

日米

THE JAPANESE AMERICAN... PUBLISHED DAILY AT 650 ELLIS STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

地方問題

在米邦人問題

地方問題 在米邦人問題... 邦人問題は、米國の政治に如何なる影響を及ぼすか、...

民主黨の二候補

米國選民の注意を引く

民主黨の二候補... 米國選民の注意を引く、共和黨の候補者との競争が激化する。

紀洋丸厄災の後報

米國船員遭難日本人を救助

紀洋丸厄災の後報... 米國船員遭難日本人を救助、救助隊の活躍が報じられる。

婦人小兒の船客を救助す

日本庭球選手倫敦にて敗北

婦人小兒の船客を救助す... 日本庭球選手倫敦にて敗北、海外からのニュースが紹介される。

加州日本人漁業壓迫主張

上院議員の報告に依るに...

外國漁船五百艘の罰金

米國政府の採用を希望する...

共和黨員結束ハ氏を應援

市選に於てハ氏を推挙する...

第三黨組織進行説

米國選民の注意を引く...

四十八州會幹部も樂觀す

米國選民の注意を引く...

労働黨日第三黨不参加

米國選民の注意を引く...

民主大會議長候補

米國選民の注意を引く...

四十八州會の正體

米國選民の注意を引く...

近東英領過激提携

米國選民の注意を引く...

過激派兵十五萬参加せん

米國選民の注意を引く...

五月第四日曜に記念祭を

米國選民の注意を引く...

白聖館主人の氣焰

米國選民の注意を引く...

近東英領過激提携

米國選民の注意を引く...

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米國選民の注意を引く...

選挙戦報

米國選民の注意を引く...

禁酒派の聲明

米國選民の注意を引く...

シ市俄古到着

米國選民の注意を引く...

英國の近東政策

米國選民の注意を引く...

墨西哥死傷者

米國選民の注意を引く...

前英外相聯盟

米國選民の注意を引く...

過激派波斯退却

米國選民の注意を引く...

前獨帝遭難風説

米國選民の注意を引く...

ワイヤ婦人虐殺

米國選民の注意を引く...

過激派波斯退却

米國選民の注意を引く...

前英外相聯盟

米國選民の注意を引く...

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米國選民の注意を引く...

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何人が大統領に選ばれても 日米は平和を持続せん

然し移民制限の方針は變ぜず

共和民主兩候補の出現は可能

第三黨候補者の出現は可能

ハ氏の勝敗

第三黨の出現

山東問題

西比利亞政策

東部市場に果物需要多し

夏季果物が加州より盛に出荷

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Residential District Restrictions.

The following is a free translation of an editorial in Japanese recently published in the Japanese American News:

THE BOARD of Supervisors of San Francisco was reported recently to have under consideration a zone system in which a special district would be set apart for Japanese. The citizens of the city are to determine whether the plan shall be adopted.

If it is a fact that it is intended to restrict Japanese residents of San Francisco to a certain district, we can scarcely express our surprise at such a policy. Already in San Francisco there are so-called Japanese districts, both up-town and down-town, but in addition Japanese are scattered throughout the city, living as neighbors of American citizens.

Within the past few years a tendency has been manifest by the Japanese to seek residence among Americans. This tendency is but an expression of the desire of the Japanese, who have forsaken their previous determination to live apart and by themselves.

The Americans themselves have checked this movement on the part of the Japanese to fraternize and live with them. The Americans appear to be trying to place the Japanese in a blamable situation.

We say "blamable situation," for, as we have frequently remarked, the charge often is made that the Japanese do not live with Americans, do not associate with them. That is held up as evidence that Japanese in general are unassimilable. If the report concerning a segregated district is authentic, none but the Americans are to be blamed for putting the Japanese in such a helpless situation.

A few days ago we met the editor of a newspaper in the small town of Winters, California, and asked him for some frank advice. He said that the people of Winters do not like the Japanese to live along the river. Then we went to the Japanese of Winters and they said they do not like to live along the river but had rather live with the American residents. But they could not do so for the town council passed an ordinance which prevented the Japanese from renting any house from an American. They therefore were compelled to make their abode along the river.

This leads us to remark that Americans constantly are charging that the Japanese hold themselves aloof and at the same time the Americans themselves show extreme unwillingness to allow any Japanese to dwell among them.

This is a most unnatural and contradictory demand, which no human being could comply with. Unfortunately, this situation obtains in many places.

