

UNITED CHINA

MAGAZINE



UNITED CHINA

Magazine

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UNITED CHINA MAGAZINE

ULY

1932



THE COPPER ARISTOCRAT

This is a common scene in China, and one that should point a moral to every patriot. Hunger is the driving curse in a land where food is yet abundant and cheap. It is, in the grim analysis of the times, just a matter of those with coppers and those without. While one who possesses a few coppers can gratify his desires, there are two who stand on the borderline of starvation and cannot purchase even one copper's worth of sugar-cane. While we have such appalling conditions throughout China, we cannot hope to combat the insidious and monstrous foe of disease, and the ravages of traitors who are forced to sell their country and betray their own kith and kin in order to obtain the wherewithal of existence.

<p>EDITOR: V. Y. CHOW</p> <p>ASSOCIATE EDITORS: T. T. KOO S. M. CHANG</p> <p>BUSINESS MANAGER: G. W. CHI</p>	<h1>UNITED CHINA</h1> <h2>MAGAZINE</h2> <p>Official Organ Institute of Journalists of China</p> <p>Published by the United China Publishing Syndicate 9/129 Avenue Haig, Shanghai P O. BOX 1612</p> <p><i>All Communications to be Addressed to the Publishers.</i></p>	<p>編輯 周成貴</p> <p>名譽編輯 顧執中 章先梅</p> <p>業務主任 祁晉五</p>
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JULY, 1932

20 Cents

Freedom of the Press

MOST of us know about the play, or the song, or the picture, entitled "Aren't We All?" The modern world has had quite a long period of enjoyment and amusement in watching China's attempts at modernisation, but the present spectacle of a world literally torn and bleeding from the wounds of intolerance, hatred, suspicion, fear, and money lust, makes us Chinese realise the truth that "Aren't We All?"

It is but a few months since the diehards and the diehard press were frothing at the mouth at what they believed to be Chinese plans for the forcible seizure of the International Settlement, the driving out of all foreign influence, the mischievous activities of the "half-baked students" who controlled the incorrigible Tangpu branches, and the Bolshevistic members of the Government who sought to make China "red" by way of a revolution that gave no liberty or protection to the individual.

The press of the world was deluged with the propaganda of these selfish foreigners who sought not the happiness of the people amongst whom they lived, but utilised each and every opportunity to oppose the enlightened Chinese so that they could the better exploit the masses.

But since the night of January 28 last, we Chinese have had our,—no, not laugh, for tragedy is with us,—feeling of satisfaction in saying to the foreigners, "Aren't We All?" For who was it that broke sacred international treaties, the Kellogg-Briand Pact, the Nine Power Pact and the Washington Treaty, the rules of international obligations, warfare, and the rights of non-combatants? Who was it that threw overboard what the diehard believed to be his invulnerable castle, the neutrality of the International Settlement of Shanghai, and added insult to injury by usurping the sovereign rights of the Shanghai Municipal Council? Why, to be sure, none other than a Great Power and a member of the august body which had been destined to guard such sacred rights.

Though it was the Japanese militarists who plunged the Japanese nation into committing such serious blunders and sold national honor for selfish material aggrandizement, we are not so blind as to place the blame entirely upon them. The foreign diehards in China Treaty Ports should appear in the

dock also as accomplices. For their persistent accusations, a great part of them distortions of truth and effusions of spleen, turned some of their home influences into anti-Chinese channels and bolstered the arguments of the Japanese General Staff to the civil government leaders of Japan and the masses at large.

Finally, who was it that forgot all about Magna Charta and the greatest liberty of modern civilization—the freedom of the press? What body is it that has closed newspapers all over the country, and that continually seeks to stifle the people's voice?

Complete freedom of the press is unknown to-day in Russia, India, the Straits Settlements, the Dutch East Indies, Burma, Germany, Japan, Spain, France, Czechoslovakia, and Italy. In other countries not mentioned the press generally is in the hands of financial and other interests who are not so much concerned with freedom and liberty as with safeguarding the rights and interests of a minority who only seek their own selfish well-being.

Poor China, who but a few months ago was broadcasted as being culpable of such acts, to-day sits in judgment on the modern world and the accused becomes the accuser. For it is an incontrovertible fact that throughout the world to-day, with the exception of China, there is less freedom of the press than there has been for decades.

Witness "United China's" outspoken statements anent our leaders and some of the government's actions which the editors have believed to be inimical to the best interests of the nation. We venture to state that nowhere else in the world to-day would such liberty be shown to the people's voice,—the press. Because we see from day to day how the foreign press are muzzled, it is with feelings of pride that we give credit where it is due and declare our respect for the courage which has been shown by our government leaders in adhering to their promise, made when they came into power, that the freedom of the press would be inviolate.

Because we believe that a free, untrammelled, unmuzzled press is the antidote to the present world economic and sociological poisoning, we are confident that our country will take its part in the convalescence of a very sick and weary patient.

To Save Your Country AND END CIVIL WAR Work And Plan For A
UNITED CHINA
Send In Your Ideas To This Magazine And Do Your Part To Achieve NATIONAL SALVATION.

The Non-Co-Operative Movement in China

While Chinese In Northeast Fight For Sovereign Independence Chinese Elsewhere Do
Nothing To Help

NEVER in the history of the world, has such a curious spectacle developed as that which is before the Chinese people today, when countrymen are fighting for sovereign existence and receive no help whatever in the struggle, from their so-called "fellow-countrymen."

Today, the men of Heilungkiang and of the 19th Route Army, stand alone—the historic few—defenders of their common and national heritage, the only champions of sovereign rights and independence.

There is in store for them bounteous gifts of love and respect from on-coming generations. But for those—their fellow-countrymen who talk grandly but do nothing to help—there is only dishonour, and, possibly, death without the least glory.

The brave men and women of China want to help, but cannot do so because the "Central Government" bars the way! That is the truth.

The whole truth; all the facts can be verified any day, at any time.

The prevailing popular slogan of the Party leaders is "a united front in foreign affairs!"

Unfortunately for the leaders (Party leaders—their slogan is only a slogan and has no foundation in fact). Perhaps the world misunderstands, and regards the Kuo Min Tang spokesmen as the "voice of the people" of China. The present "leaders" do not even remotely represent the people, and the latter in turn are in absolute opposition to the former. What a Gilbertian state of affairs!

The whole system is powerless to effect tangible results. Wrong, because there is so much variance between words and practice. We know Chang Hsueh Liang cannot represent Ma Chun Shan of Heilungkiang any more than Wellington Koo can represent Eugene Chen, and that university principals hold radical views to that of their students. Although these persons belong to the same race, read and write the same language, they are in no sense united, except in the sense of accumulating money—an ability they possess in common with mankind everywhere.

Before a united front can be presented by the nation in foreign affairs, it is obvious that unity at home must be the prior achievement. What's the use of yelling slogans and declaiming about foreign aggression when we are all engaged in fighting our family members in preference to fighting the foreigners? Come on, tell us something we can do to stop this senseless civil war!

What happened to the so-called National Emer-

gency Conference? What has happened to all the "noble patriots" who came to the Capital to serve in "advisory capacities?" And where are our former foreign ministers? They all seem to be having a well earned (sic) holiday in foreign countries, or are sojourning by the seaside to avoid the hot weather!

Well, there is something wrong with China, after all. The truth, is bitter, and most times unpalatable, but it's the truth, alright.

Every time the country has faced a grave national crisis or foreign invasion, it has been the weakness of the national leaders, and not the people, who have failed. When the Japanese came to Shanghai, the populace rose as one man to resist the invaders, but what did the Government do?

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Our Revised Subscription Rates are G.\$1.50 and Sterling 6/0 per annum. Exchange in China, as overseas readers are no doubt aware, is such a fluctuating problem that it is very hard to set a correct rate. However, what we do is to convert the foreign currency received into Shanghai dollars and if there is a surplus above the cost of the paper and postage we carry the amount forward on to the next period of subscription. This, we think, is the fairest way to all parties.—The Business Manager, United China Magazine.

The whole world knows what the Government did. The Government controlled by Messrs. Chiang, Wang Ching Wei et al, "got the wind up" not because the enemy were here, but because they thought the 19th Route Army would rise to power and oust them—the Government—after the war was won.

That's the truth, isn't it?

In Manchuria the situation, happily for China, is much different. There, the Chinese people have a few leaders who are really patriots and not arrant grafters and cowards like the present clique of Kuo Min Tang leaders in Nanking and Loyang. Happily for Canton, their geographical situation averts the approbrious word,—but perhaps they are just as bad.

Mr. Wang Ching Wei informed us last year that it was not advisable for the Foreign Office to reveal the Foreign policy to the people. (This, by the way, from the "champion" of the people's rights and liberties!) He sagaciously observed that, as the people were ignorant of the Government's policies, in which they (the people) were vitally concerned, it was necessary to have an intermediary organisation (controlled, though he did not say it, by the Government leaders) of the type of the National Salvation Congress proposed by the Shanghai Public Bodies. Mr. Wang informed Chinese newspapermen that this would effectively create a liaison between the Government and the people. The organisation was to help the Government shoulder its heavy responsibilities and also enable the people to take part in foreign policy.

In concluding his inspired address to the pressmen. Mr. Wang declared: "If this is achieved, much of the present misunderstanding existing between the

(Continued on page 295)

My Manchurian Adventure

By T. T. Koo, (顧執中)

Part II.

The policy of Japanese obstruction to the League Commission followed two definite rules, one to permit no Chinese belonging to the Chinese Assessor's office to meet Chinese representatives of the citizen organisations of the Three Eastern Provinces, and the other to organise spurious Chinese organisations, composed of gangsters and other disreputable persons, who gave false information to the League Commission. However, the falsity of these matters was well known to the members of the Commission and to Lord Lytton while in Peiping, and judging by the appearance of an editorial in the Manchuria Daily News of April 25th we knew that the Japanese hoped they would be able to have the pleasure of introducing the so-called Manchukuo, which was created by Japan, to the whole world by forcing the League Commission's recognition.....

The Manchuria Daily News hoped among other things that it "is obvious that under the present conditions, the Manchukuo has already a strong foundation which no power can destroy. The Commission will be greatly disappointed if, in searching for the facts and material issues of the problem, it should fail to recognise the Manchukuo.

"On the other hand, it is advantageous for the Manchukuo to dislike the Commission, should it persist in neglecting to introduce the new state to the world. According to the purpose of the Commission, it has not the least intention of recognising the Manchukuo, but still it is under the obligation to admit its existence which would be tantamount to an introduction to the world. This is our aim in welcoming the honorable arrival of the Commission which was organised by the League of Nations. The following, perhaps, may be Honjo's welcoming words:" It is now my turn to welcome the League Commission which comes from afar, across the seas. I understand the League Commission will travel everywhere in Manchuria, and we will deeply appreciate their laborious task, undertaken with the special view of finding the truth of conditions. Seeing is believing, and I believe that the Commission may obtain the truth in Manchuria and pay serious consideration to the welfare of 30,000,000 people. The Commission understands of course, that China and Japan depend upon each other, racially and culturally. I hope that the Commission may come to a realisation of the real situation in the East, so that

the best results may accrue from their good offices and services.

"For 3000 years the nations of China and Japan have lived side by side, closely interlinked, but unfortunately the state of friendship between them has always been poor, none more so than the present. They all must hope that during the short period of the Commission's visit, much would be done to sweep away the clouds and fogs, so that they might assist each other to create a new and everlasting friendship. Since Japan took over and pacified Korea she has been responsible for the Far Eastern peace. I hope that the League of Nations will have sympathy with us, since its only mission is to seek the peace of the whole world. I hope the time may come when all

unsolved problems may be settled speedily. The Spring in Manchuria has come: the farmers who were cruelly treated by the militarists before, may have fertile fields to plough provided they have good protection. I hope the Commission has a nice trip during this lovely weather."

On the 22nd the so-called General Chamber of Commerce of Mukden called on the Commission and delivered a statement as follows:

"Lord Lytton and Honorable Members of the Commission, you came here across seas and over mountains regardless of toiling winds and dusts, we welcome you. We are so appreciative, our humble Chamber, representing the merchants of the whole city, that we are going to propose the following for your honorable reference. Although our education and minds are simple and low, we speak the truth.

"For some time past, the economic condition of Manchuria has been poor, the market weak, while the prices of commodities have risen and the taxes became heavier. Consequently, livelihood was exceedingly difficult. Although, superficially, you may see grand and magnificent

buildings, yet in cold truth it is "empty house." Although we are frequently subjected to tyranny and reduced to crying out against the deplorable state of affairs, there are no visible tears. We are angry but dare not speak anything. Our only story may run as follows: Since the last few months bandits have appeared everywhere, and farmers have been forced to flee in every direction. Business has gone from bad to worse. It is fortunate that all the cruel taxes are now to be ignored and other malpractices



HOT WEATHER FOR NIPPON!

The Samurai find little relief these days in reading the news of Chinese Volunteers' successes against their "crack" troops in the Three Eastern Provinces. Liberal application of Tanakaism's cooling tonic serves only to further heighten the temperature.

avoided, according to a statement issued by the authorities of the new Government. We believe that henceforth business will be more prosperous and the conditions more settled, as everything will take on a new lease of life and liveliness owing to the establishment of the new nation. We hope and trust that you will inform your own Governments of this truth.

"No nation can survive in the world without an 'ism'. We can foretell the fate of a nation by observing its ruling 'ism'. At the beginning of the twentieth century and at the establishment of the Republic of China, our people's fate was entrusted to the theories based on the Three Principles of the People. However, sad to relate, during the last twenty years the nation has been suffering such hardships and tyrannies as have been engendered by the cruel and oppressive policies of the Kuo Min Tang, which curses morality, is 'down' with conscience, and wears the mask of liberty, equality and fraternity of the ideal republican state. It extends to the disaster of the nation, since its administration is mainly carried on by personalities connected with the ruling clique, and all positions are filled by 'family' members. The result has been an increase in taxation—a hundred times higher than those prevailing in the Ching dynasty (Manchu) while the foreign loans have grown at least ten times greater since these elements have risen to power. They use the revenues gathered from the people by fighting the whole year round. As for Manchuria, although it might be a minority in name, the people cannot endure and suffer the cruel actions of the taxation officers. Chang, the bandit leader, at the establishment of the Republic, got very good support, but he sent the poor people of these provinces into fire and water in order to squeeze more money for fighting his enemies. Formerly, there were only \$60,000,000 received as taxes, but since the reign of Young Chang the figure has risen to a billion, all of which has been wasted in civil wars, instead of in education, industry, railways, and other things of urgent benefit to the people. They—Changs, father and son—issued the Fengtien currency notes, sixty times in excess of the authentic figure. The toiling people's money has been squeezed till the source dried up. Sixty Fengtien dollars equals one silver dollar. They deprived the people of interest by establishing the Three Eastern Provinces Bank. The benefits of all speculation and first rises were grabbed by the bank, and the people had not the slightest opportunity to participate in the banking business. The highest officer in the Ching Dynasty only had one million dollars worth of property during a period of ten years, but the property of the Changs' must be today calculated in billions.

"This is the record which broke all existing records from the beginning of time. Where does the money come from? Did not Chang extort the money

from the people? Certainly the richness of the Changs explains the poverty of the people. How could the people exist under these conditions? And yet, the Changs have not the least idea of remorse, but turned their Three Eastern Provinces Bank into golden yen, so that they could make the price of gold rise suddenly; they sold all the bullion in order to make the price low. Changs, naturally, reaped enormous profits during the fluctuation of the market. Many business establishments were bankrupted and business in general paralysed. Chang used his troops to terrify the people, dancing and philandering as usual regardless of the suffering of the people. What a kindness our neighbor, Japan, has done! She destroyed the militarists so that we merchants can be independent of the Changs' and take this opportunity to recover our business. For instance, the shops of Mukden have been mostly closed to business owing to the influence of the gold exchange, but, now, they have the possibility of effecting a new economic development in order to take their proper place in the business and commercial world of the present time.

"For, from henceforth, the people can well forget the 'old master,' greet the establishment of the Manchukuo, and welcome Pu Yi as the leader and Head of the new order. The internal policy is 'wangdau' and the external policy is 'dah-dung' (Wangdau means that the Government is established by the will and opinion of the people and respect to that people's will and opinion all the time. It takes the people's ears as its ear, and the people's eyes as its eye. It always has pity on the people's sufferings, while its pleasures and recreation is with the people. This is a crystal meaning of the Three Principles of the People doctrine, and the real principle of democracy. Dah-dung means that there is no racial differences, together with equal opportunity and the Open Door policy as equal favours. It is the principle without jealousy and envy and most suitable for the present world. Manchuria and

Mongolia have great natural wealth and many wonderful products—and they might become the biggest world market within three years. They might, conceivably, be able to prevent the next world war and so preserve the Far Eastern peace. Thus we think that the nations of the world might have sympathy with us—(signed) Mukden General Chamber of Commerce."

On April 25th the Japanese once more sent Woo Yun Tai and Liu Pao-Ung, the so-called presidents of the Agricultural Society, to call on Lord Lytton, giving as their excuse, "special reasons" of a nature which made Lord Lytton reluctant to receive them. However, Dr. Pelt was requested to meet them. The statements made by these men are summarised as follows: (1) the cruelties and injustices done to the people by past militarists which were unbearable and unendurable by human beings (2) that the Com-



LOOK OUT, CHINA!

It was reported recently that General Honjo, would-be-Napoleon of the Far East, being unable to cope with General Ma Chun Shan, was importing a bevy of "beauties" from Japan to do for him what his soldiers cannot. The coquetry and charm of Japanese geisha are too well known for us to enlarge upon, but we do think that some of General Ma's junior officers might take warning.

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mission should understand the new organisation in order to discover the real situation of the agricultural conditions in the Northeast (4) the differences between the Manchukuo and the Chinese Republic are distinct and geographical and (5) the so-called new Government is going to develop agriculture by devoting a definite sum of money for the rehabilitation of the country.

At 4 p.m. on April 28th the so-called chairman of the Society of Education of Mukden, Ling Lu-Sien,

population, and if Japan is deprived of Manchuria, she cannot exist. In fact, Manchuria is the only place in this world where Japanese can find a livelihood, but these facts we believe, you intelligent and able Commissioners, know already.

"The Chinese Government, especially the old authorities in Mukden, had a well-developed anti-Japanese plan, and the people of our country suffered very much as a result of that plan's success. There are too many examples to mention."

is northern Japan, the Russians have already tried to Bolshevise. If Japan permits that, then Russia will surely succeed in their schemes to Bolshevise the whole of the Far East. There may be people who believe that because Russia did not succeed in the past, she will not succeed in the future. Therefore it is they think Japan should not exercise undue influence in Manchuria. But these people must be wrong. So when Japan started to manage affairs in Manchuria, of course there were many attempting to set forces of disintegration at work, but of course Japan has shouldered her responsibility, and intends to see the question settled in her favour, that is in pacifying and keeping the Far East safe from the Red influence. The world cannot depend on China to do such important work. Indeed, who can take her as an ordinary and properly governed country and negotiate with her? She is confused within herself, and has had revolutions for twenty years, but still there is civil war, and they have not evolved a Government strong enough to control all China.....in fact, they are on the high road to ruin. They have not yet awakened from the slumber of the ages, and despise all treaties made with foreign countries as a matter of no importance. The lives and properties of foreigners in China can never be guaranteed. Therefore, because foreign countries insist controlling by means of having their nationals in high posts on the Customs service, is proof positive that foreign nations have no confidence in China. China, is absolutely useless. How can we Japanese entrust our future in Manchuria to such hands as the Chinese? So, the case of Manchuria is long and complicated, and it is certainly a mistake to say that Japan's recent action is against the principles of the League of Nations.

"We know these things because we usually live among Chinese. Chinese fighting among themselves is a daily affair, and whether it is between militarists and politicians, they always appeal to a third party to intervene. This is their usual practice, and is part of their diplomatic policy. Their purpose is to get the sympathy of other parties. In fact, they utilise every way to break promises. Anybody conversant with Chinese history knows the above mentioned points to be quite true. To utilise a third party is their living philosophy, and it is an important policy in their practice of foreign affairs. This kind of practice, of course, is absolutely worthless. Since the Washington Conference, China has many times utilised international conferences and achieved many successes. And this time they have cunningly utilised the "non-resistance" policy and peace loving mask, in order to utilise the power of the League of Nations, to suppress the proper action of Japan. If you want to reform a child of bad habits, you must take no notice whatever if the child cries for help, so you must take the same attitude towards China. Then, maybe the Chinese will reflect, and wake up to the real state of affairs. Therefore, it is wise to keep a cool attitude towards China all the time.

