From Vladivostock.

Vladivostock, Aug. 30.—Let me expand my notes made at the time, and put them in the form of a diary. Early in the afternoon, after a delightful passage over a not usually delightful sea, the low hills of the continent appeared, and by 8 o’clock the Kijian of the Russian Volunteer Fleet had manoeuvred alongside another steamer of the same fleet. Each of these boats makes the round trip once a week, and a steamer of the O.S.K. does the same, so there is a good service for mails and passengers, but I hear that there is little freight and comparatively few passengers. I gained the impression, confirmed by subsequent observation, that in the management of the so-called Siberian Railway (which is really a combination of several lines) the Russian Government is looking to the future rather than considering present profits.

What is to be the future of this city with its name grandly signifying Dominion of the East, or Ruler of the East? Before landing came the examination of passports recalling mediaeval times. It is said that in Russia a man consists of two parts, spirit and body, and of these, the passport being indispensable to existence. Every one who examined the paper seems to put his endorsement on the back. The passport had already been endorsed by the Russian consular offices in Kobe and Tsuruga and had been kept by the porter during the time I was ashore. Carefully I put away that precious bit of paper more valuable than money.

The examination of baggage was quickly and conveniently performed on the deck of the ship, while that which was to be registered through London, was sent to the port offices as it is called, was not examined at all but was sealed up later with a lead seal on the caps that fasened it up. The baggage was handled by big bulky Russian porters wearing blue aprons as a badge of office, making a good deal more than the red caps of the Japanese “wakabu.” It seemed, and it still seems, strange to see men of my own race working with their hands (instead of with their heads), as the Russian is often taught in Japan, and I have seen it in many other parts of the world. In Kobe it seemed to me the only way to forego the use of their legs.

The train was not to leave until 12:20, so, having four hours to spend I thought to go to the unknown city, and to see what sights we might afterward. We realized that again we were dead and dumb, as we were in Japan about a quarter of a century ago. How helpless such a person is! Better it is to be blind, for then others know what you want and will take care of you. Bacon says something like this: "He who goeth abroad, without knowing the language of the people, goeth to learn and not to teach." But the opportunities for learning are few; therefore, taking this as a text, let me say again what I have so often said: "Listen! Listen! Listen!"

The consignment in the hand of the head porter, spoke English and so did the agent of the International Steeley Co., from whom I had bought my ticket in Kobe. The latter, pointing out the station to me, wrote the name of a restaurant in the city which we might go for lunch after seeing something of the place. We walked over the steamers alongside to a deserted pier, and saw a very unused warehouse. Korean porters made signs that they wished to carry our little hand baggage. Two minutes’ walk brought us to the building pointed out as the station, so there is excellent connection between land and sea communications. The station, or rather the station to be, is a large three story structure of imposing design but all unfinished, the doorways being barricaded with rude boards; and the only signs of intention to finish it were a few Koreans digging in a half hearted way as if they were not sure what was to come out of their labors. This could not, I thought, be the terminus of the great Siberian Railway, so I went farther along the platform and came to a little dingy restaurant with its floor covered, after Russian fashion, to such rude places, with a sawdust to facilitate the cleaning of the floor. Neither could this, I thought, be the ticket office of the great Siberian Railway; so I went a few steps farther to a small building outside which were sitting on the platform, some soldiers and others who appeared to be fourth class passengers apparently, for they have four classes on Russian Railways as well as on German. There was nothing left but a baggage room, so I asked the porter of the Orient Express, who happened to come by where the station was. He pointed to the dingy restaurant, and then put a stroke of business, telling me that the train did not go until 1:40, local time, and that I had better go to his hotel.

