

NEW CHINA IS EMERGING FROM CENTURY OF CHAOS

National Solidarity Apparently on Way While Japanese Dissension Weakens Island Kingdom's Hold --- America May Benefit

(By Frederic J. Haskin)

WASHINGTON, March 21—There are indications that a new era of Chinese-American relations, especially in the matter of investments, is being entered upon. A realization is dawning upon the American people that a new China is rising out of the years of chaos which have characterized the present century in the Orient. A striking indication of the soft most likely to attract American attention of the eastern change came in the form of a \$30,000 donation through the Chinese government for the relief of flood sufferers in the Mississippi basin.

At first, this had a sentimental appeal. There is scarcely any one in the United States, from young children to the oldest, who has not contributed or been asked to contribute to funds for the relief of sufferers from the periodic risings of the Yangtze Kiang or the Hoang Ho or other rivers. An aggregate of many millions has been sent to China from good-sized checks of rich individuals and organizations to the pennies of Sunday school children.

For China, regarded by so many occidentals as a benighted land, to respond speedily and without suggestion to the need of Americans at this time does indeed have a sentimental appeal but, back of all that, there is something probably of greater importance—if anything can be regarded as of greater importance than help to fellow men. The contribution indicated that there has grown a greater national solidarity in China, an enhanced consciousness.

It was but a brief time ago, relatively, that a gesture of the sort would have been out of the question. China was so split into factions with separate parties and war lords dominating provinces that nothing approaching a national action could have been possible. Each faction was all for itself.

It is trite to say that nobody understands China. There is no doubt that China has been difficult for most occidentals to understand. A certain

supineness has been noted. Americans, for example, have been astonished at the manner in which the Chinese have apparently let Japan play with her, lead her around. As a matter of fact, China has been too big to care much. There are people in China more numerous than the entire population of the United States, who probably never have heard of Japan and who certainly have never heard of the Japanese aggressions of recent years. However, dating from the Shantung affair, immediately after the world war, and followed by the operations around Shanghai and the Japanese encroachments in the north country, something approaching a crystallization of Chinese sentiment took place. This was greatly aided by the increased transportation and communication facilities, especially the airplane.

But the most fascinating development was the sequel to the kidnapping of Chiang Kai Shek, the military leader and practical dictator of a large part of China, who had subjugated remaining old war lords, abolished many ancient abuses, and initiated new reforms. The man had become a sort of national idol. No one, certainly no one outside China, realized how firm a hold he had established on the loyalty of a large part of China.

Kidnappings of leaders by rivals or aspirants to rivalry was nothing new in Chinese politico-military tactics. Either the kidnapper leader was ransomed favorably, patched up an alliance handsomely to his kidnapper, or was executed by him. No one was much interested. But when Chiang Kai Shek was kidnapped it seemed that a whole nation rose to go to his succor. A large part of a nation did. An enormous army started marching.

It is likely that the kidnapper was never so astonished in his life as at the effect his coup had had. Chiang Kai Shek, of course, was released, and the whole incident may well have effects of tremendous significance.

The whole affair had the effect of making millions of Chinese realize,

as they had not realized for years, that they were a nation and capable of acting as a nation, putting down civil strife and insurrection, quelling factional disputes, and acting coherently. The triumph of Chiang Kai Shek was calculated to discourage petty provincial leaders from causing dissension.

Coincident with these developments in China has been a weakening of Japanese solidarity. While, recently, the world has been given the impression that Japan was one integrated military machine with the entire nation behind it, that is not actually the case. The military party came into office a few years ago, by a fairly narrow margin. The peace party, led by some of the most respected of Japan's elder statesmen, still is numerous. While Japan is a monarchy, it has a constitution and party system, and there are political overtures there as in other countries.

It is probably true that no one in the Occident will think or do, but there have been some precedents. For example, when, in 1884-5 the Tongking affair took place, the whole world thought that China was a supine, somnolent giant easily pushed around. France tried it, and with scarcely an effort China had brought the issue to a draw. The merest fraction of the Chinese people knew what was going on. There was astonishment over the world and indeed, some in China, China had held her own easily against a major Occidental military and naval power, even though France had been accused of treachery in some of the operations, the breaking of truces and the like. One effect on China was a fresh consciousness which found expression in the ordering of warships from England and Germany.