"Now to recall the first stage of the Manchukuo case. In the first instance, we tried to settle this matter simply by negotiation on two points, the first being the anti-Japanese movement, and the second the Chinese attitude toward the treaties. Had the Chinese been reasonable, these matters would have been already settled. But now conditions have changed, and the manner of settlement also has changed, and for this, there is no help. Recently, China and Japan met in hostilities, and still meet. Chang Hsueh Liang still uses his power to promote unrest in Manchuria. Now, however, Manchukuo has

been established, so to settle the questions there must be a new and better way. To settle the question ignoring the new conditions, will only result in failure. Therefore, it is necessary to know exactly what is the Manchukuo, and also to know the background and history of the matter, for to inspect the question in a small way is useless. You must investigate from every angle. From the national, economic, and international relations, from the historical and geographical aspects as well. The whole story of Manchuria, past and present. And then you will learn that besides being a question affecting the welfare of Manchuria and Japan, it is also a profitable way to insure the world peace. After the League of Nations is familiar with the exact situation and state of affairs in the Far East, other problems will no doubt become much clearer."

As mentioned before, when we were in Peiping, we guessed that when we reached Manchuria, there would be some attempt on the part of the Japanese to influence the Commission. Indeed, it was a foregone conclusion that they would have "representative" Chinese and Japanese organisations like the aforementioned bodies operated by the Japanese themselves, to petition the Commission. They were anxious to describe their ideas, because the real desires of the people in Manchuria had already been suppressed, and, to all intents and purposes, destroyed by the Japanese military police and detective force. Although thousands of Chinese people were living but a few paces from the Commission's Mukden headquarters, there was no way whatever for them to get in touch with either the Chinese or foreign assessors, and quite impossible for them to meet Lord Lytton or any members of the Commission in general. However, according to my observation and impression, Lord Lytton must have already realised the true state of affairs, because he must have wondered why the Chinese in Manchuria acted differently, if not radically, from the Chinese in other parts of China. When the League Commission passed through Nanking, Shanghai, Hankow, Tientsin, Peiping, and even those comparatively smaller and unimportant places like Kiukiang, Chuchow, Yienching etc., on every occasion representatives of the people came and conversed with members of the Commission and with Lord Lytton himself, when the Commission as a body gladly and sincerely received the petitions and accepted the reports personally, but after reaching Mukden, when leaders of the Chinese associations such as "merchants, schools, farmers," etc., came, the members always ordered a secretary or an assistant to receive them and take their reports or petitions. The League of Nations Commission of Enquiry stayed at Mukden for 12 days, the busiest of which were the 24, 25, and 26. The rest of the time was spent in interviewing Honjo about Dr. Koo's entry in into so-called Manchukuo. According to a privately expressed opinion of Lord Lytton, the Commission got very few genuine Chinese reports of expressions of opinion, hence it was almost impossible for the Commission to arrive at any of the facts. Moreover, it is really true what the Japanese said, that Lord Lytton employs exhaustive and efficient methods and systems in making his investigations and in compilation of data. On the other side, the Japanese system or method of destroying the real Chinese sentiment and opinion, is also very effective. Lord Lytton believed that after the Commission returned to Mukden from other places, it would be easier to find the real Chinese opinion and genuine representatives of the people. But any one who knows Japan, and Japanese, will know that it is quite impossible.

Five Minute Fever Again?

By C. T. Young.

"FIVE minute fever" is a title of contempt that foreigners confer on Chinese for their national characteristic. Truly, former facts, especially the patriotic movements, have justified it. Are Chinese nerves all paralysed? Do they really know nothing about shame? Are they willing to be always in such a contemptible position? If not, bestir yourselves! and keep on struggling until this title has been wiped away.

The way of wiping away this contemptuous title is simply based upon the determination of every single Chinese to struggle enduringly in every difficulty, especially national difficulties. No one, but you yourselves can take away your own disgrace.

At present, although China is a weak nation, still she is quite able to make Japan submit to justice. It is patent to every one that there are two ways to make Japan submit. The positive one is military resistance, and the negative one, boycott coercion. Japan can only use her military tactics to fight against China. But, China can, at the same time, fight against Japan with both positive and negative tactics. Although, at present, the military power of China is not so easy to subdue Japan, yet her economical, easy, and the most useful boycott weapon is enough to blow up all the "Rice-bowls" in Japan.

Alas! since the Shanghai Armistice Agreement has been signed, the boycott movement against Japanese goods has become much slacker in many places in China, especially in the north. The dishonest merchants are buying great quantities of Japanese goods again to cheat the ignorant consumers and even themselves. The consumers are buying any thing without careful discrimination.

Dear fellow-countrymen! especially dishonest merchants! Truly, I say to you, the costs of your unpatriotic trade with Japan are the guns, gunboats, and fighting aeroplanes that killed your fellow-

countrymen, even your nearest relatives, and destroyed your property.

Moreover, the authorities of Hankow and some other important ports have suppressed the people's boycott campaign and scattered the "Anti-Japanese Association." Are you willing to be betrayers of China? What a lamentable fact this is! Is it really true that the government has a secret sympathetic understanding with Japan about the abandonment of this best weapon? The people wish to hear your defence.

China's Military and Civil Leaders

"The real enemy of the Chinese national revolution is not imperialism nor the so-called feudal influence. Our country is tormented by five curses, namely, poverty, disease, ignorance, corruption in high places and continued civil war. If we can get rid of these five curses, there will be some hope for China. But the most pressing question of the moment is to stop civil warfare, for unless this is done, it is impossible to tackle the other four curses. Let our slogan be 'down with further civil war.'

"Let us look at our military leaders. Most of them returned from Japan 20 years ago, where they studied three years in a Japanese military academy. Some came from the rank and file, while many others have no military education to speak of. How can these men be our leaders?"

"Again look at our civil leaders. Practically all of them were graduated from law schools 20 years ago. They had never dreamed that some day they would be called upon to be civil servants. Again look at our so-called faithful and loyal party comrades. How many of them can be really considered educated men? Even among our so-called intellectuals the number is few and far between who really know something about their special subjects. Under these circumstances, it is, therefore, little surprising that the country is faring so badly."—Hu Shih.

In some places, the staffs of the "Anti-Japanese Association" are always differing among themselves. Dear countrymen! Are you really mad? Be careful! This will be the best material about the Chinese patriotic movement in the school text-books of Japan and probably other nations.

Have the Three-Eastern-Provinces been recovered? The destruction in Shanghai and Three-Eastern-Provinces can be seen. The sound of crying for our martyrs and non-combatant casualties can still be heard throughout the nation, and their stench can still be smelled.

Have the national disgraces been wiped away? Why do you lay down your best weapon? This is a shortcut to suicide!

Countrymen! Dishonest merchants! especially Hankow and Shanghai authorities! If our martyrs who died for us know your dishonesty and disloyalty to the nation in hell, surely they will be heart-broken on your account, because they are watching us to see whether we are following in their steps. We must not be ungrateful towards them.

Dear countrymen! really, "Five minute fever" again?

Will you be glad to see when China triumphs and wipes away all national disgraces? The success of that rests upon the consolidation and concurrence of the whole nation, upon determination and actively carrying out the long struggle.

Chiang Kai Shek seems to have smashed everything he has touched. First he broke up Wuhan and the solidarity of the Party. Next he smashed the South-North Party unity, then he befriended the Young Marshal and so that person lost his "kingdom." What next? Perhaps there won't be any "next man in." Somebody may be getting ready to "smash" him. We shouldn't be at all surprised.

WANTED—A GOSPEL

China Needs A Message of Hope and Action

By Tso Mun

IS there a message for the Chinese people from some source already reliable and proven? Surely, there must be. In this world there must be other nations who have faced the same problems and overcome them. Let us look to those nations, then. Who are they? Russia, America, Germany, Italy, France, England...who?

There cannot be a *national* message. There must be an international and permanent philosophy for us in China to follow. For Nationalism is not enough. It cannot therefore be Fascism, or Sovietism. It must be something which will still be living one hundred thousand years from today.

What we need is the message of old, which our forefathers heard and which enabled them to make China the mightiest and yet the most pacifistic nation in world history. We must have the doctrine of the Han—the creed of Hope and Action—so that we can resurrect the ancient glory of China and revive the ancient spirit of the race. We need above all, the old virtues. Nothing in this modern world can outlast the old virtues...which have gone on and on while other ideas have risen and fallen and been forgotten.

We must have a policy, moreover, based upon the economic and social conditions of the times—because these we cannot evade or lose. We must build on the present foundations wherever suitable. In every province we should have a centre of this genuine revolutionary movement. The times point to the extinction of Capitalism and the triumph of Labour. The recent happenings all over the world testify to the decline of snobbery and caste and the triumph of socialisation and true democracy. By organisation and intensive propaganda along these lines we shall be able to awake China, and along these mass organised schemes alone. We must have a Plan, even as the Japanese and Russians have a plan. So long as we have no plan, we shall always be worsted. Therefore we must begin at the first rung, and that is to have a physically fit nation of

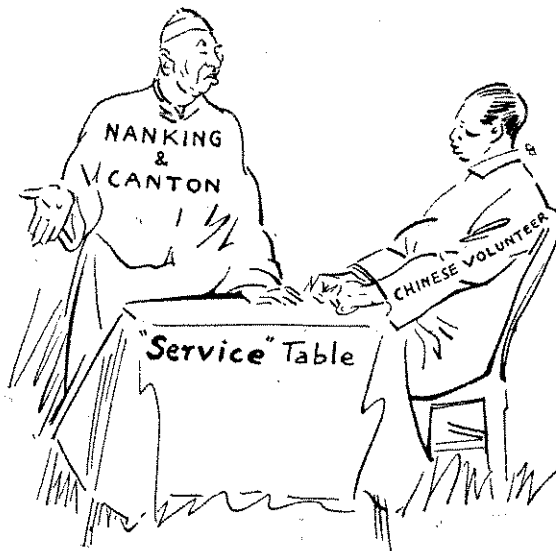
young men and women, capable of doing their part in peace and war. Let us promote physical culture in the schools, and encourage our youth to grow strong in body and in the *will to win*! We want policies of strength, self-reliance, and aggression. We must do away with weakness, compromise, and surrender. We must have as our slogan, "We are never beaten." Then, we can go out into the world and win!

From what nation can we learn these things quickly? From England. The breeder of adventurers and men. We can look to her for those things which we lack, while we may discard her failings and retain our own strong points of character. It is not impossible to change the character of a race. The Soviets did that to Russia, and now, by copying the British idea, we can learn to assume the offensive and to win, not lose. This is a positive and not our present negative policy.

Our New China must only be capitalised by the energy, industry, loyalty, and love of her workers and well-wishers. All false patriots must be done away with. In this way lies salvation. Every good son of Han must make a decision that he will win through at any price, or die in the attempt. We must have loyalty, sacrifice and honesty in private and public life, and the

supreme penalty on all offenders. We must get rid of the endless corruption and graft, by every and any force, and we must build up in the mind of the nation the superb confidence of our forefathers. By the power of will alone we must organise to push this policy to the fore, until the reaction, to the nation's good, is felt in every corner of the land.

We must take up our flag in our present defeat, and march onwards until we reach the summit of some distant hilltop. There, against the red skies of sacrifice and self-abnegation, we can rally the clans until they swell into one mighty National Salvation Army. With God we will leave the rest.



CHINESE VOLUNTEER: "Serve me with one rifle and a thousand rounds of ammunition to fight the Japanese in Manchuria."

NANKING AND CANTON: "Very sorry. We cannot supply. At present we are carrying on a civil war."

FILIAL PIETY

By F. D. Zan

THE world is undergoing important changes in all directions. Business developments, scientific discoveries, political revolutions, international wars; all these tend to distinguish the world of today from that of yesterday, and to offer to people new subjects of interest. I have said that these changes are important, but in a sense they are not so. They attract our attention for a time, and for a time only: like the soap bubble shining brilliantly for the moment, only to disappear; like the terrific wind sweeping with it everything on the surface of the earth, but leaving the land itself untouched.

How many changes in the world are mere alterations of form leaving the same essence! How many great events in history are trivial incidents when we consider their real effect on the people as a whole. For, as I understand it, man's quality is essentially not in his clothing or his dwelling, or the lamps which he uses, or the cars in which he rides. Man is first and foremost a moral being, living a social life. Any change which merely alters his external environment and material welfare but goes no deeper than that should be called a comparatively trivial change. Modern civilization, so called, would belong to this class of changes, if along with the uses of steam and electricity there had not developed as a part of it that spirit of scientific inquiry which leads finally to revolution in moral ideas.

The renaissance of the West has crossed great oceans and has brought about also a renaissance of the East. The movement is yet in its very beginning; but we can already see some indications of its future. The old monarchy was overthrown in China and a republic established in its stead. The mass of people, however, are still unprepared for such a change; it must take many years to make democracy successful in China. Meanwhile the Chinese society shows symptoms of changes more fundamental and real. The rights of women are advocated, and the equality of sexes, though far from existing in practice as yet, is in theory acknowledged by the unanimous voice of the young and progressive generation. But the greatest change of all is in the concept of the proper relation between parents and children. The closest, the most sacred of all human relations, for thousands of years the supporting pillar of Chinese society: any change of attitude towards such a thing as this cannot but mean most lasting consequences.

That filial piety is the first of all virtues has been a maxim almost as old as Chinese history itself. Nor is its truth less relevant today, if we properly interpret the meaning of filial piety. The love a child feels for his parents is the first love that springs in him; all other virtues are developed from this one central root. But filial piety in China has come to mean something very different from mere love and respect; it has long since come to be associated with the idea of unconditional submission and unquestioning devotion to one's parents. The parents, living, must be served and obeyed: after death they must always be worshipped and remembered. Why should a man refrain from doing evil deeds? The answer is that he would otherwise disgrace his parents. What is the most worthy aim in life? Many old scholars would say that the most worthy aim is to act in such a way so as to make one's parents honored and distinguished by others.

Life is thus no longer one's own; it belongs to one's parents.

The contact with Europeans and Americans has given at last a fatal blow to such ideas as these. Long have there been men—how could it be otherwise?—who felt the painfulness of a life set within such

narrow limits; who suffered and moaned in secret—millions and millions of them—but who dared not openly cry out. The tradition of several thousand years was too heavy to be removed without help from outside. One wise man after another had not only approved of the sayings of his predecessors, but had actually developed them to a fuller extent. Filial piety became at last a system, hard to bear, to be sure, but harder still to cope against. Out of this painful dilemma the Western spirit has awakened us. We find that the Western civilization is radically different from ours. Europeans and Americans do not worship their parents as we do. Are they right or are we? For a time our own obstinacy made us call them barbarians; but the spell once broken, and the forbidden inquiry once made, there can be no doubt as to the ultimate issue. Filial piety in its old conception can no longer hold its place.

In the minds of certain radical thinkers, the pendulum even begins to swing the other way. They seem to believe that in filial piety may be found the root of all China's weaknesses and miseries. A host of evils, the most important of which are servitude, polygamy, early marriage, lack of self-reliance, selfishness and falsehood, are traced to filial piety. The old conception of filial piety, say these persons, has fettered us for several thousands of years. Now that we become conscious of that bondage, shall we not break loose from it at once? In this new burst of freedom, the young man cries: "Away with filial piety! Let us have nothing to do with our parents!" But can such an attitude prevail, unnatural as it is? Public opinion holds the extremists down; but the old scholars on the other hand can no more regain their former footing. The best course to follow, say the prudent ones, is the middle course. If not the best course it is at least the safest and easiest.

To me there is no doctrine more obnoxious than that of the mean; obnoxious, not because the doctrine is worthless in itself, but because it is so indiscriminately applied. Too much attention to one's parents is inconvenient; too little attention is unnatural: let us take the middle course. But what is this middle course? When we try to define the word clearly, it proves to be no more than a mere word, negative in meaning, vague and ambiguous. The doctrine of the mean comes to be one of man's best refuges in ignorance; with one word he dismisses the problem on hand as solved and asks no further questions. Thinking being as man is, how much he seeks to avoid thinking! If the truth does not lie in "extremes" it does not therefore follow that it lies in the middle. The truth lies deeper than either the mean or what we call the extremes—the real truth, that is, which we can get at only by careful inquiry. For truth itself is always an extreme; there can be no deviation, no flexibility, no mean.

Is filial piety morally justified or is it not? This depends entirely on what is meant by filial piety. Cry the old scholars, "What! Not obey your parents, to whom you owe your life itself and all that you are?"



Yes, These Are Hot Days!

Mrs. China is prostrated by the fact that the hot weather has ruined her best "going out" frocks, but Mr. China is depressed by the reports of "More Money Needed For Civil War," while "Japanese Send More Troops to Northeast," greets his eyes in every paper he picks up. We guess Mr. China is about fed up with the brand of Government he's been saddled with, and may shortly take a hand in the National Salvation Movement to End Civil War and Combat the Japanese Invaders.

One who drinks water must think of its source. What a monstrosity to forget your own source!" This sort of argument has in the past been regarded as conclusive, while it can now be refuted very easily by a critical analysis. A modern student will reply somewhat thus: "Am I myself or merely a part of my parents? If myself, how can I obey my parents in all things? If not, then my life is not mine to live and is not worth living at all. Fortuitously thrown into this world as I am, what law of allegiance binds me to my parents?" Retorts the old scholar, "What ingratitude! From infancy your parents have fed and clothed you, have watched over you and taught you. Now that you have grown up, with full-fledged wings, do you think of flying away from there and obeying them no more?" The son answers, "It is not that I love my parents less, but that I love my own freedom more. Without freedom one is in a condition worse than death itself. Love, honor, respect for parents are not diminished by freedom."

A great part of the controversies of the world will cease if the two sides have something definite to stand for. Too often one side thinks of one thing and the other side has in mind another thing entirely; a mere parry of words is the result, to no real purpose. All the time the old scholar is thinking of the parents' goodness and the children's duty; all the time the young man is emphasizing the child's freedom from unconditional submission to parental authority.

When the question is put in this form, do we not see that both may be right and that there is no real ground for dissension? The scholar in the heat of his debate seems to imagine that duty and freedom are incompatible. When one is free, one is bound to nothing: shall the child have nothing to do with his parents? Little does he think that the logical moral conclusion may be quite the other way.

Are freedom and duty incompatible? Without freedom how can there be duty at all? The farmer uses his horses or cows; these do his work, but there is surely no sense of duty here. Only man has the sense of duty. No human slave is a slave absolutely because he has the choice of obedience or disobedience. He may choose to obey for fear of punishment, but his freedom to choose is there; he can think for himself and he is free to that extent at least. Thought cannot but make a man free; his duty is no authority imposed from without, but is the objective expression of his inner moral self. I ought to do this or that; but it is I who think so; my duty is my freedom.

My duty is my freedom; and not less true is it that my freedom is my supreme duty. Without freedom nothing noble is possible. Were my master to feed me and clothe me with ever so much consideration, the mere thought that I were in absolute subjection to him would make me rebel, in heart if not in action. Woe then to those despotic parents who dare to rule over their children with an iron hand, and who

to that doctrine of filial piety which requires the surrender of the child's freedom and the consequent destruction of all his individuality!

"But," insists the old scholar, "do parents always rule their children with an iron hand? They have in mind their children's welfare and happiness; they love them with all attention. Their children are their own flesh and blood, and they value them more dearly even than their own lives. What ingratitude for the children to break away from their parents!" With some parents this attitude is to a large extent justified, but with what an overwhelming majority, this is a mere polite way of speaking an exaggeration and an untruth! If a man is selfish, his own interest is always his first consideration; that of any one else must come next. And how many selfish parents there are! All too often a man values his child for his own sake, to be his own comfort and the support of his own old age. If the parents truly love their child they will encourage him to think and will not keep him always dependent upon them. One of the hardest things in the world to bear is to be deprived of all free choice.

But the relation parents and child involves other persons as well. The child will marry; and in China the daughter-in-law will come into the family and the strict observance of filial piety is required of her also. Very often the father and the son will leave home to earn money for the whole family, leaving the mother and the daughters-in-law to take care of the house. To make matters more difficult, there may be several daughters in the family, or younger sons, yet unmarried. They will unite together in the face of the newcomer; she is alone, helpless, with no one to stand by her. The doctrine of filial piety requires that she take her husband's place to serve his mother. Not only that; she comes to be the servant of all the daughters and younger sons as well, for they have their own mother with them, and any disobedience to them will mean disobedience to the mother. She must be the earliest up in the morning and the latest to bed at night! How every one will see to it that her hands are always engaged! How her every movement is watched, and if this does not suit their fancy what words of scorn and slander will they level at her! How she must bear all ill-treatment with cheerful face, putting back her tears, do endless homage to those from whom she suffers so much humiliation and disgrace! In China the mother and daughter all stay at home and have very little to do. If the daughter-in-law does not please them, it becomes their sole business to inconvenience and tease her. Tyranny, endless tyranny, stifling, inescapable tyranny!

