

Babies of Japan a Seriously Happy Lot of Active Healthy Youngsters



PUPPY CAT SUPPLANTS THE TEDDY BEAR.

(Copyright, 1909, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

KYOTO—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—I have been asked to write a letter for the children of America about the children of Japan. I want the boys and girls who take this newspaper

to themselves upon the magic carpet of fairyland, which will take us around the world in the twinkling of an eye. All you have to do is to shut your eyes and wish you were there, and when you open them, lo! your wish has come true. Our magic carpet has carried us across the Pacific and has dropped us down in the heart of Japan. We are in the heart of the big city of Kyoto, in the central part of the country. There are mountains in sight everywhere, and behind us is a beautiful lake which fills the river running through the city. The houses are so many that they cover as much space as Philadelphia, which has three times as many people. Their walls are such that they can be slid back during the daytime and we can see all that goes on within. Most of the streets are lined with stores filled with all kinds of curious goods, and the streets, stores and houses are swarming with children. Here they are working, helping their parents; there they are playing, and further on is a crowd going to school.

Our Japanese Brothers.
We find that we are as great curiosities to the Japanese children as they are to us. Their skins are yellow, and their eyes are a trifle slant, and so fastened at the corners that they do not come as wide open as ours do. They think that their eyes are the more beautiful, and that crescent-colored skins are quite as fine as white ones. Outside of this, Japanese boys and girls are just like Americans. Their little black eyes can see as far as ours can, and if you scratch their yellow skins they will bleed in the same way. You had better be careful not to do so, however. They are

as proud as you, and they will fight at the drop of a hat. They are not as tall as we children of the same age, but they are full as strong. Get one of the little fellows to double up his arm, and put your hand on his biceps. Every muscle stands up like a base ball and every ounce of his flesh is hard with the athletics which every schoolboy has to take daily. As to his fighting, you have heard how the Japanese whipped the Russians, who are almost twice as heavy as they are and three times as many in number, and how, about fifteen years ago, they conquered the Chinese, who have ten times as many people in their great nation over the way.

Children Soldiers.
Just now the children of Japan are all playing soldiers. The nation is still excited over its victory, and the boys go about with guns and flags, marching in step while their trumpeters blow. Their guns are sticks of bamboo and their swords are of wood. They march right well, however, and they have sham fights between the different companies of boys in a town. Even babies are now dressed in military costumes by some of the mothers and many a 4-year-old Japanese baby goes about in the dress of an officer of the navy. Some children who wear kimonos have soldier hats, and not a few are dressed in khaki. The toy shops are full of lead soldiers and miniature guns and drums. The older boys are real soldiers, for every school has its military drill under officers of the army. Boys of 12 and 14 have to march with guns, and as they grow older they go out in the field to camp and take part in sham battles. In every Japanese school there is a drill hall where the guns are stacked up against the walls when not in use. Every school has a gymnasium and the boys and girls go through all sorts of exercises to make them strong and enable them to fight and work for their emperor when a war comes. Just now the boys think the Japanese people could whip any other nation, and that the United States would have a poor show in a fight with their country. We are friendly to them, but we must keep our eyes open, for no one can tell but that we may have to fight them by and by. They have far more soldiers in their army than we have and their navy is one of the best in the world.



BOYS GO ABOUT WITH DRUMS AND FLAGS, WHILE THEIR TRUMPETERS BLOW—By a Japanese Artist.

On the third day of March every year occurs a great girl's holiday, known as the feast of the dolls. On this day the boys have to stand in the background. Their parents pay little attention to them and they make the girls, for the time, the chief members of the family. It is the one day in the year when they are more important than the boys. At this time every girl gets a new doll, and all the dolls of the family, including those of mother, grandmother and great-grandmother, are brought out to be admired and played with.

The dolls used at this time are not like ordinary dolls and they are played with only once a year, and then laid away for twelve months, when the next doll festival comes. These dolls represent some favorite prince or princess, some hero or heroine, and sometimes the emperor or empress. There is a little throne of steps made for them in the back of the parlor in the house, and they are placed upon this in rows. The children then sit down in front of them and talk to them. They put food and drink before them in tiny dishes, and listen to stories about them. They give them doll toys, which are as fine as they can afford. In rich families the toy dishes are sometimes of silver with little silver chop sticks for the toy emperor and empress to eat with. They serve toy wine, made especially for this feast, in toy cups. Some families have collection of dolls, which have been saved by the children for generations and which go back for a hundred years or more.

