

MAKE CITY STRONG

JAPANESE SEEK TO RENDER PORT ARTHUR IMPREGNABLE

Defenses Being Reconstructed on a New Plan and the Town is Practically Given Over to the Military Authorities.

In view of the renewed interest in Port Arthur by the recent condemnation of Gen. Stoessel, it may be interesting to translate from the Voice of Moscow portions of the article of a Russian correspondent in that great Japanese fortress, who seems to be particularly observant, says the New York Sun.

He says that Port Arthur and Dalny have changed very much since the war. Under Russian rule Port Arthur was an international town, full of life and after the Japanese came into possession of it it promised to be even livelier than ever. The roads were repaired, the quays renewed, the water supply improved, Japanese and Chinese merchants began to establish themselves in the town and business houses began to be built.

But suddenly something happened! All at once Port Arthur became a city of the dead. Business men quietly abandoned their shops, builders left their uncompleted buildings, and from that time up to the present no private individual has begun any new building in Port Arthur.

The old redoubts are not destroyed but all useful material in them has been moved to other sites. In the construction of the fortifications great attention has been paid to the selection of the best positions whence a plunging fire can be concentrated on the passage through the hills in front and in order to attain this end constant practice firing is carried on.

The landward side is protected by long-range guns mounted in excellent forts. At one point alone there are 120 guns. On the seaward side rows of guns are visible—many of these guns were taken from the Russians.

Trial firing is carried on more and more frequently at night with the help of reflectors and to assist the gunners a whole series of signal stations has been erected on the hills. At the bottom of both harbors and out along the seacoast up to a distance of two miles from the fortresses some sort of work is being carried on; perhaps mines are being laid.

All the way to Mukden strategic positions are being selected and prepared and strategic roads are being run through the mountains.

As for Dalny, it is strongly fortified on the landward side, the entire environs of the village of Louku having been converted into fortress positions and guns have been mounted there. On the seaward side Dalny is more weakly fortified, but on the whole it is very much more strongly defended than when the Russians were in possession of it.

The enormous barracks in Port Arthur and Dalny are full of troops and great stores of grain, fodder, beans etc., have been collected. There has lately appeared in Dalny a peculiar four-wheeled cast-iron platform for carrying field guns of the largest caliber.

To the fortified points of Port Arthur and Dalny special railway branch lines have been built from the main railway.

Large parties of Japanese officers come frequently from Japan to study the ground, not only at Port Arthur and Dalny, but in Mukden and Liowang. Lately many troops have come and have all gone to Mukden.

Often Downed, Seldom Out.

There is no other country in the world in which the words "business failure" mean so little as in America. In the older and more cautious nations of Europe, where all business is along more conservative lines, the man who fails is usually "down and out." He either blows out his brains or takes to drink and makes himself a bore to his friends telling about the days of his prosperity. Europe is full of "shabby genteel" persons who have seen better days and who have not the faintest idea of going to work to make those days come back again. Such a miserable exhibition of cowardice does not appeal to the American. All the American business man asks is good health and a fair field, and he will consider failure a mere incident that gives one valuable experience to be utilized in the future. The man who is bowled over to-day is up and on his feet and in the center of the struggling throng to-morrow.

To Keep Him in Trim.

"I visited the tomb of Sankof, the self-branded contortionist, the other day, and I must say he has installed one very peculiar feature. "And what might that be?" "He has his bed built in the form of an upper berth."

The Power of Environment.

"So Gladys thinks she has a career ministering to suffering humanity." "Yes, and she keeps the thought so constantly in mind that she has made her husband fill her house with mission furniture."

THE LIVING BEFORE THE DEAD

Common Sense Opinion Clothed in Poetic Language Delivered from the Bench.

One might say that John Driscoll's ears burned while Judge Marean read his decision in court the other day, except that such a statement might be open to misconception. For John has been dead for two years. Just the same, whatever may be the feelings of the deceased about the matter, Judge Marean's common sense ought to come in for a bit of reward.

