

The Log of the Empire State

Geneve L.A. Shaffer

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Dedicated to My Mother and Your Mother

To My Mother

Your little hands are folded,
Your tired breast is still.
But your valiant heart beats on and on,
And so forever will.
In the lives of those who knew you,
Each gentle beat will bring
An echo sweet and tender,
To linger there and sing.

By C. T. S.

The Log of the Empire State

Introduction

As Miss Shaffer was appointed the special representative of the San Francisco Examiner on the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, Commercial Relationship Tour of the Orient, as well as being a member of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, she was requested to write this little book covering the three months' trip, and she wishes to thank all the members of the party for their kindly interest and cooperation in helping her secure much of the information contained herein.

Chapter I

Before we had reached the Golden Gate we acted like some great happy family, eager to enjoy every minute. After we stopped waving our tired arms to the crowds of friends on the docks and the last bouquet aimed at the Mayor's tug had landed in the bay, small groups, with radiant faces, discussed what do you suppose? No, not the crossing of the Bar, but the opening of the ship's bar. As you know, Uncle Sam seems to consider the dry law impossible on the water.

We were all saying that San Francisco's farewell made us proud to belong to such a city, when M. A. Gale told us that he wanted to add a word of praise for one of San Francisco's traffic officers, who let him by when he made a speedy trip for some valuables left behind, which had just been missed at the last moment. But, do you remember who was the last passenger? She was nervous and fidgety ever since she came on board,

too. None other than Bulan, the handsome mare bound for Yokohama. It was worth going through the steerage to watch her enjoy one of our "eleven o'clock" apples.

When the lunch gong sounded, we all went below (doesn't that sound real nautical?) to try and get settled in our home for the next three months. Apparently there was no place left for even our hats, thoughtful gifts, fruits, candy and flowers, filled every inch of ordinary space. Christmas time was tame by comparison.

Many were down to lunch, fortified by a highball, but at dinner, mal de mer had claimed its victims, and there were only a few brave spirits on deck to indulge in dancing the first night.

The second day out everybody was trying to remember everyone else by name. One positive lady insisted that A. I. Esberg was Dr. Morton, but little mistakes were forgotten, and many of the committee were soon calling each other by their first names.

While most of us were getting comfortably settled in our deck chairs, someone noticed that Louis Glass, George Vranizan, C. W. Hinchcliffe, Carl Westerfeld, C. A. Thayer, C. H. James, William Symon, F. S. Ballinger, P. H. Lyon, S. L. Schwartz and Henry Mattlage had disappeared below. And it is said by one who trailed them to their lair, that the Fantan and Pie-gow games, going on in the steerage, were the magnet.

There were other discoveries in the steerage. A Servian girl, Alma Karlin, who speaks ten languages fluently, but could not afford a first-class passage (although once well-to-do) on account of the low exchange value of her country's money. She is on a three-year tour to study conditions in the Pacific Islands, to learn if her countrymen can successfully immigrate to this region.

A young American married to a Chinaman, a group of Orientals devouring an odd-looking concoction with chop sticks, a motley group of Hindus with their fezzes, made the picturesque gathering, that gladly received the surplus fruits distributed by the belles of the ship.

We struck a squall that surprised many of us enjoying the salt sea breeze in our stuffy state rooms, by washing the spray over our neatly put-out dinner clothes. That night it took real sea legs to dance while the ship rocked. But it was great sport, and Sidney Kahn's University Orchestra "jazzed" on as if they were on solid ground.

The third day all of the officers appeared in white. White duck curtains replaced the wooden doors. The women blossomed out in the daintiest of summer frocks, the men in white flannels, and although most of us found our shoes difficult to put on (in spite of the fact that we all had shoes a half a size larger) deck games were in full swing and sea sickness was a thing of the past.

Commissioner Krull was the first to jump into the open-air swimming tank, some of the ladies following. But it took deck tennis and the tropics to make the tank popular.

Captain Nelson took us on a tour of inspection, and as eating was the principal occupation, we asked to see the electrically operated galley first, for, next to the bar, it was the chief attraction. We all have heard of electric dish washers, potato peelers, knife sharpeners, bread

bakers, cake mixers, etc., but what a guarantee for matrimonial bliss there would be if every young bride could be as sure as this ship was to please the most particular of husbands. How? By using an automatic, electric egg boiler that can be set for any time, and when the desired number of minutes is reached, presto! up comes the egg out of the boiling water! Not a second overdone, or underdone. In China some of us were given, as a great delicacy, a "twenty-year-old egg" and toward the end of the trip many of us had lost interest in all eggs, no matter how cooked.

The stoves burn oil, and although the day was hot, and the noon meal was in preparation, there was no excessive heat and no fumes. The white-clad Chinese waiters did their appointed tasks with the smoothness and lack of confusion of clockwork.

Our smiling waiters greeted us every morning in long blue kimonos. Ours answered to the name of Arling, and after one had ordered an abnormal breakfast, he suggested that the griddle cakes were "veery goo-wd." Everyone ate more than they ever thought they could, and when at eleven o'clock, the deck boy came along with broth, few there were that had the courage to say, "No." The tang of the sea caused groups to invade the charming tea-room, with its yellow curtains and painted wicker furniture, at tiffin time. And if chicken, a-la-King, was served after the nightly dancing party, - well, everyone said, "We don't make a trip like this every day, so, why not?"

There was a weighing machine on the lower deck, but, we all believed that it must have been out of order. If we had not gained any more pounds than we had spent for oriental souvenirs, we would have been lucky.

Some of the older members of the party welcomed the Sunday evening movies instead of the strenuous dancing, but we were all glad to go to bed after the movie villain had been killed.

Chapter II

The servants were so attentive and the beds so soft that many of the ladies fell into the custom of having breakfast in the staterooms.

