

TEA HOUSES AND GEISHA GIRLS

TWO INSTITUTIONS OF JAPAN THAT HAVE NO COUNTERPART IN THIS COUNTRY



GEISHA GIRLS ILLUSTRATING THE PROVERB: "HEAR NO EVIL," "SEE NO EVIL," "SPEAK NO EVIL."

ments, but Virtues, which are their only reward. The Japanese man wants something more than an actress. The Geisha is expected to be excellent in that way, and to be at his beck and call; when he is too idle to attend any more to her dancing and singing, he beckons her to come closer and entertain him with her blandishments.

Not Always Beautiful.
Geishas are not always beautiful; they are always elegant and clever; they are the best-dressed women in Japan—the Japanese do not think it ladylike for their wives to dress well. Wives wear a sort of half-mourning, and no wonder. The Geisha begins training for her future honors early. Girls are chosen for cleverness at 7 or 8 years old—beauty is only considered skin-deep for a Geisha. They are trained in dancing and singing and the art of conversation.

The latter is most important; a Geisha has constantly to be bandying wit with sake-fuddled admirers and to switch lovers on or off. She is expected to sing and dance and play. Any must-hall artist in London would promise to shoot himself if she could not do better with a week's practice. But the training of these Geishas extends over four years and is the best of its kind. The popular Geisha, like the popular actress, is much courted; she often makes a brilliant marriage.

No Japanese could understand "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Ladies with pasts get married every day there; their pasts are no objection, but they have to be pasts when they marry; in that divorce-mongering land Caesar's wife causes to be a wife if she is not above suspicion.

It is hard for Europeans to take the Geishas seriously for all their accomplishments. They look like children, and are children—when they are not cats. It is easy to recognize the Geisha; she looks like an angel, but she is a devil in a child face, geranium lips and flowers in her glossy hair. The Geisha may often be seen in rickshaws with their duennas.

The houses in the Yoshiwara are glorified teahouses, and may be used as such. They remind one of the Arabian Nights.

Teahouses, Not Teatotal.
But teahouses are apt to be lovely; it is their business, except those which go in for the dull respectability of being inns. A teahouse isn't teatotal, it is generally not a house at all, but a garden full of Summer-houses and quite often of nothing but a roof and a view. You can never get to a view in Japan without passing through a teahouse, and your way is blocked by gray little mousmees who rub their knees together and bow and hiss their respects and give you tea.

Beautiful as Dreams.
Some teahouses are as beautiful as dreams of coming into fortunes. They may be in the Chinese style with masonry ornaments like that described



GEISHA GIRLS STUDYING.

below; the may have exquisite old wooden terraces overhanging a lake with the sacred mountains Fujiyama staring at them like a house to let; or they may be themselves overhung with fragrant, lavender wisteria blossoms four feet long, which sweep the waters of a river in the midst of a gay capital; they may be dear little doll-houses, built of odorless unpainted pine wood, and planted in a retired corner of paradise like the point of Tomi Oka.

The dolls are always there, pretty little mousmees, who make off your bottles to prevent your spoiling the deep, soft primrose-colored matting or kicking the house down when you grow impatient. There is a small in Japan. There is a priestess. If Europeans go there, they will sell other things stronger than tea. Riksha boys' teahouses you always have with you on the great high roads. Almost any house may turn teahouse or shop among the lower class Japanese.

The Restaurant Teahouse.
About Inns I shall say nothing. They are respectable places enough for a land which has no arbitrary rules about decency. It is the restaurant teahouse at which the Japanese deduce our conventions.

Even a banker asking his family lawyer to dinner does not include wives; he asks him to dinner at a restaurant, and engages Geishas—famous for their beauty and their wit, but not necessarily for their morals, to make themselves agreeable to him. Both wives regard this as a natural feature of hospitality. As you drive through Shiba at night you will know where the Japanese gentlemen—large wooden lanterns with paper glasses and projecting eaves, and by the ricksha boys smoking and doubtless scandal-mongering, at the gates.

