

# Judo Room Secrets.

## Quarters in the Joss House Where Chinamen Are Taught How to Fight.

### Mongolians Instructed in the Use of Their Fists by a System Centuries Old.

#### Scientific Ways to Strike a Fatal Blow Included in the Course of Study.

#### ALL CELESTIALS GOOD PUGILISTS.

#### Not the Sickly Race They Appear, but Strong and Muscular and Dangerous Men to Meet in a Hand-to-Hand Encounter.

Most people think that Chinamen make poor pugilists. One man during the week found this to be an incorrect idea when he tried to get out of a Bell street restaurant without paying for a dish of chop suey, and was badly pummeled by the Chinese proprietor. Many a native countryman of this restaurant keeper conceals behind a pallid, apparently emaciated face, and beneath an ill-fitting blouse, a constitution of iron, muscles developed to the highest degree of excellence, and an alertness acquired by years of constant practice under a system that has withstood the test of centuries. There never was a more mischievous idea than the one that all Chinamen are sickly "dope fiends."

Although Chintown is in the very center of the city, many things go on there daily which, to the American citizen, are a sealed book. The Joss House in particular, in which the governing body of the Chinese quarter holds its meetings and deals out Chinese justice, has carried on within its walls many things which look strange to other than almond-shaped eyes. There is one room in that house, a large one, that is made use of every day, of which possibly many persons have never heard.

It is in the Judo room that youthful Chinamen are instructed in the manly art of self-defense. But the manly art of the Chinaman is quite different from that of the American. The Chinese Judo is pugilism, except that it has a wider scope, being in reality the art of fighting without weapons. The instructor in the Chinese Joss House lays down certain principles, unknown to the hand-to-hand fighters of other nations, which are the basis of a scientific system. These include the idea that a fighter should train himself never to lose his temper, even in the most trying moments of a fight, and to have a perfect knowledge of the laws of respiration. Besides this, there is the great central principle, so characteristic of the Chinese, never to resist an opponent. This principle follows out the idea of the army general, who orders his troops to retreat, and, by seeming to yield, suddenly wheels about on the enemy like a broken line and gains a victory.

Judo is a system of leeching, which is a necessary which shall not be omitted; to kill or fatally injure by kicking in certain parts of the body; to resuscitate when a man is apparently dead; and, lastly, moral and intellectual training. The ways taught of gaining a not necessarily fatal victory are many. Unlike pugilism ordinarily, the Chinese fighter is taught on such sound principles that his victory does not depend on a set space of combat nor on the clothing he wears. The main idea is to disturb the centre of gravity of an opponent and then, by a swift and sudden movement to drag him to the ground. In which his legs, arms, the muscles of his back and thighs all come into play, and can be done as readily in a street dress as in fighting costume. He is taught also the idea of choking scientifically, placing his fingers on certain muscles of the throat or so grasping the clothing of an opponent that the material of the dress is pressed against the throat muscles with sufficient force and suddenness.

Then comes the various means of producing pain so intense that it cannot be endured, and is done by twisting the arms and legs and can be accomplished with the legs, hands, fingers and arms. Then there is the throwing heavily to the ground, in connection with which instruction is given as to varied and rapid movements of the arms, legs and muscles of the body, one of the most effective movements is tripping. A fighter suddenly falls flat on his back, throws both legs out as he falls, knocking his opponent down head first

Another method of inflicting fatal injury is what is known as the swinging throw. A fighter awaits his opportunity when the right arm of his opponent is extended, then seizes it at the wrist and with a swift, peculiar, backward jerk the unfortunate man is lifted clean from his feet. His body describes a semi-circle in the air, and when he falls his head comes in contact with the floor with such terrific force that the skull is fractured, sometimes crushed in.

It being impossible, because of the law, for the Chinamen to practice these death-dealing blows in this country, the artifice that pupils may thoroughly understand them and be prepared with them in case of danger to themselves, they are taught by means of a rubber figure. This figure is scientifically kicked and given the swinging throw and pronounced dead many times a week.

Although Judo does not deal with weapons of any sort, there is a branch of it which gives directions as to the correct coming of an armed man. In this the feet and legs play a most important part. Although there are something like sixty rules in this branch, the main idea of them all is to throw the armed man according to the ideas of Judo, and then disarm him while he is held down with the hands by stepping on the hand which holds the weapon. This might seem impracticable, but it is not when the lightning quickness of the fighter is understood.

