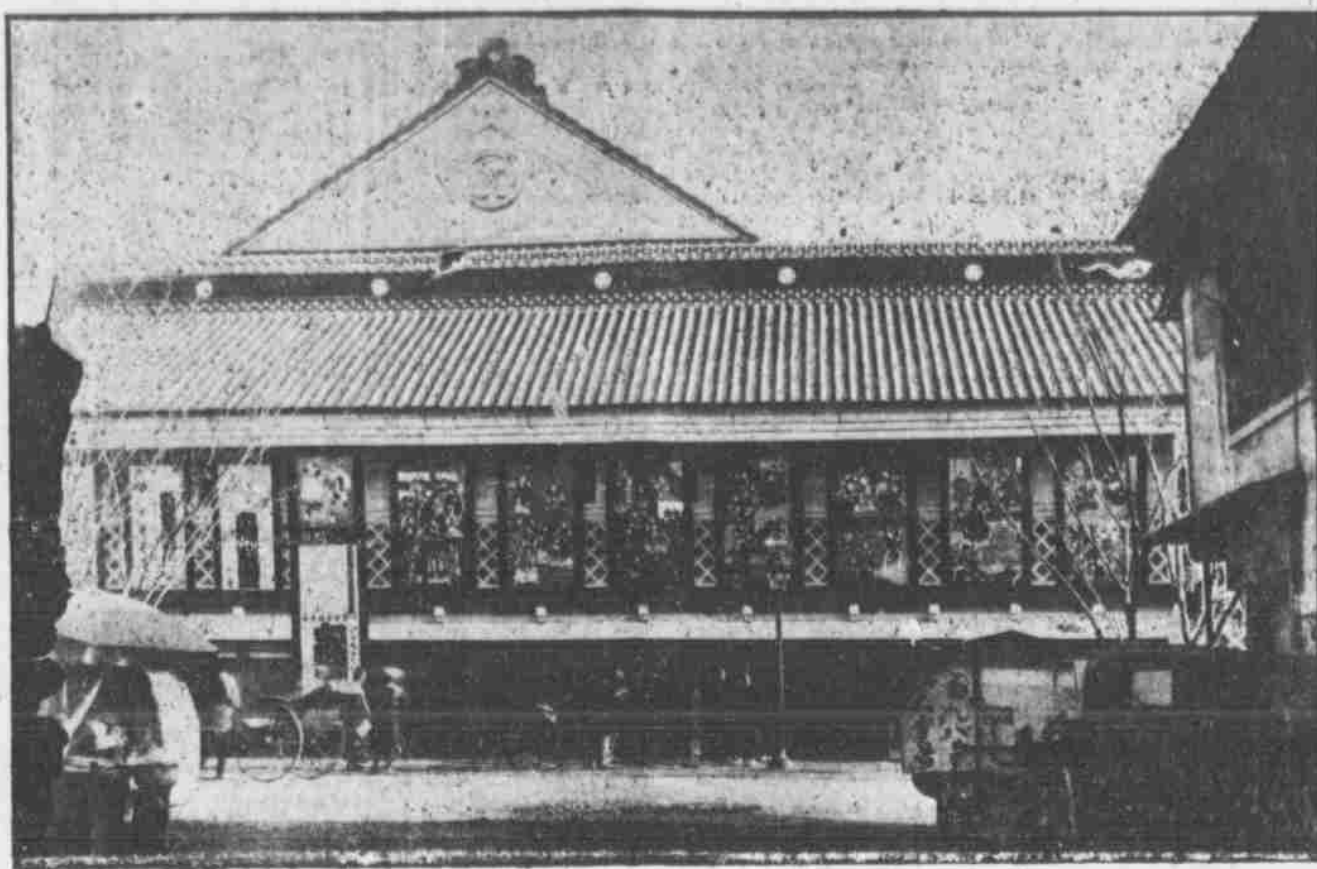


Laughter and Tears at a Japanese Drama of Conjugal Love



JAPANESE ACTOR MADE UP AS THE CONVENTIONAL MOTHER-IN-LAW.



MODERN THEATER IN TOKIO.



ACTOR IN THE ARMOR OF A SAMURAI—DISCARDED BY THE JAPANESE SOLDIERY LESS THAN THIRTY YEARS AGO.

