

A Japanese wedding party claims our decorated rooms for the afternoon. The bride appears in one gorgeous kimono, now changes for others, as is the custom. The groups move about, a mass of harmonized colors. Old Glory looks on.

Towards evening the smell of fire-crackers is in the air; ships in the harbor are getting their streamers of flags ready to hoist next day; the French Consulate opposite is stringing red, white, and blue lights; a little Japanese lad goes by playing on his coveted mouth-organ—it is "Yankee Doodle."

*July Fourth.*

Instead, it is raining! It pours! It is Japan's Nubuyai season in earnest. By noon notices appear: "No fireworks to-night." It takes ten hours of work to put up construction for set pieces in the water. The American boys in the hotel grunt their disappointment.

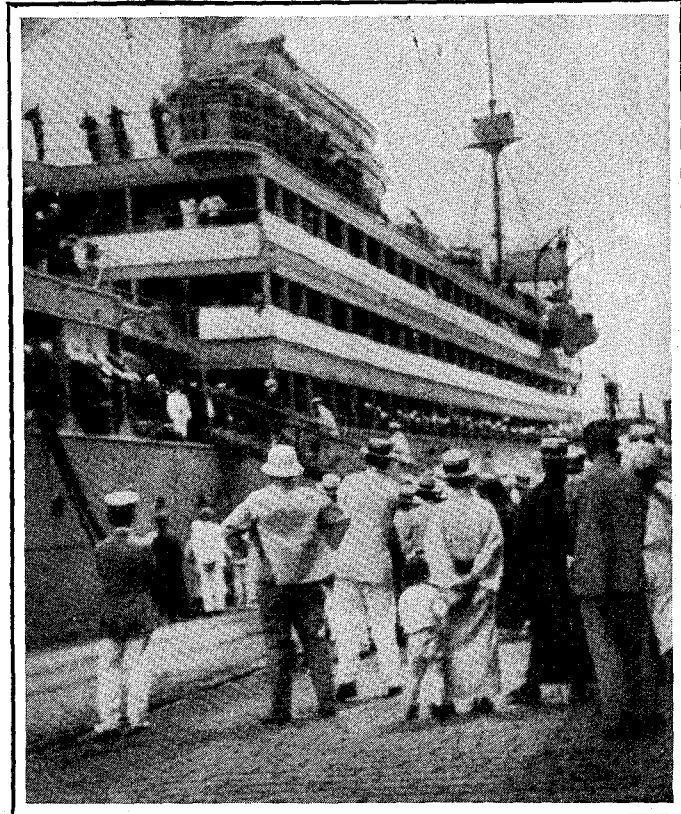
Seven hundred or more for dinner, and ten yen (five dollars) a plate. Cancellations are bound to come, for what is a dinner without fireworks afterward, even if the menu has such a distinct American flavor as to include New England turkey with Cape Cod cranberries, Maryland terrapin, Liberty ice-cream, and even Independence cakes?

*July Sixth (is at last Fourth of July).*

The first clear night has come. Literally thousands of Japanese are collecting for this event. Now a launch gayly bedecked with rows of lanterns; a sampan gliding on with one elongated lantern for its pilot; a flat, broad scow with room for dozens of guests plods along as jolly as the rest. The bay is dotted with hundreds of seacraft all hung with brilliant lanterns, making myriads of lights, row upon row, a wonderful medley of color. Guests of America!

Programme is on—bombshells, colored fires, gold fishes, aluminum bombshells, golden rain of fire, star mines, and fin-

OFFICIALS GOING  
ON BOARD THE  
HENDERSON



Photograph by Emma H. Gunther

ishing with the Capitol at Washington and the Tree of Liberty. But wait—here's the finale!

On the banks the kimono procession moves homeward, a solid mass of humanity guided by Japanese lanterns held high on rods in the hands of white-uniformed policemen. There they stand, a few feet apart, an illuminated dividing line between crowds moving north and south. Quiet, easily guided, superb in color effects!

Every boat begins to move back toward the canal; one by one they go, so solidly massed one wonders at the

skill of the oarsmen. They glide on, satisfied, happy!

