

The czar's Finnish subjects will help along his disarmament scheme by emigrating. The only trouble they find is in knowing which country is most unlike Russia.

Our exports of manufactured goods average \$1,000,000 a day. There were 204 working days during the first eight months of the current fiscal year, and during that time the total exports were \$207,000,000. This was a gain of \$26,000,000, or 14 per cent. over the corresponding period of the previous year.

Dr. Carroll reports that the people of Porto Rico want a territorial civil government as soon as possible. They ought to have it, and doubtless will have it, as soon as it seems practicable to give it to them. But that is a task for Congress. The administration has nothing to do but to continue the military system until Congress acts.

A London bookseller has just been sentenced to nine months imprisonment for selling indecent French books, in spite of his counsel's plea that a book in a foreign tongue could not corrupt the morals of her majesty's subjects. Though this was the first successful prosecution on record where the book was not in English, the court would not allow an appeal.

The possibilities of the invention of liquid air are to the present view limitless. Steamers and engines and flying machines can carry their liquid air machines with them and manufacture their fuel from the atmosphere as they go. Coal and other expensive fuels can be kept for ornamental parlor use, and liquid air engines generating electricity will supply all the heating and lighting of the world. Instead of drawing on the limited coal mines for our force, we shall draw on the comparatively limitless heat of the sun. It may be that we shall in an infinitesimal degree accelerate the cooling off of the world; but that is a subject none of us is quite altruistic enough to worry about yet.

An interesting side issue of the international differences centering in Samoa is the known but futile ambition of Germany to secure possession of the Tonga or Friendly Islands, which are small but numerous, and lie some 350 miles southwest of the Samoan group. Germany's threat to annex these islands furnishes circumstantial evidence of her desire to outwit Great Britain and the United States at Apia; but the promptness of British action, in sending a cruiser and reaching a thorough understanding with the king, appears to have settled German schemes. The natives of the Friendly Islands, being Christians and dominated by missionary influence, are much more readily dealt with than are the Samoans.

There is a wonderful difference between the Japan of today and the Japan to which Commodore Perry made his famous expedition fifty years ago. The effort of Japan then was to exclude all ideas of progress and to have as little dealing with other nations as possible. Foreigners were regarded with great suspicion and were often subjected to cruel treatment by the Japanese authorities. Probably no other nation ever made as much progress in the same length of time as Japan has made in the last half century. The extent of this phenomenal revelation in the character and condition of the Japanese was not fully appreciated until the war with China. They then exhibited a force and prowess which won the admiration of the world. It was made evident that Japan must be ranked among the great nations, and that she was to play no mean part in the world's affairs.

The skill of marine architects and the ingenuity of science have for first-class steamers at least—conquered most of the dangers of the sea. But the danger of collision in fog and darkness remains a fearful hazard of the most skillful navigator. There is hope now that this danger also may disappear, thanks to the labors of an ingenious inventor. The government has searchingly tested a new instrument called the eophone—meaning "sounding down"—by the use of which an operator may precisely determine the direction of any sound, however faint or distant it may be. It is believed that with such instruments in use the man on the bridge, in thickest fog or densest darkness, need never be in doubt as to the direction or distance of an approaching ship's whistle or the roar of breakers, and need never, therefore, suffer collision or run his ship ashore. If the device shall prove to be all that the government's experts think, its invention is one of the best gifts of our time to ocean travelers.

It is amusing, but significant—this sudden friendliness of the South American republics, so-called, toward the United States, considering how free they used to feel a while ago to gibe at us and bother our citizens when they went a-visiting.

Persons interested in the suppression of the fashion of wearing feathers and birds as ornaments in millinery are rejoicing at the course taken by the Kansas Legislature in passing a game law which contains a clause to the effect that persons selling for millinery purposes birds' feathers or skins of birds shall be fined.

A member of the French Academy who has written and said much about beauty has recently declared that the woman of the future will surely become ugly, because her life will tend to eradicate the purely feminine characteristics. In her competition with man she will become more masculine as her mind becomes fitted to her work or her amusements.

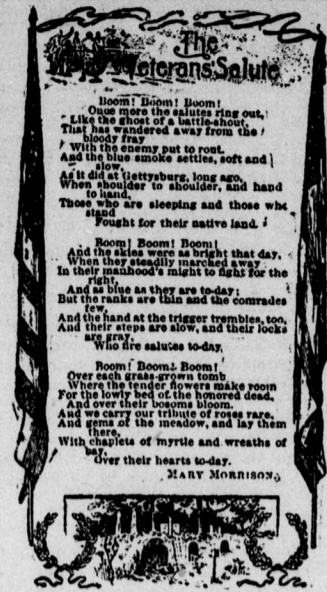
It has been suggested that one of the ways of celebrating the twentieth century in England should be by appointing women as consuls and agents-general. As an argument in favor of this, it is pleaded that the imperial and colonial institute are of no use to women who are visiting London from the colonies, and that a place that would give information and guidance that would be of help to such visitors would become most popular.

