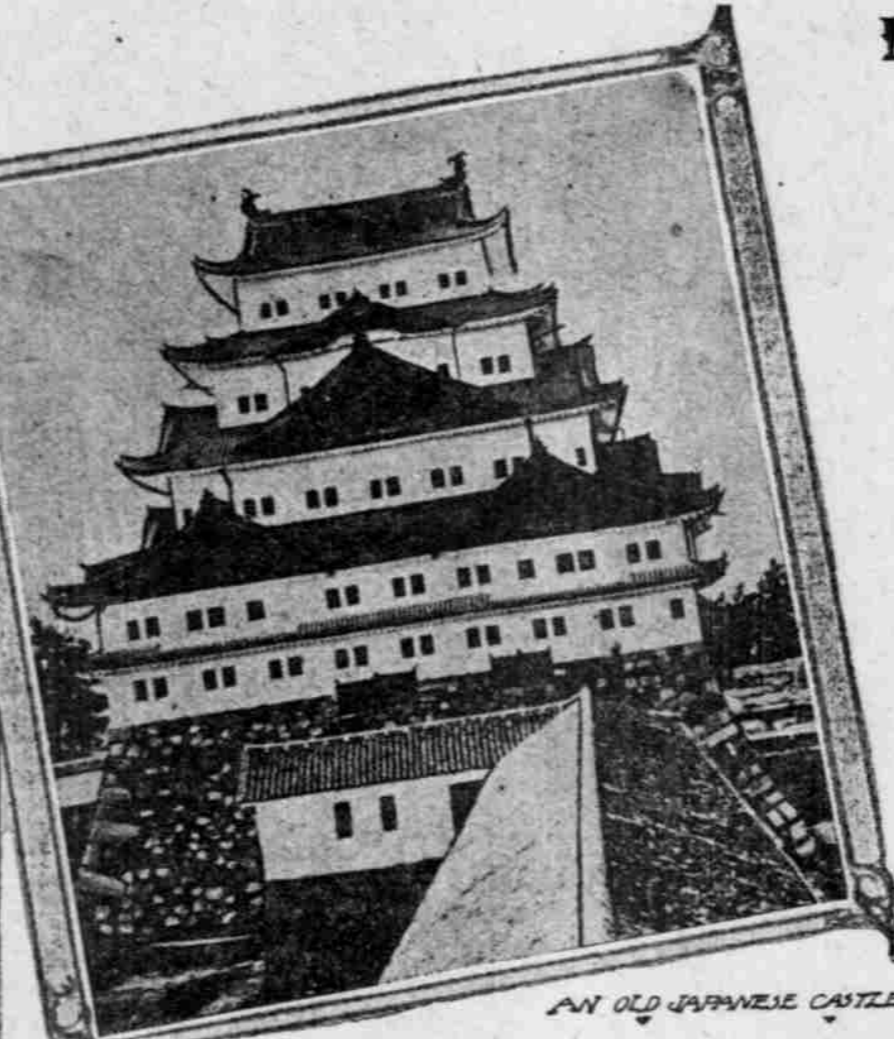


EXCENTRIC BUSINESS METHODS OF THE JAPANESE

FREDERIC HASKIN TELLS HOW THEY WRESTLE WITH THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE TO GET TRADE



THE GREAT BUDDHA AT KAMAKURA



AN OLD JAPANESE CASTLE



YOUNG BEGGAR PRIEST



TEMPLE ARCH AND SACRED MOUNTAIN

OKIO, July 19.—(Special Correspondence of the Sunday Oregonian).—In their heroic determination to acquire a knowledge of the English language the Japanese produce some rare specimens of rhetoric. I was notified by mail that "Wada & Co. do send baggages into any direction with a good cheapness." The boy in a store said "Of tobacco I no have got." Nailed to a tree was the announcement that "This park is a house to let." The "sublime tailor" and the "higher washman" are both in the same street with the butcher whose sign reads "Beef & Hen Meet Here." Nearby is an enterprising native whose versatility is astonishing. He announces in substance that he is a specialist in treating scrofula and an expert in serving milk shakes. The bakery displays this legend, "Fresh bread made quick," while on the window of another shop there is emblazoned the rather startling statement that "knives are drawn here" (scissors-grinder).

Although he makes funny blunders the Jap perseveres with fine determination and eventually succeeds in making himself understood. Sometimes it goes rather hard with the American who has to depend on a servant having scant knowledge of English. I have a boy whose vocabulary consists of about twenty words. When he is told to prepare the bath as likely as not he will bring a bootjack. He never fails to do something when spoken to but guessing what it will be as risky as taking a chance on a "hundred-to-one shot."

