

THE TEARLESS CHILDREN OF JAPAN



THE GIRLS' FEAST OF DOLLS



THE GIRLS ARE TAUGHT ARTISTIC DECORATION



TWO LITTLE SHAVERS OF JAPAN.

LITTLE JAPS AT PLAY

some friendly hill is one of those beautiful results that this artistic people know so well how to produce.

The children enter into almost every form of Japanese life. When the mother goes to the temple to pray, she brings home gifts for the children. Many of the temple grounds are like a continual fair, with toy and candy booths and open-air entertainments.

Japanese toys are innumerable and cheap. One son is half cent. Ten rin make 1 sen; many of these toys cost no more than 1 rin. Here is a Saru, the honorable monkey. He is of red cotton, concealing a bamboo spring. Press the spring and he runs up a pole. This costs 2 rin. A box of soldiers samurai in full armor, costs 3 rin.

One of the simplest toys is the "Tembo" or dragon fly. Imagine two pieces of wood shaped like a T. The upper bar is daubed with color. By twisting the lower piece and suddenly letting go, the toy darts into the air, dipping, rising, hovering, in its rapid motion looking like a dragon fly, and making the same humming sound.

The children, too, are in the temple grounds imitating their parents' devotions by shooting prayer arrows, "firing" rolled up prayer papers, as our children throw spit balls, piling up votive stones, and sending paper prayer boats, touched with a match, to burn on the temple ponds.

Hair is to the Japanese almost what the toga was to the Romans. The gun trigger style of hair dressing for men has gone down before Western civilization. The boys wear their hair short, and a shock of hair is to the little boy what breeches with pockets are to our children. All the girls wear their hair in the same way until they are married. Even little girls require a hairdresser, for nobody but a professional could master "intricacies of the Japanese coiffure. It is to preserve this that the little pillows of wood and paper are used to sleep on. A greater sacrifice to vanity can scarcely be conceived. It is placed under the nape of the neck and grows stouter each hour. The boys can have cotton pillows.

The children all dress like their elders. There are no "baby clothes." At 1 a girl gets her obi, or sash, which gives her a hump-backed look, but is to the Japanese what diamonds are to the Westerner. Only little girls and geishas wear gay kimonos. A bevy of little girls together in their flower-like kimonos with long-winged sleeves is like a flock of bright-rufed birds. Dressed for any function their faces are painted dazzling white and red. This is not to deceive. Paint is frankly a decoration.

Another mark of girlhood is the red petticoat. It is an oblong piece folded around her and reaching to her knees. Now she begins those pigeon-like steps of the "Three Little Maids From School." This is to keep her skirts together and not show her ankles, for in all Japan there is not a girl who does not show her ankles. At the race course a girl dressed in the knee of high-born young girls is closed by the rude wind. When the girl marries, she gets a white petticoat and changes her style of hair dressing.

But child life is not all play. The streets are full of school children, with their bags of books. But imagine the boon. All Japan speaks softly. The children do not scream and yell even in play, and never in four months did I see a quarrel or fight. Teacher is held in such respect that until recently the children in reciting turned their backs, it being rude to stare him in the face.

In the Orient the children study aloud. This is to make sure they are studying. As there is no alphabet in Japan, the children have to commit to a starter 3000 Chinese characters, a mental effort which makes the foreigner understand the nimble facile minds of the people.

She must always be well and willing, have a smile on her lips and her hands free to serve. She is taught to sew and cook, to make herself attractive by playing the samisen and koto, and to execute what she thinks, is singing. She must be skilled in the involved paths of Japanese etiquette, to go through the tea ceremony the "O Chan Yu," the foundation of all elegance, and to arrange flowers according to her text books and rules—a beautiful accomplishment which makes our bouquets seem barbarous. She does not dance. Geishas are paid to do that.

Both boys and girls must write well. Handwriting ranks as a virtue in Japan.

This they do with a brush in vertical lines that read backward. The boys' studies are more like those of our Western world. Chinese is their Latin, and English our French. American textbooks are used. They have athletic contests, tugs of war and grotesque races in which two boys are tied by the legs. There is an ancient contest known as "Taking the Castle." There are two bamboo towers covered with paper over 12 feet high. These are beset by opposing parties with wooden balls. Inside are bowls filled with burning fluid. The castle that takes fire first wins the game for the besiegers. In the end there is a glorious bonfire for both sides.

