

JAP FIGHTING IS NOT SPECTACULAR

Mikado's Generals Do Not Expose Themselves Much in Their Battles.

GIVE COMMANDS BY WIRE

Telephone and Telegraph Wires Cover Battlegrounds and Form the Basis of the Scheme of Communication on Field.

With the First Japanese Army, Tien Shi Tien, Manchuria.—(Special Correspondence of the Associated Press.)—The lessons of the campaign are a text constantly before the eyes of the military observers with this army. They have made no revolutionary discoveries thus far; indeed the chief lesson has been the overshadowing importance of that complete preparation which has made every cog of every wheel of the great machine slide quietly into its groove at the proper minute, and to details, for the lack of which the servants of the czar are wasting so much brave food for powder.

The work of Russian artillery early on the 21st July commanded the highest praise from every one. It was a strong contrast with the showing made at the Yalu, and was in every respect a credit to that army of Russian service. Their gun positions were selected by engineers who appreciated the possibilities of the country as they had failed to do at the Yalu. The contour of the hills which push forward into the valley on both sides of the river afforded a line of defense which, extending to the right, extended nearly in a semicircle. Most of the Russian guns looked down into the valley and also commanded the lower ranges of the hill beyond it, where the seven Japanese batteries must find cover, while the Russian guns were only skyline targets difficult to gauge. Consequently they gave the Japanese artillery a hard day of it, and compelled the batteries with the Japanese left division attempting to flank the Russian right to be very accurate and repeatedly to avoid the fierce and accurate fire poured upon them. Moreover, the bravery of the Russian gunners was beyond all praise.

Russians Have Better Guns.
Many statements have appeared in European newspapers about the superiority of Japanese guns, but their work so far has illustrated the western aphorism that "Success is not in holding a good hand, but in playing a poor hand well." It is conceded by the experts who have seen their work in the field that the Russian guns are better than the Japanese, and that the ratio to insure equality should be about six Japanese guns against four Russian.

But the showing made by the Russian infantry leaves much to be explained. If their trenches had been held by marksmen like the Boers there could have been no question of the Japanese reaching them without heavy loss, if at all.

Yet the Russian defense was remarkably weak, or only a demonstration, because the Japanese of the central division hit by their fire numbered one score or two. At Henling, where 1,000 were cut to pieces and where, as at Hamatan, they had a brass band that left its instruments on the field, they gave one of the finest exhibitions of futile bravery witnessed during the war. They were marching in close column of four under a destructive fire, and although men were cut down by squads they never broke ranks nor retreated.

The number of casualties among the Russian officers, and particularly the generals, while no Japanese generals have been hit, is due largely to the different theories of generalship followed in the armies. The generals of the Japanese are directors while the Russians cling to the old Saxon tradition of a commander at the head of his men leading the fighting. From the Japanese lines we can see the white coated Russian officers riding conspicuously before their troops, while from the Russian side it is hard to discover the Japanese officers, because their uniforms are so like those of the ranks, and because General Kuroki and the lesser generals are usually somewhat behind the main line, engaging their battles by telegraph and telephone.

Electricity a Japanese Staple.
Probably electricity has never played so great a part in warfare as it does with the Japanese. Every general of brigade in the field is like a modern ambassador, and the general of a division is in touch by telegraph or telephone with the corps commander. No evidences have been seen as the army advanced into the enemy's country that the Russians employ the telegraph extensively. The Russian generalship is more spectacular, and perhaps inspires the soldiers with greater courage, but the Japanese is more businesslike. The censorship which the general enforces tends to deprive them of their just dues in reputation. General Okazawa gathered his troops in the fog of early morning on the Fourth of July and presented to the enemy the infantry of the Motienling. He turned Kellar's most successful attack of the 17th into a disaster, and his soldiers from the rocks above the Yoshling shot down 1,000 Russians without any compensation to themselves. He is a strategist and a fighter. In England or America he would be a popular hero, but the newspapers which come to the camp fail to mention him.

