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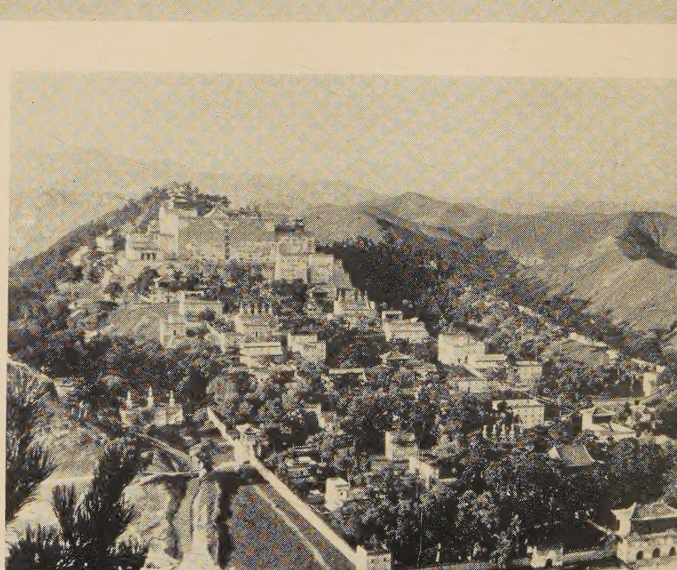

Top: Henry Pu-Yi, after his inauguration as chief executive of Manchukuo; at his
Lt. Gen. Shigeru Honjo, commander of Japanese forces in Manchuria, and Count
Uchida, President of the South Manchurian railway, who delivered the congratu
address on behalf of foreign guests at the ceremony. *Left:* General Nobuyoshi
Right: The Potala, great Tibetan temple near the palace of Jehol.

FAR EASTERN FRONT

BY EDGAR SNOW

NEW YORK

HARRISON SMITH & ROBERT HAAS

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PREFACE

BEHIND the sudden geographical changes created by the Japanese invasion of Manchuria and Mongolia, and many others which they presage, is a stirring story which sometimes attains the height of an epic. I have tried to write of that story—a tale woven upon the immense fabric of toiling millions of inarticulate men, over whom ride the warlord, with retinue thirsting for power and wealth, the cautelous diplomat, the scheming capitalist, the ambitious tradesman, the impassioned patriot, the enterprising conspirator, and many lesser men, each with his hopes and fears.

Obviously, my book is not meant to be a comprehensive examination of the burdens of Asia. It is concerned primarily with the dramatic phases of conflict, and with their meaning in the scheme of history. With others, I have been privileged to stand on a vast stage, where drama was born, and where it is being enacted to-day on a scale greater than is generally realized. I have watched the expansion of scene, the development of character, and the growth and unraveling of a plot of extraordinary involution, the dénouement of which is not yet clearly discernible. In the West this pageant of action is prosaically called a "problem." In reality it is a condition, a period of history attained by the inexorable march of social and economic forces in Asia. Possibly finished annals will view it as the twilight of West-

ern prestige. The rise of an Eastern Power great and determined enough to challenge Europe and America may mark the decline of Western mastery of the world.

Except for brief historical synopses, what I write is in the main concerned with what I have seen, or what I know to be fact. The reader familiar with the Far East will be well aware, of course, of the excellent books which treat exhaustively on many subjects but briefly mentioned in this story, which is essentially that of the Sino-Japanese "War" of 1931–33. Incidentally, my reason for referring to Japanese military operations in Manchuria and elsewhere as "war" is simply that I do not know any other English word which describes the armed invasion of another nation's territory, the eviction of its government, the forcible seizure of its properties, and the subjugation of its people.

I wish especially to thank Mr. Horace Epes, Vice-President of the *Consolidated Press Association,* whose friendly coöperation, to an important degree, made it possible for me to write this book. For the opinions expressed in it he is not, of course, in any way responsible.

Thanks are due to Mr. Frank Oliver, who has read parts of the manuscript, and made suggestions that were helpful. Mr. Yao Hsing-nung has assisted me in various ways. Mr. James Mills and Mr. H. S. Wong have kindly permitted me to use some of their photographs. So many Americans, Europeans, Japanese and Chinese have helped me, as newspaper correspondent, to secure the facts used in the volume that I cannot thank them by name. I am grateful to Miss Henriette Herz and to Mr. and Mrs. John H. Snow for their assistance in handling the manuscript in New York. Mr. Harrison Smith has kindly supervised the task of reading final proofs, which exigencies of time made it impossible to submit to me for correction of revision. Finally, I am grateful to Mrs. William Brown Meloney, Mr. John Powell and

Mr. Charles Hanson Towne for their consistent encouragement during my years in the Orient.

Permission to reprint certain paragraphs originally written for the *Consolidated Press Association* and the *New York Sun* is acknowledged.

E. S.

Peking
September 1, 1933

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"The Imperial Japanese Government is determined to remain loyal to the League of Nations Covenant, the no war treaty, other various treaties and the two resolutions adopted by the Council regarding the present (Manchurian) incident."

Foreign Minister Baron Shidehara in a note to Secretary of State Stimson, Dec. 24, 1931.

"Japan may never withdraw her troops from Manchuria. . . . Japan will resolutely resist any attempt to apply the Nine-Power Treaty to the situation here. . . . We need not pay any attention to what the League of Nations may say, what the Soviet Union may attempt, or what China may plot. . . ."

Minister of War Araki, in a speech at Tokyo, April 22, 1932.

"International relations are quite unlike relations subsisting between individuals. Morality and sincerity do not govern a country's diplomacy, which is guided by selfishness, pure and simple. It is considered the secret of diplomacy to forestall rivals by every crafty means available."

Count Okuma, late Japanese Minister to China, in his published papers.

Manchuria, Birthplace of Conquerors

I

DESCENT OF WAR

JAPAN could not have chosen a better time to strike. Everywhere the nations were preoccupied with problems near and vital. America seemed paralyzed with the depression and the resultant economic upheaval which had thrown ten millions out of work. In Britain unemployment also was a grave matter. Trade was stifled. The nation's finances were in a perilous state. She was engaged in a futile effort to end the Indian agitation for independence.

France, with discord apparent in her politics and social life, was absorbed abroad with revolt in Indo-China. In Germany there were violent social and political conflicts, where six million unemployed clamored for relief.

The whole Western capitalist world appeared mated with disaster unless some new scheme were devised to control the social and economic forces it had created, and which, Frankenstein-like, threatened to crush it. Soviet Russia alone appeared to have found such a scheme, and experiment with it involved the use of the nation's entire energy, resource and application. Certainly no people desired to undertake new obligations which might further complicate the onerous tasks ahead.

In the Orient China as usual was in a state of turmoil. When I returned to Shanghai, after an absence of nearly a year in India, I found internecine warfare going on in the northern provinces. "The same old China," a friend greeted me, "always denouncing wars, and always getting into them."

Fortunately this war ended sooner than expected, and

by late August peace was restored. General Chiang Kai-shek, dictating for the National Government at Nanking, made a deal with Young Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang, then nominal ruler of Manchuria, to join his troops south of the Great Wall, and establish himself as co-dictator at Peking.

This intervention saved Chiang Kai-shek's government once more, and his control of the Kuomintang was reaffirmed. Chiang's long-lived enemies, the veteran northern warlords Shih Yu-san and Yen Hsi-shan, were compelled to retire to the hot spring resorts in the mountains. But the Young Marshal's transfer of headquarters to Peking left Manchuria significantly without its governor-general. Marshal Chang explained that his absence would be temporary only. His Japanese military advisors applauded the move; perhaps they saw what was coming.

II

IMPORTANT events were transpiring in Manchuria, but a tragic occurrence focussed all eyes on central China during the next few weeks. The Yangtze, the Huai, the Huang and scores of smaller rivers and canals overflowed their banks. It was the most disastrous flood in authentic history. Between 60,000 and 70,000 square miles in six of China's richest, largest, and most populous provinces were seriously inundated. Within three weeks over 600,000 people perished. Twelve million homes were destroyed and 55,000,000 people were rendered partially or wholly destitute. Crop losses in five provinces alone were estimated to exceed $400,000,000 silver.

The blow fell upon China as the culmination of a long series of afflictions. Droughts during the past decade had denuded whole provinces. Famines had invalided the once

magnificent northwest. There had been sieges of locusts against which farmers had fought losing battles. Fourteen major civil wars had sabotaged the economic structure of the entire nation, and had cut down thousands of its youth. Hordes of bandits who looted, murdered and kidnapped, appeared to thrive in nearly all provinces. As a result of these conditions, and the often ruthless extortions inflicted under the guise of Kuomintang government, peasants and small merchants in the interior had suffered enormous losses, moral and material. They were already impoverished and discouraged when the flood swept in upon what remained of their possessions.

Great armies of these peasant refugees now began to descend upon the big cities. Two hundred thousand arrived at Hankow, the "Chicago of China", chief inland port of the Yangtze River. Another 100,000 converged upon Nanking. To Shanghai came more than 120,000.

The government claimed to be practically bankrupt, and Chiang Kai-shek wished to use what funds were available for fighting Communists rather than aiding flood victims. But the educated classes had been touched by the sorrow of the millions, and public opinion demanded action. Finally the government decided to purchase 450,000 tons of American wheat, on long term credit, to feed the starving. Relief agencies began to function. Chinese and foreigners worked together to halt the appalling sacrifice of life.

Scores of merchant ships, naval gunboats, junks, sampans and whole fishing fleets were requisitioned, or volunteered their services. They were used to pick up refugees, and to transport medical supplies and food. Under the Sino-foreign relief commission demands were made upon the human and material resources of the great cities unhurt by the flood.

Twenty million dollars was collected from the people, a sum pitifully inadequate, but much of it contributed by

coolies, peddlers, soldiers and young apprentices themselves ever near the starvation line. Hundreds of young doctors, nurses, engineers and college students were mobilized into rescue squads. It was the biggest life-saving expedition ever organized in China, but it was not enough. Only those on the fringes of the flood areas could be saved. Thousands far-marooned on little islands and atolls were destined to drown or starve before aid could reach them.

In early September I went up the Yangtze, or what had been the Yangtze but was now an inland sea stretching vast, yellow and seemingly endless. I cruised in a small launch over country where once green rice fields had glistened, smiling in the China sunshine. I passed whole villages submerged except for occasional rooftops. I saw men clinging to the golden spires of temples, to the gaunt limbs of trees, to pieces of lumber, and sitting in buckets, wooden tubs, coffins, anything that would float. Now and then there was a whole family riding on the stout back of a water buffalo.

I saw many corpses of men and women, and their small children, but never so many as at Yangchow, where once Marco Polo ruled. There one day a dozen dragon junks came slowly in with a chill breeze, carrying 4,000 dead. The junks had been sent out to pick up survivors from the hills and treetops and suddenly had come upon a village cut off for weeks. A few villagers had greeted them and insisted upon bringing along what remained of the former populace, those who had succumbed to famine and disease. There had been no land visible where they could be given a decent Taoist burial, and the coffins had all been used as vessels of escape.

The Yangtze valley, for a distance of 900 miles, was paralyzed. And paralysis of the Yangtze meant paralysis of China, for the great "River of Golden Sand" is the lifeblood and the sinew of what poets called the Central

Flowery Kingdom. Rehabilitation after such a disaster was not a question of days, but of months and perhaps years. You could not see or read of the immense and prolonged distress and suffering without being profoundly moved. It struck your heart particularly because these millions were brave and honest men who met their troubles philosophically, and with a splendid fortitude of spirit. China sent out a plea for help to the whole world. And the whole world responded.

Japan's contribution was as generous as that of other countries. Japanese civilians toured the country, lectured on the China flood, and gathered funds. Emperor Hirohito made a donation of Yen 100,000. A ship, carrying doctors, medical supplies and food was chartered and started from Japan for China. But while this was happening a group of Japanese generals, headed by the sabre-rattling General Minami, conferred in Kyoto and conceived the final details of a catastrophe which was to cost China more dearly than flood or famine. The long-planned subjugation of Manchuria was about to commence.

III

I HAD returned to Shanghai with the memory still of the dead piled high on the decks of those dragon junks at Yangchow. It was midnight when I sat down to write the story of what I had seen, and I had not worked long when my telephone rang.

Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh were expected to arrive from Japan the next day (September 19) and it was thought they might land in Shanghai instead of flying direct to Nanking, where an official reception awaited them. I had asked a friend to notify me in case word was received from

the Lindberghs, and thinking this might be he I picked up the receiver.

An excited feminine voice replied to my "hello."

"Where is my father?" it demanded.

I recognized the voice; it belonged to a young Chinese girl of my acquaintance; but I could not understand why she asked such a question. Her father was a government official in Mukden.

"I thought your father was in Mukden," I said.

"Yes, but has he been arrested?"

"Arrested by whom?"

"Don't you know, then! The Japanese have attacked Mukden and have occupied the city. They are killing or arresting everybody who worked for the government." She grew more agitated and emphatic. She told me I was a "kondoo" (stupid person) for not knowing whether her father was alive. Then she rang off. I do not yet know how she heard of the incident that far in advance; there is something mysterious about the way Chinese seem to know of things almost before they happen, even though the scene be hundreds of miles away. News dispatches did not begin to come in till late in the morning, when I learned her father had not been harmed. I was to interview him not long afterward in Manchuria.

England went off the gold standard next day and the Lindberghs arrived in Nanking, but in Shanghai those were items of negligible importance. The incident at Mukden had seized the imaginations of newspaper men and as the cables poured in describing the swift spread of the military coup we were aghast at the wide implications they held of international conflict.

By Saturday night, the 19th of September, the Japanese army had made amazing progress. Within 24 hours the zone of occupation had stretched to include nearly all vital points in the Liaotung peninsula. Chinese troops had been

disarmed or dispersed, and civilian administration destroyed. A review of those events now, in their proper sequence, is interesting because it reveals the skill and decision with which the military carried out its long-prepared plans.

At about 10:00 p. m., on September 18, 1931, a minor explosion occurred on the tracks of the Japanese Government owned South Manchuria Railway, at a point near the Chinese North Barracks (Pei Tai Ying) at Mukden, capital of Manchuria. The damage was small, a piece of rail being displaced. It did not prevent the safe passage, half an hour later, of the southbound express from Changchun, which arrived punctually at Mukden. It was not clear who had caused the explosion, but it was considered by the Japanese Kwantung Army of sufficient gravity to justify subsequent fighting and notably an attack, as a "defense measure", against the Chinese North Barracks.

Following the explosion near Pei Tai Ying, the Japanese Kwantung Army was promptly mobilized in Mukden, and a small force of Japanese troops began offensive operations throughout the area. By midnight Japanese soldiers had occupied the North Barracks and adjacent village, had killed 320 of the 10,000 Chinese soldiers stationed there, wounded a great many more, and dispersed the remainder. Simultaneously, throughout the South Manchuria Railway Zone, Japanese troops began operations in all strategic cities.

Before dawn the Japanese occupied the Walled City and international area of Mukden. Before dawn they occupied the Chinese East Barracks, the Mukden arsenal and the aerodrome, and seized most of the equipment of the Chinese Northeastern Army. Before dawn several thousand Japanese civilian "armed reservists" had been mobilized. They were calmly policing the streets of Mukden when the surprised Chinese populace ventured forth after what was

described in a *Reuter's* dispatch as "a night of terror." Japanese residents of the city, warned well in advance on the night of the 18th, had fled to the South Manchuria Railway station; not one was injured.

By daylight of the 19th the Japanese garrison in Korea was mobilized and troops were en route to Manchuria. Before dawn Lieutenant-General Shigeru Honjo, commander of the Garrison of Kwantung, Japanese leased territory in South Manchuria, had transferred his headquarters to Mukden from Port Arthur (Dairen), 146 miles to the south. With him went the infantry and artillery stationed at Port Arthur. Both he and his troops arrived in Mukden that morning. A squadron of Japanese airplanes left Korea for Manchuria and in Japan several brigades of infantry, cavalry and artillery were mobilized and ready to cross the Yellow Sea by midnight of the 19th.

Changchun, the northern terminus of the South Manchuria Railway where it connects with the Chinese Eastern Railway for direct route to Europe, was the scene of a clash between Japanese and Chinese troops at midnight on the 18th, with Japanese in control of the barracks by 3:00 p. m. on the 19th. At Kirin, 80 miles north of Changchun, Chinese troops were driven from their barracks, which were occupied by the Japanese on the 21st. Japanese residents had fled the night before, warned by their consul of the events to come.

Antung, an important Chinese port at the mouth of the Yalu River, adjacent to the Korean border, was attacked and occupied during the night of the 18th. Such cities as Szepingkai, Tiehling, Liaoyang and Kungchuling, all situated along the South Manchuria Railway, were quickly and systematically occupied, Chinese troops driven from the vicinity, their arms and armament seized, government property confiscated, and Japanese military officers placed in control.

The day after the first move at Pei Tai Ying the Japanese ranking officers, headed by Generals Honjo and Suzuki, conferred in Mukden, and shortly afterward announced a military administration of all the districts occupied. A survey of points held by Japanese troops at that time showed them to constitute the framework of an area roughly the size of Italy, and encompassing one of the richest regions of Asia.

Japan explained these actions as "self-defense measures" taken to protect her Manchurian treaty rights won from China "at a costly sacrifice of blood and treasure." The military occupation, stated the Japanese government, was to be temporary only. It was announced that the whole affair must be regarded as a "local incident", subject to settlement by direct negotiation with China. Outside opinion was not solicited.

Yet clearly the whole world was concerned. Japanese operations seemed to be patently a case of military aggression, an act of war, and hence a menace to peace between nations. The Powers were involved first of all because of this; secondly because their entire historical economic and political relationship with China was directly affected.

Immediate international inquiry was needed to decide whether the Japanese military, in adopting the use of force, had cast aside the restraints to which Japan had obligated herself under the Covenant of the League of Nations. There was also the Kellogg-Briand Anti-War Pact, by the simple terms of which Japan had abjured the use of war as a means of effecting the settlement of disputes between nations. Finally, there was the Nine Power Treaty, signed by Japan and all Powers with interests in the Pacific, at the Washington Conference in 1922. Japan's actions clearly challenged the sanctity of that Treaty, by which she and other Powers had agreed:

(1) To respect the sovereignty, the independence, and the territorial and administrative integrity of China;

(2) To provide the fullest and most unembarrassed opportunity for China to develop and maintain for herself an effective and stable government;

(3) To use their influence for the purpose of effectually establishing and maintaining the ("Open Door") principle of equal opportunity for the commerce and industry of all nations throughout China;

(4) To refrain from taking advantage of conditions in order to seek special rights or privileges which would abridge the rights of subjects or citizens of friendly States, and from countenancing action inimical to the authority of such States.

Manchuria was to become the testing ground for the effectiveness of all peace machinery. Could Japan be made to account for a violation of her treaty pledges? Would the nations of the world prosecute? If so, the governments which attempted to enforce any judgment against her would be accepting the grave responsibility of leading their peoples into war. If not, the whole peace edifice so carefully built up since the Versailles Conference seemed in imminent peril of collapse.

IV

THE Japanese invasion of Manchuria was all the more remarkable in antithesis with the statement which, a few days previous to the attack, had been issued at Shanghai by Mamoru Shigemitsu, Japanese envoy to China. Rumors of Japanese mobilization for the purpose of beginning operations against the Manchurian government had caused newspaper men to seek an interview with the Minister. There was no hesitancy in his denial.

"Such rumors are entirely groundless and absurd," he

declared on the authority of Tokyo. "The Japanese government still holds to the belief that settlement of various pending issues between the two countries will be effected through diplomatic channels instead of by force of arms. No change in that policy is contemplated."

This sounded ironic in contrast later with the perfect coordination of military and consular action in Manchuria. The advance notice given to Japanese and Koreans everywhere to seek cover and safety, and the breath-taking and admirable dispatch with which every detail of military operations was attended, seemed to establish beyond question that the various movements had been correlated through long premeditation. The plan, many phases of which had actually been rehearsed in advance, worked with scarcely a flaw. Japanese troops occupied more territory in a single night, and with fewer losses, than has any army in modern military history.

They did their job so thoroughly that it looked as if the war was already over. But, "life is a series of surprises"; this was but the beginning. The Japanese military, having launched its adventure, was to find the experience stimulating. Few would have believed at this time that their enthusiasm was soon to enlarge events to a scope such that America, France, Britain and Italy would be rushing warships to the Pacific, and hurrying troops to China. Certainly I did not then dream that I was to live through more than a month of siege in the greatest city of Asia.

But, what and where *is* Manchuria? Why should it excite Europeans and Americans? If Manchuria is Chinese territory, how did it happen that Japanese troops were stationed in the heart of the country? How was it that the chief rail artery, the South Manchuria Railway, was owned and operated by Japanese? How was it possible that the Japanese Army, in a single movement, could appropriate tens of thousands of square miles of territory which, if not Chinese,

was definitely not Japanese—and yet apparently with sincerity claim that its action was not a violation of international treaties devised to preserve peace and the *status quo*?

That is no mere feat of legerdemain, but the climax of a long historical process. Only through a survey of that process, only in retrospect that takes us on adventures through many years, can the significance of Manchuria in Asia's East, and in the present world, be understood. It is a fascinating story, this one of movement of historical and psychological forces behind contemporary action. Let us follow briefly along the course of that history before we begin to follow the campaigns in Manchuria of the Japanese Army. As an introduction, we shall first look at Dairen, gateway to Northeastern Asia, where I was ordered to proceed, by the *New York Sun-Consolidated Press Association*, to report happenings that ultimately may double the size of the Japanese Empire.

2

BIRTHPLACE OF CONQUERORS

THE modern façade which greeted me at Dairen, and behind it the fully developed validation of the promise, were richly symbolic. This was the buttress of Japan in Asia. It was the hilt of her lance thrust into the continent. And it was the heraldic talisman of the latest race to attempt to erect a base of power for expansion in Manchuria.

The fine harbor with its shipping facilities which Japan had improved to the status of the second greatest port in China, the splendid wharves, the tall buildings of red brick and gray stone, the wide paved highways, the street cars, busses, scurrying motor cars, airplanes overhead flying the mail, the shops with their neon signs dual in English and Japanese or Chinese, merchants in coat and trousers of Bond Street cut, all this was relevant to what Japanese penetration means in Manchuria. Here you saw sharply Japan stripped of her ancient complexion, become the vanguard of material things of the new East.

Dairen is to Manchuria what Shanghai is to the opulent regions of Central China. It drains the agricultural produce, the mineral and timber wealth of the rolling plains and the valleys of long-coursing rivers ranging down from the green-forested mountains of the north and west. It is a young city, scarcely 25 years old. Around it stretches the "leased territory" of Kwantung, 1,300 square miles. This, with another 108 square miles of Japanese railway zones, was all that Japan legitimately held of Manchuria's 382,000 square miles till last year. But it is a keystone holding.

Through Dairen passed 23 percent of the total trade of all China, and nearly 70 percent of the trade of Manchuria. Since the founding of Dairen, Manchurian trade had expanded in volume sixteen times.

Dairen, with its maze of hinterland communications and all that they imply, represents a kind of conquest new to Manchuria. But the experience of conquest itself is the oldest thing in the land. The Japanese are merely the latest victors, not the first nor perhaps the last, to rise in this Asia of the farthest north. For centuries Manchuria has been the birthplace of conquerors. Here have originated nearly all the stormy Asiatic venturers who in the past rode into the heart of civilizations, subjecting every race.

Manchuria is not a "new country" as we tend to think in the West; it is merely our contact with it that is new. Its history is as ancient as that of China. And in perspective it is a romantic thing; a chronicle of proud and gladiatorial men, warriors of the free spirit, and with the passionate urge of challenge and contest.

Nothing is more significant of the nature of Manchuria's past than the Great Wall of China. At Shanhaikuan, a day's sail westward across the Gulf of Pechihli from Dairen, it comes down to the sea to end a rambling career of more than 2,000 miles from its beginning on the edge of far Turkestan. The "problem of Manchuria" to-day was old for China when the Wall was built, 23 centuries ago. The most stupendous visage of masonry on earth, the only man-made thing, astronomers tell us, that could be seen from Mars, it was in a respect the world's greatest fiasco. For it did not keep out the barbarians of the north; it delayed, but did not prevent, the successive conquests of China.

The Great Wall serves to mark the southern boundary of what is now called Manchuria by Westerners, but is to Chinese known as "Tung Pei Shêng", the "North Eastern Provinces." On the east this country reaches along the Yel-

low Sea as far as Antung, at the mouth of the Yalu River. This is the Western boundary of Korea, Japan's Asiatic peninsular colony, which runs parallel with Manchuria as far north as Russian Siberia. From here the northern border of Manchuria, adjacent to Siberia, is formed by the Ussuri, Amur and Argun rivers. On the west its confine is the eastern extremity of Outer Mongolia and Inner Mongolia, and from there down to its junction with China proper again, at the Great Wall.

In area the original "Three Eastern Provinces" (Tung San Sheng) of Manchuria—Kirin, Fengtien and Heilunkkiang—embrace approximately 382,000 square miles, much larger than France and Italy combined, but with only slightly more than a third of their combined population. Of Manchuria's 30 millions to-day more than 90 percent are Chinese.

II

THREE thousand years before the Great Wall rose to define the limit of Chinese civilization, in a vast and varied land, stretching northward from the site of Peking to the Arctic Circle, there dwelt a primeval race of men known as the Tungus. They developed a norm of family life and gradually divided into various tribal communes. In time each built up its customs, its separate dialect, and its traditions of loyalty to leaders in the search for food and shelter.

Chinese history records early contacts, during the Chou Dynasty (1122–256 B.C.) with some of these tribes of the Tungus. There were the Sushen, the Tunghu, the Miehmo, the Fuyu, the Kaoli, and others. Of these, in the east the Kaoli became ascendant. In 1122 B.C. (422 years before Carthage was built), the Kaoli were consolidated into a

kingdom by a Chinese monarch called Chi Tzu, from whom Koreans, descendants of the Kaoli, to-day trace their history.

Living first in the valley of the Yalu River, the Kaoli Tungus spread gradually to the south, finally to advance to the end of the peninsula that is now Korea. With them they carried a vigorous germ of life, destined everywhere it touched to become a vital ethnical influence. Some penetrated farther south on the continent, and mingled with and for a while dominated the northernmost clans of China. One anthropologist asserts that the descendants of the Kaoli also pushed across the Bering Straits to Alaska, whence they filtered southward.

Other Kaoli Tungus, on quests of plunder, crossed the Tsushima Straits and merged with the then still amorphous racial character of Japan. Settling there at first on one of the northern islands, they were called *Yamato Jin* (Mountain-Pass Men). In time they became chieftains and from they grew the *daimyo*, or ruling caste of the islands. In time the Japanese race itself was to become known, after them, as Yamato. Centuries were to pass before the Yamato returned, in our time, to reëstablish themselves on the mainland of Asia, whence they sprang, it is believed, from the same root stock as the Mongols.

Farther west in early Manchuria there were other powerful tribes, the Wuwon, the Chitan, and the various Tartars, who had an earlier ethnical relationship with the Tungus. In centuries the tribal demarcations became more pronounced, but with all of them the way of life remained about the same.

They did not easily settle in one place. They were roaming and purely predatory creatures at first, drawing fish from the numerous streams, birds from the air with their bows and arrows, and abounding wild animals from the splendid forests which covered much of the land. Even-

tually their tribal ethnarchs became small kings, and then greater, arbitrarily marking down the limits of their hunting domains. But they still preferred to wander; they built few cities of any size. They were hardy men, for only the fittest survived in this life of the open. They suffered the lash of frozen winters and the brief torture of Saharan summers; and they grew stronger.

An instinctive love of freedom and esteem for the nobility of nomad life dominated the spirit of these early Manchurians. It was an instinct which became a settled philosophy of life. Nomads, and next herdsmen, it was natural for them to push on, and this tempered in them a robust, warring nature. From early times they began fighting the more civilized Chinese who by 400 B.C. had already introduced agriculture in southern Manchuria. They raided, plundered and devastated Chinese cities, apparently for the joy of it, for when they had finished, they rode on. The Great Wall did not stay these barbarous assaults, but served to make the invaders more invidious for they came now in greater numbers, and to linger.

But the raiding was not all on one side. When a strong military ruler held the Dragon Throne in China, armies were sent into the north for reprisals. Thus, in 664 A.D., during the T'ang Dynasty, an expedition from China mastered all the tribes of Manchuria, overthrew the Kaoli kingdom, and re-conquered Korea. The princes of the tribes were forced once again to pay tribute to the Chinese Emperor. Their territories, which had previously been subject to occasional Chinese conquest, were now incorporated more closely into the Empire as dependencies.

Men "beyond the passes" were still regarded by the T'ang Court as "barbarians." They were not easily assimilable, and China managed with difficulty to control them during the next 300 years. The powerful cultural tradition of the T'ang era, however, exerted a de-racializing influence

on the less well defined tribes in the lower wing of Manchuria, brought about partly by a further steady migratory movement of Chinese pioneers into the country beyond the Wall.

But a regrouping of the Manchurians hostile to this Sinicizing process, and the concurrent intensification of their own crude nomad-warrior tradition, strengthened and re-generated them. By the tenth century the more virile had formed in the heart of Manchuria a kingdom called Cathay. It was ruled by a tribe of the Tartars, who began now to show the genius for conquest which later was to take their descendants across the plains of Asia into Europe.

By 960 these Cathayan Tartars had built up an army of more than 150,000 fighting men, most of them mounted. Calling themselves the "Liao-jen", or "Men of Iron", they entered China in that year, led by the youthful commander Opaochi. With little opposition they crushed below the Wall, and established their capital at Peking. For a while north China was completely submerged by this Cathay born of the Manchurian wilds. The Cathayan Empire included, beyond the Wall, nearly all of what is to-day Mongolia, Manchuria and Korea.

III

A CENTURY and a half later other venturesome Tartars, the Nüchens, became paramount in northern Manchuria. They fought under a golden banner, and took the name "Chin", which means "Gold", from which the Chinese derived the term "Golden Horde." Iron rusts; gold endures forever, they said, and embattled with this faith they attacked the "Men of Iron", decisively overthrowing them

in 1123. They became supreme in Eastern Asia as far south as the Yangtze River. Their arc of invasion swept half across the continent, including parts of Russia, Turkestan and Tibet.

Laying a crimson pattern for greater conquests yet to come, the Golden Horde sent armies on marches of two, sometimes three thousand miles, to plunder and gather tribute from the outlands of Asia. In Turkestan and the Russian States they came to be feared for their superb warring tactics and hated and despised for their barbaric cruelties. They had a strange lust for violence and destruction which it took a century of exposure to Chinese civilization to subdue. Then, as they softened, another northern warrior rose against the Manchurian horizon, and prepared to cross the Great Wall to succeed them.

The newcomer bore the name Temuchin. Leading a group of independent Tartars amalgamated by his great-grandfather, he conquered the nucleus of an empire before he was 20. His followers looked with contempt upon the less warlike branches of the variegated Tartar family. They formed a romantic "free company" in a dark brotherhood of carnage. Fighting under a curious yak-tailed banner, they soon overthrew all the princes to the north and west of the Wall, and established undisputed dominion from the Amur River westward over the Gobi desert.

They made the seat of their power in a country which became known as Mongolia. They themselves, now definitely broken from the Tartars, were called Mongols. Under the leadership of the redoubtable Temuchin, who was chosen supreme ruler and took the title Genghis Khan, they cultivated the attitude of hostility; they seemed to derive a fierce, organic joy from armed contest. They gloried in the wide flung plunging advances and swift transits of their great masses of horsemen, who grew constantly in numbers and skill. They were men with a destiny of war

and adventure. In this mission they came to excel all who had gone before them, and all who followed.

In 1214 Genghis Khan and his Mongol raiders attacked Peking, massacred the leaders of the Golden Horde, and ended their rule in China. Unlike preceding conquerors, Genghis proved impervious to the ameliorating influences of Chinese culture. Nothing could impair his magnificent drive and energy. From north China he turned to pillage Manchuria and Korea, then bent toward Russia. His army, at times totalling more than half a million men on expedition, levelled Moscow and made all of Asiatic and European Russia tributary to the Mongol Empire.

Genghis' invincible armies moved southward. They conquered Turkestan and in India overthrew the Hindu kings. Persia, Arabia, Turkey and Asia Minor next fell before the yak-tailed banner. The conquerors pushed on, penetrating into Europe as far as the Danube. They reached the gates of Vienna, which they were prepared to storm; no army on earth could stand against them. Alarmed, the rulers of France and Germany offered tribute.

But Europe was saved, in 1227, by the death of Genghis. His chieftains were obliged to abandon the siege, and move back to Karakorum to elect a successor to him who rightly had styled himself "Conqueror of All Men." To his sons Genghis left as heritage the greatest empire the world has ever known.

Further conquests were made by other Khans. Under Kubilai, all of China, as well as the remainder of the Asiatic mainland, was subjugated. Kubilai brought the Mongol Empire to its zenith. His Court reached an acme of luxury and splendor such that, when the errant Marco Polo returned to Europe and accurately described it, his skeptical Venetian neighbors put him down as a madman victimized by hallucination. But Marco's tale of Shangtu, the Kubi-

lai's capital, reached far, and in England seized the imagination of Coleridge, who immortalized it for the West:

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree
Where Alph, the sacred river ran
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea.

IV

EVENTUALLY the Mongols suffered the fate of all races that have ruled China. They had won in war, but they could not win the peace. Gradually the slow infiltration of Chinese culture weakened them, civilized them, and the immense fecundity of the Chinese millions in time overwhelmed them. By 1368 another equinox was achieved in this paradoxical relationship, magnetic yet repellent, between China and the land "beyond the passes."

Under the leadership of Chu Yuan-chang, the Chinese reasserted themselves, overthrew the Mongol Tartars, and established the Ming Dynasty. Chinese armies conquered Tibet, Burma, and much of Indo-China. Mongolia itself was brought under their influence, an expedition succeeded in exterminating opposition in Manchuria, and Korea was once more made tributary to a Celestial Dragon Throne. Following the troops and administrators, Chinese colonists now pushed into farthest Manchuria, taking with them the substance of their race culture.

But other warriors, leading yet another epic tide of men, were to spring from the crucible of conflict above the Wall, this dynamic spark-center anomalous in passive Asia, this birthplace of conquerors. It took more than 200 years of the cyclic turn to create Nurhachu, leader of the new movement,

but his rise, once begun, had behind it the same indomitable and dramatic urge as the others.

Nurhachu was a Nuchen Tartar, descendant of the Golden Horde, which had never been completely eradicated either by the Mongol Tartars or the Ming Chinese. Grouping around him followers of the same genus, he made war with rapid success. Under the banners of fast-riding, hard-striking troops Nurhachu allied friendly tribes of similar breed and dialect. Those who joined with him he rewarded; those who proved hostile he annihilated.

By 1616 Nurhachu was able to declare his independence from China and establish a separate kingdom with a capital at Mukden. By 1626 his power had reached into Inner and Outer Mongolia. He died without realizing his ambition to smash through the Great Wall, but he had laid the foundation for the last great conquest, and he had founded a race from groups of nomad tribesmen. His heirs gave to him a posthumous title, part of which, transliterated into Chinese, had the sound "Man". Adding to this a "chu", meaning region, or district, the race of Han called Nurhachu's country "Man-chu" indicating that it had no entity separate from China.

These Manchu "bannermen" (*ch'i-jen,* "flagmen", is the Chinese term) did not penetrate the Wall till 1644, when due to the treachery of a Chinese rebel the gates at Shanhaikuan were opened to them. A hundred thousand strong, they descended swiftly upon the decadent Ming capital at Peking. They took the city, drove out, or killed, the Mings, and proclaimed Manchu rule over all the Chinese Empire.

At first naïve in statecraft, uncultured, small in numbers, without a real civilization, but adept at slaughter, the Manchus ruled China through prowess at arms alone. In time, they wisely copied the old Chinese tradition of government, and preserved the Chinese *literati* as the administrative class. Only the military power was kept in Manchu control,

by means of which taxes were levied, tribute collected, the Imperial Court and the nobility richly supported, and the reigns of Empire held.

Not till 1912 did the Manchu Dynasty, self-styled the "Great Pure", finally collapse with the forced abdication of the Boy Emperor, Pu Yi. Once again Chinese sovereignty was restored over the straggling dominions. And once again it was not the triumph of Chinese arms which brought on the debacle for the aliens so much as the subtler triumph of a mature and living culture. The handful of republican revolutionaries could never have ousted the Manchus had not the preceding generations influenced and changed their way of life, and eventually obliterated their racial identity.

The tragic epilogue of the great house of Nurhachu is that this same Pu Yi sits now upon a make-believe "throne" under the Japanese in the beyond-the-wall country, the Manchuria where once his ancestors issued edicts that all men "tremblingly obeyed." How this young innocent was lifted from his dignified obscurity, smuggled out of China, and forcibly made chief puppet of the Japanese fey government of "Manchukuo" is the story of an amazing exploit that came within my own observation and experience. It will be told as Pu Yi reappears in his new role; but it is necessary now to regard the island men of Nippon who created it.

3

SOURCE OF THE SUN

FAR back the Japanese are a race partly of Manchurian fiber, with Tartar blood and Kaoli pronounced even to-day. Remembering this, it seems a rich sequence of history to find them now on a mission of conquest. Their incursions on the mainland already show unmistakable indications of following the record of tribes that in the past lifted themselves from the Manchurian outlands, to vanquish inner Asia.

Other strains, however, have mingled with those coursing toward Japan from the northern continent. Into the southern limb of the islands came Shans, aborigines of China, and later the Han Chinese. From southern Asia, Malayan warriors brought in a blood that pushed out the white Ainu aborigines and became determinative in Honshu, largest of the four main islands. Some ethnologists assert that in early times Africans and Egyptians added to the pigmentation. Certainly they were a various people who built the early Yamato civilization upon these sea-girt isles off the great coast of China.

But abstinence from participation in the affairs of the mainland for hundreds of years destroyed, to a considerable degree, the extraneous mark of Japanese racial affinity with men of Asia. And isolation bred in them a remarkable homogeneity. Except for occasional marine and coastal wars, which amounted to little more than mutual piracy, the Japanese had no relations with Manchuria till recent times. Then it was only after their culture had been profoundly influenced by a revolutionizing contact with the West.

When Commodore Perry arrived off Yokohama with his American "black ships" in 1853, and obliged the Japanese to open their country to the West in the following year, he touched into motion a series of forces potent and dynamic. The result was a transformation from a group of loosely federated feudal states into an Empire of centralized control. The pressure of the mechanized West was to alter Japanese civilization and give to it a drive and energy with a destiny that inevitably led to aggression.

People in Western countries sometimes think of the Japanese and Chinese as very similar. That is erroneous. While Chinese blood, long ago, fused with the Japanese (the most interesting record of which is the strange story of the expedition of "three thousand beautiful Chinese youths and maidens" whom Ch'in Shih Huang Ti sent to Japan in the Third Century B.C. in search of the "Isles of Immortality"), it never became predominant. It is of course true that the Chinese and Japanese have a common cultural tradition, but there remain vast psychological and historical differences. These have rapidly widened during the past century. To-day the two peoples are more unlike, racially, in physical appearance, in national psychosis, than the British, for instance, and the Greeks. Were it possible, in a single sentence, to explain the outward manifestation of these divergences, perhaps Bertrand Russell would come nearest to it. "Japan, unlike China," he says, "is a religious country."

Japanese civilization is of comparatively recent origin. It was not till the seventh century, after two Japanese Buddhists had crossed the Yellow Sea and ventured into China, that coherent written history began. These two men, tutelary dieties now in Shinto, the Japanese state religion, brought back from the golden era of T'ang Chinese civilization, the arts of writing and poetry. They also established the Chinese name for their islands. Lying in the eastern seas, the men on the mainland naturally called them *Jih-*

pên, or the "source of the sun." This was transliterated, by Chinese characters, into the Japanese tongue. To-day we get it, colorfully translated into English, as "Land of the Rising Sun."

To Japan, during and after the T'ang Dynasty, went the refinements of a civilization which was then the greatest on earth. Confucianism, Buddhism and Taoism became the concerns of Yamato thought, along with Chinese music, drama, painting and ceramics. From China and Korea the Japanese also imported Chinese knowledge of medicine, astronomy, agriculture, and the uses of gunpowder, printing, paper and the compass.

With the supremacy of Chinese culture and Buddhism in Japan, certain political ideals and ethics were also adopted, but in the process acquired a peculiar Japanese complexion. In China the T'ang emperor was called "Son of Heaven." He was not generally believed divine, but since he governed it must be with the will of God. But in Japan when the Mikado became "Son of Heaven" it was not merely a figure of speech; he traced his lineage directly to the Sun Goddess.

Confucianism also, and the Classics, were studied by Japanese scholars and nobles, but while in China Confucianism became the cult of family, in Japan it became the cult of caste and clan. The Japanese adopted Chinese dress and etiquette, architecture and custom and practice. But they were elaborated so that their source often became hardly recognizable. Just as the Japanese later were to put their own interpretation on the meaning of Western civilization, so now they adapted Chinese culture to suit their tradition and environment.

People are puzzled that Japan has modernized, achieved unity so rapidly, and in a Western sense progressed, while China seemingly has descended further toward chaos and dissolution. China and Japan can no more be compared in

this respect than England with all Europe. It would be strange if China, vast and for centuries secure in its civilization (not dormant, as many suppose), were to react to Western stimuli in the same way as small, isloated, culturally immature, and geographically vulnerable Japan. That comparison is too involved a subject for lengthy consideration here. But in order to comprehend what Japan represents in Asia to-day, it is necessary to know something of recent origins.

Perry's visit to Yokohama found the Japanese grouped into three major clans, the Choshu, the Satsuma and the Tokugawa. Of these the Tokugawa had for centuries been ascendant. They controlled the Shogunate, to which the other clans gave limited allegiance. Under them the Mikado was shorn of all temporal power. Though Son of Heaven, and to the masses apparently still a divine being, the emperor had exercised little real authority since the twelfth century.

Social and political life revolved around the clan chieftains, who were the sole arbiters for the millions of low caste peasants and townsmen. With their clan leaders the warriors, or *samurai,* formed the upper and ruling class in Japanese civilization. This, of course, was in direct antithesis of the Chinese social scheme, where the soldier stood lowest of all. Clan rivalry, the desire for military supremacy, was the prime movitating force which in the beginning caused the Satsuma and Choshu to overthrow the Tokugawa and restore the power of the Throne. Nationalism, and the jingoism that characterizes the Japanese to-day, were incidental and later developments.

When the Tokugawa Shogunate collapsed, in 1867, the Choshu and Satsuma immediately effected the Restoration, or Reformation, as Japanese historians call it, with Emperor Meiji on the Throne. Backed by the might of these clan allies, Meiji Tenno was given supreme power to direct the

new forces that were to metamorphize Japan. Fortunately he measured up to his responsibilities. He was intelligent, with a genius for handling men. Still youthful, he not only grasped the fundamental importance of rapid change, he helped to create the new spirit that made it possible. He possessed, above all, a profound sense of history. He dealt with the realities of his day so masterfully that he left a lasting impress on Japanese character. As for a time Athens "wore the face of Pericles" so Japan wore, and still wears to-day, the face of Meiji. The more one studies the difficulties which faced the Emperor during this period, the more one considers the social and political revolution which successfully destroyed the *caste* power and privilege accumulated during centuries, the more one realizes that it could only have been achieved under extraordinarily able leadership. Historians will probably agree, a century hence, that when Meiji Tenno ruled he was in many ways the greatest man alive.

Around Meiji the Satsuma and Choshu leaders, with a few from the Tokugawa and smaller clans, were grouped as an advisory council called the Genro. During the next generation these men and the Emperor alone ruled Japan. One of the Genro, Prince Saionji, still lives, and he has the prerogatives that all Genro had. He has ready access to the Emperor, and his advice on questions of national importance is never ignored. To-day the Privy Council, made up of titled Elder Statesmen, takes the place of these Genro, though their influence is not as great.

The transformation did not occur all at the top, of course. Among the younger *samurai,* the coming of the "outer barbarian" stirred great excitement. Some were for driving away the foreigners, or murdering them. Others, and this school prevailed after the British had demolished the paper houses of Yokohama with a few cannon shots, urged, that

the secrets of the Westerners' strength must first be mastered, and then they could be easily evicted forever.

Among those who early recommended this was Yoshida Shoin, the celebrated teacher of Ito, Inouye, Yamagata, and other builders of modern Japan. Yoshida had remarkable vision. He knew that unless Japan acquired the science of modern warfare, and became equal to the barbarians in its application, she would soon be absorbed. Nothing could prevent her from being made subject to one of the martially stronger Western nations. So he taught that Japan must learn this new technique of slaughter. He urged further that when she did, she could win supremacy in the East, expand her Empire to include Formosa, Korea, Manchuria and China. In time perhaps she could challenge Europe for control of the world.

Two of this teacher's students, Hirobumi Ito and Kaoru Inouye, who were to become the Jefferson and Hamilton of Japan, took his prophesies seriously and smuggled themselves to England, where they could study at first hand this strange civilization of violence. Their argosy was to affect Japan's destiny as much as the journey of the two intrepid monks who, more than a thousand years earlier, had braved the hardships of a journey to the T'ang capital, whence they brought back the gift of literacy. Before death, these youths were to attain the highest honors and be made princes of Japan.

II

LIKE George Bernard Shaw, the soft-spoken Ito was "an expert picker of other men's brains." Therein lay his genius and therein lies the genius of modern Japan. After Ito's return from Europe, his knowledge of the West won for

him a prominent place among the older council members of his clan. Age began to count for less and less in the changing nation as rapidly it broke from the vitiating doctrines of Confucianism. Likewise Inouye's words were heeded now. He acquired influence in the inner councils of the Genro. HENCEFORTH these two worked indefatigably toward their goal: the raising of Japan to a status of equality with Western nations, and the expansion of the Empire. Their program required the wholesale importation of Western sciences, the abandonment, temporarily at least, of the old cultural ties that had appeared to make Japan one with Asia. Unity having been achieved, and the new order stabilized, Ito, Inouye and others of these first "returned students" were given more and more freedom in the remaking of the nation.

The process was unique, with no parallel in history. In less than 50 years a great part of Japan's fabric of life was rewoven to conform to a new pattern. Illiteracy vanished, and the slow method and the archaic everywhere were superseded by the quick of the West. The *samurai* were forced to hang up their swords and learn the use of more lethal weapons. Engineering, medicine, architecture, every phase of the new science, with its essence in the capitalist system, was swallowed by Japan. She electrified, mechanized, industrialized, systematized, and standardized on the basis of big city life of the West. She completely revised her written language, introducing a simpler *kata-gana* to use as the new medium of a new day. Hundreds of strange and wonderful neologisms poured into the language, ranging from *aice-koremu* (ice cream) and *rampu* (lamp) to *haikara* (high collar) and *stobu* (stove). But, above all, Japan militarized with mysterious new ordnance from abroad.

Yet each importation was made to fit into a socio-political pattern distinctly indigenous. The Genro and the Emperor Meiji achieved what many formerly believed impossible.

They contrived to give the people the superior methods and knowledge of Western civilization and at the same time fasten upon them a system of government that as its fundamental truth recognizes the Emperor as the incarnation of God. The significance of this phenomenon is in some places not yet fully realized.

The propagation of Western science and the widespread application of the benefits of that science in Japan, have scarcely touched the mass faith in this theocratic conception of society. It seems nearly incredible that this should be so. Learning to use efficiently all the forces which in the Occident developed political realism and sociological rationalism have in Japan produced no appreciable effect upon ethics and religion. That this was the purpose of the founders of the Restoration is understood. But that the nation has fulfilled that purpose almost as planned is truly amazing. State and religion are to-day inseparable in Japan.

Prince Ito shows clearly in his *Commentaries on the Constitution of Japan,* what was intended when he framed that remarkable document, which the Emperor promulgated, in 1889. "The Sacred Throne," he says, "was established at the time when the heavens and earth became separated. The Empire is Heaven-descended. The Emperor is preëminent above all His subjects. He must be reverenced and inviolable. He has, indeed, to pay due respect to the law, but the law has no power to hold Him accountable to it. Not only shall there be no irreverence for the Emperor's person, but also neither shall He be made a topic of derogatory comment, nor one of discussion . . . the Emperor, on His throne, combines in Himself the sovereignty of the State and the Government of the country and of His subjects. . . ."

This was the core of the faith spread by the Satsuma and Choshu Genro after the Restoration. They were so successful that in Japan to-day it is popularly believed the emperors

have always had the omnipotent power now exercised. It is also commonly believed that the Japanese are god-descended. By virtue of the divine spark they possess attributes shared by no other race of men. Consequently their history marches with a pontifical swing, magnificently unconcerned with fact where it confutes cherished belief. Thus you find modern Japanese gravely believing that Jimmu Tenno founded the ruling dynasty of Japan on February 11, 660 B.C., a myth with little more foundation than the famous announcement by Bishop Ussher a few centuries ago that the world was created in six days, beginning at 9 a.m. on October 23, 4004 B.C. With regard to the latter, in Europe it was for a time heretical to believe otherwise. In Japan it is treason to-day publicly to deny the legend of Jimmu Tenno. It is illegal for the student to doubt. To do so is a "dangerous thought." Japanese textbooks skillfully submerge the fact, known to every scholar, that Japan's written history began no earlier than the Sixth Century, A.D.

The ancient belief in direct lineal descent from Heaven was fostered by the Genro, and embellished. They went far back into past to secure the idea upon an olden faith called Shinto. It was an obscure religion that had prevailed in Japan more than a thousand years ago, before Buddhism was introduced. It had not been forgotten, but had long been decadent. The Genro, searching for a name and some background to authenticate the new cult which they wished to promote, seized upon Shinto. They built around it the conception of theocracy and into it poured all the myths and legends that glorified Japan's past. Some of them were pure fiction, some had a basis of fact. This new religion of "hero-worship" became the true credo, and the Emperor's subjects were taught it along with their physics and geometry problems. And they had faith; they believed. "To the Japanese mind," says Neville Whymant, who spent many years in modern Japan, "no proof is needed. The science

of anthropology may take its usual course so far as other peoples are concerned, but with the Japanese a certain line must be pursued. . . . No wonder the Japanese are convinced of their divine origin when even mighty science can be bent to their will!"

Shinto is taught to Emperor Hirohito's subjects now, as it was to Meiji's half a century ago. Every subject is required to adore its gods and tutelary genii. From infancy the Japanese kowtows in Shinto shrines, where he prays before the apotheosized Meiji, and worships Hirohito as the reigning God. Shinto explains why Japan, in a world of declining imperialism, is to-day the strongest real monarchy on earth. There are outer appearances of democracy such as the enfranchisement of voters, and the extension of various other rights to subjects. But the Emperor, through the psychology of Shinto, and the legality of the constitution, can rule as a despot—or a god.

"Through the constitution of Japan," comments Prince Ito, "the Japanese Emperor exercises the legislative power, executive power, and judiciary power. The Emperor convokes the Imperial Diet, opens, closes, prorogues and dissolves it. When the Imperial Diet is not sitting, Imperial ordinances may be issued in place of laws. The Emperor has supreme control of the Army and Navy, declares war, makes peace and concludes treaties; orders amnesty, pardon and commutation of punishments."

As the main purpose of modernization was to prepare Japan for her role of paramountcy in Asia, the Emperor strove to make his subjects as adept at militarism as their Western teachers. Shinto immensely simplified the task. So did *bushido,* the code of the *samurai,* a glorification of militant loyalism, which had long been the ethnical ideal. The evolution of this sentimental loyalism to aggressive nationalism was quickly and easily achieved.

England, in most things, became the mentor for the new

Japan. The English navy was copied and English sea fighting tactics adopted; hundreds of English instructors came over to show the Way. For the army, Japan followed the pattern of Germany.

The Emperor gave to the Satsuma clan the responsibility for making the navy second to none in the Pacific, and to the Choshu leaders the task of making an army that could stand against any in Asia. The lives of Clive, Stanley, Livingstone, Bismarck and other European empire-builders for a time became models for the ambitious young cadets. But they did not get into Shinto. And when Japan had created heroes of her own in modern warfare, both European heroes and instructors were promptly dismissed.

Meiji's role became that of "Keeper of Peace in the East." Japan became the policeman of the Orient. But in order to police, it was necessary to have "rights and interests." In order to protect "rights and interests" (because the Chinese and other Orientals were scarcely civilized peoples who did not understand the secrets of the great guns and ships) it was necessary to have physical control of the land. And in order to establish the claim to this physical control, it was necessary to carry on both economic and military penetration. That was the cycle that turned ever in wise Emperor Meiji's mind.

The Emperor and the Genro early saw that with industrialization and the introduction of modern medicine, hygiene, sanitation and other scientific innovations Japan would soon be too small to hold the population. Did they encourage smaller families? Decidedly not. They marked upon the map what areas Japan would require for expansion: Formosa, Korea, Siberia, Manchuria, Mongolia and China. Toward the end of Meiji's time the population reached some 40 odd millions, and the nation, then about half the size of Texas, became too small for them.

To-day the Japanese world includes Formosa, Sakhalin,

Korea, the Pescadores, and now Manchuria and part of Inner Mongolia. How long will that hold the new population, which has topped the 70,000,000 mark nearly 90,000,000 with all the Emperor's non-Japanese subjects) and increases almost a million annually, the most prolific rate among modern nations? A baby arrives in the Japanese Empire every 25 seconds and the average Japanese mother bears three children to one born by the American. Birth control is a "dangerous thought" and there is a law against it. Margaret Sanger was refused entrance to Japan; the military was horrified to learn that she preached a Heretical Way: the limitation of propagation.

So from the first the army and navy dominated national thought in the new era of Westernized Japan. Japanese were told to propagate that the race might grow in stature and strength; that new policemen be available for keeping the Eastern peace; that new cannon-fodder be numerous to protect Japan's rights and interests.

Shipping companies were organized by the government, with the knowledge of their utility in time of war; Japan's resources are limited and she must have communication with supplies or raw materials. When cotton mills and silk filatures were built they were designed to enable rapid transformation into munitions factories. Other huge businesses were made to conform both to present economic needs and the requirements of war.

Big business in Japan became practically one giant trust, with 70 percent of all trade and industry to-day in the hands of a dozen great families such as the Mitsuis, Iwasakis, Mitsubishis, Inouyes, Suzukis and Yamagatas. These were the descendants of nobility; they owed their new wealth and power to the Throne. And they were the agents whereby Japan delivered, and still delivers, the economic thrusts into Asia that move ever congruous with the press of war. Thus

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the new capitalism, like religion, became inseparable from the state. To doubt one was to doubt all.

Moreover, in a land where education became directed strictly in the interests of nationalism, skepticism of any kind was not only a dangerous, but a poisonous thought, and punishable by law.

III

BY THE 1890's the new spirit in Japan had created a nation-wide stimulus for expansion. The people had begun to digest and assimilate the nourishment gulped down whole, and on their little islands felt cramped.

By 1894 the militarists, whose domination in the changed order was only feebly challenged by the civil government, were ready to give expression to the need in a war with China. They challenged the ancient suzerainty of the Dragon Throne over Korea, Japan's nearest neighbor, and the logical line for advance into the continent.

As fruit of victory in this war Japan forced China, militarily impotent under the declining Manchu régime, to yield concessions far-reaching in their significance. By the Treaty of Shimonoseki China relinquished Formosa and the Pescadore Islands to Japan. She also had to cede the Liaotung Peninsula in South Manchuria, an area in excess of 10,000 square miles, the apex of which is the present city of Dairen.

But Japan was not to secure her foothold in Manchuria so easily. The Western Powers, startled and exercised by this sudden display or military competence, saw in it a grave threat to their own ambitions to partition China. Most concerned of all was Russia who in the north now had Siberia embracing Manchuria above the Amur and Ussuri

rivers. She was embarked on a scheme for further penetration southward. Japan in the Liaotung peninsula would block forever her dream of dominating the East watered by the Pacific.

Together with France, who was heavily backing this Tsarist push by financing its vanguard of railway construction, Russia "advised" Japan "in a spirit of cordial friendship" to relinquish her hold on Liaotung. Germany also was induced to join the move. She felt her own interests in northern China jeopardized by this rise of an Eastern Power. Fleets of the three nations began to converge on Japanese waters.

Japan's gorge rose. As the volatile Count Okuma was to storm later on, so thought his countrymen then: "The Japanese are not inferior to the white races, but fully their equals. . . . The whites are defying destiny and woe to them!" But the Mikado had no choice; he could not fight three such powerful nations; he yielded to the "advice of his friends." Liaotung was returned, and an indemnity accepted instead. The Japanese military withdrew from Manchuria, but with the vow that within a decade they would be back.

After this rebuff the Japanese grew alarmed; the struggle was to be more difficult than they had imagined. Perhaps they would have to fight not only China, but all Europe and the United States as well. Since the Sino-British wars of the 1840's and later, when British opium merchants had caused the Emperor at Peking to legalize opium traffic and permit the importation of Indian opium, the European nations had steadily encroached on China's sovereignty.

England early had taken Burma and the Shan States, dependencies of China. She had seized the island of Hongkong, followed by concessions yielded at Shanghai, Hankow, Amoy, Tientsin, Wei Hai Wei, Newchuang, and trading rights granted elsewhere throughout the interior. She dom-

inated trade on the China coast and established a commercial supremacy in the Yangtze valley that lasts till this day.

France had taken Tonkin and Annam, kingdoms tributary to Peking, now part of French Indo-China. She also had wrested from China concessions in various cities along the coast and the rivers, where she competed with the British. Germany had Tsingtao and a strip of land through Shantung province, which became known as her "sphere of influence." She had concessions similar to those which France and England had forced from China at the mouth of cannon, and so also had Austria, Italy, Belgium and Portugal. America, though declining either to make war or take concessions, had followed immediately on the heels of the English. Where they went they acquired the same rights of trade under the "most favored nation" clause. American nationals now avidly engaged in the exhilarating game of economic and commercial exploitation of the slumbrous dragon.

Observing this, Japan's ruler concluded that only by utilizing the jealousy existing between the Powers then diligently bent on carving China, could his own aims in Manchuria and China be realized. Looking round for an ally, the Mikado chose England. In British India, the English fearfully looked northward, at the threat of Tsarist expansion, "the bear that walks like a man." Also they saw Russia as a danger to British interests in Manchuria and North China. So the English welcomed an alliance with the new strong men of the East, who in a possible Anglo-Russian war could seriously threaten the Russian flank in the north.

It was a brilliant and colorful diplomacy that brought together the monarchs of the Atlantic and Pacific. The Anglo-Japanese Pact was signed in 1902. It provided that if either signatory were involved in war, the other would remain neutral unless a third nation joined the enemy. In that case Japan and England would become allies in war.

The Japanese military now felt more secure. With England backing them, no nation (France had been feared) would help Russia. They turned then to building an army from their "dwarfmen", as the Chinese called them, that would defeat the giant war machine of the Imperial Tsar, whose troops were then believed invincible in contest by land.

Russia continued arrogantly to penetrate into Manchuria. She first secured from China concessions granting the right to construct a railway across North Manchuria, from the western border town of Manchuli down 900 miles or more through Harbin to connect with the Ussuri-Siberian Railway at Pogranichnaiya. That completed, a line for the first time existed from Vladivostok, on the Pacific, straight across Asia, to Berlin and Paris.

In return for a secret alliance which promised Russian help in case of further Japanese invasion of China, the Dragon Emperor gave Russia numerous additional privileges. These included important mining and timber leaseholds, and residential concessions to be under Russian administration.

Finally, China reluctantly agreed to permit Russia to build a spur line down from Harbin, southward 592 miles through Mukden, the capital of Manchuria, and out at Port Arthur, near the site of Dairen. Russia ended by taking over the Liaotung Peninsula, which she had forced Japan to return to China. She entrenched her control of the economic life of Manchuria. She secured her military power in the strategic positions, fortifying Port Arthur to a degree believed impregnable.

The decade had elapsed. Japan's fury at Russia for robbing her of what she regarded as legitimate spoil had never diminished. By 1904 she was ready to strike back. With no warning declaration of war she suddenly attacked from

Korea, a country whose autonomy Japan had repeatedly guaranteed to the world.

Manchuria became the battleground. Over the same plains where Hun and Tartar had fought for centuries, the Japanese now engaged Russia in a desperate bid for mastery. It did not seem odd to either of them, apparently, that the garden of a neutral neighbor should be used for this strange war. China, whose sovereignty had long been recognized by both Japan and Russia, protested. Still uninstructed in the new gunnery, she was powerless to do anything more emphatic.

