

JAPANESE IN SAN FRANCISCO

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

San Francisco, Cal., May 13.—Trade unionism flourishes in San Francisco, and it is organized labor that the activity of the anti-Japanese agitation may be traced. The Asiatic Exclusion League is an international organization, including Canada with the United States, but it finds most of its support among the organized labor men of this city. The nation-wide interest which has been aroused in the question of Japanese exclusion, despite the fact that it has been throtted in Congress, is indicated by the correspondence of this league. In one month this year requests for information on the subject were received from thirty-six States. Of these requests there were 119 from debating societies, 72 from high schools, 67 from universities, and 23 from individuals. To all such requests for information the league officers send out bulletins of literature covering every phase of the question.

This literature bases its anti-Asiatic opposition on a frankly racial antagonism. But its supporting arguments usually deal with the economic problems involved. The trades unions are against the Japanese in San Francisco for the two efficient reasons that the Japanese will work for lower wages, and they will not be bound by the rules of organized labor. Even in San Francisco everybody does not agree with the trades unions, but it is very difficult to find any one who does not see with them on the Japanese question. Housekeepers because they are easy to get among the loudest in their denunciation of the Japanese faults. Only one class of San Franciscans are heard to say a good word for the Japanese, and that class is made up of railroad contractors and others who employ laborers on a large scale. Even some of these were a few years ago Chinese foreman of a gang of Japanese workers.

In San Francisco the Japanese are found in practically every trade and calling. A large majority still prefer personal service and are to be found employed as servants in private homes, hotels, and apartment houses. The telephone book discloses the fact that there are sixty-seven professional housecleaning establishments among the Japanese. Investigation shows that practically every one of these establishments is conducted in connection with a tailor shop, a cigar store, or some other business. The proprietor of such a shop gathers about him a number of Japanese, often of the student class, and they live on the premises. When there is a telephone call for the housecleaner, one of the students is sent out.

Many San Francisco people live in apartments, more than in any other city except New York, it is said. Servants are expensive and troublesome, so milady the lighter part of her housework and telephone calls are made by a Japanese housecleaner. A Japanese housecleaner comes to the house to clean up the rest. The trades unions declare that this system of "assisted light housekeeping" has thrown 5,000 servant girls out of employment, and has not saved the employers anything, as housewives who have no cooks are apt to take the family out to restaurants frequently and spend more on one meal than the difference in cost between a white and a Japanese cook. "Nogi in the kitchen" is an established institution, of course, and many housekeepers are proud of their Japanese cooks who stay on the job and do good work. But even these housekeepers are not all white and the Japanese housecleaner is all work and the Japanese housekeeper is all work and the Japanese housekeeper is all work.

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If the Japanese servants remained servants there wouldn't be half so much opposition to them. A Chinese cook once is a Chinese cook always. But a Japanese cook to-day is a shopkeeper to-morrow, and a banker next week, with aspirations for still higher honors. His ambition carries him above a menial position of his own form. Thus he is disliked while he is a servant and hated when he branches out into skilled trades by the cut-price route.

This is the reason why all San Francisco rises up and says it would rather have a dozen Chinese than one Japanese. The Chinese send money to Asia to a greater extent per capita than do the Japanese, they buy more American products, and are in some other ways less desirable than Japanese. But their great virtue in comparison is that they "will stay put." The greater part of the United States never thinks of a Chinese except as a laundryman. The Chinese "washbasin" is always a hand laundry operated on principles as old as cloth and water. The Japanese have a half dozen large steam laundries in San Francisco, and are making it hard sledding for both the steam laundries operated by white labor, and the Chinese hand laundries.

The Japanese steam laundries charge prices lower than the white steam laundries can afford to offer with the high wages which they must pay. Japanese laundry workers are not bound by any notions of unionism, and will work for the best price they can get. If their employer is also a Japanese it is probable that the whole working force will live with the proprietor on the premises. A half dozen men will in this way live for what one ordinary American laborer would spend.

The housecleaners who work out for 25 cents an hour—which is about the standard price—always have some other trade. If a cigar store is the headquarters of the housecleaners there probably is a shoe repairing annex, and when the student housecleaners have a little leisure they will fall to and work at the cobbler's bench. They will work long hours for cheap wages, and they can live on what Americans throw away as waste.

The Japanese restaurants which were the scenes of riots and disorders when the anti-Japanese agitation first began, are still in business, and offer lively competition to cheap Greek eating houses and Italian trattorias. The Japanese possess one virtue which the modern sons of ancient Greece cannot boast of, and that

is cleanliness. Among the cheap restaurants this virtue gives the Japanese an advantage, despite the deep-rooted and probably well-founded suspicion that the Japanese cleanliness is an outward sign rather than an inward grace, a virtue which parades in the dining-room, and is buried in the kitchen.