After lunch one sunny day we mounted the steep little stairs to the captain's quarters. His spacious combination living and bedroom with private bath was a miracle to those of us who had to have the room boy move the luggage in order to have space enough to open the quaint little bureau drawers. On his center table was one of those strange dwarf Japanese trees, that are not permitted to be imported. These odd plants seem to thrive in spite of their diet of whiskey and the binding of their branches with tiny wires - perhaps, if they must be fed exclusively on whiskey, there is another reason besides the possibility of their bringing into our country a foreign insect that excludes them.

We were told that the captain's and officers' quarters were certified and not counted when the capacity of the ship was figured, so the ship seemed bigger than ever to us. Next we invaded the chart room, saw the device that tells the whereabouts of a coming typhoon, listened to the

telephonic arrangement that proclaims the proximity of the buoy bells, watched the little indicator that makes a red line depicting the exact course of the ship on a circular chart, tried out the fire alarm system that instantly rings a bell if a high temperature is registered any place on the ship, from the bridal suite to the darkest corner of the hold. We set the fog whistle to blow at regular intervals. We were told that the searchlight could enable the pilot to discover objects about five miles out, and by the time the gyro compass and numerous other devices had been explained to us, we were ready to believe that the ship cost seven million dollars, and that five thousand dollars was the daily operating expense (two thousand dollars of which was spent for the one thousand gallons of oil).

The mock trial was one of the features of the trip. Nearly everyone was arrested, sentenced or fined. Mrs. F. Panter's and Captain Ruben Robinson's trials were the most sensational. In spite of Carl Westerfeld's efforts to save Captain Robinson from being convicted of fox trotting with a certain charming widow, he was heavily sentenced. Louis C. Brown was released upon the hearing of the eloquent pleadings of his attorney, Louis H. Mooser. At the close of the session, Commissioner Francis Krull imposed a fine upon himself for his merciful tendencies as the judge.

When a crowd of us piled into the wireless room and asked the whys and wherefores, the poor operator gave up trying to explain why the messages were all sent at night, and settled the matter by telling us that the atmospheric conditions were better then, and that the ship was equipped with two systems, the spark and the arc, but that the arc was given the preference. The Empire State kept its apparatus tuned to the one at Sloat Boulevard, so if any of those at home missed us, just all they had to do was to drive past that station any night, and, perhaps, at that very moment, a message was being received from us.

When we saw land, the women immediately planned a meeting to discuss what to wear and do when we arrived in Honolulu on the following day. A. I. Esberg gave an address the evening before on the meaning of our Commercial Relationship tour and the good-will that he believed San Francisco would establish by this mission. Afterward we danced, then followed a Chinese supper. Yes, we were eating again.

No alarm clock that was ever invented smote the ears with greater animosity than did the ship's gong at 6:30 the morning we arrived at Honolulu. If it had not been for the fact that the committee was there (just outside our portholes, in yachts loaded with leis to welcome us) it would have taken even more than that disturber of the peace to arouse us, for sleep seemed the most desired thing after the Chinese dinner dance that had lasted until the wee hours.

We were all at the luncheon given to us by the Honolulu Commercial Club. Faxton Bishop told us of the seriousness of the labor situation and asked our aid. We all remember how eloquently our much lamented spokesman, A. F. Morrison, answered the address and said that California's prosperity depended in many ways upon Hawaiian prosperity and their problems were our problems.

Wallace R. Farrington, Governor of the Territory of Hawaii, said that the labor situation must be solved to insure the prosperity of the islands.

We were next whizzed to the Outrigger Club, and if everyone had seen how hard Warren Shannon paddled to reach the crest of a wave before it broke, they would all be convinced that he was the hardest working supervisor we have.

John H. Wilson, the mayor of Honolulu, motored our party around the island and gave us a luncheon at a hotel near one of the beaches. We will remember this day as one of our happiest.

Chapter III

The first day out of Honolulu we were all discussing our impressions. Most of us had passed the Honolulu schools at recess time and had noted only one or two white-skinned children. It was, as Dr. A. W. Morton expressed it, "Looks like a little Japan." Of course, everyone knows of the vividness and great variety of the coloring of the foliage in sharp contrast to the brilliant pink soil, but we could not stop talking about it. Some of us noted the beauty of a little plant, which at home we carefully water and cherish in some tiny pot, only to learn that on the Island it grows in such abundance that it is considered nearly as great a pest as the Mediterranean fly - so it would seem that beauty in the vegetable kingdom does not always mean desirability, any more than it does in the human family.

Many of us had been taken over the sugar-cane plantations, seen the young plants pushing through the paper (put over them to keep out the weeds), gone through the refineries, seeing the cane stalks ground in the huge rollers and had been allowed to taste the sickeningly sweet molasses. Along the roads were Hawaiian huts with octopi drying on the porches, beside the reclining figures of the strong providers of the family, resting up, no doubt, from the task of catching and killing the octopi by hitting the squid's heads.

Some of the party waxed eloquent about the wonderful leprosy cures, recently accomplished in the Islands, through the discoveries of the chemist Dr. Dean, who took the chalmogra oil used in India over a thousand years ago as a cure (but according to tradition, the sufferers considered the cure worse than the disease) and made it possible to take.

Some of us stopped to investigate the powerful wireless station with the instruments capable of receiving messages at a distance of 5000 miles. Still others told of the island at the Pearl Harbor Naval station being purchased for ten thousand dollars and then being sold to our government for 400,000 dollars.

Many had not only received the leis, but a new native name as well, for, as you know, it is the Hawaiian way of labeling everyone with some name that to the Islander expresses their predominant characteristic.