After a year and a half Japan had spent 2,000,000,000 yen (1,000,000,000) and 220,000 lives in the struggle. Economically she was bankrupt, her resources were exhausted, her man power spent. Russia, after blundering through stupid defeats, was at last organized for a prolonged battle in North Manchuria. But in Moscow a revolution was troubling the Tsar, and peace was desirable. When Japan expressed willingness to negotiate he decided to assent. In the negotiations the Japanese thoroughly outwitted the Tsarist representatives. They turned what might have been a stalemate into a victory which won Japan a place among the great capitalist powers.

By the Treaty of Portsmouth, arranged through the mediation of the late President Theodore Roosevelt, Japan acquired Russian Port Arthur, and all Russian railways, rights and concessions granted in South Manchuria by Chinese treaties. Japan took over the South Manchuria Railway from the Yellow Sea 442 miles through the heart of the land to Changchun. She acquired from China further rights to construct a line from Antung, connecting Korea with Mukden, the capital of Manchuria.

But in the north, Russia remained a threat. Japanese victory had not been complete enough to dislodge the most dangerous rival for paramountcy. Japan did not even

succeed in establishing administrative power over South Manchuria. It remained, except for the Japanese railway zones and the Kwantung Leased Territory, under Chinese rule. And even these interests, Japan had to swear solemnly by treaty, would never at any time be used to effect any impairment of Chinese sovereignty, or for any measure inconsistent with the principle of equal opportunity known as the "Open Door."

IV

DURING the next decade, while Japan slowly recovered from the shock of the war, the tragedy of her militarism gradually became apparent. She had begun too late. Other Powers had completed their colonial period, and were disposed now to be magnanimous toward the weak. They wished to "save" China from each other, and for the new economic imperialism. Japan, having fought two wars to win Manchuria, had to be content for the time with a mere foothold.

The military, however, continued to lay plans for future conquest. They prepared the way first by violating all promises made to preserve the autonomy of Korea.

Viscount Miura, strong supporter of the expansionists' schemes, had accomplished the first important step boldly by organizing the murder of the Korean Queen, a woman of will, and on her throne placing a male who would be obedient to Japan. Having decided upon the annexation, a pretext was needed to justify it before the world. When this was provided by the assassination of Prince Ito the military lost no time in acting.

Japan overthrew the Korean Emperor, "removed" the recalcitrants among his following, and in 1910 proclaimed

Korea an integral part of the Japanese Empire. The West sent up no word of protest. Japan was still England's ally; France and Germany were concerned elsewhere. America, despite her treaty which pledged diplomatic intervention in case any nation dealt unjustly with Korea, was the first to recognize its new status as a colony. It was thought in Washington that Japan on the northern mainland would be an effective check to Russia. And it was Russia then whom America most feared as imperilling the sanctity of the "Open Door" for free trade.

Encouraged, the Japanese lifted their attention further west, toward Manchuria and Mongolia, with an eye also on Russian Siberia. In 1915, as a result of Japan's entry into the World War, the government of Japan became a government by the Army General Staff. But when making war against Germany, Count Okuma, then premier, declared that Japan "neither plans to acquire any territories, nor to deprive China or any other nations of any of their possessions."

A few months later the Japanese attacked the Germans in China, captured Tsingtao, and seized the German-built railway in Shantung. Shortly afterward, while all Europe was involved in colossal warfare, this Count Okuma, the same who spoke above, presented China with the famous "21 Demands." Unprovoked by any hostile Chinese action, pitiless in its opportunism (for China was utterly incapable of offering resistance without outside help which was now impossible), this note ranks as the most ruthlessly cynical international document in modern times.

The "21 Demands" were divided into five groups, as originally presented in 1915. The first required that China agree to transfer all German rights in Shantung to Japan, and that in this province certain new ports be opened and new railways be built by Japanese. Other Powers were to be excluded from exploitation there.

The second group demanded what amounted to a protectorate in Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia, with the Japanese in control of railways and with exclusive rights for economic and commercial exploitation. The third group demanded a monopoly of mines, iron and steel works in the Yangtze valley. The fourth group consisted of the single demand that China agree not to cede any harbor, bay or island to any Power but Japan.

Most devastating of all, the fifth group demanded that Japanese political, financial, and military advisers be employed by the Chinese government; that the police in certain cities be under joint Sino-Japanese administration; that China should purchase from Japan at least 50 percent of her munitions; that Japan should have the right to construct strategic railway lines in the Yangtze valley; and that Japanese should be permitted to spread their ethics (presumably Shinto) throughout China.

The alternative to granting these trifling favors was war. Count Okuma sent an ultimatum to back up his threat. After some bargaining, which resulted in the fifth group of demands being considerably modified, and others abandoned, Yuan Shih-kai, "president" of China, instructed his foreign minister to capitulate. But the then parliament of China refused to ratify the "treaty" and it never constitutionally became valid. This did not seem to bother Count Okuma and the militarists in Japan. They had Yuan's signature and to them that was enough.

It is largely on the basis of rights supposedly acquired by this extraordinary "Treaty of 1915", resulting from the "21 Demands," that Japan to-day defends her action and position in Manchuria. Since the fall of Yuan Shih-kai in 1917, no government in China has recognized that treaty. It is improbable that any government in the future will recognize it until Japanese troops occupy the capital, and

effect, by violence, a complete emasculation of China's independence.

Toward the close of the European war, the Japanese General Staff, satisfied with apparent success over the "21 Demands", turned anon to the old program of expansion. Nominally to assist the repatriation of Czecho-Slovakian troops, and to guard Allied supplies in Russia, Japan sent an armed expedition into Siberia and Manchuria.

She gave her solemn assurance to China and Western nations that no more than 12,000 armed forces would be used. She sent 72,000. She was prepared to send as many more, it was subsequently revealed, as might be necessary to accomplish the purpose of the Intervention. That purpose, exposed by General William S. Graves' indubitably equitable book, *America's Siberian Adventure,* was obviously to set up in Siberia a government subservient to Japanese control, a government in name independent, but in fact puppet to the Japanese military.

Here again the islanders' aim was frustrated by joint action of the Powers. Japan had made the mistake of entering Siberia in "coöperation" with her Allies of the World War. When at last it became evident that the ostensible reasons for the intervention had entirely collapsed, the allies withdrew. They then demanded Japan's withdrawal also.

The United States, now aware that she had been duped, led in the demand, with a thinly veiled threat of reprisal. In no position to defy the galaxy of Powers, then with armies and navies of full war-time strength, and fearful of losing international recognition of all she believed she had acquired in the East as a result of the War, Japan was forced to abandon her operations against the bolsheviks. Bowing before the inevitable, she withdrew her troops in 1922, to begin another decade of preparation.

Much has transpired during this past decade in the East.

Japan's militant nationhood has continued to grow. So have her responsibilities to the world. As the cumulative result of the annexation of Korea, the seizure of Shantung, the "21 Demands", the Siberian expedition, and various other demonstrations by the military, Japan had become looked upon with distrust, but her motives in Asia were to be lifted above international suspicion and watchfulness by the careful statesmanship of Shidehara, liberal successor to the late Prince Ito.

Development of a Japanese genius for international diplomacy, and several specific acts of friendship and amelioration, helped reëstablish lost confidence. Japan became signatory to the Nine-Power Pact, provisions of which forbade her to interfere in domestic Chinese politics. She joined the League of Nations, by which she pledged herself not to resort to war.

As a result of the Washington Conference in 1923, she even restored Shantung to China. She agreed to cancel certain of the more objectionable articles in the Treaty of 1915, which, however, Chinese delegates now completely disavowed. In the interests of world peace, she renounced her alliance with England. Further, Japan signed the Kellogg-Briand Anti-War Pact. She acknowledged that any nation warring against another should be considered an international outlaw.

But in the Washington Armament Conference Japan had achieved one great diplomatic victory. By her conciliatory tactics she managed to induce the Powers to rest in her the chief responsibility for peace in the Orient. In the "10 to 6 naval ratio" and in other naval limitations measures Japan for the first time became mistress of the Pacific. No single Power could challenge her. This was better than any alliance with England. True, war had been outlawed, and at first the jingos were inclined to feel that all they had won was being swept from Japan's grasp. But the real mentors of

the nation, the Army General Staff, fully appreciated the advantage of their position. Behind them the militarists massed the support of the nation's 5,000,000 trained soldiers (220,000 are in the standing army) and succeeded in overthrowing the Minseito administration, responsible for most of the "peace acts."

"Blood and Iron" Baron Tanaka, then leader of the more militant Seiyukai Party, and spokesman for the military, came into control of the Japanese Government. He at once announced his intention to follow a "strong policy" against China, and his subsequent acts proved it. His first stroke was to send an army of occupation into Shantung, to "protect Japanese lives and property." But the time was not yet ripe for the great adventure, and after a few months the troops were withdrawn.

One of most significant developments of recent years in Japan has been the revival and intensification of anti-Americanism. Wrote Lieutenant-General Kiokatsu Sato, formerly of the Army General Staff:

"We hate the Japanese Government which, because of its fickleness and weakness, has endured these insults (from the U. S. A.), has endured these abuses. However, we must hate the Government of the United States to a much greater degree. We cannot help but hate and despise these people, who have perpetrated all kinds of crimes and violence against the Japanese race."

The Japanese masses now hold America responsible for a long catalog of offenses against Japan. Some of the commonest credos are worth listing. It was the United States which originally gave the Chinese the idea of establishing a republic, thereby frustrating Japanese aims to subjugate the Manchu Dynasty. It was America which began the exclusion of Oriental immigration. It was the United States which, by refusing to recognize the treaty resulting from

the "21 Demands", because it conflicted with the Open Door policy, encouraged China to ignore it. It was America which obliged the Japanese to evacuate Siberia. It was America which, at the Washington Conference, forced Japan to relinquish Shantung. It has been the United States which, in many instances, has prevented the break-up of China into colonies of the Powers.

Popular indignation found ominous articulation, during Tanaka's premiership, in a remarkable document supposedly submitted to the Emperor. This has become known as the "Tanaka Memorial". It was believed prepared following a conference held in June, 1927, when high civil and military officials from the Empire assembled to make recommendations regarding future policy in Asia, but ostensibly to consider other governmental matters. The sessions were secret, as was the subsequent "Memorial". A clerk employed in the Japanese Foreign Office is said to have purloined a copy of it. Translations were made available to the foreign embassies, and later to the foreign press.

The advantages of Mongolia and Manchuria, this document explains, are not merely in scarcity of population in a country three times as large as Japan, but with a third of her population; they also have greater undeveloped wealth in mines, agricultural possibilities and timber than any land.

"To make the most of these resources," it continues, "for the perpetuation of our national glory we created the South Manchuria Railway. The total sum invested in our undertakings in railway, shipping, mining, forestry, steel manufacture, agriculture, and cattle farming, as schemes claiming to be mutually beneficial to China and Japan, amounts to 440,000,000 yen. In effect it is the greatest single investment, and the bulwark of our country's organization.

"Although nominally the enterprise is under the joint ownership of the Government and the people, in reality the Government has complete power and authority. The

South Manchuria Railway has a peculiar position, with powers analogous to those of the Governor-General of Korea, and authority to conduct diplomatic, police, and ordinary administrative functions, so that it may carry out our Imperial policy. This fact alone is sufficient to indicate the immense interests we have in Manchuria and Mongolia.

"Therefor the policies of successive administrations toward this country since the time of Meiji are still based on his injunctions, elaborating and continuously completing the development of the new continental empire, to further advance our national glory and prosperity for countless generations to come."

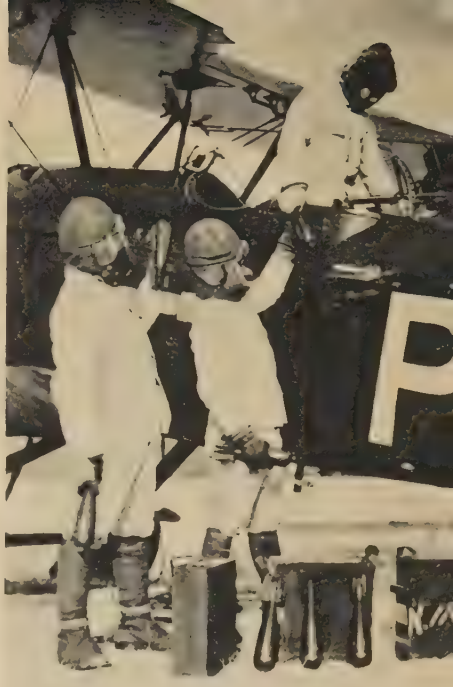
The "Memorial" contains about 5,000 words, much too voluble to quote here. But pertinent paragraphs are illuminating as they seem to reflect the view which apparently prevails among the military and the reserve soldiery of Japan to-day.

"The Three Eastern Provinces are politically the imperfect spot in the Far East; to safeguard ourselves as well as others, Japan cannot remove the difficulties in Eastern Asia unless she adopts a policy of blood and iron. In carrying out this we have to face the United States, which has been turned against us by China's policy of fighting poison with poison.

"In the future if we wish to control China the primary move is to crush the United States, just as in the past we had to fight the Russo-Japanese War. But to conquer China we must first take Manchuria and Mongolia. If we conquer China and the rest of the Asiatic countries, then those of the South Seas will fear us and surrender. Then the world will realize that Eastern Asia is ours, and will not dare to violate our rights. This is the plan left to us by the Emperor Meiji, the success of which is essential to our national existence."

This document, with its very detailed recommendations for combined economic and military penetration into Manchuria and Mongolia, supposedly formed the basic plan







Left: Lieutenant-General Shigeru Honjo, conqueror of Manchuria. *Right and belo*
No Nine-Power Treaty, no League of Nations, no Anti-War Treaty, no note from
Colonel Stimson ... was to stop them.

for positive action intended to be commenced as soon as practicable. It has become a subject of international controversy. The Japanese government branded it as apocryphal. The late Premier Inukai, the "Old Fox", denounced it as spurious. Tanaka himself did not live to repudiate it.

The recent tragic death of the "Old Fox", who was assassinated by fascists with views confessedly akin to those expressed in the "Memorial", seems to offer fitting testimony to the reality of the spirit behind it, even if the document itself is bogus. And if a forger framed this "Memorial" he was possessed of omniscience. Although it first appeared in 1928, it was to prove an almost unerring guide to the march of Japanese imperialism within the last year. For in Tokyo the army and navy, separately commanded by the Emperor, and responsible to him alone, had prepared to realize just such a plan as the "Memorial" succinctly indicated. And when at last the moment was achieved, they were ready as never before. This time no Nine-Power Pact, no League of Nations, no Anti-War Treaty, no note from a Colonel Stimson, was to stop them.

4

THE "CHANG DYNASTY"

GOING northwest across the province of Fengtien, I came into Mukden at the end of an eight-hour journey over the South Manchuria Railway from Dairen. Mukden had been the seat of Young Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang's Chinese government. Now it was the center whence radiated the armed antenna which Japan was sending further and further into Manchuria. Here smiling Lieutenant-General Shigeru Honjo, commander-in-chief of the Japanese expeditionary forces, was directing the advance on all fronts.

When General Honjo arrived in Mukden, a few hours after the first bullets had spat death into the Chinese cantonments at Pei Tai Ying, he found everything in readiness. Preparations made days ahead of the outbreak of war had omitted scarcely a detail in converting the large Japanese government-owned South Manchuria Railway office building into Japanese army headquarters. The general had only to call in his staff, consult military maps already properly marked, and hung upon the walls, and instruct them in his campaign.

Other large buildings in the Japanese concession at Mukden were similarly metamorphized into various army uses. People now saw clearly what the Japanese had had in mind when recently the S. M. R. built a huge hospital with hundreds of rooms at Mukden; it was fully equipped for war-time service. Likewise the big new Yamato Hotel, built at a cost of 3,000,000 yen, more expensive than any hostel in Japan, offer praiseworthy hospitality to army officers,

"advisors" from Japan who followed in the wake of conquest, visiting Mongolian princes subsidized by the Japanese, merchants from Osaka in search of fat contracts, sleuths, diplomats, consular representatives, intelligence officers, and *selah!* even to foreign newspaper correspondents who had the price.

I had been in Mukden two years before, when the Yamato was opened. I remembered now the elaborate preparations made to assure the success of some great Japanese festivities, on an official occasion. Everywhere there was much decoration, with flags and flowers intermingled. Many invitations were issued, speeches planned, and refreshments and singing promised.

Enterprising Mr. Z. Hamamura, editor of the Japanese-subsidized *Manchuria Daily News,* devoted practically his entire issue to descriptions of the event. He told how the various dignitaries were dressed, mentioning even the boutonnieres worn, and the grace of the chief address given. I think he reported how many Japanese school children were present, and how many pounds of sweet rice were consumed. He gave the gist of all speeches made, with varying comments on eloquence. You knew how many *banzai* were shouted, and at what time the reception began and ended. It was very complete. You had the feeling that this man Hamamura was ubiquitous, a keen observer, and a rare listener with a tenacious memory.

Unfortunately it rained, and the whole affair had to be postponed. That turn did not ruffle the aplomb of Mr. Hamamura. In the next issue of the *Manchuria Daily News* there appeared, in a small box, a notice that the event described as having occurred the previous day would, instead, take place on this day. Readers were assured, however, that the account as already published in the *Daily News* was accurate. They could depend upon it that there would be no deviations. And the remarkable thing was that

Mr. Hamamura was right. Everything took place exactly as he had depicted it 24 hours before it happened.

I relate this not to reflect upon Mr. Hamamura's journalism (indeed his astonishing gymnastics are at times the only beam that makes life tenable for foreigners marooned in Mukden) but because it appears to me to typify the rigidly conventionalized system which governs Japanese activity, private or official, in Manchuria. You notice it in the precision of the trains, which vary less from schedule than anywhere in Asia. It is present in the children marching to and from school in detachments, like little soldiers. It is the denominator common to all: the policeman at his task who follows the letter of the law or his special instructions; the *boisan* at the Yamato who wakens you at exactly the minute requested; and the soldier who, told to guard a spot, lets no man pass.

II

THE Manchurian Japanese obey orders first, and rarely question afterward. It seems instinctive with them to conform to patterns marked down by recognized authority above them, father, priest, and official. All this is of course axiomatic with the compact social scheme of the homeland, where the evolution from the old clan groupings round the Throne has developed in the individual a high sense of obligation to the group, and of the group to the one family, the whole that is the nation, with its titular godhead the Emperor.

One is used to this ordered regularity in Nippon itself. There every item from a blade of rice to a Privy Councillor seems cataloged and obedient to the index of some almighty filing superintendent. But it is surprising to find the emi-

grant Japanese in Manchuria, a mixed lot made up of every character from virtue and villainy, bending to the same code of discipline.

It is more striking here perhaps because you see it in sharp contrast with the Chinese idea, directly antipodal to it. The Chinese, now 93% of Manchuria's population, are like their brothers south of the Wall, intensely individualistic. Their belief in the right of a man to his separate entity amounts almost to a cult. Beyond the immediate family or clan they have, till the success of communism at any rate, acknowledged no obligations. They traditionally shun responsibility over people and affairs not directly affecting their welfare. The Japanese accept it unquestioningly as a duty.

Knowing this, you have the notion that very little is done by Japanese in Manchuria which is not officially motivated or sanctioned. Every action of a petty official must be authorized from somewhere above. It is nearly inconceivable that a Japanese soldier could shoot a Chinese civilian without the act having been approved in advance, hypothetically at least, by his superior. It is equally incredible to anyone familiar with this Japanese fidelity to system and discipline that the occupation of Mukden on September 18 was anything less than part of a vast and pre-arranged scheme. Authorization for the action which followed the minor clash at Pei Tai Ying came direct from the high command of the Japanese forces in Manchuria, General Shigeru Honjo, who was then at Dairen.

But General Honjo too was taking orders from higher up, and the opening and progress of hostilities was approved long before, in principle if not in detail, by the war barons in Tokyo. It seems logical to conclude that Emperor Hirohito himself, ultimate head of the army, had been consulted days ahead, perhaps months, and had put his Imperial seal upon the whole embroidery of action.

The official Japanese explanation that the wide-spread advance and seizures of the first eight hours were provoked by a little damage to the South Manchuria Railway near Pei Tai Ying appears therefore manifestly absurd. It would appear absurd even had not subsequent investigation indicated that this "local incident" was perhaps conceived in its entirety by the Japanese military, and executed according to schedule.

Evidence strongly suggests that the Japanese army officers whom Chang Hsueh-liang paid as military advisors knew, weeks ahead, what was planned against him. Certainly Lieutenant-General Suzuki, close to the Marshal (but much closer to the Tokyo General Staff) must have known. Practically all Japanese officers commanding in Manchuria today are more or less personally acquainted with the deposed ruler, and have enjoyed his tea and cakes.

Illustrative of this was General Honjo's little gesture to the Young Marshal, a fine piece of Oriental irony. A friend of breezy Chang Hsueh-liang's for years, his guest in Mukden often, when he came to seize that city for the Mikado, General Honjo carefully avoided damaging the ex-potentate's antiques and household furniture during the confiscation of property belonging to the Mukden government. He sent these things to Peking, where Chang had remained since before the invasion. In a note accompanying the shipment of some 300 cases of goods the sardonic Honjo lamented his friend's "forced absence." He regretted, he said, that it would be impossible for Chang ever to return to Mukden, for the climate there was unhealthy for him; hence he was sending the belongings south of the Wall.

But what was this Chinese government overthrown by Honjo? What did Chang Hsueh-liang, quasi-monarch at 30, signify in Manchuria? What sort of man was he who let a few thousand Japanese troops and railway guards eject him, without a struggle, from a kingdom ruled by China,

or with it, for centuries? Was he to blame that the land was lost?

III

TO COMPREHEND the "Young Marshal" who called upon the League of Nations to restore his lost sovereignty over 30,000,000 people and a territory larger than Texas and New York combined, you must know something of that wise, wily, energetic Sino-Manchurian, the "Old Marshal" Chang Tso-lin who presented him with that domain as a patrimony. Together these two form an important part of the history of Manchuria under "republican" China.

Born in Fengtien, southernmost of the Manchurian provinces, the elder Chang was of peasant nomad stock, Chinese blood mixed with some ambiguous strain, perhaps Mongol or Tartar. He had the warrior's driving urge, and while still a lad became what is called a *hunghutze*.

The word is interesting. Literally translated it means "red beard" and for long was the only Chinese word for Russians. It described aptly the great rough-looking Cossacks who in the 16th century pushed into the Siberian country and won a frontier and a new seacoast for the Tsar. Many of these Russians were bandits, so many that in time *hunghutze* lost its original meaning, and came to be the accepted term for Manchurian bandit, though the Orientals following that profession soon vastly outnumbered the whites.

During the last century the roaming Manchurian *hunghutze* grew in power with the increased size of their bands. They were not always mere brigands. They sometimes held and governed cities for many months. Their enterprising leaders at times carved out fiefdoms for themselves, much

as did the feudal lords of Europe a thousand years ago. Often they were practically the only rule the plains knew, and frequently the Emperor of China enlisted them against barbarians threatening invasion just as the "Young Marshal" attempts to muster the "bandits" of to-day to fight Japanese troops.

Chang Tso-lin was shrewd, courageous and had the qualities of a leader of Asiatics. By the time Japan declared war on Russia and chose Manchuria for the field of contest he was chief of a large, well-organized mounted bandit force of his own. Lured by promises of liberal reward from the Japanese, he threw in his lot on their side and was commissioned a general. His *hunghutze* became irregulars who greatly harassed the Russians throughout the tedious battles.

Chang Tso-lin had chosen the winner. Richly reimbursed for his services to the Mikado, and with a greatly increased following, he came out of the war with the strongest army in Manchuria. Japan favored him; recognition of his *de facto* power no longer could be denied by Peking.

Bandit Chang arranged to "surrender" to the then impuissant Tartar general who at Mukden represented the Empress Tzu Hsi of China. Immediately afterward he took command of the Fengtien armies. They consisted, largely, of ex-brigands like himself, but less adept at the art of homicide. Before the collapse of the Ch'ing Dynasty in 1912 he had already climbed to the estate of military tuchun, and in his hands held power of life and death over the greater part of South Manchuria.

Following the revolution Chang Tso-lin was ordained with the title of governor, bestowed by the Caesar-minded Yuan Shih-kai, dictator of the new régime in China. Working now with the Japanese in the south, now with the Russians in the north, at times with and against both, he

intrigued, maneuvered, exploited and continued to consolidate his power. He increased his troops, appropriated public lands and property for his own, sold them, and used the proceeds to fill his treasure chests. He issued paper currency in exchange for agricultural produce, which he sold for silver and gold. The latter he pocketed, or employed to buy the loyalty of less powerful antagonists. The stronger ones he fought and beheaded.

When in 1917 Yuan Shih-kai, who had done much to raise his status, attempted an imperial restoration with himself as emperor at Peking, Chang Tso-lin betrayed his "blood allegiance" to him, and helped to bring about his ruin. Through Yuan's failure to mount the Dragon Throne, and his subsequent death, Grand Marshal Chang was enabled to extend his influence south of the Great Wall. At a later time his name was to be law as far down as the Yangtze River.

IV

CONSIDERING his antecedents his rule was not as oppressive as it might have been. Old Chang was a competent soldier and a not altogether inept statesman. He kept Manchuria from disintegration, and out of the warlords' wars then rending China. By skillful sparring he avoided the omnipresent danger of conflict with neighbors avid for trouble. Not without vision, he saw that Manchuria could not survive as an entity separate from China. And though he invited no southern warlords to share his spoils, his rule encouraged millions of Chinese to emigrate, to people the land, and further to make Manchuria racially indissoluble from China. He was not the best man that could have ruled

during the period, but he was by no means an entire misfortune.

The Old Marshal's life was no couch of cherry blossoms. Having achieved the dictatorship of Manchuria through years of daring and deceit, treachery and bitter struggle, he had many enemies and he lived in constant fear of assassination. He had a hand-picked bodyguard of White Russians and Chinese, but he distrusted them, and changed often. Always personally well-armed, he was troubled with a constant malaise. When plots against his life were discovered he sacked his retainers in wholesale manner, often executing a few for purposes of example. He felt somewhat more at ease when his son Hsueh-liang, having finished his training at the Manchurian military school founded by him, took command of the bodyguard. Young Chang was 21 years old, and his father gave him the rank of colonel.

The distance between father and son symbolized the superficial changes of a generation of China. Bandit "Old Chang" was extremely conservative despite his unconventional background. Small, vain, conceited, suspicious of men, he disliked foreigners and little exercised himself to learn about them, except their military ways. He remained practically illiterate and his recreations were few, elemental and confined to the privacy of his yamen.

Aristocratic "Young Chang" was a breezy handsome youth who liked Western style, habit and custom. He adopted as much of them as his irritated pater would permit. He studied English, Japanese and Russian. He wore his imported clothes in the Bond Street manner and learned to play creditable tennis and polo. He drove European racing cars at top speed through his father's cities; he took up golf. He also acquired concubines, a flair for loud neckties, a passion for gambling, and it is said the opium-smoking habit, the latter during his sojourn in Shanghai. He

became the singing girls' delight and the Old Marshal's great problem.

From 1926 till 1928 Chang Tso-lin ran a government in north China and Manchuria which was recognized by the Powers. Ousted finally from Peking by the drive of the southern Nationalists, he retired north of the Wall once more to his stronghold at Mukden. But he was fated not to rule there again. As his train crossed a bridge over the Japanese government-owned South Manchuria Railway a bomb attached to a cross-beam exploded directly over his private car. Even his bodyguards could not save him from that kind of attack. Both the Nationalists and the Japanese were credited with the assassination. Nanking denied it. Tokyo did not.

For a time it was uncertain who would succeed him. Two powerful generals, Yang Yu-ting and Chang Yui-hui, seemed more likely candidates than the callow son of the Grand Marshal. They had been Chang Tso-lin's closest advisors, and either would have been satisfactory to the Japanese. But Chang Hsueh-liang, who was then 29, solved the matter with a coup d'etat of his own and made the succession dynastic. He invited the two generals to a banquet in his father's yamen, at the conclusion of which he courteously had them seized and shot.

At Nanking the Nationalist government rejoiced. It was felt that Chang Hsueh-liang would prove amenable to the announced progressive aims of the Kuomintang government, then newly recognized by the Powers. The youth's control of Manchuria was given official approval, and talk of continuing Chiang Kai-shek's "punitive" expedition into that country dissipated. Nanking gave him the rank of governor-general, a courtesy which the elated Young Marshal returned by "recognizing" Nanking.

5

SON OF THE GRAND MARSHAL

BOTH the dais and its quasi-monarch were still intact when I had previously visited Mukden in 1929. The Young Marshal then was agitated over complications that had developed with the force in the north rival to his authority, his Red neighbor. Chinese generals in North Manchuria, hungry for more gold, had attempted to appropriate, in a most flagrant manner, Soviet Russia's half-ownership of the Chinese Eastern Railway.

They fired the Russian manager and replaced him with a Chinese. They fired other Soviet employees and gave their jobs to Chinese. They seized the funds of the railway and gave the treasurer a vacation. Other Soviet employees were let out and the vacancies filled by White Russians and Chinese. Soviet citizens were tossed into Chinese jails at Harbin on various pretexts.

Justifying this conduct the Chinese generals charged the bolsheviks with indulging in subversive activities. Chinese police, prior to the seizure of the railway, had raided the Soviet consulate at Harbin, where it was declared impressive documents had been discovered to prove these charges. It appeared that the Soviet government was abusing its privileges by disseminating Red propaganda. This was considered undesirable by the northern Chinese military leaders, who persuaded themselves that their own régime held greater blessings for the masses than communism.

Russia flatly denied the allegations. Moreover, the Soviets demanded immediate restoration of the status quo, or "else." The "else" seemed to be that the unreasonable

people would actually make war about it, which eventually, they did. So Chang Hsueh-liang, when I first saw him, was in a dilemma over the mess in which his truculent adherents had implicated him. It took some weeks for him to conclude that the Russians were serious and then he made peace. The Japanese, when they decided to "protect their lives and property" gave him less time for deliberation and no offer of peace.

With a Chinese companion I reached the ruler's home by a dusty, unpaved road that led up to the tombs of the early Manchu emperors. The precaution of a high barbed-wire fence, charged with electricity, surrounded the whole estate, and guards were everywhere. Four of them, smartly uniformed, saluted snappily as our motor car entered through a heavy Chinese gate.

We followed a winding gravel path through gardens of chu-hua, the flamboyant Chinese aster, and then skirted past a green fronded lotus pond, where over a corner arched a tiny bridge, lacquered red. Extensive grounds led off into acres of magnificent pines and cryptomeria. But the house itself, which looked like something from an American suburb, was not large. It ranged into sunlit alcoves and many-windowed porches. It looked comfortable.

Inside, priceless old Chinese vases (those which General Honjo later took such care to return to the Young Marshal) were ranged beside overstuffed furniture done in brilliant tapestry. Except for a scroll or two everything was done in the Chinese idea of the Occidental manner. There were closed and locked folding doors, through one of which presently emerged an English-speaking secretary who had a degree from Harvard.

"The Marshal has been busy officiating at the All-China Athletic Meet here at Northeastern University," he explained. "He is honorary president, you know; and very much interested in the University." Northeastern was the

result of one of Father Chang's moods of benevolence to his people. It is modern, well-equipped, has the most spacious campus in China, and before the Japanese came in employed a competent Chinese and foreign professorial staff. They had the distinction of getting paid regularly, which is true of the teachers nowhere else in China.

"This afternoon the Marshal will pin ribbons and medals on the winners," ended Harvard, and with a slanting smirk disappeared as mysteriously as he had come. Another took his place to announce the arrival of Chang himself. I learned later that Harvard's job was to inspect all guests upon arrival to determine whether or not they might prove "desperate." Young Chang, it appeared, had inherited his father's enemies.

II

THE Marshal is slender, taller than his father was, and he carries himself in approved military manner. Looking at his long graceful hands you might think of him as a sensitive poet or scholar rather than the offspring of a "bad-man." Above his square and broad shoulders is an engaging face. It is dominantly Chinese, but with an extra sharpness to the cleft of the chin, deep-set narrow eyes, and a nose prominent between high Mongol cheek bones.

In greeting he flashed a nervous smile, but friendly, that revealed even white teeth. He proved readily conversational and seemed candid. The problem in the north occupied him, and he spoke with apparent excitement. I listened and took notes.

"Russia and Japan have coveted Manchuria for the past 50 years," he charged. "Although the Soviet Government made promises in 1923 to return the Chinese Eastern Rail-

way to China, it has since proved as insincere as the Tsarists. Instead of respecting China's rights, the Soviet policy ignores them. Although the agreement between China and Russia calls for complete parity in the operation of the Chinese Eastern Railway the Russians actually had usurped complete control. For years China had been getting only a small part of her rightful earnings."

"Did you authorize the raid on the Soviet Consulate in Harbin?" I asked.

"No, but I knew that such a move was planned. There was evidence of every sort to prove—" He gave the story of alleged sinister Red plots to overthrow him, the efforts to bolshevize China, the danger to the world, and so on. I asked him how he was getting on with Nanking.

"Splendidly. We are absolutely at one in this matter of resisting Russian and Japanese incursions. Manchuria is not strong enough to stand alone. Coöperation with China is absolutely essential if we are to keep the country autonomous. The central government at Nanking offers the possibilities for a united China, a China powerful enough to demand and secure full respect for our ancient rights to this land. Yes, I am in strict accord with the Kuomintang idea of a centralized control."

Old Chang might have thought, but would never have confessed to that. It seemed to me then that Japan would be disturbed by this "new spirit of coöperation" between Mukden and Nanking. And indeed it was this spread of diplomatic nationalism into Manchuria, more than anything else, which eventually was to give to the Japanese their cue for decisive action.

The Young Marshal had other ideas with which to fight Japan. "Manchurians and Chinese must be made to realize that the provinces here are as much a part of China as those south of the Wall," he declared. "The governments must

be merged. I shall release all but local powers to the central authority at Nanking." This was really radical.

"What will Japan say about that?" I asked.

He shrugged his exquisitely tailored shoulders. "Japan doubtless will say a great deal. She will endeavor to obstruct any move for permanent union—just as she always has done. But we shall have to combat it with every intelligent effort." He grew ardent.

"The best way to defeat aggression is by peopling Manchuria with more and more Chinese. It was while the country was sparsely populated that both Japan and Russia got their start here. Now we are awakened. We must make our presence felt in greater and greater numbers. My government has already spent millions to bring emigrants from China to homestead here; we will spend millions more."

"Even so, won't all those peasants mean merely so much more wealth for Japanese? Somewhere I have heard that every dollar's worth of produce from the farms means two dollars profit for the Japanese who control the big economic life, commerce, distribution and transportation."

"Yes, out of 2,200 miles of railways in Manchuria, exclusive of the Sino-Russian lines, Japanese have majority capitalistic interest in at least 70 percent. Naturally such railways are managed to serve Japanese capitalists. But we are building Chinese lines now. We will break this foreign monopoly on transportation. And that is the key to the whole imperialist position here." The ruler of 30 millions lit a cigarette and allowed himself the luxury of a satisfied sigh.

But the lines of which he spoke were bitterly opposed by Japan. Now that the Chinese had begun the new program the Japanese had suddenly produced an alleged secret protocol, by which they claimed China had promised "not









per left: "Jade Unicorn" . . . also could deal in *ta hua. Upper right:* The Your
rshal—you might think him a poet or scholar rather than the offspring of a "ba
n". *Lower left:* Old Chang, as Grand Marshal, conservative despite his bandit bac
und. *Lower right:* Manchurian troops, best trained, best equipped, best paid

to build any lines parallel to, or in competition with," the Japanese government-owned South Manchuria Railway.

"What will Japan do about it?" I asked again.

With a further shrug of the shoulders Chang said that many of the lines already were *fait accompli*. The Japanese had protested, he said. But the "so-called secret protocol" was a fiction invented to intimidate China and confuse the world; no such document existed. He expected the Japanese to continue to protest, however. But he seemed to think he was following the only way left to "save the country." If Japan intended to enforce fabricated protocols or even treaties secured from China under military coercion there doubtless would be difficulties. "But," he concluded determinedly (he was a more cocky young man then than now) "we are prepared to defend ourselves." The difficulties came sooner and in far larger measure than he anticipated. And he was not, as he had boasted, "prepared."

Still, he did not do badly for his brief reign. Little Nipponese auditors, busy during the conquest, informed me when they took over the Manchurian banks in Mukden that they had made interesting discoveries. The spoils of the Chang Dynasty were enormous. Father and son together, they charged, had collected over $500,000,000 silver to the credit of their personal accounts while they ruled Manchuria for China.

III

CHANG HSUEH-LIANG'S policy was to restrict Japanese economic and political expansion in Manchuria and in time to break down Japan's "special position" entirely. This seems clearly shown in the interview given above,

which was written from copious notes I still have. It is substantially verbatim. Part of it is especially significant:

"Manchurians and Chinese must be made to realize that the provinces here are as much a part of China as those south of the Wall. The governments must be merged. . . . We will break this foreign monopoly of transportation. And that is the key to the whole imperialist position here."

This was a new Chinese nationalism speaking. In Chang, for the first time, the Japanese had to deal with a man who, through influences and environments under which he lived in China, was more Chinese than "Manchurian." The ethical direction of his rule now bent more and more toward interdependence with China, though he released no real authority.

The Japanese soon found it increasingly difficult to deal directly with the Mukden government. This had been the practice with Chang Tso-lin and previous warlords, whose agreements, to save face, were afterward formally ratified by whatever Chinese government at the moment had the Powers' recognition. But the Young Marshal proved adamant. He would not give what the Japanese called "satisfaction", a term which to them often meant the Mukden government's sanctioning new implementations of existing treaties in ways which would further broaden Japanese economic and political grasps.

Instead, Chang directed the Japanese to Nanking. There the mundane and diplomatic C. T. Wang, minister of foreign affairs, suavely tabled their "protests" and demands. Gradually they were forced to recognize the growing reality of Sino-Manchuria unity under the Nationalist regime of the Chinese government.

Chang's program of resistance to foreign aggression was used enormously to help the Japanese military consolidate popular support at home behind their contemplated thrust

into the continent. Many unsettled cases of alleged violation of Japanese treaty rights were allowed to accumulate on Marshal Chang's desk and in Nanking. Japanese officials claimed 54 of these to be of outstanding importance; altogether there were over "300 unsettled cases." Actually many were amusingly trivial. Others were based on rights supposedly acquired by the long disputed Treaty of 1915, which resulted from the notorious "21 Demands," and upon the mysterious protocol of 1905, no Chinese copy of which is known to exist.

Most serious were charges of violation of railway construction agreements. But these also the Chinese held in dispute, and with considerable grounds. China had repeatedly attempted to secure international arbitration over all these points by appeals to the Hague tribunal, the League, to various neutral mediators. Always Japan had refused to listen to the suggestion of "third party interference."

The Japanese war barons, now hot for the fight, seized upon these "cases", exaggerated them, used them to work upon mass emotion and turn militant the ever-abundant patriotic fervor of the masses. They of course said nothing of the much larger number of "cases" of treaty violation which China had on file against Japan. It would have made little difference. Once aroused, the Japanese people are somewhat beyond the Decaturian mentality. "My country," they say, "in her intercourse with foreign nations she cannot be wrong." For the Country after all is the Emperor. And the Emperor, divine descendant of the Sun Goddess, is inerrable. Surprisingly few of his subjects doubt it.

Avidly the Japanese military waited for a final pretext. Whether by chance, or by design, it came in the Nakamura incident. A member of the Japanese Army General Staff, Captain Shintaro Nakamura was arrested while travelling far on the Mongolian frontier. He was "tried" by local

military men, and was shot as a spy. His assistants, Nobutaro Suigii, a Japanese ex-sergeant, and one Russian and a Mongolian, were also executed. It was alleged that Nakamura had military maps of the country and narcotics with him. (Chinese had long accused Japanese in Manchuria and Inner Mongolia of using drugs to bribe native chieftains, secure concessions, get land leases, instigate rebellions, and for various subversive purposes.)

Aside from Nakamura's alleged activity as "dope" peddler, and in addition to the fact that he had a civilian passport instead of the usual military one, his presence at such a remote spot would not appear to be easily explained. One recalls how Pangborn and Herndon, the American flyers, were jailed for weeks by Japanese authorities because of a few innocuous photographs they took on their flight around the world. It is interesting to conjecture what would happen to any Chinese military officer found in a Japanese military zone, carrying the wrong kind of passport, and with secret maps, and interpreters.

But in Japan these considerations were ignored. The incident, as presented by the military, inflamed the nation. The press denounced Baron Shidehara, who, after the fall of the Tanaka government, had returned as foreign minister, for his "conciliatory" policy toward China. Petitions poured into the government demanding military expeditions to Manchuria. Military airplanes soared over the towns and cities, dropping leaflets describing the "Nakamura murder", and advocating strong reprisals. In Japan now one saw a brooding psychology, prescient of war. Over Asia swept a cloud of fear and foreboding such as crossed Europe in July, 1914. In Tokyo, an Army General Staff, modelled much on the lines of Imperial Germany's Staff, began to speak of Japan's "manifest destiny." A kind of girding-the-loins-for-battle attitude pervaded. The stage was prepared for action.

In Peking, Chang Hsueh-liang, who had brought most of his own troops, as well as his higher Manchurian government officials south of the Wall to help straighten out affairs in north China in coöperation with Chiang Kai-shek and the National Government at Nanking, grew anxious. He ordered an investigation into the death of Nakamura. His commission submitted a report; arrests were made. On September 17 the Japanese government was informed that those responsible had been tried and found guilty of exceeding their orders. Actually it was reported that 11 men and officers were condemned to death that day for participation in the arrest and killing of Nakamura. The Young Marshal for a moment breathed more easily. He thought the crisis weathered.

But the wheels of war already had begun to revolve. In Japan the General Staff had achieved its coup, and was not to be forestalled by the settlement of the Nakamura incident. On the following night the little "Party at Pei Tai Ying" occurred and the fateful blow was struck, with the result already described.

IV

WHY did not the Chinese fight at Mukden? That remained a mystery. They seemed to have everything to gain by resistance, and nothing to win by flight.

The Manchurian troops were on the whole the best trained, best equipped, best paid in China. According to foreign military men's figures, they totalled approximately 200,000, about half of whom were still above the Wall. The arsenal at Mukden was the largest and most modern in Eastern Asia. It had ammunition and equipment suffi-

cient to outfit an army of 100,000 men for about six months of defensive warfare.

In Mukden there were over 60 military airplanes, many of them superior to Japanese fighting craft. There were tanks in reserve, and modern field artillery, howitzers, trench mortars, gas and gas masks, 4,000 machine guns, and more than 100,000 new rifles. And the Manchurian chieftains had ample funds with which to carry on resistance, even without drawing from their huge personal fortunes.

How was it possible that all this could be lost, and the great army shattered by a blow delivered at Mukden by less than 5,000 Japanese troops? The blame must be distributed among several; much of it appears to fall upon Chang Hsueh-liang. Was he the victim of his own fear, indecision and inexperience, of a fatal reliance on the "revolutionary diplomacy" of Nanking, or of a genuinely patriotic desire to preserve China's unity, even if it involved the sacrifice of his own power? Perhaps a little of all of these factors brought on his downfall.

Probably in the last analysis Chang signed his own "abdication" papers when he moved below the Great Wall. In the past other rulers of Manchuria have vitiated their own strength once seduced by the lure of Peking. But the moments leading to the tragic-comedy are of dramatic and historical interest. It is worth relating them here.

When the Nakamura incident occurred, the bulk of Young Marshal Chang's troops was south of the Wall. The Young Marshal had first gone to Peking in 1930, to break up the Northern Coalition of generals against Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek at Nanking, with whom he formed a kind of personal alliance. He had more or less permanently established his own government in the former Imperial capital in the summer of 1931, when for the second time, he intervened to save Generalissimo Chiang from

an abortive rebellion led by General Shih Yu-san, mentioned earlier. Against these moves the Japanese military in Manchuria had strongly protested, just as they had warned the Young Marshal originally against his alliance with General Chiang Kai-shek. They pointed out to the young dictator that it was extremely important to them that Manchuria remain aloof from the "chaos of China." But their advice was ignored; young Chang accepted the Kuomintang flag.

As the Sino-Japanese crisis of 1931 developed it became imperative that Marshal Chang return to the vicinity of Mukden as soon as possible, along with his best troops. A situation had arisen which obviously demanded prompt, decisive, and conciliatory handling. Chang hesitated. He feared first that the return of his troops might provoke the Japanese military to precipitate action, and perhaps he feared that, as with his father, a bomb might explode beneath the train that carried him back to Mukden. Secondly, if he withdrew from North China, the civil war which his arrival had brought to a close would inevitably be renewed. And in addition to the vanity which made Peking, ancient throne city, so desirable to him, Chang had a certain loyalty to China. He seemed genuinely to wish to end civil strife, and he thought that the maintenance of his alliance with General Chiang was necessary to keep the peace in China.

In his dilemma, the youthful leader appealed to General Chiang Kai-shek, high chieftain of the central government at Nanking. Chiang urged him not to move. He promised him that the League of Nations and the United States would defend him against Japanese aggression. He made promises about the military help which he, personally, would give him if the League of Nations failed. To Generalissimo Chiang the Japanese pressure in Manchuria was something that could always be "arbitrated"; Nanking

had never had control over it. But the pressure of rival Chinese generals in North China could not be "arbitrated," once Chang Hsueh-liang withdrew above the Wall. Nanking's old enemies were only waiting for a chance to pounce on Peking.

Generals Wan Fu-lin and Chang Tso-hsiang, governors respectively of Kirin and Heilungkiang, the central and northern provinces of Manchuria, were also in Peking. Worried for the safety of their extensive real estate holdings in Manchuria, their widespread interests, they endeavored to persuade the Young Marshal to return to Mukden, yield to Japanese demands, save the regime, assure peace. Inured to the practices of politics, they realized that their young leader was being utilized by General Chiang to preserve his own dais—while Chang Hsueh-liang's tottered.

But the Young Marshal continued to procrastinate. General Yung Chen, chief of staff for the Northeastern Armies, was in command at Mukden. He and Tsang Shih-yi, acting chairman of the Mukden provincial government, were in constant communication with their youthful leader in Peking. They asked young Chang for orders. They asked for Chang's return. They requested reënforcements to guard the Mukden arsenal and Pei Tai Ying (North Barracks). General Yung appears to have had definite information that despite any Chinese amends over the Nakamura incident, the Japanese intended to attack. Chinese generals in Mukden invited foreign friends to move into their mansions, hoping the Japanese would not then plunder them.

Yet Chang gave no final word concerning defense preparations. He had been in the Rockefeller Foundation hospital for several weeks and was convalescing. It was reported that he had taken a cure for the "dope" habit, which he was said to have acquired when his physician used morphine

injections to break him of opium smoking. The official explanation for his illness was pneumonia. At any rate, he was weak and apparently neurasthenic. He could come to no decision. Asked for his counsel again, General Chiang Kai-shek from the safe distance of Nanking sagaciously advised leaving it to the League and the adroit Minister C. T. Wang, who had extricated them both from previous difficulties. None wished to believe Japan dare break the treaties of "non-aggression" against Chinese governments.

Still, the Young Marshal delayed—till late in the night of September 18. He called a last conference with his military commanders, and the northern hierarchs of the Kuomintang. Finally, he turned to telephone to the concerned General Yung Chen at Mukden. Did he intend to say "fight" or "flee"? Whatever the ultimate instruction, it was not given; the operator informed him that the line was cut. He tried radio, but there was no reply. Elegantly, toward dawn the next day, he fainted, and when he recovered he wept. He knew then that he had lost his Manchurian capital.

In Mukden the Japanese suddenly had opened their attack on the Pei Tai Ying barracks shortly after 10:00 p. m. To Chang Hsueh-liang there must have been something peculiarly ironic in the fact that the action, commencing on September 18, 1931, was the second anniversary of the intervention which he had made in North China in defiance of the warning of his Japanese advisors.

Despite the general air of tension, despite even the explosion on the South Manchuria Railway near the North Barracks, many of the Chinese soldiers there appear to have been asleep when the attack was launched. Some never awoke. Artillery fire was directed on the Barracks, and also on the small arsenal, which was soon in flames, with some of its occupants incinerated. But the great Mukden Arsenal, said to be the largest in Eastern Asia, and into

which the Chang family are reported to have invested upward of 100 million dollars silver, was captured intact by the Japanese. It was to supply them with guns and ammunition for the duration of the war.

Apparently minor subalterns had been left in command. Chinese troops went into panic and confusion. Some attempted to escape and were killed as they left the buildings. Others stayed in the darkened enclosure, firing till their ammunition was exhausted. There seems to have been no preparation by the superior officers to contend with such an emergency, and all were taken completely by surprise.

Several parties were in progress in Mukden that evening. There was one at the Foreign Club in the "international settlement," where foreigners dwell under a special administration. High Chinese officers were guests of Japanese, who honored them. When the firing began at Pei Tai Ying, several miles away, machine-guns, emplaced in the "settlement" with miraculous swiftness, simultaneously began firing. Some of the Chinese officers escaped; many others were arrested. General Han Yung-peng was shot and killed in his motor car near the Foreign Club.

Elsewhere Chinese officers were being entertained by Japanese that night. One party was held at a Chinese restaurant, where the guests of honor were interrupted by the arrival of a party of Japanese police, who placed them under arrest. Another party was in progress at the house of a Japanese military officer. His Chinese friends, military and civilian, were similarly handled.

Off the famed Naniwa Dori, main stem of the Mukden Japanese Concession, a group of young Chinese aviators was at a Japanese party, enjoying the usual *geisha* entertainment. They imbibed freely, it is said, of *saké*. When they returned to the street they were greeted by Japanese gendarmes, who bowed from the hips and promptly ar-

rested them. Meanwhile their 60 planes at the Mukden aerodrome were confiscated by Japanese troops.

So went the story that night, up and down the Japanese railway zone, and throughout South Manchuria. The Chinese troops, unprepared, without definite orders, and with a bewildered command, were taken in the towns and cities by complete surprise. In instances, the Japanese had decoyed the officers to parties or meetings. But considerable resistance was offered at the North Barracks, as admitted by both Chinese and Japanese, and resistance also at other cities adjacent to the South Manchuria Railway zone where attacks were made that night. The advantage was everywhere with the attackers, whose advance was planned, carefully led, and fatally sudden.

A complex of fear, born of exaggerated awe and respect for Japanese military prestige, had long gripped the Manchurian armies. Under competent military chieftainship it might have been overcome, and an entirely different complexion put upon the Japanese invasion, which it was claimed was made "in self-defense." Chinese troops are not incapable of standing against the Japanese, as they were to show later at Shanghai, Tsitsihar, and elsewhere.

But at the moment that counted, the fear complex dominated the Manchurian armies. Pusillanimity at the top subtly communicated itself to officers and men. Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang was perhaps not alone responsible, but "A weak central column often brings down a whole temple" seems to be the appropriate proverb.

Later on, after the incident had become world famous, the Young Marshal submitted to the League of Nations a copy of a telegram which he declared he had issued to his commanders in Mukden, on September 6. It read:

"Our relations with the Japanese have become extremely delicate. We must be particularly cautious in our intercourse with them. No matter how they may challenge us,

we must be extremely patient and never resort to force, so as to avoid any conflict whatever. You are instructed to issue secretly and immediately orders to all officers, calling their attention to this point."

While this instruction seems to make it highly unlikely that Chinese soldiers would have been permitted to precipitate a military clash by planting the explosives which damaged the South Manchuria Railway, it does not adequately explain the disastrous and complete rout of the Chinese troops which followed it. Chang's later declaration that the Chinese troops had not resisted because they desired to uphold the peace pacts seemed to ignore the fact that they *had* resisted, although with extremely little effect. Probably it was a pathetic effort to save countenance. No document exists which prohibits the resistance of attack and invasion of a man's native land.

Meanwhile, as Chang wept in Peking, the war chiefs in Japan exulted over the phenomenal success of their venture. Already they saw themselves as true heirs to the Manchurian tradition, following the wide roads of the conquering Tartars. To the late Count Okuma, champion of their cause, who said, "In the middle of the twentieth century Japan will meet Europe on the plains of Asia and wrest from her the mastery of the world," they must have drunk a hearty toast and exclaimed, "Banzai! We have begun."

6

CONSPIRATORS AND CONQUEST

THERE is properly no history," wrote Emerson, "only biography." Forces that make history are present always, but they seem to acquire direction only when leaders appear among men. Such a vast program as the Japanese army now strives to realize is the result of complete germination of the idea of many in the minds of a few. Among these, it is already possible to single out a trio where the same mental matrix gave origin and shape to the events of recent months.

About the time that Ito was gathering round him the youths who were to teach Japan the stride of the West, the arrival of boy children added luster to the ancestral tablets of three famous samurai families. Their lives were destined to be closely interwoven.

Shigeru Honjo, Sadao Araki and Jiro Minami attained manhood as Japan achieved modern nationhood. They learned of the power and wonder of the West as new influences poured into their own country during an era of amazing change and conflict. They grew up with a strongly militant background. Their own tradition taught them to worship their ancestors and glory in their warrior exploits. Their contact with the West inspired in them respect for the achievements of martial superiority, and must have stirred in them a desire to emulate the deeds of great heroes and conquerors. All three, by heritage of birth, and natural inclination, gravitated toward the army.

Cadets at the Imperial Military College during the Sino-Japanese war, Honjo, Araki and Minami formed a friend-

ship that was to last throughout their interesting careers. Under officers of the old school, the stern codes of *bushido* and *shinto* were instilled in them, so that afterward the principles of discipline, and loyalty to the throne, never wavered. They learned their textbooks well; they were quick and alert; and each showed a marked genius at putting theory into practice. Early they came to believe what everyone in Japan then already believed; that the destiny of the nation was to hold sway over Asia.

As subalterns they got their first feeling for war during the clash with Russia. Togo and Yamagata, the great heroes of the conflict, became idols for them, as for all young men. But this trio had vision. They realized that to dominate Manchuria, which was believed essential to Japan's survival, enormous difficulties would have to be overcome. They studied the obstacles, analyzed them, and made plans to eliminate them, one by one. They set about to prepare the way for the ultimate moment when, each having reached place and power, the great cause could be consummated.

The World War took them to Europe, where the battlefields for four years were an arena for their study. They learned much that later was to be of value. Returning to the Orient, all three participated in the Japanese intervention in Siberia. From this also they acquired distinction, and a broader grasp of and knowledge of forces opposing the realization of Japan's "national destiny." They carefully studied history, and analyzed it in terms of modern diplomacy; they schooled themselves in international law.

Each now succeeded, during the next 10 years, in having himself assigned to China and Manchuria. Minami was in turn garrison commander at Tientsin, military attaché, and adviser to the Chang Tso-lin government of Manchuria. Honjo served as military attaché, as commander of the Kwantung garrison in South Manchuria, and as high

adviser to the Old Marshal. Araki saw service in similar capacities. Like the other two he studied the intimate secrets of Chinese politics, the strength and weakness of Chinese militarists. More important, he mastered the science of Chinese thought.

Working always in close coördination, the trio met frequently to adopt suitable measures toward the end all envisaged. Often perhaps even the War Council at home did not know details of their schemes till they had been executed. These men had come to possess great influence on the mainland, and the General Staff gave them increasing responsibility.

It is said that at one time Old Marshal Chang could not move a troop train without first informing Honjo. Minami, below the Wall, pulled the wires behind many a Chinese government. Through chicanery and intrigue he obligated officials of the former corrupt Peking régimes. He is credited with a share in negotiating the infamous "Nishihara Loans", through which China was almost sold outright to Japan by the Chinese *Anfu* ("Peace and Joy") political party, more than a decade ago. Typical also of his exploits, according to the Chinese was the smuggling from Peking of the unseated pro-Japanese "President" Hsu and his retinue, to safe harbor in the Japanese Concession at Tientsin. Reward of $50,000 had been offered for Hsu, an embezzler of the first magnitude. Minami, it is said, got him out of the capital in a laundry basket.

Was it accident that when Japan found the moment propitious for the deep stab into the continent, these three men held the key positions in the military machine? Behind them of course were the older and more august warriors, the much decorated veterans of the past, who are called the Supreme War Councillors. And over them, the Emperor. But it was to these younger men, for whom China

holds few mysteries, that the *carte blanche* was handed for action.

They are all generals to-day, and their portraits are enshrined in countless Japanese homes. There is Araki, the youngest, at 56, minister of war; Honjo, at 57, Conqueror of Manchuria, and now back in Japan in the exalted office of chief aide-de-camp to H. I. J. M. Hirohito; Minami, at 58, the guiding head of the Japanese Army General Staff. In the shrines of Shinto throughout the land of Yamato they are already worshiped as contemporary immortals; to-morrow they will be worshiped as national gods.

II

OF THE three, Araki is the man careful in plan and thought, rigid in discipline, the army-builder; Honjo, the man of command in the field, the state-builder; Minami, the man of vast concepts, the dreamer of conquest, the empire-builder. Let us look first at Araki, a rare combination of cunning and sincerity, a soldier who can joke with George Bernard Shaw, a man of action and philosophy, in whose quick brain are conceived the details of the thrusts of Japanese imperialism.

Like most Japanese generals, Araki is a little man, scarcely five feet high. His shining sword, presented to him by his warrior uncle, swings large beside his spare figure; with him the saying, "The sword is the soul of the *samurai*", is a belief. A closely cropped head, and sharp, gaunt features, give to him a severe, almost a monastic appearance. His eyes, small but bright and intelligent, are capable of swift transitions of expression, from one of narrow craft when faced with a crisis, to one of kindliness when near little children, of whom he is touchingly found. He has

rather thick lips, and a moustache also thick; large, protruding ears and teeth; the thin, well-made hands of an artist. Araki, the traditional *samurai*, wearing on his chest the First Class Order of the Rising Sun, favored of the gods. Araki, the essayist, the student of Mongol history, the thundering chauvinist, the priestly devotee of *Shinto*. Above all, Araki, the epitome of Japanese imperialism.

"When he drew near middle age," writes Ippei Fukuda in *Contemporary Japan*, "Araki developed an introspective, reflective turn of mind. As a soldier he felt the need of a new moral principle for the army in the new state." The "Imperial Principle," Araki calls it. Through it he conceives of Japan's position in the world in symbols of greatness, power, dignity and dominance. Dramatically he pictured "Japan's Mission in Asia" to the hundreds of young cadets who came to him for shaping, while he was president of the Government Military College. A vivacious personality, an able speaker enspirited with evangelical zeal, he captivated the idealistic, hero-worshiping, Shinto-educated youth, and won their lasting loyalty and confidence.

Distrust all politicians, he advised; put faith only in the "pure spirit of *Shinto*", in the Emperor, in His Army; emulate the deeds of the divinely-descended Ancestors. "At the outset of his speculation, Araki recalled the natural conditions under which the Japanese live. They are by their situation peculiarly exposed to natural calamities—earthquake and flood, and with those intermittent risks goes a constant and rigorous limitation of natural resources. The life of a Japanese is far removed, in its fundamental conditions, from that of the American or European. As in Japanese mythology, the 'brave sons of Nippon' are enjoined to 'build a nation out of chaos', the Japanese people have been fore-ordained to live among dangers beyond their control.

"Instead of shrinking from them in dismay, or sub-

mitting with fatalistic resignation, says Araki, we should familiarize ourselves with them. . . . Instead of having Japan submit to the dangers and limitations of her position, Araki would have her go to meet them and pursue her destiny regardless of perils in her way. The Japanese soldier never surrenders in battle; in Japanese wars there are no Japanese prisoners. Why then should the Japanese surrender to the limitations which Nature has set around them?"

If a Japanese soldier is captured by the enemy, teaches Araki, he is obligated to commit *hara-kiri;* thereby he gains access to the Moslem-like paradise of *Shinto.* Araki extolls all the old virtues, exults in reminiscences of Japan's glorious feudal past. Capitalism and Socialism alike he condems. Capitalists to him are "parasites of society"; Socialists forget Japan's "national mission."

When, in the summer of 1931, the Minseito government was attempting to reduce the budget for the Japanese Army and Navy, in conformance with world disarmament schedules, it was Araki who stormed before his officers, warned them that it was time to strike. It was Araki who led the opposition to this feeble liberal effort to thwart Japan's "manifest destiny." It was Araki who sensed that a crisis had arisen in Japan's essential struggle, the struggle between *Shinto* with all it implies, and democratic internationalism. It was Araki who, seizing upon the pretext of the Nakamura murder in Manchuria, backed Minami to the limit in his campaign for a "fundamental solution" to the Sino-Japanese problem, for a "realistic policy" of independent Japanese leadership in Asia, for the Army General Staff's control of Japanese domestic and foreign affairs.

