

A CARD.

H. A. Collins, the Artist, who has executed the Crayon Portraits for Geo. Heyn, the Photographer, for several years past, and who during the past year and a half has done Mr. Heyn's work exclusively, has just opened a studio in Nos. 423 and 424 Range Building, corner 15th and Harney Streets. He extends a cordial invitation to his many patrons, friends and the general public to inspect his studio and work, both of which will be found second to none in the west. In addition to his justly celebrated and extensively advertised Crayon Portraits, he also does work in Oil, Pastel, Water Colors, etc.

After February 1st, 1889, Mr. Collins will give instructions to a few pupils in black and white only.

THE LABORERS OF JAPAN.

Curious Ways and Work of the Almond-Eyed Artisans.

JAPANESE CARPENTERS' WAGES.

Japanese Cooper and his Twelve Followers—Carpenters—Housekeepers—Book-keepers—Manufacturing—Laborer's Wages.

JAPAN, October 28.—[Correspondence of THE BEE].—The Japanese artisan has four hands and twelve fingers. He uses his feet as an extra pair of hands and his two great toes can wrap themselves around the articles with which he works like an American's thumb. I saw a cooper at work this morning mending a bucket. He held the bucket between his feet while he sat down to his work and put on the hoops with a hammer and wedge. His legs were bare and his cue was tied in the old Japanese fashion, while his almond-eyes closely watched the work he had before him. After ten minutes of pounding he laid down his tools and took a smoke, and during the hour that I sat near him he smoked four times. The Japanese pipe only holds a pinch of tobacco and he could do this cheaply, but the time consumed was at least twenty minutes. This perpetual siesta is one of the features of Japanese labor. I am told by old American residents that a Japanese workman will not do one-third as much a day as an American workman, and in every case they seem to do their work in the harshest of ways.

PECULIAR LABOR METHODS.
The methods of labor of Japan are the direct opposite of those of America. The carpenters, for instance, pull their planes the other way, and when they use the drawing knife they push it from them instead of pulling it towards them. They do most of their work sitting, and they do all the work on the pull stroke instead of the push stroke and they stand the board, as a rule, at an angle of forty-five degrees against something rather than lay it on a saw-horse or bench as we do. They do their marking not with chalk, but with red and mixed string when they wish to saw in a straight line, and the whole work of turning the rough logs into the finest of cabinet work is done by hand. There are no planing mills in Japan and the saw mills can be counted on the fingers of one hand. The usual method of sawing logs into boards is to stand the log at an angle against a support and saw it by hand. The saw used is not the powerful cross cut saw of America, but a wide, short Japanese instrument, which has a handle about two feet long and which looks like a butcher's cleaver filed into a saw. The human saw mill stands on top of the log or under it and pulls away for ten hours a day for about thirty cents. Skilled carpenters in cities get about forty American cents a day and the best men in the business do not get over forty-five. Still you will find no better workmen in the world than here. Their work is done with the use of very few nails and they have to be cabinet-makers as well as carpenters. Every Japanese house has walls which must move in grooves in and out every day, and the ordinary house is a hovel put together as a bureau. The joining of everything is by dovetailing, and the Japanese could teach our American workmen much in the polishing and joining of fine woods.

BEGIN BUILDING AT THE TOP.
Speaking of house-building, the Japanese begin their work at the top. The roof goes on first and then they begin to build the walls and to construct the interior. One of the greatest curiosities to me in Tokio is a

new hotel which is being built. It is to be on the foreign style and is to have four stories. It will be the greatest hotel in Japan and will rank here as Flagler's hotel in Florida ranks in the United States. It covers about an acre of ground. As yet not a stone of the foundation has been made, but the roof is already up and this stand on a great four-story skeleton of scaffolding awaiting the building of the rest of the structure. This scaffolding is made of long poles from the size and thickness of a campaign flag staff down to the size of a bamboo fishing rod, and the whole is tied together with ropes. Imagine an acre of scaffolding of this nature upholding a heavy roof and the whole made of sticks and ordinary rope. There was, I was told at the office, 7,000 poles in the skeleton, and 2,000 men had been at work for months in making it.

