

Romantic Wedding of a Los Angeles Society Girl and a Japanese

An Educated Little Brown Man From the Land of the Mikado Defies the State Law Prohibiting Marriages of Whites and Mongolians.



University, and descendant from a Japanese family of noble rank, has long defiance in the teeth of the State law of California. A Japanese has married one of the state's fairest daughters, Thirza May Epperson.

Los Angeles has yielded up a beautiful maiden to its most select social circles, and Adachi has won her to wife. The union was not made without difficulty. As of yore, the path of true love was found to be full of howlers. A score of

Are Japanese Mongolians?

from a Samurian family of Japan, his father a nobleman in the land of the lotus, Adachi has passed through the city of New York at his feet. His Japanese stories are eagerly sought for by the magazine barons. Specimen stories from his pen have appeared in all of the high class Eastern magazines within the past two years.

In the same fashion that Frank Norris and Jack London and Booth Tarkington are bound by golden chains to the McClure printing press, Adachi Kinnosuke was taken and is kept. The McClures have just published a complete book of his stories under the title of "Iroka: or, Tales of Japan."

Adachi is a Japanese scholar and an English litterateur, but the biggest part of the population of California would call him a Mongolian—and when he came to marry a California white girl of good family the law said "No!" Said it emphatically, too.

Adachi is handsome as a young god, with features finely chiseled, eyes that gleam with the light of superb intelligence, and in whose depths glint the soul

who would bar a Japanese gentleman from his true love just because their heart first beat under different flags.

If California law forbade his marriage to one of his daughters, why, there are other States than California, and other lands, even than the United States.

But a short hundred miles from Los Angeles is the border line between California and Mexico. The law-makers of old Mexico feared that to impose any restriction on the marital propensities of their people for the foreigner within their gates.

"We will go to Mexico, at once," cried Adachi, "take with us a Justice of the Peace from San Diego and be married at Otis, just across the border."

The plan looked good. It savored of romance, and Thirza Epperson was not averse to a bit of genuine romance.

"It seems exactly like a story, doesn't it, Adachi?" she said with a little wriggle of excitement.

"More beautiful than the old romances of knights and ladies," quoth he, with a glow that showed even through the bronze of him.

"But it's so unconventional and uncertain," she demurred.

"Nothing is uncertain when we love and will," he blazed on. He is a poet, you know, and it is said that they always make love very nicely. They have a way of winning out.

The maiden's mother didn't know, hesitated, was lost.

Adachi was in transports of delight. At that stage he took General H. G. Otis, editor of the Los Angeles Times, into his confidence. It may be said, in passing, that Adachi's first stories were given to General Otis' paper two years ago. Now Adachi is literary editor of the Times and a favorite presence of the military editor. He did not think about the romance—romances are not particularly in his line—but the savor of matrimony in the affair took his fancy mightily. He twinkled two shiny eyes under his big eyebrows and he braced himself as if he were going to meet Philipino.

"Let's get ahead of them," he chuckled. General Otis has abundant resources of various sorts. His attorney, ex-United States Senator Stephen M. White, was at the service of the young people in the matter. The legality of their moves was approved by this eminent counsel and by General Otis himself.

Then off for Mexico.

But again there rose in the path of true love more forbidding rocks.

The Justice of the Peace in San Diego couldn't see his way clear to crossing the line with these young people and tying an American marriage knot on Mexican soil. He was like the County Clerk and District Attorney of Los Angeles. Nothing in the way of a sweet conclusion could convince him that the right thing for him to do was to let him across the border, marry these impatient youngsters and take his fat for granted.

He had always pigeonholed Chinese and Japanese together.

He was not able to see that Adachi was a gentleman and a scholar. To him almond eyes, straight hair, high cheekbones and dark face told one prosaic fact:

"Jap."

Again there was trouble. While it is not of record, one can fancy that Adachi breathed a few high-class Japanese expletives at this legal canine in San Diego whose obstinacy was balking the game. Once again he must devise a plan to quiet and soothe mamma, her daughter and push this search for a marriage license and a priest to a swift conclusion. Adachi it will be conceded, was certainly treading on very thin ice at this particular juncture. In his momentous moments knights who won their ladies at the point of the sword, or may be in the field of some sternly military contest, he managed, many a time and oft, to extricate a hero, sound on every part of his anatomy, and bearing the maiden of his heart in safety to the ancestral hall.

But he had never imagined a campaign where a Japanese knight would have to joust with an American State law at the soil of Mexico and then began anew his hunt for a complaisant functionary and a tolerant priest.

The Mexican project was given up. Adachi cast one last longing look at the soil of Mexico and then began anew his hunt for a complaisant functionary and a tolerant priest.

