JAPS ON THE BEAR

He Knows All About the Russian People.

'RICKSHAW MAN TALKS

Thomas Nesb't Tells of His Interview with Japs.

Thomas S. Nesbit in the N. Y. Evening Post says:

The one thing that marks the Japanese peasant from his European fellows is his active interest in politics. There are whole communities of mujiks in Russia who have never seen or even heard of the Japanese people. Not so the Jap. No matter how far off in the backwoods of his native Nipon he may live, he knows all about Russia, and has very decided opinions regarding her qualities as a nation.

You might ask the country Jap what he thinks of the negro problem in America, and he would look blank. That is because he has never been interested in the American negro. But he has been interested in Russians because they enter into the politics of his own country; and the Japs are as fond of political discussion and argument as were the Greeks of the times of Socrates.

The first thing to do when you settle down to live in a Japanese town is to get acquainted with a rickshaw man. You pay him to pull you around in a little two-wheeled cart, but besides that he will keep you in close touch with current events. He will tell you what the emperor of China thinks of his prime minister's scheme for reorganizing the Chinese army, and why Japan doesn't approve of the new treaty between France and Russia. Then he will give you his own opinions, and the mistakes of diplomatists will be made known to you.

AN ORIENTAL MINE OF INFORMATION.

I have my little Nagasaki 'rickshaw man to think for much valuable information on affairs in the Orient. He stood less than five feet in his blue, skin-tight trousers, but there was much beneral information under his shock of blue-black hair. He had fought the Chinese in '95, and in the first week of our acquaintance he had given me a detailed account of the war. Every time we stopped to rest under the trees on the country road he would reel off a campaign or two. Finally, when material gave out, he came to the pet dream of his imagination—a war with Russia.

He had already manoeuvred his countrymen into several victorious battles with the hated Russian before I realized that his little obliquely slit eyes were peering into the future, not the past. He spoke of it all in the past tense, with a reassuring "yes" now and then to give veracity to his tale.

"Then a big officer came to me, he say, 'You make fight. You put by 'rickshaw—come fight.' Yes, I tell wife good-bye. I go make soldier, quick. Plenty march, march, much cold, much ice, much snow, chow-chow very little—plenty fight."

"Where'd all this take place?" I asked, wondering where in Japan such cold weather ever came.

"Siberia," he answered, complacently; "yes. Plenty fight, plenty dead Russian soldier. More march—march, much walk—by-n'-by come to big city. Big fight—much boom, boom—then Japanese flag go up."

"What city's that?"

"St. Petersburg. Yes, Russia no more soldiers have got. Then Japan, England, America—make like brother—three together—more strong than all other countries. America get Siberia—England get Persia. Yes."

"What does Japan get?"

"All the rest. Yes."

There was nothing boastful in the way he said it. It was as though he had considered carefully all the elements in this international mix-up, and his prophecy could be the only logical outcome.

I had a very good friends on the police force in Nagasaki. His post was on the Haddabar, where all the sampans land men from the ships in the harbor. On cold, rainy days he withdrew into a little shell of a sentry box and watched his beat through two small windows. But on fine days he strutted up and down the dock, swinging his club much after the fashion of his New York fellow professional. He had a ready smile for every passer-by, even for any drunken, rowdy sailor he knew he would have to tackle a minute later. But for me he always had a particularly welcome smile, for he had always found me a ready convert to the political theories he conceived and developed on his night watches. Like all his fellows on the force, he had picked up enough English to converse with the English and American sailors who came ashort in Nagasaki.

CONTEMPT FOR THE RUSSIANS.

"Ohio," he said one Sunday morning, which means "Good morning." "You see, Russian ship come in las' night." He nodded his head across the harbor to the spot where one of the largest drydocks in the Orient is situated. The Russian flag was hoisted on a vessel in the dock.

"You see," he continued, "when Russian ship break, mus' come here for fix up. Now Japan break, mus' come here for fix up. Now Japan fix Russian ship; bime-by Japan break again. Russian very big, but slow, stupid, like fat cow. No understand make machine, make ship, make smart work. No got head. You see Russian officer? Big, fat, got head like watermelon, with plenty whisker—on top no got hair. But Russia very strong; bime-by Japan very strong, too."

