

Fighting Men of the Czar of Russia

CAPTAIN WSEWALOD FEDOROVITCH ROUDNEFF had his baptism of fire the first day of the war, and Russians are proud of the valor he displayed. Roudneff commanded the ill fated *Variag*, the formidable protected cruiser built at Philadelphia for the czar. She was at Chemulpo in company with the Russian gunboat *Korietz* when Rear Admiral Gubitov's big fleet arrived and ordered the commanders of the *Variag* and *Korietz* to surrender or come out and fight. The Russian ships were caught in a trap. They could not escape by flight and were so greatly outnumbered that swift destruction was certain. It was the sort of crisis that confronted Admiral Cervera at Santiago, but the situation of the Russians was even more desperate. They faced it as boldly as the gallant old Spanish. Captain Roudneff and the commander of the *Korietz* cleared for action, the sailors singing the national anthem of Russia, and, cheered by the crews of the neutral warships in the harbor, the *Variag*, with the little *Korietz* under her lee for protection, steamed out to face two Japanese battleships, six cruisers, five torpedo boat destroyers and seven torpedo boats. The *Variag* was soon in flames, and her decks were a shambles, for the fire of the entire Japanese fleet was concentrated upon her. Of her crew of 540 men 109 were killed or wounded in half an hour, and her commander retreated into Chemulpo, sunk his ship and blew up the *Korietz*. Captain Roudneff, who was wounded, took refuge on the French cruiser *Pascal* and gave his parole, which puts him out of the remainder of the war unless he is exchanged. The czar promptly decorated the gallant captain for his heroism.

Major General Pflug hasn't done anything for Russia thus far except send dispatches, but his name has been mentioned as often as that of Viceroy Alexieff since Japan torpedoed the Russian ships at Port Arthur. Since the days when George T. Lanning wrote his famous threnody on the death of the albatross of Swat American newspaper humorists have hailed with delight any quaint new name that came over the wires. The Mad Mollah of So-malland served them for a time, and then came Pflug. Major General Pflug, chief of the military staff at Port Arthur. Though scattered from Maine to Texas and from Florida to Washington state, the American press humorists pounced upon that name as one man, and Pflug is already the hero of a dozen poems and innumerable jests. Major General Pflug is one of Viceroy Alexieff's right hand men, and his reports which first came from Port Arthur are now emanating from Mukden, the old Manchoo capital, which is farther up the railroad, well out of range of the Japanese fleet. Major General Pflug is a handsome, soldierly appearing officer, and will doubtless give a good account of himself when serious land fighting begins.

One of the most determined and active of the czar's naval officers in the east is Captain Matusievitch, who commands the torpedo flotilla at Port Arthur. Previous to the arrival of Admiral Makaroff only scouting duty had been performed by this section of the fleet, but since his advent the torpedo flotilla has seen some hard fighting. Shortly after Makaroff took charge a desperate conflict took place between Captain Matusievitch's boats and the light craft of the Japs, in which one of the czar's destroyers was sunk and another captured. The Russian boat was boarded by the Japs, and a desperate hand to hand fight took place. An incident of the battle was the killing of the Russian commander by a Jap sailor, who kicked the body of his antagonist overboard.

Captain Matusievitch, who was directing the battle, was unable to go to the assistance of the beleaguered boat, the approach of the heavier ships of the Japanese fleet compelling him to retreat into the harbor. When the war broke out Russia had twenty-four torpedo boat destroyers and a large flotilla of torpedo boats at Port Arthur, but so far they have succeeded in inflicting little or no damage on the ships of the Japs. Russia sends her torpedo craft to Port Arthur in sections, where they are put to-

Captain Roudneff, Hero of the Variag's Hopeless Fight. Major General Pflug--Vice Admiral Starck, Who Lost His Ships--Matusievitch and His Torpedo Boats--Tchesnovitch of the Retvizan.

gether and launched from a floating dock that is moored at the tip of the "Tiger's Tail" in the inner harbor. Several of these boats are now en route to Port Arthur by the way of the Transsiberian railroad.

