Prince Ito the Grand Old Man of Japan Tells of His Country's Hopes

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TOKIO—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—I have just returned from a morning spent with Prince Ito, the Grand Old Man of Japan. He is the Bismarck, Gladstone, John Sherman and Ulysses S. Grant of his empire, and if he should write a book telling the history of his country he should have to begin it as Caesar did his commentaries on the Gallic war, by saying, "Magna pars fui." (A great part of which I was.)

In connection with Marquis Inouye, Prince Ito was the first to see the absolute necessity of Japan's adopting the western civilization if it would hold a place among the nations of the world. As a boy he fought against the Shogun, in order to put the emperor in power; and when the new government was constituted in 1868, he was one of the chief organizers, being vice minister of finance and public works. At that time he was only 27 years of age. Two years later he was sent to the United States to study our financial system, which he introduced here; and at the age of 30 he was sent abroad as a special envoy to arrange treaties with the European powers.

A little later we find him in Europe studying the constitutions of the principal nations, and after that back in Tokio, writing the constitution which now governs Japan. In one of the rooms of the villa where I visited him today, that great paper was prepared, and as I talked with the prince I could hardly realize that the new Japan with its wonderful system of finance and banks, its Parliament elected by the people and the machinery of its government, which is one of the best in the world, was largely formed by him, now more than a quarter of a century ago.

Prince Ito Before the Mast.

Prince Ito began his life young. He was only 22 when, after trying in vain to drive the foreign gunboats out of Yokohama, he slipped away one dark night and got a ship for Shanghai, having determined to visit the western world and spy out the secrets of the barbarians who then threatened the very existence of his country. He and Marquis Inouye took passage on another ship at Shanghai, and by it made their way around the Cape of Good Hope to Europe. They had arranged for money beforehand, but in some way there was a misunderstanding. The captain of the ship did not realize that he had two young nobies going off on a tour of investigation. He treated them as sailors and made them work during a great part of their passage. The two boys knew no English, and when they were dumped out on the streets of London they were at a loss where to go. They had letters of credit on Jardine, Mathieson & Co., a great English trading firm, which still has its branches all over China; but they had only a dollar in actual cash, and they lost that before they had gone many blocks. I referred to this story during my talk with the prince this morning, and he told me it was a true one. He said that Inouye had picked up a loaf of bread from a baker's counter, and had laid this, their last coin, down, expecting that the man would give them some change. To their surprise, the baked threw the coin into the till and motioned to them to go on. They could not speak English and they had to submit. They soon made their way to Jardine, Mathieson & Co., and there found the money waiting for them, as they had expected. Their prince had forwarded a credit of $8,000, and from that time on they had plenty.

Prince Ito said that he and Marquis Inouye were amazed at the wonders of our civilization and that they had not been in England three months before they realized that Japan must be thoroughly reorganized and educated along modern lines before it could hope to compete with the forces about them. That conclusion of these two Japanese boys marks the real beginning of the new Japan. The prince told me today how they came back around the cape in another sailing vessel; and how, when filled with the importance of their mission they reached Yokohama, they did not dare land for fear of their own countrymen there, who had no faith in their stories, and how they had to be taken in a foreign gunboat back to their home province, where the prince of Chosin ruled.

Landmark of the New Japan.

Even then they narrowly escaped with their lives because some of their fellows thought they were traitors and that the stories they told about the greatness of our civilization were falsehoods, and it was sometime before they could persuade the prince to aid in the inauguration of the new government. At that time Ito was just the age of our boys who will graduate from college this year. He was barely 22, and since then his whole life has been wrapped up in the New Japan. He came with the emperor to Tokio, and since then he has been his majesty's right hand. There is no man more close to the emperor, and no one with whom his majesty advises so much from day to day.

Prince Ito has been four times premier and during the war with China he was at the head of the government. In the Russian war he was the chief power behind the throne, and it is he today who is largely directing the foreign policy of this country.

