

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1904.

Suicide of Military Men in Japan.

The Samurai Code of Honor Still in Effect in That Country.

As a race of suicides, the Japanese are unparalleled at the present time; although it is asserted by the better classes that the day of the harikari, or honorable self-slaughter, is past. The military portion of the empire is especially susceptible, as the following incidents brought about directly by the war will show.

In the early days of the struggle an order reached the military headquarters at Aomori, in Northern Japan, to prepare to take the field. A very small portion of the garrison was to be left behind to keep up the military department.

One young lieutenant, named Sagaya, was chosen to command the small party remaining. He received the command submissively.

He took upon himself the character of host during the few days that were left, provided all manner of delicacies for the departing troops, gave a last dinner to his fellow lieutenants, in which he was the life of the gathering.

In a short speech before the banquet broke up he delivered an eloquent toast to the future of the command, foretelling triumphs, marches, splendid victories, and his voice was cheering a little-speak of the heroes returning home in glory.

With his head bowed down, he ended by saying that he had hoped to go, but that it was not the will of the emperor.

"They also serve who stand and wait," he repeated brokenly.

Sagaya accompanied the regiment to the port of embarkation, and was the first and last to yell "Banzai! Banzai!" Upon returning to the fort the lieutenant went directly to his quarters.

The next morning his deputy found him lying upon the matting, his abdomen rent back and forward in the hideous fashion of the harikari. And the short sword of the harikari had been returned to its scabbard after its task was done.

It is plain from the words of Sagaya at the banquet that he saw the better way; that he understood the necessity of some heroic deed to save the honor of the garrison at Aomori—that his determination was only to die, and no reflection upon his valor—but the blood of the emperor's Samurai was strong within him and he triumphed against his better knowledge.

About the middle of March several valuable horses belonging to one of the Totto forces broke from their paddocks and fell into the mud surrounding the grounds. The beasts were unable to extricate themselves from the mire and, falling at length from exhaustion, were drowned. Their bodies were discovered the next morning.

Upon being informed of the accident, the commander sent for the man in charge of the horses and provisions. This officer was not to be found about the fort.

A messenger was despatched at once to his home, but his wife had not seen her husband since the day before. She became alarmed and returned with the messenger to the fort.

Several hours passed and the mystery was not cleared until late in the afternoon, when a private soldier ran into headquarters with the information that the horses were in a remote portion of the fort property, back of the main quarters.

A posse of soldiers upon the turf behind the quarters, and two open letters were in his pocket.

The first was addressed to his commander. It was couched with formal dignity.

The captain begged to report that, through his negligence, the horses had broken loose and destroyed themselves. He had therefore placed no guard upon them in his duty and could no longer exist.

The commander was informed that the broken heart of the man in charge of the horses was the last private in the last moments, and the last private in the last moments.

THE COST OF THE ST. LOUIS FAIR. This wonderful exhibition at St. Louis of what the world is and has been, the beginning of the twentieth century, was planned, at first, as a much more modest thing. It arose through a suggestion made to the people of St. Louis in 1893 by the Missouri Historical Society for some fitting celebration of the centennial of the sale, on April 30, 1803, of the Louisiana Purchase to Thomas Jefferson of the country west of the Mississippi River, the land known as the Louisiana Purchase and now divided into fourteen States and Territories—Arkansas, Colorado, Wyoming, South Dakota, and North Dakota, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, Missouri, and Oklahoma.

The idea took deep root; the Business Men's League, with its far-reaching commercial influence, assumed responsibility for the movement; the enthusiasm of the States and Territories in the Purchase was aroused; national encouragement was given. It was decided that the Purchase should be commemorated by a world's fair. The personal subscription of the city voted a gift of \$5,000,000 more and half of the beautiful Forest Park as a site. Congress gave outright \$900,000, and lent to the fair \$4,600,000 more. All of this \$10,000,000 has been spent in making the grounds, building the exhibition palaces, inducing the co-operation of foreign governments and our own States, and in advertising the fair.

The United States has, moreover, spent \$1,600,000 on its own exhibit, and the Philippine Islands exhibit represents \$1,000,000. Fifty-one States and Territories will be represented by comprehensive exhibits, and forty-three of these States have buildings on the grounds. The appropriations and subscriptions of the fair, varying from \$100,000 to \$1,000,000, amount to \$7,142,000. Missouri apportioned \$1,000,000.

Most of the foreign governments have large and valuable exhibits, and all the great ones, except Russia, have buildings. The appropriations of the foreign participants having been a few thousand and more than seven million dollars.

er before he died was for the great honor and welfare of the beloved command in the coming campaigns against the Russians.

The second letter was addressed to his wife, and was a dying man's assurance of love.

Capt. Yamamoto was a man of distinguished family, character and education. His personal courage had been proved. He was beloved by his fellow officers and by his men.

