

Does Japan MASK Her Purpose?

Who Is the Enemy—
China or the
White Man?

By JOSEPH W. LaBINE

In Shanghai last July two Japanese naval underlings were allegedly slain by the Chinese. In retaliation a whole fleet of stern-nosed Nipponese battle-ships appeared from nowhere and began shelling Shanghai. That was the start of Japan's current "war of defense" in China. If some of us scratch our heads over the "war of defense" idea, it may as well be explained that the Sino-Jap situation is full of paradoxes and puzzles. For example:

Japan fears foreign criticism but invites it by shelling American and British ships.

She claims to be helping China while bombing cities, slaughtering innocent natives and destroying everything in sight.

She dislikes Westerners, yet makes a Fascist pact with Germany and Italy.

She signed the nine-power treaty guaranteeing China's integrity, yet now invades that country.

Such, perhaps, is the history of all nations that go to war, breaking treaties and casting aside long-established governmental tenets. If Japan's unusual attitude seems more hysterical than that of the average nation at war, it's either because the Japs are naive or extremely clever. Probably they're clever, so clever that Western powers are just beginning to understand this Chinese invasion.

Japan, some observers say, is warring not on China, but on Western domination in the Orient! The "divine destiny" she pursues is a union of all Asiatic nations under Japanese domination. The net result will be expulsion of British, French, American and Portuguese commercial interests.

Apologies Come Fast.

Diplomatic files of both America and Great Britain are choked with so-called "apologies" for hostile acts such as the Panay incident, bombing of H. M. S. Ladybird and the aerial attack on Britain's ambassador to China. But despite these apologies the incidents continue. And, amazingly, many recent Oriental attacks on Western powers have come from the Chinese!

A Chinese pilot bombed the U. S. S. President Hoover. Later a Chinese anti-aircraft shell killed a sailor on the U. S. S. Augusta. In fairness to the Chinese it should be admitted that both these attacks may have been accidental. But Nationals in Shanghai during the last days of its



This Japanese soldier in a "mechanical car" outpost wears a gas mask after beating off a Chinese attack. Chinese authorities have charged the invaders with using poison gas.

ish, American and other traders accepted these insulting terms because their ships sailed homeward laden with richer tribute than they had brought.

Opium Restrictions Lifted.

Occidentals were responsible for China's opium curse, for they began smuggling it from India late in the Eighteenth century despite governmental edicts to the contrary. In 1839 when China confiscated British opium the English sent ships and soldiers, destroyed half of Canton and forced China to sign her first humiliating treaty in 1842.

Grudgingly, she later made pacts with other Occidental powers and permitted establishment of the international settlement in Shanghai. But China resented these privileges of the white men and there was more bloodshed in 1856, after which Britain won trading rights at five additional ports. Opium importation restrictions were also relaxed to Britain's glee and poor China's misery.

In 1859 British and French ships were attacked at Taku. Within two years the allies had taken Peking and forced still another treaty down China's throat. Some time later came establishment of the European controlled imperial customs service at Shanghai. Western conquest of China was growing rapidly. Shanghai and other cities became Occidental, featured by skyscrapers, European dress and the white man's customs. China, proud of her ancient culture, kept the resentment of this intrusion rankling in her breast. The American Indian probably felt the same way, and both have been justified.

Japan entered the picture prominently during the World war when she seized German possessions in Shantung and gained broad commercial and mining privileges with her notorious 21 demands. At the

danger of "losing face." To be blunt, we depend not on power but on prestige to maintain our position in the Far East. It is a colossal bluff which is being called today by the clever Japanese. For Nippon has discovered that our lofty idealism and morality are hypocritical and has decided to beat us at our own game. Instead of prestige, Japan is using power to conquer China.

Great Britain will be the greatest loser in this inevitable trade argument with Japan. In addition to being the largest foreign investor in China, she is Nippon's favorite target by virtue of her belief in the open door policy for China. English colonists are so prominent and well-established in the Far East as to be synonymous (in the Japanese mind) with all that is wrong with Occidentals.

America's loss cannot be as large. A 1933 survey showed that United States citizens have about \$150,000,000 invested in China, representing 1.3 of all investments beyond our frontiers. American money amounts to about 7 per cent of all foreign capital in China. In order of investments, Great Britain is first, Japan second, Russia third and the United States fourth. Almost two-thirds of the American investment is centered in Shanghai.

The Question: Japan's Policy.

What will happen to Occidental investments in China must remain a matter of conjecture, dependent, first, on what policy the victorious Japanese may wish to adopt, and whether they wish to abide by the "open door" doctrine to which they subscribed at the Washington naval conference. It is doubtful if they will.

