

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

IS PREPARING FOR BUSINESS

Japan's Mighty War God From Whom the Present Mikado is Descended, is Restless.

SPIRIT WORSHIP ENCOURAGED.

And One Result is That the Nation Cares More for its Army Than Commerce.

Special Correspondence.

London, Dec. 22.—It looks now more than ever, despite the treaties and rumors of treaties, as if the new year would see the bursting of the storm cloud that hovers over Russia and Japan. At any rate, Japan's chief war god is now the recipient of unusual attention from the faithful, and there is no indication that his august influence is being exerted to cool the war fever that is burning in the veins of the masses in the land of the rising sun.

Hachiman, the Japanese god of war, was three years being born, and he stayed on earth 130 years before he returned to the place where the gods live. During the three years prior to his birth his mother, Jingo, a lady Mikado, was busy in Korea or Chosen, the land of the Morning Calm, which country she was eager to annihilate. Not that she had anything against Korea, but because she had been told in a dream to go there. In those days dreams were no joke, especially imperial dreams. They were messages from the other world. The disbelievers were dangerous, as was manifest in the case of Jingo's husband, the Mikado Arumasa.

Arumasa did not believe his dream about Korea. He laughed in his sleep when his message came, and in the morning said it was all rot. There was no such place as Korea. He had been up to the tipmost top of the tall-most tree on the highest hill and had looked away overest quite to the end of the earth, and there was nothing at all. Arumasa, having said this, Jingo became a widow. Then she went to Korea.

SHE WENT ON A DOLPHIN'S BACK.

Some say that she went over on the back of a pink dolphin. The pink dolphin had a dream message also, and carried out his instructions gracefully, if report be true. Jingo's army did not use dolphins. It went over in junks.

But her surprise Jingo was not sick, but soon after her arrival in the land of the Morning Calm most of the Koreans were. She was not surprised at this. To make them so was her purpose. She kept at this purpose day and night for three years, and then, there not being enough left of Morning Calm land for even a headache to maintain itself upon, she returned, and the god or war was born.

Jingo did not call him God of War. Her name for him was Ojin. Ojin was said as good a name as God of War when it was necessary for mama to summon her little one into the arms for a spanking. She had taught him rather slow, but she got the better of this trait eventually and brought him up to rule the land of the Rising Sun efficiently for something like 10 years after she herself "augustly departed."

This was at the beginning of the third century A. D. According to the Kojiki Ojin's family had been Sunrise rulers 60 years. That is the date on which Jimmu Tennō stepped down from the sky and began earthly business as mikado. Jimmu had had trouble with the outcrochings, and so had his children and grandchildren on down to Jingo's time, so that fighting was natural to Ojin by heredity, even if he had not had so much parental experience. The outcrochings were quite

ready to induce any appetite for conflict that Ojin might possess. They were terrible fellows, with whiskers quite up to their eyebrows all over their foreheads. One may see remnants of them now away up in the Ho-sai, but what little power remains to them is purely bibulous. Ojin must have treated them about as kindly as his mother treated the Koreans. At any rate, after he returned to the land where the gods live he became known as Mawata and as Hachiman, and especially as Yumi-ya-no Hachiman, or Bow-and-Arrow Hachiman.

THE WAR GOD'S FAMOUS TEMPLE

Bow-and-Arrow Hachiman has a temple in that city of visitors to the land of the Rising Sun has seen. It is at Kamakura, one of the ancient capitals of Japan, not far from Yokohama. Hachiman's temple and the great bronze image of Amida the Buddha are the chief sights at Kamakura. Though the visitor should not only take a look at the skull of Yoritomo, one of Japan's heroes. This skull has peculiar interest. It is not as large as one would expect from what tradition says of Yoritomo, who was noted for his unusual magnitude of his head. But the gentle priest who acts as guide to the visitor from the west explains this by saying: "Yes, it is small, but it is of the time when he was only 15 years of age."

A NOTABLE CEREMONY.

In spirit Hachiman is present also at the great Shinto temple at Kanda, Tokio, the capital of Japan. Here, on this day, the troops stationed at the Tokyo barracks come on the 6th, 7th and 8th of March, and on the 7th and 8th of November, to pay their respects to the memory of the soldiers who fell in battle in the Sago and Satsuma rebellions, and in the war with China.

Company by company they march up the hill, and in the great hall, empty of all furniture except a mirror and a few chairs. The ceremony is beautiful in its solemnity, and one can easily believe that the spirits of the departed are really present to receive the reverence of the soldiers in arms who have not yet passed to the land of shades.

