# TRUE LABOR LEADER

Remarkable Achievements of John Burns, the Regenerator of London.

IMPROVED CONDITION OF WORKINGMEN

Splendid Results Accomplished in a Few Short Years.

THE DAWN OF BETTER CONDITIONS

Practical Fruits of Aggressive Agitation and Persistent Work.

MAKING PROVISION FOR OLD AGE

**Self-Sacrificing Devotion of the Most Powerful and Remarkable Character in the Public Life of England—Burns Sketched and Interviewed.**

LONDON, Nov. 22.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—"Oh, father, see how the police are knocking that poor young man about."

These words were spoken just eighteen years ago on Clapham Common by a fair-haired English girl returning home from church with her father Sunday morning.

A young fellow, dark, vigorous and athletic, was struggling in the midst of an excited mob to escape from the officers arresting him, for defending the rights of free speech in an extemporaneous harangue. His coat torn off, waistcoat wrenched from his back, thick black locks disheveled and covered with grime, he presented a spectacle calculated to awaken the compassion of a less sympathetic spectator.

As the words fell upon the ears of the lad he turned his head by an effort and exclaimed:

"Never mind me, my girl, they are not hurting me."

The first words of a courtship which speedily followed and terminated in a marriage which has proved to be one of congeniality and mutual helpfulness. The hero of the above adventure was at the time an unimportant youth of 18, employed in a candle factory in the neighborhood. Today he stands forth as one of the most powerful and remarkable characters in the public life of England, and is probably the greatest and ablest labor leader in the world.

That a man who should have really accomplished so much in such a short time in the elevation of his fellow beings should have received his first inspiration on Clapham Common is not surprising to those familiar with the history of the chosen home of the "Low Church party" during its golden age. In the palmy days, when it numbered Wilberforce and James Stephens, the Thorntons and Charles Robert Grant, Macaulay has contended that the share which the "Clapham sect" took in the education of the people and in the spread of Christianity was great. They were the real destroyers of the slave trade and of slavery. They were the life and soul of the movements in favor of more enlightened government during the early part of this century and the spring of the active energy which has brought about many social reforms and improved the conditions of life in England.

Born in this neighborhood, John Burns has witnessed during his life astounding changes both in public sentiment and in the material condition of that part of London. It was no unusual thing for himself and the brave young woman who had joined her fortunes with him to be mobbed on the streets and to flee before a shower of rotten vegetables, old boots and strong epithets. Though only 36, he has lived to be returned to Parliament for this very division and to be regarded as the tutelary genius of Battersea, in the fullest and broadest sense of the words. He has lived to see one of the most disagreeable and forlorn parts of this tremendous metropolis developed into a clean, well-ordered healthy locality of the "outer zone," with public library, public baths and a municipal life of which the inhabitants may well be proud. Since he has been actively in public life he has seen a swamp and waste field converted into one of the most perfect and beautiful parks in London. A park kept up by the people for the people. John Burns, from the back room of his modest home on Lavender Hill, can almost survey his entire district. A district which under his incessant work is steadily improving in morality, sanitation and in material prosperity. A district in which the science of looking after the unemployed has been carried on with marvelous success, and which in itself forms a phase in municipal life worth a journey across the Atlantic to study.

HE IS THE MAN.

"Is it possible," I hear some people say, "that you are writing this about John Burns, socialist, demagogue, agitator, ex-criminal convict from Pentonville?" The identical, same John Burns. The explanation is simple enough. The English people have taken this great dreamer, this man who has consecrated his life to help the wage earner, the bread winner, and put him at constructive legislation. He has indeed been caught with his socialistic ideas ready to blossom and hitched to the dull, every-day work of legislating for the greatest community on earth—London. Here he has found scope for his genius and opportunity for his energy. He has learned a lesson that has changed the whole course of his life; that has changed a man capable of leading a revolutionary mob into a molder of public opinion, capable of elevating the working classes of the kingdom; that has converted a destructive into a constructive force. Best of all, in the case of this extraordinary man, the change has not spoiled him. He seems to have the same virile force, the same rugged honesty, the same spirit of self-sacrifice, the same enthusiasm, the same determination and the same indomitable courage as in the days of less responsibility. The humdrum of legislation in its myriad details has not destroyed the picturesque, dampened the spirit and lessened the hopefulness. He has not sunk into the dull, typical creature who as a rule steers the British trade unions. Neither is he the continental visionary, nor has he the reckless fanaticism and egotism of a Debs.

"Debs," said this man to me yesterday, "in his profile resembles Napoleon, and he has wrecked himself and his followers trying to live up to the resemblance."

