

His name was Soo Tokion and he was the only Japanese student at a big university on a big lake. Her name was Helen Sturtevant and she was an American student at the same big university. Soo was a little fellow like nearly all of his race. Helen was a great, splendid creature who towered more than a head above the little Jap.

The students said that Tokion came very near being a Greek word and they wondered how the name wandered to far-off Japan. Of course the boys called him "Susie" and the Jap never minded at all until he found out that Susie was a girl's name, and that it was given to him in a sort of contempt for his pigmy build.

The Japs are noted wrestlers, and one day Susie astonished a big fellow who had applied the girl name to him by standing him on his head and nearly breaking the tormentor's neck in doing it. After that even the husky football players sunk the name Susie and spoke to the little Jap cordially and called him by the name given him in the Orient.

Now Helen Sturtevant had attracted Soo the moment his eastern eyes beheld her. It's curious, but it's as true as the syroptic gospel that little men, that is extremely little men, generally manage to fall in love with big women. Helen Sturtevant liked the devotion of the Jap. She treated him with an amused sort of toleration. Every woman likes devotion, even though it is shown by a little chap.

The co-eds gossiped much, and at times rather noisily about the devotion of Soo to Helen. She had so many beaux among the American students that it is just barely possible some

unless you keep it sound by marrying him. Frankly, dear child, everybody is talking about this thing, even the professors. Why don't you marry him?" the girl questioned half mischievously.

Helen flushed. The idea of marrying Soo was preposterous. "Do you suppose any American girl would marry an oriental?" she said. "The far eastern peoples have no more conception of the rights of a woman as a wife than has the unspeakable Turk. They may think they love a woman, but not one of them would sacrifice his own pleasure for her, let alone anything higher."

An instructor came into the studio and called the students out. Behind a screen in the corner stood a man—a man in truth, though in stature he was but a child. It was Soo Tokion. He had been at work on a clay model when the students entered. He was about to make his presence behind the screen known, when there came the words which held him silent. Now he stood trembling, and with something in the depths of his oriental eyes that was past sounding. "No such thing as sacrifice known to my people for those whom we love?" he murmured to himself. "No regard for the rights of woman as a wife?" Then Soo Tokion murmured something in his native tongue that sounded like a prayer.

The next day there came a blow to Helen Sturtevant. Her father had failed, failed utterly and miserably, and she must give up her course. The girl was crushed bodily and mentally. The news flew through the university. Helen's father's business had gone to the wall and Helen was to leave.

Solemn Prayers for Dead.

Seven Days Devoted by Italians to Supplications for the Loved Ones Gone Before—Rome's Magnificent Cemetery.

(Special Correspondence.)

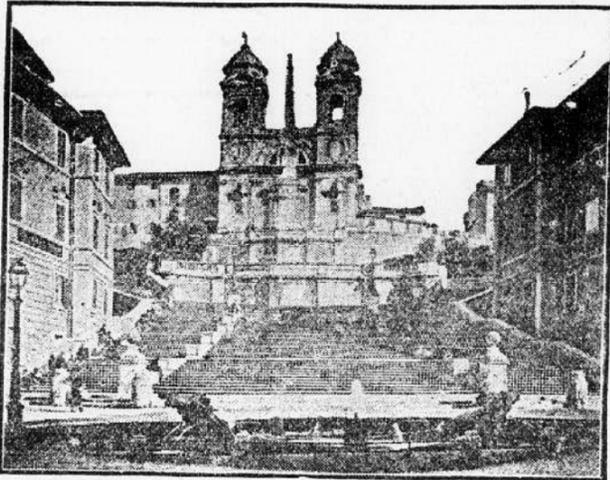


EVEN days the bells of many of the churches in Rome toll in lugubrious tones and slow measure. In this, as in all Catholic countries, the week following the 2d of November—which is the day on which the dead are specially prayed for—is given up to the memory of those who have passed away.