TOKIO, June 1.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—I have lived in Japan on different occasions for many months, but not until yesterday had I ever been able to "sit through" a Japanese play. Yesterday I did. I went at 2:30 in the afternoon, was in time to see the first curtain rise and remained to see the last one fall at the conclusion of the eleventh act, nearly seven hours later, and it was a modern drama in a modern theater, acted by modern actors of the newest school. While we sat there gathering much food for reflection on the evident occidentalization of this most oriental nation, the fleet of Admiral Togo was engaging the Baltic squadron up in Tsushima strait in a naval battle such as has never been fought before in the world's history, but we knew nothing about it. If we had, I dare say we could hardly have awaited so calmly the end of the much less interesting drama we were witnessing. We should have been out eagerly listening for the excited jangling of the bells of the gong boys, who always follow so tardily upon the heel of interesting rumor from the seat of war.

Japan's Wonderful System.
The news that the Baltic fleet, about which we in Tokio had talked hourly these months past, has been met and practically destroyed is twenty-four hours old now, but it has not yet become "official," so one is supposed to know nothing. This is a part of the marvelous Japanese "system." The arsenal blew up this morning, killing or wounding a couple of hundred workmen, and this is the subject of paramount interest. There are dark hints of Russian spies of treachery, and the air is electric. The great battle is still raging off the western coast and Japan is achieving one of the greatest victories in all its history, I suppose, or in all the world's history, for that matter. If the rumors have any foundation at all, but it doesn't seem to matter much in Tokio. There will be an official announcement tonight probably, but Tokio will merely say, "Oh, so desuka?" (Is that so?) and go on its way. Nothing else could possibly be expected. And one of these days, when there is no battle raging, and no electric expectancy in the air, I suppose we may go to the Meiji theater and see it all acted in wearisome detail by those marvelous actors of the newest school. I should not be surprised, however, to find that the name of the Meiji theater had been changed by the time "The Fall of Mukden," "The Siege of Port Arthur," and "The Destruction of the Baltic Fleet," are ready for production, because already there is a noticeable resentment in Japan against the use of the word "enlightenment" in connection with anything Japanese. The era of enlightenment, or Meiji, began thirty-eight years ago, when Japan was in need of enlightenment, and recognized the fact; but in the meantime she has learned that the world may sit at her feet and gather wisdom, and in the meantime two Port Arthurs, a Liao Yang, a Mukden, and the easy destruction of one of the world's greatest navies have all been achieved by her, and are only high peaks in whole mountains of achievement. One gets heartily tired of singing Japan's praises, but what is one to do? There is

daughter, whom he gave in marriage, in the usual Japanese manner, to a young nobleman who was an only son and heir to a large estate. The mother of the young man was very old and belonged to a period long before Meiji, and it was an unhappy fate for the young daughter of the house of Oyama to have her for a mother-in-law. According to the customs of the country, she had to become something but a little more exalted than an upper servant in her husband's household, and she had to give way in all things to her mother-in-law and hourly propitiate the disagreeable old woman. In the course of a few months she contracted tuberculosis, a disease so common in Japan, and during her husband's absence from home her mother-in-law divorced her. The excuse was given, of course, that there was danger of the young wife communicating the disease to her husband, who was the last of the noble name; so she was sent back home to die in her own father's house, and her husband was not told until after it was too late, in accordance with the Japanese code of honor, for him to do anything. This is a true story, and its dramatization is called "Nami-ko."

Identity But Slightly Veiled.
In the play the husband is made a young naval officer, and it is while he is away fighting in the Japan-China war that his wife is divorced, but most of the other characters are hardly disguised at all, and it is interesting to hear the people frankly calling them by their real names. In the first act Nami-ko and Takeo are just married, and are on their wedding journey to Ikaio, the beautiful hot springs up in the Nikko mountains. Here is glaring modernity number one, for wedding journeys are the very newest thing in Japan's newly acquired customs, and are looked upon by most people with scornful suspicion and disapproval. Nami-ko is followed to Ikaio by Chijiwa, a former lover and her husband's cousin. He is easily recognizable

as a young officer of high family who deemed a very serious disgrace by conspicuous bravery at the first siege of Port Arthur. In the play he has forged Takeo's name to a note, which is about to fall due, and he is consequently in very great trouble. Nami-ko knows nothing about this, of course, and she resents the attitude of easy familiarity he assumes toward her in such a way as to make him a bitter enemy. After that he becomes the conventional villain, plotting, with clinched hands and gleaming eyes, the downfall of the gentle and unsuspecting heroine. He is very entertaining. In the second act we were taken boldly into the modern home of Marshal Oyama, who in the play becomes General Kataoka. Here we meet the present marchioness, the most modern woman in all Japan, a graduate of Vassar college, and altogether Americanized who was step-mother to the elder children of the household. With her were two little children, one of whom I knew was a beautiful young woman—so beautiful and tall and velvety soft and dark, indeed, that I call her "Lady Iris." At least, I suppose little Ki-chan, of the play, was she, for the Marchioness Oyama has no other daughter.

