

AROUND THE WORLD.

Japan THE Land OF THE Rising Sun.

A Land of Opposites, Where all Things are Done on The Contrary Plan.

Facts Stranger Than Fiction. Where Laughter Prevails and White is Worn at Funerals. And Ladies wear Neither Hats or Bonnets. And Clothing a Hindrance.

Japan has been called "The Pearl of the East," "The Diamond of Asia," and "The Land of the Rising Sun," but I would call it "The Land of Opposites."

In America weeping is noticed at funeral services, here laughter prevails when a loved one passes away and during the funeral service. When a man steps down street to notify the people of the death of his son, daughter or parents, he laughs as if he were telling good news, but it is his way of mourning. The corpse is placed in a sitting posture with his head bent forward, and the law forbids the burial taking place within twenty-four hours of death.

Here women wear neither hats nor bonnets and, after miles of travel on the streets of Tokyo, I believe I am safe in asserting that half of the men are hatless and further do not own hats because they are regarded as superfluous. The Japanese have reduced the absence of clothing to an art, the police finding it difficult to keep nude pedestrians off the streets. All the port cities now require that some clothing be worn, but I have seen multitudes of all ages and descriptions, whose photographs would not pass muster at a Parisian art exhibit.

Here pedestrians turn to the left in passing their fellows. Those not accustomed to it usually collide with nearly every person as a collision is inevitable when two persons try to pass the same track.

It is the fashion for married women to blacken their teeth to indicate that they are married and to prevent men from falling in love with them while American women use every effort to keep them white. I am glad to announce that the fashion of blackening the teeth is losing ground though a common sight.

When a distinguished official passes through the streets on state occasions, no one is permitted to be on the second floor of any building along the street traversed as it is a criminal offense to look down upon a gentleman of high authority. Not only must one be on a level, but the bow must reach to the ground as the god in human form passes along. In Japan politeness has gone to seed. The other day while waiting for a train at Skiagawa, I tossed a half penny among some little tots. The mother of the child that secured the coin bowed in a manner that would make a beggar in America feel himself a king, and the little fellow marched out and bowed. A frenchman cannot equal a Japanese in bowing.

The day I arrived in Yokohama, I was invited to the dedicatory service of the new building for the girls school under the management of the Women's Foreign Missionary society. There politeness seemed to me to be overdone. The uncounted bows there indulged in were a complete surprise to me. When introduced, those Japanese girls bowed in a way I shall not undertake to describe. A biograph is the only machine that will do the subject justice. Just before the service began, three young ladies entered and found three vacant seats, but all stood in the aisle each bowing to the other as it was a breach of etiquette for either to go first without indicating by multitudinous bows that the others should precede.

The one that bows the lowest and longest is considered the most polite, so they tried themselves, being in the center of a large audience. Often ten minutes is thus consumed in formality, and when it is all over the one nearest the entrance to the pew precedes as if nothing had happened, when in fact nothing but foolishness had taken place. After the dedicatory service, the ladies served luncheon in the dining hall, where further opportunity was given to study things Japanese. In the afternoon I accepted an invitation to speak to the students of the Anglo-Japanese school in the assembly hall. This was the most novel experience. I stood upon the platform with the interpreter by my side. I would speak from three to five sentences; then my sentences would be put into Japanese and spoken as rapidly as I had originally delivered them. The interpreter being quite expert, having done work of the kind for twenty-three years, was able to let me speak for five minutes at a time during the latter part of my address, then take the floor and report every sentence and with oratorical rapidity and inflection.

While entertained at the home of Rev. Dr. Julius Soper, I was the recipient of an invitation to attend a for-

mal Japanese tea to be given by the ladies of the Tokyo Anglo-Japanese College. I went at the hour appointed. A young lady met me at the door, escorted me through the hall to the reception room door where the real formality began. She was sent to the door wearing American shoes so that she might remove a little of my embarrassment by sitting upon the floor with me and removing her shoes as I removed mine. Ordinarily Japanese wear nothing in the way of shoes except the soles fastened to the feet by bands passing between the first and second toes. The shoes removed, we were ushered into a room where ten young ladies were sitting shoeless upon the floor in a semi-circle. By moving in either direction a space was left for me almost in the center, where I bade good bye to American customs and took my place upon the well matted floor. There I was upon the floor in my pulpit suit and no shoes with five young ladies dressed in tea gowns on either side, the hostess in one corner of the room, sitting as she busied herself, after my reception, in preparing to serve her guests with what is beyond the range of description. Before her was her charcoal fire, and various utensils for preparing and serving. It was arranged that my position should be between two students who had been studying English for several years, and could explain the program as it progressed, thereby preventing me from multiplying blunders. One person is served at a time, and the procedure is that formal and vexatious that it requires two hours to dispose of a dozen guests. Not being used to making a cushion out of my feet, I made no effort to prolong the function.

