

Underwood & Underwood

Looking across the river from Hankow

War in Hankow

By F. P. ELTINGE

THE first principle of warfare, as laid down in the Chinese classics, is that the most brilliant victories are those won without fighting. Judged by this standard, the Chinese are the greatest soldiers the world has ever seen. The late war in this region has, I believe, been one of the most important of the recent wars in China; and it was conducted in strict accordance with all the most approved rules for the behavior of Chinese warriors.

The cause of the war was the ambition of the Kuomintang Party, who control the country around Canton in the South, to extend their power into the Yangtze Valley. Their army, with the help of "advisers" and money from Russia, had defeated their opponents in South China. Their objective was the triple city of Hankow, Hanyang, and Wuchang, which occupies a position on the Yangtze somewhat like that of St. Louis on the Mississippi. Hankow is the commercial metropolis of the central part of China, and Hanyang, with a steel works and a large arsenal, is still more important from a military standpoint. These cities were the stronghold of Wu Pei-fu, one of the most powerful Chinese generals.

THE Cantonese drove Wu out and took Hankow. It was quite a remarkable feat for Chinese warfare, as their line of communication covered a long distance from Canton and stretched over a bad country to travel. The final turning-point was a typical transaction. A General Liu, commanding the Hanyang fort and arsenal for Wu Pei-fu, sold out to the Cantonese at the proper moment. This was the decisive "battle" of the campaign.

The war raged within easy hearing distance for about nine days. At times the firing was tremendous—artillery, machine guns, and rifles. There were, however, periods of complete rest every day when not a single shot would be fired by either side. And I suspect that these rest periods coincided rather closely with the hours for meals.

The last night of the campaign, when the Cantonese made the grand assault on Wu's lines on this side of the river, the noise was terrific. There was continuous rifle and machine-gun fire, and the artillery was almost like a real barrage. The two armies were supposed to total more than half a million men, and a hundred thousand were said to have been engaged in this battle. Next morn-

ing between fifty and sixty killed were counted on the two sides.

IT is difficult to believe this unless you realize that they shoot, not to hit anything, but to make a noise. And, of course, the faster they fire, the more noise there is. The noise is relied on for two effects:

1. To frighten the enemy; and
2. To comfort the firers.

All foreign merchant ships for seven consecutive days were fired on both entering and leaving Hankow. There was no reason for this at all, except that it gives the soldiers a lot of face to say to their comrades that they had shot at a foreign ship and had got away with it. Finally, after two American sailors had been wounded when an American destroyer was fired on as usual, she replied with a five-inch shell. After that no more shots were fired at foreign boats.

During this episode the troops must have shot volley after volley at no less than twenty foreign ships. Aside from the two wounded American sailors, the total results were one Chinese passenger killed and two wounded; which gives another illustration of Chinese marksmanship.

Now I come to the real climax of our war.

Wu Pei-fu's troops in Wuchang, on the south bank of the river, are still holding out as this article is written, although they have been surrounded and completely cut off for more than a week. It looks like Heroic Devotion to a Lost Cause, in the language of the movie subtitles, doesn't it?

But it isn't exactly that. I hate to say it, but they have notified the Chinese Chamber of Commerce and the Native Bankers' Association of Wuchang that they will gladly lay down their arms and stop fighting if and when \$600,000 silver is placed in their battle-scarred hands. As the civilians are the only

ones who face any real danger to their lives or property, it is, of course, only fitting and proper that they should pay to have the war called off.

Unfortunately, the Cantonese soldiers have got wind of the impending transaction and have insisted on their share. So for the past two days there has been no fighting at all—but frequent meetings of representatives of the Chamber of Commerce, the Bankers' Association, and the two armies, all to discuss ways and means. Wu's army is still firm in its valorous stand.

