

# The Troubles of Arnold Genthe's Camera in Japan

By Lindsay Campbell

PERUSAL of the account of the reception accorded in Japan to the officers and men of the Atlantic fleet compels the conclusion, after hearing Dr. Arnold Genthe's story of his recent travels in the island kingdom, that Nippon, the warlike, fears the unmasked eye of one small camera more than it does the guns of 16 battleships. It may be that Japan has taken Kipling's word for it that the liner is a lady, and with that as a basis, has classified the battleship as a gentleman, and a gentleman, as every Japanese honest boy knows, will not pry into closets where his host's skeletons may be hidden, and when he goes away will tell no tales out of school. With the camera it is different. Gifted with a keen eye for detail and standing in the George Washington class of veracity the camera takes in everything it sees, forgets nothing and has no hesitation in divulging all it knows. Once upon a time Japan's works of defense were made by scene painters, who outlined monstrous engines of war on the paper walls of massive looking forts. Those days are gone and Russia knows that Japan now has real guns that shoot live shells with remarkable precision and alarming frequency. In spite, however, of Japan's undoubted right to consideration as a world power there is growing a suspicion that while the little brown man was out in the world learning the secret of the white man's power he acquired also some knowledge of the game of bluff. It has been the history of Japanese development that when the Nipponese masters the foreigners' secret he goes the foreigner one better in making use of it, and it may be that the little honest boys at home are playing the game of bluff harder than their new associates, the honorable world powers, have any idea of and perhaps this explains the Japanese dread of the harmless little camera.

Dr. Genthe has just returned from Japan. He traveled through the island kingdom with three cameras and he followed paths untrodden by the conventional tourist. He got the picture that he went after, but if ever he visits Japan on a pleasure tour he will leave his camera at home. He told me some of his troubles the other day.

They began when the liner on which he had crossed the Pacific left Yokohama on its way through the inland sea to Nagasaki. The passengers were notified that no cameras would be allowed on deck and were warned against attempting to steal snapshots of the close by shore line from their stateroom windows. On every passenger liner, it is generally understood, is at least one spy in the service of the Japanese government and it is the duty of this honorable gumshoeman to keep close watch on all owners of cameras. It has happened more than once that an enthusiastic tourist, attracted perhaps by the sight of some quaint castle or picturesque fortress, has retired to the seclusion of his stateroom, opened the window and allowed the picture to trickle in through a stealthily opened lens and impress itself upon the plate behind. The clicking of a shutter makes no noise that can be heard above the clatter of a moving liner, there was nobody in the room to see him and the Japs don't cut much ice, anyhow; so who cares? When that tourist went ashore at Nagasaki he found himself suddenly between two smiling Japanese in uniform.

"Would he please do them the honor to accompany to honorable chief of police?"

He is advised to go quietly. At the police station his camera and whatever plates he may have in his possession are taken away from him and he is consigned to quarters where he lives a simple life and lonely until his plates have been developed. If in any of the pictures appears the counterfeit of any forbidden scene his camera is confiscated, and if he has influential friends he may regain his liberty in two weeks. This, Dr. Genthe says, is not an exaggerated case and outlines a comedy that has been enacted upon numerous occasions.

The first barrier to be encountered on shore is the inflexible rule that no camera must be taken within 50 miles of any fortified place and as Japan is strong on fortifications the outlook for the photographer is somewhat dismal. For the benefit of tourists armed with cameras and liable to get into trouble the Japanese welcome society, a sort of oriental promotion committee, publishes a map of Japan on which in dotted circles are shown the zones inside which the using or even carrying of a camera is forbidden.

Genthe had letters of introduction to Baron Mumm, the German ambassador at Tokyo, who agreed to try to obtain from the Japanese government permission for Genthe to get some pictures at places where the camera is barred.

"I will do the best that I can for



THE ENTRANCE TO THE FAMOUS ISLAND OF MIYAJIMA WHICH IS ONE OF THE THREE BEAUTIFUL SCENES OF JAPAN. PHOTO BY ARNOLD GENTHE

you!" said the German minister. "but it will be a matter of great difficulty and I may be able to accomplish nothing."

