

JAPANESE WAR POETRY.

The war song that, according to Colonel Edwin Emerson in Pearson's, is most often sung by the Japanese soldiers on the march and in the camp is the following spirited ballad by the popular poet Tensui:

THE HEART OF CHERRY-BLOSSOM.

"Cherry-blossom" stood in the little garden behind her father's house and pondered, wearing in her mind a design for the ornamentation of her wedding kimono.

Cherry-Blossom was not unprepared for this announcement. Indeed, her whole education was centered upon her marriage, and this day had been looked for ever since her last birthday, and coming had found her expectant, though perhaps not quite so acquiescent as a little Japanese maid should be.

Of this, however, she was not wholly conscious as her training had left no room for even a thought of rebellion; she only knew that she was glad it was not required of her to marry the first suitor who appeared if she did not like him.

"Yes," Matsuga was saying, "Cherry-Blossom must have a husband, a young man of high family, and much yen; and Mori Satsuma shall assist me in selecting him."

The mother of Cherry-Blossom shivered a little and drew nearer the brazier though the day was warm. She was about to speak, but the wisdom of her married life came bidding her be still yet a while; a resented that a husband and an empty stomach was not in the best condition to listen to an appeal.

And now that little Cherry-Blossom was to be married, the mother's heart flew to the woman who would have so much to do with the happiness of the child.

When then Matsuga had finished his rice and soup, sampled the sweets and began sipping his tea, Suma gathered up her courage and spoke in a low voice.

became a man of wealth and begin to join in the social life of his city, and met men of the Caucasian race, he saw how they regarded their wives and daughters, and like many another of mankind, he looked upon his growing love for Suma and Cherry-Blossom for right and good, for he argued that these other men of superior knowledge whose happiness centered in their families must know. True, it was against all the traditions of his country to make much of women; but his nature was progressive.

Here his mind ceased to wander in the past, for Suma was talking and he listened attentively to what she had to say. "My husband, will you not ask Mori Matsuma to do his best for our little Cherry Blossom when he is looking for a husband for her? Beseech that he will find one with a mother who will begood to our child." Suma spoke in soft tones and looked with pleading eyes at her husband and he, Seizo Matsuga, replied:

"Mori Satsuma and I will be wise and do well by Cherry-Blossom. Nevertheless I think well of what you say and will drop a word of it to him." And with that Suma was satisfied. She had done all she could and hoped good would come of it.

Then she went out and found Cherry-Blossom waiting in the garden and together they sat down to work butterflies and lotus flowers in threads of gold and silver upon a background of ivory white. And Suma imparted much wisdom to the little maid, concerning the way to manage one's husband at the same time yielding him apparent submission; and of how life could be made endurable with a mother-in-law whose wishes must be respected.

Mori Satsuma was Seizo Matsuga's oldest friend. He was a man of wealth and large acquaintance. Moreover, he was held in high esteem by all who knew him and Matsuga felt that he was competent to help in the selection of a husband for Cherry-Blossom. On the evening then of the day on which Cherry-Blossom had been told of her approaching marriage, when the sun with its slanting rays threw quaint shadows of house and temple into the street, Matsuga and Suma paid a visit to the house of Mori Satsuma.

Mori Satsuma was clever with his tongue and his language and welcomed his friend in long and difficult phrases through which filtered many terms honoring Seizo Matsuga. They seated themselves around the brazier to drink tea together and chat of many things, and it was long before the important subject was opened. But at last the proper time had come, and Matsuga launched himself on a sea of eloquence in which the point became storm-tossed as a cork shell in the winds of mid-ocean, and quite a half hour went by before his words drew to a conclusion.

Mori Satsuma was greatly pleased and promised his aid most cheerfully. He had no children of his own, but as far as it was possible to feel affection for a girl child—he reflected—he loved Cherry-Blossom.

Among the friends of Mori Satsuma and those of Seizo Matsuga was Taika Yenshi, whose son Oto Yenshi was a fine young man and in every way desirable as a husband for Cherry-Blossom, and when this had been decided upon, an arrangement was made for the meeting of the three families when Oto Yenshi and Cherry-Blossom should have a chance to make a formal acquaintance.

