
in No. 276 of Chung Hwa English Weekly)*

First Prize Essays

Though I have reached my twenty-first year, the thought of entering into the bonds of matrimony seldom occurs to me for my mind is solely bent on self-development and self-culture and besides, I am not of age and at the same time not in a financial position to get married—having to support several mouths with the little I earn.

But we must get married some day. If my time comes, then I'll ask myself, "What sort of a girl am I going to choose for a lifelong companion?" Well, I think a tall and beautiful girl—not necessarily of unmatchable beauty—with a fairly good education, of a mild disposition and of good health and free from hereditary diseases will be most eligible. But above all she must love me not for the material wealth I happen to possess but for my qualities and for my person for it is mutual love that ensures perpetual happiness.

My ideal wife is the woman who is neat and clean in all her ways. She should arrange the household furniture in a proper manner so that everything may look spick-and-span.

She should be able to cook so that if our financial standing does not permit us to engage a cook, she may prepare some palatable dishes for our meals.

She should be able to stitch so that she may patch some old garments, sew some under clothing for her husband and make her own fancy dresses. This is economy.

She should know the value of money and realize the hardships her husband has to undergo before earning it. She should be thrifty but not to the point of parsimony. Before buying anything she should ask herself, "Is the family really in need of this or am I really in need of this? Is the price too high? Is the article worth buying?" She must use her own judgment for she is supposed to know better than her husband in such matters. As to charity she should act according to this sound advice: "If you have more give more, if you have little give little."

An ideal wife should know how to govern her servants, if any. She should make them respect her, she should sympathize with them when they are in misfortune, teach them what they don't know, let them know their fault and warn them not to do the same again. But she must not get wild at them if they accidentally break some crockery. In short, she should be kind to them but at the same time she must not lose her dignity.

An ideal wife should be sociable. It does not mean that she must be a "social butterfly." It means that she should entertain her guests hospitably and make others find it a pleasure to be in her company.

Most women love their children, but an ideal wife must not center her affection on one or two of her children. She should share her love equally among them. There should be no sex prejudice. Both boys and girls deserve equal attention. She should teach them what they ought to do and what they ought not do. When they commit an offense punishment should be inflicted appropriately. She should smile with them when they smile; she should caress them when they do anything praiseworthy;

she should teach them how to read and write in her leisure hours so that they may not be handicapped when they are admitted into a public school. The mother should do her best for the welfare of her children. A wicked and dishonest mother is sure to raise wicked and dishonest children whilst a virtuous mother seldom brings up iniquitous children for the mother's influence upon the children is far greater than that of the father who spends the greater part of the day away from home.

An ideal wife should regard her husband as her best friend and love him always. She should be prepared to drink from the same cup whether the contents be sweet or bitter. She should be a source of consolation to him when in misfortune. She should make him happy and do all she can to help him. In short, there should be co-operation between an ideal wife and her husband.

In the above paragraphs I have written down my conception of an ideal wife and I am sure that many of our educated sisters do possess these qualities and that they are well prepared to become affectionate wives and devoted mothers.

C. K. Thun (甄國燦)

If your house is not comfortable, you can remove to another house. If your suit of clothes does not fit, you can exchange it or give it to your brother. If your food does not taste nice, you can ask the cook to prepare some better delicacies. But if a person makes a mistake in marriage, he will never be able to correct that mistake. In other words, he has to endure his wife for the rest of his life. We should, therefore, be very careful and discreet in the choice of life partners as the happiness of our future homes depends upon them.

There are many opinions regarding an ideal wife. These opinions vary and differ according to the different classes of people in different localities. The city young man favours the wealthy and charming heiress while the honest country lad prefers the simple-minded and affectionate country maiden.

We learn that the famous English dictionary compiler and political writer, Dr. Samuel Johnson, married a rich widow, who brought him £8000. Even then his life was that of a literary hack, fighting constantly with dire poverty. Many were his hardships and sorrows before he felt comfortable,

Walter Savage London, the famous writer and poet, met a young lady at a ball, and in his characteristic manner said, "By Heavens! that's the nicest girl in the room, and I'll marry her." He did so, but the marriage was not a happy one. There goes a proverb: "Marry a girl for her qualities—beauty is but skin-deep." Our wise statesman Kung Ming (孔明) married an ugly but educated girl with a high moral standing.

Many young men prefer love and happiness to wealth and beauty. Such persons, I believe, will achieve success in marriage. You may have a charming and rich wife; you may have all the luxuries and comforts of life—but without mutual love of husband and wife, can happiness in the home be attained?

If I were asked to give my opinion of an ideal wife, I would answer:—"An ideal wife is one who loves, honours, and obeys her husband, who shares his wealth as willingly as poverty, who consoles him in time of sorrow, and who helps him to struggle in the hour of need." Such a beautiful and happy couple has the same taste, desires, ambitions, and purposes.

Before closing my essay, I wish to congratulate those who have the very fortune of having such a better half for they are already in Heaven—that Land of Love, Peace, and Happiness.

