

Japan—the Land of the Chrysanthemum

Modes and Manners in the Island Empire That Seeks Supremacy in the Far East.



WAR between Russia and Japan must bring something likt a pang of regret to the hearts of those who have known and lived in the happy land of the moonflower. No one who loves simplicity and the sweetness of nature unspoiled, can contemplate without a sympathetic shudder even the possibility of the conquering Muscovite trampling his uncouth way across the smiling rice fields, and under the ancient Jorli before the temples of a thousand gods. Japan is the last land of the beautiful left to an over-civilized world. It is also the youngest child of conquest, for scarcely 50



SAYING GOOD MORNING IN JAPAN.

years have passed since its gates were first thrown open to the nations of the west.

Nippon, "country of peaceful shores," in the native speech, is rapidly admitting European customs, ideas of dress, and manners of living, to the destruction of much that was picturesque and that had no counterpart in other lands.

But away, tucked close among its hills and valleys, in the very kernel of Old Japan, there still remain to-day quiet little nooks, bowered in cherry-blossom and wisteria; happy little cities of sweetness and light; quaint little nests of gray-stone temples, lichen-covered shrines, and Buddhas-by-the-wayside. And here the missionaries have not been, the fatal foot of the trader has not yet trod, and even the face of the white man has rarely been seen, sometimes not at all. Here is real Japan, in all its truth and purity, and here the real Japanese, the most simple-hearted creature breathing, whom we of the western world know nothing of, lives his simple life and dies his simple death. For that is the keynote of Japanese character—simplicity. And it brings a goddess in its train—beauty, the handmaiden of nature.

Many are the curious customs, curious to us, which are matters of common habit in Japan. Up to late years the facial charm of femininity has been rigidly restricted to the young and unmarried, for after the wedding ceremony the bride, as a mark of honor to her husband, must blacken



LITTLE JAPS IN OTANI PARK, KYOTO.

her teeth and shave her eyebrows. But even this, an immemorial observance, is yielding to the advance of knowledge and the reports of the traveled and more enlightened, and will presently die out.

The visitor, especially one who has sojourned in India, China, and other eastern places, is at once struck by the extreme cleanliness of Japanese cities, by the entire absence of beggars in the streets, and of those degraded creatures who swarm in the great capitals. The street cries are all melodious, and the avoidance of noise is everywhere the first consideration. The watchman who goes the rounds at night beats two pieces of wood together. The bells have no clappers,

but are struck with the hand on the outside. A melancholy, plover-like note on a reed pipe, which regularly sounds in the streets every morning, is the call of the blind. These have the monopoly of a lucrative profession, being shampooers and masseurs (massage has been practiced in Japan for centuries, and brought to the highest state of efficiency possible). Its blind professors possess some knack of hand or personal magnetism which has subdued the most inveterate cases of rheumatism, and have even conquered paralysis.

Japan is a country alive with legend and myth, but the student of its mythology will be impressed by the one feature which distinguishes it from all others, and particularly from all of eastern origin. Its Olympus is peopled by no vengeful or blood-thirsty gods demanding sacrificial altars and the offerings of immolation. The Japanese deities are as kindly and gentle-hearted as the people themselves. Their story of the creation is quaint, and wholly without the elements of slaughter and disension which are the groundwork in other mythologic accounts of the same event. Two gods (whose very lengthy names may be shortened to Izanagi and Izanami), standing upon the bridge of Heaven, cast grains of rice abroad to dispel the darkness. They then pushed a spear down into the green plain of the sea, and stirred it round. This spear became the axis of the earth, started it revolving, and by a natural process of consolidation brought about the dry land . . . and nothing could very well be simpler or more logical than that!

Anyone who has stayed in Yokohama in the middle of October has perforce taken part in the festival of O Sossan. The streets are hung with lanterns, drums are beating everywhere, paper flowers are showered down from the balconies, and a laughing, good-natured crowd thronging the town from end to end will allow no one



A JAPANESE STREET ON A HOLIDAY.

to hide himself away at a time of general rejoicing. And yet very few people know what it is all about, and that this excuse for general holiday-making commemorates an act of self-sacrifice. Two hundred years ago (so the story runs) the spot where the important and populous settlement of Yokohama stands to-day was occupied by a vast swamp. Immense efforts were made to fill it in, but the work went on but slowly and with disaster. The quicksands swallowed up the earth and stones as fast as they were thrown in, and, worse still, it swallowed the workmen as well. Then it was that a humble young girl, O Sossan (maid-servant), came forward and offered to be buried alive in the swamp to placate the evil spirits of the quicksand. The sacrifice was accepted, and from that moment the work succeeded and no more lives were lost. And that is why to-day, on every fifteenth of October, the Japanese in Yokohama dance on the site of O Sossan's grave.

