

China Can't Lose

By W. H. Donald

In Cathay, the graft-ridden, loot-laden and lust-loving army of imperial Japan flounders on to nowhere as the Chinese organize for victory

JAPAN cannot defeat China. Instead, she will be beaten in China—and this regardless of whatever she achieves or fails to achieve elsewhere. In fact, each new involvement on Japan's part serves to insure the eventual certainty of a Chinese victory.

When the Japanese, in July 7, 1937, declared they would conquer China within three months they believed it. The world appeared to believe them. Four years have gone. The Chinese still resist. The Japanese spasmodically fight frenziedly—but without hope of success.

The Chinese army and people have gallantly met the unrestrained onslaught of "irresistible Japan"; have shattered her prestige; have filled the Japanese leaders at home with bewilderment. The armies of Japan cannot escape from China without acknowledging defeat; nor can Japan exploit the so-called "occupied" areas with success or in peace.

Wherever there are Japanese military units in China there are Chinese to fight them. Wastage of the Japanese forces by regular Chinese soldiers or by guerrillas has reached proportions never acknowledged by the Japanese. Fighting surges from the seaboard to the far interior. There is no "front." Blood-letting proceeds without surcease everywhere—before the Japanese lines, behind them, and on all flanks.

The Japanese entered the war with amazing misconceptions of China and her people. Their lighthearted belief that the flags of victory would fly in three months was based upon the misreading of history and their own experience of Chinese pusillanimity. They based their hopes of swift victory upon the knowledge that China of old had always paid to get rid of foreign force; had surrendered to escape. They were sure she would do so again—now, more than ever, since both America and Great Britain could not intervene. The change in the Chinese mind as a result of the establishment of the republic could be ignored. Had not China been fighting internally? She had—but the

Japanese failed to see how the seeds of change had been sown in the generation that had grown up since the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty.

So Japan made her first serious mistake; foreign powers also erred in judgment. All curiously failed to see that with the republic came patriotism, unity, the spirit to fight. Japan felt sure China had neither the spirit nor the means for a war. Chiefly, China had not sufficient equipment. She had wrung her withers chasing Communists for ten long years. Above all, the country was politically riven. China was ripe for plucking, and Japan was determined to establish herself on the mainland before it became too late. A few more years and Japan's greatest opportunity would have passed.

Why China Failed to Collapse

This, Japan believed. What she did not know was that while China was busy fighting Communists she was much busier building up the national army that in time met the Japanese invaders and held them. That force was devised and taught and drilled and armed by Germans. They did it far from the eyes of the Japanese—away down in Kiangsi province—and they loved doing it. The First World War veterans who composed the German mission were of the best Germany had and they devoted all of their time to the training and organizing of an army for modern warfare. They were specially drillers of men; organizers of war services. They were not strategical advisers; they had nothing material to do with the conduct of the war; they were not planners of campaigns for China, nor were they masters of maneuvers.

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Japan's belief that the Chinese people could not or would not take it was the most important of their many errors in China



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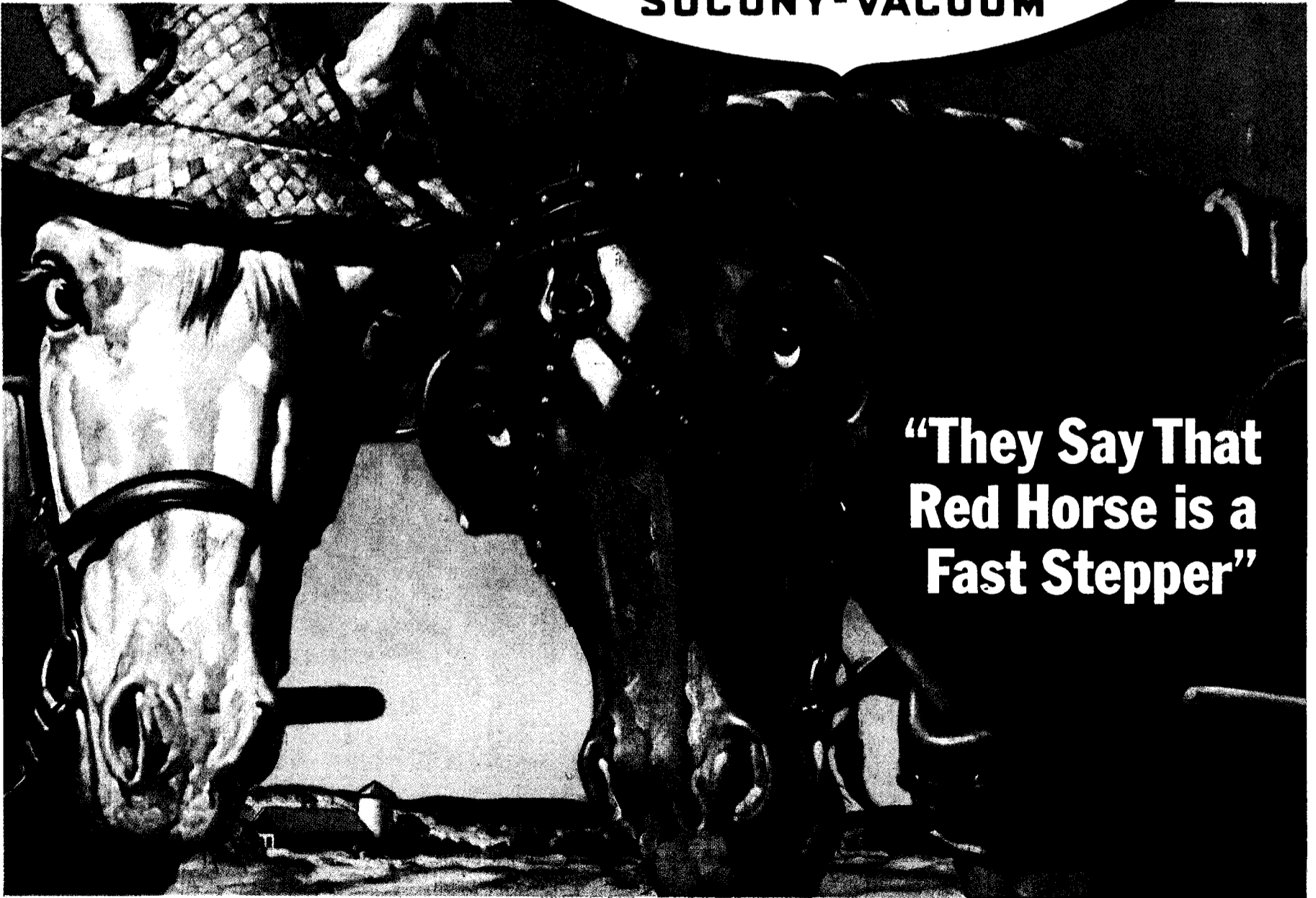
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"You think you are very clever," said Aline.
 "You think that by this kind of play-acting
 you'll hold Rogers, and incidentally hold
 Rogers' money. I'd like the low-down on it"

