

THE HEROIC JAP SOLDIERS

Some Deeds of Daring During Manchurian Campaign

SIX SOLDIERS ROUT ARMY

One Private Volunteered to Find a Ford; Plunged into River Six Times to Emerge, Wounded, with Clothes Frozen Solid.—How They Go to What Means Certain Death.

At the battle of the Yalu says William Thorp in the "World's Work," two Japanese soldiers, on different sides, when in the very throes of death, gasped out, "Has the Chen Yuen sunk yet?" that vessel being one of the two most formidable iron-clads of the Chinese fleet.

"During my campaigning in Manchuria," said a Japanese who went through the Chinese war, and who now resides in New York, "I think the greatest hardships we had to endure was the terrible cold at Taiching. It was bitter even for a Manchurian winter. When we were on the march our beards froze to our coats, and I saw many men who had their ears and feet frozen off. But never once did I hear a single murmur or complaint from any man in the force."

The energy and initiative of the Japanese soldier were strikingly displayed by a private named Kato Juroro, at Kiamashan in the Chinese war. His regiment, when about to engage the enemy, was stopped by a broad and rapid river. He was in the leading company. His captain sent back to the colonel for instructions, and the colonel replied that somebody must find a ford. But before the order could be received Juroro had waded out into the river in half a dozen places, until he found a shallow place. The river was frozen by a thin coating of ice, and the enemy on the opposite bank kept up a hot fire at him all the time. When he emerged, he was wounded, and his clothes were frozen to him like a sheet of mail armor, but he had found the ford and was content.

The Japanese soldier possesses abundant initiative, and is never afraid to act upon his own responsibility. One of the stories held up to the admiration of recruits tells of the exploit of a sergeant named Kodama and five men at Hwangchiatai, in the Manchurian campaign against China. They were sent to reconnoiter the Chinese position in the night. While they were doing so, the sergeant noted the extreme confusion and unpreparedness of the enemy, and he conceived the daring idea of attacking the entire army with his five men. They discharged their rifles as quickly as they could and rushed rapidly from point to point, uttering blood-curdling yells. The Chinese thought they were attacked in force and fled in confusion, leaving their camp and supplies behind them.

"Did you see Fire Boss Gordon the 'Shikata go nai!' ("There is no help!") This phrase is heard in Japan as often as "Manana" in Latin America. It expresses at once the fatalism and the Spartan resolution of the Japanese character. When a mother hears that her son has been killed in battle, she does not weep or show any visible sign of emotion. She bows her head and calmly says: "Shikata go nai!" When a man is sent by his officer to certain death, he does not sit down and write his last letters home or go around shaking hands with his comrades for the last time, as white men would do in the same case. He simply mutters, "Shikata go nai!" and walks out of the officer's tent straight to his mission.

When Japanese Maids Are Litted.

A Japanese woman when abandoned by her lover takes a peculiar and picturesque revenge. When she no longer has any doubt as to his faithlessness, she gets up in the middle of the night and puts on a pleasing dress and wooden sandals. Attached to her head she carries three lighted candles and suspended to her neck hangs a small mirror. She takes in her left hand a small straw effigy of the faithless one, and in her right a hammer and nails. Walking gravely to the sanctuary, she selects one of the sacred trees, and nails the effigy securely to the trunk. She then prays for the death of the traitor, vowing that if her wish is granted she will take out the nails which trouble her god, since they are fastened to a sacred tree. Night after night she comes to the tree, adding one or two nails, and repeating her prayers, persuaded that the god will not hesitate to sacrifice the man to save the tree.—London Mail.

How Condors are Caught.

Anyone who has ever watched a heavy bird rise from the ground has doubtless noticed that it runs along the ground for a few feet before it rises; the bird must acquire some momentum before its wings can lift its heavy body into the air. The natives in certain parts of the Andes understand this fact very well and by means of it catch the great Andean vulture, the condors.

A small space is shut in with a high fence and left open at the top. Then a lamb or a piece of carrion is placed on the ground inside. Presently a vulture sees the bait and swoops down upon it, but when once he finds he has alighted on the ground inside he cannot get out, for he has no running space in which to acquire the momentum that is necessary before his wings can lift him.—Brooklyn Times.