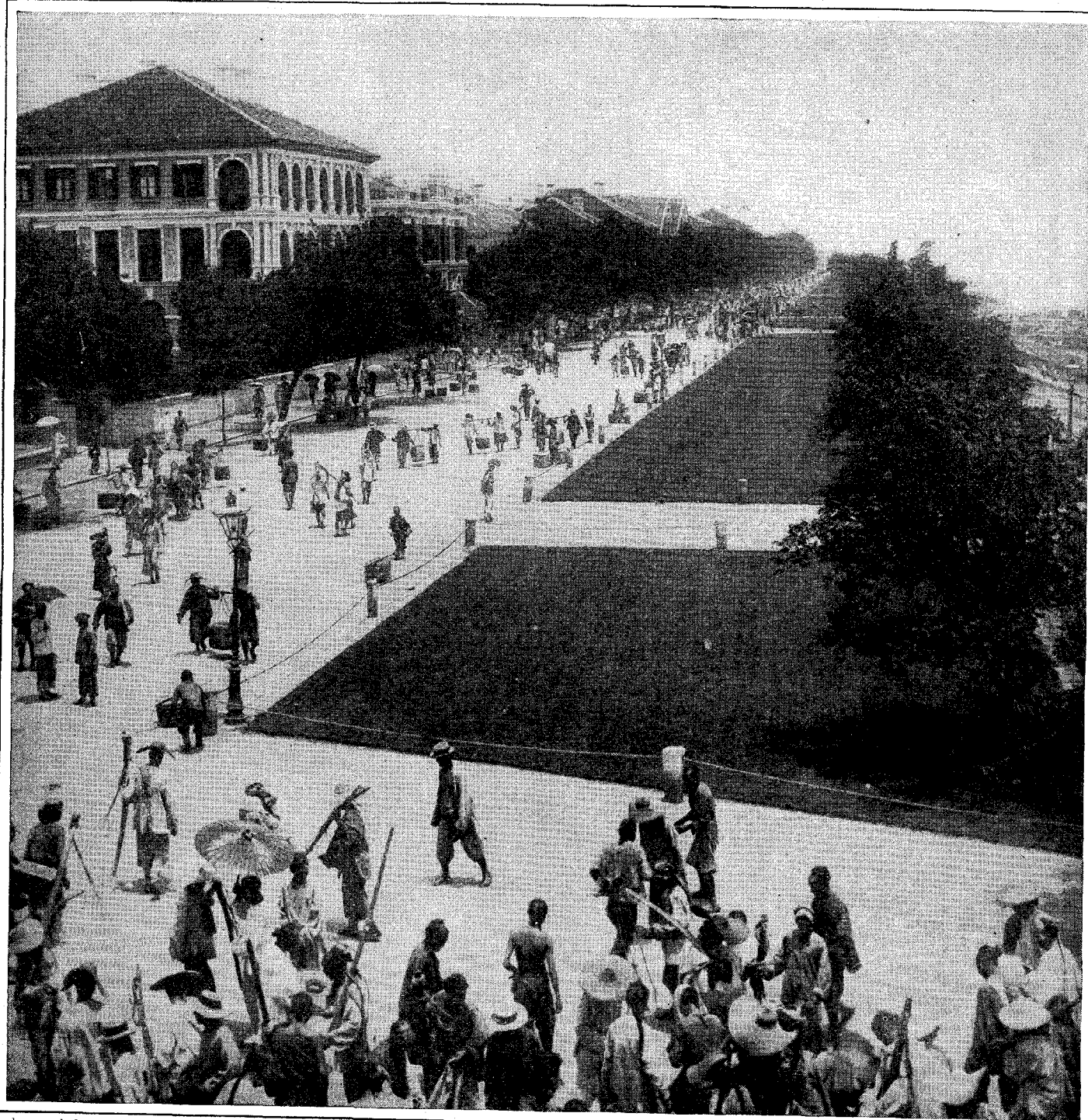
The great difficulty now, I hear, is to make some arrangement to have the Northerners' share paid somewhere else—say at Shanghai; which is hard to ar-

range on account of the difficulties of remitting, due to the war. If they received their share in Wuchang and then surrendered, according to the agreement, the Cantonese would merely take it away from them and add it to their own share.

