



One of the Great Marble Figures along the "Holy Way," leading to the famous Ming Tombs in Northern China. The Ming Emperors reigned in the middle ages before the Manchus displaced them.

The Thirteen or Ming Tombs

IN Northern China stand the famous tombs which have been erected to the thirteen Ming Emperors. The Mings ruled before the Manchus, which is the name of the present ruling dynasty. These thirteen tombs were built in succession, the one to the first emperor being the largest and grandest, each succeeding monarch having to be content with a somewhat smaller tomb than his predecessor. The tombs are large and ornamented in various ways and stretch through a very considerable distance between Peking and Nanking. In fact, it would not be unfair to say that the tombs constitute a range of hills stretching across the country.

There is a sacred way leading to these tombs. At the beginning of this road there stand two huge pillars and along the road at irregular intervals are exquisitely carved monoliths and huge stone animals. One of the latter is shown in the accompanying illustration. Mrs. Archibald Little in her excellent work, "Round About My Peking Garden," thus describes a visit to the tombs which lie close to the Imperial City:

"The workmanship and decoration are far finer than at Nanking, and they are also in a much better state of preservation, though even here too many fine memorials of the past are missing. Visiting them from Peking, they are approached, as they should be, through the long array of memorial arches, gates, and processions of stone animals that lead into the sacred valley. Coming to them from Nankow you arrive at the beginning of the now somewhat dreary two miles of millet-fields, leading up to the tomb enclosure and at the end of the grand approaches. Thus taken separately, the effect is somewhat marred, though nothing can detract from the solemn beauty of the setting. Indeed, it is hard to say whether the beauty of the position does not more appeal to those who descend on the tombs from the somewhat

savage pass. Rather over two miles from Chang-ping-chow the approach begins with a magnificently carved pailow, or memorial arch, considered the finest in China, all of white marble, fifty feet high, and eighty feet wide, formed of five arches built upon square pillars.

"Half a mile further is the Red Gate, with an inscription, ordering all people there to dismount from their horses; but the beautiful pavilion, also of white marble, supported upon four carved columns and the work of the same emperor, is no longer there.

"There is still a monument to Yungloh, erected by his son, standing on a huge stone tortoise twelve feet long. The famous Emperor Chien-lung wrote a poem engraved on the back of the tablet in the eighteenth century. Four griffin-topped stone pillars, exquisitely carved, stand round it. On each side of what reverent Sinologues please themselves by calling the Holy Way there is a regular procession of animals and people, each formed out of a monolith of bluish marble, remarkable both from the workmanship and the great size, which last makes people, unaccustomed to the wonderful dexterity displayed by Chinese in handling great weights with what seem to our engineers the most inadequate appliances, marvel how they can have been brought there. All the men wear the old Ming dress, common to Chinese before the Manchus forced on them their own long plaits of hair and horseshoe cuffs, or the long necklace they, in their turn, borrowed from the Lamas. After about an hour spent in passing through all these entrances, what was once a stone road leads us beneath the light perforations of the very elegant Dragon Gate, again griffin-topped. Clumps of foliage then become visible in the distance, enclosing the golden-roofed buildings clustered round the different tombs, some at three, some at four miles distance, but all alike beautifully

enshrined in the bosom of the hills, at the upper end of the long wide valley.

"For natural beauty and grandeur the site could not to this day be surpassed; but alas! three beautiful marble bridges lie in ruins, and many other architectural ornaments have been destroyed, whilst even the way can be found now only with difficulty through millet-fields and persimmon orchards with brilliant orange fruit hanging from the trees; till, two miles further on, the special enclosure round Yungloh's, the first, and therefore the largest, of the tombs is reached, encircled by cypress-trees. Again a pavilion protecting a huge tablet, this time on the back of a ten-feet-long fabulous monster; then the 'Rest the Spirit' entrance with white marble steps and railings, the latter carved into the likeness of clouds, phoenix and dragons."

Her Reward

"SOME weeks ago the wife of Judge Blank of Pacific Avenue lost her cook, and since she had no other resource she rolled up her sleeves and for a week provided such meals as the judge had not enjoyed since those happy days when the Blanks did not keep a cook. The judge's delight was so great that by way of appreciative acknowledgement he presented Mrs. Blank with a beautiful ermine cloak. Quite naturally, the incident was a good deal noised about among the social acquaintances of the Blanks and a spirit of envious emulation was developed in certain quarters. It was in this mood that Mrs. Jerome recited the story to her husband. "What do I get, Jerry," she asked, "if I will do the cooking for a week?" "Well," said Mr. Jerome, "at the end of a week, my dear, you'll get one of those long crepe veils."—The Argonaut.