But the chief thing taught to every boy is loyalty and devotion to the Emperor. Ask any boy what is the dearest thing in life and he answers, "To die for the Emperor." This is the secret of the bravery of the Japanese soldiers. It was a Japanese mother who, when her only son was brought home dead from the battlefield, smiled and said, "Then he was able to be of some service."

At the theater this loyalty is prominent in most plays. A celebrated play is "The Troubles of the House of Date." The lord is a little child. His playmate is another child, his subject. A rival faction seeks to poison him. A box of candies is sent as a present. The child knows his duty and calmly eats one, dying that the trick may be exposed and his lord's life saved.

In the long winter nights the children sit around the brazier of coals, which is

"FOR God's sake, stop that crying." To hear this good missionary English in a nest of Japanese houses—and Japanese houses are so thin that everything the neighbors say is easily heard—was startling. In four months we had never heard any scolding or seen a child punished.

This unusual event proved to be one of those international households not uncommon in the East. It was the Anglo-Saxon half of the child that roared and tyrannized over its submissive Japanese mother. His English father had bought him a bright blue ulster with brass buttons. In this he strutted up and down Negishi Mura, bossing all the children of the quarter. A plainer instance of heredity and racial traits is rarely seen.

No one was more shocked at John Tashiro San than O Tara, the little niece of our maid, O Yen. "The Honorable Miss Dollar." Even when O Tara had the toothache she smiled through her pain. "Bad boy," said O Tara. "His rudeness-to-Honorable-foreign-lady-is. Evil-matter-to-respected-ears-of-the-August-Honorable-one is," with great dignity, and bowing her little head down to the floor.

Even Japanese babies are popularly supposed never to cry. This comes pretty near the truth, for the land and all there in it seem to be theirs.

In any country where Shintoism or ancestral worship prevails the children are bound to have a good time. A son is necessary to carry on the worship of his parents and to keep the ancestral fires lit. If a man has not a son, he adopts one or takes another wife. If a woman has not a son, she knows what to expect. Polygamy finds its excuse in religion. Japanese girls are by no means so highly valued, but as can be seen, they work into the general scheme. Children, being a religious necessity, their place is fixed. Supplementing this is the natural joy of parents in their own progeny and the sense of possession. Curiously enough, pampered as they are, the children are never caressed. The Japanese regard kissing as vulgar, animal and unsanitary. Even foreign children would willingly give up being kissed in return for never being scolded or whipped.

When a Japanese child is born, everybody brings it gifts. Fish and eggs are the proper presents, particularly eggs, on which the family probably subsists until safely into life. On the third day it is named, and goes to the temple to be blessed by the priest. Girls are generally named after some flower or fruit, as "Ume," plum blossom, or "Kiku," chrysanthemum. Boys are nicknamed, as "Sakura," "glorious big one" or perhaps "Sakura," meaning No. 1, the third boy.

A baby wears layers of those long, easy slips we know as kimonos, which cover its feet and its hands. Consequently, it has no cause for crying when it is dressed. Even the poorest baby has its daily hot bath. Hot in Japan means the degree Fahrenheit, a temperature that gives even a grown person lively recollections. Its head is shaved, with the exception of a small tuft, until it is three years old. One of the few repulsive sights in Japan is the number of sore-headed children seen on the streets. These sores are not allowed to heal, the theory being

that in this manner all the evil humors of the body are expelled. When a baby is a few weeks old, it is strapped on the back of one of the young or children and sent out into the streets. When our children are being cradled and sung to, the Japanese baby is beginning its education. This seems to explain that expertness of the Japanese nation which within fifty years has become a world power.

The children of the poor play in the streets and temple grounds, and every third child has a baby on its back. This makes no difference in the games. The children play battledoor and shuttlecock, toss their rice bags, run, jump, and even walk on stilts with the last-born nodding its helpless head or perhaps fast asleep, its face turned upward and head lying back on its bearer's shoulders. As the baby gets older it takes an interest in all that is going on, and daily adds to its stock of knowledge.

Children are carried in this manner until they are three years old and have their dolls strapped on their backs. Thus entertained and with plenty of company, a Japanese child has very little cause for complaint.