Japanese houses have no beds, tables or chairs, all of which they are consider useless and in the way. They sleep on the floor, sit on the floor and eat wherever they happen to be. Some eat their meals as they walk the street. When the meals are served at home, small stands six inches high are often provided, upon which the dish or dishes are placed, each person having a separate stand. Chopsticks take the place of knives, forks and spoons. A block of wood serves as a pillow. Their shoes are always left outside, we always take ours inside, and some Americans have been known to wear their shoes while they slept. Babies are invariably carried strapped to the mother's back like papoose's. Carpenters pull their planes to them while Americans push. Screws turn to the left. Saws are made to cut on the upward stroke. About the only sound or sight that bore the American brand was the rendition of "Marching through Georgia," today on the streets of Tokyo by a uniformed Japanese brass band. The next selection was "Yankee Doodle." They are in love with American music, having heard our bands at Yokohama, enroute to Manila.

In America young men and maidens of ten make engagements regardless of the parents wishes, but here the parents make the arrangements without considering or consulting the children. Frequently the bride and groom never see each other till the wedding day. The more recent plan is to allow them to meet once before the nuptial day, and if either is displeased the negotiations cease. The wedding always takes place at the home of the groom, he providing the wedding dinner.

Japanese wear white for mourning. Here man and wife do not walk side by side. He precedes while she tags along behind. He eats first, and what is left is her's and the dog's. In America, the lady is served first; she is tendered the best seat at the table, in the drawing room and in the car. Here if anyone stands it is the lady. I have seen women enter the cars and stand until they saw that all the gentlemen were seated, then find seats among those not taken. There were ladies elegantly dressed in the height of Japanese fashion.

Most visitors to Japan agree in their praise of Japanese women. One said, "She is so charming that she deserves better treatment." To this the Japanese replied, "It is just because she is kept in her place that she is so charming." Another said, "If this be the result of suppression and oppression, then these are not altogether bad." My belief is that the women are immeasurably superior to the men, (as women usually are everywhere,) and

are what they are in spite of their treatment.

Not over a mile from Yokohama is a rice plantation where I saw ladies gathering rice. They waded nearly knee deep in water, slush and mud, and seemed perfectly contented. Their brothers, no doubt, were in the city pulling jinrikisha's at seven cents an hour, when employed. My sympathy for the girls was strong, so that I felt like saying, "I'll help you." On longer reflection I decided that an hour in that slush would prepare any American for the hospital. Mr. McDowell, an alumnus of Harvard college, who accompanied me on this trip to the country, explained that they are prepared (or think they are,) for such work and exposure by taking two hot baths daily, the water at 110 degrees. The Japanese boast that they take two hot baths daily, from the cradle to the grave. Every city is supplied with scores of public bath houses, some are free, at others a charge of one cent per bath is made.

Men here, working on the principle that everything should bend to man's will, train the pear, peach and plum trees so that the limbs run on frames like grape vines in America. An orchard is a peculiar sight, no limbs standing upright.

There are twenty-six passenger trains daily between Tokyo and Yokohama. I have made the trip three times and have not seen a conductor. Everyone is required to purchase tickets, which are shown at the gate. Once through the gate a first, second or third class car may be taken, according to ticket purchased. You are supposed to know when your station is reached. Leaving the train you pass through a gate where your ticket is taken up. A smattering of the Japanese language is necessary for one in order to get along smoothly. Crossing the Pacific, I picked up a few necessary words and phrases by the aid of a book, assisted by Prof. Shinoda. The word for ticket is KIPPU, first class is JOTO, station at Tokyo is SHINBASHI. Hence a person at Yokohama desiring to go to Tokyo simply says to the ticket agent, "Shimbashi kippu joto."

Opposition to the world's customs is found in the business realm. Here small quantities are quoted at lower rates than large quantities. Price advances in proportion to the amount wanted. Exporters affirm that they are compelled to buy in small quantities day after day through several persons in order to fill large orders as a Japanese producer or wholesaler considers that a large single order indicates that the goods are wanted badly and a higher price is asked. There are rare exceptions to this rule. On the other hand, people are advised to offer about half what is asked for goods at various stores and bazaars, as the offer of one-half the price asked usually purchases the article in question. Great praise is due the Japanese for having stamped out the opium trade. It is now an offense punishable with fine and imprisonment to be found in possession of an opium pipe.

To the disgrace of Japan it must be asserted that the government sanctions the sale of women and girls into the worst form of human slavery. Through the efforts of the Salvation Army, a decree was issued by the Mikado making it possible for the person sold to avoid the sale at her discretion. But the loyalty of the girls to their parents is so intense that they patiently endure their term of bondage rather than cause their parents to return the purchase price or lose their home on account of failure to return the cash advanced on the sale of the daughter or wife.

