

Dare-Devil Warriors of Japan

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AT THE battle of the Yalu, one of the decisive conflicts of the Chino-Japanese war, while a Japanese sailor was standing on the rail of his ship watching the enemy he was struck by a fragment of a shell, horribly wounded and knocked into the sea. He rose for a moment in a whirl of bloody foam, shouted to his comrades, "Nippon banzai!" ("Japan forever!")—then sank, to rise no more.

This incident illustrates the dare-devil courage and absolute devotion of the mikado's great hearted little warriors. There are a thousand other true stories of the Japanese army and navy which are fit to keep it company and to prove that the men who will fight Japan's next battles rank among the best soldiers in the world. Of all these stories, the heroism of a private named Harada, during the siege of Ping-Yang, is regarded in Japan as the most remarkable.

"I don't believe this story of the war with China has ever been told to the western world," said a Japanese merchant, now living in New York, "but in Japan it is regarded as the classic instance of national bravery."

"The fort at Ping-Yang made a most desperate resistance. Again and again our troops tried to storm the gate, but the massive door was secured by a heavy iron bar, and they could not gain entrance. They were beaten back, but Harada stayed behind under the shelter of the battlements. While the enemy were triumphing over their victory, he quietly scaled the wall, and dropped down suddenly into the midst of a hundred yelling Boxers. Before they realized who he was, he had shot a couple of them, bayoneted a third, thrown down the iron bar and swung the gate open."

"Then, for a few strenuous moments, he held the gate alone against hundreds of Chinese, until his comrades rushed up, cheering madly, and swarmed in and took the fort. They found Harada covered with blood and surrounded by a rampart of corpses, but alive and only slightly wounded. He was decorated by the mikado and is today one of the national heroes of Japan."

Scores of songs and ballads have been written by Japanese poets on Harada's exploit and his example is held up to all the boys in the Japanese schools.

Rear Admiral Kabayama is another national hero. In the battle of the Yalu he was in command of a merchant steamer which had been hurriedly turned into a transport and mounted with a couple of small guns. The admiral did not expect the battle and almost before he knew what was happening, his feeble craft was cut off from the rest of the Japanese fleet and exposed to the fire of the biggest of the Chinese cruisers and battleships.

It seemed impossible that it could escape destruction, but the admiral handled it beautifully, dodging in and out among the Chinese ships like a clever dancer in a crowded ball room. He crumpled up a torpedo boat with one of his rapid-fire guns and even had the audacity to pump some shot into the battleships. A shell burst on the deck, but he kept as cool as a cucumber and calmly told two of his officers to fetch their cameras and take some pictures of the battle.

Then another torpedo boat hurried up and discharged a torpedo broadside at the ship. As the admiral saw it cutting through the water, he lit a cigarette and said to his officers, "Here comes our finish, gentlemen"—or the Japanese words to that effect. However, the torpedo dived clean under the ship's keel and exploded far away on the other side.

Things were growing too hot, and the admiral determined he would not be captured. He sent his ship full speed ahead and tried to ram the biggest Chinese battleship. It dodged out of the way and the transport steamed on, little damaged, and rejoined the Japanese fleet.

Kabayama's heroic fight takes rank with Sir Richard Grenville's battle of "the one and fifty-three," but it had a happier ending. Although his ship passed through a storm of shot and shell, only a few of the crew were killed or wounded.

It is often supposed that the Japs, though brave enough, are careless of their comrades' lives and imbued with the usual oriental indifference to suffering. But the records of the Japanese army and navy teem with numberless deeds of devotion and self-sacrifice which prove the contrary.

At the bloody battle of Taping Shan a dying officer emulated Sir Philip Sidney by giving his water bottle to a wounded soldier, although he was parched with thirst himself. "He needs it more than I do," he said, almost in Sidney's words.

Consider, too, the heroic self-sacrifice of a private soldier named Orihara Tamekichi. His battalion had fought all day, and then marched over rough, snow-covered country until midnight. When at last they bivouacked for the night, it was found that a wounded soldier had fallen out of the column and been left behind, to perish in the snow. Orihara was himself wounded and tired out, but he volunteered to go back and look for his comrade.