He was accounted a broad man among the Japanese; and his death, weak and pitiful as it appears from the standpoint of an American, was regarded, deep in the minds of his contemporaries, as unfortunate, but proper—ad, but fitting.

And here we are confronted with the astonishing lack of the sense of humor in the Japanese people.

An American who proved careless enough to lose a few horses would be disturbed for a few days, until the bumps ceased coming in from his superior. After that he would set about to repair the matter by better service.

On the contrary, the Japanese would not commit suicide because of financial troubles, wherein he is above the American. The former quails most of all before that large, delicate thing which he calls honor.

The story has been told, perhaps, of the officer of high rank who was in charge of military instruction in Peking. When war became a fact he was one of the first to apply for an active command. He was refused because his services in Peking were both timely and efficient.

He was able to realize from the denial nothing but shame—either would not or could not see that his special assignment in a certain line was responsible for his being held back.

He killed himself in the same horrible manner as Sagaya; and the result was that the emperor had to weaken another department to fill his place. The great body of the Japanese people see honor in such an act, but no selfishness.

A Japanese boy walked a great distance from the interior and presented himself at a recruiting office. Either from inherent frailty or from the exhaustion which followed his long journey, he was pronounced unfit for service.

He was seized, as one of the native papers state, with a terrible anger toward himself, and within sight of the recruiting office, pierced his abdomen again with a blunt knife until he fell.

There are many of these stories. And many similar and useless sacrifices occur without reaching the public eye.

Acquaintance ask what has become of such a one. Sometimes they learn but more often there is no answer.

The Japanese government keeps such matters secret when possible, lest suicide become a contagion in the ranks, and fighting blood be depleted.

One of the most crucial moments in the history of the empire occurred ten years ago, when the Triple Alliance attacked Japan and thrust aside the forces of the conquering of the Chinese. The emperor had returned to the capital, and the Japanese people were solemnly conducted the campaign of the war.

It is said that a hundred thousand people assembled along the way where the imperial carriage was to pass. A great crowd of people in the streets, and the emperor's carriage was delayed at the sight of his face the more impulsive element of the Samurai would have rushed forward because of the emperor's presence and they were not allowed to proceed at that time against the combined powers.

Germany and France have spent more money than any of the other governments,—Germany more than one million dollars each. England, China, and Japan have spent half a million dollars each, and Mexico nearly as much. The show places on the Pike are attractive, apparently, and their cost as in their architecture; some of them, particularly the "Troyan Alps" and "Crescent," have cost three-quarters of a million dollars each, which is also the cost of building "Babylon."

Without counting the six or seven million dollars which these concessions have spent to construct and equip their palaces, the cities, states, and foreign governments are paying for their participation in this fair about thirty-five million dollars, more than twice the fifteen million dollars which Jefferson paid for the whole Louisiana Territory.

The computation, of course, does not consider the great cost that will fall upon private exhibitors. It is estimated that the insurance on exhibits is more than one hundred million dollars.

From "The St. Louis Fair: What Everybody Will Wish to Know Before Going," by William Brewster Saunders, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for May.

REMARKABLE RADIUM. "In all very well to talk about the wonders of radium," said the speaker, "but what I want to know is, what practical use is it?"

BOZZIE THE WIZARD.

A Dog That Apparently Thinks Like a Man.

If the London Society for Psychical Research desires some material for investigation and experiment more promising than ghosts, let it see Bozzie, says a writer in The Chicago Record-Herald. Bozzie is a dog that thinks like a man. Not only that; Bozzie is a dog that will give you half an hour's sense and send you home with an ache in your head and that miserable feeling of vacuity that always accompanies the receipt and mysterious and unaccountable of a dog like her.

Yes, Bozzie is a lovely dog withal, and your first wish after seeing her is to have yourself a dog like her who loves you as she does her master, George B. Clason, of No. 60 Bryant avenue.

Perhaps the reader will not believe what is here written down, and small blame to him. It is hard enough to believe that even a human being could do what Bozzie does, but the matters set down here are matters of fact and some day may be explained when science has learned more than it now knows about those subtle forces that are only in the present time engaging the attention of scientific men.

Bozzie is a beautiful black Scotch collie, with white breast, white feet, white nose and white tail tip. She is the daughter of Boz, the famous collie that amazed the Kings and Queens and Princes of Europe a few years ago. Wonderful as was Boz, his child outstrips him in intelligence and intuition. But let us see what Bozzie can do.

Mr. Clason paid a visit to the office of this paper with his wonderful dog and gave an exhibition to the benefit of the editors. Four men were sitting in the room.

"Bozzie," said Mr. Clason, "how many men are in the room?" "Four," said the dog, and then she looked at the men and barked.