At the back of this building I saw two men clothed in six inches of cloth about their waists pumping water by pressing down a treadle with their feet. The labor was very hard, and they have been at it continuously every day since I have been in Tokio. They probably receive less than 25 cents of our money per day for it. In the United States the work would be done by steam, but Japan knows little of steam as yet, outside of the government factories and the railroads, and human muscle is a cheaper fuel than wood or coal. Professor Georgeson, a bright American who is employed by the government to teach the Japanese agriculture, has just returned from a visit to the silk regions of the interior, and he tells me that the motive power for running the reels of many a factory consists of two men, who walk around in a circle like a horse in a tannery or a four-foot square which are laid on the ground and hold full of soil or stones. They hold about two bushels each, and have ropes tied to the corners which can be put over a wheel. Then a man takes hold of each end of this pole and carries the load to where it is needed, and dumps it down. This work goes on all over Japan. I understand the wheel-barrow has been introduced, but the men prefer the old method.

A REVOLUTION COMING.
The day will come, however, when machinery will be used by the Japanese people. The loom is here, and it is working slowly. It has already done much with the government, and the Japanese are wonderful imitators for generations, learn the whole lump of these 48,000,000 of people. It will revolutionize the country, and the muscle which is now hauling junks by the hundred thousands, which is sawing logs by hand, and which is doing countless other things which steam or electricity can do as well, will be turned to manufacturing and it may be much to the detriment of the home of the poorer classes. It sounds very vague, but in a land where the bread is rice and the drink is tea, where no sheets and carpets are used, and where the lounge and rocking chair has yet to be introduced, it seems to suffice. The poorest classes pillow their heads upon blocks of wood covered with a wad of paper. They use their own beds for chairs, and their floors and comforter form their beds.

In the country here I am told that a moderately well-to-do family can live very nicely at a cost of from 5 to 10 cents a day for their food. Prof. Georgeson says that an ordinary laborer can live loyally on 10 cents a day and that the servants at the agricultural college pay about 15 cents for each of their meals. This represents rice, vegetables and now and then a bit of fish. It is all the laborers seem to need, and they grow fat and strong on it. Supporting the present wages to double or triple, there would still be a chance for the Japanese to engage in manufacturing at a profit, which would run the high-priced establishments of the United States and Europe. If the countries of Asia take up manufacturing, and if, as is now the case, you can get skilled labor for 50 cents a day, and this labor can live on less than one-half this amount, there will be a competition from the eastern countries greater than we have ever had from England or Germany.

THE PRICE OF LABOR.
The wages in Tokio, which is to Japan as New York is to the United States, are about as follows in American money:
Carpenters get from 30 to 45 cents a day. Cart men, who manage and help the pullers and pushers of carts loaded with heavy merchandise along the streets of the city, get from 25 to 30 cents a day, and the men under their hands just as hard as our horses, get from 8 to 9 cents a day. Wood carvers are very fine workmen here. They receive from 35 to 45 cents a day. Paper hangers get from 25 to 35 cents a day, and stone cutters receive from 25 to 35 cents. Blacksmiths are paid from 25 to 35 cents a day; that is, they are paid for their work, but they do not have the comforts of the laborer of the United States, is happy and really better off than some of the laborers in Europe. There is no herding together of many families in one household here, and nearly every house holds rents its own cottage or house. This house often consists of but one room. In such cases the rent is about 40 cents in American money a month, and a Tokio guide book, which has before me, states that the average monthly expenses for food is about \$2.25 for each person, and that the necessary outlay for the clothing is about \$1.75 a year.

COST OF NON-SUBSISTENCE.
This book gives an estimate as to the cost of a laboring man in Japan starting house-keeping, and it puts the total at \$5.14 in Japanese money, which would equal less than \$1 American. The list of necessities required is of some interest, and gives such a good idea of Japanese housekeeping, that I copy it verbatim:
Four and a half mats, (the carpet), 90 cents; a long hibachi, (stove), 40 cents; a pot for boiling rice, 50 cents; iron pot, 30 cents; iron pot for boiling water, 25 cents; a tripod, 5 cents; a long iron tong, 2 cents; a brass tong, 1 cent; a fire shovel, 2 cents; a charcoal basket, 4 cents; a tea pot, 3 cents; a water barrel, 10 cents; a rice-cleaning basin, 8 cents; a small barrel, 3 cents; a wash basin, 15 cents; a cutting board, 7 cents; a table knife, 4 cents; a dipper 2 cents; a basket 8 cents; a large basket 5 cents; sundries, 10 cents; rice box 4 cents; a skewer, 3 cents; a wooden spoon, 1 cent; tea cups, 4 cents; wooden bowls (for plates), 3 cents; chop sticks (the knives and forks), 2 cents; broom, 6 cents; lamp, 10 cents; bottles, 3 cents; quilts, 75 cents; two pillows, 2 cents; and grand total, \$5.14.

