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TUESDAY.....February 27, 1912

Japan's Mission Is to Unite the East and West

By Dr. INAZO NITOBE

HEREVER a white power enters the east and seizes a piece of territory and when, as always follows, the country that has suffered the

Head of Imperial College of Japan

loss raises a great hue and cry you always hear it said that Japan is somewhere behind the eastern country. The INFLUENCE OF JAPAN IS ALWAYS SUSPECTED. But I can assure you that the suspicion is not just.

WE THINK OF OURSELVES IN JAPAN AS THE GO-BETWEEN OF THE EAST AND THE WEST AND NOT THE LEADER OF THE EAST AGAINST THE WEST. WE PREFER TO BRING TOGETHER THE NATIONS WHICH HAVE SO LONG TROD DIFFERENT PATHS AND UNITE THEM BY BONDS OF SYMPATHY AND RESPECT.

The location of the Japanese empire in the Pacific so far from the shores of America and from the centers of the world had made the Japanese GREATER STRANGERS TO THE WORLD than almost any other nation. The difficulty of passing from Japan even to California was enough to make understanding a matter of time.

The tendency to explain the character of a people by their environments is often OVERDONE. Some western travelers have tried to explain all Japanese life by our volcanoes and our earthquakes. But I think the mental influences have been small. In the Shinto religion, where there is a god for everything, there is only one mention of a god of earthquakes. The volcano and the earthquake have had an effect on our art and our architecture, but not an appreciable effect on the psychology or emotional life of the Japanese.

The insularity of Japan had made the Japanese a homogeneous people with a STRONG PATRIOTISM.

WHEN MORRIS WAS BURIED.

Simple Village Funeral of the Great Artist and Poet.

In his death William Morris, who practiced the ideal industry that Ruskin preached, was as simple and as near common things and common people as he had always sought to be in life. He was taken from London to the ancient village of Lechlade—so begins the lovely description in the late Henry Demarest Lloyd's "Mazzini and Other Essays"—to be buried near Kilmessit Manor House, where his own country home had been.

In accordance with his wishes, the windows of his town house were not darkened, and no emblem of conventional mourning was shown. There was no hearse to receive his coffin as it was taken out of the train which bore it to Lechlade.

Only down the hill came a harvest wagon. Round and through its yellow framework were twisted vines and branches of willow, roofing it and hanging down over the red wheels. A bed of moss fresh from the woods was spread on the bottom. On this the great artist was laid.

Wreaths of flowers were hung round the sides of the rack. Vine leaves were twisted in the bridle of the roan mare. The carter took her by the head, and the rest of the party walked behind to the graveyard.

The church is a little stone building of the twelfth century which Morris had helped to preserve. It happened to be decorated as for a festival. The fruits of the year were spread round. There were pumpkins and marrowns and great red and yellow apples on the seats in the porch, and red autumn leaves hung from the pillars. The coffin was of plain, unpainted oak. The handles were of iron, fashioned by the blacksmith. There was no inscription but name and dates. It was simply a village funeral, just as he wished it to be.

WANTED MORE ACTION.

And the Lioness Kindly Obligated the Motion Picture Hunters.

Paul J. Rainey writes in the Outing Magazine:

"The lioness was a picture to watch. She kept turning up her lip and growling savagely and once or twice made as if to charge. This lasted four or five minutes and then Hemment said he wanted more action and told one of his camera boys to throw a stone at her. The boy threw the stone, and we also got the action. She watched the stone roll past her and then, without even looking back and without warning whatsoever, she charged straight in.

"Never before in my life have I seen anything come so fast. It was all over in the twinkling of an eye. It seemed to me that when she first started she had her eye directly on me, but caught sight of the camera two or three yards to my left and charged straight for that. I shot her full in

Private O'Neil

By F. A. MITCHEL

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During the Spanish-American war one morning Colonel Brewster of the 1st United States Infantry was sitting in his tent at Tampa, Fla., when a private—a mere boy with rosy cheeks and jet black hair—was brought up by the corporal of the guard.

"Well, corporal," said the colonel, "not ceasing to wag a large palm leaf, 'what's he been doing?'"

"Interfering with the guard in the line of duty, sir."

