

STORIES OF JAPANESE GIRLS WITH COMMENT

AN OLD MAN TELLS FREDERIC J. HASKIN ABOUT TRADITIONS AND IDEALS



(The pictures accompanying this letter were taken by Tama Mura, the most noted photographer in Japan. They are special poses for Mr. Haskin.)

TOKIO, June 14.—(Special Correspondence of The Sunday Oregonian.)—One chilly evening, when the cherry blossoms were scattering before a wind so strong that it hinted of a typhoon, we went to the snug little house of old Tomita, there to sit upon the soft, clean mats, smoking our pipes and passing the sake cup, while our venerable host told us stories of the girls of fair Nippon. Tomita was no mean order of Japanese, born of lowly merchant or artisan blood, but a descendant of the valiant samurai. His fathers were numbered among the dashing retainers of those war lords who, in the feudal days, fought each other unrelentingly because the youthful Emperor, unmindful of affairs of state, preferred to dally in seclusion with concubines or prattle over the shallow verses of court poets.

Samurai Swords Are Rusting.

Since the present son of heaven turned from his harum and his rhymenters to quell the warring shoguns, the swords of the samurai have been rusting. Shorn of the opportunity to fight, they have gradually fallen into the ways of peace. But no matter where their descendants may be found, whether poring over the ancient accounts or even running between the shafts of jurikkabas, they clothe themselves in the pride of their samurai stock until it gives them an individuality almost as distinctive as the marked garments of the coolies. Tomita turned from warrior to book-worm. When the hour came for the Mikado's hosts to stir with the Russian Bear, the old man cried because his infirmities prevented him from following his two sons to the front. One of them fell before Port Arthur and the other was lost at Mukden. Inasmuch as it is part of the Samurai creed that to die on the firing line is man's most noble end, old Tomita did not lend himself to further travail, but rubbed his withered hands and chuckled with the satisfying thought that the iron of his ancestors had shown true in his boys, proving them worthy sons of the empire. Then he went back to his books. We find him a master of the lore of his people and proud as if he were a prince of the blood. All this goes to show what kind of a man it was who told me the facts herein contained, the same being put down as nearly as the translation will permit, in exactly the same manner in which he spoke.

The Appetite of the Worm.

"Yes, honorable sir, I know that it has been written of Japan that the flowers have no scent, the birds no song and the women no virtue. But you know the account of one's faults will always travel a thousand miles before the report of his good qualities gets beyond the front gate. We of the East have a saying that a heron can rise from the stream without stirring up the mud, so we are careful to leave unaided the words which might give offense. But the foreigners! No! He spares not our feelings. When I read these unkind things I console myself by the knowledge that we all feed upon what our appetites crave. The worm eats smartweed and our traducers who dwell at such length upon unsavory subjects reveal their degraded natures. "No, I do not admit that the statement is wholly true. For tens of centuries the Oriental woman's honor has been lightly held and her station has been menial, but the Japanese are far and ahead of any other Asiatic people in rectifying this inhumanity. As education to Western ideals spreads the evil of our old customs is diminishing. Our prayer is, give us time to teach the frog in the well the way of the ocean. The masses of our people cannot be weaned from hereditary instincts like a page can be turned in a book and they surely will not be punished by a God of whom they have never heard. Yes, I will gladly tell you some stories of Japanese girls in order that your honorable readers in America may have an understanding of our poor ways.

For the Master's Honor.

"One of the favorite tales of old Japan concerns itself with the fatal quarrel of Onoye and Iwasuji, two ladies in waiting upon the wife of a daimio. Onoye was of common birth, being the daughter of a merchant, while Iwasuji belonged to the higher class. It was unusual for a plebeian to attend a lady of quality, but her presence was resented. The jealousy became so intense that finally Iwasuji struck the gentle Onoye with her sandal-wood fragrant insult, and the latter endeavored to combat with the sword. Onoye could not meet her rival because her common education had not included instruction in fencing. She trembled, but considered long over her inability to fight her grievance. Seeing no way out of the difficulty, she killed herself. "The climax of the affair was the prompt vengeance of O'Haru, the spirited maid of Onoye. Although a servant, O'Haru was the daughter of a samurai and knew the art of self-defense. She promptly returned the insult Iwasuji had visited upon her mistress and dismissed her in the sword bout which followed. When the particulars of the fatal quarrel reached the ears of the daimio, he rewarded the plucky O'Haru by appointing her to the position of her dead mistress. The saying goes in Japan that she had better nourish the dog than an unfaithful servant. Loyalty to the master's honor is expected of all who serve, consequently the interference of O'Haru was warranted and her reward justified. "Another old story is the incident which is touched upon in the play of

The Loyal Ronin.

