

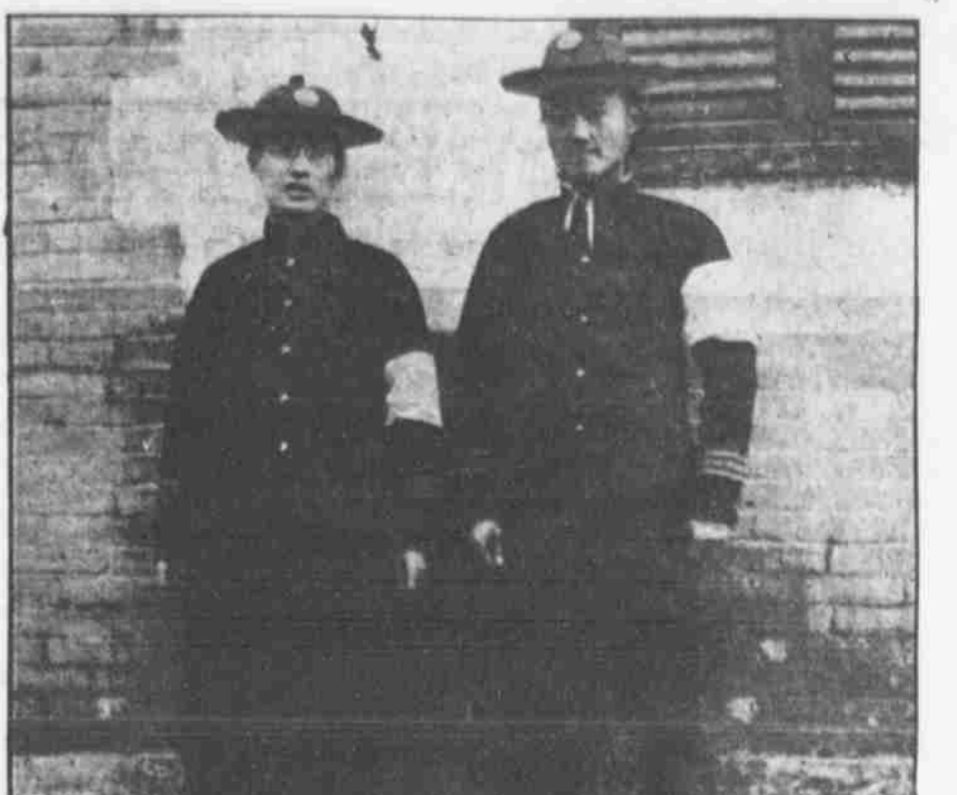
Chinese Require Ostratious Official Mourning for the Late Emperor



HIGH MANCHU GIRLS—LAWS PROVIDE THAT THESE WOMEN MUST TAKE OFF THEIR ORNAMENTS DURING THE MOURNING PERIOD.



"MOURNING WAS ESPECIALLY HARD ON THESE BARBERS."



CHINESE COLLEGE STUDENTS—WHITE BANDS ON ARMS INDICATE MOURNING FOR THE EMPEROR.

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PEKING, China.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—The Chinese are still mourning the emperor and the great empress dowager. The emperor has already had two funerals, and he will have a third before he is finally laid away in the great western tomb. His monument, a 100-foot high, is now being built, and it will cost \$1,000,000 before it is completed, two years from now. The remains of the great dowager lie in a lacquered coffin here in Peking, and preparations are making to carry her to her last resting place. Her tomb will cost more than that of Kwang Su, and her funeral expenses will run high into the millions.

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Here and there a man broke the laws and had his head shaved. All such who were discovered were punished. In Tien-Tsin a clerk in one of the banks shaved his head three days after the death of the empress dowager. He was arrested, and he was fined \$50 in silver. This is equal to over \$100 gold, and it was, I venture one of the costliest shaves upon earth.

Here in Peking a young Chinese dandy came to a barber and begged for a shave. The barber replied that he feared he would be arrested and fined for doing so. The dandy promised that he would stand all the fines. The barber consented. The man took a seat on the stool, and his head was just shaved when a policeman came in and took both barber and customer off to the court. The judge heard the complaint, and at its close imposed a fine of \$20 upon each. The dandy paid the fine, but as he did so he pointed to his head and asked the judge:

"But what am I to do? I can't go about with my head shaved." "You may have the job completed, but a second offense of this kind will land you in prison." This custom of stopping shaving on the death of the emperor goes back to the days of Chien Lung, the second great emperor of the present dynasty, who is said to have inaugurated it when his favorite wife died. His grief was such that he ordered his officials not to shave their heads for 100 days; and thereafter a similar order was sent forth upon the death of an emperor.

