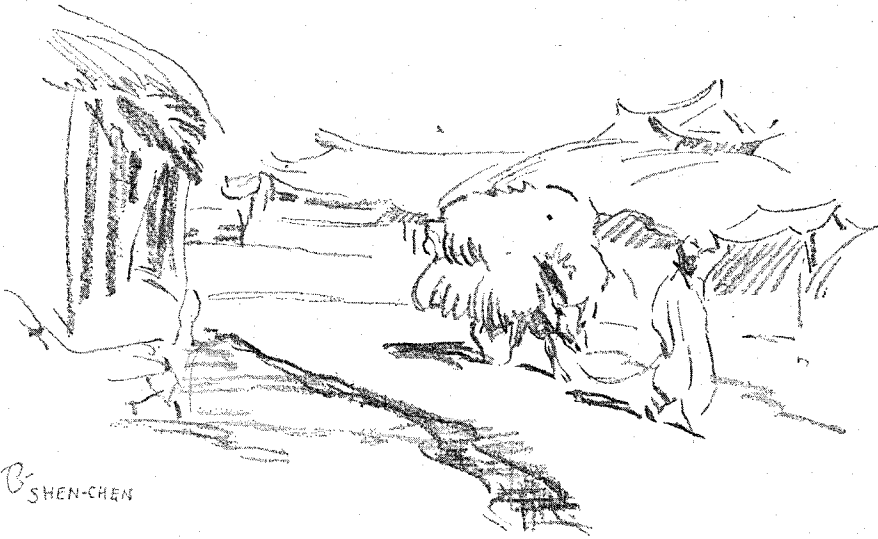


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KOREA'S REBELLION

THE PART PLAYED BY CHRISTIANS

BY NATHANIEL PEFFER

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS MADE IN KOREA BY C. LE ROY BALDRIDGE

SEOUL, KOREA.

TO be in Korea now is to see unroll before you melodrama with human realities for its complications and living beings for its figures. This is a revolution such as men in back-parlors-to-let reconstruct for lurid literature. It is compound of the one-time Russian nihilist plottings and Oriental mystery. And always it lives before you. The "jickie-coolie" who carries your bags on his back from the railway station to the sumptuous hotel which the

Japanese have built, here may be district magistrate in the subterranean "Provisional Government of the Republic of Korea." The Japanese boy who obsequiously brings you your soup in the same hotel may be an executive in the omnipresent Japanese secret service. Probably they are not, but the fact that they might be and that even stranger things have been revealed to you gives interest to them and thrill to everything. Underground plottings, hidden rendezvous, buried printing-presses, passwords and codes and trap-doors, midnight gen-

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darmerie raids, solitary confinement and the torture-chamber, unexplained suicides, sudden disappearances, spies and counter-spies, emissaries in disguise and wild pursuits in the night—here are all the conventional elements of the shilling shocker.

Life moves now in Korea with swiftness and primitive force, for all the surface of Eastern lethargy that gives it the appearance of calm. Under the surface

prestige of position. A few nights ago he did. With two leaders of the independence movement who had smuggled themselves into the palace he escaped over its wall and was driven in an automobile to an outlying village. There in the home of a farmer the three men changed their clothes to coolie costumes and went on donkeys to a railway station, where they boarded the train as fourth-



A Ki-Saeng of the capital.

you feel it always throbbing. Suddenly and dramatically it breaks up from below. There is the incident of the Eui Hwa Kun, Prince Eui, brother of the last Korean emperor, the semi-imbecile Yi. Prince Eui is Western-educated and well travelled in Western lands. Like all the survivors of the royal family and all the old nobility, he lives here in one of the former royal palaces, to all intents and purposes a prisoner. But the tidings of Korea's rising have been brought to him through properly placed servants and messages sent to him asking him to make his escape and go to Shanghai and then to America and Europe, there to lay Korea's case before the West with his

class passengers. They went north in safety as far as Hsin Wiju, the last town on the Korean side of the Korean-Chinese border, where they planned to get off and make their way along the Yalu River and then board a junk to take them safely across to the Chinese side. They alighted from the train. A party of Japanese detectives met them. They had been betrayed by a Korean, a spy in the service of the Japanese. And Prince Eui is back in his palace to-day under a doubled guard. He will not escape again.

The Japanese have made of this a triumph, exulting over it in their official organ. The Koreans, knowing it was by the treachery of one of their own he was

captured, are the more bitterly chagrined.

