

JAPANESE WOMEN'S CODE.

Teachings Which Have Become Part of the Practice in Every Household.

The work of the Countess Oyama and other Japanese women in organizing the hospital service of Tokio and the various societies for aiding the Japanese army is distinguished for its splendid spirit and its modern methods.

"The worst infirmities that afflict the female," says the sage, Kaibara Ekken, "are indolence, sloth, jealousy and silliness. These infirmities are found in seven or eight out of every ten women, and from them arise the inferiority of women to men."

He boldly puts the doctrine of the wife's obedience on an impregnable ground. "Such is the stupidity of woman's character," he says, "that it is incumbent on her in every particular to distrust herself and obey her husband."

The system of rewards and punishment for women extends over this life and the life to come, and maintains an ingenious balance. "A woman must look on her husband," says Kaibara, "as if he were heaven itself, and never weary of thinking how she may yield to her husband, and thus escape celestial chastisement."

Kaibara disapproves for woman indulgence in the pleasures of the theater, of music, of wine, and even of tea. Curiously enough, he would not have her very religious, and this for a reason which no Christian would be likely to guess—a kind of conjugal jealousy of heaven! "The wife," he says, "must not enter into an irreverent familiarity with the gods."

This is a highly oriental view of woman's place in the scheme of things. Yet no one who knows the best Japanese women can doubt that, whether because of Kaibara's teaching, or in spite of it, they are a lovely type of graceful, gentle, vigorous, loyal, achieving womanhood. They may have been slaves in the past, but they were always charming slaves. Now that new Japan is setting them free, their liberty has not destroyed their charm, but enhanced it.

NEW WHAT HE WANTED.

And It Wasn't Anything in the Reading Line, But Something to Eat.

With a bunch of Ottawa people who took in the Topeka state fair the other day were a visiting missionary and an old gentleman who was very deaf, and who had never seen a bill of fare used in a hotel, relates the Kansas City Journal.

The preacher took occasion to distribute a variety of religious tracts through the coaches, and the old gentleman, being unable to take part in the conversation, acquired a collection of the literature and assiduously perused it throughout the trip. He was fairly well sated with religious lore on arriving at his destination.

The first care of the hungry excursionists on reaching the capital city was to secure dinner, and they repaired in a body to one of the principal hotels. The old gentleman was obviously out of his class. It was evident that he was a little bewildered by the unfamiliar usages of a modern hotel, but he made his way with the others through the fair-time press and secured a seat at one of the tables.

He appeared to be surprised as he seated himself. "Pears like we're too early—there ain't no vittles on the table," he remarked to a companion. As he didn't hear the reply it is unnecessary to repeat it here.

"Order, sir," pertinently jerked an overworked waiter, pausing behind him and submitting the printed menu. His voice was inaudible to the man with the auricular handicap, who contemptuously waved the paper aside.

Puzzled, the knight of the tray passed on, and shortly had an appetizing array of viands spread on both flanks and opposite to our friend so unfortunately ignorant of the conventions.

To the sensation of hunger was added a growing measure of wrath as the old man noted the astonishing fact that everybody in the room but himself appeared to be supplied with food. He began to glare, and, his condition being suddenly discovered by the head waiter, that functionary struck the flag of dignity and hastened to personally attend to the neglected guest.

"Your order, sir!" And again a bill of fare was thrust before the exasperated old gentleman. The latter grasped it and tore it up. Then he roared:

"Blas't your infernal tract! I don't want to read; I want something to eat!"

Got Back at Him. Algernon—I heah that you and Clarence had an altercation last night and he called you evahything.

Percival—Yawa, but I got even with him, deah boy. I called him nothing, doncher know.—Chicago Daily News.

Metropolitan Ways. Visiting Salesman—Pretty slow town, this. Resident (of Bridgewater)—Oh, not so durn slow; the Carnegie lib'ry is 'savin' it fer non-support!—Pack.

TRAVELS OF A BANKNOTE.

Returns in Two Months to the Hands of the Man Who Marked It.