Burns is not unmindful of what Burns has accomplished and by no means devoid of self-confidence, but at the bottom he is a Scotch-Londoner with a big brain, a well poised head and an honest heart. So impressed am I with this man's sincerity that I believe nothing could swerve him from what he believes to be his duty. While undoubtedly the leading representative of the British working man, he has become in a still greater degree the representative of London. Mr. Stead, I think correctly, calls him a municipal statesman. In a conversation the other day at Mowbray house I asked the editor of the Review of Reviews what he thought of Burns. He promptly answered:

"Burns has an adequate conception of the great city in which he labors and lives, and it is because this is so that I regard him as inevitably destined some day to be the lord mayor of Greater London. Perhaps Syndic would be a better term, for John Burns, who was nurtured in his youth upon Ruskin, and who has often sat at the feet of Mr. Morris, has grafted upon the English municipal idea somewhat of the artistic ideal associated with the Italian cities of the middle ages."

"Will he succeed?" I suggested.

REFORMING LONDON.

"John Burns will not be able to make London as beautiful as the fair Bride of the Adriatic, nor does he even in his wildest dreams expect to transform our capital into another Florence, but that is the kind of romantic ideal which ever gleams before his eye. He wishes to glorify city life, to remake the city, this squalid, cockneyfied desert of bricks and mortar, into a living, breathing thing of beauty, to restore at the end of the nineteenth century something of the grace and glory of those mediaeval days when England was Merry England still, and the crush and rush of competition had not ground all the poetry and beauty out of existence. For John Burns is no rude and churlish barbarian who would reduce this city, the capital of our world-wide empire, into a gigantic congeries of artisans' dwellings of the Peabody type, but he would give light to London, create a soul under its ribs of death, and make Londoners exult in ministering to the beauty and splendor of their civic life."

And this is precisely how John Burns struck me after I had spent an entire morning with him partly at his home, partly strolling through streets upon streets of neat, comfortable workman's cottages and in Battersea park, which, thanks to this Scotch-Londoner, is rapidly becoming one of the most practically beautiful spots in the world. More than once during the conversation and walk I thought what a pity similar employment and opportunities could not be given all men possessing this wonderful organizing capacity—that their talents might be employed in building up rather than in threatening the commonwealth.

In conversation John Burns has been aptly compared to Thomas Carlyle. He is a most interesting conversationalist. There is a racy vigor in his descriptions. He has a picturesque way of putting things, and a marvelous power of condensing into a sentence the characteristics of a man or of illustrating a question he is dealing with. Not infrequently he will make a sketch or diagram impressing his idea at once upon his listener.

BURNS AT HOME.

When I rang the bell of the modest brick cottage on Lavender Hill it was answered by the master of the house, who with a cordial word of welcome ushered me into his den or rather office-study, for it suggested nothing of the personal ease or comfort that usually creeps into a man's retreat—not even a savor of smoke. A small bay window let a flood of light into the room, the walls of which were fairly frescoed with books. The books that constitute the library of a self educated man are always of particular interest, betraying as they do the formative influences that have developed his character and intellect. Here were to be seen all the standard and new works on economics, especially those relating to labor, legislation, trade unions, industrial progress, the relation of certain diseases to certain occupations, the housing of the poor, etc.

A few shelves were devoted to history, conspicuously works on Napoleon and the French revolution by Carlyle. As the eye falls on the name of the latter, one realizes in a flash the curious familiar, yet puzzling resemblance that exists between the dead Scotch seer and the living labor leader.

It is there in the rugged leonine head with its bold frontal development, the features that are hewn rather than chiselled, and the grim struggle and determination that pervades the whole countenance.

Here the resemblances ceases. The mouth is wider, with rather full lips that in laughing display a magnificent set of teeth whiter than ivory, square and even as a die. The striking peculiarity of his face lies in his eyebrows, which, finely penciled at the end, rise into a heavy arch of such breadth in the center as to convey an impression of artificiality. His eyes, lambent, brown in color, are very expressive, luminous almost to softness at moments when any expression of feeling is involved, fierce in their intensity and brightness when he touches the sufferings and hardships of those who toil. Mr. Burns, as he says himself, looks nearer 50 than the 36 years he actually is. Incessant work and the great responsibility together with hard study have drawn deep lines about his mouth and tinged his hair and carefully trimmed beard with white.

In opening the conversation I ventured the opinion that my own observation led me to believe that legislation both local and Parliamentary was doing much more for the laboring man than ever before in the history of the English people.

"You are undoubtedly right," replied Mr. Burns. "More useful and important legislation looking to the elevation of the wage earner has been accomplished in the last six or seven years than in the quarter of a century preceding. By slow degrees, for we do not move rapidly in this country, we are getting a grip on questions that seemed almost in a nebulous condition a few years ago. For example, after tremendous work in which the government, and especially the London county council have assisted, we are dealing satisfactorily with that most disheartening of all questions—the unemployed."

"How has this been done?"

"Partly by the eight-hour law and partly by care and discrimination in giving out work. Let me illustrate." Here Mr. Burns drew a rough diagram showing the fluctuations of work during a year. By giving out the public work during the periods when private work was slack the convex lines were met with concave lines and thus something like steady employment was insured, steady employment without overtime.

