

WAR DURING WEEK.

NOTHING DOING OF LATE IN MANCHURIA.

Since the retreat from Mukden difficulties in the way of continuing a successful campaign on land have increased rather than diminished. To mobilize and equip a force sufficiently large to resist Oyama would be a labor of months. The best that Russia can expect to do on land, apparently, is to maintain a long-drawn-out defensive action with the constant risk of sustaining greater losses and allowing Vladivostok to fall into the hands of the enemy.

The fact that Russia declined to accept this desperate situation as a reason for seeking peace can best be accounted for in the light of the mobilization of Rojstrensky's fleet. A victory on land in the near future is impossible. There was still a chance to win a victory at sea. It can hardly be doubted that on the result of this naval engagement hung the Russian government's decision as to its future course.

The Russian authorities felt it worth while to win back all they have so far lost by "putting their last bit upon a long shot." Thus by one lucky turn—the whole scale would be turned, and the impatience, stupidity, corruption and general danderheadness displayed by the autocratic government would be all forgotten in the paeans of praise which would acclaim the naval triumph. But war moves on like a tragedy rather than like a game of dice. Foresight, training, attention to details, patience are rewarded.

During the week the two wars of the Russian government dragged wearily on. In Manchuria the bureaucracy enjoyed a pleasant respite from the attentions of Marquis Oyama. A few shots were exchanged between cavalry outposts, which the general staff at St. Petersburg converted into a victorious battle. What splendid prodigies of lying that staff has performed in its official reports during the present war!

War at Home.

At home the war with the people has been conducted with considerable vigor on both sides. In Warsaw the troops fired on a parade of Jews, killing four and wounding thirty-eight. Hundreds of people in Warsaw have been knouted by Cossacks for passing too near to the government buildings. At Lodz, Poland, thirty-eight were killed and sixty wounded by the troops.

At Batum, Kars and Erivan anarchy. In Georgia a revolt. In Armenia the attempt made by Russian agents to incite the Mussulmans against the Christians (non-orthodox) has failed. Both sects hate the Muscovites too much to fall upon each other. For centuries the mainspring of Russian domestic government has been "divide et impera"—divide and conquer. The Polish Catholics have been arrayed against the Jews; the Russians against the Baltic province Germans; the regulars against the old orthodox; Armenians against Mohammedans; landlords against peasants; workmen against students; priests against bishops; bureaucrats against aristocrats. But now the whole bad system is coming to an end. The people of all sects and races are coming to see that their true enemy is the autocracy.

Further events of the week are: April 5—At a Moscow conference of the physicians from all parts of the empire to consider ways and means to check the spread of cholera, it was voted that the extreme poverty of the Russian people made a fertile field for cholera and other diseases, that this poverty could not be mitigated until the war was stopped and the system of government changed, and that, therefore, a constituent assembly should at once be convened on the basis of free, direct, universal, and secret suffrage. April 6—A terrorist, disguised as a Cossack colonel, was discovered within the palace of the Czar at Tsarskoe Selo. Two bombs were concealed on his person. April 8—The great annual review of the Horse Guards was held in St. Petersburg. For the first time in a century the Emperor was absent. He was afraid of assassination.

April 8—Six thousand workmen paraded in the city of Smolensk bearing banners inscribed "death to the Czar assassin."

During the entire week the peasant uprising in the south continued. Most of the landlords have fled from their estates, and their chateaux have been given over to pillage and flame. As the weather gets warmer the risings are gradually spreading northward. The revolution is under way, and when peace comes and the sullen, humiliated army returns, the revolution will lose its present inchoate form and organize itself for business.

News of Minor Note.

A son was born to Mrs. J. C. W. Beckham, wife of the Governor of Kentucky.

Bids have been called for moving the town of Sulphur, I. T., bodily to its new site.

Frank C. Marrin, a promoter, once living in Chicago as Col. Franklin Stone, is an alleged fugitive from Philadelphia.

