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#### EMPIRE OF THE RISING SUN.

A Land Where an Artistic Liar is Appreciated.

#### QUEER DOMESTIC RELATIONS.

A Peculiar Greeting—The Interchange of Boys—Divorce and Marriage Customs—The March of Civilization.

#### Kingdom of the Mikado.

Written for The Bee.

Distance is annihilated in these days of steam and electricity. The events of the morning at one particular point of this planet are read and commented upon at the antipodes in the evening paper. The physical, intellectual and moral progress or reaction of most nations is apparent and disseminated by the omnipresent wire, and what was considered a utopia, the idea of a brotherhood of nations, seems to grow less impossible as the century nears its close. It is not so long ago since Japan was a terra incognita; a land inhabited with strange people, with another civilization, with customs and manners of which we knew nothing; a country so walled in by the seclusion of centuries, that the imagination ran riot in its anxiety to draw the curtain and reveal to the world a hidden phase of human existence. Commodore Perry came and Japan reluctantly submitted to resume intercourse with foreign nations. Ports were opened to commerce and merchants entered in search of lucre. But at that time trade was considered in Japan as one of the lower vocations of life, and intercourse with the higher and educated classes was an impossibility. Up to twenty years ago, absolutely nothing was known of the political condition in the Island Empire. Then came the civil war. The Shogun (Yenku) was erroneously called by foreigners) was reduced to submission, and the Tenshi Samamikado is a term unknown in the Japanese tongue—resumed the throne of his ancestors. The new government inaugurated a new era. Obstacles, in the way of free intercourse between the I-jin (western men, the name applied to all foreigners), were removed and we were allowed to cast a glance behind the screen of social and domestic life.

But this took time. Aside from the fact that the older Japanese were not disposed to follow young Japan in acknowledging the superiority of our civilization, they shrank from exposing to the curious details of their domestic life. Had been two years in Japan and had become intimately acquainted with many families, when Carussu Marn a huge, i. e., a relation of the imperial family, died. Having been on visiting terms with the deceased, Mr. Go-jo, his brother-in-law, was notified of my intention to attend the funeral. Several objections were raised but overcome. It must be acknowledged that curiosity to witness the obsequies of a noble contributed not a little to the desire, and my astonishment and disappointment may be imagined when, upon reaching the house of mourning, I found a hearse and carriage in waiting. The gentlemen were in full dress with crapes around the arm and hat. All I saw was a ceremony exactly like those in our streets, with the excep-

tion that a Buddhist priest conducted the religious rites in the cemetery. Hearses and carriages had been hired at Yokohama, and for that time at least, the Japanese form remained a mystery.

We have been flooded with literature about Japan, and I regret to say that much of this writing is unreliable. How can it be otherwise? An Englishman travels over this continent, and upon his return rushes into print; we know how ridiculous are some of the statements made by these superficial observers of our social and political life. So it is in Japan. A writer, no matter how close an observer he might be, can only give his impressions, and many of these are obtained through the eye of an interpreter. The best book on Japan is Griffis' "Empire of the Mikado," but its author was totally unacquainted with the native tongue, and his descriptions of domestic life were obtained from Japanese students who naturally presented everything in a rosy hue—naturally, for to tell a lie is no sin in Japan. One of the writer's first experiences demonstrates that fact. A young official, desiring such a palpable falsehood that I inquired of my interpreter about the man's character. "Oh!" was the reply, "he is a fox." Insisting upon an explanation, I elicited the fact that lying is considered "smart." The immorality of an untruth is utterly ignored. If a native doubts a statement of a friend or acquaintance, he will ejaculate: "Use bakari!"—that is only a lie!—and both will laugh in the best-natured manner.

A good liar seems to be at a premium in Japan. He is called "a fox," well; of the innumerable shrines devoted to the several deities, those dedicated to Ryoudan outnumber all the rest together. These shrines, placed as they are in the midst of a copse, at but a short distance from the roadside, form a peculiar feature in the landscape, and add not a little to that indescribable charm which the traveler experiences during his sojourn in out of the way places. Tourists or residents seem to travel only in the beaten tracks. Tokio, with the temples at Shiba, Ueno, and Azakusa, is visited; perhaps the tiny waterfall at Oji is seen. Odawara, Mianoshita, Lake Hakone and the sulphur baths of Atame are taken in and a hurried trip to the Dai-Badzu (the immense statue of Buddha) concludes the tour of Japan. Now a stranger cannot learn anything about Japan on his trip. He comes in contact with natives who have been spoiled by their intercourse with unprincipled foreigners—for, notwithstanding their obtuseness as regards a falsehood, the natives are naturally scrupulously honest—is exposed to a considerable extent and sees a mongrel mixture of old and new Japan. But go to old Fusi-Yama, that grand mountain which inspires the natives with a mystic awe, and whose likeness is reproduced by every landscape painter's brush; then strike up north if you wish to find natives with all the primeval vices and virtues of their forefathers.