It has been exactly thirty minutes. The crowd has dispersed; the last launch is slowly winding its way up the canal, the strains of music on board trailing on; the framework of all the fireworks down and carried away; the chief sends word to his forty policemen who have served in the vicinity, and they stand in two lines beneath our window; he thanks them for their service, they salute him; he returns the salute, and off they march, the lanterns going out one by one.

## CHILDREN

### IN THE DARK

BY REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

(THROUGHOUT THE SOUTH OF FRANCE ON ALL SOULS' EVE EVERY GRAVE IS MARKED BY A LIGHTED LANTERN)

THE hillside graveyard all the night  
Rocks with a flickering sheen of light,  
Because the living people grace  
With candles every resting-place.

I wonder if the weary men  
That lie there waken up again  
And grumble, on their couches deep,  
Because the light disturbs their sleep,  
Thinking, for just a moment, they  
Must work through yet another day.

I wonder if the women there,  
With dust of lilies in their hair,  
Keep tight their lids against the gleam,  
Lest it should drive away their dream.

But I am sure that there are those  
To whom the lantern-candle glows  
With all the gladness of a rose:  
The little children that are dead,  
They feel they have been long abed;  
The dear, dead children greet each spark  
With smiles, for children dread the dark.

## ON THE SCALES

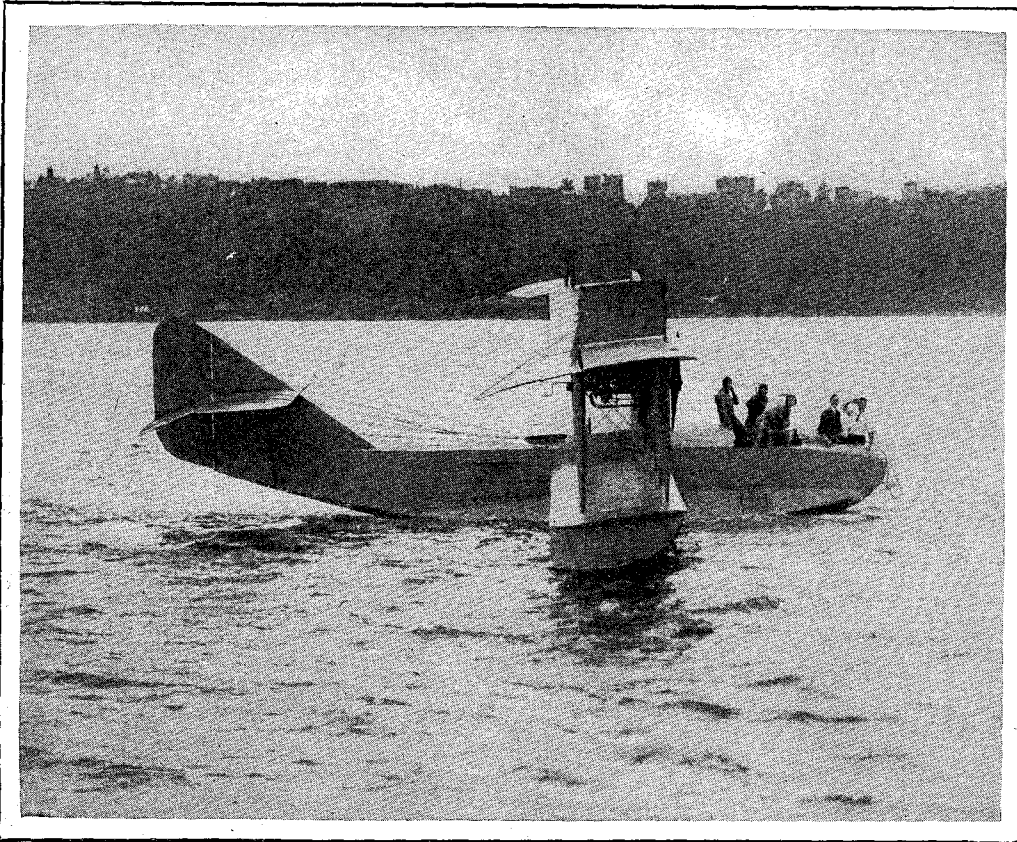
BY RUTH WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

WHAT do you weigh? You are so small!  
Eight little pounds at seven weeks?  
Eight little pounds—and that is all—  
Of waving arms and rosy cheeks.