From the beginning of the Manchurian crisis, Araki was by fate destined to become the Army's spokesman, and in a Japan at war that was to be Japan's Spokesman. A keen student of the game of diplomacy, he was to direct Japan's

foreign policy, as well as her military campaigns. Bluff the Western Powers as always they have bluffed Japan, he advised; deal relentlessly with China; rally the Japanese people to action under a national command, before it is too late. With all his nationalism still a man of vision, Araki correctly analyzed the world situation as favorable for Japan's scheme of expansion. Men trusted him. It was Araki, of all the army officers in Japan, who had predicted the inevitable defeat of Germany at the beginning of the World War.

Not an intellectual genius, perhaps, but a shrewd man, a significant man. It is possible to recognize in Araki a certain typology of leadership. Fanatical, fundamentalist, Messianic, he is something which it is difficult to believe any Chinese will ever be, a man inbued with profound religious faith, a general who believes in his *spiritual* mission.

Araki sees Japan surrounded by enemies who do not understand the spirit of *kodokai*, the "way of kingly men." Japan's mission is to edify them, spread her culture to the ends of the earth. Under Great Britain he finds the Indians "suffering terribly." He sees Siberia and Central Asia in "the grip of the talons of an eagle whose claws are red with gore." In Japan, of all countries, real freedom and justice obtain.

"Situated as we are," writes Araki, who wields the might of the pen as well as the sword, "we cannot let things drift any longer. We are the leading Asiastic Power and we should now take matters into our own hands. We must be active, ever expending the last portion of our national strength. We must be prepared to wage a desperate struggle. The Whites have made the countries of Asia mere objects of oppression, and Imperial Japan should no longer let their impudence go unpunished."

War on a huge scale is inevitable, warns Araki. Japan

faces war with Soviet Russia, war with America, war perhaps with all the "White oppressors." He urges his soldiers to be austere, to live like Spartans, to prepare themselves spiritually and physically for the crisis. It will be a salutary experience, he thinks; to him war seems necessary to avoid racial degeneracy. How he must agree with Nietzsche, who wrote, "As yet no means are known which call so much into action as a great war that rough energy born of the camp, that deep impersonality born of hatred, that conscience born of murder and cold-bloodedness . . . that proud indifference to loss, to one's own existence, to that of one's fellows, that earthquake-like soul-shaking which a people needs when it is losing its vitality."

"By 1936," Araki tells his people, "everything may become entangled with the London Naval Treaty as its center. Unless treated with utmost caution, the situation may develop into an international trouble worse than the present one. On our part it is wrong to think that in Manchuria things will gradually turn in favor of our living an easy life. . . . We are climbing up a mountain, drenched to the skin, wearing straw sandals. We shall become weary and fatigued if, taking off the sandals, we warm ourselves at the fireside. We must continue the climb till the summit is reached, and the journey will require at least three years."

Thus speaks the prophet of Nippon, with words weighted with foreboding for the West, for America, certainly for Russia. Observe now the chieftain in Manchuria, the man who transforms Araki's words into accomplished fact, General Shigeru Honjo.

III

THERE was a light snow on the ground outside the South

Manchuria Railway building at Mukden, where, with other newspaper correspondents, I first met General Honjo. But inside, the General's spacious quarters might have been a botanical garden in California, except for maps that papered the walls. Great splashes of color were everywhere you turned, with potted dwarfed trees abundant, and large fat chrysanthemums looking like middle-aged voluptuaries. Flowers in a war headquarters; it was not as you read in books.

Honjo, a head shorter than myself, stout but neat in his simple, unbraided uniform, came forward, smiled and shook hands. At the same time he bowed, from habit, from the hips. He gestured us to a chair; he himself would stand. He chose a position beside a vase of cut flowers, where the winter sunlight fell across his powerful shoulders, leaving his face dark, but with the full glare bent searchingly on us.

It was getting on toward the middle of November, 1931. At its last session the League of Nations Council on October 24 had demanded that Japan "begin immediately and proceed progressively with the withdrawal of Japanese troops into the railway zone, so that their total withdrawal be effected before the next meeting of the League Council," scheduled for November 16. No one this side of Lake Geneva believed Honjo intended to comply. We asked, through his very efficient interpreter (Honjo's knowledge of English is negligible) where Japanese troops would be when the League members got together again.

"That is difficult to say." He smiled and inspired through his mouth. "Our troops certainly cannot be withdrawn from present positions held. It may even be necessary to go further inland. Under present conditions any evacuation of Japanese troops is not practicable. It is impossible."

The General spoke of bandits. "Not only the old type of *hunghutze* now menaces foreign lives and property (we are here to protect all foreign interests, not merely Japa-

nese) but thousands of newly created brigands are a grave threat to peace and order." Honjo was of the opinion that Geneva did not know of the evils of banditry in Manchuria. To him, apparently, it did not seem relevant that China's delegate had informed the League these so-called "bandits" were in reality the remnant of Chang Hsueh-liang's armies, driven to the hills by Honjo's troops.

"Withdrawal of the Japanese would bring chaos over all Manchuria. European capitals appear to think that conditions here are similar to those in Europe. These gentlemen are astigmatic."

"But what is the ultimate aim of the Japanese army, General Honjo?" another correspondent inquired.

"Peace and order. And respect for Japan's rights and interests. Japan is not trying to crush China, with whom she is racially and historically one." Many thought it an odd way to establish peace and order, this spreading of violence. Many wondered when it would be achieved, whether, indeed, it would ever be achieved, and Japanese troops withdrawn.

"Your stabilization may take months or years then? It may be decades before the Chinese can be made to see things here as you see them?"

Honjo seemed faintly ruffled. He shrugged his shoulders. "Yes, who can say? We can only put forth our best efforts. That is what we are doing."

The sturdy little General gazed thoughtfully out upon the street. Down there a troop of Japanese soldiers in khaki and red-banded hats marched toward the Russo-Japanese war memorial. After a moment he turned and readjusted one of three yellow blossoms in a vase. A look of patriarchal concern crossed his features.

"You know," he said, "it is too bad about the League. It has a history of ten years during which it has worked for peace. We don't wish to obstruct it nor to lower its prestige.

We would like to coöperate with it. But if it does not recognize Japanese rights and interests in Manchuria there exists no basis for such coöperation. Do you think I am right?"

I did not quite comprehend him. Did he really believe that any "rights and interests" in Manchuria could include the right to invade, overthrow authority, arrest, kill, systematically confiscate and conquer, which was patently what his army was doing? But he seemed to be sincere.

"The part played by Japan has always been for peace in the Orient," he continued. "We cannot agree to lose all that we have gained through one sacrifice after another." Honjo was perhaps thinking of the war memorial down there, dedicated to the 120,000 Japanese who lost their lives in the struggle with Russia, and of the billion dollars the struggle cost Japan. How could the League members, sitting by faraway placid lake waters, know the strange exultation of this old soldier's heart now, as he led his country's troops into the land where so many of those comrades of his youth had died nearly three decades ago?

Honjo was not interested in what was said at Geneva. He did not think it necessary to receive reports of League resolutions, and few were wired to Mukden from Europe. He was too busy, working 16 hours a day, with the direction of a new kind of "undeclared war". I thought, as he bowed when we left, that he wore a look of superb confidence which no outside criticism could ever disturb. He believed religiously in himself and his mission. He knew that over in Tokyo, Araki and Minami had the same unshakeable faith in him and this ideal, and likewise the War Councillors and the Emperor.

Massed in militant array also, Honjo felt the 240,000 Japanese resident nationals with him in Manchuria. Long residence in the land had given them a conception of its greatness, and what possession of it meant to Japan. Small

merchants mostly, and what the Soviets call "petty bourgeoisie" (for few Japanese workers or peasants emigrate to Manchuria) they were ambitious and aggressive. No group on earth could have been more whole-heartedly responsive to the call of patriotism, "now that the samurai sword had been raised in the name of peace." That was how their literature paradoxically expressed it.

A remarkable demonstration of this enthusiasm, largely for the benefit of foreign newspaper men, occurred shortly after the interview with Honjo. Ostensibly a protest against "League interference" in Manchuria, its deeper purpose was to display solidarity of opinion among the Manchurian Japanese. Posters, denouncing "such idealists as Briand, Cecil and Stimson," appeared throughout the city. Huge banners were strung across the streets. Ten thousand civilians marched: school children, men and women.

They gathered before the commander-in-chief's headquarters and emitted lusty *banzai*. Then, led by *Shinto* and Buddhist priests, attired in flowing white robes and with miters on their shaved heads, the parade (surely the strangest exhibition of jingoism ever given by men of one people in the land of another) marched to the Hoten Shrine. Gravely they offered up this curious prayer:

TO AMA TERASU OHMIKAMI
THE GREAT GODDESS OF ILLUMINATING HEAVEN
AND THE GREAT SPIRIT IN HEAVEN OF EMPEROR MEIJI

"We believe that peace and order in Manchuria and Mongolia is the key to world peace. The Empire of Japan enjoys the signal honor to discharge its duty as keeper of the key. In the days of the presence of the August Emperor, twice the Imperial messages were given, and by the grace of spirits of the Imperial ancestors and gods the menacing clouds were swept away.

"In the light of present actualities, conceiving the profound meanings expressed in thy gracious Imperial mes-

sages and in following the dictates of the law of justice, we had no alternative but to rise as we do now. The time, we feel, has come for us to build a sacred castle and temple in which we may find a home in Manchuria and Mongolia, where the spirit of coöperation and harmony may reign for all people who may enjoy the mutual happiness and prosperity.

"Outside, there are acts of malice and prejudice against us; within we are threatened by barbarous banditry. But we pledge to do our utmost best and with determination make sacrifices that we all possess for the Great Cause.

"By the grace of the Spirits in Heaven, strengthen us both in body and in spirit so that we may fulfill our Mission. Respectfully.

THY SERVANTS AND THEIR PRAYER."

IV

WHEN General Honjo came into Mukden he adopted the measures of war against the populace and the former government. Officials who had not fled were arrested; a few were killed; most of them were released and put out of the country; some were retained to be used in the new Japanese-organized administration.

The military seized control of government offices, including the provincial bureaux of finance, industries, post office and communications. They took over Chinese railways, telegraphs, the American-built radio station, the telephone, light, power, and salt administrations.

They sealed the Bank of Communications, the Bank of the Three Eastern Provinces, the Bank of China and the Frontier Bank, all either governmental or semi-governmental institutions. After a time, in each of these and various other government properties, Honjo placed what were called "advisers". Such Japanese took active charge of

affairs under nominal continuance of native authority. Chinese who participated in this reorganized scheme of things became known as "puppets" because they held their jobs, of course, only as long as they carried out instructions of the advisers.

Besides this, the Army established Japanese supervision over the Li-Da Company, great and wealthy Chinese soya-bean and cereal purchasing and distributing agency, the Mukden Cotton Mills, the Fu Chou Wan Coal Mines, largest Chinese-owned mining company in Manchuria, the electric light and power plants in Mukden, Antung and Changchun, and practically all semi-official and governmental enterprises of any significance.

Homes of provincial and municipal officials were entered, their property seized and confiscated. Private soldiers participated, and obtained petty loot. At least 11 Chinese generals, most of whom were in Peking on September 18, suffered heavy losses in treasure and household valuables. Hardest hit was General Tang Yu-lin, governor of Jehol. He lost his jade, quartz, carnelian, ivory, inlaid blackwood, ebony, ancient scrolls, and hand-carved screens. Japanese army trucks drew up to his Mukden "palace" and removed three loads of opium, the general's private stock.

Residences (one for each concubine) of General Wang Fu-lin, governor of Heilungkiang province, were thoroughly sacked. General Chang Chien-lu, chief of the Feng-tien finance bureau, lost all his curios, clothes and furniture. General Chun Kuang-mu, chief of the department of general affairs, lost his automobiles, ten uniforms, his curios and six dozen *pitan,* ancient preserved eggs. All this plunder was gathered by squads of soldiers acting under junior or non-commissioned officers. Disposition of the bulk of it was directed by General Honjo and his staff, and the fortunate enlisted men picked up what trifles were left. But withal, probably the Japanese conducted themselves

very much as soldiers of war everywhere, probably no worse, probably no better.

"Suspicious-looking" Chinese were held up on the streets by Japanese soldiers and searched for concealed weapons. If able to pay, they were sometimes released. If penniless, they were often arrested and "found guilty." This involved a sentence of hard labor under the new masters. Women were not exempted. A foreign friend told me of seeing two fun-loving youths strip a young girl to the waist as she stood shivering on the street. While he watched, they removed the "suspicious-looking" person into a nearby compound to continue the "search."

The Japanese made several mistakes. One of them became an international incident, when two soldiers, hasty with their fists, attacked U. S. Consul Culver Chamberlain, beating him about the head and shoulders. Apparently they thought him a White Russian. Another victim was Dr. Yu Lien-teh, famous throughout the world as the foremost authority on plague prevention. Dr. Wu was inspecting one of his clinics when Japanese soldiers arrested him. Under military escort he was taken to an underground cell, oozing with slime and vermin. There he was kept, without light, heat or air, for two days. But Dr. Wu was too well known among foreigners for the outrage to go unprotested. Production of his British passport eventually secured his release.

Men challenged by a sentry, and failing to halt, were often shot dead. A tragic verified incident of this sort observed by foreigners was the shooting of a father and his small son near the Mukden railway station. Accompanied by his wife and daughter, the luckless old man was leading his son by the hand, wending a homeward trail, when commanded, in Japanese, to halt. All turned back, thinking the sentries had demanded their retreat. Rifles were lev-

elled, and father and son fell dead. The two women were dragged weeping from the scene.

Spread of such stories terrified the populace, and soon nearly half of Mukden's Chinese population had fled from the city. Business in the walled city was stifled for weeks. All factories shut down, and hundreds of merchants disappeared. Thousands were without work or the means of subsistence. But under Japanese rule dozens of gambling houses now sprang up; opium was openly sold, and narcotics dispensed by numerous Korean and Japanese agents. These facts did not escape the notice of foreign correspondents.

Similar conditions prevailed in various towns and cities as the Japanese region of "protection of lives and property" expanded. Local puppet governments, nearly always formed under military threat, quickly appeared in the newly captured districts. Resolutions adopted by these régimes were invariably the same; all followed a text prepared by the Japanese army. They declared their "independence" of China and stormed against alleged vices of the former administration.

As the Japanese military moved farther inland they took with them numerous civilian opportunists and office-seekers. Will Rogers, in Mukden, remarked that it "wasn't Horace Greeley who told young men to go west—it must have been a Japanese." In some instances these Japanese hirelings actually accompanied the troops and within a few hours had set up the new administration, with themselves as "advisers." Years of thorough and painstaking secret service work now enabled the army to enter each town, knowing in advance which prominent citizens were enemies of Japan, which would be willing tools. Brave but indiscreet citizens who rashly offered articulate opposition were soon liquidated.

Leading all others for make-believe was the provisional

Fengtien provincial government. Nominally, at its head, was a venerable scholar named Yuan Chin-kai. Yuan, in days of the Dynasty, had been an official in Manchuria, but after Pu Yi's collapse, he retired to the seclusion of his gardens and rockeries, where he agreeably passed the time practicing calligraphy and the five classical moods of elocution. He had a straggling beard, and fingernails which he still wore under silver guards three inches long: an unique and priceless relic in this hour of everything-bebobbed in China.

One day Major Watari, Honjo's spokesman, gave out a long list of budget reforms which this new government was said to have decided to introduce in Fengtien province. The budget was admirable. It provided for the reduction of taxes by about one-half and the elimination of many corrupt practices which were declared to have existed previously. It made practically no allowance for military forces, but emphasized education and social improvements. Such an intriguing document caused me to seek out Governor Yuan Chin-kai and congratulate him on his achievement.

I found Yuan occupying the former governmental offices of Chang Hsueh-liang, within the walled city. Outside the compound wall were Japanese soldiers. Inside, Japanese civilians idled and smoked cigarettes. Scholar Yuan eventually met me in a mouldy room, and looked tired and languishing, but on learning I was American brightened at once. It appeared that he was anxious for American goodwill.

"It is a fine piece of work, this budget," I began.

Governor Yuan looked puzzled. "What budget?" he asked.

"Why, the new budget which your government has adopted. General Honjo's headquarters kindly gave me a copy of it in English."

Yuan's eyes, behind thick-lensed glasses, grew wide and

he smiled. *"Ai-ya!"* he exclaimed. "So that must be the 'important document' my Japanese advisers tell me will soon require my signature. But I have not seen it. Apparently it has not yet been translated from Japanese into Chinese." The governor claimed that none of the other Chinese officials of the provisional Fengtien government knew about the budget. "All these matters are in the hands of the Japanese," he averred. "Indeed, we are the last to hear of actions and policies credited to us."

"Then you had nothing to do with this government's declaration of independence from China?" For reply Yuan gave the story of his rise to the governorship.

"About a month ago some Japanese military officers appeared one midnight at my home, and ordered me to accompany them. They said a kind of government had been established and that I was to be nominal head of it. I declined. I was then informed that unless I accepted I might be imprisoned as an enemy of the state, or possibly be executed. My further protests were smothered and I was brought forcibly to these quarters I now occupy.

"I have no desire to be governor of Manchuria, or even of this province. The position means nothing but embarrassment to me. I hope with all my heart that Manchuria may never be separated from China.

"As for the proclamation to the contrary, which bears my name, that is bogus. It was prepared by the Japanese military. My signature to it was secured under military coercion. I am an old man, and I cannot oppose the whole Japanese army. But I wish the world to know that everything here is being run under the dictatorship of Japanese advisers. There are five of them in every department of this highly diverting administration."

Yuan's frankness in this interview, which was cabled to American newspapers, cost him heavily. Thereafter he was kept under stricter surveillance, and beyond reach of in-

quisitive newspaper men. Meanwhile a scheme of puppetry with larger and more romantic ramifications was being advanced by the same man who had dragged Yuan from his obscure study of the Classics. It is time to introduce Colonel Kenzo Dohihara, the "Lawrence of China", whose amazing activities, as yet little known, will one day make a legend in Asia.

V

"A GENERAL without a good intelligence officer," once remarked a famous American marine in my presence, "is like a sea captain without a compass." No commander in modern warfare can conduct an efficient campaign without the aid of smart intelligence service. Realization of this must have caused Shigeru Honjo, early in his career, to seek out Kenzo Dohihara, nearly 10 years his junior, and make of him a valued confederate.

Honjo, after his experience in the Russo-Japanese war, returned to Tokyo where for a time he became instructor in the Imperial Military College. Among the cadets was Dohihara, precocious, personable and a student of great acumen. He was a lad to inspire the best in any instructor; such a youth that Honjo, coming in contact with him, must have felt a parental urge to direct him into a career of significance in the Cause.

When these two first became colleagues is not known, but after Dohihara's graduation from the Staff College, in 1912, they are next found together in Manchuria, engaged in similar work. Honjo has moved, as instructor, from the classroom to the field. Dohihara, during the Japanese intervention in Siberia after the World War, is at 35 already recognized as indispensable in Asia. He is not to be given

a post in Japan again for 13 years, but when he returns it is to receive the rank of major-general.

For several years Dohihara loses himself in China. He lives for a while in Mukden, then below the Wall in Tientsin, Peking, Shanghai, and for some time at Taiyuanfu, where he becomes the close friend and adviser of Marshal Yen Hsi-shan, "model governor" of Shansi province. He affects a keen engagement with Chinese life and literature. His fluency with the Chinese language, which he learns to speak in several dialects without a trace of accent, is remarked upon throughout North China.

Sometimes, travelling in the long gown of a scholar or a merchant, he takes trips into the interior. He learns the attitudes of the peasant toward the official, the militarist, the nation. He studies Chinese habits of thought and secures an inner conception of Chinese psychology, so that he can think as the Chinese does.

He has a charming personality. Powerful generals and officials, whom he meets at parties and banquets, come to prize his friendship, and admire his vast familiarity with Chinese culture. This Dohihara gathers information wherever he goes, and he knows more about the people and affairs of China than its rulers do. The latter, seeing him as innocuous but edifying, exchange confidences with him. Some of them even present him with jade *ju-i,* silver shields, and honorary scrolls written in fine calligraphy.

During all this time Dohihara reports to Honjo, while Araki and Minami also read his secret dispatches. When Honjo becomes military attaché at Peking he secures the appointment of Dohihara as his assistant. Together they extend their influence throughout the inner political circles. But they work quietly and inconspicuously. In the foreign legations only a few recognize their intimate connection with political events, but those who do consult them with the respect accorded oracles.

Kaleidoscopic changes create and overthrow men and parties in the old capital. Honjo and Dohihara have singular prescience of schemes and intrigues behind such movements. Sometimes they are rumored to be authors of daring and astonishing plots. While they are with the Japanese Legation between 100,000,000 and 200,000,000 yen pour into the corrupt *Anfu* (Peace and Joy) clique, which for a time controls the Chinese government. When it is discovered that the *Anfu* grafters have been selling Manchurian concessions to the Japanese, Dohihara rescues "President" Hsu from a mob of enraged Chinese students. He puts him into the laundry basket, people later are told, that is received in Tientsin by Minami.

"Dohihara," says a high official in Tientsin, "has more Chinese acquaintances than probably any living Chinese engaged in the most alert political activities." Among those who become obligated to him is ex-Emperor Henry Pu Yi, whose dethronement in 1912 ended 268 years of Manchu rule in China. In 1924 Feng Yu-hsiang, the "Christian General," arrives in Peking. With his "People's Army", he drives Pu Yi from the Golden Palace, where he had been allowed to remain since his abdication. Pu Yi flees into the foreign quarter, and it is Dohihara who receives him with open arms. Later, the bicycle-riding ex-Son of Heaven is smuggled to Tientsin. There he resides secluded in the Japanese concession, a pathetic and impotent young man, till Dohihara is ready to use him.

Presently Honjo and Dohihara shift from North China back to Manchuria. In Mukden, Honjo becomes military adviser to Chang Tso-lin. This is in accordance with treaties which require the employment of Japanese army men in that capacity. He gets the Old Marshal to adopt certain Japanese army methods and equipment. It must occur to him, of course, that all this may be useful later on, if Japanese troops occupy Mukden. He endeavors to standardize

the output of Chang Tso-lin's arsenals so that the bullets and shells fit Japanese guns.

A strange friendship grows up between these two men, who comprehend each other perfectly. Old Chang knows what Honjo is thinking when he recommends the use of a new Japanese field piece. Honjo, perceiving that Chang understands him, admires his self-control, and his courage and character inspire something like affection. Yet people say that neither ever forgets that the other desires to annihilate him.

In 1925 Honjo leaves Chang and in his place Colonel Dohihara becomes high adviser. Honjo, for a while in Japan (where he now receives the rank of lieutenant-general), follows Dohihara's success with keenest interest till 1928. In that year the Old Marshal is killed by a bomb while in a Japanese zone in Mukden. Strong suspicion points to Dohihara as the perpetrator of the assassination, and he resigns at the request of Young Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang.

Honjo returns to Manchuria and in 1931 becomes commander of the garrison at Kwantung, the Japanese "leased territory" in South Manchuria. He immediately appoints Dohihara head of the Mukden "special service" bureau. Three months before the incident at Pei Tai Ying the colonel gets orders to tour North China.

Dohihara is next seen at Tientsin, then in Peking, then at the headquarters of Generals Shih Yu-san and Yen Hsi-shan, his old friends. When, shortly afterward in the summer of 1931, the latter revolt against General Chiang Kai-shek and the National Government at Nanking, it is allegedly at Dohihara's instigation. It is declared that the rebels have received Japanese arms, money, and promises of diplomatic support.

Some believe that Dohihara, knowing General Chiang Kai-shek will be forced to call upon the Young Marshal

to save him, deliberately plans to draw the Manchurian dictator below the Wall. That is exactly what happens. Chang Hsueh-liang, with the governors of all Manchurian provinces, and some 100,000 Manchurian troops, moves down into Peking and the revolt collapses. But a few weeks later Dohihara hurries to Tokyo, where for several days he is in secret conference with Araki and Minami. Toward the middle of September he returns to Dairen. With him, according to Hamamura's account in the *Manchuria Daily News,* he carries the secret instructions which give Honjo his final authority to take free action.

Thus, when the Japanese web of militarism was spun over South Manchuria on the night of September 18, Dohihara was back in Mukden. Next day Honjo appointed him acting mayor, an office which he held until a Chinese puppet was found, to whom Dohihara became adviser. He then rounded up long-nailed Yuan Chin-kai (an old acquaintance) and various other survivors of the Manchu Dynasty. From these materials he composed the Fengtien "peace maintenance" or provisional government. To this he was also appointed adviser.

Toward early November Dohihara suddenly left Mukden, and was seen next in Tientsin. Shortly after his arrival a series of riots occurred, somewhat anomalous from a political standpoint, and constitutionally un-Chinese, but successful in thoroughly terrorizing Tientsin. Participants in these riots were ex-soldiers (from the defeated army of Shih Yu-san, Dohihara's friend) who had been given refuge in the Japanese concession, and illiterate coolies. They were ignorant men, with little conception of the political significance of their acts. According to confessions made by some of the captured rioters, they worked for money paid by Japanese agents, and fought with guns supplied by Japanese.

Some days later the explanation of these strange disturb-

ances became apparent. It was found that Henry Pu Yi, ex-ruler of the Forbidden City, had been kidnapped from his residence in the Tientsin Japanese concession. Both Dohihara and the asthenic Pu Yi had disappeared on November tenth, last night of the riots. Subsequently it was learned that a Japanese armed launch had arrived in Tientsin that night, sent a squad of men ashore to Pu Yi's mansion, and abducted him, along with some retainers. One of his Empresses followed later.

He and Dohihara were next heard of in Dairen. Rumors spread that Honjo intended to seat Henry on the ancient Manchu throne in Mukden, where his more virile ancestors, who conquered China nearly three centuries ago, got their start. Flags of the Manchu Dynasty now began to appear in Mukden. Some of the old Manchu nobility were seen in conference with Japanese officials. I asked Honjo what it all meant.

"We have heard that Pu Yi has left Tientsin because of the disturbances there." He shrugged his shoulders. "More than this I do not know. The army cannot be concerned with any movements of the ex-Emperor."

Count Ryohei Uchida, now foreign minister at Tokyo, then president of the South Manchuria Railway, also was reported to be backing the restoration scheme. I went to see him in his luxurious apartment in the Yamato. "We have no room for Pu Yi in our plans for Manchuria," he said in answer to my query. "I understand that some talk is abroad to the effect that Prince Kung and other Manchus wish to bring Pu Yi back to power. These are mere rumors."

Something happened to upset plans which obviously had the approval of Honjo and the militarists in Tokyo. An official with the Japanese foreign office said that Pu Yi proved sulky and refused to enact his role. The more logical explanation seems to be that the Cabinet in Tokyo, realizing that world opinion would not yet tolerate such a fan-

tastic farce, appealed to Emperor Hirohito, who sensibly issued a temporary tabu.

But to Dohihara a congratulatory memorandum was issued, and Henry was kept in strict confinement in Dairen. Less than six months later Honjo and Uchida, who had denied intentions of using Pu Yi, were to be present when the "national" government of "Manchukuo", organized by the Japanese, was installed at Chang-chun. They stood, one on either side of the inert ex-Emperor, a little fearful lest their Chinese puppets forget lines given them to recite for Pu Yi, who did not utter a word during the entire ceremony. And they were the first to congratulate this youth of 26 at the conclusion of his inauguration. With the exalted title of "Chief Executive and Regent", Pu Yi became the nominal head of the independent provinces of "Manchukuo", a region formerly known as Manchuria.

Immediately after the ceremony Honjo and Uchida saw that Pu Yi was hurried off to the seclusion of his gardens, where he has obediently remained ever since.

7

RED, YELLOW AND WHITE

TOWARD the end of November the "mopping up" process in South Manchuria had progressed far. Some resistance was still offered by roving bandits in remote areas, but most of southern Kirin and Fengtien provinces was occupied by Japanese troops or their hirelings.

General Honjo was now able to leave the further consolidation of control in this vast southern territory to his subordinates. He permitted his gaze to turn to far north and west. It was time to be getting on. Inner Mongolia and North Manchuria had scarcely been touched.

Contemptuous of the League and its demand for the evacuation of Japanese troops by November 16, contemptuous of the United States, which had subscribed to this resolution, General Honjo brought in more reënforcements and prepared to advance into the Russian "sphere of influence." About 200 miles above Harbin lay Tsitsihar, the only one of the three provincial capitals of Manchuria which remained under a Chinese government. General Honjo was determined to have it. And his drive for it, some 350 miles from the point where the Japanese railway zone ended, was again to be a case of "action in self-defense."

General Honjo did not, of course, announce that he desired North Manchuria. His plan was replete with subtlety and Oriental involution. He set about first to create a situation which would appear to make the presence of Japanese troops in Tsitsihar not only justifiable, but an imperative need. General Honjo is a diplomat as well as a soldier.

The advance had to be made over a Chinese railway which begins at Ssupingkai, a station below Changchun on the Japanese-owned South Manchuria Railway. The line extends northwestward from Ssupingkai for 194 miles to Taonan, near the Inner Mongolian frontier. From Taonan it goes north 140 miles to intersect at Anganchi with the Chinese Eastern Railway. Beyond, it proceeds for 17 miles to reach Tsitsihar, capital of Heilungkiang, northernmost and largest province in Manchuria.

Although this "Ssupingkai-Taonan-Tsitsihar" Railway was a strictly Chinese government enterprise, Japanese state and private capitalism was heavily interested. That interest furnished Honjo with an ostensible motive for beginning operations. In order to protect "Japanese property" he sent some troops from Ssupingkai to Taonan. With them went several carloads of machine guns, artillery, rifles, ammunition, and various supplies seized from Marshal Chang's arsenal at Mukden. Having deposited this shipment, the Japanese soldiers "retreated." A general, Tartar Chang Hai-peng, who had once been a subordinate of General Wang Fu-lin, now arrived with his horde of several thousand, "captured" the contents of the cars, and left.

American missionaries at Taonan told me they were at first puzzled over this curious by-play. Its meaning, however, was soon revealed. The Japanese military had arranged to furnish the arms, ammunition and perhaps funds with which Chang Hai-peng, who had sold out to the Japanese, was to invest Tsitsihar. It appeared that they also furnished Chang with officers, and some Japanese soldiers to fire the cannon, infernal machines with which Chang apparently was unfamiliar. If Chang succeeded, good; if he failed . . . but he could not fail.

It looked an easy feat. General Wang Fu-lin, governor of Heilungkiang province, was in Peking. He could not

get back to Tsitsihar, even had he wished to do so. His son, left in charge there, had embezzled the funds of the provincial bank. Japanese military officers, who visited Tsitsihar a few weeks earlier, had distributed solatia among various Chinese officials, supposedly lubricating the way for the arrival of Chang Hai-peng. But everyone apparently had forgotten about cocky little General Ma Chun-shan, who in a few weeks was to achieve world-wide fame.

General Ma, who had been stationed on the Siberian border at Taheiho, suddenly returned to Tsitsihar and took command. With his small force he met Chang Hai-peng and drove his men in rout back along the Ssupingkai-Tsitsihar Railway. As Chang Hai-peng's troops reached the Nonni River, 20 miles south of Anganchi, the railway bridges were blown up. The Japanese accused General Ma of the dynamiting. General Ma accused the Japanese of having instigated General Chang Hai-peng to do it, to furnish a pretext for bringing up Japanese troops.

At any rate, the incident was quickly seized upon by General Honjo as justification for thrusting farther north. He dispatched 5,000 Japanese men, under Lieutenant-General Jiro Tamon, from Ssupingkai to the Nonni River, and announced to an alarmed world that it was necessary in order to protect some workmen repairing the bridges. Meanwhile he seemed to become disgusted with Chang Hai-peng. Envoys were sent to invite General Ma to surrender, offering him a puppet governorship in return. The Japanese were very much surprised when Ma refused to be bought. Meanwhile, growing nervous, General Wan Fu-lin's son fled with the bank's funds to Harbin, and Ma was left with little to finance prolonged resistance.

This now obvious determination of the Japanese to extend operations into North Manchuria and Mongolia seemed to arouse and antagonize Russia. Heretofore Japan always had recognized the predominance of Russian inter-

ests in North Manchuria. Russia, in turn, had admitted Japanese economic supremacy in the southern provinces. General Honjo's bold push put an end to that understanding. It foretold a conflict which to many seemed then inevitable. It laid further tinder for the long expected war between Russian communism and Japanese imperialism.

If the Japanese captured Tsitsihar it meant that Harbin, the heart of Russian influence, would then be enveloped on three sides by Japanese troops. These forces would eventually converge on and control Harbin itself. And that would mean the end of Russian domination exerted over North Manchuria for nearly a century. Would the Soviet government stand passively and watch the liquidation of all interests it had inherited in this vitally important territory from the Tsar?

The Japanese challenge to Russian might was unmistakable. It seemed apparent that Honjo now felt ready for trouble with the Soviet Union, and was expecting it. Already his headquarters was officially announcing that Russian officers were leading General Ma's troops, that Russian guns, money and ammunition were being supplied to the Chinese forces opposing Japanese subjugation. These provocative allegations, later to be proved utterly false, were calculated to inform world opinion that in the event Russia and Japan clashed, the guilt would be on Soviet shoulders.

In the West the nations looked on, some hoping for such a conflict, some in earnest against it, all impotent to prevent it, but vitally interested. Hearst cabled his correspondent a promise of $1,000 for the first story of an exchange of shots between Russian and Japanese troops. Would Russia defend her rights in Manchuria? That question, closely allied with the cumulative drama near Tsitsihar, caused half a dozen foreign correspondents at Mukden to desert

General Honjo's tea parties and hurry north to frigid Harbin. I was one of them.

Now, in snow-bound Heilungkiang, little General Ma mustered his expert Sino-Mongol cavalry, and his infantry dug into the frozen north bank of the Nonni River. He said he would not retreat, but would fight to the end. Japanese General Jiro Tamon, more diminutive than General Ma, ranged his armored cars, artillery, cavalry and bombing planes on the opposite side of the Nonni River and the jingoist Japanese press announced that he would "push Ma to Moscow."

II

FOR a moment, while these two Orientals prepare for the first real battle of the undeclared war in Manchuria, observe the city of Harbin. Understanding it is the key to understanding the far north, and the vast change here since the Russians tossed ikons and Romanoffs into the scrap heap. In Harbin things are happening that are important not to Orientals alone, but to all races. It is the storm center of a conflict greater than any momentary matching of martial strength. Here three civilizations are in contest; and to the victor probably will go the ultimate supremacy in Asia.

Harbin in appearance is a city of Old Russia, the Russia of Tsarist days. There are wide cobbled streets, and on them great cathedrals send up fat domes inspired from Samarkand; scores of coffee houses, and droshkies with drivers clad in voluminous coats; cossacks, large and black-bearded, and muzhiks with beards even longer, and flowing robes; and little schoolboys with red faces above high-necked blouses and bulbous trousers.

The signs on the streets are Russian. Chinese is almost as rare as English, except in Fu Chia Tin, the recently built Chinese section. The spaciousness everywhere, the music, the gaiety, the vodka, the sadness, the zakouska, the spirit of *dolce far niente:* all are reminiscent of that vanished era real now only to those aged Russian generals who in Shanghai and Paris still plot vaguely to restore the monarchy. Harbin was the last stronghold of their civilization. Now it is the first city in the world where brown men, what is called the "yellow race", rule the white.

Till a little over a decade ago Harbin, where the Chinese Eastern Railway bends toward eastern Siberia, was governed exclusively by Russians. Although on Manchurian soil, and part of China, it was built by the Tsarist government under one of many concessions granted by the Manchu Dynasty. Early in the century, when Russian expansionists saw domination of the Eastern seas as their objective, it was of importance secondary to Port Arthur. But it became the center of Tsarist activity when Japan's victory in the Russo-Japanese War forced Russia to retire north of Changchun.

Millions of roubles were poured into the development of Harbin. The Tsar and his General Staff saw in it the base for future operations in which Russia would avenge the smart of defeat and re-win the rights yielded to Japan in South Manchuria. But before that plan could materialize another war wrecked Tsardom completely.

Thousands of bourgeoisie sought refuge in Manchuria from the Red Revolution in Russia. For months and years after 1918 it was a ceaseless immigration. Rick kulaks came, a few aristocrats, superstitious farmers, devout Catholics, and small traders. The Chinese looked on without much hostility. There was land for all, and a few Russians could not crowd the enormous valleys of the north. Many went to Harbin. There the Imperial flag still waved, and

counter-revolutionaries schemed for renewed attacks on the Soviets.

Following the collapse of the Kolchak "White" (that is, anti-bolshevik) Russian government in Siberia, the Chinese took over complete control of the Chinese Eastern Railway. Later they extended their jurisdiction into all former Russian railway concessions, including Harbin. In 1924 China recognized the Soviet government. A treaty was made which legalized China's half-ownership in the Chinese Eastern Railway and henceforth it had a Russian communist as president. But the Chinese kept New Town and Pristan, the Russian-built and principal areas of Harbin. Russia agreed to relinquish rights of jurisdiction over Soviet citizens in China. As for the White Russians, they were *les hommes oubliês;* their special privileges languished with the Tsar.

Elsewhere in China foreigners form a very small and esoteric part of the population. Even in Shanghai the percentage is less than two in every 100. In other cities, nearly all foreigners but Russians are still beyond the reach of Chinese law. Their treaty rights of extraterritoriality (a long word with a long history) give them the character of self-governing communities. Each race is accountable only to its own consular and diplomatic officials. But in the Harbin that Imperial Russia built there is to-day a single standard. Yellow men are the equals of white. Here a hundred thousand émigrés bend to the law of the East!

Outwardly until the present Japanese invasion, life in Harbin appeared to move much as in other Oriental cities where concessions are run by foreigners. Chinese traffic policemen handled the mad Russian taxi-drivers with ability and dispatch. The electricity and power plants worked. Streets were kept in repair and rather cleaner then in treaty ports. Busses and street cars operated on schedule. Schools in both Russian and Chinese languages functioned,

and civic improvements, such as parks, boulevards, and residential districts, were developed and extended.

Harbin has had a fearful reputation for crime, and probably will have till the abounding destitutes die off or are absorbed into regular vocations. Crimes *passionels* are most frequent and violent. While I was in Manchuria several items of this sort were added to a long list. A Russian youth stabbed a Chinese merchant whom he suspected of illicit evenings with his wife; the double suicide occurred of a Russian dancing girl and her Russian lover; a Japanese fur-buyer and a Russian gentleman engaged in a fist fight over an Eurasian cabaret queen; two Russian vagabonds lay down on the banks of the Sungari and quietly starved to death, leaving a note saying that they were tired of life "without love and vodka"; and a Soviet citizen was attacked in a Kavkas restaurant by an aged Tsarist soldier who, upon his arrest, remarked that he objected to the presence of "vermin" while he sipped his tea.

The Russians have often complained that they do not get justice in Chinese courts. Many of the Whites, for this and other reasons, imagined that Japanese occupation of Harbin would better their lot. China has a legal code, newly promulgated and second to none. But its application varies according to the integrity and literacy of the judge, the will of the local militarist and the ability of rival litigants to pay "squeeze". Russians related to me "typical cases" which in their eyes established the incompetence and corruption of Chinese judiciary organs. Some of the tales remind one of the Shanghai French concession, where racketeering flourishes with a velvety smoothness that makes Chicago gangsters seem noisy playboys.

Russian merchants averred that the Harbin police, operating under the military, extort money from them whenever the till declines. I met one cultured usurer who was very bitter. His enterprise was with Russian peasants settled

in Heilungkiang. He made them generous loans and they paid the interest by turning over to him their whole output of dairy and poultry produce. He was a butter and egg man in a large way, with operations that gave him practically a monopoly throughout North Manchuria. He charged that the Chinese police had milched him of $180,000 in two years. Similar outrages, he asserted, had been practiced upon his friends.

Against such abuse the White Russians could do nothing but protest and bribe. They are men without a country and without a protagonist. Matters have completely reversed since days when Russian cossacks rode mightily into Manchuria. They were haughty men then, cruel and arrogant; they treated the natives as their distinct inferiors. Even the railway builders disdained to learn Chinese.

A story is told, how Russian surveyors were sent out to map a new territory and took no interpreters with them. Returning, they presented their charts to the commanding general, who observed that a dozen different places were marked "Putêngteh." This seemed odd to him; he ordered an investigation. It was revealed that the surveyors, going into the Chinese villages, had demanded in Russian the name of the locality. The response, very naturally, was *"pu têng teh"*, which in Chinese means "not understand."

That could not happen to-day. Many Manchurian Russians are bilingual, speaking Chinese almost as well as their native tongue. Hoping for preferential treatment, hundreds have become naturalized Chinese citizens. They adopt Chinese customs, eat Chinese food, live in Chinese houses, and often marry Chinese. Russian laborers work, when they are sober, beside Chinese. This is the real phenomenon of the East. Until Harbin, white men in the East believed that they lost face if they got dust on themselves through manual toil.

III

IT IS novel to see so many white women when first you walk down Kataiskaya Street. After months in China you become used to the golden flow of faces that surround you in crowds everywhere, and soon the cut and color of Chinese garments no longer seem exotic. But in Russian Harbin the Chinese and Japanese are a minority, with you but another white man. Here you discover that the white woman indigenous to the East acquires something of the allure and mystery of Eastern women.

In Harbin Russian women are an amiable lot. They have to be. It is a matter of economics. The foreign population is many times greater than the legitimate business under a Chinese régime will support. Unemployment is a permanent condition for the great majority who cannot bring down their standard of living to compete with the Chinese.

For a while, following the escape from Russia, the wealthier émigrés staved off poverty by selling their jewels, garments, heirlooms and furniture. Finally the women had only themselves to offer. Daughters of once proud bourgeois families went enterprisingly into the night. In another race it would be completely melancholy, but some Asiatic fatalism in the Russian spirit enables a woman to lift her shoulders and with the old gesture say, *"Nichevo!* It does not matter." She puts a genuine gaiety into the experience and laughter on her lips.

Europeans and Americans command great respect in Harbin, by virtue of their salary checks in gold. Even minor clerks are affluent in depreciated fiat currency. The unmarried young man who comes to serve three or four years with a foreign bank or business house is furnished quarters where, as in Japan, a pretty girl welcomes him, takes his

hat, and makes him feel, as he never felt, at home. Where such arrangement does not already exist, the new arrival finds aspirants ready to teach him Russian and the manner of life, in return for the status of temporary wife. Any man can be a Casanova in Harbin.

Travelling men who go to Harbin for two days often stay two months, and sometimes for life. Important Chinese officials or big Japanese bean oil buyers from the south are in good times richly entertained in the night clubs by brokers and politicians. Part of the entertainment traditionally includes furnishing the visitor with a satisfactory companion to help him appreciate his environment.

Transients of lesser consequence are not exempt. I discovered this when I went to the Harbin hotel where all travellers go. It is a little sad, with its royal red carpets worn now, vast stretches of plate glass, enormous gilded candelabra and extensive oil paintings of nude nymphs on the walls. You are charged $20 (local currency) a day for a room till you discover your neighbor pays but $15. A talk with the manager brings down the rate, though the poor fellow loses money. He tells you so himself.

I had not been long in my room when there was a knock, and I said, "Come in." A Russian girl entered, cast a look around, and an expression of ingenuous confusion came over her face. It was evident, I thought, that she had the wrong room. I opened the door and bowed her out. As she left, she gave me a disturbing glance and a shrug. Not long afterward another arrived, smiled and sat down. She did not look at all confused, and it took me some minutes to convince her that she had made a mistake.

But this famous hostelry, where the League of Nations Commission was later to stop during its tour of Manchuria, is a respectable establishment. In every room a sign warns:

> "Non-residents are positively forbidden
> to stay in the hotel after 12 o'clock."

The difficulty appears to be that nobody seems to know whether this means a.m. or p.m. Probably it is the former, since most of Harbin doesn't get up till noon.

People dine late, and the restaurants, though everything else has declined since the war, still serve enrapturing food. Things like shaslick of lamb, beef stroganoff, chicken kief and black caviar give the city a special aura of charm. You are served by a young woman, and it is customary that you dance with her, if she pleases. It is true that she is generally better at dancing than waiting, but the restaurateurs have discovered that few women are proficient at both. Being Russian they assume that most men would rather dance than eat.

After dinner you go to the cabarets, or in summer to the Sungari, where there are pleasure boats and the yachts of foreign taipans and Chinese warlords. I remember a visit to Harbin in June, two years ago, when I went one night to one of the islands in the river, where there is a romantic beach. It is fringed with a long crescent of alabaster sand, and swimming is good in water that comes down clear from the green forests of Heilungkiang. Gleaming samovars spread along the river and Russian tea and coffee were served in little mat sheds. Farther on were restaurants and dancing. At one of these a slender girl, with large black eyes, attracted me when she served my coffee.

She was young, rather splendid in a dark way, with thick wavy hair in which there was a rose over an ear. She sat down, as custom required, and attempted to engage me in Russian. I apologized for my helplessness, and tried some French, but without success. Then she spoke in a tongue which was strange to me. She knew no Chinese, for when I asked she lifted her hands in despair.

It was the kind of night that reaches into the hidden depths of you and takes hold so that you soar. There was a half moon and the stars were strangely bright in the sky

of the far north. I am afraid I gave an amatory sigh and indicated that I was smitten. Her light laughter was pleasing and the flash of her eyes seemed an avowal. I began really to regret that I was no linguist; gestures soon proved inadequate.

"Nihonga wakaremaska?" I queried, making a last effort in Japanese.

"So desu! Sukoshi wakaremasu. . ." Voila. We found we had a mutual vocabulary, limited, but we made it suffice. It did not seem odd to me then that an American should be conversing with a Russian girl in Japanese.

She was born of one of the Siberian tribes, she told me, and was a native of Kazbeckistan. We progressed further: she had been in Harbin but a few weeks; she was 21; and she found it amusing. But when I learned she was married, and that her husband was a valiant Japanese cavalry officer, a chill crossed the night, and the magic and glamour were somehow spent. Soon afterward I paid my chit, and left.

This happens so often that soon you are not surprised. Intermarriage is common in Harbin, and people scarcely comment upon it. You see a swarthy Indian walking with a fair Polish girl on his arm; a solemn Turk from Tashkent with a broad-hipped Irkutskian woman following at a respectful distance; a Greek dancing with his kimonoed Japanese wife; a soya bean merchant from Nippon ogling a Georgian beauty from the Caucasus, and often getting encouragement; and many Chinese accompanied by Russian wives or concubines.

Formerly there were districts where Russians married to Orientals dwelt apart from the rest. To-day they are scattered through the city and taken for granted. If Harbin once had a miscegenation phobia it is forgotten. Wealthy Chinese families often adopt Russian orphans, or destitutes, and bring them up as their own. Occasionally hard-pressed or unconscionable parents sell their white daughter

into Chinese service. She may become a kind of step-daughter, or a household drudge, or a companion for the young master, or perhaps the object of an old man's lust, depending upon the nature of the bargain.

I went one night with some friends to the club in Pristan that at the moment was elite. There was a score of Russian girls in silk evening gowns, and some were very pretty. They danced with you, or sat down to converse, or brought you wine or food. You were not required to pay them and no tickets were sold, but it was expected that you buy them wine, on which they received a commission. Chinese and Russians were there, with a few Americans and Europeans. There was an ancient Manchu in one corner, seated at a table with his wife, who wore a tall coif like a tiara. Their little boy was with them. They sipped green tea, and amusedly looked on.

A Harlequin with a fine baritone voice came onto the stage and sang *Steinka Razin*. He was followed by a Russian girl who did a slave dance. She wore nothing but rouge, and her dance under a soft light was done competently. The Orientals quietly enjoyed the performance, and their appreciation seemed to give dignity to the dancer. You felt that they would have been outraged had someone thrown silver dollars at the girl's feet, as foreigners do when the Hula is danced at Del Monte's in Shanghai.

Some Japanese danced with painted geisha doll women, in their clinging *kimono* and protective *obi*. A few Chinese brought women of their own, but others danced with those furnished by the club. A bearded orchestra played well the waltzes of old Petrograd, but their jazz was depressing. It was then that you wondered if the white women really felt as natural in the arms of the East as they looked.

A race is being born of this reckless mingling, this odd tumbling up of the germ cells of polyglot and polychrome humanity. Perhaps a hundred years hence ethnologists may

look here for the cradle of a new northern people, a real mergence of East and West. Harbin is a strange Asiatic mother-creature, great with a child of vigorous but as yet amorphous character. And the flux, the change, the incipience of the scene seizes and excites the imagination. You look a thousand years beyond, and see a world of cities where prejudices of race and color are sublimated in some magnificent communism.

But the coalescence now is not so apparent as the progressive conflict that accompanies it, the elemental struggle between yellow civilization and white. It is reflected in the matching of Russian brawn with Chinese energy on the land, and the competition of trader's cunning in the town. They are really four civilizations that meet, for the Whites, with their ikons sacred still, have scarcely more than a likeness in physiognomy with the atheistic Reds, while the Japanese and Chinese understanding does not go much beyond the significance of a mutual way of calligraphy.

IV

NOT far from the Moderne Hotel is a shop where you can buy playing cards that have on them no kings, queens or knaves. Instead there are the faces of revolutionary heroes. Above the building hangs a sign with large gold letters reading: "Foreign Goods Store." It is a communist enterprise, part of a chain recently created throughout the Far East by Soviet trading syndicates.

Inside you find tinned caviar and other sea foods, tinned meats, wearing apparel, piece goods, cigarettes, wines, perfume, furs, various kinds of candy, farming implements, and a departmental range of things including displays of Moscow-made toys.

Numerous other evidences testify to the new Soviet economic penetration in Manchuria. In 1931 the Standard Oil and Texas companies lost 50 percent of their kerosene trade in North Manchuria to Red syndicates; they cut 20 percent under American prices. Canadian and American lumber dealers practically ceased business. Siberian lumber mills now export at prices about half those demanded by the Western companies. American and British tobacco sales slumped one-third after the long Soviet cheroots entered the market.

Russian-made iron, steel, pipe fittings, rope, biscuits, confectionery, aerated waters, matches, motor car tires, rubber boots, chinaware, glassware, raisins, prunes, soap, medicines, hemp and jute were rapidly pushing out the American, British and even Japanese articles, when the "September 18 incident" occurred. Soviet goods, plain but serviceable, sell at prices from 10 to 50 percent less than competitors operating on private capital.

Europeans and Americans cry, "Soviet dumping! Unfair competition!" Russians grin and go on slashing prices, "We are merely following precedents laid down by the capitalists themselves," is their retort. And prices can be cut further, with profits still accruing to Moscow, worried foreign business men are informed. "State-owned Soviet industries pay no interest on capital, no corporation taxes, no high fees to boards of directors, no bonuses to superfluous officials, no dividends to shareholders. Capitalist waste is eliminated."

Soviet Russians, formerly hunted like criminals in Heilungkiang, and shot on faintest suspicion of bolshevist tinge, came in hundreds to work for the development of Soviet interests, at Harbin, and along the Chinese Eastern Railway zone. They have no extraterritorial rights, but between them and the "White" Russians there is a discerning difference in the treatment accorded by Chinese authori-

ties. They are respected. Behind them lies a now feared government of untested strength.

With the new generation of Russian youth of "White" parentage in Manchuria, the inherited hatred of bolshevism grows dim, and dimmer each year. There is less bitterness now between the young communists imported from Moscow, and the descendants of the "lost tribe" of "Whites." They fraternize. The young Manchurian Russians are renouncing their parental alliance with defunct Tsardom and many are becoming Soviet citizens. Bolshevism is fast winning them over. And likewise it is rapidly making headway among Chinese and Mongol communities wherever contact is established through the young zealots sent in by the Soviets.

But political and territorial considerations are for the moment subordinated to the Russian commercial drive. Threatening extinction to American and British enterprise, challenging Japanese trade monopolies in South Manchuria, is the electric impulse of the Five Year Plan. Money is needed for immense imports of foreign machinery, to pay experts and advisers, to install new factories, build power plants, bridges, railways and modern state farms. Surplus goods must be sold, and Manchuria and China are the greatest potential markets on earth.

Russia is determined to let nothing interfere with the realization of its vast economic program, certainly not war if it can be avoided. M. Slautsky, genial Soviet consul-general at Harbin, was agitated when the Japanese started their march toward Tsitsihar. But he was as concerned, or professed himself to be, with the menace to the "Open Door" as with the immediate military unpleasantness. The "Open Door Policy", principle of free trading competition enunciated in the Far East at the beginning of this century by American Secretary of State John Hay, has now

become as dear to the Soviets as to the capitalist Powers. Commented M. Slautsky to American newspaper correspondents, "Japanese militarists are losing more trade for Japanese manufacturers than can be recovered in a decade."

Within that decade Russia's Second Five Year Plan should be completed. Economic security should be stanchly entrenched at home, with the Soviet commercial ascendancy well begun in Asia. Russia believes China, thoroughly inoculated with the virus of communism, will eventually go Red. Another five years of success for Soviet industry will give ample funds to help achieve a proletarian seizure of power in China and the completion of the Asiatic Revolution.

Three years ago, when Chinese warlords illegally ousted the Soviet Russians from managing positions with the Chinese Eastern Railway, Moscow replied with a swift, effective punitive expedition. Russian troops swept into Manchuria, within a few hours occupied most of northern Heilungkiang, and converged upon Harbin. They had greater provocation for their action than had Japan. Territorial acquisition would have been fully justified, according to the jingo school of thought. But the Russians did not interfere in Chinese politics, did not arrest or murder officials, and did not confiscate Chinese property. Unlike the Japanese they at once withdrew when Young Marshal Chang's colleagues admitted their mistake, restored the status quo, and submitted their complaints to negotiation.

The new Soviet policy toward China was proved in this instance, as previously, to be friendly, consistent, and reasonable toward the Chinese people. It aimed to coöperate on terms of mutual benefit. Opposed to the Japanese method of conquest of markets by force, the Soviet strategy in Manchuria now is one of peaceful commercial penetration. Obviously Russia has no present ambition to annex Manchuria or China, for the Soviets believe such

conquest could never last. But they have a passionate crusader's faith in the ultimate conquest of all Asia with their political ideology. And they are prepared to fight to the end anything which threatens permanently to hinder its growth.

Russia cannot afford to sacrifice her hard-won way of entrance into Manchuria. She cannot for long allow Japan to block markets achieved by Russian money and Russian effort over a long past. She does not intend that Manchuria be closed forever to the germination and spread of Soviet civilization. And military control of North Manchuria by Japan insists the additional menace of actual aggression and invasion upon the Siberian borderland.

Thus, in Harbin, three virile contestants are in the arena. Japan, leading the industrialized West, with her samurai heart underneath excited by a dream of conquest, and accelerated by an essential economic urge for expansion; Red Russia, militant but not imperialistic, armed with a wholly new economic and social doctrine; and against them both, China, ancient but still possessed of an enormously puissant resistance, and a cultural tradition that historically has conquered all conquerors, with the erosive aid of time.

Between the three will be settled the fate of the Far East, a fate of intimate importance to Europe and America, as will be shown later on.

8

PRELUDE TO PARADISE

IT WAS bitter, with the thermometer in the closed vestibule of our car at zero, and outside a piercing wind that drove the mercury to 20 below. Snow covered the land in a vast crusty parchment. Up from it evergreens, tall and scattered, thrust loftily, like eternal verities. We crossed the Sungari, with its edges frozen solid, but in the center huge ice cakes flowed, piled high with compressed layers of snow, argent under the clear but unwarming sun.

Six of us were on our way from Harbin to Tsitsihar, where we might encounter war. We were all Americans: John Powell, correspondent for the *Chicago Tribune,* veteran of China wars, most diverting yarn-spinner, but seldom fallible reporter; the *New York Herald-Tribune's* smiling and amiable Victor Keen; shrewd, moustached, "scoop" Frederick Kuh, European manager of the *United Press,* who had raced by Trans-Siberian railway across Russia 6,000 miles from Berlin to Harbin, ready to prepare his "100,000,000 readers" for expected Russo-Japanese war; knowing, taciturn but genial Glen Babb, Far Eastern manager of the *Associated Press,* who had hurried from Tokyo; able, sardonic Reginald Sweetland, of the *Chicago Daily News;* and myself.

After days of sparring in the vicinity of the Nonni River, the Japanese, led by General Jiro Tamon, had launched a determined general offensive at dawn of November 17. Opposing Tamon, ill-equipped but plucky and bred to the northern rigors, where the troops of little Ma Chun-shan. Since his dramatic appearance from nowhere, and sub-

sequent defeat of the rabble of Chang Hai-peng, the "mad brigand", Ma had been appointed acting governor of Heilungkiang province by Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang. He had announced to the world that his soldiers would "fight to the last man." His defense of Tsitsihar represented the only organized stand of the Chinese government in North Manchuria.

On November 18 a radio message had come through to Harbin from General Ma. It was relayed to General Chiang Kai-shek, still "president" of the National Government at Nanking. "Japanese troops have begun heavy offensive led by armored cars and six giant airbombers," ran this pathetic dispatch. "Fighting is very serious. Appeal to League of Nations to have hostilities stopped." Chiang Kai-shek actually wired Dr. Alfred Sze, China's delegate at Geneva, to ask League intervention; but its efforts were no more fruitful than before. Tamon's ears were smothered under a thick fur helmet as he fought northward through a blizzard. The wave length of Switzerland never reached him.

By noon of the 19th, when we entrained for the front, the Japanese already had blasted their enemy from the trenches. General Ma's men, reports said, were fleeing in rout. Fighting was vigorous above the Chinese Eastern Railway, however, and we hoped to see some of it.

This country through which we sped over the wide-gauge tracks of the C.E.R. was part of the extensive plain and valley that lowers down from the Great Hingan and Little Hingan mountain ranges. On the west and northwest they form the natural divide between Chinese Manchuria and Russian Siberia. Much of Heilungkiang is still forested. Even now less than a sixth of the rich arable lands is cultivated. The province, with its semi-independent Barga region rolling into Mongolia, spreads over more

than 210,000 square miles. It is larger than all of Central America.

Centuries ago this was the primeval homeland of the western Tungus tribes, the aborigines of Manchuria. The warring Golden Horde had its nascence here. Likewise the other great conquering tribes, the various Tartars, the Mongols, the Hanchuings and the Manchus, each had earlier claimed portions of it as hunting domain. But steadily, through eras of time, came the more lasting agrarian conquest of the Chinese, advancing quietly, a slow avalanche pouring in upon the nomads and herdsmen.

By the seventeenth century venturesome Chinese farmers had well established though still small farming areas in Heilungkiang. By the eighteenth century their traditions, their customs and habits, even their language, had begun to dominate. Late in the nineteenth, as they came at last with Manchu government support and encouragement, they had cleared and settled the best lands. They drew forth the latent wealth of the soil. They produced for export, and they created markets for import. They transformed the frontier stockades, built for defense by the Manchus, into cities of flourishing commerce. And they secured economic advantages, soon to become political, over the tribesmen who clung still to inherited freedom of the wanderer's life.

Since the beginning of this century the Chinese population in Heilungkiang has doubled twice. It is about 6,000,000 to-day, sparse compared with other parts of China, yet with an immense numerical superiority over all remnant survivors of dying races. And the latter, even those with little Chinese blood, to a major extent have become Sinicized.

But though wide tracts many miles in extent are virgin territory, the new pioneer from below the Wall struggled desperately to achieve economic independence. Officials and militarists possessed fully a third of all arable lands,

and this was called "government ownership." About half the remainder, perhaps a third of the whole, was held by landlords and usurers for exploitation in a pure form of feudalism.

Of those who work the land, more than 80 percent are tenant farmers. The industrious southland peasant immigrants, who came, half a million yearly, to North Manchuria, were forced to deal with the land barons and petty officials, who drove hard bargains. Taxes were extortionate, rentals excessive, and interest usurious. The paradox of dire poverty prevailed among hundreds of thousands dwelling in the land of potential plenty.

Only the strongest, the most patient, win out in the slow, disheartening battle. Some give up and return to China. Some linger, but leave the plains and gird themselves for the hills, where they join the *hughutze*. Others become soldiers. But either bandit or soldier may go back to the land, may regularly spend six months on the wander and six months as farmer; and his community each time readmits him with impunity. Both soldiery and brigandage in remote districts of this region have an acquired social status unacknowledged elsewhere in China.

From such casual material General Ma Chun-shan built his gray-clad army that challenged the Nipponese advance. Mixed among his Chinese troops were Mongol-Buriats also, Solons, Golds, and a few hundred Tartars, with an ancient avidity for venture.

