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sway. It still has a huge wall, triple at the gates and a chasm-like moat. Looks more like a picture-book medieval city than anything I ever saw. Here we hunted for gas some more. Found a bird who owned a car, but he just had enough gas to run him back up to Taiyuan, so he could part with none. Found some in the bus station, but it belonged to a chap named Pang and we could not find him and the bus station man would not let us have it. Do not let anybody tell you the Chinese aren't honest! We tried our darndest to corrupt that station man—and then went on *without* any gas. At least we started to go on and then couldn't find Sweet. Finally he was found inside the city stowing away a few bowls of Chinese food. If we ran out of gas, Sweet did not intend to be caught short. He could live on his "hump" like a camel. But finally we got off and ran along nicely till about four p. m. when the insides fell out of the car or something. Finally got it tinkered up and on we went. Could not make Yun Ch'eng, the end of the motor road, that night, so turned off at dark and camped in the courtyard of the little chapel at Wen Hsi. When we turned off the motor road and ran along in the cart trail getting into the city, the road was so fierce that old friend Henry got overheated and caught fire. Smothered the fire with somebody's good blanket and led Lizzie in by hand the rest of the way. Next morning the car was balky, but finally, after we pushed her a mile or two, off we went. Gas was getting low and we—like the Irishman and his paint—were hurrying before it gave out. Day was rather uneventful except that we ran over the driver. It was like this. Wherever the carts trail across the motor road they wear deep ruts. Some of these have been fixed up with stone; in that case you can sail right over them. We buzzed along past a lot of good crossings, Hutchins driving, and then came around a curve and struck a bad one. The driver decided to get off and walk. Just then we hit the ruts, the car jumped away from him which helped his departure, but then bounced right back after him and was over him before you could say "skat." In spite of the load he was unhurt, but in the excitement the Ford cast a casing and blew out a tire.

Find Friendly Mission

We got that fixed up and went on to Yun Ch'eng. Here we struck a large Swedish mission and they certainly did treat us royally. We had gone without breakfast that morning—the Chinese do not serve breakfast till about ten. So when we got in we were about famished. First they invited us into one house for what they termed "tea," but

they served meat sandwiches, three kinds of cookies and two kinds of cake, jam and jelly, tea and coffee and all you wanted of everything. Then with the edge off our appetites, they took us over to another place and served a regular dinner from soup to nuts. Then after that they had coffee in the parlor. We had hired carts to go on that same day. Good thing, too. If we had stayed for one more meal we—well there would have been danger of a "blowout."

So off we went in two Peking carts each pulled by two good mules. Our bedding was all piled inside and we took turns walking and riding. You know these carts have no springs at all and only two wheels and these Chinese roads are the roughest proposition I ever saw. For my part, somebody else can have my turn. I'll walk. We were late into the next place and did not get to bed till about eleven. All the time we were sleeping in chapel courtyards or at Chinese inns on cold k'angs—brick beds. Boy, they are cold, but if you heat them up, you wake up the "animals," so we asked for no fire. Next morning we visited a huge temple dedicated to Kuan Ti, the god of war. He was a famous Chinese warrior and the Manchus made him god of war, thus hoping to win favor with the Chinese. If he could use the swords and spears stuck around that temple he was some fighter. Many of the swords were ten feet long and half the thickness of a man's body. Then on we went by cart hoping to get to Puchowfu, the home of the famous scholar who wrote the Nestorian Monument. But the road was long and at 10:30 that night, cold and hungry, we stopped still ten li from the city and put up in a wayside inn. Some inn!! Only one dirty brick bed for six of us. Only food, cabbage soup and chunks of dough in it. No fire in the room. Believe me, the "spirit of historical research" blooming near went out that night. But we were up and on next day. Struck Puchowfu and food about nine A. M. After a few bowls of steaming hot mutton soup with hot unraised flour and water biscuits we all felt better. Then somebody saw them lifting the ram's head, horns and all out of that soup kettle and almost—but never mind.

Reach Bandit Town

On we went and late in the afternoon came down through the hills of the Yellow river. There across the yellow water loomed the lofty turreted walls of Tungkuang. Aloft on the cliffs it looked more than impregnable. No wonder Ghengis Khan and all the rest never were able to storm this city. Against the setting sun its battlements frown ominously. We hired a river boat to take us across and thus came into Shensi, opium soaked, bandit ridden Shensi. At the gate of the city

we were crowded aside by a long train of camels, heavily loaded, driven by tall, pigtailed, fierce looking Mongols. Gosh! That battlemented, impregnable city, that long camel train, and those huge Mongols in the gathering gloom, gave me an awful thrill. We hired a wheel barrow to carry our luggage. Yes, a wheel barrow. This kind has a man or a little donkey to pull in front and another man behind to push and steer and they can carry not only you and your baggage but two or three of you if necessary. At the gate the soldiers held us up for cards and passports. Finally we got in and settled for the night. We found that the motor road on to Sianfu was in such bad shape that the motors had been compelled to stop running. Soldiers drive Chinese carts on the road and cut it up beyond repair. So we had to hire richshas and next day start off on a three-day grind in them. So on our way we went, riding and walking all day, staying at Chinese inns at night and on again. The evening of the third day we saw the huge walls of Sianfu, capital of the West and knew that we had arrived. Learned chaps from America and Europe spend months to visit this place and then write huge books about it. As for me, if I were to write, I would make it a poem, and dedicate it to and write it about the Wagners of the Sianfu Y. M. C. A. They took us in, all six of us, cold, hungry and dirty. The warmed us up for the first time in nearly ten days. They gave us the news and bedded us and bathed us, and gave us real food.

(To be continued.)

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