It is now almost a year since the deaths of these monarchs, but the period of mourning is just at its beginning. It will last for three years, and during that time the highest of the imperial clan will keep on their sackcloth and will have their regular periods of weeping. Many of the high officials still wear mourning buttons, and Pu Yi, the baby emperor, is frequently reported as giving a wall for his grandma, the dowager, in filial style. The death of a monarch means much to the great Chinese empire. No one who does not understand the reverence these people have for their rulers and their holy feeling for ancestral worship can appreciate what has been going on here during the last nine or ten months. I was in Mukden, Manchuria, at the time of the imperial deaths, and when I reached Peking the capital was still undergoing its twenty-seven days of deep mourning. I can describe it best by supposing similar conditions to exist in the United States.

What would our people think if the government at Washington should send out an edict that for 100 days every man in our whole country should go about unshaved; that every woman should take off her finger rings, earrings and all other jewelry, and every man, woman and child should lay away all bright colors. Suppose the proclamation should provide that during that time not a face should be touched by the razor, not a lock of hair cut, not a finger nail pared, not a single hair of love making should be forbidden, and marriages absolutely prohibited within twenty-seven days. This was the condition of China at the first of the year, and the police were instructed to see that the regulations were strictly carried out; and all who broke the new laws were fined or sent to the prisons.

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Short Stories That Are Being Peddled Through the Public Prints

Just in Time.
GERMAN shoemaker left the gas turned on in his shop one night, and upon arriving in the morning struck a match to light it. "There was a terrific explosion and the shoemaker was blown through the door almost to the middle of the street." A passerby rushed to his assistance, and after helping him to arise inquired if he was injured.

The little German gazed in at his place of business, which was now burning quite briskly, and said: "No, I ain't hurt. But I got out about in time. Eh?"—Lippincott's.

Why the Bishop Played Marbles.
Many interesting stories are told of the late Bishop Wilmer of Alabama, who was noted for his wit and sharp repartee," said Robert W. Kennedy of Birmingham, Ala. "A story which is considered characteristic of the man was told by a Virginia minister at a private dinner in Richmond not so very long ago.

"When Bishop Wilmer was rector of the little Protestant Episcopal church at Upperville, Va., said he, 'he was much worried by the nonattendance at service on Sundays of the majority of the young men of the community. On inquiry he found that instead of going to church they were in the habit of playing marbles for stakes—marbles in those days, it must be remembered, was a much more serious game than it is now, occupying much the same position in the realm of sports as do billiards and pool in these days.

"Bishop Wilmer, then a person not well known, determined to break up this practice. He himself had been an expert marble player in his boyhood. Accordingly one Saturday he came across a number of the young men engaged in the game. The good bishop asked several questions and finally 'challenged the lot to play him for 'keeps.' They readily consented.

"Much to their astonishment the young minister won steadily, and soon they had to go to the stores to replenish their stock. Toward the close of the afternoon Mr. Wilmer had won every marble in the town of Upperville. Putting his 'winnings' in a bag he remarked, as he walked away, 'Now, gentlemen, since you can't play marbles tomorrow, I hope to see you all at church.' And he held it."—Washington Post.

Hard to Hold It Down.
There lives an editor in interior Pennsylvania. "Jim" Sweeney by name, who has a keen sense of humor. Seeking to increase his fortune, Sweeney once wrote to a prospective advertiser, setting forth in attractive fashion the value of his paper as a medium of publicity.

The advertiser was captivated by Sweeney's letter, but desirous of more specific assurances before he invested his money, he wrote to Sweeney, saying that he hadn't

Intimate Gossip Characteristic of Personality of Some Noted People

The Fighting McCooks.
NOTHING one of the famous "fighting McCooks" of Ohio has been mustered out, reports the Chicago Tribune. The death in a Chicago hospital recalls again this famous family, whose military record is unparalleled in American history. The two sons of a Scotch-Irish immigrant who came to Pennsylvania just as the revolutionary war closed, Daniel and John McCook, saw fourteen boys grow up in their two homes to become staunch devotees of the union in the civil war. Their patriotic enthusiasm was accompanied by executive skill which brought them shoulder straps, nearly every one in the two families, the fathers included, becoming officers in the union army and winning fame by their deeds of bravery.

