

MILITARISM IN WASHINGTON.

[Justice Brewer of the United States Supreme Court, in an address upon "The Mission of the United States in the Cause of Peace," in 1909.]

As illustrating the effort to develop the naval and military spirit, it is not strange that the chief of staff of the American army has affirmed that we are wasting time in seeking arbitrations, and that the only true course for us to pursue is to make our military and naval strength so great as to be beyond danger of attack. Nor is it strange that the gallant admiral who started in command of our fleet on its tour around the world is reported to have said that the fewer statesmen and the more ironclads there were, there would be less danger of war. In other words, if we had more guns and fewer people unwilling to use them there would be less shooting. Such logic as that, as Mark Twain would say, is simply unanswerable. It might as well be said that to stop personal quarrels and prevent shooting, the law should require every man to carry a loaded pistol in his hip pocket.



WHITE WOLF.

G. L. Harding

In *The International Socialist Review*.

"White Wolf" is spreading terror among the gentry of the West of China today very similar to the consternation Villa was spreading a few years ago among the científicos of the North of Mexico. Like the Villa of those days, White Wolf is always being captured and his forces annihilated by some fearless commander in the pay of the Government. His soldiers have been represented as bloodthirsty ruffians, and his designs as nothing more than pillage and plunder—and the constant disturbance of Loranorder, that twentieth century fetich, more barbarous than any mud idol in China. But whether murdered by one of his own cowardly band, or slain by some fearless officer of the Republic, White Wolf is always up and at it again somewhere else, and his army of bandits looms up an ever-greater menace to the tottering peace of the Chinese Republic.

White Wolf has ravaged four provinces since last November—Honan, Hupeh, Shensi and Kansu—the heart of West Central China just north of the Yang-tse river. His insurrection covers too wide an area to be reckoned as local. It is part of a wave of national discontent. And whatever may be White Wolf's own political opinions, as distinct from those of the peasantry from which he sprang, it is an open secret that his military operations have the support of a national revolutionary organization. This revolutionary organization, there is hardly need to say, is composed of the same deter-

mined men who put through the Revolution of 1911, but whom President Yuan Shih-K'ai's coup d'état of last summer drove from the country they had wrested from Manchu rule. A formidable rebellion for Dr. Sun's cause flared up last December in far-away Yunnan, the mountainous province in the southwest, China's Colorado. Widespread plots are known to be hatching in Canton and Wuchang, the centers of the 1911 Revolution. And as the news of revolt after revolt is brought up to Peking, always one reads that the strength of White Wolf increases. Only the other day the regular troops at Sianfu, the capital of the great province of Shensi, mutinied en masse on the approach of the brigand leader and turned the city over to his army. The whole country is plainly stirring with symptoms of another tumultuous change. . . .

A year ago today China might be said to be the only nation in Asia to have a free press. There were almost a thousand daily newspapers in the country, representing every phase of opinion, uncensored and uncensorable by the Nanking Constitution. In scores of cities newspapers were founded where none had ever existed before. Most of these were founded by the Southern party, and told the truth about corrupt officialdom to the people for the first time. The number of newspaper readers quintupled in two years throughout this vast empire.

Then came the reaction. The editor of the *China Democrat* (Chung Hwa Nun Pao), a graduate of the University of Illinois, and a former secretary to Dr. Sun, was put in jail for six months by the foreign court in Shanghai for approving of the Second Revolution. The *China Republican*, the Revolutionist daily paper in English, on which the present writer served for two months, immediately left the International Settlement and placed itself under the protection of the Republican authorities of the French Concession in Shanghai. French liberty gave them three weeks, then the French police nailed up the doors, and the editors fled to Japan, the editor-in-chief, Ma Soo, being seen off by a file of French marines to make sure he left the country.