This estimate is so complete that it is, I doubt not, the entire outfit of many a Japanese home of the poorer classes. It sounds very vague, but in a land where the bread is rice and the drink is tea, where no sheets and carpets are used, and where the lounge and rocking chair has yet to be introduced, it seems to suffice. The poorest classes pillow their heads upon blocks of wood covered with a wad of paper. They use their own beds for chairs, and their floors and comforter form their beds.

AMONG THE MERCHANTS.
The Japanese are content with little, and it is from this attitude of their nature that Americans need not expect to compete with them in business in their own country. They do business on a margin that would ruin an American tradesman, and if they make 5 cents on the sale of a watch, or 10 cents in selling a clock, they are satisfied. Where a

thrifty tradesman can live and bring up a family on \$10 a month there is little hope for the luxurious American. The whole nation seems to be engaged in what a Connecticut Yankee would call a whittling business. The stocks of many of the stores would not bring \$5 at auction, and the merchant sits like the Turk in his bazaar surrounded by his goods, and with his legs crossed serves his customers. His floor is his counter, and his goods hang on the walls or are piled high in a easy reach of his hands. He has a space altogether about as large as a small bedroom, and the whole of the front of this is open. The floor is raised about two feet from the ground and the customers sit on the edge as they haggle over the prices.

NOT STRICTLY OX-FRICE.
The Japanese merchant always asks three times as much as he expects to get. You offer him about one-fifth and gradually reach the third. He gives you a tiny cup of tea and places beside you a bowl of charcoal for your pipe while you are looking at his goods, and as a rule it seems to be indifferent to him whether you buy or not. If you go away without buying he bows politely and says, "Sayonara," farewell, with as kind a smile as though you made a purchase, and if you buy he bows and says, "Thank you very much." The Japanese bookkeeper always has one India ink and with this he paints the day's transactions in Chinese letters in books of rice paper bound by tying the leaves together with string.

A PENNY BOOK STORE.
I was told of some clerks in one of the large book stores here who got from \$15 to \$20 a month and this was mentioned as an extraordinary thing. The average clerk gets two days of vacation in a year and is entitled to two suits of clothes and his board. I chatted with a bookkeeper through my interpreter. His store was a hole in the wall with a great overhanging roof shading it from the sun. The hole had a floor about twelve feet square and this was covered first with straw mats three feet by six in size, and upon these was laid a stock of Japanese literature of all descriptions. There were shelves about the walls, and these were also piled high with books. They were laid flat, and were not stood on end as our books. None of the books had leather backs, and the pages of each of them were printed on but one side of the paper. This comes from the use of the rice paper, which is so thin that it will not bear two impressions; they looked more like magazines than books, and the average size of the Japanese book is about that of Harper's Monthly or of the Century Magazine. The bookkeeper tightened the girdle of his dress as I asked to see his books and he showed me what looked like a ledger or day book. I noted that these books, as the Japanese printed books, began at the back and ran to the front page, instead of the reverse as our books do. He told me he kept an account of all sales and that he did very little business on credit. I bought a cup of him and he wrapped it up in an advertisement sleeve just as store. This lantern shop was making the lanterns which are now largely used at the Japan fairs in America and which form the

lights for Japan at night. Every one carries one of these paper lanterns here when he goes about at night, and the evening you read this letter you may be sure to see at least five million of them are moving here and there throughout the streets and roads of Japan. The Japanese men have them tied to the shafts of their carriages; the pedestrians have them attached to sticks, and in front of each store and house one hangs. At dinner parties they fill the trees of the gardens with brightly colored lights, and they are exported by the millions yearly.

