

PRINCELY TRIBUTE TO AMERICAN MOTHERS

Fushimi, Japanese Imperial Prince, Declares Greatness Due to Educated Womanhood.



PRINCE FUSHIMI.



THE MIKADO OF JAPAN.



THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN.

It was Japanese day at the St. Regis. The Mikado's colors were on the wind at the Fifth-avenue portal, and internally the hotel was in a flutter because of the presence of the prince of the Japanese dynasty, His Imperial Highness, Prince Sadamari Fushimi. For his long, nervous minutes I await the going up of my card, which I immediately hope to follow.

Then the hall-boy returns, and with bare-faced mendacity tells me, "The Prince is out."

I put a letter in his unwilling hand, which proves the open sesame to my interview, and five minutes later I follow my boy, two, in grumbling audibly and make my way willy nilly, through the surveillance of American officers and Japanese sleuths in the third floor—that because of its luxury, is set aside for the entertainment of Princes.

Truly Regal Splendor.

Here room 7415 into room in the most approved Occidental style; the furniture of shining gilt; the dustless carpet and the speckless hangings; the small, their traditional soft-footed attendants whisper in half-audible tones and leave me to wait, not the pleasure of the Imperial Prince, but the solace of the Imperial "between," for His Highness does not speak English.

Count Terashima pattered agilely over the velvet floor and pausing before me made me a grave low courtesy.

"His Highness regrets," he began in precise and emphatic English, "but—'I know, I know,' I urge feebly, but it is the Prince I really want—"

Count Terashima turned a doubtful eye upon my visit and narrowed his slanting lashes, can hear the drum of his fingers as they twitched once against the other.

The Count is a little above medium height, has a wiry frame, and is about 35 years of age; his complexion is olive; he wears the conventional mustache, stubby and of ebony black, and dresses in American fashion. He is widely versed in diplomatic affairs and speaks English as one of the masters; he is both vivacious and direct in his expression, and was serious at once.



THE IMPERIAL PARTY OF PRINCE FUSHIMI. COUNT TERASHIMA STANDS ON THE LEFT OF THE PRINCE.

"You know," he suggested, smiling suavely.

"Of all that the Prince has found in civilization, what has impressed His Highness most?"

"It was an unforgivable blunder; I said it innocently, but the Count gave me one withering glance, and I made a note of the hostile word 'Civilization,' and straightway turned the conversation.

"Civilization," echoed the Count, and his persistence dragged forth my apology, the hated expression that I had tucked so carefully away. His eyes mischievously twinkled, but his lips were firm.

"Has he studied our educational institutions?" I tried again. He was now ever so serious, but the face lightened up suddenly and he said:

"While His Highness has been astonished at your commercial energy, which is the most tremendous the world has ever seen, that which has impressed him most, because of its vital influence upon the home as well as the nation, is the universal education of your women.

"Not only do you find the ignorant in this country; everyone seems to be educated, and in trying to find the solution of this astonishing condition, we have come to the conclusion that it is

to the mothers of your race that you owe your prowess as a Nation.

"We have lived too much in the traditional narrow routine, its own domestic life was open to inspection. It demanded that other people's domestic life should be similarly free from mystery. That there was some sort of trouble between Dillingham Smith and his wife was glaringly apparent, and domestic infelicity was the one thing that Surreygate Terrace could not countenance.

The probable cause of this domestic infelicity was suggested by Mrs. Jack Saunders, who lived in number 12, to Mrs. Sam Hart, who resided in number 24, one afternoon as they embroidered doilies in Mrs. Hart's tiny parlor.

"Three times in town this month," said Mrs. Saunders in a tone confidentially lowered, "I've run across Mr. Dillingham Smith twice on the street, and once at a matinee, and each time Mr. Dillingham Smith has been in the company of a decidedly stunning young woman."

Mrs. Hart nodded comprehensively as she threaded a needle.

"Ah," she said with a meaningful glance at her companion, "I've wondered if, perhaps—"

"I knew, of course, there was something," said Mrs. Saunders with an air of finality.

"And we always pride ourselves on having such eminently respectable neighbors here at the terrace," Mrs. Hart lamented.

Thereupon they launched into a verbal sailing of Mr. Dillingham Smith that lasted until Mrs. Saunders went home to supervise dinner. As she passed number 12, Mr. Dillingham Smith came down the steps. He lifted his hat and smiled pleasantly, but Mrs. Saunders hurried past with the barest nod.

