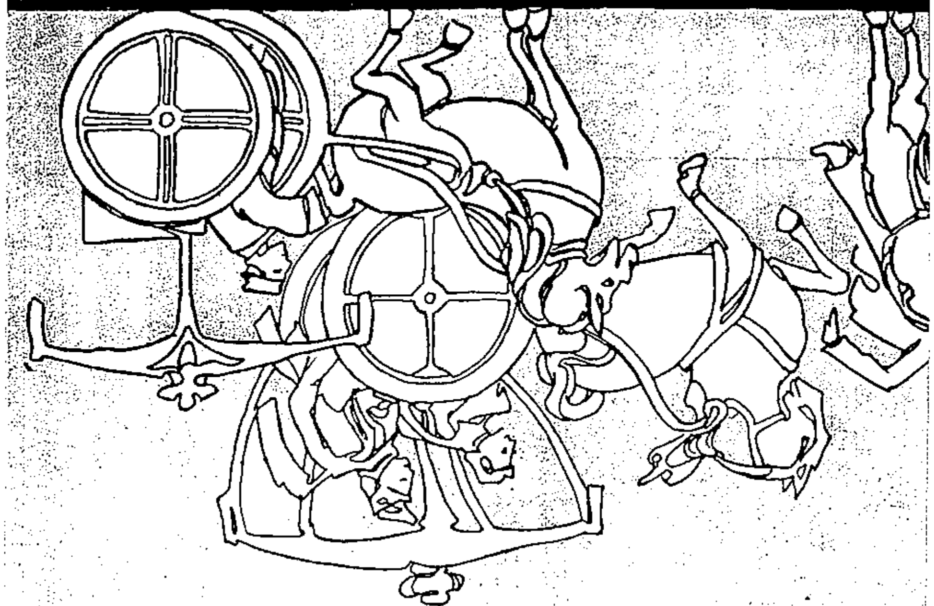
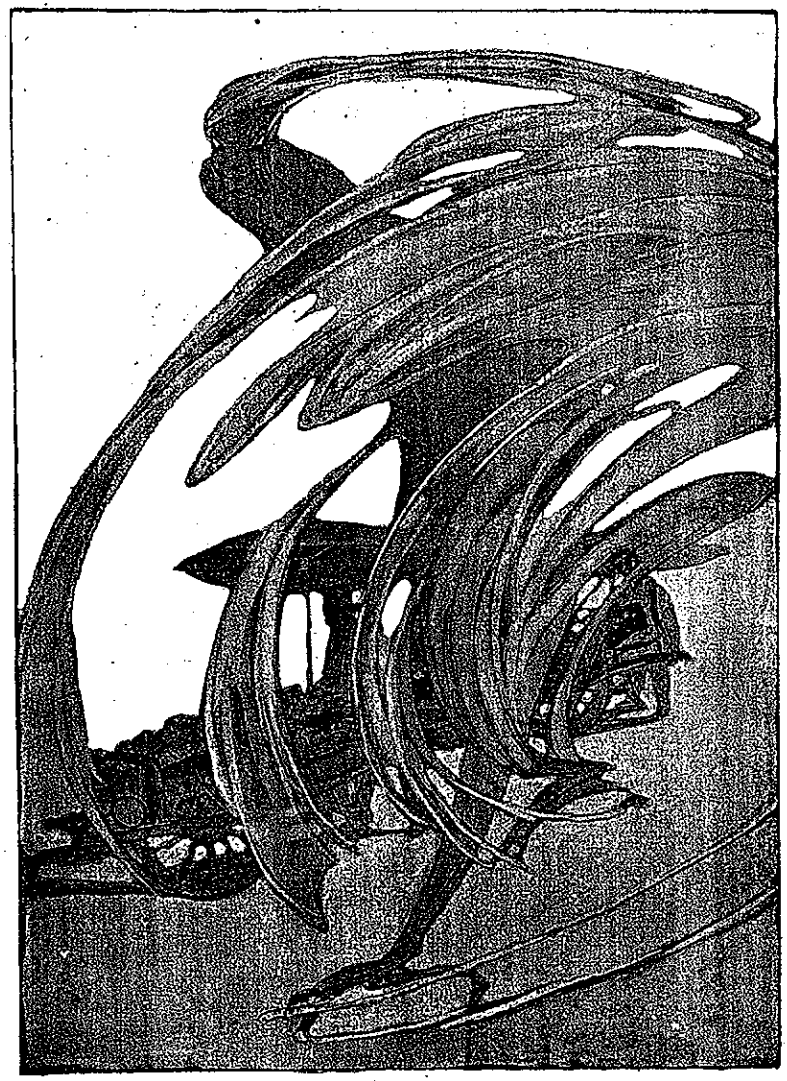
PEIPING AND NORTH CHINA





PEKING DUST

PEIPING
AND
NORTH CHINA

INFORMATION AND ILLUSTRATIONS
OF THE
IMPORTANT PLACES TO SEE

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PRESENTED WITH
THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE
GRAND HOTEL DES WAGONS LITS
PEIPING

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PEIPING

In all the Orient Peiping is the one city which may be said to offer everything to the tourist, where modern comfort and an incredible profusion of ancient beauty mingle with the characteristically Chinese native life to create an atmosphere that is both unique and irresistible. Until recently this city was Peking, a name meaning Northern Capital, but, since the government was transferred to Nanking, Peking has become Peiping, or Northern Peace, a name by which it was known long ago.

Although no longer the capital, Peiping remains an imperial city and in many ways the heart of the country, representative of all that is oldest and richest in its life—a city proud of its history, woven with the romance of centuries and of empires that have been swept away on the surge of time. Its palaces are empty now—but roofs of yellow tile still glisten in the sun, above a dark ocean of trees, and watch towers rise protectingly at the corners of faded pink walls, lion-dogs of bronze or marble still guard the palace gates and, beneath sloping roofs, the interwoven colour and design of the buildings is breathtaking.

Around the temples and palaces, silent monuments of past splendor, sweeps the living city, seemingly more unchanged by the passing of time than the walls and buildings themselves. Children in bright clothes play along the street, scuffling feet stir the dust and weary bodies bend beneath loads too great; now and then long strings of camels pass by, bicycles weave among the hundreds of rickshas and heavily laden carts are drawn by struggling horses or mules. Even the sounds of the city street are timeless—except for the horn of a passing automobile or clang of streetcar along the main thoroughfares—the creaking of bamboo poles and wooden carts, the distinctive cries of various street merchants, and the beat of the night watchman's stick, are all unchanged for centuries.

Everything necessary for the life of the Chinese may be bought in the streets—vegetables and fruit, materials of every kind, toys and long sticks of tiny, candied apples, baskets and bowls. There are movable stands where one may have a haircut and shave and, during the winter, chestnuts are roasted in great caldrons along the street and the inviting odor of sweet potatoes, freshly cooked, rises from the ovens of street vendors. Often a soft whirring is heard above—for the Chinese attach whistles to the tails of birds that circle over the city and, blown by the wind of their flight, these make a low and rather ghostly whistling, a sound swelling as the birds curve overhead and dying away like the echo of a sigh.

Yet this life of the Chinese city may be seen while living in an up-to-date hotel, enjoying every convenience, and it is but one of the attractions of Peiping. There are the innumerable shops, with jades, furs and rich embroideries, the colourful though at first incomprehensible Chinese theatre, the many restaurants offering delicacies not to be found elsewhere, and the numerous trips which can be made to temples and tombs outside the city. Or there is the contrasting life of the foreign resident—the dancing, polo, tennis and swimming, the pony races in spring and fall—a life offering almost every sport and amusement and centred in the Legation Quarter, a walled section of the city which includes most of the foreign legations, banks and hospitals, as well as a few shops, and which is entirely alien to the rest of Peiping, its well-paved streets strangely uncrowded after the surge of life outside and its buildings presenting an extraordinary combination of the architecture of every country with that of China.

Peiping is built on a plain and is completely level, its only two low hills, the mound on which the Pei Hai dagoba stands and the Coal Hill, having been artificially made. It is a city of walls, even the smaller houses being enclosed, and the narrower streets seem at first rather forbidding, although their greyness is frequently broken by brilliant red gates. By its principal walls Peiping is divided into four distinct cities—the inner Forbidden City, former home of the emperors and distinguished by its yellow roofs and enclosing walls of deep pink, the Imperial City, where court officials formerly resided, and, surrounding these, the principal town, known as the Tartar City, while to the south is the Chinese City, also walled.

The main wall, that of the Tartar City, is forty feet in height and encloses an area about four miles square, its length broken by nine gates and their many-storied towers. At one time it was possible to walk completely around the city on this wall, which is very broad, but most of the inclines leading to it are now closed and weeds and brambles grow luxuriantly along it, except between the gates of Ch'ien Men and Hatamen, in the south wall, where it is well kept and offers an interesting promenade. From there, particularly from Ch'ien Men, which was the official entrance to the city, the view of Peiping is remarkable and shows a feature of its architecture which is not always realized from the ground, the perfect symmetry of its original planning, slightly altered now by new buildings and other changes. The regularity of its features broken just enough to avoid monotony, its palaces and temples facing south to receive the favourable influences from that direction, its every building constructed to conform with the rules believed to govern nature and the spirits of air, of direction, of water, wind and hill—the original Peking was undoubtedly a city unique in meaning as in beauty.

There is no one season when it is best to see Peiping, for each has its special advantages. The spring, late March, April and May, and the autumn, September to November, are probably the most pleasant for sightseeing or for trips away from the city, except during the dust storms of those months, when the air is thickly yellow and dust penetrates the most solid wall—storms which are believed to be stirred up in the Gobi desert by the dwarf guardians of a mountain of pure jade, to prevent adventurous explorers from finding their treasure.

The summer is hot but usually dry and, if one need not hurry, there is charm in the almost tropic laziness of the air and the depth of the unclouded sky. In winter the cold is penetrating when there is a wind and, being usually below freezing during late December, and both January and February, it is not so comfortable for sightseeing—yet there is the chance then of a snowfall and, although any city completely white beneath the snow is beautiful, Peiping is unequalled. The curve of its glistening roofs, white above the green and blue eaves and pink walls, the snow topped temples and frosted nakedness of many trees and, in the narrow streets, the whiteness resting alike on the black of coal baskets and the orange wares of a persimmon vendor—the scenes are endless and indescribable.

PILLAR OF VICTORY

PALACES

For generations, from the time of its construction in the fifteenth century by the Ming Emperor Yung Loh until 1911 and the revolution, the Forbidden City was the heart not only of Peking but of all China, the centre about which the country revolved and from behind whose red-pink walls it was governed—the capital to which costly tribute was brought from every part of the empire, often including Mongolia, Manchuria, Korea and Thibet. And this enclosure, in whose remote and forbidden palaces so much power was concentrated, was indeed a city, complete within its own walls, where, in addition to imperial and state pavilions, there were temples, theatres and everything required for the life of the Son of Heaven and his many relatives and courtiers. This city within a city was known as the Purple Forbidden City because it was regarded as the centre and pivot of all the earth, as the pole star, called the Star of Purple Myrtle, was the pivot of the heavens and home of the celestial ruler.

One should climb to some high point—the wall or Coal Hill—and look over the trees to where light glints on the beautiful yellow tiles of the Forbidden City roofs, to appreciate its planning and the number of its magnificent buildings. It is no longer forbidden, however, and one may wander freely in its courtyards and gardens, while most of the main rooms are now used as museums for porcelains, ancient bronzes, scrolls and other exhibits.

