THE COPPER SHAFT ERECTED AS A MEMORIAL TO IYEYASU

All the illustrations used in this article are by courtesy of Dr. William Elliot Griffis
A PORTION OF THE TOMB OF IYEYASU AT NIKKO

SPECTACLE BRIDGE AND LOTUS GARDENS AT KIOTO
HORIUJI, YAMATO, ONE OF THE OLDEST BUDDHIST Temples in Japan

Shinto Temple at Kamakura, Erected A.D. 1063
HEN, for humanity at large, the nodule of unknown
Japan was knocked open by the diplomatic hammers
of Commodore Perry and Townsend Harris, the
sparkle of the crystals within surprised the world.
Here were things of form, color, beauty, that had taken
ages to grow. Such results could have been evolved
only through centuries of steady operation.

When again, in 1894, the mighty bubble of great China’s military
reputation was pricked by the Mikado’s bayonets, the world again
wondered at the academic nicety of organization. Now, in 1905,
when colossal Russia’s craft and power by land and sea lie humbled
before the whilom puny Japan, the world’s breath is taken away.
How was it done? asks the critic who thought he knew. Yet we who
worked night and day, and shoulder to shoulder with the Japanese
thirty-five years ago “to re-lay the foundations of the empire” are
not and cannot be so surprised.

Three great elements of power make up the island nation’s impact
in war, and the same have made and will make her great in peace.
Alas, that the world noted these less than the slaughter and the sink-
ing! Each of these potencies is embodied in a class. The educated
brain, the trained hand, the hardy and willing reserve of raw force
rightly disciplined, are in the samurai, the craftsman, the peasant,
respectively; or, in the nobles and gentry, the skilled workers, and
the industrious sons of the soil.

Yet to all things there is a beginning. There was a time when
there was no Japanese nation, but only unrelated tribes of various
origin, not even so much as agglomerated in one state or common-
wealth. The neat house of to-day was then but an Ainu, or abo-
iginal hut. Not until the sixth century did a unifying political
system exist or were letters or writing known, and not till then did
the Buddhist religion—nurse of Japanese art and mother of Japanese
civilization—exert its beneficent power. From the sixth to the elev-
enth century the armies of the supreme Yamato tribe, with its chief,
the Mikado, were busy in subduing all tribes to obedience. The
missionaries of Buddhism brought all minds in subjection to the
gentle spirit of lord Buddha (of Aryan birth), and then, and not till then, was there a Japanese nation—mixture of many peoples moulded and unified after one model. The Japanese and the English, both island peoples, and now in alliance, were born about the same time and are of the same age—young, full of energy, life and hope.

Yet from the first, proofs of an overmastering love of beauty and dainty craftsmanship abound. Before there was history there was art. Dig up the pottery of Yamato (central Japan) and put its originals beside those of the Asian continent and one quickly notes the difference. The spell of beauty is over even the island shard. Oldest of all the legends and centuries before text or writing, is the variegated story, as rich in texture as gold brocade, of the Sun Goddess and her maidens weaving dainty fabrics; of her loom defiled by that scamp Susanoo, her younger brother; of her pouting and hiding in the cave; of the earth’s gloom; of her enticement forth and illumination of all the universe again. But how? By the incitement of her curiosity, through the music of instruments with song and dancing as well as through mirrors and necklaces, jewels and pretty things. In a word, we have told us, in poetic myth the origin of the arts.