Quite obviously, every advantage will be accorded Japanese merchants. Already the imperial customs service at Shanghai has been removed from European hands and placed under Nipponese domination. This means that Japanese goods may enter China duty-free while American and British goods will be assessed heavily.

But does Japan dare close China's door to Britain and America? And do Britain and America—in turn—dare risk incurring Japan's enmity by protesting too loudly against the invasion of China? The truth of the matter is that Britain and America buy 53 per cent of Japan's exports, whereas the same two countries account for 65 per cent of Japan's imports. In terms of trade, the three nations are mutually dependent.

Last year 23 per cent of America's cotton crop landed on Japan's shores, in addition to \$30,000,000 worth of oil, \$8,000,000 in lumber, \$6,000,000 in wood pulp, \$10,000,000 in machinery and \$9,000,000 in miscellaneous purchases. In all, 10 per cent of America's exports go to Japan each year.

Hands-Off Policy.

In the light of the Occidental nations' stake in the Orient, it is easy to understand why Britain and America are forsaking the mailed fist in favor of polite diplomatic exchanges with Japan on such topics as the Panay and Ladybird incidents.

China is not yet beaten. Her policy has been and will be one of strategic retreat, pulling the enemy farther away from home and thus making guerilla warfare more successful. Meanwhile Japan finds her war expense mounting rapidly and the folks back home may eventually get tired of paying the bills.

It is generally conceded that Japan must hold out two years to win a complete victory. If she does, she will control China and can hold the Western nations at her mercy. If China wins, Japan will be driven back to her island empire but the Occidentals will not necessarily profit. On the contrary China's years of grief will have welded its peoples into a strong, purposeful nation, ready to trample on the foreigners who now hold sway in her rich cities.

Either way you figure it, the Yellow Peril has become the white man's peril.

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"Death Fog"

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Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO EVERYBODY:

Well, sir, the Vikings of old used to sail the seas in oared galleys that were hardly bigger than the motor cruisers in which we plough through our lakes and rivers today. I'll give them a lot of credit for their nerve. But they had oars to row with and sails to carry them along. They knew where they were going and they had a pretty good chance of getting there. I'm betting a lot that there wasn't a Viking in any age who would have put himself in the spot Pete Gear of Sunnyside, L. I., found himself in. Not for any amount of money.

It happened in September, 1927—and here's how. Pete got a job on a coal barge. And one of the first trips that barge was sent on after Pete joined the crew, was a tow out to sea with a load of coal for a ship that was to meet them a hundred and ninety-five miles out in the Atlantic.

The rendezvous at which they were to meet was southeast of Block Island. A tug was to take the barge out. Five men composed the barge's crew. Four of those fellows—Pete included—had never been out to sea before. The fifth man was a regular sea-going bargeman.

They Couldn't Find the Boat.

On the afternoon of the day appointed, the tug came along and the barge was hooked on behind it. Pete says the tug up Long Island sound was like a moonlight excursion. But after they passed Montauk point, the sea was mighty rough. The four landlubbers immediately got seasick.

It was a hard night for those lads—but it was going to be a lot harder before they got back. The next day, when they arrived at the appointed spot, there was no sign of the boat they had come to meet. The tugboat captain told the bargeman to drop anchor and he would circle around and see if he could find the other boat. He cast off the tow line and the tug steamed away. Soon it was out of sight. There was nothing in sight, as a matter of fact, but water and more water. They were nearly two hundred miles from the nearest land. Then, half an hour later, a thick fog settled down over the anchored barge.

Anchored in the Shipping Lane.

Says Pete: "We were lying in our bunks, too sick to move, when the regular bargeman came in and told us about the fog. He explained that we were anchored in the shipping lane, and that was a dangerous posi-



Pete Yanked Away On That Bell.

tion. We would have to keep the fog bell ringing as long as the fog lasted. Otherwise we would most likely be run down by one of the liners which were continually passing through that part of the ocean."

And that was only the beginning. The troubles crowded thick and fast after that. It was night now, and the bargeman went aloft to hang a riding light. He was hardly up there when he fell to the deck and lay still, his leg broken. "Then," says Pete, "the nightmare began."

Pete picked him up and carried him to his bunk. The other three men were still lying in their bunks, the ghastly pallor of seasickness on their faces. When he had done what little he could for the injured man, Pete went out and started ringing the fog bell.

The night wore on, and the fog showed no sign of lifting. Pete yanked away rhythmically on that bell, tolling a monotonous dirge. His arm was getting tired. His hand was chafing from its constant contact with the bell rope. Every minute he expected to see the bow of an ocean liner looming over the barge. Every minute he expected to hear a thud and a crash of splintering timbers as some huge craft cut them in two.

