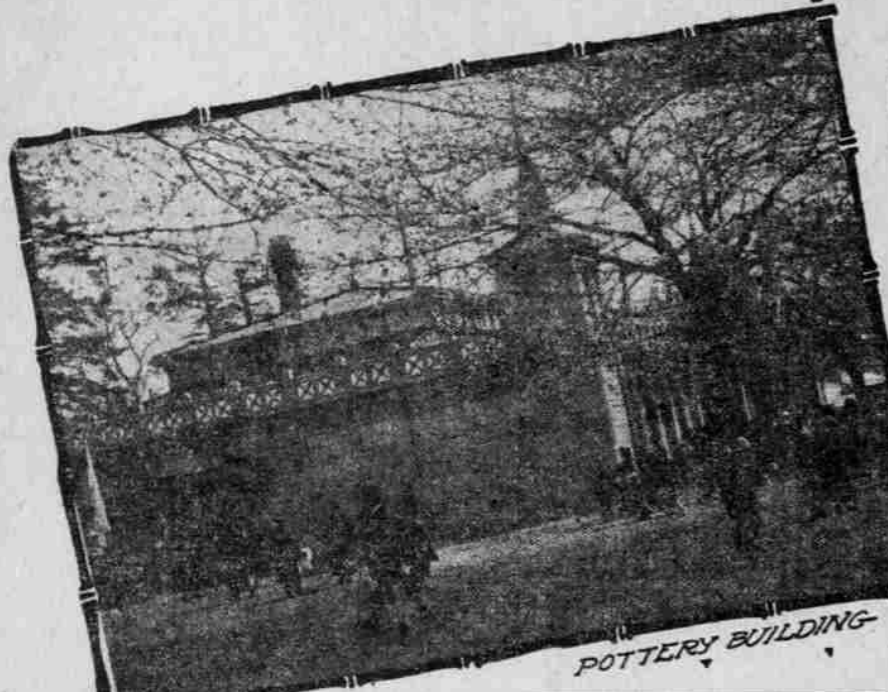


THE DAY AT THE TOKYO EXPOSITION

FINE EXHIBITS BY THE JAPANESE OF THE EVERY DAY THINGS OF LIFE

FOREIGN INFLUENCE SHOWS ITSELF IN ALL THE DRAWING AND PAINTING



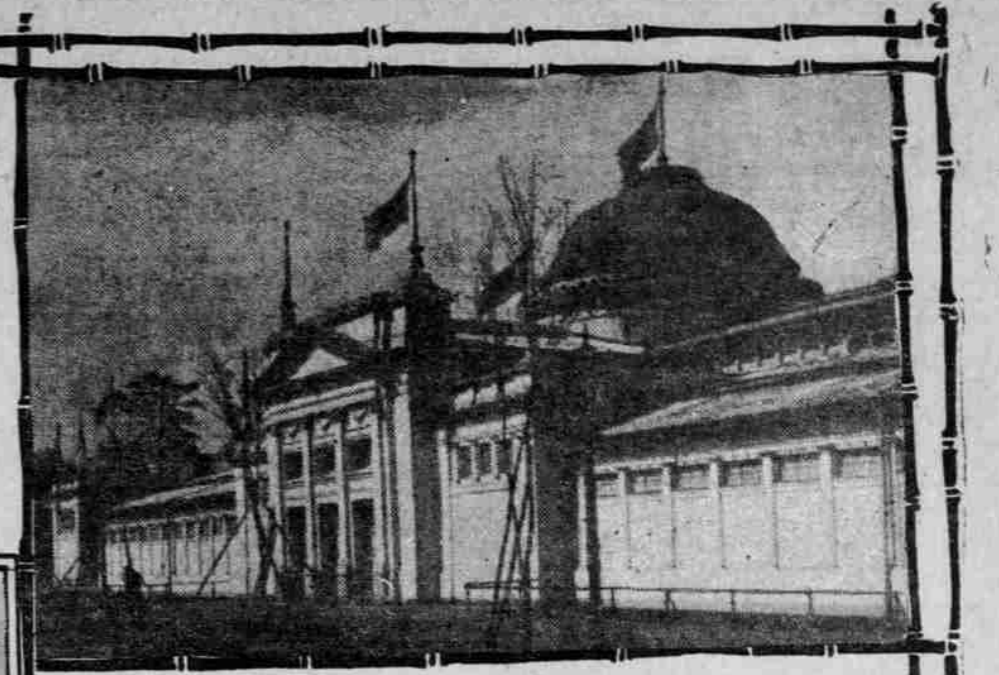
POTTERY BUILDING



TEXTILE FABRIC HALL



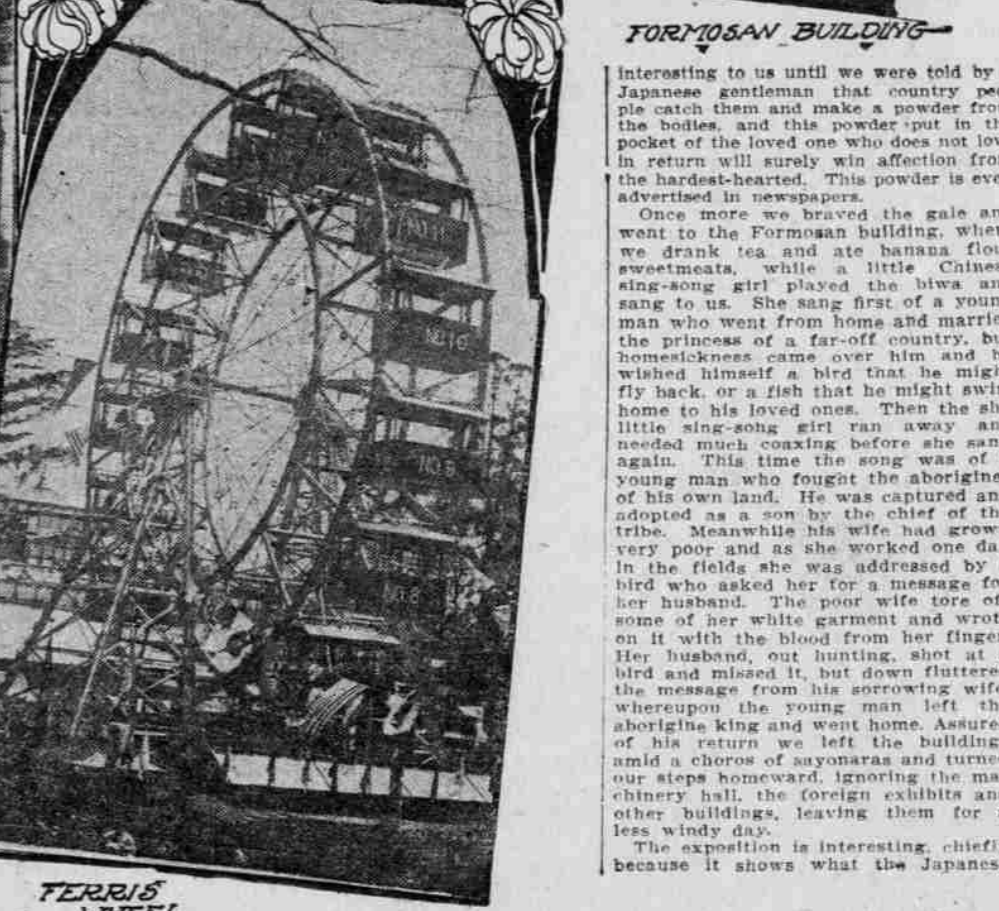
AQUARIUM



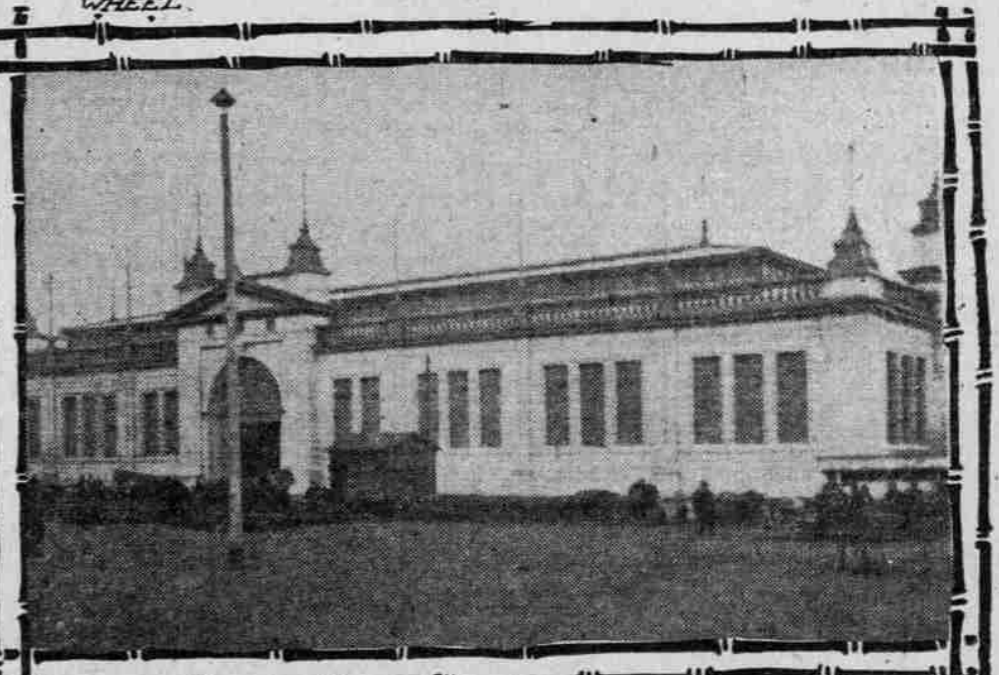
FINE ARTS EXHIBIT HALL



FORMOSAN BUILDING



FERRIS WHEEL



MACHINERY HALL



THEATER

The Tokyo Industrial Exposition was formally opened in March, but as a great deal was said about the unfinished state of the buildings and exhibits we waited until last week to attend. So much of what the Japanese are making, in and about the capital of the empire, is shown that you may be interested to hear of the things we saw.

The buildings, which cover 42 acres of ground, are situated in Ueno, the largest park in Tokyo. They were put up at a cost of 1,300,000 yen, most of the expense being borne by the Tokyo Prefecture. The fair is really a sort of taste of good things to come, an introduction to the international exposition, which is to take place in 1912. Baron Senge, Governor of Tokyo, is president. Admission is only 10 sen for adults and 