The Heaven Shiner or Sun Goddess retiring in the cave meant a world not only in eclipse but in anarchy and barbarism. How get her, the creatrix, forth and have light, joy, civilization? The answer is given in the union of the fine and the useful arts, poetry of sound and motion, with noblest prose of craft and skill. Religion is first. In a fire of cherry bark, a stag’s horn is placed. The solution of the mystery and the programme of action is read in the cracks. The fowls of night and of day—the crowing cock and the black birds, for watch and notice of time, are duly set. Then bellows and furnace, with the melting of metals and the meeting of anvil and hammer, follow. The mirror, made and polished, is hung where first the beauty in the cave will see her own lovely reflection. Then, sistrum and drum, flute and harp awake to accompany the dancing. Fine clothes are not forgotten. The new loom excels the old. The God of Strong Hands stands ready to grip the gate stone at the cave’s mouth, in front of which stands Uzumé, the laughing and dancing girl, whose mask now hangs ever in the Japanese home, even as this
dramatized myth, "the comedy which makes the gods laugh" is played by strollers in every village.

Uzumé makes hand music with the sistrum, while the orchestra of gods and spectators watches the ruddy and rosy maid of quivering bosom, who soon loosens her dress, as she dances in the ballet, only to make the 8,000,000 "gods" burst into uproarious laughter. Consumed with curiosity, the Heaven Shiner peeps forth to see. What is that lovely form in the burnished mirror? Why do the gods laugh, instead of being silent in gloom? She peeps further, but cautiously. Then the strong handed Hercules of Nippon pulls away the stone. Presto! the universe is "white-faced" once more. Art and skill have made the world light again. Yesterday, necessity was the mother of invention. To-day, art and beauty are in Japan to stay for ages!

Craft rises into genuine art when compassion confronts traditional custom. Of old, when the chief lord of the clan died, retainer and servant must give up their lives in order to keep company with him. Such was archaic custom not alone in Nippon but also in many civilizations, notably that of the Romans and of our Scandinavian fathers. In Japan, the living were buried to their necks in the earth around the master's tomb. Besides hunger and cold, the wild beast and bird made tragedy after starvation. Against this horror, Nomino Tsukuné, potter and artist, at command of the Mikado, made reform. In place of flesh and blood, he moulded clay in images of human form. Thus, instead of the groans of the dying, was the silent terra cotta. "Art had its birth in mercy." Yet not till the 17th century was the custom of jun-shi (dying with the master) wholly abolished.

WHAT was here and there a single strain in primitive mythology becomes a grand oratorio of harmony at the advent of Buddhism in 552 A. D. This Aryan faith entered Japan in its most luxuriant form, that of the Northern Vehicle, and its architecture—that encyclopedia of all arts—demanded pictures, carving, metal work, decoration and color, with abundance of gold. In its perfection, a Japanese Buddhist temple, notably of the Shin sect, embodies at once the continental history of the faith and an epitome of the evolution of native art and craftsmanship. In its "house and home"—edifice and surroundings—we see successful arboriculture,
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harmony of pond and lotus, living water in bath and fountain, sculpture in perfection of bronze, stone and wood, carpentry of the noblest sort and the blossom-work of the chisel and burin everywhere. Every art that ministers to the five senses and that can fill with awe the instincts of the soul, hallowing the thought, or purifying the life, is here. Neither Shinto—apotheosis of patriotism and ancestor-honor—with its severe austerity making an ever-silent protest against the floridity of the Aryan and imported cult—nor Confucianism, roofed by agnosticism and, with its order and a world-view of duty, forbidding the supernatural, can hold the brief for that artistic Japan, which art-loving Buddhism has held for fourteen centuries.

For those who in our day, with the incoming of the advancing and triumphing faith, Christianity, long for the preservation of all that is true, beautiful, and good in Japanese civilization, there is hope. Already the native Christian artist finds, in the eternal thoughts and emblems, chambers of imagery in the Hebrew prophets and in the beautiful picture-stories or parables of Jesus, a new and inspiring repertoire. We prophesy that a Bible illustrated by Japanese artists will be one of the happy surprises yet to come to the Hebrew and Christian world. It will be the gift of artistic Japan to humanity's all comprehending and mature civilization.