We were gazing at the magnificent sunset, when someone who seemed to have inside information, repeated the old adage, "A red sky at night is the sailor's delight, but if followed by a red sky in the morning, it's the sailor's warning." We had all found the tranquil waters of the Pacific so refreshing after the rush and excitement of Honolulu

sightseeing, and did not know that the worst storm the Empire State had experienced was before us.

Most of us rolled out of bed the next morning, and the only reason some of us did not fall to the floor was because the bureaus stopped us half way, with many a resounding thud. Many of the party did not attempt to get up or out of the staterooms. Will we ever forget the dining tables equipped with metal railings, divided into sections to hold in the dishes? Even then, the eggs and cream rolled over the cloth or into our unreceptive laps, and the way the waiters moistened the cloth in the spots where they set the water glasses in an attempt to make them stay put. But they would not any more than our tummies would "stay put."

We then appreciated the necessity of the railings all over the ship, especially when we commenced to hit each side of the passage way in trying to step forward. Edward C. Wagner was jestingly remarking to Louis Glass that if he should fall, there would be broken "Glass." It was but a short while afterward when an unexpected lurch of the ship threw him to the deck, breaking his glasses.

We all remember that the deck chairs had an unpleasant way of sliding until they hit the opposite wall, bouncing out the sea-sick occupants. Even in getting out of the chairs (tied to the railings) many of us fell. The upper deck looked like the ward of an emergency hospital. Mrs. A. F. Morrison had fallen, breaking a bone in her wrist, Mrs. E. Dinkelspiel had her head injured, Louis Glass had a bandage over his cut face, and scarcely anyone escaped without black and blue marks.

To see one of our capitalists being led weakly by a strong attendant, while grasping his *mal de mer* tin firmly, was a sight unnoticed, in the tumult of rushing waves. Of course, all portholes were closed, two of the crew narrowly escaped being washed overboard. Their spotless uniform of white had long since been discarded for rain coats and high boots. Some of us slept out on deck rather than negotiate the treacherous stairs to the uncertain joys of a stateroom in which the trunks had to be lashed to the walls to avoid painful contact (you see, many of us had the vivid recollection of the crashes that woke us). In most cases the dainty bureau scarfs upon which reposed the Cologne bottle, mirror, powder, hairpins, etc., etc., had dashed into one conglomerate, broken mass on the floor.

M. A. Gale and Warren Shannon (usually the life of the party) were seen in dejected heaps, with only half-closed eyes visible above the steamer robes.

Mrs. Carrie Schwabacher gathered about the piano those well enough to be about (after the storm had been raging for two days and nights), playing old-fashioned songs, to try to raise the drooping spirits.

Chanticleer never greeted the morning with gayer spirits than this party, when we saw the clouds had rolled away, and when someone repeated, "On the road to Mandilay, where the flying fishes play" (while we watched the flying fishes play), all the old familiar quotations took on a new significance of reality.

On October 10, Dorothy Gee, the Chinese girl banker of San Francisco, presided over the ceremony celebrating the tenth anniversary of the Chinese independence Day, held in the steerage. Besides giving a clever address, she acted as interpreter for the speeches delivered by F. R. Eldridge, chief of the Far Eastern Division for the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, A. F. Morrison and A. I. Esberg.

Many of us felt a great curiosity to see the engine that had pushed us through the storm, so we descended countless iron stairs, down to the very bottom of the ship; above us towered a bewildering assortment of ladders, levers, pipes and valves. The heat was over-powering, so we rushed to the ventilator and cooled off quickly. The deafening noise prevented us from hearing all the engineer's explanations. Next we were taken singly (as the space between the two massive doors will not permit of more) through the two massive doors separating the boilers from the rest of the ship. In case of an accident all the doors of the ship, including these, could be automatically closed from the deck, dividing the ship into three compartments.

We saw how the thirty-seven cakes of ice, consumed daily, were made, inspected the laundry and peeked in where the precious, rapidly diminishing liquors were stored, and we all felt satisfied that we knew "What made the wheels go around."

With the regular meetings of the Executive committee, with Herbert Hoover's Trade Investigation committee (consisting of Lansing Hoyt, C. J. Mayer, Gordon Enders, E. Kehich, Paul Steindorff and headed by F. R. Eldridge), mingling with the party to assist in establishing friendly commercial relationship; with all those identified with certain businesses and professions divided into groups, and even with the women organized, we felt ready to meet any Oriental dignitaries, or delegations.

We remember well how often Warren Shannon, with his unfailing humor, sent us into gales of laughter, auctioning off the numbers that represented the possible run of the ship on the following day. Louis Mooser bid the first one hundred dollars on the number that won the pool. C. H. Matlage, William Muir, F. H. Speich, Louis Brown, Mrs. S. Schwartz and Mrs. Carrie Schwabacher were also heavy bidders.

Everyone started borrowing clothes from everyone else, right after breakfast, the day of the masquerade. P. J. Lyon made a very gay girl, C. R. Reed went as Woodrow Wilson, A. I. Esberg as a Chinese, C. B. Lastrete as a bandit, Margarete Rice as Cleopatra, Mrs. Bruce Foulkes as a beautiful Spanish senorita, Constant Meese, W. Levintritt, F. W. Boole and C. H. Matlage as "Four Dainty Kewpies," Edward C. Wagner as an oiler, and Carl Westerfeld was a regular devil.

Of course, Mrs. A. Gee, Mrs. A. B. Luther, Mrs. Washburn, Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. Boole, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Shannon and Mrs. Grady looked charming, as usual. The Misses Bridge, Miss Kinslow, Miss Neff and Miss Bell also looked attractive. Dr. Gates, Dr. Judell, Miss Simon, Mrs. Rothenberg, Mrs. Denson, Mrs. Dunn, Mrs. Yates, the Misses Hunter, Mrs. Barnard, Miss James, Mrs. Ross, A. W. Morton, Jr., and Mrs. Krull went to such a lot of trouble to get up their interesting costumes. Henry S. Bridge had, "a fine make-up" and looked like a real Southern Negro. Pretty Miss Howlett and Miss Wood always made one think of the posters of "Sweet

Sixteen."