Driscoll left his estate of a few thousand dollars to the church he attended at Far Rockaway on condition, literally, that his grave be kept green. In his will he commented with a certain austerity upon the common practice of neglecting the green tents beneath which the greater part of mankind's army is bivouacked, and advised his thousands with an eye to making John Driscoll's grave a thing of beauty to the end of time.

But John Driscoll had some collateral relatives, poor and ill-clad and on the verge of starvation. Maybe they never did anything for John Driscoll during his life. Maybe John Driscoll even hated them. But nevertheless they are ill and in need, and that money John Driscoll gave to the grave might keep them in comfort for their few remaining years. No hint through the documents as to their previous relation to John Driscoll.

But Judge Marean held "that it is better that the hungry be fed and the ill-clad be clothed and the fatherless be comforted than that a mound of earth be flowered and gardened. The revolving seasons may well care for John Driscoll's grave. The winter may cover it with a glittering mantle and the spring adorn it with budding flowers, and the summer weave above it a thick green coverlid, which in its turn the fall may grant a russet hue. Let the law be as merciful to the living as God is to the dead."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

VALUABLE AS HONEY FINDER

Bee Cuckoo of Africa of Great Service to the Natives and Protected by Them.

One of the most sagacious of birds is certainly the bee cuckoo, or moroc, a little bird very like the English sparrow.

It is found in various parts of Africa where wild bees abound, and, being unable to help itself to the honey, which is its favorite food, it resorts to human aid.

Having discovered a swarm of bees, it flies to the nearest habitation, and attracts by its cries of "cherr, cherr, cherr," the attention of some of the natives. It then flies off in the direction of the nest, uttering its cry and waiting for its followers to overtake it. Should they be tardy it returns to meet them, and seems as if trying to urge them on to greater speed, the natives answering it with a low whistle.

Arrived at its destination, it is silent, waiting patiently on the bough of a neighboring tree while its human friends dig out the nest, a good share of the honey on the comb containing the bee maggots, being left by them for their feathered guide.

The natives never injure this bird, and always prevent travelers from shooting it.

The Blue Bird.

When nature made the blue bird she wished to propliate both the sky and the earth, so she gave him the color of one on his back and the hue of the other on his breast, and ordained that his appearance in spring should denote that the strife and war between these two elements was at an end. He is the peace harbinger; in him the celestial and the terrestrial strike hands, and are fast friends. He means the furrow and he means the warmth; he means all the soft, warring influences of the spring on the one hand, and the retreating footsteps of winter on the other. After you have seen the blue bird you will see no more cold, no more snow, no more winter. He brings soft-eyes and the ruddy brow of the fields. It is sure to be a bright March morning when you first hear his note, and it is as if the milder influences up above had found a voice and let a word fall upon the ear, so tender is it and so prophetic a hope tinged with a regret.—John Burroughs.

Young Life's Greatest Tragedy.

Let a sensitive child enter his teens, and then have his parents break up their home, and the wrong which is done him is more cruel, the ruin which is wrought in his life is more devastating than almost anything else which could come to him. Divorce is a Measina cataclysm, shaking his earth and rending his sky. It shatters the realities of his life, breaks up his scheme of things, tears his ideals into tatters, and renders pitiful and abject one of both of the persons who had been to him the symbols of more than earthly benevolence and goodness.—New York Mail.

Radium and Vaccine.

An Italian physician who exposed fresh vaccine virus to the emanations of radium for varying periods and then made use of it in vaccinating children found that there was no effect on the action of the virus produced by the exposure to the rays, but that the pustules produced by the virus were entirely free from any septic supuration, and so feverless. He finds that this is an efficient method of purifying vaccine virus, but on account of the expense of radium not one that can be commonly followed.

COULD SEE ONLY REALITIES.

Kindly Rural Couple Had Small Conception of the Place of Art in the World.

A member of the Art Students' league tells this one on himself: In the course of a sketching jaunt in the rural districts last summer he had wandered rather far afield, and finding himself in a picturesque section, arranged to stay a few days at the home of an old couple of uncouth but kindly nature. He was engaged one day along the roadside, where a calf was tethered, in making a water-color study of the pretty creature, when an automobile containing a party of Pittsburghers drew up and the occupants paused to ask for some information. One of the motorists took a fancy to the sketch, and made arrangements to purchase it, when completed, for \$25.

