

her charge. The laundry schools seem most admirably planned. Mrs. Lord, the Superintendent, had fifty centers (as they are called) under her direction, the first one having been opened in 1890. The Government had made grants for one hundred and two; but the necessary teachers had not been fitted to take charge of them.

One lesson a week, of two hours and a half, was given to each child; each teacher had an assistant; the course consisted of twelve lessons, and might be repeated a second year. The laundries were small buildings, detached (as were the kitchens) from the school-houses. Those who were to receive instruction were selected from the older scholars of different schools in the neighborhood, and they brought garments from home—their father's shirts, baby sister's dresses, etc. In addition to the practical washing and ironing, they were taught something of science and chemistry. Many thousand children received instruction during the year. Evening classes were also held, each teacher being allowed one a week.

There were one hundred and fifty cooking centers, the first one having been opened twenty years before. Fourteen lessons comprised a course. The buildings and selection of pupils were planned as for the laundry classes, and part of each lesson was devoted to the preparation of dishes which could be sold to the teachers for lunch or dinner. The menus and utensils were simple and adapted to the children of the poorest homes. The latest development of domestic training in the schools under the direction of the London School Board was a Housewifery Class. A small house had been furnished and fitted in every part. Here groups of children were taken and trained in everything pertaining to neat housework. This plan had been in operation so short a time when I was in England in 1894 that it was impossible to judge of the results; but Mrs. Lord, to whose enthusiastic interest in her work the experiment was due, had the greatest faith in its success.

At Whiteland's Training College three hours and a half a week were devoted to sewing by those preparing themselves to be teachers, and in various cities in England there are schools where women can obtain the necessary instruction for the cooking and laundry, as well as for the sewing, classes.

I have given an outline of the industrial training of the girls in several countries, and of those who are to be their guides. It interested me intensely, and while we must rejoice in the opportunities for higher thought and study which are given in this country to those who are fitted for them, I long to see more compulsory instruction brought into the lives of all our girls. While it seems to me that we have more originality and breadth in our work here, we have not the inspiration of tradition or of the beautiful surroundings which are on every side in Europe. There is not with us the sense of perfection of detail which is inherent, certainly, in the French nation. One understands, in studying the detail of these schools and the thoroughness of their training, why it is that the French have excelled in so much industrial work; and I believe that the Government is right in feeling that skilled work is the happiest work, and that in encouraging this, and also the creative side of labor, they are doing much to make contented and useful citizens.

In Ainu Land with the Amherst Eclipse Expedition

By Mabel Loomis Todd

After an unhurried journey of nine days from Yokohama, in the steamers of the Yusen Kaisha line, I have at last caught the Eclipse Expedition in its commodious and convenient camp on the northern coast of the Hokkaido, as Yezo is now officially called.

Any attempt to reach the province of Kitami overland would have been well-nigh impossible. The island is mountainous, full of forests, without roads, and possessing not even tracks sufficiently clear to admit of using pack-

horses. It was said that by taking a steamer from Hakodate to the eastern side of the island one might, by pack-horse, a little boat on a river, a raft pulled by a rope on a lake, and a certain amount of walking, strike the eastern end of Kitami, when, by continuing to follow the shore, Esashi would, in the end, have been reached. But, interesting as such an unusual trip might have proved, the time would hardly admit of dallying with the unknown after such a fashion. The Yusen Kaisha officials have been courteous to a very marked extent, not only to the Expedition and its multitudinous instruments, but more lately to those of the Comet party who wished to reach the scene of the eclipse just in time to view the spectacle. Although steamers go to Esashi—around the west coast of Hokkaido—only about once (usually, and only occasionally twice) in a month, the Kwanko-maru was most kindly detailed to make the trip from Otaru; and the voyage was accomplished in great ease and comfort.

In Otaru itself there is little to interest the traveler. It is a Japanese town from which the Ainu, that mysterious race now exciting so much interest in ethnological circles, have long since retreated. Yet the Japanese seem hardly like themselves, away from the heat, the semi-tropical foliage, and the outdoor life of the main island. Here the houses are built to withstand the protracted cold of a northern winter—still, however, with the *hibachi* and its charcoal as the principal way of keeping warm, except the continual hot bath. Otaru is the port from which Sapporo is reached, and a short visit was made, while awaiting the steamer, in that most American of Japanese cities. Even the scenery along the railroad is uncharacteristic of the Flowery Kingdom, much more resembling the approaches to some Western and comparatively new town in the United States. The Imperial Agricultural College was established there in 1876, under the direction, as organizer and President for a year, of the late President W. S. Clark, of the State Agricultural College at Amherst, Mass., which institution kindly lent its official head for that time and purpose. As a result, the model farm and its buildings and the whole atmosphere of the place are American rather than Japanese—for, adhering to the early plan, the development has been useful rather than picturesque, a result very apt to follow the touch of our own beloved land upon foreign countries.

