Crossing of the Yalu

(Continued from Page Four.)

diversion of the Russian battery's attention to the town, where circles of blue smoke from bursting shrapnel hung fleecily in the air and then were blown away, and the bits of iron that rained in the streets formed the first souvenirs of the great land conflict that is to come.

After the Battle.

ANTUNG, May 3.—We had expected that the battle would come with the crossing, but the two were entirely distinct. The crossing took place on one day (April 30) and the battle occurred on the next (May 1). The account of the one I have already sent. Draw a line approximately north and south through Wiju, and both banks to the east were already in possession of the Japanese on the night of the 30th. Opposite Wiju the Ai river joins its waters to those of the Yalu. On its bank the right flank of the Japanese rested at the end of the first day's movement. All that night troops were crossing into China till morning found Corea without the army that had been a self invited guest for many weeks.

If the spectator on this famous 1st of May had some of idea of what he was going to see, the vagueness of that idea added to the interest. He knew that the day before had been one of the great days of his life, and expected that this would be another. Rising at dawn becomes second nature when you are with an army. As I rode through the south gate of the city, Captain Okada, who has the correspondents in charge, looked at his watch and asked if the others were close behind. He was a little worried, like a man who has guests to dinner. There was to be a charge in force, and the time for it was almost as exactly set as that for the rising of a theater curtain. This charge, even in a period of long range rifles, we were to see as distinctly as a foot ball game. If there were parts of the play that were obscure, so there are when Yale and Harvard struggle for the pigskin.

The bluff above Wiju was no longer forbidden to the correspondent. Lifting your glasses to see what new tableau this ever-prepared army—that shows you nothing till it is finished—had in store for you, no glance was wasted on Tiger's Hill, which rises out of the river's bed to the height of 1,000 feet or more. Its sides are precipitous. On a first thought, it seems an impregnable position of defense. But if infantry could not storm these steep rock-ribbed ascents, no more could infantry escape down them. To take Tiger's Hill the Japanese had only to march around it. For a short time the Russians had a mountain gun posted there. After firing a few shots, this was withdrawn. In the dark ages of Europe a robber baron would have built his castle on such an eminence and defied and ruled all the country round. In this conflict it was in the center of an artillery duel, with shells flying about its ribs, but none fired at it or from it. On the other side of Tiger's Hill there is a sandy bottom, and the Ai river, flowing between heights, here enters the Yalu. On the western side of the Ai the high bluffs, with the broken skyline above and the stretch of river sand below, continue till they disappear in the haze. Four or five miles from the mouth of the Ai are the white walls of a little village, Chiu Lien Cheng. From this village runs the main highway toward Feng Wang Cheng and Liao Yang, which the armies must follow.

This then was the position of the Russians, who had evacuated the broad sandy islands in the river below Wiju two days before. They had formed on the road. The ease with which the Japanese had crossed on the previous day above Wiju, surprising the Japanese themselves, led to only one conclusion. The Russians had not intended to give battle at the Yalu. All that they sought to gain was delay which should fatten the numbers of their guns and men at the point where they should make a stand. Whenever they could force the Japanese to elaborate preparation for a general attack they had gained a week for their overworked railroad. Every mile the Japanese traveled inland was a mile further for the Japanese and a mile nearer for the Russians to the all-commanding thing of all armies—the base of supplies. That the Russians would fall between the two stools of a general defense and simple delaying tactics was not contemplated.

At the end of the first day you thought that all was over except the deploying to brush the hills clear of the rear guard. But the second day held a surprise for the Russians and for the Japanese. For the Russians the annihilation of two regiments and the loss of twenty-eight guns, as reported. For the Japanese this made a success that was unexpected. The spectators are still in doubt whether to marvel most at Russian carelessness or at the marching power of the Japanese.

On the night of April 30 the Japanese occupied the islands the Russians had evacuated and crossed in force. The morning of May 1 showed us clearly the Russian position, how it was to be taken, and the force that was to take it. Along the crests of the Russian heights you could see the dust-colored line of the Russian trenches from 800 to 1,000 feet above the river bed. The trenches were long enough to hold a great force. They might be manned by 1,000 or by 10,000 men, who rested for the moment in peace and security, with their antagonists as clearly outlined before them as the streets of a town to a balloonist. Every man there must have known that in the end he must fly. Meanwhile he must take as great a toll of lives as silent rifles, with magazines filled and waiting on the triggers' call, could command. On the sands below, distinct to the naked eye, the cones of two field hospital tents bespoke preparation for what the Russian rifles could give. Not a man of the Japanese lines needed a doctor at that moment. In an hour thousands might, the numbers all dependent upon the size of the force hugging the dusty line on the Russian heights. All was to be real in this drama of the meeting of two organized groups of men who had marched far and carried heavy loads and lived on hard rations for the privilege of mutual destruction, and to that group whose power of destruction was the greatest would belong the glory.