Mr. Burns is an opponent of overtime work. He insists it is unhealthy, injurious and that it only leads to periods of extravagance followed by periods of nonemployment and distress.

IMPROVING THE WORKING CLASSES.

"I am working," said Mr. Burns, "for the well being and welfare of the working classes, for their improvement. There are 8,000,000 of workers in Great Britain, all of whom are overworked. They get no time to live decently and give proper time to their wives and families. With them it is all work. This condition creates the army of unemployed. At least 1,000,000 without wages, without purchasing power. These 1,000,000 workers have over 3,000,000 others dependent upon them. We have found that in every trade where the eight-hour law has been enforced employment has been found for the unemployed, while those who work have lost nothing. As a rule it comes out of the profits and has possibly increased the cost of the service."

"You don't object to this."

"I do not. I am opposed to the degradation of labor, though you will not draw me into a tariff discussion. Wages are governed today by the standard of comfort that those who earn them are prepared to accept. The standard of comfort of the mechanic working fifty-four hours is higher than the trammen working ninety and 100. What is the reason? Simply this: leisure is the basis of opportunity. Time to think cultivates new desires. To lead, a man's life begets a desire for new ways of satisfying them, hence a stimulus to trade. These faculties are dormant in the man who works long hours. A man has no right to be satisfied with a dog's life, a dog's kennel to live in, and the aenasthetic chamber of poverty in which to terminate his existence."

"Are you in favor of an old age pension?"

"Not the Chamberlain pauper idea. The pittance of 5 shillings per week. Less than it costs to keep a pauper. This is a fine outlook after a life of toil. Just think of it. There are three chances for old age in this country as at present organized. If I am thrifty and respectable and have paid into the proposed Chamberlain fund at 60 I am entitled to 5 shillings per week to maintain myself and wife. On the other hand, if I have not been thrifty, but a corner loafer spending tonight what I earn today, a worthless, useless person, both my wife and I can go to the house and warm our old bones in comfort for the rest of our days at a public cost of twice what Chamberlain proposes the thrifty independent man should have. If I am a thief and rob some one I may end my days in prison at an expense of from 16 to 18 shillings per week to the state. The fact is, the workless man has to be kept in one of three conditions—living on the rates as a pauper in a nonproductive capacity, earning nothing and costing the country a large sum in officialism; as a criminal kept in prison, the worst possible fate for any man; or as a wanderer about the streets, sponging upon his fellows or the charitable rich, forced to live like a vagrant camel upon the hump of his own melancholic poverty, slowly getting physically exhausted, morally and mentally degraded, till the manhood is crushed out of him, and he becomes one of those fearful wrecks to whom death would be the greatest relief. I believe that the cheapest, best and safest way of all to prevent the idle man, the potential loafer, pauper or criminal from being a burden is to provide him with work which will be his salvation and the country's gain."

DIGNIFYING LABOR.

"And this at a cost to the state?"

"Why not? The state must ultimately take care of him. Why not by exercising a little care make a man of him? Disguise it how we will, hide it though we may, looming up is the great, the all-absorbing question for all countries and governments, in in your country, my American friend, as much as in our country, to face—how can the honest worker be provided with work uncontaminated with pauperism's degrading taint and charity's demoralizing aid? The glib quotation of figures showing that official pauperism has decreased only insults the genuine worker who asks for work, so that it may be reduced further still. But even the official statistics, when shorn of all their complacent optimism, reveal the real nature of the problem."

"You have not much faith in the rosy figures of the Board of Trade?"

"The fact that a cruel administration of the poor law, which mixes honest and criminal together, has reduced official pauperism from 46 to 20 per 1,000, is cold comfort to the men who, by physical necessity or want of work, are compelled to be of the twenty. The growth of trade unionism, friendly, sick, loan, co-operative, and other agencies that the workers resort to in times of distress, is not recognized as a factor in reducing the distress, which, in the absence of such agencies, the poor law would have to meet. Exploiting the ever-increasing repugnance amongst the genuine poor to pauper relief, the officials representing the laisser-faire middle class are determined to throw the support of the workless, that the rich and poor now sustain, on the poor exclusively, who voluntarily taxed as they are, can not carry further burdens.

"Outside the official pauper class, as Mr. Charles Booth proves, there are hundreds of thousands of people whose standard of life and comfort, from the point of view of food, clothing and house accommodation, is lower than that of the pauper or criminal, yet these people will not accept relief, but struggle on in the vain hope of work that never comes, and which, if it did, would find them too low to perform it."

"Are you really making progress with remedial legislation?"

"See these two volumes. The thick one contains the labor acts of 1894. The thin one, those of three years ago. Here are some of the things we accomplished last session. I will write them down for you."

And Mr. Burns wrote as follows:

THE RECORD.

"Apart from legislation, the liberal-labor record for 1892-1894 can be summarized as follows:

1. Labor Department—Development of the Labor department of the Board of Trade and establishment of a monthly Labor Gazette giving full information as to the state of employment in the United Kingdom, as to actions under the employer's liability act, and as to labor movements at home and abroad.

