POLICE IN JAPAN

POLITENESS OF OFFICIALS WHEN ARRESTING AN OFFENDER.

Scene in a Japanese Police Station—Visit to the Bureau of Newspaper Censorship. Suspending an Offending Journal—Secret Service.

A Japanese policeman was never known to smile, but when he finds it necessary to proceed to the extreme step of arresting a lawbreaker his face becomes clouded over with a pall of sorrow and solemnity that would do credit to an Irish undertaker taking the coffin measurement of an archbishop. Grasping the offender firmly with one hand, with the other he extracts from an invisible pocket of great capacity a roll of strong cord. Whispering polite and minute directions in the ear of the victim, who obeys them with scrupulous consideration for the feelings of his captor, he winds the cord several times around his waist and then attaches his wrists in optical contact with the small of his back. Six feet of cord remain; the policeman grasps the loose end, and bowing to the prisoner with an "After you, sir," the pair march away in a touching union of sadness and security. The neighborhood is paralyzed during the performance, business is suspended and traffic is stopped.

MARCHED OFF TO PRISON.

The formality of an arrest, however, is the only amusing side of Japanese justice. If you follow the white clothed policeman and his prisoner you will soon reach a police station in which sit a dozen clerks and functionaries hard at work at books and accounts and reports, with nothing except their physiognomy and the little teapot and tobacco brazier beside each one to differentiate them from similar European officials. The prisoner will be taken before a superior officer, the charge against him noted down; he will be searched and then put in one of a dozen wooden cells, ten feet square perhaps, separated from the central passage by great wooden bars reaching from floor to ceiling, and making a cell curiously like an elephant house, but providing admirably for ventilation in this hot climate. At the police station he may not be kept more than twenty-four hours, and then he is removed to a central station, which is simply the first police station on a large scale, minus the functionaries and plus the necessary arrangements for the detention of prisoners for long periods. The courts are much like European courts.

After visiting many court rooms we reached a room where twenty particularly intelligent looking officials sat at both sides of a long table piled up with newspapers, scissors, blue and red pencils, paste pots and all the familiar equipment of the exchange editor's sanctum. I turned to my guides for an explanation, and caught them regarding me and each other with twinkling smiles. Then I saw the joke. It was the Bureau of Newspaper Censorship, and these gentlemen with the spectacles and scissors and paste were examining all the newspapers of Japan for treasonable or seditious sentiments or improper criticism of ministerial and imperial affairs. I was introduced, the twenty gentlemen rose simultaneously and the laugh became general. "This," said my guide, waving his hand proudly over the piles of newspapers and the teapots of the censors, "is an institution you have not yet reached in England."

CENSORSHIP OF THE PRESS.

The procedure of this branch of the Japanese police is simple in the extreme. A lynx eyed censor discovers an article which seems to his conservative notions to threaten the stability of the government, to bring a minister into contempt or to foster improper agitation among the people. He extracts it and submits it to the director of the bureau, who probably takes counsel with the higher authorities. If the censor's view is confirmed the editor of the paper is peremptorily but politely summoned—everything is done politely in Japan, and I have no doubt that the school boy is politely birched and the criminal politely executed—to appear at the department of police at a certain hour on a certain day. When that summons comes to join the innumerable caravan of martyrs to a sense of journalistic duty he knows that—in the expressive language of the Bowery—he is a "goner." "Sir," he is told, "your estimable journal is suspended for so many days. Good morning."

The whole system of secret police is highly developed in Japan. There is a regular staff of detectives who disguise themselves as laborers, merchants or travelers, or even in case it is necessary to hunt down some great criminal, hire a house in the suspected neighborhood and live there. One of these men loses caste very much in his office, if he does not actually suffer a degradation of position, by failing to return with information he is dispatched to secure. Besides these, however, there is a regular staff of private police correspondents in all parts of the country, and one whole bureau at the department of police is devoted to receiving, ordering, classifying these, and taking action upon them. A good deal of information must be picked up from the teahouses, each of which is a center of gossip, and in one or other of which almost every male well-to-do inhabitant of Tokio is an habitue.—Tokio Cor. New York World.

