

# EDUCATION IN JAPAN

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

Special Correspondent The Washington Herald.

Tokyo, March 15.—Japan believes in education. The public-school system includes every grade from the kindergarten to the technical college for post-graduate work for university students. The system is modeled upon that prevailing in the United States, and the expense is borne partly by the nation, partly by the prefecture, and partly by the municipality or district. But the entire Japanese school system costs only \$25,000,000 a year, less than the annual public-school appropriation for the city of New York.

Nevertheless, it is a fact that 35 per cent of all the children of school age in Japan are actually receiving instruction. In the schools, a record which cannot be approached in America, and which will be equaled in very few individual States or cities. Japan has over 7,000,000 children in school, and not quite 400,000 out of school. Even these must give a good excuse, for the intensely paternal Japanese government from the its elementary school educated, and the compulsory education law is enforced with great rigor.

It is utterly unfair to judge the Japanese schools by the amount of money spent on them, because, as in almost everything else, the great difference in cost of living comes in again. A Japanese school-teacher will work a whole year for a salary of \$40, and feel all right about it. This scale of wages seems pitifully parsimonious when compared with that in America, yet every one knows that teachers in the United States are underpaid. It is a commentary, however, upon American standards that the 38-year-old teacher is not left to starve in old age or sickness; his salary goes on under a teacher's pension arrangement when he becomes incapacitated for work.

Again, it is possible for a young man to attend two preparatory schools and then take a full four years' course in a university for \$350, or \$30 a year. Not only is it possible, but thousands of young men are doing it. One great private university in Tokyo has 8,000 students, and the whole body does not spend as much in a year for board, tuition, books, and incidental expenses as an equal number of American university students will spend each year on the Yale-Harvard football game. The government has estimated the expenses of education to a nicety, and it assures parents that they can educate their children on the same scale as the highest degree for a total cost of \$1,500. This includes tuition, board, medical attendance, and books for six years in the elementary stage, five years in the intermediate stage, and five years in the university.

In the higher institutions of learning care is taken that the estimate of cost is not exceeded. At the central universities the prefecture maintains its own dormitories, in which are housed the students from that prefecture. The parents pay a lump sum to the manager, which is to include every expense. If the expense exceeds the estimate, the deficit is paid by the prefectural treasury in the form of a subsidy. At one of these dormitories a hundred boys will live in quarters which would not suffice ten Americans, and the plan is rarely exceeded. The cost of a month for each boarder. The food is rice and fish, of course, except that the cheaper millet and beans are sometimes substituted for the rice.

The only weak point about the Japanese school system, so far as the Japanese are concerned, is that the higher institutions can by no means accommodate the students who apply for admission. The Higher Commercial School of Tokyo is a prominent example. It has a large business colleges of the United States. The annual tuition is \$12.50. Last year there were 1,300 applications for admission, but the buildings are so small and the appropriation so limited that only 370 could be admitted. There is a three-year course and the total enrollment is 1,200, although the plan is designed to accommodate but 500. The same condition obtains in every higher school in the country, although the greater number of applicants are turned down by the technical schools. The supply of applicants desired to enroll themselves as students in the School of Electricity, but only 100 could be received. These technical schools embrace every branch of industrial and commercial study, and every one is full to overflowing. The agricultural and forestry colleges show the same inability to take care of those who come to study.

The Tokyo Fine Arts School has classes in Japanese painting, European painting, designing, sculpture, engraving on metals, and lacquer work, and in this institution but few more than half the applicants were admitted last year. Then there is the Academy of Music, a school which the plan is designed to place in the government educational system of a country which, to Occidental ears, knows nothing whatever of music or melody. But the figures show that the Japanese boys and girls are willing to learn, for there were 1,000 new pupils knocking at the door of the freshman class last year, only 250 being admitted. It is partly from this school that the Japanese bands were recruited, and, judging by the programs played by these bands, the most popular kind of Occidental music is what Americans call "rag-time."

That there is an essential difference between this institution and many American "conservatories" is proved by the fact that a class of 282, only fifteen passed the examination and were graduated. The intensely paternal government of Japan has attempted to supply every seeker for education, general or special, with the school to meet his needs. That it has failed in this has been due to the lack of money, for school buildings cost money, and teachers' salaries, even those in Japan, amount up. Therefore the imperial department of education is encouraging the establishment of private schools. There are already many private colleges for teaching special professional courses, and a great number of theological schools, Christian and Buddhist. Two private universities rank well up with the Imperial Universities of Tokyo and Kyoto. They are the Keiojuku University, founded by the late Fukuzawa, the "Gladstone of Japan," and the Waseda University, founded by Count Okuma, the "Jefferson of Japan."