Self-Deception General.
The field marshal is played by a very tall man with dignity enough for two or three field marshals, and the audience was immensely pleased with him. This vividly illustrates a very peculiar Japanese characteristic. As a people, they lie to themselves constantly and believe implicitly in their own falsehoods, and in nothing is this so noticeable as in their conception of their own size. They don't think they are a small people at all, and I think they would rather resent a pictured or impersonated Oyama under 5 feet in height. In the wonderful prints of Jurid, war scenes one finds in the windows of book shops and in all the bazars, the overestimation of

the size of the Japanese soldiers is the funniest thing in the world. They are always as large as their Russian foes, and many times much larger, and the attitudes they strike would make the fortune of any melodramatic actor. For instance, the other day I came across a picture, in brilliant reds and yellows, of the meeting between Generals Stoesel and Nogi at Port Arthur. Nogi towered at least two inches above his crestfallen foe, and he clasped him by the hand with an air which plainly said, "There, little chap, never mind. You did all that could possibly have been expected of you, considering who I am." So the audience at Meiji was delighted with the 6-foot Oyama, and fully believed in him.

Just Like Theodore Kremer.
In act third we meet a famous capitalist who is supposed to have made much money fraudulently and at the expense of the august government during the Japan-China war. He is very rich, but nobody in Japan envies him his wealth. He, it was, who cashed the forged note for Chijiwa, and in this act the villain has it thrown in his face by the righteous hero after it has been quietly paid to save the honor of the family. I suppose in the old days this would have led to a "revenge," as all murders of this character were called, and to an honorable hara-kiri, or self-execution. But this is the era of Meiji, so the villain clinched his hands, tore the bit of paper in pieces and stamped upon them, then shook his fist menacingly at the retreating figure of Takeo. It couldn't have been done better at the Fourteenth Street theater in New York. In the fourth act we have Takeo and Nami-ko together at Zushi, down on the seacoast, where they have a little summer place. Nami-ko looks to be in just about the last stages of consumption, while Takeo is all that could be desired in vigorous young manhood. Now, it is said there is no such thing as marital love in Japan, but it seems to me the effect upon the audience of this scene between

Nami-ko and Takeo quite disproves the assertion.
Husband and Wife in Japan.
In his masterful book on the social and psychic "Evolution of the Japanese," Mr. Sydney L. Gulick says: "In no regard, perhaps, is the contrast between the east and the west more striking than in the respective ideas concerning women and marriage. The one counts woman the equal if not the superior of man; the other looks down upon her as man's inferior in every respect; the one considers divorce love as the only true condition of marriage, the other thinks of love as essentially impure, beneath the dignity of a true man, and not to be taken into consideration when marriage is contemplated." Then the editor of the Japan Mail, an Englishman who is himself the husband of a Japanese wife, says: "The woman of Japan is a charming personage in many ways—gracious, refined, womanly before everything, sweet tempered, unselfish, virtuous, a splendid mother, and an ideal wife from the point of view of the master. But she is virtually excluded from the whole intellectual life of the nation. Polit-

ics, art, literature, science are closed books to her. She cannot think logically about any of these subjects, express herself clearly with reference to any of them, or take an intellectual part in conversations relating to them. She is, in fact, totally disqualified to be her husband's intellectual companion, and the inevitable result is that he despises her."
This is a very large and most interesting subject to one who knows the Japanese woman, and the least observing foreign visitor in the country could bring forward much evidence in things he has himself seen to prove all that has been said regarding the wickedly loose construction of Japanese society; but at the Meiji theater yesterday I was introduced to another side of the question and saw something I had never seen in Japan before. Nami-ko and Takeo were alone on the beach. The realism of the scene was enhanced by the regular washing of waves made by a mechanical device behind Nami-ko sat on a rock under a little Shinto shrine, weeping bitterly. Takeo had been ordered to join his ship and proceed to the seat of war, and she never expected to see him again. He paced up and down the sands, assuring her that she would soon be well and that he would return safely to her to enjoy a long and happy life. He sat down beside her, but he did not touch her. She was weeping aloud in an agony of grief, but it would have been unseemly from a Japanese standpoint for him to have bestowed upon her a physical caress. It would have been resented as a vulgarism, indeed, so he sat apart and wept with her, assuring her of his unchanging love; and not until he was about to leave did he so much as put his hand upon her. Then he put his arm over her shoulder limply and howled down the back of her neck in a way that to me was intensely funny. But I controlled my mirth, seeing that the audience was in a state of hysterical grief.

