

IN A  
SHANTUNG GARDEN

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LOUISE JORDAN MILN

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BY  
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*Dear Doctor Julia Holmes Smith:*

*Years ago—a great many years ago, for I was scarcely sixteen—you made me write a paper for the “Chicago Woman’s Club.” That “paper” was my first book; and I feel sure that if I had not written it, I should have written none. So—in a sense that is precious to me—all my books have been an obedience to you. Will you accept this one? I wish it were better, worthier the friend to whom I offer it. But because I wrote it, you will not scorn it. It is more than forty years since you gave me your friendship. What that friendship has been—its loyalty, and your unfailing help and kindness—is not for a printed page; but we know. For almost all those long years our homes have been half the circumference of the globe apart; but there have been few weeks in which our letters have not crossed the Atlantic or the Pacific; and never for a day has our friendship flagged. Can many women boast so much?*

*In China, by the country waysides, on the edge of a field of grain, in a meadow of wild flowers, one often comes upon a little gray stone, put there in love and commemoration of some one who has died long ago. And on those stones always is cut, in the beautiful Chinese characters, just the dead one’s name and below it the best and proudest fact that can be recorded of that “gone-on-one’s” life. When my “memorial truth-stone” is put among the English wild flowers, in some*

*Dorset woodland, on it beneath my name will be cut,  
“Doctor Julia Holmes Smith loved her.”*

LOUISE.

*London. March 5, 1924.*

“Who ordered that their longing’s fire  
Should be, as soon as kindled, cooled?  
Who renders vain their deep desire?  
A God, a God their severance ruled!  
And bade betwixt their shores to be  
The unplumb’d, salt, estranging sea.”

# IN A SHANTUNG GARDEN

## CHAPTER I

**I**N mid-ocean Tom Drew suddenly thought of Yo Ki—not casually or fleetingly, but with a sudden hard impact of memory that was startling, almost a mental blow; and so vividly that it was almost vision. Tom was no visionary. This was a brand-new experience. He was as downright as he was upright; a boy still in much, in spite of twenty-eight seething American years. And he had—as yet—almost as little sentiment as he had “vision.” He thought his own country the best on this—or, for that matter, any other—Earth, the only country fit for a Tom Drew to live in, the only fatherland not to be ashamed of, and he was darned sorry for all the nice chaps he’d met who had had the bad luck to be born on the wrong side of the Atlantic or north of the Lake of the Woods or south of Florida. He had met quite a number of such nice chaps—a few at Harvard, and in the War a great many more. If he had not met them, come to know some of them fairly well, he could not have believed that any throttled from birth by the disadvantage of other than American citizenship and ancestry could be such all-round decent fellows as some of them he’d found beyond question were.

Even so, Drew had formed no intimacies with them—it was not his way—he had his full share of prejudice

—and he had had no need to, for he had abundance of friends of his own sort and Tom Drew liked his own sort best. But he was always just—perhaps, on the whole, his most outstanding quality. To be entirely, scrupulously just was with him both a controlling, abiding instinct and an active, conscious determination: almost an occupation, altogether a principle. He had admired Wilfred Browne, Peter Berkley, Dick Towne—a lot of others; but he never had chummed with them. The “foreign fellows” at Harvard, even those in his own class, had remained foreigners and outsiders to Tom from his first freshman day to the last moment of his senior year. That they had, was his doing far more than theirs. He had not much noticed the non-Americans in his class. In the War he had had to notice them. When you go “over the top” you are fairly busy with your own affairs, but you can’t help knowing how the man close beside you does his own going over, how he faces hell-fire, how he dies—and the memory of it sticks. And in camp there are other significant things that you can’t help rather more than noticing: how they bear up under mud and vermin, the mood in which they accept a lingering diet of bully-beef, or the lack of it. These and a dozen other personal human traits bite in and stay; they grip the mind’s sensitive cuticle tighter than the best court-plaster grips the outer skin. But well as he had thought of many of his allies, good as he’d found them—and been quick to own that he had—Tom Drew had formed a lasting intimacy with none of them. And again the fault—if a fault—had been less theirs than his. A good few of them had won his liking and his respect. But, more than he had liked or respected them, he’d been downright sorry for them, pitied them



that they were not as he was, American. It was not their fault, of course—but it was their misfortune: just hard luck.