Here his discource was broken off by a commotion down the dock. Two sailors belonging to the Baltimore were having trouble with a sampan man. They were very drunk and noisy, and it took a good deal of coaxing and diplomacy on the part of the sampan man to keep them from running amuks among the throngs along the dock. Finally, they were persuaded to roll into the sampan and peace was once more restored. The sampan made for the beach across the harbor, not for the Baltimore. A sampan man will not take a drunken sailor abroad his ship; he will sober him up first.

The policeman had watched the whole affair with smiling interest. When he turned again to resume conversation there was a decided twinkle in his eye.

"American sailor like good time," he said. "Fine fellow—too much drink, but very good fellow. Sailor got very hard time—much work, much scrub deck, work all time. Sunday all same, come ashore—must have good time. Airi'. Some time make little trouble, but we don' care. Japanese sailor sometimes dring sakt. Saki very bad for American, because no used to it.

"'Rickshaw man like American sailor, because pay plenty money—American sailor plenty swear, plenty noise, plenty drink, but airi'."

Again his discourse was interrupted by trouble in the street. Some British and German sailors were coming down from the town arm in arm, and they were decidedly disturbing the peace. A big British tar dispossessed a 'rickshaw man of his vehicle, one of the Germans got in, then the Britisher and another German rolled him up and down the dock. They took turns doing this for some time, until finally they tired of the sport. Then they rolled uptown again for more drinks. The Japs who had witnessed these sailor pranks were laughing immoderately, and the little dock policeman laughed loudest.

"German very funny," he continued at last. "All time make fun. German very fine soldier—big army have got—like Japanese army. German got fine school, many Japanese student go there, but no got ship like England an' America. English very small, like Japan, but very strong—almos' strong as Japan. Here come all time many English sailor. English sailor same as American sailor—like drink, but very fine fellow. Make plenty noise all time. English officer give all time money when he ask question. One time when——"

He chopped off his story sharp. Next instant has was flying down the dock with the speed of a hwk. There was apparently no cause for his wild charge, until I looked up the street. A big, duck-clad sailor was rolling down the middle of the thoroughfare, swinging his arms wildly about him, but otherwise quite harmless. The policeman was making a bee-line for him. In a minute he had the sailor by the wrist. The big fellow looked surprised, then began to punch wildly at the policeman, but next instant was down on his back. When he got up, he followed his small captor quite meekly towards the station-house. In the struggle he had dropped his cap, his white jacket was torn and covered with mud. There was trouble in store for him when he got aboard. An 'rickshaw man picked up his cap and jambed it down on the big sailor's head, while the crowds laughed and jeered at his discomfiture.

It was not until he passed quite close by towards the police sampan that I understood. On his cap ribbon were those funny Greek characters which stood for the name of the big Russian cruiser in port.

JAPANESE POETRY.

The New York Sun printed recently a Japanese poem entitled "Our Navy," by the late Dr. Shoichi Toyama, of the Tokyo Imperial University, the founder of the new style of Japanese poetry. It consisted of five stanzas. The first stanza, which illustrates the construction of the Japanese language, is as follows:

Asahi ni kagayaku hinomaru no hata, kiramecku mikuni no gunkan domoyo.
Chishima no hat yori Okinawa made mo kaibyaku kuno kata ikoku no teki ni.
Ichido mo imamade kegasare zarishi totoki kaigan mamore ya mamore.
Teki no gunkan ikuhyaku aru mo chihiro no soko e to shizume to shimae.

The translation of the poem made by Jihei Hashiguchi, of New York, is as follows:

I.

The banner of the rising sun that glitters
in the morning ray,
And the men-of-war of the empire that
shine bright.
O defend, and O defend our dearest coast,
Which, from the last of the Kurile to
that of the Loochoo,
Has never once to this day been spoiled
By any foreign enemy since the beginning of our history.
No matter how many hundreds the enemy's warships,
O sink them one by one into the bottomless deep.

II.

The men that are born by heaven's grace
In this archipelago, that have no peer
in Asia,
Are from childhood used to seafaring life,
Never scared of storms, never afraid of
gales,
If any should attempt to attach our
country,
We'll challenge him in the midst of roaring billows.
No matter how many hundreds the enemy's warships,
O sink them one by one into the bottomless deep.

III.