Warren Shannon's Entertainment committee, assisted by Miss Moore, Miss Craig, Mrs. Bercovich and Mrs. Panter, certainly discovered the talent on board and we will always be grateful for the sweet singing of charming Mrs. Gale, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Schwartz and Miss Reed and the playing of Miss Moore, Mrs. Alexander and of our talented "Mary."

If anyone felt a bit out of sorts all they had to do was to think of the courage and sweet, uncomplaining manner of Mrs. Morrison or what good sailors Mrs. Anna R. Luther and Miss Louise Elliott were trying to be.

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Columbus never strained his eyes more eagerly to see land than the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce representatives did, when someone said that the dim outline of Fujiyama might be visible above the hazy shore that looked as much like clouds as land.

All the men of the party were so busy with their field glasses, admiring Yokohama Harbor's wonderful fortifications, that they did not even hear the women question what sort of a dress would be suitable for the coming grand reception, and yet, at the same time withstand sight-seeing in the dust of the streets. Even Mary Garden on her opening night did not receive such rapt attention as did this harbor.

As we looked down over the huge side of the Empire State upon the turmoil of humanity, baggage and freight and the uneven street beyond, we gave thanks to the Baptist missionary, who is credited with making an old baby carriage into the first rickshaw, for the convenience of his sick wife. When we saw the little brown men actually run away with our most corpulent representatives, without any apparent effort, we forgot all about "Man's inhumanity to man" and no baby ever enjoyed its first perambulator outing more than our party.

First, we swooped down upon the banks to change our money, but the yen and sen counted out to us seemed as valueless as stage money. However, we grew to respect it, after visiting Benton Dori and departing with elaborate kimonos that the shrewd businessmen and women of the party would have passed by as being too expensive, at home.

It was great fun after being extravagant to figure out that a yen is only a little over half as much as one of our dollars and that one had only spent half as much as one thought.

Our party met the ladies (some of them American college graduates) and gentlemen of the Yokohama Chamber of Commerce at a big reception in a theatre. The governor, through his interpreter, said that our arrival was on the first sunny day they had had in some time, that the chrysanthemums were just blooming, and that this was a good omen, for the war clouds had vanished. Geisha girls danced while singing a specially composed chant of welcome, and an elaborate luncheon was served in an adjoining hall. A. I. Esberg and F. R. Eldridge answered the welcome saying, "That we hoped to establish much more friendly and permanent relationship with the people of Japan."

Most of the party had the inevitable tea in the foreign settlement, known as the Bluff. Most of these houses are of the vintage of fifty years ago and range in rental from \$125 to \$150, unfurnished, the tenant

having to install his own plumbing if he wishes such a luxury. We wanted to know why some better arrangement was not made and were reminded of the law that does not permit of any foreign ownership of land.

Louis Mooser, former head of the San Francisco Real Estate Board, was much interested in the situation. It seems that about one-seventh of the small area available for foreigners was under perpetual lease to the Germans and we were told that when war broke out it was taken over by the Japanese, who only allowed their own race to buy, and all rents were immediately raised.

It was said that instead of complaining about how little land Japan was allowed in the United States, it would be fairer to give Americans in Japan the same privileges that she enjoys in some of our states.

Americans in Yokohama say that the Japanese law drafted to relieve this situation and often proudly referred to by Japanese diplomats, has never really been passed and therefore has no value. They add that if old Marquis Okuma had more peace-craving followers and the lawmakers were responsible to the people instead of the Emperor, for whom they are said to act, differences between the United States and Japan could be more quickly and completely settled.

Chapter V

To board a train after our long sea-trip was a delightful change. After passing through quaint villages, rice fields, and interesting garden patches we arrived at Tokyo in time for the ambassador's reception. The moment one talks to Charles Warren, in charge of our American Embassy in Japan, one feels that our Japanese problems are in very conservative and capable hands.

Between receptions, we visited many quaint and beautiful temples. At one we were so hospitably received, served with tea and dainty rice cakes made with a special emblem upon them for the occasion that we forgot to grumble about being made to remove our shoes. Only a few of the party remembered the Japanese custom of removing the outer foot-gear, when entering their temples, and came prepared with easily removed pumps. They had a good laugh at the row of dignified, badge-bedecked representatives, solemnly lacing up their shoes, while sitting on the stoop about a foot from the ground, with the blazing sun upon them.

When we talked to some of the American residents in Japan, they all got on the old familiar subject, the high cost of living, but they seem to agree that it cost just twice as much to live in Japan as any other place in the world. It seems that without considering the high rent, an amah (a sort of maid who will do only certain duties), a house boy (who is anywhere from twelve to sixty years old), and a cook (who gets a commission on everything you buy) must be kept, even in the simplest of homes. Those accustomed to one servant in America usually find it necessary to have from three to six in Japan. Of course their wages are less than in the United States, but food is very high. Rice, for instance, was twenty percent higher than in America. Inferior coal was twenty-two fifty a ton, and the high ceilinged, furnace less houses require a great deal of coal and wood in winter. Very few Americans use

the jammed street cars. Automobiles are very expensive to maintain, not only on account of the rough streets, but the licenses are very high. One of our party hired a rick-shaw for twenty minutes and paid a yen (about fifty cents), so residents usually find it more economical to keep their own rick-shaws and coolies.