He found the man lying senseless in the

snow, a mile away. He lifted him on his back and staggered toward the camp, but missed his way in a blinding snow storm and wandered about for over four hours before he found his comrades, and fell fainting with his burden before the camp fire. Both men recovered, and are today serving in the Japanese army.

Perhaps the strangest incident of the Chino-Japanese war was the appearance of the famous Wei-hai-wei baby. It is discussed to this day in every Japanese barracks, and the story is told to the tourist who foregathers with the soldiers.

During a lull in the land attack on one of the forts, a Chinese woman suddenly made her appearance in the firing line of the Sixth division, apparently coming from nowhere. She was hurriedly ordered to the rear, and disappeared. A few minutes afterwards a lusty baby boy was found lying on the ground, beside a gun.

Captain Higuchi Setzaburo, who is a family man, picked up the baby and nursed it with experienced care. The bugle rang out for the advance of a storming party on the fort. The captain tried to hand his tiny captive over to a Chinese prisoner, but the youngster yelled as if he would go into convulsions. He did not want to leave his friend, the enemy.

The bugle rang out again, and, with the baby in one arm and his sword in the other hand, the gallant captain led the charge and captured the fort. The baby nestled to his breast, untroubled by the roar of battle, and passed safely through the fight. After it was over a home was found for him in a Chinese village.

At Hwangchiatal five Japs, led by a sergeant named Kadoda, routed a Chinese army. They were sent out by their general to reconnoiter the enemy's right wing and rear. After getting the desired information, Kadoda thought he would do something on his own account, so he worked around to the left flank and boldly led his men in a charge right into the enemy's lines. They yelled so loudly and seemed to appear in so many places at once that the Chinese thought it was a general attack, and the entire army fled in confusion.

A remarkable trait of the Mikado's soldiers is their indifference to wounds. It takes a great deal to make them stop fighting: At the battle of Kaiping a Japanese private was shot through the head.

"One should not stop for a wound!" he cried, and plunged into the thick of the fight, after making a rough bandage. The bandage slipped, and in a moment he was deluged in blood from head to foot. Yet he raged among the Chinese like a bare-sark Viking of old—a spectacle so awe-inspiring that the enemy soon broke and fled. Then, and not till then, he allowed himself to be taken to the field hospital.

The women of Japan are like the Spartan heroines—they tell their husbands and sons to come back from war "with their shields or on them." Many stories are told in relation to the Chino-Japanese war of the heroism of the women who were left behind when the men sailed away from the island kingdom to fight the Mikado's battles in Corea and Manchuria.

When the Eighteenth infantry was marching through a little village on its way to embark for the front a Japanese woman named Miki Masu insisted on speaking with one of the lieutenants who had been kind to her son, a soldier in the regiment. The lieutenant reluctantly consented, expecting that she would beg for his discharge from the army. But that was not her idea.

"I have come to thank you for your kindness to my son," she said, "and to ask you to see that he does his duty well. I am a widow and he is my only son, but I have told him that when he goes into battle he must be quite ready and willing to die for his emperor and his country. I have told him, too, that I shall die of shame if he disgraces himself by playing the coward. That is the only thing I feel anxious about."

The son, Chokichi fought throughout the war in gallant style, as he could hardly help doing after being trained by such a mother. He won honor and promotion and went back to her without a scratch.

Another woman, whose son was her sole support, told him that he must return to the colors, for he was a reservist. "The duty to the flag," she said, "comes before the lesser duties to the home. Though I should die of starvation, you must not hesitate. You must think of your country, not of me."

The Japanese leaders are worthy of their men. Several of them are men of brilliant ability and international reputation.

In the event of war the people of Japan

will look to Admiral Ito for great deeds. He is their Nelson. He commanded at the battle of the Yalu. Foreign officers who have served in eastern waters say he is a genius in the handling of a fleet. At present he is commanding the reserve squadron.