To whom can the victim turn for sympathy, if not for aid? Not the public, not neighbors, not even her own parents and relatives. Authority of the father-in-law and the mother-in-law is final; who dares to question the golden doctrine of filial piety? Then, poor girl, appeal to your own husband if you are lucky enough to get one who has any heart for you. Perhaps he will listen to you, comfort you, or weep with you in secret. But can he lend any material support to your position, and stand by you if any issue arises? Before his marriage, he might have had some influence over his parents; but now they become suspicious of him; his every movement is also watched, and woe to him if he dares to show the least sign of upholding your cause! It is his duty to rule over you and instruct you how to serve his

parents; he even forbids that he should listen to his wife's words and show disrespect to his parents! You are his "bed devil" and shame to him if he gives any consideration to you before others' eyes! Parents or wife: whose part must he take? It is a question of either the one or the other, without any compromise. However he may sympathise with you in secret in practice he, too, must slight you and perhaps take a reluctant part in tyrannizing over you.

Strange it is, that filial piety or the child's duty to his parents should take its strongest effect upon the person of the daughter-in-law. Worthy parents, what good have you done for your daughter-in-law that you merit such attention from her? Since she is not your own child and you treat her with indifference, why then should you be angry with her if she too treats you with indifference? You admit that without your daughter-in-law you have very little trouble with your son. He is your own child, and you have a certain amount of love for him. But what injustice to exact obedience from your daughter-in-law, whom you give not the least cause to love you!

Here then is the point where the old doctrine of filial piety does the greatest mischief; and here, with man's awakening of spirit, it receives its first inevitable attack. Most of the young women are not yet in a position to defend themselves; but a few of the enlightened husbands take up arms in their defense. To see injustice done to oneself is painful; but to be required to do injustice to one's wife is unbearable. If one must love and respect one's parents, ought one not equally to love and respect one's wife? "Let us make a home of our own," cry the young couple. "The Europeans and Americans have done that; why should we not follow their example? Within the precincts of the big family, what misery, what pervading poison do we see? No one can be happy in such a place as this, not even the oppressors themselves. Let us leave it for the good of all." They leave, but what resistance they meet! Rebellious, unfilial, unnatural child that you are! Have you forgotten the days when, but for us, you could never have grown up?" It requires a will of iron not to be shaken; it needs a brazen heart not to melt!

The child's freedom, then, must be placed before his filial piety. Even after his marriage, his parents should be as dear to him as ever. But he cannot submit unconditionally to their authority, or consider the serving of them the supreme end of his life. The relation between parents and child is not one founded on authority. Of all the relations in the world this one has its basis in purest love—a love wholly unselfish, and not, as in the case of conjugal love, mixed with desire. By filial piety it is not meant that my parents should command and that I obey; but that my parents love and that I love in return. I return that love not because it is any debt I owe but because I simply cannot help returning it, it being the free expression of my innermost heart. Love is nowhere possible except between two human beings: it is their spiritual intimacy—the union of their hearts into one. It is spontaneous and inevitable, the freest act of the soul.

What a mistake to measure the benevolence of parents by quantity! Love is not to be measured in terms of profit. It is a spiritual gift the richness of which no worldly blessing can compare. And love is possible only when all restraints of self-interest are

thrown off. Where there is selfish desire there is no love; where there is unbending authority there is no love. Filial piety implies unconditional obedience? Why, then, your horses and cows would be the most dutiful sons and daughters in the world. Filial piety must lie not in passive submission but in true love. When one side begins to use compulsion and commands, then to that extent filial piety is impossible.

We can admit that filial piety is the first of all virtues; but we can never consent to making it identical to virtue itself. I shall follow Aristotle in saying that virtue means self-realization, the free expansion of man's innermost soul. The baby is born into the world with a capacity for development; and to whom should he direct his first enthusiasm of heart if not to his parents? Freedom and love are two attributes of the same thing; as one's soul expands one cannot but feel affection for one's intimates. But should that development be limited to any one relation, however important that relation is? A man is a man, not merely a son to his parents. He has other duties as well. Freedom, love, and virtue: these are what we should aim at; we justify filial piety on the ground that it is a kind of freedom, a kind of love, and a kind of virtue. The moment the mere forms of filial piety are observed without its true spirit, the moment a man sees only such and such elaborate precepts to follow, that moment filial piety is longer filial piety, and all evils, such as

servitude, selfishness, falsehood, come in. Nor is the question limited to one side only. Parents also have their duty towards their children. Spiritually they and their children are equals in the truest sense of the word. Filial piety is not the worship of a higher power; it is the love on the part of one free being for another.

The spirit of modern civilization is only beginning to be felt in China. Scientific control of nature, economic independence, political liberty and then moral freedom: the last of these must be the ultimate end of all. Material civilization has its share of importance, but it must not be made to blind us to the true needs of man's inner life. Young admirers of the West cry, "What a splendid civilization the Europeans have!" My enthusiasm will not carry me so far; the Europeans as well have their very great short-comings and the East and the West are alike seeking a certain divine something which neither as yet has been able to attain. The world is very imperfect; but the hopeful sign is that man has begun to be aware of that imperfection. The contact between the East and the West cannot but mean benefit to both sides in the end. The intermixture of thoughts, the conflicting ideals, force men out of their time-honored traditions. The new spirit awakens; the old form is broken; and man stops to inquire after all things which have long been accepted as true. Such is the transition and development which our world is undergoing.

A Magic Book

The story of the 19th Route Army's defence of China's national sovereignty at Shanghai is an epic, and cannot perish, even in the whirl of times to be. There is shortly to be compiled and placed on the market, a magic book—a book of pictures—a pictorial record of that famous Army's fight against the invading enemies of China. It will not be a mere history of the 19th Route Army—it will be something *more* that. It is to be simply a story told to the whole world through the eye—to all who have the power to see will this great story be readable. If the 19th Route Army never fights another battle, that organisation at least will live forever in the hearts of the Chinese people. The story is of men who stood their ground against more than superior weapons—against the scorn and ridicule of the world for the Chinese soldier.....until today no one in our country or in any country in the world can get away from the idea that the authors of this book—the soldiers who appear in the illustrations—lived and magnificently fought for national honour and native land. And that they were forced to retreat is their deathless triumph—a triumph let us hope, which will be recorded in words of fire by China's greatest writers. The epic of the defence, stubborn, matter-of-fact, and albeit, unflinching, is overshadowed by the coolness and courage under fire of common soldiers and mere lads who composed the major portion of the defending army. They taught the arrogant invader a stern lesson, a lesson which astonished and amazed the world. They have inspired China's four hundred millions to rally round the standard to save the nation from conquest by the armed hordes of Japan. This will be a book with one silent command: "To Arms, China!"

THE CREATION

The Real Situation of Eden

and

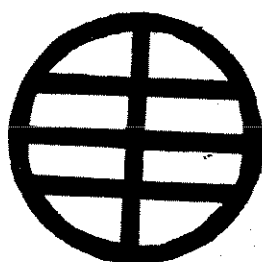
The Origin of the Chinese.

By

TSE TSAN TAI

泰 鑽 謝

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By The Author

INTRODUCTION

For many years, ever since the day I could read and understand the Bible, the question of the Cradle of the Human Race and the Origin of the Chinese has been receiving my fervent and serious attention. Although I have read much ancient history, and carefully considered and weighed the theories of different writers, and studied the results of the archaeological and geographical investigations and excavations which have been made in all parts of the world, they have not been able to convince me that the Cradle of the Human Race is in either of the two spots, in (1) Armenia and (2) the Euphrates Valley, as stated in the Bible translation of Genesis and fixed by past authorities, and as is generally taught and believed by mankind throughout the world.

This has always caused me much worry of mind and anxiety of heart.

And, during my study of the Bible and Ancient Chinese History, on Sunday the 25th October, 1914, I discovered a clue to the unravelling of the mystery, and it suddenly dawned upon me, like a flash of light, that the Cradle of the Human Race was not where it is now reputed and believed to be, but, in Chinese Turkestan (新疆) in the plateau of Eastern Asia,

and also that the Chinese race originated there.

I felt so happy and delighted with my discovery that I immediately followed up the clue, and commenced writing this, my book, and forgetting food and sleep, finished the draft at 8 a. m., on Wednesday, the 28th October, 1914, when the thunder pealed and the lightning flashed. The revision and re-writing of my book was completed after seven days and seven nights ceaseless labour, on the 1st November, 1914, after which, I rested for three days. I know that without God's inspiration and help, it would have been impossible for me to write this book as I have done.

It is now my earnest hope and prayer that archaeological and bibliographical investigations will be carried on in this part of the world, and that the result will be, as I have said.

And, further, I fervently beseech all those, who think with me, to spread the good tidings contained in this, my book, so that, henceforth, all men will believe in the Bible and love each other as brothers; and peace and happiness shall reign for ever on Earth.

TSE TSAN TAI,

安聖謝鑽泰

1st November, 1914.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN AND THE CRADLE OF THE HUMAN RACE

The Cradle of the Human Race and the origin of the Chinese have been questions which have engrossed the attention of ethnographers and philologists for centuries, but without their having arrived at anything definite and conclusive.

I, too, have devoted my life-time* to the study and silent investigation of this great and highly important question.

That the Cradle of the Human Race is in Asia is beyond doubt, but, the question is—Where is this Cradle?

The Bible translation of Genesis says that the parent stock of the human race saw the light in the "Garden of Eden" in the Euphrates Valley. Archaeologists and bibliographers have also located the Garden of Eden in (1) Armenia, and in (2) the valley of the Tigris and Euphrates, comprising that portion of the Mesopotamian Plain at the head of the Persian Gulf.

Is it likely that Almighty God would create man and place him in such a corner of the World?

I say the Cradle of the Human Race—"The

Garden of Eden"—is in Chinese Turkestan (新疆), in the plateau of Eastern Asia, and I will now state my reasons.

When the north of the Asiatic Continent was not so cold and frozen as it is at the present day, and when gigantic beasts, reptiles, and strange birds roamed its vast plains and inhabited its dense forests, the primitive ancestors of the human race were created and first saw the light in that crescent-shaped oasis of the plateau of Eastern Asia drained by the tributaries of the Tarim River, bounded on the north by the Tien-shan Mountains (天山), on the west by the Pamir Tableland, on the south by the Kuen Lun Mountains, (崑崙山), and the highlands of Tibet, and on the East by the Gobi desert, and now called Chinese Turkestan (新疆).

No doubt, the close proximity of Tibet to the "Garden of Eden", accounts for the similarity of the religious ceremonies of the Tibetan Buddhist "Church" to those of the Roman Catholic Church, which must have sprung from the same source.*

*The Author was born on 16th May, 1872.

*The Religion of God—the God of Moses and the Ancient Chinese.

The following Bible proofs support my discovery:—

(Genesis II. 8. "God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there He put the man whom He had formed.")

And, further,—

(Genesis II.10. "And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads.")

Gold and precious stones are also mentioned in Genesis II.11-12. This spot, "eastward in Eden," must, therefore, be in Eastern Asia, and this is one of my principal reasons for locating the "Garden of Eden" in Chinese Turkestan.

The Cradle of the Human Race

And, what is more convincing proof, the river Tarim,* with its four tributaries or "heads," flows eastward through the crescent-shaped oasis of Chinese Turkestan, and empties itself into the Lob-nor (lake); and the country traversed by this river and its four tributaries is well known to be full of gold and precious stones. The bed of the Yarkand River is covered with precious jade pebbles of different colours, and some of the mountain sides also contain jade of various colours, which have been quarried in ancient times. According to the Ancient Chinese Record of the Deluge, the stones quarried by (氏媧女) Noah, after the Deluge, were of five different colours from the Tianshan Mountains (山天); and Kuen Lun Mountains. (山崙崙)

It is noteworthy that Chaldea and Mesopotamia produced no precious stones or minerals of any kind. But, the country yielded an abundant supply of clay and bitumen!

Again, the following proves beyond doubt, that the "Garden of Eden"—the Cradle of the Human Race—was not in Western Asia (Asia Minor):—

(Genesis XI. 1-2. "And the whole earth was of one language, and of one speech. And it came to pass, as they journeyed from the East, that they found a plain in the land of Shinar, and they dwelt there.")

It would be interesting to know whether this land of Shinar was in the Mongolian plain north of the Hwang Ho (Yellow River) bend, or refers to the lowlands of Shensi (西陝) province in China, where the ancestors of the Chinese race first settled down and made their home.

After the Flood, the sons of Noah must have journeyed further East in the direction of the Mongolian plateau, and finally settled in the plain of Shinar (China), where they started making bricks for the building of the "Tower of Babel." They probably traversed the same stretch of territory as the Chinese of the Han (漢) dynasty,—who conquered Turkestan in 76 B. C.,—with the exception of what is now known as China proper.

*Before the great upheaval of Central Asia the Tarim and its four tributaries flowed westward.

[Genesis XI. 3.4. "And they said one to another, go to, let us make brick, and burn them thoroughly. And they had brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar. And they said, go to, let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth."]

Ancient ruins exist in the province of Shensi (西陝); and, strange to say, China is the land of bricks, high towers (pagodas), and strange dialects.

[The Tower of Babel was built by Nemrod, the son of Chus, a nephew to Shem, about three score years after the Flood. He began a new sect of infidels, but the godly men refused to join these infidels.

God confounded them, and they were separated into many nations, about 140 years after the Flood, (Genesis XI. 8.9.)

After Nemrod, his son Belus reigned in Babylon about B.C. 1871, 215 years after the Flood.]

Therefore, I say, again, the "Garden of Eden",—the Cradle of the Human Race,—is in Chinese Turkestan.

And, consequently, it will now be necessary to revise the translation of the Hebrew Text of the Bible, and certain "additions" (translator's) will have to be expurgated. And, also, it will be necessary to revise Ancient History, and particularly China's Ancient History, as names and dates are so confused.

Works Consulted

The Bible (Roman Catholic Edition)
The Bible (Protestant Edition)
Ancient Chinese History
Clare's History of the World.
Encyclopaedia Britannica.
Chambers Encyclopaedia

Noah must have lived near Eden at the time of the Deluge, and this I will prove by the Ancient Chinese Record of the Deluge, and by subsequent geological, archaeological, geographical, and zoological discoveries.

In order to prove that the Chinese are the descendants of Adam and Noah, I will now give a brief history of the Ancient Chinese Record of the Creation and the Deluge.

According to ancient Chinese tradition and the written records of the Creation and the Deluge, which have been handed down from time immemorial, the story is as follows:—

張開初地天

In the beginning, when Heaven and Earth were created (by God).

陽陰辨古盤

Panku (Adam) was changed into a male (陽) and a female (陰)

According to Genesis II. 21.22., the first woman was made from one of the ribs of Adam.)

白卵如形天

The Firmament (Heaven) assumed the position of that of the white of an egg.

糧 爲 始 木 食

Men ate fruits and plants as food.

室 巢 爲 木 構

Wood was used for making huts.

裳 衣 爲 葉 製

Leaves of trees were patched together and used for clothing.

The dragon must have been one of those gigantic, extinct, four-footed, antediluvian reptiles of Northern Asia and America.]

陽 陰 明 卦 畫

He designed the "Eight Trigrams" (卦八), and knew life, i.e., he was able to divine.

[Genesis V. 24. And Enoch walked with God, and he was not; for God took him.]

紀 帝 五

THE RECORD OF THE FIVE PATRIARCHS OF CHINA.

1. Fuhi—(Enoch)—(皇太義伏) Born B. C. 3382, "Died" B. C. 3017. (Translated to Heaven.)
2. Nu Wa—(Noah)—(氏嫫女) Born B. C. 2948, Died B. C. 1998.
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5. Yao—(Reu.)—(氏唐陶堯帝) Born B. C. 2217, Died B. C. 1978.

Note.—In Ancient Chinese History, full notice was only taken of godly men.

I.—FUHI (HENOCH).

揚 宣 播 德 聖 立 皇 太 義 伏

Fuhi i.e., Enoch, "ruled." His godliness was "overflowing."

首 牛 如 身 蛇

His body was scaly like a snake, and his head was like that of an ox, i.e., his eyes were large and his forehead and facial bones prominent.

常 異 自 容 形

His mien was extraordinary in appearance.

章 成 習 代 後 字 製 韻 倉 命

He ordered Tsong Chi (韻倉) to design a script. The generations which followed derived their Alphabets and Literature from this (hieroglyphic) script.

[He was guided in his task by the imprints of the feet of animals and birds. (See Commentary). The Assyrian Cuneiform Script was doubtless based upon these ancient hieroglyphics.]

獻 馬 龍 圖 河

Tubal-cain.

爭 戰 相 兵 交 氏 工 共 融 祝

During the time of Chu Yung Kung Kung (Shi) i.e., (Tubal-cain), the land was disturbed by violence and internecine strife.

[Tubal-cain was an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron. The characters (工共) mean artificers in all trades. (See Genesis IV. 22.)]

崩 山 周 觸 頭 怒 勝 不 工 共

Men became exceedingly incensed with each other. And, there was great wickedness* (in the World).

驚 (帝) 上

God became alarmed, and angry (with the World).

穿 維 地 震 下 折 柱 (山) 天

(He visited his wrath upon the Earth by a great universal and terrestrial upheaval). The pillars of Tienshan (山天) collapsed and fell, and great chasms formed in the earth. (This resulted in the Deluge). Genesis VI. 1-8.

II.—NU WA (NOAH).

(山) 天 補 以 石 鍊 立 以 氏 嫫 女

Nu Wa (Shi) i.e., Noah "ruled." He (after the subsidence of the waters, which had deluged the land), quarried stones for the repair of Tienshan (山天), i.e., the repairing or damming up of the mouth of Gaib gorge.

堅 其 得 勢 地 極 立 足 龍 斷

Having cut the foot of the gorge and strengthened the foundations, the safety of the land was secured.

然 依 得 地 (山) 天 水 沿 止 灰 聚

Having dammed and drained the waters of the channels, the locality of Tienshan resumed its former state.

He had fifteen successors, but it is difficult to trace their history. (Genesis IX).

The generations of Noah, and his three sons Shem.

黃 卵 如 形 地

The Earth assumed the position of that of the yolk of an egg. (Genesis I.1-10).

物 萬 生 行 五

The Five Elements (土火水木金), i.e., the Earth, brought forth all living things, i.e., all living things were created by God.

[In the beginning God created Heaven and Earth, and all living things therein, in six days, man being created in the sixth and last day. (Genesis I). The six "days" of the creation must have been six "periods," meaning, perhaps, millions of years.]

光 三 運 合 六

The Three Lights Sun (日), Moon (月) and Stars (星) revolved in space (合六)—the limitless space contained in the (合六) six points, viz., North, East, West, Zenith and Nadir,—i.e., God created the Sun, Moon and Stars, and set them in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth. (Genesis I. 16-17.)

紀 皇 三

THE RECORD OF THE THREE
PATRIARCHS OF CHINA.

1. Adam. (皇 天)
2. Cain. (皇 地)
3. Seth. (皇 人)

子 二 十 皇 天

1. Adam (皇 天) had twelve "successors" (子).

[The generations from Adam to Noah are:—

Seth, Enos, Cainan, Malaleel, Jared, Henoch, Mathusala, Lamech, Noah, Shem, Ham and Japhet,—twelve in all.

Adam was created by God, and this is why the Chinese called him "Tien Hwang"] (皇 天).

網提攝起歲化自而爲無郎一十皇地

2. Cain (皇 地) had eleven successors (郎). His generations are those without notice of the time when they were born or died.

[Cain was a husbandman. (Genesis IV. 2.) This is why the Chinese called him "Ti Hwang"] (皇 地).

Being a murderer, his generations are unnoticed and forgotten.]

弟 兄 九 皇 人

3. Seth (皇 人) and his eight successors (Enos, Cainan, Malaleel, Jared, Henoch, Mathusala, Lamech, Noah.) Nine in all.

[Seth peopled the Earth, and this is why the Chinese called him "Jen Hwang"] (皇 人).

長 延 最 命 受

Were most long-lived.

[All were nearly one thousand years old, when they died. See Genesis V.]

歲 千 八 萬 各

Each lived to eighteen thousand "years,"* (歲).

[It is not known how many days or months constituted one of these "years" (歲), as there was no calendar in existence then.]

邦 一 興 人 一

Each established a tribe or nation.

