The Siege Of Port Arthur

By Richard Barry

On August 19 I ran eight miles to see the fall of Port Arthur. Most of this was up a mountain. It took me a month to get my breath, not from the climb, that was over in an hour, but from the spectacle. An iron chain of forts hung on the brow of a mountain range, and spitting fire at hosts of tiny brown figures swarming up as ants swarm over a pile of moldy crust. By night there was a change, searchlights playing pitch and toss in the dark and star bombs mumblety-peg with the mountains. Thus it went day and night for three months and a half. After a while I got down into the action and saw the human impetus, the pallor and agony of it; the unspeakable bravery. I saw four grand assaults, eight skirmishes, seven bombardments, two naval battles, and the sweat and toll of monster heroism in downright hard digging of dirt and shale such as laborers for money dream not of. Therefore, some excuse exists for the following conclusions.

I did not see the fall of Port Arthur, but I saw something greater—the stand of Port Arthur. Looking back, it seems a dream, at times ugly, like a nightmare; more often a celestial bar let through the coating of man's life. For I learned that the tales history records and romance weaves of Thermopylae, Arcola, Syracuse, Troy, Jerusalem—are not the curlecues of a poet's dream, cut with a bomb stick at night, but that these things actually do happen. What is more, that you and I have touched shoulders with an age that has produced men as willing to fight and die for the grand old cause as any that ever trod the earth. Yet it was glory too costly for joy. When I think of that mighty panorama, of batteries peppered by shrapnel, but hanging to the work like microbes to disease, of the wounded whom no first aid could touch, and of the dead whom no burial squad came near; of the sufferers creeping, digging in the night, hounded by shells, of the infantrymen in assault, losing comrades, right hand messmates, never pausing, onward going, the dots of foetid clay, livid along the slopes until a handful out of a host crawls up and flings itself, fanatical with the lust of battle and worn in the charge so that life can never be the same again in sweetness, into the redoubt, paid for a dozen times in blood, and which even then is but the introduction to agony more terrible, far beyond, rising tier on tier, series on series, are redoubts and forts, moats and batteries, until the soul grows sick to think that Port Arthur must be bought with sacrifice so vast.

The Japanese did not take Port Arthur on August 19, as previously arranged, because they were fighting not man alone, but Nature, who did well by the Russians. They had not only forts and batteries and a great roe to face, but a mountain range. A mountain range so devised by some power greater than the military engineers that every eminence was commanded by at least two and some by a dozen others. The forts were built on the shoulder of these mountains, and it is notorious that though earthworks may cave, mountains are not much affected by shell fire. That is why the fact that the Japanese have thrown twenty tons of steel and iron, bursting, into Port Arthur has not sufficed to reduce the fortress. I do not believe the Japanese shell fire has done much harm. I know that only about one in four hundred of the Russian shells has done damage. A shell appeals to the imagination and lets the hotel correspondents hear the cannonading at Chefoo, seventy miles away, but for casualties we must look to bullets, which make little noise and little wounds. There have been about fifteen millions discharged at Port Arthur in three months. And by this time thirty million pieces of steel flying about are found to hit a few hearts in Japan and other hearts in Russia. Even though men have been known to get them in the brain and walk off, many are sure to find arteries and spines. Some 30,000 Japanese have got them thus, for good and all, or for the action. How many Russians, Stoessel alone knows. Despatches said four days ago that the 203 hill was captured, and that this was a strategic move which gave the Japanese command of the town. We have had these despatches very frequently for three months. They are from the Japanese, who must report progress. The command of the town is not essential. It is not Port Arthur, but Stoessel, that Nogi is after. Just as it was not Richmond, but Lee, that Grant was after.

As for the strategic position, no one can say that any one fort at Port Arthur is the key. Very clever engineers were assisted by nature in devising those forts, and the result is that no single one can be said to be the key. All are so arranged that each is commanded by two others or a dozen others, so that when one is taken the Russians turn their guns on it and make it untenable. Such is the condition at 203—the Japanese have driven the Russians out, but they cannot mount guns there, nor do aught but use the place for an advanced position for another assault. Ten years ago, when the Japanese took Port Arthur from the Chinese in a single day, one fort, Issusan, taken, the others fell. That was the key. Today no single fort is the key. Two hundred and three is dominated by the Table fort, the Table fort by the Chair fort, the Chair fort by Golden hill and Golden hill by Liaotshan, and after all of this is taken only the west has fallen. Then remains the east. Yet to take 203 is an advance. I walked ten miles on September 19 to see the taking of 203. Two months and a half of sapping and waiting, then one day of assault has turned the trick.

