KING CARNIVAL REIGNS IN OCCIDENT AND ORIENT

In Philippines the Spirit of Pleasure Reigned in Manner Similar to Europe--Festival Times Celebrated in Other Parts of the World--People Who Love the Night Life

WAY OUT in the Philippines they held last year the first carnival ever known in the far east—a carnival that places at once the Philippines among the nations of the world recognizing the importance of such a season of pre-Lenten festivity.

Realizing the advantage of some such annual festivities as are held in other cities, a number of Manila's citizens decided to inaugurate an annual week's festivities for Manila, which would not only equal the displays of some of the older cities in the home land but would surpass any spectacular displays ever witnessed in any city in the orient, a part of the world much given to gorgeous display.

A carnival of pleasure; a week of gaiety, fun and sport; an oriental adaptation of the far famed customs of the south of France, of Italy, Spain and Latin America, where the people give themselves over to a period of frivolity and diversion before the great religious festival of Lent; a transplantation to the orient of the celebrated Mardi Gras with its wonderful display of brilliant costumes, gorgeous processions, magnificent pageantry, gathering of beautiful women, with the attendant revelry, mummery, masked balls, fun, folly, feasting, sports, and all that goes toward making the world forget its trials and cares; a season to be remembered—this, in a few words, is what Manila prepared for the week commencing February 3, 1908, to which she cordially invited the people of the orient to participate.

As early as 2 o'clock on the afternoon of February 27, thousands began to gather on the Luneta, drawn thither by the news that the king of the occident with his queen and suite was expected to arrive inside the breakwater at 5 o'clock to pay a week's visit to his cousin the king of the orient, so that as the hour of the expected arrival approached, the sea wall along the Luneta was a solid mass of men, women and children of all nationalities, running into many thousands.

Promptly at 5 o'clock a shout went up as in the distance could be seen approaching outside the entrance to the breakwater a fleet of strange and grotesque craft. The king of the orient with his queen and retinue, who had boarded his royal barge at the dock, got under way, escorted by a large number of gaily decorated craft of unique design and fantastic appearance and put out to meet his royal visitor, the king of the occident.

As the visiting king passed inside the breakwater salutes from the warships anchored in the harbor and by the land batteries along the shore, were tendered in the way of a greeting, and the king of the orient and his escort formed and escorted the royal visitor. The thousands assembled burst forth into enthusiastic cheers as the procession of wierd, strange craft designed to represent everything that fancy and originality could devise, from lighthouses to dragons, sea serpents, crabs, whales, swans, and hundreds of sampans and unnamed fishing smacks passed along in perfect order, making an aquatic spectacle rarely if ever equalled in magnificence and beauty on any sea or in any clime.

The great event for which preparations had been going on for weeks was the grand carnival ball and the ceremonies attending the crowning of the king and queen of the carnival. Never before in the history of Manila has there been gathered together in any one spot such a magnificently attired crowd as was present in the ballroom upon this occasion. The garments worn represented thousands of dollars, to say nothing of the flashing gems which adorned the women's gowns.

A guard of honor composed of Moro constabulary and the Elk soldiers of the queen received the party with a "present arms" and preceded them to the double throne that had been erected under the Egyptian temple gates which formed the centerpiece of the magnificent scenic effect of the great ballroom. Governor General Smith and a number of military and naval officers of the islands were seated in a space reserved for them near the royal pathway.

Grouped about the throne were the subjects of their majesties of the carnival, and in the throng were kings, princes, pages, beggars and thieves; gentlemen of the middle ages mingled with ladies whose dark complexions belied their graceful figures; knights and judges promenaded with maids and nursery girls, while Chinese mandarins made merry with dancing girls; devils danced attendance on angels, and in fact there were representatives of every age, clime, country, trade and profession as well as animals and birds, mosquitoes and gnats.