SWIMMING A HORSE.

Charley's Fine Performance in a Swollen River.

Mr. Hough the other day had something to say about the swimming power of a horse. Were a man to tell me that the average horse could not swim with a man on his back I should only laugh at him. I have had too many of them swim with me on their backs. I rode cavalry horses for twenty years and some times had the same horse for four or five years; but I never had one which could not swim and carry me on his back. I have often undressed, then, mounting my horse bareback, swam him for fifteen minutes at a time. I rode one horse for four years that I would not hesitate to swim the Mississippi with. He was a slender, long-legged sorrel, and a fast one, too. I ran him against some of the fastest horses the cowboys could scare up, and he beat them all.

In the summer of 1884 I was down on the Sabonal River, Tex., just where the railroad crosses it. The river was bank full after a heavy rain, and the current ran like a mill race. There was a cattle ranch on our side, but none on the other for a good many miles; and a stage coach full of passengers was water bound over there, and they were hungry. The men at the ranch wanted to send them something to eat, but said that none of their horses could swim in that current. "I have one that can," I told them. "Get your ropes ready." They got a long coil of half-inch rope, and cutting it in the middle, we had two that would reach across. Then taking my horse I went to the river, stripped to my undershirt and drawers, and tying an end of each rope around my waist got my horse in the water and using only his head stall and halter strap, no bridle, swam across, and the ropes were stretched and a basket hauled across. I was then ready to go back, but two ladies in the coach tried to stop me; they were afraid "that my nice horse would be drowned." They did not seem to care whether I was or not. I got the horse in the water again, then wrapping his tail around my left hand told him to "go ahead, Charley." I had never used a whip on him; he did not need it. He swam with the current, and went 200 yards down stream before landing, then climbed out, none the worse for his trip.

In swimming a horse, if on his back, I would sit as far back as possible. Use no bridle, but only the halter; let the horse have his head and never hurry him.—Forest and Stream.

Mississippi Houseboats.

There is an especial charm about life on a houseboat on the Mississippi. Unlike houseboats on most bodies of water, they can land whenever they will and enjoy any chance pleasure by the way. Cities are in easy reach, and even a theatre party can be indulged in at short notice. Between St. Paul and St. Louis seven magnificent rivers can be reached by boats passing through more than that number of States.

From Lacrosse to St. Louis houseboats meet the eye every few minutes. At every town along the river one sees boats lying on the shore. They are usually moored in little bays, with their launches alongside, and shaded by the overhanging branches of trees. When a steamer passes the occupants appear at the doors and windows, and sometimes go to the upper deck to wave their greetings. The boats fit in so perfectly that the lovely green foliage seems to have grown in anticipation of the coming of each particular boat.

Numerous houseboats are in course of construction along the rivers.—Minneapolis Journal.

Stories of Dr. Temple.

If brevity be the soul of wit, Dr. Temple's answer to a candidate for priest's orders is all soul. Having reason to think the candidate's utterance indistinct the Bishop insisted upon his reading aloud in his private chapel a chapter from the Bible. "I am sorry to say, Mr. Brown, that you read very indistinctly," pronounced the Bishop. "You should get lessons in elocution." "But, my Lord, you know the size of our church, one of the largest in the diocese; and yet a member of our congregation assured me that I could be heard distinctly in every part of it." "Did she," was the Bishop's dry rejoinder.

A braggart who boasted to a friend of having pounded to a jelly a noted boxer was suddenly pulled up by the report. "And what was he doing all the time?" I cannot imagine Dr. Temple coming off second best in any such encounter, not even if his antagonist were a cockney cabman. When Bishop of London Dr. Temple was driven from the Strand to Fulham Palace by such a caddy, to whom he presented the precise fare of half a crown. After a long look, first at the half crown then at the Bishop, and then at the lordly palace and its extensive grounds, the caddy found his speech at last. "If St. Paul were alive now it's not in a place like this he'd be," he sneered, as he gathered up the reins. "No," retorted the Bishop, "he'd be at Lambeth, and that's a shilling fare!"