This bit of news aroused in the rural hosts of the artist the most profound astonishment, as he learned after retiring that night, on overhearing from the kitchen below the following conversation:

"Land sakes, Hiram, d'ya believe them people really give him \$25 for that little bit of paintin'?"

"Wasn't some o' them Pittsburghers hez more money than brains, an' they're like t' do most anything."

"But, my land, Hiram, \$25 for a little bit o' paper with a calf drawn onto it! Why, if they'd only a knowed it, they'd a had th' critter itself for half the money."

BETTER WITHOUT THE PILLOW

Doctor Declares That Sounder and More Healthful Sleep is Secured Without Its Use.

"Pillows are little more than a fad, and a rather harmful one at that," said a doctor. "They should really only be used by those who sleep on their sides, as they are injurious to others. When you sleep on your side your shoulder prevents your head from lying level on the bed, and pillows are useful to raise the head to this level. The natural and most healthful position for the ordinary person in sleeping is for one's head to be kept perfectly even, just as it would be standing up. Now, for the one who lies on his back while sleeping, no pillow is needed to keep the head in this position, and yet 99 per cent. of the persons who sleep on their backs use pillows, while those who sleep on their sides use far more pillow than is necessary. People get used to having their heads and shoulders propped high up, and imagine they could not sleep any other way, but, as a matter of fact, if they would try sleeping with little or no pillow they would not only find that they would feel better in the morning, but also would actually be more comfortable in bed and sleep much sounder throughout the night."

A Hogarthian Inn Sign.

One of the most humorous inn signs is "The Man Loaded with Mischief," which is found about a mile from Cambridge, England, on the Madingley road. The original "Mischief" was designed by Hogarth for a public house in Oxford street.

It is needless to say that the sign-board and even the name, have long ago disappeared from the busy London thoroughfare, but the quaint device must have been extensively copied by country sign painters. There is a "Mischief" at Wallingford and a "Load of Mischief" at Norwich. The inn on the Madingley road, exhibits the sign in its original form. Though the colors are much faded from exposure to the weather, traces of Hogarthian humor can be detected. A man is staggering under the weight of a woman, who is on his back. She is holding a glass of gin in her hand; a chain and padlock are around the man's neck, labeled "Wedlock." On the right hand is the shop of "B. Gripe, Pawnbroker," and a carpenter is just going in to pledge his tools.

India Women's Fine Jewelry.

"It is a rare thing to see the women of India these days wearing any valuable gold jewelry, as they did in years gone by," said Charles Gawtry of Bombay.

"When I first went to the Orient the women of the upper class commonly owned and wore thick chains and bracelets of the finest gold and of exquisite workmanship. In these times of pinching poverty they are too reduced financially to possess any expensive ornaments and instead of the gold trinkets of their affluent days they would have formerly despised it is pitiable to witness, as I have, the decline in the fortunes of the people. Abject poverty is seen everywhere and the gaunt specter of starvation is ever at the side of millions of human beings in that ill-fated land."

Official Standing of Kiss.

Homer describes how the servants of the noble Odysseus kissed his head, shoulders and hands, and he also states with his usual exactness, which class of servants was entitled to do homage in this manner and which class had to be satisfied with a handshake. Thus in Rome it was customary to kiss the head, the hands, the tunics or the feet of prominent men, according to the rank of those who saluted. In the beginning of the imperial era a prominent Roman could not appear in public but that he was almost devoured by his admirers. Diocletian introduced the kiss of honor, which was given by the emperor for particular merits in the public welfare, just as decorations are given to-day.

HIS VIEW THAT OF MANY MEN

Boy Surprised at Idea of Mother Receiving Wage—"She Don't Do No Work."