It exemplifies the Oriental idea that a woman's cardinal virtue is self-obliteration when the good of her husband or master is concerned. A young samurai was in need of a stipulated sum of money to make good his honor in a certain transaction. As he had no means of procuring the funds his integrity was at stake. Without his knowledge his young wife volunteered to sell herself to the keeper of a brothel for a term of months, providing a cash payment was made to her in advance. She asked a price equal to that of her husband's obligation, thus saving his good name without reckoning the awful cost to herself. Of course all concerned felt keenly the dishonor of the means used to save the young man's reputation, but the disgrace was not considered as great as if his good name had been sullied. "This reveals the difference in the viewpoint of the Occidental and the Oriental as to what constitutes womanly virtue. The Western idea is that personal chastity is the prime requisite, while to the Eastern mind the body may be sold to safeguard principles of honor that are considered higher. Such sacrifices are not regarded lightly, and are only condoned on account of the high motives which prompt them. But this is a tale of the olden times. Such things happened only infrequently then and their occurrence has ever been rare. Because an occasional woman, prompted by the noble resolve to do what she believes her sacred duty, sacrifices herself, it does not follow that all our women are immoral. Please put it in the writing as I have spoken.

The Law of Self-Control.

"Self-control is taught the Japanese girl from her babyhood. The forms of etiquette in this regard are inviolable. Convention frequently requires her to pass through the most trying ordeals without showing emotion. The experience which recently befell the wife of Prince Kitashirakawa will illustrate an ancient court formality which requires that every drop of the royal blood must die in its own house. The nobleman in question met his fate away from home while serving his country as a soldier. The way ceremony to be done under the circumstances was to bring his body home and observe the same rites as if he were alive. No acknowledgment of death was made in the presence of the crowd, and officials offered congratulatory speeches just like they would have done under ordinary circumstances. In reply the personal attendant of the Prince thanked the speakers, saying that his master was moved by their kindness and regretted the slight indisposition which made it impossible for him to appear before them in person. The ceremony was continued to the last stop where the widowed princess and her little son were waiting. The heart-broken wife had to advance to the covered stretcher and smilingly address the dead that she hoped to be welcomed to the land of the living. She performed her part of the ceremony without a trace of emotion. The Japanese woman never fails to live up to her duty as she sees it. "The easy means of divorce in Japan makes the position of the wife uncertain. The present sorrow of my little friend Sada San, causes me much grief. I have known her all her life. On the seventh day after her birth she



was named and 30 days after she was taken to the temple and placed under the care of a Shinto deity. This is custom. A more dainty mite than Sada San was never born during the time of the Wistaria. In her gay kimono she was as gorgeous as a butterfly with its flaming coat. When she grew older the blind music teacher came to instruct her in the art of playing the shamisen, the Japanese guitar. She was also taught to paint and how to serve the ceremonial tea, as well as to arrange flowers artistically and the proper way to open and close a door. Her education included all the various points of domestic etiquette which a polished young lady should know. "But just as the bud of a maiden was flowering so beautifully she had to bid a tearful farewell to teachers and schoolmates to become a wife. Alas, that is one of the errors of our country! Our women are cheated of their girlhood to early become such household drudges that they are little better than slaves. The parents of Sada San had a proposal for her and she was disposed of in the usual way. She was sent to meet the young man who wanted her for his housekeeper at a party given by a mutual friend. She could find no special objection to him, therefore the matter was arranged. Love

Bride Has No Wedding Ring.

"The customary exchange of presents occurred. I suppose you know that in this country the groom presents the bride with a siltken girle as a substitute for a wedding ring. The form of the old Japanese marriage ceremony was neither religious nor legal in its character. It consisted merely of drinking sake from a cup with two spoons. The bride comes to the home of the groom accompanied by her own servants and effects—the young woman always furnishes the house. If the parents are well to do she also brings enough clothing to last her the most of her lifetime. This is possible because the fashions do not change. The husband of Sada San proved to be a good-for-nothing. Like a cur with no more courage than to do much barking before his own gate, he made constant disturbance in the household. "For the sake of her baby the patient little mother endured his mistreatment with a spirit of resignation, until the unfeeling brute divorced her. There are

The Light of Asia.

"As a final word, I would add that I am an old man whose way has been that of my fathers. The precepts of my people are deeply rooted in my heart, yet I am earnestly searching the written records of other races for all the good that they contain. I am free to confess that we of the East exact too much of our women and hold too lightly their sacrifices. Even those who are treated best are not accorded the appreciation which they de-

serve. But the Japanese has the saving trait of being able to profit by the experience of others, and he will mend his way. The new era for our women began the day the Emperor rode through the streets of Tokio with the Empress by his side. As old men like me, who are grounded in the tenets of precedent, pass into Nirvana, the old ideas will go with them. The new Japanese woman will be able to lift her gentle eyes from servitude and come into the equality which Western standards rightly decree every man owes to the partner of his sorrows and his joys. "Such were the wise words of Tomita—prophet, sage and raconteur. As we arose to stretch our cramped legs and say farewell, our host's eyes twinkled and the fine words which are the mark of Oriental courtesy, saying that he hoped we would come again to grace his humble roof with the honor of our distinguished presence. We left him bowing low in the doorway. How bright would flare the light of Asia if its mongrel millions knew but a fraction of the love and logic that is stored in the mind of this rare old scholar. Good-night, Tomita, and goodbye. The years are heavy upon you and your books must soon be closed. May your land mourn you as you deserve. FREDERICK J. HASKIN.