N. U. Tuck (伍有德)

Second Prize Essays

Marriage is one of the most important factors of mankind. From it springs forth the pillars and hopes of a nation. It is every man's duty to mankind that he should get married, for should all remain celibates for about three generations then the whole race of man would die out. Early marriage is detrimental to the physical and mental development of man, so is blind marriage (i. e. to marry a girl with whom one is not acquainted) detrimental to the happiness of a family. From these, one can see that marriage plays a very important part in the life of a man and the development of his country. A man, therefore, should be very careful in choosing his lifelong companion. Some people like to marry for beauty and charm, some for wealth and comfort, while others

for peace and happiness. In my opinion, I think that the last is best. Let my readers have patience to hear what I am going to say, and judge for themselves whether I am justified in my choice.

A beautiful and charming wife often creates an unhappy home. She either thinks too much of herself or her beautiful and charming appearance will attract a big gang of admirers, among whom there are sure to be some black sheep. I have heard of numerous crimes committed by people concerning elopement. That such a thing should happen is due to the fact that those beautiful and self-conceited wives sometimes take the laws into their hands. They leave their husbands and follow others if their husbands fail to do as they are told.

Ginseng is very highly priced by Chinese on account of its scarcity. But if all of us will boycott it then its price would be greatly reduced and ginseng merchants will not care to enclose it in ornamental boxes, which accounts partly for its high price. The same case applies to beautiful and charming girls. If all young men were to disregard them as they disregard ugly ones, then they would not pay such particular

attention to make themselves look charming and beautiful by artificial means.

It is ridiculous that a man should marry for wealth and comfort. What does our proverb say? "Great riches came from Heaven; small riches came from diligence (大富由天, 小富由勤)." By marrying a rich wife, a man degrades himself and enslaves himself to his wife. Worst of all, he disgraces his own sex by showing the opposite sex that a man must marry a rich girl to seek for wealth and comfort, which as we all know is absurd. A hard worker can always keep out of poverty if he is economical. It is true that a rich man is born under a lucky star. But if a man is born under an unlucky star, do you think he can become rich if he marries a rich girl? No. Whatever he gets from his wife he soon loses. The rich girl will naturally refuse to do any household work. She may even prevent her husband from working for his livelihood. As she is rich and as he likes to marry for wealth and comfort, the husband will agree to what she says and will stay at home enjoying with her, regardless of the consequences. It is a great pity that at such a stage he should be

unconscious of the fact that he is enslaving himself to his wife and spoiling his future career. But where will all the happiness and enjoyment be when after a few years, they find all their money gone as if by magic. The foolish husband will then find himself thrown into the world penniless, to struggle hard for his livelihood. Most probably he will fail to secure a job, for after a few years' enjoyment his former experience will surely have been partly, if not totally lost. Such men can never be prosperous in this busy world where even the most industrious people earn just enough to support themselves and their families. Their existence tends to weaken their country and make it cripple financially.

Now let me lay before you the advantages of of marrying for peace and happiness. Where is happiness without peace? What is the good of wealth without happiness? A cup of water is more valuable than a casket of diamonds to a dying man in a desert, as the former can save him from a terrible death. Living in an unhappy home is like travelling in a desert, without water. An unhappy home makes a man sad and hastens his death.

Any man who wants a happy home must select as his lifelong companion a good wife. Her good qualities as a household wife are sufficient to counteract any defects both in wealth and beauty. In case her husband is poor and cannot afford to engage a maid-servant she will do all the household work. As she comes from a poor family she knows the value of money and will not squander it. Sometimes, she even gives her husband valuable advices. If she finds him on the way to vice, she will persuade him to abandon them, gently but firmly. When he is ill, she will attend on him with such affectionate care as no paid nurse can give. When worn out with his daily toil, she refreshes him with kisses. When he is sad she shares his sorrow and tries her best to cheer him up. Such a good, loving and dutiful wife is invaluable. She is a wife of a true quality and is quite different from those who can be purchased with wealth. "Quality is better than quantity" is indeed a very good proverb. Compare the value of an ounce of gold with that of an ounce of iron and see the difference. The reason why Chinese adopt the system of polygamy is largely due to the

fact that they marry (a) blindly; (b) at an early age. Naturally, if a man marries a girl with whom he is not at all acquainted, he will soon lose his love for her, with the result that he will either put her away or marry another. To marry at an early age is not only detrimental to the physical and mental development of a man but it also affects greatly the strength of a nation. Besides, even if he marries a girl whom he loves dearly, yet that girl may not prove to be the one whom he wants to marry when he attains his age of better understanding.

In conclusion, I should like to advise all my bachelor readers not to marry at an early age, even if they can afford to do so. Those who have attained the age of better understanding should be careful in the choice of their lifelong companions, as it greatly affects their future happiness. Every man has a different conception. Even the same tree produces good and bad fruits. What do you think of a big country like China, with a population of over four hundred millions? If all her people had the same way of thinking, then she would have become the strongest nation on earth. Be what as it may, let us all be optimistic in our

views and all will be well with us. The same case applies to me and I hope that most of my readers will sympathize with my views.