Grief is Genuine.
The Meiji theater, like all others, is made like a huge egg box, in partitioned squares about three feet each way, and into one of these little places a whole family crowds itself along with a tobacco-bon and a tea pot. They all sit flat upon the floor, which slopes up very slightly, and when a theater is full the "orchestra" presents a more or less entangled appearance, it being difficult sometimes to discover where one person leaves off and another begins. It is not a "seething mass of humanity," however, for these people sit still, sit quietly upon their feet, with somebody touching them on all four sides for seven and eight hours at a stretch! Well, this mass of humanity was blowing its nose and sniffing audibly when Takeo said goodbye to Nami-ko, and I saw several women, and men as well, completely overcome and sobbing quite frankly into their handkerchiefs. I thought to myself, if there is such a complete absence of marital love in Japan, and if sex expression is considered "essentially impure, beneath the dignity of a true man," how is it that the

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Capital of Cuba Under the New Government

(Copyright, 1905, by Frank G. Carpenter.)
HAVANA, July 12.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—Havana is growing like a bamboo sprout. It had 250,000 people five years ago, and the census gave it 400,000 more in 1902. Its population is now over 500,000, and there are those who, like Sir William Van Horne, believe that it will in time approximate 1,000,000. There are less than a dozen cities in the United States larger than Havana. It already outranks Detroit, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Louisville or Kansas City. It is twice as big as Omaha or Memphis, and away ahead of Newark, Indianapolis, Los Angeles, Columbus or Toledo. It is growing in wealth, likewise, and is more and more every day the commercial, business and social center of Cuba.
My last visit to Havana was made more than twenty years ago, in company with Senator John Sherman, then president pro tem. of the senate and acting vice president of the United States. Vice President Hendricks having died. By the then law had President Cleveland died in office Mr. Sherman would have succeeded him, and when we reached Havana the papers referred to him as the vice president of the United States. To show the condition of the island at that time I need only instance that a plot was gotten up by some brigades to kidnap Mr. Sherman and hold him for ransom. The plan was to capture our party during a trip we were to make to a sugar plantation not far from the city, and it surely would have been carried out had we not at the last moment changed our route and visited another plantation. The story of the plot was never given to the newspapers, but Senator Sherman firmly believed in the truth of this statement, and it has always been a great regret to me that I was not able to be the only

correspondent to chronicle the real kidnapping for ransom of a vice president of the United States.
Havana Then and Now.
At that time Havana contained 100,000 less people than it does now, and the city was fifty years behind its present condition. It was dirty to an extreme. Stark-naked children could be seen in the poorer quarters and the draying and other heavy traffic was done by great carts pulled by ox teams with yokes strapped to their horns. There were no street cars or no modern improvements of any kind.
Today Havana has a good electric car line, with more than fifty miles of track and something like 200 motor cars. The street car company took in last year gross receipts of more than \$1,000,000, and it promises to be a very profitable corporation. The car lines are now being built out to the suburbs, and they will probably extend the system to the surrounding country. I have never seen cleaner cars nor cleaner car conductors than those of Havana. The men dress in light gray linen suits. They are polite, and they handle the traffic in a gentlemanly way.
Havana will compare favorably with any town in Holland or Switzerland. It is better than Zurich, where the policeman arrest you for throwing paper on the street. Washington, Boston and New York are dirty beside it. The streets look as though they were washed and swept every hour. There is no dirt in the cobble and the asphalt shines like the floor of a Dutch kitchen. I don't know what they do with the garbage, but so far I have yet to detect a vile smell.
During my first visit I found the natives ragged and many of the poor were half