General Kuroki is a quiet and unassuming gentleman, rather of the Monty type than the theatrical general who rides about exhorting and cursing his men. His type is apparently the prevailing one in the Japanese service. Sometimes it appears that he has worked out his plan of battle so perfectly before the event that he can sit down confident of its fulfillment, and takes little further interest in the proceedings. During the critical hours of July 31, when his infantry was advancing across the valley to charge the Russian entrenchments on the heights, he sat in the court yard of a Chinese temple, chatting casually with members of his staff. A court painter could have made no better picture there.

Kuroki Silent Army.
General Kuroki's force partakes of his character. It might be described as the silent army. The Russians have their regimental bands, which play at sunset hours and on the march and during the battle, and their soldiers advance to the sound of the drum. But in this campaign, although the infantry carry bugles by whose notes they march in peace, I have never heard the sound of a trumpet near the front. No war songs are sung. But music has no part in the soldiers' daily life. Their enthusiasm is shown only in moments of victory with that weird and stirring cheer, "Banza," with which they charge.

The nearest shop where a bottle of saki or beer can be bought is at Feng Wang Cheng, fifty miles to the rear, and that means that the officers get very little and the soldiers none. Tea, cigarettes and fans are the soldiers' luxury; fishing, writing letters and reading newspapers their amusements. The greatest indulgence of the officers is the big iron kettles carried in netting, two on a pony, which are used for heating water for hot baths, as well as jars to cook the company mess of rice. A few squares of straw matting to construct a bath house, a fire and an immense stone jar for a tub spell comfort.

Plans for soldiers seem an anomaly, particularly for soldiers so far removed from suspicion of efficiency as the Japanese. The fans and tea kettles dangling from saddles and from soldiers' packs have surprised some of the conservative European attaches. Another souvenir of home life which the soldiers have brought into Manchuria is a fishing line in every knapsack. From the commanding general down to the humblest coolie who trots after his master's horse they are disciples of the rod.

No description of the Japanese soldier would be just which failed to mention his courtesy and his honesty. Living in the midst of the army, displaying many luxuries which must be tempting to soldiers kept on a most economical basis, the correspondent leaves their effects about the camp without fear for the safety of them. Nothing is stolen—not even tobacco or food. The same thing could hardly be said of other soldiers.



Homely and Ugly, Too. Higginson—There are ten thousand unmarried women in this city. Higginson—I'm surprised. Higginson—You wouldn't be if you saw them.

A RUSSIAN PROPHECY.

Predicted Japanese Supremacy Nearly One Hundred Years Ago.

New York Times: That the Japanese would one day be rulers of the ocean coast of Asia is the prediction made almost a century ago in the book of a Russian naval observer, whose prophecy seems not unlikely of fulfillment at the present time. In 1811 Captain Vassil Golawin of the Imperial navy was instructed to cruise along the coral archipelagoes of the Pacific to ascertain which of these were inhabited by the Japanese, and accordingly he set sail from Odessa in the Diana, arriving some two months later off the coast of Yezo. But one or two copies of Captain Golawin's book are extant, one of them being in the library of the winter palace at St. Petersburg. Published in 1815, "Captain Golawin's captivity in Japan," throws an interesting light upon the physical and moral characteristics of the Japanese nation at a time when little if anything definite was known by Europeans—particularly in Russia—of the traits of the Mongolian island people. Of the observations contained in Captain Golawin's book, the following are of current interest: "I praise the Japanese for their skill. They will one day be, probably, rulers of the ocean coast of Asia. And what can Russia do, being so far away from this border? Should the Japanese introduce European civilization and European political systems, the Chinese would be obliged to do the same, and those two people could then give Europe another face." Happenings such as the Chwotow raids (1792) would give suggestion to them to build European warships and a small fleet could be raised to begin with. Many European inventions could be reproduced in Japan, and without the brains of a Peter the Great—simply by the combination of circumstances and the natural advantages of Japan.