2. Labor Disputes—Settlement of the coal and cab disputes by the mediation of Lord Rosebery and Mr. Asquith.

3. Wages and Hours—Adoption of the eight hours day for government workmen in the factories and workshops of the War office and in the dockyards. This affects over 30,000 workmen.

4. Raising the minimum weekly wage for admiralty laborers from 17 shillings to 19 shillings, and of the workers at Woolwich and Deptford from 17 shillings to 20 shillings.

5. Extension of the principle of trade union wages and trade union hours for government workmen.

6. Abolition of rules forbidding government workmen to join trade unions.

7. Reinstatement of Trades' unionist postmen and telegraphists dismissed under the late Tory government.

8. Aged Poor—The appointment of a royal commission to inquire into the condition of the aged poor.

9. Factories, Mines and Quarries—A spirited and sympathetic administration of the factory acts, including the provision of lists of outworkers in certain trades, and special government inquiries into dangerous and unhealthy trades, with a view to the framing of rules for the protection of the workers.

10. Appointment of a large number of practical workingmen to be assistant factory, mine and quarry inspectors.

11. Appointment of women inspectors to attend specially to the occupations in which women are engaged.

12. Provision in the leading centers of industry of offices to which workers and others can send complaints, and at which they can give or get information.

A GRAND AGGREGATE.

"Here then," continued Mr. Burns, "we have a dozen important gains for labor. Some of them seem small matters perhaps to you, but in their way we have little by little secured from Parliament acts which in the aggregate have been of the greatest possible benefit to the British wage-earners."

"Of course you have long since sent laisser-faire kiting?"

"We are passing through a transition period. Laisser faire has been abandoned, and for the first time in the history of the human race the working people possess universally the power through elective institutions to embody in law their economic and material desires. Concurrently with the growth of personal independence is the desire for state aid and municipal effort when individual action is futile. The unemployed movement embodies the growing desire for useful, healthy lives. It is the protest of labor against charitable palliation of a social system that in all countries is breaking up, and must either by force or steady change, such as I have indicated, give place to the organized and collective domination by the people of their social life through municipal administration and political development."

"You are bpposed to anything but peaceful methods in working out this independence?"

"It is the only possible way. I expect to start for America in a few days. I prefer to reserve my comments as to your labor movements there until after I have made a study of the situation. I do not think you are any further advanced in these matters than we are. The work has certainly not been carried on either more persistently nor more methodically than with us. We are not ready to assume the responsibility—if such a thing were possible. If a revolution should occur tomorrow, the red flag come out triumphant and a French revolution be inaugurated, whose heads would fall into the basket? Not the Goulds and the Carnegies and the Astors. Oh no! Much more likely the guillotine would be employed on the necks of the labor leaders themselves, the Burts, the Burns, the Powderlys, the Arthurs. If the power of such a change under existing conditions were absolutely vested in me, I would rather cut off this hand than take advantage. We are right in fighting to improve the condition of those who toil, in seeking a more equitable distribution of wealth. If we take the right method we shall win. If not, we shall bring about our necks a tyranny worse than was ever dreamed possible, and destroy all hope for the ultimate amelioration of labor."

Mr. Burns, I find, practices what he preaches. He is not in the movement for what there is in it for himself. He and his wife live on £3, or $15 per week. He blacks her boots as well as his own, and she whitewashes the front door steps. By the aid of this excellent woman he keeps up a correspondence of 500 letters a week. All opportunities to make money, and he has many, he refuses. His soul is in the great work before him and the faintest suspicion of personal gain has never shadowed his path. He carries this even to the extent of refusing to write for the leading reviews and magazines, having only appeared once in the Contemporary Review, and then the proceeds went to help his aged mother. Not long ago this self-taught man was invited to lecture to the students at Oxford. A committee of young men came to invite him. He was to lecture on the methods he had employed to effect the municipal reforms. He replied if they would come up to London he would be glad to show them, but could not take the time from his work or his people to talk to them in Oxford. While he could not go to Oxford he finds time to lecture on simple sanitary matters to the children of the poor of Battersea and he instills into their minds many homely truths which make their lives better worth living. During my conversation at his house I was struck with the ease with which he could lay his hand on any pamphlet or report he wished to bring to my attention. After our conversation we walked for an hour in Battersea park, and here had the other side of the socialist. He was literally personally interested in everything, from the children's gymnasium, where a thousand children of the poor go daily and are carefully looked after by competent matrons, to the gradual abandonment of fences and the location of the boxes for receiving rubbish. Within the present generation this beautiful park, with its tropical gardens, was a dreary and desolate field—an unbroken wilderness, the resort of prize-fighters, gypsies and coasters, who terrorized the neighborhood, especially on Sundays.

Saturday next Mr. Burns will sail for the United States. This letter will be published about the time of his arrival. If it serves the purpose of introducing the real John Burns to those who will appreciate him and his aims and ambitions, it will have served a good purpose. No Englishman who has recently visited our country is so thoroughly equipped to give our labor interests the kind of advice they need as this Scotch-Londoner. He comes without any flourish of trumpets, more to see than to be seen. His views of the situation will be of great interest and value.

