

NICE PEOPLE, THE JAPANESE!--- Cont. from Page 1.

armed with modern implements of destruction, running wild and playing havoc among peaceful, defenceless people.

"I, who had thought that the Japanese were chivalrous, that they were a noble and generous people, now saw that this had been a mirage and it had vanished into nothingness. I was face to face with the frightful reality.

"THE WOLF HAD SHED HIS SHEEPSKIN; THE MASK HAD FALLEN, REVEALING THE JAPANESE AS THEY REALLY ARE; A SAVAGE PEOPLE, CRUEL AND WITHOUT FEELING.

"A people totally devoid of morality, diabolically indifferent to the sufferings of others; a people that undertook the destruction and annihilation of millions of human beings without one atom of compunction, a horde of barbarians whom the world had helped to arm. "And their incredible arrogance in calling themselves "Sons of the Gods!"

VESPA talked with another Japanese State official who told him frankly of their aims in the East.

"We have conquered Manchuria by force of arms," he told Vespa, "and all the prattle of the League

creasing its Army and Navy to the point where it would be able to impose its will on the world and expand its empire in the way it planned.

"Once Japan controls China we can go after Siberia, Indo-China, the Philippines, India, New Zealand and Australia, whenever we wish. Without China, the Japanese will have to retire to their island and live on fish."

IN Harbin, Vespa found the monopoly which controlled the importation of Japanese girls. It had opened its offices in an 11-room suite on Torgovaya Street. There was a director, a vice-director, a secretary and some 20 employees.

The offices were at the disposal of everybody without any distinction of race or nationality. One could leave an order for 100 girls or for one only. One could order girls for the Mahiyai, or high-class prostitute establishments; or for the ordinary Jaroya of the common people; or geishas for the cafes, cabarets, and so on.

The entrance to the Monopoly offices is guarded by Japanese gendarmes. As a prospective customer enters, he is received by a neatly-dressed secretary who leads him to one of the several rooms, elegantly furnished in semi-European style.

Here the client expresses his wishes as to how many girls he wants, and for what kind of establishment. He is then taken to a large room where he is shown

large albums containing photographs and descriptive notes of the girls, such as: virgin or not, tall or short, thin or fat, education, accomplishments, singing, playing, dancing, etc.

Once the selections have been made the bargaining begins, and goes until an agreement is arrived at as to price and duration of contract. This done, the client pays 25 per cent. on account.

Fifteen to 20 days later the client receives notice from a bank that the girls have arrived and are ready to be delivered upon payment of the 75 per cent. balance.

From that moment on the girls are the absolute and indisputable property of the contract-holder who can do anything he wishes with them and exploit them as he sees fit.

AT the same time money—money—is the god of the Japanese. Corruption flourishes

among Japanese officials. Vespa tells of the method.

Nikolai Nikolaevich Yaghi, a Japanese who had "embraced" the orthodox religion, and who was the first "high adviser" to the Central Police Bureau, paid 50,000 dollars to the Japanese Military Mission for the privilege of holding his job.

In two years' time Yaghi was the owner of several valuable properties and had over 300,000 dollars in the bank.

The job that brought in the most money to its holder was that of "high adviser" to the Criminal Police. A Japanese named Eguchi who occupied that post for three years, amassed a vast fortune.

The whole book gives point to a remark by Iris Wilkinson, well-known New Zealand writer, that New Zealand is more concerned with what happens in the East than in Europe.

This World of Ours

JAPAN

Will Be Good

JAPAN, ally of the Reich, will take part in the first round of the coming battle over Germany's colonies, according to reliable information of Cavalcade, Britain's shrewd news-magazine. Japan early next year will hand back the Caroline and Marshall Islands in the Pacific, given her at Versailles. The "handing-back" principle being established, Britain, France and Belgium will be invited to follow suit.

is not going to make us give it up. Why should the world raise so much fuss over Manchuria? Bunch of fools. What are they going to say when we occupy China, Siberia, the Philippines, Indo-China?

"They will see . . . they will see how Japan will surprise them . . . a nice surprise for everybody; for Russia . . . for America . . . for France . . . for Holland . . . and for our dear old Lady England. There is going to be plenty to do for the League of Nations . . . it will have its hands full sending Commissions of Investigation to all those countries which we are going to occupy!"

A United China, 10 years from now, said the official, would not buy a dollar's worth of Japanese goods. . . . The Chinese manufacture everything . . . everything . . . from toys to guns and munitions.

Ten years from now China would be producing everything which Japan sells to her now; not only that, but she would be selling Japan her products, she would compete with Japan with her cheapest of cheap labour, who are paid even less than the miserable wages paid to Japanese operatives.

"If Japan does not decide to adopt military dictatorship," the Japanese official told Vespa, "to shoot hundreds of idealists, pacifists, dangerous idiotic agitators . . . our country is lost. We must conquer China now. Each year that goes by is making the task more difficult, and if we wait too long it will become impossible."

Only by controlling the natural resources of China could Japan execute its vast programme of in-

PUNNING shoes returned with thanks.—(Signed) Messrs. Hitler and Mussolini.

Official quarters in Berlin deny that the eclipse of the moon over Africa last week was a practice black-out preliminary to the eclipse of the Empire over which the sun never sets.