Certainly with European models, Japan could build men of war very easily and man them quickly with brave soldiers. The population is quickly adaptable to naval requirements by reason of the insular position of the country. The people comprehend easily and given adequate instruction, would supplant Europeans as navigators. "The Japanese lack only one quality; namely, terrestrial bravery; but their deficiency in this respect is only because of the peace loving character of their government. After a very long time they lose all capacity to shed blood. I think an entire people not timid, however, whose forefathers were the terrors of the whole world."



Preacher—My poor man, since your conversion I have—through unwearied effort—secured your pardon. When you are released I'll have something for you to do.
Convict—Dat's all right, all right, but I'll have plenty to do blowin' de guys full of holes what blowed on me, see?

THE VOYAGE OF THE NEW JAPAN

Marshal Oyama Not the Sort of Man to Make an Ideal Soldier.

FATE AND TRAINING DO IT

Taken From Mother When 4 Years Old and Trained for Army—Compelled to Go Barefoot in Winter to Toughen Him.

Kansas City Star: Iwawa Oyama was born in 1841, a samurai or noble of the Kagoshima clan. From his earliest infancy he was brought up as a soldier. At years of age he began to learn the lessons of hardihood. He was never allowed to wince for pain or complain of hunger. He was compelled to go barefoot in the snow in the winter to toughen him. In wintry winds he wore but the thinnest clothes to keep his skin from being tender. His days were spent in the practice of arms and physical exercise; his nights in studying the bushido, or old Japanese code of honor, which taught the samurai that life was nothing as compared with the glory of his daimio or leader. Little Oyama was of sturdy stuff and could stand the training which killed many who are devoted to it.

At the age of 10 he had killed a bear unaided, and the same year he took part in his first battle with the retainers of a rival daimio. Young Oyama at this time was passionately devoted to his cousin, the great Saigo, the head of the Satsuma clan.

After a period of the civil war in the '60s, when the new regime was firmly established, the young Oyama was sent to France as military attaché to study the organization of modern armies, and had the opportunity of observing modern warfare during the Franco-German conflict of 1870.

He remained abroad three years, and on his return home was appointed a general in the imperial army. At the outbreak of the Satsuma rebellion, headed by his cousin Saigo, and in which his own brother took a leading part, Oyama found himself in a painful dilemma as to his loyalty to the central government and to the person of the emperor triumphed, however, and he took the field against his clansmen, and as commander of the "flying brigade" fought bravely and successfully until Saigo's fall.

During the ensuing ten years of reconstruction, which Marquis Yamagata devoted to establishing and perfecting the standing army and to fortifying the whole country, General Oyama was his right hand man. Without him the task could hardly have been accomplished, for, after Saigo's death, Oyama had come to be regarded as the representative of the Satsuma clan and defender of their interests, and he used all his influence to secure the co-operation of the still powerful Satsuma element.

To his credit it must be said that he never took advantage of his position to obtain political power. In the army he has been steadily promoted, and he has always been with Yamagata, occupied all the important posts. Twice—from 1885-90 and from 1891-92—he has been minister of war. During the war with China he was ordered to Manchuria as commander in chief of the second army. In 1895, at the end of the war, the title of marquis was conferred on him, and in 1898 he was made marshal and the following year succeeded the late Prince Komatsu as chief of the general staff.

Marshal Oyama is almost the only one left of the old imperial court. Marshal Yamagata's health has not permitted of his taking an active part in the present campaign. There is a more terrible story told of Oyama. When he went to fight with the imperial forces against his cousin Saigo, the rebel, he left behind him a beautiful young bride. It was the custom in those days—a custom now modified—for a Japanese woman, and especially a Japanese noble woman, to keep a concubine in seclusion. His duty became more imperative during her husband's absence. She must not then, except for the gravest reasons, go abroad.

Many stories came to Oyama on the battlefield, but he knew of other summer literature that knocks it out. Rithers—What? Smithers—The summer hotel bill.

