

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



- 1552—Council of Trent prorogued.
- 1607—Hudson sailed on his first voyage of discovery.
- 1704—First issue of the Boston News Letter, the first American newspaper.
- 1707—Allied English, Dutch and Portuguese forces defeated by the French and Spanish at battle of Almanza.
- 1796—Demerara taken by Great Britain.
- 1805—Derne, Tripoli, captured by American marines.
- 1821—The Greek Patriarch put to death at Constantinople.
- 1834—The Quadruple treaty established the right of Isabella to the throne of Spain.
- 1836—Battle of San Jacinto.
- 1840—Earl of Cathcart appointed governor of Canada.
- 1851—First Canadian postage stamps issued.
- 1859—The French army defeated the Annam troops, 10,000 strong.
- 1863—Mail steamer Anglo-Saxon wrecked off Cape Race, with loss of 237 lives.
- 1868—Charles Dickens left the United States for home. . . . United States government concluded a treaty of peace with the Sioux Indians.
- 1876—Queen Victoria declared Empress of India.
- 1897—Grant's tomb, Riverside Park, New York, dedicated.
- 1898—Matanzas, Cuba, bombarded by American squadron under Admiral Sampson. . . . Spain declared a state of war existed with the United States. . . . Beginning of the Spanish-American War. . . . American squadron under Dewey defeats Spaniards at Manila.
- 1900—Attempt to blow up the gates of the Welland canal.
- 1907—Treaty of peace between Salvador and Nicaragua signed at Amalfi.

FROM FOREIGN LANDS

In the Canadian Senate at Ottawa, Senator McDonald of British Columbia offered a resolution declaring the immigration of Hindus should be limited as much as possible, and the Canadian government should invite the aid of the imperial government to limit the influx. Senator Scott of the Canadian government sent Mackenzie King, deputy minister of labor, to England for that purpose. This satisfied Senator McDonald, and he withdrew his resolution.

The London Times, in an editorial on President Roosevelt's message on anarchism, says that the President has entered upon a campaign that will command the sympathy and moral support of the civilized world. Fuller particulars of his proposals, says the Times, will be awaited with the deepest interest in all the cities of the world, and whatever may be thought of the prospects of the struggle with this terrible evil honest men everywhere will wish him victory in the fray.

The Chinese money changers of Hongkong are supporting the existing boycott against the Japanese which has come into existence as a result of the Tatsu Maru incident by refusing to accept Japanese bank notes even at a discount. The druggists' guild also has joined in the movement and members are making deposits of money as security of their good faith. The deposits of members who do not hold to the boycott are to be forfeited to the self-government society.

A Manila dispatch reports an engagement between American troops and constabulary, and Moro outlaws near Lanao, a town on the island of Mindanao. Two members of the constabulary are reported killed and three soldiers wounded. A column composed of a battalion of the Eighteenth infantry and constabulary under command of Col. Davis has been following a band of outlaws and it is presumed that they overtook them and an engagement ensued.

Australia's apprehension in the matter of possible aggression on the part of Japan was voiced at the meeting held in London of the Australasian chamber of commerce by Thomas Price, premier of South Australia. Mr. Price was emphasizing the necessity of Great Britain giving a more tangible proof of her interest in the colonies and favored the organization of a large federal citizen army in Australia.

The French cruiser Cassard has been ordered to the coast of Morocco to try to rescue the crew of the French fishing vessel Baleine, who were recently captured by Moors near Cape Juby.

At the trial of the nine members of the sect known as "dreamers" for burning down John Lehr's home south of Medicine Hat, Can., it was revealed that the members of the order had to obey the instructions of their leader, who, because Lehr refused to join the congregation, ordered his followers to destroy Lehr's home and slay his family at midnight "because he was heretic."



THE FAMILY DOCTOR

Influenza Epidemics.
Influenza is an acute infectious disease of peculiar character. Its original home is believed to have been in that mysterious region called Eastern Central Asia, where also the plague is thought to have its natural habitat. From this region it was wont to issue at irregular intervals of from four to five years to seventy or eighty, and invade first Russia and then western Europe.

