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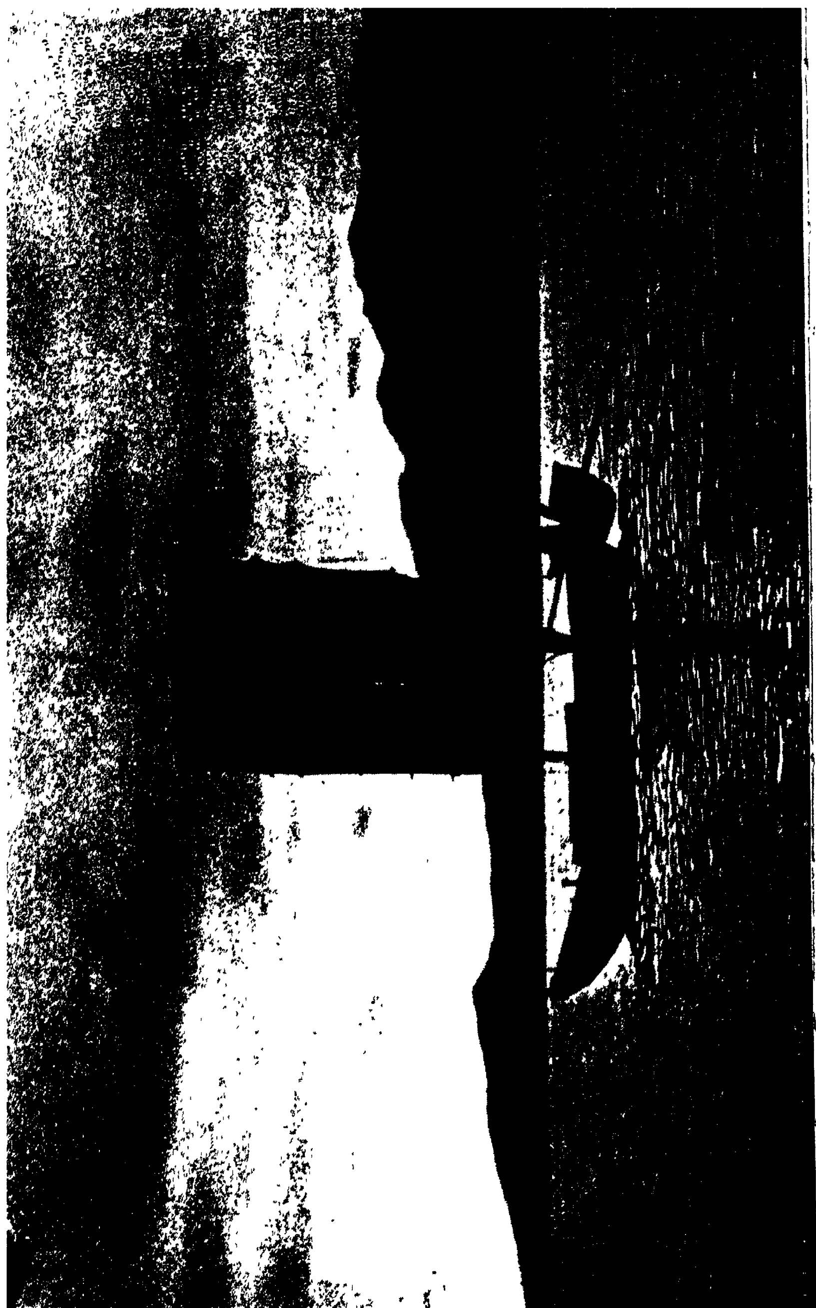
THE DRAGON STIRS

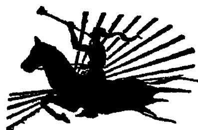
A Chinese junk at dawn on the broad Yangtze-kiang



THE DRAGON STIRS

AN INTIMATE SKETCH-BOOK
OF CHINA'S KUOMINTANG REVOLUTION
1927-29

By
HENRY FRANCIS MISSELWITZ



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PREFACE

The Chinese are united today—temporarily. They were finally aroused, along with much of the rest of the world, by Japan's invasion of China. Smouldering coals of deep hatred against the Japanese burst into quenchless flames. Internal strife was forgotten in the white heat of a new menace from outside their Middle Kingdom, and the Chinese made peace at home for the moment there in the tinderbox of Asia against a common foe. The intolerable heat of their hatred of the invaders from tiny, insular Japan welded all China into one vast loathing, incoherent mass.

One definite and significant result was the first faint sign of *real unity* among the many totally different types of Asiatic peoples in that broad, illiterate land. Japan's invasion of China did more to unite those peoples—those restless sons of Han—than any other one thing or any other leader had done since the revolution in 1911, which overthrew the craven, effete and criminally corrupt old Manchu Dynasty in Peking, the ancient Capital.

It is the birth of a new China, as the Dragon stirs and awakes, with which we are concerned in the following pages, rather than another book on Japan's sanguinary "undeclared war" with an unwieldy neighbor in the chaotic Orient. Here is a stirring cross-section of those vital days a few years ago, when China began fumbling for a national consciousness and took the first faltering steps upward toward unity.

The Chinese were far from united when I first reached Shanghai, early in 1927. A deep-rooted uprising had begun far in the deep South of China, at Canton, and was convulsing all east Asia. It was the Kuomintang, or People's Party, against the war lords at Peking, in the North. The rebels from China's far South were led by Chiang Kai-shek, then a youthful commander who was to become their *Generalissimo*. They swept swiftly northward, through the Yangtze Valley, seizing province after province in their relentless advance, and shouting: "Down with the Peking war lords!" and "Down with the Foreign

Devils!" in their ruthless fury. Foreigners from the West were denounced to the people of China as their enemies then, as now, by leaders in the Kuomintang.

It is this tense period, the dawn of the current era in the exotic Orient, which is discussed in this volume. No effort was made to write a "stop press" story of China, with bulletin-like accounts of her frenzied, heroic attempts to ward off the land-hungry Japanese with our financial and material aid. Rather, I have concentrated essentially on the beginnings of China's struggle toward unity as a nation, so very recently, while her soul-baring People's Revolution swept to victory around me.

My name and a bit of personal history may be of interest. Misselwitz is an old German name, from Saxony on the border of Poland. I was born in Leavenworth, Kansas, in 1900, at the turn of the century. My father was born in New York eighty-two years ago, and he and my mother still live in Missouri. *His* father was born in Saxony, and fell in love with a German girl who had lived long in France. They fled Germany in the middle of the last century and settled first in New York. Shortly after my father was born there, the family moved to Philadelphia where he was reared. He, Herman Francis Misselwitz, became a Philadelphia lawyer; and about the time when Horace Greeley was telling young men in the growing nation, reunited following our Civil War, to "go west," he *went* west.

There in Leavenworth, then a thriving trading post and jumping off place for the still none too safe journey across the continent to the West Coast and California, he hung out his shingle. And there this sandy haired, blue-eyed Saxon from Manhattan met my mother. She was a tiny young lady, not long from the blue grass country of her native Kentucky. Shy dark eyes, like caves of sunlight, shone from her delicate features beneath a cloud of jet black hair piled high in a pompadour, then fashionable. From them, I get my light brown hair and dark brown eyes. Mother was but 4 feet 11 inches tall. Her name then was Grace Ella Fields. She came of a mixture of English-Norman French on her father's side—he was Henry Clay Fields, of our United States postal service—and of Scotch and Dutch on her mother's side. *Her* mother was Laura Belle Embry, of Kentucky, who became an ardent temperance leader of the post-war (Civil War) era and one of the very early members of the Women's Christian Tem-

perance Union headed by her friend and associate, the dynamic Frances Willard, in Wichita, Kansas.

I was born as the twentieth century began, near the very heart of the United States. I asked a friend in Berlin a few years ago to look into the family name Misselwitz, and determine if I weren't at least partly Jewish so that, as I put it in a letter to him, I couldn't "be a genius, too," like so many Jews are in music and the other arts, to say nothing of their success as bankers and in almost any kind of commerce or business My friend, a foreign correspondent originally from New Orleans, La., had the name Misselwitz looked up; and after an extensive search in the Reichstag library in Berlin and through a professional genealogist there, he wrote back to the effect that "back to the year 800 A D. you're 100 per cent Aryan, and could even suit Hitler on that score . . . so I'm very much afraid you can't become a genius in *that* way—or I might add, in *any* other!"

In recognition of their helpful services, which played a large part in making this book possible. thanks are due to several persons and organizations, including B. W Fleisher, publisher of The Japan *Advertiser,* an American daily morning newspaper printed in English in Tokyo, for whom I first went to the Far East in 1924. The *Advertiser* since has been sold to the Japanese government.

Thanks and my appreciation likewise are due to the United Press, for giving me an assignment in Shanghai, early in 1927: to The New York *Times*, for appointing me their chief correspondent in China, later in the same year; to Arthur Hays Sulzberger, publisher of The New York *Times,* for telling me I could use material gathered for the paper while I was in China, as the basis for much of this book; and to Carroll Kenworthy, in Washington, D C., who as an expert on the Orient, did much to answer my queries or to get them answered at the Chinese and Japanese embassies while this was being written.

H. F. M.

February, 1941
Santa Monica, Calif.

To

MY MOTHER

1 THE DRAGON STIRS

THE Chinese had the first league of nations on earth. The idea worked smoothly for nearly three centuries, until the Dragon Throne in Peking was overthrown in 1911. The machinery for this initial attempt at a league among men was set up when the Manchus swarmed south over the Great Wall of China and conquered half a continent. They took over the Middle Kingdom, as the Chinese themselves invariably call their country, and in 1644 inaugurated their autocratic rule over all the provinces. The Manchu régime had its capital at Peking, now Peiping.

Like the Tartars, Mongols and others who have come into close contact with the Chinese races—and there are many widely varied peoples in that land—the Manchus in time were absorbed. The process was passive, scarcely noticeable from generation to generation.

None from outside the Great Wall ever has been capable of withstanding the ultimate and seemingly inevitable dominance of the Chinese. Possibly Japan may control the land we know as China. The latest possible subjugation of those peoples may last for generations, even centuries. It might well prove a great "civilizing boon" to the Chinese—bringing them modern life and its attendant benefactions such as the radio, airplanes, and even the last word in plumbing and heating now so sadly lacking in countless millions of Chinese homes. But at last the descendants of these twentieth century militarists may be absorbed.

The Manchus ruled their first league of nations by banding the various Chinese provinces together into what they called the Middle Kingdom. They believed that the land we call China, and quite erroneously consider one nation, was literally the center of the earth and that Peking was the dead center of the Universe. One day not long ago I stood on a stone at the great Temple of Heaven in the erstwhile Forbidden City within Peking. I shouted for the echo,

honoring custom. The voice actually did sound somewhat hollow, as it usually does in a telephone booth anywhere—rather an odd experience, inasmuch as the "dead center" is right out in the open. How the foxy old architects arranged that stunt, which was convincing to many for so long, is still a riddle.

A military governor was placed in authority in each Province under the rule of the Son of Heaven and his court advisers in Peking. Each military governor swore allegiance to the Manchu Emperor. He paid taxes, or tribute, at stipulated intervals—and ruled his territory in peace. As long as the revenue flowed in regularly, Peking made no effort to interfere. The Provinces enjoyed an extended period of tranquillity under this calm, though perhaps stultifying, arrangement. There was no question of states' rights for the simple reason that each state, province, nation—or whatever you care to call it—had full freedom of action. They merely paid "taxes" to the central Government, and went their own way.

It made not the slightest difference in the world to a simple peasant from the Shanghai area that he could not speak with a man from Peking—or anyone from other remote cities and distant areas in that vast land. Even today, a citizen of the Chinese Republic who hails from Peking cannot talk with a man or woman from, say, Canton. And a Hankow-man could not, and cannot now, talk with anyone of normal, peasant mentality from any of the other cities. They simply do not talk the same language.

As a result, an official or "mandarin" language grew up. The word "mandarin" means "official." For instance, when one speaks of a *"mandarin coat,"* somewhat popular in the West, the literal reference is to a garment once worn by an official of the old Manchu régime. Men we would call governors, mayors, judges and the like wore these badges of office, and usually they were resplendent, to impress the common people. These officials all over the Middle Kingdom conversed in the Mandarin language, and eventually scholars in every province learned it in addition to their own tongue. It became widespread in later years and scholars under the Manchus were highly respected. They proved invaluable to the men running the machinery of the government which ruled much of Asia.

But the "man in the street" remains unable to converse with men from other parts of China. Those who can read and write, however,

can get their thoughts over by writing them for others—if both know enough of the countless hieroglyphs, or characters, which the Chinese persist in using in preference to the Roman alphabet. Few of the 400,000,000 Chinese—a guess, for no accurate census is available—have mastered that formidable task. There is an effort now meeting with some measure of success to teach them the "thousand characters" system of simplified writing and reading, and radio programs help to broadcast knowledge to the masses. In the main, the Chinese remain an inert mass of illiterate peoples who distrust not only men from any foreign land, but each other. A man from the next province is "a foreigner," to millions of the common peasantry, and coolies.

This is one fundamental reason why the Chinese still lack unity They are united at the moment against the Japanese invaders. The white-hot heat of their hatred for the sturdy little men from Japan may weld them together permanently. If so, the sons of Cathay will not have died in vain.

But as a matter of fact, a Canton-man and a Peking-man now are no more alike than an Italian or a Spaniard, and an Irishman. The Cantonese is usually short, swarthy or dark yellow, hot-headed, and a "go-getter" in business. They are the Chinese one ordinarily finds abroad. In the United States, thousands are laundrymen. Their speech sounds sibilant, more "sing-song" in tone than other Chinese languages. They are the revolutionaries, the restless souls of Asia. It was from Canton that the latest civil war began, when the first seeds of national unity were planted.

The men from the north are taller than those of the Canton area. They speak a different tongue. It is better modulated, and more pleasing to hear. These men are less volcanic. They are more often the scholars, bankers, soldiers. Some go into business or the professions They rarely travel, as do the Cantonese.

The original Chinese revolutionaries who overthrew the Manchu dynasty in 1911 moved too rapidly for their own good. They destroyed authority, but had none with which to replace it. The ousted Son of Heaven was forced to watch bandits and war lords scramble for power in his rotting realm.

The uproar within China kept the world guessing for years. Few people in the United States or elsewhere understand why the Chinese always have fought among themselves.

In the first place, it should be understood that the causes of war in the vast and teeming Provinces of China are identical with the causes of war anywhere. In other words, they are economic and political—if the two can be separated. The difference is that these causes affect the individuals involved more directly than they usually do elsewhere. A man joins an army in China because he needs the money offered. He is out of work, he cannot find a job. An increasing number now join to fight Japan, and are sincerely patriotic—chiefly because the Japanese threaten the economic existence of the Chinese.

The majority see in the uniform a license to loot; in the rifle, a chance to gain a wealth of sorts; in the roving life of a soldier, what little romance there is to be had out of an existence that is at best barren.

Conservative estimates place China's armed forces at from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 men, but none can count accurately the hordes in the armies and bandit bands that roam their sanguinary way about the wartorn face of a tired Cathay. Famine has added to the horror of civil wars for decades and of Japanese invasions in latter years; and thousands of men are ready to go into an army or join a desperate bandit band to keep from starving. Their increased numbers add to the vital social problems they would escape; but their impulse is certainly natural under the circumstances.

Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and other leaders in the old Nanking régime, now on a wartime basis at Chungking, are hampered by lack of communications and by the natural mountain lairs to be found in many provinces. Efforts to maintain law and order are feeble even in normal times. Any government, as Tokyo will now find out at Nanking, will have difficulty in bettering the situation rapidly. Even a *bona fide* Chinese Central government would have difficulty in maintaining order over all China until such time as railroads and highways can be built, the peasantry educated and a strong national army evolved from the present still loosely federated forces.

Bandits have been a traditional scourge of China for centuries. These roving robbers are considered as certain there as death and taxes. The bandit-suppression generals occasionally found it expedient to incorporate bandit gangs into their armies rather than try to fight

it out with the outlaws. "Bandit one day, soldier the next" is a truism in China.

There is a classic story told along the China coast of how the first police force in the world came to be formed there. I outline it here, to demonstrate the thoroughly resigned attitude toward these "Jesse James" men of Asia.

A powerful bandit chieftain in olden times, it is said, fell in love with the daughter of a wealthy merchant in the area in which the bandit and his men held sway. He was long unable to win her. But one day he thought of a scheme. He ordered his men to raid the merchant's palatial warehouse—and when they divided the loot, all he took was an ivory miniature of the merchant's daughter.

Disguising himself as a traveler, the bandit Chief took the miniature to the merchant's home a few days later.

"I beg you, sir," he said, "to permit me to return this ivory miniature which I chanced upon in a shop in the village. I learned of your loss, and am pleased to return it to you."

The merchant was not fooled. He told the bandit that he recognized him and asked what he wanted. The bandit replied amiably. Now that they understood one another, he said, he wanted merely to marry the merchant's daughter. The merchant refused. He declared indignantly it was impossible that a daughter of his should wed a thief, and they talked of other things

Finally a counter-proposal was made by the merchant. He complained of the heavy levies which the bandit's raids were making on his properties and offered to pay the chieftain a certain number of pieces of silver each year if the bandit would only quit robbing him, and would assure him of immunity to loss through thievery by others. They made a deal after the habitual polite haggling and swore an oath to the pact.

A week or so later the bandit called his prosperous band together. He had been quite busy in the meantime. When they had all come together he addressed them with his proposal. He had seen most of the merchants in his territory and he had got the others to agree to pay set sums a year for immunity.

"The total, my brethren," he said, "by far exceeds the amount we have averaged by working hard as bandits in recent years. Hence, we may retire and yet be assured of incomes greater than if we

continue to ply our ancient and honorable profession among the worthy gentry of these noble hills."

There was no little dissension at first. The bandits hesitated to give up the ancient profession which they and their ancestors had followed for generations. But in the end, all agreed to their chief's plans. They would cease to plunder; likewise, they agreed to prevent rival bands from robbing their generous patrons. In a word, the first police force on earth was founded.

The bandit leader, now a respectable chief-of-police, paid court to the merchant's daughter. In due course, the story runs, they were married and lived happily ever after.

True or not, this gives an insight into the average Chinese psychology on banditry. Bandits continue to play an important part in the military life of the land. During Japan's "undeclared war" and for years afterwards, bandits may be expected to roam from uniform to uniform and back again with astonishing abandon.

In Tokyo, there is a strong and rapidly growing sentiment among the loyal subjects of Emperor Hirohito for a greater, and ever more powerful Japan. Their new cry is, *"Asia for the Asiatics!"* They hope to achieve Utopia in the Oriental hemisphere. And most important to us, the Japanese would evict the century-old dominating influence of the white man from all the Far East—and rule themselves.

Even among the Chinese, of latter days, the Japanese have some supporters in the surge toward renewed vigor and authority for the yellow races of the world. Others who occasionally join the Japanese in this phase of their drive for power are the peoples of India, the Filipino races—Moro, Tagalog and others—the Siamese, Tibetans, Mongols, Arabs and even the Turks and roving Moslem tribes of North Africa.

Passionately, always in the guise of high patriotism, the Japanese hope that one day they will achieve control of the entire Far East. Many of these zealots would even include Australia in their far-flung scheme. Nippon's statesmen envisage Japan as the spearhead of this movement, emerging one day as the greatest power in history. In the last century another island kingdom—England, in the Occident—rose to such heights through the dreams and exploits of Lord Clive of India; of Gladstone, Disraeli and their imperialistic men-of-the-pen,

such as the late Rudyard Kipling. Thus it is not too far-fetched a dream now for yellow men who ponder on that, to aspire to similar glory and achievements

There are observers at the embassies, legations and consulates in the Orient who believe that fair-skinned peoples in the rest of the world would be wise just now to ignore Japan's determined little military men and their antics, regardless of what they do. However, that is not our chief concern here It is a fascinating study, and the Japanese invasion of China undoubtedly will be the subject of many books, itself. But I shall discuss here the rugged men and swift events that have kept the Far East in mystic turmoil for more than a quarter of a century.

The decade 1927-37 began with the start of the violent Kuomintang Revolution at Canton. I shall describe the rebels' seizure of Shanghai and the turbulent events which followed while I was living out there in the thick of it.

2 WHEN SHANGHAI FELL

THE officer from the United States Marine Corps abruptly leaned across our dining table at the American Club in Shanghai and surprised me with a sudden question.

"Can you keep a secret?" he asked.

His voice had become low and oddly intense. It was far from appropriate to the heedless atmosphere around us. I told him I could, if necessary, but said that being a war correspondent at the height of the Kuomintang Revolution convulsing all China meant cut-throat competition, particularly in "secrets." There were literally scores of other press men who had been sent out East by the syndicated press services as well as countless individual newspapers and magazines in practically every civilized country on earth.

"I can," I said, "but you can't make me like it. Why?"

He thought for a moment. Then:

"You'll know this by morning anyway; I might as well tell you now. But will you keep your *source*, at least, absolutely a secret—between us?"

"Positively."

"Okay," he answered, "but don't quote me. I'll deny it! Now listen, this is straight dope. It's official, or will be by morning, anyway. I might issue our communique myself. So get this:

"The Cantonese are on the march. Their troops are closing in this minute. Shanghai will fall in the next forty-eight hours. And that's a fact."

"I won't quote you," I promised, "but let's get out of here, now! If that's from your Marine Intelligence reports, it goes to New York tonight. I'm cabling it urgent. And without qualification.

"You'd better be right—or rather, *I* had! Come on."

We hurried over to the gloomy-looking ramshackle United Press

offices, two blocks down Foochow Road toward the Bund, or waterfront. The officer and I stumbled down a black, cobble-stoned blind alley to my desk. I wrote an urgent cable to the United Press in London, then my relay point to the United States. It read:

CANTONESE TROOPS MARCHING. FALL SHANGHAI UNLATERN MONDAY INEVITABLE.

That was all. But it was enough.

"Boy," I shouted. "*Chop chop!* Get going!"

A coolie came running. He grabbed the dispatch, hopped on his bicycle and was off for the Telegraph Building, two blocks away on Avenue Edward VII. A few minutes after the Marine officer's quiet announcement at the American Club, word was on its way. It gave a smashing lead for my Saturday afternoon papers all over the United States and South America, and the evening editions in Europe. The world had waited weeks, while China's revolution was at stalemate. Many foreigners were thoroughly convinced the North China war lords had won. Some that eventful night even cabled their friends or newspapers back home that Shanghai was still invincible. Fate proved the contrary, and also was kind to me.

The difference in time made my fortune possible—that, and inviting a Marine officer to dinner with me at the American Club, in a purely casual moment. Nine o'clock at night in Shanghai is *eight o'clock the morning of the same day* in New York, for New York is thirteen hours behind Shanghai. Time was with me; also the Marine. We had been working together ever since his arrival on the troop transport ship *Chaumont* several weeks before this night. We had swapped tips and mutual confidences, and now he gave me the tip on what we had been waiting for all those frenzied days in that most baffling of cities, Shanghai.

This incident occurred on March 19, 1927. China was in a tremendous upheaval. Her sons were engaged in revolution. Some called it civil war. Her men from the North and those from the South were fighting in a desperate struggle for mastery. Brothers fought brothers, as in our "War between the States." The Soviet Union was (and remains) more than an interested observer. The rebellion had a Russian Advisorate sent out from Moscow. It was headed by Mikal Borodin. Today, he runs an English-language

newspaper in Moscow—*sic transit gloria mundi.* Japan likewise was far from idle. She had no "advisorate" on either side—officially. But her militarists, ever enchancing their power abroad, had an "ace in the hole" in the person of the Boy Emperor, a scholarly but helpless young man of the old Manchu Dynasty in Peking who had changed his name to plain "Mr. Henry Pu-yi."

The Russians fled later in 1927. Japan tenaciously hung on. Eventually, in 1931, she seized Manchuria, renamed it Manchukuo and put the Boy Emperor on the throne of his ancestors. He is a Manchu. Some day, the Japanese militarists in their lust for glory and power (or patriotism, as they are fully convinced) may be expected to place their puppet again on his Dragon Throne in Peiping. It could happen—but that is another story. All China, meanwhile, remains in chaos, and probably will, for years.

I followed up the dispatch with a brief description of the advance as described by the Marine. He said his Intelligence Corps lieutenants had been out toward the rebel Cantonese lines all that Saturday, and had talked with the advance guards.

"The drive is on, no question," he said. "There'll be a good show on by morning, or Monday at the latest."

We got off those dispatches and then made a round of the Shanghai defenses—both in the International Settlement and in the French Concession. Most of the Americans living in Shanghai were located in the latter area, chiefly within small cannon range of the native city. In fact, some of their homes that turbulent, unforgettable spring, were damaged by shells.

On the streets, patrols of foreign troops from half a dozen nations around the world kept the curfew. Our press and military passes, however, made us immune to the strictly enforced orders that all civilians be off the streets by 10 p.m.

Shanghai, in that eventful spring of 1927 when the Nationalist (Kuomintang) armies from the South came roaring into the Valley of the Yangtze, was even more than usual the exotic blend of East and West. It spread its gaiety and wickedness—its innocence among the missionaries, and its filth among the lowest dives—along the low banks of the Whangpoo River, a few miles upstream from the place where the broad, yellow Yangtze meets the sea

While troops of far nations concentrated in martial array behind

barbed wire and sandbag emplacements, the populace—Chinese as well as foreign—danced an amazing whirl in a wartime atmosphere of thorough abandon. Young Chinese maids foxtrotted to American jazz in swank night clubs as luxurious as any in Paris, Berlin or New York. They danced with Chinese youths educated in the universities of Europe and the United States. Old Chinese, swathed in the coarse blue clothing of the country-side, mingled with the younger generation. Foreigners from the four corners of the earth came and went on endless missions. Some were spies working for the South, the North, the Japanese—anybody who would pay them. But most of them were businessmen with eye to a quick profit. And of course, there were the scores of press correspondents there to "cover" the story for readers to whom the city was but a name.

But in the main they were traders—descendants of men who went out in the romantic clipper ship days of the last century, and who now owned spacious estates on the fashionable outskirts of the metropolis. Others appeared with get-rich-quick schemes in which high intrigue more often than not played a sinister part. Tall Sikhs from India, rifles slung in readiness over their towering shoulders, policed the International Settlement, their bright turbans, black beards and flashing eyes all part of the picturesque setting. United States Marines, smart in their uniforms, British "Tommies," French sailors and their swarthy Anamites from Indo-China, Japanese troops and marines, Italians, and Portuguese swarmed in and around the city—the men in the Allied Army of Defense who threw a ring of bayonets around Shanghai and kept it safe from the Chinese armies struggling for possession of the native part of that river port.

Foreign men-of-war lay anchored off the Bund, ready to protect the lives and property of nationals from overseas. There were forty-six foreign warships strung out along the narrow waterway at the height of the revolution. In the foreign areas, six miles along the river front and within a perimeter of nearly thirty miles, handsome modern mansions, banks, hotels as fine as any on earth, and beautifully appointed clubs, all flourished. Taxicabs, buses, trackless trolley-cars ran on the broad avenues, cluttered with rickshaws and ancient, creaking Chinese wheelbarrows. Overhead, commercial planes from Hungjao Airport outside the city, or elsewhere, droned hourly despite the war beneath them.

On the Bund stood the Shanghai Club with its "longest bar in the world" packed three deep at noon and night for half a block along its burnished dark wooden length. It is just below Avenue Edward VII, boundary between the French Concession and the International Settlement. A few blocks away, down Foochow Road, the American Club faced the Municipal Building—itself a magnificent stone structure covering a city block. The American Club, an eight-story building of red brick, modern in every detail, was packed day and night, its every room filled with men brought there by the war. A score or more British officers took quarters there, finding it more cheery than a hotel or another club.

Night clubs ran until dawn. Patrons inside after 10 p.m. were unable to go home until the curfew was lifted at dawn, about 4 a.m. The police were controlled by the British in the International Settlement. The Commissioner was British, as were the Inspectors and other officers. Under them were the Sikhs, some Chinese and a few Russian patrolmen and traffic officers.

The International Settlement was so named because it is composed of the old British and Japanese and what was to have been the American Concessions. The American Concession *was* to have been between the British and Japanese. But the United States in the last century, when this arrangement was being made on the mudflats of the mosquito-infested Whangpoo River, at the express orders of the Chinese—who wanted badly to segregate the "foreign barbarian" traders that pestered them with goods—refused to take a concession in Shanghai or anywhere in China.

The British and Japanese as a result proposed a combination, and the International Settlement was born. The French took their concession, which became a separate part of Shanghai, governed by a French Municipal Council, under the French Consul-General. Shanghai was a triply divided city, then, of some 3,250,000 inhabitants—predominantly, of course, Chinese.

Of the total population, possibly 50,000 were foreigners. There were about 5,000 Americans, 8,000 British, and possibly 2,000 other Europeans, most of them either French or German. There were also some 15,000 or more Russians, chiefly émigrés forced to leave home by the rise of the Bolshevik régime. These fled to China through Siberia by way of Harbin, in what was Manchuria. There were

20,000 or so Japanese or other Asiatics, as well. The Japanese owned most of the opulent cotton-textile mills in Shanghai.

It was in this setting and at a most exciting period in Shanghai's modern history that the Marine Captain and I made our way around the outlying defenses that Saturday night. We actually found nothing extraordinary, although the French apparently had had word of the advance and were more than usually alert. In fact, they had been criticized somewhat by the other general officers of the foreign Shanghai Defense Force, and at one time in the proceedings the International Settlement contingent put up barbed-wire entanglements for a mile or more down Avenue Edward VII, separating the French Concession on the other side, which faced the Chinese "native city" of Nantao.

But while the Defense Force officers may have known, certainly few among the civilian population were aware that the Nationalists from Canton were disregarding orders from the temporary Red-controlled rebel government up the Yangtze River at Hankow, and were moving on Shanghai. It had originally been planned to proceed to Peking overland, by the back door, leaving Shanghai to fall once the revolution had captured the ancient Capital. But leaders in the Nationalist Army, including General Chiang Kai-shek, broke with Hankow and its Russian Advisorate, captured Shanghai and set up the semi-conservative régime in 1927 at Nanking.

The Cantonese, or Nationalists as they insisted on being called (because the movement was not purely Cantonese), had been dug in about eighteen miles south of Shanghai for a month, waiting for word to attack. Their presence at first startled the complacent Shanghai populace, including the Americans, but when nothing happened week after week, their jitters began to subside—as much as they could in that atmosphere of uncertainty and military display. The foreigners proceeded with plans for their evacuation to the Bund and thence, if necessary, to warships in the river.

The city was astir with intense excitement. Yet only a handful knew the climax was due that week end.

The next day, March 20, was a clear, warm, spring Sabbath. I had luncheon with J. B. Powell, publisher of a local weekly in English and special correspondent for the Chicago *Tribune*. He and I and a guest drove outside the lines that Sunday afternoon, against the

orders of our Consular and Naval authorities—and ran into advancing Cantonese! We had passed numerous cars on the drive, filled with correspondents and photographers out for the news and the thrill. We all got plenty of both. The retreating Northern troops were putting up a half-hearted resistance to the Nationalist drive. We ran into hundreds of them on the ten-mile drive through what, even then, seemed a peaceful, pastoral scene

We left Shanghai, and motored rapidly past farmers going about their little truck-farming chores as usual. The road toward Minghong, a nearby village, was dotted with more and more Northern soldiers in little groups or alone, straggling not from but *toward* the front lines. Further along, some carried boxes swung clumsily on bamboo poles. These we discovered were the ammunition bearers. They increased in number as we proceeded, until there was a steady stream of these coolie troops transporting bullets to their comrades in this primitive fashion. The war, it was apparent, was much closer to Shanghai than most people in the Settlement knew.

The defeated troops looked at us in surprise. Some seemed none too cheerful, but we had no difficulties until we rounded a bend and came into view of a tiny bridge, little more than a culvert, about a quarter of a mile away. It was guarded by about a hundred men. We decided to drive down to this bridge, inquire about things and then return to Shanghai. As we drove up one of the soldiers, evidently an officer, dashed toward us waving his arms and shouting. The chauffeur, visibly frightened, interpreted:

"Just now shooting," he sputtered. "He say no can go. Must go back-side, plenty *chop-chop!*"

It was true. We were in the front lines. On either side of the bridge men in gray uniforms, stretched out as skirmishers, formed an irregular line as far as we could see. They lay behind an embankment by the canal or creek which the bridge spanned. From time to time, apparently without orders, they took a pot-shot at the enemy. Others glided around barns, the trees here and there, or raised Chinese graves—anywhere they could find shelter—and kept up a scattering fire at the enemy. The Cantonese line was gradually pushing across the intervening lowlands. They were, I should say, about a quarter of a mile away. Their faint rifle shots indicated they were carrying on a similar hit-and-miss method of warfare As far as one could

tell, there were no casualties on the Northern side, and certainly the only hope these alleged defenders of Shanghai had of hitting the enemy lay in chance.

But there was a chance that the enemy might shoot in *our* direction. The chauffeur needed no orders to whisk that little machine around, although he "killed" the motor twice in doing so on the narrow country lane. We streaked away from the front at a mile a minute, back to safety within Shanghai's lines of men and steel—and to the cable wires.

Shanghai fell the next day, on March 21, 1927, to the marching men from Canton. All through a moonlit Sunday night the blue-gray lines swept in waves across the soft meadows. Hardly a shot was fired in actual defense of the port. The Northern troops, dispirited, virtually leaderless, fled in rout, deserting the city. Some were trapped along the railroad and at North Station, just outside the International Settlement. A reign of terror began that Monday morning. Armed laborers in black gowns scurried through the narrow streets in the native areas, firing indiscriminately. Chinese citizens poured into the foreign-protected areas by the thousands, a miserable stream of destitute families.

It was on this bright spring morning that the 4th Regiment of the United States Marines also "took" Shanghai. The men had been quartered on board the transport *Chaumont,* tied up downstream for two weeks awaiting word they were needed. There was some talk even of sending them on to Manila if the "show" failed to break, or if the Northern forces attacked, pushing the rebels back into the south. The Marines were restless. They came ashore gladly, ready for a fight or a frolic, but immensely glad to get their feet on Nanking Road, marching to billets in the Western District where a few days later they stood shoulder to shoulder with the famed Coldstream Guards from London. Together they fought off a half-maddened Chinese rabble seeking to pour through barbed wire entanglements into the International Settlement.

With bands playing, the Marines had landed. Their "tin hats" and side-arms glistened in the sunshine. Foreigners, including hundreds of local American residents, cheered. But the Chinese looked on stolidly, hating this display of foreign force even though they knew it meant further protection for them. The 6th Regiment landed some weeks later. For most of the spring and summer of 1927, the United

States had over 4,000 fighting men in Shanghai, Uncle Sam's part of an allied foreign defense force that at one time totaled more than 25,000 men. This was exclusive of the naval forces. The Marines got plenty of action the minute they stepped ashore. They took up their posts in the front lines around the western rim of the International Settlement and stuck there for weeks, until the city calmed down once more under the smug, victorious forces of the Cantonese-inspired Kuomintang armies.

Shanghai fell practically without a struggle, except for one or two clashes which were sharp and bloody. One occurred when a corps of White Russians (desperate émigrés enlisted in the Northern Army to keep from starving in a strange land) were trapped and tried to fight their way out from behind the Cantonese lines. They manned an armored train on the Nanking Railway with its terminal at the Shanghai North Station, and finally surrendered.

The Northern Chinese soldiers, however, panic-stricken on that Monday when the Cantonese attacked in force, threw down their guns. They stormed the International Settlement, begging for protection. One incident of this kind occurred about dusk at the North Honan Road gates, between the native city and the Settlement. A sandbag blockhouse there inside the tall iron gates was manned by a squad of very young British troops. A youth hardly out of his 'teens was in command. The Northern rabble stormed the gates, and in their panic fired on the men whom they sought as protectors. They were met with a return fire. The first ranks pressing against the iron bars were shot down apparently without mercy. There was no help for it.

Snipers along Range Road, which crosses North Honan Road at the Settlement limits, fired indiscriminately on both sides. I got to this sector just after the clash between the British and Chinese, in time to get in on the interpreted instructions to the Chinese to lay down their guns if they would enter. It was almost dark. Together with four or five other foreign correspondents, I had motored out Szechuan Road from the heart of Shanghai. We left our car some blocks behind. Clinging close to a ten-foot-high brick wall guarding the front yards of most houses facing Range Road, we crept along toward the North Station blockhouse, three blocks away. I counted three or four dead Chinese, one in Northern uniform, lying in their own blood in the street. We scurried along under the protection of

that friendly wall. We had to run for it in crossing the two intersecting streets, making it one man at a time. So far as I know, no one took a shot at us. Still, the fact that they might, sniping from shuttered windows and from dark roofs, was a thought that did not calm the nerves, none too good by that time, anyway.

The Chinese forces, cowed, finally laid down their rifles and began to stream into the Settlement, before jubilant Southern forces could catch up with them and make them prisoners. The victors actually did seize thousands, but I watched about 2,000 badly battered men shamble to comparative, if temporary, safety through the gates and barbed wire.

They were the most desolate, dispirited body of men I ever saw in my life. Their uniforms were ragged and torn; scores were wounded and poorly bandaged. A few were fortunate enough to get rickshaws, pulled by a comrade; but in the main, wounded and well, they hobbled along. Their grass sandals and flapping wrap-puttees were in tatters, and disintegration seemed to possess the very souls of these men, sorry looking members of another "lost battalion."

They were interned for several weeks but finally were repatriated to Shantung Province, to the north, on foreign ships—saved to fight some other day by the same foreign devils that they themselves and the Southern Nationalists were one in damning. All Chinese, regardless of their incessant jumble of politico-military faiths, at least had that bitter hatred against outside interference within their troubled Middle Kingdom. On unity inside their ancient Great Wall, these yellow men themselves were fatally divided. They still are.

Meanwhile, white men and women up-country, including scores of Americans, were in very real danger of their lives from the victorious Southern hordes who swept everything before them up to the southern bank of the Yangtze. They were urged to evacuate as rapidly as possible. In fact, the United States consular authorities had been trying for months to impress upon missionaries and business men the necessity of hurrying back to the less dangerous treaty ports. Many did.

One correspondent, an Australian, was less fortunate. He was killed up-country, near a small town called Chengchow, north of Hankow, in Honan Province. At least, he was engulfed while walking down the railroad tracks to inspect a "model village" a mile away

from Chengchow. His host, the Belgian Consul-General stationed up the Yangtze at Hankow, reported him missing when he hurried back to the river port alone. A search was ordered by the "Christian General," Feng Yu-hsiang. Marshal Feng had just returned from exile in Moscow. His headquarters were temporarily at Chengchow. The correspondent, a war veteran from Europe's battlefields, had interviewed the impenetrable Feng. It was not quite the sensible thing to do and was undertaken against the advice of friends, official and otherwise. But Feng's return to China was news. I nearly went up from Hankow myself. Only the fact that I had just seen Feng over at Hsuchow-fu, near Shantung, and heard from his own lips of his desertion of the Russian Advisorate and his "deal" (it proved transient) with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, the revolutionary chief, prevented such a possibly fatal excursion.

Feng's "search" was fruitless. The mystery of the disappearance remains a secret. Some thought the man killed by soldiers or bandits. Others blamed the prevalent anti-foreignism which propagandists of the revolution spread throughout the length and breadth of China. Even the simplest peasant was infected. School children sang anti-foreign ballads. They shouted "Down with the Foreign Devils!" and "Down with Imperialism!" along with the multitude. In any case, the body was never found. Whether the man was kidnaped or whether he died a sudden death, I cannot say.

The name of this martyr to journalism was Frank Riley, the son of a bishop in Australia. Riley said that he had escaped from a German prison camp during the first World War. After that he had lived in various countries, including Mesopotamia. He was a delightful companion, a chap about thirty-five years of age, tall, with black hair and intelligent eyes. His dispatches went to The London *Times*. I always suspected he had some sort of connection with the British Foreign Office. I never knew. He was the sort of man who had the "long view," instinctively. He saw peoples and problems in perspective, an essential to good reporting anywhere.

Scores of foreigners, however, took sides. In the main, these were missionaries. They felt they knew the Chinese races thoroughly, and insisted they were safe. Many maintained that if they wanted to remain, that was *their* business. And these refused to budge. A number of them and a score or more of American business men, as well as the

consular officials who stuck by their posts, were in Nanking when the victorious troops got out of hand on Thursday of the week that Shanghai fell

I had an urgent call from Captain (now Rear-Admiral) Wallace Vernou, chief-of-staff on the old flagship U. S. S. *Pittsburgh,* that Thursday.

"All hell's busted loose at Nanking," the Captain said over the ship-to-shore telephone. "We laid down a barrage to bring out Americans and other foreigners. The British have joined us. I think there were no foreign casualties. I'll let you know more when we hear from our men on the *Noa.*"

The U. S. S. *Noa* was a destroyer on the Yangtze Patrol. Lieut. Commander Roy C. Smith was in command. The British destroyer H. M. S. *Emerald* joined the *Noa* in saving more than fifty foreign men, women and children and seeing that they got safely downstream to Shanghai.

The "Nanking Incident" occurred on March 24. The Southern forces were out of control. They looted the city. Drunk with victory, the men killed and raped foreigners as well as Chinese in the then new capital. The United States and British destroyers lying off Nanking in the Yangtze River opened fire when called on by the refugees ashore, in imminent danger of their lives. The *Noa* fired first, although the British skipper was the superior naval officer present. Commander Smith had asked the English captain for his approval. He got it. Both vessels laid down a heavy barrage around "Socony Hill," the Standard Oil Company of New York's headquarters in Nanking, concentration point for the refugees. It saved the lives of all present.

Smith had sent a landing party ashore, commanded by the late Ensign Woodward Phelps. (Phelps subsequently shot himself in New York.) Phelps, an officer born to the tradition of the sea, led his squad to "Socony Hill." He and his men rescued members of the United States Consulate-General staff, as well as some refugees who had gathered there. The hordes swept on toward the hill. Phelps ordered a signalman to stand on the roof. Under fire, the American sailor signaled the ship. Back on the *Noa,* Commander Smith watched for the signal. He disregarded formal naval regulations. Calling to his gunnery officer, the late Lieut. Ben Staude (who afterwards committed suicide in Southampton, England), he shouted:

"I don't know whether we'll get a court-martial or a decoration for this—but let 'er go, Benny!"

Benny obeyed. Not a living soul could have penetrated the thunderous barrage which the *Noa* and *Emerald* laid down. The foreigners, knotting sheets together, scrambled down the ancient sixty-foot wall which surrounds Nanking. They scuttled across the lowlands bordering the river and were quickly taken off in small boats to the destroyers.

The *Noa* brought several refugees down the river. Most of the others came on friendly Chinese river steamers. Commander Smith got no court-martial!

Inside the International Settlement and French Concession the gay routine went on and on. The inhabitants were disturbed little, if at all, by the war going on all around them. The old five-barred flag of the original Chinese Republic was replaced by the scarlet Kuomintang emblem of the Nationalists—a red flag, with a white star in the blue field in the upper left hand corner. It fluttered everywhere in the breeze, a flapping emblem of the "new deal" in China.

American sailors and United States Marines long were a familiar sight on the streets there. We kept a permanent "China Patrol" of warships on duty along the coast, and up the Yangtze for more than a thousand miles. The 4th Regiment, U. S. Marine Corps, remains stationed in Shanghai. Until the country is less chaotic these forces will stay to protect our interests there. The men frequent the same dance halls and other amusement spots in the beguiling "Paris of the East," which members of the other services patronize.

Occasionally from a corner, when men of the *Noa* and *Emerald* got together you would hear this ditty—a paraphrase by the late Lieut. Staude of an old Marine ballad, *The Halls of Montezuma,* commemorating the "Nanking Incident." It goes:

From the dance halls of old Shanghai
To the walls of old Nanking,
We have met all kinds of women,
And we've fought all kinds of men.

Chorus

If the Noa and the Emerald
Ever join in fight again,
It'll be good-bye to Chiang Kai-shek
And to Hell with Eugene Chen!

Eugene Chen was foreign minister in the now defunct Red-controlled régime at Hankow, in Central China, some six hundred miles up the Yangtze River.

The foreigners, within ten days after the city's fall, returned to their normal routine of club life, roulette, night clubs, golf, tennis, dogs and horse racing. Shanghai under the Kuomintang revolutionists and foreign allied "Army of Occupation" appeared to have changed but little from Shanghai under the North China war lords and the British.

3 THE "NANKING INCIDENT"

THE "Nanking Incident," as it became known around the startled, uncomprehending world, happened on Thursday of the week which began with Shanghai's fall. The marching men from Canton seized Shanghai on Monday—and took Nanking, 175 miles inland on the Yangtze, on Thursday. The fall of Shanghai was a peaceful event compared to the horrors which accompanied the seizure of power in the pleasant city of Nanking. The Kuomintang troops, sweeping ever northward toward Peking, their goal, got out of hand completely Their officers could do nothing with their wild-eyed men from South China.

Men in uniforms, rifles in hand, pillaged the town. They looted and sacked that town as a city has rarely been looted, even in China. The worst part of that "incident" was that there were two score or more foreigners residing there who refused all advice to clear out. These "old China-hands" thought they "knew the Chinese." They believed they could trust them, soldiers or no soldiers. They found out they were wrong—those who lived.

What these men and sturdy women did not know was that any man with a gun, riding the high crest of victory, is not responsible for his actions. He may do anything, and usually does. That is an axiom of war.

The victorious soldiers roamed through the city, destroying, pillaging, raping the women, killing the men. Many horrible events occurred, but few were so cold-blooded as the wanton murder of Dr. J. E. Williams, a missionary. He had lived for years among the Chinese and could talk to them in their language. He also thought that remaining in Nanking was safe. Many others, too, preferred to remain and "save face" with their trusted Chinese friends. But many who saved face lost their lives. Dr. Williams, a kindly, elderly man of God, was one. He was the head of Nanking University. To go along with the trend of the times, he had agreed to make a Chinese

nominally the President of the University He became Vice-President, but still governed that missionary institution

The change was due to the wave of anti-foreignism and nationalism which swept over Asia. Dr. Williams lost his life when a youth in uniform, bent on robbery, loot and rape, shot the missionary dead. The gunman doubtless had not the faintest inkling of Dr. William's identity or the good he was doing countless Chinese in the Nanking area. It did not matter to the youth. He killed him, leisurely robbed the corpse and went on his carefree way rejoicing in his share of the spoils of war. These included the dead man's watch. It is doubtful whether the gay young man with the gun could read the timepiece —but time meant nothing to him then. The ticking may have amused his infantile mind, or the glint of the gold may have attracted his eye.

The "Nanking Incident" is a black spot on the escutcheon of the Kuomintang Revolution. The Chinese admit that. For one thing, foreigners were involved. That meant "international complications." The Chinese revolutionaries were not ready for such complications They had a war of their own on their hands. Also, the men then at Hankow preferred avoiding Shanghai and Nanking, down near the coast, until Peking was taken. They wanted to go on up the Kin-han Railway to the ancient Capital. They feared such "incidents," involving not only the usually easy going United States Government, but tougher customers to deal with when protection of their nationals is concerned, such as Great Britain.

But men within the Kuomintang disliked the growing influence of Moscow and Communism. This group included Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, the new Commander-in-Chief of the Revolutionary Armies. They therefore took Shanghai and Nanking in a sudden swift bit of strategy, and split definitely with the radical bloc in control of the "government" set up at Hankow, in the center of China. And the Nanking bloc eventually won out. General Chiang organized the National Government at Nanking in April 1927, less than a month after the "Nanking Incident." He controls Chungking today as President of the Executive Yuan, or Council. His Man Friday, Lin Sen, has the nominal title of President of the Chinese Republic. But Chiang Kai-shek rules "Free China" with dictatorial powers. The only vestige of the Communist influence in China is the Committee form of govern-

ment, and sporadic outbreaks of Communist bands in the interior South-Central sections.

The official report on the "Nanking Incident" was made that exciting week by the United States Consul there, Mr. John K. Davis. His data was made available to me and I believe has never before been printed generally, in full. Consul Davis, a man then in his forties, whose wife went through the "Incident," wrote his report under difficulty. He remarked as he ended it on board a United States warship of our Yangtze River Patrol, that "the task of drafting it by longhand when without my glasses, of which I was robbed by Nationalist soldiers, and by artificial light, has been painfully laborious and slow."

Nevertheless, the work is an interesting, precise resumé of what happened that week at Nanking, especially insofar as the events affected the foreigners there. Mr. Davis called his report: *Anti-Foreign Outrages at Nanking on March 24, 1927.* No one in the foreign community was concerned very deeply about what happened to the Chinese, but it may be assumed these "occurrences" were at least as gruesome. The Consul's report treats without mincing words of what happened to American women who refused to heed advice and get out while the getting was good.

Mr. Davis was forced to flee from the United States Consulate in Nanking with his wife and two small children the morning of March 24, finding refuge in the Standard Oil Company's house on Socony Hill. Here he, together with E. T. Hobart, a Standard Oil executive, and members of the Consular staff, kept the Chinese off for hours before forced to order the signal for relief from destroyers in the river. Mr. Davis' report, therefore, is based on his own eyewitness experiences in addition to conversations with others who went through the affair.

He described how the United States Consulate was looted, and brought out vividly the manner in which the American flag was intentionally desecrated by Chinese soldiers. He said, in a paragraph on the flag incident:

> "The flag was first hauled down and then raised upside down, evidently as an insult; it was then hauled down, torn and the halyard cut and taken away."

This and the looting, Mr. Davis added, were done "by Nationalist troops in uniform." It was this point that men in the Hankow "government" desired to argue, contending that an International Commission to inquire into the Nanking affair was the only "civilized" way to go about establishing whether or not Nationalist soldiers were guilty; and, secondly, if so, whether the Hankow government could be held responsible. To this "Note," written by Eugene Chen—Hankow's Minister for Foreign Affairs and note-writer *par excellence*—none of the Powers involved publicly replied.

Consul Davis' official report on the "Nanking Incident," prepared at Nanking while he was temporarily a refugee on board the U. S. S. *Isabel,* I reproduce here in full.

THE ANTI-FOREIGN OUTRAGES AT NANKING
ON MARCH TWENTY-FOURTH, 1927

From John K. Davis, Consul.
Nanking, China.
Date of preparation: April 2, 1927.
Date of mailing: April 3, 1927.
File No. 800/300.

The outrages against foreign lives and property perpetrated by soldiers of the Nationalist army on March 24 affected so many American citizens located in widely separated parts of the city and involved so much property, that it is impossible even now to give a comprehensive picture of American injuries and losses. In this report, however, an effort will be made to give a general picture and to supply such pertinent information as is supported by my own personal observation, sworn affidavits by American citizens and by statements of thoroughly reliable Chinese members of the Nanking Consular staff.

1. INJURIES AND LOSSES SUFFERED BY AMERICANS:

a. *To Persons*:

The most serious single incident that occurred was the cold-blooded murder of Dr. J. E. Williams, Vice-President of Nanking University, by a uniformed Nationalist soldier at 8 a.m. on the twenty-fourth. From the sworn statements of Dr. Bowen, Mr. Speers and Mr. Lowdermilk, enclosures Nos. 1, 2 and 3

to this report, it will be seen that no provocation whatsoever was given by the victim and that the murder was entirely wanton. Further, after killing Dr. Williams, the soldier callously robbed his body.

As will be seen by the affidavit of Miss Minnie Vautrin and five other members of the Ginling College for Women, enclosure No. 11, a comparatively short time after the murder of Dr. Williams, the Nationalist soldiers looting the Ginling College recognized and obeyed a Nationalist officer, thus conclusively proving that they were not "agents" of the Chihli-Shantung army. Since the Ginling College is the first foreign compound west of the University of Nanking where Dr. Williams was murdered and is less than half a mile from it, with no other houses intervening, it is evident that the murderer was one of a large group, the members of which were clearly proven to be Nationalist soldiers.

Next in seriousness after the murder of Dr. Williams was the shooting and wounding by a uniformed Nationalist soldier of Miss Anna E. Moffett, Secretary of the American Northern Presbyterian Mission. From the affidavit of Miss Miriam E. Hull, enclosure No. 4, it will be seen that this crime was entirely unprovoked, deliberate and peculiarly brutal The sworn statement of William Jamieson, enclosure No. 5, also gives a general idea of the attitude of the soldiers at this time, whose main object was the stealing of property, and who were uniformly brutal in the means employed to force their victims to disclose the whereabouts of their valuables.

There occurred two known cases of attempted violation of American women by uniformed Nationalist soldiers, and it is believed that other similar cases occurred of which I have not yet been informed. For obvious reasons of modesty, the two victims do not wish their names given and were unwilling to make written sworn statements. However, both women are known to me and are thoroughly truthful and not given to hysteria or exaggeration. In one case the woman was held by one or more soldiers while the would-be rapist pulled up her clothing and was only stopped by the fortunate rushing in of a civilian rable bent on loot in the wake of the soldiers.

Brutality was so invariably the rule that to include all known cases would require a far longer report that it is possible now to prepare under my present limitations of staff and office equipment.

From my personal observation I can vouch for the rough handling and robbing of Mr. E. T. Hobart, Vice-Consul Paxton and myself at the residence of Mr. Hobart. We were repeatedly menaced with loaded pistols and rifles and by bayonets. One soldier started to shoot Mr. Hobart in order that he might get off a tightly fitting finger ring, and only desisted when I promised that it would be promptly taken off, and pointed out that they would get more money if we were not killed.

Women were treated with as much brutality as men and the absence of a larger number of reported instances of extreme brutality to them was due (1) to the fact that the greater part of the American women and children had heeded my advice and already been evacuated; and (2) because of those who were in the city, many were either assembled in the places of greatest safety or were hidden away singly or in small groups in the houses of friendly Chinese.

Mrs. Bates, whose husband's statement appears as enclosure No. 6, was very roughly handled and partly stripped by Nationalist soldiers. Mrs. Brenton, an American lady of 60 or more who lay seriously ill in a chair, had her bedding torn off her and was searched and robbed; and a young American nurse was made to show her garters (see affidavit of Mr. Alspech, enclosure No. 7). One young American woman, who from feelings of modesty refused to make a sworn statement in writing, had her sanitary napkin torn off her by a Nationalist soldier. Mrs. Mills (enclosure No. 6) reports the threatening of an old lady because she could not get off her wedding ring quickly enough.

In Mr. L. J. Owen's affidavit (enclosure No. 10), he states that his wife, whom I know to be pregnant, had a bayonet pressed to her abdomen and her dress ripped and her underclothing searched. Their two little girls were also roughly handled.

Miss Van Vliet (see enclosure No. 1) was robbed, parti-

ally stripped and then searched, the soldiers feeling her garter clasp and intending to remove it until convinced of its lack of intrinsic value. Even children of tender age were not exempt. Mr. Lowdermilk (enclosure No. 3) states they were searched, while Mr. Speers (enclosure No. 2) tells of the deliberate firing at a child of seven.

The greatest brutality was shown the majority of the American men. They were beaten, repeatedly threatened with loaded fire arms, shot at and many had their outer clothing stripped off their backs. Dr. Jones in his statement (enclosure No. 9) described how Mr. A. A. Taylor (British) was dragged along with a rope around his neck and was shot at, and many other instances will be found described in the enclosed sworn statements.

b. *Robbing and Destruction of American Property*:

Only second in importance to the taking of American life and lesser violence to American persons were the wholesale robbery and destruction of American property.

Practically all Americans in the city were robbed of all their belongings on their persons and in their homes, and usually with great violence and brutality. Details of the circumstances will be found in the enclosed sworn statements. Even stairways, window frames, doors and in short everything which could be torn out, were taken away. Not content with this destruction, three institutional buildings, the Hillcrest School for American children, the Nanking Theological Seminary and one building of the Friends' (Quaker) Mission Hospital were burned. Approximately ten American residences suffered a similar fate.

Some American business offices and the Standard Oil Company's installations in Pukow and the riverine suburb of Hsiakwan are believed up to now to be intact, an immunity growing out of their location and the fact that the naval barrage stopped the worst violence before the Nationalist soldiers had got down to the river.

c. *Attack Upon American Consulate*:

The most outrageous destruction of American property from

an international standpoint, however, was the attack upon and the thorough looting of the American Consulate shortly before noon on March 24 by Nationalist soldiers. Entry was gained through the rear entrance upon which in large Chinese characters was a sign "American Consulate," so that the attack could not have been through "misunderstanding." Moreover, the flag on the flag staff was fully visible from all around.

The soldiers came in holding their rifles ready to shoot and calling out "kill the foreigners," "show us where the foreigners are so that we may kill them" and similar threats. Upon being told by the Chinese staff and the servants that this was the American Consulate and that Americans were friendly to the Chinese, the soldiers replied that all foreigners were alike and were to be killed.

When satisfied that no Americans were there, the soldiers proceeded to steal everything in the office and residence and to break up what they could not carry away. They paid special attention to the safes and metal filing cabinets and endeavored by threats and force to compel the Chinese employes to open the former. Using various implements, they then attacked the safes and managed to make a good sized hole in the back of one. Fortunately, the compartment reached only contained stationery, upon the discovery of which they decided that this safe was not worth further effort.

The soldiers even took off metal beds, metal file cabinets and similar large pieces of furniture. When they had all they wanted, the loafers and common people were urged by them to come in and take what was left. As a result, the Chinese staff report that the building is looted clean with the exception of the safes, two stoves, scattered books and papers and some desks, the latter, however, being seriously damaged.

The flag was first hauled down and then raised upside down, evidently as an insult; it was then hauled down, torn and the halyard cut and taken away.

Thus, the American Consulate was robbed of virtually all its furniture and equipment and the American Consul stripped

of all his household furnishings, clothing and personal property —all by the Nationalist troops in uniform.

No effort was made to stop this orgy until subsequent to the naval barrage, and after all the damage had been done.

2. INJURIES TO OTHER NATIONALS:

In a manner similar to that used against Americans, all other foreigners, including Japanese, were assaulted and robbed, but it is significant that while some 13 American buildings were burned, no buildings owned by other nationals were so treated.

The Japanese Consulate was the first government center attacked. The large number of Japanese assembled there were robbed and brutally mistreated. According to the statement of the Japanese naval officer then in charge here, shots were deliberately and several times fired at the Japanese Consul who was ill in bed. Three Japanese members of the consular staff were attacked and wounded by Nationalist soldiers, while the consular offices and residences were thoroughly robbed and looted. Japanese hotels, hospitals, places of business and residences all suffered similar fates. One Japanese sailor was also shot and killed.

A French Catholic father was murdered. The commander of the *Alerte* stated that a Nationalist officer followed by his men entered the school where the priest was and, without any warning whatsoever, himself shot him.

An Italian Catholic priest was also shot and killed by Nationalist soldiers and without provocation.

Nationalist soldiers are reported to have poured kerosene on parts of the Catholic church, but were prevented from actually setting fire to it by Chinese neighbors who feared for the safety of their own property.

The British suffered the heaviest loss of life, having two men killed, Dr. L. S. Smith, a much respected and honored local practitioner, and Mr. Huber, the Harbormaster of the Chinese Maritime Customs. Both were murdered at the British Consulate General where they had been taking refuge. Mr. Bertram Giles and Captain Spear were also shot and wounded at the Consulate General. Both the murders and wounding were done

by Nationalist soldiers who knew where they were and, in Mr. Giles' case, who their victim was.

The British Consulate General was thoroughly looted by successive waves of Nationalist soldiers and the two wounded men accompanied by Mrs. Giles and a Miss Blake were for 31 hours in the back room of the gate house. Although the outrages at the Consulate General, including the wounding of Mr. Giles, were matters of common knowledge throughout the city, nothing whatsoever was done towards affording adequate protection and relief until the afternoon of March 25.