The Japanese themselves have entirely changed in their attitude toward Americans in the last few months. The cockiness of the period following the war with Russia is still in evidence to some degree, but the aggressive impudence of the young Japanese who affected college clothes and a gentlemanly occupation is no more. He has given way to the suave, smiling Oriental who seeks to restore himself to favor and confidence. This attitude is reflected in the editorial columns of the four Japanese daily newspapers of San Francisco. In discussing the welcome to the fleet, the coming of which everybody in California looked on as a direct result of the quarrel with the Japanese, these Oriental newspaper men were as honeyed as diplomats on the eve of a war. Here are a few extracts as translated into English by Japanese editors:

The Japanese American: "The arrival of the fleet at the coast may act in some way upon the anti-Japanese feeling, and the Japanese are to do their best to extinguish these misunderstandings in the others' minds. For this purpose, to assimilate among the Americans is the first thing of importance, and to entertain the coming fleet, joining the Americans, is a good opportunity to express the real intention of the Japanese."

The Japanese Daily New World: "It seems that the Americans are too afraid of the Japanese, and this led the American to a deep misunderstanding of the purpose of America's sending her Atlantic battle-ship fleet to the Pacific Ocean. A matter becomes very hard to see its real fact when it is met with some misunderstanding. From Japanese point of view, those rumors are worth little to pay attention, but so far as there are many current talkings of these sorts in this country, it should be afraid that they might affect badly upon the solution of the Japanese-American questions. Therefore, it is very important for the Japanese to try to let the others keep out of unfriendly feelings."

The Soko Shinbun: "It is very often that an extra-ordinal plan is accomplished by some displeasing talking, but we Japanese are too broad-minded to take importance of these current talkings. American international commercial policy is too above board to doubt, and the thoughts of the Americans for justice and freedom are the proof against these misunderstandings. The mingling and harmonization of Occidental and Oriental civilization can be expected when Japan and America fraternize together. The first beam of universal peace would appear when the defense along the coast is done for the purpose of peace making, being far off of the means of aggression."

This, then, is the Japanese situation in San Francisco. There is no longer danger of riots and bloodshed. But the large majority of the people regard the Japanese residents with distrust, and are unalterably opposed to further immigration. American international commercial policy is too above board to doubt, and the thoughts of the Americans for justice and freedom are the proof against these misunderstandings. The mingling and harmonization of Occidental and Oriental civilization can be expected when Japan and America fraternize together. The first beam of universal peace would appear when the defense along the coast is done for the purpose of peace making, being far off of the means of aggression."

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To-morrow—The New San Francisco.

FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

A matron who has been accustomed to employ the highest priced dressmakers began to feel the pinch of a dwindling income two years ago, and immediately set about the study of economy. She began properly with her private expenses, but being young and pretty, she wanted to keep up to her former standard of good dressing. Expensive dressmakers were out of the question, of course, and while her wardrobe was ample and stylish, it would not last forever without additions and alterations.

She was rather ignorant in the art of needlework, but she was fortunate in the possession of a good machine and a clever friend. She learned to run the former and from the latter secured a knowledge of the art of using paper patterns and cutting and making simple garments. She began with the easiest and fitted them to a form made on the lines of her figure, and I must confess that she looks as smart as ever, even though her clothing costs only a fractional part of what she used to spend on her wardrobe.

When she gets into difficulty she calls upon her friend for assistance in the fitting of waists and jackets and the hanging of skirts, but the demands are growing fewer as she becomes familiar with the secrets of dressmaking. I fancy a good many women materially assist in the manufacture of their own clothing. Paper patterns are well-nigh perfect, and a sister, mother, or friend can do the necessary fitting without having to know much of a dressmaker's trade.

I know a pretty woman who is positively gifted in the way of making up a wardrobe. I met her at a luncheon the other day, and every article she wore, save shoes, hosiery, and gloves, she had made for herself. She knits her shirts, makes her underclothing, cuts and makes gaiters to accompany each frock, and makes her frocks, coats, and hats. She designs dainty handkerchiefs and neckerchiefs and girdles, sews bits of fur into fetching shapes, and even makes her corsets.