Japan has never been priest-ridden, hence the almost marvelous ease with which it has been able to adapt itself to the changing necessities of the times. There is no fanaticism in Japan. Its priests are teachers, mostly peripatetic; they expound the principles of Shinto, or the sacred book of Shaka, but they are not custodians of the Japanese conscience and masters of his actions, as the Guru is of the Hindoo. There are thousands of Shinto shrines and temples scattered all over the country, by the side of almost every road. But they symbolize no tenet of fanatical sacrifice or loss of mental liberty. The religion, like everything Japanese, is one of marked simplicity.

B. ESPINASSE.

Girls Not Wanted in China.

Daughters are considered of very little importance in China. A Chinaman is compelled by law to leave his possessions to his male children.

BIOGRAPHY OF A RED FOX.

Cunning and Savage Tricks of the Animal Described by His Naturalist Raiser.

Our red fox was the very liveliest young animal we ever had in the house. There wasn't a mean hair in his dear little body but he was so mischievous that space would not permit of my enumerating one-half the things he broke or destroyed in one way or another, writes Ernest Harold Baynes, in *Woman's Home Companion*. For some days we fed him exclusively on milk, but one evening I held out to him a small piece of row beef. At first he did not realize what I was offering him, but after sniffing it for a moment, he sprang forward with a savage cry, and seized the meat in his teeth. I was startled at the change which had come over him. The gentle, woolly, blue-eyed cub which but a moment before would have gone quietly to sleep in my hand had in one instant become a savage wild beast, snarling fiercely, with ears laid back, and snapping with its baby teeth at the hand which sought to caress it. And though we sought to divert him in every way we could think of, it was two or three days before he quite forgot that meat.

He soon became very playful, and he was never quiet, except when he was asleep. He searched the rooms for scraps of paper, balls of twine and other small articles, and having found something to interest him he would run off with it, shaking it as he went. He was very fond of us all, and when he returned, after an absence of an hour or more, he showed his delight by wagging his tail, putting out his tongue and panting open-mouthed, as we often see little dogs pant under similar circumstances.

It soon became evident that a steady diet of milk was becoming tiresome to him, and I was obliged to give him meat at least once a day. Each time he had it he showed the savage side of his nature, which was never to be seen at any other time. Gradually I increased his allowance of meat, until one day I gave him more than he could eat at one meal. The bits of beef had been placed on a newspaper, and when he found that there was more than he could manage at the time, he lifted up the corners of the paper with his mouth, and deliberately covered up what remained. Apparently he did this with the intention of hiding the food until he needed it; and sure enough, as soon as he was hungry, he came back, uncovered the meat and ate it. Thereafter, when he was given more meat than he could eat on the spot, he hid it.

WALTZED FOR SEVEN HOURS

Three Couples Kept It Up While the Orchestra Played 161 Different Tunes.

One of the most startling novelties in the dancing line has set all Paris talking and there are couples that are now being treated as if they belonged to the nobility, says a recent report from the French capital. These couples danced for seven continuous hours in a contest, and when they were through both the dancers and the orchestra were ready to drop.

The proprietor of the Salle Wagrain offered prizes for the couples who could dance the longest. The contest began at 11 p. m. and 44 couples started.

They were all composed of young men and women, with the exception of one couple of two men, and the male partners included a soldier and two negroes. The only hard and fast condition of the contest was that couples should dance without cessation and keep waltzing all the time.

At the end of the first hour four couples had stopped dancing; at the end of the second hour 12 more had had sufficient, and at the end of the sixth hour the competitors had dwindled down to five couples. It was now five a. m., and the ten valiant dancers showed evident signs of fatigue. Their faces were pale and their eyes were encircled by ominous black lines.

But they could stand it as long as the band, they said, and to keep up their courage their friends in the audience brought them from time to time oranges, brandy, coffee, and other stimulants, which they had to take while dancing. One couple had very hard luck, for after dancing with spirit for six hours the gallant cavalier (a pork butcher) informed his willing partner that he had to be at work at five o'clock, and with a regretful adieu he left the hall.