All this new awakening, this new solidarity, may well mean that China will become increasingly active. She will stop tolerating the annoyances of Japan. It is thought by close observers that she will turn naturally to the United States as a friend to be trusted. Enlarged trade relations presumably would follow. American investments in China already are substantial, but there is plenty of room, a world of room, for more in connection with great projects that would be advantageous to China and profitable to Americans. Here are indications that the unchanging East is changing in some respects.

Apache Indian fighters preferred mulberry for their bows, and choke-cherry for arrows.

MAGICIANS OR TUTORS READY TO SERVE ON SHORT NOTICE

Employment Bureau for Students Finds Men to Exercise Dogs, Shovel Snow or Teach Chess

(By Wesley Fuller)

If you're having trouble getting some unusual job done, take a tip and tell your troubles to Harvard University's student employment service.

Nearly 2,000 students are registered with the bureau to help pay their college expenses and if you can't find the man you want in this crowd you might as well give up. There's everything from an expert on tropical fish to a portrait painter.

There's no service charge for you, none for the student, you get a good job done, the student gets a boost toward completing his education, and everybody ends up happy.

Maybe you're interested in having your dog taken for a walk a couple of times a day. The boys will be glad to do it—anything from a Pekinese to a Great Dane. Or maybe you'd like to learn about Chinese pottery and Indian literature. They've got a student who is an expert in those fields and will tutor you in them.

Maybe it's a carpenter, a cook, a radio repairman, a painter or a gardener you want. Harvard has plenty of those. And ball room bouncers, artist's models, dramatic coaches, switchboard operators, theatre ushers, photographers, salesmen, caretakers and furniture tenders, too.

Most numerous among the student workers, according to Russell T. Sharpe, director of the office, are the waiters. There are more than 200 of these and last year during term time they collected something like \$32,000 in wages.

Typists, chauffeurs, chore workers, delivery men and window washers are also numerous. And among the typists you can find an expert in almost any field, accounting, Spanish, French and Indian philology.

And you could practically fill one of the big lecture halls with men who will tutor you—and again, you can name your own field and that includes chess. The tutors do a rushing business, especially in the summer, when they go out as tutor-companions for three-month periods. Many of them can sail yachts, get around a gold course in the 90s, and teach

swimming to their charges as well, which makes them pretty handy at a summer camp as counsellors.

While the tutors flourish in the summer, the bureau has another group of students, who flourish in the winter—that is, in winters unlike the present one—the snow shovel brigade. The first snowfall is the signal for them to swing into action on Cambridge sidewalks, porches and driveways.

Organized five years ago, the brigade now boasts both a 'standing order' and a 'short order' snow-removal service. Regular customers sign up for the service each fall, and their walks and drives are automatically taken care of throughout the winter. Bills are rendered regularly at the rate of 50 cents an hour.

The short order service, no increase in prices, guarantees to produce a man and a shovel within one hour after the call. Being a regular customer has its advantages, though, the boys say, especially in the case of night blizzards. The boys are on the job at 8 a.m.—while you're still sleeping, probably. Some of the shovellers made about \$40 at this last winter. This winter—well they have temporarily turned to other fields. But if it snows tomorrow they will be ready.

The entertainment brigade is another big branch, and the bureau has devoted a whole department to this activity. Employment bureau officials estimate its members could give a vaudeville show continuously for two days without repeating themselves. And no act has ever gotten the gong.

To begin with there are about six dance orchestras (name your favorite instruments), a couple of chamber music groups, and soloists ranging from accordionists to xylophonists. If you want singers, the bureau has tenors, baritones and basses, quartettes, trios and small-sized glee clubs.

Then there are lecturers on almost any subject you'd care to hear about, including numerous travelogues. For the kiddies the bureau can furnish a complete marionette show, a Punch

and Judy outfit and ace ventriloquists.

