

REAL JUDAS FEAST AT TOKYO

Enmity in Division of Spoils and Tips Between Guides Leads to Tragedy.

Kosaku was the head guide at a big Tokyo hotel. He and another guide called Tomora, who also acted as policeman and incidentally as a spy on foreigners, were constantly quarrelling about the tips and spoils they extracted from globe-trotters, says the Wide World. Kosaku finally proposed reporting Tomora to the police authorities and so destroying his hopes of a pension. At the end of the year Tomora one day dressed himself carefully in foreign clothes, loaded a revolver, put it in his pocket, and invited the unfortunate Kosaku to a feast at a tea house. It was indeed a Judas feast. The two men ate together and drank. One after another, as little stone bottles of sake were emptied, the former enemies swore in bibulous phrases that all was forgiven. Together they started to return to the hotel, both apparently full of happiness and peace of mind and resolved that in future they would fleece the stranger within their gates hand in hand, as beloved brethren should. Then, just by the bridge near the hotel—the untidy bridge where the trams meet—Tomora turned like a wolf and suddenly shot Kasaku in the neck and body—shot with unerring aim, for Kosaku fell dead with out a moan. Tomora then killed himself on the spot. He had not forgiven, but was there not a supreme and cruel treachery in spending his last hours making merry with his victim?

Pettit's Eye Salve MAKES SORE EYES WELL

Girl's Idea of Men.
A little girl wrote this composition on men: "Men are what women marry. They drink and smoke and swear, but don't go to church. Perhaps if they wore bonnets they would. They are more logical than women and also more zoological. Both men and women sprung from monkeys, but the women sprung further than the men."

Buddhism and Animal Life.
It must be said of Buddhism that it has left one indelible mark all over India, China, and the east, and that is the teaching of gentleness and kindness to one another and to animals. Buddha taught that life is but a prolonged endeavor to escape from suffering, and that, therefore, to cause others to suffer is the unforgivable sin.—Price Collier in Scribner's Magazine.

Prison Recreations.
In German prisons chess clubs are by no means uncommon. They are encouraged by the authorities as providing healthful mental relaxation for well-conducted prisoners. Recently the inmates of Brixton prison have been regaled with oratorios, while at Aylesbury there are lectures and services of song.

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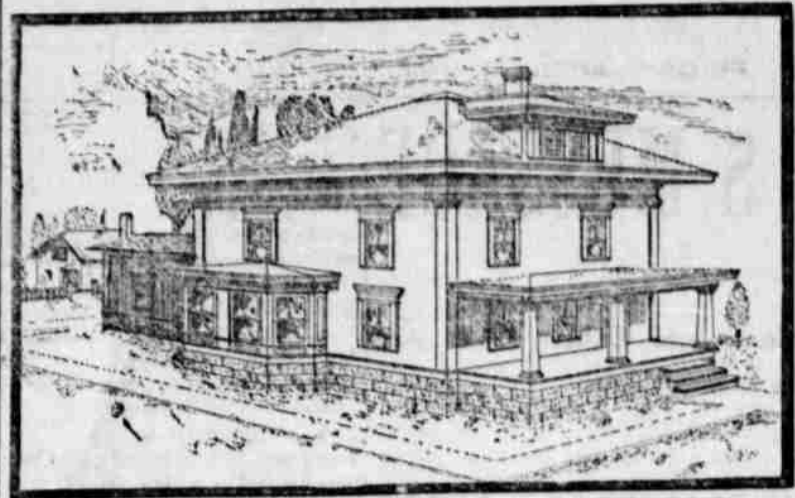
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ATTRACTIVE FARM DWELLING CONVENIENT AND INEXPENSIVE

Detailed Description of House Owned by Farmer in Ohio That May be Built at an Approximate Cost of \$2,800 to \$3,000.



An Attractive Farm Dwelling.