Those who remained on the floor kept it up for an hour longer, and when all the other competitors had succumbed, the survivors performed a last round of the hall at six o'clock. They had been waltzing seven hours, and when they had finished, 1,000 spectators gave them a tremendous ovation. The audience did not know which to applaud the most, the dancers or the orchestra, for during the dancing the latter played an endless chain of 161 waltzes.

European Royalty.

It is a curious fact that there is hardly a reigning monarch in Europe whose family is of the same nationality, absolutely, as the people governed.

There Are Others.

"What kind of a chap is he?"
"Oh, his conversation consists of \$28 worth of talking to every nickel's worth of horse sense."—Judge.

A Picturesque Adirondack Village in Winter

Life With the "Shut-ins" of the Forest Clad Hills of Northern New York.



IF IT were not for our little railroad, if it were not for our private wire, we would be shut up indeed here in this little Adirondack village. Big evergreens and hardwoods close us in fore and aft, mountains uprear fore and aft, and the snow is doing its best to bury us.

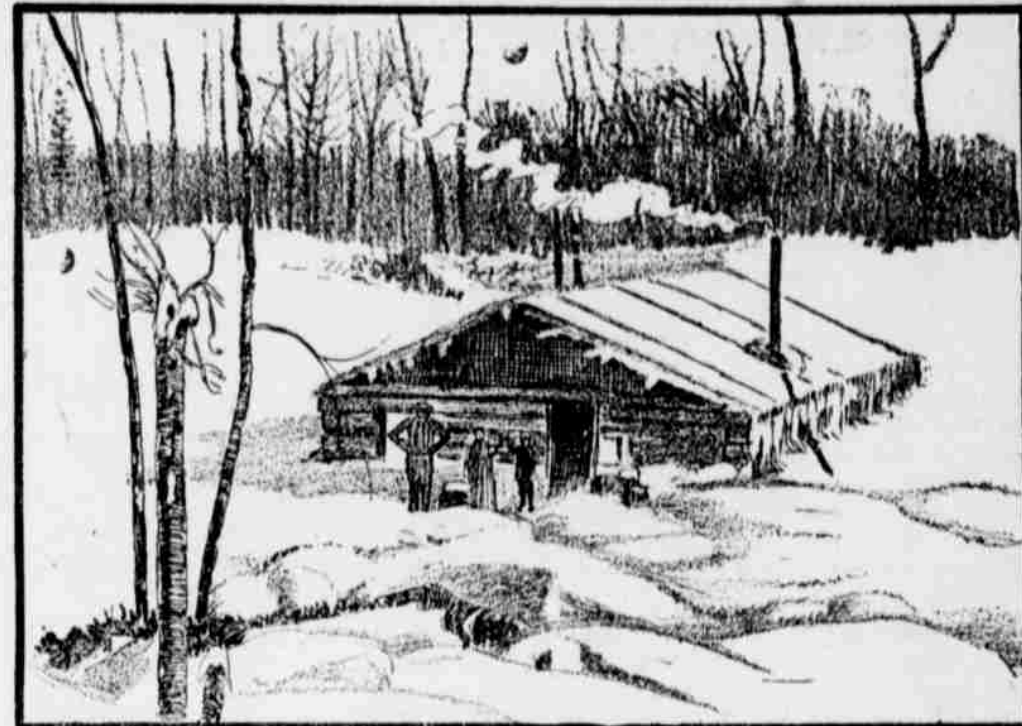
I wonder if it ever stops. For days it has been falling, through the sunny hours and in the darkness, and every morning we must take the broad, long-handled snow shovels and remove the fall of the preceding hours. The river looks like no river at all, but like a long, winding snowy lane; the boughs of the trees are bowed down with snow, the roofs covered, porches piled. But we do not mind. We are all cozily sheltered, well prepared to laugh at winter's worst.

For be it known, we are a prosperous village, everything about betokens "ready money." And yet we grew up in a night, as it were, for a year and a half ago we were not. Where we now stand, a pretty energetic village, 18 months ago there was nothing but the forest primeval, the mountains on either side, the river Oswegatchie in the cut between. No woodsman's ax was heard in the forest, no steam mill kept busy cutting up forest giants, no visitor of any sort save hunter and fisherman. But one day a man got off the train at the nearest station and stepped into the woods with an alert step and inquiring eye. He prospected about, sized up the

The post office was a contemporary of the station; the school house, town hall and church later public utilities. Our town hall is primarily a social center, its billiard-room, bright lights, warm corners a substitute for the ostracized saloon. Being a woman, I do not know whether or not paternalism is carried to the extent of concocting for our pleasure-seeking youth a harmless drink, but I do know we seem to be a merry, jovial sort for some reason or other.

