

AROUND THE WORLD IN MY OWN WAY

THAT "FAT LADY FROM SAN FRANCISCO" MIXES WITH HIGH SOCIETY IN JAPAN AND HAS OTHER EXPERIENCES

TO be permitted to review the Emperor and his court, while he reviewed his army, was a favor we had no idea of missing, although it meant getting up long before the earliest bird and catching a worm of a train to Tokio.

Everybody, and his wife and children, were lined up, solidly, for miles, in the streets. They were waiting to see their Mikado pass.

We came along first, however, so they gave us part of their attention.

The babies, sitting high on their fathers' shoulders, were darlings. They returned our bows and smiles with grave politeness.

The reviewing grounds were immense. Thirty thousand men in khaki uniforms passed the royal carriage, in which was seated their white-haired, dignified, imperial chief.

The proceedings were monotonous; the only thrill came, when they sang the fine anthem of their nation. A chorus of 20,000 voices is imposing.

While standing in a group of gold-laced officers and ambassadorial swells, I suddenly discerned a familiar face. It was the friendly face of a woman I had not seen for 12 years. She was the teacher of Greek and Latin in a Western university when I left it. She had not changed in appearance.

Coming up to her, I said, "Good morning, teacher, may I be excused from recitations today on account of its being the Emperor's birthday?" She looked, wondering, for three seconds, then slipped an arm about me and whispered, "You scamp, where in the world did you come from?"

That is the unqualified good of being a scamp. Nobody ever forgets you.

Guide Books for Guests.

We went to a beautiful ball in the evening, given by the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Our host bore a baron's title.

The Princess and Princesses were the honored guests and opened the ball with the lancers.

They were handsome, graceful people, dressed in European fashion, and they made more mistakes in the figures of the lancers than you ever heard of, and were royally served about it.

To me, the most interesting points of the Baron's entertainment were, firstly, the sight of the 300 rickshaws that lined the lantern-lit driveways of the beautiful grounds; secondly, the presentation to each guest of a plan of the palace, showing the rooms opened to their entertainment.

The plan was hand-drawn upon paper and the use and position of each room clearly shown.

As there were 12 rooms, the convenience of the plan was obvious. Lastly, and the best, was the large and beautiful garden, enclosed with canvas and converted into a place of enchantment for the smokers.

Tables and chairs were placed among the flowering shrubs and along the winding pathways. Electric lights twinkled everywhere. Instead of prosaic steam heaters, there were delightful heaped glowing cherry charcoal in the pebbly bottom of a dry brook. There were growing wonders of chrysanthemums. From one marvelous plant, with a single stem, growing in the earth, there were more than 100 large and perfect flowers, all blooming at the same time.

There were snowy tables, glittering with huge bowls of cut glass, and many smaller glasses, all beautifully fulfilling their intended mission of refreshment.

The Baron's hall was delightful, but not so exciting as the experiences of the following night.

Taking a Night Train.

But I decided to take a later train than the one they were expecting me on, so they just naturally went without me.

Arriving in Tokyo after dark, and finding them gone, I hunted my teacher, a hotel clerk, and a trustworthy, and together we sought some way of catching them.

Perched in the seat of my rickshaw with a pull boy in front and a push boy behind, my amiable helpers, stood beside me, under the electric light, while I questioned them, and they answered, very like this:

"What time did the girls leave?"

"At four thirty."

"Is there another train?"

"Not to Nikko, only to Utsunomia."

"Is Utsunomia on the way to Nikko?"

When we reached the station, and when I gave them three yen instead of the promised two, they fairly rubbed their foreheads in the dirt in an excess of gratitude.

Twenty cents bought a box of sandwiches and two bottles of hot milk, and this simple dinner was taken in solitude. Any one riding first-class in Japan is apt to be alone, because everybody else goes second-class or third.

Those Unpronounceable Names.

It was a perfect night and my merry widow hat hung over the electric light bulb darkened the compartment and made visible the moonlit fields, beautifully cultivated and orderly.

There was nothing to worry about except the pronunciation of the names of stations on the signboards.

It was disturbing to make up an elaborate pronunciation for Teckiji, and then have a trainboy sing out "Skee-Gee," "Skee-Gee," with an air of such easy confidence that you felt sure his pronunciation was correct and yours unprintable.

This brought the doubt of the way he might pronounce Utsunomia, which was my station, if he called it "Hoo" or "Skal," or something like that, I shouldn't recognize it or know when to get off the train.

