

CHAPTER I.

I Am Gone Too Far.

Jinshei nami takashi. (Ups and downs of Life are like ocean waves.)

It was the second week in September, one evening, Tomkichi Akayama, was despondently ill, after he had had several hemorrhages. The heat was intense, and the humidity was distressing. There was no air stirring, whatsoever, which added one more vexation for the patient to overcome. No one ever thought he could live another week. He had eight ~~spills~~ within three weeks and was ghostly pale and terribly weak from the loss of blood. For three weeks he had been lying on his back, motionless against four pillows, piled up in such a manner, that his body from the hips up, could be supported at an angle of thirty degrees. Apparently he was resting calmly and peacefully but his mind was very much disturbed and he was extremely nervous. Perhaps Akayama knew, instinctively, that he had gone too far, beyond which, no earthly power could bring him back to health, except by miracle.

His devoted wife, Margaret, in nurse's uniform, sat quietly beside her husband's bedside, watching anxiously for some word or sign. The poor Japanese wife was almost worn out, her eyes were filled with tears, her dark brown bobbed hair showed its lack of care, her usual sweet expression was sinking in a sea of melancholy, her hands were rough from housework and nursing her husband for three long years. She had given up all her pleasures, pretty clothes, jewelry and treasures to save her husband. Her only extravagance, perhaps, was to cling to her piano. With that, she refused to part. It was her soul and comfort.

The noise of a passing car at full speed, on Franklin

Well known Japanese Architect in New York

TOMEKICHI AKIYAMA two

in one day.

hemorrhages

these

by peculiar tension

American

named 107 car

7-3

Avenue, caused Akayama suddenly to open his eyes. But they were heavy and drowsy, owing to the effects of so much codein. He turned his head wearily and gazed out into the darkness. It was pitch dark now. The only thing which could be seen, was a maple tree which stood on the next lot. The rays of bright light from a quaint bungalow, illuminated the tree like a searchlight. The foliage of this maple was magnificent and gorgeous in coloring, as it stood out against the mysterious black background. "Even in my fourth Autumn," he thought, "at Saranac Lake, never before have I seen such rich coloring. Perhaps this is, because it is my last look. If not, how many more Autumns shall I see? God alone knows!" At the moment, a flash of lightning pierced the clouds above Mt. Baker, and a feeble sound of thunder followed.

*illuminated by*

"Tommy," whispered Mrs. Akayama, "It is time for you to take another calcium." She gave him one capsule, and a glass of ice-water with a straw. She was a capable nurse and carried out faithfully all instructions given by Dr. Lawrason Brown. Next she removed an ice-cap, which had been placed over the patient's heart to slow down its action. Placing a small silver bell within easy reach, she ran her hand lightly over Akayama's forehead.

*on the bed  
side table,*

"It is eight o'clock and I must put Joji to bed." So saying, she left the room noiselessly.

For a patient hopelessly sick like Akayama, nothing could relieve him from his distress except sleep. Only in sleep lay forgetfulness. Sleep gave him dreams and dreams gave him health, vigor, ambition and hope. So he wanted to sleep and closed his eyes resolutely but forebodings kept him awake. "If I have another hemorrhage," he began to meditate, "like the one I had this afternoon, that will be the end of my life. That means death. Death is the only thing which will give me victory. I can't stand any longer to give my wife tears, sorrows, anxiety and endless hard work, just to prolong my meaningless life. And my finances are giving out. There is

nothing more I can sell since we sold our house in  
Flushing. I have no friend now, who will share my sor-  
row, or whom I could ask to rescue me from starvation.  
Anyway, I don't want to live on charity or under any hu-  
miliation, because I am too proud. I will die, if I can  
not live with honor. If my wife were a Japanese girl,  
her thoughts might coincide with mine. That means every  
thing would end in Shinju (double suicide). But Mar-  
garet is an American and a Christian. She never, never  
would approve of anyone's self-destruction. She said  
one day, 'Self-destruction is against God's will. It  
is treason. It is the most cowardly thing man can do.  
Life or death should be left to God's judgment.....'

The entrance of Akayama's little boy, Joji, inter-  
rupted the father's meditation. Joji was Akayama's  
only son, a boy of eight, bright, strong, fearless and  
possessed of tremendous energy which made him almost  
unmanageable at times. Joji was in his bathrobe, washed  
and ready for bed, after a day of strenuous play. Stand-  
ing by his father's bedside, he waited for him to speak.  
Akayama reached out and held the boy's hand a moment  
and whispered "Good-night".