It was for long not known how it spread from one country to another, affecting large districts almost at once. Its appearance in a city, for example, was hardly noted before the entire city was in its grip. It was thought due to some mysterious atmospheric "infection," whence its name from the Italian form of the word. The French call it la grippe, whence our "grippe," because of the way it seems to seize upon its victims.

The last great irruption of the disease was in 1889-90, when it spread over the entire civilized world with such extreme rapidity that the belief in an atmospheric influence was for a time revived. A study of the epidemic, however, proved that it followed the wanderings of human beings along the lines of travel; at first in a definite direction, because the travel in Siberia and eastern Russia was along narrow caravan routes and in a westward direction. Once it reached populous western Europe, with its radiating lines of railways, it burst forth in every direction like the explosion of a rocket which has journeyed for a time in a straight line up through the air.

This explosion and almost simultaneous diffusion throughout Europe was simply the result of human intercourse. As soon as the earlier carriers of the infection reached a populous city they scattered in various directions to their homes or to lodging-houses and hotels; and each one who was suffering at the time from the disease became a focus of infection, and from each of these centers the disease spread, and the grippe seized upon great numbers in all parts of the city at the same time, as soon as the incubative period of from one to four days had passed. Europe for a time had the epidemic to itself, but in ten days or two weeks, just long enough for the steamers to bring their infected human cargo, it appeared here on the Eastern coast, and as fast as steam could carry it spread over the entire country.

The epidemics in former times lasted from one to three or four years and then ceased, but since 1890 influenza has been epidemic in Europe and America every winter.

WHERE DOCTORS FARE ILL.

Fees in England, Germany and Austria Often Ridiculously Small.

Those who "pay the doctor's bills" in England, like those in America, generally have their own ideas about the periodical outcry raised in certain sections of the medical profession as to the increasing difficulty physicians have to "make both ends meet," but if the figures recently printed in the British Medical Journal regarding the struggle of the average physician in this country to earn anything like a decent livelihood reflect actual conditions, more leniency should certainly be shown—at least in England—toward apparently liberal charges for ministering to our physical woes, says the London correspondent of the New York Times.

It is pointed out that while there may be a few specialists in London who earn incomes ranging between \$75,000 and \$100,000 a year, the average income of the medical man in England works out at something like \$1,100 or \$1,250; and, reasoning from this average, the letter of a correspondent, who bitterly bewails his fate at an income of \$1,100 a year, out of which he must defray the expenses of his surgery and practice before he can claim anything for his home, is taken as a sample of the experience of the ordinary practitioner in the industrial centers of England.

The correspondent in question had secured for himself a fair connection, in point of numbers, after a residence of ten years in his district. Of his earnings 31.6 per cent was paid to him at his surgery; 87 per cent was paid in weekly installments to a collector; two-thirds of the accounts were paid at a rate of 6 cents a week and one-third at less than 6 cents a week; 12 per cent had to be regarded as bad debts, and the balance, 20 per cent, had to be got, if it was got at all, through the County Court.

The reason of this inadequate return for all the skill, patience and labor of the medical practitioner in England is not ascribed alone to the overcrowding of the profession. By many the practitioners themselves are blamed for consenting to accept fees which are not only unworthy of the work done but too low when regarded in the light of the means of those who have the work done. This state of affairs is attributed to rivalry and want of unity among practitioners in general. As a consequence the suggestion is made that doctors in each district should agree on a minimum fee below which no one

would be allowed to go, barring, of course, charity work.

That the conditions in the medical profession in England are no worse than those in Germany is shown by a communication from a correspondent of the New York Times, in which he states that the physicians of the various German cities have been compelled to advertise that in the future increased fees will be charged and all consultations by telephone will be charged for at the same rates as given when patients visit doctors' offices. Warning is also given that night and Sunday calls will be charged double.

The reasons given for the increased fees are the enormous increase in living expenses, heavier taxes and the general inadequate charges made heretofore.