By way of illustrating Japan's attitude toward the camera the ambassador told the photographer a tale from his own experience. The ambassador was a camera enthusiast and while stationed at Peking had trained his valet to do the developing and printing. The valet on occasions took out the ambassador's camera and made pictures on his own account. The minister was ordered to Tokyo. On the way there he stopped at Nagasaki. Returning to his hotel after an absence of several hours he found a note pasted on the door of his room informing him that his valet was in jail. He had been arrested in the act of taking a picture of a sampan. It took two weeks of hard work on the ambassador's part before the man was released. In releasing the valet the Japanese officials notified the ambassador that "inasmuch as the culprit was in the employ of a European diplomat the Japanese government would abstain from inflicting the full punishment of six months' imprisonment."

A permit was issued after some time granting Dr. Genthe the privilege of taking pictures in one of the forbidden zones under certain conditions. Among these conditions were:

That the commander of the fortress was to be informed in advance of the time of the photographer's visit, with details of the particular locality and scene that he wished to photograph.

That before taking the picture the photographer submit his permit to the chief of police, who would detail an officer to accompany the man with the camera and see that he aimed it at no forbidden object.

That if any officer of fortress or official or gendarme or policeman should express the opinion that any object should not be photographed the photographer must under no circumstances move more than the distance of 100 feet from the object.

That if any official wished to examine the plates after they had been developed, he should be given the opportunity.

Accompanying the permit was a long letter from the embassy begging Genthe to observe the conditions to the letter and to keep the embassy advised as to his movements, as one of the conditions under which the permit had been granted was that the German embassy should keep close track of the photographer.

Genthe found on the first attempt to use it that his permit was written in such classical Japanese that no policeman could read it. The chief of police, however, knew all about it beforehand, and when Genthe was ready to make his pictures, no further difficulties were placed in his way as far as that particular forbidden zone was concerned.

Not only a fortress is sacred in Japan from the prying eyes of a camera. Any building that ever was used as a fortress is also tabooed. No building in which soldiers are housed must be photographed and the soldiers themselves are also forbidden. The most rigidly enforced ban of all, as far as the photographer is concerned, is upon the person of and everything pertaining to his imperial majesty the mikado.

No pictures may be taken of the emperor or of any of his palace attendants at any place that is honored by a visit from him. Dr. Genthe encountered this imperial taboo in several unexpected places.

One of the places in which Genthe was specially interested was the monastery of Horiuku, where there stands a temple built in the sixth century. This temple is filled with interesting art treasures and formerly foreign visitors were allowed to take all the photographs they wished after paying the monks a small sum for a permit. For a long time the Japanese government paid little attention to the works of art stored in the temple. One day an official awoke to a realization of their value and an imperial commission was sent to Horiuku to catalogue the art treasures.

Genthe applied for permission to make some pictures at the monastery, but was told that no permits had been or could be issued since the catalogue commission and on that account its visit conferred upon the monastery the same perpetual immunity from being photographed that would have followed a visit from the emperor himself.

The restriction goes even farther. Outside the most of one of the imperial castles stand some stately pines. Genthe made several pictures in which one of these pines formed part of the background. He gave the roll of film to a Japanese photographer to develop. A blackened film was returned to him with the explanation: "Very sorry. No pictures." He sent some other pictures to the same man and they were carefully developed. He tried the same pines again with the same result, and once more the little brown man was "Very sorry. No pictures."

In Hakodate, says Genthe, are many beautiful scenes, but one must go there to see them, as Hakodate has many fortresses and the enforcement of its 50 mile limit restriction eliminates Hakodate entirely from the photographer's map.

"I came across an ancient castle one day," said Dr. Genthe, in conclusion, "that was allotted against a perfect storm. As far as I know the place was in the forbidden zone and with great deliberation I prepared to take a picture. Before I had my camera ready for action, however, there rushed up to me a man in a police uniform, who ordered me to close my camera instantly. It was not until the next day that I learned that I had not been allowed to make the picture because there were several soldiers in the castle at the time."

# The Constantly Increasing Wonders in the New Field of Wireless

By Rose Wilder

T was night in the wireless station on Russian hill. Malarin, the operator, idly drumming with his pencil, sat at the battered desk, cluttered with instruments. The city below lay in a restless doze in the chill hush of the very young day.