Vice Admiral Starck, who commanded the Russian Pacific squadron when the war began, is today the most miserable man in all the broad dominions of the czar. All the hard won honors gained by years of striving in the Russian service were wiped out in that dreadful midnight hour when the daring Japs torpedoed his ships in the harbor of Port Arthur and sent several of them to the bottom. His subsequent relief from command and recall to St. Petersburg in disgrace are too well known to recapitulate. It is said that on that eventful night of Feb. 9 Admiral Starck, with most of the senior officers of his fleet, were on shore attending a fete in honor of the birthday of Mme. Starck. When the boom of the guns was heard during the height of the festivities confusion reigned. The admiral and his officers hastened to the port with all speed, but the damage had been done, and the battle was over. Several of the czar's ships were shattered hulks, and the great victory which gave control of the sea to the Japanese had been won.

On the head of Admiral Starck the blame was placed and justly. Such is the rule of war. He had proved faithless to the trust reposed in him and had been found wanting in the hour of need, for, no matter how many battles a commander may win, one defeat wipes out all his former glory. It was a costly birthday party to Admiral and Mme. Starck that took place on the night of Feb. 9, 1904.

Although Captain Tchesnovitch, commander of the battleship *Retvizan*, had the misfortune to have his vessel torpedoed and beached in the first naval engagement at Port Arthur he has still performed valiant service for the czar. Before the *Retvizan* was patched up and floated she lay on the shore of the outer harbor in a position to command the entrance with her guns, and in every subsequent attack of the Japs she took part in the fighting. In fact, to Captain Tchesnovitch belongs all the credit of repulsing one attack, and it was the guns of the *Retvizan* that sank the four merchantmen with which the Japs were endeavoring to block the entrance before they could be placed in position in the channel. The *Retvizan* is one of the most powerful ships in the Russian navy. She was built by the Cramps at Philadelphia and launched in 1900. She is 376 feet long, 72 feet beam and has a displacement of 12,700 tons. The *Retvizan* is heavily armored with Krupp steel, and her main battery consists of four twelve-inch breechloaders in pairs in turrets and twelve six-inch quick firers. Besides being fitted with four torpedo tubes, she carries two second class torpedo boats.

While Grand Duke Alexis Alexandrovitch is the nominal commander in chief of the Russian navy, the real head of the czar's department of marine is Vice Admiral Avellan, who succeeded to his present post on the death of Vice Admiral Tyrtoff last fall. Admiral Avellan at the present time is confronted by a serious problem. Russia must remain practically powerless on the sea in the far east unless the Port Arthur and Vladivostok squadrons are re-enforced by the Mediterranean fleet. To accomplish this successfully is what is causing Admiral Avellan a vast deal of thinking. Should these three squadrons be brought together, they would form a force sufficiently powerful to meet the Japs on fairly equal terms. To get them together is the question. Without the co-operation of the Baltic naval force this seems impossible, as any attempt to consolidate the Port Arthur, Vladivostok and Mediterranean fleets would simply result in their being beaten in detail. The combined fleets of the mikado would have no trouble in destroying each separate squadron.

According to naval experts, it would take the Baltic ships at least ten weeks to make the voyage to the China sea; so if Admiral Avellan decides to adopt this way out of the dilemma it will be well into the summer before there can be any change in the naval situation at the seat of war.

AMADOR OF PANAMA.

FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE NEW ISTHMIAN REPUBLIC.

Boldest Leader of the Movement That Resulted in Independence--How He Forced Matters at a Critical Moment.

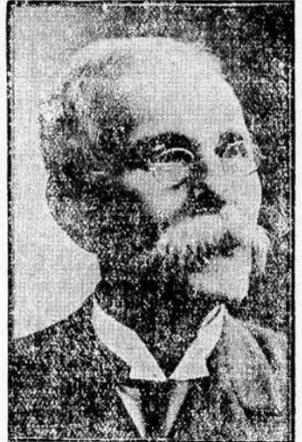
The inauguration of Dr. Manuel Amador as president of the republic of Panama a few weeks ago marked the climax of the "business" revolution which cost Colombia her richest province and added a new state to the family of nations.