General Ma is himself part aborigine. He was bred as a farm lad, illiterate and knowing little beyond his plains. But he had courage, ambition and intelligence; with the aid of these his career might have followed the pattern laid by Chang Tso-lin. Like Chang, he had got his start *a la* Jesse James. The little general's name, which provoked excruciating puns from American columnists, is singularly reflective of his background. *Ma* in Chinese means "horse";

chun-shan literally means "occupy mountain." Japanese humorists gave it the loose translation "mountain-dwelling horseman," a term more or less synonymous in Manchuria with "bandit."

II

WORD came before we reached Anganchi that the Japanese had skirted the town, and were driving on toward Tsitsihar. We had missed the main clash, but we could follow in its wake. Arriving at Anganchi station we found a mass of refugees gathered, seeking protection of the railway guards, or waiting for transportation to Harbin.

They were mostly native peasants, but among them was a scattering of Russian and fur-collared Chinese merchants with scared looks. Some, hastily fled, were inadequately clothed. They wore gowns padded with cotton or sheepskin. Some children stood about, barefoot on the hard snow, but they did not whimper. In the crowd were four or five scented singing girls in nothing but thin silks, and sitting frigidly upon trunks covered with untanned pigskin.

Upon the waiting room floor were rows of stretchers on which lay wounded Chinese soldiers. The crowd stood round them, staring curiously, but from the faces you could not know whether they were greatly moved. The soldiers were mostly cavalrymen shot down at Nonni and they were tall and dark. On their long peaked hats, lined with sheepskin, a silver sun stood out on a white star, the emblem of China. They did not complain, though some had faces half gone, and others were with torn limbs. I suspect most of them had been given drugs to kill their pain.

More gruesome evidences of war greeted us soon after

we left Anganchi and the railway. On the road to Tsitsihar we saw discarded Chinese hats, helmets, cartridge belts, and trench mortar shells. There were some motor cars with wheels off, and one with a hole blown through its hood. We came suddenly upon an armored truck; noticing that two soldiers sat in it, we stopped to interrogate them. They did not answer, and going closer we discovered they had been bayoneted.

Further on bodies of Chinese soldiers became numerous. Some were badly mangled and others were frozen hard as the beancake piled in great stacks along the railway. Wolves had come down and devoured some of the dead, which in their hasty retreat the Chinese had abandoned. Here and there you saw only a lump of torso that had been gnawed, or a raw limb. Frozen Mongol ponies, their entrails trailing, added to this scene of battle debris, and the sight of them seemed strangely more tragic than that of slain riders beside them. Bomb craters pitted the field and beside some were half-burned corpse, splintered by flying steel. We came upon a body, lying across the road, with a cartridge belt empty beside it, and the head blown away by shrapnel.

Japanese troops still marched into Tsitsihar over the niveous terrain. Some wounded were with them. Many limped on frozen feet, or were carried on the backs of comrades. They were Japan's fittest, but they were after all from the warm rice fields, and their blood was thin; they missed their daily hot bath. Of the 700 or more Japanese casualties during the Tsitsihar campaign, more than half were cases of freezing; later 55 were reported as fatalities.

But these scattered rearguard troops, we noticed, were alert for command. Some Sino-Mongol cavalrymen still lingered in the region. And the Japanese had learned to

respect these northerners who shot from the saddle more expertly than island men could from the ground.

Coming into Tsitsihar also the troops proceeded cautiously, watchful for snipers, whose bullets still spat occasionally from behind barred doorways. The walled city, a place six hundred years old, men said, appeared deserted. But thousands of natives peered out through the cracks of barricaded shops or house fronts, though they remained still as death. Only the tramp of hard-shod Japanese feet echoed on the pavement.

General Tamon, with his headquarters established in the luxurious South Manchuria Railway building, greeted Victor Keen and me with a courtly bow, indrawn breath, and the *samurai* smile. In a room filled with maps he offered us good amber tea, but bad cigarettes. He was very happy. The battle was won; Ma was in flight for the Siberian border. By leading Japanese troops into North Manchuria for the first time, Tamon had laid the foundation for Japanese conquest of a whole new land as large as Japan and Korea combined.

He was a man scarcely five feet tall, this Tamon, and his big boots seemed to be half of him. He wore glasses and had a professorial brow. There was a kindly look, but nothing vague in his narrow eyes. Through a staff interpreter he spoke rapidly, directly, and with quiet assurance as he minimized the importance of his victory.

"The Chinese had only machine guns, trench mortars, and a few antiquated pieces of field artillery," he said. "Their troops were poorly disciplined and inadequately trained. Considering these handicaps, they made a good fight. We had field artillery, howitzers, airplanes, armored cars, tanks, and a disciplined body of men, skilled in modern warfare. Our victory is due to superiority of training, equipment and spirit."

General Tamon confessed to an admiration for General

Ma. I think it puzzled him to find a Chinese who preferred to fight, in the face of certain defeat, rather than yield to a more profitable submission. Ma could have acquired wealth and a secure position had he accepted offers made to him by the Japanese. "He is a brave but perhaps a careless man," admitted General Tamon. Remembering this later I was surprised to encounter fire-eating Hamamura's picturesque account of the Nonni battle in the *Manchuria Daily News*. His headline, half across the page, proclaimed in black type:

MA, THE BLUFFER, GETS IT RIGHT IN THE NECK! THE BLUFFER, ALWAYS THE FIRST TO FLEE!

Poor Hamamura had to reverse somewhat from this attitude when, through subsequent negotiations, Ma Chun-shan for a time became war minister in the Alice-in-Wonderland government organized by General Honjo.

"What is your attitude toward the League of Nations?" Keen asked the victorious officer.

A smile crossed his wind-burned features. "The League? What do those talkative gentlemen in Europe know of conditions here? It is absurd for them to attempt to regulate the movement of Japanese troops while we are establishing peace and order in Manchuria. Their activities are very tiresome."

But of all things General Tamon was proudest that he had carried the Rising Sun across the Chinese Eastern Railway. He had penetrated into the heart of the Russian "sphere of influence," and yet had provoked no Russian opposition. He was now ready to discredit all yarns previously spun by Honjo's camp stating that Russians had participated in General Ma's defense.

"Far from hindering us, the Russians have proved very understanding," he declared. "It is not true that Soviet









'pper left: Japanese encampment in snow-driven Heilungkiang. *Upper right:* Th
arring Golden Horde—a survivor in Heilungkiang. *Lower left:* Manchurian *hung*
utze, six months bandit, six months farmer. *Lower right:* Japanese light artillery in ac

assistance has been given to Ma. We saw no Russians among Ma's men, no indication of Russian help or leadership. The story that Russian officers were captured by us from Ma's troops is false. It is untrue that Russian anti-aircraft guns were used against us. The Chinese had no anti-aircraft guns."

There was no longer any reason for disseminating such canards, and Tamon cheerfully liquidated them. The crisis had been safely passed. It was established that Russia would not meet Japanese violence with violence in North Manchuria; at least not yet. Unfortunately the Foreign Office in Tokyo, apparently credulous of the fabrications issued from Mukden, a few days earlier had excitedly addressed a note to Moscow alleging that Soviet Russians were aiding Chinese forces. Back came Commissar Karakhan's reply, prompt and trenchant:

"The Japanese Government cannot but know," his note concluded, "that there are no Soviet instructors (advisers) among the Chinese troops at Tsitsihar or with the army of any other Manchurian province; that no arms or munitions have been or are being received by those troops from the U.S.S.R.; that the U.S.S.R. is not giving assistance to any of the struggling sides in Manchuria.

"The Government of the Soviet Union adheres to the policy of strict non-interference in Chinese affairs, not because such a policy pleases or displeases anyone, but the Soviet Union adheres to the policy of non-interference because it respects international treaties signed with China; respects the sovereign rights and independence of other states and believes the policy of military occupation pursued under pretense of so-called help is incompatible with the peaceful policy of the U.S.S.R. and the interests of world peace . . ."

Ears burned in the Tokyo cabinet. The Japanese warlords had made the Foreign Office look silly once again.

III

BACK in Mukden, my Japanese detective met me at the railway station, and greeted me cordially. "Ha! I very worry for you!" he grinned, and took in his breath. "Chichihar very corid." He not only knew that my trip to Tsitsihar had been cold; he knew my dispatches had been censored at Harbin, and he offered sympathies.

Foreign correspondents were regularly tracked by these young Sherlocks across Manchuria. They were thickest in Mukden. You saw them in the tea houses and restaurants, loitering near foreign consulates, and assuming manner of importance around government offices. There were few places you could go without bumping into one of them. They infested the Yamato and, when you were absent, visited your bedroom to secure "evidence." If you wished to know, for instance, whether John Powell of the *Tribune* was in the hotel, you had but to look in the lounge and see if spy-san was there.

One of the purposes of this mysterious proceeding was to see that no contact was established with Chinese who might report unfavorably on Japanese military action. The unrelenting scrutiny soon made it practically impossible for journalists to reach any "outside" source of news. Chinese who knew and told what was happening either fled from Mukden in terror, or were "removed" by the Japanese. And as our activities grew more innocuous the detectives' duties declined to chronicling the daily routine.

During a moment of inebriety one of them confided to me the nature of the report which he had submitted the day before. Offenses were marked up against various correspondents. Mr. A had bought a box of plain stationery; B had sat in a bar from 8 p.m. till midnight, drinking beer

and talking in a low voice to C; D had made a call at a foreign house, where a Russian had admitted him and locked the door; E and F had ordered a motor car and departed on a "secret mission"; as for G, a pretty young Japanese girl had visited his room late at night . . .

The ingratiating little men assigned to collect this intriguing data were mostly neophytes at their profession. Recent graduates, they were getting practical experience as part of the world's most extensive espionage system. It covers every nation, but it has largest ramifications in China, Russia and America.

In Harbin a special "spy school" is operated on Chinese territory by the Japanese government. Even larger is the Tungwen University at Shanghai. Japanese are brought to these institutions as boys and learn to speak fluent Chinese. After ten years or more of espionage training they are sent afield. Some go into the army or the navy; some become "dope" peddlers in Inner Mongolia; some enter the big government banking, shipping and commercial concerns. Others simply fade into the Chinese population, where they often pass as natives. But they are spies for life.

All this is an outgrowth from the tradition of "secret methods" employed for centuries in Japan as an imperial prerogative. At one time it became so ubiquitous that every fifth subject of the Emperor was said to be in government service as a spy. It is of course well known to-day that every foreigner who stays or visits within the Japanese Empire is placed under instant surveillance. But the transfer of this system to China, while the Tokyo government officially still recognized Chinese sovereignty there, is an illuminating commentary on the mental attitude of the General Staff toward Japan's neighbors.

Due to extraterritoriality rights which make Japanese immune from the process of Chinese law, the system is abroad. Special funds were advanced to finance tours of

easily executed in China without fear of arrest or interference. Politico-military spies honeycomb all cities. Supervised by the General Staff, which is directly under the Emperor, these intelligencers make minute and careful maps of every strategic point in China and its dependencies.

They furnish reports on the number, disposition and movement of troops. They acquaint themselves with Chinese bureaucrats, win or buy their confidence, get from them plans of arsenals, and other military data. They secure accurate lists of military equipment, and estimate the fighting efficiency of various units. No phase of the social, political or economic life of the people escapes their observation.

All devices of human ingenuity are utilized by Japanese to collect the desired information. Some marry Chinese women, or keep mistresses who have access to official circles. Some present Chinese officials with Japanese concubines who remain "stools" for the Empire. They bribe freely, and cultivate the friendship of gangsters and racketeers who run the underworld life of big cities in China. Servants of Chinese and foreign officials are often in their pay. Not long ago in Peking it was discovered that house boys and even clerks in certain foreign legations were informers for Japan. Through bribery or personality they often achieve a position of influence in Chinese politics. The most outstanding instance of this is Colonel Dohihara who is said to have made and broken half a dozen northern politicians.

The spy operates on apparently inexhaustible funds. He changes from city to city and does not always maintain the same identity. Collectively these men know more about China than any Chinese, or group of Chinese. Their information, placed at the disposal of the Tokyo General Staff, enables the direction of any armed expedition to China with amazing precision and attention to detail.

Working side by side with the Japanese informers in Manchuria and China is an army of propagandists. No war in Asia has been accompanied by such intensive and widespread "effort to inform." Since September, 1931 the official, semi-official and unofficial propaganda conducted both in Japan and abroad has been remarkable in its reach and scope. No known method of influencing public opinion is overlooked. One foreign military attaché in Mukden told me that the combined expenditure for Japanese spy work and propaganda throughout the world during this period "cannot be less than 20,000,000 yen."

Almost every day newspaper correspondents receive new books or booklets published in defense of the "case for Japan." These are sometimes issued officially, sometimes by press unions or information bureaux under government subsidy. Specimens of the unique library include contributions by two Americans resident in China, said to be the most highly remunerated in the service.

Such publications have been distributed in every great nation, going to standard lists which include writers, bankers, consuls, diplomats, statesmen, politicians, professors, college presidents, newspaper editors, and all who help form public attitude. Besides this, the Japanese propaganda scheme includes ownership or control of Russian, Chinese or English language newspapers in Harbin, Mukden, Dairen, Tientsin, and Shanghai.

Government subsidy is given to *Nippon Dempo* and *Rengo*, the great Japanese agencies which distribute news and have foreign correspondents. Funds are also supplied to scores of "independent" publicists scattered throughout the Orient and the West. Certain American correspondents received offers of substantial financial backing from Japanese, but I believe such overtures were invariably rejected.

Radio, moving pictures, lecture tours and posters all featured the Japanese campaign to win support in Asia and

the Manchurian battlefields by Japanese or foreign students, professors, parliamentarians and others whose opinion might prove helpful. When it is remembered that propagandists are attached to every Japanese embassy or legation, and given generous allowances for "entertainment of influential friends of the Japanese cause" the involutions of the system are realized.

In Mukden a special type of "liaison" men contacted the foreign press. They had lived abroad, they spoke English lucidly, and they knew enough to be of real help. Intelligent and accomplished dialecticians like Kawasake, Watari and Kanai probably did more to aid what is called Japan's "mission" than all the tons of unread literature distributed elsewhere.

Now, toward the end of November, these men began to intimate that the urbane Honjo was ready to eradicate the last vestige of Chang Hsueh-liang's government in South Manchuria. Southwestward, about 150 miles from Mukden along the Peking-Mukden Railway, the Young Marshal had set up a provisional government at the old walled town of Chinchow. The city lies some 100 miles north of Shanhaikuan and the Great Wall; possession of it enabled Chang to continue to exercise considerable control over Jehol, or Eastern Inner Mongolia. Through it also the Chinese government still maintained the fiction of administration of Manchuria. Honjo determined to eliminate this claim to authority. The effort was to develop an incident profoundly significant of the character of Japanese government under the domination of the General Staff.

IV

HONJO had increased his troops to between 30,000 and

35,000 in Manchuria. The war office in Tokyo, placing full confidence in him, apparently gave orders to extend the Japanese occupation as discretion dictated. Only one obstacle appeared to block him: world opinion had ominously mustered against continuance of the campaign.

But the military both in Japan and Manchuria had begun to cast aside pretense and precaution. Admonitions of the League now caused them to smile indulgently. Colonel Stimson's notes made no visible impression, if, indeed, they were read in Mukden at all. Honjo, in his interviews with the press, made less and less attempt to disguise his conviction that the Four-Power, Nine-Power and Kellogg-Briand anti-war pacts could not be applied to check his operations.

Nevertheless, since no formal war had been declared, it was necessary still to advance specious arguments explaining the aggressive southward advance on the Young Marshal. The usual formula was followed. "Bandits" were reported to be menacing the lives and property of Japanese nationals along the Peking-Mukden Railway; Japanese troops would have to be sent to protect them. These troops then suffered casualties from "irregulars" of Chang Hsueh-liang's command, it was announced. Finally, "Japanese troops have begun an anti-bandit drive in the direction of Chinchow," Honjo's headquarters revealed.

Within a week more than 150 troop cars moved southward from Mukden. No regrets were expressed to the British government for the illegal commandeering of the railway, which is a joint Anglo-Chinese enterprise. Attacks on Japanese troops by the Young Marshal's "irregulars" were announced with monotonous frequency. "Retaliations" for these attacks soon took the Japanese troops within 20 miles of Chinchow. Squadrons of airplanes began operations along the railway and over Chinchow itself. Many civilians were shattered by the 100 pound and 250

pound bombs. Japanese aviators flew low beside moving passenger trains carrying refugees and spattered the cars with lead that left death in its wake.

Meanwhile the "Japanese Lawrence," tireless Colonel Dohihara, having left Pu Yi babbling under armed guards in Dairen, suddenly reappeared in Tientsin. In Mukden Honjo delayed his advance on Chinchow. On November 26, four days after Dohihara's arrival at Tientsin, the second series of "Tientsin riots" broke out. Coolies, armed with Japanese rifles and confessedly paid by Japanese agents, began attacking the Chinese city from within the adjacent Japanese concession. Commander Kaisha promptly declared the concession under siege.

That was enough for Honjo. His headquarters announced that it had been found necessary to occupy Chinchow. And one brigade was ordered to continue to the Great Wall, and below it, 200 miles south of Shanhaikuan to Tientsin, where "lives and property of Japanese nationals were endangered." Honjo was bent not only on driving Chang Hsueh-liang's troops below the Wall, but also aimed to dominate the Tientsin port. With this as a lever he could perhaps induce the Young Marshal to agree to relinquish his right to rule Manchuria.

But the southward drive was halted within gunshot of Chinchow. Not by Chinese troops, for Chang Hsueh-liang already had ordered their withdrawal, but as the result of a dramatic struggle within the Japanese government itself.

Honjo and his overlords were deaf to the denunciations of Japanese imperialism, but the Tokyo cabinet was not. Its foreign minister, the wise and conciliatory Baron Shidehara, had saved Japanese honor from disgrace by the militarists many times before. He was opposed now to the conquest of Chinchow, as he had been opposed, in vain, to the original seizure of Mukden.

Shidehara's position had become embarrassing. He had

declared that Japanese troops would not operate outside the railway zones, and they had. He had given assurances to the Powers that Japanese troops would not be increased, and they had been increased. He had promised that Japan would respect the "sovereignty and territorial integrity of China," and the military had crushed it ruthlessly.

The aging foreign minister believed that further unprovoked military aggression now would bring about the collapse of Japan's economic and commercial interests in China. These he had always regarded of importance paramount to any policy of territorial aggrandizement. He knew also that foreign military attaches in Chinchow had informed their governments that Chinese troops had not attacked Japanese, that they were making no hostile preparations as alleged by Honjo's headquarters. Perhaps he thought that capture of Chinchow would brand Japan permanently as a nation of violence and hypocrisy in the judgment of men.

But more vital to him than these considerations was the rapidly widening usurpation of power by the military leaders. Shidehara was impotent to deal with them. Each day saw him and the Wakatsuki government more clearly revealed as divested of control over operations in Manchuria. Only one course was left open to him. As foreign minister, in a crisis, he could appeal directly to the Emperor.

Basing his whole future on that move, Shidehara hurried to the Palace. He requested that the order for withdrawal be given to the high command. Tradition demanded that the Emperor assent, unless he wished Shidehara's resignation, which at this critical moment would of course have produced a disastrous effect on world opinion.

Word was expected momentarily in Mukden announcing the capture of Chinchow. Instead, suddenly came news that "Japanese troops, having completed the suppression

of bandits, are returning to Mukden." The Imperial order apparently had arrived at the last moment. Seldom in history was a military withdrawal carried out so swiftly and completely.

It had required nearly a week to move the heavy ordnance and to transport the infantry, cavalry and artillery units into position for siege at Chinchow. Presumably, between 8,000 and 10,000 troops had been shifted down this single track line. But within ten hours after the Emperor's command reached the front, every man and every gun had returned to its original position. As if by magic, too, the disturbances suddenly ceased in Tientsin. It was a remarkable demonstration of the supreme authority vested in Hirohito.

But the withdrawal was not, of course, to be permanent. The army permitted the League Council its sigh of relief. It allowed the Foreign Office to give further assurances to the Powers that Chinchow would not be bombed again, or attacked. Then, the League having adjourned, the military fascists intrigued, manipulated and endeavored to complete the *coup d'état* begun in September. They desired to overthrow not only the Wakatsuki cabinet and Minseito party, but to free themselves of all civil government restraint.

Engaged in their plot was a group of young officers, jingoists who were infuriated by reports that Shidehara had reached a basis for peaceful settlement of the Manchurian issue with Chang Hsueh-lian. Apparently encouraged by their elder officers, who regarded their ambition as typifying the highest instinct of *bushido*, they formed an assassination pact. They conspired to eliminate the aged genro Prince Saionji, Count Makino, Premier Wakatsuki, Baron Shidehara, Junnosuke Inouye and others regarded as "liberals." They hoped, as confessions made following their

murder of Inouye revealed, to remove all opposition to Japanese military conquest in Asia.

The coup was unsuccessful, but the sullen anger of the military made Shidehara's position untenable. He resigned ten days after the withdrawal from Chinchow and on that day the League adjourned at Geneva. A coalition government was formed with "Old Fox", Takeshi Inukai, as both premier and foreign minister. As head of the Seiyukai party, which traditionally advocates a "strong" policy in dealings with China, the "Old Fox" was slightly more satisfactory to the fascists. But they did not trust him. As a safeguard for the future, the bellophils induced the Emperor to appoint Prince Kainin Chief of the Army General Staff (retaining General Minami, with his vast knowledge of China, as his assistant), and Prince Fushihi as Chief of the Navy Commandant Staff. This bold stroke now exalted army and navy above all but nominal civil control. Henceforth to criticize their activities, or attempt to curb them, was to insult the Throne, and nearly tantamount to treason.

Chinchow eventually was occupied by Honjo's forces on January 3, in betrayal of all Japan's promises to the contrary. The Chinese, following Chang Hsueh-liang's policy of "non-resistance" which he had assumed since losing Mukden, withdrew without fighting. Shortly afterward the converging movement on Harbin was consummated and Honjo stood at last in control of all lines of communication (except the Chinese Eastern Railway), all capitals, and nearly all strategic centers of Manchuria, from the Great Wall northward to Russian Siberia.

The spectacular phases of conquest had passed, and in Shanghai a new menace was brewing which was to minimize all previous Japanese actions. But the task was far from completed; from 80,000 to 100,000 ex-soldiers of the scattered armies now roamed the interior districts of Man-

churia. Subjugation of them, and establishment of undisputed Japanese military control was to occupy the enormous energies of Honjo for months ahead and eventually to require the use of an army of 100,000 men.

Over all Manchuria, trade now was stifled and in the cities was little life. Hundreds of thousands of peasants had fled from their homes and had left their farms. Millions in property and wealth had been confiscated or destroyed by the Japanese. The estimated death toll among civilians and soldiers had reached 50,000. And as for Japanese life and property, its security never had been at such a low state, for reprisals now were being made everywhere by the Chinese populace.

I mentioned these costs of war to a Japanese military officer whom I met travelling from Mukden to Dairen. He grinned. He had difficulty with his l's, which he pronounced as r's.

"Yes," he said, "this indeed ver-ry deprorable. But soon Manchuria will become the garden spot of A-shia. You might say present troub-res are on-ry pre-rude to paradise!"

Meanwhile, among the 400 millions below the Wall, this prelude had produced a reaction with tragic results for Japanese trade. Shidehara's fear that Japanese militarism in Manchuria would kill Japanese business in China was being richly fulfilled. Even from Mukden you could see that it was soon to become necessary for Japan to "protect her lives and property" in China. Hurriedly I left Honjo's side-show to arrive at the big tent in Shanghai in time for the opening of the most sensational martial performance since the World War.

9

THE FOUR HUNDRED MILLIONS

FOUR hundred million big stiffs who won't fight for themselves!" That was the way an American editor of a pro-Japanese publication recently described to me his impression of Chinese reaction below the Wall to the Manchuria invasion. It is perhaps a very American summation of a situation which puzzles Western thought.

What is China? Is it worth taking up as much of the world's time and patience as it has done in recent years? Is it really "not an organized state," as the Japanese tell us? Is it, as a Frenchman has put it, "nothing but a state of mind?" If so, is the attitude worth preserving? If it is a nation, what explains the phenomenon of mass passivity in the face of conquest, the murdering of its people, the destruction of its freedom? Is there anything in such a people that should be "saved", as the missionaries put it?

Historically, China is more certainly a nation than any of the European upstarts which surround it with bayonets and gunboats to-day. More than half a millenium before the Japanese had learned to write, old Ch'in Shih Huang Ti, in 221 B.C., had abolished the more primitive form of feudalism that held the West till comparatively recent times. And he had built the Great Wall that is even to-day a far more formidable testimony of entity and nationhood than foreign gunboats.

We know of course that Chinese civilization is the oldest on earth; that when Europeans were still tearing their meat limb from limb the Chinese were sipping tea from delicate porcelain; that Chinese culture has survived since 2,300

B.C., outliving the great eras of the West—the Egyptian, Greek, Roman and Byzantine. In world history we find that only the Egyptian and Babylonian empires had anything comparable to the longevity of China.

Through centuries the Chinese people underwent comparatively little change and modification. The civilization that began with Yao and Shun in the Third Millennium B.C. was subjected to constant invasion, but each time survived the shocks. Conquests swept over the land, like great tidal waves; from the West the Huns and warring Turks rode in; in the South there was an endless struggle against the aboriginal tribes; down from Manchuria and Mongolia poured the nomadic horsemen mentioned earlier in this book. Dynasties were established, ruled for a time, left their subtle impress. But in each case they vanished, as after a great storm the sea subsides again at shore. Whole peoples were lost, buried and forgotten in the enormous spaces of Eastern Asia. But something we call China, and Chinese civilization, remains.

"Yes, but what of all this antiquity?" demands the foreigner selling machine-guns. "All those emperors are dead men, and dust in their fine tombs. They mean nothing to-day. We want to see China wake up, be like us, forget Confucius. The trouble is that nothing has happened since he died 2400 years ago." What is progress, one asks? The cocksure Westerner perhaps replies that it is the purchase of more machine-guns.

The foreign trader knows that where his ancestry may go back to the time of George III, the Chinese can with ease trace his another thousand, perhaps two thousand years. He overlooks the significance of that. He forgets that here is a people with a stabilitated germ cell; that here are men who mastered a formula of life that brought them, more or less intact, down to our day; that our own emergence from the primeval slime did not acquire direction till long after

the Chinese had discovered a Golden Mean which outlasted more irruptive forces than—machine-guns. There is no sound reason to suppose that China is going to collapse now, or that 400 million people are to be immolated during a painful metamorphosis.

But let us say that because China to-day lacks a strong central government it is only a figure of speech, a geographical expression. Within the confines of that expression must be included nearly a fifth of the human race. The ties between these people are perhaps stronger than mere nationhood, as we understand it in the West. They exist in more ineradicable things like a common ethnical origin, a common art, literature and history, a tradition, a way of ethical thought and conduct, an universal written language, a speech with only dialectical differences, and many humanities that make the Chinese an intensely interesting and likeable people, with virtues and vices peculiar to their tradition and environment.

II

IF WE cannot define China, we can at least define the territories in which Chinese live. They are 24 loosely bound provinces, and even more loosely held dependencies that comprise an area as large as the United States, and hold between 400 and 500 millions of people, or roughly four times the American population. In the south, this geographical China begins at the borders of Burma and Indo-China, where there is a tropical climate; in the west it skirts mountainous and primitive Tibetan Asia, then pushes northward across the deserts and steppes of the Mongolias; then, norminally at least, still includes Manchuria, which in the north is sub-arctic. The coastline of these states

is the longest continuous shore dominated by any single people. And beyond these borders, stretching into lands that once paid tributes to the Golden Palace, stretching even into remote lands that were but names to the Son of Heaven, live another 10,000,000 overseas Chinese.

The once Flowery Kingdom is divided, geographically and to some extent ethnically, by the wide and yellow Yangtze, that comes down from the great heights of Kokonor and Tibet, flows for 3,250 miles, and waters the crops and bears the trade and commerce and sometimes with devastating floods endangers the lives of more than 100,000,000 men, who live in its rich valleys. The Yangtze and other streams are, in China, still the most important means of communication.

In all of China below the Great Wall there are less than 6,000 miles of railways, most of them now in pitiable disrepair; in the United States there are 275,000 miles of railways. In China there are 35,000 miles of roads theoretically passable for motor traffic; in America there are nearly 2,000,000 miles of surfaced highways. China still depends largely upon canals and natural waterways, two-wheeled carts, wheelbarrows and human and animal caravans to haul her burdens through the "deep" country. There are Western nations whose annual foreign trade amounts to nearly £150 per family, whereas in China, according to Mr. T. V. Soong, speaking recently before the World Economic Conference, the annual foreign trade amounts to the equivalent of less than seven shillings per family.

Almost 90 percent of the Chinese population is agricultural; more than 90 percent is still illiterate. The total circulation of all newspapers published in China is about 2,000,000, or less than the circulation of a single well-known American weekly magazine. The vast masses who dwell in the interior never see a paper, never read a report; their









p: Sun Yat-sen became a hero and a kind of God. For months his body lay enshrin
this Lama temple in the Western Hills, near Peking. Thousands came to pay hi
nage. *Upper right:* "Heaven is high and the Emperor is far away. . . . What has t
ernment to do with me?" Yunnan peasants pounding rice as their ancestors d
o years ago. *Lower right:* China still depends on human and animal caravans to ha
burdens. *Lower left:* Sun Yat-sen

news is hearsay, gossip, rumor. They dwell for the most part in rustic mud huts with straw roofs, and eat a simple fare, with rice the staple in the southland, wheat in the north. Their life, judged by Western standards, is unbelieveably dull, primitive, pastoral, and an elemental struggle for survival.

After British India the Chinese per capita income is believed to be the lowest of any people; it is estimated not to exceed the equivalent of U. S. $10 annually. There are no more than 1,000 semi-modern factories, and mostly these are in the foreign treaty ports; nearly a third of them represent foreign investment. Industrial workers in all lines total fewer than 2,500,000; their average daily wage is considerably less than twenty cents, American money, at present exchange rates. The total of primary, middle schools and colleges is about 10,000. Only about 20,000 of China's millions are matriculated in the universities each year.

That is the kind of statistics which aggressive foreigners, the ultra-westernized Japanese leading them, hurl to prove that China is in a hopeless mess, needs to be conquered and ruled. Such figures can be multiplied and amplified ad infinitum. Woeful social and political iniquities can be added to them till, without further comment, the effect is staggeringly depressing.

But what do these percentages and comparisons mean? How can they be interpreted? Obviously they do not indicate what they might indicate in a Western country. China, you conclude, is a vast anomaly in the world of today. "Mother Earth's miscarriage," someone has called this nation that is not a nation, but has survived all others in the flight of time.

The largest country on earth, with the greatest man power, she is militarily the weakest. She has enormous latent wealth, is undoubtedly the greatest undeveloped field left for exploitation, but her people are the poorest on earth.

Why? Individually frugal, prudent, far-sighted, industrious, intelligent, as a race their performances in recent years are the antithesis of those qualities. There are, in the country, men of great wealth, yet the average man spends his whole life in debt, and his sons inherit the burden. With a boast of "4,000 years of culture" China cannot show a university more than 50 years old.

China has the greatest army in the world, if we speak of numbers, but her 2,500,000 "soldiers" are apparently unable to contest with fewer than 100,000 Japanese, who virtually without resistance are conquering nearly half a million square miles of her territory. China has more bandits per square mile than any nation, yet Chinese claim that they are the most peace-loving and law-abiding people on earth. China has been in contact with Western civilization for much longer than Japan, but where Japan in some ways has become a replica of the Western Powers, China in major respects has been adamant to change. Japan's actions the West can now interpret in terms of its own experience; China remains incomprehensible to foreigners who live there for years.

"The psychology of nations," says H. G. Wells, "is still but a rudimentary science." The psychology of China baffles the most astute mind. "When the West has learned all there is on earth and in the stars and in the ether between them," a discouraged German who had lived in China for 15 years once said to me, "there will still be the task of dissecting the Chinese mind."

"They do not fight; they lack moral courage," says the European who superficially looks on. Yet they have fought, after their manner, and with astonishing success when you think of it, the attempts of the Europeans to dominate them for more than a century. "They have no sense of nationhood," says the sociologist. "Their social and polit-

ical conceptions begin and end with the family and the individual within it."

The evils of the Chinese family system are one of the great stumbling blocks, certainly, that impedes all roads to what the West demands of China—progress, modernization, the purchase of more foreign goods. Within the family system are enveloped all the conservatism, all the intellectual sterility of China. Loyalty to the family has balked the reformer since Confucius first codified the ethics of filial piety into a social and political system, more than two thousand years ago. It alone has perhaps preserved the Chinese race in the past. Many think it may continue to preserve the race; but others fear it will destroy the nation, unless modified to suit new conditions. Social, political and economic struggles in China wage around this as round a primal issue: family consciousness versus social consciousness, group consciousness, national awareness.

It was the urgent West, knocking for entrance at China a century ago, which first began and still drives on the issue. The groping for a new way, a formula for self-preservation in face of powerful new revolutionizing forces never before encountered, has kept China in chaos and turmoil for a generation. It is because this issue is not yet clearly decided that the Chinese cannot defend themselves against outside aggression.

III

CHINESE believed, millions still believe, that a man's obligations are confined to his own family. They acknowledge few duties to society at large. "Let every man sweep the snow from his own doorstep and not trouble himself with the frost on his neighbor's roof"; so runs an old oft-quoted

Chinese proverb. That is the creed of Confucian family life; isolation and an inwardness. The Christian says, "*Do* unto others what you would have them do unto you." The Confucian says, "*Do not* do unto others what you would *not* have them do unto you." "The answer to Confucianism is China," says Arthur H. Smith, as a result of the lifetime spent among Chinese. And the answer to China is Confucianism.

Under this system man discharged his own affairs, provided food, clothing, shelter for his family. He paid the proper respects at his ancestor's tombs on the feast days. He begot sons so that his spirit would be remembered, and joss be burned before his tablet in the ancestral hall. He established harmony within his own walls; with that he was done. If every man did likewise, people would dwell peacefully and would prosper. The race would survive.

Such a life naturally developed a high sense of tolerance, an amiability, consideration, courtesy, and a spirit of compromise between men. They followed the doctrines of *Chung-yung,* or the "Middle Way",—the "Golden Mean" of Confucius. "Going beyond," he said, "is as bad as not going far enough." Agree upon a medium point; yield a little, be firm a little. In dealing with other men never drive your advantage too far; never interfere with another man's life. That was the basic ethic of social intercourse in China.

Half a century before Confucius, Lao-tze had lived, and his philosophy of *Tao,* the "Eternal Principle" deeply affected the cultural matrix of China. He taught faith in triumph through inertia, through passivism, through yielding to the elemental ways, which were the good ways, of life. Non-resistance to these forces worked for harmony; conflict within them, attempt to master them, brought sorrow and strife.

"There is no greater sin than ambition; no greater ca-

lamity than discontent; no vice more sickening than covetousness. He who is content always has enough. . . . This is the Way of the Sage, in whose actions is no element of strife." Thus spoke Lao-tze. His philosophy was one of all-pervading contentment. "Whatever is, is right."

The creed shaped well with Confucianism; for the next 2,500 years it dominated Chinese habit of speech, conduct and thought. Together Confucianism and Taoism became the spirit of the Chinese race; they were the ethics and religion rolled into one, and they were enough.

Such ideas found expression in government, also. Early the Chinese discovered that "government which governs least governs best." The immense millions had no contact with the state except to pay taxes and respect the Imperial representatives. "Heaven is high," they said, "and the Emperor is far away."

To the masses it made little difference whether the monarch was a Chinese or a foreigner. They were not fighting men; they had no instinct for battle. They would not join to defend the Throne, nor to ward off invaders. "He who is not in office," said Confucius, "has no concern with the plans for administration of its duties." That was the Emperor's task, and that of mercenaries who made up the Imperial troops. As long as the rule was not too oppressive, did not interfere too much, let the people worship their ancestors, work their fields, they were satisfied. The oldest Chinese poem, anonymous, reads:

Tilling the field, I eat.
Digging the well, I drink.
The Emperor sits far away.
What has his effort to do with me?

Only when the Throne became corrupt, and the burden of the people too heavy any longer to endure, did they trouble themselves with politics. Then they rose up in re-

volt; unlike the Japanese, the Chinese theocracy men always held that any Son of Heaven lost his mandate to govern once the people had turned against him. But having overthrown an unjust ruler, they returned to their land. Government was not their business. If the new emperor enabled them to propagate in peace, to till and dig, to retain their rustic tradition, it was all they asked.

Few conquerors failed to see the advantages of this philosophy, and adjust their rule to it. It tended to keep the people content, and the Throne secure. That is why you find in Chinese history dynasties that lasted three hundred years or more without an interruption.

But this individual indifference to state and national affairs bred in the race a profound conservatism, an instinctive hostility to anything which threatened the sanctity of custom and the olden pattern of life. The logic that ruled China was the logic that everywhere ruled the new and young, the logic that answered Jurgen when, in Leukê, he asked why men conformed to the customs there. "Why, we have always done these things!" they said in high astonishment! In China this conservatism prevailed longer than elsewhere, and it rooted itself more deeply. It grew around each man a little shell, around each house a wall, around each town another wall, and around China, the Great Wall of Ch'in Shih Huang Ti. It was not the attitude to sustain a modern democratic form of government, which required federation of interests, interdependence with other nations, new breadth of vision, new faiths, broader loyalties.

Each Chinese was satisfied with his little self-contained world; beyond his village street he knew little nor did he care. Living in a land so vast, so ancient, knowing nothing beyond its borders, these people naturally looked upon China as the whole world. What terrestrial fragments existed elsewhere were negligible legend to them. To illiterate millions they remain little more than legend to-day.

A friend of mine recently told a story to illustrate the extremely limited horizon of the Chinese peasant. When the Kuomintang was a revolutionary organization, he was a crusader of the party. He went one day into a small village to lecture on nationalism and the principles of statehood advanced by Dr. Sun Yat-sen, "father of the Chinese republic." At the conclusion of his talk, to which the village elders listened attentively, a white-haired, bearded patriarch arose and expressed the curiosity that all keenly felt. "I have lived in this village 70 years," he declared. "I know every important man within 15 *li* (5 miles) of here, and yet none by this name Sun Yat-sen. Tell us, who is he?" That is comparable to an American asking, "Who is George Washington?"

IV

WHEN, in 1912, China became a republic, it was in name only. There is something profoundly charming, in retrospect, about the whimsical audacity with which the young revolutionaries, led by Sun Yat-sen, proclaimed the end of an ancient theocracy. Perhaps one percent of China's population at that time knew what *"min kuo"* (republic) meant. Long after Emperor Pu Yi abdicated, a certain vagueness concerning the term prevailed in the mass mind of China. Travelling by caravan through southwestern China only two years ago I occasionally came upon men who thought China was still ruled by some kind of emperor.

The first revolution did not touch the heart nor the mind of China. A social and political system that had proved workable over thousands of years suddenly was overthrown, with no similar workable system, generally known or understood, to replace it. New forms were adopted, new

names, but the social and political habits of the people remained the same. They clung to the old form of familism.

Walter Lippmann has divided the evolution of political loyalty into three phases. The earliest, he says, is loyalty to a chieftain; the middle phase, allegiance to a corporate institution; finally, allegiance to a pattern of conduct. The first results in a hierarchy, in which each man is loyal to his clan superior, and the man at the top is loyal to God alone. Such a society is certain to be feudal, military, theocratic. "If it is successfully organized it will be an ordered despotism, culminating, as the feudal system did, in God's Vice-regent on earth." That is modern Japan. "If it is unsuccessfully organized, the system of personal allegiances will produce little factions each with its chief, all of them contending for, without quite achieving, absolute power." That is what has happened to the Chinese, in their transition from theocracy to a new allegiance, the loyalty to social institutions, to the state.

For success, democracy or republicanism demands considerable bodies of citizens, organized politically, with their power deriving from mass faith and loyalty to corporate need. In China no such institutions existed. Individualism, familism, mass indifference to political matters, absence of railways, lack of roads, illiteracy of about 96 percent of the population, regional dialectical differences, absence of schools and civic enterprises, and the lack of a modern, efficient army under intelligent leaders loyal to the state were among the problems that made the creation of such institutions an enormous one. Meanwhile, if the people themselves could not organize to rule by law and system, individuals rose to rule as despots, by guns, graft, craft and cunning.

In the military *tuchuns,* who succeeded the fallen Imperial government, there was no sense of national obligation. They were dominated by dreams of power, wealth,

personal aggrandizement; they did not know the meaning of social loyalty. Their regimes brought on a period of internal strife, meaningless except in as it roused a wider and wider public to realization of the need for political organization. Armies increased, individuals enlarged their power, sought to expand their territories, each with the hope of making himself supreme.

Sun Yat-sen, who had worked for 25 years to overthrow the Manchus, found that he had ousted a foreign dynasty only to have it replaced by native satraps who could not comprehend the meaning of a people's government, for which there was no precedent. The warlords continued to scramble for wealth and power; the people were sunk into poverty and despair as their lands were overrun, over-taxed, and finally mortgaged to usurers who followed, like parasites, in the wake of the scourge of militarism. No militarist understood what was needed nationally; each concentrated on advancing his own interests, acquiring new concubines, new wealth, achieving higher and higher position for his family and his followers, adding glory to his ancestral tablets.

Sun Yat-sen now realized that a fundamental re-shaping of national thought must precede any attempt to introduce modern institutions, and a representative form of government. He spent the last twelve years of his life attempting to win the people to the support of his new way. He created a political organization called the "Kuomintang", the "People's National Party." He talked and he fought and he reasoned with the little-minded men who surrounded him, driving always for understanding of his essential teaching, which was the need for a loyalty beyond the home, beyond the family, and to the state, its institutions, and its needs.

Sun's social, economic and political idealogy was a kind of inchoate state socialism, based on three simple principles,

the *San Min Chu I*—people's livelihood, people's nationalism, people's equality. He taught nationhood and communalism; he fought ancestor-worship, militarism, Confucianism, and the fatalism of Lao-tze. His words became a catechism for the Kuomintang, but they were words which were to be abused, distorted, and given as many conflicting interpretations as the words of Jesus of Nazareth.

Sun did not live to see his ambition for a unified China realized, but after his death, in 1925, he became a hero and a kind of god. To-day he is revered as few men have ever been in China; there is something almost cabalistic about the awe which his name is everywhere accorded. For it was Sun Yat-sen's Three Principles that gave a conquering spirit to the legions of Nationalism which, in 1926, began the victorious assault from southern China against the warlords and corrupt politicians in the northern and central provinces.

10

REVOLUTION AND REACTION

CHINA is on the road at last!" declaimed a young Chinese student whom I met on the steamer when I first came to the Far East, in 1928.

"Domination by the warlords is ended," he assured me. I had only a vague notion what a warlord was then but I was ready to assume that it was beneficial for China that they had been scuppered. "Civil war is finished. The cause is accomplished. Unity has been achieved under the Kuomintang Nationalists and the Period of Reconstruction is beginning. Roads will be built, railways constructed, mines opened, schools and modern cities erected. In another five years China will be the leading nation of the East!"

"Fine!" I responded. "I've arrived at the right time."

My friend agreed. He already had a post in the new government.

That was in 1928. Recently I saw this young man clerking in a foreign bank in Shanghai. He had been a secretary to one of the ministers at Nanking. I expressed surprise at his desertion of the cause.

"I hadn't been paid for three months," he replied to my question. "I couldn't afford to stay in Nanking even if they had made me minister."

I did not remind my friend of his prophecies, but mentally I recapitulated what those years had brought to China. A few highways had been built, mostly for military purposes. One or two mines had been opened, and a gorgeous new mausoleum erected for Sun Yat-sen at Nanking.

But there were fewer schools operating and the teachers

were working often without pay. Less than 100 miles of new railways had been built; the program called for 100,000 miles. Railways that still operated did so over roadbeds notoriously decayed. Reconstruction was still the subject of lectures by Dr. C. T. Wang at annual American University Club banquets in Shanghai, but the prospect of realization seemed more remote, under Kuomintang leadership, than in 1928.

The government lacked sufficient funds to pay official's salaries, although about $1,000,000,000, Chinese currency, worth of bonds had been issued. The proceeds were used to finance half a dozen or more major campaigns of civil warfare that have featured the Nanking régime. In 1927 there were about 1,000,000 men listed as "soldiers," and they were to be disbanded; some of the $1,000,000,000 in government bonds was supposed to repatriate them and aid in the Period of Reconstruction. Now there were more than 2,500,000 soldiers," about one-sixth of them more or less loyal to Nanking, in addition to perhaps 100,000 outright brigands, drawn from the ranks of the peasants who were being dispossessed of their land by militarism.

What was wrong? What had happened to the dream of Sun Yat-sen and the Nationalists' plans of the Kuomintang?

II

SHORTLY before Sun Yat-sen's death, he had reached an agreement with M. Joffe, an envoy of the Soviet Russian government. It provided that the Russians would support the Kuomintang with financial, diplomatic and military assistance. Sun Yat-sen's whole political career, as Mme. Sun Yat-sen once said to me, was "a steady progression to the Left," and after nearly forty years of revolutionary

effort he came to believe in the affinity of Russian and Chinese interests in Far Asia. He recognized also that the foundation of Russian Communists' success was the foundation upon which the Kuomintang could win the active support of the masses.

Under this new alliance, after Sun's demise in 1925, his disciples carried on. Soviet Russian arms, ammunition, money and propaganda poured through the Kuomintang headquarters at Canton. Soviet political and military advisers came also. They brought to the Kuomintang something which it had never had before, a workable system and a coherent program of action to fill in the void and clear the debris left by the collapse of the imperial system in China. They reorganized the Kuomintang party after the Communist pattern, and premised it on Marxism, which readily adapted itself to the *San Min Chu I.* Sunyatsenism and Communism for a time became more or less synonymous in China.

Led by General Galens (to-day commander of the Soviet Russian Far Eastern Army), the Russians rebuilt Sun Yatsen's armies. They made revolutionaries of mercenaries, for the troops imbibed considerable knowledge of Communism, along with first class training and the discipline of the Red Army of Russia. The new Chinese officers became influential members of the Kuomintang. Many of them also joined the Communist Party of China, which now grew rapidly from a purely intellectual organization to a political force of power, within and without the Kuomintang. Under the Sun-Joffe agreement both "Reds" and "Whites" coöperated for the overthrow of bandit-militarism, and for the establishment of a people's socialist state.

The result is, of course, well known. A new *esprit de corps,* unfelt in China before, marked the rapid successes of the Nationalist government at Canton, under the aegis

of Russian mentorship. A rejuvenated Kuomintang inspired a genuine awakening of "the great mass of the people" whom Dr. Sun had always strived to reach and help but somehow had failed to inspire with his own enthusiasm.

Nationalist troops, led by General Chiang Kai-shek, whom the Russians and Dr. Sun's successors had chosen as commander-in-chief of the "Northern Expedition", seemed irresistible. They conquered and united all China south of the Yangtze River. For the first time, thousands of Chinese volunteered for a Chinese Army. The northern warlords seemed to be crushed almost by sheer weight of numbers. Their rabble troops fled without fighting the enspirited southerners. Everywhere the common man began to interest himself in politics; the advance was hailed as a revolt against warlord tyranny. For a time the peasant, the workers, the millions in China who labor, saw something to fight for—and they joined in the struggle.

The new state was to exist for the people. It was to be a rule of, by, and for them. Usury and landlordism were to be abolished; the nation's resources were to be exploited and industry developed under state control; child slavery was to be liquidated; opium production was to be abolished; universal education was to become compulsory; armies were to be reduced; farmers and laborers were to be organized and given representation in the government; capital was to be brought under state control; squeeze, graft, nepotism, bribery, were to be capital offenses; the excrescences of the old family system and of feudal militarism everywhere were to disappear; and foreign privileges and concessions were to end.

At Hankow, in 1927, the Revolution was checked. General Chiang Kai-shek, who had led the Revolutionary Army, bolted, and subsequently put himself at the head of a counter-revolution. Leading the extreme Right Wing of the Kuomintang, he began a movement to "purge" the

party of Red influence. He opposed the Left Wing leaders, who dominated the Nationalist government at Hankow, and who wished to coöperate with the bolshevists, but curb their control of party affairs.

Chiang eventually triumphed. He brought up from Chekiang some troops loyal to him and, helped considerably by Tu Yu-sen's gangsters, got control of Shanghai, where there was a massacre of young communists and workers. He married wealthy Christian Soong Mei-ling, sister of Harvard-educated Soon Tze-vung (T. V. Soong). The latter became his Finance Minister. By promising to fight communism and radicalism, Chiang induced the Shanghai bankers to lend him $30,000,000. With that he set up a purified Kuomintang and a National Government at Nanking.

Chiang now bought off the leading militarist of North China and the Hankow government collapsed. The Kuomintang alliance with Moscow was severed and the remarkable Michael Borodin, chief political adviser to the Nationalists, was escorted from the country. Leftist leaders, including Mme. Sun Yat-sen, Wang Ching-wei and Eugene Chen left China. But several units of thoroughly Communist troops fled to Kiangsi, where a provisional government was established with the intention of carrying out the radical aims of the revolution.

By 1929 Chiang Kai-shek's military power had reached its zenith. The Nanking government nominally had control of all China and it received recognition from the Powers, which were pleased with the unexpected swing to the Right. Chiang's acolytes elected him president of the Kuomintang at Nanking, appointed him head of the military council, made him chairman of the central executive committee. He became nominal commander-in-chief of China's "armies and navies."

In the beginning Chiang was much publicized by the

foreign press as China's "strong man"; a notion prevailed at that time among Europeans that China needed a Mussolini. That was the beginning of what someone has called "Chiang's Caesarean flight."

III

IT WOULD be pleasant here to take the view of a prominent American professor about the Nanking Government. He thought that with so many Harvard men at Nanking, Americans should expand with pride. He felt that Harvard prestige was at stake. Probably it is China's misfortune that General Chiang Kai-shek did not go to Harvard, for the history of the Kuomintang and the National Government at Nanking has been largely a record of his activity since 1928.

Short, wiry, spare in stature, at forty-five years no longer young, Chiang Kai-shek has aged much since I first met him in the days of rosy prospect. Internal strife, manifest throughout his régime, has been expressed in continuous warfare, and he is worn, thin, and highly nervous and volatile in temperament. His enemies say that he is "vain, conceited, obstinate, immoderately jealous of even insignificant rivals to power." But he possesses an extraordinary amount of personal courage and an indefatigable spirit that commands a certain admiration. Largely through his indomitable energy he has lifted himself, an obscure stock broker ten years ago, to attempt to control the destiny of a nation of 400,000,000 men. The experiment for China has not been a happy one.

Under the military stewardship of Chiang Kai-shek the Kuomintang inevitably alienated most of the mass support which it had won on the basis of Dr. Sun's broadly social-







Upper left: Chiang Kai-shek, at 38. The Russians and Sun Yat-sen's successors mad
him commander-in-chief of the Nationalist armies. *Upper right:* Chiang Kai-shek
strong personality, Madame Chiang's charm and beauty. *Below:* China's "greatest arm
in the world"—some of the 2,000,000 soldiers.

istic principles. Control of the government retroverted to the hands of the not very intelligent members of the military caste, poorly educated, socially backward, worshipping power, privilege and wealth, some intellectually sub-normal, and in political outlook Machiavellian. The destruction of people's organizations removed restraints from such militarists, and the reaction, wherever it held real power, established a "White" terror. Even "intellectual Communism" became, in most districts, a capital offense. Thousands of adherents of the more democratic and progressive elements were imprisoned or shot; the word massacre is not inaccurate to describe the executions which took place. These attacks were conducted as a crusade against the "Red menace," but in the *élan* for "purgation" modern liberal thought also became the target. Dr. Sun's sacred texts were badly besmirched.

The Nanking Government sanguinarily crushed the labor union movement in China, which had been enjoying a salutary independent growth. It cracked up the various unions of peasants struggling for political enlightenment, and to free themselves from the lethal system of usury and landlordism that militarism had fastened upon them. Peasant and worker leaders were executed wherever the militarist went. Elementary rights of citizenship were curtailed. Regional military satraps again entrenched their control of what courts existed. Dr. Hu Shih and other intellectuals were threatened with violence and their demand for constitutional government was hushed. Political philosophy differing from the brand of the generals (who sanctimoniously continued to worship Dr. Sun Yat-sen) was regarded as heresy; its proponents were persecuted and killed. In an over-zealous effort to cleanse itself from the "taint of bolshevism", the new militarism rigorously suppressed imperatively needed social and economic improvements mentioned above.

A break with Communist leadership was perhaps inevitable in the Kuomintang, but it should have been delayed at all costs until the original revolutionary tasks had been accomplished. As handled by General Chiang, it nullified all the early achievements of the Northern Expedition and left regional militarism and foreign imperialism entrenched throughout China. The process proved fatal for the party. Always factious and poorly organized, with the expulsion of the Leftists and the Reds, the Kuomintang now lost its revolutionary drive and its unity. Its program was immolated; it became the instrument of Chiang's group. Thereby it lost its spiritual vitality and its hold upon the people, the asset which for a time had made it great. As T'ang Leang-li, ablest historian of the Kuomintang, expressed it, the party became "a lifeless body, soulless and spiritless, the private chancery of a military dictator."

Repressive methods adopted by the neo-militarists who everywhere grasped power tragically retarded natural political growths and social reforms. Their excesses in restoring full feudal and bourgeois control over government and property estranged the confidence of the workers, the peasants, the students, the scholars, the intellectuals, the patriotic youth everywhere that for a while had had faith. The more radical revolutionary elements among them, including a host of untutored but increasingly desperate farmers, joined the Communists in central China.

With Chiang's reversion to the warlord prototype there began a series of factional party quarrels and a recrudescence of civil war; the country was torn with struggles of regional satraps. These went on for years. About a billion dollars was spent in that way, and in wars conducted by Nanking against the peasant armies in central China. The various wars between General Chiang and Generals Feng, Yen, Shih, Han, Pei, Chang, and Liu, and so on, in retrospect mean nothing beyond their prodigious cost to the

people. They were clashes between personalities; wars between generals, with their issues as remote from the problems of the peasants as Piccard's flights to the stratosphere. No principles were really involved, though an immense amount of paper was circulated, each side hurling accusations at the other, calling upon the people for support, getting none.

The net results were an appalling sacrifice of life and property, what Hallett Abend called a "tortured China," for the most part in social and economic chaos, a sullen agrarian population for which life became more and more intolerable under the scourge of militarism, a nation shouldered with a debt so heavy as to make reduction of taxes unthinkable, and a government at Nanking mortgaged at home and abroad to imperialism, but withal in uncertain control only of four central provinces immediately surrounding the capital.

Said Mme. Sun Yat-sen, widow of the Father of the Chinese Republic: "The Kuomintang government at Nanking has failed in its task because it has betrayed its pledges to the people. Under the new militarism, taxes have passed into the category of plunder, schools have decreased, illiteracy has actually increased, education has touched bottom. National reconstruction has scarcely been commenced. The nation is burdened with a million new soldiers drawn from the ranks of peasants dispossessed of their land by militarism. Masters of more than a million child-slaves continue to enjoy government protection.

"If Dr. Sun were alive to-day he would disown this Kuomintang rather than have its name applied to the administration of feudal militarism. . . . The Nanking régime stands condemned alone for failing to guarantee freedom of speech, freedom of press, and freedom of assembly. Right of organization is denied the farmers, the laborers, the workers, who make up 90 percent of the population. Jus-

tice remains a farcical mockery controlled by politicians and militarists. After six years there is not even a simple bill of rights for the people."

In history the Nanking government during this period will be classed as merely a phase of militarism in China's evolution toward modern statehood. Chiang Kai-shek was probably the ablest military chieftain yet to reign over a government recognized by the Powers. Had he come earlier on the scene he might have created a political organization strong enough to consolidate his control. But in destroying the original genius of the Kuomintang he broke the sword by which he had conquered. He found regional militarism already too firmly rooted; lacking popular support, Chiang had to make compromises with this militarism, which weakened him and made his control a fiction. He had to delegate official power and office to, and share responsibility with, inferior and mediocre men such as gambling-loving Chang Hsueh-liang in North China, the grasping Machiavellian-minded militarists who control China's southland, infamous characters like Ho Chien in Hunan, and the Lius in Szechuen, whose despotic reign in Western China is a record of organized loot, pillage, murder and unenlightened conduct such as has not frequently graced the annals of man. With these men as officials of the Nanking Government, its "revolutionary character" became a grim joke and earned the tragic laughter of China.

The Nanking régime thus degenerated to a status not very much higher than the previous *tuchun* administrations. Because the men who held power were family relatives, it was called the "Soong Dynasty"; Chinese also dubbed it "Ching I Sê," or "Pure One Color"—a royal flush. There were, of course, sincere and thoughtful men in the Kuomintang, but their function was reduced largely

to that of apologists; they could get no real control of policies.

Powerful usurers and landlords (including many officials) formed the controlling rural class in both North and South China; they profited also from the opium traffic, which under semi-government management enormously increased. Capital, industry and control of the land tended to become more and more concentrated in the hands of officials, militarists and the bankers; squeeze, graft, embezzlement and nepotism prevailed. Everywhere the peasant and the small merchant, ninety percent of the population, were milched to support the regional militarists' armies, and the worker kept at starvation levels.

As Lin Yu-tang, brilliant Chinese satirist, put it, "Face, Favor and Privilege," were the Three Muses that replaced the Three Principles.

IV

UNDER these circumstances the steady growth of agrarian communism since 1927 was readily understood. Principally in Kiangsi province but also in large parts of Huan, Honan, Szechuen, Fukien and Anhwei, peasant armies had driven out or killed Kuomintang officials and the gentry and had established soviet government. Areas which include a population of between fifty and seventy millions of peasants were now thoroughly bolshevized. The movement was fundamentally a mass effort to achieve economic and social reforms. It had zealous and able leadership chiefly in five youthful Marxist soldiers: Mao Tse-tung, Ho Lung, Yeh Ting, Chu Teh and Pang Teh-hui.

Following the reaction in 1927, these men had set up a provisional soviet state in Kiangsi and with great energy enlisted the peasantry in their revolutionary purpose. As

T. A. Bisson accurately pointed out, "The agrarian reforms instituted by the Communist régime formed the crux of its economic program and the basis upon which its political power was consolidated." In districts where from seventy to eighty percent of the land is held by about twenty percent of the population, where taxation on farm produce reaches as high as seventy-five percent, and where land taxes, ultimately handed on to the tenant farmer, are collected many years in advance (in Szechuen as many as sixty years), Soviet practices found fruitful soil.

Coming into such areas, the Red Armies, accompanied by political organizers, extirpated the system of exploitation. Landlords, usurers and local militarists were liquidated. Debts were cancelled, deeds torn up, and land redistributed among peasants and soldiers. Temples, ancestral temple estates, public utilities and resources were placed under state control. Child slavery was abolished, opium smoking prohibited, prostitution and concubinage ended, and the franchise extended to all peasants, workers and soldiers.

The Communist advance in central China is one of the most remarkable mass movements in history. Beginning, in 1927, with the nucleus of 15,000 ill-equipped troops under Ho Lung, a former Kuomintang commander, the Red Armies in 1933 numbered 12 divisions, with a total of about 90,000 men. Their growth and spread of power had been accomplished under extraordinary handicaps. Originally armed with little more than pitchforks and spears, surrounded on all sides by enemies, with little but the resources of the peasants to support them, the Communist Party had, in central China, achieved formidable dimensions.

In December, 1930, the Nanking government had sent an expedition of six divisions against the Reds in Kiangsi; it was shattered, demoralized and the remnant virtually

annihilated. In February, 1931, General Ho Ying-ching took command of 150,000 Nanking troops, which met the same fate. In the middle of June, 1931, General Chiang Kai-shek himself went to Kiangsi to lead a vast offensive, participated in by 300,000 troops, the result was no more conclusive.

In its expeditions the government used French machine-guns, German automatic rifles, modern howitzers, bombing planes flown by foreigners, and all the money that could be extracted from Shanghai bankers. The Reds in many cases lacked enough rifles to equip their men, had few cannon, no airplanes; but their troops had acquired a remarkable mobility, and by guerilla tactics cut their enemy to pieces in brief, swift, surprise attacks made from mountain strongholds.