You will hear the tinkling of the samisen and the poor little Geishas' voices. Sometimes, if the night is hot, and the banquets have reached the drunken stage, the shutters will be taken down and you will see the party enjoying itself. The Japanese take their pleasure badly; the host and his guests sit in a semi-circle more or less dragged with gorging and sate, and the Geishas are ranged in semi-circle opposite, if they still have a soul for music, or come closer and enchant them with prettiness and wittiness. The Japanese do not laugh for pleasure or kiss for love; they have a derisive laugh to show anger, and they giggle at wit, but the hearty English laugh of enjoyment is unknown to them.

A Spree in Kobe.
We went to such a teahouse at Kobe. I wanted to stay in the garden, the size

of a back yard, which contained a river and a waterfall and a lake, and ever so many little islands connected with bog-back bridges, garnished with pagodas and mushroom-topped lanterns which are never lit, and shrines and lighthouses all of mosaic old masonry. The lake didn't seem to contain any water, though I was assured that this was the case. Its top was paved with broad lotus leaves, from which sprang, like crowns standing on scepters, huge rose-colored blossoms, and round the lake were fountains in marble. All round the lake were fountains in marble.

The four de force, a fire tree taught to grow in the shape of a junk, looked as like a ship as any other junk. The whole scene looked like a willow pattern plate converted by the moon into a garden for a toy nation. It made me feel quite like a poet, but our host had not taken us there for poetry, but for a spree. We were sad dogs. Our little Summer-house was only lit by two rushlights on tall candlesticks of wrought iron. Then some little mousmees came and brought in Geisha who could not sing and Japanese dishes which were not to be eaten, but which we could not drink, or we might have warmed to our work. It was a cold night, as well as cold cheer; there are moments when picturesqueness fails, even if there had not been the matter with us. But we went through it as one goes through a Masonic initiation, realizing the adage that blessed are they who expect nothing.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.
(Copyright, 1922.)

TEA HOUSES and Geisha girls make up that mournful ceremony, a Japanese banquet; the food is of no consequence to a European.

Taken separately they are not bad; your own dinners at the foreign hotel would be much enlivened by performances of Geishas—they would do as well as a yeomanry band. And tea houses are not so bad if you don't take their tea, though their teas are less awful than the dinners, unless you do the correct thing and take salted cherry blossom with them.

Japanese dinners are a refined kind of torture; you are expected to sit on your heels and eat off the floor. Lovely little mousmees, with scarlet petticoats, come and kneel before you. But what is the use of it when you are kneeling yourself, because, not being a Jap, you can't sit on your knees? Besides, your mousmee spends all her time in playing hide-and-seek with your sake bottle. No good restaurant will let you drink sake that isn't hot enough, and as you don't drink it at all, it soon gets below the proper point, and your mousmee goes for more. You are behaving very badly. The Japanese never keeps his sake waiting.

The food is a worse trial. Live fish might do if you could persuade yourself to treat it like an oyster, but seaweed soup

and lard sweetmeats, and custard made with pickles and fish juice, are novelties too striking for the male European stomach. When you are drowning you catch at straw, and when you are having a Japanese banquet you catch at anything you can get your hands on, like a plum or a potato, but it is only a savior form of torture, for the plum is sure to be salted and the potato cooked in syrup.

Even if the things were good to eat, you couldn't help yourself with chopsticks; it's too much like eating soup with a fork. Undeterred by your not eating, the dinner goes on for hours, while you wonder which will happen first—your knee-joints give way or your carves go flat. If you have been to a Japanese banquet before, you prop yourself up against the wall. That is the only way you can sit on the floor for hours. The Japanese are so pretty and so nice that if you do get up to leave they always persuade you to kneel down again.

And when it is all over comes the unkindest cut of all. Politeness demands that you should make a separate excuse for each dish you cannot eat; it's no use for as you are getting into your ricksha your mousmee hands you a pile of white wooden boxes in which she has carefully packed everything you could not eat, for you to take to your honorable family, and etiquette demands that you should take them, though you give them to your ricksha boy as soon as you are out of sight. Etiquette is the Kaiser of Japan.

