be none, if once the means of livelihood were assured to each citizen. Without this there can be only chance good in life—the good of accident, of impulse, of risk. There can properly be no self-sacrifice without it, for a man can sacrifice himself only when others do not suffer by his act; if they do, his act is not self-sacrifice, however pure and high his motive may be. But with it we should have liberty, which now we do not have; we should have the power of self-sacrifice, the ability to achieve the highest happiness which liberty can bestow, the universal peace of equality. Till we have this we are restless and miserable; and without equality in its widest and thoroughest sense we cannot have the love for one another which springs from common experience and mutual knowledge, from common aspiration and endeavor, and which is the love that unites brothers of the same blood. When the voluntary bond of sympathy, the tie of the same feelings, purposes, wills, shall unite the commonwealth, fraternity will have nothing of that painful obligation which very good people dread now, and shrink from. The natural, involuntary brotherhood is often onerous and even odious; but the supernatural fraternity will not be the compression of society to what is slavish in that relation; it will be the extension of all that is sweet and real and free in brotherhood to society, to civility, to humanity.

W. D. Howells.

JAPANESE WAR POSTERS.

FOUR or five years ago I stopped for the night at a little tea-house far up in the mountains of Japan. Nowhere were to be seen any railroads, European cast-off clothing, or other «modern improvements»; and in a walk through the village, after a dinner of rice and fish, I was led to believe that at last a spot had been found where things were to be as they always had been. But on returning to the village last summer, there stood at the door a little maiden with a delightful smile of rejoicing, as she proudly showed in one hand an unmistakable nickel-plated American alarm-clock, and in the other an unbroken tin-foiled stick of chewing-gum. Verily our civilization had arrived. The next day, however, in a village even more remote, a still greater surprise awaited me: for, displayed prominently on a blank wall, with an admiring crowd about it, was a veritable poster; and a few more days showed that this innovation in art, if it may be so called, was common and highly popular. Every tea-house had its series, and all the shops in the bazaars were full of them; and wherever a poster was in sight an admiring throng was sure to be seen. A new style of drawing seemed to go hand in hand with the new idea, and even an understanding of our perspective was appreciable.

The interest of the people in the war then in progress was, of course, unbounded, and these cartoons served to heighten it. The subjects of the caricatures, together with the reading-matter, were of a kind to impress the reader with an idea of the superiority of the Japanese in mind and body over their enemies; and yet in very few cases could the charge of vainglory or coarse insult be brought against them. In these war posters, as in the every-day affairs of life, the Japanese are to be commended for their behavior.

There were many Chinese in Japan during the war, especially in the open ports; and it has been stated on good authority that outside of some few unavoidable annoyances, such as guying in the streets by small boys, they were treated with great consideration and courtesy as long as they showed a proper spirit.

The subjects used for illustration are in strong contrast with those taken by our cartoonists, some trifling occurrence, or even a purely imaginative incident, being more often used than a direct caricature of prominent persons, or the typifying of the two nations, as in Uncle Sam and John Bull.

In drawings of such a necessarily rough and superficial sort it is interesting to note certain characteristics. The accuracy of detail in the uniforms of both Japanese and Chinese soldiers, the care given to all anatomical points, as in the boatman of the «River of the Three Roads,» show very favorably in comparison with much of the same sort of work seen here. In color light tones are used, and there is very little sharp contrast. In printing almost the same care and finish are shown as in the long line of more carefully executed woodcuts, which, from early in the seventeenth century, have maintained a standard seldom equaled by other

nations, and never excelled. Compared with prints of the old régime, it must be confessed that the new work does not show the same beautiful line, the same perfect blending of color, or the «artistic something» that goes to make up the delight and charm of the old work.

The poster called «The Confusion at the River of the Three Roads» resembles more closely the old work than any other of the series. In the figure of the demon pilot we see almost a study of the gods of darkness which to-day stand at the entrance to many of the old Buddhist temples. Nevertheless, the boat, the crowds of Chinese on the bank, and the use of perspective lines, show a tendency to the new style of drawing.

This print is a clever adaptation of an old legend that the souls of the dead muster on the bank of a river called the River of the Three Roads, where an old woman, Sodsu Baba, the guardian of the ferry, awaits them, and indicates which boat each shall enter to be ferried over to the road which it must follow to its final resting-place.

Of these three roads one leads to heaven, or Nirvana, another to purgatory, and the third to hell, on which wide and smooth path the cartoonist, without the slightest hesitancy, puts the entire company of Chinese souls. If any one of the spirits crowding on the bank has been so unfortunate as to forget its wealth, Sodsu Baba promptly strips it of its death-clothes, and appropriates them in lieu of the three *rin* due for ferriage.

In this print we see hosts of Chinese spirits pouring down to the river-bank after some disastrous battle, and in their eagerness to cross, the ferry-boat has become overcrowded and is foundering, despite the efforts of the demon pilot, who shouts, «Don't overcrowd my boat, for I don't want you to have the same experience in being ferried over to hell that you had in your other world, where I hear you were packed away in transports like salted pigs in a barrel.» To this the passengers reply: «Don't alarm yourself, sendo [boatman]. No matter how strong the Japanese soldiers may be, they can't follow us here, so that, even though we are being carried over to hell, we are happy.» There is a Japanese festival, when the souls of the dead are supposed to cross the Ocean of Existence to Nirvana, at which time each household sets afloat on the nearest river, or on the sea, a little pyramidal lantern, with a burning taper inside, which is supposed to light the souls of the family on their way. In the print the three-cornered white patches on the foreheads of the Chinese represent these lanterns, although, unfortunately, they are lighting the way in the wrong direction.