An iron manufacturer of Boston was entertaining a wealthy Spanish customer from Havana. They had several rounds of drinks, and, before the Boston man handed a ten-dollar bill to the waiter, he jocosely kissed it good-by.

"Wait a minute," spoke up the Spaniard, as he took the bill out of the waiter's hands. "Since you seem to think so much of that bill, I'll write my name on it for good luck to us both."

Which he did, in ink, and then handed back the money to the waiter, who soon brought the change.

Two months later the Spaniard was in New Orleans. He walked into a cigar store to buy a pocket full of his favorite brand of cigars, handed the clerk a \$20 bill, and received among the change a ten-dollar bill. He was carefully folding it when his eye caught some writing across the center of the bill. His curiosity aroused, he took a close look—that writing was his own name! The god of chances had put into his hands the very ten-dollar bill on which he had written his name in a Boston cafe eight weeks before.

The Spaniard is not only a man of wealth, but also of leisure, and he determined to discover, if possible, the wanderings of the bill from the time he inscribed it to the day he received it in New Orleans. He went to an infante amount of trouble, set all sorts of machinery to work, and spent not a little money, but after it was all over, he felt that he had been amply rewarded. For, while he was unable to follow the bill step by step, he did learn beyond the peradventure of a doubt that a few days after the bill had been handed to the cafe waiter, it passed, unknown to the Boston man, into his cash drawer, was sent by his cashier to the bank, later turned up in Havana in possession of the Spaniard's cashier, and next made its appearance in the New Orleans cigar store. The Boston man's cashier had particularly noted the name on the bill because of its being that of one of the firm's most valued customers, and he had meant to call the matter to the attention of his employer, but it had slipped his mind. The Spaniard's cashier had also noted the name, and naturally enough, and he had intended to speak to his employer about it on the latter's return from the states.

CORONER'S ART EXHIBIT.

Office of That Official in New York Decorated with Growsome Relics.

If you are looking for something really artistic, come to New York. Almost everywhere you turn you find some aesthetic arrangement of beautiful things. One of the most pleasing and attractive permanent art exhibits may be found in the coroner's office, up in the Bronx, states the Herald.

When you enter the place they ask you to sit down and wait for the coroner. This is your opportunity to look about you and observe the exhibit. One of the finest things in the room is a large case, which is falling to pieces with age. Behind its dirty glass doors upon a series of plain wooden shelves are the art objects mentioned. An ancient coil of rope in one corner was used some years ago by a German butcher who got tired of the monotony of life on Westchester avenue. Near it you will see a long piece of rubber pipe, such as comes on small gas stoves. The young lady who used it left no will, no money, no friends. Her name is on a tag attached, if you care for the names and addresses of the exhibitors.

On another shelf is one of the prettiest collections of old revolvers ever shown in America. They are of every make. Then, there is an exquisite bunch of rusty hatspins. Each one was used in some fatal female duel. Then, there is an excellent display of poisoned tea, candy, coffee and other luxuries of life sent out by admiring friends. There is the bottle of ink which some lover used in bidding farewell to the girl who fitted him. All the exhibits are carefully marked and well arranged, so that all artistically inclined visitors can get a good view of them. Of course there are other art exhibits in New York intended for the more idealistic students, but this is one of the typical exhibits of the realistic school. New York is full of real art.

Whisky in Church Wall. Concealed somewhere in the old Presbyterian church at Fairton there is said to be a bottle of whisky at least 100 years old. When the edifice was being built, it is said, the workmen struck for whisky, which in those days seemed to be a necessity. A quart was furnished them, but, according to Hosea Husted, then an apprentice, the liquor was so "ornery" that the men couldn't drink it, but buried it in the walls. Robert Westcott, who relates the incident, says the bottle is still there.—Philadelphia Record.

Chinese Are Homogeneous. It is thought that, taken generally, the inhabitants of the China of to-day are a wonderfully homogeneous race, quite as much so as are the inhabitants of modern Europe, their habits, customs, manners and deportment being absolutely identical throughout the "eighteen provinces." This evidence of close intermixture is astonishing when one notes the wretchedly primitive means of intercommunication in parts where water carriage is unavailable.