When all the royal party had arrived a masked figure from the top of the temple roared out an order for silence and the immense crowd at once stopped its chatter to listen. The masked figure waited until all was still and then in a most finished manner addressed the people on behalf of the king and queen of the orient, stating that their majesties had been greatly pleased at the demonstration in honor of their royal guest and that they wished to thank the people for what they had done. Therefore, in order to fittingly observe the season of fun and frolic that had been planned, their majesties had commanded him to summon their worthy subjects to the throne room, there to witness the crowning of the king and queen of the carnival. Throughout all their kingdom they had found no persons better fitted to take up their duties than their guests, the king and queen of the occident, and it was therefore ordained that they should be crowned king and queen and that their rule should be absolute.

The king and queen of the occident, who had occupied thrones to the right and left of their oriental majesties then arose and knelt before the royal pair, who placed the crown upon their heads.

As the king and queen of the carnival arose from their knees and faced the assembly the guns on the grounds and from the batteries and ships in the bay thundered a royal salute and the newly made king and queen took their places on the throne and received the plaudits of their subjects, the orchestra burst forth in the strains of the first dance and the great carnival ball was on!

On the last day of the carnival the great figure of Care stalked among the merrymakers and defied all efforts to drive him away. First a mounted horseman tried to drive him away, but failed. Then a band of Zulus, but Care caused a circle of fire to drive them back. Next a band of Indians were sent to deliver a fatal blow, but were vanquished by streams of red fire. At length barrels of beer were opened and Care partook of the copious glasses offered to him and soon was in a profound stupor. While in this condition he was seized and bound and placed upon a great pyre and burned. His ashes were scattered to the elements, and thus came to an end the first carnival of the Philippine islands.

As in the Philippines, the people of southern Europe always have time for pleasure. The peasantry of France and Italy work hard all the day long and when evening comes they gather in some public place and have their dances as though toil had brought them no fatigue. When work is over they lightly put aside the cares of the day and give themselves up to pleasure.

Among a people essentially care free and pleasure loving it is but natural that they should eagerly seize upon any and all seasons, secular and religious which permit them to enjoy their pleasures in a more public manner, and thus it is that from time immemorial the season of the year immediately before Lent has been given over to national festivity. Today in southern Europe ushers in a carnival of four days' duration, in which time there will be joys for all and in such full measure that the people will willingly mortify the things of the flesh and enter the serious considerations of the coming season of self abnegation feeling full well they have had a time good enough to last them until Easter tide.

A couple of weeks before the actual day the streets begin to put on a gala appearance, and all kinds of frame structures in the streets proclaim the scheme of decoration. In time these are covered with bunting and many colored flags; here and there will be erected figures of heroic size and legends bearing the motto, "Vive Le Roi." The people pass one another with smiles and more cordial nods of recognition and the spirit of carnival is in the air.

The stocks of confetti are displayed everywhere and the street merchants cry their wares. Varicolored bunting makes its appearance outside of the shops, and hats of the most curious forms are shown. One and all begin in earnest to prepare for the coming of their king.

Sunday is the great day. The evening prior a number of dances are held, from the little public house way out on the remote country road to the swagger affair in the Casino, and each participant must wear a mask and costume. The sight is entertaining if one happens to go out to one of the smaller places where he can see the people of the country in their crude home made costumes and watch the hearty devotion of some young Romeo to a pretty Juliet, or the love making of Punchenello and Columbine. Jealous glances dart freely around and sometimes it seems as if the pleasure of the scene would be marred by an outburst of passion, but all goes smoothly and the evening winds up in a mad storm of confetti.

Early Sunday morning crowds begin to assemble in the streets all dressed in their very best apparel, men walking together and the mothers leading the youngest members of the family, while the young people first walk up and down, all the boys on one side and all the girls on the other. But soon the ice breaks and they pair off and resume the walk or sit down in the open air tables just away from the sidewalk and drink chocolate. On all sides are the confetti men and feelings can be restrained no longer, so with an "A toi" the overzealous youths throw handful after handful of confetti at some exceptionally pretty maiden and the fun begins.