The enclosure of the Forbidden City runs from south to north and has entrances on the four sides—the main approach being from the south, directly in line with Ch'ien Men gate and originally connected with it by a broad, wall-enclosed avenue. All the entrances to the city have three

arches, the central one having formerly been used only by the emperor. The southern section includes the three magnificent throne rooms, the former banquet hall and other official buildings, while to the north were the residences of the emperor and empress, princes and concubines and all the large imperial family, as well as those of hundreds of retainers and attendants.

The whole is splendidly and symmetrically planned, with its spacious courts, white marble balustrades and bridges, miniature gardens and curving roofs of imperial yellow, supported by pillars and beams of brilliant colour, and gives, as nothing else can, an impression of the ancient grandeur of the rulers of China and the reverence in which they were held by the people. The collection of Chinese antiques in the museum and the special exhibits in other pavilions are also of considerable interest.

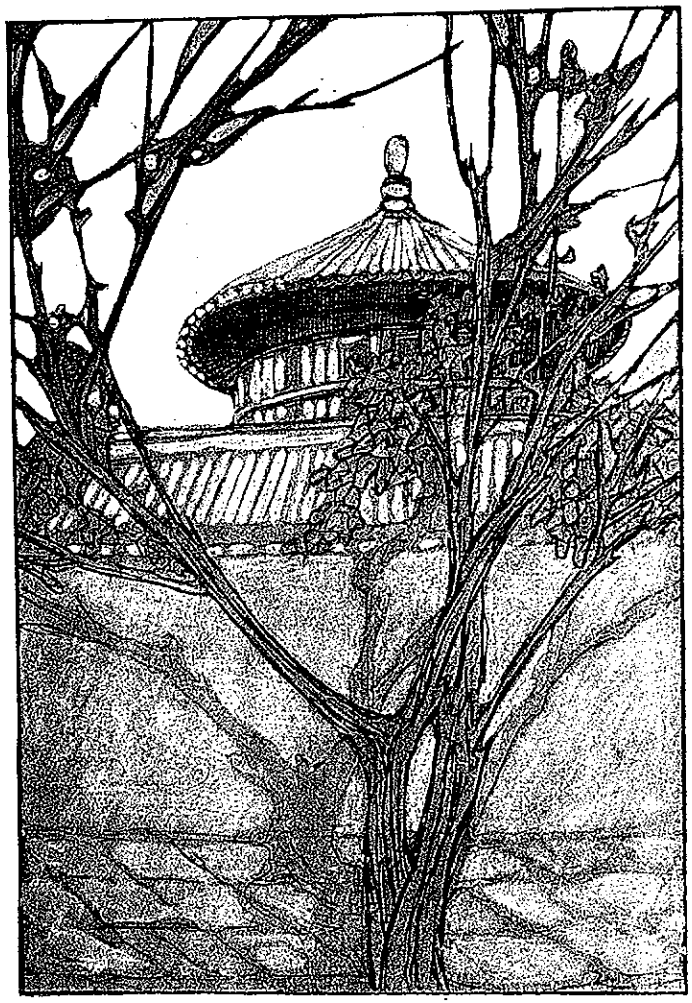
Directly north of the Forbidden City is Coal Hill, with five pleasure pavilions resting on the summits of its artificial mound. The reason for this hill being so named is doubtful, but it is believed that the Mongols stored coal here in order to be prepared for a siege. Probably the best view of the city can be had from this summit, which is very centrally located.

The history of Coal Hill is particularly connected with the tragic death of the last Ming Emperor, Ch'ung Cheng, who, together with a faithful eunuch, hanged himself in the highest of the five pavilions while a horde of victorious rebels were storming the city gates. The legend is that this emperor, well-meaning but weak and unable to halt the degeneracy and ruin of his court, sought divine counsel at the San Kuan Miao temple, deciding by the length of a bamboo stick which he drew from among others of three lengths whether he should lead his army to meet the invaders, wait confidently for their siege to end, or destroy himself and allow them to enter. And he drew the short bamboo—which meant death. It is said that even now his ghost returns, sometimes to the temple at San Kuan Miao, which he cursed for its evil decision, but more often to wander through the grounds of Coal Hill and look sadly down on his unoccupied palace and no longer imperial city—vanishing at dawn, since it was just at daybreak that he killed himself here.

To the west of the enclosure constituting the Forbidden City, and of Coal Hill, are three lakes, their shores rich in buildings, parks and pleasure gardens, which are known either as the Three Seas, South, Central and North, or as the Winter Palace. The Nan Hai, or Southern Sea, and Chung Hai, or Central Sea, include many interesting buildings and islands, and offer delightful walks, but various officials of the government often reside in sections of these enclosures and they are not always open to the public.

The most attractive of the three, as well as the best known and most easily visited, is Pei Hai, the Northern Sea, whose buildings cluster around an artificial hill, surmounted by the white dagoba which is a landmark visible from most sections of Peiping. A lake surrounds this mound, crossed by a long bridge near the entrance and at other points by small boats which row one leisurely across. Pavilions and temples also line the outer shore of this lake and, for the variety and unexpectedness of their gardens and structures, the seemingly endless grounds of Pei Hai are unrivalled. There are pavilions built entirely of porcelain, shining green and yellow in the sunlight, vivid arches leading to the temples inhabited by dusty images, rock gardens with their twisting paths and round moon-gates, tea houses resting beside the boat landings, marble gateways guarding a forgotten shrine, trees shadowing a walk beside the water's edge—it is impossible to see everything. And from the base of the dagoba, built in five sections to represent the five elements, one looks not only over the city but on the roofs and lake of Pei Hai itself, the lake solid with lotus flowers and their green leaves in late summer, the whole a white fairyland of frozen enchantment in a winter snow—and at dusk one may see hundreds of birds, coming from all parts of the city to rest here during the night. The most celebrated object in the Pei Hai is the porcelain screen, its writhing dragons worked in high relief and brilliantly glazed colour, which is in a somewhat isolated courtyard across the lake and toward the north of the enclosure. There is also an altar to the Silk Goddess, where the empress formerly worshipped in spring.

THE MOON GATE, PEI-HAI



THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN

TEMPLED

Unquestionably first among the temples of Peiping, in beauty as in interest, is the group of buildings known as the Temple of Heaven. These stand in a large park of ancient cedar and cypress trees, outside the main wall of the city but within the smaller wall of the Chinese city, and are reached by passing through the Ch'ien Men gate and following the street which runs south from there for something over a mile.

Enclosed by three walls and by the park grounds, in a solitude and silence rare among the palaces or temples of China, stand the three main structures. The largest and most familiar, probably more often photographed and reproduced than any other building in Peiping, is itself known as the Temple of Heaven, but incorrectly, since its Chinese name means "Hall of the Happy Year" and it was there, during the first moon, that the emperors offered their prayers, with incense and sacrifice, for a prosperous and victorious year. The temple is circular in form, rising from the centre of a triple, white marble platform, and its three circular roofs of brilliantly glazed blue tile, the third topped by a golden ball, are unusual and impressive—while the whole building, tall enough to be seen clearly from the wall or from any high point of the city, is believed to be the finest example of religious architecture in China.

South of this temple, and connected with it by a raised avenue of marble, is a smaller building, also circular but with a single blue roof. This is the Palace of Abstinence, where the emperor, in fasting and meditation, awaited the hour of the ceremony which was held at the Altar of Heaven.

The Altar itself, if not so striking as the triple-roofed temple, is undoubtedly the most symbolic and truest monument of the ancient faith of China, impressive in its utter

simplicity. It is a circular, triple terrace of white marble, the stones and steps of its three levels laid out in multiples of nine, the sacred number of Chinese philosophy, by which the heavens, the compass, and even the degrees of official rank, were divided. The altar is set in a circular clearing among the trees and it was so planned that when the emperor knelt on its central stone nothing of the earth was visible to him—only the whiteness of the round marble terrace, enclosed by the blue dome of that heaven which was the only god he worshipped and to which he alone, of all China, could offer prayers and sacrifice.

It was at the time of the winter solstice that the ceremony was performed here and it is probable that, as in other countries, it originated as a rite to restore strength to the apparently dying sun. The emperor, at an appointed hour before the sunrise, came to the Altar from the Temple of Abstinence and, assuming responsibility for all his people, burned incense to the Lord of Heaven and made offerings of silk and food and of a sceptre of sky-blue jade, while the smoke of the burnt-offering, a whole bullock, flawless and of a single colour, rose in thick, grey clouds to meet the first light of dawn.

Now no ceremony takes place at the Altar of Heaven, weeds are pushing their way among the marble paving, and even the unbelieving foreigner may walk on the stones where generations of emperors worshipped—but the Altar remains silently magnificent, symbol of all that is oldest and purest in Chinese Religation, and the vista of altar and Temples, of white marble and blue tiles and the encircling pink walls, set among a profusion of trees, is of rare beauty.

Directly opposite from the entrance to the Temple of Heaven enclosure is that of the Temple of Agriculture. Originally built as a smaller counterpart of the Temple of Heaven, for the worship of the prehistoric emperor Shen Nung, who is believed to have invented the plough and taught agriculture to the Chinese people, its altar was square, representing earth, as distinct from the round altar which symbolized heaven, and its buildings were roofed with black tile. Interesting historically because it was there that the emperor, after sacrificing to Shen Nung, opened the season of ploughing by himself turning three furrows, it is now used as a public park and is not worth visiting, unless one's time is unlimited.

The Lama Temple, which stands at the extreme north of Hatamen street and near the wall of the Tartar City, is the most important temple of this faith in Peiping and the official residence of the Living Buddha when visiting the city. It is very large, courtyard stretching beyond courtyard, with six principal, yellow-roofed temple buildings in addition to the innumerable smaller rooms, and is the home of several hundred priests of the orthodox sect of Lamaism. In the time of the emperors this temple was largely supported by imperial gifts and enjoyed a great influence in the affairs of the city—and even now a feeling of importance lingers there, the lamas still perform their religious services, most of the buildings are in quite good repair, and it is well worth seeing. Objects of particular interest are the bronze lion-dogs, excellent examples of the animals which are seen in front of many of the buildings of Peiping, the unusually fine incense burner, and the huge figure, which is supposed to have been carved from a single tree, of Maitreya, the future incarnation of the Buddha.