Pete Had to Keep Ringing the Bell.

Pete began to feel that he couldn't hold his arm up to pull that bell rope any longer. He went into the cabin and tried to rouse one of the seasick men. Not one of them would get up. Pete was seasick himself, but these fellows felt a lot worse. In vain he told them of the dangers of leaving that bell unmanned. They didn't care whether the barge went down or not. In fact, one or two of them hoped it would.

Pete dragged himself back to the bell. He was sick—sleepy—aching. But he couldn't quit. His life depended on it. And so did the lives of those other four men in their bunks. Dawn came, and still he was jerking away on that rope. Still the fog hadn't lifted. All morning long—all afternoon—he stuck to his post. Both his hands were so raw now that he had to hook his elbow through the bell rope and pull it with his arm.

Night came—and still Pete was at it. His whole body was stiff now. He ached in every muscle and joint and bone. His arm was working mechanically now. He scarcely realized that he was pulling that cord.

And for TWO NIGHTS AND A DAY Peter rang that bell. Never will he forget the nightmare of that experience. On the morning of the third day he couldn't take it any longer. He didn't quit. He just fell asleep—right where he was—from sheer exhaustion.

Found by an Airplane.

When Pete awoke again the sun was just disappearing over the western horizon. But the fog had lifted. There was no sign of the tug. When the fog came down it had been unable to find the barge—and it still hadn't found it.

All that third night they waited. On the fourth day Pete sighted a plane. It circled around in the skies and then headed back toward land again. "When it turned around," says Pete, "I thought that pilot hadn't seen us." But the plane had spotted the barge. It had been sent out from New London for that very purpose. And on the fifth day the tug boat came out and reclaimed its lost tow.

It didn't take Pete long to get over the effects of his adventure. Now he looks back on it as quite an exciting experience. There's one thing, though, that makes Pete mad. He worked himself to exhaustion, trying to keep some vessel from sending that barge to the bottom. "But in all that time," he says, "I didn't see a single one of those big liners that I was in such fear of."

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Where Yale Is Buried

All around the Welsh village of Bryn-Eglwys, writes H. V. Morion in "In Search of Wales," lies property which once belonged to the Yale family, one of whom, Elihu, did so much toward founding Yale university. Elihu lies buried, however, not in the Yale chapel attached to the church of Bryn-Eglwys, but at Wrexham, ten miles away. Both places are much visited by Americans traveling in Wales.

Cock Fighting, Cuban Sport

One of the most typical of Cuban sports is gamecock fighting. It dates from the landing of the first Spanish galleon on the island's palm-fringed shores with blue-blooded fighting roosters from Andalusia. But Cubans also support numerous other sports. They are extremely fond of horse racing, and confirmed addicts of the great American game of baseball. They like track competitions and fishing, yacht racing and hunting.

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As was ever the case in war, the women and children are the real sufferers in the Sino-Jap hostilities. Using every conceivable type of vehicle, thousands fled such cities as Tientsin, Shanghai and Nanking, where Japanese rained down bombs that slaughtered thousands. This photograph was made as refugees sought admittance to the international settlement at Tientsin during an early flareup.

seige were in more danger of harm from enraged Chinese troops than from the attacking Japs.

Japan's habit of attaching an apology to the tail of every bomb she drops on Westerners in China is, to say the least, beginning to reek of insincerity. The Panay attack and several others have been established as deliberate. We can take little solace from the fact that Japanese civilians are opposed to such tactics, because only the army and navy count in Nippon. The emperor, the premier and the people are puppets.

Occidentals have never been popular in the Orient. Three centuries ago they invaded China like they invaded America 200 years earlier, selfish in their interests, despised and suspected. They were tribute bearers, later to become tribute takers. Canton was designated by the emperor as their sole trading and residence area, and only a few Chinese merchants were permitted to have dealings with them. But Brit-

Washington conference she was forced to relinquish many of these gains, but the die had been cast. She showed little hesitation about breaking treaties when Manchuria began to look tempting. Her national self-esteem has grown tremendously until Japan now feels a patriotic duty in uniting the Orient under her domination.

Thus the Occidentals have two forces driving them out of China: first, the Chinaman's natural hostility and, second, Japan's "divine destiny" in the Orient.

Our "Word of Honor."
White men are "losing face" in the Far East. They have encouraged Japan to break treaties by setting a precedent in the matter, thereby parading their weaknesses before the yellow man. The Orient can no longer rely on the white man's "word of honor."

Occidentals traveling in China are warned not to be friendly with the natives, a precaution against the