

WAR IN THE ORIENT.

Much Fighting, With Slight Losses, and a Steady Closing In of the Japanese on Kuropatkin.

ANOTHER DECISIVE DEFEAT. The Russians Driven From Strong Positions After 18 Hours of Fighting.

July 24 Gen. Oku having united his army with the forces which landed at Takushan and coming up from the east, began a direct advance upon the Russian post at Tai Chi Mountain and other eminences. The Russians had heavily fortified these lines, which are 10 miles long, and they had it well armed with heavy artillery. The Russian General reports that he had in the battle 18 battalions, which was from 3,000 to 18,000 men. The Japanese had five Divisions, with 100,000 men. There is thus a strong discrepancy between these two, as the war strength of a Division is about 10,000 men and consequently five Divisions would have about 50,000 men. Probably the Russian report is nearer the truth than the Japanese have estimated, with one being nearly as much too small as the other too large.

The report of Gen. Zarubaitsev says that frequently the fighting was close and desperate, and that his men made four successive charges, each time being driven out of sight. He was, however, compelled to retire by the Japanese gaining positions on his flank, and he withdrew in "perfect order." He reports his loss at about 20 officers and 600 men, killed and wounded.

Gen. Oku on the other hand, reports that all the Russian positions were taken by successive attacks, and that his loss is estimated at about 800. The result of these operations was to clear out the Russian positions and enable the Japanese to take unresisted possession of the important point of New Chwang, which they did with their cavalry at the end of the two days' fighting. The Russian forces were driven from an attack upon a strongly fortified position. The position gained was of the highest importance to both armies, and it is singular that the other had to leave, after losing only about 600 men. It is still more singular that with a direct front attack by the Japanese the Russians did not inflict a loss of more than 800.

PORT ARTHUR. Rumors That the Japanese Have Begun Assaulting—Stock of Ammunition and Food Low.

Refugees who have arrived at Chee-foo from Port Arthur confirm previous reports that a general assault has been begun by the Japanese on that fortress, and they declare that the Russians are sanguine that the Japanese could not succeed in capturing the place, even though they had twice as many troops. The Russians, according to the refugees' story, are still hoping for succor from Gen. Kuropatkin. They are unwilling to believe the reports of a Japanese defeat at Kiao. The refugees further confirm the reports that the Russian fleet is in a state of repair, but say that the fleet is awaiting all work, and that the Vladivostok squadron or reinforcements from Gen. Kuropatkin should arrive in a few days.

When a Japanese boy of this class lands in the United States, he goes to one of the innumerable Japanese employment agencies. Usually he doesn't know a word of the language. His countryman coach him in the few words necessary to understand a domestic order. Then they get him a job for a low price as "second boy," or \$5 a month with board and room and the privilege of school time to himself. Green as he is, he learns fast. In a week he can wash dishes, prepare vegetables, sweep, dust, and make beds. After that he goes to a public school, is admitted to one of the lower grades, and begins a regime which makes the life of a Scotch student seem like leisure by comparison. He is up with the dawn, studying, until it is time to get breakfast and serve it. He rushes through the dishes and is at his desk by 9 o'clock. In the primary school recess of an hour and a half he is back studying, and if that meal is omitted at his house, doing odd chores. After school he races through his homework, serves dinner, washes the dishes, and is back at his books again. And he keeps this up for 10 or 12 years. It would kill a Caucasian.

All this is a great blessing to the house-keeper of limited means. A family which couldn't afford a white servant hires a Jap boy for \$5 a month and board. The wife does the cooking and the lighter housework. The Jap does all the rest. There's only one trouble with the arrangement. He is learning all the time, and when he has found out how to do plain cooking, American style, he is likely to take a place where he can make more money. Then the housewife has to break in another Japanese boy. The original "help" goes on and up until he is a pretty good plain cook and is making cook's wages. He saves the money to finish his education.

Some day little Oki shows up at Palo Alto or Berkeley, where Stanford University and the University of California are situated. Stanford is run on the dormitory plan. The bedmakers are all Japanese, so if he has elected Stanford, the thrifty Japanese gets a job in the dormitory. If he goes to the University of California, where there is a dormitory, he takes service in one of the big student boarding houses. And in this situation he does the work equivalent to a high school course—does it over and over again. When the studies are too puzzling, the Japs band together, form a class and hire an American student to tutor them.

Students in Encina dormitory at Stanford for a dormitory, the Japanese quarters in the basement to find out what in blazes happened to that key, finds the whole dormitory force sitting like statues at a table, studying. The keeper of a student boarding house at Berkeley finds her Jap boy peeling potatoes with a geometry propped up on the sink, his hands working at one thing, his head at another.

Some time August day, the former bedmaker or second boy enters the university, the right and the Second Army on the left. The three armies now occupy a semicircle of about 150 miles in length, reaching to the railroad north and south of the Russians under Kuropatkin.