Of course, we have to admit that in the past the Japanese, to a certain extent, were unable to make the showing demanded of them by Americans, as they were on a plane economically inferior to the general run of Americans. Also, that with some reason the so-called Japanesetown is attached to the so-called Chinatown. In some cases it was not unusual to find conditions unhygienic and disorderly. It was quite natural for Americans to conclude, after seeing these things, that they did not want unhygienic, unclean conditions in their section of the city.

The Japanese, we are happy to say, are not a static people. They always strive for progress and development. They are not satisfied to live in the lowly manner they have lived in the past, though for some time, on account of the inferiority of their economic condition, they have been obliged to live in such manner. There has been a constant struggle on their part to emerge from squalid places and live as decently as Americans do, so far as it is possible.

If Japanese open stores they always take Americans' stores as their standard. If they go into an American residential district they always try to be a good match for the American residents.

Therefore we must say that to exclude the Japanese from the outset on account of prejudice and try to limit their residential district is but to kill their spirit of progress and development. This will be found particularly true if the City of San Francisco tries to limit the Japanese to a certain district, for this action, we feel, could only be interpreted as a violation of the American-Japanese treaty, in which freedom of travel and residence is guaranteed.

We hope that the City of San Francisco—and other cities as well—will not violate the American-Japanese treaty by any such ordinance.

A Commercial Fish Story.

THE FOLLOWING is a reply by Sei-hei Nasu, secretary of the Japanese Fishermen's Association of Southern California, to propaganda being waged to exclude Japanese fishermen from California waters:

The following four points are advanced by Senator James D. Phelan in an effort to exclude Japanese fishermen from the Pacific Coast:

1—There are at present on the Pacific Coast more than 3000 Japanese fishermen and they are trying to exclude American fishermen in an effort to monopolize the fishing industry.

2—The Japanese fishermen, after obtaining a monopoly of the fishing industry, will try to control the market in fresh fish and raise prices.

3—Japanese fishermen are trying to catch fish around Santa Catalina Island, which is a hatchery and prohibited fishing ground. The result of this violation by Japanese fishermen will be the ultimate extinction of the fish.

4—In order to raise fish prices, Japanese fishermen throw away their catches.

It is almost unnecessary to reply seriatim to these charges. All of them are far from the fact. The charges are based on fiction. Anyone who has made even a slight investigation or paid any attention to the fishing industry in Southern California will find the facts are:

1—More than twenty years ago fishing, as an industry, was taken up in Southern California by Portuguese operating small craft. Even at that time there were a few Japanese fishers in the industry. Gradually the numbers of Japanese has increased. In 1917 the highest number of Japanese was shown, when there were more than 1100. At the present time, however, the number of Japanese fishermen based at San Pedro and San Diego combined is considerably less than it was in 1917—in fact, the number of Japanese exclusively engaged in fishing is less than one-half that number. That is to say, more than one-half of the present number of Japanese fishermen are engaged in agricultural pursuits from five to nine months of the year. They spend only the months of June, July and August in fishing for tuna with small craft.

2—It is generally regarded that fishing is quite a hazardous occupation. Anyone who goes on a fishing trip must expect to incur hardships and dangers. The results are always less profitable than expected. The industry consequently is limited to those who like it or those who are obliged to work at it. That is the main reason why not many are engaged in the business. This is particularly so in a country like America, which offers its citizens abundant means of support. Any Americans engaged in this business are either naturalized Americans or those who find it hard to obtain other employment. The average American who takes up fishing as his trade will quit it within a year or two and try his hand as a street car conductor or clerk in a store, or some other shore business. The reason Japanese who engage in fishing remain at it comparatively longer than Americans is that Americans do not accord them equal treatment and opportunities on land. They are forced to seek their livelihood on the sea. If the Japanese fishermen could obtain better opportunities on land they would be glad to change their vocation.

3—The charge that the Japanese control the Southern California fish market is without basis. In Southern California the fishing industry must be subdivided first into the canning industry, second the shipping of fish to the market. Japanese fishermen catch such fish as tuna and sardines, etc., for the canners. About 90 per cent of marketed fish is controlled by Europeans, principally Italians and Austrians. The price of fish for the canning industry is always fixed. This fixed price is not affected by the amount of the catch. But the fresh fish market price always fluctuates with the catch. Sometimes it changes three or four times a day, sometimes as many as eight or nine times. For instance, barracuda in the morning may be worth about 12 cents a pound but in the evening of the same day could not be sold at 1 cent a pound. Japanese fishers supply the fresh fish market with an average of only 5 to 10 per cent of the total. It is hard to convince any sensible person that 5 per cent or even 10 per cent can control the 95 per cent or 90 per cent.