Japan's greatest general is Viscount Katsura, who has taken a prominent part in reorganizing the national army on European models. He is a veteran who fought in the civil war which overthrew the Shogun and created the new Japan. In his youth he became famous for reckless courage in battle; later in life he proved himself to be a great general, just as careful of his men's lives as he had been careless of his own. During the Chino-Japanese war he won victory after victory, and the foreign experts with his army had nothing but praise for the manner in which he handled his troops. He has been a soldier since 1867 and stands at the top of his profession. Two years ago he was made prime minister of Japan.

General Otori and General Tachime are two other famous warriors. The former is a fine old soldier, with a flowing beard and almost European features. He distinguished himself in the civil war, but his fighting days are over now, and he is an important member of the board of strategy. His experience and counsel are regarded as being of the greatest value. He may be called the Nestor of the Japanese army. General Tachime, on the other hand, is a young man who won rank and fame in the Chino-Japanese war, and who still has the greater part of his career before him.

Major General Oshima, who commanded the Japanese in the Peking campaign, is another famous veteran. He commanded an army in the Chino-Japanese war with courage and success, and in the opinion of many expert foreigners he was second to none among the brilliant galaxy of the world's generals who participated in the march to Peking.

One of the favorite heroes of the Japanese army is Major General Fukushima. Shortly after the war with China his name became a household word in Japan by his daring ride alone through Siberia and Manchuria into Corea. He covered thousands of miles on horseback, enduring great hardship in order to make himself thoroughly familiar with the lines of the Russian advance in the far east. The Mikado and the German emperor decorated him for that exploit.

When the Boxer trouble broke out, he went to Peking with the Japanese relief force, and distinguished himself by several heroic deeds. The Japanese say that he was really the brains of that brilliant little campaign, the foreign commanders relying absolutely upon his special knowledge of the country and the Chinese. He now holds a leading position on the board of strategy of the Japanese war office. When he made his famous ride he was only a major, but he has been promoted with extraordinary rapidity, until he is now a major general at the early age of 40.

When next Japan goes to war, whether with Russia or any other power, Fukushima will play an important part in the conflict.

General Fukushima is said to be the most popular officer in Japan. His men idolize him.

"He is the Chevalier Bayard of our army," said the Japanese resident in New York already quoted—"the bravest, the most gallant, the most chivalrous of all our officers. A hundred stories are told of him wherever Japanese soldiers are gathered together—how, when he was a young subaltern, he once gave every cent he possessed to save a brother officer from ruin and disgrace; how, in the Peking campaign, he shared his blankets, food, wine, luxuries and money with the common soldiers; how leniently he treats his men and yet obtains better work from them than anybody else can. In the Japanese army a word of censure or even a reproving glance from Fukushima is more keenly felt than severe punishments by other generals."

Officers and men have a fine example set them by the emperor, to whom they give such unquestioning devotion. During the conflict with the Chinese, the mikado worked steadily at the business of the war from 5 o'clock in the morning till midnight, firing out all his ministers and secretaries and refusing to rest or even to take food. "Why should I enjoy luxury and ease," he asked, "while my brave soldiers in Corea are suffering hardship and peril?"

The mikado's eldest son, the crown prince, was in Corea, sharing to the full the hardships of the soldiers, sleeping under the cold light of the stars, eating a private's rations and dividing his blankets and few luxuries with his humbler comrades. Later on in the bitter cold of a Manchurian campaign, he wore only a white duck uniform, which he even declined to allow the soldiers to wash for him. "Everybody else has to wear a dirty uniform," he said. "Why should mine be washed for me? Here I am not the crown prince. I am simply one of Japan's soldiers."

Exercise for Your Wits

HOME entertainments, in which the whole family and chance visitors may join, are desirable during the long winter evenings.

Some clever young women recently devised a variety of authors game that has proved a great success.

The way it is played is for some one person, generally the eldest of the party, to read from some such list of prepared questions as is given herewith, with the rest of the company, who are seated in a circle, answer in turn. If No. 1, after a minute or two, cannot answer the question put, it is passed on until some one does answer it, and that person is given credit. The one who answers the greatest number of questions is given a little prize of some kind, and the "booby," of course, is also provided for.