There was nothing to do in this excuse for a station, so we went on and a minute’s walk up a hill brought us to what appeared to be the edge of the city where carriages were waiting. I showed my paper to one driver and tried to repeat what I had heard. He shook his head, and whether he was engaged or could not read or understand, I shall never know. I tried the
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講者・会場：

【テーマ】講演会

【内容】講演会では、日本のビジネス環境における新しい可能性について、特にAI技術の役割と影響について発表します。

【主催】商工会議所

【日時】2023年10月1日

【場所】会場A

【注意事項】入場無料・参加無料

【連絡先】商工会議所

【URL】商工会議所ウェブサイト
圏長会議倶忘論

改訂の必要を示唆する一文が含まれている。
関係において、常に人、特に自己に影響を与える存在として支配的な視点を取ることが重要である。ただし、これを単に個人的であるとしてしまうならば、それは問題である。

関係において、常に人、特に自己に影響を与える存在として支配的な視点を取ることが重要である。ただし、これを単に個人的であるとしてしまうならば、それは問題である。
三十五回 第五巻 第五回

長谷川は、幼い頃、この地で過ごし、故郷の音を胸に、故郷の風景を思い描いた。ことに、春の満開の桜、夏の緑、秋の紅葉、冬の雪。

「春の満開の桜が美しい。」

長谷川は、故郷の春の桜を見る時、故郷の人々の笑顔を思い出す。故郷の風景は、故郷の人の心を彩っている。

「故郷の人々の笑顔は、故郷の風景を彩り、故郷の心を彩っている。」

長谷川は、故郷の風景を思い描きながら、故郷の人々の笑顔を胸に、故郷の音を胸に、故郷の風景を思い描いた。
-services were underway, including the exchange of greetings and the presentation of gifts. The authorities were also present to oversee the proceedings, ensuring the ceremony ran smoothly.

In the afternoon, the participants gathered for a buffet lunch, which included an array of traditional Japanese dishes, as well as international cuisine. Following the meal, there was an open discussion session, where attendees were encouraged to share their experiences and insights on the significance of the event.

The day ended with a vibrant cultural performance, featuring traditional dance and music. The performers, dressed in traditional attire, showcased the rich cultural heritage of Japan, delighting the audience with their skillful synchronized movements.

Throughout the event, the participants expressed their delight and appreciation of the unique cultural exchange. The event was deemed a great success, fostering a deeper understanding and appreciation of cultural diversity.
表三十五 第十六会友学

1927年 10月1日

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English was of little use.

The stop furnished a good opportunity to go to our new beds, so soon the notice and movements of the train vanished and sleep settled down on our weary little community, which was carried easily through by a few workers through the silent night. The day had been warm with the temperature up to 79°, but the night was cool and the summer ended abruptly, as I had expected. When I looked out at about 7 the next morning we were passing through swampy ground with struggling trees growing in it—a common scene in all parts of the line. Already the Chinese railway men were at work. How could this Siberian railway, and our first ones in America, have been constructed but for the patient and hard-working Chinese laborers?

At the first stop I went out,—as at every stop, save those when sleep claimed me,—to see what might be bought to help supply breakfast. The previous day we had bought a bottle of milk from a little Russian girl who stood stolidly on the platform without indicating at all that she wanted to sell it to the passengers. This morning the Chinese vendors made it evident that they were to sell to us, but they had only raw fish, some berries unknown to me, and very, very, stale eggs. As to food for the journey, all meats can be obtained in the dining car, but I was in no mood for a fancy breakfast when we had started on a long railway journey, so it is sufficient to have lunch (really a dinner) in the car, and to take other meals in one’s compartment, where the porter will bring when ordered hot water or tea from the dining car. By taking this course one has the diversion of hunting near the stations for provisions and is able to vary the somewhat monotonous fare of the dining car.

It is said that if you want to know a person, take a journey with him; and on board ship, or on board this ship of the Siberian Ocean, the passengers soon form little groups, for “Birds of a feather flock together.” The pleasures of such a long journey depends very much upon one’s fellow passengers. The company we were in, I think, particularly fortunate. On the steamer from Tsingtau they put most of the foreigners, i.e., those not Russians, at one table, and those put there happened to be Americans who travelled together for nearly 11 days. At the head of the table was a young German artist, Herr Schaefer who had been studying Japanese art; on his right was a very young Japanese lady, and next her husband, who was going to the Far East for naval attache. I sat by him and at the first meal we discovered many mutual friends. So our conversation broke the ice making the beginning of that community of interests which soon fused our little congregation of individuals into a family. Opposite me at table was my wife, and next to her a young English lady, Mrs. Treadgold, who had been brought up in Kobe. There is nothing equal to a child in a party to make the different members friendly, and this boy, like the great man of whom Mencius speaks, had happily preserved his child-heart. Next to him was Mr. Kinsey, an English representative of a firm of manufacturers of cotton spinning machinery. He had been in Japan for about a year, and like the German artist who had also been there but a short time, was full of that zest of discovery which an old resident is apt to lose. At Vladivos- tochka, newly joined our family, Mr. Tsuruda, an expert in the Kawasaki Dockyard who was going to work on the works of Vickers, Maxim & Co. for practical investigations. He completed the happy party of eight which had such diversities of character as are fitting for the number eight. Never shall we all come together again, but never shall we forget the happy days we spent together without talking about children at play, an improvement when one can thus make a long journey in congenial company!