It was toward evening and his shadow stretched long before him, exaggerating his height grotesquely. The summer had been a succession of hot middays and cool evenings, a humidity spreading its influence over all until vegetation ran riot.

"Tell me quickly, for I must not stop, are you going to marry the young man with whom I saw you on the hill the other day?" This time the answer was louder and quite distinct. "No."

Wainwright's heart jumped ecstatically and he softly passed his side of the screen. The joy ran wild in his voice when he spoke again. "What has Mori Satsuma to do with your marriage?" he said.

"Well," said Wainwright boldly, "I shall offer myself as a suitable husband, for I feel convinced you could not have a better one." And smiling mischievously and happily, he marched off without waiting to find out the effect of his words on the little person with whom he had just been talking.

Cherry-Blossom could not help stealing a glance at the hair that resembled seaweed; then she remembered that she had not given this stranger the respect she had been taught to show all men. Hastily, for she was a little slow in thinking of this, she bowed her head and said to him in honor of his question assured him she was in no wise hurt.

Time flew swiftly. The day on which Cherry-Blossom was to see the family of Oto Yenshi dawned, flushing opalescent with pink and blue and specks of downy cloud. Cherry-Blossom was ready early, in kimono of delicate crepe overspread with the wings of brilliant beet butterflies, and coiffure elaborately ornate with gold and gemstones.

Horace Wainwright had been far into the country that day and was coming back weary with many miles of bicycle riding over roads that were indifferently good, but happy in his communion with nature. Up the last hill he pushed his wheel, stopping to rest now and then in the shade of the cedars lining the road, and just as Cherry-Blossom in her finery chat with Oto Yenshi was deciding that his hair was too straight and black, his skin too yellow and his eyes too dark so that he would never do for a husband, Wainwright appeared over the top of the hill and settled in her mind at sight any lingering doubt which might have dwelt there.

"You're there, little maid?" he said softly; and then he waited until the answer came in faint tones. "Yes."

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Why the Japanese People Look for Victory.—Petreo Chuazuro Daito, President of Japanese Society in Philadelphia.

I voice the belief of the rank and file of the Japanese people—the masses of the people—which I say they feel absolutely confident that Japan will emerge from this war with undiminished honor, undiminished glory and undiminished prestige.

It is especially true of those personal names which are given to signify the wish of the parents for "good luck." It is very interesting to notice, through the naming of the babies, how much the Japanese people are absorbed in the war.

Those who favor Russia, and who predict victory for her arms, aver that the Siberian railroad will be able to send and support an army of 500,000 men in and about the field of Manchuria. Those who are equally well informed deny the possibility of any such thing. They say that this single-track railroad, of nearly 7,000 miles, is unable to supply provisions sufficient for more than 200,000 men.

It is an admitted fact that the Russian soldiers are not in good condition, and it is not surprising to me. During the occupation of Peking by the allied forces the comparative figures of sickness and death among the troops of the various nations stood about like this: Russia, 9 per cent; French, German and British, 5 per cent; United States troops, 4 per cent; Japanese troops, 2 per cent.

What, therefore could be more natural than for the United States to step into the breach and make itself a world-powerful instrument of peace? The people and the government of this country are neutral, so far as the war is concerned, and it would be impossible to find a more disinterested power to arbitrate the differences between the two nations.

When a little Chinese boy is six years old he is sent to school. This is a very important event and often a fortune teller is consulted, that a lucky day may be chosen. When the selected day arrives at last the boy has his head clean shaven and his pigtail nicely plaited. Then, wearing perfectly new clothes and carrying in his wide sleeves his book, slate and favorite toys, he walks gravely beside his father until the school is reached.

The clothing of Japanese babies is simple in the extreme. It consists of several garments, flannel or cotton or silk, as the season demands. These garments, as many of them as are needed to keep the little one warm, are placed one inside the other until they are as one garment. They are then laid straight on the floor and the baby is put into them, a broad sash is tied about the whole and the dressing is completed.

Why we paid Spain \$20,000,000 for what we had won, why we had paid Panama an unnecessary \$10,000,000 and why we swatted the Filipino and kissed the Cuban are interesting "conundrums" for the spellbinders.