In Japan the artisan is an artist. "Within the Four Seas," it is hard to separate what is not always allied in so many other countries. In Dai Nippon the love of art has penetrated to all classes. Everything, from "the trifle of a moment to the triumph of all time," is stamped with the national genius. Even in our own country Christian prayer for Japan's opening to the gospel of Him who pointed out the beauty of the field lily as more than Solomon's began in Brookline, Massachusetts, around a dainty little basket which a sailor had brought in the hermit days of the nation when Nippon was bolted from all the world. If Commodore Perry "discovered a new nation," it was (after the English Sir Rutherford Alcock) the French, who cried "Eureka" at the greatest artistic find of the nineteenth century. They made known to us how deeply impenetrated with artistic instinct even the lowest classes in Japan were. No wonder that Kuroki's victorious soldiers, after the first battle in Manchuria in 1904, picked violets to send home. How characteristic the story of
Admiral Togo’s ordering from home soil a thousand decorated pots containing dwarf pine trees to cheer his men on blockade.

OVER thirty-five years ago, it was my rapturous experience to alight in the Japanese craftsman’s world. I found it a wonderful storehouse and gallery. Having myself, in Philadelphia, mastered some of the mysteries of the working of metals—gold, silver, copper, iron, and learned a little of the nature of gems, precious stones, crystals, enamels, I revelled in what I saw. From childhood tools were my friends and I was delighted to see how they were used in a strange land, in the ateliers of the jeweler, wood carver, dyer, weaver, sword maker, bronze smith, crystal cutter, jade polisher; yes, and by the builder of house and temple, the artist in black and white and the painter on silk and porcelain. A visit first of seven weeks, and then a residence of three years in the wonderful city of Tokio, with leisurely stays in Osaka, Nikko, and Kioto, enabled me to see and enjoy the noblest triumphs of the art and craftsmanship of the canny islanders. Yet most of all, I think, I enjoyed for nearly a year the daily life of the interior city of Fukui, the feudal capital of Echizen, for here I saw in full operation that mediaeval state of society called feudalism. It was somewhat like living in the Nuremberg of five hundred years ago.

For, though the historians often forget it, there is in every fully developed feudal state of society (which latter is a real “stage of progress” in all civilizations), a pronounced and very influential industrialism. Feudalism teaches superbly, and in its noblest human and personal form, the great law of contract which binds society together, while its military and social necessities compel high respect to the craftsman. Cruel and oppressive to the masses, the feudal system no doubt is, but it is doubtful whether towards the hand workers it is more so than much of our concentrated corporate wealth—the so-called “benevolent feudalism” of to-day.

There would be no such success in war, such as the Japanese exhibit to-day, were it not for their long political training in feudalism, which nursed loyalty, chivalry and a host of virtues which ingrained the idea of faithfulness in service and contract, while developing craftsmanship, in certain forms at least, to its highest faculty. Ethically life had no value apart from duty. The shirk and coward
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must "die in a dog's place," despised by all mankind. It was just because the trader, merchant, or money-maker, outside and below the class of gentry, was given to the idea that a bargain was spoil and trade a taking of prey, that the standard of mercantile integrity was so low, and the native merchant so untrustworthy. To-day, his barometer of character is rising in the new atmosphere of industrial and commercial Japan.

Far higher and more honored than the money-maker was the craftsman who wrought in clay, wood, metal, pigments, fiber, and all plastic material. It is because a thousand years of skill and encouragement in craftsmanship lie behind them, that the twentieth century Japanese engineer, gunner, cannon maker, machinist, telegrapher, sapper and miner, artillerist, and hydrographer surprise the world with an unparalleled series of victories on land and sea.

While interested in seeing the crystal cut, chipped, and polished to a flawless sphere, and in noticing the knack of the joiner, I confess to supreme interest in the triumph of the metal-worker, who with alloys of cunning tint and in novel shapes achieves such triumphs. I love to turn upside down the bronzes and read a true legend like that of "Goro Saburo—ninth generation of bronze-smiths in Kioto"—or, still more, to gaze at Kamakura on the world's noblest monument of artistic skill in bronze, now eight centuries old. It is forty-four feet high and exquisitely artistic in pose and serenity of countenance. It expresses the idea of Great Buddha—incarnation of the victories of spirit over flesh and of true illumination through knowledge.

