

CURIOUS RACE OF JAPANESE INDIANS

Annie Laura Miller Tells of Aborigines Driven, Like Our Own, Into Uncivilized Sections



THIS IS AN AINU GIRL WITH A BEAR.



IT is perhaps not generally known that in Yezo, the northernmost island, there is a fast disappearing race of people, the original inhabitants of Japan, known as the Ainu. Very few travelers go so far north, but missionaries have told us of them, and a Mr. Batcher, who has done mission work among them for 25 years, has written a most interesting book about this curious race. In reading "The Ainu and Their Folklore" we were so struck by many likenesses between these people and our own North American Indians that I want to tell you a little of their childish beliefs and half-savage lives.

Back in the dim historic days the Ainu lived all over Japan, but now they are crowded out of the main thoroughfares of civilization by the more progressive Japanese who are, according to some authorities, a mixture of the Ainu and the Malay. The Ainu race is dying rapidly; clashes between the clans killed many of them; the Japanese rulers of the country no longer allow them to hunt deer and to fish in the best places, so they have been forced to give up the animal food they have always had and to eat vegetable food, while strong drink, the curse of the Indian, is their drink, too. Then, perhaps, like the Indians, they cannot endure the more restricted life of civilization. Mr. Batcher says that the servants he had several years ago used to leave the house with or without permission occasionally and go off for a day's fishing or racing through the woods, coming back again much later, proved in temper by their brief visit to another nature.

Odd Account of Creation.
The Ainu account for the creation of the world as what you would expect. According to them the world was an unformed, floating mass of earth and water with no life in it, and God abode decided to fit the world for plants, animals and men, so with the aid of tools he fashioned it rudely, turning over the finishing work to the water wagnails. The wagnails beat with its wings and tail and scratched with its claws until it made the level places. That is why when you see the bird he is always beating the ground

with his tail. Only the other morning looking from my bedroom window I saw one beating the sod in the garden. The island of Yezo, however, where the Ainu live, was made by two gods, a brother and sister, and the west coast is rugged, wild and dangerous because the sister stopped to gossip by the way and so made her portion lumpy.

Strange Superstitions.
It is difficult to see what joy the Ainu have in life, so full are they of superstitions that they fancy themselves moving in a world filled with spirits to be wor-

shipped, most of them spirits of evil. Life which is sometimes difficult for civilized people who must walk warily to keep from hurting their fellow-men, must be a fearful thing to an uncivilized people who have not only their own kind to treat with consideration, but also countless unseen powers perpetually about them. The Ainu are haunted by demons of their own creation who inhabit the air or the bodies of animals. Is there anyone without some pet superstition? Would you leave unpicked a four-leaf clover, walk under a ladder, or sit with 13 at table? Yet how we outgrow superstitions and shuffle them off as they years pass and we train natural powers to our use! We have traveled far beyond the Ainu and the road ahead is full of undreamed-of possibilities for the races who move along conquering their fears. The Ainu worship the bear, snakes, trees, mountains and many kinds of birds, and have innumerable legends about them reminding one of the Indian legends. They believe that the very elements of the earth have lives of their own as individuals have life. A few years ago they believed that a photograph or sketch shortened their lives. This, too, is a belief with some of our Indians. Several years ago I was preparing to take a photograph of a Warm Spring squaw in a hopyard on the Willamette. A most picturesque figure she was with a papoose tied on her back and a tiny kitten perched on one shoulder. When she came toward me, throwing clouds, holding a hopkinie in her hands and demanding the picture inside the kodak that she might destroy it and

so regain the days that she imagined had been taken from her and her child. The Ainu burial custom also reminds one of the Indians, for both races put implements and utensils on the grave to be used in the next world. Perhaps you have seen Indian graves covered with things used in the life of the deceased. In a little graveyard at the mouth of the Siletz, I remember a woman's grave covered with teacups and saucers and a child's grave covered with clothes and toys.