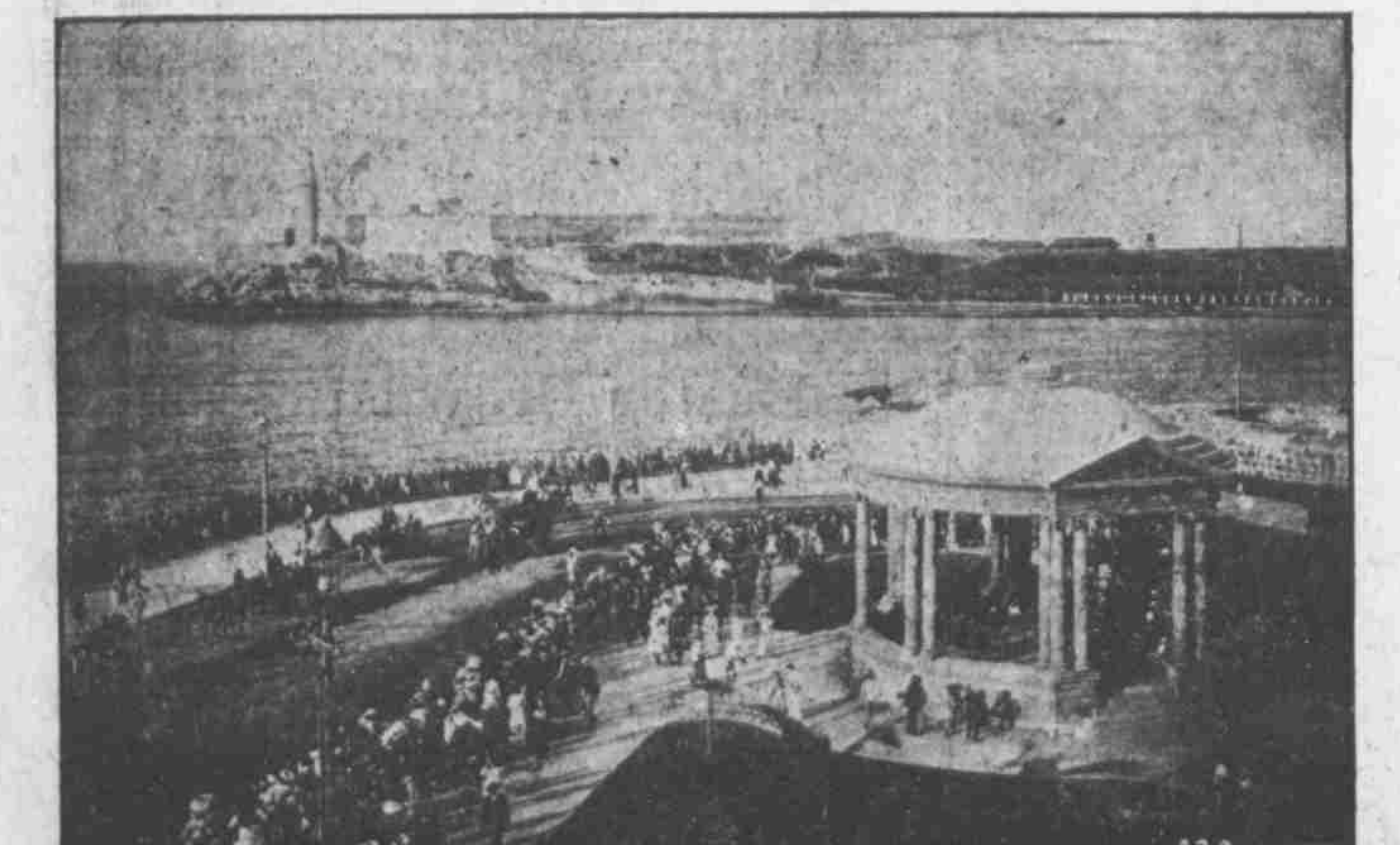
naked. Today every one is well dressed and the poor are cleaner than Americans of the same class. All are busy. Wages are high and all have plenty to do. As to health, the death rate is lower than that of our best cities. It is about 11 per 1,000 now, and thanks to the American intervention, this city has become one of the healthiest in the world.
Old and Quaint.
Havana is one of the quaintest cities on the American hemisphere. It is more so than any South American capital. There is not a town in Europe north of the Alps which is more picturesque or more interesting. It is a combination of the Spanish and Moorish, with slices of North and South America mixed in. As you look at it from the sea it forms a mass of bright color, its buildings rising almost straight up from the water, interspersed with green trees. On one side is the Malecon, with a sea wall in front of it, against which the spray dashes high into the air. On the other side of the harbor entrance stands Morro castle, more picturesque than any castle of the Rhine, and on the hills beyond it are barracks and fortifications. Coming into the harbor the entrance is not more than 1,000 feet wide. The sea, which is of a deep blue outside, turns to light green near the shore, and you now see that the houses are painted all colors of the rainbow, which seem brighter than usual under the dazzling light.
The Havana harbor has altogether an area of about twenty quarter-section farms. It is three miles long and two miles wide and it winds in and out among the hills. It has considerable shipping, boats from all parts of the world being anchored here and there, with the rusty wreck of the Maine in the center.