ROBERT P. PORTER.


MORSE. MORSE. MORSE. MORSE.

THE CROWNING SALE OF THIS YEAR. We're going to do a great business during the month of December. December crowns the calendar of 1894. We are going to crown all our previous efforts in legitimate bargain giving in merchandise. The last month of the old year will witness prices that old Father Time in his extensive travels has never seen or heard of--you have no doubt usually found that advertising dreams are only bright figures of the evening, born in the upstairs office, that fade away in the daylight when the goods are looked over and compared at home. *Not so* with this advertisement, however, everything quoted below is at a figure set so low that competition does not enter. You know our qualities.

DRESS GOODS.

We've gone all through the thousands of pieces of these goods that line one side of our store--and have picked out such fresh seasonable goods to offer you as these:

Over 100 pieces of 40 to 52-inch dress goods, all colors, in fine henriettas, serges, whipcords, armures, hopsacking, changeable cheviots, etc. Goods that have sold at from 75c to $1.25 per yard. Go at.....35C

One table loaded down with imported Scotch suitings, cloakings, silk and wool mixtures 46 to 52 in. wide, worth and have sold at from $1.75 to $2.50 per yard. We've marked 'em 98c.

Another table. This one is filled with new winter styles in blue, brown and green silk and wool mixtures. The real value of each piece is from 69c to 75c. We put the price at .....39C

NOVELTY DRESS GOODS, 25c,

A dozen new styles that have the look and feel of $1.50 qualities, a few steps away an expert couldn't tell them from the genuine Scotch. The price is 25c per yard.

46 to 52-inch silk mixtures, checks, diagonals, etc. Never sold under $1.50 to $2.00. We make the price.....83C
1 lot English henriettas, to close, 15c the yard.
Dress Goods, left Farnam st. aisle.

SILKS.

The silk stock has been gone through in the same manner as has the dress goods--solid, unapproachable bargains like these:

Black gros grains, 24-inch, 98c.
Black ditto, better grade, ditto, $1.25.
Black surah, 24-inch, 69c.
Black armure, 98c.
Black Faille Francaise, 69c.
Black Peau de Sole, 75c.
Black ditto, much better, 85c.
Black China and Japanese silk, 45c.
Another one, 27 inches wide, 59c.

For a nice Christmas gift, what can be better than a choice black silk dress? Nothing more acceptable--buy it this week while the assortment is good.

BOYS' CLOTHING.

If there is any one time when a boy would rather be dressed up than at another it's at holiday times. If you dress your boy with our clothing he'll look better than his playmates unless they got theirs here. Big saving to you, too.

Boys' double-breasted suits, made to wear and look well.....$1.98
Boys' Little Captain suits, all sizes.....2.98
Boys' Little Governor suits; they are beauties.....3.98
Little President; that's as high as they canget in quality, and are valued at $6.00. We ask for them..4.98
Boys' Clothing—Left Center Aisle.

BLANKETS.

We have marked down every blanket in our shop for the coming sale of the year, and as you look at the qualities you're amazed at the lowness of the price. How is it possible. Never mind, they're here at these prices:

10-4 white blankets, 43c pair.
10-4 gray blankets, 43c pair.
10-4 white blankets, 98c pair.
10-4 white wool blankets, $1.57 pair.
5 pound heavy strictly fine all wool, white or red, $3.25.

Comfortables start in at 33c and go gradually up. Prices reduced in every instance.

Blanket department, left of main aisle.

ONE-EIGHTH OFF

on China, Glassware, *Bric-a-Brac*, Silverware. As a special inducement for you to make your Holiday purchases early we will give 12½ per cent. off on all purchases of $1.00 or over in the china department all of this week. *Not next week.* Reason with us. Can't you find a better assortment now than later? Isn't it more pleasant for you if you can get waited on promptly? Isn't it better to buy for 87½c an article that a week later you would have to pay $1.00 for.

Example:

A $10.00 dinner set, costs you $8.75
$5.00 worth of merchandise, $4.38.
$2.00 in value costs only $1.75.

The banks only pay you 4 and 5 per cent. interest. We give you 12½ per cent. or one-eighth off.

CANDY.

Our variety of sweetness is as complete as you can find in the city. If you doubt it, look in our 16th street windows. We've only the best--that is none too good for you. This department is supplied fresh every day and popular prices rule.

Candy department left main aisle.

BOOKS.

We have received a very large consignment of books of all kinds from an overstocked publisher and jobber--and they'll be offered for sale about Thursday of this week. *Don't buy a book* till we have these opened and marked. The prices will be a revelation to you. Less than publishers prices to the wholesale trade. We have *booked* this sale for Thursday next. Announcement later.