Eccentric Business Methods.

Japanese reading and writing are done backwards and many of the business methods are just the opposite to our ideas of such matters. When you go to a shoe store the dealer shows you his goods, but should you want a pair out of stock they will cost a dollar more than if made to order. An American dealer would rather dispose of odd sizes and not risk possible loss from the stock becoming shelf-worn. But the Jap does not figure that way.

Neither does the small dealer understand the wholesale principle. An American toy buyer told me about an experience he had with a retailer of dolls. The latter had several hundred toys of a particular size which were worth 3 cents each. When urged to make a bulk price for the lot he not only refused to make a reduction, but said that he did not care to sell more than a dozen at a time. After much useless argument a happy thought struck the Yankee buyer. He bought a dozen, paid for them, and had them wrapped up. He then ordered another lot and continued to buy, paying for a dozen at a time, until he had secured the whole stock. Although the dealer would not sell in bulk he raised no objection to this method. This will strike the wide-awake American dealer as an absurd proceeding, but buyers in many lines here encounter the same difficulty in negotiating wholesale transactions.

Sample of Eastern Cunning.

While the Jap seems to lack acumen in failing to take advantage of the larger profits to be made by selling in quantity, he employs many tricks and dodges to dispose of goods at his own price. The case of an old female pedler worked on a number of European ladies was a strategy of no mean sort. As she called upon each she presented a letter written in English from one prominent society woman to another. The note advised the lady to whom it was written to look at the rare articles the old woman had with her, as they could seldom be obtained at all, and to offer her just one-half the price she asked.

On the face of it the pedler had made a mistake by showing the letter to the wrong party, yet every woman on whom she called promptly followed the instructions it contained, laughing in her sleeve meanwhile at the thought of her luck in getting ahead of the lady the recommendation was intended for. The wily old pedler sold so many make-believe bestrooms at a seemingly sacrifice price that her operations began to resemble an endless chain scheme. When it became known that the introduction was a forgery and that the numerous buyers had

all paid dear for their bargains, there was much merriment at their expense.

Not Afraid of Thirteen.

The Japanese have many household superstitions. While they do not object to thirteen people sitting down to a table, or mind beginning a journey on Friday, they have many beliefs of a similar character. If while eating, a person bites his tongue, it is taken as a sign that some one begrudges him his food. The room of a house must never be swept immediately after a meal.

When there is smallpox in a community all parents post notices in front of their houses announcing that their children are not at home, which is supposed to be a sure preventive against the disease. Wise old women shake their heads when they see a girl biting her finger nails, as it signifies that when she becomes a wife she will bear children with great difficulty. Whenever a Japanese housekeeper buys salt she throws a pinch of it in the fire to prevent quarrelling in the family.

Young men who light their pipes from lamps will not marry good girls. A bird flying by a window indicates that a visitor is coming. Ignorant country people used to consider it wrong to eat beef, believing that every butcher would have a cripple among his descendants. This idea is associated somewhat with the saying that the birth of a deformed child indicates wicked ancestry. When a young couple are married neither wear anything purple because that color is quick to fade, therefore its presence would be a bad omen.

Where the Pious Tread.

Closely related to their household traditions are the odd religious beliefs of the Japanese. In the temple one sees a seat of straw sandals hung on a grating before the gods. These were left as reminders to the deities by people who had been praying for relief from sore feet. On another screen in the sanctuary are braids of hair and

from the heads of women as pledges that they would keep certain vows. The Oriental's respect for dumb brutes is prompted by that principle of Buddhism which tells him that the souls of his ancestors linger on earth in the forms of animals. No man wants to kick a dog for fear of perpetrating an indignity upon the invisible substance of his grandfather, nor strike a horse lest he insult the shade of some great uncle.

Fujiyama, the sacred mountain, attracts thousands of pilgrims every year. These devout worshippers believe that all prayers offered to the sun from its summit at dawn will be speedily answered. According to the legend Fujiyama was created in a single night. It is supposed to be about 3600 years old, and was made as a retreat for Fuji San, a goddess who was a woman-hater. Stories are told of devils seizing women and carrying them away through the air, consequently it is an unpopular locality with all members of the fair sex who believe in this superstition. No horses are allowed to defile the approaches to the summit, and the

soil is considered so sacred that all dirt and cinders which stick to the sandals of the pilgrims are said to find their way back to the mountain.