The death-fearless sons of the rising sun,
Who for wives and children go to the far-off sea,
Though the winds blow, the billows rise
and the storms rage:
Why should they fear the enemy's warships,
When with waves as pillows ready to die?
For our Mikado, for our country, and for
our burial place,
No matter how many hundreds the enemy's warships,
O sink them one by one into the bottomless deep.

IV.

Crossing the great seas on the weak vessels,
And inflicting the damages on the foreign
shores,
The brave, fearless fathers of yours
Were called the gods by them of the foreign lands.
You who inherit the spirit of your fathers,
Defend and guard our heaven's domain.
No matter how many hundreds the enemy's warships,
O sink them one by one into the bottomless deep.

V.

With the skill uncommon with which
easily ye mobilize
The torpedoes, the guns and the armored
cruisers,
If there be any enemy of Mikado's domain
Though his country be myriad miles afar,
Ye shall chastise him back to his home,
And show the wide world the dignity of
the flag.
No matter how many hundreds the enemy's warships,
O sink them one by one into the bottomless deep.

THE DUKE'S TREASURE.

In illustration of the lavishness with which Chatsworth House is endowed with art treasures and of the distrait element which is supposed to be a feature of the Duke of Devonshire's mind an amusing story went the round of the French press at the time of the last Paris exhibition. The duke, it was said, was strolling through the loan section of the English exhibits with a friend and stopped to look with admiration at a porphyry table of matchless beauty. He examined it long with the eye of a connoiseur, and at last exclaimed: "I wonder who is the owner of such a beautiful specimen of workmanship. I almost feel inclined to envy him." His companion, who had consulted the catalogue, handed it to him with a smile. It contained the information that the table came from Chatsworth House and was lent by the Duke of Devonshire.London Chronicle.

Royal automobiles are exempt in England from the numbering regulations. But the Prince of Wales has had his auto registered and numbered, because he thinks it will be less conspicuous that way.

PORT ARTHUR'S PLIGHT

Conditions Unbearable Even Before War.

TRANSLATION OF LETTER

Russians Are Known as Horse Thief Band.

Following is the translation by the New York Globe of a letter from a Japanese resident of Port Arthur, written twenty days before hostilities began, which was published in the Nippon of Tokio:

"Port Arthur, Jan. 18.—Some 150 of our Japanese women and children, which was nearly the whole number in Dalny, Talienwan and Port Arthur, have left here in the last two weeks. We expect the declaration of war every hour. We sent one fellow to the Japanese consulate at Chefoo the other day to ask him to send us word if the war was begun. We can not see anything definite here; everything is in a chaotic state. The mayor of Dalny, Sawaroff and the Viceroym Alexieff issued a proclamation among the Japanese and Chinese assuring our safety whatever might happen. There are some fifty Japanese girls of questionable morality who begged relief of their masters or mistresses, but they are not permitted to go out even one step. It was said to be the government's command. The viceroy is endeavoring to make us stay here with every effort. Why? All the Chinese, more especially the Chinese laborers, who are here only for money, are looking to our Japanese movement. If we begin to depart, thus spreading among them the news of the immediate possibility of war, they would not stop a minute from running away. Here at Port Arthur something above a thousand Chinese laborers are employed.

"Let me say that Port Arthur is not ready for war. It is no mistake to say that Alexieff's idea is to delay our negotiations as long as possible. After a month or so the war preparations may be ready. And still it is doubtful. His 'bluff' is a sure sign of Russia's incompetency.

"I never saw such a tumultuous city as Port Arthur in my life. The city is in confusion. And the people are in a panic, partly from their fears of the threat of the 'horse thief.' The ferocious Manchurians invade a private house and steal the treasure away. And they kill women and children without a sign of mercy. Only a few days ago one was robbed to the amount of between $1,000 and $1,500. They begin this savage work every evening. And it is so strange to see one or two Chinese hanged on a tree every day. There is an opinion it is the work of the horse thief brigands. It is pretty hard to understand why they do so. It is almost indescribable to think of living in the enlightened twentieth century, seeing such dreadful conditions. All the people are afraid to be out from 7 in the evening. But the Russian officers' busiest hours will begin from 11 o'clock at night, and their work will be done by the next morning. They drive the Chinese laborers like horses for carrying food and moving timbers.

