

FREDERICK HASKIN'S FIRST VIEW OF YOKOHAMA THE OREGONIAN'S HIS EARLIEST CORRESPONDENT RECORDS IMPRESSIONS OF THE LAND OF THE MIKADO



A YOKOHAMA CAB,
THE JIRIKISHA

YOKOHAMA, May 25.—(Special Correspondence of The Sunday Oregonian)—This Japanese question is a kite with many tails. One authority assures me that the Japs are so crooked they can't lie straight in bed, while another affirms with equal emphasis that they are just itching to do right and be good. If one turns to books the contradictions multiply. One writer is positive that Japanese ambition is a menace to Yankee interests in the Orient, while another is equally certain that their one aim in life is to preserve friendship with the Americans. These seem to be a wire crossed somewhere.

Inasmuch as I have just arrived in Japan, and this is my first time here, I shall carefully reconnoitre before I join the multitude which is so freely delivering itself of opinions and prophecies. Japan's exact status as a power, the scope of its future influence, and the significance of the whole situation deserve more than passing consideration. Leaving these points for future discussion, let's take a day off and look around, concerning ourselves merely with surface indications. I want my readers to take a jaunt with me through Yokohama, just a sight-seeing trip in which we will look at whatever there is to see and gossip about it as we go.

The Fast Express of Japan.

The Jirikisha is the fast express of Japan. Of course you know that a Jirikisha is a funny little two-wheeled cart which is pulled by a man. It seems like a dirty trick for a man to heat a horse out of his job, but there is no scruple about that sort of thing here. How can a self-respecting horse hope to earn an honest living in a country where a coolie will work all day for the price of a peck of oats? Well, here comes our two-legged pony between the shafts of his tiny sulky, so we will make a start.

The Jirikisha man places the shafts on the ground and you climb in. His bare legs are knotted with muscles, and he can run mile after mile with mechanical ease. He always runs. If you want him to walk he demands more. His wage by the hour is 30 cents. No wonder the poor horse can't make his feet! While the Jirikisha men seem to easily stand their exertion, the strain upon them is great, and their average life, after they begin the work, is said to be seven years. It is not unusual for one of the poor souls to run until he falls dead in his tracks. You can see something of the spirit that took Port Arthur in the Jirikisha man who will die rather than quit the task he has undertaken.

Under the Cherry Blossoms.

The cherry blossoms are out, so we will go to the park and have a look at the flowering trees whose fame has spread to every land. The appearance of these delicate blossoms is such an event that the newspapers issue bulletins announcing the condition of the buds and all classes eagerly await their opening. The cherry blossom season is a festival period in Japan. The people are ardent lovers of flowers. They inherit their passion for color from generations of ancestors who worshipped trees and plants. The beggar in his tatters and the Prince in his silks are equally susceptible to the charm of the wide-spreading cherry when it unfolds its mass of brilliant bloom.

Old men crouch under its shadow and write order to its loveliness. The kimono girl—the same coy, slant-eyed creature you have always known in book and picture—is never so happy or picturesque as when she takes her tea under its leafy bower, or clanks along on her wooden clogs beneath the awning made by the entwining branches. The omnipresent Jap baby, fat, toddling, and good-natured, is ever ready for his romp in the cherry grove. It is here that he shows off to the best advantage with his gay finery and his shaven crown. The babies are almost as numerous as the blossoms and they go well together. The dainty lanes of the park fairly swarm with happy people. It is a pretty spectacle to see youth and old age enjoying together their mirth and rapture under the canopy of the cherry boughs. One writer aptly says that crows and kalmers may well envy this oriental ruler, whose subjects gather by thousands, not to show homes for alms, but bread, but to fall in love with flowers and write poems in their praise.

At the Temple Shrine.

Rising above the clouds of pink blossoms is the outline of an old temple. The stone steps leading to it resound with the clatter of many clogs as the pilgrims ascend to offer their devotions. The mellow tones of a monster bell are booming their summons for the faithful to come to prayer. Although we are heretics we will follow the worshippers and see what it is they do to appease the wrath of their gods and how they petition them for favors. What a motley crowd it is that presses around it! In it are gentlefolk and commoners, maids and merchants, toothless hags and toddling babes. On its fringes the artful fakes pile his wares, and the beggar leper exhibits his ugly ulcers in a disgusting plea for alms. Inasmuch as each worshiper tosses a coin in the cash box it is evident that all are expected to pay their way. The cash box has slots across the top, and although the bottom is out of sight, the constant



TWO LITTLE
KIMONO GIRLS

jingling of falling money indicates that business is good. Some times a thousand dollars is collected in one of these boxes in a day.