British citizens wherever found were robbed and abused in the same manner as Americans, and their residences, places of business and the hulks, alongside of which ships load and discharge, were all thoroughly looted. Although none of their buildings were burned, in many cases the door and window frames were torn out, and in one case, even the floors were dug up.

3. Chinese Officers and Troops Responsible:

General Cheng Chien, Commander-in-Chief of the 6th Nationalist Army and Director of the Right (South) Bank of the River, is the high Commanding Officer whose troops are responsible for the outrages. It will probably be useless to endeavor to fix the responsibility upon any particular division, as at least parts of both the 2nd and 6th Nationalist Armies were in the city at the time of the incidents. The Red Swastika Society's officers informed us, however, that the Commander of the 4th Division (2nd Nationalist Army) was actually in the city on the 24th; it has also been subsequently learned that General Hu Yao-tau, Commander of the 2nd "Independent" Division, was also then in the city.

My Chinese staff inform me that the troops which attacked and looted the American Consulate belonged to the 2nd Independent Division. However, this fact should not be mentioned as it might result in the persecution of our very loyal employes who have already suffered both loss and hardship because of their connection with our office.

4 PROOFS OF ORGANIZATION AND PREMEDITATION:

As will be noted from an examination of the certified copies of sworn affidavits of some 30 American citizens which are appended to this report as enclosures or exhibits, a number of the more level headed of the Americans have stated it as their firm belief that the outrages of March 24 were not only committed with the knowledge and consent of the higher Nationalist officers, but were part of a premeditated and carefully arranged plan to drive Americans and other foreigners out of China. From their written and verbal statements, as well as from the series of events that came under my personal observation and the statements made to me by uniformed Nationalist soldiers and petty officers, I am fully convinced both (1) of the guilty knowledge of, and the consent to, the outrages on the part of the higher officers, including General Cheng Chien, and (2) that the Nanking Incident was carefully planned in advance by at least a part of the controlling leaders of the so-called Nationalist movement. This is a serious statement, but I believe that after carefully examining the enclosed affidavits and noting the following points, the Department and Legation will fully concur in my conclusions:

a. *Time Within Which Outrages Occurred*:

It has been claimed in a public statement by Mr. Eugene Chen that the Nanking incidents were the work of disguised agents of the Chihli-Shantung Army and were planned with a view to bring discredit upon the Nationalist government. There are many proofs that this was not and could not have been the case. The single item of the time within which the outrages occurred almost simultaneously and throughout the city, is sufficient alone to prove that they could not have occurred without the knowledge and consent of the higher Nationalist commanders. Commencing at about 8 in the morning, they continued with ever increasing violence until after the naval barrage which began at 3:25 in the afternoon. Not only so, but the three consulates are all located on the principal street of the city, and whatever took place there must have been promptly and fully known to the higher officers.

Further, although General Cheng Chien, Commander of the 6th Army, issued an order for the protection of foreign lives and property, according to his own written statement, after hearing the naval barrage, this was not enforced. For while the barrage stopped violence to persons, foreign buildings were looted on the 25th and 26th, according to the statements of servants who would have no reason to lie in this regard. Moreover, petty looting at the British Consulate General by soldiers continued on the 28th and the residences of the British employes of the Tientsin-Pukow Railway at Puchen, three miles above Pukow, were reported as looted on the first of April. Had it been true that the outrages were the work of Northern soldiers, they could not possibly have been continued under the noses of the Nationalists for so long.

In the affidavit of Miss Minne Vautrin (enclosure No. 11), she states that at about 10 in the morning of March 24 an officer, the brother of a Ginling College student, came to the college and rendered assistance in protecting the American teachers. As at that time he must have seen and heard of many of the outrages against Americans, including the murder of Dr. Williams, and certainly would have reported them; the uninterrupted continuance of the worst incidents for 5½ hours thereafter could not have occurred without the full knowledge and consent of the higher officers.

b. *Similarity of Incidents Throughout City*:

The anti-foreign outrages which were perpetrated in a large number of separate premises located, in some instances, as much as five miles apart were all characterized by so striking a similarity as to indicate that they were carried out in the execution of a prearranged plan. In practically each case the soldiers entered the foreign premises threatening the occupants with rifles or pistols and calling for the foreigners whom they stated they would kill. When foreigners were found, they were first robbed and then forced at the point of loaded fire arms to disclose the whereabouts of concealed valuables. After all these had been given up, the soldiers proceeded to kill or otherwise mistreat

their victims, in many cases stripping them of their outer clothing.

It was noted by Mr. Hobart and myself and also reported by missionaries who at the time were many miles from us, that the soldiers bore every evidence of having been worked up by careful propaganda to perform deeds which they naturally feared to commit. It was noted that when one soldier gave evidence of being somewhat restrained by our attitude and arguments, one of his fellows would remind him that he belonged to the "revolutionary army" which did not fear foreigners and purposely killed them all.

In the majority of cases, and notably at the American and Japanese Consulates, after the soldiers had taken what they could carry, they forced the local people at the point of the gun to come in and loot also This was palpably done in order to create an alibi in advance that the "ignorant and stupid" people might later be blamed.

The looters proceeded in groups of 4, 6 or more, which moved on when directed by one of their number, evidently a petty officer, to do so. This plan was noticed both at the Standard Oil residence and at the American missions many miles away. See the affidavit of Dr. Bowen (enclosure No. 1).

c. *Lesser Officers Were Often With Looters And Could Control Them When They Desired*:

Had the looters been Northern agents, they would not have been accompanied in some cases by Nationalist officers, nor would they have been recognized as Nationalist soldiers by, or have obeyed the orders of, such officers. Yet in the sworn statements of Miss Minnie Vautrin and other Ginling College faculty members (enclosure No. 11) it is distinctly shown that not only was a Nationalist officer on the scene of looting, but that he was able, when he chose, to exercise control over the soldiers. As this action took place at about 10 in the morning, it clearly proves that the Nationalist commanding officers must have known at approximately 10·30 just what outrages were being perpetrated by their men. Their failure to take any re-

straining action until *after* the naval barrage, which did not occur until five hours later, is a clear indication of their guilty knowledge of and acquiescence in the outrages. In view of the control exercised over the Nationalist soldiers elsewhere, the permitting of the anti-foreign orgy at Nanking also indicates premeditation. It is inconceivable that the higher commanding officers were unable to control their men for practically eight hours and then, upon the barrage from the American and British naval vessels, suddenly became able to exercise such control. The unavoidable conclusion is that control was exercised according to the desires of the higher commanding officers, and that since at approximately 4 p. m. the troops were suddenly and promptly called together, they had for the preceding eight hours been functioning under orders

The fact that the looting by their soldiers was seen by and acquiesced in by various Nationalist officers is clearly brought out in the sworn statement of Dr. A. J. Bowen, President of the Nanking University (enclosure No. 1) and by several other statements in the enclosed affidavits.

d. *Looting Soldiers Directed by Whistles And Assembled by Bugle Calls*:

Reverend Walter R. Williams (enclosure No. 12) states that the successive bands of looting soldiers were moved on by shrill whistles evidently blown by leaders. As Mr. Williams was at that time in hiding and not then being molested, he was in a peculiarly advantageous position carefully to note what took place, an ability not enjoyed by those whose observations were made while actually undergoing violence at the hands of Nationalist soldiers. For this reason, and because he is a peculiarly conservative and truthful individual, his statement in this regard should be given special weight.

According to the statements of Reverend Walter R. Williams, Mr. James M. Speers, Dr. Harry F. Rowe, and Dr. Donald W. Richardson (enclosures Nos. 12, 2, 13, and 14, respectively), immediately after the naval barrage bugles sounded the soldiers were evidently assembled or called off under orders. As no

bugles had been previously noted, it appears that the commanding officers did nothing to call off their men until frightened by the naval gun fire, but were able at will almost instantly to bring their men under general control.

e. *Looting Well Organized and in Some Cases Directed by Civilians Who Know Nanking*:

From my own observation on the Standard Oil hill and from the sworn statements made by missionaries, notably by Dr. Bowen, Mr. Owen and Mrs. C. H. Flopper (enclosures Nos. 1, 10, and 15), it was clear that the looting was not haphazard but was carried out in a generally organized manner. The small groups seemingly had known objectives and all followed the same procedure of robbing, securing of concealed valuables by intimidation and violence to Americans.

According to statements of Messrs. Speers, Jones, Smith and Mrs. Mills (enclosures Nos. 2, 9, 16 and 8, respectively), looting groups of Nationalist soldiers were led, in several cases, by Chinese civilians who, being familiar with Nanking, guided the looters to known objectives. This point is of great importance as it indicates that the outrages were planned in advance and that Nationalist civilians were utilized in directing and guiding the soldiers in their campaign of outrage and terrorization.

f. *All Civilian Looting Ordered or Led by Nationalist Soldiers*:

As it has been asserted that all looting was done by Northern soldiers or by the local people, it should be carefully noted that from enclosures Nos. 17, 2, 4, 18, 13, 19, 20, 15, 7, and 26, it is distinctly established by sworn statements by thoroughly reliable American citizens that although considerable looting was done by local people, it was only committed when ordered or led by the soldiers. In other words, although some civilian looting did occur, it was never initiated by the people who merely followed the soldiers' lead.

At the American Consulate when the police endeavored to stop some late looters from taking out bundles of articles which they had picked up, they (the police) were covered by the guns

of passing soldiers who said that the people should be allowed to loot foreign property at will. At this time the proclamation ordering the protection of foreign lives and property had already been posted at the consular entrance gate.

g. *Exemption of Chinese Houses Indicates Motive Injury to Foreigners and Not Mere Loot*:

From several of the enclosed statements it will be seen that Chinese houses were exempt from looting. In the affidavit of Mr. Holroyd (enclosure No. 22) it is pointed out that the residence of Mr. Ip, a Cantonese member of the University of Nanking, escaped looting although located in the midst of a group of American residences. Had mere looting been the object of the troops, or had they been actually out of control, this building would also have been robbed. Thus the prime actuating motive of the outrages is seen to be injury to foreigners and not loot alone.

h. *Evidences of Planning*:

From the statements of Reverend W. R. Williams (enclosure No. 12) and of Reverend W. P. Roberts (enclosure No. 23) it appears that certain steps were definitely planned in advance.

Mr. Williams heard soldiers stating that foreigners were to be stripped to their underwear and that to kill a foreigner would be to gain prestige. As this was exactly the procedure followed in several cases in different parts of the city, it is evident that this was a prearranged plan, the eventual execution of which was only frustrated by the unanticipated naval barrage.

Mr. Roberts was told by a Nationalist officer that the anti-British hatred was caused by the finding of a dead Englishman among the dead "white" Russian soldiers and that this discovery had so inflamed the minds of the Nationalist soldiers that they had determined to kill all Russians and Englishmen whom they found. Mr. Roberts believes that this is evidence of propaganda purposely used to stir up the soldiers that they would not hesitate to kill. It appears probable that this conclusion was fully warranted.

i. *Refusal of Responsible Officers to See Foreign Consuls*:

Efforts to get into touch with the higher Nationalist officers were made by me throughout the entire day of March 24th, through the police officials, by giving my card to soldiers and through the self-styled Political Bureau in the Hsiakwan surburb. Similar efforts were made by other foreign officials. While it is understandable that some messages miscarried it is impossible that all did so, and it is only too plain that the higher officers did not desire or intend to be seen by foreign officials. Their motive for this refusal is obvious; were they to see such officials and be officially informed of the outrages, they could not disclaim knowledge or responsibility.

Even in the evening when General Cheng Chien sent word through the Red Swastika Society asking that the barrage not be repeated, he refused to send any responsible high officer to discuss the situation with Rear Admiral H. H. Hough, Captain England of the *Emerald* and myself. This refusal was continued on the 25th, when an impudent and evasive reply was received from him.

j. *Neglect to Take Advance Precautions*:

Had the Nationalists desired to protect foreign lives and property, as was claimed by General Chiang Chieh-shih (Chiang Kai-shek) in his statement to press representatives in Shanghai, advance steps would have been taken in view of the known presence in Nanking of three foreign consulates and a large foreign population. The fact that no such steps were taken, clearly proves that the Central Committee had no desire for the protection of foreigners, but on the contrary, and for its own purposes, desired that anti-foreign outrages should occur. It is believed, however, that personally General Chiang Chieh-shih probably had no advance knowledge of this plan and perhaps regrets the occurrence. However, General Chiang does not control the Nationalist government and his own personal seemingly more reasonable attitude cannot be considered as representing that of the controlling element in his party.

k. *Troops Committing Outrages Were Southern Chinese*:

The troops which committed the outrages were from their speech unquestionably Southerners. The large number with whom I was forced to parley for over two hours at Mr. Hobart's residence and the several with whom I spoke before leaving the American Consulate were either Hunanese or from Kiangsi and few were evidently from Kwangtung, as they could not speak Mandarin. They wore straw sandals and many had the typical Cantonese, large round bamboo hats strapped to their backs.

5. EFFECT OF THE BARRAGE:

The naval barrage which was put down by the U. S. S. *Noa,* the U. S. S. *Preston* and H. M. S. *Emerald* in order to save the 52 foreigners beseiged in the Standard Oil house, unquestionably saved the lives not only of this party, but of a smaller group at the British Consulate General, of the large group of Japanese at the Japanese Consulate and of some 120 Americans mainly assembled at the University of Nanking. It was directed at the open hill country immediately around the Standard Oil residences and while a few shells went beyond, the damage done to Chinese life, other than to the attackers of the residences in question, was infinitesimal; the damage to Chinese property was also negligible. Not only is the country around the Standard Oil hill open and with only occasional groups of farm houses, but the same statement is true of the country beyond and in line with the fire. The *City* of Nanking was not bombarded and all of the statements to the contrary by Mr. Eugene Chen are palpably mendacious and intended to deceive the Western world.

The statements of Americans in their sworn affidavits as to the beneficial effect of the naval barrage are too numerous to be quoted here but should be carefully noted. In general these statements agree that the naval gun fire saved the lives of all foreigners then within the city walls; that it instantly stopped the firing off of rifles and pistols by looting Nationalist soldiers; that it made possible the evacuation of foreigners on March 25th; that it caused the blowing of bugles to call off the looters; that the worst violence and looting was instantly stopped by it; that

civilian looters were awed and restrained; and, in brief, that it produced all of the results desired both effectively and promptly.

6. CONCLUSION.

From the facts as brought out above, and from the abundant material contained in the enclosed affidavits, it is shown that on March 24th there occurred a deliberate and evidently prearranged campaign of unparalleled violence and outrage against all foreigners in Nanking by portions of the 2nd and 6th Nationalist armies. Besides doing nothing to restrain his troops until forced to do so by the naval barrage, the Nationalist commanding officer consistently refused to send any high ranking officer to discuss the incidents and arrange for the relief of the foreigners left in the city, whose actual evacuation as described in my despatch of March 28th, was only made possible by a strong threat to bombard the city. Further, after the outrage he has shown no contrition and has done nothing whatsoever towards making amends or punishing those guilty; on the contrary, he has maintained an attitude of truculence and impudence, and has lightly dismissed the incidents as the work of local "bad characters" instigated by Northern agents.

It has been impossible to cover all points and it is hoped, therefore, that the Department and Legation will not confine their attention to those elucidated in his report, but will carefully examine the mass of valuable material contained in the enclosed copies of sworn statements by American citizens.

7. THIS REPORT PREPARED UNDER DIFFICULTIES:

In spite of the very generous assistance of Lieutenant-Commander Frank H. Luckel and the officers of the U. S. S. *John D. Ford,* the preparation of this report has been attended with much difficulty. The task of drafting it by longhand when without my glasses, of which I was robbed by Nationalist soldiers, and by artificial light, has been painfully laborious and slow. A shortage of typewriters on board and limitations of space have also delayed its completion. These conditions are accountable for the many obvious imperfections in style and appearance.

In making the enclosed copies of affidavits, it has been impossible to do good typing and many corrections in ink have been required to make them exact.

Finally credit is due Vice-Consul Paxton for his constant assistance and to Clerk A. H. Zee who has come on board and worked far into the night in order that this report might be completed and put upon a down river steamer.

John K. Davis
American Consul

Davis' report would seem self-sufficient. It remains on file in Washington as the official version of the "Nanking Incident," in which so many foreigners (including American men, women and some children) were involved.

4 "WHY WE ARE IN CHINA"

FEW, if any, of the men in the United States Navy and Marine Corps—officers as well as enlisted personnel—had a very clear idea of why they were sent to China in such numbers by the American Government during the chaos which began with the Kuomintang Revoution.

Some eventually gained a rudimentary knowledge (1) of the basic causes of the trouble that was endangering all life and property in Asia, native as well as foreign; and (2) that they, for this very fundamental reason, were sent East to protect American lives and property in that persistently erupting area in the Orient. Their task was not to interfere with domestic difficulties of the Chinese, but to prevent these frequent outbreaks from interfering too greatly with the activities of American families who chose or were obliged to reside in that almost constant "danger zone" in the Far East.

This protection of foreign "lives and property" became a catch-phrase among the inhabitants of China during the Canton-inspired revolution which swept northward over the entire country beneath the Great Wall, from 1926 to 1928. With some observers, this ordinarily serious business of our men in uniform became known as the "protection of l. & p."—or "lives and property as usual, don't you know."

The fighting men fell in with the popular attitude of the traders toward the Chinese imbroglio and the Chinese peoples involved in that surge. They rarely knew the causes of the turmoil which brought them on the long voyage to the Orient, let alone understood the races of yellow-skinned, slant-eyed peoples around them. There is nothing odd in that lack of comprehension by men in the Navy or Marine Corps. In the first place, theirs was certainly "not to reason why." Their oath to the flag and their own country was but "to do or die." These men had not the slighest interest in the cause of China's trou-

bles. The majority were a happy-go-lucky lot of men, without a care in the world. The "tour of duty" out China-way was just another assignment which made the life of a soldier, sailor or Marine so appealing to men who were romantic, sentimental or naive enough to look for a thrill by "joining up." They were largely intent on taking their fun where they found it—"causes" be damned. They were strangers in a strange land, and that was enough.

To combat this "know-nothing" lethargy among the United States Navy in the Far East during the Kuomintang Revolution, an officer aboard the U. S. S. *Cincinnati* issued a mimeographed Memorandum to fellow-officers and enlisted men in our fleet on the "China Station." The *Cincinnati* was flagship of a cruiser squadron rushed to China during the height of the trouble in the spring of 1927. The sister ships were cruisers U. S. S. *Richmond* and the U S. S. *Memphis*. They were sent out to reinforce the normal strength of our Asiatic fleet in those abnormal times.

In addition, the United States had two bodies of Marines at Shanghai then—the 4th and 6th Regiments. Their ignorance of why the Chinese fought, endangering foreign lives and property, was abysmal —but, be it emphasized, no more abject than that of the average trader who moved into a strange land for the usual reason, namely, to make money.

The Memorandum was issued by Lieut. Stanley A. Jones, a gunnery officer of exceptional intelligence. Jones rose from the ranks. He was a natural student, and passed on his own information to the others with him in the China "adventure." The outline of history which the Lieutenant gave was a comprehensive study of the situation in the Orient. He gave a thumb-nail sketch of the reasons for our government's intense interest in 1927 in developments among the Chinese races. He called it, "Our Mission to China," and in a few words told what that mission was. The unique Memorandum follows, in its entirety:

OUR MISSION TO CHINA

To the crew of the U. S. S. *Cincinnati*:

It is appropriate at this time to acquaint you all with the object of our cruise to China. Our mission is to protect the lives

and property of American citizens, and by reciprocity, we protect the lives of other foreigners.

You might ask:-

1. What are American citizens doing in China?
2. Why don't they leave China if their lives are in danger?
3. What grievance have the Chinese against foreigners?
4. What countries are particularly involved, and what will be our relations with them under the present difficulties?
5. What countries are in sympathy with the Chinese in their present stand?
6. Cannot the Chinese government handle their own affairs?

These seem to be the logical questions likely to arise in the minds of those who are not acquainted with the situation in the Far East. In reply thereto, the following extracts from various sources, coupled with first hand knowledge of the Chinese question gathered during seven years of duty on the China station, should enlighten you as to why the foreigner is persistent in his interest to get China on her feet.

As a result of the experience of one John Ledyard of Connecticut with the Captain Cook Expedition to the Pacific, the first ship to sail from America to engage in trade with Asia was the *Empress of China* Ledyard returned from the northwest coast of America with stories of the fur trade being carried on with Canton. He told of traders buying furs for sixpence which sold in Canton for $100. These tales interested merchants of Boston and New York so the *Empress of China* was fitted out and sailed for Canton on February 22, 1784. She returned May 12, 1785.

The return of the *Empress of China* created somewhat of a sensation. A report of the cruise to our President contained the statements that the Americans were treated as barbarians. Even today, among the illiterate Chinese, we are referred to as foreign devils. Americans and Europeans have always been unwelcome prospectors in China. Until the year 1842 Canton was the only port of China open to foreign trade; and the merchants who attempted to do business with the Chinese suffered many injustices. The foreigners made every effort to come to friendly

terms with the Chinese, yielding to Chinese authority as circumstances demanded.

In 1821 a seaman, Francis Terranova, from an American ship out of Baltimore, was turned over to the Chinese for punishment for the killing of a Chinese bumboat woman. The punishment for slaughter under Chinese law was only a small fine. As an indication of the prejudice against foreigners, Terranova was strangled without even a hearing.

Until 1840, the United States Government offered little or no protection to our citizens in China. Since then, however, we have entered into treaties with the Chinese and become interested and involved in Far Eastern affairs, along with other Powers who are competitors in the commercial field.

John Quincy Adams, in a lecture in 1841, before the Massachusetts Historical Society, said: *The fundamental principles of the Chinese Empire are anti-commercial. It admits no obligation to hold commercial intercourse with others. It utterly denies the equality of other nations with itself, and even is independent. It holds itself to be the center of the terraqueous globe, equal to the heavenly host, and all other nations with whom it has any relations, political or commercial, as outside, tribal barbarians, reverently submissive to the will of its despotic chief. It is upon this principle, openly avowed and inflexibly maintained, that the principal maritime nations of Europe for several centuries, and the United States of America from the time of their acknowledged independence, have been content to hold commercial intercourse with the Empire of China. It is time that this enormous outrage upon the rights of human nature, and upon the first principles of the rights of nations should cease.*

The cause of the war is the "kowtow," the arrogant and unsupportable pretensions of China that she will hold commercial intercourse with the rest of mankind, not upon the terms of equal reciprocity, but upon the insulting and degrading forms of relation between lord and vassal.

Adams was Secretary of State at the time of Terranova's execution, and well understood the Chinese attitude toward foreigners.

In 1842, the Treaty of Nanking (British) provided for the opening of the ports of Foochow, Ningpo, Amoy and Shanghai for the purposes of trade.

The first American Commissioner, resident in China, was Caleb Cushing. He left the United States with detailed instructions and with the authority to make a treaty to regulate trade. After the signing of the Treaty of Nanking, England believed that Cushing's mission would be fruitless. However, he proved himself an able diplomat and won several concessions from China without intimidation. Cushing's treaty, known as the Treaty of Wanghai, contains *the doctrine of extra-territoriality,* over which there has recently been much discussion. The text of the articles with reference to extra-territorial rights is as follows: "Subjects of China who may be guilty of any criminal act toward citizens of the United States shall be arrested and punished by the Chinese authorities according to the laws of China, and citizens of the United States who may commit any crime in China shall be tried and punished only by the consul or other public official of the United States thereto authorized according to the laws of the United States." And, "all articles in regard to rights, whether of property or person, arising between citizens of the United States and China shall be subject to the jurisdiction of, and regulated by, the authorities of their own government." And this article also adds: "and all controversies occurring in China between the citizens of the United States and the subjects of any other government shall be regulated by the treaties existing between the United States and such governments, respectively, without interference on the part of China. That until the Chinese laws are distinctly made known and recognized, the punishment for wrongs committed by foreigners upon the Chinese or others shall not be greater than their applicability to the like offense by the laws of the United States or England; nor shall any punishment be inflicted by the Chinese authorities upon any foreigner until the guilt of the party shall have been fairly and clearly proven."

In drafting this treaty, Cushing evidently had in mind the famous Terranova case. Other Powers now have the same

agreement with China. The Treaty of Wanghai provided also for the right of American citizens to establish residences in treaty ports. Thus, the Treaty of Wanghai marked the entrance of the United States into Far Eastern politics.

In all our dealings with China we have endeavored to follow diplomatic channels rather than military. The present unrest is by no means our first experience with the anti-foreign feeling in China. During the Taiping Rebellion in 1853 the walled city of Shanghai came into the possession of the rebels. The customs house was looted and the Imperial Chinese Government sought assistance in the suppression of the rebels. While it has always been the policy of the United States not to interfere with the internal politics of a nation, we consented to concerted action of the treaty Powers in rendering assistance to the Imperial Government of China. The United States took no part in the affair because of our own civil war at home. The Taiping Rebellion ended in 1863 in favor of the Imperial Government.

On account of the corruptness of Chinese officials and as a guarantee for loans made by the treaty Powers, all revenue is collected at the treaty ports by the Chinese Maritime Customs, which is officered by the Powers.

In 1923, Sun Yat-sen, who was then the leader of the Cantonese, threatened to seize the customs house at Canton and collect "his own" revenue. The Powers saw to it that his intentions did not materialize. The writer was present at Canton on this occasion. Sun issued a statement to the effect that, while the Chinese people might expect a second Lafayette, the Powers concentrated men-of-war at Canton to prevent him from taking over what he believed were his just rights. The Powers could not yield to Sun Yat-sen's demand without violating their treaty with the Peking Government. Sun was not recognized as in any way connected with the Chinese Government.

The Cantonese, with their recent successes, are now in control of all the treaty ports south of and along the Yangtze River. Even though they are in control they cannot collect the revenue, due to the treaties which exist between the Powers and the recognized Peking Government. This provokes the anti-foreign

feeling. Should the Cantonese overthrow the Peking Government, they will no doubt negotiate for the modification of existing treaties. It is the opinon of many correspondents that the Powers will not consent to the abrogation of extra-territoriality rights. Also, that the best solution to the Chinese question is the appointment of a council or commission, expert in governmental organization, to straighten out the government in China.

Another anti-foreign demonstration took place in 1900 when a secret society, known as the "Boxers," said to have been in collusion with the Manchu Government, attacked the foreign legations at Peking and massacred native Christians and foreign missionaries. The Legation guards were unable to handle the situation, so a force of 19,000 troops composed of British, American, Russian, French and Germans, advanced on Peking. This affair cost the Chinese Government $337,500,000. The idemnity levied by the Powers was $750,000,000, but through the good offices of the United States, it was reduced.

The death of the Emperor in 1908 hastened the overthrow of the Manchu Dynasty. Sun Yat-sen organized a revolutionary party in 1910 and became the leader of a movement for a government by the people. This move was successful, and Dr. Sun abdicated his leadership in 1911 in favor of Yuan Shi-kai, who subsequently became the first President of the Chinese Republic. Yuan was confronted with a very difficult task, for neither he nor his associates had the experience necessary for the establishment of a stable federal government. During the organization of the Cabinet some dissension developed regarding the representatives of the provinces. In 1916, a movement was started to abolish the Republic and return to a monarchy. Yuan Shi-kai was to become Emperor. This step met with wide opposition throughout the country. Sun Yat-sen set up a Provincial Government in Canton and started another revolutionary campaign that has been active ever since.

Sun Yat-sen was tireless in his efforts to gain foreign recognition, but was unsuccessful. After the Powers blocked his plans to take over the Canton Customs in 1923, he accepted the aid and counsel of Soviet Russia. The propaganda and activity of Red

Russia has prevailed among the Cantonese forces for the past three years. Russia, an outcast so far as world politics is concerned, is the only country allied to the Cantonese and is agitating the anti-foreign feeling in China.

A study of American participation in Chinese affairs clearly indicates that were it not for the United States, China would not be enjoying the sovereign rights she has today.

The United States Government and other European Powers, having due regard for the recognition of treaties made according to the laws of nations, are represented at Shanghai ready to use force, if necessary, to enforce our treaty rights. The forces of the various provincial war lords, viz.—Chan Kai-shek (Chiang Kai-shek) of the Cantonese, Wu Pei-fu, of the Central Government; Chang Tso-lin, of the Manchurians, and Feng Yu-hsiang, the so-called "Christian General," are all mercenary. They are often disloyal and will fight for anyone who is able to pay them and feed them. More often they receive their pay through the privilege of looting.

"The national spirit of the Chinese people has been developed," writes Dr. Wellington Koo to the British Legation at Peking. Perhaps so, but it would be far better that this "national spirit" be directed against the tactics of the Chinese war lords who are, and can be expected to prove a further menace to the organization of the Chinese Government, than toward the foreigners who are anxious to see a stable government at Peking.

The British and American Governments have both expressed a desire for the modification of existing treaties. We cannot deal with rebels.

Summing up the information contained in this thesis, the answers to the opening questions are:

1. American citizens are in China engaged in legitimate trade by right of treaty.
2. While treaties call for the protection of lives of our nationals, we tolerate the actions of the Chinese rebels. Our citizens look to us for protection. Some expressions of opinion would have us believe that in order to demand our rights as Americans citizens, we should remain within

the boundaries of our country. The prosperity of our nation is founded on our commercial relations with the rest of the world. In order to maintain our national prestige, commercial interests require their representatives to establish residences in foreign countries. They should at least be protected against racial and religious prejudice, and protected against the laws of a country where the loss of a human life is often not recorded.

3. Modern China believes the existing treaties to be unequal and unjust. They forget the fact that the national indebtedness of China is in the neighborhood of one billion dollars.
4. All of the Powers of Europe, the United States and Japan, are concerned in the present situation in China. They are allied in the determination that the foreign Settlement at Shanghai shall not be disturbed.
5. None but Red Russia. She is trying to drag China down to her level
6. China has not proven herself able to handle her own difficulties. The Government is bankrupt.

(SIGNED) Stanley A. Jones,
Lieut., U. S. N.

This document tells its own story and answers the questions in bly tabulated form, which all could read, given the desire. Few had ven that, of course; professional fighters rarely care to get so deeply iterested in the subject nearest them. The Lieutenant's Memorandum, ierefore, did but little good other than to show an exceptionally clear icture of the basic relations between the Chinese peoples and the aces from abroad

* * *

Sometimes the afternoon sun shone through the gray of February's louds that lowered most days in the winter of 1927-28 over the Vhangpoo River flats. When it did, the rays set aglow the burished curves of a silver cup on a desk in a cold stone building in the eart of Shanghai Then spattered sunlight, broken into myriad tiny iafts, brightened the eyes of the man in uniform at the desk, and he ooked at the loving-cup with admiration and pride. The man was ol H. C. Davis, commanding officer of the Fourth Regiment, United

States Marine Corps, stationed in Shanghai. The building was his headquarters. The cup bore this inscription:

> Presented to the Fourth Regiment, United States Marine Corps, by Major-General J. Duncan, Commanding British Shanghai Defense Force, as a memento of our friendly cooperation in Shanghai, 1927-28.

The Duncan Cup was presented to the Fourth Regiment on January 17, 1928, at Colonel Davis' headquarters. General Duncan, who later became Major-General Sir John Duncan and who returned to England after nearly a year's service in China, presented it himself as a personal token of appreciation of the friendship and cooperation which existed between the American and British defense forces in the Far East. The General had appeared on the morning of the presentation at the American Marine headquarters, unaccompanied by any of his staff. In honor of that event, a full company of Marines had been present with rifles, steel helmets and light marching equipment. The regimental band and the Marine fife and drum corps had taken part. General Duncan had been given two ruffles and flourishes which he rated as a Major-General.

Just across the room, facing Colonel Davis' desk, another trophy stood, also won in friendship. It was a flagstand bearing a silver plaque, and on it was the inscription:

> Presented to the Fourth Regiment, United States Marine Corps by the First Battalion, the Green Howards, to Commemorate Their Service Together in Shanghai, 1927.

The crest of the Green Howards, a British regiment, was at the bottom of the plaque, and the Marine crest, with its motto, *Semper fidelis,* was engraved at the top. The American flag and the Fourth Regiment's colors were crossed, in the stand.

Throughout those earlier months the American and British and other defense forces cooperated in a remarkable spirit of friendship. The Nations allied in the Great War in Europe again had to place fighting forces in the field, this time in China. And the manner in which they worked together and formed lasting friendships was the subject of much favorable comment out East. When the Green Howards left for England, the officers of the American Marines in Shanghai gave their officers a farewell dinner in the American Club,

the night of December 28. 1927 As they departed on board a transport on January 6, 1928, there was a company of American Marines down to see them off, and the Marine Band turned out for the occasion. The "Tommies" and the "Yanks" were buddies.

The same sort of spirit was noticeable in the two navies during the entire year in China. While there was no formal arrangement covering the subject, American and British, and others too, in command of naval vessels up the Yangtze River, took it upon themselves to protect the lives and property not only of their own nationals, but of other foreigners as well. The "Nanking Incident" was a striking example of the spirit of cooperation that was apparent throughout. It will be recalled that American and British destroyers at Nanking fired when called upon by refugees ashore in danger of their lives that spring of 1927. Every day the American and British commanding officers conferred together. The Japanese also attended. Although a British officer, Captain England, was the superior naval officer present at the time, when Lieut.-Comdr Roy C. Smith, Jr., commanding the U S. S. *Noa*, requested his permission to fire first if necessary, Captain England readily granted it.

And now, in the wardroom of the U. S. S. *Noa* there is a beautiful silver cigarette box, suitably engraved, presented to the destroyer — not to the commanding officer, his officers or any other individual, but to the *Noa*—by the British warship, H. M. S. *Emerald*. In the wardroom of the *Emerald* stands a large silver cocktail shaker. It was the gift to the British ship from the *Noa*. Already a tradition has arisen: the shaker never is to be used except when an officer from the U. S. S. *Noa* comes on board the H. M. S. *Emerald*.

These are but a few of the incidents showing the cooperation and spirit of friendship which marked the relations of the American and British forces in China. The fact that General Duncan and the late Admiral Mark L. Bristol, commanding the American naval forces in the Orient, were also close personal friends should be remarked. Following their official calls, the British General and the American Admiral were often together at social functions, and General Duncan was frequently a guest at the Shanghai residence of Admiral and Mrs. Bristol. This personal diplomacy, this getting to know the men of other nations in charge of the affairs of their peoples, previously demonstrated in Turkey, again marked Admiral Bristol as an unusual

and outstanding naval man who, it was widely agreed, fitted in perfectly with his job in the Orient in those trying days.

In relating these incidents I have discussed only the United States and Britain because these two nations had the largest defense forces in China during 1927. It must not be thought that the other Powers represented were not almost as friendly. However, speaking other languages, their men did not become as well acquainted as did the British and Americans. And, again, having smaller forces, there was little occasion for the individual units of the French, for example, or the Italians or others to work together intimately

A study of the American and British forces in 1927-28 discloses that altogether the United States had, according to official figures, 4,399 officers and men in the Marine Corps in China, 1,000 Army officers and men, and the usual complement of United States Navy gunboats, destroyers and other men-of-war in the "China Station," together with three cruisers sent out to augment normal naval strength. These were the light cruisers *Cincinnati, Richmond* and *Marblehead,* under command of Rear-Admiral J. R. Y. Blakely. The British defense force in Shanghai was cut to 4,500 officers and men.

The American strength in China of nearly 4,500 Marines in 1927-28 was the greatest in the history of our relations with the East. The Fourth Regiment, less the Second Battalion, embarked for China at San Diego on February 3, 1927, aboard the U. S. S. *Chaumont.* They arrived in Shanghai on February 24 of that year. The regiment remained aboard the ship until March 21, the day the Nationalists captured Shanghai, when the men were ordered ashore to protect American lives and property. The Sixth Regiment (minus the Third Battalion), the Third Brigade Headquarters and Headquarters Company, and the Third Brigade Service Company, one battery of the Tenth Artillery and a Marine Aviation squadron sailed from San Diego on board the transport *Henderson* on April 7, 1927, following a request for reinforcements. In the meantime, Brig.-Gen. Smedley D. Butler arrived, landing the day after the "Nanking Incident."

Other additions were made shortly after the *Henderson* sailed. The passenger liner *President Grant* was chartered for use as a transport and sailed April 17 for the Philippines with the Third Battalion of the Sixth Regiment and the Second Battalion of the Fourth Regi-

ment, together with the First Battalion of the Tenth Artillery (less one battery), one light tank platoon, the Fifth Company Engineers, and part of another Marine aviation squadron. The rest of this aviation squadron was picked up at Guam and the vessel proceeded to Olongapo, near Manila. The men were held there in reserve and subsequently brought to Shanghai. The Fourth Marines have remained there ever since. The rest of the Third Brigade was shifted to Tientsin in June, where it was stationed until withdrawn. General Butler, who is now dead, made Tientsin his headquarters.

The Marines fell into regular encampment routine much as though they were in San Diego or anywhere else, aside, of course, from the initial novelty of their surroundings. The men were given every opportunity to get all they could in the way of an education out of their "tour of duty" in China by sight-seeing. And they had their sports and amusements there as in America. The Marine dramatic club gave occasional plays in the Navy Y. M. C. A. The men had basketball teams, played football and other sports and went in for boxing matches which were attended by civilians and men in uniform, alike. The Marine Band played for various formal and social affairs, and some of the musicians formed a dance orchestra that was popular and often played at the Columbia Country Club tea-dances. In the summer Shanghai had a baseball league, and the Marines' team always was among the best.

5 IN THE VALLEY OF THE YANGTZE

SHORTLY after Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek captured Nankking and set that ancient city up as the new Capital of China, I went up the Yangtze-kiang to Hankow, in the heart of that warring land. The *kiang* part of the name means "river," although this really is very little like the way the Chinese themselves pronounce it—the word sounds more like "giang," with a hard G, when spoken by a Chinese. Why we spell it with a *K* is another Chinese puzzle.

The Yangtze is one of the longest, widest, deepest and most treacherous streams on earth. It frequently overflows, flooding the placid countryside for miles until the valley resembles an inland sea, storm-tossed and angry. The Chinese take such evidence of the unfathomable caprices of the river god in resigned or philosophical manner: as a whim of the elements, over which they have no control. So they accept it with a shrug, bury their dead, and rebuild their dismantled homes and towns which they realize must be destroyed again another day. There are flood control movements, but they have failed to accomplish much. Until recent years the Chinese peoples could not be persuaded even to try to stand in the way of an inexorable god, bent on mischief. They felt, and still feel, that to do so is to risk an even greater vengeance.

The Yangtze remains unbridged to this day. From the source to its broad mouth at the sea, there is no bridge across its impetuous current. Construction of one is not only prohibitive because of the cash outlay involved, but it is still too dangerous a job in structural engineering.

The size and power of the Yangtze may be grasped when it is known that men-of-war as large as the 10,000-ton U. S. S. *Cincinnati*, a sea-going light cruiser, not only can but do cruise right up the center of China along this river's deep channel. The *Cincinnati* spent the summer of 1927 at Hankow, her guns adding their protection to

those of gunboats on the customary U. S. Yangtze Patrol in behalf of American lives and property up the river. The cruiser was prevented from returning to the sea by low water during that hot, fetid summer in the Hankow area. I was there during the exciting days at the end of the Russian Advisorate in the seat of the revolution when Mikal Borodin and his comrades fled.

My first trip up the Yangtze was made in the latter part of the spring of 1927.* A little river steamer, the S. S. *Loongwo,* operated by a British navigating and trading concern, made the trip with a convoy of foreign war-craft, including American destroyers.

The Yangtze at that period in China's warring history was the dividing line between troops of the Kuomintang and those of the Northern war lords. From the stream's flat banks they took pot-shots at each other—and at us! A Chinese *compradore,* or clerk, had been killed by a stray shot on the previous trip, and this brought the war home to the crew—and to us. No one was hurt on our trip, although we were occasionally under fire.

My files show notes and copies of dispatches which I sent back while on that cruise into the heart of China and her revolution. They are reproduced here to give an idea of what the voyage was like to a "griffin" (less than a year in China, and anyone is a "griffin" to an old China-hand), like myself. In a sense it was like a Frenchman's cruising up the Mississippi on a French boat, convoyed by French war-craft—for most of us among that ship's company certainly were not Chinese.

Impressions to my editor follow:

Yangtze River Series No 1.

ON BOARD THE STEAMER *LOONGWO,* April 20.—Far away, high amid the mountains of Tibet, that old father of pirates, the Yangtze, begins its rollicking, pillaging course through

* I had been with The United Press Associations on a retainer basis. They decided in New York to keep the post there then a "part-time" assignment. It was later made a regular Bureau. Frederick Moore, chief of The New York *Times* staff in the Far East, had already offered a billet as full time correspondent with them, and under the circumstances I was forced to accept. Walter Duranty came across Siberia from Moscow and was stationed that summer in Peking. Frederick Moore remained as chief at Shanghai; and I completed this three-way coverage set-up by going to Hankow and reporting the decline of the Reds there. Later, when Mr Moore and Mr Duranty left, I became the chief correspondent in China for The New York *Times,* remaining until late in 1929.

China to where, yellow with looted soil, its broad mouth, near Shanghai, eternally flings its soggy bandit's burden into the sea. Leaping mountain streams, leisurely tributaries in long valleys and, in the flat lowlands, creeks and tiny rivulets seeping to their level, combine to abet and strengthen the broad-chested old brigand that exacts tribute from half of Asia.

A mantle of romance, thick as the silken folds of an opulent Mandarin's coat, hides the coarse figure of this robber river. It cannot be seen as it is. The Yangtze must ever be veiled in tradition. Steaming along its muddy course between its flat, commonplace banks, one cannot but remember the tales of its history; that this river has, they say, run red with the blood of ancient warriors almost as often as its golden flood has swept angrily over the lowlands in the spring; that in the pleasant life of China's early culture, gorgeous processions, rich in splendor with the brocade and yellow gold of potentates and princesses, bobbed along this highway; that in times of conquest, stern warcraft, manned by savage men from beyond the hills to the west, came down to ravage and conquer—and the invaders tarried, and were absorbed.

The Yangtze, predominantly cruel, proves kind to some. Sweeping across the lowlands in flood times, the river, spreading havoc in its path, leaves a carpet of fertile silt, and those who survive are glad. They prosper.

Prospering, they sought markets for their products. In turn, they formed a market for other products, these agricultural millions in the Yangtze Valley, and in less than a century traders from the West have built up a sturdy commerce with these people.

War has again torn at the heart of that commerce. Revolution beginning in Canton has swept northward, and the Yangtze today is a line of demarcation between the north and the south. River packets still ply a dangerous trade up the Yangtze. The number of river steamers is growing steadily less. The markets up-country are dull and stagnant. The Chinese are afraid to buy. The armies, first one and then another, confiscate whatever they desire. The revolution is costly.

Many men-of-war from nations abroad are plying the Yang-

tze today, in ever increasing numbers. Merchantmen have given way, in the main, to warships once more. Stern gray craft escort river steamers up and down the Yangtze, for soldiers of the north and of the south fire indiscriminately on all shipping.

It is not, therefore, without a feeling of adventure that one boards a river steamer these days and embarks for Hankow, as I did last night. Shanghai, that wickedest city, they say, in China, is safe behind the lines of men and barbed wire entanglements—as safe as New York itself could be, so far as attack from the Chinese is concerned. Shanghai, bulging with people, refugees from everywhere in the interior, is well guarded. The foreigner in China at present is, ostrich-like, hiding his head in the sand. The people of Shanghai are ridiculed by the foreigner who lives inland. These men point out the futility of existence, commercially, in China if only a city like Shanghai is held. It's the *body* of trade they would save.

Men like these inland traders keep the river steamers running. Pioneers in commerce, they go into the country and sell the Chinese goods—always on a cash basis in these troubled times, to be sure, but the point is that they sell products from abroad and prevent trade from dying. There are two of these men on board, tobacco merchants on their way to Wuhu to straighten out their office there and to seek to carry on despite the revolution. One is an American, the district manager from Nanking; the other is British. The latter has been in China off and on for sixteen years. He is typical of these traders, speaks the language in half a dozen dialects, hardy, a big fellow, afraid of nothing. He has just come out of Pengpu, he said, going north by train to Tientsin and thence south to Shanghai by boat. And then, straight away back into the thick of it. His experiences would fill a large volume.

The *Loongwo,* scheduled to sail at midnight last night, finally got under way at about three o'clock this morning. The British sailors on guard from the flagship *Hawkins* patrolling the dock and the steamer, while inspring a feeling of comparative safety, also were constant reminders that this trip up-river was not exactly the safest thing in the world just at present. I was surprised to find the steamer nearly full. A strange person in

my cabin with me speaks only Russian and a few, a very few, words of German. There are, as a matter of fact, about a dozen Russians on board, all bound for Hankow; four or five Chinese in first cabin; my two tobacco merchant friends, a Commander Ward coming out from England to take a post on the British cruiser *Vindictive* now at Hankow; and a Catholic priest.

Clambering into my bunk shortly after midnight, I was soon asleep, despite the shrill cries of the wharf coolies and their staccato sing-song chant as they loaded cargo into the hold. The hoarse blast of the fog horn awakened me several hours later. I peered out into the mists. The dawn was drear. Phantom ships drifted slowly past in the semi-twilight of the new day. I slept until midmorning and then, dozing, listened to the strange noises around me: the swish of swirling water against the ship's sides; the low hum of the engines; someone in the saloon playing *There's a Long, Long Trail A-winding;* voices on the promenade deck outside; snatches of conversation: "looks pretty bad,". . . "Cantonese have been,". . . "business . . . terrible . . . dangerous . . . glad these warships are". . . .

I went out on deck. We were stuck in the mud. The tide was going out. Two other ships and a river gunboat were sighted off our stern, seen dimly through the mist. The wind blew a gale. Two hours later we got off somehow, after endless maneuvering. The other vessels had gone ahead a little and waited for us. I, for one, was glad to have that American gunboat along. Our group of four ships (we picked up another during the afternoon) made slow speed. One ship could only do eight knots, and that held back the whole procession.

The day wore on. Commander Ward, the two tobacco merchants and myself, and, in a way, "the Padre," thrown more or less together by our common interests and language, formed a bit of a clique. The Padre, a little chap with horn-rimmed spectacles, was forever peering at the shore through a pair of binoculars. He announced about three o'clock the sighting of a group of Chinese warships.

There were four of them in all. The American gunboat *Peary,* which had been just alongside the *Loongwo*, shoved ahead

a little as we drew near. The Chinese, flying the Cantonese flag, were lined up in a row. The place is known as the Crossroads, it being at the mouth of a tributary to the Yangtze River. Each dipped her flag in reply to our salute of a similar nature as we passed. This was the only evidence of war the whole day long. Aside from our convoy and these ships, and the fact that our steamer has quarter-inch iron plates lined up all around the deck as armor against fire from either shore, we might as well have been steaming up the Mississippi River. Not a soldier did we sight all the first day up the river.

Yangtze River Series No. 2.

ON BOARD THE S. S. *LOONGWO*, Yangtze River, April 21.—A man named H. C. Pelling who has been, he says, in China for more than sixteen years, off and on, sat at dinner on this steamer last night and painted as dismal a picture of the Chinese people as one could well imagine.

The man, a tobacco merchant born in London and in the employ of an American organization, spoke of cruelty difficult to conceive. He told tales of the hell the White Russian soldiers have been through; of Chinese soldiers who, taking other Chinese and Russians prisoners, have set their captives aflame after pouring kerosene over their clothing.

"One popular method of torture," he said, "is known as giving the victim 'the thousand cuts.' Men are cut all over their bodies, each cut too small to be fatal but enough to be exceedingly painful. The victims live for days, sometimes, before they finally find relief in death.

"I have also seen women tortured horribly, their breasts cut off, some victims burned, one skinned alive. You have no idea what is going on in the interior during these wars. It is frightful."

What the women of China have suffered, he says, the world will never know. They must suffer without protest, these Chinese mothers of the men who pillage their own people from one year's end to the next.

"They jump in the wells in frantic efforts to escape the

soldiers," Pelling said. "Often, we have been unable to get water because the wells have been full of dead women and children.

"The merchants never know when they may next lose their entire stock. I know of one man, and his case is typical, who lost everything he had once a year three years running. Yet he started up again each time. It is marvelous the way they stick to it. Yet what can the poor devils do?"

Pelling described how they get their armies, these Chinese war lords who have been the curse of the nation since the 1911 revolution.

"Suppose," he said, "General Chang Chung-chang wants 40,000 men out of Shantung province. He sends out an order for that many troops. The province is divided into districts. Each district has a headman. The headman of the district advises the headmen of the various cities and towns and villages in his area that they must produce so many soldiers by a certain date.

"The village or city headman calls a meeting of the heads of all the families in his town. He tells them how many men the city must produce. Then they pro-rate the thing. A family with three boys sends two, one with four sends three, and so on. They never take a son if he is the only boy in the family. The Chinese are very strict on the family system. There must be an heir.

"In a few days you have your 'army' of 40,000 men. They are trained a very short while and then sent into battle. That is how you get your 'volunteer armies' in China. The soldiers are, in the main, inexperienced and they can't fight. In a battle, they are as likely as not to turn and run for it any time they think they are getting the worst of it. They have no stomach for fighting. They are afraid. They are even afraid to quit the army. Up against any real opposition they run like rabbits, those fellows."

It seems to be true that they do, too. It is significant to note that the Nationalist revolution has come to the Yangtze almost without opposition. They took Shanghai without a struggle. Nanking was expected to be a battle. It was a Northern rout. One wonders what would happen if the Northerners were to fight

and win a victory. Pelling believes the Southerners would run just as quickly.

"Of course," he said, "the Nationalists are a bit different. They've got a cause to fight for. They seem to have a little more spirit than the Northern soldiers."

Pelling has just come out of Pengpu, north of Nanking on the Pukow-Tientsin railway line. He said the Northerners have looted that city thoroughly. The losses are enormous to Chinese as well as to foreign firms, he said.

Yangtze River Series No. 3

ON BOARD THE S. S. *LOONGWO,* Yangtze River, April 21.—I interviewed the last white woman in Chinkiang today. She is Mrs. B. M. Smith, an American, the wife of a Standard Oil Company man who is "carrying on" in Chinkiang.

Mrs. Smith didn't have much to say. She said it is not dangerous in Chinkiang. Not as much as one might think, anyway. She and Mr. Smith—Betty and Bruce, they are, a happy young pair married not very long—live on a launch just alongside the Standard Oil installation in Chinkiang. There isn't a white man, woman or child on shore.

"We don't have such a bad time," Mrs. Smith said. "We know all the Navy men here, and we usually dine on board the American gunboat. It really isn't as bad as you might think. Not so good, either, at that," and she laughed a bit. For a young girl like Mrs. Smith, Chinkiang offers very few attractions at present. It is rather dull—not being able to go ashore. And the circle of foreigners is, even with the Navy, both British and American (there was one gunboat of each here today), rather small.

Mrs. Smith was chiefly interested in her mail. The trains to Shanghai run now and then and the river boats bring mail twice a week, so they are not so out of touch with the world. She is from Binghamton, New York—and admits that at times she wouldn't mind being back there. It seemed most incongruous to find this girl, bobbed hair, nice eyes and wearing the latest thing in a sleeveless sport dress, bravely sticking it out with her husband, living on a little launch.

The *Loongwo* arrived at Chinkiang shortly after noon today. The day was perfect, warm, the sun shining in a sky devoid of clouds. About 11:30 a. m. we saw our first soldiers, a few here and there on the north bank. They were Marshal Sun Chuan-fang's men, as one could tell by their gray uniforms and the little hats they wear. They are like Robin Hood hats, peaked and with slanting bills. All they lack is a cocky little feather. But they do not look very cocky, these fellows. They have very little spirit, to say the least. None of them fired. Fortresses on the south bank looked ominous, their guns trained on the river, but nothing happened.

Chinkiang is not a very large city. It lies scattered along the waterfront, a hodge-podge of houses overshadowed at the east end of the city by the Standard Oil plant. We came alongside the Jardine-Matheson Company's hulk where an old resident, a British representative of the shipping company, told us nobody is left on shore at all. He, like the rest of the little community, is living on board the hulk. All live in boats.

Two tobacco merchants on board the *Loongwo* knew the oil merchant, so I joined them and rode over in their launch to call. Smith, the oil man, said that he is still doing a little business. "We demand cash on delivery, however," he said. "Only way we can do it." He said there wasn't much to do, but insisted that "business is really rather good, despite the war and our cash requirements."

It seems that Americans are getting the British trade. The feeling against the British is rather high everywhere, and there are persistent efforts to boycott all British goods.

For some reason, we spent the night in Chinkiang harbor. Last night we spent anchored in midstream. The river boats do not, it seems, travel at night now. It is only a few hours' run up to Nanking from here but we were unable to get under way early enough in the afternoon, due to one thing and another with the gunboats and our cargo; so the skipper decided to remain all night. Again I went for a ride around the harbor with the tobacco merchants, this being apparently quite safe despite the warlike attitude of the Nationalist troops along the Bund. At dusk, we called on the Smiths once more and there met an

officer from the American gunboat *Paul Jones,* stationed here. He said everything had been rather quiet recently. His chief complaint, when he found out who I was, was that The New York *Times* was not being delivered until at least two months after date of publication.

Martial law goes into effect at six o'clock, but we were permitted to stay out after that time. The sun sank and after a twilight not ten minutes long, darkness fell over the harbor. We took the *Paul Jones* officer back to his ship and then chugged back to the *Loongwo* for the night

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Yangtze River Series No. 4.

ON BOARD THE S. S. *LOONGWO*, NANKING, April 22.—We had our baptism of fire this morning. Soldiers on the south bank and, a little further on, on the north not far from Nanking, let fly at us indiscriminately. Their aim, fortunately, was bad. None of us was hit, no bullets, as far as I have learned, striking any of the steamers in our adventurous quartet of four river boats. Our convoy, the American gunboat *Paul Jones,* also was untouched.

The *Paul Jones* returned the fire from the south bank with a brief spurt of machine gun fire. There was no further shooting. On board, none was excited, although the Chinese boys were inclined to be a bit frightened. They lay flat on the deck wherever they happened to be. One yesterday, in fact, when we were passing the forts below Chinkiang, dropped the dishes he was serving at table and ran for the galley, there to join his fellows prone on the deck. He explained that that was orders, since the Chinese *compradore* had been shot dead on the previous trip.

The passengers were permitted to do as they pleased. I remained, for the most part, inside my cabin during the firing. So did most of us. A few bravely foolish souls took a turn about the promenade deck. They dodged after each shot, involuntarily. We were, however, pretty safe inside our wall of armor plate.

Nanking, crown jewel of the Yangtze, lay glistening at noon in the warm spring sunshine. The harbor, the Bund, Hsia-kwan, a suburb, all were deserted, not a soul in sight.

We steamed rapidly past in midstream. On the northern bank, the town of Pukow stretched its ramshackle acreage here and there along the river. At that point yonder, a steamer lay sunk. It was the vessel, I am told, on which Madame M. Borodin, wife of the Russian adviser to the Nationalists at Hankow, was recently taken captive. Its stark masts stuck up into the blue at a crazy angle. We finally berthed a mile or more beyond Nanking in midstream. We were opposite the British warship *Emerald*, lying off between us and the north bank. The United States gunboat *Paul Jones*, stationed at Chinkiang, returned there. The *Ford* pulled into a berth just above the *Emerald*. Further on, a Japanese gunboat lay—three warships in all.

The reason we did not tie up at Nanking was that intermittent firing between Nanking and Pukow was going on and it was considered too dangerous to remain in the line of fire. The Northerners, so said officers from the *Emerald* who came aboard to see about getting provisions, have a good lot of heavy artillery. Each morning they "strafe" the Southerners in Nanking, and the Southerners reply. The boom of artillery could be heard from time to time as we lunched, and an occasional rattle of rifle fire added to the war noises in the harbor. It is doubtful whether either side did much damage in their firing.

Nanking from the steamer was uncanny in its desertion and quiet. What must usually be a busy harbor was swept clean even of its sampans. These last swarmed around us and the other river steamers in droves, safe in our company, the miserable coolies seeking a fare, alms, anything to earn a few coppers. Theirs is a sorry plight.

Pukow, its back to a long, low range of mountains, was too far away to be seen clearly, even with field glasses. Nanking we could view quite plainly. Two Nationalist gunboats, tiny fellows, steamed slowly up the creek outside the city's wall. The tobacco merchant, who has lived in Nanking, pointed out the places of interest.

"See that house on the hill, away back there, in line with that smoke stack? Well," he said, "that's Socony House. That is where the foreigners gathered and the American and British gunboats bombarded the place so they could escape. Right along

there on the next hill is the B A T. house (British-and-American Tobacco Company), and further along—" and he told me of places of interest. All these houses, two miles or more away across the flat lowlands, were in plain view from the river.

The black line of Nanking's city wall runs an uncertain course for miles along the river, perhaps a mile or so back from the Bund. Nanking from the river does not give an impression of size or of particular beauty. Its modern buildings in the business section lend a certain spick-and-span-ness to the place, and its wall recalls the splendor of another day But even so, my impression was of anything but awe. Nanking as a thing of beauty, seen from midstream, will not last forever.

Two young British officers from the *Emerald* came on board, one to get the provisions, the other after the mail Both were lads yet in their teens, rosy-cheeked boys with a serious air, nice young fellows, strangely youthful for their chevrons. The men, old enough to be their fathers, answered with a "sir," to each query and were completely respectful.

It was two o'clock before we got under way again, this time alone. The other three steamers had gone ahead with our convoy. It seems there is little to fear along the route between here and Wuhu. Throughout the afternoon the south bank was dotted from time to time with soldiers walking about amid their dingy little mud-hut barracks, thatched roofs yellow against the green fields of grain. We saw no Northerners the whole afternoon, but the North holds everything right up to the Yangtze, from all reports. They come to the river whenever they please, take a few pot-shots (both sides fire on foreign vessels without discrimination) and go their way again.

Darkness had settled over the river when we reached Wuhu, on the south bank, about eight o'clock. Our erstwhile companions had reached port before us and there were no berths left. We anchored in midstream again for the night. The Wuhu harbor was a busy place with four river steamers arriving. Signals flashed from the gunboats and the cruiser *Caradoc*, naval motorboats popped about, two calling to inquire as to our welfare and the British to leave an armed guard on board with instructions to "keep all soldiers off this ship"

The few remaining foreigners, I learned from the officers of these motorboats, are living in ships in the harbor. They go ashore during the day but return at night to their floating homes. The Chinese have done a little looting, but it seems that they have returned the Recreation Club to the foreigners, moving the troops barracked there to other billets. Aside from an occasional effort to board river steamers and go elsewhere, the Nationalist troops have apparently caused little trouble. Three tried to do that yesterday, the young British officer remarked. They were slightly wounded with bayonets while the sailors insisted that they remain ashore.

Lights down, anchored in midstream with an armed guard on board to protect us, our ship's company turned in tonight with a feeling of comparative security. What could 20,000 Cantonese soldiers do in a case like that? Nothing. In fact, our chief complaint is lack of news from the outside world. Aside from a word here and there from these youthful officers who get it from their naval radio dispatches—and these not always accurate and never with any detail—we are completely cut off. The general impression seems to be that the North controls everything right up to the Yangtze once more and that the Nationalists are holding on to their positions on the south bank. The Communists apparently continue to hold the dominant position in Hankow.

Yangtze River Series No. 5.

ON BOARD THE S. S. *LOONGWO*, WUHU, April 23.—This has been an idle day on board the *Loongwo*. The coolies have been busy enough unloading cargo and loading other stuff for up-river with a terrific shouting and din the whole day long. The passengers, forced to remain aboard, idled about the deck, reading and fretting at the delay.

