

OSAKA WAS FIRE SWEEP

JAPANESE CITY IS VERY MUCH UP TO DATE.

It is Cut and Crosscut With Canals Over Which are Many Bridges.

Osaka, the wealthy ancient city, centre of Japan's commerce, whose foreign import and export trade represents no less than \$200,000,000 a year and its inland and coasting trade an immense amount, lost tremendously as a result of the fire which cables say destroyed four square miles of the city. Of the 13,000 buildings reported destroyed many will be doubtless mud and bamboo, a few mats and shojis probably worth scarce a couple of hundred dollars; but Osaka also contains a great number of modern buildings of Western style, as well as castles, temples, bridges and historic structures, storehouses containing valuable merchandise and godowns with treasures of art, and the loss will run into the millions.

The city lies on the banks of the Yodogawa, the river draining Lake Biwa, and is more than 2,500 years old, one of the most ancient of Japan's ancient cities. Its great castle, one of the most striking of the city's structures, built by Hideyoshi as his seat of government in 1583, is the strongest of all Japan's castles and was the scene of many stirring events, not the least of which was the memorable siege by the Shogun Iyeyasu at the close of the great Osaka campaign of 1615. The city is built on either bank of the wide river and on Naka-no-shima, the island in the centre of the stream.

OSAKA MAKES MERRY.

Canals cut and crosscut the city until the visitor is reminded more of Holland than Japan. Three great bridges cross the river, the Tenma-bashi, Tenjin-bashi and Naniwa-bashi. The principal thoroughfare is the Shinsai-bashi-suji, with its fine shops, theatres and bustling aspect; it is one of the most interesting streets not only of Osaka but of Japan. In summer it is full of color, vari-colored curtains being stretched across to shade the shopkeepers from the sun, and with the bright hues of the tramline shop blinds with their big glaring white signs, the pedestrians and the crush of ricksha coolies, etc., there is a warmth of color that is strikingly Oriental.

The general aspect of the city seen from a distance is that of a factory city. Since 1890 mill after mill has followed in quick succession and there was a forest of factory chimneys when the writer was last in Osaka. Centuries before Europe knew of Japan Osaka was the great financial and commercial centre of the empire, and it is that still. Through all the feudal era the merchants of Osaka, despised though they were by the samurai, were the bankers and creditors of the Japanese princes, and it was they who gave the daimyos gold and silver for their tribute of rice, and in the fireproof godowns of Osaka was kept the national store of rice, cotton and silk and the great captains secured the money for their wars from the despised merchants of Osaka. Count Okuma in a recent speech said: "Osaka is financially, industrially and commercially superior to Tokio." Kobe, known far as a great port, is really with Hyogo and Sakai an outpost of the burned city. Jealous of Kobe's growth Osaka is engaged in reclamation and harbor scheme to cost \$16,000,000, it being hoped that

THE GREAT LINERS

and big freighters which draw too much water to go now to Osaka across the bay will be attracted there when facilities are provided. Coasters come now in fleets, for Osaka is the greatest entrepot of Japan's commerce, and the junks come in great flotillas until their masts look like forests.

The street song of the Osaka cooie says: "Every day, to Osaka come a thousand ships."

An idea of the commercial importance of the city is obtained when it is stated that there are more than 400 guilds in Osaka. The cotton mills lead steamships for the millions of India. Most of its streets are narrow, although there are some wide thoroughfares. There are streets of three story houses and streets of two story houses, but there are square miles of houses one story high, flimsy places of mud, wattle and bamboo, with paper sides and mat floors. The great mass of the city is an agglomeration of low wooden buildings with tiled roofs. All the streets are interesting, brighter, quaint than Tokio, and the city as a whole is more picturesque.

It has been termed the Venice of Japan, for it is traversed in all directions by canals, besides being separated into several large portions by the branching more in the Yodogawa. Anything more in the shape of a street vista than the view looking down one of these waterways can scarcely be found in Japan. Still as a mirror surface, the canal flows between high stone embankments supporting the houses—houses of two or three stories, all sparred out from the stone work so

that their facades bodily overhang the water. They are huddled together in a way suggesting pressure from behind, and this appearance of squeezing and crowding is strengthened by the absence of regularity in design, no house being exactly like another, but all having an indefinable far Eastern queerness, a sort of racial character. They push out queer little galleries with balustrades, glassless windows with fish balconies under them and rooflets over them like eyebrows; tiers of tiled and tilted awnings, and great eaves which, in certain hours, throw shadows down to the foundation. As most of the timber work is dark, either with age or staining, the shadows look deeper than they really are. It is a picture for an artist, this scene from a bridge across one of Osaka's canals, with the cargo boats and boats yoked by peasants with straw hat and straw coat, like peasants of long forgotten picture books.

