

Drinking Tea in the Japanese Pavilion at the World's Fair



MRS. DANIEL MANNING, PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF LADY MANAGERS, IN THE CENTRE.

Tea Ceremony at the Japanese Reservation.

By the Countess de Montaigne.

The "tea ceremony" is a unique and highly ceremonious function only to be seen in the houses of aristocratic families. It is a survival of the purity of old Japan, and is still practiced. Even at the public tea houses in Japan it is unknown, except the favored few, being too elaborate and expensive for an everyday thing. The Tokyo Tea Palace, at the World's Fair, the Governmental institution for the exploitation of the products of Japan, is presided over by Mr. K. Sano, a renowned authority on tea, and also well-known antiquarian. Mr. Sano is in his employ a young lady from Tokio, who has a school for young ladies in that city. Here the daughters of wealthy and high born families are instructed in the intricacies of the "tea ceremony," for the daughter of the house usually acts as hostess on such occasions.

The etiquette of Japan is as severe as that of the court of Spain and even more so. Prompted by curiosity I requested to be initiated into the mysteries of this pretty ceremony. On entering an upper room in the tea house I found a rather flat cushions placed in a circle in the middle of the floor, according to immemorial usage, the guests must not exceed five. Miss Abe, the Tokyo young lady, was kneeling before the lacquered table, looking like an animated panther doll. Each guest on entering knelt down on her knees upon a cushion, saluting the hostess by spreading her hands flat on the floor in front of her and bowing almost to the ground. Miss Abe returning the salutation. The guest of honor was seated the first seat, and to the one who arrived last was delegated the serving of the tea.

The position to an American is most trying, as all throughout the ceremony, which occupies at least an hour, the guests are, as it were, kneeling and resting on their heels. One cannot wonder whether the Japanese anatomy is not different from ours, as in them this attitude seems entirely natural. Miss Abe was attired in the picturesque garb of her native land. She wore a flowing kimono of some soft material sprinkled with cherry blossoms, branches of the same flower forming her elaborate collar, and about her waist was an obi or wide sash embroidered in swallows.

After the usual compliments had been exchanged, Miss Abe proceeded to make the tea. She took the beautiful tea bowl, the little wooden ladle, and the bamboo whisk, washing them

carefully in a brass pan, wiping on a crimson fushama (or kerchief), which she folded in a certain fashion before tucking in her belt. When all of the utensils were in a state of immaculate cleanliness the hostess proceeded to make the tea. From a vase of costly cloisonne she extracted a fine greenish powder, throwing two teaspoonfuls into the bowl resting on the floor beside her; lifting the lid of the spoutless kettle, she peered into its depths in order to see if the water was bubbling. Then with a peculiar and studied movement of the hands she took a ladle full of the water and poured it on the tea powder, whisking it briskly with a little bamboo implement much resembling an egg beater; when a froth as light as sea foam rises to the top the beverage is ready.

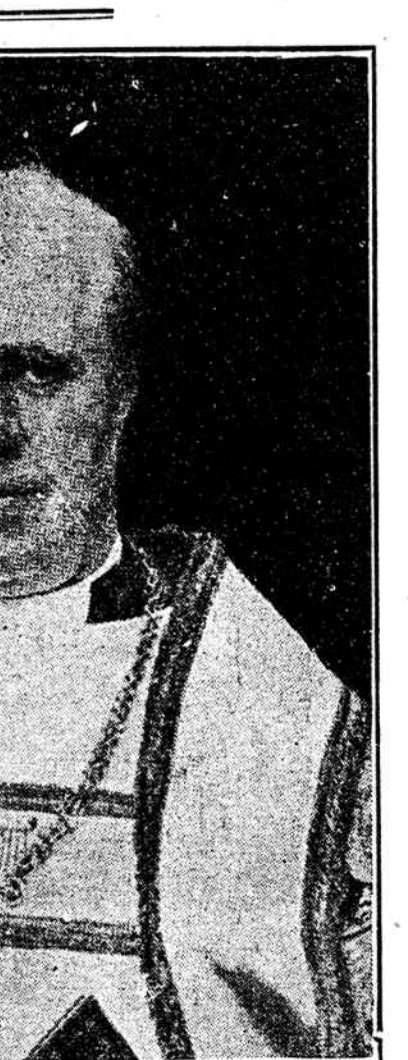
The last guest wriggled from her seat, traversing the distance which separated her from the tea table upon her knees and without rising offered the fragrant liquid to the guest of honor, the bowl resting upon a scarlet fushama. It is etiquette for the person served to receive the bowl, holding it daintily with the right hand clasped about it, the bottom resting in the palm of the left hand. She would stamp herself as unlearned in the code of manners did she slip her tea as we Western barbarians are wont to do. It must be swallowed in exactly three gulps and a half, then the spot touching the lips should be wiped with a fushama which is returned to the breast of the kimono, and the bowl carefully set down in front of her. But one person is served at a time, which accounts for the length of the "tea ceremony," the same minute ceremonial with not the slightest variation of gesture being omitted, being repeated each time. With the tea dainty and crisp little rice cakes are eaten. Everything is set upon the floor, the tea bowl and the paper napkin which holds the cakes.