The two tobacco merchants left us here. One, H. C. Pelling, is remaining in Wuhu. The other, a chap from Boston named Foley, is returning to Shanghai on the next boat, the *Tuckwo*, which is due to sail downstream tomorrow, Sunday. Foley is taking my dispatches to Shanghai where they are to be relayed. There is no other way of getting them out from up here at

present. Communications are impossible. Even if one could get to the telegraph office safely, it is doubtful whether the message would get through within three or four days. And then it would doubtless be subjected to the strictest censorship.

The first news of what is going on around us came through today in the form of a carbon copy of the *American Press* wireless kindly given us by the captain of the British cruiser here, the *Caradoc*. He also told us the news of the ultimatum of the Powers which, it seems, has been handed Hankow. He was not sure whether or not a similar document had been handed General Chiang Kai-shek at Nanking. Furthermore, we heard that the allies have given orders to their captains of the Yangtze patrol to reply "with all they've got" to any further firing from either shore. It seems they now intend to stop this playful habit of the Chinese soldiers.

The *Loongwo* docked alongside the hulk about dawn, and we were awakened to the amazing turmoil that only a small band of Chinese coolies can make. The harder they work the more they shout, these fellows. Beggars in sampans and one actually in an oblong wooden tub with wooden shovels for oars swarmed around the steamer, adding their shrill cries to the hubbub. Above it all was an occasional shouting for all the world like the noise heard on approaching a football stadium at home when one is, however, still some blocks away from the game.

This, it turned out, was a sound made by companies of Cantonese soldiers drilling on the Bund, not a hundred yards from our ship. The soldiers, whole companies of them, shouted their officer's command in unison as they sought to execute the order. Four or five companies were marching about drilling, and very badly, too. Here and there on the green parade-ground others singly, or in squads of four or six, stalked about doing the "goose-step" Or rather, a Cantonese version of that German exercise for troops which was strange to observe. Most of them bent the knee so that they gave the impression of a circus horse—the one that the ringmaster tells the local yokels will "now execute the waltz."

The day has been perfect, clear, warm, not hot, with a cool breeze blowing. Wuhu, like most of these river towns, lies

stretched out all along the waterfront. Hills rise abruptly behind the city, and on their tops fine foreign homes have been built. These, I am told, are now occupied by Nationalist troops. Foreigners do not live ashore and now even during the daytime rarely go as far as the Bund. There are less than a dozen still here. They live on launches or hulks alongside the Bund. An armed guard protects them.

Wuhu is, in a way, a rather pretty little city. It has a Chinese population of about 100,000 persons. In normal times, there are perhaps 100 foreigners living here. The customs house, now virtually idle, stands in the center of things on the Bund, a clock on its tower tolling the hours. Below the clock now is a great picture of the late Dr. Sun Yat-sen, founder of the Kuomintang. The Bund and one of the avenues leading back toward the hills are partially shaded by rows of trees, an unusual thing in this part of the world. One seldom sees a tree anywhere along the Yangtze to Hankow.

After tiffin (lunch) I went over to the hulk alongside which we were docked and talked with the shipping company agent there His name is C. B. Wortley. He is a Britisher, as most of these men are up here. J. Camm, of the Standard Oil, is still here, and H. L. Mecklenburgh, a tobacco man, also an American, is carrying on for the present. The Commissioner of Customs is a Belgian, Baron de Cartier.

Wortley said that there has been no excitement here for some time. He said, however, that a few days ago a number of soldiers and students came down from Hankow and started trouble.

"Orders came from Nanking, from Chiang Kai-shek, I'm told, to run these students out of here," Wortley said. "They have been leaving as fast as possible ever since. I still see a few of them around, agitators for the 'Bolshies.' You're taking some of them on the *Loongwo* back to Hankow."

And so we are. There are a number of these so-called students who came on board at Wuhu, down below. The captain said they can't be prevented from coming aboard in what are still, ostensibly at least, peace times. If they cause no trouble they won't be molested, he said.

Scheduled to get under way at twelve noon and then at two

o'clock, the *Loongwo* finally pulled out at five o'clock. At the western extremity of Wuhu, two Chinese gunboats lay at anchor, steam up, flying the Cantonese flag. We did not dip our flag this time, nor, to be sure, did they. The next stop is Kiukiang. Without mishap, we should arrive late Sunday afternoon—tomorrow, that is—by steaming all night. We are alone, without convoy or accompanying merchantmen. Up to dark we saw no soldiers. A few miles above Wuhu, on the south bank, we passed a little village that has been thoroughly looted. The brick customs house, vacant, stared at us with blank eyes. Each window and door frame had been torn out and carted away, leaving a jagged outline of brick.

Yangtze River Series No. 6.

ON BOARD THE S. S *LOONGWO*, KIUKIANG, April 24.—One of the paradoxes of this revolution in China occurred here today. The Chinese Kuomintang foreign commissioner, a man named Mr. Y. Z. Lieu, fleeing for his life from Kiukiang, came on board the *Loongwo* and is being given the safe passage and sanctuary which he desires In other words, the foreigners —the British, American, Japanese and other warships up-river—are giving protection to an official of the government whose soldiers, responsible or not, have made it essential for the white man to evacuate much of China.

He is thoroughly appreciative And he declares that his party, the Kuomintang moderates, want the foreigners to stay in China, and he adds that the Nationalists are doing everything in their power to make it safe for everybody—including himself. He is going to Hankow on the *Loongwo* because he cannot go anywhere else. He must flee from Kiukiang, for the radical adherents are sending their troops there They are expected any moment. The telegraph is useless, Mr. Lieu says, at least to him. He has little or no news of events outside this vicinity.

The *Loongwo* reached Kiukiang about four o'clock this afternoon after an uneventful day. The customs launch came alongside. We anchored in midstream because there was no room at the hulk. The British and American destroyers are alongside, one of each. There also is a Japanese cruiser here and an American

and a British gunboat The captain of the British warship *Wild Swan* came on board with an armed guard. He scrutinized the passports of the Russians we are transporting to Hankow and then left.

Businessmen who came on board for a brief visit said that the Chinese on shore are nonplused. They don't know which way to turn, it seems, for Kiukiang is just on the border between the Red and the Moderate influences in the Kuomintang. General Chiang Kai-shek's men were still here when we left. But they may not stay. The Reds are expected momentarily, and the others will probably retreat down-river until they find re-enforcements. The dozen or so foreigners are living in houses along the Bund. Each, I am told, has a bag packed and is ready to make a run for a warship alongside at a moment's notice. Business is virtually nil, the representatives of the various companies remaining to clean up back accounts and to keep in touch until the day, if any, when they may expect to find conditions more nearly normal.

There has been little or no fighting here in the last few days. We got under way at five o'clock, off for Hankow, our next stop.

Mr. Lieu, until this afternoon Foreign Commissioner in Kiukiang, is being given every courtesy on board. He has been placed at the captain's table in the dining saloon, where in his halting English this evening he eagerly told us of his desire to be friendly toward foreigners, and the desire of the Kuomintang to be the same. His is a rather pitiful tale, but he clings to the silver lining which he believes, he says, is behind the present dark cloud of dissension in the Nationalist Party.

"We must put out the Communists," Mr. Lieu told us. "This split had to come. They have no troops. We will win out and then we can continue our drive on the North. But," he repeated, "we had to break with the Communists in our party. It had to come." There was in his attitude a "Don't you see?" plea.

Later, he came along to my cabin where I could talk at length with him about his plans and those of his party, and we talked for an hour about the situation, which, he declares, does not mean the breakdown of the Nationalist movement, but which, it

appears to me, looks bad for adherents to the theories of the late Dr. Sun Yat-sen. The disintegration is apparent on all sides. Whether Chiang Kai-shek and his loyal political advisers and friends can patch up the floundering ship of a semi-state is conjectural.

"I think we can," said Commissioner Lieu. "The Communists at Hankow have no troops to speak of. General Chiang will surround Hankow, I think, as he did Shanghai. Then he will capture it again. There is no doubt about it. He will, I think, bring men up from the south to help him accomplish this. Once he wins a victory, he will have no trouble. The under-officers in the Communist forces are not with the Reds. They are for our country," he said earnestly, with a touch of the dramatic, "not for one man or for the Communists. That is true.

"General Teng Yen-tah, head of the Political Bureau in Hankow, has no power. He has no troops. General Tang Shen-tse, the Hunan leader, has a big force, but he is not for the Communists. He has been persuaded to act independently and refuse to accept orders from General Chiang Kai-shek. He only wants to increase his own force. He is a very foolish and selfish man. He is commander of the Eighth Army, and has many troops. But he is neither Communist nor Kuomintang. He is, I think, independent—a selfish man."

The Commissioner said that General Chiang Kai-shek would bring up forces from the south. I asked him from where. He said from Kweichow, Fukien and Kwantung, around Canton, his stronghold.

These men, who, he said, number scores of thousands in all, would, he admitted, have to walk, in the main, to Hankow. That will take a long time. The country is mountainous and wild, and it will be hot soon. A march across that vast area will be a trying military maneuver. It might be done. But it is like marching a band of ill-paid, badly trained young fellows, mere boys most of them, from Arizona to Michigan, more or less, across the Rocky Mountains. It's a job that will prove hard to do. The Commissioner said it would take time, but refused to be downcast. (The Chinese know "time" is always present and available, though one man's life-span be brief.)

As we talked, the crazy quilt picture of China slowly appeared. The Nationalists, split among themselves, fighting for control of their own party against the Communists' influence, are one part of the picture. There are enough patches in that half to make the task of knitting them together in anything like a coordinate pattern almost futile and certainly discouraging. And on the North of this Yangtze are other factions, united for the moment against the Nationalist movement. Marshal Chang Chung-chang and his ally, Marshal Sun Chuan-fang of Shanghai, are said to be somewhere in the near vicinity of Nanking and Hankow. Marshal Sun has not held a very high head since his ignominious defeat and cry for assistance in Chekiang Province, and at Shanghai. He can hardly be expected to feel thoroughly safe with Marshal Chang, an enormous old bandit from Shantung. Chang's history reads like a Wild West tale, or a yellowback that might be entitled *From Coolie to Marshal—the Tale of a Successful Warrior*. He certainly worked his way up in his chosen profession, from a wharf coolie through the essential stages of banditry to the military control of Shantung and now the temporary ally of Marshal Chang Tso-lin, of Mukden and Peking.

Marshal Wu Pei-fu, once powerful, is old and faded, a very small bit of the picture right now, and one, everybody seems to believe, who will not return to his erstwhile brilliance and power. He is content with the quiet life of a poet and scholar. He has gained a reputation for scholarship and as a poet, chiefly, his critics affirm, because he is one of the few militarists of the old school who could even read or write. He is somewhere in northern Honan, it seems, content to let his successors in militarism carry on the ancient feudal pastime of the Chinese.

Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang in Shensi with perhaps 100,000 men, is expected to remain with General Chiang Kai-shek. Commissioner Lieu fervidly averred that the widely known "Christian General" will never go back on Chiang. He has sent a delegate to the Nanking Conference, Mr. Lieu pointed out, and his army is to be a vital factor in the taking of Peking—some day. Mr. Lieu was not sure when that victory could be expected to occur. Things are too unsettled.

The Commissioner was bitter against Russia. He said the Soviet is trying to get at the Powers through China, using this nation as a catspaw. "They don't want a war in their own country," he said. "They desire to stir up one here, to have the field of their battle with the capitalistic Powers, as they call them, in China. Thus, Russia is not harmed. I don't think they will send an army to China," he added in response to a query.

He said he had advised General Chiang Kai-shek to accept aid from Japan, and to cooperate with Japan. That brought in another part of the picture of disintegrated China, namely, Marshal Chang Tso-lin. I said that if Chiang Kai-shek worked with Japan he would have to work with Marshal Chang, too. But the Commissioner, a true Cantonese, said that would never come to pass.

"General Chiang Kai-shek will never shake hands with Marshal Chang Tso-lin," he said. "Why? Well, because they have been enemies too long. They can't work together in China But Japan must work with China; and if we take all of China, we will have to work with Japan. That is natural. Japan is so close, it is necessary to her existence. America and Britain are too far away. We would be friendly, of course, to everybody."

So that part of the picture, or the crazy quilt (to stick to the figure), will not fit in with the rest. Hence, the unity of China may have to wait again for a while, Mr. Lieu admitted.

Then there is Yunnan, that vast province on the border of Burma where brigands and opium smugglers abound. That is a frayed edge of the quilt which causes no little trouble to the toilers. Yunnan, it will be recalled, a few months ago had a revolution all on its own, and now instead of the military governor in charge, there is a Citizens' Committee of Five running things. They say it isn't Communistic, exactly. That it is a "commission form" of government. Yet it has a certain crimson tinge to it which won't wash away Furthermore, Yunnan is a wild country, sparsely settled and infested with bandits. It is another problem which these toilers must face who would unite this China of today—a feudal state whose people are admittedly centuries behind the times in thought, culture, education and in their dealings with one another. Their warlords still, one must

fear, are similar to the feudal barons of Europe in the Middle Ages whose loyalty was, as the Chinese is today, none too certain an affair. It could be bought by the highest bidder. So can that of the average Chinese military chieftain. These things I said or implied. Yet the Commissioner remained optimistic.

We discussed names and places. The Commissioner said that Hunan Province is the hotbed of Communism. He said that there they demand that everybody who has more than $200 must divide it with his fellow-men. This seems to be the usual report on Hunan. I heard recently that they have tried out dividing up the land and instituting all the Communistic (or Communal) forms of government.

General Chen Chien, in command of the Sixth Army, has gone to Hankow. He was in Nanking. He commanded the armies that captured and looted that ill-fated city on March 24. Commissioner Lieu thinks General Chen will stay in Hankow. Chien Tsu-min, late commander of the Kweichow army, is dead. He was executed at Chanteh, in western Hunan, at the order of General Tang Shen-tse, now at Hankow. The Commissioner thought, therefore, that General Chien's men, some 35,000, would be loyal to General Chiang Kai-shek, sworn enemy of the man who killed their chief. General Teng Yen-tah is a "very bad man," the Commissioner declared. He is the recognized "Reddest of the Reds" at Hankow: he and George Hsu-chien, Minister of Justice.

Eugene Chen? The Commissioner was not sure where he stands but seemed inclined to think Chen might like to get back with the Moderates. He had heard that Chen, the Hankow Foreign Minister, wants to get to Shanghai, but the Radicals are holding him virtually a prisoner. He thinks that Chen "might be all right," but it isn't certain.

"Don't tell Eugene Chen," the Commissioner said as we said goodnight, "that I am on the *Loongwo.*" I promised I would not breathe a word of his presence in Hankow. It would not be healthy. We are due before noon tomorrow, April 25.

This exciting trip up-river to Hankow ended on April 25, 1927, as scheduled. I landed in some trepidation but was not molested. The

most anguish which I suffered was during a mile walk along the Bund to the United States Consulate-General, to meet Col. Frank P. Lockhart, our genial Consul-General there. He put me up at the Consulate-General for my stay, which lasted several weeks. The "anguish" was due to the heat—not to bands of insulting Chinese on murder bent.

6 RED RULE AT HANKOW

RED dust, fine, hot, thick as a rug, lay heavily over the macadamized sections of the Bund at Hankow. The street, paved only in a few spots, stretched its slender length two miles and more along the Yangtze. No breeze stirred, but an occasional hurtling motorcar spurted handfuls of dirt over pedestrians and disappeared in a dull red cloud. These rare automobiles usually bore on their hoods the Nationalist flag, also predominantly red, with its white star in a corner of blue.

The dull red clouds were stifling. Morning was sultry even on the twenty-fifth of April. Hankow was hot. The heat wave was premature. But Hankow's climate is similar to the middle-south of the United States. Its summers are long and sticky and fetid. The city is strikingly similar to any river port along the Mississippi River, below St. Louis. If you could exchange the Chinese coolies for Negroes, the towns would almost appear identical. The coolies shout and "hee-haw" as they carry their burdens on bamboo poles or piled high on their sturdy broad shoulders and necks, just as Negroes shout and sing as they work. Hankow, to be sure, is a little more cosmopolitan. But there is a striking similarity—except for one thing: recurrent wars.

Even that was not noticeable as one disembarked from a river steamer and walked along the Bund. It was noticeable, to be sure, that an abnormal situation prevailed in 1927. The chief reason was the presence of some thirty or more foreign warships in the river there. On the Yangtze's rising, rumpled waters floated a remarkable collection of fighting craft of half a dozen nations there to see that foreign lives and property were protected, regardless of what Chinese faction held the territory which includes Wuhan.

Wuhan is the name given the three cities that have been built up around the joining of the Han and Yangtze Rivers at this point. On the southern bank of the Yangtze is Wuchang; immediately opposite is

Hankow; and just to the west of Hankow is Hanyang. The three cities have a total population of perhaps two million. Wuhan is the "gateway to the West" of China. It controls the interior markets by virtue of its position on the Yangtze. There are still almost no railroads in the rich central and western provinces, and goods must flow along the river routes. The Yangtze in modern times is what the Mississippi was fifty to seventy-five years ago. Fortunes have been made and are still being made in the river transport business in the Yangtze valley.

Hankow is the principal port of the three cities. There foreign interests are centered. The Bund is lined with large modern buildings which house foreign commercial firms, including magnificent structures for the banks. The foreign consulates-general are along the Bund. These buildings all face the river. The river side of the street is given over to a parkway lined with trees and benches, bordering a broad sidewalk where one may promenade in search of air on humid nights.

There is one big difference between the present and the "good old days," they say. Formerly the Bund's parkway was reserved entirely for the use of foreigners. Now it is alive with Chinese, chiefly coolies, lolling in the shade of its green trees. The Bund was built by the foreigners, each nation with a concession doing its share. The British Concession is at the far end of the Bund—that is, farthest upstream; the old Russian Concession is next; the French after that; then, the old German Concession; and at the lower end, the Japanese Concession. This last usually is cut off by barbed wire barricades and sandbags so that it remains free from Chinese loafers.

On leaving the *Loongwo,* I was advised by the Captain and others not to take a rickshaw. There had been reports of trouble with the coolies, who, it was said, had been making exorbitant charges and had been insulting on all occasions. Hence I plodded along the Bund to the American Consulate-General, a mile or so from where our steamer docked. Later, I found that there was little or no reason for enduring this discomfort. The coolies were not then in the least obstreperous. They charged the usual low prices and were inclined to assist any foreigner cheerfully. The change from a week prior to my arrival was described as remarkable.

This, in fact, was the subject which all foreigners were discussing

that April 25, 1927. The American Consul-General, Col. Frank Lockhart, was the first to mention it. I asked whether it were safe to ride in rickshaws and he said that he thought it was—adding that the change which had come over the coolies was amazing. He was at a loss to explain it to himself satisfactorily, but was inclined to believe, as most foreigners were, that the change was caused by the presence of the numerous foreign warships in the river. The attitude of the coolies apparently changed chiefly because of government orders to them to be kind to foreigners. The government worked through the Labor Unions and seemed to be in complete control, as far as the workers were concerned.

Most of the Americans still in Hankow were residing in the American Consulate, using cots in the rooms. The Consul-General offered me his hospitality. I accepted. It seemed the better part of valor—the hotels in Hankow, like hotels in many a river town, were far from luxurious. And at that time there was no assurance that they would be too safe.

From the Consulate, I proceeded to the American flagship *Isabel* to call on Rear-Admiral H. H. Hough, then in charge of the American Navy patrol in the Yangtze. After paying my respects, I withdrew and met the captain and officers of the flagship. I was given use of the *Isabel's* launch to get my luggage off the *Loongwo* and transport it to the dock. I had some slight difficulty in getting the bags transported from the dock to the Consulate. No wharf coolie was in sight, and one of the sailors handed the bags over to a coaling coolie.

Innocent of any breach of coolie etiquette, I proceeded ahead of the fellow toward the Bund, across the wooden pier that extends out over the foreshore. Looking around at his sudden outcry, I discovered before we had gone fifty yards that he had been beset by three or four rough looking characters who seemed to be insisting that he release my baggage. Alone, unable to speak the language and, for the moment, unable to understand the cause of the argument, I could do nothing. From the stories I had heard, I was ready to believe we were being robbed on the shore in broad daylight.

I shoved one of the attackers aside, finally, after he had struck my coolie frequently on the face and head with the flat of his hand, and told the fellow to continue, brandishing my stick the while. It failed to work. They returned to the fray, and one motioned that *he*

wanted to carry the bags, pointing to my coolie and then to the coaling junk. The fellow I had was smirched with coal dust and apparently had been unloading the junk. It seemed that that was his job—his "pigeon" as they say in the vernacular there—and he could not do anything else even if he should want to be enterprising. If he did, he cut some other coolie out of a bowl of rice. I paid the first chap twenty cents Mex. (or about eight cents in U. S. currency at the time). When two others grabbed my two bags, each taking one, I decided, rather than suggest that one take both of them, to let them have their way. At the Consulate a block away I gave them a Mexican dollar to fight over and they grinned their way back into oblivion. It was probably three or four times their usual wage for that sort of job, but getting rid of the pair of them without an "incident" was worth the forty cents it cost me. I was told later that hitting or shoving one of these fellows a week earlier would have been almost like signing one's own death warrant.

There were only two or three places to eat in Hankow at that time. The most popular was the U. S. Navy Y. M. C. A., a block from the American Consulate and just off the Bund. The hotels—there were two of them—were serving food again, and the Hankow Club was running its dining-room for members and guests. I had tiffin with a man from the Consulate and two Standard Oil men at the Y. M. C. A. The afternoon was spent in making appointments with Hankow's officials, including the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Eugene Chen, and that remarkable adviser, Comrade Mikal Borodin. He was the man behind most of the Kuomintang Revolution—the "brains" of the whole show.

The whole day was extraordinarily quiet so far as warfare or unrest was concerned, and the wild reports about Hankow's "tenseness" were absurd. The city, aside from the warships and the occasional Nationalist soldier seen on the streets, was as quiet then as Detroit. Tea at the Hankow Race Club was another surprise. Here, as the sun went down, I sat with Bruno Schwartz, of New York, then publisher of the Hankow *Herald,* and listened to music by the club band. There were scores of persons sitting on the broad lawn before the clubhouse, chatting as in everyday life anywhere, war the farthest thing from their minds. A number of women, too, were present, mostly Germans, and a few French. I was still impressed then with

the idea that Hankow was dangerous, and inclined to believe that these people who refused to take it seriously were sitting on the edge of a volcano. But Mr. Schwartz disabused my mind of such illusions.

The other women in Hankow were the Russians, including the dancing girls of the cabarets. The cabaret system of Hankow was a unique thing. Not that it isn't still to be found anywhere in China's large cities—but to find it there at a time like that was utterly odd. It was the climax to a grotesque day not at all like the one I had expected to find. After dinner, with two sound and respectable business men who were not at all of the "tired" type, I rounded out the first day's education in the ways of that city by a visit to the cabarets.

There were probably half a dozen in one block. The orchestras pounded out music which in the gaudily lighted street blended into one raucous howl of jazz. The cabarets were, after all, merely dance halls, though in palmier days they had had entertainers. The best description, I think, of the street and the dance halls in 1927 is to be found in a comparison with the typical motion picture "set" depicting the dance halls of America's Wild West in the days of '49. There was no pretense of finery. Only one place had even an attempt at it, and here one found vari-colored electric lights stuck in a line around the walls about ten feet above the floor. It gave a weird effect, gaudy, a burlesque on the Christmas spirit.

The girls, Russians all, were a clever lot. They danced with sailors in the afternoon, and at night with men of all ranks and positions and nationalities who for one reason or another had come to those places. My guides pointed out to me diplomats, captains of ships, heads of large foreign firms, lawyers, doctors, bankers, Chinese officials. It was one of the most bizarre sights to be seen anywhere in the world. Officials of foreign governments mingled with officials of the Hankow government in those dives; Communists from Moscow danced side by side with the men they were seeking to force out of China; young girls, always Russians, laughed at them and danced with them all, demanding frequently, "You buy me a small bottle wine, pliss?"

The "wine" was usually a pint of vile imitation champagne which was sold to the men at $8 a bottle, Mex., the girl getting $1 as her commission. If she danced, she was given a ticket worth forty cents, Mex. Everything in China is still on this "silver basis," originally

imported from Mexico to aid trade. The girls did not become wealthy but they earned a living in this fashion. Some of them, I was told, learned many things which enabled them to enhance their usual income.

Some, the whisperings said, were spies. In these cafés which formed so much a part of Hankow's life during those strange days, they were supposed to learn much from foreigners and to retail their knowledge to certain channels where it could prove useful. The unwitting victim often let something drop that had value in the muddled scheme of cross-purposes in the Orient. Whether their spy scare was true, I do not know. It was highly possible, at least. But certainly there were songs of Moscow sung often in those dance halls of Hankow; and the red dust that lay in the narrow, rickshaw-cluttered "Street of the Cabarets" was often swirled into angry eddies by the hurtling motor cars of the Bolsheviki.

I interviewed Eugene Chen the next day. Everybody interviewed Mr. Chen then. He was Foreign Minister in the radical Hankow Government and was, therefore, a major source of information about China's actions, desires and reactions. He was the "official spokesman" of the Hankow Nationalist Administration. All paths, therefore, for the horde of men who flocked from all over the world into Hankow and out again, led to his busy door.

The Foreign Minister was occupied with the mechanics of a revolution. He sought as a member of the Cabinet to run that section of China then under Hankow's control; and Chen was worried at that time by a crisis within the Kuomintang, the split which, for a while, divided the Nationalist forces. However, occupied with these things and the possible necessity of replying to another Note from the Powers on the "Nanking Incident," Mr. Chen sat for an hour and told of his conception of the aims and aspirations of the Kuomintang Revolution.

He pleaded for "sanity among the powers" in their attitude toward China. He hoped that the Powers would not blockade the Yangtze. He did not deny that they could, but said that China hoped the Powers would refrain from that sort of action. "I don't think that this will happen," he said, "unless the world has gone mad." Yet, he wondered about the thirty or more foreign warships in Hankow then.

"If they blockade the Yangtze," he said, "we still have rice and peanut oil. We shall continue to eat and to have lamps. And, after

all, we do not sit up nights and read very much." He smiled. "We will, I think, get along. But I hope most sincerely that that does not happen."

Eugene Chen, a man nervously energetic, sank back into his blue plush chair and regarded me, awaiting the next query. He was a rather slight man, perhaps fifty years old then, his black hair shot with gray, his thin hands gesticulating in emphasis or explanation of his remarks. Journalist and temporary statesman of the new China, his was a pleasant personality. One might not agree with his opinions, his views, the activities of the men with whom he was allied in seeking to unite China under Nationalism; but his personality on first acquaintance was certainly not against him.

"The Nationalist revolution will continue as planned," he said in reply to my next question. "We will not permit the defection of Chiang Kai-shek to stop us. We will deal with him later. In the meantime we plan to proceed with our drive to the north. I think you will find something interesting happening in the next few weeks. I do not say months, but *weeks*. We already have the lower half, or more, of Honan Province. Chang Tso-lin's armies hold but a scant section on the north. We will soon control all of Honan.

"Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang is with us. He will not stay with Chiang Kai-shek. He is now in Shensi. Our forces will combine and drive Chang Tso-lin back into Manchuria. It will not be long. A few weeks. Interesting developments are at hand. We originally planned to proceed on Peking via Hankow. The split in the party has caused a temporary delay. Now, we are on the march."

Chen said that the breach with Chiang Kai-shek had been long expected. The plan of the revolution, he said, never had been to take Shanghai or Nanking in 1927. First, he said, they wanted to get to Peking inland. Nanking in particular had, the Minister said earnestly, forever been a Nemesis, a city of ill omen to revolutions. But Chiang Kai-shek turned against advices from the Government. He called Chiang a "rebel and a militarist of the old school," out for "personal gain and glory." "The split," Chen insisted, "is final, there is no doubt of it. We will deal with Chiang Kai-shek when once we get Peking. He has only 30,000 men at the most, and they will be kept busy with the Northern troops. We don't fear their attacking Hankow."

These figures, of course, varied extraordinarily from figures given earlier that spring by General Chiang Kai-shek's adherents. The Nanking block asserted that Hankow had few men. It was impossible to count them, so I can but relate what each side declared then. In 1927 one could only await developments to determine which side was correct. Chen, of course, lost out, and had to flee later that same year but he could not foresee those events then.

One reason the Minister said the Government had opposed taking Shanghai until later was the danger of conflict with foreign troops there. He said that the holding of Shanghai by the Powers with force was against "the principles of Nationalism" in China; that it was "an intolerable situation," and a "challenge to China's sovereignty." Hence, the troops must go, Chen said, and with the Nationalists in control they must, to be true to their cause, demand that the troops depart. They did make their demand, but the troops remained.

He said Chiang Kai-shek had disobeyed orders in taking Shanghai, and *his* Government in Hankow was not responsible for what might occur next. The matter of the foreign Settlement and the French Concession there he felt would "have to await the time when Hankow controls that part of China, as well as Peking."

"The foreign Powers defeat their own end in sending troops to China," Chen added. "The presence of those troops has done more to arouse the people of China against foreign imperialism than all our propaganda ever could have hoped to do. It means China is not free. No nation that has its country virtually run by foreigners is free. The super-government of China has been the Diplomatic Corps at Peking. In Shanghai, of course, there is the local government in the Settlement. Its duty is to police the city. I call it a scavenger government—it keeps things clean."

The United States, Chen said, was making a great mistake in being, as he saw it, misled by the British into following their lead in China. Until America sent troops out to Shanghai, he said, the Chinese had looked upon the United States as a friend. However, now that she had joined Britain in using force, he said it was difficult to continue to maintain "our traditional friendship with the American people." Chen was born in Trinidad, and was a British subject—but he denounced Great Britain.

Chen said emphatically that the Hankow Government was not Communistic. He denied reports which were common in Shanghai, that the principles of the Kuomintang in Hankow were being colored red.

"We are just now tackling in the Hankow Government the economic questions facing us," the Foreign Minister said. "We are advising the workers that it is best to better their position gradually and not seek to obtain at once a 100 per cent increase in wages. Ours is a workers' and peasants' revolution. They have worked for many generations at wages too low almost to permit them to exist. If a man gets sick and is out of work, he and his whole family must starve. That is not right. We want to change that, and we think the workers are entitled to better treatment.

"The labor unions themselves are taking responsibility of controlling the workers. Labor leaders are in control of the situation. They are advising the workers to go slow and take gradual increases.

"On the farms, things are different. In Hunan, it is true we have tried the experiment of dividing up land. A man will be a better citizen if he is a land owner. He will fight for his land. Hence, we are trying it out to see how it works. That, no doubt, is where these rumors about our Communistic principles originate. China never will be Communistic. We will not do away with private ownership of property. The fact that the peasant owns land will, we believe, make him a better citizen."

Chen said that foreigners in China were comparatively safe. He said that they were as safe in Hankow as in New York. Hence, he was bitter against warships being sent there. "They only aggravate the Chinese," he said. He added that they were not needed. This brought up the "Nanking Incident," and the position of foreigners in China in general.

"Foreigners in China are, as a rule, safe from any harm," Chen avowed. "In the case of Nanking, we do not accept guilt for whatever happened during the taking of that city. We will, of course, pay for any damage done to the American Consulate at Nanking.

"But the charge that we deliberately organized the attack on foreigners there we do most certainly deny. The only way to settle the matter, as we see it, is to have an investigation. That is the way these things are done in any other country. Why not in China?"

Chen again referred to statements, made by the Nationalists, that many thousands of Northern troops were still in Nanking when the Cantonese captured the city. He implied that these men were more likely the ones guilty of the looting. It was pointed out that Americans and British coming from Nanking had sworn the attack was by men in Nationalist uniforms, chiefly from Hunan Province. Chen then said the only way to settle the affair was to have an international committee look into it. The Minister said China wanted foreigners to remain. He said also, however, that there was a revolution in China and that it might at times be dangerous. If foreigners thought it too dangerous, they should leave, he said; but he emphasized that the Chinese were "not anti-foreign and do not *want* the foreigners to depart."

"We want them to remain," Chen added. "We are not fighting the foreigners. We are determined, however, to do away with the Imperialistic policies of foreign governments toward our country. We want our country back. We want the unequal treaties abolished, along with extra-territoriality. We are ready to prove ourselves able to handle our nation now. We'd like the chance."

Comrade Mikal Borodin was the dominating figure in the Hankow Government during its rocket-like career. He was dynamic head of the Russian Advisorate and directed the more radical branch of the Kuomintang Revolution. He controlled Hankow's régime for a time in the days when it was at its peak, and the Reds ruled in China. His word was law, and he was far from silent. He made few speeches or public appearances; but he was the "power behind the throne."

It was too good to last; and when the wheel of fortune turned abruptly against him, Borodin bowed to the inevitable and fled overland through Mongolia to Siberia and made the long trek to Moscow. His career of power in Asia was brief but spectacular and in all ways absolute. It was this last fact that caused his fall. Chinese led by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek saw the omnipotence of Moscow as exemplified by Borodin, its agent; so they threw him out. He became an editor in Moscow.

At the height of his mission in Hankow, Borodin was a world figure. He was a revolutionary from his youth, and even before the 1917 Revolution in Russia, had been forced to flee his native land. He went to the United States before the World War and attended

school at Valparaiso University in Indiana. He met his wife, a school teacher, in Chicago, and after their marriage he conducted a School of Political Economy. His name is Berg, I believe, and he and his wife ran the school under that name. He returned to Russia at the time of the 1917 revolution. Eventually, he took the name Borodin (or was Berg assumed?) and was given the mission in China.

Naturally, I wanted to see him in Hankow. The appointment was arranged by Rayna Prohme, a dynamic young woman from Chicago, then editing *The People's Tribune,* organ of the Red rule. She was the wife of William Prohme, another journalist of rare intelligence who at that time was head of the Nationalist News Agency—a propaganda organization in Shanghai. Both are now dead. Rayna (as everyone came to know this quite amazing girl with her shock of flaming red hair) died some years ago in Moscow of overwork and brain fever; Bill died in 1935 in Honolulu, after suffering for years from a pulmonary illness. Despite political differences, all who met Rayna and Bill were influenced by their personalities and their clarity of vision.

In Hankow, Rayna was very much alive and arranged my *entrée* to the great man's sanctum that week in late April with no apparent trouble. She said: "You want to see Borodin? Okay, I'll see what can be done." I got a note the third day I was in Hankow, telling me that the meeting had been arranged. Borodin had offices on the second floor of a building in the old German Concession (seized by the Chinese in the World War). After waiting half an hour, I was ushered into his presence He was about fifty, tall, heavy but well built, with a thick mane of black hair. He had a flowing black mustache, setting off a face marked by an aquiline nose and candid dark eyes. While I was there, Borodin strode restlessly about, sucking a pipe. He spoke volubly, and in perfect English. He was an imposing figure, living up to his reputation for sagacity as well as fearlessness. I asked Borodin how he happened to join the Chinese revolutionary movement.

"The late Dr. Sun Yat-sen invited me to come to China four years ago," he said. "I am in their revolution as an individual—though naturally I have my own ideas for conducting it for the good of their people. I have no connection with Moscow."

Borodin said that there could be no truly Communist State in China at that time.

"If the Communist Party of China were being named today," he said, "it could not be called Communist. I have found it is impossible to communize the Chinese simply because it is not possible to communize poverty. The Chinese peoples are different from the Russians or the Americans. It might be possible to communize the United States, where you have vast wealth and property can be communal, or owned by the community. But China is poverty-stricken. Communism (in its pure sense) is impossible. Hence, our theories are changed. We seek, of course, to aid the plight of laborers and the farmer, or peasant, classes."

The split which was to overthrow him so swiftly was explained from his point of view.

"We broke with Nanking, or General Chiang Kai-shek, for two major reasons," he said. "First, Chiang began the Northern Expedition from Canton in 1926 with 50,000 men. He reached the Yangtze Valley with 400,000 troops. In that vast army there were scores of rabble who joined to save their necks. Their officers were not inspired with the purposes of this revolution—they influenced Chiang Kai-shek to seize Shanghai, solely to fill their own pockets with gold.

"Second, General Chiang Kai-shek came under the influence of the merchants and *compradore* class in Shanghai. He got a few million dollars from them and agreed to hold down labor so the greedy might continue to wax fat and wealthier. Chiang was also swayed by the foreign banks and is lost in the shadows of those iniquitous temples of the money-changers in Shanghai. Hence, as far as the Chinese movement, or revolution, is concerned, he is doomed."

But for once, Borodin erred. He, not Chiang, was the doomed man, as a revolutionary in China.

He explained his attitude toward the foreign Powers.

"If the Powers see in Chiang Kai-shek a second Marshal Chang Tso-lin they will try to throw China back into chaos, and anti-foreignism will continue indefinitely. This revolution will not end there. These peoples are aroused. Momentarily stopped, they will continue toward their destiny—blindly at times, yes; but they will continue toward the goal we now desire. It is inevitable. To aid them and us, the Powers should now recognize the Nationalist Government

here in Hankow. It is for your government in Washington, for any foreign government, to make up its mind which is China's true government, best equipped to lead these peoples toward achievement of their goal. If they cannot make up their minds, turmoil will persist and present conditions in China will remain indefinitely.

"The United States seems to be growing as imperialistic as Great Britain has been for the past century. Why back any factions? Well, why do you back one side in Nicaragua and not the other? You support factions there simply because you have special interests in Central America, and all Latin America. You are an imperialistic nation."

The man insisted that the purpose of the Chinese revolution was primarily to aid laborers and men and women on the farms. These social problems must be solved, he said, before the Chinese peoples could become united. The Kuomintang Revolution, as viewed by him, was a farm relief program—a joint Farmer-Labor Movement, in its highest sense. His desire seemed to be to aid the Chinese in their "industrial revolution," similar to the one in England and America of the past hundred years; to aid them to become an industrial nation, and thus offer a greater market for farm products of every sort. Thus the yellow man could emerge as a power on earth.

Borodin invited me to lunch at his apartment a day or so later. At that time he put out a feeler toward an American loan to the Hankow Government, emphasizing and reiterating that China was getting no money from Moscow at that time. I had asked if Moscow would not be a better prospect, or if they were not getting revenue there.

"Not one cent," Borodin said, "absolutely not a cent. The Soviet Union is always rather economical. We are spending around $200,-000,000 Mex. a year here in this revolution. We can get this from various taxes, of course, in time." He insisted Hankow was "good for the hire of the money," and certainly would meet her foreign debts. "We desire to stabilize our credit abroad," he said. "We have no idea of renouncing our debts, or those we may incur.

"Furthermore, you were not stopped by the bogey of 'security' in the case of Europe during the World War. What security did America have then? None! With a loan, we could refund China's national debt; and we would pay it off in a certain period of time, say

half a century—the same as France, or any other nation. America need have no fear of lack of security here."

From later history concerning international obligations, it would appear that Borodin's opinions were not so far-fetched as they seemed in Hankow then. But nothing ever came of that visionary scheme in China; at least, not for the Communist-controlled régime far up the Yangtze.

As one vital result of the more lenient attitude toward foreigners, the tiny colony of foreigners carried on life in Hankow virtually the same as before the Chinese struggle. Aside from the fact that business stood almost idle, the men and the few women went about their daily life unmolested. Various clubs were open. Bars were always nearly full. At noon and in the evening the French Club and the Hankow Club were the most popular. The beautiful Hankow Race Club had its usual tea-dances, with a foreign orchestra each evening. The golf course was in use and the tennis courts occupied—but the whole thing reminded me of a skeleton strutting about. In normal times that vast club is the meeting-place of 200 or 300 persons each afternoon. In those days, perhaps a score or so gathered there, the only women being Germans. There were 70 Americans still in Hankow, 100 British, about 500 Japanese and 250 Germans. Japanese business reopened a few days later.

The Japanese made the firmest stand and refused Hankow's demand for the removal of their armed guards as well as their barbed wire and sandbags. The Japanese Concession was reminiscent of Shanghai, and passes were required to enter. The rest of Hankow, however, was wide open. Nationalist soldiers and officers strutted about the streets everywhere. Thousands of foreign sailors aboard warships in the harbor were not permitted shore leave for weeks because of an "incident" in the Japanese Concession. Banks remained closed, but eventually the men in the Hankow Government found a way to permit them to operate at a profit, despite the temporary silver embargo.

The only foreign newspaper there then was *The People's Tribune,* published by the government. However, The Hankow *Herald* reopened with its first new issue the next Friday morning after my arrival. There was no stopping Bruno Schwartz, the editor and publisher of this wide-awake American daily. The reopening of the banks,

as well as the return of many Japanese, indicated a general lessening of the tension, at least temporarily. Soon it was no longer dangerous to walk about at night anywhere, except in the native city. The French Concession was not touched, Annamites policing the streets as they did in Shanghai. The movies were running nightly. Foreigners, especially Americans, moved back into their homes. The American Consulate now had only myself as guest in a barracks-style quarters on the third floor. I slept on an iron cot shipped there from Kenosha, Wisconsin.

The government-owned telegraph lines were operating, but their functioning was unsatisfactory. Privileges to war correspondents to send their messages collect were cancelled, for the Hankow office did not coöperate with Nanking and Shanghai during the split with the Kuomintang leaders down the Yangtze. Dispatches had to go out by messenger on board an occasional British river steamer, or through a foreign destroyer going "out" to the coast. They were relayed abroad by cable from Shanghai, but were invariably several days or even a fortnight late, if delivered at all.

Hot and panting coolies, already noisy and dirty enough beneath layers of penetrating red dust which rose from clay of the river banks, swarmed the streets in various stages of undress. They popped the inevitable Chinese firecrackers everywhere day and night, adding to the din of Hankow at the start of that nightmarish summer. Their contribution to the confusion of daily existence (and the way they gave the lie to the popular Western belief in the inscrutability of the "silent Oriental" was a thing to behold!) was no aid to the nerves, already jumpy and frayed by events in recent weeks.

The Yangtze was a remarkable sight then, unlike anything before or since. The broad stream was literally crammed with warships of many nations. Their impressiveness cannot be exaggerated. From my window in the United States Consulate, it seemed aglow at night. Lights from many craft gleamed through the darkness, and the men on board sent frequent signals to one another. Often these naval signals were merely some ship's officer inviting another to tiffin the next day, but it didn't matter—there was mystery and awe in the sight. Powerful searchlights peered over the stream's surface for strange objects which were often afloat on that dark river's sinister current

These added their fingers of blaze to the whole—a touch of the Northern lights in effect.

In a short time I was to return to Shanghai and the trustworthiness of a foreign-run cable-head there. June had just drawn the curtain on her eventful weeks when I headed back down the Yangtze, not without a sigh of relief.

7 UP TO THE FRONT

THE "Christian General," Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang, was back from a sojourn in Moscow. There were rumors that he might confer with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek somewhere near the Front in the Kuomintang Revolution's advance toward the north. His position in the Nanking-Hankow split was vital to China's revolt. My task was to discover what it was—from the astute Marshal in person, if possible. In less than two weeks, he came east to meet General Chiang at Hsuchow-fu, in Kiangsu Province, near the Shantung border.

So I went there also.

Mystery survives but faintly in the heart of China. In June 1927, with two other foreign correspondents I spent a fortnight in the interior. We visited the war front and we traveled hundreds of miles through a land of farmers. Peasants at work in peaceful valleys are not glamorous; and tales of days when ancient tyrants ruled and warred, and this land of the Dragon was unknown to a wondering West, faded in the warm sunshine of June's modern days.

Old temples still existed and towering pagodas reared their storied fingers into the blue; but the temples rotted in decay, skeletons of an older glory, occupied by troops who, like gray rats, scuttled in and out of vacant doors. The pagodas, one felt, must have been used as silos for the grain—China's golden harvest which, like her gold in another day, was sapped from its source to provide the ever-diminishing sinews of war so that the Kuomintang Revolution might go on.

China, in being born again, destroyed every vestige of her former self. The dragon shuffled off its ancient coil. The process is tragic, yet a view of it at close range in 1927 had its merits in a series of queer experiences in the East.

We were three on that expedition to quaint Hsuchow-fu, in the extreme northern tip of Kiangsu Province, near the Shantung Province

border, where the Nanking Nationalist line had been pushing gradually northward and eastward to the Pacific. During the entire trip we noticed not the slightest anti-foreignism among the Chinese people, despite the thorough-going propaganda of the Nanking authorities against what they termed "imperialists," which the average Chinese naturally expected to include all foreigners. The propaganda posters were everywhere. Most of them were illustrated, in order that the illiterate Chinese (the vast majority of the people) might get some faint idea of what it was all about. And the "imperialist" was inevitably, of course, a white foreigner. We also saw a number of anti-Japanese posters during this trip, which were characterized by figures of Japanese troops despoiling the Chinese.

I started for the exciting trip up to the front on Sunday, June 12, 1927, going as far as Nanking with former Senator Hiram Bingham, of Connecticut, who, with his son, Woodbridge Bingham, had been making a thorough tour of China, both North and South. In Nanking, I met Robert S. Pickens, a special correspondent for the Chicago *Tribune*, and a Danish correspondent named Dr. Aage Kaarup Nielsen. Dr. Nielsen was a South Polar explorer, among other things, and for six or seven years had been traveling for three Scandinavian newspapers, returning to Europe to lecture and write books on what he had seen. I hired a cook, took food and bottled drinking water, and with a translator started for Nanking and the front.

I left Shanghai at 9:10 a.m., going to Nanking in a private car with the Binghams and Mr. Julean Arnold, the American Commercial Attaché in Shanghai. We arrived about four o'clock in the afternoon. An under-secretary from the Nanking Foreign Office met us, together with two officers from the United States destroyer *Peary,* stationed there, and we proceeded to the Garden Hotel. After getting settled, Mr. Arnold and I, with the Foreign Office secretary (a chap named Chang), called on the late Dr. C. C. Wu, the Nanking Foreign Minister. Dr. Wu told us briefly of the desire of his Government to have the foreigners return to Nanking, assuring us that neither he nor his colleagues were anti-foreign. We compared Nanking's Government with the Hankow Nationalist group, and Dr. Wu said the only difference was that Nanking was anti-Red. The general mechanism of the two governments was the same. These people, however, did not feel that labor should be placed yet in such an exalted position.

Mr. Arnold and I, with Chang, departed for a tour of Nanking. We visited Nanking University and drove through the ground of Ginling College for girls. Both were functioning and expected to graduate classes that week. The missions supporting them, men in charge told me, were planning to continue to do so, despite the fact that no foreign teachers remained.

The hotel at Nanking where I stayed, while not the most modern in the world, was a surprise. The rooms were large and comfortable. The place was full then, and I took over a room belonging to Pickens, who had gone to Shanghai over the week end. Nanking was quieter than I had been led to believe, and none of us, it seemed, was in the slightest danger. However, the next day I noticed a few isolated evidences that all was not well in the relations between foreigners and the Chinese.

Next morning we went on another tour of Nanking. The Standard Oil house, where fifty-odd foreigners had gathered during the "Nanking Incident," was a wreck. It was a stiff climb up the hill on the outskirts of Nanking to where it stood overlooking the city and the Yangtze River. There was an old tin cup four feet high, a trophy made of Standard Oil five-gallon tins, standing in the yard, battered and bent. On its defaced surface one could still make out the words painted in black on the trophy. They read: "American Team, International Polo," and beneath this, one under the other, were the names of members of the team. Below this list was the date, 1921; and at the bottom, a rudely sketched figure of a horse. The Chinese rabble considered this sentimental trophy too trivial to bother stealing. They left little else. The bath tubs were gone, all light and water fixtures had been ripped out, windows broken, baseboards stripped off, everything left in complete confusion.

Letters and parts of envelopes lay everywhere, together with old newspapers and magazines. A torn page from The New York *Times* lay in a hallway with scraps of personal letters to the men from their mothers, wives, friends. Desolation hung like a shroud around this once lively house whose eaves now dripped rain. Blank, sightless windows gazed unseeing across the verdant landscape, over the valley and river flats below to where the yellow Yangtze sweeps gracefully out of sight past Lion Hill to the west.

Julean Arnold and I called again at Nanking University, where we

met the Acting Dean. He and another professor, both American college graduates, took us to visit the home of an American professor who had evacuated, John Reisner. It was occupied by Nationalist troops who sought to obstruct our entrance. We pushed by and went inside. Further desolation. No furniture was left other than a battered piano, its ivory keys stripped from the board, its strings snapped, useless. We were ordered out before we could go farther, the soldiers, ugly and menacing, speaking in guttural tones to our Chinese friends. My translator told me they had called the professors "running dogs of imperialism," a then popular Chinese slogan.

It was our first sign of anything like anti-foreignism, although the Senator's son had told us of an occurrence the night before that was worse. He was to spend the night on the U. S. S *Peary*, and about 8 o'clock went down to the dock to meet a launch he had been told would await him. He found no launch, so took a sampan. The navy men told him the launch had waited for him, but that while waiting at dusk a Chinese mob gathered and demanded that they be allowed aboard to inspect the boat. The sailors refused and were greeted by a shower of stones. Rather than create a disturbance, the Americans decided to withdraw It cost young Bingham $2, he said, to hire a sampan to the *Peary* The usual price is 20 or 30 cents for this ten-minutes' rowing to midstream.

Mr Arnold left at noon After tiffin, the Foreign Office secretary brought us invitations to a dinner being given for Senator Bingham. During the afternoon, we visited the American Consulate. Here again we found a wreck: safes battered, papers scattered everywhere, trunks emptied, two or three bedsteads minus bed clothing or mattresses. Outside, a policeman stood guard. There was little to guard. A Nationalist seal had been placed over the doors of the huge office safe. It was not opened, but evidences were many of a battle with the bayonets of soldiers. From there, we visited the home of the late Dr. John Williams, the Nanking University man who was murdered. It was occupied by troops.

I sat next to General Chiang Kai-shek at dinner that evening. It was the first time I had seen him since late April, in Shanghai, and we talked of his victories and what he planned to do next. He said he wanted the Americans to come back to Nanking, and that he would see that they were safe. He also said he would order the troops out

of foreign property if somebody would submit to him a list of the houses so occupied, and their owners.

I made arrangements on Tuesday to go north to the Hsuchow-fu front, the Nanking outpost at the tip of Kiangsu Province, near Shantung. Chiang Kai-shek offered me a guard when I talked with him in the afternoon, and this I gladly accepted. He also wrote two letters to his generals at the front, introducing me and asking that they extend courtesies. My local passport was a queer flimsy document, being really a military pass, but Chang (my interpreter) said it would get me by anywhere in Nanking-controlled territory.

Chiang Kai-shek gave me his autographed photograph. He again stressed his desire to have Americans return to Nanking. I suggested that the anti-imperialistic posters they had up all around were hardly conducive to the return of foreigners—they should be changed and posters favorable to the white man put up. The Commander-in-Chief said this "might be done." He said also that he and Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang were in complete accord, and that Marshal Yen Hsi-san in Shansi Province west of Peking was working with him in the Nationalist revolution. But one cannot tell. It was fatal to rely on such information, even when given by men in high places. They all had their own interests to protect.

Dr. Nielsen, the Danish correspondent, arrived at the Garden Hotel that evening. He and Pickens, who had returned, and I planned to get under way the next morning by train. There was no way of telling what sort of train it would be, however, for most of the rolling stock had gone northward with the retreating Shantung soldiers.

The three of us and Secretary Chang had "Chinese chow" that night on a picturesque canal boat. Brown-bodied boatmen sculled us along; Chinese lanterns bobbed on all sides; there was the sound of shrill Chinese music and thin voices of the sing-song girls, the chatter of Mah Jongg tiles as we floated along. A scene of color and laughter and paper lanterns, reflected in the dark water. No wars or rumors of wars here. The Chinese are like that.

However, I found on Wednesday that getting away from Nanking was not as easy as one might think. The train left at seven instead of nine, as we had been told, and the Chinese chap who told us wrong was *very sorry*. One is impotent in the face of that "very sorry" expression of the East. Our military "guard," a rather inconsequential

young officer, told us that another left at two o'clock, and we planned to take that. But we hadn't figured on the cook. This remarkable person left early in the morning to buy provisions for the journey; and he returned just at two o'clock, promptly. We had told him the train left at two, hence he must get back in time. He arrived on the dot, at two, and when it was explained in detail and not without a bit of force that it was improbable we could get to the ferry and across the Yangtze River all in an instant to catch the train, comprehension and sorrow spread over his demure features. He, too, it turned out, was "very sorry." In the meantime, we had to wait until another morning to go.

We finally got under way toward the front on Thursday. It took us from four-thirty that rainy morning until ten at night to get started from Pukow, but at last we were on the train, and that was something.

Rising in the gray dawn, we rushed to get the Pukow ferry at five o'clock. Our special officer failed to appear, like a dandy little fellow, leaving us to worry about our own future. The cook we had sent ahead, and he was waiting on the station platform for us beside a coolie train jammed with soldiers. He said that it was possible that train might pull out at seven o'clock, but had his doubts.

I said it might pull out at seven or any other o'clock for all we cared—we *couldn't* ride on it. There wasn't a square inch of space anywhere on any one of those freight cars; and if there had been, we could never have packed our cook and his three packing cases of provisions aboard. It was hopeless. Our officer had failed to appear anywhere along the route, but now as we were gazing about he blew in and said there wouldn't be a train until at least two o'clock that afternoon.

But we moved our cook and his luggage and ourselves alongside another and a far better train which, I discovered by asking one of the soldiers who spoke English, was waiting for General Chiang Kai-shek. The Commander-in-Chief was expected to go up to the front that day, he said. There were two first-class compartment cars which suggested prodigious possibilities!

I asked our interpreter to get it across to the "Little Colonel" with us that we desired to enter one of these cars and rest until the General arrived. He was shocked and surprised, and escorted us to the

waiting room instead. After half an hour, as we sat on hard chairs in this fetid place and watched the Chinese guzzle soup, he pounced in on us and announced a train was leaving in a few minutes and that we had better take it.

Elated, we dashed out all ready for Big Things. He led us back to the wide open spaces of that coolie train. He skipped nimbly ahead through a light drizzle and we, our ardor dampened by many things when we gazed on this familiar sight, followed warily. Even the escort was a bit crestfallen. He had evidently taken somebody's word for it that that train offered excellent accommodations for a trio of war correspondents and their friends, all hardy and used to roughing it! We looked at the train where soldiers and coolies sat on trucks, filled open coal cars, exuded from grain cars and sat perched everywhere atop anything, with their umbrellas. We looked sorrowfully at our wayward escort—and then we walked away. It simply could not be done.

As we strolled along in the light drizzle, I thought more and more of cushions and that first class carriage I told our interpreter that we were now going to open the car and sit therein until further notice. He doubted it. But my companions, disgusted and ready to try it, for we couldn't be worse off, assented. I tried the door to the car. It was locked. A young officer stepped out of the next car, and I appealed to him. It turned out that he was a member of the Propaganda Corps and a former newspaper man from Shanghai and Peking who used to work on a paper that Eugene Chen had edited. His name was Paul Chu, he said, and he was a graduate of an American mission college in China. I told him the General had invited us to go to Hsuchow-fu, that we were getting no attention at all, and that all in all, the trip so far had been no howling success.

He pointed out that the car which we wanted to enter was locked. I admitted this, but suggested we pay a little social call on the Station Master and see what he would do. We did. The Station Master learned we were guests of the Commander-in-Chief, which, in a way, was true. He was apologetic. And what is more to the point, he opened that car! We parked in a compartment for the rest of our journey to Hsuchow-fu, for despite efforts on the part of our little officer-escort, we refused to budge from our comfortable compartment, where one might lie stretched out on a leather upholstered seat and

sleep. Bob Pickens produced an important looking document which we had had at the hotel in Nanking, given us by the Foreign Office. It actually did declare, under the Government Seal, that we were guests of the Foreign Office and were not to be disturbed. We were left alone henceforth and had a good ride.

The cook, back in the baggage car, was afraid to open his provision boxes for fear the playful soldiers quartered with him might insist on their share. So we ate rice in large bowls and washed it down with lemonade. The day passed slowly. We photographed the coolie train with its accompanying cars loaded with six motor trucks that, with white-arched backs, looked like covered wagons. They were for use at the front in transport service and as ambulances, we were told. The Propaganda boys were busy the whole day long painting pictures of the late Dr. Sun Yat-sen on the train and copies of the Kuomintang emblem everywhere, as well as putting up new and better posters.

Our "guard" joined us without display late in the afternoon, glad to admit defeat and desert his baggage car quarters now jammed with troops—part, I presume, of General Chiang's guard. He said Chiang's departure was still indefinite, but we had decided to stick by our compartments (we now had taken two adjoining ones and kept them), if it took a week. The Chinese were most friendly, and I found one of the "boys" on the train spoke English with an American accent. It seems he worked in Vladivostok when we had troops in Siberia during the World War.

About six o'clock, we went onto the platform for a stroll. It was a lucky hunch. We met the managing director of the railway and he was glad to talk to foreigners and practise his English. His name was Wood—perversion of some Chinese name, of course—and he was a graduate of an American university. He was much interested in our trip; and he suggested we might have trouble getting train accommodations from Hsuchow-fu back to Pukow. I had thought of the same thing. So Mr. Wood wrote a note to his man at Hsuchow-fu and ordered him to give us a private car when we wanted it.

General Chiang Kai-shek arrived at 9:40, and five minutes later we were off for Hsuchow-fu. He caught sight of us as he marched past, and returned our salute. With a great blowing of many bugles, we pulled out for the north at 9:45 p.m.

What spitters the Chinese are! Our car, in the narrow aisle out-

side our compartments, was alive with noises by daybreak, and the loudest of these was the spitting by everybody, everywhere, preferably, it seemed, on the floor. It was a game of "hock, spit and jump," with us doing the jumping. One of those things you have to get used to in China, and elsewhere in the East. It is a national custom.

We had to sleep in our clothing during the night. No bed clothes. I used my brief-case (which was all my luggage, incidentally, on that tour) as a pillow. It was a beautiful night—with moonlight across the meadows and frequent lakes—and quite chilly. As we stopped at each town, the Political Bureau poster propaganda boys went about putting up new and shiny posters on everything. Our train was littered with signs. On the General's car a big black-and-white poster in Chinese read: TO CONGRATULATE GENERAL CHIANG KAI-SHEK ON HIS NORTHERN EXPEDITION—10,000 YEARS! This last was a typical Chinese expression meaning long life and happiness. Dr. Sun's photograph was painted on the car, and there were the usual slogans, as DOWN WITH IMPERIALISM! DOWN WITH THE COMMUNIST PARTY! and CLEAN UP THE MILITARISTS!

The cook, like a good fellow, turned up at six o'clock in the morning with tinned food and fruit, and the boy brought tea and hot water.

The train's personnel, aside from the many troops, included numerous people of importance, among them representatives of Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang. Two of them, very good fellows, came in for a chat. They swore that Feng was all for General Chiang, and they said he was already half-way to Hsuchow-fu on the Lunghai Railway Line One chap also swore Feng was dead against the Communist Party in China. This seemed to me rather strange, after the help Feng Yu-hsiang, the alleged "Christian General," got from Moscow after his defeat in Peking in 1925. The doubtful man seemed rather to be Yen Hsi-san, in Shansi. But, they said, he was bound to come over to the South. One of the men, Ting Tuan-siao, a former director of the Peking-Mukden Railway, said he thought Chang Tso-lin would hold Peking to the last ditch. Both were bitter against Japan for sending troops to Shantung. So was everybody, it seemed. They recalled Japan's aiding Chang Tso-lin against Kuo Sung-lin in Manchuria in December and January, 1925-26, when Tokyo declared a "neutral zone" at Mukden and staved off what seemed to be certain defeat for Chang.