As he neared the corner Mrs. Saunders turned and looked at the retreating figure long and thoughtfully. He was certainly very pleasant-faced and very gentlemanly in bearing. He was eminently the type of man who could enjoy a cozy little dinner with the right people. She would have wagered at odds that he played an excellent hand at whist. He seemed, judged externally, the very sort of person to add to the jollity of the terrace. Perhaps she had judged him somewhat hastily. Still, it must be admitted that matters looked very black. And anyway, why all this fuss, this elaborate espionage? That was something Mrs. Jack Saunders could neither understand nor countenance.

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prejudice must give way to progress.

"America opened the door to the commerce of the Occident, and the whole world has acknowledged that Japan is waking up. We have been sleeping for centuries, but recently a great change has come over the face of things in the Orient."

Count Terashima spoke with conviction, and it was clearly to be seen that he now enjoyed the subject.

"We were waiting to be introduced by Uncle Sam. Now the Japanese have to face new conditions which have been thrust upon them by the enlightenment of the Western world. The same conviction which made America is now stirring

the pulse of Japan, for she realizes that to live she must fight, and has applied Western methods to benefit herself.

"Every soldier who fights for Japan is imbued with this spirit. He feels that he must preserve his country, and his life is nothing as a forfeit. We want knowledge of Western ways, and being the protégé of the United States, we feel that your ways are best, your ingenuity is marvelous, and we want to be converted by your educational system.

"We are sending our sons and daughters to your institutions of learning, and they are returning to us to found schools in our empire.

"We have schools for nurses and academies for instruction in music, painting and the accomplishments of the Western courts, and in the same schools they teach the traditional Japanese court ceremonies which, in juxtaposition, seem to say the least, just a little incongruous, but it all comes with our hunger for improvement, which will lift up the individual as well as the nation.

"The provisional central government has chosen Tokio for the center of education, and the best institution, the Peers Academy, has her Imperial Highness, the Empress for patroness. These academies are of high quality, however, for the technical training of women in the law or medicine, and those who are ambitious for these professions avail themselves of the education is not popular in Japan, but we are conservative and must outgrow the prejudice of a thousand generations, and this must be done through the practical channels of educational advancement.

"We do not consider a religious training necessary in our schools unless one wishes to prepare for the ministry, and then we have religious seminaries for that purpose; but we have made education compulsory, and while it is a hard method, it is nevertheless effective.

"Do," echoed Mrs. Hart, "and then the higher the education the better the motherhood, and since the mother is the first teacher through our most impressionable years, the better she is qualified to instruct, the stronger will be her influence upon the nation. Most of the schools are supported by private funds, and one of the most promising is that founded by Count Okuma; however, there are a number of free schools, and these will be increased as soon as possible. We also have a normal school, preparing teachers for our needs, and in all of these

institutions we have American and foreign teachers.

"On the whole, I would say that there never has been a time in our history when the awakening demands of our government seem to favor the education of our women in the lines of progress as they do at present.

"His Highness believes that the home is a secondary consideration. Country first, last and always with the Japanese, and that is why we so readily adopt your customs, which to us are extremely radical." The Count thought earnestly, and after some moments of silence he said in a changed voice:

"It is a matter of preservation with us, we must fight to exist. As to the influence upon the home where conservatism is so deeply seated, the effect of Occidental training will be nothing less than revolutionary."

Still smiling suavely, before he knew what I was thinking about or before I knew what he was talking about, he nately said:

"Silence is the first lesson and the most imperative requisite in a Japanese woman's deportment." He looked at me with narrowing eyelids.

"Silence?" I asked, brilliantly.

"Silence," he nodded knowingly, "your women are not trained thus in America."

Resigned to Advanced Women.

"No, and has it never occurred to you, Count Terashima, that your country is being reeled from a state of peace that you can never by any chance regain?"

"That," said he, resignedly, "we have not proven, we shall know in time, however, but just now it appears to us that the American system of education is best for our women because it appeals to us as being broad and yet distinctly feminine; and we can get this knowledge unimpeded by the religious sentiment." He rose to my lavetaking, and said thoughtfully:

"The prejudices of thousands of years of continuous nationality, and we are conservative beyond the belief of your people, therefore it will be no easy task to uproot our traditions; but Japan has been prompt to utilize the benefits of modern nations, and if the education of our women is a necessary step for our advancement then prejudice must give way to progress. We must fight for our country at the sacrifice of all else, for Japan must live."—(Copyright 1905, by Central News and Press Exchange.)