In these last few days also all the schools have gone on strike. The pupils, refusing to continue the study of Japanese forced on them to the exclusion of their own language, have "walked out." In one school youngsters of ten and eleven drew up before the Japanese principal in the military formation that the Japanese educational regulations prescribe and came to attention. A young spokesman stepped out of the ranks and crisply informed the principal that they demanded the discontinuance of the study of the Japanese language and the exclusive use of Japanese text-books—

which also is prescribed. The principal, amazed, explained that he had no authority to change the system and that in these "dizzy times"—as the Japanese always put it—the government could not make any changes. The boys marched with military precision to a corner of the schoolroom, tore their text-books into small bits, and marched back before the principal. Their spokesman again stepped forth and informed the principal that they would return when they could study their own language. The line smartly saluted and marched out. It has not returned. The same scene substantially was being enacted in other schools, and with the exception of a few Christian

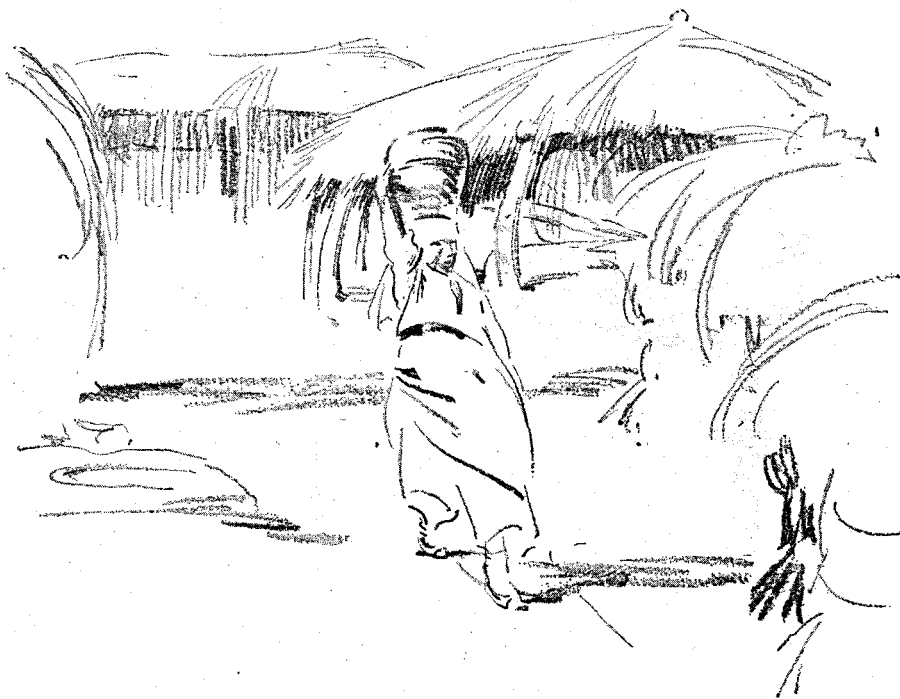


Her husband is serving a long sentence in a Japanese prison; her eldest son died as a result of tortures; her youngest is in jail for participating in the independence movements.

institutions where the regulations are allowed to be winked at the schools are still closed.

Shortly before that a national wailing day had been set. It was to be a day of public mourning all over the country for the loss of Korea's liberty. In all cities the public was to gather at noon at stated places and sharp at the stroke of twelve begin the traditional Korean funeral wail

rades, but there are those who say that tears are better than money, better than shouting 'Mansei' (Hurrah, or Long Live Korea), better than fighting, and we the undersigned think so, too. Therefore we are making this arrangement: On the seventh day of the eleventh moon in every central place in each province there is to be a great mourning. In regard to the capital, Seoul, let volunteers to the num-



The farmyard—going to the well.

—*Ai-go, Ai-go, Ai-go—Ai-go, Ai-go, Ai-go*—rising always higher and higher, faster and faster, to a crescendo that tightens the heart of them who hear it. Thus runs an almost literal translation of the instructions secretly transmitted:

"Our beloved fellow-countrymen: If we desire to shake off the oppression of the enemy and become a free people, three things must necessarily be done; blood and money and tears must all be spent. In the days following the demonstrations beginning with the first day of the third moon the necessary blood and money were freely offered by our com-

ber of ten be prepared and sent thither. Those who compose this Band of Lamentation are not to wait for one another's initiative in the matter, neither are they to reply to any interrogations of the enemy, but at the sound of the noon gun they are to come out into the Great Bell Road and make a great wailing. Let them weep in any way they choose. Grief will be turned to joy. Great mourning will be transformed into glory. Do not be afraid even though the enemy afflict you. The very measures of force which they employ are a fortunate thing for our cause. Moreover, let all, even the

young persons and the women, take part and give a weeping. Do not make use of words, merely weep audibly. This communication will be followed by another."

But for one time—and it does not hap-

sions have gathered crying "Mansei," there have been the usual baton charges by police and more forceful measures by troops, and young men and as many young women dragged off to police sta-



The ancient bell-tower of Seoul, where students hammered the bell and cried "Mansei" till beaten senseless by police.