IN THE FIRST OPEN CAR.

True Tale of an Everyday Incident Which Had Romantic Furnishings.

The girl sat in the last seat of the first open car of the season, looking back at the long vista of the street they were fast leaving behind them. Her hands were full of impedimenta, though that word is perhaps more correctly applied to articles nearer the feet. But a purse, a handkerchief, a letter and several small parcels do impede one's progress, especially if one be a pretty maid with a pride in one's long, much beruffled skirts, relates the Chicago Record-Herald.

Her parasol—the first of the season, too—she placed beside her. She must have been thinking deep thoughts, for it was with a start that she signaled the conductor to stop the car—a start that showed she had almost forgotten her destination.

She alighted hurriedly. The car started. Then a little flutter of the burdened hands, a gasp that was almost audible, and an agonized contraction of the pretty brows told the man who had sat beside her that she had forgotten something besides the destination.

He was a man who thought quickly. In an instant he had seen, seized, and held aloft her parasol. She nodded vigorously, motioning him to throw it to her. It was all done quickly, but the car, pitiless as time, was moving steadily, relentlessly away from her. The space between it and her was constantly increasing.

The man hesitated. It was such a pretty parasol. Such ruffles of chiffon. She was following the car at a little dog trot, but it was leaving her far behind. It had almost reached the next corner.

The man waved the parasol at the conductor. The car stopped. Every one watched while he ran to the corner, carefully placed the ruffled, forgotten thing on the sidewalk, then ran back to the car.

The girl waved her hand in grateful recognition. He waved his in renunciation, perhaps. As she reached the parasol a handsome young negro stooped to pick it up and courteously handed it to her as she exclaimed: "It is mine, thank you."

But he was not a fairy prince—they are always blond and blue-eyed, with golden hair. And the man who should have received the tribute of her smiles was leaving her far behind.

For this, you see, is a true story. And so they did not marry and live happy ever after. Perhaps he was married already and his dinner was waiting for him. At any rate, he saved his carfare.

CONTRACT WITH A SULTAN.

How an American Woman Put Through a Five-Million-Dollar Deal.

The story of an interview that once took place between Mrs. Reader and the sultan of Johore, India, is thus related by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins in Everybody's:

"She named her conditions; the right to issue \$5,000,000 worth of six per cent. bonds; 120,000 acres of land extending along the 120 miles of track; tin mines—but here royalty demurred a little; he thought he would keep all the tin mines. For the first time the young contractor slipped into feminine processes of reasoning and set aside for a moment the urgent business-full enthusiasm of the promoter for the display of the human girl who sees her pet project in danger of failure.

"But you are so rich, you know you don't need all those mines," she argued, "and we do!"

"The sultan conceded the mines. From an oriental point of view the experience was perhaps cheap at the price. He conceded the \$5,000,000 worth of bonds, the 120,000 acres of land. At the end of their three hours' talk Ella Rawls had in her possession a \$5,000,000 contract to build a railroad across the state of Johore, and its ruler had secured on fair terms a means to wealth and civilization, the need of which could no longer be ignored. She had come to him at the psychological moment, when the contract was ripe for giving; she had shown herself clear-headed and resolute master of the facts and frankly open in her statements; she had demanded much, knowing the value of what she gave, but there had been no sign of sharpness, of trying to steal an advantage. No doubt to one accustomed to be approached by indirect methods, by gifts and flatteries, there was a wholesome convincingness in this novel experience, a welcome promise of good faith. At all events he accepted freely and wholly."

Impressive Sermon. Wife (returning from church to her husband, who had stayed at home)—You should have heard Dr. Doe's sermon this morning, my dear. I don't know when anything has made such a profound impression on me. I think it will make a better woman of me as long as I live.

Husband—Did you walk home? Wife—O no; I took a car, and, do you know, John, the conductor never asked me for my fare, and so I saved a nickel. Wasn't I lucky?—Stray Stories.

The Truth. The Editor—What have you written about the death of that bright young Jenkins? The Irish Reporter—Something nice, sir, windin' up with these words: "He leaves a brilliant future behind him."—Tit-Bits.