Recollections of John L. Sullivan Police Chief Who Made Him Prove His Identity—Flim-Flammed by a Drummer Into Being an "Ad"

WHEN I blew into Chattanooga, Tenn., on my big tour, the story I had gone ahead of us that I had dropped out of the party and my part in the show was being faked by an understudy. We didn't pay much attention to the yarn, thinking it would blow itself away for the man who would undertake to carry out the proposition I was making—of giving any white man \$1000 who could stand in front of me four rounds—wasn't easy to get. But—bing!—up comes the chief of police of the city. "See here," says he, "I get the report that you haven't got the real John L. Sullivan along, and I don't propose to have the people here swindled by any Yankee tricks." "We tried to explain that I was the real goods, but he was leary of the whole outfit. "You'll have to convince me or the show don't go on," was the song he sang, so we let him alone. "That night when I stepped on the stage, the chief of police came on, too. "I demand that you prove your identity that you are John L. Sullivan, and until you do, sit for the show." I was tearing mad and had a mind

to prove it with a couple of wallops on him. "You get any man in the house to come on the stage for five minutes and I'll give him \$1000 and show you that I'm Sullivan all right, and the only Sullivan." "This caught the house, it satisfied the chief and the show went on. The chief afterwards found to be a first-class trump. "A Chicago drummer let me win \$25 from him, at the same time using me to advertise his goods in a most scandalous way. It happened in the West. In the speaking-car we were talking of the pleasant fashion in some of the wide-open places of shooting up any man with gall enough to wear a plug hat. "I'd like to see them shoot me up, no matter what kind of a hat I wore," said I. "O, I think you'd make the dar'ing this drummer, giving me the dar'ing. There are some things they don't let folks do out here, and even you can't break the rules." "You're another," was my reply. "Now, see here," said the drummer, "I've got a hat you wouldn't dare wear in the town; we are going to try it. I think it was Dubuque, Iowa, and I'll bet you \$25 on it." I flashed my roll to see him crawl,

but he was game, and going into the baggage-car he came back with a gray plug hat and handed it to me. I had never seen one of these before, and it shook me a little when I saw it, but it was up to me. "Another fellow, whose name I will pass up, came out of his dose, saying in a sort of whisper: "He isn't as big as he looks, he isn't as big as he looks; knock his head off, knock his head off." I suppose he had been saying that over and over during the fight to give himself courage, and kept it up after the trouble was over. "One chap in a Pennsylvania town I insisted that I had kicked him in the head when he was down, and it was some time afterward that he was convinced that a wallop with the hat had done the business for him. "Don't ever hit another man as hard as you hit me, John," said Paddy Ryan to me after our fight, "for if you do, you'll kill him." "Mistah Jack Johnson's balloon went up when he failed to put Jack Monroe away in Philadelphia, and if the sentiment

One man, a Frenchman, who went against me in Astoria, after lying in a sleep for ten minutes, got up and ran out of the hall and into a brick wall on the other side of the street, where he put himself out for the second time. "Another fellow, whose name I will pass up, came out of his dose, saying in a sort of whisper: "He isn't as big as he looks, he isn't as big as he looks; knock his head off, knock his head off." I suppose he had been saying that over and over during the fight to give himself courage, and kept it up after the trouble was over. "One chap in a Pennsylvania town I insisted that I had kicked him in the head when he was down, and it was some time afterward that he was convinced that a wallop with the hat had done the business for him. "Don't ever hit another man as hard as you hit me, John," said Paddy Ryan to me after our fight, "for if you do, you'll kill him." "Mistah Jack Johnson's balloon went up when he failed to put Jack Monroe away in Philadelphia, and if the sentiment



scraper ever thought he had a look-in for the big fellows' belt he must give up the dream. Monroe was an accident from the time he got that four-round decision over Jeff, as Jeff showed him later on in two rounds in Frisco last Summer. The colored brother was lively enough in pasting Monroe, but he hasn't the necessary punch. All the Johnson-Monroe fight goes to show is that white supremacy will continue in the ring as well as out of it. "Young Corbett" is training on Broadway, New York. This makes me to laugh. He might as well store ice in the place where lad people go when they die. Perhaps this young man is hoodooed by his name. Anyway, he is dodging Abe Attell, and to help along the dodge he has agreed to clash with Tommy Mowatt in St. Joe, with Charley Neary in Milwaukee, and with a third man in Butte—all before September, although he told Attell he wouldn't fight anybody before September. Attell says "Young Corbett" is afraid of him, and I guess he is, as much afraid

When a man stands at the marriage altar he gets as nervous as he does when watching the bulwark of a beetling gannet.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN.