

攝政殿下の御禁酒

開院宮殿下も亦斷行さる

御美德に感激する禁酒團

御禁酒實行

政談演説

愈々故國で

得意の婦人達が

成年者に

御禁酒實行

Plague Ridden China.

WHEN THE BIG MUKDEN ARMY encountered the equally strong army of the Chili faction at Changsintien, south of Pekin, observers predicted that the northern faction would be victorious, said The Japanese American News in Japanese May 19. But the outcome was quite contrary to what had been anticipated; the Chili faction was victorious. Chang Tso-lin and his army, who coiled themselves around the three provinces of Manchuria and virtually controlled the Pekin government, suffered a great defeat and retreated as far as Luanchow.

And now the central government of China has been captured by General Wu. As a matter of fact, the president of the Chinese Republic, Hsu Shih-chang and the members of his cabinet, are but tools in the hands of the victorious Wu.

"Treason is never successful; for when it is successful men dare not call it treason." That is a truism all over the world, at all times; especially in China. If you have your doubts, we refer you to China's history.

Take for instance, General Chang-hsun, who was the leader in the restoration of the Manchu. Had he succeeded in his attempt to capture Nanking there is not a particle of doubt that he would have been hailed as the most loyal subject of Manchu; he would have become one of the most powerful men in all China.

Supposing that Tuan Chi-jui had been victorious in the scramble of the Anhwei and Chili factions, then Tuan himself and the politicians commanded the former department of communications group would have acted as though the whole of China was their property.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen, who is holding down the chair of the president in the Canton government, has had in the past some very miserable experiences. There was a time when his plan of revolution failed and failed again, and following that he led a dog's life. But after success crowned his efforts he became the first president of the Chinese Republic, and now he is comfortably settled as the head of the Canton government.

In China any man who is in control of an army or has the ability to wrench the control of an army from another can wield power. When fate smiles, a common, ordinary man can scramble up to the throne—or the chair of the president. Militarism is needed in China to control her political affairs.

China is the birthplace of Confucius and of Mencius. Great teachers, they are hailed by the people. They taught ethics, but their teachings never have been practiced. China's history, which runs back for some thousands of years, tells us conclusively that only force can control that country.

Since the overthrow of the Manchu government the political perspective has changed rapidly, not alone in the forward movement but backward also. The central government has changed masters—from Yuan to Tuan, Li to Chang. Behind these changes lie the fundamental facts of the numbers and the strength of the armies they controlled. You will look in vain for a single instance of political change brought about by any man or men who held to a fast and firm policy of adopting and practicing reforms that make for progress and the weal of the people.

The clash we recently have witnessed between Chang Tso-lin and Wu Pei-fu was stirred up by self-interest. They declared that they wished to unite the north and the south, revive the old national assembly, assist Premier Hsu in the conduct of government. But in reality they care nothing whatever about the welfare of the state or of the people.

The common people are indifferent as to which faction triumphs. They only wish for a settlement of internal disturbances, and that as soon as possible, in order that their lives and their personal property may be protected. They witnessed the defeat of the Mukden army and the passing of the real power of the Pekin government from the hands of Chang Tso-lin to Wu Pei-fu, but the majority of the Chinese gave the matter only a passing thought.

Why this coolness of the Chinese toward their own political and governmental concerns? The situation is created by the unique Tuchun system of local government whereby the Tuchun is permitted to maintain a private army and like a vampire suck the blood of the people. And in turn the existence of the Tuchun is abetted by the total indifference of the people in affairs of national and local concern.

The first clash of the Mukden and Chili armies resulted in the defeat of the former. Soon pressure was brought by Wu Pei-fu on Premier Hsu Shih-chang and the premier dismissed Chang Tso-lin; then Chang Tso-lin declared Manchuria independent and now the two opposing armies are at Luanchow. The complexion of these events means a very warlike atmosphere covers the entire northern part of China. None can prophesy the outcome, but whichever side is victorious the burdens of the masses will not be lightened.

When the Ampo faction gains power it rides the Chinese people; when the Mukden faction gains the upper hand, it oppresses the people, and when the Chili faction gains the ascendancy, it in turn is the people's oppressor. When the masses will be relieved of their woes, nobody knows.