The Man Who Laughs.

There is one man whose presence in a theatre during a comedy is worth money to the management. He is the greatest laugher I ever saw. Like all good laughers he is fat, and it fills a man with merry moments to be around when he is laughing. He has a hearty rolling laugh that catches an audience quickly, and soon the audience and he are engaged in a laughing match. When the laughing has been going on for four or five minutes, and everybody's sides are sore and all hands take a rest, there is a lull through the house which is immediately broken by a low passionate sob and a gently modulated "O ah!" from the laugher who is putting the finishing touches on his cachinatory effort. Immediately the audience forget the soreness of their sides and burst into a roar. Friends of his bring the laugher to the theatre just to have fun with him. He comes with a different crowd every time, and his friends get their enjoyment out of him and not out of the performance. He's the jolliest laugher I ever heard.—"O. M." in Globe-Democrat.

Putting It Very Politely.

A while ago a student preached in a New England city "with a view." After his Sunday evening sermon one of the "pillars" said to him: "We have been much pleased with your sermons and I am very sorry we are never going to see you again." This suggestive remark convinced the candidate that he was not likely to be elected to the vacant pulpit.—Christian Inquirer.

OF THE DEAD.

...sian Artist's Description—...traordinary Scene.

...raphic description by the ...artist, of the results of the ...rebellion against the Chinese ... the reign of Tchugutchak: ...ch the town, it is hard to ...mpty; you cannot help hop...ne human being, if it be only ... But not a soul is to be seen anywhere. The houses are for the most part ...d, and likewise the paintings on the walls and the wooden lattice work of the windows. Potsherds and fragments of articles of every conceivable kind ...ng all about—vessels of iron and ... sizes; a quantity of copper coins ...on a string; dresses, caps, plaits, shoes of all sizes—the clan... of Dunghans and Calmucks side... the miniature slippers of ...men. I put a pair of extra... slippers in my pocket, as ...

...all, skulls are to be seen everywhere. The town is ...ib, and the whole impression is terrible. I wandered ...day in B.'s company, and ...days alone, without accustom myself to this ... the grave, and to the sight ...ets, chapels, theatres and ...ing forever empty. The ...ress, which the besiegers ...is still tolerably strong. ...is to be seen the entrance ...ranean gallery by which ... after a long and tedious ...their way into the fortress. ...merciless butchery, in which ...ed Skulls and bones lie ...ps against the walls here ...the fortress; at many ...al of the gates, the skulls ...to a great height. In the ...e town, too, lie skulls; as ...can reach, skulls, and ...n skulls. The wolves and ...ady done their work; the ...engaged in picking the ...or the sun and rain to ...

...ms in particular, which ...town, abounds in bones. ...cks, 15,000 strong, came ...the besieged, but a force ...undred Dunghans fell upon ...m back and killed them ...man. What wonderful ...t of the insurgent Mo... What cowardice on the ...ment! I had enough to ...m the governor's palace ...le houses of the common ...wellings were habitable, ...all decorated with paint ...bas reliefs, flowers ...eaters of an original con... ...ples in which some ...still intact (though the ...evidently showed great ...ing these and breaking ...seemed almost to be wai... ...ple to throng in to the... amusements. For three ...ed with one Cossack and ...wretched cabin outside ...fortress, and every day ...evening I roamed about ...hing, drawing and paint... ...a wild goat would stray ...where I was painting ...with astonishment, and ...full speed across the ...date steppe."—Current

...tory of Moscow.