George Bernard Shaw: "There is no such thing as a white man on the face of the earth. The Chinese call us 'pink' very properly."

Epitaph

WHEN Eduard Benes opened his mail the morning after resigning the Presidency of the Republic he had helped to create he found this epitaph from an American sympathiser:

I am Czechoslovakia.
I was reborn of the Treaty of Versailles; but I laid the foundations for my civilisation



—Le Canard Enchaîné.
"Damme, Sir! After their blasted peace there's nothing to read in the papers!"

centuries before the Hapsburgs sat upon the throne.
I chose to align myself with democracy because I saw therein the guaranty of my aims. My constitution was formulated to the furtherance of freedom.

My great error was in standing for democracy, rather than joining Fascism. I gambled upon the sanctity of treaties and won obliteration from the map of Europe.

I WAS Czechoslovakia.

Keen on his job

CASE has just come before the Chicago Courts, in which Leon A. Mitchell sued Commonwealth Edison Company for 5,000 dollars. He complains that two years ago Charles Kelly, Commonwealth Edison's official greeter, shook hands with such enthusiasm that he broke one of Mitchell's fingers.

Sweet Alice

ALICE ALCARTA, 3-year-old Holstein cow from Hamilton, Ontario, gave 22,227 pounds of milk and 816 pounds of butter in 306 days, and this made a world record, reported last week's cables.

Specially interviewed for this page, Alice proved to be a home-loving type of girl who spent most of her life in the country and had never seen a talkie.

Asked whether producing 816 pounds of butter in 306 days was not a bit of a strain, Alice said it was up to a girl to squeeze every ounce out of herself in these trying times.

Asked whether she thought girls should go in for breaking records, Alice said if a girl neither drank nor smoked and retired to rest early she need not be afraid of over-strain.

Making 2700 Lives

AMATEUR pugilist Holgar Rorstrom wants to be Canada's official hangman. Death of executioner Arthur Ellis has sent him after the job.

For two years "Red" Rorstrom has been official exterminator of his home town's stray cats. Applying for late-hangman-in-chief Ellis's post, offers as recommendation that he has killed 300 cats.

Cousin Hobnail

STATED by the police to have been discovered walking along the street at five minutes to two on Sunday morning with a City Council lantern under his arm a man, aged 23, told the constable who asked him where he had obtained it and why, that he did not like its glare and therefore took it. This recalls the strange case of Cousin

Hobnail, the well-known artist, who in his early years before the fatal malady of Art had him fast in its grip, was drafted by an anxious family into the office of a big steel magnate. The magnate, during Cousin Hobnail's tenure of office as junior, lost an eye one Saturday evening. For some hours no one knew where it had gone until at last at about 15 minutes to three next morning a smart constable discovered Hobnail carrying his employer's eyeball round in his pocket.

Asked by the constable where he had obtained it and why,

by
JOHN GUTHRIE

Cousin Hobnail replied that he did not like its glare.

The family made strong representations to the magnate to overlook the offence, but he said Hobnail must go. A man, said the magnate, who took things that did not belong to him was no use in the office, setting indeed a bad example to others on the staff.

What, No Chimes!

LAUGHING merrily when the NBS announcer said that The Enemy had just landed at Petone, Wellington, the people of the rest of New Zealand said they were not like Americans, not they. When they heard the booming of guns over the microphone, one or two even sneered a bit and said it wasn't very well produced, was it, and really it was a pity they hadn't got that chap Orson Welles on the job, seeing he had made such a good fist of the landing of the Martians.

However, when the well-known voice of the announcer said: "We are interrupting our broadcast of the landing of The Enemy one moment for listeners to stand by, please, for the 8 o'clock chimes," people began to think, by Heaven, it had the ring of truth about it after all; and when the chimes didn't chime (because a bomb had just dropped in and destroyed the clock) listeners knew then that they were in for it with a vengeance.

Home Hints

CARD which eliminates all letter-writing has been devised by stout English gossip-writer, Marquis of Donegal. It runs as follows. All one has to do is cross out the words that are not needed:—

Date as per For address, etc., post mark: see telephone book.
Thanks for your letter, note, postcard, invitation, telegram, message of . . . your esteemed favour of thet, ult, duly to hand and contents noted, dealt with, ignored. I have great pleasure in accepting it, I regret that I am unable to accept your . . . invitation owing to breakdown of car, illness, inclemency of weather, lack of inclination, no suitable clothes, previous subsequent more attractive engagement. Will you come to breakfast, lunch, tea, cocktails, dinner, dance, supper, wedding, play bridge, tennis, bowls, golf, ping-pong, sail, fly at . . . a.m., p.m., on . . . the . . . ? I will write more fully when I can find time, a stamp, my cheque book, a satisfactory reply to your question, suggestion, demand, threat. Will you meet me, pick me up, will meet you at . . . a.m., p.m., at home, the office, the club, Restaurant, Hotel, the Girl-Friend's. I wish to apologise for my most unseemly behaviour last night, afternoon, yesterday morning, owing to carelessness, lack of time, bad memory, excessive inebriation, bad temper, headache, over-tiredness, I send you flowers, kisses, love, kind regards, best wishes, fruit, a parcel, a pearl necklace, the bird.

YES NO
Sign here:
Of course the simplest method is to cross out everything except "Yes" or "No" and mail it without a stamp.