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NO WONDER THEY WIN.

A Course of Training through which Japanese Children are Put.

It may be useful to summarize the process by which, in accordance with the principles of Yomai, a Japanese gentleman of Samurai descent converts his littie son into a chivalrous champion of the adored Sun Flag, and of Dai Nippon. It has always been, and is still today, a process of which the farfamed "jiu jitsu" is but a fractional element. The training commences almost in infancy, for a child of 4 is considered quite old enough to become a subject of the four drastic principles which enter into this extraordinary course of military education in the very home itself. These are applied to the training of the muscles, the stomach, the nerve and the soul.

The discipline of the muscles constitutes the first part of this formidable program. When the little lad has passed his fourth birthday, he is one snowy winter's morning awakened by his father, and told to dress himself for his initial fencing lesson, from a master of the art of sword play. But the business of dressing is, on this occasion, simple enough, for the apparel donned is only a single thin shirt and a "hakama," or short divided skirt. The fencing master and his baby pupil go out together, barefooted, on the snow. Noticing the shivering of the little boy, the tutor encourages him with the assurance that within a very few minutes he will be delightfully warm. The sham fight begins. Master and scholar have bamboo swords. The child wears padded gauntlets and a face guard. His master, holding out his weapon, bids the boy strike as freely as he pleases at it. This is the beginning of muscle training for his arms. In a few minutes the young pupil is glowing and perspiring. He knows that he is to become one of his country's champions. He has never belonged to himself since the moment when his mother, as soon as she could take him to the temple, laid him on the altar, at the shrine of the guardian deity of the district, as a gift to the adored nation, and an embryo patriot hero.

Every day there must follow some amount of muscle training by the practice of the art of sword-play. For there must be no relaxation. The muscles must be developed day by day. Then come lessons in that marvelous "jiu-jitsu," which means the art of yielding, or of overcoming stronger wrestlers by the physical paradox of making their very strength their greatest disadvantage. It is the development of fine quality, not of conspicuous quantity, in the muscles, which the Nippon trainers value. The agility of the well taught but slightly built wrestling contortionist is magical and well nigh incredible, but long years are spent in the cultivation of the exacting art in which the eye and the perceptive faculties as well as the muscular system, are magnificently trained.

The mastering of appetite is the second stage of juvenile Samurai instruction. The stomach has to attend this severe school as well as the muscle. The child is still very young when his father suddenly one day begins to theorize to him on the probabilities of a time of war. Talking of the contingencies of a campaign, he explains that some day, when he is a grown soldier, fighting for the defense of his Emperor, he may be besieged in a fortress without food or drink. And in order to acquire adequate powers of endurance every true young patriot of Nippon should begin betimes to practice abstinence, as if actually undergoing the direct ordeal of war. Now begins a month of semi-starvation. Nothing but the smallest quantity of rice that can sustain life is allowed, the only relish added being a few pieces of pickled "daikon," a popular kind of radish. But what makes this period of training extra-severe is that hard exercise is imposed, part of the philosophy of the discipline being that a siege is anything but a time of inaction. "My friend's father," says Adachi Kinnosuki, "in the days of this made-to-order starvation, had him climb a mountain, chop wood, roll the logs and subjected him to all manner of physical exertion. One day when he was about 15 years of age, he was sent out upon a long journey. His servant accompanied him, and he was allowed to have two bowls of rice, a piece of dried fish and two cups of water a day to sustain himself. At one time he was sent to Mount Atago. He was told to spend 15 days upon the mountain, and to sustain himself with whatever he could find with his own hands."

In acts like these we discover the reason why the Japanese troops were able to tramp such great distances day after day on the rough, mountainous tracks of Korea to deliver three frontal attacks on the semi permanent fortifications of Liaoyang and to master the complicated and tortuous Manchurian geography on the ridiculously scant rations of rice, dried fish and a few stray pickled plums.

Thirdly comes the discipline of nerve and soul. "I recall," says Kinnosuki, "how we used to go to an old deserted house which stood on the outskirts of the castled town of Kameyama. There was a genial gathering of boys, ranging from 7 to 16 years of age. An old man, the most wonderul of story-tellers, presided over the gathering. His fund of fearsome ghost stories was inexhaustible. Behind the dilapidated house stretched a bamboo grove in the direction of a moss-covered graveyard of an ancient temple. The old man counted the number of his boy guests and took as many candles into the graveyard There he lit them and hid them in all sorts of corners among the tombstones. Then he came back to tell the most horrible ghost stories. When the midnight hour came he drew lots, and the boy who drew No. 1 went through the 330-yard stretch of the thick bamboo grove in the black darkness of midnight to find one of the candles and bring it back The nights selected were always stormy. Many a night do I remember having waded through the mud of the bamboo forest to pass into the graveyard. But in more remarkable and virile days than ours our sires went through still more trying training, for when they were not quite 10 years old they had to visit, in the still hours of dark nights, the decapitated heads of criminals exposed on the highway for the ethical education of the passersby, and they were told to leave a mark upon the scaffold to show that they were not in a hurry to escape from the grim sight."

At the beginning of the present war Admiral Togo, in a conversation, said: "I am not a learned scholar, but from my youth up my masters compelled me to examine and carefully follow the teachings of the School of Yomai. It seems to me that a soldier can derive a great deal of benefit from the School of Yomai." What is this famous School of Yomai, of which such wonderful things are told by others as well as Kinnosuki? It was simply the course of soul-training in which multitudes of the soldiers and sailors now at war with Russia graduated. It is the system of the Chinese philosopher Yomai carried out to final issues. The fourth step taken by the discipline of the old Samural traditions is his introduc-

(Continued on page 7.)

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