The first point of special interest was Harbin, and throughout which I rode in a little car, on the 5th and second day. The place is well situated on a hill sloping down to a large river, the first one we had seen, which had a short time before been greatly flooded. The population of the city is given as 60,000 and it is said to be larger than Vladivos-tock from. The station I could see some large flour mills and the city reminded me in appearance of a new town in the western part of America. I did venture to go far enough from the train to explore.

To this place were brought up a first and a second class car from Pekin which completed our so-called Grand Express, making a train of six cars. I find I cannot complete an account of my journey through Siberia in this letter, and the history of my travels bids fair to become,—like an account I once gave of one of the classes of my ascent of Mt. Moji,—endless.

P.S. Oct. 26th—"As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country."

So said Solomon, and I realized the truth of the proverb afresh this morning, at the same time appreciating the value of the message which we had had binding together all who have been connected with the Alma Mater of us all.

Through a curious combination of circumstances I had been unable to obtain the addresses of our graduates in England, but the day before yesterday, Mr. K. Sugeno sent me a letter from Tokyo, Japan, in which he had just written the address from the Magazine. At my copy had not reached me, I asked him to lend me his copy, and, having had time only to glance through it, I opened my letter to add a post-script to express my conviction that we all have a great heritage in our relations with the dear old school.

"Every word you wrote," says Mr. Seki in the letter that he sent with the Magazine, "reminds me of my happy school days. The school is a so dear a possession to me that I cannot forget it all my life, and I sincerely trust it will always be loved by all graduates." These words express well my feelings, and I commend them to the attention of our graduates scattered about in this north and in the south, in the east and in the west.

Let us all in our busy days write back to the old school that we may continue to realize our unity and to help another in cultivating that spirit of "majime" of which Prof. Habashii writes.

While I was writing the above, I received the Japan Weekly Chronicle of Sept. 28, a welcome visitor who comes every Monday taking two weeks for his long journey, and the authoritative article supplements what I said in my last letter. As it gives a good idea of developments in Siberia I hope the reader can find room for it—:

The recent visit to Haraborsk of the Russian Minister of Ways of Communication S. R. Dolphof, afforded the local population an opportunity of presenting to the Minister a report from which we translate the following extracts:

*The Amur Railway, which possesses enormous importance in the development and strengthening of the Far East, in the course of one or two decades will stand in need of a new freight. This increase, apart from the gradual and natural growth of the demand, may be attained chiefly by the cheapening of transport. Consequently, the economic effectiveness of the Siberian and Amur railway must pursue a dual aim—in the first place attract new freight by cheapening the rates to the lowest possible figure, and secondly, the advances which will arise from the intersection of railway and water routes of communication at a point of the Primorye where, on the one hand, the transport of freight can be brought nearer home and, on the other, where an exit can be given to the products of the neighbouring country.*

*The carrying out of these tasks will require the removal of the bar and reefs of the lower Amur; this improvement of the port of Nikolaeff and the construction of a railway between Nikolaeff and Magadan, as also the construction at the same place—at a storage point—of an elevator for the preservation of Munseerian export grain. The hundreds of millions of rubles that are now being expended by the Government on the laying of the Amur Railway must not be restricted to the creation only of a strategic, almost lifeless, route. This railway, opening up access to the regions of mining that he had just written the address from the Magazine.