pen often—the Japanese intelligence service obtained a copy of the instructions. The day before the appointed day of lamentation troops were brought out into the main streets, machine guns were conspicuously posted, police searched houses for suspected leaders, and at the last moment the demonstration was called off. But others have taken place here and elsewhere, before and since. The proces-

tions in groups. And in the evening there have been the usual police squads making house-to-house search of whole districts, and emerging now and then with suspected plotters—sometimes a middle-school boy of fifteen, sometimes a young girl brought up in the strict seclusion of the Korean upper-class home, sometimes a middle-aged pastor, sometimes an aged woman. And in the night, dropped into

the doors of offices, shops, and homes—how and by whom nobody knows—mimeographed flimsy sheets of Korean writing. It is the *Tong Nip Sin Men*, the *Independence Newspaper*, the Korean counterpart of *La Libre Belgique*, its counterpart also in the romantic and daring accompaniments of its production. Police sergeants in the corner sentry-boxes find copies on their benches, prison guards find them distributed in the cells. Hundreds have been caught in distributing the paper and far more arrested on suspicion of connection with its publication, but if among these have been its editors, that has not prevented its continued ap-

in press cables. The extent to which it not only influences life but has disorganized it is almost incredible. In all strata of Korean society, from the peasant and coolie to the Confucian scholar and the nobility, the families are few that have not been represented on the Japanese prison rolls. Schools have been left with one-third of their pupils and perhaps none of their teachers, shops have been left without owner or clerk, churches without pastors and almost without congregations.

On my first day in Korea I went to the old Methodist church here in Seoul where the annual conference was in session.



A Bible class.

pearance. No sooner is one group satisfactorily found guilty of responsibility for it than it again appears on the table of the procurator who conducted the prosecution.

I have said that this is a revolution. By all the laws of political conflict it would be more accurate to say it was one, for by those tests it is over. It was crushed, swiftly and terribly, a few days after its outburst in March. But even a tourist can see that, so far from being over, it is in full struggle, the more intense for being repressed. It is the first concern of all Koreans, the dominant fact that controls their every-day existence, even if it lacks the public spectacular elements, the clashes of arms, that get place

There, I was told, I could find Korean Christians and foreign-missionary workers from every province in the country, and thus get at once a national picture of existing conditions. Squat, of dark-red brick and with a cube of a tower over its entrance, it is the conventional church of any small Middle Western American town—a stone's throw from the former imperial palace, now empty of concubines and singing-girls, eunuchs and yang ban, pomp and intrigue; and on all sides the thatched roofs and mud walls of the Korean houses and the half-Eastern half-Western nondescript of the new Japanese wishes. It is fantastic or incongruous, as you wish, but also typical of the "new" Korea—of the new East, in fact.

The church auditorium was a similar mixture of times and manners and civilizations. There was a sprinkling of foreigners, a yet larger sprinkling of Koreans in ill-fitting Western clothes—rare is he of Eastern blood who wears Western

movement in March and that he had just been released from prison. I showed my surprise and expressed a desire to meet him. A converted Korean now a minister of the gospel, who has been in prison as political agitator, ought at least



A scholar who also has served his term in prison for Korea.

clothes well—and the others all in the flowing white native garments and the small inverted flower-pot hats of transparent bamboo thread, the distinguishing mark of their people. On the proscenium were an American bishop, a Korean secretary, and an American minister as interpreter, who spoke the two languages with equal fluency.

It seemed a tame enough gathering and I wondered what it could tell me of revolutions. Then a Korean pastor arose to speak. The old resident who was escorting me whispered that he was one of the men involved in the independence

to give me an interesting view, I said. My companion laughed.

"In this room," he said, "there are sixty Koreans, all pastors or evangelists. About forty of them have been in prison. There are some twenty-five more who ought to be here who are still in prison serving out their sentences."

It is a representative picture of Korea, a good introduction to the nature of its uprising. Surely no man can say a revolt so expressed is the work of "professional agitators." To this at least no man can cry the familiar "Bolshevik." It is simpler than that. It is a purely political

movement, a struggle for liberty as we knew that word and such struggles a hundred years ago. Now, my desire here is not to deal primarily with the political aspects of that struggle or to argue the merits of the issues raised; it is not they that give this national rising its unique character, and, also, they have already

been economically exploited for another people's profit; sentence of death is slowly being executed on their race culture and their four-thousand-year-old civilization. One need not stay here long or seek long for concrete evidence. No Korean is permitted to go to Europe or America to study. No Korean who has been



A business man.

been made clear by much statement. It is affirmed by Korea, and not denied by Japan, and plain to anybody who has ever been in Korea, that Korea has been ruled by Japan purely as a possession, in the old imperialistic conception of that relationship.

The Koreans have had no political rights, no freedom of speech, no press, free or restricted; they have been denied the right to use their own language in their own schools, they have been denied the right to learn their own history or even to read it; they and their land have

