

GAMBLE AT BIG JAPANESE CITY

H. C. Breeden, of Portland, Records His Impressions of Busy Communities.

Where Little Shops Are Run Without Systems and Factories Without Steam Power.

KYOTO, Japan, April 18.—(Special Correspondence of The Sunday Oregonian.)—Mrs. Breeden and I left San Francisco on the large and comfortable steamer Manchuria, March 8, and after a comparatively pleasant voyage of about 18 days, landed at Yokohama, Japan, where we found a very good hotel, the Grand, formerly kept by Louis Oppinger, an old-time Portlander. As soon as we were settled in our rooms we mounted jinrikishas and started out to see the sights. Well, we saw them, and have continued to see and be amazed and amused. Yokohama, being the chief port of Japan, has quite a few European mercantile establishments, but such were of little interest to us. We were looking for purely Japanese sights. Our human steeds pulled us first up one narrow street and then another, and we saw all kinds, conditions, shapes and sizes of natives. Children to the right of us, children to the left of us, and children all around us; babies everywhere, in such numbers as would make our President's heart glad, but to one of a sympathetic nature a feeling of pity comes. Poorly clad, shivering with cold, their little bare legs and feet, their wooden shoes or grass sandals furnishing no warmth—where do they all sleep and how do they all exist? It is a question. We visited the temples and shrines and such places until we grew tired, and then turned to the shops and factories.

Business Without Order.

The shops all face the little streets (there being no sidewalks) with entrances about such as we would have in a chicken-house or stable, the front being the exception! Upon entering you will find goods and wares displayed on poorly constructed shelves and counters, without any apparent system of reception, as the art, curio and silk shops. Here you will find the wares very well displayed, and you wonder that such works of real art, and of such delicate and fine workmanship, should be so neglected from such a source as they do. We visited the factories and, can you imagine, the beautiful cloisonne, Damascus, Satsum and in almost all other artistic and really beautiful productions of the Japanese, being made in ramshackle, tumble-down, floorless (in many instances) shops, or in a shed, where the men sit on the floor or ground and with the crudest of tools fashion, shape and make them. The work is all done by hand, time apparently being of no consequence. We visited a furniture factory where more than 150 hands were employed. There was not a bench or piece of machinery or a modern tool to be seen. The men, women and children sat or knelt while they slowly shaped the unworked pieces of timber, holding with their feet and hands, when planing, smoothing and carving. The finishers, women and children, sat tailor-fashion, and with little sticks and poor excuse for brushes, put on the finishing touches. I saw four sets of hands working on one small piece. The furniture is practically for export, as the better class of Japanese use but very little, and the poorer class not any.

In the Imperial Park.

At Tokio we saw the government buildings, many of them apparently of the architecture, being two and three stories high, built of red brick, with stone trimmings. The Emperor's palace is of the same material, but with a more ornate and consists of a number of tiled-roofed structures, scarcely visible from the outside of the stone wall which surrounds the palace. Visitors are not admitted to the palace.

We saw the wonderful Shogun Temples and towers in Ueno Park, which is the most popular resort in the metropolis during the month of April, when the cherry blossoms are at the height of their perfection. All Tokio and surrounding country assemble to view them. The trees



MR. AND MRS. H. C. BREEDEN RETURNING FROM A TRIP, EACH BORNE BY FOUR COOLIES; GUIDE ON PONY AT THE RIGHT.

are cultivated and trained for the blossom, and not the fruit. In many places they are planted on either side of an avenue, forming an arbor, where, during the festival period, no wheeled vehicles are permitted. The sight is truly beautiful.

We saw the bronze image of Buddha, 21 feet 6 inches high, while in a sitting position. We thought it a wonderful production and saw several others, the largest of which is over 40 feet high, about 50 feet in diameter at the base. It is all the more remarkable when we stop to consider it is made of bronze, and was erected over 1200 years ago. We looked at the relics captured in the late war, at the National Museum, took a peep at the Zoo and temples galore. One might spend

months in Tokio and see but comparatively few of the many sights.

Only stop and think that this great city covers more than 100 square miles, and contains between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 souls. Osaka is next in size, having between 1,200,000 and 2,000,000 inhabitants. Kyoto is the next largest city in the empire and contains between 600,000 and 800,000. All the cities are very much alike in Japan in their general character, and the appearance of the inhabitants, but this city, Kyoto, is more strikingly Japanese than any other of the large cities. It has lost none of the characteristics, and the cities that are ports, where they come in contact with the foreigners. This is a great manufacturing place, and wares of all kinds are made here in great variety.

I think it one of the most interesting places in Japan. From here you make the trip to the Hoangwa Rapids, which are about 15 miles long, and you shoot them in small boats. Lake Biwa, at Omi, you also reach from here. Nara, the old capital, which was in its glory from the year 710 to 784 A. D. is only one and a half hours from here. This old place is full of interest to the sight-seer with its temples, pagodas, etc. Osaka is also easily reached from this point, and Kobe is about 2 and a half hours distant.