We passed numerous stations. Everywhere crowds turned out to greet their General. The country was as flat as Kansas—beautiful farm country, stretching away for miles in all directions as far as one could see. We started from Pukow through a low range of mountains, and high hills, brown in the background, were still visible against the blue sky. We passed through Fu Li Chi at 10 a.m. It was one of the prettiest purely Chinese hamlets I ever saw. Mud houses with white tile roofs, curling up at the eaves . . . a walled temple high on a far hill . . . beggars, some old and bent, others young and naked. I tossed them coppers, and as the train pulled out a big boy grabbed one coin of three I'd thrown a naked little chap not over three years of age. The baby howled, and I shouted loudly and without dignity at the rascal. He dropped the coin and fled.

We reached Hsuchow-fu at noon. A milling, banner-waving reception awaited General Chiang Kai-shek. Hsuchow-fu *en fête,* a holiday declared, greeted our party. We got rickshaws to the Garden Hotel where I met General Pei Chung-hsi, capturer of Shanghai, talking with Merle Lavoy, a jovial Pathé newsreel veteran who had been over to the front in Shantung. The place was full of soldiers, for General Chiang made his GHQ there. We met many officers, including the Police Commissioner, who thought a cold drink would go good after our hot ride. It did.

Another officer arranged for rooms for us through the Chinese Chamber of Commerce. We had tiffin at the hotel and then moved to our quarters. They were in a spacious room inside an old Chinese temple, with bamboo and many flowers growing in the yard. Major-General Ma Ho-chow, in charge of the artillery unit with the Tenth Army, quartered here, called on us. He brought General Pang Tsien-tsai, also of the Tenth Army, along, a smiling Buddha of a man, good natured and funny, a broad, rather self-conscious grin always beaming across his fat, pleasant, brown, round face. Shortening his name, Pang, we dubbed him Pa, to go with General Ma, our host. The latter spoke fairly good English. He was a spirited fellow whose men must have loved him.

We left at four o'clock, after tea, and interviewed General Li Chung-jen at his *yaman.* He agreed to take us up to the front with him in a few days. It was about 100 *li,* or a little over 30 miles to the lines where he was assigned, which with troops would be a two

days' march. About six we took our departure, to seek bed clothes in the market-place. Until we got a policeman at GHQ to help us, we got nowhere. The merchants, on holiday, refused to open up. We didn't get our mosquito netting, unfortunately, and all of us had a hard fight during the night with these pests, and with flies at sun-up.

Lavoy and his cameraman, Chen, were waiting for us when we got back to our temple-home about seven. They had been to the Eastern front in Shantung with General Pei Chung-hsi, and Lavoy told us of experiences there. He was a jolly big fellow who had been all over the world with his camera, in wars everywhere, and on all fronts in Europe during the World War. He could tell a merry tale well. He anticipated a break-up in the Northern forces that summer of 1927 and a march to Peking by the Nationalists before many months. While we were chatting, General Ma joined us and as his contribution to the party sang a popular American song, *I want to see my home in Dixie!* He was tall, with a fierce black mustache, kind eyes and a roving spirit that was always hitting on something new to say or do. He was a natural soldier and well-fitted to be a leader of his ragged and none too spirited troops.

He brought in half a dozen officers ten minutes later and insisted we all go into his quarters and dine "Chinese-chow" style. Lavoy had to refuse but we accepted, although the cook had already prepared dinner. We dined by candlelight around a board table, with food in the center in enormous quantities which we ate with chopsticks. Two of the officers spoke Japanese but no other foreign language. General Ma finally felt constrained to sing once more and did, in a hoarse, jovial voice. He then insisted that his guests sing, and Bob Pickens and I obliged with some of the college songs we both knew, ending up with *Hail, Hail the Gang's All Here,* to which our dignified Generals—there were five Generals and several lesser officers present—thumped the table resoundingly!

The vice-chairman of the mass meeting to welcome General Chiang Kai-shek next day was present at the dinner, and he invited us also to make a speech. We held a conference on this subject, and it was finally agreed that I was to make a brief acknowledgment of the honor done us in Hsuchow-fu, the three of us to be introduced at one time and I to say the piece.

The next day was Saturday, June 18, and the huge Chinese mass

meeting was an impressive success—although we did not speak. The Chinese were long on addresses, and when it was time for our début the people were weary of standing in the hot sun and it was past noon and everybody was hungry, including us. So we left. General Chiang made a good speech, as usual, and he denied that the Kuomintang members were against Christianity or Confucianism or anything else in the way of religion or freedom of speech and thought.

The meeting was held on a broad plain at the edge of the city, beyond the wall. The sun was broiling hot but we didn't mind that so much, being guests on a shady platform. General Chiang arrived about ten o'clock. He saluted us and came over to ask if we'd got comfortable quarters. The meeting broke up about 12:30. The stream of humanity up the hill and back to town was a great sight. The Doc in a rickshaw covered all over like a covered-wagon was a fantastic sight in his white helmet, riding breeches, khaki coat and camera.

We had a siesta after tiffin, the day being hot and no one stirring I awoke at three o'clock to find the room filled with soldiers. They were an inquisitive lot, all Hunanese, and very "fresh," but they left quickly when an assembly bell rang. It saved us some embarrassment, for we would have had to evict them. They had been demanding cigarettes and tea, some fifty or more of them, and that would have taken a lot of cigarettes and tea. But we were rid of them, thanks to the bell which called them to formation. I don't know how they got in, but we complained to our General Ma, and he posted a guard which prevented further trouble of this kind.

Our next caller was a student-teacher of art who called for no good reason except to talk with these "foreign devils." He was pleasant enough, although a fatuous-faced galoot, and he promised to paint us a fan apiece. He said he thought the people would like the Nationalists once they got acquainted better, for, he said, many of the officers were well educated. "These Nationalists," he confided, "have interests in art and literature, while the Northerners are rough fellows, uneducated. I think the Nationalists will be popular, therefore." Now, that was a new angle on the revolution.

The town was preparing for the welcome of Marshal Feng Yuhsiang, who was due in the morning. Posters flew everywhere. We bought mosquito nets, looked at jade, and after fixing our quarters and netting for the night, went to General Wang Tien-pei's quarters for

dinner. There we learned we had to move at once, for Feng was to be given our rooms in the temple! So we moved before dinner in a great caravan of rickshaws through the narrow, roughly cobbled streets of Hsuchow-fu, and dined late at eleven o'clock with the officers of General Wang's mess. The General had to leave to attend a welcome committee meeting to prepare for Feng's arrival at dawn the next day. He was commander of the Tenth Army and an old Wu Pei-fu man; a cordial host and pleasant, as most of these people were to us. We were treated like princes on all hands, and even among the people there was not a trace of anti-foreignism.

Our new quarters were in a deserted girls' school at the edge of Hsuchow-fu, occupied by General Wang and his guard and the propaganda bureau chaps. It was a barn-like place, but picturesque—a fine view was to be had of the entire city. After dinner, several of the officers accompanied us to our rooms. Two of them had studied engineering in France and Germany, and we got along nobly in broken French, discovering a common knowledge of several French ballads. One young Major was particularly proud of his Terpsichorean accomplishments and proved his statements by essaying the Charleston on the rough boards of that attic chamber. They left us shortly after midnight. We remade our billets on doors rigged up as beds—the hardest wood I have yet discovered.

We were invited to lunch with Chiang Kai-shek and Feng Yu-hsiang on Sunday morning, but missed it. Foolishly presuming the party would be at noon or later, we went about calling on headquarters, and rode to the railway station to see the man to whom I had a note about a private car, if and when we would want it. We got to the Chamber of Commerce where Feng was giving the luncheon at noon and the party was over. It had begun at eleven. What an hour to eat lunch! We arranged to interview Feng at his quarters at four o'clock.

Feng Yu-hsiang proved to be foxy. He gave us no direct answers on anything. I asked him what he expected to do in Hsuchow-fu. He said he expected to confer with Chiang Kai-shek. We asked him why, and he said he had heard much about Chiang and that he, Feng, was a member of the Kuomintang and wanted to make Chiang's acquaintance. Asked if he had come to offer full coöperation with Chiang, he said that he had been coöperating with Chiang for many

months, anyway, and would continue to do so. He said Borodin was an acquaintance of his, but that he liked Chiang better. He said he did not intend to support separately either Nanking or Hankow, because he declared they would soon merge into one government again.

As to the Communist Party in China, Feng said he could say nothing, that questions concerning politics were settled by the Central Executive Committee of the Kuomintang. In that fashion he sidestepped all major questions.

As we were leaving, I said: "Well, General, are you still a Christian?" He grinned and replied, "Do you think I look like one?" And that was that. He posed for pictures and, still grinning behind his three-days' beard, bid us a cordial—a little too cordial, I thought—farewell.

We went to a dinner that night given by Chiang for Feng at the Garden Hotel Both the Generals made short speeches, rather meaningless, referring to the noble principles of the Nationalist Cause and calling on everybody to stick together. Chiang extolled Feng and welcomed him into the fold; and Feng extolled Chiang for his victories in his march north from Canton. After it was over I spoke briefly to Chiang about getting a photograph of the two of them together, and he promised to arrange it. So, "home" to our schoolhouse rooms in rickety rickshaws, through the tumbly old walled city.

The Chiang-Feng conference was due to end the next day, and we decided that since there was no way to get news out but by messenger, it was time to get back to Shanghai. We asked Mr. Yu, the Station Master, to fix us up. He gave us a *private freight car,* and put it on a siding for our use! There was nothing else available. Then, while waiting to see Chiang at the hotel, we met a young Major-General, David Loh, chief of communications at the front, who offered us cots and a guard. So we were all ready to depart when the conference ended.

General Wang sent his signed photograph over to us that Monday afternoon and later, with his staff, paid us a formal call. It was a terrific strain on our cook and his tea service, which consisted of three cups and saucers, four glasses and some tins of cakes and crackers. But we made it, parking the General and his officers around on wooden benches and our door-beds. Wang confirmed my impressions of Feng. And it looked as though Nanking could not move

north until the Hankow split was settled. They were still afraid of Feng there. We had a quiet evening at home and decided to move into our box-car first thing in the morning.

We went aboard at 10 a.m. The train was due to go at noon. General Loh was as good as his word, and his army cots were on hand. We found about half a dozen others in our car also—men, we learned, given special privilege to ride with us, some as guards, others as officials who had important business in Nanking and had no other means of transportation. We weren't crowded, so it was all right. I dropped "PPC" cards of farewell at GHQ and returned to the train at 11:30 all set to get away. We had got our photograph of Feng and Chiang together, and were assured that Feng was leaving at noon also, which he did. Chiang said no statement on the conference would be issued until he got back to Nanking.

Our coolie train got under way at 2:45 p.m. It crawled a scant ten miles in two hours, and stopped in the rain. We stayed there an hour arguing with the station man and a military train inspector to cut the train in half and let part of us go on. That bedraggled engine could do nothing with the twenty-four cars it was expected to pull. We ended by backing all the way to Hsuchow-fu once more, where we spent the night. General Chiang was leaving early Wednesday morning, and I asked Mr. Yu to attach our car to his train. He said one would leave at ten o'clock that night and we had better get it attached to that. We agreed, and I went back to the siding, rolled up in a blanket and dropped off to sleep, hoping but not expecting to get under way that night.

General Loh came to see us about nine o'clock and talked for an hour about his work and how the Nationalists and Northerners fight, and about the Red Cross work in China. He said the doctors refuse to bother with wounded privates in most cases.

"If privates are shot through the leg or shoulder, but could get well, it makes no difference. They order the burial squad to toss them into the 'dead' heap—and they are buried alive. They are told they are of no use, that there is no place to tend to them, and that they had better die for their country now and save further suffering," Loh said. "It is terrible. Officers are sometimes spared."

A moment later, he left and I turned in for the night.

Our interpreter awakened me about 6:30 a.m. the next morning,

and said: "They're waiting for General Chiang and he is going to leave any minute now. What shall we do?" I ran over to the Hsuchow-fu station to find soldiers lined up, bugles playing—and our Station Master of absolutely no use. He was "very sorry" that no train had left during the night; but he had no time then.

The Police Commissioner was on hand. He tried to get us accommodations on another car on the General's train, but it was packed. I was frantic and furious, and demanded that our car be switched on behind. The Station Master tore his hair and said it was too late. We fought it out for a quarter of an hour, but nothing happened. One young fellow said: "Why worry about these crazy foreigners anyway? The Commander-in-Chief is due any moment. Let them holler but don't bother about them." My interpreter translated all this.

It was misting and the General drove up and the train was about to leave. Bob and the Doc were still over in the box-car on the siding, a block away. The General was on the car step. Cheers and bugles. I grabbed the interpreter, pushed through the mass right up to the General and paused, speaking rapidly to the interpreter and looking at Chiang. I told him to tell the General our troubles and that we wanted to take that train to Nanking. When this was explained, Chiang smiled and said, "Well, come on in my car." I told him in my brand of Japanese (he studied in Japan, and I was on an American newspaper in Tokyo three years) that there were three of us. He said to get the others. I ran, while the train waited, and got Bob and the Doc, told the cook to pack his things and catch the next train to Pukow and Nanking, and with my camera and brief case, ran back to the train. We made it. An instant later the train shoved off, while the crowd roared.

Once we had our breath, a boy appeared and asked us if we wanted breakfast. We had brought no food and had had no chance to eat. We gladly accepted, and he brought us ham and eggs, toast and jam, and the best coffee in months. While we ate, Chiang dictated to his secretaries. He looked over and asked an hour later if we had had "chow." He and his staff then dined, just as we had. The three meals we had were all "foreign-style," the General and his men eating with knives, forks and spoons, and eating food that foreigners eat—no rice or other Chinese dishes.

After tiffin the chief secretary, a young Captain who was a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, said that he had a message which we might like to see. It was a telegram which Feng Yu-hsiang had sent to Hankow demanding the eviction of Borodin and the other Communists there, and the merging of the Hankow people with Nanking forthwith!

The secretary read it off in fairly good English, and Pickens and I cabled our papers after reaching Shanghai. The Feng message looked as though he really meant to stick by Chiang, at least for the moment. What his game was to be later was still a mystery. Even the staff officers did not trust him much. I asked General Chiang what he thought of Feng and whether he believed Feng would stick by Nanking, and he, of course, said that he trusted Feng and was convinced the "Christian General" would continue to support Nanking. But I doubted it.

If it hadn't been for Bob Pickens we would not have reached Nanking that night. He used to work summers in a round-house down in Carolina The wobbly engine broke down twice But Bob got out and fixed it both times, cutting a fireman's shovel handle in two to get a pin for a driving rod. Then he showed them how to fix the same pin when it worked loose and the threads on the nuts were worn smooth as a whistle an hour after the first breakdown.

We reached Pukow about eleven o'clock and ferried across to Nanking, getting a hotel room only after a Chinese moved out, permitting us to use it. The hotel was packed, one guest being Fuad Bey, former Turkish Minister at Tokyo, who was there talking with Dr. C. C. Wu about a new commercial treaty. We took the morning train to Shanghai, traveling in a car provided for General Huang, then Mayor of Shanghai, who was also returning after a visit to the front.

All three of us had only praise for the way in which we were treated in a country where older residents warned us that our heads would not be worth their chemical content if we were to venture into that "wild interior in such troublous times." It was a lark for us, anyway —and I got data on the Chiang-Feng combine at first hand. It resulted in the rapid decline of the Red Russian rule in Hankow.

I caught the first river steamer back up the Yangtze on July 2 to break the details to Comrade Borodin and his Russian Advisorate, and

to watch the end of Moscow's control over the Kuomintang Revolution. The manner in which their house of cards tumbled about them, forcing them to flee, was nothing short of astounding. I had to wait a week for a river boat, and I heard tales from Hankow of the ruthless actions of desperate men still vainly seeking a foothold up there. They foreshadowed the inevitable fall of that régime.

8 THE RED FLAME FADES

THE river steamer up the Yangtze-kiang left an hour earlier than I had been told it would for the nerve-tingling voyage to Hankow, and we nearly missed the boat. Frank Riley of The London *Times* (The "Thunderer") and I telephoned to check the time of departure again, for steamers along that water highway in the muddled days of 1927-28 left any port when the leaving was good.

I had been told at the pier that the S. S. *Tuckwo* would sail at noon so Riley and I had a leisurely breakfast at the well-appointed American Club that idle morning of July 2, when we went "up the river." He was making it for what apparently turned out to be his last trip. We packed one bag each, had the Club's doorman call a motor car, drove to the dock at 11:30 a.m., in what we believed was ample time—and saw the elusive little *Tuckwo* just breaking away for her voyage, and ours. We drove on to the pier. Pickens of the Chicago *Tribune*, was gesticulating wildly to us. Riley and I jumped from the car. The *Tuckwo* was already two yards from the wooden pier, and the angry waters of the yellow Yangtze were below us.

"Catch this," I yelled at Bob and threw him my portable typewriter. "And this." He got my bag, also. Bob and others on board kept shouting to us to catch a sampan to midstream and come aboard there. But instead, Riley, a six-footer and long of limb, made a leap for it over the ever widening gap. I had no time to think. I ran a few paces, made a flying leap in turn—and they yanked me on board. We had made it by the narrowest of margins, but we both were on board, and safe.

Among our ardent cheerers as we made that unaided flight through space were two young American women. One was going up-river to be married to a United States Navy ensign on board the U. S. S. *Cincinnati*, a cruiser then standing by at Hankow. The other was her bridesmaid. They had come from the States, and after meeting her

financé in Honolulu, the bride decided to "join the Navy" and marry her sailor. She was called "Chris," and her bridesmaid was Miss Myrtle Johnson, from Michigan. The wedding took place in Hankow, the fiancé proving to be a Navy officer named William Eddy.

These women enlivened the trip upstream considerably. The war was at least superficially quiescent in the unbearable heat of midsummer. The voyage was less tense than the one on the *Loongwo* in April, and we had a gala time among a more responsive ship's company. My personal recollections of that Fourth of July off Wuhu remain especially delightful. The wedding at Hankow a few days later added a touch of romance to the grim business of warfare. Both Riley and I attended in the quiet compound of members of the Lutheran Church there, many of whom were Swedish.

One not unattractive young person sought to teach me a few rudimentary expressions in that tongue. The only one which I still recall from that romantic interlude in the white heat of China's revolution is: *"Jag elskar dig!"* To a Scandinavian, those sounds mean "I love you." The wedding was the only bit of romance which we were to encounter in Hankow amid the revolutionary events which swirled about us. Of course, there were still the dancing girls at the cabarets. In the awful heat, even they faded and their cheap tinsel lost all pretense of glamour.

One evening I had dinner in the "officers' mess" on board the U. S. S. *Cincinnati*. The cruiser was anchored in midstream The Yangtze is a mile or more wide at Wuhan, and the clay banks are low and flat. If a breeze were stirring anywhere across that stifling oven, it should waft over that stream's center. There is nothing whatever to stop it, no windbreak or barricade of any description. Yet at seven o'clock that evening a thermometer below decks, with all portholes open, registered 107 degrees Fahrenheit. And that was the "cool of the evening" in Hankow in mid-July. Old-timers living there—those who see that the lamps of China have oil, the bankers, the Foreign Service officials of the Consulates, and the missionaries and publishers—were agreed that it was the same in any mid-summer, and that the July of 1927 experienced no unheard-of heat wave.

The Hankow government withered and died in that heat, and blew away. Mikal Borodin and his comrades, riding the crest of the revolution's northward tide when I was among them a few weeks

before, fled haphazardly northwest by motor caravan toward Outer Mongolia, a friendly though still nominally independent Soviet Republic. Eventually they all reached Siberia and proceeded to Moscow.

The heat which caused this swift phenomenon in China's struggle toward her destiny was of a different nature from that which caused us so much bodily discomfort. In the main, it was applied by General Chiang Kai-shek and his new régime at Nanking. His conference with the unpredictable "Christian General," Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang, had swung that powerful ex-traitor into line and brought a public pronouncement by Feng to that effect. Feng quit his Communist friends at Hankow without a quiver. He had just come back to China from Moscow, making the journey overland through Siberia and Mongolia His "open door" was through Shensi Province, near Tibet, to the town of Chengchow, in Honan Province athwart the railway linking Hankow and Peking. He seized control of Chengchow, promised aid to his "comrades" in Hankow, secretly went to Hsuchow-fu, conferred there with Generalissimo Chiang—and turned his back on Communism and Hankow. Feng sent a telegram to the men in the Hankow government, referring to Borodin and his Russian Advisorate there, and politely but firmly telling them to get out. They did. There was nothing else to do.

At first, Borodin refused to believe in Feng's perfidy. I told him that I had seen a copy of Feng's telegram, which had been made available to me while returning with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek from his meeting with Feng. The Russian's pale face turned livid. Then he said: "Marshal Feng is our friend. He is *my* friend, no matter. He is still with us. I am sure—he stays true to Hankow." But Feng did not "stay true" to anybody or anything for very long.

Rayna Prohme, the red-headed young woman who had so ably edited *The People's Tribune*, also had to flee. She made her way to Peking and after a few weeks went across Siberia to Moscow. There, heart-broken but still fighting for the spread of a true conception of the communal theory of life, she died.

The telegram from Feng to Hankow was a self-portrait of the "Christian General." The message was addressed to Wang Chingwei and other radical Chinese leaders at Hankow. It follows:

> When I met you gentlemen in Chengchow, we talked of the

oppression of the merchants and other members of the gentry, of labor oppressing the factory owners and of the oppression of farmers by landowners.

The people wish to suppress this form of despotism. Many soldiers who fight at the front suffer because their families are mistreated in Honan and elsewhere in Central China. In the name of the Nationalist Party, many things are being done which are wrong. There is an effort being made to throw our country into further confusion merely for the personal benefit of a few individuals. Many of the radical element wormed their way into our Party Organization in an effort to control the entire Kuomintang Movement. They have done all the unlawful things they can to this end. Higher members in our Party Organization have sought to stop this creation of unrest within our Party, but the radicals have refused to obey orders.

We also talked of remedies for this situation.

The only solution (which we also discussed) is, as I see it, as follows: 1) Mikal Borodin, who already has resigned, should return to his own country immediately; 2) Those members of the Central Executive Committee in the Hankow Government who wish to go abroad for a rest should be allowed to do so. The others may join with the Nanking Government, if they desire.

In Hsuchow-fu, I discussed this problem with the Nanking Government officials. When they had heard the results of our conversations in Chengchow, they were both joyous and sad. They have welcomed the above suggestions. Both Nanking and Hankow, I believe, understand these mutual problems.

I need not remind you gentlemen, of course, that our country is facing a severe crisis; but in view of this, I feel constrained to insist that the present is a good time to unite the Nationalist factions for the fight against our common enemies. It is my desire that you accept the above solution and reach a conclusion immediately. Individual conflicts must be overcome so that our revolution may succeed in the shortest possible time, and Dr. Sun Yat-sen's Three Principles be put into effect. This is the only salvation of our country. We must revere the memory of Dr. Sun, and we must remember those brave soldiers who have

> given their lives in the cause. Our wounds have not been healed. Thousands in the north are still under the will of the militarists. They are anxious for our help. We must unite forthwith.
>
> General Tang Shen-tse is patriotic and still a true revolutionist, so he should send troops to Chengchow immediately and coöperate with me in order to capture Peking and complete the task of our Northern Expedition.
>
> I make these suggestions sincerely, *and expect you to accept them.*

Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, commenting on the above, said: "I am most happy at this firm stand taken by Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang. We are planning to continue our northern campaign very soon now, no longer fearing that our rear may be cut off at Hsuchow-fu from the west." In less than a month the Reds had gone from China—and Borodin was in the van of that defeated band on the long overland trek, back to Moscow.

Earlier, Borodin was the first man in the declining Hankow government whom I saw when we reached Wuhan early in July, 1927. I wanted to get his reaction to that telegram from the "Christian General." Whether Borodin saw that his Russian Advisorate's part in that rapidly shifting revolt was over remains conjectural, but highly probable. His quick eyes normally not only saw the problems constantly arising all about him, but also saw all around them as well and sometimes on past them to their inevitable conclusions.

When I talked with him this time, Borodin looked tired. His attitude was still one of defiance to those (to him) lesser men who would interrupt him as he fought toward his goal of bringing all China into the world revolution led by Moscow. It was in his spacious offices again that I saw him last. Despite growing agitation here and elsewhere against him and his Communist assistants, he insisted that he was not ready to quit. He felt that his work in China was not yet finished. He reiterated somewhat heatedly that he was following the principles outlined by the late Dr. Sun Yat-sen, who had invited Borodin to participate in the Cantonese-inspired Revolution against Peking, and asserted that the Agrarian Revolution of China "must go on."

He received me cordially enough, evincing great interest in all happenings in Nanking and Shanghai, particularly since Hankow was again isolated. The telegraph wires were down and there was no word except for brief wireless dispatches that reached the Capital. He wanted to know how General Chiang Kai-shek's government was proceeding, and how Feng and Chiang were agreeing.

Borodin, like the rest of the Hankowites, professed to believe that Chiang Kai-shek ruled Nanking with an iron hand. The chief objections to Chiang were his alleged militarism and his desire for personal gain, as Hankow saw it. Borodin insisted that Feng's telegram demanding his resignation was a fake.

"That is not Feng's style," he said. "He didn't write that telegram, I am sure. His personal telegrams to Hankow have been entirely different. His letters to me are not like that. Queer things happen in the military and political line-ups in China, however. One must understand how to take these things. Feng is continuing to coöperate with us. He has representatives here now. How do you think he can support such a telegram? I don't believe Feng wrote it—although he might have been influenced to sign some such document."

We returned to this subject later, and Borodin admitted in manner more than in speech his bitterness at Feng's action, despite his expressed belief that Feng remained a loyal supporter of their Wuhan faction. Borodin then refused to talk further on this subject, saying: "Feng is my friend. I cannot discuss his actions."

Borodin readily discussed other things.

"Our chief problem right here is an early settlement of the split with Nanking," he said. "Apparently we must do this by force. Hence, we are sending a military expedition toward Nanking immediately. We will capture Nanking without a doubt. Our men are far better fighters than Chiang Kai-shek's troops, who, furthermore, aren't very loyal. They are ready to come over to our side, once given the opportunity. Once this split is settled, our Peking campaign will proceed." The Russian also insisted he was not worried about finances, despite what he termed "propaganda" concerning a bad economic situation there. He admitted that business was bad at that time, but added that the revolution would continue despite this,

at least "as long as rice is available, which it still is in great quantities."

Borodin expressed high interest in a "Nanking Incident" settlement; he declared the Incident "must be settled and not allowed to die out." He said: "We cannot now prove the guilt for this incident, but history will show where the true guilt lies. We continue under the stigma of the world for this affair now. Hence, we must see that it is settled. The reason Chiang Kai-shek disarmed the Sixth Army at Nanking wasn't to punish them for the Nanking Affair, but because they had captured Nanking, and he ordered them to capture Pukow and move northward without the rest, he himself moving into Nanking in safety with his own armies. The Sixth Army officers refused, and opposed him. Hence he disarmed them, shooting down many soldiers. I wish that America would take the lead and settle Nanking. It must be cleared up."

Borodin persisted in the idea that the rabble and irresponsible camp followers did the anti-foreign looting. He barked out a denial that men at Hankow had organized that notorious affair.

Borodin laughed at the constant reports that he had already fled Hankow. He even scouted the idea that his dismissal was imminent—but added that, after all, he was merely an employe of the government and as such would always submit to its mandates.

This seemingly idle comment was prophetic. In less than a fortnight, Borodin was gone.

The next stop in my itinerary was at the door of Eugene Chen, across the street. Chen straightway uttered shrill criticism of a suggestion by Senator Bingham that America send official high commissioners to each of China's various *de facto* governments. He said that such action would defeat its own ends, causing an indefinite continuation of China's disunity, and would work against the common cause which Chen declared his government, through revolutions, sought to propagate.

Chen said: "The Hankow Government will never agree to such a suggestion as Senator Bingham's of sending commissioners to each group in China. I suggest as a counter-proposal that Washington send a competent official representative to China whose report would enable America clearly to understand our movement. If such an official represented the United States in Peking today things might be

different, but that representative of the British Empire heading your Legation has never been fair to us. We do not want another man sent from or to Peking. What is necessary is a new mind giving a new and yet expert report on what he sees here—not a man with the ability of a clerk!

"He must have vision and insight, a fresh mind that can grasp what we are trying to do here. That would do more to clarify America's understanding of our revolution than anything else I can think of. But if you send representatives here and to Nanking and Peking, you tend to continue the separation of these factions indefinitely. Such quasi-recognition would have the worst effect imaginable. I doubt that the Senator's idle ideas will receive much attention in Washington."

Chen, like the other officials, continued ostensibly dapper and optimistic concerning Hankow's future. He denied that the situation was any more serious that it had been in May, declaring: "We will take Nanking within forty days, without a question. Chiang Kaishek's men are ready now to come to Hankow as soon as we move in that direction. His officers are not loyal. He is pandering to Shanghai's merchants and as a revolutionary he is finished."

Chen also, however, bitterly denounced Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang, dubbing him the "Leopard of China." He added, "But Feng will never attack Hankow; his hands are full handling Honan Province which he is able to use now as a result of our appointment. But we still control Honan."

Chen admitted that Hankow was "considering the position of our Russian advisers, particularly Borodin." He said, however, that they would be retained as long as they were useful. Chen saw no reason to discharge them as yet, adding however that he thought Borodin really deserved a vacation.

"He has worked in our revolution for the last four years," Chen said, "and has done remarkably well, working hard day and night. Hence, like any man, he needs and deserves a vacation. This does not mean that we consider suggesting that he actually take one nor that his work is unsatisfactory. I am merely talking frankly of the physical situation of any man."

It was difficult to tell just what Chen meant by this, but I am

inclined to believe that he actually meant that any man who works four years without a rest needs a little time away from the job.

Chen also averred: "Everything is going smoothly here in Hankow. We are not worried. On the contrary, we remain most confident of the future." Chen's statement was hardly compatible with daily events that summer in the strange revolutionary régime. Chen, like Borodin, insisted that the "Nanking Incident" should be settled because the world thought that Hankow was guilty. "We will take it to the League of Nations if necessary," he said. "I made the proposition for an International Investigation Commission. Why don't you reply? We stand ready to face the facts, but we are not ready to accept hasty affidavits from biased refugees."

Chen was also gone within the month.

Consul-General Frank Lockhart said later that day that he personally believed things would continue to worry along in Hankow indefinitely. The Colonel thought that the stupendous changes in the last two months had been superficial. Foreigners generally were interested in knowing when America would return a Consul to Nanking. The traders and bankers were wondering whether any political reasons lay behind the delay. They wanted things returned to normalcy.

The fading glow of the red star of Communism lighted Hankow but dimly in the few succeeding weeks of that dismal, fateful midsummer. All China, from the unwieldy, uncomprehending masses in Yunnan Province on Burma's border to the steppes of the still troubled Siberian frontier to the north was infected by the virus of a new idea. The day of the old-time, self-centered militarist who had held sway so long, dividing the continent piece-meal, also was closing, though more slowly than the influence of Communal theories from abroad. The last days of Hankow's Red régime seem garish, bizarre in the light of present-day perspective. At the time they seemed very real indeed and each day of that sunset era was packed with action.

Frank Riley came rushing into my room a day or so after "Chris" had married her naval officer. He wanted me to join him in a trip some 200 miles north into Honan Province, to see Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang at the town of Chengchow. In the first place, I had seen Feng, and in the second, Chengchow was too far from anything like reliable telegraph wires. Too much was going on, and I had to watch it happen there in Hankow.

It was fortunate for me that I didn't go. Riley never came back. He disappeared quite mysteriously one day, when about to start the return journey. He simply walked down the railroad toward a "model village" which Feng was constructing a mile out from Chengchow—and was "swallowed by the dragon." Inquiries proved nothing, except that he was lost, without visible trace. He still is.

Among the correspondents flocking to Hankow then was Vincent Sheean. Jimmy was educated at the University of Chicago and found much in common with Rayna Prohme, to whom I introduced him, for she too came from Chicago. His full name is James Vincent Sheean, and every one came to know this sentimental but completely lovable six-foot Irish-American as "Jimmy."

Jimmy and I had innumerable encounters both socially and in reporting the Kuomintang Revolution at Hankow. Many of these were amusing. One I recall was our hailing two Chinese coolies shortly before dawn. The coolies were engaged in carrying the inevitable "night soil" to the city's sewage dump. As was customary, they had their barrel of this vile-smelling concoction, or "honey-bucket" as it is generally known, slung between them on a six-foot bamboo pole. The "boys" were shouting lustily as they carefully made their sure-footed way along the narrow street. The one preceding the "bucket" yelled "Hai-ho!" and the other shouted, "Hai-ho" in vigorous tones, albeit in lesser volume. Thus, keeping their traditional sing-song, duo-syllabic rhythm, the coolies wended their way about their business seriously, if not in perfect quietude.

And then we met them. Suddenly, I found *myself* holding the rear end of that bamboo pole and marching along with Mr. Sheean. He led the procession. The coolies, happy with an "iron" Chinese dollar apiece (more than a day's full pay) cheered us on as we proceeded along the darkened street, shouting in rhythm. We made excellent progress at the outset of this ridiculous adventure. But Jimmy stubbed his toe. The "bucket" jostled, and the barrel, pole and all, fell with a clatter and splash to the pavement. A pole-cat would have run at our approach when we finally reached the hotel. And so to bed!

There were ludicrous incidents such as this, but our work in the main was serious day in and day out.

Bitterness and a certain sense of desperation tempered by the

grimmest determination predominated in Hankow's clouded atmosphere. The struggle against what proved to be the inevitable continued. Officials were optimistic, outwardly at least, and Hankow superficially appeared unchanged. The Yangtze was still filled with foreign warships. All was calm. It was the calm before the storm.

Then Borodin fled suddenly on July 15. That was the end.

All the Reds were soon gone from China. As far as the eye could see there was not a Communist Russian anywhere visible..

The Russians had gone, Hankow was quiet again, the fighting to the north around Chengchow with picked Fengtien Province troops from Manchuria was ended. News of any sort dwindled, and it was almost unbelievably hot, so I went back down the Yangtze again to Shanghai.

General Chiang seemed to be on top of the world at that moment despite Hankow's loud threats and denunciations, but in less than another month he, too, was "out." An apparent sacrifice to appease Hankow for the moment, he went south to a delightful, calm and extraordinarily picturesque old temple in Chekiang Province, near his birthplace.

After a few summer days of idleness in Shanghai, I went there to see him and find out why.

9 "NINGPO MORE FAR"

GENERALISSIMO Chiang Kai-shek resigned from the Kuomintang Revolution at the height of its apparently rapid strides toward success in August of 1927. Internal dissension broke out among his commanding generals, led in the main by the fiery young leaders from the Kwangsi Clique who were to prove a thorn in the side of General Chiang again later He tried compromise, failed, and quit the revolution.

A month earlier, allied with the "Christian General," Chiang had run the Reds out of all China. Now he was out himself.

The midsummer resignation was partly due to Japan's entrance into the picture. These persistent neighbors flocked into Shantung Province, blocking an easy way of progress up toward Peking. Chiang felt it was best to ignore Japan for the moment, take Peking from the "back door" route up the Kinhan Railroad, as originally planned, and then deal with Tokyo. He wanted first to eliminate Marshal Chang Tso-lin, then declining in glory and power at Peking. Dissension arose as to the next move in the Revolution, and Chiang got out to let the others try their hands at running the advance.

He went south to an old temple in Chekiang Province, via "Ningpo more far" in that story-book land, to ponder. I followed him into this pastoral calm to learn why.

It is not far as miles go from Shanghai southeast into Chekiang Province to the mountain village of Chi-ko, nestling in the green wooded hills where Chiang Kai-shek was born. Yet to reach this spot less than 150 miles away one must travel the better part of a day and a night, and in the heart of that hill country one may find old China, unchanged by the parade of the years, as ancient and interesting as a page from the book of Marco Polo. Old men and small boys tend sheep in the verdant valleys beneath tall peaks whose

slender, dense evergreens touch white fuzzy tufts of clouds from the bowl of blue sky above.

Water buffaloes, punched with sticks by half-naked brown-skinned little fellows, walk interminably in a circle under thatched round roofs and thus roll a heavy stone over grain, powdering it into a flour with which these folk make those flat pancakes one sees in big trays at every hamlet. Men and women under floppy straw sun hats work long days in the broiling summer sun cultivating endless fields of rice in exactly the same fashion as their forefathers, now lying in old raised stone graves, some centuries old.

It was not long ago as things in China go that Kai-shek, son of Chiang, the wine merchant, was running about the narrow dirty streets of Chi-ko, a lively youngster who even then, they say, was always the leader in boyish games in the village. He liked to play soldier, and whenever a company of soldiers came that way Kai-shek was thrilled for days. His father wanted the boy to become proprietor of his comfortable business in the little wine shop and carry on the family name in Fenghwa County as he and his ancestors had done for generations. But the boy grew into manhood with no thought but of becoming a soldier. His ambition drew him into military school, and by the time he was twenty he had gained parental permission to go to Japan to study military science and tactics. It is said that there he attained good marks and some little fame for his brilliance as a strategist and practical soldier. He returned to China to join the revolution against the Peking military régime and was eventually appointed to his high post through the influence and friendship he had with the founder of the Kuomintang movement, Dr. Sun Yat-sen. He had learned something of politics in the years that he studied soldiering, and this combination aided the ambitious youth in his climb to fame.

A half dozen years had passed since Kai-shek visited his native village. His parents, they said in Chi-ko, had long since died. The old name of Chiang is no longer famous for fine vintages of Chinese light wines. It has a new significance. A native son of Chi-ko had become the most outstanding figure in the revolution in those half dozen years of his absence. The villagers did not blame him for remaining away.

"The lad," they said, "has been busy." And they wagged proud heads at what young Kai-shek had accomplished. For the Chinese

feel almost as proud over the accomplishments of one of their own village as they do of one of their own family. The lad who had been busy returned to his native village. That he returned a deposed leader made not the slightest difference to his fellow townsmen. Indeed, it was doubtful that they knew why he had come.

General Chiang hurried through Shanghai from Nanking on his way home. He left his manifesto of resignation with the civil officials and went away. I followed him into the quietude of his retreat, but I was not alone in my quest. The Commander-in-Chief made it difficult to reach him but all paths led to his door and day and night scores of people made the tedious pilgrimage to his temple where he sought peace and rest. It was denied him, for his day was as full as ever of conferences and calls. His vacation lodge was not in his old home in Chi-ko. It was straight up that tall old mountain, a climb of about five miles, to where, just over the ridge, a temple sprawled in a virgin wilderness and cool breezes made life pleasant in the midst of a torrid August The temple was old and little used. A score of monks lived there, studying the word of Buddha and maintaining the ancient place in a degree of order. It was quiet and restful, an ideal place for one seeking surcease from the turmoil that agitated the valley below.

It was here that we found General Chiang after journeying a night and a day. There were four in our party—myself and Mr. H. V. Kaltenborn, at that time Associate Editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, gathering material for lectures and articles; and two Chinese who acted as guides and interpreters. Nothing but Chinese, and the dialect of the district at that, was understood there. We were the first foreigners to visit that village in four or five years, a curious old parchment-skinned chap told us in Chi-ko. Our caravan created considerable interest and some little amusement, particularly at meal time Knives and forks were tools of the devil in this land where chopsticks were still the only utensils of that sort in use.

We left Shanghai at six o'clock in the evening, Wednesday, August 17, on board the steamer *Ningshao,* bound for Ningpo as our first port of call. From there we got into the district of Fenghwa. We expected to be rather isolated on this Chinese steamer, having heard tales of the danger of traveling anywhere off the beaten track in those days, but to our surprise we met another foreigner on board, a Dr.

Thomas of the Baptist Mission in Ningpo, returning to his post after a visit to Shanghai. And we also discovered a friend in Dr. Fong Sec, head of the English section of a large publishing house in Shanghai. Dr. Fong, with his wife and family, was going to the holy island of Pu-to (pronounced poo-doo) for a fortnight. His two daughters, bobbed-haired and wearing modern sport dresses, and Mrs. Fong spoke perfect English, Mrs. Fong having been born in San Francisco We joined forces, our two parties feeling at home together. We discovered that a party of half a dozen or so Nationalist officers were going to see General Chiang, also, so that our journey, it seemed, would not be lonesome anywhere along the route.

Dr. Thomas said at dinner that there were only about a dozen foreigners in Ningpo then, as compared to 125 or so in ordinary times. However, he minimized the danger of living there, as most people do who persist in refusing to evacuate. And so far as I saw anywhere in the Yangtze Valley and its vicinity, the Chinese on the whole were not hostile. The soldiers at times became bothersome, but only rarely.

A queer customer aboard was a little Cantonese chap who called himself "Professor Young." He spoke English fluently, as well as German and French and a little Russian, as he pointed out in his persistent conversation—and I must say he would probably make a good reporter, with his insatiable quest for information about everyone he met. He knew all about me in ten minutes, and despite his vacuous, smiling moon face and his hair, long as an old-fashioned girl's and curled up in some monstrous fashion that made it appear bobbed, this fellow was no dumbbell.

He looked at my card and demanded to know who founded The New York *Times* and in what year I had to confess ignorance as to the answers to both queries, and shall never forgive the fellow for that bad moment. The Professor had been to America once, he confided, and was eager to go again. He candidly admitted he traveled "as a guest of the public," that he had no connections anywhere and that he picked up a little money now and then by selling photographs of interesting people and strange places. His album was filled with photographs of prominent persons in China, with autographs of most. He criticized Ghandi, spoke intelligently of American journalism and its history and the founders of certain great dailies, discussed life in

Paris, Berlin and most other cities in Europe, and confessed he had not been in China for twenty years.

He was then, he admitted, writing a history of China, which he also admitted was to be a valuable volume. He had no idea how he would get from Ningpo to General Chiang, and I gave him no information. He wanted to exchange Chinese photographs for some of Japan that I had in my collection.

Ningpo is two hours by steamer up the Yu-yao River, being inland, as is every chief port along the China coast. We docked there on Thursday, August 18. Chinese coolies can make noise in more ways than anyone else. We arrived at dawn and we knew it at once. Countless bells of the tiny servant-calling type were jangling the moment we were in sight of the dock. They sounded like all bedlam turned loose. I discovered that they belonged to the rickshaw coolies who rang them constantly while seeking customers and again while trotting through the narrow winding streets.

We had three hours to wait while our Chinese got a houseboat and launch and provisions for the upriver trip, so I took a rickshaw and an interpreter and drove out to the other side of the city to call on Dr. Barlow, also of the Baptist Mission. I found the good Doctor up to his armpits in the stream that flows alongside his house, repairing his little boat. He had just acquired an engine and was busily fixing a place for it at the rear of the flatboat. We chatted awhile about the new Baptist hospital, which was half Chinese, half foreign in architecture, and about his work There was little enough to do just then, it seemed. His family had gone home and he was alone on the job, with Dr. Thomas and the handful of other foreigners, mostly merchants and customs people, in Ningpo. He was interested in news of Chiang Kai-shek and especially in the rumors of his coming marriage to Miss Mei-ling Soong.

The British-American Tobacco manager in Ningpo, a man named Varhol, was aboard when I got back. He assisted us in every way to get things lined up for a comfortable journey, furnishing his houseboat and launch, with camp beds and chairs and all the rest of it. These foreigners in the out ports are most hospitable, and Mr. Varhol was no exception. Without him, we would have had no end of delay and trouble. We got under way finally at about 10:30, the tiny launch tugging us upriver. We started up the Fenghwa River, which joins

the Yu-yao at Ningpo. Slowly, for the houseboat was a large affair, we moved into the river and upstream past scores of picturesque old junks and myriads of scuttling sampans, along the narrow, dingy old Ningpo Bund, and so into the open country beyond.

We had tiffin aboard, an excellent meal served by the cook-boy we had acquired at Ningpo. The journey so far had been de luxe. Rain squalls delayed our progress from time to time, the wind being against us, and at one o'clock we found we were less than half way to the place where we would take sedan chairs or rickshaws across country. At that rate we would not make General Chiang's temple by night. We conferred, and Mr. Kaltenborn suggested cutting away from the houseboat and going ahead in the launch. We did this, taking as much food as possible in two baskets, together with camp cots and toilet articles. After an hour or so the rain quit and we got only a little wet, using umbrellas to shield the food and ourselves.

Our progress was interrupted at two-thirty, when a junk moved into the stream ahead of us and a soldier signaled us to stop. He wanted to know if we could take him and his orderly upriver with us. Already heavily loaded with five of us in the tiny launch, including the boatman, we were inclined to refuse his request, but the Chinese advised against this. So the two clambered aboard and we set off again, slower than ever.

A few miles on, as we got into the foot hills, the stream dwindled until our propeller was digging up mud half the time and we were barely moving. We muddled through until almost four o'clock when the boatman grunted and we went aground. We could go no further. The stream had become little better than a mountain rill a few yards wide. We got out and walked to a little village a quarter of a mile beyond, where we got rickshaws to the place whence we took chairs. The launch, lightened of all of us but the boatman, came on to the village, where we left it after instructing the boatman to wait for our return the next day.

There were some 300 soldiers of General Chiang's guards in this village of Kiangkow. We were greeted most cordially and had no trouble in getting rickshaws for the hour's ride to Shaowangmiao, arriving there at five o'clock after an interesting ride through paddy fields in the shadow of green mountains. The sun sank low behind the hills. In thirty minutes we had procured four chairs and a carry

coolie for our luggage. With ten chair coolies we were off for Chi-ko, twenty Chinese "li" distant. A "li" is about a third of a mile.

Riding in a chair is not uncomfortable, but after a while it becomes tedious, and Mr. Kaltenborn and I found relief in walking at intervals. Chinese peasants turned to stare at our party as we swung along in the twilight. We met many farmers returning home, weary after a day under that sun, and every one of them was pleasant, looking docile and kindly and not at all as though we were the hated foreign devils they were supposed to think us.

We reached Chi-ko at seven-thirty, just as the first stars were appearing. The town was *en fête,* scores of children running about with picturesque lanterns of all shapes and sizes, from big red fish to a model airplane. It was a parade in honor of their returned General. We went inside General Chiang's house. It was rather large for Chi-ko, indicating that the Chiang family had enjoyed a certain degree of prosperity. Soldiers, apparently officers of his guard, were dining in the outer room. Our interpreter told us we were most welcome, and the officers bowed and smiled genially. We discovered we were expected—Mr. T. V. Soong, former Minister of Finance in the Hankow régime and a brother-in-law of Chiang's, having wired ahead.

General Chiang had had a private telegraph line strung up from Ningpo to his headquarters up in those hills. We brought out our food and dined at a table given us for that purpose. I had never been quite so much the center of all eyes before. The kids' parade broke up for the moment and the whole town, it seemed, crammed in at the doors and climbed up to peer in at the windows as we ate. They said we were the first foreigners to come that way in four or five years. Many of the children could not remember ever having seen a *wai-go-jen* (foreigner) before. They asked if we were Americans, and when we said we were, they seemed pleased, grinning broadly.

We had to hurry on, for General Chiang was in his temple high above us on the hill. Leaving Chi-ko about eight o'clock, we pushed on across the narrow strip of valley between us and the mountain. At the edge of the village we ran into the lantern procession. Our chair coolies, undismayed, stalked right down the same narrow street the parade was coming up, and we were

in the midst of bobbing lanterns and clashing cymbals and a babbling of many voices. It was a great sight, those paper fish, animals, lanterns of all sizes and forms carried by children, some infants in arms holding swaying lanterns on thin reeds. Why the children were giving the demonstration we never discovered. Perhaps it was their day.

Through the night we jogged, our own chairs forming a sort of lantern procession. Fireflies in great hordes sparkled amid the tall grass and scattered bamboo trees. In an hour we noticed other chair processions. Up the winding mountain path we climbed, walking part of the way, riding when we got tired. Those sturdy Chinese coolies were marvels. With our load, two of them could go right ahead at a great pace up the steepest inclines. Their legs are heavily muscled, hard as steel. Below one could look back into the valley and see other pilgrims traversing the long path to the mountain top to see the retired leader. His "seclusion" was a myth.

At last the temple! We arrived before the massive wooden gates at ten o'clock. There were at least ten chairs and some thirty coolies. An orderly took our cards and a letter Kaltenborn had from T. V. Soong to General Chiang and with a grunt disappeared through the courtyard into the dark building beyond. We waited. He returned and opened the gates. A shout went up as the coolies brought in their chairs. The guard harshly ordered silence. The General had retired.

We were led into an inner chamber and offered food and tea. We could not see the General that night, but after long parleys with his secretary we made it clear we wanted to see him early the next morning in order to get under way to catch the four o'clock Ningpo boat for Shanghai. We were then shown to another room in the rambling old temple, where we found mats on wooden couches ready for our use. We were given every courtesy. We got our bed clothing, laid it over the mats, and before eleven o'clock were asleep, for the silence in those woods was heavy.

Booming temple bells awakened us at five o'clock the next morning. Their resonant tones sounded through the woods and filled the air. The sunlight streamed in at our window. We arose

and found a coolie had brought hot water and towels . . . all the comforts of home. General Chiang's valet, a young man I remembered from our Hsuchow-fu trip in June, soon appeared and brought us oranges (Sunkist oranges from California) and breakfast, including hot milk, cakes, bread and a sort of chocolate wafer. While we were eating, the valet returned and announced that General Chiang was waiting to receive us.

We found him on the broad verandah outside the main building of the temple. We had chairs arranged around a small table on which hot green tea was placed, together with the inevitable little delicacies such as nuts, candies, etc. General Chiang was dressed in a silk suit tailored like that of a foreigner except that the coat buttoned up around the neck in semi-military fashion. It was the uniform of the Kuomintang, designed by the late Dr. Sun Yat-sen. He wore silk socks and patent leather pumps. He looked cool and rather less worn and drawn than when I had last seen him on the way back from the Hsuchow-fu front.

He greeted us cordially and shook hands with me, expressing his appreciation of the hardships one has to go through to get to this out of the way place and inviting us to remain over the day so that he might take us on a hike around the hills and show us a particularly beautiful waterfall not far away. He was sincerely disappointed when we told him we must rush through the interview and get back to Shanghai where things were happening. He suggested we might go to the waterfall anyway, and ordered an escort for the journey. But we could not make it.

General Chiang was bitter against the Japanese. He said he believed them responsible for his defeat in the north and the failure of the Nationalists' northern expedition in July.

"Their occupation of Tsinan and the railway blocked us," he said. "Our success was assured until Japan stepped in."

Chiang said he did not want to talk any more about this, nor would he go into detail about his quitting as Commander-in-Chief. He said, "My reasons are in my manifesto given out in Shanghai. There are no other reasons."

He took his position philosophically. There was a bit of the egotist in the General, pardonable no doubt in view of his achievements. He was asked if he didn't think his leaving the revolu-

tion at this time of crucial happenings was bound to weaken the cause, and he said: "Yes, I think so." Cryptic enough. But he said he had to quit in view of what had gone before and referred again to his long message of resignation. In this he said that there had been too much opposition to him personally and that he thought until confidence in him was restored he had better get out. He bowed to the criticism of Hankow and to the political exigencies of the moment.

The Commander-in-Chief said he might return to the revolution. "I am too much a part of it, it is too much a part of me, for me to get out for all time. I expect to return to the movement, but I do not know when. I would like to go abroad."

"Where?" I asked.

"To America first," Chiang replied. "You tell me they are sympathetic there. Well, I would like to go and see. After that, to Europe and elsewhere. It is all indefinite, of course. But I need a real rest."

He intimated that overtures were being made to get him back into the Party. He was undecided but he intended to remain in his temple retreat for a time, in any case. He smiled when we referred to the many visitors he was having, even up here. "Yes," he said, "one's real friends take the trouble to journey even into a place like this." He said T. V. Soong was expected in a few days. Soong wanted to urge Chiang's return.

We talked for nearly an hour and then, after photographing the General on his front porch with his eleven-year old son, Chiang Ching-pang, we left in our chairs at eight o'clock.

Swinging over the ridge and down into the valley below, we had a half hour of one of the most marvelous views I have ever seen. We could see for miles across the plains to where mountains rose again on the far side, and below us a mountain stream widened into a silvery lake whose still waters glistened in the early morning sunshine.

The journey down to our boat at Kiangkow took from eight until one. We got to Kiangkow at noon, but the boatman, remembering the mud and the shallow stream, had left his launch ten li away. We had to walk it through the midday furnace of

that valley and we arrived an hour later on foot through the humid, swampy rice fields, dripping with perspiration.

The steamer left Ningpo for Shanghai at four o'clock. We decided again not to use the houseboat, which had reached this point during the afternoon and night, but to hurry along in the launch. At two forty-five we were only about half way to Ningpo, and the prospects of catching the boat were dim. Then a large launch on the regular upriver run hove in sight and we hailed it. Clambering aboard, we found it jammed full of Chinese of the peasant or coolie class. They were most friendly, laughing and jabbering away at our arrival. One remarked in Chinese:

"Well, I must say I have seen whiter foreigners than these."

He was doubtless right. Our faces were a bright red, and the sunburn smarted for days, despite our broadbrimmed straw hats.

The launch got to Ningpo just at four o'clock. We raced along the Bund a half mile to where our steamer was to depart. It had gone. We could see it a quarter of a mile down stream but far from our hopes of catching it. However, our Chinese discovered a steamer alongside that was leaving at four-thirty. We sighed with relief. To spend a night and a day in Ningpo would have been tiring.

We got under way at four-thirty, after paying off our bills and giving our Chinese friends many thanks for a most diverting trip. The voyage was uneventful during the evening. We passed the other ship, incidentally, at about eight o'clock, much to our unholy glee. After dinner, which we ate in solitary splendor, the Chinese dining on rice at six o'clock and we having "foreign chow" at seven, we turned in.

It was three-twenty-five a.m., August 20, when we were awakened by a series of terrific explosions. Leaning out of my bunk, I peered into the night. A crash, and a flash of fire came from a dark ship not 400 yards away. Again this was repeated. Shrill cries came from the women aboard, and men rushed about.

I went on deck in kimono to discover the trouble. It appeared that a Chinese warship was firing at us. Six shots came roaring over our head, one landing just ahead of the bow and skittering across the water. It was no fun, that business, and I returned to search the cabin for a life belt. There was none.

The Chinese cabin boy, who could speak English, said the ship was

a gunboat sent by Chang Tso-lin to bombard the Woosung forts and harass shipping. This, after he had said the guns were a signal to lay to and anchor for the night. I told him that story "belong no good," and he admitted he was trying to prevent our being worried.

The warship apparently gave it up as a bad job after six shots and ceased firing. Why they didn't chase us is still a mystery. But they turned their broadside away, to my vast relief, and disappeared into the night. Another version of the story was that they were bombarding the Woosung forts. But we were not yet near Woosung, and besides the forts did not reply.

I finally went back to sleep to dream of battles until dawn, and was glad to get a rickshaw at six-thirty as we came alongside the Bund in Shanghai once more.

10 A "NEW DEAL" FOR CHINA

GENERALISSIMO Chiang Kai-shek had organized the National Government at Nanking less than a month after that city was captured by the revolutionary forces from the South. The date was April 18, 1927.

Incidentally, in the Mandarin dialect the word or words, "Nan-King," mean, "Southern Capital." The first character, "Nan," means "Southern;" and "King," (*Ching,* or *Jing,* as it is pronounced by the Chinese) means "Capital." That is why the name Peking was altered to Peiping—for "Pe-King" meant "Northern Capital." The newly enriched men of the Kuomintang clung to the theory that there could be no *northern* capital. There need be but one, they held, and that should be Nanking. Hence, they issued a decree in 1928, and the city that had been known as Peking for ages became known in a surprisingly short time as *Peiping*, or "Northern Peace."

Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek split with his old comrades in control at Hankow that turbulent spring of 1927, and his men captured Shanghai and then Nanking, as described. Chiang disliked the Communist influence in Hankow. It was growing in great strides. He wanted to check this interference from Moscow. He distrusted the Russian Advisorate, headed by Mikal Borodin. The Russian Advisorate had worked smoothly and with rare precision—that cannot be questioned. It worked for the most part under cover. Borodin rarely appeared in public or made a speech. He saw to it that it was a purely "Chinese movement," on the surface—he and his men bored from within, and well.

Chiang had realized what was occurring. He saw the Chinese losing control of all their plans at home to a new and insidious foreign "barbarian" bloc. Chiang envisioned them using the Kuomintang merely as a tool with which to gain eventual mastery of Asia, in the Russian conception of their goal—the "world revolution." From the

start, the General had advised against the acceptance of aid from Moscow. He was overruled. But Sun Yat-sen, "Father of the Kuomintang," whom millions in China today revere, had died in Peking in 1926.

General Chiang, the new Commander-in-Chief of the *Kuominchun* (The Peoples' Army) as well as the *Kuomintang* (The Peoples' Party), was free to obey his own dictates. He chose to split with Hankow when the men there refused to follow his commands.

He struck swiftly. Once in control of Shanghai and Nanking, Chiang sought a "new deal" for the welfare of all Chinese. He sought it after the dictates of his own desires, not those of the Russian Advisorate. The General was free. He could do good in his own manner, and none could say him nay.

The General, when he sought a "new deal" for the Chinese peoples, first set up his National Government at Nanking. He was denounced as a "neo-militarist" by the voluble Eugene Chen at Hankow. The infant government had its critics, Chinese as well as foreign, from the start. Its path was a rocky road toward unity and a more abundant life for the downtrodden men, women and children inhabiting all China.

Chiang was one of the rare men in China who believed that it was time to let the Chinese in on the better things of this existence. He was, and remains, a man who has the idea that the various treaties which foreign nations signed with the now defunct Dragon Throne in the days of the Manchu Dynasty at Peking should be revised, if not scrapped. His slogan is still: "Down with the unequal treaties!" For one thing, the General felt that China should be allowed to run her own Customs Administration instead of having a foreigner (usually British) at the head of it. One result was that the old five per cent *ad valorem* tariff on everything imported into any "treaty port" in China was scrapped. The new National Government, nearly two years after its inception, set up its own first Tariff Schedule on February 1, 1929. Some foreign traders and others objected, but the tariff remained.

The abolition of extra-territoriality was another goal toward which the men at Nanking were working. It means the end of consular courts for the trial of foreigners (including Americans) in China, and

the end of the United States Federal Court for China, with headquarters in Shanghai.

A *Manifesto to the People* was issued shortly after this Chinese idea of a "new deal" was put into effect with the foundation of the National Government at Nanking. This historic manifesto was made available to me in China at the time it was issued. I present this stirring and vital document here for its value as a matter of record and information and for its interest as General Chiang's conception in those unsettled days of the methods for attaining practical welfare foı all. His text:

MANIFESTO TO THE PEOPLE

1. The Nationalist revolution against the imperialists and militarists.
2. The popularity of the Chinese Nationalist Army.
3. The crimes of the Chinese Communists.
4. The three points of fundamental difference between the Kuomintang and the Communist Party.
5. The misleading term, "New Militarist."
6. China's three paths:
   a. Military rule.
   b. Communist régime.
   c. The "party government" of the Kuomintang.

The purpose of the Kuomintang, since it is founded on the *San-min* principles, is to promote the welfare of the Chinese people, to free the entire race and to strive for the equality of all the nations of the world.

Its task, therefore, is to overthrow militarism and imperialism, to eliminate all wicked and violent forces both within and without the country and to obtain China's independence, liberty and equality. This is also a part of the task of the world revolution.

For many years our country has been oppressed continuously by imperialism which has invaded our territory, infringed upon our sovereignty, encroached upon our maritime customs, controlled our political and economic life and even killed our youths (upon such an occasion, for instance, as the massacre of May 30, 1925.) Imperialism has also imposed unequal treaties upon

us and treated us as a semi-colonial possession. Could China still be regarded as an independent and free state?