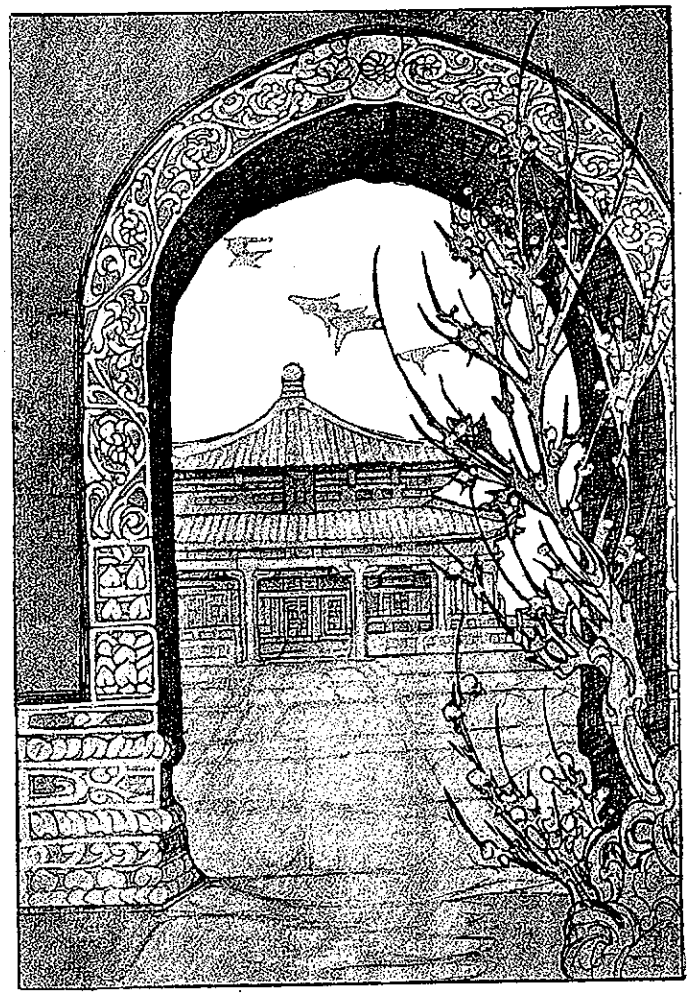
The daily services and special ceremonies at the Lama Temple are of great interest in showing the religious service of the Lamas, of whom the great majority are Mongols or Thibetans, in contrast to that of the Chinese—and are also notable for the remarkable resemblance, often commented on, of certain of the Lamaistic rituals to those of the Catholic Church. The most picturesque ceremony is that of the celebrated Devil Dance, held on the thirtieth of the first moon for the purpose of driving out evil spirits and malicious instincts during the year. At that time the Lamas, clad in extraordinary and savage costumes, brilliantly ornamented, and grotesque masks of animals or birds, perform a weird and lengthy dance before a huge, surging crowd, which is kept back only by the whips of several figures disguised as demons.

Also in the north of the city and quite near to the Lama Temple is the Temple of Confucius, probably the best preserved and cared for in Peiping. Here the emperors have done homage for generations to the great sage, whose doctrines—which can not truly be called a religion but rather a system of ethics and a way of living—have been probably the strongest influence in the life of the Chinese for two thousand years, and there is an atmosphere of calm throughout the enclosure, shaded by cypress trees of great age.

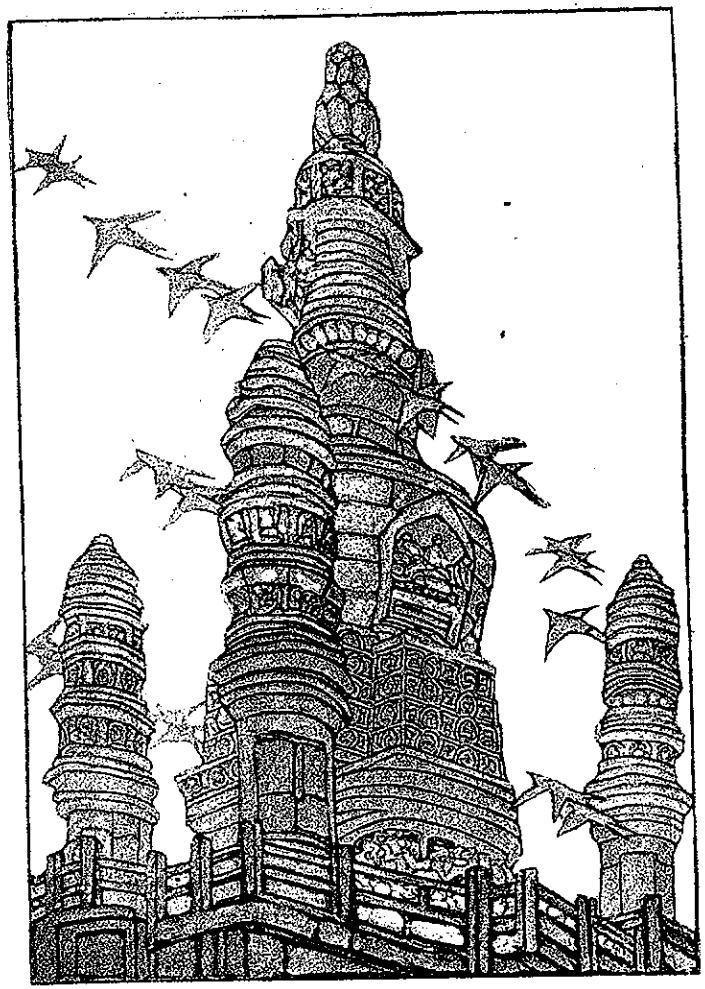
This temple was first built at the time of the Mongols, during the thirteenth century, but it has been so often repaired and rebuilt that the date of the present buildings is uncertain. There are a great many stone tablets and slabs in the enclosure, of interest to students of the Chinese language, and near the entrance the names, carved in stone, of the most distinguished scholars to pass the Triennial Examinations during the past six hundred years. In a further courtyard there are six tablets, supported on stone turtles and each with its yellow-roofed pavilion, which were presented to the temple by three Manchu emperors, K'ang Hsi, Yung Cheng and Ch'ien Lung, to announce their various foreign victories to Confucius. The famous stone drums of the Chou Dynasty, believed to be almost three thousand year old and the earliest remaining example of Chinese writing, were kept in this temple for several hundred years but they have now been taken away—perhaps to the present capital at Nanking.

The main temple building, or tablet hall, is extremely simple, containing only the red lacquer tablet of Confucius, before which a service is held and sacrifice offered during the second month of spring and the second month of autumn, four smaller tablets of the four great disciples of Confucius and eight, which are still smaller, for the disciples of less importance. Inscribed on the tablet of Confucius are characters meaning "The tablet of the soul of the most holy ancestral teacher."

Directly behind the Confucius Temple is the Hall of Classics, its present building, constructed by Ch'ien Lung, occupying the site of a much older structure. To this building, roofed with yellow tile and surrounded by white marble balustrades and by a moat, crossed with four marble bridges, the emperors used to come on state occasions to expound the classics, many of which are inscribed on stone tablets around the courtyard. Within this enclosure there is also an interesting old sun dial and a marble arch, richly ornamented with tiles of green and yellow, which is perhaps the finest in Peiping.



THE HALL OF CLASSICS



THE YELLOW TEMPLE

A short distance outside the walls of Peiping and reached through the east gate of the north wall is the Yellow Temple, interesting historically and remarkable for its large and exceedingly graceful stupa, an Indian type of monument but modified by Thibetan influence. The temple shelters, in its eastern and western pavilions, various classes of Lamas and is a haven for visiting Mongol or Thibetan priests, although it is at present so poor that many of the walls and buildings are crumbling.

Although some of the pavilions were constructed earlier, the emperor K'ang Hsi was especially generous in enlarging and enriching this Yellow Temple, partly in atonement for the slaying of a Living Buddha by one of his soldiers. The stupa, however, was built by Ch'ien Lung to commemorate the visit and death of the Pan-ch'eng Lama, who died of smallpox while in Peiping; the body of this holy man was returned with ceremony to Thibet but his robes were buried beneath this magnificent monument. Quite different from anything near Peiping, the stupa rests on a marble terrace and is sculptured with great beauty, showing scenes from the life of the Lama. It is surmounted by a spire with thirteen divisions—symbolical of the thirteen Buddhist heavens. The trees which surrounded the monument are uncared for, the pavilions near it are untenanted and falling and soldiers have broken much of the carving—yet, lost in a dust-swept courtyard, it remains a splendid tomb and a building of unusual beauty.

Two interesting monuments in the north city of Peiping are the Bell Tower and Drum Tower, which stand at the end of the broad street running north from behind Coal Hill and the Forbidden City. Both were constructed when Peiping first became the capital of Kublai Khan in the thirteenth century and, although the Bell Tower is no longer the same building, having been moved and reconstructed, the Drum Tower remains as it was originally built by the Mongols and is therefore the most ancient unchanged structure in the city. Formerly it was in these towers that the hours of day and night were measured and announced to the people by the beat of the drum or sounding of the deep-voiced bell.

The Drum Tower is massive in appearance, with a suggestion of solid strength and timeless endurance which is not noticeable in the other, more graceful structures of Peiping. It rises to a height of ninety-nine feet, which is also that of the gate towers on the Tartar wall—the reason being that evil spirits are believed to fly low and straight and are therefore stopped by these buildings, while good spirits travel at the height of a hundred feet. The Bell Tower, to the north, is a few feet lower, more typical as to architecture and, although interesting, less impressive than the Drum Tower.

Throughout Peiping there are innumerable smaller temples, usually very much in plan like those which are larger and better known, but often with their special interest or the charm of half-forgotten corners of the city, of dusty courtyards and incense curling before strange gods.

On Hatamen street, at Teng Shih K'ou, is the ancient but tiny Dog Temple—its gate almost lost among the crowding shops and houses—where anyone whose pet dog is ill comes to make an offering, to light an incense stick and pray to the famous dog whose shrine this is and who has the power to cure the maladies of his race.

Undoubtedly the most important small temple, in the belief of the people, is that of Kuan Ti, which stands just south of the Ch'ien Men gate, almost against the wall, and is interesting not for any celebrated gods or altar but because there it seems possible to observe a faith more alive than in the larger but often deserted temples. Incense is always burning, usually in quantity, and it is seldom that people are not coming and going, kneeling for a moment before returning to the crowded street outside, probably the busiest in Peiping. Kuan Ti, while not precisely a god of war, is one of the celebrated warriors of Chinese history and connected with everything martial. He has several temples in Peiping but this is believed to be his favourite and here he has several times been known to appear, once to tell the last Ming emperor that his dynasty was ended, again to help defeat a group of rebels who had attacked the city.

On either side of the southern entrance to the Forbidden City there is an enclosure, that of the west being the Central Park—which is an attractive pleasure ground, with its gardens, tea-houses and tree sheltered walks, but of no especial interest to the tourist. The eastern enclosure, however, the T'ai Miao or Temple of the Ancestors of the Manchu Dynasty, is of remarkable beauty as well as interest. It is only very recently that these grounds have been open to the public—since the temple was formerly considered as the second most sacred in Peking, surpassed only by the Temple of Heaven—and at the present time gardens are being laid out in the enclosure and the buildings are kept in good condition.

From the gate of the T'ai Miao one passes through a small grove of old and graceful trees to the pink wall, with its entrance arch of yellow and green. A courtyard, where numerous bridges cross the dry bed of a stream, and second gate lead to the principal court, unusually large and barren of trees, along the right and left of which are the tablet halls of military heroes and statesmen, where worship was offered by various princes and dukes of the royal household. To the great main hall, rising from a triple terrace of marble balustrades, the emperor himself, at four o'clock in the morning, came from the Forbidden City five times during the year—spring, summer, autumn, winter and at the close of the year—to sacrifice and to bow nine times before the tablets of his ancestors. This hall is of great size and well proportioned, the austere symplicity of its plain black floor and round pillars breaking into a rich ceiling design of gold, green and blue.

In the following courtyard is a smaller hall where, behind curtains of yellow silk, the tablets were kept except when they were taken to the main temple for the ceremony. Still beyond is a third temple, where the princes and lesser members of the imperial family worshipped the ancestral tablets.