The real basis of the success of Communism lay, however, in its fundamental appeal to the vast landless, propertyless classes. Red soldiers were all peasants, likewise their political leaders. Everywhere they moved they seemed to win the support of the peasantry. Even small children became their spies against Nanking. Everywhere the peasantry furnished an excellent intelligence service and propagated communist doctrines among government forces.

Division after division of government troops, also drawn from the peasant and landless classes, went over to the Communists, in the midst of battle. They took with them rifles, ammunition, guns and money. So thoroughly Communized had the populace become where Soviet states were established that when the government recaptured such areas it hesitated to station troops in them. Repeatedly, when left long in contact with the bolshevized peasants, the soldiers had been won over, and Nanking's labors lost.

Realization of this caused the Nanking General Staff to adopt drastic measures in certain Red districts. Orders were issued to burn the Red villages completely, to ex-

terminate virtually the entire civilian population, gentry excepted, and re-populate the land with disbanded soldiers. The toll of death mounted rapidly as "White" and "Red" forces battled intensely, month after month. According to an interview with *Reuter's* at Shanghai, Tang Yu-jen, secretary of the central political council, said that a total of nine million people had been killed in the warfare. That seemed to be a fantastic exaggeration, but more reliable estimates placed the deaths traceable to this conflict at no less than 1,500,000.

On several occasions the Communists had come within striking distance of Hankow, Kiukiang and other Yangtze River ports. They had not occupied them. To do so, Communists said, would endanger their line of supplies and communications. For they were certain that foreign imperialism would intervene, blockade the Yangtze River, and bottle them up. They did not feel strong enough yet to challenge the imperialist forces which, once foreign zones of security were threatened (as they would be if the Reds occupied a Yangtze treaty port), would support the Nanking government to the limit, as they had once supported the Manchu Dynasty against the Taiping Rebellion during the nineteenth century.

The Communists might never become strong enough for that. They might accomplish no more than the levelling of the rural land-owning classes. Urban Communism was as yet feeble, with the Nanking government, allied with foreign imperialism, working powerfully against it in the industrial areas. The achievements of the peasant movement thus far had been chiefly destructive. The Communists had destroyed an incalculable amount of life and property, and they had also destroyed the vestige of an old order apparently become hopelessly corrupt and decayed. They constructed, however, in that they cleared the debris

of what Nathaniel Peffer calls the "Collapse of a Civilization."

The earth had been prepared for something new. It seemed clear that the old values would never be restored among people in districts where Communism had operated. It remained to be seen whether the movement would produce something better to replace it. It was clear also that there could be no peace in China until fundamental economic, agrarian and social reforms had been introduced. It remained to be seen whether the Kuomintang and the regional militarists would have the perspicacity to heed the warning, to cease their feudal wars, to seek the support of the peasants through conciliatory economic reform measures enabling them decently to live—before Communism engulfed them.

V

IT HAD been in the midst of this process of internal upheaval that the Manchurian crisis was thrust upon the nation. It found Nanking unprepared to adopt and pursue any decisive policy. It found the wealth of the nation drained by futile fratricidal wars, the funds for conducting which had been secured by heavily mortgaging the national assets. South China had declared its independence, and in the north a war cloud had just cleared. Chiang Kai-shek was engaged on the Kiangsi front with the Communists. He dared not order Chang Hsueh-liang, at Peking, to mobilize his troops and enter Manchuria. If Manchurian troops went above the Wall to fight, military equilibrium would be disturbed in North China. Rival generals might renew their contest for control of Peking.

But for a time the Chinese people found their own way

of resistance: the disruption of economic relations with Japan. Indeed, even before the Japanese invasion of Mukden, it had begun as a result of the massacre, during the summer of 1931, of Chinese citizens in Japanized Korea.

The anti-Chinese movement was violent in Korea for days; no Chinese life was safe, and thousands fled the country. Usually efficient Japanese police seemed to have become mysteriously astigmatic; they failed to apprehend the riot leaders. The toll reached 119 Chinese dead, 343 wounded, and 7 missing. Where was the celebrated Japanese "law and order"? More Chinese were murdered within this single July week of riots than the combined Japanese casualties at the hands of Chinese irresponsibles during two decades of bandit-infested, war-torn China. It is interesting to remember this incident later on when Japan makes war at Shanghai following the death of a priest.

The riots in Korea followed what is known as the "Wanpaoshan Affair" in South Manchuria; that had occurred early in July. There was a dispute over the building of a canal and dam by Korean farmers through fields of Chinese farmers. It reached a climax when Japanese police intervened and exchanged fire with Chinese farmers. Chinese troops were also involved. There are many versions of the affair; the official Chinese and Japanese reports do not seem to describe the same incidents. It reminds one of Bacon's remark, that "People are apt to condemn the truth, because there are so many controversies about it." The affair itself apparently was not very serious; both sides agree that no one was killed. But exaggerated reports were circulated in Korea. A Korean newspaper correspondent in Manchuria reported that scores of Koreans had been murdered; that women and children had been cruelly tortured and cut to pieces by the Chinese. This report en-

raged the normally calm Koreans, with the consequences described above.

The Mukden invasion, following closely upon the Korean riots, deeply stirred many Chinese, and economic retaliations commenced. A situation was created which demanded dramatic and courageous leadership, and for a while it seemed that the Kuomintang and the Nanking government might become regenerate, might restore popular faith by rallying, organizing, and consolidating the disillusioned nation in a program of resistance against Japan. It is out of such moments of common peril that peoples sometimes find themselves, if the opportunity is seized and crystallized into the moving power of a unified mass will. But the correct brand of leadership was not to appear; Nanking remained invertebrate.

Nevertheless, thousands of patriotic students, small merchants, intellectuals, rose now and in the cities led demonstrations against the Japanese. "Heaven is high and the Emperor is far away," but despite their indifference to political pyrotechnics the Chinese began to demonstrate that they still possessed a certain racial solidarity in passive resistance. Could the boycott, too, be broken by the sword? The Japanese were soon to attempt it at Shanghai.

It is time now to have a glimpse at this glamorous city of the East, where trade and commerce are more important than lives and human rights.

II

NOWHERE ELSE ON EARTH

WHEN the late Blasco Ibanez was about to sail from Shanghai back to Europe he looked wistful, so that a friend asked if he liked China that well. "I do not know much of China," he replied. "I have seen so little of it. But the realest thing I have encountered is Shanghai. I regret that I cannot be the one to write its great story. It is like nowhere else on earth."

This is not an attempt to do the portrait Ibanez regretted, and with his rich colorings might have creditably accomplished; this is merely pigment laid down upon the canvas.

Shanghai is a city of three cities, and of many men. The cities are adjacent, and they appear to coalesce, but the administration of each is distinct and separate. Heart of Greater Shanghai, and most modern and wealthy, is the International Settlement, controlled by foreigners of the major Powers. From the bank of the Whangpoo River (Shanghai is about 14 miles from the Whangpoo's confluence, at Woosung, with the great Yangtze) the Settlement extends westward into Kiangsu province, to include an area to-day of 5,583 acres. Adjoining it on the south, and also fronting on the Whangpoo, is the French Concession, with 2,526 acres.

Beyond the French Concession, and encircling it as well as the Settlement on all sides but the river, is the Chinese municipality. It has a total area of 320 square miles and includes the former Chinese walled city, south of the French Concession; Nantao, to the south and west of the

concession; Chapei, west of the Hongkew or northern end of the Settlement; and a dozen scattered towns and suburbs within a semi-circle that sweeps from the Whangpoo River northward to the banks of the Yangtze-kiang. All this area is ruled exclusively by Chinese politicals and generals under the National Government at Nanking.

Within Greater Shanghai dwell nearly 3,000,000 people. The vast majority is of course Chinese. But in the International Settlement and in the French Concession, with combined population of nearly 1,500,000, live men of every land. Even little-spreading and exotic races like the Arabian, Iraquian, Georgian, Esthonian, Tonkinese, Annamese, Malayan and Egyptian have communities here. The latest censor's notes list 50 different foreign nationalities with a total of 48,000. That does not include all the Russian casuals, for whom estimates range from 20,000 to 25,000. A dozen dialects of Chinese are heard here; the native populace includes migrants from every province, even far Turkestan and Tibet.

To find men of all creeds and colors is not so phenomenal perhaps; New York, Paris, Berlin and Vienna can point to a medley of races. But in Shanghai there is for the most part no mixture; that is the phenomenon. Here, generation after generation, the British have stayed British, the Americans have remained "100 percenters." In Paris the foreigner enjoys learning French; in Berlin he must acquire German; in New York the American dialect is considered essential. But in Shanghai he does not learn Chinese, although it is the language of the city's 3,000,000, and beyond them, of the hundreds of millions from whom he hopes, with a little enterprise, to extract a few coppers. It is believed that the study of Chinese weakens the fiber of the mind, and the few foreigners who do master the language are pointed out as eccentrics; significant smiles are exchanged behind their backs.

In Paris, Berlin, New York, the foreigner is subject to the laws of the country; in Shanghai (unless he is one of those whose country has no extraterritoriality rights in China) he is immune from all but his own consular jurisdiction. Among the foreign races each community maintains its identity on a standard that has its counterpart in hundreds of provincial towns in the home country.

Why do they live here, these Westerners, and how? Shanghai has an abominable climate; no one can be deceived about that. It is flat, and though there are pleasant hills within 20 miles most people dare not venture outside the confines of their Settlement and Concession. Distressing diseases are always prevalent, and some of the alien residents hold that the Chinese are responsible for these "because they are a dirty, semi-civilized people." Many believe that it is advisable to have as little contact with the Chinese as possible. The sticky humid air gives foreign men early rheumatism and their women get spotted skin.

Then why do they stay? There are other compensations for all the evils, but the chief lure is trade. Situated near the mouth of the yellow Yangtze, where it curves into the sea, Shanghai is the gateway to immense central China and lush valleys that range clear to the Tibetan snow peaks. The region between is the most densely populated on earth. In this basin of the wonderful Yangtze live more than 100,000,000 people, within reach, by water routes and the few roads and railways that exist, of the entrepreneurs of western commerce. Through Shanghai pass 51 percent of all foreign imports and 30 percent exports of China. In 1931, despite the Sino-Japanese conflict, the total reached nearly $1,000,000,000, Chinese currency.

But that figure is small compared to potentialities. Foreigners, thinking always in terms of millions of men, dream of the day when China will accept the benefits on which their faith is built, the industrial civilization. "The Chin-

ese buy £10,000,000 worth of cotton goods annually," declare the British merchants. "If we can get each of the 400,000,000 Chinese to buy only a yard more of cloth—!" Or, "If we could raise China's trade even to a par with that of India, smaller in area, smaller in population, the world would be richer by £300,000,000!" And the Americans: "Last year China bought 4,455 motor cars. In America, with a fourth of China's population, there are 25,000,000 cars in use, one car to every five people. If we can sell one car for every 100 people in China—boy, howdy, think of that market!"

And the Japanese; why is Shanghai so important to them that they make war over a boycott and would like to control the city so that repetition of such economic disaster would be impossible? *"Ano ne!"* explains the Japanese consul who is everywhere the business man and diplomat rolled into one. "Japan's trade with China normally is 500,000,000 yen (normally U. S. $250,000,000) a year. That is more than a quarter of all our foreign trade and commerce. And excluding Manchuria, more than half of our business with China is done through Shanghai. We cannot permit anything to jeopardize Japanese rights and interests here!"

Japanese consider their interests paramount to those of other foreigners. With the British, the China trade amounts to less than two percent of their total international exports. The Japanese regard their interests in China as far more vital than America's also, for China buys only 3.5 percent of the total exports of the United States.

Compared with Japan's investment of a billion and a half dollars in China (a sixth of which is claimed to be in Shanghai), the American stake of perhaps a third of a billion dollars seems small. But both the Americans and British have as many hopes as they have things to sell; and they also have a strong governing voice in the International

Settlement, where the great riches of Shanghai are concentrated.

II

IN OUTER aspect Shanghai is no Eastern city. It wears, till you get beyond the fringes of foreign control, an architectural garb of conventional Western cut, with here and there monstrous attempts to hybridize with the Orient.

Yankees feel at home, after they have learned to speak creditable pidgin-English, for along with everything else Shanghai has been touched with Americanism. Here the American finds most of the comforts of home: Elissa Landi and Maurice Chevalier, radio and jazz bands, cocktails and correspondence schools, night clubs and cabarets, chewing gum and Buicks, evangelists and the Salvation Army. Here also are navy wives, Girl Scouts, Boy Scouts, Spanish-American War veterans, a Board of Censors, a Columbia Country Club, wheat cakes, comic strips, daylight hold-ups, kidnappings, a Short Story Club, a Chamber of Commerce, neon lights, soda fountains, amusement parks, chorus girls and wee golf.

In the Shanghai Settlement are the tallest buildings in Asia, the most spacious cinema palaces, and more motor cars than in any Eastern metropolis, or in all other Chinese cities combined. Here are great Chinese department stores, Wing On's, Sun Sun's, Sincere's, as famous in the Orient as Selfridge's in England, or Saks and Wanamaker's in America. Here are powerful foreign financial houses like the Hongkong & Shanghai Banking Corporation, the Chartered Bank of India, China & Australia, and big branches of the National City and Chase banks of New York.

Standard Oil and Asiatic Petroleum vie with Soyuznef,



Cantonese soldier with "trench equipment"—grenades of the "potato masher" var

the Soviet Russian oil syndicate, and all have large installations along the Whangpoo. In the Settlement are head offices of the vast American and British tobacco concerns that arrived, spread and prospered with the missionaries (whose headquarters also are here) and threaten to outlast them in China.

There are the "blue-blood" British firms like Arnold's, Jardine & Matheson's, Sassoon's, and others that got their start in China with the opium traffic inherited from the notorious East India Company, the romantic old trading institution that won an Indian Empire for Britain and, given another generation without competition, might have brought China under the Tory flag also. And here are the newer, more aggressive American firms, gradually pushing out the Britishers, firms like Anderson, Meyer & Company. They represent hundreds of American factories with everything for sale, from rivets to machine guns and bombing planes.

South of Soochow Creek, in the Hongkew district, factories rear belching stacks that darken the sky. Shanghai is the largest manufacturing town in Asia. In the busy cotton mills, the flour mills, silk filatures and lesser industries, more than 200,000 Chinese workers find employment. Their average wage is the equivalent of no more than twenty American cents daily.

Yet there are thousands more ready to work if jobs can be found; nowhere else on earth is there such an abundance of cheap, competent labor. And owners of the mills, British, Japanese, and Chinese, make the most of it, ruthlessly suppress strikes, suppress labor organization. They fight down the demands of the workers, whose feeble cry for a better wage, a higher scale of living, is smothered under the weight of their own numbers, and the urgent demand for bread.

Coming up the Whangpoo into Shanghai you pass the

plant of the Shanghai Power Company, recently purchased by the American Electric Bond and Share Company for $30,000,000; the money went into the Municipal Council's fat, never deficient, treasury. Further on is the Armour Company's dried-egg factory, and in the river you see steamers of the Dollar Steamship Company, along with ocean-going liners and tugs, flying flags of all nations.

In this river also are grey or white ships, lean and slenderly fashioned of steel, with armored decks on which there are guns turned westward into China. These are the foreign watch-dogs: American, British, French, Italian and Japanese cruisers, destroyers, submarines and aircraft carriers that patrol the Whangpoo, the Yangtze and the coasts of China. In the threat of their cannon, poised so gracefully, is the explanation of Shanghai's security. Stationed ashore are French, American, and Italian marines, British Tommies and Japanese bluejackets; their bayonets form a rim of steel around the settlement. They guard the largest foreign investment in any city in the world, a sum in aggregate more than $3,000,000,000.

How did it happen? How is it that this fabulous city, in China yet not of it, is run by a few foreign taipans and their lackeys under the protection of foreign gunboats?

III

JUST about a century ago the first American and British clipper ships, gallant rovers of the deep, tacked up the Whangpoo, looking for trade and ready for trouble. They got little but trouble at first, and a fishy stare from the Taotai, mayor of Shanghai, when they asked for the right to buy and sell. It was only after the British at Canton, annoyed because the Manchu Viceroy had dumped their

opium into the river (as some years earlier Americans had thrown English tea into the Boston harbor), made war upon China and won, that Shanghai opened up, in 1843, to the bearded barbarians from the "outside lands."

But unlike Canton, and other cities where the British had "concessions" ceded to their government by treaty, at Shanghai they were allotted only a place where British subjects might lease land from Chinese owners. The Taotai assured the British consul that since all China was owned by the Emperor, technically no land could be sold. So the consul, tongue in cheek, agreed to require Britishers to pay small fees to the Imperial Government on land "leased in perpetuity" from Chinese subjects.

Land designated by the Taotai for this Settlement was low and marshy, and peasants used it for rice fields. Men with vision, and that was the kind who came East in such days, paid the farmers richly for their paddy; to-day their descendants live in luxury on the income of those same lands. Soon all property within limits defined by the first land regulations came under foreign control. By agreement with the Taotai, land purchases were registered in the British Consulate, as at first only Britishers could buy and build.

Americans, however, were crowding in with the British, and they too wanted a share. Eventually, as the Settlement boundaries extended, all foreigners with extraterritoriality rights (but no Chinese) were admitted to land ownership under the Settlement authorities. By 1854 America had established a consulate at Shanghai, and with the British coöperated in local administration. Five years earlier the French had secured rights to reside, own property ("leased in perpetuity") and trade in a separate area, adjacent to the Settlement.

A separate plot also was marked out and offered by China to America; it lay north of the Settlement, beyond

Soochow Creek. But in Washington, Congress voted against "Settlements" and "Concessions" in China, and the land was never formally accepted. By agreement in 1863, this area, to-day known as the Hongkew district, was amalgamated with the Settlement, which became "international" in character. It is the only city like it in China, or in the world. Shanghai Frenchmen wished also to merge with the British and Americans, and took steps toward that end. But Paris would not consent, and the French area remained under separate French administration. Englishmen and Americans, sniffing their noses at the contraband opium revenue, that is today a chief source of revenue to certain Frenchmen, say they are just as pleased.

The Settlement prospered; and it grew in size. Five times, before the turn of this century, its boundaries were extended. Generally these extensions were amicably secured by treaty; sometimes coercion was used against China. At first the aliens had no rights to levy taxes, make ordinances, or govern Chinese subjects who came to reside within their little oasis. But gradually, through practice, and later confirmed by treaties, certain limited powers of government were acquired. The land-owners met, in 1854, and elected the first Municipal Council, which now became the administrative body, acting under the supervision of the foreign consuls.

Early this Council usurped the right of Settlement defence. The Tai-ping ("Great Peace") Rebellion, invading the Yangtze valley and threatening to engulf Shanghai in the '50's and '60's, made necessary the organization of a volunteer defence corps. In the Whangpoo, British and American men-of-war, on occasions, landed sailors to defend the settlement boundaries against bandits and rebels. Legally the foreigners were not entitled to garrison the settlement but, they argued, since the Imperial govern-

ment was unable to afford protection, they must defend themselves.

When Frederick Ward, the Yankee adventurer, went into the service of the Shanghai Chinese Taotai, organized the "Ever-Victorious" Army, and swept the rebels back up the Yangtze, (thereby delaying the Chinese Revolution for fifty years) the Manchu imperialist authorities saw the usefulness of a foreign-made zone of security. Tacitly they consented, for the time being, to the Settlement defence scheme. But to this day the Powers have no right, except under the "law of self-preservation", to keep foreign troops in the Settlement.

Another principle early laid down by the Settlement fathers of the Municipal Council was that of "armed neutrality," during periods of Chinese civil war. Chinese troops, whether those of the government or of rebels, have always been excluded from the foreigners' zone. No treaty rights sanction this action, but in practice, while never admitting its legality, the Chinese authorities have recognized it. No organized attempt has been made, since the Taiping Rebellion, to march armed Chinese forces into the Settlement.

This "armed neutrality" went a step further. Shanghai was to be made the safest city in the world. It was agreed that in times of international conflict, whether in wars involving China and the Powers, or between the Powers themselves, the Settlement should be considered sacred and inviolable. That neutrality was "first formally recognized" according to Justice Feetham's Official *Report* on the status of Shanghai, "in the war between France and China in Tonkin, in 1884–5." Subsequently it was rigidly observed during the Sino-Japanese War, 1894–5. Again, in 1904–5, it was respected by Japan and Russia throughout their war. And in the World War, Shanghai was one of the few great

cities never endangered; nationals of all the warring Powers dwelt peacefully here.

Not till a few months ago, when the Japanese made the Settlement a base of operations for their attack on Chinese troops, was this principle violated. It is ironic that, after half a century's preservation, this "neutrality" was completely smashed not from the outside, whence foreigners had long feared Chinese invasion, but from the inside, and by one of the major powers pledged to uphold it.

IV

SHANGHAI has attained its present greatness, as fifth city of the world, largely since the World War, when foreign firms, exempt both from taxes and the army draft, piled up huge surpluses, which they reinvested in real estate and building. From a struggling little group of courageous pioneer traders, who knuckled into a hostile land and made a way, the Settlement has matured into the most important mart of Oriental trade. Fortunes have been made, and are still made despite world depression elsewhere, both by the natives and the "outside men", who are no longer publicly called *yang kwei-tsu,* "foreign devils."

As the Settlement dilated, so did the problems of the foreign Municipal Council enlarge. From handling the affairs of a mere village, it turned to grapple with the governing of a vast metropolis. Its powers widened; the consular body, made up of foreign consuls at Shanghai, and representing the nations with vested interests, exercised a control over the Council which became more and more theoretical. To-day this Municipal Council formulates its own policies, makes ordinances, supplies various public utilities, and performs the duties of an ordinary municipal-

ity. But the political implications of its rule are vast and unique.

While nominally all foreigners have a voice in the government, it has for years been controlled largely by the British, with their former Japanese allies, and the Americans. This happens because these are the three largest communities with land-owning voters. Japanese are the most numerous; 19,000 were recorded in the last settlement census, but the real figure is nearer 30,000. British are next, with more than 8,000, while American nationals, with a total of about 4,000, some 400 of whom are Filipinos, are third.

Nine foreign councillors, who have traditionally been five Britishers, with two Japanese and two Americans, form the Municipal Council that rules over nearly a million Chinese. Sometimes, when the Americans and the Japanese are not friendly (as was the case recently following the Japanese invasion), the vote is manipulated to give the British a sixth seat and leave the Americans with but one.

In addition to the foreign council members, there are also five Chinese representatives, elected by Chinese "ratepayers". This Chinese representation, granted not long ago after strong popular agitation, is no great threat to foreign dictatorship of the Settlement. Often, in controversial political matters of an international nature either the Chinese do not vote, or somehow the notification of the meeting where such subjects are discussed does not reach them on time. No Chinese, for instance, was present at the momentous meeting when a "State of Emergency" was declared in January, 1932, which enabled the Japanese troops to use the settlement as base of operations against China.

Foreign councillors are elected by land-owners of the Powers whose nationals enjoy extraterritoriality rights. Since the bulk of the more valuable real estate in the settle-

ment is owned or controlled by not more than 40 or 50 men, each of whom, through various ties, manipulates a block of votes, the government resolves into a narrow and feudal oligarchy. The number of qualified voters in the last election, April, 1932, for rulers of this "model settlement's" million population, totalled 1,472! In final analysis, probably no more than a dozen foreign land barons, bankers, merchants, and business taipans, certainly not more than a dozen corporate interests, maneuver the administrative machinery. And yet this Settlement-City is not strictly a foreign colony, nor has it even the status of a concession; no nation, or group of nations, can legally claim it as territory. Theoretically it is still a part of what young Chinese students describe as the "sovereignty of China."

This anomalous situation has long irked those with heavy investments in the Settlement. They have made numerous attempts to have the status of foreign Shanghai clarified and given a constitutional position separate from extraterritoriality, the privilege on which it rests at present. Many believe the end of extraterritoriality is near, and they fear that with its expiration, control of the Settlement may regress to the Chinese. To avert this, some of the old ruling families would like to declare the Settlement independent, but they cannot get along without those foreign gunboats.

Considerable money is spent every year on propaganda aiming to induce the foreign Powers to force China to recognize Shanghai as definitely foreign territory. So far this has been unsuccessful. One of the outstanding items in this program was the Municipal Council's employment of Justice Feetham, of South Africa, to make a report on the present status of Shanghai, and recommendations for its security in the future. The report, in three volumes, cost the settlemen patriarchs (U. S.) $25,000. But it failed to make any dent either in London or Washington, perhaps because its

style proved so devastatingly magisterial. Still, the local merchants did not give up.

Real estate men have been particularly enterprising in their effort to secure the Settlement on a more permanent basis, and expand its borders into adjacent Chinese territory. One of their schemes, first advanced some years ago, calls for the surrender by the Chinese government of jurisdiction over a semi-circle some 20 miles round Shanghai. It would be declared a "free city," a permanent "de-militarized zone under foreign protection." The plan has many sympathizers among the British and American, as well as the Japanese land-owners.

Local leaders, however, for some time have realized that unless some crisis arose at Shanghai, or was created, it was improbable that the Powers would take any decisive action regarding the settlement, chiefly due to opposition of the United States, and its "non-aggressive" policy. When, in 1927, the Chinese Nationalists were fighting in the vicinity of Shanghai, and foreign troops were landed to protect the settlement in case of emergency, many hoped that this would result in concerted demands from the home governments. Nothing came of it; but the local agitation for extension of boundaries continued.

This more bellicose section of the foreign community is often described by the Chinese as "Die-Hard." Recently the "Die-Hards" became the guiding spirits behind an organization known as the Shanghai Foreign Residents Association. Not all of the members of that Association are "Die-Hards", but a large number is definitely aiming to perpetuate foreign control of an expanded Settlement.

There are of course Sinophobiacs to be found among the foreign communities everywhere in China, but in Shanghai the "Die-Hards" include some of the more powerful and influential citizens. Among them may be listed some of the members of the Settlement Municipal Council. The

peculiar mentality of these people has perhaps been best described by Arthur Ransome, eminent British correspondent for the *Manchester Guardian;* in his *The Chinese Puzzle* he writes of the Shanghai "Die-Hards":

"They seem to have lived in a comfortable but hermetically sealed glass case since 1901, and since English information on China, and Chinese information on England comes for the most part through Shanghai and similar places, it cannot be too clearly understood, both in England and China, that Shanghailanders of English extraction belong, if they belong to England at all, to an England that no longer exists. . . They make difficult any good understanding between England and China because, just as we at home are apt to think of them as English, so the Chinese, in China, make the same mistake."

But the psychosis is not exclusively British; it attacks all nationalities.

When, toward the end of January, 1932, the Japanese Admiral Shiozawa presented his peremptory demands to the Chinese, he counted on the support of international "Die-Hard" opinion in Shanghai, and he was not disappointed. They exulted. Here at last was a Man. In Shiozawa they saw the savior who would stabilitate forever the foreign grasp on Shanghai, pearl of the East. Undoubtedly their openly sympathetic attitude, their coöperation, and perhaps to some extent their instigation, emboldened the rash old Admiral to the fatal blunder which nearly involved his nation in considerably more than a "strictly private and undeclared war" with China.

12

MERCHANDISING, A LA JAPONAIS

SHORTLY after I returned to Shanghai from Manchuria, the Japanese began, early in January, 1932, to total up profits and losses for the year's stimulating activities. On the credit side of the ledger were the conquests of Honjo and Tamon, the crushing of Chinese government authority, the occupation by Japanese troops of an area nearly twice the size of the Island Empire, and the beginning of a new pupet administration under Japanese military dictatorship.

On the debit side there was only the earned increment of hatred by Chinese south of the Wall, the loss of world confidence in Japanese integrity, the virtual sabotage of the League of Nations, the scrapping of certain inefficant peace machinery, and the disruption of economic relations with China. It was the considered view of the Army General Staff, and most Japanese civilians of my acquaintance that, except for the last item, the book of 1931 might have been closed with a very comfortable net profit.

But the anti-Japanese boycott movement in China had now reached proportions that were causing serious distress in Japan. Hundreds of ships lay idle there, factories were closed, mills inoperative, because the China market was dead. During the last four months of the year Japan's exports to China had decreased by 76,000,000 yen ($38,000,000) or nearly 40 percent. To foreign observers the remarkable fact was that even so much as 60 percent of Japan's trade was still held. To the Japanese, this refusal to do business apparently seemed unreasonable. They could

not comprehend why Chinese in the Yangtze valley should be hostile to their merchandise merely because Japanese militarists had taken over three provinces in the far north. What did that have to do with trade?

In Shanghai, under the leadership of the National Salvation Association, the boycott had proved most disastrous. Anti-Japanese feeling was widespread among all classes; seldom in history had the Chinese demonstrated such solidarity. Eight times, since the beginning of the century, boycotts had been directed against the Japanese, each time in reprisal for some aggression in China; never before had the effects been so completely annihilating to Japanese trade.

It was charged by Japan that the boycott was officially inspired by the National Government, and this was considered highly provocative. It became the subject of an indignant exchange of notes. To Western observers it was amusing to read these complaints against boycott while Japanese bayonets daily thrust deeper and deeper into the heart of Manchuria. But the Japanese saw nothing funny in it. They could not connect an abstract thing like organized invasion and theft of neighbors' territory with a concrete retaliation like severance of economic relations.

Activities of the National Salvation Association (which undoubtedly was encouraged by certain elements of the Kuomintang, itself inseparable from the present Chinese government), affected every phase of Sino-Japanese economic relationships. Its program aimed at the complete cessation of business with Japan. It urged Chinese not to buy, sell, transport, nor use Japanese goods; to refuse to load or unload Japanese steamers, or to rent Japanese houses or property; to discontinue all transactions with Japanese banks; not to employ Japanese pilots, brokers or lawyers; to break all future contracts with Japanese merchants, exporters or importers; to refuse to sell articles or service to Japanese; to induce Chinese factory workers and

office employees to quit their jobs with Japanese concerns; to end all contact with Japanese people, whom it was desirable to recognize as a "polluting race."

At first Chinese were exhorted, purely on grounds of patriotism, to carry on this program. But as the Japanese occupation in Manchuria widened, public sentiment became more and more militantly hostile. The National Salvation Association, and various other anti-Japanese societies, rapidly increased in power. The movement, at first mildly opposed by the bourgeoisie element, now received the full support of Chinese chambers of commerce, bankers, industrialists, leading intellectuals. Thousands of angry students, bred in the new era of nationalism, led the anti-Japanism.

Among Chinese merchants with large stocks of Japanese goods, and those whose livelihood depended upon Japanese trade or employment, the boycott was naturally unpopular. Against such "slackers", the boycotters soon adopted measures of violence and coercion. Backed by the Tangpus of the Kuomintang, and a growing unanimity of mass anti-Japanese sentiment, boycott leaders seized Japanese goods from Chinese shops, extorted fines from merchants who persisted in dealing with Japanese, and even kidnapped and imprisoned the more recalcitrant.

Such actions were of course illegal; but Chinese public opinion to some extent sanctioned them, and some of the government leaders themselves were members of the Association that carried them out. They affected only Chinese "traitors"; property was in few, if any instances, seized from Japanese merchants by the boycott societies. At the end of December, nearly $100,000,000 (silver) worth of Japanese goods had become dead stock on Chinese merchants' hands. Considerable quantities of this were actually seized, and either publicly burned or sold for funds with

which to continue this passive form of warfare so peculiarly suited to the Asiatic.

In October the Shanghai Chinese Bankers' Association had decided to break all relations with Japanese. This made it impossible for local Japanese dealers to clear business transactions with Chinese, or to receive payments by Chinese check or native money order. Hundreds of Chinese clerks and office employees left Japanese firms, either voluntarily, or under threat. Japanese steamer traffic between China and Japan, and inland shipping in China, ceased almost entirely.

Hardest hit of all were Japanese textile factories. Japan's investment in the spinning and weaving industry in China amounts to 230,000,000 yen ($115,000,000), and is, after railways, her primal economic thrust. Of the total output of cotton yarns and cotton piece goods in China, Japanese factories, in 1930, had produced 55 percent. Of this, all but 15 percent was turned out at Shanghai, where 34 of the 49 Japanese cotton mills in China are located. This business now abruptly halted.

"From September 26," (only a week after the Japanese invasion at Mukden) reported the Japanese mill-owners, "not a single Chinese came to talk business." Altogether 60 Japanese factories in Shanghai had closed their doors by the end of October. December, 1931, found the Shanghai Japanese Industrialists' Association floundering in depths of despair, and cabling to the home government for huge loans "imperative in order to avert bankruptcy."

In Tokyo, government leaders conferred on this grave denouement of their Manchurian adventure. Something had to be done. They had expected economic resistance, had counted upon the boycott; but only the sagacious Baron Shidehara had foreseen the catastrophic dimensions to which it would attain. In a depressed world market, Japan could find no other outlet for the 500,000,000 yen worth

of goods, more than 25 percent of Japan's total trade, which China normally absorbs, but now rejected at Shanghai and other ports. Japan could not afford to lose that market. Money had to be found to keep business and industry flourishing so that they could pay taxes, fill the budget, maintain the army and navy which devours more than 80 percent of Japan's national revenues. The China trade must be regained. But how?

Two ways were open. One, if the Japanese troops were withdrawn from Manchuria, negotiations for peaceful settlement of outstanding issues could be begun on the condition the boycott automatically would cease. "But that would mean surrender!" roared the Japanese war chiefs. "It is out of the question." Perhaps they suggested the alternative. The military had forced the Chinese in Manchuria to honor "Japanese rights and interests." Why not use a display of bayonets to force Chinese south of the wall to buy Japanese ginghams and calicos?

It was a new idea in merchandising, and it may have intrigued the Japanese sense of daring and enterprise. In Manchuria the army had fought, so it was declared, to secure recognition of railway contracts. In Shanghai the navy saw its chance also to win glory; perhaps it could secure recognition of textile contracts. Moreover, the navy was dreaming of higher things yet. The old admirals envisaged their ships sailing up the Yangtze and bombarding Nanking, forcing the National government to capitulate, forcing demi-dictator Chiang Kai-shek to sign a treaty recognizing the new status of Manchuria. Young ensigns saw themselves getting gold braid in a month; commanders, in blissful slumber, observed themselves as rear-admirals; and rear-admirals, waking from happy *yumei*, could hardly believe that they had only dreamed they were at last full admirals. Presently, to the Admiralty, came a pretext for action.

II

DURING all this period no Japanese residents or officials in China proper had been assassinated. It seemed to foreigners quite an achievement in self-control. "Imagine a hypothetical case in America," I reminded a Japanese friend who was bitter against what he described as "anti-foreignism" among the Chinese.

"There are many thousands of Japanese in California," I said. "Suppose Japan found it necessary to protect her 'rights and interests' there. Suppose Japanese troops were to invade that state, destroy the government, confiscate property, and kill large numbers of the civilian populace as well as American soldiers. That is what has happened with the Chinese in Manchuria. Do you think Japanese, resident elsewhere in the United States, would be safe? I seriously doubt it. And yet America is by many considered a civilized nation." But my friend could not follow me; he replied that China was "not an organized State."

Despite the seething hatred everywhere engendered in China by the invasion of the Three Eastern Provinces and Inner Mongolia, no Japanese scalps, since then, had been lost. Frequently minor clashes had occurred between Chinese and Japanese civilians, often at the latter's instigation; none resulted in fatalities. Now and then Chinese school boys threw stones at Japanese school boys, and vice versa, but although the Japanese diplomats took such incidents seriously, and made them the subject of diplomatic protests, they could hardly bring war into central China because of them.

What appeared as a possible *casus belli* arose early in January. A Korean revolutionary had attempted to assassinate Emperor Hirohito, and nearly succeeded. Most Chinese









per left: Six feet tall, dark, homely, with a trace of aboriginal blood, General Tsai ıg-kai, commander of the 19th Route Army, stopped Japanese penetration in the ıgtze Valley. *Upper right:* Japanese ronin, armed Japanese civilians, supplement op- tions of regular Japanese troops wherever a thrust is made in China; they are the ervists" in the Japanese army. *Lower left:* Chinese trench mortars did much dam- *Lower right:* Japanese Buddhist and Shinto priests filled sandbags for use at the ıt.

disapprove of bomb-throwing; it is not the Chinese manner. So that now the Chinese press as a whole either condemned the bombing, or omitted comment on it. But there were exceptions; in Tsingtao, the *Min Kuo Daily News* described the Korean's attempt as "an unfortunate failure", and in Shanghai the *Republican Daily News* similarly implied that the world could get along just as well without Hirohito Tenno. Both these journals were Kuomintang-owned.

This might have been the navy's chance; but their highly excitable nationals spoiled it. Before any Japanese admirals could arrive and present demands to the Chinese officials at Tsingtao, a mob of Japanese descended upon the *Min Kuo* plant, thoroughly looted it, wrecked all the machinery, then set fire to the three-storied building. As a finishing touch, they visited Chinese Kuomintang party headquarters, which they also reduced to shambles. By the time Japanese bluejackets arrived on the scene, justice had already had its way and the honor of Emperor Hirohito's name (which appropriately means "Enlightened Peace") had been vindicated.

As for Shanghai, the *Republican Daily News* was located in the International Settlement, and the Japanese were unable to hold the Chinese government responsible for acts committed outside its jurisdiction. They had to be satisfied with informing the Municipal Council that unless the *Republican Daily News* plant was shut down, Japanese marines would come ashore and close it by force. Rather than embarrass the foreign authorities by challenging the Japanese to do this, the editor and publishers of the offending journal sealed their premises.

Nothing very exercising developed for several days after the Tsingtao affair. Newspaper correspondents in Shanghai, calling at the Japanese Consulate-General to learn whether any "incidents" had occurred, gave audience to

the old complaints. The telephone service was bad; Chinese operators were discriminating against Japanese subscribers. The Post Office employees were holding up mail addressed to Japanese; they averred that their letters were often delayed a week or more. Chinese bus conductors were rude to Japanese lady passengers; they muttered behind their breath. A Chinese ricksha man had been seen using a Japanese flag to clean the wheels of his ricksha. It was sinister. The situation was officially described as "growing very tense."

However, toward the middle of January, something happened at last; a Japanese finally lost his life in Shanghai, as a result of Chinese mob action, and a remarkable record was broken. On January 18, five Japanese monks wandered, for reasons unknown, from the Hongkew district of the International Settlement, into neighboring Chapei, Chinese territory. They attracted attention first by playing Japanese musical instruments; then, it is said, sang the Japanese national anthem. This was rather tactless under a situation officially described as "growing very tense". It may have offered the provocation for the small riot that ensued. In the melee three of the monks were injured; one subsequently died.

Young Japanese *ronin*, the arch-patriots later to become so mundanely advertised, saw in this an opportunity for revenge against Chinese who refused to buy their goods. On the following night about 50 of them, armed with clubs, pistols, and knives, proceeded to the place where the monks had given their symphony. They set fire to a nearby Chinese towel factory, alleging that the monks' assailants had worked there. Still belligerent, they returned to the Hongkew district. They were stopped by Settlement police, who had witnessed the incendiarism. They resisted arrest, and freely used their weapons on the constables, two of whom,

Chinese, were killed. One of the "ronin" also was fatally injured.

Coming together, these incidents might have been settled amicably by traditional Oriental bargaining methods of reciprocity; but that, it appeared, was not what the Japanese wanted. Here at last seemed to be the navy's chance. Next morning, January 20, short, moustached, Japanese Consul-General Kuramatsu Murai, familiar butonnière in lapel, presented General Wu Teh-chen, Mayor of Shanghai, a note containing four demands. These called for a formal apology for the attack on the Japanese monks; the arrest of their assailants; the payment of solatium and hospital expenses; and suppression of all boycott activities and the immediate dissolution of all anti-Japanese associations.

Meanwhile, came the navy. Rear-Admiral Kenkichi Shiozawa had steamed full speed toward Shanghai, and anchored his fleet of ten warships in the Shanghai harbor. His guns now menacingly pointed toward Chinese territory, he issued a declaration, on January 21, backing up the Consul-General. He announced that unless Mayor Wu unconditionally agreed to the demands, he would "take appropriate steps to protect the rights and interests of the Imperial Japanese Government." In response to a foreign correspondent's query whether anyone would protect Chinese towel factory owners, Shiozawa blustered, and referred the correspondent to one of his aides.

The Japanese landed 1,500 bluejackets in their Settlement garrison, and from another naval base came five more warships, including a giant aircraft carrier with 70 fighting craft aboard. It was obvious that the admiralty was ready to experiment with the new merchandising. "If diplomacy fails," a spokesman for the Japanese naval landing party headquarters told me, "we shall take over control of Chinese territory immediately surrounding the Settlement and the French Concession. By martial law we shall enforce

Admiral Shiozawa's demands. This boycott is all nonsense. . ."

It was patent that the first three demands were merely the prelude on which the fourth, that had in it the real punch, was based; such is the Oriental way. The first three could readily be met; the fourth required, according to Mayor Wu, interference with "a spontaneous reaction of the people to a series of unfortunate events in the Northeast." To destroy the boycott was to force the Chinese to abandon their only efficient weapon against Japanese aggression. If the government yielded to this demand, public wrath might turn upon it (as it had turned once upon the old Peking régime after the acceptance of the "21 Demands") and drive out the officials.

In delivering a note of such international importance to a local official, Consul-General Murai had of course violated diplomatic practice. He knew that Mayor General Wu Teh-chen would have to request instructions from the central government. And he himself was acting on orders direct from the Foreign Office at Tokyo. But the Japanese aimed to give the affair a purely local character. They wished the world to understand that it should not be confused with the Manchuria invasion—to which, as was officially pointed out, it was obviously unrelated.

In Nanking Murai's note came as another blow to a tottering and inept Chinese government. Kaleidoscopic changes had occurred within recent weeks, partly as the result of popular agitation condemnatory of government policy in Manchuria, partly due to internal political eruptions.

In December the southern government at Canton, which had earlier declared its independence from Nanking, made peace proposals. Some of the Cantonese officials came up to Shanghai and negotiated with the Nanking crowd for the establishment of a "coalition government". This resulted

in the temporary retirement of General Chiang Kai-shek from the office of "president" and commander-in-chief. Canton withdrew its declaration of independence. In the new régime at Nanking the southerners dominated, with Sun Fo, son of the late Dr. Sun Yat-sen, holding the post of chief executive.

This shift in government line-up was preceded by nation-wide anger against the "weak-kneed" attitude of Nanking toward Japanese militarism in Manchuria. Thousands of students and workers, crowding up from Shanghai, Peking and other cities, deserted textbooks and jobs, seized whole trains, won over the train crews, and converged upon Nanking. More than 50,000 were in the capital in December, and all schools were forced to close.

The young agitators paraded before government offices, demanded interviews with officials, denounced the League of Nations, yelled for more boycott, for war with Japan. They drove Dr. C. T. Wang, minister of foreign affairs, from office; he resigned and went to a hospital. They clamored for an interview with General Chiang Kai-shek, who finally appeared and announced that he was ready to "make the supreme sacrifice" to win back Manchuria. "Don't bluff, General Chiang!" cried a young student. "You have said that six times before!"

At Shanghai, during this exciting period, Mayor Chang Chun had attempted to curb the agitations by arresting some of the students. I saw about 5,000 of them, next day, descend upon Chang Chun's office, capture him, and force him to stand for 12 hours till finally he agreed to release the detained leaders. He also had to give students and workers free transportation to the capital. The result of this ludicrous episode was Chang Chun's resignation from office, and the inauguration of General Wu Teh-chen, formerly a commander of the 19th Route Army, as new mayor.

But after General Chiang Kai-shek's resignation, in De-

cember, Sun Fo's new government, which advocated a "positive policy" toward Japan, early discovered that it had no real power. It was the victim, with the students who supported it, of a monstrous hoax. Wily General Chiang Kai-shek, ostensibly retiring, had retained command of his troops. Also, prior to leaving Nanking, he had illegally appointed his acolytes as military governors of the five most important provinces in central China—the only five over which this National Government, recognized by the foreign Powers, had the semblance of authority.

These military governors now refused to execute the orders of the "coalition government", which within a month found it necessary to beg Chiang Kai-shek to return to Nanking and coöperate "in the hour of unprecedented national crisis." That, of course, was precisely what the little generalissimo had anticipated. It was an adroit political manoeuver. He had left in bad odor, impugned for his impotence to repel the invaders; he returned to be welcomed even by the befuddled students as "man of the hour," a patriot come to aid the nation in its need.

Chiang Kai-shek's restoration coincided with the Japanese demands at Shanghai. He insisted that the government yield. He was concerned with preserving his dais, and he did not intend to be unseated by the Japanese, after so many Chinese rebels had failed. But Jamaica-born Eugene Chen, the new foreign minister, noted for his exquisite and sardonic English, had a policy of his own which he wished to pursue. He advocated that the provocation at Shanghai and in Manchuria was sufficient to warrant severance of diplomatic relations with Japan. "I aimed thereby," Chen later explained to me, "to create a situation which would necessitate the summoning of an international conference under the Nine-Power Treaty and the Kellogg Pact."

Chiang Kai-shek had an army; Eugene Chen had only eloquence. The general won, and the foreign minister

resigned. Next day at Shanghai I saw Chen at Sun Fo's home in the French Concession.

It was the second time the General had interrupted Chen's career. He had also been foreign minister of the Hankow Leftist government, which collapsed in 1927 as a result of the counter-revolution led by General Chiang. At Hankow, Chen had acquired great prestige by securing the return to China, under most extraordinary conditions, of the British Concession in that city. He is one of the more interesting and intelligent men who have starred the field of Chinese diplomacy. He perhaps has a more fluent command of English than any man in China; his official statements are terse, sardonic and often dramatic. He looks upon politics as an earnest business.

"The decision to comply fully with the Japanese demands," Chen said to me, "has already been reached by Chiang Kai-shek and his Nanking mandarinate. The Ningpo general is the only man in the government who holds any real power to-day. What he wants done is done; that which he opposes is not done. Chiang has already instructed Mayor Wu Teh-chen to agree; not to do so would be to endanger his own feudal castle of power."

"Then the boycott will end?" I asked.

"It will. In conference with General Chiang at Nanking, I strongly opposed this aimless submission. I said that to eliminate the boycott meant the destruction of the entire people's movement, and that any government which ordered that did not deserve to survive. Chiang replied: 'The people be damned. We will lead them by the ears. They will do as we say.' This was too much for me. I resigned."

Chen, however, declared that whether or not the demands were met at Shanghai, the Japanese would seize the Chinese city. "A few days ago," he asserted, "a member of the Japanese General Staff called upon Chiang Kai-shek and told him that the Japanese intended to protect their

rights and interests in the Yangtze valley. Chiang asked him what he meant. He said that this would in all probability necessitate military occupation of strategic points. He said that no amount of opposition from the other Powers would cause the General Staff to deviate from its course; that Japan no longer feared England or America, or both. He informed Chiang that if he offered no resistance to the Army General Staff's Manchurian policy the Japanese might permit him to retain his position in central China. If he resisted, the Japanese military naturally would have to take action against him. That is why Chiang Kai-shek follows, and will continue to follow, the passive policy."

Extraordinary things were to happen during succeeding days. Some of them for a time seemed to confirm the veracity of Chen's statements.

III

DID the Japanese navy ever intend to accept Chinese compliance with their demands without taking action at Shanghai? The chronology of happenings up till January 28 suggests grave doubts.

On January 27 Consul-General Murai, having received no reply from Mayor Wu Teh-chen, presents him with an ultimatum. This states that unless a satisfactory response is received by 6 p.m. on the following day, the Japanese navy will act, Shiozawa, in fine spirits and loquacious for any kind of admiral, thunders to the press, of whom I am one, that he can "blast the Chinese out of Chapei in 48 hours."

The Japanese naval landing party meanwhile has been increased to a force of about 2,500 bluejackets, with some 3,000 more available in the 17 ships that now lie cleared

for action in the Whangpoo. Eighteen more Japanese gunboats are within firing range of Chinese territory. Chapei, Kiangwan, Woosung, Nantao, and other Chinese territory around Shanghai is garrisoned by one division of Chinese troops. Reinforcements are coming in, however, and at a few points some sand bags have been thrown up in redoubts erected near the Settlement boundary.

As an international complication that threatened to involve the United States, Great Britain and other Powers in a disastrous and inane war over Shanghai, it is interesting to review, in some detail, the events which preceded Sino-Japanese hostilities. Considerable misapprehension still prevails about it. The report of the League Enquiry Commission on Shanghai is on the whole excellent, but some amplification of the more recondite facts may help toward a clearer understanding. Let us see what happened.

Observe that till now the only dispute at Shanghai has been between Japanese and Chinese authorities. The Chinese have not threatened other foreigners in any way. Following Shiozawa's aggressive declarations certain defenses have been erected in the Chinese Municipality, but there has been no intimation of attack. The fact that Chinese troops are in the Chinese Municipality is in itself no cause for concern; Chinese troops have always been garrisoned there. When, later, the propaganda is spread that the 19th Route Army intended to sack the Settlement, it is contrary to information available to the foreign military experts at Shanghai. They know that this unit of troops is noted as among the best disciplined in China. Subsequently the Chinese prove this by the scrupulous care with which they protect foreign property in Chinese territory occupied by them.

Yet, within a few hours, foreign troops are to be ordered out to "defend the Settlement"—against whom? How does it happen?

Does Admiral Shiozawa conceive an astute scheme for openly involving the various Powers in the action which he has announced he intends to take? On January 27 a meeting is held of the Settlement Defense Committee. The Committee is composed of the British Chairman of the Shanghai Municipal Council, the British Commissioner of Police, the British and various foreign commandants of the Shanghai Volunteer Corps, and the commanders of the British, American, Italian and Japanese forces stationed in the Settlement. At that meeting the Admiral requests, through Captain Baron Samejima, that a State of Emergency be declared. His reason for the request is that, inasmuch as he intends to take "free action" if the Chinese do not give a favorable reply before the expiration of the Japanese ultimatum on the following day at 6 p.m., the Settlement may be embarrassed by the consequent disturbances. The implications of that request seem so obvious now that it appears the Admiral must have been conscious of some moral support among certain members of the Defense Committee. At any rate, the Defense Committee deliberates, and decides to recommend (unofficially) that the Municipal Council declare a State of Emergency.

Now, under a State of Emergency all the Settlement defense forces, including the troops of Japan, America, Great Britain, Italy and the Shanghai Volunteer Corps, are in practice obligated to set up barriers at the Settlement boundaries, and "take all necessary measures" to preserve peace and order. Under such a condition Shiozawa may move his troops into the Settlement and, as will be shown, even invade Chinese territory without assuming full responsibility for the action. He can assert that the move is a joint one, done at the invitation of the Municipal Council.

A prearranged plan for defense of the Settlement had been decided upon at a meeting of the Defense Committee held months prior to the "monk murder." According to

that plan, in time of emergency the Americans, British and the Shanghai Volunteers are to guard the Settlement's boundaries in the central district, which is south of Soochow Creek. Except for one small area to be guarded by the Volunteer Corps, the district north of Soochow Creek, known as Hongkew (the original "American Settlement") is to be defended exclusively by Japanese troops. But they are to do more.

At this Defense Committee meeting, months before, a map has been produced on which appears, in color, a section of Chapei, Chinese territory adjacent to the western boundary of Hongkew. In addition to the Hongkew district, the Japanese state that for "strategic reasons" they will occupy this "colored spot" in Chapei. Into this territory extend extra-Settlement roads, over which the Municipal Council at times illegally exercises jurisdiction. It is argued that it is necessary not only to defend those roads but also the Chinese area adjacent to them, in order, as they express it, "to complete the defense perimeter." It does not occur to them to form this line, or "defense perimeter" within the Settlement. They reach out, instead, into Chinese territory, westward to a line parallel with the Shanghai-Woosung Railway tracks. Apparently the other members of the Defense Committee, especially the "Die-Hard" majority, who know that in the past such encroachments as this have resulted in Settlement extensions, think the reasoning excellent. They endorse the plan.

But what is strange is that the whole scheme remains a "military secret." Nothing is said, beyond the Defense Committee, of this arrangement. The officials of the Chinese Municipality, whose territory it is aimed to occupy, know nothing of it. The foreign consuls, presumably, know nothing of it. Even Edwin Sheddan Cunningham, United States Consul-General at Shanghai, Senior Consul and head of the Consular Body, later declares that he

knew nothing of this deliberate plan to occupy Chinese territory in the "joint defense of the Settlement."

When at last the Municipal Council is summoned to an urgent meeting, at 11 o'clock on the morning of January 28, it may be that the foreign commanders are too concerned with preparations to recall such trivial details of the defense scheme. At 7:30 that morning Japanese headquarters has informed the Defense Committee that Admiral Shiozawa has definitely decided to take "free action" on the following morning, a decision reached without waiting for the Chinese reply to the ultimatum. The Council, basing its action on this information, and the recommendations of the Defense Committee, decides "on its own responsibility," to declare a State of Emergency. The motion is carried at the urgence of British Brigadier-General E. B. Macnaghten, Chairman of the Municipal Council, member of the Defense Committee, "arch-Die-Hard," and one man who of course knows about the little colored spot. The Council announces that emergency measures will be adopted at 4 o'clock that afternoon.

Senior Consul Cunningham is advised of this decision. He is requested to "invite" the other consuls to request their troops to guard sectors assigned to them by the Defense Committee, and "take all necessary action" to preserve peace and order. Mr. Cunningham does not confute the wisdom of the Municipal Council, nor decline to recommend American participation in the State of Emergency measures.

His position as Senior Consul is unique and one of enormous responsibility. No other consular official anywhere has such potential power. As high elder of the Settlement he is, in a way, the "Tsar of Shanghai." For without his concurrence, and that of his colleague consuls, rash political measures, adopted by the Municipal Council cannot be made effective.

Although he is an exceptionally able diplomat, as well as a veteran consul-general, Mr. Cunningham is sometimes criticized for his failure to use his power more emphatically as a check upon the overwhelming Anglo-Japanese reactionary dictatorship of Settlement affairs. It is felt by many that the American and other foreign governments are often held jointly to account for Settlement policies with which they have comparatively little to do.

Perhaps Mr. Cunningham is resentfully conscious now of the fact that the State of Emergency has been declared without his own official opinion, as Senior Consul, previously having been sought by the Council. Is it not something of an affront to the dignity and authority of the Consular Body? But he is also aware of his first duty to protect American lives and property. At any rate, he concurs in the Council's decision, recommends that other consuls take the "usual measures," and Colonel Richard Hooker, tall, blond, competent, mobilizes the U. S. Marines, 4th Regiment, for guarding the sector assigned to American troops.

Everything has gone off smoothly for the Japanese. It should have been foreseen now that whether the Chinese agree to the demands, Japanese blue jackets can march toward Chapei, take action under the guise of "joint defense of the Settlement." Whatever happens, they can say that they were merely carrying out the defense scheme in cooperation with the forces of other Powers. It may be extremely difficult for anyone to prove otherwise.

Thus, the real ethical blunder at Shanghai was perhaps the hasty decision of the Municipal Council to act without waiting for Mayor Wu's reply to Consul-General Murai's note. It was well known, a day in advance, that the Chinese intended fully to capitulate; official information to that effect had reached certain newspaper correspondents. The

headquarters of the anti-Japanese boycott societies had been sealed the day before. And troops of the 19th Route Army already had received orders to withdraw on the 29th.

Had declaration of a State of Emergency been delayed for only a few hours, had Shiozawa been forced to take independent action or none, an entirely different and a much truer interpretation would have been placed upon the events that followed. Probably the tragedy would have been avoided altogether. The Japanese would have hesitated long before endangering the huge foreign investment in Shanghai by openly precipitating a conflict with the Chinese.

The Council's declaration of a State of Emergency is in Shanghai somewhat comparable to a nation's mobilization of troops, and may be considered provocative. As a joint action led by Occidental foreigners who controlled the Municipal Council, and against whom China in this case had made no hostile declarations whatever, it is difficult to defend.

Was it that the "Die-Hards" were too eager for a condition which might lead to a new definition of the Settlement, and an extension of its boundaries? Was it that certain high foreign officials itched for a chance to "give a licking to the Chinese," whose nascent nationalism had long provoked them? Was it that certain men who controlled the destiny of the Settlement were in secret sympathy with the Japanese and hoped that the little yellow spot in Chapei might spread?

As for the foreign consuls, it appears that they were unwittingly dragged into the mess by their frock coattails. With them they pulled in the governments of the United States, Great Britain, and Italy.

But after all, it had never occurred to anyone that the Chinese would fight.

IV

AT about two p.m., on January 28, four hours before the expiration of the Japanese ultimatum, an hour before the foreign troops were to be mobilized in the Settlement, Mayor Wu Teh-chen's secretary called upon Consul-General Kuramatsu Murai and handed him the Chinese reply. It was a complete surrender. The Chinese agreed to suppress boycott activities, dissolve all boycott organizations, and prohibit all anti-Japanese agitations. They announced that official instructions had been given out to this effect, and the headquarters of the National Salvation Association had already been sealed.

That afternoon I called at the Japanese Consulate-General, where it was stated that the Chinese reply was "considered fully satisfactory."

"Then there will be no Japanese military action?" I questioned.

"Not for the present," was the reply of the official spokesman, Consul S. Iguchi. That was all.

But though there was still time, the emergency proclamation was not withdrawn by the Settlement authorities. At four o'clock soldiers of all nationalities in the Volunteer Corps, the American contingent of about 1,600 marines. British troops numbering about 3,000, erected barricades south of Soochow Creek, and stood with fixed bayonets at the boundaries. But the Japanese did not move out with the others. They built no barricades, set up no defenses. Was it possible that they did not wish their operations to be observed, that they preferred foreign military men not to know where their forces were posted? No Japanese marines began guard duty till long after dark. Then they had Hongkew to themselves.

At 8:30 p.m. Admiral Shiozawa, fond of declarations, issued another. The official English version of it concluded:

"The Imperial Navy, feeling extreme anxiety about the situation in Chapei, where Japanese nationals reside in great numbers, have decided to send out troops to this section for the enforcement of law and order in the area. In these circumstances, I earnestly hope that the Chinese authorities will speedily withdraw the Chinese troops now stationed in Chapei and remove all hostile defenses in the area."

It should be mentioned that all Japanese nationals, except a few near Japanese naval headquarters who could readily be protected, had previously evacuated from Chapei, thus undermining Shiozawa's specious reason for the invasion.

By 11 o'clock this sensational declaration had been cabled to every foreign country, and had actually appeared in extras got out in Japan. Operations, it was announced at Japanese naval headquarters, would begin at midnight. It was not till 11:25 p.m. that a copy of the declaration, inclosed in an envelope of the Japanese Consulate-General, was delivered to Mayor Wu Teh-chen. This was the first official intimation given the Chinese that Shiozawa intended to take Chapei. Note that his declaration did not say a section of Chapei, but implied that the entire district, the center of Chinese commercial and industrial life, would be seized. The Chinese naturally were astounded.

This final declaration of Shiozawa's ranks as the crowning error of his career at Shanghai. It seemed to serve no purpose. Obviously it was not made in order to intimidate the Chinese into withdrawal; on such brief notice that was physically impossible. Moreover, under the camouflage of the state of emergency Shiozawa might have tried to take whatever he liked of Chapei, and later claimed that it was done "in self-defense," like the occupation of Mukden by Japanese troops.

Then why did he make this self-condemning declaration, after diplomatic officials of his own government, having found the Chinese reply entirely satisfactory, pledged there would be no invasion? The act was a mystery of muddle-headed thinking, a mystery which so puzzled the Japanese Naval Commandant Staff that it caused them eventually to retire Shiozawa from active command.

Yet despite the Admiral's outspoken declaration Japan's delegates later were suavely to deny before the League of Nations that the Japanese ever had intended to invade Chinese territory. I daresay many of the gentlemen beside Lake Geneva believed it.

Shortly after 11 p.m., anxious to be on the spot to witness the opening of hostilities, I went into Hongkew, and from there through the Settlement gate at Honan Road into the North Station, in Chapei. This was soon to be the scene of an assault by Japanese bluejackets, but now there was no indication that Chinese troops expected an attack. Only a few gendarmes idled in the station plaza, where a normal crowd of coolies, farmers and merchants waited for the midnight train. In front of the station were two small sandbag redoubts, not waist high; that was the only defense preparation noticeable. I sought out the station inspector.

"Aren't you going to warn these people to seek a place of safety?" I asked him, indicating the hundreds of intending passengers. He gave me a puzzled look.

"Why?"

"Don't you know that the Japanese have announced that they will occupy Chapei?" He grinned. That was all off, he said; Mayor Wu Teh-chen had met the Japanese demands, and the trouble was settled. He was still unconvinced when I showed him a copy of Shiozawa's declaration. But as I spoke to him, a young Chinese military officer hurried up, uttered a few words, and moved off rapidly.