It is doubtful if the ancient builders of Japan's temples and castles, striving at their work so many centuries ago that the actual dates are lost in obscu-

rely, realized what a heritage they were leaving to posterity. Present generations thrive on the toll collected from the foreigner come to view the wonders of the hoary past. In a little valley at Kamakura awaits the wonderful bronze image of Buddha. For 600 years this figure of the Light of Asia has balanced upon its lotus-leaf pedestal in the attitude of holy meditation. The height of the statue is 43 feet. It is composed of sheets of bronze and the eyes are pure gold.

The interior is hollow and pilgrims are allowed to enter for a small fee. Even the sacred atmosphere of this ancient place is not immune from the wit of the modern joker. On the wall inside there is a notice which reads: "Persons are requested to write nothing here." An obliging wag has scribbled under this sign in capital letters the word "Nothing." Storms and tidal waves have several times shifted the position of the great image, but it still preserves an upright attitude, the classic features of its benign countenance towering above the surrounding trees as it continues its long watch with time. A fund is being raised to erect a temple over the big idol so that it will be protected from the ravages of the weather. The visitors are importuned by boy priests to contribute something, and nearly all comply.

A Thousand Christian Churches.

The foreign religious denominations are

Canadian, English and German denominations. There are 1333 Christian churches and preaching stations in the Empire, where the foreigners are assisted by 725 native workers, ordained and unordained. The total membership of protestant churches in Japan is 55,315; of Roman Catholic Churches 58,095; of the Greek Church 27,366. There are 12,688 pupils attending the 153 mission schools of all kinds.

The country was first opened to foreign residents in 1859, and by the end of that year three protestant societies had taken advantage of the opportunity to put their representatives in the field. The Episcopal Church of the United States had the honor of sending the first protestant missionary to Japan. The Bible Society began work here many years ago. The gospel of Matthew was translated in 1871, and the whole Bible was in circulation by 1880. Its campaign of enlightenment has now become so extensive that last year 51,000 Bibles, and portions, were put into circulation. This was a large increase over the distribution of the previous twelvemonth. Aside from the output of the Bible Society other Christian printing houses put into circulation last year 63,130 volumes. That the Japanese converts are enthusiastic workers in the cause of Christianity is shown by the fact that they raised among themselves during 1904 the sum of \$67,470 to be used in church work. The sum sent into Japan during the same period by all sects for the furtherance of church work, exclusive of the salaries of missionaries, was \$13,800.

The Cause of Education.

The various foreign religious denominations are given free reign here in their educational work. In fact, many of the teachers in the Government schools have been recruited from the American Y. M. C. A. Although these instructors are in the employ of the Crown, they have absolute religious freedom. They teach Christianity, morals and athletics. There are about 25,000 primary schools in the Empire, having an enrollment of nearly 5,000,000 pupils. At the present time fully 90 per cent. of the school population is taking the prescribed course of instruction. The period of compulsory attendance is from six to ten years of age. During this time there is no tuition. The common school fees are nominal in all instances, ranging from 15 to 30 cents per month. The course includes the usual studies, together with such special subjects as drawing, singing, sewing, gymnastics and manual training.

The universities afford all kinds of scientific instruction, even to the "professor of earthquakes." The college graduate is very much in demand. There are less than 5000 educated people among those now practicing in the principal professions in Japan. A recent compilation showed that out of 1700 judicial officers less than 300 were college men; among 7200 high executive officials only 80 were university graduates; out of a total of 4300 teachers in the middle classes only 600 had diplomas; while a count of the 40,000 physicians and surgeons in the Empire produced only 600 who had received a college education. Such a scarcity of talent naturally creates a demand for the services of trained people, and even those of ordinary ability find no trouble in securing good positions. There are more young men clamoring to enter the universities than these institutions can accept. With present facilities about 20 graduates are being turned out yearly, but the certain expansion of the educational system will soon add to the number that may be accommodated.

The Science of Jui-Jitsu.

The Japanese craving for proficiency manifests itself in many ways. The other day I was invited to the police station to witness the weekly lesson given to a squad of patrolmen in the science of Jui-Jitsu. This is not wrestling, as many suppose, but the art of self-defense. The principles of it are taught the policemen so that they may not only successfully resist attack, but overpower an unruly culprit stronger than themselves. Much strength counts for nothing against an agile adversary who knows how to reach the vital points. This was demonstrated to a nicely by a little hantam who took on six strapping fellows, one after the other, and did just about what he pleased with them. At each encounter he managed to get such a hold on his antagonist that the latter had to cry snook or suffer a broken bone. He twisted the neck of one, rammed the spine of another, and cramped the elbow of still another. It was a pretty exhibition of science as such, and I was said there are no exponents of this art in America as expert as those who practice it in Japan.