It is hard for an elephant to climb a tree. 4—The present California law governing fishing in the vicinity of Santa Catalina Island makes the northwestern side of the island a prohibited area, not for the purpose of protecting a fish hatchery but for the benefit of pleasure seekers. The exempted area, therefore, does not contribute materially to the fishing industry.

This restricted area does not particularly affect Japanese engaged in fishing for tuna and sardines, but it does considerably inconvenience the Italians and Austrians who supply fresh fish to the market.

MANY-SOULS SHRINE.

By H. J. ISHII BLACK, IN THE FAR EAST.

IT IS the Shinto belief that the souls of all Japanese become "kami"—gods, or, rather, Highbeings—who still retain interest in human affairs, each according to its station and ability assisting the people and things that it has loved during life.

Thus a deceased emperor is believed to be interested in the welfare and prosperity of the whole country, and by his special virtue to protect it and the imperial family. The spirit of a scholar is said to be devoted to promoting learning; that of a statesman the affairs of state; of a warrior, war, and so on, until we come down to the average man, whose soul is only able to help his own family and descendants.

Souls are supposed to remain much the same as during life. That of a good and great man is great and powerful for good, while that of a bad man is still bad and of no account in the shadowland. Kami are grieved at neglect and must therefore be remembered with honor and reverence. Morning and evening lights must be lighted before their name tablets, and upon anniversary days offerings of "Produce of the Earth, Birds of the Air and Fish of the Sea" should be made.

From ancient times many men of renown have had temples dedicated to their memory, but it was in the early days of Meiji, about 1870 or 1871 that it was first determined to collect all the names of those who had fallen in the Imperial cause during the late Restoration and to erect a shrine to them under the name of Shokonsha—Many Souls Shrine. This was accordingly done and the temple at Kudan erected.

It is one of the largest and most imposing Shinto shrines in the country. Built entirely of beautiful Hinoki wood without knot or blemish, obtained from the imperial forest in Kiso among the Japanese Alps, where no tree is ever permitted to felled except to rebuild the national shrines at Ise or for other imperial uses, grand in its majestic simplicity, here are revered the names of all soldiers and sailors who have been killed in battle or died while serving their country since the commencement of the Meiji era.

It consists of a sanctuary and a hidden-worshipping hall. In the sanctuary, where none is allowed to enter, not in fact gaze, the interior being completely hidden by misu—fine bamboo blinds—are to be three shrines, the center one containing scrolls of all who have fallen on the "field of glory"; that on the right, of those who have died of disease while on active service at the front, and that on the left of those who have died while serving during times of peace. It was a grand idea thus to enshrine and commemorate all who have died for emperor and country, for an impressive and inspiring lesson to all—that it is their honor and duty so to act.

Two festivals are held annually—spring and autumn—each lasting three days, during which the emperors, imperial princes and the highest officers of army and navy visit the shrine. Special offerings are made and addresses of praise and consolation read before the altar. Relatives of those who are well acquainted with or allowed to enter the hidden by a side entrance and to worship, while vast crowds not having this privilege clap their hands thrice before the temple, cast a few sen into the large money box, bow their heads and pass on with scarcely a moment's pause. Many parents, however, explain to their little sons that when they grow up they must try to emulate the men who are enshrined there, and that if they die for emperor and country it is not only a duty but an honor to die for the emperor.

During this festival free amusements such as wrestling, no acting, Kagura or sacred dancing, and other amusements are provided, and certainly succeed in attracting the dense crowds that flock to the place during the Matsuri, though they are not performed with that intent. The idea of these performances is to amuse and console the unseen kami believed to be collected there.

Formerly horse-races were run on the oblong piece of ground leading to the temple, but the turnings being very sharp on both ends on one occasion a horse stumbled, and the others riding over it the jockey was killed and others injured, so they have been discontinued. This year preceding the usual festival a special one was held on the three days. This was in honor of those who had fallen during the late war.

