

LITTLE MEN AND LITTLE WOMEN



The Wonderful Electric Elephant.

BY FRANCES TREGO MONTGOMERY. ILLUSTRATED BY C. M. COOLIDGE.

CHAPTER XIII.

JAPAN AND ITS QUEER PEOPLE.

After their adventure with the volcano, Harold and his companion made their way due east. The Japan current was a surprise to our travelers because it was so much warmer than the rest of the ocean through which it ran and the vegetation there was so different. Where the Japan current flowed the submarine grasses, mosses and ferns were more brilliant in coloring and grew in greater profusion than they did where the water was colder, just as the foliage on land is more profuse and highly colored in the torrid zone, where it is very warm, than it is in the temperate zone, where it is cooler.

One clear day they rose to the surface and saw lying ahead of them, only a few miles away, the smoky, smelly, cherry blossom island of the Eastern sea, Japan. As the ocean was very calm they stayed on the surface and approached the shore, steaming in every direction with their short, scumming legs. They were looking for a quiet place to land, where they would not be observed by the natives. At last they saw a place where a clump of trees grew close to the shore, and for this place they headed the elephant.

When they got to within a mile of the land they had to sink to the bottom again or be discovered, as there were two many little fishing boats in sight and one or two Chinese junks were visible in the distance. Consequently Harold decided not to go ashore until night. When it was quite dark he rose to the surface and made for the clump of trees, and was soon hidden by their overhanging branches. It happened, however, that he had not been unobserved, as the water some related fisherman who were drawing in their nets saw it, and dropping their nets they fled to the village to tell what they had seen.

Shortly afterward Harold and Ione were surrounded by a lot of bareheaded Japs, creeping and crawling on their hands and knees to get a glimpse of the monster without themselves being seen. When they were thus engaged, Harold, unconscious of the attention he had attracted, happened to turn the searchlight on to see how things looked ahead and around him, turning the light in all directions. As the light fell upon the Japs it was so intense that it blinded them for the time, and they immediately fell on their faces, praying frantically for help. Thinking their god Buddha had come to life again and had visited their island in the shape of a huge elephant. Being angered at their misdeeds, he had turned himself into a flame of living light to destroy them. When the light disappeared and they found they were still alive, they were too surprised to move for several minutes, then they fled silently in all directions. Later swift runners were dispatched to the capital, and the wonderful news of the returned god related to the Emperor. The searchlight had disclosed to Harold that they were in a thin grove of trees bordering on a wide, well kept public road, dotted here and there with native, straw-thatched huts. He knew from this that, traveling as they were, it would be impossible to see Japan and not excite a great deal of notice. He finally made up his mind, however, that if he had to score all the people on the island to death, he would not leave his beloved elephant behind. The outcome was that the next morning he started down the road on his way to the capital.

About noon he passed some runners bearing news to the Emperor. They did not see the elephant until it was quite close to them, coming at a rapid gait down the middle of the road. When they saw it, as they thought, making straight for them, one fell to the ground from fright. The other stepped to the side of the road and stood

staring in wild-eyed horror as the monster sped by, and all this time Harold and Ione were utterly unconscious of all the commotion they were causing.

On their way to the capital they saw some very curious and interesting sights as well as beautiful scenery for which Japan is famed. As they sped along, up hill and down hill, over extinct volcanoes now covered with verdure, they saw in the distance, steaming and smoking, dozens of active ones, also that far-famed sacred Fujiyama, the well beloved mountain of the Japs, towering above them with its snowy cone reaching into the clear, blue sky, and its sides kissing the clouds which curled around them. They passed whole fields of chrysanthemums with their yellow and white blossoms as big as an 8-inch ball, and Harold asked Ione how she would like to have a salad or a stew made of them. When she declined, he said that was nothing to the queer things the Japs ate, for instance, raw fish, which is considered by them their dearest dish.

"These people seem to me to do everything upside down," said Ione. "Do you believe that it is because they are always upside down to our side of the earth. For fun, I am going to make a list in my diary of the queer things they do opposite the way we do them in America."

Taking out her diary she wrote busily for a while. "There," said she, "I have written a lot of queer things. Let me read them to you and see if you can think of any others for me to put down. First—They read up and down in a book instead of sideways, and begin at the back instead of the front.

