

## EDUCATING AN EMPEROR

### CHINA'S RULER IS NOW ONLY THREE YEARS OLD.

#### One of Hundred Golden Tales for the Instruction of a Baby Sovereign.

The little Emperor of China is now three and his education in philosophy and statecraft is about to begin. Following immemorial tradition his childhood's lessons will be told him in the "Hundred Golden Tales." Here is one of them as interpreted by a Russian writer, Mr. Doroshevitch.

The all-powerful Bodychan (Emperor of China) had often seen at his court clever and cunning people; the notion struck him that for once he would like to see happy men.

"I am the sun, which glids only the mountain summits, whose beams never light up the valleys," he said to himself, and ordered his chief master of ceremonies to bring him the register of the lower servants of the State.

The master of ceremonies brought 666 paper rolls, each 66 yards long, and even they scarcely had space for all the names.

"Dear me, what a number!" said the Bodychan. He put his fingers on the name of the mandarin of the forty-eighth class, Tan-Li, and commanded: "Learn what sort of man this is."

#### TAN-LI'S CHARACTER.

The commands of the Bodychan are obeyed forthwith, and before he had time to count 10,000 his master of ceremonies returned and said, as he bowed deeply:

"This man is an old, true servant of thy throne, all powerful Son of Heaven. He is an honest, humble official and an exemplary father to his family. He lives in concord with his wife, and both bring up their daughter in the fear of God and love of toil."

"Then he shall know a pleasure," said the Bodychan. "I shall make him happy by a look from my eyes. Go and inform him that he may present himself to me with his family on the first day of the new moon."

"He will die of joy!" cried the master of ceremonies.

"We will hope that that may not happen," answered the good Bodychan smiling. "Go and fulfil my will."

"Well, what have you to tell me?" he asked, as the master of ceremonies returned to the palace.

"Thy will, which is sacred, has been fulfilled, all powerful Son of Heaven," answered the official, and fell to the ground before the Bodychan. "Thy gracious command was made known to Tan-Li amid drum beating and trumpet blasts, and the jubilant cries of the people, who praised your wisdom."

"And what did Tan-Li say?"

"He seemed to have lost his senses from joy. The earth has never seen such mad delight!"

The day when Tan-Li should present himself at court seemed to approach very slowly, like everything that we hope for. The Bodychan wished as quickly as possible to see a happy man, and one evening he disguised himself as a simple coolie, and went with one attendant to the remote quarter of Peking.

#### WHERE TAN LI LIVED.

From a distance he could hear the noise in Tan-Li's house. "Is the jubilation really so great?" thought the Bodychan, amazed. And joy glowed in his heart.

He drew nearer to listen. This is what he heard:

"Most miserable of women! most worthless being that the sun has ever seen!" screamed Tan-Li. "Cursed be the day and the hour when it was my lot to marry you. Truly, evil dragons gave me the thought!"

"For three hundred moons we have been man and wife," answered Tan-Li's wife, weeping. "And I have never heard you utter such curses. Once you found that I was your dear, sweet, true wife. You praised me."

"Yes, but that was when we did not have to present ourselves to the Bodychan!" answered Tan-Li, raging. "You will cover me with shame. You will make me the scorn of all men. How can you know how to make thirty-three graceful bows as etiquette requires? I shall sink in the earth from shame of you, of you and our daughter. She is the most misshapen creature in all the world. A horror that the Sun has never looked on the like of."

"Father," answered Tan-Li's daughter, sobbing. "Father, have you not always called me your pretty child, your dear Mu Sian, your sweet Mu Sian? Have you not often said that nobody in the world was nicer, brighter or more obedient than I?"

"Yes, but your feet are two fingers long," cried Tan-Li in despair. "I am sure that the Bodychan will die of fright if he sees such a monster of a foot."

"I have not been brought up to go in the fine world," sobbed poor Mu Sian. "I have my feet for walking. I was to marry a simple and poor man like yourself, father. I have been brought up to work."

"Cursed be your deformity, for

we must present ourselves to the Bodychan!" cried Tan-Li, beside himself.

At that moment a gong sounded at the door, and

### THE MONEY LENDER

entered the room.