In addition to this the foreign imperialistic powers utilize the ignorance and the ruthlessness of the Chinese militarists in order to rule China, and they allow the latter's animal instincts to develop to such a degree that they cannot be checked. At first these militarists waged war every few years for selfish ends, then they waged war once a year, and then several wars every year for many years, thereby breaking up social organizations and increasing the sufferings of the people. With the national affairs entrusted to the hands of these incompetent, ignorant and inhuman creatures, can our people have any hope of existence?

Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the leader of the Kuomintang, was the founder of the Republic of China. Actuated by a desire to save China from the peril of extinction and to give the Chinese people a more satisfactory life, he founded the *San-min* principles, which are: nationalism, democracy and socialization of economic organization. Unfortunately, however, after forty years of heroic effort, he died for the Chinese people and entrusted, in his will, the loyal members of the Kuomintang and the true believers of the *San-min* principles, with the task of the continuation, together with the masses of the people, of his unaccomplished work of nationalist revolution. Since I took the oath to command the northern expeditionary army, I have always kept Dr. Sun's ideals as my guide in the struggle with the northern militarists.

Since it aims for the welfare of the country, the nationalist revolutionary army is not merely for the people, it is also of the people. Relying upon public support, our army has succeeded at every stage; at first occupying Hunan and Hupeh and overthrowing the reactionary militarist, Wu Pei-fu; then seizing Kiangsi, Fukien, Chekiang, and Anhwei, thereby eliminating the cunning militarist, Sun Chuang-fang, and then capturing Shanghai and Nanking, driving away the brutal militarist, Chang Chung-chang.

Since Szechwan, Kweichow, Yunnan, Shensi, and Kansu are now under the glorious flag of the revolutionary army, the power of the cruel northern militarists has so far decreased that further strong resistance seems impossible. Wherever our soldiers have

gone they have met with the coöperation of the people. The soldiers not only cause no trouble among the people but also consider them as brethren; while the people whole-heartedly and voluntarily welcome the soldiers with food and kindness. This shows the popularity of the Kuomintang soldiers among the people.

The Chinese Communists, having secured membership in the Kuomintang with malicious intent, masked by our party and with the protection of our army, unexpectedly extended their influence everywhere and created a reign of terror through the agency of their secret and treacherous plots.

They knew that the Kuomintang had its own systematic and concrete program for national and political reconstruction, so they purposely utilized notorious politicians, ruffians, rioters and reckless youths and abused government power in order to prevent the program of the Kuomintang from being carried out. They knew that the Kuomintang supports the peasants' and laborers' movement and pays a great deal of attention to their social and economic condition and yet the Communists employed these treacherous persons mentioned above to harass and oppress the real peasants and laborers.

On the one hand they excluded the members of the Kuomintang from participation in the peasants' and laborers' movements, and on the other they ruined the popularity of the Kuomintang among the toiling masses, so that the welfare of the peasants and laborers has been completely neglected and their sufferings have increased greatly day by day.

In this way are the tactics of the Chinese Communists working towards the destruction and complete bankruptcy of the Chinese social and economic state.

With regard to education, the advancement and acquisition of knowledge are hindrances to the manipulation of the masses. In Hupeh, therefore, they adopted the slogans: "To go to school is not revolutionary and therefore it is counter-revolutionary." Under their rule in Hunan and Hupeh education is practically neglected.

With regard to foreign policy, they have rejected the policy of the Kuomintang, which is to deal with a single power first,

and they have forced the imperialistic powers into a strong and united front so that China might face enemies everywhere and be forced, in consequence, to come under the grip of a special foreign organization.

With regard to party affairs, they knew that we have maintained the policy of "Party government" as China's only hope of salvation, and so they have sneaked into the Kuomintang in order to upset our system and, by using traitors, to alienate our comrades. On the one hand they dominated the "central organization," and on the other they controlled the lower branches of the party and excluded the real and loyal members of the Kuomintang from party affairs. Thus have they tried to make the party Kuomintang in name but Communist in fact.

In military affairs, they saw the rapid advance made by our army and feared an early success for the nationalist revolution which would allow no time for the Communist propaganda work when the program of reconstruction commenced, and so they alienated our army comrades, interrupted military movements, held up provisions and ammunition and did every other embarrassing thing in their power.

These conditions have all been detailed in my "Declaration to the Kuomintang Members," which all persons may read.

In short, they have deceitfully assumed our name in order to commit every possible crime and they, being the tools of a special foreign organization, have made use of mobs and ruffians and have put into practice their horrible politics. That is the reason why there is the cry all along the Yangtze Valley, "Down with the Party men!"

I desire that our people have a clear conception of the "Party men." I cannot say that of our million Kuomintang comrades every one is perfect, but the true ones follow our party principles and cannot permit themselves to be misled by the deceitful Communist Party. Those who do not conform to the *San-min* principles, even though they hold membership in the Kuomintang, are party traitors and will be punished severely. I hope that the people will not recognize in them the real Kuomintang members.

With regard to the present revolutionary movement, the Kuo-

mintang differs fundamentally from the Communist Party in the three following outstanding points:

In the first place, we aim at the freedom of the entire Chinese people, hence we require the coöperation of all classes. The dictatorship of one class would leave the other classes unemancipated and create another tyrannical and high-handed rule. Our sincere desire is to have a grand union of farmers, laborers, merchants, students and soldiers. We firmly believe that China does not need the dictatorship of the proletariat. Furthermore we believe that if the dictatorship of the proletariat were practised in China it would not be a true one but would be a mob rule. Besides, we started the revolution for the people as a whole, whereas the Communists do it only for the creation of a dictatorship of the proletariat with the object of destroying social and economic foundations wholesale.

Secondly, we recognize that the people of China should have the right of self-determination for we understand that only we ourselves know perfectly our own interests and the ways and means of dealing with them. The "super-government of the Legation Quarter in Peking" should not be replaced by a "super-government of Borodin" in Hankow.

After our own liberation we ought to help liberate the other oppressed and weak races, for we cherish the hope and glory of fighting the battle of humanity. As the revolution in China is part of the world movement we should hasten the completion of it. Then we should, independently and voluntarily, join in the world revolution and not be dragged into it.

Finally, we must lessen the sufferings of our people during the transition period and, as soon as our military success is complete, we must start the work of reconstruction so that society shall have adequate facilities for development. But the Communists try to destroy every social order and usurp the political power through mob violence, not counting such a cost as 390,000,000 lives for the purpose of creating a state of 10,000,000 Communists to be the tool of a special foreign organization

It is true that Dr. Sun consented to admit the Communists into the Kuomintang as individuals, but not as a unit. So, speaking of it as the "alliance of the two parties" is a misinter-

pretation of the facts by the Communists. In his consent, Dr. Sun had two intentions; first to prevent them from practising the Communist ideals in China and to convert them intellectually to a belief in the *San-min* principles, and second, to afford them an opportunity to participate in the nationalist revolution. But this was not done so that they might usurp the party power and dictate the party policy, disregarding the *San-min* principles.

Dr. Sun's policy of coöperation with Russia was made possible only by the Soviet's "equal treatment of our people." It was not to invite Comrade Borodin purposely to hinder our revolutionary progress. The determining factor of whether or not the policy of coöperation with Soviet Russia is to be maintained does not lie with China, but the test is whether or not Soviet Russia can treat us as equals. If Soviet Russia had not changed her policy we could have still coöperated with her. In the world only principles dictate policies, policies never dictate principles.

The insidious intrigues of the Communist Party, whereby they try to destroy the revolutionary army, the Kuomintang and the nation, have been exposed. At the very outset they fraudulently placed their members in every corner of our party and then got control of the so-called "Wuhan central executive committee," which enabled them to deceive and threaten our Kuomintang comrades and the public. Our "Central Kuomintang censor committee" could not endure their domination and tyranny, which was leading toward the end of our party, and resolutely exposed the illegal and traitorous actions of the so-called "Wuhan central executive committee," and at the same time urged our Nationalist Government committeemen to assume office at Nanking and with Nanking as the capital.

Historically, Nanking was the capital. It had fallen once and was later reëstablished as such by the struggle of our people for independence and liberty.

Those who are at the helm both of the Party and of the State are mostly men of experience and of the highest virtue, who advocated the revolution for years and have been respected as intellectual pioneers by the whole country.

As the party power has now been restored I shall lead faith-

fully all our revolutionary armies northward. I take the oath to support the Kuomintang to the last and obey its commands, to accomplish the revolutionary work, to eliminate the sufferings of the people and to promote the welfare of the country. I trust that all our people, unwilling to see China being ruined by the militarists or by the Communists, will come and give us their unanimous and full support.

The movement to "Support the Party" and to "Save China" is at present at its height within the Kuomintang, and this proves the reality of the Kuomintang and the strong will of its members. Now I call upon the people to join us in the struggle for the same cause without the slightest hesitation.

Once more I must inform the whole nation that, considering the present international situation and our changing internal conditions, every class in China must awake immediately and organize thoroughly for positive readjustments. For years, foreigners have believed that Chinese, like sand, lack the capacity for organization. To save the nation is a high and vital mission and so we must organize ourselves actively and systematically.

You, peasants and laborers, must not be deceived by the Communists, but must organize yourselves to assist in the revolutionary work. In accordance with Dr. Sun's program of economic survival you may plan for your own permanent welfare.

You, merchants, should do the same with all your power and resources, for you must not be so short-sighted as to regard the present as if it were the past, that you need not bother with the condition of the government and society and that you can do business behind closed doors and disregard conditions. You should not think that the workers' hardships need not be your concern. If the conditions of labor be not improved, how can peace be long preserved? Please assist them voluntarily to better their living conditions.

You, the so-called intellectual class, should give up your "easy-chair" life. Please guide the thought of youth along the proper lines, promote mass education and apply your special knowledge and technical skill in the constructive work.

In order to get rid of psychological weakness, passiveness and torpidity all must combine together and work for the revolution.

Organization is your strength, work is your salvation. With your spirit and energy the revolution in China will be crowned with great success.

The Chinese people should not consider the split between the Communists and the Kuomintang merely as a problem within the party. It is a vital problem which concerns all of us.

A friend of mine, sickened with the trend of current affairs, said that it was still too early to start the movement of opposing the Communist reign of terror; not because the Communist crimes have not been exposed, but because our people are not yet fully conscious of their sufferings. Is that really so? I believe not. In Hunan and Hupeh the Communists have only just begun the operation of their policy and yet every one feels that life is unendurable. In Hangchow and Shanghai they have only just made a start and yet all are in terror. In Kwantung, Fukien and elsewhere, the peasants and laborers have expressed their grievances in numerous letters and telegrams. We must not wait until the sword is placed over our necks before we cry out.

Besides, the present international situation is not such that it can permit China to be the experimental field for Communism without the danger of suffering grave consequences. Other people do not care whether or not the lives and welfare of our people are at stake, but we do. My beloved fellow countrymen, now is the time to wake up.

Suppose that I should let you be oppressed continuously by the militarists, exploited by the imperialists and disposed of under the reign of terror of the Communists, it would mean that I had deserted my sacred duty as a revolutionary soldier and had become the arch criminal of the age.

If, however, the Kuomintang comrades and soldiers sacrifice themselves for the national cause and still you render us no aid, you not only fail to discharge your duty of citizenship but you also act against your own conscience.

To guarantee our free and proper development, we have our army, to lead you to organize and to assure you satisfactory conditions for earning a living, we have our party of *San-min* principles, and with regard to your ultimate awakening and earnest participation in the national affairs, that is entirely up to you.

The Communist Party has been spreading abroad all sorts of rumors such as "oppression of the toiling masses by Kuomintang," and "Chiang Kai-shek, the new militarist." These are due to my opposition to its horrible policies. You must not be deceived and we should investigate the rumors in detail. The temporary surveillance of the Communists was ordered because they were hampering military operations, this fact being exposed by the "Kuomintang central censor committee." For the safety of our soldiers and of the people it was imperative that their activities should be somewhat restricted during the time of war. This is a military necessity. We detain them only until military operations are completed, but we have no wish to endanger their lives. This gave rise to the so-called "Party Imprisonment." With regard to reorganizing the peasant and labor unions controlled by the Communists, this is based on the same idea, and at the same time we should give the real peasants and laborers the opportunity for free organization.

We disarmed the Shanghai Labor Union Corps because it attacked our army with rifles and machine guns. On April 13, 1927, the Labor Corps surrounded and attacked the headquarters of the 2nd Division of the 26th Army but they were repulsed, and as a result we captured 90 captives, of which 40 were proved to be soldiers of Chang Chung-chang under the orders of the Communist Party. This proves that the Communists will do anything possible to ruin the cause of the revolution, even though they conspire with the northern militarists.

It was from documents of all sorts discovered in searching the Shanghai Labor Union that we ascertained their secret and dangerous plots. The talk of oppression of the toiling masses by the Kuomintang is entirely false. If that is true of us we are willing to be beheaded. It is a fact that the Kuomintang's opposition to Communism is not opposition to peasants and laborers. Now is the best opportunity for the real toiling masses to arise and organize. For your own interests your organization must not be neglected. If you do not organize yourselves others will do it by assuming falsely your name. Free from the Communist Party's monopolized control all of you have the opportunity of making your own organizations. Within the jurisdic-

tion of our Nationalist Government the emergency measures taken against the Communist Party would do you, the real peasants and laborers, no harm.

As to their malicious charge against me as a "new militarist" —it is quite ridiculous. Is there a militarist anywhere in the world who fights for principles? What the militarists want is territorial acquisition. Wherever our army has reached, the people have had their own self-government. What the militarists desire is wealth. I have fought devotedly for years and of my personal wealth there is nothing saved. What the militarists care for is their own skin and what they spare is their soldiers' lives. From the time when I personally undertook the northern expedition I led the army at the front and took no thought of personal danger.

The Chinese militarists get their material and financial support from the imperialistic powers, while I do not. The devoted fighting of our men over thousands of miles of territory has been a sacrifice for principle, but not a sacrifice for me personally. In such a way have I encouraged my officers and men; in such a way have they stimulated me. So the defamation maligns not only me but also the 30,000 heroic dead of our army. If I am guilty of any misconduct I am ready to submit myself for trial and severe punishment by our Kuomintang and by our people. I leave the judgment of my character to the future.

The Kuomintang is a responsible political party and we cannot allow the Communists to wreck it. We believe sincerely that China ought to be ruled by "Party Government." The governmental system should not be subjected to such rapid changes of political thoughts. In order to achieve a good result politically there must be a class of wise and upright men with definite administrative ability, who will uphold a sound and suitable principle. The representative form of government has been tried in China and has failed because our people lacked political consciousness, and there is no use to try it again.

We propose to rule China through the Party and then we shall have the system of check and balance in the government by the Party and the people. Being suited to Chinese conditions, the *San-min* principles of the party constitute the only channel

of national salvation. They are unitary and organic and should be put into operation simultaneously. Imported theories cannot be compared with them. Moreover, they are favorably accepted by the far-sighted political thinkers.

At present the Kuomintang is China's only political Party. It was organized long before the birth of the Republic of China. It has 1,000,000 members, able, determined, and comparatively well trained. It has the heroic leader, Dr. Sun Yat-sen, who led the people in the Nationalist cause for years.

To rule China through the Party does not mean that all governmental affairs must be handled by the Kuomintang, but only that they must be handled in accordance with its principles, policies and discipline. We are not like the Communists who are selfish and narrow-minded. We desire to coöperate also with those who are not Kuomintang members. Besides, Kuomintang is a public political Party, admission into which is at all times free. Those who take interest in national party affairs, with the exception of the opportunists, will be welcomed everywhere. With the removal of the Communists, the Kuomintang's true face is clear to everyone. Come and join us and form a united battle front.

Only three paths are now open for the Chinese people. One is to return to the rule of militarism as the tool of foreign imperialistic powers and to fight year after year for selfish ends.

The other is to follow the footsteps of the Communists under the direction of a special foreign organization with the object of creating a reign of "Red" terror and wholesale destruction, without consideration of circumstances.

Another way is to follow the *San-min* principles whereby the people liberate themselves through deliberate process of politics, self-determination and self-support. If the people are not willing to subject China to military rule, an imperialistic régime or the reign of "Red" terror, let them now join the Kuomintang in order to accomplish the Nationalist Revolution, to emancipate the Chinese people and to participate in the world revolution.

11 CHIANG KAI-SHEK'S RETURN

THE steady stream of men with missions urging Chiang Kai-shek to return to his position as Commander-in-Chief of the Kuomintang struggle resulted in his return to the revolution with enhanced prestige. The opposition faded and the General reassumed complete control at Nanking in the fall of 1927. He pushed his plan for taking the ancient capital at Peking, avoiding trouble as far as possible with Japan but going forward through Shantung Province, as well as via the Kin-han Railway to the west.

He paused early that winter for a touch of romance when he married Miss Mei-ling Soong. She was educated in a religious school in the United States and is a devoted member of the old Methodist Episcopal Church (South). She is a sister of Mme. Sun Yat-sen and of Mme. H. H. Kung, wife of the Finance Minister of China. Her brother is T. V. Soong, a Harvard graduate and himself long Finance Minister in the National Government at Nanking in earlier years. This bloc forms what is known in China as the "Soong Dynasty," an unusually influential family group in the Far East. The marriage took place in Shanghai on December 1, 1927.

The Christian ceremony was held at the Soong residence in the French Concession, but in deference to Chinese custom, a native ceremony took place in the ornate ballroom of the old Majestic Hotel. The General himself has recently embraced Christianity through the Methodist Episcopal Church and has learned quite a bit of the English language. The Majestic Hotel has been torn down, but that marriage ceremony is one which I recall as a welcome romantic interlude in China's wars.

Early in 1928 General Chiang returned to his thankless task of leading China. He issued a sharp message to the Third National Congress, pleading for political unity within the revolution. He expressed his belief that a Party Dictatorship is the best form of govern-

ment for the Chinese peoples under present conditions and sternly rebuked younger, more radical members of the People's Party who, he feared, might cause a new split in the Nanking National Government.

"Our Government is not like the political organization of any other country in the world," Chiang Kai-shek's message said. "A political defeat suffered by the Government of any other country does not mean as much as it would to the Kuomintang of China. If our Party failed to carry out its program the whole continent would again be plunged into a state of political chaos and uncertainty. War might again result. This must not occur. The foundations of a new development, politically and every other way, have been laid. It therefore now becomes the principal object of the Third National Congress to devise means whereby the political organization of our Party may be placed on an even firmer foundation."

General Chiang recalled that for two years and more the chief tasks before the Revolutionary Party had been the successful conclusion of the expedition against the North and the suppression of banditry and Communistic uprisings. He said that the first of these tasks had been accomplished and that progress was being made on the second. The Reds were evicted in December, 1927, and while radical uprisings still continued they were not as important as in the troubled past.

"The period of political tutelage now has begun," the General declared. "We have organized a new National Government. We cannot turn back nor can we see our labors go for naught. We must have unity and the support of the Kuomintang."

About the manifestations by younger members in the Party of their patent desire to assume leadership, the General became caustic. "The younger members," he said, "should be satisfied with activities of a subordinate nature. They should wait until they have acquired more experience and have become better trained in Party affairs. It is deplorable to hear that small cliques have been formed within our Party. Such personal organizations are but tools of lesser leaders who are unduly ambitious."

A strong tendency toward moderation in regard to labor problems had long been noticeable in General Chiang Kai-shek's attitude toward workers and farmers. This attitude was one of the reasons for

his open break with the Soviet Advisorate under Mikal Borodin. In his message on Government policy Chiang came out in opposition to class warfare, asserting that while the Government was desirous of aiding the farmers and workers it would not allow their uprisings against employers.

"The aim of the Kuomintang," his message explained, "is to increase the material comfort and prosperity of the peasants and workers of our country. Not only must we protect their interests but we must also direct and guide them in their activities so that they may not fall victims to the sinister schemes of the Communists. We wish their advancement to be of a permanent nature; and for this very reason we exercise for the moment their political power for them."

The Kuomintang's policy, in theory at least, is that the present period of what is termed "political tutelage" is to end when the people of China have been educated up to the privileges and duties of citizenship in a democracy. In the meantime, (and forever, the sharp-tongued critics of the Party dictatorship aver), the Kuomintang leaders intend to keep control of the country as long as they possibly can. Chiang referred to the fact that earlier in the revolution the Kuomintang encouraged the workers and peasants "in their opposition against the oppression of their employers and landlords."

"But," he continued, "times have changed. Although we have declared against oppression of workers and peasants, we must at the same time see to it that the workers and peasants themselves do not become the oppressors—that they do not take advantage of their employers and landlords as they are inclined to do at present. It must be made clear to the laborers and farmers that any loss sustained by their employers and landlords means loss to themselves. The Government cannot discriminate against one class in favor of any other class, or classes.

"The Communists preach class warfare. We do not."

Feng Yu-hsiang, the "Christian General," felt otherwise. He was the champion of Asia's "forgotten man," and remained convinced that government—any government—for the Chinese peoples should base its thesis of practical political economy on immediate aid for the farmer and coolie, or laborer, classes in society.

His lot in latter years has been the sad one of a man professing sentiments actuated possibly by sincere motives but thwarted on every

hand by conditions beyond his control. Feng remains the victim of a capricious fate, a dreamer unable to put his visions for the welfare of humanity into practice. One result has been the development in him of a crafty nature which he uses as a sort of "defense mechanism" against the defeat of his aims, ideals and ambitions for an emancipated China; without this, he fears oblivion as a leader, failure in his mission to spread light over Asia. Hence his methods have become inexplicable, in large measure.

Few really know the man who is Feng. His critics are legion and his devious actions remain obscure. He embraces whatever comes to hand, provided it will aid him toward his goal—the betterment of all Chinese peoples. Feng thus is known popularly as a traitor, a double-crosser, because, to him, the end for so long has had to justify the means.

Although personally absent from the Third National Congress called by General Chiang Kai-shek in Nanking in March, 1928, Marshal Feng instructed his delegates to support the National Government's policies *en bloc,* in Chiang's strategy for the rapid and successful march on Peking. Some months later after Peking was taken and the name changed to Peiping, Feng took up temporary residence at Nanking, the new Capital. He was Minister of War for a time, and I wanted another interview with this astute politico-military man Our second meeting was at Nanking, where he told of his philosophy of how men and women and their children might find a less harsh existence in the Orient than the one they had.

Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang said that he preferred not to talk politics. He was, however, quite ready to talk about what he thought was wrong with China and to expound his ideas of how the Chinese could best improve their state. So for nearly an hour I sat in the reception room of his foreign-style residence in a hospital compound in Nanking and with only occasional interjections to the interpreter listened to Marshal Feng's program for the economic rehabilitation of the Chinese peoples.

There were six men present at that interview, three Americans and three Chinese. Of the Americans, two were correspondents for American papers and the other a business man from Shanghai who wanted to go along and meet the man who, many believed, wielded the greatest single influence in all the new, semi-united China. The

Chinese present were our two interpreters and Marshal Feng himself. The latter sat on a wicker lounge, his huge frame slouching at ease, cool that hot morning in the pajama-like white costume of the Chinese, his feet encased in a crude pair of common infantry boots. He wore no hose. His genial round face was grizzled, the fat jowls, strangely pink in complexion for a Chinese, partially hidden beneath a stubbly beard of several days' growth.

The Marshal lived a simple life. He still believes, it has been remarked, in "Jeffersonian simplicity," and he practises what he preaches in that regard. He wears the uniform which his commonest soldiers wear. By no insignia may one know him as the man whose personal leadership built up an army that was loyal to him and that made him probably one of the most important single figures in China.

It may be noted in passing that, believing the leaders of the Kuomintang Revolution should not squander the people's money, Marshal Feng sponsored a policy of strict economy wherever he went in 1928. In Nanking, which he visited to attend the Fifth Plenary Session of the Central Executive Committee of the Kuomintang early in August, the "Christian General" discovered the politicians leading lives of ease. He found them and, as it appeared to him, everybody else gambling and giving banquets and entertaining in a fashion that, he declared, was traitorous. It was only a few days later that the Minister for the Interior, a Feng appointee, issued an order prohibiting all gambling and decreeing that no longer could China's traditional "sing-song" girls entertain at feasts along the canals and tiny streams in and about Nanking.

The populace was irate and the Chamber of Commerce got up petitions to force a repeal of the Government's order. The order, they said, threw at least 10,000 persons out of work. Restaurants languished and the picturesque canal boats lay idle for want of customers.

"They will soon find work elsewhere," said Marshal Feng. "They can put their hands to something more profitable to the community."

But the girls and the boatmen said, "We shall bide our time. This silly order cannot prevail. When this man goes back into his home country in Honan you will see that things will be as before. It cannot last, this order against our traditions."

They were right. Even while Marshal Feng remained in power there was a bit of sing-song girl "bootlegging" noticeable. Here and

there the shrill voice of one of these doll-like little entertainers raised in the sibilant, monotonous wail of the Chinese might be heard on some nights at places along the tiny streams where the police, one learned, were more sympathetic than vigilant.

It was not easy to see the Marshal. However, through the secretary to Dr. H. H. Kung, Minister of Finance, our appointment was made. The Marshal would be "glad to see you at seven o'clock tomorrow morning." He had not been feeling well, otherwise the appointment would have been an hour earlier. Marshal Feng's calling hours were ordinarily from 5 to 7 a.m. His idea was that in this way he could get callers out of the way and then get down to a full day's uninterrupted work.

"Are you going to attend the Kuomintang's Fifth Plenary Session?" I asked when we were seated, tea had been served—it invariably is, and that day, getting an early start, we were served tea exactly twenty-seven times—and the usual salutations passed.

"Yes," Marshal Feng replied. No unnecessary words. Just a nod to the interpreter and the Chinese word for yes, which sounds like *sidi.* The Marshal was not a regular member of the Central Executive Committee but he had been invited to sit in on the meetings that summer and was given all powers held by regular members. His presence then, as a matter of fact, brought considerable relief to many.

"What do you think are the chief problems facing the new Government?" somebody asked.

"Demobilization of our huge armies I think certainly comes first, at home," Marshal Feng said. "This will take some time. But already plans are under way. Final action is up to the military council."

"What do you think of Japan's attitude in Manchuria and what would you recommend that the Nationalist Government do about it?" was my next query.

"I can't answer that," Marshal Feng said. "I prefer, rather, not to answer the question. I have my own ideas, to be sure, but you must take that up with the Foreign Office. I am just a soldier and not supposed to talk about foreign diplomatic affairs."

Then came the subject which drew him into an extensive and animated discussion of China's domestic ills and how he would solve them. His program as outlined below was submitted in a comprehensive memorandum placed before the Government at its Fifth Plen-

ary Session, and since has been considered by experts for years in the various Ministries which it affects. Marshal Feng's program was based on education and economic reform. He believed that China's ills were due chiefly to ignorance and its inevitable coördinates, revolving around inequality of economic opportunity. Briefly, he had four major projects:

1. A Government program of immediate action with numerous practical moves to aid the farmers of China.
2. Better housing facilities.
3. Government support for "infant industries."
4. Construction of at least 100,000 miles of railways and a complete highway system through China.

"I am convinced," Marshal Feng said emphatically, "that the Government should appropriate at least $50,000,000 at once for farm relief.

"Farm relief is particularly needed in Central and Northwest China. The people of Kiangsu Province (in which Shanghai is located), owing to better means of communication and marketing facilities, are immensely wealthy as compared with the poverty-stricken people of interior China, especially Honan, Shensi and Kansu." These provinces constituted the area in which the Marshal had been most in control in recent years. "We must improve the lot of the farmers who form the basis of our nation. China is essentially a farming country. Hence, prosperous farmers mean a happy, prosperous nation."

Marshal Feng said much of the money to be appropriated could be used in irrigation projects in Central and Northwest China and in providing communications so that, once a farmer raises his crop, he can sell it at a profit.

Other phases of farm relief which he touched on included the establishment of schools and farm banks which could lend money to the farmers at low rates of interest to enable them to modernize their equipment. In the schools, he said, he would teach modern farming methods adapted to conditions in the particular districts. He urged the use of disbanded troops in irrigation and reclamation projects. In Honan Province, it is significant to note that Marshal Feng in 1927-28 did much in the way of putting these ideas into effect. He has been praised for the construction of roads and houses in that province even

at a time when he was busily engaged in pushing the northern campaign toward Peking.

"We must see that our people have better houses to live in," Marshal Feng proceeded. "There are tens of thousands of people in the interior of China—in fact, everywhere in our country—who have no place to live. Some who have exist in the meanest of mud hovels that melt in any kind of a rain storm. For this reason, I have suggested that the Government appropriate another $50,000,000 for public welfare work. Part of this money could be a direct appropriation, the rest could be raised through a domestic bond issue. In the past year in Honan I have built 1,800 houses and turned them over to needy families. This, of course, is hardly a start. But it is a practical example of what I hope to do and what I think the Government should do. We have been preaching the benefits of our revolution to the downtrodden masses. It is, I think, time to give them some concrete example of what the State can do to help its citizens.

"These houses of the type that I have in mind can be built with demobilized troop labor for as low as $70 to $100 a house. They are small, but they are well built and serviceable. They are infinitely better than the mud and mat hovels that the masses are now forced to call home. I would rent them out at ten cents on the dollar of present rentals. If a family cannot afford even that, I would turn the house over to them without charge until such time as they could begin to pay.

"And another thing: these houses, thousands of them, would be built entirely of material produced in China. They would be 'made-in-China' houses. Thus, we would aid all classes. We would buy material from the merchants, the lumbermen and so on, and hire men just out of the army to do the work, thus, in part, solving our unemployment problem. And the finished product would raise the standard of living of our people."

I remarked that this was an ideal plan but that it was likely to place a premium on laziness. The thought suggested itself that there would be a large percentage of people who would occupy a house free and would never try to earn any money aside from a few coppers a day for food. It might tend to make the State paternal and sap the initiative of the people.

"Not at all," said Marshal Feng. "The Chinese are not lazy.

Given a chance to better themselves, they will progress. Once a family sees other families waxing prosperous and living on a higher scale, the tone of the whole community will be raised. There may be a few slackers but we will devise ways to deal with them when the time comes."

It sounded strangely like the attempts of English colonists in Virginia to establish a "communal village" where, history relates, all had access to the town products and each was supposed to produce something for the good of the whole. That early attempt at a communistic state failed.

Feng added that at least 100,000 such houses were needed in Honan Province alone. "This doesn't mean that I think the Government should become paternal," he said. "The people, after all, are the real masters of a country. But the masters haven't had a chance to assert themselves, and their servants, our leaders, have lived in the masters' houses off the money taken from the real masters of the State. We must reverse this."

There are some who will see in this a tendency toward Communism. It may be, but as a matter of fact while Feng's economics may be all wrong according to theory, it cannot be denied that he wanted to help the people in a practical way. He is a good disciplinarian and a good administrator, as his otherwise dubious record will show.

Government support to "infant industries" drew his attention next. He said:

"The Government should raise $60,000,000 to help our industries now just getting started and those not yet under way, which we need. We should have more and bigger and better cotton mills, tanneries and factories of all sorts. China has the raw materials. There is no need for us to export them all. If we aid our farmers we can keep our exports up almost to their present level and still produce enough to supply our mills, tanneries, and factories with Chinese grown, Chinese mined, Chinese produced raw materials. Our natural resources are immense. We must make use of them."

Marshal Feng's ambitious program of economic reform called for a total expenditure of $300,000,000, Chinese currency. It was not possible for Nanking to spend that much money on his or any other development program. But a start was made.

About railroads and a highway system, Feng said:

"China should have at least 100,000 miles of railroads as soon as possible. We have less than 10,000 miles now. An appropriation of $10,000,000 should be made at once so that construction can continue on certain lines now incomplete. Then another $100,000,000 should be obtained, abroad if necessary, for railway construction. We should go ahead right away with the completion of the Canton-Hankow line, I think. That would connect Canton with Peking by rail. (This has been done.) Then the east-west Lunghai line should be completed, also. This railway should be extended west through Shensi, Kansu and Chinese Turkestan, ultimately connecting with the railways of Asia Minor.

"If we can complete this railway," Marshal Feng concluded, "I will show the people of Shanghai how to travel to Europe by a much shorter route than the trans-Siberian railway. We do not intend to connect with that line. We will parallel it more or less, but far to the south. The National Government, I think, should bear the brunt of the original cost of starting construction. Eventually, the provinces can be made to contribute their share."

Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang had arrived in Nanking accompanied by a personal bodyguard of 100 men. They patrolled the hospital compound where he lived, marching about the grounds with beheading swords slung over their backs and Mauser automatic pistols at their hips. The Marshal was not popular with the people. They hoped he would soon leave, and he did.

While his subordinate generals and minor officers rode swiftly about Nanking's streets in limousines with armed guards standing on the runningboards, Marshal Feng rode with his chauffeur on an army truck. That was the way he made his official calls the day after he arrived. Ministers in various departments at Nanking were amazed to see this great hulk of a man—he must be six feet three inches tall and weigh at least 230 pounds—lunge out of the cab of a truck and step quickly into their offices. Foreigners distrusted Feng, from the safety of Shanghai and the other well-patrolled "treaty ports." They still do.

12 RED REBELLION

EVENTS moved with amazing swiftness the week end of December 10-12, 1927, when Chiang Kai-shek returned to the Kuomintang revolution. He was officially reinstated on a Friday; on Saturday he gave his public views of what should be done next—and under cover the Communists to the South were active in rebellion at Canton; on Sunday, the eleventh, all Canton was openly in the grip of a Red Rebellion, 800 miles or more south of Nanking; and on Monday, the Chinese National Government, led by General Chiang, decided formally to break off relations with Moscow within all their revolutionary Nationalist-controlled territory, and to order Soviet Russia's diplomatic service men out of the country.

The Red Rebellion in the deep south of China broke unexpectedly, even to the Communist leaders themselves. Their hand had been forced, and they struck abruptly and with rare brutality even for China. The Chinese looted, raped, murdered, burned and sacked their own city even more ruthlessly than they committed similar atrocities on foreign lives and property.

Their sway was brief. In turn, when they were overthrown by loyal Chinese soldiery, the days of horror were also brief but even more lurid, if possible. Photographs I saw of that wreckage, human as well as material, told the nauseating, sordid tale more graphically than could a word picture. Many of the pictures could not be published. The lengths in torture to which the Chinese go are unbelievable but terribly true, be the victim a Chinese man or woman or a lost soul with white skin from foreign shores. The Chinese through the centuries have achieved, among other things, an apogee in ways of torture.

Canton was in the grip of the Reds on Sunday, December 12, 1927. Shanghai was under special patrol, with American marines doing "night instruction duty." The British and Japanese defense

forces assisted the municipal police in maintaining order as the rising tide of peasant-labor unrest swept South China. The fate of Americans in the Canton area was uncertain for days Wireless dispatches said that the American naval authorities were seeking to establish contact with the refugees on land.

While the Red revolt in Canton resulted in setting the city afire in many places as well as in looting, the mob was not anti-foreign These men were seeking rather to overthrow China's military régime and establish Communist rule.

Striking during the dark hours prior to that Sunday's dawn the Red uprising succeeded during the day in disarming the police, routing General Chang Fa-kwei's meager garrison and gaining complete control of the city, which the rabble proceeded to loot. Sporadic fires resulted at the fancy of the power-mad peasantry. Not only Canton was in the control of the rabble but at least seven other cities in the Kwantung area. The American gunboats *Sacramento* and *Pampanga* stood by at Canton. The U. S. S. *Asheville* joined them there.

The victorious mob's leaders issued a statement following the restoration of comparative quiet, declaring in part:

"The combined forces of peasants and workmen have finally taken over control of Canton. The majority of these participating in the revolt are troops in the Home Defense Service at Canton. Our workmen's Red Corps under the direction of Red troops have captured the Peace Bureau and disarmed the guards."

Peasants circulated handbills bearing such inscriptions as: DOWN WITH CHIANG KAI-SHEK, GENERAL CHANG FA-KWEI, WANG CHING-WEI, WHO ARE THE ENEMY OF PEASANTS AND WORKMEN! RED PEASANTS AND SOLDIERS ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO CAN PROTECT THE MASSES! All shops were closed. The outskirts of Canton swarmed with armed peasants and workmen wearing red brassards and apparently with little or no leadership. Mass meetings were held, to choose leaders for the formation of a Red Government.

The ease with which Canton fell is explained by the fact that most of the regular troops there had been called for duty in Honan. Hence the capture was easy, many of the remaining troops going Red. However, the Chinese Navy remained loyal to Chang Fa-kwei. He barely escaped with his life aboard a gunboat. The gates to the city were

closed, but efforts to retake the city soon made progress, although navigation between Canton and Hongkong was impossible.

Information as to how the uprising started is still vague, but I was told that late on the previous Saturday General Wang Chi-hsing's troops suddenly attempted to disarm the 4th regiment of the new 2nd Division, numbering 1,000 men. Fighting ensued, peasants and workmen taking their cue from the soldiers and joining in the riots. The Red Rebellion followed.

One result was Nanking's definite decision to break with Soviet Russia. General Chiang Kai-shek announced that the Kuomintang leaders had instructed Dr. C. C. Wu, then Nanking's foreign minister, to proceed with the necessary steps for the withdrawal of all Soviet consulates in Nationalist territories. (Dr. Wu is now dead.) The leader declared that the party's instructions were "in the form of a peremptory order," precluding the possibility of the Minister's failure to act. Dr. Wu forthwith demanded the withdrawal of all the Soviet Union's consulates in China. The Soviet Consul-General was B. Koslovsky in Shanghai. He told me at first that he had "not been informed." He added that he "must await Dr. Wu's formal action as well as Moscow's reply." He got them and left.

Chiang Kai-shek said: "The party's action was kept secret heretofore, pending the Foreign Minister's formal action. However, I feel the announcement is justified now in view of the Canton outburst, which undoubtedly was the result of Soviet agitation. There is no doubt but that Dr. Wu will act very quickly. He has not yet had time to take the usual formal steps following this important decision as far as a formal note to Moscow is concerned but I am sure he will proceed forthwith. Soviet agitators are responsible for most of our troubles in this Canton area, as well as Hankow, Nanking and elsewhere. Hence an absolute break immediately is necessary for the restoration of peace within our territories."

The latest anti-Red announcement clarified the Canton developments. It was declared that the peasantry's *coup d'état* Sunday resulted from the Kuomintang's sending a telegram to Canton ordering General Chang Fa-kwei to raid Canton's Soviet Consulate and seize documents showing that Moscow was behind the peasant-labor uprisings in various sections of China. General Chiang Kai-shek, as well as T. V. Soong and Dr. H. H. Kung, were convinced that these in-

structions leaked out at Canton, resulting in the Red revolt and placing mobs in control of the city. This explained the outburst at that time, although for a fortnight there had been signs that trouble was brewing.

Canton continued in turmoil.

Loyal Kuomintang troops sought to overpower the armed peasantry, with swift success. Fifteen Americans and two British evacuated Canton, while armored launches from the U. S. S. *Pampanga* as well as the Socony Installation assisted in bringing out refugees from the suburbs. Refugees concentrated on the island of Shameen. Shameen is but a *few yards* off shore, in Pearl River. Further precautions were taken on shore, the U. S. S. *Sacramento* landing field-pieces and installing them on the United States Consulate grounds, which is on Shameen Island.

The short-lived Red revolt in Canton ended on December 14. The rabble was routed, and loyal Kuomintang troops regained control. The Canton outbreak caused the more moderate revolutionaries to inveigh more than ever against Moscow's interference. The effect of the terrorists' activities was to turn the Nanking leaders more than ever against radicalism.

Utterances by Mr. Quo Tai-chi, then Vice-Minister for Foreign Affairs at Nanking, at an American University Club dinner in Shanghai, were indicative of an abrupt turn toward the Right. Quo Tai-chi, later China's Ambassador in London, told a large gathering of prominent Chinese and Americans: "The Kuomintang is thoroughly fed up with the activities of all Communists." He added:

"China is at the crossroads. We are facing a decision between the Soviet and what may be termed the Anglo-Saxon form of government. Bitter experience has proved that the Soviets are false gods. Hence, thoughtful leaders in the Kuomintang are now ready to change. But we need your support, and the support of all the Western Powers other than Soviet Russia if our change is to prove practical. We are decidedly not anti-foreign, although certain of our policies have been so described.

"The Chinese of the early days considered all foreigners as barbarians and beneath them. Then the foreigners had their day. Western mechanical civilization developed, and foreigners coming to China considered the Chinese backward and uncivilized. It is now

high time that both Chinese and foreigners discard these ancient prejudices and seek to coöperate toward the best interests of the world."

General Chiang Kai-shek made further attacks on Moscow and all the Soviets in the Chinese press. He declared: "The Soviet consulates everywhere in China are serving as centers for the propagation of Communism. I favor breaking off our relations; otherwise, the spread of Communism may handicap our revolution. If this had been done some time ago it is possible that the Canton trouble might have been avoided. We are definitely against continuing diplomatic relations with Soviet Russia, and cannot further coöperate with Russia as in the past. I also believe we should coöperate with other nations in preventing the spread of Communism."

The Nanking Note ordered all Soviet diplomatic officials out of China in seven days. The text of the Note follows:

> The National Government has for some time been informed by various reports that the Soviet consulates and the Soviet State's commercial agencies in areas within the jurisdiction of the National Government have been used as headquarters of Red propaganda and an asylum for all Communists. Exposure of these facts has been withheld, in view of international relations between China and Russia.
>
> On the eleventh of the present month an uprising occurred in the city of Canton culminating in the forcible occupation of that city by Communists who cut communications, burned, plundered and massacred throughout the city. This startling event with all its disastrous consequences may be attributed mainly to the fact that the Chinese Communists availed themselves of the Soviet consulate and Soviet State commercial agencies as a base for direct operations. Fears were entertained that occurrences of a like nature may occur elsewhere.
>
> With a view to maintaining peace and order and to preventing the further spread of such disasters our Government feels that such a state of things is fraught with incalculable dangers to our Party and the State. It can no longer be tolerated. Therefore, it is hereby ordered that our recognition accorded to consuls of the U. S. S. R. stationed in the various Provinces shall be suspended in order that the root of this evil influence

> shall be eradicated and a thorough inquiry instituted. The Ministry for Foreign Affairs is now instructed to superintend its subordinate organs and act in conjunction with the other Government authorities concerned to put into execution this mandate with all due care, and report thereon.

The diplomatic, consular and all trade and other Russian officials left within a week. Before the coming of the New Year of 1928 not a recognized Russian official remained in all China.

China was comparatively quiescent before the start of the storm toward the North again that spring. Col. Henry L. Stimson, now Secretary of War, was named Governor-General of the now semi-independent Philippine Islands. The Colonel passed through Shanghai in February on his way to his post at Manila, and I got on the steamer and went to the Philippines with him.

On that excursion to view our problems and progress in those islands at the inception of the Stimson rule, I also got a view of the effect of the Red turmoil at Canton. It was April, 1928, when I visited South China and found that Canton, in the heart of one of the richest provinces in all China, the base of civil wars for a quarter of a century and more, was rapidly going about the business of rebuilding wide areas destroyed during the Red Rebellion the previous December.

The winter weeks and early spring had not seen an appreciable change in the devastated area, it was true; yet plans were under way for reconstruction. In the meantime, the thrifty Chinese built themselves shops in the gaunt brick walls of burned buildings and were going about life much as usual.

Blocks and blocks were gutted by the flames that had torn at the heart of the Southern capital when the Reds, infuriated at the discovery of their plot to overthrow the Canton government, were forced to attack prematurely. The damage ran into tens of millions of dollars. The estimates varied from $15,000,000 to $40,000,000, this last figure taking into consideration, it would appear, the cost of reconstruction. The estimate is based, as usual, on China's silver currency. Replacement of burned or bombed buildings cost as much or more than the original structure—and that, it was figured, must be considered in the estimates of the total loss.

It was depressing to walk along the broad streets of Canton, built

according to modern plans made under the régime of the late Dr. C. C. Wu, who also long was Mayor of Canton. The broad streets, unusual in a Chinese city, went through block after block of barren buildings whose walls, scarred and blackened, were torn down to make way for reconstruction. They testified to the fury of the mob

13 CHRIST OF THE "CHINA ROAD"

BANDITRY in Asia is still a profitable "business" which thousands of roving nomads continue to pursue, but while the devil reigns over wide areas, let us pause here to look at the work which the Christian missionaries are doing in a valiant if so far futile effort to show the Chinese peoples "the light." Some years ago my mother gave me a little book entitled, CHRIST OF THE INDIAN ROAD. It was by a missionary who had spent most of his adult life among the peoples of India, seeking to show *them* "the Way." It seems to me that I might do worse in selecting a title for this interesting phase of man's struggle for existence in the Orient than by choosing CHRIST OF THE "CHINA ROAD."

The men and women in our Christian missions have had anything but an easy time of it in their efforts to convert "the heathen Chinese." The Chinese accept the gifts of the missionaries, especially those of a material nature. They allow these men and women from foreign lands to come into their land and try to spread their gospel. But in more than a century the true converts to Christianity among the Chinese have been few. For centuries they have had their own way of thinking about infinity and the way of this life and how best to live it. They retain their ancient faith in Buddhism, which is the main religion of Asia.

There are tens of thousands, who have embraced Christ's teachings as their own, and follow Him through His missionaries. But these, though they number some three million souls, are still but a drop in the bucket. There are still nearly 400,000,000 other Chinese, who remain unmoved by these teachings. The same is true in Japan where Shintoism, a version of Buddhism, is the State religion.

The work of the missionaries, therefore, is hard in the East. Yet they persist, and where they can they do a good work, it must be

admitted even by the Chinese. Most of the converts are merely "out for the ride," out, in other words, for what is in it for them. These are known to the hard-bitten traders who inhabit the coastal cities as "the damned rice-Christians." There is truth in that epithet for that is exactly what many of them are. Their only reason for attending a Mission School in China is so that they may benefit by the instruction offered to students, an excellent chance to learn a foreign language, usually English, which they may use later when they enter trade, banking, a profession or government service.

Knowledge such as that is very useful, the Chinese know, and they can get it at a minimum of expense. What they do after graduation is conjectural. Most of them return to their old faith, take a new vow in their set formula of ancestor worship and the faith of their forebears, and go about their business contented. They think they have "slipped one over" on "these foreign barbarians," again.

It is true, of course, that some really become converted to Christianity and live up to the teachings to which they have been subjected. However, *they are few.*

The chief work of the Christian missionaries in China therefore is confined to two fields of human endeavor, namely, education and sanitation, with the latter field covering medical missions generally in Asia. The evangelical work is important, of course—but the Chinese are a practical lot and actions speak louder than words.

A preacher can stand up and "speech" at them all day every day in the week, but unless he *does* something which can prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that the way of the foreign, white-skinned Christians will make this life more liveable, he might just as well save his breath. For this reason the Christian workers are earnestly trying to prove to the Chinese that a Christian community is cleaner, the inhabitants actually live in nicer homes on nicer streets and in nicer towns, they are therefore happier and also more prosperous, and the Christians are better educated because they have more and better schools in their towns.

The childlike masses of Chinese (or any other people, for that matter) can understand a way of life like that, and they are embracing Christianity for that reason in larger numbers than heretofore, to the pleasant surprise of the Christian workers.

Naturally, material benefits here and now come first to primitive

souls existing in a cruel, barren world. They can see only how they are to be lifted up bodily by a new and strange creed; they cannot be expected to have the broader vision which encompasses the spiritual or mental glories to follow. But once aided toward a more pleasant life with social security for all, and one in which they can be educated up to an appreciation of the finer things of existence, the "true conversion" to that mode of living will come to pass.

The medical missions and the educational work through schools scattered all over China—from Yenching University at Peiping to the Canton Christian College in the deep South—are giving this practical groundwork today in excellent fashion.

Another good thing which the missionaries did out in China at the start of this decade was to eliminate (so far as the Chinese are concerned) the incomprehensible denominations through which the Occidental world views God. The simple-minded but logical Chinese failed to grasp why, when we worshipped but one Heavenly Father, we also must have Catholics and Protestants. Or why these, too, are divided and sub-divided like a real estate development—the Methodists (North and South), the Baptists, the Christians, the Lutherans, Presbyterians, and so on. The denominations of the Protestant Church did away with creeds and divisional barriers in 1927, about the time that General Chiang Kai-shek was getting married according to the wedding ritual of the Methodist Episcopal Church (South) to a devout Methodist Church (South) Chinese girl in Shanghai. The Catholics still are divided into Greek Orthodox, Roman, etc.

This I think is a good place to review the missionary activities as they occurred in China at that time.

At Hankow in May of 1927, Bishop L. H. Roots, head of the American Church Mission, who had refused to evacuate despite Consul-General Frank Lockhart's urgent request, told me he believed that one result of the crisis would be the entire reorganization of missionary work there. Bishop Roots advised his Church to send a commission to China to investigate conditions and decide on the best steps to take in view of the revolutionary activities which had temporarily ousted Christian men and women from China.

The Bishop received me in his offices in an old red brick building near the Bund, and cordially welcomed frank discussion of current problems connected with his work. He admitted that adverse condi-

tions were affecting the entire future of Christianity in Asia and talked earnestly on this subject.

Bishop Roots responded somewhat sharply to my query as to his reasons for refusing to depart from the dangerous Yangtze River shores. He said: "I believe that my work is as important as that of three score business men remaining here now—or as yours, for that matter. Why should I desert until forced to do so, any more than these business men should leave the job or anyone else still here?"

The Bishop said that only four foreigners then remained in his mission, doing work formerly done by one hundred missionaries. They were himself, T. J. Hollander, Dr Paul Wakefield and John Littell.

"In this crisis I find we are discovering the true value of our Chinese Christians," the Bishop said. "They are carrying on the work which we have begun. Our hospital, university and middle school are still running here, under the direction of the Chinese only. We are still supporting our institutions the same as before, and they represent an investment of at least a million dollars, gold, and possibly more. Our annual maintenance cost runs approximately $400,000, Mex. The Chinese are in complete control.

"I am unable to say yet what our position will be in the future, but I am inclined to believe that this test of the Chinese Christians is a good thing. Whether we will need as many foreigners in the future remains to be seen. Personally, I think we will be forced to reorganize our entire mission work on a new basis, leaving the Chinese Christians essentially in control. The position of the National Government is another consideration. They have denied being anti-religious or anti-Christian, but numerous campaigns against Christianity have been held in recent months with their consent. Our relations with the government must be reconsidered. The old treaties while nominally still in force actually are not. We must therefore determine our status with the Nationalists if they are victorious, as seems probable.

"The Chinese today are not like the Chinese of thirty years ago. They are aroused now. Of course, only a few actually are articulate and it is these that we hear and see the most, but the masses also are changed. I have advised our Mission to wait until these revolutionary conditions clear up before deciding on a definite policy in China. They are sending a commission to China to assist the missionaries already here and to agree on future plans. In the meantime, we have evacu-

ated almost all our stations in the Yangtze Valley. Our mission workers are remaining chiefly at Shanghai temporarily, pending a decision on how to proceed with our work.

"I believe that sentiment among the Nationalists favors religious freedom in China as a whole. General Tang Shen-tse in charge here is a Buddhist, others in authority are Confucians, and so on; General Tang sent a letter to us recently written on paper bearing a watermark showing an old Buddhist saying, *Most merciful compassionate one who saves individuals and saves the world.* I believe that the government will make some provision for religious freedom eventually, in a formal way. This present war hysteria cannot last forever."

Bishop Roots said that Hunan Province was the worst spot in China as far as missionary work was concerned and that all the foreigners there south of Hankow had been evacuated. He said that the Chinese Christians who were left then were unable to continue with their religious work and no services of any kind were being held. His mission there was closed as were many of the others. Several were confiscated by the Chinese Communists.

"The Unions of the peasants are chiefly responsible for these acts," Bishop Roots said. "The situation there is bordering on anarchy. Communism is too good a term for it. Mob rule exists in Hunan, where they now have a rule of the unruly. All missions are closed and, as I say, church services are not possible at the moment."

Bishop Roots intimated that he and the other missionaries would take up the entire question eventually with the Nanking revolutionary authorities, if and when the government was able to give attention to problems concerning internal organization of the continent.

Dissension in the harried ranks of American missionaries broke out in Shanghai that summer. Shanghai was the religious capital for a time, where workers from scattered interior posts were congregated awaiting the doubtful future of Christianity in that land. A group of Fundamentalists held a meeting and after bitterly denouncing the Modernists in the mission field set their signatures to a message which was sent to various church organizations and newspapers in America.

The Fundamentalists carried the fight against their bitter foes, the Modernists, to the American public, and their message definitely sought to influence church leaders back home. The message asserted:

"The present evacuation of the missionaries has been permitted by God as a means of purifying the missionary enterprise in China."

The Modernists were dubbed "ecclesiastical Bolshevists," the attack being particularly bitter against the National Christian Council. The Rev. Dr. Hugh W. White of the Southern Presbyterian Mission, who presided, belabored his Modernist colleagues in the following vitriolic fashion in his address: "Satan's adaptation of Jerusalem Christianity has put into the lead of the Modernist movement a band of ecclesiastical Bolshevists who work on the principle of 'boring from within,' feeding on Christianity to destroy it. Modernism is primarily political and is aimed at our Christian works government, as well as the institution of marriage on which the Christian social system is based."

The message to America denounced the National Christian Council as a destructive agency and demanded that when missionaries again returned to China they be sent to conduct what the Fundamentalists termed "orthodox work."

The Rev. E. E. Strother, Secretary of the Christian Endeavor Union, said: "We are facing a thoroughly organized Modernists' machine which is like a great army run by well trained officers and a marvelous intelligence department with secret codes, wireless communications and well equipped training camps. This army has a vast number of soldiers willing to follow blindly their own trusted leaders, even to death. This powerful army is liberally financed and secretly allied with other great subversive organizations with abundant funds. Their propagandists are some of the most clever men in the world, and by their strategy they have succeeded in pulling the wool over the eyes of a number of people in large countries."

Strother gave a summary of the differences between the Modernist and Fundamentalist beliefs, attacking evolution and quoting the late William Jennings Bryan. Feelings in this bitter fight reached a climax in Shanghai, which is the nerve center of all China for the missionaries.

These squabbles during a time when missionary problems were occupying a prominent place in the activities of foreigners generally caused no little adverse comment there. Among the significant public remarks was a leading article printed in the Shanghai *Times,* a liberal British-owned daily edited by an American. The article gave figures showing there were only about five hundred missionaries remaining in

the interior stations as compared with eight thousand in normal times. Five thousand had been returned to their homelands either on furlough or on special leaves of absence; fifteen hundred were in Shanghai, and another thousand were temporarily transferred to stations in Japan and Korea.

The editorial commented: "It is not too much to say that the clock of missionary progress in China has been set back many generations." It added, however, "Conditions are bound to improve, at least as far as the missionaries are concerned, insofar as China will continue to need for many years to come their healing institutions such as hospitals, schools, and other such organizations which go toward building a more sane and lasting state of society."

The editorial, after outlining the practical benefits being gained through Christian Institutions—which are essential to the material welfare of the Chinese peoples—appealed for the return of the missionaries in greater numbers. However, while praising the welfare work of the various missions, it hoped that when foreign missionaries did return they would be those "whose eyes have not been dimmed by political considerations or by the gravity of their own dilemmas."

* * *

If you were to take a train at the North Station in Shanghai on the Nanking line and travel the fifty-three miles that separate the picturesque old walled city of Soochow from the sea, you might find far on the outskirts, approached through the narrowest of winding shop-packed lanes, a modern American university. You would need a guide to find it the first time unless you could explain to a rickshaw coolie where you wanted to go—for most of them know this missionary school and "the Nances."

The Nances have been living in Soochow for the past quarter century or more and everybody there knows who they are. They are hospitable folk from the south in America and they were sent out to China when they were young to teach in Soochow University. Dr. Walter Buckner Nance, a native of Marshall County, Tenn., became President of the school in 1922. The university is a monument to his work. It was founded and is supported by the Methodist Episcopal Church (South).

If Dr. Nance invited you to spend a week end with them and had rickshaws awaiting at the station you would not need to worry about

anything, for he is a "Soochow man," as he puts it. You would probably learn more about Soochow's strange history in a week end than most people would in a much longer time. Furthermore, you would discover that Mrs. Nance is a charming hostess who has brought a bit of the old south into the heart of China; and that her cook, whom she taught everything he knows, is a composer of symphonies in Southern delicacies.

One week end in the late summer of 1927, Dr. Nance showed me Soochow's temples, a famous garden and the Soochow pagoda. He was a youngish little man despite his years and his silvery white hair, and his eyes sparkled with perpetual humor behind rimless glasses. He was tireless in conducting our tour of Soochow, and he was first to the top when we scaled the pagoda's dizzy height. Standing on its narrow topmost balcony we gazed out over Soochow babbling in the dusk at our feet, its tiled roofs and little whitewashed buildings, typically Chinese, splotching the scraggly landscape for miles around. In the distance, the black wall meandered protectingly around the houses. Soochow, a city of about a million, lies chiefly within this wall, which is more than ten miles in circumference.

A temple adjacent the old Soochow pagoda, destroyed at some time or other during the wars that sweep over this area all too frequently, was under construction. Within, one found gods in the making, sturdy workmen energetically hewing great Buddhas from long logs and artisans skilled in their labor busily fashioning the arms, bodies and stern, pensive faces of these idols to whom they and others soon would pray.

Soochow has changed little since the Middle Ages. It is, in this, like most of China's cities. Destroyed from time to time by war or fire or famine or some other natural disaster, the city is rebuilt and the survivors carry on. From our pagoda, we could see on all sides curious mounds overgrown with grass which Dr. Nance explained were the heaps into which the charred ashes of Soochow were raked by the survivors after the city was laid waste in the Taiping Rebellion of the last century. Some of these mounds are thirty or forty feet high, looming up above the houses round about. Little if anything of value is, they say, buried within. Nothing but bricks and stones, charred rafters and the like have ever been discovered by those with enterprise and curiosity enough to dig into them.

With Mrs. Nance, we visited the shops and bought curios—pieces of ivory and fans. And in a temple we found young monks tracing ancient scrolls, reproducing the striking pictures drawn by priests when China was creating art. The tracings may be bought for a pittance, and we added several to our collection of things Chinese.

At night after dinner our party strolled about the campus in the moonlight and Mrs. Nance showed us her garden of many flowers, including a remarkable display of chrysanthemums. The campus quadrangle is as typical an American campus as one might find in a small college town anywhere in the United States, its buildings thoroughly modern. The university has its own light and power system. Tall shade trees form an archway along the broad walk that bounds the campus. Everything about the university recalls its American counterpart. Along the campus edge the Soochow moat runs, bounded on its far side by the city's wall. The contrast is powerful.

Dr. Nance told of the changes that were taking place in the university under new regulations governing such institutions. The Nationalist Nanking Government had ordered that all foreign schools must be registered with the Government and that none but a Chinese may be the head of a school in China. A board of control of fifteen members, eight of whom are Chinese, was named. A Chinese was chosen as President to succeed Dr. Nance. The new head of the school was an alumnus of the university, Prof. Y. C. Yang. Dr. Nance continued in his new capacity as the so-called "American Adviser."

With these changes, subject to the permanent approval of the Board of Missions, Soochow University continued to operate, and already had opened its fall semester that August with an enrollment approaching normal, there being 181 college students and 243 in the preparatory school. The changes were not revolutionary, because Dr. Nance as adviser continued as virtual head of the school.

Inception of a movement seeking to abolish all sectarian lines in foreign mission work in China resulted, in Shanghai in October 1927, in a conference among ninety-four Chinese delegates from all parts of the continent. These delegates, representing sixteen denominations, voted to dissolve their old status and organize the Church of Christ in China. Their decision wrote *finis* to the work of the Presbyterian, Congregational and other denominational institutions as such, all losing

their identity in the new non-sectarian organization. The move, I believe, had the full support of the home offices of those missions in the United States and Great Britain.

