

Not a Tourist Liked in Japan

CURIOUS EXPRESSIONS HEARD FROM FELLOW TRAVELERS - MISERABLE CHINA IN COMPARISON WITH NIPPON

BY L. J. K.

The happy tourist is the one who leaves a country, satisfied that he has seen it all, understood most of it, and enjoyed everything to the limit. On leaving Kobe by steamer, through the beautiful inland sea to Nagasaki, it was interesting to discover what had been most enjoyable in Japan to divers fellow passengers.

The dressy lady from Oregon was rapturous over her purchase of 20 yards of white silk mull, embroidered in flights of pale yellow butterflies, that had cost her but \$10. Her son was equally satisfied with two suits of white flannel, and two of pongee silk, all beautifully tailored, finished and delivered for \$36.

To have seen the big Buddha at Kamakura was another great satisfaction, and to have gone through a little door under his big bronze knee, into his hollow inside, and up a little stairway to a platform where his kidneys should have been, from where there was a fine view of the reverse side of his features and the colonial beading on his forehead. There was a rich window in his back, at the lower end of his right lung, which let enough air into the place to keep one from cooking. Buddha has sat there for several hundred years, and has been jolted by three big earthquakes and washed with three tidal waves, the first of which nearly buried his temple but left him undisturbed.

The gentleman from Pennsylvania, with the whiskers, expression and disposition of a Scotch tartan, was formerly of the opinion that the loading of the steamer with coal at Nagasaki was the greatest sight of the island, and furthermore, considered it disgraceful to the gentlemen of Japan that the women and girls were permitted to do such work. Nobody who is not in the coal business can appreciate how much coal it takes to supply an ocean steamer. Until they see it done by hand at Nagasaki, the steamer anchors in the bay and is surrounded solidly with coal-burners. Every perch on both sides of the ship is opened, and each hole has a bamboo ladder leading up on it from a coal barge. Each ladder has 10 steps, and upon each step are two human coal passers. At a given signal the shovelers begin to fill the baskets and the baskets leap from one pair of hands to another up the living ladder until they are emptied and tossed below to be refilled in an endless chain. The scene is one of such bustling activity as to make the proverbial ant want to give up his job of being the boss example to all the other ants, and girls who work are mostly the widows and orphans of soldiers lost in the late war with Russia. They do the work cheerfully and easily, and are glad of the pay.

The artist of our party declared the one thing Japanese that had fulfilled his expectations was the cleanliness

and charm of the streets of the Doshima. "There only," said he, "I found the brilliancy of coloring in dress and the picturesque in architecture that I had expected to find throughout Japan." The walled-in district of the Doshima, in Tokyo, has but one gateway, which is carefully guarded, that no minor may pass therein. It is clean and beautiful, with chrysanthemum bordered streets. It is entirely given over to the Geisha, and her methods of entertainment. We were told there were 1500 of her. These pretty women, dressed alike, and most elegantly, according to the taste of the owner of each house, were seated in the show-windows and warmed their graceful little hands over handsome bronze braziers. Many of them compose pretty and music, and are graceful dancers. They seemed as gentle and unashamed as kittens, and responded to our Japanese attempt at "good evening" with pleasant courtesy.

The artist said: "I suppose you know it would be quite impossible for men and women to pass along any other street of this kind in the so-called civilized world without having the vilest of curses and insults heaped upon them."

The little fat woman from Nebraska hoped she would never forget the good meals she had enjoyed at the fine hotel at Myanoshita, and her niece sighed rapturously over the moonlight view of Fuji covered with snow.

Shanghai is only three days from Japan and is very European in appearance, with its high red brick buildings. Truly it is the Paris of the East. The ragged, unclean, lousy, yelling rickshaw men of China were quite different from the polite, uniformed little men of Japan, and seemed out of place along the beautiful, well-paved Bund.

It was pleasant to find friends in Shanghai, who had everything to make life enjoyable, and were clever enough to know it.

It was delightful to drive along Bubbling Well Road, a very new road, with a merry-making bunch of new friends who clamored for the latest good story from home. It was entertaining to stop at the charming house of the Cross Country Club and partake of light refreshments.