The object of a knowledge of resuscitation, called Kuan-tun, in fighting, is for the benefit of giving aid to those whom the combat has had a more serious effect than was intended. The many methods taught for this purpose are by the means that in many of the cities of China the police are compelled to take the Judo course, and the ideas of resuscitation often may be employed by them. The means used on persons who have been choked is to hug the patient lightly from the back and to place the palms on the lower abdomen and push upward. There are other and more complicated methods of resuscitating people who are apparently dead from drowning, falling from heights and the like. In all there are over three hundred means of saving life.

Many a young man who knows that the idea for the hand which has been formed in recent years, under the title "Fist Aid," is the injury, gaining its idea from the fingers of Chintown.

The intellectual training, as the teacher instructs the pupil, tends to train young people in the habits and state conducive to the accomplishment of great things and objects, and fosters respect and abstinence. Just how this is harmonized with the brutal physical treatment is not apparent, but the Chinese believe that the greater number of diseases is the result of not using the body and mind at the same time. The Chinese carry their lessons into all the details of everyday life. Many a seemingly slight and weak youth of this race, who will run sooner than engage in the most trivial quarrel, are Chinese fighters of the first water, and once forced into a quarrel would prove ugly men to handle; and give their unfortunate opponent an example of Judo that would not be forgotten in a hurry. It was Judo that the restaurant keeper practised on his non-paying customer the other day.

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## DEATH OF A KING.

### A Well-Known Colored Brother Who Wedded the Queen.

[Ethiopia Press.]  
Fenimore Cooper King died at the City Hospital, Saturday night. He had gone there about two weeks ago, in a broken down condition. He was forty-eight years old and was probably the best known colored man in Utica. This is about the only connection in which the subject best can be truthfully used in Cooper's case. When he was a boy Fen lived with his parents on Eagle street. His association with the whites and was educated in the Advanced School and later in assumption Academy. He learned the shoemaker's trade with Samuel Wilkins on South street, and set up a shoe shop, first on Burnet street and afterward on Post street. Cooper's career of usefulness ended about 1868. About that time his parents died, the homestead was sold and he inherited about \$800. He married a white woman, known as "The Queen," and went first to Saratoga and later to Savannah. He returned to Utica like the pugilist son, and instead of killing the fatted calf, his "queen," finding his money gone, literally "kissed the coop." Since then he has lived by faith, darkly. He was a Democrat, when colored Democrats were as scarce as albinoes; at least he always claimed to be a Democrat. He was an abolitionist; for certain it is that no one had a greater aversion to work of every kind than he. He had a good education and was a fine penman. For a long time he picked up money selling and dining acting as scrivener for the street, and holding tender mules, slaves from swartly swains to their dark denizens, or vice versa. At one time he was city scavenger, buying dogs at so much per dog. But his rival, Andrew Jackson, discovered that Coop kept four frozen dogs in a bag, and presented them to the authorities for fees serratin. In fact, the dogs were never buried, but were resurrected from the bag regularly for fees. Jackson gave him away, and under civil service reform rules, Coop was compelled to cut a hole in the ice and place the quartet of canine corpses in the river. Coop drank whiskey whenever he got a chance, and about fifteen or twenty years ago he became a physical wreck. He went around among the offices and stores in the business part of the city, soliciting for the business part of the city, and would threaten to have one if he was not given the desired nickel in time. He called not whether did he split, but like Macbeth's offence. He smiled to Heaven; and those on whom he called went apt to



Chinamen Wrestling in the Judo Room of the Joss House. (Drawing from a photograph by a Journal staff artist.)

## Biggest Turtle in Captivity.

### A Monster Taken from the Indian Ocean, Weighs Five Hundred Pounds.

#### Requires the United Strength of Four Big Men to Turn It Over.

#### SNAPPED OFF A PUPPY'S HEAD.

#### It is Not of the Green Species, However, and Wouldn't Make Good Soup.

#### Among the Last of a Race of Gigantic Turtles.

The biggest turtle in captivity is in the possession of M. Antelme, of the Isle of Mauritius. It weighs an even 500 pounds, which is 100 pounds more than the weight of the largest turtle caught in recent years.

on salt provisions, a most welcome addition to their table. They could be carried in the hold of a ship and go without food for months. They were slaughtered as occasion required, each turtle yielding, according to size, from one to four hundred pounds of excellent and wholesome meat. The middle of the century, however, saw the gradual extinction of these enormous creatures. A large male specimen from Aldabra, which was taken in London some two decades ago, weighed 870 pounds, and although known to have been more than eighty years old, was still growing at the time of his death.

