
Japanese School Question

Colliers: Crossing from Oakland to San Francisco I had my first glimpse of the problem on the spot. Some boys of fifteen or sixteen called out to a pair of stocky coolie Japanese on the ferry: "Hello, Skippy! How's your friend Roosevelt?" The Japanese looked straight out to sea. "Say, Skippy," the boys persisted, "we're going to paint the white house yellow for you." Still no answer from the Japanese, except a catlike dipping of the eyelids. Nor would there be any unless they were attacked. Then they would have fought like devils.

I had been reading the local dailies in the sleeper, and "these irresponsible gamins," thought I, in my wisdom, "are the product of newspaper agitation." Michael de Young, of the "Chronicle" started the furore. He knew that the way to make circulation is not to caution people to be reasonable, but to spring sensations which will confirm them in all their suspicions, prejudices, and dislikes. When De Young got a "rise," immediately Hearst's "Examiner" took the cue. Intense rivalry followed.

The "Chronicle" is still in the lead. Michael de Young alone, without reserves, support, or a line of communication, is able to mash Japan to a jelly with one hand. The Hearst organ has landed at least two army corps of Japanese veterans with artillery concealed in their pockets in Hawaii. Coolies who ballast the Southern Pacific have located all the gun positions at strategic points in the Rockies, which seems a little strange to me, considering that in the war with Russia the Japanese went by Russian maps which they had captured. As for spies, a new species in a new place is found every day. They are the pawns in the war of publicity.

Ruef and Schmitz were quick to join the procession. Schmitz, eloquent over exclusion, declared in an anti-Japanese mass meeting that he was ready to lay down his life—possibly to postpone his trial for extortion. Besides, he would not be needed when De Young had already spoken first for the privilege. Perhaps he and Ruef had the same object as the man who diverts attention from himself by crying: "Stop, thief!"

And now I hear you say—you who live three thousand miles away, with the beam in your eye—that "its all been a matter of dirty politics, this transgression of a great principle." Not in the least. The politicians have simply pandered to public sentiment. Every printer, reporter, editor believed in the policy acclaimed by the press. This view has been crystallized into a habit like that of the Irish about Cromwell. The political mouthings of that automatic speechmaker, Congressman Kahn, and others were the efforts of individual craft to get more wind than their rivals.

San Franciscans are a people used to having their own way. They come of that breed. They live over the divide, and with the mountains at their backs they look out to sea. When they were beginning to build their city anew they concluded—possibly because knight-errant Michael brought it so sharply to their attention—that this was the time to make one of the changes they had long had in mind.

The result was the oriental school. When I visited it and saw all the Chinese and the Koreans—whom we forget in the east—I could understand why I would not want to attend there if I were a Japanese. The Chinese and the Koreans rarely wash, while the Japanese take a bath every day. The Chinese say that the Japanese smell like fresh fish, and we can imagine ourselves how the Chinese smell to the Japanese. One solitary Japanese boy, Frank Kobayashi, now attends the oriental school. He has written to the president saying that he prefers segregation because he learns faster than he did in American classes. Kobayashi is to me a marvel in racial anomalies. He is a pea that grows outside a pod like a cranberry.

To the San Franciscans their action was a part with that of a merchant who decides to put a partition between two departments. Japan's protest was as much of a surprise as if a merchant from a neighboring town has wanted the partition down because one of the clerks was a relative of his. Were they living in Germany that they might not regulate their local affairs? If so, then it was to be borne in mind that the Kaiser has been a long time in making his Polish subjects drink out of the Teutonic creek. The president's message turned their Polish exasperation into a white heat of anger, which has cooled to a quiet determination on the part of thinking San Franciscans, while Michael de Young has yelled louder than ever.

It is Michael's baying which leads the rest of the country to think that the whole cry is moonshine and not representative. Michael's baying produces lawlessness and excess. It might

one day lead to riot. For the first time I saw the sentiment of an American community acting toward an outsider as the Japanese in their racial exclusiveness and concealment act toward any Caucasian. It was amazing.

The conduct of the Japanese is, for the most part, exemplary. So their emperor orders. A diplomatic case is ever in preparation. Tick-tick-tick, the Japanese consulate keeps an account of every act of violence against a Japanese subject. The Japanese do not segregate in quarters as the Chinese and European immigrants do. They rarely get intoxicated. They take off their kimonos and incase their bowlegs in unbecoming "pants." The ranks of the day laborer among the debris are closed to them as are the ranks of all the trades. If they open restaurants or stores with American goods little custom comes, though they undersell rivals. They may be servants, cobblers, draymen, and fill in the odd jobs which the American does not want. At school the children of the coolie class are slow; having no knowledge of English, they are a positive drag on the other pupils. Those of the merchant class are usually bright. All are clean and attentive.