Harking back to women and their employments, I read somewhere lately a good story of Mrs. Runciman, wife of the president of the board of education, or, rather a good story told by her. Mrs. Runciman addressed the pupils of the high school at Bromley and said among other things that she approved of marriage as a profession for women because most people thought if women stayed at home to look after a house they did no work. To emphasize this she told a story. A growing boy had obtained a small job—his first—and boasted how much work he did. "I gets up at half-past five o'clock and has my breakfast," says he. "Anyone else get up, too?" he was asked. "Oh, yes—mother; she gets me breakfast, and then she gets dad's at half-past six." "And your dinner?" "Oh, mother gets that, too; and then she gets father's." "Has she the afternoon to herself?" "Oh, no; she cleans up, looks after the children, gets the tea for dad and me when we come home. We gets our smoke and then we gets to bed." "And your mother?" "Well, she does a bit of sewing then, when all is cleared up after tea." "What wages do you get?" the boy was asked. "Oh, I get ten bob, and dad gets 35." "And your mother?" "Mother! She don't get no wages; she don't do no work."—Limavady, Ireland, letter to St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

NON-PAYING HOTEL PATRONS.

Inevitable Expense That Proprietors of New York Hostleries Must Be Prepared For.

The proprietor of one of the largest hotels in New York, speaking of the uses made by non-paying customers of his house, said to a rural guest a few days ago: "We have a large number of patrons from whom we never collect a cent, although we have no such thing as a free list. They come here in the morning, pick up a cast-off paper, which they read, keeping an eye open for another, which they grab as soon as it is dropped. After reading awhile they stand at the ticker, often giving long lectures to their fellows on financial conditions and stock possibilities. The overcoat becomes burdensome, and it is taken to the check-room, where its owner knows it will be perfectly safe. Then, if they can tear themselves from the ticker, letters are written on our stationery. They do not use our telephones, because we charge an extra five cents for the call, but they carry home matches, toothpicks, blank cards and blotters, and use up the soap in our lavatories. They also take generous sabbles of the cheese and crackers in the cafe. The stranger part of all is this, that the majority of this class are well to do and highly respectable, and on that account we do not shut them out."

Unreasonably Tough.

Grimstead, who was a foreman in a New England factory, was visited one day by an old friend from the west. "Old man," said his friend, "how long have you been working in this mill?" "Nearly thirty-five years," he answered.

"Isn't it customary in establishments of this kind, when a man has been in its employ as long as you have, to retire him on a regular stipend—a sort of honorarium, as it were?"

"To put him on the pension list, do you mean?"

"Yes, if that's what you call it."

"Well, yes, it is."

"When do you suppose they'll retire you?"

"I suppose they'd do it any time they thought I wanted to be retired," said the old foreman, shaking his head with profound sadness, "but I don't want to quit so long as I'm still capable of doing my work."

"I've been keeping tab on myself, and the misery of it is, Wigfall, that I haven't begun to let up the least bit. I'm just as good as ever!"—Youth's Companion.

Had Taken Notice.

It was while H. H. Rogers, the Standard Oil magnate, was working at his first job, delivering the village newspaper, that his inborn capacity became evident. He brought in the name of a new subscriber, Isalah, west. Mr. Anthony, the publisher, wrote down the name. Then he turned to the boy: "How do you spell Isalah, Henry?" he asked. "I-s-a-l-a-h," said Henry. "You'll do," said Mr. Anthony, with a chuckle. He told the story to a skeptic neighbor. "But how did you know how to spell it, Henry?" asked the neighbor. "I saw him write it down," said Henry.

Economical.

"The servant that works for me must be very economical," said the boarding house mistress to the applicant for work.

"O'm such a one, mum," promptly returned the applicant. "Indeed, me last mistress discharged me for bein' that way!"

"For bein' economical?"

"'Tis, wid me clothes. O' used to wear hers."—The Bohemian.

Post Mortem Inquiry.

A student at a medical college was under examination. The instructor asked him: "Of what cause, specifically, did the people die who lost their lives at the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii?" "I think they died of an eruption, sir," answered the student.—Argonaut.

WOULD GET REAL ENJOYMENT

Zephyrus Would Scatter a Little Sunshine.