The latest article of export from this country to Europe is river shells for the manufacture of pearl buttons. The manufacture of the cheaper grades of pearl buttons by factories located in Iowa and Wisconsin has of late years almost entirely done away with the importation of such goods. Some three years ago the supply of shells was so largely increased that the price fell from \$20 to \$8 a ton, and European manufacturers are reported as saying that the American shells are superior to anything that can be obtained on the other side at the prices at which they can be imported. What shall we supply Europe with next?

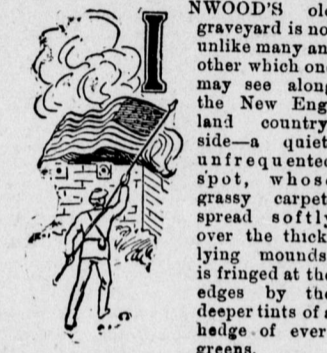
The emperor of Germany has indicated in numerous ways his desire to be viewed as a leader of men. He has shone as a ruler, as a military organizer, as a painter, as a composer of music, and has insisted on his right to be considered a prelate of the church. In going a step further and inventing a new mustache, he has the support of the illustrious precedent. His royal uncle, the Prince of Wales, proved his vastness of intellectual resource at one time by setting every man in England to wearing a beard the shape of half a salad spoon; and in the third Napoleon's day a loyal Frenchman would have as readily gone barefoot to the opera as he would have failed to wax and elongate his mustache and "goatee" into an isosceles triangle of stilettoes.

The state department at Washington is in receipt of an edict issued in February by the Empress Dowager of China commanding the suppression of outbreaks of violence against Christians in many provinces of the empire. Among other things, the empress says: "We treat the preachers of all religions as good citizens, and no prejudice is tolerated. Though each has a distinct doctrine, the common aim is to induce people to be good. All evil and crime are not only prohibited by our laws but are also prohibited by the Christian religion." This certainly sounds well, but concerning the sincerity of the empress in denouncing crime we must withhold judgment pending the fate of the imprisoned young emperor whose death by slow poison is so confidently predicted.

These many years the writers of railroad stories have diligently inculcated the theory that the locomotive engine is not a thing, but a creature that it has likes and dislikes; will go for one man and not for another; and that the tie between it and its driver is a quasi-sacred thing not to be meddled with without good reason. There has also been a theory among mechanics that a locomotive needs periods of rest between trips, like a horse. Two railroads—St. Paul and Atchison—have defied both of these theories and propose to run their locomotive on much longer trips than has been customary, changing engineers at proper intervals, and having one succeed another on the same machine. They propose, too, it seems, to keep their engines at work as steadily as possible as long as they are fit to go. Their plans will tend to break up much of the fatigues between the driver and his machine, but if the breakage goes no further than that, the plan will doubtless keep in use.



THE SHARED GRAVE.
A Picture For Memorial Day
BY MARY A. P. STANSBURY.



WOOD'S old graveyard is not unlike many another which one may see along the New England countryside—a quiet, unfrequented spot, whose grassy carpet, spread softly over the thickly lying mounds, is fringed at the edges by the deeper tints of a hedge of evergreens.

It is, perhaps, a quarter of a century since the closely woven sod has been cut by the sexton's spade, except, at rare intervals, to give room to some belated wanderer, who, leaving no kindred behind him, has been fain to creep to the silent companionship of his ancestral graves. One may stray at will, fearless of intruding upon the expression of some private grief. Those who lie there have been so long gone that, to the young even of their own blood, they have become scarcely more than names, and if there still survive some contemporaries who loved them, the point of view of these has so shifted with the passing years that the sad, backward gaze of the mourner has become the hopeful outlook of the watcher for an immortal morning. Only for the babe, dead it may be, a hundred years, must the eye sometimes fill with gentle moisture as one wonders how angelic ministry can have quite compensated for the loss of the bitter-sweet of human love and pain!

It was the morning of the thirtieth of May, 189—. Here and there in the old graveyard, tiny flags had been planted, each marking the last resting-place of some veteran soldier whose memory was to be publicly honored by the ceremonies of the afternoon.