"Second—They carry the babies on their backs instead of in their arms.

"Third—On entering a house they take off their shoes instead of their hats. I have written a lot of queer things. Let me read them to you and see if you can think of any others for me to put down. Fourth—They begin to build their houses from the top instead of from the bottom, as we do, building the roof first and raising it on poles, and then building under and around it.

"Fifth—They consider it good manners to make a sucking sound when sipping tea or soup. We consider it the height of bad manners.

"Sixth—They are taught to turn their toes in instead of out when walking in a book instead of sideways, and begin at the back instead of the front.

"Seventh—When it is day in America it is night with them.

"Eighth—When taking a bath they all bathe in the same tub of water, from the grandfather down to the baby, the eldest going first, unless there is a guest in the house, and he has the precedence.

"Ninth—They also consider it polite to eat with their fingers, as well as with chopsticks. Mechanics also work with their feet almost as well as with their hands.

"Tenth—When a baby boy is born in a family they fly a kite from the house-top to show how happy they are to have a boy.

"Eleventh—Their houses are destitute of furniture and they have no cook stoves, but use little charcoal burners to cook with; neither have they any stationary inner walls to their houses, but instead use screens.

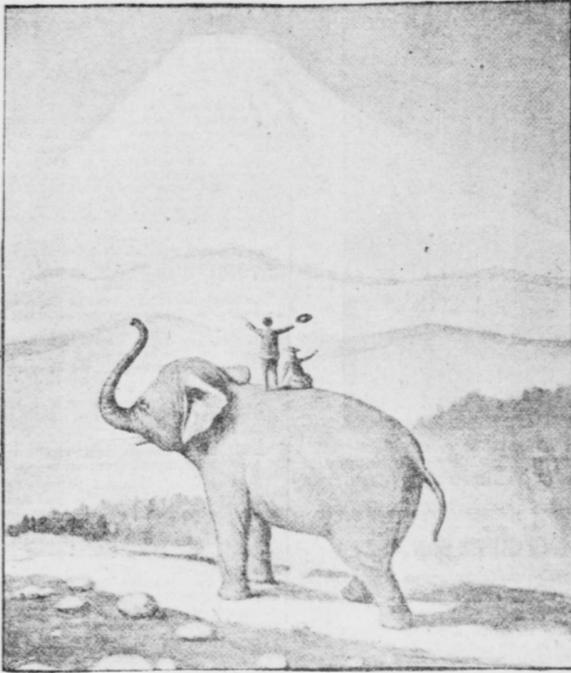
"A few more of the queer things they do are to bind their feet, instead of their waists, as our ladies do; they sleep on pillows as hard as a brick and not much larger; they also prefer a hard bed to a soft one, and always sleep on the floor. I can think of a lot more queer things."

"I can think of a lot more queer things," said Harold, "but the one that strikes me most at present is that they wear stockings with a separate piece for the big toe, and why that impresses me is that my big toe has just come through my stocking and I wish I had one of their kind."

"That is a hint for me to mend it, but I am not going to do it now. I am too much interested in watching these queer people as we go by. Look, Harold, at that little child playing away with a sleeping baby strapped to her back. I should think it was hard to break off, for it is hanging backward and wabbling around at every move the little girl makes."

"Put away your diary and write some other time, for we are approaching Tokio, the capital of Japan," said Harold. "I am first going to see the cherry trees. The people get so inspired by their perfume and beauty that they write verses which they tie in the boughs of the trees."

"Why don't the Japanese call their island the Land of the Cherry Blossom, instead of the Chrysanthemum. If they are so fond of them? I am sure they are much prettier and smell a thousand times sweeter." (To be continued.)



FUSIYAMA, THE WELL BELOVED MOUNTAIN OF THE JAPS.

HOW TO WIN A PRIZE.

- Prize No. 1—One dollar for the best pen and ink drawing of a bear.
- Prize No. 2—One dollar for the best story of James Madison, the fourth President of the United States, born March 16 1751. The story should be in your own words, and should not contain more than five hundred words.
- Prize No. 3—A book for the neatest and most complete list of bodies of water a ship must pass through on a journey from Chicago, Ill., to New-Orleans, La. Answers should reach the office not later than Wednesday, February 21, and should be addressed to Little Men and Little Women, New-York Tribune.