5 sen for children, except on holidays, when the charge is raised to 15 and 7 sen. Thousands of people from all over Japan are attending; even in Kyushu, the southernmost island of the empire, parties of high-school students are being organized to visit the fair. The attendance is reckoned at 20,000 per day.

Last Monday was a disagreeable day with a wind blowing bitter and fiercer than any Chinook, but the weather seemed to make no difference to the crowds of Japanese who filled the many streets running out to Ueno Park. Tokyo is an enormous city with miles of little grey houses of one and two stories, and the side from the railway station is a monotonous one, taking three-quarters of an hour. Together with the Japanese we entered the park, going under the cherry trees, past a statue commemorating the last battle of the Restoration in 1868, which was fought on these grounds, past some foreign graves marked with stone images, past the theater building with its band playing loudly, then through the gates of the first compound into the first big building.

referred as a champion of caricature. Written below a lacquered cabinet inlaid with mother-of-pearl was the following: "This is presented by Mr. Chiharu Selsikon's who belongs to the lineage of Korin, Ogata celebrated the artist at about 1877 and suit with Japanese and foreign house as mostly a practical book-shelf." The exhibits were marked "Hand off," and before the photographs of members of the imperial family, by Maruki, the court photographer, was a sign: "Hat off," which the people obeyed without hesitation.

The display of musical instruments was most interesting. There were Japanese instruments, the koto, santen, flute and belva, there were all styles of foreign pianos and cottage organs, made in Tokyo. Some tiny, baby organs, marked yen 18 (20), interested us because they were quite unlike any we ever saw at home and because they are used in nearly all of the schools here. Not long ago we attended services at a little Christian chapel in a country town. It was early when we arrived and a Japanese youth was laboriously plucking out a gospel hymn on a little organ. Then the pastor arrived and the youth picked up the organ in his arms, put it aside in a corner and church began. The people are becoming interested in foreign music, and while now they do not get beyond the mechanical parts of it, it is possible that there may be great musicians in Japan in time.