TOBOGGAN PLANE.

The toboggan plane shown in the accompanying cut is so-called because of its resemblance in shape to the toboggan, being turned up at both ends in the same manner as the real toboggan.

The Allan steamship Victorian, which is to be launched at Belfast next month, will be the first turbine steamship to take part in the Atlantic passenger trade.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



REV. RANDALL THOMAS DAVIDSON, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. Archbishop at the General Convention of the Episcopal Church of the United States at Boston.

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ENTITLED 'THE VALUE OF OBEDIENCE.'

Preached by the Rev. Joseph Dunn Burrell, of Brooklyn, N. Y.—The Way to Power Shown by Convincing Arguments—Christ Our Great Pattern.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—In the Classon Avenue Presbyterian Church the pastor, the Rev. Joseph Dunn Burrell, preached Sunday morning on "The Value of Obedience." The text was from Philippians ii:8, 9. "He humbled Himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him and given Him a name which is above every name." Mr. Burrell said: "From this passage we learn that, through obedience, our Lord Jesus Christ attained His surpassing glory. He won His exaltation not by exploiting His own will, but by submitting to the will of God. He is representative of humanity. For all men everywhere to obey is the way to rule. 'Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant.' Obedience thus becomes a most essential part of education, whether in the home or the school. There is something disreputable about the household where the children do not mind, or the lecture hall, where the instructor has no control. It is a healthy discipline for us to have to submit our will to another's. Such is the Biblical conception of home training. Such was the method of Christ's bringing up.

Professor Huxley had great influence upon current ideas of education, and, perhaps, the most eloquent words he ever wrote were those in which he set forth this idea, that the gist of education is to learn how to obey. That man, he says, 'has had a liberal education, who has been trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of, whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its points of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamer, as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature and of the laws of her operations; who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, who, whose will is trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all violence, and to respect others as himself. Such an one and no other, I conceive, has had a liberal education, for he is, as completely as a man can be, in harmony with nature. He will make the best of her, and she of him. They will get on together rarely; she, his ever-beneficent mother, and he, her mouthpiece, her conscious self, her minister and interpreter."

But it is not enough to learn obedience theoretically in one period of education. It must permeate it as a habit all through our years, for it is the only way to success in life. Obedience is not for its own sake, but in order that through it we may come to be our best selves. We accept law as the predetermined condition of our freedom. We render ourselves to it, and by yielding win true liberty. Agesilaus of Sparta knew how to govern because he had first learned how to obey, according to the old saying. The present Emperor of Germany and King of Italy, a brilliant example of successful monarchs, were trained with a severity that some of our boys would think cruel. There was once a hard worked employee of the New York street car system; he is now in the United States Army, a private soldier who had to submit to all the narrow restrictions of the most subordinate rank in the army; he is now our commander in the Philippines. We take away harmful things from our children that later on they may know enough to deprive themselves of them. They are made to take care of their bodies that they may keep the laws of health when they need it for life's work. They are given good books to read that they may prefer such when they are free to read what they will. They are shielded from bad associations and thrown into the company of clean, true, honorable boys and girls so that when they are out in the world fighting their own battles they may choose the friendship of the good and shun that of the base.