Lusty men and maids constitute our resident village folk, and as we plough about in the snow in our knickers and short skirts, the American joke flies back and forth merrily. Varying sorts and conditions of mankind make their tracks in our snowy streets. Yonder, climbing the hill to the hotel, goes Mr. Rich Lumberman from the metropolis without. Here, along the frozen river, comes Dobson on his snow-shoes, the best guide in the Adirondacks; just starting for the train, a weak drummer, the hotel boy carrying his sample-case; and there, bless him, walks along creator of Eben Holden, of Darrell, of the Blessed Isles, Irving Bachelier, big and vigorous as the other woodsmen hereabout. So you see we are not wholly cut off from the interests of the outside world.

And the outside folk look upon us kindly, say pleasant things of us. Away from sight, but conveniently near for the employes, our mills smoke and buzz away, but our village



THE BEGINNING OF AN ADIRONDACK VILLAGE.

land, selected a cut where he thought the railroad should be constructed, and, lo, here was the beginning of the end for the forest primeval. The lumber company had arrived.

Things hummed. Though it cost \$50,000 more to construct than was first estimated, the little railroad was put through. Hundreds of carloads of material were brought in—heavy machinery, an army of workmen. The site for the mill was selected, the superabundant granite put to some use for foundation work, and when the lumber and machinery arrived mill-construction and equipping hustled along. Even hardy people are accustomed to roofs, and immediately labor on shelters was begun. But difficulties were many; there was the deep forest to weed out, the stubborn granite rock to scatter. Cutting and blasting went strenuously on and, before you could believe it, a big boarding house arose, more dwellings went up; careful, well-built ones many of them; and presently along came the women and children and other household luxuries.

The railroad was finished to the river bridge the middle of September; the middle of November some of us had moved into our houses—not finished, of course, but affording protection. At first the "store" sold its goods from a sidetracked car, but very soon there were real counters, real shelves, and a big frame building, the conventional village emporium.

It goes without saying that in this new American center the school was not long in coming; it was held at first in the lower story of a private house, and here on Sundays the church folk, too, gathered; sometimes school and church would experience the trifling interruption of the baby's cries above, but it did not seriously disturb recitation or prayer.

Ours in many ways is a model village; we have no saloons and no pigs within our borders and allow none. A cow cannot be kept where it will give offense, but has its padlocked place in the community barn. Every dooryard must be kept orderly, and in winter at least we are spotlessly clean as to exterior. We have a neat little church with neat little stained glass windows; a trim school house with two trim school mistresses. And we have no medical man.

does not look manufactory, baldly utilitarian, rather; neat, pretty, picturesque. The man that planned us has kept careful eye on the saving of the village trees, and all along the stream, in among the cottages, stand spruce and balsam, beech and hemlock. The village street is attractive in the extreme these winter evenings; homelike cottages nestled in among the evergreens and hardwoods, windows all ablaze from the electric lights—which electric lights we use with a lavishness unheard of in the crowded city. And so up here in the Adirondacks, the thermometer down as low as the mercury is willing to travel, we are cozily, comfortably, snugly wintering.

And what robust pleasures we enjoy—all of us, for we have no old folk here. There's Thornton, 87, and almost as good a hand at walking as ever he was. There's Uncle Fide, seventy-odd, and considering himself as valuable to forest-wandering sportsmen as ever. There's the elderly man who came up here with weak lungs and has learned to forget disease and advancing years. All of us are great outdoor folk not so fond of chimney-corners as of battling with snow and storm. The thermometer 30 to 40 below? No matter. There'll be coasting and snow-shoeing and skating; and hardier will grow the frames and rounder and redder the cheeks.

Thirty to 40 below? Again, what matter? There is the log-train to go out, the logs to bring back to the mill, and off we start for our day's work at the skidway. There is school to keep, and off the sturdy kiddies hop to school. There is a camp to visit in the woods, and off the girls go with the forester to see the inner life of the woods in winter. We put on almost all the clothes there are in the house and set forth, running to keep up with the long-legged forester's long strides. We look at the trees critically and note that the contractor should have cut that one down, it is entirely too good to be omitted; we take our scale-rule and see that the other man's measurements do not lean too much his way; we watch the "hicks" (men that work in the woods) loading logs, and we turn a deaf ear to the swear words; we help the forester a great deal, and then come back to the village with him on the log-train.

KATHERINE POPE.