After he has made his donation the worshiper claps his hands to attract the attention of the particular god he wants to petition, then bows his head as he murmurs his supplication. Some pray briefly and others at great length. I suppose the time it takes to ask depends altogether upon what one wants. One fellow merely ducks his head and makes off at once—he got his money's worth in a hurry; while another settles down to it in earnest and wrestles with the spirit in a true fashion. If he gets all he asks for he will take the god the most of the afternoon to fill his order. All the worshippers seem to be devout. Both the barefooted coolies and the gentlemen in frock coat and high hat go at it like they thought there was something in it. There is a whole lot in having faith in anything no matter whether it amounts to much or not.

Flirting With the Gods.

The Japanese manner of offering prayer resembles a game of chance. One way to test your strength with the god is to buy prayer paper, chew it into a wad, then throw it against the wire screen. If the wad sticks you have made good with the deity, but if it falls off you are to consider yourself refused. Another way to get a forecast on your prospects is to pitch a pebble onto a table. If it rolls off there is nothing doing, but if it remains the god will think it over and let you know later. The ancients used to count much on what they called a pitoning game. They had a platform in one place where jealous husbands used to throw their wives over a precipice onto the rocks. All those who survived the ordeal were considered above suspicion, while those who perished were adjudged guilty. This manner of trial finally became unpopular because the supply of wives threatened to give out.

The Japanese lover has an odd way of securing a tip on the stability of his sweetheart's affection. When the Oriental swain decides to test the sincerity of his lady love he buys a prayer paper and then attempts to tie it into a knot, using only the thumb and little finger of his right hand. If he succeeds he has a fighting chance to win her, but if he fails by touching the sacred paper with his palm or fingers, it is hopeless with him and he might as well look elsewhere for steady company. This plan will not do for doubtful beaux in America because we do not happen to have the sort of god that makes a specialty of such matters.

Caught on the Fly.

We will leave the temple and go for a ride through the streets. It is a holiday and business has the way on either side. It would take a book as big as the Bible to record the names of all the queer articles that can be bought for a few cents each. A glass bowl containing two goldfish is offered for three cents, here is a dwarf tree in a pot so tiny that it

will go into your vest pocket; and there are wooden chopsticks that you may be sure have never been used because they are still joined together at the end like a clothespin. That's a point to remember whenever you buy chopsticks. No matter if you purchase only two articles at four cents each, the merchant invariably uses his sliding buttons to fix the sum total. Like the Chinaman, the Japanese takes no chances on mental arithmetic in solving even the smallest sum. The characters of the Japanese language are the same as the Chinese, but they are pronounced differently, consequently the Jap and the Chin can write to each other and get along all right, but they can never have the satisfaction of talking things over in an understanding way.

Did you ever see so many babies in all your life? I thought all the toddlers in Yokohama were at the cherry grove. We left acres and acres of solemn tots playing there in the gravel, but the streets fairly teem with them. Each one is a counterpart of his mother in his tiny kimono and miniature clogs. They are all very much alike even to the universal goldfish in the head. An official newspaper would be the busiest person in Japan at this time of the year. The reason that

colds are so general is because there are no stores in the houses. Babies not old enough to walk are carried on their mother's backs in the same fashion that Indian squaws carry their papooses, with the exception that they are never strapped to boards.