A weak feeling began to permeate me at that thought, and I was about to climb off the car into a rice field, when I remembered Utsunomia was the end of the line and it did not make any difference what he called it.

The Shirokiya Hotel is a hundred yards from the depot. The porter, with my grips, held a long conversation with the landlady and landlord and four girl servants.

They bowed politely and then seemed to enter into a discussion about my clothes and a diamond pin and bracelet foolishly left in evidence on my person.

After talking me over as if I were a piece of carved furniture, they took off my shoes and led me into the hotel.

We went up a ladder-like stairway into a bedroom; it was small and not clean, but the panels had many peep-holes torn in their papered panes.

In an Almost Scandalous Situation.

Not liking the look of it, I referred to the name written on my piece of card, and asked if this hotel was the Shirokiya.

The fat girl pointed in two directions which seemed, to me, to mean the Shirokiya Hotel was elsewhere.

I gathered up my grips, and started downstairs. They all followed, protesting gently.

Arriving at the entrance, my shoes were not in evidence, and I naturally hesitated about going around town looking for the Shirokiya Hotel in my stocking feet.

They were talking Japanese at me, and I was saying "I want my shoes. I want my shoes. I want my shoes."

The little fat girl wanted me to stay; she smiled sweetly, and talked coaxingly and finally got me upstairs again, into a different, and very much nicer room.

If they were going to kill me for my diamond bracelet, I hoped the little fat girl would get it.

They brought tea. Three of them watched me drink it, discussing my green silk auto coat and jade ring meanwhile.

The landlady came, bowing very low, bringing a paper on which I was to write my name, nationality, destination, age and occupation. In the occupation space I wrote, "wife and mother" hoping this would soften them to spare my useful life.

After the bed was laid, I softly opened the sliding panels on the left and found two sleeping men on the other side. The sliding panels to the right, showed two more. There was no way of fastening

those panels securely with safety pins. The wall in front opened in the passage; the wall at the back was solid, with a small window opening on a lovely little garden. I pulled the bed into the corner, next the solid wall, and prepared to make

ent, but it is unnecessary to point out that with one cable working at this rate a general reduction of tolls by the existing cable companies would be an inevitable corollary.

The Mansion House gathering was a highly influential one. On the platform with the Lord Mayor were the Duke of Argyll, Lord Strathmore, Lord Milner, Mr. Lemieux, the Canadian Postmaster-General, several other British Ministers, numbers of Parliament representing both parties, and including Jesse Collins, T. P. O'Connor and Sir Edward Sassoon, representatives of some of the most important city organizations, like Sir Albert Spicer, president of the London Chamber of Commerce, and, of course, Henniker Heaton, who was brimming over with delight at the success his crusade has already attained. In the body of the historic hall were some 300 leading business men of the city of London.

Sir Edward Sassoon, who opened the discussion, said they were anxious to obtain low cable rates accessible to the masses, and, where practicable, a uniform system of cabling within the British Empire. When they asked the government to take over the cables, he said, it was no wild-cat scheme which they submitted, nor was the proposal a revolutionary one.

The Duke of Argyll submitted a resolution in which the meeting, convinced of the desirability and necessity to manifold interests of a system of low-priced, easy and uniform means of telegraphic connection with the empire, pledged itself to support the Cable Committee of members of Parliament having that supreme object in view, and Lord Milner, who seconded this motion, expressed his strong personal sympathy with the movement.

After many speeches, on motion of Jesse Collins, it was agreed to ask the Prime Minister to receive a deputation on the subject of the foregoing resolution.



ARRIVAL AT THE SHIROKIYA HOTEL

those panels securely with safety pins. The wall in front opened in the passage; the wall at the back was solid, with a small window opening on a lovely little garden. I pulled the bed into the corner, next the solid wall, and prepared to make

Centenary of Andrew Johnson

A President Unfitted for the Great Task That Fell to Him.

Boston Transcript.

IN less than two months the fires of grateful and reverent enthusiasm will be rekindled throughout the land in observance of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. No honors to his memory can be too high, no tributes to his service too fervent. He was "the boon of Providence" to his country and one of the greatest figures and noble exemplars of the century that produced him. Preparation for the event is everywhere making and anticipation runs high.