COMING AND HE (IT).

How a Man Who Wanted the Entire Seat in Street Car Was Taken Down.

A dapper young man, who acted like he was a director of the company, occupied a whole seat on a Brooklyn avenue car the other evening and seemed satisfied with life. A workman with dinner basket on his arm entered the car and made for the seat, relates the Kansas City Star.

"Excuse me, sir, but would you mind moving over a bit," he said politely.

The dapper young man looked up and scowled. He did not budge an inch.

"Never mind, old man, your time will come some time," observed a sympathetic young man who was jammed over against a window by a woman who held a baby in her arms.

Just then the car stopped, and a negro woman who might weigh 300 pounds, entered. She held two squawking chickens in one hand and a basket of vegetables in the other. The workman turned, as if he had just risen, and beckoned the negro woman to the seat. She sailed along the aisle past the crowded seats with a grateful smile on her face. When she sat down she struck the seat so hard that the dapper young man was sent flying over against the window. He looked miserable, pinned there as he was, while the passengers giggled and tittered and chuckled all the way out to the end of the line.

The workman held on to the strap and looked satisfied. His time had come.

HUNDREDS STRUCK BLIND.

Mysterious Eye Disease Has Caused Much Suffering in Central Africa.

A somewhat remarkable eye disease is at present prevalent in several parts of British central Africa, northeastern Rhodesia and in Portuguese Zambezia. At first it was noticeable in cattle, sheep and goats and only recently was it found to have attacked the natives. The disease, according to the London Mail, is at present raging from Port Herald, a British station on the Zambesi, right on toward Tete, a distance of over 200 miles, and at this latter place it is reported to be quite epidemic.

William Arnatt, a traveler who recently returned from Tete, states that he observed hundreds who were suffering from the disease, and a large number were totally blind. One of the sights of Tete on a Sunday morning is the long lines of blind people who enter the town to beg, each string being led by a little boy or girl. At first a white spot is observed on the eyeball and this in a short space of time becomes highly inflamed. The eye then discharges a white, milky fluid and the whole of the eye becomes covered with a white film. This is the critical stage of the malady, and if the disease is very severe the eyeball bursts, thus destroying the sight entirely.

ODD WAGER EASILY WON.

Flesh and Blood Leg Was No Match in Endurance with One of Cork.

It was in the commercial room and the conversation had turned on the topic of the powers of endurance shown by the men of the past and present. During a lull in the conversation a young commercial man said: "Any man, if he has the will power, can endure pain or fatigue; I know I can." Silence for a moment, and an "old man of the road" replied: "I'll bet you a dinner you can't hold your foot—boots on—in a bucket of hot water as long as I can."

The bet was taken and two buckets of hot water were brought in and a kettle of boiling water to raise the temperature to the point of endurance. In went a foot of each bettor. The young man's face began to pale, but the other called for more boiling water. "What the deuce is your leg made of, sir?" yelled the former, suddenly taking his foot from the bucket. "Cork, sir—cork," was the cool answer, and the other gentleman felt that he had, indeed, lost.

Feril of the Polar Ice Floe. The crushing force of the floes that cover the northern seas is not to be guessed by those who have not seen them. They are not such slim and cakes as we Brooklyn Eagle, but are acres and miles in extent, often solidly compact, piled one on the other, each floe from 15 to 18 feet thick and representing from the freeze of a single winter, but the consecutive formations of years. Advance through such a floe is as impossible as it would be to sail a ship through a city street. The navigator must wait patiently for "leads" and take advantage of even momentary openings when tides and currents break channels through the mass.

Orders. Employer—Well, what did he say to you? Clerk—That he'd break every bone in my body and pitch me out of the window if I showed my face in his office again!

"Then go back and tell him that he is vastly mistaken if he thinks he can intimidate me by his violence."—Life.

Good. Counterfeiter—Do you mean to say that note is not good for anything? Banker—It is good for ten years if you are caught passing it.—Chicago Journal.

HUNGRY DREAM OF FOOD.