But we who tip a heavier scale,  
What do we weigh, then, as a whole?  
What do our pounds of flesh avail  
Against your unweighed soul?



# SPEED MACHINES: FOR AIR AND WATER



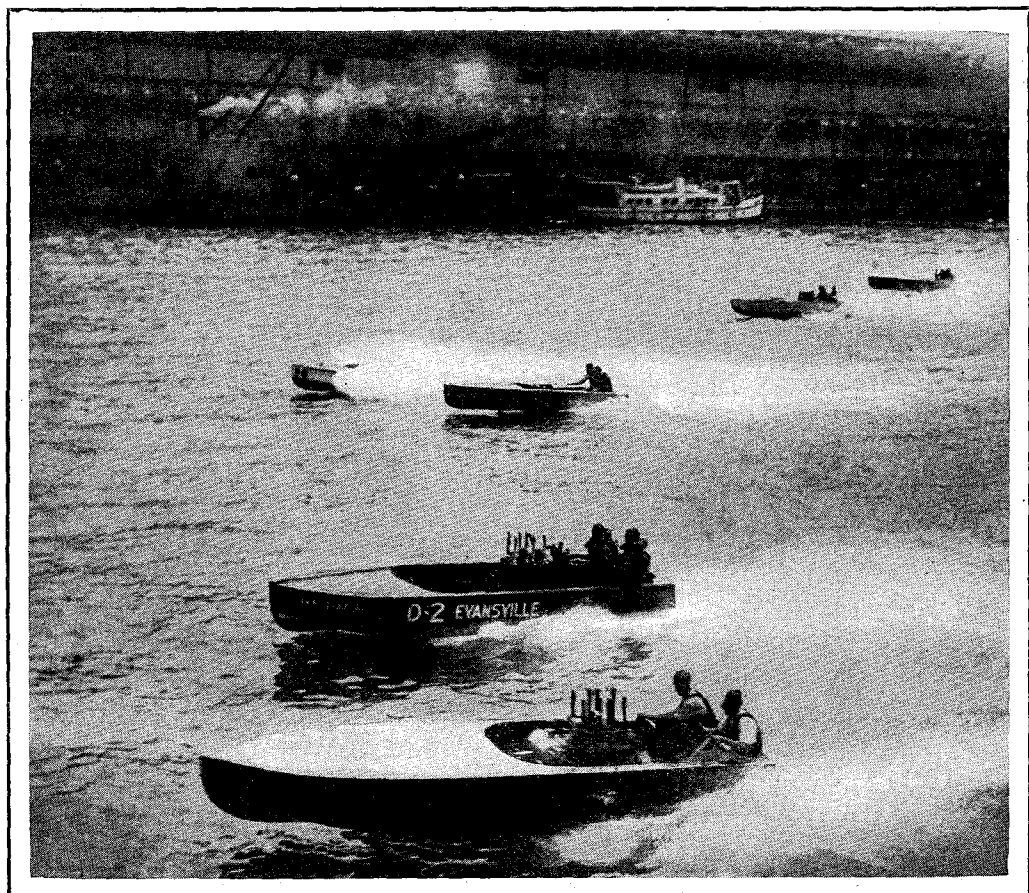
## A FLYING BOAT THAT WILL ATTEMPT THE TRIP FROM NEW YORK TO BRAZIL

This flying boat, the *Sampalo Correia*, is seen here on its arrival in the Hudson River, New York, from Essington, Pennsylvania, where it was completely assembled. It is to carry a party of five to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, to the Brazilian Centennial Exposition.

(C) Keystone

## A WOMAN WINS A MOTOR-BOAT RACE AT CHICAGO

Here is the start of a race in a power-boat contest held as one of the attractions of the Pageant of Progress at Chicago. Mrs. Ethel Hanley is at the wheel of the boat in the foreground. She won the race, covering a distance of five miles in the excellent time of 8 minutes 2 seconds.



Levick