Finally the war was over, the rebels were crushed, the imperial authority was established, and then Oyama went home. His wife met him at the door in the way which from time immemorial faithful Japanese wives have met their husbands on their return. She prostrated herself before him on the lintel. The victorious soldier bade her rise. Together they entered the house, and from that day to this nobody has ever seen or heard of her who was Oyama's first wife.

That was old Japan. But Oyama now is of the new Japan—not only in public but in private life. He has married again. His wife is dressed always in European clothes, and possessed to the fullest extent the liberties which are enjoyed by the women in most of the European countries at the present time. His first wife was born Stenaz Yamakama. She, too, was a noble, the daughter of a daimio. She was born in 1859.

When she was 12 years old the government suddenly decided to send twenty young girls to be with the army. Stenaz was one of those selected. She was visiting her brother, a short distance from her home, when the edict reached her. She was given no choice in the matter. She was not even permitted to go back to her own home, but was taken from her brother's house, and sent to America. She reached New England, where she was given a place in the home of the Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon of the First Congregational church of New Haven. Here she stayed for eight years, and mastered the English tongue. In 1873 she entered Vassar college, from which she graduated in 1875. Her commencement oration was "Toward Japan."

She returned to her native land and shortly afterwards married Lieutenant General Oyama. From this marriage there resulted three children, two boys and one girl. The boys, as is natural, are to follow a military career. Far from being a hard-eyed, shaggy-browed general, as one might imagine, the hero of so many difficult campaigns is the kindest, most amiable old gentleman it would be possible to meet. He himself declares that he has no liking whatever for war, and that it is ironical

fate, not personal inclination, which has made him the soldier he is today. Like most of Japan's great men, he is not rich in this world's goods. He is far too liberal to amass a fortune. It is told of him during the Chinese war he bought provisions for his men and horses out of his own pocket rather than pillage the wretched homes along the route.

In fact, charity got to be such a mania with him that his wife, an extremely economical woman, had to act as treasurer and dole out to him a small allowance daily.

During his residence in Paris he was often greatly upset by the way dumb animals, particularly horses, were abused. Once he got into a dreadful muck with a caddy and both had to be marched off to the police station. Though the marshal could speak but little French he stormed around the terrified commissaire until justice was given him, and saw the Jehu condemned to a \$20 fine. Japanese merchants in Paris, as well as cabmen, remember this active military attaché, though in quite a different way.

One day, sitting in front of a cafe, he noticed a Japanese offering some beautiful fans at exceedingly low prices, lower even than the same article could be purchased in Japan. Beckoning the man to him, he asked how he could do it. The other told him, owing to long illness, business had dropped off. He was unable to pay the rent, which would come due on the following day, so he and his wife, rather than lose all their stock, were selling what articles they could smuggle out on the streets of Paris. The attaché had several important engagements on hand that afternoon, but he postponed all and hurried off with the unfortunate merchant. After thoroughly examining into matters he paid the rent, suggested the man's moving into a better quarter, and during the rest of his stay there did what he could to work up a clientele among his friends. From that day the merchant's affairs flourished and two years ago he died worth a nice round sum. By his will he left \$20,000 of it to his benefactor.



"The Village Green."



Smithers—Talk about your summer novel—I know of other summer literature that knocks it out. Rithers—What? Smithers—The summer hotel bill.



So Much Money. "Do you think old Gotrocks will die?" "No, the doctors ain't going to let a good thing like him escape them."

Best Selling Book in the World.
Century: The bible is the best selling book in the world. It leads, and by a long interval, all other publications in copies purchased in the ordinary channels of trade, without regard to what may be called the official distribution.

Every book store which undertakes to carry a full line of stock sells the bible. Several important corporations confine themselves to the manufacture and sale of bibles, and others find in the bible their leading feature. Of no other book can this be said. Speaking some time ago of the insatiable demand for the bible as an article of merchandise, an officer of the Methodist Book Concern which till recently issued the best editions of the bible, said: "Like all publishers, we have to keep watch of the sale of books in general, even the most popular, so as not to get overstocked. But this never occurs in printing the bible. We just keep the presses steadily at work, and if we happen to find that we have 40,000 or 50,000 copies on hand it gives us no uneasiness. We are sure to sell them, and we go straight ahead printing."