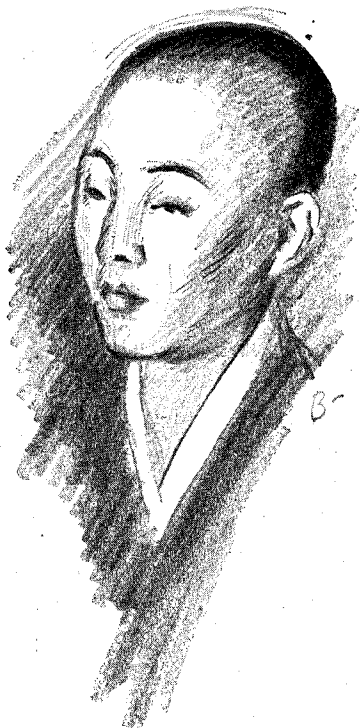
abroad for more than five years can re-enter the country. Japanese teachers in the schools—nine out of ten teachers of Korean children are Japanese—wear clanking swords and military uniforms. A publication, even a religious weekly, that deals even by inference with contemporary events, that mentions even inadvertently that the war is over, is suppressed. A pastor who admonishes his flock to purge their souls of the devils within them is arrested, the Japanese holding that to be a reference to them and an incitation to rebellion. All the

wealth and the sources of wealth in the country are in the hands of Japanese. These are matters of written record and beyond challenge. I state them without animus and without desire to fix blame, recognizing them to be the inevitable accompaniment of the old imperialism and to have characterized the colonial rule of other powers. But it must be remembered also that that does not make them any the more endurable to the Koreans. Philosophical justifications and the truths of comparative history make small consolation for a people burdened under oppression. The natural, logical result, in conformance with all the laws of history, has been revolt.

Nor do I wish to dwell at any length on the early history of that revolt and the method by which it was put down last March. That, too, has been dealt with sufficiently. The brutality exercised by the Japanese police and gendarmerie on unarmed demonstrators merely venting their patriotism by cheering, the terrible



A schoolboy.



Three months in jail for crying "Mansei."

tortures to which thousands were put to extract evidence or force confessions, the floggings to unconsciousness and even death with heavy bamboos, the wholesale arrests and imprisonment for long periods without trial, the firing of churches filled with worshippers held in by rings of bayonets and slowly burning to death—all that is now a familiar tale. And Japan has made public acknowledgment of its wrongdoing—at least by implication—in the removal of the governor and the higher officials around him. For charity's sake, in the hope that it might be an isolated and accidental error, let it be forgotten. But obviously it cannot so soon be forgotten by those whose bodies still bear the mark of the rack, and that constitutes a factor in the situation that must be given emphasis if the situation is to be understood.

The Koreans are irreconcilable, come what may.

As I have said, these are not the things

that distinguish this rising from many another, from other surgings upward of nationalism in other parts of the world even now. What makes it unique is the combination of passive resistance as a weapon and its use with all that sense of the histrionic that characterizes all Orientals, even the least emotional outwardly of the Orientals, the Korean. The ele-

manœuvre control of the government into the hands of Japan. Among the thirty-three men were some who had incurred Japanese displeasure before, and had suffered tortures and long imprisonment. They gathered in the restaurant, had a last feast together, and then notified the police by telephone of their action. They were found seated around the table when



"Sunday."

ments of the situation are in themselves dramatic—a people held down in rigid oppression, proud, humiliated, unarmed, without instruments for action or outlet for expression, arrayed against a powerful military empire standing over it with set bayonet—and they have been disposed with a fine feeling for effect, an instinct for the tableau.

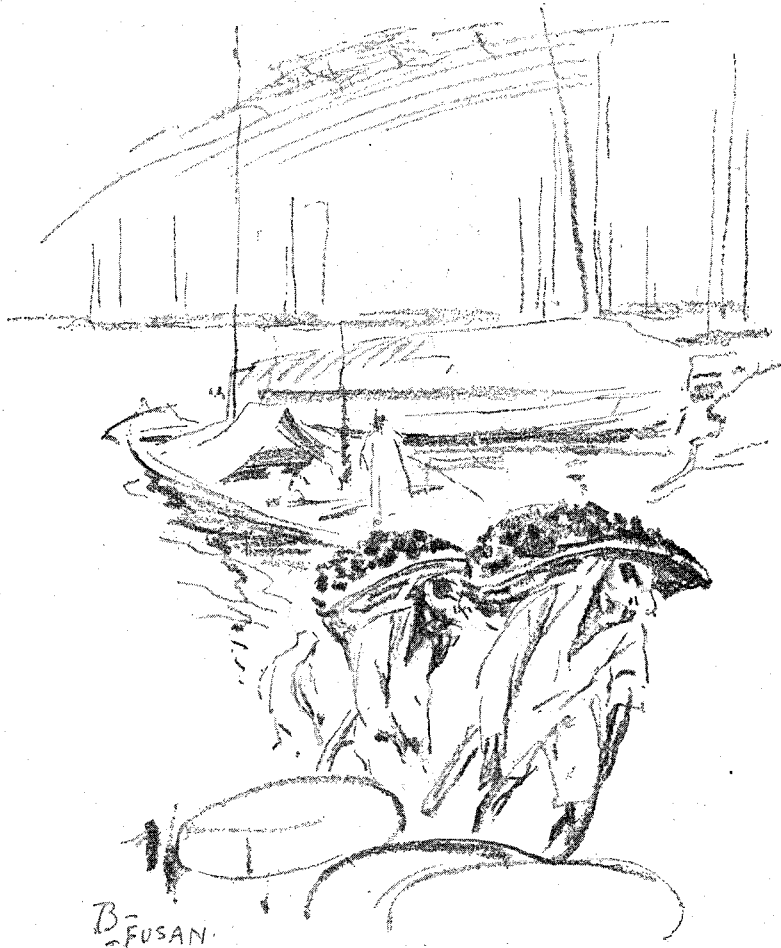
The last night in February thirty-three men who had drawn up a declaration of independence gathered in a private room of Seoul's most famous restaurant. It was the same room in which ten years before had met the cabal of Korean officials who were making final plans to

police automobiles filled with armed men arrived. They entered the automobiles without resistance and were driven off to the big prison here, where they have been kept in solitary confinement ever since.