"I wouldn't care a rap for a million dollars," said Zachary M. Beck, if I couldn't divide it among about 49 people I know. And I reckon they wouldn't enjoy their little \$50,000 apiece unless they divided it among their friends, too.

"The charitable societies are over the whole field, not by a good deal. Sometimes it seems to me the people that deserve kindness most are the ones that ask for it least. I know an old lady, past 80 she is, and her crippled daughter, a woman of 60. Those two live and keep house on a pension of ten dollars a month. That ten dollars is absolutely all they have to spend, it has to pay for everything, but they manage to keep inside of it, though no one but the Lord knows how they do it. When the mother goes the daughter won't have a cent, yet they're always happy, always glad to see company, and to put up an extra chair to the table. Their hearts are warm enough, if they do have to keep a rug at the crack of the door.

"There's thousands of good, gentle people in just such a fix. If I was a young man again, one of my main reasons for wanting to succeed would be so I could equalize things a little in this uneven old world after I'd made my pile. I reckon there would be at least one millionaire who wouldn't look careworn."—Newark (N. J.) News.

HORSE PARTIAL TO PEACHES

New York Animal Passed Up Real Fruit in Favor of Millinery Ornamentation.

That horses prefer peaches to oranges was demonstrated yesterday, says the New York Sun. Two women just through shopping emerged from a store and stopped to talk near the curb. A few feet away was a pushcart loaded with oranges. Two yards away stood a delivery wagon.

One of the women wore a peach basket hat set off with several bunches of flowers and two artificial peaches. The conversation between the two women evidently was of great interest to both, as neither noticed the horse edge himself gradually to where they were standing until he almost touched the tail end of the push cart with the oranges.

Then the conversation was brought to an abrupt end by the woman with the peach basket feeling a tug at her hat which caused her to turn around to find the cause. With a shriek she made a hasty retreat for the store, leaving the horse in possession of the two peaches which he had nibbled at in preference to the oranges on the push cart.

Bank of England Note.

The paper on which Bank of England notes are printed has been made since 1719 by the same mill at Laverstoke, in the valley of the Test, in Hampshire, where about 60,000 notes are made daily. This paper is distinguished by its whiteness, its thinness and transparency, preventing any of the printed part of the note being washed out by turpentine, or removed by the knife without making a hole; its characteristic "feel," crisp and tough, by the touch of which cases distinguished true from false notes; its wire mark, or water mark, produced in the paper in a state of pulp (the mark is stamped upon counterfeited paper after it is made); three deckle edges made in pulp; the strength of the paper, it being made entirely from new lines and cotton pieces, when unissued a bank note will support 36 pounds, when issued it will lift 56 pounds.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Krakatoa.

Perhaps the most remarkable volcanic eruption known was that which took place in August, 1883, at the island of Krakatoa, in the Straits of Sunda. Streams of volcanic dust were thrown 17 miles high, and more than a cubic mile of material was expelled from the volcanic crater. The air waves started by the eruption traveled around the earth seven times. The noise was heard at Macassar, 900 miles away, at Bornoe, 1,116 miles distant, in West Australia, 1,700 miles away, and even at Rodriguez, distant more than 2,900 miles. The dust and powdered pumice thrown out of the crater made the entire circuit of the earth before settling down, and was the cause of the strange sunsets that were observed for many months.

Twenty-Two Caliber Short.

The world has little use for the primp, the dandy—the fellow who spends all his time pressing and putting. He ought to go to work. The fellow who is above his job—the millionaire with the bootblack's income—is not only too lazy to work, but too good as well, and the man who is too dignified to do dirty work—dirty physically, not morally—is too good for any job. Cleanliness is to be desired, but prudishness is to be condemned. All work is honorable if it is honest. If it soils your hands, there's the soap and towel; if it soils your character, leave it alone.—Book-keeper.

Different.

"Pa, were you always a good boy?" "Yes, Tommy—a much better boy than you are." "But gran'ma says she used to spank you." "Y—yes. Your gran'ma never understood me."

EMOTIONS AMONG THE BIRDS.

