

# JAPAN'S HEIR TO THRONE

The part the little Japanese took in the recent war with China, and their present uncertain position in regard to Russia, have lately brought them very much to the front, but another matter of a different character from war or diplomacy is just now agitating the Land of the Rising Sun. This is no less an event than the birth of a grandchild to the mikado.

In the child-loving land of Japan, where all children are welcomed with rejoicing, the birth of an heir to the throne would under any circumstances fill the hearts of the people with joy, but when a current belief exists that the emperor is of divine origin and his mission a sacred trust handed down from father to son for almost 3,000 years, there is added a personal interest which separates this nation from all others in the world. In the Kwan Po, the court bulletin, which appears every morning and is distributed among the nobles, the announcement of the birth was couched in the most formal and figurative language, with poetic allusions to pine tree branches, flying storks, temple priestesses and other references to ancient customs which to foreign ears seem to sound very mysterious and interesting.

There is a prevailing belief that the white storks which nest in the branches of the pines in the palace

once dissolve into nothingness and the people lose forever the power to reorganize. To avoid this calamity the handmaid system was originated.

In very ancient times the empresses generally had large families of children, but after the introduction of East Indian civilization the old-fashioned healthful simplicity of court life was lost, and in succeeding generations the royal family was frequently so small that the danger of its becoming extinct became a serious consideration to the entire nation. On account of the almost universal faith in the peculiar importance of an unbroken mikado dynasty such a calamity would most certainly have been disastrous and irremediable.

At this time a rule was made, gradually coming into practice, that should an empress be childless she might with the aid of certain court officials select maidens (usually from one to three in number) from certain noble families equal or nearly equal in rank to the one from which the empress is chosen. This choice is invariably made from one of nine special families whose rank is next to royalty. Only the bluest of blue blood is allowed to mingle with the divine strain which flows in the veins of the mikados.

When children are born they belong entirely to the empress. She guides,

variable complaints of American tenants with reference to snail-like "lifts" and other medieval conveniences.—San Francisco Bulletin.

### Dog Stopped Runaway.

South Bethlehem Correspondent Philadelphia North American: With a dog hanging by his teeth to the bridle rein, a runaway horse was brought to a standstill within a few feet of C. D. Keener, who lay unconscious on the road near here. Keener had fallen from his bicycle. The dog was Jif, beloved by all the Lehigh University students, a mascot of their alma mater and the particular property of the man whose life he saved. Jif is the most wonderful dog in all the Bethlehems. He is a trick dog terrier, and always accompanies his master on his bicycle trips. When Keener's wheel struck a stone and he was thrown, Jif stood guard over his prostrate form. He saw the runaway horse when it was half a mile away, and started up the road at the top of his speed. Leaping into the air as he ran beside the frightened horse Jif grabbed the bridle rein and hung on as though his life depended on his grip. Slowly the dog's weight upon its mouth brought the horse to a standstill. It stopped when Keener's head was within a few feet of its

# The SONGS MIRANDY SINGS

By Roy Farrell Greene.

Mirandy's voice is gettin' cracked, a little quaver floats  
From out her pretty mouth when she attempts the higher notes.  
An', all in all, though still I love her just as much, I know  
She cannot warble like she did some thirty years ago.  
But lots o' times, when I'm at work around the barn, I hear  
In some old song I'd half forgot, her voice a-ringin' clear,  
A honeysuckle of a tune that round my ol' heart clings—  
An' fresh with youthful blossoms are the songs Mirandy sings.

It's "Hard Times Come Again No More," "John Anderson My  
Jo,  
Or where that feller talks to Tom 'bout "Twenty Years Ago,"  
"Ben Bolt," "Lorena," "Home, Sweet Home," er maybe that  
ol' tune

That makes you walk with Bobby Burns the banks of "Bonny  
Doon."  
I wouldn't trade a one o' them old melodies we knew  
For all these new ones writ about a Hannah girl er Lou,  
Since we had sweet ol' tunes them days an' not these rag-time  
things,

An', somehow, love jes gushes out the songs Mirandy sings.

The one that of some Maggie tells, "When You and I Were  
Young,  
It 'pears t' me's the sweetest thing a mortal ever sung,  
An' better yet than that, a glimpse of heaven I behold,  
When to my ears comes stealin' "Silver Threads Among the  
Gold."  
Though modern songs an' operays the younger folks may  
please,  
I'd rather hear a cracked voice in the old-time melodies  
Than Patti's throat or Melba's warble hifalutin' things—  
The songs of thirty years ago, the songs Mirandy sings.