"Ai-ya!" exclaimed the no longer dubious Chinese. *"Ni shuo tui-la.* You are right." for the officer was in command of the southern Chapei salient, and he had just received an urgent telephone call. The Japanese were bound for Chapei, and attack was expected at midnight. Looking at the big clock in the station waiting room, I saw that it was 11:35 p.m.

Even as I fled from the North Station back toward Hongkew, 10 minutes later, the advance began. I had progressed only a few hundred feet up Jukong Road when I heard rifle reports, and then the bark of machine-guns. Suddenly confronting me I saw a line of Japanese bluejackets, white leggings conspicuous, moving on the double-quick, but halting about every 50 feet to fire. Volleys were aimed at houses along the road in Chinese territory, and some bullets came streaking down the street at loiterers who scurried frantically. I saw two fall, and heard others utter screams. I waited to see no more. Dodging down an alley I followed my heels toward safer parts of Hongkew.

At the North Szechuen Road Settlement boundary I joined some friends and watched the Japanese entry. Squads of bluejackets now were running thick and fast. Before them went armored cars, motor-cycles with mounted machine-guns on side cars, and heavy armored trucks, loaded with light artillery. The Japanese took up their posts at street crossings, and planted machine-guns. They entered houses off North Szechuen Road, in Chinese territory, and dragged out Chinese civilians, arrested them, sometimes killed them outright as suspected "snipers." By one a.m. bodies of many Chinese lay in streets beyond the Hongkew border. Firing became continuous, with the ratatat of machine-gunning predominant.

Still more bluejackets poured into this densely populated district, with bayonetted rifles and machine-gun units. About 4,000 of them participated in this initial operation

in Chapei. They wore gay looks, or smiled; none of them dreamed of the reception awaiting them; they had all been told the Chinese would run at the first shot. Hadn't the Admiral said they could blast the Chinese out of Shanghai within 48 hours? They believed in the invincibility of the legions of the Rising Sun.

I was on the end of North Szechuen Road an hour later when suddenly a squad of men came running back. Some carried no rifles; some had lost their steel helmets; and three had blood gushing from fresh wounds. They all looked badly frightened. Shortly afterward another squad came hurrying, in scattered formation, from Chinese territory. Going to investigate at Japanese naval headquarters, I found concerned looks on faces of staff officers. Obviously something had gone wrong.

"It looks," said handsome Captain Baron Samejima, "as though we are encountering unexpected resistance." Samejima was to have 34 days of much greater surprises before, a sobered and chastened officer, he succeeded in occupying Chapei.

13

EAST MEETS EAST

I DID not sleep that night, nor the next. I spent the hours till dawn in Hongkew, watching Japanese troops undergo a new experience, the experience of defeat.

The change in attitude became apparent gradually after the first hour of fighting. Officers at Japanese naval headquarters were in the beginning cocky, cheerful, talkative, with abundant confidence, sure of the awe-inspiring prestige of the Imperial troops. When early reports came that their advance had been checked, they could not believe it. When broken ranks of bluejackets fled back, leaving trench hats and rifles, they was astounded. Such a thing could not happen; it was simply not in the Imperial navy regulations.

But rapidly word spread along the front that two squads of Japanese, who had insouciantly penetrated into Chinese territory west of the Shanghai-Woosung Railway, had been cut off from their connectives; about 40 of them, caught in ambush by Chinese soldiers and men sniping from buildings, had suffered heavily in fighting their way back east of the tracks. By three o'clock all Japanese bluejackets had withdrawn to the east of the Railway, and fighting was desperate with the Japanese attempting to hold their position along the edge of Chapei. The offensive movement, which planned to take all of Chapei by storm, had been strongly repulsed, and the Japanese found themselves engaged in a difficult defensive.

As trucks laden with dead and wounded came back from the front, surprise succeeded confidence at headquarters, and was quickly followed by uncertainty. Clearly

this was not the reception anticipated. Something like panic seized not only the naval command, but communicated itself also to the 4,000 "reservists", who had appeared suddenly in Hongkew as a kind of rear guard for Japanese military operations.

These "reservists" play a prominent part in Japanese operations in China. Made up of trained ex-soldiers, most of whom have had two or more years of army life under the conscription system in Japan, they are organized, even in time of peace, as an auxiliary of the military. Normally they are engaged in business and commercial pursuits, but when a crisis occurs, they spring suddenly to the fore. At Mukden some 3,000 "reservists" relieved the comparatively small Japanese force of all guard and patrol duties, enabling them to concentrate on actual fighting. At Harbin, even before Japanese troops marched into the city, about 1,000 armed "reservists" swarmed from their offices and shops and attacked and occupied certain strategic points.

Now in Shanghai, the Japanese press called the "reservists" by the name *ronin,* after the free-lance *samurai* warriors of old Japan. It is a highly complimentary term. The *ronin* in Japan are deified and in Tokyo there is a temple where Japanese worship the spirits of the most famous of these Oriental knights errant; they had the grace to commit *hara-kiri* after murdering a *daiymo* for revenge. But in Shanghai the word *ronin,* as applied to Japanese toughs, gangsters, thugs and young jingoists, was soon to become an epithet.

The bluejackets could not take Chapei, but the *ronin* took Hongkew. Before dawn of the 29th these men had usurped practically all the ordinary police functions in that district of the Settlement.

It should be understood that State of Emergency is not martial law, and the foreign authorities' administrative functions are supposed to be unimpaired within Settle-

ment boundaries. The *ronin,* however, took complete charge. They disarmed, and often arrested Settlement constables, taking them to naval headquarters, where they were detained. They set up patrols at street intersections in Hongkew, and challenged every pedestrian. They captured and abducted certain Chinese civilians, men living under the protection of foreign authorities, and took them sometimes to naval headquarters, sometimes into back alleys, from which they did not return alive.

On various Hongkew roads I saw *ronin* entering Chinese homes, sometimes smashing them open forcibly. They yanked out men, women and children, piled them into motor cars and made off with them. I saw one group break into Chinese shops and stores along North Szechuen Road, and with motives of revenge (for these people had refused to buy Japanese manufactures) help themselves to the stock. Others went from shop to shop, armed with bundles of straw and tins of kerosene.

Settlement police were powerless to halt these excesses. Even foreign police officers were intimidated by the armed and hate-maddened gangs, who were protected by bluejackets with bayonetted rifles and machine-guns. During days that followed, outrage piled upon outrage: cases of banditry, kidnapping, homicide, and brutality were successively reported against the *ronin,* and later authenticated by written testimony.

Obviously certain Chinese had been marked well in advance; these were leading merchants or business men who had declined to trade with Japanese. Their homes were entered, plundered and later set ablaze. Some were abducted, not to be heard of again; their families were attacked and often wiped out completely. I saw a helpless old Chinese woman dragged from her home and kicked in the face. The reign of terror instituted in Hongkew by

these Japanese run amok was not to be effectively checked for days by the Settlement fathers.

This extraordinary conduct was not sanctioned by the entire Japanese community. The more intelligent were shocked and alarmed by the crimes committed by the *ronin.* Certain Japanese consular officials were especially embarrassed, but they were powerless to interfere. Although many foreigners blamed the Japanese bluejackets along with the *ronin,* my experience was that they were generally well disciplined, although they afforded protection to the *ronin* in all that was done.

II

WHILE terrorism by Japanese *ronin* continued, I was witnessing Japanese marines (bluejackets) encroaching on the defense sector of the only other foreign troops in Hongkew. In the extreme southwestern corner of this district, Company "A" of the Shanghai Volunteer Corps, made up of Danes and Britishers, was assigned to defend North Honan Road, at the end of which an iron gate barred the entrance into the Shanghai North Station, Chinese territory. Faced with stalemate all along the Chapei salient, the Japanese forces now pushed beyond the limit of their own defense sector, and violated the Settlement defense agreement by entering Honan Road. They hoped to brush past the Shanghai Volunteer Corps, open the North Honan Road Gate, and take North Station by surprise, for the Chinese expected no attack from that quarter, knowing it was held by neutral European troops.

Buildings in Chinese cities are erected flush with the street, or surrounded by high compound walls. Thus in Hongkew, and all along the Settlement border, buildings

of varying height, standing side by side, with no intervening space, formed a natural defense barrier. Only the streets and narrow alleys gave entrance to Chinese territory in Chapei. And across all these streets the Settlement, months before, had erected iron gates to be locked in time of emergency. Beside them were blockhouses, or "pill boxes", for machine-guns and observation.

With my press card I got through the outer lines toward noon on the 29th, and reached North Honan Road Gate. Behind me, thousands of Chinese stood three or four blocks back in the Settlement, and in dense throngs gazed down toward the fighting zone where, in Chapei, other Chinese were being sprayed with lead. Manchu "Newsreel" Wong, crack news photographer, and cousin of the cinema star, Anna May Wong, accompanied me over the last 200 yards, where bullets spat venomously. We arrived in time to hear the complaints of the British officer in command of the Volunteer unit at the gate.

"The Japanese," he declared, "have been trying to break through our lines and attack the Chinese. Three times this morning they have come here, violated the defense agreement, and demanded the key to the gate. I don't know what their game is, but it looks like they're trying to get us mixed up in their scrap. The Japs actually went up to the gate, fired through at Chinese troops, and then withdrew. Naturally the Chinese fired back, and it's been hot for us ever since."

Bullets, splattering against the brick walls that lined North Honan Road, validated the officer's statement. I had been forced almost to crawl in order to reach the gate; now I stood crouched inside the entrance of a building as I talked. The Volunteers did not fire.

"But the Japanese didn't get the key?" I asked.

The Britisher chuckled. "No, and they'll never get it. That gate will have to be smashed open when this war is

over. The key has been thrown into the river!" A moment later he pointed down Range Road. "Here they are again," he said.

About 30 Japanese marines came up on the run, and dropped to positions behind sandbags near the Volunteers. Disregarding British protests, they levelled automatic rifles and machine-guns, aimed, and fired into buildings within the Chinese lines. This drew a renewed and vigorous response from the Chinese, who by now had built up redoubts in the buildings adjacent to the Station, and across the plaza from the Honan Road Gate. They poured a fusillade down from second-storey heights, and bullets whined menacingly over head. The Volunteers sought better cover and I with them.

Lead flattened and ricochetted against the walls all around; some was coming dangerously close. I found myself lying prone behind a pile of steel railway sleepers. I was frightened, but I think not so badly scared as a young Irishman who lay trembling beside me, and had begun blessing himself. His eyes were saucers in a freckled face, and the gun he held in his shaking hands was wet with perspiration despite the chill air of January.

"So help me!" he chattered between his teeth. "Who'd've thought the Chinese'd fight like this? I'm wonderin' whatever I've got to do with it all. And me fresh out from Dublin! Which place, by the grace of God, I should be soon returnin' to!"

On another side of me lay a young English officer, a bank clerk in normal times, now learning that his membership in the Volunteer Corps was more than an entrée to Shanghai society. His face was blanched. He uttered an exclamation, and pointed skyward. Some giant seaplanes, whose motors droned above the rapid terrestrial fire, hovered almost directly above us. Suddenly two of them dipped

low, so that you could see clearly the Rising Sun painted red on their silver wings.

"Good God! They're going to bomb them!" The Englishman gasped. I saw the planes nose upward then, and leave two white missiles streaking earthward. The ground under me shook and timbers flew high in the air. Then a column of smoke rose slowly from beyond the Station, and soon a burst of scarlet flame.

Other planes joined in the deadly circus. Tons of explosives were dropped into the Station, and scattered over the surrounding area. I kept tally for 36 explosions, some of them very near. The young English officer looked at me grimly. "There are nearly half a million innocent people trapped out there . . . I wonder how many will never come through alive?"

The air raid continued for nearly an hour, the planes releasing their cargo of four or six bombs, then repeatedly returning to re-load. Incendiary bombs, carrying 50 to 100 pounds of sulphur were dropped, along with high-explosive torpedoes, and detonated over districts densely populated with Chinese civilians. Unwarned of the attack, they had no chance to escape; scores now were blown to bits, or incinerated in the rapidly spreading fires.

The Commercial Press, largest publishing house in the world, China's greatest, most modern cultural enterprise, early became the target for repeated bombing. It shot up in flames shortly before one o'clock in the afternoon, to burn for days afterward. Greater than the complete loss suffered by Chinese owners of the $10,000,000 publishing plant was the later destruction of the celebrated Oriental Library, where priceless, irreplaceable manuscripts from Sung Dynasty, more than 1,000 years old, had been carefully preserved for years. Many Chinese might have forgiven the murder of civilians, but after the bombing they became convinced that the Japanese were barbarians. To

them it was incomprehensible that men could show reverence for nothing, even originals of the Classics, which are as much a cultural heritage for Japan as for China.

The Station was in flames, with great holes blown through its roof. Some six or seven square blocks along the Chapei front were also ablaze. Beyond North Honan Road Gate I could see Chinese civilians surging back and forth on the streets, attempting to dodge bullets and the lethal sky demons. Now and then a Japanese aviator, having released all his bombs, would fly low so that his gunner could strafe down the crowded *ma-lus.*

The unnecessary brutality of this and subsequent air attacks against a people with whom Japan was not formally at war, the cynical disregard for the lives of non-combatants, the wanton sabotage of the Commercial Press and other great cultural institutions, was never to be satisfactorily explained by jovial Shiozawa, who was endeavoring literally to make good his boast that he could "blast the Chinese from Chapei in 48 hours."

What astonished everyone was that under this terrific, unexpected onslaught the Chinese lines did not waver. At the conclusion of the attack we expected all fire to be silenced from the North Station. But from the wreckage Chinese troops crawled forth and built up new redoubts on the edge of the flames. When the Japanese at Honan Road sent a volley through the gate, a withering deluge of machine-gun bullets answered them. No one had seen Chinese soldiers like these before.

Major Reeder-Harris, British commander of the Shanghai Volunteers, was now insisting upon the withdrawal of the Japanese marines back to their own lines. The Japanese still demanded the key to the gate. While the dispute continued, six armored cars, a unit of the Volunteers, suddenly arrived to make Reeder-Harris' request seem more emphatic. There was an ugly moment; Japanese marines held

their guns tensely, and crouched behind sand-bags. Fortunately a higher Japanese officer arrived, and a few minutes later withdrew his men some yards down the street.

The Japanese were to return again, however, and attempt to force a way through the gate. The idea was not to be abandoned till the foreign commanders entered a joint protest against this breach of international agreement. Had Major Reeder-Harris been less firm on this first day, and permitted the Japanese to come in, they might have won the North Station, and with that as a wedge, occupied the remainder of Chapei within a few hours.

Seizing an opportunity, I begged a ride out of Honan Road with the armored car outfit, and withdrew to less torrid regions of the city. As we rumbled back, the streets were thronged, and there were endless lines of rickshas, wheelbarrows, motor cars, bicycles, every kind of conveyance, all loaded with refugees and their various freight moving southward, fleeing from Hongkew.

I determined to try to reach the Chinese lines. I wanted to see what kind of men were back there absorbing this punishment, and who had led them.

III

SIX feet tall, dark, homely, 40 years old, but looking about 30, he wears a plain olive-drab uniform with no frosting of chevrons or insignia despite the 50 battles in which he has participated. He has thick, almost negroid lips, a wide mouth, and a broad flat nose. The most expressive thing about him are long straight hands, with a classic tapering, and chestnut-colored eyes, active and alert with intelligence. That is General Tsai Ting-kai, commander of the 19th Route Army.

Anger flashed in those quick eyes when first I saw Tsai, early in the afternoon of January 29. By a roundabout way I had gone out through the western end of the Settlement, beyond the British defense lines, and into the Chinese area. Guns still roared at Chapei, and outside Tsai's little cottage headquarters at Chenju, five miles from the Settlement border, lines of gray-clad troops, wearing pagoda-peaked straw hats, moved up to meet war. I wanted to ask General Tsai how long the slaughter would last.

He minced no words. "This savage Shiozawa," he announced to me and a Chinese newspaper man who had come along, "has broken every international peace pact, and has failed to observe even the ordinary humanities in the warfare forced upon us. He presents us an ultimatum, which our Mayor accepts unconditionally. Despite this, he sends another ultimatum, at 11:25 p.m., demanding the withdrawal of Chinese troops from Chinese territory, which he intends to seize at midnight. Even had we wished to withdraw, it would have been impossible on such brief notice. As for the thousands of Chinese civilians sleeping in their homes, what warning had they?"

Tsai claimed that withdrawal of the Chinese troops was actually to have begun on the morning of the 29th. Orders had come from Nanking. "After the Japanese accepted the Mayor's reply to their demands," he asserted, "we decided to remove all barricades erected against possible attack, and last night had actually withdrawn our guards from the front lines in Chapei. We intended to complete the withdrawal this morning. When the attack came, ten minutes before twelve, it was the gendarmes of Chapei, not soldiers, who first resisted. I myself did not know of Shiozawa's ultimatum till nearly midnight, and the order for troops of the 19th Army to resist the invasion was not given for some minutes afterward."

"But you have no intention of withdrawing now?"

"No, certainly not. Why should we withdraw from our own territory? We did not ask for war; we do not want it now, and the Japanese can halt it any time by leaving China. But we are not like Chang Hsueh-liang's troops in Manchuria. We do not intend to ask the League of Nations to save us; we will fight our own battle."

I had met many Chinese generals, but never one who inspired trust and confidence. Tsai did. The rough grace of his manner, his habit of direct speech, the Spartan simplicity of his dress and his surroundings at Chenju, all impressed me. His friendliness toward me, and toward all foreigners, early convinced me that the cult of anti-foreignism was no part of his nature. But he had a lusty, vigorous hate and contempt for the Japanese, who he thinks aim to subjugate China.

Tsai asserted that he had no quarrel with other foreigners in the International Settlement. He said he would not fire on them unless attacked, a promise that was kept throughout the war. "You may assure other foreign commanders," he told me, "that we have no intention of invading the Settlement, or of injuring a single foreigner. It is true that all foreign troops, including the Americans stationed in the Shanghai Settlement, have no legal right whatever to be there; but we believe that they intend only to protect their nationals, and are not to attack us."

Tsai was never under any illusion regarding the mechanical superiority of the Japanese forces. "The Japanese have every device of modern warfare," he said that day. "They have tanks, armored cars, heavy artillery, airplanes and a fleet of the best warships in the Orient. We have practically nothing but rifles and machine-guns. But our morale is great, and even in modern warfare that counts for much. Our resistance here is to establish a principle: the right of any people to defend themselves against invasion threatening the very existence of their nation. Men

of my army know this and that is why they fight with a great spirit."

Behind Chinese lines I watched these soldiers of whom Tsai spoke with such confidence. They were mostly inferior to the Japanese in physique, equipment and training, though they were generally taller. They looked more like schoolboys on a holiday than men going to war. Some of them were mere children of 15 or 16, and had spare, week-looking bodies. Their uniforms were of the cheapest cotton, and though it was mid-winter many wore shorts, and were without overcoats. The enlisted men wore tennis shoes, regulation Chinese army equipment.

In the fields behind Chapei, soldiers, helped by farmers of the neighborhood, were digging trenches, and building machine-gun nests into the upraised graves that everywhere in China cluster over the landscape. Others were moving in single column toward the front. Each man clung still to his straw hat that he had brought with him from the southland, and over his shoulder carried a coolie's yoke, from the two ends of which depended his possessions and equipment.

"Do you want to fight the Japanese?" I asked one who worked at trench construction.

The good-natured grin, characteristic of Chinese soldiers, faded from his face. He picked up his rifle, on the end of which was a short Chinese bayonet. "I will meet every Japanese soldier with *this*," and he gave a vicious, if somewhat comic, lunge through the air. "The Japanese are killing our people and trying to steal our land. Of course I want to fight them."

Later I asked the same question of many others, with always the same reply. "The Japanese are murderers and bandits," they would say. "They have killed our people in Manchuria, destroyed our government, and taken our land. Now they think they will take China also, but first

they will have to kill us." Their patriotism seemed genuine and behind it unquestionably was this belief that the Japanese intended to enslave China. "We would rather die than have our sons made subjects of the king of the island monkey-people!" two braves from Kwangtung assured me.

Stories of atrocities committed by Japanese bluejackets and *ronin* in Chapei and Hongkew spread rapidly, and further spurred on the Chinese troops. A real blaze of hate swept over them. It was a discovery for me; I had not seen Chinese hate with an active and aggressive hate before. It is alien to Chinese character. Why were these men of the 19th Army different? What was the conviction behind their magnificent morale which, in the face of attacks that increased in depth and savagery, grew in stature till Chinese onlookers, including the surprised Nanking government against whose orders they fought, were even more puzzled than foreigners?

As the single performance which proved to an altogether skeptical world that Chinese troops are not incapable of fighting in modern warfare, the 19th Route Army deserves some explanation. Aside from the fact that the troops were well-paid and well-fed while in Shanghai (important items), their morale was grounded on a revolutionary background. Made up largely of soldiers who participated in the Nationalist advance which, in 1926, nearly succeeded in uniting north and south, the 19th Route Army is perhaps the oldest modern army in China. Originally its nucleus was trained at Canton by Russian Communist advisers headed by General Galens, now the General Blucher who commands the Soviet Russian Far Eastern Army in Siberia. That was when the Kuomintang was allied with the Communist Party of China.

So the young officers and enlisted men of the army had been educated politically as well as militarily. The army

had an efficient propaganda corps, and its own educational department. Unlike other Chinese armies, it did not impress men; they had all enlisted voluntarily. They were mostly youths who had some political convictions of their own; among them the percentage of literacy was fairly high. And while their high commanders were essentially politicians rather than soldiers, as is true of other armies of China, there was a sense of patriotism and ardent nationalism among the subalterns and the rank and file, which seemed to be nurtured by a faith in some revolutionary purpose.

The soldiers of the 19th Route Army did not come to Shanghai to die. Circumstances that brought them there, in November and December, were not connected with any anticipated Japanese invasion. They were in Shanghai more than two months before hostilities commenced; the Japanese claim that they came originally with the idea of seizing the foreign settlement seems to be without real foundation. The army (pro-Canton, but not in rebellion against Nanking), came because the Shanghai-Nanking area had been allotted to it as the *sine qua non* demanded by the Cantonese rebel government before it would negotiate for the rapprochement, already described, with the Nanking government. At Nanking, General Chiang Kai-shek, who had recently been converted to Christianity (to the delight of the missionaries) had a bad habit of kidnapping and sometimes executing his political opponents, once they came to the capital. No Cantonese would risk a trip to Nanking without the presence of the 19th Route Army along the Shanghai-Nanking Railway, as an evidence of Chiang's good faith.

The Japanese charge that among the privates and subalterns of the army were many Communists, and Communist sympathizers, was true. There is little doubt that some of the army's fighting revolutionary spirit derived from

that element. The Red influence in the army dated back to the early Canton days. That was denied by the Chinese government, which pointed to the fact that the army had been fighting Communists in Kiangsi before coming to Shanghai. It was in Kiangsi, as a matter of fact, that many of the rank and file had come into contact with Communist peasants, and been converted. At the conclusion of the Shanghai hostilities that element was to become so influential as to necessitate the entire reorganization of the army, and the elimination of hundreds of such revolutionary youths.

But the real urge to resist at Shanghai appeared to derive from the first moment of conflict, and the psychological effect of the early rout and confusion of Japanese troops from a few well aimed bullets. The Chinese never forgot the surprise and exultation at discovery that the Imperial war machine's invulnerability was a myth. A stubborn passion to meet violence with violence, a mastering will to challenge, and a refusal to be beaten seized the rank and file. Once begun, the struggle with them became a game filled with the thrills of risk and chance that grip all men engaged in contest.

Returning from Tsai's headquarters, over the new motor road that only a few months previously had been proudly opened by the Chinese Municipality, we detoured, and went into Chapei. Despite the ratatat of machine-guns not far away 'barrow men trundled over the streets and rickshas moved between shops still open for business. There was no panic behind the lines, and everyone seemed much calmer than people within the Settlement. Chinese police kept order with no interference from Chinese troops. Only a few bombs had fallen in this area, but we passed one whole block set ablaze by an incendiary bomb. The Chapei Fire Brigade was having great difficulty extricating, from the debris, half-burned but still living men and women.

Reaching the network of railway tracks, we got to within a few hundred feet of North Station, over which rolled heavy clouds of smoke. A string of armored cars and a passenger train had been hit, and were melting down to a misshapen mass of charred steel. One bomb had split in half a car being used by the army commissary, and bodies had been thrown thirty feet away, severed into many pieces. Blood was spattered along the rails beside a troop car in which a number of soldiers had been incinerated by combined incendiary and high explosive bombs.

Slipping cautiously around several redoubts, we saw many soldiers, but none stopped us till we were within rifle shot of the vast blaze near the Station, when a young soldier challenged my Chinese companion, Hoh, in Cantonese dialect. Hoh, who is a Soochow man, did not at first understand him; promptly the soldier leveled his gun and shouted to his companions that he had found a Japanese, and an "outside man." It was a nervous moment; Hoh, with his horn-rimmed glasses, might indeed have passed for an *Jih-pên-jên*. Fortunately the soldier kept control of his trigger finger until another, who had once seen a Japanese, came up and inspected us. By invoking all his ancestors in solemn oath, Hoh eventually managed to clear himself of the charge that he was a "dwarf-slave", and we moved on.

A little girl cried, and stumbled down the tracks alone, a pathetic figure of tragedy in this setting of fire and bombardment. I ran, picked her up, and we questioned her. She said her father, a railway worker, had been killed; he had lived in one of the many straw huts that crowd near the tracks, which we now saw were all aflame.

There was a drone overhead, and nearby a soldier fired a warning shot. Above us a big Japanese bomber circled, like a great evil bird. We had seen enough, and hurriedly we scrambled back through the rear-line barricades, taking

the little refugee, one of thousands, with us. Later I succeeded in finding a home for her with a Chinese whose goods I rescued from his mansion in Hongkew.

IV

IT IS doubtful if any naval commander in modern times ever piled up so many blunders, one upon another, as Admiral Shiozawa committed during the few days before he was relieved of the high command at Shanghai. All of them grew out of his original underestimation of his enemy's morale and strength. He seems to have based his whole campaign upon a superstitution that the mere waving of a Japanese flag would put the Chinese troops to rout.

He had first violated international law by beginning hostilities after the terms of his ultimatum had been fully met; he violated the traditional neutrality of the Settlement by making it his base of attack against the Chinese; he violated international practice by bombing a thickly populated city without advance warning to non-combatants; and he violated, of course, all international peace pacts when he opened warlike operations against China.

Still, had Shiozawa's confident expectation of taking Chapei without much struggle been realized, everything he had done might have been explained; after a *fait accompli* any aggressor can make his conduct seem plausible. But with the collapse of Japanese naval and military prestige at Shanghai, and the ensuing period of chaos and carnage, Shiozawa was a ruined man. His vain declarations and his numerous transgressions of international usage became boomerangs. Even the "Die-Hards" were to desert him.

During the next three days Shiozawa did his best to salvage what he could. He still hoped to take Chapei with

his force of fewer than 5,000 men against Chinese troops now more than three times that number. But repeated assaults won his landing force nothing but casualties. He resorted more and more to bombing, hoping to dishearten and demoralize the Chinese, who had no air force and, in the beginning, no anti-aircraft guns. But these efforts served to stiffen, rather than weaken, Chinese resistance; the graphic horror of the air raids increased the soldiers' hate and massed the Chinese people solidly behind the army.

There seems to be little doubt that General Chiang Kai-shek was strongly opposed to continuing the resistance at Shanghai, which he had never ordered. The 19th Army had ample ammunition, but little funds, and none was forthcoming from bankrupt Nanking. Lanky General Tsai appealed to the Chinese community in both foreign-controlled and Chinese-controlled Shanghai, and the response was enthusiastic.

The Shanghai Chinese Chamber of Commerce volunteered to furnish the 19th Route Army $25,000 silver daily, for the duration of the war. Various business and civic organizations, guilds, clubs and wealthy Chinese contributed sums to the support of the army. Hundreds of Chinese students volunteered for war work as ambulance drivers, stretcher bearers, nurses, messengers and in any capacity where they could be useful.

The Chinese Boy Scouts were made dispatch bearers and the Chapei Chinese Volunteers succeeded in getting themselves temporarily incorporated into the Army. Doctors and nurses offered their services and set up emergency hospitals in Chapei, and behind the lines, while in the Settlement hundreds of civilians contributed food, sweets, clothing and books to men at the front. One music house gave nearly its entire stock of gramaphones, so that afterward, between spasms of machine-gunning, you often heard

them grinding out the latest jazz. Chinese from all over the world, as press reports carried the story of the conflict, cabled gifts of money and offered to send food and ammunition.

This was the first time I had seen something like patriotism, as the term is understood in the West, demonstrated by any large number of Chinese. The populace idolized these southern lads who had the courage of laughter in the face of death. When one day I saw a fastidious Chinese singing girl I knew bearing a stretcher behind the Chinese lines I concluded that something at last had shaken China. The old Chinese adage, "Good iron does not become a spear-head nor a good youth become a soldier" was forgotten. Never before in Shanghai had any army had such whole-hearted support. Perhaps it explained, to some extent, why thousands of China's young manhood waited in the trenches to be blown to atoms, conduct which traditional Chinese ethics ranks as futile.

That first week the Japanese pounded the Chinese lines in Chapei from the air and with intermittent bombardment from heavy naval guns mounted in the Settlement's Hongkew Park. Companies of light artillery, machine-guns and armored cars made repeated sorties all along the Chapei front, but without success.

More warships arrived with Vice-Admiral Kichisaburo Nomura, smiling and benevolent. He relieved the aberrant Shiozawa of command, and the latter went promptly to bed with a bad headache. Ashore, sleek, dark little Captain Baron Samejima was superseded as commander of the naval landing party by able Rear-Admiral Uyematsu. More Japanese marines came into the Settlement, more armored cars, and heavier howitzers, but it became obvious now that nothing less than a large army, equipped with full units and ordnance, could dislodge the Chinese from their stubbornly held positions. In Tokyo the War Office ordered

the mobilization of the 9th Division and meanwhile dispatched the 24th Mixed Brigade, who landed in the Settlement on February 6th.

Some of the new troops reinforced the small naval forces on the northern Chapei salient, but the bulk moved down to occupy positions on the south bank of Woosung Creek, about 12 miles north of the Settlement. Opposite them lay Woosung Village, and a mile beyond, at the Wangpoo's confluence with the Yangtze River, were the Woosung Forts, which Japanese naval craft had been heavily but ineffectively shelling. The Chinese defense forces in Woosung village blew up the railway and vehicular bridges across the Creek, and the Japanese, despite repeated attempts to cross the stream on pontoon rafts, were strongly repulsed. They settled down to await the arrival of the 9th Kanizawa Division.

Another week elapsed. Various peace efforts were made by the foreign consuls at Shanghai, and from faraway Geneva. To these the Chinese commanders expressed their willingness to cease hostilities at any time and withdraw, provided the movement were simultaneously carried out by their enemy. Such overtures aroused little interest from the Japanese. They were sullen men now, and talk of armistice while Japan's prowess at war seemed placed in doubt was out of the question. So the slaughter continued.

The navy built an air base at the edge of the Settlement and put up hangars. The planes ashore increased daily by tens, with new craft constantly being uncrated, assembled and put into action in savage air attacks. Several times, behind the Chinese lines, I was caught in such raids.

Once while at Chenju, General Tsai Ting-kai's headquarters, a litter of bombs was released over the railway station where a troop train stood with steam up not far from me. The big bombers that participated flew daringly low, and one man dropped down to strafe the railway

track, blazing a pattern of death. His audacity cost him his own life, for the lone anti-aircraft gun at Chenju brought down his craft in flames almost at General Tsai's door. The pilot and his two gunners were incinerated before my eyes.

The Cenju station, after that diabolical visit, was a mass of torn steel, bricks and the wreckage of a dozen troop cars in which lay still living but burning ponies, and among them, in gory piles, men roasted as though turned on a spit. Several of the 250-pound bombs made direct hits on the station and the train, and even from where I was, a hundred yards distant, the shock was terrific. Luckless youths in the demolished steel cars, youths who a moment before had joked over a friendly rice bowl, were lifted high in the air, or hurled through the demolished sides of the cars. Bits of flesh were slapped against houses for some yards distant.

Within the station many soldiers had been gathered, with some civilians, and all had been killed. Some had not even been scratched by a splinter of shell, but the tremendous concussion had slain them, and blown away their clothes. When I came up they lay stark naked and draped in tragic poses inside the station and along the platform. But on some of the soldiers wrapped leggings still clung, and into these ate little fires, set by sulphur from incendiary bombs. Such a death by shock and heat is rather worse to witness than men killed by a clean hit, for in the former the blood is congealed, all the water is instantly dried from the bodies so that they shrink to pigmy size, and the color of the flesh turns to a ghastly bister.

Air raids over Chapei's residential districts, and on factories where many women and children crouched, fearful of death, were carried out almost daily. Most tragic were the assaults on a camp of 10,000 flood victims, refugees from the Yangtze overflow last fall. They had been quar-

tered by the Chinese and foreign relief committee, and the location of their camp, above which floated conspicuous Red Cross flags, was well known to the Japanese. Despite this, three different bombing attacks were conducted, some of them accompanied by strafing with machine-guns. Sir John Simon, head of the relief commission, protested to the League of Nations that besides the scores killed outright a number of *enciente* women died from shock.

Japanese aviators' carelessness with their bombs nearly brought them to disaster, when two planes dropped missiles over the giant Wing On Cotton Mill, which was within the American defense sector of the International Settlement. One of the explosives burst in the reeling room, where a number of girl operatives was slain. I saw the scattered dead immediately afterward, and heard Colonel Richard Hooker of the U. S. Marines raise his voice in wrath while his men cleared the scene. Death had passed close to 150 of his men billeted in this same cotton mill.

If the Japanese hoped with their fleet of bombers to break Chinese morale, they did not succeed. When Lieutenant-General Kenkichi Uyeda arrived with the 9th Division on the 13th, the Chinese had not given any ground, and were in no mood to do so. But Japanese and many foreigners believed that Uyeda's coming would bring the war to a close.

I asked a young British intelligence officer how long it would take the Japanese army to put the Chinese to rout. "Oh," he replied, "I should say not more than 48 hours at most. It should be done by an efficient commander in a day."

He was quite flabbergasted when I saw him, days later, and the Chinese still clung to every strategic point along a front that had flung out to a length of 10 or 12 miles.

14

THE COURSE OF BATTLE

I REMEMBER once returning from a visit behind Japanese lines, where I had seen big 8-inch howitzers unload shell after shell into the Chinese trenches. A young Shanghailander greeted me in the Settlement. I talked with him of the hostilities, which by now everyone was calling "the war", and when I said that the Chinese were still holding on, he looked depressed.

"It's a damned outrage!" he exclaimed. "If the Japanese don't put them on the chase, we'll have to do it ourselves! Since the Chinese showed some fight here, all my servants are becoming obstreperous. It's ruining them. They're putting on all sorts of airs."

Other foreigners felt resentful against the Chinese because their business had ceased and they were losing money. Some of them wrote letters to the papers, denouncing the Chinese for resisting. Some complained that the curfew in the Settlement interfered with night life, requiring all cabarets to close at 10 p.m. Some, forgetting that the Chinese troops had been in Chinese Shanghai weeks before the fighting began, spread a rumor that they had intended to take the Settlement, destroy foreign property, kill foreigners.

But the majority of thoughtful foreign opinions heavily censured the Japanese for violating the neutrality of the Settlement. Hundreds of foreign missionaries, doctors, nurses and others helped the wounded and the refugees, and foreign hospitals were put at their disposal. What particularly shocked most neutral observers was the "fright-

fulness" of the *ronin* in Hongkew. The American *Shanghai Evening Post & Mercury,* edited by righteous Ted Thackrey, steadily condemned the disregard of both written and unwritten law which featured operations of the Japanese.

Wrote Thackrey:

". . . The plain fact is that Japan is waging war against China—and is most improperly using the International Settlement's neutral soil as a base for such war.

"Without delay, International Settlement authorities should publicly disassociate themselves from these excesses. They should make it clear that other foreign Powers, and their Shanghai nationals as individuals, are in no way associated with any offensive warfare against the Chinese nation.

"To armed Japanese, who have used the Settlement as a base for war and who have grossly abused a trust confided in them, but two words can now be said:—Get Out!"

Foreign lives were never in danger of attack from the Chinese, who held down their fire, with but few exceptions, to replies against the Japanese batteries in Hongkew and elsewhere. But no one knew what was planned, and Americans welcomed the arrival from Manila of the famed 31st Regiment, commanded by gentlemanly Colonel Lorenzo Gasser, one look at whom served to inspire confidence and a feeling of security.

By the middle of February General Uyeda had his 12,000 men massed ashore and was ready for attack. For several days I had stood at the quay watching the Japanese unload their transports in the Settlement. Everything was new and correct. There were about 50 tanks, numerous armored cars, dozens of new British trucks and motor cars, 50 or 60 airplanes, scores of howitzers, light field artillery, box after box of airplane torpedoes, bombs, hand grenades, several thousand Arabian horses, hundreds of British and American machine-guns, automatic rifles and truckload

upon truckload of shells and smaller ammunition. It was quite a formidable lot of ordnance. It must have given dark little General Uyeda great confidence, for on February 18 he presented another ultimatum to General Tsai Ting-kai. He demanded the full withdrawal of Chinese troops for a distance of 20 kilometers, by dawn of February 20.

That night another newspaper man and I drove out, over darkened roads, to get General Tsai's reply. We passed safely through the outer Chinese defense lines, and wound around mined roads into the little university town of Chenju. There General Tsai readily agreed to an interview and met us in a room that had once been a student's lodging. It was frugally furnished, with two beds over which gray blankets were thrown, a small table, maps on the walls, and in the center of the floor a charcoal burner. Tsai held his long thin hands over the brazier. His eyes blazed.

"No independent nation could accept Uyeda's demands without a struggle," he said. "To do so would be to acknowledge Japanese suzerainty over China. He asks us to evacuate our own soil, where we have been attacked from the security of a supposedly neutral foreign Settlement. This we will never do as long as there is a Chinese left to be annihilated."

"May I convey that to General Uyeda?" asked my companion.

"You may tell him that my only answer to him is gunfire and bombardment." In the distance the deep chant of artillery confirmed his statement.

We left, the only two in Shanghai with the General's reply, and moved off through the darkness. But we were not privileged to carry Tsai's message to General Uyeda. Going back we found the bridges taken up from wide trenches dug across the road. Mines were laid and sentries could not be induced to let us drive through. We had a

three hours' walk back to the Settlement, were arrested, released, arrested again, forced to produce passports and photographs, given apologies when it was learned we were Americans, and finally arrived within the British lines at 3 a.m. We filed our dispatches and went to bed, to awake next day and find war had spread along a new front.

II

UYEDA'S much-advertised "big push" through Kiangwan ("Bend of the Stream") village was a fiasco. It did not rank with Shiozawa's failure at Chapei, but it revealed the same weakness in analysis of the enemy's morale and numerical superiority.

Despite daily reconnaissance by airplanes and a highly efficient espionage system that kept Uyeda fully informed of the strength of the Chinese positions, despite the solid wall of resistance over which wave upon wave of Japanese sallies had broken in Chapei, the doughty little general went into battle on the new front with sublime faith that the Imperial Army's prestige, modern equipment and superior training would make up for his deficiency in numbers and an inferior knowledge of the terrain.

With his troops flung out upon a line 10 miles long, stretching parallel with the Whangpoo River from the northern boundary of the Settlement northward to Woosung Creek, Uyeda began his advance westward as a hazy sun crept over the paddy fields on February 20th. The Chinese defense lines were built up from Chapei northward to the Yangtze River and Woosung, with Kiangwan as the center position. Uyeda's strategy was to push in the Chinese center and left flank, bend it southward, and bottle up Chapei, forcing a retreat.

I clung with the Japanese troops all that morning, while every field piece, every howitzer, naval guns, 40 or more tanks and armored cars coöperated in the offensive. Squadrons of airplanes, from two temporary landing fields that now held over 100 fighting craft, flew overhead, dropping bombs in Kiangwan, Miaohung and over Woosung, at the rate of one a minute.

Nothing stopped the Japanese till they reached the Shanghai-Woosung Railway, on the western side of which Chinese troops were entrenched. Here they met a stubborn resistance which centered at Kiangwan, a resistance that was not shaken by shell after shell unloaded in the village, continual bombing and air strafing, and repeated attacks by lines of determined Japanese troops led by tanks and armored cars. Chinese-laid mines exploded in the road and burst some of the tanks. Chinese machine-gunners, from nests built into graves and stanch revettments, swept back the lines of Nipponese braves with heavy losses. Kiangwan could not be taken.

Meanwhile, several miles to the north, about half of Uyeda's division was coöperating with practically the entire 24th Brigade, in an assault on Miaohung, a vital point. Their advance was checked by regiments of the Chinese 5th Route Army, which had arrived from Nanking only a few days before. These troops were Chiang Kai-shek's belated response to General Tsai Ting-kai's appeals for reënforcements, backed by the demands from a now aroused nation, that Nanking support the gallant defense by the Cantonese with something more than words of praise.

By nightfall nearly all Kiangwan was in flames, and scores of tiny villages spread over the countryside were also burning. Thickets of bamboo were set ablaze and the sharp reports as these burned added another note to the deep bass of the "heavies", the staccato bark of machine-guns and the thundrous shake of exploding air bombs.

The intensity of the bombardment increased as days wore on. It fascinated me to watch Japanese batteries of eight and ten inch howitzers making deliveries into Kiangwan. You could see the shells emerge from the muzzles and observe them lift into the air, till from behind they looked like innocuous balls hurled by some fabulous and playful pitcher. Sometimes, with a dozen or more in the air at once, it was like following an act of legerdemain between planetary giants. Then suddenly you heard the crash of shells in the lines beyond, as they arrived with messages of death and hate.

One did not worry greatly about artillery fire from the Chinese while behind the Japanese lines. Their shells regularly fell short, and most of them were duds. They relied chiefly upon the use of the trench mortar and machine-guns, with both of which the 19th and 5th route armies demonstrated a proficiency that made them formidable opponents in trench warfare. But most deadly, most shattering to morale, were the activities of snipers working within the Japanese lines.

I remember one day being met at Uyeda's field headquarters by one of his aides. He was greatly agitated. I asked him what was wrong.

"I was nearly shot a moment ago!" he exclaimed. "A Chinese sniper fired at me from one of the buildings around here and the bullet went through my hat!" He showed me his round hat, with a hole nicked through just above the red band. "Think of being fired at by snipers a mile behind our front lines!" He was indignant.

"The Chinese," he said, "have no sense of honor or what is proper in warfare. Sniping is outlawed by most civilized countries." In his reading of the military textbooks, to which the Japanese adhere with fidelity, he had never heard of a headquarters being subjected to sniping. It was un-

precedented, unorthodox, and it troubled the good conventional spirit.

Sniping tactics, first learned by the Nationalist armies from their Russian advisers, have proved very useful. In the China terrain, so densely populated, where farm houses and clustered villages are built close together, adequate cover is always available for such activity, which can have devastating effects. A large percentage of Japanese casualties both in Chapei and on the Kiangwan-Woosung front was the result of snipers' work. On several occasions I nearly joined their victims. Once I lay behind a grave, near Kiangwan Race Course, for nearly an hour while snipers' bullets streaked overhead. I crept away with a hole in my own hat.

Not all the *pei-an-tui,* or "plain-clothes men", were soldiers. Some of these snipers were volunteers from among the civilians in Shanghai, and many were gangsters of Tu Yu-san, the Al Capone of the French Concession. Old Tu, now a respectable member of the French Municipal Council, got his start "squeezing" the opium merchants while on the police force of Frenchtown, an estate to which he rose from being a sweet potato vendor. In ten years he managed to achieve high place in the *Ching* and *Hung tpongs,* Chinese gangs which control much of the illicit opium traffic in the Yangtze Valley. They are said to contribute annually the equivalent of about U. S. $20,000,000 to the French authorities who permit them to use the Concession for headquarters in the direction of their various enterprises. Tu himself is a gentleman now, wears silk gowns, rides in expensive limousines, and calls the Nanking officials by their first names. But all his racketeering had not brought him honor, and Tu was anxious to win the love of his countrymen. When the Japanese came into Shanghai, he dispatched several score of his gangsters, with machine-guns, automatics and rifles, to harass the invaders'

rear in Chapei, and later at Kiangwan. He gave them $5 a day and burial expenses.

Japanese troops took revenge for the casualties suffered from snipers. They spared few civilians caught in hundreds of huts behind their lines. Soldiers entered houses, dragged out women who whimpered, and a few who were brave, who hurled a defiance at them. Some were taken to execution grounds like the Kiangwan Race Course, where timid young Japanese recruits were ordered to bayonet them. They thus became hardened to the usages of war.

Fields behind Japanese lines were dotted with bodies of peasants killed and left for the prey of wolfish dogs. I saw some of them shot or bayonetted. I remember one day reaching a tiny hamlet only a few moments after it had been occupied by troops. Several Chinese civilians, among them one or two women, were herded together and driven into a small bamboo thicket. It was then set afire. As the bewildered and frightened peasants ran forth from the blaze they were shot down by soldiers.

Neither the Japanese nor Chinese took many prisoners in battle. I saw only one, kept by the Japanese. He was a wretched little boy, not more than 15 I should think. An English-speaking captain, one of the aides of Major-General Shimamoto of the 24th Brigade, regarded him as his special charge. He locked him up in an iron box car, and used to display him to his foreign visitors, of whom I was one. "You see we treat the prisoners verra consideration, *ne?*" said the captain.

The little fellow's cotton uniform was in tatters and caked with mud. He had in his eyes the look of a trapped beast, as he awaited death. He bled much from bayonet wounds in his leg, his abdomen and his head, but the captain did not seem to notice that. It quite wrenched my heart, and I asked him to let me take the lad into the Settlement, and set him free. The captain grinned and inspired

through his gold teeth, "You are verra humorful." Then one day I went to headquarters and I saw that this youth was dead in his iron box car. I have often wondered whether someone mercifully put a last bayonet into him, or whether he died from exposure, his wounds, and want of food.

As the hostilities continued, I began to call this captain, Hige-san (Mr. Beard). It amused him. He had arrived in China with a week's growth of facial foliage, and he announced to me one day that he would not shave till the Chinese had been defeated. He was also anxious to see Shanghai, but he could not see Shanghai till he had shaved, and he could not shave till the Chinese were defeated. As days wore on Hige-san cultivated a flourishing entanglement on his rugged face.

He had a German war book, which told of many tales of valor. Foreign newspaper correspondents often suspected him of selecting the choicer tales to feed to the pressmen who plagued his little office. They did no harm, and many of his tales doubtless were true. I have always thought the story of the "Three Brave Engineers of Miaohung" originated with him. As a result of it statues were erected in various parts of Japan, a play was based on the alleged exploit and had many weeks' run in Tokyo, various songs were dedicated to the trio, children were given toy models of the heroes for playthings, and a shrine was built, purporting to contain their blood-stained garments.

Hige-san's story was this. During the long drive of Shimamoto's brigade and the 9th Division for Miaohung, the Japanese were checked by strong double revettments, encircled by barbed wire entanglements which the 5th Route Army had built up between Kiangwan and Woosung Creek. Japanese tanks failed to penetrate these, and numerous attempts to smash them with grenades failed. Then three young engineers volunteered to make a way. They took several sticks of dynamite each, tied them to their

waists, hurled themselves into the barbed wire, thus forming human bombs, succeeding in breaking open a route for the infantry attack, and making possible the fall of Miaohung. It was at first declared that the engineers were blown to atoms, but the tale had to be altered somewhat when three spotless and untorn uniforms, supposedly those worn by the heroes, were put on display for edification of growing young patriots.

It might have all been true, for the Japanese are fanatical in warfare and have a fine bravery. But the captain had embroidered on the basis of the story. What happened, according to investigations made by foreign military attachés, was that 12 engineers were ordered to cut through the barbed wire near Miaohung. Some of them were shot, either killed or seriously wounded. Some managed to reach the barricades, planted their dynamite, lit the fuses and safely turned back. The explosives were effective in blowing up a section of the Chinese defense works.

Another favorite of the captain's, which he offered on several different occasions, was the "captain-with-cigarette-in-lips" tale. This told how a Japanese captain, dauntless and fearless of enemy fire, stood above the trenches as an example to his men. Bullets flew thick around him, but he was unafraid. He lit a cigarette and stood there waving to his men, encouraging them. But his life was not charmed, after all. A Chinese sniper shot him through the heart. The captain's voice would drop low here, and end, "With the cigarette still dangling from his lips, smiling, the brave man fell dead."

After a week of fighting, the Japanese had made no appreciable gains. The ruins of Kiangwan were still held by a few intrepid Chinese machine-gunners. Miaohung, captured with heroic sacrifice and held for a day by the Japanese, had been retaken at terrific cost by a regiment of the 88th Chinese division of the 5th Route Army. Although

the Japanese never admitted this defeat, I went behind Chinese lines and found, amidst the débris of Miaohung, the white sun flag of Japan.

Practically no change had occurred on the Chapei-Kiangwan sector. Woosung and Woosung Forts, into which several thousand shells and bombs had been ditched by Japanese warships and airplanes, were still in Chinese hands. Fires raged everywhere, more thousands of buildings and homes, schools, factories and universities went up in flames from incendiary bombs and shells. Half a million people, fled from Chapei and environs, were refugees in the International Settlement and the French Concession, where every hospital overflowed with wounded soldiers and civilians.

On February 27 General Yoshinori Shirakawa arrived in the Settlement and took over supreme command from Uyeda. With him came part of the 11th Division, reënforcements that were now sorely needed in the shallow lines on the Kiangwan Front. Their arrival swelled Japanese forces to 30,000 men. Chinese troops, spread over a front (twice as long as that held by the Japanese), extending from defenses along the Yangtsze River to Chapei, remained the same. They included three divisions, originally of 10,000 men each, in the 19th Route Army; two divisions, originally totalling 23,000 men, in the 5th Route Army; and a brigade of 2,500 men in Woosung. Casualties by this time had cut down the Japanese numbers about 15 percent of their total, and the Chinese almost 30 percent.

The stalemate continued for another three days, but late on the 29th the Japanese opened up a terrific barrage along the entire front. Every artillery piece was in action, and Japanese warships from the Whangpoo joined in the bombardment. With their right flank greatly strengthened by the new arrivals, the Japanese made another attempt, led by tanks, to take Miaohung. The Japanese center column,

already flung round still smoldering Kiangwan, where a few hundred doomed Chinese still replied with machine-gun fire to all sorties, drove westward toward Taziang. Battling was stormy all night and during the following morning, with hand-to-hand conflicts occurring and choking up the trenches with dead over a front six miles long. Defending Chinese regiments in the Miaohung sector were wiped out almost to a man, and replacements, drawn from the defenses along the Yangtze River, rushed up to fill the gaps. They held on, under murderous assaults. There was much death and bravery on both sides.

General Chiang Kai-shek had fled to Loyang with his Nanking government, ironically reminiscent of the Manchu Emperor Hsien-féng's flight to Jehol, when, in 1900, allied troops were approaching Peking. Had he sent needed artillery and infantry reënforcements, the Chinese might have kept their line indefinitely. But Chiang desired to bring the war to a close. Perhaps he feared the Japanese Army General Staff's threat to break his power in central China, if resistance continued. Perhaps he feared that if the now enraged Japanese were frustrated much longer they would move their fleet up-river and destroy Nanking. They had already bombarded it once, and threatened to repeat the attack. He sent no more troops, no airplanes, no auxiliaries.

The landing of two new Japanese divisions on March 1 and 2 gave the Japanese near-equality in numbers as well as immense superiority in equipment. One whole division succeeded in landing on the Yangtze and began a drive from behind the Chinese left flank. With strongly reënforced columns delivering a frontal attack, and the new troops cutting into his exposed flank, Commander-in-Chief Tsai wisely ordered a withdrawal to a second line of defense to positions 20 miles beyond the Shanghai-Woosung area.

To the surprise of many, that withdrawal was not a rout. Military men in the Settlement for days had predicted that when the Japanese finally broke through the Chinese lines, there would be panic and a wild, disorganized retreat; it was feared the troops would try to enter and loot the foreign-controlled areas. That apprehension was not fulfilled.

Foreign military observers with whom I talked unanimously praised Tsai's able direction of a strategic withdrawal carried out with order, and was technically correct. Not till all artillery and moveable ordnance was withdrawn did the Chinese vacate their front lines. There was little looting and little confusion. So quietly was the evacuation carried out, and so skillfully covered, that not till dawn did Japanese bluejackets in Chapei realize their enemy had left. They had been shelling empty trenches and redoubts all night.

III

NEXT day I go out, behind the scenes of death, shortly after Japanese troops move in to occupy about 500 square miles of Chinese territory.

Japanese marines, weary with 34 days of continuous fighting, are now in complete possession of Chapei. With them come the *ronin,* enterprising young vandals who systematically destroy much of what remains of the city where once lived 500,000 men. They send up in flames block upon block of factories, office buildings and homes, long after the fighting has ceased. In vindictive patrols they ride in motor cars, skirt the outer edges of flames, and stop only to pour more kerosene, from the tanks they carry, and light new fires.

Bodies of civilians lie clustered in alleys and scattered

on the streets where the marines have advanced. I see a mother with her child, both of whom appear to have been pierced by a single thrust of a bayonet. In an old rice shop with an open front, I come suddenly upon an improvised crematory. Bodies of Chinese civilians are piled four deep inside this shop, and *ronin,* preparatory to setting fire to it, are dragging new corpses to the threshold. Seeing me, they glare menacingly. Three marines come up, and with bared bayonets order me to move on.

Overhead the sky is clear and a blue of purity like early spring. For a short distance, after I leave behind the torn fabric of Chapei, there is a ribbon of farmlands and in some of them peasants till the soil. There is no sound of the big guns that on my last visit thundered near here. I find it difficult to believe that over these fields have swept two armies engaged in the business of slaughter: one a straw-hatted bedraggled army clad in crumpled gray cotton, at the end of a valorous defense, in retreat but not entirely vanquished; the other in olive drab woolen overcoats and steel helmets, marching into an alien land, following in the wake of a host of lethal machines.

In the distance clouds of dense smoke obscure the horizon. Drawing closer I see on the road broken motor trucks, armored cars split in half, Red Cross vans struck by aerial bombs. Taziang appears ahead, or what is left of it. After a bend in the road, where busses are smashed and overturned, I enter the village and the smell of burnt timbers mingles with that other acrid smell of roasting human flesh.

There is the sound of bamboo burning. Japanese civilians, carrying tins of kerosene, methodically set fire to these few outlying houses which managed to escape destruction by shells and bombs. In the road appears a huge crater and my driver swerves suddenly into a brief detour to avoid it. Scattered bits of clothing, some of them blood-stained,

are noticed. A gang of coolies, mingled with farmers and villagers are at work at odd jobs for their new masters. Over them stand Japanese sentries with naked bayonets held horizontally. Those who lag get a prod in the loins which enlivens them like sluggish trained mice poked at through a cage.

Everywhere there is a desolate prospect. Vicious fires eat into what yet remains undamaged. Piles of débris are heaped 20, 30 feet high on the side of a brook which ambles under a quaint arched bridge, miraculously unhurt. But it is a stream dark with bits of charred wood, broken household articles, pieces of garments and swollen corpses that float slowly, or nestle against the banks, as if reluctant to abandon soil where they were rooted.

Under the spilt tile and brick, beneath the massed timbers thrust at gaunt angles, lie men and women, and their children. Now and then I see legs or arms protruding from the gory mess—or worse, lying detached, or the prey of savage dogs. Living men still move among this wreckage. They climb laboriously round the giant gaping holes left by the 250-pound high-explosive bombs. These are people who no longer smile and they are on an earnest mission of search. They are villagers looking for something to identify lost members of their family; or perhaps trying to find the spot where their home once stood.

Proceeding on the motor road I pass groups of refugees. There are young girls in their padded cotton garments; they look up with faces streaked with smoke and eyes red with it. Camped on straw mats in the open fields are dozens of homeless folk where they have spent last night, and where they will stay till someone drives them on.

Now the fields are pitted with bomb and shell holes. Hand grenades are strewn along the road. Abandoned motor cars and trucks, some of them smashed by Japanese shells, are ditched where they were struck. Farmers' huts

beside the road are severed; not many have escaped penetration by bombs. In the ruins of some are blue-clad peasants, flattened out and lifeless. Suddenly we come upon a frightful scene where a body has been broken in half.

We drive on, and do not look too closely into the battered remnants of huts thereafter. Occasionally it is necessary to skirt round a straggling file of Japanese soldiers. After the turn from the Liuho road we come into the outskirts of Woosung. Two or three lines of well-dug trenchworks are passed; trenches which the Chinese did not attempt to defend once they began their hurried withdrawal. The earth is pitted with more bomb-holes and I see a Texaco filling station, where Chinese cars were parked, blasted in twain. New Ford sedans, four trucks and cars of European make, are burned and their steel frameworks twisted from explosions.

Nearby is the tiny farmhouse where for days Chinese military headquarters were located. They were cleverly concealed and half-obscured from the road by a clump of bamboos. Here a few weeks ago, while Woosung and the neighborhood were under siege from Japanese naval guns and airplanes, I interviewed Brigadier-General Tan Chi-sui in a bomb-proof shelter dug under the floor of a mud-walled hut. Brigadier Tan distinguished himself for a valiant stand at Woosung Forts, where with a few men he held on 20 hours after the rest of the Army had retreated.

A giant hole, fully forty feet across and so deep that it is filled with water seepage from the Yangtze, straddles the road and makes further progress by car impossible. I get out and walk to the Shanoghai-Woosung Railway. Along the road are shell splinters, pieces of jagged shrapnel, unexploded Chinese shells, trench mortar torpedoes, "potato-masher" grenades, and other trophies.

Once across the railway the scene of desolation enlarges above anything yet seen. No building has been spared.

Foreign houses are wrecked with others. In the village, fires still leap avidly. The streets are strewn with a carpeting of broken bricks and beams. Pots, jars, chairs, bed-clothing, broken pipes, and a tangle of telephone and electric light wires are mingled with waves of broken tile and débris of all kinds. Temples are roofless and their badly-hammered gods stare out on a ruined city. Every school and university has been destroyed and some of them still burn.

I walk down a street perilous with fire and precariously dangling wires and beams, among which are many bodies, or bits of bodies. Curiously, most of the dead I see are civilians. Out along the river road I pass the wastage of an inn, and two or three other demolished resort buildings. As far as the eye glimpses there is nothing but chaos and the touch of death. Not a single building has been spared. Hundreds of tons of explosives, thousands of shells and bombs, have been poured into the village during the month's constant bombardment.

Broken Chinese trenches flank the road, facing the Whangpoo and Woosung Creek. In them lie a few corpses of gray-garbed youth. Nearby are discarded padded coats, some of them torn with bullets or pieces of shrapnel. There are hats rent by bullets; the wide-brimmed straw hats of the southland to which these Cantonese soldiers cling with superstitious tenacity, for they hope to live and return to the Kwangtung paddy. Each one in the trenches probably indicates a death. Only when he knows there will no longer be any use for it does the Cantonese soldier discard his straw bonnet.

The scene invites you to reconstruct, in mental image, the torture undergone by the brave brigade that held on here. Daily bombed from the air, strafed by machine-guns fired from low-flying planes, shelled from destroyers scarcely a stone's throw distant, and raked by the enemy's superior batteries of heavy modern guns, these men stayed

and they died. The ordeal was many times worse than death, for they lived for days in constant anticipation of it. It took great spirit for men to face such an assault, fighting with nothing but trench mortars, few machine-guns and rifles which were useless against the vastly superior heavy armament of the invaders. It took a stoical, a *samurai* spirit that I did not know Chinese possessed.

I have nearly circled the village and been through most of it. It was never a very rich town. Its inhabitants did not number more than 15,000 and they lived in perhaps a thousand buildings. But nothing but spilled char-wood is left of the modest huts, the little shops, the struggling factories, the schools, the little tea-houses where fishermen and villagers gathered at evening only a few weeks ago. Perhaps a fifth of the 15,000 villagers have been murdered. How many soldiers were killed in action it is difficult to know. Men say nearly the whole brigade was decimated.

A few living creatures still move among the ruins. Here you see a woman with a child in her arms, standing in smoldering embers at a spot that was once her home. A poor fellow, half-mad, runs out and pointing to his broken domain, shouts and demands, "Who will pay for this wreckage?" Others stare at me dumbly or point to nearby corpses, or are immobile with their faces smoke-blackened, their garments torn, and in their eyes the tragedy of war.