ANNABEL LEE.

MRS. DILLINGHAM SMITH PRO TEM

By Richard Barker Shelton

It had long been agreed at Surreygate Terrace that there was something mysterious about the Dillingham Smiths. Where they came from or who they were no one seemed to know. A week after the Harringtons had vacated number 12, three big furniture vans had backed up to the door and unloaded the usual assortment of household goods. A nickel doorknob, bearing the name "Smith," had been fastened in place, and those who took the pains to inquire at the terrace office learned that number 12 had been leased for two years by Mr. and Mrs. Dillingham Smith; that Mr. Dillingham Smith was night editor on one of the papers—which one it was not known—and there the information ceased.

Surreygate Terrace, to its last tenant, disliked this sudden cessation of information. It savored of exclusiveness—or worse. As a general thing, the people who came to the terrace to take up their abode were intimate friends of the fortunate coteries already domiciled there, and all their little ins and outs were freely discussed. It was known in advance whether they kept a cook and a second girl, or only the cook; it was known in advance how many children they had, and whether or not they were troublesome; the probable amount of the family income was passed from mouth to mouth, and their skill at whist and suchlike was a source of rejoicing or regret. This was all as it should be, in the eyes of the terrace. It broke the ice of social formality, and gave the expected arrivals a standing even before they came. The paucity of definite information regarding the Dillingham Smiths was looked upon with decided disfavor.

The new occupants of number 12 took up their residence in the terrace very quietly. They made no efforts to become acquainted with their neighbors, and, as they kept no servant, the kitchen tele-phones of the terrace were favored by no authentic gossip concerning them.

Surreygate Terrace, whose cozy little apartments were leased only to married people, looked on the newcomers with decided disapproval. In a general way, everybody knew everybody else. They interchanged sugar and coffee and molasses; they exchanged recipes and directions for fancywork; they ran into one another's houses informally; they were invited to jolly little dinners and luncheons and whist parties. The Dillingham

Smiths had fair to be the death's head at this feast of goodfellowship.

Of course, one and all, the other residents of the terrace called on the new arrivals, and in comparing notes afterwards it was remarked that no one had been received by both Mr. and Mrs. Smith. Some had found Mr. Smith at home, and were impressed by his quiet, gentlemanly bearing and his evident regret that Mrs. Smith was not there to welcome them; while others had been greeted by a tall, reserved woman, who insisted that they must come again and meet Mr. Smith. Yet the Smiths returned none of these calls, and the terrace fairly bristled with resentment.

The exclusiveness of the Smiths was, in itself bad enough; but it was as nothing in light of the other strange qualities that began to disclose themselves. Dillingham Smith and his wife were never seen together, save at the little dinners, at the solemn good-bye in that homely, affectionate manner the terrace loved; she was never with him when he clipped the dim-curling lawn or trained the ivy which was creeping up the bricks of number 12; and when either of them left the house it was invariably alone. Then, too, it was noted that after Mr. Dillingham Smith left for the city at precisely 6:30 each evening, not a light was to be seen in number 12, and not a sign of Mrs. Smith was discernible. What she did with herself during the long evenings was a mystery.

The Dillingham Smiths were the little leaven which leavened the whole lump. The humdrum life of the terrace was shaken to its very foundations by this gargon of mystery in its midst. At the neighborly calls, at the little dinners, at the solemn whist parties, Dillingham Smith and his wife were the absorbing topics of conversation. They had their defenders, it is true; but these were in the minority, and, moreover, based their defense on the single obtrusive assertion that the Dillingham Smiths minded their own business.

This defense was woefully inadequate. Surreygate Terrace never demanded that people mind their own business. It would have utterly spoiled the ideal existence there. Indeed, Surreygate Terrace favored people who didn't mind their own business too strenuously. That savored too much of priggishness.

Various theories were advanced regarding the residents of number 12, and sundry rumors, which like all such rumors, could cover be traced to their beginnings, somehow got afloat. But the Dillingham Smiths continued the even (or perhaps uneven) tenor of their ways, apparently un-

disturbed by criticism, friendly or hostile.