I met Prince Ito when I was here in 1894. At that time he gave me an interview in which he forshadowed the war with China. I met him again in 1900, when the troubles were already beginning which brought about the war with Russia, and now, at the age of 67, I find him hale and hearty, throwing his whole strength into the building up of the empire, and in the reorganizing, on a modern basis, the land and the people of Korea.

At Home with Prince Ito.

Before I give you our conversation, which covered a wide range, both personal and political, I would like to describe the circumstances of our meeting. It was at his new villa, near Omori, half way between Tokio and Yokohama, that his highness by appointemnt received me. I took a jinrikisha at the station and with my human horse rode for more than two miles on a road shaded with pine trees. There were many little shops, a temple or two and some beautiful villas along the way. Leaving the road, we climbed a hill and entered a garden of many acres filled with fine shrubbery, out of which looked several bronze storks and other works of Japanese art. In the center of this was a large building with walls of pine and heavy overhanging roofs. This was Prince Ito's villa. It has wide verandas running about it and the walls are so arranged that they slide back and forth, permitting many of its rooms to be thrown into one. The building is mostly one story, but it is so large that it covers an acre or more. A sort of temple-like projection forms a porte cochere, and it was here that I was met by Mr. Hisatsuna Furuya, the private secretary of his highness, and led into a reception room.

After waiting there a moment I was told that the prince was ready to receive me.

PRINCE ITO.

We walked down a long hall and entered a great parlor, which was carpeted and furnished in foreign style. A moment later Prince Ito entered. We shook hands and he led me to a seat and sat down at some distance away opposite me. There was a sofa at the side between us, and a little later, in order to show his highness one of my former interviews with him, I moved to this, and thus sat at his right hand, almost touching him as he talked. During the conversation one of the attendants brought in two small cups of delicious Japanese tea. It was very hot, and I noticed that his highness drank it without cream, putting in two lumps of sugar to sweeten it. There were cigars on the table, and Prince Ito smoked as he talked.

Korea for the Koreans.

During the conversation the subject of Korea came up, and I asked Prince Ito whether it was his intention to Japanize that country and whether Korea was to be wiped out as an independent nation.

"That depends on Korea herself," replied the Japanese resident general. "I should like to see Korea independent, provided its independence could be arranged in such a way that we can be sure that it will always be the friend of Japan. The geographical situation of the country is such that it is necessary to our peaceful existence as a nation that it be friendly to us, and that to a certain extent it be controlled by us. If the Koreans could convince us that would be the case and they would hold to their promises, they might be independent. Otherwise they must be subordinate to Japan. If not, they will be forming alliances with other nations and they would be sure to bring us trouble of one kind or another.

"As to 'Korea for the Koreans,' I hope that we shall give the nation a continued existance as such, although it may be a sort of a dependent independence. We want to aid them in developing their country along the lines of the new civilization; and that we are trying to do. Our first purpose is to make the country quiet, orderly and law-observing. We are trying to wipe out injustice and extortion, and are establishing courts. We have instituted a few schools. We have built some railroads, and as soon as we have money we shall build more. My chief trouble at present is the lack of money. It takes more than good will to create civilization; and that is what we have to do in Korea."

"How about the new emperor of Korea, your highness?" I asked. "Does he show any ability?"

"Yes; he has developed much since he was put on the throne. He now goes about outside the palace and his eyes seem to be opening to the possibilities of his country. The crown prince, his brother, is a bright boy; and I should not be surprised to find that he will make a good ruler. He is now with me, here in Japan; and is learning something of the great world outside Korea."

At this point Prince Ito showed me a photograph which he had recently had taken of himself with the crown prince standing beside him.

Yellow Peril.

I next referred to the great awakening that is going on in Asia, speaking of the unrest in Persia, India and Turkey, and the new movement in China, and asked his highness to tell me what he thought Asia might be fifty years hence. He replied:

"That I will not venture to predict, but the changes will be many."

"How about the yellow peril? Will the yellow races with their many millions organize and combine to fight the white ones?"