Sacrifice of Animals.
There is, to us, something revolting in the Ainu idea of sacrifice of animals. Often young birds and bears are kept and cared for until they are grown, and the people thinking that the victim will be so pleased to be sent to his ancestors and to take with him as a present the food provided that he and his ancestors will reward the makers of the sacrifice. Moreover, by killing the victim they give him an opportunity to come back to earth as an animal and to be killed again. The people think that they are nearest these gods while killing and eating these victims.

Such customs are the chief barriers to mission work. The chief worship is the worship of the bear. A young cub is caught in the woods and kept until 2 or 3 years old. Then the owner sends out invitations and the guests gather, all clothed in their holiday dress and ornaments. All seat themselves about the fire in the hut, drinking sake, or beer, and eating millet cakes. Then the men make inao, put them by the hearth and invite all of the gods to attend the feast. The inao are taken outside and the people march in solemn procession to the bear's cage where an address is made. Here is an address: "Oh, thou divine one, thou wast sent into the world for

us to hunt. Oh, thou precious little divinity, we worship thee; pray hear our prayer. We have worshipped thee and brought thee up with a deal of pains and trouble, all because we love thee so. Now, as thou hast grown big, we are about to send thee to thy father and mother. When thou comest to them please speak well of us, and tell them how kind we have been; please come to us again and we will sacrifice thee."

Worshipping and Killing a Bear.
All the guests form a ring, the bear is led in, and then the spectators shoot blunt arrows at him until he becomes tired, whereupon he is tied to a stake, more arrows shot at him, and finally he is held by poles and shot by a sharp arrow, whereupon the people rush forward and squeeze the life out of him. Then the head is cut off, a bit of its own meat put before it, together with other offerings, after which a prayer is said. There is a dance; the head is worshipped and then a feast of the bear's meat is eaten. Afterwards the skull is set up in a sacred spot outside the hut. One of these feasts must be a crude, disgusting sight to witness.

One turns from such degrading worship with some relief toward the practical side of Ainu existence. Game and fish were so plentiful in former years that but little skill was required to obtain them. Poisoned arrows were made and strong bows of yew, many of them spring bows. The Ainu were clever, too, at trapping other. Now, however, the Japanese rule the country with a firm hand, so that the original inhabitants are pushed aside in small villages and settlements, where they eke out a miserable existence raising vegetables, cutting wood, weaving and fishing. Before the Japanese occupation all rule was by the chiefs of villages, and many, curious and cruel, were the punishments devised for offenders. Fortunately for the Ainu themselves, such punishments have been done away with now.

Domestic Life.
Clothing is made of elm bark, which is soaked until the fiber is divided into threads, which are woven into a coarse cloth. Some of it is dyed a dark brown and some of it is embroidered in curious, geometrical figures, that suggest Indian designs. The men make for themselves crowns, ornamented with birds or snakes, which are worn at religious festivals. Ainu widows wear bonnets made of heavy Japanese cloth. The huts are most uncomfortable and so badly built that the wind whistles through them. First the roof is built of poles tied together with rope made of the inner bark of the elm tree or of creeping plants. When the walls, which are made of poles placed upright, tied together and covered with thatch, are



A GROUP OF AINU AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF SACRED INAO



TYPES OF THE AINU

finished, the roof is lifted up and fastened on; later the roof is thatched, usually with reeds, and the house is ready for its occupants. Then the household gods are installed. Two windows and a hole in the roof allow the smoke to escape from the fireplace in the center of the room, but much of it floats about the huts and aggravates the eye disease that is so prevalent among the Ainu, the east end of the house is especially sacred, with a place reserved for guests and all the family treasures. It is believed that not only the hut, but also all its contents are imbued with life, and will live hereafter. Etiquette is elaborate, the women tattoo themselves according to time-honored custom, the men salute one another with great ceremony; all women, except widows, take off their headwear when meeting a man, and a wife never says her husband's name. Formerly everyone had only one name, and that was not

