HEROES OF CHEMULPO HARBOR

Crews of Varing and Koriets Given Warm Welcome at St. Petersburg.

HIGH HONORS SHOWERED ON OFFICERS

Stepanoff and His Staff Decorated with Medals and Crosses and Men Remembered with Purses and Flowers.

John Callan O'Laughlin, staff correspondent for Collier's Weekly at St. Petersburg, writes a very interesting account of the homecoming of the crews of the Varing and Korietz and the welcome they were given by Russians from emperor down to lowliest peasant. The Varing and Korietz were sunk by the Japanese in the harbor of Chemulpo, Corea, on February 9, the act signalizing the outbreak of hostilities. The Russian crews went aboard a French steamer and were later sent back to Russia. The officers and men are considered heroes, for their ships went down with colors flying and did not fall into the hands of the Japanese.

Richard Harding Davis is apparently chafing at the fate that keeps him inactive at Tokio when there is so much fine fighting going on along the Yalu. He tells of the entertainment afforded the bottled-up dogs of war by the mikado's government. These letters from staff correspondents to Collier's Weekly are reproduced simultaneously with their publication in New York by a special and exclusive arrangement with Collier's Weekly.

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ST. PETERSBURG, April 10.—(Staff Correspondence of Collier's Weekly—Special to The Bee.)—When the survivors of the Varing and Korietz arrived in Russian territory, M. de Plehve, the minister of the interior, raised the prohibition against patriotic demonstrations. The removal of the lid permitted an outburst of feeling not less intense than that I have seen in other countries in time of war. The people became almost delirious with patriotic exultation and they were roused, it should be noted, not by returning conquerors, but by men who, however gallant their conduct, had suffered complete defeat.

Thus the welcome given by Russia to her first heroes of the war with Japan has more than passing interest. It is a substantial indication of the depth of the feeling of the Russian people in connection with the far eastern conflict, and it must be regarded as an event of political importance which foreign nations cannot afford to disregard. Public opinion has no influence upon the policy of the czar, but the emergencies of war demand a united people, and the attitude of the hundreds of thousands who took part in the ovations to the Chemulpo fighters has shown the government, according to its declarations, that it need have no fear of internal strife while the war is in progress.

Everything emanates from above in the Land of the Bear. His majesty presses a button, his ministers respond to the signal and pass it to their subordinates; the latter act and then the people move. The czar's view of the conduct of his sailors was shown by their decoration with the coveted Cross of St. George. News of the honor done them was cabled to Captain Stepanoff and his subordinates when they reached Suez. Upon the arrival at Constantinople of the steamer Malaya, which was bringing them home, the unspeakable Turk, with courteous disregard of the valor of its passengers, held it in quarantine for twenty-four hours. Russia chafed at the new delay.

Odessa Makes a Holiday.

For weeks Odessa, the industrial center of the Black sea, and one of the most imposing cities of the empire, prepared to receive magnificently its war-stained countrymen; and by Odessa I mean not only the Christian, but the Jewish population as well. It not infrequently happens in Russia that the police will send flags to a resident with instructions to decorate and afterward submit the bill. No such notification was necessary at the Black sea port. The beautiful Nicolas boulevard, lying above the sea, was transformed into a court of honor. Venetian masts stood with almost the regularity of telegraph poles on both sides of the street. Flags fluttered from the windows of magnificent palaces and less striking buildings, and triumphant arches bearing the inscription "To the Heroes of Chemulpo" stretched across the thoroughfare. Lavish as were the decorations of the boulevard and other less prominent streets, they had little of the character of those which mark national festivities in the United States. They bore the imprint of powerful Russia and were arranged with Crimean art.

The city was ready for the fete when a salvo of great guns, fired by the Alexander battery, announced that the Malaya had appeared upon the horizon. A cheer from the waiting people crowding the quay on that brilliant April day testified their gratification at the approach of the men who had fought for them and for the common flag. A second salvo, and at the signal a fleet of steamers and yachts, loaded with passengers, whose shouts almost drowned the martial strains of the bands accompanying them, began the forward movement toward the incoming ship. In the lead was the launch of the commandant of the port, and by his side was a mysterious parcel which he carried with him when he boarded the Malaya. After exchanging greetings with Captain Stepanoff and his men, he opened the parcel and took from it the crosses of St. George. "My instructions," said he, "are to deliver these decorations before you arrive at the port."