Any bright-witted person can get up questions of their own to supplement the list below, and work in any author wanted. The originators of the list herewith given took up the names of standard authors for the most part:

- Q.—What a rough man said to his son when he wished him to eat properly. A.—Chaucer.
- Q.—A lion's house dug inside a hill where there is no water. A.—Dryden.
- Q.—Pilgrims and flatterers have knelt low to kiss hip. A.—Pope.
- Q.—Makes and mends for first-class customers. A.—Taylor (Bayard Taylor).
- Q.—Represents the dwellings of civilized men. A.—Holmes.
- Q.—A kind of linen. A.—Holland (J. G.).
- Q.—Is worn on the head. A.—Hood.
- Q.—A name that means such fiery things, I can't describe their pains and stings. A.—Burns.
- Q.—Belongs to a monastery. A.—Prior.
- Q.—Not one of the four points of the compass, but inclining toward one of them. A.—Southey.
- Q.—What an oyster heap is apt to be. A.—Shelley.
- Q.—A chain of hills containing a dark treasure. A.—Coleridge.
- Q.—An American manufacturing town. A.—Lowell.
- Q.—Humped, but not deformed. A.—Campbell (pronounced cam'el).
- Q.—An internal pain. A.—Alken.
- Q.—The value of a word. A.—Wordsworth.
- Q.—A worker in precious metals. A.—Goldsmith.
- Q.—A very vital part of the body. A.—Harte (Bret.).
- Q.—A lady's garment. A.—Saxe (J. G.).
- Q.—Small talk and heavy weight. A.—

- Chatterton.
- Q.—A prefix and a disease. A.—De Quincey.
- Q.—Comes from p. pig. A.—Bacon.
- Q.—A disagreeable fellow to have on one's foot. A.—Bunyan.
- Q.—A sick place of worship. A.—Churchill.
- Q.—A mean dog 'tis. A.—Curtis (George William).
- Q.—An official dreaded by the students of English universities. A.—Proctor.
- Q.—His middle name is suggestive of an Indian or a Hottentot. A.—Walter Savage Landor.
- Q.—A manufactured metal. A.—Steele.
- Q.—A game and a male of the human species. A.—Tennyson.
- Q.—An answer to "Which is the greater poet, William Shakespeare or Martin Tupper?" A.—Willis.
- Q.—Meat, what are you doing? A.—Browning.
- Q.—Is very fast indeed. A.—Swift.
- Q.—A barrier built by an edible. A.—Cornwall (Harry).
- Q.—To agitate a weapon. A.—Shakespeare.
- Q.—A domestic worker. A.—Cook (Rose Terry).
- Q.—A slang expression. A.—Dickens.
- Q.—Pack her away closely, do not scatter, and doing so you'll soon get at her. A.—Stowe (Harriet Beecher).
- Q.—A young domestic animal. A.—Lamb.
- Q.—Mamma is in perfect health, my child. And thus he named a poet m'ld. A.—Motherwell.
- Q.—A girl's name and a male relation. A.—Addison.
- Q.—Put an edible betwixt an ant and a bee, and a much-loved poet you will see. A.—Bryant.
- Q.—A common domestic animal and what it can never do. A.—Cowper.
- Q.—A boy's name and my child. A.—Johnson.
- Q.—Colorless and hard as rock. A.—Blackstone.
- Q.—Decidedly mixed up. A.—Riley.
- Q.—Upper rooms. A.—Story.
- Q.—To secure with anchors. A.—Moore.
- Q.—Twice written. A.—Mark Twain.
- Q.—A girl's name and light. A.—Emerson.
- Q.—To wade. A.—Ford (Paul Leicester).
- Q.—A dark color. A.—Black.
- Q.—Always lively and bright, whether sober or tight. A.—Gay.
- Q.—A watery sport. A.—Roe (E. P.).
- Q.—Is found near a vessel. A.—Cable (George W.).
- Q.—Is what authors want you to do. A.—Reade (Charles).