On the left side of the building is a big display of porcelain, a great deal of it being made in Nagoya simply for export—which means that it is not the best—and a great deal came from Imari, where potteries were established by a Korean some 300 years ago. The best porcelain displayed was some by Makuzo, who has his kilns and high in the outskirts of Yokohama. One small peachbloss vase was marked yen 50 and a big blue one was yen 300. Makuzo Kozan is a man of great reputation hereabouts and a pinner of medals abroad. Many of his pieces are in imitation of the old Chinese.

The wooden articles were interesting. Some trays inlaid with mother-of-pearl in simple designs caught our eyes; and especially fine was a panel, carved by a Tokyo artist, showing three saints standing in bold relief against the plain background. The expression of faces and hands was wonderful, yet very simple and done with few lines. There was a big display of lacquer, chiefly trays and the tables and bowls that the Japanese use for meals. The finest were made in Kanazawa, on the west coast. There were some beautifully carved and lacquered altars; and before these were many people, walking slowly and talking in low tones. Fans, silver-smith to the imperial household, showed some truly artistic things. A tea service of most graceful shape and design, with the bent bodies of dragon flies for handles, was what fascinated us most.

Wishing to save ourselves for things to come, we hurried by some practical exhibits of galvanized iron buckets, rubber tubing, divers' suits, chemicals, and the common paper that is made from the spruce and cedar that grow at the base of Mt. Toji. The brown bamboo baskets that the Japanese use for flowers, kept us—they are cleverly related together. We passed some time before the little long-handled combs, and the big ones made of hardwood from the Hokkaido that are used in dressing a Japanese lady's hair. Then we went on into the next building.

First was a display of the golden clasp that Japanese ladies wear in front of their obi's. They were jeweled, and much to our disappointment,

quite foreign in style, only a few showing pure Japanese design. Next some fine ivory carvings, done by Tokyo carvers, who excel all others in the Empire, were being examined by the judges appointed to award medals for the Exposition. A strange piece of furniture amused us. It was marked "Ornamental settee, yen 800.00," and it was most substantial, with costly fittings, but quite the most useless piece of furniture I have ever seen, more like a folding bed than a settee, yet comfortable for neither lying nor sitting.

There were exhibits of matting made for export, exhibits of the lovely fairy-like silk and paper lanterns that come from Gifu, modern gold screens, bottled beer, biscuits and sake. At the last display was a Japanese gentleman carefully noting down the names of the different brands. Out of curiosity we picked some Japanese ladies' clogs. One black lacquered pair cost yen 600, and one pair of white wood with insoles of fine bamboo and brocade thong cost yen 1200. The new slippers had a patent way of changing the thongs and were shod with soft leather so that they wear much better than the old-style ones. Footwear is a great problem with the Japanese just now, and many of them wear heavy leather shoes on the street, fastened with clasps in such a way that they are easily slipped off when the home is reached. The Japanese are far more curious about our shoes than about anything else we wear, and often as we meet them on the street we find them gazing steadily at our footwear.

It was a pleasant change to wander from the crowded aisles out into the open court where groups of Japanese merchants, coolies, students, soldiers, farmers, black-teethed women from the country and town women of the middle class, and children of all ages were sitting listening to the band and watching a very foreign fountain play.

Our tickets, presented by Baron Senge, admitted us to the Welcome Hall, a building in Japanese style with foreign furniture. Here shy ne-ams brought us rice flour cakes, shaped like cherry-blossoms, foreign and Japanese tea. They

presented us with postcards and maps of the exposition and copies of the Excursion Journal. Through the glass shield we could see a great part of Tokyo looking duller and grayer than usual in the clouds of dust blown about by the high winds. At 11:15 time we left the hall and sought a restaurant near by.

This was the menu:

The First (Moon) Tsuki.....	Yen 1.00
The Second (Snow) Yuki.....	.50
The Third (Flower) Hana.....	.50
The Fourth (Star) Hoshi.....	.35

Wines, liquors and spirits are sold in cups. Every description of ham; every description of soup; every description of calf; every description of fish; every description of egg; miscellaneous meat—every description of beef.

The First (Moon) meal was what we chose. It consisted of soup, fish, three meat courses, potatoes, macaroni, ice cream, lady fingers and coffee. The reason there was so much meat and so little vegetable was in deference to the Japanese, who eat almost nothing but vegetables and fish at home and almost nothing but meat elsewhere.