Leaving Otaru by steamer, and skirting the western Hokkaido coast toward the north, the scenery becomes beautiful and impressive. The heavy fogs and overcast skies were left behind in the southern regions, and clear horizons where blue met blue began to prevail. The steep cliffs of the shore are thickly wooded with fine trees, though occasionally the bald rock rises quite uncovered and nearly perpendicular, often to a height of more than twelve hundred feet. Every half-mile, sometimes less, countless streams of water rush in white torrents down these majestic heights. Wherever ravines break the cliff waterfalls appear, sometimes leaping hundreds of feet at a bound, or curling in foam around impeding rocks in their swift descent.

Often there are no beaches where foothold could be obtained, but even the narrowest strip of sand and shingle seems to be utilized by small villages of fishermen's houses. Entirely inaccessible from the mountain-sides above, and equally so around the base of the cliffs, these dwellings can be reached only by boats, and as an almost continual surf beats all along the coast, the landing cannot be especially easy, even in calm weather. Rarely, an Ainu hut was seen among the Japanese houses; but the race is retreating more and more into the far interior, and growing constantly less in numbers.

The roughness of the west coast of Yezo is ingeniously accounted for by the Ainu in a legend describing its formation. The island is supposed to have been made by two gods, a male and a female, who vied with each other in the progress of their work, the male god being engaged upon the eastern and southern portions, while the female god had the western portion allotted to her. In the course of her labor the goddess happened one day to meet the sister of Aioina Kamui (one of the most ancient forefathers of the Ainu race), and, after the custom of women, stopped

to chat with her. The male god meantime, more wisely, kept on with his work, and almost finished it. Alarmed at his work being so much nearer completion than her own, the goddess hurried on, and in a very slovenly and incomplete manner tossed the remaining portions of her coast together. If any one complains of its dangers, he should not grumble at the Creator, for the fault is entirely with his deputy, and her tendency to gossip. The moral is said to be often pointed at women who talk too much, in these words: "Set a watch over your lips and attend to your duties, for see how rough the west coast of Yezo is, and that all owing to a chattering goddess."

Toward evening the steamer anchored in the harbor of a little town called Onashike, and an opportunity was afforded for seeing a comparatively new Japanese colony. No foreign lady had ever visited the town before, and the tour of investigation about the streets and to the temple aroused an almost startling degree of interest in the younger inhabitants. The procession became more imposing in numbers at every corner. Hoping to escape from our following, an invitation was accepted to visit an Ainu house, and, turning quietly off the main thoroughfare, as twilight was coming on, we passed by a rushing stream and a foot-path through deep bushes to the dwelling. But not so easily were the young people to be deprived of their foreign amusement, and every individual followed. Jumping the stream with alacrity, and chasing single file through the narrow pathway, they made a dense circle around us, while the old Ainu, gray-haired and venerable, came out politely to speak to his singular guests. I counted sixty in the group, not including the stragglers on the outskirts.

The men of the Ainu race are much better in appearance than the women, their immense heads of bushy hair, parted in the middle, and the great beards giving them a certain impressiveness far from unpleasant. The women appear stolid and indifferent. When the landing or *hatoba* was reached after the walk through the village—and so near nightfall that the body-guard had considerably diminished—the old Ainu was found waiting by the boat. Bowing low, he expressed in very good Japanese his sense of the honor done him in the call, and his gratitude and appreciation that so much trouble should have been taken by one coming from so far.

The most beautiful feature of the remaining distance to Soya, the northwestern cape or corner of the island, is the all-day view of Riishiri, a small island to the west, consisting of a single mountain. Somewhat over five thousand feet in height, its figure closely resembles Fuji, though its cone is not quite so regular nor the summit so sharply truncated. Ravines full of snow extended downward from the top, across which a filmy white cloud occasionally trailed itself slowly. Stops were made at one or two primitive little towns at its base.