THE OBSERVATORY

Important both historically, as one of the old landmarks of Peiping, and to those interested either in the ancient sciences of China or in the study of the stars, is the astronomical Observatory. It is situated on the east wall of the city, near the south, an open brick terrace built above the level of the wall but which can now be reached only through the courtyard and buildings below, one room of which is filled with interesting Chinese star maps, astronomical books and models of the solar system.

The original Observatory was constructed by the Mongols in the thirteenth century but it was repaired and rebuilt and the old instruments replaced during the Ming and Manchu dynasties. The present instruments, with the exception of two which were presented to the emperor by Louis XIV, were cast about the end of the seventeenth century under the supervision of a famous Jesuit astronomer. They are remarkably interesting, dragon-twined bases supporting the bronze instruments—the sextant, the azimuthal horizon and numerous others for measuring the course of sun and stars, although perhaps the one most intriguing to the unprofessional observer is the large celestial globe, inclined to the proper angle and built to revolve, although one wonders if it is ever turned now, on which raised metal stars, of varying size for the several magnitudes, enable one to trace familiar constellations, even in their different grouping.

The Observatory has always been of great interest to the Chinese—for astronomy, and more particularly astrology, have been so long a part of their lives that the position of the stars at any moment, the ascendancy of favourable or unfavourable constellations and the seemingly erratic movements of the restless planets, are of vital interest to them.

And, if their knowledge of the heavens has not always been so precise and detached as that of more scientific minds and although the people still beat gongs and drums at the time of an eclipse, to drive away the dog that is devouring the moon, nevertheless the Chinese already had a surprising knowledge and system of astronomy several thousand years ago and their lunar calendar, with the predictions made from it, is extraordinarily accurate.

FESTIVALS

Throughout the year there are many interesting festivals celebrated in Peiping but, as they are held according to the lunar calendar, the exact date varies from year to year in relation to our calendar.

Recently the government has decided to adopt the western calendar and to celebrate the New Year accordingly but, although January first is an official holiday and observed by business firms, schools and the post office, it is still at the time of the lunar new year, which falls usually about the middle of February, that the real Chinese celebration takes place—even if, in deference to the government order forbidding it, it is now sometimes known as the "spring holiday". It is then that firecrackers are heard day and night, all shops are closed for at least five days, all debts are supposed to have been paid, and the entire city enjoys a holiday. It is then that the Kitchen God, guardian of the hearth, is welcomed back to his shrine near the stove, with much burning of incense and exploding of firecrackers, after his yearly visit to heaven to report on the life of each family during the year.

The Chinese New Year is also the time for pasting new "gate gods", brilliantly coloured pictures of two warlike deities, on the doors of each house, although this custom is also being discouraged by the government. It is believed that long ago there was an emperor who could not sleep, because of evil spirits which entered his palace every night, except when two of his generals stood guard at the gate and prevented these demons from passing. So the emperor, not wishing his faithful generals to remain always on guard, had their portraits painted and pasted on either side of the gate, which successfully halted the evil spirits and was the origin of the "gate gods".

Early in the third moon is held the Spring Festival which, although in one sense a celebration of the rebirth of life in the spring, is now mainly a feast of the dead, when pilgrimages are made to the ancestral graves.

On the seventh day of the seventh moon, generally early in August, is observed the festival of the meeting of the heavenly lovers, the Goddess of Weaving and the Cowherd. Long ago these lovers, who are the stars Vega and Altair, thought only of their happiness and neglected their duty to the Lord of Heaven, who therefore separated them by the broad celestival river, the Milky Way, relenting only enough to permit them to meet on this one day each year. Then, if it is clear, the magpies form a bridge of their wings, over which the Spinning Goddess passes to join her lover—and it is said that during that night their two stars burn with a light of five colours. This occasion is now observed very quietly and almost exclusively by women, who offer embroidered garments and shoes, flowers, fruits and cakes to the goddess.

Probably the festival of the Chinese year which is of most interest to foreigners is that of the fifteenth of the seventh month, about the end of August. It is a festival of the dead, intended to feed and guide the hungry ghosts, and it is observed in varying forms, always climaxed by the placing of lights upon the water of a river or lake, or the sea, throughout all the Orient. For some time before its occurrence the streets of Peiping are bright with incredibly elaborate lanterns of paper, offered for sale in many shops and by the street vendors. Throughout the day of the fifteenth food and prayers are offered to the departed spirits, and at night everyone turns either to the Pei Hai lake or to the

canal which runs eastward from Peiping, where lantern-decorated boats are poled along the stream and eager crowds line the banks. At dusk large paper boats are burned on the shore and fires are lit to guide the return of the wandering ghosts. Then priests quickly begin to place tiny lanterns, each made of paper in the form of a lotus and fastened to a square of wood, with a lighted candle at its centre, on the water—these are the ships to carry lost spirits safely home, lamps to guide them in the perilous darkness. And, when hundreds of them are set floating on the canal, they swirl past the gaily lighted large boats or drift in quiet waters near the shore—creating a mass of glowing flame on the dark water, a scene of fantastic beauty in the light of a newly risen moon.

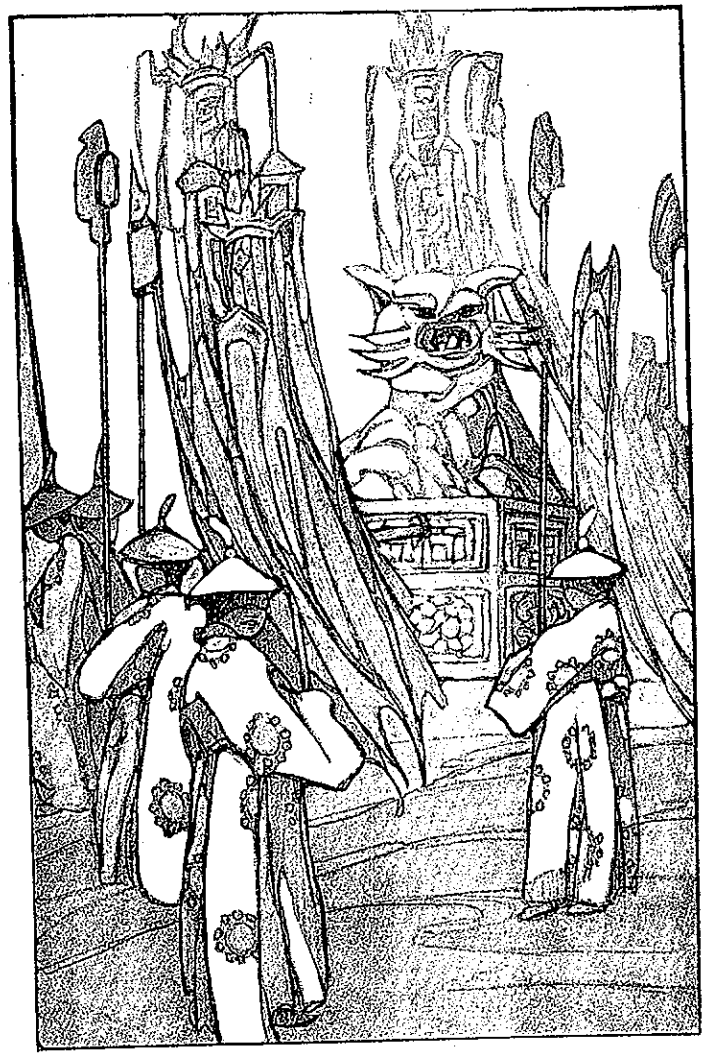
A month later, on the fifteenth of the eighth moon, there is a harvest festival and a celebration of the moon's birthday—for that is the one night when the moon is believed to be completely round, and more brilliant than at any other time of the year. Before this celebration, clay figures of the Hare who inhabits the moon are for sale all over Peiping and, on the day itself, round "moon-cakes" and fruits which are round in form are offered to the image of this Moon-Rabbit.

One of the great interests of Peiping streets are the funeral and wedding processions, usually indistinguishable from one another until either the bridal chair on or the coffin is seen. Almost any day one may come upon a funeral procession—or several, if it is an auspicious date; many are small and simple, sometimes only the coffin and a few carriages of mourners, but often they are really magnificent.

Then there is a weaving stream of colour along the grey streets—there are children in white, the colour of mourning, carrying long, swaying branches of paper flowers, priests in robes of red and men in green and gold, supporting red lacquer poles which are topped with symbols or with horn lanterns,—there is the sound of drums and gongs and of trumpets so long that they are carried by two men, a wailing music which seems like the crying of lost spirits.

At intervals during the funeral procession hundreds of round paper disks are thrown into the air—these are spirit money, for use in the world beyond. Behind the brocade covered coffin, supported on lacquer poles by twelve or more bearers, are carried paper shapes which are to be burned at the grave, in order that the dead man may enjoy their spirits—horses and carts, rikshas and even automobiles, figures of men and women, and sometimes lion-dogs to guard his courtyards in the other world. To the Chinese it does not detract in the least from the dignity of the procession that the standard bearers and those who carry the coffin are beggars, since it is an ancient custom that that is their right, nor does it matter that the whiteclad mourners, who weep so loudly in the intervals when the music is silent, are hired for the occasion because of their ability to lament long and effectively.

Wedding processions are usually shorter and, in place of the paper figures, the presents and furniture of the bride are carried on lacquer poles behind her chair of embroidered red silk—although now the bride sometimes travels to her future home in an automobile, rather incongruously decorated with red silk, paper flowers and bands of brightly coloured material. Red is believed to have the power of halting evil spirits and the souls of the dead and it is customary in bridal processions for a man to walk beside the chair, carrying a red cloth which he holds up when passing a temple or tomb, to make sure that no unfriendly spirits can trouble the bride.



THE FUNERAL DOG

SHOPS AND FAIRS

The attractions of Peiping as a shopping centre are numerous—for not only are collectors and connoisseurs able to find ancient bronzes, fine jade and precious procelains here, but those whose knowledge of Chinese curios and whose means are both limited will nevertheless discover an endless variety of inexpensive objects which are unusual and delightful, as well as being often useful.

There are many streets in Peiping where the shops specialize in one thing and are known by its name—such as Flower Street or Silver Street. Probably the largest shopping district is just outside Ch'ien Men Gate, where the wide main street is crowded with curio stores, offering articles both old and new, and each small street branching from the thoroughfare has its particular wares to show. To the right there is Lantern Street, gay with myriad shaped and coloured lanterns at the door of each shop, where not only these many forms of paper and silk may be bought, but also exquisitely painted fans. Next is Jade Street, where jewellry and every colour-tone of jade is displayed, of which the finest, jewel-jade, is a deep, transparent green closely resembling an emerald.

The first turn to the left outside Ch'ien Men is Brass Street, where the stores glitter with a profusion of metal-wrought objects, and there are also shops specializing in silver and pewter ware. Then there is Embroidery Street, with brocades, mandarin coats, small and colourful bits of embroidery with a dragon or phoenix design, tribute silk and sometimes a piece of old k'ossu. In addition, one may find along Ch'ien Men Street porcelains, although usually modern, bronzes, a large selection of furs, ranging from sable to rabbit, cloissoné, and many small curiosities—such as snuff boxes or pipes.

Outside Hatamen Gate is Flower Street, bright with quantities of paper flowers, where one will also find inexpensive jewellry, Peking glass, and brocaded boxes of excellent workmanship.