Dr. G. Pick, writing of conditions in Austria, shows that about the same unsatisfactory state of affairs exists for the medical profession there as obtains in England.

COSMOPOLITAN SHANGHAI.

Contains More People of Different Races than Any Other City.

It is the most truly cosmopolitan city in the world; for Paris, after all, is mainly French; London, after all, is mainly English; New York, after all, is mainly American. Shanghai has its French hotels, its imposing German Club, its English Country Club, its race track, its Russian bank, its Japanese mercantile houses, its American post office. It is ruled by a council of Englishmen, Germans and Americans. It is policed by English bobbies, Irishmen, Sikhs from India, and Chinamen. On the Bubbling Well road, of a sunny spring afternoon, where the latest thing in motor cars weaves through the line of smart carriages, you may see Spaniard elbowing Filipino, Portuguese jostling Parsee, Austrian chatting with Bavarian, and they all talk, gamble, drink and buy in pidgin English.

This settlement of fifteen thousand Europeans, living apart from that public opinion which compels the maintenance of a social standard in every European country, and indifferent to that local public opinion which keeps up a certain curious standard among the Chinese themselves, seems to have practically no standard at all. The problem of every decent American or Englishman who finds himself established in business is whether he dare bring his wife and family and introduce them into circles so degraded that families disintegrate and children grow up under disheartening influences. The heavy drinking of the China coast ports is proverbial, yet the drinking seems little more than an incident in a city where the social atmosphere is tainted and altogether unwholesome.—Samuel Merwin, in Success Magazine.

Kipling at Work.

"I have lounged in Ruddyard Kipling's den at Brattleboro, Vt., before he deserted America for England and seen him at his work. He sat at his table in a revolving chair. I had a book in my hand and said nothing unless I was spoken to, for I was enjoying a great privilege that was granted to no one else but his wife. He would write for a moment, perhaps for ten or fifteen minutes at a time. If he was writing verses he would hum very softly to himself an air which probably kept the rhythm in his mind. When writing prose he was silent, but often he would lay down his pen, whirl round in his chair and chat for awhile. It might be something relating to the subject he was treating or bear no relation to it. Suddenly he would wheel back again, and his pen would fairly fly over the paper. He can easily concentrate his thoughts and as easily descend from cloud land to the commonplace of the day, though in his mind and on his lips nothing is ever commonplace. Some of his poems he has written when speeding in a Pullman car at the rate of sixty miles an hour."—Pacific Monthly.

Left Their Marks.

There was an air of cynicism about Miss Martha Head and a brisk and biting quality in her voice which was not conducive to a display of sentiment from her friends and relatives.

Occasionally outsiders attempted some flight of fancy, and were speedily blighted by Miss Martha. This was the case when a summer resident went to return Miss Head's call, and was visibly stirred at the sight of the beautiful old house, of which she had been told so many stories.

"To think how many, many little feet have gone up and down over these stairs!" said the visitor, in a tone of awe, looking with reverent eyes at the old staircase.

Miss Martha gave her a searching glance, and then bent her gaze on the stairs.

"Yes," she said, crisply, "anybody can see that. With three grandnephews and two grandnieces here all summer long, racing and tearing up and down, and hardly ever remembering to wipe their shoes on the door mat, those stairs are never fit to be seen."

Just So.

Agitator—Senator, don't you think that your colleague's voting for that graft measure was very foolish?