Fire destroyed the car barn of the Camden and Suburban Railway Company in Camden, N. J., the loss being \$75,000.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



One Hundred Years Ago.

Fifty-four thousand troops stationed along the coast of France were ordered to the borders of Italy.

Beethoven's "Fidelio," with the Le-nore overture, was produced in Vienna.

The Bey of Algiers declared war against Spain.

Lord Nelson's squadron arrived at Palermo in pursuit of the French.

Lieut. Z. M. Pike was ordered by the governor of Louisiana to proceed to Minnesota and expel all British traders from that territory.

Russia joined the coalition against France.

Russia established an embassy at Peking, China.

Aaron Burr arrived at Blennerhassett's Island, in the Ohio.

Seventy-five Years Ago.

Oxen were used for the first time on the Santa Fe trail.

The King of Spain issued a decree abolishing the operation of the Salic law in the succession to the Spanish monarchy.

President Bustamante, of Mexico, forbade further immigration from the United States.

Ohio was the fourth State in population in the United States.

Seven persons were burned to death in a lodging house fire in London.

The first omnibus used as a public conveyance in New York began its trip through the city.

The Bank of England lost \$360,000 by Fauntleroy's forgeries.

President Jackson at a public dinner in Washington gave the following toast: "Our federal union; it must be preserved." Vice President Calhoun responded: "Liberty dearer than union."

Fifty Years Ago.

The first dental clinic in Germany was established.

The ship canal at St. Mary's Mich., was opened.

Broussa, in Asia Minor, was visited by earthquake, and all wooden buildings destroyed by fire.

The system of registered letters was introduced in the United States postal service.

The prohibitory bill of Pennsylvania was signed by the Governor and became a law.

The United States gave twelve months' notice to Denmark of its intention to terminate the treaty of 1825, by which the payment of sound dues was recognized.

The depot of the New York and Erie Railroad at Jersey City, with several passenger and freight cars, was destroyed by fire.

The church tenure bill, putting the property of all religious denominations in the hands of trustees, was signed by the Governor of New York.

Forty Years Ago.

Mobile was evacuated by the Confederates.

The testimony in the so-called Chicago conspiracy trial before a military court at Cincinnati closed.

Henry S. Foote, Confederate Senator, arrived in New York from Europe, traveling steerage to avoid detection, but was arrested.

Lynchburg surrendered to Union scouting party; Selma, Ala., and Montgomery were reported in Union hands.

Gen. Robert E. Lee, at Appomattox, surrendered the Confederate army of North Virginia to Gen. Grant on the terms proposed by the latter.

A jubilee celebration was being held in every city of the North because of the surrender of Lee and the apparent end of the war.

Thirty Years Ago.

A battle occurred between miners and soldiers near Hazleton, Pa.

Martial law was declared in the mining region of Pennsylvania because of riots by striking workmen.

Moody and Sankey, the revivalists, opened a new hall in Bow street, London, constructed for them and capable of seating 10,000.

Paul Boyton, in a bathing suit, made an unsuccessful attempt to swim across the English channel from Dover to Boulogne.

The steamer believed to be so constructed as to do away with sea-sickness crossed the English channel—successfully, it was announced.

Contractor J. J. Hines and Clerks Channel and Van Vleet, of the Post Office Department at Washington, were arrested in connection with contract frauds.

With a solemn and emphatic denial of the charges against him, Henry Ward Beecher concluded his direct testimony in defense in the Brooklyn trial.

RAVAGES OF SPOTTED FEVER.

It Has Recently Claimed Hundreds of Victims in New York.

So alarming have the ravages of spotted fever, or, as it is medically known, cerebro spinal meningitis, become in New York, that the committee appointed by the Health Department to investigate the disease and, if possible, find a cure has been directed to carry on its work with all speed, as the number of persons who daily fall victims has reached alarming proportions. Last week 131 persons died from the mysterious malady, as compared with 85 the week before. The total number of deaths for the past eight weeks is 543.