Before a soul can be enshrined it is necessary that it should be purified. For this a temporary shrine was erected for the occasion upon, where on the first day the scrolls bearing the names of those to be dedicated were placed; on the second day the purification ceremonies concluded, offerings were made and many of the highest in the land bowed low before the altar of the soldiers and sailors who had served their country well. The next day the scrolls were borne with reverence to the sanctuary and introduced into the company of the Glorious Dead, who had died before "Kuni-no-tame, Kimi-no-tame"—For Country and For You.

At the rear of the temple is a small but very pretty Japanese landscape garden, and in the grounds is a military museum containing many articles of great national interest. This is well worthy of a visit. During the festival there is always held a Takamachi or fair where many traveling showmen erect tents and booths and reap a rich harvest, it being looked forward to by them as one of their most remunerative resorts. Toy, sweets and other vendors usually make a large profit. This year, however, owing to the tram-car strike, the usual crowds did not flock to the temple and the place was virtually deserted. Many accounts of distress are reported; many earning a precarious living, living from hand to mouth, not having the means to move on.

THE FIRST DAY OF AUTUMN.

AUTUMN set in today. The flowers of the fuji (hibiscus mutabilis) are out, the hoshi clouds have begun to chirp and although the sun still shines not and bright, there is a feeling of autumn in the air. —Tokutomi Roka.

Better there should be too much than too little. Better to beg than steal, but better to work than beg. Believe well and live well. Best to bend it while a twig. Be silent, or speak something worth hearing. Be slow to promise but quick to perform. Better a living dog than a dead lion. A wise man thinks all that he says, a fool says all that he thinks.

Mr. Lawrence said to be an expert in the fishing industry, does not confine himself to facts. The Japanese fish for sardines within two miles of the shore and for tuna always about seven miles or more off the continent. When the charge is made that Japanese fishermen throw away their catches to raise the market price it is the same as the argument that 5 or 10 per cent of the fishermen easily can control 90 or 95 per cent. We are sure anyone who is familiar with the fishing industry in Southern California will not allow himself to be influenced by such irrational charges.

BUSHIDO.

By DR. INAZO NITOBE. CHAPTER V.—(Continued)

DOWN I am speaking now of the Bushido idea of veracity; but it may not be amiss to devote a few words to our commercial integrity of which I have heard much complaint in foreign books and journals. A loose business morality has indeed been the worst blot on our national reputation; but before abusing it or hastily condemning the whole race for it, let us calmly study it and we shall be rewarded with consolation for the future.

Of all the great occupations of life, none was farther removed from the profession of arms than commerce. The merchant was placed lowest in the category of vocations—the knight, the tiller of the soil, the mechanic, the melder of the sword, the trader in income from land and could even indulge, if he had a mind to, in amateur farming; but the counter and abacus were abhorred. We knew the wisdom of this social arrangement. Honesty has made clear that the limiting of the nobility from mercantile pursuits was an admirable social policy, in that it prevented wealth from accumulating in the hands of the powerful. The separation of power and riches equally, the distribution of the latter more nearly equal. Professor Dill, the author of "Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire," has brought afresh to our minds that one cause of their social disintegration was the permission given to the nobility to engage in trade, and the consequent monopoly of wealth and power by a minority of the senatorial families.

Commerce, therefore, in feudal Japan, did not reach that degree of development which it would have obtained under freer conditions. The obliquity attached to the calling naturally brought within its pale such as cared little for social repute. "If the tradesman is to be allowed to put a stigma on a calling and its followers adjust their morals to it, for it is natural that the 'normal conscience,' as Hugh Black says, 'rises to the demands made on it, and that the standard of the standard expected from it.' It is unnecessary to add that no business, commercial or otherwise, can be transacted without a code of morals.

Our merchants of the feudal period had one among them which they never could have developed, as they did, such fundamental mercantile institutions as the guild, the bank, the bourse, insurance, checks, bills of exchange, etc.; but in their relations with people of their own vocations they lived too true to the reputation of their order.

This being the case, when the country was opened to foreign trade, only the most adventurous and unscrupulous rushed to the ports, while the respectable business houses declined for some time the repeated requests of the authorities to establish branch houses. Was Bushido powerless to stay the current of commercial dishonesty? Let us see. Our history will remember that only a few years after our treaty ports were opened to foreign trade, feudalism was abolished, and when with it the samurai's fetters were taken away, the merchant class was given liberty to invest them in mercantile transactions.

Now you may ask: "Why could they not bring their much boasted veracity into their new vocations? Why did they not 'do as they would be done by'?" Those who had eyes to see could not weep enough, those who had hearts to feel could not sympathize enough with the fate of many a noble and honest samurai who signed and crossed his name in his new and unfamiliar field of trade and industry, through sheer lack of shrewdness in coping with his artful plebeian rival.