Suddenly Malarin stiffened, alert, listening. No sound broke the stillness, but in the little disks clasped close to his ears there was a tiny click-click that only he could hear. It was an unfamiliar tone to his ears, accustomed to the usual wireless messages around the bay. Tiny, yet sharp and clear, the call came from somewhere in the unknown vastness of the sea. "Dot, dot, dot—dash, dash, dot," it clicked, steadily. More than 2,000 miles across the misty Pacific the operator on the little island of Oahu was calling San Francisco.

In the station on Russian hill the operator moved the switch on his instrument and touched the key. With a deafening roar, a blinding glare, the electric spark leaped out. Crash! crash! crash! Through the darkness, out past the misty horizon, over thousands of miles of restless sea, the message sped. San Francisco had answered Oahu. The trans-Pacific record was broken.

Crash! Crash! Crash! The little office trembled with the roar of the chained thunderbolt. On the benches in Union square the dozing vagrants heard the sound, to them a deep toned purr. In Oahu, a ninth of the way around the world, it was a tiny click-click in the ears of the listening operator. Steady, even and clear it came out of the darkness.

Separated by 2,100 miles of open sea the two men chatted. The stormy, wind swept ocean between them was as though it had never been. They talked as if side by side. For nearly three hours the conversation lasted uninterrupted, spark leaping to meet spark as thought answered thought. And as the moments slipped by a new record for wireless service was being established.

Signals have been exchanged over a greater distance. When the American fleet was leaving Honolulu the wireless station on Point Loma heard signals flashed from the Connecticut, then 2,900 miles away. But never before has continuous conversation been held over a greater distance than a few hundred miles. That operators' chat in the early day marked the full dawn of the new wireless era.

What this means to the world can as yet be but faintly surmised. The lightning is tamed. Its clumsy harness of wire and dynamo will be thrown off. From the vast current flowing around and through everything—the very life of this material world—man will now draw energy direct. All the ways in which this new servant will change the present order of things can not be predicted.

Already a wireless fire alarm and burglar signal has been found practical; wireless warnings superseding the foghorn are proved more reliable in preventing collisions at sea; the wireless telephone, both as a telephone and as a photograph attachment, is no longer a dream.

Some time ago the wireless telegraph operators in the stations about the bay were startled by the sound of mysterious music. In their ears, listening for the prosaic click of the continental

code, sounded suddenly the strains of a dreamy waltz. It was uncanny. Coming out of the misty darkness over the sea, inaudible except to the operators with their telegraph receivers close over their ears, brought by the subtle current whose real nature is yet unknown, it suggested things weird, supernatural. Three hundred miles out at sea, with nothing in sight but the restless waves, stretching away to the edge of the world, and the depths of the open sky above, the operators on homecoming ships heard the melody and felt more than the sea breeze stir their hair.

It was simple enough. Some one had attached a phonograph to the wireless telephone transmitter on a ship in the bay and all the air was thrumming with inaudible music. To the sensitive telegraph receiver, it came clearly. Thereafter it grew to be a common occurrence. Often in the long hours after midnight while San Francisco is sleeping the air is filled with the unheard music of a popular song or some simple old melody. Only the wireless operators hear it. Only the wireless operators hear it.

Remembering the beginnings of the present telephone system and the many uses to which it is now put, it does not seem improbable that one day audiences in New York and Paris will listen to the music of an opera played in Berlin. The words of a famous speaker in the English parliament may some day literally be heard around the world.

It is only a matter of time until the clumsy and expensive cables which now connect the continents will be abandoned, old time relics which will interest only the deep sea fishes. It is no longer necessary to harness one tiny electric spark in a carefully insulated wire. There is the whole storehouse of electric energy from which to draw. The thunderbolt is conquered at last. The invincible weapons of Jupiter, kings of the gods, now leap obedient to man's command and carry his messages across the sea.

In thousands of ways the new wireless idea is being applied to everyday life. The wireless fire alarm will soon supersede the present system. When a fire breaks out in any room of the house in which it is installed the alarm is sent at once to the fire station. The chief is notified by this system not only in which district is the fire, but which house is burning.