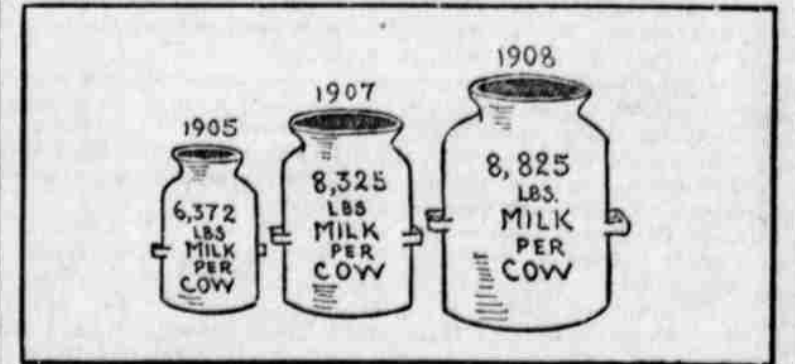
(By J. E. BRIDGMAN)
One of the most convenient and modern farmhouses of moderate cost the writer has seen is owned by a farmer in Ohio. It is comfortable and handsome, and the farmer and his family enjoy practically all of the advantages that are to be found in city homes. The house has few angles and corners and it may be built at an approximate cost of \$2,800 to \$3,000, and contain many of the improvements essential to comfort, utility and beauty.
The main or front part of the house is 28 feet square and the kitchen and pantry 14x20 feet. The lower story is 8 feet high and the second story 8 feet 6 inches. The exterior walls are covered with shiplap and lap siding with building paper between. The roofs are covered with best grade of 5 to 2 cedar shingles, that is, five of the shingles, when placed together, will measure practically 2 inches at the thick ends. These shingles will cost slightly more, but they will also last about three times as long as the 8 to 2 shingles.
All interior side walls and ceilings receive three coats of plaster with white finish. All floors are quarter-sawn yellow pine. The trim for dining-room, living-room, hall and library is of birch with mahogany stain. The kitchen and pantry has hard pine trim with oil finish.
Entire second floor has pine trim with flat tints except bathroom, which has enamel finish.
A good solid limestone or cement foundation is placed under the house and a basement excavation under the front part. A hot-air furnace is placed in the basement, also a hollow wire lighting plant. The furnace and

RACE SUICIDE AMONG FARMERS

Decline in Population Shown by Last Census in Agricultural Areas Due to Discouragement of Married Workers.

(By C. R. BARNES)
The pitiful story was told recently in a northern daily paper of an industrious and capable farm laborer who had answered several advertisements of farmers in need of just such experienced services as he was able to render; but whose application was rejected, in each instance, because he had a wife and two small children. The farmer wanted neither women nor children about their farms. So this competent farm worker was obliged to accept employment in a city stable.
It is to be feared that this is by no means an isolated instance. Human kindness has been so far eliminated, in many cases, from the relationship between the farmer and his hired help, and that relationship has been put so exclusively on a hard business basis, that the complaint is common that "the farmer cares more for the comfort and happiness of his cattle and hogs than he does for the well-being of his men."
Under healthier conditions in rural life, the married workman would receive the same preference that he generally does from employers in mercantile and manufacturing pursuits; as being more reliable and less likely to seek a change, if fairly well treated, than the single man. Aside from this, however, there is a moral

COW TESTING IS VALUABLE



A dairy farmer near Myrtle, Ont., with a herd of 29 cows, increased the yield of milk by 2,453 pounds per cow. The financial returns were \$52.72 per cow in 1905, and \$76.78 in 1908. The gain is shown by the relative sizes of the milk cans.