I see the corpse of a peasant, knocked face downward, and in her back is a dark stain where a bayonet must have pierced. Nearby is a child lying face downward also, with a teapot in her hand. Another and another, some with blankets thrown over them. Suddenly I hear a cry like a child's and I stop. Over by a heap of spilled tile there is a padded quilt and under it life stirs. I lift up the edge and see that under it is a young girl of 15 or more. She is not quite dead, and weakly she cries for water. Picking up a broken piece of pottery I dip some from the river and pour

it into her burning throat. Part of one of her legs appears to have been blown off below the knee; when she lifts a hand I notice that three fingers have been shot away. It is mysterious that she still breathes.

When I get back to my car I find the driver talking to an old man, quite garrulous, who lived through it all, and is rather proud of his achievement. He asserts that his neighbors were killed, and he is ready to describe how they died. But he wanders, in speaking, and weeping a little remembers his ruined home, where five children were born to his wife, and where his life was.

I have seen enough. In my mind runs a panorama sharp with images of horror and carnage—at Woosung, at Kiangwan, at Chapei, Hongkew and Taziang, and a dozen smaller villages. I think of the agony and loss and death among hundreds of simple and guiltless folk, massacred without cause and with little warning. It does not seem that these sufferings are much reduced by the assurances of the Japanese Army General Staff that it is not at war.

IV

"WHATEVER the official explanation," comments the able Japanese apologist, K. K. Kawakami, in his recent interesting book, *Japan Speaks,* "whatever the extenuating circumstances, Japan's single-handed intervention in the Shanghai area is a blunder of the first magnitude." Figures of death and the costs of war, contrasted with results, strongly support Mr. Kawakami's contention.

China's losses were huge. According to the official report released by the Chinese government, casualties among civilians included 8,080 known killed and 2,240 known wounded, with 10,400 "missing." More than 814,000 people

were directly affected, 240,000 men and women lost property or their homes, and over 300,000 were thrown out of employment, one-fifth of whom were made destitute. Total losses in all categories in the area occupied by Japanese forces were placed at $1,560,000,000, Chinese currency. Of this amount, homes, shops, office buildings and warehouses were destroyed to a value of $240,000,000, and 50 percent of all factories were demolished, with losses reaching $67,000,000. Additional property losses exceeded $800,000,000. These are official figures, and they are slightly higher than estimates by foreign sources.

Schools and universities either wrecked by Japanese bombs and shells, or occupied by Japanese troops numbered 12 colleges, 17 middle schools, and 49 primary schools. Educational institutions suffered losses estimated at $13,682,000. Damage to roads amounted to $1,200,000; to bridges $200,000; and total losses to railways through inoperation and damage exceeded $16,000,000. Business firms' decrement could not be fully estimated, but losses to steamship companies, wharves, godowns, and public utilities alone, both through curtailed income and war damage, were placed at $10,700,000.

General Tsai Ting-kai made available to me a copy of his official detailed report to the National Government on casualties among Chinese forces. It shows that the 19th and 5th Route Armies lost a total of 214 officers and 4,060 enlisted men killed, and 677 officers and 9,153 enlisted men wounded. These casualties, totalling 14,104, together with civilian casualties of 10,320, bring the assessment of war among the Chinese to nearly 25,000, without accounting for the 10,400 "missing."

Japanese headquarters announced casualties in both army and navy totalling 2,628, including 385 dead, during the entire 34 days' engagements. These figures, like those given to military attachés and newspaper correspondents in Man-

churia, may be accepted with considerable reserve. On two occasions I myself counted, while behind Japanese lines, roughly twice the number of dead and wounded reported in Japanese official communiques for those days. The Japanese do not publish complete casualty lists, with names, even in Japan, so that it is impossible to know the authentic figures. This may explain a credo common among the Japanese populace that it requires ten foreign soldiers to kill one Japanese.

What did Japan accomplish? She did not protect local Japanese, for nearly 20,000 of the 30,000 Shanghai residents fled to Japan, where they remained throughout the hostilities. She did not protect Japanese property, for Japanese shops, factories and residences in Chapei suffered heavily. The invasion failed to break the boycott, for after a month's bombing over Chapei and Kiangwan few Chinese needed any coercion to make then shun Japanese products.

But the war did produce some very positive psychological reactions among the Chinese.

"From the welter and smoke of undeclared war around Shanghai," reflected Finance Minister T. V. Soong to newspaper men early in March, "two elemental factors stand out in stark relief . . . the first, that the existence of a nation rests on the strength of its armed forces alone; the other, that with proper equipment and organization, Chinese soldiers are fully capable of defending their country.

"We were told that such international conventions as the League of Nations, the Washington Nine-Power Treaty, the Pact of Paris, would fully guarantee weak states against foreign aggression. The disillusionment is complete. The law of the jungle still holds, and to-day we are paying for our military weakness. Wherefor, if China is to survive as a nation she must become adept at slaughter, put national defense above all things, above public education,

commerce, industry, democratic rule. . . . Fortunately, if it proved anything, the grim struggle at Shanghai has shown that Chinese soldiers can fight against greatest odds and that for national independence they know how to die."

There was nothing profound in these observations; nothing that should not have been learned by Chinese leaders 10 years ago. But Soong's comment indicated that at last the Nanking Government had begun to recognize the futility of depending upon the League of Nations to defend China with anything more than vaporous gestures. It represented the view of the Chinese bourgeoisie. It articulated their awakening to the worthlessness of pacts and covenants of non-aggression that could not be backed up by force.

This realization, together with the undeniably valiant stand of the rank and file of Chinese troops, had results somewhat opposite those anticipated by Japan. The lessons of the Shanghai war stimulated in all classes, particularly in the youth both in and out of the army, a new manhood, a self-reliance and self-respect, with an apparent determination to resist. The vertebrae of China appeared for a time to have stiffened into an attitude of militant defense. It tended to unify Chinese thought and action, for a while at least, in a manner which civil wars had failed to do. It seemed to restore mass interest in the welfare and destiny of the nation.

Moreover, the display of courage in face of what the world regarded as an unjustified invasion aroused great sympathy abroad. The press of America and Europe denounced Japanese militarism and groups clamored for action against the disturbers of world peace. At Geneva the smaller nations in the League Assembly endeavored to force the major Powers to implement Article XVI of the Covenant, which would institute complete severance of economic intercourse with Japan.

All these developments wrecked the plans of the Japanese Army General Staff. Its original intention, according to views widely held among both Chinese military leaders and Western military observers, was to extend operations throughout the lower Yangtze valley. The militarists and navalists seem to have expected easily to dispense with opposition at Shanghai, next capture Nanking, and impose upon the government another unequal treaty. They perhaps aimed to oblige Nanking to acknowledge the independence of Manchuria, agree to the erection of a "Free City" at Shanghai, and recognize the Treaty of 1915 (child of the "21 Demands") that would give Japan a virtual protectorate over China.

But the cost of such a campaign, the magnitude of operations required, the world opposition already aroused, were now borne home in Tokyo. Japan, at the time the armistice was reached at Shanghai early in March, had 55,000 troops in the Shanghai area, and had appropriated 150,000,000 yen for the expedition. To defeat Chinese forces, even between Shanghai and Nanking, might have involved twice that number of troops, and twice that amount of yen. Japan could not undertake such a burden, and run the risk (even though remote) of retaliation by the Powers, while her position in Manchuria was still far from secure.

"Old Fox" Premier Inukai fully realized that a costly miscarriage had taken place. He knew that Japan had gained nothing but opprobrium from the world, nothing but hatred from the Chinese, nothing but impaired naval and military prestige in the eyes of her potential enemies. Inukai observed also that by the immense botch at Shanghai Japan had seriously embarrassed what foreign enthusiasm had existed for her adventure in the north.

Still, it took Inukai's government over two months to convince the war councillors that the time was not mature for penetration into China below the Wall. In the end

"Old Fox" had to exercise his right to appeal directly to the Throne. He is believed to have induced the Emperor (supreme commander of army and navy) to give the order finally for withdrawal. The wisdom of his advice, and of the subsequent retirement of troops was undeniable, but it deeply chagrined the military fascists. Probably it cost the courageous old Premier his life.

On May 10 the Japanese government announced that the entire Shanghai expedition would be withdrawn within one month. On May 13 Premier Inukai, with other cabinet ministers, had dinner at Emperor Hirohito's palace, where Inukai entertained the Emperor with a character sketch of the late Sun Yat-sen, who was his stanch friend. On May 15 a group of armed cadets and army subalterns invaded the 77-year-old Premier's residence, and demanded his blood, supposedly in revenge for the "retreat" at Shanghai.

White-haired Inukai was a man of great character and bravery. He had been warned, and by flight could have saved his life. Instead, he stayed, and dramatically challenged his assassins: "Shoot if you dare!" Half a dozen bullets replied, and the fascists scored another victim, then turned themselves over to the police for punishment.

The withdrawal at Shanghai proceeded, but the troops were merely transferred from one part of China to another. They went north to Manchuria, where Honjo's ranging ambitions now prepared to embark upon the conquest of Inner Mongolia.

One day, as I watched one of the last of the Japanese troop ships depart, a face on deck suddenly smiled, and a man waved down at me from the deck. He was a very neat looking officer, with a smooth, shining face. I waved back, wondering who it could be. Suddenly recognition dawned. It was Hige-san, and by George, he had got his shave!

15

PARADISE ACHIEVED

WHILE Admiral Shiozawa and his successors were struggling in Shanghai, the army in Manchuria was showing more tangible results from its adventure. State-builders at Mukden had drafted a proclamation, prophetic of a more dignified puppetry. A "Self-Government Guiding Board" had been organized by the Fourth Department of the Japanese Kwantung Army, for the purpose of establishing a new and independent nation, called "Manchukuo", meaning "Manchu country."

Ostensibly the work of Yu Chung-han and Yuan Chin-kai of the "Fengtien Provincial Government", helped along by Japanese advisers, an historic document issued on January 7, 1932 was addressed to the "30,000,000 people of Manchuria." Perhaps because at least 25,000,000 of the inhabitants are illiterate, only 50,000 copies were distributed, chiefly to Japanese. Beginning with a preamble predicting a "great community movement in the shape of establishing a new independent state in Manchuria and Mongolia," it proceeded:

"You should be up and doing. The old warlords, who were your common enemy, are nearly extinct. An ideal Paradise Land is in the course of construction by our joint strenuous efforts, and you are on the fairway to come by the freedom never yet enjoyed. Let us shake off all the vices of the past and march on the high road to our goal of mutual trust and respect. . . ." There was much more, some of it quite moving.

Paradise was achieved a few weeks later. Using the names

of certain ambitious, intimidated or disgruntled minorities among the inhabitants, the Japanese secured the publication, on February 18, of a Declaration of Independence. Shortly afterward, similarly inspired, there arose the new government of "Independent Manchukuo". The League of Nations learned that the people of Manchuria through "self-determination" had formed an autonomous nation. The Japanese railway zone city of Changchun, now renamed Hsinking, was chosen as capital. Taken from Dairen at last, bicycle-riding Henry Pu Yi, once Dragon Emperor over 400 millions, was escorted, by minions of the ubiquitous Colonel (now General) Dohihara, to the ceremony where on March 9, 1932 he became "Chief Executive" of the young "state."

Henry Pu Yi wore a morning coat and white gloves for the occasion, and he mounted a dais which had a screen of Imperial yellow as background. General Chang Hai-peng, whom Chinese in Tsitsihar once described as the "mad brigand", presided while an official read the declaration of independence. Among other phrases in that document were the following:

"Facing these deplorable conditions, we are compelled to look back to the days of the Ch'ing and Ming Dynasties and also to those of Yao and Shun and lament the fact of how far we have departed from the golden age of our history. . ." The insertion of this sentence, definitely admitting the historical liaison between China and Manchuria as long ago as the semi-legendary Chinese Emperors Yau and Shun (2357 B.C.–2306 B.C.) would appear to have been something of a *faux paus* by the Japanese authors of the declaration. It is somewhat inconsistent with the main peroration:

"Manchuria and Mongolia have been in the past a separate state detached from China Proper. By necessity of the present situation we are in a position to strive for national

independence. With the will of the thirty million people, we hereby declare on this day that we sever our relations with the Republic of China and establish the State of Manchukuo, and that we hereby make a public proclamation of the fundamental principles on which this new state is founded.

"It is believed that statecraft is founded upon the principle of *Tao,* or the Way, and *Tao* is founded upon *Tien,* or Heaven. The principle on which this new state is founded is to follow *Tien* or Heaven and the people shall have peace and security. The government must meet the will of the people and there must be no one's private views permitted in the affairs of the state. . . ."

This was a renunciation of Sun Yat-sen, and the struggle for democracy in China. It was a retroverting political philosophy. Likewise, the provisional constitution was a General Staff gem; theoretically it empowered the "Chief Executive" with rights analogous to those held by the Japanese Emperor. It provided that, among other things: "The Chief Executive *ad interim* declares war, makes peace and concludes treaties. The Chief Executive *ad interim* has supreme command of the army and navy. The Chief Executive *ad interim* orders an amnesty, pardon, commutation of punishments and rehabilitation." If you omit the *ad interim,* and for Chief Executive read Emperor, you have in these and the ten other articles of the Manchukuo provisional constitution almost a replica of Prince Ito's masterpiece, the constitution of Emperor Meiji.

But despite the fine ring of phrase, Pu Yi's power did not extend as far as his own threshold. Japanese were employed in his household, and Japanese spies encompassed him. For a time it was rumored the young man might attempt suicide, and during this period, reports said, Japanese even kept watch over him at night. More recently he seems to have resigned himself to his situation, like a

good Taoist. A few months ago he is supposed to have told Mr. H. G. W. Woodhead, an old friend, that he was "perfectly happy."

But on the auspicious day when, "with the will of thirty million people", the independence of Manchukuo was solemnly declared, a rim of Japanese bayonets encircled Henry's capital. The inaugural itself was a strictly private affair attended by only 200 people, carefully chosen by Pu Yi's Japanese advisers. It appeared that the "thirty millions" were not invited. It was significant that on one side of Henry stood General Shigeru Honjo, Conqueror of Manchuria, commander of Emperor Hirohito's army, who had moved his military headquarters to Hsinking, which means "new capital." On the other side stood Count Uchida, then president of the South Manchuria Railway, now Japanese foreign minister. These two, as remarked earlier, were the first to congratulate the new ruler, who kept a discreet silence during the entire ceremony. Heads of the Japanese Army and the Japanese railways are the real "chief executives" in Manchuria to-day, and probably will remain so—unless a Japanese Governor-General is formally installed at Changchun.

II

THE régime set up in Manchukuo, which many consider a far step toward outright Japanese annexation, was unique. Nothing quite like it had ever existed anywhere in the past. "Regent" Pu Yi (he balked at being called "president") had a State Council, or Cabinet, composed of heterogeneous Chinese like Generals Hsia Hsia and Chang Ching-hui, Hsieh Chieh-shih (a Japanese subject), Yu Chung-han (who was later assassinated), and innocuous old gentlemen

like Yuan Chin-kai. Each of them had a large staff of Japanese advisers, appointees of the Japanese army, without whose concurrence no political measure could be made effective. Indeed, as Yuan Chin-kai pathetically remarked at Mukden, before the Japanese put a lariat of detectives around him, "everything . . . is being run under the dictatorship of Japanese." There were, in the "Manchukuo" central government alone, exclusive of Japanese military chiefs, over 200 Japanese officials.

The same system was carried out in various departments of the provincial governments. For example, in Mukden, the capital of Fengtien, the distribution was as follows: a Chinese civil governor, with three Japanese advisers; a Chinese commissioner of finance, with six Japanese advisers; a Chinese commissioner of communications, with four Japanese advisers and twelve Japanese "counsellors"; a Chinese president of the government bank, with one Japanese adviser and nine Japanese counsellors; a Chinese president of the government salt gabelle, with one Japanese adviser; a Chinese commissioner of industry, with two Japanese advisers; a Chinese mananger of the Mukden-Hailung Railway, with one Japanese chief supervisor, and eleven Japanese advisers; and a Chinese president of the High Court, with two Japanese advisers.

In some departments the formality of native executive heads was dispensed with entirely. Thus in the Fengtien government one found the chief of general affairs, chief of investigation department, chief of bureau of social affairs, chief of the government directorate and the managing directors of government-owned public utilities were all Japanese, assisted by other Japanese advisers and colleagues.

In Kirin province the number of Japanese advisers was almost as large as in Fengtien, with new recruits brought in daily. At Harbin, where affairs of much of northern Manchuria are dominated, the Japanese came in rather

late, but quickly made up for the delay in conquest. By July, 1932, every department of both local and provincial governments was under the thumb of Japanese advisers and counsellors. In the city administration alone 22 advisers were receiving salary checks from Manchukuo and handing out contracts to Japanese merchants and builders.

"In the 'Government of Manchukuo' Japanese officials are prominent," says Chapter VI of the *Report of the Commission of Inquiry of the League of Nations,* "and Japanese officials are attached to all important departments. Although the Premier and his Ministers are all Chinese, the heads of the various Boards of General Affairs, which in the organization of the new State exercise the greatest measure of actual power, are Japanese. At first they were designated as advisers, but more recently those holding the most important posts have been made full Government officials on the same basis as the Chinese. . . .

"Japanese control the Board of General Affairs and the legislative and Advisory Bureaus, which in practice constitute a Premier's office, the General Affairs Department in the Ministries and in the Provincial Governments, and the Self-Government Directing Committees in the Districts, and the police departments in the Provinces of Fengtien, Kirin and Heilungkiang. In most bureaus, moreover, there are Japanese advisers, councillors and secretaries. . .

"There are also many Japanese in the railway offices and in the Central Bank. In the Supervisory Council Japanese hold the posts of Chief of the Bureau of General Affairs, Chief of the Control Bureau, and Chief of the Auditing Board. In the Legislative Council the Chief Secretary is a Japanese. Finally, some of the most important officials of the Regent are Japanese, including the Chief of the Office of Internal Affairs and the Commander of the Regent's bodyguard.

"As regards the 'Government' and the public services,

although the titular heads of the Departments are Chinese residents in Manchuria, the main political and administrative power rests in the hands of Japanese officials and advisers. The political and administrative organization of the 'Government' is such as to give to these officials and advisors opportunities not merely of giving technical advice but of actually controlling and directing the administration. They are doubtless not under the orders of the Tokyo Government, and their policy has not always coincided with the official policy either of the Japanese Government or of the Headquarters of the Kwantung Army. But in the case of all important problems these officials and advisors, some of whom were able to act more or less independently in the first days of the new organization, have been constrained more and more to follow the direction of Japanese official authority. This authority, in fact, by reason of the occupation of the country by its troops, by the dependence of the 'Manchukuo Government' on those troops for the maintenance of its authority both internally and externally, in consequence, too, of the more and more important rôle entrusted to the South Manchuria Railway Company in the management of the railways under the jurisdiction of the 'Manchukuo Government', and finally by the presence of its consuls, as liaison agents, in the most important urban centers, possesses in every contingency the means of exercising an irresistible pressure."

The greatest upset to Japanese plans was the betrayal by General Ma Chun-shan. Following his defeat by Tamon at Tsitsihar, Ma had pretended repentance. In response to Japanese overtures he agreed to join the Lewis Carroll fantasia in Changchun (Hsinking) for a consideration of 2,000,000 yen, understood to have been paid over by conspirator Dohihara.

Ma was present during Henry Pu Yi's "coronation", and

the Japanese made him minister of war of "Manchukuo". It was considered very adroit, for he had been the one "hero" who had not lost face in China. He was revered by millions below the Wall for his defense at Nonni River; thousands of dollars had been collected and sent to him and his soldiers. With his defection to the Japanese, China's last hope seemed to crumble.

But General Ma stayed in the Japanese camp only long enough to collect his solatium. Late in March, 1932, he eluded the vigilance of Japanese sleuths assigned to shadow him, and disappeared. He had dressed himself in coolie's garb, left by a rear exit, rejoined his troops near Harbin, and fled to the hills, with new Japanese equipment, including airplanes and artillery. Within a week he issued a complete repudiation of Honjo and the puppets at Changchun. This unexpected blast, sounded off while the League of Nations Commission of Inquiry was in North China, had devastating effects on Japanese good humor for days afterward. Declared General Ma, in a statement issued from his headquarters near the Siberian border:

"During more than 40 days of contact with the Japanese I have been eye-witness to the turn of events leading up to the installation by the Japanese of the puppet government of Manchukuo, and all the secret plans made toward the annexation by Japan of China's Northeast. I am now presenting my report to the League of Nations Commission of Inquiry who are coming here as messengers of international justice and peace."

Ma charged that the "self-determination" of Manchukuo was a myth; that the populace was seething with revolt against the Japanese; that most of the native officials were practically prisoners of the Japanese; that Henry Pu Yi had been forced to assume office in Changchun; that Dohihara had told him that with the success of "Manchukuo," Japan had laid the cornerstone for her empire in Asia, and

that conquest would soon be extended into North China; that Japanese controlled every department of the government; and that former Chinese officials who opposed them either had been driven from the country, imprisoned or killed. Of the latter he cited specific cases.

"By temporarily mingling with the Japanese as if I had turned my back on my fatherland," stated Ma, "I could thus preserve and make use of my original purpose of recovering lost land from the Japanese." Ma concluded by calling upon the people of Manchuria to rise up against the invaders. Thereafter he began to lead a vigorous revolt, engaging Japanese troops in a playful game of hide-and-seek that was to wear on for months. It appears that for once Dohihara failed to understand his man.

Genial Major Watari, the military headquarters' spokesman, was puzzled. "I do not understand," he said, "the psychology of Chinese generals. You treat them well, offer them a good job, do many favors for them, and they pretend to be your friends. Then, at the first opportunity, they stab you in the back."

III

WITH the creation of the new state, the greatest show in Asia neared its denouement. "Manikinchuria", as a French writer aptly described the bevy of wax models at Changchun, moved rapidly toward its destined rôle as Japan's base of power for domination of the continent. Freedom and independence of Manchukuo became more real each week. But freedom and independence for whom? For Manchuria's "thirty million downtrodden peasants?" Or for the Yamato Army and the capitalists of expanding Japan?

By July, 1932, either directly or through their various

puppets, the Japanese controlled, with the exception of Sino-Russian enterprises, all the railways of Manchuria; all the state-owned public utilities; all radio, telegraph and telephone communications; practically all finances, and the new Japanese-organized state banks; coal, iron, and numerous other mines and mineral deposits previously operated by the Chinese government; all former governmental or semi-governmental industrial syndicates, such as cotton mills, soya bean oil factories and produce merchandising agencies; all government real estate and other property such as schools, universities, hospitals, laboratories, arsenals, and military ordnance which a year ago were under the Young Marshal's régime. The government built by Honjo had established a state opium monopoly and plans were made for monopolies on matches and tobacco. Meanwhile, B. A. T. (British-American Tobacco Company), by advancing several million yen to the needy "Manchukuo" government, secured a temporary ascendancy in the "vile weed."

General Honjo began for central and northern Manchuria what he earlier accomplished in the south. The only items that remained still without the Japanese grasp were either foreign, or Sino-foreign, in character, or they lay in the small areas held by Chinese volunteers and loyalists led by General Ma Chun-shan. "Manikinchuria" became *de facto* as much a part of the Japanese Empire as is India of the British Empire.

One thing irked Honjo and the guiding military mentors in Japan. Dairen, richest customs station in Manchuria, was still remitting revenues to the National Government at Nanking. Through Dairen passes 23 percent of the total trade of China, and 70 percent of the trade of all Manchuria. Revenues from the huge imports and exports were greatly needed by the state-builders in Changchun. It was also necessary to control the Dairen customs in order

ultimately to achieve preferential tariffs for Japanese imports and exports.

But Dairen, southern terminus of the South Manchuria Railway, is in the special district of Kwantung, leased by China to Japan. Since 1906 it had been under the direct military and administrative control of the Japanese government. So while intriguing wire-pullers behind Manchukuo could take over, did take over, all customs stations in strictly Chinese territory, they were balked by the problem within their own legally held "leased territory." It was ironic.

How could Japan seize the customs station there, turn it over to her Japanese advisers in the new state, and yet continue to inform the world that Tokyo had no connection with Mr. Henry Pu Yi? Perhaps that alone would not have troubled Japan; the General Staff had come to have a contempt for treaties with China that hindered the cause of Japan. But there were other considerations. If Japan seized the Chinese government customs in Dairen, she would violate treaty rights of other nations besides China; portions of all customs revenues in China, by mutual agreement between the latter and the Western Powers, are annually reserved for amortization payments on foreign loans and indemnities. What would America, Great Britain, and the European countries say if Japan suddenly sliced off nearly a quarter of China's customs revenues?

The Japanese are an ingenious people, and resourceful. Despite denials periodically issued by casual writers on Japan they also have an excellent, if somewhat recondite, sense of humor. Pu Yi had not been kidnapped and Manchukuo fashioned around his frail body by men with no secret laughter. Observe what happens at Dairen.

In June, 1932, Mr. Kawai, master of Manchurian intrigue, chief for foreign affairs of the Japanese government in the leased territory of Kwantung (of which General

Honjo is garrison commander) informs the commissioner of Chinese customs at Dairen that grave complications have developed. He has been warned by the authorities of the state of "Manchukuo" that further remission of Dairen customs revenue to Nanking will be considered "highly provocative". Indeed, Mr. Kawai tells the commissioner, "Manchukuo" is assuming a very threatening attitude. There is strong reason to believe that Henry Pu Yi may adopt "counter measures" against Japanese interests in the Kwantung leased territory if the practice continues!

Now, according to the Sino-Japanese customs agreement of 1907, the commissioner for Dairen is to be of Japanese nationality. The incumbent during this crisis is Mr. F. Fukumoto. He has been in the Chinese customs service for many years. Like foreigners of other nationalities he is expected loyally to serve the interests of the Chinese government, and has taken an oath to do so. But all this collapses in face of a threat to "Japanese interests"; for Fukumoto, hang it all, is a patriot. Mr. Kawai's alarming report greatly agitates him. For the moment, perhaps, he forgets that General Honjo's formidable army in Manchuria is now sufficient to protect the Kwantung leased territory from the stern "counter measures" of Pu Yi, suddenly become Draconian.

Fukumoto at once informs Inspector-General Sir Frederick Maze at Shanghai that remissions must cease. "I myself am convinced," he telegraphed, "and have also been warned by responsible Japanese authorities, that an open rupture between the Dairen Customs and the Manchukuo authorities would be destructive to Japanese interests. That I, a Japanese, should be the instrument to bring about such a rupture is intolerable to my conscience. I hope therefor that the Inspector-General will realize the impossibility of my taking such responsibility upon myself."

But Sir Frederick is by no means convinced. In the long

history of the foreign-managed customs service, such conduct is said to be unprecedented. Indignant, Sir Frederick summarily dismisses Fukumoto for gross insubordination. Fukumoto chuckles. Next day his 65 subordinates in Dairen resign *en bloc.* The same day they are offered jobs, and accept, with the newly organized Manchukuo customs service. Fukumoto becomes chief counsellor, with headquarters at Dairen. Thus life moves in Manikinchuria.

Following the overthrow at Dairen, "Manchukuo" quickly pursued the same course elsewhere throughout the Japanese leased territory and railway zone. R. M. Talbot, an American employee of the Chinese customs service, already had been illegally ejected as commissioner at Antung, terminus of the Japanese-owned Mukden-Antung Railway. A Japanese now arrived and forcibly took charge of Talbot's office, in the name of "Manchukuo." A similar procedure at Yingkow made several Britishers jobless and placed Japanese in control of the customs office there.

On June 27, "Manchukuo" officials, led by Japanese advisers and counsellors, removed foreigners and Chinese from Hunchun and Lingchingtsun customs offices on the northeastern frontier, opposite Siberia, and put Japanese at their desks. The same day other authorities, with Japanese police and advisers, boldly entered the Sino-Russian Railway zone, removed Nanking appointees from the customs and installed Japanese. This happened at Manchuli, western terminus of the C. E. R.; at Pogranichinaya, eastern terminus of the C. E. R.; and at Aigun, opposite Blagovestchensk. Through these three frontier stations passes the great bulk of traffic between Russia and Manchuria.

For all practical purposes Chinese tariff control in Manchuria ceased to exist. For all practical purposes the import and export customs service in Manchukuo became an appendage exclusively under Japanese control.

IV

EVEN before the Japanese conquest was fully consolidated, even before the arrival in Manchuria of Japan's "Envoy Extraordinary", General Nobuyoshi Muto, Japanese capitalists ranged into the new west, the promised land.

How alluring the prospect! To men long confined to petty island dimensions, truly a land of milk and honey! Into it poured the representatives of the Mitsuis, Sumimotos, Yasudas, Inouyes, Yamagatas, Iwasakis and other great families of wealth who dominate the economic life of Japan. Leading the vanguard was the Japanese Government-owned South Manchuria Railway Company. It was open season for railways, timber, coal, iron and other mining concessions, and for exploitation of the farmlands.

Emperor Hirohito had not formally recognized "Manchukuo," but Pu Yi's invitation (and behind him, Honjo) for the moment sufficed. And after all, the Manchukuo declaration of independence implied clearly enough that Japanese were no longer "foreigners" in Manchuria, but endowed with the full rights of Manchurian birth. One of Manchukuo's first acts was to extend to Japanese subjects the privileges of dual citizenship.

Early in the spring the capitalists converged upon Changchun. They induced Puppet Premier Chang Ching-hui to sign an agreement legalizing the unrestricted purchase and ownership of farmlands by Japanese and Koreans. Pulling other wires, the Japanese managed to standardize prices for private and government land which they wished to acquire. With these and additional special rights secured they now embarked upon enterprises destined profoundly to alter the economic valences of the entire Far East.

"In this vast plain of Manchuria," wrote Baron Kimmochi Ohkura in *Contemporary Japan* (December, 1932), "farm products to the aggregate value of 1,300,000,000 yen are being raised annually, consisting in the main of soya beans, kaoliang, millet, corn, wheat, barley, rice, hemp, tobacco, cotton, sugar-beet, fruit trees, etc. Of the tillable land, *some 55.5 percent still remains to be cultivated,* and when this is accomplished the territory of Manchukuo is likely to yield annually agricultural products worth in the neighborhood of 3,000,000,000 yen. The rate of production could be accelerated with improved methods of farming to replace the primitive ones at present employed."

So, too, thought other Japanese. "Accelerating agents" of the Japanese government and the unit of capitalists (remember that 70 percent of the commercial, industrial and financial life of Japan is controlled by little more than a dozen families, a compact group, a society that in Manchuria everywhere coöperates with the program of the Army General Staff) now swarmed into Fengtien, Kirin, Heilungkiang and Inner Mongolia, buying and leasing farms and ranchlands. They represented the Iwasakis, the Mitsuis, Susukis and the other titled families who in Japan had organized numerous "colonization" companies. Greatest, for a time, was the Japanese government-owned Oriental Development Company. And attempting to coördinate the effort of all, eliminate wasteful competition was the new "colonial bureau" of the Department of Overseas affairs, and the South Manchuria Company.

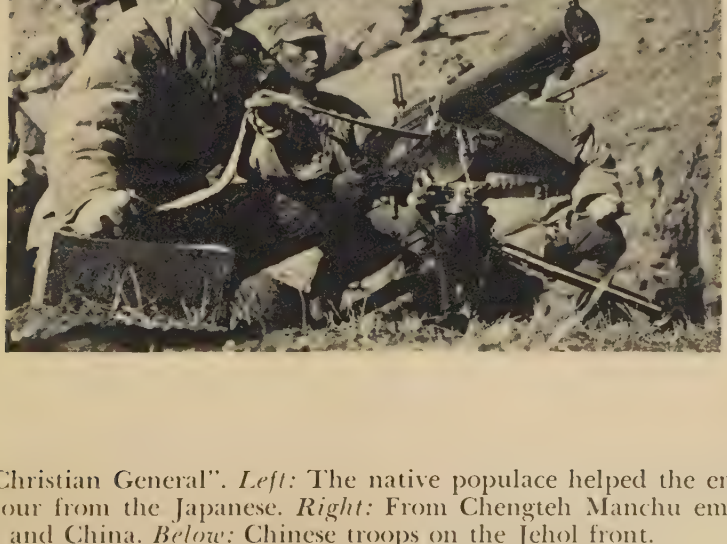
"In ten years," the Japanese say, "our new emigration plans should bring 500,000 Japanese subjects as colonists to Manchuria. That will solve our over-population problem, *ne?*" Will it? While the annual birth rate in Japan is 1,000,000, a figure which it topped in 1932?

What will be done with the vast and fertile acres seized from China? On some Japan planned to colonize her un-









p: The "Christian General". *Left:* The native populace helped the enemy . . . re-
ved free flour from the Japanese. *Right:* From Chengteh Manchu emperors ruled
Mongolia and China. *Below:* Chinese troops on the Jehol front.

employed, on some she planned to conduct corporation farming on a huge scale, with Korean and Chinese labor (indentured, if necessary) turning the furrows. What will be grown? "We Japanese can produce nearly everything in Manchuria which we now buy from Asia and the West," an agent of the Oriental Development Company informed me when I was last in Manchuria. "A politically independent 'Manchukuo' means an economically independent Japan. Wait five years and see."

One important item will be rice. Japan normally imports 25,000,000 bushels of rice annually, a figure that must grow as her population grows. With the development of the thousands of acres of potential rice lands in South Manchuria, Japan will be able to supply most of her own needs. That may be disastrous to the rice merchants of French Indo-China and Siam, from whom Japan now buys.

Other acres will be devoted to cotton growing, according to decisions reached at recent conferences of the Japan Cotton Spinners Association. Only 16,000 tons of cotton is produced in Manchuria at present, but according to the *Report on Progress in Manchuria* and the *Manchuria Year Book* (1931), experiments conducted by the South Manchuria Railway show that nearly 30,000,000 suitable acres are capable of yielding 204,000 tons, or about 70 percent of Japan's present cotton requirement, most of which is now purchased from America.

Japan takes about 60 percent of the total American cotton exports to all Oriental countries, and China 30 percent. Japan annually enriches America's cotton-growing belt by an average of well over U.S.$100,000,000. Cotton alone constitutes roughly two-thirds of America's total exports to the Island Kingdom and about a third of American exports to China. Where will Georgia and Alabama sell their surplus cotton when Japan's money barons realize their

schemes in South Manchuria and their plantations supply the needs of both China and Japan?

The Mitsui, Iwasaki, Nagai, Fukushima and other Japanese interests already operating cotton mills in Manchuria planned to double their output within two years. As the available indigenous supply of raw material increases, Japanese mills will increase. "Wait five years and see," said the agent at Dairen. By that time, if all goes well, Japan's domination of the Oriental piece goods market (the most important single department of foreign trade in the Orient) should be complete. Even without a native source of raw material, Japan already was crowding out the British from first place in piece goods exports to both India and China, which together hold a third of the human race. She dominated the trade also in the Dutch Indies, and in the Philippines.

The South Manchuria Railway Company and its subsidiaries now monopolize the soya bean trade, which yielded $357,000,000 silver in 1929 (about U.S.$100,000,000 at then prevailing exchange rates) and amounts to 60 percent of the total value of Manchuria's exports.

Manchuria furnishes over 60 percent of the world's supply of soya beans and their by-products, which are "meat, bread and business" to millions in the Orient and are consumed in large quantities in Europe and America. Before the Japanese conquest this business was divided among Chinese, Russian, Japanese and other foreign concerns. After September, 1931, the Chinese share of the export merchandising was virtually eliminated. Soviet syndicates held on only in bean-producing regions till the beginning of systematic sabotage of the Chinese-Eastern Railway, but Japanese control of Heilungkiang means ultimate extinction of Soviet competition. Elsewhere the Japanese were liquidating trade rivalry. In full control of the Manchurian banking system and of government export and import agen-

cies which previously financed and cleared soya bean and other produce for export, the Japanese can easily frustrate efforts at "outside" competition.

Recently I asked a representative of the British-owned Anglo-Chinese Eastern Trading Company whether his company had any chance to survive under the Japanese régime.

"Not an earthly!" he replied. "With the Japanese in control of every line of communication, and dominating all concerns financing the produce market, they under-buy and under-sell us everywhere. The famous Open Door is now the size of the proverbial needle's eye. In another year it will be just about big enough for foreign merchants to crawl through, out of Manchuria forever!"

But more important even than soya beans are the new agreements secured from the Changchun government which give Japanese-controlled interests options covering rights of exploitation over practically all known iron and coal reserves in Manchuria. To the army and navy, these are the real fruits of conquest. These are the stuff of war, the raw essentials which Japan must control before she dared lay down her challenge for mastery of Eastern Asia.

By treaty with China the South Manchuria Railway Company already had its famous Fushun Collieries, largest open-pit coal mines in the world, with deposits of 940 million metric tons according to the *Manchuria Year Book, 1931*. It had the Penshihu coal fields, with deposits of more than 100 million metric tons, and the Yentai mines with 42 million tons. Also, through rights Japan claimed to possess by the disputed Treaty of 1915, which resulted from the notorious "21 Demands", the Company had built and operated the giant Anshan iron and steel works of Manchuria, near the Anshan iron ore deposits of 400 million tons. With an annual capacity of 300,000 metric tons

of pig-iron they are to Japan what Krupp once was to Germany. But they were not enough.

Russia, on Japan's north, had more; so did America, her potential menace on the Pacific. Avidly, over four decades, Japan had desired the hidden treasure further inland, but always she had been frustrated. Now that at last she was successful she might well contemplate the achievement with satisfaction: another 700 million tons of iron ore, a billion and a half tons of coal deposits, awaited employment as Japan's reservoir of power.

What was left? Timber? The South Manchuria Railway and private Japanese capitalists, early in 1932, secured from the Changchun government (or rather, from "Manchukuo's" Japanese advisers) exclusive options to exploit vast timber lands in Kirin. "According to careful investigations by our General Staff and the South Manchuria Railway," said the Tanaka Memorial which the deceased Premier Inukai branded as spurious, "the total reserve of timber in Manchuria is 200,000,000 tons. If one million tons is felled and imported into our country each year, it (the reserve) will last 200 years. This will stop the import of American timber which has been costing us 80,000,000 yen (U.S.$40,000,000) to 100,000,000 yen a year."

Railways? "Munchukuo" agreed fully to recognize the Treaty of 1915, which Chinese governments till now have consistently declared illegal, since it never received the ratification of the former Chinese Parliament. That Treaty gives Japan prior and exclusive rights to construct and operate all new railways projected for Manchuria and Inner Mongolia. Construction was rushed to a finish on the most vital of the new lines, the Kirin-Hueining Railway, completion of which gave Japan direct land lines from the eastern extremity of Korea to the western extremity of Manchuria. The Tanaka Memorial, after drawing attention to the im-

portance of this Kirin-Hueining Railway from a military standpoint in Japanese war against China, Russia and America, declares:

"When this is done (the line completed) our continental policy will have succeeded. Hitherto, people going to Europe had to pass through either Dairen or Vladivostok. Now they can go on the trunk line directly from Chingchinkang via the Siberian Railway. When we are in control of this great system of transportation, we need make no secret of our designs on Manchuria and Mongolia according to the third step of Emperor Meiji's plans. . ."

Even before the League of Nations Commission of Inquiry drafted its report on what in Geneva is still called the "Manchurian dispute" Foreign Minister Count Uchida announced that Japan "would never agree to the return of Manchuria to China." Japan, he said, was no longer willing even to negotiate with China on the matter.

When in July, Lord Lytton, American General McCoy and the European members of the League Commission visited Japan, seeking to achieve a solution removing the explosive possibilities for future conflict and War Minister General Sadao Araki boldly told them, *"Manchuria will never be allowed to return to Chinese rule,"* it was the final gesture in a series of defiances that began last September 18 at Mukden. Araki added that he had never even considered the withdrawal of Japanese troops from Manchuria. And on the following day he confirmed this statement by dispatching another brigade of Japanese forces to the continent.

That was Japan's answer. She was not only in Manchuria to stay, but to expand. Nothing less than the disappearance of Nippon into the sea in one of her periodic earthquakes would now alter it.

V

ON September 15, 1932, just three days before the first anniversary of the Japanese invasion at Mukden, H.I.J.M. Hirohito's "Own Ambassador", General Nobuyoshi Muto, signed the Protocol at Hsinking which accorded full and formal recognition to the independent government of "Manchukuo". The ceremony was sanctified in the Palace of Pu Yi, to whom the Chinese writing brush used by the signators (Chen Hsiao-hsu, Prime Minister, signed for "Manchukuo") was presented as a souvenir.

Principal terms of the Protocol were the following two articles:

1. Manchukuo shall confirm and respect, in so far as no agreement to the contrary shall be made between Japan and Manchukuo in the future, all rights and interests possessed by Japan or her subjects within the territory of Manchukuo by virtue of Sino-Japanese Treaties, Agreements or other arrangements or Sino-Japanese contracts, private as well as public;

2. Japan and Manchukuo, recognizing that any threat to the territory or the peace and order of either of the High Contracting Parties constitutes at the same time a threat to the safety and existence of the other, agree to coöperate in the maintenance of their national security; *it being understood that such Japanese forces as may be necessary for this purpose shall be stationed in Manchukuo.**

Simple, signified, direct, this Protocol obviously placed "Manchukuo" in the position of a virtual Protectorate of Japan. It was perhaps the most straightforward statement Japan had made since the beginning of her continental advance.

* Author's italics.

General Muto, as Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of His Majesty, became *de facto* the dictator of Manchuria. Through him the Japanese General Staff implemented its program. In addition to his diplomatic post, he became commander-in-chief of the Japanese forces in Eastern Asia, and the nominal directing head of all Japanese government enterprises in Manchuria. He became, in effect, high advisor to "Manchukuo", with the duty of correlating and coördinating the work of all other Japanese "advisors," and supervising the affairs of the young "State."

General Honjo, Conqueror of Manchuria, retired to become chief aide-de-camp to the Emperor. His work was done. "Where justice and humanity direct," he wrote in the *Chuo Koron* as a kind of epilogue to the drama in which his rôle was stellar, "the Heavens lend their hands. Where the Imperial Light reaches out, there have been no mistakes. Our path has happily joined with those 31,000,000 people who, while insulted and injured, did not choose the wrong path. Manchurian leaders, in their eagerness to fulfill the trust of their people, founded a new State. When the whole force of the elements leads in one direction, none can thwart its course. It is the force of nature.

"After scores of years of exaction and extortion, the people in Manchuria have at last escaped from the oppression of the military régime, and it now seems that they may safely expect to have a land of peace for themselves. Japan, of course, has no territorial ambitions; her concern over Manchuria and Mongolia is economic exploitation and the necessity for national defense. . . . Peace in Asia shall come from Manchuria, and the peace of the world from Manchuria."

However, there was to be an evil interlude in Paradise before the peace of Asia was assured. On September 27, twelve days after General Muto became Manchuria's Generalissimo, Chinese General Su Ping-wen, head of the guard

troops on the western end of the Chinese Eastern Railway, between Harbin and the Soviet Russian frontier, suddenly revolted against the Hsinking régime. He seized control of the railway and its rolling stock, blocked communications between Manchuria and Russia, and held as hostages a number of Japanese residents in his headquarters at Manchuli.

At the same time activities of Manchurian anti-Japanese "Volunteers" were renewed on a wide scale. Under General Ma Chun-shan and Generals Fang Chen-wu and Chen Ching-lan, the "Volunteers", numbering roughly between 100,000 and 150,000 (including a considerable number of ordinary bandits), began attacks in all parts of Manchuria against isolated Japanese outposts. Obviously receiving money and arms from Young Marshal Chang in Peking, and from patriotic Chinese organizations throughout China, these bands of raiders managed to terrorize the Manchurian countryside, disrupt communications, and inflict enormous damage against Japanese everywhere in the "State." At one time they actually invaded Mukden, and destroyed a number of Japanese airplanes on the flying field. Elsewhere they dynamited railway bridges, held up trains and kidnapped passengers, attacked and burned and looted Japanese settlements, and made life thoroughly miserable for the invaders, as well as the Chinese peasants.

Among others to suffer was a genial American, Henry W. Kinney, author of *Broken Blossoms,* and chief of the propaganda bureau of the South Manchuria Railway. Kinney, en route to Geneva where he was to assist the fire-eating Yosuke Matsuoka in lyricizing the attainment of paradisaic tranquillity in "Manchukuo", was kidnapped with many others from a South Manchuria Railway train. He was robbed of his "pants," thereby qualifying as the original Adam, in which state he arrived, after exciting adventures in the hands of Volunteers, at Harbin.

Dismayed by these ubiquitous uprisings, the War Office in Japan ordered a vigorous country-wide counter-attack and suppression campaign. Japanese reënforcements were hurried to the mainland, airplane squadrons augmented, and the effort to build up a "native" army in Manchuria rushed ahead. A generous reward was offered for the capture, dead or alive, of Ma Chun-shan, whom all Japan now counted a "traitor" to the Japanese Cause. Officially killed several times, General Ma developed an exasperating habit of resurrection. He had some nearly miraculous escapes. His pluck and audacity won the admiration of the Japanese, even as it infuriated them. A vast amount of money was spent in efforts to capture him, bribe him, or assassinate him. Several divisions of troops exerted their principal efforts against him in a thrilling chase through mountainous Heilungkiang. The campaigns were fruitless. From a Chinese standpoint, Ma Chun-shan was the lone Redeemer in the great national "humiliation."

Finally, late in 1932, the War Office in Tokyo announced that Ma Chun-shan had been killed. It appears that the Emperor had taken a personal interest in the man hunt. To him personally went War Minister General Sadao Araki, carrying a blood-stained uniform, some gold ingots, some of Ma's papers, and other "evidence." The "enemy of peace in Asia" was, indubitably dead. In China people were almost convinced. "Ma is dead!" they shouted, "Long live Ma!"

But the slippery fugitive had changed uniforms with one of his subordinates, just before his troops were driven into Siberia. The subaltern was killed. Ma himself escaped. A few months later, when he returned to China by way of Russia and Europe, Japanese Army officers were flabbergasted. But they stood by their story; it could not now be refuted, since it had been carried directly to the Emperor. Traditional belief in Japan accords the Emperor infalli-

bility; such infallibility demands that at no time, under any circumstance, can he be in possession of faulty information. Lively enough in south China to-day, Ma remains officially an unlamented dead man in Japan.

In December, having greatly reduced banditry in South Manchuria, and driven most of the Volunteers to cover in Jehol, General Muto moved northward, above Harbin, to attack General Su Ping-wen, who still held his Japanese hostages. A quick, brilliant campaign sent Su's troops into rout within a week. By a wide encircling movement, which entailed climbing frozen mountain passes in weather forty below zero, the Japanese swept in behind the rear of Chinese front lines, and the defenses collapsed. They thereby prevented the dynamiting of the long tunnel of the Chinese Eastern Railway, where it burrows under the Hingan mountains. General Su Ping-wen and several thousand of his officers and men forced their way into Soviet Russian Siberia, and escaped capture. Disarmed by the Russians, General Su and his staff were permitted to journey across Russia to Europe, thence to China, accompanied by General Ma Chun-shan. The remnant of their troops, left to flee as best they could, made a dramatic retreat, reminiscent of the historic "flight of the Torgot", across hundreds of miles of Western Mongolia, and finally reached the Great Wall at Kalgan, reduced in numbers by about two-thirds.

General Muto next turned his attention to Eastern Inner Mongolia, where Generals Tang Yu-lin and Chang Hsueh-liang still held power. Various conditions did not yet favor an attack in that region, but a preliminary thrust could pry open an entrance into North China. Muto ordered the concentration of Japanese troops outside the Great Wall at Shanhaikwan, China's historic "First Gate of the Realm." There the Great Wall ends at the sea, and there the Peking-Mukden Railway passes through the Wall from China proper into Manchuria.

By the terms of the Boxer Protocol Japan and other Powers are permitted to station a small guard at certain places along the Peking-Mukden Railway, which is the route to the sea from the old capital. The Japanese had a small gendarmerie force at Shanhaikwan. It appears that on January 1, "someone hurled two bombs and fired two rounds of rifle bullets" into the Japanese gendarmerie headquarters. That, at any rate, was the reason Japan gave the Powers for her Army's action on January 3.

Shanhaikwan was shelled and bombed from the air, a large part of the city was destroyed, and about 1700 Chinese soldiers, in addition to numerous civilians, were killed. The skirmish was swift but stiff; the small resisting Chinese forces gave one of the few creditable performances of the war. But by sunset of the same day the attack was launched, 5,000 Japanese troops had occupied Shanhaikwan.

Shortly after the city's fall, after more than a year's procrastination the League of Nations began definitely and finally to turn against Japan. On February 6 the Committee of Nineteen agreed that, among other things, "The maintenance of Manchukuo cannot be taken as a solution" to the Manchurian problem, "and the existing régime must not be recognized." In that sentence lay the basis of a verdict.

On February 24, the Assembly of the League of Nations met at Geneva to consider the Committee's recommendations. "I earnestly beg of you to deal with us on our terms," pleaded Yosuke Matsuoka, Japan's American-educated chief delegate, "and give us your confidence. To deny us this appeal would be a mistake. I ask you not to adopt the report." In the vote, taken by roll, 42 out of 44 nations represented voted affirmatively; Japan alone voted "no." Siam abstained from voting. Thus a precedent was set, thus for the first time in history a nation had stood for trial

before a tribunal of other nations, and a judgment had been rendered against it.

But, fatal weakness of the League, who would enforce its judgment? Even as the delegates solemnly conferred in Geneva, the Japanese military prepared to give still more striking challenges to that weakness. In Tokyo, General Araki issued orders for the advance into Inner Mongolia.

16

THE MARCH OF CONQUEST

IN THE former Imperial Palace at Jehol, on February 23, 1933, sits fat, opium-smoking, luxury-loving General Tang Yu-lin, whose name in Chinese means "Jade Unicorn." A 20-course Chinese feast rests easily under his bulging Sam Browne belt. His contented gaze wanders across the Imperial City of Jehol, once China's Fontainebleau, till it comes to rest, understandingly, on the sacred spotted deer that roam in the sacred forest of evergreens. They also have eaten well.

Reluctantly Old Tang glances down, for a moment, at the headlines of newspaper articles that he holds in his hands. "China's Millions Depending on General Tang to Save Jehol!" and "Jade Unicorn, Resist!" Others: "General Tang, Wipe Out the National Humiliation!"; "The Entire Chinese People Count on You, Jade Unicorn!"; and so on.

There is a report of some remarks by T. V. Soong, young Harvardian, who has recently visited Jehol. Said he: "The whole North is a powder magazine waiting for a spark to fire it. The invasion of Jehol by Japan will be that spark!" The General smiles quietly, and perhaps murmurs to himself, *"Ta hua!"* which is to say, in the great American vernacular, "Eyewash!"

General Tang is not unsophisticated. He also can deal in *"ta hua."* Presently, on this day in February when the legions of General Muto are knuckling into the passes of northern Jehol, he calls to his side an aide-de-camp, and

gives to him a message. "Tell the people of China," he says, "that I shall resist the Japanese invasion—to the last man!"

General Tang Yu-lin was 62 years old. He had enjoyed a picturesque career. He was what Lin Yu-tang calls a "model bandit", and in that rôle he excelled all contemporaries, with the possible exception of the Lius and Yang Sen in Szechuen. It is said by Chinese that as a youth he rode with the ranks of brigands known as *hunghutze,* who ranged Manchuria toward the end of the Manchu Dynasty. He early made the acquaintance of Chang Tso-lin, a *hunghutze* chief. As the latter gained power and wealth, Tang cultivated him. He joined his own small band with Chang's who in time came to appreciate Tang's sterling qualities. He put him through the Mukden Military Training Institute. He made him a commander.

Thereafter Tang's prestige rose. He increased his troops, increased his wealth, increased his power. A native of Jehol, he had excellent "contacts" there, and these now proved useful to the Old Marshal, who was bent on dominating Mongolia. Old Chang Tso-lin kept Tang satisfied in Mukden for some years, till gradually his troops became so numerous as to constitute a potential menace to the regnant Grand Marshal himself. He then bundled Jade Unicorn off to Eastern Inner Mongolia to chase "bandits", an expedition from which he was not soon recalled. But Tang was skilled in intrigue, chicane, and the fine arts of political treachery, and scratch with the opportunities of the frontier. He managed to master Jehol, and thereby he got complete control of the delivering end of a great opium traffic.

He now spread out, bought palatial residences in Mukden, Peking, Tientsin and other cities. He and the Old Marshal made a deal whereby opium shipments went out through Manchuria, over the latter's railways; they split profits on the marketed product with the Japanese. When, in 1928, Young Marshal Chang came into power at Muk-

den, this personal alliance was reaffirmed. The revolutionary Nanking government also recognized Tang's reign and in 1929 gave him the title of "Chairman of the Jehol Provincial Government."

With the Japanese conquest of Manchuria, however, Tang's position became extremely precarious. Wily, he did his best to placate Japanese headquarters with half-promises of adherence to the new régime in "Manchukuo". Early in 1932 he actually sent delegates to represent him at Hsinking, but he skillfully avoided committing himself in writing to any formal declaration of loyalty.

In the beginning Tang seriously considered joining Manchukuo, but when he discovered that the Japanese terms offered him only a marionette post he changed his mind. He continued to hope for a better offer, and for a time did nothing to antagonize the Japanese. Meanwhile he took no orders from, remitted no revenues to, the Chinese government, which had announced that he was a loyal supporter of the *San Min Chu I*. Nanking remained jittery for days, fearful that he would turn over to the Japanese. It was thought such an event would prejudice China's case in the eyes of the world.

But with Chang Hsueh-liang at Peking Tang Yu-lin maintained cordial relations. That was a necessity. North China, the Young Marshal's dominion, now became Tang's sole source of supplies and munitions,—and his sole outlet for opium and heroin. The traffic was mutually profitable. Tang Yu-lin was astride a fence—"riding the tiger" as the Chinese say—and he knew it. He could foresee the end, and he proceeded to feather the family nest on the grand scale.

"In Tientsin alone," declared a circular letter which I received from Garfield Huang, general secretary of the National Anti-Opium Association of China, "during the months of June and July (1932) some 300 consignments

of opium arrived from Jehol, for the northern opium combine. . . . Freights alone on these consignments were estimated in excess of $300,000." It was alleged that the northern opium combine was headed by Chang Hsueh-liang and allied generals. "From this," concluded Mr. Huang, "it is evident that the government authorities and the so-called central opium suppression committee (at Nanking) are aiming to create a pure government monopoly within the shortest time possible."

Tang Yu-lin's forte was taxes. He squeezed his beggared 4,000,000 Chinese and Mongol subjects till hundreds, bled dry, fled from the Jehol hills. When the efflux became too alarming, Tang collected "exit fees." He gathered taxes on land, on houses, on crops of all kinds, on cattle and grazing, and on consumption of opium which he forced the peasants to produce. He taxed retail sales, regardless of import duties already collected by Nanking. He levied a 100 percent duty on tobacco and put a tax on the head of every boy-child born in his territory. He collected a "crop anticipation" tax of $60 an acre from farmers who did not grow poppies, and the same amount as a "fine" from those who did. He established a monopoly on the export of opium. Finally, he embezzled the reserves of the provincial bank, and the currency flopped to ten cents on the dollar.

Meanwhile he augmented his harem, increased his armies, added to his bank account. Men of Jehol said to me of the General, "Three things he knows not: how many he hath of concubines, soldiers, and silver taels." Estimates numbered his courtesans between 10 and 20, his soldiers from 40,000 to 60,000, and his fortune at 50 million Chinese dollars. Most of the women and silver, by the time the Japanese began their drive, were nestling securely in the British concession at Tientsin.

In reply to the Japanese ultimatum demanding the











pper left: The Potala, Jehol City. *Upper right:* At Jehol, before the battle; lef
ght, Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang, ex-dictator of Manchuria, T. V. Soong, finan
izard of Nanking, Tang Yu-lin, Governor of Jehol. *Center:* On March 4, the Japar
aced the Rising Sun on the Great Wall. *Lower left:* "People's Army" soldiers at

evacuation of Chinese troops from Jehol Oxford-educated Foreign Minister Lo Wen-kan, wrote indignantly:

"General Tang Yu-lin, chairman of Jehol Province, is a high provincial military authority of the Chinese Government. Being in command of the military forces in Jehol, he has the duty to defend that province. The allegations made by the Japanese Government, concerning the chairman of Jehol province, must be regarded as a deliberate affront. The Chinese Government hereby lodges its protest."

II

JAPAN wanted to take the "Rising Sun" into Eastern Inner Mongolia (Jehol) for several reasons. First of all it was, as the Army General Staff in Tokyo maintained, of vital strategic importance for the defense of "Manchukuo". Mountainous and difficult of access from any direction, it is the key to the defense system of Manchuria, or of North China, depending on which direction the rifles are laid across the gnarled loin of the Great Wall.

The Japanese were of course not worried about attack from China, but that was their military theory. To-morrow it was to be the military theory that in order to defend Jehol it was necessary to hold North China. Yesterday it was the military theory that it was necessary to hold Manchuria, in order to defend the Japanese Kwantung "leased territory." Earlier it had been the military theory that in order to defend Japan itself it was necessary to hold Korea. Sweet logic of imperialism! Thus England won an empire in India, and thus France won an empire in Indo-China. Verily, the Sun also Rises.

Second, Eastern Inner Mongolia was rich in gold, re-

puted to be rich in coal and other minerals. It was unquestionably rich in opium, and Manchukuo sorely needed the revenues from the monopoly which the Japanese planned to establish. It was a cattle-raising country as great as America's northwest. Various retired army officers had already staked out claims for vast ranches.

Third, Jehol's 60,000 square miles of territory (it may be 70,000, nobody is quite sure) were of great political importance. Control of Jehol would enable the Japanese Army to dictate terms to any government in North China, till the time came for installing one of its own fashioning. Possession of it was also of great symbolical significance. Chengteh (Jehol City) was the seat from which the Manchu emperors, through many summers, had ruled the scattered nomad tribes of all Mongolia, as well as the Chinese millions below the Wall. "Who holds Jehol holds Mongolia!" was the conviction that spurred on the Japanese in their march of conquest.

There was never much doubt that the Japanese military eventually would take Jehol, just as there is now little doubt that eventually they will take Western Inner Mongolia and perhaps much of North China to the Yellow River. Their action in Jehol was not due to the iniquities of Tang Yu-lin; had Plato ruled at Chengteh, "city of emperors", he might have constituted an equal menace to Japanese lives and property.

Recrudescence of activity by the Volunteers in North Manchuria, and a sudden spread of banditry coinciding with the growth of kaoliang (maize) which afforded excellent cover for guerilla warfare, for a time delayed the advance. Recognition of "Manchukuo" by Japan and consequent changes in administrative machinery, and perhaps certain diplomatic considerations (the League of Nations had not yet reached its condemnatory verdict against Japan) were factors which caused the postponement of

military preparations for the Jehol campaign. The undertaking remained an imminent certainty, however, for months.

As far back as July, 1932, the Japanese had begun tentative military thrusts into the region by dropping bombs on outlying villages to emphasize "Manchukuo's" invitation to Tang to enter the Garden of Shinto. In Hsinking, shortly afterward, Japanese Army Headquarters informed newspaper correspondents that an expedition would be sent to Jehol. It appeared that a certain Gonshiro Ishimoto, a captain in the Japanese Army, had been kidnapped and imprisoned by Jade Unicorn. So said the Japanese. Tang Yu-lin denied it. He claimed Ishimoto was a fictive personality. In the end the Japanese military dropped the case. It was not mentioned in the ultimatum which Japan delivered to China on February 23.

When at last General Nobuyoshi Muto began operations in earnest, the Chinese had thus been allowed 17 months in which to prepare to resist. Officially the Nanking government had long since discarded the fiction of "non-resistance." Various high officials for months had talked much of "saving Jehol," and General Chiang Kai-shek had announced his readiness to "make the supreme sacrifice." There had been much in the press about "wiping out the national humiliation with blood." According to newspaper editors, Jehol promised to be a second Verdun. China was going to fight.

On the night before I left Shanghai for the scene of hostilities in the north I saw Dr. Yang Chien, brilliant scholar and organizer of the National Research Council, one of China's few genuinely scientific organizations. He had just returned from Peking, where he had inspected "defense preparations." Yang was a man who did not deal in *ta hua*. I asked him what was happening.

"Will the Chinese hold Jehol?"

"Yes, about as long as it will take the Japanese to cross the province. Two weeks at most."