"Well, how it is, Tan-Li?" he asked. "Have you thought over my conditions?"

"But we will die of hunger if we accept your conditions!" groaned Tan-Li, and covered the grief in his face with his hands.

"As you will," remarked the money lender, shrugging his shoulders. "But bethink you, time is passing. If you delay longer neither the blue silk coat with gold bordered sleeves for you, nor the silk embroidered gown for your wife, nor the dress with flower-work for your daughter will be ready, nor everything else that you must have to be presented at court. What will you do then?"

"I must give in to all," gasped Tan-Li.

"Then do not forget what I have said so that afterwards there be no quarrel. I will deliver you all that you need and you will give me every new moon three-quarters of your pay."

"But we will die of hunger!" cried Tan-Li and wrung his hands.

"Take the half. Do not ruin us," Tan-Li, his wife and poor little Mu Sian fell on their knees before the money lender and implored him to take only half Tan-Li's pay.

"We will have to go hungry all our lives," they cried.

"No; three-quarters of your pay every new moon," said the inexorable money lender. "That is my last word. Yes or no?" And Tan-Li answered gasping: "So be it! As you will!"

"Oh, heaven!" groaned the Bodychan, and tears streamed from his eyes.

"Dare not call me so!" he cried in his bitterest anger to his master of ceremonies when he returned to the palace; and that officer, as custom required, fell to the ground before him and called him all powerful. "Thou shouldst lie to me on nothing," said the Bodychan and tears started in his eyes. "I called all powerful! I who cannot make one man happy!"

And as he wandered through his beautiful fragrant gardens he thought sadly: "I am the sun which lights and warms only from afar, but sings and parches when he comes near the poor earth!"

### MR. GRATEBAR TO PHILIP.

On the Qualifications Essential to Great Success.

"Devotion, Philip," said Mr. Gratebar, "is absolutely essential to the attainment of an measure of success, and as at the beginning of your career you will be working for somebody else this means that you must then be absolutely devoted to the interests of another. This will jar you at first, when as far as you can see your efforts are simply adding to his wealth, but you can be certain that there is no surer way of adding to your own."

"But it should be noted, Philip, that something more than that is required of one who would go far. Devotion is a fine trait and never without profit to its possessor, but really to get far you must besides have brains. For their devotion alone men must always command, as they do, our respect and admiration and yet among those possessing it we may find many who though never slackening endeavor never get anywhere."

"They stay faithful, thanks be for that, and with that their lot is better than it would otherwise be, you may be sure, and yet they don't get on much in the world and they may wonder why. The reason is, Philip, that they lack brains. Really to get on, Philip, I repeat, besides devotion you must have brains, originally and readiness, courage, enterprise, vigor, determination, if you will permit your poor old father just for once to drop into slang with you, Philip, a somewhat classy combination."

"I have never myself bewailed my lot. I have always rather been inclined to smile over nature's forgetfulness or omissions in my case in failing to endow me with all those so much to be desired qualities, the absence of at least some of which you must yourself have observed in me. I never begrudge any man his ability or his strength if these endowments were rightly used. I have found and I still find life very pleasant as it has come to me or as I have been able to make it, and I shall be quite content, Philip, if all these fine and splendid qualities that command great success come to be developed in you."

"But be sure, Philip, that for a foundation you must put in devotion, and this must be unqualified and unstinted, complete and believing; for with all the ability we may be able to bring to bear on it the outcome of any work or enterprise in which we may be concerned depends finally upon the spirit in which we engage in it. Spirit may seem like a pretty intangible sort of asset, but it is the most valuable of all, and devotion breeds it, is it. For your foundation, Philip, put in devotion."

A rather unusual suicide was that of John Howson at Bristol, England, recently. The man was in the hospital suffering from pneumonia, and was at time delirious. As the nurse was leaning over his bed, he suddenly sprang up, and seizing a hatpin from her cap, stabbed himself to the heart. The nurse extracted the pin, but the man died shortly after. The doctors who performed the autopsy found a tiny puncture in the heart.

Again Mark Twain tells a story of the little town of Fargo, North Dakota, which once boasted a postmaster and corbier rolled into one person. This official was called one day to give his verdict upon the case of a stranger who had been the victim of a fit in the main street. As the man was known to nobody, he was hurried to the much-prized new "City Hospital."