Human Beasts of Burden.

In all the cities and in fact in all Japan, the human being is the beast of burden. They use a kind of two-

wheeled cart to haul their heavy loads, and it is simply wonderful to see what loads they do haul. Occasionally you will see a black bullock hitched to the same vehicle, and man and beast tug away at their heavy load, seemingly uncomplaining. The jinrikishas take the place of our carriage, and you see them by the thousands everywhere. The coolies who draw it can easily make from 25 to 30 miles a day. It is certainly a great convenience in cities such as Japan has to be able to avail one's self of such means of transportation. You will see street-cars in the larger cities, but they are always crowded, and a very slow means of navigation; consequently used but little by Europeans. I see but little evidence of

sanitary arrangements, although the surface of the streets is kept clean, it being the duty of each occupant to keep the street clean in front of his premises, the same being sprinkled by hand with water from a bucket, distributed by a wooden or tin cup. Sewerage is comparatively unknown, but few of the larger cities have waterworks.

Protection from the simply amounts to nothing. We witnessed from our hotel veranda a few days ago a very destructive conflagration, when an area equal to about four blocks in Portland was burned. The night would have been hideous had it not been for the feeling of pity for the poor helpless creatures. After a lapse of precious time, men came running along carrying

on their shoulders a kind of a force pump, and after placing it in position others came with buckets of water to fill the receptacle, from which the pump took its suction, and then, as men ran the old-style hand-car, the pumpers began their work. A stream about like that from a garden hose was the result. Some men were running here and there waving a sort of scepter, which was said to appease the wrath of the god of fire. Thousands of chattering men, women and children filled the narrow streets and vacant ground around the doomed district, and the fire practically burned itself out.

I have been surprised at not seeing more goods from America. I have seen only a few Singer sewing machines, an occasional bottle of California wine and a bottle or two of cocktails, while from England and Germany goods are frequently in evidence. Imagine orange marmalade and strawberry jam from London. Americans ought to push their machinery, hardware, mechanical and farming tools and implements, wagon—on—in fact, I think a careful investigation would develop the mutual advantage of the American producer and the Japanese.

In the Beautiful Country.

Without dwelling longer on a subject that is practically interminable, I would like to say a few words about the landscape. It is picturesque and truly beautiful beyond the power of words to describe; it is indeed in striking contrast to the conditions of the wretchedly overcrowded cities and towns. Every foot of ground suitable for cultivation is under the highest state of cultivation, the mountainsides are terraced, and the hills and dales, the swamps and marshes, are all made to yield something that will sustain life. Thus the whole face of the country presents to view one vast garden, with its blossoming trees, the thatched roofs of the houses, the rippling stream attuned here and there with a quaint old rice mill, and the waterwheel, the stone walls, the temples, gateways and shrines, together with the peasants in the fields, make one continuous panorama never to be forgotten.

Traveling by rail in Japan is in great contrast with that of America. The road-bed is good, but the rolling stock is very poor. The locomotives are small and are of English manufacture. The average passenger car is about the size of the largest street car, and in most instances has only four wheels under it. It is divided into two, and sometimes three, parts, being designated first, second and third-class. The principal difference is the price of the fare, and consequently the class of passengers. You enter the side of the car, the seats run lengthwise, and the metal tanks that are filled at stations with hot water cover the floor for foot warmers. It is a difficult piece of work for the passengers to climb over and land safely in a seat. Then everyone is subjected to smoke and over some portions of the road there are many tunnels, and the cars are lighted with oil lamps, poor trimmings of the country. The air is not filled with the perfume of roses, nor is it as soft and balmy as a beautiful Summer morning in Oregon. There are many strange fascinations about this country and its people. We have found them polite, obliging, anxious to please and to learn. Have heard many glowing reports for President Roosevelt, and I think his action in arranging the peace conference has caused the Japanese to feel kindly toward the American people. We go from here to Kobe and then Nagasaki, Manila, P. I., and then Hongkong, Shanghai, Canton, and other ports of China.

H. CLAY BREEDEN.

MILY BEE AT HER HOME IN THE HILLS

Entertains Herself With Hawthorne, and Then With Hornets' Nests as Personal Adornment.

My Dear Nell:

Less this day loitering 'twill be the same story.

Tomorrow, and the next more ditatory. Thus indolence brings its own delays. And days are lost for waiting over days.