We told you about the Fairy Wardrobe Friday. They are gretchen dresses, guimp dresses, Red Riding Hoods, night gowns, and Tam O'Shanters, printed on fine cambric and lawn, all ready to cut out and make.

They delight the children. They can amuse themselves by the hour with the Fairy Wardrobe; besides, it is useful instruction for them all. Sold by the yard on front counters.

MORSE DRY GOODS COMPANY, 16th and Farnam.


# JAPAN'S SON OF SHOGUN

Characteristics of the Ruler of the Conquerors of China.

THE MIKADO AND HIS ACRES OF PALACES

**Though Reared in a Glass House, He Cast a Shower of Rocks—The Empress, the Secondary Wives and the Crown Prince.**

(Copyrighted, 1894, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

There is no ruler in the world so interesting today as the emperor of Japan. He has moved from his capital, Tokio, 400 miles westward, to his naval station at Hiroshima, and he has practically taken control of his army. He has his parliament and his cabinet with him, and he is directing the naval and military forces by telegraph. There is no monarch in the world who is less understood, and of whom the world knows so little. You hear little said about him in Japan, and the information which I got had to be worked for, and it only came in response to many questions. Among others whom I interviewed on the subject was his majesty's grand master of ceremonies, Mr. Sannomiya. He told me that the emperor was the hardest worked man in Japan, and that he had directions to bring all telegrams that came concerning the rebellion in Corea directly to him, no matter what hour of the night they came. He said his whole day was devoted to work, and that he had his fingers on nearly every branch of the government. I heard the same from other Japanse statesmen, and the change in Japan is no more wonderful than the change which has taken place in the character of the emperor.

KEPT IN A GLASS CAGE.

The present emperor of Japan was kept in a sort of a glass cage, figuratively speaking, during the first third of his life. He was 45 years old last November, and he was put on the throne at the age of 15. This was when the shogun was still commander-in-chief of the army and was practically the ruler of Japan. I had at one time in Kioto a guide furnished me by the governor of the city, and he took me into the palace of the emperor, where the present mikado lived for the first part of his life, and told me something about him. At this time he was so holy that no one mentioned his name. When it was necessary to write it a letter was left out from reverence. He was, like the emperor of China, a sort of son of heaven, and he was kept in this big palace, surrounded by a baker's dozen or so of concubines and a lot of servants. Whenever he went out it was in a closed cart, and he knew nothing whatever of what was going on in Japan. I saw his throne. It looked more like a four-poster bedstead than anything else. It was covered with fine white silk and the emperor sat cross-legged on the floor, and he had a couple of swords on tables beside him. I had to take off my shoes before I was admitted into the palace, and I walked for about a mile over soft matted floors. The palace is altogether Japanese in structure. It has sliding walls covered with gold leaf and is decorated with paintings by the old Japanese masters. It was in it that the emperor received the foreigners for the first time. This was about twenty-six years ago, and it was shortly after that that he moved his court to Tokio. He has visited Kioto several times since then, and at one time came back to open the railroad at Kobe.

THE EMPEROR'S PALACES.

The home of the mikado at Tokio is far different from these old Japanese palaces in Kioto. He has a vast estate right in the center of the city, made up of hill and valley, containing lakes and woods, and vast one-story palaces. It is surrounded by three moats, some of which are crossed by marble bridges, and at all of which you find soldiers in modern uniforms. These moats are in places from 100 to 200 feet wide. They are filled with water, and magnificent lotus flowers float upon them on sheets of green leaves.

His palaces are now a combination of Europe and Japan. They cost $3,000,000, and the walls of many of the rooms are sliding ones, made of immense plateglass doors in lacquered frames. They are so arranged that a great number of rooms can be thrown into one, and many of the parlors are large. Some are ceiled with the most magnificent embroideries, and there is one room which has a ceiling of gold-thread tapestry, the cloth covering of which cost $10,000. Many of the floors are inlaid, and they are all covered with the finest and softest of white mats, on the top of some of which are magnificent rugs. I don't know how many rooms there are in the palace buildings, but they run well up into the hundreds. There is one dining room that will seat 100 people. There are ball rooms and drawing rooms, libraries and studios, and there are bed rooms finished in both foreign and Japanese style. The banqueting hall takes 540 square yards of matting to cover it. Its ceiling glows with gold, and its walls are hung with the costliest silk. There are six imperial studios in the palace, and the throne chamber has a ceiling paneled with the Japanese crests. It is here that the emperor receives the foreign ministers, and he talks to them through interpreters. They bow three times when they come in, and also bow three times when they back out, and the receptions, as a rule, are very stiff on the part of both the mikado and the foreigners.

THE MIKADO'S DAILY LIFE.