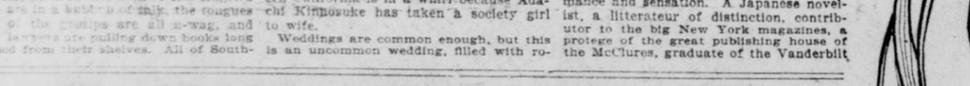
The wires were made to burn with messages from him to the Governor of the State and to his lieutenant, the Governors of other States. The telephone bell rang vigorously at Adachi's behest, and communication was established with the most eminent officials throughout almost the entire West.

Then came success.

It came in insignificant, unpretentious way. There was not a solitary particle of romance at the end. No foreign state and no priest was the object of his Adachi Kinnosuke wed the American girl from Los Angeles. In a very simple manner the news came to the parties on matrimony bent that the County Clerk of San Bernardino County would grant Adachi a license. Somebody, in a fit of desperation, had included this County Clerk in the list of those queried for information respecting their opinion about a Japanese student's marrying a white American society girl.

This County Clerk was willing. Oh, joyful tidings and news of very great import to two fond hearts.

The trains of Southern California whirled the young people to Riverside; the precious license was obtained without a struggle. Rev. A. C. Williams, one of the most prominent Methodist ministers of California, now resident in Riverside, united Adachi Kinnosuke and Thirza May Epperson in the bonds of holy matrimony. And so they were married and lived happy ever after, which last, of course, remains to be seen.



WHAT ADACHI KINNOBUKE HAS TO SAY ABOUT HIS MARRIAGE.

IT is preposterous, this notion that the law of California forbidding the wedding of Mongolians and Caucasians should be supposed to bar a Japanese from such a marriage as mine. I am confident no such intention was in the minds of the California men who made the law. The best authorities on ethnology do not include the Japanese in the Mongolian division. As for my marriage to Miss Epperson that, it seems to me, is little of any one's affair but hers, her family's and mine. A man does well to be humble in his honeymoon. It is fitting that he consider himself most favored among gods and men, but at the same time it is hardly permitting justice to the family of which I have the honor to be a member to allow the notion to obtain in the minds of such Americans as have interested themselves in our marriage that a Japanese gentleman may not be worthy of the hand of the best woman that walks the earth in any land. It pleased heaven to make the family to which I belong one of the Samurais, or nobility of Japan. For centuries its members have been among the good and wise and great of my country. They have made history recognize them. Their country knows them. Fate has taken me from them and brought me to this land and has done many, many other strange things with me. And I am not sorry for many reasons—my wife is one. Several years ago, after graduating from the Vanderbilt University in Nashville, I came to Southern California and decided upon letters as my life work. I thought I saw the possibility of writing fiction, which often tells a truer truth than history, which should give the English-speaking peoples of the world a new impression and idea of Japan. I have begun that task. It has been approved by the heavenly powers apparently, for friends have been raised up among the literary men and women of the country who think it well to encourage the mission I undertake. The magazines and the publishers are acquiescent in the plan. The Japanese stories I write are apparently welcomed in these quarters, and I am grateful, because their publication brings nearer the fulfillment of my ambition—the hope of providing other nations than Japan with a new knowledge of my country's career and character. As for my marriage, that should not be discussed before a million eyes. It is accomplished and there is a great deal of happiness in Los Angeles accordingly. My marriage will not interfere in the slightest with my plans or hopes of a career. It is possible that we shall go East soon. The McClure publishing firm has wanted me to write for them a work, "America Seen Through Japanese Eyes." To do so it will be necessary to travel extensively through America. That would be a charming bridal tour, perhaps. Do I think the legality of my marriage will be questioned in California? Certainly not!



seemingly insurmountable obstacles had to be brushed aside, one by one, before the two hearts, one from the Orient and one from the sunny south, were allowed to beat as one.

The tale of the marriage, with its antecedent courtship, its stormy path to the altar, its promise of future sensational developments, and the past history of each party to the unique marriage, is one of romantic interest.

Miss Epperson, that was, has the blood of one of the great families of the South in her veins. She is beautiful, 20 years old and a favorite of society.

Adachi Kinnosuke is considered by cool, keen critics one of the rising and promising men of American letters. Sprung

might be quickly withdrawn at the tidings of Adachi's plight in the County Clerk's office.

For if this suttler for her daughter's hand, despite his fine breeding and scholarly attainments and his name in American letters was deemed by a public official in authority incompetent to marry the girl, what else might follow?

The magic of the feelings of Adachi and his maiden fair, with this prospect ahead of them.