If the old saying that great, loyal man is born in time of strife is true, then it is high time for him to appear in China. A great patriot is needed for the salvation of the masses.

Chang Tso-lin, Wu Pei-fu and Chen Chung-ming all can fight it out to the end. Meanwhile we earnestly hope a real patriot will make his debut and bring happiness to the people.

It would be not alone a great good fortune for four hundred million people of China, but for the people of the Far East in general.

The Japanese Naval Training Squadron.

The following is a liberal translation of an editorial appearing in this newspaper last Thursday:

THE JAPANESE NAVAL TRAINING SQUADRON is due to arrive in Southern California waters in July, en route to South America and Europe. The men of the fleet are the best guests we could wish for here, and we envy the good fortune of our southern compatriots in being able to welcome them.

It is many years since we have seen the training squadron in San Francisco Bay. The squadron has passed by many times, and when we realize our misfortune in being unable to welcome the men we are keenly disappointed. Why don't the residents of San Francisco do something about this? Are they tired of extending welcomes, or do they refrain from extending the invitation to visit for fear it would not be accepted?

If it is possible that our San Francisco Japanese do not care to see the squadron here, then we have little to say. However, if at heart they wish to see their naval men, but hesitate to issue an invitation to the squadron, we think their diffidence is quite uncalled for.

A little explanation of our desire to invite the Japanese naval training squadron to come here is necessary. Our desire springs not alone from a wish to see the men. After this year foreign navigation by the Japanese training squadron may be discontinued. The naval authorities say this form of training is resorted to only by the weak naval powers. In other words, this sort of training would be a perpetuation of the custom when Japan was a small naval power, and as Japan is now one of the three greatest naval powers there is no need for continuing the old practice.

That sort of argument is very transparent. It may be quite true that Japan is one of the greatest naval powers today, but since Japanese in general are lacking in any knowledge of the outside world, especially of Western life, foreign cruises by the naval squadron would give the young cadets the best possible opportunity to widen their mental horizons. It might be considered a part of the national education. Military men as a class tend toward narrow mindedness, but if they see the world while they are young it would have a broadening effect upon their minds; a very desirable thing.

Japanese naval men are far broader minded as a class than her army men. This fact was quite clearly proved at the Washington conference. This is one reason why we think it very important for the naval cadets to make foreign cruises.

Considering the question only from a technical standpoint, naval authorities may discontinue the cruises. Naval expenditures are to be reduced as a result of the Washington conference; the government may be unable to furnish the necessary funds for such cruises. We realize that most of the naval authorities hold to this opinion. If this line of thought shall be adhered to, there will of course be no further opportunity to welcome our training squadron here. We have a very warm feeling for the squadron, for we have welcomed it many times in the past.

A rumor has reached us that the reason why the training squadron is not to visit San Francisco is because the naval authorities are afraid

THE STONE WIFE.

The following story is taken from the first English publication in Japan:

OUCHI Sakodayu Yoshihiro, as his aristocratic name indicates, was a samurai of distinguished lineage. Once he was traveling in a distant province, and during his sojourn in a certain village fell in love with a beautiful girl of humble birth. She was the only daughter of a cotton merchant and her name was Orei. She loved him as passionately as he loved her, and they pledged their troth to each other. The cotton merchant and his wife were employed to see that the couple were betrothed so secretly, a samurai.

But the time came when Yoshihiro must depart for home. He said to the maiden:

"I am very sorry that I cannot take you home with me now, but as soon as I return I will dispatch a messenger to fetch you. Until I send for you, please wait. It will not be very long. I shall love no other woman but you. For the sake of the gods wait a little while."

Then did Yoshihiro start on his homeward journey.

Poor Orei was unhappy and disconsolate. Every morning she awoke with the prayer that the promised messenger might arrive that day, and every night she retired to rest, her prayer unanswered and her heart breaking with the sickness of love. At last she became ill and died.

AN EXTRAORDINARY HAPPENING.

The poor parents were grief stricken. They buried Orei and erected on the burial ground a handsome tombstone on which her kaimyo, posthumous name—was carved. Afterwards the bereaved couple shaved their heads and became Bonze, and started upon a pilgrimage to all the temples throughout Japan to pray for the solace and salvation of the departed soul.