"Good-night, Daddy," replied Joji, in a hushed voice  
and left the room.

At the time, the thunder storm was approaching nearer  
and nearer, and seemed to be besieging the Akayama  
house. Vivid lightning raced back and forth over the  
pine woods, this side of Moody Pond, while the roar  
of thunder echoed and reechoed through the mountains,  
like bombarding. The patient did not like to see  
Nature exhibit such violent wrath, so closed his eyes  
and resumed his contemplation. "If I am gone, who  
will look after my son, Joji? If only Harry and Effie  
my brother-in-law and his wife, could take care of him,  
there would be nothing for me to worry. Joji was with  
them for one year, but had to return home, because Ef-  
fie's mother was helplessly sick and needed so much  
care. Then last year, Joji was sent to a Catholic  
Boarding School, supervised by the Brothers, But he

perhaps

father

M. A. I. Plattburg  
N. Y.

If Effie's mother hadn't been so sick, Dunge  
might still have been there  
(actual thought)

tears

space

ing

telegrapher

was too young, yet, to be away from a mother's care.  
~~The result was, He caught a severe cold about Christmas time, and was not given any medical attention.~~  
At Easter vacation, he came home alone, and Mother met him at the station. Margaret cried, and I could not help but lament, to see my sick boy. He was a pale and sickly looking child. His voice was gone, he had a deep cough, and was feverish. His tremendous energy had all vanished. His hands were chapped, some cuts were bleeding and some were patched with adhesive. I never saw my boy look so cowardly and meek, like a whipped dog. If his mother or I asked him a question, all he would say was "Yes, Brother." Ever since that time, he has been under treatment for chronic laryngitis. So I see it is of no use to send my son to a place, where he cannot have motherly care."

When they  
came  
home,

but he did not  
know how to check  
it at beginning and  
the result was getting  
into worse.

*only* —  
And I don't wish Margaret to have Joji, when I am gone. I love her too much. It would be too great a burden for her to bear.....to support herself and Joji. She has not the physical endurance. It would mean shortening her life. Not but what she would gladly make the effort. Any sacrifice she would make, for the sake of keeping her child near her. From the way she speaks, I know she will cling to her child as long as she lives. With him, there is love, companionship and happiness. Without him, her life would be empty and meaningless. Perhaps, if she could know just where her son is going to be, how he will be treated, and she, herself, be permitted to see him every two or three weeks, and added to this if there would be educational advantages.....then she might consent to a parting.

Poor Margaret, she has been so good to me. She has done everything she could. It is my duty now, while I am living, to solve this problem for her and Joji..... I think I shall have to send my son to my sisters in Japan. But which one? Tomi? Yei? or Sono? ~~Yei chan?~~ Yei chan's health has been running down lately, so I cannot ask her. I wish Tomi chan, my imoto (younger sister) could take care of him. She is a good-natured and kind-hearted woman and mother, and her husband is kind, too. Tomi has five children, company for Joji, a comfortable home, with grounds and gardens. But I cannot send him to her without the consent from Sono, my anesan, (~~my~~ elder sister) unless I break the reigi (laws of propriety). The death of my mother, last March, gave Sono a mother's power over the two younger sisters and myself. Anything Sono anesan says, is final and we simply have to obey. Sono is a sensible business woman. She married Bunsuke, when she was sixteen. She worked like a man-slave in her husband's business, interviewed people, secured orders on structural iron, and struggled hard in the earlier years. Now Bunsuke is a rich man, thanks to his wife's energy and hard work. But I don't care for Bunsuke. He is an old-fashioned Japanese, stubborn and

egotistical. He is the only one who did not come to welcome me at Yokahama, when I returned to Japan after twenty-one years absence. Then he had remarked 'I will lose my dignity and power, if I go down to meet him. It is for Tomikichi to come to see me, and thank me, for looking after his family after his father's death! From Bunsuke, I received not one word of sympathy or good wishes, while I have been sick these past three years. I feel a dread of him. I wish my Joji does not have to live with him. He might whip him to death.

Oh, I wish my mother were living. Nobody in Japan cares for my boy as much as my mother. When I saw her last time, she held Joji's picture to her cheek, hugged it and kissed it, smiling with tears in of joy, as she said to me, 'I am living now, only to see my geandson and his mother in America. Please, Tomikichi, do bring them with you on your next trip.' I promised her, but she could not wait for my coming.