"There is an opinion, not only among the Russians but also among us, that China will join with Japan if the war is declared. And Japan will land at Chefoo, to begin with, and rush into Manchuria. Our Japanese first movement will be turned toward Port Arthur. Port Arthur's life is hanging on Chefoo. It means death to Port Arthur if the city were cut off from Chefoo. Russia gets everything from there—coal, beef, and vegetables. So the viceroy's every effort is turned to getting as much provisions as possible from Chefoo. He made nearly all the steamers stop running to other places, and commissioned them for transportation. The cargoes have increased tenfold.

"What will Port Arthur do if the land connection be destroyed by our Japanese army when the Yellow sea is our own? The city has no coal, food is not sufficient, and where is the dock? It is clear that Russia does not desire war at all. But she is showing that she is ready any time for war, since her diplomacy would not work if she did not demonstrate her war preparation. Yes, she is preparing for war. But her preparations are far from complete. The viceroy is doing his utmost. However, he declared to the Japanese laborers—twenty in all—at Port Arthur that Russia and Japan would never come to a rupture. If they insist on returning to Japan, he says he will not pay them even a cent, and will give them no passports. He is an absolute tyrant.

"And Russia commands no respect among the Manchurians. The Russian officers are the objects of hatred. There is no doubt the Manchurians will come to the Japanese army and offer their hands for driving out the Russians. They are trampled brutally by them. They would think it was the right time to revenge themselves. Undoubtedly they will wreck the railroad and threaten the Russian garrison. They will steal away their provisions. They will do every harm within their power. It is hard to see that such a disturbance among the Manchurians will be of any help to us if we begin war. But it is certain that their sympathies are with us.

"Again let me say that Port Arthur is not ready for war. There is only the war with Russia, nothing but the war. We hope we may hear of it within a week or so. There is no other time like this, when there is every chance for Japan. Russia has no fear at all for Japan. Russia has no moral support in Manchuria, and stands in such an awkward situation for fighting.

"The climate is eight degrees below zero every day. But there is thin ice in the bay at Port Arthur and also at Dalny.

"A JAPANESE."

THREE JAPANESE WOMEN.

On the shoulders of three dainty little Japanese women, the only ones in New York city, rests the responsibility of representing their country, the Mikado and all his feminine subjects to us Americans. It seems a curious fact that in this great cosmopolitan center, in which there are upward of fifteen hundred Japanese, there should be only a triumvirate of women who belong to the upper class.

One of these is the wife of the Japanese consul general, Sadazuchi; another is Mrs. Takeo Iwahara, wife of a prominent merchant, and the third is Mrs. Ito Imanishi, whose husband is a Japanese banker. There is a fourth woman of the same rank, but she lives in Riverside, Conn., so can not be truthfully classed among the New York colony of Japanese.

Until the beginning of hostilities between Japan and Russia these ladies went about their domestic and social duties quietly and unobtrusively. They still maintain the same shyness; but the firing of the first gun that announced to all the world that war had begun has brought all eyes upon these three little women from the Mikado's empire. Three million minds are wondering what these quaint delicate flowers of the orient will do in the way of rendering aid to their countrymen who are fighting in the far east.

The crack of the first shell is the signal for American women to take action if their country is involved in war, and even when patriotism is not concerned they are eager to offer assistance where it is needed.

What are the Japanese women doing or going to do?

"Nothing is being done at present," said Mrs. Uchida, wife of the consul general, when asked about their plans to aid the fighters. "But this inactivity on our part is not due to any unpatriotic feeling. Far from it. It is only that at present there is nothing for us to do.

"We three women have a difficult task before us, don't you think so?" asked the little lady. "What can we do among so many foreigners?" And as she put the question there came into her eyes a very pretty and appealing look.

"Whatever we set out to do must be done well and thoroughly, for we represent the whole Japanese nation in New York we three women, and it would not do to plan anything small or to have anything but a big success. It must be something large, something great," she went on, her dark almond eyes opening wider and wider as she spread out her hands in an expressive gesture.

"We can not accomplish anything in New York without asking help from foreigners, from Americans, and though we have many delightful friends here who would be willing to assist us we are not quite sure it would be best for us to put ourselves in the position of asking favors from them. They might criticise us at home, we might do something to offend Japanese officials, so that is why we have decided to defer action until authorities have decided as to how far we may be allowed to go.