given until the child was 2 years of age or older, but now many of the people call themselves by Japanese surnames. The Ainu have no literature. Legend says that long ago they had a book, but it was stolen and carried away by Yoshitane, a Japanese hero who had some strange adventures in Yezo. An inscription in a small cave once caused great excitement, as the characters were unknown to all who examined them; but they were away rapidly, and it was concluded that they were the invention of some funmaker. There are a few crude musical instruments and a few sacred dances, but in the main life is a very joyless kind of existence. It seems that the Ainu are like the Indians, a race who have almost served their time, and will soon be gone, making way for better and more progressive races. Yokohama, Japan, December 21.

THE HOTEL CLERK ON SUNDAY FINANCE

BY IRVING S. COBB

"THERE'LL soon be another baritone in the resident-chair of the Federal penitentiary," said the Hotel Clerk. "The paper says they're bringing back the latest bank defaulter to stand trial."

"They ketch'd him down in Mexico, didn't they?" asked the House Detective of the Hotel St. Rockles, with a touch of professional interest.

"Yes, and I guess it wasn't a job requiring the exercise of more brains than you could carry in a large tin bucket," said the Hotel Clerk. "It's very hard for a party who's been addicted to side whiskers and the lawn-tie habit for 40-odd years to disguise himself in such a way as to deceive the casual eye. He may put on a slouch hat and the same kind of leather leggings that the villain wears at the beginning of the second act, but if you peel off the outer slouches you'll find he's still faithful to his habit of underwearing and his felt insoles. He's proper meat for the first correspondence-school detective that comes along wearing a brought-on mustache and a German-silver badge of office the size of a weak beer sign, and carrying one of those three-dollar pistols that will put a bullet-hole almost through a charlotte russe."

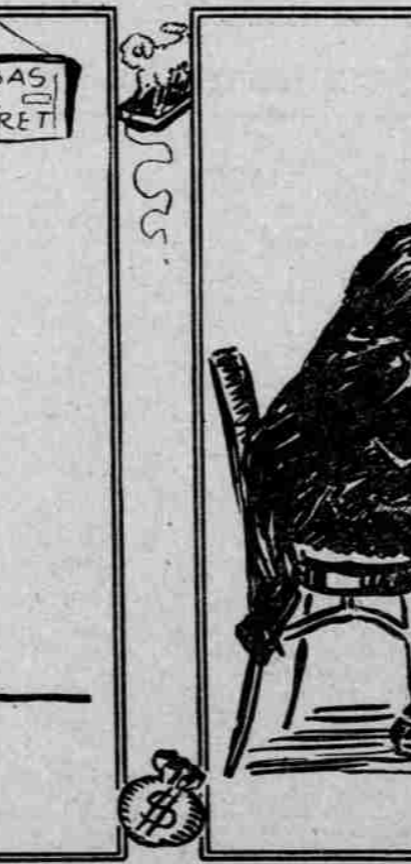
"This last one had blowed nearly all the swag, accordin' to what I seen about it," said the House Detective.

"Sure thing," said the Hotel Clerk. "They all do, according to the precedents. There are just two kinds of money in the world, Larry—money you get honest, and money you get dishonest—and one kind is very hard to get, and the other kind is very hard to keep. By judicious and praiseworthy violations of the penal code and the state banking law, a trust company accumulates a large and gratifying surplus. The cashier quietly creates a perceptible hiatus in the funds. He then passes it along to the boss-copper of a downtown bucket shop, who, in turn, confers it on a struggling and dependent bookmaker that hasn't got anything except a few race tracks to support him, who, in turn, hands it over to a low-voiced party that deals fair, who, in turn, gives it to a member of a wire-tapping syndicate, who parts with it to a gentleman interested in the great indoor sport called poker, who presents it, under duress, to a rough person with a saw pipe, who pays it over to a criminal lawyer who uses it for the purpose of corrupting a juror, who puts it back into the trust company—and loses it. Swiped coin is the only circulating medium that really circulates, Larry."