And then all of a sudden a fanfare of trumpets is heard up by the "city hall" and the bustling crowds stand still to await the king. From huge mountains of canvas the coverings are torn and the decorated floats begin to move to the tuneful notes of the band—and the bands in Italy and France certainly do know how to play—and with huzza after huzza the procession moves along the principal thoroughfares of the town, on all sides surrounded by a happy, howling throng.

First, of course, comes the band, usually from the nearest military post, and when the national air is played how the people do cheer! Next come a number of children in costumes of angels, butterflies and birds, dancing this way and that all over the street, flitting here and there and throwing kisses right and left. Then comes the float, dragged by four white horses, portraying the capture of Helen of Troy. She has been chosen from among all the pretty girls of the town as the queen of the carnival and in a country where beauty is apparent on all sides, she is proud to be so designated, and well she may be!

And then comes a whirling crowd of Pierrouettes, and after them Columbines, all keeping time to the music and dancing here and yon in a wild abandon, throwing confetti and kisses to those they know, and indeed if they make mistakes the fun is all the merrier. Boys with enormous heads of papier mache come lumbering by, and protrude huge red tongues that they wag at the bystanders, and by their curious antics amuse the crowd. Sometimes a solemn crowd of cowled monks join in the procession and are greeted with silence and often ridicule, for in this gay company they have no place, but just back of them may appear a crowd of devils mocking them and hurling anathema in their rear, and then the boisterousness of the people knows no limit.

At length comes King Carnival in heroic size, with his courtiers and attendants, and as he turns his head now this way, now that, and gravely bows to the spectators, they cheer and clap their hands and rush madly along in his train, some hurling great bags of confetti at him and some in their eagerness tripping and falling headlong, only to scramble to their feet amid the jeers of the rest and continue to follow the real things of the whole show! Arrayed as the Prince of India, King Carnival enters his temporary domain and pledges to his subjects pleasures in plenty.

And when the procession has ended bands come from somewhere and in the public park play both loud and long for the happy crowd to dance. And it makes no difference whether you know anybody or not you have to join in the contageous mirth and throw confetti in the faces of all the pretty maids you see, and at last, unable to resist longer, choose a partner and dance with the rest of the happy ones. Some wear masks and some wear none, but all are eager for a good time, and until dark the fun and frolic keeps up and then amid colored fire and a canopy of swinging lanterns across the streets the crowd disports itself, strolling back and forth throwing confetti until the very street is covered with a pavement of many colors, until long after midnight, when the ranks are thinned and all retire to rest up for the events of another day.

Thus, for three whole days and most of the nights, the sport keeps up until Tuesday evening, when the great masquerade dances and balls occur and on the stroke of 12 the music ceases and the solemn season has commenced.

READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, UPPER ROW: "KING OF OCCIDENT VISITS KING OF ORIENT," FLOAT. FLOAT CALLED "GUARDIAN OF PEACE." LOWER ROW: TWO CARNIVAL SCENES AT CARNES, FRANCE.

THE SCAPEGOAT

By George A. Raper.

THE mayor of Fouilly-les-Oies laid down an official looking document, took off his spectacles, rapped on the table and addressed the assembled municipal council as follows:

"The sitting is opened. Fellow citizens, here is a letter from the Prussian commander. He asserts that we have given shelter to the francs-tireurs who have assassinated—yes, he says 'assassinated'—one of his sentries, and he is determined to have a life for a life. Tomorrow at daybreak a man must be handed over to him to be shot. He leaves it to us to find the victim; but a victim he will have. There is no way out of it. As you know, our troops have temporarily retired for reasons of strategy, and these pigs of Prussians are all around us. Therefore, I have called you together to decide what we are to do."

Consternation reflected itself on the faces of the councilors. The mayor, a hard headed, blue smocked farmer, looked at them inquiringly. Fortin, the blacksmith, whose injured right arm had kept him in the village, clenched his fist and cursed under his breath. Longpre, the schoolmaster, stared blankly across the room towards the mantelpiece, whence a dilapidated bust of the vanquished Napoleon III surveyed the scene with sardonic indifference. Saboted feet rattled uneasily on the brick floor. The smoky petroleum lamp, hanging from the ceiling, cast a sickly glare over five perturbed faces.

