

SCHOOLBOYS IMBIBE THE WAR FEELING.

They Manifest It in Several Ways Which Annoy Peaceful Russians in This City.

The war between Russia and Japan is not being fought alone in the Far East. There is a sort of skirmishing going on in this city. In many ways Russians and Japanese here have found evidences of a war spirit at home, which, although it may not have taken the form of bombardments nor of exploding submarine mines, nevertheless reflects the trend of popular sympathy.

The most active agent in stirring up a war spirit here is the small boy. On the streets of the East Side the children of several schools organized at recess and noon hour into Russian and Japanese armies. At Public School No. 7 the boys engaged in a drawn battle last Tuesday afternoon, which, contrary to expectations, resulted in an overwhelming victory for the Muscovite. A certain gutter was designated the Yalu River, and the Japanese, who were trying to ford it, were compelled to retreat in great con-

Many stories of indignities which Russian subjects have been made to endure are told by the Rev. Alexander A. Hotovitsky, pastor of the Church of St. Nicholas, in East Ninety-seventh-st. Members of his church have come to him and related how they had been reviled and sometimes attacked on the street.

"One day," said the pastor yesterday to a Tribune reporter, "some of my parishioners told me they had been attacked by American and Hebrew children on their way to work. They were employed as tailors in an East Side shop. The boys threw snowballs and mud at them, and then cried:

"We are Japs, and you can't catch us."

"I indeed fear for our church," continued the pastor. "At the time of the Kishineff troubles boys gathered in the vacant lot back of the church, and bombarded it with stones and sticks and cans. I fear that now they will renew such indignities."

aid societies, to which they pay a small weekly stipend in return for medical care or, in case of death, the expenses of funeral. It so chanced that the doctor of the society known as the Protective Association of American Russian Women Emigrated from Odessa employed a doctor who was a Russian, but not a Jew. The women met, and after a stormy meeting decided to discharge the doctor.

"We will have a man who is on the Japanese side," said the secretary.

Just before the motion was put, one woman said that the doctor ought to be allowed to continue the treatment of one woman who was absent.

"Don't worry about her," interrupted a third member. "She's my sister, and I know she'd rather die than show friendliness to Russia."

The same warlike spirit has crept into the Russian Symphony Society, which has been giving a series of concerts this winter at Cooper Union. Most of the members of the organization are Russian Jews, and, whatever may be their political opinions of their native land, they love its music dearly. All was harmony in the society until war was declared. Then the musicians found themselves between two discords. If they continued to play Russian

FOILED COMPLETELY.

How Clever Maid Outwitted the Gentlemanly Intruder.

Thieves, if the adage may be trusted, have a fine sense of honor. This is the story of one who was enough of the fine gentleman to recognize ability and admire it, even when its possessor had foiled his best laid plans for generous loot.

One afternoon a few days ago the mistress of one of the most beautiful of the new houses along Riverside Drive went out in her carriage, with the information that she should not return for several hours at least. About 4 o'clock the bell rang, and the first maid went to the door. Opening it she found, smiling in a polite and friendly manner, a tall, distinguished looking and well dressed man, who requested the privilege of seeing Mrs. Blank for a moment on business of importance.

"Mrs. Blank has gone out and left no word as to when she will come back," said the maid.

"Has she been gone long?" inquired the polished stranger.

"About two hours," said the maid.

"Unfortunate," murmured the stranger, in a vexed voice. "It is so important. May I come in and wait for a short time? She may return."

The maid led the way into the reception hall and bade the elegant stranger be seated. He settled himself comfortably, and looked around with critical intentness. Eric-a-brac, objects of art, rare bronzes ornamented the tables and the mantels. The maid sat at a respectful distance, with her profile severely outlined by a window. Fifteen minutes passed. The stranger stirred uneasily in his deep chair. He spoke:

"I beg pardon, but I think it will hardly be possible for me to wait longer. I shall therefore leave a message for your mistress. Would you mind providing me with paper and pencil?"

The maid bowed respectfully and touched an electric button. The polite stranger watched her with interest. Another maid appeared.

"Annette, this gentleman desires to leave a note for madame. Will you please get paper and pencil from the study?"

She returned to her respectful attitude near the window. Her profile was remarkably well defined. The pencil and paper were brought and handed to the polite stranger. He did not begin writing at once. He paused, as if in thought. Then he looked long and keenly at the silhouette of the maid against the window, and wrote briefly. The note was inclosed in the envelope and sealed. He rose to his feet, and with a pro-



AT THE OPENING OF HOSTILITIES.

Boys in Seward Park plying Russians and Japs at war, with snow for ammunition.

fusion. Several shop windows opposite the school were smashed during the engagement.

Some fifty or more lads took possession of a vacant lot fronting East End-ave. at Seventy-seventh-st. the other day, and, dividing into Japanese and Russian contingents, they joined in conflict. Tin cans, brickbats and broken stones were exchanged at long and short range. Earthworks were thrown up and stormed. When the battle was at its height several rocks crashed through the windows of a neighboring apartment house, and, as a consequence, the police were informed. Detectives Duffy and Ryan executed a clever attack from the rear, captured two of the boys and carried them off in a patrol wagon. Strange as it may seem, both the Russians and the Japanese at the sight of the detectives beat a disgraceful retreat.