In the beginning Cain and Seth's descendants must have inhabited the whole district, now known as the Gobi Desert and Mongolian plateau to the east of Tarim River district ("Garden of Eden") of Chinese Turkestan, and north of the Hwang Ho River.)

See Genesis III. 24. "So He drove out the man; and He placed at the east of the Garden of Eden Cherubims, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life.")

疆 邊 無 育 發 地 州 九 掌 分

They separated and occupied nine continents, and flourished and spread throughout the World.

At the time of the Creation there were certainly nine continents in existence, viz.,

1. Europe—Inhabited by primitive man before the Deluge.
2. Asia—Inhabited by primitive man before the Deluge.
3. Africa—Inhabited by primitive man before the Deluge.
4. N. and S. America (2 Continents)—Inhabited by primitive man before the Deluge.
5. Australia—Inhabited by primitive man before the Deluge.
6. N. Polar Continent—Inhabited by primitive man before the Deluge.
7. S. Polar Continent—Uninhabited from the time of the Creation.
8. Malayasian Continent—Inhabited by primitive man before the Deluge.
9. Polynesian Continent—Inhabited by primitive man before the Deluge.
10. "Atlantis" (?)—Inhabited by primitive man before the Deluge.

The nine continents were originally connected with each other, and, therefore, became inhabited by primitive man.

The South Polar Continent being an island and separated by a wide expanse of ocean, primitive man had no means of reaching it, and, therefore, it has remained uninhabited up to the present day.

Some of these continents must have become submerged at the time of the Deluge, and this accounts for the bones of extinct animals, and primitive man being found in the geological deposits (Loess) of the different continents of the World. And, it is possible that there were further seismic disturbances and subsidences after the Deluge. Easter Island with its rude stone statues, and stone houses with interiors bearing paintings of birds, animals, etc., are the remains of one of these submerged continents).

THE BEGINNING OF CIVILIZATION

出 以 氏 巢 有

At the time of Yu Chao (Shi).



Mr. Tse Tsan Tai, founder of the Revolutionary Movement in China, whose interesting research into Chinese records and scientific findings are set forth in these pages.

*Full moons, i. e., months.

糧 爲 始 木 食

Men ate fruits and plants as food.

室 巢 爲 木 構

Wood was used for making huts.

裳 衣 爲 葉 襲

Leaves of trees were patched together and used for clothing.

方 其 得 飪 烹 出 以 氏 人 燧

Sui Jen (Shi) invented the process of cooking.

火 改 取 木 鑽

He obtained fire by friction from the drilling or rubbing of wood.

妨 所 無 食 飲

Drinking and eating was now a convenient matter.

事 其 記 繩 結

He invented knotted cord-symbols for recording events.

詳 改 難 代 年

It is difficult to fix the date of these inventions.

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獻 馬 龍 圖 河

A drawing of the river (Hwang Ho) revealed the form of the dragon and the horse to him.

[This is how Chinese Art originated.

The dragon must have been one of those gigantic, extinct, four-footed, antediluvian reptiles of Northern Asia and America.]

陽 陰 明 卦 畫

He designed the "Eight Trigrams" (卦八), and knew life, i.e., he was able to divine.

[Genesis V. 24. And Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him.]

將 禮 爲 皮 儷 娶 嫁 教 女 男

He legalized marriage, the skins of wild animals being used for betrothal purposes.

羊 豬 牛 馬 畜 食 庖 供 牲 養

He taught the people how to rear horses, oxen, pigs, and sheep for purposes of trade and for food.

[It is a noteworthy fact that these animals are frequently mentioned in the Bible, and, besides, the Central-Asian plateau is known to be the home of the wild ancestors of several of our domestic animals, viz., the wild horse, ox, camel, donkey, goat, sheep, pig, etc..]

THE DELUGE.

Tubal-cain.

爭 戰 相 兵 交 氏 工 共 融 祝

During the time of Chu Yung Kung Kung (Shi) i.e., (Tubal-cain), the land was disturbed by violence and internecine strife.

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Having dammed and drained the waters of the channels, the locality of Tianshan resumed its former state.

He had fifteen successors, but it is difficult to trace their history. (Genesis IX).

The generations of Noah, and his three sons Shem, Ham and Japhet, are as follows:—

*Sodomy.

*Mountain Peaks.

Map of the World as peopled by Noah's descendants.

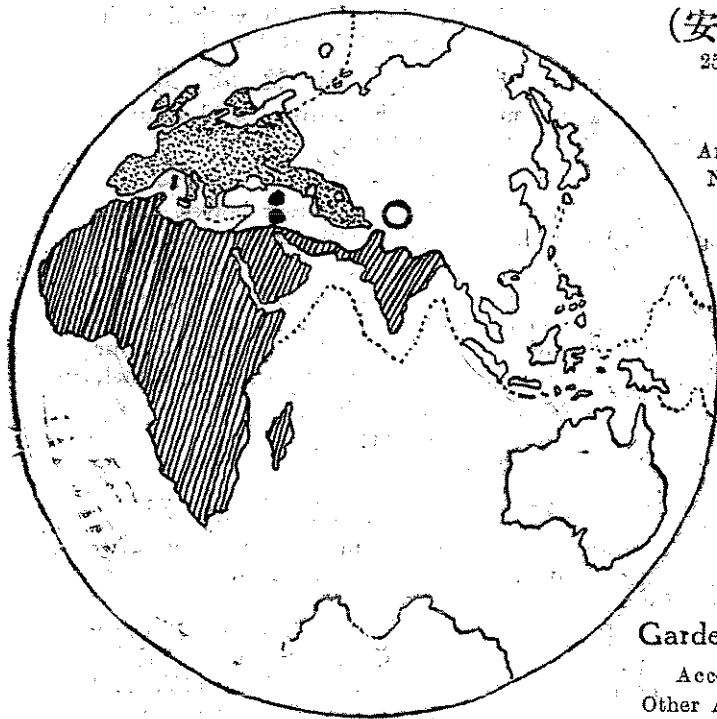
Garden of Eden.

According to
TSE TSAN TAI.

(安聖謝讚泰)

25th October,
1914.

*
Anti-diluvian
North Pole.



Garden of Eden.

According to
Other Authorities.

Peopled by descendants of Shem.

Peopled

„

Ham.

Peopled

„

Japhet.



Table showing how the Earth was re-peopled by the Descendants of Noah.

Descendants of Noah.	Where they settled.	The principal nations which sprang from them.
SHEM'S sons were:— Elam. Asshur. Arphaxad. Lud. Aram. Hus. Hul. Gether. Mosoch.	The Continent of Asia. Media, Persia. Assyria, Syria. China, Japan, Tibet, North India, Indo China. Lydia. Asia Minor. North and South America. Malayasia, Polynesia. Australasia. North Europe and Siberia.	Mongolian and Turanian Races. Medes, Persians. Chaldeans, Assyrians, Babylonians. Chinese, Japanese, Koreans, & Kindred Races. Lydians. Armenians. Indian Races of North and South America. Malays, Burmese, Siamese, Annamites. Natives of Australia, New Zealand, Hawaii. Yakuts, Voguls, Ostiaks, Samoyeds, Esquimaux. Lapps, Finns, and kindred races.
HAM'S sons were:— Chus. Mesraim. Phut. Canaan.	The Continent of Africa. Ethiopia. Egypt. India. Arabia.	Ethiopians. Egyptians. Hindoos (Indian Races). Canaanites. (Arabs, etc., Negritas.
JAPHET'S sons were:— Gomer. Magog. Madai. Javan. Thubal. Mosoch. Thiras.	The Continent of Europe. Scythia. Caucasus. Greece.	Russians, Teutons, Gauls, Britons. Scythians. Ionians, Athenians. Iberians. Muscovites. Thracians.

Sons of Noah (氏 燭 女):—Shem, Ham, and Japhet.

Sons of Japhet:—Gomer, Magog, Madai, Javan, Thubal, Mosoch, and Thiras.

Sons of Ham:—Chus, Mesraim, Phut, and Canaan.

Sons of Shem (帝 炎 農 神):—Elam, Asshur, Arphaxad, Lud, Aram, Hus, Hul, Gether, Mosch.

Son of Arphaxad (氏 賴 軒 帝 黃):—Sale.

Son of Sale (氏 天 金 昊 少):—Heber (Ancestor of the Hebrew nation).

Son of Heber (氏 陽 高 頤 顓):—Phaleg (In his days the Earth was divided). Jectan (Ancestor of the Japanese nation).

Son of Phaleg (氏 辛 高 堯 帝):—Reu (氏 唐 陶 堯 帝).

The fifteen generations of Noah and Shem in the direct line, are as follows:—i.e., Shem, Elam, Asshur, Arphaxad, Lud, Aram, Hus, Hul, Gether, Mosoch, Sale, Heber, Phaleg, Jectan, and Reu—fifteen in all.

The Continent of Asia was named after Asshur.

The Chinese Record of Ta Yu (禹 大) and the "Flood" is, now, quite clear. He merely drained that portion of the basin of the Hwang Ho, which had been devastated by one of those terrible floods for which this river is famous. It is noteworthy that the portion of this river in Shensi (西 陝) and Shansi (西 山) has nine tributaries, which are referred to in Chinese History.

At the time of the Deluge, Noah was 600 years old, and Shem 100 years.

The Chinese Record of the Creation and the Deluge from Adam to Noah ends here.

It appears that all the Chinese commentators have failed to decipher the true meaning of much of this Ancient Chinese Record of the Creation and the Flood. And, not being able to understand, they allowed their imagination to run riot. The Chinese commentators made a great mistake in believing that Nu Wa (Shi) (氏 燭 女) was a woman and the consort or sister of Fuh, and an imaginary female deity! This is why this particular portion of China's ancient history is so confused and vague, and why dates are in disagreement with those of the Bible.

Disregarding all the mythical and fictitious portions of these ancient commentaries of the Creation and the Flood, it is noteworthy that the main chronological facts agree with the more important events of the Creation and the Flood as recorded in the Bible.

Now, this terrestrial and universal upheaval, which is mentioned in the Chinese Record of the Creation, and the Deluge, must have altered the beds of seas and rivers, and caused continents to rise and fall, resulting in a deluge (tidal wave), which flooded the whole world, and turned that portion of the East-Asian plateau, now known as the Gobi Desert, and Chinese Turkestan, into a vast Inland Sea. It is impossible for rain itself to submerge the whole earth, because only a percentage of the water that is evaporated by the sun returns to the earth again as rain. This is one of the reasons why scientists and geologists doubt the truth of the Bible story of the Creation and the Deluge.

This mighty upheaval may have been due to some seismic disturbance, and to the changing of the slope*

Sudden list of about 15 d.

of the Earth's axis, perhaps due to upheavals or subsidences of land or to changes in the Sun,—the living and life-giving ball of Radium,—resulting in a tidal wave and the sudden freezing of the northern parts of the continents of Asia and America (N. W.), and the sudden death by freezing or drowning of all those gigantic mammals, saurians, etc., of the antediluvian age. This accounts for mammoths and other extinct animals being found in Siberia under the ice and snow, and quite near the surface of the ground, and for the strong glacial indications, and deposits found in certain parts of the world—the North Polar regions of *The Creation*.

I firmly believe that at the time of the Creation, and before the Deluge, the North Pole* was in the region of Baffin Bay and North Greenland, and this accounts for the Polar glacial indications found in the N. E. portion of North America, Scotland, Ireland, Norway, and Northern Europe.

According to geologists, in no part of the World are evidences of glacial action more extensive or more interesting than in the northern two-thirds of North America. The Labrador peninsula is in the main, a most forbidding and desolate expanse, covered with rocks and precipices, and having a winter far more rigorous and inhospitable than that of Lapland or even Siberia.

The Northern parts of Siberia show no evidences of Polar glacial action. The whole of West Siberia, between the Alpine belt and the shores of the Arctic Ocean, is an immense lowland. The southern part of these lowlands—the prairies of Ishim, Upper Tobol, and Barata—is extremely fertile. The soil is a *thick layer of black earth*, which also penetrates into the lower valleys of the Altai, and the traveller finds there (within 16 degrees of the Arctic Circle), to his astonishment, a territory, nearly as large as Great Britain, entirely covered with a luxurious grass vegetation, with masses of *deciduous forest*, which is even now the granary of Siberia. Labrador is similarly situated in latitude, but, note the *great difference* in geological and climatic conditions. Farther north still begin the tundras, which extend along the Arctic seaboard as far as Kamchatka, and cover an aggregate area of some 450,000 square miles. The soil is *alluvial and agricultural*, but, owing to the terrible cold of December and January,—15 to 35 degrees below zero,—trees and vegetation are, now, scarce.

These are all indisputable proofs that the freezing of Northern Asia has been due to a change in the inclination of the Earth's axis, and the shifting of the position of the North Pole from the north of Greenland to its present position.

As the result of the numerous explorations and archaeological excavations which have been made in Chinese Turkestan, it has been found that the Takla Makan Desert was once an immense lake. Fossils, gravel, sand, chalk grypoea, carboniferous deposits, and "mesozoic and tertiary transgressions" have been found, all indicating that the land was once convulsed by some seismic disturbance, and finally submerged.

Ruins of ancient cities abound in the Turfan Oasis, and in the Oases along the Tibet border, and interesting manuscripts have been found written in alphabets unknown to linguists.

What if they are the hieroglyphic script of Tsong Chi (頤 倉)? Perhaps some of the ancient ruins in

*About Latitude 75d. Longitude 40 d.

the Mongolian Plateau may yet prove to be those of the City of Enoch built by Cain.

[Genesis IV. 16-17. "And Cain went out from the presence of the Lord, and dwelt in the land of Nod, on the East of Eden.

And Cain knew his wife; and she conceived, and bare Enoch; and he builded a city, and called the name of the city, after the name of his son, Enoch.

Lake Bojante-kul, south west of Lukchun, at the foot of Eastern Tienshan (山天), is 56 feet below sea level, and must be one of those subsidences or depressions recorded in the Chinese Record of the Deluge. (穿維地震下折柱山天). There are other large depressions at the foot of the Tienshan Mountains. Obrucheff has shown that a local subsidence of the rocks took place at Lukchun, along a narrow strip parallel to the Tienshan Mountains. It is noteworthy that earthquakes desolate Central Asia with ever-increasing frequency. The Russian explorer, G. Grum-Grzmailo has also described immense boulders of a fine-grained grey granite, 14 to 17 feet high and 100 feet in circumference, which he found lying at an altitude of 3,200 feet about the mouth of the Gaib gorge, which descends from the Karlykagh Mountains (12,000 feet) of eastern Tienshan in the N. E. of Hami. The rocks of this gorge consisted, both at this spot and higher up, of quite a different sort of granite and crystalline slates.

No doubt, these immense cylindrical boulders of a finegrained grey granite were the stones quarried by Nu Wa (Shi) (Noah) (氏媧女) for repairing or damming up the Gaib gorge of Tienshan (山天補以石煉), so as to prevent the flooding of the plateau. Again, it is mentioned that it has on its north-western borders several broad trenches which are cut in it's mass, like gigantic railway trenches leading with an imperceptible gradient from the lowlands to the heights of the plateau, and supposed to be channels for the drainage of the waters discharged by the plateau.

And, doubtless, these were also the channels which Nu Wa (Noah) trained and utilized for draining off the waters from the Gaib gorge, and the plateau. (然依良地(山)天水滔止灰聚).

Thus is the authenticity of the Ancient Chinese Record of the Deluge substantiated, and the incidents proved, for all time.

The Real Mount Ararat.

And, again there are the Sarikol Mountains containing Mustaghata Peak (25,000 feet), which joins the Ulug-art (Ararat?) range of the Tienshan mountains. Close by there is also a range called the Narat Mountains. Mustaghata Peak must, therefore, be the Mount Ararat of the Bible, because it is the highest peak of these mountain ranges.

If the Bible story of the Flood is to be believed, how was it possible for Noah in his Ark to survey the submerged Earth from the top of Mount Ararat of Asia Minor? It is now clear that the Deluge was a real fact.

The Re-peopling of the World.

After the waters of the Flood had subsided, the descendants of Noah and his three sons Shem, Ham, and Japhet, migrated eastward, in the direction of the Mongolian Plateau, and must have multiplied, and spread in all directions, journeying North, South, East, and West, along routes which offered the least resistance, gravitating to warmer climes, and establishing nations and civilizations distinct from each other,

and undergoing changes in colour and features brought about by the temperature and the climatic conditions of their natural surroundings. This, no doubt, is accountable for the universal story of the Deluge, which appears to be the common property of all the races,—savage and civilized,—of the World.

Naturally, the migratory tendency of these tribes was to flee from the cold and arid regions of the North, and to go towards the East, West, and South.

The descendants of Shem (帝炎農神) established the Chinese, Chaldean, Assyrian, Median, Persian, Babylonian, Hebrew, Lydian, Mongolian, Manchurian (Tunguse), Japanese, Korean, and North and South American Indian nations; and the Yakuts, Voguls, Ostiaks, Samoyeds, and Esquimaux of the North Polar regions, and the Tibetans, Nepaulese, Indian races of Northern India, Burmese, Siamese, Annamites, Malays, etc., are, likewise, descended from them, as also the natives of Australasia and Polynesia. And it is a remarkable fact that images resembling Chinese idols have been found in Arkansas (U.S.A.) and Mexico.

The descendants of Ham established the Egyptian, Ethiopian, Hindoo, Arabian, and other kindred nations.

The descendants of Japhet established the Modern European nations, whose ancestors did not become thoroughly civilized, until the advent of Jesus Christ.

The Great Antiquity of the Chinese.

Proof of the great antiquity of the Chinese people is the fact that porcelain vessels, having Chinese mottoes upon them, have been discovered in the ancient Egyptian tombs, in shape, material and appearance, exactly resembling those made in China. Rosellini, the great Italian antiquary, believed them to have been imported into Egypt from China by kings who reigned in Egypt about the time of Moses or before.

It appears that at the time of the Deluge the human race was only able to record events by knotted cords and the hieroglyphic script of Fuhí (Henoch) and Tsong Chi. After the Deluge the Chinese, owing to their isolation and continuous civilization, succeeded in evolving from the knotted cord-signs and hieroglyphics their present modern script.

The ancient Egyptians did not get much beyond their hieroglyphics, and all the other dead nations, and the Mongolians, Manchurians, Hindoos, Turks, Persians, Arabians, Malays, etc., evolved and adopted scripts based upon the ancient hieroglyphics or knotted cord-signs and symbols.

While great empires have successively risen and fallen in other parts of the world, China has remained the same for at least five thousand years, surviving all the great nations of Western Asia, Northern Africa, and Europe.

China is the only ancient empire which has continued to the present time.

Being surrounded by high and massive mountain chains, and extensive deserts, and a wide expanse of ocean, it is no wonder that its existence and civilization remained a mystery to the surrounding nations for so many centuries.

China's civilization has existed without change from time immemorial, and before that of the Nile Valley; and at the time when the Egyptian kings were building their pyramids, China had a settled Government, and was enjoying a high state of civilization.

(Concluded in the August Issue)

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SHANGHAI.

NOW AND AT ONCE!

THE JAPANESE INVASION AND CHINA'S DEFENCE A SYMPOSIUM

Edited by

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Director of Publicity, 19th Route Army
and

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Editor of The People's Tribune

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WHAT HAPPENED

INTRODUCTION

IK Chuk Fang, my friend and boon companion, has urged me to pen this story of the Kuo Min Chun because he really thinks the story should be written. Ik Chuk Fang is really my inner-self: he is vitally interested in me, and in my welfare; and he says that when I have written the complete story, life will be, for me, content. Well, I hope so—fervently—it is all I can say on the matter.

Before I gave way to him, though, I spoke frankly to Ik Chuk Fang; I told him the time wasn't ripe for such revelations; that it would not be diplomatic to reopen old wounds; or look for long again on the old scars: the sights are ugly enough everywhere in our world—why not let well enough alone? Ik Chuk Fang was unmoved: eloquence is really wasted on a spirit. The unseen things, the intangible beauties of that.....life.....past and gone; and never more to be resurrected. Puny intellect spurs on the most trifling thought until that tiny atom is as overwhelming as the myriad purposes of genius; the old sometimes die.....also.....the young. Hence, it is no longer: passion.....but duty.

A few years ago, Ik Chuk Fang came to me in a dream, and, leaning over until his warm breath fanned my cheek, he said, "Comrade, have you forgotten so soon? The days we were together? We two, in far provinces, and under the white sun in the blue sky?" And getting up from bed I followed Ik Chuk Fang to that dreamland.....back into days of torture and nights of horror. I saw again the ugly shapes of the wounded; I saw their drawn faces, pinched with pain; I could feel the strain of the march.....but not a sound could I hear. It seemed such a funny dream; the people in it sheered away from me, not in fright or terror.....they just slipped down and down.....into my black unconsciousness.