Ho Shih Tao

Marriage is the most important event in a man's or a woman's life, leading to the greatest earthly happiness on the one hand, or the greatest misery on the other. There are perhaps few events which call for more thoughtful consideration than the union between two human beings to hold to each other for richer for poorer; in sickness and in health; to cherish and to love, until death doth them separate. Indeed it creates a new era in a man's or a woman's life.

Marriage carries with it vast responsibilities which, like numerous other affairs of kindred nature, are but lightly considered and recognised. Many a man takes it as a matter of course—no thrill, no sensation, and leading a life just on the same lines as of old, not for a moment reflecting that he has shouldered a burden by taking a wife with and for whom he has to battle through life.

Marriage is a curse as well as a blessing. If wisely contracted it leads to earthly joy and happiness; if wrongly, a life of selfishness and misery.

Amongst the multifarious changes which are now taking place in China, the one item that stands out most conspicuously is the marriage reform. The laws and customs governing and regulating marriages a decade or two ago could not now be regarded as up-to-date and could not be eyed with approval by the young and rising generation. Marriage contracts arranged through the medium of matchmakers must now be discarded and abolished, and mutual love and mutual understanding must be the agent. To unite two human beings with contradictory dispositions in marriage amounts to a crime which deserves the severest punishment.

To dwell at length on this important subject, which plays so important a part in human life, requires sheets of paper and no matter how strong is my inclination to do justice to this subject, I must conform to the stipulations laid down and turn my attention to the subject proper.

The question of marriage will inevitably confront every one of us whether early or late. Of

course there were and there are men and women who have chosen to remain single but I dare say the thought of marriage had come to each and everyone of them at least once in their lives. To probe into the cause which had influenced them to come to that decision is not an easy task. Only half the secret could be known, the other half is buried deep in their hearts and perhaps will accompany them to their last resting place.

I have been brooding on this interesting but grave question for some little time and it is a coincidence that this particular subject was chosen by the Chung Hwa English Weekly for an essay competition. As a rule I am always a little bashful on such a delicate subject, but in order to avoid any unpleasantness of being called a worldly minded fool, I venture to give below a brief summary of the qualities which form my conception of an ideal wife.

I am a young man who have only seen one and twenty summers and must frankly admit that my knowledge of the world and life has still to be enlarged. Perhaps I may be accused of being too exacting in the selection of a life-mate,

but here again opinions differ. Men and women enter the married state with different views and feelings. Some marry for love, some for beauty, some for money, some for rank, some for comfort. Some are led by their instincts only, while others by their imaginations.

Order and peace in a family depends almost entirely on the wife. Beauty is not essential; the feeling of feature and form passes away in the ordinary routine of domestic life. But love, gentleness and cheerfulness are the rivets that bind families and society together.

Beauty is a women's least charm. It is tenderness, truthfulness, sincerity, honour in her dealings, deference to others, the sense of responsibility and refined personal habits which give the woman the greatest charm.

Again beauty is not essential to happiness in marriage unless the soul shines through the features, the prettiest face may cease to give pleasure, as even the finest landscape, seen daily becomes monotonous. The beauty that is not deep does not last. It passes away like the flowers of May. The soul of beauty consists in expression. Mere beauty of

features may please the eye, though it does not move the heart.

After marriage there must be something more solid and reasonable than beauty and wealth to bind a pair permanently in blissful union. The couple must necessarily descend to the conditions of ordinary life, i.e. the man must do his honest day's work, the woman, keeping the house in order and comfort.

Wealth cannot purchase real and permanent happiness, although with much shining gold at our command, we can gratify all our reasonable desires. But there again this happiness is only transient; it goes with the same speed as it comes.

Comfort is the soul on which the human being grows. Sympathy is another. The help of both is necessary to a perfect union. There must be control of temper, the feeling of responsibility, mutual confidence, mutual tolerance for each other's faults, adaptibility to the new conditions of life, and a united desire to make the best of everything.

These are the principal qualities which constitute my conception of an ideal wife, the soul-mate, house mate, and guiding star in Life's journey on earth.

C. C. Yen (嚴崇昌)

Third Prize Essays

Mankind like other living things in the world, is divided into two sexes; the male ones we call men, and the female women.

Men and women, as are our right and left hands, are interdependent. Neither of the two sexes can exist without the help of the other. Although women seem to be weaker and less active than men, and in most cases they are, yet without their help men cannot accomplish anything. It is true that men can do works which are beyond the power of women. But there are also works which can only be done by the delicate hands of the female sex. Besides this there is the problem of heritage which needs the cooperation of both sexes.

Since the fact that either of the two sexes needs the help of the other and since that they must cooperate in order to preserve the heritage of mankind there arises the necessary system of marriage. By marriage is meant the union of a man and a woman of different families into the relation of husband and wife to live together harmoniously for life.