THE JAP IN OUR COLLEGES.

A Little Glimpse Into the Means by Which America is Making Over Japan.

(New York Sun.) The problem of the Japanese schoolboy is engaging the attention of the labor unions, which must have something to agitate about or they would be forced out of business. Since the doors of this country were bolted against any more Chinese the unions have had to abandon the Chinese cheap labor cry. The Chinese now in California are mightily useful. Every one knows that, and any agitation against them would make trouble with the people who think and who have to be propitiated by the labor leaders are up to their eyes in politics. But there may be a chance against the Japanese.

There are perhaps 10,000 Japanese in and about San Francisco, and several thousand more scattered through the State and West.



JAPANESE BURYING THEIR DEAD AFTER TAKING A WIRE-ENTANGLED HILL NEAR PORT ARTHUR.

More than half of them are boys in their teens or young men in their early twenties. They come mostly of good families. Many are of the proud Samurai caste. With little money, or none at all, they have come to the United States to get an education.

The University of California men in Tokio have just formed a similar club. President David Starr Jordan, of Stanford, visited Japan in the Summer of 1900. The Stanford Club gave him the best time they knew how. They insisted on taking him through the country on a lecture tour, he speaking to the people through an interpreter.

It was astonishing," said Dr. Jordan when he returned, "to see the extent to which the American colleges have contributed to this new burst of Japanese civilization. In every little town I visited there was a Yale man or a Michigan man or a Cornell man or a graduate of the California universities teaching the people a sort of center for the new civilization. I say that because if by civilization you mean making it possible for people to live in order and comparative peace and co-operation, they were civilized long before we were.

The Stanford Club gave me a banquet at Tokio. We ate Japanese fashion, snatching at mats. It was a bachelor affair. Afterward I told some of the men that they appeared charmed by the idea, but each had some excuse to offer. One said that madam was indisposed. Another had his wife away on a visit. You see, they get over the Oriental feeling about letting a stranger visit their wives.

THE SALVATION OF WILLIAM.

Making a Man Out of a Spoiled Darling of Fortune.

By FREDERICK WALWORTH.

(Leslie's Magazine.) The United States Regular Army is the most highly efficient little body of troops this planet can boast at the present day. Man for man and regiment for regiment, it would walk through the cohorts of the bellicose Kaiser exactly as it waltzed through the veterans of Spain. In numbers it is almost contemptible, but in efficiency it is without a peer.

This result is brought about partly through the material out of which it is made, partly through the method used in the making, and partly through the caliber and training of its officers. But it follows that the United States Army is a hard school for one unaccustomed to discipline.

That brings us to Willie Carhart—William Montgomery Ormiston Carhart, to give him his full name. He was the pampered only son of a wealthy father, so he started life with a ball and a chain. Private tutors of varied nationality formed an unhealthy environment for his early youth, and to Harvard was entrusted the discouraging task of making a man of him.

No doubt Harvard was doing its best, but along in the Spring of sophomore year, Willie grew tired. Finally, just before the end of his freshman year, he was found who really knew his business. A trip to Europe was prescribed as the only remedy for Willie's shattered health.

So he went to Europe and spent several years in a mad, thousand-mile journey from his person the stigma of having been born in America. He succeeded so well that his compatriots would have been ashamed to admit his original nationality. He came home to his mother and to his mother died, but was unable to stand the "degraded commercialism"—to use his own term—of his native land, and returned to Paris to examine the latest in the art of this, his brand, fairly good-looking, and with quite effeminate manners. In a rough way it might be said that so much of him as was left of his original body was left of his original mind.

That really ought to bring 'em to time, you know," said Willie confidently. Therefore he was shocked exceedingly next day to get the laconic reply, "No funds."

It was a full month before the letter came, and with his personal William Montgomery Ormiston Carhart descended into the depths of hell.

Matthews, Yeoman & Matthews regretted exceedingly their inability to cable a draft. They also regretted the necessity of informing him that his father had become an invalid in the month of August, and that he had died in the month of September. Under the circumstances, Matthews, Yeoman & Matthews found themselves so placed as to be unable to forward him anything at the present time, and begged to remain his most obedient servants.

adjusted the gloves on William's hands and his own, and proceeded with the instruction. It soon transpired that what William didn't know about the manly art would baffle the stacks of the Congressional Library.

Elezar swore and despaired. He arranged William's hands to block a lead for the face. Then leading slowly, he fiercely admonished William to block his hands in the blackness of the bay, and where they were put while William backed hastily out of range. After an hour's futile endeavor they returned to camp, and the Corporal sought Jarvey.

"You got to do it, son," returned Jarvey cheerfully. "Oh, but say, Jarvey," cried Eleazar, "you don't know what it is. It's like pulling a Russian to tell the truth. It ain't possible."