"The yellow peril," said Prince Ito, "is the most spectacular chimera that has ever been brought forth by the diseased imagination of the sensational newspaper. I believe they call it 'the yellow journal' in your country. The idea is absurd. Upon what basis could there be such a combination? Take the matter of religion! Buddhist faith, which is generally held in Japan and also largely in China, is far more liberal than the Christian. When we adopted our constitution we proclaimed freedom for all religions; and we still allow every man to think and believe for himself. You can never make a military combination of nations or fight a war on any such basis. We could not combine against you on the ground of religion.

"Then there is the matter of color. We may not like a man for his complexion, but nations do not make war on such grounds. Besides, color is not a national distinction. We people have different skins from you, but we have the same wants and are moving along the same lines of intellectual life. There is no ground for war there.

"Lastly, there is the matter of trade. That belongs to the field of the pocketbook, and is more connected with the individual than with the nation at large. War will not make people buy your goods, and the moment the individuals of a nation find it is to their injury to suspend their relations with other nations they will object. The west and the east are bound together along trade lines, and it is supremely ridiculous to talk of a wholesale conflict between them."

The Chinese Alliance.

"How about this alliance which is said to be forming between China and the United States?"

"I don't think there is anything in it, for the very reasons I have mentioned. The Chinese will trade with the United States just as much and as long as it pays them financially to do so. When it does not pay their business will go elsewhere. Besides, what could China contribute to an alliance, offensive and defensive? Nothing in its present situation, and nothing for years to come. I cannot think that the United States would be so foolish as to think of a combination where it would have to give all and receive so little."

Japan and the United States.

"What is the attitude of Japan toward the United States, your highness?"

"It is friendly, and I have no doubt but that it will continue so. There have been some little unpleasant things about the treatment of our immigrants and of our children in the schools of your Pacific slope, but they will not affect the friendship of the two nations. As to Japan wanting to make war with your country, that is ridiculous. There is no such sentiment among our people. Besides, we are a small country, with comparatively little wealth. Your country is great in size and its resources are enormous. You have vast areas of the most fertile soil, the riches of your mines are incalculable and your people are many. Why should Japan seek to enter into a struggle with you?

"Besides, our country has always looked upon you as its best friend. We have been associated together for years in the closest relations in the family of nations and have never had a disagreement. We appreciate your friendship of the past and we shall reciprocate it whenever we can.

Uncle Sam and Prince Ito.

"As far as I myself am concerned," Prince Ito continued, "I wish to express my kind regard for your people and your government. They have been good to me in the past, and I owe them much. I visited your country years ago to study your financial system. I then spent six months there, and during a great part of that time was in Washington, D. C. That was when General Grant was president and Mr. Boutwell secretary of the treasury. General Grant was very kind and Secretary Boutwell put all the information of your Treasury department at my disposal. It was through the studies that I made there that I was able to formulate the financial system which Japan now has, and to acquire other knowledge which has been of benefit to me, and I hope also to my country."

Japan Does Not Want Philippines.

"But how about this talk of Japan wishing to acquire the Philippines? It is said by some of our newspapers that you seek a war with us in the hope of adding the Philippines to your territory?"

"That also is ridiculous," replied Prince Ito. "The subject of the Japanese ownership of the Philippines has never been discussed in this country, and it certainly has not been mentioned in the councils of our government. I have no doubt that those islands are rich and valuable, and that they will be of good to your people in attracting their attention to the great field of Asiatic trade. I believe that they have already done so, and that the increase in your business in this part of the world is owing somewhat to that interest. It seems to me that the United States cannot afford to let the islands go and that as a world power is must accept the situation and work the problem out to a conclusion.

'As to the Asiatic market, you will need it more and more as time goes on. You have enormous supplies of raw materials and your skill in manufacture is such that you must have a world market. One of the best markets of the future will be found on this side of the globe."

Future of Japan.

"What is to be the place of Japan in that market, your highness?" I asked.