She was rich once upon a time and bought expensive articles, and when the necessity for retrenchment arose she ripped up those choice garments and used them as patterns. She prefers the corsets she makes by means of an old and costly pair to the cheaper ones she can now afford. She makes petticoats of cotton from a silk model that cost \$45 when she was rich, and the gathering is done by hand. Good fur lasts many years, and can be turned to many accounts, and she had a good supply of it and the odds and ends she uses in millinery. She is a picture of style and elegance, and nobody sees the home-made stamp on one of her garments. Did I not say that she was clever? That proves it.

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Music and Dancing Features of Steamer St. Johns Excursions. Music and dancing will be added attractions to the trip that the big steamer St. Johns will make on the river Thursday evening, when several hours of pleasure can be found. These evening dancing trips of the big steamer have always been popular, and the new management of the Washington and Potomac Steamboat Company will leave nothing undone to make them more so. The big main deck of the steamer has been smoothed and waxed until it is like a piece of glass. The steamer will leave her wharf at 6:45 p. m. and will reach home on the return trip at 11 p. m. Stops will be made at Alexandria both going and returning.

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The long, graceful lines that are fashionable this season are admirably illustrated in this charming gown, which is made of the new mirage silk. The jumper is the latest development of this popular style, and is intended to be slipped on over the head. It is tucked on the shoulder and slightly full at the waistline, the effect being most becoming. The skirt is cut in the new three-fold mode, and is trimmed with a bias pleated arrangement in tunic or overskirt effect, while it may be made in medium sweep or round length. A lingerie or lace gumpie or underbust may be worn with

the jumper, or one of this silk or crepe de chine. The dress is at its best in the new Oriental silk, but any soft-textured fabric would serve. For the medium size two yards of 20-inch goods are needed for the jumper, and 10/4 yards of the same width for the skirt. Two patterns—6115, seven sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure; 6117, seven sizes, 22 to 34 inches waist measure. The price of these patterns is 20 cents, but either will be sent upon receipt of 10 cents to the Pattern Department, The Washington Herald, 734 Fifteenth street northwest, giving numbers (6115-6117) and size wanted.

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THE SOUL OF CROESUS

BY GERALD VILLIERS-STUART.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

He was about to leave the shop when an idea occurred to him. "Repeat that order every day till further orders. You can easily keep informed of Lady Donoye's address. Send your bills in to my London secretary, at the Ritz." "Lucky invisible soap is cheap," observed Lord Ancester, as they walked away. "I thought that shopman's hands would have come off—he must have used a ton. But white lilies, with a red rose in the heart of them, coming every day to a girl from a man while he is working his way eastward, via Vienna, Budapest, and Constantinople! Abdul von Tarsenhelm should have a testimonial. Vandraken—he certainly should have a testimonial."

When the two men had left the house Lady Donoye went to her boudoir smoking-room. She found her daughter sitting on the sofa by the tea table. In the small room, whose only note of color was furnished by the blue and white dress she was wearing, she was seated, like a turquoise. Lady Donoye had come gaily to the door; she had not changed since she came in from her drive, and in her softly-mantled dress—mauve, into which brown was artistically blended—and a suggestion of veils and chiffons of the same tints, looked wonderfully girlish.

"What is it, dear?" asked her mother, coming forward and sitting down beside her. "Why don't you understand?" "Why I should be drawn down into the life of a man like Mr. Vandraken, knowing there is evil in it. It is as though I was being vilified by some force stronger than I am able to open a door behind which are terrible creatures, and release some whimpering, thing which is locked up with them. I don't want to go to that door, and yet something in Mr. Vandraken is pleading to come to me, to open it. I am drawn toward that man by invisible hands which are stronger than the fear which holds me back."

Lady Donoye looked troubled as she took her daughter's hand. "You are being analyzed the mystery of affinites, dear. You are trying to make blind destiny see. We are links in an endless chain, Kitty, and it is not given us to choose our fellow-links. If we hammer blows hurt when the links are welded, it is only the links that feel; the great chain is not influenced, it does not pause in its revolutions. But, dear me! she added, dropping her serious tone, "how naughty of you, Kitty! You are actually being sensible again! I have sworn never to be sensible again! I am getting too old to be serious. Laughter is the only weapon that you can fight fate with—it is like threatening Satan with the crucifix. Laugh with Mr. Vandraken, marry Mr. Vandraken, but for goodness sake, don't love Mr. Vandraken!"

"But if it is my destiny? Oh, mamma, have you lived all these years without being able to answer one question? Are we stronger than our destiny?—are we?" She clasped her mother's hand desperately, as though she would wring the knowledge from her. "If you are driving down Piccadilly in a hansom, and another hansom runs into yours and locks wheels, you can't escape being tangled up with the other hansom, but you needn't fall in love with the man inside that hansom." Lady Kitty dropped her mother's hand, and made a despairing gesture. "You are too whimsical to be any use as a mother."