These two episodes sounded the knell of China's free press. Ten papers were closed in Canton in a single day. In Hankow five editors were shot, in Peking every opposition paper was wrecked by soldiers. By March of the present year not a single newspaper was left which had ever opposed sincerely the will of the government. Then this government proceeded to pass a series of press laws which were absolutely the last word in the world in the suppression of a free press. Today in China every newspaper must make a heavy deposit to the police for "good behavior," and must be directly responsible to the police for news, editorial matter, and even advertisements. . . . Finally, an elo-

quent clue to the class the government really fears appears from the fact that publishers, editors and printers *must not be students, and must be more than thirty years of age.*

As the free press has gone, so also is being destroyed the last semblance of republican government at Peking. Every official of known republican sympathies is being removed and his place filled by imperialists of the old regime. The man who is giving this change a constitutional form is Liang Shih-yi, President Yuan's private secretary, and the most unscrupulous and contemptible personage in China today. Through his intrigues the Parliament has become a nominated assembly of his own sycophants and its name has been changed very significantly to the Grand Council, the purely decorative assembly of Manchu days. At the same magic touch the Cabinet is now to become the Grand Secretariat, a committee of impotent sinecures. The present Cabinet will be reduced to the position of department chiefs, with no collective authority whatsoever, and the President is to be endowed by the new constitutional committee with supreme military and civil authority.

Meanwhile the deposed Manchu boy emperor sits in his private palace in Peking and bestows the sacred orders of his fathers upon one after another of his loyal followers who are being raised to high office in the Republic. Li Ching-hsi, the most notorious pro-Manchu in Peking, and until yesterday head of the biggest Manchu Restoration movement in China, that among the Chinese of the German colony of Kiaochao, has actually been appointed *chairman* of the Grand Council itself. All the usages of Manchu times are coming back, the titles and elaborate official ceremonial, the knee-crooking salutations of Your Excellency, Your Honor, and the rest, in place of the virile Republican "sien-seng," which for a time corresponded to the "citizen" of the French Revolution. . . .

The republican spirit in China is no longer a political party; the iron heel of the present Huertista government has made it a conspiracy. In this, the third year of the Republic, that conspiracy is becoming more formidable every month. The time must soon come when moderate reformers in China will be fixed on the same dilemma as that which faced the Girondins of the French Revolution. Yuan Shih-K'ai is leading them every day toward an absolute monarchy in which the monarch only is lacking. And the people are rising every day as the festering center of misgovernment in Peking spreads throughout the provinces. Canton, the originator of all of China's reform movements in our generation, has seen gambling, prostitution and the opium traffic revived again into the unholy activity of official protection after two years of the cleanest government that city has

ever had. Nanking, sacked and blighted for years to come by the army of Chang Hsun's indescribable Huns who settled on it last October, has a score against the North which can only be wiped out by a Third Revolution, or, more justly put, by the third inevitable chapter of the Great Revolution of 1911.

But meanwhile, under the protection and with the full approval of the government, the foreign powers increase daily the material assets of their strangle hold upon the Chinese Republic. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the most momentous grab of all, the oil concession in northwest China to the Standard Oil. The fields of Chihli and Shansi provinces, covered by the agreement, are claimed by expert prospectors to be the greatest oil deposits in the known world, greater in this single field than all the oil possibilities of Mexico put together. China has relinquished in her contract (made through the agency of the United States Embassy) all the rights to this vast wealth worth having. She keeps the land title, as land in China still belongs to the people, but she assigns the majority control in exploiting the oil and in controlling the affairs of the enterprise as a whole in perpetuity to the most unscrupulous body of financial adventurers in the world. For years the Rockefeller interests have been after this deal. It is not known how many times the Manchus turned them down. But Sun Yat Sen refused a loan of \$125,000,000 when his government was in the midst of its bitterest money stringency rather than barter away the inalienable possibilities of his country to men he knew were enemies of every principle on which his government was founded.

But a man is in the seat of power now who has the proper complaisance in these matters. There is no question in the world but what Yuan is "fixed." The flood of railroad concessions alone which have been obtained in China since his accession to absolute power are enough to expose the alien dictation on which his power depends. The French have a concession from Yunnan, the province they are busily trying to isolate from China, up into the heart of the Yang-tse Basin. . . . During the past two years the "open door" fiction has been exploded beyond recall. Japan has fortified her trade in Manchuria so completely that the economic government of this great province is administered not from Peking, but from Tokio. She has drawn a circle round the mainland facing her island of Formosa and in a year or two at the most will add Fukien and its hinterland of Kiangsi, in the very heart of China, to her "sphere of influence." Germany in Shantung, France in Yunnan and Kwangsi, England in Thibet and Kwangtung, and Russia in Mongolia and North Manchuria, have in point of fact already made the partition of China a virtual status quo which

modern diplomacy lends its whole prestige to uphold. And America, the traditional "friend of China," steps in in the person of the oil interests, and the tobacco interests, and the other great and powerful interests, and marks off not mere geographical "spheres of interest," but vast markets of economic products which take with them the very life-blood of the commercial destiny of China. . . .

