

# THE JAPANESE HOST

ENTERTAINMENT OF GUESTS DEVELOPED INTO A FINE ART.

The Graces and Formalities of a Ceremonious Dinner—Girls Who Beguile the Time—The Odd Menu.

**A** CEREMONIOUS Japanese dinner is a tiresome experience for an American, particularly if he be in the habit of doing things in a hurry and is given to stiff joints and embosomment, writes W. E. Curtis in the Chicago Record. But the novelty is worth the test of endurance, and if it happens to be in the home of a rich man, where one can enjoy to the full measure the hospitality that is regarded as one of the fine arts as well as one of the cardinal virtues, with all the graces and formalities of oriental etiquette, it will never be forgotten. Buddhism has left its impression upon the diet as well as the manners of the Japanese. The strict tenets of the church forbid the taking of life, and, therefore, animal food was practically abandoned in Japan more than 1000 years ago. Nine-tenths of the people live on vegetables and dried fish—the latter being a concession to

them a second time. They cannot compare in looks with the shop girls of Chicago and New York, and the waitresses in our country hotels will average quite as well for beauty. But their kimonos are of the daintiest shades and combination of color, their obi are of the richest brocades, and their hair is a marvel in its arrangement. All this makes them interesting, and they have pretty, graceful manners.

The girls receive no regular wages, but are a sort of extra that is served with every order and are paid by the customer and not by the house. The habits of particular restaurants known by name and order their geishas as they order their dinner. If no special favorites are called for they take their turn as customers come in, always going in pairs. While you are eating they sit around on the floor and make themselves merry, repeating the latest gossip, reciting little poems, telling anecdotes and jokes and making themselves as entertaining as possible. If you want them to sing or play the samisen they will do so, but their musical accomplishments are not appreciated by foreigners, who seldom ask them to sing twice. A Japanese song is a recitative in a minor key pitched very high and interspersed with little squeals and screeches. It has no melody or harmony, and one finds it difficult to de-

length to show that they had never been used. No well-ordered family ever uses the same chop-sticks the second time. The ozen or tables, the lacquer trays, the bowls and cups in which your food is served are all of the most exquisite workmanship and artistic designs. You seldom see a plate or a saucer at a Japanese dinner. These are made exclusively for the foreign trade, but the little bowls and cups in which your food and sake are served are works of art.

The host sets an example by removing the covers from the bowls upon his tray and, imitating him, you find an assortment of food that is entirely new and often trying to your palate. There is no use of a knife, for everything is cooked in little morsels, but a fork would come mighty handy, and a spoon would be even better, for you find it almost impossible to convey anything from your tray to your mouth with chopsticks. They slip and wobble and cross each other with a depravity that seems intentional. You drop your food into your lap and upon the floor in a most amusing but embarrassing manner. Your host offers a fork or a spoon, but the spirit of American independence asserts itself and you make another effort. Finally the host remarks courteously: "Sometimes we do it this way," and lifts his bowl to his lips and shovels in the food as you would shovel coal into a cellar. This method cannot be recommended for gracefulness or refinement, but it is better than starvation.

There are half a dozen dishes in each course and your host kindly tells you what they are. First simono, a kind of bean soup; kuchitori, chestnuts boiled and crushed into a mush; kamaboko, fish pickled fine and then rolled into little balls and baked; sashimi, raw fish cut into tiny slices and covered with ice. This is dipped into a rich sauce called soy, and really doesn't taste as bad as it sounds. Each course is served with little cups of warm sake. There is no bread or butter, and you will not have a napkin offered you unless you ask for it.

The second course is a small fish broiled whole, with the head and tail on, which is very difficult to eat with chopsticks; umami, bits of fowl boiled with lotus roots or potatoes; a little salad made of onions, peas and string beans, with a few leaves of lettuce or cresses; su-no-mono, sea slugs served with eggplant, mashed as we do potatoes, and chawan-mushi, a thick, custardy soup made of fish and vegetables, with mushrooms for a relish.

The third course is usually a curry with rice and pickled vegetables, such

# SECRETS OF FASHION

THE VEIL LIFTED FROM AUTUMN AND WINTER STYLES.