He was half Boy and half savage, and thought himself a man, whose judgment was always good, and who was always right. He thought that he was always good, and who was always right. He thought that he was to be regarded always—he didn't think of regarding her. And yet, he loved her—in some blind, unreasoning way, such as boys have. And because he loved her he kept hastening on to his doom, and dragging her with him. He couldn't wake up to the fact that he was slowly killing love in her. It is one of the saddest things, that people who love one another truly and tenderly can live to be alienated, isn't it? But that is what happened to the Boy. He was young—they were both young—and he was undisciplined—and love was hurt with jar and fret! Over and over again they passed through storms which left them cast ashore in a desert land. They said bitter, heart-breaking things to one another, and it was because the Boy loved her that the bitter things hurt and rankled. And so at last he rose up and said, "This is enough—I will end it. I will go away today and will never trouble you again."

He paused, and she stirred a little, but he could not see her face. "And so, he went down to the boat," he said, steadily; "but even when his foot was upon the gangplank he turned back and stood leaning against something in his utter misery, because he had all at once grown to be a man, and was suffering all a man's agony. That is the end of the story of the Boy—except that the man looked up and saw that foolish little Mrs. Lessing waving her hand at him from a carriage, and remembered that both of them—he and the Girl—were to have been her guests tonight. And such a hungering came upon him to look upon her face again—that he came—knowing that by tomorrow he might summon strength to go—

"Ned?"  
She raised her face and looked at him. Her lips trembled like a hurt child's, even while she was smiling at him.

"Ned," she murmured, brokenly; "the Girl was very young and inexperienced. Don't you think she ought to have a chance to try over again?—And you didn't know—that she was in the boat,—hidden away—and that she came very near being taken to Europe—very near indeed—when you turned back so suddenly—"

"Isn't it beautiful to watch Mr. and Mrs. Harding?" asked the lady at Mrs. Lessing's right. "They are like two young lovers. Do they know they are at the table? Do they know there is such a thing as food in the world? They have done us all the honor to forget we are living!"  
But Mrs. Lessing did not reply aloud. She merely looked, and her eyes were sparkling and brimming.

"I may be foolish, but I can manage some things," she whispered into her fan.

### Where the Postess Dines.

The dining-room in Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox's home, on Long Island sound, is all windows, which face the water. Before the largest of them, a spacious bay window, stands the dining table. The room is filled with memories of people who have dined there. Their pictures gaze at one from every side. There are half a dozen portraits of the statuette Julie Opp, there is the droll, misanthropic face of Marshall Wilder; the fair Ellen Terry, Mrs. Brown Potter, William Gillette's inscrutable countenance; that plaid old lady, Mrs. Jefferson Davis; Isabel Irving, Kathryn Kidder, J. E. Dodaen, and his pretty wife, Annie Irish. Some of Mrs. Wilcox's guests have left autographs on the cream-painted walls. One comes from Edwina Markham. It is printed in fine, large characters, with splendid vermilion initials. He said: "A place where passing souls can rest On the way, and be their best."

### Canal Tells a Problem.

The question of tolls on the Isthmian canal is not so simple as it was in the case of the Suez, writes a correspondent of the New York Post. We have a much greater "marginal traffic" to consider—one which may be controlled by the rate of toll. The west coast of South America, in its dealings with Europe, ought to furnish about one-third of the available traffic of the new canal, if opened in 1915. All that traffic practically could pay a toll of \$1 a ton. Between the west coast of South America and the eastern ports of the United States the traffic could pay a still heavier toll, as the saving over the route "round the Horn" would be still greater. On the principle of charging whatever the traffic could bear, certain cargoes going through the canal could doubtless afford to pay \$3 or \$4 a ton.

### Remarkable Statesman in Japan.

Mr. Hoshi Toru, minister of communications, is one of modern Japan's remarkable men. Having studied law in England 25 years ago, and being called to the English bar, he started his life as an official in the judicial department. Here his bellicose nature soon brought him into collision with his less enlightened and more conservative colleagues. The government then in power removed him to the Yokohama customs. Later he took to politics and identified himself with the liberals, who overran the country with stirring speeches, much to the discontent of the government. He was twice arrested and imprisoned for political offenses. Now he is the leader of the liberals, or Jiyutsu, as they are called in Japan.

