



# The JAPANESE

### Their Work In War and In Peace--How America Awaked Them From a Sleep of Centuries--Their Thirst For Knowledge--From Barbarism to World Power Status

All things considered, Japan is one of the most wonderful nations of today. Fifty-one years ago, when the shogun ruled the country and the Japanese were as exclusive, barbarous and unprogressive as the Chinese of today, the United States of America knocked at the gates of the Land of the Rising Sun. The mailed fist was that of Uncle Sam, and his agent was Commodore Perry, a brother of the hero of Lake Erie. He demanded that the ports of Japan be opened to the trade of the world, and as his demand was backed by the blunder of many cannon it was granted. The Mississippi, one of Perry's ships, was the first steamship the Japanese had ever seen, but almost immediately they began the formation of a steam navy, and within seven years after Perry's visit they navigated a steamer of their own construction across the Pacific. The value of steam navigation was but one of many things the Japanese speedily learned from the foreigners who had so long excluded. The nation had slept for thousands of years, but had awoken to the boom of Perry's guns. It overthrew the shogun and set up a government of its own. Fact instead of fiction only. Its thinking was not the least far from modern times, and in that country they have made their hand empire a first class world power.

#### A Great Ruler.

This marvellous achievement was largely due to the receptive and imitative characteristics of the Japanese, to their tireless industry, to their intellectual activity and to their unquenchable thirst for knowledge. Mutsuhito, the present progressive and brainy emperor—the one hundred and twentieth of the imperial line—was only a year old when Perry's ships

soldiers and sailors in the irrepressible conflict between greater Russia and greater Japan.

#### "Honorable Gate."

The word mikado means honorable gate, and through him the Japanese have entered the arena of nations and, for better or for worse, have accepted the gage of battle in a struggle that to them is titanic. The actuating spirit of the Japanese has seemed to be an insatiable appetite for knowledge. With the eagerness of children they have gratified the craving.

To gain an understanding of present conditions in Japan it is necessary to consider the fact that nine-tenths of the rulers of the empire and a great majority of even the professors in the colleges are from the old fighting class of the samurai.

#### The Samurai.

These descendants of men who for hundreds of years knew no other trade than fighting, who were trained in the sternest discipline and who gained all the strength and virtue that come from hardship, are men of the same fiber and characteristics of their ancestors. The first commandment of the samurai was, "Thou shalt not live under the same heaven nor tread the same earth as the enemy of thy lord." In ancient days "the lord" referred to some petty feudal chief. Today the same spirit of loyalty is given to the mikado. It not only exists among the samurai, but permeates all classes.

Ask any boy his most cherished ambition, and he will answer, "To die for the mikado." With such a spirit who can wonder that the Japs make ideal soldiers?

#### Unity of Thought.

The unity of national thought is shown nowhere in a more marked de-

cooles were sent in large numbers to Manchuria and Siberia to study the lay of the country and the characteristics of their prospective foes. Young men went to St. Petersburg and other Russian cities to size up the Slavic power and to devise how best to meet it. Every move the nation made was directed to the one end.

#### Why the Jap Changed.

The closest students of this adaptive people agree that the Jap did not take up western ways because he particularly liked them. He saw that only by taking them up could he hope to make his country a great nation, and he was determined to be a world power, the leader of the orient. Thus he gave up customs he loved for those he loathed. This was not a matter of sentiment, but of cold blooded calculation, for underneath all his apparent gaiety and lightness the Jap has a scientific mind. He is more of a utilitarian than a sentimentalist. He saw that intellect had become the dominant factor in progress, and as he desired progress he entered the intellectual field. To keep pace with western civilization he must adopt western ideas and wear western clothes. So he sent his boys to the schools over the ocean, and he put on breeches—that is, in public. As soon as he returned to his home the breeches were thrown aside, and in a kimono he squatted at ease on the floor, as his ancestors had done for centuries. Japan is still in the transition stage between the old and the new, but so rapidly is she moving that in another generation the metamorphosis will be complete.

#### Greeks of the East.

In all the appellations that have been given the little people, such as the "Yankees of the east" and the "English of the east," it is strange

## How the Race Was Won

By CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT

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It all began at the America's cup races in 1903 and ended two years later, in the fall of 1905. To be exact, it began at the very moment the winning boat, swifling white from deck to towering truck, swept across the line in a mist of flying spray and a thousand steam whistles burst into gigantic applause, announcing to a waiting world that the cup would stay on this side for at least another year.

It was at this instant that Miss Virginia Wentworth, her teeth flashing, her eyes glistening, her cheeks flaming, turned to Frank Stanhope and cried, with quick emotion: "Isn't it glorious? Oh, I could love a man who could carry off a prize like that!"

This remark was unwise unless Miss Wentworth wished to invite what followed, for no one had ever accused Stanhope of being backward where women were concerned. Besides, he was very much in love with Miss Wentworth. So he instantly turned, bent over the girl so that no one else might hear and whispered, "Will you love me if I carry it off, Virginia?" Whereupon Miss Wentworth, with a suddenly heightened color, turned quickly aside and made a remark to a girl companion.

But the question once asked had to be answered sooner or later. The time when it must be came the next afternoon in the disjointed intervals available between the departure of one guest who had dropped in on Miss Wentworth to get a cup of tea and the arrival of another who came for the same purpose.

Stanhope smiled down on her. "You remember what you said yesterday, don't you?" he asked.

Miss Wentworth blushed slightly. "Oh, yes," she said. "Wasn't it foolish? I was carried away by the moment and thought that I could love the man who defended the cup so splendidly."

"The Englishman has said that he will challenge again," he said slowly. "I shall build a yacht and defend the cup."

"But you are not a yachtsman." "I shall become one if"— "But you know how seasick you get when the water is rough." "I'll get over it if"— "I won't promise."

"I don't ask you to do so. But I do ask you to be with me when my yacht crosses the line a victor a year or two from now, and perhaps—perhaps the moment may carry you away again." "Oh, you foolish boy! But it was with a very tender look in her eyes that Miss Wentworth watched Stanhope as he went from the parlor.

An hour later he was closeted with Neil Burke, the famous yacht designer.

"You said once that you would do anything for my father's son, Mr. Burke," he was saying. "Now I'm going to claim your promise. I've got to defend the cup next time. To do so I must have a yacht that can defeat all other would be defenders and then can defeat the challenger, no matter how good it may be. Will you help me?"

"It's my business to do so," returned the designer, "and in this case it will be my pleasure as well."

Stanhope drew a long breath. "That's good," he said. "Spare no expense—none. I will spend my whole fortune if necessary to assure this victory."

The designer's face grew serious. He drew a sheet of paper toward him and began to figure. At last he threw down the pencil. "Stanhope," he said, "if you mean exactly what you say and if you are rich enough and have the nerve to risk it I can assure you of victory as certainly as any human event still in the future can be assured. But it will cost a great deal."

"Never mind the cost. I have the nerve, I believe, and I have the money—that is, I have anything within reason."

"Ah! But perhaps you'll think that this isn't in reason. With—and can—you risk \$7,000,000 on the race with the certainty of winning unless something altogether unforeseen should occur?"

"Seven millions! Great Caesar! How can you possibly spend seven millions?"

"I said risk, not spend. And the risk will be very small. Nearly all of the money will be restored safe and sound—less the cost of the yacht, crew and so forth, say half a million. But the better millions I must have in coin, or, better still, in bars of solid gold. Will you risk it?"

Drops of sweat stood on Stanhope's forehead. "Mr. Burke," he said, "I am reputed to be rich, and I am. I suppose the market value of my property is about ten millions. But in actual cash I am poor. I shall have to sell everything to get this gold. To sell in haste may cost me one-third of my fortune—certainly one-quarter of it. Suppose I should not be able to raise seven millions, what then?"

"Oh, \$6,000,000 or even \$5,000,000 would do at a pinch," returned Mr. Burke nonchalantly. "Seven millions is best, but a less amount would almost certainly do as well."

"How soon do you want the money?" "Eight or nine months from now will do."

"Very well, you shall have it. Now

explain your plans to me." And under his breath Stanhope murmured, "I wonder whether this sort of thing is romantic enough to suit her?"

Two years passed away, and the date of the next international races was fast approaching. Marvellous tales had come from abroad regarding the performance of the Erin. The British had gone fairly wild over her, and their supreme confidence had had a depressing effect on this side of the water, where the new defender, the Virginia, had done nothing to show that she was greatly superior to the Columbia.

Stanhope had been readily admitted to the yacht club, and his boat, constructed by the famous old designer, had been accepted as the defender of the cup. Extraordinary pains had been taken to keep her lines secret. The shipyard where she was built had been guarded day and night by armed men, and she had been launched "in petticoats," which concealed her hull.

It was not until the day before that set for the first series of races that one of the sensational New York newspapers announced under scare heads that the Virginia, despite her enormous sail area, drew only fifteen feet of water; hence the paper deduced the alleged fact that if the wind reached a velocity of even twelve miles an hour the American boat would inevitably capsize.

The first two races went off splendidly for the Americans, the Virginia coming in a good five miles ahead of her rival in spite of the fact that the latter also showed phenomenal speed. By the morning of the third race the yachting world had settled down to the conviction that Mr. Burke had discovered some new principle of hull building.

The result of the third race seemed so absolutely certain that Stanhope invited Miss Wentworth and her chaperon to be on board during it. It was not in accordance with racing customs to have any one besides the officers and crew aboard at such a time, but the superiority of the Virginia was so evident that it seemed impossible for harm to result.

And none did result until after the race was won. As the Virginia glided smoothly across the line four miles ahead of her outclassed rival Stanhope turned to Miss Wentworth. "Are you carried away, Virginia?" he asked. The girl turned to him, joy in his triumph flushing in her face, but before she could answer a cry of terror arose. The excursion fleet, wild with excitement over the unprecedented triumph of the American, had broken through the guard lines. The next instant came a grinding crash, and the paddle wheel of a gigantic ferryboat went tearing across the yacht, ripping her stern to pieces and pushing her beneath the water.

The suddenness of the calamity added to its awfulness. One moment the beautiful vessel, with towering masts and belying canvas, was there, the next only a confusion of broken timbers and struggling men.

As the boat went down like a stone Stanhope clasped Virginia in his arms and sprang overboard, and in a few moments they were picked up without sensible injury to either.

Putting Miss Wentworth under care of her friends, Stanhope hurried on board of the United States gunboat which had quickly dispersed the fleet and taken charge of the wreck. "Captain Edward," he exclaimed hoarsely, "I am Mr. Stanhope, owner of the Virginia. My entire fortune is in that yacht. She contains over \$6,000,000 in gold."

"What?" "Her keel is of solid gold. You read the story in the paper the other day stating that the Virginia drew only fifteen feet of water. Well, that was true. Gold is nearly twice as heavy as lead, a golden keel is only half the size of a leaden one, and its resistance to the water is far less. Consequently a boat with such a keel is much faster than one with the ordinary lead keel. I had to win this race, so I sold all my property and turned it into gold to make a keel for the Virginia. Will you stay here and protect the wreck until we can get the wrecking apparatus?"

"I will, sir; I will." Three hours later the work on the yacht had proceeded far enough to make certain the safety of the gold, and Stanhope set off to the home of Miss Wentworth, where he found her none the worse for her cold bath.

"I asked my question at the proper time, Virginia," he said, "but the blundering of that boat robbed me of my answer. Did the moment carry you away?"

Shyly the girl looked up at him. "No," she said. "The moment didn't, but—I think that you did."

#### The Traveling Story Teller.

The profession of hokkawai, or story teller, is a calling officially recognized in oriental countries, and the fortunate possessor of the necessary gift is sure of a welcome and a livelihood wherever he goes.

"It is this man," says an authority on oriental customs, "who beyond all others relieves the monotony of eastern life. I have seen the Arabian hokkawai seated in the middle of a large crowd, with the firelight throwing a ruddy glow over his mobile features, bringing out clearly their varying expressions as he warms to his tale. The Arabs have a saying that 'smiles and tears are in the same khaurig,' or wallet, and so well does the real hokkawai know his business that hour after hour he can make his dark skinned audience shake with laughter or sob in sympathy with the woes of some imaginary heroine, or shiver and feel for their dangers, ready to spring to their feet to avenge some dastardly act of cruelty. No 'dime novel' of the western world could be more thrilling than is this legendary fiction of the peoples of the far east."

## HINTS FOR FARMERS

### A Beet Harvester.

It has been the belief that American inventive ingenuity would solve the problem of beet harvesting, which has been one of the heaviest on the wheel of progress in the development of the beet sugar industry. Hand and hoe work is now demanded in the culture and harvest of this crop. The American farmer saves his legs and hands and back as much as possible. Beet culture is back breaking. In some localities where sugar factories have been established farmers have refused to undergo the taxing labor necessary to grow beets, and foreigners have been imported for the purpose. If beets could be grown in corn grown factories would not lack for supplies. Those who understand the ingenuity of invention are ready to labor saving farm machinery have been keeping an ear open for a note of success in the application of this genius to implements for beet culture. Nebraska is the state to sound it first. The Breeder's Gazette. It is reported that a couple of men in Red Willow county, in that state, have devised a beet harvester which will prove practicable. Its operation requires one man and four horses, and thus equipped it is said that it will dig, top and load three acres of beets a day. A wagon accompanies the machine to receive the beets. It is said that this harvester does the work formerly performed by fourteen men and four horses and that it can be put on the market at \$125. Much interest will attend the testing of this implement in actual use.

### The Trained Farmer.

Farming is a great deal more than a matter of choice; it is a question of training and aptitude. Nobody would expect a gang of farm laborers to go into a vacant cullery shop and turn out good knives and tableware. Yet the mechanic who has done nothing but grind and finish knives all his life is quite likely to talk as if a farm were all he needed to become an expert farmer. His first attempt to milk a cow or swing a scythe would show him a thing or two, not to mention such a task as laying a drain, budding a fruit tree, tending a sick animal or even to plow a straight furrow in the field. The man who has picked up a lot of general knowledge about farming by reading books and papers is apt to forget that most of the work consists of details that can be learned only by experience. The learning is possible owing to the neighborly kindness of most farmers. Hard study, good sense and energy will also, as in other occupations, rapidly make up for lack of early training. But the point is that nobody should expect to become a farmer all at once. For a beginner to buy a large farm with an established business is to merit almost certain disappointment if capital is limited.—American Cultivator.

### The Model Farmer Found.

A dairy farmer in Pennsylvania, whose wonderful success was described in Professor L. H. Bailey's series of articles in Country Life in America on "How to Make a Living From the Land," has now been approached by the United States department of agriculture, which wishes to make his farm the subject of a bulletin on model farming. He objects, however, to making his place the Mecca of brother agriculturists the country over unless the government will pay him \$20,000 down or the same sum in \$2,000 annual installments for his trouble. He began with fifteen acres of ground that would not support two cows and a horse. Now the same land supplies food for thirty-five cows and two horses, bringing him a large income from the place. It is one of the most remarkable instances of practical results of model farming in this country, as Country Life in America points out.

### Early Cucumbers Easily Grown.

Turn a large, grassy sod bottom upward in a shallow box. Plant in the sod seeds for as many hills of cucumbers as the space will allow, leaving plenty of room to divide it without disturbing the roots of the plants. In about six weeks from time of planting the hills may be separated by cutting the sod into small squares and transplanting them into the open ground, previously prepared by a liberal use of compost.

Make several small holes in the bottom of a tin can, sink it in the ground close to the transplanted vine and keep filled with water. Following this method will insure large cucumbers nearly as early as and more palatable than those shipped from the south.—J. V. Knoch in American Agriculturist.

### Beef at Cost.

In some parts of New England the old plan of a co-operative beef supply is still followed. A number of farmers agree to furnish a beef animal each in turn at intervals averaging about two weeks. The meat is distributed at 5 to 8 cents a pound, according to the cut, and the owner keeps the hide and tallow. Thus twenty-five farmers, more or less, can unite to secure fresh meat at cost, escaping the exactions of the western beef packers.

### Watch Your Potato Seed.

Potatoes for seed will bear watching this spring. No one will plant badly frozen tubers, but the danger is from seed that has been chilled enough to weaken its vitality. It may sprout well enough to deceive the planter and yet not have in it the possibilities of a good crop. There is little enough profit in the potato at its best. Planting doubtful seed is fishing for disappointment with the most certain bait.—Rural New Yorker.



THE MIKADO'S FIGHTING MEN AND THE "HUMAN HORSE" OF JAPAN.

made their memorable visit, but there were many able men in Japan, and they pushed the country forward so rapidly during his minority that the Japanese advance was well under way when the young emperor became old enough to take the reins of power. A constitution was adopted, an up-to-date western parliament was installed, and, surrounded by such men as Marquis Ito and Count Inouye, the mikado has become one of the world's truly great rulers. He has adopted the educational system of the United States; he has raised, trained and armed a modern army of 600,000 men; he has built a formidable and efficient navy; for years past he has been sending the young men of Japan to seats of learning all over the globe; he has made Japan the champion of the open door in the far east, and today he is personally directing the movements of his

army than in the growth of the determination to fight Russia. Ever since the Port Arthur incident after the Chino-Japanese war it has been the settled purpose of every subject of the mikado to help whip the great bear. As one man the nation went to work preparing for the struggle. The army was increased and trained. The navy was enlarged, and the gunners were drilled. Every ship that went to Europe was required to bring back a quantity of arms and ammunition. The presents in the shops, the boys in the schools, the workmen in the shops, all began to talk about the time that Japan was to meet Russia. It was only about eight or nine years ago that the Muscovite stole the fruits of the Jap's victory. Never was time better spent than these intervening years in the preparation of the island empire to fight the wrong. Spies dressed as

that no one has ever hit upon the designation that really describes them. They are the Greeks of the east. They have the same artistic quality. In all the world there is no more lovely country than the Land of the Rising Sun, nor is this so much due to nature as to man. Everywhere the scenery has been beautified. No spot of ugliness is allowed to remain. True, the famed Greek sculpture has not come yet. For that there is plenty of time. Every other element is present, however. The home life is much the same. The religion is strikingly similar. Both are island empires and both mountainous. Now, if the parallel is made complete by the Japs whipping Russia, as the Spartans and Athenians overcame the hosts of the Persians, the little people will have gained full right to the proud title of "the Greeks of the orient."