Some parents are afraid to have their children arrive at the age of self control. Yet what is the good of education. "The aim of your discipline," said Herbert Spencer, "should be to produce a self-governing being; not to produce a being to be governed by others." It is a joy to have obedient children, but it ought to be a greater joy when they are become true-hearted men and women, and are out in the world carrying on the business of life. Then the object of education is secured and the condition of success is satisfied.

On the other hand, moral failure is due to not having learned how to obey, and so not knowing how to rule. "When I have a home of my own you will see how differently I shall do things." When a boy thinks, "Just wait until I am twenty-one and I will see life for myself," you may know that the seed of the Dead Sea fruit is already sown.

A woman whose family were in want was given \$25 by a friend. Instead of purchasing necessities with this providential present she used it in having the photograph of the entire household taken. There was an example of one who did not deserve to be grown up. She did not know how to control her own life. She had never learned that the only way to live worthily is to obey the great law of duty. She merely followed her whims.

I heard this summer of a young man who a year ago was flying around Long Island in his automobile, dazing the natives with his reckless expenditure of a new money. Today he is said to be clerking in a store. He did not know how to be rich; he had not learned self-control. Quite rightly he has been set back again in his proper place.

Oscar Wilde was a young scholar of extraordinary brilliance. His essay on "The Decay of Lying," for example, was marvelously suggestive. But he never learned to obey, to control himself, to love the right; on the contrary, by following his own will and seeking pleasure without regard to duty he made of himself a social outcast and died a beggar's death in Paris. It makes no difference what ability, position or opportunity one has, if he does not know how to obey he is on the road to ruin.

Moreover, this condition of obedience is the permanent law of life. Neither in this nor any other world is it abolished. The mother warns her baby not to touch the stove. The little one disobeys and is burned. He grows to be a man. He emerges from his mother's control. No one advises him now to keep away from the stove. He can put his finger on it if he will. But if he does he will be burned again.

So it is in the moral life. As children we were restricted by others from wrong doing, and if we persisted in seeking to accomplish it we suffered. Now we are grown and no one hinders us. We can sin if we choose. But if we do we shall have to bear the consequences now as then.

The choice given us is not whether we shall be under God's law or not, but only whether we shall obey them or not, in either case receiving the results of our decision. For "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." The man who abandons himself to the indulgence of appetite, violating the laws of nature, shortens his life. His indulgence defeats itself. While he obeys God's laws find them his servants, ministers of health, prosperity and usefulness.

For the salvation of Christ, instead of releasing from moral obligations, is on the contrary, precisely an endowment of power to perform it. Instead of abolishing the law Christ fulfills it, and if there is any one in the world who ought to be the shining exemplar of obedience to the will of God, it is the Christian man. Christ Himself is our great pattern in this regard. He was an obedient Son. It was His meat and drink, He said, to do His Father's will. But He is more than our pattern. He is our Saviour, and as such enables us to reproduce the pattern. He presents an ideal and also the dynamic for its realization. This is why there is a place for Him in every heart. This is why we all need Him. If we live in fellowship with Christ, trusting Him in utter faith, the law of God instead of being something hostile to our spirit is our very life, and we come to be able to say with Him, "I delight to do Thy will, O my God."

The Religion That Makes One Faithful.

The railway superintendent came down to his office on Monday morning, sat down at his desk and began to open his mail. The first letter was from the wife of a discharged conductor, which said: "I take this opportunity to write while my husband is at church. He has been going regularly the last three Sundays. He seems to see the minister, and the minister gave him good advice and drew up a pledge, and he signed it, and every morning and night he asks God to help him keep it. I am sure he will never drink again. We have only seven dollars in the house. I am doing my own work, though I am not strong enough to do it. The baby is sick, and I do not know how we are to live when the little money we now have is gone. For God's sake, pity us and give my husband his train again, and I am sure he will never drink another drop!"

The superintendent read the letter and handed it across the desk to a friend who had entered. "Read that," said he, "and tell me what to do."

"What has been his record?" asked the friend. "That is the third time he has been found drunk on duty. Each time I warned him, and the second time I suspended him. This time I discharged him for good. I can't place human lives in the care of a man whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature and of the laws of her operations; who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, who, whose will is trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all violence, and to respect others as himself. Such an one and no other, I conceive, has had a liberal education, for he is, as completely as a man can be, in harmony with nature. He will make the best of her, and she of him. They will get on together rarely; she, his ever-beneficent mother, and he, her mouthpiece, her conscious self, her minister and interpreter."