On the vigil of "All Souls' Day," that is, on the afternoon of the 1st of November, it might be said that the great bulk of the population of Rome

faint and feeble floating light placed in a cup of oil, or a tiny candle within a lantern, burns and quivers in the night breeze. It is not only on the graves of the poorer people that this strange illumination is to be seen, but likewise on the Pinetto, or wooded hill where the noble and the wealthy have selected their final resting place.

There also, the dead light sparkles and illumines a faint circle on the marble that covers the grave. Within that little illuminated ring one might read half a name, or a word of endearment, or a portion of the prayers



Church of Trinita di Monti. (Rome.)

poured forth from the city to the vast cemetery of Campo Verano—the city of the dead. This is the "God's acre" to which every one finally comes. Even the late Pontiff, Pius IX., chose the church of St. Lawrence, which stands on the very verge of the cemetery, as his resting place, and here he lies in a chapel adorned with the most exquisite outcome of the art in marble and mosaic that the modern spirit, adapting the antique, has been able to design. And, besides, the Church of St. Lawrence is constructed within an ancient cemetery, the Catacomb of St. Cyriacus.

This is the common burial ground of heathen and Christian, of the cardinal and monk, as well as of the atheist, and the red republican, the laborer and the lord—all except the King. There is a special part of the cemetery allotted to each, and the various societies or classes, who, in life, were united, are not divided in death. This was the goal to which the crowds directed their steps on the bright November day.

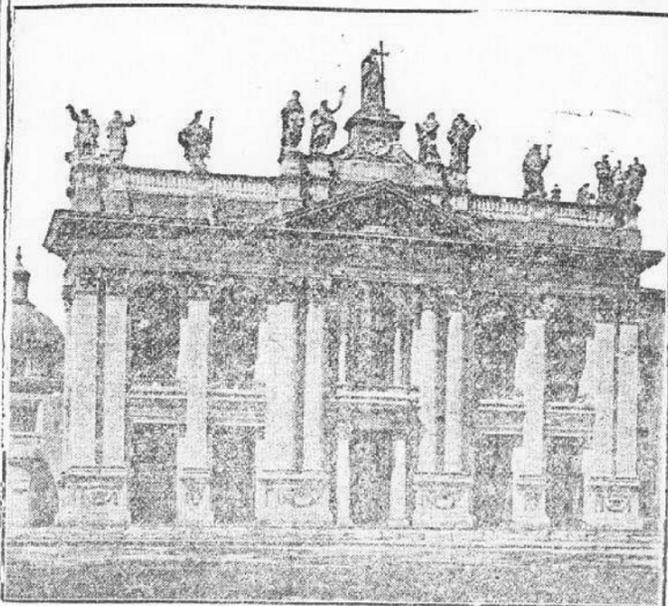
As the day drew to a close the gathering night rendered the paths more obscure within the cemetery, and gave a strange, weird look to the colossal marble statues seated on the high pedestals at the gate—the statues of Meditation, Silence, Faith and Hope—which opens into the Campo Santo or field of the dead.

which beg that the dead may rest in peace and in the enjoyment of eternal light. And, as one looks back into the cemetery through the closed gates, for the people leave as the tiny lamps are lit, it is perhaps the weirdest and the saddest illumination one can look upon in his journey through life.

Throughout all Italy the cemetery is a notable feature of the city's places of interest. The great graveyard of Genoa at Staglieno, some miles beyond the city, has a world-wide celebrity as a gallery of sculpture, containing specimens of the best modern masters in the art.

Situated on the side of a hill that has been arranged in terraces to suit its sad purposes, the Genoa cemetery presents externally a solemn and stately appearance, quite in keeping with the feelings that accompany a visit to such a place. Faith—a noble statue holding the cross in one hand and the gospels in the other—stands on a high pedestal before the white marble chapel with the Doric pillars that crowns the elevated marble staircase opening up to the cemetery. Faith it is that renders death endurable; such is the lesson suggested here.

And when you enter the porticoes which inclose great squares of land populous with graves, you find that this is the great modern sculpture gallery, in which all the statues have reference to death or the hope of the



Basilica of St. John Lateran. (Rome.)