In the days of the Korean kingdom watch-fires were lit nightly on the hills that ring this city and the neighboring country, each signalling to the other that the guards were posted over the land. It is a pretty legend that at each nightfall the emperor looked from the window of his palace, and as he saw the last fire lit on the hill behind the Nandaimon, the Great South Gate of the capital, he said to himself, "All is well within my em-

pire," and turned away to the evening's pleasures. In the last few decades of Korea's fading greatness, with the coming of the foreigner and his railways and his telegraphs and the entrance of the

of terrible scenes. There had been unending demonstrations. Procession after procession had formed, marching straight into the clubbed rifles, bayonets, and sabres of the solid ranks of police, gen-



Fusan.

conqueror, the custom had become only a memory. But a few days after the first demonstrations that heralded Korea's revolt the fires were lit again as of old, and as the flames arose, first above one village and then another, the whole countryside echoed to the cries of "Mansei."

It was a thrilling night, that night in Seoul when the fire blazed up again behind the Nandaimon. It had been a day

darmes, and troops. Then charges, hundreds cut down and beaten down and hundreds more taken off to prison. And then more processions, more charges, more bloodshed and more arrests, and yet more throughout the day. High tension hung over the city at sunset when the last procession had been broken up, and unnatural quiet. And then, as if all Seoul had known and was only awaiting the

moment, there was a glow in the southwest, a curl of smoke and a dart of flames on the hill, and the city's suppressed passion spent itself in a triumphant cry as the ancient fire flared up in sight of the palace. Seoul will long remember that night.

If there is much talk of processions in

they merely parade—parade and cry their national cheer. And let him who sneers that the Oriental has no physical courage picture to himself such a parade—hastily gathered groups of men and women, boys and girls, all in their sedate white garb, marching defenseless against those bayonets and batons. They are under no



A teacher.

what I have called a revolution, it is because such has been Korea's strategy of combat. Its people, remember, are unarmed; to have even the mildest form of a weapon in one's possession has been a serious offense since the Japanese annexation. Their communications, their movements, their very words have been under the closest restriction and supervision. If they have chosen passive resistance as their method of warfare, it is not only by design but by force of circumstances. So

self-deception as to what will be theirs; they have seen what has happened to those like them who have gone before. And as each group is mowed down and scattered, another is formed and follows in its steps to the same end. No greater courage is that which fights trench to trench and bayonet to bayonet. If it is heroic, it is also effective. It may prove more effective than cannon, as the Japanese have discovered. For military science knows no defence to oppose

against men who merely fold their arms and no offense against men who merely close up their shops for weeks and refuse to open them. There is nothing but extermination, and even world public opinion sets a check against that.

The Koreans are not only folding their arms, however. Only their resistance to armed force is passive. The Land of the Morning Calm that you find described in books exists now almost exclusively in the books. You may still see little groups of elderly gentlemen in their quaint hats squatting in drowsy sunshine and exchanging gossip over their long pipes. You still find here a soft detachment, movement at a slow and gentle pace, voices at a lower pitch, all the dreamy languor that fits Korea to our connotation of the word Oriental better than any other Far Eastern land. But also you find in almost any issue of the *Seoul Press*, the Japanese Government's English-language organ, announcements of the arrest of political offenders here and in every other city. And in the rumors that fly thick over the city you hear strange tales of sensational captures, more sensational escapes, new risings to come and others frustrated in the planning, uncoverings of caves beneath innocent-seeming peasant



A student.



A coolie.