Tom was an American through and through and he meant to stay one. But there was nothing mawkish about his patriotism. It was scarcely a “burning” quality. It was hard and gritty; more a matter of course, a taking-for-granted, than a sentiment. He liked to see Old Glory tossing proudly in the worried winds of Europe; but it brought no lump to his throat. He didn’t like the War, and he said so, but said it ungrudgingly, just as he had often made the same remark about the Gaelic wars—in their printed form—some years earlier. But he did his bit in France and Flanders, in the forest of the Argonne, sturdily and cheerfully, much as he had done his modest bit by “All Gaul is divided.”

Tom was “mighty proud” of his country—far more than he consciously loved it. He had had but one consciously tender love in all his life as yet—his love for his mother. And for no one but his mother had he experienced even a twinge of sentiment, except an occasional such twinge for Nettie Walker. Tom Drew was not sentimental.

Odd that he should be thinking of Yo Ki of all people in the World now, and odder still that he couldn’t throw the thought off! He had befriended Yo at Cambridge—he a Senior, Yo a Freshman—when Yo Ki had needed befriending pretty badly. But he never had taken any but a passing chivalrous interest in the Chinese boy, never had dreamed of making a friend of him, and had been bored by, almost resentful of, the yellow freshman’s rather pathetic, lasting gratitude. He believed that he had not thought of the lad once

since the last day he'd seen him. Even when he had heard, with almost open disgust, his father's amazing announcement that he was to go to China for a year or two, Tom had thought several "damns," but it had recalled to him no thought of Yo Ki. But he was thinking of him now—thinking of him more persistently than he even once had done at Harvard. Who were the Kis anyway, he wondered. He'd never given it a thought at college; Chinese were just Chinese—and that massed them and ended it. Japs and Chinks had been all one to him at Harvard—and mighty little use he'd had for them—even considerably less than he'd had for English, French or Germans. Well, he himself was off to China now! Worse luck! Halfway over, an hour or two ago, a steward had told him. Funny if he ran across Ki when he got there. But it wasn't likely. Tom Drew's ideas and information of China were of the very haziest. But he did know that it was a big place. And he knew that he was going to a town with an utterly unpronounceable name in a part of China called Shantung—where the silks came from—as the nuts did from Brazil, in "Charlie's Aunt"—and he knew why he was going to Shantung, and what his father expected him to do when he got there. And he knew also a lot of international dust had been kicked up in Shantung, before the War and since. You couldn't help knowing that much, if you read the New York papers. Tom was no bookworm—except of books about butterflies—but he read the New York papers vigorously. He had no idea what part of China Ki had come from—never had cared to ask. Probably Ki had come from Hong Kong. Most Chinese lived in Hong Kong, Tom rather thought.

He hoped he'd not run across Yo Ki. He couldn't cut him exactly, if he did. And the very last thing he desired, and especially in China, was a Chinese acquaintance. Such an acquaintance would be both embarrassing and distasteful. He'd as soon be seen on the street with a black any day as with a Chink. Well, thank the Lord, it wasn't likely.

Nettie had promised to write now and then. He wondered if she'd do it. Nice girl, Nett! No end cute—those big blue eyes of hers were worth looking into any time, and the way her black hair grew, like a dull cloud of floss, sort of scalloped on her extra-white brow, was awfully pretty; and Nett knew how to fix her hair, if ever a girl did. And most girls did, Tom had noticed. He hoped Nettie'd write, but he hoped she wouldn't write too often, for there was not much he hated more than having to answer letters. And you *had* to answer a girl's letters—unless she was your sister. Probably Nettie wouldn't write often though. She wasn't that kind, and she'd be too busy having a good time in New York and at Newport and Martha's Vineyard, and in the mountains. Golly! he wished the Governor hadn't got that Shantung bee in his precious old bonnet. He didn't mind hard work. Such a fortune as theirs needed looking after all the time, and then'some. And Tom was no shirker. But China! Of all the jump-off places on this old planet, China!