When we know that 80 per cent of the business houses fail in so industrial a country as America, is it any wonder that scarcely one among a hundred samurai who went into trade could succeed in his new vocation? It will be long before it will be recognized how many of those who are failed in the attempt to apply Bushido ethics to business methods; but it was soon patent to every observing mind that the ways of wealth were not the ways of honor. In what respects, then, were they different? Those who are inclined to Veracity that Lecky enumerates, viz.: the industrial, the political and the philosophical, the first was altogether lacking in Bushido. As to the second, it could develop little in a political community under a despotic ruler. It is in its philosophical, and as Lecky says, in its highest aspect, that Honesty attained elevated rank in our catalogue of virtues. With all my sincere regard for the high commercial integrity of the Anglo-Saxon race, I must admit that the ground I am told that "Honesty is the best policy," and that it pays to be honest. Is it not this virtue, then, its own reward? If it is followed because it brings in more cash than falsehood, I am afraid Bushido would rather indulge in a lie.

If Bushido rejects a doctrine of quick pro quo rewards, the shrewder tradesman will readily accept it. Lecky has very truly remarked that Veracity owes its growth largely to commerce and manufacture; as Nietzsche puts it, "Honesty is the youngest of virtues"—in other words, it is the foster-child of industry, of modern industry.

Without this mother, Veracity was like a blue-blood orphan whom only the most cultivated and noble could adopt and nourish. Such minds were general among the samurai, but for want of a more democratic and utilitarian foster-mother, the tender child failed to thrive. In distress, and in the face of a more profitable way to practice, just think, as late as November, 1880, Bismarck sent a circular to the professional consuls of the German Empire, warning them of the "Germanic lack of reliability with regard to German shipments of iron ore," apparently both as to quality and quantity; nowadays we hear comparatively little of German carelessness and dishonesty in trade. In twenty years her merchants learned that in the end honesty pays. Already our merchants are finding that out. For the rest I recommend the reader to two recent writers for well-weighed judgment on this point. (Knapp, "Feudal and Modern Japan," and Ransome, "Japan: Transition.")

It is interesting to remark in this connection that integrity and honor were the surest guarantees which even a merchant debtor could present in the form of promissory notes. It was clear that a man who inserted such clauses as these: "In default of the repayment of the sum lent to me, I shall say nothing against being ridiculed in public"; or, "In case I fail to pay you back, you may call me a fool," and the like. (To be continued.)

Borrowed garments never fit well. A woman's mind and winter winds change often. A work ill done must be twice done. Bashfulness is an enemy to poverty. Beauty draws more than oxen. Beggars can never be bankrupt. Believe only half you hear of a man's wealth and goodness. Better untaught than ill-taught.

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.



FOR THE benefit of the readers of The Japanese American News who are unfamiliar with Oriental literature and art: Read and scrutinize this cartoon from right to left instead of in the customary Occidental manner. The inebriated wag who answered an advertisement for a traveling companion, saying, "I'm very sorry, but I can't go," has found a companion piece in this Japanese "comic." An old man places a notice on his wall reading:

THE HIGAN.

TODAY was the first day of the higan. The plum blossoms were at their best, the green barley had formed strong stems, the rape seed was in full bloom, and the ground below the tsukaki red with fallen flowers. In the rice fields the footpaths were completely overgrown with horsetail, the parsley, mizuna (sinapis chinensis), yomena (boltonia cantoniensis), wild garlic and fleabane. The fuki had opened the umbrella-like blades and how sweet were the violets that took shelter under the tiny umbrellas of green! The dandelion dotted the

dykes of the rice fields with its sun shaped flowers, and the Japanese quince put its coral lips. Listen to the sound of the water in the rivulet, smoothly flowing, carrying the message of spring! Tadpoles, no bigger than small peas, were swimming in the warm water, and farmers were thinking of ploughing their rice fields. From among the dry leaves and old roots on the river banks the purple shoots of the reed were sprouting, looking too big to be the buds of the rush and too small for bamboo shoots. The fields were musical with the song of the lark and nightingale now came daily to visit the keyaki in my neighbor's garden. —Tokutomi Roka.

Fishing For Russian Literature

From "BOTCHAN"

By KINOSUKE NATSUME. (Continued from Last Saturday.)