"I am sorry you don't think I shine as a parent, Kitty, but I assure you I pass on to you exactly as much information about the heart of things as one generation ever does pass on to another, and that is just about nothing. If when Mr. Vandraken comes to call again?" Before Kitty could answer, a footman entered, carrying an enormous bunch of white lilies, with one red rose in the center. Lady Donoye looked at the card which bore the name of "From Mr. Vandraken, Kitty." Then she turned it over, and read on the back: "I am off to Paris to-morrow with Lord Ancester, but the lilies will grow just the same. Don't turn them away, I'll shine as a parent," murmured Lady Donoye. "That looks promising."

"I wonder why he put a red rose in the middle of the lilies, mamma? What a wonderful perfume it has!" "He is a curious mixture, that young man," answered Lady Donoye, as she lit a Russian cigarette.

CHAPTER XIII.

Fabian Dare had left von Tarsenhelm's lodgings in a dazed condition, like a man who has not fully recovered from a narcotic. Before the operation he had planned what he would do if he survived it; these plans he now instinctively carried out; otherwise he was incapable of initiating action. He called a hansom, and mumbled the name of a hotel which he had always frequented in his prosperous days. The cabman, with that unerring instinct,

amounting to telepathy—which he shares with the telegraph clerk—for picking your true meaning from a chaos of sounds and scratches, drove Dare to the very hotel he wanted, where the bedroom and sitting-room he had been in the habit of occupying when in town were at his service. It was one of those small, dingy, comfortable hotels, where the proprietor is not a limited company, but a human being like his guests, and the waiters are not labeled "Made in Germany." The proprietor had missed Mr. Dare lately, regretted to see he was not looking well—being overworking at college, no doubt. Fabian Dare made some incoherent reply. The man seemed to know him intimately, whereas he had no recollection of the man at all. He tried to think backwards, and ran up against a blank wall. Mumbling some words which he hoped were in keeping with what the hotel proprietor was saying, he was conducted to his room.

He wanted to be left alone, to batter at that blank wall. It is a terrible feeling to suddenly realize that we have been deprived of our past, for that is our personality, of that we are consciously created. The instinct to preserve it is the instinct of self-preservation at its strongest. In the brown-hued sitting-room, with his eyes fixed on the hanging prism of the glass candelabra which bedazzled the white mantelpiece, Fabian Dare sat through that summer evening and fought for his past, clawing at the blank wall like a prisoner burrowing for freedom.

He took out his roll of notes and counted them over and over, examining each one carefully, as though it would give him a clue. Against the chaos of his mind the somber figure and mocking face of Abdul von Tarsenhelm looked out with the awful distinctness of a fiend invoked on a dark room. As the actual Von Tarsenhelm acceded, Fabian began to think of him as the devil, to whom he had sold himself—the notes as the price of his soul. Then he took out his diary. At first it only seemed like a notebook picked up in the street; the emotions recorded in it the emotions of a stranger. But, in the end, with the help of the scattered mosaics into a pattern of his past. He remembered his life at Oxford, his desire to express all the thoughts and dreams which were fermenting in him through the medium of the pulpit. Then the crashing around him of the world which had seemed so secure from his sheltered corner of it. Then the hard realities of the real world, the sense of discovery that he could not of himself get a foothold on its slippery rocks. His diary guided him up to the moment when he had entered the room with the glass case, and seen the man in the motor mask—the man who seemed to embody the oppressive forces which had dragged him to his doom. He remembered that he had been given a chance to escape, then a girl coming in whose eyes had pleaded with his that he should escape, but only had the contrary effect of chaining him to the money he had taken. She had represented something wonderful, something which would make ten thousand pounds and life worth owning.

He remembered entering the glass case and a great darkness settling down on him, the darkness which was still there, like a fathomless chasm, across which he had looked in vain. Then life beginning on this side of the chasm, with a feeling that he had wronged some one terribly. Why?—and why had he thrown himself on his knees at the feet of the girl for whom he had sold himself, only to find that she no longer had any meaning for him—that he had been, somehow, cheated of the real price of his soul? What had been done to him during those hours of darkness that made him feel such a stranger to himself? His brain seemed to belong to him, but his personality felt like a garment he had put on by mistake, a garment which nearly fitted him, but not quite. Puzzling, puzzling, his weary brain went to sleep. The unconscious cerebration which takes place in sleep had cleared his brain

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