FRANZ JOSEPH AND HIS UNOFFICIAL WIFE



AN AGED emperor dines alone on gold plate from the famous service whose central decorative piece is worth \$15,000. There is only one guest, a general aid de camp or high official of the court. The proudest monarch of Europe is alone with one guest. Etiquette demands it.
There are eight services. Hofburg ceremony does not permit less. Five gorgeous funkeys in pale blue, pink and gold serve two men. There have been no flowers on the table since the tragic death of the Empress Elizabeth; but the lights of wax candles glint the golden service and the rare wines in cut glass; they fit from historic tapestries to carved wood furniture and panels such as no museum possesses and make dancing shadows in the distant corners.
There are faint, mysterious noises in the Hofburg, as of furtive steps up secret stairways in the walls, and there are silences in which you feel eyes peeping through holes. The great palace has an invisible population of effaced officials, gliding ecclesiastics, soft-footed domestics, noble old flames and ancient courtiers, whose only sounds are creaking joints as they slip through dim corridors where sentries stand immobile.
It is the frigid court of a lone, aged emperor bereaved by bloody loss of wife, son and favorite brother; so high that none dare offer him sympathy, stern and unbending in his haughty isolation. When his daughters, Marie Valeria, with her battalion of children, or Gelsele, became a morose old woman, are not there on some rare visit, the emperor is "alone." It is his wish. He is too old for state dinners and court functions, except the most indispensable, brief and infrequent.
The aged emperor is dreaming of the gorgeous gala dinners of the past. He sees the ideal throngs of other days. Again he hears the three taps of the Grand Chamberlain's cane to announce the entrance of their imperial and royal majesties. By enchanted doors fly open and the glittering throng, bejeweled and perfumed, flashing colors amid plumes, algerette and flowers, laughing and murmuring to the clink of gala swords and sabers, is struck to silence. Their majesties pass.
Vanished all that. The aged emperor sighs, and plans little pleasures which the doctors will permit him. He may still hunt; doubtless he no longer climbs crags after the chamois or the woodcock; but his hand is still firm as he waits on his camp stool in the forest; and stag or roebuck that comes within range is sure of his affair. Horseback riding is more difficult and it is doubly painful to give up a favorite exercise that kept him in touch with the great love of his life—the army. Twice a year they hold him to the back of a strong, tranquil animal, a phantom of the brilliant cavalier of other days; and Francis Joseph, stiff and bruised, watches the spring review and the finale of the autumn maneuvers. He loves his cigar and smokes continually the green and juicy marvels made for him by the two famous Cuban growers.
The aged emperor looks up from his cigar. How lonely is the immense palace—full of hidden courtiers, functionaries, servants. It is still early, not yet seven. Francis Joseph rises. His guest takes ceremonious leave and the sovereign goes to his study. What a place, that study. Suites of libraries and offices on endless corridors, from which once went out minute administration of the dual empire! Francis Joseph sighs with relief.
A confidential valet helps him into hat and overcoat. By a bijou elevator whose door imitates a bookcase he descends to the ground floor. Between the emperor's study and the waiting limousine is a trip of a short minute—saving a detour of half a mile by suites of rooms, stairways and corridors. He walks 20 steps across the little courtyard to the door, where a limousine awaits him. There is no special secrecy; it is to avoid ceremony merely. He gives no directions; the chauffeur knows where to go.
Quitting the frigid, solemn Hofburg, out into the bright lit, bustling early evening of Vienna, past crowds hastening to theater and music hall, into fair streets of residence, the auto stops at a comfortable villa. The old sovereign enters the gate alone. The front door opens as he mounts the three marble steps. When the door shuts he is no longer the dread, lonely emperor and apostolic king, but Herr Schratz, regularly called "the Colonel," careless, easy, phlegmatic and slouchy, bright, warm, cozy, snug among good old friends.
Since the tragic death of the Empress Elizabeth, Francis Joseph is a widower, 81 years old, and "if all Vienna smiles at "Monsieur Schratz" it is with respectful sympathy and understanding. Years ago when the Burg theater was a wing of the Hofburg, the great actress Katharine Schratz—the Sarah Bernhardt and Rejane of Vienna—was presented to Francis Joseph by Empress Elizabeth herself. For long she, too, has lived retired, and the mourning emperor found her so intelligent, so fine and also good, that, great love and sorrow having burnt out, an affectionate friendship grew up to give him a kind of peaceful solace.
The court calls her "the Bourgeoise." With Katharine Schratz, for the first time in 65 years, he learned what blessed relief from frigid etiquette and numbing ceremony might be. The woman of heart, the artistic genius, who played the roles of great queens on the boards of the Court theater, before archduchesses and princesses, slowly and tactfully broke through the crust of the divinity that hedged and hampered the poor man throughout his life.
Leaving crown and scepter on the hat-rack, he enters the bright little card room that adjoins two bijou parlors, and takes the best easy chair, while Mme. Katharina hastens with the foot warmer. He lights a cigar. The bell rings and the partners of interminable games of Tarok—a sort of Austrian bridge—arrive; two ancient friends of the great actress become friends of Herr Schratz, always the same; Herr Palmer, director of the Bank des Pays Autrichiens and an international private banker so extremely illustrious that his name is as well known as Francis Joseph's.
The banker and Mons. Schratz are fast old cronies, to the sorrow and scandal of the Countess Chotek, morose but directing wife of Francis-Ferdinand, heir to the dual crown. Often the emperor loses all the money in his purse—a dozen forins—at the nightly game of Tarok. He plays badly. None wants him for partner; so they cut to see who takes him. He laughs boisterously.
At ten o'clock the limousine is announced and Mme. Katharina helps the "Colonel" into hat and overcoat.
The auto rolls through the streets of Vienna, still bright and boisterous, to the cold, solemn Hofburg. It stops at the little door of the small courtyard. The old man enters, and a silent valet meets him.

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Did She Get the Situation? Stout Lady—"I'm afraid you are rather young for the situation. Are you sure you could cook dinner for a large party?" Applicant—"Oh, yes'm. Why, the last party I was with was quite as large as you are"—London Tatler.

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