Though it may not mean the fall of Port Arthur or the command of the city, it means the beginning of the end. This for the reason that mathematically every contraction in the Russian line means a gain in Japanese strength. The smaller the circumference the less the resistance. And after all it is simply a question of mathematics. The loss of life appalls, the spectacle attracts, the glory enthralls, but the keen intellect commands. A chess board and two master minds—such is Port Arthur, Nogi and Stoessel. And the deciding move was made as long ago as May 24, when the battle of Nanshan was fought. The fate of Port Arthur was sealed then, just as it was again sealed the other day when 203 was taken. A lot of sealing, you say. Good wine always needs it. Nogi has fought the campaign in masterly fashion. It has been said he looks like Grant. So he does. A grim smile, taciturn jowl and power in the joints. He is a soldier and philosopher; that is to say, a piece of granite cast in human mold. He is a Japanese and a samurai. He has held consistently to his plan of campaign from the first. This plan was to demonstrate on the west, where 203 is, while he pierced the Russian right centre. He has been piercing that right centre for three months. He tried it first on August 19, lost 20,000 men—because nature and nature's engineers, and desperate backs-to-the-wall fighting, were ever in the way. He tried it again on September 19, again on October 9, again on October 29, and finally on November 28. He fought it out on that line, though it took all summer—a regular Grant. Now it looks as if he would take all winter to it. But he will have to turn from Grant to Hannibal, and weather the Alps, for he will find the Manchurian mountains bleak with wind, sleet and snow, and bare of cover. He is fortunate in his soldiers. They are marvels of endurance. They seem to stand anything. They exist on promise, and conquer all things, save when nature reinforces the clever engineers.

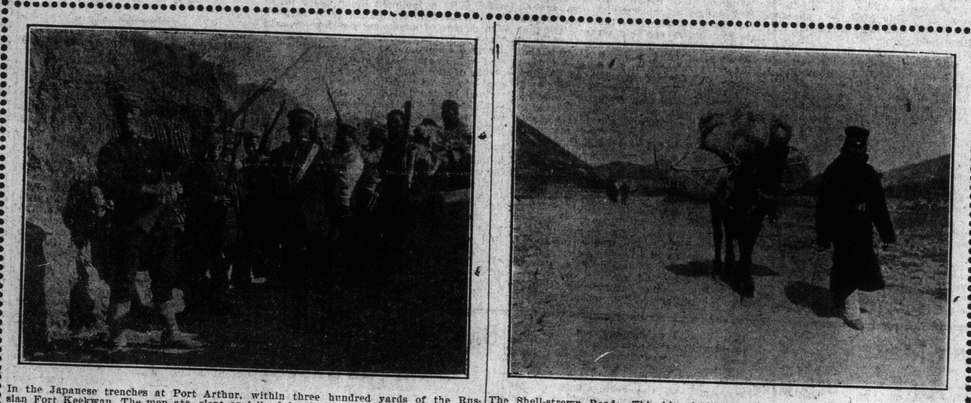
Of course, silly reports come from Port Arthur. One of the silliest is that the Japanese will massacre the garrison when the citadel surrenders. To massacre means to kill wantonly, but they will kill. So would you kill, and viciously as they do, had you had your Red Cross flags and your flags of truce fired upon, had you seen your wounded comrades shot before your eyes, had you been held above your dead, unable to bury them, while the midsummer sun stilled you; had you been held to steam for months in your own juice under the forts allied with nature. No. You would not massacre, but you would kill, because war is not an afternoon tea or a Queensbury contest. And you would kill as many and as long as you could, because you would be out for blood with your throat on the razor edge of death. I make no criticism of the Russians for holding the Japanese in the stench of their own dead, for shooting wounded balls of dung in defense of their forts. I merely record the parts which I saw and was a part of. Every war is a horror. These grewsome details are but a part of what the world must expect. Archidoes was not dishonored in the use of Greek fire, nor Bayard in the use of boiling pitch.

