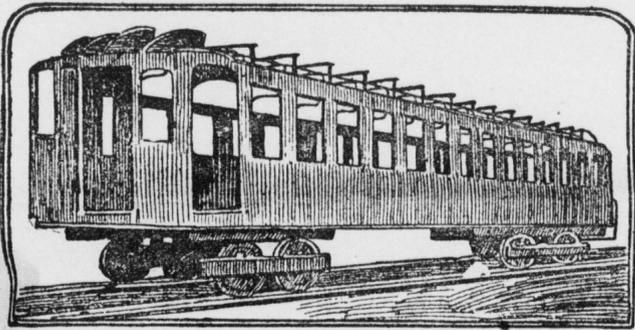


## JAPANESE IN A BAYONET CHARGE.



Notwithstanding their low stature and inferior weight, the Japanese infantry are said to be irresistible in a bayonet charge. They are trained to wonderful swiftness in their manner of attack. During a gradual advance in open order, with independent firing from the kneeling position, the men fix bayonets as opportunity offers without waiting for a general command. Suddenly the officers spring to the front, the men rise, form in two lines and rush forward with extraordinary suddenness, a maneuver most trying to the enemy's nerve.

## TO PREVENT RAILWAY HORRORS.



NEW PRESSED STEEL ALL METAL CAR.

New Yorkers who patronize the subway will enjoy the novelty of riding in all-metal cars. It was officially announced by the Interborough Rapid Transit Company that the company had placed with the American Car Foundry Company an order for 200 pressed steel cars, all the furnishings of which are to be of metal.

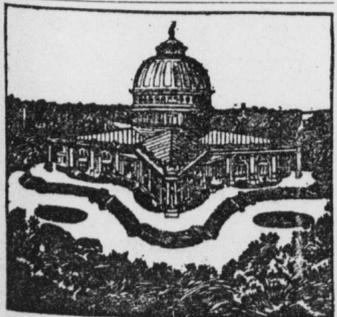
"If they don't give satisfaction the people will soon discover it," said one of the company's officials. "If they are a disappointment they will soon go to the scrap heap. They have been ordered in the belief that they will add to the safety of traveling in the tunnel."

There are many difficulties to be overcome in an all-steel car, and the experts of the Interborough company express confidence that many of the most important have been conquered, so that they are warranted in predicting that the all-steel cars are likely to be the future vehicles used in railway travel, both on the surface and under ground.

The necessity of adopting a car which will be absolutely fireproof, so as to make impossible such a disaster as occurred in the Paris subway, is of paramount importance.

## A WORLD'S FAIR EDIFICE IN FORM OF A STAR.

One of the most unique buildings at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis is that representing the State of Texas. The general plan of the edifice is in the form of a five-pointed star, in commemoration of the fact that Texas is the Lone Star State.



TEXAS BUILDING AT ST. LOUIS.

When she declared her independence from Mexico the flag of the then republic of Texas bore a single star, and when she entered the American Union the emblem took its place in her State seal. The building, which is here-with shown, will be very conspicuous, being on a raised surface artistically terraced. In the center the edifice consists of a single great dome. Branching off from this are five great wings, each running to a point, with Grecian columns at the ends. Between the wings of the star are the entrances.

Many a man, like the moon, shines with borrowed light.

## Tree Planting in China.

Tree planting in northern China is being strenuously enjoined by the authorities, not only as a productive industry for the people, but alike as a means of strengthening the river embankments against floods and of checking drought, says the Golden Penny. Of late years trees have been cut down wholesale for agricultural purposes, while the peasants do not take the trouble to plant fresh ones, because the soil is so loose that they must dig down very deep for a satisfactory foothold. So vast tracts of fertile land are left barren, while in the northern provinces especially the influx of sand carried by high winds from the Mongolian deserts threatens to fill up the unoccupied ground.

So in the important province of Chili, which contains the capital, Peking, there is a government proclamation notifying the "eight directions for tree plantation"—most minute instructions as to the kind of tree required, the depth they should be planted and the fertilizers to be used—and the "ten benefits to be derived from the same," such, among others, as the sale of timber and fruit, and the beneficial influence of trees in attracting rain, preserving the just equilibrium of wind influence, and purifying the atmosphere, while "travelers and families will find shade and rest under the branches"—a poetic touch for conclusion.

**Fish with 11,000 Eyes.**  
The chiton, a sort of shellfish, holds the record of possessing 11,000 eyes.

A Lovely Character usually loves her enemies, and is impudent to her friends.



"Is there anything between you and my daughter?" "Nothing but you."—Exchange.

Many a rich father has discovered that it is easier to get a daughter off his hands than to keep a son-in-law on his feet.—Philadelphia Record.

Bob—Gosh, Rob, where'd you rake up those seedy old shoes? Rob—Why, man, those are my patent leathers, Bob.—But the patent has expired, eh?

Miss Carrye Moore—She calls him her intended. Are they engaged? Miss Cutting Hintz—No, but she intends to marry him.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Nipped in the Bud: Actress—I have been robbed of my jewels. Hotel Clerk—It won't do any good; there isn't a newspaper in the town.—Town Topics.