Military and Religious Functionaries.

As soon as the Malaya tied up to the dock Captain Stepanoff passed down the gangway to receive the greetings of General Baron Kaulbars, commandant of the Odessa military district, and other distinguished military, civil and religious functionaries. The scene was brilliant and picturesque. The man, so modestly dressed, was the recipient of honors offered by those priests in robes made of cloth of gold sweeping to the ground, by the military and naval officers garbed in gorgeous full dress uniforms, and by civic officials less showily but none the less strikingly clothed. Near by soldiers and marines were drawn up, with arms at present, and behind them was a cheering mass of people, who looked at Stepanoff and then past him to the deck of the Malaya, where were standing the men who had fought with him. After the official words of welcome were exchanged Stepanoff returned to the ship, and, giving the order to his 258 followers, marched at their head down the gangway. All wore the uniform of the British navy, which had been supplied by the English man-of-war Talbot imediately after the battle. A third salvo of great guns welcomed them to shore, and the massed bands of 20,000 troops played together the national anthem, "God Save the Czar." To the granite stairway, which leads from the port of Odessa to the city, the survivors marched through two lines of saluting sailors and soldiers. At the foot of the stairway the military gave way to young students of the universities, standing side by side and forming two rows, which stretched past the bronze statue of the Duc de Richelieu, at the head of the stairway, down the Nicolas boulevard. Before the Richelieu statue were gathered representatives of the church, the municipality and the district administration, who welcomed the survivors to the city. Here the latter received a blessing and reverently kissed the cross. The procession then turned into the Nicolas boulevard, where 200,000 people joined in a roar of welcome. Not satisfied with this demonstration, the people swept through the lines of students and police and seized the survivors, bearded men pressing their lips upon bearded cheeks with an enthusiasm that would have been the better understood by an American had the objects of the caresses been fair young girls. Some of the people's heroes were hoisted upon brawny shoulders and carried in this fashion, and crowds struggled and shoved to get near enough to touch the hands of the men whom they were worshiping. Somewhat rumpled, but thoroughly pleased by the rough attentions showered upon them, the survivors reached the city hall, where a pavilion had been erected and where they were received by the city fathers. The latter offered bread and salt to Captain Stepanoff upon a silver platter inscribed: "Welcome of Odessa to the heroes of the Varaig and Korietz, whose deed astounded the world."

For twenty-four hours Odessa feasted and gave free rein to her frantic enthusiasm for her guests. Then the latter, in the auxiliary cruiser Nicolai II proceeded to the military port of Sebastopol—the sturdy resistance of which in the Crimean war will be duplicated, if necessary, Russians say, at Port Arthur. A torpedo boat flying the signal, "Welcome to the Brave," was first sighted from the Malaya. Slowly came into view the whole of the Black sea fleet, from its masts flying the flags that Russian men of war always hoist when going into action. The thunderous roar of cannon afloat and ashore intermingled, and the faint echo of the cheers of the military, the nobility and the people came across the water. The survivors answered with a loud hurrah, which was caught up by the sailors of the fleet and thus carried to the shore.

Skrydloff Gives Stepanoff His Medal.

Sebastopol's reception was more of a military character than had been that of Odessa. The temper of the people had been shown at the latter port; the attitude of those gathered at Sebastopol indicated the feelings of the military. The Russian stronghold was not as gorgeously decorated as Odessa had been, but its welcome was not a whit less hearty. Vice Admiral Skrydloff, commanding the Black sea fleet, who had commanded the Pacific squadron, warmly embraced Stepanoff. "In the fight," said the latter, "I did not forget your orders and instructions. We lost, but we fought as hard as we could, and we did not give up our ships." That night at a banquet, Skrydloff took from his breast the St. George's cross, gained in the Russo-Turkish war of 1878, and pinned it upon Stepanoff. "I have worn that cross for twenty-six years," he said, "and here in Sebastopol, whose soil is rich with the blood of Russian heroes, I give it to you, another hero, and wish you happiness and health."