But there was another man who figured prominently in the great drama in which Lincoln bore the leading part. When Abraham Lincoln was born there was a baby six weeks and three days old in a very humble home in Raleigh, N. C., that had been named Andrew Johnson. The centenary of

his birth occurs next Tuesday, and while in some circles the event may have recognition, there are comparatively few to do his memory reverence. Yet the upward struggle of the two men was not dissimilar. The passion for learning was strong in both and the difficulties that had to be overcome not unequal. During the years from 10 to 17, when Johnson was a tailor's apprentice, it is said that he passed all his spare time in study, though he had no teacher to direct his efforts, and with all his persistence it was not until he married and had his wife for an instructress that he learned to write and was initiated into the mysteries of simple arithmetic. Yet at twenty he was elected Alderman of Greenville, Tenn., the place to which he had shortly before come and two years later became its Mayor.

His political rise was steady. Five terms in Congress, two terms as Governor of Tennessee, and then a seat in the United States Senate were the story of his progress up to the Civil War. His conduct in that great struggle was loyal and heroic. His administration of the dangerous post of Military Governor of Tennessee, to which the President appointed him in 1862, was admirable, and throughout the North he enjoyed a popularity such as few other men possessed. The praise at that time made him Vice-President of the United States. The story of what happened when the death of Lincoln made him President is one of the deplorable chapters of our history. Perhaps even at a distance of 40 years it is yet too early to write it dispassionately and with exact justice. But in spite of the drop in the estimation of the North he remained not without honor in his own country. He was the only President of the United States to be elected to the Senate after his term expired, and he died while in that office. Probably it would be unfair to question either his loyalty or his honesty. That he lacked tact and a clear conception of the extraordinary conditions with which he had to deal was obvious. His obstinacy was as unbending and about as ill-founded as that of King George III. It was his misfortune and the misfortune of his period that he was so manifestly unfitted for the great task which fell to him.

Four Cents a Word for Cabling

Special Cable to the New York Times. AN important move in the campaign for cheaper cables was made today when the Lord Mayor of London presided at the Mansion House over a meeting which, as Sir Edward Sassoon, one of the speakers, said, was calculated to make history.

The correspondent of the New York Times is in a position to add that this history is likely to be made more rapidly than the majority of those present at the meeting could possibly have dared to hope, and that there is good reason to expect in the not distant future the laying of a new cable between England and the American Continent, over which messages will be transmitted at a rate of 4 cents a word for a starter. More than this I am not at liberty to say at present.



I SOFTLY OPENED THE SLIDING PANELS

the last stand for whatever happened. The bedding and room were clean and comfortable and an electric light burned all night.

The idea that the nice fat girl and her polite people might be planning my execution and robbery, was not sufficiently horrifying to keep me from dropping to sleep at once, and sleeping like a top all night.

A Stolen Breakfast.

In the morning, I got up, and robbed my innocent neighbor of half his breakfast.

I found it, out in the hall on a tray and thought it mine. When I had eaten the best part of it, the little servant appeared bringing an American breakfast to me.

I seemed to be the only thief in the place, after all. Instead of having me arrested, they laughed at my mistake until the train took me out of hearing.

No visitor to Japan should miss the trip to Nikko. There are mountains, with fine pine trees and feathery bamboo, and valleys with ambling fields, and orchards of persimmon trees full of golden fruit. The young ladies I was pursuing had been gone 40 minutes, when I arrived at Dr. Blank's.

They had left, thinking I could not get there until four hours later, too late, to start, on the seven miles climb, up hill, to Lake Chuzenji. This beautiful lake of snow-water resembles Ta-hoo, only, it is much smaller. It has an elevation of 5800 feet.

I found my friends in a native hotel built on the lake's edge.

They were sitting on the floor drinking tea and warming their wrists over a charcoal stove, a fine bronze jardiniere, holding live charcoal.

We discussed the loveliness of Kigori Falls which tumbles its 300 feet of soft foam into the basin below, and the

sadness of a suicide there, the day before our visit.

A young student had thrown himself over the falls because of his failure to pass examinations. He was the 20th student committing suicide, for that reason, during the year.

We decided that a nearly educated Japanese boy was more useful to his country than a dead one, so that little bunch of American teachers in Japan promised to pass every student that came under their jurisdiction.

Quaint Literature.

It seems a pity to waste Japanese students who write compositions in English like these:

COUNTRY LIFE.
See the cow back as he goes to his sty, and soon the farmer's corner will take his milk from him and sell it to the city. Oh, the country life, and I, too, the country, than the city!

THE HORSE.
The horse is an animal that bears hair, rides a man, and kicks up his heels spitefully.

THE CAT.
The cat is a little cat, and when she see a rat she illuminate her eye.

AN ENGLISH PROVERB.
"The invisible is always invisible." "Out of sight, out of mind."