SNT this a forceful warning, and one well worthy of a place beside the Do It Now motto? More than once these portentous lines have influenced me when disposed to postpone an impending duty. And so it happened this evening, as I stood washing the supper dishes, thinking I ought—yes, and I will write to Nell this very night—but unfortunately just as this dutiful decision was reached "The House of the Seven Gables," which I am now re-reading, suddenly arose with alluring distinctness before my mental vision, whereupon I at once discovered I was hardly in a writing mood. "Shall probably feel more like it tomorrow night; we'll have an early supper, and—" Right here came flashing through my brain the same old, solemn admonition:

Less this day loitering 'twill be the same story.

Tomorrow, and the next more ditatory.

Convicted of my sin, caught red-handed, as it were, I penitently resolved to quit shamming, hung up my dishpan and walked straightway to my desk, once again forced into action by the compelling wisdom of Johann Wolfgang Goethe.

Now that I am here, I find I am still under bondage to the mysterious charm of Hawthorne. The shadow of a seven-gabled house lies across this page, and I can't help seeing a low-studded, cross-beamed, oaken-paneled parlor, where stands an ancient table with slender, graceful legs adorned with snowy damask and the quaint gorgeousness of old china, crested spoons and a perringer-shaped silver cream jug flanked by a glass pitcher holding Phoebe's roses, sweet and dewy, fresh from the garden.

My duties called me from the old Pyncheon-House at a most engaging time, as breakfast was being prepared for the brother who had but just re-

turned to his home after his long imprisonment.

In the kitchen all was bustle and excitement. Poor gaunt Hepzibah, with the scowl of a fury and the heart of a saint, I left bending over a bed of freshly raked coals broiling a fat mackerel. Her face blazing with heat and hurry, she watched it as solicitously as if her own heart were on the griddle, and her immortal happiness were involved in its being done precisely to a turn; Phoebe, fresh from the country—Phoebe, sweetest, cheeriest, winsomest maid ever born of literature—eagerly assisting by deftly stirring up an Indian cake of marvelous richness and delicacy to be served with golden butter made by her own hands in the rural home.

Do you remember, Nell, that latter "smelling of clover blossoms, diffusing the charm of pastoral scenery."

In the air the fragrance of Mocha, "from the broiling fish a vapor rose like incense from the shrine of a barbarian idol," while the ghosts of departed cool-maids looked wonderingly on, and even the rats stole from their hidingplaces to sniff the savory atmosphere.

You will realize, Nell, that it was something of a trial to leave so promising a breakfast and so lively a kitchen, to go into my own dull one, with the rain beating on its roof, and there in solitude begin the evening meal.

As the supper progressed and the "incense" of frying potatoes slightly burned—doasted skyward, I cast an occasional glance toward the dark corners to see if perchance a ghostly cook-maid or two, might not be standing there, dazed by my ordinary achievements.

Nothing to be seen, though once methought the roller-travel seemed suspiciously agitated, but nothing came of it. Not even a rat appeared to compliment me by an appreciative sniff, though there are scores of them about.

A mouse stole out from behind the woodbox. Nothing unusual in that. I see him many times each day, or one of his kindred; all mice look alike to me.

If this particular one noted the savory atmosphere of my kitchen he made no sign. Peeping from behind the fire-

shovel, he plainly asked: "Is all quiet along the Potomac?"

"All quiet here, my friend; no sound here save the lone cook's tread."

Reassured by this, he scampered across the floor to the dust-pan, ran around it repeatedly, standing on his hind feet, coal scuttie. Such a tiny creature he looked at its base! Its black, bulging sides towering like a man-of-war above him. I wondered what he thought of it? Shall never know, for just then Sheila, seeking admittance, scratched on the door. Instantly my little gray visitor became alert.

"Ah, ha!" he thought. "Tis the moving finger of the angel of the darker drink. If she gets in here before I get out, I'm a goner."

Sheila has the mousing instinct of a cat, and though the "wee, tintrous beastes" had vanished before the door was opened, she walked straight to the woodbox, poked an investigating nose behind it, sniffed, listened, tilted her head, listened again; results being satisfactory, she stretched out there still as death, her little pointed head resting on two white feet, her eyes glued to the track. Believing the stage to be set for a one-act tragedy I hurriedly decamped.

Nell, there's a sort of lonesome feel in it, that I might see here among these black towering hills, with the rain drearily falling, and just now an owl in a cedar tree near the door is adding his note to the general loneliness, as if no longer able to bear alone the dark secrets of his cloistered life, he had come—a wandering hawk through rain and darkness—to tell us the whole sad story.

New I love these melancholy birds, and to me his yearning cry seems a plaintive appeal for human sympathy. Tom, however, who for the last half hour has been wandering about the room with the restlessness of a caged panther, seems quite unmoved by the woe of my poor, unhappy Tom, having just exclaimed fiercely: "If that mournful mope outside feels as bad as he pretends, why doesn't he go off up the canyon and hang himself!"

"Why, Tom, I thought you liked his monotonous miseries?"

"Oh, at a decent distance, but I can't say I enjoy having it shrieked into my very ear."