Or maybe the children would like to see a magician with real, live rabbits, beautifully colored silks, 'endless waterfalls,' card tricks, disappearing coins and magic flowers. Instead of saying 'Presto, chango, alacazam,' all you say is 'Harvard Students Employment Office' and the trick's done. Another magician specializes in spectacular escapes. He's manacled, tied, chained and handcuffed, sewn in a bag and locked in a trunk—but not for long.

Or how about an exhibition of trained goldfish? There's no trick to this but plenty of hard work. Just one piece of advice here—keep Junior away from the goldfish bowl after he sees this one.

In all Harvard figures that last year more than 1,000 students earned something like \$204,000 through the bureau. That averages up to about \$200 a student—and that's half his tuition and very welcome.

In fact Harvard liked the idea so well that to help out during the depression, the university in 1932 found a temporary student employment plan that pays about \$40,000 a year to students to work for the university. Some serve as subjects for psychological experiments in Harvard laboratories. Others count and catalogue stars on pictures of the heavens for the astronomical observatory and others do sundry odd jobs around the museums and libraries.

Some, for instance, mend broken bits of century-old pottery, uncovered by university expeditions, some dig mud out of fossil skeletons, some mount butterfly specimens, some feed rats in laboratories, some catalogue public documents in the library.

Oh, yes! We almost forgot to tell you about one of the features of the entertainment bureau. It's a student snake-charmer who furnishes his own snakes—including an eight foot python. Incidentally, he keeps them in the dormitory—much to the disgust of his room-mate.

NEW YORK, March 21—Maestro Wilfred Pelletier, who directs the orchestra for the Metropolitan Auditions of the Air, is fed up with old-fashioned musicians who turn up their respective noses at all popular tunes. Personally, he enjoys many current hits, and is now requesting "The Night is Young" from his favorite dance band.

SAULT LIARS' CHIEFTAINS SET THE PACE

SAULT STE. MARIE, Ont., March 21—Elmer N. Hooley, President, and D. H. "Seno" Jones, Past President, of the Sault Hackle Club, today set marks for other members to shoot at in the club's annual liars' contest.

Hooley said he was sleeping along the shore of the Michipicoten River 52 years ago last summer when the log he was using for a bed turned out to be a gigantic trout. "I found myself going downstream 140 miles an hour toward Big Rapids," said Mr. Hooley.

"I grabbed hold of the gills with both hands, pulled with all my strength and finally deflected the fish upstream instead of down," he claimed, without a smile. "The monster put up a gallant fight upward through the rapids, and as it tired I steered it to my canoe. I dropped back into the canoe and stayed there unable to move."

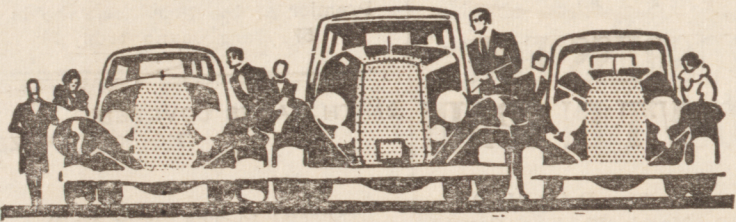
Mr. Jones also had a fish story. It concerned "Archie," an undersized trout he had caught alive and placed in a gold fish bowl.

"I fed Archie ground liver and other tid bits and taught him to come out of the bowl and cuddle up in my vest pocket when I whistled," said Mr. Jones. "Archie grew too large for the fish bowl and I sent him down to the Toronto Exhibition aquarium, where I used to visit him."

"Every time I whistled Archie knew my call and would come rushing to the side of the tank. He grew too large and was sent to a larger aquarium at Winnipeg. I didn't see him until Christmas, and when I got to Winnipeg, I didn't know where the aquarium was. I walked the streets whistling. Archie heard me, made a wild lunge at the side of his tank, and catapulted out of the building in Winnipeg's subzero weather. He was covered with ice when he hit my shoulder. I went for joy so much we were both pickled when we got back to the Sault—Archie in my salt tears."

Not all the Indian pueblos in the Southwest were built of adobe; some were of rock with adobe merely for mortar.

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