What a task awaits Joji! He has to be far, far away from his mother's love and kisses. Perhaps he will never see her again? I know not. Poor little fellow! He has never been taught to speak and write Japanese, yet he has to live in Yamagata with his aunt who cannot speak English. What a pity. Even chopsticks he cannot minipulate. When he goes to school, he will not know what to do. He will seem like a deaf, dumb and stupid boy. The school children will make fun of him and torment his life out, calling "Aenoko" (half-Japanese and half American). The teacher will have to put him down to the first grade, where he will learn a-i-u-e-o which is the first line of the Japanese alphabet. At this rate, Joji will never make headway. He might have to struggle with his study twenty years or more before he can graduate from the Imperial University, Tokio. Of course that depends upon luck as well as on his esholarship. The applicants for entering the High School, Colleges and Universities are always eight or ten times more than the number posted. Consequently some students, failing the first year, have taken the examination as many as four times in successive years, and still never got in. Continued failure

*new  
paragraph*

*my boy*

*some have gone to the dog*

has driven many to give up the idea of learning; some have turned traitor and were hanged; others have committed suicide. It is a crime. It is disgraceful for this country to turn down every year thousands of ambitious pupils in this way. It kills the budding hope and ambition of Youth. Japan needs more institutions of learning to admit all applicants who are qualified. Under such conditions, what a slim chance my son has to complete his college education. Yes, Japan is overcrowded with people. Street-cars, trains, theatres, movies, everywhere, anywhere, are manin! (~~full house~~) manin! (full house). The population there is becoming more and more dense. To be better understood, we can picture the density of Japan's population, if we imagine two billions of people inhabiting the U. S. A. To make a living in Japan is fifteen times harder than here. Opportunities there are less. What an outlook for Joji. After all, it is better for Joji to remain here. He is no longer a subject of his father's country, unless he so wishes, since the new law was passed. He is a citizen of U. S.A. Let him enjoy his freedom, study all he wants, and elevate himself all he wishes. America is the country for Joji."

*Japan*

*one and one half*

*fifteen times more dense than this country*

The storm was over. The stars were beginning to twinkle. The air was fresh and cool. The town clock struck eleven. Margaret came in.

"Are you awake?" she whispered. I want to give you your capsule and five drops of adrenalen.

"Adrenalen, did you say?" asked Tomikichi, after he had taken the medicine.

"Yes".

"That is Dr. Takamine's discovery, you know. He died two years ago but yet his spirit is trying to rescue me." He paused a moment as if resting his voice.

"But I am gone too far. I cannot tell what may happen after today. Sweetheart! I want to thank you. You have been awfully good to me.....I wish you and Joji be happy the rest of your life.....I want to be cremated and buried in the Japanese cemetery on Long Island. Consult Midzutani about Joji....."

Your requests are

"Your requests will all be observed," interrupted Margaret, abruptly, with tears in her voice. "But you are not going to die. Nothing will happen. Don't get discouraged and don't tell me anymore. Have a good night's sleep. To-morrow you will feel differently. Then you will be happy, more hopeful and have ambition. Now go right to sleep, Tomikichi. Good-night".

8

The morning air was crisp. The Autumn sunshine seemed to dance and sparkle everywhere it touched. The blue sky was cloudless. Two weeks of calm had now been passed, each day slipping by uneventfully. Gradually Akayama's mood changed, as each day gave him more confidence, and he felt that perhaps, he might yet be spared. There was still work for him to do. A feeling of new life uplifted him and he felt happy and ambitious.

Mrs. Akiyama came to take away the ~~tea~~ breakfast tray. She was very happy to see how much her husband had enjoyed his first real meal in ~~three~~ weeks.

"My, it looks as if you enjoyed your breakfast this morning. Didn't that hot coffee taste good to you?"

"Bet your life," Tomikichi replied. "It is an awful life to live without coffee, soup and milk; only to have two boiled eggs and a piece of toast three times a day." Gee, I'm glad the practise of Asceticism is over."

"Well, Tommy, that was the only way to get well. You ought to be thankful. I feel so happy and my fingers ache to play the piano again. Shall I play "Harusame" for you?"

"Yes, please do," was Tomikichi's ~~reply~~ answer.

Margaret hurried downstairs and went to the piano. She played the Japanese music so enchantingly, with character and spirit, as if some girl in kimono and Yebsha-hakama (~~and~~ skirt worn by girl student) was playing the koto.

This music brought a vivid picture of Tokio before Akiyama's ~~eye~~ mind's eye, and made him think of the reconstruction. He could see the new wide streets laid out; Surface, subway and elevated car lines in course of construction. Gone are the nameless shape, polygon or triangle shaped lots, owned by a half dozen landlords. Instead, now, the land has been divided off into rectangles giving a uniform appearance to the general layout, to say nothing of the ease and facility for the ~~traveler~~, finding his way around.