Indoors the mother performs all her household duties with the baby on her back. Our manner of carrying a child in the arms seems very wasteful of time and strength to a Japanese mother, who keeps her arms free and carries her baby at the same time. Meanwhile the baby learns to cling with its toes and fingers like a little animal. It unconsciously learns what its elders know, and the precocity of the Japanese children in taking care of shops, in selling and carrying on that exercise of mental shrewdness which farmers call a "licker" is the astonishment of every foreigner.

Every boy and girl in Japan has the same birthday, regardless of dates of birth. These the whole country unites in celebrating.

The girls' birthday is called the "Feast of Dolls," and takes place in March. On that day all the dolls of the family are brought out and ranged on a red covered shelf. Among these are the Emperor and Empress. Little lacquer tables are put before the dolls, and for three days food is served to them. A tremendous amount of visiting goes on, and the streets are filled with gaily dressed children going to see one another's dolls, and sharing in candy and rice cakes. At the close of the festival the dolls are carefully packed away with new additions to their company.

There is a common belief that if dolls have enough companionship, in time they will acquire souls. O Tara had a bare polled doll, which she cared for tenderly. Each day she bathed its eyes in hot water.

"Wherefore, O Tara, I asked, 'It has eyes, but sees not.'"

"No, augustly blundering foreign lady. But if O Tara loves enough, baby see." The boys' birthday is May 5, and is called the "Feast of the Flag." Sacred to the boy is the carp, the fish of greatest strength and courage. It alone can leap waterfalls and travel upstream. The country bristles with flags, and from each were brilliantly colored paper fish. These fish are made double, and the wind entering the wide mouth swells them out until they seem to be swimming in the air. Each pole will have a half dozen fish of different hues, and the color effect of this forest of gay masks viewed from

WITH THE MODEST SCHOOLMASTER

The College Graduate Learned One or Two Things Not Down in Books.

"I THINK," said the young law student, "that the opinions of a college man should carry more weight with the common people than they do in the present day. His education is superior to theirs, his reading wider and he should be more capable of forming a correct judgment on the questions of the day."

"You think, then, that people should look up to you because of your book learning and rely upon your judgment?" the school master asked, looking at him quizzically.

"Why not?" said the student, a little indignantly. "And yet it is not so. Only yesterday I was talking of political economy to a roomful of men when a shabby-looking man, who broke all the rules of grammar, contradicted me. What could he know of political economy? It is not likely that he ever saw even the covers of a book on the subject, while, as you know, in college we make a thorough study of the subject."

The student caught the sly twinkle in the schoolmaster's eye. "Come," said he. "You are an educated man yourself. Do you not think that your opinions are entitled to greater respect for that reason?"

"Not for anything I learned in college," replied the schoolmaster, his smile broadening into a hearty laugh. "If my opinions are worthy of any respect, of which I am not at all certain, it is because of what I have learned since I left college."

The law student looked horrified. "You, a college man, would speak so slightly of your Alma Mater? Do you place no value on the knowledge you acquired at college?"

"I value the discipline highly," he returned. "It taught me how to acquire knowledge, to think to some extent, and to observe. But as far as actual knowledge is concerned, you have

to forget a great deal of that, or at least to modify it greatly, when you come to study men and events."

"Ah! that is the trouble in living in such a place as this," sighed the student. "If only I had educated men to associate with I could go on learning. I feel lonely and isolated here because the people are mostly uneducated and are interested only in farm crops and children."

"Two very good subjects," remarked the other gravely. "I am interested in both myself. I have been making some researches on the subject of soils and farm crops in order to write an article for the 'Crop Reporter.' You may have noticed this pile of books on the table. They treat the subject with thoroughness. Now, just as I had my article ready to send off, I was set right on two very important points by Donald McIntosh. You know he is the man who never wears a coat, even in the severest weather. He just adds a shawl as the weather grows cold, or pulls one off as it moderates. I have seen him with nine shirts on. He gave me, in the most raw Scotch, the information I had asked for. One has to listen closely to grasp his meaning. I must really get some points from him for Mr. H's new book, which is to be published next year. The schoolmaster delivered these statements in an absent fashion, as though they had no bearing on the subject."