"Come, fellow citizens," the mayor continued, "our time is short. It is 9 o'clock already."

"How many men are there in the village?" asked Longpre.

"None but ourselves," replied the mayor. "All the rest are with the troops or the francs-tireurs."

"Then it will have to be one of us?"

"Yes."

A dead silence fell upon the group. Each man looked at his neighbor for comfort, but found none.

With a deprecatory cough, Cauteleux, the adjoint, suggested that Monsieur le Maire himself would earn the undying gratitude of the community by throwing himself into the breach.

"The spectacle of the head of our municipality, girt with its official tricolored scarf, going forth to avert the horrors of war at the sacrifice of his own person, would compel the admiration of even the invader," said the adjoint persuasively.

The mayor, hedged about by the dignity of his office, had not realized that the problem might have a personal application to himself.

"You are very kind, my dear Cauteleux," he replied, "but it is impossible. Who would look after the affairs of the municipality? No doubt you would do your best to fill my place, but"—An expressive shrug of the shoulders conveyed the mayor's opinion of his officious subordinate.

"And you, Cauteleux?" inquired the blacksmith.

"What, I! A married man with five children?" the adjoint exclaimed.

The argument was unanswerable. Their frugal instincts told the assembled councilors that it would never do to saddle the communal budget with Madame Cauteleux and her progeny.

The mayor looked meaningly at Fortin's bandaged arm.

"If you think you can victimize me," said the blacksmith irritably, "because I'm crippled, you are very much mistaken."

"One might draw lots," observed the mayor, in a tone which implied that the indefinite pronoun did not apply to him. "As no one offers himself, I don't see what else there is to do."

The councilors felt obscurely that their chief was taking an unfair advantage of them. He would certainly claim his right to manage the operation he had proposed; and they knew him quite well enough to be sure that he, at any rate, would not be the victim. They groped about in their minds for a back way out of the difficulty.

A painful silence was broken by the voice of the adjoint.

"What about Pere Martin?" he said interrogatively.

Pere Martin was the black sheep of the community. He was an incorrigible old reprobate, who had lived in a wretched hut on the border of the forest ever since he returned from the Crimean campaign, with a grizzled beard, an incessant thirst, and confirmed dislike for regular work.

To the world at large he was a basket maker, but the village was aware of a permanent disproportion between his output and the quantity of absinthe he was in the habit of consuming and there was a general conviction that his real talents lay in the direction of poaching. The smuggling of tobacco over the frontier was also suggested as one of his means of livelihood, and charitable attempts had been made to satisfy the public conscience on this head by sending anonymous letters to the fiscal agent at Besancon; but the searchers had never caught Pere Martin unawares, nor taken anything away from his hut except a rich assortment of military sarcasms, freely bestowed on them by its inmate. The farmers had deep suspicions of him in the matter of vanished chickens, but cautiously left him alone, remembering that hayricks are valuable and easily set on fire. In short, Pere Martin was endured, but not loved.

This feeling on the part of the community was perfectly well known to the old reprobate, who returned it with interest, and being no respecter of authority he indulged freely in irreverent remarks about the councilors whenever he found himself at the village inn.

The mention of his name relieved the tension at once, and a murmur of approval rewarded the adjoint. The mayor, with inward regret, gave up the prospect of seeing Cauteleux draw lots with the others, and deftly placed himself on the side of public opinion.

"The idea is good," he said, "but how is it to be carried out? Pere Martin is as obstinate as a mule, and might object."

"It is simple enough," replied the adjoint. "You, as mayor, have only to appeal to Pere Martin's patriotism, and tell him the Prussians will burn the village if he doesn't help us out of the mess. Why should respectable citizens and fathers of families, such as ourselves, be murdered for the sake of such old vagabonds as Pere Martin, who pays no taxes?"