If one must see temples, Nikko is the proper place to see the finest. They are marvels of work in lacquer. One of them recently put in order has 20 coats of lacquer. Each coat took six weeks to apply, and each application cost 50 yen per square yard.

The sacred red-lacquered bridge that General Grant declined the honor of crossing upon, is at Nikko, and this bridge seems a silly expense to sane folks. It cost \$12,000 to relacquish it last year. Only priest and royalty ever set foot upon it.

Tokio, November 28.

able to make certain very interesting announcements.

Conductor (to passenger)—Did I get your fare? Passenger—You must have got it, for the register did not ring when I handed you the nickel.—Judge.

MME. YALE'S
ALMOND BLOSSOM
Complexion Cream
GREATEST
TOILET LUXURY
MADE

Cleanses, softens, purifies, whitens and beautifies the skin. Soap and water, only cleanse superficially. Mme. Yale says: A Little Almond Blossom Complexion Cream should be applied every time the face and hands are washed. It removes the dust, soil, grime, smut and smudge from the interstices of the skin and makes the surface smooth as velvet.

A daily necessity at home and abroad; a treasure when traveling by land and water. Protects the skin from cutting winds, burning rays of the sun and every injurious effect of the elements. Prevents and cures abnormal redness of the nose or any part of the face, also chapping, chafing, cold sores, fever blisters and all irritation of the skin. It is the great known specific for burns, takes the fire out quicker than anything else, soothes, heals and prevents scars and disfigurement. Indispensable for use of infants and every member of the household. A grateful application after shaving. Excellent for massage purposes. Mme. Yale's Almond Blossom Complexion Cream is sold in two sizes.

AT SPECIAL PRICES OF
39c 79c

We will give you free a copy of Mme. Yale's 66-page book on Beauty and Physical Culture, if you live out of town, write us and we will mail you a copy.

Lipman, Wolfe & Co.
OWL OUT RATE DRUG DEPT.

WINNER OF NOBEL PRIZE DISCOVERS METHOD OF COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY



PROFESSOR GABRIEL LIPPMANN.

NEW YORK, Jan. 2.—(Special.)—Professor Gabriel Lippmann received the Nobel prize for physics for the discovery of a method of photographing in colors. Professor Lippmann said recently that he expected before long to perfect a system to reproduce color photographs on paper. At present only color transparencies on glass are possible. "I have progressed so far as to obtain the negative of the spectrum," said Professor Lippmann, "and this is enough to show that it is entirely possible to obtain color negatives from which color positives may be reproduced indefinitely." Professor Lippmann is connected with the University of Paris.

His political rise was steady. Five terms in Congress, two terms as Governor of Tennessee, and then a seat in the United States Senate were the story of his progress up to the Civil War. His conduct in that great struggle was loyal and heroic. His administration of the dangerous post of Military Governor of Tennessee, to which the President appointed him in 1862, was admirable, and throughout the North he enjoyed a popularity such as few other men possessed. The praise at that time made him Vice-President of the United States. The story of what happened when the death of Lincoln made him President is one of the deplorable chapters of our history. Perhaps even at a distance of 40 years it is yet too early to write it dispassionately and with exact justice. But in spite of the drop in the estimation of the North he remained not without honor in his own country. He was the only President of the United States to be elected to the Senate after his term expired, and he died while in that office. Probably it would be unfair to question either his loyalty or his honesty. That he lacked tact and a clear conception of the extraordinary conditions with which he had to deal was obvious. His obstinacy was as unbending and about as ill-founded as that of King George III. It was his misfortune and the misfortune of his period that he was so manifestly unfitted for the great task which fell to him.

Four Cents a Word for Cabling

Special Cable to the New York Times. AN important move in the campaign for cheaper cables was made today when the Lord Mayor of London presided at the Mansion House over a meeting which, as Sir Edward Sassoon, one of the speakers, said, was calculated to make history.

The correspondent of the New York Times is in a position to add that this history is likely to be made more rapidly than the majority of those present at the meeting could possibly have dared to hope, and that there is good reason to expect in the not distant future the laying of a new cable between England and the American Continent, over which messages will be transmitted at a rate of 4 cents a word for a starter. More than this I am not at liberty to say at present.



NEW PICTURE OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF ITALY.

NEW YORK, Jan. 2.—(Special.)—Nothing could better typify the war spirit of the people of Europe than this picture of the Crown Prince of Italy just received from Rome. This baby was born September 15, 1904; but no sooner he is large enough to bear its weight than he is decked out in a suit of armor to show the people of Italy their Prince as a fighting man.