When I awoke Ik Chuk Fang was but a memory. "Ik's not any where near here," I told myself illogically, when, if I thought at all, I would have known that Ik was at my elbow, urging me on.....until I finished writing the story.

There were a series of reasons why Ik and I got along together from the very start. One thing, we were pals, the same age, born in the same country, fed on the same food, reared in the same atmosphere of combat, hate, fear, snobbery. Secretly, had we not longed, in our chicken hearts, for adventure.....for a life full to the brim with fierce action, with glory, with oversupply of lust; with a strangle-hold upon all the physical pleasures? Ik gave a whoop. I gave a full-throated yell. We cut adrift from the old life and embarked on the new.

"Doesn't it seem to you," remarked Ik to me on our first day in China, "that this place seems about the last country on earth for adventure?—What did we come here for? I'd like to know."

I said: "Ik, don't be stupid, for Heaven's sake. We are here. Let's look around. Let's get the lay of the land. China's a big place. If this southern part doesn't suit, we can try the north."

"The North's absolutely hopeless," he replied, bitterly. "What is there in this country that's any good?"

"You're prejudiced," I retorted warmly, "now there's the Christian General—"

"In the Northwest?"

"In the Northwest."

"Maybe we'll join him sometime."

"Maybe we will."

Ik and I slewed around in the revolutionary cause for a respectable spell. One month.....two.....three.....four.....five.....

"Say," muttered Ik Chuk Fang in the sixth moon, "who was the fellow we took a liking to, you and me, some time ago.....in the Northwest?"

"You ought never to construct your sentences so badly, 'I answered, 'bad grammar is bad form everywhere. 'Sometime ago,' you should have said, 'you and I took a liking to the Christian General who is in the Northwest.' From now on let's be particularly particular."

You should have seen Ik laugh.

"Why," he said, after he had guffawed his fill, "you're just a youngster. I'll have to come along and play the man's part for you."

"Pure conceit, comrade," I jeered, "it'll take you all the time to play your own. As for mine.....e'en poor as I am, Destiny has taken care of that."

"Rhetoric!" he shouted, "rhetoric! Rhetoric! Nothing but rhetoric!"

Kind Eternity, accept him..... whose life loved not rhetoric.

II.

Observe the region on the map. Parts of it look well-nigh inaccessible; parts of it are. This spot or that, they tell, is the stronghold of the Christian General: he whose troops live like monks and fight like tigers.....when they have to fight. He who can be placed among the notables; he who ever is "news"; but he who ever eludes the roving reporter and the sagacious "investigator". Towering in physique, compelling in programme, masterful in nature. Who and what is he,—man or superman? 'Let us,' Ik suggested, 'you and me, see.'

Yes, eventually our yellow skins, black hair and brown eyes enabled us to see what and who he was, and we saw somewhat behind the veil. We saw truth: she was ugly, and we turned away. The world sees error; she is beautiful, and from her we also look away. But now we are gone: only I am left; and I see only truth. Life is too short, is too uncertain, for me to entertain error.

I was once with the Kuo Min Chun, I, Ik Chuk Fang; and a pretty good soldier I was, too. I claimed to be a Christian (if I did not how could I ever have belonged to the Christian General's Army?) And, moreover, I was an officer.

Yes, I was an officer of the Kuo Min Chun. At first there were no thrilling adventures.....and certainly all along there was no reward.....there could be no reward in the Christian General's army. Fighting and bleeding, sacrificing and disciplining—this was the all and all of life. But the days were never boring; the nights never lonely; for duty..... it is everywhere and all the time. Grim, stern, merciless discipline.....discipline of a kind seldom seen in other armies.....discipline that made one loom up in admiration to a great personality. To a big man, with a big ideal possessed of a big vision. The man who created the Kuo Min Chun can have had nothing less than a big vision. Something that came out of nowhere, as we think; something out of the space called heaven; something that glowed silver bright in the dark night of recent Chinese history; something that had behind it the crushing force of dynamic energy.....Feng Yu-hsiang, the Christian General of Kansu, of China, of Chinese, and of a new world. He came upon the scenes which had remained



The 'Christian' General.

TO RILEY

stagnant for centuries, and changed them. He worked among people who had not changed in character and thought also for centuries, and *them* also he changed. A miracle worker? Hardly. An obedient son of the Sacred Order.

Across the oceans he had never travelled, across the continents he had never set eyes upon, his helpers came. From America, from Africa, from Malaysia, from the Indies, East and West.....from the out-back Australia, from the fair islands of New Zealand..... they came.....and were received as brothers. Reunited. Held to the warm bosom of the careless Fatherland.... but Home, after long years of wandering. Thus I take up this tale on the border of my life; on the eve of the passover; on the outcome of a turn of the hand, and the flicker of an eye-lid. I am to take you through memories: through pain; but ever a thread will follow, in triumph and disaster,—a fine thread of romance, of the splendor of action translated by the spirit of adventure.

Iron and discipline: these made the Christian General world famous. Sacrifice and heroism: these made his helpers famous before Feng Yu-hsiang was born. Sacrifice and heroism, determination and well-directed energy.....these lived in China of Old, and they live in China today.

.....But, how came it that I, Ik Chuk Fang, went forth to join the army of iron and discipline? I was driven. I did not elect to go. I could go nowhere else; I had no other choice.

I went because the Kuo Min Tang betrayed the Revolution and me. I was driven, like an animal, to the nearest shelter. I could not pick and choose: I was hounded until I sought the rest that is not rest, the peace that is greater war.

.....We two were together. Driven out like the very beasts of the field, stricken oxen, lashed and goaded; but though often tempted to give way, tradition held us true to ourselves.

“A Chinese,” said my host, and opposite ice-cream enthusiast, “who spoke better English than I had ever learned.” I said nothing for a moment, but regarded the ice-cream before me seriously. Also the Bund at Shanghai is rather interesting, and just at the moment of my friend’s amazing statement, I was mildly appraising a pair of ankles—were they Russian?—for our seat at a window of the Palace Hotel Tea Lounge was a vantage point, especially during the busy tiffin hour.

Across the way, a foreign woman and a

We of course must begin our introduction in the conventional way: General———

saw us in Nanking. He was a faithful lieutenant of the Christian General. We completed our arrangements under his friendly advice, and set out for our tour of the northwest. Armed with the magic passport of brown eyes, black hair, and Chinese faces, we ploughed through the dark provinces and found them bright. In those days the Christian General saw to it that the wishes of the Sacred Order were obeyed. Not a single foreign spy who got in ever got out.....if you know what I mean. One spy—a Japanese—got in, but, since he obtained no information worthy of objection, he was allowed to get out.....

But not so other.....adventurers.

Now, I, Ik Chuk Fang, dedicate my tale to the approaching generation. I say “approaching” advisedly: for with the coming generation alone lies the burden of the struggle, the stress and storm of the conflict, and the remorse after victory.

And I say unto you, my comrades, that, except ye be purified by offering your bodies on the altar of the Spirit of War, ye cannot take the leadership of our Fatherland, and so pacify and sanctify it to the everlasting glory of the race. I hold you solemnly to the vows sworn in dim ages of history—when China was the world’s glory and the world China—and when the Sons of Han died for honour and loved fiercely so to die. Gather unto yourselves the strength of ten nations and fight as one.....united and strong, irresistible as the tides of the ocean.....as wide and as deep.

Give to your Fatherland specious offerings.....just your lives, which are worth all, and more, than anything in the world to you, but which to your country are the expected gifts. Render unto the nation your fullest service. Die, that ye might live.

that Mac (we had shared the same shell hole and plum and apple) spoke not English but Scotch-American, but of course I grasped his meaning at once.

“You mean,” I suggested, “that he was well educated.”

Macdougall, before he continued telling me about this remarkable Chinese, selected a cigarette from my case with deliberation, and motioned me to do likewise. Even America cannot entirely change the Scot! From my past experience of Mac.

United China Magazine

"I am going to listen, Mac," I said, "Play ball, I'm all attention."

I did scent a "story", but Mac first motioned to the boy and paid his chit; then rose to his feet.

"It's a serious tale," he explained, "and I'm a man who cannot preach under difficulties, even to a friend, so if you don't mind, we'll take a possey over there in the half-light. It's quiet there, and with my mind clear of other things I can step on the gas."

"You fiery modernist," I chaffed, "it's no wonder we have Bolshevism in China."

Macdougall sprawled out his huge frame comfortably, closed his eyes, and recited to me this tale, which I have set down, just as he told it. Now and again, during its recital, he would open his eyes and peer at me as if in mild terror, or to assure himself that he was really away from it all. But now I realise he was living again the things he spoke of, and living them, suffering again the torment he had experienced in the hours of their accomplishment.

II

"You know, Martin," Macdougall began, "I have never posed as a superior white man, because I know that we are not superior to these Chinese among whom we are living for the present. Our superiority, if any, rests upon the wobbly foundation of a non-monopolised efficiency in killing others by means of machines. Yet others, whether they have machines or not, are just as good as the best of us: and I have discovered a Chinese hero as great and as noble as any of our Western idols.

"Now, I have lived four years in that much advertised Province of Kansu, the domain of that remarkable swashbuckler, the Christian General. Feng is a bonny Christian, you understand. It's the word, (not always the Bible), or the firing squad. And I have seen the... But I record that

"But first of all let me drag in a bit of history, much of it well known, but in any case, it will make it doubly clear to you. The Nationalist movement, originating in Canton in the latter part of 1925 had, by the late spring of 1926, swept up right to the mighty Yangtze, a red tide of revolution and new ideas. Well, to make the story short, the secret agents of the nations, knowing Soviet Russia's hand in the revolt, began to redouble their efforts to secure information as to the extent of this Russian influence, and also to increase the number of their investigators in China.

"When the Great War ended, as you know, Martin, I was sick to death of it all; the hatred, the blood, and the everlasting peace talk that got us nowhere. So I came to China as a missionary, thinking that I could do some good for my fellow men. After a few years in treaty ports, I had the luck to be sent to Kansu. My physique was just the thing, they said, for that country. They were right; I had every need of my muscle and my powers of endurance, which the years in France had happily built up. And my heart was set on adventure. You may laugh, for I am an old man comparatively, but my spirit is youthful, and I love the outdoor life.

"I worked for and among Feng's soldiers. I learned to speak their language, and to love and respect their people—this affection and respect born not of insincere missionary sentiment, as is sometimes the case, but mine from genuine admiration arising from the manly qualities and kindness of the people, and through intimate association with the Christian General's hardy captains. I must have marched hundreds of miles with them, sharing their food, and fighting side by side with them in many a scrap with bandits.

"It was during one of these treks after bandits that I met the man who all these years has been given up for lost in the interior—Captain Riley,

children in this life, yet I am a father. I am part of the God-head, and He is the Father of all men. No self-respecting man wishes to deny that belief: no decent man ignores the law of Nature. Few men ever take a woman to wife in dishonor. Those we truly love, we cannot belittle, even though they may be willing to share our shame and ignominy. There is a day in the life of every man when he faces the truth...and loves it. That may be the greatest event in life, or the least, according to his evolution. One day, in some other life, you, too, will come face to face with this truth and through your own efforts and experience, go on to fulfill the will of Destiny."

"And now," interrupted Riley, "this loyalty to love, or this right to live, which has driven you to this extreme decision, now becomes more than an intellectuality, but is a duty."

Tung smiled—a very sad smile, I thought.

"Yes, for this life," he confessed, "though I must assure you the execution of this duty would be impossible without the influence and example of a very noble woman—my mother. Most men owe it to her—for unselfishness, devotion, and self-sacrifice; understanding that it cannot be repaid, being the work of a destiny which demands the same effort of every one of us. Motherhood is an inevitable state; it cannot be abandoned—profitably. And I think that every mother longs to see her sons go out into the world and fight like heroes—for worthy things. Spartan mothers would rather have their sons brought home as corpses upon their own shields than have them return alive, members of a defeated army. The modern mother is much the same, but with a modern ambition.

"To grow up suddenly to manhood is not difficult for any normal youth, but what of the abnormal? The world is not full of average people. I, who had never wasted youth's energies, deprived of youth's playthings, did not want to become so soon a man. There is the tragedy. It is a thing that the world, and worst of all, one's family, cannot accept. The babyish child is thrashed within an inch of his life: and those that mete out the punishment call themselves civilised! Are boys irresponsible because they have never been thrashed? Or disciplined? Every little boy that goes to school knows what it is to be strong. The strong boy is seldom bullied.

"And such a child is the soul of honor until he meets with dishonor—and it comes first of all from his parents. Evolution intends the sharpest lessons to come from within. Every act that takes place means something. You see, living this soldiering life gives me the leisure to think all this out for myself. Indeed, I would not give up this life for all the wealth in China...for here I am king, master of my thoughts and a grand overseer of evolution. Here I can control, elsewhere I should stand but to obey. Better for me to make history unchallenged in the desert than to compete for a notoriety in a city.

"So you have two important Chinas'.

"That of the treaty ports, the world, and the diplomats who will be won by soft words, promises and threats. But the China of Kansu cannot be threatened. Nothing can touch me here.

"I am that other China that is die-hard, that will fight to the bitter end; with no retreat; no compromise with power; but death rather. No foreigner is welcome here. He is merely put up with as a necessary convenience whenever he is in evidence. Here we fight, and win. Elsewhere we retreat and are beaten. Those who are unprejudiced, for instance, can see that my task out here is greater than the statesmanship of Government leaders.

"Leadership out here requires emotional restraint, discipline, initiative, and endurance—all qualities for which Australians are renowned. Wherever they roam, Australians are admirably fitted to lead, to master, and to dominate. Under their leadership China would soon be a world power, for the national spirit, long dormant, would be lashed to instant life; the growing tide of fluent public opinion would be behind every task of national reconstruction: the soul of the nation would be in it. Progress would not only be swift, but permanent. Out here, I can prove to you that this is not merely talk; it is fact. As a leader of New China I am proud, haughty, overbearing, and you can neither differ nor object. I may execute a villainy that is foreign, but it will, in all probability, be called a good work.

"The world wants only one sort of Chinese. A humble, meek, ignorant fellow, soaked with opium and mad upon gambling. A clean-minded, clean-bodied, active-brained Chinese spells the doom of a white world dominion. And that, the white men have been clever enough to realise.

"All down the years the white man has poisoned us; forced us to take an inferior place in his social scale; despised our complexion—made of it a barrier so high that none may try to scale it—forced us to trade in opium, and at the point of the bayonet made us the world's laughing stock! John Chinaman! Dear God, but no more!

"There is a new China. I am its vanguard only, as Sun Yat Sen was a vanguard. We are not the sons of free men, but the off spring of shame and humiliation. We seek revenge. It is all we ask. What redress have I? None! What redress shall Riley have? But a paltry one at most. I shall pay off some old scores by taking his life. I shall take it, remembering the force of ridicule that kept me down in White Australia, as it does all over the white man's world. And force will keep you down, Riley, in Kansu. I must sacrifice you upon the altar of my faith to satisfy justice long deferred. I know I shall. Your own people sent you to this... as an offering...to appease the gods. Just an offering, Riley, and most acceptable."

But Tung no longer smiled. He was grave, tender and eloquent; as some great advocate delivering judgment.

He began again; at first with difficulty. But these moments of indecision were only the prelude to a burst of scintillating oratory: as different as chalk from cheese to that other character he had portrayed—that of the matter-of-fact, level-headed commanding officer. His voice seemed to come a great distance; like a murmur over the water; sonorously, but with a certain assurance I shall never forget. If you have ever seen an im-

"When I eventually came back to foreign society, I learned that he had arrived in China widely heralded as a newspaper correspondent assigned to the war-front, which was then the Yangtze Valley, in fact the Wu-han area. But at Shanghai he was warned both by the Chinese authorities and by the foreigners not to proceed inland. He was urged to make Shanghai his base, but all entreaties were unavailing. It seemed to the foreigners that he had set his heart upon going to the war zone, and knowing the tenacity of Australians, none were surprised, weeks later, to be notified by Hankow people that Riley was missing. Then the news flashed around the world, and Riley's newspaper came out with an urgent reward of ten thousand pounds for information leading to the discovery of Riley, dead or alive.

"I remember that the day had been oppressive: from early morning we had been on the march, and with our umbrellas aloft, it was tricky work picking our way up the defiles. I was tanned almost as much as any of the party, and not being young, I was praying that the officer would let up and rest, for I was all in.

"We were enroute to an old monastery, situated in the heart of the hills, and it was Feng's habit to send an annual offering, in the shape of Christian literature, to the monks: and for his officer to meet the headmen of the surrounding villages. It suited my purpose to move from place to place with Feng's men, as it assured safety. It is no joke being captured and held to ransom by Kansu bandits. The soldiers were continually warring against them, but of course never entirely wiping them out. Banditry is a result of mis-government, and while I admire the stern discipline Feng exacted from his troops, I know that his rule of the peasant farmer was not always impartial. Feng knows it himself, and he has never pretended to be a perfect ruler; all he is trying to do is to be a patriot.

"But to come back to my story. Riley was undoubtedly attracted by the possibility of a meeting of Feng's lieutenants and Mongolian chiefs, because it must have been only stern duty that sent him to the Kansu foothills. He could not speak any Chinese dialect, and took with him, I now surmise, Chinese who were in the pay of the Service. These acted as boys and coolies, but there is no doubt they were more than this—for why did the Chinese kill them? The odds are against them deserting him, for trusted servants such as these would be well rewarded, and really could hope to find nothing more lucrative.

"The Chinese have their own peculiarly widespread secret service, and it is quite evident to me that they knew of Riley's mission all along. That they did not believe he was merely a newspaper correspondent is borne out by the fact that they warned him from the very beginning to stay away from the territory of Feng Yu-hsiang, and again when the news of his disappearance was broadcast, and the British did all in their power to make the Chinese discover his whereabouts or produce his remains, the Chinese made no real effort and investigation, but simply stated their belief that he had fallen into the clutches of the banditti then roaming the entire country, especially in the district where he had been last seen. After a

few weeks, so it seemed to the average foreigner, the British accepted this theory and abandoned hope. Whether this relieved them in the thought that at least the Chinese did not suspect anything, and that the opening still existed; or whether they accepted failure resignedly, I have, of course, never been able to fathom. It will remain, like many other episodes in Secret Service, an unsolved riddle. But Riley's passing should be more than an epoch: if ever we are to have universal peace, secret service must go, before other lives are sacrificed in a cause that is no longer honorable or necessary."

"Then he is dead!" I said in dismay.

Macdougall smiled somewhat grimly, I thought.

"Yes, and if that were all, the story would be finished, but it has only begun."

"Go on," I breathed, fearfully interested.

IV

"The sun must have been riding towards noon as we reached the outskirts of a little village called Mo Tse. The village is regarded as the junction or halfway house to the famous monastery. I think I have said it was oppressive weather, for midsummer in Kansu is no picnic. Though we were now thousands of feet above sea level, the mugginess persisted. The column consisted of two hundred or so well fed and equipped troops, wearing the red arm band of Feng's crack regiment, "The Ever Advancing Battalion",—a phrase the Christian General had coined in imitation of Gordon's famous, "Ever-Victorious Army". The command was invested in an experienced officer, Captain Tung, a man about thirty-six years old, who bore himself with soldierly carriage. He was an exceptionally gifted and educated man and, I judged, an excellent officer. One could plainly see that his men respected and admired him, and, as generally with the Christian General's soldiers, they were not adverse to the stern discipline he meted out to all delinquents. Tung conversed with me for hours in English. His pronunciation and grammar were perfect. I thought him a mission-school product.

All along the route I noticed a peculiar watchfulness on the part of the scouts, and the eagerness, coupled with secretiveness, with which Tung would jump up from his meal and hurry out to talk with "newcomers",—because it was unusual indeed for the officer in command to be so besieged by visitors—a fact which I duly commented upon when he returned after about the tenth interview with a "visitor". The conversations were always carried on out of earshot, but everything else was discussed freely in my presence.

He passed my comment with a shrug and a smile, and, at the time, I thought, of deception.

"Bandits," he explained briefly. "We expect a very big gang to lurk in these hills."

"But surely with so many troops you do not fear even a big gang," I said, "You are all well armed, and have machine guns."

"One never can tell," he returned, enigmatically, "there are such things as ambush, stabs in the back and attack in the night. I fear surprise would be fatal even to our well disciplined band." With which, of course, I was forced to agree. It seemed

take the proper, if not the expected thing, to take extra precautions in such a dangerous locality.