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Nor is this state of things different in heaven. There it is said "His servants shall serve Him." There the law of God is perfectly fulfilled. There the heavenly host sing forever, according to Dante's dream.

"In His will is our delight."

So forever and forever obedience remains the law of life. William Tyndale, who translated the Bible into English, wrote a book entitled "The Obedience of a Christian Man." The gist of it is this: That the Bible reveals the way of salvation through Jesus Christ, and also the way in which a saved man ought to live. Few books have had a wider influence. One martyr at least is known to have gone to the stake carrying a copy of it in his hand. For it appealed to the conscience of man, it showed Christian belief.

A Scottish fisherman was drowned close to the shore and his body was not recovered until the following evening. When it was taken from the water a collection of very large crabs clung to the clothing, and these the minister detached and sold to help the widow, who appeared to be inconsolable. When the money was being handed to the woman, the giver asked how she wished the body to be disposed of. "Dye no think," she said, "we could do waur than just set him aguin?"

A professor in the French Medical Academy advocates painless death for incurable victims. The Paris correspondent for the Chicago Tribune says: "Dr. Guernonprez, professor of the medical faculty in Lille, is about to publish an elaborate work entitled 'Medical Death and Protection For Human Life.' The book, an elaborate work, will advocate an international understanding between physicians and authorities, allowing the first to help persons stricken with incurable disease to make an end of their pains and of themselves.

"In excuse of this demand, the professor cites a law proposed during the French Revolution, of which the convent did or did not approve. It provided that 'virtuous and feeling citizens should be allowed to give incurables a quick but painless death.' The professor thinks the convent passed the law, yet it was never but into execution.

In 1903 the First Chamber of the Kingdom of Saxony, denied a petition to the same effect, namely, that physicians should be allowed to kill patients if the latter asked them to do so in writing.

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No Ill Effects. Dr. Edward Everett Hale tells a story of a New York clergyman who had received a call to a fashionable suburb of Boston. A gentleman, who had in his employ two English grooms, accidentally overheard the following conversation between the two servants:

It appears that the first groom, who had for some time been endeavoring to get the second groom to attend services at the church presided over by the New York clergyman, said: "Didn't you like the sermon?" "Very much," replied the other, "very much, even hit 'e a bit 'igh Church and Hi a Methodist. Hi thinks as 'ow I'll probably hatter 'e the haftennoon service, too."

"Hi just knew you'd change your mind," remarked the first groom, triumphantly. "As Hi told yer, I've 'eard 'im twist an' what 'arm 'as it done 'ee?"—Collier's Weekly.

A Wonderful Powder. There is working in the University of Tokio, in Japan, a quiet little man, who, if he is almost ignored outside his own country, is fully recognized in Japan as a national benefactor. This man is Professor Shimose, inventor of the new Shimose powder, the most powerful explosive known. The secret of its composition is rigidly guarded. Though there is no secret as to its terrific power, no foreigner knew anything about it before the present war began. This powder forms the bursting charge of the Japanese army and navy shell. The armor piercing shell is rent into thousands of small fragments, which are hurled through the air with such force that they tear through the sides of an iron ship. A shell bursting with a charge of gun-cotton is broken into very few pieces, but the Shimose explosive scatters the projectile into 3000 or more fragments, which are driven in every direction with equal force, the result being, as one expert says, that "nothing in the vicinity can live."

The Tallest Occupied Building. The Park Row Building, in New York, is the tallest inhabited building in the world. It covers 15,000 square feet of ground and is thirty stories high. The distance from the curbing to the cornice is 330 feet; to the top of the towers 390 feet; to the top of the flagstaff 447 feet; the depth of the foundations below curbing is seventy-five feet, making a total distance from the foundations to the top of the flagstaff 552 feet.

Safest Food. In Any Time of Trouble is Grape-Nuts. Food to rebuild the strength and that is pre digested must be selected when one is convalescent. At this time there is nothing so valuable as Grape-Nuts for the reason that this food is all nourishment and is also all digestible nourishment. A woman who used it says:

"Some time ago I was very ill with typhoid fever, so ill everyone thought I would die, even myself. It left me so weak I could not properly digest food of any kind and I also had much bowel trouble which left me a weak, helpless wreck.