Physicians in all parts of the city have been called to attend hundreds of cases of the disease in its milder form. Statistics prove that only from 25 to 30 per cent of the afflicted persons recover. The disease is prevalent in all sections of the country. For two weeks the New York Board of Health has been deluged with letters from health departments offering remedies for the cure of the complaint. Many of them are from veterinary surgeons, who adhere stoutly to the assertion that meningitis is similar to the disease of distemper in dogs, and physicians do not deny that the symptoms are almost identical.

Health Commissioner Darlington believes that the disease is non-contagious and will be stamped out by the warm weather, but admits that the identical germ has not been discovered nor a cure found. One of the leading New York specialists in children's diseases makes the statement that the severity of last winter is responsible for the epidemic, the principal victims of which are found among the young. It is confined chiefly to the tenement districts of the East and West Sides of New York, he says. The weather compelled the poor to remain indoors and upon these improperly nourished persons the bacteria readily fed. Another physician says:

"I have found that among children who have succumbed many suffered from rickets, a weakened state of bone, muscle and blood, due to improper feeding during infancy. Such children are more liable to take the disease. A child affected that is properly nourished and in which the normal functions of the body are stimulated, stands a better chance of recovery than one in whom those conditions are neglected."

The disease has lately appeared in Chicago and other cities of the Middle West to an alarming extent.

SOCIETY'S GREAT GROWTH.

Christian Endeavor Organization Now Has Nearly Four Million Members.

The Young People's Society for Christian Endeavor was 25 years old in 1904, and its founder, Rev. Dr. F. E. Clark, says that was one of the most prosperous years. It has thriven amazingly during its comparatively short career and now has 65,327 societies all told, with an aggregate membership of 3,919,000. In Europe the number of societies doubled last year, and there are now about 500. The order has extended into China and Japan; in the latter country ten different denominations are united in the association, the Presbyterians leading. India has over 500 societies; there is one in Jerusalem; the Armenian Christians have taken it up; Persia reports forty associations; Syria twenty, Korea about a dozen, and they are scattered here and there throughout Africa wherever missionary efforts have extended. It is firmly rooted in Australia, and last year the junior rally in Melbourne called together 10,000 boys and girls with their fathers and mothers. Of the European countries, Germany is the one in which the order has thriven most abundantly, but it shows gratifying signs of healthy and vigorous growth everywhere.



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Another revolution is threatened in Guatemala.

It will require months to reorganize the Russian army.

The relations between Norway and Sweden are strained.

Gen. Kennenkampff is reported to have lost three-fourths of his force.

There have been 318,721 deaths from bubonic plague in India since Jan. 1.

The Russian government is considering a plan to enforce compulsory education.

Russian revolutionists have passed sentence of death on thirty high personages.

Mexican silver mine owners will petition the government for relief from taxation.

Columbia is making efforts to re-establish cordial relations with the United States.

Germany has protested against Turkey placing orders for arms with French gun factories.

Negotiations for a Japanese loan of \$150,000,000 have been successfully concluded in London.

Saltillo, Mexico, experienced two distinct earthquake shocks of about five seconds' duration each.

Otto Schick, a German, has invented a massive wheel that will prevent the rolling of vessels in storms at sea.

The Russian government has abandoned the compulsory teaching of the Russian language in schools in Poland.

JUBILATE!

Once more, once more, O dawning skies, the Easter glory breaks!
Once more from sleep the dreaming earth to conscious happy wakes.
The snowdrop and the violet blue peep from their beds of clay.
As if in thankfulness for this their resurrection day!

Once more, O blessed Easter morn, a promise fair you bring.
'Tis folded in each leaf and bud, that decks the garb of spring.
Each tiny blade of waving grass that bends beneath our feet.
Each tendril on the growing vine reveals the secret sweet!