IT IS A CITY OF BRIDGES.

No other Japanese city has so many. Wards are named after bridges, distances marked by them. There are 189 principal ones and goodness knows how many lesser ones. According to ancient custom, the various trades and industries congregate on particular streets, each trade to its street; even the theatres have their street and the fortune tellers theirs. The central part of the city has many fine buildings. The city hall is a classical Western structure with granite columns, and the post office, mint, arsenal, steamship offices—particularly the fine stone structure of the Osaka Shosen kaisha—mills breweries, etc., are all housed in solid buildings of Western architecture. The foreign concession, dating from prior to the civil war, when the foreigners fled to Kobe to take protection under the guns of the warships, there, is also thick with Western styled buildings now occupied by Japanese, for the foreign settlement was moved to Kobe many years ago. There are many big newspaper plants, the Osaka Mainichi and Osaka Asahi being the most influential of all Japanese newspapers and having far greater circulation than the Tokio papers.

Of the structures of destroyed Osaka the great castle is the most interesting of all. It is built of stone, with bulwarks and battlements, crenelated skyline, with loopholes for the old time musketeers and bowmen with their arrows, passages from which fighting men hurled stones upon their assailants, with walls varying in thickness and a great parapet and moat, with the present fortress there was formerly a second wall and parapet and deep, wide moat, but this wall has been razed and the moat filled. The destruction of this was made a condition of peace when the Shogun Iyeyasu captured the castle after the siege which closed the great Osaka campaign in 1615. There was a great palace, built by Hideyoshi within the castle, but during the civil war which preceded the restoration of the present Emperor in 1868 the buildings within the castle were set on fire by a train laid by the samurai of the Tokugawa Shogun before their final retreat and were completely destroyed within a few hours, only some of the small turrets on the walls remaining. The castle now serves as the headquarters of the Osaka garrison.

THE TEMPLES OF OSAKA

were famous in Japan, particularly the Tonneji, which occupies a vast extent of ground in the southeast section of the city. It was founded 600 A.D. and has fallen into decay many times and been renovated at the expense of the ruler. The sensation received on passing from the bright, narrow, busy streets of shops to the mouldering courts of the Tonneji is indescribable. The builders and renovators have always followed the ancient plan, and the suggestion is of long gone centuries. The neutral tones of the old timbers, the fading spectral grays and yellows of the wall surfaces, eccentricities of disjointing and extraordinary carvings under the eaves, of waves and clouds and demons, once splendid with lacquer and gold, now time whitened and smoke-tinted, indicate the age and decay. The five stried pagoda, now almost a ruin, and the moss grown stone flags of the quadrangular court surrounded by an open cloister, the Buddhist school and iris lined pond with its tortoiseshell statues, stone lanterns, lions and enormous temple drum where athletic young bonzos beat rhythmic rolls—all seem as from a past age, with only the booths for the sale of toys and oddities, the resting places where the musmus sell tea, cake and the ever-present "Beer-u" of the present.

There is a clock at a railway station in Belgium which requires winding up only once in five years. It was placed there by the Government in 1881, and keeps capital time.

UNOLE EZRA SAYS.

"They's so many people takin' the rest cure that the rest us us boys to keep cured all the while."

PUT AWAY TO ST. HELENA

DINIZULU WAS THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.

This Gentleman Kept South Africa Continually in a State of Unrest.

The whole of South Africa breathed a sigh of relief when it was known that Dinizulu, prince of the royal Zulu line, had been sentenced to four years' imprisonment. For the last twenty-five years—with an interval of eight years during which he was "put away" to St. Helena as a carefully-looked-after guest of the British Government—he has been a thorn in the flesh of the South African authorities. He first appeared on the scene at the death of his father, Cetewayo, who himself helped to write the hair of our statesmen. This Cetewayo was in the custody of the British, awaiting the occasion to answer for his misdeeds, when (according to the official version) he died of heart disease.

The official version goes that one of the chief's numerous enemies managed to obtain access to him, and Cetewayo's sudden death was the result of this visit.

Dinizulu was sixteen years at the time, and he had been carefully educated under the care of Cetewayo's Prime Minister, a gentleman rejoicing in the name of Mnyamane. After a vain attempt to succeed his father, Dinizulu appealed for help to the Boers.

CROWNED HIM KING.