"I needed nourishment as badly as anyone could, but none of the tonics helped me until I finally tried Grape-Nuts food morning and evening. This not only supplied food that I thought delicious as could be but it also made me perfectly well and strong again so I can do all my housework, sleep well, can eat anything without any trace of bowel trouble and for that reason alone Grape-Nuts food is worth its weight in gold." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Typhoid fever like some other diseases attacks the bowels and frequently sets up bleeding and makes them for months incapable of digesting the starches and therefore pre digested Grape-Nuts is invaluable for the well known reason that in Grape-Nuts all the starches have been transformed into grape sugar. This means that the first stage of digestion has been mechanically accomplished in Grape-Nuts food at the factories and therefore anyone, no matter how weak the stomach, can handle it and grow strong, for all the nourishment is still there.

There's a sound reason and 10 days trial proves.

Birds and Lizards. Birds, it may come as a surprise to learn, are nearest related to lizards of any other families of living creatures. There is a South American bird, the hoetzin, of which the young are provided with lizard-like claws on their wings; they also possess a very reptilian appearance for their short life.

How a Lamb is Shorn. R-sorry hopes. U-expected reverses. I owe U. N-othing left.

Death For Incurables. A professor in the French Medical Academy advocates painless death for incurable victims. The Paris correspondent for the Chicago Tribune says: "Dr. Guernonprez, professor of the medical faculty in Lille, is about to publish an elaborate work entitled 'Medical Death and Protection For Human Life.' The book, an elaborate work, will advocate an international understanding between physicians and authorities, allowing the first to help persons stricken with incurable disease to make an end of their pains and of themselves.

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Amusing Incidents. An incident related by Admiral Schley in his new volume of reminiscences contains a dreadful warning to all who write an illegible hand. At Nicaragua, in 1864, he was surprised to find a man of the American Minister's tastes and talents assigned to a post so little to his liking. The Minister explained how it was. "I wrote my friend, Mr. Lincoln," he said, "asking him for the position of marshal of Nebraska, but I wrote such a horribly bad hand that he read it 'Minister to Nicaragua.' So here I am."



Mrs. Haskell, Worthy Vice Templar, Independent Order Good Templars, of Silver Lake, Mass., tells of her cure by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: Four years ago I was nearly dead with inflammation and ulceration. I endured daily untold agony, and life was a burden to me. I had used medicines and washes internally and externally until I made up my mind that there was no relief for me. Calling at the home of a friend, I noticed a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. My friend endorsed it highly and I decided to give it a trial to see if it would help me. It took patience and perseverance for I was in bad condition, and I used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for nearly five months before I was cured, but what a change, from despair to happiness, from misery to the delightful exhilarating feeling health always brings. I would not change back for a thousand dollars, and your Vegetable Compound is a grand medicine.

"I wish every sick woman would try it and be convinced."—Mrs. Ida Haskell, Silver Lake, Mass. Worthy Vice Templar, Independent Order of Good Templars.

When a medicine has been successful in more than a million cases, is it justice to yourself to say, without trying it, "I do not believe it would help me?"

Surely you cannot wish to remain weak, and sick and discouraged, exhausted with each day's work. You have some derangement of the feminine organism, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you just as surely as it has others.

Mrs. Tillie Hart, of Larimore, N. D., says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: I might have been spared many months of suffering and pain if I had known of the efficacy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a few months sooner, for I tried many remedies without finding anything which helped me before I tried the Vegetable Compound. I dreaded the approach of the menstrual period every month, as it meant much suffering and pain. Some months the flow was very scanty and others it was profuse, but after I had used the Compound for two months I became regular and natural, and so I continued until I felt perfectly well, and the parts were strengthened to perform the work without assistance and pain. I am like a different woman now, where before I did not care to live, and I am pleased to testify as to the good your Vegetable Compound has done for me." Sincerely yours, Mrs. Tillie Hart, Larimore, N.D.

Be it, therefore, believed by all women who are ill that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the medicine they should take. It has stood the test of time, and it has hundreds of thousands of cures to its credit. Women should consider it unwise to use any other medicine. Mrs. Pinkham, whose address is Lynn, Mass., will answer cheerfully and without cost all letters addressed to her by sick women. Perhaps she has just the knowledge that will help your case—try her to-day—it costs nothing.

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