

opinions, but let him also abide by the consequences of his opinion. The hair must go with the hide. . . . The conscientious objector has no claim upon a government he disavows, upon a country—its laws, its institutions, its life and civilization—he will not defend. He is a man without a country, and

if he is not a cowardly shirker he will be sufficiently moral to abide by the natural consequences of his convictions."

We should like to appoint Bishop Cooke a committee of one to determine the fate of all those who claim exemption from military service on the ground of conscientious objections.

THE CHINESE JUNK OF STATE

BY TYLER DENNETT

CHINA'S entrance into the war would have no important bearing on the decision in Europe. She understands that as well as we do. She would merely still continue to sell her dried eggs and other commodities at market prices, and she would still send her coolies to France to work on the roads. Beyond this she can make no valuable contribution to the Allies.

Nevertheless China is related to the war, or to its outcome, very directly. She knows that she is to receive more or less attention in the peace conference. She has vague feelings in her breast that she has within herself the possible makings of another Balkan situation. Any peace settlements which look toward an enduring peace must face the fact of China. Her people are beginning to wonder how they are to be represented in that peace conference.

On March 14 China severed diplomatic relations with Germany. Up to that time she had been following the advice of the United States. After that she waited to see what further move the United States would make. Later she delayed for other reasons. During this period of delay I was traveling about through some of the more remote provinces of the Republic. I visited many provincial capitals and many small villages. I talked with the high and the low. I had therefore unusual opportunities to observe how the Chinese mind grappled with the new set of problems presented to it by the invitation to enter the war against Germany.

In the first place, it seems not so surprising that China has failed to finish her programme by declaring war, as it is surprising that she ever started it. China is mildly pro-German. The Chinese, as a people, know nothing of the blood and iron of Prussianism. They have met Germany chiefly through the German merchants who for the last decade had gone every year farther and farther inland offering cheap merchandise and extra-long credits. These merchants also showed what appeared to the Chinese to be an absence of race prejudice very unusual among Europeans. They liked these Germans, and they hope they will come again some day.

Then, too, China was supposing that Germany would win the war. Did not their newspapers report fresh victories for her almost every day? When President Wilson invited them to sever diplomatic relations with Germany, the Chinese were astonished, amazed. Why should they join against a friendly nation, especially when that nation was going to win? Only the fact that the invitation came from America made them treat it seriously. They were sure, as many, many Chinese kept saying to me, that "America had no sinister motive." Therefore they began to look into the proposition.

China was moved by several motives to go to the extent of breaking off diplomatic relations with Germany. She hoped thereby to induce the Allies to agree to the raising of her import duties, which now amount actually to only about three and one-half per cent. She further hoped to secure permission to suspend payment on the Boxer indemnities for a period of ten years. Some urged that if China were to enter the war she would receive a foreign loan. This argument was very effective among some of the officials to whom a foreign loan represents more money for them to spend. But the most persuasive argument for entering the war was the fear of Japan.

To the Chinese the proposition was put this way, though less bluntly perhaps. At least, this was the way the Chinese understood it. In the peace conference which follows the war the questions of the "open door in China," the disposition of spheres of influence, and Japanese claims on China will be up for settlement. More fundamental still is the question as to whether Japan's exclusive claim to speak to and for the Republic is to be indorsed by the Powers. The Chinese realized that

the price which the Allies are to pay for Japan's help in the war has never been stated. There is a lurking fear in China that somehow she may be that price.

China was faced with these alternatives. If she entered the war, she might be permitted to speak a word for herself in the peace conference. If she remained out of the war, Japan would unquestionably expect the right to speak for her. Again, if she entered the war, she would still have a choice. If she declared war and joined the Entente, she would become the ally of Japan, with whom she still has many unsettled accounts. That would be awkward. On the other hand, she might join the war, remain outside the Entente, and therefore be ranged under the wing of the United States in the peace conference. There was, and still is, a good deal to justify the expectation that when it comes to the peace settlement Great Britain will find herself so much at odds with Japan over the Oriental tangle that she will also side with China. There seemed then the possibility that China might walk into the peace conference, escorted on the one hand by Great Britain and on the other by the United States.