Textures and Colors to Be More Splendid Than Ever—Plaids Coming in Again—A Brave Blue.

**E**UREKA! the iron silence of fashionmakers has been broken at last, and the arbiters of styles have consented to lift the veil of future modes.

There was a marked disinclination to talk around autumn and winter styles. Yet, writes the New York correspondent of the Chicago Record, a few of the great big wigs have been persuaded to show here and there some early confection which, if not pointing toward any radical changes in cut, seem to indicate that textures and colors are to be more splendid than ever.

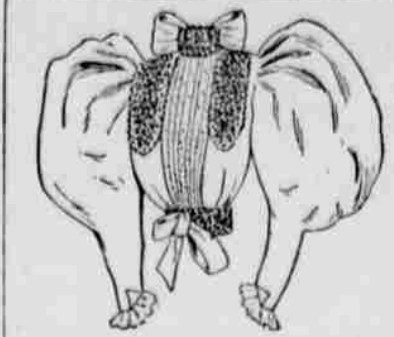
In the way of shapings likely to be carried over to a new season at a leading dressmaker's it was learned that there will be doubtless the redingotes and short "court" coats that have already received catchet from elegant Parisiennes. Round bodies will also continue, in gauzy instances hanging sometimes over the belt, back and front, in a complete blouse effect, and with the round bodies, especially in the case of evening gowns in stiff silk for slight figures, flared peplum tails, shaped like the shorter ones of the jacket shown, will frequently be added.

Again, this peplum effect may be made by squarish tabs of lace, slight-

elegant cottage will be of black peat de sole.

PRETTY BLOUSE WAIST.

The accompanying cut shows an admirable model for a blouse waist for silk, grass lawn, or any thin texture, and, if very light in tone, black lace may be employed; but a cream-colored lace of the gypure stamp, with front of net, strewn with paillettes, and the



collar and waist bow in silk of a darker color, makes a very smart combination. A blouse such as this is useful for evening wear at country house visits, more especially when made of China silk in some delicate tint, and adorned with light-colored lace.

A WALKING COSTUME.

This walking costume has a skirt of figured crepon—a new material—in shades of green and black. The waist is of black satin, with white satin sleeves, striped with cream lace insertion. The waistcoat is of chartreuse-green velvet, forming a sash at the back. The sleeves are immensely full

# SMALLEST OF REPUBLICS.

It Has Forty-six Inhabitants, and the Women Vote.

On the route from the Italian continent to Caprera lies Tavolara, an island a mile wide, which has forty-five inhabitants. King Charles Albert of Piedmont made Paul, the head of the Bartoloni family, owner, King and absolute ruler of the place in 1836. For forty-six years he managed his little kingdom admirably; and, dying, he expressed the wish that the isl-



SMALLEST REPUBLIC IN THE WORLD.

landers should be allowed to govern themselves. The experiment proved successful, and Tavolara was declared a republic in 1836, while two years later the State was formally recognized by the Italian Government. Its President is elected for five years, and its public officials give their services free of charge. Women have the privilege of voting as well as men.

Once the island had a narrow escape of becoming the site of a gambling casino like that of Monte Carlo. Certain British speculators desired to acquire the place for this purpose, and the proposal was likely to be entertained, but the Government ultimately prohibited the sale. On the island there is a peculiar breed of wild goats whose jaws and teeth are covered with a golden enamel. It is believed that this is derived from the water on the island, which contains a large quantity of mineral matter.—New York Press.

# A Curious Balance.

Experiments with the hydrometre as a chemical balance have been made by an English chemist, Mr. H. J. Phillips, and have resulted in a simple instrument that is useful for certain purposes. Gilded brass bulbs are screwed to an aluminum stem, floated in water in a glass cylinder, and kept upright in the centre of the vessel by two arms moving on perpendicular guide rods. A small aluminum pan is placed at the top of the stem. Under the guiding arms are needle points, and a movable needle is attached to one of the guide rods. In weighing out a definite quantity, the weight is first placed in the pan. The guide rod needle is then moved opposite the needles of the arms, the weight is removed, and the substance to be weighed is gradually dropped into the pan until the stem sinks to the point indicated. The range of weight that can be recorded is limited, and with the delicacy, depends upon the stem of the float.—Trenton (N. J.) American.