"But," say the San Franciscans, "grown men go to school with our young girls. We will not stand for that."

"Then," instantly suggests the visitor, "why not make a rule limiting the ages of the grades?"

That brings practically no answer that they do not want Orientals in their schools anyway. No public charge of the offense feared has been brought against any "study boy." When the board of education speaks of the immorality of the Japanese as a cause of offense, a cynic may ask if there is anything worse in Japan than the organized promotion of brothels by the city administration.

But the morals of Ruef are not the morals of San Francisco. Her family code, unlike that of Japan, does not contemplate as legitimate and respectable the sale of a girl by her parents into prostitution, or grant a divorce on the volition of the husband who dismisses his wife as he would discharge a servant. The Japanese insist that we have things worse. We have, perhaps, but the San Franciscans insist that they are our kind of worse, just as the Japanese kind is Japanese. Probably no Japanese city was ever so badly governed as San Francisco is at this moment. No streets are more orderly than those of Japanese towns.

When out of the 1,250,000 immigrants expected next year a possible 25,000 Japanese makes such a small drop in the bucket; when the Japanese are orderly and individually ambitious, why the boycott of mankind, if not of their goods? Why this transgression of the great American principle? Your average San Franciscan is as intelligent, as fair, as generous as your New Englander; more so, I think, where his own ox is concerned. His state needs labor, and the very employers of labor oppose the Japanese. The San Franciscan is the man on the spot. He takes a train with many stops to New York and a steamer with one stop to Japan. He knows his orient as we of the east do not. In his city enthusiasm was strongest of all cities for Japanese victory. His admiration of the Japanese nation remains. Why, then, why? The Japanese who migrate are of the coolie and merchant classes, a caste of underlings with no rights for thousands of years. It is they who sell their daughters. The samurai class, that ancient third of the population which have made Japan great, never come except as students. Yet this point seems only a sophistry for strengthening an illogical position which has its roots in strong, chivalrous race meeting strong, chivalrous race, neither of which can understand the strength of chivalry of the other.

"If you lived here a year ago you would be with us," is the San Franciscan's final answer. In any American crowd a Japanese is as distinguishable as an oak in a pine grove. The streams of humanity going eastward and westward from the apple tree in the garden have sunk into the channels they have worn. So long were the Japanese the peas in the pod of exclusion that they have come to think alike and look alike. Ours was the seed carried by the winds of heaven westward.

That Italian laborer in the debris of San Francisco's ruins belongs to the race that crossed the Alps on a diet of dried fish to the conquest of Gaul and Britain and to the race of the great discoverer; the Spaniard to the race that sent its caravans around the world with the Virgin listening to fearful

oaths in the fore-castle; the Portuguese claims kinship with Vasco da Gama. Their eyes are straight; they read a book from left to right; the Latin and Greek classics and heritage are in their blood.

The Japanese peas, equally great—perhaps greater—have suddenly broken out of their pod. They have taken legs as one man with one thought. But they are a little late. The people of the wind-blown seed are in California first. And this, I think, expresses the Californian's real answer to the why? "That side you," they say, "and this side ourselves. Let us trade, let us be friends and take all each other has to offer; but we may not assimilate."

The school question, the trade-union agitation, all are but details. A Japanese is able to compete with us in every walk of life and live cheaper and work longer hours. San Francisco, I think, is ready to overlook all Japanese who are present and let them be citizens, provided that Japan will agree to the exclusion of American laborers from Japan and Japanese laborers from the United States. If not, it would seem that Japan means to quarrel. "She herself has set up an actual if not a legal barrier," say the San Franciscans, "by racial exclusion of foreigners. Ask any foreigner who lives there if he has crossed the barrier. If the traveler has not, can the people who remain at home in the avenues of their daily toil ten thousand miles distant?"

THE FARMERS' INSTITUTES

Promoters of Agricultural Development of State.

The work of the farmers' institute has grown so in popularity that under our present system of conducting these meetings we are no longer able to meet the demands of more than two-thirds of our farming communities. We must either change our system or make some provision to carry out the work further than our present appropriation will allow. The interest manifested indicates the necessity of carrying this work further.

Our farmers' institutes promote agricultural development. They have increased the revenues from our lands by increasing the profits per acre. This influences the selling value of the land.

By the study of crops adapted to the country our farmers' institutes have opened the field of possibilities in unsettled portions of our state and encouraged the settlement of these sections.