Peiping is also a centre of rug weaving—and many rugs of high quality can be bought quite reasonably.

Some very interesting fairs are held in Peiping—the best known being the Lung Fu Ssu, which takes place in an old temple courtyard every ten days. The wares are displayed on long, rough tables, shaded in summer by awnings of blue cloth. They are mostly inexpensive—goldfish bowls, Buddhas, ornaments, teakwood stands, knives, and a profusion of cheap but fascinating toys, vivid artificial flowers for the hair, materials, live crickets and fragilely exotic goldfish—the stalls all surrounded by crowds of eager shoppers. Here one may bargain indefinitely for a coveted object, since the merchants at these fairs never expect their first price and often take more delight in the bargaining than in the sale.

A more important fair is the Liu Li Chang, which is held only for about six weeks during the Chinese New Year celebration. There the crowds are dense and very gay, candied apples are for sale and sticks of incense—but one sees also some very fine jade, pearls and enamelled snuff bottles, although the prices on the really valuable merchandise are usually prohibitive until the last days of the fair.

RESTAURANTS

Chinese food is delicious, of a variety and richness amazing to the foreigner, and there are many good restaurants in Peiping. Here one may find the renowned shark's fins, bird's nest soup and buried eggs, as well as less exotic dishes—chicken and meats prepared in a variety of excellent and unusual ways, roasted mutton, shrimps, crabs and other sea food, and tempting soups—all generally accompanied by dried watermelon seeds and various nuts.

There are also restaurants specializing in a single dish, particularly the Peking duck shops. Real Peking ducks can not be raised in any other part of the world and their flavour, especially that of the crisp skin, is remarkably fine.

There are usually innumerable courses to a dinner, accompanied by Chinese wine which is served hot and somewhat resembles the Japanese saké. At first one may have some difficulty in the handling of chopsticks but, with a little practice, one soon acquires the skill necessary for lifting morsels of food with these two slender sticks of wood.

THE THEATRE

One thing which has remained practically unaltered in China, among changing dynasties, war and political strife, is the theatre, and the classical drama, which was founded by the Emperor Ming Huang of the T'ang Dynasty, still follows old traditions.

To the foreigner a Chinese play is at first utterly incomprehensible—there are no stage settings to speak of and one must learn to know that the gestures themselves convey everything, that the waving of a whip indicates the actor to be on horseback, while the motion of rowing shows that he is in a boat, and chairs may be used to represent buildings or hills. Yet, even while unable to follow the story, which is usually some episode of history and peopled by nobles,

warriors, and good or evil spirits, it is well worth watching the costumes, rich and brilliant in colour and frequently ornamented with hundreds of tiny mirrors, and the often graceful posturing of the players.

The accompanying music seems at first a discordant din, without reason or meaning, but, as one grows accustomed to it, there appears a rhythm, a harmony of seeming discord that is attractive even to foreign ears.

The performances are very long and, although they usually commence about eight o'clock, the principal actor never appears at the beginning and often not until eleven or midnight—and the more famous the actor, the later his entrance will be. There are several good Chinese theatres in Peiping and it is always possible to see a play of some kind, although they are of course more interesting when, usually at the time of a festival or holiday, there are special performances and well known actors. Until recently actresses have not been allowed on the Chinese stage and even now all the parts are usually taken by men, several of the finest actors being celebrated only for their female impersonations.

There are also Chinese moving pictures but these, usually picturing modern life and without the colour of the stage, are not generally so entertaining for the foreigner, although interesting to see once.

Another form of ancient drama sometimes to be seen in Peiping is the shadow play of puppets, which enacts the same pieces as the real theatre and has been very popular until recently, as it can be performed in any courtyard and both the "actors" and sets are carried in a large suitcase. These plays must usually be specially aranged for now, as there are few people remaining who are able to present them A screen of very thin material, about six by eight feet, is stretched across one end of a court and, behind this but in front of a light, the marrionettes are manipulated. They are made of donkey hide, flat, brilliantly coloured and highly polished, and, as the colour shows through the thin screen, it is not entirely a play of shadows. In addition to the actors, which are usually about a foot in height, there are houses, carts, animals and birds, all of the same donkey hide, jointed and wired, and they are moved with incredible skill, seeming really to take on life and enact the scenes. The men who manipulate them also speak the lines, cleverly imitating the voices of men and women and even of the animals which take part. Altogether it is a most unusual and attractive form of entertainment.

THE SUMMER PALACE

SUMMER PALACE AND JADE FOUNTAIN

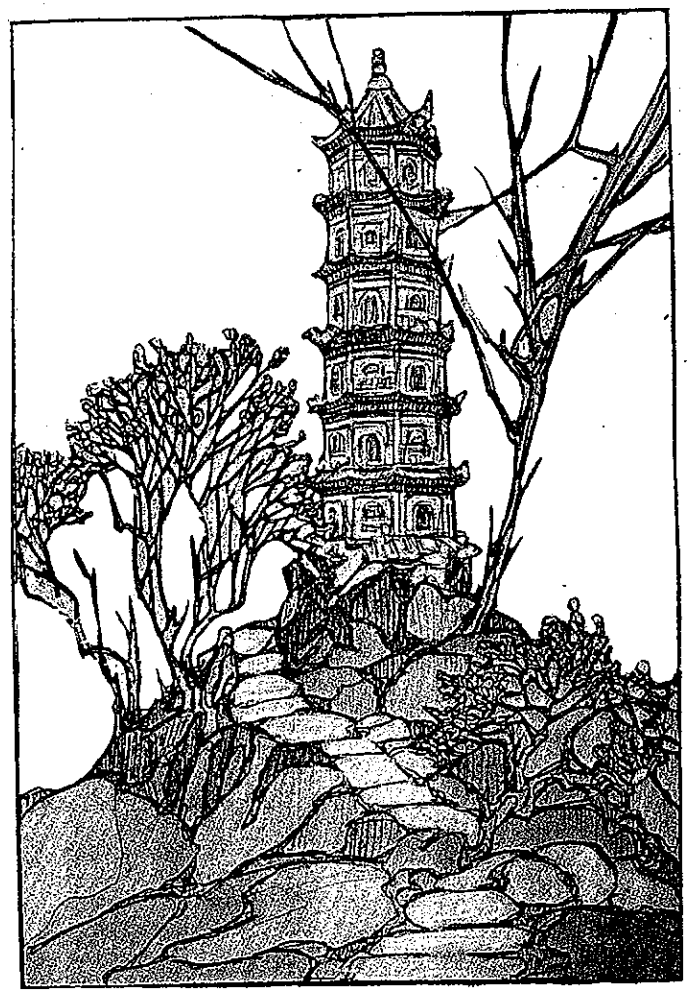
About seven miles west of Peiping and reached through the Hsi Chih Men, northern gate of the west wall, is the Summer Palace, a pleasure resort largely constructed by the Empress Dowager Tzu Hsi, although earlier buildings, a few of which remain, were raised on the same site by Ch'ien Lung and even K'ang Hsi. Resting against the slope of an artificially constructed hill and along the shores of a lake some two miles in circumference, there is an informal charm in the many pavilions which were used for the residence of the court, the galleries and temples, walks and rock caves, which compose this summer residence of the last Manchu rulers, where they sought to find rest from the official rigidity of court life in the capital.

The buildings nearest to the entrance of these spacious grounds are the former audience halls, guarded by splendid bronze dragons, deer and phoenix. Beyond these one passes through numerous courts and artificial rock gardens, stopping to notice the three-storied imperial theatre, and comes out at the roofed but otherwise open gallery, painted in elaborately brilliant detail, which follows the curve of the lake on one side. This long promenade leads to the central palace, where one begins a lengthy climb to the summit, passing many delightful buildings, their sweeping roofs vivid in colour, and covered walks, as well as the pavilion which is entirely of bronze and was built in the reign of Ch'ien Lung and the romantically named Temple of the Clouds. From the highest temple, that of the Ten Thousand Buddhas, the view is over these colourful roofs, supported by lacquer columns, and across the lake to an island, noted mainly for the bronze cow of Ch'ien Lung.

There are two celebrated bridges in the Summer Palace —a long and gently curving white marble span of seventeen arches, which joins the island and mainland and rises from the blue water and its own clear reflection with an unsubstantial and unreal grace,—and the "camel-back bridge", with its single, thirty-foot arch, unusual but exceedingly pleasing in form.

Also in the Summer Palace grounds is the famous Marble Boat, which is said to have been built by the Empress Dowager in answer to protests that the money she had used in enriching her pleasure resort belonged to the navy and was to have constructed a fleet. Most of the original boat has been taken away at various times and a wooden imitation now stands on the marble base and is used as a tea house. It is scarcely worth seeing, unless for curiosity, and seems out of place in the entrancing whole of this group of palaces.

A short distance west of the Summer Palace is the Jade Fountain enclosure, marked by the pagoda which rises from the summit of a low hill. The Jade Fountain is so called because of the greenish tint of its crystal-clear water—water which rises here from a spring and not only forms a shallow lake but is carried by canals to the Summer Palace and even to the lakes and moats of the Forbidden City in Peiping. In addition to the spring, with the inscription "The First Spring under Heaven", which Ch'ien Lung had carved at its fountain, and the rest houses and pleasure pavilions along the edge of its stream, there are three pagodas in the grounds of this park, their spires rising gracefully to overlook the plain of Peiping. One is of brick, another, slender and bright with glazed green and gold, is the Porcelain Pagoda, and the largest is of marble, its base and seven storeys carved in high relief with a profusion of exquisite designs.



THE PORCELAIN PAGODA

THE WESTERN HILLS

West of Peiping the flatness of its plains extends almost unbroken for perhaps ten or twelve miles and then gives way to what are known as the Western Hills, low ranges extending from north to south and climbing, one beyond another, into the sunset. And, sometimes perched on a crest of the hills, sometimes sheltered in the curve of their valleys or even on the plains beneath, are innumerable temples and tombs—for the rulers and people of Peiping have at all times delighted in these hills, in the quiet joy of their streams and rocks, their trees and matchless views. Still to-day it is impossible to fully appreciate Peiping without knowing something of these hills and the buildings clustered among them.

If one continues west after leaving the Summer Palace, the first important temple is Pi Yun Ssu, the Monastery of the Azure Clouds, not on the main road but on another which branches north. It is a beautiful structure, resting on the slope of a hill and easily recognized by its marble stupa, topped with seven pagodas. This stupa is reached by countless steps, through ever-mounting courtyards and archways which present delightful vistas, and, although quite a climb to the top, it is worthwhile both to see the crowning pagodas, with their carving showing an Indian influence, more closely and to look out over the gates and steps and massed trees to the plain below, broken by the low hill of the Summer Palace. Also of interest in this temple is the Hall of Five Hundred Gods, their life-size figures seated row after row, the already dim light of their temple smothered by clouds of incense smoke. On the right, as one ascends, there is a small spring and rock garden, where one may rest before continuing the climb.

Slightly south from Pi Yun Ssu is the old Hunting Park, enclosed by a narrow wall, where the emperors used to have animals turned loose for their sport. Now, although a lovely spot for a walk, there is nothing to be seen here except an occasional interesting view.