Surreygate Terrace shook its head ominously. It disliked anything outside the ordinary narrow routine. Its own domestic life was open to inspection. It demanded that other people's domestic life should be similarly free from mystery. That there was some sort of trouble between Dillingham Smith and his wife was glaringly apparent, and domestic infelicity was the one thing that Surreygate Terrace could not countenance.

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She looked up at number 12. There was

no light—no sign of life. Where was Mrs. Dillingham Smith? Where, indeed? She wondered vaguely if her husband looked her in her room each night before he left for town.

At heart Mrs. Saunders was disposed to be charitable. In her own homely phrasing she was wont to "give the devil his due." But somehow the more she thought of Dillingham Smith, as she walked homeward, the more she realized that he was beyond the pale of her charitable sensibilities. In fact, by the time she had reached her own door, Mrs. Jack Saunders was thoroughly convinced that Mr. Dillingham Smith was a monster.

It was something like a week later that she again went over to Mrs. Hart's with her doilies.

"Come in, dear," said Mrs. Hart, leading the way toward the parlor. "You're just in time to meet my cousin, Virginia." Mrs. Saunders glanced through the open door and beheld a slight, graceful girl standing by the window. She gasped and clutched her hostess by the arm.

"Come into the dining-room," she managed to whisper covertly.

They went into the dining-room, Mrs. Hart's eyes fixed in wonder on her friend's excited face.

"That," said Mrs. Saunders dramatically, as the door closed behind them, "is the woman I've seen with Mr. Dillingham Smith."

"Impossible!" cried Mrs. Hart.

"It is," said Mrs. Saunders flatly.

"Are you sure?" asked Mrs. Hart incredulously.

"For a moment Mrs. Hart leaned against the table, striving to grasp the meaning of it all. Then she led the way back to the parlor, where the girl was drawing on her gloves, and Mrs. Saunders was presented. After a few commonplace remarks, the girl turned to Mrs. Hart.

"I must run along, Cousin Evelyn," she said. "Don't forget us entirely."

Mrs. Hart took a step forward. Her fingers were working nervously.

"Virginia, dear, do you know a Mr. Dillingham Smith?" she asked with a voice that was ominously steady.

"Why, yes," said the girl, fushing. "His name I heard about."

"About what?" said her cousin.

"About our engagement," said the girl. "It isn't announced yet. Oh, I see now! Mamma has written you. Aren't you going to congratulate me?"

Mrs. Hart went white to her lips; Mrs. Saunders was breathing in quick little gasps.

"I shall congratulate you a little later, dear," said Mrs. Hart nervously.

The girl gave the older woman a curious glance. Her big gray eyes were full of puzzled anxiety.

"Do you know Mr. Smith?" she asked.

"I've been greatly interested in—in—er—some of his editorials." Mrs. Hart lied regally.

"Oh," said the girl. Her eyes looked a trifle frightened.

"The way you asked about him rather startled me," she went on laughingly.

"Well, good-bye, Cousin Evelyn—and good-bye, Mrs. Saunders."

The front door closed behind her, and the two amazed women faced each other.

"What on earth are we going to do?" Mrs. Saunders asked helplessly.

"Do!" echoed Mrs. Hart, violently. "Well, the first thing we'll do, we'll lay this whole wretched matter before Mr. Dillingham Smith!"

"Now?" said Mrs. Saunders.

"Yes, now," said Mrs. Hart. "Come on. I'm going over to number 12 and let Mrs. Dillingham Smith know just what sort of blood-brother she has."

"The two women went out into the soft afternoon sunshine, and without a word walked down the terrace. In grim silence they mounted the steps of number 12 and rang the bell. Mr. Dillingham Smith himself answered the summons.

"We'd like to see Mrs. Smith," said Mrs. Hart in tones that would have chilled an iceberg.

"I'm sorry she's not in," said Mr. Dillingham Smith. "Won't you come in for a moment, anyway?"

Mrs. Hart hesitated, and then suffered herself and Mrs. Saunders to be led into a tiny parlor, the counterpart of her own.

"When will Mrs. Smith return?" asked Mrs. Hart stiffly.