But a portion of the crews of the Varing and Korietz were brought to Russia by the Malaya. The remainder came home two weeks later via Marseilles. When the survivors were reunited they were ordered to St. Petersburg. Immense crowds greeted them along the route. At Moscow they were given an ovation such as had not been exceeded probably by any previous demonstration in that old capital. St. Petersburg decorated in their honor, troops gave them a military reception and the people let loose the enthusiasm pent up by long waiting. The welcome of the nation was crowned by an audience granted by the emperor to the officers and men of the sunken ships.

Gifts of money, of jewels, of clothing were showered upon the survivors by the emperor, the nobility and the peasantry. The sailors and soldiers who are fighting in the east, and those who remain at home, were shown the depth of the nation's gratitude and they may expect like treatment if they, too, dare bravely for the honor of the flag.

JOHN CALLAN O'LAUGHLIN.

FEASTING FOR THE DOGS OF WAR

Mikado Liberally Entertains Correspondents Bottled Up at Tokio.

(Copyright, 1904, by Collier's Weekly.)

TOKIO, March 29.—(Staff Correspondence of Collier's Weekly—Special to The Bee.)—Each time the War office here announces that the advance of the army has been again postponed, those terrible dogs of war, the war correspondents, cry "havoc," and try to slip their chains. And the answer of the Japanese officials to their demand that they instantly be shown "battle, murder and sudden death" is to invite them to a garden party. This is supposed to soothe the correspondents and to satisfy the proprietors of their papers at home, who are sending them rich drafts and singing sadly, "It's All Going Out, and There's Nothing Coming In."

A few nights since the members of parliament gave a dinner to the military attaches and the war correspondents, at which they asked us to be patient. As a sop, diplomatically administered, and intended to reconcile us to being bottled up in Tokio, it did not altogether carry its purpose, but as an effort of hospitality, as a dinner of ceremony and, in so far as it illustrated the courtesy and thoughtfulness of the Japanese, it was a charming success. It also is interesting, when one compares it as an entertainment with one that would be given to strangers in Washington by our own members of congress.

We went to the dinner in jinrikishas, each with an accordion-plaited paper lantern bobbing fantastically in the night like a giant firefly, and stopped at a house that glowed among the surrounding trees, not from any windows, as it had no windows, but through its walls. It glowed most brilliantly through a square low doorway in which stood many little girls in gray kimonos with glistening black hair, worn a la pompadour, and who bowed and rubbed their knees with their open palms, continually shifting from one stockinged foot to the other, and bowing and bowing again. They took away our shoes and gave us big woolen slippers, and then led us down corridors and along outer galleries into a room which ran the length of the tea house. It was covered with mats. Not with what we call mats, but with what is more like a mattress with a piece of fine matting sewn on its top. These mattresses were sunk between broad grooves of beautifully polished wood, and with the wooden beams formed the floor on which we walked, the floor on which we sat, the floor from which we ate. When strangers to Japan object to removing their shoes, and walk with boots upon a Japanese mattress, they shock their host just as thoroughly as it would shock an American hostess to see her visitor stamp with his boots upon the lid of her piano or on her damask tablecloth.

The room of the tea house was bare of all furniture, and even of ornaments, save the decorated screens that formed the walls and the decorated beams that supported the decorated ceiling. The room was its own ornament. The panels on the walls were of native woods of great beauty, and on some in bas relief were carved flowers, dragons and landscapes. It was like feasting in an enlarged glove box. From time to time one of the nesans, as they call the little girls who serve the dinner, would push back a paper screen with its squares of glistening black lacquer, and we could see outside swinging from the balcony cherry-red lanterns, and beyond them the chill spring moonlight and the black pines of Shiba park. We sat on flat cushions of crimson silk, each with his back to the wall, in a long row that stretched around the room.

When we had last seen our hosts, when the mikado addressed them in their House of Parliament, they were in our evening dress. Now, they wore their national costume; the skirts of cloth, silk, or brocade, and, folded over the chest like an abbreviated bathrobe, the kimono. There was no brilliant color in any of the costumes. They all were gray, brown, black. The room was heated by braziers of brass set in wooden boxes and filled with hot ashes, over which the Japanese passed their hands continually, as though performing an incantation.