Late despatches tell also of an assault in which trained swordsmen entered the forts. There are no trained swordsmen, as such, in the Japanese army. Every officer carries a sword, usually a shining, deadly thing, gotten through ancestors, forged in mysticism. But no privates carry swords. When officers get in opposing trenches they use their swords, snipping heads off clean as boys snip weed tassels. But there are no trained bodies of these swordsmen. It is a civilized army, a highly civilized army, as Russia and the world are learning.

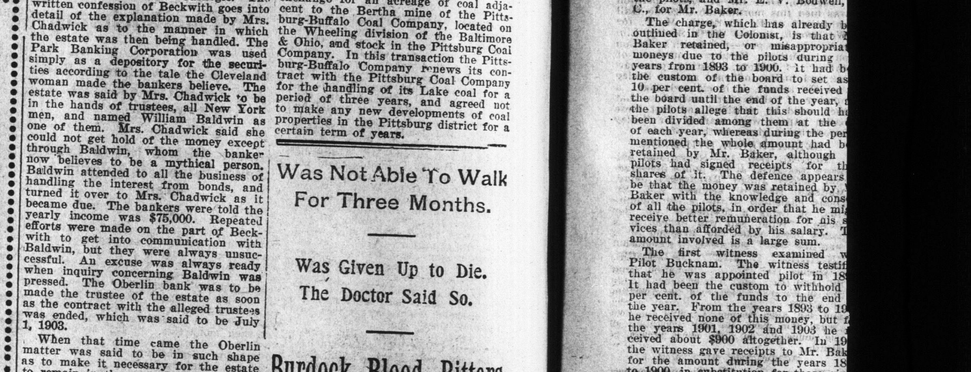
Port Arthur! The Japanese soldier! Could I ever finish telling of either? One the apex of the world, the climax of all things political, scientific, poetic, human; the other the apotheosis of soldierly virtue. And when we say soldierly virtue, do we not sum up manly virtue? The subject calls, the place, the man, call. Is the world deaf? Can it forever see these heroisms performed in its dooryard? Maps obliterated, continents swamped, a new civilization created, and not take notice?

WITH THE JAPS AT PORT ARTHUR

The accompanying unique photographs were taken inside the Japanese lines about Port Arthur by a special correspondent of the Colonist, and depict some of the most recent events of the siege. These are the very latest views of the war that have appeared in print.

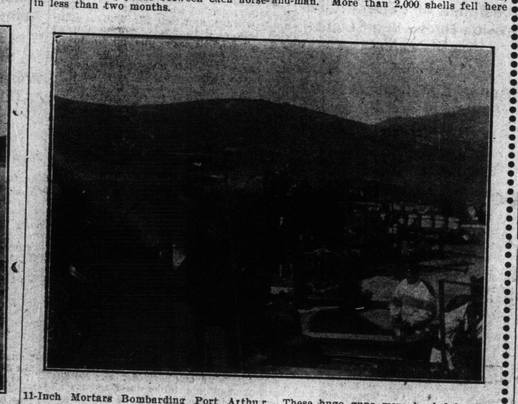


In the Japanese trenches at Port Arthur, within three hundred yards of the Russian Fort Keekwan. The men ate, slept and lived for days in those works waiting the word to storm the Russian batteries. This photograph was taken as the reserves were preparing for the assault on the afternoon of October 29.



The Shell-strewn Road. This bit of the Port Arthur main highway is within gun but not rifle range, and provisions are taken to the Japanese troops as shown, being 400 yards between each horse-and-man. More than 2,000 shells fell here in less than two months.

Pure and Impure Water.—The stream in front of the sentry is good water from the mountains around Port Arthur. That behind him is poisonous marsh liquid, further polluted by army sewage, and horses killed in the battles. The sentry's duty is to prevent soldiers taking the impure water.



11-Inch Mortars Bombarding Port Arthur. These huge guns were hauled by Japanese soldiers up the mountains, set on concrete bases 8 feet deep, balanced, adjusted and put into action, all under heavy shell fire. These guns are Japanese make and throw an 11-inch shell. This battery is located about one mile from the Russian lines.

THE SIEGE OF PORT ARTHUR.

A Mainichi telegram from Chefoo to the Shanghai Mercury, states that the whole of the Japanese investing army has been delivering a heavy attack upon Port Arthur since the 25th of November. Although no definite news is yet to hand as to the result, it is certain that the present attack is a much more serious matter than the preparatory bombardments which have been taking place up to the present. It is believed among the foreigners at Chefoo that the fate of Port Arthur is now being decided.