As we know, between two persons of different nature there will be dislike or hatred. There will be no harmony even for an instant when they come together, not to say for a lifelong time. Such being the case, we must, before marriage, try to understand well the character of our would-be wife. Unless we are satisfied with their peculiar nature, or if our nature are far different from theirs we should by no means take them to be our wives. The same rule be observed to women by in choosing their husbands.

As for me I choose to have her to be my lifelong companion who possesses the following qualifications:—

1. Educated; able to manage a home orderly;
2. Healthy; with moderate stature; able to endure hardships;
3. About one to four years younger than I in age;
4. Good-natured; always ready to forgive;
5. Moral; free from all evil desires;
6. Thrifty and persevering;
7. Fair-looking appearance; frugally-dressd.

The above mentioned qualifications are

naturally too strict but it seems to me that they are possess all necessary for my would-be wife. Surely throughout the world there are very few women who possess all these virtues. And among the few there are fewer still who like to choose to be her would-be husband no other young men under the sun than me who, it may seem to her, do not even possess such qualifications myself. No doubt my readers will laugh at me for that it is as hard as building castles in the air for me to carry out my impracticable suggestion. Yes, laugh as you may, but a glance at the title of this short essay will at once convince you that what I suggest is by no means TRUE but IDEAL.

S. H. Peh



THE WAR BETWEEN KIANGSU AND CHEKIANG

*(Answers to Junior Prize Contest in No. 276 of
Chung Hwa English Weekly).*

First Prize Essays

A few days ago, a foreigner went to a certain shop to get some cigarettes. After this business he began to talk with the shopkeeper.

"Why have you, Chinese, a war now?" asked the foreigner. "And against whom do you fight?"

"Oh! it is between Kiangsu and Chekiang," answered the salesman.

"Well," said the foreigner, "who are these Kiangsu and Chekiang people? Are they all Chinese?"

"Oh yes," answered the salesman, "they are all Chinese."

"Why, then, should you, Chinese, kill your own people with guns and cannons?" said the foreigner with quite a sympathetic expression on his face.

陸景明

War is dreadful! It causes damages and losses! It even ruins a country!

As war will not save China, so the fight between Kiangsu and Chekiang is being fought in vain. In fact, it is merely a fight between the military leaders, and of no little interest to the people of the two provinces. It is said that Chekiang is fighting for righteousness. No matter whether Chekiang or Kiangsu is right in this conflict, the people will be the bitter sufferers in the end.

As the war has already caused heavy losses of lives and properties, I hope with earnestness that it will soon come to an end.

Woo Chue Tao

War is terrible. No one likes it. Without war, people enjoy peace and happiness. Many people, however, believe that before peace can be obtained there must be some fight. Yes, it is better to have a war, when war is inevitable and of good purpose. But the fight which is now going on between Kiangsu and Chekiang seems to have no good purpose. It is not inevitable either.

Why, then, should we suffer so great a disturbance? We cannot but abandon our homes and flee for safety. Some of us have been pressed into compulsory service at the front, and many have been killed. Alas! how cruel war is!

陸 秉 禮

People call the present fight Kiangsu Chekiang War, but I call it War of Chi and Lu.

Kiangsu and Chekiang are two provinces. They are very rich. Their people are kind to each other, like sisters and brothers. So they do not want to fight each other.

Chi and Lu are the Tuchuns of the provinces. They belong to different parties. They all want Shanghai to be their own. So they fight each other.

From this, I call the present fight War of Chi and Lu.

Miss 張 桂 英

Disturbance and disorder rule over almost whole China. There are only two provinces Kiangsu and Chekiang where the people have

enjoyed a long period of unbroken peace. But now a war breaks out between them, and hence peace is ended.

To the surprise of all the war has lasted so long. The people grow impatient and are crying for an immediate close. They are sure that the prolonging of the war only increases their sufferings and losses. May God soon end the war, and restore peace and order in these two provinces again!

張次襄

Second Prize Essays

The much-discussed war between Kiangsu and Chekiang became a reality on the morning of September 3, when all the shops were closed and all the people were thrown into turmoil.

Why did the military authorities make such a serious war? Did they do it for the good of our people or our country? No, they just wanted to swell their power and enrich themselves rather than to help our people and our country. This is why our country has become what she is! Therefore, in order to save our country, the military

authorities should, first of all, cease their war and love one another. For this reason, I sincerely hope them to bear in their minds this proverb, "The snipe and the mussel quarelled, but the fisherman gained the true advantage."

王 懋

Suppose there are two brothers who fight each other for the estate and property left behind by their ancestors, what will you say about them? They are two mean fellows, I am sure, no matter who wins the victory. But it is more disgraceful to employ all the members of the family to fight one another for one's own interests. If the members are wise, they should try to put an end to the misbehavior of the two mean fellows, for the estate and the property belong to the whole family, not to a few only.