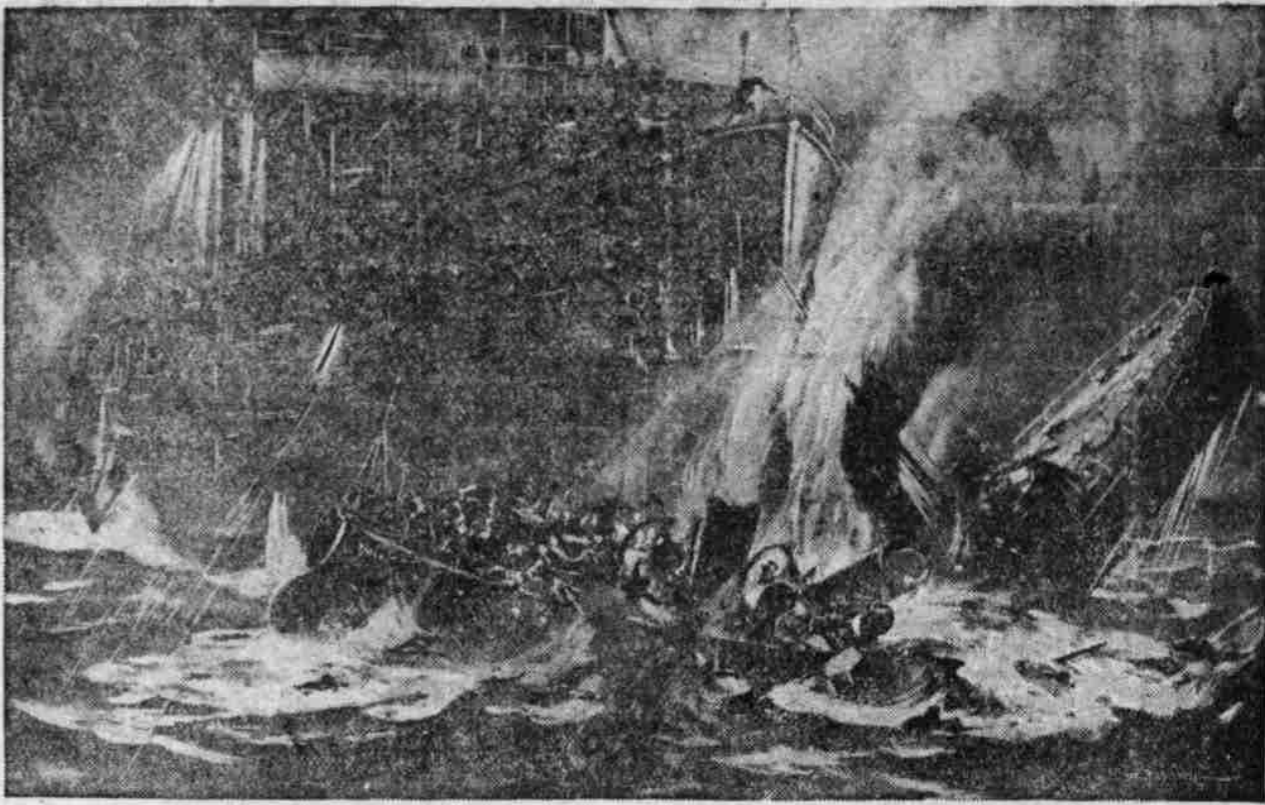
Senator Graft—Well, yes, in a way; I think if he'd 'a' held out as I tol' him to he'd got a good deal more out of it.—Toledo Blade.

Naturally Follows.

"Gracious, but Smith has an awfully rasping voice!"

"I guess that's because he went to the dentist the other day and had his teeth filed."—Baltimore American.

LOSS OF THE TORPEDO-DESTROYER TIGER AND THIRTY-SIX LIVES.



THE COLLISION BETWEEN THE TIGER AND THE CRUISER BERWICK.

The illustration depicts the terrible naval disaster which recently occurred off the Isle of Wight. During some night operations, carried on without lights, off the south coast of the island, the destroyer Tiger ran against the bows of the armored cruiser Berwick. Both vessels were going at full speed, and the destroyer was cut in two between the second and third funnels. The forepart, on which the commander and most of the deck hands were stationed, tilted perpendicularly and went

Through the Night

Hot with resentful retrospect, Tom Sardon leaned heavily upon the parapet of the bridge. All around the silent streets, the absence of life, the darkness, accentuated more than illumined by the even-spaced gas lamps, seemed to convey the idea of a deserted city—as if man, awed by the devastation he had wrought on fair Nature's face, had fled from his grim handiwork. Like virgin souls engulfed in a mire of sin, the snowflakes fell silently and vanished in the grimy-looking water that flowed sullenly underneath the bridge.