The emperor of Japan, according to the people most closely connected with him at Tokio, has by no means an easy office to fill. Japan now contains more than 40,000,000 people, and there are a baker's dozen of political factions, many of which are anxious to create trouble. The changing condition of the people makes plenty of work. You can never tell who is going to fly off on a tangent, and the newspapers have to be carefully watched. The emperor keeps his eyes on everything. At least, I was told so. He rises early and breakfasts about 7 o'clock. He uses a knife and fork whenever he takes foreign food, but he prefers the chopsticks at his Japanese dinners. He eats both kinds of food, and is very fond of rice, taking it with every meal. He likes meats, and is by no means averse to sweets. He usually eats his breakfast alone, and also his lunch. His dinner is served in table d'hote style, and with all the European accompaniments. Contrary to the regular practice in Japanese families, his wife often sits down at the table with him, and also the crown prince. His work begins as soon as his breakfast is over. From 9 o'clock until 12 he receives his ministers and discusses matters of state. After this he takes his lunch, and then spends a little time in reading newspapers. He watches closely the Japanese press, keeps track of current pubic opinion, and, I venture, changes his actions somewhat to suit it. All the papers are looked over for him, and the passages which he should see are marked. Ordinary misstatements or criticisms he passes over, but if a newspaper becomes at all dangerous he gives an order to his censors, and the newspaper is stopped, while its editors are liable to be thrown into prison. He has also the leading foreign papers, and the articles of these which treat of Japan are translated for him, and he keeps track of public opinion all over the world. He takes our illustrated papers, and the articles relating to the pictures in them are sometimes translated. He does a great deal of work in the afternoon, but toward evening goes out for exercise. He is a good horseback rider, and is fond of fine horses. He has about 300 in his stables, and these are of all kinds, including a number of fine hunters. The emperor is fond of hunting, and he has large game preserves where there are deer and wild pigs. There are plenty of pheasants, and his majesty is said to be a very good shot.

AN IMPERIAL DUCK HUNTER.

"There is one kind of game," said the man connected with the government, who gave me the above information, "which the emperor is especially fond of, and that is duck-netting. There are lots of wild ducks about Tokio, and the emperor has great duck ponds and duck ditches in his palace grounds into which the ducks come and are caught by means of decoys. The ponds cover acres, and they have embankments about them which are cut up by little canals running out from the pond. These canals are so lined with trees and embankments that a man can easily hide along them. The pond is studded with decoys, and grain is scattered about in the canals as bait. The ducks light and go up into the canals, where the emperor and the nobles are concealed, each with a net in his hand. They throw these over the ducks, and they catch them in large numbers. It requires great skill to throw the net properly, but the emperor has caught scores of ducks in a single day.

A RICH MONARCH.

The mikado is by no means a poor man. He receives about $2,500,000 to keep up his palace and his household establishment every year, and he has a large private fortune.

Mr. Sannomiya, his grand master of ceremonies, told me that he knew all about his investments, and that he was a good business man. He has a great deal of money in public land. He is not extravagant in his living, and the customs of Japan are such that he does not have to entertain as extensively as the monarchs of Europe. He has magnificent turnouts, and rides about in great state. He opens parliament in person, and at the back of the senate chamber, behind the president's chair, there is a little alcove where he sits, and from whence his address is read to the members. He has the appointment of a large number of the members of Parliament, and the constitution is so adroitly worded that he is still the almost absolute ruler of Japan.

A BLUE BLOODED MONARCH.

The emperor of Japan is entitled to be considered the most aristocratic ruler on earth. The royal family of Japan has a genealogical tree which reaches to heaven, and their traditions state that the emperor comes from the gods. There have been 121 emperors of Japan, and they all belong to this family. The first one governed Japan just about 2,500 years ago. He was on the throne long before Julius Caesar aspired to be the emperor of Rome, and 300 years before Alexander the Great thought he had conquered the world. The Japanese have the history of all their emperors from that time down to this, and they will assure you that the mikado is a lineal descendant of the first emperor, whose name was Jimmu Tenno.

A WORD ABOUT THE EMPRESS.

Any other royal family would have run out in less than this time, especially in an isolated country like Japan, but the Japanese have a law by which the emperor can not marry one of his own family. He has to marry the daughter of one of the court nobles, and the empress is, therefore, not of royal blood. She is the daughter of Ichijo Takada, and she is said to be a very bright woman. She comes from Kioto, in western Japan, and she was 18 years old at the time she was married. This was away back in 1868, and foreign ways had not yet gotten well into the empire. Her majesty wore at that time Japanese clothes, and she followed, I am told, the horrible custom which prevailed throughout the old Japan in that she shaved off her eyebrows and blackened her teeth. The idea is that a good wife must show her devotion to her husband by doing this, and to render it impossible for anyone else to admire her. Later on in her life, however, her majesty changed her ideas about this matter, and her eyebrows have again grown out and her teeth are as white as those of any American girl. She is at the front of all movements for the introduction of the western civilization, and she frowns on the old custom of teeth-blackening, and she is at the head of all things which are proposed to better the condition of Japanese women. She has hospitals and schools, and she is one of the most charitable of monarchs. The Noble Girls' school founded by her at Tokio is like one of our best female colleges, and it is devoted to the education of the young peeresses of the empire. Her majesty often visits it, and she has the girls call upon her at the palace. She is not fond of society, and she is almost as busy as the emperor. She has her own secretaries and her time is taken up with reading, study, receptions and charitable work. She likes to ride horseback, and she often takes a ride through the palace grounds. She is short rather than tall, and is slender and petite. She has not the very best of health, and was ill during a great part of the summer.