## Story of a Boy.

BY JULIA TRUITT BISHOP.  
Author "Deborah of Lost Creek," etc. (Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

She was listening to the uniformed graybeard at the window, bending toward him a little with an air of charmed interest that warmed the heart under the gold braid. Fluttering down to them the length of the drawing room came the hostess, that foolish little Mrs. Lessing, and they heard her saying to the gentleman beside her, while she was yet far off:

"Oh, I've just found you in time, and it's awfully awkward, but you know how people are always disappointing you at the last moment. You were to have gone down to dinner with Clare Rigdon, and Mrs. Harding with Raymond Blaine, and neither of them came—so sorry—"

The girl at the window had not changed her position in the least. She still leaned over the arm of her chair toward the uniform, but the General was suddenly conscious that the lovely young face had lost something of its color.

"Oh, Mrs. Harding," cried Mrs. Lessing, as the girl stood up and smiled graciously at her hostess; "so awkward for a husband and wife to go out to dinner together—people disappointed me—but would you let Mr. Harding take you out, just to oblige me?"

The hostess did not wait for a reply, but took General Blake's arm and led him away. The two were left alone, both standing in the shadow of the window curtains. She was twisting the silken fringe of the drapery between her fingers. She did not look at him, but she saw that the hand resting on the back of the chair from which she had risen was shaken.

"Since we are within full view of a number of our dearest enemies," she said with a scornful smile, still not looking at him, "it might be as well to play the farce out and look—well—say, decently interested in one another. People will discuss us soon enough."

The hand on the chair was suddenly steady.

"With all my heart," said the gentleman lightly, as he placed a chair

ly expected to see you here tonight. Was I not led to suppose that you were to start for Europe today?"

"I start tomorrow instead," he replied, coldly. "The delay was fortunate. It gives me the opportunity to defer a nine days' wonder for yet another day. Let us do it thoroughly, while we are doing it. What shall we discuss that will bring a pleasant expression to our faces; that will make us seem not merely tolerant of one another, but absolutely absorbed, devoted—"

"Let us talk of Love," she said, with a burst of scorn and despair that sent a crimson over her pale face. "Remembering our desolate home—my



desolate life—we can surely talk of that."

"You are right," he said, leaning a little nearer. "We will talk of love." She shrank away from him a little, but at the same moment she smiled and nodded at Mrs. Lessing, who passed near.

"Love," he repeated. "What a difference it makes in people's lives! You and I have agreed to say good-bye—have already said it, in fact, and we can afford to discuss love impersonally. I am afraid you are not smiling enough. I notice two or three people looking this way."

She smiled immediately; such a smile as comes to the lips after the heart is broken.

"Don't be afraid," she said. "I will play my part. I am deeply interested. You may go on with the one subject in which you may be considered thoroughly versed."

"Thanks," he said, easily. "Shall I tell you a story, in order to make it strictly impersonal? I will tell you the story of a Boy."

She moved a little, enough to drop her cheek to her hand.

"Of course there was a Girl," he went on; "but I will leave her out of the story as far as I can. I will tell you the story of a Boy, because I know his story—because I have seen into his wild, undisciplined, unformed heart, and have watched it make great mistakes, and repent of them without words, and slowly break—Are you still smiling? I can't see your face, but those people out yonder can, and we are playing the farce for them."

"I am smiling," she said, without moving.

"The Boy fell in love," he said. "He was very young, and had been raised without a mother. I am afraid he was a mere selfish brute, and when he wanted anything he had to have it. He saw the Girl, and loved her, and would have waded through blood to win her—and won her. I think he was selfish, even in winning her, but he was beginning to be unselfish—he was beginning to be a nobler Boy—and there was great need of it. You see, he loved her—he loved her too much. He was unreasonable. I have looked into his heart, and I know that now.



grounds never use the three topmost limbs when a girl is to be born; they build there only in honor of a boy. After the birth of the babe they rise, and with widespread wings fly far into the blue sky, carrying the message to all Japan that the hour for congratulation has arrived. This belief originated the use for decorative purposes of the flying stork on articles intended for New Year or other congratulatory occasions.

Today every house in Japan is decorated with two Japanese flags crossed above a white lantern which bears the motto, "Long Life to the Mikado." Scarlet and purple tassels of congratulation are swinging at every gateway, and all cities, towns and villages are holding public meetings where, again and again, the toasts are proposed of "Yenko Heika Ban-zai!" "Nippon Yekoku Ban-zai!" (Long live the mikado! Long life to the land of the rising sun!)

Always the response is enthusiastic and prolonged shouts of "Ban-zai!" which means "Ten thousand years of prosperity to the mikado!"

All schools are closed and the streets thronged with happy-faced children in holiday attire, the clattering clogs and tinkling hairpins forming an accompaniment to the weird notes of "Kimigayo," with which the whole land is resounding.