The farmers' institute has succeeded in introducing new crops best adapted to different conditions found in our state.

Our speakers on the subject of alfalfa have encouraged the planting of thousands of acres of this crop. In

some localities, where farmers declared that alfalfa could not be grown, after listening to a lecture before the farmers' institute they have gone home and succeeded in growing it on their farms. A few years ago land could be bought in the Beaver valley from five to ten dollars per acre, and when the corn crop failed in that section of the state in 1894 and '95, good farms were sold for even less money than this, and their former owners went east and south. Some of them found homes in the flint hills of Missouri and others went back to the worn out lands of Ohio and Indiana. Many of those that stayed did so because they were too poor to get away. Alfalfa came to their rescue. It has made of this section of the country a land of good homes and of prosperity. Today there are more good country homes between Beaver City and Danbury than in any other section of the state. Mr. Holwege, of the Burlington, says that more hogs are shipped from that valley than from any other equal area in the great state of Nebraska. Alfalfa has made these hogs, and hogs and alfalfa together have raised the value of these lands to four or five times their selling price ten years ago. The farmers' institutes have more than paid their cost to the state by educating the farmer on the one question of alfalfa.

The subjects of "seed corn selection" and "growing better corn" have been discussed before nearly every farmers' institute, and has perhaps stimulated more general interest than any other subject. Farmers are giving more attention to good seed and the culture of the corn crop, and in many cases farmers have increased their yield of corn from thirty bushels to sixty bushels per acre, thus doubling the production power of land. With corn and alfalfa we have a ration, that is producing various kinds of live stock on the farm cheaper and better than ever before. Not half enough is known about corn and Alfalfa and the speakers on these subjects are always popular before every institute.

Many other topics of equal importance are discussed, the production of beef, pork and mutton, poultry and profitable dairying, raising horses for market and use on the farm, problems in soil tillage and soil fertility, also the various phases of horticulture and of home economics. The lecturers on these subjects are specialists. They speak from personal experience of their success and tell others how they can succeed.

The people are always ready to hear the successful farmer, the man who has done something, and all over the state you can find living testimonials of the good the farmers' institute is doing.

Mr. W. P. Hill of Allen, Neb., said, "The lecture on 'Pig Feeding' at the institute was worth \$200 to me last year in my feeding operations." One man near Merriman, Neb., says that

CONTAGIOUS BLOOD POISON
NO LIMIT TO ITS POWERS FOR EVIL

Contagious Blood Poison has brought more suffering, misery and humiliation into the world than all other diseases combined; there is hardly any limit to its powers for evil. It is the blackest and vilest of all disorders, wrecking the lives of those unfortunate enough to contract it and often being transmitted to innocent offspring, a blighting legacy of suffering and shame. So highly contagious is the trouble that innocent persons may contract it by using the same table ware, toilet articles or clothing of one in whose blood the treacherous virus has taken root. Not only is it a powerful poison but a very deceptive one. Only those who have learned by bitter experience know by the little sore or ulcer, which usually makes its appearance first, of the suffering which is to follow. It comes in the form of ulcerated mouth and throat, unsightly copper colored spots, swollen glands in the groin, falling hair, offensive sores and ulcers on the body, and in severe cases the finger nails drop off, the bones become diseased, the nervous system is shattered and the sufferer becomes an object of pity to his fellow man. Especially is the treacherous nature of Contagious Blood Poison shown when the infected person endeavors to combat the poison with mercury and potash. These minerals will drive away all outward symptoms of the troubles for a while, and the victim is deceived into the belief that he is cured. When, however, the treatment is left off he finds that the poison has only been driven deeper into the blood and the disease reappears, and usually in worse form because these strong minerals have not only failed to remove the virus from the blood but have weakened the entire system because of their destructive action. S. S. S. is the only real and certain cure for Contagious Blood Poison. It is made of a combination of healing blood-purifying roots, herbs and barks, the best in Nature's great laboratory of forest and field. We offer a reward of \$1,000 for proof that S. S. S. contains a particle of mineral in any form. S. S. S. goes down to the very bottom of the trouble and by cleansing the blood of every particle of the virus and adding rich, healthful qualities to this vital fluid, forever cures this powerful disorder. So thoroughly does S. S. S. cleanse the circulation that no signs of the disease are ever seen again, and offspring is protected.

S. S. S.
 PURELY VEGETABLE

Write for our special book on Contagious Blood Poison, which fully explains the different stages of the trouble, and outlines a complete home treatment for all sufferers of this trouble. No charge is made for this book, and if you wish special medical advice about case or any of its symptoms, our physicians will be glad to furnish that, too, without charge.

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