Tiffin finished, we returned conscientiously to the exposition. In a small building were the Tokyo arsenal exhibit, a relief map of the city waterworks and a big relief map of Tokyo with tiny houses and streets and parks. About this last the people were crowded pointing out to one another their own homes and other familiar spots. The little red-cross building was filled with surgical instruments, bandages and so on; the one happy thought in it being the figures of Japanese nurses caring for two wounded Russians. Whoever had made those figures of Russians had made them frankly, as they seemed to him. Big yellow-haired barbarians, wild-eyed and enraged at receiving help from their enemies.

To a foreign visitor quite the best part of the exposition is the building devoted to Japanese fabrics, silks for obi's, the most expensive part of a Japanese lady's costume, were artistic in color, texture and design. Some with much gold woven in were especially beautiful. Yet when we came to look at the cheap cotton materials and a mixture of cotton and wool called tocherimen, we found them quite

as artistic. There were crepe kimonos in exquisite soft shades that made American gowns look barbarous. About one showed little strength. Some had beautiful coloring, but nearly all showed foreign influence in the drawing, many suggesting modern posters, while some others were feeble imitations of the work of old Chinese and Japanese artists. One picture had wild geese in Japanese style standing on rocks, painted in imitation of foreign style.

One religious picture showing Kwannon, the goddess of mercy, emerging from a mist, had coloring like fire opals, very strange and very beautiful. Out of 800 paintings submitted, only 300 were chosen. Mr. Takikawa said, and then he showed us pictures painted by the judges. Even these had been much influenced by foreign art. Even the casual observer cannot fail to see that Japanese painting is in a transition stage not free from the old traditions, yet still stranger to the real spirit of foreign art. What pleased us most in the art gallery was some painted designs for kimono decorations. They were so well done that they looked at first like pieces of cloth.

From the pictures we went down to the second compound on the edge of Shinobu Pond. Fisherman's curiosity led us to the aquarium. The unhappy bellowing of a sealion disturbed the peace of the place, but the many queer fish were interesting. Some water-dogs looked most un-

interesting to us until we were told by a Japanese gentleman that country people catch them and make a powder from the bodies and this powder put in the pocket of the loved one who does not love in return will surely win affection from the hardest-hearted. This powder is even advertised in newspapers.

Once more we braved the gale and went to the Formosan building, where we drank tea and ate banana flour sweetmeats, while a little Chinese sing-song girl played the biwa and sang to us. She sang first of a young man who went from home and married the princess of a far-off country, but homesickness came over him and he wished himself a fish that he might fly back, or a fish that he might swim home to his loved ones. Then the shy little sing-song girl ran away and needed much coaxing before she sang again. This time the song was of a young man who fought the aborigines of his own land. He was captured and adopted as a son by the chief of the tribe. Meanwhile his wife had grown very poor and as she worked one day in the fields she was addressed by a bird who asked her for a message for her husband. The poor wife tore off some of her white garment and wrote on it with the blood from her finger. Her husband, on his hunting, shot at a bird and missed it, but down fluttered the message from his sorrowing wife, whereupon the young man left the aborigine king and went home. Assured of his return we left the buildings amid a chorus of sayonaras and turned our steps homeward, ignoring the machinery hall, the foreign exhibits and other buildings, leaving them for a less windy day.

The exposition is interesting, chiefly because it shows what the Japanese

people use and like, foreign things and Japanese things dwelling in peace side by side.

Yokohama, Japan, May 13.

Strawberry Shortcake.

Every man will tell you that the Monday delusion and snare in downtown lunch rooms is strawberry short cake. What he gets there is rather stale, very yellow, sponge cake, with stale, tasteless berries crushed between the layers and half-sour cream whipped or beaten meringue on top of all. What he wants is the sort of shortcake mother used to make and here is the recipe:

One quart of flour in which has been sifted a pinch of salt, two tablespoons of sugar and three teaspoons of baking powder. Into this rub half a cup of butter and work into the softest possible mass you can handle with milk. Roll out to an inch thickness, bake in a moderate oven (about 25 minutes is required), and slip onto a large plate or platter. When cold enough to handle, split and butter lightly. Pile the first layer with berries which have been hulled, chopped a little with a silver knife, sugared thoroughly and allowed to stand while the cake was baking. Lay over this the top layer, stuff thickly with berries and shower with powdered sugar. Serve warm with cream and milk, half and half.