One thing which will be greatly changed by the application of the wireless idea to electrical mechanics is the methods of Raffles.

"My dear, timorous Bunny," says Raffles, "there is nothing to fear. Didn't you see me cut all the electric wires?" It might have been a more interesting story if I had left them, but in a matter of the household silver it is as well to take no chances. Hand me my cane and gloves. Is my well bred air on straight? Then let the second chapter begin."

Posting languidly before the sideboard Raffles adjusts his monocle and is about to indicate to Bunny which pieces of silver are not plated when a

rude policeman appears unexpectedly in the story. Roughly upsetting all conventions of gentleman burglar fiction he seizes the aristocratic Raffles with a businesslike revolver.

"Hands up!" he orders, gruffly. "Caught in the act! Come along."

"My dear man," protests Raffles. "Really, may I inquire?"

"Wireless burglar alarm, you mutt!" replies the captor. "Didn't think you could cut the air connection, did you?"

Thus will the trend of modern progress destroy another romantic fiction and make life still harder for the struggling author.

One wireless device recently invented is designed to replace the sometimes misleading fog horn and prevent collisions at sea during heavy fogs. It records the exact distance and direction of all nearby ships from the point at which it is installed. With this on board it will be impossible for a ship to collide accidentally with another. Often in dense fog as the ships feel their way carefully on their course some trick or echo or air vibration makes the shriek of approaching foghorns seem to come from the wrong direction. With the new wireless warning this will not happen. The wireless works even better in darkness or fog than on clear days.

The problem of this peculiarity is one of the many over which experts are puzzling in New York and Paris is the Hertzian waves. It is on foggy days while the chiefs in the old telegraph offices are growing frenzied over wire tangles, that the wireless system works best, in clear, bright weather

covered, attention will be turned to the inland stations. Though not yet as perfect as over water, the service is entirely practicable between inland points. The wireless is past the experimental stage.

L. A. Malarin, the operator who made the record with Oahu October 12, closed his key after sending a note to Portland. It was dated Seattle, but it was a rush message, he explained, and something seemed wrong between Seattle and Portland. Perhaps it was an airship on the wireless. So the note had been sent around by San Francisco.

Another field of usefulness has been found for the wireless in the life saving service. A vessel in distress at sea is sometimes lost because a strong wind prevents her signals for help from being heard. No such difficulty occurs with the wireless. The safety of those who go down to the sea in ships is watched over by that line of sleepless stations, whose messages all night long cross and recross silently over the dreaming coast.

Within a year the chain will reach down into South America. Then, with both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts

know. It came perfectly clear, but fainter than some, with a light singing quality. I work with him nearly every night now.

The work soon gets commonplace and monotonous. The only trouble I have is with the amateurs. There are about 25 little amateur stations around the bay, which break in when we are working and mix things. There's one fellow named Jim who reads Morse's 'you read Morse.' It's no use saying anything to him; he can't get it. But I'd just like to punch his head by wireless sometimes."

"The laundryman still has the collars," he read. "Will send them later." To this use has been put man's last gigantic feat in the mastery of the experimental stage.

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# The Little Pig Tailed Peddlers of Chinatown

By Lucy Baker Jerome

CHINATOWN owns a new sight. It may be seen any afternoon between the hours of 4 and 7, and at its best when the weather is pleasant. Then, indeed, the tourist or the native may behold the company of babies—lots, whose ages range from 3 to 8 possibly—which forms the latest addition to the commercial body of the Chinese quarter. With trays slung from their round necks on which are displayed the wares they cry, they dart up and down the narrow streets like swallows, vivid mites, pigtailed, slant eyed, trousered and bagged after the fashion of their ancestors, calling aloud their stock and prices in soft baby gutturals, while their black eyes sparkle and flash, and the red of excitement deepens the smooth brown of a perfect cheek.

"China nut, China candy, China paper, Li Gee Gon!"

