

Jogging Through the Modern Japan

Stafford Ransom, in his new book, "Japan in Transition," says that there is perhaps no country in the world which has been so much misrepresented by the foreigner than the foreigner than has the Land of the Rising Sun and the reasons for this are very obvious. Japan is at once the most difficult country to analyze accurately and the most easy to write about superficially.

Japan appears to exercise some mysterious influence, which attracts not only the pen of the amateur, but which seems to have the effect of drawing the professional writer out of his legitimate element. Thus the poet, on arriving in that country, suddenly be-

and is rapturously maudlin in telling us about it.

To such a man Japan is peopled with dear little giggling dolls, living in dear miniature houses made of "cardboard." He eats fairy food out of miniature dishes, hangs the graceful costume of the country on him as if the kimono were a towel and he a clothes horse; he strains the sinews of his legs in squatting on the floor and tells us that he is in fear that he will strike his head against and knock a hole in the ceiling if he were to stand erect. And so he would if he were eight or ten feet high and his head were not softer than

to be reserved out of that amount for himself.

Mr. Ransome's chapter on the Japanese drama is most interesting. After telling the story of the old drama, he writes of Kawakami, the actor who is striving to introduce up-to-date drama, the realistic and modern. From the author's description of one of this actor's latest efforts the realists of Europe and America may yet find themselves going to Japan for models. Kawakami brought out a piece entitled "The China War," in which the most realistic stage fights that have ever been portrayed took place. A still more ambitious play was modeled on Jules Verne's "Around the World in Eighty Days." Of course the hero is a Japanese and it is over a game of billiards in the Tokio club that he makes his wager that he will travel around the world in the stated time.

That portion of the play that has to do with the traveler's trip through the United States is quite funny reading. There is one scene depicting an American railway depot which is very like a Japanese station, but the crowd is American and the people are rough and rude.

Then there is an election fight going on and an election mob to be dealt with, and so the travelers work their way around the world. The introduction of the modern drama is bound to bring about the mixing of the sexes on the stage, the custom having heretofore been for men to impersonate female characters. There are in Japan quite a number of actresses, but as a rule they act by themselves in their own theaters. A picture of a Japanese actress in the quiet costumes is given in this issue, also another sketch representing a Japanese street scene, both of them taken from "Japan in Transition," just issued from the press of Harper & Brothers.

Passing of the Famous First Nebraska Regiment Volunteers

(Continued from Page Three.)

yards; at Santa Mesa, 700 to 1,700 yards; at Deposito, 500 yards; on the expedition to the water works, from 800 to 1,500 yards, and in and around Calococan the ranges ran all the way from 400 to 2,600 yards.

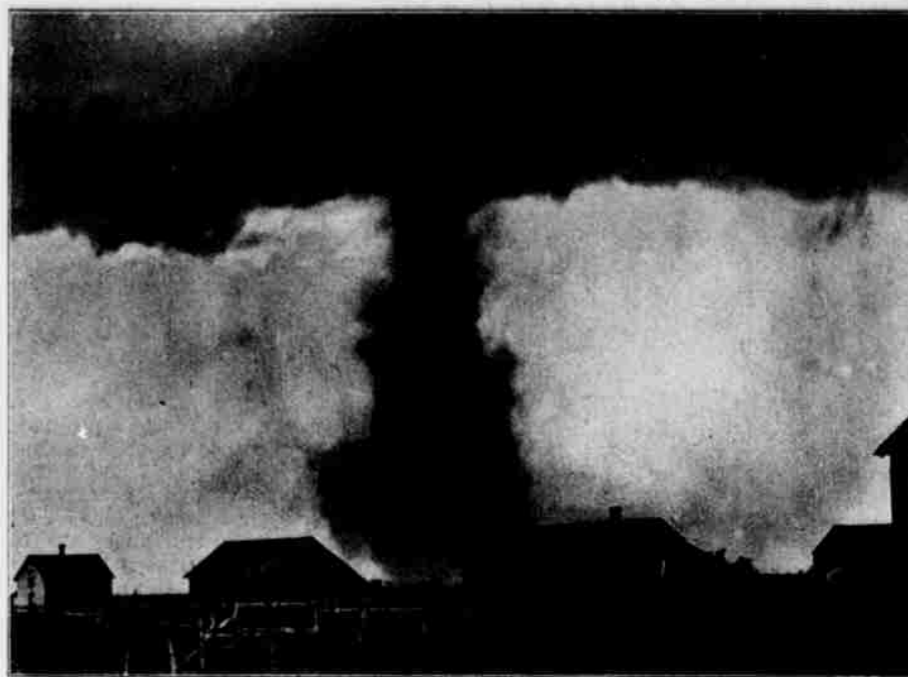
"It will be seen that some of these ranges are staggerers to people who have old-fashioned notions about artillery. Doubtless many will want to know how the gunners like this hand-to-hand work. They take it cheerfully, almost wistfully. In fact, as one Kansas soldier said: 'The Utahs? Those big, husky chaps eat fight!' Major Young and his gritty outfit will surely be missed when the volunteers go home."