The Lincoln celebration made familiar a touching letter written by the tender-hearted war president to a Mrs. Bixby of Massachusetts when the adjutant general told him that she was the mother of five sons who had died in battle as they were fighting for their country. Here was the only family where all the boys all went to war. Some of the records show astonishing devotion on the part of American youth. But there is no family whose military distinction reached that of the McCooks. The sure march of time is again indicated by the announcement of the death of another of the boys at the age of 78. Nearly all have heard the last rollcall.

The Conciliator of South Africa.
Without that miracle of conciliatory capacity, the personality of Louis Botha, South Africa, would not today, in the opinion of current literature have put together the machinery of that federal government which is soon to provide for a governor general, a senate and an assembly.

Louis Botha has, in a neat, literary and scholarly taste, notwithstanding his love of fray in his political and sporting forms. He is fluent in both English and the language of the Boers. He is not a conventionalist in the brilliant sense of the term. His conversation does not dwell on an interlocutor with subtleties. His delight is to talk with men of ideas, for unlike some reticent natures he is eager to de-

rive impressions from the talk of others. It may be owing to his own limitations as a talker that he attaches so much importance to the gift of fluency. He is credited with the observation that in the language of the world has fallen an undue amount of influence owing to the effect of plausibility. His own conversation is largely carried on in the idiom of the Boers. He seems to avoid the use of fancy in his domestic circle. He talks most happily in the language of the land he has served so well and so long. The vernacular he knows has been described by one authority as "the real back-yard talk, full of quaint similes and of back-slit idioms." No grammar of the Dutch tongue has any room for this mysterious alibi, of which Botha is past master.

To the great house in which Botha spends his leisure come the latest books from London. He is very much interested in physical science and in the literature of psychology. But he has no time, no tendency to absorb himself in any movement unconnected with the politics of South Africa. His reading includes more current fiction than even Clemenceau could digest and Clemenceau is known to be an inveterate reader in novels. Botha's favorite novelist is said to be Dickens, and his predilection in poetry, according to a writer in Truth, is Wordsworth. His library is a huge apartment with immense windows overlooking the landscape for miles. He is prone to bury himself here for hours, no one venturing to disturb him when he is absorbed in some work fresh from London. The general's memory for what he has read seems marvelous if it be true, as reported, that he has never been found at fault in a quotation from a favorite author.

Preferred Army Bachelors.
General Henry C. Corbin, who died in New York recently, created something like a furor in army circles a few years ago, when he was on the active list, by urging in a report to the War department that army officers be forbidden to marry before they reached the rank of captain, unless means could show either that they had ample prospective brides were well provided with worldly goods.

General Corbin was severely criticized for his recommendation, but he supported it by strong arguments, chief of which was that lieutenants found it very difficult to support themselves alone in the position they occupy, and that to undertake the support of a wife and family on that income meant financial worry which detracted from their military efficiency and some times brought discredit to the service through the inability of some youngsters to pay their bills.

Roger Q. Mills, a Texas Builder.
Down in the Lone Star state, relates Human Life, if you should mention the name "Mills" in an offhand way, any native would take it for granted that you meant General Roger Quarles Mills, ex-member of the state legislature, ex-United States representative, and ex-United States senator. He is the one known to everyone from the Rio Grande to the Arkansas line, for he is the grand old man of Texas. To the country at large he is remembered as a wheel-horse of the democratic party, through the lean years and the fat for more than a quarter of a century of service at Washington, and as the legislator whose name has been embalmed in the Mills bill. But first, last and all the time he is, in everything but the matter of birthplace, a Texan product. When he was a thin, wiry lad of seventeen his parents moved from their backwoods home in Todd county, Kentucky, down to Palestine, Texas. That was the gold-fraught year of '60, and Texas, scarcely four years a member of the union, was bubbling over with political plot and counterplot. Young Mills took

to the game naturally. In 1869 the brilliant young lawyer was elected to the state legislature, where he was one of the most active of the small majority by whose votes Texas seceded from the union at the outbreak of the civil war. During the fighting years that followed, the legislature knew him no more; he was in the field from the beginning to the end, nearly always as a cavalryman. He was no carpet knight and took part in all the fortunes and misfortunes of war, and finally elevated to the rank of brigadier-general.