*The progressive development of Manchuria on account of Russian millions therein invested has already yielded appreciable results in the ship of the Amur thanks to the great freight. The condition of the colonization of North Manchuria, in the wake of the impetus given to it, is extremely favourable to the work of the Siberian navigable region, which has its natural outlet in the Amur, will therefore rapidly spread as its greater profits the northerly waters, and allow the conditions of transit by the Amur. The future exist only in the closest connection with the import of freight which is its way to the interior of the Primorye via the port of Nikolaeff. But, as is known, the Amur estuary faces great difficulties to action navigation. With the elimination of this obstacle it will become possible to make use of the Amur as an ocean transit route right away to Habarovsk, for which comparatively inexpensive ex-"
London, October 17.—I wrote last from the quiet seaside, but for nearly three weeks, which seem like three days, I have been in this great and busy city where we are so to speak until we go to sail from Liverpool on Nov. 2 for Boston. The railways are advertising excursions for “the extension of the summer season”, and it is indeed convenient for us sightseers that the usual summer has been unusually prolonged. There has been almost no rain during the three weeks, the grass and the trees are still green, sweet peas and geraniums are blooming as they do in June in Kobe, and a large swimming bath in the open air in one of the common parks which I naturally patronize has been open to 30 swimmers in it every morning with the temperature at about 50°. In such favoring circumstances my wife’s health continues to improve, and I am, and in my opinion, not writing any impressions of London. I must recall my journey across the far plains of solitary Siberia.

At 11.40 p.m. on August 30 the great express of the International Sleeping Car Company was ready to start. On the platform were groups of people, many of them in uniform, to see off a very few people who were taking the train from Vladivostock. I suppose that the Russians prefer to travel by the Russian State trains which leave twice a week for Siberia. Some of them I could not understand, but others, I am told, are bearded men kitting on to the train in saying Good bye, as do women in England and America, but if the method of salutation is reasonable in one case, it is not so in another. While this was going on there appeared on the other side of the train with fruit to sell the ubiquitous Chinese merchants. Probably they were prohibited from selling on the platform, but they are resourceful men and they had a good selection of fruit, far better than any I have seen in the city. For a long railway journey it is always well to take a good supply of fruit, which will disappear in due course and leave nothing to be carried. I had ordered a ten-day supply in Kobe, remembering that “A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush”, and being doubtful whether I could get such good fruit elsewhere; but for some reason the fruitier did not bring it to Sapporo Station; so but for these enterprising Chinese, I should have been very disappointed except what some kind friends had given me on the way. The fruit sellers began to speak in what we took to be Russian, but when we insisted they fell silent.

Though none of these vendors took up that language and we soon made an exchange that was mutually satisfactory. The bell on the engine began to ring, as it used to do on American locomotives, the departing passengers gave their last kisses, and the great train, towering high above the platform, moved majestically off. The great journey of twelve days across the continent had begun. Counted in miles we do not get a very vivid impression of distance. Counted in that way, it is 8186 versts or 4500 miles from Vladivostock to Moscow, and in the train to take a longer measuring rod, the distance from Amur to Shimonoseki is 1907 miles. The distances for the rest of the route are not given in my time table, but I believe the distance from Tokyo to London is about 8000 miles.

All these miles had to be covered one by one and when we spread out the great map with the little streak of red across the broad white plain almost devoid of towns, the journey seemed indeed a long and lonely one causing some fear that the days would be tedious. But I may say here that, as usual, the task was easy being done little by little and the days passed pleasantly with infinite variety. “Never meet trouble half-way” is a maxim on which I was brought up and it is often applicable. Siberia was a land of snow covered wastes and the sorrows of the poor exiles; but now there comes to my mind’s eye a picture of a great plain with hardly a hill to be seen yet full of pleasant sights.

The train passed the country and but few houses or fields are seen while the stations seen about ten miles apart, but the express stops only once in two or three hours. By 8 o’clock we had come to Pogranichnaya (a name which I give as a good example of the unpronounceable Russian names), at which place the Usurii railway connects with the East Chinese Railway over which we were to run for some 38 hours in Chinese territory, to the town Siberian Railway Station, a name which is a moniker, but a convenient name. At this place Chinese custom house officials came on the train and made a minute search,—for opium apparently. They made but a careless examination of the passengers’ effects merely looking into the compartment, but they poked into the great disused furnaces, and shook the curtains in the corridor, and pried into every little hole and corner in which the train attendants might hide opium to pass over to some one in Manchuria. This is my supposition: there was no way to get information. The handbook says that the attendants speak European language, and they do know a little German, but for once...