Lining the wall of Wiju, perfectly secure from fire, were the unwashed noncommittal Coreans, whose land was one of the subjects of contention. (When I crossed the river the next day, the first man I saw was another subject of contention—an old Chinese sifting out of the sand and ashes the parched remains of the grain from the ruins of his house, which the Russians had burned.)

In the Japanese line were some 35,000 men, forming an intact blue streak from the bluff's edge beyond Tiger's Hill to Chiu Lien Cheng. They would remain as stationary as trees till the order came which should set them in motion as one machine toward the Russian position. Without glasses this line seemed no more than a long fence hung with blue, the Russian position only an uninhabited height, where storms perhaps had eroded the summits. Between the two, over the stretch of sands, where the skirmish line and the reserves were to pass, and on the further channel which they were to ford, was no moving object. It was a zone free of life, which soon would be the scene of human activity that would hold the attention of the world—a stretch of river bottom where was to be fought the first infantry battle of account in the most picturesque of modern wars.

Before the charge began the onlooker had time to realize that he was about to witness a frontal attack, with modern weapons which many tacticians hold to be no longer practicable. The Japanese infantry had been marching and hill climbing all the day before. Those who had slept at all had slept little. Some had spent the night in getting into position. Now they ate their rations of rice and fish and lay packed close in the convolutions of the river bed, seeing the long levels that they had to cover—a task set sternly before them in the clear light of morning. Their guardians, the guns, still had suspicions of the conical fort that had been pounded to silence on the 30th. They spat fire with the viciousness of bitter memory. No answering flash broke through the columns of dust tossed up by the common shell from the Japanese howitzers or the blue smoke rings of the shrapnel. The skirmishers had sprung to their feet, company after company of that line four or five miles long had deployed, and yet our breathless waiting brought no gunfire from the enemy's heights.

Had the Russians entirely withdrawn their guns over night? If they had, then they meant to make no proper defense; they sought only to force the Japanese to make a battle formation, to gain time for the increasing army on their chosen ground for decisive resistance. Or were the Russian guns waiting for a fairer chance? This was a dramatic possibility, but it did not stand to reason. The frontal attack was to have no savage test. We were to see more of a field day than a battle, you thought, not counting on the determined resistance of the Russian infantry, unassisted.

With smokeless powder, with field guns of the latest pattern, with all other modern accessories, we had two armies not in khaki. Every Japanese soldier on this arena was as sharply defined as pencil marks on white paper. Could the mind have worked rapidly enough through the glasses, one might have counted them all. With reserves crowding in, they became like a young orchard. For the first fifteen minutes there was no rifle fire. Was it really war or was it only a maneuvering? We listened for the rattle of musketry; at any second we expected to see some of the figures fall. With the undulations of the ground and individuals avoiding bad footing, the line would grow bunchy in places, and then thin out again to better skirmish order.

But the units were much closer than the order of either the British or American armies. The Anglo-Saxons were seeing the German theory tried—the German theory of numbers and pressing the attack home in face of the enemy's fire as against ours of widely separated units and flanking maneuvers. If there were 5,000 Russians in the trenches on the heights it seemed that they ought to mow that river bed clear of Japanese. Such was the distance that the line seemed to go ahead from the steady impulse of mechanics instead of being carried by human legs. Their double seemed a creep. At one and the same time you wanted them to hasten in order to bring on the dramatic finale, and you wanted them to wait in order to give you time to grasp in full the panorama they afforded. They had two miles to go, with sand to their ankles in many places. The first rifle fire came from far to the right, where the end of the Japanese firing line was obscured. We could merely hear; we could see nothing, which is the usual experience in a modern battle.

Along the trench on the Russian heights we could still see the Russian officers moving back and forth. They were not nervous for the fight to begin, while they kept their men in tune with majestic opportunity. Soon we heard the crack of their rifles and the answering volleys of the Japanese, who lay under cover of the drifts in the sand between thir rushes. No faltering among the Japanese was evident, but you knew, you felt, even from the distance of the Wiju wall, that there the fire was hot. Something in the attitude of the advancing figures said as much. They were bending to their task as if at pulling ropes. For it was work now.

Designs for Bathing Suits

THE diversity of designs on which bathing suits are cut this year shows that manufacturers have awakened to a realization that all women do not look alike in the surf. There are designs for stout women and for thin; high-necked blouses for thin girls, and beautiful round necks for girls with plump throats and shoulders. There are elbow sleeves, three-quarter sleeves and sleeves which are mere puffs. All the smart suits have the three component parts—bloomers, skirt and blouse—worked into one single, solid, non-partable garment.