For a few days after breaking diplomatic relations with Germany the Chinese junk of state seemed to be again in clear water. Then came a sudden gust of wind from a new quarter, and China found that she had merely sailed around the reef and come up on the other side of it. Again it was the fear of Japan.

There are almost numberless political parties in China, but there are two main groups—those who desire a constitutional government and those who do not. The latter group is represented by the reactionary generals who are hold-overs from the Yuan Shi-kai régime. These generals, most of whom are acting as military provincial governors, have at their command armies totaling 800,000 men scattered throughout the country. Forty per cent of Chinese revenue goes to maintain them. Wherever a military governor gets securely in the saddle all constructive movements for the country's welfare are threatened.

The Chinese began to reason this way: What would these generals do if China were to go on and declare war? Suppose the generals were to establish martial law? Then they could close up newspapers at will and arrest whom they chose. They have already openly demanded the prorogation of Parliament. They are not in sympathy with the constitution which is nearly completed. Probably they could enforce the dissolution of Parliament.

Suppose Japan were to say, after the declaration of war, Now that you are at war, you need our help. Your army is poorly trained and equipped; we will supply you with officers to train the army and we will help you with your arsenals. Your country is inefficiently policed; we will help you police it properly.

Two years ago China refused to grant these very requests. At that time she had felt that to grant to Japan these requests was practically to surrender her sovereignty.

The foregoing is a rough draft of the chart by which China has been trying to sail her ship of state for the last six months. It is also the background of the recent revolution. Parliament came to loggerheads with the generals. The revolution came and went. The Chinese have stood by the constitutional party, an ineffective President has been set aside, a dangerous Chang Hsun has been disposed of, and yet the issues and the personalities entering into the cause of the trouble do not appear to have changed greatly.

America urged China to enter the war. China accepted the advice, although Japan did not favor it, and landed herself in a feeble revolution which was nevertheless strong enough to paralyze the Government and still further uncover the shame of China's weakness before the world. The exhibition was still

further proof of Japan's frequent assertion that China is too inept and too feeble to manage her own affairs.

For a few weeks the United States semi-unofficially took the helm in Chinese affairs. The result, up to date, has not been as was expected, nor as could have been desired. With the best of intentions, we gave the Republic a shove. She slipped and fell. The tacit obligation thus assumed to stand by and see her put back on her feet again cannot be easily or lightly dismissed. If this mixing into Chinese affairs is merely one of the acci-

dents of a policy of opportunism, then there is urgent need that such a policy be replaced by one of more well-considered thought.

Yuan Shi-kai is known to have said not long before his death: "We know that we can count on the friendship of the United States, but that merely means that she will continue to express her good will." In the last few months we have gone considerably beyond the mere expression of good will. Now China is asking, living as she is daily under the fear of Japan, just how far and where the United States is willing to lead her.

MICROCOSM

BY EDWARD EYRE HUNT

AT five o'clock in the morning of Wednesday, September 21, 1915, a British police van drove down to meet a Dutch steamer, the Professor Buys, lying in the harbor of Hull. Five sailors were discharged from the van. Two of them were tall North Holland seamen, brothers by the name of Vlieland; one of them was a Gelderland fisherman named Van der Plas; the two others were named Heemskerk and Kuyt. They were dressed in heavy, dirty fishermen's clothing, with thick woolen socks and wooden shoes. Their heads were bare.

The five men were murderers. They belonged to the crew of a Dutch fishing smack called the Noordzee V, and on their last voyage they had killed three of their fellow-sailors, dismantled the vessel, and drifted helpless for three days without food and without water, until they were picked up by a Norwegian steamship and landed in England. They were not handcuffed when they came aboard the Professor Buys, nor later, although the captain, sent from Rotterdam to fetch them, had brought manacles. They walked aboard the ship unaided, although they were weak from fasting and thirst.

At six o'clock the vessel sailed. It was a beautiful autumn morning; the sun burned brightly before them, and the sky was filled with fleecy clouds. There was no sound of cannon from the calm stretches of the sea, and the war seemed to rest from its horrors.