Yet let no one suppose that art or wisdom died with the ancients. In our days artistry in bronze has in fresh resurrection taken on new forms. Witness the realistic statues, as of the Choshiu hero-leaders in the sixties, now standing at Hagi; or the column in Tokio, on which General Omura, who introduced western military tactics in Japan, only to be later assassinated, lives again; or the unflattering effigies of Saigo—"the sword of the Revolution" of 1868, and of Yamato Daké—prehistoric hero and conqueror of aborigines, and finally the magnificent equestrian statues of Kusunoki, the unquailing loyal vassal of the Mikado, in full armor and guarding the gates of the imperial palace at the capital. All these attest the power of the mod-
U. OKUMA, JAPAN'S FOREMOST WORKER IN METALS
THE GREAT BRONZE STATUE OF BUDDHA AT KAMAKURA.
THIRTEENTH CENTURY WORK; THE SIX OR SEVEN
CASTINGS ARE SHOWN IN THE LINES
OF JOINTURE
TRANSPORTING YOUNG RICE INTO THE MAIN FIELDS

A BOOKSHOP, WITH SAMURAI BUYING. ITINERANT PIPE-MENDER IN THE FOREGROUND
tern master of metal work. Of the statue of Prince Arusugawa, which his successor, the Marquis Oyama, field-marshal of all the Mikado’s armies, unveiled in Tokio, just before his departure for Manchuria, we may speak in terms of high praise. The sculptor is Mr. U. Okuma, to whose brain and hand have been safely intrusted more than one commission of highest importance in the art world of Japan.

Let no one think because the Japanese, shut off by false statecraft from the world, had no telegraphs or railways, that they were not already civilized and skilled in mastery of tools and material. Indeed they have known the mystery of working metals as long as our Teutonic fathers have. Every one of the useful arts producing pottery, ceramics, textiles, metallurgy, carpentry, architecture, porcelain, lacquer, was in something like perfection among them centuries ago. Many inventions and manifold applications of art are indigenous. The folding fan, many varieties of lacquer, the application of cloisonné enamel to porcelain are of native origin. Not a few American patentees have profited handsomely by what they saw and borrowed in Japan.

COMMODORE PERRY, himself one of the first of the modern scientific men of our navy, and the “fighting engineer,” foremost in the application of steam to vessels of war, was more than diplomatist. Besides being “an educator of the navy,” he was the modern Mercury of science to Japan, bringing her the winged cap and shoes by which, in bold flight, she has mounted quickly to the position of a world-power. Where at Yokohama to-day stands the American Union Church and U. S. Consulate, he laid in 1854 the first tiny model railway, stretched the first telegraphic wires, and presented the Japanese with models of locomotive engines, electric batteries, ploughs, sewing machines, agricultural implements, etc., of American invention. The Japanese usually improve on the models shown them. When the time came, in 1868, they invited out to their country expert men from many nations to “relay the foundations of the empire” in common school, technical and scientific education, in building five thousand miles of railway and in equipping Japan with new electric nerves of telegraphic wire. In this twen-
tieth century, Japan’s pulses beat with those of the world, for in wave and air cables and wires thrill and flash the news.

From an agricultural, Japan has become a manufacturing country. It is as though a mollusc had been evolved into a vertebrated body with a new brain and limbs. Not the head only, but the hand also is trained. They have physically re-created their people, fighting against plague and pestilence and eliminating diseases. By improved diet and exercise, they have lengthened the legs and added to the individual weight of the fifty millions of human bodies in the Empire. To-day the higher technical schools, the weaving, rolling and other mills, with their improved modern machinery, the foundries, dry docks, and factories producing an amazing variety of products, show in the Japanese empire the change from cottage industries, as in England, in the days of the early Tudors, to the tremendous centralizations of capital in the manufacturing and commercial British nation. The two peoples now in political alliance, Japan and Great Britain, are alike in very many respects, but in none more than in the similar changes, “social and economic,” which came upon “the right little, tight little” island in the sixteenth, and in the most hopeful of Asiatic nations in the nineteenth century.