Charming as it was, Esashi was still the eagerly awaited object of the voyage, and, turning the sharp corner of the island, the Kwanko-maru proceeded southeasterly along the northern shore, past forests apparently of pine, and high ridges—mountains in many places—until the sight of the black man-of-war, the *Algee*, in attendance upon Professor Deslandres and the French Eclipse Expedition, announced the proximity of the scientific Mecca.

The French Expedition, the Japanese Imperial University Expedition, and Professor Todd's party are located not far apart in the village, the Amherst Expedition having the good fortune to have received the school-house from the authorities as headquarters, while the leading citizen lent a large piece of land immediately adjoining, upon which to set up the portable house containing the great polar axis, with its twenty instruments attached, and the tents for the native assistants and carpenters. Over the camp float the American and the Japanese flags, and the whole inclosure presents a scene of great liveliness and activity.

The school-house affords ample space for a large work-room, a dining-room and kitchen, where the cook and his assistants hold sole sway, an office and sleeping apartment for the chief of the expedition, as well as bedrooms for all the other members. Directly across the street are the telegraph office, whose service is swift and reliable, and

the post-office, depending for its usefulness upon the coming and going of the few steamers.

The most striking feature of this far-away locality is its multitude of crows. Interesting but disreputable, preserved by law against sudden death by man, they perch on every gable and flag-pole or other vantage-point, making their sarcastic remarks continually, generally sitting with bills wide apart, the more quickly to be ready to reply to any chance taunt, and dancing awkward two-steps and uneven waltzes on the roof above our heads when dawn begins to break, at four o'clock in the morning.

There are several very interesting families in Esashi, and many Ainu within a few miles, who will be visited as soon as the eclipse is over. Otherwise the town and its environs have no special attraction. The hills lying back from the sea are heavily wooded and entirely trackless. The wild flowers are much like those of New England—purple nightshade, a purple lobelia, large white daisies with foliage like the chamomile growing beside dusty roads in country towns, and a dozen familiar blossoms graced the path I took to-day. The region seems rich in petrified wood, fossil shells, and pebbles of jasper; but its skies are now the chief consideration.

Esashi, Kitami, Hokkaido.



Two Ways of Doing It

By the Rev. John Paul

I tell the two stories as they were told me by Thompson himself. I became acquainted with him early in my ministry, and since that time we have been firm friends. He has rather a humorous way of looking at things, and has had much experience in "supplying" churches. Never waiting for a call before resigning a pastorate, he has adopted the independent plan of resigning whenever he felt it best to do so, and thus during several intervals between pastorates has been "a minister without charge." Among the many churches which he encountered in his peripatetic experience were two memorable ones, each of which in its treatment of him may be considered as typical of many others, while each was in striking contrast with the other.

The first experience to be noted here was with the Central Church of Bleakhead River. He received a letter from one of the deacons asking him if he could "supply the pulpit" on the third Sunday in July, 1885. He replied that it would give him great pleasure thus to serve the Central Church. Nothing was said in the deacon's letter about the order of service, the hours of service, or the place where he was to be entertained. Small matters like these were left, evidently, by this committee, to be found out by the minister after he should arrive on the ground. The only item of information vouchsafed to Brother Thompson was that the fee would be twenty dollars.

At 5:30 on Saturday afternoon the train rolled into the station at Bleakhead River. Thompson alighted and looked for somebody who might be looking for him. There was no such person. This was not the Bleakhead River way of doing things. He remembered the deacon's name, however, and the letter-head bearing the imprint of his place of business. He inquired for the store, and finally found it. The deacon met him pleasantly, and during the conversation it occurred to that gentleman that the minister must sleep at some place, and so he informed him that he would "stop over the Sabbath with Miss Harrity, who takes boarders up on Phenix Street." Friend Thompson started out to find the place. After diligent inquiry he found the street and number, and was admitted to the parlor of Miss Harrity, who was a woman considerably advanced in years, with hair of mingled red and gray, and who, as O. W. Holmes would say, "wore winter curls in a spring-like way." The standard supper of cold meat, cold bread, cold jumbles, and not very hot tea was laid out for Mr. Thompson and the other boarders, and after supper that gentleman retired to his desolate room. During the evening nobody called. During the Sabbath hours preceding church service nobody called. Thompson inquired the