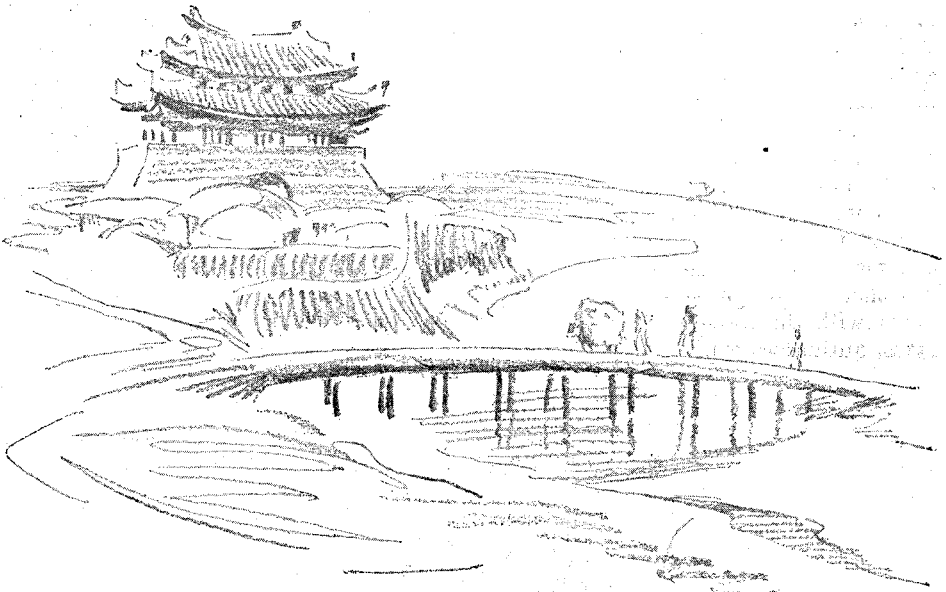
houses, fleeing nobility and fortunes transmitted by coppers from village to village, documents smuggled over the border, word by word inscribed on grains of rice. These are what lie beneath the Morning Calm.

In yesterday's *Seoul Press* was a meagre paragraph reporting the arrest of two men on the Yalu River bridge, the boundary between Korea and China, the scene of the historic battle between Japanese and Russian forces for mastery of Korea in 1904, the scene also of the duel of Japanese and Korean wits for mastery of Korea in 1919. The story of that arrest is this. Ten days ago three youths in the independence movement set out for the border disguised as coolies, making the six-hundred-mile journey in short stages from town to town. There they were to await a large sum of money which would be brought them to be taken across the border and down to Shanghai, where sits what is known as the provisional cabinet, the public arm of the secret government that functions in Korea—of which more later. The money was to be brought to them in small sums by women coming

from various directions: the communications service of the independence movement is largely the work of women— young girls and grandmothers—who carry copies of the *Independence* newspaper, documents, and instructions in the numerous folds of their numerous garments. The money arrived and was turned over to the three messengers. For a day and a night they lay in hiding near the bridge to calculate a favorable time for the crossing;

river, but the body was washed up on the Chinese side and the eighty thousand yen is now held by the Chinese customs. Such is one story that is known; there are hundreds that are not known of the mysterious transactions on the Yalu.

Of the duel of spies and counter-spies this incident is illustrative. For years a Korean of an old official family had been in the Japanese service. He was one of their confidential men here in Seoul. For



Pyeng-Yang.

the approach to the bridge and the bridge itself are heavily guarded by the Japanese. Early in the morning they started. One carried eighty thousand yen (forty thousand dollars), another forty thousand yen, the third thirty thousand. They started across separately to divert suspicion, still garbed as coolies. The first, who had the largest sum, was nearly across when he looked back and saw that the other two were already in the hands of Japanese police and that others were coming after him. He ran to the rail of the bridge and leaped. As he struck the water fifty feet below, one shoulder crashed on one of the bridge supports. He went to the bottom. Japanese police feverishly dragged the

months after the outbreak of the revolt he had been one of the most active of all in Japan's employ in uncovering the revolutionists' plans and hunting down rebel leaders. And then the Japanese by a freak of chance caught him at a meeting of those leaders. He was one of them, and had been, long before the revolt broke out. His part was to win the confidence of the Japanese, and thereby keep the Koreans informed of Japanese activities and intentions. He was caught at the meeting, but he never came to justice. He killed himself in his cell. He had told his Korean associates before that if ever the choice had to be made, death would come by his own hand. Of such as he

there are many. The Koreans who are still in the employ of the Japanese as spies are admittedly numerous and it behooves even a foreigner to walk and talk with caution in Korea, but of those also there are not a few who are in the Japanese service as reporters to the Korean rebels.

Behind all these activities is what is really the inner government of Korea today. This is the organization that planned and carried out the original uprising and now directs the independence movement that has grown out of it. What constitutes that government—where its ramifications touch, how it functions—that nobody knows, least of all the Japanese; I am told that not even the Koreans in it know, to each being revealed only his own part. It has its national officials, its provincial departments, its district magistrates, and its village headmen, and in Shanghai it has the "cabinet" through which it maintains touch with the foreign world. It levies taxes, authorizes expenditures, issues or-

ders and executes them. And it does so notwithstanding that it has no permanent headquarters, must do its work in secret, with spies at every turn, is denied means of communication, and has always hanging over its members the peril of discovery and heavy punishment. Millions of yen have been raised and expended the last six months: coppers from peasants and coolies, gold from rich merchants and landholders, and more of the former than the latter, because the Japanese supervision over the affairs of wealthy men prevents their giving much financial help to the movement. In part, this money is the realized value of old rings, silver trinkets, family jewels and heirlooms that have been smuggled into China and there sold. There is a steady traffic of this kind, young girls collecting the jewels and relaying them to the border at their own peril. Communications are carried on with equal effectiveness. Orders issued in Seoul are delivered in provinces four hundred miles away in forty-eight hours and spread abroad in less to all



A young nurse.

whom they concern, by means the Japanese, with all their spies, have been unable to fathom. Only last week another demonstration was planned to be held and instructions had been sent out weeks

acted. For the Yalu is the only means of egress from the country, except into Japanese soil. And over the bridge that spans the broad river is a daily stream of men and women in peasant clothes with con-



B - MORAN-PONG.