In the meantime a very strange thing was happening.

Almost simultaneously with the death of the beloved girl there arrived at the house of the parents a young woman who claimed to be a famous astrologer and a mystic lady visitor. She was no other than the Orei who Yoshihiro was pledged to marry. With many expressions of joy and love Yoshihiro welcomed her to his home. That a girl of her age should have traveled alone over such a long distance was indeed pitiful. Yoshihiro knew that it was a proof of the chaste devotion which Orei had borne for him. He was deeply moved by her beauty and her great love, and at once he made her his wife.

Yoshihiro and Orei lived a very happy life. In course of time a child was born to them, and this made them happier than ever. Three years thus passed without anything occurring to mar their felicity.

The two pilgrims traveled far and wide, offered prayers at all the shrines and temples they visited, and finally arrived in the town of Yamaguchi. They called together at the residence of Yoshihiro, and when greeted by a servant at the portal they said:

PARENTS VISIT DAUGHTER.

"We are the parents of the unfortunate girl Orei, who more than three years ago died of the sickness of love, pining after your master's love. We have since 'forsaken the world,' and we are here to pay a pilgrimage to all the temples in Japan. Now that we have come to his town we have presumed to solicit the honor of meeting Yoshihiro—to tell him in person the sad tale of our daughter's death."

"That is very, very strange," the servant cried; "my master has been married to your daughter these three years and she has given birth to a son. At this moment she lives in this very house. Strange! very strange! There must be some mistake."

The bewildered servant ran inside the house and informed Yoshihiro that his wife's parents had just called to meet him. Yoshihiro was very much rejoiced at the news and bade the visitors to be shown into the parlor at once. At the same time he called Orei into his room and said:

"I am very glad to know that your good parents have just arrived from their province. They are now awaiting us in the parlor. Let us go together and welcome them. Come with me, Orei."

"Have they come at last?" Orei exclaimed; and she turned deadly pale, trembling like a leaf before the wind. She looked as if she were smitten with some great sorrow. Suddenly she stood up and rushed out of the room into her own.

THE STONE WIFE.

Yoshihiro thought she must be ill, and so he went alone into the parlor and met the visitors. He was astonished beyond description when he heard the visitors narrate the melancholy tale of Orei's death.

"It cannot be!" Yoshihiro ejaculated; "she is living in her flesh and blood at this moment. She is the mother of my child. She seems to be indisposed just now. But you must meet her and dispel your strange delusion. I will take you to her room. Come!"

Yoshihiro and the two pilgrims went into Orei's chamber. There in the middle of the room she lay prostrate, with the matting her body completely covered with her outer garment.

"Orei! Orei!" Yoshihiro cried, "won't you get up and meet your parents? Orei! Orei!"

No answer was made.

Yoshihiro wonderingly removed the garment. There lay, instead of the girl, an old tombstone bearing the kaimyo of Orei who had been dead three years.

The child of Orei grew into a fine, strong man who subsequently called himself Ishimaru, and was said to be the first ancestor of the many people who to this day bear the same family name. Ishimaru means Stone Son.

DRY CAMPAIGN IN JAPAN.

NOURAGED by the enactment of the law which prohibits the sale of liquor to persons under 20 years of age, the Shinfujin-kai, men's organization, has undertaken a general prohibition campaign in Japan. The first step was taken by members of the association who distributed copies of the prohibition bill on the Peace Exhibition grounds in Tokyo.

of inflicting an anti-Japanese feeling in this part of the state. This is hard to credit. The truth about the anti-Japanese movement at the present moment is that it is far more oppressive in the southern part of the state than it is here. But that as it may, what has anti-Japanese done to do with the wish of Japanese vessel?

This is the point—*to sue an anti-Japanese really is advanced in Japan—is advanced by those who know nothing whatever about American sentiment.*

Some declare the presence of a number of Japanese naval men here would give an undesirable impression that Japan is militaristic. We consider that a very silly argument.

A nation has an army and a navy. There is nothing peculiar about that, for all nations have them. Nor is it at all unusual for young cadets to be sent on a world sight-seeing tour. Openly Americans would extend the hand of welcome to the Japanese cadets. Everybody loves simple-minded young officers. East and West are alike in that regard.