Upon one of the mounds thus designated was standing a fair little girl dressed in white. Her eyes were large and blue, and waving masses of yellow hair fell about her shoulders, half veiling the delicate nose of her rounded cheeks. Around her on the grass was scattered a profusion of out flowers mingled together without distinction of species or color. With the late daffodils and early roses, the purple pansies and spotted lilies-of-the-valley, the drifting lavender and white snowballs, were heaped buttercups and dandelions from the field and dewy violets from the brookside.

The child's fingers were so busy with the blossoms that she did not notice the slow approach of light footsteps which hesitated and advanced by turns.

Suddenly, at the rustling of an eddy of brown last-year's leaves, she looked up to see another child standing a little apart and gazing at her with eager, wistful eyes. The face of the newcomer was jet-black, the clustering wool had been drawn tightly from her low forehead and



"A FAIR LITTLE GIRL DRESSED IN WHITE."

... tied in tiny braids with bits of bright ribbon, and her bare, dark feet and ankles showed below the skirt of her coarse blue stuff gown.

"Polly Williams!" cried the first child. "How still you must have come! Do you know that you almost frightened me? See! I am making

MEMORIAL DAY

TO THE UNKNOWN DEAD

a wreath for Grandpapa. Isn't it pretty?"

"It's right purty, Miss Marie. You've got a heap o' flow'rs, ain't yo'?"

"We have so many in the garden, you know, and, besides, I got up early and gathered wild ones. I wanted the very prettiest I could find for Grandpapa, because he was such a good man and a brave soldier. I never saw him of course, because he died a great while before I was born; but Grandmamma always tells me about him, and there's a picture of him—dressed all in his soldier clothes—so splendid! He was killed in the battle of Gettysburg—the syllables followed each other with slow exactness—"when they were trying to keep a hill away from the enemy—"Round Top" was the name of the hill—and Grandpapa was a captain, and he was going right up in front of his men, and then, all at once, a ball struck him and he fell dead. The soldiers buried him there at first, but after the war was over, Grandmamma and Uncle Joseph brought him back. See, Polly, his name on the stone!"

The two little heads, the black and the fair, touched each other as the children drew together tracing the few simple lines of a brave man's epitaph. Suddenly a sob broke the stillness—the eyes of the black child were drenched in tears.

"Why, Polly, what is the matter?" questioned Marie, anxiously. "Are you crying for my Grandpapa? I don't cry for him even my own self; for Grandmamma says that his soul went right up to heaven in a chariot of fire, just like Elijah in the Bible."

"I ain't cryin' along o' him, Miss Marie. It's somethin' else. I don't s'pose as you ever heard tell that my Gran'ther was a soldier, too?"

"Why, no, Polly! Was he, truly?"

"He 'listed in the Fifty-fourth. They was all cullud men, 'ceptin' the officers; an' young Marse Shaw, he was the cunnel. He was a beautiful man, so gentle-like and kind-spoken, but not afraid of anything in this worl'. And the men they loved him so, they'd follow him anywhere. An' so, one day, when they was tryin' to

brightness flashing like sunshine from behind a cloud.

"I know, Polly!" Her voice had a triumphant ring. "I've thought what to do. You shall stay right here with me. I've got more than enough flow'rs for a half-dozen wreaths. You shall make one for your Grandpapa, too, and I'll give you half of my grave!"

A look of wondering gratitude and delight shone from the black child's



AT LITTLE ROUND TOP, GETTYSBURG.

features, transfiguring them to some semblance of the inner beauty. Almost involuntarily the small, dusky arms and the rosy, dimpled ones wreathed themselves together, and the children—descendants respectively of the two races whose hearts' blood was mingled in the defense of the Republic, and children alike of Him who

"Chooses neither black nor white To be promoted in the sky"—

kissed each other across the shared grave.—New York Independent.

Youth and the Day.

There is no real waning in the respect which the day commands—baseball games and bicycle runs to the contrary. The youthful participants in these recreations are not lacking in consideration for the fallen dead or for the veteran survivors of the war.

ORIGIN OF DECORATION DAY.

Many Claimants For the Honor of Inaugurating the Custom.