Now the war between Kiangsu and Chekiang is just like a dispute between two brothers of the same family. I can safely say that both the conqueror and the conquered have to suffer, and what is more, the latter will lose his wealth, honor, power, and what not. One thing more pitiable

is that many poor soldiers are killed in the field, through no fault of their own, not to mention the loss of the people in general. "There never was a good war or a bad peace" said Benjamin Franklin.

呂 璋

The war between Kiangsu and Chekiang has broken out lately. Both the lives and properties of our people are endangered. But what we, the people, should understand clearly is that the warlords only fight for their own profits and rights. They never struggle for the welfare of the Republic and the people, in spite of all their talk about the military unification or political defence. The soldiers should also realize that the cause and nature of this war do not justify them to sacrifice their dear lives for the benefit of a few persons.

K. T. Chu (朱光斗)

Kiangsu and Chekiang are the fertile and peaceful places of China. But now, unfortunately, a cruel warfare has taken place. What is all this fuss about? Neither for the country's sake nor for the

peoples sake, but it is only the military leaders of the two provinces, who are fighting for their own glory and influence. They do not care for the people's losses and miseries. From this, I think, none of them is right and all of them are peace-breakers. Ay, what can we, the powerless people do!

Tzelo, A. Chiao (焦子學)

There are few who do not know something about the Kiangsu-Chekiang War. The newspapers are full of such news. During these days of disturbance thousands of people have lost their lives in the battle, while others are made homeless and without work. One can not help shedding bitter tears for their misfortunes.

But what benefit do both side have for the war? In my opinion, neither of them will gain much in reality since it costs a great deal of money to prepare for war. Now I think it would be better for them to make the war short and snappy, so that we innocent people may restore ourselves by and by.

陸春霖

On account of the Kiangsu-Chekiang war, many people living in these provinces took refuge in the foreign settlements in Shanghai. Those, who lived in Paoshan, Woosung and other Chinese territories in Shanghai, all kept away from their homes carrying with them their valuable things in order to avoid all dangers upon their persons and properties.

Since the war broke out on the 3rd of Sept., we, the innocent people, though in such an unfortunate circumstance, hoped that the war would end as soon as possible. But the war has been going on continuously for almost one month without any result. This has made our lives all the more miserable.

Yeh Teh Hang. (葉德衡)

In my opinion, the present Kiangsu-Chekiang War may also be called "Chihli-Fengtien War." It is a civil war. "Civil war is a hideous and repugnant thing." Therefore, may the warlords and militarists, if they are truly patriotic, quickly bring it to an end!

Good men never make war because they have a high regard for the welfare of their fellow-countrymen. No doubt, our civil and military leaders all like to BE GOOD MEN. I hope they will soon close the present war and never declare war against one another. May they remember China and her suffering people!

孫華卉

The Kiangsu-Chekiang War broke out at last. It is a fight between the militarists of the two provinces, in order to give vent to the old grudge they have owed to each other. It may further be said to be the outcome of the long-drawn strain between the Chihli and Anti-Chihli parties. There are reasons to expect that after the present critical conflict, China will enter on a new era. As the prolongation of war will only aggravate hardships to the people, let us hope that the fightings will come to an early end.

Shen Yung Ding

War brings a misery to men. But, sometimes war is necessary when we find that we must seek for liberty and right by fighting.

Now, in recent years, there have been many civil wars in China. What have the militarists been fighting for? They have been fighting for their own power.

Therefore, these civil wars are unnecessary. They cost a great many lives of our people and increase our national debts to no purpose.

May there be no more wars such as these!

沈海根

Third Prize Essays

The people of Kiangsu and Chekiang are friendly before. But the two military Governors cause a war, for their own authority. Directly it is a war between Kiangsu and Chekiang, but indirectly it is a fight between Chihli and Anfu factions. Many important men and foreigners wish to make peace between them, but in vain.

It causes the suspension of education and business and the sacrifice of life and money. The losses, indeed, cannot be estimated. All these, I dare say, are the faults of our two governors.

I hope the war will be ended immediately. Othewise, I fear, it will affect the whole country.

Chiao Wen Chin (焦問濟)

It is true that the war between Kiangsu and Chekiang leads to the great clash between Chihli and Anti-Chili factions.

Yes, war is terrible. But this time, it will perhaps, bring whole China into unification which we people had earnestly longed for. An old proverb said, "A knight would cut off his arm bitten by the snake;" hence we had better endure the distress at the present, and encourage ourselves with a hope of the future.

War! War between Kiangsu and Chekiang will lead to the Unification of China, I hope!

Benjamin U. Ling (林炳文)

"What were the causes of the civil war between Kiangsu and Chekiang?" Having asked myself this question and thought it over, I should say that the selfishness of the leaders of the two Provinces is the cause. Within the limited words, however, I wish to tell you some chief causes in a few words. As we know that the two leaders fought against each other for the purpose of money, places, and power and so on. They sacrificed everything

to his aim,—money, troops, generals, and their own safety also. So, if our people and leaders want our country to have peace, love, and joy, they must get rid of selfishness.