"Kimigayo" is the national song of Japan. It is a quaint, minor melody, the words of which were gathered with other troubadour songs and put into book form by a mikado who lived about one thousand years ago. It is sung at the present time with more heartiness than has echoed in its loyal words for many a day, for this little prince is the first child born of an emperor for many generations.

Not only the Japanese rejoice over this marriage last May of the Crown Prince Haru and the Princess Sodako, have been offering up earnest prayers, and in the heavenly reply many of them behold a promise of the final abolition of the handmaid system.

This custom came into existence several hundred years ago for the purpose of averting a threatened national disaster. Probably nine-tenths of the Japanese even today have an unquestioning faith in the divine origin of the mikado and sincerely believe that were his line to perish the empire would at

instructs and cares for them with genuine love and pride. The real mother never has anything to do with the children, but she occupies a position of honor until the death of the mikado, after which she retires to some quiet palace, where she is always looked upon as an honored widow.

Nevertheless the child of an empress brings especial happiness to the people, and this little one, the first for almost 300 years, is greeted all over the land with every token of joy and honor the people can show. And in the palace not only will the Japanese ceremonies of welcome be observed, but all foreign ones as well.

E. I. SUGIMOTO.

### She Stumped the Broker.

In more than one way woman's interest in stocks is manifested in a surprising way. A broker who has a branch office near Herald square, New York, is telling his friends of an amusing incident which happened last Tuesday. He looked up from the ticker suddenly to witness a vision of the prettiest of young girls, exquisitely dressed, who, without the slightest warning, had appeared upon his threshold and demanded, "How's sugar?" The broker's first impulse was to say it was sweet; surely just such a girl could have no other interest in the commodity. But the girl, with refreshing candor, went on to say: "You see, I bought some shares in Sugar the other day and I just wanted to see how it was. I saw you had a ticker and I didn't think you'd mind, you know."

### London's American Colony.

So fast has the American colony in London multiplied that an enterprising firm of English publishers has decided to issue a directory of it. They expect to incorporate the names of no less than 35,000 residents of Yankee extraction whom business or international marriages have temporarily or permanently added to London's population. The directory will be both commercial and social. Renting agents in all parts of London testify to the growing number of American residents. One office building landlord in the "city" suggests the erection of a great forty-storyed sky scraper, where all Yankee business may be huddled together, in order that owners of other buildings may hear an end of the in-

hoofs. The occupant of the team, whose fright had prevented him from checking the horse's speed, resuscitated Keener.

### Apple Is Medicinal.

The apple is such common fruit that few are familiar with its remarkable efficacious properties. Everybody ought to know that the very best thing they can do is to eat apples just before retiring for the night. The apple is an excellent brain food, because it has more phosphoric acid in easily digested shape than any other vegetable known. It excites the action of the liver, promotes sound and healthy sleep, and thoroughly disinfects the mouth. That is not all. The apple agglutinates the surplus acids of the stomach, helps the kidney secretions, and is one of the best preventives known of diseases of the throat.

### The Little Doggie Fad.

Fashions in dogs are changing, and actresses who display their beribboned pets on the promenades these afternoons are canvassing the canine market for new specimens. French poodles had the call for a time. Now popular fancy has turned to diminutive black and tans, the smaller the better. Julia Marlowe has one scarcely bigger than a kitten, and Minnie Ashley appeared in Fifth avenue, New York, recently, with two of them, tied with ribbons and trotting along tandem fashion to the great amusement of the crowd.

### Overcrowding Medical Profession.

Statistics of the country relating to physicians indicate the possibility, if not the actuality, of overcrowding in the medical profession. It was found in the census year that there was one registered physician to every 655 people in the United States. That the number is in excess of the need is evidenced by a comparison with Germany, where, in 1898, there was only one physician to each 2,114 inhabitants, or relatively about one-third as many as in the United States.—New York Post.

The United States government gives its sailors only 30 cents a day each to live on, but the American navy is better fed than any other navy in the world.



She took General Blake's arm, for her further back in the window embrasure, and took another, close at hand. "We will disappoint them for once."

She looked beyond him, at the throng that danced and promenaded and walked down the long succession of rooms. She looked anywhere but at him.

"While it is really awkward," she said with a bitter voice and a charming smile, "for a husband to be forced to take his wife out to dinner, still, one may live through it under certain circumstances. One has but to remember that it is the last time he will ever be afflicted with her presence, and much may be borne. Really I scarce-