The custom of placing flowers on the graves of soldiers is of very great antiquity. One ancient writer mentions the fact that on the birthday of Alexander the Great certain Greeks in Alexandria were accustomed to visit his mausoleum and place flowers on the threshold. The custom of planting flowers on graves is of an antiquity almost as great, and has been practiced in all parts of Europe for many centuries. The practice being once established, a local application of it in particular cases was easy and natural. During the Civil War in this country the women of both North and South instituted a custom of going regularly on a certain day, generally about the 1st of May, to the cemeteries with bouquets for the graves of the soldiers who had been killed in battle. The intense devotion of the Southern women to the lost cause led them to continue this practice after the war had been ended, and little by little it became universal in this country. In 1869 General John A. Logan, then commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, announced May 30 as the day on which the graves of soldiers should be decorated. There is, however, a controversy about the fact of the custom originating in a particular locality, some claiming that it sprang up spontaneously in almost every section of the country at once, practice of planting flowers on graves, and, considering the universality of the custom, there is no reason to believe that the custom, as claimed by some, originated in or was peculiar to the South, even during the early days of the war.

An Eagle That Went to War.

Almost as famous as the President after whom he was named, "Old Abe," the great battle eagle of the war between the North and the South, still perches in the National Museum at



OLD ABE.

Washington, though he died seven years ago. The celebrated bird, of which the accompanying picture is a faithful likeness, is a bald eagle and was captured in Wisconsin in 1861. He was given to Company C of the Eighth Regiment of Wisconsin Volunteers. He went to the war with his regiment and was present in every battle in which the regiment fought—thirty-six in all. Old Abe was carried into battle on a perch beside the color-bearer, but would soon spread his wings and soar above the smoke and strife, hovering over his regiment and screaming at the top of his voice. When the battle was over he would return to his perch and rest contentedly. He was wounded several times, and on a number of occasions he rendered valuable services to the army by announcing the approach of the enemy long before the scouts had time to reach headquarters, it is said. After the war he was presented to the State of Wisconsin. He became the chief attraction of the national army reunion, and became, perhaps, the most famous bird in history. He died at the age of twenty as the result of injuries received in a fire.

Sorrow For the Thinning Ranks.

We honor the dead and respect the Union and are filled with sorrow as each year passes and reduces the numbers of those who battled for liberty and union. The services observed generally throughout the United States show most conspicuously that patriotism is not dead and that the new generation, born since the war, is mindful and appreciative of the accomplishments of the one that is passing away.



FOR THEM NO MORE THE CANNON'S ROAR,
THE RIOT OF CHARGE OR SALLY;
NO MORE THEY REEL FROM THE SHOCK OF STEEL
NOR THRILL WHEN THE DRUM BEATS "RALLY!"
LOW THEY LIE IN THE WARW EARTH'S BREST,
BREATHE NOT OF WAR ABOVE THEM!
THEY CONQUERED PEACE AND A LAURELLED REST
AND THE WHOLE BROAD LAND TO LOVE THEM.

take Fort Wagner, the cunnel he went ahead, a callin' the men, with the guns firin' right in their faces. Gran'ther, he was jus' ahind the cunnel—there was a man as tole Granny about it—an' jus' the minute their feet touched the wall, there come a shot as struck 'em bof down. Lots of the other men was left daid all aroun', an' they was buried all in one big ditch togedder; an' de cunnel's folks—they was a high-toned white folks, too—they ain't never took his body away, 'cause they say they leave him where he want to lie, along wid his black boys."

Marie's eyes were flashing.

"O Polly! that was splendid! I can't understand why you cry. I should think you would be so proud and glad."

"I is, Miss Marie—I is proud and glad! It ain't that. But, don' yo' see? when Memorial Day comes roun' every year, an' all the folks is marchin' an' the band a-playin', an' the chillen goin' aroun' the graveyard with flower-baskets—den I ain't got no grave!"

Marie's listening face grew strangely pitiful. The flowers dropped from her hands, and she cast her eyes thoughtfully upon the ground. Suddenly she raised them again, the

But the war naturally brings to them no such sense of personal sorrow as it brings to those who actually felt or witnessed its sacrifices and had its suffering ineffaceably burned into their memory.

Softened Memories.

Time has softened the memories of the war. The grief felt for those who died a generation ago has been assuaged. Poignant grief for individuals has been changed into admiration for the heroes, and those who crowd the cemeteries on Decoration Day, if they do not shed tears at every grave as they did years ago, pause and pay a tribute to the memory of all of the brave heroes. These tributes take the form of patriotic exercises in the cemeteries and special services in the churches as well as the decoration of the graves.

The Voiceless.

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone, Whose song has told their hearts' sad story; Weep for the voiceless who have known The cross without the crown of glory! Not where the Leucadian breezes sweep O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow, But where the glistening night dew weeps On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.



"FAPS, LIGHTS OUT."