MR. DOOLEY ON THE WAR GAME

ONE OF THE GREATEST SOCIAL AND NAVAL CAMPAIGNS IN THE HISTORY OF THE COUNTRY

WHAT'S this here war game I've been readin' about?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"It's a kind iv a blind man's buff," said Mr. Dooley. "It's a thrille iv cunnin' an' darin' between th' Army an' th' Navy. Be mames iv it we learn whither th' Army can sneak into Boston after dark without anywan seein' them an' anchor in Boston Common. Ye an' I know different, Hennessy. We know how many people are in th' streets after dark. But th' Navy don't know th' Army don't know. Their idee is that a German fleet might gum-shoe up th' harbor in th' dark iv th' moon an' when people turned out fr th' mornin' dram, there wud be th' Impor William stin' his breakfast iv Hungarian goo-lash an' noodle soup on th' steps iv th' State House iv Massachusetts. But it's a gran' game. I'd like to play it meself. It's as noisy as forty-fives between Conn-ock men an' as harmless as a stereopticon lecturer. If war an' th' war game was th' same thing, I'd be an Admiral, at last, by this time, with me face gashed an' seemed be raspberry jam an' me clothes stained with English breakfast tea.

"Th' Navy chose to be th' Army an' 'twas th' jooty iv th' Navy to divanate th' New England coast. On th' other hand, th' business iv th' Army was to catch th' Navy at its nefarious wurruk an' tag it before it cud get its fingers crost. To play th' game well, th' Navy must act as much like an Army as it can an' th' Army must pretend to be just as cross at th' Navy as it is when they are both on th' same side. Friendship ceases when they set in.

"It's a hard game to follow if ye're lookin' on an' puttin' up th' money, as I am. I've been readin' about it in th' papers an' I can't make out now whither th' Army is lootin' th' brewers iv Connecticut or whether th' defenders iv our hearths has blown them up in th' harbor iv New London. I have th' honor to report," says Admiral Higginson, "that I have this day destroyed all th' forts on th' New England coast, but th' defenders to rout with grand slaughter an' kill with me own hands Giral McArthur, th' Commander iv th' lan' forces—a brave man but no match fr ye're thrilly. His lan' wurruks to me was 'Higginson, ye done well!' I ravaged him his sword with th' wurruks: 'Giral, between two brave men, there can be no hard feelin'.' Th' battle in which me gallant foe met his fate was th' con-clusion iv wan iv th' mos' successful social an' naval campaigns in th' history iv our country. I have th' honor to inform ye that promptly on th' declaration iv war, I give an afternoon tea to th' Duches iv Marlborough. Th' forts at Newport attempted to reply, but was unable to sponsor more thir' three or four western millionaires an' soon succumbed to th' inevitable. I then moved up th' Sound an' fell upon Giral McArthur when he was't lookin'. Before he cud load his guns, we poored a perfect blanket-blank hit iv blank cartridges on him. He made a spirited reply but it was useless. We out-fought him by nearly fifty thousand dollars worth iv powder. In th' mist iv th' flame an' smoke, I discerned th' cattif foe standin' on top iv a fort directin' his wav'rin' forces. 'Hi-spy, Giral McArthur,' says I in claryon tones, an' th' battle was over to all intents an' purposes. I have to especially commend Cap'n McWhallop, who, findin'

his boat caught between th' fires iv th' Army, called out: 'Lay me down, boys, an' save th' ship. I'm full iv marmalade.' Th' Navy aboard was perfectly delighted with th' valor an' hospitality iv our men. Tonight we complete our wurruk to give a dinner an' hep on board th' flag-ship. Among those present was—'an' so on.