How thorough these various schools may be in their work, and how nearly they approach Western standards, is not easy to determine. Much of the elementary education is necessarily devoted to teaching the children to read and write, for the first thing required of a Japanese student is the ability to store in his mind a mass of some 5,000 to 10,000 Chinese characters. This is an undertaking in itself which would stagger most Occidentals. By the time the stage cor-

## FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

It probably will do but little good to tell women that they can save money and get the best results from home-made toilet preparations, but the fact is no less true on account of feminine obtuseness. It would not matter so much if the money came from full pockets, but I have not forgotten a sight that arrested me on my way through the toilet department of a large store. It was the noon hour, and the counter was besieged by a crowd, eight and nine deep everywhere, all working women, who were anxiously and impatiently checking off the minutes with the aid of a huge clock facing them.

Every one of those women was the possessor of hard-earned money that burned in their hands, because an attractive advertisement promised them beauty in jars. Probably no one of the number would take the trouble to catch rain water or use it if it were close at hand, because it costs nothing. A young woman asked me how I managed to have smooth hands in cold weather, and when I told her of the bottle containing a mixture of white hazel, glycerin, and water that bears my soap dish company, she vowed to have some. The next day she met a nurse who recommended a lotion sold by the druggist, and my humble little mixture was forgotten.

I am sure of one thing, however; she has paid a fancy price for poorer results, for there can be nothing better, and its cost is trifling. I began with equal portions of the three ingredients, and then fixed the mixture to suit my skin by diluting it liberally with water from the faucet. Rubbed into the skin, after bathing, it gives the best results, and I have a friend whose smooth, delicately tinted face has never known any other beautifier. The best soaps are those made at home from purified fat, oatmeal, a few drops of carbolic acid, and a little borax. White castile soap is pure, but the odor is objectionable to many. It can, however, serve as a foundation for toilet soap, by being melted and scented to taste. Oatmeal is always good for the skin, and a hand cleanser which has found a lucrative sale has fine cornmeal as an ingredient.

I used to know a girl with a skin like a rose petal, who used water starch as a cosmetic, allowing it to dry on the skin. Another used boiled starch with equal good results, but the one who tried a paste of flour and water never repeated the experiment. She had to soak her face before she could open her eyes in the morning. Persian women are said to owe their fairness to white of egg, which is a great cleanser. They use no oil on the skin, and as a result have not the luster to which so many women object and which necessitates the use of powder.

I have seen beautiful white hands belonging to women who do housework, and they were the result of daily use of fine cornmeal and vinegar. Dirt and grease together can do a lot of mischief, so they are conquered by the liberal use of newspapers, a thin, flexible knife used to scrape dishes, and the dishcloth. One housekeeper proved to me that it was possible to wash dishes without putting the hands in hot, soapy water, for after scraping, washing and rinsing dishes, she placed them to dry in a convenient rack she had made by a carpenter over the sink. There were large screws in which to hang cups and other pieces which had handles, and the dishes were left to dry while the household did other things. There was an abundance of dish towels and a laundress to wash them, in any number, because she was hired by his funds a way.

As has been said, Japan believes in education to the highest degree. The respect paid to education is indicated by the fact that all higher school students wear costume to school. The Japanese schoolgirl is the only woman who wears a skirt. The skirt is usually of red, although sometimes of purple cloth. It is tied loosely about the waist and the strings are on the outside. By the sign of the red or purple skirt one may know the Japanese schoolgirl anywhere. She is a dainty little creature and is always happy, being, as some one has said, the twin sister of the Muse of laughter.

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## NEWS FROM THE COUNTRY.

### Stray Items from the Papers of the Backwoods.

From the Richmond (Wash.) Advocate. A cold, accompanied by a cough like a coyote bark, is worth a great deal in this neighborhood at present.

From the Squaw Creek (Cal.) Warhoop. Tom Carpenter's wife fell on the sidewalk of the Squaw Creek emporium Tuesday and broke her arm near the stairs leading to the basement, caused by the firm not keeping the sidewalk clear.

From the Leaville (Col.) Light. It turns out that Greaser Pete, who was taken into custody by Constable Billy Green for chicken stealing, was quite prominent in Dutch Flat, being arrested several times for vagrancy.

From the Atchison (Kan.) Globe. Joe Miller intended to go to Topeka yesterday. He missed his train. He missed his train again. He will try to go to Topeka to-morrow.

From the Bismarck (N. D.) Tribune. While trying to lodge a pretty young woman who acted as if she intended to kiss him, Editor Lindstrom fell over a barrel of salt on the Langdon depot platform, and then Lindstrom discovered that the young lady had had her eyes on another man all the while.