沈 汾

Since the establishment of the Republic of China, much fighting has been seen throughout the country. Chekiang, after declaring independence from the Central Government, receives perhaps, the least misery.

Unfortunately, she is hostile to Kiangsu and is attacked by four provinces. Although the fight, as some one has anticipated, would not last long, yet hundreds and thousands of people, living in or near the war zone, have already suffered great losses.

Just now the people in North China are suffering from the Chihli-Fentien fight! Ah! Can China bear such a continuous fighting any longer?

Li Bao Sik

A fight has unfortunately taken place between Kiangsu and Chekiang. Many piteous stories are told by war refugees and newspapers. As I am

invited to write a short essay on this subject, I will put down my humble opinion as follows:—

War always brings devastation. Whether the fight is for justice or otherwise it is never justifiable. As to the present fight, though I can not tell who is right or not right I am sure it brings no benefit to our people.

I will conclude my words by quoting the saying of Mencius: "Those who are skillful to fight should suffer the highest punishment."

鄧映暉

Fighting is the mother of danger and shame. It is the most inhumane thing. If the brothers of the same family fight with one another, they will not only break off their harmony, but also be laughed at by others. It is the same thing with a country. If the provinces of a country declare war with one another, they will not only harm themselves, but also be despised by neighboring nations.

Now, Kiangsu and Chekiang are no exceptions. They have hung out their red flags for a few months. They fight for money, for power, and for higher position. Many innocent lives have been

killed. Many houses and shops have been destroyed by their bullets. Oh! where shall we complain our affliction or distress? Where shall we look for our lost sons and wives? How other countries look down upon ours! How shameful we are!

孔滿光

Kiangsu and Chekiang are the richest and safest provinces of China, and therefore people are engaged in their happy work. Though the militarists have fought in the other districts, people in these provinces have not suffered any severe losses.

But, now, military governors fight between these two provinces for power. This fight has become a long-drawn struggle affecting the whole country. Certainly, it is the most unfortunate, doleful thing to people. However, we hope the fight will be soon come to an end. Return the people their freedom and safety.

陸震東

War always brings misfortunes to a country. The recent war between Kiangsu and Chekiang has placed the inhabitants of the two provinces in

great distress. The people fled away for safety. This has caused them to abandon their homes and properties. Many innocent lives were killed during this war. Many beautiful buildings were destroyed by guns and fire. All kinds of business were ruined and brought to a stand-still. Alas! what a sad thing this is! I hope that the powerful authorities will have pity on the poor people and stop the war. Then they can return home again.

Raylin Wang (王瑞林)

On the 3rd of September, 1924, the war between Kiangsu and Chekiang broke out. The soldiers fought for their leaders bravely. They killed as many of their enemies as they could. Surely, they were brave soldiers.

But how foolish and cruel they were!

A soldier should help his country and benefit all men.

They did not help their country; but fought for the selfish militarists. They did not benefit the people; but frightened and disturbed them.

They spent many, many millions of dollars, but all was in vain.

Therefore I wish the battle will stop soon.

T. S. Dzen

Other Worthy Contributions

It is about a month since on the third of September the Kiangsu-Chekiang war broke out. Though but little has been accomplished on either side, yet the losses of the people are large. Thousands of lives, millions of dollars, and numberless beautiful buildings have been destroyed. These two prosperous provinces will be utterly ruined. It is the selfish rival leaders who bring the trouble. So if we want to rule out the war, we should have to depose these rival leaders first. Remember the proverb: "Where there is a will, there is a way."

黃韻藝

The fight between Kiangsu and Chekiang is recognized by all as a fight between two military leaders for their own interest. Conscription of labourers, pressing into service, suspending of

business, and supplying of cereals, and dollars, are some of the hardships forced upon the people.

The military leaders are servants of the people. They ought to do that which is of benefit to their masters. Why are they going to harm them? I only wish that the spirit of the people will be roused and the **servants** be driven away.

Tsao Yu Li.

Since the Kiangsu-Chekiang war broke out, a great number of people lost their lives. Many famous cities and beautiful towns in the province of Kiangsu were destroyed.

The causes of this war are rather complicated, but they can be summarized under one single word "AMBITION," the eager desire for power. In order to put an end to this war I dare say that there is no way except to urge the military leaders of both sides to put away the only word "AMBITION" from their hearts. If they can not be persuaded to do this I do not know what would become of Kiangsu and Chekiang and the whole country.

Tong Sin-cheng

Twenty days have elapsed since the curtain of the Kiangsu-Chekiang war rose. In Shanghai the people have suffered great losses on account of the war. Business was stopped and most people in Nantao, on hearing these terrible news, go to live in Foreign Concessions.

Doubtless the people living near the battlefield must have suffered still greater trouble. Some people abandon their homes and flee for safety: and some are killed by stray bullets.