There are many beautiful women and handsome men in Shanghai, and they are thoroughly well-dressed and up-to-date. They live in palatial homes, set in park-like gardens, keep a fine stable and from six to a dozen servants.

In a little heart to heart talk about servants, one man of family was amazed to learn that \$30 a month would be the least one could offer a fairly good cook in California or Oregon. For \$30 a month he had 10 servants, including office help and his wife's private tailor, and they all fed and housed themselves.

The ladies play a rattling good game of bridge, and wear many beautiful jewels.

We had read about "all China being a graveyard," but the impression was so vivid after we had made elaborate arrangements with a carriage



STREET SCENE IN CANTON.



READING A LOVE LETTER.

driver to take us to the cemetery. He immediately drove out to the largest vegetable garden in the suburbs. He took us where we could see the most coffin. They were entirely above ground. Many of them were covered with weather-worn mats: a few had a roof built over them, still fewer were completely under cover.

A group of four or five would be neatly arranged on a small bit of ground between the onion-bed and the lettuce. A half-dozen others would be resting in a favored spot between the spinach and the creek.

One naturally gets to wondering if the coffin ever leaks, and to noticing if the potato vines growing near the dear departed are more luxuriant. They told us how the typhoons would blow the coffins over and again, and times, and of the lids coming off and the



GEISHA GIVES AT LUNCH.

rescue work of the famished dogs. This seemed horrible to one until the pitiful condition of the starving dogs was seen, then suddenly one became reconciled and began to hope for a breeze strong enough to clean up the whole vegetable garden.

There is a rescue home for slave girls in Shanghai, which is a refuge for any woman or girl who, hating her life of shame, comes to it for protection. It is situated in the Soochow Road, the street of prostitution, and over the entrance is written "Door of Hope." Eighty of these girls were being taught to read, write and do useful things. They looked happy and were well nourished. This work is under the supervision of missionaries and the Chinese government upholds the claims of the Christians when the girls wish to remain with them. Men and women owning slaves girls in this district are much less cruel to them since this home has come into being, many of the girls were aided to escape by lovers, who afterwards became Christians, and married them.

The island of Hongkong is 50 miles south of Shanghai and is a hillside, up and down and all around. One appreciates how well the English build, and how well, generally, they do everything except the checking of baggage which they stupidly do not do at all. The shops are good, the streets broad. The winding excellent roads are overhung with magnificent trees and bordered with beds of flowering plants.

Real, unmixed China is found in Canton. We saw more dirt and disease and pitiful misery in two days there than in all our previous existence. We visited the only hospital for the insane in China. There were 100 patients. The first one we saw was a young business man who, through reverses, became insane and had cut his tongue all but off. They hoped to save a portion of the lower half. A couple, quibbling and quarreling, at the moment, had kicked his roommate to death in an insane paroxysm, three nights before.

Another intelligent-looking Chinaman sat in a tree, discoursing eloquently with an imaginary audience. A beautiful, healthy-looking girl of 18, attended by her private servant, would smile or laugh or weep and moan for hours as her hysteria might prompt. Her case was considered hopeless. The institution is an American one and is fearfully worked and under-supported.

It was not especially cheering to go from this place of malcontents to an institution for little blind girls who had originally been sold for debt. Blind girls are valuable in houses of ill-repute, because they cannot see. Girls who see often make trouble for owners and patrons.

Most of these girls were under 14 years of age. They were cleanly, though scantily clad, and sat at their little school desks knitting patiently.

They are taught reading and writing by the Braille system, for the blind. The Bible has been the main textbook, but selections from the Chinese classics, arithmetic, geography, history, hygiene and gymnastics have also been taught. On top of all this misery, we went to

the leper village outside the city wall. There are three generations there—many of the third generation are clean. When the kindly doctor, who was our guide, told us that the lepers were bothered with scarlet fever, smallpox and the itch germ, in addition to plain leprosy, it seemed as if, really they were getting more than their share.

We took photographs of the feet, in process of shedding twisted and useless toes, ready to drop off, many hands were without the first two joints of every finger. Their faces were hideous with disfiguring lumps. It seemed strange that they could laugh, like other people.