From the Jefferson (N. C.) Recorder. Jesse Jones, Sidney Miller, W. R. Miller, F. A. Maxwell, and W. M. Maxwell went hunting last Saturday morning and killed prominent rabbit Dutch Flat, being arrested several times for vagrancy.

From the Atchison (Kan.) Globe. Atchison motorists are particularly polite. Recently, in South Atchison, a woman came running toward a car, carrying a baby. The motorist not only waited for her, but ran half a block to meet her and carried the baby.

From the Stanley (N. Dak.) Sun. The Sun failed to mention that Tonsorial Artist Erickson, of White Earth, was a Stanley visitor last week. Artist Erickson is not only a good barber, but is a good and cheerful looker and takes well with the boys.

From the Bismarck (N. D.) Tribune. There are several additions being made to the village. Mr. E. C. Marshall has built a bricksmith shop and Mr. C. P. Marshall is having the lumber saved to build a dwelling. We wonder who will invite to keep house for him—Lucinda, I bet.

From the Squaw Creek (Cal.) Warhoop. News has come by letter of the touching death of Bugs Watts in San Francisco, where he went looking for work and not finding it, threw himself in front of a train which was rushing in at break-neck speed, with the evident intention of committing suicide. Request in pace, Bugs.

From the Guernsey (Wyo.) Gazette. The guy that runs this rag passed through Laramie a few days since, but evidently the people of that city were ignorant of our exact whereabouts, as he was playing in a portion of town quite remote from the depot.

From the Bickleton (Wash.) News. We hereby challenge any four people of Bickleton to debate with a like number of Sixpencers an subject that may be submitted. Debate to take place in Sixpence, Sargeant Literary Society, per Jennie Moss, secretary.

From the Stanberry (Mo.) Owl. An elderly gentleman dropped a bottle of whisky on the sidewalk Saturday, much to his mortification. Now, if he had dropped a pair of shoes or a basket of eggs, or a sack of sugar, he would not mind it if he pulled the item with his hand. But he would get mad as a hornet if we connect his name with a bottle of booze.

From the Whitier (Cal.) Register. The Wallace met with quite a misfortune Monday. While greasing the butcher wagon he coughed, inhaling a bee which was buzzing in the atmosphere. The insect stung him in the lower part of the mouth, necessitating a surgical operation. He is playing in a portion of town quite remote from the depot.

From the Hartwick (Vt.) Gazette. S. R. Lathin is entertaining the mumps. John Moody stuck a pitchfork through his hand Thursday. Lorenzo Coburn has had the misfortune to dislocate one of his shoulders. Mrs. Alard is slowly recovering from an attack of the grip. Pearl King is taking her place at Cud Stratton's.

From the Whitier (Cal.) Register. The position of the late Lord Kelvin on the fundamental questions regarding the universe is expressed in these two observations: "While scientists know much relatively, they know nothing absolutely," and "Proofs of an intelligent and benevolent design lie all about us."

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## THE DINWIDDIE'S WEDDING JOURNEY

By FLORENCE E. BROOKS.

For some time Algernon Dinwiddie had been an enthusiastic member of the "Gentlemen's Automobile Club," therefore his friends were not at all surprised with the announcement he intended taking his wedding trip in one of these machines. He and his bride were to spend three weeks in this way, going where fancy dictated.

The quiet morning wedding was held at the country home of the bride, and with the exception of the bride and best officiating clergymen, two families and one or two friends, no one was present except Ronald Smith, the groom's cousin and almost brother, who was equally addicted to the auto, though not so expert in its management.

The wedding service was over, and the moment had arrived for the departure of the bridal couple. Every one was out on the driveway to bid them "God-speed." The baggage having been sent on ahead, the bride was helped to her seat and her new husband was about to take his place beside her, when putting his hand into his pocket a blank look overcame his face.

"Well," he exclaimed, "I came unaccountably near forgetting my pocketbook." He repeated the various parts of the auto, entering the room where he remembered having placed it while he dressed. It was not there, and while he continued the search his bride became restive and began examining the various parts of the auto, when suddenly it started to move.

Ronald Smith sprang up beside her and frantically attempted to stop the machine. Working with it a moment, he was horrified to see it shoot off at full speed. The little bride screamed and wildly clutching the back of her seat.

"Strange I can't stop this thing," ejaculated Smith. "There seems to be something about it that I can't see." He repeated the various parts of the auto, and they were now out of sight of the house and going as fast as ever.

"Oh, Mr. Smith, can't you stop it?" wailed the poor bride. "The most I can do is to keep it in the middle of the road, Mrs. Dinwiddie." "What will Algernon think?"

"That you've gone with another though not a handsomer man," he said with a laugh. "I don't think that was a bit nice of you," she pouted. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Dinwiddie." At the new title she blushed prettily, then said:

"But if you can't stop this horrible machine we shall be killed." "Oh, no; but sit perfectly still and hold on tightly. There is one comfort, it can't go on forever. Like the brook, you know," said Smith consolingly.