Yet let no one imagine that individual initiative or original craftsmanship are to be abolished or even suffer serious loss in the new Japan; for, in these days of personal freedom, there are many who protect and revive the old and noble traditions of craftsmanship. Of the most hopeful of the seven hundred or more schools of handicrafts or professions now in the empire, that of the Higher Technological School in Tokio, under Mr. Tejima, is the leader.

LET me tell of my experiences in Fukui, when I needed to have a chemical laboratory equipped in modern style as well as bookcases, desks, etc., for my own house—which must be erected and furnished in the style usual in Philadelphia or Syracuse, for the daimio, or feudal baron, and his ministers wanted it to be an object lesson for the people. The diggers made holes in the ground and then rammed down stones, with a native pile-driver, to the chanting of the workmen led by a “cheer leader.” They made a merry set of fellows. On this basis were set the upright timbers, comparatively light and elastic, on which rested the heavy tree trunk timbers
STATUE OF PRINCE ARUSUGAWA IN TOKIO
STATUE OF THE GODDESS OF MERCY, IN BRONZE
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of the roof frame. In the case of my house, the foundation was of stone, three feet high, and on this they reared the superstructure. A Japanese house is mainly floor and roof, without any walls of importance, the partitions being of latticed wood, covered with translucent white paper and sliding in grooves. The Japanese knew what he was about in making what is virtually a cradle in an ever rocking soil. His pagodas and temples, even the oldest at Nara, stand unharmed through many centuries, even though the earth’s crust opens in fissures. To put the chief weight at the top, as does the twirler of a gold headed cane, is his idea. I always felt more safe in a Japanese than in a foreign built house. Nevertheless, although the modern builder erects very substantial buildings, when his material is brick or stone, and successfully so, it humbles the pride of the railway engineer, accustomed to American or European conditions, to look at his work after a big earthquake. He may see steel bridges kicked over into the river, railway tracks looking for miles like writhing serpents, and embankments and masonry in a general state of demoralization. The native craftsman learned early the elements conditioning his enterprises, and this knowledge is the key to his marvelous successes.

My carpenter in Fukui made profession of being in the thirty-third generation of his craft, and I was told that the temple records substantiated his claim. Nevertheless we must remember that “generation” in Japan means not necessarily a blood line, of father and son, but often a chain made of links of adoption—the master choosing his best apprentice, marrying him to his daughter, and giving him his family name. Did I want a book case? I had only to call in the cabinet-maker and give him measurements, with suggestions as to shelves, decoration, and color of lacquer. I go to his shop, which consists of one room. It is fragrant with the blood of the cut and wounded trees. Odors of hékaki, hinoki, and camphor wood are here. Are the tools of the sawyer, out there in his pit, of “the most primitive description?” Yes and no! Some may be. Others show decided evidences of thought and adaptation. Timber and bamboo yard reveal wonderful variety of grain, texture, color, and costliness. Among the riches of Japan are her timber forests. With her Formosa camphor monopoly, she has beaten the world with her smokeless Shimosé powder, which is capable of exploding a steel shell,
not into twenty but into two thousand pieces. With wonderful insight, the native craftsman knows both the limitations and the possibilities of his material.

