

日本在外邦人表

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日本英國考慮を約す

八日の最高委員會に提出
九日の同會に附議されん

十一日の總會で

會議は打切りか

日本案協定不能の場合は
英代表熱心に

岡田海相會議評

英米共あるまい

決裂云々はまだ早過ざる

貴族院公正會の阪本俊篤

會議決裂の勇氣

英米共あるまい

十一日の最高委員會で

妥協の見込なむ

齊藤全權の顔に憂色漂ふ

九日の最高委員會で

英米共あるまい

十一日の最高委員會で

妥協の見込なむ

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英米共あるまい

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英米共あるまい

排斥から

東京の日貨
英米傍杖を喰ふ

濟南陥落せば

馮玉祥も

北攻撃を開始

文那代表朱光辛

最近國民黨政府に心を寄せ

朱北京政府代表を喜ばず

關西に赴く

輸出入貿易

廿六隻

直接交渉

依然入超を示す

九日特別列車で

日本陸戰隊九百

大連より上陸

八日青島に上陸

十一日青島に上陸

加州外人土地法

十一日より大阪で公判續行

松崎勝人氏下阪

自力を以て川崎

造船所復活計畫

松方幸次郎氏愈々奮起

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猶太人攻撃を突然中止せす

自動王フォードが猶太人に敬意を表す

ローマ間無着水横断飛行

加州アブリカツト日本輸入解禁か

桑軍敗らるる

日本要求

新興薬局

井戸本保之助

北米病院

桑港出帆廣告

日本郵船株式會社

大坂商船出帆廣告

天祥丸

大阪

日曜

ラデオに閉口し 學生活下宿屋轉宿

本郷區臺町下宿屋主人
ラヂオ家主を相手こり

損害賠償訴訟を起す

本社 東京特電

九日午前八時着

アムンゼン十日
日比谷にて演説
之を最後として日本を去る

演説會を

桑日主催で開く

承諾方を交渉か

演説會出立

近く來港の會である

承諾方を交渉か

演説會出立

U.S.A.
Japanese American News
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By Oscar Tanikawa

FICKLE MEN!

As I sit here in leisure lassitude and allow my eyes to litter here and there, it frequently lights upon the bold headlines of the daily periodicals carelessly scattered about the office after a busy day's work.

Newspapers—some blue, some orange, and others white all seem to chronicle the current tragedy, the death story of most unfortunate Mabel Mayer. My humble but heartfelt sympathy goes out to the parents whose precious bud has been nipped in the season of its bloom.

In connection, we can vividly recall the incident in which poor little Haruko Suyeda was murdered in cold-blooded tragedy.

A Filipino man destined the life of Miss Suyeda; I cannot but feel that it was the work of some boorish demented man that brought so much sorrow to the hitherto happy Oakland home.

Again I recall Dreiser's drama "The American Tragedy" in which the villain plots and drowns the very girl whom he had cunningly fooled and later wronged. It would be no hyperbole to assume that Dreiser's tragedy can be as well entitled, "Weak Men".

Incidents like these bring out to light the infinitesimally petite constitutions and cowardly manifestations of the peculiar sex—"Men".

Physically robust and extremely grotesque appearing murderer convicted of dual and trio slaying, when led to the gallows are said to become as mute as a lamb and whimper like a newborn babe—funny creature, these men.

Is it any wonder that women call men as fickle creature, when we show our latent yellow tint at every crucial test? Study the female, and you will find the definition of courage, red blood, sacrifice and fidelity.

Kipling meant just this when he wrote:

"—for the female of the species is deadlier than the male".

RAILWAY CORPS FROM CHIBA TO LEAVE FOR TSINGTAO TOMORROW**All Business Transactions Discontinued at Tsingtao**

Special to the Japanese American News

TOKYO, July 9.—One hundred fifty members of the rail corps from Chiba, near Tokyo, will leave Japan for Tsingtao. A detachment of wireless telegraph corps from Nakano will accompany them for defensive operations in the war zones of Shantung province.

All banks at Tsingtao are closed. All business transactions have been discontinued, and the city is crowded with refugees from inland Shantung province.

Police Suspect Third Party in Suicide Case

Special to the Japanese American News

TOKYO, July 9.—A new angle to yesterday's sensational love suicide was hinted today when police authorities are suspecting that Kyoto Ono, who was said to have committed suicide, was really killed by a third party. Ono's beautiful wife, former geisha girl of the Shinbashi district of Tokyo, is now in bed with severe wounds received when her infatuated husband attempted to kill her before he committed suicide.

The police authorities are questioning the members of the family and conducting other investigations to clear up the mystery.

North Pole Explorer**To Lecture in Tokyo**

TOKYO, July 9.—Roald Amundsen, famous North Pole explorer, who is now in Japan on a lecture tour at the invitation of the Hochi daily newspaper of Tokyo, will deliver his last lecture at the Hibya Auditorium before his departure from this country.

Japanese Troops Start To Construct Barricades

TOKYO, July 8.—Army Minister General Shirakawa reported today at the Cabinet meeting that Japanese troops dispatched from Tsingtao to Tsinanfu, had arrived at their destination yesterday and had immediately begun to barricade themselves for defense.

It was only when the words, "shogatsu-no-mochitsuki" ran through the factory that the workers seemed to relax into humans, and the mighty heart of the machines ceased to throb and sing—the incarnate song of industry.

The Factory
(By Iwao Kawakami)

It was a warm, autumnal afternoon when Chikagi walked down to the factory on the western edge of the city, where the wind swept in continually from the sea. The factory stood like a somber, gray Titan against the shimmering, silvery horizon, and its black breath of smoke curled up lazily into the limpid, blue sky.

Chikagi, with his cap in hand, knocked at a door with a neat, stained-in-glass sign OFFICE. Trimly-dressed young woman—an American secretary—answered the knock and after admitting him, asked with a smile: "Yes, sir—what can I do for you?"

"I would like to see Mr. Yamada about a job, please."

"Won't you wait a minute while I go and call him?"

He took a seat by a window, and watched the gulls wheeling in flight around the barely perceptible mast of a distant, incoming steamer.

"Hello, hello—dohdesuka?"

Chikagi found himself shaking hands with a thin, spare man of about forty years. There was an air of nervous energy about him.

After the usual felicitations, he was taken into the upper, furthermost compartment of the factory and there he was given instructions concerning his work. He was to be a general help to the sandpaperers, stainers, and sprayers, and he was to work from eight o'clock in the morning to five in the evening.

Sandpapering, he found, was hard on the fingers, often causing them to bleed. Staining meant the dipping of cheesecloth into a dark, brown pool, in whose turgid depths seemed to lie the secret of potential power to create beauty. The spray of the air-gun was sickening to smell, but a fascinating thing to watch as the unpolished surface of chairs and tables would turn into glistening, mirror-like sheen—it seemed a fairy had passed a wondrous wand over the dull and dirty wood.

For three months, Chikagi punched the time-clock with monotonous regularity until he seemed to have become a cog in the wheels of the roaring, grinding saws and planes.

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