M. Antelme's turtle is said to be forty years old, and if treated well may live to see the year 2000. The turtle was sent to its present owner by a friend, who has a large estate on the Egmont Isles, or Six Isles, in the Indian Ocean, directly north-east of Madagascar. The monster measures eight feet from head to tail, and it takes four strong men to hold it. Every body knows that a turtle has no teeth, but its jaws are provided with horny sheaths with hard and sharp edges, forming a parrot-like beak. That M. Antelme's turtle is not a creature to fool with was illustrated the other day, when a St. Bernard pup ventured too near the creature's jaws and instantly lost his head in consequence. The tortoise is not a big eater. It is extremely fond of mules, fishes and good vegetables.

Chicago, Jan. 25.—The proposition to exhume, cremate and then reinter the ashes of the remains of August Siles, Albert Parsons, Louis Lingg, Adolph Fisher and George Engel, which now lie in Waldheim Cemetery, has not taken definite form yet. The five named were the anarchists who were hanged for instigating and abetting the conspiracy which resulted in the Haymarket riot, May 4, 1886, at which a bomb was thrown and many policemen were killed and wounded.

It has been the custom of the relatives and friends of the dead men to annually celebrate the anniversary of their execution, which falls on November 16. So intemperate and violent were the addresses on these occasions, however, and so boisterous the crowds, that the cemetery authorities decided to put a stop to the celebrations and notify the Pioneer Aid and Support Association, which owns the plot in the cemetery, that they would not be permitted to make a demonstration this year.

Then it was proposed at a meeting of the Aid Association that the remains be taken from the cemetery, and after cremation that the ashes be buried in a plot of land to be secured elsewhere, and the monument removed to the proposed new location. No action has been taken in the matter, however.

Thomas Greff, who has always been identified with the anarchist society here, and who is one of the active members of the Pioneer Aid and Support Association, which was formed to care for the families of the dead anarchists, and which bought the plot and built the monument, said, in speaking of this matter:

## A Tragedy of Paris.

### The Assassin of a High Official Shielded by the Authorities.

#### Relatives of the Murdered Man Who Pursue the Criminals Meet Death.

#### ALL EYES TURNED TO THE SON.

#### If He Does Not Perish by Poison or the Bravo's Hand, the Murderer May Yet Be Brought to Justice.

#### BURN ANARCHISTS BONES.

#### Remains of the "Martyrs" to Be Cremated by the Red Flag Association.

Paris, Jan. 25.—Ten years being the maximum period allowed by French law for the detection and bringing to justice of criminals, the murderer of M. Barre, the Prefect, or Governor, of the Department of the Seine need no longer entertain any fear of punishment, while the relatives of the victim, who have been crying aloud for justice during the past decade, have now lost every chance of seeing their demands fulfilled by the authorities.

That the latter have all along been aware of the identity of the assassin and have purposely shielded him, in consequence of the important character of his political, financial and Masonic connections, is manifest from the strange attitude that the Government has displayed since the perpetration of the crime, not only in throwing obstacles in the way of the detection of the murderer, but likewise through the persecution to which those members of M. Barre's family, who were most persistent in their appeals for justice have been subjected by the authorities.

The murder of M. Barre was one of the most sensational crimes committed since the fall of the Empire, and was adopted by Emile Zola as the main feature of one of the most readable of all the best-selling Rougon-Macquart series of novels he has written. The deed was committed January 13, 1886. The Governor had been in Paris to confer with M. Sarrien, the newly appointed Minister of the Interior, and was on his way back to Breux, the capital of the district under his orders. About twenty minutes out of Paris the railway runs over an iron bridge built across the Seine. Within a few hours of his departure from the metropolis the corpse of M. Barre was found floating in the river, within a hundred yards of the bridge. The body was closely bandaged with a red silk handkerchief and the skull was completely smashed in. The doctors who examined the body expressed the opinion that M. Barre had been murdered with a bludgeon or life preserver, and that the very first blow proved fatal. The pocketbook of the dead man had disappeared, but his watch and money, amounting to about \$200, were untouched.

Owing to the prominent rank of the murdered man the crime created an immense sensation, and for the space of a month constituted almost the sole topic of conversation in the French capital. The President of the Republic addressed a letter of condolence to the widow, while the Prime Minister and the entire Cabinet attended the funeral. The private life and character of the Governor had been entirely free from reproach or blemish, and he was esteemed and respected by the Ministers under whom he had served as having been one of the most efficient and capable administrators of the whole corps of Provincial Governors.