Those who have experienced anything of military life know how great a drag upon one's institution is slow marching, especially where the highway is a mountain path, often steep and rocky, and, invariably, with a lot of climbing—fatiguing exercise at any time. It takes hardy men, well used to the vagaries of the climate, to travel in Kansu during the summer. The start, under the cool sky of early morning is one thing, the midday halt, under a burning sun high in the heavens, another.

At noon, after we had pitched temporary camp or tiffin, I was startled to see a white man, tall and of good physique, standing in the trail ahead of us, accompanied by two soldiers, both heavily armed. The foreigner had a light canvas haversack strapped to his shoulders and a camera slung from left to right. Beyond these three persons, I saw another soldier standing at ease with rifle and fixed bayonet. The attitude of the soldiers left no doubt in my mind as to their relation of jailers toward a prisoner. The incident surprised me, for Feng's men rarely apprehended foreigners. At the time it occurred to me that the white man was probably a Russian caught spying, and if so, the affair explained itself. Feng's fear of Russian spies in his territory was real and acute. He would buy munitions from them, and often heed their advice as to military affairs, but he hated to have them get to know too much of his administrative secrets.

The foreigner and his escort joined our column without further ado, and the march was continued. The afternoon hours passed without further incident. Close on sundown a halt was made at a village, when Captain Tung approached the new arrivals and spoke to the foreigner in English.

"Captain Riley," he said, "please step this way."

"Captain Riley" thereupon strode after Tung, and both entered a field tent hastily erected near the village pond. No sooner had the pair disappeared inside the tent, when an armed guard appeared and took up post in the vicinity. Curious as I was, I could find out nothing from the men, and even the lieutenant knew nothing, or appeared to know nothing, of the stranger white man in our midst. But from careful eavesdropping, I gleaned that an armed patrol had been sent out to get somebody upon information delivered by one of the visitors whom Tung interviewed.

A sergeant spoke confidently of returning to "headquarters" in half a score of days, which puzzled me a great deal. So the present expedition had been sent out merely to capture a lone foreigner! It passed through my mind that, after all, Captain Riley, whoever he was, was not a prisoner, but a military expert engaged by Feng, and the heavily armed Chinese soldiers with him were bodyguards of a trusted servant, so I dismissed the matter from mind until "rice".

Everyone was surprised when the commanding officer did not show up for the evening meal. According to custom in the Christian General's army, the officers of all ranks must eat with their men, and this rule Tung had not broken hitherto.

I saw orderlies conveying food into his tent. I reflected that the foreigner probably bore important news which the officer desired to hear in camera.

The night had fallen quickly; it was getting incredibly dark for so early an hour, when Tung emerged from his seclusion, and as I was finishing my after-dinner cigarette. He had stepped only a few paces toward me, and as I arose, seemed to suddenly change his mind, stopped, and without saying a word, beckoned me to the tent into which he quickly returned.

As I threw up the tent flap I noticed how grim Tung looked, that his mouth was set in a hard line, and that he wore an unusual frown. He was impatient and uneasy, and at first did not appear to know what to do. I looked at him enquiringly. He hastily motioned me to be seated on a collapsible camp-stool. Then for the first time my eyes were focussed upon Riley.

"Well..." I began.

Tung impatiently cut in on my observation, and with a sweeping gesture, not devoid of grace, gave voice to an evidently considered statement.

"Mr. Macdougall, I want your good offices to persuade this gentleman to return to his friends and comforts in Hankow or Shanghai, and never again set foot upon Kansu soil. If he disobeys my commands, then the penalty ascribed by law is death, a verdict against which I can allow no repeal."

Then, noting my startled expression, with which must have appeared a great deal of incomprehension, and Riley's surprise in finding another white man in the wilderness, Tung continued, speaking crisply and with significant emphasis upon the necessary words.

"Please grasp the meaning of my words, Mr. Macdougall. This is Captain Basil Riley, of the British Secret Service, engaged upon a mission detrimental to the success of the campaign our allies are waging against the northern warlords. I am, of course, pleased that his mission has failed, but at the same time I have every sympathy with him in his intense disappointment, not to mention humiliation, at being so easily detected as a peacetime unconvicted criminal. His arrest on the location he chose to exploit, was inevitable. His departure, now my most urgent desire!"

Riley did not move from his camp-stool, but eyed me keenly while he listened intently to Tung. I was dumbfounded at the accusation, for I read confirmation of the charge on Riley's face. In fact, he smiled somewhat admiringly at the well chosen words. But he said nothing.

A long silence reigned: Tung stood as still as stone, and looked only at his feet, while we two white men gazed at each other without speaking, yet understanding.

At last I said, "Captain Riley, I do not know whether there has been a mistake or not, but you must do as you are told."

As the last word left my lips, and my throat had gone suddenly dry at the realisation of Riley's plight, Tung looked up and fixed Riley with a triumphant stare. There was a challenge in his eyes.

Riley returned Tung's gaze in an equally hostile manner. I looked at Tung; his gaze did not waver.

"A Daniel come to judgment!" said Riley, mockingly; his voice was hard, sarcastic. Tung gazed the more sternly at his prisoner.

"Riley,"—there was a distinct loss of respect in his tone,—*"I believe you were born in Australia, served in the Great War, decorated by a couple of governments; and by good fortune came to a manhood born of a boyhood rich in the tenets of British sportsmanship, and now you voice this inexcusable insult."*

"Until this moment, I have been prepared to treat you as a soldier and a man, but I see that I have been sadly mistaken in my first estimate of you—a very good one, as my treatment of you will bear out."

At this juncture Tung produced a long green paper from a canvas valise, and spread it out on the crude table. It was an official document, with the imprint of many red chops on its surface. The annotations on margins were unmistakable signs that the paper in question had passed through many hands.

"You cannot read this," resumed Tung after the pause, in which he turned towards Riley, "but this paper clearly states who you are and what you are." Again Tung paused, and this time the silence was truly dramatic. Then he pointed to a few small Chinese characters at the foot of the document—Chinese writing almost smeared to unrecognisability by the profusion of red chop seals. "Here are the words sentencing you to death, immediately, upon arrest."

"I have let the spirit of good will and love for Australia get such a hold upon me, that I have gambled with death in order to give a fellow countryman a chance to live, and, if possible, to escape, not in defeat, but in honor. Please realise, Captain Riley, that I have disobeyed orders, and that I am liable to pay for disobedience with my life!"

Riley, listening with amazement, fear—almost unbelieving, rose to his feet, an exclamation on his lips.

"You...an Australian?" he asked in a funny voice. Apparently Tung's other words had not impressed themselves upon him at the moment. In fact, the information thus given, also brought forth an exclamation of wonder and realisation from me. At last I knew why Tung spoke such perfect English *à la Oxford*.

Tung regarded both of us calmly.

"There are many Australians," he said serenely, "to be found all over the little known world, and also in the well known world. The difference between Riley and Tung is merely one of color...of complexions. The lessons one learns in Australia are not easily forgotten, not even in these grim Kansu wastes, and"—he added wistfully—"God gives every man a chance once in a while to play the game, and take his beating like a man."

Riley involuntarily stepped back, and regarded the Chinese officer with a new wonder, a new respect. He hung his head.

Tung sat down hastily, and both of us foreigners followed suit. I tried to mend the delicate situation, for I believed in Tung's sincerity. He was not lying. The Christian General's way was sharp and unmerciful when he had occasion to punish "disobedience."

"Captain Riley is so undone from both surprise and wonderment," I ventured, "that he did not have time to consider this aspect of the question."

The Chinese merely smiled, and looked at his feet. Riley's face was a study in contrasts; for a moment it flashed defiance; then despair; then misery; and finally, shame.

"Mr. Macdougall," said Riley, temperately, "Thank you! Now, Captain Tung"—this in sarcastic vein—"I have never had occasion to apologise to a Chinaman before, but I am going to give you that honor, the first and only apology I have made to an Asiatic." He paused, but Tung continued to gaze at his feet and did not look up, "I am sorry for those words, and I withdraw them."

To say that I stared at Riley in astonishment is to put it mildly. Mentally I cursed him for his idiocy.

"That," said Tung slowly, and evenly, "is not an apology at all. You state that you have never before apologised to an Asiatic. The statement hardly does you credit, for it reveals your primitive mind. I refuse to entertain an apology from you, and I'm sorry to say you will leave this earth still looking for an Asiatic on whom to proffer this most generous honor!"

"I cannot turn back without finishing my job!" shouted Riley excitedly, "I will not turn back for any Chinaman! I will never surrender to any Chinaman as long as I live! No, never! If you think I am a spy, I shall not condescend to deny it. I am a journalist, a newspaper man, a special investigator of the London Times. I treat your judgment with contempt."

"Riley....." I commenced to remonstrate, but the Chinese cut me short.

"Enough, Mr. Macdougall, Enough! One cannot argue with a pig. Then, Captain Riley, the orders of the headquarters' command, now long delayed, shall be carried out. Prepare to die at sunrise."

Thus Captain Basil Riley, "special investigator" of the Times, was sentenced to death.

And I was paralysed with grief for this man who had held freedom in his grasp, but who, through his own criminal folly and racial animosity, had so plainly condemned himself. I could not protest, since protest would have been futile. There in the mountain fastnesses of Kansu the Christian General's troops were Government, law and arbiters of all disputes; each commanding officer of Feng's tribunals against which there could be no appeal. As I grasped the injustice of it all, I also realised the expediency of it.

Riley drew himself up and looked straight ahead.

"I have heard, Captain," was all he said. Then, just like in novels, when such a situation is described, Riley took out a cigarette case, flashed it open in the single action, and offered the contents to

Tung who declined with a throaty, "No, thanks." and then to me—I also declined.

Apparently unabashed, the Australian selected his 'smoke' with care and lit it.

Tung watched the doomed man with bright eyes. He did not speak, and an eternity seemed to pass until Riley spoke again. Drawing himself up to his full height, he looked both of us in the face, and enunciated bitterly:

"I shall die a Briton," he said, "none shall deprive me of that honor!"

Tung shook his head slowly from side to side.

"Captain Riley," he returned sadly, "you are mistaken. You die a fool. But you act like a brave man, and I hope, when you face the firing party, you will die game, for the sake of the country that gave both of us birth."

Riley passed a hand across his brow, faltered, and sat down hastily.

"You know your duty," he said, and there was a shade of nobility in his voice, "and I know mine. I never thought that a Chinese could be such a white man, but I have lived long enough, Captain, to find the discovery bitter. I salute you—even if you will not accept my apology—as one officer to another."

"Friendly enemy," answered Tung at once, "forgive me. It is true that duty's is the voice I must obey and friendship may now call in vain." And he saluted back.

Tung drew up a stool and sat down beside Riley. Then he opened the canvas valise. He motioned me, also, to come nearer. The Chinese officer pulled the oil lamp closer and commenced to examine the mass of documents, both in English and Chinese. Riley watched intently. I noticed that the pallor of his face had increased to an ashen grey. Presently Tung cleared his throat.

"Here are the proofs of your guilt, Riley," he said, "I am going to burn them, as they are of no further use—and you have earned it." Forthwith he drew out a match case and in a few seconds the documents were a mass of living flame on the ground.

I shall never forget that scene: the flickering shadows cast by the leaping flames; the condemned man's drawn and alternately flushed and bloodless face; the serious, thoughtful look upon the dark features of the Chinese officer.

Tung watched the burning evidence until the last blue flame died away and nothing except gray ashes remained. Then he ground the ashes into the earth with his foot, deliberated a moment, folded his arms across his breast, and regarded us thoughtfully.

"Riley," he began, at last, "as a fellow Australian I could pardon you; set you free; be chivalrous to you, and therefore place you under a lifelong obligation to me. The evidence is up in smoke, your record unstained, your honor safe."

Riley breathed heavily during the short pause that followed those words.

He flashed me a look of relief and another of hopefulness towards his judge.

"But," resumed Tung, "if the situation were

reversed, and I landed in your grip in Australia, I wonder, Riley, if you would do the same for me? No, I think not, for the white man, although he may be chivalrous and generous to his enemy white man, extends no mercy to the yellow man, once that yellow man has deserved conviction and the death sentence."

There was another, a slightly longer pause. Riley's face did not change its expression, but his hands twitched nervously.

"And again," continued Tung, with marvellous purity of speech, "a spy is a spy wherever found. A spy in wartime is shot to death. Here in China it is true we are not officially at war, but we are, nevertheless, fighting for our very existence—the existence of our modern, Nationalist China. But we have discussed,"—here he turned to me—"that, and much more besides out of your hearing, and it has been settled as far as I am concerned. But in order that the world may not say that we, Nationalist China—with our back against the wall, in true self defence—have taken your life without just cause, I am going to ask Mr. Macdougall to bear witness of your words and mine. It must be the working of Providence that we have you here with us, Macdougall...you may live to tell the world the truth of Riley's disappearance and extinction, but you shall not do it, in honor bound, until all danger to Nationalist China has passed. Do you promise?"

I promised.

"Then we will proceed. Captain Riley, let me once more assure you that you are getting justice. No man, of course, wants to die. But you came here risking death, and so death can be your only reward. You stand before me for a judgment already prescribed by my superiors. I stand to execute that judgment. I am not your judge. Tradition is your judge, and only as the spokesman of tradition, does my superior officer sentence you to death at sunrise. Do I make it clear?"

Riley stiffened. I could almost feel his tenseness and his stricture.

"I have not asked mercy," he replied almost inaudibly, "but this is murder..."

Tung's eyes blazed suddenly.

"God will punish the murderers," he said, with intense finality. "According to the practice of your country a man who seeks information in order to smash the Government of the country, is a spy, and his penalty is death."

"I am not a spy!" shouted Riley with flashing eyes.

"No!" roared back Tung, equally inflamed. "You are a secret investigator, another name for the thing!"

"In England and in Australia, all men are given a fair trial." Riley, stung to bitterness and revolt, leaned forward and fairly glared at the Chinese. "In China any man's life can be taken at a warlord's whim. God curse you, Tung, and may this land be swept by famine and pestilence!"

Tung surveyed him calmly for fully a minute. The silence was tremendous.

"Captain Riley, I thought you were a brave man!"

chatter and gossip. I shan't sleep—a doomed man will not, either. And you can make your will. Mr. Macdougall will aid you and bear witness. But perhaps you have done so already."

Riley laughed too, though feverishly.

"Rot to you, I say, you hypocrite. Give me a chance and I'd riddle your yellow carcase with all ten rounds."

Tung smiled somewhat blandly at this, and showed a row of perfect white teeth.

"Why..." his tone was rapier-like, "you speak as if you were an actor on the stage. In this far country confidence stuff is at a discount. Our Great Leader, Sun Yat Sen, has said, "Knowledge is difficult, action is easy," and though it seems like sacrilege to doubt his words, I say in your case the action is difficult. And for my part, I have a certain knowledge which, I must confess, is not an expression of modest opinion. It is that I have shot tin hats at three hundred yards right through a mean center!"

"And I," shouted Riley, "I have shot dogs running away from me at a thousand yards!"

Tung chuckled. I chuckled. Well, and who wouldn't have? In fact the Chinese so much enjoyed the joke against himself that, turning to his guards, who could not understand our speech at all, he translated the foreigner's words into Mandarin. The guards received the interpretation with broad smiles. But I thought they chiefly dared to smile because their Commanding Officer had seen fit to laugh at the joke himself.

Grinning broadly, Tung drew a sleeve across his eyes to wipe away the tears of merriment. Chinese like to hear good repartee.

"Riley," his voice was clear and sober again, "I shall hate to kill you, old chum. But duty is still duty, and has got to be obeyed."

Riley raised one hand, and declared passionately:

"If God would give me one chance to kill you, Tung, you utter ingrate and upstart, I'd be glad to die immediately afterwards. You'll come to meet me with some armor on, eh? Or perhaps your extraordinary cunning brain would think of putting one of your men armed with a rifle behind me, shoot me in the back, eh? and say you killed a white man on even terms. Shame on you, you rotter!"

Tung gave a contemptuous snort.

"You're hysterical. Calm yourself, man. You're not a boy; you've grown up, though I can't say how proud your parents would be to see you tonight."

The conversation lapsed. I was not sorry. How the hours passed I but faintly remember, for there are other incidents more firmly seared across my mind. I recollect, though, Riley's unnatural calm, and then sheer fatigue forced me to doze and fall into an uneasy sleep.

I awoke with a start, and found Tung listening to the report of a sergeant who had returned from a tour of camp inspection. He appeared to be unaffected by the impending crisis—a state of mind that kept on making me believe the worst of his intentions.

Then, as my gaze rested on the huddled form of the Australian, I realised at last that, whatever the rights or wrongs of the case, here were two men of quality, and of a certain nobility, who had escaped the horrors of war to meet face to face in single combat—like a predestined thing, inexplicable. Were both skeptical of the other's courage, convinced in his heart of hearts that the other would fail at the eleventh hour, and that the fantastic challenge was but the outcome of consummate play-acting? It seemed hardly that. Yet I retained the suspicion right to the end that the thing would be called off. There was no rational purpose behind it; nothing but a mad gesture and a futile sacrifice on the altar of patriotism to the gods of war and hatred...the beginnings of an unending misery. Could educated men do it, and live—finding joy in that living, finding satisfaction in a brute sense of having done a shameful duty? Man, surely, could not forever plan inhumanity to man and not repent.

But there was no way out. That either could honorably withdraw was no longer a possibility; because of hot words, boastful words, idle words, words that really meant nothing; and strenuous animosity generated by ignoble reference to the other man's color, the other man's country and that country's misdeeds.

An old question fired my mind and stimulated my fading faculties. Why do men wish to destroy the fountain of life?

I was abruptly interrupted in my self-debate at midnight. What a great blessing is the discipline of an army at a great crisis. It was needed now, if ever, and both men arose shakily, at last cognisant of the impending doom. I do not believe any kind of man approaches death entirely unmoved. They seemed to be even more alive—living, if you understand me. These hours were the last for one. Riley or Tung? I was now fully awake.

Three orderlies entered almost noiselessly, and laid a perfectly cooked meal on the table...bowls of steaming food, pork, and bowls of gravy colored rice...three bowls...soon there would be one less needed on earth. The sight of the food brightened all three of us...proof of the efficacy of food to win joy from misery. But three bowls! Something uncannily devastating about the superstition that bad luck follows three. The Chinese loathe it...three in a photograph...three diverse elements—calamity. A new spirited Riley, hands sweeping a wide arc before us, fell upon the food, eyes glowering and fascinated by the rising odour of the meat. Then arms and elbows performed for him the gesture, and I fell to as well, at his side, without waiting for Tung to start in with us.

Riley jabbed his chopstick firmly into a piece of pork, and pointed the other stick at me, saying boyishly, "Before the day gets started, belly must be full. Tucker anyhow, cannot kill a man, though, I must admit, on occasion, a bullet will." At those words my appetite failed, and with it my courage, I verily believe. A feeling of guilt stole over me, and seemed to pinion me from behind. A day of death, and I could eat! And yet, come what will, the world goes on. There is nothing after all, I thought swiftly, inhuman or unholy in eating before death. And generally, in fact it is a matter of

custom for a condemned man to be given a hearty meal before execution. Here two men were condemned; they were entitled to a veritable feast.

Mild surprise swept me as I realised that Tung had not taken his place at the table to eat. He stood behind us, not puzzled, but woefully pathetic, almost tragic.

Riley looked around at the same time, and we both framed the same question. His strange reply came forth sadly, as if some great restraint were holding back a multitude of words which he could not express at the moment because he felt so deeply.

The oil lamp flicked at the words, for a faint zephyr of the disappearing night eluded the flap as a sentry brushed it, and a shadow, as of the cross, fell across his face and we, with food in our mouths, appeared like supplicants before a high priest, hearing those sentences understanding.

"A host cannot relish the thought of food knowing that he intends to abuse the sacred law of hospitality. Shall I sit down and eat when so soon I must take the life of my guest?—for such it has proved."

"There is no other way," said Riley, between gulps, "except the way of the unmanly...and we are not that."

In spite of Tung's exhibition of good taste, and Riley's acceptance of the inevitable, I scarcely choked back an angry retort. But Riley placed an arm on my shoulder, affectionately, as a brother would; the rage died within me and a boiling desire to wreck physical violence upon the Chinese subsided immediately.

Tung got out a handkerchief and blew his nose hurriedly. Then he came forward, placed his hand on Riley's shoulder and his other arm on mine. He observed brightly: "But perhaps I should eat, after all? If I win, I shall not enjoy a dinner after the event as I would before it. Yes, you are right, Riley, food for the work ahead of us...pile in!"