Their politeness is excessive, although, since it is an innate and not an artificial quality, its expression is more pleasing than otherwise. The deep salaam, the flowery address, remind us forcibly that we are in the Orient, and when we meet a native who has acquired English by books instead of by actual intercourse, we cannot help being struck by what might seem to be fulsome adulation. The writer, while making a tour through Japan, was walking his horse upon entering a village, when a well-dressed native seized the bridle, and, after making the usual bow, accosted him in laborious English with: "A—how—knot—is—easy—to—untie."

"A—how—knot—is—easy—to—untie."

This strange proceeding and ad-

dress may probably have produced an idiotic stare, for the Japanese laughed heartily, bowed again and went his way. The first thought which suggested itself was to hint to the government that civilized nations keep their lunatics in an asylum. But some time afterward we found an English grammar written for Japanese students by Dr. Brown. The author had appended a number of English-Japanese sentences, the first of which was the extraordinary allusion by this stranger, who was evidently studying English and anxious to give evidence of his progress.

Social life is largely depending on the home relations of the people. Polygamy, that curse to all moral and intellectual progress, was permitted in Japan, although its practice was limited. The emperor had, and has as far as we know, twelve by-wives, although the first wife only has the title of empress; but all the children were legitimate. Monogamy is general among the people, although the question of legitimacy plays no role in Japan. The fact is, the relations of the home life of this people are exceedingly strange. There is no courtship. If a Japanese wants a wife for his son, he sends his chief attendant among the different families of his own rank. A suitable girl being found, this attendant communicates with his colleague of the bride's family; he returns to give the result of his negotiations, presents are interchanged between the two families and a day is appointed when the bride will come to the house of her future husband. There is some entertaining on the part of both families, but no other ceremony. If the wife is not to her husband's liking, he may send her home to her parents, without going through the divorce court, and enter upon a new venture in the matrimonial sea.

But the queerest custom, and one that is not generally known is the interchange of boys. Mr. Kawakura has a boy, and to show his appreciation of his friend's kindness, gives him this child. The boy is formally adopted in his new family, and assumes all the rights and title belonging to it. He becomes totally alienated from his real parents and is disowned by them. Now, Mr. Iwaya, who has two sons, hears of Kawakura's generosity and, not to be outdone, sends him one of his boys. Kawakura accepts this present with thanks and young Iwaya bears that name no longer, but enters at once as the heir to Kawakura's name and property. This strange proceeding is carried on among all classes. The above named instance in which the names are not changed, came under the writer's observation. But another high official, Mr. Matsui, once said that he did not think that his youngest son, a child of eight years, was of much account, hence, he had given him to a jinrikisha coolie!

The husband is absolutely master of his household; if he is attached to his wife and children, he is exceedingly careful not to show it. The life of a lady is exceedingly monotonous and to our ideas seems unbearable. The dressing of the hair consumes many hours, the painting of the face, neck and lips take as many more. The household duties are performed by the servants; there is no going into society; the only amusement, if it can be called by that name, is an occasional excursion with her husband to some place of resort, generally a temple of national reputation. Among the lower classes, she is the chief slave; does all the work and, if she happens to live in the country, must help him in his field labor.

It seems a hopeless task to undertake the amelioration of this condition.

While the Japanese are making wonderful progress in all that concerns material life; while railroads and telegraph lines are being built and operated; while Tokio has electric lights, street cars, brick buildings and almost every improvement, we owe to this century, while the nation is making preparations to advance a step further by changing from an autocratic into a constitutional government; the relations of the home circle remain the same, and will prove a serious obstacle in scaling the height of civilization reached by the Caucasian race.

#### HONEY FOR THE LADIES.

A very stylish jacket of gray princess cloth is trimmed with creosets of rich passementerie.

Many basques are trimmed with full fronts of silk, in some lighter shade than the color of the cloth worn.

A very pretty jacket of marine blue cloth, lined with plaid silk, is trimmed all around with amber balls and so on, but otherwise simple.

Stuffs with printed borders are again much used for girls' summer frocks, and the full round skirts have the border as a hem.

A walking jacket of navy blue and white striped hair cord is edged with navy blue braid. It has a waistcoat of white fancy cloth.

Fans with sticks of tigers-eye, studded with carnelian, and ivory combs with tops of amber balls are among the latest lures for the sheikhs of fair women.