"I beg your pardon." The lurch of a heavy body against the brooding man brought him back sharply to the present. A belated traveler, the sound of his footsteps deadened by the mantle of snow which by this time had turned sidewalk and roadway into one level highway, had slipped on a snow-tipped heel and fallen against the loiterer on the bridge. The latter, so brusquely aroused to time and place, started at the sound of the other man's voice, and peered, with set eyes, into his face. The recognition was mutual.

"Lionel!" "Tom!"

The tones of their voices differed; one was of glad amazement, the other of bitter intensity.

"My dear lad, who'd have thought of meeting you here?"

Lionel held out his hand, but the proffered mark of friendship was unheeded. With body erect and taunt, in a voice which a blend of bitterness and anxiety made to tremble, Tom asked: "Did you marry Miss Arley?"

"Yes," returned the other. "Then I wish you much happiness!" snapped out the angry Tom, and, turning on his heel, strode off, not noticing, in his hot mood, that he was going in the direction which Lionel had been pursuing.

For a few moments the latter stood looking at his brother's retreating figure, then with a smile of comprehension he hurried after the wanderer.

"Come along home with me, Tom. Let us have a talk about old times."

"Do you imagine I have any desire to discuss the past? My father drove me from his presence with a bitter taunt. You married the one girl—"

"Come now, old fellow, look here; let us deal plainly with each other as man to man. Nay, you shall hear me. Where are you going to? What are you doing now? Down on your luck, eh?"

"What is that to you? I want no sympathy, not even justice, from any of my own kin."

He staggered and, but for his brother's upholding arm, would have fallen. "Steady, old chap, we're nearly home. You've been running yourself too fine. Here we are!"

By this time they had reached a house which stood, an oasis of home life, amidst the desert of warehouses, printing offices, and the like. The ponderous, polished knocker, the wide steps, the arched fanlight over the door, the solid aspect of the building, told of a time when merchants were content to live amidst the scenes of their labors. With his left hand Lionel unlocked the door and then supported and helped Tom up the steps into the hall and caused him to sit in a chair. Quietly refastening the front door, he turned into a small room on a level with the hall. After lighting the gas he poked the fire, which had been left burning for him, into a blaze, placed a small kettle on the fire, and returned to Tom, who sat, white and tired, looking at the portrait of a gentle-faced lady hung opposite to him.

"Now, we're right," said Lionel. "Come in here, Tom." He helped his brother to a cozy armchair near the fire and busied himself with setting out some bread and cold meat, which was ready cut, from a cup-

board, talking rapidly and vivaciously all the while.

"This is my sanctum. I'm left here undisturbed. I am hungry. Traveling makes you so, doesn't it? Will you join me in a little snack? Six o'clock in the morning is a funny time for a meal, but I believe in eating when you are hungry. There, now. You take the head of the table, as befits you. Come—a toast! You won't refuse that, will you? To my wife!"

He held out his glass toward the portrait of a lady which stood in the center of the mantelpiece. With fierce eyes Tom looked at the picture of a gentle lady sitting enthroned as a happy mother, with her two children, one standing by her side, the other nestling in her arms.

"That—your wife!" said Tom. Amazement was followed by a quick gleam of hope. "You told me that you married Miss Arley!"

"So I did." Lionel's eyes twinkled. "A health! To my wife!" "Your wife!" and wonderingly Tom drank the toast. Lionel kept his brother served with the simple meal, and under the influence of his surroundings and the badly needed food, Tom seemed to forget everything else but to satisfy the craving of his hunger.

Lionel went to a desk, unlocked it and took out a square, blue envelope, sealed and addressed in a firm, clerical hand,



TOM TOOK OUT THE LETTER.

to "My Son Thomas." Handing it to Tom, he said:

"Now, I'll leave you for a minute or two while you read your epistle. I sha'n't be long away."

Softly closing the door, he crept upstairs, clucking to himself at every step.