With the help of these he was able to crush opposition, and the Boers crowned him king in May, 1884. As payment for their services the Boers demanded to be presented with about eight thousand square miles of territory, a demand that practically meant the dismemberment of Zululand. Dinizulu haggled over the bargain, but in the end he had to give way.

To prevent the Boers grabbing the whole place, we took Dinizulu and his warriors under one wing, but in the following year there was another row. Dinizulu rebelled, was captured, tried, convicted of high treason, sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, and banished to St. Helena.

He accepted the inevitable with fatalistic calm, and settled down on the famous island to make the best of a bad job. He wore European dress, copied the manners of the English people around him, and set to work to learn English. This last was the most difficult task, and in despair he asked his teacher what they did in England when a scholar did not make progress with his studies.

HIS PET HOBBY.

While on the island he made a hobby of collecting liqueur-glasses, and also—hot unconnected with it, perhaps—he developed an epicurean taste for gin.

His greatest wish was to see London; his greatest fear was that following, it may be, in his father's footsteps—he would be poisoned. But neither the wish nor the fear came to pass, and after eight years' exile he was permitted to return to Africa.

He was given a residence and a salary of \$2,500 a year; but after a year of two he became restless again, and troubles gathered thick. He was suspected of complicity in three Zulu rebellions. The Government stood the first two, but their patience gave out with disturbances threatened in 1907.

The Government summoned him to surrender himself, and he said he would if they sent a conveyance for him. A mule cart was accordingly dispatched and in due course Dinizulu arrived, the whole of him—for he has grown enormously since his trial dragged on for months, and it is said to have cost the Crown no less than \$50,000. South Africa is asking if there is any chance of getting him to settle down in a respectable old age, or if there is more trouble to follow.

A TIP ABOUT EAR-TIPS.

It is a good sign for a horse to carry one ear forward and the other backward when on a journey, because this stretching of his ears in contrary directions shows that he is keenly alive to everything that is going on around him, while it also shows that he is not fatigued. Few horses sleep without pointing their ears in this way, so that they may receive notice of the approach of objects in every direction. When horses or mules march in company at night, those in the front direct their ears forward, and those in the centre turn them laterally, or across. The whole troop, indeed, seems actuated by one common feeling—namely, safety of all concerned.

BONUS FOR CHILDREN.

Two French Savants Propose a Scheme.

The grave problem presented by a declining birth rate is again distressing France, which is particularly engaged at this moment in weighing the merits claimed for a plan proposed by Prof. Charles Richet, of the Academy of Medicine and M. Leroy-Beaulieu. The scheme proposes a system of bonuses for children, the bonus growing as the number of children in one family grows; that is, while the parents get nothing in consideration of the first child, they get 500f. for the second, 1,000 for the third, and so on.

Prof. Richet believes that births will be increased annually by 750,000 or 1,000,000 at the cost to the State of 30,000,000f. yearly. This expenditure is to be met by death duties. They plan laying a tax of 50 per cent. on all collateral bequests and confiscating half the estate in case there is only one child. M. Leroy-Beaulieu further would reduce the salaries of unmarried employes of the State as well as of those with only one child, or with none five years after marriage.

Naturally the proposition has aroused warm opposition. It is asked whether the class which would be reached by such an offer is one worthy to be the parents of future generations. There are not lacking those who affirm that the prosperity of France rests on the principle of the small family, and who foresee revolution, chaos and national poverty if large families become general.

IN THE EARLY DAYS.

Absurd Arguments Advanced Against Railway.

Very extraordinary are the prejudices with which human nature obstructs progress. Hardly an invention of importance has come into use without a struggle against the wilful blindness of unreasonable people. In an article in Pearson's Magazine one may learn of the ridiculous yet virulent attacks made on the railway when in its infancy.

The mere rumor of the approach of a railway within a dozen miles of a district was for a long time enough to cause a shower of adverse petitions to rain upon Parliament.

Public subscriptions would be opened to help on the opposition in much the same way as to-day good citizens of some ancient haunt of peace are up in arms against any proposals connected with electric trams. Householders were told that their homes were in danger of being burnt down by sparks from the steam engines. Farmers were assured that their hens would not lay eggs, or their cows give milk, if trains were allowed to go rattling about the country; and so to their game birds, it was said they would fall dead to the ground if they attempted to fly through an atmosphere poisoned by the engines' exhalations. Prospective passengers were gravely advised that they would not be able to breathe in a train travelling at twelve miles an hour.

INVENTS NEW AIRSHIP.

Danzig Engineer Uses Boards, Not Metal.