THE GREAT ELEVATED RAILROAD IS DOOMED

Passing of This Spectacular Evidence of Sioux City's Boom Days.

HISTORY OF STRUCTURE

How the Project Was Financed and Bonds Finally Framed for Souvenirs or Burned—A Romantic Story.

[Sioux City Tribune.]
Workmen who are now engaged in tearing down the old Sioux City elevated railroad structure—the third of its kind in the world—are demolishing the chief evidence of several fortunes expended in its construction and lost in its operation by a syndicate of Sioux City boom promoters.

Incidentally these same workers are making a lot of Morningsiders angry. The latter liked the quick, safe run over the railroad tracks made possible by using the elevated, and they chafe at the slow trip to the suburban homes necessary when stops on each corner are made and the railroad tracks are crossed on surface lines. But the Sioux City Traction company is sure the service will eventually be bettered and the running of parallel lines obviated.

Enterprising Sioux City men have seen more than \$200,000 of their money disappear "via the elevated," and the King Iron Bridge company was conscious of the vanishing of something like \$200,000 worth of claims on the famous structure.

Where the Project Started.

The first definite move toward the construction of the elevated was taken in the spring of 1888, when a meeting in the back room of the Sioux National bank was held, attended by the following: A. Garretson, D. T. Hodges, Ed. Hinkinson, James A. Jackson, A. M. Jackson, James E. Booge, A. V. Larimer, E. C. Peters and Major John T. Cheney. Later Charles Wise, W. E. Higman and Colonel C. C. Orr became interested in the project.

The Sioux City Rapid Transit company was organized with a paid up capital of \$120,000, and E. C. Peters was elected its first president. The purpose was to construct a railway to the suburb of Morningside. In the summer of 1888 the surface line from Leach street to Morningside was constructed, the work all being paid for by the promoters of the system and using up pretty much of the capital which had been paid up. In 1890 the elevated structure from Leach to Jones streets was built, the company issuing \$290,000 of bonds to cover the expenses. The contract for building the elevated was let to the King Iron Bridge company through its Iowa agent—who subsequently lost his position for it—the contractors accepting \$200,000 worth of the bonds in part payment for the work.

A Most Hopeful Opening.
The entire line was opened to the public in 1891, the occasion being one of importance and inspiration. More than 600 persons, including the most prominent citizens of the city, were given free rides over the system and the future of the line and of the suburbs which it was designed to serve, was as luminous as the glow of an Indian summer sunset.

But these prospects could not be negotiated with sufficient success to keep the panic year of 1893 from fastening its crushing grip upon the system and in that fateful period the Sioux City rapid transit company passed into the hands of a receiver, James A. Jackson, one of the original promoters receiving the appointment. Under the rule of this receiver, the motive power of the line was changed from steam to electricity. The system was hardly accounted for when James A. Jackson died in 1893 and his son, A. M. Jackson, was made receiver in his stead. The latter managed the line until March, 1896, when it was disposed of at a receiver's sale.

Bonds Used as Souvenirs.
A. B. Robbins of Minneapolis was the purchaser, paying \$70,000. He was a railroad contractor and came into possession of a \$7,500 claim against the elevated road through the failure of a car company. To protect this claim he bought the system. The King Iron Bridge company had \$50,000 of the property, hoping to make good the \$200,000 worth of bonds held by it. The company, which had already been paid about \$50,000 by the Sioux City men promoting the line, would not give more than an equal sum for full ownership of the system. It is reported that some of these bonds were mailed out by the bridge company to their stockholders as souvenirs, in lieu of a dividend, and that the balance was burned. There are still in evidence in safes of certain Sioux City men something like \$75,000 worth of these handsomely lithographed relics.

