

Continued "Everybody Knows It But Us".

the government of Yuan Shih Kai.

A few years later, when the war lords were fighting, he was in Changsha the night the provincial forces evacuated the city. There were no lights, no police, no government. Everyone was waiting tense and breathless for the national forces to enter. He went out at midnight to see what was going on, and he came upon a scene which he has never forgotten.

Old and New China.

On the street in front of a temple he found a long-whiskered scholar organizing a home defense force. Youths stood armed with the only weapons they could find--tridents, halberds, spears and swords. A boy with a torch stood behind the scholar and in front of him stood another boy holding up a board from which the old man was calling the roll. Ancient China was carrying on.

The Japanese poured into Manchuria in 1931, and the next year they bombed Shanghai. From the roof of a cotton mill Johnson watched the bombs crash down. Year after year he followed the government in its retreat into the interior, a few miles ahead of the artillery. The refugees halted in Chungking, and when he left there a short time ago the bombs were raining rather frequently. One fell within 200 yards of him.

"But I never felt I was in any danger in China," Johnson says blandly. "I fear for my life more in the traffic here in Washington."