It is strange, in a land where the principal proverb is—"Never trust a woman," that there are, broadly speaking, no bachelors or old maids, but divorce is common. In 1899 there were two divorces for three marriages. Among the grounds recognized for granting divorces are, disobedience, jealousy, talking too much, and thievishness. Fashions seldom change and dresses are handed down from generation to generation—or till worn out.

January is the universal birthday in Japan. They pay no attention to days or months in the ages of people. Every child born during an entire year is one year old till January first, then it becomes two years old. A child born in December is two years old on January first, when in reality, according to American ideas, it is scarcely a month old.

All the girls celebrate their yearly holiday on March third, while the boys celebrate on May fifth.

Nearly all the cats of Japan are tailless, or have very short tails. The peculiarity is natural. If a cat happens to develop a tail it is quickly chopped off by some one who considers himself specially called to assist Japan in remaining what it is to foreigners, a land of surprises.

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Japan architecture is unique. The front of the house is usually open from wall to wall during the day. At night sliding or folding doors are utilized. The partitions, where there are any, are composed of light frames filled in with paper. The vast majority of the houses, size about 10 feet square, are so constructed that privacy is impossible and the evidences indicate that it is comparatively unknown. Many, who have been abroad, are adopting foreign styles, customs and equipment, but it will be years before old Japan changes her dress entirely.

A medley of vegetable growth greets the beholder. Beside the pine is the bamboo; alongside the wheat field is the rice field; in the gardens vegetables are now in abundance along with chrysanthemums. Palms and oranges keep each other company. In all there are 2743 species of plants and flowers in the Japanese register. In the forests of Japan, though insignificant, there are 178 species while in all Europe there are only 85 species and only 155 in Atlantic North America.

Fishing is a great industry. Besides using nets, many use the cormorant. The bird is held securely with a cord; a metal ring is put around her neck so she cannot swallow the fish. After her throat and neck are quite swollen by the lodged fish, she is pulled into the boat and relieved of her burden and sent out again. Fisherman say that a cormorant in this way catches for them 150 fish per hour.

There are but few horses here and strange to say, the price is quite low. A good horse is valued at from \$10.00 to \$15.00. They are not wanted because they are unable to compete with the ricksha men. The Japanese ties his horse by roping his front legs together. He reasons that a horse will never get away as long as his feet are motionless while the American would tie, not the part that runs, but the part that eats.

Tokyo covers 100 square miles, and has a population of 1,400,000. Its chief hotels are the Imperial, Tokyo, and the Club. Its chief parks, the Shiba, Ueno and Asakusa. Its temples number about 800. Its chief institutions of learning is the Imperial University, it being the institution of all Japan. The Shiba temple is called the marvel of Japanese art and should be visited and compared with those of Nikko, the city of temples.

Everyone visiting Tokyo should include a compass in his equipment and be a surveyor whenever lost. The streets evidently were laid out by a blindfolded guesser. There are few side walks and, excepting the Ginza, the principal street, the people walk or ride in the middle of the street. Children, cats, dogs, chickens, jinrikishas, hurrying crowds with clattering feet shod with wood, all surge through streets not half wide enough for an American alley. Many of the streets have wells taking up nearly half the space, each well having a curbing rising two or three feet above the level of the street. The old fashioned balanced long pole and tope are still in fashion. Cook stoves are very scarce and the good wife prepares the meal, takes it to a public bake oven close by, for they are numerous, pays a cent for having it cooked, carries it home to the one who bosses the house. He is too much of a

rascal to buy a cooking outfit and ought to be pushed into the Pacific ocean, but she works on and dares not grow weary, bearing her burden in a manner that would be tolerated by an American woman about the millionth part of a second.

But there is hope. Christianity is getting a footing, and where it is planted conditions change for the better. Christianity, says history, has unlocked the fetters from woman, which explains in tones unmistakable why so many women are christians.

I am making a study of missions and have found the christian home a paradise in Japan compared with the non-christian. Let no man raise either his hand or his voice against missions for the christian homes of Japan rise in unimpeachable testimony against him. The difference between christian and pagan Japan is the difference between the brightest daylight and the blackest darkness. The christian man and wife go to church side by side with the little one joyfully playing about them and all are happy, a blessed family. The pagan man and wife go to the temple of Zuddha not side by side, but she mopes along in the rear downcast, gloomy, a big child that ought to walk is strapped to her back as she is only a burden bearer and must be kept in practice whether the child should be carried or not. In the christian home the woman is queen, her rightful God created position. In the Japan home she is treated like a dog or even worse than the lowest breed of American hounds.

The time is coming when the Gospel of Jesus Christ will proclaim the emancipation of woman in Japan or the knights of America and Europe will rise, buckle on their armor and rescue their neighboring sisters. My faith in the former is strong and may best be expressed in the words of that eminent scholar Dr. J. P. John who said, "Whoever or whatever would outrun the Gospel of Jesus Christ must measure footsteps with the eternal God."

E. C. HORN.

Tokyo, Japan, Nov. 24, 1902.

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