Continuing south-west, one arrives at Pa Ta Chu, or the Eight Great Places, although these temples are more directly reached from Peiping by the road running through P'ing Tse Men, central gate of the west wall. Within the cleft of the hills at Pa Ta Chu, brightening the wooded slope with their roofs, are the eight temples which give this hill its name—and parts of which are usually rented by foreigners during the summer, in order to escape the heat of the city.

It is possible to rent at least a section of almost any of the temples in the Western Hills, taking care not to disturb the priest and his hall of gods, and in others one may occupy a guest pavilion for a day or week—but in that case it is necessary to take with you a "boy", camp beds and bedding and some food, since at best only chickens, eggs and certain vegetables can be bought. If one is willing to take this trouble, and has the time and good weather, there is no more enjoyable way of seeing the hills and temples. At Pa Ta Chu, however, there is also a hotel.

The eight temples, although not unusual in plan, have distinctive features—one a fine grove of bamboo, another, about half way up the slope, a small fish pond in a tree-shaded court.

Ling Kuang Ssu, a temple to the left of the hotel and apart from the others, is one of the most beautiful; it once had a lovely pagoda overlooking the plateau but this was blown down during the Boxer Rebellion and now only the base remains, beside a large, shallow pool. At the extreme rear of this temple is a small, wall-enclosed cemetery, which is a spot of rare peace and restfulness, its crumbling stupa monuments seeming as truly a part of the old hillside as its trees and soft earth.

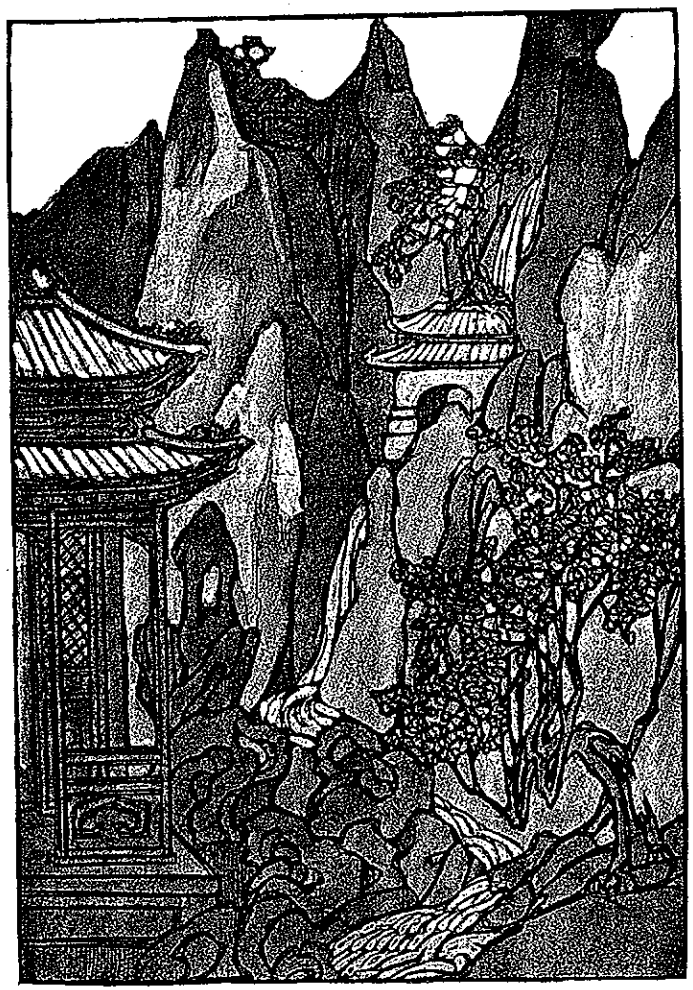
The largest and perhaps the best cared for temple in this group is the second from the summit, Hsiang Chieh Ssu, its many courtyards mounting each higher than the one preceeding. It has ferocious "Gate Guardians", delightful bell and drum towers in a courtyard of ancient trees, and many groups of side pavilions as alone as though constituting a separate temple, as well as the numerous larger halls,

containing gods and altars, their air often fragrant with offerings of incense. The furthest building, of two storeys, is believed to be occupied by a fox spirit and is therefore avoided after dark, in order not to disturb him.

The highest of the eight temples, Pao Che Tung, is almost at the peak and has the most entrancing view of all—down the tree-covered slope and far across the plain, where the road wanders like a dusty serpent, to the pagoda-crowned hills at the left and the far city near the horizon, its gate towers and Pei Hai Dagoba easily visible on a clear day.

T'ien Tai Shan, better known as the Mummy Temple, is further from Peiping but can still be visited in a day, being usually reached by donkey or chair unless one is very accustomed to walking. The path leads over the Pa Ta Chu hill, along the next valley and partly up a second hill, to where the temple seems to hang perilously on the edge of a rocky slope. It is always clean, freshly painted and in good condition, being regarded as very sacred because of the mummy there, which is believed to be that of the first Manchu emperor Shun Chih. According to official records this emperor died in 1661, at the age of twenty-three, and was buried in the Eastern Tombs at Jehol but there is a legend, well supported by historical evidence, by the emperor's known leaning towards a monastic life and by the remarkable resemblance of his portraits to the T'ien Tai Shan Mummy—a legend that the emperor, despondent at the death of a beloved concubine, arranged to leave the throne to his young son, in the care of four regents, and retired to this monastery. And there, after his death, he was embalmed. The mummy is extraordinarily lifelike, clothed in imperial yellow instead of the usual red robe, and with an expression of benevolent understanding which—whether he was emperor or only priest—is remarkable.

Two large and very interesting temples, T'an Cheh Ssu and Chieh T'ai Ssu, are located in these hills, both to the south of T'ien Tai Shan and too far to be visited in a day from Peiping, making it necessary to spend at least one night in each temple.

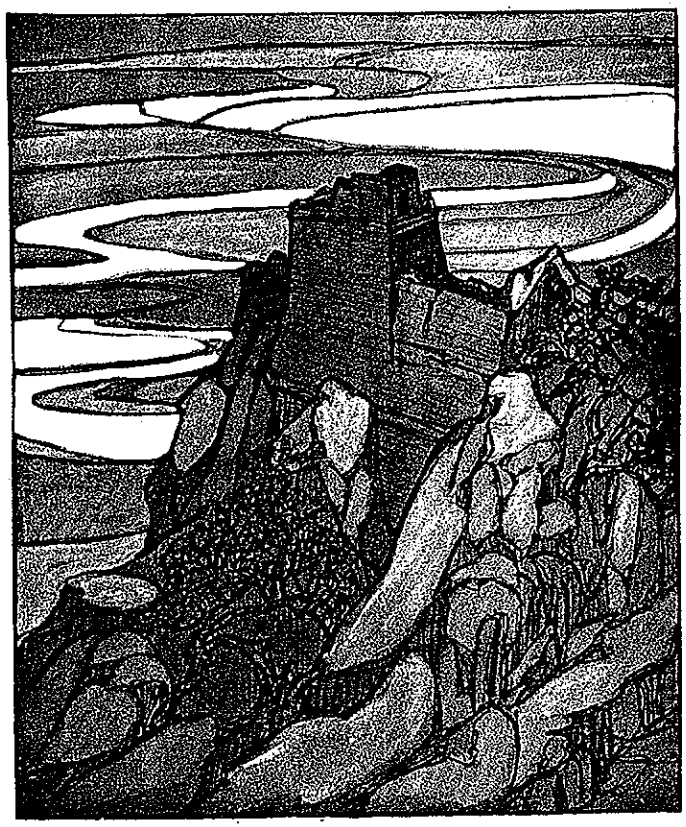


TAN CHIH SSU

Tan Cheh Ssu, Monastery of the Oak Pool, is believed to be a very ancient temple, although it has of course been often repaired and new monuments and buildings added, and certain records state that it dates from 400 A. D. It is situated near the top of a sloping valley between the hills, sheltered deep in tall, old trees, and is not seen until one is almost upon it. A small stream flows through the numerous courts of this temple, as they descend toward the plain, and is guided by tiny canals and pools made in the form of characters, until it seeps through several bamboo groves and at last hurries away to join the main stream below the temple.

T'an Cheh Ssu is dedicated to a famous white snake, for whom it was built, and he is still shown to visitors in the main temple hall, living and moving beneath coverings of yellow silk—although one is not necessarily convinced that it is the original snake. Numerous priests live in this temple and there are prayers and ceremonies every day but at a time of pilgrimage every corner of the temple is crowded, incense rises in dense spirals and the chanting of voices is heard almost continually.

Chieh T'ai Ssu, nearer Peiping but situated much higher and with an excellent view of the plain, dates originally from the seventh century and is the Monastery of the Ordination Terrace, where future monks are tested before being admitted to the order. Its buildings and courts are also built ascending a hill and there are many lovely terraces, pavilions, and images of Buddha and his disciples in the temple rooms, to be seen, as well as a famous white pine which now grows almost horizontally on the terrace of ordination. There are frequent services in this temple, especially towards midnight—when the increasing volume of a throbbing drum seems to call even the dead from their graves with its intensity, echoed by the notes of a gong and the depth of a clear-toned bell.



THE GREAT WALL

GREAT WALL AND MING TOMBS

The Great Wall is among the most remarkable structures ever conceived and built by man—a barrier of incredible length erected in an attempt to hold back the northern invaders, the Mongols and Manchus, who have overrun and conquered China whenever their strength and a weakening Chinese dynasty made possible a victory.

The wall extended unbroken from Shanhaikwan, at the sea, inland for a distance of some fourteen hundred miles and it is twenty-two feet in height, with watch towers rising at frequent intervals. Sections have crumbled now and, although still a boundary, it can hardly be said to offer resistance to an invader, yet this ancient wall, on which construction was started in the second century B.C., retains a grim and rugged impressiveness—an air of definance and extraordinary power. It winds like a huge grey serpent over the hills, mounting high cliffs and dipping suddenly into their valleys, disappearing at last as a thin line on the horizon where it travels toward Thibet.

A train service runs almost to the Nankou Pass of the Great Wall and it may comfortably be seen in a day from Peiping but it is often more convenient to spend a night at the hotel and visit the Ming Tombs, which lie only a few miles from the wall, before returning to the city on the following day.

These thirteen tombs of the emperors of the Ming Dynasty (1368—1644) stand in a secluded valley—a site chosen by Yung Loh, the third of the Ming rulers, who not only transferred the government from Nanking to Peking during his reign but was responsible for the excellent planning and construction of the new capital.

One approaches the tombs through a marble arch of five divisions, rich in carving and rising white from the bare and level plain, and along an avenue guarded by pairs of stone animals and figures, one on either side. These images are a survival of the ancient custom of killing slaves, concubines and sometimes animals when a ruler was buried, in order that they might care for him in the other world—a custom which was modified into having their stone figures guard the entrance to the tomb. Along this avenue there are military and civil officials, elephants, camels and lions, horses and rams, some kneeling, some standing erect.

There is then another gateway and, in the valley beyond or on the low slopes which enclose it, stand the thirteen tombs. They are all constructed on the same general plan and, as that of Yung Loh is by far the finest, it is hardly worth taking the time to visit the others—except for the minor differences in construction and the varying beauty of their locations.