Wreaths of flowers were placed by loving hands on the tombs of the dear ones; circlets of immortelles, laurel wreaths and crowns of black and white beads, with the name of the lost loved one written upon them, were brought here on that day.

Sorrow has but limited modes of expression, and the fashions that grief adopts to show itself are not numerous. Here, however, one strange and unusual practice prevails. When the clouds of evening gather over the vast city of death and the sorrowing friends are departing a strange spectacle becomes visible. A tiny light is seen burning over a grave, and then another and another, until the illumination spreads all over.

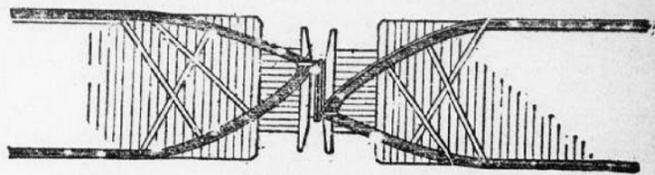
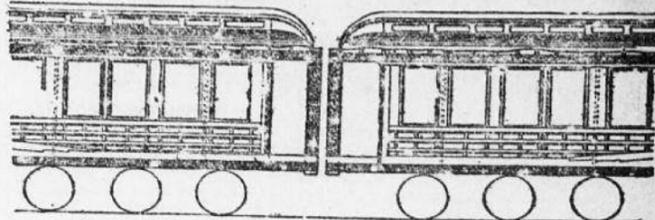
As night comes on and the darkness is more defined, the cemetery looks as if it were overrun by a settlement of fire-flies. On almost every grave a

resurrection, or to that desire to be remembered by those who come after us which is a feeling inherent to humanity. There, in niches set back in the wall of the pilasters dividing these niches, statue after statue is seen.

In the little sleepy town of Pisa, the Campo Santo, or graveyard, is one of the most attractive of the spots to which the steps of the traveler tend. When Pisa was at the height of its power, its people brought earth from Calvary, in the Holy Land, in which the remains of their dead should be placed; and the porticoes with which they surrounded the sacred enclosure are among the most beautiful works of architecture in Italy.

London Christmas Weather Mild. There has been no skating in London at Christmas since 1892.

NON-TELESCOPING CAR. A CHICAGOAN'S DEVICE



From Plans of Patent Granted to George E. Dickson.

Telescoped cars and the horrors which result from such accidents are no longer necessary. At any rate George E. Dickson, a Chicago inventor, has patented and is promoting a car-building scheme which he claims will make telescoping an impossibility.

The scheme is simple enough in principle. It consists of building the car end pointed instead of almost square, as it now is. This point is not directly in the middle, but to one side,

the left side, as viewed from the inside of the car. When two cars are coupled together they are not, literally speaking, "end for end." The points lay past one another. The idea is that the force of collision will send these points past one another, derailing the cars, but not telescoping them. To keep the cars on a level and prevent one jumping above another each car end is furnished with a deflecting flange at the upper and lower point of the frame.

HOW DR. LORENZ LIVES.

Great Surgeon's Rigid Observance of Health Rules.

Dr. Lorenz, like many another great man, ascribes his wonderful mastery of nerve and muscle to the perfect care of his physique and rigid observance of health rules. In his bright, keen eyes and clear complexion there is that glow of health which is the real beauty of either man or woman. The giant size and herculean shoulders of the great surgeon mark him as a man of great energy, and this is how he maintains it: On rising at 6:30 o'clock he takes a cold plunge, which he follows with vigorous exercise of all the muscles and deep breaths of fresh air, which he takes by an open window. No matter how cold the temperature, this regime is always pursued, but the exercise is never carried to the point of fatigue, and with the body warmed to a glow he puts on his dressing gown, takes his coffee and rolls, and when fully dressed eats his real breakfast of eggs or chops with tea. Then comes a brisk walk. By this he aids digestion and makes himself fully prepared in brain and muscle for the day's labor. Dr. Lorenz's day's work is usually spread out over ten hours, and he never allows it to interfere with a hearty luncheon and substantial dinner at strictly regular intervals, and even then there are left him three or four hours of the evening for recreation before going to bed. He is prepared to have seven hours of deep, refreshing sleep, and that, he says, is all any man needs. "Seven hours of sound sleep is worth more than 12 hours of broken slumber."