Moscow is the Kremlin, ...citadel, and within its ...scores of churches and ...are the Cathedral of the ...the Blessed Virgin, the ...the Archangel Michael, and ...dozens of other churches, the arsenal surrounded ...850 cannon taken from the French ...g the disastrous retreat of 1812. ...agnificence of the churches ...the Kremlin surpasses be... ...rch of the Annunciation ...lid with agate, cornelian, ...ny and other precious ...ds and thousands of dol... ...ems being thus laid down ...the Cathedral of St. Izaak, ...see the tombs of all the ...he time of Peter the Great, ...buried in St. Petersburg, ...ich has been followed by ... There are some dozens ...perors and empresses, for ...to have a shrine to him... ...the remains of each was ...ple or cenotaph of considerable si... ...ming with gems of gold. As a ...eral traveler said of the tomb of Thomas a Becket that gold was the ...seen on it, the same with ...truth might be said of the ...czars, for some boast of a ...er $1,000,000 in precious ...adorn each part of the ...e tomb. ...n are preserved the impe... ...d regalia of Russia; over ...are here, comprising not ...ging to Russia proper, ...ntries conquered by the ...from the crown of Siberia ...Finland, that of Poland, ...rakhan, the Caucasus and ...ng the number, together ...ters, swords and royal ...r jewels too numerous to ...sides all these diamonds, ...sapphires, turquois, emer... ...by the bushel are found in ...asuries, too numerous to be ...counted, so that a distin... ...who many years ago, ...obtained access to that ...in in which are stored, ...treasures, said that they ...den bowls and in silver ...undance as to defy enu... ...ation.—Cor. Globe-Democrat.

...ook and Wheelbarrow.

...ed man presented a check ...oom in Danbury, Conn., ...received in exchange a ...box, about the size of an ... A dozen expressmen at ...patronage. He smiled ...the box and took out a ...two long and two short ...g sticks he lifted into ...per and lower opposite ...box. The short sticks ...pieces connecting the ...wheel found a place be... ...ends of the long pieces. ...n it takes to tell it, the ...ned his box into a wheel ...ndled it away. He re... ...hours, repacked the wheel ...quit town on a westbound ...said to be an agent for a ...ion house, and resorted ...ow device to save cart... ...New York Sun.

...d that one-half of all the ...into the United States are ...the manufacture of patent ...medicines.

AMERICAN CHILDREN.

HOW MUCH THEY DIFFER FROM PARISIAN LITTLE DARLINGS.

French Children Taught to Behave Themselves—Their Politeness Towards Elders in Vivid Contrast to Young America's Ways—The Secret of the Matter.

Speaking of American children I have often wondered why it was that they were generally so trying to the world at large outside of their immediate families. French children are treated with quite as much if not more injudicious indulgence. I have known French parents to stipulate before accepting an invitation to a dinner party, that they should be allowed to bring with them their darling daughter, aged six. And this was by no means an isolated or extraordinary instance. But no one ever saw a French child swinging on the back of a visitor's chair or poking its fingers into the caller's neck or crawling under the table to investigate the caller's shoes or taking his or her umbrella to ride cock horse on it, or playing circus around the center table with whoops and yells enough to deafen the bystanders while a visit was in progress.

THE BAD BOY IN PARIS.

Passing along the Paris streets, if you see a well dressed boy of 7 or 8 swinging on all the iron bars in front of the shop windows, getting into people's way, and making a nuisance of himself generally, you may be sure that the youth is an embryo citizen of the great United States. On one occasion, in a London boarding house, two boys of 10 and 8 respectively tried to hoist up a bowl of custard from the hall table down stairs to the third floor landing by means of a noose of cord. Of course the bowl was overturned and broken and the table and carpet were deluged with the custard. Being left unpunished, and even unrebuked, by their parents, they lowered next day a sponge into the soup tureen, and the family were forthwith requested to leave the house. I do not wonder that the landlords of flats or furnished houses in America refuse often to take families with children. When one hears stories of furniture covered with [illegible] rather having its covering [illegible] by the children of an American family [illegible] occurred in a London [illegible] to marvel at the apparently [illegible] proprietors who seek to shut out such destructive imps from their premises. Where are these dreadful young [illegible] of people in a class of life to which one would usually expect to find [illegible] the finer instincts [illegible] American [illegible] belonging to the [illegible] most aristocratic families in the United States seated on the floor at a juvenile party with a plate piled high with delicacies between his legs, and gobbling down the dainties with uncouth noises and unrestrained greediness.