As one of the bravest soldiers Texas gave to the confederacy, his friends were not slow to honor him. In 1873 they sent him to congress and continued to re-elect him year after year until 1882 he went to the senate, where he served until 1890, when he retired to the practice of the law in Corsicana. During his legislative career he was one of the party's strongest champions in the tariff fights that followed the civil war and were so material in the economic rehabilitation of the country. Although he is now nearly 80, the veteran marks his today one of the active and earnest men who are serving Texas in a thousand ethical and material ways.

Studied Lawlessness.
Prohibition in the south is forcing a variety of evasive developments. In Tennessee an odorless drink called beerette, which leaves no trace of its presence in the breath of the drinker, has appeared, but its intoxicating effects are described as tremendous if not deadly. In Georgia the practice obtains of putting drinking places in the names of employed persons who serve the prison sentence at a stated compensation, while the real owners continue the business and pocket the profits. Some parts of Georgia report a revival of Ku Klux Klan, of night riding groups which deal strenuously with suspected operators of "blind tigers." The prohibition policy down that way is certainly proving productive of a vast amount of studied lawlessness.—Springfield Republic.

Discovered.
The Rev. Father Corbisey, for years in charge of a Catholic church in Highland Park, Chicago, but now stationed at a parish in the West Side, told this story to a group of Gladden tour autoists, but he did not say whether it was a personal experience.

Father Corbin went to a barber shop conducted by one of his Irish parishioners to get a shave. He observed the barber was suffering from a recent celebration, but decided to take a chance. In a few moments the barber's razor had nicked the father's cheek.

"What! In my dinner hour?" yelled Roebottom, reproachfully.—Philadelphia Record.

"The successes in this business are stupendous," he said, "but some folks think that working as Roebottom of Camden worked a man can build up a great advertising fortune."

"No I didn't," said the answer, "I said it was the worst book anybody ever wrote."

"What's the matter, Roebottom?" a carpenter asked.

"I got a nail in my foot," the roofer answered.

"Well, why don't you pull it out?" said the carpenter.

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"That shows you," continued the priest, in a tone of censure, "what the use of liquor will do."

"Yes, yr' r'v'rance," replied the barber humbly; "it makes the skin tender."—Chicago Post.

"A sacrifice in Vain.
Apropos of examinations and their terrors, A. E. Palmer, secretary of the department of education of New York, told at a recent dinner an old story of a young African prince.

"This prince," said Mr. Palmer, "entered Yale or Harvard—I forget which—and amused himself with motorcars and bulldozers till examination time drew near.

"Examination time frightened the young prince horribly. He began to study and he called home to the king, his father:

"Examination next week. Most difficult. Implore aid of gods in my behalf."

"A few days later this reply came back from the barbarous west coast monarch: "Rites performed. Fourteen picked youths, all sons of nobles, have been sacrificed. Omens propitious."

"Yet, would you believe it?" Mr. Palmer concluded, "the young prince flunked."—Washington Star.

No Place for Etiquette.
Prof. Isaac Schwatt of the University of Pennsylvania, who, besides occupying the chair of mathematics at that institution adds to the safety of nations by his idiosyncrasies both of speech and manner, is constantly the unconscious author of stories that delight his many friends and students.

During the last year Prof. Schwatt had a class in higher mathematics in which all the students with a few exceptions were men. It is the professor's custom to lecture with a large ham sandwich in one hand from which to punctuate his flowing periods of eloquence, he takes a large bite. On this day—a particularly warm one—the professor had covered two large blackboards with numerals and was starting on a third, when he paused and, after remarking, "Wimmin eggshells me," pulled off his cuffs.

Ten minutes later he again ceased lecturing and, wiping his steaming brow, looked reproachfully at his girl students in the front row. Suddenly he took a desperate determination. "Wimmin no wimmin," he shouted, "Isaac Schwatt takes off his coat. To de pure all tings vas pure."—Philadelphia Telegraph.