"The one they just found down in Mex-



ico had been having a lovely time ever since he fled. He was established in a semi-detached or two-family cave, living on the regular food of the natives which consists of real pepper with a little black pepper stirred into it. Every time he heard a passing footstep, his vital organs moved up into his throat, where he could taste them, and every time any one sneezed in his vicinity, he goose-fleshed until he looked like a half portion of honeycomb tripe. He was having a per-



fectly lovely time, by all accounts. He couldn't have had a better time if he had been sitting in a red-hot stove.

"When the Pinkertons finally arrived, he ran to meet them with loud cries of joy. It would seem that he had been under some suspense. The first ray of light that moment he had when they adorned him with that style of sleeve-links which prevents a man from putting his hands into his own pockets, or anybody else's. But they only found the sum of \$3.75 on him. He'd transferred the remaining \$4,592.25 that he swiped, upon a number of gentlemen who'd interested him in a system for tying up Wall street into a true lover's knot. It's truly astonishing how many of these fatal blows Wall street has endured."

"I s'pose he was a Sunday school teacher, of course," said the House Detective.

"Yep, he ran true to form in nearly every particular," said the Hotel Clerk.



AT THAT MOMENT DONALD IS SEATED AT SHERRY'S, GAZING INTO THE SOULFUL VIOLET EYES OF A WINSOME LITTLE KEEP SAKE

"Tradition tells us that when he was a small boy he had pale yellow eyes, and those large, out-standing mother-of-pearl ears with opalescent shades playing in them when he stood in the sunlight. He always minded every word his dear teacher said to him and there is no record extant that he ever missed up his white collar or failed to have his recitation perfect of a Friday afternoon. A little later on he rated 199 in mental arithmetic and zero in town ball. As a youth, he ever

Saturday night. You take a lad, Larry, that's reached the age when he has a faint trace of camel-hair paint brush on his upper lip, and walks like a pair of button hole scissors on approaching the presence of the opposite sex—take such a lad, say, and let the report spread that he leads an absolutely blameless life, and you'll find that lad bringing his own sister to the play-parties and going sleigh-riding with his aunt.

"But to resume. Our hero, having lived up to all the precedents, was exactly fitted by training and environment to get a job in the bank when he left the high school. About the same time he began to take an active interest in Sunday school work—an interest which never languished until that bright morning last Spring when he quietly and unostentatiously caught No. 4 going west at 3:45 A. M., leaving behind him a large, palpitating vacancy in the available assets.

"But you don't want to be putting the black bean on the Sunday schools just for that, Larry. It ain't the Sunday school's fault.

"You know how it is in our own dear Wall street. Every now and then a piercing shriek of poignant anguish is emitted from that bosky dell, where grows the dark green to yellow fruitage. A void has been discovered in the cash in hand. It's the cruelest shock that can possibly befall a bank with eleven millions in assets to learn that one of its employes has cut a gash to the extent of about nine hundred and seven dollars in the funds. A death in the President's family is nothing to it.

"So, when the directors meet to hold the Lodge of Sorrow, they nearly always make the astounding discovery that the trusted clerk who is responsible for the deficiencies was a faithful member of Sunday school.

"And, like you, Larry, they would blame it on the Sunday school, which is very wrong. The trouble is that they will insist on hiring youths who haven't been acclimated to Broadway's great fevers. The temptations of a titful city, or a small one, either, are not especially dangerous unless you take 'em in a hand. Wild oats are easiest digested when served as breakfast food in the morn of life. It's later on that they get dangerous.

"Usually it begins like this: Domesticated Donald, the third assistant paying teller, starts for uptown some evening to take part in a debate at the Harlem Self-Help Club on the issue that interperance has caused more suffering than

(Concluded on Page 11.)