Dr. Manuel Amador, the first president of the new republic, is seventy years old, a physician by profession and a native of Cartagena, Colombia. He was one of the leaders in the revolutionary movement which led to the independence of Panama last November, and in fact to him more than to any of his associates was due the success of the undertaking. The story of his part in the revolution is as follows:

When on Oct. 31 of last year the Colombian congress adjourned without ratifying the treaty with the United States affairs had already progressed rapidly on the isthmus. Seven men, all interested for business reasons in the construction of the canal, had about finished the work of organizing a business revolution. They were Tomas Arias, Arango, Arosemena, Dr. Amador, Ricardo Arias, F. Boyd and Obarrío. All had something of a pecuniary interest at stake in the issue and for the most part belonged to the Conservative party, which is at present in control of Colombian affairs.

Feeling assured that they had the sympathy of the people of the isthmus in their undertaking, the committee went ahead with its plans. There was a battalion of Colombian troops at Panama, commanded by General Huertas, who had long been stationed at Panama. Huertas was won over by the revolutionists.

It had been planned to have the revolution on the day following that on which it actually occurred. The scheme was to be sprung on Nov. 4 at Panama. But on Nov. 3 the Cartagena steamed into Colon with Generals Tovar and Amaya and 450 Colombian troops on board. The news was telegraphed to Panama and created general consternation. Dr. Amador largely deserves credit for putting the revolution through in spite of the hesita-



DR. MANUEL AMADOR.

tion of some of the other leaders. When the Colombian generals arrived they came without their troops, the Panama railroad having refused to transport them.

The generals were arrested by Huertas' soldiers and the republic proclaimed. The next day the declaration of independence was read in the Cathedral park and was signed by the leaders in the movement and by all present who wished. Three men, Frederic Boyd, Constantín Arosemena and Tomas Arias, were appointed consuls. They assumed authority over the republic as members of the supreme junta, the junta at once organizing a government and constituting the supreme legislative and executive power until the inauguration of Dr. Amador on Feb. 20.

The honor that has come to Dr. Amador was unsought and is all the greater because of the fact that he is not a native of Panama. He has lived on the isthmus since 1860, and, although he has figured for many years in the political life of Panama, he steadfastly refused many high offices under the Colombian government.

Dr. Amador was the leader of the Conservative party, and in 1869, much against his will, he was nominated and elected by his party to the presidency of the state of Panama. He never took office, however, for a Liberal revolution was started and succeeded before his inauguration.

As a young man Dr. Amador engaged in commercial pursuits with his brother at Santiago de Veraguas, in the state of Panama. He went to the city of Panama in 1871, becoming one of the eminent physicians of the country. For many years he has occupied the place of chief physician for the Panama Railroad company and the Pacific Mail Steamship company. Dr. Amador has two sons--Dr. Raoul A. Amador, consul general of Panama in New York, and Manuel E. Amador, who was minister of finance under the provisional government of Panama.

From the moment it became a certainty that the government of the United States under warrant of the treaty of 1846 with New Granada would not permit the landing of Colombian troops at any port of Panama the revolutionary period of the new republic may be said to have ended. Since then it has been smooth sailing.

SMITH OF MICHIGAN.

William A. Who Nominated Joe Cannon For the Presidency.

William Alden Smith, who recently created considerable excitement in the house by nominating Speaker Joe Cannon for the presidency, is one of two Smiths, both Republicans, who are members of the Michigan delegation to congress. He is a self made man, and the story of his rise from poverty is of more than usual interest. When a boy he peddled a paper on the streets of Grand Rapids, whereas he is now the chief owner of that paper, the Herald, and the president of the company that publishes it.

Congressman Smith is a native of Michigan and received a common school education, to which was added a course in law. In 1883 he was admitted to the bar and in a few years had become one of the leading corporation lawyers in the state. From 1886 to 1901 he was the general counsel for two of the most important railroads in the state.

His first political job was that of page in the Michigan house of repre-



WILLIAM ALDEN SMITH.

sentatives, and it is related that he stole a ride to Lansing on one of the railroads of which he was afterward general counsel. He first went to Washington as member of the Fifty-fourth congress and has since been four times re-elected. Mr. Smith has had a good deal of experience in statecraft and in business, and his point of view on politics as well as on general topics is usually breezy and interesting.