Certainly the Japanese are past masters in entertaining. No wonder it is said that some of our former diplomats were so much influenced by their lavish entertainments that they lost their heads. The Chamber of Commerce of Tokyo greeted our Chamber of Commerce representatives at an elaborate theatre party. An especially staged Japanese drama, followed by a comedy, with a sumptuous dinner between the acts, was only a part of the entertainment. A. I. Esberg and Byron Mauzy answered the banquets, of the oldest merchant in Japan, Baron Okura, with three rousing cheers for the Japanese, after the formal addresses had been made.

Everywhere we were met with politeness and courtesy. To the casual observer the military element is not noticeable in the home life of the common people, as they are rapt in their work, very industrious and get their pleasure talking to their ever present babies, or tending some little plants, even if squalor surrounds them. But the word of the ones higher up is absolute law to them. Discipline is supreme from the time the small boy is taught the "Goose Step," preparatory to his military training, until he obediently marries the girl his parents have selected for him. He does what he is told without a murmur, as does his wife who is his absolute slave.

One understands why some call Japan the Germany of the East, which country, some of our delegates were told by foreign residents, Japan greatly admires. It is said that her people were more than surprised and disappointed when the armistice was signed; as the Japanese press was so well censored it gave no indication that Germany could be defeated.

After a day of sight-seeing, and investigating various trade conditions, our party found the rickshaw ride back to the hotel, at dusk, most interesting and quite exciting, if one has not become accustomed to the rule of turning to the left instead of the right, as we do at home. Packed street cars, automobiles, carts piled high with incredible loads pulled by coolies, a girder being dragged by a scrawny horse led by a seemingly tireless, whip-equipped native, all apparently were about to collide with our rick-shaw party. We seemed to be always in the way and always on the wrong side of the street. We remembered with a shudder, that the Japanese believe it noble to die, and seemingly, they were going to drag us to destruction with them. We tried to get them to go slower but could not think of the Japanese words, so we might just as well have tried to stop the North wind, as to have changed the orders given by our interpreter to the coolies.

Chapter VI

We did not know that when we boarded the special train chartered by the Tokyo Chamber of Commerce to take the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce representatives to inspect the silk filatures, that a delightful luncheon, or as it is called there, "Tiffin," was awaiting us under the trees.

Although the heat was oppressive, it was surprising to see how ceaselessly, and apparently without pain, little girls from twelve years up, kept five cocoons unrolling at once, in boiling water, in order to make a single thread of silk. We were told that these girls worked from twelve to fourteen hours a day, for which they receive forty cents a day

and food, getting a bonus at the end of the year, which amounts to approximately one month's salary. Sundays are not holidays in Japan, but workers have two days off a month.

We saw the whole process, from the sorting of the yellow and white cocoons to the huge bolts ready for the market, while one of our smiling hosts significantly remarked, "The yellow and white blend very nicely together."

We were interested in learning that the principal owner of this huge plant has adopted his wife's family name in order to follow the custom of not allowing a family name to die out, in case there are no sons and none have been adopted.

As over one-third of Japan's trade is with the United States, and a large portion of that is in silk, our clever hosts had printed on the cover of the booklet presented to us, "Silk is the shining cord that binds United States and Japan."

The San Francisco Chamber of Commerce representatives had been given the year book of Japan, all sorts of pamphlets containing figures and facts concerning various enterprises, and so a day at Nikko, away from statistics, was most welcome.

Nikko's sacred grove of Cryptomerie trees said to be over three hundred years old, never looked more impressive than in the first rain we had had while in Japan. One of the party who had traveled extensively in the Orient previously, advised us to forget our trade commercial mission long enough to see Nikko and then we could afford to overlook all the other temples. Certainly nature and man's art achieved a double triumph here, and this advice must have piqued the curiosity of most of the stolid businessmen of the party; for yellow strips of rubber and paper umbrellas were rented, and in spite of the downpour, the great stairs were mounted. Even comfy shoes were parted with in order to tread upon the cold marble floors of the ancient temples. We now know, shoes have to be checked with umbrellas at the outer doors in Japan.

We were not the only ones seeing Nikko at eight A. M. in the storm. Besides the groups of soldiers and the crowds of pilgrims from all over Japan, there was the ceaseless click-click of the wooden shoes of thousands of children on the stone steps.

When we left the cozy dining-room of the hotel with its charming outlook upon a mossy bank, where quaint shrubs were flourishing, we felt quite proud of ourselves for braving the weather, until we asked our guide why so many children were there that day. He said, "You see, it is such a fine day for an excursion, not too hot or cold, no one notices the rain."

On the way to the train we saw a queer old pawn shop, filled with wonderful antiques. Some of the party claim that the shop was bought out, so some of our San Francisco relatives will get an inkling from

this where Santa Claus may have gotten some of their Christmas presents.

Most of us did not mind being scolded for over-paying our sweating rickshaw coolies, but we all felt rather uncomfortable when we were told that we should never have paid the first price asked in any of the shops, and that our prize purchases could probably have been bought for half the price by a clever bargainer.

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In a corner of the car, that was taking the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce party to Kyoto, the heart of Japan, sat a little Japanese girl in true Buddha style with her little toes crossed, filling her pipe from her purse and taking the usual three puffs (that is about all these pipes hold). She looked about fifteen, but must have been nineteen, because, in Japan no one is allowed to smoke until that age has been attained, and no native would think of breaking a rule.

We arrived in time for the Jidai Festival, which is held only once a year. We saw a procession showing all the phantastic costumes worn by the old-time tribal warriors, and it proved so interesting that we decided not to mourn the fact that the cherry blossom celebration was out of season. We felt much better, too, when we were reminded that all the pilgrims, coming to feast their eyes, never get a taste of the luscious fruit, the Japanese cherries being uneatable.

