

Shanghai Vistas



Curbstone Barbers in Shanghai's Native Quarter.

Life in Shanghai Before Japanese Shells Began Their Destructive Work

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ON THE Whangpoo approaching Shanghai there is little to indicate that one is entering China except for fleets of native fishing junks moving about in the river. The river banks are lined on both sides with oil supply depots, smoking factory chimneys, warehouses, silk filatures, repair docks, and strange things of foreign import.

Shanghai's water front skyline is decidedly occidental in appearance and most strikingly impressive. Until the present century, low, commodious Chinese buildings or two- and three-story structures served a majority of the business concerns; but the introduction of excellently equipped modern offices initiated a period of extensive building.

The tendency of Shanghai's building program has been distinctly skyward in the last few years because of the congestion in the business areas occasioned by its meteoric expansion in trade.

Construction of tall buildings, however, even those of eight and ten stories, presents considerable difficulty to the architects because of the nature of the footing upon which the foundations must be laid. The soil is entirely alluvial deposit; but, in spite of the obvious handicaps, architects are exploring new heights for Shanghai with 10- and 15-story structures.

The Chinese, quick to appreciate this upward direction of city-building, have begun erecting tall department stores, tea houses, guild halls, and other structures which bring them financial advantage and modernize the appearance of Shanghai.

Radical indeed are the changes that have taken place in architectural expansion in the last decade, including vast alterations in the skyline of the metropolis.

In the Old Native City.
In a few minutes' walk from the most up-to-the-moment districts of Shanghai, however, one can be in surroundings that are little altered since the day when the first foreign firm marked out its business site in the muddy concession.

Within the Mantao district, at the southern side of the city, lies the old Chinese settlement, or Native City. Modernization has been slow to move in this locality, and native life takes much the same course that it followed before steamship screws began stirring up the muddy Whangpoo around the fishing junks and sampans.

Even here, however, there have been changes. Since the Republic has come into existence, the old wall that surrounded the city has been demolished. Narrow cobble streets with open sewers running down their centers gradually have given way to more cleanly concrete passages. Loathsome beggars have somehow been reduced in numbers, although there are still more than enough of the pitiable wretches.

Foreign Settlements of Shanghai.
But the focus of all Shanghai is the foreign settlements, for in them have been the remarkable incursive and expanding force that have built this modern seaport. First allotted a portion of land on the south side of Soochow creek, following the treaty of Nanking, in 1842, when Shanghai was indicated as one of the five treaty ports, British business established itself and expanded, digging drains and filling canals to make the concession habitable.

Six years later France was conceded the territory between the British concession and the Native City, and only a few years afterward Americans leased land in the Hongkew district, which extends along the Whangpoo water front north of Soochow creek, where the river makes a sharp curve to the right.

This so-called American Settlement was never organized as such, but was incorporated with the British district in 1863. Thus came into being the International Settlement, premier nucleus of modern Shanghai. Other portions of land have been added on the west, where old-timers used to bag snipe in off days from their offices.

The French chose to remain apart and today continue to administer their own concession as a separate unit.

The years have seen a fast-moving panorama since the early days when the International territorial fusion came into being, received nourishment, and became what has often been termed "The Model Settlement." The administration of the International Settlement has been in many ways a unique experiment, perhaps without parallel in any other place; and results make it evident that the Shanghai municipal council has served the Settlement well.

Governed by Elected Council.
The council is composed of a group of members elected by the taxpayers of British, American, Japanese, and, more recently, Chinese nationality. The number has been increased from time to time until 15 members are now included in the group that directs the affairs of the Settlement of 1,008,000 people.

Paving, policing, planning—a multitude of tasks face the paternal body which, gratis, guards the interests of International Shanghai. A similar, but smaller, task confronts 17 other men who handle the affairs of the French territory with its nearly 435,000 inhabitants.

Because Shanghai has not always had a peaceful career, troops of the four chief foreign nationalities have been maintained to give necessary protection to the residents of the city. Shanghai has also had a volunteer corps with a personnel of more than 2,000, which was organized at the time of the stress of necessity during strikes and when the pot of Chinese political affairs has been boiling over.

Big, bustling Shanghai, this titan of commerce in Far Asia, lives beyond the boundaries of any one settlement or nationality; it commands all of them together for its life and trade. Well beyond three million people are numbered in the districts that form the whole of greater Shanghai.