An officer formerly with the investing army at Port Arthur, who recently returned to Japan, is stated to have asserted that the Russian garrison's condition has become exceedingly precarious, and that they have been compelled to abandon all hope of repairing the damages which the forts are suffering from Japanese fire. They seem to have determined upon making a final stand at Liaotishan, where 10-cent. guns have been mounted in a position at once commanding and well nigh inaccessible. This is to be the citadel of ultimate refuge, and steps are now being taken to render it impregnable. Ten-cent. guns (3-9 inch), however, are not very formidable weapons in the face of such artillery as the besiegers could bring to bear. This same officer, we learn from the Japan Mail, declares that the blockade is now of the most rigid description, and that the passage of provision-bearing ships is out of the question. Hitherto the enemy has been able to send messages and his method of doing so long escaped Japanese observation. But it has now been discovered that his plan was to conceal despatches under the thwarts of small Chinese fishing boats, which the Japanese did not subject to any careful examination. The boats used to put out from the base of Golden Hill fort at evening, ostensibly to fish, but in reality to carry these despatches to Chefoo. The scheme having been discovered, traffic of the kind is now stopped.

LIVELY TIMES IN DALNY.

Dalny is a bustling place these days, says the Chefoo Daily News. The harbor is full of steamers and junks discharging their cargoes, the town being the gateway through which pass all the supplies destined for the troops besieging Port Arthur. The little peninsula does not boast much live stock, and the beef necessary to feed the soldiers must come in through Dalny. Large numbers of cattle are taken in there from an island in the vicinity of Weihaiwei, besides a great amount of foodstuffs which are daily being discharged.

Williams & Co. for one-fifth off on Raincoats.

All Eyes On Chadwick

(Continued from Page One.)

ling with relation to the monumental transactions of Mrs. Chadwick as to be almost unbelievable, but documentary proof has forced belief upon those who have heard the amazing story which is expected to prove the absolute undoing of Mrs. Chadwick.

The unequivocal statement is made in the statement of President Beckwith that the means by which Mrs. Chadwick secured the immense loans was by a written promise to deliver into the hands of the banker and that the bank would be made the trustee of the $8,000,000 estate which has just been revealed to the world as an absolute myth. The written promise delivered by Mrs. Chadwick to Beckwith, was to the effect exactly that her affairs would be turned over to the Oberlin bank July 1, 1903. In consideration therefor President Beckwith and Cashier Spear were to receive $10,000 each for their trouble. In addition the bank was to be given a bonus of close on to $40,000 when the loans had all been paid back. This complete statement answers fully the oft repeated question, "What actuated the two officials of the Oberlin bank in making the immense loans from the bank's funds without a scintilla of security."

The story of how Mrs. Chadwick played with the two bankers, after having them once in her power, as told by Beckwith, is absorbing in the intensity of its interest. Mrs. Chadwick to calm the fears of the victims said she was a relative of Andrew Carnegie. The written confession of Beckwith goes into detail of the explanation made by Mrs. Chadwick as to the manner in which the estate was then being handled. The Park Banking Corporation was used simply as a depository for the securities according to the tale the Cleveland woman made the bankers believe. The estate was said by Mrs. Chadwick to be in the hands of trustees, all New York men, and named William Baldwin as one of them. Mrs. Chadwick said she could not get hold of the money except through Baldwin, whom the banker now believes to be a mythical person. Baldwin attended to all the business of handling the interest from bonds, and turned it over to Mrs. Chadwick as it became due. The bankers were told the yearly income was $75,000. Repeated efforts were made on the part of Beckwith to get into communication with Baldwin, but they were always unsuccessful. An excuse was always ready when inquiry concerning Baldwin was pressed. The Oberlin bank was to be made the trustee of the estate as soon as the contract with the alleged trustees was ended, which was said to be July 1, 1903.

When that time came the Oberlin matter was said to be in such shape as to make it necessary for the estate to remain in the same hands for some little time longer. With the end of their troubles in sight and a golden harvest within their grasp, as the Oberlin bankers believed, they were put off to endure a tortuous anticipation which ended in the closing of the institution and the arrest of both the president and cashier.