"That's what th' gallant Higginson says. But listen to what th' skelly gallant McArthur says: 'I have th' honor to report that meself an' me gallant men, but largely if I do say it that shudden't meself, crushed an' annihilated th' Army's fleet at high noon today. Last night, at th' first round iv jacks, or midnight, as civil-yans wud say, we received a raypport fr our v'gylant scouts that th' Army were not at Bar Harbor, Poockyside, Keokuk, Johannesberg or Council Bluffs. But where were they? That was th' question. An idee struck me. War is as much a matter iv ingenuity an' thought as iv fire an' slaughter. I stut out fr an aventur' paper an' as I suspected, it announced th' craven foe was about two blocks away. At that very moment, th' straws iv th' 'Hoo Danoo' was wanted to me ears an' me suspicions was confirmed. On such occasions there is no sleep fr th' modhren sojer. Napelion wud've gone to bed, but slumber never crost me tired mind. 'Twas in th' Harbor, Poockyside, Keokuk, Johannesberg or Council Bluffs, that I, in an' each wit to th' marshall Joseph iv th' day, silently bit with a heart full iv courage. At high noon, we fell upon th' Army an' poured out about \$5,000 worth iv near-slaughter on him. His guns was choked with cottilyn favors an' he did not reply at wasnt, but when he did, th' scene was thrilly awful. Th' sky was blackened by th' smoke iv smokeless powder an' th' air was full iv cotton waste fr'm th' fell injines iv destruction. A breeze fr'm shere carried out to me ears th' walls iv th' wounded taxpayers. At th' I described th' bloodthirsty Higginson an' a good fellow, which is at that—on th' roof iv his boat. 'Hi-spy,' says he, 'Hi-spy ye'er gran'mother,' said I. 'I had me eye on ye fr' 15 minyits an' ye're a dead man, as I can prove be witness.' I says, 'An' he fell off th' roof. I was sorry to take his life, but war knows no mercy. He was a brave man but fool-hardy. He ought never to've gone again me. He might've heked Cervera, but he can't lick me. We captured all th' men-iv-war, destroyed most iv th' cruisers an' ar-r now usin' th' flag-ship fr a run-about. Th' country is safe, thanks to a v'gylant an' sleepless Joseph. I will go up to New York tomorrow to be measured fr th' presentation sword.

"There it is, Hennessy. Who won? I don't know. I can't tell at this moin't whether I ought to be under th' hood larin' German fr th' time when a Broshyan sojer poke me out with his sabre, or down at Pinnacane's hall callin' a meetin' to thank th' defenders iv th' fire-side. Nobody knows. It's a quare game, fr they tell me either th' battles has been fought an' th' kill has gone back to holeystonin' th' deck an' th' smoke from th' chafin' dish has cleared away, th' decision is up to a good figure at Washington. It depends on him whether we ar-r a free people or whether we wear th' yoke iv servitude an' bad, German hats fr all time. He's th' official scorer an' what Higginson thinks was a base hit, he calls a foul, an' what McArthur calls an' accepted chand is an error. After th' gallant in blue an' gold has got through a watery-eyed clerk named Perkitus H. Something-or-

But it's like punchin' th' bag an' I'd jus' as soon thrain a man fr a fight be jarin' him to play th' mandolin, as be instructin' him in bag punchin'. It's a fine game. I don't know who won, but I know who lost.

"Who's that?" asked Mr. Hennessy. "Th' threasurey," said Mr. Dooley. (Copyrighted, 1922.)

THAT EXPOSITION.
"I'm glad to hear," said Uncle Josh, "the site has been selected. I ain't surprised a bit, by goah; it's just as I expected. I thought they'd pick Fair way in some outlandish hole. And fix it so it wouldn't pay more'n two bits on the dollar. But then there's no use makin' light or rainin' much objection; I guess them fellows think they're right in makin' that selection; So with the rest I'll lend a hand—'An' if it takes all Summer, No matter where it's goin' to stand We'll make the Fair a hummer. 'But if we do we'll have to move, I think, a little faster; We'll have to leave the mossback groove if we'd avoid disaster; For Eastern men who cash possess a man's ready for investin'; Will take their cash back home unless Our Fair is interestin'. 'So let's take hold and do what's right To make the Fair a credit— Take what I said about the site As if I'd never said it. I always want to do my best For everything that's goin' on. To let me know th' great northwest Can make a mighty showin'. 'Don't let the fool round and wait and wait And spoil the Exposition; That's make it fit to celebrate That famous exposition. And then the folks will go away Well pleased with our location, And come again some other day To find a habitation.' CHARLES K. BURNSIDE. Sellwood, September, 1922.

RAG CARPETS ARE COMING INTO STYLE

FASHION'S EDICT IS NOW TO REND YOUR GARMENTS AND TREAD THEM UNDER FOOT

AFTER years of undervaluation in the industrial world, products of the human hand are again to the fore. Handicrafts are springing up on every side. Not in competition with or antagonistic to the machine, which has done so much to bring utility and beauty into lives that might otherwise have never known either, but as a natural expression of individuality, are handicrafts multiplying. Perfidiousness devoted to hand-made arts threaten to become as formidable as trade journals. It is the inevitable result of two growing factors in American life. Educated wealth is spreading, and with it desire to possess exclusive objects of art which bear the impress of individuality and which cannot be duplicated, as are machine-made things. Educated wealth is learning to recognize and appreciate the intrinsic value of human skill as manifested in the various handicrafts.

Ready to meet this taste and demand upon the part of educated wealth are men and women of ideas who have learned to think and to execute for themselves. Breaking away from the employer and the salary, they have set up their tools under their own roof trees, and from designs of their own fashioning, out of clay, brass, copper, wood, straw, rag, leather and other mediums, they are making things of utility and beauty articles that bespeak the thought that is within them.

In out-of-the-way corners of large cities are members of little handicraft shops where a single worker creates and stamps his or her hand-made work, as did the Benvenuto Cellinis of the Middle Ages, with their personal signature or trade mark.

Knowing no taskmaster but the satisfaction of their individual sense of the

true, they withhold their work from the market until it realizes as near as possible their ideal. One designs an interior, taskmaster, their salary is their profit. These little shops nestle for the most part under sky roofs, or are buried in cellar basements. So rapidly have they increased in number, and of such superior excellence is the work they turn out, that in more than one large city depots have been established for their exhibition, but that is a possible in the secluded shop or studio.

In this refreshing revival looms a long-discarded art—the weaving of rag carpets. The dean of New York carpet weavers swings his gaule, and shuffles these days he marvels at the change in the clientele that finds its way to this basement home, where his loom of nearly 40 years' service has long been a curiosity to the passer-by. In lieu of an occasional housewife or the mistress of a charitable institution comes now, to the old man's perplexity, my lady's maid with balls of cut rag, or a monogrammed, perfumed note asking him to call at No. 80 and 80 and collect material prepared for the weaving of a carpet, rug or portiere.

"It's the Americans—the rich Americans," chuckles the old weaver, "who have set my loom a singing in its old age."

When the dean came from Bavaria with his good rag loom, 40 years ago he found in New York City a number of rag weavers, all doing a thriving business. "I owned four looms," sighed the old man with a blink in his merry brown eye. "All the big stores bought my carpets, and great big living houses on Bond street and Lafayette Place used to bring me their fine gowns cut up into strips to weave into carpets—not for the kitchen, I would have you know, but for their own beautiful bedrooms."

With the coming of the machine-made carpet, among the first to desert the hand weaver were the foreigners. Today the dean knows of but three hand looms on the East Side of New York, and doubts if there are a dozen weavers who make their bread and butter from the shuttle.

"The old weavers have nearly all died off, and their children would not learn the trade. It was too slow. They followed the trend of the times and took to the machine or sought work in other fields."

"Ach! 'Tis hard, hard work," said the dean's frau, threatening the loom. "All is so big and heavy and clumsy."

"Come, come," laughed the dean, "you would not give up threading this old lady and sorting out the bobbins and weaving romances around each pretty bit of silk or velvet for the wealth of the Vanderbilts."