"We had better get hold of him first," remarked Mercier, the innkeeper. "He may be roaming about the forest, and where shall we be then?"

"Quite true," said the mayor, who had no wish to tackle the intended victim alone. "We will all go in a body, and lose no time about it. The sitting is closed."

The council did not enjoy the walk to Pere Martin's hut. There was a biting wind, and as they trudged over the snow their teeth chattered, partly with cold, and partly with the knowledge that a bullet from some suspicious German sentry was quite within the range of possibility. Besides, there was a prospect of not finding Pere Martin, in which case the position would be decidedly awkward.

A faint light shining through the window of the old soldier's hut reassured them as they drew near; and when the mayor lifted the latch and entered, they marched boldly in behind him. Pere Martin was quietly enjoying the society of a pipe and a litre of spirits. He had already made considerable inroads on the bottle, and did not trouble to ask for an explanation of the visit, but remained seated on his one rickety chair and leered at the council. The mayor noted these things with satisfaction, and promptly stated his business. Pere Martin listened with much gravity, until he grasped the proposition that he should offer himself as a sacrifice for the commune. Then he smiled sardonically, and shook his head.

"But think of the consequences, my dear fellow-citizen," urged the mayor. "You are the only one of us without wife or children; and, if no one comes forward, our houses will be burned, and we shall all be ruined and perhaps shot as well. Anything we can do for you, of course"— The mayor's voice died away into a sympathetic murmur.

Pere Martin looked at the speaker thoughtfully, and a gleam of intelligence appeared in his eye.

"So you want me to go to the German camp to be shot?" he asked.

"Que voulez-vous, my dear friend?" replied the mayor. "What are we to do?"

"Tomorrow morning?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Very well," said Pere Martin, with heroic resolution. "I'm your man. How much?"

"How much?" repeated the mayor, in astonishment.

"Yes," returned the victim; "I want to know what the commune will pay. You don't expect me to go and get shot for nothing, do you?"

The councilors, completely taken aback by this view of the situation, looked at one another helplessly.

"I am sure," said the mayor, recovering his presence of mind with an effort, "that any last wish of yours"—

"Bother my last wishes!" interrupted Pere Martin callously. "I don't care two sous about that. I havn't had a good meal for an age, and I want one now."

"You shall have it," replied the mayor, with alacrity.

"The best dinner to be got in Fouilly?" the veteran went on.

"Of course; of course."

"None of your cabbage soup and horse meat and piquette," Pere Martin continued; but a good fat fowl, and all that sort of thing; and as much champagne as I can drink. It's no use telling me the Prussians have taken it. I know Mercier has got some stowed away in his cellar. And I'll take five hundred francs as well. It will do me good to feel the money in my pocket."

The mayor was about to protest against Pere Martin's increasing demands when the adjoint whispered that they could easily get the five hundred francs back when the execution was over.

The bargain was struck, and the party set out for the inn, the councilors keeping a sharp watch on Pere Martin in case he should change his mind and take to his heels. No such idea, however, seemed to enter his head. For a man in his position he was singularly cheerful. His pipe being empty, he borrowed the adjoint's paper of tobacco and kept it. At the inn he gave minute directions for the promised banquet, took a hand at manille while the food was being prepared, and ate it with a gusto, washing it down with bottle after bottle of the best wine; while the others—except Mercier, who bustled about and served Pere Martin with the zeal due a good customer—looked on and gallied with glasses of vin ordinaire.

One o'clock struck before the guest of the evening rose from the table and announced that he could eat no more, and that he was ready for the five hundred francs. The mayor, who had hoped that the dinner would efface this part of the contract from Pere Martin's memory was obliged to turn out into the bleak night and fetch the money. The victim carefully deposited it in an inner pocket, and resumed his game of cards with the blacksmith. To hints that he should take a nap, he replied with scorn that he meant to make a night of it. The councilors felt that they must see the affair through, and one after the other they took their seats opposite Pere Martin at the dirty square of green baize which did duty for a card table. Longpre, who was more imaginative than the others, began to think that some evil genius had transported him to the condemned cell at La Roquette, and set him to play cards with a murderer who was never tried and never to be executed.