I begged the doctor to take the good eyes from the heads of the insane and give them to the blind girls, and to take the good brains from the lepers and give them to the crazy folks, and he promised me he would.

Not all the beautiful jade on Jade Street, nor all the bargains on Silk Street, nor the ropes of amber, nor the wonders of carved ivory, can ever blot out the sickening memories of the measureless miseries of China. Hongkong, Jan. 4.

Ether and Electricity in Forms of Life

Matter Is Unquestionably the Result of a Union of These Two Universal and Omnipresent Elements.

BY R. M. BREITENBERG, C. E.

WITHIN the past few years modern scientific methods and deductions therefrom have opened new roads for the educated human mind to travel along and find new and broader horizons of physical life, and brighter, clearer and more interesting vistas of material and psychical phenomena.

In the thoughtful and penetrating vision of these, under this new light thrown on them by science, the sceptic, the pessimist and the agnostic cannot fail to derive mental benefit. According to this recent investigation, and knowledge gained from it, the universe of matter, in bulk and atom, is nothing but etheric substance transformed and differentiated in countless variety, form and degree, by the energy of electricity.

The offspring or outcome of this eternal marriage is material creation. We view it in the nebulae of the Universe; then in the stars, in our own and other planet-earth, and lastly and nearest, in each atom, germ and cell of every material object in the animal, food, fish, insect, vegetable and mineral kingdoms on earth.

F. R. S. tells us in the last edition of his book—"Modern Views of Electricity"—the following scientific, simple and easily understood story of this material creation:

"Throughout the great part of space we find unmodified ether, elastic and massive, quivering and quivering with energy, but not as yet differentiated. Here and there, however, we find specks of electrified ether, isolated, yet connected together by filaments of energy, and in a state of violent locomotion. These 'specks' are what, in the form of prodigious aggregates, we know as 'matter'; and the greater number of sensible phenomena, such as viscosity, heat, sound, electric conduction, absorption and emission of light, belong to these differentiated or individualized and dissociated or electrified specks, which are either flying alone or are revolving with orbital motion in groups.

The 'matter' so constituted must be a mere residual fraction of the mass of the main bulk of undifferentiated continuous fluid occupying the same space; of which fluid the particles are, hypothetically composed, and in which they freely move."

Under this essentially new scientific light physiology and theology entertain a far wider field of wonderful views of creation than ever before. Under this new light the old story of creation, as told in the first chapter of Genesis, becomes revealed to us in a light, and with a progressive sequence, easy of comprehension to any educated mind.

The whirling dance or waltz of this marriage of ether and electricity has given the spiral, gastropod and gyroscopic form and movement we see in such a multiplicity of example in the various kingdoms of materialized nature. We see it in the shape of the modern snail and in that of the trilobite and ammonite of the cambrian and cretaceous periods. We see it in the intestine of man; in the growth of the common fern as it emerges from the soil with its curled frond; in the upward growth of the creeper plant, which knows so well how to seek its support above ground by twisting itself in the right direction. From this observation of nature's spiral and whirling design and action man has

learned how to withdraw a screw, how to frame his carriages and his turban, and how to weave his fabrics.

The psychology of nature is man's educator; from this source he learns to understand the nature of his own psychical and physical constitution and attributes as well as those of all objects in the materialized world of which he is a part.

Man cannot fail to see that every seed, germ and cell in the vegetable and animal kingdoms contains its own mind and microscopic individuality of form. Each seed is like a sealed kodak, awaiting its proper period of expansion and unfolding under the necessary conditions of suitable soil, air and moisture.

In himself he realizes the truth of the old proverb, "The child is the father of the man." We are the parents of our children's physical bodies, but not of the individualized soul.

Nature presents to us her constant form of duality; in her etheric-electric-physical side and in her psychical-matter side. We see the mind of the crystal, the mind of the atom, the mind of every material object in the animal, food, fish, insect, vegetable and mineral kingdoms on earth.

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Hunting Modern Ghosts

Persist That Spirits in Rented Houses Banish Sleep.

"I feel pretty good tonight," said Bascomb to his caller, as he put away some plans on which he had been working, "because this week I succeeded in exorcising another ghost and quieting a buyer who had been raising an awful rumpus."