# Luxuriant Hair.

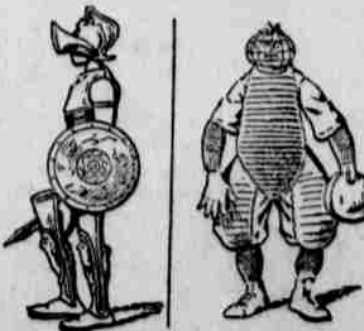
It is very seldom that so luxuriant a growth of hair as that illustrated is met with in Australia, the summer heat, it is believed,



AN EXTRAORDINARY GROWTH OF HAIR.

causing decay and loss on many heads. The length of the hair in our picture is five feet four inches, and its color bright auburn. The lady, who resides in Melbourne, is a native of Auckland, New Zealand.—San Francisco Chronicle.

# But Little Difference.



The hero of Roman days. The hero of to-day.



WAITING-MAIDS MAKING THEIR VERY BEST BOW.

human frailty. Chickens are used to some extent, and a pious fraud is practiced in calling the deer a "mountain whale." When you see the sign "Yamakujira" written over a market or eating house it means that they have venison for sale there under the title I have given, but it is so expensive that only the rich can indulge in that sort of sin. Meat eating is on the increase, however, and markets for the sale of beef, pork and mutton are found in the neighborhood of all the fashionable districts.

There are three or four eel houses in Tokyo that are as popular for dining as Kinsley's in Chicago or Delmonico's in New York, and the Golden Koi has been made famous by Edwin Arnold. When you enter that or any other eel house you are led to a tank full of squirming reptiles and asked to select your victims. The larger eels are rank and coarse and greasy and the American seldom tries them but once. The little fellows, however, are delicious, particularly when about five inches long and broiled on a bamboo skewer like white bait. You can see them cooked if you like, for true to their habit of having everything the reverse of what it is with us, the Japanese restaurants place their kitchen in the front part of the house adjoining the entrance and their dining-rooms somewhere at the end of a series of corridors in the rear.

The tea gardens in Japan are all alike, and they are all lovely, but the houses would be more comfortable if one could have tables and chairs and knives and forks instead of being compelled to sit on a mat in his stocking

fect any rhythm.

The wife of a Japanese gentleman never presides at his table except when he has lady guests, but she usually makes her appearance when the servants bring in the tea and sweetmeats that always precede a dinner. She gives you a graceful greeting and then retires to reappear as you are saying your "sayonaras," which is the Japanese for "good-by."

This silken cushions are scattered around upon the floor, and the guests are arranged in the order of their rank or seniority, which is a matter of great importance among so ceremonious a people as the Japanese. Little tables about six inches high, such as you see piled up like pyramids in the bric-a-brac stores in America, are brought in and placed before you. Then barefooted neenas, or waiting maids, looking fresh and cool and graceful in their soft-tinted kimonos, bring trays of lacquer upon which are several covered bowls. Before they place the trays upon the little tables they leave them on the floor for a moment while they make their very best bow.

Bowing with us is a lost art. Our lumbar vertebrae has never been limbered up to a degree sufficient for us to move more than the head and perhaps the shoulder, but the Japanese bow begins with the hips, and when you meet a gentleman or a lady they usually show you the back of their neck several times before they commence conversation, placing the hands upon the knees and turning the body into a right angle. Servants drop upon their knees, place their hands



GEISHA GIRL PLAYING THE SAMISEN.

as eggplant, cabbage leaves, radishes and onions; and for a fourth and final course you have soba, a sort of buckwheat vermicelli served with soy and a sweet liqueur called mirin; shiruko, rice cakes, sea weed and all sorts of confectionery, which is very sweet and tasteless.