The Rev. Dr. E. C. Lobenstine, Presbyterian leader who had just returned from the United States, told me that his organization was virtually sponsoring such a step. This action, long anticipated, crystallized efforts to establish an entirely Chinese Christian Church with affiliations abroad but not controlled in future by any one not Chinese. Nevertheless, the movement continued to receive foreign support financially as well as the assistance of foreign missionary advisers.

The foreigners who had been conducting the missionary work until then declared that their elimination as the controlling heads of the various missions had long been expected and favored. Many of these said that they favored having the Chinese administer their own Christian institutions, and the sooner the better. The Baptists and the few Methodists who attended the conference insisted that they were present merely as observers, and that their denominations were not yet fully prepared to merge with the others into the new and unified association in the Orient.

Many missionaries, however, pointed out that advantages of the non-sectarian organization included the removal of the varied denominational teachings which had always been mystifying to the Chinese whom they sought to convert. The conferences involved more than 1,000 churches in 16 provinces in China, representing approximately one-third of the Protestant missionaries there. These became "advisers," but the coalition meant little drastic change immediately except in their titles. A Chinese Moderator, the Rev. Mr. Chang Cheng-yi, was elected by the delegates.

The conference issued a summary of its work, saying: "The church at present still needs foreign aid. But the members should undertake the responsibility of dismissing denominationalism and credal strife and set no limits to the activity of the spirit of God in the wide sphere of human activity. It is not that the church should enter politics, but individuals in it must face these new responsibilities. Foreigners are urged to be patient and to continue with even greater energy in their work."

That December another group of foreign mission institutions joined the new Church of Christ in China. Dr. Lobenstine, Secretary of the

National Church Council in China, announced that the English Baptist Mission in Shantung Province had voted to join the new non-sectarian Chinese Christian Church.

The announcement said: "This is the first case in the history of the church where a group of Baptist churches has formally united with the Congregational, Presbyterian and Reform Churches. A few years ago in Canada the Methodist Church joined with the Congregationalists and the Presbyterians, and the United Church of Canada Mission in China is now joining with our Church of Christ, thus combining in this one church the Congregationalists, Presbyterian and those who were formerly Methodists and Baptists."

The announcement also pointed out that the Shantung Baptists are a branch of the English Church and should not be confused with the Southern Baptist Mission from the United States. I learned, however, that the American Northern Baptists had appointed a committee to confer with the Chinese concerning their joining the new and unified church. Members said that final action was then largely dependent upon the head offices of their denominations at home. The Canadian Methodists in Szechuan Province were considering a similar move.

The movement has the support of the majority of foreign missionaries on the field of battle in Asia. The Chinese Christian leaders still emphasize the fact that they have no desire to split with the western Christians, but merely desire to combine their many disconcerting creeds into one Christian church directed by Chinese who for the time being will have numerous western advisers.

The addition of other foreign missions was regarded as an indication that the nation-wide campaign for unity among the missionaries was rapidly fructifying.

Some little interest was created by the visit of Archbishop Constantini, representative of Pope Pius XI, who went to China on tour early in 1929 and was fêted by the National Government in Nanking. Archbishop Constantini called officially on President Chiang Kai-shek at Nanking and was also greeted by other high members of the Government. He said he had come "to convey personally the good wishes of the Pope."

Archbishop Constantini said of his mission to President Chiang Kai-shek:

"I deem it a great honor to be here as the representative of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, the highest authority of the Catholic Faith in the world. What hope the Pope entertains toward China has been stated clearly in his circular telegram of August 1, 1928. I am here to convey personally the wishes of the Pope.

"It is a great pleasure to see peace restored and unification effected in this country. It is my sincere hope that the National Government might head toward the way of reform and reconstruction, thus establishing the permanent foundation of the nation.

"Although Catholic priests who are now preaching in China belong to different nationalities, their aim is one, that is, to convey to the Chinese masses the Gospel of Christ which is one of fraternal love and equality. The Catholic religion knows no national or racial discrimination and it is a religion upholding the equality of mankind.

"We, as priests, have no intention of interfering in the politics and diplomacy of any nation and our attitude is one of absolute impartiality. We are ready to offer our every assistance to newborn China in her numerous reforms and tasks of reconstruction. We pray for God's blessing upon the Chinese people in order to enable them to enjoy permanent peace and order. We also pray that China may be established on an equal footing with other Powers, thus ensuring peace in the whole world."

The missionary scene has changed with the times, of course. One evidence of the induction of Chinese Christians into service for the "faith of our fathers" occurred not long ago. I saw a brief item about it in a daily newspaper in Miami, Florida. The dispatch was from Vatican City and related how Pope Pius XI had set a new precedent for the Holy See with the formal appointment of a Chinese Catholic to an office high in Papal circles. The man was Mr. Lo Pa Hong, a citizen of some wealth in Shanghai.

He was created "the Pope's Private Valet of the Sword and Cape." The account indicated that this was the "first time that a non-white has ever been accorded that honor by a Pope." It seems that "Mr. Hong," as the report called him, was President of the Catholic Action Society of China—and a frequent and large contributor "to the financial support of the Catholic missions in China."

Both Catholic and Protestant Chinese are slowly moving more and more into prominence—but even so, their religious fervor is not yet what the missionaries could wish it. That will require much time.

14 THE MARINES GET GOING

THE Kuomintang Revolution engulfed Peking early in June, 1928. The ancient capital fell on June 8 of that momentous year. The Japanese at once became serious. They entered the picture on the Asiatic mainland in a determined way, especially around Peking and Tientsin and north of the Great Wall in the Three Eastern Provinces known as Manchuria. They have since, as all know, annexed this particular "sphere of influence" and renamed it Manchukuo.

The weeks of June were crammed with excitement and events of historic significance. Old Peking fell, though not without a noble struggle, and the Southern forces—replenished from provinces all along the long trek from the Pearl River at Canton—joyously marched by the thousands through those stern old gates, swarming everywhere in profuse enjoyment of their hard fought victory.

The men were happy at gaining their goal, and of looting or of property damage there was little in those winding old avenues so strange to the new battalions literally from another country in the deep south of China. Foreigners were unharmed. Some were slightly discommoded for a day or two—but none, as far as I know, was injured or lost an appreciable amount of property, if any. And that, in time of war, is not usual. But the troops, victorious and inclined to be rampant, were gay. Harm to those who had remained was far from their thoughts in the week that Peking fell.

Old Marshal Chang Tso-lin, the defeated war lord from Manchuria, saw the fight was vain. He fled back toward his own capital of Mukden, above the Great Wall of that China which the old brigand had hoped to rule as yet another Manchu emperor on the Dragon Throne in Peking. But Marshal Chang never lived to see his own capital again, and there are many who still say it was "bad joss" (ill luck) for him ever to have left the peaceful plains of Manchuria where he was dictator.

The coach on which the Marshal was fleeing toward home was mysteriously blasted to bits on the outskirts of Mukden just as the train was about to enter the city. Marshal Chang Tso-lin was killed, as dramatically and mysteriously as he had lived to rise from bandit in Manchuria to the man who would be king over the Chinese, their ruler and emperor in Peking—a modern "Son of Heaven." Instead, he died. The explosion was at dawn on the morning of June 4.

The foreign troops in China became interested in the rapid developments around Peking that week; and so did I. When word came that old Marshal Chang had taken a private train and fled, we realized that things were decidedly picking up in the north. And when we heard in Shanghai, nearly 1000 miles to the south, that in his flight from Peking the old soldier-brigand-dictator had been assassinated, there was but one thing for me to do. Like the Marines and the Navy. I went to the scene—first to Tientsin and then across Peichihli Bay to Manchuria, landing in the Japanese-owned port of Dairen near Port Arthur.

I got away on a crowded steamer and slept in the library or on deck chairs. It is fine weather in early June along the China Coast. Just before we left, I may explain the northern drive by the Kuomintang armies along two major salients was resumed toward Peking. I also want to stress here the attitude of our own, the British and the Japanese forces out there at that important juncture in the revolution

The possibility of America's joining with the British in sending at least part of the troops defending Shanghai northward was increasing daily, and the United States Marines were soon ordered to Tientsin. The theater of the Kuomintang Revolution rapidly shifted northward and both the British and the American naval and military authorities were inclined to view the situation in the Peking-Tientsin area with heightened interest if not actual apprehension for the safety of the many foreigners concentrated there.

The British sent two battalions northward. One proceeded to their northern base at the town of Wei-Hai-Wei, and the second went to Tientsin. Major-General John Duncan, chief in command of their forces in China, sailed for Tientsin accompanied by Viscount Gort, his chief-of-staff, and an aviation reconnaisance officer. The danger in the north was believed to be similar to that which had menaced Shanghai a year or so before, when the revolution swept over the Yangtze

Valley and engulfed that city. A large force, therefore, was sent to the Peking-Tientsin area. Great Britain, and United States, France and Japan coöperated in this movement of troops and marines.

In these movements the U. S. Marines sent one regiment to Tientsin. It was the 6th regiment, the men sailing on board the transport *Henderson*. General Smedley Butler, in command of the U. S. Marines in China, returned from the north and arranged details of the shift. Acting Consul-General Clarence Gauss was transferred to Tientsin in mid-June, former Consul-General Edwin S. Cunningham, who had held the Shanghai post for years, returning from a leave of absence.

Also, six United States destroyers were concentrated at Chefoo, their northern summer base below Tientsin. These included the U. S. S. *Hurlbert*, which was already there, and five others. They were the famous U. S. S. *Noa,* which fired during the "Nanking Incident" more than a year before; the *Paul Jones,* the *Preble,* the *Preston* and the *Pruitt.*

The entire outlook of the Chinese revolution turned northward, as a result of optimistic reports from both Nanking and Hankow. Men at both revolutionary centers claimed victories all along the lines of the two routes of attack toward Peking, the goal for so many years in this surge toward power over all China. One line of march was north from Hankow along the inland railroad to Peking; the other was up from Nanking, through Shantung Province, along the sea coast into Tientsin and thence to Peking, less than 100 miles away. Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang's drive around Chengchow in the central-China route, was apparently progressing favorably and the Manchu troops reinforcing the Northerners were bottled up beyond Kung-hsien on that salient.

The Kuomintang men appeared also to have buried the hatchet at last and to be determined to go ahead with the battle for Peking without further internal squabbles. Nanking and Hankow seemed to be in accord as far as the northern expedition was concerned.

A pronouncement was issued by the National Government at Nanking seeking to clear up once and for all the "Nanking outrages" of the previous year. The British authorities conducted unofficial conversations with them and a public statement on that troublesome incident in the revolution was the result. A settlement, at least as far

as the British were concerned, was finally arranged. A Settlement Commission of Chinese and foreigners was eventually appointed to arrange the cash payments to be made.

It was generally believed then in official circles in China that the reason for the concentration of a large foreign defense force in or near Tientsin was the protection of foreign lives and property in the event of a Northern troop débâcle. The whole move was as much against danger from Northern Chinese troops who had to flee, as against the victorious and advancing Southerners in the Kuomintang Army.

High interest was evinced in Shanghai over President Coolidge's approval of the State Department's plan in 1928 to remove our Legation from Peking to some point on the coast, doubtless Tientsin. The local reaction was varied in the extreme, however, and I found that certain Americans as well as British were inclined to criticize what they regarded as a further indication of Washington's refusal to take a "firm stand" for the protection of American interests in China. Still others tended to the view that Washington was eminently correct, even one high British official admitting that there seemed to be very little use in maintaining the Legations in Peking when there was apparently no effort made by the Chinese in power there toward the maintenance of a civil form of government.

Rear-Admiral J. R. Y. Blakely, in command of our light cruiser squadron on the China coast, sailed aboard the cruiser *Richmond,* and as the ranking naval officer was in command of the naval and marine forces at Tientsin. Reports persisted that the British would send at least four battalions north. Their headquarters, however, insisted only two would be dispatched. This was done.

Meanwhile, a Japanese force of 2000 men arrived at the port of Tsingtao in Shantung Province. Reports indicated that feeling was running high against Japan's returning to Shantung, and demonstrations among the Chinese showed a renewed popular antipathy toward this sudden move.

The interior sectors appeared quiet. One dispatch from Hankow, headquarters for that salient, asserted that Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang had reported his capture of Loyang, which seemed probable in view of the stiff fighting in that area for days. Another telegram from there advised that Chinese Communists in the towns of Changsha, Singtan,

Yiyang, Ping-kiang, Changteh and Linyang had been ousted by the Cantonese troops, who then proceeded to form unions.

Our coastal packet nosed past Tangku Bar three days after we left Shanghai, in early June and we tied up alongside Tangku, port of Tientsin some eighteen miles down the Hai-ho River on the sea There was still considerable fighting going on between the coast and Tientsin as the Kuomintang forces pushed on after the rapidly fleeing Northern troops, who were leaving in a dispirited rout. As a result, there was no apparent way to get up river to Tientsin, and once there, there was no way to get on over to Peking, about ninety miles further inland in what was then Chihli Province, now called Hopei.

A young Dutchman, Richard Breitenstein, and I went ashore to reconnoiter, there being nothing else to do Train service at the station was dished for the moment—none knew when or if a train would run. Some United States Marines were down for the mail, however, and they heard of our plight. One told me that there was a U. S. Marine aviation base nearby, stationed opposite the local Standard Oil plant on the seacoast.

Without delay we walked over there, a short distance. There were a dozen or more Marine airplanes at that post then, and they proved a lifesaver. We arranged to fly to Tientsin—a flight which took about twenty minutes, directly across the clashing lines firing at one another below. We flew in an open ship, some 2,500 feet up, and although we got a good view of that sector in action, the Marine flier and I were high enough to be out of gunshot range and perfectly safe. We saw a Japanese destroyer in the Hai-ho replying to shots from the banks

The plane made available to me was an amphibian which had to go up to headquarters anyway, and I was in luck. We took off from the Hai-ho ("ho" means river in North China) at Tangku and less than a half hour later landed on the Race Course outside Tientsin. I thanked the Marine flier, a Captain, and got a taxi in to town. There, I found I could not get up to Peking for several days. So I registered at the Astor Hotel, bathed and turned in, glad of a bed after sleeping fitfully and fully clothed on deck chairs since leaving Shanghai.

15 THE END OF CHANG TSO-LIN

MY arrival in Tientsin was on June 10 of that strange month in 1928, two days after Peking had been taken over by General Yen Hsi-san, himself a Northern governor in Shansi Province nearby, but allied with the Kuomintang. The ex-coolie who became Governor of Shantung, Marshal Chang Chung-chang, was still holding Tientsin, but he, too, had to flee within the week, and his troops went over to the victors. Some fled, but in the main they merely recognized a new chieftain.

The man who occupied Tientsin was General Fu Tso-yi, a moon-faced but stern military man whose troops were loyal to him and the Kuomintang Revolution. General Fu was named the new Defense Commissioner, and I went out in the native city around the foreign concessions of Tientsin to see him the next day. His aims were not anti-foreign, he said, and his troops were told to respect foreign property there. Certainly no one sought to harm me in the trip to the General's "yamen," or headquarters, through the narrow native avenues.

The Commissioner did not know whether the victorious march would continue then to press on past the Great Wall and into Manchuria, where old Marshal Chang Tso-lin had just been killed. None in Tientsin then knew or would comment on this part of the revolution; they seemed to feel, however, that holding Peking and Tientsin would keep their troops occupied for the next few months. There was still some little fighting going on in the outskirts of Tientsin, and the sound of shooting could often be heard.

I recall touring the foreign defenses late one night, or just before dawn, while distant rifle fire was audible—but nothing of importance occurred within the concession area. Nothing but the usual round of unbridled gaiety with which the foreigners—Americans, British, French, Germans, and Russians—sought an outlet from the idleness

always forced on commerce by warfare. They danced here and there in the halls—rather tawdry when compared to the more luxurious places for which Shanghai has become known—and most of them spent hours at numerous Chinese gambling houses, or the one run by an American peroxide blonde of uncertain vintage and virtue in what had been the old German Concession there. It ran wide open, and I was led astray one night long enough to try a fling with the always fascinating little ivory ball in roulette, where I won $200 Mex., or about $95 in U. S. currency at that time.

It was still impossible to get through to Peking at the end of a week, so I left for Manchuria. The local correspondent for The New York *Times* then carried on from Tientsin, and his chief, Hallett Abend, then a part-time man in North China who within a few months was to succeed me in all Asia with headquarters at Shanghai, was getting the Peking angle out from there. The strange manner in which Marshal Chang Tso-lin had died intrigued me, in any case, so I went to Mukden to see what was occurring across Peichihli Bay there. My companion, Breitenstein, went along and in mid-June we landed from a Japanese vessel at the Japanese-controlled city of Dairen at the tip of the Manchurian peninsula.

Dairen was a modern city, calm, quiet and peaceful after the chaos of China. The Japanese built it up from little or nothing and have their powerful South Manchuria Railway headquarters there. They were proud of their work not only in Dairen but in all Southern Manchuria which they then controlled—and in all fairness, I must say here that they had, and have, a right to be proud. The atmosphere of industry and customary peacetime pursuits was all but overwhelming to one just fresh from the wars of China.

To find out what was back of all this and what the Japanese intended to do if the men in the Chinese Kuomintang tried to push on into Manchuria, I sought out an old friend. He was Henry W. Kinney, an adviser to the South Manchuria Railway, whom I had known years before in Tokyo. Kinney, a writer, traveller, editor and erstwhile associate of the late Jack London when the two were residents of Honolulu earlier in this century, knew all the answers. But he knew also that they would sound better in America if they came from a Japanese. So he introduced me to Mr. Yosuke Matsuoka, then vice-president of the S. M. R. in Dairen, a Japanese diplomat educated

in the United States. Matsuoka-San subsequently became world famous as the head of the Japanese delegation to the League of Nations which walked out of that august assembly some years ago. In the summer of 1940 he became Foreign Minister in Tokyo.

A high degree of interest approaching anxiety marked the Japanese attitude as indications increased that the victorious Nationalists did not intend to stop with the capture of Peking, but were already laying plans for an onward push into China's Three Eastern Provinces, or Manchuria. Reports published widely in the Japanese press in Dairen in 1928 outlined the Southerners' contemplated offensive, and I found it apparent that preparations were under way at all strategic points to meet the crisis which was feared to be imminent. Of course, it failed to materialize.

Japan had definitely determined not to permit anything to disrupt the peace and order of Manchuria, determination made clear by a frank declaration to me by Matsuoka. The opinion prevailed that Japan was facing the most critical situation in her occupation of Manchuria since the Russo-Japanese War in 1904-05, but officials proceeded on what was generally regarded as a sane program to offset the possibilities of civil war entering the Three Eastern Provinces.

"Our policy, frankly, is peace at any price," said Matsuoka. "We intend to reiterate, if necessary, our declaration not to permit either Mukden or Nanking to carry the fighting into Manchuria. If they are able to get together and settle their political differences peacefully, all right—if not, we shall close the door at Shanhaikwan (at the eastern end of the Great Wall) and not permit the Southern armies to pass."

Matsuoka had been long in the Foreign Office in Tokyo and was among those closest to the late Baron Tanaka, the Premier, although he then held no political post.

"Isn't that virtually a protectorate over whoever is in power in Mukden?" I asked Matsuoka.

"Call it a protectorate if you will," he replied. "We will not permit war to disturb Manchuria, where the people are peaceful and prosperous. We intend to assure peace at any price in Manchuria, which is our old and long established policy.

"I admit that this is liable to put us in an embarrassing position.

We certainly do not desire to interfere in Chinese politics, all the criticism to the contrary notwithstanding."

Matsuoka said he believed that he was expressing Tokyo's policy when he declared that no Southern troops would be permitted to pass Shanhaikwan if there was any fighting in the offing.

Nanking's program then to push on in further conquests beyond Peking, as published in the Japanese press, was to follow this plan:

In the first line of attack under General Chiang Kai-shek, his troops would advance to Shanhaikwan along the Peking-Mukden Railway via Tientsin. A second group under Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang would start for the same destination via Tungchow, Yutien and Fengjun, Feng being in the middle sector between Chiang's men and those of General Yen Hsi-san, Governor of Shansi Province and Peking's new ruler, who was directing the third advance via Jehol Province, north of the Wall. Another significant feature was seen in the participation of General Pei Chung-hsi, the man who captured Shanghai, later fell out with Chiang Kai-shek, went to Wuhan and was then in Peking. This leader of the Kwangsi group had long been a disturbing element within the Kuomintang. General Pei was said to be leading a fourth expeditionary force against the north in the general direction of Chiefenchow, the strategy apparently being to have his army ready to reinforce any others in the event that that should be necessary.

"If they get in the vicinity of Shanhaikwan and Mukden refuses to surrender," said Matsuoka, "it will mean civil war in Manchuria and this we shall absolutely not permit. We shall stop them at the door. There are times when a firm attitude is essential, and this is one of them. We do not want to help any faction within China, but we have got to protect the peace of Manchuria."

Matsuoka was unusually frank and outspoken as he replied to my queries. Asked why he was so emphatic, he reiterated:

"We must protect our interests in Manchuria."

Then he proceeded with his frank and significant statement.

"Naturally we consider our interests enough reason for our action here," he said. "However, we might as well admit that Manchuria is strategically vital to Japan—it is our first line of defense. Geographically, this is true. These are the facts which perhaps will cause us embarrassment, but we must face the situation and admit that things are as they are.

"But let me add that we do not want turmoil. We do not want to be misunderstood. We want peace in Manchuria. That is all."

Another thing which he feared might disturb that peace was the probability that Chang Tso-lin, warlord of Manchuria and erstwhile Northern Dictator, was dead. Absolutely nobody with authority in Dairen would say yet whether he was dead or alive. Even Matsuoka insisted that he could not ascertain the truth.

Hence, the impression was growing hourly as no news came from Mukden other than rumors one way and the other concerning the warlord's condition, that he had succumbed to the wounds he suffered when his train was bombed several days earlier as he was fleeing from Peking to Mukden. The whole bombing affair was surrounded by the deepest mystery. Those who should have known all about it professed the most complete ignorance, the Chinese blaming the Japanese and the Japanese being inclined to intimate that Chinese blew up Chang Tso-lin's train. But nobody was making any definite statement. The new alignment in Manchurian political affairs had a significant effect on the Japanese position there. Hence the tenseness surrounding the bombing of the old Marshal, which contained the seeds of far-reaching international developments.

I went on up to Mukden, where I found that young General Chang Hsueh-liang, a capable youth then still in his twenties, had succeeded his picturesque father as Governor of Fengtien and Dictator of Manchuria. Mukden that mid-June was bright with five-barred flags, emblems of China's first republic—by that time flying only in the capitals of those Three Eastern Provinces—celebrating the formal announcement of the advent of a new ruler.

There was a somber note in the surface gaiety, however, born of certainty that the old Marshal was dead despite the official pronouncement that his son was assuming the dictatorship because of his father's critical condition. There was a further reason for the strain of anxiety beneath the populace's police-adjured jollity. The political plots and counterplots pervading Manchuria's peaceful plains threatened to uproot authority, and Chinese and Japanese alike regarded the situation with concern. Mystery enveloped Mukden.

Two vital questions that officially remained unanswered were: who wrecked Chang Tso-lin's train and how? and was the Marshal dead? Chang Tso-lin's death had not been officially announced by June 19.

However, the son had tiffin in the native city that day with a group of industrial Chinese, including persons closest to the young General, and it was understood that a statement of his father's death was issued shortly thereafter.

The Chinese were always thoroughly convinced that Japan was responsible. The usual motive advanced was that Japan wanted to cause trouble in Manchuria so that it would be possible for her to annex the country without too much opposition abroad. This she did four years later.

The Japanese authorities, on the other hand, stanchly denied ulterior motives in Manchuria, the consular as well as military officers persisting in the contention that the sole interest of Japan was to maintain peace and to assist the Chinese to become prosperous. The Japanese Consul-General, Mr. Hayashi, sought to get the Chinese to agree to issue a joint statement on the bombing, but the Chinese refused. The indication was that they did not desire a joint inquiry for, convinced that the Japanese did it anyway, they would reject efforts to prove otherwise.

The Chinese took no action, their leaders pointing out that the Japanese wanted them to start something to enable Japan to go ahead and take Manchuria. Hence they shook puzzled heads, admitted strong anti-Japanese feeling was increasing, and yet declared that they must bide their time and handle the affair when times were less troublous at home.

Japan had a garrison of nearly 10,000 men in Mukden then, and her total force in Manchuria was estimated at nearly 25,000, which was enough to "enforce peace." Chinese Northern troops continued to arrive from the south on the Peking-Mukden Railway line, jammed with troop trains. Chang Tso-lin left little rolling stock behind him. Scores of the famous "Blue Express" cars of the Tientsin-Pukow line were on the sidings at Mukden, as well as cars marked Peking, Hankow, etc. His denuding the railways of all cars hampered communications throughout China for months. The whereabouts of Marshals Sun Chuan-fang and Chang Chung-chang, Mukden's allied commanders, was causing speculation. It was believed that they were in the vicinity of Shanhaikwan, and they were expected to retire safely to Dairen.

Chang Hsueh-liang had not formally assumed the mantle in succeeding his father as Governor of Fengtien Province, although in effect

his position was the same as that of his father. Japan was apparently content to permit the young General to assume his father's post, although it seemed quite patent that the Japanese, thoroughly incensed over Chang Tso-lin's attitude in recent months, wanted a new line-up. This, incidentally, was among the reasons for the Chinese belief that the Japanese were behind Chang Tso-lin's assassination. They said that Japan long sought to evict the old Marshal, who was unwilling to make certain concessions Japan was said to desire.

Foreign experts who visited the scene of the disaster soon after its occurrence agreed that there must have been at least 150 pounds of explosive in the mine laid in the pier of the bridge of the South Manchuria Railway, and that it must have taken several hours to lay it. Hence, the Japanese soldiers who were guarding the site were deemed to have been at least "strangely negligent." The Japanese replied that the Chinese guarded their own line below the bridge, where the Japanese were stationed. But the Chinese asserted that they were not permitted to send guards within the Japanese railway zone and had none there. A man on the train said that he saw no Chinese guards and that the Japanese did not appear until about twenty minutes after the explosion.

On June 20, I talked for the first time with young Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang. He said he intended to pursue a policy having among its chief goals the eradication of the scourge of war in these three troubled eastern provinces of China.

Following the early institution of an era of economic development, he hoped to encourage the investment of American capital in Manchuria.

"I would welcome financial aid from abroad on the basis of equality," said the young Marshal. "I would be best pleased if American capital were invested in Manchuria. However, I do not intend to grant further special privileges. Foreign corporations coming into our country must be willing to agree to equality of control—that is, half Chinese and half nationals of whatever foreign countries organize companies here."

This was similar to the old arrangement for the Chinese Eastern Railway, which was essentially Russian until bought by Japan.

The youthful successor to Chang Tso-lin, twenty-seven years old on June 4, 1928, the day his father's train was dynamited, issued a

formal proclamation the next day giving the details of his policies, but in this first interview he outlined in advance to The New York *Times* correspondent the chief policies of his Government.

He declined to discuss the attitude of Japan but felt Tokyo's show of force did not represent the attitude of the people. He believed it was the result of the temporary ascendency of a certain clique in the Government, which he hoped was a passing phase, and that eventually he would be able to treat with Japan on a basis of equality unhampered by special rights. He was evicted by Japan in 1931, however, fleeing to Nanking.

The "young Marshal" received me at his military headquarters. He was slender and pale, yet energetic. His thick, black mustache and serious mien added dignity to his frail youth.

"I shall issue a proclamation giving my aspirations for government in detail," he said. "They, briefly, are this: I shall seek to end war. I have been ten years in war and know its horrors. I want, first of all, to lift this scourge from our people. I hope I shall not be forced to act otherwise in my foreign policy. I shall demand equal treatment for China. Eventually, we must abolish the unequal treaties.

"At home, we must reorganize our outlook. I want our people to concentrate on the development of Manchuria and look to ourselves, not outward, for development. There is no need of our seeking to expand now or encroach on other parts of China. We must build from within.

"I am particularly interested in the development of education, which is another vital point. My father left me $10,000,000. In my proclamation you will see me donate every cent to an educational bureau to be administered wisely, the beginning of universal education throughout our provinces. This is highly essential to the future peaceful development of our country.

"Regarding the Nationalists, we are ready to treat with them on a basis of equality. In fact, we are already conducting negotiations, but they are at a standstill for the present, due to the lack of unity within the National Government. When they are ready to discuss a new alignment with us, we shall do so, but talk peace only as equals. If they seek to exclude us and make peace on their own terms naturally we will not have anything to do with them. I hope that will not

occur and that the Nationalists will establish unity and enable us to make terms.

"Meantime, they are unreliable. For example, General Yen Hsi-san came to Peking and told us how he would guarantee the safe departure of our garrison. The Commander left in charge a small army to maintain peace in Peking until the turn-over. When our General departed, his men met Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang's troops between Peking and Tientsin and were disarmed. This disgraceful breach of faith leaves us doubting that they trust each other.

"These things I will strive to accomplish. You must realize the program is only tentative and subject to subsequent events. I hope nothing obstructs its achievement, but in the event that something unforeseen occurs I do not want you to think me not frank. I can only strive for these goals. The main object is to establish faith in my régime.

"I frankly admit the problem. But this outlines my life's aim."

The Marshal said that Marshals Chang Chung-chang and Sun Chuan-fang were still with him, Sun commanding the troops given him by young Chang; and Chang Chung-chang with the remnants of his Shantung army.

A few days later I went north to Harbin. Northern Manchuria was astir with anxiety as the people in the Three Eastern Provinces awaited the solution of the shifting political situation caused by the capture of Peking by the Nationalists and the dramatic death of Marshal Chang Tso-lin.

Conversations with well-informed persons indicated at least two things, namely, that the provinces of Kirin and Hailunkiang were determined to end control by a dictatorship in Mukden no matter under whom, but particularly under young Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang; and that it was believed that Manchuria soon would join a National Federation of China under a Manchurian Central Executive Committee form of government with the capital remaining at Mukden.

The attitude of Kirin was particularly adamant against continuation of the old order of things as far as maintenance of a dictatorship under the "young Marshal" was concerned, the position of Kirin being that if Chang Hsueh-liang were a suitable ruler for his own people of Fengtien Province it was satisfactory to Kirin that he rule

there, but they would not admit his right to dictate affairs outside of Fengtien.

Observers in close touch with affairs were intently watching the conversations with the National Government at Nanking, and the impression was growing that a tentative agreement had already been reached under which Manchuria would retain much of its old autonomy but would join the Nationalists as part of a federation agreement. This they did, under the "young Marshal." While public opinion regarded a change to this system with doubt, its adoption was generally seen as a progressive move toward eventual unity and the ending of internal political strife which otherwise, it was feared, might continue indefinitely.

The attitude of Japan toward such agreements was regarded as a probable obstruction, however. Japanese in authority denied that they intended to interfere as long as the Chinese settled their political affairs peacefully. The Japanese military high command at Mukden was still unanimous in declaring it did not intend to exceed treaty rights, hence the opinion was gaining ground that Japan was willing to permit Manchuria to try the Nationalist experiment as long as her rights were unimpaired and peace was preserved.

In fact, just before leaving Mukden, I received a communication from Yosuke Matsuoka, saying that he desired to clear up his attitude on a "protectorate" there. He considered the use of the word unfortunate, adding: "I wish to emphasize that neither I nor any other responsible Japanese desires nor contemplates a Japanese protectorate over Manchuria." Matsuoka's idea was to maintain peace in Manchuria by preventing the armies of either side from fighting and if this were construed as protecting any interests it could not be helped; but as far as the Tokyo Government formally announcing any intention of setting up a protectorate in the League of Nations sense, he said it was simply untrue.

The Chinese, nevertheless, regarded Japan's moves with apprehension. Authorities in all quarters counselled a policy of calmness approaching submissiveness until domestic political affairs subsided.

There had been what was regarded as a strange anti-Soviet campaign in the native city in Harbin. Students were circulating pamphlets in which two theories were advanced—one, that the Japanese, whom the Chinese were all ready to blame for anything, were trying to arouse

trouble, and the other, that the National Government at Nanking was backing the movement. Soviet adherents in North Manchuria were keeping quiet and not entering the political field on one side or the other, although I found them keeping in particularly close touch with a Japanese Manchurian colonization plan.

16 TOKYO'S DILEMMA

BACK again in Mukden toward the end of that June, I came to the conclusion that Japan was fighting with her back to the Great Wall of China.

While on the surface all was calm and the Chinese officially expressed their appreciation of the manner in which Japan's firm policy in Manchuria had maintained peace while the rest of China suffered the agonies of seemingly interminable civil war, it was increasingly apparent to me even then that great forces were moving which eventually would tend to force the Japanese either to occupy Manchuria and put an end to doubt, or withdraw her claims to control and special privileges. It was doubtful in the extreme that Tokyo would listen at all to this latter alternative. Therefore, the natural tendency on the part of the Chinese was to anticipate that Japan intended to do everything in her power more firmly to implant her control there.

Whether that attempt was to take the form of a protectorate or whether it was the intention of the War Office cabinet in Tokyo to proceed with a bold program of annexation were among the contingencies secretly discussed in the Manchurian capital in 1928. The Japanese in positions of authority were frankly ready to admit, doubtless with the approval of their Premier, Baron Tanaka, that Japan intended to protect these provinces from attack. The Japanese slogan remained "Peace at any price," in Manchuria, and they were ready to stand behind that policy to the limit.

Whether that constituted establishing a protectorate in effect over whoever happened to be in power in Mukden was not, the Japanese explained to me, their business. It was their avowed intention to maintain peace and order in Manchuria, come what might. Even the Chinese could not but see the wisdom of such a policy, although in Mukden I heard now and then some Chinese remark that this public expression on the part of Japan was an insult to the integrity and

ability of the Chinese to handle their own affairs—a "breach of sovereignty," to use an overworked term.

Japan had a number of strong reasons for her stand in Manchuria, based fundamentally on these three: first, she had gained special rights, at least in South Manchuria, by right of conquest from the Russians, and the economic development of the country; second, Manchuria was her first line of defense in case of war; and third, Japan, with a rapidly increasing population moving into her cities and forcing the Empire to become an industrial nation, needed not only a sure market for her manufactures but a place to which her nationals could easily migrate.

Considerable criticism has been leveled at the Japanese for their attempts to keep Manchuria separate from the rest of China and their alleged desire to keep the Three Eastern Provinces, or at least South Manchuria (including Fengtien and most of Kirin province) as a special preserve for Japanese interests. Again, it must be remembered that the Japanese acted in a highly human manner, and that many another nation in similar circumstances might be expected to do likewise. Naturally, that does not prevent the Chinese since the advent of Manchukuo in 1931-32 from feeling that the time has come for them to regain control of their own country and to throw off what they regard as shackles imposed by a foreign nation. Thus, the natural ambitions of two peoples directly opposed to each other, met first on the fertile, peaceful acres of Manchuria. The death struggle soon spread.

The road from Tientsin to Peking was now open at last, and the "Big Four" conference of Kuomintang chieftains was about to reach a climax there. It behooved me to go there, and at the end of June we departed from Manchuria. Not, however, without adding another to our little touring band. He was a U. S. Marine deserter nabbed by the authorities in Mukden and I agreed to escort him back to the Sixth Regiment headquarters where he belonged, in Tientsin. This is the way it occurred:

The morning of the day we were to leave Mukden for Dairen, there to take a steamship across Peichihli Bay to Tientsin, the United States Consul at the old Manchu capital paid me an unexpected call. The day previous I had had lunch with him in the pleasant consulate compound and bade him farewell

But our Consul had had a shock since then. A young chap scarcely out of his teens had been seized by the Japanese authorities within their Railway Zone at Mukden.

The youth, dressed in tramp-like civilian clothes, had no passport or other identifying papers but claimed that he was an American. His first story was that he was off a freighter then in Dairen and, given overnight "shore-leave," had taken a train ride to Mukden. He said he would be on his way back then but for the fact that he was abruptly arrested. Eventually, the Japanese or our Consul—I never did discover which—wormed out of the frightened youngster his true identity. He then quickly told his story, of how he had come to desert the U. S. Marine Corps at Tientsin, in time of a war in North China in which they might have been involved.

The "kid," as we came to know our Marine—for he was not much over eighteen years old, if that—said he was from the Middle West. He joined the Marines to see the world, but had found camp routine at Tientsin pretty dull after so long a time. Then he met a Russian, he related, who told him he should not obey orders of "all those guys," the officers. They had a few drinks, it seems, and the Marine "quit" the service, joined with his pal, grabbed a train, and landed in jail at Mukden a short time later. What happened to his Russian friend, I never learned.

"But my problem is how to get him back to his regiment in Tientsin," said the Consul. "We have no funds for returning deserters. So I'm putting it up to you—you are leaving for Tientsin at noon, will go to Dairen tonight, and sail back to China tomorrow. I can't pay you now, but if you will advance this deserter's fare and meals, you'll get some kind of a reward or pay from the Corps in Tientsin. How about it?"

There was no point in refusing, so I said: "Okay, but one thing must be understood now. I'll pay his way and chaperone this lad, but I won't sleep with him handcuffed to my arm! If he wants to duck again tonight when I get him a room in Dairen that is strictly none of my affair. If he really is ready to face the music and wants to go, let's go. How about that?"

The Consul agreed. He said there would be no blame attached to me if the Marine fled again after being placed in my custody.

"Have him here at noon for the Express down to Dairen," I said. "And by the way, what's this deserter's name?"

"Budzinski," our affable Consul replied, and laughed. "It really is. He's an American, all right—but that's his right name, believe it or not."

With an unusual name of my own I had no trouble in believing it, or that the lad was an American. We already had picked up another lad just out of Yale and making a world tour as a graduation present, whom we met at Harbin. His name was Hermann. The next day, when I bought the four steamship tickets for our squadron trooping across China even the Japanese man at the counter had to smile. Who wouldn't, at four chaps travelling together and named Hermann, Breitenstein, Misselwitz and Budzinski! And we were all Gentiles, except Hermann, who was a Jew from New York.

On the train down to Dairen I talked with the boyish Marine and we had no trouble in that quarter.

"It's okay with me," I told him, "if you desert again when we hit Dairen tonight. I'm going to give you five yen (about $2.50 then) for a meal or two and a room for the night, and it's up to you to be on the boat when we sail. If you're not, I won't like it, but what do you care? You'll be free, free as any hunted man *can* be. And you may be free, so to speak, for five, ten or twenty years—but some one of these days the long arm of Uncle Sam's law will grab you again. You don't want to go through life as a deserter, a hunted man, do you? Make up your mind. Here's the money—I'll look for you when we sail for China tomorrow."

And he was there, glad to be sailing back to his outfit. There was no harm in that Marine, and I hope he got off light at headquarters.

All we could get on the Japanese vessel back was deck space again. I had had my fill of deck space travel, but I had to get to Peking, so we went. Although it was nearly July, that night at sea off North China was one of the most chilling I ever spent anywhere. The next day on shore at Tientsin it was stifling, but we all nearly froze to death on that tiny ship—scant shelter from those icy blasts toward the Manchuria plains which we were leaving.

17 A DREAM THAT RIVALS GENGHIS KHAN

MY OWN "northern expedition" into the wild pastures of Manchuria ended on a Sunday, when our steamer docked at Tientsin. I again sought out the Astor House Hotel. I had first to "deliver" the Marine to the base then at Tientsin. The others went along to the hotel while I sought out the GHQ to turn Budzinski, poor devil, over to the Marine authorities

It was hot, unbearably hot, that first day of July in North China, not too far from the oven known as the Gobi Desert. Budzinski was willing enough to go along, as he had been ever since he was turned over to me, and for a black sheep, or deserter, I must give him credit for making no disturbance whatever. In fact, he was glad to be back where he could see his former "buddies," who at least talked his language, and he was quite prepared to take his medicine

But the United States Marine Corps gave us our difficulties on that hot Sabbath. That was just the trouble—it was Sunday. No one of authority was around. The enlisted man on duty at the desk had never heard of Budzinski, and could not be bothered. Eventually a non-commissioned officer heard the "walla-walla," or talk, in the outer office and put in an appearance. He had heard of a deserter some weeks ago but never had heard of Budzinski, and was stumped for a moment. Then the brilliant non-com had an inspiration. He said: "Wait a minute," and called a Captain on the regimental telephone. The Captain was not in. It was Sunday. Idea number two: The sergeant telephoned the officer at his quarters. "He'll be there, all right," he said. "Last night was Saturday night, you know."

The Captain was there—in bed. "Send them over, Sergeant," his voice sounded through the receiver. Well, we went over. The Captain said he didn't know, but he supposed he could put Budzinski in the guardhouse until Monday when the Corps would start functioning again. That seemed fair enough. It was all we could do, in any case,

and I thanked the Captain, a likable young chap, and went on to the hotel.

When the next day I got our tickets for the haphazard train ride to Peking a Marine told me at the station that I would be repaid for Budzinski's fare to Tientsin from Mukden and his night's lodging in Dairen, by the "reward" due me for "safely conducting a deserter back to his regiment here." Eventually another Marine was sent all the way to Peking solely to deliver this "reward" to me. I found it was more than double the cost of Private Budzinski's return—and I still feel I owe that young man some of the $50 I got.

In Peking, the heat of early July was even worse than in Tientsin. It reminded me of Hankow far to the south, where one might expect heat. Even so, the ancient capital, visited for the first time, was really a treat. There was enough going on to make us forget the climate. For one thing, the leaders of the Kuomintang Revolution gathered there that summer for the "Big Four" Conference. They were Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang, General Yen Hsi-san, Governor of Shansi Province, and General Li Chung-jen, a southerner from Kwangsi Province who had been one of the foremost Generals in the field during the capture of Peking.

Peking fell to the Kuomintang Revolution on June 8, 1928, when troops loyal to General Yen Hsi-san occupied the city. Their entrance was peaceful, for the Northern troops had fled.

The conference did little but agree that the next move was to demobilize China's vast armed forces. The leaders decided that a Manchurian expedition was unnecessary. The "young Marshal," son of the late Marshal Chang Tso-lin, was all for the Kuomintang Revolution and the Three People's Principles, and the red emblem of the Kuomintang with its white sun on a field of light blue in the upper left hand corner flew all over Manchuria before the year ended.

All was well with the world, as these "Big Four" saw it then—and they conferred for awhile and went home. Demobilization and the work of reconstruction were the things to achieve next, they decided. They were right—but those two things have yet to be accomplished. Neither was possible then or now for many reasons, including incessant strife within the Kuomintang first, followed by the invasion of warring Japan.

The embalmed body of the late Dr. Sun Yat-sen was entombed at that time in a temple shrine outside Peking, awaiting the day when it

should be buried permanently by his beloved Kuomintang followers in a Mausoleum which they had constructed on Purple Mountain outside the capital of the "new China" which he envisaged, at Nanking. At Peking that fetid July—the daily temperature at the hotel was around 110 degrees at noon—I took a rickshaw out to the temporary resting place to see where the Northerners kept Dr. Sun's body. It was a beautiful spot. The shrine was high up at the top of an old temple. Soldiers of the Kuomintang were on guard there. However, troops paid no appreciable attention to me as I walked alone across the flagged courtyards to the long flight of stone steps leading upward to the vault. A portrait of Dr. Sun was visible within the dimly lighted vault, above the great man's casket. The casket was of metal, sent as a gift by the Moscow Government; Dr. Sun was their friend and associate. The two soldiers on guard would not permit me to enter the "holy of holies," but they were good-natured and had no objections to my peering into the gloom within, dark as a cavern after the sunlight outside. The next time, and the last, that I was to see Dr. Sun's casket was when I saw the dark, embalmed body of the *Tsung-li,* or leader, the day before the State funeral and entombment in a final resting-place outside Nanking a year later.

That Fourth of July the United States Minister, John Van A. MacMurray, gave the customary Independence Day reception and cocktail party. Like all Peking social affairs, it was a gala function. The guests of all nations, including our cousins the British (at whom we were angry when that day became a day to remember in American history), milled about in genial camaraderie and the party was as gay as the Chinese revolutionary victors all around the Legation Compound. In fact, it was celebrating another revolution for freedom.

The party was but one of the sidelights of the revolution in China. The whirl of Peking went on apace. The night clubs, somewhat tawdry affairs at best, and the hotel roof dances went on and on and on. Within a week I had seen enough of this, of temples, of quaint old Peking-style homes with "moon-gate" apertures in every garden wall, of the "Big Four" Conference—of it all. I left. A train to Hankow was a possibility for a while, but that idea fell through and I took a coastal steamer back to Shanghai.

The summer of 1928 found the men at Nanking full of victory in their Kuomintang Revolution and of plans for a yet greater China.

They had got used to traveling at revolutionary speed and dreamed of a unity that would encompass all Asia. The dreams were fine and the conception remains a grand idea, but the Nanking victors forgot the apathy with which the mass of humanity views a new thought.

It was a dream, however, that rivaled the deeds of Genghis Khan. The dream was of a great nation that, stretching far across almost all Asia, counts within its borders not only what is known as China Proper (a vast area in itself) but the provinces in Manchuria, Inner and Outer Mongolia, and Tibet. In the National Government there was formed a Committee on Mongolian and Tibetan Affairs. It included men who are well acquainted with the countries bordering China Proper and who have visited these wild hinterlands of Asia, even some who have lived among the nomadic peoples who populate the plains and plateaux beyond the Great Wall and out to the West where the Yangtze River begins.

Of course these men have made little progress in the realization of their dream. Communications into these backlands are as primitive today, in the main, as in the time seven centuries ago when Genghis Khan's hordes swept across Asia and started the first "pony express." There isn't even a vestige of that "pony express" in existence. Occasionally caravans draw out of Peking, through the mountain passes and up into the plateaux beyond, taking goods to the aboriginal tribes that live as their ancestors lived. Occasionally horse traders go back into these places and bring out droves of Mongolian ponies or horses from Tibet. But commerce is lax, and the task of uniting these far places under one government remains extremely difficult.

The obstacles are not all natural. It may be recalled that Outer Mongolia was for a time a member of the Soviet Union. The influence of Russia has long been strong in this country, adjacent to Siberia and forming a second if not first line of defense in case of another war with Japan. Hence, the Nationalists' plans in this direction will have to recognize the Russian problems before much progress can be expected. The Mongols are not entirely averse to coming into a federation with a strong Chinese government. But they are under strong pressure from their Russian neighbors.

Several years ago the Mongols staged an uprising and declared themselves a democratic state, and the "government" at once declared the Mongolian princes' titles void. A delegation from Charhar, north-

west of Peking, was sent to Nanking and the question of uniting with the Nationalists was discussed. The Mongolians presented a lengthy petition tracing the development of their obsolete but apparently still effective form of government. In it, they appealed for autonomous rule under a Branch Political Council from Nanking. The appeal was referred to the Committee on Mongolian and Tibetan Affairs. But the significant point is that the Mongols, to all intents and purposes, have been ready to unite with Nanking. How practical such a union might prove is a question, but it is a move toward the goal of which the men under Chiang Kai-shek once dreamed

Here are the essential proposals suggested by the Mongol delegation:

> 1. The Mongol clans pledge allegiance to the Nationalist Government and place themselves under the jurisdiction of the Kuomintang.
>
> 2. In lieu of the present *tutung* and *hsien* (district) system of government the clans shall become the administrative unit, each clan electing its own representative to a Branch Political Council. The Council shall be under the direct control of the Central Political Council in Nanking but shall not be responsible to any intermediary organ.
>
> 3. Lands illegally seized from the clans by the military shall be returned to the original owners.
>
> 4. The clans shall be granted the right to police their own territory.

These proposals sounded, in a way, like a suit for peace rather than an offer then to join Nanking. However, either way, once accepted and working, Inner Mongolia would at least acknowledge the rule of that government. The leaders of China still plan to bring Tibet and Mongolia under their flag, possibly as states adhering to the National Government, but at least part of a United China.

The Mongolian delegation declared they were ready to fly the Nationalist flag and participate in the National Government then at Nanking. As a result of this and of the program in the minds of the men in Nanking an effort was made to make some sort of formal start on bringing Tibet and the Mongolians into line. The Nanking Government announced a series of regulations governing the organization and

functions of the Mongolian and Tibetan Affairs Committee in the National régime. (The "Nanking Government" now functions at Chungking.)

This committee, I am told, is something akin to the Indian Affairs Committee in Washington. There is a difference, to be sure, at the very start, for Tibet and Inner and Outer Mongolia are far from being under the control of Nanking. But the duties of the new committee have to do with the formation of a system whereby the committee, acting under and with the approval of the National Government, eventually can set up a civil administration throughout Tibet and Mongolia, subordinate to Nanking yet functioning with a large degree of autonomy as far as "state rights" are concerned. The regulations set forth that the committee's jurisdiction "shall extend over Mongolia and Tibet only," and in the second article provide that, aside from a chairman and vice-chairman, the committee shall include "from nine to eleven members, appointed by the National Government on the recommendation of the Chairman of the Executive Yuan."

The Executive Yuan was one of the five "yuan," or Councils, which handled the business of Government at Nanking. The Committee, in the Government's announcement of its formation, was admonished to begin at once on steady work looking to the fulfilment of the vast program of expansion the leaders in Nanking hoped to see realized. The body met at least once a week in formal session and in the meantime the sub-divisions, such as the Secretariat of the Committee, the Mongolian Affairs Office and the Tibetan Affairs Office, carried on the daily routine of carrying out the ideas and projects of the committee as a whole.

Until 1931 Manchuria flew the Kuomintang, or National Party, emblem despite opposition there among the leaders so severe as to result in the execution of two of them. The young governor, Marshal Chang Hseuh-liang, in a public statement explaining their summary execution, declared they opposed joining with Nanking. There were other considerations, including the intimation they had plotted to overthrow the Mukden régime and extend greater privileges to Japan in Manchuria, and the allegation that one of them misappropriated money in connection with his duties as head of the Mukden arsenal.

Provinces in interior China also are yet to be brought into line definitely. These include Yunnan on the border of Burma, Szechuan

just west of Hankow, Kansu and Sinkiang in the northwest. There will doubtless be long years of border warfare, during which unsubjected bands of jobless men, erstwhile soldiers perhaps in the armies of China, North or South, will prey on the countryside. There will, it is admitted, be years of guerrilla fighting of a desultory but irritating sort, which lack of railways and motor roads and communications generally will make difficult of suppression. There will be the Jesse Jameses and the Cole Youngers of the border lands to the West of China for many a tedious year—that is granted. What the men in charge of this had in mind first was getting a start on their long and, for them, perhaps, never-ending plan.

The criticism that this is hardly the time to think of seeking further expansion is perhaps well grounded. But it is difficult to convince the Nanking Chinese, now in Chungking of that fact. They saw the revolution grow in ten years from a tiny uprising around Canton to a nationwide movement The armies from Canton, Russian guided, with propaganda and a sick North as their allies, marched with comparative ease across the entire face of China in less than two years and, in a measure, unified the nation. It is not difficult, then, for them to dream of accomplishing something similar in their lifetime for almost all Asia. There is no telling the outcome of their labors, that is certain. But it must be admitted that the scope of their scheme alone is something to admire, to pique the imagination. It is an interesting if not a currently important phase of the activities of the Chungking Government.

Divergence in the spoken language is one of the biggest obstacles to unity in the Asiatic countries, as in Europe. The Ministry of Education in the National Government has a program to popularize the use of *Mandarin* as the official and, eventually, the only language of all China. The word "mandarin" means official, in Chinese. A Mandarin in the old days was a magistrate. Hence, the Mandarin language was the official court language.

Whenever a man of prominence in China makes an address he prefers to speak in Mandarin Otherwise his audience might think him uneducated and unworthy of his high office. Even students in high schools and colleges in Shanghai and the south of China do not all speak Mandarin, although the majority of them doubtless can understand in a general way when spoken to in the official tongue.

It is also a fact that many students returning to China from American universities when speaking to other students from a different section of China talk in English. Now and then they may lapse into their own tongue or speak Mandarin if they are able, but it is interesting to note that when they do this they almost invariably accompany their words with a drawing of the Chinese character in the air or on some convenient surface.

The written language, of course, is the same throughout China. The characters, that is, are the same. There may be some shades of meaning in various sections of the country that differ from others, but these are comparatively few.

The use of "pidgin English" is well nigh universal among the lower classes. For example, many of the servants on board the trans-Pacific liners are Chinese. These Chinese "boys" may come from any section of China. And when, as often occurs, a Shanghai "boy" wants to go on an errand while his ship is in port in Hongkong, he speaks in "pidgin English." This peculiar and picturesque jargon has grown up along the China coast in the past century.

It is not, as is generally supposed, a result only of the Chinese efforts to learn a useful brand of English. It has grown out of efforts on each side to reach some spoken method of expression readily comprehensible to the other. The expressions are made by the use of English words or perversions of English words, true. But the form in the main is a direct translation of the Chinese expression for the same meaning. For example, if one wants a rickshaw he tells the Chinese boy something like this: "My wantchee one piecie rickshaw." Now that is not as far from what the Chinese would say in his own language as one might think. This "language" has used English as its basis on a substructure of Chinese grammatical construction.

The problem of teaching the Chinese masses to speak a new language—and that is what Mandarin is to them—is a big one. There are probably as many languages, or "dialects," in China as there are languages in Europe. It is almost like trying to teach every man, woman and child in Europe to speak English, or any other one language. That might even be easier because the standard of education there is infinitely higher, there are public school systems already in operation and the public generally has learned to read and write. By far the greater part of the Chinese people cannot even read and

write. A start must be made, however, authorities in the Ministry of Education felt. Hence, a National Language Unification Preparatory Committee has been appointed.

18 SOME AMERICANS WHO WERE THERE

NO RECORD of these stirring years which we are discussing would be complete without a chapter devoted to the story of of the Americans and Englishmen who were then in positions of authority in China.

This resumé of the activities of those leaders of men carries us back for a brief moment to the somber passing of a Marine officer, who died by his own hand. The tragic death in Shanghai of Colonel Charles Sanderson Hill, commanding officer of the 4th Regiment of the United States Marines, removed one of the most brilliant figures in this branch of the American service. Colonel Hill was found dead in his bedroom at Regimental Headquarters Mess in the French Concession, at 8:28 on the morning of Monday, September 5, 1927. In his right hand was an automatic pistol. A bullet through the brain had caused death. Apparently the barrel of the service weapon had been placed in his mouth and the pistol discharged.

Colonel Hill had not been in good health since his arrival the preceding February in command of the first contingent of American Marines to come out to China in the emergency. Despondency bordering on melancholia, induced by his constant indisposition, was, the official report said, the apparent motive for his suicide.

His death was a distinct shock to Shanghai, where the commander had become most popular during his comparatively short residence. He had been active in the life of the foreign community and his jovial good nature at the clubs and elsewhere had won him a host of real friends. Despite his illness, Colonel Hill refused to cease work, and he appeared through the heat of August at his office at Marine headquarters every day up to the last.

The Monday morning of his death Colonel Hill arose as usual, had breakfast with the American naval medical officer attached to the 4th Regiment, and went back upstairs. In full uniform, standing beside his bed, he placed his pistol in his mouth and fired. The doctor heard

his body fall and rushed into the room to find the commander lying on the floor dead. Lieut.-Colonel F. D. Kilgore, who succeeded Colonel Hill as commanding officer, telephoned me shortly after eleven o'clock that morning. "I wish you would come out to Headquarters as soon as possible," he said. "Colonel Hill died this morning."

Colonel Charles Sanderson Hill was a graduate both of Annapolis and West Point, and was regarded as one of the best schooled officers in the service. His career was outstanding in many ways, and it was rumored that he was shortly to have been raised to the rank of Brigadier-General. During his long service in the Marine Corps, Colonel Hill took an active part in various campaigns, including service in China during the Boxer Rebellion, in the Philippines, in the Spanish-American War, and overseas duty during the World War. Prior to the Spanish-American War, he had served as a naval cadet. In April, 1899, he accepted a commission in the United States Marine Corps.

During the Boxer Rebellion, Colonel Hill served aboard ship in Chinese waters After service in the Philippines he became Marine Fleet Officer in the Pacific Fleet, taking an active part in the campaign in Nicaragua in 1912. During the World War Colonel Hill was attached to the Allied armies as an observer in France, a post at which he won praise. After the war, he was Commanding Officer of the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, from 1923 to 1926. He was transferred to San Diego as Commander of the 4th Regiment, and came to China with them.

* * *

With the appointment early in 1929 of Mr. F. W. Maze, formerly Commissioner of Customs at Shanghai, as Inspector-General of Customs, the Inspectorate-General was removed from Peking to Nanking. The Salt Gabelle offices were closed in Peking some months before and naturally the Chinese Government administrative offices in Peking under the old régimes were closed when Peking fell. The Nanking Government determined to make the new capital the capital in fact as well as in name with the shortest possible delay.

The appointment of Mr. Maze, who is British and now Sir Frederick Maze, did not come as a surprise, although it was not generally known that his succession to Mr. A. H. F. Edwardes, also British, would come so quickly. There had been something of a fight

on between what became known as the Maze and the Edwardes factions in the Customs Administration. Edwardes was appointed Acting Inspector-General in February of 1927, succeeding Sir Francis Aglen who was ousted by the late Marshal Chang Tso-lin, then in power in Peking. His appointment was for one year. It had expired, but he continued because of the continuance of the civil war and its attendant disturbed conditions throughout the country.

Following the fall of Peking, the National Government turned its attention to affairs of state. One of the problems was the status of Mr. Edwardes and the possible appointment of a successor. Mr. Maze, it was known, was friendly toward the new Government while there were some who felt, perhaps, that Mr. Edwardes, while doubtless efficient, might not work so well with the Ministry of Finance in Nanking.

Whatever the opinions were that caused the problem to become more or less acute, the fact remains that Mr. Edwardes' re-appointment or dismissal was held up for months pending a definite decision. Then in the autumn of 1928 came announcement of the Ministry of Finance of his appointment as "officiating" Inspector-General. Mr. Maze was given an associate position in the Customs at the same time, while continuing as Commissioner in Shanghai. It was bruited about then that this was merely a "face-saving" proposition for Mr. Edwardes, and that he would soon have to resign. He did, and in his note of resignation issued just before the end of the year, he deplored the dual control.

Mr. Maze was appointed almost at once, as had been expected, and, probably acting on instructions from Finance Minister T. V. Soong, ordered the removal of the Administration offices to Nanking. They functioned in Shanghai pending the construction of adequate office buildings in the new capital. Office space was at a premium and the Inspectorate-General like many other divisions of the Government functioned as best it could there and in Nanking.

Mr. Maze had been in the Customs service for more than a quarter of a century and his appointment was regarded with satisfaction in most circles. There was some indication at the time of his elevation to chief of the service that, inasmuch as he might be expected to retire in two years or so, he was given the office as a temporary compromise. This was officially denied.

It was known, however, that the National Government aspired to regain complete control of the Customs Administration. Hence, the rumor persisted that efforts to this end would be forthcoming at no distant date. The Administration was established originally some sixty years ago as a means of safeguarding the great foreign debts secured on the Customs. The Powers interested, chiefly Britain, Japan and France, can hardly be expected to give up this form of supervision as long as there are outstanding loans secured on the tariffs. However, it would not be surprising to see the Customs Inspectorate-Generalship go to a Chinese in the next few years

* * *

A new era was launched in February, 1929, in China's long disturbed financial situation with the arrival of a commission of sixteen American economic experts headed by Prof. Edwin Walter Kemmerer, the "money-doctor," to seek to stabilize the varied currency of the nation and possibly to change the silver standard to gold. The commission included numerous prominent Americans noted for their knowledge of banking, budgeting, currency, fiscal and financing problems. The group was among many similar commissions which were then with American energy aiding the National Government to proceed sanely with its ambitious schemes to renovate the war-torn and backward country on modern lines.