One enters the tomb enclosure of Yung Loh through triple arches and courtyards lined with old trees—but it is the great Tablet Hall, where rites of ancestor worship were performed, which is of most interest. The grandeur of its proportions, the splendid workmanship of its architecture and the simplicity of its interior create an atmosphere of calm and overwhelming dignity. This hall is a hundred and eighty feet long and eighty wide, forty pillars support its lofty roof, each pillar having a circumference of about twelve feet and being lacquered in red and gold, while the ceiling is richly patterned and carved. Yet this vast hall contains only the spirit tablet of the emperor and a simple wooden altar for offerings and sacrifice.

Beyond the Tablet Hall is another court, leading to the "Soul Tower" and the actual tomb—a large mound overlooked by a terrace and by stately guardian pines. Beneath this mound is the grave chamber where, in a luxuriously ornamented coffin and amid priceless jewels, Yung Loh is believed still to lie in peace—perhaps dreaming a little wistfully of the beauty he created in building Peking, a city which is a more splendid monument to the vision of this ruler than even his magnificent tomb.

TIENTSIN

Tientsin—or the "Ford of Heaven"—is situated about seventy miles from Peiping and is the gateway and port of that city, as well as the most important commercial centre of northern China, as Shanghai is of the south. Although it stands some thirty-five miles from the sea, ships from the China coast ports and from Japan are usually able to navigate the twisting Peiho River as far as Tientsin, while larger vessels unload at Taku, where the river flows into the Gulf of Chihli.

Tientsin was formerly enclosed by walls but these were destroyed in the bombardment of the city during the Boxer Rebellion—and since that time it has grown in area and become increasingly modern, with wide, tree-lined avenues, public buildings, schools and shops. It is made up of numerous "foreign concessions", for residence and trade, in addition to the "native city", and, if one has the time in passing, it is very interesting to ride through the city streets and along the river bank, where the merchant ships of many nations weave among the smaller Chinese craft.

Numerous industries are centred in Tientsin, the volume of its exports and imports both by water and rail is great, and in business and trade importance the city is second only to Shanghai, while it also possesses excellent hotels and foreign shops, a delightful country club and fine race course.

COAST CITIES

The city of Shanhaikwan stands at the extreme north-east boundary of China, where both the Great Wall and the range of mountains along which it is constructed end at the sea. It is important as a military station and is connected with Tientsin and Peiping by train. Shanhaikwan is also popular as a summer resort, possessing an excellent beach, although not so well known in that respect as Peitaiho.

Chinwangtao, like Shanhaikwan, is situated on the western coast of the Gulf of Liao Tung and, being always open to navigation, it is an important harbour, especially during the winter months.

Peitaiho, with its extensive beach, is the favourite resort of Peiping and Tientsin residents during the summer heat. It lies not far to the south of Shanhaikwan and Chinwangtao, and Peitaiho Station is on the direct Peiping-Mukden railway line, while during the summer months a branch line runs to the beach itself.

On the northern coast of the Shantung Peninsula, which forms the south boundary of the Gulf of Chihli, are the ports of Weihaiwai and Chefoo, about forty miles distant from each other. Weihaiwei, which has a sheltered harbour formed by an island lying at the mouth of a small bay, is an interesting walled city and a pleasant summer resort. It is the usual summer station of the British fleet in China, having been held and governed by the British, under a lease granted in 1898, until 1930, when it was returned to China.

The port of Chefoo, further west, is the usual station of the United States fleet in the Orient during the summer. It is a a busy harbour, small boats hurrying past the slower and more stately vessels, and a considerable volume of imports and exports passes through it during the year—Chefoo being noted particularly for its silk and lace. Part of the town is built ascending a low hill and it is pleasantly cool in summer, possessing also an excellent bathing beach.

CONFUCIUS TEMPLE, CHU-FU

THE SACRED MOUNTAIN

The Sacred Mountain T'ai Shan is the highest peak of a range which occupies the centre of Shantung Province—and still today pilgrims mount the weary steps to its summit to offer their prayers and incense, as earlier pilgrims have done for thousands of years. It is believed to be the most ancient sacred mountain in the world and probably the oldest shrine to which worship is still offered, for there are records of emperors having sacrificed here more than four thousand years ago and there has been no century, no generation since that time which has not done honour to this peak.

T'ai Shan is most easily reached from Taianfu, which is on the Peiping-Shanghai railway, and one may be carried up the mountain by chair, the round trip requiring almost an entire day. At the base of the peak is a splendid marble arch, white against the grey, tree-covered slope of the hills. The path to the summit is paved all the way and includes sixty-three hundred steps; the climb is gradual at first and everywhere one sees old temples and gateways, while shrines to a multitude of deities cluster along the path and even the rocks are carved with sacred texts.

Then one passes the "Middle Gate of Heaven" and the way steepens, trees become fewer and yield to bare hills, while sometimes the climb is so precipitous that there are chains at the side to hold, and one seems truly to be mounting into the heavens. There is a group of temples at the summit, the main building dedicated to the Emperor of Heaven, Yü Huang, and the view there is superb—above the earth and the trees, above even the passing clouds, with only the sky for boundary and the mountains reaching down from beneath one's feet into distant valleys.

The country surrounding T'ai Shan has long been known as the Holy Land of China, since it was there that two of the country's greatest sages, Confucius and Mencius, lived and taught. The grave of Confucius lies outside Chufu, a town about ninety miles south of T'ai Shan and still governed by a direct descendant of Confucius, while on the outskirts of the same city stand the finest of all the many temples which China has erected to this teacher.

These temples of Confucius cover a great area, their green roofs towering above the town and all but the highest trees. The central shrine, the "Hall of Perfection", is supported by marble pillars which, carved with dragons, clouds and flowers, are among the greatest sculpture of their kind. Inside is a life-size statue of the sage and in other pavilions—all shadowed by aged trees, some of which are said to have been planted by Confucius himself—there are images of his family and disciples.

The grave of this philosopher who is honoured by all China is on the opposite side of the town, part of a family cemetery which covers several hundred acres and in which the relatives and descendants of Confucius are also buried. A magnificent gate and an avenue lined with cypress trees lead to the tomb, past the Hall of Ancestor Worship and to the burial mound, where a simple tablet bears the words "Ancient Most Holy Teacher".

"Space and the twelve clean winds of heaven,
And this sharp exultation, like a cry, after the slow six thousand steps of climbing!
This is T'ai Shan, the beautiful, the most holy."

THE CHINESE DYNASTIES

Legendary Emperors :		approx. 3000—2205 B.C.
	Fu Hsi	Supposed inventor of the Pa Kua, the eight groups of whole and broken lines which are the most frequently used symbol in China, being seen in a multitude of forms and employed by fortune tellers in their predictions, as they are believed to represent all the forces of earth and heaven.
	Shen Nung	Legendary inventor of the plough and of agriculture.
	Huang Ti	Whose empress was the Goddess of Spinning.
	Yao	During whose reign occured the Chinese deluge.
	Shun	A great hydraulic engineer as well as emperor.
	Yü	Whose reign marked the transition from the mythical to the historic period. These last three rulers, Yao, Shun and Yü, were known as the Perfect Emperors.
Hsia Dynasty		2205—1766 B.C.
Shang Dynasty		1766—1122 B.C.
Chou Dynasty		1122— 255 B.C.
		Renowned as the time of the great sages and philosophers, Lao Tzu, Confucius and Mencius.

Ch'in Dynasty ..... 255— 206 B.C.

Han Dynasty .....B.C. 206— 220 A.D.

Various minor dynasties ..... 220— 618 A.D.

Including the period of the "Three Kingdoms", celebrated in Chinese literature.

T'ang Dynasty ..... 618— 906 A.D.

One of the most brilliant periods of China's history, famous for its poetry, art and culture. It included the reign of Ming Huang, who founded the theatre and whose love for Yang Kuei Fei is the most celebrated romance of China.

Various minor dynasties ..... 906— 960 A.D.

Sung Dynasty ..... 960—1279 A.D.

A period equal to the T'ang Dynasty in richness of learning and philosophy, renowed for its paintings and for the reprinting of ancient literary master-pieces, as well as for the excellence of its government.

Yuan Dynasty ..... 1279—1368 A.D.

The Mongol dynasty, including the reign of Kublai Khan, during which the capital was first established at Peking.

Ming Dynasty ..... 1368—1644 A.D.

The last truly Chinese dynasty and, especially under the earlier rulers, a period of considerable brilliance. The third emperor, Yung Loh, moved the capital of the dynasty, which was originally at Nanking, to Peking and was largely responsible for planning the present city.

Ch'ing—or Manchu—Dynasty ..... 1644—1911 A.D.

Shun Chih ..... 1644—1662

K'ang Hsi ..... 1662—1722

During whose splendid reign the boundaries of the country were extended and many remarkable works of scholarship and literature both compiled and created.

Yung Cheng ..... 1723—1736

Ch'ien Lung ..... 1736—1796

The last great emperor of China and one of the most important of its entire history. Celebrated for the magnificence of his court, for his kindness and justice, and for the extent of his foreign victories.

Chia Ch'ing ..... 1796—1821

Tao Kuang ..... 1821—1851

Hsien Feng .....1851—1861

Whose second empress, Tzu Hsi, as the Empress Dowager, controlled China from the death of her husband until the time of her own death in 1909.

T'ung Chih ..... 1861—1874

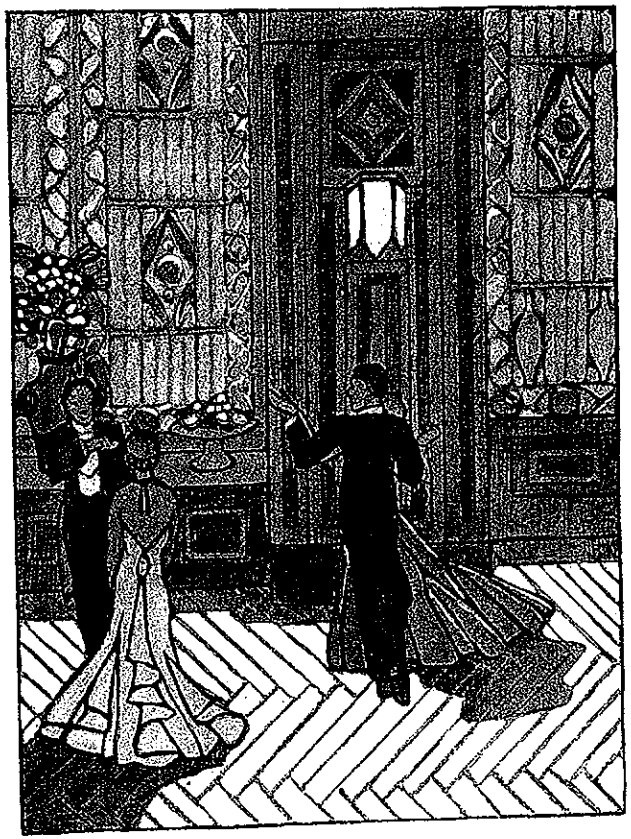
Kuang Hsu ..... 1875—1909

Hsuan T'ung ..... 1909—1911

Pu Yi, also known as the Boy Emperor, who abdicated in 1911 in favour of the Republic.

Republic of China ..... 1912—

Under which, in 1928, the capital was removed to Nanking.