"Thomas, what's the matter of you tonight?"

"I'm suffering, Elizabeth, from a pronounced attack of boredom."

"Why not try books as a panacea?"

"I have a dozen of 'em. An flat, stale and unprofitable."

"As I am writing tonight—or trying to—you may have the 'Seven Gables,' if you like."

"Yes; how I would love to spend such an evening as this in that misty, mouldy old Pyncheon house with that angular, scowling old maid, and her wealth of a brother, with all their grim, glass-eyed Puritan ancestors staring down upon me from the wall! No, I thank you! I prefer a rereading of my weekly papers," untrifling one as he spoke.

Continued rain so late in the Spring is depressing. Still, when my mood is a gloomy one I like a somber story. Men, it seems, are different. Just now this one came ostentatiously tiptoeing across the room, saying: "Beg pardon, ma'am, sorry to disturb your muse, but do tell me what is that monstrous thing on this creature's shoulder?" pointing to an elaborately gowned lady on the fashion page of his paper.

"It's a rosette of chiffon."

"A rosette! Well, I'll be switched if I didn't think it a hornet's nest, and it occurred to me if they were in vogue now I could get you one for each shoulder; I know where there are two."

"They'd be decidedly chic, Tom, but I fear overdone for home wear."

"I'll see that they are not. I'll get one for a turban, to be worn when you walk abroad? With the thing well pulled down over your ears, I do believe, Elizabeth, you'd look beautiful."

"This a condemnation devotedly to be wished, my lord! Bring on your hornet's nest; if it prove the miracle-worker you predict, I'll wear it day and night, with the hornets in it."

"All right! Tomorrow I'll pluck from the bough of a Ben Davis your new Spring hat. You'll have only to tuck a rubber to it, and there you are."

"A bare elastic under the chin seems plain even for the simpler life; wouldn't ear-muffs heighten the effect?"

"An inspiration, Elizabeth! Make 'em of rabbit's skin and you'll have a shoulder in gray, a real de luxe affair."

"I honestly believe, Tom, even head-gear so fantastic would be enthusiastically received by the smart set, if you were—well say a duke worth several millions. I might then wear it to the opera, and the society scries

would rave over its rare and cunning workmanship, dwelling with emotion upon the beauty of its pendant medallions of silver-onyx; for would probably add—though, of exceeding richness—its chaste simplicity would have proved hazardous to many worn by the Duchess of Dear Leap, it seems but to accentuate her sculptural beauty. Near her sat the duke, who, though a very plain man—

"Not at all, you mistake the Duke, Elizabeth. I'll attend to his write-up. A hum of admiration rose as the Duke entered his box; a man of distinguished

presence, of more than sculptural beauty.

"I'm sculpture, if you please!"

"I don't care; so am I"—handing to his man-in-waiting his opera hat of crushed cougar, he gracefully bowed and his mantle of Gobelin tapestry (which we learn from a reliable source, cost \$10,000 a square inch, 50 men working on it for 25 years, who completed the design were at once destroyed and the corps of artists promptly beheaded)—disclosing a sumptuous, Jersey-fitted blue jumper, its lapel adorned by a small salmon-tinted carrot.

"No, Tom; even my adoring public would turn at that!"

"Don't you think it! I'm an eccentric sort of nobleman, and what I do goes. Orchids would at once become a drug on the market. Soon all the society swells would be seen hanging over vegetable stalls caperly riding carrots. I tell you, Elizabeth, a little innovation like that would prove a big help to the farmers on this Coast; would be the means of bringing in an annually—"

Good-by, Nell. As His Grace won't read and will talk, I may as well lay my pen aside and learn through the lightning calculator how much I owe on my carrot-strewn path. It is likely to lead us to the castle of our dreams. Yours ever,

ELIZABETH.

GAMBLING IN WHEAT

Continued From Page Thirty-Nine.

father hastened to his rescue promptly, so that the young man was saved the humiliation of being entirely wiped out and spared to shine subsequently before the world, first in the somewhat mysterious "power" corporation, in which Joseph Hodley was also a prominent factor, and later in the famous and picturesque coal mining operations at Ziesler, Ill. Hodley's career in progress, he decided to accentuate her sculptural beauty. Near her sat the duke, who, though a very plain man—

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A Pipe Dream.

James H. Boyd in Lippincott's. I was smoking and dreaming, my darling. Alone by me this today. When, through the soft smoke clouds, I saw something like this:—

Smiling, my dear, away.

You were smiling so sweetly, my loved one, As I gazed in your dear, eyes of blue, As it seemed that you surely could see me, And I blow a kiss over to you.

Along with the kiss went a smoke ring, And nearer and nearer it came, 'Till, at last, it slipped over your finger, And turned to a stream of gold.

DEXTER MARSHALL.