Explorers in the Antarctic Tell Strange Stories of Their Experience.

"Food dreams" superinduced by extreme hunger and the difficulties that attend the advent of Morpheus in the Antarctic regions, are very interesting reading, and from the account of the voyage of the Discovery to the Antarctic is extracted the following data:

"In the journey to the south, in which we were absent three months from the ship," says Edward A. Wilson, M. B., writing in the British Medical Journal, "our food allowance was for some six weeks a bare pound and a half to each man daily. On this allowance hunger never left us and sleep was much disturbed by disappointing food dreams—visions of beef and steaming cauldrons of cabbage and potato, ball suppers, stuffed turkeys and splendid hams, and waiters flying around with plates full for everybody else, but, about as one might, one could not get attended to, and then one awoke and remained awake in one's sleeping bag for hours from sheer hunger and healthy appetite, to wait for a breakfast of boiled rice and the crumbs of one and a half slices of bacon.

"Then four hours' hauling on the sledges and a cold lunch of dried chips of seal meat, eight lumps of sugar and a biscuit. Then three more hours of hauling on the sledges or, worse still, of driving on the dogs, and a final camp for the night on a panikin of soup made of pemmican and pea meal, with plenty of boiled tea water and a fraction of a piece of chocolate. As for sleep in the lower temperatures of the spring sledge journeys, it is hardly worth the name.

"The seamen used to wake in the morning and swear they had been awake all night, but my own experience is the same as that of others, and it is this: One gets into the reindeer skin sleeping bag with no joy at all, for after a few days' sledging the accumulation of moisture from the condensation of one's breath and from the snowdrift and from perspiration in one's clothing has filled the reindeer hair with frost and rime and made the leather hard and full of frozen wetness.

"One crawls into this after freezing one's fingers over changing socks and boots of reindeer skin—an absolute necessity to prevent the freezing of one's feet. Having drawn the top over one's head and buttoned all the toggles, so that as little air as possible can get in or out, one begins to shiver one's self warm, a business which occupies from an hour to an hour and a half or two hours; sometimes it seems to occupy the whole night. During the process the bag begins to thaw, as well as one's various garments.

"After this thaw has set in properly one begins to dream, and but for dreams the most absurd under the sun one would not believe that one had slept at all. Every hour or so one wakes to shiver, and then again the dreams begin, and this goes on until at last there is light enough in the tent to cook by, and one knows that purgatory is over."

THE CANADIAN BIRTH RATE.

French Population Has the Highest of Any Nation in the World.

The birth statistics of Montreal, which have just been published, should delight the heart of President Roosevelt. The mean birth rate for the 17 years up to and including the year 1903 was 38.92 per 1,000 of the population. The French-Canadian birth rate was 49.08 per 1,000; that of the other Catholics, 24.87; that of the Protestants 23.41.

In one section of the population at least there is no race suicide. London, England, had in 1901 a ratio of 29.0 per 1,000; Glasgow, 31.7; New York, 22.7; Paris, 21.4; Berlin, 26.7; St. Petersburg, 25.8; Sydney, 25.8; Madrid, 30.2. The French-Canadians of Montreal lead the world in the matter of obeying the Biblical command to "Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth."

The birth statistics of the rural districts, both among the French of the Province of Quebec and the Acadians of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, show an equally high percentage. In contrast, however, the English-speaking Canadians are no better than the much-abused inhabitants of the other parts of the United States. To keep Anglo-Saxon preponderance it is necessary to recruit our population from Great Britain and the American republic. Fortunately, although differing from the dominant race in language, the French in Canada have become so attached to British institutions and a British form of government that, as the St. John Globe said the other day, they are loyal supporters of the Canadian constitution and British connection. It is well that this is the case, as in a very short time, unless all present indications fail, the French will be in the majority of native-born Canadians.

His Idea.

"What is your idea of a true patriot?" "A true patriot," answered Senator Sorghum, "is a man whose country rewards his services with a statue instead of a bank account."—Washington Star.

Wild Turkeys.

The turkey is found in its wild state only in America. It was brought to Europe towards the close of the seventeenth century.