Among inquiries he received from time to time from architects in Tokio, was one, received the other day

It was other day, he received a letter -

four

strangers

friend

9

from his friend, a prominent architect in Tokio, asking Akiyama, if he could join in designing a Bank building, which was to cost seven to eight million dollars. This letter stated, that the president desired to make this building ~~one of~~ the most imposing and finest <sup>one</sup> in the Orient. It must be fire and earthquake proof. Arrangement of the rooms, equipment, conveniences, must be up to date and second to none. There was to be a concert hall and club room for the social relaxation of its employees. Also a lunch ~~store~~ and provision store where food could be procured at cost price..... ✓

Although ill so long and not practising, Akiyama had made it a point to keep in touch with men of his profession in Japan, expecting some day, with health restored to take his rightful place among them. Rightful, because of his clear thinking, foresightedness, ability, and no less important his high ~~pr~~ social and professional standing among architects of this country. Only health: ~~was needed!~~ Health! Health!

In view of this, while regaining this precious health, Akiyama had been studying the last two years the method in which buildings could resist the horizontal force: *(earthquake)* in other words, to reduce the vibrations of buildings during an earthquake. ~~He discovered that reinforcing the spandrel beam proves the best result and some changes in the details of construction.~~

The Japanese music was now ended and once again, Akiyama's thoughts turned to ~~his wife~~ ~~Margaret~~ Margaret. Margaret his wife! Margaret the one who had tried so bravely to ~~bring~~ <sup>bring</sup> him back ~~his~~ life. He knew that he owed her so much, and he made up his mind to write a book of his life and dedicate it ~~to her~~. this effort to her. *to live*

*He found that the spandrel beams should be constructed like what used for the Kaijo - Building, in Tokio, with more bracing would give better result.*

### CHAPTER III

#### Old Home Town.

In the early part of February, the season of plum tree the quaint city of Yamagata still lay under the blanket of snow. The yellow flower of the fukujuiso (Amuraisis) courageously raised its head announcing that the spring was near. Here the old fashioned houses were standing side by side, forming a long narrow street Kajimachi. In some places between these houses, a tall evergreen tree, crashed old pine tree, graceful bamboo or secret plum tree were seen. Looking at the east end of the street, there was a thickly wooded land called Yakushi-Bayashi. Beyond it in distance, sparkling snow covered range of mountains rose one peak after another as if a screen stood protecting the cradle of the strage town. Among

CHAPTER 2.

PRETTY GIRL.

In the early part of February, the season of the plum blossom, the quaint city of Yamagata still lay under its blanket of snow. The yellow flower of the fukujuso courageously raised its heads announcing, however, that Spring was near. Here and there might be seen an occasional dry place, upon which the sun had smiled more generously. Such a place was in front of the Akayama house, facing south. Here the ground is always dry, before any other part of Kajimachi (Blacksmith Street), because opposite to his house there is an open court which belongs to the shrine of Tenjinji (God of Wisdom). Children, quick to appreciate the advantage of these dry spots, were happy at their games of ball, top spinning and hogo-ita (battle dore and shuttle cock).

Akayama's father owned a hardware store and black smith shop. He handles all kinds of tools, including agricultural, barber and carpenters, besides structural and ornamental iron-work. Mother and Father, Tomikichi with three apprentices, wait on the customers in the store.

About this time of the year, business is usually dull. After the Christmas trade and January sales, people do not buy anything more than is absolutely necessary. In view of this condition, Tomikichi made a proposal to his father. He suggested that money be loaned for a short term on the first mortgage, to the farmers on the outskirts of Kaminoya. There is always a big demand for loans of this kind before the season of Yosai (raising silk worms), and the returns are good, interest from twelve to fifteen per cent is paid besides all travelling expenses. Sokichi Akayama accepted his son's suggestion and gave him two hundred and fifty dollars in cash. (\$250)

Tomikichi looked forward with pleasure to spending a couple of days at Kaminoya Hot Springs. This town is located about ten miles from his home. So right after luncheon, he called a jinrikisha (meaning man power wheel) and prepared himself for a holiday. In less than an hour, Akayama ~~found~~ arrived at the door of Takikawaya, a conservative Hatagoya (inn) in the town of Kaminoya. Paying the man a quarter, he alighted and entered the home.

*Amuratsis*  
*AMURATSIS*

*FUKUJUSO*

*leads*

*jumping top*

*Tenjinji*

*TOMIKICHI*

*YOSAI*

*which*