"If we were in Japan there are a thousand things that we could plan to help the war fund, and I think we should be just as eager and interested as Americans are when their country is fighting. It is not that we are afraid or unpatriotic O no! We are anxious to help and have already held several meetings, the three of us, but at present it is not very necessary that we should do anything. The men are collecting a war fund and each of us helps all she can toward that, but not by begging.

"It is a great responsibility," sighed the little lady, "to represent one's nation, and we dare not take any steps without consulting Mr. Uchida, and he is so busy all the time that he can not stop to consider the best plan of action for us.

"We are proud of the sympathy that so many Americans are showing for us. Sometimes I know it is given without a thorough understanding of the cause of our trouble with Russia, but we appreciate it none the less. Perhaps the Americans who are on our side are there because they dislike Russia, making it a sort of negative sympathy, but whatever it is, we are proud and glad to have it given us."

In her pretty little apartment at Central Park West and Ninety-fourth street, Mrs. Imanishi echoed the sentiments of the wife of the Japanese consul general. "We have held a few meetings since war was declared and have planned a way to raise money for the war fund, but work is not required of us yet. Our husbands think that the time is not ripe for us to begin active work," she said.

Mrs. Iwahara, who is living at the Ansonia, is also waiting for authorities to declare that Japan is ready and anxious to accept aid from its countrymen in America.—N. Y. Herald.

Caterpillars have become a plague in New South Wales. In some cases they have interfered with railway travel, as the trains could not move on the rails made slippery by the crushed caterpillars.

The commerce of the countries fronting on the scene of the war in the far east amounts to about $600,000,000 a year, of which the United States has about one-sixth, or $100,000,000.

CUPID FROM RUSSIA

American Women Who Have Married Russians.

JAPANESE NOT IN RACE

No Girls of Note Have Married Japs.

If American sympathy in the war between Japan and Russia were regulated by marital ties Russia would have by far the better of it, for while few American girls, and none of any note, have married Japanese, a great many Yankees belles have become wives of titled young men of the Czar's kingdom. In fact, in this respect, it is doubtful if Great Britain, whise noble sons have long been looked upon as tempting bait to American girls with fortunes who sought titles for their names, is very far ahead of Russia. For England cannot claim the honor of having the granddaughter of the President of the United States as an adopted daughter. That honor was reserved for Russia when the beautiful Julia Dent Grant was led to the altar by Prince Cantacuzene, who took his bride back to his home beneath the Russian flag.

The wedding of Miss Grant to Prince Cantacuzene took place at Newport in September, 1899, and was one of the most elaborate ceremonies that has ever taken place in this country. The engagement of the young couple had been brought about, it was said, by the bride's aunt, Mrs. Potter aPlmer ,and that lady's munificence added materially to the grandeur of the wedding. The Prince and Princess are said to be a most happy and congenial couple, and every one agrees that Gen. Grant's daughter made an excellent choice of a husband. The Prince is prominent in Russian diplomatic circles, and his wire is very popular in St. Petersburg society.

In this marriage there was no particular wealth on the bride's side to have attracted the noble suitor. In fact, the Russians who have married our girls can in no case be said to have been fortune-hunters. Most of them, on the other hand, have brough sufficient wealth with their titles to enable them to support their American brides handsomely. In the case of Miss Susie Whittier, of Boston, the daughter of Gen. Charles A. Whittier, there was no wealth on either side, however, and the bride, since her marriage, in 1898,to Prince Serge Beloselsky, has had anything but an easy time of it so far as finances have gone.

Miss Whittier was a famous Boston belle, and met Prince Beloselsky in Paris in the fall of 1898. It was a case of love at first sight, and despite remonstrances by the friends of both they became engaged and were married soon after. They went immediately to St. Petersburg where they entertained most lavishly, with the result that their money was soon gone, and the Prince was obliged to seek employment in the Government's large iron foundries to repair his shattered fortunes. His wife's devotion was shown by her prompt decision to go with him to the cold country and help him in every way to regain his wealth and pay his debts. This was only a few months ago, but the war brought the Prince out of his retirement, and he is now in command of the army around St. Petersburg. Let us

Continued on Twelfth Page.

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