HOW THEY WHOLESALE.
I spent some time in going through the wholesale stores of Tokio. The Japanese are good packers and they put up their goods for shipment in a different way from ours. There are few nails used in fastening up the boxes or crates, and rope almost universally takes the place of nails. Great store boxes are tied up with rope, and in some of the lumber yards I see that the boards are tied together in bundles and stood on end, and not laid flat, as with us. Each bundle of two or three boards has its price marked on it, and these lumber yards are practically stores, and they may be found in all parts of the city. As to the use of all string in tying up packages, this is a new rate. A strip of rice paper is sometimes twisted about a parcel, but woolen or cotton string is seldom seen. I noted in the buying of some photographs that the clerk who made up the package had some of this string. It is the same that our grocers use. The clerk first measured the package this way and that and took just enough to make the knot and no more. Still string is cheaper here than with us. I mention this as an example of the economy of the people.

And still you will find but few rich Japanese. The rule here is that the people are not accumulative, in our sense of the word. They have learned the philosophy of investment, and they spend all they make. They have in the past had no chance for the saving done in America, and they are now building their houses in case of fires which are very frequent. Dr. Hepburn, who has been in Japan for more than thirty years, is in authority for the statement that a Japanese house is thought, on the average, to last only five years before it is destroyed by fire. The frame work and the interior are like tinder, and while villages are swallowed up almost monthly in Japanese conflagrations, the people are the most careless people in regard to fires I have ever seen, and there are no fire departments to speak of out of the four or five large cities. The danger has thus been an incentive to saving, but above this there is little. Seventeen cents of the people, at a rough estimate, live from hand to mouth, though the postal savings banks which have been introduced bid fair to teach them differently. Interest is high, and the banks make money. There is not a large government debt, and the most of it is held at home. **FLASK G. CARPENTER.**

PEPPERMINT DROPS.

Would it be proper to speak of the wicker-work around a dunghill as a spirit wrapper? The fellow that beats the washing machine is like the Arab—he "sliently" steals a weigh.
Takes a maiden of thirty-three to confess that she is not so sorry to get against smoking after all.
A colored man, a hon roost and a daak night discount all the attributes known to chemical science.
"Robert Elmsmore's" fame is secure, A late thing in millinery's called the Robert Elmsmore bonnet.
In one hat in St. Louis there are families representing nine nationalities and all come on for dinner after their national castles.
A man is rarely found who kicks when his name is misspelled in the public court record of a newspaper. This is a notable exception to the rule.
Henry George has gone to England for a rest, but he thought he was getting lots of it here. None of his theories have been mentioned for six months past.

RELIGIOUS.

White angora sets are becoming in fashion. Tiger skin is a fashionable for this winter. The tongue appears to be a decided favorite just now. Undyed wool is a favorite material for underwear. Sachet powders are worn in the lining of cloth dresses. Large veils tied under the chin are favored for large hats. Bordered India camel-hair goods are again in fashion. Shoes of yellow Swedish kid are worn with evening costumes. Surplice rovers are becoming very fashionable for street wear. Combinations of yellow and black are much used, and are very effective. Boston women pay taxes wretchedly. Out of 23,000 assessed \$,000 have paid up. Veils of black-dotted net, drawn under the chin by a narrow black ribbon, are new and stylish. Bows of lace, feathers, or fur are much worn. Those made of ostrich plumes are in high favor. Beaver cloth gowns, trimmed with braid and fur, are the popular winter morning wraps for young ladies. Turbans are again in style, but are worn straighter upon the head. A level crown is preferred to a sloping one. Pretty easy gowns for home wear show the back closely fitted, with the waist cut off just an inch or so below the belt. The bell-shaped sleeve is no longer popular for indoor garments, but it is still much used on wraps and out-of-door garments. The craze for chrysanthemums has extended to the decoration of evening dresses. A Parisian novel is a hat that has the waist cut off short at the back and equal in length from hip to hip, and not pointed just behind as is usual. The fashion authorities predict a big button season. Some of the imported buttons are as big as dollars and are in every conceivable shape. One of the most millinery fashions of the winter is the worsted covered bonnet. White worsted is preferred and usually small capote shapes are chosen. Copper, terra-cotta, red and brown, eclair, mixed with golden brown, bronze-green, olive, russet-green and Roman-red are the favorite colors of the season. A neat turtleneck afternoon wear is of dark green velvet and has a front of velvet, embroidered with silver flowers, the natural tints of the flowers being reproduced where possible. Round pleated shirts were frequently ornaments of cord, either silk or metal, in a row down each panel to the knee or a little lower, and the bottom scroll ends in a double hoop or cluster of drops. For evening wear the chameleon capote is much in vogue. It is lined with puffed velvet. Ribbon capotes show startling contrasts in color, and are decorated with velvet and the most brilliant combinations. A hat which is very popular among the fashionable of London and Paris has a oval, sharply upturned brim, faced with velvet of the color of the hat. The brim rises out of a thick twist of silk, which rests on the hair and is of some vividly contrasting color. Dr. Grace Walcott and three other American women physicians, while in Vienna recently, were honored by an invitation from Prof. Billroth, the eminent surgeon, to attend his private clinic and witness his own private operations. Prof. Billroth stands high in continental medical circles, and the fact that he has heretofore led the opposition to the admission of women to medical schools makes his courtesy to the American ladies all the more noteworthy. The event created quite a sensation in Vienna, and was commented upon by all the leading papers. In the cozy editorial rooms of the Magazine of American History, one may find the index of her favorite names. It is not unlikely that the president and Mrs. Cleveland will be god-parents of the child.