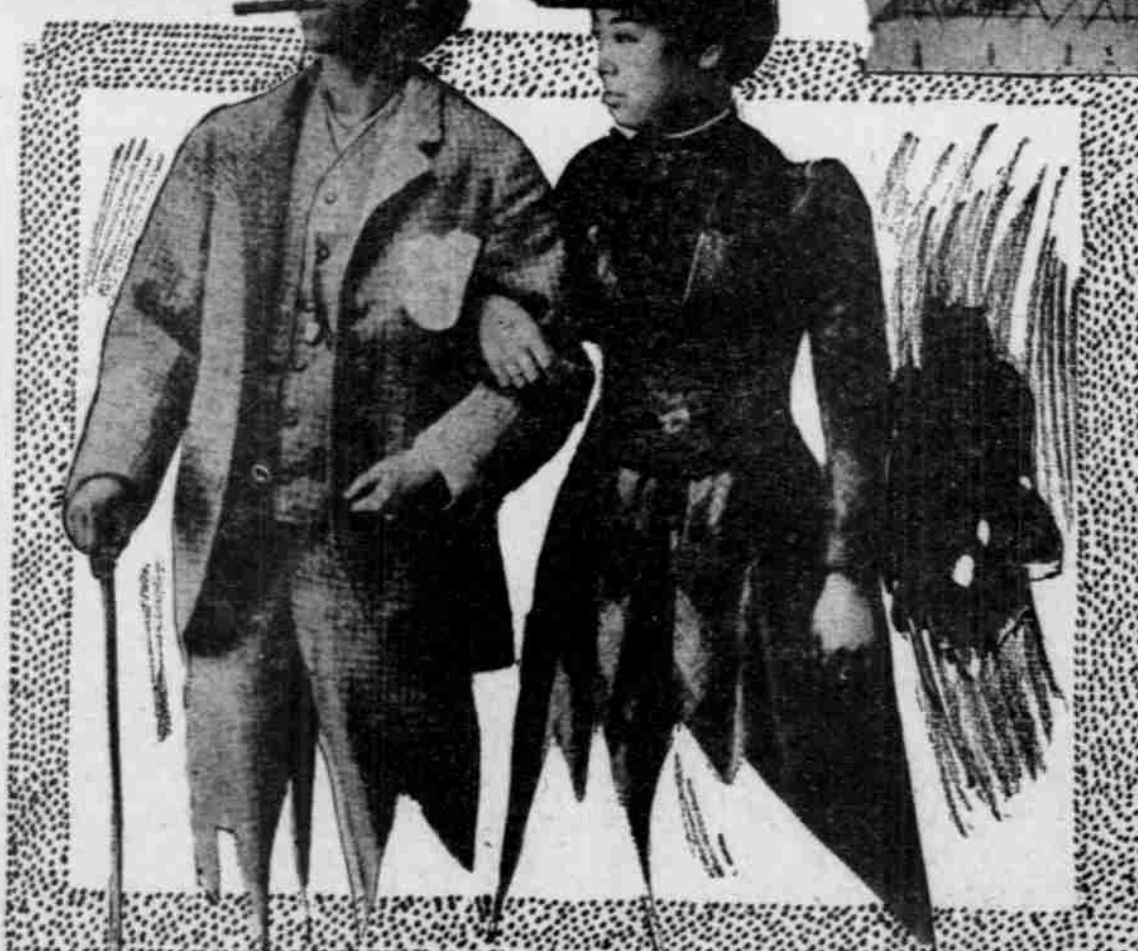
Some Pointers on Dress.

There are a few points about the Japanese woman's dress which are well to know so that one may distinguish them in the streets. A woman wearing a red petticoat under her kimono is single, and one displaying a white undergarment is married. Occasionally you meet one whose teeth are painted black. This means that she is happily married and desires to distinguish herself so that other men will not be attracted to her. It is an old custom and is not practiced to a great extent now. A woman with her hair cut short is a widow who is so grieved at the loss of her companion that she is resolved never to marry again and her abbreviated tresses is an advertisement of that fact. Here comes a Japanese couple who

are just home from America. Look at their clothes! The woman is stiff and unnatural. She will soon forsake this foreign finery and return to her graceful kimono. They all want to try European dress, but the most of them eventually abandon it for their native attire, which is really more suited to them. The man is a cross between a pug and a dandy. His trousers need pressing so badly that there appears to be a growth of knots on his legs. He ought to have a collar and a hair-cut, and even at that he would be only a fair imitation of a cheap sport.

An Extravagance of Energy.

There are so many distinct types on every hand that when I attempt to see them all I feel like the fellow in the Gibson picture who became a blur from trying to look at two girls at the same time. A Japanese newsboy is an animated jumping-jack. In our country small boys carry large papers, but here the rule is reversed, and big ones make heavy work of delivering hand-bills. One of these bare-legged carriers is weighted down with weigh-bells to precipitate his coming, and he prances like a circus



JUST HOME FROM AMERICA

A JAPANESE TEMPLE

horse. He is a good example of perpetual motion as he bounds from one side of the street to the other, bobbing and juggling as he passes before each door to tuck his bulletin between the shutters. He wastes almost as much energy as the coolies who push burdens on carts. These brethren to the oxen chant dimly as they strain at their work. The ones who pull grunt a monotonous chorus

every time they step, and the ones who push answer them in unison. They waste a lot of precious breath in this manner, but have become so accustomed to it that they think they cannot make an effort unless they voice their exertion. It has been explained that this chanting is an expression of sympathy between the tollers but it may be with them like it is with the Irish. When Pat resorts to this system it is to make sure that Mike is not shirking, but doing his best to earn his salary. The strength of these men who do the work of beasts of burden is almost incredible. They carry blocks of building stone that one of our laborers wouldn't even attempt to turn over. The loads are generally balanced on poles in Chinese fashion, and as one of them comes toward you with his peculiar shuffle you recognize at once that he is a good roadster, but to save your life you can't tell whether he is a pacer or a trotter.

