



The Ainus.—An Aboriginal People of Japan.—Note the Tattooed Lips.

They now dwell on the island of Yazo, just north of Japan. The men are noted for the extraordinary growth of hair covering their bodies, as well as for their long beards. Owing to their primitive ways, and peculiar religious and ceremonial observances, they afford an excellent subject for study. They subsist chiefly on fish and by hunting. The bear is still pursued and shot by means of the primitive bow and poisoned arrow, though the Japanese are endeavouring to enforce a law against the method. The young women are more prepossessing than the men, and are much sought by the Japanese for wives. They practice, however, the custom of tattooing their lips so as to imitate moustaches, thus producing a strange effect on their features. The tattoo is obtained of the birch, a pile of which is burned under a kettle until the bottom is well blackened by a thick coating. With a knife the woman makes a few incisions on the part to be tattooed, after which she takes some of the soot and rubs it into the gashes.

The Plaine of a Snob

By WILLIAM MAKEPACE WHAKAWAY.

WE snobs have not received definite or specific attention for a long time in literature. There is danger in this indifference. We need attention and attack, or people will get into the habit of taking us as a matter of course, and not differing from anybody else. As a class we stand a likelihood of becoming extinct. Characteristics and specialties which formerly were ours alone, now give no offence, and suffer no rebuke when exhibited by ordinary, commonplace, unobjectionable people.

Take, for instance, the intrusion of domestic affairs upon public notice through newspapers. We once had a monopoly of that; but now many a nice little obscure man or woman will sit down and write a paragraph about themselves or their guests

and send it in to the newspapers as a matter of daily duty; people possessing scarcely any of the qualities which are recognised as essential in a true snob. I remember Miss Louisa Macdonald, a gentlewoman of the old school, being very indignant because a Kingston newspaper in the '70's contained a short paragraph saying, "Sir John and Lady Macdonald arrived at Heathfield yesterday for a short visit." She wrote to the editor asking how he presumed to make public reference to their house, or domestic affairs, and the offence was not repeated. But a few of our class even so far back as the '70's did commence exploiting our private affairs in the press, and when we had a guest whom we thought was somebody we got the fact printed. Most of us in those days, however, drew the line at the private meal in social advertisement, and never furnished lists of guests at agreeable dinners. In these days we know exactly who were present, where "covers (whatever they are) were laid for eight" because no doubt the dining-room was not large enough to admit of a respectable number. But now, bless you, almost everybody does this sort of thing, and by cheapening the process, is robbing us real snobs of as smart a means for helping ourselves on as was ever invented, and which was our own especial preserve. Now when you see that "Miss Maisie Lobbs, of Lobbs' Corners, is staying with her friend, Miss Mosie Labbs, and will receive with her (her mother is not in this, mind you) on the first and fifth Friday of each alternate month and not again until 1911," you must remember that it is we, forerunners in snobdom who are entitled to credit for having started this innocent method for obtaining satisfactory prominence. But if the chronicling of the domestic comings and goings of Sir John Macdonald (*Honorabile nomen!*) was considered a social misdemeanour, thirty-five years ago, how great is the change in public opinion in 1909, owing as I claim entirely to our educative work!

My fellow snobs will quite understand my use of two Latin words in brackets a few lines up. We

all do this sort of thing. I hear one of our judges is much addicted to the practice. It does not mean that we think in Latin, or have any but a superficial knowledge of classical authors, but a few words now and then judiciously interposed leads the casual reader, who does not always understand them, to think we are prodigious scholars.

There is no enjoyment in being a snob if everybody is going to be one. The pleasure of nearly everything in modern life depends on how few people have it also. I took great delight in the remark made by one of our number, which I heard of last summer. She had been complaining of the quality of the society at a famous resort which she had to meet there, and her husband said: "Why, then, we will go to our place in the Adirondacks far away from the crowd and can be as exclusive as we like." And our sister replied poutingly, "What is the good of being exclusive when there will be nobody to know it?"

There is no trade to which so few of us gravitate as to journalism. There are very few snobs in newspaper offices. Now and again an editor tries to convince people that he does not want power, or influence, or money, but only works to uplift the people. This sort of plea is met with such good humour by other writing men that it is not agreeable to continue it. I like an honest snob. A snob who is ashamed of it should be disciplined. So when you write your paragraphs for the papers, or give them over the telephone, do not say it is because you are afraid the names will be wrongly spelled if you do not, or that the editor is a poor struggling woman and you want to help her. The people in the newspaper office, not being snobs, will not understand it so. They will only wink.

I would like to give some attention to some medical and legal snobs and also some military snobs who are not a credit to our order, but I have written enough here to impress the opinion that snobbery as an art, is waning because of the influx of unskilled attempters.