Another feature common to all the new bathing costumes is the trim, fitted appearance of the skirts. They are shaped to the figure and have lost that loose, baggy effect which characterized them in the past.

For example, a dark blue mohair, trimmed with white braid, has simulated skirt yoke, with three rows of the white braid, fitted snugly around the hip. The five gores which compose the skirt flare broadly below the knees, and are finished with three more rows of braid. The blouse, which is laid in a large box plait down the front, has a round neck, outlined by three rows of braid, ad both blouse and skirt open on the left side.

A dark-green mohair has a snugly fitted skirt and a blouse that is tight fitting around the neck and shoulders and plaited into the belt in fine tucks. It is cut low at the throat with a square sailor collar, and flat, knotted tie of very pale ecru mohair, trimmed in a darker shade of ecru washable braid. The belt matches the collar, and the shoes are of tan-colored canvas, with darker tan laces and stockings to match.

A pretty dark mohair is trimmed in a fetching design of narrow white braid. The front gore of the skirt is plain and narrow, and there is a slight fullness over the hips and in the back. The bottom of the skirt flares, and each gore is outlined by three graduated rows of the white braid, each finished with a white button. Three lines of the braid run over each shoulder in graduated lengths to form a "V" shaped effect back and front. The short, puffed sleeves have three rows of braiding running down from the shoulder, and a high standing collar is finished in the same way, while the narrow box plait down the front of the waist has white buttons arranged in groups of three. With this is worn a blue and white Tam o' Shanter.

The stockings are dark blue and the canvas bathing slippers black. White bathing slippers make the foot look very large.

A striking study in cardinal red mohair and white has the cardinal for the body of the suit and the white mohair for the belt and the large scalloped collar. These are braided in cardinal novelty braid, showing a dash of black. Red stockings and black sandals complete the costume.

The woman whose fad is wash taffeta will find black to outline the flaring gores and the deep collar which turns back to form a "V" shaped neck.

Slender girls who will bathe at exclusive summer resorts are indulging a fad for all white bathing suits in sheer lansdown. The stout woman, however, should never wear white. These white lansdowns are trimmed elaborately with silk braid, and a suit recently completed for an exclusive resort is trimmed with bands of pale blue washable taffeta. White stockings and sandals, fastened on with blue ribbons, and a white mohair lingerie bathing hat completes a girlish if delicate-looking make-up.

The Magical City

(Continued from Page Two.)

not show. Variation in the ground level was one of the difficult problems that the chief of design had to cope with. Primarily he had to refrain from planning excavations as much as possible, as tens of thousands of dollars can be spent in this way with very little to show for the money. The artifice he employed in the erection of the agricultural building is representative of many others used to overcome this difficulty at the minimum expense.

There are two real attractions at the fair that set it apart from all predecessors, and both are feasts for the eye. They are electrical and architectural, the former to be seen at night from a point of vantage on the Plaza of St. Louis, the latter, in all its magical splendor, in late afternoon from Festival Hill. But you should climb the grand stairways leading up the hill early in the afternoon, seat yourself on a bench along the grassy slopes, bordered with radiantly flowered festoons, and look out over the picture before you.

At first you will see nothing but cream white buildings—arches, colonnades, domes, towers and heroic sculpture being the striking features. But presently, unconsciously, one by one, the finer details that bind the bigger things into one harmonious whole will creep in upon you. Especially you will feel and know that the fair cannot be called the Cream City, as Chicago was the White City. For as you sit and look, you behold the green of trees and grass commingled with cream-colored Corinthian colonnades. You see flowers of myriad hues bordering the rose-red of gravel walks and terraced steps leading to the arched bridges thrown gracefully across the sky-blue waters of the lagoon. You feel touches of gilt on the Louisiana Purchase monument, where a few moments before everything seemed creamy; you behold the roofs and towers and domes, old rose and bronze green, and find the color of the trees and walks carried there.

As long as you look the color impression grows upon you. At last, as twilight comes and you rise to make your way to the Plaza of St. Louis to take in the electrical display, you know that land and water, gardens and buildings, flowers and trees and sculpture, all have been grandly blended into a magnificent ensemble that is worth a journey half way around the world to see and feel. And the result seems all the more wonderful when you learn that the man who is responsible for this gorgeous architectural panorama also found time to design not only the Louisiana Purchase monument, but the interior of Festival Hall, the Agricultural, the Forestry and Fishery, the Horticultural and the Transportation buildings, to say nothing of the twelve arched bridges that cross the lagoon. These bridges had to be high enough to permit of the passage of gondolas underneath, still not too arched to make it difficult for the fire engines to go over them, and at the same time be in complete unison with their surroundings.

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