NORDAU SEES TROUBLE AHEAD

Writer Predicts Sanguinary World Struggle in Pacific.

In the course of an exhaustive review of the history of the world, contributed to the Vienna Neue Freie Presse by Max Nordau, the writer deeply deprecates the growth of military imperialism in the United States and says that by the admission of the spirit of militarism, which was formerly rigorously excluded, America is raising obstacles to the entrance of emigrants whose only capital is their strong working arms.

Speaking of the future of the new world, M. Nordau says the opening of the Panama canal under American ownership will mark the beginning of a new epoch.

The tragic stage of the world's history, which, in ancient times centered in the Mediterranean and which moved in the naval ages to the Atlantic, will then be transferred to the Pacific ocean.

At first the Anglo-Saxon element will seek to drive out the German and French flags floating over single points in the Pacific ocean; then the struggle will be carried further to the Asiatic coast, where Anglo-Saxons and



Max Nordau.

Russians will have to decide the momentous world questions of whether eastern and southern Asia shall remain British or Russian. To this forecast M. Nordau adds: "One can only imagine with horror what such a gigantic struggle of nations and races will signify."

FASTEST CRUISER EVER BUILT

Novik Can Show Her Heels to Any of the War Vessels.

During its trial trips in the bay of Danzig the cruiser Novik, which was built by Schichau, maintained a speed of over 25 knots per hour for six hours, and an average of 26 knots per hour during a trip of three hours. The vessel was not accepted by the owners until the required speed had been made by its own crew on trial trips lasting for several hours.

The large English armored cruiser Drake is to make 23 knots; whether it can do it is yet to be proved. The Hogue, which may be taken to be a sister ship of the Drake, ought to have made 23 knots. Its trial trips have shown, however, that it is capable of doing only 22 knots.

The Novik thus remains by far the fastest cruiser in the world.

WILL MEET THE PRESIDENT

Irish Landlord Comes on Mission to the United States.

Capt. Shaw-Taylor, the Irish landlord who called the Dublin conference



Capt. Shaw-Taylor.

which reported in favor of selling the Irish lands to the tenants, has arrived in the United States on a mission to see President Roosevelt. Further than that he is to consult with the president in regard to the Irish land problem nothing is known of the objects of his trip to Washington.

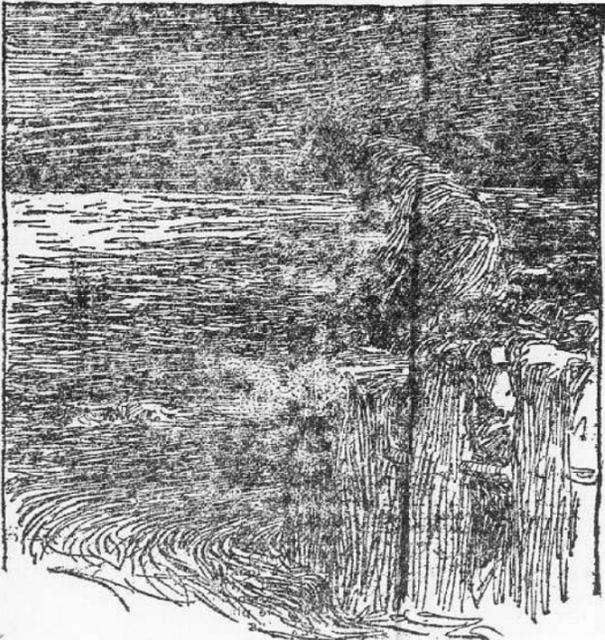
RAILROAD LINES OF AMERICA

This Country Ahead of All Others in Mileage and Equipment.