Then the stores are filled with dolls for this feast, and the little yellow skinned girls trot around in bright kimonos on their wooden clogs, admiring them and picking out the ones which are to be bought for this festival.

Teddy Bears of Japan.
The ordinary Japanese doll used by the girls is not like the American article. It is a miniature Japanese child or woman, with the blackest of black eyes, with queerly dressed Japanese hair, wearing a kimono and wooden shoes. Such dolls are of all sizes, from as big as your finger to your little baby sister, and the children in playing with them often carry them about on their backs, tying them on with strings, just as the real Japanese babies are tied. In the stores there are all sorts of doll furniture, and one can get a full house-keeping outfit for a very few cents. Among the queerest playthings in the way of pets are what might be called the "Teddy Bears of Japan." I call them "puppy cats." They are in reality a sort of cross between a dog and cat, made of paper mache and painted in gorgeous colors. The Japanese call them "ino haurico," and it is not beneath the dignity of the boys to play with them. They are as popular here as the "Teddy Bears" with us, and they would, I doubt not, be great favorites with our children if introduced at home.

Day for Boys.
The boys of Japan have their special day also. This is May 5, and it is known as the feast of flags, or as the festival of the pole of war. On that day every house has a pole of bamboo from which to feast gaudy fish made of tough paper. The wind blows into the mouths of the fish and inflates them, and they swim about through

the air. Sometimes there will be a half dozen of these fish on one pole. There will be a big one at the top and smaller ones below, until the one at the bottom may be the size of a minnow. Each fish represents a son of the family and not a few have six or more. Some of these fish may be fifty feet long, and they look like great whales as they swim in the air. They represent the carp, which is noted for its strength and daring. Every one wants his son to become a strong man, and this fish means strength.

The Japanese boys are great kite flyers. I have counted 100 kites in the air at one time over a Japanese village. The kites are of all sizes, but they are usually square or oblong instead of the shapes known in America. They are often made like birds, with wings, and sometimes like fish. A favorite amusement is fighting kites. In this sport the strings are first soaked in glue and then dusted with powdered glass. This is done for a long distance from the kite and it makes that part of the string a sort of flexible file. When two boys fight their kites they try to make the strings cross as the kites are flying and by sawing cut one string in two. The kite which breaks away first then becomes the property of the owner of the one which is still flying. The favorite time for kite flying is in the winter, and it is at its height about New Year. There are kite stores in the Japanese cities, whose sign is a cuttlefish perched on the top of a high pole. The word kite and cuttlefish sound the same in Japanese and for this reason the signs.

In the Toy Stores.
The toys of Japan are an evidence of the love which these people have for their children. Every family spends money in amusing its little ones and a great industry is carried on in toy making. There are toy stores everywhere. Every village that is large enough to hold a shop has one or more. They are to be found in the poorest parts of the cities, especially near the temples, where the streets are lined with them. Some of the favorite toys are made of dough, and there are peddling cokes who go around selling them. There are men who carry toy stoves through the streets and rent them out to the children at so much per hour. They furnish cakes and other things for the little ones to cook, so that for two or three cents a party of girls can have a stove for an hour and cook a whole meal for themselves.

Some of the toys are made of lacquer and many of paper. One can buy a very nice gun for \$3 and a tin sword for 10 cents. Many of the toys and games are used in teaching the children. There are playing cards with classical poetry on them, used much like our game of authors. Another pack of cards teaches the old Japanese proverbs and another the names and forms of animals. The Japanese are experts in top spinning. They have whistling tops and can keep a half dozen of them going at one time. They play battles and shuttlecock, especially at New Year, and at that time the stores are filled with bats and balls. Many toys are used in the kindergartens and there are games which teach history and geography and also cleanliness, unselfishness and morality. The Japanese have fairy tales of all

kinds. They have stories like Goody-Goody-Goody and Hop-o-my-Thumb. The Hop-o-my-Thumb of Japan is a priest one inch long, who does all sorts of curious things. Another popular fairy tale is known as the Lucky Teakettle, another the Battle of the Monkey and the Crab and a third the Old Man Who Made the Dead Trees Blossom. The Story of Urishima, a sort of a Japanese Rip Van Winkle, is exceedingly popular, as are also many fables about the badger, which might be called the Br'er Rabbit of Japanese childhood.

In a Japanese Home.
But suppose we call upon some of our little Japanese friends. Their house is situated in a beautiful garden. Its roof is covered with black tiles and it has double walls of wood. The outer walls of each side are shoved back during the daytime into little cupboards at the corners, and the fine inner walls of sash filled with space between the two walls, and in this way sit white awaiting our friends. They soon appear. They get down on their knees and bump their heads on the floor in bowing to us, and then ask us in. We take off our shoes and leave them outside. This is the custom of all Japanese. The houses are exceedingly clean, and the floors are covered with thick mats of woven white straw which would be hurt by the mats in our shoes. The mats are so soft that our feet sink into them, and we feel like lying down and rolling over and over. In the meantime our little Japanese friends have laid cushions on the mats and beg us to sit. These people do not use chairs or sofas. They have tables for eating which are not more than a foot high and they sit and sleep on the floor. The mats are soft and when they have taken them out and spread on them some well padded comforters they have a very soft bed. In the daytime these comforters are rolled up in a bundle and put away in a cupboard or hole in the wall, which by a sliding door is so covered that you would not suppose it was there. By this means the bed room is turned into a parlor and when a table is brought in it is a dining room as well.

As we sit on the mats our little friends tell us about their homes, explaining some customs which are different from ours. They say that the mats are cleaner than our carpets and that they are very convenient in describing a house, as they are always of the same size. They show us that such mats are three feet wide and six feet long and say that the size of a house or room is known by the number of mats it takes to cover the floor. The room we are in has eight mats. Large rooms have twenty or thirty mats, and when a carpenter starts to build a house he asks the owner how many mats he wants, and thus fixes the size and price. All land in Japan is measured by the unit of the mat, a tatso being six feet square or two mats in size. Land here is measured by tatso, not acres. It takes more than 1,000 tatso to make one acre of land.

How the Children Bathe.
By and by we go out to look at the bath room. The Japanese children are very cleanly and they take a red-hot bath every day. The bath tub is about as high as our shoulders. It has a stovepipe running through it with a board resting against the pipe to protect one's body from it when



CHILDREN WHO CALL OUT TO STRANGERS.

he gets in. The pipe is filled with charcoal and lighted. It soon heats the water to boiling, and when it begins to steam the Japanese jump in. Even little babies are put in this hot water. It turns their skin red, and when they come out they are the color of beets. We try such bathing ourselves. It is so hot that we jump quickly out and cannot be induced to attempt it again.

The Japanese have many public bath houses. There are hundreds in Kyoto, where one can get a good hot plunge for 2 or 4 cents.

Houses Without Chimneys.
You would think that houses so thin and open as this one, where we are visiting, would need steam or hot water, or at any rate great coal or wood fires to make them comfortable during the winter. Nothing of the kind is known to the children of Japan. If we should go up in a flying machine and look down upon the roofs of Kyoto we could not count a hundred chimneys on its tens of thousands of houses. Those people have no fireplaces, no grates and no means of heating like ours. The cooking is done with charcoal in little clay ovens, and if one would give a big dinner he must have many such stoves. For warmth a small, brass-lined box filled with ashes with a little burning charcoal within it is most common. This warms only one's hands, and he keeps his feet from freezing by sitting upon them. Sometimes a wood fire is made in a box of this kind. This, however, is only in the poorer houses, and the smoke goes out where it can.

We take a meal with our friends. Each of us has his own little table. The meal is served in individual dishes and the girls bend low and bow before they offer them to us. The meal begins with sweet cake and candy. Then there is a bowl of soup in a dish of wood covered with lacquer, a variety so bright that one can see his face in it. There is fish, raw and cooked, and fried eels, which taste delicious. The raw fish is not bad. It is served upon ice, cut into little slices so we can eat it with chop sticks. After all, why should not one eat raw fish as well as raw oysters?

And then there are salads and pickles, apples and pears and great red persimmons as big as tomatoes. The rice is brought in at the close of the meal in a wooden bucket bound with brass rims.

We are told again and again to help ourselves to the rice, for one is supposed to complete his dinner with it, as with rice in plenty, no one can go hungry. We find some difficulty in conveying the rice to our mouths with the chopsticks and finally raise the bowl to our lips and shovel it in. As it grows cold we pour a little hot tea over it, laughing with the Japanese children as they do the same.

How the Children Dress.
But there are so many strange things among the little ones we see all about us that it would take a long time to mention them all. The children wear shoes of wood or of straw, and their stockings are foot mittens, with a finger for the big toe. The mittens stop above the ankle and the rest of the leg goes bare except for the gown or kimono, which falls from the shoulders. The kimono has very long sleeves. These, in the case of the women, hang down, forming quite large bags at the wrist, which serve as pockets. The boys have smaller sleeves. The girls have great belts called obis, which are tied at the back and which hold their kimonos together. For the same purpose the boys have sashes which are scarcely larger than ropes. The girls wear bright red underclothing, although their kimonos are usually of more modest hues.

All the school children of Japan have their own dress. The boys wear a divided skirt, which reaches from the waist almost to the ankles, and the girls have fuller skirts not divided. Both boys and girls wear kimonos, which are tucked inside their skirts and which cover the upper parts of their bodies.

From this one would think it almost impossible to tell the boys from the girls. It is not so. The skirts of the girls are either dark red or of the color of a blue damson plum, while those of the boys are steel gray. The girls go bareheaded and their hair is twisted up on the top of their heads. The boys wear caps or hats and their hair is cut short and it stands out like a shoe brush in bristles over the scalp.

In the schools of Japan the boys and girls do not sit together, although they have the same studies. They now use desks and chairs, but they used to study sitting on the floor. In other respects their schools are not very unlike our schools at home. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Gossip About Noted People

Jefferson and Cleveland.
THE time of his last nomination, relates Eugene Jefferson in Outing, ex-President Cleveland had invited Mr. Joseph Jefferson and his sons, and ex-Governor Russell of Massachusetts, with others, to his house, Gray Gables, to hear the returns read over a private wire from the convention in Chicago. Just after midnight, when the excitement was at its height, the ex-president suddenly arose from his chair, exclaiming, "I do believe I forgot to dry my fishing line," and left the room.

Toward morning, when there was no longer any doubt as to the re-election of Grover Cleveland for the next four years, and after he had received the congratulations of all present, excepting one, Mr. Cleveland turned to look for his friend. He saw Mr. Jefferson standing before the great landscape window which was a feature of the new dining room at Gray Gables, his hands folded behind his back, looking out intently upon the reflection of the rising sun, mirrored in the sparkling waters of Buzzards bay.

Mr. Cleveland approached him and touched his arm. "Joe, aren't you going to congratulate me?"
Mr. Jefferson turned immediately to his friend and grasped his hand.
"Ah, I do believe me, I do congratulate you, but—turning again to the beautiful picture, his face reflecting its glow—"Good God, if I could paint like that," his outstretched arm sweeping water and sky—"you could be president of a dozen United States and I wouldn't exchange places with you!"

A Painter's Regrets.
John La Farge, the famous mural painter, received last week in New York from the Architectural League a gold medal. In his speech of acknowledgement Mr. La Farge said dryly that he was thankful to get in his old age a medal for mural painting from a society of men who, his whole life long, had refused to give him any mural painting to do.
"I dined with Mr. La Farge the other day," said a mural painter to a reporter,

"and he talked again about his medal. He said he would have been better with work in the obscure days when he needed it."
"Then he smiled grimly and said he was a little like a famous actress. A manager offered this actress \$1,000 a week to make a tour of the world. She insisted on \$1,500. But the manager said \$1,000 was all she could give, and he reminded her of the fabulous jewels that South American millionaires, Russian grand dukes and Indian rajahs are wont to lavish on the ladies of the stage when they go touring."
"Go home," said the manager; think the matter over and let me know your decision in the morning."
"In the morning the actress sent the manager this wire:
"Give me my terms and you can have the jewels."

Brighter than He Looked.
An erratic Memphis editor was a great admirer of John Sharp Williams, though he had never seen him. This editor in blind faith printed column after column in praise of the "gentleman from Yazo." There was set an edition that didn't have anything exciting Williams, and one day "John Sharp," on his way home from Washington, dropped off at Memphis to get something to eat in the railroad restaurant. It was early in the morning, and the editor was eating at the same place, after a night of work. The proprietor called the congressman's attention to the editor.
"John," said the restaurant manager, "that fellow over there has been saying some pretty nice things about you."
"I'd like to meet him," said Williams. So the editor was brought over and introduced. He rubbed his hands across his face wearily several times and said:
"Williams? Williams? What? The congressman?"
"Yes," modestly assented that gentleman, "the same."
"You're not John Sharp Williams?"
"There's no question about my identity," broke in the somewhat exasperated Williams, rather testily.
"Well, all I can say is," muttered the editor as he shook hands with the statesman, "you're a dam sight brighter than you look."