A sketch.

in advance. At the last moment it was deemed best to postpone it. New instructions were issued. That word was carried from one end of the country to the other in ample time to forestall the demonstration, except in one remote village, which had its procession in splendid isolation.

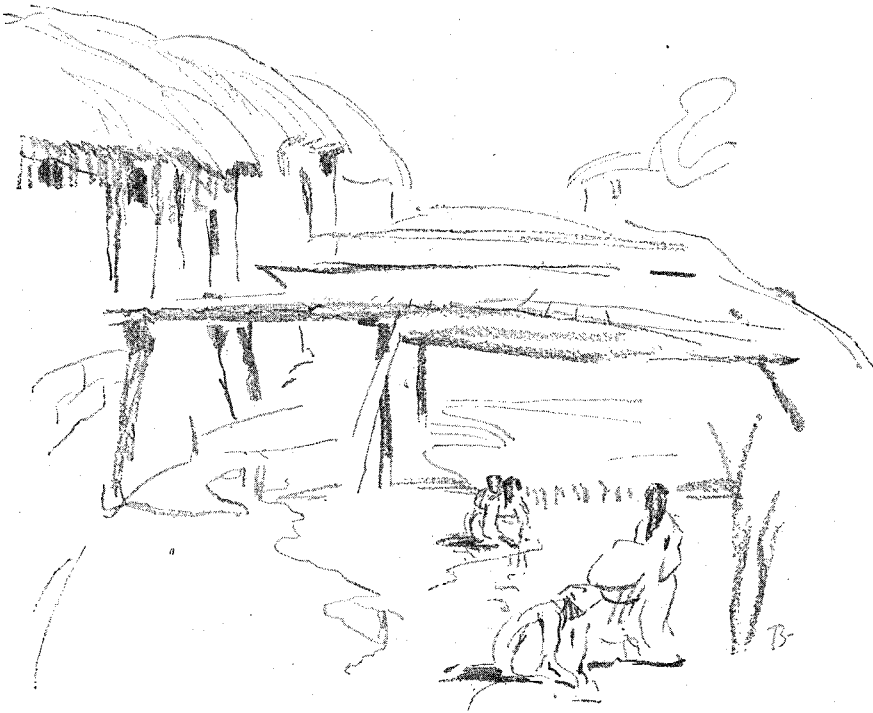
It is in the maintenance of regular communications with the Shanghai representatives that the drama on the Yalu is en-

cealed packets of letters, documents, money, and jewelry. But the guards that line that bridge are numerous and active, and there is also a stream that feeds back from it into the prisons. And the money that has been confiscated there runs into the hundreds of thousands.

The underground means of communication carries even through prison walls and from cell to cell. Tales of secret church services in prison, with each cell a

pew, have been brought to missionaries by released Christian prisoners, and amply vouched for. The Korean Christian takes his religion and its rites seriously, especially the offering up of prayer. But the Japanese bureaucracy has not been oversympathetic to Christianity in Korea—a missionary would wax wroth at the mildness of that statement—and group

meets, each member in his own cell. At that time all the men and women in the class are sitting in their cells reading a designated chapter, and at the close of the meeting they are in prayer together. In one prison the leader of the class, a Methodist pastor, is in solitary confinement, but yet he leads it. In this prison there are even hymnal devotions. From



Washing clothes in the ancient way.

religious worship is forbidden in practically all of the prisons. Yet group religious worship is held nevertheless—without any group. A minister is designated, a time for service is set, and the service is held—the minister in his cell, each worshipper in his. And at the appointed time for the close of the service the minister leads in prayer, and every head is bent in prayer. There is even Bible study. At regular intervals a chapter is decided on for study over a certain period and “announced” to the class by whatever telegraphic system has been evolved in each prison. At a stated time the class

the cell from which he has never emerged since he entered it and in which he has never been seen by one of his own kind the Methodist pastor selects and “gives out” a hymn for each service. And at the designated time his whole flock is singing it, each in his own cell, silently and in unison, under the eye of the prison guards, who see not nor hear.

I have already touched on the part the Christian Koreans have played—it would be more accurate to say the leadership they have taken. No picture of the independence movement or of Korean life in any aspect is adequate that does not

include the church as one of its high lights. Now, even the Japanese have withdrawn the charge that the movement is exclusively Christian and that it was instigated by American missionaries for American political purposes. But it is true that the Korean Christians are a unit in its support, that the majority of its leaders are Christian, and that the originating impulse is largely Christian. And that is only natural: first, because the Christians are the most influential class in Korea, and, second, because conversion to the church necessarily means contact with Western ideas and Western thought. And those necessarily mean the development of a spirit that cannot and will not endure subjection to the iron military rule of an alien conqueror. In that sense Christianity is responsible for the unrest in Korea and in that sense the Christian church is the enemy the Japanese have to fight. And that will be increasingly true as time goes on, for Christianity is making rapid strides in Korea, the more rapid for the part the Christians have played in the rebellion.