There was a great deal of comment during the war about the inefficient officering of the Chinese army, and the Japanese made the most of the rumors. The «Trembling General» is one of the most comic drawings of all the posters that came in my way. The ridiculous fright of the officer's charger, and the «shivering and shaking» from the horse's tail up to the general's pigtail, are finely shown in the wavering lines of the print. In this cartoon, as in most of the others, the reading-matter hardly keeps pace with the drawing; but no doubt to a Japanese the text contains much more fun than a translation can give us. The reading-matter in this case leads off with a general attack on the methods and morals of some commanding officer. «This is a general whose sole aim seems to be to squander the war money under a system of fraud and dishonesty. When he addresses his troops he proudly says, 'My soldiers, fear not the Japanese, for while I command no harm can befall you.' But all the time he is giving the order to march he shivers in great fear; and his soldiers, seeing this, reply: 'Pray, let us

«THE CONFUSION AT THE RIVER OF THE THREE ROADS.»

say a few words. You are exceptionally clever at making all sorts of slighting remarks about the enemy, but at the same time you appear to be in great dread yourself.› Then the general cries, ‹My trembling is nothing but a nervous eagerness to meet the foe.›»

In the print of «The Fright at the Bird-Scare,» both the idea and the drawing are so good that they would appeal to us even without the accompanying text. All over the country, when the rice is ripening, Japanese farmers set up these scares to keep away the great flocks of sparrows which swarm over the paddy-fields. The scarecrow is generally a rude representation of a farmer dressed in his straw rain-coat; an old coolie hat is put on a dried melon for the head, and a straight arm with a pointing finger is joined to the body by a pivot at the shoulder. The small boy in charge jerks this arm energetically up and down by a string, drawling out in a monotonous treble, «*Suzume! suzume!*» («Sparrow! sparrow!») These bird-scares and the cry «*Suzume!*» are among the commonest sights and sounds of the autumn country-side.

The inscription on the post in the middle of the picture says, «Here the new territory of Japan begins,» and the story told is that in the country near the Chinese ports taken by the Japanese during the war the peasants

«THE FRIGHT AT THE BIRD-SCARE.»

were so afraid of the invaders that they felt sure the very birds must feel the same way, and so made their bird-scares after Japanese models, and gave the Japanese cry of warning.

One evening, just as dusk was coming on, a Chinese spy, walking through the dry paddy-fields, sees against the sky-line what he takes to be a Japanese soldier with gun aimed in his direction. Greatly terrified, he drops his rifle, and rushes back to his comrades, shouting that he has seen an outpost of a large body of the enemy. The captain, instead of making defensive preparations, at once gives orders to his men to flee; but one brave soldier, stepping to the front, ventures to ask the captain to investigate the matter a little before retreating, as the solitary figure, which they can all see, does not seem to move. The terrified captain refuses to listen to this, saying that he is quite positive the object must be a Japanese soldier, for before he was even in sight he distinctly heard him sing the war-cry, «*Suzume! suzume!*»

In the beginning of this sketch it was stated that direct caricatures were uncommon; but Li Hung Chang had the doubtful honor of being the subject of more personal notice than any other prominent man of the time. The various occurrences connected with his career readily lent themselves to the imagination of the cartoonist, and in the poster

«THE TREMBLING GENERAL.»

called «His Skin Will Go Next» this subject is treated from a Japanese standpoint.

An envoy from the emperor is taking away, one by one, his decorations, and three coolies are seen walking off with the various garments, while from each hangs an inscription saying, «This decoration is withdrawn on account of the defeat at the Yalu River,» and so on, for each of the Chinese reverses. Not content with this, the envoy is browbeating the old statesman on his own account, the translation beginning with a speech from him, as follows: «You visionary old fraud, blowing your own trumpet by airing your titles of viceroy, learned professor, etc., just see what crushing disasters you have brought upon your country, and yet wearing as you do all sorts of decorations and dignified robes. I am ordered by my master to take away in turn all of these, to pay up for these disasters.» To which Li is made meekly to reply: «I don't blame you in the least for your anger, and I am getting used by this time to having my robes taken away; only don't be too hard on me, and let me keep at least my skin, for I could n't get on very well without that.»

«HIS SKIN WILL GO NEXT.»

Of course these are only a few of the immense number of war posters issued, but they are enough to show that even in art the Japanese are reaching out toward European methods. It is a question, in many minds at least, if we may wish them success in this; for much of the dearly prized, ineffable Japanese feeling would disappear with the change.

D. P. B. Conkling.

[The writer is indebted to Mr. Tozo Takayanagi for the translation of the text of the posters.]

THE ONE DESIRE.

OF all the threads of rhyme which I have spun,
I shall be glad if Time save only one.

And I would have each word to joy belong—
A lyric like a bird whose soul is song.

There is enough of grief to mar the years;
Be mine a sunny leaf, untouched by tears,

To bring unto the heart delight, and make
All sorrows to depart, and joy to wake.

No sermon mine to preach, save happiness;
No lesson mine to teach, save joy to bless.

Joy, 't is the one best thing below, above—
The lute's divinest string, whose note is love.

Frank Dempster Sherman.