An interesting development in the building of air cruisers is announced from Danzig, Germany. An eminent engineer of that city, Professor Schutte, has constructed the model of a new wooden airship which promises such successful results that the great engineering firm of Lanz, in Mannheim, have taken the matter up and agreed to have the airship built some time in autumn.

Professor Schutte's ship, like Count Zeppelin's, will be rigid. The motor power will probably be 600 h.p., which may result in a speed of 83 miles an hour.

The body of the cruiser will consist of light boards placed diagonally over one another. The interior will be of goldbeater's skin, lightness and imperviousness thus both being secured. The absence of metal in large masses from the body of the balloon may obviate such catastrophes as happened to Count Zeppelin at Echterdingen, where the electricity in the air undoubtedly played a large part.

Another advantage of a wooden over a metal body is that the former may be more readily supplied with wireless telegraphy.

The hull to hold this ship has already been begun. It will be 135 yards long and 60 broad.

Siemens' electrical works at Nurnberg are also actively engaged in building a gigantic flexible airship with a length of 125 yards and a diameter of 13, with 39,000 feet of gas. It will have three cars suspended from the balloon on an entirely new system. Four Daimler motors, each of 125 h.p., will drive it. This balloon will be slightly smaller than Zeppelin's, and if successful will revive the controversy regarding the respective merits of the rigid and the flexible systems.

KINGS GO HOUSE-HUNTING ADVENTURE WITH A LION

KING EDWARD POSSESSES EIGHT PALACES.

Most Royalties Have More Homes Than They Can Possibly Live In.

There is talk of the King acquiring a residence at Worthing. The place in question is Beach House, the property of Major Eustace Loder, and is famous for its beautiful grounds, says Pearson's Weekly.

For the monarch of the greatest Empire on earth our King has comparatively few homes. Nominally he possesses eight palaces, namely Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle, St. James's Palace, Kensington Palace, Hampton Court, Sandringham, Balmoral, and Holyrood. But practically all his time is spent in only three of these homes.

He has another residence, a comparatively small one, in the Isle of Wight, Barton Manor, which is renowned for its beautiful gardens. When this place first came into his possession it was small and, comparatively speaking, inconvenient. Extensive alterations were completed about a year ago, and in future His Majesty will make the place his headquarters during Cowes Week.

KING EDWARD'S FAVORITE.

Of all King Edward's residences, Sandringham is his favorite. Small wonder, for the place was purchased specially for him, and he has practically made it from the beginning.

Those who are old enough will remember what a lot of talk there was about the purchase of Sandringham, or Sand Dersingham, as it was originally called. It was an open question that the place would never have been selected but for the representations of Lord Palmerston, to whose wife's son it belonged.

Werrington Park, in Cornwall, was first thought of, and the Prince—as he was then—is believed to have preferred a Cornish to a Norfolk residence.

Osborne, which was left to the King by his mother, he never was fond of. Still, it was most generous of His Majesty to make a gift of the palace to the nation, for he might have sold it for a very large sum. White Lodge, the other Isle of Wight house, which came to him at the same time, he did dispose of.

For every home which the King owns the Kaiser has more than half-a-dozen. At his accession, he came in for about forty-five palaces, castles, and hunting boxes in various parts of his dominions. This number he has increased by purchase or by legacies to fifty-four. One of his latest acquisitions was the celebrated hunting lodge of Damsmuehle, a lovely place on a lake in Brandenburg. Here is some of the finest shooting in Europe, and His Imperial Majesty paid \$300,000 for the place. Six years ago a charming villa at Arco, in the Tyrol, came to the Kaiser by the will of Herr Wilhelm Hildebrand, of Goerlitz.

CZAR HOLDS THE RECORD.

This gentleman also left his sovereign the comfortable sum of \$750,000 with which to keep up the place. Kaiser Wilhelm is supposed to have secretly purchased the island of Pilchswerder, situated in a large lake a few miles west of Berlin, and contemplates building there. The idea is that the place should be made a sort of island fortress, where its owner could take refuge in case of a rising among his not very loyal citizens of Berlin.

The Czar holds the record as palace owner. He probably could not tell you at a moment's notice quite how many dwellings call him master. They probably number ninety-three. Thirty-five thousand servants are their principal inhabitants, and of them all there are only thirty-two upon which their Royal master has so much as set eyes.

The Czar is more fortunate than his Royal brother of Italy. His civil list being the largest in the world, he can afford to keep up all these stately homes. When the present King of Italy came to the throne, he found that his fifteen palaces and country houses swallowed two-thirds of his \$3,800,000.