A Japanese dinner begins at the end with the sweets, and then starts over again with soup. A nesan placed in front of each guest a box filled with cakes, candy and sugared fruit. The guest is not supposed to eat this, but to save it until the dinner is over, when he packs whatever parts of the dinner he has not eaten in the box and carries the box home. After the little girl had explained with much shaking of her head that we must not eat the sweets, she brought us a tiny lacquer table that stood about six inches from the floor, a blue and white bottle filled with saki (which tastes like warm sherry), a saucer of salt and mustard, a saki cup, a bowl in which to rinse the saki cup before we offer it to anyone with whom we wish to drink a toast and a pair of chopsticks. Soup followed in a lacquered bowl, then hot fish, and, on a gridiron of glass rods, raw fish. The soup and the hot fish were as deliciously cooked as at the oldest and best of Paris restaurants, but the raw fish was a novelty which even the bravest military attache and the politest correspondent dared not attempt. After that the dishes no longer came in courses, but were placed at the same time in rich profusion upon the tiny tables. Many with which we were familiar were so served that we failed to recognise them, and other dishes we thought were those we knew at home we ate in blissful ignorance that they were not. Some kidneys I especially welcomed. "Ah," exclaimed one of the polite hosts, "I see you like very much our devil fish." I had seen devil fish in the aquarium at Naples, but I never before had hungered for one. Of course, the chopsticks were baffling, and of how many other breaches of etiquette we were guilty one blushes to guess. The next night I dined after the European fashion, and when I saw how adroitly the Japanese officers at the dinner followed it I was amazed at our temerity of the night previous. For the first time I became conscious that the customs of our table are full of pitfalls. As someone has said, the Romans were able to conquer the world because they did not have to stay at home and learn their own language.

But no one of the Japanese members of Parliament made any sign that we were not eating with perfect propriety, though we must surely have shocked them. Many of the Americans and English could not understand that the little girls who knelt in front of them were not to be admired and complimented, but were there simply as waitresses. And when the Japanese heard their guests address them as "Maimie" and "Maude," they must in their artless Japanese way have congratulated themselves that when they determined to copy us they knew where to stop. Of course, it is very hard for the visitor to take the little nesans as seriously as they take themselves. The whole situation is unfamiliar. We do not often sit cross-legged, while quaintly dressed handmaidens kneel and bow before us. To the gallant American the occasion seems to demand that the least he can do is treat the young lady as one of the guests. As a matter of fact, one is supposed to treat her with every politeness, even if you speak Japanese, to discuss the food with her, and to give her the saki cup that she may drink with you, but it does not follow that you need necessarily address her as "Good morning, Carrie."

Our hosts probably knew we did not offend with knowledge, and the little girls themselves accepted invitations to drink, and did drink, after a most polite ceremonial, and, when our chopsticks refused to work, and we spilled our food, shivered and giggled with delight, and covered their eyes with their hands.

After the dinner and the speeches, they gathered up the sweets and wrapped the boxes we were to carry home in napkins.

And then they cleared the floor for the geisha girls.

The geisha is—but, no, in this peace-ridden city, so far removed from "wars and the rumors of wars," where the coming of the cherry blossoms is the one event of vital interest, the geisha becomes a subject of too serious moment to be wasted in a paragraph. It must be saved for another steamer day.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

May party at Child Saving institute Friday, May 6.

Sells Lots at Auction.

The Real Estate exchange cast aside politics and routine business at its regular meeting and enjoyed a regular old-fashioned auction sale of real estate. A. P. Tukey furnished a lot by way of an advertisement, and the members bid quite spiritedly for the piece of ground. It was finally knocked down at $100 and done up in a parcel of applause from the exchange. No other business was transacted.

Petition for Bankruptcy.

A petition was filed in the United States district court by their creditors asking that the firm of Johnson & Miller of Wausa, Knox county, be declared bankrupt. The petioning creditors are Allen Bros. of Omaha, who have a claim of $590.75; King & Smead of Omaha, $555.75, and the Interstate Rubber company, Omaha, claim $178.82. The petitioners allege that the firm of Johnson & Miller already have committed an act of bankruptcy in transferring, concealing and removing certain of their property with a view to hindering and defrauding some of their creditors, including the petitioners, that their debts amount to $7,000 and that they refuse to apply their property to the payment of the same. Messrs. McGilton, Gaines & Storey are the attorneys for the creditors.

A Death Blow to Malaria.

Electric Bitters kill and expel malaria disease germs, will prevent typhoid, and cure fever and ague, or no pay. Only 50c. For sale by Kuhn & Co.

Ten free trips to the World's fair each week. See coupon on page 2.