It smiles in every twinkling star that glows with silvery light.
And glistens in each drop of dew that gems the breast of night.
The bluebird sings it in his song, and tells it to the bee.
The babbling brooklet bears it on and breathes it to the sea.

What is it, then, the promise which the Easter morning holds?
What is the secret that the spring to bud and leaf unfolds?
The answer comes in whispers low, soft as the ring dove's coo—
The earth, set free from winter's thrall, shall soon be born anew!

The golden robin soon will sing his psalm to the year;
The butterfly on amber wing, will soon come fluttering near.
Soon will the lily of the vale, with chime of mimic bells,
Ring in and out the golden hours in sylvan nooks and dells.

The wild wood roses soon will grace their favored haunts once more;
The columbine will flaunt and dilt, as in the days of yore;
The rustling cornfields will unsheathe once more their emerald swords,
And stand like plumed knights in rank, to guard their golden herds.

And to our hearts, O Eastern morn, a precious hope you bring.
The promise of immortal life is symbolized in the spring;
Oh, may we find, through faith, the gates to that eternal day.
When from our lives an angel hand shall roll the stone away!

—Woman's Home Companion.

...The...

EASTER LILIES

B RUNETTA ROTH burst unceremoniously into her friend's room. "Mary," she cried, "is it possible you have refused Christopher Patton?"

Mary Vane, a tall, pretty girl, who was adjusting her fur collar before the mirror, turned quickly, her soft cheeks flushing scarlet.

"Why, Brunetta," she exclaimed, "how can you expect me to answer such a question?"

Brunetta, who was small and stout, and attired in the height of the prevailing mode, sank down in a chair and laughed.

"I didn't expect you to answer it. There is no necessity you should do so. Mr. Patton told Tom last night that you had thrown him over. I don't see how your conscience allowed you to act so. He is such a catch—young and good-looking. Best of all, he is enormously wealthy."

Mary smiled as she speared a crown of her demure little turban with a long pin. She was thinking of a man who was no longer young—near forty, perhaps—who was handsome in her eyes than all other men, and who was by no means wealthy.

"I really believe," went on Miss Roth, "that you have an absurd fancy for Charlie Everett—I do, indeed!"

Mary's smile became quizzical.

"Really?" she said.

"Oh, I have no patience with you!" declared Brunetta, wrathfully. "You've known Charlie Everett three or four years. All this time he has been most devoted to you, but not one of your friends knows to this day whether you are engaged or not."

The smile faded from Mary's lips. "We are not," she answered, and the gay little cousin fancied her tone was sad.

"And yet you have been more gracious to him than to any of the others," pursued Miss Roth, relentlessly. "Mary, are you in love with him?"

"Isn't that," counter-questioned Mary, evasively, "what the lawyers would call a leading question? I don't wish to seem rude, or to hurry you, Brunetta, but I have an engagement to sign some papers this afternoon at the office of Deal & Burritt. Can't you come with me?"

"Yes, I must see Mme. Bureau about my Easter hat. One must arrange with her in time, as she is always rushed with orders. Are those papers connected with your uncle's will?"

"He left you everything! What a lucky girl you are! I suppose now you feel you can afford to marry whom you please."

The conversation again turned on Charlie Everett as the girls rode down town together on the Metropolitan Elevated.

"He is amysterious fellow," Brunetta remarked.

"Mysterious?" Mary sent her a sudden look of inquiry. "What do you mean?"

"Well, there really is reason why he should be considered a good deal of an enigma. While not wealthy like Christopher Patton, Tom tells me he has a good salary, and adds to this by writings. But you know he does not spend money as other men in our class do. He is not liberal in the matter of theaters or flowers. He lives quietly. Where, then, does his money go?"

Mary Vane was silent.