There the case was diagnosed as appendicitis, but when the operation took place the attending surgeon discovered that the patient had been previously relieved of his appendix. The doctor endeavored to retract his steps, but the strange man died from the effects of the operation.

The postmaster-corbier, in rendering his verdict filled in the space after "Cause of Death" with a rubber stamp which read "Opened by Mistake."

## EYES' QUEER MALADIES

### PEOPLE WHO SLEEP WITH THEIR EYES OPEN.

#### A St. Louis Man Who Has Not Closed His Eyes for Twenty Years.

To "sleep with one eye open," to be always "wide awake," are bits of advice which it is very difficult to follow literally. Yet there are several individuals who can truthfully claim the distinction of sleeping with both eyes open. One of the most interesting of these cases is that of Joseph Anderson, of St. Louis, who for twenty years has never closed his eyes, sleeping or waking, and who will probably never close them again in this life, says London Tit-Bits.

Anderson is now in the City Hospital, St. Louis, under the care of physicians who fear to make any experiments to restore the natural movement of the eyelids, lest by so doing they destroy also the sight of the eyes. If Anderson agrees to take the risk, then an attempt will be made to give him back the ability to close his eyes—a luxury which the unfortunate man is very anxious to enjoy. The story of Anderson's mysterious malady is interesting, and may prove something of a warning to other men who are following his occupation.

A WIDE-EYED AMERICAN.

This "wide-eyed" American is sixty years of age, and twenty years ago was a quarry workman. The lime dust that was perpetually getting into his eyes created an inflammation, which, however, did not bother Anderson very much. A few weeks later, however, he began to notice that it was getting more and more difficult for him to close his eyes, and one night when he lay down to sleep he found it impossible to lower the eyelids. He made desperate efforts to do so, but failed, and throughout the night he lay there staring at the ceiling. When he rose in the morning he felt in no way weary, and came to the conclusion that he must have slept with his eyes open.

During the days that followed Anderson tried to exercise his eyelids, but couldn't much as wink at a comrade when the latter asked him to take a "smile." "It caused me some trouble at first," Anderson said to the surgeons, "as I couldn't go to sleep, but just lay there staring at the ceiling. But gradually I became used to it and slept as well as any man—with my eyes open."

For eighteen years Anderson thought little of his inability to go to sleep with his eyes closed, but then came headaches and he began to suffer a good deal. He believed that he had rheumatism of the eyes, and when he couldn't stand the pain any longer he went to the hospital, where the surgeons hailed him as one of the "queer" cases which delight the medical profession. They laughed at his idea of rheumatism, but Anderson persists that he is right, and declares that if rheumatism can be cured that one day he will be able to close his eyes again. Attempts at a cure will probably be made, and Anderson's case is being watched with considerable interest by medical men in all sections of the country.

### RESULT OF RHEUMATISM.

Rheumatism of the eyes is not so unusual as readers may possibly think. An interesting case may be recalled. When Wilkie Collins, the famous novelist, was at the height of his fame he became afflicted with what was then diagnosed as "rheumatism of the eyes." The author suffered the most excruciating pain for eight months, during which time he lay on his face, shielding his eyes with his arm and dictating the greatest of all his novels, "The Moonstone." The malady left him as mysteriously as it had come, and never again was the author troubled with his eyes, though the visitation left him very near-sighted.

The case of a young child, named Dorothy Cross, greatly interested the surgeons of Newark Hospital a few years ago. This child was born with the eyelids attached to the eyeballs, so that it was impossible for her to close them. The doctors feared to operate lest the sight should be damaged, but finally cut loose the eyelids, and by means of grafting were enabled to hide the scars. For several months the child had to be instructed in the way of closing and opening her eyes, until the function became a natural one and she could "blink" as often as she had a mind to. According to the doctors the case was not an isolated one.

### SUICIDE WITH HATPIN.

A rather unusual suicide was that of John Howson at Bristol, England, recently. The man was in the hospital suffering from pneumonia, and was at time delirious. As the nurse was leaning over his bed, he suddenly sprang up, and seizing a hatpin from her cap, stabbed himself to the heart. The nurse extracted the pin, but the man died shortly after. The doctors who performed the autopsy found a tiny puncture in the heart.