Experienced detectives were detailed to work up the case. The first clew discovered was that just before the train started from the Western terminus at Paris, a gentleman, elegantly dressed, had inquired

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"The proposition to remove the remains was made at a former meeting of our association, but no action has been taken. They were necessarily elapsed before the removal of the remains. As to this matter and the proposed cremation of the remains, it will be necessary to obtain the consent of families of the dead. The relatives may object to the scheme."

The Worst of It. [Detroit Tribune.] None of the troubles of married life seems greatly to appeal for. While he slips the necktie of wedded bliss, To fast it mostly collar.

whether Governor Barre was aboard, and being answered in the affirmative, purchased a ticket and jumped on the train just as it was starting. Several arrests were made, among their number being that of a prominent financier and politician of the Opportunist club, whose appearance tallied exactly with the description given by the station officials of the man who had inquired at the depot for M. Barre. The information obtained from the widow went to confirm the suspicion of the police against this prisoner, who was asserted to have borne a most bitter grudge against the murdered man. Mme. Barre stated that this hatred was due to the fact of her husband's refusal to lend his official support to a financial scheme promoted by the prisoner for M. Barre. The information obtained from the widow went to confirm the suspicion of the police against this prisoner, who was asserted to have borne a most bitter grudge against the murdered man. Mme. Barre stated that this hatred was due to the fact of her husband's refusal to lend his official support to a financial scheme promoted by the prisoner for M. Barre. The information obtained from the widow went to confirm the suspicion of the police against this prisoner, who was asserted to have borne a most bitter grudge against the murdered man. Mme. Barre stated that this hatred was due to the fact of her husband's refusal to lend his official support to a financial scheme promoted by the prisoner for M. Barre.

Suddenly, however, the police were instructed to cease all their researches in this particular direction, and to turn their attention to other clues of a far more vague and shadowy nature, those detectives who had manifested the greatest zeal and persistency being transferred to other duties. In the meantime the prisoner, besides being an influential financier and politician, was one of the principal dignitaries of the Masonic fraternity. In France, was quietly set at liberty. With a view of diverting public attention from the strange conduct of the Government, various theories were started by the police and communicated by them to the press. Some weeks later police officers were ordered to cease all further investigation of the case, which, to use the official parlance, was filed away in the "Crimes Classes," the interior among the "Crimes Classes," as the crimes are designated of which the police have abandoned all hope of discovering the authors.

It will naturally be asked why Mme. Barre did not appeal to the public press or to the Chamber of Deputies on the view of forcing the authorities to resume their inquiries in the only possible right direction. The reason for this is that her from acting thus is rather discredited to the French Government. The murdered prefect had been, throughout his long career, an official of the most irreproachable honesty, and left his family almost penniless at his death. The prisoner, who lived well, which remained to Mme. Barre for her own support and for the education of her children, was a small pension to which she was entitled as widow of a Provincial Governor who had died in office. She, however, pretty plainly intimated to her that difficulties would be raised about the payment of the track if she should any further steps to discover her husband's murderer. For the sake of the matter, she was therefore obliged at the time to abstain from all further public attempt to avenge her husband.

This, nevertheless, did not prevent the lady and her relatives from sticking to the track of the suspected murderer with all the tenacity of bloodhounds. For a pitiless fate seemed to have overtaken all those members of the family who showed any disposition to follow the Governor's assassin to earth. Of M. Barre's two surviving brothers the eldest was near death at the time of the murder. Mont d'Averne on some flimsy pretext by the authorities, where he was done to death by a bullet in the stomach. The handsome and vigorous old father became suddenly and inexplicably ill, and expired in a few days, after a sickness, the doctors declaring that he had died of a broken heart. If indeed such a thing really exists, Mme. Calvet, the only sister of M. Barre, mysteriously disappeared from Paris some eight years ago, and according to an announcement contained in the Paris Figaro of October 10, 1888, committed suicide in New York and was buried in the Potter's Field. The news, it seems, was furnished to the Figaro by an anonymous correspondent, while subsequent investigation showed that the only suicide that had taken place in New York at about that date, and which could possibly bear any relation to the case of Governor Barre's sister, was that of an unknown woman who poisoned herself at a hotel on Third avenue, and who left no clue to her identity beyond a plain gold ring with the initials "A. C. B.," standing presumably for "Almaut Calvet-Barre," on the inside. All the woman's underclothes were of French manufacture. Mme. Barre still survives and so, too, does her son, now a boy of sixteen, who has but one object in life, namely, to track and punish, as soon as he reaches manhood, his father's murderer. The identity of the latter has on several occasions been almost openly indicated by the newspapers. But they have always desisted at the last moment, on receiving warnings from the police, as well as threats from the suspected personage that he would sue them for criminal libel, which in view of the charge against him never having been proved, would naturally entail severe punishment for them.