Debating societies offer another field for boys to fight in the cause of Russia or Japan. The Tribune received a letter recently from a youth, who wrote as follows:

"Dear Sir: Enclosed find two cents (\$.02), for which please send me some questions for Russia against Japan to ask in a debate, which will be held at our school Friday of this week. I am on the Russian side, and would like some very difficult questions for the Japs to answer."

Last Sunday a small body of Japanese "sharpshooters" even carried the warfare into a church. Through some sort of misinformation, they mistook the Roman Catholic Church of St. John the Evangelist, at Fifty-fifth-st. and First-ave., for a Russian sanctuary. Accordingly, they posted themselves in the gallery, where they might best be able to "pick off" members of the congregation. Because of the success with which the Japanese had used torpedoes in sinking ships at Port Arthur, the boys armed themselves with torpedoes, not of the Whitehead variety, but of the toy kind used on the Fourth of July. When the minister was in the midst of his sermon, the congregation was startled by an ominous explosion on the pavement at their feet. The boys had dropped several handfuls of torpedoes from the gallery. At the same time the invaders shouted from somewhere near the roof: "Down with the Russians and tyranny!"

Two lads were arrested and turned over to the Gerry society.

Many members of the Russian colony have experienced rebuffs and taunts from their fellow workmen, because of the reverses of the Russian arms in the Far East. Not alone boys, but grown men have rebuked them for belonging to a nation whose sailors blow up their own ships. In Cherry-st., the other evening, a Russian, by the name of Mikhail Sergeevich, was held up by four young men, severely pumelled in an alleyway into which they dragged him, and left there to be still further numbed by the cold. The police were unable to find any one of the thugs.



THE WAR FEVER GROWN HOTTER.

Boys at the river end of an unimproved street playing Russians and Japs at war, but using stones for ammunition.

The pastor also said that the Americans had not received truthful news of the war, because the Russian victories had been suppressed. It would not be possible, he said, for the Russians to fight so long and not win a victory.

Now and then Nicholas de Ladygensky, the Russian Consul General in this city, discovers how deeply the war news from the Far East has interested the messenger boys who have errands to his office. The consul was talking to a visitor the other day, when a lad wearing a smart uniform came in and handed two silver dollars to a clerk in the office. The money was in payment of some fee. On taking the money, the clerk weighed the coins a moment, and remarked:

"Well, I am getting quite a collection of silver dollars."

"Yeah," snapped the lad, "an' yer'll soon haf a foine collection of bullets."

Many Americans have offered themselves as volunteers at both consulates, but their offers have been courteously declined. Both consuls have received money as contributions for the work of the Red Cross. One man offered Mr. Uchida, the Japanese Consul, \$25,000, to purchase five ambulances.

Jewish women of the lower East Side who have emigrated here from Russia have shown their sympathies with the Japanese in many ways. Most of these women belong to mutual

music they would be ridiculed by other Jews, who were not lovers of music; and if they gave up the concerts, they would have to cancel many contracts and engagements.

ONLY FORCE OF HABIT.

Of the ex-Fire Commissioner, Thomas Sturgis, of New-York, a story has been recently circulating.

This story, which is not sworn to, is to the effect that Mr. Sturgis, a few days after his appointment, boarded a train and sat down beside a fat man in the smoking car.

The fat man took a cigar from his pocket and put it in his mouth. Then he struck a match, but before he could make use of it Mr. Sturgis blew it out.

The fat man glared at the Commissioner. But he said nothing, for he thought that perhaps the match had been blown out by accident. He lighted another match, regarding his companion closely as he did so. This time there could be no mistake. Mr. Sturgis leaned over, distended his cheeks, and—puff!—the match was out.

"By jingo!" said the fat man. "This is the second time you have deliberately put out my match."

"Pardon me," said Mr. Sturgis. "It is force of habit. I am the Fire Commissioner."

found bow handed it to the respectful and attentive maid.

"Kindly give this to your mistress. No, it will not be necessary to leave my card. She will understand perfectly."

He bowed and was gone. The maid watched him until his smooth silk hat disappeared from view.

A few minutes later her mistress returned, and the maid handed her the note. "A gentleman left it, madame, asking that I should give it to you immediately you returned."

Her mistress handled it curiously, observed the address with some doubt, and opened the envelope. She read carefully twice and then looked inquiringly at the maid. "What does this mean, Mary?" she asked. "Here, read it."

Mary took the note and read it. She smiled slightly as she handed it back.

"He means, madame, that he did not enjoy his stay, I think."

The note read:

Mrs. Blank.
Dear Madame: A complete stranger takes the liberty of informing you of what you are probably already aware, and with great pleasure attests to the valuable fact that your maid is no fool.

Her profound admirer,
A FRIEND OF RAFFLES.