"Good Night in Fair Japan."

The Jirikisha gives you the backache if you are not used to it. The proper thing to do is to lie back and make yourself at home, but the amateur doesn't feel like getting too familiar with it on short acquaintance. He feels like the old lady who took her first ride in a sleeper—she hoped there would be no accident, but felt that it was safer to sit up and be ready in case anything did happen. The Jirikisha man is dripping wet with sweat. It seems like cruelty to animals to keep him going longer, and besides, it is getting late. The lofty cone of old Fuji is fading into mist. The sampan sails flap idly as the boatmen call to each other across the water. Lights flare out along the bund and begin to sparkle on the gray waste of roofs in the lower town. The air rings with the eternal clatter of wooden clogs. At intervals the deep, muffled sound waves from the temple bell roll in upon your senses. You hear the blind massage man's shrill whistle and the metallic clank of the fire watchman's stick. The servant bows low as he brings your candle, and with regret you say your first good-night in fair Japan. FREDERICK J. HASKIN.

"Little Sermons" by Elbert Hubbard

Aphorisms by the Editor of "The Philistine."

THE man who thinks out what he wants to do, and then works and works hard, will win. And the others do, or ever have, or ever can—God will not have it so.

Things all men do, and explain are natural; things we cannot explain are supernatural.

The thought that the devil is more powerful than God has ever been held by the majority of men.

No name is honored among men—no name lives—save the name of the man who worked for liberty and light, who has fought freedom's fight.

He who succeeds in evading unpleasant experiences cheats himself out of so much life. You know yourself by watching yourself to see what you do when you are thwarted, crossed, contradicted or deprived of certain things supposed to be desirable. If you always get the desirable things, how do you know what you would do if you didn't have them.

I have been a wage-earner, foreman and employer. I have had 1000 men on my payroll at a time, and I'll tell you this: The man with the savings-bank habit is the one who never gets laid off; he's the one who can get along without you, but you cannot get along without him.

To clutch life by the throat and demand that it shall stand and deliver is to place yourself so out of harmony with your environment that you will get nothing.

Women hate only their successful rivals. Read the lives of great men and you will come to the conclusion that it is harder to find a gentleman than a genius.

I make no argument for impoverished vitality, nor I plead the cause of those who enjoy poor health. Yet how often do we find that the confessional of a family or a neighborhood is the bedside of one who sees the green fields as did

the Lady of Shalott, by holding a looking-glass so that it reflects the out of doors. Let me carry the simile one step further and say that the mirror of the soul, when kept free from fleck and stain, reveals the beauties of the universe. And I am not sure but that the soul, freed from the distractions of sense and the trammels of flesh, glides away to a height where things are observed for the first time in their true proportions.

Generations will come and go, nations will rise, grow old and die, kings and rulers will be forgotten, but so long as love kisses the white lips of pain, so long will men remember the name of Elisabeth Fry, the friend of humanity.

An act is a crystallized thought.

We do what we do, and are what we are, on account of impulses given us by previous training, previous acts or conditions under which we live and have lived.

The Modern Pianist.

Chas. Bee.
Paderewski, Joffrey, Fortissimo Lee, Was the greatest pianist you ever did see; He rendered fantasia, gavottes and cantatas, Cadenzas and overtures, fugues and sonatas. He could play like the sweep of a rushing cyclone, Or as softly and low as the south wind's faint moan. He knew all the works of Beethoven and Liszt, Or Wagner and Chopin—no one had he misread. He gained honors and laurels wherever he went, And he knew he deserved them, so, he was content. But his pride had a fall, for one Summer day A dear little girl came to hear this man play; And she said, as he turned politely to greet her: "Please, sir, can you play 'Peter, Peter, Pumpkin-Eater'?" He was deeply chagrined and he felt very blue. But he meekly replied: "No, I can't, dear, Can you?" "Oh, yes," she responded. She flew to the keys, With her two fat forefingers she played it with ease. And she afterward said: "I would rather be Than Paderewski, Joffrey, Fortissimo Lee!"