Again Mark Twain tells a story of the little town of Fargo, North Dakota, which once boasted a postmaster and corbier rolled into one person. This official was called one day to give his verdict upon the case of a stranger who had been the victim of a fit in the main street. As the man was known to nobody, he was hurried to the much-prized new "City Hospital."

There the case was diagnosed as appendicitis, but when the operation took place the attending surgeon discovered that the patient had been previously relieved of his appendix. The doctor endeavored to retract his steps, but the strange man died from the effects of the operation.

The postmaster-corbier, in rendering his verdict filled in the space after "Cause of Death" with a rubber stamp which read "Opened by Mistake."

## KING EDWARD'S ORDERS

Origin, Romance and Etiquette of the Decorations.

When King Edward goes abroad amongst his subjects on occasions of ceremony, the least observant eye will, says the Strand Magazine, not some details of the insignia he wears. Everyone is aware that the emblems of an order of knighthood are not restricted to one portion of the royal person; they may be worn on the right or left shoulder, across the bosom, on the left breast, around the neck, or suspended at the hip. It is probable that the broad blue ribbon of the Garter is familiar to all, but that it is equally possible to wear the badge of the Garter round the neck, on the left shoulder, on the breast, or encircling the left leg may not be generally known.

It has been said that the desire to possess honorary distinctions has shown itself in various shapes from very remote times, and to be able to wear them on the person as evidence of some particular qualification in the individual has been an object of human ambition almost from time immemorial. The sovereign naturally leads the way; he is the first man in the state; he is himself the fountain of honor. But with the accumulation of honorable decorations at all the courts of Europe, it grew impossible for one individual to wear all the chains, ribbons, medals and crosses of which King Edward is the recipient. Consequently, a selection only can be worn, and this selection is governed by his majesty's predilections and the nature of the occasion. Thus, at a purely British function, the display of the insignia of British orders and of British decorations is naturally the rule.

But first of all let us see what the insignia of an order generally consist of. In the case of the order of greatest distinction, the Garter, the yeoman first of a habit, collar, badge, star and the garter. In what is called a full chapter of the order, of the complete habit and insignia. His majesty would wear the collar, from which is suspended the George (a gold and enamel representation of the Saint George and the Dragon), with the star (worn on the left breast). This full chapter of the habit is worn only on certain days, known as collar days. On ordinary occasions—a levee or a court—his majesty wears the ribbon over his left shoulder, from which is suspended the lesser George (an oval badge, with a representation of Saint George and the Dragon), with the star. The garter, which is worn only with breeches and bears the motto of the order—Honi soit qui mal y pense—is worn below the knee on the left leg.

The badges have grown so numerous it has been found necessary to fasten the small ones issued to Companions of any order in a closely packed row upon the left breast. By this means it is possible for his majesty to wear a great many orders and decorations. For, in addition to a row of, say, nine on the breast, he can carry four stars below a ribbon suspending a badge across his breast, another round his neck, another fastened to his right shoulder and another to his left, making in all sixteen decorations which King Edward VII. can wear at once, whereas King Edward VI. could only have worn three or four.

### TELLING THE AGE OF A FISH.

The age of a fish can be determined with accuracy by inspection of the otoliths or bony concretions which are found in the auditory apparatus. These otoliths increase in size during the entire life of the fish, each year adding two layers, a light colored layer formed in summer and a dark layer formed in autumn and winter. The alternate layers are sharply contrasted and very distinct, so that there is no difficulty in counting them. The number of pairs of layers is equal to the number of years the fish has lived. By this method Wallace has made an interesting study of the distribution of fishes of the plaice species over various sea bottoms, according to age. In this way the rapidity of growth of fishes and the effect of fisheries on the population of the sea can be determined.

### A READY-MADE VERDICT.

Again Mark Twain tells a story of the little town of Fargo, North Dakota, which once boasted a postmaster and corbier rolled into one person. This official was called one day to give his verdict upon the case of a stranger who had been the victim of a fit in the main street. As the man was known to nobody, he was hurried to the much-prized new "City Hospital."