"What! Foreign military experts say that a troop of Boy Scouts could hold Jehol for at least two months, just by dynamiting the passes—"

"Perhaps Boy Scouts could, but not Chang Hsueh-liang and Tang Yu-lin. They're both in a daze. They don't know what it's all about."

"But Nanking—"

"Is Nanking! Stop on your way to Peking to-morrow and have a look."

Yang was not to practice such candor much longer. I was never to see him again. A few months later he was silenced by gunmen in the pay of the military fascists, and thereby China lost a rare intelligence of high integrity. Yang had been one of the original revolutionary group who, with Dr. Sun, overthrew the Manchu Dynasty.

En route from Shanghai to Jehol I did stop off at Nanking. Somebody had described the city as "paralyzed by fear." But I found in the capital, as on an earlier visit Lin Yu-tang had observed, "an atmosphere of quaint charm, peace and repose." No bands played, no troops marched for the front, no lines of transports loaded with needed guns, munitions, hospital supplies, no breath of war poisoned the tranquil rural ozone. But of course there was no war—at least none had been declared.

At that time, according to War Minister Ho Ying-chin's report, there were about 400,000 government troops supposedly deployed fighting the peasants and Communists in the Red zones of central China. The central government frankly regarded the peasant "Red-bandits," as people sometimes call them, as a greater menace to its security than the Japanese invasion in the distant north. Unfortunately, Nanking's best troops, excellently equipped with the latest foreign ordnance, including squadrons of fighting planes,

tanks and armored cars, were thus engaged in civil war when needed to defend the country against the Japanese. So it seemed, at least, to the Chinese press, which was demanding the temporary cessation of the anti-Red campaign, to enable the strengthening of the Jehol defenses. During an interview at Nanking, a high government official explained to me why that course was unadvisable. I do not quote him verbatim, but the gist of his philosophy was this:

"It is unnecessary to send southern troops to Jehol; Chang Hsueh-liang has enough. As for equipment, we count on the morale of Chinese troops more than on machines. The Japanese have good machines, but their soldiers are softened by the comforts of modern civilization, and afraid to die. Chinese soldiers are used to all kinds of hardship, and can overcome Japanese mechanical superiority by their physical hardiness and courage. The Japanese may kill our men, but we can always get more. In China we can buy a Chinese life for $10."

Two days later I was in Peking. And beyond, in frozen Jehol, the amazing Japanese march to the Great Wall was effectively demonstrating the sophistry of that argument.

III

JEHOL was a debacle for the Chinese. Probably it ranks as one of the worst debacles in Chinese military history—which is starred with the brilliant sagas of great soldiers who in their defense of China died as heroically as any figure in Western story. The loss of Jehol inevitably reminded one of times in the past when Chinese imperators, grown impuissant, were overwhelmed by the warring

hordes from above the Great Wall, and periods of foreign rule were established over the sons of Han.

Perhaps not since the Crusades has a great army taken the field with so little intelligent preparation. Given 17 months in which to get ready for the invasion, the Chinese generals conducted their defense as if against a surprise attack. There was no effective centralized command, and staff work that was supposed to coördinate operations became a sorry jest on the lips of uninstructed subalterns.

Virtually nothing was done to assure communications, transport facilities were pitifully inadequate, hospital bases were primitive and remote from the front, commissariat units lost themselves in the frozen hills, ordnance departments supplied dud ammunition, and everywhere there was disorder. In the general confusion no single commander was certain of either the military or political position of his fellow generals. Morale crashed. Poorly disciplined and unpaid units, in many cases occupying positions of strategic importance, broke and fled, and their stampede spread among better troops which might have put up a stiff fight.

Estimates placed Chinese "defense forces" at a strength of between 150,000 and 170,000 men. They were a curious mixture. About six "brigades," roughly 40,000 men, belonged to the Northeastern Army. They included some of Young Marshal Chang's best troops. Roughly 50,000 men were wearing the markings of General Tang Yu-lin, governor of Jehol. There were approximately 30,000 troops of the former "Kuominchun" (People's Army), originally organized by "Christian General" Feng Yu-hsiang, but in Jehol commanded by his former subordinates, Generals Sun Tien-ying, Sung Cheh-yuan, and others. Then there were between 30,000 and 50,000 nondescript men-of-arms, including "Volunteers" under Generals Fang Chen-wu and Chen Ching-lan, who had been receiving arms and money

from Marshal Chang, and village defense corps, picturesque "Red Spears" who fought with long lances, so-called Communists, and a considerable number of common brigands driven down from Manchuria by the Japanese "sweeping" manoeuvers.

The topography of Jehol offers unexcelled natural defense facilities. It lies, an immense spearhead, in a pocket formed on the north and east by the border of Fengtien province of Manchuria, and on the south by the Great Wall of China. Its western boundary follows the course of the lower Hingan Mountains, beyond which lie the little known stretches of Mongolia. Its southwestern boundary, never clearly defined, lowers down to hills that straggle along the seaboard route of the Peking-Mukden Railway, which runs through a corridor-like plain from the Great Wall at Shanhaikuan northward to Mukden.

Jehol, which incidentally is pronounced "Reh-ho," and means "Warm River," is all mountainous, a magnificent country that becomes more rugged and splendid with lonely panoramic beauty as one penetrates inward. Its traffic arteries, old caravan trails, are steep and narrow, and only three or four main highways are wide enough for motor traffic. As you come into it from Manchuria every road winds through numerous narrow defiles. Held by determined men, they are formidable barriers to conquest. A few hundred soldiers with machine-guns and dynamite at any one of them could, it was thought, stem the advance of all kinds of vehicular war machines, and for days inflict severe casualties against Japanese infantrymen.

The Japanese, under the high command of General Muto, with field command divided between Lieut.-General Sakamoto and General K. Mogi, advanced from two directions. One main column thrust directly southward from Kailu, with its objective the scrubby little Mongol town of Chihfeng, and ultimately the capital, Chengteh. Its route

of ingress was to be guarded by the Chinese troops of Jade Unicorn, and Sun Tien-ying, with his "Big Swords" from the Kuominchun. The second main Japanese attacking column drove westward from Chinchow, with its objectives the towns of Peipiao, Chaoyang, Lingyuan—and thence to Chengteh. Facing it were soldiers of the Northeastern Army under General Wan Fu-lin, and also part of the Kuominchun and Tang Yu-lin contingents. Volunteers and other irregulars were scattered—nobody knows exactly —"somewhere in Jehol."

The drive began with 25,000 Japanese troops, including six infantry regiments, two cavalry brigades, two cavalry regiments, and excellent medical and transport auxiliaries. There were also some 25,000 Chinese "Manchukuo" troops, commanded by General Chang Hai-peng, Ma Chun-shan's old enemy at Tsitsihar. In the skies Japan reigned supreme. General Muto had in Manchuria about 150 fighting planes, and of these seven or eight squadrons (about 120) went into action in Jehol; the Chinese did not risk a single ship, all of Nanking's craft being reserved to bomb "Communist" peasants in central China. Japanese also took 40 or 50 tanks into action (of which the Chinese had none), a score of light armored cars, and dozens of stout army transport trucks, which together formed their vanguard.

Like a massive trip hammer, this efficient, disciplined mechanized army struck into high Jehol. Airplanes, tanks and armored cars assailed the strongholds in synchronized attacks. Simultaneously, tons of steel rained into Chinese positions at strategic places, cities were bombed to charcoal behind the lines, ammunition dumps, carefully marked in advance by Japanese spies, were blown skyward, and moving troops, mules, ponies, and camels, wedged in narrow snow-covered, wind-blown passes, were mercilessly shelled, strafed from the air, cut down, and the survivors sent into panic.The Chinese defense scheme collapsed.

Many of the Chinese soldiers had never before seen a tank. Some had not seen airplanes and few had experienced bombing from the air. Few also had been subjected to artillery fire of such deadly accuracy as the Japanese, supplied with maps giving every detail of the terrain, were able to deliver. As Japanese infantrymen, following the morale-breaking war tanks and artillery barrages, drove incisions into the badly battered Chinese trenches, the resistance wavered, broke, and ended in a devastating rout.

Many young Chinese officers and men of the rank and file bravely martyred themselves in an attempt to muster the rest to action, and to rally the faint heart of a demoralized command. The blood of thousands of Chinese youths stained the heights over which marched Muto's conquering legions. Such heroism availed little. On other fronts whole brigades went over to the Japanese, and joined in the fight against their comrades. Tang Yu-lin, field commander of Chinese operations, caved in completely, and let in the northern Japanese column behind the troops on the eastern front.

Initial stands of the Chinese in such places as Peipiao, Chaoyang, and Lingyuan, however, were featured by much individual valor. Poorly-led and poorly-equipped, many youths nevertheless stoically met death. Japanese officers told me later that during the early stages of the fighting on the eastern front, where they engaged loyal troops of the Northeastern Army under General Wan Fu-lin, the Chinese actually carried out charges against enemy armored cars and tanks.

General Wan Fu-lin, who once ruled all of North Manchuria under the Young Marshal, had made his will before leaving Peking for Jehol. Dramatically he had promised, "I will not come back inside the Great Wall alive." Late in March, however, I saw him back in Peking, in his luxurious steam-heated apartment. He blamed Tang Yu-lin

for the collapse in Jehol. Tang's despotism—excessive taxes, seizures of grain, goats, pigs, sheep, carts, and women—had made the entire native population hostile. To them any rule was preferable to Tang's, and in many ways they helped the enemy. In instances, they sent out welcoming committees to escort the victorious invaders into their villages.

Within a week after the commencement of the Japanese drive, the chief preliminary objectives had fallen. On March 2, Chifeng and Lingyuan were occupied. Late on March 4, the Japanese Yoneyama detachment placed the Rising Sun on the Great Wall of China at Lengkou. On March 3, *Reuter's* correspondent at Chengteh (Jehol City) sent this diverting picture story of the opium-general, during his last hours of command:

"Concubines passed in and out of the palaces and an occasional telephone call disturbed the sleepy orderly. General Tang Yu-lin looked 'all-in.' He was still talking about fighting to the last man, but said his 'position was very difficult.' Asked about his army, he said he did not know where it was.

"Jehol City is peaceful and quiet. The deer still quietly graze in the Imperial Hutung Park and doves are cooing in the eaves of temples for which this city is famous. This afternoon General Tang Yu-lin, commander-in-chief and defender of Jehol, who up to yesterday was going to fight to the last, quietly left the city, his direction and destination unknown."

Thus Jade Unicorn passed from active duty. One of his last acts before leaving the capital was to commandeer 146 munition transport trucks, load them with his household goods, and start them on a hasty retreat toward Kupeikou. En route they were intercepted by General Oong Chao-yen, commander of an artillery division, who had started the same trucks toward the front loaded with shells. Furious, he tossed Tang's loot on the hills near the Great Wall and

turned the trucks back toward the front. But by then the road was hopelessly blocked with rickshas, wheelbarrows, carts, camels, motor cars and Jehol's humanity—officials, merchants, deserting soldiers, volunteers, coolies, peasants, all fleeing southward.

Next morning, March 4, nicely timed to coincide with the inauguration of President Franklin D. Roosevelt in Washington, 112 Japanese soldiers rode into the Jehol capital on trucks. No shot was fired against them. Tang Yu-lin was last reported speeding over the western hills on a flea-bitten ass, his troops emulating him on foot.

Thus, ten days after the Japanese ultimatum was delivered to the Chinese, Jehol was subjugated; the conquest was one of the swiftest in military history. Thus passed from Chinese control a country in area twice the size of Austria. And thus passed into oblivion the last vestige of power of a youth who in his twenties had ruled over 30 million people. Debonaire Young Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang had lost his usefulness to Nanking.

With confirmation of the loss of Jehol, news reached Peking that Nanking troops under General Chiang Kai-shek were en route to save the country. What power Young Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang had possessed was now utterly broken; the southern military command descended swiftly upon the carrion of his armies. General Chiang Kai-shek secretly arrived at Paotingfu, south of Peking, on March 8, and ordered the Young Marshal to confer with him there. Brief, bitter words passed between them. Marshal Chang held the wily Ningpo Generalissimo responsible for the debacle because Nanking had given him no support. Chiang Kai-shek curtly accepted his "younger brother's" resignation.

On March 10 the war-weary young man eased himself out of North China with a farewell to arms which read, in part, as follows:

"When the Japanese began to seize Manchuria on September 18, 1931, I was of the belief that through the League of Nations, China could eventually get international justice. But when the central government gave me orders to defend Jehol I did so with all my ability. In the short campaign several thousands of my soldiers were killed and wounded, and whatever its success or failure I have done my best. Events have now occurred which lead me, after consultation with General Chiang Kai-shek, definitely to believe that my resignation at this moment would be a service to the central government and thereby strengthen it. . . .

"In thus leaving I hope my countrymen will believe in the sincerity of my motives for doing so, and will realize that whatever be my faults of commission or omission I have striven to work for the welfare of the country."

A few days later, provided with a de luxe train by "elder brother" General Chiang, multi-millionaire private citizen Chang Hsueh-liang, whose name means, "Emulate Virtue," sped southward to Shanghai, paused to buy a few suits and bright neckties, interviewed some Chinese newspaper men after having them searched for concealed weapons, was photographed, then gaily boarded an Italian liner for Europe, a youth eager to meet Mussolini in Italy, where he had taken an extensive villa. Behind him, in North China, according to the Red Swastika Society (Red Cross) were "tens of thousands of Chinese war dead still lying unburied on the battlefields. . . ."

IV

IN TOKYO, little "Buddhist General" Sadao Araki, Minister of War, drank his ceremonial sake with members of the Japanese Army General Staff. Congratulatory *banzai*

were exchanged over the completion of the Jehol subjugation, accomplished more swiftly than even they had anticipated. Mastery of Northeastern Asia, dream of the late Emperor Meiji, was a military reality at last.

Defiant of world opinion, in a year and a half the Japanese "sword of peace" had swept victoriously across a total of 442,000 square miles of territory, larger than France, Italy and Great Britain combined. Within that area now everywhere the Rising Sun fluttered supreme, and nearly everywhere the symbols of rivalry had vanished. Chang Hsueh-liang had scurried to Europe; likewise Ma Chan-shan and Su Ping-wen, the "bandit rebels." Tang Yu-lin had gone forth into the wilderness on an ass.

Japanese militarism had mercilessly exposed the Nanking government's fatal lack of moral stamina, organizing ability, and military competence, and had shattered its prestige. It had successfully ignored its international treaties with regard to China and flouted the notes and resolutions of the League of Nations and the United States Government. When, on March 27, following the conquest of Jehol, Japan formally announced its withdrawal from the League of Nations because of an "irreconcilable divergence of views," the act signalized the complete achievement of Japanese military control over the Tokyo government and its foreign policy. Could the General Staff want more?

It became apparent that it could. The humiliation could be crowned by placing in North China a government subservient to the Japanese Army, and by forcing Nanking officials to give virtual recognition to the "independent" state of "Manchukuo." "It is inevitable," General Araki told the *Tokyo Asahi* on March 19, "that an advance across the Great Wall must be made in order to insure control of the district, and wipe out the forces in the neighborhood. . . . The suppression of the enemy in the neighboring districts is a matter of pressing need." In Japan, Araki's

words are inerrant prophecies. Foreign correspondents in Peking unpacked their valises and waited for the "inevitable."

Following Chang Hsueh-liang's resignation there had been a political and military reorganization in the north. Adroit General Chiang Kai-shek, who had achieved the astonishing feat of remaining nominally supreme military chieftain of China's armies during 18 months of *de facto* war with Japan without once taking active command of the defense of Chinese territory, now rushed his southern divisions into Hopei and seized the remnant of the Marshal's power. Again, however, he sidled away from personal responsibility.

Ignoring strong demands from all politically articulate groups that he remain in the north and lead a drive to retake Jehol and defend Hopei province, Generalissimo Chiang safely retired southward without having visited Peking. He put Japanese-educated General Ho Ying-chin, his trusted subordinate, in control in the Young Marshal's place as acting commander-in-chief.

Observe for a moment the strategy of the military chieftains everywhere in China. General Chiang Kai-shek was not alone in the policy of feint and withdrawal, of perennial shadow-boxing. Various provinces had their militarists, each regionally supreme, each jealously eyeing his neighbor's armaments, squeezing his peasants to buy more foreign guns, increasing his investments in foreign concessions, each uttering verbiage about "national resistance" against Japan, each hoping that the other might take it seriously, wreck his power, narrow the circle of rivals for supremacy.

Thus sat General Pei Tsung-chi and Li Chung-jen in the southwest, waiting for the missteps of General Chen Chi-tang in Canton; thus sat General Chen, waiting for an opportunity to strike at Nanking, with a sidelong glance at General Tsai Ting-kai whose power increased in Fukien;

thus in western China squatted the Brothers Liu and Yang Sen, urging Nanking to resist, increasing their own rabble armies for incessant civil wars; thus in the northwest crouched Generals Yen Hsi-shan and Feng Yu-hsiang, ready to pounce on a careless neighbor. And thus, from Nanking, Chiang Kai-shek urged the Young Marshal on toward disaster, and thereby eliminated one more rival in his struggle for effective military mastery in China.

Each regional militarist thought in his regional way, concerned himself with augmenting his wealth and power and troops, regarded Manchuria as the personal misfortune of Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang. None made the gesture of sacrifice of personal power for the national good. None conceived of the national good except in terms of his personal power. To none, apparently, was the loss of Chinese territory to Japan so grave a matter as the possible loss of his regional control. The concept of nationhood and unity was not in them.

Japanese generals, fully cognizant of that psychology, now pressed down audaciously into North China. During March and April tentative operations gave them control of Chinwangtao and Peitaiho, along the seaboard. There followed a lull in operations, a feigned respite. Finally, having established a new government in Jehol, where discreet Mongols and Chinese were formed into a régime headed by General Chang Hai-ping, the Japanese drive toward Peking and Tientsin began in earnest on May 8.

Japanese airplanes now began to appear over Peking daily, first singly, then in squadrons, each a more potent warning to the populace. Sandbag barricades appeared in the streets and narrow *hutungs,* and martial law was strictly enforced. Wounded men from the front, which daily drew closer to Peking, crowded the hospitals. Some $50,000,000 worth of curios from the Forbidden City moved down to Nanking and an uncertain future. It seemed

inevitable that Peking, in many ways the most wonderful city on earth, was to have one more conquest added to its long history of conflicts with the "outer barbarians."

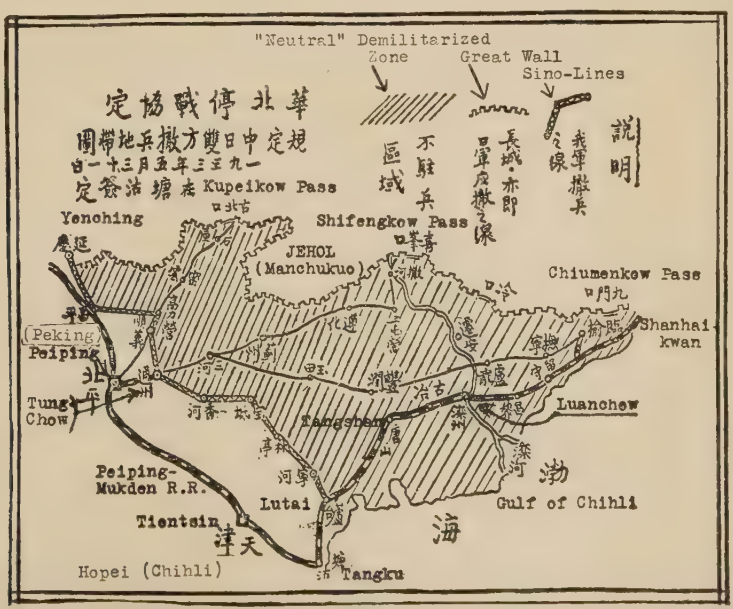
More Nanking troops came northward, garrisoned Peking, and entered the trenches below the Great Wall. General Ho Ying-chin reorganized the remnant of Chang Hsueh-liang's troops, and those of the Kuominchun, and these were made to bear the brunt of attack—one method of "disbandment." The troops General Chiang sent up from the south were not his best, and they were poorly equipped. No modern artillery accompanied them, no airplanes, their auxiliaries were no better than those organized by the Young Marshal. But many of them fought well against great odds, as also did the stalwart peasants of the Kuominchun, who with their "big swords" inflicted several severe defeats against the Japanese. Thousands of them died for China on the plains of northern Hopei.

Wealthy Chinese fled southward, or into the concessions at Tientsin. Hundreds of peasants, less well financed, drifted into the walled areas of Peking, and wandered wide-eyed and homeless through the streets. Several thousand foreigners also grew restive. In the American community Betsy Rosses emerged; the stars and stripes snapped brightly over the curved Chinese roofs of many American homes.

Although certain sensational news reports cabled abroad perhaps justified newspaper headlines about "endangered foreign lives," in reality they were in little peril. European guards in the walled Legation Quarter offered security for Europeans, and a regiment of American marines was ready to protect the few hundred Americans, in case of emergency. Most Americans felt safe under the protective wing of able Nelson Trusler Johnson, American Minister to China, fluent in the Chinese language, and a diplomat of rare tact, who has skillfully handled American affairs during a difficult period of Far Eastern history.



ve: The author, holding a machine gun captured by the "Big Swords". *Below:* Map strating the boundaries of the "neutral zone" created between the Great Wall and Peking-Tientsin area, as a result of the Tangku Armistice. Significant points in the istice are that Japan promises only to withdraw Japanese troops to the Great Wall, that the Chinese government agrees to cease resistance against Japanese occupation hinese territory north of the "neutral line." (Map from the Shanghai *Sin Wen Pao*).



Fond parents and friends of foreigners resident in China may take comfort in the knowledge that Chinese officials are nearly always more solicitous for the safety of foreigners than for that of their own people. Correspondents in China are not entirely to blame for any apprehension that may exist to the contrary; harassed by cable editors at home for the "American angle" or "British angle" on every news story that breaks, they may be forgiven for habitually falling back on the "endangered lives" motif. Whenever a shot is fired within fifty miles of some white evangelist, the motif recurrs. Hiram and Minnie Twiddlebotz, earnest foreign proselyters, become the pawns in the correspondent's effort to inject "human interest" into a story that otherwise would merely concern unpronounceable Chinese names bothering about in some unpronounceable place.

V

THE details of the battles fought in northern Hopei are in retrospect of little importance. It is the ends achieved by the Japanese, and their significance, that interests us now. By May 20, the Chinese had been driven back along a line stretching over 100 miles, from Miyun, northwest of Peking, to Lutai about 40 miles northeast of Tientsin. Japanese vanguards had reached the town of Tungchow, 13 miles east of Peking. On May 22 it was generally conceded that if the Nipponese wanted to take Peking, it was theirs.

However, on that day fighting suddenly slackened. General Huang Fu, Japanese-educated envoy of General Chiang Kai-shek and the National Government at Nanking, had arrived with orders to make peace. Negotiations proceeding between Nanking and Tokyo had resulted in

an agreement to effect an armistice, with details to be arranged in North China. A preliminary truce was arranged on May 22, in Peking, between General Huang Fu and Mr. Shoichi Nakayama, Japanese Charge d'Affairs. On May 31, 1933, at Tangku, an historic little town at the mouth of the Pei Ho River, just east of Tientsin, a Chinese delegation headed by General Hsiung Pin, meeting with a Japanese delegation headed by General Neiji Okamura, vice-chief of staff to General Noboyushi Muto, concluded an armistice for the end of the war—or of hostilities.

The terms of the Tangku Armistice, and, more important, the minutes of the meetings, were not at first fully published. That circumstance inevitably caused Chinese to assume that various secret concessions to Japan were made. An official summary, however, lists the five main points of the agreement as follows:

1. Chinese troops will completely withdraw to the west and south of a line connecting Yenching, Changping, Kaoliying, Sunyi, Tungchow, Hsiangho, Paoti, Lintingchen, Ningho and Lutai. They undertake not to advance beyond this line and will abstain from all provocative and disturbing acts in the future.
2. In order to confirm the execution of the provision of Article I in this agreement, the Japanese troops may at any time observe the area by airplanes or other methods, to which the Chinese official quarters will furnish the various necessary facilities and give proper protection.
3. When the Japanese troops have confirmed the fulfillment by the Chinese of the provision of Article I the Japanese troops will refrain from pursuing the Chinese troops beyond the line demarcated and will voluntarily withdraw as far north as the Great Wall.
4. The maintenance of peace and order in the area south of the Great Wall and north and east of the line beyond which the Chinese will not advance will be undertaken by Chinese police.
5. The present agreement will come into force immediately after signature.

Obviously, this Armistice provided that the Chinese government would cease "resistance" against the Japanese. It gave *de facto* recognition to Japanese control and jurisdiction over territory north of the Great Wall—*not simply in Manchuria, but also in Mongolia.* Moreover, in agreeing to "neutralize" a zone north of the line formed by the cities mentioned in Article I of the Armistice, the Chinese virtually relinquished jurisdiction over some 5,000 square miles of territory south of the Great Wall in northern Hopei province; for as was shown by subsequent developments, the Japanese were to install and control the "Chinese police" in that "neutral zone." For that purpose they chose "Manchukuo" troops under certain Chinese traitor-generals, who had assisted the Japanese in their campaigns. Through these puppets the Japanese Army thus retained effective control of intramural territory in which flows the Luan River, Jehol's most important waterway to the sea. The Luan, coming down from Jehol City, cuts south of the Great Wall at Hsifengkou, to emerge near Luanchow, 60 miles southwest of the eastern extremity of the Great Wall.

The Tangku Armistice was denounced by certain Chinese, who claimed that, having achieved the removal of the Young Marshal and the annihilation of his troops, "General Chiang Kai-shek had promptly come to terms to divide the spoils with the enemy." It was bitterly felt in some quarters that the central government had betrayed what confidence the nation still reposed in it. Unfortunately there stood on record the pledges of every eminent politician and militarist at Nanking, as well as resolutions adopted by the Third Plenary Session of the Kuomintang, that "prolonged resistance" would never be abandoned, that direct negotiations of any kind would never be opened as long as Japanese troops occupied Chinese soil, and that no recognition of any nature would be given to Japanese conquests.

Obviously those pledges had to be broken to negotiate the Tangku Armistice. The government's declared policy of "resistance with diplomacy" appeared to have been fatally compromised. The right of "resistance" against Japanese occupation of Chinese territory, as demarcated in the Armistice, unquestionably was forfeited. And "diplomacy," by which Nanking meant China's reliance on the Western Powers for enforcement of a judgment against Japan, was perforce greatly weakened. The effectiveness of China's "diplomatic pressure" against Japan rested, in reality, on the degree to which foreign lives and interests were menaced by the operations of Japanese militarism within China; with the achievement of the Armistice, that menace became minimized.

The Armistice somewhat relieved tension throughout the world. It ended the "immediateness of the Sino-Japanese problem," and temporarily obviated the necessity for any positive action by the Powers. It alleviated Geneva's embarrassment; peace, of a sort, had been achieved. Satisfaction was registered in the chancellories of Europe. Henceforth efforts of the various foreign offices were to bend toward persuading the Chinese to negotiate directly with Japan for a formal settlement.

For the Japanese the Armistice was a triumph. Official commentaries from Tokyo left no doubt that the government regarded it as the "first decisive step toward the establishment of peace in Asia." The removal of opposition below the Great Wall enabled the Japanese to concentrate their troops on anti-bandit campaigns in their new territories, and suppress the Chinese rebel factions, which could no longer expect help from their southern countrymen. The great value of the Armistice to Japan was that it enabled the introduction of a tranquilizing "period of reconstruction" in "Manchukuo," as a prelude to further operations in Mongolia and China.

In May the Soviet Russian government suddenly and dramatically announced its willingness to sell the Chinese Eastern Railway to Japan, and thus the last foreign rivalry to Nipponese control seemed about to dissolve. The Japanese military command turned its attention toward new and longer horizons. To the west, beyond Jehol, lay several hundred thousand miles of Inner Mongolia, practically undefended. Rich deposits of gold, coal and iron abound there, and the Sino-Mongol population is amenable, say the Japanese generals, to "Manchukuo" rule.

In July the Japanese pushed their first vanguards into that region, to reinforce "Manchukuo" troops that earlier had occupied Dolonor, capital of Chahar province, Jehol's western neighbor. Scheduled next was Kalgan, which commands the famous Nankou Pass, China's last stronghold along the Great Wall. There two-gun "Christian" General Feng Yu-hsiagn defied both the Nanking government and the Japanese. With possession of these two "key cities to inner Asia," Japan's dream of empire in the land of Tamerlane and Genghis Khan will near realization.

17

DESTINIES IN ASIA

HISTORICALLY, as recalled early in this book, Manchuria has been the birthplace of Asiatic conquerors. The tradition still lives vigorously in the Japanese to-day. In the past every powerful race that rose to dominate Manchuria pushed on. There seems to be, innate in the natural geography of the land, something that quickens in men a desire for command and movement, something that impels men to drive southward and westward. That impulse, long ago, swept the Tungus outward from their tribal home along the Yalu River. It drove the virile Liaos ("Iron Men"), the Chins ("Golden Horde"), the Tartars, the Mongols, and finally the Manchus, each in successive waves, to ride down below the Great Wall, ravage and vanquish China, and rule Eastern Asia.

This historic tendency to spread cannot be ignored in contemplating the future. For centuries it has exerted a dramatic pressure, physical and psychological, on China and Mongolia. No regnant race has remained stationary in Manchuria; either it fulfilled its destiny to dominate Far Asia or in time it languished under counter-pressure from the south and from the west.

To-day these regional forces, coördinated with the economic impulses and needs of Japan, affect the Japanese generals in Manchurian command. For them the horizon beckons, illimitable and romantic. As it stirred the blood of the conquistadores in the past, so it excites the Yamato-descended *samurai*. Using the weapons of our thoroughly

modern "civilization," they are in reality the standard-bearers of a state still semi-feudal in structure, and imbued with a love of feudal emprise.

Japanese officers explain this need for an ever-widening boundary as primarily a matter of "national prestige." Thus cyclonic General Sadao Araki, War Minister, admits in the Japanese *Gendai*, "That we place much importance on the Manchurian question is not simply because of the 100,000 Japanese souls lost there, the two billion yen spent there, or the problems of national economy, surplus population, and the need for foodstuffs and materials for heavy industry and national defense." Those motives are, after all, of "secondary importance," says Araki. "Above everything else is the apprehension that unless our national prestige is firmly established in Manchuria *and Mongolia*, there will be a grave menace to the peace of the Far East, which in the end might prove an obstacle in the way along which our national historical significance must be developed."

Such is the philosophy that, under Army government, to-day guides Japan. It is grounded on the faith that "in an offensive lies the best defensive," the phrase Japanese officers used to explain to the League of Nations their original attack on the North Barracks. Eventually—perhaps in a year, perhaps not for ten years, but eventually—the Japanese militarists will be obliged, by the dynamic forces inherent in the position they now occupy, to continue with the offensive.

Japan in Meiji times, like England in the 17th century, was merely an island nation. Japan in Manchuria is "Japan of the world," as Araki says. As such she cannot permit any unified people to grow strong near her. Thus, in the south, China remains, for Japan's militarists, more than ever a land which must be kept divided, chaotic, backward, militarily weak, and easily vanquished. And thus, far more

urgent and dangerous, Soviet Russia looms in the north and in the west as a growingly puissant enemy that must soon be met.

II

THE "inevitable" second Russo-Japanese war seemed imminent early in 1933. Six months later that crisis had passed; the peril, for the moment, was weathered. The Soviet Russian government had agreed to sell the Chinese Eastern Railway, nominally to "Manchukuo", but actually to Japan.

Coming after months of alleged Japanese-inspired sabotage of Russian interests in North Manchuria, the retaliatory removal of rolling stock from the Chinese Eastern Railway by Russia, and following the exchange of sharp notes between Moscow and Tokyo, the Soviet offer was interpreted as an admission of weakness, and as a retreat from a previous strong diplomatic stand against Japan. China and Russia had just resumed diplomatic relations, and in Peking Chinese officials told me they were "disillusioned." It became evident that Russia was not going to fight Japan in order to restore Manchuria to Young Marshal Chang.

Russian reasons for the move were, principally, four. First of all, the Chinese Eastern Railway was a remnant of Tsarist expansion, a thrust of the imperialism which the Soviet government had repudiated. There is no doubt that Stalin early persuaded the Communist Party to get rid of the Railway as soon as convenient. Russia had been looking for a buyer since 1924, in which year the Soviet government voluntarily gave to China a half-interest in the line, and also the "right to redeem" it fully. With the anti-Rus-

sian démarche at Nanking in 1927, the attempt by Manchurian generals (backed by the Kuomintang), to seize the Chinese Eastern Railway by force in 1929, the Japanese invasion which made "Sino-Russian partnership" in operation of the line a fiction, and finally the Tanghu Armistice whereby "Manchukuo" was given tacit recognition, Moscow felt cynically justified in adopting a "realistic view" of the situation.

Secondly, it was clear that in order to maintain her interest in the Railway, Russia would have to recognize "Manchukuo." Japanese generals already had obstructed the operation of the line so that it had become worthless as a commercial enterprise. Had they chosen to seize it, only force could have prevented them. And Russia was not ready to use force, as in 1929.

Thirdly, Russia needed money to complete her economic program, more important to her than anything else; and finally, Moscow realized that by selling the line a temporary rapprochement could be effected with Japan, including perhaps a non-aggression pact. The immediate danger of war could be removed. The more bellicose element of the Japanese Army, which clamored for an invasion of Siberia, might be hushed.

Whether or not these hopes materialize, the future of Russo-Japanese relations remains taut, with possibilities of sudden, violent severance. Japan in Manchuria necessarily constitutes for Soviet Russia an economic and territorial menace greater than ever before, and a challenge also to Russian revolutionary culture in Asia. Russia does not mean to be permanently ousted from the Pacific; she does not intend permanently to give way to capitalistic Japan. She seeks trade as well as cultural leadership in the Far East, and the historical vigor of her drive is such that Japan must adopt against her the tactics of the "offensive defen-

sive." Against the day of great conflict Russia prepares with energy.

The Russians have rapidly strengthened their defenses in Siberia and accelerated Siberian industrialization. The great steel and ammunition plants at Kuznetsk and Magnitogorsk have been hurried to completion, and the Far Eastern Army improved in ordnance and men. Vast reaches of Siberia are being colonized by trained Soviet soldiers. Today there is a kind of waiting quality about Russia's attitude. Throughout the Soviet Union the "war spirit," long kept alive for political purposes, now acquires a vitality nourished by grave realities.

Russia hopes to delay the clash, avoid it if possible. Each year of peace means an economic and political strengthening of the Soviet Union, say its leaders, and a regressive weakening and dissolution of imperialist Powers which might support Japan in a "holy" war against bolshevism. Army officers of Japan know that. They are keenly aware of the strides Russia is making in military preparedness and internal development. They realize that within a few years the Red Army may be more than a match for Japan, and so they frenziedly plan to correct Japan's economic position by exploitation of the great resources of Manchuria, to prepare for the "Red menace."

Here the comment of General William S. Graves, who commanded the American expedition to Siberia in 1919, and observed Japanese militarism in action there, seems pertinent. In an interview to the American press during 1932 he said:

"There is no doubt that a strong extremist military group is urging a drive for the conquest of Western Siberia while Russia still has its hands tied with its economic problems. This Japanese militarist group wants a Japanese Manchuria-Siberian Empire built up to Lake Baikal."

If Russia signs a non-aggression pact with Japan, and temporarily liquidates her interests in North Manchuria, the war threat to Siberia may be minimized, but the Russian front in inner Asia remains endangered. Recent events suggest that Russia and Japan are more likely to come to blows in Mongolia than in Siberia. Inner Mongolia (Jehol), and likewise the Mongol-Buriat region of Barga in Heilungkiang are for the Japanese driving wedges into the west.

Japanese secret agents function in the remainder of Mongolia's 1,378,000 square miles. In Jehol to-day Japanese army officers train Mongol troops under the old tribal banners and prepare them for a thrust farther inland. They buy the allegiance of Mongol chieftains, and secretly lend help to the fallen feudal princes in Outer Mongolia, an autonomous state of the U. S. S. R., where Chinese suzerainty is, however, still nominally recognized. Meanwhile Russia builds arsenals in Outer Mongolia, augments her already modernized Mongol Red Army, strengthens the Communist Party of Mongolia, hastens the liquidation of religious superstition and feudal social organizations. Japan, in her Mongolian territory, on the contrary, entrenches Lamaism, feudalism, the prestige of the Mongol princes, and builds up a front against Russia. And the Mongol chiefs, still unforgetful of the glory of Genghis Khan and Timour the Lame, dreaming of a regeneration of Mongol power, are encouraged to chant again the invocation which they once sang for Père Huc:

"Where is the chief who is to place himself at our head, and render us once more great warriors?

"O divine Timour, will thy great soul soon revive?

"Return! return! we await thee, O Timour!"

Somnolent China, caught between these dynamic but antipodal ideologies, relinquishes authority in a land over which she has loosely ruled for centuries.

III

A NEW argument was being used in 1933 by the more aggressive military elements in Japan. They maintained that, in a war with Russia, Japan would get the support of certain European Powers. They thought that such a war might wipe off the diplomatic defeats suffered by Japan at Geneva, and that Japan could win recognition for the annexation of Manchuria as a bulwark against bolshevism in Asia.

Japan's imperialist policy undoubtedly enjoyed the sympathy of colonially-minded sections of opinion in Great Britain and France. Although both nations accepted the Lytton Report, affirmed the League of Nations' resolutions which found Japan's Manchurian conquest unjustified, and agreed not to recognize "Manchukuo," there was little prospect of such censure receiving any realistic enforcement. It was clear from debates held in the British Parliament and the French Chamber that under no circumstances would sanctions be adopted against Japan which might conceivably lead to war—and that is the only kind of sanction which could be effective.

It must be remembered that English admirals have not entirely forgotten their former Alliance with Japan, severed in 1923 at the request of America. Also it is believed by many, even outside Soviet Russia, that the French Admiralty has some kind of mutual defense agreement with Japan in the Pacific. It does not seem altogether unlikely that at present both England and France would to some extent back Japan in a struggle with Russia. For England, Russia is a menace to British rule in central Asia; for France, a political driving force that tends to destroy all

imperialism. Again the remarks of General Graves are illuminating:

"If Japan begins a war on Russia then it will be because those people who control Japan's policy are sure of enough support to compel Russia to hold big sections of its strength elsewhere, and prevent its deploying all its forces against Japan. Not one single, intelligent Japanese soldier would dream of undertaking a war against Russia unless he was certain, or had an agreement in his pocket to the effect that Japan would not stand alone."

Of course, the large responsible sections of Anglo-French opinion are hostile to Japanese expansion and disapprove of Japanese methods, but British and French "realists" resident in the Orient are sympathetic because they recognize the fundamental hypocrisy of their governments' condemnatory stand against Japanese imperialism. "Japan is creating no precedent," they say. "She is merely following a precedent set by us." France and Great Britain have amputated from the once Celestial Empire more territory than has Japan; together they have stolen colonies in Asia in an amiable buccaneer fashion that makes the rising Eastern Islanders' action seem almost lawful.

In 1883, without any declaration of war, France seized China's southern dependencies of Annam and Tonkin, annexed them, and made them into a French colony called Indo-China. It has (with Cambodia, Cochin-China and Laos) an area of about 310,000 square miles. In 1886 the British completed their conquest of Burma, another Chinese dependency, and in 1890 they added to India the provinces of Nepal, Sikkim, and Bhutan, part of the Chinese Empire since the days of Kubilai Khan. Those territories also total over 310,000 square miles.

Shortly before the World War, and steadily since then, the British government directed activities in traditionally Chinese-controlled Tibet (700,000 square miles) such that

it is now in the position of a virtual British semi-protectorate. Even as Britain called Japan the brigand in Manchuria, the Japanese charged the British with backing new Tibetan advances into western China. Meanwhile, in the south, the French colonials held fast to their interests in rich and primitive Yunnan province, France's Manchuria."

So it is no lack of historical justification for her acts, but the post-war peace machinery of Europe, that now outlaws Japan. That machinery, which is commonly regarded purely as an attempt to achieve world justice and peace, in fact operates to maintain a *status quo* whereby most of the Orient is ruled by a few thousand white men. The League Covenant, the Kellogg-Briand Pact, the Nine Power Treaty, were accepted by European nations because they had exhausted themselves in war, and each realized that to continue the rivalry for conquest would be permanently ruinous. Self-preservation for their own holdings, not self-determination for other peoples, was the Europeans' idea of peace and justice.

To the Japanese the peace machinery seems unequal in its application in the Orient. It prevents Japan from annexing her "natural colonies", while it leaves France, England and Holland in control of millions of Oriental subjects who will get freedom apparently only when they secure it by violence. It also leaves the United States still in the Philippines.

Japanese say that if they relinquish Manchuria and Mongolia, the European Powers must liquidate their imperialism. The disturbing quality of that logic probably would persuade the Europeans to recognize Japan's conquests (which they are in no position to do anything about anyway) were it not that the United States demands a fundamentalist interpretation of the treaties and pacts to which Japan is obligated.

IV

AMERICA seems to be drifting toward war with Japan. People have been saying that for years, and it has been true for years, but to-day one sees in Japan a psychology more than ever before prepared for that war.

Added to the pride-hurt of our Oriental exclusion acts, and many American measures interpreted as anti-Japanese in the past, American policy during the present conflict has aroused deep resentment in Japan. Specifically, the Hoover-Stimson policy of "non-recognition" of "Manchukuo" (later adopted at Geneva), the generally hostile American press which Japan continues to receive, the concentration of the entire American fleet in the Pacific, and the recommendation to Congress by Chief-of-Staff General Douglas MacArthur to increase the standing strength of the United States Army from 118,000 to 165,000 men, are recent developments which have heightened Japan's distrust, suspicion and dislike of the Americano.

Made desperate by their adventure on the continent, Japan's militarists are ready now to war on the United States or any other Power that interferes with their "natural expansion." That determination was perhaps most clearly phrased by Viscount Kikujiro Ishii, when, on June 30, 1932, he spoke before the America-Japan Society in Tokyo, at a gathering where American Ambassador Joseph Clark Drew was guest of honor. Warned Ishii:

". . . Armed conflict between our countries is possible only in two extremely improbable contingencies. In the first place, if Japan were foolish enough to attempt unduly to interfere with matters of the Western hemisphere, then a war would be inevitable. But the Japanese government and people know their own business, and are firmly deter-

mined to refrain from doing anything on the other side of the Pacific which might give rise to a shadow of suspicion. . . .

"In the second place, if the United States ever attempts to dominate the Asiatic continent and prevent Japan from her pacific and natural expansion in this part of the world, then indeed a grave situation would be created, for it is obvious that a nation with a population overcrowded to the breaking point could not be shut up indefinitely in a narrow strip of land. . . ."

There are two conceivable reasons why America might offer armed opposition to the realization of Japan's ambitions to reign over Eastern Asia. One is purely materialistic, the desire to assert and maintain American trade supremacy in the Orient. The other is somewhat romantic, the will to preserve international peace, and incidentally, China's territorial sovereignty, through the enforcement of existing pacts and treaties designed toward that end.

These two purposes are the bases of American policy toward China. They are closely complementary; in them idealism and realism for once seem to unite, and it is impossible to attack one without attacking the other. Japan, by her action in Eastern Asia, and the declaration, through Viscount Ishii, of what has been called an "Asiatic Monroe Doctrine" (an old idea for which Japan has long and vainly sought to win American recognition), has dealt a resounding blow to both.

The American policy has been consistent, with rare exceptions, since Caleb Cushing in 1844 negotiated the first Sino-American treaty of trade and commerce. Its principles were finally clearly defined in the Nine Power Treaty, adopted at the Washington Conference in 1922, which was signed by the United States, China, Japan, Great Britain, France, Holland, Belgium, Italy, and Portugal. Briefly, by that Treaty (see Chapter One) the signatories agreed to re-







Upper left: "Religion," say the Russians, "the opium of the people." "Opium," asser Chinese cynics, "the religion of the people." *Upper right:* Henry Pu-Yi. *Below:* "The same evils persist . . . famine victims in China's northwest.

nounce the old schemes for the partitioning of China, and to let the Chinese people work out their own destiny, fully independent of outside interference.

It is apparent that by invading Manchuria, destroying the government there, and setting up a puppet régime probably preliminary to annexation, Japan has violated the Nine Power Treaty. It is equally apparent that Japan has ignored the spirit of the Kellogg-Briand Pact, by which she had renounced war as an instrument of national policy. As former Secretary of State Colonel Stimson expressed it, in his now famous letter to Senator Borah:

". . . It is not necessary in that connection to inquire into the causes of the controversy or attempt to apportion the blame between the two nations which are unhappily involved, for regardless of cause of responsibility it is clear beyond peradventure that a situation has developed which cannot under any circumstances be reconciled with the obligations of the covenants of these two treaties (the Nine Power Treaty and the Kellogg-Briand Pact), and that if the treaties had been faithfully observed such a situation could not have arisen."

To many it also seems "clear beyond peradventure" that inevitably America must either alter her policy to suit the realities created by Japan's scrapping of her international obligations, or else adopt decisive measures to thwart her aims. Which will it be?

Obviously, Japan has not spent lives and treasure to conquer only in order to sanctify the policy of the "Open Door" for American trade in Asia. What has happened to our trade in Korea and Formosa may also follow in Manchuria. Already the process has begun; as someone has said, "The door is no longer open but a-jar." It is not rash to assume that unless Japan is checked the same thing may happen to American trade in China proper. For with Japan in control now of vast new resources, and for the first time

with abundant raw materials to nourish and develop her industries, European and American competition is faced with ultimate elimination in many lines.

Japan will not only furnish her home markets with the bulk of the goods which she now imports, but also, through propinquity, cheap labor and low transportation costs, may in time assert an immense trade superiority in China. There is, of course, nothing immoral about that: China is Japan's natural market. But if she must conquer China in order to secure it, that strikes Americans as "unfair competition."

How important is American trade in the Orient? In 1931 the United States sold China more than did any country. The total was U. S. $114,000,000, which was an increase over 1930 despite the war, low silver values, unprecedented floods, famine and internal strife. Americans sold China $50,000,000 more of goods than they bought, closing the year with a favorable trade balance of 74 percent. That made the market relatively as important as Japan, whose purchases of $155,000,000 of American exports in 1931 were unfavorably balanced for us by our absorption of $206,000,000 worth of Japanese products.

Potentialities of the China trade are, of course, always inspiring; those 400 millions, the "greatest future market on earth." But it is necessary to remember that China now buys only 3.5 percent of the total American exports. Moreover, this business supports in China an American population of fewer than 7,000, or nearer 3,000 if missionaries are omitted. And perhaps no more than a dozen corporate interests (chiefly the Electric Bond and Share Corporation, the various tobacco companies, the oil companies, the National City and other banks and insurance companies, and the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation) controls about 90 percent of the $200,000,000 American commercial and industrial investment in China. It is

difficult to imagine the American people agitated enough to want to fight Japan in order to safeguard that investment and the handful of resident traders and missionaries against a possible economic menace from Japan.

But Americans' sense of ethics is disturbed by the same actions that trouble our instinct for trade. "There must be, there shall be the commanding voice of a conscious civilization against armed warfare," said Woodrow Wilson, after he had led us into the European slaughter. It is Japan's apparent refusal to heed that voice that shocks us to-day.

Moreover, Americans have for some time demonstrated a somewhat sentimental interest and affection for "under dog" China, with her opera bouffe warlords, while Japan has been suspect because of her "designs on Asia and the Philippines." A curious thing about this antagonism is its essential impersonality, both among Japanese and Americans; for just as few Americans distinguish a Japanese from a "Chinaman", so few Japanese know an American from an European.

American dislike is in reality centered against the Japanese General Staff policy that has invalidated pledges which many Americans thought inviolable. Because the United States to a considerable extent fostered the Nine Power Treaty, the Kellogg-Briand Pact, and the League of Nations, Japan's action in defiance of them is taken as a special affront. But much as we may like the peace such conventions are supposed to assure, we are not disposed, after the catastrophe in Europe, to fight to secure it for the Chinese or any other foreign country.

Nevertheless, the Japanese economic and cultural challenge to America's natural westward destiny is a growingly real one. In time, unless the United States gives more or less formal recognition to Japanese paramountcy in Eastern Asia, the conflict of interests might conceivably engender war. It would be an absurd war, and would solve less than

the late madness in Europe. It could not possibly benefit the United States. If we should win (a matter of some doubt), we would have to assume the rôle of Japan, become the outright imperialist, dominate China and her government, and safeguard that country as a field of investment for foreign capital. And China would never forgive us for saving her from Japan.

To crush Japan would accomplish only an immense amount of harm. To crush Kaiser-minded militarism in Japan would accomplish much good, but unfortunately that would involve killing millions of Japanese youths, to say nothing of our own. And just as the modernization of China is essentially the problem of the Chinese people, and not one of "self-defense" for the Japanese, so the control of militarism in Japan is primarily the problem of the Japanese people, and only secondarily that of foreigners. Also, just as in China there are forces at work which could eventually establish a modern state, so in Japan there are groups which, given time and outside faith, might stop their warriors at least from grabbing any more territory in Asia than the European Powers have already taken.

Hence, what restraint America exercises on Japan in the future probably will remain diplomatic. As a force that tends to shape history along a moral course, the Stimson doctrine of non-recognition of "Manchukuo" is an excellent thing, but should be supplemented by evidences of good faith. Efforts should be made to strengthen the Japanese moderates, feeble although they are at present, by dispelling the fear of a Western war against Japan, which Japanese militarists now use to excite their people and hold their support.

Specifically, the American decision to liquidate our imperialist adventure in the Philippines (always a losing investment) should be carried out. It should be used as a lever to get other Powers to make similar undertakings in

the Orient. Obviously England must soon either free India, or reconquer it, and the same may be true also of the Dutch in the East Indies, and the French in Indo-China. Before we fade from the Philippines, an attempt should be made to induce those Powers to issue a joint declaration adopting a 20 or 30 year plan of educating their colonies for complete self-government. It is a faint hope, but such a frank and high-minded program might even yet break the militarist hold in Japan, and result in similar Japanese declarations with regard to "Manchukuo" and possibly Korea.

Of course, that would be asking a great deal. It would for the first time attack the fundamental causes of all conflict in the Orient. It would require the Western Powers to yield up themselves that which they deny to Japan. It would by peaceful means and with permanently civilizing effects, achieve a condition that otherwise is certain to be achieved by a series of bloody conflicts, with permanently degenerating effects. But because, like total world disarmament, it is so simple and clean a plan for establishing harmonious relationships between the earth's families of men, it will be rejected as "visionary." The alternative is the continued advance in Asia of a triumphant and belligerent Japan, the feverish quest for markets, the race between Powers for military dominance in the Pacific, the fatal progression of events toward another world war, this time to be fought on a Far Eastern front.

As at least an immediate deterrent of that war, American recognition should be extended to Soviet Russia. Had America been on diplomatic terms with Russia before 1931, the Japanese might have hesitated before invading Manchuria. Certainly they would be less prone now to provoke a conflict with both Russia and China, less sure that America's prejudices and a $440,000,000 investment in Japan would determine American policy in any Russo-Japanese combat.

But beyond all this, there still remains the "problem of China," which seems to agitate everybody more than it does the four hundred millions. What will happen to the country if the Powers do nothing positive to preserve a sovereignty which is now only half-real? What if Japan's militarists are allowed to proceed with the "maximum plan of action" for the conquest of all China? Is it possible that back somewhere in the honest inarticulate millions, there is brewing a force which may yet make the surprising discovery of China as a nation, become assertive, and unfold itself within and beyond the Great Wall?

V

DAY after day, month after month, over the newspaper desk of China, pours an unending tale of words beginning with "dis." Dispute, disorder, disunity, disloyalty, dishonesty, dispiritment, disorganization, dissolution, disturbance —distress! The same evils remain: flood, famine, civil war, opium, injustice, illiteracy, brigandage, militarism, oppression of peasants, starvation, bribery, nepotism, and so on. Over a period of years names change, governments change, programs change, but the main performance runs on. The evil rôles persist, the essential characters seem timeless, lacking in meaning, coherence, and scientific purpose.

Looking back over a decade or two, however, it is possible to note in this sprawling giant of China signs of restive movement, if only in the landscape scarred by the tidal sweep of years. Then you see that the Chinese are not inert, that everywhere people are slowly altering their outlook, that their life to-day moves at a new and different tempo and in a different mood. A visit to India, to Japan, to the Philippines, leaves you suddenly with the conviction that in many

obscure but important ways the Chinese people are far in advance of Eastern men elsewhere, and that in them ultimately and inevitably resides the cultural leadership of Asia. Then you realize that behind to-day's nominal changes is a real but slow-moving historic change. Gradually the acceleration of the process produces, in all phases of life, a transition from feudalism to modernism, that is, withal, consistent with the logic of history.

Yet, isolated as a contemporary phenomenon, the present condition of China troubles the Western heart. One does not like to see a great nation go down, and a nation so beloved as China, even if it is only temporarily. And though national change (not necessarily progress, but the mechanism of state survival) is in perspective discernible, it does not seem to occur fast enough for the times. China's present cycle of decline has not yet reached its nadir.

Two years of undeclared war with Japan have not perceptibly shaken China. Perhaps one-half of the educated five percent of the Chinese has been moved, some of it profoundly, but not the immense millions. Their immediate horizon is conditioned by the evils mentioned above, which have not lessened. The shock of conquest has not resulted in solidifying a national spirit (which at Shanghai in 1932 seemed ascendant), but in hastening the katabolic process preliminary to its formation.

Superficially, in 1933, the condition of the country was much as in 1931. The southwest provinces remained practically independent, Yunnan and Kweichow were virtually autonomous, in the vast central west Szechuen was in the hands of brigand generals, and in the northwest Christian General Feng Yu-hsiang led another rebellion against Nanking. Christian General Chiang Kai-shek, fighting the Communists in Kiangsi, prepared also to meet a threat from southern generals. Meanwhile, part of the government

navy, mutinying at Tsingtao, fled with their ships to sell out to General Chen Chi-tang at Canton.

At Nanking the government remained in the hands of a few hundred Kuomintang members, among whom were many sincere men who strove vainly to solve the national problems, including the matter of establishing civil control in a country with 2,500,000 men under arms. But they still denied the voting franchise even to the fraction of literate men, who demanded reform. There was as yet no people's assembly, no constitution.

Sustained only by revenues collected from four or five provinces, by its control of the customs, by the Shanghai bankers and the financial genius of T. V. Soong, the National government at Nanking seemed unlikely to survive much longer without material backing by the Powers. The 1933 American wheat loan of $50,000,000 to Nanking, various projected British and French loans, and assurances of technical help from the League of Nations indicated the realization of that abroad. Such resuscitative measures, which naturally strengthened the position of the Foreign Powers in China and sharpened the rivalry with Japan, may succeed in saving the Nanking government; if it collapses, there does not appear now to be any organized force that can replace it with benefit to China.

The Communist, or agrarian, revolt, continued to gain momentum, and urban intellectual sympathy for it increased. But there was no proof that this movement (essentially an effort of desperate men to achieve economic conditions to sustain life) possessed the power, knowledge, or political organization, though it did possess the *èlan*, necessary to unite and govern China. So far its performances indicated that its triumph probably would mean the triumph of ochlocracy. It seemed an ironic commentary on the fundamental lack of ideological background and instructed leadership in the movement that nowhere had

there yet appeared a translation into the Chinese of Marx's *Das Kapital*, the Red Bible. There was little prospect of leadership deriving from the Soviet Russian government. Although the secret activities of the Third International in China continued, the Moscow government itself, faced with Japan on her frontiers, had no taste for another adventure in China.

At Nanking it had been realized that the European Powers and the United States would not fight Japan to enforce the treaties and the League Covenant. No help could be expected from Russia. Compromise was therefore sought with Tokyo. China had not been defeated, because in a real sense China had not fought. Only a small fraction of the money and men consumed in normal civil war had been spent against Japan, and mobilization of the power of resistance on a national scale had not been attempted. But it was understood that while an officially directed program of prolonged economic and military resistance could, if carried to its logical conclusion, eventually thwart Japan, it was feared that it would also break the Nanking government. That was a risk which, perhaps quite naturally, the men in power did not wish to take.

There were signs that Tokyo and Nanking were entering into a "period of coöperation." Some credence was given to reports that General Chiang Kai-shek had made a secret agreement with Japan, whereby Nanking was to be furnished with arms, money and other assistance to fight the Reds, and rival militarists. Nanking's difficulties increased, as throughout the country both reactionary and radical elements became more extremist. Terrorism, featured by assassinations on a scale quite unprecedented in recent Chinese politics, became frequent, as Left and Right adherents struggled. General Chiang Kai-shek spent vast sums to strengthen his private fascist "cells" within the Kuomintang. A desperate effort was made to suppress the growth of

Leftist thought, and editors, writers, journalists, teachers, and various intellectuals were frequently "removed." Among those threatened was Mme. Sun Yat-sen, who had founded a League for Civil Rights in China for the purpose of securing civil justice for political prisoners. The assassination of the secretary of that organization, Dr. Yang Chien, poet and scientist, has already been mentioned. The American editor of the *Shanghai Evening Post & Mercury* was warned by the government when his journal published a *Central Press* (Cantonese) list of fifty-five names of prominent Chinese marked for assassination.

Such developments indicated that the unification of China was still chimerical. In the north about 450,000 square miles of territory had been lost to Japan, and in Chinese Turkestan a Moslem rebellion, allegedly inspired by Japanese, threatened another half million miles. If Turkestan was lost, that would complete a period of fifty years of decline, during which altogether 3,000,000 square miles of territory had been detached from the anatomy of China.

But there did not appear to be any appreciation of this threat of national political extinction among the regional rulers. The administration remained in the hands of the military, and over much of China the military was rascally and unscrupulous. Their domination of civil law continued and their demands upon tax-collectors, increasingly extortionate, were handed down to the people, whose rumblings of discontent grew more ominous. Many of them forced the peasants to produce opium, and established monopolies on its increased sale. Taxes mounted as rival generals went in for greater armanent, the only thing Western they seemed to take in earnest. Thus regional separateness seemed to mean more than national survival.

Perhaps only continued conquest will unite China. But when that is achieved, the matter of political unity will be

of importance only to the conquerors; it will be, as it was in ancient Greece, "a unity of subjugation." With such an outlook the inhabitants remain calmer than the rest of the world. Some undying fatalism of Lao Tzu enables them placidly to envisage the final conquest, look beyond that, fifty years, perhaps a hundred, and comfort themselves with the "blotter theory." The latter turns round the idea that eventually the Japanese will die out racially, just as have all past conquerors once they came into fusion with the immense absorbent qualities of Chinese fecundity. Therein, one is told by many Chinese, lies the great "spiritual strength" of China. Like the Western Powers, they also place a mystical faith in the idea that internal revolution and economic difficulties will wreck Japan, forgetting that nations do not break when they are meeting no material opposition.

Meanwhile, the Japanese, superbly confident that their superior civilization will not weaken in China as have the past "barbarian" conquerors, push ahead with their plans. Munitions factories hum, nitrate and other chemical plants go up, the manufacture and importation of airplanes increases, the League-mandated Bonin Islands in the South Seas become Japanese naval bases, and army and navy budgets reach an all time high in Japanese history.

To one close to realities in the East, it does not seem unlikely that China may in time unite with Japan against the West. One sees millions of Chinese working under Japanese direction in Korea, Formosa, and now Manchuria. Japanese colonies are not inferior to Western colonies in so far as modernization goes, for Japan has mastered all the secrets of the machine age, and added innovations of her own. But there is this difference, that in Japanese colonies no color prejudice exists; the native has "face." To one who understands the importance of that, to one who has in recent weeks seen thousands of Chinese troops, led by Japa-

nese officers, invading North China, it is not incredible that the Japanese "Pan-Asian" idea may be made acceptable over much of the East.

In Asia to-day are two political driving forces that are destined to be historically great. A great political driving force requires a workable ideology, with strong, evangelical leaders, and a vast amount of faith from followers ready to die for their beliefs. These two forces are Japan and Soviet Russia. Both are vital, dynamic, aggressive; both menace the international system (behind which, in the West, lies no similar faith) as it functions in the Orient. Eventually they must come into conflict for dominance of Eastern Asia.

So the historic meaning of the failure of the Western Powers to accept Japan's militant challenge in the Pacific to-day is more profound than mere geographical changes resulting from it. A fundamental shift in racial fronts is taking place. The rise of an Eastern Power great and daring and determined enough to defy the European Powers and America probably marks the twilight of Western mastery.

Edgar Snow
Peking
July 22, 1933

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