gaining renown of her life, increases with every year. She has been elected a member of eighteen historical societies, and in each case her election has been sought by her honor that is rarely conferred upon a person engaged in her line of studies. At the last meeting of the New Jersey Historical Society, held in Princeton, she was elected an honorary member of that body and a paper eulogizing her works was read by one of the members.

RELIGIOUS.

Detroit never saw such a procession of "one as that which preceded Bishop Foley's formal installation as head of the Detroit diocese on November 29. There are in the United States eight first Roman Catholic bishops and archbishops. Of these twenty are German by birth or descent, six are French or Belgian, and two are Spanish.

The Methodist Episcopal missionary committee in New York made the following appropriations for missions: Arizona, \$7,500; Black Hills, \$2,500; California (German), \$4,675; Lower California, \$1,000; Nevada, \$4,350; and New Mexico, \$7,200. Pope Leo might win in history the most Christian name of Pope Lamb if he should succeed in causing the warriors of Europe to lie down together. His holiness is said to be about to issue an encyclical letter urging the great powers to disarm.

Bishop Vladimir, of the Greek church in America, has the largest diocese in the world. It includes all of North America, so Buenos Ayres in South America. The bishop lives in St. Ilika, but spends a good deal of his time in San Francisco. It is now visiting his North American diocese. Brodlyan, O., that a Congregational clergyman, Rev. J. M. Merrill, has been tried and acquitted by an ecclesiastical council on the charge of "un-Christian conduct." The said conduct being the use of tobacco. There was no question about whether or not it is "un-Christian" to smoke cigars. Mr. Merrill was called, after the trouble began, to an important church in Connecticut, which shows that not all churches consider it a fatal objection to a pastor that he uses tobacco.

A Mean Game.

Detroit Free Press: "See the sense that millions have to death," he said, as he turned pale and looked around him in a hazy way. "The car add a milk wagon was coming up. 'Hey, you!' called the man, as the wagon came opposite. The driver pulled up as if hit with a brick, and the man put his foot on the step and said: 'You probably know my business with you?' 'I—yes!' gasped the man, as he turned pale and looked around him in a hazy way. 'I want to know who was the first president of the United States?' 'What?' 'Come, sir—no dodging my question!' 'To the first president, and you too! Hang it, if the first you were the milk inspector and wanted a sample!'

Named by Mrs. Cleveland.

Pittsburg Dispatch: The advent of an infant miss into the domestic circle of the president's private secretary gave no one more genuine pleasure than Mrs. Cleveland. She was the first one to call and extend her congratulations to the happy mother and also to the father. The president showed his pleasure over the event by sending a beautiful bouquet to the house. Mrs. Cleveland was to be complimented by having the child named after her, but she preferred to select the name, which service was, of course, accorded. She has therefore named the little stranger Marguerite, which has always been one of her favorite names. It is not unlikely that the president and Mrs. Cleveland will be god-parents of the child.