At 5 o'clock the mayor, who had furtively consulted his watch several times behind Pere Martin's back, stopped the game.

"We have had a pleasant evening," he said blandly, "and I should be sorry to disturb anyone, but it will be light in half an hour, and perhaps we had better be going, if Pere Martin doesn't find it inconvenient."

Pere Martin had been sipping liquor brandy at the public expense for the last four hours, but, being a thoroughly seasoned vessel, his only signs of excess were a slight thickness of speech and an abnormal amiability. He drained his glass, rose, expressed himself ready for anything and walked unsteadily out of the inn, leaning heavily on the mayor's arm, and singing and laughing uproariously. The councilors followed in silence.

The Prussian camp lay fully a mile beyond Pere Martin's hut and the way seemed painfully long to everyone but the heroic man himself. The cold air seemed to have got into his legs, but he staggered bravely on, shouting out the "Marseillaise" at the top of his voice, and urging the others to "give it tongue!"

"For goodness sake, stop his noise!" whispered the schoolmaster, as they quitted the shelter of the forest and began to strike across the open fields towards the enemy's lines. "The sentries will fire on us. Someone must go forward with the white flag while we stay here."

The party halted at once. The adjoint, much against his will, was sent ahead with a handkerchief tied to a stick. In the gathered light, they saw him disappearing over the brow of the hill in front of them. Pere Martin sat down in the snow and put his head on his knees. His stentorious breathing alone broke the silence.

Five minutes passed without any sign from the enemy. Five minutes more and the adjoint reappeared in view—alone. As he drew near the anxious villagers saw that his face wore a look of blank amazement.

"Aren't the Prussians coming?" asked the mayor.

"They're gone!" was the reply.

"What?"

"Gone! Not a sign of them anywhere!"

And so it was. The Germans, threatened by a large French force, had retreated, without waiting to exact the price of blood from Fouilly-les-Oies.

The mayor turned to Pere Martin in righteous wrath.

"Sacree canaille!" he shouted. "He must have known!"

The scapegoat looked up sleepily.

"That was a good dinner," he said.

Teaching the Country Child to Play

(Continued from First Page of this Section.)

One girl teacher, resolved that her pupils should make a good showing at field day, enlisted the biggest of the boys and commandeered an ax, went into the woods, levied on a couple of trees five inches thick, cut them down, trimmed them into uprights for the horizontal bar and carried them two miles to the school, where they were set up and so made adjustable that every child in the school could practice on the bar.

There was another girl who wanted her scholars to do her credit in the basketball relay races. Now, basketballs cost money, and, in the little one-room schools in such places as Butterville and Pancake Hollow, money is a scarce article, even when eggs are bringing half a dollar a dozen in the city. She paid a visit to a farmer who was counted upon to help.

"You've got a nice lot of pumpkins over in that field of yours," she told him, ingratiatingly.

"They certainly are, only a little—just a little—small."

"May I have some for the school?"

"Well, there's the field. You can bring the school over and take 'em."

Which she straightway did; and her school had the finest assortment of basketballs any game was ever played with; and the school enjoyed the honor of holding a field day of its own with the games supervised and the records set down by two assistants sent thither especially from the state normal school.

Now, all through the section of New York from which the influence of the normal school of New Platz can radiate, the systematic instruction of the country child in athletic play is a regular feature of pleasure for the whole rural population.

At the New Platz field day last year the attendance numbered 4000, one fourth the number being adults. They had a gorgeous time, for even the mothers who came were relieved of their usually inseparable burden, the baby, through the benign auspices of a "creche," or day nursery, where children from 2 months to 3 or 4 years of age could be safely left while the liberated mother mingled with the throng to enjoy the first really carefree hours she had known since baby was born.