New Stories About Dewey

The supply of stories about Admiral George Dewey seems inexhaustible. For a year and a half the victor of Manila bay has stood before the searchlight of publicity. Every incident of his life, every feature of his career, have been told and retold to satisfy public demands. Yet all have not been told, and the home-coming of the admiral whets public appetite for more.

A correspondent of the Washington Post contributes the following: Many years ago, while Dewey was a watch officer, he happened to be serving under an admiral who was distinguished in his profession for his bulldog courage and his rough language. He was of a class that is known in the service as "a Jackey officer," meaning one whose manners savored more of the fore-castle than the quarter deck. One day "the old man," as the chief is always known in sailor parlance, became upset about something, and turned loose upon everything in sight in his characteristic way. Well, Dewey was in sight, and after standing it a few minutes, walked up to the raging commander of the fleet, and, saluting, said: "Admiral, I will not allow you or any man living to address me in the language you are using."

The captain of the flagship and nearly all his officers were present and heard the conversation. The old admiral turned red, and



TORNADO WHICH PASSED NEAR AINSWORTH, NEB., JULY 5, 1899.—Photo copyrighted by Ezra Hollopeter.

then purple. He did not utter a word for some minutes. Meantime Dewey had left the group and returned to whatever it was he had in hand.

"Tell Mr. Dewey I wish to speak to him," said the admiral to an ensign.

"Dewey's going to catch it now," whispered the officers who heard the order.

In a moment up came Lieutenant Dewey. "You sent for me sir?" said he, saluting.

"Yes, I did, sir," the other answered. "I wanted to say to you that I was not addressing you in my remarks a few minutes ago. That is all, sir." And the old terror of the seas resumed his promenade. And so the incident ended. But it was noticed that Admiral Dewey treated the quiet lieutenant with unusual respect and courtesy all the rest of the cruise.

While Admiral Dewey always maintains a well-filled sideboard, and sometimes takes a drink, when he wants one, he is not a tippler. If he could avoid it when he was in command of a ship he would never have officers who habitually drank sent to serve under him. "Anything but a drunkard!" said he passionately once when he and some others were talking of a captain who had just been "put on pledge." "You can never tell what harm a drunken man will do. I would much rather be compelled to be shipmate with a lunatic. Him I could restrain, but not the drunkard. If I had my way no officer in either army or navy who had been court-martialed and dismissed from the service for drunkenness should ever be restored to the active list unless his reformation was absolutely sure." On one cruise a sailor had delirium tremens, and his case was used as an object lesson by the admiral to his men. Once or twice, when the sailors got shore leave, Dewey admonished them not to bring any snakes on board when they returned. One day while in one of the East Indian ports a sailor came up the side, looking a good deal the worse for liquor. Dewey's eagle eye rested on him for a moment and then he said: "So you've brought some snakes back with you, have you?" The man saluted very respectfully, and said: "Yes, sir, here it is." and putting his hand in his shirt he drew out a squirming rock python about eight feet long, which he had secured from a native, who had caught it ashore. The admiral realized that he had been caught and dismissed the man. But he made no more allusions to snakes on that cruise. The fore-castle—the place where the sailors bunk—felt that they "had it on the old man" for once that time.