BORN TO BLUSH UNSEEN.

There are a number of ladies connected with the palaces in Tokio who, like the flowers in Gray's Elegy, are "born to blush unseen," though they do not "waste their sweetness on the desert air." I refer to the secondary wives of the emperor. You hear nothing about these in Tokio, and they are kept as much as possible in the background. But from time immemorial the emperor has been allotted a certain number of secondary wives or concubines, and there are, I am told, twelve of these in the palace grounds. They have establishments of their own, and are the daughters of nobles. The crown prince is the son of one of them, his mother's name being Madam Yanagiwara.

JAPAN'S NEXT EMPEROR.

The crown prince was 16 years old last September. He is a very bright boy, dark-faced and almond-eyed, of the most pronounced Japanese type. He is as straight as an arrow and is fond of military pursuits, and is an officer, I think, in the army. He has been educated in the Noble's school, and he is learning English and French. He has an establishment of his own inside the palace grounds, with his own servants, guards and attendants. He occasionally comes over and stays with his father; eating dinner with him and sometimes sleeping in his father's quarters. He does not look very much like his father, his face being rounder and shorter. The emperor is very dark, and his features are heavy and swarthy. He is taller than the average Japanese, and he has the fat nose, the wide nostrils and the rather thick lips which you see all over Japan.

THE COURT AT HIROSHIMA.

The removal of the court to Hiroshima is causing a great change in this, the biggest city of western Japan. Osaka, Kioto and Kobe lie nearly 100 miles to the eastward, and Hiroshima is the big town between these cities and Nagasaki, which is on the extreme west coast. Hiroshima is the naval capital of Japan, and is one of the most beautifully located towns in the world. It lies on the sea at the foot of the mountains, and the waters about it are filled with rocky islands. It is cut up by canals, and its sea view is beautiful. It has always been a great manufacturing place, but I hear that it has had a great boom since the emperor moved into it. Wages have doubled, and modern methods have come in. Barbers now charge 8 cents instead of 2 cents for a shave, and the Japanese member of parliament who wants his hair cut in foreign style has to pay 12 cents for it instead of 4 cents, which is the regular price. Provisions of all kinds have gone up, and the city is filled with concert troupes, geishas and the floating population which always hangs around a pleasure-loving center. Tokio, the Japanese capital, has been materially injured by the change, and the theaters are only half full.

Frank G. Carpenter


*TOLD OUTSIDE THE PULPIT.*

An amusing incident occurred at the close of Sam Jones' sermon at Pulaski, Ga., the other day. Stepping down from the pulpit, folding his hands across his breast and looking solemnly over the audience, the great revivalist said: "I want all the women in this crowd who have not spoken a harsh word or harbored an unkind thought toward their husbands for a month to stand up." One old woman, apparently on the shady side of 60, stood up. "Come forward and give me your hand," said the preacher. The woman did so, whereupon Jones said: "Now, turn around and let this audience see the best-looking woman in the country." After taking her seat, the revivalist addressed the men: "Now, I want all the men in the crowd who have not spoken a harsh word or harbored an unkind thought toward their wives for a month past to stand up." Twenty-seven great, big, strapping fellows hopped out of the audience with the alacrity of champagne corks. "Come forward and give me your hands, my dear boys." Jones gave each one a vigorous shake, after which he ranged all of them side by side in front of the pulpit, and facing the audience. He looked them over carefully and solemnly, and then, turning around to the audience, he said: "I want you all to take a good look at the twenty-seven biggest liars in the state of Tennessee."

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Captain John Codman, who is living at Soda Springs, Idaho, tells the following pleasant story: "My friend, Mr. Johnson, the rector at Montpelier, sometimes comes over to visit us, and we find him a very entertaining guest. He is an Irishman by birth, and a pleasant brogue still remains upon his tongue. His congregation seldom counts more than twenty or twenty-five persons, but he conscientiously uses every method to increase it. 'Last Sunday,' said he, 'I tould the people that the church was intinded for week-days as well as for the Sundays, and that the doors would be open for them ivery day for the purposes of prayer and meditation. So on Monday I stepped in to see what effect my announcement would have. Well, I knew that the faimale illiment predominated in church-going, and I was not disappointed at not finding any men there. But there was only one faimale, and that was a heifer calf that had walked in at the open door; and there she was, chewing her cud in meditation at the foot of the althar!'"

**For the Children.**

W. A. McGuire, a well known citizen of McKay, Ohio, is of the opinion that there is nothing as good for children troubled with colds or croup as Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He has used it in his family for several years with the best results and always keeps a bottle of it in the house. After having la grippe he was himself troubled with a severe cough.