Rear Admiral Evans drove over from Lake Mohonk and made a speech full of patriotism and ginger; all the little children had all kinds of games, and all the big ones all kinds of contests, from relay races to stylish volley ball.

The movement has now become the subject of keen interest in various sections of the east, while private generosity has afforded splendid facilities in some localities that may esteem themselves exceptionally fortunate.

Thus, in Far Hills, N. J., Grant Schley, the New York banker, maintains opposite the country school, existing for a community of 200 individuals, a beautiful and well-equipped athletic field, with every convenience and appliance requisite for athletic exercises and contests. Its field days bring not the competitions not the children only, but all the young farmers, laborers and rural business men for miles around.

Again, at Sag Harbor, on Long Island, Mrs. Russell Sage has given to the town a tract of 42 acres, formerly used as a racetrack to serve the purpose of a public playground.

What the movement means to the country at large, in the light of its now rapid extension, can be appreciated from the fact that there are 5,800,000 farms in the United States, in the direct cultivation of which 12 per cen of the population is actively engaged.

Many more are employed directly and indirectly, with the distribution of farm supplies and products; they, with the incidental local trades and occupations, bring the total of the rural population up to 50 per cent of the whole, or one half of the nation living outside of cities numbering 8000 and over.

Professor Scudder looks to the country playgrounds as one of the most potent factors of the future for the maintenance of the high standard of the rural population physically and morally, and—what is a most imminent need—for the awakening of enthusiasm for the home life of the countryside to an extent which shall do much to keep the farmers' sons from longing for the opportunities of the great cities.

To quote Dr. Josiah Strong, the necessity is urgent for some restraining interest such as this:

"We must expect the steady deterioration of our rural population unless effective preventive measures are devised.

"If no new preventive measures are devised, I see no reason why isolation, irreligion, ignorance, vice and degradation should not increase in the country until we have a rural American peasantry, illiterate and immoral, possessing the rights of citizenship, but utterly incapable of performing or comprehending its duties."

The country playground is launched upon its beneficial mission. Will it prove the measure that the times require?

NEW YORK AND OREGON ARE FAIR TO THE JAPANESE, SAYS EDITOR NAKAMURA

"We Are Welcomed Here, but Physically and Legally Assaulted in San Francisco"—"There Is No Real Japanese Question in the United States"—"The Japanese Themselves Have Made Mistakes, and, Whether Consciously or Unconsciously, Irritated the People of California."

By Kaju Nakamura.

Editor of the Japanese-American Commercial Weekly of New York.

THE United States furnishes no greater contrast than it does in its treatment of its Japanese immigrants in California and in New York.

In California they are subjected to physical assaults in riots and to legal assaults by legislative acts. They are not wanted, and they are told so to their face.

In New York, on the contrary, they are welcomed, treated commercially and socially with courtesy and made to feel that they are wanted.

It is not altogether an easy matter to account for the difference in the treatment of the Japanese by the two sections of the country. The reason may lie in the fact that the presence of 35,000 or 40,000 Japanese in California, scattered among the inhabitants of that state, creates a greater effect than the presence of the 2000 Japanese in New York City. Undoubtedly it does. Then, too, it is possible that the people of New York are different from the people of California, and the Japanese in New York may be different from the Japanese in the west. Both, I think, are true to some extent.

We who are here in New York—especially the 150 of us who are members of the Japanese club—coming into contact every day with Americans and enjoying the pleasantness of relations with them, as we do, find it by no means easy to understand the trouble that is constantly disturbing the people of California. It is hard for us to realize the situation as it exists there.

We Japanese in the east realize, as do the people at home in Japan, that the trouble in California is entirely sectional. We know, as does Japan, that there is no real Japanese question in the United States. The government, we know, is not unfriendly to the Japanese, and we realize that there are two sides to the question even in California. Here in New York the Japanese are not willing to blame unqualifiedly the people of California and exonerate the Japanese who are there. We know that the Japanese themselves have made mistakes, and, whether consciously or unconsciously, have irritated the people of California.