Very small mantles with lace hoods are worn with thin toilets by young women at garden parties, and so on, but otherwise simple.

Frings of twisted silk are again in fashion, as well as gipsy lace of heavy pattern, and "chicory" ruffled pique cut in the shapes, while jet, we are told, has a new lease of life, though only in the first quantities.

The very last sweet thing in bonnets is tortoise shell, which is wrought into a comb and coronet that tangle about in a lot of lace, tulle, flowers and things, and are supposed to be the latest fashion, but as it is more coquettish and youthful-looking, it soon will.

In stockings black is always worn, but most of the best dressers now favor the cream and eeri balbriggans, and for wear with the tan shoes so often seen it is imperative to have stockings of quite the same shade. For evening toilet the stocking exactly matches the gown.

For traveling there are dust cloaks of gray glace silk that are the acme of elegant quietness, while for the carriage are shown sweeping garments of bright red bengaline trimmed with floss of black lace, or else green, bedizened with yards of white ribbon.

Crepe effect can be given to man's veiling by dampening slightly, drawing through the hands and allowing it to dry, and when made over more of its own shade, with small vest, toppers, cuffs and panel of white, it is among the most stylish of summer stuffs, especially for young wearers.

Skirts are cut short enough in front to display the gorgeous footwear now in vogue, and, as easily long favorites, though slippers and low shoes of bronze and black kid or of the gown stuff, with big, dull silver buckles, are the correct thing for full-dress occasions.

#### THE WIZARD OF WALL STREET

Methods and Means Which Have Won Him Greatness.

#### EARLY BUSINESS SPECULATIONS.

Methods of Obtaining Control of Other People's Property Reduced to a Fine Art—How He Got the Western Union.

#### Jay Gould.

Henry Clews, in New York Commercial Advertiser: In Fenimore Cooper, Sir Walter Scott, Charles Dickens or Dumas, in the height of popularity of any of these great writers of fiction, had evolved from his inner consciousness a Jay Gould as the hero of a novel, its readers would have found serious fault with the author for attempting to transcend the rational probability allowed to the latitude of fiction. Few novel readers, in fact, would have patiently submitted to such a strain on their credulity prior to the era in the financial development in this country which produced some of the leading characters which Wall street has brought to the front, as stern realities of every day life, since my advent in the arena of speculation.

Among those Jay Gould is conspicuous, and of all the self-made men of Wall street he had probably the most difficulty in making the first thousand dollars of the amazing pile which he now controls.

Jay Gould was born at Stratton Falls, Delaware county, New York, about the year 1836. He was the son of John H. Gould, a farmer, who kept a grocery store. At the age of sixteen young Gould became a clerk in a variety store belonging to Squire Burdham, about two miles from the Falls. Here, in his leisure hours he assiduously improved the little learning he had received at the village school, by applying himself to the study of bookkeeping in the evenings.

It was when he was at this store, according to the most reliable accounts, that he manifested his natural aptitude for making sharp and profitable bargains. His employer, the squire, had his eye on a piece of land in Albany, which he expected to obtain cheap and so make a profit. He whispered his intention to some friend in the store, and by dampening slightly, drawing through the hands and allowing it to dry, and when made over more of its own shade, with small vest, toppers, cuffs and panel of white, it is among the most stylish of summer stuffs, especially for young wearers.

This natural inclination to buy out every concern with which he has been connected has been the ruling passion of his life, and still tenaciously adheres to him. Prior to his negotiations with the firm of surveyors, he had invented an amuse trap in his intervals of leisure and, with the proceeds of it, had bought the land in question, out of which he had outwitted his employer, he was enabled to make himself master of the situation with the surveyors.

Shortly after this a man named Loup, who owned a tannery in Pennsylvania, was looking out for a partner with a little money, and who was also a good "drummer." Mr. Gould made an arrangement with him, became a member of the firm, cut off the middle men, came to New York and obtained customers direct from the wholesale leather men, and in three years bought out his partner and ran business himself. Loup, the frozen-out partner, took

his business reverses so much to heart that he committed suicide.

On his visits to New York Mr. Gould was attracted by the greater advantages which the Empire City afforded for extending his business, and came here to reside. He had ingratiated himself in the favorable esteem of one of the leather merchants with whom he had done business. The merchant took him to his house to board and Mr. Gould fell in love with his handsome daughter. It was a mutual affair of the heart, like that of his son George and Miss Edith Kingston, and a speedy marriage was the result. The results of the happy union seem to have been all that could be desired, and the domestic felicity of Mr. and Mrs. Gould, so far as the public have been able to ascertain, has never suffered the slightest jar or interruption.