There the case was diagnosed as appendicitis, but when the operation took place the attending surgeon discovered that the patient had been previously relieved of his appendix. The doctor endeavored to retract his steps, but the strange man died from the effects of the operation.

The postmaster-corbier, in rendering his verdict filled in the space after "Cause of Death" with a rubber stamp which read "Opened by Mistake."

Where Education Fails.

An old "darker" in Alabama called across the fence to his neighbor's son, who is a student at the Atlanta University.

"Look hyar, boy," he said; "you goes to school, don't yer?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

"Larning 'rithmetic an' finger- ing on a slate, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, it don't tak' two whole days ter make an hour, do it?"

"Why, no," answered the boy.

"Wal," said the old man, "you was going ter bring that hatchet back in an hour, wasn't yer? An' hit's two whole days sence you borrowed hit. What's the use of yo' educatin' of you go ter school a whole year, an' den can't tell how long hit takes ter fetch back dat hatchet?"

## HAVE YOU MENTAL POISE?

### ARE YOU SURE YOU ARE QUITE SANE?

#### Try the Following Simple Tests and Determine Whether You're All There.

Are you sure that you are perfectly sane? Are you sure you possess the proper mental poise and that your mind and muscles work co-ordinately? It seems a foolish question to ask, doesn't it? But thousands of people have had occasion recently to prove their sanity by a simple test used by medical men. They tried it in their homes, their offices, in the streets, on railroad trains, and in cars.

No doubt you heard of a New York City magistrate who had applied the simple test to a woman, asking her to close her eyes and strike the point of her nose with the tip of her index finger. She failed to accomplish the trick and committed to the psychopathic ward at Bellevue hospital for examination by physicians into her mental condition.

After reading the account you promptly tried it on yourself. Don't deny it, for people all over tried it, and most of them emerged victoriously. It is a peculiar phase of the curious test that every one who hears of it is constrained to try it.

### PRACTISE THESE YOURSELF.

But if you accomplish the nose and finger test and are cocksure of your physical and mental fitness here are a few other "stunts," simple tests used by medical men, for you to try:

Close your eyes and make a quick grab at the lobe of your ear. Can you seize it—or did you clutch your hair, pinch your cheek, or miss entirely? Better cut out the smokes and drinks and tune up.

Stand with your heels and great toes tight together and then close your eyes. Can you stand up a minute—or do you feel dizzy or are you forced to open your eyes to keep from falling? That's bad—you'd better take a good stiff walk every morning.

Stand with your feet together and then raise one foot. Can you stand that way for half a minute with your eyes closed? If you can't, you aren't in fit condition and your nerves are frayed out. Take a vacation and tune up.

Close your eyes, extend your arms from the sides, and try to bring the tips of your index fingers together in front of you. Sounds easy, doesn't it? Well, try it quickly half a dozen times, and see how many times you miss. You'll not be so confident of yourself, perhaps.

### TRY TONGUE-TWISTERS.

Now try a little vocal exercise. Just a sentence, "Round and round the rugged rock the ragged rascal ran." Look at it and then repeat it quickly—run right through it as if it were a favorite bit of verse.

Or try this one: "How much wood could a woodchuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood." Or that old familiar one, "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers; a peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked."

Can you do them without stumbling and stuttering? If you can't, the muscles of your tongue are not responding to your brain impulses as they should. Talk to your wife more at breakfast time. It'll be good for both of you.

### SIMPLY AS TESTS.

These simple tests are used by medical men to test the muscular co-ordination, say the medical experts. They are not necessarily used to determine a subject's sanity, though sometimes they are indications of mental trouble. The tests sometimes show symptoms of general paralysis of the brain, familiarly known as "brain storm."

But chiefly they are used to show the condition of the nervous system. In an insane person muscular co-ordination usually is poor, and they cannot go through the tests, simple as they seem.

The tests are used chiefly to determine muscular co-ordination and diseases of the spinal cord and the nervous system.

### WHERE EDUCATION FAILS.

An old "darker" in Alabama called across the fence to his neighbor's son, who is a student at the Atlanta University.