China awaits her Pancho Villa. Her Carranza will be Sun Yat-Sen.



THE CHANT OF THE VULTURES.

By Edwin Markham, in Collier's Weekly.

We are circling, glad of the battle; we rejoice in the smell of the smoke.
 Fight on in the hell of the trenches: we publish your fame with a croak!
 Ye will lie in dim heaps when the sunset blows cold on the reddening sand;
 Yet fight, for the dead will have wages—a death-clutch of dust in the hand.
 Ye have given us banquet, O kings, and still do we clamor for more:
 Vast, vast is our hunger, as vast as the sea-hunger gnawing the shore.

'Tis well ye are swift with your signals—the blaze of the banners, the blare of the bugles, the boom of battalions, the cannon-breath hot on the air.
 It is for our hunger ye hurry, it is for our feast ye are met:
 Be sure we will never forget you, O servants that never forget!
 For we are the Spirits of Battle, the peerage of greed we defend:
 Our lineage rose from the Night, and we go without fellow or friend.

We were, ere our servant Sesostris spread over the Asian lands
 The smoke of the blood of the peoples, the ashes he blew from his brands.
 We circled in revel for ages above the Assyrian stream,
 While Babylon bulded her beauty, and faded to dust and to dream.
 We scattered our laughter on Europe—and Troy was a word and a waste,
 The glory of Carthage was ruined, the grandeur of Rome was effaced!

And we blazoned the name of Timour, as he harried his herd of kings,
 And the host of his hordes wound on, a dragon with undulant rings.
 And we slid down the wind upon France, when the steps of the earthquake passed,
 When the Bastille bloomed into flame, and the heavens went by on the blast.
 We hung over Austerlitz cheering the armies with jubilant cries;

We scented three kings at the carnage, and croaked our applause from the skies.

O kings, ye have catered to vultures—have chosen to feed us forsooth
 The joy of the world and her glory, the hope of the world and her youth,
 O kings, ye are diligent lackeys: we laurel your names with our praise,
 For ye are the staff of our comfort, for ye are the strength of our days.
 Then spur on the host in the trenches to give up the sky at a stroke:
 We tell all the winds of their glory: we publish their fame with a croak!

BOOKS

A ROMANCE OF BIG BUSINESS.

Conquest of the Tropics. By Frederick Upham Adams. Published by Doubleday, Page & Company, New York. Price \$2.00 net.

This first volume of the series that Mr. Adams has undertaken to write on the romance of Big Business gives eloquent promise of those to follow. Assuming that Big Business has its romantic side and that it can be made of interest to the reading public, the author and publishers have set out to give to the public authentic yet readable stories of typical industries that have made themselves a part of our common life.

This first volume tells the story ostensibly of the United Fruit Company; but in reality it is the story of the banana and its subjection to Yankee uses. Bananas have been growing in the tropics a long time. Untold cargoes ripened and decayed before man came to eat of the fruit; and ages rolled by before a way was found to transport the fruit to distant shores. Forty years ago most of the people of this country had never seen a banana, and such poor specimens as did reach the seaports and larger cities commanded prices that were prohibitive to all but the rich. Now it is the cheapest, commonest, and best all-season fruit in the market.

How this change has been accomplished is the subject of Mr. Adams' book. And into the fascinating story he was woven a wealth of interesting and valuable information. Nor has he contented himself with the words of cold type, but has called to his aid the camera, which pictures in fine illustrations every important detail, from the laying of the keel of a United Fruit steamer, and building a railroad into a banana grove in the tropics, to the temples and monuments of prehistoric races.

The reading of such a story gives one a more friendly feeling toward the so-called fruit trust; and if we are to take Mr. Adams' version of the story it would seem that this is one of the good trusts. And again—if the facts are as stated—one