In relation to the endorsement of notes by Beckwith and Spear the story of the banker goes on to relate that the notes were endorsed only as a last resource in the desperate chase for funds. He confessed he had intended to attempt to negotiate loans upon the note, but his nerve failed him. The endorsements were put on, it was explained, to make the paper more bankable.

The confession practically tells a story of how the Oberlin bank had been used as a clearing house for Mrs. Chadwick's manipulations. One instance is that of the $5,000 note held by W. L. Fayes and Harry Wurst of Elyrian. The note was given by Mrs. Chadwick to Fay and Wurst with diamonds as security. They pressed for payment and finally threatened to sell the jewels. In her dilemma the woman appealed to Beckwith. Both were of the opinion that the public sale of the diamonds would cause talk and endanger the plans that had been made. Beckwith settled the problem by taking up the note, giving his personal note instead, a note which he later took up by paying the cash.

Boston, Dec. 10.—In an interview today concerning the Chadwick case Herbert D. Newton said: "What Mrs. Chadwick's total liabilities may be I do not know, but I do know that she could never have borrowed the money she did in the manner she did without someone as an accomplice.

"I have heard that certain packages alleged to contain several million in securities have been opened in Cleveland and that they were worthless. If it is true I would like someone to tell me how was it that the woman induced Ira Reynolds to sign his name to a list of securities and then have the signature vouched for by one of the most prominent ministers of Cleveland. I saw the voucher and the list of securities that Mrs. Chadwick was supposed to have deposited in the Wade National Park Bank. The list was signed by Mr. Reynolds as being in his possession, and his signature was vouched for by the Rev. Charles A. Eaton.

FATAL CATARRH

It Causes the Weak to Die Young, and Invariably Leads to Incurable Consumption.

Catarrh has at least one fortunate feature—it can be cured by "Catarrhozone." In every case this remedy gives instant relief. Never was it known to fail in curing thoroughly.

Mr. Archibald Bass, of New Harbour, writes: "Catarrhozone proved a remarkable remedy in my case. I suffered terribly from catarrh in the throat and nose and was so stuffed up every morning I could hardly draw my breath. The mucous dropped back into my stomach, upset my digestion and kept me sick all the time. Catarrhozone relieved in a short time and cured perfectly."

WORK FOR PEACE.

Washington, Dec. 10.—As president of the Interparliamentary Union Representative Bartholdt of Missouri today brought to the attention of Secretary of State Hay the resolution recently adopted by the union at St. Louis urging the powers who signed the Hague treaty of arbitration to intervene for the stopping of the war between Japan and Russia.

Mr. Bartholdt suggested the propriety of the United States taking the initiative in urging the cessation of hostilities and pointed out that the treaty, which was signed by Russia and originally suggested by that power, contained a provision that intervention by a third power should not be considered an unfriendly act.

He contended that in resenting the proposal of mediation Russia had violated not only the spirit but the letter of the compact.

Secretary Hay promised to bring the action of the union to the attention of the President at an early date.

TEST THE KIDNEYS.

Allow urine to stand in a glass vessel for twenty-four hours and if at the end of that it is clouded or has left a sediment in the bottom of the vessel you may be sure that your kidneys are diseased. As a means of invigorating the action of the kidneys and making them strong and healthy, there is no preparation so prompt and none so thorough as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

PITTSBURG COAL COMPANY.

Big Purchase of Properties Just Announced in Pennsylvania.

Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 10.—The Pittsburg Coal Company has purchased from the Pittsburg-Buffalo Company its Blanche and Rachael mines, located on the Wheeling division of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, and the Peter's creek branch of the Monongahela division, Pennsylvania railroad, respectively, in exchange for an acreage of coal adjacent to the Bertha mine of the Pittsburg-Buffalo Coal Company, located on the Wheeling division of the Baltimore & Ohio, and stock in the Pittsburg Coal Company. In this transaction the Pittsburg-Buffalo Company renews its contract with the Pittsburg Coal Company for the handling of its Lake coal for a period of three years, and agreed not to make any developments of coal properties in the Pittsburgh district for a certain term of years.

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Was Given Up to Die. The Doctor Said So.

Burdock Blood Bitters Saved Her Life.