"There is one house in the suburbs where he is known to frequently visit," the other went on. Brunetta, as will be observed, was not above enjoying a gossip. "Two women live there. One is apparently a superior sort of a servant. The other is a pretty, delicate-looking little creature of about twenty-five or thereabouts. Occasionally Mr. Everett takes her driving through the parks. Has he ever mentioned her to you?"

Mary forced herself to answer: "No."

"Not to anyone else. But I have seen him out with her. Who is she?"

A feeling of unrest, an undefinable fear, thrilled the heart of Mary Vane. She recalled the night Charlie Everett had told her of his love. "I cannot now ask you to be my wife," he had said. "I will some day, God willing. The time may not be far off, but I love you too well to bind you by a promise you might later find burdensome. And yet—dear, you will trust me and wait?"



"I will wait for you till I die," she had replied, and had questioned him not at all.

Then he had protested that this was not an engagement—that she was free—quite free. Only he was bound. "Very well," she had agreed. "We are not engaged."

But the understanding that existed between them was sweet to both.

That was a year ago.

And now she had to acknowledge to herself that she knew little more of his private life or of his personal affairs than she knew then. She was unusually silent as she and Brunetta descended the steps and walked together to the lawyer's office. Her errand there attended to, Mary Vane went with Brunetta to see about the latter's Easter hat. Then the two walked down State street just as the matinee-goers were flocking from the theaters.

Brunetta paused suddenly before a florist's window.

"O, I had almost forgotten! Mamma told me to order some flowers for tomorrow. Will you come in with me?"

They stood a few minutes admiring the display in the window, the golden daffodils, and shy blue crocuses, pure lilies of the valley, flaunting tulips, stately jasmies, and cool green ferns forming a tender background for them all. The attendants were busy when they entered. The girls stood back of a high rubber tree admiring some rare chrysanthemums when the door was flung open and a gentleman came in. He was of medium height and had a kind, brown-bearded, thoughtful face. Not noticing any one in the store, he went directly to the counter. To a man at that instant disengaged he gave his order.

"Twenty-eight lilies," he said. "Yes—like those. Have them tied with broad white satin ribbon. Send to this address."

And he laid a card and a bill on the counter. An instant later he had received his change and walked out.

The girls stared at each other.

"That," gasped Brunetta, "was Charlie Everett!"

"Yes, I know," murmured Mary. Before she could put out her hand to stop her meddlesome friend the latter had stepped to the counter and read the address on the card which lay there.

"Just as I thought," she remarked a few minutes later, when they were out in the street together. "The address is 14 Forest avenue, Elmhurst. That is the suburb in which his mysterious acquaintance of whom I told you lives."

That number, street, place, burned in Mary's brain. She parted from Brunetta and went home. A fierce fever of jealousy possessed her. Who was this woman to whom he sent Lenten lilies? Elmhurst was directly south of her own home. A cable car ran out to the pretty place. She would go there. She would call at the house. She would ask the lady who dwelt therein: "What is Charlie Everett to you?" When that was answered she would know how worthy of continued loyalty was her confessed lover. But not until the morning. She would not go until morning.

"Shame to doubt him!" cried her heart through all the sleepless night that followed. But her rigid will silenced that assailing protest. So the morning of the beautiful day that followed found her at the gate of a cosy cottage set back amid a group of bare-branched maples. There were drifts of snow in the little garden, but the air was warm with the effulgent prescience of spring. So peaceful was the place, the hour, her courage almost failed her. All the blinds were down. The entrance she chose brought her to a side door. She rang the bell. A maid appeared.

"May I—?" Mary Vane began, then faltered. For whom should she ask?

"Yes," the girl replied. "Come in."

Marveling, Mary followed her. She led the way into a front room. The curtains were drawn. Tapers burned in the dimness. At first Mary fancied that—

"There was silence, and nothing there. But silence, and scents of eglantine. And jasmie, and roses, and rosemary—"

Then she saw that there was something else. A coffin, and in it lying a white-robed form, with folded hands, and lilies lying on the pulseless breast.