"I can always tell when you are going to tell a lie," said Cregg to Legg. "How?" asked Legg. "I see you open open your mouth," said Cregg.—Town Topics.

Mabel—Why didn't you scream when he put his arm around you? Ethel—I wanted to, but couldn't, and when I could I didn't want to.—Butte Inter-Mountain.

Undoubtedly: "I see that somebody says there is no such thing as luck in business." "He must be one of the lucky ones who have succeeded."—Exchange.

Effie—Silly! Dolls don't eat anything! Bertie—Don't, eh? Well, that old one of yours that I cut open was stuffed chock full of breakfast food.—Woman's Home Companion.

"And do you think," he asked, "that men progress after death?" "Well," she replied, "if they don't it would almost seem useless for some of them to die."—Chicago Record-Herald.

What She Did: "And what did you do when your doctor told you you would have to quit wearing a corset and give up sweets?" "I sent for another doctor."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Mahool—Nixt toime Oi pass wid a loidy, Mulligan, ye've got to remove yer hat! Mulligan—And suppose Oi refuse? Mahool—Then, bebad, ye've got to remove yer coat.—Chicago News.

Ernie—No, she isn't going to marry Claude after all. Ida—But they say he can quote Emerson and Browning. "Yes; but the other young man can quote Sugar and Steel."—Chicago Daily News.

How He Lost Her: She—I suppose if a pretty girl should come along you wouldn't care anything about me any more. He—Nonsense, Kate! What do I care for good looks? You suit me all right.—Exchange.

Quick Action: First Russian—You say the fight was quickly over? Second Russian—Yes; it was finished before you could say Jackopolinsky Robinsonopolotoksky!—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Really," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "your little dinner last night was quite recherche." "Oh, dear," her hostess groaned, "I just knew that new cook would make a botch of it some way."—Chicago Record-Herald.

She—Have you ever met my two dearest friends? They are just lovely and so devoted. He—How long have you known them? She—Why, I've known Annette nearly ten days and Margaret almost a week.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"You should strive to appeal to the imagination and the human interest of your pupils," said the principal. "I do," answered the teacher, "but it is very hard to convince the boys that Hector and Achilles were as great men as Corbett and Jeffries."

"Mamma, what would you do if that big vase in the parlor should get broken?" said Tommy. "I should spank whoever did it," said Mrs. Banks, gazing serenely at her little son. "Well, then, you'd better begin to get up your muscle," said Tommy, gleefully, "'cos papa's broken it."

A weekly newspaper recently published the following in its "Answers to Correspondents" column—"We have two apple trees in our garden," writes Ella, "and in the spring they are covered with such lovely pink and white blossoms that I pull them off for table decorations. Now I see that there are no apples on the trees. Do you think that this is likely to be because I pulled the blossoms off?"

In a Tangle: "By Jove, old chap!" said Mr. Makinbrakes, with enthusiasm, "your wife must have been a mighty handsome woman when she was young. Even in all these years she hasn't changed so much—though, of course, it couldn't have been many years since she was young and handsome—but when you come to think how little it takes to make some people look old, you know you wonder how she manages to conceal the ravages—that isn't exactly what I mean, but she's the youngest-looking woman for her—for her—have you got a match? My cigar has gone out."—Chicago Tribune.

## HORRORS OF MODERN NAVAL WARFARE

Few as are the people who can imagine a battlefield on shore, they are vastly fewer who can picture with any certainty the scene of a naval conflict.

Terrible, too, as are all scenes of warfare, there seems something akin to sacrilege, to destruction of God's own realm, in man daring to carry his bloodthirsty, destructive animosities out upon the stainless blue of the pure sea. Yet here, no matter how terrific the slaughter, how widespread the destruction wrought by man upon his fellow man, the merciful sea, impolitable, reticent, immediately effaces all trace thereof—hides man's misdoings from the gaze of high heaven, nor allows the poor remains to lie and fill the air with pestilence.

And this, of course, more so now than ever has been before. In the days when Britain became the sovereign power at sea, and her wooden walls were handled and fought through whole days in closest proximity with their enemies, it often befel that ships hulled through and through with shot drifted for many days, while the handful of unwounded survivors accomplished tasks such as make the mind reel to think of.

But modern sea warfare has changed nearly all that. For more terrible, but mercifully far more swift, will be the conflict between hostile fleets in the future. There will be scarcely any such thing as the lingering agony, long drawn out, of the old days of sea fighting. For one thing, modern ironclads and cruisers going into action will choose the lesser of two evils confronting them. Because of the deadly peril of splinters and of fire, everything of wood in their fittings, even to the boats, will be cast away at the beginning of the fight.

Then, when the battle is joined, the seaman must needs have a heart of brass incased in triple steel, a mind that refuses to meditate upon the immediate possibility of one of those terrible twelve-inch projectiles plunging down upon his vessel's deck, and out, amid the disintegration of all her ganglions of energy, through the bottom, rendering her an easy target to an injured foe, and her sinking a matter of minutes.