"Mr. President," said Speaker Cannon to Colonel Roosevelt the day after Smith's speech, "I am in a fix. Here I am nominated for president by William Alden Smith of Michigan, and yesterday my county convention out in Illinois declared for Theodore Roosevelt first, last and all the time, and today my congressional convention is going to do the same thing."

"All this talk about my having another barrel to fire," said William Alden Smith, "is foolish. I have nothing more to say. My position reminds me of the story of Henry Clay. He went to a shooting match in Kentucky one time. They pressed a gun into his hands and told him he must take a crack at the target. He had never fired a gun in his life, but he blazed away and hit a bulseye, and until the day of his death he would never fire another gun."

STARTLED CONGRESS.

Hay of Virginia, Who Called Out the Bristow Postal Report.

James Hay, the member of congress from Virginia who introduced the resolution calling from committee the special postal report which caused such a commotion in the house, until now has been practically unknown outside of his own state.

The Virginia statesman could hardly have foreseen that the report would impugn the fair fame of so many members, some of his own political creed, and doubtless he was as surprised as any man in the house. Innocent or



CONGRESSMAN JAMES HAY.

not Mr. Hay, it may be assumed, has not increased his popularity in congress.

The effect of the publication of the report promises to be far reaching, and it is asserted that unless the matter is cleared up at least two-thirds of the 151 members involved will lose their seats.

She Knew the Reason.

At the dinner table one evening some one remarked that a certain lady had a thin falsetto voice. Little Maisie was acquainted with the person referred to, and she cried out abruptly: "Oh, I know why! Because she's got a false set o' teeth!"--New York Press.

Bowser's Bad Break

He Joins the Gliding Band Skating Party and Renews a Boyhood Sport as a Diversion, but Now He Wishes That He Hadn't Done So.

(Copyright, 1904, by C. B. Lewis.)

"**M**RS. GREEN was over here this afternoon," said Mrs. Bowser as Mr. Bowser came home the other evening, "and I promised her that we would run in this evening for a game of cards."

"Then you will have to go alone, my dear," he replied, "as I have an important engagement this evening. Send her word that we'll come in tomorrow night."

"Is it a political meeting?"

"Hardly that."

"Some club or other?"

"No, not exactly a club. Did a package come up for me this afternoon?"

"Yes; I didn't open it, but it feels like bootjacks. Have bootjacks anything to do with your going out this evening?"

"My dear, let me explain all about it. Yesterday I joined what is called the Gliding band. In other words, it is a choice little coterie of about twenty people who have a skating party once or twice a week. Tonight I go out with them for the first time, and the package contains a pair of skates instead of bootjacks."

"You--you on skates!" gasped Mrs. Bowser, while the cat crept under the lounge to hide her grins.

"Why not? Why not? You gasp that out as if it was some astonishing thing. I haven't done any skating for a few years past, but the tricks of it will come back to me after circling the pond once or twice. What is there to be astonished about?"

"But--you--you--"

"I'm what? Do you mean I'm too fat and ugly? I have fished up a bit, I'll admit, but don't you worry about that. I'll show the Gliding band how to cut a few curlicues and pigeon wings before the evening is over. What's the matter with your going along? You can't skate, of course, but you can sit on a bench and watch the rest of us."

"I'm not sitting around on benches to get my feet frosted while I watch you break a leg or your neck," replied Mrs. Bowser. "You can go, of course, but I know how it will come out. The Gliding band will glide around on the back of its neck, at least so far as you're concerned. A man of your years and bulk and awkwardness--"

"Stop right there, woman!" coun-

band had somehow got the idea that he was going to show, them some imported novelties on ice, and pretty soon one of them observed:

"Well, Bowser, we are willing to give you the lead, and we'll follow after. Don't give away all your professional tricks at once, however, as fresh spectators are coming along every minute."

"I--I'm a little short of breath, walking so fast," he stammered in reply. "You folks can go on and I'll soon be with you."

"No, you don't, old man," they laughed. "You have been chosen as leader tonight and you have got to lead off with some of those fancy figures of yours."

Mr. Bowser shuddered. Forty years had gone by since he wriggled around on that horse pond, and who could tell what tricks the ice had in store for him!