At a dinner party Dr. Temple was much more bored than edified by a young lady who told him a long story of her aunt's narrow escape from a railway accident. "Owing to a block at the corner of Park lane, my Lord, she just missed the train at Victoria which was wrecked at Croydon. Wasn't it providential?" "Can't say," snapped the Primate in his grating voice, "didn't know your aunt."—T. P.'s Weekly.

You never know how little you can do until you try.

ALIENS A GREAT MENACE

Looks as If Influx From Southern Europe Threatens us.

A DANGER TO THE CITIES

When Immigration Was Mostly of Teutonic Stock, Country Was Benefited, But Now the Class are Such as to Prove Considerable Menace to Country.

In an address before the Academy of Political Science in Philadelphia, Frank P. Sargent, commissioner of immigration, declared the country was menaced by the hordes that are now coming to America from southern Europe.

"It has become an established principle of this government to frown upon the efforts of foreign countries to bring to the United States to become burdens thereupon, the indigent, the morally depraved, the physically and mentally diseased, the shiftless, and all those who are induced to leave their own country, not by their own independent volition and their own natural ambition to seek a larger and more promising field of individual enterprise, but to carry out some selfish scheme, devised to take undue advantage of some classes of our people, or for other improper purpose. Such a policy is a wise one, as well as obligatory upon the government of this great country.

"The total estimated alien immigration to the United States from 1770 to 1820 was 250,000.

"The total number of arrivals for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1903, was 857,046. This is the greatest number that ever applied for admission in a single year. The nearest approach to this was in 1882, when 789,600 were admitted.

"The character of the arriving aliens, however, during the past year differs greatly from that of 1882 and the years previous. Since the foundation of our government until within the past fifteen years practically all of the immigrants came from Great Britain and Ireland, Germany and the Scandinavian countries, and was very largely of Teutonic stock, with a large percentage of Celtic. Fifteen millions of them have made their homes with us.

"In fact, they have been the pathfinders in the west and northwest. They are intelligent, industrious and sturdy people. They have contributed largely to the development of our country and its resources, and to them is due, in a great measure, the high standard of American citizenship.

"The character of our immigration has now changed. During the past fifteen years we have been receiving a very undesirable class from southern and eastern Europe which has taken the place of the Teutonics and Celts. During the past fiscal year nearly 600,000 of these have been landed on our shores, constituting nearly 70 per cent. of the entire immigration for that year.

"Instead of going to those sections where there is a sore need for farm labor they congregate in the larger cities, mostly along the Atlantic seaboard, where they constitute a dangerous and unwholesome element of our population.

"The question that individually and vitally affects the interests of our people is: What shall we do with the thousands that are admitted? Shall they be allowed to form alien colonies in our great cities, there to maintain the false ideas and to propagate a lawless view born thereof as the result of their experience, foreign not alone geographically, but foreign as well to this country in their ideas of human liberty and individual rights?

"Immigration left thus is a menace to the peace, good order and stability of American institutions, which will grow and increase with the generations and finally burst forth in anarchy and disorder.

"It is thus necessary as a measure of public security to devise and put in force some means by which alien arrivals may be distributed throughout this country and thus afford the opportunities by honest industry of securing homes for themselves and their children."

When Ironclads Were First Used.

It is an interesting coincidence that the first of modern ironclads was used by the French in the Crimean war, just some fifty years ago, says the Liverpool Post. Colonel John Stevens is usually claimed as the originator of the idea of ironclad vessels in 1812, but the first ship of the kind actually laid down was the Stevens battery, designed by his son for the United States government in 1842. One authority, however, claims the ironclads an antiquity of centuries. The story goes that a certain Viking of 1500 years ago had a great warship made, which he called Iron Ram, and all of this ship which stood out of the water was of iron. Coming from fiction, or, rather, legend, to something like fact, many historians on this subject say that the Dutch at Antwerp, in 1585, when that city was besieged by the Spaniards, built an enormous flat-bottomed vessel, armored it with heavy iron plates, and thus constructed what they regarded as an impregnable battery, so that they named their contrivance Finis Belli. Unfortunately, this vessel got aground before fairly in action and fell into the hands of the enemy. It was never employed by either side again in any subsequent encounter.

DIFFERENCE IN PROJECTILES.

Capt. Haans, U. S. A., Tells of the Old and the New.