Acting, I thought, pure acting. But it no longer filled me with dread, or even disgust; I was dimly conscious of the feeling that here were heroes I should enshrine all my life—admiration can grow in so short a time. These fellows should have been peaceful and prosperous citizens of their respective countries, instead of soldiers in the wastes of Kansu.

The meal ended quickly, for unnatural hunger scraped clean every bowl. We ate ravenously; as little boys at a Sunday School tea-fight...all three of us were guilty of stuffing.

"It is only half-past twelve," remarked Riley casually, glancing at his wrist watch. "The dawn is hours away. The time drags so. Perhaps, Tung, you would not be adverse to telling how on earth you landed in this God-forsaken land in charge of an army, or rather part of an army, even if it is an army, and I suppose it must be, for these parts. No, you don't get ruffled and worked up as the Yanks say, you know me. I've heard it said that Australians have fooled Englishmen, and others; but seldom of one bushwhacker pulling the wool over another bushwhacker. How did you come to leave Australia, anyhow?"

Tung, exceedingly pleased at Riley's words, smiled boyishly. But he gathered himself for a serious effort. Occasionally a dark look came into his eyes, but it seemed the swiftest of a fleeting bitterness.

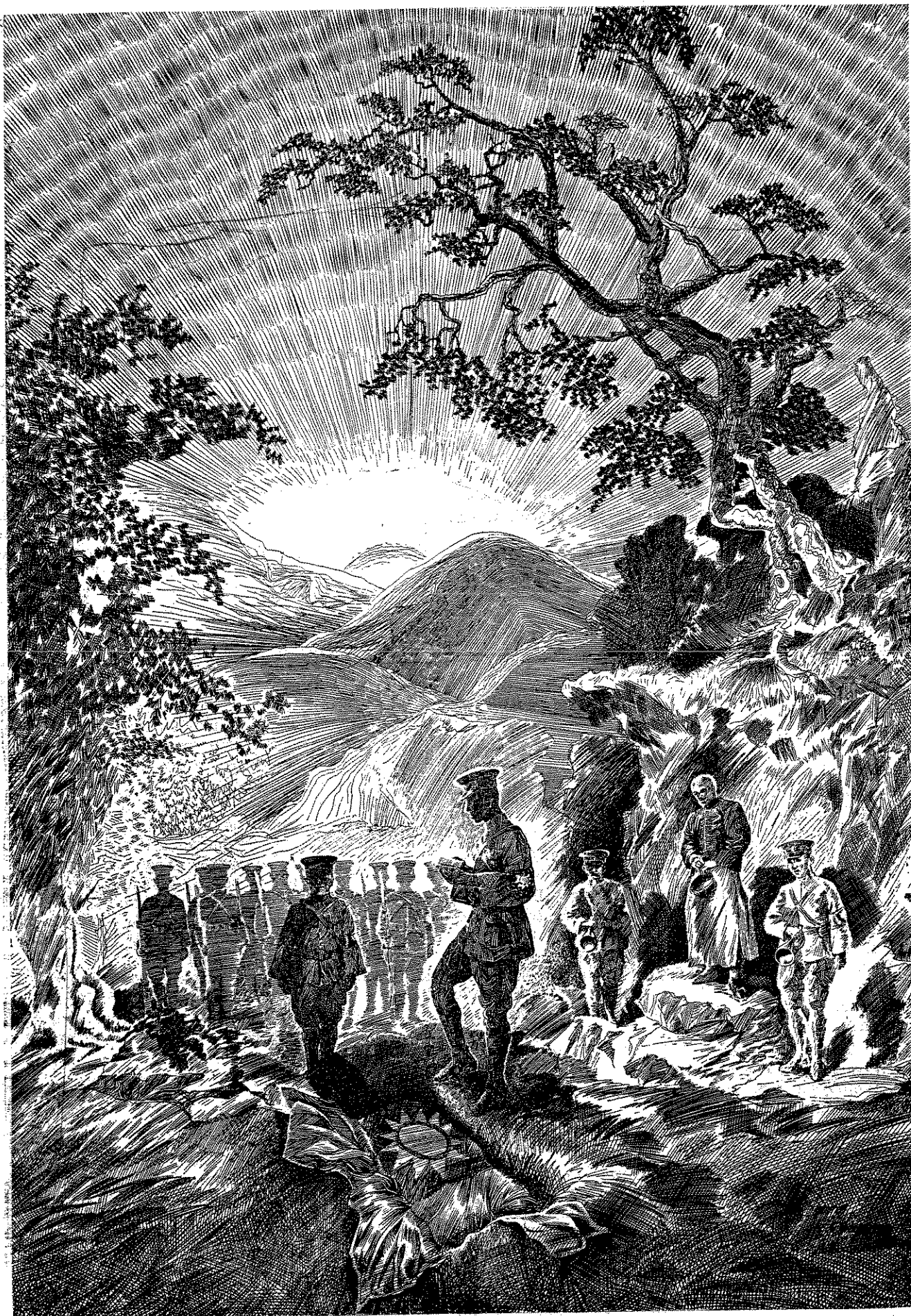
"Perhaps, old top," he began airily, "I should begin by telling you *why* I left Australia. But that is a long story, as the novelists remark, when they funk a piece of difficult characterization, or is it psychology. Yet I am tempted to tell you something—that is if it ever can be of benefit to you, which I must doubt—for the good of my waning courage..."

"Now the story...well, just look at my face and you can see what I am. I am one who dislikes to be ruled, who would rather rule, but, mind you, would never dominate unfairly. I do not relish power, though power is mine. My nature is open, and cannot be otherwise. Still, there is a side to my nature that I, only, can explain. You know, it's just like a box; when you hold it up all you can see is half its surface area; you know very well the other side is there allright, but you can't see it as you view what is before you. The unknown area means nothing to most people. But extra clever people, and who knows but perhaps we are that, may assume knowledge, if not intimacy, with the other side of the question. It is probable our minds are of much the same calibre.

"I do not for a moment assume ignorance on my part; neither do I suppose others are altogether innocent of what I know. That's a self-evident truth. If any proof is needed we shall go no further than this night of high tension which justifies our eagerness to discuss things ere it is too late. Do we romance? Or do we seriously examine? I think we are well advised to do both.

"I like romance, well, and who does not? In me the need has reached a passion, and my soul is consumed with an overwhelming love for the grand, the glorious, the beautiful. Now, as I see it, you, Captain Riley, are more helpless and more unlucky than I. In fact, Riley and Macdougall, you both shall be my playthings. Yes, madness if you like. But what madness! I'll tell you the men all down history...but no, one will suffice, Napoleon..... and I laugh at myself to think I should ever emulate him. But you are the tools whereby I can create something big, even as Napoleon created a grand empire by tools other than those of steel and wood.....I mean of men.

"You know, he was really the first to make tools of real people. He crushed them to raise an empire, but he let loose upon the world mightier minds than he ever crushed. I shall do that with you. I shall kill the man Riley to build a figurative empire, to cause stark fear and realisation to grip the soul of Macdougall so that he will go back to his people an advocate of hope, and a herald of the greater men who shall follow Riley. This may not be Chinese reasoning, but at least it is my reasoning—and what I represent, New China—and it cannot be called soulless. There's a logic in it that defies derision. You see it every day. In business, the big corporation stamps out the smaller company, while the corporation is mercilessly blotted out by a trust.....a modern counterpart to the policy of



Drawing by the Author.

"He should have been a great Christian divine with that powerful tenor of his, ringing around us, and echoing back to the mouth which had given it forth.....the words trailed in clouds of glory, and were caressingly lovely words that have made wrecks of millions of lives in every century of British rule.....words of comfort, but words telling of a dead that is forever dead to those who are left behind."

apoleon, and the backward sweep of a highly enlightened world to the sharp cunning of the scientists. We have in China a saying that the most sublime poetry is that which can keep firmly to the earth, which means that the greatest good is measured by the misery overcome to ensure it.

"And if I examine myself in a threefold manner, I must first learn why I have been singled out for the execution of a fellow countryman. Already, by offering to gamble on it, I have scorned that duty. But I find in that disobedience a refuge, and a noble thought. It seems a worthier way. If I live, it shall be recorded as a good mark, not as a sin. I will have done it for the good of my country and the ultimate progress of the earth.

"I seem to have been moulded by some greater mind, or cast by the controlling power that re-creates people, as I believe, to be the man to seize these tools, because above all others I have had suitable experience and training. It cannot be given to a man without bitterness, without hatred, without desire for revenge: a man who has led a life of ease and contentment could not even contemplate it. With my aching heart, with my gaping wounds, ah, the task is simple.

"I can approach it as a master. A great surgeon, with a thousand successful operations behind him, advances boldly, and with speed finishes a marvellous work.....a work of humanitarianism, for he has saved a life! So I, the master, come before Riley, confidence in every movement, power in every word; to do an artistic job, with dispatch, without the shambling and trembling a lesser man would go through. No, not callousness, not training; discipline if you like which has not hardened me, for a hard man has a hard technique to everything. I, for instance, could not go to the woman I love, seize her cave-man fashion, fiercely lose with her, make her mine brutishly in a rough lovely environment. No! I have been trained matchless for one thing only. I should go to my beloved with tenderness, gentleness. Humble, beseeching, anxious to please, quick to jealousy, deferent to her every wish. And once won, I should not dare to take her to anything but a lovely home; surround her with luxury; caress her belongings; worship the very earth she treads upon. I should be her slave. Meek and mild. But the strong man, my enemy, who, I have been trained to combat! I should close with him fiercely, choke the life from his body and defile it. Oh, a thousand rotten insults and calumnies!"

He stopped. For a long while neither of us spoke. Riley, a new quality dominating his cool voice, was the first to break the silence.

"That was worthy of the greatest man who ever lived," he said soberly, "If they are the last words ever heard on this earth, they shall go with me to that life ahead, and when I am reborn, as I also believe with you, that knowledge shall be there, for I have heard it. I have never been given over-much to deep thinking. But your words set me seriously to wondering what is life. We enter upon it against our will, it seems, and we die. The Church can give no full, satisfactory answer. Theology is strangely silent on the subject. Where, then, shall we seek an answer? You have answered that. We must seek the truth from ourselves."

In spite of myself, I was interested.

"Does that mean, then, that we are the masters of our fates, and the captains of our souls?" I asked.

Riley shook his head. For a moment he did not reply, while Tung smiled. Riley caught that smile, for he smiled too. There was already something between these two which I could not fathom. They knew things I did not.....unspoken things. They understood all that was in the heart of the other.

The Australian leaned towards me earnestly.

"Tung can explain now, if he will, what it was that drove him from Australia. It will answer your question. It should be only for you. I already know."

My lips must have framed words of doubt, but they remained unuttered. Tung's hand fluttered to his tunic collar. He spoke slowly. "It is part of of my soul.....thatand is nobody's business..... but perhaps for that great work before me, and because of it, then I shall tell you why I left Australia. I left because of a person. And that person was beautiful and embodied the very spirit of Australia—of open skies, of freshness, of purity. But that same inner spirit was in me, too. It could not cast me down from the heights it had elevated me to. But that other half of my life was real, even as the land itself is real and I needed it."

"A love affair!" I ejaculated.

"Not exactly," said Tung levelly, "you persist in a common error. A love affair is not life. Of what I speak is more than the lure of sex, the wiles of mere womanhood. It is the right to worship, to uphold what is right. Happiness is born of inner contentment. The equality of outward forms, such as law, franchise, sport, hardly compensates for that honorable feeling known as inferiority.

"To live in the flesh, man scarcely needs anything more than his strength, sight and hearing. But to live spiritually man must have a sense of beauty, a knowledge of language, a mind of reason, and perfect love life. Because he is an immortal being, he is never entirely deprived of any one of these. Without his soul-mate, as we sometimes cynically call it, man is cursed. He is a bastard and no son of God. He is unable to take part in evolution and cannot progress to the higher life.

"It is a spirit that must come to a man whole. If it is tainted, if it is a drink that is poisoned, he cannot take it, for he will die. If he cannot find a clear stream from which to drink, then he must hunt for one. If he find men poisoning the life-giving stream he must fight them, and prevent them from poisoning and fouling the existence of life. This is the right to live. A man must elect either to fight those who have befouled his stream, for there can be no compromise, or he must drink the fluid that flows through their domain, and drinking, he will die. In my life, a woman is the symbol of the right to live. Not only must I win her, but I must rise to defend her. I must make the country safe and peaceful for her to live in. I must protect that precious life from all insult and danger. It is the mother instinct in woman, and the paternal instinct in man. Though I have never begotten

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children in this life, yet I am a father. I am part of the God-head, and He is the Father of all men. No self-respecting man wishes to deny that belief: no decent man ignores the law of Nature. Few men ever take a woman to wife in dishonor. Those we truly love, we cannot belittle, even though they may be willing to share our shame and ignominy. There is a day in the life of every man when he faces the truth...and loves it. That may be the greatest event in life, or the least, according to his

"I am that other China that is die-hard, that will fight to the bitter end; with no retreat; no compromise with power; but death rather. No foreigner is welcome here. He is merely put up with as a necessary convenience whenever he is in evidence. Here we fight, and win. Elsewhere we retreat and are beaten. Those who are unprejudiced, for instance, can see that my task out here is greater than the statesmanship of Government leaders.

"...but here requires emotional re-

pressive eagle soar to earth, you know what I mean. He was like that—monarchical, with a certain bravado, perhaps, but with a kindly majesty that draws men together. If ever a man in this twentieth century came near to the divine, this man Tung approached so close that both his listeners were forced to a pondering of things eternal; attracted to the theme as by a magnet.

It was not a grotesque performance, for man at his best is after all but a caricature of the Highest and Supreme: Tung became for us a living symbol of what hitherto we had only dimly envisioned: A Christ of the age, and one with his Maker. You see it in typical Chinese sculptures—this idea—in the poise of an evil monster; a tiger crouching in the jungle as if scenting a challenge to his reign; but with a few simple touches inducing us to forget its terror, so that we stand in admiration of a superb technique, a consummate acting. And this man was a superb actor. If only once in a lifetime, there comes the hour when man loses his very reasoning before the artistry of a great actor. Tung was that, and more. He was a man inspired. As long as I live his words shall live, like searing tongs of torture across the fabric of my being; haunting me, as he hoped, till I die; and who knows, even then, shall I be free?

It was a display of courage, for I do not think any other man would have behaved so confidently before so poor an audience. Our intellects, our imaginations, were unequal to the extent of his increasing indictment. I thought of a famous tennis player who, having by superior tactics, at last worn his dangerous opponent to a frazzled image of that opponent's usual form, rushes mercilessly to the net, cutting off the feeble reply with a tremendous smash—killing any hope in the offing, and leaving no chance for a rally—a man who knows he is on top and is out to finish on top.

He was telling us a magical tale; telling it as only the great insane know how to tell it: with a throbbing sentence, a pause, and a whisper; the eloquence that comes so easily to the natural leader.

He spoke of the past that would not die. He was longing again for the light of the southern stars, for he was very young, and youth is peculiarly persuading. He was infinitely sad to be away from the joy there is, so far away and over the boundless ocean...saying, almost fretfully, as a little child, it was a most pathetic loneliness. But boyhood, youth had gone. He was a man.

A man standing on a lonely shore, an alien among aliens. A tragedy. Knowing in his heart truth, yet unable to utter that truth. He might serve that other country for this life, but never be of that country. He might live; perhaps prosper; a name going down to posterity, honored, glorified. They would be empty glories to a man who knew of a better life. Here was a dim land; over the water a bright country, home, friends, schooldays... memories of the native heath. The boy rears to age, but the boyheart cannot forget the rapturous, ever fertile, mother haunts: the glades, the bush, the scrub, the wattle flowering in the hollows and the crimson stretch of waratahs on the hillsides. His country. Dear to him. He loved it simply. Noblest of all his loves. So, willingly,

knowing the price he was to pay, he gave up life in his homeland, to keep it pure for those who love it. He had looked about him for others of his kind. There were many. They were a solemn company; some almost too weak and some very young.

God in His mercy had given unto each many blessings, and of those the greatest of all was charity. They gave all for the forward march of civilisation; they exiled themselves for the common happiness of the race. It shone like the significant sacrifice; the might of an undying nation; the pride and boast of a great people.

He spoke of music. It affected him. There were melodies he never forgot; they were like life, immortal. He recalled the hymn in stone—Rodin's great sculpture—The Thinker; proud head bowed upon strong arm; great muscles of a magnificent body relaxed; the spirit and emblem of sacrifice.

Tung suddenly stopped, conscious at last that he had captured and held us spellbound. The pauses in his speech became fine threads of leisure. What a master he was! We matched his breathing; our hearts beat in time to his; our eyes dilated when his shone with that strange light as from the glow of many fires. It was not leisure for us; there was never time to concentrate on one branch of his story ere we were led skillfully to another. He showed to what great purpose he had set his knowledge; at what pains he had memorised the greatest thinkers of all time; and to what magnitude he could apply it, in so few words, but with such astonishing logic. In low accents he recounted the good that he had known: a thousand and one kindnesses which had deeply touched his heart in that beloved country. He loved it. His native land. The light of the homestead stars in any other man would have seemed ridiculously sentimental and unreal, but as we listened we forgot ourselves in his belief; the stars of the south helped him to his father's door on a dark night. When he was lonely they stirred his imagination; when joy filled his being they beckoned him aloft to a more tender happiness; and when that great soul of his would brood they decided for him the problems, reminding of a divinity from which he fell so short, and then he was at peace.

Then his words rang out: with a force, a warmth, and a bitterness that at times made us shrink from him as from the brink of a chasm; he wanted, so it seemed, to see us collapse on the edge, and of our own volition stagger blindly away, only to slip and be sent hurtling below.

"They wanted to crush me; to reduce me to a helpless mass of bones and flesh; feeding me only when I could snatch it away from those weaker, and even then annoying me as I ate it. The awful degradation of such a feeling—a member of a race that had no redress in force of numbers. It was the isolation, not the suffering.

"I was always a sensitive boy, and when that base event occurred which altered my whole life, I think I went mad, temporarily. I became, from that hour, the most cunningly deceptive swine the world has ever known. Why should I spare myself the truth? It shall never dishonor me, or make me one whit less fit to inherit immortality. It has existed to this day, else I should not be here. Because of hysteria I am here. I cry out that I

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want to smash an empire, which I know is logically impossible for me to do. But I am a youth denied of my springtime, and I cannot look back from these suddenly come summer days unless it tortures me—the things I have been denied.

"I wonder why I cannot allow the future to compensate me. It is most puzzling that I cannot. I have convinced myself, you see, that life is half over; now it is passion that drives me on to do the greatest work any man can do for those he loves and who love him. Against Australians, against the white man, against my own people in spirit, in ideals, if not in race?

"Let me tell you.

"A white man said to me: 'You have done a dastardly thing, you Chinaman. You have fallen in love with my daughter, and worst of all she loves you. I will shoot you if you come near my daughter again. I will not have any half-Chinks in my family. We have a White Australia Policy that should teach you yellow dogs that you cannot do that in this country'. That wounded me and the hurt went to the depths of my being. But such was my fury that I only answered: 'I have been honorable. There is nothing wrong in a boy liking a girl. There are so few girls of my own complexion in this town. Who else but with a white girl do you suppose I am going to form an attachment?

"I was eighteen then. A ripe age for seriousness in love matters. The affair gave me no rest. I brooded. I grew bitter. At last I hated, with an undying hate. Just a few years ago—a little thing viewed in the light of a long life. But my life may not be long. I must hurry on, and though I am forever, I am but a short time on earth. And in mind it seems a century since I first grappled with this monster that would possess me. But I do not struggle in vain. You should bear witness of that, Macdougall. I am gone from where I should be, but my affection hovers where I belong. The woman of your race that I love, Riley, stands between unceremonious death for you, and honor. I would not have my honor besmirched with hatred, nor shall I kill you because you are a white man. I shall kill you as a lesson, I have been destined to teach. It shall be the great hour of my life, and none but a mere handful of my men, and you, Macdougall, shall live to tell of it.

"I shall never again be the same man after I have killed you, Riley, so go to your doom remembering it. Those that see me hereafter see only the shell of that which held a pearl. As I bury your remains, I bury the element that made me great; leaving to the last the faint echo; who so long lived an eloquent life.