It is a ceremony, too, that appeals to the popular mind, as the crowds on Kanda hill bear ample testimony when the days for the arrival of the troops have come. It is not a mournful crowd, nor is it a noisy crowd. Japanese crowds, as a rule, are clean and decorous, one that has gathered to witness and in a way to take part in a service that is both military and religious. The ceremony of saluting before the temple appeals to the sentiment and those who die in battle did nobly, and who rejoice that the army to which they belong undying guard.

MIKADO IS HIS DESCENDANT.

This respect to the spirits of those who died in battle obtains throughout the empire. In this sense Hachiman is supreme. He has, moreover, a direct descendant, King, the Mikado, Mutsu Hito, whom 99 per cent of the Japanese look upon as a divinity. The Mikado's family tree reads like a chapter of Chronicles except that there are more gods at the beginning of it, and goddesses as well as becomes a descendant of Hachiman, the Mikado is the head of the army and never appears abroad except in military uniform. His home is in the heart of Tokio, where formerly the palace of the Shogun stood, and is surrounded by a spiral moat that leads to the Bay of Yedo. The fortifications of this moat are three centuries old, but they are substantial. The innumerable churches that have shaken the country since they were built have not disturbed them. They are as grand and formidable as ever—beautiful, too, if one sees them when their treasures of lotus blossoms have opened.

Not only are the Mikado and Hachiman held in divine honor, but there are warlike deities and grand temples in many places in Japan. The reverence bestowed on the guardian gods assumes a form that does not appeal to the Western mind as essentially reverent. The gods, one usually on each side of the gate of the temple they are protecting, are behind wide meshed wire screens, and the devotees standing before "Their Augustnesses" throw spit balls at them. If the spit ball

goes through the wire mesh and sticks to the god it means good luck to the thrower, but if it strikes the wire and so fails to reach the august target the thrower must throw again. If the thrower is going on a journey he will most likely hang a straw sword up in front of the god. This will give the traveler able feet. Soldiers wear sandals instead of boots when on campaign, and it is then the guardian gods are more than well supplied with foot gear.

WARLIKE LITTLE BOYS.

Somewhat indirectly the government encourages the worship of Hachiman as it does the god of Mikado idea. It gets up books of war songs. Professor Chamberlain, in his admirable "Things Japanese," says:

"It is extraordinary into what minutiae the government has gone in its determination to foster the military spirit and raise the army to its highest point of efficiency. Even books of war songs have been officially composed and included in the course of instruction. The result, it must be confessed, has not been the production of poems of any high order of merit. What cannot fail to elicit our admiration is the manner in which the company drill imposed on all government schools and adopted in most private schools as well, has been responded to by the scholars. Even little mites of boys bear the flag stoutly, march miles in the blazing sun and altogether carry themselves so as to show that an enemy attempting to land on these shores must count, not only with every able-bodied man, but with every child throughout the empire."

The spirit of the feudal retainer seems to be born again in these tiny subjects of the Mikado. In the games they are living replicas of the heroes of times gone by. In postures, stations and movements, they are samurai, retainers of feudal lords, whose sword was their "soul," whose only business was fighting. These little fellows, without teaching, display a comprehension of methods of attack and defense that is, to say the least, extraordinary.

CARE MORE FOR ARMY THAN FOR COMMERCE.

It is this army spirit, this worship of Hachiman, that Japan holds to be her chief asset. She is military first, and then artistic; then Buddhist and Confucian, and somewhere at the bottom of the scale she is commercial. There are Japanese who believe that the Land of the Rising Sun must be great in commerce as well as in military and naval achievement, if she is to endure, but it is the exigencies of the times that compels them to turn their attention hopefully toward commerce. In the hours of the day, the trade glory is in the keeping of the army and the navy.

Capt. Bunkley, editor of the Japan Mail and for over 30 years a close student of Japanese affairs, makes a statement of interest in this regard in his great work on the art, literature and history of Japan. He says:

"No one who should tell the Japanese of today that the consideration they have won from the west is due solely to their progress in peaceful arts would find serious listeners. They themselves held that belief as a working incentive 20 years ago, but experience has dispelled it, and they now look to their progress in peaceful arts with respect to the world never took any respectful notice of them until they showed themselves capable of winning battles. At first they imagined that they might efface the oriental stigma by living up to civilized standards. But the success they had attained was scarcely perceptible, when suddenly their victorious war with China seemed to give them more esteem in half a year than their peaceful industry had earned them in half a century. The perception of that fact upset their estimate of the qualifications necessary for a place in the foremost files of time, and had much to do with the desire they henceforth developed for more and more advanced armaments. Their military and naval forces had been proved competent to beat China by her knees with the utmost ease, yet they proceeded at once to double their army."