Boxer as a Temperance Lecture.

All the boxing that's worth while nowadays is being pulled off out here on the Coast, and I'm glad I came. The sports in the East are missing a lot of education. The good boxers that have the price are here already, and the others are coming by the One-Eyed Connolly route—on the bumpers. Every day I am handed the happy mitt by boys far from home, but they'd rather be in Chicago, Philie, New York, Beantown or back in Baltimore if the science wasn't so to the bad in the bean and pie districts.

The only bout of importance in the East, news of which we got here, was that in which Sandy Ferguson punched Jack Johnson below the commissary department. Sandy beat himself two ways—by fighting a charcoal charmer and losing him by a yellow finish. I'm sorry to see any man with a white skin getting down to a black level, but when he goes for the yellow, too, I throw up the sponge for him.

Some day, the sports in the East with some ginger in their blood will get up on their hind legs and demand legislation around boxing. Then real sport will come back. If somebody would put it up to the good boxer who is holding that \$20,000 job of referee between the people and Congress in Washington, I bet he'd get the sand to make a holler to Congress so rings could be set up again in the East for at least 26-round bouts all over. If the sports who can vote would make

Patriotic Call to Slim Scrappers.

There will be some more British boxers over here again soon. Jabee White isn't satisfied with what he got, and is on the chase for more. Jim Bowker is going to take a gamble on losing the bantam-weight championship of the world, and Owen Moran will also surround some

RECOLLECTIONS OF JOHN L. SULLIVAN

The ex-Champion Makes a Patriotic Call on American Scrappers to Down British Aspirants for Championship Belts.

WHEN I went through Texas on my big tour in 1881, I had enough adventures to give Oliver Dowd Byron material for a play. In several towns, ambitious cowboys took a chance of getting their blocks knocked off by giving me dares in places where wet goods were sold. In the polite language of the high-skilled West, I had many invitations to friendly fights without any set rules. Just plain rough-house work. Of all the scraps in Texas, one that came my way in Dallas was as serious as any. A local politician got the crazy idea that if he could whip me he would be the biggest man in the state and be fit to run for President or something like that.

The Texan's scheme was this, as Frank Moran, who was managing things for me, explained afterwards. He was to get me soused with liquor, then polish me off. This might go through all right, but if I twisted the plan and polished him off—which I would have done, sure thing—he was to use his gun and end everything for me. Moran got next to his game and blated me out of reach just as I was being ripened for the killing.

I suppose if that Texan had shot me full of holes, any Coroner's jury would have endorsed him and the Peace Society would have sent him a medal. And I don't mean to say that I would apply only to Texas at that time, for such a scheme might have been pulled off anywhere in the states and the man behind the gun would get away with a "self-defense" excuse. The average man at that time had the idea that I was rumpling from town to town looking for inoffensive citizens to knock out in broad daylight, and the Texan "spot" would have come under the head of peaceable citizen, who simply protected himself against my terrific and unprovoked assault upon him. Such was the impression all good people got from newspaper romances. Yet the fact remains that I did all of my fighting in the ring and always according to the rules. Sometimes I wonder that I'm alive.

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Tips From His Australian Tour.

My share of the loot from the three months tour of 1881 was over \$20,000, and nearer \$25,000 than the first figure. They are a hot herd of sports on that island, and they paid the price to see my moving pictures of the Yankee club. On that tour, I met a fellow who had followed us from America to see if there would be any chance of picking up some money being against me. I had only one championship battles over there. "For some years I have made it a practice," said this man to me, "to back any Australian who makes a match with anybody from any other part of the world in fighting, rowing, wrestling, running, jumping, or any other sport. Some of the times, the Australians I've backed have lost, but more of the times the Australians have won, so I am ahead of the game. I thought there might be somebody in this country able to surprise you, and I intended to get the best end of it and take a chance. But there isn't a man in the land fit to take your measure, and I'm going to charge the expenses of my trip to experience. I won't make a sou mark on the trip."

For a place supposed to be off the map, Australia is chock full of good ones, all alive, and there are some boxers in that country today who would give our best a few warm moments. I am thinking of taking some of our boys over there for a trying out, just for the sake of being neighborly. Yours truly,

JOHN L. SULLIVAN.