"Wealth is all very good," continued the philosopher, light-hearted as a boy, despite his 70 years, game eye, and Avenue B basement home, "but it's not everything. There was a weaver in my town in Bavaria who made soap by day and spun carpet by night. The lit of the shuttles always set him a singing, and in song he forgot he was poor, or tired, or lonely. There was a very rich man who lived near by who could not sleep at night for the weaver's song. He sent for him one day and asked why he sang all night."

"Because it makes me happy," said the weaver.

"And it makes me unhappy," said the rich man, "for it will not let me sleep, I give you \$500 if you do not sing at night."

"Four hundred dollars," said the poor weaver, who had scarcely owned as many pennies at one time in his whole life. "I take your money and I sing no more."

"When people heard the story they came from all over the world to see the poor one who had a new way for him to invest his money until the poor weaver he knew had a new place. He could not eat nor sleep, thinking some one would find it. He put it inside his shirt and it burned him. Every time he threw the shuttle his throat parched for want of song. The money and the song burning to be out made him so sad he could no more eat

nor drink nor sleep. He was like a ghost, and the carpets he wove lost their color. One day he could stand it no more. He took the money and he went to the rich man's house.

"I give you your money," said the weaver to the rich man. "I keep my song."

"He, he, he," chuckled the frau, weighing great balls of rag sent in by an uptown hospital. "Money can not buy a light heart."

"But it sends us customers," said the dean, "rich customers where once we had only the very poor." Turning to the long bin behind his seat at the loom, he tossed up merrily the sorted colors of the bobbins waiting to be woven into a carpet to catch the footprints of children of wealth.

The mainstay of the surviving hand-looms are the charitable institutions. To keep inmates or convalescent patients employed, cast-off garments are given them to cut into strips, and a separate cost to the weaver, for rag carpet strips are always useful in large institutions. Where formerly tencent denizens found it more profitable to buy machine-made carpets, the machine-made rag carpet is now the favorite. It is that asked for the machine carpet, which suggested luxury, they find today it does not pay to save them for the rag man, so might as well give them to institutions, or send them to institutions, owing to the substitution of wood for rag in the manufacture of paper.

On the other hand, ready-made garments have been brought to such perfection in the cutting and fitting, and at so small a cost to the consumer, that once, where wealth found it profitable to dispose of cast-off garments to second-hand dealers, they now receive so little that, in lieu of poor rations or sending them to institutions, they are, in compliance with fashion's behest, cutting them up into rag carpets.

Does life offer a more literal way of trapping its vanities under foot?