DOGS OF MANY KINDS.

Dogs, big and little—pugs, hounds, fox terriers, St. Bernards—visited the office last week. They were not, however, the kind that bark and run, but were the handwork of our little men and women. When all of the drawings were arranged for the paper they made such a fine showing that it was hard to choose the best one. Some excellent pictures were received after Wednesday—too late, of course, to find a place in the contest. All work received after the time limit set is thrown away. So, boys and girls, you are only wasting your time if you do not send your work on or before the day it is requested.

MOTHER-OF-PEARL OYSTER.

The mother-of-pearl business promises to be an item in future Filipino trade. According to reports

compiled for the Commercial Museum at Manila, the true mother-of-pearl oyster, a huge shell varying from six to fifteen inches in diameter and weighing from two to ten pounds, is unknown except along the coast of the Philippines and in the waters of Australia, New-Guinea and the Arafura Sea. Only smaller and much less valuable shells are found elsewhere.

THE STOLEN PRINCE.

The drawings of dogs sent in by our Little Men and Little Women last week take up so much room that we find it necessary to postpone Chapter X of "The Stolen Prince" until next Sunday. It is a very interesting chapter, and all of you should read it carefully to see if you cannot win one of the three prizes offered.

Japanese-Russian War.

One Little Man Asks What It's All About, and We Try to Tell Him.

A certain small boy asked his father at the breakfast table a few mornings ago, "What caused the war between Japan and Russia?" Many people think boys ask too many questions, but how are they to learn things if they do not. They cannot read and understand things as their fathers can. Besides, asking questions—especially such excellent ones as this boy asked—indicates that the interrogator—or boy asking questions—has a good foundation to start building his education on. Now, this boy's question was sent to The Tribune. All we have to say about the question is that we wish he would ask an easier one. How is one to tell about the causes of war, when one does not know all of them? To be sure, like two boys who have got into a quarrel and have been called upon to explain about it, each has his side to give; but one cannot tell whether either side has told all of the truth. Both Japan and Russia have given their sides.

It will be well to begin by getting out the geography and turning to the map of Asia, or, better, to a map on which can be found a slice of Siberia, the upper part of China and Korea and the islands of Japan by themselves. Siberia, every one knows by this time, belongs to Russia. Running along the lower edge of Siberia and crossing the claw of it near the sea of Japan is a big river called the Amoor. On the lower side of this river lies a country called Manchuria. For many years Manchuria belonged to China. Jutting off from Manchuria into the midst of the Yellow Sea and the Sea of Japan is a tongue of land called Korea on some maps and Corea on the others. Now, look closely. A river will be found running part way across this tongue of land between Corea and Manchuria. This is the Yalu River, about which so much is being said.

Now, Russia for several years has been building a railroad from Europe across Siberia to the sea. Of course, the railroad, in order to be of use, ought to end near the water, where ships could bring to it freight and also take freight from it. Siberia is so near the North Pole that it is very cold in some places in the winter time. In fact, so cold is it that all the bays along the coast freeze over in the winter and no vessels can get in or out with their freight. It was planned to build this railroad to a place called by the long name of Vladivostok. This town is at the head of a bay opening into the Sea of Japan at the foot of the mountain of the Amoor. The czar's ministers thought it would be much better to build the railroad to a bay which did not freeze over at any time of the year, so somehow or other an opportunity to build it across Manchuria, which belongs to China, to a place now known as Port Arthur. This place may be found at the end of a small tongue of land extending out into the Gulf of Pe-Chi-Li. This gulf is at the head of the Yellow Sea, the left of Corea, and on a level with Peking, the capital of China.

Two or three years ago a lot of bad Chinamen, called Boxers, who wanted to get the foreigners out of China, shut up the foreigners in Peking and would not let them leave the city. The soldiers of a number of different countries, including Russia, marched to Peking and made the Boxers go away. Russia left some of her soldiers in Manchuria, instead of taking them home as some of the other countries did. Then the czar's ministers, when asked if their soldiers were not going to leave poor China's land of Manchuria, said they would go when China had done certain things, and a day was set for them to go. The day came, but the soldiers did not go. People began to believe that the czar intended to take the country for himself, because he had built a railroad across it.