We were told that all prices were raised by the storekeepers when any convention arrived in town. Some of us successfully resisted purchasing cloissone, and satsuma ware, although we saw it being made and were served with tea and coaxed to buy - "Justa leetle souvenir." But the kimonos were too much for Mrs. Carrie Schwabacher and Louis Mooser, who, in spite of the fact that Mrs. Rockefeller was in Kyoto bidding on some of the same garments (which of course raised the prices even higher) carried away the prettiest garments in the shops.

Our party could not help noticing, how much the Japanese people, even of the lowest class, appreciate their temples and statues.

One of the party asked if anyone knew a person in San Francisco, with the possible exception of some scholarly teacher, who could describe even imperfectly the statues in Golden Gate Park. Here the Japanese journey miles to see a statue. The old scholars always preached the potency of something half concealed to stimulate the imagination, but it took a Japanese sage to conceive the idea of building a fine statue of a favorite war hero and then to bury it. And now thousands come to Kyoto to the very spot where the statue is buried, imagining its proportions, and praying for strength and success in their encounters.

We were told that the belief that the Emperor is a God-like being is strengthened by the fact that he is never seen and therefore his people's glorified imagery of him is never shattered. We were told that the Emperor is seen only by a carefully selected group twice a year, once at the Cherry Blossom season and once at the Chrysanthemum Festival, and if it rains on these days the reception is put off for another year.

Why, the mystery of the Orient was even found in our menus, and it did not take long for the Pandoras of our party to find out that "Bubble and Squeak" was good old ham and eggs and "Angels under Cover" were oysters

wrapped in bacon.

After official business was over for the day, the party "did" Theatre Street, where our own movie queens reigned beside some poster depicting a Japanese soldier fighting a dragon. Byron Mauzy told us that our jazz music is often called for and that pianos with a specially made case to withstand the dampness, were in demand.

Our party found out why someone said, "There is as much red-tape necessary to go through a Japanese palace as there is to get married," for we faced the grim-armed soldiers at the outer gates, but were not allowed to enter until our credentials had been carefully inspected. Then we were permitted to go into a small outer room where we wrote our names, addresses, etc., in a large book. After a scrutiny of this and a long wait, giving them sufficient time to telephone and see if our passes were authentic, we were formally escorted through beautifully carved portals, past endless, handsomely decorated, empty rooms, over the squeaky door sill (that is supposed to warn the inmates of someone's approach) and finally to the canopied gold-mounted throne itself.

We began to feel a little easier, when we got out in the sun of the garden, but even there we felt formal, for in these sacred gardens no gay flower or dashing stream is permitted. Nature, too, must be subdued, and even the little trickle of water circling the buildings, was there for the sole purpose of suggesting purity, we were informed.

After the reception and investigation tour of Kobe, forty of the party boarded a train for Peking, under the direction of Hoover's representative, F. R. Eldridge.

We had enjoyed Fujiyama by moonlight, but did not know that we were also to glide by the Inland Sea at sunset. Korea's roads, built of course, by the Japanese soldiers, and the guarded stations of Manchuria, were of much interest to the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce investigators.

Every evening impromptu speeches on conditions were held in the dining car. M. A. Gale, Henry S. Bridge, and Louis Mooser also vied with each other telling funny stories, Carl Westerfeld contributing to the entertainment by organizing a group of the party into "The South Manchurian Quartet." Dave and Resse Lewellyn started to sing "Annie Rooney" and "Mother McCree" whenever things were too quiet.

We stopped long enough at Seoul, Korea, to talk to representatives of trade and commerce and to chat with the "Grand Old Man of Korea," before arriving in Peking.

Chapter VII

Our stay in three-thousand year-old Peking was too short, for besides investigating conditions, attending our Minister Shurman's reception, visiting the country home of the former Prime Minister Hsuing Hsi-Ling, we would have enjoyed spending more time seeing The Summer Palace, The Jade Fountain and the Temple of Heaven to say nothing of studying conditions.

About one-thirty, when the gay dance had ended at Hotel de Peking, which by the way, would be a credit to London or New York, we took an hour's rickshaw ride in the moonlight to the Forbidden City. The solemn pom-pom-pom of the funeral dirge for the Mother of the heir to the Chinese Throne, was indescribably impressive. About eighty men bore the casket from the dwelling to its canopied hearse. One of the mourner's told us that the fourteen-year-old heir to the throne, had not cared much, when all his playthings were taken from him, or even when his throne was taken, but that now he was inconsolable over the loss of his mother.

After seeing this weird funeral procession of the last of the Ming Dynasty in the gray of early dawn, seeing a Buddha with eyes of pure gold, and also riding the Hodzu rapids, it took an aeroplane ride to create any real excitement in our party.

Six of the Chamber of Commerce Representatives decided to see the Great Wall of China and the Ming Tombs, regardless of the lack of time; so Carl Westerfeld, Mrs. Bruce Foulkes, David and Reese Lewellyn, Miss Mary Moynihan and M. Hazlett, Jr., chartered a Vickers Vimmy Biplane. The air-riders felt much less perturbation after being informed that this machine cost the Chinese government fifty thousand dollars, weighed over five tons, and had comfortable wicker seats in a pretty little cabin for nine people. They were so proud to accomplish in an hour and a half, a trip which usually takes two days, that we will tell some of them that they have not come down to earth yet, if they keep on telling us what we missed by not going.

We had no sooner gotten accustomed to the Japanese money and were able to say, "Ohio," (good-morning), and a few other Japanese words glibly, when we had to learn "Pidgin English" and use the "Mex" dollar in China, and next we were told to exchange our money from Peking notes to Shanghai currency.

The approach to Shanghai, the Paris of the East, along its beautiful row of buildings on the waterfront, and called The Bund, surprised even the muchly thrilled Chamber of Commerce Party.

The American Consul, C. T. Cunningham, was very ill, but his wife gave us a reception. A dinner by the Chinese Chamber of Commerce and an examination of trade exhibits followed.