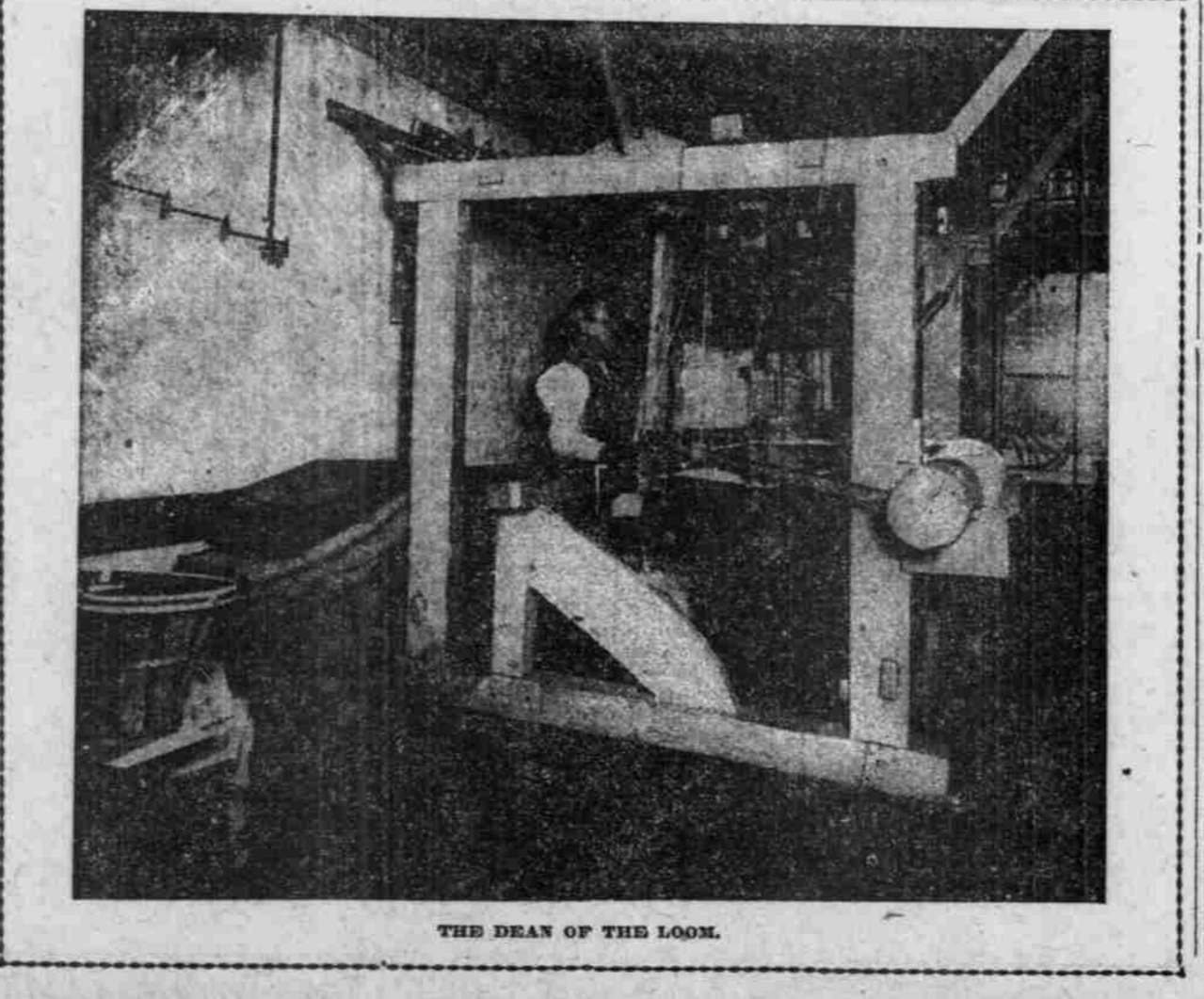
Much of the durability of a rag carpet depends upon the quality of its warp. Cotton warp wears better and is much firmer than wool or linen. The beauty of a rag carpet lies largely in the quality of the material used, and the delicacy with which the weaver throws the shuttle. Carpets confined to one material—cotton, wool or silk—are more effective and durable than those of varied stuffs. Silk is the favorite fabric for decorative rugs, always prized by the lover of skilled handicraft. One yard width is the limit of the carpet loom, which is not designed to weave large portieres. They call for a separate apparatus. While the old-fashioned hand-loom does not admit of the weaving in of designs after the manner of tapestry, the trained weaver—he of color perception and artistic sense—can achieve wonders in the blending of the bobbins. Two pounds of rags are allowed to one yard of carpet. Thirty cents a yard is the price of weaving one yard.

From the time the rags, cut and brought into strips, are weighed and packed into round bales, and are brought to the weaver, until he finally rolls them into carpet for delivery to the customer, they have six separate handlings. Consider this labor, and that one yard an hour is the largest output, at 30 cents a yard, and well may it be said that, for the hand loom weaver, Time was made for slaves, and Wealth is a chimera.

England's Querer "Lion Sermon."
In three weeks there will be the annual preaching of a queer sermon in England. It is called the "Lion Sermon," and is preached on October 16, in St. Katherine Cree Church, London.

About 250 years ago a man, afterward Lord Mayor of London, Sir John Gayer, was traveling in the far East. Evening separated from the caravan at night, he found himself confronted by lions. He prayed the prayer of Daniel for deliverance, and his life was saved by the arrival of armed men just in time.

That night was October 16, and Sir John, when he returned to London, built the church of St. Katherine Cree, and left money to insure that a lion sermon should be preached annually on that date.



THE DEAN OF THE LOOM.