And when she sinks, stone-like—pumping being, if possible to a yet undamaged engine, a manifest absurdity in that rent fabric of steel—with her must go all her crew. It may sound cruel and hard-hearted to speak of their end being mercifully swift, but, in view of the horrors of the old wooden ships floating on, veritable charnel houses, when the battle was over, there was hardly any other term applicable.

The modern man-of-war will not, at any rate, prolong the agonies of her crew when she scuttles. She will go down quick into the pit in a halo of steam, a whirling vortex of waves, and

in five minutes from the commencement of her downward plunge there will be no sign that she has ever been, and only if other vessels be very near will there be any possible chance of saving a handful of stalwart swimmers whose superhuman struggles have wrenched them clear of the devouring, down-dragging eddies. More than a mere handful there could not be in any case, since another tremendous difference between past and present sea fighting is that the steel-clad monsters go into battle with hardly a man visible, almost all of them hidden behind massive walls shut in from the devastating impact of large projectiles, as well as the horrible hail of Hotchkiss and Maxim bullets.

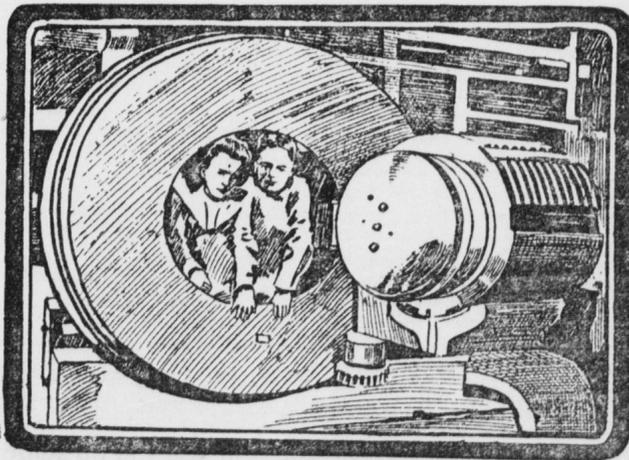
The pomp and pageantry of sea warfare in Nelson's day, with its stripped crowds of men swarming about the incumbered decks, and streaming flags from every mast, have gone with the towering ranges of sails and nimble sailors who leapt about aloft handling them even during the height of battle. The new man-of-war goes into the fight grim, unadorned, and apparently proceeding by her own volition, like some unthinkable marine monster begotten of the elder slime.

Nor will the elements interfere either to retard or accelerate the issues as once they did. Whether it be calm or storm, blue sky or fog, night or day, the battle will be joined.

To a landsman, and even to a merchant seaman, there is something peculiarly terrifying in the notion of a sea fight in a fog. It is a time of terror even in peaceful navigation, since the great sea breadths seem to have contracted, and one's faculties are kept at their utmost tension in case of running across another ship. Fog is the only elemental condition that succeeds in making the great, wide sea look a little place, where not merely navies have no room to float, but it seems impossible to avoid colliding with the only other ship that was in sight before those fleecy walls of mystery closed in upon the seafarers. Yet the modern sea warrior among us is trained to welcome that terrifying condition of things, to dash at utmost speed through the thickness and burst upon his enemy with the sudden unexpectedness of the lightning stroke.

And to add to all these terrible conditions of modern sea warfare we have now the submarine. Not content with the mighty arena of conflict afforded by the open surface of the sea, in gale, or fog, or calm, the sea fighter must now descend into darkness and silence, the realm of the utterly unknown, in order that he may haply hurl, at one fell blow as from a bursting volcano, into blazing, boiling ruin and death, eight hundred lives, and the revenue of a principality. For man has even extended the battle ground of the sea.—Frank T. Bullen, in London Daily Mail.

## IN THE WORLD'S LARGEST GUN.



When a soldier or a sailor is told a gun is of a certain caliber he knows exactly what the words mean, but the ordinary layman does not, and, therefore, when he read some time ago in the newspapers that the biggest gun in the world had just been finished at Watervliet arsenal it is very doubtful if he was able to form any precise idea of the magnitude of the new weapon. If so, he will surely be interested in the picture which accompanies this story, since it represents two children sitting in the very breach of this monstrous gun and thus shows at a glance its great dimensions. The children are 9 or 10 years of age and there is ample room for both of them.

### His Aim.

W. B. Yeats, the Irish poet, tells an amusing story of Marion Crawford, the novelist. According to Mr. Yeats, a lady asked Mr. Crawford if he thought that anything he had written would live after he had gone. "Madam," Crawford replied, "what I am trying to do is to write something that will enable me to live while I am here."

### Rome Older Than Romulus.

Excavations conducted by Prof. Airoll in Rome's forum prove that the eternal city existed long before the time of Romulus, its supposed founder. Prof. Airoll asserts that Etruscans established the city of Rome on Aventine hill, from which they descended to fight the Sabines.

### Making War on Plumage Hats.

Enthusiastic members of London's Audubon Society propose a law to authorize the confiscation of all hats decorated with the plumage of song birds.

When the Mississippi River is at flood one can drink fresh water from the gulf ten miles from the river's mouth.