Read what Mrs. Wm. Castilloux, Newport, Quebec, has to say about Burdock Blood Bitters:—"Last December I fell very sick after confinement. I was not able to walk for three months, and was given up to die by the doctor. My husband read of the many wonderful cures made by Burdock Blood Bitters, so procured me two bottles. After using it for about ten days, I was able to get around, and could mind my baby without help from anyone, and am now well, and able to do my own work. I told a lady friend of mine who was troubled in the same way, and she used it with equal success. I cannot too highly recommend your medicine, for I know just how good it is, and hope and wish that anyone suffering as I did will give it a trial."

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Three "Squares" Per Diem

Minnesota's Chinamen Now at Outer Wharf to Get More Liberal Diet.

Two Meals Per Day Considered to Be Insufficient Nourishment.

Why the Chinese crew of the steamship Minnesota, now boarding at the Hotel Minnesota, outer wharf, should have been restricted to two meals a day instead of the customary three "squares" supposed to be necessary to keep man and his soul on terms of intimacy, is one of those things that the commissariat officials of the Great Northern Railway Company can best explain.

The Chinamen at the Hotel Minnesota are a distinctly superior out of celestials; they mucho sabe anything that goes on around them, and that they should have been limited to a meal every twelve hours has stirred them to the centre of the bread basket. True, they toil not, neither do they spin anything but yarns of finest gossamer from the looms of their imaginations about the times they have had in many places; but nothing to do but to look pleasant, report for rations twice a day and then fill in the time as best they can. But they have the ordinary feelings of humanity in general, and something yearns within them for more frequent communication with the hole in the wall through which the steaming chow chow is handed. The burden of their song seems to be: "We shall meet but we shall miss him," meaning that other meal that they do not get. Fan tan and ringtail poker do not supply the filling needful.

The case of the Chinamen was taken up on Friday evening by Lee Mong Kow, the government interpreter, who informed the contractor for feeding the Chinamen, the genial Tom Goldsmith, proprietor of the Montana restaurant, that the incarcerated Chinks must have an extra meal. Mr. Goldsmith, with characteristic generosity, and just like a British sailor, has considerably exceeded the terms of his contract by supplying the Chinamen with a lot of delicacies and savories not called for in the bond.

He asked Lee Mong Kow what would do as a third meal, and Mong Kow said that all Chinamen in China get three meals a day at least, and that a ration of nourishing soup, some simple pottaze that would be tasty and at the same time filling, would fill the bill, and the vacancy.

Mr. Goldsmith agreed to do this and asked for the recipe for the Chinese tiffin broth. It is as simple as the guileless Mongolian himself. Just about thirty or forty pounds of soup beef, suitable complement of onion and other ingredients, and several mats of rice. That was the soup dished out to the Chinese yesterday as meal number three. Every man had as much of the fragrant mixture as he could stevedore, and all were happy.

The morning meal, or breakfast, consists of boiled rice with fish and one vegetable, and tea. Luncheon, soupe a la coq de bataille. Dinner, rice with meat, two vegetables, sweets, relishes, tea; to every man at least one pound and a quarter of rice alone per day. Since the inauguration of the third meal, which, by actual measurement, is as square as any meal in the city, the Chinks in the coop are happy, because they know that the noon hour is no longer to be a horrid blank, aggravated by the distant rattle of pots and pans which mean to them nothing but rattle. They can now watch the porthole in the wall about noon time with an interest intensified by the wire edge placed on their appetites by the keen salt air and the magnificent scenery.

The Chinese are divided up into twenty-two messes, and it is a sight to see them get their food, eat it, clean up their bowls with chopsticks and put them away neatly, each in its appointed place, just like soldiers in dormitory or messroom, all ready for the next call to arms.

A TRAGIC DEATH.

Chicago, Dec. 10.—Apparently fearing prosecution because she had no money to pay for her room, a woman who registered at the North Side hotel under the name of Mrs. C. M. Harris, attempted to slide down a rope of sheets and blankets torn into strips from a fifth-storey window today. Sues tell four stories, head first, to the brick pavement and was instantly killed. The police say her correct name was Myra Delaroe.

DO YOU BELCH GAS?

If you have sour risings, bad taste in the mouth, headaches and gas, take a few drops of Nerviline. It aids digestion, strengthens the stomach, dispels the gas, makes you feel better at once. Even chronic sufferers from stomach trouble are speedily cured by Nerviline. Doctors have prescribed it for nearly fifty years. A guarantee goes with every 25c. bottle. Sold everywhere.

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