Mr. Smith shook his head and smiled deprecatingly. "When a woman goes shopping—"

Mrs. Hart's face became yet more stony. No gladiator facing the beasts in the Roman arena looked more desperately courageous than did Mrs. Sam Hart at that moment.

"Mr. Smith," she said very slowly, and with an icy distinctness of enunciation, "I have a cousin named Virginia Morris. There was dead silence in the room. Mrs. Hart sat rigidly erect, her accusing eyes on the quiet, clean-shaven face of the young man before her. Mrs. Saunders leaned forward in her chair, the better to read in Mr. Dillingham Smith's face the effect of Mrs. Hart's words.

The smile vanished from his lips. A little frown puckered his brow.

"Yes," he said in his politely non-committal query.

"She has told me all," said Mrs. Hart in a manner not unlike that of a heroine in melodrama.

"This," said Mr. Smith, "is evidently a matter for Mrs. Smith's attention. I will call her."

Before either woman could remonstrate he had slipped from the room, and they heard the stairs creaking beneath his ascending tread.

For several minutes the two women sat silently in the little parlor. Now and then Mrs. Saunders looked at Mrs. Hart and raised her eyebrows meaningly. Mrs. Hart responded with a slow shake of her head, and an eloquent shrug of her shapely shoulders. Presently there was a little annunciatory cough from the door. Both women turned and beheld Mrs. Dillingham Smith standing on the threshold. They rose to their feet, but before either could utter a word a deep, even voice said:

"Mrs. Dillingham Smith, having been discovered, begs to explain.

"At the same moment a hand was raised swiftly, the luxurious brown wig was inconspicuously whisked off, and Dillingham Smith, in faultless feminine attire, stood before them.

"What!" gurgled Mrs. Hart and sank into her chair.

"Lorcy!" gasped the startled Mrs. Saunders, and sat down with quite as much precipitancy.

They stared with incredulous eyes at the strange figure before them, and as in a dream they heard Dillingham Smith's proffered explanation:

"You see, when the Harringtons moved out, I looked at this place and knew it would be the very thing for Virginia and me when we married in the Spring. So I rented it; then it was so quiet and so cozy and so generally attractive here, that I wanted to quit my dreary life in a modern bachelor apartment house and come here to live at once. But the agent told me that only married people could live within these hallowed precincts. Well, I'd had considerable training in playing feminine roles in the athletic club theatricals, and so Mrs. Dillingham Smith (or Sam came into being. I certainly owe you and all the terrace, for that matter, every apology."

"Oh, not at all," murmured the dazed Mrs. Hart vaguely.

"I think we owe you an apology," said Mrs. Saunders.

"Oh, no, indeed," said he cheerfully. "But, I say, you won't give me away, will you? It's only a few months until May, and then there'll be a real Mrs. Dillingham Smith."

"Rest assured we'll be very discreet," said Mrs. Hart. She turned to Mrs. Saunders. "I think we'd better go straight to Virginia and explain our rather peculiar behavior of this afternoon."

"So do I," Mrs. Saunders agreed heartily.

"Oh, I say, will you let me go with you?" asked Mrs. Dillingham Smith pro tem.—(Copyrighted, 1905.)

Pantaloon's Choice.

Florence Wilkinson in Smart Set. Ulysses and King Solomon. Prince Paris. Roy C. Old.

Were mighty deeds. I have heard, and famous deeds they did.

Aye, some were Christian gentlemen; some went to sea in ships; Some traveled far, like Proster John; some died for ladies' lips.

Lord Caesar bled with nineteen wounds—I think that was the number— And many a tall and slinking king was done to death and slumber.

Duke Agamemnon he was stabbed. "O'ramercy!" he did cry. Duke Hugo had his head chopped off—a chilling way to die!

Saint Louis was a holy man, and Attila was held; But like the twelve apostles, both went hungry and a-cold.

Thus, on the whole, I think I have no reason for complaint That I was born poor Pantaloon and not a king or saint.

Soeth, they were gallant gentlemen, Pharaoh and Saladin; Yet, by my stripes, not one of them would I choose to have been.

I'd rather be poor Pantaloon, to get me a good wife. To live at home and die in bed and lead an honest life.

Mr. Trucklove—You have a beautiful voice, Miss Piper; I wish I could hear you sing every day. Miss Piper—Well—really—you'll have to speak to mama—this is so sudden.—Washington Life.