Professor Kemmerer had not much to say upon landing other than to remark, "A doctor is unable to diagnose the patient prior to an examination," but he added that he intended to get to work immediately. He conferred with the Finance Minister, T. V. Soong, most of that day and also with the Railways Minister, Sun-Fo. The mild-mannered but energetic professor in his early fifties, who has revived the dying finances of numerous nations during his remarkable career, was noncommittal concerning the aims of the commission but he seemed most eager to start work on the task for which Princeton University allowed him to be absent for a year from the chair of economics.

The chief assignment was the centralizing of Federal control of China's revenues, to be followed by establishing a uniform currency of the same exchange value throughout the country. The third task was to abolish the tael system, which is the custom of using one ounce of pure silver, known as the tael, as the basis of exchange, causing a

double transaction when changing foreign currency into any Chinese money or vice versa. The Commission outlined a budget on the practical basis of current revenues which covered construction projects of vast scope and which was designed to repay the numerous foreign loans to China in the shortest possible period.

Prominent members of the commission were Dr. Arthur Nichols Young, expert in public credit, who resigned as economic adviser to the State Department; Dr. Oliver C. Lockhart, Cornell and Buffalo Universities, tax expert; W. B Poland, West Point, N. Y., expert in railway finance; Dr. Benjamin B. Wallace, for some years special expert to the United States Tariff Commission; Dr. Frederick A. Cleveland, Boston University, budget expert; F. B. Lynch of the National City Bank, expert on banking methods; William Watson, formerly of the faculty of Syracuse University, specialist in fiscal control; Richard W. Bonneville, formerly of the United States Commerce Department, expert in fiscal control; Edward F. Feely of New York, consultant on export trade financing, general secretary of the commission, and Dr. Frank W. Fetter, graduate of Princeton and Harvard and professor of economics at Princeton, undersecretary. Other members included the staff and their families, and some remained longer than a year.

The influx of American advisers, or experts, impressed foreigners as well as the Chinese with the determination of Nanking to proceed on what, less than a year earlier, were considered the impractical visions of dreamers and idealists. The predominant part Americans played in the rebuilding of China caused increasing comment. Dr. Kemmerer stressed the fact that all members of the commission formerly connected with the Washington Government had severed their official connections prior to coming to China; hence, the commission was unofficial. There was no semblance of American governmental support whatsoever.

* * *

Colonel Henry L Stimson and John Van A. MacMurray, then American Minister, were guests of Dr. C. T. Wang, former Foreign Minister of the National Government, and Dr. H. H. Kung, later Minister of Finance, at an informal private dinner in Shanghai in the spring of 1929. Among the other guests, aside from American officials, were other Cabinet members and some of Colonel Stimson's Chinese friends in high official positions.

The function was entirely unofficial. Mrs. Stimson and the wives of the others were present and there were no speeches, the Governor-General of the Philippines declining officially to discuss his future or any other problems during his somewhat hurried journey to Washington to become Secretary of State. He conferred with Mr. MacMurray before the dinner, but both officials insisted that their meeting was purely personal and was not related to Colonel Stimson's probable direction of America's policy toward China from Washington, the Colonel explaining that he was naturally interested in Chinese affairs but, for the present at least, purely as Governor-General of the Philippines and an American citizen.

"You are meeting me as the Governor-General of the Philippines," Colonel Stimson told me. "I am positively unable to affirm the rumors of my appointment to the Cabinet in any post whatever. So far as the Philippines are concerned, the past year is generally considered to have made history in our relations with the islands, which is highly gratifying to me and to others in my administration. I believe that the expressed attitude of the Filipino leaders, the desire to coöperate with the American administration of the islands is entirely sincere. During the year we have built the framework of this policy which I hope will long remain and grow. That the old opposition is fading away is reasonably clear in the great developments along these lines."

Mr. MacMurray said that his visit to Nanking and Shanghai had no political importance.

"Its only possible relation to public affairs," he said, "was my inquiry into certain phases of Nanking's new trademark registration law, which I wish to clarify. I did not discuss politics with Dr. Wang or any one else yesterday at Nanking, and did not intend to. The purpose of my visit was primarily to acquaint myself personally with the progress of affairs at Nanking. Most of the other Ministers have visited Nanking recently, and I had been planning a similar journey for some time but was unable to leave Peking until now."

* * *

When the late Admiral Mark L. Bristol, commander-in-chief of the American Naval and Marine forces in the Far East for two years, departed for Washington at the end of summer of 1929, he left behind a remarkably large and strikingly sincere circle of friends not only among the foreigners throughout the Orient, but Chinese of all walks

of life. The naval officer-diplomat came to China from Turkey, arriving late in August, 1927, and taking over command of the Asiatic Station on September 9 of that year from Admiral C. S. Williams.

There have, to be sure, been no unpopular men who have held this high post in the American Navy, but it is perhaps not incorrect to say that with the advent of Admiral Bristol's assumption of command a still more cordial relationship existed between the head of our protective forces there and the business men, American missionaries and others who went out to the east to broaden the scope of our commerce and civilization in the world. From the very beginning, Admiral Bristol made it apparent he wanted to meet the business men, to get their views, to know their problems. He likewise wanted to meet the Chinese who were directing the destinies of their country. He met the men conducting the Nationalist revolution in Shanghai, and later he went north and in Peking and elsewhere met the men who were then combating the Southern forces.

He wanted to get at all sides of the situation. And he knew how to go about it. The sojourn of the Admiral in Asiatic waters was not his first. He went out to China as an ensign nearly fifty years ago and later served on the Yangtze Patrol and was in China at the outbreak of the first revolution in 1911, when the Manchu Dynasty was overthrown and the first attempts at a Republic were ineffectively but persistently made. Furthermore, his experience as the American High Commissioner in Turkey, during a strikingly similar period when that country after the Great War went through a period of national rehabilitation and governmental reform, stood the Admiral in good stead in China.

Guided by his experiences in the Near East following a careful study of affairs as they were when he arrived in China, Admiral Bristol formed the conviction that the Nationalist forces in China would emerge victorious. He naturally could take no sides either in word or act, but there was a tendency in his attitude to lean toward the Nationalists as the better force toward progress for the people of the country. He made it a point never to prophesy. Nevertheless, his sensing of the trend of events was as accurate a barometer as could be desired, as things turned out. And he was able to judge rather better than other observers because of his cordial attitude toward the Chinese who could give him information concerning what

was happening in this or that faction in the revolution or in the North.

Admiral Bristol served in the Asiatic Station at a time when it was highly important to keep posted. So among the first things he did was to get acquainted personally with such men as the late Dr. C. C. Wu, then Foreign Minister in the Nanking Government, Dr. C. T. Wang, then not officially in politics but later Foreign Minister at Nanking and once Ambassador in Washington, General Chiang Kai-shek, and others.

He met these men, talked with them, and learned much from this personal contact. The meetings always were purely unofficial, to be sure. Washington had not then recognized Nanking. The land was divided by civil war. It was a time requiring diplomatic procedure indeed to meet the men on both sides with equal tact and interested friendship. There was never then nor has there ever been any reason to think Admiral Bristol, by meeting men in the first Nanking Government, lent even moral aid to that cause. Nor by discussing affairs with the men in Peking did he have any notion of influencing them one way or the other. He was merely seeking information, and he got it.

And he got some criticism, as well. There was for a while something of a feeling that the Admiral was not entirely discreet in meeting the men leading a revolutionary cause. It was said in various circles that perhaps he would cause trouble by such actions His friendship toward the Chinese, whatever their politics, aroused a certain antipathy among those foreigners who were not able to see the slightest change in China. His advice—never given as advice but merely as opinion in friendly conversations with American residents—that the foreigners should get better acquainted with the Chinese, accepting them socially to a greater degree and treating them as equals, brought heated arguments. But there is a changed attitude now, and those who criticized came to admit the Admiral's foresighted policy was correct.

The Admiral sat in the American Club in Shanghai one evening I recall and discussed things with a group of American observers well versed in Chinese affairs. Now it was very bad form to quote the Admiral. He declared the day he arrived that he would not be quoted then or any other time on any subject, and he also said if he were quoted he would deny anything in print as coming from him. He would discuss any subject at length, get the views of those he was

talking with, give his own opinions—and then, if a newspaperman be present, he would say in parting: "Use anything you've got from me as a background if you want, but you can't quote me. These talks are just for our own information. They work both ways. I may get something from you and you may get something from me, and we may both understand the situation better. But don't quote me."

So no one ever did. But now perhaps a word or two the Admiral said then might not be considered *lèse majesté*. The "observers" referred to above included two war correspondents, one man travelling in China gathering material for a book, the American publisher of one of the largest Chinese newspapers in the nation, the Admiral's Chief-of-Staff, Capt. Kenneth Castleman, a banker, and two or three men directing large American commercial interests, who kept up on political events more than was customary.

The conversation was general for the most part. Someone brought up the military phase of the revolution; the capture of Shanghai was mentioned, and the effect of this strategic move on the régime at Hankow. One man, the writer of books, related his experiences a few weeks previously with bandits on the Yangtze River. He lost his wallet and all his ready cash, and his wife lost her jewelry, but the bandits, or pirates, who boarded the river steamer, did them no bodily harm. They killed one or two Chinese in their excitement, however, and shot an American from Hankow through the leg for no apparent reason.

The relations of foreigners with the Chinese was mentioned. Someone wondered whether we should admit them to our clubs. This has been done now all over China, a revolutionary change. The Admiral said:

"I think it a splendid idea. We should admit them to the clubs, by all means. If we treat these people as equals, they will not fail to react to our friendship. This conception of our superiority has got to be dispelled. There are Chinese gentlemen in the Government of this nation today who are by no means our inferiors. It is true, I grant, that we see countless thousands of inferior Chinese in our daily lives. The coolies, the lower classes, are our inferiors. The Chinese race has produced some great scholars and statesmen. There is a great change going on in China today, and the wave of nationalism sweeping the country is going to result in even greater changes.

"It may take some time, it is true. There are problems that we cannot even appreciate facing the leaders who want to unify the Chinese people. We all realize the language difficulty, the lack of education among the mass of Chinese, the lack of ready communications which keep the Chinese apart not only from the world but from themselves. These are vast obstacles, but it is possible for the leaders of the Chinese eventually to overcome them.

"I think a great step has been taken in this country in the past two years toward awakening a great nation. It is wrong to deny that change is occurring. If we understand that and admit the Chinese to our clubs and treat them socially as equals—those who are educated Chinese gentlemen and gentlewomen—we will have learned a lesson now that we must learn sooner or later.

"This spirit of national consciousness is by no means a new phenomenon. It swept Europe after the war and I had a personal experience with it in Turkey before coming here. The changes in China are very, very similar to the changes that took place in Turkey. The abolition of consular jurisdiction, of all special rights of foreigners, the rising influence of a race consciousness are all similar to the events and sentiment in China and among the Chinese. We could learn much by studying the history of Turkey's development since the Great War. It is futile to deny similar changes are occurring in this country today."

That, briefly, was Admiral Bristol's *credo* on China. It was, I might add, the opinion of most well informed persons living in the east then. Neither he nor they denied that the change to real unity will still require time. Perhaps this unity will eventually be in the form of a federation of states each even more nearly autonomous than at first planned—similar in a way to the Federation of German States welded into a nation less than a century ago by Bismarck.

The Chinese that live in the hinterlands of Asia and millions of the illiterate living along the Pacific coast know all too little of the meaning of the programs of their leaders. They are content to consider their family as the unit, their village as their home, their province as their universe. They will be loyal to their family and patriotic in a varying degree to their native place and their province. But the idea of a nation will take time to sink in. It was this conception that Admiral Bristol had gained on his last sojourn in the east. His judg-

ment, it is now generally agreed, was correct. He understood the problems but firmly believed the traditional American policy of altruism and friendship would continue to prove best and that the Chinese would eventually prove themselves not unworthy of that policy.

The social affairs on board the flagship U. S. S. *Pittsburgh* given by the Admiral and Mrs. Bristol, who is an entirely charming hostess, stand out as particularly memorable features of another side of the Commander-in-Chief's residence there. Chinese as well as Americans and many persons of other nationalities in that cosmopolitan port attended the tea dances under the vari-colored awning aft on the cruiser and the occasional formal evening balls on the spacious flagship's after deck. His cordial geniality and Mrs. Bristol's graciousness widened their circle of friends each visit.

Admiral Bristol's close touch with the Chinese was extended to the commanders of other defense forces in Shanghai. He was particularly friendly with Major-General Sir John Duncan, formerly head of the British Shanghai Defense Force. The General was a frequent visitor at the Bristol residence in Shanghai and this close social contact brought about a mutual understanding that made the solution of defense problems easier than any formal discussion of similar questions could have done.

* * *

Julean Arnold, the American commercial attaché in Peiping, who returned in May 1929 from an extensive tour through Kwangsi Province and south into Yunnan, said upon his arrival in Shanghai that despite a war with Kwangtung Province around Canton, the people of Kwangsi were not suffering appreciably and that good roads were being built in many sections of the province.

"I travelled more than a thousand miles by motor car through Kwangsi," Mr. Arnold said, "over excellent roads. They are building new highways all the time, and while it may be some years before railroads have opened up this province, the highways and rivers will carry an increasing amount of the farmers' goods to the east coast markets."

Mr. Arnold said he travelled virtually alone, without a guard of any kind, and had no trouble anywhere along the route. He carried no "foreign food" along nor any water bags or bottles of distilled water to drink. He ate Chinese food the whole time, and while he admitted he got "a bit fed up with it," he said he had not worried about his

health on this account. Few if any foreigners in the Pacific coast cities and elsewhere in China eat Chinese food unless they know where it is prepared and how. Typhoid fever and dysentery are all too prevalent to take many chances on the sanitation of a Chinese restaurant even in the foreign concession areas. It is particularly dangerous at certain seasons of the year to eat green vegetables grown in China because the Chinese fertilize their truck gardens with human "night soil," a custom throughout the Far East. "I ate anything and everything as we went along," Mr. Arnold admitted. "Get tough, I guess, after thirty years out in this country. I've had no ill effects yet."

Mr. Arnold said he noticed little trouble throughout the province. "It was as peaceful for mile after mile of fertile farm land as the middle west at home," he said. "One gets the feeling of being terribly out of touch back in the hinterlands of China. No news of the developments in Nanking or abroad reached us for days at a time. Rather a good thing, at that, to get away from the news of turmoil for awhile, I think. The people down there didn't seem to mind what happened in Nanking or Shanghai or anywhere else as long as they had good crops and were not molested."

Bandits in Kwangsi were few, Mr. Arnold said. He said they were not unknown, but added that only occasionally were their raids heard of. He painted all in all a most optimistic picture of affairs in that section of China, from which had arisen in recent months a group of politicians known as the "Kwangsi clique" who were menacing Canton and were said to be planning to overthrow the Nanking Government, forming a combine with the "Christian General."

"The roads system is nothing short of excellent," Mr. Arnold added. "They have highways crossing the province that intersect with highways running north and south, and one can drive to almost any important spot in the province by motor.

"Another feature of the new transportation system is the organization of numerous bus lines that run every direction. They are buying more buses all the time, most of them from the United States. This is true in other provinces, to be sure, but the development in Kwangsi is particularly significant at this time. One may ride from one end to the other of the province on these lines in safety."

Telephone lines have been laid out and put into operation, Mr.

Arnold said. "The long distance telephone service in Kwangsi is truly remarkable," he commented. "You can stop anywhere along the main highway and telephone ahead to a town two or three hundred miles away and reserve a room for the night at an inn. The service is perfect. I was most pleasantly surprised to find this progress in what has been considered a warlike, backward district of China."

* * *

Safely back from strange experiences among the nomadic tribes of Central Asia, Kermit Roosevelt passed through Shanghai late in May, 1929. Success crowned what for a time seemed to be a futile hunting trip for the giant panda, under the auspices of the Field Museum in Chicago, undertaken by Kermit and his brother Theodore in another chapter of their explorations of little-visited corners of the earth.

Journeying overland from Rangoon through Burma and thence across the southwestern top of China into Tibet, scouring mountains, valleys and snow-clad highlands in quest of the beast which lured them on their dangerous sporting mission, the Roosevelt party after weeks of fruitless tracking despaired of sighting, much less shooting, a giant panda. They turned toward China once more from Tibet and in what is known as the Independent Lola country, a tiny state bordering on Tibet and China adjacent to Szechuan Province, they found their quarry.

Nearly six months from the time they departed with Kashmir guides and carriers from the familiar hill country, Kermit, with the spoils of the chase, was en route to America, while Colonel Roosevelt remained at Saigon for several weeks to continue the hunting expedition in less sequestered tracts.

"I would be with him yet if my partner had not got hold of me and dragged me back to work," Kermit told me at tiffin. "My brother is remaining at Saigon with Suydam Cutting. The other foreign member of the party, Herbert Stevens, a bird specialist, is coming out via Szechuan and the Yangtze River. He is now about at Chengtu and should reach here in a few weeks."

Discussing his trip, Mr. Roosevelt said: "We left Shamo Village, Burma, on the border of China on December 20. My brother, Cutting and myself, together with the Kashmir carriers, went by mule train overland to Yunnan, thence into Tibet, where for weeks we wandered

in search of the giant panda. But we were unsuccessful, days of tracking getting us nowhere. Finally we turned west and southward again, reaching the border of China in Szechuan Province, and thence went south through the Independent Lola country. Here, one morning following a rather heavy snowfall, we found panda tracks.

"We were extremely lucky, as a matter of fact, for after only four hours of tracking we discovered the beast taking its noonday siesta. My brother and I approached carefully, fired simultaneously and got him. The Lola runners with us refused to bring the animal into their village. It seems the giant panda is a sort of minor deity among them. It was amusing later to find they had called in a priest who conducted rites to purify the tribe and drive off avenging spirits. The Lola people never harm the panda. Most of those we met had never seen one.

"The beast was a beautiful specimen, weighing more than 200 pounds and measuring nearly seven feet in length. It had a thick coat of fur with black and white splotches and a white head with black eyeglasses, a black fringe of hair around the eyes. The animal is believed to belong to the bear family, but, unlike bears, never hibernate and, furthermore, has forty-two teeth instead of forty. Otherwise, it is similar to the bear species.

"The panda lives exclusively on bamboo shoots, which are amply provided in its native haunts, which are the high altitudes, ranging from 8,000 to 14,000 feet. It always stays among thick bamboo forests and is very fond of honey. Its habits are bearlike, but scientists can determine from this specimen that it has a definite classification."

He described the Lolas as amiable people, similar to the American Indians in many ways. Although the country through which the party walked for hundreds of miles is one of the wildest parts of Asia and is infested with bandits, Mr. Roosevelt said he had not met trouble of any kind and that the people everywhere were most friendly and cordial.

"When we entered the Lola country," he said, "the chief of the first village entertained us, and when we left he sent his son along to assure us safe conduct as far as the next village. In this manner we were carried through this tiny friendly state, much to the amazement ot the Chinese when we told the tale of our experiences on returning to this country."

19 THE DRAGON LEARNS TO FLY

THE dragon of China, slowly awakening from a long slumber—so long that it makes Rip van Winkle's sleep seem like a nap—shook himself and tried his wings. In the past few years the dragon has learned to fly. He had earlier made divers vain attempts—but now the beast took to the air with a great whirring and roar. The Chinese people, in other words, given a breathing spell for peacetime pursuits in 1928-29 learned the Occident's use of the air as a medium for travel. This was one of the most revolutionary peacetime reforms yet to strike Asia, and the Chinese took to the air with amazing avidity. There had been flights by Chinese pilots in the past, to be sure; but it was not until the Kuomintang Revolution swept north on Peiping that it became anything like the vital factor in Chinese daily life that it has since become.

American aviation interests were in the van of the "foreign devils" who taught the Chinese the use of the airplane in recent years. They were the pioneers in a practical way, and the American-owned Clipper flying boats led the way in blazing this great trail for China. Their great airships first flew in 1935-36 at regular intervals on the route across the broad Pacific to Manila, and they got permission from the Portuguese Government at Lisbon to alight in waters off the Portuguese concession of Macao, in south China. The British in the beginning refused permission to alight off their Crown Colony of Hongkong, but that also was granted. Connections are made from Macao and Hongkong with air lines now criss-crossing China. Trans-Pacific passengers land there and can take a Chinese-controlled commercial passenger plane north.

This air service between California and China is one of the most inspiring aerial steps to annihilate space and time in the history of mankind. The first flight, carrying only air mail and crew, was made from Alameda, California, to Manila on November 22, 1935, the Clipper

returning December 2 of that year to her home base at the end of an awe inspiring round trip across the vast stretches of open water. There were stops at Hawaii, Midway, Wake Island and Guam, where modern hotels have been completed for the tourist's overnight stop. It is only 700 miles farther to China from Manila—a short flight, compared to the distance already covered.

In China itself it is now possible to fly almost anywhere. Even the coolies are no longer surprised at the sight or the sound of a plane overhead—and that, in itself, is an indication of the great revolutionary strides which the peoples of the Dragon have made in recent years. Until very recently a Chinese "junk" or sailboat was the ordinary mode of travel in Asia. Today there are regular air lines connecting all the major cities of China. One can fly from Shanghai to Peiping in six hours! Formerly it took two days in good times on an express—the famed Blue Express, then the crack railway train. Or one can fly to Hankow in four hours—whereas it took me five days by steamer up-river and three days down in 1927.

Cheng-tu was formerly an outpost in Szechuan Province almost unreachable over the gorges of the Yangtze, rapid and dangerous at any time above Hankow. Now the flight from Shanghai is made in eight hours. It is made several times a week now—as often as the increasing traffic will allow. The coolie still has to use the old style "junk" on the rivers of his ancestors—or at rare intervals, he takes a train. The prices for flying are above his reach, like the airplanes themselves. But there is great progress in this field.

At this point, I want to sketch the early days of aviation, when the Chinese first started to fly in anything like a practical, serious way. The Americans had much to do with aviation in China from the start. Popular interest was piqued early by a flight nearly around the world by two extraordinarily daring and capable fliers from Michigan in their plane, the *Pride of Detroit*. They were Messrs. Brock and Schlee, and I shall never forget the September evening in 1928 when they appeared out of the south from Hongkong, and landed outside Shanghai. All was prepared for a reception at the Race Course in the center of Shanghai on Bubbling Well Road—but they thought the oval too small for a take-off and landed at Hunjao Airport at the city limits instead, keeping us running back and forth like water-bugs for an hour.

Shanghai, a city of thrills inured to war's hysteria, tingled with

excitement at the brief visit of America's daring aviators whose world flight took them there for a single night's way-station pause early in September 1928. Word of the safe arrival of Schlee and Brock at Omura Village, near Nagasaki, reached Shanghai late the night of September 11, and was received with a real sense of relief. Telephones of all newspapers and news agencies rang constantly late that afternoon and evening, with thousands inquiring after the safety of the aviators whose efficiency and daring captured popular imagination. Their safe arrival in Japan despite their failure to reach Tokyo, their goal, was widely applauded.

An aftermath of enthusiasm followed Schlee and Brock as the public awakened to the significance of the unusual flight. While popular acclaim was interested chiefly in their heroics, a significant phase of the universal plaudits was the hearty praise from aviation officers in the Shanghai defense force of many nations. The British Royal Air Force officers were deeply impressed and did not hesitate to declare their pride in the achievement. They unstintingly praised the fliers' daring and skill from a professional viewpoint as indicating the progress of aviation. The British airplane carrier officers sent congratulations, asking the U. S. S. *Pittsburgh*: "Please convey to the pilots of the *Pride of Detroit* the congratulations of the Argus on their very fine performance."

Popular sentiment was summed up in press comment which lauded the Americans highly. The Shanghai *Times,* a British-owned daily, printed an editorial acclaiming the flight as a "magnificent achievement," and characterizing it as "the most successful yet undertaken," indicating the progress of aviation. *The North China Daily News,* British, pointed to the importance of their non-stop flight from Hongkong to Shanghai, stating: "The *Pride of Detroit* has shown that it is possible to accomplish this in the space of one day. What all realize in this performance is the great progress which airplanes and engines have made in recent years. One appreciates more and more the splendid calibre of the men who carry out these flights. We may well offer our congratulations to the *Pride of Detroit* and her navigators on their performance in reaching Shanghai, for it not only creates a record from New York to China, but if we are not mistaken it establishes a new local long distance achievement." The last referred to the non-stop flight from Hongkong.

The *China Press*, (then American) pointed out that Schlee and Brock flew virtually without assistance, remarking: "Mountains, forests and oceans were found to be no bar to this flight around the world," continuing that "thus far, they have had no governmental aid either from our Army or Navy. But the most difficult stretch is to come—they must cross the Pacific Ocean. Prayers of millions all over the world go with them as they take off from Japan on this last and most awesome portion of their flight. We wish them Godspeed."

This paper pointed out that it had no desire to discourage Schlee and Brock, but added that in the event that they returned safely to Detroit, "judging from the many disasters, ocean flying might well be curtailed for a while except when some great scientific object may be attained. Every country has ambitions nor does any lack brave aviators to carry them out, but unless the stake is higher than merely the glory of being the first to do this or that stunt, what is gained?" The article added a suggestion for scientific research into aviation problems of the upper air, ending: "Then try for world records, but not just yet. The roads are too few and the milestones too many, most of them yet unmarked graves."

By November 1928, popular interest in aviation in China had increased by leaps and bounds. One of the most powerful influences was the unprecedented flight of the *Canton*, a Ryan-Mahoney monoplane similar to that in which Lindbergh flew the Atlantic. Piloted by Captain Chang Hui-chang of the Chinese Air Force, the *Canton* left Canton early that fall and made a non-stop flight to Hankow, nearly a thousand miles. Captain Chang left there and hopped off to Nanking, varying his original intention to proceed directly to Peking. At the capital he was given a tremendous ovation. The foreign as well as the Chinese press gave his flight wide publicity.

Captain Chang next flew to Peking Again he was given a great ovation, and dinners and receptions similar to those of air heroes in the Occident were tendered him and his two companions by the Chinese dignitaries. General Yen Hsi-san, governor of Shansi then in charge of the Peking-Tientsin area, gave him a dinner party. The aviators were fêted by the populace, and General Pei Chung-hsi also gave Chang a dinner. He was the hero of the hour in Peking. Captain Chang flew to Mukden, then capital of Manchuria, prior to returning down

the coast to Shanghai and thence to Canton. All along the way he was heralded with enthusiasm and high acclaim.

The flight itself would not have been so extraordinary anywhere but in the Orient. But it was an achievement in China, where aviation had until then played so small a part in war or peace. It is true there was even then a Flying Corps under the War Office. But there were still few planes in use and aside from rare occasions when they were used to observe enemy positions, neither force in the Kuomintang Revolution resorted to any sort of aerial warfare. Mukden possibly had the best aviation department then in China. There were more than 100 airships at the Mukden airdrome and I saw their arsenal branch there, constantly turning out new machines for which engines were purchased abroad. Airplanes could be seen flying over Mukden almost any day in summer; but even there they had been used but seldom in war, and no commercial lines had yet been attempted. Today it is vastly changed and modernized.

One of the aerial developments at Nanking was the announcement that the Government was considering organization of a Sino-German aviation corporation. Officials in the Ministries of War, Interior, Industry, Commerce and Labor, and Finance conferred on the subject. Air lines to Europe were discussed as well as commercial routes in China. The Government was also desirous of inaugurating a line connecting the capital and Kalgan. There was some question whether, under the agreement prohibiting the sale of arms and ammunition by Americans to China, airplanes could be sold in that country. As a result, most of the planes first in use were purchased in Europe. However, the *Canton* was a Ryan-Mahoney brougham monoplane with a Wright whirlwind motor.

"It is my opinion that American airplane motors are far superior to all others," Captain Chang said, just prior to starting on his historic cross-country flight. "They are 'fool-proof' for one thing. And they stand up better in a long run. I would like to see an assembly plant started in Canton, backed by American capital. There will be an increasing demand for airplanes in the near future as we establish air mail and passenger services between our larger cities, and it costs too much to ship a plane all set up. An assembly plant will be needed, and I would like to see an American aviation company back of it."

American aviation interests hopped across the Pacific, and a new

era was inaugurated in China's communications on April 19, 1929, when Minister Sun Fo, acting in his capacity as president of the China National Aviation Corporation, signed a contract with Aviation Exploration, Inc., a subsidiary of the Curtiss group. The latter under the agreement agreed to carry mail for the National Government on three trunk lines.

Experts said that the signing of this important agreement opened one of the greatest fields of commercial flying in the world. The signing took place in Nanking, following a State Council meeting during the afternoon to consider the proposals submitted some weeks earlier. Some objections were encountered at the outset of the negotiations against permitting foreign interests to handle a Government mail contract. These were overcome, however, by Nanking's somewhat naive organization of the corporation which ostensibly handled the mail itself but which sublet the contract to the Aviation Exploration people, so that the effect was precisely the same.

Three trunk lines were proposed immediately, one connecting Nanking and Peiping, the second linking Canton to Hankow, and the third linking Shanghai and Hankow via Nanking—thus all interlocking. It was announced that schools would be established immediately by the Americans to train Chinese pilots and other personnel, the idea being to employ Chinese wherever possible as soon as they were capable of flying. The American pilots were to be kept only as long as they were essential.

Major William B. Robertson representing the American firm, made this formal announcement:

> This will be a Chinese service under control of the National Government but with American management and operation for the time being. The airplanes will display Chinese characters for the name of the Chinese Corporation and the insignia of the National Government.
>
> Aviation Exploration further receives the privilege of engaging in the air transportation of passengers and freight on its own account, and to manufacture planes and equipment in China. It is planned to form a new American company with a capitalization of several million dollars (gold), in which the Chinese will be invited to participate. Rapid communications are the urgent need

of the moment here. It will take years to meet this demand by rail or motor roads; but by aviation it is hoped that China within a few months will be on a parity with the other nations in air communications.

European competition was met during the weeks of strenuous negotiations, as well as that from other American interests in China. Shanghai was alive with aviators from abroad seeking to establish lines in all directions. Major Robertson brought four planes to China while trying to "sell" Nanking his mail contract idea. Their demonstrations impressed the Chinese officials, particularly Mr. Sun Fo. The Minister of Railways was enthusiastic after flying in one of these planes to Nanking from Shanghai. He said many officials might soon commute to Nanking by air from Shanghai.

In financing the new lines, it was explained that the American company had a guarantee from the Chinese government under the contract stipulating a sliding scale of pay to them of $1.50 (gold) a pound to $4.50 (gold) a pound, depending on the size of the load carried. The Chinese also agreed to buy all aerial equipment from the Aviation Exploration group. Two American pilots, E. L. Sloniger and Al Caperton, were with Major Robertson and aided in training Chinese pilots. Widespread opposition developed among Chinese aviation organizations against the American contract. However, officials of the American group in Shanghai were optimistic about the eventual carrying out of the terms of their agreement.

It provided that the service was to begin in six months, that the Americans were to provide the airplanes, pilots, and all other equipment and personnel, and that the Chinese were to provide hangars and suitable landing fields along the routes proposed. It was further provided that in the event the revenues from air mail on the lines was insufficient to meet the rates agreed on, the American company would operate at a loss and take the Chinese company's promissory notes up to $2,000,000. It was agreed there was to be a minimum of 3,000 flying miles a day when the lines commenced.

The Robertson group also offered to lend the Chinese Company another $1,000,000 gold in cash for use in the securing of air fields, construction of hangars and other expenses incidental to getting started. Major Robertson returned to New York to arrange further details.

The real opposition to the contract came from so-called patriotic propaganda spread by the Ministry of Communications through the young aviation groups in China. This Ministry, through rivalry with the Ministry of Railways, sought to establish its lines first and did all in its power to obstruct the Railways Ministry's program. As a result, a memorandum was submitted to the Nanking Government by the members of the Government Air Force demanding that the contract be cancelled, causing no little furore but not much action. This memorandum, because it indicates the length to which this inter-Ministry fight was carried and because it indicates also the attitude of the nationalistic young Chinese interested in developing their own air lines, is given in brief below, the chief points being summarized. They are:

> 1. To allow foreign pilots to fly over important centers of the country is a serious encroachment upon China's air defense.
> 2. With the Corporation's branch offices scattered throughout the country, America may send troops to various places on the pretense they are sent to those places for the protection of those interests.
> 3. Other countries may also want to open up new air lines in China.
> 4. The American Corporation's machines which are to be shipped to China will be exempted from payment of import duties.
> 5. The Corporation should be organized and financed by Chinese interests.
> 6. The American firms will receive from $12,000 to $18,000 daily for their services, which compensation is considered too high.
> 7. The Government should help develop local talent and not finance a corporation which employs foreign pilots.
> 8. Secret contracts may have been signed by the Corporation with the American firm.

These objections, while absurd in many respects, represented nevertheless a formidable part of the opposition mentioned. The Chinese National Aviation Corporation answered them, pointing out for example that flying above foreign countries has never been considered improper or a breach of sovereignty. The American pilots, they

pointed out, were in no way connected with the Government at Washington, in any case. It was added that certain privileges were given the company because it was a Chinese Government outfit and for no other reason, and it should prosper and be aided in every way because it began as a Chinese project. Chinese pilots were used as much as possible from the start, and eventually when the supply meets the demand no others will be used. To get something started, however, foreign pilots were hired by the Government's company.

Minister of Railways Sun Fo on June 19, 1929, formally declared that the National Government's recent decision to place the airways under the jurisdiction of the Ministry of Communications would not affect the contract with American interests. Uncertainty, however, marked the situation with the intimation that the current program would be retarded further by a sudden change in the status of the airways. This was a result of the long and constant rivalry between the Communications and the Railways ministries at Nanking.

Their fight further affected growing radio communications, the Railways Ministry seeking to control these as well as all things pertaining to communications in any branch of government service. Originally the specially created Bureau of Reconstruction was given the right to handle radio, particularly abroad, and signed an agreement with the Radio Corporation of America. The latter was to furnish a new station under this understanding, meantime coöperating with the Chinese office in Shanghai on dispatches through Manila to the United States or elsewhere.

These "growing pains" have now subsided, as far as can be ascertained. The Chinese National Aviation Corporation still functions and so does the R. C. A. in China, and dissension in latter years seems to have disappeared.

Aviation is an old story to the Chinese, and as one result they are coming to "see China first." The airplane will prove an undoubted aid in efforts to teach the Chinese people to know themselves and their own continent. It also is a vast unifying force in Asia, where roads are few and waterways are too slow for the pace of life in the awakening Orient. The expense is still prohibitive but in time the very bulk of the masses will conquer that financial obstacle, and prices will be lowered so that thousands may fly where tens or hundreds do so now.

The Chinese are rapidly becoming "air minded." They are fatalists at bottom and gamblers in any case. So they fly with unbridled enthusiasm.

The airship too has not only brought China into a more compact mass in Asia, but has brought Asia and the Orient closer to America and Europe. Clipper ships bring China closer to home—we in the United States will come to know and understand the "inscrutable Oriental" before long. Our grandchildren, if not we ourselves, will think nothing of flying over to Shanghai from New York for the week end.

20 BURIAL OF SUN YAT-SEN

RARELY if ever in her hectic history has China paid more devout homage to any man than she did to Dr. Sun Yat-sen the dawn of June 1, 1929.

Dr. Sun Yat-sen was the visionary man who founded the Kuomintang—The People's Party—in China. He grew up in Hawaii, where his brushing against the Occidental conceptions of democracy and equality gave birth to his revolutionary ideals for the peoples of China, long oppressed not only by foreigners but by their own rapacious governing class and by the war lords. These ideas in a monarchy such as China at the start of this century, under a decadent and thoroughly corrupt Manchu dynasty then ruling from the Dragon Throne at Peking were revolutionary indeed. No one had heard of such a thing in the hinterland of China—no one *wanted* to hear of such a concept at the Manchu Court in the days before the first revolution. But Dr. Sun Yat-sen heard.

He returned to Canton and slowly began to teach this "insidious" doctrine in his native land of South China. The idea spread very gradually, but it was one of the underlying causes of the overthrow of the Manchu Dynasty in the original revolution against the Peking throne in 1911. These men fighting for freedom and democratic rule succeeded, and the revolt was officially proclaimed to have overthrown the Dragon Throne on February 7, 1912.

The despised Manchu "Boy Emperor," whose name was then Hsuan-T'ing, abdicated his right to power as the "Son of Heaven" on that date, or rather, the old Dowager Empress did it for him, for the "ruler" was but seven years old and even more impotent as "emperor" then than now. For he "rules" again on the throne of his ancestors in Hsinking (formerly Chang-chung), or "New Capital," in Japan's "independent State" of Manchukuo. This youth is the last of the old Manchu line, set up when the Manchu hordes swarmed over the Great Wall in 1644 and conquered the Chinese peoples.

The original revolution was a military success but a political failure. The revolutionaries had a vast land in their temporary power—but they had no idea what to do with it. The "Boy Emperor" was permitted to live, which some say was a tactical error. Still, even the Chinese had qualms about murdering a child of seven years, especially a boy-child, whom they all revere, and even more especially when that boy-child might, on an off chance, really be the "Son of Heaven" and inflict terrible catastrophes on the man who slew him.

So the "Boy Emperor" stayed put for a while in the heart of what was then the Forbidden City at Peking. It now is about as "forbidden" as Coney Island and nearly as popular with tourists. (I recall going through it once in less than an hour. Like the youth at the Louvre, I think that with roller skates I could have cut the time in half.) In 1917, he was restored for three days in an abortive *putsch*, was overthrown again, finally fled to the asylum of the Japanese Concession in Tientsin, and now has been "restored" again by Japan in Manchukuo.

War lords sprang up all over China as soon as the watchdogs of the Dragon Throne were gone. This gave Dr. Sun an entirely new problem in his beloved but bemuddled China. The Flowery Kingdom went haywire before he knew it. The World War kept Europe and most of America busy, and it was not until early in the 1920's that nations began to bestir themselves about getting "back to normalcy." Dr. Sun was more than interested in that idea, so back to Canton he went to begin anew his idea of a government "of the people, by the people and for the people." It was this expression in Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg Address which Dr. Sun used as the germ of his now almost equally famous "Three People's Principles." He organized his People's Party and started new machinery for the Kuomintang Revolution against a newly despotic and corrupt "government" set up at Peking. The other Powers turned a deaf ear to his pleas for assistance—including the very busy men at Washington under the late President Harding's administration.

Dr. Sun found open arms at Moscow. He needed help. The Russians offered men, money, and munitions of war, and Dr. Sun jumped at the chance to embrace their offer, even though it included ostensibly accepting their communal conception of the way toward a better life for the common man. The Russian Advisorate, under our

old friend Mikal Borodin, flourished for a time. The "northern expedition" resulted with revolutionary rapidity. The Kuomintang Revolution left the Pearl River at Canton in the late spring of 1926, and after moving to the Yangtze Valley in 1927, captured Peking in June, 1928, two years after its inception. That is a record, in a revolution of such magnitude.

But Dr. Sun had died. The founder of the Revolution was only sixty years old, but a very tired man when he went to Peking in a last effort to prevent the necessity of a war to achieve his ends. There, in the citadel of the north which was the cradle of the corrupt power which he despised, he died, on March 12, 1925.

His embalmed body lay entombed for a time in a shrine atop an old temple outside Peiping. A special process was used to embalm the Doctor's frail body, and I saw it in the State funeral rites four years after his death, in the casket in which it now lies entombed, outside Nanking. The State funeral rites began in the darkness before dawn of the first day of June 1929. The city of Nanking, ill-equipped to shelter so many visitors, was crammed with humanity. Many foreigners were there, and press correspondents flocked to the capital on that historic day.

Few got any sleep the night of that May 31 in Nanking. The ritual began at three o'clock in the morning. Lady Hay Drummond Hay, an English woman writing her impressions of the event, Karl von Wiegand, veteran American correspondent, and I stood around in a barracks-like building most of the night after twelve o'clock waiting for something to happen. Then we went over to the place where the services were beginning. Only Party members were allowed inside. The rest of us stood outside waiting for the long procession to start to the newly completed mausoleum on Purple Mountain, past the ancient Ming tombs, ten miles outside the city walls.

The funeral procession started just as light began to show in the east. It was deadly slow and took hours to reach the shrine, where entombment took place at high noon. Dr. Sun's body was placed in a hearse at the end of the long line of devout followers. Along a new highway especially constructed for the purpose, the cortège moved through the valley of the Yangtze.

The funeral proceeded at so slow a pace that I decided to go back to the hotel and write a cable to the *Times* about its start, then pick

it up again by motor car at the base of the mausoleum. This I did, and I am going to give you those paragraphs as written there in the early morning hush of June 1, 1929.

> High on the side of Purple Mountain, far from the busy rush of a new nation or the sound of guns in recurrent revolution, the body of Dr. Sun Yat-sen lies enshrined tonight in its final resting place at the spot where the dead Leader often, in life, expressed his cherished desire to be buried.
>
> The final rites began in solemn ceremony before dawn in the Central Party Headquarters auditorium where the body has lain in state for the past three days. The funeral closed shortly after noon with the formal lowering of the great bronze casket into its sunken crypt. Outside, the sun made bright the blue and white granite and marble mausoleum which stood splendid above the Yangtze fertile lowlands.
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> Inside, beyond the high-roofed Memorial Hall and past the huge bronze doors the *Tsung-li's* body lies peacefully below domed walls in a soft twilight which in daytime filters gently in through tiny stained glass windows. Here only a chosen few gathered with bowed heads at the entombment of the Leader's frail frame as it passed forever from human sight. These were the members of Dr. Sun's immediate family and his closest followers, who had been allowed to be near him during the memorial mourning ceremony at dawn within the dim-lit auditorium before day broke over the capital. They included the widow, Mme. Sun Yat-sen; the only son of the founder of the Kuomintang, Mr. Sun Fo; Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, his erstwhile aide; and a comparatively few others close through blood relationships or political association.
>
> A few moments later this little group slowly retraced their steps down the long, sweeping granite staircase and departed along the broad highway which like a ribbon, when viewed from the heights of the mountainside tomb, connects the shrine through the old Nanking city walls with the distant new capital of China.
>
> All through the night preparations had continued for the truly striking program. It was the climax of years of planning. The whole of Nationalist China had spent a week in official

mourning. The wars for the moment were forgotten and the continent has been at peace since the funeral train departed from Peking last Monday carrying the body of Dr. Sun Yat-sen from its temporary tomb outside the ancient capital southward half way across China to Nanking. For days, all Nanking incoming trains and river steamers have been crowded with persons from all corners of the land. Diplomatic missions of virtually every nation on friendly relations with the new China arrived to attend the State entombment.

Long before dawn, soldiers, sailors, Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, gendarmes and regular police joined in seeking to handle quietly the great throngs which filled the capital for this event. The people in a great, long procession marched afoot the miles between the auditorium in the heart of Nanking and the mausoleum along the new Chungshan highway over which the cortège moved at a snail-like pace. This procession began just at dawn as the hearse moved into place toward the end of the line of the living stretching nearly two miles ahead.

Madame Sun Yat-sen (the second), just back from Europe to attend the funeral services for her dead husband, stood alone and unsupported. Dressed in austere black, she walked by the side of her husband's son, Mr. Sun Fo—himself about her own age—and was seen to be weeping silently at this renewal of faith in her husband. With her also were her two sisters, Mme. Chiang Kai-shek and Mme. H. H. Kung. These and other members of the immediate family were hidden behind a black-sheeted shield while they walked from the auditorium in a place set aside for them just back of the hearse in which the casket rested. It was draped in a flag of the new republic under the Kuomintang.

Through the warm spring sunshine of the early June morning, members of the Cabinet, high Chinese officials, foreign envoys, soldiers and others marched in the long trek toward the mausoleum Chinese bands played the dirge. Guns in forts atop Lion Hill outside the walls boomed one hundred and one times in a national salute of farewell. Like a giant dragon at last awake, the funeral procession wound through the city's silent massed throngs into the open countryside.

The procession reached the base of the mausoleum at ten o'clock in the morning, at the end of a six hour march. Here the casket was unloaded and placed on a bright blue catafalque which many silent coolies carried upward to the shrine within the enormous building above. At the tomb, following elaborate and devout rites, those persons especially invited to attend the funeral ceremony filed past the crypt.

The city of Nanking observed three minutes of silence exactly at high noon, and the rites were ended.

Immediately after Dr. Sun's funeral, the men at Nanking turned toward beautifying their new capital. It needed it. Plans were drawn up by Henry K. Murphy and Ernest P. Goodrich of New York, for making Nanking one of the most beautiful capitals in the world. The old wall running its zigzag way across the hills along the Yangtze was to be turned into a modern boulevard encircling the city.

At first it was supposed that the wall would have to go. It was felt even by the Chinese that its presence would retard the city's development. Hence it was proposed then that the wall be razed and the bricks used to pave new streets. When Mr. Murphy, the architect in the city planning program, arrived in China early that February, he went at once to Nanking. One of the first things he did was to announce that he thought purely Chinese architecture should be used throughout in designing the Capital's new public buildings and that the battered old gray wall should be maintained at all costs.

"It is typical of China," Mr. Murphy said. "It would be a great mistake to tear it down. Leave it and we will make a broad boulevard on its top, a most valuable asset in every way to the new city. The wall will thus be useful and at the same time most attractive. By no means disturb it. If necessary, put gates through it at every street, but keep the wall."

So they kept the old wall at Nanking.

The capital, situated on the south bank of the Yangtze River, was a typical old Chinese city of less than a million population. It rambled all along the countryside for miles, with vast open spaces within the wall. Elsewhere, its narrow streets traverse thickly populated sections where the citizens live packed and jammed together in typical Chinese fashion. It is still not a pretty city today, but the location for a

beautiful modern metropolis is ideal. The low hills behind the city rise roundly against the sky, and from the vantage of the Yangtze as one glides past on a steamer the city is not without charm.

Mr. Goodrich, the engineer, originally went to China to work on three tasks in connection with the National Government's reconstruction program These were the Nanking city planning project, the construction of Nanking's port and the development of a port at Canton for ocean-going liners.

"I came out to China to assist in the planning of the new Nanking," Mr. Goodrich said in talking of his work there, "and to give them a practical plan for the construction of ports for ocean liners at Canton and possibly at Nanking. Mr. Murphy and myself are going ahead first on the Nanking city planning program. We are making headway, as he will tell you. He knows more about that end of it than I do.

"As to the ports at Canton and Nanking, I cannot say yet how much they will cost, but possibly it will run into millions of dollars. How they intend to finance this work is none of our concern. We are interested, to be sure, in the success of the enterprise, but I understand at Tientsin they are still working on harbor improvements suggested in a plan laid down ten or twenty years ago.

"Our idea is to survey the situation as practical engineers, and once we have the survey completed to lay down a line of work which will, when carried out, give Canton and Nanking the most up-to-date ports possible. We will, I presume, proceed with this work of presenting the Chinese Government with a practical engineering program for these ports as soon as the city planning program at Nanking is satisfactorily drawn up. The actual construction work of the ports will be done, I believe, by construction engineering firms who are asked to bid on the projects as specified in the port plans I submit to the Government."

It was estimated the construction of the port at Canton would cost at least $10,000,000. The port at Nanking would cost that much and possibly more. Minister Sun Fo, who was first in charge of this work and who retained Mr. Murphy and Mr. Goodrich in America, said the financing schemes covering these projects would be backed by the National Government revenues. Mr. Murphy, an old visitor to China, was strongly in favor of adhering as closely as possible to the old

Chinese style of architecture. He criticized efforts to combine the old with the new western ideas, not because that sort of combination was not a good idea but because, he said to me on this subject, the architects had gone about the combination in the wrong way.

"I became convinced," Mr. Murphy said, "that the chief difficulty with the adaptations already made lay in the fact that their designers had started out with foreign exteriors into which they had introduced to a greater or less extent Chinese features, with the inevitable result that the completed buildings remained essentially foreign.

"I decided we must start out with Chinese exteriors into which we would introduce only such foreign features as were needed to meet some definite requirements. Of the buildings now completed in the Ginling College group at Nanking and of the twenty or more now occupied by Yenching University (at Peiping) my Chinese friends say they are really Chinese.

"In its natural features and surroundings Nanking has advantages enjoyed by few capitals in the world," he added. "In what other capital can we find parallels for the Yangtze River on one side bearing the commerce of two hundred million people, for the Lotus Lake on the other with its picturesquely wooded islands and its possibilities as the park center of a suburban residential development, for the rolling terrain which adds so much to the architectural possibilities of the future thickly built portions of the city proper, for the low hills bordering Nanking on the north and south, and for the culmination of these hills at the west in Purple Mountain, rising 1400 feet in a silhouette of individuality and character? And when you consider that over half of the seventeen to eighteen square miles within the walls of Nanking consists of fields nearly empty of buildings of any kind you will realize how unusual an opportunity is here afforded to achieve a city plan laid out almost on ideal lines."

Mr. Murphy came out to China across Europe and Siberia, visiting some twenty cities en route to Nanking. He studied their city plans with an eye to how to adapt the best features of each to the city he was planning. And he found in the city wall a great traffic artery already to hand.

"Of the man-made features of Nanking," he said, "the most striking is the wonderful encircling city wall rambling for twenty-two miles, undulating gently across the foothills of Purple Mountain,

occasionally dropping to twenty feet in height, averaging forty or more, and for long stretches rising to a majestic height of over sixty feet. Many hundreds of years old, sturdily built of high bricks above a solid granite base, the scene of countless battles for the city, the walls of Nanking are a priceless heritage of majesty and beauty; and my first strong feeling when I arrived was the conviction that these walls must not be lost as the price to be paid by Nanking for its modernization.

"When I found the wall was nowhere less than ten feet wide at the top and measured over twenty-five feet wide for all but a short stretch, with several miles of wall over forty feet wide and already paved with stone, I clinched matters by proposing the use of the entire wall for an elevated motor boulevard twenty-two miles long with ramps leading up at frequent intervals and with parking spaces and refreshment stations where the wall widens out at each gate into a spacious plateau. The accomplishment of this project will give Nanking one of the finest panoramic drives in the world."

Following the original "fact-finding survey," Mr. Murphy began work on the city plan itself, and Nanking slowly is becoming modern.

21 PERSONAL PUBLICITY

AT the end of that summer I left the Far East and came home. It was about time, for perhaps I already had "missed too many boats," as the old saying is among foreigners along the China Coast. After more than five years spent in Japan, China, the Philippines and Manchuria I left the Orient on September 1, 1929—or rather, it was on that Sabbath day that I *started* to leave.

But before leaving China let us look once more at the scene there. It was a hodge-podge of politico-military purposes and cross-purposes. The period of transition in so large a land peopled by so many widely scattered races must last a generation or more. That is why I have named this volume *The Dragon Stirs*. The dragon of China is not fully awake even now—but he is stirring in his sleep. He is partly awake and when his entire sinuous body comes to life, dawn will be over.

That June, in 1929, the men at Nanking were engaged in suppressing the irrepressible "Christian General," Marshal Feng Yu-Hsiang, again. He and the younger Generals in the troublesome Kwangsi Province clique were raising a rumpus up-country at Hankow. The newest breach within the Kuomintang had started in May, before Dr. Sun Yat-sen's entombment at Nanking. In looking through my files of dispatches to The New York *Times*, I find this headline on May 25: NANKING LINKS FENG TO RED PLOT. Others during those otherwise pleasant spring days related how Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek at Nanking pleaded with Marshal Feng to "abide by peace"; how the fate of China hung on Feng's next step, and so on. This rebellion was smothered, and by July, all seemed quiet on the Chinese front. But trouble with Soviet Russia was to occur again shortly, marring my journey back to the States. This was not apparent at that time, so I went down to the Philippines.

There were several reasons for this. One was that I had been

filing my cabled dispatches to New York via Manila, giving a "drop-copy" there to a Filipino syndicate of native language newspapers (chiefly in Tagalog). They were to pay the cable costs as far as Manila, The New York *Times* to pay them from there on to New York. But the Filipino papers did not pay their share, never had since we began this arrangement months before. It was up to me to collect, so I went to Manila—and did.

Another reason for going just at that time was my meeting with Dwight F. Davis, of St. Louis, who had recently been appointed to succeed Colonel Henry L. Stimson as Governor-General of the Philippine Islands. Mr. Davis was passing through Shanghai on his way to Manila, so I got on the same ship and went along. The genial donor of the Davis Cup for international tennis competition—a splendid symbol of good will induced through sports—was a jovial ship's companion and we became rather well acquainted for such a short meeting as that four-day boat ride.

I collected the $2,000 or so due my paper in Manila, bade Governor Davis and Senator Manuel Quezon (now President Quezon) farewell at Malacañan Palace and went back to Shanghai, arriving in mid-July's heat. I determined then to return to America.

In the few days which I spent in packing my things preparatory to the "big push," trouble was brewing between Moscow and Nanking. The Chinese raided the Chinese Eastern Railway at Harbin, in North Manchuria, about that time. The Russians controlled that line, which was connected with their trans-Siberian railroad from Vladivostok to Moscow, and they didn't like this raid a bit. They threatened to invade Manchuria (as the Japanese did later) and there grew up a warlike tension between the two nations.

My troubles had just begun. I had not been back in Shanghai a week when I got dysentery, which delayed my departure. By the time I got out of the hospital and on my feet again, it was nearly the end of August, 1929. I cancelled a tentative passage on the O. S. K. Line via South Africa, and sought instead to get to Europe across Siberia. But a state approaching war existed in Manchuria by then. It was necessary to go via Vladivostok—and there were no Russian consular officials in all China, not even in Manchuria, to provide me with the very much needed passport visa. I determined, nevertheless, to go on up to Vladivostok, thence through the Amur Valley over the

top of Manchuria and down again, joining the trans-Siberian line proper at the town of Chita. It was this route I took, without a Russian visa. None could be obtained in China, but I relied on the advice of a Soviet press colleague. That turned out to be a mistake, but he could not help it.

It was a good thing to be getting away—really away—at last, after so many years filled with so many rapidly occurring experiences. These just happened, and they occurred to anyone who was in the Far East then; but I must say events seemed to crowd on each other's heels in those years.

One other reason that I *had* to go was that before I went to the hospital one local Shanghai paper ran an item that I was leaving on a boat via South Africa the next day. I went to the hospital instead! When I got out almost a month later, at the American Club and the Columbia Country Club where I went with friends again to say farewell someone invariably said: "You still here?" One paper ran a picture of a bespectacled missionary about that time with my name under it, and the caption that I was leaving the Orient. You may imagine the comment, which included: "My, my, *such* a change—and ill less than a month, too!" Of course there were many other sides to my departure, but things like that bordering on the ridiculous and the lighter side left me with relish for the new adventure.

My diary of the way in which I left China is the best way to give you the complete picture of the "return of the native" to New York.

SUNDAY, September 1, 1929:

ABOARD THE S. S. *MODESTA,* At Sea:—I left China today . . . after two years, seven months. . . . Arrived in Shanghai from Tokyo on Sunday, Feb. 6, 1927, for the U. P. Today, in a "Walla-walla" launch with Carolyn Converse and Victor Keen of the New York *Herald-Tribune,* I came aboard the S. S. *Modesta,* an Anglo-Danish steamer bound for Vladivostok—and across Siberia and Europe, and the Atlantic . . . home! Five years here and in Japan is enough. I'm glad to be on my way. Had a farewell dinner at the Majestic Hotel last night, Vic being host . . . just a quiet little affair—Vic and Miss Chaplin, 'Gina and Bruno Schwartz and Carolyn and myself. Home at dawn

. . . hurried final packing—and so to the ship . . . Morris Harris (A.P.) came to the Customs Jetty with us.

There are six other passengers, all Russians. One introduced himself as a man who, Rover of Tass agency said, would help me get a visa at Vladivostok. Took a chance and came on this trip without a visa, wiring Walter Duranty at Moscow. Our Captain is a Norwegian just out from Europe with an arms shipment . . . long in South America, and sings the praises of Rio de Janeiro. . . . To bed early and very tired, after talking with the Captain about the unfair new U. S. A.'s shipping subsidy, the beauties of Rio, etc.. . . I arrived and left China on a Sunday. . . .

MONDAY, September 2:

Up at noon and after tea and toast in my cabin, on deck to walk a bit and read. . . . Ship's virtually deserted. The *Modesta* is a far cry from the *Pres. Pierce* which I came out on in 1924. Tea at four and feeling a bit ill . . . rolling quite a bit, but so far not so bad. My Russian shipmates assure me I'll have no trouble landing at Vladivostok. They played Ma Jongg after dinner tonight—and later we sat and had a gay time in the smoking room. To bed rather late after much "Walla-walla," including an argument with our Captain as to the merits of the English language He insisted it was the best, most expressive speech in the world, while I said it was one of the worst, lacking the exactness of the French or even some Chinese languages. . . .

TUESDAY, September 3:

We are halfway to V., steaming peacefully across the Japan Sea with Korea plainly visible off our port bow, low, gray, misty. . . . Little fishing boats dot the flat surface of our ocean, their tiny sails bellied to the slight breeze—appearing like the prints by Japanese artists. The water is a gray-green again after yesterday's peculiarly deep blue characteristic of the tropics. . . . And strangely enough, we ran into countless schools of tiny flying fish! Never saw those but in the tropics before. On deck today after tiffin in my cabin, to read *Modern Chinese Civilization,* by Dr. A. F. Legendre, translated by Elsie Martin Jones in Tokyo. It is a very general plea for intervention in China by the Powers;

but he, like others who're supposed to know and have suggested this, offers no program. . . .

Music on the Victrola in the Captain's cabin after dinner. He provided also H. G. Wells' *Mr. Britling Sees It Through,* a book on Britain's going into the Great War which I read until the China-boy evicted me from the dining room at ten o'clock. On deck for a breath of air. Many stars, but a very cool, black night. . . . The Big Dipper off our port bow, very low in the sea. To my bunk very lonely, somehow.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 4:

Mr. Britling and I had a cool, pleasant day of it. I like Wells most of the time. Heavier clothing was comfortable on deck. Getting rather restless and eager to get ashore. A monotonous trip, this. Well, Vladivostok early tomorrow is one consolation. Still wondering about my visa. My Russian shipmates are confident. . . "sure no trouble," they say.

THURSDAY, Sept. 5:

We are now in Vladivostok for the first time. Just as soon it's my last, too. What a ramshackle town! But a beautiful, a truly beautiful natural harbor, landlocked, its hills rising light green above the placid water. It has marvelous possibilities, but nothing's been done to beautify it or the town. The harbor freezes solid in November and isn't ice-free, they say, until late spring. Hard to realize Vlad. is about the same latitude as Rome! And—we have *no* visa today! And that's no joke in this case. Because the authorities civilly but just as definitely said: "You must not come ashore without a visa. Cable Moscow again if you like. We've heard nothing. But in the meantime, it's the *Modesta* for you." So here I sit alone with my thoughts, a virtual prisoner on what is now my private yacht. I should have an answer one way or the other by Saturday to a cable I sent Moscow again today through the capable Mr. Volchek of the Russian Dalbank, who accompanied me to the Foreign Agent's office and the Police Department of Passports. Or rather, I accompanied him. He told my tale of woe and negotiated and finally told me the result. He certainly was obliging, but I can't help feeling that I'd have done far better on my own, with a

pure but simple interpreter rather than a guardian. Still, it was very kind of him. . . . We drove to the F. A.'s office in an ancient droshky over a rough, cobblestoned avenue badly in need of repair and up a suburban-like lane down which small freshets ran digging treacherous holes in the dirt road which caused us to pitch about like a ship in a gale, and most perilously too. Made it and back without a mishap . . . damned clever, these Ruskies, driving. And so back to the ship for a late tiffin alone. And a nap, for I got up early to go ashore, and the jolly old Customs johnnies appeared at 10 a.m., instead of the advertised five o'clock on the bulletin board! They always do. . . .