"How?"

"Private Thompson on being reprimanded by Lieutenant Bilster knocked the lieutenant down. We put Thompson in the guard tent, and this man lifted up the rear part of the tent wall while the sentinel wasn't looking and helped the prisoner out."

"What did you do that for?" asked the colonel of the prisoner.

"Why, they told me," said the boy in a trembling voice, "that Thompson would be shot for mutiny."

"What good would it do you to try to save him that way?"

There was no reply to this, the prisoner standing with eyes bent on the floor.

"Do you think," said the colonel, "that if I let you off this time you can let the prisoners in charge of the guard alone?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Don't know?"

"I think I can, sir."

The colonel told the corporal to march the boy back to his company campment and release him.

The next day the recruit was marched to the colonel's tent again, having committed the same offense.

"See here, young man," said the colonel, "do you know that you are liable to be shot for this?"

"No, sir."

"Thompson's striking an officer was outright mutiny; your helping the mutineer to escape from the guard is the next thing to it. Do you want to get yourself shot too?"

"Could I take Private Thompson's place, sir?"

"Take his place in what?"

"Being shot."

"What in thunder do you want to do that for?" asked the astonished colonel.

"I'd like to, if he has to be shot."

"How old are you?" asked the colonel, hoping the boy was under age and he could discharge him from the army.

"I'm twenty, sir."

"Twenty? Were you enlisted as twenty? You're nothing but a child."

There was no reply to this. Tears were standing in the boy's eyes.

"Take him away," said the colonel to the corporal, "and tell his captain to try and find some reason to get rid of him."

The commander heard no more of the recruit Private O'Neil until after the first fight in Cuba. Then, on looking over some papers that had come up to him from D company, he noticed that charges had been preferred against one of the men for cowardice.

The colonel, suspecting that some boy had flinched under his baptism of fire and needed to be carefully handled, directed that the accused man be brought to his headquarters. When this was done, who should appear but Private O'Neil.

"You're the man who was continually trying to get another man away from the guard when we were in Tampa, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And if I remember rightly you wanted to be shot in his place?"

"Yes, sir."

"What's become of him?"

"He's Private Thompson, sir," the corporal put in. "Lieutenant Bilster withdrew the charge of mutiny on the ground that Thompson, being a recruit, didn't know any better than to strike an officer. Thompson has distinguished himself in the battle and has been made a sergeant."

"I don't understand why this boy was continually trying to save Thompson."

"They seemed to be great friends."

"Well, take him back where he came from and order Thompson to report to me in person."

"He won't tell you anything," said O'Neil.

"You impudent, cowardly youngster, what do you mean? Away with him."

Thompson reported with an arm in a sling and a bandage around his head.

"I understand, my brave fellow," said his commander, "that you have been promoted for gallantry in the battle. Now, I wish you to tell me why this little chap who is to be tried for cowardice was constantly interfering in your behalf with the guard when we were at Tampa."

"I can't do that, colonel, unless you order me to tell you."

"Very well; I order you to tell."

"O'Neil isn't a man; he's a woman," "Pshaw!"

"She's my wife. When I enlisted she followed me and enlisted, too, dressed as a man. I tried to make her go back to our kid, but she wouldn't. I wish you'd send her home."

"Orderly," cried the colonel, "go to the captain commanding D company and tell him to send Private O'Neil here."

Private O'Neil came, evidently fearful that the cat was out of the bag.

"You are to go north," said the colonel, "on the next train. You don't need a discharge since no such person exists. All I have to say to you is that you are a cowardly man and a brave woman."

Blamed A Good Worker.

"I blamed my heart for severe distress in my left side for two years," writes W. Evans, Danville, Va., "but I know now it was in digestion, as Dr. King's New Life Pills completely cured me." Best for stomach, liver and kidney trouble, constipation, headache or debility 25c at all druggists.

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OCCIDENTAL CHAPTER, No. 45, O. E. S., meets Saturday evening before and after stated communication of Masonic Lodge. Visiting members cordially invited to attend.

Louise M. Boyle, W. M.

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BANDON LODGE, No. 133, I. O. O. F. meets every Wednesday evening. Visiting brothers in good standing cordially invited.

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