Emmett Professor Has Lured Some Beliefs That Have Hitherto Been Strongly Held.

Little red bird in the tree, sing a song to Clinton G. Abbott of your fears—your peacefulness, your obstinacy indignation, realization, anticipations and other emotions. Prof. Abbott, the ornithologist, believes that with his large collection of photographs and incidental studies he has proved the possession of emotions by the birds.

The raising or depressing of the bird's feathers, the pose of her body, the opening or closing of her bill, and the expression of her wonderful eyes are emotional signifiers to which the professor attaches importance. He enjoys any owner of a canary bird to test his ideas for himself by approaching the cage with whistled encouragement and sympathy.

The little fellow will doubtless cock his head on one side, raise his crest and gaze in a quizzical and friendly manner at his visitor. The investigator says: "But utter some unaccustomed sound or run the finger tip across the bars and he will dash from perch to perch with a look of unmistakable terror in his eyes and feathers tightly depressed and body stiff." The goose which in a tame state is called the straggler of all poultry, Prof. Abbott finds on its nesting grounds in the far north of Scotland to be possessed of an intelligent and crafty nature such as has seldom come under his observation either by direct contact with nature or from study of the work of others.

WHISTLE HEARD MANY MILES

Notes of Steamboat Siren Carry Far, Especially on Still Night in the Country.

Have you ever wondered what sounds travel the farthest? If you live in a great city you are constantly enveloped in such a multitude of noises that it is very seldom that any particular one attracts the attention unless it be unusually sharp or strident, and although piercing, such a sound is not likely to carry any great distance. The higher notes are exceedingly penetrating for a short radius, and unquestionably more startling than the lower ones, but the latter are much more far-reaching.

The ability of a sound to carry depends upon its vibrations, and any one who has listened to the deep notes of a pipe organ in a church will admit that he could almost feel the air vibrate. But probably a steamboat whistle, such as are common on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, can be heard as far as any sound that may ordinarily be met with. The deep resonance of its tones, floating steadily out into the air, seem to stretch away indefinitely into space, especially in the stillness of a night in the country. It is a sound that cannot be mistaken for any other, and when once its acquaintance has been made you will never forget it.—Harper's Weekly.

Learned How to Pack Trunk.

"I have the man who came for my trunk to thank for one thing," said a woman, "hereafter I think closing my trunk will have less terror for me. You see, I always seem to have it so crowded that it requires the combined weight of several members of the household to close that cover. Well, the other day, when it was time to take my trunk to the station, there were three of us, trying to get that trunk closed and locked. Finally, in sheer despair, I looked at the man who was patiently waiting, and in a most appealing way, invited him to sit down upon that trunk to see if he could close it. Did he do as I suggested? No—something better. He calmly lifted up the top of the trunk, took out the top tray and fitted it in the top of the cover, presto, that cover, with the top tray inside, went down as nicely as could be. I am not trying to explain why it did, but I know that it did. And, like a missionary, I am passing the idea along."

Trees That Whistle and Weep.

In Nubia there is a curiosity in tree life. It is called the Sorful or Whistling tree. When the soft winds blow through its branches it gives forth delightful melodies after the manner of the old-time Aeolian harp. For hours at a time this strange, weird music stretches out across the wilderness, thrilling the listener with a mad fantasy of pleasure. The Nubians claim that it is the spirits of the dead singing to those who are about to join them. Scientists say that the music is caused by millions of small holes bored by an insect in the spines of the leaves. Another tree that interests botanists is the Weeping tree of the Canary Islands. This tree, during the driest weather, will rain down regular showers from its leaves. The natives during a drought gather under the branches and fill their buckets. The water is clear and pure.

Telephone Deafness.

She was telling how grim and terrible his voice sounded over the telephone. How different from his usual speaking voice. How she was distressed after every telephone message to him. His voice was so grim and unusual.

"It is because I am telephone deaf," he said. "No, I am not at all deaf except over the telephone; but, being deaf, it affects my voice. You know that deaf people have a very different voice from other people. They don't know just how they are talking in fact, because they can't hear themselves talk."

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