"We hope to do a great deal of the trading, and we ought to do a large part of the manufacturing," was the reply. "We are here right on the edge of China, with an abundant supply of labor, which is comparatively cheap and which is both artistic and adaptable to the handling of machinery. There ought to be opportunities for combination of American capital and American raw materials in the manufacture of goods for us here on these islands for the great market of China. We are on the ground. We understand the field and the natives of the countries about us, and we have such trade connections in the way of steamship lines and other lines that I believe that the capitalists of the two nations working together could do better than either could alone. We very much desire American capial."

"That brings up the financial condition of your empire. Japan is now in the throes of hard times. What is to be your future along such lines?"

"I think we shall rapidly recover from the distress we have been lately experiencing. We have had a big war and in consequence we have an enormous debt which must be paid. We are rich, however, in resources of many kinds and by holding back a little and economising much the business of the country will soon take care of itself. As it is today, Japan is not alone in having financial troubles. Similar conditions have existed during the last year throughout your own country and also in Europe."

Not a Nation of Imitators.

"Speaking of manufacturing," said I, "your highness has frequently heard the statement made that the Japanese cannot do original work along such lines and that you are only a nation of copyists and imitators."

"That is not true," said Prince Ito. "The Japanese are naturally inventive and creative and the world is rapidly finding them so. When we began to adopt the new civilization we had to imitate that which had already been invented. The field was new to us and we had to learn it before we attempted to make any improvements. The fact that we have copied and successfully reproduced so much of the work of the western nations is in itself remarkable. But that is not all. Of late years there have been many Japanese inventions. Take the new things along the lines of modern warfare which we have created. We have rifles of our own make, field guns invented by Japanese, and also our own powder and other explosives. At the close of the China-Japanese war I thought we ought to be making our own guns, and I spoke to a steel superintendent in our employ. He replied that if I would give him the money for the purpose he would organize a factory and build the guns.

"'But,' said I, 'the making of guns and armor plate is by secret processes, which no nation will reveal to outsiders. How will you get the information and machinery necessary?'

"He replied: 'If I have the money, I am sure that I can make the guns.'

"The result was that we concluded to try the experiment. We furnished him what he wanted, and we are now building as good guns as those of any other country. We are making some of twelve-inch and also the shells which are used in them. We are making our own armor plate and are building gunboats. In all of these things we have invented many improvements. It is not fair to say that the Japanese is an imitator only. He is a creator of remarkable ability."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Harriman Wanted to Be a Soldier When He Was a Boy at Home

THIS is the story of young Edward H. Harriman, not of the Edward Henry Harriman, financier and railroad magnate, but of the lad in those years before greatness came to him, in years when his character was forming. And, incidentally, it is a story of young Harriman's one great ambition—an ambition which never was and never will be achieved.

In those younger days he decided that he would like to be a soldier, the greatest soldier of all time, for he thought of what the future might bring only in the superlative sense. We wanted to go to West Point, to study the game of war, to fit himself to fight for his country in time of need, and—well, to wear one of those natty uniforms with all those brass buttons.

All of his brothers and sisters knew of his ambition. It was not a secret at all, although after all these years the fact has been almost forgotten, and is only revived now and then when Mr. Harriman and his relatives meet to talk about old times. But the ambition played a very important part in his youth.

That love of fighting was with him then, back fifty years ago, when he was a slender stripling, hardly heavy enough to stand up before a rooster or a vindictive turkey gobbler. But this can be said of him: He never ran away from trouble. Any of his boyhood pals who are now alive will tell you that.

Early Recollection.

Edward Henry Harriman was born in the rectory of St. George's Episcopal church at Hempstead, L. I. That was back in 1848. Mr. Harriman does not look it, but he admits to be 60 years. His father, the Rev. Orlando Harriman, was then rector of St. George's. There were six children, four boys and two girls. Orlando H. Harriman, Edward's eldest brother, is still living. He has made money and a name in the real estate business in Brooklyn, where he now resides.

The early days of the Harriman family were dark ones—that is, so far as possession of worldly goods went. They were very poor and remained so until after had gone into Wall street as a clerk and was studying the inside workings of that wonderful piece of machinery.