Cuba has a commerce of about \$150,000,000 a year, and three-fourths of it passes through Havana. It is very expensively handled, and one may see the greatest lighters which are used for loading and unloading the ships. The lighterage companies are opposed to the building of wharves, and for this reason no such concessions have yet been granted. The cost of the lighterage is about \$3,000,000 per annum, or in round numbers at least per cent on all the goods taken in and out of Havana.
Maine Will Be Raised.
In going to see the steers during the past few weeks I have had occasion to pass by the Maine. Only a small portion of the vessel is still above water and this is red from the accumulated rust. About a year ago a contract was made with the government by an American named De Wyckoff to remove the wreck from the harbor. The work was to be done at the expense of the contractor, who was to pay \$5,000 to Cuba, and in exchange to be given to the property recovered. An American company with a capital of \$600,000 was incorporated at Washington, D. C., last fall to do this work, and connected with it was Dr. E. L. Corbett, the well known engineer, and others. So far nothing has been done, but I understand that the contractors expect to build a water-tight cofferdam about the vessel and to raise it to the surface. According to their arrangement with the government, the Maine is to be entirely removed by next December.

Americans Steamships for Cuba.
There are five American steamship companies which now have connections with Havana running regular steamers here from our several ports. They were crowded all last winter and they are making preparations for a great increase of travel during the coming season. I came to Cuba from Mobile on the steamship Stratoga, which is operated by the Munson company. That service was put on for the first time last season and the vessel has not been able to carry all the passengers. It has been so crowded and has paid so well that Mr. Munson expects to have additional steamers next year. The trip from Mobile to Cuba is only forty hours. Leaving Tuesday evening you are landed in Havana Thursday morning after a sail more delightful than that from Baltimore to Boston. The ship is good, the rates are low and the accommodations comfortable.
The Southern Pacific Railway company has a steamer sailing every Saturday from New Orleans which arrives at Havana on Monday. This voyage is from forty to forty-eight hours, about twelve hours being consumed in going down the Mississippi river. The Peninsula and Occidental Steamship company has steamers from Tampa, Fla., and also from Miami, which take you in little more than a day from the United States to Havana. The Tampa boats leave Sunday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights, and the Miami boats on Wednesdays and Saturdays.
All of these lines are overcrowded, and the same is true with the boats from New York. The latter belong to the Ward line, which plies between New York and Mexico via Havana and also has large steamers sailing to Havana direct. The fastest of these ships make the trip in three days. I understand that the Wards will put on a new line of steamers next year which will go from New York to Nipe bay, the new

port of northeastern Cuba, and that through tickets will then be sold from New York to Havana, landing the passengers at Antilla, the port on Nipe bay, and carrying them across Cuba by railroad. It is probable that ships will be put on from New York to Jamaica, calling at Nipe bay, so that Jamaica passengers will be able to come to Havana on their way to and from New York.
At present there are regular steamship lines from Copenhagen to Havana connecting this island with Antwerp, Havre and Bilbao, Spain, and Spanish steamers from the Spanish ports which call thrice a month. The North German Lloyd has steamers from Bremen to this port, and the Hamburg-American have monthly sailings from Hamburg.
Our New Winter Resort.
Cuba in fact is fast becoming a winter resort for Americans, and if the present health conditions prevail, which seem probable, this island will be the Riviera of our continent. There were three times as many American tourists here last year as ever before, and were it not for the lack of hotel accommodations the travel would be enormously increased. In talking with one of the leading railroad managers of Cuba I was told that the several American tourist associations were anxious to send parties to Cuba, but that this was discouraged because there was no place to take care of the crowd. There are only about a dozen hotels in Havana, and these are generally of small capacity. There is no such thing as an American hotel on the island if one excepts that at Camaguey, which was opened last January by the

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THE MALECON AT HAVANA—MADE BY AMERICANS.



THE PRADO—THE FIFTH AVENUE OF CUBA'S CAPITAL.