"You got to do it, Eleazar," repeated Jarvey, and next day he again drove the reluctant Corporal forth. This time Eleazar tried a different method. "See here, you," he remarked darkly to Eleazar, "I've fooled with you long enough. I'm going to show you how to block me. You got to let me drive at you with that blunderbuss, and all the angels, if you don't block it, it'll knock the lead clean off ye, see?"

The following week was a hard one for both Eleazar and Willie. Early and late they were to be seen in the streets, and themselves, till the matter became a subject for discussion at the mess.

Elezar used the time to instruct his private in the mysteries of a peculiarly vicious hook and snare. In an historic encounter with Jarvey in the beginnings of their acquaintanceship, it was this blow alone which had saved the big Corporal from crushing defeat, and it was a signal proof of his interest in Willie that he now shared with him the precious knowledge of its delivery.

"How about this afternoon, then?" said Jarvey. "Well," returned Eleazar, "you'll see it when you see it. I don't care for nothing better."

William was white and evidently nervous. Jarvey led with an easy confidence for the private face. The blow was blocked and a smashing clip came home on his own chest. He glanced at Eleazar with a surprised look, and Eleazar's reply was a cry of triumph. Then Jarvey braced up and with a difficult effort, he was the seasoned veteran of a hundred fights, the regimental champion.

Advertisement for Smith Premier typewriter, describing it as the simplest and strongest of all writing machines.

Advertisement for The World's Best Typewriter, mentioning the Smith Premier Typewriter Company.

Elezar immediately spread the news with both lungs and a dramatic right arm. "Say," he cried to a circle of the men, "don't you go foolin' with that kid. Say, you know what Jarvey is. Well, that little feller, he's a real one. He ain't never took a mark, barrin' a cut lip. An' in the fifth, if he didn't just pick his chance an' whip one up to old Jarvey's jaw the first time he heard his feet, oh, you ought to see it. It was a real one. That kid'll be a champeen, an' don't you forget it."

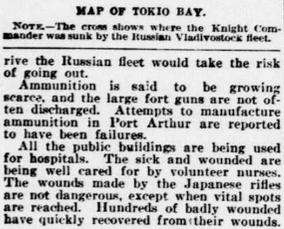
So it came about that Chislett happened one evening upon a knot of his men alternately smoking and wildly cheering, while William, answering to their calls for "Billy," sang them indecorous songs of the Parisian boulevards with improvised translations. Whereupon Chislett questioned Jarvey, and Jarvey cheerfully explained.

"You picked a fight with him and let him whip you?" laughed Chislett. "No, sir," said Jarvey. "I picked a fight and got whipped."

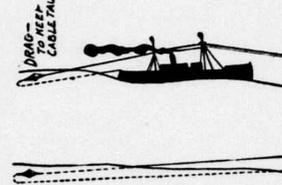
"I wondered at the time where you acquired that eye, Sergeant," said the Captain grimly. "You understand it was a cross breach of the regulations, and I don't officially countenance it for a moment."

Brings the Mail to the Door. A device, easily constructed, for bringing the mail from the farm gate to the house on rural routes, consisting of a wheel on a stake or a tree near the house; a wire running from a point on the rim of the wheel to the gate post and a small screw wheel pulley put into the top of a nail box and strung over the wire.

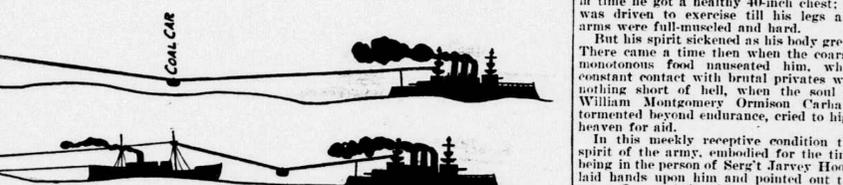
Military Discipline Carried To Far. (Washington Post.) As an illustration of carrying military discipline too far this story is told by Gen. N. Miles: "There was a certain Colonel who, in the middle of a campaign, was seized with a sudden ardor about hygiene. He ordered that all the men change their shirts at once."



MAP OF TOKIO BAY. The cross shows where the Knight Commander was sunk by the Russian Vladivostok fleet.



THE SYSTEM OF COALING AT SEA AS USED BY THE VLADIVOSTOK FLEET. Manoeuvre and the cutter Konechika, Russia, on the left, from an American frigate, as used on the Illinois and other ships in the American navy, by electric motors. It is declared that the apparatus can be successfully worked in a heavy sea with 1,000 feet between ships.



HE recalled that the Philippines were now American. He would go to Manila. There, no doubt, he would find some friend of his father's who would help him out. He remembered hearing that American capital was pouring into the islands. This was a blatant falsehood, but William lacked means of verification.

He was not at all impudently, but with the spirit of the army, embodied for the time being in the person of Serjt Jarvey Hook, laid hands upon him and pointed out to him the inefficiency of his own plan. Private Carhart should draw his attention, for a more colossal example of military inefficiency in the matter of morale were hard to find.

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