THE BALL ROOM

GRAND HOTEL DES WAGONS LITS

Known to Chinese as "The Hotel of Six Nations", the **Grand Hotel des Wagons Lits** occupies a site where the buildings of the Imperial Supervisorate of Instruction, a department concerned with the education of the

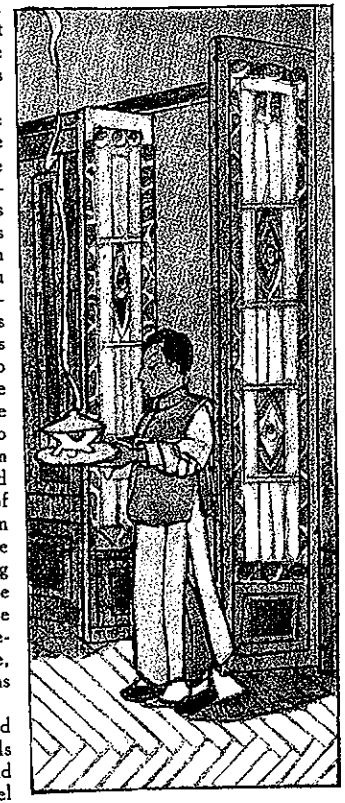
Heir Apparent and princes of the imperial family, once stood. The name was evolved from a similarity of sound in Chinese to "The Department of the Six Regions", as the Supervisorate was called.

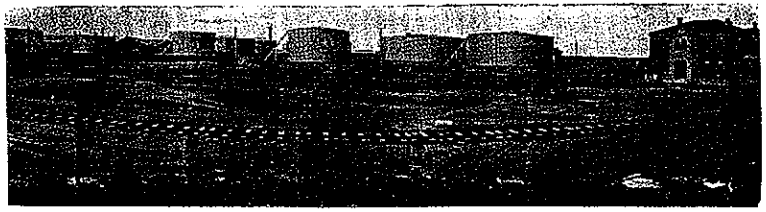
Opened in 1905 by the Compagnie Generale des Wagons Lits, at the terminal point of the Trans-Siberian Route from Europe to China, the Wagons Lits was the first modern hotel in Peking. Its original, two-storey building stood in a large garden ornamented by stone fish-ponds, sole relics of the ancient Imperial Offices. Succeeding additions were built over this garden but, in the basement, the empty stone basins remain—mute witnesses of bygone days.

In the years since its construction the Wagons Lits, being the only hotel in the Legation Quarter, has been one of the most important centres of Peking life—political, social and scientific. Diplomats of every nation have met informally in its Bar to talk over affairs of state, rich banquets have been given for Manchu Princes, in whose hands lay coveted contracts, and on one occasion representatives of sixty of the world's greatest financiers gathered here in an abortive attempt to take over the entire debt of the Chinese Government. When the Revolution broke out, princes and nobles so crowded into the hotel, where they were safe from attack, that even the dining room was used as a dormitory. During the epidemic of plague which decimated North China in 1911 eminent doctors from all parts of the world used this hotel as their meeting place; it was the headquarters of the Customs Conference of 1926, which gave customs autonomy to China, and the celebrated explorer Sven Hedin lived here, starting one of his more recent expeditions from its doors.

The Wagons Lits Hotel is now affiliated with the Hong Kong and Shanghai Hotels Ltd., proprietors of the Hong Kong and Repulse Bay Hotels, the Peninsula Hotel at Kowloon, and the Palace and Astor House Hotels in Shanghai.

DINING ROOM





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鍋塌桂魚	4.	Fish fried in soft Batter.
芙蓉鷄片	5.	Chicken-mouss (velvet chicken.)
醬炮鷄丁	6.	Chicken fried in Bean Sauce.
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冰糖蓮子	12.	Lotus Seed Tea (sweets).
奶湯白菜	13.	Milky Cabbage Soup.
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香菇盒	15.	Mushroom Pie (fried).
高湯水餃	16.	Dumplings boiled in delicious Soup.
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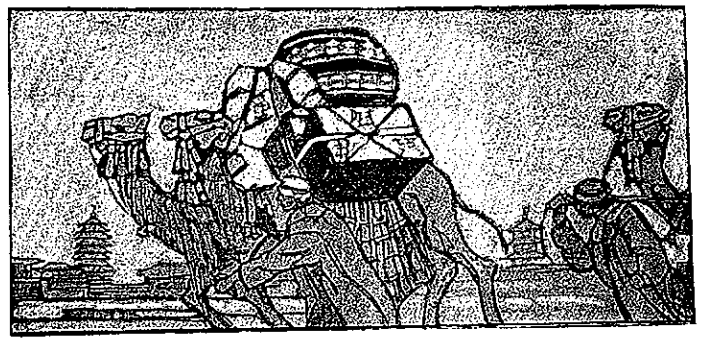

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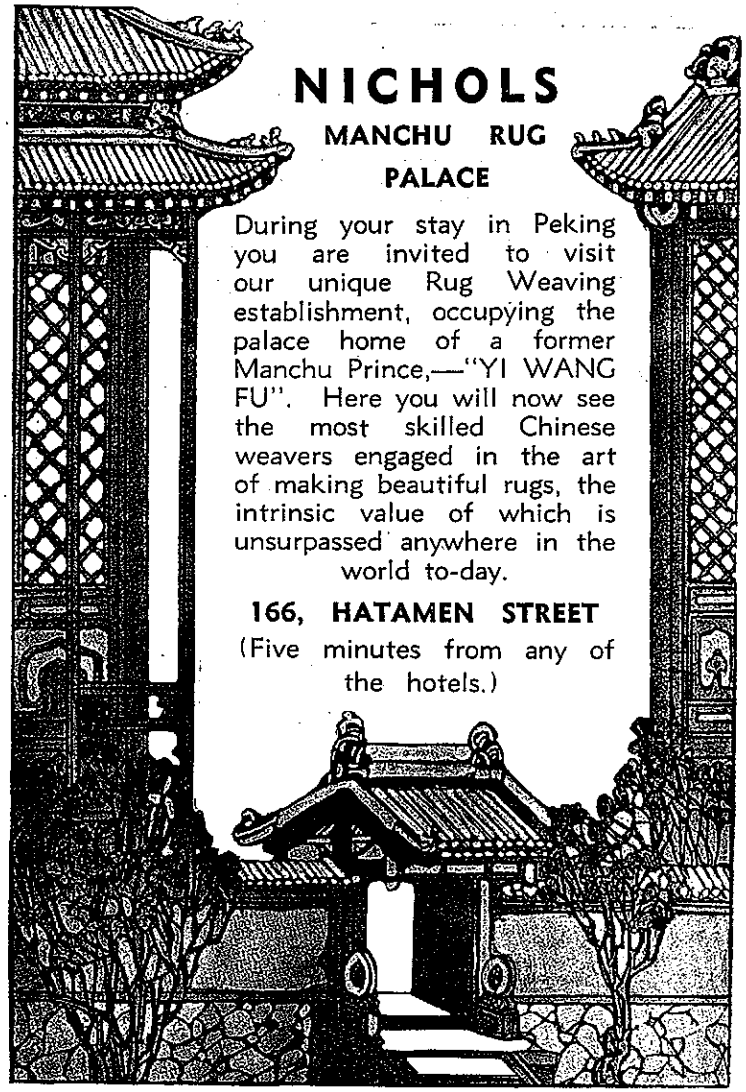

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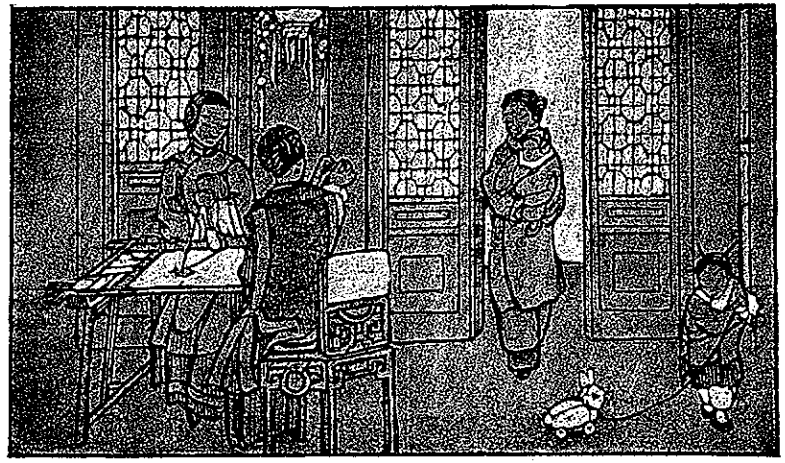

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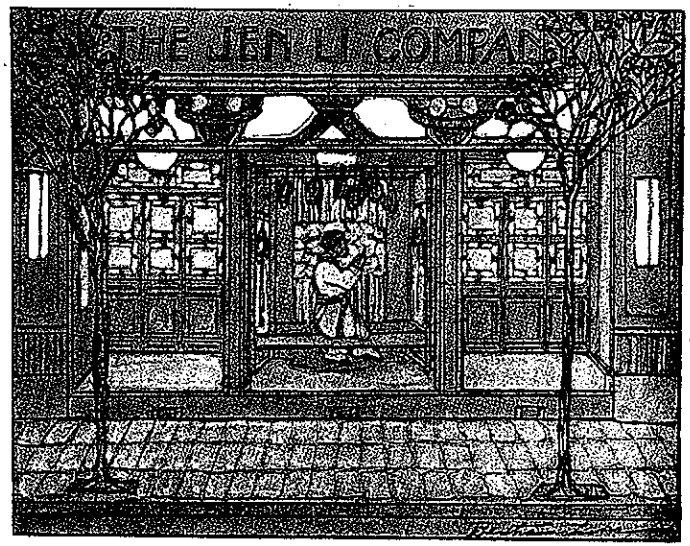

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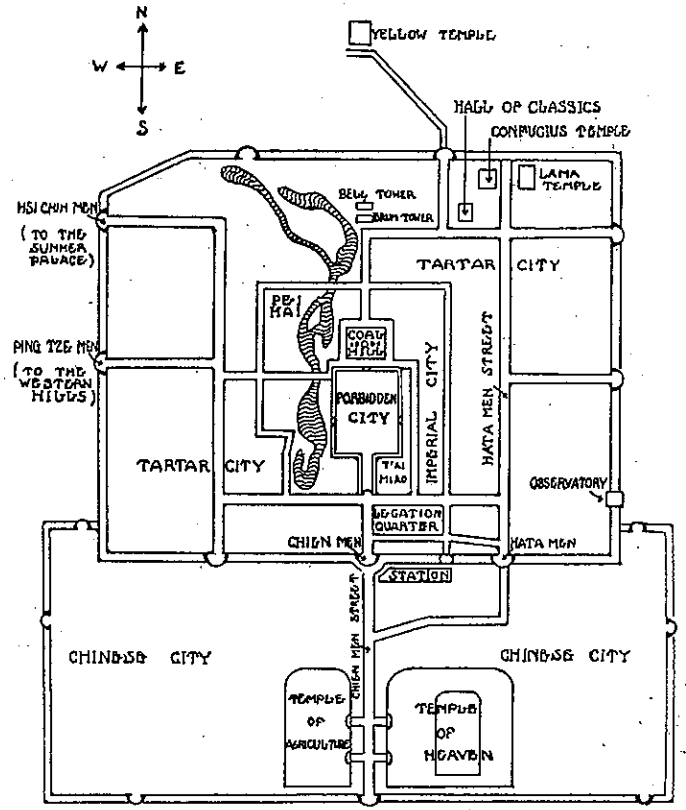

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