Mary shrank back.

"Oh," she cried. "She is dead."

"Yes, Miss. I thought you wished to see her. A good many of the neighbors were in last evening. She had many friends hereabout, for all her misfortunes. Ain't those lilies beautiful? Mr. Charlie sent them. Twenty-eight for twenty-eight years."

Mary went nearer, looked down on the dead face, a young face which had once been lovely, but bore the unmistakable impress of sorrow and suffering.

"It's not many men," went on the servant, wiping her eyes, "who would do what Mr. Charlie did. After his brother was injured in that railroad wreck four years ago he begged Mr. Charlie in dying to take care of his young wife. Mr. Charlie promised him. He has supported her and given her every comfort since. She was always weakly, and when her mind gave out from brooding over her husband's death, and she was such a charge, Mr. Charlie was that gentle and patient with her—my. She had spells of understanding. Then she'd beg not to be sent to an asylum—not that Mr. Charlie would think of such a thing. She wouldn't hurt a bird, poor dear! There! That is Mr. Charlie now!"

A step crossed the hall. Looking pale and worn, Charlie Everett came into the room. His face lighted up at sight of his sweetheart.

"You—Mary?" he cried.

"Hush," she begged. She broke down, crying bitterly. "Don't look at me—don't speak to me until I have told you how it is that I am here."

She brokenly whispered the truth.

"You can never trust me again," she said in conclusion.

He took her in his arms.

"Perhaps I should have spoken to you of her, but I hated to cast so dark a shadow over your young life. I could not keep up two households, and she was penniless. She was my charge before I learned to love you. My first duty was to her. The doctors agreed she could not live long. As for trusting—my dearest, you must forgive me for not having confided in you—I, your father's son. So we are equal. Is it not Whittier who writes:

"Love scarce is love that never knows The sweetness of forgiving?"

They passed out together into the brilliance of the Sabbath morning.

ON EASTER DAY.

EASTER is a day of memories. It leads the thoughtful soul back to the empty sepulcher in which tender and loving hands had laid the blessed body of our holy Redeemer. It leads, also, many of our souls back to the day when we stood by open graves and committed

ted earth to earth, laying to rest loved ones who had gone away from our homes to the Father's home on high. Memories tender, pure, and holy fill our hearts on Easter day.

But it is also a day of prophecy. We see the grass springing up; we see the swelling buds on the trees; we see, even in the very cemeteries, the early flowers lifting their fragrant spikes of bloom toward the April sky. The warm rays of the sun have called them from their winter's sleep. So on Easter day we may look forward to the time when the Savior shall awaken and call forth to new life those whom we in faith have laid to rest. Yes, Easter is the day of hope; the day when faith feels a new triumph, when the immortal within us asserts itself, and we lay hold on things not seen with a firmer grasp.

To all believers Easter is a day of gladness, faith and hope. But to those especially who, since last Easter day, have laid loved ones to rest the message of the day should come with comforting and sustaining power. Christ is risen, and we, too, shall rise. The night of death shall pass away and the eternal morning shall dawn. The "lively hope" will not be put to shame. He who restored to the widow of Nain her only son, and who reunited the broken family at Bethany, shall also bring together once more the hearts that loved each other in the Lord here on earth. He lives to-day, and from His shining throne looks down in love and mercy on His sorrowing children on earth. Over that love no change can come.

"The tomb is empty; so ere long shall be the tombs of all who in this Christ repose." They died with Him who died upon the tree. They live and rise with Him who lived and rose.

—The Muravian.

Easter's Variable Date.

Easter may come as early as March 22 or as late as April 25. In 1818 it fell on March 22 and in 1886 on April 23. It will not come again this century or in the twentieth on March 22, but in 1943 it will fall on April 25.

A Study in Colors.

Mamma—What did you say, Bobby? Bobby—Did this pink candy rabbit lay these pink candy eggs?