He therefore proceeded to put up for sale more than half his houses. The palaces at Genoa, Milan, and Palermo, together with half-a-dozen great country houses, were all disposed of. Even now he has left four great palaces, the Quirinal at Rome, and the palaces at Turin, Venice, and Naples. He also keeps the splendid model farm which his father purchased at Monza, near Milan.

"What makes you so late?" asked the boy's parent. "The teacher kept me in because I couldn't find Moscow on the map of Europe," replied Johnny. "And no wonder you couldn't find Moscow," returned his irate parent; "it was burnt down years ago! It's an outrage to treat a child in that way!"

A TERRIFYING EXPERIENCE IN AFRICA.

Mr. Harry Williams, the Well-Known Explorer, Nearly Lost His Life.

A thrilling account of an adventure which Mr. Harry Williams, the well-known explorer, had on the coast of Africa with a lion is graphically told in a letter which he wrote from Nairobi. The pages of fiction hardly contain its equal.

"Mr. Selous and I had joined Mr. MacMillan," says Mr. Williams, "but on June 8 I was out alone, having only my two gun-bearers with me, when I saw a lion on the right, about 300 yards away. He was prowling along, and apparently did not notice me, but I could see by the swish of his tail that he was an angry beast. I put up my hand as a signal to my head gun-bearer to come up with a spare rifle, and together we worked closer and closer to the lion. The beast seemed to have no intention of stopping, so I struck one hand on the back of the other.

WOUNDED IN THE FLANK.

"The lion stopped and faced me, probably revolving the question of attack, whilst I, for my part, cogitated as to whether I should shoot or endeavor to get a bit closer. The lion seemed to decide upon retreat, for he turned suddenly and trotted away. I fired both barrels of my 4.50 at him, one shot reaching him in the flank. It was only a slight flesh wound, but it paralyzed him for the moment, and he sat down on his haunches like a dog. After a few minutes he got up and went into a bit of open bush.

CAME AT TERRIFYING PACE

"Not knowing what state the brute might be in, I made for a big open patch on my left front, hoping to get a better sight of him. The lion, however, had been watching me from his retreat, and at 200 yards distance he sprang out of the bush and came straight for me at a terrifying pace. I waited until he was within 60 yards, and then let him have both barrels. One shot missed him, but the other lodged in the fleshy part of his shoulder. The only effect was to infuriate him more than ever, and I now thought myself a dead man, for there was no time to reload, and the gun-bearer was not actually in reach with the other rifle. I turned and made for a bush on my right rear, hoping the beast would rush past me and give me time to reload; but it was hopeless, and turning sharply round, I stood my ground.

IN THE LION'S JAWS.

"It was a terrifying sight—the brute's jaws already open to seize me by the left shoulder and breast—but with the courage born of despair I raised my rifle in both hands and struck him across the side of the head. Almost simultaneously he ducked, shaking me from side to side, shaking me from side to side as though I had been a rat. There is no need to describe what I felt at this moment. Suffice it to say that my gun-bearer—the pluckiest creature, black or white, that I have ever read of—came up whilst the lion was actually mauling me, shoved the rifle he carried down to me and asked me how to turn the safety catch. I had sufficient presence of mind to be able to explain in a second, and the gun-bearer fired. The lion left me and rushed into a bush five yards away, giving me time to put two cartridges in my rifle whilst still on the ground.

"Raising myself to fire, I saw that the lion was in the act of springing. I fired off both barrels from my hip at his head, the 'boy' brute rolled over dead. I fell back again, and for a few moments half swooned, for I had lost a lot of blood; but as soon as the second gun-bearer had come up (no gun with him), I sent him off to find camp, and bring back some men to carry me in. With some dressing which I had in my cartridge bag I tried to staunch the bleeding, but could do very little in this way. The muscles were torn open, an artery had burst, and the wounds were everywhere so deep. For an hour I lay there, and then half the camp turned up, and I was carried in on a bed. I shall never forget the agony of that journey. Or reaching camp Mr. Selous and Mr. MacMillan dressed the wounds as well as they could, but this night my temperature was over 105.

BLOOD WAS DRAINING AWAY.

"On the afternoon of the next day—the 9th—I left camp with a man—Judd—in charge of me, and, after three days' travel by hand portage, I got to Lindraai, on the railway, and arrived at Nairobi on the 14th. My leg seemed to be bursting all the time, and the blood was draining away. I would have given anything for some morphine. On being brought into the hospital, however, I experienced all the ease and comfort which a first-class doctor and skilful nursing were able to afford."