



JAPAN'S MARINE

Taking for granted that the war is over except for signing the treaty, the eyes of the world are directed toward the probable policy of Japan in developing the Orient. In exploiting Korea, Manchuria and China, the Japanese merchant marine will, therefore, play the most important part, and hence a recent article in the Ost Asien of Berlin on the development of the Japanese commercial fleet is of particular interest. Kiak Tamai says that "under the rule of Tokugawa Japan only traded with China and Korea, as any attempt to trade with other countries was punishable with death. In consequence of this severe law the people of Japan lost the desire to go beyond China and Korea until in 1868 the great change came which opened Japan to European culture. With this innovation began a period of great prosperity for the Japanese merchant marine. In 1873 the first Japanese navigation company was formed, the Yubin-jokisen Kaisha, but the company had only a few ships, so that Americans and British remained absolute lords of the ocean and coastwise trade. In 1874, however, a wise and prudent samurai, Yataro Iwasaki, formed a navigation company known as the Mitsu-bishi Kaisha, which soon became powerful and absorbed the first company.

"The war with China in Formosa in 1874 was of great importance to Iwasaki. At that time he purchased a number of ships and undertook the transportation of supplies for the army. It was then that he really laid the foundation for the native merchant marine.

The most important event in the further development of the Japanese merchant marine was the second war with China, which took place from June 1894, to May, 1895. The importance of this war is proved by the following figures: The end of 1893 the total tonnage was 167,000; May, 1894, 331,819; May, 1895, 314,512; end of 1895, 331,000. The Japanese merchant marine in a single year doubled its tonnage and Japanese transoceanic lines now extend to Europe, America, Australia, the East Siberian coast, to Saghalien, Korea and China.

In 1896 the government passed a law for the purpose of favoring the home shipbuilding trade, and this law granted particular subsidies. Up to this time in Japan there had only been one wooden vessel of 1000 tons built, but since the passage of the bill Japan has made immense strides in the shipbuilding art. Thus, for example, many ships are now built in Japan of more than six and seven thousand tons, and the Japanese docks are as well equipped as any in Europe. The first of January, 1904, the total tonnage of the merchant marine was 637,269 tons, or four times as much as before the war with China, and January, 1905, the total tonnage was 791,057 tons. To this must be added a tonnage of 320,000 representing sailing vessels built after European models.

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THE MAN AND THE BEAST

Bill the Sagebrush Philosopher Writes of the Prospector and the Burro

High up on the mountain side I see two figures—a man and a beast. Though in seeming contrast with the glories of nature as here outlined in towering cliff, quakenasp grove, pine-encompassed glade and smiling valley, yet to we who know the west the picture would not be complete without. To these two the world owes its material, lasting wealth. Without them cities would never have been built—solitude would still brood over vast areas of lustrous landscape, unbroken save as the eagle called to his mate before their advent. They have brought employment and prosperity to countless thousands—established commonwealths and influenced and oft times controlled the destiny of nations—these two. The twin giants of manufacture and commerce but await their nod, and behind them are massed the conquering armies of labor. Behold the prospector and his burro—the man greater than a king because he creates, and the beast his patient and faithful helpmate and friend.

There is snow in the mountains—plenty, in the gulches and timber which, in response to the summons of a kindly sun, is starting hourly on its long journey to the sea. But plain and foothill are ablaze with bloom and rampant verdure, and crest and slopes are bare. Nature's treasure vaults are open once more to him whose practical eye holds the key—the prospector who, with his four-footed comrade, takes up again that never-ending quest which fans and keeps alight the financial fires of the world. Life as we know it interests him but little; for months he may never see the face of his kind. It is the isolation of the wilderness he seeks—the unexplored of which he is in search—the unsuspected he would prove and possess. He is the very personification of hope—ever in pursuit of that fickle goddess whose favors are given to so few. Years may elapse without a lucky strike—oft times a lifetime of privation and patient endeavor without reward. But there is still the will-o'-the-wisp of anticipation which ever leads him afar—which makes hardship and disappointment mere incidents leading up to a life of luxury and success—happy through it all because he lives in a land of pleasures and dreams and close to nature.