The District Attorney of Los Angeles County was consulted by the frayed Japanese lover. The clerk agreed to issue the license so ardently craved, if the attorney should so advise. But the attorney hesitated. Then Adachi poured in broadside after broadside of argument to prove that the most expert ethnologists do not regard the Japanese as Mongolians. All the dictionaries and encyclopedias had to say on the subject was at Adachi's tongue's end and Attorney Rives got the benefit of it.

But still he was obdurate.

"If you will bring a suit to test the case," said the conservative attorney "and it is decided in your favor, all will be well."

"I guess not," quoth the Oriental pleader. "You might persuade a man who was perishing of thirst on a desert to bring suit to test his right to drink, but you can't persuade me to do so."

That sounded very well, but when officials have the upper hand, logic is sometimes wasted on them. It was \$6 in this case. No license was forthcoming.

Then what to do? Miss Epperson was very neatly prostrated with the excitement and the fatigue of the affair. And Adachi, comparatively ignorant of American legal technicalities and political machinery, a scholar and not a practical fellow—what was there for him to do? A great deal. Right there he showed the stuff that is in him. He proved that brave heart deserves and usually will win fair lady. He developed a plan that was in the nature of a campaign against those

great scholars vie in doing honor to this young Japanese chap whose grip of Japanese folklore and modern literature and tongues is a marvelous thing; but scholars do not issue marriage licenses in California, else Adachi's pursuit of his lady love might have ended much sooner than it did.

What the Bride Herself Has to Say.

I HOPE that every girl may go. His country shall be my country. I know him so well and trust him so fully, and—that is the whole husband. Where he goes, I will

What the Bride's Mother Thinks.

IT is natural for an American mother to wish her daughter to marry an American gentleman. Miss Thirza's family is a distinguished one and it was with great reluctance that my consent was gained to her marriage to Mr. Adachi, though I admire him

greatly and esteem him as a high-minded man, a scholar and a brilliant author. Upon consultation with my father, who advised that the marriage be permitted if Thirza really loved Mr. Adachi, I gave my consent and was present at the ceremony.

THE CURSE OF THE SPANIARDS SEEMED TO FOLLOW THE CABLE STEAMER HOOKER.

THE destruction of the cable steamer Hooker on Corregidor Island, Manila Bay, was either a fulfillment of a prophetic threat or an interesting coincidence.

When she was captured from the Spaniards, one of the officers, protesting in his native tongue against the loss of his beautiful ship, said: "Take her, but beware of the vengeance of El Corregidor" (the punisher).

It was, of course, only a retributive justice to which he referred, but it is not the less true that a real corregidor should have torn her to bits in his rocky teeth.

Corregidor Island failed to stop some ships that passed in the night, but it recaptured from the Americans one vessel which Spain lost to them.

I was on board of the Hooker when she was wrecked on Corregidor.

She had been originally the Spanish steamer Panama. Captured early in the war, she was taken to New York and fitted for cable-laying.

The waterproof combination on the outside of the submarine telegraph wires requires to be kept constantly under water to prevent it from cracking after it is once put in place.

To preserve the cable properly the steamer was fitted with two immense tanks, one in the fore and one in the after hold, each of which was big enough to hold one hundred and ten miles of shore cable. That amount of deep-sea cable would not be a heavy load, as it is made much lighter, being far removed from the destructive influences of surging waves, tilting rocks and marine animals, to say nothing of anchors of vessels, which are so destructive to the shore ends of all marine cables.

When the cable was coiled into the ship, the vast weight centered in the two spots caused her to sag out of shape and begin leaning.

She would have gone to the bottom had they not braced her up internally with beams and trusses.

We left Manila on August 11, to work on the Hongkong cable, and were passing through a rather ticklish narrows between Corregidor and Caballo Islands in the mouth of Manila Bay, when the haze began to thicken and the steamer was put under a slow bell.

The sea was perfectly calm, so there were no waves or breakers to mark the rocks with their white suds. The threatening danger caused us to take unusual care on the lookout ahead as she forged into the narrow channel.

Suddenly came that terrible cry, the most frightful of all known among the many terrors of the sea:

"Breakers ahead!"

Before a thing could be done we had gone on the rocks with such force that the vessel took a heavy list to starboard. Our tender, the former Spanish gunboat Espana, came up and ran out a hawser to help us back off. In trying to tow us clear she fouled on the rocks herself and received some damage.

That ended all chances for us.

A typhoon came up and struck the ship, lying helpless and immovable. The storm increased rapidly until the channel was churned into seething foam and the sea drove in roaring masses over the wreck, which was trembling and groaning from stem to stern.

The day after the storm decreased and some of us went back on board, venturing the hazardous trip for the purpose of taking these photographs for souvenirs of the vengeance of El Corregidor on our once beautiful ship.

M. BRUST.