If such indeed are the reasons why the training squadron is not to pay a visit here, all those silly arguments must be kicked to pieces. An invitation to call here must be extended in order to cement a feeling of true friendship between the two countries.

The Japan-American Association of San Francisco, through the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce and similar organizations, will issue an urgent invitation to the Japanese naval training squadron to visit this city.

THROUGH HORNED SPECTACLES.

By AGNESS S. DORAN.

WE ONCE KNEW a girl reporter on a Southern paper who was detailed to interview Ty Cobb during the famous baseball player's visit to her town. After just five minutes of "hitting the dirt," "dusting 'em off," and "walloping the ol' dirt," the girl, whose specialty was Beauty Hints, passed out of the picture. With this girl's star was dimmed, so David and I decided we ought to visit Zenzo Shimizu, the Japanese tennis player who came within two points of beating the great Tilden last year, in one of the most sensational tennis matches ever played.

Now tennis is not our game, by a long shot, and the thought of a thirty-minute technical conversation on the subject caused our spine to feel exactly as it did the first day we were summoned to meet the dean of college.

But we received a delightful surprise. In January, since January 12th of this year, has become of secondary interest to Mr. Shimizu and if he must talk, he would much rather talk about his bride.

Certainly a bride cannot terrify us, especially when she is very smartly dressed, very charming and sits quietly knitting on a bright colored sweater.

Our bride in question has not yet mastered English, so we felt free to talk about her trials and tribulations with American shop keepers, for instance; with a ship which would sail in spite of her protests; and with a husband who refused to transfer his business from New York to the Hawaiian Islands where the air was wonderful, and further sailing unnecessary.

AN EXTRAORDINARY HAPPENING.

When we sat down, Mrs. Shimizu had not mastered English, so we should be told that she has not yet learned it sufficiently well to talk to strangers. That she understands it was obvious when a delightful blush appeared on hearing her husband's recital of his first game this spring on the hills of Forest Hills. For some reason his glances strayed constantly from the ball to the veranda of the club house, and his opponent's stop-slow found him repeatedly flat-footed on the Davis Cup matches. He owned that, for his own part in the Davis Cup matches, he had better take his wife to see movies, or a play, rather than to watch his game.

We asked if she liked movies and found that she does; that most Japanese like them, and even little children in Japan know the names of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks as well as the names of the stars in the silent movies. She did not know that they have A. B. C.'s in Japan, but at least they know these names as well as they know what corresponds to the alphabet.

Mrs. Shimizu also likes the theater, and has seen, among other things, "Kiki," and "Good Morning, Dearie," but she cannot understand the English, so we felt free to talk about her husband's recital with the audience. She can't speak English, so we had to teach her English, and with a decidedly British accent. He confessed, on being charged with this accent, that he loved London. Then we learned that he had spent several months there at various times, and especially in 1916. During that year he traveled a great deal, and four of the steamers on which he sailed were sunk, that same year, by German submarines. Fortunately, in each case, the sinking was done after he had left the ships.

AN ORIENTAL LINGUIST.

Of course, we were curious to know to which countries these boats were bound, and found that one was to South America. We ventured a remark concerning difficulty with language, but Mr. Shimizu replied very simply: "Oh, no! I speak English!"

Spanish! Spanish! What other language? Well, he confessed, he had learned French, but got a little out of practice because very few people spoke French in India, and during the time he was in Calcutta he spoke only Hindustani. Hindustani! India! We wanted at once to hear all about Ghandi. Mr. Shimizu knows Ghandi, admires him, but regarding the Indian situation is non-committal, except to say that if India must have a "protector," then Great Britain is the best one she can find. He finds Ghandi very sympathetic. For instance, he likes the word "salam." It seems that that word can mean "Good morning," "Good-bye," "Howasay," "Thassgood," and a host of other everyday expressions. As for the people of India, he found them almost entirely lacking in education and also lacking in knowledge of the most commonplace things. For example, a clerk in Mr. Shimizu's office, when asked what he was doing, said he was writing. "What is that?" he asked. "It is salam," he replied very simply.

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He spoke French with a decided accent, but he spoke English with a decided accent, too.

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