The student looked up impatiently. "But that is a very unusual case, I am sure," he said. "I wonder how you happened to think of asking such an uncouth man for information."

"I have had a habit of asking questions ever since my second year out of college," responded the other. "I don't remember asking any the first year." "Asking questions certainly ought to be in your line," the student retorted, "but no doubt you get some information without asking for it."

"Certainly. A 10-year-old boy said

to me the other day, as he showed a picture in his second reader, the fellow that made that picture never seen a chipmunk eating. If he had he would have drawn his tail straight out, 'stir of drooping over his back.' I spent some time in the woods verifying his statement and found it true."

"Do you often acquire such valuable information from your pupils?" The student asked the question with some disdain.

"I taught last year at Porpoise Rock, and I studied the habits of sea birds. I wrote a little sketch for 'Birds of the West Coast,' and read it aloud to the family with whom I boarded. The older people complimented me, but a little girl tucked down her head and began to giggle. After much questioning I found out that she had observed the birds longer and more closely than I had, and she was laughing at some of my conclusions. I took her with me after that when I studied birds."

"The student shrugged his shoulders. "That is all very well in your case," he said, "but when I begin my practice next year my work will bring me in contact with men and with the themes of the day."

"True," the schoolmaster answered. "I was only using these incidents as illustrations. I spent a year in South Arago once. It was during that time for the reformation of the city, and I thought it my duty to take a hand in the struggle. I expected to find many sorts of men to deal with, but, though there are wise men and foolish men, the student shrugged his shoulders. "That is all very well in your case," he said, "but when I begin my practice next year my work will bring me in contact with men and with the themes of the day."

"I was only using these incidents as illustrations. I spent a year in South Arago once. It was during that time for the reformation of the city, and I thought it my duty to take a hand in the struggle. I expected to find many sorts of men to deal with, but, though there are wise men and foolish men, the student shrugged his shoulders. "That is all very well in your case," he said, "but when I begin my practice next year my work will bring me in contact with men and with the themes of the day."

"I was only using these incidents as illustrations. I spent a year in South Arago once. It was during that time for the reformation of the city, and I thought it my duty to take a hand in the struggle. I expected to find many sorts of men to deal with, but, though there are wise men and foolish men, the student shrugged his shoulders. "That is all very well in your case," he said, "but when I begin my practice next year my work will bring me in contact with men and with the themes of the day."

"So soon were you forced to make the weary journey to the Maldo." "Trust to me; I am now your father and mother in the Maldo." "Father of children in the region of the dead." "And he plays with them and takes them in his arms." "Poor little soul, your life was brief, indeed."

The College Graduate Learned One or Two Things Not Down in Books.

general and politicians in particular, and a raw college man like myself was easy prey." "I believe you were in bad company and deserved to be worsted," cried the student with a laugh. "Nevertheless, I formed some friendships in Ward 4 that have been of great value to me. What I lost there was not worth the keeping, and that one year's experience outweighs that of any other ten years of my life." "You seem to find wisdom all about you," the student replied. "Then you would have me believe that all these people know something that I do not?" "I have never lived in a place where I did not find my superiors, if not in education then in practical knowledge and sound common sense."

The schoolmaster spoke with earnestness, but his companion looked unconvinced as he made his adieu and walked out swiftly into the night. The ghost of a smile hovered long about the schoolmaster's lips. E. M. D.

The Clerk Was Obliging. Philadelphia Telegraph. The trials of the mispeople in the large department stores are manifold these days, but many an amusing incident crops out to irradiate their existence. It was not so long ago when one of those funny little women walked up to the counter of the black goods department and asked to see some "crepe de chine." Not satisfied with the kind produced, she compelled the obliging clerk to pull down every bundle on the various shelves, until only one solitary package remained on the very top row. Without any consideration for the patience of the obliging salesman, she finally turned and remarked, "Oh, that's all right. I was just looking for a friend, anyway. Maybe the clerk wasn't angry? Eying the customer and then turning to the one small bundle on the top shelf, he replied: "Well, if you think your friend is in that bundle, I'll get it down, too."

It is estimated that, while there are 50,000,000 Mohammedans in India and about 7,000,000 Buddhists, also a small number of Parsees, there are three-fourths of the total population which adhere to the Hindu faith.