With a prayer to heaven on his lips and desperation in his heart he took the lead and the ice. There was a brief exhibition of imported and domestic gymnastics. He scraped and tumbled and twisted and clawed, and then he sat down with such a smush that a policeman came running up and wanted to know who was rolling rocks on the pond.

There was a roar of laughter from the hundreds of spectators, and one of the Gliding band came forward to assist Mr. Bowser to his feet and to say:

"By John, old man, but you understand the ropes, for sure! Your little game is to play the hayseed for a few minutes and then astonish the crowd with a few real bargains in flourishes. That's cute of you. Keep it up for a few minutes."

Mr. Bowser kept it up. He wouldn't have done so for a million dollars in cash, but he had no choice in the matter. Before his bulging eyes floated visions of Mrs. Bowser and the cat; beneath his feet floated an expanse of ice as smooth as glass and as slippery as the conscience of a politician.

He must move even if it were to fall into the arms of death, and with a groan of despair he struck a gait. There was a display of feet, hands and fireworks, with applause by the spectators, and the Gliding band swung their hats and cheered.

A man on skates can't keep both feet in the air all winter long, and after a little time the scene changed--that is, Mr. Bowser uttered one long, loud, de-



THERE WAS A DISPLAY OF FEET.

manded Mr. Bowser as he drew himself up like Napoleon crossing the Alps. "I come home here with a song in my heart to tell you that I am going out for a couple of hours' diversion. If I was going out to get drunk and tear up hitching posts it would be different, but I explain that I am going out to glide with the Gliding band. I tell you this in a kind and gentle way, but what do you do? You fly mad, you get red in the face, your ears begin to twitch, you begin to yell out about my bulk and lugginess and predict that I will smash all the ice in town before I get through falling down. Is this a witty spirit? Is it even common decency on your part?"

Mrs. Bowser sighed and turned away and pursued the subject no further, but when he was ready to set out she wished him a good time and promised to have a hot drink ready for him when he got home. The cat followed him out to the gate and yowled a sort of last farewell, but he gave her no heed and soon joined some of the Gliding band waiting for him on the corner.

There were twelve of the band when they got together, and it was not until he had his skates on that a dim suspicion began to creep into Mr. Bowser's mind. He sought to joke and laugh and drive it away, but it would return, and it kept growing. Things had changed since he was a towheaded boy of ten. Even ice had changed. It might be that he would dash out on the smooth surface and cut a few figure eights and then go gliding away like a duck on a summer pond or it might be that--

Mr. Bowser began to grow warm as he thought of what might happen with 500 people looking on, and in his heart he wished himself back with Mrs. Bowser and the cat. It wouldn't do, however. He must shake off the feeling and get to business. The GLIDING

spiring yell and went to his doom. When he came down the back of his head struck first, and the rest of his body followed in sections and at intervals, and there was crash after crash until the thud of his heels ceased to echo through the leafless trees.

A kind hearted policeman took the fallen glider by the neck and dragged him shoreward on to the snow, and a kind hearted hoodlum, who wanted a pair of skates for his brother in Greenland, removed Mr. Bowser's and hurried to the nearest express office. Other kind hearted people rubbed his face and head with snow and commented on the size of his ears and feet, and finally some one hunted up an express and paid the man 50 cents to haul the remains home.

On the way he recovered consciousness, not enough to realize that Indiana might be politically classed among the fabled states next year, but enough to sigh and groan and swear.

Mrs. Bowser sat reading when she heard a shout that called her to the door. The expressman was assisting Mr. Bowser up the steps.

"Is this Bowser's home?" called the man.

"Yes."

"And is this Bowser I have here?"

"Yes."

"Then take him in, ma'am, and put a sign of 'jackass' on his back! Think of it, ma'am--think of the likes of an old dozer like him trying to gallop around on skates like a wild gazelle! I've been in the express business for forty-four years, and yet it's enough to turn my gray hair red again!"

Then Mrs. Bowser and the expressman and the cat got the fragments of the glider up the steps and into the house and straightened out on the lounge, and what further happened is one of those domestic afflictions with which the public has no business.

M. QUAD.