Apparently the construction of new railroads and the extension of old ones has added something like 6,000 miles of main track to the steam lines of the United States in the year 1902. This will bring the total mileage of the country up to about 205,000. No other grand division of the earth's surface can show any such figures as these. Europe has several times the population of the United States, but she falls considerably short of this country in railroads, her main track of steam lines reaching about 135,000 miles at the end of this year, allowing in 1902 a construction a little above the average of that of recent previous years. The entire mileage of the railroads of all the world outside of the United States—Europe, Asia, Africa, Australasia, North America (Canada and Mexico), Central America and South America—is something like 300,000, or less than half as large again as that of the United States alone.

Mice in Her Headgear. A New York street car incident a few days ago should furnish a dreadful warning to women who wear last year's hats. A tolerably young and charming woman boarded a suburban car on the other side of the river, and after having seated herself discovered that her hat was alive.

The next instant saw the millinery on the floor, with skirts lifted rather indecorously high. Four mice scampered around the floor of the car in great consternation at having been discovered of their tenement. After the mice were killed the woman explained that the hat was an old one which she had not worn for a year.



It Was Not Hard to Identify the Drowned.

of the co-eds thought that she might let Soo attach himself to their trains, for Soo was reputed to be wealthy, and the big bunches of lily-of-the-valley flowers that went to Helen in zero weather, when hot-house flowers cost a mint, would have been very acceptable to any of the other fair sisters of the university. Helen Sturtevant had no very serious thoughts about the Jap. "Surely," the girl said to herself, "he can't mean anything serious for he must know how utterly impossible it would be for me to think of such a thing as loving him, let alone marrying him."

Helen Sturtevant was bent on following the career of an actress. She had natural gifts. Absolutely impartial persons had told her that, and the girl felt it herself. Her father was a man of some means, and he grudged nothing that would go toward the education of his daughter and the helping toward the realization of her dramatic dreams.

One day a dozen of the co-eds were gathered in the university art studio. They were waiting the arrival of an instructor, and while waiting they sat and gossiped. Helen Sturtevant was there. The night before at a musical the attentions of Soo Tokion had been more marked than ever. He had brought a great bunch of American beauty roses to be given to Helen when she had triumphantly finished her part in the program. It was mid-winter, and American beauty roses were quoted at fabulous prices.

"Helen," said one of the co-eds, "you'll bankrupt Soo, rich though I understand he is. Charlie Nelson sent me one rose last night, and one of the girls told me she had asked the price of 'beauties' and they were \$3.50 each."

"You'll do something worse than bankrupt poor Soo, Helen," said another student; "you'll break his heart

Soo Tokion heard. He sought the girl out. She was sitting alone in a corner of a music-room. He went to her softly. He carried one rosebud, spotlessly white, in his hands. The girl looked up as he came. She saw him and above her own misery came the thought of what she had said the day before and her heart smote her.

"I have heard, and I am sorry, Miss Helen," said Soo. He put the white rose in his hand and then started to speak again, but his voice broke. He uttered the one word "Helen," and before she knew it he had seized her hand, kissed it and was gone.

Two days after the body of a man, a little man, was recovered from the waters of the big lake. It was not hard to identify the drowned.

One week afterward Helen Sturtevant was informed by a law firm that she was sole heiress to \$25,000, the entire fortune of Soo Tokion, university student.

With the announcement was inclosed a letter, addressed to Helen in a handwriting she knew well:

"You must keep on with your studies. I loved you. We of the East consider a virtue to do things for those we love."

There is a little chapel now being built near the Presbyterian mission in a village just outside Yokohama. It is to be called the Soo Tokion chapel. The village was the birthplace of Soo Tokion, student at an American university. The money was made over to the missionaries by some one known to them only as a classmate of whom the memorial was to be erected. The chapel's cost was \$25,000.

American city a regal looking girl with eyes is working her way steadily upward in the profession of dramatic art.—Edward B. Clark, Chicago Record-Herald.