Now, these dreadful small boys and girls almost invariably grow up into well behaved men and women. But the great source of their ill conduct in childhood arises from the fact that American parents seldom or never think it worth while to teach their children manners. A French boy or girl is trained from its earliest infancy to rise from its seat when a stranger enters the room, to sit perfectly still when making a call, and not to speak till spoken to, to remain quiet when taken out driving, and not to ask for water or to complain of being tired, to walk along the street like a lady or a gentleman, never to touch the belongings of any grown person, etc. I have staid at the home of a French lady whose youngest and idolized child was then a fine boy of 8. In the absence of his father the young gentleman (which he was, most emphatically) would gravely enact the part of host, offering me his slender arm to take me out to dinner and to lead me back to my seat, and always leaving me with the profound bow required by French etiquette.

POLITENESS TOWARDS ELDERS.

The American boy or girl, even when nearly grown up, is entirely ignorant of any form or demonstration of politeness towards his or her elders. None of my young country people, unless educated in Europe, ever think of rising when an elder person enters the room, of drawing aside to let such a person first pass through a doorway, of relinquishing a seat on the sofa or in an arm chair to an elderly visitor, etc. It is not their fault—their parents have never trained them in manners while they were little children. I had an exemplification of the difference in manners between French and American children the other day whilst paying a call at one of the great Parisian hotels. As I was waiting to get into the elevator an American boy, about 9 years of age, pushed past me with all his small strength, jumped into the elevator and took the only available seat, leaving me to stand. My visit once paid, I left my friend's room and encountered in the hall a group of French children, seated on a sofa and evidently waiting for some one. On seeing me, one of the number, a little fellow in a collegian's uniform, instantly slipped off of his seat and raised his cap to salute me as I approached. Possibly the American boy may grow up a much finer fellow and will be hereafter more really polite to ladies than his Parisian contemporary. But meanwhile the latter is by far the most agreeable individual for an elderly lady to encounter casually.

The secret of the whole matter is that manners, like foreign languages, should be taught to children in their earliest years. I have heard American parents talk of the charm of letting children grow up natural and unrestrained. The natural and unrestrained (i. e., the untrained and unrestricted) child is a detestable howling little savage. If the world, as in the days of Eden, held only one married pair and their offspring, such a case of severely letting alone the inculcating of what some one calls the minor morals of humanity would do well enough. But as long as there are people on earth who are liable to be worried by other people's children it is the duty of parent to render their darlings as little obnoxious to strangers as possible, and not to so bring them up that we may wonder if Beelzebub, after creating a sufficient number of imps for the realms below, had not left over a large quantity of unused material which had been worked into the substance of which American children are composed. There is in America a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. What is sorely needed in the United States is a Society for the Prevention of the Persecution of Grown People by Children.—Lucy H. Hooper's Paris Letter.

In the Long, Long Ago.

Eldely Heiress (sadly)—No, Mr. Jimsen, my heart is dead to the tender passion. The only man I ever loved, or could ever love, was killed at the battle of——

Mr. Jimsen (disappointed and reaching for his hat)—Lonely Lassie—Thank you.

Meaning of the Word "Limited."

A subscriber asks for an explanation of the word "limited," which frequently follows the name of a corporation, as the "Sunrise Blacking company, limited," or "Smith & Jones, limited." In the last case, as in the first, the concern is a corporation, with shareholders, not one of whom, possibly, is a Smith or a Jones.

The old principle of corporations created by legislative act was that the entire property of every stockholder was liable for the whole debts of the company, as the whole property of every member of a general partnership is still liable for the debts of the firm.

But this system made every shareholder responsible for bad management of which he might not be guilty, and deterred wealthy men from becoming interested in the shares of corporations. To remove this objection the principle of limited liability was introduced, and in order to notify the public that only the separate property of the corporation was liable for the debts of the corporation the English law requires that the word "limited" shall be used in every case by the company.

Most American corporations are constituted on the principle of limited liability, but few, if any, of the states enjoin companies to append the word limited to their corporate titles. The matter is so well understood in this country, indeed, that it is not necessary.

The most noteworthy exception to the general rule is the case of the national banks, and even in this instance liability is limited to an amount equal to the par value of the shares. That is, if a national bank fails, each stockholder may not only lose what he has invested, but $100 more for each share of stock he holds, if so much is necessary to pay the debts of the bank.