Cosmopolitan, too, as only one of the world's largest seaports can be, it records in its census 50 foreign nationalities. The commercial capital can also call from its midst representatives speaking practically all the numerous dialects in China, if one should ask for further confusion in the linguistic babel.

Picturesque Scenes on the Bund.
The facets of life and activity of the metropolis are as multiple as the peoples that compose it.

Stand any day along the Bund and watch the variety of traffic that passes under the signals of a tall, bearded Sikh traffic policeman. Electric trolleys, loaded buses, and trackless trams, filled to all available standing room; motor cars and trucks of every kind and size, although American makes are in majority; wheelbarrows that trundle along with tremendous loads; coolies, turned beasts of burden, bearing bales and baskets of incredible weight; great two-wheeled trucking carts, with as many as six or eight perspiring coolies straining at the pull ropes; rickshaws, well past the period of their best usefulness in these days of increasing taxi service, trying by their very impotency to gain a stunted living; bicycles, carriages, pedestrians—the whole contrasting procession passes.

On another street a Chinese wedding palanquin or a long funeral cortege moves along with all the red and tinsel glitter that China assembles around these two events. At the corner the procession waits for a traffic jam to clear before it can proceed.

SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field
FAMOUS WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT



Washington.—With hindsight, all this talk of a purge—that President Roosevelt was going to read his enemies on the court enlargement plan out of the Democratic party and into oblivion whether they were Democrats or not—seems rather stupid.

Of course not even the President could have foreseen that Mrs. Roosevelt would take the ball when he went into Wyoming, and produce a situation which made the voters of that state think Sen. Joseph C. O'Mahoney was the fair-haired boy at the White House, by that spectacle before a Wyoming audience of Joe O'Mahoney introducing his colleague, Sen. Harry H. Schwartz, to the First Lady.

But he could easily have calculated the effect it would have on the voters of Idaho to have a conference with the old lion, Sen. William E. Borah, alone for more than an hour!

Of all people, the President should have realized at once that even the bitterest anti-Borah man or woman in the state would get at least the suspicion that Borah was rather important in the Roosevelt picture. They would know, for instance, that the international situation is causing gray hairs in Washington as well as other world capitals, and that Borah is one of the best informed persons on the diplomatic situation, and on Russia—which some regard as the key to the situation—in particular. So they might suspect that Roosevelt was asking Borah's advice, Borah happening to be the ranking Republican on the senate foreign relations committee, of which he was chairman until the Democrats got control.

If such a picture should be dismissed as too fantastic, something else mighty weighty would have to be substituted, to satisfy normal human curiosity and desire for speculation. For nothing was announced! Even Borah, shrewdly as usual, refused to say.

Its Real Importance

Now the importance of this is not the effect on the Republicans of Idaho, nor even on the Democrats as a whole, but on the fervent Roosevelt admirers. Court fight or no court fight, they could not help getting the inference that Borah had become one of the President's close advisers. What else would explain Mr. Roosevelt's giving him more than an hour of time so precious while visiting their far-flung but thinly populated state!

It was rather definitely settled before the President started out that he would not make direct attacks on those who had opposed him, those whom, in the popular parlance, were to be purged from the ranks of the faithful, and relegated to political oblivion.

The idea, it was thought by New Dealers, was that the President would build up the probable political opponents of his enemies. For example, he would make a big fellow of Schwartz in Wyoming, and encourage the young Democrat who is expected to run against O'Mahoney in the next Democratic primary.

In Idaho it was thought that no attention, save possibly cold courtesy, would be shown Borah. Everyone has known for years that James A. Farley was desperately anxious to beat Borah in the next battle.

Way of the Irish

The Irish have a way with them, nationals of other countries are apt to comment from time to time, for one reason or another, but seldom better illustrated than by the young Boston Irishman who in part represents the sovereign state of Wyoming in the United States senate.

Joseph C. O'Mahoney, it will be recalled, was one of the group of willful men who stopped President Roosevelt's pet proposal to enlarge the Supreme court dead in its tracks. Only the opposition of Sen. Burton K. Wheeler roused more resentment in the inner White House circle than that of O'Mahoney. And for precisely an opposite reason.