He was going to China because his father'd said so. People usually did what Powers Drew told them to; and his children always did, even Molly. And Mrs. Drew herself took her own way obliquely; a cringing indirection that few American wives ever need to employ.

Probably Nettie Walker would be married by the time he got back from China. Not much "old maid" about Nettie.

Tom would have been greatly surprised had he known that he was crossing the Pacific Ocean because of Nettie Walker. But he was. Powers Drew disliked a great many people, but he disliked no one else as sourly as he did William Walker—and much as he respected and cherished money, he had no intention of allowing the only child of that particular millionaire to become his own daughter-in-law. He had seen what he had seen at Molly's last dance four months ago, and Tom had started for China then and there. But, frank autocrat as the elder Drew was, he took good care that Tom got no inkling of his disapproval of "Walker's girl"—to enhance her charms by opposition would be stupid and dangerous. In all his sixty-three years Powers Drew never had balked or flinched at danger. More than once he had courted it, but he was as little stupid as any man in New York City. He saw as clearly as Tom did that Miss Walker was devilishly pretty, and was bewitching into the bargain. And he had no belief that absence makes the heart grow fonder—at least not the male heart. So he was especially cordial to Miss Walker whenever he met her, but without delay lit a long, fat, very strong cigar, and as he smoked it slowly made up his mind where he'd send the boy—yes, he decided finally, China—far off—ought to be exciting—and just as well to have that Shantung matter well looked into on the spot by some one he could trust and depend on.

Funny, if he did meet Yo Ki in China, after all, Tom reflected wryly, as he struck a match; and then Yo Ki

passed from Drew's mind, and he did not give the Chinese boy another thought.

## CHAPTER II

**I**N Tsi-nan Fu, Drew "shook down" amazingly well almost from the first—for except in the War (which had been seeing Hell, not Europe) he never had been out of his own country before, and as a rule the American man does not transplant—overseas—any too well; especially those American men who are not exceptional, but are true to type, cut to pattern. A Henry James, a Bret Harte may find home and satisfaction "abroad" but the Simon-pure American rarely does. The American diplomats who have been most welcome at the Court of St. James's, most cordially valued in London, most deeply and longest regretted when they have gone, to a man—one fancies—have been glad to go "back home." The tang of the West has called them. And the less lettered, more average American man almost always dislikes and is bored by long sojourns in foreign places. He's a loyal fellow, and likes best to be where chairs and customs and cooking are very much "like mother's."

Tom Drew found less adventure in Tsi-nan Fu than he had anticipated, and very much more comfort and usualness. Tsi-nan Fu did not seem to him particularly strange at first.

The capital's wide, clean streets, its cheerful orderliness seemed to him un-Chinese; its lake, its garden-like promenades, its wide-flung park seemed to him,

at first, more of the Twentieth Century than of the First, more of the West than of the East.

Perhaps so much of Shantung (and more of it than international and enforced treaties have stipulated) having been passed from hand to hand in the international shuffle of recent years has somewhat cosmopolitanized such Shantung cities as Tsi-nan *externally*; and Drew did not catch the strong undertow of intense Chinese feeling that today, as two thousand years ago, is the biggest, most significant, most permanent thing in Shantung—and in all China.

Tsi-nan Fu seemed to Drew a little like New York, and even more like Chicago. There was a staccato something about its rapid business bustle and jolt that reminded him of Chicago, rather amusingly. That was nonsense, of course; Tsi-nan is a very little like Boston, a little like a highly colored English Cathedral town—Winchester, Canterbury, Chester, perhaps. Happy, prosperous, quiet, it is not like Chicago—though its streets are as well paved. There is teeming trade in Tsi-nan, but there are no manufactures, no wholesale trades, except what the Tsintao-Tsi-nan Railway inevitably has seeded in the old city that was prettier before the railway came—perhaps the prettiest city in northern China—and was happier then than now. Its beautiful two granite walls girdle Tsi-nan Fu, as Constantinople is girdled; it is fresh and cool with the plenteous water of its clear, bubbling wells, and it is abundantly water-fed and cleaned by the bounty of the brisk running Loh whose wholesome water is carried under the capital's streets in generous conduits. Tsi-nan Fu is still shadowed a little by Berlin—perhaps Tom caught that, without realizing it, and perhaps it was that that

made him think of Chicago. And Tsi-nan still is shadowed by Tokio—but that Tom Drew did not catch.