"Look hyar, boy," he said; "you goes to school, don't yer?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

"Larning 'rithmetic an' finger- ing on a slate, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, it don't tak' two whole days ter make an hour, do it?"

"Why, no," answered the boy.

"Wal," said the old man, "you was going ter bring that hatchet back in an hour, wasn't yer? An' hit's two whole days sence you borrowed hit. What's the use of yo' educatin' of you go ter school a whole year, an' den can't tell how long hit takes ter fetch back dat hatchet?"

## FROM ERIN'S GREEN ISLE

### NEWS BY MAIL FROM IRELAND'S SHORES.

#### Happenings in the Emerald Isle of Interest to Irishmen.

New schools at Ballyconnell are to cost \$4,905.

A five-year-old hunting horse was sold at the Kilkenny Fair for \$600.

The potato crop of Cranlough is well above the average of former years.

Swinford, Co. Mayo, is now furnished with water works and electricity.

Two acres of land with a house attached at Caherloo, Cummer, was sold by auction for \$750.

The total amount of fish landed on Irish coasts in the year 1907 is given as 747,056 hundredweight.

Mr. Carnegie has agreed to increase his gift of \$6,250 for Bangor Public Library and Technical School to \$7,500.

Richard Justin, a laborer, was executed in Belfast gaol for the murder of his daughter, whom he beat to death in March.

Wild scenes of riot and disorder have been occurring at Templemore on account of the refusal of the tenants to pay rent.

An animal described by some as a lion, and by others as a bear, appeared recently in the Rosemead and Knockin districts, Queen's Co.

Thirty-five men who are alleged to have participated in the recent riots at Lurgan between Orangemen and Nationalists, have been arrested.

A battery is to be erected at Kilroot Point, near Carrickfergus, for the protection of Belfast Lough and the valuable docks and shipping at that place.

The funeral took place recently at Louth of Patrick Morris, who had attained the age of 100 years and five months. The deceased was a blacksmith.

A dwelling house near Tullaroan has been blown up with blasting powder. Four infernal machines were discovered in the house, which was empty.

The Ballyshannon constabulary recently succeeded, after an exciting raid, in capturing an illicit distillery in full working order, among the Donegal mountains.

Richard Justin, laborer, aged 35 years, was hanged in Belfast jail for the murder of his 4-year-old daughter. This was the first execution in the city for eight years.

The Countess of Aberdeen has sent silver thimbles bearing mottoes in Irish, to the little girls composing the deputation which presented her with an address in Lurgan recently, and to the boys a new kind of autograph book each.

While some workmen were recently engaged in digging a foundation of a dwelling house on a farm at Callow, a few miles from Ballyghaderreen, they came upon the skeleton of a man in a good state of preservation about three feet from the surface.

### THE TIGER'S PREY.

How His Taste Changes—Feroicity of the Man-eater.

In the intervals of rest and recreation which Mr. Rees doubtless allows himself he may do worse than give his most attentive consideration to certain facts mentioned by a writer in the current number of the Indian Forester bearing upon the evolution of the forest tiger's taste, first for cattle and then for human meat.

When tired of the monotony of the menu provided by deer or wild pig the forest tiger develops a taste for domestic cattle, and then its modus operandi is very interesting study. The venue is changed from deep forest to cattle breeding area, where the tiger leisurely carries on its depredations until shot—an operation which, however it might shock Mr. Rees, is one of the most beneficent acts of the sportsman.

As the writer in the Indian Forester says, the transition from cattle slaying to man slaying is not a great step. Where cattle abound human beings are, and once the tiger has tasted human meat it develops an extraordinary passion for it. And so it must have its daily feed. It goes anywhere in search of food.

Many years ago a tiger swam the Rangoon River, nearly a mile in width, and landed in the heart of the locality, crept under the raised floor of a Burman hut and was promptly slaughtered.

About six years ago a large tiger was observed on the platform of the Shwe-Dogan pagoda at Rangoon and was shot by a party of soldiers told off for the purpose.

The superstitious Burmese attributed the outbreak of a plague in Rangoon to the shooting of this tiger, which they declared was some particular manifestation of the Buddha. It is a curious fact, however, that the plague outbreak occurred shortly afterward, and the city has not since been free of the scourge.