Japan has risen to the headship of the far east. Is that the goal of her ambition? One of her favorite sayings is "better be the tail of an ox than to comb of a cock." She is now the comb of the oriental cock. That is not enough. She wants to be the tail of the occidental ox. How is it to be done? Evidently by following the route that has already led her so far. She cannot turn back. Her destiny is set. She has been taught that fighting capacity is the only sure passport to European esteem, and she has also been told again and again, is still perpetuating, that her victory over China proved nothing about her competence to stand on the lists of the west. She will complete the proof, or try to complete it. Nothing is more certain, nothing more apparent, to all who have watched her closely."

Written some three years ago, this reads much like prophecy. Now, with the results of conscription, Japan has an available army of perhaps 450,000 men. She lets not one escape who is not physically unfit. The age at which the youth enters is 20, and he must work hard while he is in the service. He does not have to be told this, however, for it is in his nature to train hard.

If war comes on with Russia there will probably be little more disturbance in the empire than there was when the China war was on. The Shinbashi railway station in Tokio, whence troops will depart for the south to embark for Korea, will have its occasional gatherings, and regular traffic on the line will be somewhat awry at times on account of troop trains, but the fighting will be at sea and on the continent, and those who are left in Japan will move on as if nothing had happened.—C. L. Brownell, author of "The Heart of Japan."

GERMAN SYRUP.

We want to impress on our readers that Bosche's German Syrup is positively the only preparation on the market today that does relieve and cure consumption. It contains the specifics, such as pure fat, extracts of gums, etc., which have been so highly endorsed for the cure of coughs, colds and consumption by great medical congresses. The consumptive, whether his disease is in the throat or lungs, must have rest at night, and be free from the spasms of dry and racking cough in the morning. The dissolved parts want rest, healing and soothing treatment, and the patient needs fresh air, good food, etc. German Syrup will give free and easy expectation in the morning with speedy and permanent relief. Small bottles, 25 cents, regular size, containing nearly four times as much, 75 cents. All drug stores.

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YUAN SHI KAI, AN IMPORTANT FIGURE IN THE RUSSO-JAPANESE IMBROGLIO.

The word of Yuan Shi Kai may decide for war or peace between Japan and Russia. Yuan is now the commander of China's army and navy, both of which he has reorganized on modern lines. If he should advise that China assist Japan the latter country would almost certainly decide upon war with Russia. In that event, as Russia would be fighting two countries, France would be compelled under the terms of her treaty to come to the aid of the czar. Then, as Japan would be opposed to a country to the rescue of which another nation had come, England would be compelled to come to her aid, as that very point is fully covered in the Anglo-Japanese treaty. Yuan, who is about forty-seven years of age, got his early training in a military school,

ready to induce any appetite for conflict that Ojin might possess. They were terrible fellows, with whiskers quite up to their eyebrows all over their foreheads. One may see remnants of them now away up in the Ho-sai, but what little power remains to them is purely bibulous. Ojin must have treated them about as kindly as his mother treated the Koreans. At any rate, after he returned to the land where the gods live he became known as Mawata and as Hachiman, and especially as Yumi-ya-no Hachiman, or Bow-and-Arrow Hachiman.

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YOUTHFUL WIFE OF AN AGED PEER.

Our Brussels correspondent also sends the following budget of American notes:

Mrs. Laurence Townsend, wife of the American minister to Belgium, is at present staying with King Edward and Queen Alexandra at Sandringham. This is the second or third visit she has made to these royalties within quite a short time, so it is evident she is as great a favorite there as elsewhere. Her bright attractive manner fascinates everyone, while her straightforwardness enables her to keep the many friends she makes. She has a lovely pale creamy complexion, with beautiful dark auburn hair, a fine figure and is always noticeably well dressed even in Brussels, where so much thought is given to the toilet. Her taste and talent for music make her thoroughly enjoy the advantage of such a musical center, and she is extremely good in befriending struggling musicians. At diplomatic duties of Mr. Townsend naturally keep her a good deal tied to Belgium's capital.

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MARQUIS OF DONEGALL'S TRANSLANTIC BRIDE AT HELM WITH A VENGEANCE.

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