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

DINA CASHMAN

By Kathleen Norris

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The Story Thus Far:

DINA CASHMAN, who lives with her impoverished family in Railway Flats near San Francisco, meets and falls in love with a young Yale Law School student—Vere Holland. Then—after Vere has returned to New Haven—she makes a dreadful discovery: she is going to become a mother!

She writes to Vere; but the boy (dominated by his hard, worldly mother) does nothing. Desperate, terrified, Dina then turns to Vere's wealthy uncle, Rogers Holland. Recently jilted by the woman he loves—Aline Pierpont, who has married Andrew Havens, an artist—Rogers is in an embittered frame of mind; hoping to arouse Aline's jealousy, he calmly suggests that Dina become his wife, *in name only*.

Wanting her child to have a legal father, Dina accepts the suggestion; she marries Rogers Holland. . . . Dina's baby (a girl) is born; whereupon her life and the lives of those around her become extremely complex and difficult. Aline, preparing to divorce Havens, professes to be in love with Rogers; and Rogers looks forward to the time when he and Aline—both free—may be happily married. Vere Holland returns from Yale; he is, apparently, in love with Dina. But Dina does not wish to marry him; she cannot forgive him for what he has done; and she is madly in love with Andrew Havens! . . .

Believing a lie that Vere tells him (Vere assures him that Dina still loves him—Vere—and wants to marry him), Andrew Havens goes away. But, unable to be happy unless he is near Dina, he presently returns; and, in the course of several long talks, he and Dina make their plans for marrying as soon as the necessary divorces are secured.

Aline gets her divorce, and Andrew Havens

is free. Unfortunately—after Dina has returned to her family's home—Rogers Holland suddenly realizes that Aline, far from being the sort of woman he would want for a wife, is a selfish, scheming person; and, although she does everything she can to inveigle him into matrimony, he postpones the Reno business.

Then he asks "a favor" of Dina—he asks her if she will write him a letter in which she informs him that she will not, under any circumstances, consider divorcing him or permitting him to secure a divorce!

Dina—remembering how deeply indebted to Rogers she is—says that she will write the letter.

Conclusion

NOW, let's you and I have an understanding, you bad boy," Aline said, freeing herself from Rogers' arms after his friendly welcoming kiss with more ease than she liked or had anticipated. "Sit down here—no, where I can hold your hand—and let's talk! What's all this about and what's the matter and what have I done?"

She had come to his house, self-invited, on this second night after his return from his long trip, dressed for dinner. She had said Caroline would be with her but Caroline had not come. And as always, Aline was beautiful beyond the lot of ninety-nine out of every hundred women in the world—beautiful

with that challenging completeness that was Aline's alone.

Her slender body was swathed in velvet; her bare ivory arms were without jewelry; her shining black hair looked like enamel and the flawless skin as smooth as tinted magnolia petals; her mouth was colored a deep Burgundy, and her mysterious, fathomless eyes were filled with their own peculiar light. Set against the tapestry of a high-backed chair, and with the subdued light of one garden lamp filtering over her and mingling with the early moonlight on the terrace, she was like a Velasquez portrait of medieval aristocracy and grace.

The night was warm, the garden below scented with sharp autumn scents, cosmos and chrysanthemums, and with the faint odor of burning brush. Rogers did not take the place suggested, but sprawled in his own favorite basket chair some feet away, and took his pipe from the pocket of his worn coat.

"To begin with," said Aline, "I want to say this; I've said it to Caroline and I mean it. You did just exactly what I would have done. I mean you just wanted to wash your hands of the whole

damn' business; you wanted to think; you wanted to get it all straight; and you took to the road! Why not? I knew just what you were going through and I respected you for it. Well," she added, after an imperceptible pause, during which Rogers did not make the expected protest or offer the expected explanation, "that's that."

Aline stretched a beautiful hand for a cigarette, bent forward as she lighted it. Rogers made no gesture of helping her, but then it would not have been like him to do so. That would have meant that he was treating her formally, and Aline did not mean this meeting to be formal. But she wished he would relieve her of the entire burden of the conversation.

"I mean," she began again, using the favorite formula that peppered all her talk, "I mean that like a fool I told one or two of my friends that you were getting your divorce, and that we were going to be married immediately. Katty von Behrens even offered their place for a honeymoon. Our honeymoon at last, Topsy, after all these years!"

"I mean I actually was that close to it!" Aline added in a silence.

Rogers took his pipe out of his mouth.