There were not many Americans in Tsi-nan when Tom arrived—or, if there were he did not run across them. But there was one, and she was “a whole city full,” and she took him in hand at once and firmly, gave him buckwheat cakes for breakfast, told him what he might and might not do, and ordered him about, and saw to it that he obeyed her, with a gay, breezy directness equal to his sister Molly’s.

Drew had been in Tsi-nan Fu exactly thirty-seven hours and a half, when he looked up at the composite sound of high heels and many tinkling silks, and saw a very pretty woman smiling at him from the doorway of the hotel drawing-room.

“How!” his visitor greeted him.

Drew sprang up and his puzzled face brightened at the Indian word; but he wondered desperately where he’d met her. You met so many girls in one place and another—but he ought not to have forgotten this one.

“You don’t mean to say,” she remarked reproachfully, as she came in and made herself comfortable in a wide wicker chair, “that you don’t remember me?”

“Indeed, no! I remember you perfectly.” Where the dickens *had* he met her? When?

The woman’s blue eyes danced. “Well—you don’t seem particularly glad to see me.”

“But I am—particularly glad to see you; I’m no end glad.” It was true.

“But you’ve forgotten my name?”

“Well”—Drew fenced—“just for the moment—I’m so surprised to meet you again *here*—that it’s gone out of my head. I’m a fearful duffer at names; I always

was. I'll remember it in a minute"—he hoped to goodness he would—"if I don't try to remember it, you know."

She nodded. "But you *do* remember me, Mr. Drew?"

"Of course I do." Tom spoke warmly.

"But you didn't expect to see me again in China? Did you?"

"By George, no; that I didn't."

"But don't you remember my telling you that I was going to be a missionary? You don't seem to remember me so *very* well! And we had such a nice long talk about it—that day at the picnic. Well—I got my own way with Poppa at last; and here I am. I'm in charge of the woman's branch of the Presbyterian American Missionary Society to Shantung."

Drew shot her a look, and gave her attire a longer one. He was used to girls who dressed like that. Molly did—for one—and so, in a quieter way, did his mother. There wasn't a place in New York—or in Paris, he knew—that could turn out a woman better than this. And she did Tiffany credit—from the rings that blazed on her right hand—she still wore her left glove—to the butterfly at her throat; and that very small wrist watch had cost a very large number of dollars.

"No; you don't!" he assured his unremembered friend. "I've no doubt you got your own way with Poppa, and with a few others not of your own sex. But when you say that the missionary notion ever entered your head till this moment, you are telling me an untruth—and allow me to tell you so straight. You are no missionary."



"I'm 'fraid," the lady said with a patient sigh, "you don't know much about missionaries—do you, Mr. Drew?"

"Never saw one in my life—to know it, thank the Lord!"

"That's not a kind thing to say to me, Mr. Drew," she told him sadly. "We are terribly misunderstood, we poor missionaries. You mean my clothes, I suppose. We have changed all that. It is part of our policy now—our duty—to look as nice as we can. It attracts the poor heathen—and helps us to lead them to better ways. We try to reach their poor souls through their eyes."

"Missionary salaries must have gone up!" Drew surmised.

"We are paid almost nothing," she assured him earnestly. "But we all dress as well as we possibly can. And Poppa has some money."

"So I supposed."

"Oh—well—have it your own way—just for this once. I'm not a missionary then—not what *you* mean by 'missionary'—not the usual sort. But I've come along here to do you a good turn, all the same."

"You have done me a very good turn," Drew told her heartily, "about the best turn any one ever did me in all my life."

"Do you remember my name, yet?"

Drew shook his head regretfully.

"And I have not forgotten yours for a single day since I first heard it. But you *do* remember me?"

"Indeed, I do! I couldn't forget *you*!"

"Good boy! Good Mr. Manners! Well—I suppose