Japan is only a small country, as one may see by looking at the map. But there are a lot of big and little Japs, with bristling black hair, and their islands are getting too small for them. They want some more land to spread out upon. Corea would just suit the Japs, and every one has thought that some day the little man who calls himself Emperor of Corea would be obliged to give up his country to Japan. Manchuria and Corea are separated only by the Yalu River. Japan, at least,

had as much right in Corea as the czar had in Manchuria, and many people here thought her right was a little better than Russia's to Manchuria. Japan had not tried to gobble up Corea, while Russia apparently had tried to get Manchuria right out from under the nose of China, and Russia was unable to defend herself. As Japan and Russia were likely to get such near neighbors, year by year the ministers of the czar to talk the matter over and settle how they would get along together.

So the two sent notes to each other saying what they would do and what they would like to have the other side do. They disagreed on about five things, at least. Japan asked Russia to sign a paper, called a treaty, saying that she intended giving Manchuria back to China. Russia, on the other hand, asked Japan to promise to let Corea alone, to build no forts at the lower end of Corea where the tongue comes down near the lower end of the islands of Japan, and to mark out a strip of land on the Korean side of the Yalu River in which neither of them should go.

The czar declined to say in writing that he would return Manchuria. The Japs could not see why they should be obliged to do in regard to Corea what Russia would not do in regard to Manchuria. Nor could they understand why they should be obliged not to put up forts on ground which did not belong to Russia. It was hardly fair, either, to ask the Japs to give up their right to land on the side of the Yalu River when Russia would not do the same on their side. Russia had been treating them fairly, and when the czar's ministers did not answer their last note for a long time, apparently because the czar wanted to get ahead of Japan and be ready to fight, Japan decided not to wait for the note and sent her warships out.

SAM WELLER'S VALENTINE.

"Lovely creature, I feel myself ashamed and completely circumscribed in a dress" of you, for you are a nice gal and nothin' but it. Afore I see you I thought all women were alike, but now I find what a regular soft headed, ink-necked turnip I must have been for there ain't nobody like you, though I like you better than nothin' at all. So I take the privilege of the day, Mary my dear—as the gentleman in difficulties did, you be walked out of a lady—to tell you the first and only time I see you, your likeness was took on my heart in much quicker time and brighter colors than ever a likeness was took by the press machine (which perhaps you may have heard on Mary my dear) altho it does finish a portrait and put the frame and glass on complete with a book at the end to hang it up by and all in two minutes and a quarter. Except of me Mary my dear as your valentine did not think over what I've said. My dear Mary I will now conclude.—(Charles Dickens.)

FROM LONDON TO HONG KONG.

Marie Teresa Henry, of No. 325 West Fifty-eighth st., New-York City, sent in the neatest and most complete description of a water journey from London, England, to Hong Kong, China, and therefore wins the prize of an interesting book. Marie is twelve years old. She and her brother took this very journey once to join their father.

IN THE LOOKING GLASS.

This world is like a looking glass. And if you want to see People frown at you as you pass And use you spitefully; If you want quarrels, snubs and frowns, Put on a friendly face— Sow! at the world—you'll find it shows The very same grimace. The world is like a looking glass. And if you wish to be On pleasant terms with all who pass, Smile on them pleasantly; Be kind, be generous and true, And very soon you'll find Each face reflecting back to you An image bright and kind.—(Priscilla Leonard, in The Churchman.)

ART WORK OF OUR LITTLE MEN AND LITTLE WOMEN.

Marjorie Waters

Edna Hirschler

Henry Lawrence

Eugenia Baker

Frank Forsey

Olive Barles

A. E. Mahan

Philip Pearson

Otto Schock

America Spalisher

Olive Barles

Jesse D. Schwartz

Walter M. Leonard

Lillian Lybolt

Helen Rogers

Bertie Murphy

Emet Adams

Gustave Hellme

PRIZE PICTURE BY MAX SVIRSKY, HOLYOKE, MASS.