The Rev. Mr. Harriman, although a man of artistic breeding, who had married a girl from one of the best families of New Jersey, was in no sense a business man. He had not the faculty of gathering money which developed so strongly in his son in after years. A year after Edward was born his father took his little brood over to Staten Island, where he became assistant rector at St. Paul's church, Castleton. And after a year there he was without a charge, but managed to eke out a scanty existence for himself and his family filling in for various rectors when a temporary assistant was needed.

And in these years little Edward was growing apace, although he never developed any sign of becoming a physical giant. Those who knew him then say he was an attractive little chap, thin, but with large intelligent eyes which were seldom still for a moment. When he was 6 years old the family moved to Jersey City. It was not until 1859 that the Rev. Mr. Harriman had a steady charge again, and even then his poverty did not materially lessen. He assumed the duties of rector of St. John's in West Hoboken, at a salary of $200 a year. Six years later his salary was $574 in arrears. There was trouble with the vestry, and Mr. Harriman accepted a compromise in which the vestry promised to pay him $250 in settlement of the debt, with interest in six months.

ing of Edward was very scant, although during the time he was enabled to go to a church school he studied assiduously, his associates say. While the family lived over on the Jersey side of the Hudson, Edward and his eldest brother, Orlando, came across to Manhattan every day for more than two years and studied at Trinity school, which was then at Fourteenth street and Eighth avenue. They came over on the ferry every morning, carrying their luncheon, and went back in the afternoon. At that time Edward was very slender, and his eyes seemed to have grown out of proportion to the rest of him. He outgrew this later.

But he had developed remarkably mentally. He was one of the most alert of all the boys who studied at Trinity school at that time, it is said.

The West Point ambition was strong in him then. Possibly that accounts for the eagerness with which he devoted himself to his studies. He knew that to enter West Point he must be well grounded in many studies. And that goal was constantly before him. His playmates in those days will tell you that his favorite game was playing soldier. With a little wooden sword fashioned out of a piece of lath and a crude model of a musket whittled from a white pine board, he and his playmates would drill for hours over in Jersey near their home.

Young Harriman was usually the leader in this soldier play. He was not physically molded for a leader in military affairs, but this seemed to have been overcome by the indomitable spirit of the lad. And, of course, there was his avowed intention of going some day to West Point and becoming a real soldier. All of his playmates recognized that this was an argument, and a strong one, for his claim to leadership.

So the boy Harriman drilled and maneuvered his band of trusty soldier lads, and they had many hilarious hours charging an imaginary enemy and putting to rout the opposing forces which existed only in their imaginative little brains.

Those games of tag and hide and seek which were in vogue among the children of that period never appealed strongly to Edward Harriman. If his trusty followers of the "military" were not around, he preferred to stay in the house and read. He studied at home, too, and at one time his parents came to think that the lad was taxing his eyes too much.

When he was 14 the wolf was still lingering before the Harriman door. The lad sought and found a job as clerk in a Wall street office. His studies at Trinity school were abandoned, but not his studies at home. That ambition to go to West Point and enter the military academy did not begin to fade until years afterward. He thought he could save up a tidy little sum after working in Wall street and use it in defraying the expenses necessary to obtaining a military training.

Learning the Stock Game.

In the rush and excitement of Wall street which prevailed even in those early days the modest doings of young Harriman seem to have been lost to history. He was only one of thousands of clerks who hustled each day about the streets in the center of financial and speculative activity in New York, doing errands for his employers or answering the beck and call of those above him in the Wall street office.

At that time he gave little indications of the ability which later was to become so widely known. Those who remember him during that period say that he was full of fun, loved to jest, and to match his wits with those of his age. And at odd times during the day the lad would study the rules of the game, gaining knowledge of the inside of Wall street which has stood him in such good stead since those years.