FOR some time Red Shirt and Clown fished assiduously and within an hour they caught about fifteen fish. The funny part of it was that all they caught were goruki; of sea bream there was not a sign.

"This is a bumper crop Russian literature day," Red Shirt said. Clown answered:

"When one as skilled as you gets nothing but goruki it's natural for me to get nothing but sea bream. The boatman told me that the goruki has too many tiny bones and tastes too poor to be fit for eating, but they could be used for fertilizing. So Red Shirt and Clown were fishing fertilizers with vim and vigor. As for me, one goruki was enough and I laid myself down in the bottom of the boat and gazed up at the sky. This was far better than fishing.

Then the two began whispering. I could not hear well, nor did I care to. I was looking up at the sky and thinking about Kiyu. If I had enough money, I thought, and came with Kiyu to such a picturesque place, how joyous it would be. No matter how picturesque the scene might be, it would be flat in the company of Clown or his ilk. Kiyu is a poor wrinkled woman, but I am not ashamed to take her anywhere. Clown or his likes, even in a Victoria or a yacht, or in a sky high position, would not be worthy to come within her shadow. If I were the head teacher, and Red Shirt, I, Clown would be sure to fawn on me and jeer at Red Shirt. They say Yedo kids are flippant. Indeed, if a fellow like Clown were to travel the country and declared repeatedly, 'I am a Yedo kid,' it would be no wonder if the country folk were to decide Yedo kids are flippant. While I was meditating thus I heard suppressed laughter. Between guffaws they said something, but I could not make out what it was. 'Eh? I don't know... Isn't that true... he doesn't know... Isn't that a pity, though... Can that be... With grasshoppers... that's a fact.'

I did not listen to what they were saying, but when I heard Clown say "grasshoppers" I cocked my ear instinctively. Clown emphasized, for what reason I do not know, the word "grasshoppers," so that it would be sure to reach my ear plainly, and he blurred the rest purposely. I did not move but listened. "That same old Hotta... 'ha! ha! ha!'... 'Tempura... 'ha! ha! ha!'... 'incited... 'dango also?'

The words were all chopped up, but judging from their saying "grasshoppers," "tempura" and "dango," I was sure they were saying something about me. If they wanted to talk they should do it louder. If they wanted to do something secret, why in thunder did they invite me? What damnable blokes! Grasshoppers or glass-stoppers, I was not in the wrong. I had kept quiet to save the face of Badger because the principal asked me to leave the matter to him. Clown has been making unnecessary criticisms; out with you old paint brushes there. Whatever concerns me, I will settle it myself sooner or later, and they had better keep off my toes. But remarks such as "the same old Hotta," or "incited" worried me a bit. I could not make out whether they meant that Hotta incited me to extend the circle of trouble, or that he incited the students to plague me.

As I gazed up at the blue sky the sunlight gradually waned and chilly winds began to stir. The clouds, resembling the streaking smoke of Joss sticks, were slowly extending across a clear sky, and by degrees they were absorbed, melted and changed to a faint fog. "Well, let's be going," Red Shirt said suddenly. "Yes, this time we are going."

"See your Madonna tonight?" asked Clown. "Cut out nonsense—might mean serious trouble," returned Red Shirt, who was reclining against the edge of the boat. "Oh, it's all right if he hears." Clown turned my way and I glared at him. Clown turned back as though to avoid a dazzling light and with "Ha! this is going some," shrugged his shoulders and scratched his head.

The boat was now being rowed shoreward over the calm sea. "You don't seem overly fond of fishing," remarked Red Shirt. "No, I rather prefer reclining and looking up at the sky," I answered, and threw the stub of the cigarette I had been smoking into the water; it sizzled and floated on the waves parted by the oar.

"The students are all glad because you have come. So we want you to do your best," Red Shirt this time started something quite foreign to fishing. "I don't think they are," I replied. "Yes, I don't mean it as flattery. They are, sure, isn't it so, Mr. Yoshikawa?" "I should say they are! They're crazy over you," Clown declared with an unctuous smile.

"Indeed, this is a fine view. I'd get a sketch of it if I had time. Seems a pity to leave it there," answered Clown. A light was seen upstairs at Minatoya and as the whistle of a train sounded our boat pushed its nose deep into the sand. "Well, so you are back early," curtsied the wife of the boatman as she stepped upon the sand. I stood on the edge of the boat and, presto! I jumped out on the beach.