They okayed my luggage without difficulty, but insisted on locking up my files in one of my small travelling bags . . . God knows where they've got it now; somewhere in Vlad. . . . I hope it comes back. They may be reading all my cables, mail stories, et al, for years to the *Times*. . . . My Captain and I had dinner in state tonight; then he and the first officer, Mr. Irwin Hansen, quite a remarkable fellow, went ashore for what turned out to be a bit of a night out, rolling in with the dawn. And so to bed. . . .

FRIDAY, Sept. 6:

Why I ever, as I did on Wednesday, thought Vladivostok would be a consolation God only knows. It's beastly, and if I don't get off this —— —— ship before long I'll go mad. Loading and unloading interminable great boxes of tea all day and night! No sleep . . . no NOTHING. For less than that I'd chuck this European tour and go right home, very angry. . . . Funny to look back on, okay . . . but these unending days and nights are the worst I've known.

SATURDAY, Sept. 7:

Ashore today. Looks as though something has happened. A flunky came aboard about four p.m. and after some trouble getting an interpreter said that he had a pass permitting me to land at once and go anywhere I liked. Fine. Also, he had a message requiring that I call at the so-called "Central Control Point," Passport Division, at nine a.m. on Monday. My guess is that they got word the visa is okay and that I get it Monday. Fine

—with one fly in the ointment: they may insist I take the Express on the trans-Siberian line Monday night for Moscow, while I would a lot rather wait a week here, dead as it is, for the Bristols. The ten-day trip across otherwise may be mighty dull, from all accounts. . . . Rained all day but let up a bit about five p.m., and with Captain Jorgensen, our skipper, and one bag, went ashore. . . . Registered at the Versailles Hotel on the main street. Not too bad, but no Ritz at that. Room at five rubles a day, with a bath of sorts down the corridor. We ordered dinner in the room—only way, no dining room—and while a Chinese boy got me some rubles for my Mex. dollars and fixed the chow, we took a stroll. Met Capt. C. of the S. S. *Arica,* another Norwegian skipper, on the corner, with his "little wife," a rather sweet though sad Russian girl, and the four of us back to the Versailles for chow. This came slowly, but in immense quantities—the boy had put a whole chicken in for chicken soup! Talked until midnight.

SUNDAY, Sept. 8:

A week yesterday since I had a proper bath—the boy apologetically told me this bright Sabbath morn, "Velly sorry, no bath today . . . holiday . . . tomorrow can do." And so another of these towel and "sponge baths." Even when I get to it, from what I've seen, this hotel tub is no dream. Even so, I feel better today than in weeks. Cool, sparkling day, not a cloud in a great blue sky. A tiffin-tea of sorts, with soft-boiled eggs and the inevitable brown bread (horrible, heavy stuff, all that's available here now) and with Mrs. M., a Russian woman among our *Modesta* passengers en route to Moscow, to the ship to see about my luggage. Decided to leave it aboard until I see what happens at the Passport Office tomorrow. Ashore and a decision to go by excursion train into the country for the afternoon. After forty minutes by train in a crowded wooden-benched car crammed with holiday crusaders along the coast of Amur Bay, off and into the arms almost of Mr. Babinstov (?), also a co-passenger, and his brother and wife who own a cottage at this sea-side resort. They asked us to tea—so through the green-wooded hills to their cottage, and as pleasant a tea as could be imagined—"tea" being

cold meats, tinned and otherwise, and vodka, with steaming hot Russian tea in tall glasses after—which I'm getting to like immensely. It was chilly when we left to catch the 7:36 p.m. train back to Vladivostok. We went to a Russian movie tonight —all Soviet propaganda—and had more tea and meat balls and a sweet for dinner later. So back to the hotel, and to bed—which I had to make. It had not been touched since I left that morning.

MONDAY, Sept. 9:

Judge Allman has come and gone. Got in town today on a Japanese steamer from Tsuruga and I missed him at first . . . taking my bath. . . . He came again to the hotel about six p.m., having got his ticket for tonight's train . . . too late now to cancel it and he went on to Moscow. And I still have no visa. . . . Saw the Passport Division chap. No word, but wanted me to fill out an application blank. I did, and he'll phone me if and when anything happens. This uncertainty is getting mighty old.

TUESDAY, Sept. 10:

My interpreter, a young American chap, strange to say, of Russian parents, stranded alone here, came along about three and we went in search of Gatesman, the Foreign Agent . . . then to the Japanese Consulate to see about going to Japan tomorrow to get a visa at Tsuruga, and return here with the Bristols and take the same train. . . . No can do. . . . Got Gatesman on the phone and finally made an appointment for ten a.m. tomorrow. Sent Duranty another urgent cable. Hope something happens soon! War rumors thick as flies at the coffee shops and elsewhere in town today. . . . Chinese may fight. . . . Battle going on along the Manchurian border since the eighth, they say . . . also around Habarovsk. . . . Feel out of touch with everything in this place, for the first time in years. . . . Odd feeling, this idleness of mine right now. . . . Recruiting hurriedly going on here now. Soldiers everywhere—singing, marching through the streets. Looks ominous. Hope it doesn't hold up the train service . . . not before I get across—if I ever *do* get that visa.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 11:

Got action today! Met Gatesman at the office at ten a.m. with Christensen of the Great Northern, and Gatesman had got

a telegram from Moscow telling him to fix me up. He did a lot of telephoning and we went to the Passport Office and all was apparently okay. Filed another application, which Mr. C. wrote out in Russian, and paid twenty rubles and gave them a photo. Get my passport back with the visa on Friday. . . . Tongue in cheek until then, but believe it's finally fixed. With Interpreter Paul to *The Red Banner,* a Communist sheet . . . then over to the *Modesta.* Never walked so much or so far in one day in all my life . . . all over town on multifarious errands. . . . No word from Duranty. To a cinema with Mrs. M. tonight . . . left at half-time. She told me tonight she was a soldier in the Czar's army in 1915—wounded nineteen times during the World War. . . . Remarkable woman. To bed early, very tired.

THURSDAY, Sept. 12:

More bad news. A doleful cable from Duranty in Moscow intimating F. O. there refuses passport visa—on what grounds God only knows. . . . After Gatesman's attitude yesterday and his urgent insistence at the Passport Office here that they give me one at once, else he gets into trouble in Moscow, entirely inexplicable. . . . Christensen's for dinner tonight, and he and Horrdon were still optimistic. Am supposed to get my visa at noon tomorrow. On the strength of all these things, moved trunks in from the *Modesta* today. May have to move them right back tomorrow! Splendid chow at C's, and later bridge for a couple of hours. Everyone is certainly amiable and accommodating.

FRIDAY the 13th!:

Got the visa today! With Mr. C. to the Passport Office at noon—and everything was okay. Got my U. S. currency changed into rubles at the Chosen Bank. To the German Consulate where I got a visa for Germany good for one year. I'm trans-Siberia bound on Monday—what a load off my mind.

TUESDAY, Sept. 17:

We're on the way to Moscow, and at the moment are stalled at a little place called Red River Station, just a few miles from Habarovsk, after midnight on a cold, moonlit plain. Had tiffin Sunday with Admiral and Mrs. Bristol, just in from Japan . . .

also dinner and to the train at eleven p.m. Met Captain J. on the way there. Found two trunks cost me 166.50 rubles baggage fare! To Moscow, alone . . . almost as much as my own railroad ticket and sleeping car, combined, to Berlin! That was a blow. . . . Finally all aboard at twelve midnight and ready to go . . . Christensen and Horrdon also down to see us off, and two or three more. I'm alone in my compartment so far. Get a partner at Habarovsk. Hope he's not got much baggage; these compartments are small. . . . One likable chap on board is a Swedish engineer, long a resident of China, going home.

FRIDAY, Sept. 20:

Ought to keep this up every day . . . but not much of interest. Hour after hour of rolling prairie . . . routine of eating, resting, walking, etc., getting a bit of exercise at the various station stops, and chats with the other restless passengers. Passed Chita today . . . ran into "Nick," chap who barbered at the American Club in Shanghai. Stranded up here and can't get back now, due to the war. Country is different now. We're in Siberia proper. More villages than through the Amur Valley, the rich yellow land cultivated, and fences all along. Before there was nothing, hundreds of miles of hills, forests, no cultivation. Dreary and cold. Had our first snow yesterday. Trees turning yellow and red in a profusion of fall colors along the Siberian countryside; much like the middlewest at home. The moonlit nights up here are wonderful, clear. A full yellow harvest moon comes up at dark, as we chase the reddening, setting sun into the West toward Europe, and fills our yellow world with a soft light. The forest trees nearby along the tracks, or track—it is single, so far, across most of Siberia—march by like black shadows. Six more days to Moscow, and I'll be glad when we're there. We set the clock back an hour a day now, Moscow being six hours behind Chita.

MONDAY, Sept. 23:

Uneventful weekend, with our trip more than half over. Improving my Russian the while, if any, with an ex-Colonel of the Czar's army, a somewhat attractive and very blonde ballet dancer from Leningrad, and a Russian-Jew who speaks German

and acts as interpreter for me. Learned *Rose Marie* in Russian, which is no small feat, everything considered. We pass a number of villages and some sizeable cities now and then. Take exercise at every stop, and buy cheese, sour cream and butter; some roast chickens, too. The Admiral is an indefatiguable investigator of the station restaurants and invariably comes back laden with loot —the produce of the hamlet. We get to Moscow on Thursday. Happy thought: a bath!

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 25:

Through the Urals last night and into Europe today. Moscow tomorrow morning. Sent Duranty a wire asking him to get reservations for me and the Bristols at the Grand Hotel there in Moscow . . . there's *always* a Grand Hotel in every town, it seems! Bought a couple of trinkets . . . semi-precious stones and the like, at a town called Sverdlovsk last night. Today got a wooden cigarette case at another station in a district famous for its woodwork. Can't realize tonight's last night on train. The countryside now is really beautiful . . . well kept up and cultivated . . . not like the wild steppes of Siberia's plains . . . millions of fir trees. The world is still safe for Santa Claus! The trip across has been delightful all the ten days . . . got into a routine, with tiffin daily at three p.m. The nights came on amazingly fast . . . the days fled by in no time. . . . Moscow in the morning, with pleasure—but it's been a quick and enjoyable trip to Europe from the Far East. In a way, I'm sorry it's ending.

THURSDAY, Sept. 26:

We got to Moscow about ten thirty this morning and if it hadn't been for Eugene Lyons of the U. P. we'd be at the station yet! He was there and fixed everything about luggage, etc. Left my trunks at the station, and with Mrs. B. and lots of bags (they were wise and took no trunks) took a taxi to the hotel. I've not too bad a room, though with no bath attached, for ten rubles a day. Mrs. Buergin, wife of the General Motors chief at Paris, *en route* there, couldn't get a room, not having wired ahead as we did, and as she wanted to take a bath I let her use my room while I bathed in the rooms of Carroll Binder, of the

Chicago *Daily News,* who combines his office and rooms at the hotel in one suite. And while the trip was not bad, after that bath I felt like a new man again! The day was clear, but cold as hell, at least after Shanghai's mild climate near the tropics. Had tiffin with Binder, Deuss of I. N. S., and others. Planned to tour about town with the B's after tiffin, but missed them while trying to help Mrs. Buergin buy a ticket from the border to Paris. Tonight to the Moscow opera with the Bristols and Binder. Began at seven thirty and lasted until twelve thirty a.m.! Got our money's worth there. Opera House is a massive building . . . opera singing excellent, especially choruses. . . . Saw "Boris Godunov," Moussorgsky's opera of old Russian court intrigue. The B's and I had supper at one a.m., and after a dance with "Ma" Bristol, to bed late and very tired. . . . Duranty was in Berlin, returning from Paris. Back on Sunday. The B's go to Leningrad Saturday p.m. I've decided to go on to Germany on Sunday evening.

SATURDAY, Sept. 28:

This is a fascinating but fearfully depressing spot. This week end we have been seeing the sights in more or less tourist fashion, except we have not had time to go *into* the museums, churches, factories, and the rest on the beaten tourist track. We've driven about town, however, and seen these places at, so to speak, arm's length. The Kremlin off the Red Square we "did" in about two hours, or a little under This is far from the record, which the tourists are cutting down all the time. Soon they'll be running sight-seeing buses through it in ten minutes! One must have a pass to get in here for the Kremlin is the seat of government. In here one may view the windows of Lenin's study in the Government building on the left, while "on your right, ladies and gentlemen, is an old cannon," the chill voice of the professional guide drones on while an all-American party of at least thirty rather bored citizens gazes about the campus-like square formed by ancient buildings, churches, Peter the Great's playhouse, etc.,—and yawns. The Kremlin, while not so hot, must have been really magnificent in its day: it still is a massively impressive place, with its gold-covered, mosque-like church

towers, the square where the emperors of old were christened when Moscow was the capital, the place where the Czars were crowned, ruled and lay buried—now guarded by Red Soviet troops and machine guns. . . .

MONDAY, Sept. 30:

Out of Soviet Russia at last. We crossed the border into Poland at Stolpce at ten a.m.

Met Duranty a moment on his return from "outside," as the correspondents or anyone else stationed in Moscow terms a visit to any country in the rest of Europe. Then I had to dash for my train to Berlin, going via Warsaw for a brief halt between trains there, where I had a glimpse of their Unknown Soldier's tomb with its perennial unquenched flame and the inevitable wreath of honor. My train companions, one an Englishman and the other a young American engineer, agreed that it was great not to have to talk in whispers any more, now that we were out of Russia. It is. And to see men and women with smiling faces and silk stockings after the cotton-clothed, cheerless appearing Russian girls so drear in their native setting.

Here I shall skip my diary's lengthy account of my doings in Berlin and my unexpected trip down to Paris when I had planned to stay longer in Germany and perhaps write something then about the Orient and its affairs. I planned to sail from Bremerhaven on the North German Lloyd liner *Stuttgart* for a leisurely crossing to New York, but events which I did not control—nor cared to particularly after a five-year sojourn out East away from life as we know it in the Occident—caused me to spend three weeks in Paris. They were delightful weeks, but I sailed at last from Boulogne for home, and wrote:

FRIDAY, November 8:

ABOARD THE S.S. *STUTTGART*, At Sea:—We're two days from New York, being due on Sunday, the 10th. Saw all I care to of Europe for now in the past three weeks in Paris, and after a week on board this slow packet I shall be ready to get back home. Met an interesting German-American chap on board named H. P. ("Heinie") Lohmann, formerly with the

Standard Oil in Shanghai, a stock broker in San Francisco. Knew many of my friends in China, and we talked of old times out East. Weather so far excellent on the North Atlantic for this time of year. . . . Not a day of sea-sickness for me . . . but we've rolled quite a bit several times . . . must be a better or wiser sailor.

On board the S. S. *Stuttgart* are a Mr. Lukes and his two young daughters, Sarah and Susan, of Quincy, Ill. . . . These girls were at Christian College in Missouri when I went to the State University at Columbia there years ago . . . they knew "Tige" Brown, "Unc" Benson, etc., very well. . . . We also had considerable to chat about from those days very distant to us all . . . funny coincidence. . . .

My diary ends abruptly with that remark, "funny coincidence." We docked in New York a day or so later on November 10, 1929.

22 THE "BOY EMPEROR" RULES AGAIN

THE Japanese seized Manchuria's peaceful Three Eastern Provinces of China in the fall and winter of 1931-32 and restored the "Boy Emperor" to the throne of his Manchu ancestors on March 1—an historical date in marking the Manchu invasion of China below the Great Wall. It was on this date in 1644 that they began their "Ching Dynasty" or "Pure" rule in Peking.

The "Boy Emperor" had been living in peaceful seclusion as a "guest" of the Japanese in their Concession at Tientsin for several years, since his precipitous flight from Peking's uncertainties. He was in bodily danger there even before the Kuomintang Revolution, and with the aid of the Japanese he got away. Still, it was something of a case of out of the frying-pan and into the fire—for he has never been free since.

He was a virtual prisoner at Tientsin. Then when Japan "pacified" Manchuria and really became deadly serious in her plan there, he was enthroned at Chang-chung, now called Hsinking, the new capital in northeastern Asia.

The "Boy Emperor" had no more to say about his being whisked away from the calm of Tientsin to the maelstrom of Manchuria in 1932 than you did. It was for "the state," an Oriental conception of pure patriotism, that the youth, who had been known for a time before his overthrow in the original revolt against his Dragon Throne as Emperor Hsuan T'ing, became Emperor Kang-Teh. Himself, he preferred to be known as plain Mr Henry Pu-yi, and during his "retirement" in Peking and later in Tientsin that was the cognomen he used. But one born as the "Son of Heaven," cannot be plain Mr. anything for very long. The Orientals are funny that way. If you are the Son of Heaven, you've got to *be* the Son of Heaven so that the common people may have something to *kow-tow* to down here on earth.

That is the chief reason there was no major complaint voiced by the Manchus or the Chinese peoples when "Henry" became their new "ruler." They liked it. The Emperor in the Orient is worshipped as well as revered. The Japanese have the same conception in their devout bowing to the Emperor Hirohito, whom they believe a direct descendant of the Sun Goddess. The Occidental races have an affiliated religious belief often expressed in the "divine right of kings."

In the "restoration" in Manchuria March 1, 1932, Japan grabbed Manchuria as she had so long carefully planned to do. About that time, I was just getting settled in Washington. The trouble had started before I got there. Japan reported the now historic "Mukden Incident," when her South Manchuria Railway track on the border of that city was said to have been torn up by Chinese. Troops were rushed to the spot from all quarters, reaching there in a surprisingly short time from the chief Manchurian base at Dairen.

The "incident" occurred on September 18, 1931. In a few hours the Japanese seized control of Mukden with her railway guards stationed there and reinforcements. There was heavy fighting all that fall and far into the winter, but by spring the Japanese had everything under control. Their Ambassador to the United States, Mr. Kenkichi Debuchi, daily assured our Secretary of State they had "no intention of annexing Manchuria." Colonel Henry L Stimson professed to believe his bland, ever-smiling assurances

In a way, the Honorable Mr. Debuchi—short, rotund, smiling, and a "good scout"—was right. The men at Tokyo did not annex Manchuria in so many words. They simply saw to it that the people in Manchuria "wanted independence" from China—a phrase even the average American could understand. We wanted *our* independence once not so long ago, too, and got it. Thus we find that "the people" changed the name to Manchukuo and themselves proclaimed their new "independent State" the day that the "Boy Emperor" ascended his new throne in Hsinking. Tokyo had nothing to do with it—officially. But "unofficially"—well, what do *you* think?

That day they (the people), with Japanese "advisers," gave young Mr. Henry Pu-yi an Imperial announcement, or "Rescript," to read while he prepared to sit down on his new throne. It read that he ("we") was ascending the throne "in conformity with the wishes of the people, and complying with the will of Heaven." And the new

State was born. Japan extended *de jure* recognition officially several months later, in the Protocol of September 15, 1932, just a year after the "Mukden incident"—which was rather fast moving in such a game of politics.

Early in January of 1932, the Japanese got into trouble down in Shanghai. This first "Shanghai War" caused weeks of startling news again—and it took Japan's troops rather longer than they had anticipated to quell the stubborn Chinese resistance led by the now famous Nineteenth Route Army at the mouth of the Yangtze River near Shanghai. That outbreak began when a Chinese mob on January 18, 1932, attacked five Japanese in Shanghai, including two Buddhist priests. The Japanese sent a Marine patrol ashore to "pacify" the situation, and the "war" was on. Correspondents from all over the world flocked there again, including Will Rogers, Floyd Gibbons and scores of others. And I was recalled from Washington to handle the tremendous volume of cabled dispatches pouring in from the correspondents out there for The United Press Associations.

They kept me swamped day in, day out during that "show" in January and February of 1932. The news poured in at all hours of the day and night. On January 20, the Shanghai Municipal Council in the International Settlement proclaimed a "state of emergency" in the foreign area. Most of the fighting occurred in Chapei, the native Chinese city toward Woosung and the Pacific. The League of Nations was informed of the "virtual state of war" then existing. There was nothing "virtual" about it to the men in the firing lines! The Woosung-Chapei battle outside the Settlement lasted from February 20 to March 1, but the armistice ending that bloody affair was not signed until May 5, 1932.

The fighting had long been over by that time, however, and I went back to the White House in Washington, D. C., the March previous to the Shanghai armistice. (I had joined the United Press on my return to America, and in 1931 was assigned to the White House to "cover" the Hoover Administration.) The "restoration" drama of the "Boy Emperor" in Manchuria intrigued me, and what it meant to China and the future of the Orient. It still is a strange piece in the tangled pattern of our times, and I want to go into the life story here of this hapless pawn in the shifting panorama of the

Far East . . . the unbelievable history of the man who'd *not* be king, if he could help it.

This slender, frail youth, his yellow face thin and pale behind spectacles, stood in the Throne Room of his Manchu ancestors at historic Chang-chung, ancient capital of Manchuria, that spring day in 1932, and took the oath of office as nominal ruler of another shadowy realm. This was the new and synthetic Manchurian-Mongolian state of what was first called for a brief time Ankuo, "Land of Peace"—sponsored by Japan, vigorously rejected by China, and not recognized diplomatically by the rest of the world.

Gongs sounded through the palace at one time gay with pageantry of another and more colorful day. Their sonorous, deep booming welled through the wintry streets of Chang-chung in the heart of Manchuria, calling on all to witness that a new ruler had been proclaimed. The date was March 9, 1932. This youth, the last to sit on the Dragon Throne of China in Peking, was recently returned under Japanese guard to the fertile provinces of Manchuria and inaugurated by the Japanese as ruler of that land of his fathers. Prisoner to all intents and purposes these past two decades in the hands of the Japanese, Henry is now their unwilling puppet in Manchuria, forced to a position of nominal power, to which he never aspired.

The Japanese by a bold military adventure had ejected one young man as a ruler of Manchuria and placed another in his stead. By a paradox of fortune, the youth who was eliminated is the son of the man who, at the beginning of this century, played a major role in the overthrow of the Manchus who now reign again. It was poetic justice that the Japanese returned Henry Pu-yi to a semblance of power. Thus, fantastically, at the turn of the wheel which put them there, Henry and his wife, Elizabeth (bizarre names which the Son of Heaven chose for himself and his bride) now play at ruling in the Manchurian provinces, much, be it repeated, against their will. Their real names are Hsuan T'ing, the "Boy Emperor," and his Number One wife, the former Princess Kuo Chia Si, daughter of a major-general under the old régime in Peiping. He selected her, oddly enough—and little in his life is not odd—through a beauty contest. But more of that later.

Both Henry and his pretty wife would far rather go abroad,

preferably to the United States, to live quietly as students than rule the Manchus under the thumb of the Japanese. Henry is thirty-seven; his tiny, beautifully aristocratic consort is hardly more than thirty. They are modernized rulers of the Orient, speak English, go to the movies, and have as their first wish in life a desire to be left alone. They have found once more, however, that life for a man unfortunate enough to have been ruler of the ancient Celestial Empire of China is not that simple. And the palace at Chang-chung is now the presidential abode of Henry and Elizabeth—the White House of a new state, however unstable. Its courtyards are unkempt compared with their pomp and ceremony of yesterday. There is little to recall the splendor of brighter days before the Manchus marched southward, swarmed over the Great Wall and conquered China—only to be absorbed themselves.

The "throne room" of their new residence was the scene of the inauguration. Two great golden seals were presented to Henry—the seal of State and the Regent's seal. A small group of Chinese and a few Mongolian princes gathered for the unreal ceremonies. These men, with the "aid" of Japanese advisers, also present, were responsible for the whole show. The ceremony was brief. The youth greeted the audience and spoke a few words prepared for him. He swore to uphold the new State. The Son of Heaven had become (again oddly enough to stir his honorable ancestors in their ancient tombs) head of a democracy of sorts—a dictatorship, actually, held together by bayonets but based on the theory of eventually making Ankuo a democracy.

All his life, Henry Pu-yi has been flitting from throne to solitude and back again. Events of great moment occurred to him when he was too young to understand what it was all about. He was only three years old when he ascended the Dragon Throne in Peking. He was born merely the heir to one of China's principalities but was chosen by the old Dowager Empress to succeed her nephew, the Emperor Kuang Hsu. The three-year old infant knew nothing of the great pageants and the acclaim that was accorded him and little of the rest of the ceremony which was a picturesque part of his coronation as an Oriental potentate.

He was still a very small boy when he was first removed from the tottering Dragon Throne. The revolt against the Manchus succeeded

in 1911, and only four years after his enthronement the "Boy Emperor" resigned. His abdication meant nothing to him at the time, and he could have known nothing at the age of seven of the significance that his signing away an empire had in the march of world affairs. Upon abdication, Hsuan T'ing became plain Henry Pu-yi and retired into the moated Forbidden City. There in the heart of the Tartar City of old Peking, surrounded by gleaming yellow roofs, marble terraces and stately palaces with their solemn Ming dynasty masonry, he studied and carried on.

Meanwhile the wife of Kuang Hsu, the uncle whom Henry succeeded as emperor, had come into the title of Dowager Empress. She held this post at the time of the abdication, but shortly thereafter died. At her death, crafty Chin Fei, Kuang Hsu's "golden concubine," was left as head of the women in the Imperial household. She was virtually supreme in deciding the life of the youth during the years he lived in the Forbidden City, where even his own father and mother, the Prince and Princess Chun, were not permitted. The influence of this concubine colored his early days and formed another part of the weird pattern of his life.

The terms of Henry's abdication were not entirely unpleasant. He retained his title of Emperor and was guaranteed by the Republic the same respect as was due a foreign sovereign. He was to receive $4,000,000 (silver) a year, which at the time was approximately $2,000,000 in United States currency, as compensation from the Republic for confiscating his rights and crown. But he rarely if ever got anything from the shifting cabinets at Peking, and had a difficult time financially.

Henry also retained his private property under the abdication terms. This kept his court in the Forbidden City going. He had to sell a great deal of the timber and other valuable things to continue. The throne also received gifts from loyalists, and he managed to subsist. There was even a somewhat pathetic attempt at recapturing the splendor of the old court life—but the lamp of his fortunes flickered and went out.

The boy lived quietly in the Forbidden City for some years, knowing nothing whatever of the sinister intrigue going on all about him after the revolution. It approached the surface innumerable times, and the outbreak in 1917 which restored him to the throne on

the brief crest of its tide was inevitable but, to him, a complete surprise.

The monarchy was reëstablished for a fleeting moment, and President Feng Kuo-chang had to run for his life. He chose the Dutch Legation as a refuge. His insecurity was short. The troops of the new Republic routed the Imperial forces three days later and the "Boy Emperor" was again relegated forthwith to the inner confines of the Forbidden City. Little did he think, perhaps, how forbidden that city was some day to be to him. He was only thirteen years old then, and doubtless unfettered by fancies of grandeur.

From 1917 until the fall of 1924, Henry lived in an atmosphere of high intrigue, yet all about him was apparently calm. During these seven years he never left the Forbidden City so far as is known, but spent his days in study and in exercise of the sort possible inside the palace grounds. The pretense of his court was maintained and he was fawned upon by the courtiers. Now and again he rode horseback, reports from within said. Other reports said the extent of this exercise consisted of the boy's being set on a small Mongolian pony which was then led slowly through the stone-flagged grounds by two careful attendants.

With his modern tendencies, Henry must have become more than "fed up" with his sequestered life. But it was essential and part of his fate, for it must be remembered that within the ornate walls of the Forbidden City he was still to all intents and purposes the occupant of the Dragon Throne and ruler of the Celestial Empire. The loyal attendants, the ladies and gentlemen of the phantom court, the eunuchs and the maidens could not bring themselves to think of him otherwise.

Intrigue, some petty and some sincere, was their life blood. There was, for example, a tremendous argument over whether the youth should wear spectacles. One faction in his court held that spectacles had never been worn by any other emperor of the dynasty and that the device certainly could not be necessary at this late date. The former Dowager Empress was most strenuous in her opposition to the innovation. But Henry, never strong, had become a constant student. He used his eyes day and night, reading. A court physician ruled that if the boy's sight were to be saved Henry had to use spectacles whenever reading. The physician settled the controversy,

but his decision caused no little hard feeling in the Imperial household.

It was their biggest problem in months.

Thus, drama, tragedy and tragic-comedy filled the life of Henry Pu-yi, all without the slightest volition on his part. He has never willed himself into a dramatic, tragic or comic situation. He would run far from one or all three. Yet always this youth has paid the penalty of being the last Son of Heaven.

One touch of tragedy which he remembers occurred in October 1921. An official court statement reported the sudden death of Princess Chun, his young and still pretty mother. She died of opium poisoning. The Princess, the brief report set forth, had committed suicide. However that may be, her death came as a result of a quarrel with Chin Fei, the "golden concubine" and, as I have said, virtual Empress Dowager. The reports of the quarrel were not clear as they seeped from the jealously masked lives of the "court" in the heart of the Forbidden City.

The trouble, it appeared, was over the selection of a bride. Chin Fei looked with favor upon a matrimonial alliance between Henry and a daughter of the new President of China, certainly a strange combination to most ways of thinking. The youth's mother, however, preferred her son to wed the daughter of Yun Liang, her nephew. The boy himself, it appears, also had ideas about his marriage. He wanted to wed his own mother's younger sister, in other words, his aunt. Still, being a patient youth, he said he would abide by his mother's choice.

Chin Fei was not a little incensed at the turn of events which in the end upset her schemes. Bitter words followed. Prince and Princess Chun stood by their son. The quarrel continued for three livid days. Then Princess Chun died suddenly. They said she had committed suicide. The "Boy Emperor" left his seclusion for the first time to attend his mother's funeral on October 31, 1921. He was very pale that day and seemed frail and scarcely ten years old instead of sixteen. As the catafalque of his mother was lifted, he knelt on a rug of lambskin and bowed thrice toward the coffin. He was frightened, but maintained an air of utmost dignity.

Time passed and before long Henry Pu-yi was again searching for a wife. He had his way this time. There was no meeting with the girl, no courtship such as is known in the Western World. But a

departure that was even more startling was made in his selection of a bride.

Henry held a beauty contest! He ordered the twelve most beautiful Manchu princesses in China to have their photographs taken and sent to him. The youth, Imperial judge of this remarkable array of Oriental pulchritude, at last ended the suspense by choosing Princess Kuo Chia-si. Her family was obscure but of princely Manchu blood. The match was regarded as a love affair. Descriptions of the Princess said she was the most beautiful Manchu girl in the world. She is small and slender. Being a Manchu she does not bind her feet which, however, are naturally small. The "Girl Empress," is quite modern in one respect for (and this is also because she is a Manchu) she uses cosmetics, including rouge, freely.

The law of the Ching dynasty rules that only a Manchu may become the wife of an Emperor.

The Empress has hair of the jet-black sort so prized in the Orient. It is long and luxuriant, reaching to her knees. It is doubtful that she would bob it even were she to come to America some day, as she wants to do. Her features are well formed, the nose being almost aquiline. Her eyes are large and brown, gazing out from beneath sheltering heavy lashes. They are not slanting, at least not on the exaggerated angle common to Orientals. Her face is oval, with softly rounded chin. She would be charming anywhere, and judged by Oriental standards is more than beautiful.

In the early hours before dawn of December 1, 1922, they were married. Such pomp and splendor are seldom seen anywhere. The princess came to her lover carried over the yellow-sanded, narrow streets of Peking through the Great East Gate into the Forbidden City. Yellow lanterns flickered in the darkness and a yellow moon on the wane peered down with half an eye at the exotic proceedings. From atop the dragon chair of yellow silk in which she rode a Golden Phoenix, symbol of the Empress of China, spread its great wings. She sat behind drawn curtains that her face might be veiled demurely from the public gaze.

Thirty-two sturdy men carried her from her father's house to the Imperial palace. Golden sand along the way, yellow silk everywhere —yellow is the "royal purple" of China—an event of such magnificence could take place only in ancient Peking. A few blocks away, the

foreign colony still reveled to the strains of a modern dance orchestra in observance of the St. Andrew's ball.

The marriage rites themselves were simple. The Princess and her "Boy Emperor" sat side by side on the Dragon Bed, he on the left and she on the right. They exchanged golden cups containing wine and pieces of soft wheat bread. The ritual is symbolic of long life and a blessing on posterity. Their honeymoon was spent in the confines of the Forbidden City, the extent then of his lost empire.

Henry Pu-yi is the name he took as a result of his study of English history. He had a British tutor, and one day on impulse Henry decreed that his name should no longer be Hsuan T'ing. He took the name of Henry after one of his favorite English kings. He gave his wife the name of Elizabeth—and Henry and Elizabeth, strangely enough, ruled in the Forbidden City as long as the leaders of the Republic permitted.

"Henry" seems to suit this diffident youth much better than his Imperial name and title. He is a serious young man, rather nice looking, always shy with strangers; he has his hair cut western style, brushed back in a stiff pompadour, and has an air of always striving to be extremely friendly with everyone Henry and his bride lived happily for nearly two years before the tangled skein of their queer lives caught them up again and whisked them off on new adventures.

It was in the autumn of 1924 that Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang, the so-called "Christian General," turned on his own chieftain and with characteristic gesture captured Peking. In his rigorous philosophy there was no place for emperors of any sort. Himself a peasant pulled up by his own bootstraps, Marshal Feng set out to eliminate the "Boy Emperor" and his bride once and for all. Henry and Elizabeth fled into the Japanese Legation. Even this asylum was none too secure.

The Japanese, however, by that time saw in Henry a valuable pawn for their own maneuverings in the political intrigue in the East. They decided to get him out of Peking.

The shifting of the pawn began when the Japanese spirited Henry out of the Legation Quarter in Peking on February 24, 1925, and hurried him before dawn on the road to Tientsin. It was dark when they started. Peking slept. A light flickered and was gone as a man in uniform snuffed his tiny lantern and slipped cautiously across the terrace to a waiting motor car. "All ready," he whispered in Japa-

nese. The man at the wheel nodded. The other retraced his steps and, opening the door whence he had come, spoke in low tones to someone inside.

A moment later a group of three or four filed silently out and followed their guide to the machine. Through the gateway and down the street, the car proceeded slowly through the Legation Quarter, on through the black night which seems blacker just before dawn. They gathered speed as they fled in that early morning solitude, hurtling on through the Tartar City and, more slowly now, on until the gates of Peking were reached.

They had no trouble there. The gates opened for the day—they are locked every night, even now—and the machine fled past and on to the open highway. An uneventful trip over some eighty miles of wretched roads, and the "Boy Emperor" had arrived at Tientsin and safety.

The "Boy Emperor" was guarded closely and his life kept a deep secret at Tientsin. It was even somewhat presumptuous to insist that he actually was there. Some doubted it, and he was a phantom figure after his mysterious flight from the old capital. Even persons who were living in Tientsin then seemed not to have any clear notion as to just where he was. An American army captain, now back in the United States, who had been on duty in Tientsin with the 15th Infantry, represented the typical foreigners' attitude toward Henry Pu-yi.

An American transport in the Oriental service had just reached Nagasaki, in southern Japan, and the officer was one of two in charge of the shore-leave watch. Some of the men might get lost in Nagasaki. It is a beguiling city, although nearly deserted now as far as foreigners are concerned. I was there on a holiday at the time.

At the Nagasaki Club, essentially British, we were guests of the United States army quartermaster stationed there. The officers were using the Club as their headquarters.

"How is the Boy Emperor?" I asked.

The captain had heard of Henry. He was quite sure the youth was in good health. But then, nobody ever saw him much. He drove about the city, that is in the foreign concessions, but the officer really did not know just what part of town the deposed ruler lived in. British Concession, he thought. But after all, nobody paid much attention to Henry.

"He doesn't amount to much," the Captain commented, and he appeared bored with the subject.

Well, there was little to say further about that. Henry at the time, at least on the ominously calm surface of things, did not appear to "amount to much" The king was dead, it seemed. Yet very much alive, as developments showed. The Japanese wanted him for high schemes and he was swept along toward his strange destiny.

It was about this time that leaders in the new régime at Peking demanded Henry's execution as a menace to the new State. It seemed strange that they should fear this studious youth and see in him a powerful enemy; yet they may have had inklings of the dreams of the monarchists which centered around his frail figure. The Republic's orators denounced Henry as a schemer and a traitor and demanded his surrender. Henry, for his small part, reiterated that he never wanted to be emperor again. But the radicals declared that he was an ingrate and that he had attempted to assume the throne. It hardly seemed plausible, this avowed fear of his potential power. Yet here is the telegram circulated by the Peking government at the time, in the spring of 1926:

"WHEREAS PU-YI, DISSATISFIED WITH THE ESPECIALLY LENIENT TREATMENT METED OUT TO HIM BY THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT, DID ONCE ATTEMPT TO RESTORE THE IMPERIAL RÉGIME AND IS NOW TRYING TO ATTAIN HIS AIM AS IS SHOWN BY HIS SECRET DEPARTURE FROM PEKING AND BY HIS ASSUMPTION OF THE TITLE OF 'EMPEROR,' AND

"IN VIEW OF ALL THE EVIDENCE THAT HE IS CONSPIRING AGAINST THE EXISTING RÉGIME,

"THEREFORE, THE GOVERNMENT SHOULD TAKE STEPS FOR THE IMMEDIATE CANCELLATION OF HIS ESPECIALLY FAVORABLE TREATMENT AND, IN ORDER TO NIP IMPERIALISTIC INTRIGUE IN THE BUD, DEMAND THE SURRENDER OF THE 'EMPEROR' WITH A VIEW TO HIS EXECUTION, TOGETHER WITH THAT OF HIS FOLLOWING, ON THE CHARGE OF HIGH TREASON."

There was some truth in the charges in the telegram. The "Boy Emperor," as I have said, was actually returned to the Dragon Throne in 1917, but only for three days. And he had nothing to do with that. Furthermore, he actually is called "Emperor," as in this article. It is doubtful, however, that he thinks of himself in that way. It merely

is a term, rather than a title, which presents itself most readily when describing him, but otherwise is meaningless.

Meanwhile, the Japanese held him practically *incommunicado.* I tried to see him in Tientsin in the summer of 1928. A secretary at the old red brick, western-style house in which he was living insisted politely but firmly that it was not possible. Henry lived a secluded life, protected jealously from all outsiders by his new masters.

The years dragged on while Henry and Elizabeth built air-castles by the sea and hoped for a chance to go abroad. Their money dwindled. Gifts from loyal Manchus and others once affluent at the pompous court of ancient Cathay were far smaller and less frequent. The courtiers themselves found the new order hard and faced personal privation. In the end, these gifts practically ceased and Henry was all but dependent on an alien host when moved to Manchuria. The gilt wore off his cage with the passing years.

The Japanese bided their time. Some felt that Henry was becoming too much of a burden. They continued, nevertheless, to hold him prisoner. They treated him well, but their respect for him ebbed rapidly. The Oriental spits on a fallen idol. They remained cordial but not too polite to their fallen Imperial hostage.

A few years ago, for example, Henry let it be known that he intended to visit Japan. Notice was promptly given that he would be received only as an ordinary citizen, and that he would have to stop at hotels wherever he went. Henry had expected better treatment with at least some pretense in Japan that he was a person of royal lineage. Or if he personally did not feel so strongly on the point, persons close to him did. Tokyo, however, was at peace with the new Peiping régime—and Henry cancelled the trip.

Civil war swirled around about him in the last few years while he looked on, helpless, as usual. Chinese war lords, men of the race he and his Manchu ancestors had ruled, tore at each other's throats. Their armies battled up and down China. These men, some of them patriotic in a sense but the majority of them out for loot and glory, are the sanguine aftermath of the generation that overthrew the Dragon Throne. They disrupted a form of government and sent the "Boy Emperor" scuttling for cover. They came into power before they had a man or a system sufficiently strong to replace the Son of Heaven—

an infant, yet a symbol, even a religion—that held the vast, loosely knit Celestial Empire together with some semblance of unity.

Henry fled for his life. The Japanese saved him, held him until they were ready, and now have placed him at the head of the new state in Manchuria which Tokyo controls. And not once in these amazing years has Henry had a word to say about it.

What of the future? The ancient glory of Peiping falls rapidly into decay. The bustling commercial port of Shanghai lies wasted by war. China is a bankrupt nation in more ways than one. The factions halted in their mad clutching for power long enough to present a semi-united front toward the Japanese at Shanghai but their bitter enmities still smoulder, ready as this is written to burst again into flame and set Chinese armies once more on the march.

The Chinese peoples are tiring of the ineffectual attempts year after year to be ruled by Western civilization's conception of equality and a republican form of government. They are beginning to feel that it is like many other novelties invented by the "foreign barbarians" outside the Great Wall. None can foretell what they will do, these Chinese. Nevertheless, it is as certain as Kismet that they are going to settle this business one way or another one day.

The Chinese wait a long time. They suffer untold miseries. But in the end they usually separate the wheat from the chaff rather well. The Chinese, pacific peoples really, want peace. They had centuries of peace until the revolution of 1911 overthrew the Manchus. And that is a thought which comes to the countless millions now crushed under the painful and costly heel of militarism.

The Japanese seized advantage of this rising tide of hatred for the war lord type of ruler of China. The move in Manchuria was but the forerunner of a greater plan. Japan has puppets in erstwhile popular factions among the Chinese to build a stable government once more below the Great Wall of China. The monarchists also are active again. They and the Japanese, vague rumors of intrigue relate, may join forces to place Henry Pu-yi once more on the Dragon Throne in Peiping. Tum-ta-ta-tum-tum, tum-ta-ta-tum—beat the drums of his curious destiny. Yet none now can answer the query:

Will the twisted impulses of the East restore the "Boy Emperor" to his Peking throne as a man?

23 THE ROAD AHEAD

THE sturdy little men of Japan, since their comparatively easy seizure of Manchuria in 1931-32, proceeded with ever increasing speed and amazing success toward achieving their age-old ambition—to conquer and maintain complete control over all China. The campaign was planned in Tokyo for years.

There was nothing new, then, when the second "undeclared war" in the Shanghai area broke out in the summer of 1937, and Japan moved in. The only thing really unexpected was the actual date—for the Chinese leaders at Nanking and elsewhere had long expected the Japanese to attack in their next move of aggression on the continent of Asia. None, of course, knew just when or where the attack would occur. Nor did the Japanese themselves know these specific details while they were playing their wily waiting game. I must, however, grant in all fairness, that the ambition of the Japanese is only human—too human. Admitted, the details of their armed action are too often more inhuman and horrible than otherwise—but armed men commit excesses on any part of this globe's surface, and the Japanese are no exception. A man in battle is literally mad—regardless of race.

Naturally, I do *not* contend that the "undeclared war" is fair to China. In fact, ever since I first set foot on Chinese soil more than a decade ago I have been considered pro-Chinese. I am hardly that, either. I am "pro-" nothing. I plead guilty only to being a realist.

From this purely objective point of view, I must admit that the Chinese themselves are largely to blame for their own plight. They simply cannot seem to become united and stay that way. At the moment, yes, they are united. But only against a common foe, Japan, the despised little island neighbor off their long and rich coastline there in the Pacific. They fight shoulder-to-shoulder against this invader, who mows down the stubborn soldiers of "Free China" and has set up a puppet régime controlled from Tokyo. This régime would,

the Japanese insist, *enforce* peace in the Orient, with Japan as chief-of-police.

But let Japan be defeated, let Japan for any reason on earth withdraw her persistent and fanatic soldiery from China, and the Chinese in less time than it takes to get this into print, will be at each other's throats again with an even more bitter vengeance than they have fought the troops from Dai Nippon. My Chinese friends—and they are legion here and abroad—will say that in this view I am unfair, biased, possibly even pro-Japanese. When one is not entirely on one side or the other, he is likely to find himself suddenly regarded as "pro-" the other side in any cause, politics or war, love or hate—you name it! I simply state again that I am a friend of China, seeing her faults as well as her virtues.

I myself *want* China to be united. I want, for that matter, the whole of our unsettled world to be united—but as long as human nature is constituted as it is, heaven help us if we don't have police in our cities to check crime, and soldiers on all frontiers to avert invasion.

The second "undeclared war" on the Shanghai front began August 9, 1937. The Japanese were not looking for it at that moment, but they were ready. What Japan wanted most at that time was peace below the Yellow River, in North-Central China, to permit her to get on with her program of setting up yet another "independent" and "autonomous" state in the five provinces extending below the Great Wall—Shantung, Hopei, Shansi, Suiyuan and Chahar. But another "incident" occurred in the Shanghai area and the second battle of Shanghai, the showdown, was under way. The first Shanghai war was won by Japan and settled by a truce in 1932, when the Nineteenth Route Army was finally routed by the Japanese and fled south. Incidentally, these brave Chinese fighters who were hailed for a time as the "saviors of Shanghai," a year later were themselves threatening to start a civil war against the Central Government at Nanking. Only hurried conferences and probably the use of "silver bullets" (money), as is customary there, prevented that little brotherly quarrel from becoming critical within China's vast domain.

Japan seems now to have gone far toward permanently achieving her goal—the control of all China, with the destruction of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, founder of the Central Government at Nanking in

1927. General Chiang was all along for conciliation, no matter how far Tokyo went in her demands, and therefore was denounced as a spineless puppet of Tokyo, a traitor to his trust as leader of the New China.

General Chiang merely knew that China could not fight a winning fight against the better equipped and better trained Japanese troops on land and sea and in the air. The General favored letting them take the five northern provinces, leaving Nanking and Shanghai untouched. I believe he felt that in a comparatively few years there might be a chance to start a revolution in the north against the Japanese and win back China's lost territories. But his hotheaded underlings wanted to fight.

The Japanese accommodated them—and the result was as the General predicted, heavy losses for China. Japan crossed many foreign interests in Shanghai and elsewhere. As a result, the Japanese are not popular now. They are the *bête noir* of the present.

Let me make one prediction: I do *not* think the United States, or any other power on earth is going to go to war to stop Japan in her march on the Chinese, at home or anywhere else. There will be boycotts and more boycotts, yes. There will be high indignation, ill-feeling, sentimental uprisings of an outraged Western world here and there. But Uncle Sam is not going to send young men into the Far East to die for the temporary protection of our commercial interests out there.

Of course, Rome and Berlin were in sympathy with Tokyo from the beginning in the Second War. They regarded Japan as the stronghold in the Far East of the tenets of Fascism—a bulwark against Communism in the Orient, as they themselves are in Europe. The Chinese, then, had a lost cause as far as world *action* was concerned. The League of Nations was impotent. It lost prestige in the Italian conquest of Ethiopia, before that, when Japan annexed Manchuria. In fact, it was the League's failure to back up China then that gave Premier Mussolini much of his feeling of security when he decided to acquire Ethiopia.

World *sentiment* is another story. In the United States, for example, sentiment was all for the Chinese. Sentiment in America is ordinarily for the under-dog, and it was even more so than usual in the Japan-China war. But world action—*nil.*

Japan was "very sorry" for stepping on foreign toes, including Uncle Sam's, around Shanghai. But nothing was done, aside from Japan's paying a small indemnity for foreigners killed in the war zone.

Japan began her long-conceived program of aggression at the expense of China toward the end of the last century. The first war between Japan and China occurred in 1894-95. Japan took over the island of Formosa (called Taiwan, in Japanese, now). It is a semi-tropical isle below Japan, toward the Philippines and was inhabited largely by savage headhunters in the interior. Then Tokyo forced the Chinese to make Korea a temporarily autonomous nation which Japan took over ten years or so later, naming a Japanese governor-general at the Korean capital of Seoul. The next step was the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-05, which Japan also won—again probably by the lavish use of "silver bullets" among the Russian troops of the old Czarist régime, fighting on the Manchurian plains far from Olga and home. Japan seized control of South Manchuria and took its Railway Zone north as far as the halfway mark at Chang-chung, now known as Hsinking, and made capital of Manchukuo in 1932.

Ten years after that Russo-Japanese War ended, while the world was busy with the Great War in Europe, Tokyo made her now notorious Twenty-one Demands on a supine China, powerless to resist. The "demands" were discovered by an alert United States press service correspondent in Peking, Frederick Moore. He gave their text to the astounded world. The uproar was so terrific even during the European war that Japan backed down and bided her time.

She even signed the Nine-Power Treaty in 1921-22 at the Washington Conference called by Charles Evans Hughes, then Secretary of State. The pact "guaranteed" the territorial integrity of China and the famous "Open Door" policy of equal economic opportunity there. Japan withdrew her forces from Shantung Province, occupied as her spoils of war when she stepped into the German-controlled port of Tsingtao. But not for long. Japan went back into Shantung again when the Kuomintang Revolution led by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and inspired by the late Dr. Sun Yat-sen, swept north across China from Canton in 1927-28. General Chiang once told me that Japan's occupation in 1927 of Tsinan-fu, capital of Shantung Province, had held back the Chinese revolutionary armies and delayed their capture of Peking for a year. The Japanese subsequently withdrew

again—but in the present war to a finish she renewed her campaign in Shantung, especially at Tsingtao and Tsinan-fu.

But China herself, after the Kuomintang (People's Party) Revolution had captured Peking from the northern war lords, was soon divided among her own factions again, as always. There were recurrent insurrections within the Party, beginning with the Wuhan Rebellion up the Yangtze River shortly after the fall of Peking in 1928. The revolt was quelled, only for Nanking to find other factions springing up and taking arms against the newly formed Central Government there. The Chinese Communists continued a thorn in the side of Chiang Kai-shek, as well, even to the present. Unity was far from achieved.

The Japanese took cognizance of this and of the world economic depression spreading among the western nations—and in the fall of 1931 began the seizure of Manchuria. She "restored" the "Boy Emperor" to the throne of his ancestors at Hsinking in the Spring of 1932, and crowned him Emperor Kang-Teh there on March 1, 1934. Then, on one pretext or another, she moved into Jehol Province, north of the Great Wall. The conquest there was equally simple, with little or no opposition by the Chinese. Jehol was added to Manchukuo as another province in that new buffer State.

Japan's next move was to set up the Hopei-Chahar autonomous régime in these two provinces overlapping the Great Wall into Inner Mongolia, in 1935. This area was demilitarized, China keeping a so-called Peace Preservation Corps of soldier-police in the vicinity; and Japan had the makings of yet another "independent" State in North China adjacent to her puppet state of Manchukuo, a buffer against possible attack from Soviet Russia. Japan feared Moscow more than the Chinese, and does now.

The Tokyo campaign in 1935 and until the start of fighting near Peiping—to use the revised spelling of the ancient capital—was made to get control of an "autonomous State" composed of the five provinces down to the Yellow River. An "incident" was the immediate cause of the outbreak of fighting. Causing "incidents" has been one of Japan's most frequent methods of providing a pretext for warfare in Asia. The "incident" occurred on July 7, 1937, during and after night maneuvers by Japanese troops in the demilitarized zone in Hopei. They clashed with Chinese in the Peace Preservation Corps in the

vicinity of the Marco Polo Bridge about nine miles outside the walls of Peiping—and the war was on, though not "declared."

Japan wanted to keep the fighting localized in North China and achieve her new "independent State" there—but another—this time I believe unexpected—"incident" occurred in the Shanghai zone about a month later, and the second Battle of Shanghai began August 9, 1937. A Japanese naval officer in their Yangtze Patrol led a landing party near the International Settlement, ostensibly searching for a missing Japanese. The landing party tried to force an entrance into Hungjao Military Airdrome outside Shanghai. A clash occurred with Chinese defense troops there, the officer of Japan was killed, and other troops wounded. And the second Shanghai war began.

The fighting in North China in the Peiping-Tientsin area was soon overshadowed by the Shanghai warfare. Foreigners, including hundreds of American women and children, were evacuated from Shanghai. Some were killed, many suffered wounds in the air raids and bombardments by both sides at the start of the clash. The American steamship *President Hoover* was bombarded, but not badly damaged, in the fighting. (She later went on the rocks off Formosa, when American mercantile shipping began a voluntary boycott of Shanghai as a port of call during the height of the fighting, and was pounded to pieces. Her passengers and crew were saved.) The Japanese rushed reinforcements to their naval and army forces already at Shanghai. After weeks of severe artillery bombardment and air attacks on the city, including the International Settlement and the French Concession, the Chinese troops withdrew. Shanghai was a prize of war for the Japanese—her greatest victory in the generation-old campaign in China.

The Japanese immediately marched westward up the Yangtze River toward Nanking and, after little or no opposition at Soochow on the way, captured the Capital. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek fled in an airplane with his wife, the former Mei-ling Soong—beautiful and most influential woman in China. The Government which Chiang had formed in April of 1927 had already evacuated Nanking, scattering to the west. A field-headquarters type of wartime Government was set up temporarily at Hankow, 600 miles up the Yangtze in the interior of China—with the more permanent capital established at Chungking, in Szechuan Province, on the border of Tibet.

Japan continued her ruthless campaign to subjugate all China.

Troops seized Canton far to the south. In Shantung, they captured Tsingtao, chief port of their old stronghold there, and Tsinan-fu, the capital. A "mopping-up" drive followed, with Hankow one major objective. The United States Embassy at Nanking, headed by Ambassador Nelson T. Johnson, moved to Hankow and then to Chungking with the Central Government.

In Shanghai, fighting ceased and the city began to look to repairing the incredible damage done by weeks of artillery and aerial bombardments. The loss of lives and property was tremendous.

The doom of the white man as a little tin god in the Far East was sounded by the Japanese action in China. The prestige of the men from the Occidental world had long been fading. The victory of Japan in and around Shanghai was the finishing touch—a new milestone in their advance upon the long-sought objective: "Asia for the Asiatics!" At the height of the Shanghai conflict one Government member in Tokyo voiced the general feeling among leaders of Dai Nippon. He was the Home Minister, Admiral Nobumasa Suyetsugu. He frankly asserted in a public statement in the press of Japan that the "white races should not carry on trade in the Orient based solely on their own self-interest." He insisted that world peace depended upon what he called "the liberation" of the colored races of the earth from white supremacy.

In Shanghai, one of the first practical applications of this attempt to eradicate the white man's influence in the Orient was the immediate demand that Japan be granted control of the Municipal Council ruling the International Settlement there. The Council had been controlled since its inception in the past century, by the British—with American and Japanese members; and, in the last decade, with Chinese at last admitted to sit as regular voting members of this body. The Japanese maintained, in pressing these demands, that apparently the Council either was not serious in its desire to protect Japanese lives and property within the International Settlement from "acts of outrage" by the Chinese, was unable to give adequate protection to the Japanese residents, numbering thousands there.

Cornell S. Franklin, an American, was Chairman of the Council during the troubled years of 1937-38. He sought to mediate, taking the Japanese demands for control under consideration.

The peace terms which Tokyo will lay down after the "undeclared

war" in China are still nebulous. They will doubtless be known soon enough. One widely circulated report said the terms would be "such as would make China completely subservient to Japan without technically violating the Japanese official assertion that Japan has NO territorial ambitions in China." Another current report at the height of the fighting said the Japanese "extremists" demanded:

> 1—Recognition of Manchukuo and formation of an economic bloc among China, Japan and Manchukuo.
>
> 2—Formation of autonomous, anti-Communist administrations in North China and Inner Mongolia, both under Japanese "protection" but controlling all their own taxes and customs revenues.
>
> 3—Appointment of a Japanese Inspector-General of Customs in China, and of Japanese advisers in all national and provincial departments; and revision of Chinese tariffs to promote an exchange of Japanese manfactures against Chinese raw materials.
>
> 4—Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek to step aside for a pro-Japanese President of China, and China to join the anti-Communist bloc comprising Japan, Germany and Italy.
>
> 5—China to refrain from possessing an army or air force of warplanes; a special Peace Preservation Corps to be formed for internal police functions; and all commercial air services to be managed by Japan, the Chinese airlines to get their planes from Japanese plants.

Some of these five points sound strangely like those included in the original Twenty-one Demands mentioned above. Aquiescence by China certainly would give Tokyo complete control of that country, as the Japanese have long desired. And the Open Door of equal economic opportunity, long a major plank in the United States policy toward the Orient, would swing shut with a bang.

The United States became involved in the Shanghai warfare when the Japanese sunk the U. S. S. *Panay,* a gunboat on our Yangtze River patrol. She was evacuating men, women and children from Nanking on Sunday, December 12, 1937. Japanese warplanes repeatedly dropped aerial bombs on the doomed warship, and she went to the bottom. At least three people were killed in that "incident"—two Americans and one Italian. Three Standard Oil tankers nearby likewise were bombed in the air raid and sunk in the deep Yangtze.

The Japanese planes attacked while the *Panay* and the oil tankers were sailing away from the war zone at Nanking. All were plainly marked with American flags. The *Panay* of course flew her United States flag from her mast. In addition, she had others stretched on her deck awnings plainly visible to the Japanese military airmen.

President Roosevelt, through Secretary of State Hull at Washington, insisted on a full explanation and assurances against a repetition of this tragedy. Japan's assurances have proved of little value.

British gunboats likewise were bombarded by the Japanese and, like the ill-fated *Panay,* subjected to machine-gun fire after the raids. These included the H M. S. *Ladybird* and H. M. S. *Bee,* of the British patrol. One British sailor at least was killed and others were wounded. On shore, British soldiers were killed in the Battle of Shanghai by shells landing in their sector in the International Settlement. But nothing happened They got nice funerals.

What happens next is unknown just now, even probably to the Japanese high command. Certainly, to pleasant Emperor Hirohito in Tokyo. He is a man of peace, I think—but his ambitious, or patriotic, if you insist, leaders in the military clique see in the present hour the time for Japan to emerge as the greatest power of the twentieth century, if not all history. And they are out to see it through to the bitter end, regardless of cost in money, men or friendship in the once feared and long admired Western world. One omnipresent enemy to Japan is Soviet Russia. Japan wanted Manchuria in 1931-32 almost as much for a buffer state against Russia as for the natural resources and the controlled market of thirty million potential purchasers which that swift conquest offered And Tokyo wants another "independent" puppet State surrounding or bordering on Manchukuo, one which she can control and which will be another buffer against the Soviet Union, if and when the clash comes.

There also remains Outer Mongolia. This sparsely settled area adjacent to China, Inner Mongolia and Siberia, has long been a Soviet Republic virtually under Moscow's control. The Mongol leaders from time to time avow their independence and even their occasional adherence to China—but the influence of Moscow remains strong.

The Japanese military leaders would like to stop Communism

from filtering into China, and thence across the bay to their island empire founded, they say, by the Sun Goddess herself. For there has long been unrest within the boundaries of Nippon. The labor movement, as yet almost inarticulate, is nonetheless there. The industrial revolution in Japan has been too recent for labor to get well organized. But the military chieftains, fearing just such an awakening and possible eventual spread of Communist doctrines at home and internal revolution, fight the Soviet Union and its principles—with their backs to the Great Wall of China.

Crystal-gazing down the twisting avenue of the years to come in an addled world is dangerous business at best, particularly if we seek to penetrate along that lane which is devoted to things of the Orient. Whether the "Boy Emperor" will be restored to his Dragon Throne naturally is conjectural at this writing. It is doubtful whether the Japanese—who are still pulling the puppet-strings in that show in their section of the world's surface—themselves know.

It is my conviction that such a move is not far down the political horizon in North China. The move appears logical when the pattern to date is traced accurately and the motives behind Japan's desire for supremacy on the mainland of Asia—inevitably at China's expense first, and at Soviet Russia's second—are comprehended. In this volume, I have tried to present them in clear focus with an unbiased perspective. And in completing this intimately told tale of how it happened out there, I believe I shall say here now that the "Boy Emperor" is "going to town" on the backs of the sturdy, implacable little men from *Dai Nippon*—and the town to which he is going is Peking. The date? Some March 1 before too long—an historic day in the lives of the Manchu emperors, as we now know.

There are Chinese also who feel that their land could do worse than return to the ways of their ancestors and try again to rule all China from a strong central government at Peking. The democratic way of life so far has failed in the Orient. It will need more time before its ultimate victory there, and everywhere else in our world. This victory is inevitable. It is an immutable fact in the painful progress of mankind.

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