Even at that time young Harriman had the quality of making up his mind for himself and of holding to his own opinions. It was not exactly pig-headedness, although some of his enemies, if he had any then, might have so termed it. His desires were never more than modest ones, but what he wanted he got. He had the knack of doing this in most everything.

He was no longer little Edward Harriman, and if any one had spoken so of him it is likely there would have been trouble. And still that ambition to study at West Point remained. It had begun to grow a little dim, but it was still there. He never referred to it, except to his brother Orlando, and when he did it was in a wistful sort of way, as though he were beginning to realize that a soldier's life was probably not for him. The ambition died a few years later, when he began to play the Wall street game in earnest.

Pulfledged Trader.

One day in August, 1870—it was the 13th of the month—he bought a seat on the New York Stock exchange and became a trader on the floor of that body.

There are many stories which tell of the manner in which Edward H. Harriman got the wherewithal to buy that seat. One is that he had been plunging in the market with all he possessed during the corner in gold, engineered by Gould, Fisk, Kimber, and other; that Harriman took his profits on the famous "Black Friday," and invested them all in the seat on the Stock exchange. There is still another story to the effect that he was assisted to it by a relative, a member of the Oliver Harriman branch of the family. Neither story has ever been confirmed, because E. H. Harriman never speaks now of that early stage of his financial career, and the remaining members of the Harriman family respect his wishes and refrain from talking about it.

Mr. Harriman came to be recognized after five years or so of trading as one of the few who could make money, no matter which way the market turned, and one who knew how to keep his money when he made it.

That ambition to become a soldier had become a thing of the past, and the only fighting which fate had decreed that he should engage in was the bloodless fight against the money kings, a fight into which he has for many years thrown those energies which, had his early ambition been gratified, might have led him to the top rank of the military forces of the United States. Who knows?—New York Times.

Iowa Tuberculosis Hospital

PATIENTS AT THE IOWA TUBERCULOSIS SANITARIUM IN THEIR OUTDOOR SLEEPING QUARTERS.

SLEEPING and resting in their snug cots on the wide verandas of the Iowa State Tuberculosis hospital at Oak Dale, ninety men and women are fighting the "white plague" under the skillful direction of Dr. H. E. Kirschner, the superintendent. No matter how cold the weather or how severe the blizzard, the patients spend from ten to eighteen hours of the twenty-four in their outdoor sleeping apartments. The more advanced the disease the longer time is spent in the open air. How do these frail and diseased bodies stand the rigorous treatment? is a common query. Hot water bottles, wraps, blankets, etc., keep the bodies warm, but the lungs receive the benefit of the pure air to breathe.

Accurate statistics are kept of the weight of each person. Those who are below normal weight are given six meals a day. The three extra meals are served at 9 in the morning, 3 in the afternoon and 4 in the evening. Two eggs and a glass of milk are served at these lunches.

The Iowa hospital has been a great success from the beginning. Applications have been received far in excess of the capacity of the hospital. Only the more promising cases have been taken. One of the saddest features of the work is the turning away of applicants. Often this has made the case permanently hopeless. This is the reason for the present agitation to build another tuberculosis hospital in the state.

Popular Newspaper Editor

CHARLES M. DAY,
President South Dakota Press Association.

CHARLES M. Day of Sioux Falls, S. D., who a few days ago was elected president of the South Dakota Press association for the coming year, is one of the best known and most popular of the newspaper men of South Dakota. He is a native of Iowa, having been born at Sidney, in that state, in 1863. He is a son of the late Chief Justice James G. Day, of the Iowa supreme court, and is a brother of Judge George A. Day of Omaha. He was educated at Tabor college at Tabor, Iowa, graduating in 1886. After graduation he went to Sioux Falls and accepted a position on the Daily Argus-Leader. As the result of a natural aptitude for newspaper work and close attention to business he has advanced himself from a position as reporter on the paper to his present place as editor and one of the principal owners of the Argus-Leader, which now is one of the best paying newspaper properties in the northwest. "Charlie" Day, as he is familiarly called by his numerous friends, is one of the ablest editorial writers in the state or northwest.