The nosans keep your sake cup full and during the course of the dinner each member of the company rises and proposes the health of the host and then some other guest until the whole party is disposed of. This is a trying ordeal to one who does not like sake, for you must lift your little cup to your forehead in salutation each time and then empty it in three sips. It holds but a thimbleful, but it is fiery and inflames the blood more than our brandy. It is customary also to drink the health of the waitresses, who bow their foreheads to the floor in acknowledgment while the compliment is paid them.

At the close of the dinner the tabako bon, a tray holding a tiny hibachi with live coals in a cone of ashes and a section of bamboo for an ash receiver is placed before you, and cigarettes and cigars are passed around in boxes of cloisence that tempt you to violate the commandment that forbids stealing.

You rise from a Japanese dinner with your legs aching, a sense of unnecessary fullness and a craving for food, and when you reach the hotel you feel inclined to send for a plate of crackers and cheese or a sandwich. The native diet is clean, free from grease and rich in carbon, but it does not satisfy the foreign appetite, and to sit on your heels for two hours is more tiresome than climbing a mountain.

# High Explosives.

According to the opinion of Superintendent Barker of the arms factory at Sparkbrook, England, and a prominent expert in that line, the possibilities of the industrial use of high explosives for generating motive power are a fit subject for study. Of the gunpowder engine he thinks only slightly, as such an explosive merely develops in combustion about 280 volumes of permanent gases, while the solid residues are very considerable, soon clogging any machine; nevertheless, one pound of gunpowder is capable of developing 170,820 foot pounds of energy.

ly wider at bottom than at top, and hung at intervals all round.

In the way of autumn and winter suggestions for street wear, the only new things as yet to be seen were at the smart dressmaking establishments, the importers of confections, and at one of these places some fine samples in novelty wools, in splendid autumn tints, seemed to indicate that plaids were coming in again.

The choicest tints in these were rich reds and browns and butter and October leaf yellows; the patterns broken bars in different shadings and then squared with black, which gave tone to the whole.

In no instance was the faded color of the summer seen, but a bold plaid in strange blue, webbed over with black, and so familiarly creponated that one would have called it crepon had it not been known that this word was now forbidden in polite fashion circles.

"Of course crepons will be worn," said the fashion light who was showing off the sample. "Too many have been made for the manufacturers to be willing to shelve them entirely.

"Only they will be called by a new name, perhaps simply 'nouveautés'—and the great general of fine clothes smiled cunningly. In the way of stuffs for evening wear some pompadour silks, gorgeously hued and of a boardlike thickness, were simply awesome in their magnificence. A green brocade, which shades in movement like a lizard's skin, was patterned with great gold beetles that stood out like the figures on Chinese draperies.

In plain cloth a brave blue that hinted of bugles and battlefields was novel and elegant. It was just the tint of the trousers worn by United States soldiers; and when later on it was discovered in part-composition of a dashing visiting toilet, one was not surprised to hear that it had been dubbed "soldier blue." All the dark portion of it is black satin, the light, the soldier-blue cloth; the buttons are wooden molds covered with the satin, the outline embroidery being in copper and jet on the blue. A striking bodice is a carriage zouave in "faded" peacock-blue cloth, with square revers in white brocade, the figures of which are superbly outlined in black and gilt. The wide border and smart, aquare lapels are in the same gold and black embroidery, and the gown worn with this very

and set in sharp plaits, each plait being stitched flat at the edges. The front of the waist is of fine cream lace, and a few rhinestone buttons will add

greatly to the effect of what is really a stunning suit.



FOR THE PROMENADE.

THE FLAT BRAID COIFFURE.

A revival of the peasant mode of wearing the hair in vogue fifteen or twenty years ago is seen on the streets of Eastern cities. It carries with it an air of neatness in warm weather that can not be got by any other style of wearing the hair. Young women who have not a heavy head of hair eke it out with a bow of ribbon, but the prettiest coiffure is that of many flat braids pinned closely to the head. Its shape may be varied to suit the shape of the head, a round knot requiring a mat-like effect, a long coiffure the oval face.

Professor Max Muller has in his possession a handsome gold cigar case bearing the signature of the Sultan of Turkey, who presented it to him.