Mr. Robbins operated the elevated line for two years, when it was purchased by A. M. Jackson of Sioux City for \$75,000, that being in February, 1899. Mr. Jackson then organized the Sioux City Traction company, himself being the sole owner of the property. Four months later the line was sold by Mr. Jackson for \$135,000 to J. S. Lawrence, Abel Anderson and J. W. DeC. O'Grady who consolidated it with the other Sioux City lines under the name of the Sioux City Traction company.

Now Owned by the Packers.

The line has since passed into the hands of the Swift-Anderson interests. The portion of the structure between Jones and Iowa streets was torn down two years ago and now the balance of the long steel trestle will be removed.

A supplemental system was built on the south end of the regular Morningside line, by the Jacksons, running to the handsome residence of Allen Crossan, three miles south of Morningside. This was subsequently torn up.

At a Church Festival. "Mr. White, how would you lub to hab you' eggs?" "Mr. White—Miss Luby, if it's jist de same to you, I'll take 'em fresh."

No Profit in Deception.

Eugene F. Ware, the commissioner of pensions, was asked the other day if much deception was practiced on the pension office. "Not much," he answered. "Deception doesn't pay in the long run, and men are coming more and more to realize this truth. Every deceiver is, to a greater or less degree, in the position of the Pole in the Chillicothe tavern; his deception harms himself more than any one else. "To a Chillicothe tavern," Mr. Ware went on, "two Poles came for their evening meal. They asked what the rates were and prices were quoted them—chicken, so much; ham, so much; eggs, so much; steak, so much. "Being frugal, the Poles took eggs—boiled eggs. They soon finished, paid their bill, and resumed their journey. In a lonely, quiet place, the younger of the two stopped and gave a loud laugh. "What ails you?" said his companion. "Back there at the tavern," the young Pole answered, "I deceived the landlord finely." "How did you deceive him?" "Why, I ate a whole chicken in one of my eggs and didn't pay a cent for it."

Lesson for Women.

Jersey Shore, Pa., Sept. 28.—(Special.)—"Dodd's Kidney Pills have done worlds of good for me." That's what Mrs. C. B. Earnest of this place has to say of the Great American Kidney Remedy.

"I was laid up sick," Mrs. Earnest continues, "and had not been out of bed for five weeks. Then I began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and now I am so I can work and go to town without suffering any. I would not be without Dodd's Kidney Pills. I have good reason to praise them everywhere."

Women who suffer should learn a lesson from this, and that lesson is, "cure the kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills and your suffering will cease." Woman's health depends almost entirely on her kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills have never yet failed to make healthy kidneys.

New They Are Both Resigned.

Sandford—I understand that he has resigned from the club?
Benedict—Yes, his wife wouldn't be resigned until he did.

She and He.

Town Topics: She—"You kiss like an expert."
He—"You compliment like a connoisseur."

Mrs. Winalow's boozing error for Children.

(Selling; cures the pain, inflammation, itching, sore throat, colds, etc. 25 cent a bottle.)

State of New York.

Bings—The streets of New York city are torn upside down.
Bangs—That's all right, Brooklyn's in the same state.



Mrs. Fairbanks tells how neglect of warning symptoms will soon prostrate a woman. She thinks woman's safeguard is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Ignorance and neglect are the cause of untold female suffering, not only with the laws of health but with the change of a cure. I did not heed the warnings of headaches, organic pains, and general weakness, until I was well nigh prostrated. I knew I had to do something. Happily I did the right thing. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound faithfully, according to directions, and was rewarded in a few weeks to find that my aches and pains disappeared, and I again felt the glow of health through my body. Since I have been well I have been more careful, I have also advised a number of my sick friends to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and they have never had reason to be sorry. Yours very truly, Mrs. MAY FAIRBANKS, 216 South 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn." (Mrs. Fairbanks is one of the most successful and highest salaried travelling saleswomen in the West.)—\$8000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

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