On Dewey's return from a cruise on the East Indian station some years ago he was attacked with a tropical abscess of the liver and obliged to stop over at Malta, where he underwent a surgical operation. Some days afterward one of the surgeons said: "It was too bad, commander, to rob you of your liver, as we did."

Dewey answered quietly: "Don't mention it. It gives me great pleasure to think I shall never be so bilious again as I have been."

Dewey is perhaps the best small swordsmen among the senior officers of the navy; indeed the best in the service, excepting possibly Lieutenant Commander Lucien Young, whose skill with the colichemarde or three-cornered dueling sword is a matter of note all through the service. Standing about 5 feet 9½ or 10, lithe, and with a cat-like

quickness, the American admiral would be a mighty dangerous antagonist with the glittering blade in his hand—if he meant business. He has a liking for the sword. "It has been the weapon par excellence of the knight and the gentleman for a thousand years," he once said, talking of the arms bianche to a comrade. "With it kings bestowed the accolade. It is the knightliest and noblest of weapons. With its record of chivalry the white arm comes down through the ages, the last legacy of the dead days of romance and beauty to the twentieth century."

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JAPANESE ACTRESS IN OLD STYLE PLAY.

comes an exponent of character; the theatrical critic a censor of morals, the religious tractmaker an authority on art and the compiler of railway "puffs" a novelist.

Under such circumstances it is the only natural result that foreigners should imbibe weird and distorted notions with regard to the Japanese character, and the more especially since these writers have frequently based their notions of Japan and the Japanese on what they have seen in the treaty ports.

Another class of foreigners who is apt to mislead people on the subject of Japan, but in quite another direction, is he who endeavors to "japonify" himself on short notice and without being able to speak the language. He becomes enraptured of the country and possibly with some one in it

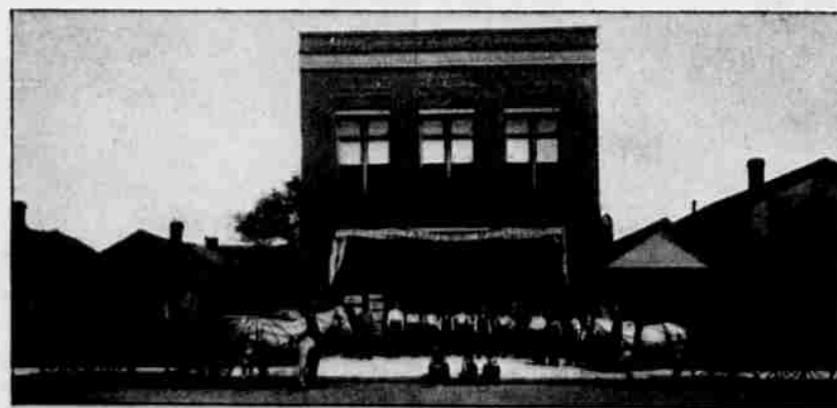
the woodwork. He laughs in innocent glee at it all as he lets the rice fall from his chopsticks on the spotless tatami, for he is in such a delightful little shallow-minded, light-hearted immoral paradise. He hugs himself in the belief that he is living among laughing children again and he has not a thought for the morrow, for he has not grasped the fact that his companions are bored with it all, but that etiquette and the business exigencies oblige them to appear amused at his eccentricities; he does not understand that they are laughing at him rather than with him and that it is he who really is the child. Meanwhile his treaty-port guide no doubt is making terms with the landlady of the "cardboard" house as to the extent to which it will be safe to run up the bill and as to how much commission is



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SNAP SHOT IN A VILLAGE STREET.



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