The commercial spirit is abroad. A bag of brown shelled nuts costs a nickel; a cornucopia of ice cream the same. Change is made with bewildering rapidity, small, dimpled hands diving into the recesses of hidden pockets, bringing forth whatever sum is required. Some of them are very successful in coaxing the dimes and nickels from strange pockets. See Too Son Muey is particularly successful in this regard. See Too Son Muey is 7 and the possessor of two of the blackest and most impertinent pigtailed that ever dawned upon American vision. One of them is flamboyant in a bright red bow, cocked negligently over one small ear, while its sister braid rejoices in an equally glaring bow of purple. A short, black, fuzzy bang completes See Too's effort at a coiffure, though from the crown of her small head, bisected with a part exact and true, to the sole of her small foot enclosed in gold, stout American shoes she is full of that nameless quality known as charm. When See Too smiles you simply have to buy China nuts. There is no getting round it. She doesn't particularly expect you to buy. She just looks at you, and displays her rows of infant teeth with one missing in the middle, and your nickel—perhaps two or three of them—is gone forever.

That was See Too the first day she crossed my path. She has her own place, both in Chinatown and in my memory, but there are others. Yim Ping was an attraction which caused wonder. Yim Ping is a sturdy, stout built seller of nuts, a trifle older than See Too, standing on his own feet squarely and full of resolve to wrest a living—and more—from his world. Yim Ping, known as Henry in the oriental school, which he attends between the hours of 9 and 3, can hold up his head with the best of his thrifty ancestors. In four days he made by honest trading \$5. He smiles with open pride when he men-



AN EIGHT YEAR OLD STREET MERCHANT OF CHINATOWN

tion, the fact questioned as to his disposition of his wealth, he shows his fat feet. "I buy two pair shoes," he states with a glow of awakened feeling. "My mudder she tell me every night, go down Dupont street and sell nut. But I not sell now. Maybe, by'n'by!"

Lum Gook, aged 7, is the first newsboy who ever cried a Chinese paper in the streets of Chinatown. His stand is a rough box on the corner of Grant avenue and Sacramento street, where he has the sheets of daily news weighted carefully down with stones, while he screams an unintelligible Chinese jargon which seems to have the effect of selling a good many copies. Lum Gook unlike Yim Ping, carries his thriftiness to the point of penury. Clad in an old suit of something resembling jeans, his busy, alert air seems to say, "No triflers now. This is a live business. Either buy or go away. And if you don't care to buy you need not linger long in Lum Gook's vicinity. In the intervals of selling papers he plays cards with another pigmy about his size, but never a chance customer gets by unseen. Lum Gook is Napoleonic in being able to do several things at the same time.

It was the arrival of the fleet that caused the longing for commercial profits to spring up in the breasts of these Lilliputian traders. Everybody was buying and selling, why should not they? American children made money in numberless ways. Imitation to the Chinese tots was second nature. Their own commodities were at hand, though quite beyond their small means—\$8 for a box of China nuts—but here the Chinese fathers and mothers, who are like all fathers and mothers in the world when it comes to helping their children—stepped in and furnished the money to set their small youngsters up in business. As a result most of the money earned by the juvenile merchants goes into the family purse, although it is not demanded by parents. See Too buys her own tiny trousers and blouse, and others have at the beginning of a bank account. But the days of fast time are over and business just now is a little dull. However, to offset that the winter is coming with its throngs of tourists and visitors from all over the world and the busy street business will leap into renewed activity. It is a curious sight, that of little See Too or Lum Gook or Har Loui sitting solemnly on the steps of the great, rined cathedral, under the shadow of the gray arches, with the empty space of the famous clock above and the words which have been read by thousands of passersby: "Son, observe the time and fly from evil." It is a contrast to delight the mind of an analyst; the little offspring of a few centuries old, sitting under the ruined temple of a religion equally old and powerful, in the brilliant sunshine of the new land waking the echoes with the cry of commercialism: "China nut, China nut!" It was night when I last saw See Too Son Muey with her basket of wares. Her black eyes looked implish in the blue electric light, but her naive charm was all there. She had two impertinent little pigtailed, black, fuzzy bang. The purple bow had disappeared and in its place was a bow of vivid red, the exact shade of the one over her other ear. And I couldn't help wondering if the red ribbon didn't so accurately with its small little flip, not an unasked concession to American views of tailored propriety.