王明允

No one will deny the fact that the disturbance in the south-east of China brings great misfortunes to the masses of Kiangsu and Chekiang. Woeful stories are often seen in the newspapers. Of the refugees some are wounded or killed by stray bullets, and some are forced into compulsory service at the front.

Imagine how miserable they are! If the war keeps on then not only our loss is beyond measure but it will call the attention of the powers as well.

The only way to save us is to stop the fight.

李稚文

Now the fight between Kiangsu and Chekiang which we have long feared, has broken out. We really do not know to which side will the victory belong: but what we only know is that the misery caused by this fight falls on those who live around the battle-field.

“Fight” is the very word that can frighten us much. Therefore whoever can make peace is the only person whom we shall thank forever.

莫清子

During the war between Kiangsu and Chekiang the miseries in which the people of the two provinces were involved were by no means slight. The inhabitants who lived near the battlefield suffered directly from it. And those farther off, felt the effect of hard living. It is deplorable that the cost of this war is much greater than the former ones. It amounted to tens of millions. If our government could use it into paying foreign debts, it would clear a large sum of them. It is due to petty wars like this that our country is threatened to go to bankruptcy.

Peter Soong

Nothing in the world can compare with the horrors of war. Even plague or famine falls short on comparison.

In order to gain the control of the District of Shanghai, there is a terrible fighting between Kiangsu and Chekiang. Thousands of lives, millions of dollars and numberless beautiful buildings are destroyed by this war.

Now, the public have all thrown the blame upon the leaders, Chi Hsieh-yuen and Lu Yung-hsiang, for they have nothing in their mind but to benefit themselves at the expense of the people. Oh! what a bad omen it is for China.

In conclusion, I hope the leaders will soon awake from their sleep and make war with other countries rather than to wage war among themselves.

Wellington Yeh

The civil war between Kiangsu and Chekiang has begun. Some observers predicted that it is the aim of Marshal Chi Hsieh-yuan to gain the control of Shanghai District. And some interpreted it as a great clash between the Chihli and

Anfu factions. In any way, I venture to say, it brings misery to us only. For the militarists regard our nation as their private property. They are, as I think, not loath to injure our country and bring calamity to our countrymen, if it is good to them. Now let us all think what we should do to save our poor China. Are they all trustworthy?

Te Hua Nee (倪德華)

Our people suffered a good deal from the terrible war between Kiangsu and Chekiang. Why are they fighting? Undoubtedly, the only reason is due to General Chi's desire to control the district of Shanghai. Imagine how many lives are lost and how much money is spent. Really the war will not mean anything either to the winner or to the loser, inasmuch as they are fighting with their own national troops. I hope the war will stop as soon as possible so that our people may be relieved.

Johnson Hwang

We are threatened with terrors of the war between Kiangsu and Chekiang. Of course, each

side has its reasons for starting the war. But, according to my humble opinion, the big reason may be expressed in one word, "Selfishness." Both Lu Yung-Hsiang and Chi Hsieh-Yuen long to enlarge their territories as well as their powers. Alas! China is in danger. Foreign countries are casting a covetous eye on her. How foolish it is that her militarists, instead of bettering her, continue to fight almost all the time and make things go on from bad to worse!

R. T. C. W.

About the beginning of September the Kiangsu and Chekiang War began. The cause of the war is the dispute between Chi Hsieh Yuen and Lu Yung Hsiang. There is no hatred between the people of the two provinces. Instead of protecting the people, these militarists bring much pain to them. How bad they are! If we wish to get real peace, we should get up against all these militarists and overthrow them. Don't hesitate and don't be afraid.

郭叔潘

I am sorry to say that since the fighting between Kiangsu and Chekiang began many soldiers have been killed and many houses have been burned. The people who live in the places where there are fightings have mostly fled to Shanghai. In Huangtao, Liuho, Quinsan, and Nyishing nine houses out of ten are deserted. The rice and cotton fields are also deserted, and have become barren.

It is said that this is the most terrible civil war that has ever been fought in China. Those who make the people of our two provinces suffer so much have started this war only for the sake of extending their lands and enlarging their powers.

But we don't know when the fighting will be over. We hope that peace will come soon.

Chow Yoong Tong (周詠棠)

Unfortunately now, Kiangsu and Chekiang, the happy places of our Republic, have been engaged in furious fighting. For this, education, communication and commerce were all obstructed and the people were greatly disturbed.

The people of the two provinces are as friendly as ever and unanimously cried for peace before the war broke out. So we know there is no proper reason at all, but only the military governors are fighting for their own profits. They plan for themselves and do not obey the people.

Since we couldn't prevent the war we only hope that it will stop quickly; otherwise it will agitate the whole country.

Tunian Che

It is unfortunate that a war has broken out between Kiangsu and Chekiang. The misery it brings is beyond description.

Although it is called "Kiangsu-Chekiang War," yet, in fact, the people of these two provinces are quite friendly to each other. Then, do the soldiers wish to fight? No, they never like it, I think; they fight simply because of their ignorance.