The murderers were very quiet. When they asked to be allowed to come up on deck, the captain of the Professor Buys consented. Their ringleader, A. Vlieland, especially interested him. The man was a gigantic Dutchman, built like an ox, with great corded muscles and a massive Viking face. Nothing about Vlieland seemed murderous except his eyes. These glowed as if they were lit by internal fires, and his voice when he was much in earnest seemed to burn through his cracked lips. The four others stood in a group, as if they felt the need of each other's company. A. Vlieland walked alone, enormous and Satanic, like a man who wrestles with angels.

Vlieland had been pacing to and fro for an hour when suddenly he paused beside the helmsman and stared straight at the rising sun. His eyes were wide open, his lips parted. He stared without winking for several minutes, then abruptly turned to the captain.

"Mynheer de Kapitein," he said in his smoldering voice, "see! This power God has given me."

The captain was astonished. He peered into Vlieland's wide eyes. The pupils were not unduly contracted, and it was evident that the man was not dazzled by the light, for he put out his hand confidently and leaned for a moment against the rail. Then he began again his measured pacing to and fro, kicking off his wooden shoes and tramping catlike in his woolen socks.

On his next round of the deck he paused again beside the captain. "Have you a Bible, Mynheer de Kapitein?" he asked. "No matter, no matter; I know the book. I pray without the book. That power, too, God has given me. It is God's work I do. All I do is of God."

He called to the others, who approached him with their eyes cast down and with evident awe. One of the men, Kuyt, who was physically much weaker than the rest, knelt at Vlieland's feet and clasped him about the knees. A. Vlieland's brother, L. Vlieland, Van der Plas, and Heemskerk stood before him with hands folded together in prayer, and he led them in the singing of a psalm.

This pious mummary (for so it seemed to him) nettled the captain of the Professor Buys.

"What for a man are you?" he angrily demanded of Vlieland, when the psalm was ended. "You were skipper of the Noordzee V, and you killed three of your men, you psalm-singing Frisian!"

The giant paused in his walk and turned to the captain. He seemed puzzled rather than angry, although the heavy light in his eyes glowed balefully, and the captain involuntarily let go the wheel and clutched at a loaded revolver which he had in his trousers pocket. "See, Mynheer de Kapitein," Vlieland answered, "I am the spirit of Christus. I was sailing on the Noordzee with these others. The night was calm; there was no fighting that night; the Germans and the Englishmen slept. And in the second watch of the night I rose up and talked with God. The world was empty, except that I talked with God."

"But there were devils in our ship, just as there are devils on the land, Mynheer de Kapitein. God ordered me to cleanse the ship of devils, and I got up from my hammock and went through all the ship. It was as God had said. The ship was burdened with devils."

"My brother and Van der Plas woke up also, and they had seen in their sleep a big star, red like blood, and had a revelation to support Christus in his godly work. 'I am Christus!' I told them. And God opened their eyes, so that they were witnesses to the truth, and they said, 'Yes, you are Christus.' So we began to cleanse the ship."

"We threw overboard the tackle and the buckets and the trawls and the hoists, the sails, and the dories which were on deck. No one was at the wheel—God steered the ship. Then in the morning we woke up the others and threw overboard all the bedding. At first they were frightened and would not hear the truth, but we were stronger than they were, and the strength of God was in us, so at last they believed, and we all worked, praying and singing psalms."

"In three men the devils were lodged, so these three had to be freed of the devils. I made them dance very hard, then stand stock-still, then dance, then stand still. But the devils were crafty and stayed in them. They were not wicked men, Mynheer de Kapitein, but the devils were in them and would not go out. From the mouth of one of them the devils blasphemed and said I was not Christus, but a murderer, an anti-Christus. At night we cut off the head of that one, and his body was thrown overboard with the singing of psalms."

"But the devils still were strong. They would not leave the other two, and they denied that I was Christus, and rejected the truth. So next day we killed them with our knives and threw their bodies into the sea, as God commanded us. Then we took places about a table in the body of the ship and prayed."

"Mynheer de Kapitein, we fasted and prayed and conquered Satan so. We had no food or water, for those had been bewitched, and we threw them overboard. There was no world but our little ship, and we were happy, and we served God. There were no devils any more. We were at peace. We were all brothers. All the world was clean and served God."

"Heer Kapitein, we have done God's work. We are not murderers. We are simple men who have done God's work; soldiers, servants of the great King. These two men, my brother and Van der Plas, saw a star in the second watch of