On his entrance to Wall street he began business alone. Afterward he formed a partnership with Henry N. Smith and—Martin, the firm taking the name of Smith, Gould & Martin. Martin is now in a lunatic asylum, and Henry N. Smith, who was the chief cause of the failure of William Heath & Co. for \$1,000,000, is now a poor pensioner of the bounty of his wife. But Mr. Gould still towers aloft, in the full enjoyment and the continued progress of his speculative prosperity, without being dismayed by any competitor, however powerful, and overcoming all obstacles, no matter how gigantic.

The modus operandi of Mr. Gould, in the purchase and sale of railroads, has been to buy up two or more bad roads put them together, give the united roads a new name, call it a good, prosperous line, with immense prospects in the immediate future, get a great number of people to believe all this, then make large issues of bonds and sell them at a good price, for the purpose of further improving and enhancing the value of the property. After these preliminaries had been gone through, if profitable purchasers came along, they could have the road at a price that would amply compensate Mr. Gould for all his labor and acute management. If these purchasers should be unable to run the road profitably and were obliged to go into liquidation after a year or two, as frequently happens, then Mr. Gould or his agents would very likely be found on hand at a greatly reduced price, and the road would be bought up by Mr. Gould, and then go through the same process of reorganization and go through the same sale substantially, with slight variations, as before, realizing a handsome profit on each successive reorganization.

It was the managing power of the Erie railroad that Mr. Gould laid the broad foundation of his fortune. The money and influence which he gained in connection with the Erie corporation enabled him to extend his operations in the acquisition of railroad property until, through Union Pacific and its various connections, Washash and a number of southwestern roads, it seemed probable at one time that he was in a fair way of grasping the entire control of the transcontinental business in railroad matters. And this was prior to the time when he obtained his present hold on telegraph facilities.

The methods of acquiring the control and the possession of other people's property have been raised to the dignity of fine art by Mr. Gould. This art has been prosecuted, too, through "legitimate" means. He has had the law at his back every time, and been supported

in his marvellous acquisitions by the highest court authority.

The manner in which he managed to get Western Union into his hands affords a very striking illustration of his methods and the great secret of his success. When first laying his schemes to obtain the control of the telegraph property he got up a construction company to build a telegraph line. This was a company of exceedingly modest pretensions. It had a capital of only \$5,000. It built the lines of the Western Union Telegraph Company, with which Mr. Gould paralleled most of the important lines of the Western Union, and cut the rates until the older and larger corporation found that its profits were being reduced toward the vanishing point. Then it was glad to make terms with its competitor; a union of interests was the result, and Mr. Gould obtained control of the united concern.

"Impossible!" said Norvin Green, in high dudgeon, when the insidious intentions of Mr. Gould were bronched to him a few months before the settlement took place. "It would bankrupt Gould and all his connections to parallel our lines, and to talk of harmony between him and us is the wildest kind of speculation." The genial doctor was then master of the situation in Western Union, or imagined himself so at that time, and regarded with contempt the efforts of Gould and his colleagues to bring the company to terms. In a few months afterward the doctor tamely submitted to play second fiddle to the little man whom he had formerly despised.

The arrangement in reference to the cable companies followed the capture of Western Union. The struggle is still pending for the entire monopoly in the cable business, and it now seems only a question of time when the Bennett-Mackay party will have to succumb, leaving Gould in the supreme command of the news of the world. If this should happen he would become an immense power for either good or evil both in speculation and politics. In fact, it would be too great a monopoly to be entrusted to the will of one man. Although it might be judiciously managed as the cup of his ambition would be surely full, yet the experiment would be extremely hazardous.

The controlling interest in the elevated railroads of this city, recently achieved by Mr. Gould through his business and speculative relations with Mr. Cyrus W. Field, are of too recent date to require any special notice or comment. Suffice it to say, that I fear not achieved by Mr. Gould through his business and speculative relations with Mr. Cyrus W. Field, are of too recent date to require any special notice or comment.

#### A Summer Idyl.

For the Bee.  
We sat beside the summer sea,  
Her presence did completely fill me;  
Her lips had touched me, ah me!  
How it did thrill me.

But her father came, the old rabot,  
His coming I can never forget;  
For he, too, touched me with his boot—  
It thrills me yet.

Dr. Portogalloff, of Russia, claims that drunkenness may be cured by subcutaneous injections of strychnine, in the proportion of one grain to 200 drops of water, five drops to be injected every twenty-four hours, for eight or ten consecutive days. The patient will find, according to Dr. Portogalloff, that "the first attempt to resume drinking will produce such painful and nauseating sensations that he will turn away from the liquor in disgust."