The six physicians of the party received their biggest surprise at the Chinese Theatre when, in the middle of the performance, a large towel that had evidently been dipped in warm water, was passed around to the audience so that the theatre-goers might wipe off the perspiration or beads of excitement from their faces and hands. The towel was a rich shade of brown by the time it reached our party. Germs? Why they never thought of such a thing and seem to feel, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

If Shanghai thrilled us, Hongkong fascinated us, when we ascended in a railroad something like our Tamalpais cars to the peak. To reach the very top, cozy wicker chairs, mounted on bamboo poles, carried by two coolies, are necessary. The movement of the chair while descending reminds one of a ride on a rather old, single-gaited horse.

Our party will always associate Macao, China, with "Dante's Inferno." To see the half-clothed Chinese bending over their open fires in the opium

factory, to see children soldering the covers of the little boxes their brothers have just finished mixing and filling, will always be an awful, vivid picture in our memories.

The cigar factory also seemed a fine sample of what some good people wish us to believe awaits the wicked. Babies, not able to walk, are busy working beside their mothers stripping the tobacco leaf from the stems.

If the cigar and opium factories shocked us, the firecracker factory appalled us. A crowd of youngsters huddled in a tiny, filthy room filled with powder, were working with wonderful dexterity, ceaselessly putting fuses in firecrackers. No one seemed to notice or care if a visitor might carelessly let a light fall from a cigar or drop a match. Many of us decided that perhaps the proverb: "If you want to make a Chinese happy, just buy him a coffin," is not so far off, because death to many of them looks much more attractive than life. We were told that if a Chinese falls off his sampan, his neighbor does not try to save him. That would be a "Bad Joss" as they say and would incur the wrath of the River God, who pulled him in. Then, too, the rescuer would have to support him for the rest of his days.

The Homeward Trip Chapter VIII

The Stop at Singapore

They say that anticipation is half of enjoyment, but the Chamber of Commerce Party never could have imagined the pleasure we were to have in Singapore, although the expected palms waved greetings from the shore as an indication of the tropical scenes we were to see.

We had heard it said that, "He who tries to hurry the Orient shall come to a speedy grave," and we thought there must be some truth in it, when at the junction of two busy streets we saw a lazy native peacefully reposing, on his cot bed, in the middle of two lines of traffic. Nice quiet spot for a nap, while the sun was beating down with such force that the men of the party drew their new helmets well down over their heads. Stanley, exploring darkest Africa, could not have heard more precautions and sunstroke warnings, than the men of this party. But the guide-book authors do not seem to care whether the sun strikes the women or not. Guess they believe that the women's hair will protect them, or, perhaps, it is reasoned, that as the ships usually touch China first, (one of the greatest hair markets of the world), the women cheated by nature, are supposed to have gotten a goodly supply before they reach Singapore.

But do not let this give our friends the idea that the women were neglected in Singapore. They say there are only three unmarried white girls left in that city and that these are taking their time about deciding upon which of the army of males they will select. One fine looking chap told a group of ladies of our party that it was two months before he learned that in order to secure dances with the popular matrons, it was necessary to phone the week before the dance to find out

whether he was to be favored with the sixth or seventh or ninth dance.

Now before any girl who chances to read the foregoing and packs her trunks for this tropical spot, let me warn her that it is so hot that the powder stays on about as well as water on a duck's back, and a lizard is liable to drop in her lap at any time. At least that is what happened to the smallest debutante of our party, Miss Sallie Glide, at one of the dances given in honor of the San Francisco Delegates. And while some of the young couples of our party were strolling through the wonderful botanical gardens admiring the Travelers Palm, whose fan-shaped branches are said to be the compass of the desert, as their branches always point east and West, a family of wild monkeys (with the baby monkeys clinging to the mothers' breasts) crossed the path. And a little further on a snake charmer giving his cobras an airing, was encountered. If the element of danger appeals to her, then this is the place for her, for she may expect to see one of these big snakes unaccompanied by its master at any time if she ventures in the thicket. And just a short trip out of the city is the tiger in his native jungle. Phil Lyon and Carl Westerfeld went on a hunt, but H. J. Judell came nearest to killing one. He shot between the eyes, as the guide directed, but missed the brute.

The variety and brilliancy of the clothing of the cosmopolitan inhabitants rivals the scarlets and greens of the botanical gardens. The natives, perhaps, try to make up in vivid coloring what they lack in quantity. Others are entirely unadorned and most of the children are also naked.

Alfred Esberg, C. B. Lastrete, Dwight Grady and J. Parker-Currier were given a dinner at the executive mansion of the English governor, Sir Laurence Guillemard. This was the first time that American travelers were so honored.

The Chinese Chamber of Commerce gave a beautiful reception to our party. As we entered the banquet hall, the band played the "Star Spangled Banner" and the moving picture machine recorded our activities. Speeches were made and conditions discussed, while the champagne flowed freely. The ladies were given orchids.

Someone remarked that the white people in Singapore seem bent on checking the over-powering heat with internal irrigation. At eleven A. M. all assemble at a special resort for the morning "eye-openers," between twelve and two, business stops in order to give the thirsty inhabitants time for tiffin accompanied by a half dozen whiskeys and sodas or "gin-rickeys"; after four all business ceases for tea, and, if the tea cup appears it is usually accompanied by a substantial stick in it, to rouse drooping spirits. Of course during dinner and the evening Bacchus reigns. Now, I suppose some of you understand why there are so many apparently contented men in Singapore, in spite of the climate.