Fifty Years of Wedded Happiness is Theirs

WHEN they were 21, Jamie Nicholson and Miss Jessie Mall were united in marriage at the village of Kirk in Newton Stewart, Wigtownshire, Scotland. Both were born and raised in the parish. Fifty years later, on Saturday, February 27, 1909, Mr. and Mrs. James Nicholson were again the main participants in a marriage celebration—this time at Grand Island, Neb. The difference in time and location is strikingly illustrated by the two photographs herewith printed, the one taken in Bonnie Scotland when all the earth, like life itself, was young; the other in bright Nebraska, when the principals

are enjoying a hale and happy old age, and with an unshakable faith are awaiting the end of the partnership began so very long ago. As both are in good health, it appears as if they would yet enjoy many years of life. They are only 71, not very old for folks raised among the heather.
"After the marriage in Scotland, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson went to Manchester, England, and in 1887 they sailed for America, going direct to Grand Island after landing. Members of their family had located at the Hall county metropolis some years before. Happiness and prosperity has attended their lives in this state, and today Jamie Nicholson and his gude wife are enjoying such good health their activity is remarkable. As evidence of his renewed youth and exuberant vitality, on the day his golden wedding was celebrated, Mr. Nicholson danced a Highland fling in a way to make many of the youngsters ashamed. In his younger days he was for many years an active man among the Royal Caledonian curlers. That he could "lay a stone" with the best of them is evidenced by a gold medal he still has which was won when he was a member of a team that took the championship of the British isles at the roarin' game. The contest was held at Southampton, England, in 1876, and extended over several days.

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In Scotland in 1859.

MR. AND MRS. JAMES NICHOLSON.

In Nebraska in 1909.

Quaint Features of Life

Surgeons Have Another Guess.

EIGHT-YEAR-OLD Foste Cohen and her brother, Joseph, aged 11 years, were sent to the Harrisburg (Pa.) hospital, suffering from enlarged tonsils. The girl was given ether and by mistake was sent to the operating room with several other patients and operated on for appendicitis.

The surgeons say they found her appendix somewhat inflamed and, therefore, were not aware that a mistake had been made until the parents called and found that the operation had been performed. The operation was "successful" and the child recovered.

Twenty-Year Game Ended.
A card-playing contest which has raged continuously for twenty-six years came to an end at Mancelona, Mich., March 15, when John W. Wallace scooped in D. W. LaSalle's potro and remarked: "That puts me out."

Twenty years ago, while at a social affair, LaSalle and Wallace each claimed the village potro championship. The contention resulted in a challenge, the championship to go to the one who first won ten straight games. Every day or evening, Sundays excepted, the men have met at either home. In those twenty years of continuous play, through spare time study, they have acquired an inner knowledge of the game that has frightened off all other players from engaging with them.

Several times one man got six or seven straight games, but not until the finish night did one succeed in getting ten.

Unruly Girls Whipped in Court.
Hattie Hood, aged 13 years, and Belle Ogles, aged 17, were whipped in police court of Atlanta, Ga., by order of Recorder Broiles, who had been appealed to by the parents of the girls to punish them for their unruly conduct.
After hearing the evidence in the case the recorder said:
"A good whipping is what these girls need. That will do them more good than

a fine. A great many girls might profit these days if they were given a tawdry of the switch."
The recorder ordered straps to be furnished and while the girls were held by policemen the parents laid on with a good will.

Lands a Big Fish.
Four sturgeon, the largest being ten feet two inches in length and weighing 60 pounds, were caught by Gustave Patten, Frank Vincent and S. C. Wamsley of Idaho, in Snake river, near the mouth of Red Bird creek, southeast of Spokane. A two-horse team was required to haul the 1,150-pound catch to town.

The men used 500 feet of heavy rope as a line, the red being a tree. A steel hook was baited with a large eel and weighted with twenty pounds of lead. To permit the fish to play on the line the shore end was fastened to a tree, which swayed with every movement of the sturgeon in their endeavor to get away.

The fisherman say they had the most difficulty in landing the smallest fish, which was six feet in length and weighed 200 pounds. It fought and lashed the water for almost an hour before it was brought to the river bank.
These are the largest fish caught in the Snake river this season, where students of Isaac Walton have been busy for months.
"Wet" Recipe in "Dry" Paper.
Charles M. Stuart, recently appointed editor of the Northwestern Christian Advocate, has his own troubles. In last week's issue of his publication appeared the following recipe for poultices:
"Cream together one cup of butter and three cups of sugar. All the yolks of five eggs and beat the whole until it is very light. Turn stir in one wineglass of whiskey, one nutmeg, grated, and then one cup of milk, and when these ingredients are well mixed beat in four cups of flour," etc.
Mr. Stuart prepared a correction which appears in this week's issue. Meanwhile he had explained verbally that the recipe crept into the columns without the knowledge of himself or his associates. About as nearly as he could fix the responsibility he declared it rested upon the printer's "devil."