But, on the other hand, we Japanese here in New York, as do those in Japan, feel that the people of California are also in the wrong. They say that they are opposed to the Japanese because of the economic disturbances their presence is sure to cause; because we do not assimilate; because they fear the danger of Japanese military aggression.

Cold, indisputable facts, however, answer most effectively all their arguments. The census figures show that of the total immigration to the United States only 1.3 per cent is Japanese. The reports of the port of San Francisco, moreover, show that almost as many Japanese return to Japan each year as come to this country. In fact, the figures for 1904, for instance, show that 2447 Japanese sailed away, against 1426 who arrived in this country.

The people in California say also that the presence of Japanese laborers affects most ruinously the wages of the laboring element. Here in New York, of course, such a question does not arise because the Japanese who come here are usually students or merchants. But hard, cold facts again answer that question, for the reports issued by the bureau of labor show that wages on the Pacific coast have steadily increased, the increase in some classes of labor being as great as 100 per cent in the past ten years.

Study closely the antagonism on the part of the people of California to the Japanese, and I believe you will find that race prejudice is behind the entire trouble. Eliminate it, and opposition to the Japanese would be no greater in California than in New York, and here, I can truthfully say, there is none whatever.

The only possibility of there ever being a Japanese question in America is the contingency of America forcing Japan into war, and that I do not believe America will ever do. Japan certainly will never force America into war. Why should she? Last year Japan exported to America at least $20,000,000 more in goods than she imported from this country.

It is true that there is a strongly antagonistic feeling to the Japanese in California. It cannot be said with truth that there is such antagonism on the Pacific coast, for Oregon, California's next door neighbor, holds no such prejudice. The refusal of the national government and the people of the entire United States to support those of California in their hostility has done more than anything else to cement the traditional friendship that has always existed between Japan and America.

Japan does not wish to force its countrymen on the United States. On the contrary, it wishes to keep them at home. Were it not for an insane fever that seized the Japanese a few years ago to come to this country there would never have arisen any cause for unpleasantness on the part of the people of any state in this country. Conditions are not bad in Japan. Its people are not forced to leave for other countries, but reports of the fabulous wealth of the United States kept coming into our country, and, like some pestilence, the desire to come to America swept over our people.

The Japanese government foresaw the result of extensive emigration to the United States, I believe, long before the people of America considered the matter at all. As a result, very stringent laws were passed making it exceedingly difficult for Japanese to leave the country. Since these disturbances in California became severe the Japanese government has further increased these restrictions. It requires almost two months' time to obtain a passport to leave Japan each time I visit it, and I have been in this country eight years.

I returned only a short time ago from Japan. I was there when the American fleet visited Tokio. Any fair minded person who saw the reception given to the fleet by the Japanese government and the people could not help but realize and appreciate the sincerity of the welcome. Any one who saw that reception would be silenced forever, so far as declaring there is or is likely to be a Japanese question for this country to settle.

Of the several reasons assigned by the people of California for their hostility to the Japanese the only one that is real is race prejudice, which, strange to say, I have found stronger in this country—this land of the free—than in any other country in the world. It is, I believe, this race prejudice, this most horrible of all diseases of the human mind, that is responsible for these attacks upon the Japanese.

God, or whatever you may believe to be supreme, made us, and he never drew lines between each race, one race to be superior over the other; nor did he teach one race to despise others, but he colored each race so as best to suit the climate of his abode.

Negroes, Chinese and Japanese feel hunger, pain, gladness or shame just as much as Caucasians feel them. One has blood that runs as warm as the others. They love their friends, they hate their enemies, and they cry when sad just as other peoples do. We Japanese are human. You Americans are human. Opportunity may have done more for one than for the other, but at the root of things we are all alike. Could that one thought be impressed on those who are most loudly crying out against the Japanese today, I believe that the Japanese question, if there be one, would disappear like fog before the sun.

Brahma.

By Ralph Waldo Emerson.

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanished gods to me appear;
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill, who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good!
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.