But what fundamentally is responsible for the unrest and what ultimately must be conquered is that which the Japanese have themselves created, that which stands out most conspicuous and most important in the events now moving in Korea. That is the spirit of new Korea. A change has been wrought in these last ten years past the wildest imaginings of those who knew the Koreans best ten years ago. Korea's own sloth, its corrup-

tion, and its decadence cost it its national integrity then. And it has learned the price now and is paying it. But the bitter lesson is being learned, especially by the younger generation. There is patriotism in Korea now, for the first time in centuries. Love of country has been learned in the losing of it, and the value of liberty in the deprivation of it. A stir has gone through the traditional sluggishness of Korea. Men have not only enrolled themselves in a disinterested cause but are really working for it; and that, too, is new in Korea. In Korea's awakening and its first practical signs lies the highest drama of the rebellion. The awakening and a vital nationalism, these undoubtedly Japanese rule has given the Koreans. And the Koreans say it has given them nothing else. But they may be enough. I sat in a courtroom here when prisoners, being released under suspended and reduced sentences, were brought before the judge. To each of them the question was put, "Will you shout 'Mansei' for independence again?" And each in turn answered "Yes," most of them adding, "Until we are independent." It was no idle vaunting or bravado. Some of them have already been rearrested for resuming their part in the movement. Many others are serving their second terms. It may be foolhardy; it may be foredoomed to failure; it may be, in the light of hard military facts, suicidal, but the spirit exists. In any event, so long as it does exist there will be warfare in Korea, under the surface or in the open.



WHAT FOCH REALLY SAID

THE HISTORIC SCENE WHEN THE ARMISTICE WAS SIGNED
IN A RAILWAY CAR

BY RAYMOND RECOULY (CAPTAIN X)

Author of "Foch: the Winner of the War," "General Joffre and His Battles"



IN the early days of November, 1918, the Germans, thoroughly worn out by the Allies' continual attacks, giving them no rest from Flanders to Toul, were in full retreat, a retreat that nothing could save from becoming a complete rout. To avoid that crushing defeat, the greatest, perhaps, that had befallen any nation, the German staff and New Government decided to acknowledge they were beaten, ask for an armistice, and sign it without delay, no matter how hard its conditions.

For weeks past Foch had felt his enemy collapsing. He had an intuition that Germany was hopelessly beaten, and that the war would be over before the winter. That intuition gradually became a certainty. He inspired all those with him with that belief. However terrible the fatigue, wear and tear of the Anglo-French troops, the daily thinning out of their numbers, the great losses just sustained by the Americans in their first attacks; that fatigue, wear and tear, and loss, according to him, were as nothing when compared with those of the enemy.

One after the other Germany had seen her allies give way: Bulgarians, Turks, and Austrians had laid down their arms. Bulgaria had been the first to sue for mercy; Turkey had followed; toward the end of October the Austrians, whose armies were in full flight, asked for an armistice, and seemed fully bent on accepting all our terms.

Meanwhile the Allied armies on the French front, Belgian, English, French, and American, were again attacking, and pressing forward in their final thrust for victory.

Foch, with all the genius of an untiring conductor, led the whole orchestra; those under his orders knew no rest and, it is only fair to add, asked for none.

As early as October 12 he wrote to Pershing: "In our present military situation we may hope for great things, if only the Allied armies will all strike at once, and with ever-increasing vigor."

Under his impetus, that is exactly what the Allies were doing. His rôle lay in directing those attacks, in regulating and co-ordinating them so as to increase incessantly the violence of each successive blow.

As soon as the glorious results of the previous day were known he telegraphed to Pétain and Pershing, on the 2d of November, that it was absolutely necessary to enlarge upon those successes without a moment's loss, and to keep harassing the enemy unmercifully.

On the 6th he sent congratulations to Pershing, urging him to continue.

And now that gigantic attacking front extending from the North Sea to the Meuse had become too small for him. He determined to enlarge it so as to strike the final blow. For several weeks past he had been preparing a formidable offensive in Lorraine in the direction of the Sarre. Foch hurried on this attack with all speed, certain it would be the last of the war. On the 23d of October he asked Pétain to direct the offensive eastward of Metz. Two great French armies, the Tenth, commanded by Mangin, the Eighth, under Gérard, were intrusted with this mission; they were supported by six American divisions. The German staff had no longer any reserve troops to stay this formidable blow, which, were it to succeed, threatened to cut off all hope of retreat for its armies. The Lorraine front was being held with the greatest difficulty by worn-out divisions, thinned-out effectives, utterly incapable of offering any serious resistance. And so, at the beginning of November, the evacuation of Metz and Thionville was decided upon.