SAGE TO LIVE 100 YEARS.

Millionaire Expects to Pass the Century Mark—Remark of a Stock Exchange Broker.

New York.—Russell Sage, who recently celebrated his eighty-ninth birthday, was reported in financial circles to have told a friend that he expects to reach the age of 100 and that he also expects to see Missouri Pacific stock go to 200 before he dies.

The remark, circulated upon the floor of the stock exchange, caused much amused comment. It was remembered that when the same stock, Missouri Pacific, was at the figures a few years ago Mr. Sage denounced the upward movement as rask manipulation that would only hurt the railroad by exciting the anger of the farmer legislators in the states through which the road runs. It was then suspected that Mr. Sage's market operations made him view with disfavor the upward trend of the stock.

The stock was at 125 when the news of Mr. Sage's prediction came out. It went back to 124 1/2.

Mr. Sage has been noted for long-time predictions in the stock market that came true. Not long ago Manhattan reached a high figure, predicted a decade ago for it by him. When one broker on the exchange, who is something of a wag, heard of Mr. Sage's prediction about living to be 100, he remarked:

"I don't see why Providence should wait for him to reach par when he can be got around 89, is economically managed and can be expected to earn carrying charges."

RELIGION ROUTED BY RUW.

Bishop Potter's Subway Tavern Gives Way Before a Real Saloon—Not Well Patronized.

New York.—The Subway tavern, which was opened 11 months ago with an address by Bishop Potter and the singing of the doxology, closed its doors at midnight recently for the last time as a "sanctified saloon." Its proprietor, it is stated, will sign over the place to a man who has conducted the restaurant on the premises. The new owner will take out the old sign and, after extensive alterations, will run the place as an ordinary saloon.

While all those connected with the establishment who could be seen the other night were reticent concerning the change, several employees in the tavern explained that there had not been sufficient income from sales to pay running expenses.

Instead of the well-known citizens who established the tavern drawing a five per cent. dividend, as they expected, it was said that in the last six months they had been compelled so often to go down into their pockets to make good a deficit that they had become tired and wished to be rid of the tavern entirely.

When the tavern was opened, about a year ago, it was announced that only pure liquors would be sold. One room was fitted up with a soda fountain, where women might be served with beer.

The outer walls of the building were painted with texts of Scripture and highly colored signs, but, in the words of one of the bartenders, it was found that "rum and religion would not mix."

HERMIT'S HOME AN OIL RIG.

Disconcerted When Found—Successful Hunter for Pearls—Family Seeks Him.

Marion, Ind.—Living the life of a hermit in an abandoned oil rig in the woods three miles from Marion is John Swanson, an old man, who exhibited much concern when his abode was discovered.

He refused to say where he came from, but said domestic trouble had caused him to seek a life of seclusion. He said he had been living in the oil derrick for about a year and had succeeded in evading every one until the oil operators chanced to call at an unexpected moment. He said he had never built a fire at night for fear of attracting attention.

He is engaged in pearl hunting along the river, and exhibited a large collection of much value. He said he had been sending them to a New York dealer and had a shipment ready to forward. Members of his family, he said, were searching for him, but he did not desire that they find him.

TO RAZE HISTORIC HOME.

Residence of Bonaparte Will Be Torn Down—Stands Just North of Trenton.

Trenton, N. J.—The LaJor homestead on Bow hill, just north of this city, will soon be torn down to make room for the growth of Trenton. The house was built just after the revolution by Barnet de Klyn, a descendant of French nobility.

Joseph Bonaparte, then living in Bordentown, leased the place from De Klyn and established there Miss Annette Savage, a beautiful Philadelphia woman, with whom he had fallen in love while buying goods from her in a little notion store kept by her mother. Annette Savage's first child was killed in the house by the falling of a flower pot. The second grew into a lovely girl, and on her account Napoleon III. legalized the marriage.

On one of the window panes of the old house is the inscription, "God is love," evidently etched by a diamond.

Walking Poor.

An American circus is stranded at Grenoble, France, and the walking between there and home is reported to be very bad.

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