"What a lark! Poor old Tom!" Tom waited till his brother had closed the door, and then ripped open the envelope and took out the letter:

"My Son—You and I parted in anger. You have gone away. I know not where, leaving your father and your brother without a good-bye. You have not written, and now in my last days I find myself cut off from communication with my eldest son. But before I die I wish to set down some particulars of which I feel you are ignorant. Jacob Arley was my enemy. The only crime he could ever accuse me of was that I married your mother—the girl he professed to love, but who did not love him. Three times he tried to ruin me in business, but failed. When you told me that you loved his daughter and wished to marry her, I forbade you, on pain of my displeasure, to think of such a thing. When you persisted—you were always stubborn—I threatened you with loss of my favor and esteem, and to dissuade you—for I loved you, my son—I informed you that your brother Lionel had a claim upon Miss Arley's affections. So he had, but not upon the Miss Arley whom you and I quarreled about. The woman your brother loved and has just married is Miss Arley's cousin, and bore the same name. I ask you to let the traitorous designs of your father's enemy be the excuse for my deception. I have since repented of it. Before I go to join your mother I wish you to know, should this letter ever

fall into your hands, that the headstrong course you pursued in leaving home after our quarrel has darkened the closing hours of my life. Some day you will learn that it is the privilege of the old to remonstrate with the young and the duty of the young to listen in patience to admonishment. The warehouse and the business I have left to you. Your brother holds it in trust till you return. He will be a good steward, for he is upright and generous, and has such an affection for you that I trust you will return it in some measure. May the peace that well doing brings be yours. Accept my blessing. Bpt. oh! my lad, why did you ever leave your well-meaning but blundering father?"

Thomas Sardon.

"Good news, old man?" "Yes, too good for me. I'll not let you read the letter, L. It is too sacred. But I am off again. L. I'll write this time to tell you how I get on."

"Not without your breakfast, my son. My wife will be down soon, and she will be disappointed if you go away without seeing her. I told her the good news of your arrival."

"Well, all right. But after breakfast I must say good-bye."

"Perhaps," said Lionel.

He led his brother upstairs and, with rare tact, left him after giving him the key of the ancient oak clothes chest where their mother had kept their stock of household linen, their little baby shoes, and other trifles of fond remembrance. Tom unlocked the chest and with trembling hands drew out the clothes that he had left behind in his hurried departure from his home some years before. Then, after tubbing, he dressed himself and waited.

The gong sounded. Lionel appeared and led the way downstairs to the breakfast room. A pleasant faced lady there was introduced as Lionel's wife. With womanly intuition she greeted him as if he were an old acquaintance, and busied herself attending to the wants of a little boy and girl who were clamoring for "Aunt Bessie."

Tom winced at the name. "Do you take tea or coffee?" asked his hostess; but she received no reply. Her brother-in-law had half risen from his chair, his eyes riveted on a picture who stood in the doorway, her hands pressed to her breast, her lissom, gray-clad figure outlined against the door's dark background, and swaying with agitation. For a moment a dead silence fell on the room. Then, with a glad cry, Tom broke the spell of astonishment which enfolded him, and rose up in his place.

"Bessie!" "Tom!"

He strode up to her. "You waited for me, then—through all these years?"

"Yes, Tom. I would have waited forever."

The simple words went home. He drew her to him, till her head sank upon his breast. Brokenly he murmured:

"This is too much happiness. I am not deserving."

Lionel, who was almost choking himself in his efforts to continue his breakfast, at last cried out:

"Come along, you two! Breakfast is getting cold."—London Tit-Bits.

Slightly Different.

"Miss Gabbie seems like a pleasant person to talk to."

"Indeed? She doesn't seem to think so."

"Why, how do you mean?" "She seems to think she's a pleasant person to listen to."—Philadelphia Press.

Driven to It.

"Drinking is a matter of habit with him, is it not?" "Exactly; he goes on a tear every time his wife buys a new hat."—Houston Post.

Grass widows are never as green as they pretend to be.