"Perhaps I should be merciful, and say of you that you died like a soldier and a gentleman. But you may not, and my words could not do you, at your best, justice. For just for love, Riley, I extend you a soldier's chance to die. It will be easy for others to make fun of us; of our duel; of your death, for, think you, you must surely die, for you are in the wrong. For those we may have pity; they have never experienced our calamities; they do not spurn jealousy and hatred as we do. It was only a little hour we were resentful, bitter, hating our

brother, determined to make the white man or yellow man grovel in the dirt at our feet...for what? Revenge? The thought does not unbecome us, yet it is a paltry satisfaction. We have learned to shun it as we would a plague. We battle to right a wrong that is clearly not of our making, but of the whole world's ignorance, conceit, and arrogance. We gallop ahead in the vanguard. We strive to protect the weak from exploitation; we try to prevent man's inhumanity to man. But the vanguard is the first to fall, as it is first in valor. When the great contingent discovers our remains will they interpret our sacrifice aright? Shall we be immortal, having fought the unequal fight? We, who have fought, that truth might prevail? We are both men who love truth. We must let it burn into our very beings that, when we are men fully grown, we will still remember these things; when we will have the full energy and strength for the cause; for we have written a new law that shall be enshrined in the hearts of men: 'Blessed is he that taketh the life of his friend for the life of the many.'"

"But let us descend to the earth that earth will understand. Truly the end of empires is coming. Empires fall because of very small matters. All that mattered to the boy, all that mattered to the girl, was that there was love. They gave love in spite of the other's shortcomings, color, racial peculiarities. In Australian schools I was taught to be a free man. Let that be henceforth fact. Why should a single member of a free community be ostracised when a noble mind, a clean body, and a courageous heart are the things that matter most? What does the commonplace flirtation of a boy and girl matter in the life of a nation? Look what it means to that girl, to that boy! Is their whole life to be blighted because they once loved, trusted, surrendered all to something unclean, something satanic, something unnatural? Look what it means to the war torn world. That boy fighting, yes, fighting every minute of his existence to right a condition that, by the very nature of the task, should be brought about by the school, the press, the church, and the public life.

"If I be reborn again into this world will hate be on the rampage? Will religion mean nothing to me? It is passion that drives me to work; that transforms a healthy boy into a brooding, grim visaged fanatic who expects in revolt the satisfaction he should find in the expression of friendship, trust, and love. Is there to be no salvation except through a hypocrisy that is a laugh in the face of the Christ, a slur on good behavior and purity? I wonder.

"Today the creature is driven like a beast, lashed into a fury that is the forerunner to swift and sure destruction. Madness it must be that drives youth to desperate measures, that makes gift of words and eloquence, and so brings hundreds of disciples in his train. Madness it is that presents gift of tongues to one that could not contain fifty latin words in memory; that could not get half marks for general knowledge, but shone only as a buffoon, a plodder, a mediocre student. Thus can the life of a nation be changed; an empire shattered. So do I predict the imminent downfall of the seventh beast, the seventh world power, the greatest one of modern times—the British Empire. And this I

desire to see in my lifetime. I am urged forward to leadership by the force of circumstances half-human, half-divine. I, who, after all, am so poorly endowed, yet Destiny decrees, and I must go. Shall I be the leader who will give to those of my complexion the justice I myself have been denied? No, I do not ask that much. I only ask one favor. I ask the chance to be rid of this overpowering hatred for those who have wronged me and tortured me. I ask for the grace to be able to say as I lay dying: 'I have loved my enemies. Thy will be done!' And, Australia, my home, I grieved to leave you on that bright spring morning, turning away forever from the long deep love I left in your keeping. Thus simply I left you, with a smile on my face, if there were tears in my eyes. Wordlessly I ate up the land of my fathers. And I am no stranger here, for I have been here before. The air of the place is familiar. The saddest, the dirtiest objects please me, because I am where I should be; and if there is a stench arising from decay, I am here from a new country, and from me there is a warm and sweet odor. How proud I am, Australia, to do this...for you...and for all the world."

He stopped speaking. A long while it seemed we were silent. Only the throbbing of our hearts made movement in our bodies. Gradually we came back to normal, and Riley, first to stretch his limbs, rose unsteadily to his feet. He peered from the tent for a few moments. When he turned to us he looked almost cheerful.

"The sky is clearing," he said, in his quiet way, "the dawn is not far now."

Tung made a swift turn, and he, in turn, peered out.

"There will be enough light in an hour or so," was his only comment. Then sitting on his camp stretcher he wrote at length in a diary, but not with a Chinese brush upon Chinese paper—in a stiff covered exercise book, with a pencil, and in English.

I talked aimlessly with Riley, and he with me. Then, when it was time, and the first streaks of day broke through the night to flush the sky, hot tea was brought in by orderlies, and Tung went outside. He did not go far. We could hear him talking in low tones to some of his officers, and caught the murmur of surprise that came from them. Tung was making preparations.

Three lieutenants then entered, made a courteous bow to Riley, and spoke to me in the Peking dialect. Some extra camp stools in the corner were unfolded and brought to the table, where they invited us to be seated, grouping themselves on either side, leaving a stool near me, evidently for Tung. We caught the sounds of his voice, rising with a ring of command; men seemed to be hurrying to and fro.

My attention was drawn to the three subalterns. They were young, very young. Probably just out of high school. They seemed to take things gravely, with a bearing that seemed oddly out of place in Kansu. The tallest one wore black-rimmed spectacles—a typical student type—one who would have looked more at home in a study in Shanghai than in the spartan-reputed Christian General's army. The eldest, or so he looked, possessed a pair

of sparkling eyes, set wide apart, thick eyebrows arching them; a Jewish nose that overhung firm, thick lips, of which the under one protruded slightly, giving prominence to a determined chin, that was as long as it appeared broad. He was the most soldierly looking of the three, and wore the uniform on his broad shoulders with the natural éclat of a man born to the purple. The remaining fellow, junior to the others in rank, was a thin faced, skinny youth, with sunken eyes, and a pasty colored complexion. His hands were large, white and thorny,—more like those of a European—and he wore his uniform with a slovenliness that was a deep contrast to his brother officers' apparent neatness.

He seemed anxious to talk to me, and discoursed on divers subjects. He proved the most illuminating of the three. His people were all of the peasantry, he said, and his father had sacrificed much in order to have the favorite son educated. He was that son. I fancy the proud father must have been keenly disappointed, since the only use the son's education could be put to was the army.

Now and again I translated something to Riley, who watched the Chinese attentively, as if fixing their characters in his mind. Then I was lost in the cross fire of conversation, for the Chinese are born conversationalists, and repartee was clever and swift. The tall chap poured out five bowls of tea, covered one with a piece of paper, slowly pushed a bowl towards Riley, and then placed a bowl before me. I looked at the surface of the hot steaming tea, felt drowsy, and began puzzling things...the steam of the boiling water in my face, comforting me, clearing the humid atmosphere. I seemed to get the idea that the place had suddenly become humid, stifling...yet I did not look up. The voices of the men about me grew faint, and I faded away into a great silence. Then my senses cleared; I grew accustomed to the air and found that all talking had stopped.....but the tea attracted me, so I reached forward and took the bowl, breathing gently over it the while I sipped...slowly. It had no taste, so I set the bowl on the table and watched the placid yellow liquid.....which rippled when my trembling hand shook it.....the thing seemed symbolical of a mighty ocean.....a big wave came up, and dazedly I looked.....to a long line of breakers rushing along the yellow shore.....

Presently I looked up to find that Captain Tung had arrived noiselessly and without acclaim. My companions sipped their tea noisily, and the commander, drawing his stool nearer, stretched a tanned arm across the table, placed strong fingers—slender and refined they seemed in spite of evident power—over the cup, and drew it quickly to his lips. Then I noticed he had changed his tunic. He had donned a better fitting and newer uniform, of the same plainness and modest design as those of his subordinates. And when I looked upon his face, I was instantly struck by his even, handsome, features.

Like the early morning was his face: gone the eager look. There still lingered that great radiance, but that other brilliance was subdued by self control. His sun had not yet risen. Many months were to pass before I should see what victory and success had made of that superb countenance. Hard and tense the muscles of his neck, carriage erect,

He marched quickly away, up the defile and out of sight, his lieutenants and his troops following him, leaving only two men to throw the earth upon that silken flag—marking the hallowed spot that should be forever England—and Australia.

So I was left alone.....alone with the spirit of a departed soul, for I believe it hovered over its mountain tomb.

The men soon finished.

...the yellow clay was a dull blue mistiness now, in the fading light. And long after the men had gone I sat on a rock, and I could hear the young captain's pregnant words ringing in my ears.

HAN FU CHU TO UNITED CHINA

Through a reporter on the staff of a Shantung newspaper, General Han Fu Chu sends the following message to the Overseas Chinese and all patriots at Home. (General Han is Commander-in-Chief of the Third Route Army, and was formerly an officer of the Kuo Min Chun)

"I beg to repeat the substance of my speech delivered on the morning of April 5 last, when more than 1000 officers and officials of the Shantung Provincial Government gathered in the shrine dedicated to the revolutionary dead, to honour the memory of their glorious deeds, and to baptise themselves anew with the spirit of self-sacrifice and a higher sense of revolutionary duty.

"Because the Central Government's allowances to my troops have fallen several months in arrear, I have been obliged to retain the national revenue collected in Shantung to meet the urgent military expenses. In fact, this has been done by Kwangtung, Kwangsi, Kweichow, Szechuen, Hunan, Hupeh, Shansi, Suiyuan and the Three Eastern Provinces. If Shantung's for-

bearance can help the Central Government, then I shall be ready to leave the national revenues intact.

"With regard to the attempts to embroil me again in civil war, I hold to the belief that one should die for some noble cause instead of offering one's life on the altar of some petty loyalties. It will be recalled by my countrymen that I was formerly an officer of the Northwestern army, but when I was appointed a regimental commander in the National Army, I was obliged to decline it, because the regiment I knew, was to be ultimately involved in civil war. I accepted the Chairmanship of the Shantung Provincial Government greatly against my own wishes, but now that I have accepted it, I will labour and die for the people, but will never consent to serve as a tool for others.

"Referring to my brief tenure of the Chairmanship of Honan, this was entirely against my will for I was forced to carry out the order of the Central Government to legalise the sale of opium and to commandeering the carts and rolling stock, and to load them with provisions taken without remuneration from the farmers and merchants. When I went to Shengchow and saw stocks of grain piled up in the station yards while thousands of people were starving, my mind revolted. I decided at once to distribute the grain to the poor and needy."

"Finally, I deplore the dissensions in the Government and Party circles at this moment of national crisis, when internal unity is urgently needed. I cannot but express the fear that further disaster awaits our country. I shall urge my officers and men to always bear the welfare of the nation in mind, to refuse to take part in any struggle save that of national salvation.—(signed) Han Fu Chu, Commander-in-Chief, Third Route Army of the Republic of China.

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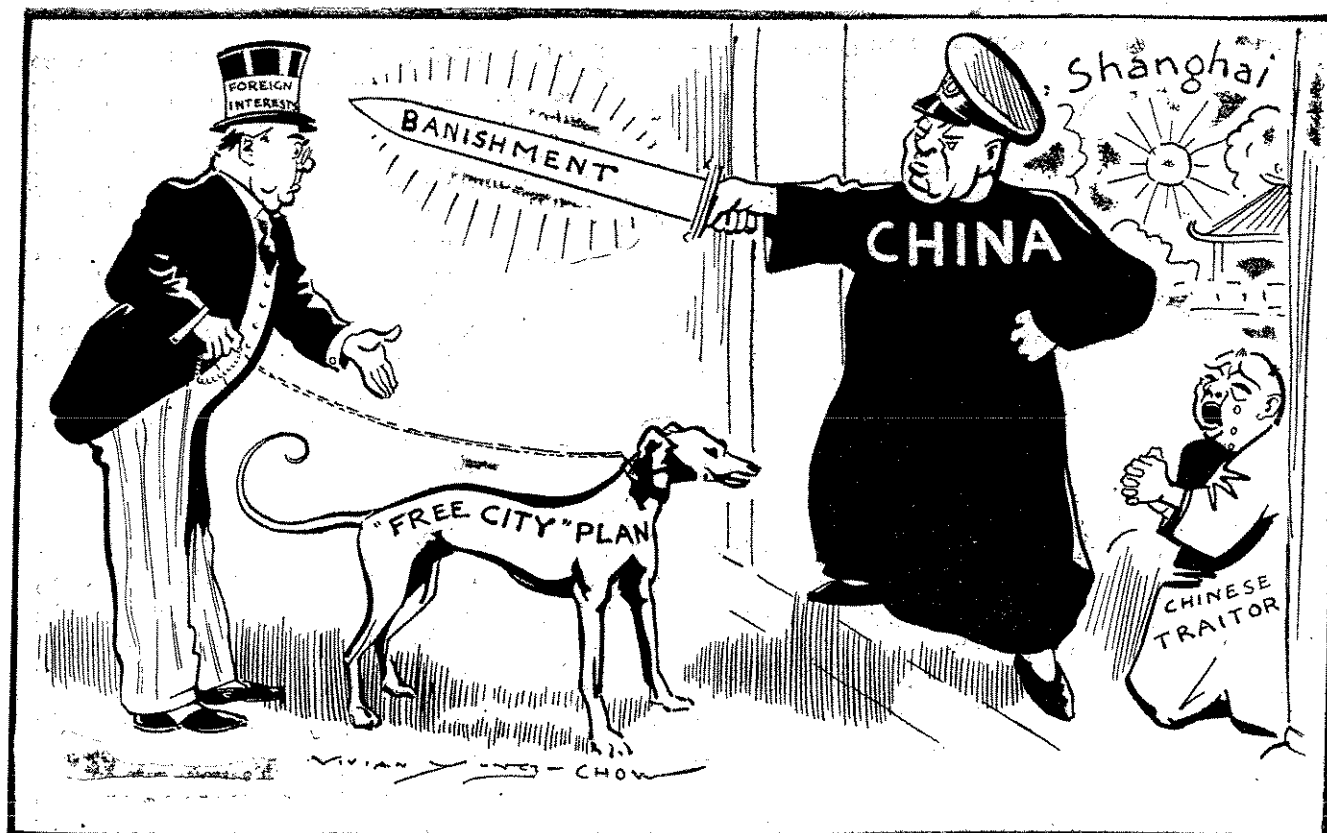
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A Very Attractive Sport and Its Reception!

CHINA TO FOREIGN INTERESTS: "Didn't I distinctly tell you before to take that hound away from here?"

CORRESPONDENCE

The Great Deluge.

To the Editor,
United China Magazine:
Sir:—

The incompetency and corruption of our Government leaders is certainly paving the way for a great deluge, which is Communism. We are staggering under the weight of banditry, foreign aggression, and depression, economically and socially. We do not plainly know even where we are going, nor can we even guess what will happen from day to day. It is proper that all young patriots feel the responsibility to take their part in some great movement for national salvation. We cannot but feel all the terrible effects of anxiety and apprehension as we see the highest Government leaders surrendering the national honour and national soil to the enemies just to conserve their personal power and positions. Just after Jan. 28 the whole nation took a new lease of life and were inspired to great deeds by the Glorious 19th Army. But what leadership was there? None. Everybody, from the traitor officials to the selfish Government leaders, was for taking extra precaution that they should not die for national salvation while everyday they are being killed in some fashion just to beat down a fellow countrymen. Could anything be more pitiful? Can any of us, young or old, place our faith in any Kuo Min Tang leaders? I say, emphatically not. Over eighty millions are starving in the interior, while another eighty are perhaps already dead. Is this the national awakening the disciples of the Chun Li promised us? I admonish all our people, Arise, and Down the Devils of Deception and Tyranny! It is not too late to chastise the traitors, it is not too late to kill the foreign foe. To arms! Why delay? Why hesitate? We must die anyhow, and finish someday altogether. What's the excuse? Rise up, and fight!

Tan Ching-ming,
Fochow, June 29, 1932.

To the Editor,
United China Magazine,
Sir:—

No matter how discreditable is the Government's record, we must give credit to the indisputable achievements attained during the past three years. Haven't they really made China better? You cannot deny it. Of course, the thoughts of the average man still run somewhat like this: My country has one hundred million starving to death, our three eastern provinces have been swallowed up by Japan, and opium is being grown everywhere by the Kuo Min Tang officials to raise national revenue. Very well. But haven't we existed? Our trade isn't so bad is it? Neither is our spirit. When students can beat up foreign ministers and nothing much happens to them, you can't say there is no liberty, can you? Of course many of our industries have failed, many are unprofitable. The farmers in some provinces have been taxed until they revolt against the Government. But mark you, living costs are rising, not falling, and that shows we are a living force, and not a dead, or dying one. We haven't got a navy, but our army isn't so bad (think of the 19th) and our air prospects are rosy. We have had three years of Kuo Min Tang Government, and they have been not so bad, as you can see. Why not give the Party a chance? Why not? What is your inner policy? Or have you one? These are the things we must face with you, it is true. But let's face them together. When you set out to unite China, unite it. Not divide it. Bring up your big guns for the real enemy, the Japanese. You can use laughing gas for civil disputes, what? Come on. Shoulder to shoulder. We are all with you. Lead on.

Woo Nam
Canton, June 23 1932.

Pro Patria

To the Editor,
United China Magazine,
Sir:—

After reading your May issue, I have come to the conclusion that you Chinese newspaper men do not know the real meaning of patriotism. For your enlightenment, therefore, I am taking the liberty of enclosing a copy of a well

United China Magazine

BAD GOVERNMENT AND POVERTY

Dealing with the question of bandit suppression in a leading article, the "Shunpao" on July 1, 1932, had the following to say:—

"Of late, the influence of the Communist bandits has been spreading far and wide especially in Hunan, Hupeh, Kiangsi, Fukien, Szechuen, Anhui and Honan. After the Japanese withdrawal, a general campaign under the direction of General Chiang Kai-shek was launched against these lawless people by the Government.

"Banditry is due to bad government and poverty. People do not like to become bandits if they can avoid it. For this reason, bandits cannot be exterminated by suppression. The incompetence of the Government is the cause of banditry, therefore there should be reforms in politics, in the reconstruction of agricultural districts, in the maintenance of the people's livelihood and in the reorganisation of troops, for, under present conditions, the influence of banditry will spread.

"Chinese peasants are, by nature, thrifty and peace-loving; they love their homes and native places. Owing to oppression and bad government, they have been compelled to leave their lands and become bandits and those who are thus forced to become bandits are being attacked and killed by the Government.

"In the course of a speech the other day, General Ho Ying-ching said, 'A magistrate of a certain hsien is forcing the people to pay a sum of money monthly under pain of being regarded as bandits. A certain member of a Kuomintang committee has arrested people without reason and held them for ransom. Such Government methods will force good citizens to become bad.' Such incidents are not confined to any one district. Similar cases are taking place all over the country. The district officials are harming the people. Recent acts of the Central Government are indirectly causing people to become bandits."

LISIANG Y. SUN

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UNITED CHINA MAGAZINE

Its Creed and Aims

1. It is a journal published by Chinese newspapermen to represent public opinion, and to strive for national salvation.
2. It represents and stands for all patriotic, political, social, commercial and educational organisations and bodies who are earnestly striving for true Republican citizenship.
3. It is against corruption in all forms, but is not necessarily "anti-Government" unless it might give that impression by truthfully reporting public opinion.
4. The general policy of the editors is to act as the fearless censor of the government and its servants and all political parties and representatives, and to act as the guardian of the people's rights and privileges as citizens of the Chinese Republic.
5. It endeavors to be just and fearless, and is subservient to no individual or party.

Mr. H. T. Yang, managing director of the Chihli Trading Company, Tientsin, has been arrested and is now under detention by order of Mayor Chow Lung-kuang and General Wang I-min, head of the Tientsin Public Safety Bureau, charged with having recently made a contract with the All Union Textile Syndicate of U. S. S. R. for the sale of Russian textiles. The Chinese authorities hold that China and Russia have not resumed diplomatic relations and any Chinese merchants signing contracts dealing with commodities from Soviet Russia, before the restoration of relations between China and Russia, are liable to be charged with breaking the law.

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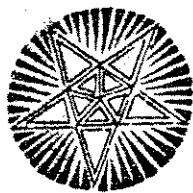
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此膏專治一切皮膚濕毒瘡癤癰
惡癰腫毒遠年爛肉凍瘡小兒爛
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擦傷湯火泡傷以上各症一經敷
立能散毒止痛止癢活血生肌誠
界治外科諸症之藥王也

用法

凡用此膏先將患處洗淨以藥
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腫毒癰頭遠年爛肉等症須用
厚些敷搽患處後用藥棉隔住
白布扎緊每天換一次數次即愈

患凍瘡者注意

凡患凍瘡者初起用熱水洗浸約
分鍾然後將此藥膏擦患處數次
消腫止痛便愈若已潰爛自然全
用藥膏楷上棉花敷患處自然全

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凡被湯火泡傷如傷勢太重須用
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Prepared by,

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