In response came four sharp barks. Now, be it observed that Mr. Clason does not practice the signal system, such as was used by the famous Steens. A little thought will show this to be not a matter of chance, but a matter of fact. For, if a dog could work with the signal system, it would be still more marvellous than what she does, and she is a dog of intelligence as capable as man's, which is of course nonsense. Bozzie simply counted the number of men sitting in the room, and then barked.

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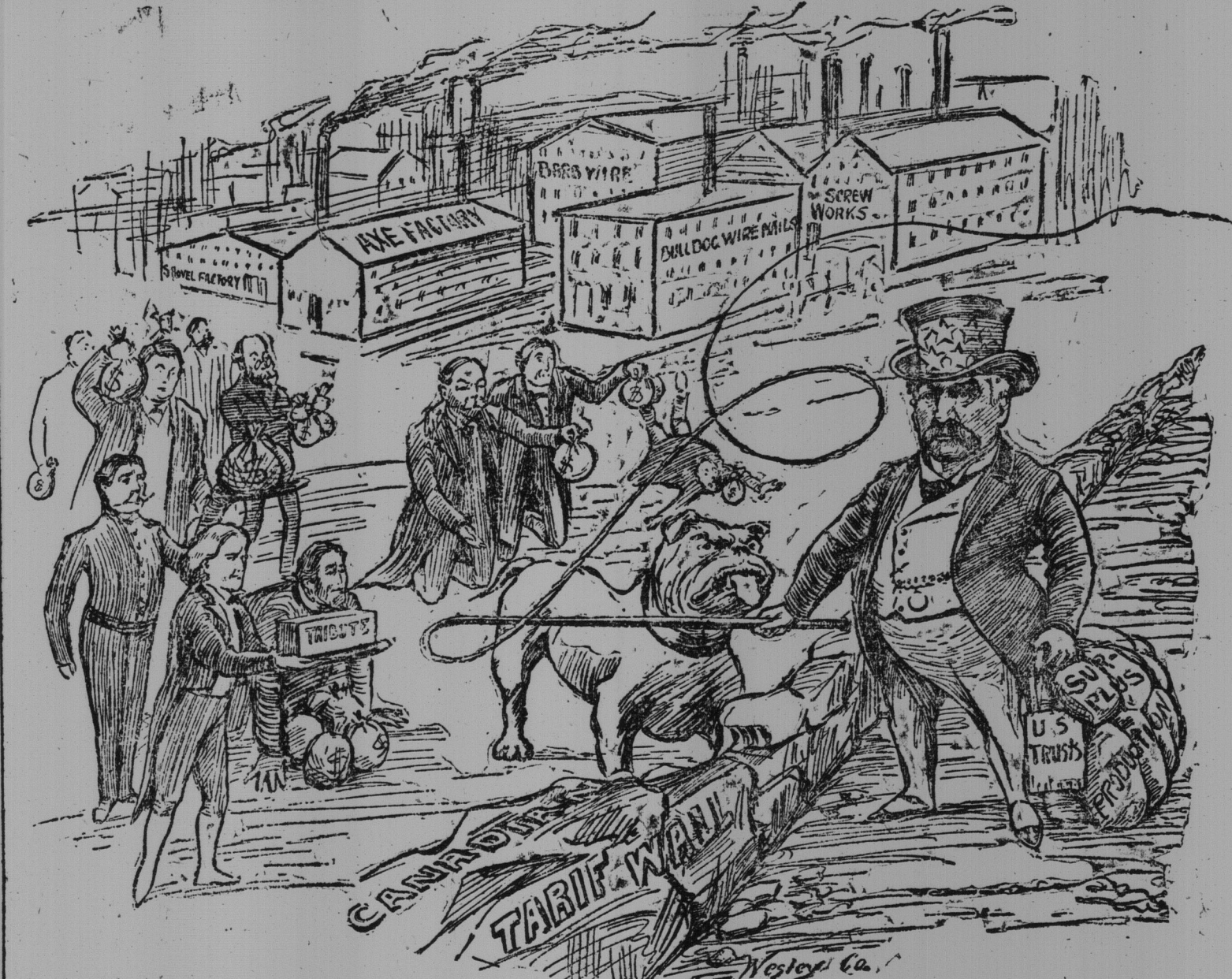
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UNDER THE LASH.

Not willing to again join the host of manufacturers, who under the lash are paying tribute to U. S. Trusts to keep them from dumping their surplus production in Canada. The Bull Dog tackles the problem single handed.

A NICE PET.

(From the Brooklyn Eagle.) Len Acker, the horseman, is Lincolne in the pathos of some of his illustrative stories. The other day a big hawk of a man, accompanied by his wife, came to Acker's stable to buy a trotter. The wife, every time she spoke to her husband, called him "Pete." It was Pete this and Pete that, until the horseman felt like calling her a pickle to take the taste of sweetening out of his mouth. When his visitors were gone he said:

"My father once hired a tall, lank fellow to work about our place. One of his duties was to milk a certain cow which had a bad habit of kicking unless she was handled with the utmost care. The fellow was a milk stool, and on the ground with his long legs sprawled out under the cow and the pail on his knee.