Until within a few years all the Scottish banks were organized with unlimited liability, and when, eight or ten years ago, a Glasgow bank failed, disastrously, there were cases of men who only owned a share or two, valued before the failure at not much more than a hundred dollars each, who were assessed thousands of pounds sterling, to meet the debts of the bank. Since that time the Scottish banks have been allowed to reorganize on a basis of limited liability.—Youth's Companion.

Petroleum Wells in Burmah.

The petroleum field of Yenangyoong extends over an area of sixteen square miles, the physical conformation of which reproduces almost exactly that of the oil producing district in Baku in the Russian Caucasus. Bare crumbling ridges alternate with deep, dry gullies, half choked with sand, while every here and there you come upon a black, narrow, and seemingly unfathomable chasm in the parched earth, all around the mouth of which the dusty, yellowish gray surface is spotted with pools of thick, dark, glutinous liquid, as if some boy giant had been set to fill a number of colossal jars of molasses, and had done it so awkwardly as to spill the precious fluid all over the place.

The petroleum wells of Yenangyoong are about 300 in number, and vary in depth from 200 to 320 feet. They have been worked for a considerable period, but hitherto without much success, partly on account of the unskillful and costly system adopted by the natives and partly on account of the ingrained rapacity of the Burmese government, which, up to the very latest moment of its existence, never failed to lay its greedy claws upon every native industry which showed the slightest token of yielding any profit whatever, thereby verifying to the letter a famous passage in the ancient Brahmin hymn to the five headed deity of night: "The priest is one of thy mouths, and with that mouth thou devourest the people; the king is one of thy mouths, and with that mouth thou devourest every body."

The oil yielded by the Yenangyoong wells is somewhat lighter than the ordinary color, and unusually thin when first taken out, although after having been exposed to the air for some time (more especially in cold weather) it shows a tendency to become thick and glutinous. As regards its quality the resident experts are not altogether of one mind, but all alike agree in pronouncing it far inferior to the American article, and not likely to compare favorably even with the best quality of petroleum yielded by the Russian oil wells at Baku.—David Ker in New York Times.

To Tempt the Theatre Goers.

The midnight candy store is a new thing in upper Broadway. It is open for business all day long, of course, but the particular trade which it is open to catch is that of theatrical audiences. It is situated in a neighborhood of theatres, whose dispersing people are apt to see its glare of electric lights and its gorgeous front of illuminated red glass. The standard summer joke of the village newspaper, based on the difficulty experienced by the fellows in getting their girls past the ice cream saloon, is here adapted to the cold weather season in New York. A package of candy after the play is a sweet boon to women of every degree, whether from the proscenium box or the topmost gallery, and the proprietor of this place doesn't mean that any couple shall walk past without paying attention to it.

But the striking character of the exterior is exceeded inside, where a complement of very brightly red haired girls are on duty from 10 o'clock at night until 1. Whatever differences of opinion may arise as to the beauty of their aggressive hair, their faces are all pleasant and they form a curious exhibition. There is no naughtiness about it. They merely sell candy, smilingly, but demurely, and their value lies in their attractiveness to their own sex, not to the other. The candy merchant calculates that they will make women talk about them, and thus advertise his midnight wares, which consist of candies delivered, directly from the caldrons during the time of dispersals of theatre audiences.—New York Sun.

Doves About the Wharves.

A stroll among the covered wharves on the East and North rivers discloses the particularly interesting fact that gentleness is an uppermost feature. Amid all the bustle and hewing and swearing can be heard the soft cooing of doves. Some of the rafters of the wharves are nothing but veritable dovecotes. Moreover, the doves do not seem to mind the roar and activity. Many of them are very tame, and will eat from the hand. They are frequently seen hopping in and out under iron hoofs and whirling wheels. Nobody seems to know to whom they belong.—New York Sun.

Sic Transit Gloria Mundi.

Tourists complain that the delightful calm and quiet of Heidelberg has given way to noise and manufacturing bustle. A number of tall chimneys future the view from the castle [illegible]