In a fortnight, borne on a thick bamboo burden pole with cross pieces at ends, by four laborers, my cabinet-maker delivers in my study room a handsomely red lacquered, brass-hinged book-case. Sound and solid, it stands for months and years. Then I promote him, as my own ambition expands. When Charles Dickens left an empty desk and chair at Gad's Hill, I summon my craftsman again and I show him the picture in the Illustrated London News. He never saw a desk like that in all his life. It has drawers, moldings, center incline, pigeon holes, etc. I have only to give him measurements and tell him when I want the work. In due time it is there, and I am proud of it and of him. On my shelves also I gather netsuké, inro (the glory of ivory and gold lacquer set to the service of smokers and users of pills), fancy teapots, and all the array of taste, skill, personal equation and loving devotion of the toiler who loves his work.

True it is, my critical friend, that if (especially in these money making and “get rich quick” days) you order cheap stuff of unseasoned wood, you will get what pleases the eye for a week, and then—warping and bending makes one think swear words, as the once pretty stuff tumbles to pieces. “Oh! for one good solid kitchen chair of New England!” cried the Yankee professor in Tokio, as his Japanese seating apparatus, made on a “rush” order, left him on the floor. Yet here, as elsewhere, you “pay your money and take your choice.” The best of Japanese woodwork lasts lives excelling a cat’s in number.

I found that labor was organized into guilds. That meant protection and mutual benefit. I saw that the Golden Rule was pretty well observed. In a feudal state of society, in which the sword ruled and the armed gentry were apt to be insolent, the lower classes were often oppressed. Nevertheless the craftsmen combined together to oppose brain and skill to brute force. Often they humbled pride and oppression and won their point through unity of purpose. Not lightly could even a proud, sword-wearing knight discharge an hostler, bully a gardener, or insult a skilled mechanic. Even the susceptibilities and privileges of the apprentice boy or
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household maid must be considered. Two things in the old Japan struck the keen observer of social forces. One was the free and easy terms on which in every day life the classes and the masses were coworkers. A man won respect according to his training and character. The armed gentry and men of privilege, so loftily apart on ceremonial occasions, hobnobbed with their social inferiors. Another was the rise and decided prominence of the _otoko-daté_ (manly fellow) who by character and fair play, backed by tremendous courage and superb muscle, championed, within limits, the unarmed and weak against the two-sworded bullies. Even the farmers, when oppressed until flesh and blood could stand it no longer, rose in hostile array to burn and kill. With banners of matting, rudely inscribed with mottoes of redress, and with reaping hooks and spears made of sharpened bamboo hardened in the fire, they made their cruel masters hear their wrongs. The knights, with their double-handed swords, might scatter the rebel peasantry as chaff before the wind, and the ringleaders might be decapitated or crucified on the bamboo cross, but usually the petitioners won their point. Then the feudal baron was reprimanded by the Yedo Tycoon or even dishonored. In some cases he was forced to abdicate because of his bad government.

It was this very excellence of fine handiwork, this high sense of the importance of his craft that gave the most honored of all workmen—the armorer and the sword-maker,—their power. When life depended not merely on one's skill in fence and cut, but on the temper and toughness of his weapons, or on armor of proof, the owner of a sword or coat of mail would never willingly offend the craftsman of the forge and anvil. Volumes have been written by admiring foreign experts about the famous blades of Japan, and a voluminous native literature of poem, inscription, romance, legend, mythology, and history are extant in Japanese, about this "living soul of the samurai." Japan, in contradistinction to the countries in which heavy and clumsy blades abound, is "the Land Ruled by a Slender Sword." The ideal _katana_ in body and spirit is a combination of toughness and keenness, iron and steel. The back and face are of finest iron, but the edge welded thereon is of finest tempered steel. Its tremendous sweep is like that of a Highlander's claymore, while its edge is that of a Sheffield razor. In the old days, it cut through
ribbed helmet of iron and laced thicknesses of lacquer hard as jet. In 1877, for the first time, the new national army of peasant lads met in battle the Satsuma knights of hereditary skill accustomed to the sword from childhood. These gentlemen rebels, tying together two of the stiff floor mats, which made a light shield six inches thick, completely covering their persons and deadening a leaden ball, rushed into the rifle fire of the infantry. Then, at close quarters, dropping their cover, they swept awful swaths with their double-handed blades. Nine-tenths of the twenty thousand dead or wounded men who fought under the Mikado’s flag in 1877, had either head or limbs cut off or suffered sword wounds. Only by hiring, at high rates of pay, famous swordsmen of other clans who had old scores to settle with their Satsuma rivals, were the knights so weakened they finally gave way before the new army. In the last battle, the Imperialists mowed down with the scythes of fire and lead the rebel survivors, without receiving themselves a single casualty.