All the lovers that were accustomed to haunt the top deck, called the "Honey-moon Deck of the Empire State," took rides through the jungle. The tropical moonlight reflecting the palms in the rippling water and the trip through the Gap (a break in the hills disclosing the sea far beyond, as one of the justly famous sunsets was in progress), are said to have done their work, and four couples, the gossips say, are expected to announce their engagements. One of the ship's wits said, "Again the dashing widows have proven far more attractive than some of their unmarried sisters." Mrs. Carrie Schwabacher, offered a linen shower to

the first couple that were married on board, but they all seemed bashful. Louis Mooser suggested that the name of the ship be changed from Empire State to "Vampire State."

Some of our party visited homes in Singapore and found one solution of the "servant problem." In many cases, the mistress of the house pays a No. 1 boy, or upper servant, as you know they call them there, a fixed sum to purchase so many meals and to take the entire responsibility of the buying and running of the house, while she comes and goes and entertains as a guest at a hotel. There are no unexpected huge bills at the end of the month; if the cook leaves, why should she worry, No. 1 boy just gets another.

Chapter IX

Java

Some of the Chamber of Commerce party were frank enough to admit that their most vivid recollections of hearing about Java were, in connection with Moca, together with eggs and toast and the usual accompaniments of the breakfast table, but we were all in for a revelation. The cultivation of the hillsides in Japan is child's play in comparison with the miles upon miles of hills, plateaus and even mountains, all in flourishing rice fields, coffee plantations and sugarcane.

One can now realize what the late Premier Hara of Japan meant, when he is said to have admitted to some intimates that there was no over-population in Japan if only fifteen percent of the vast tracts (61 percent of all Japan) were utilized (as it is in Java), enough space for Japan's growing population could easily be found. It is said that the Japanese Emperor and his advisers will never dispose of this land or allow it to be used.

Our party separated over the land of Java, like the forty tribes of Biblical history. Some went to the famous ruins of Bora Badur erected ages ago, some to Djorka to see the native dances and to see the strange old walled city, where the Sultan, his wives and the fifteen thousand natives, said to be related to him, live. While the Sultan and his harem are seated, cross-legged on the floor, with the Dutch Queen's pictures looking sternly down upon them, the ever waiting counselors of the Sultan squat outside the sacred precincts. These wise-looking old counselors of the Sultan also have their retinue of servants waiting on them - one with a pipe, another with a pillow, still another with a fan, etc., etc. Our delegation was especially honored in being permitted to go in the sacred place where the ancient bedroom is situated. We even spied some harem beauties in the distance.

Those of the party desiring a complete change from the sea, went to the picturesque resort of Garot, perched high up near a volcano. Many of the businessmen stayed right in Batavia to study business conditions. Still others went to the Botanical gardens of Boetenzorg and to see wonderful scenery near Bandoeng, but all attended the ball given for us the night we departed at Batavia.

In starting out in any vehicle in the tropics we were all taken miles out of our way. The drivers never attempted to find out where one wished to go, or listened to one if one tried to make them understand. They start off with a flourish, usually in the wrong direction, before they can be stopped. It makes no difference to them. They know they are hired and that is all they care about. Perhaps this is one reason why Charles Yates unfortunately missed the ship. Constant Meese found the streets apparently deserted one night when our party wished transportation back to the ships but by clapping his hands together, half a dozen rick-shaws came tumbling over each other to get there first. Sometimes the clapping of the hands is not enough to attract the native's attention, as he rarely listens to orders; some of the party say they have found the typical tourist's cane most effective and think they have discovered a real reason for a cane at last.

At Batavia the well-known Captain Edward Salisbury left his world-touring yacht "Wisdom," to join our party. He entertained us in the evenings with weird tales of his adventures in the South Seas, where pigs are exchanged for wives and the wives thus acquired are then put to work to raise more pigs to get new wives.

Saigon

Good students of geography will doubtless recall that the approach to Saigon is through the crookedest river in the world. As I usually "just passed" in this subject, cannot speak with authority, but I will guarantee that it has many more curves than our Tamalpais railroad, advertised all over as being "The crookedest railway on the globe."

So the members of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce tour were busy speculating on just how many turns and twists the Empire State had made before she finally docked at Saigon, when some members of the Saigon Reception committee told us that we were the largest American steamship that ever had landed in port.

Two large busses were placed at the disposal of our delegation. The Cercle Sportivo gave a dance at their club in our honor and two tea dansants were held at the Continental Hotel. Some of the ladies got quite accustomed to the bags of mosquito netting that one slips one's feet in, to evade the pests while dining, but most of us forget to step out, and, for a moment, thought we were in a sack race.

The elephant at the beautiful botanical gardens, that would go and buy himself food when given the proper amount of money was interesting, but he was not the real attraction at Saigon. Our party had been entertained by the Geisha girls, sung almost to distraction (you know it is impolite for the sing-song girls of China to stop singing until requested to stop). We had watched the dancing of the Javanese and Philippine Ballerinas, but, we had to come here to see the real French girls. We now understand why many of our soldiers came home with French wives - "vamp" is the only word we could think of in describing every one of them. Never before had we seen so many picture hats.

What fun we all had airing our moth-eaten French. (Here I am not

referring to the few of our party that speak French fluently.) And it was several days before some of us stopped calling the Chinese cabin-boys "Garcon."

Perhaps, to show that the San Francisco committee appreciated the distinction of being on board a ship fifteen feet longer than any other American steamer to make that port, we broke off part of the propeller as a souvenir in departing.

Chapter X

Manila

Never were more elaborate preparations made to receive our big delegation. Some said it was a wise precaution to have the day the Philippine Chamber of Commerce were to entertain us before the publishing of the "Wood-Forbes Report;" but after the report had been made public we found the laughter and shouts of "Viva" (long life) from the children and the heartfelt greetings of their elders, were cordiality and good-fellowship personified.

We were told that there were three times the number of people in Java as in the Philippines, but that the Philippines could easily support a population of 50,000,000. We were so glad to hear this, as there are more babies there than any other place in the Orient, with the exception of Japan

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