Many people class the miner with the prospector. This is a mistake. The prospector is the pioneer and discoverer—the miner the laborer who follows after. The miner is a skilled rock breaker, who works for a day's wage in a mine already made, and with every modern appliance and aid at his command. There is no element of chance in his vocation. He is employed only after uncertainty becomes a reality, and his work is merely the round of a human machine. He must have courage, skill and endurance—the which are paid for, however, at so much per shift. There is no pot of gold at the end of his rainbow—only a stipulated per diem and a pay day. But it is the prospector who first finds and who with his pick, powder, gad, single jack and drill, develops. His patient, ceaseless search for months and mayhap years—his the task to rustle a grubstake while proving the prospect—his the loss if, as too often happens, his pay streak peters out and nothing is left as the result of his labor save a barren hole in the earth—sulphides of slow starvation—pities of poverty—a disappointment which to others would mean disaster, but which to him is a story twice told, and which he accepts with fore-ordained resignation. And if a mine, he seldom reaps his full reward; but often soon broke and off again into the hills with his long-eared comrade—ever an optimist and more certain of his Golden-Eden than ever. I have often wondered whence comes this confidence. No other man has it. Years of fruitless toil and effort but bring him nearer the goal of ultimate realization. Disappointment but serves to whet anticipation—others have, and he will. Can it be that there abides a real goddess of fortune in gulches and granite—alister to

the mermaid by whom the sailor swears—ever tempting and alluring and dominating body and soul—whose smile transcends even that of the siren of the sea and who ever beckons him on with the promises of joys to be? Next to the prospector as a factor in the development of the mineral wealth of the west ranks the burro—his pard, though a beast. Small of body, large of head and elephantine as to ears—wise, courageous, patient, strong, willing, yet written down by those who don't know him as an ass! It is not so, good sire, even if vouched for in the holy writ as the animal the Son of God once rode. Though his name, the word is a misnomer. My friend Charley Wells, who gives the Hassayampa high sign in his sleep and has the Joshua tree of the desert burned on his breast—says he knows more than any other beast, and than most men, and the first allegation in his bill of particulars is that the burro keeps his mouth shut and attends strictly to his own business, the which is a lesson alas, many of us have yet to learn. Guilty, most excellent King Solomon, guilty! The burro is patient even to the stress of forbearance and more faithful than a friend. He it is who totes the prospector's pack o'er cactus-strewn mesa and sun-scoured plain, through fallen and almost impenetrable timber, across gulch and canyon and up precipitous slope to mountain top. Often the only voice the man hears for months is that of the Great Spirit in the clouds and his Rocky Mountain canary. Subsisting solely on scant herbage and occasional bacon rind, often several days without water, yet he never strays far. Though slow and deliberate as befits his serious calling, a prowling bear or sneaking mountain lion will send him into camp for protection with the speed of a winged god. If cornered he fights like a fiend. He has only one mood; is obedient and ready for work, always an optimist, apparently, like his master—withal, his solace and slave. And when the prospect becomes a shipper and until it is reached by wagon or iron rail, it is the burro whose hurricane deck carries the ore to smelter or mill, and machinery or other supplies to the mine. A burro train following a narrow trail winding up the side of the mountain is a sight to see, sure-footed and confident where a slip would mean certain death, and bearing a burden which almost surpasses belief. The prospector will tell you that the burro knows his danger and the limit of his endurance, and that if improperly packed or overloaded he positively refuses to move—that though willing his head is always working. Another damning comparison with the more intelligent brute, man! The breeze freshens; the accentuated fragrance of pine and spruce betokens the approach of twilight. From the west where but a moment ago the sun sank 'neath the world-rim in a blaze of chromatic glory, beautifying sombre hills, empyrean peaks and abrimbs of riven rock with the lustre of burnished brass, whose sinister shapes enshroud the valley with bulky shadows as they crowd the sky. Silence reigns—monolith and man are as naught now beside the advent of the Omnipotent, and cower in abasement both—yonder stand the brazen gates of the immeasurable and inscrutable. But as I watch the grotesque cloud-curtain in which here and there hangs a star, behold, it opens! A marvelous picture unfolds—evanescent and woven of misty shapes and fleeting figures, and yet so unlike. Alone in nature's

vast amphitheatre I witness the pantomime of life in ghostly procession—through which runs the story ever old of happiness and misery, of honors and rapture and damning disgrace—written in bronze and in blood—of man's mad ambition for wealth. I see cities, churches, hospitals, schools—sweat-shops, prisons, the bawdy-houses and the gallows! Oh god of gold! What crimes are committed in thy name! What blessings thy heritage bestows—what sin and suffering and shame and woe man's greed entails! Nature rests—scarce the rustle of a leaf comes to me as I wake from my day-dream. But high up on the mountain side ascends the silken spirals of a camp fire. And beside it, outlined in its ruddy glow, I see two figures—the prospector and his pard!—Bill Barlow's Sagebrush Philosophy.

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The story that he told was that he was on his way to the hop fields to obtain work. Not having the price to cross on a ferry, he stripped, tied his clothing to a log, and attempted to raft himself over. When midway of the stream the log began to sink, hence his cry for help.

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