W. C. T. U. Convention.

The twentieth annual convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Centre county, convened in Petrikin hall, Bellefonte, Sept. 5th, 6th and 7th.

On the afternoon of the 5th the executive committee met and transacted business. In the evening a large audience gathered to listen to the renowned author of the Scientific Temperance Instruction laws in our public schools, Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, of Boston.

Tuesday morning's session was full of instruction and well attended. An excellent paper on "Domestic Science and Manual Training in Public Schools" was read by Miss Mary Owens. Mrs. Hunt was present to make helpful suggestions and encouraging words. Her address to the teachers who came in a body was full of tenderness and instruction, impressing upon them their responsibilities. We wish that all teachers in our county could have heard it.

Tuesday afternoon's session was taken up with reports from the different superintendents. Much stress was put upon the work of the "Flower Mission," Mrs. Gainford speaking at length upon the subject. Mrs. M. S. Latshaw, of Howard, read a paper entitled "Wanted, Young Women in the Temperance Reform," which was forcible and contained an earnest plea to young ladies. The subject, How to Get Them Interested, was discussed at length. Rev. Lathrop, of Milesburg, brought words of greeting and good cheer to the convention. Mrs. Hewitt, of California, brought greeting from there, and spoke at length upon how they secured prohibition in their home county. Other testimonies were given along the line of working against license and our valued president, Mrs. A. M. Clee, said that she would stand against license in the face of a cannon.

Tuesday evening was taken up with a silver medal oratorical contest. Excellent music was furnished by the orchestra. The following five young ladies participated: Misses Mabel Wagner, Lorene Jones, and Ivah Meyers, of Milesburg, and Misses Azalia Hawkins and Bertha Taylor, of Phillipsburg. The selections were all good and the contestants each deserve credit. The judges awarded the medal to Miss Hawkins and the second prize, a fine large book, to Miss Wagner. Each of the others received a small book.

Wednesday morning's session was devoted to hearing reports from committees and to the election of officers. This resulted by informal ballot in the re-election of president Mrs. A. M. Clee, of Phillipsburg; vice-president, Mrs. T. L. Eddy, of Milesburg; vice-president at large, Mrs. J. P. Harris, Bellefonte; corresponding secretary, Mrs. M. B. Cross, Phillipsburg; recording secretary, Miss Nannie Fisher, Unionville; treasurer, Miss Hawkins, Phillipsburg.

The tender sympathies of the convention were extended to our ex-treasurer, Mrs. D. D. Mitchell, in her prolonged illness. Mrs. Mitchell has faithfully filled this office for a number of years past. Superintendents of departments of work were continued as before with the addition of Mrs. Mattern as superintendent of loyal legion and Mrs. Harry Keller legislative work.

The report of the committee on resolutions was adopted by the convention and is in part as follows: 1st. Resolved That we endorse any effort to be made to secure the passage of a Local Option Law by the coming Legislature and shall heartily co-operate to that end. 2nd. Resolved That we call on all good citizens of this State and county to vote and work for the election of men to the Legislature who stand for temperance and good government and who will oppose any attempt to remove any of the legal restrictions now placed on the liquor tariff. 3rd. Resolved That more attention be paid by local unions of this county to the use of scientific temperance instruction in the public schools of their districts. 4th. Resolved That we use our best endeavors to have our husbands and brothers vote for men, irrespective of party, who stand for righteousness and sobriety, especially in our primary elections. And since the granting of license for selling intoxicating drinks depends upon the decision of our court judges we should use every effort we can to elect a judge for our county who will have respect for the wishes of the religious element of the voters. Thanks were tendered those who contributed to the excellent music during the sessions, the decorations, the reception and so on. The delegates departed to their separate homes feeling that a grand and good convention had been enjoyed.

SOME MORE PLAIN TALK.—Mr. F. P. Green Talks Because He Has Something To Say. The grip usually leaves in its wake a lingering, stubborn cough, which cough syrup fails to relieve. It is in just such cases that Mr. Green recommends Vin-Tena, and the customer comes back, not to ask for the return of his money, but to thank Mr. Green for having called his attention to the great tonic that sells on its merits. Mr. Green sells Vin-Tena and gives his personal guarantee with every bottle. Get a bottle to-day.