They were bearing along like mad. The fence rails at the roadside appeared as if they had been blown off. He did not dare to look to the right or to the left, but concentrated all his energies to the task of keeping to the road.

The farmers in the fields which they passed gazed after them with open-mouthed amazement. "Just then Smith discovered a coming wagon. "Turn out! Turn out! for God's sake," he roared.

Thus admonished, the driver of the wagon quickly did as requested. It was a close shave, and the trembling bride drew a long breath of relief when he had safely passed. Then she remembered a long, steep hill ahead.

"We can never go down that hill at this rate of speed," she cried in alarm. "Turn off, Mr. Smith; turn off quickly! Down that road to the left," pointing.

"Where does it go?" "Oh, I'm sure I don't know; but any- way it's better than that hill." Smith, who now felt as if his hair were standing on end, carefully guided the machine into the left-hand road. The speed was so great and the turn so sharp they came within an ace of going over.

The road they had entered was very narrow, indeed, little more than a lane; also, it was very rough. The auto went bumpety-bump till it seemed every moment would be their last. "Suddenly they both saw the lane ended in a large field. Smith shut his lips together firmly when he thought what would have happened had the gate into the field been closed, but he only said:

"We'll run in here and go round in a circle till this infernal thing runs down. Oh, I beg your pardon, Mrs. Dinwiddie." "Don't mention it," said she, quite calmly.

The field was rather rough and they both were too intent—be upon trying to guide the auto, and she upon keeping her balance—to indulge in extended conversation. However, by the time they had made the circle of the field a dozen times, the bride cried:

"Oh, I am getting dizzy." "Shut your eyes, but hold on tightly," Smith answered. "Hi, there! What're you idjit's spillin' my clover fer? Stop, I say," commanded the farmer from the fence. "You think the bride was so startled she nearly fell from her seat. "Haven't time to stop to-day," roared Smith, without turning his head. And he again shot around the circle. "Ye'll pay fer that clover, all right, my man!" shouted the farmer the next time they came up to him.

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It's a wise girl who never waves his scalps in public. If he doesn't "love you in December as he did in May," it may be only because he can't afford to give you a Christmas present—or because violets are more expensive.

Many a widower would never marry a second time if he had to give references. A man never truly repents until he has confessed to his wife; and then he usually repents twice.

No woman should marry a man until she knows all about him—and then she won't.

The average man looks upon a woman's kisses as just plain graft.

If the ship of state needs caulking; Or the lion's tail a twist; If the Senators are balking; If a silver spoon is rusty; If the plume strikes Howland; If there's trouble in the coup-de-Why, just write to Mr. Roosevelt, And he'll fix the matter up.

If they break a cow in Texas; Or the green grass in the wheat; If there's anything to vex us; If you're troubled with cold feet; If your dinner isn't ready; Oh, you're sending either boy—Send a telegram to Teddy, And you'll get a hot reply.

If there's too much rain in Kansas; Or it's dry in Tennessee; If a summer cyclone fans us; Or if Trower has a flea; If your sweetheart should prove fickle; If you want to know the score; If you're a postpaid miser—Drop a line to Theodore.

If you need another number Of the Atlantis Club; If you're sunstruck in December; If you're suffering for grub; If the railroad rates are higher; Or the best trout gets too gay; Ring up Roosevelt on the wire, And there'll be the deuce to pay.

If the stock don't visit promptly; If the market's full of malice; If Ben Tillman's full of malice; Or La Follette's full of grime; If you're going to get a grub; Or you don't want to pay your rent—Take a lesson from this city: Wire to Roosevelt, President!

—Kansas City Journal.



In this age of simplicity the one-piece frock for the small maid is chosen not only for the play hour, but for "dress" occasions as well. A model which is excellent for general wear, and which may be developed in linen, serge, or any durable tub fabric, is here sketched. It may be worn with petticoats or bloomers of the same color and serve for the hard usage that the active little girl is sure to give it. The dress is box-pleated in front and back, and is fastened in front in surplus fashion over a shield. A belt, which may be made of matching or contrasting material, loosely girdles the waist. In the five-year size the pattern calls for 2 1/4 yards of 44-inch material. Seven sizes, 2 to 8 years.

This pattern may be obtained by inclosing 10 cents in stamps and address—Pattern Department, The Washington Herald, 734 Fifteenth street, indicating the number (4345) and size wanted.

## MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

Has been used for millions of children in Washington for children who teething for over fifty years. It soothes the child, cures the colic, allays the fever, cures the teething, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

WILKINSON'S PATENT BOTTLES & BOTTLES