"Everything went on quietly until he had nearly filled the pail. Then, all of a sudden, the cow let go a swinging kick, landing on the fellow's chest, and he went back into the mud hole and upsetting the pail of milk over him.

"When the astonished milkman had recovered his breath, he rose slowly to his feet, looked down his bespattered front, dug the mud and milk out of the cow and said:

"Well, she's a deuce of a pet, she is."

SO MUCH PER WORD. Scribner—"I know a journalist who got half-a-crown a word for something he wrote."

Quibbler—"That's nothing. I know a man who got \$20,000 a word for something he wrote."

Scribner—"What did he write?" Quibbler—"He wrote a note saying 'Will you be my wife?' to a widow worth a hundred thousand pounds, and she said she would."

WAS IN A CRITICAL CONDITION. System was Run Down. FELT DROWSY AND MISERABLE.

Burdock Blood Bitters BUILT UP THE SYSTEM AND ADDED TEN POUNDS IN WEIGHT.

Mr. Ed. J. Harris, Newbridge, Ont., was in poor health, but has now been restored to full health and vigor. Here is what he writes us: "Last spring I was in a very critical condition, my system was all run down. I felt drowsy and miserable, and thought I would surely die if I did not get something to build me up. After reading one of your almanacs I decided to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and before I had taken two bottles I had gained ten pounds in weight, and am now in perfect health, and I can certainly build up the system."

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS is the best Spring medicine on the market to-day. You may need one this Spring, if so, get B.B.B.

Some politicians think they are honest if they pay spot cash for the votes they buy.

Sometimes the girl's father strikes a young man favorably and sometimes he merely kicks him out.

CIGAROLGY A NEW SCIENCE.

By the manner in which a cigar is held and smoked the character of the owner can be told.

For many years there have been men who claim to be able to judge the character of a smoker by the manner in which he holds his cigar.

It has remained, however, for a European psychologist to reduce these observations to a science.

Here are the rules of the psychology of cigars, as the new science has been named, the character of a stranger who is smoking a cigar may be discovered more readily than in any other manner. A man may "smile and smile and be a villain," but when he lights a cigar he unmask himself at once to the cigarologist.

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THE MOLT OF JAPAN.

(Harper's Weekly.) The Molting of Japan—a "man whose name is rarely heard, whose face is never seen, and whose web is spinning on all sides of the Russian Empire, as was that of the silken Japanese straggler when he looked Napoleon in Sedan," such is General Fukushima, as described by Mr. Poulton Bigelow, Mr. Bigelow met Fukushima while the latter was military attaché at the German court, a few years before the Chinese-Japanese war, and he tells several anecdotes illustrating the shrewdness of the Japanese officer, who, while purposely passing himself off as of feeble mental capacity, was keenly observant of Western military methods and principles, which he was supposed to be incapable of understanding. Although, says Mr. Bigelow, he spoke seven languages, he never allowed anyone to suspect that he knew anything but a few scraps of German.

"Fukushima would be the greeting of the German general."

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SUITABLY PUNISHED.

(From the Brooklyn Eagle.) "He's always in a row," said the policeman. "It's the next time he's brought in for fighting."

"What's the matter with you?" asked the judge.

"I just got to be hitting something all the time. I'm built that way."

"Have you got a punching bag in the squad room?" asked the judge.

"Sure," replied the policeman. "It's a sentence," said the justice. "Thirty days. Turn him loose at the punching bag with his hands tied. For every minute that he keeps standing, I'll take a day off the sentence, and for every minute of inaction of a minute that he keeps adding a day. When he has worked out his sentence, let him go."

Several hours later a weary man with bruised knuckles was carried away in a cab. He no longer had to be hitting anything all the time—in fact, the joy of not having to be hitting something was sublime.

SILVER-PLATING THE DEAD. A German professor has invented a process of silver-plating the dead bodies so as to convert them into metallic images of the individual as they were when in life.

Gold plate, says the Birmingham Daily Post, can be made of the bodies of the dead. But as the expense of silver-plating a body is \$250, there are probably few relatives who would deem themselves justified in equipping the deceased's estate on such a memorial.

Wheel Talk

HAS'NT it been your experience that a cheap wheel costs more in the end than a good one? A wheel to wear well and give satisfactory service must be built right, and of the right material. The

MASSEY-HARRIS

CUSHION FRAME BICYCLE

Is manufactured of tested steel by automatic machinery. The new Hygienic Cushion Frame is the latest thing in bicycledom—It makes all roads smooth roads. Write for the Silver Ribbon booklet.

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CANADIAN HEADQUARTERS FOR AUTOMOBILES.

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