Therefore, if we wish to remove the war-misery first of all, the powerful but merciless militarists should be overturned, and secondly, a compulsory education must be enforced so that soldiers will not blindly follow in battle.

Ong Yi-ling

After the war between Kiangsu and Chekiang broke out, General Chi Hsieh Yuen of Kiangsu caught coolies everywhere. For this reason, a great many men, whose families depended upon them, were caught, and so their wives or children had to starve.

When they were caught, their wives, children, relatives or friends, who wished to catch a glance at them, could not do what they wished.

After being caught, they were treated as beasts. How do you feel when you read my composition? Now, I can only say, "To die young is better than to die old."

郭鉅漳

The Kiangsu-Chekiang war broke out about one month ago. Although many officials and leading persons wished to get peace, yet they did not succeed. We have already known who the fighting leaders are, and what they are fighting for. Many lives have been sacrificed and much money has been spent. Is it worthy? Let us ask our conscience, do we have greediness, envy, and pride in our mind? If we have, we must get rid

of them at once, because these three things cause trouble all the time.

周家珩

The Kiangsu-Chekiang war has begun. We all know the miseries of the fight and also think of the soldiers who are wounded cruelly, and who die an unnatural death.

It is said that "Progress often comes after fighting." But this fight between Kiangsu and Chekiang is opposite to these words. Why? Because they, Chi and Lu, fight in order to promote their power. They give up the soldiers' lives for their own selfish ends. Attacking one another, the unfortunate soldiers did not know what they were doing. Poor soldiers, you ought to wake up. You yourselves are not enemies but friends. You must know who are your enemies.

崔維炳

General Chi Hsieh-Yuen of Kiangsu has long had a great mind to possess the District of Shanghai, the largest sea-port in China. He pretends to charge that Lu Yung-Hsiang, Tuchun of Chekiang,

has broken the Peace Treaty signed last year between Kiangsu and Chekiang. So he decides to fight against General Lu, and wrest the sway of Shanghai out of him. Military preparations are made by General Chi and Lu. A great war between the two provinces is now taking place. What an unfortunate time we have!

Hampson Yen

The fight between Chi and Lu has been going on for about a month. During these days of disturbance, the people of Kiangsu and Chekiang have abandoned their homes and have fled for safety; some were forced to do compulsory service at the front and, many soldiers were killed or wounded.

To be sure, the ambitious militarists are incapable in looking after the people's interests but are quite capable in squeezing money from them and bring them misery in turn.

I wonder if the ambitious militarists know that such a satisfaction to them is the distress to the people.

S. H. Chao

The term "Kiangsu-Chekiang War" is not correct. For it is not the fight between the people of Kiangsu and Chekiang; but only the nonsense struggle among the militarists. These warlike fellows know nothing but their own profits. Before the war took place, the people cried unanimously for peace; but all in vain. The people of the two provinces seem to be at those devils' mercy and cruel war seems to be their pastime. Oh, compatriots awake! If the aristocracy of our country can't be overturned, we can never enjoy peace afterwards.

王受權

Since the outbreak of the Kiangsu-Chekiang war, commerce, education, and agriculture have been seriously affected. In commerce, merchants suffer great losses in their trade owing to the interruption of communication both on land and on water. In education, all the government schools under the control of Tuchun Chi Hsieh-yuen of Kiangsu are being closed. In agriculture the farmers have nothing to harvest because all crops in the field have been entirely destroyed by the war,

Besides these, thousands and thousands of people are becoming homeless, for all of their houses and properties have been ruined or robbed. Alas! What an immeasurable calamity it is!

Chang Tse Kwoh (張資國)

A campaign is a distress, says the proverb. A war disturbs the people. So no one likes to hear the word "war."

Now Kiangsu and Chekiang are fighting for the possession of the district of Shanghai. The war not only menaces both provinces, but also affects the whole country.

According to reports from news-papers, the powers will interfere with this fighting, and even want to divide China. I am sorry to hear this. It has been thirteen years now since the civil war of China began. The people have suffered so much damage that they can not stand another war.

王鎮球

It is a glorious cause if we fight against a foreign nation, to keep off foreign aggression or coercion. But now, the war is waged between

Kiangsu and Chekiang, which both belong to China. So we feel ashamed, because it is a civil war. It becomes a national disgrace when these news are reported to foreign countries.

It was the two Military governors' private affairs which brought about the war, but it has caused all the people to suffer many difficulties and alarms, as they have to take refuge from place to place. So, I hope they will think of the sufferings of the people and make truce or peace.

金 志 樞

What is all this fuss between the military leaders of Kiangsu and Chekiang about? Are they fighting for our country's sake, or for the people's sake? Not at all. Again, is there any hatred between the people of the two provinces? Not a bit. Thus, I dare say that they are fighting for their own glory, influence, and profit. None of them is right. Both of them are the peace-breakers and our common enemies. As for **this** warfare, it is nothing but nonsense. But alas! how unfortunate are the powerless, innocent people!

Francis Vang