In one of the old craftsmen’s ateliers the simple equipment of hammers, tiny anvil, grinding stones, water tubs, etc., showed what the hand could do when directed by the brain, even without costly machinery. In short, one cannot understand the secret of Japan’s amazing power in the war with Russia, unless one realizes what a force, even in feudalism, skilled craftsmanship was. We have seen, in the article on the Marquis Ito, how powerful the Choshiu clan became by honoring, both as a man of valor and as a citizen, the commoner who had either wit, or craft, or courage. The Choshiu men first set store upon the skilled workmen who cast eight-inch cannon; made rifles after the American pattern. Deftly turning their former skill, tools, and equipment in western ways, to modern needs and uses, the Choshiu bands were enabled to crush even the Yedo bureaucracy. In the reorganization of the national army and system of defense Choshiu furnished the artillery, the quality of which has filled the military world with admiration.

Surveying the field of the craftsman’s life and lot in Japan, we see a people, instinct with the love of beauty, and passionately devoted to art, finding daily joy in the results of the intelligently trained hand. Next to the Eternal Teacher, who, in mountain, wave, flower, and a vaulted sky that is ever glorious with wonders of star, cloud and
changing color, gave the people of Nippon constant incentive, we
must count Buddhism and feudalism as the nurses of Japanese art and
craftsmanship. High thinking and plain living were inculcated
both by the indigenous Shinto (the god path) and by Confucianism,
which ever loves propriety and order. Hence, in a normal Japanese
house, there is little display, but much of exquisite taste. The proofs
of this are everywhere in home and garden, but quantity is in reserve;
quality only is visible. The fireproof storehouse may be gorged with
treasures, delighted in by men of taste, but they are taken out only
when the appreciative visitor comes. As a rule one bronze, porce-
lain vase, bouquet of flowers is in sight. It seems vulgar to a true
native of “the Princess Country” to set out in ostentatious parade all
the pretty things he possesses.

In fact we Americans need a little of the Japanesque to tone down
our tendency to over display. A garden, for example, in Nippon, is
not an affair of stiff parterres or geometrical paths, but is a bit of
nature in miniature. Rock, water, tree, evergreens, shrine, torii
(sacred gateway) landscape- or moon-viewing chamber, combine to
give the restfulness and inspiration of nature and to call up the images
of the poets, romancers and teachers of truth.

Finally, while it must be confessed that many of the consummate
flowers of art and skill now vanished, flourished best during feudal
days in the atmosphere and nurture of the daimio’s patronage, when
time had no value, and money but little power—the master craftsman
finding his reward in his work and the appreciation of his lord and
the gentry—yet the outlook for the future in Japan is cheering.
Commercialism, of course, holds sway and wilts many of the old tra-
ditions, but the love of art and beauty is so ingrained in the nation
that the products both of originality and of noblest loyalty to the old
models which are best, are sure of appreciation. Even the war
proves this, for into the details of diet, hygiene, transportation, and
ballistics, the Japanese have carried the same faithfulness in details
and their ancient academic precision and nicety. The success of the
sun flag and the triumphs of “the public school army of Japan” have
come as much from the trained hand and head as from the valor of
Oyama’s charging battalions or the dash of Togo’s destroyers and
battleships. We utter our faith that, besides preserving her old
ideals of art and handiwork, Japan is yet to influence the nations as
profoundly by her art and craftsmanship as she has won their admira-
tion by her strategy and tactics.