The negotiators are thus confronted with quite a serious dilemma. But I am confident that a solution will ultimately be found, and that the newspapers will proclaim the fall of Wuchang after a desperate resistance by the brave garrison.

Truly Gilbert and Sullivan lived in the wrong age.

NOTE.—Wuchang has surrendered to the Cantonese since this article was mailed from China.—THE EDITORS.



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A glimpse along the Bund, Hankow

The Circus Show

By ANN COBB

I. Son's Henry

OH, granny, put your knitting by,
And come along o' me.
Down yonder sits the bestest show
This creek 'll ever see.

Lions, an' bars, an' elephants,
An' little pranking mice.
All manner of outlandish folks,
An' everything that's nice.

One woman's bigger than Aunt Jane,
But most air peart and gay.
They'll go right in the lion's cage
An' snatch his food away.

I've fotched you in the pacing nag.
Oh, granny, please do go!
What if you died off unbeknownst,
An' never saw a show?

II. Granny

SON'S Henry worked at me so hard
To see the circus show,
I couldn't cross his little will,
An' gave my hand to go.

'Twas pine-blank like I'd pictured hit.
For all the purty bills,
I knew in reason, master shows
Would never cross these hills.

The women worried me the most.
—No, not right sinful—bad—
Their painted lips were set in smiles,
Eh law! their eyes were sad.

I'd like to take them homealong
To stay a while, an' see
Life on this good ole common earth
Like hit was aimed to be.

Not full of franzied, lonlie beasts,
An' humans, fashioned so
They're sport to young, unthoughted lads,
Naught to themselves but woe.

The Last of the Navy of the Czar

By JOHN B. EWALD

A TINY inlet bearing the name of Typhoon Bay reaches out from the larger expanse of the Bay of Subic on the southwestern coast of the island of Luzon. In the middle of Typhoon Bay there is a little ship. It is black and silent. It flies no colors. There is no smoke coming from the single stack and no life is seen on its decks. It might be overlooked but for the fact that the black hull stands out against the light green of the banana trees and cocoanut palms on shore.

One led by curiosity to approach the ship would look in vain for any means of identifying her nationality or her mission. There is no name carved on the stern and no lettered life-buoys hang from her rails. The forward part of the ship rises so high out of the water that the keel is exposed to view for a distance of fifteen feet back from the bow. On the forecastle, and occupying the most of it, is a big water-tank. The high bow and the forward water-tank are the characteristics of vessels used as ice-

breakers. In fact, she is an ice-breaker. But why is she here in the tropics, nearly three thousand miles from the nearest ice which obstructs navigation? There is a thin line of smoke issuing from a small pipe thrust through the upper works on the starboard side. Surely there must be some one aboard who can answer the question.

AFTER the collapse of the White Russian forces in Siberia the motley remnants of the army traveled eastward to Vladivostok. The men could not be furnished with the proper supplies, and were therefore no longer able to offer effective resistance to the advance of the Reds.

Although the White Russian Government was nominally in control of affairs in Vladivostok, the Japanese actually occupied the city. The Japanese gave some help to the shattered portions of the White Army which had retreated and were then resting in the city, many of the men with their families. But it

soon became evident that the Reds would not be kept long outside of Vladivostok.

Among the leaders of the remainder of this once powerful force were some who determined to accept almost any alternative rather than live or die—which latter was most likely—in Siberia under the Soviet. The cruel deaths of such of the loyal Russians as had fallen into the hands of the Bolsheviki left no doubt in the minds of the small colony as to what would happen to them, their wives and children, if the Reds took the city. It was determined, consequently, to organize an expedition for the escape of the force by sea.

Funds for the maintenance of the White Government, then under General Dietrichs, were raised by the sale of concessions, and some of this money was turned over to Rear-Admiral Starck for the proposed expedition. This enterprising officer, having added \$75,000 gold to his treasury by the sale of the Manchuria, one of the oldest of the ships at