The bitterness against Wheeler was very human. Folks are apt to dislike intensely someone they have treated badly, and Roosevelt and James A. Farley had treated Wheeler very badly indeed. Although a "For Roosevelt Before Chicago" booster, and therefore entitled to eat at the first table as far as White House gratitude, patronage, pork and recognition are concerned, he had been treated like a stepchild.

When somebody who has been badly treated turns on his former friend and hits hard, it is not in the friend's heart to blame himself. That would not be human. So he feels twice as resentful for the worm turning as though it had been anybody else.

Which, plus the fact that Wheeler, being branded as a radical, spoiled the argument that only the Liberty league and the wicked rich were against the President, has kept Senator Wheeler in first place as far as White House resentment is concerned.

But Joe O'Mahoney ran a close second! Jim Farley got to be friends with Joe back in 1931 and early '32 when he was picking up support for Roosevelt's nomination. Farley brought Joe to New York headquarters and found him most valuable. So after inauguration he made him assistant postmaster general.

Farley thinks he helped put O'Mahoney in the senate. Actually Joe had lots of friends up and down the wide spaces of thinly populated Wyoming, acquired when he was secretary to the late Sen. John B. Kendrick. He had become a political power in his own right, or Farley would not have been so solicitous when he was delegate hunting. But, human nature being what it is, Farley thinks he "made" O'Mahoney.

So he and Roosevelt were pretty sore when the youngster decided to fight the court change.

As the presidential train neared Wyoming it developed that the President had invited Sen. Harry H. Schwartz, the governor, and lots of other officials to ride on his train, but had not invited O'Mahoney. The intention was obvious.

But Joe appeared, smiling and happy apparently, and climbed on the train! The President paid practically no attention to him, and lots to his colleague, Senator Schwartz, to the governor, and the other Democratic organization leaders.

But Mrs. Roosevelt didn't understand about the "purge." She made quite a fuss over Joe, as she is apt to do about anybody she likes, and she likes lots of people. This was all in plain sight of the ordinary citizens, who could see the First Lady and the recalcitrant senator hobnobbing on the back platform at every stop!

"The People's Lobby"

The words "The People's Lobby" do not mean very much to most of the folks out in the country. It might be exaggerating to say they meant much in Washington, though the acute and personable Benjamin Clarke Marsh who heads it is not only well known but loved by hundreds of newspaper men and officials.

Also it is rather difficult to classify "The People's Lobby," as to whether it is radical or conservative, New Deal or anti—sometimes even as to whether it is humorous or serious.

But Ben Marsh has just made an appeal to President Roosevelt, which on its face is as liberal as all out-of-doors, but in its implications, as they are taken by some of the conservatives, as reactionary as the Ten Commandments, or the reminder that man shall eat bread in the sweat of his brow.

It is a double-barreled request that Marsh made of the President. One barrel demands a subsidy for consumers. It insists that the federal Treasury shall make up to the consumers of this country in regular checks something like the old AAA checks—or the new AAA checks, for that matter—what the various New Deal agencies and schemes add to his cost of living.

Without a word of criticism for the idea of paying farmers not to raise crops, or to restrict their acreage, and apparently conceding that the government owes it to the farmers to guarantee them prices which assure them the fruits of their toil, the petition insists that this increase should not come out of the hides of the consumers, many if not most of whom are just a little further down in the underprivileged class than the farmers, and on whom these benefits for the farmers are now a heavy load, and likely to become a back-crushing one.

Puts Wallace on Spot

Then there is a polite inquiry about the ever-normal granary. Marsh and his aides want to know if the Henry A. Wallace plans for this institution are calculated on normal consumption, or whether they are calculated on the amount of farm products this country would consume if price were no object.

It is hard to figure whether the petition or the question is the more embarrassing. If one carries the petition for a consumer subsidy to its logical conclusion, shaping it with New Deal concepts as to what the underprivileged should have, it works out to either Utopia or chaos according to the mental slant of the person doing the calculating.

On the other hand, the question certainly puts Secretary Wallace on the spot. Of course he has calculated his estimates as to the ever-normal granary on consumption which may practically be expected—not on possible consumption if every man, woman and child should have all they need. Nothing else, obviously, would aid on prices.

But it is asking rather much of the President, or Secretary Wallace, to acknowledge that their ever-normal granary plan actually contemplates that millions of people in this country shall not have as much milk, eggs, meat, grain and cotton as they need!

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