Capt. W. C. Haans, U. S. N., who has for the last four years been stationed at the naval proving grounds at Indian Head, Md., was recently at the Wolcott. In the course of a talk on naval matters, he gave a few interesting facts, perhaps little known to the average man, anent the difference in the projectile in use at present from that of twenty-five years ago.

"Of course, as you know," said Capt. Haans, "the projectile we use in our army and navy today is a conical shell of steel, either loaded with powder, so as to explode, or by a time fuse of a certain number of seconds' duration. It is wonderfully different from the shell of twenty-five years ago, which I can well remember, having been in the navy for over thirty-one years.

"In those days one could watch the projectile as it sailed through the air in a graceful curve, at length bursting. There was even time to get out of the way before it struck. Had it not been for that fact our pension roll would be about half as big as it is. That's a fact. The new style of shell, however, moves at the rate of a little more than half a mile a second. In striking a metal target, its energy being transformed instantaneously into heat, it becomes red-hot and a flame can be seen to burst forth from the point struck. Such a projectile moves practically in a straight line, and its impact at a distance of a mile seems almost simultaneous with the discharge of the gun. Such a shell, passing near a man, will tear his clothes off.

"If it comes very near, though without hitting him, it will kill him instantaneously. He drops dead without a sign of a wound. Not so with the old style shell, however. It would burst only into a few pieces, whereas the modern projectile flies into a myriad of small fragments, each of them moving at a tremendous velocity, and causing havoc all round it."

Origin of Familiar Sayings.

"Giving the Cold Shoulder" is derived from a custom that prevailed in France, and also in Ireland, of serving up a cold shoulder instead of a hot roast, to guests who had outstayed their welcome at a house, and to whom the feeling of the host was thus insinuated. The guest who failed to take this hint and relieve the home of his unwanted presence was a very stupid mortal indeed. The "cold shoulder" is applicable now-a-days to any coldness or slight extended from one person to another.

"Spilling the Salt" and the ill omen that attaches to it, is traceable to the Last Supper of Christ with His Apostles, when it is said Judas accidentally overturned the salt. Because of the after doom of the unfortunate traitor, to spill the salt at table is an accepted sign of future ill-luck to happen to the person doing it.

"Thirteen at Table" and its unlucky significance originated at this event also. Christ and His twelve apostles dining together for the last time composed the number that has since been regarded with superstitious aversion, and not only in the matter of dining, but in almost everything else as well.

The Name of To-day is Quite a Town.

The casual visitor will not be able to distinguish between the city of Nome, Alaska, and the ordinary Eastern American town of the same size," said Col. William T. Perkins of Nome. "The prosperity of Nome is firmly established," said Col. Perkins, "and there is no question that in the course of a few years it will be largely increased. The city has water mains and electricity and an excellent system of public schools. Its municipal government is a model for larger cities. Nome is becoming a large wholesale center, something new in that part of the world. Railroads are being built, and from Nome the entire surrounding country is being supplied with the necessaries and luxuries of life.—Washington Post.

Menelik in All His Glory.

A recently returned traveler who was received by Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia describes His Majesty as seated in a small state chair, with gaily colored carpet at his feet. He wore white trousers, brown checked socks and very large patent leather shoes without laces. A long flowing coat of yellow striped green silk enveloped his body, and over this was a black satin, gold embroidered burnoose with a pink lined hood. His head was bound with fine white muslin, above which towered a broad-brimmed straw hat, overlaid with gold leaf, and trimmed with sapphires and rubies. In his left ear sparkled a rose-cut diamond stud. A red silk umbrella, heavily embroidered, and fringed with gold, protected the royal head from the rays of the sun.

The Mikado's Gigantic Guard.

The Coreans are a big race, and the upper class have European features and fair complexions. Min has a secretary who resembles in stature, fair hair and straight features the late Emperor Frederick. The six-foot servants of the Emperor of Japan, who attend at state receptions in liveries borrowed from those of the Emperor Napoleon's domestics, are Coreans. If the Japanese secure what they are now after they will have Corean drum-majors in their army and maybe a Corean palace corps like the Cent Garde at the Tuilleries. The Japanese must seem pigmies among Prince Min's compatriots.—From London Truth.

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