A two-family house out in Westchester to a man who wanted to live in it himself. His inspector looked the place over, pronounced it in first-class shape and the property was transferred all right. Two days after the man moved in he came into the office in a deuce of a sweat and said, "I'm a nervous wreck."

"Look here," he shouted, "that place you sold me is haunted. All last night we couldn't sleep and my wife swears she won't live there."

"If you'll let me," he reasoned with him, and he went away, though he was still doubtful. I knew he would be back, and he was in less than a week.

"What does the ghost do?" I asked. "Well," he said, "usually, we haven't seen anything. It's just a groaning and moaning, and it seems to come from all around the place. It is the most awful thing I ever listened to. He turned fiercely on me, and I'm not going to stand it much longer, either. You did me on this place, and I hold you responsible."

"I questioned him and found the ghost was active only on stormy nights, and he gave me as well as he could the dates on which the trouble had happened. Then I looked over this file of weather reports, clipped from a daily paper, and found that the ghost got busy only when the wind was in a certain direction. Day before yesterday I started in right, and I headed for the place. The man and woman were both upset. The ghost had been at it already. We sat and talked for a few minutes, and suddenly I was brought to my feet by the most unearthly wailing groan I have ever heard. It seemed to shrill and quiver all through the place, rising and falling as it went along. The woman was half hysterical, and had grasped the man's arm. He was as frightened as she, and so wasn't much of a consolation to her.

"I was mystified, but I made a round of the place, still sticking to the theory that the ghost was a nerve-racking force before I finally located it. The ghost was made by a little round hole in the frame of one of the windows and the inside cord of the window. When the wind was right it rushed through the hole, set the cord to vibrating and formed a most beautiful flute and harp effect. A ping of wood filed that ghost for good and all. The people in the house could have found it, only they were too blinded by fear to see it."

"Another customer accused me of

Paving Way for Independence

Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

John Hays Hammond's political activity has become a serious matter to his old Yale classmate, William H. Taft, and it is evident that an energetic mining engineer turned politician needs watching while he is becoming naturalized to the political game. Mr. Hammond will not invade the South with his grand "Taft Republican Club" movement for making the Southern States a future asset of the Republican party. It seems that Mr. Taft and his wisest advisers see flaws in the Hammond idea.

Mr. Taft really wishes to promote independent voting in the South as a preliminary to Republican voting later on, but he understands the folly of precipitate action. Mr. Hammond's Taft Republican Clubs would have immediately come into conflict with the old Republican organizations in the South and, at this point, Mr. Hitchcock stepped in with the reminder that, as Mr. Taft's manager, he was under sundry obligations to those state organizations for the mass of Southern delegates who had voted solidly for Taft at Chicago, after the steam roller had done its deadly work. Probably Mr. Hammond had been forgotten that important phase of the pre-convention period. And so it was determined that a halt should be called in the Republicanization of the South under Mr. Hammond's intrepid leadership.

In vetoing the "Taft Republican Club" idea, however, Mr. Taft and Mr. Hitchcock indicated to Mr. Hammond a field of usefulness. While the time has not come to expect many Southerners who are at heart Republicans on National issues, it is considered not inopportune to provide for them a convenient halfway station. And thus is born the movement to promote independent political organizations in the Southern States, a future asset of the Republican party. This, evidently, is the Taft plan of prying apart the factions of the Solid South, and there is much more shrewdness in it than in the conception of Mr. Hammond.

POWERS ALL RECOGNIZE MUHAMMAD'S NEW SULTAN.



Muhammad Hafid, TANGIER, Feb. 12.—This is Muhammad Hafid, the Sultan of Morocco, who was recognized formally by the United States when the ships of the fleet called at Tangier to salute him. Muhammad (or Moulay, as it is sometimes spelled) has been recognized by all the powers, and his predecessor, Abd-el-Aziz, is reported to have accepted the situation calmly.

Most Expressed Opinions, Waits. Exchange. Most of the opinions you hear are wails. Very few people are sincere. When a man talks, he is usually representing prejudice, or his individual troubles. Very few people condemn a thing because it is wrong, or praise it because it is right.

The same force that moves a ton along a highway will pull a 32-ton canal boat.