The whole affair bears a striking analogy to Gabriel's most sensational novel, "The Drevingolue," and unless young Barre meets with the same good play that has fallen to the lot of so many members of his ill-fated father's family, we have yet to witness the last act of what is known in Paris as "L'Affaire Barre."

Several private houses in New York that have stables at the rear, with a carriage spot between house and stable, have turned this carriage spot into an "indoor tennis" by roofing over the space with the lightest or the finest and principal accessibility. The glass top is constructed like a gable to prevent the accumulation of snow. This construction is the only expensive part of the indoor tennis, as the tennis outfit is brought in from the country and is not made in this country.

So much for the question as to how the courts should be arranged. Next comes the question of the indoor tennis court, which neither time, space nor money has been spared. Mrs. John Jacob Astor has what is believed to be the finest indoor tennis court located in New York City itself. Mrs. Astor is an enthusiast with respect to both tennis and her husband shares her sentiments. So it is that these two are seen playing together more often than either plays with any one else; a practice as charming as it is unusual among the married set of the Four Hundred. But Mrs. Astor's court is also open to her friends, and a day rarely passes that a party of them do not make good use of the pleasant privilege.

This private tennis court of Helen Gould's is lighted at sides and top by French plate glass that renders it as clear as day. In the summer the full details of the shifty sun. Around the room are rustic seats for the players, with palms and trees from the greenhouse alongside. Adjoining the court is a refreshment room, where a maid serves good things to eat after each game. This court is constantly patronized by friends of Miss Helen, her cousins and cousins of sisters-in-law. A girl ever adopted her relatives-in-law as thoroughly as Miss Gould.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, who, like her new husband, is fond of the picturesque and grotesque, now owns not only an indoor tennis but all other indoor games arranged and fully detailed as though out of doors in the summer. The full details of these interesting equipment of sports can be realized only by a visitor to Belmont, the Newport home of Mr. Belmont.

The tennis dress in vogue along "Millonaire's Ocean"—this name bestowed upon that part of the Hudson River for fifty miles above New York—has a style of its own. It is upon the border of "Millonaire's Ocean"—at Tarrytown—that the Rockefeller live most of the year; and here also come nearly all the men of the United States with dollars enough to buy a country place. Levi P. Morton's Ellerslie, along the banks of this "ocean," owns its indoor tennis, as do all the other places.

The tennis suit for here is a warm one. There is a white vest and there are attractive leggings. A big Tam o' Shanter and leather gloves help to keep the players comfortable for the tennis, though "indoors," isn't steam-heated.



Costume of the Indoor Tennis Girl. (Sketches from life by a Journal staff artist.)



The Largest Turtle in Captivity. (Drawing from a photograph by a Journal staff artist.)

and delivering at him a vicious uppercut as he tumbled. If the upward blow does not settle the fight, the man who does the tripping is on his feet in an instant and puts into play another series of rules which deal only with the holding a fighter to the ground in an immovable position. This is just as closely connected with the rules which have for their whole object the art of pushing an opponent into a corner and fixing him by pressing the body, arms and legs against him in such a smothering manner that he is forced to cry out for mercy.

The kicking, which is done only with the idea of either kicking outright or fatally injuring, is scarcely done so that the blow will land in the pit of the stomach, and is called Hakoba.

## The Largest Turtle in Captivity.

tell him not to come again for a month. Some of his winters he spent in the country house. His name was King and he lived like a king—that is, without work and on the bounty of others. He is gone, and those who were on his catting list expect that when he reaches the happy hunting grounds a coon hunt will be organized right away.

Affected. [Detroit Tribune.] "That tattooed woman is the most affected thing I ever saw," sneered the candy butcher. "Why, the other day she amissly wonder hugged her, and what did she do but a creditably astonished and say, 'How can you?' The ideal!"

M. Antelme's monster, however, would not make choice eating, because it is not of the green variety. The gigantic turtles which formerly inhabited the Mascarene and Galapagos Islands are now practically extinct; at least none have been captured for years. The island years ago was uninhabited by man, and the turtles therefore enjoyed perfect security. This, as well as their extraordinary longevity, accounts for their enormous size and their large number.

They could be captured in any quantity at one time with the greatest ease, and proved to be the ships' companies, who, during their long voyages, had to subsist mainly