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MR. DOOLEY DISCOVERS HUMOROUS FEATURES IN THE SIEGE OF PORT ARTHUR

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"This poor heads in Port Arthur must be havin' a surp-ris time," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Ye never can tell," said Mr. Dooley. "Iv come it looks as though they were. Every day or two when Port Arthur hasn't fallen no more or is laid up fr'm th' last fall, I read in th' papers that th' correspondent iv th' London Fudge, a highly unprejudiced observer or liar stationed at Chetoo, has larned fr'm a Chinymen who has jus' arrived fr'm Peking on a junk that th' conditions is something that wur-rud cannot describe. Says he: 'Th' conditions at Port Arthur baffles description an' stagger th' imagination. On'y four-teen iv th' original defenders survive an' they are rayjoyced to skeletons. They live in underground caves an' cook their boots on exploded bombs dropped in th' Japanese. Last week Gin'ral Bink-erish shot an' kill Gin'ral Bejeek in a quarrel over a bar iv soap which th' for-mer was atin' fr' lunch. Gin'ral Stoessel has lost both arms, a leg an' th' right ear, but he is still cheerful an' las' night had his fur overcoat cooked an' served at a dinner to th' officers iv th' Prob-ieny regiment. He proposed a toast to th' imp'ror in kerosene. Th' toast was unanimously devoured be th' famished garrison. None iv th' garrison sleep at night much on account iv th' hesious roar iv th' Japanese shells which are dropped into th' town at th' rate iv wan million a day. Me informant tells me, an' he's a man whose wurrd I wud script as soon as me own, that th' ships in th' harbor have been converted into junk, which must not be confused with th' Chinese boats iv th' same name. As fast as they are destroyed, they are eaten be th' crew. It is no uncommon sight to see a Russian sailor divin' in th' har-ber fr' a cast-iron bolt or some such toothsome morsel. Th' intelligent Chinymen who brought me th' news escaped just as th' cook fr' Gin'ral Stoessel was about to put him in th' oven. Th' Chinese are great sticklers fr' preservin' their identity afther death an' this man naturally didn't like to jine his ancestors in th' shape iv chop-see. Altogether th' condition iv Port Arthur is worse than y'er readers can imagine an' almost as bad as they can hope. Th' Port Arthur Daily Meloejeen, th' only paper now published there, has a long kick in th' last issue about delinquent subscribers. It is head-ed 'Meanin' You' an' goes on to say that th' editor an' his wife must live, that they have jus' moved into a new dug-out an' that if th' cash is not forthcoming, he will be obliged to minton names."

"An' that's what I can't understand, Hennessy. How is it, d'ye suppose, that if Port Arthur is so bad off, they can have a daily paper? Th' man that runs it must be a great journalist. I wudden't like to give up me paper. It's all I have in life. But if I was as thin as an empty hen-coop an' had jus' devoured me las' supper an' if I knew that I wudden't make even a dacin' muss if a Japanese shell hit me but wud look like a pile iv loose fat an' shavin's struck be a cyclone,



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d'ye suppose in thim circumstances I wud be polite to a man who come ar-round an' offered me an onyx clock an' a handful iv shandis stamps to subscribe to his paper? An' think iv th' editor. What a job. He has sten a pair iv rubber boots an' washed it down with a pint iv ink an' he has to go out an' collect th' news on his hands an' knees. Thin he has to write it up. 'Society jottings: Ourselves an' wife attended a mos' jorral gathering at Gin'ral Puspink's palatial quarters in Bombproof A las' night. Th' jymnia gin'ral had provided a bountiful repast—beautifully cooked war map which he had procured at great expense. Th' Japanese advanced positions fell to our lot an' we put it away with great gusto although if anything there was too much red ink in it. Our host was at his best an' th' morn' in' was far advanced before we reeled home. Ivrybody agrees on injapable time was had. There is no war news as th' London papers are onavoidably late an' our correspondent is at th' front. Th' next time we send a correspondent out with a Roebuck army, we'll send him to th' rear where he can get some news."

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Chinymen be th' thousands an' in th' face iv incredible unstateliness fought their way to th' dures iv th' palace where their starvin' brothers were imprisoned. What did they find? They found th' diplomats in their shirt sleeves fillin' peckin' cuses with th' underwear iv th' Chinese imp'ror an' th' spoons iv th' Chinese imp'ress. Th' air was filled with cries iv 'Hinnery, won't ye set on this thrunk? I can't get th' lid down since ye put in that hateful idol! Th' English ambassador was thyrin' on a good brocade vest four thousand years old, th' French ambassador was cratin' up th' imp'ror's library, an' th' German em-bassy an' gallant officers iv th' Kaiser were in th' observatory pryin' off th' brass tit-ings iv th' tellyscopes."

"So I'll save me tears about Port Arthur till all th' raystons are in. I'd like to get hold iv a copy iv th' Port Arthur Meloejeen. I wonder where I can sub-scribe to it. I'd bet ye'd find it cheerful. 'Yesterday was uneventful. Th' Japs threw a few shells before breakfast an' thin re-tired. This thing has got to stop. Fridah we had a dog lamed an' if this occurs again we will expect th' authorities to bechevounskly hand give a concert on th' public square an' manny iv th' townspeople turned out to hear it. John Smithinski was up bechevounskly Hogan on th' family charge. He was sent-enced to twenty knouts or fifty days. Main street is torn up again. How long will this condition last before th' people iv our fair city rise in their might against th' corruptionists at th' City Hall? Closin' quotations on th' Port Arthur board iv trade: Caviar sixteen asked, fourteen bid; candles quiet an' unchanged, with a fair demand fr' light upland tallow."

"Answers to correspondents: Mayaki: take a half a pound iv tar, a quart iv cookie chery, two pints iv vinegar an' a pound iv potash an' apply to th' face with a paint brush before retirin'."

"Arthurski Lunleyvitch: No, Arthur, it is not considered in good form whin walkin' with a lady to run whin a bomb drops in y'er neighborhood. Seize y'er fair companyan be th' ellys an' place her in front iv ye. Th' rule iv all polite circles is: 'Ladies first.'"

"Timothyvich K. Jefferey in th' second round."

"Anxious: We don't know."

"Sure, Hinnissy, it's always th' same way. Wan iv th' strangest things about life is that it will go on in on'v'fable circumstances an' go out whin ivrything is aisy. A man can live an' have a good time no matter what happens to him that don't kill him. I lived here durin' th' cholery. I didn't care fr' that. If y'er livin' in a town that's bein' bombarded, ye don't like it at first but after awhile, ye begin to accommodate y'erself to it an' by an' by whin a shell drops near ye while y'er argyin' about th' tariff, ye step aside an' if y'er still there after th' smoke is cleared away, ye raysume th' argymint. Ye have to make new frinds but so ye do in Chicago. A man iv me age loses more frinds in a yun an' iv more danger thin a defender iv Port Arthur at twenty-wan. Bustin' shells is on'y wan iv

th' chances iv life lik' pnoomony an' argyin' with a polysman."

"Besides, I bet ye no garrison iver ray-fused to surrender whin it was starvin' unless it was afraid th' innny wud shoot th' man with th' white flag. A garrison begins to think iv surrenderin' whin it can't get pie at ivry meal. Out out wan iv its meals an' it begins to wonder what's th' use iv fightin' a lot iv nice tel-low. Rayjoyce it more an' some iv th' sojers will say to th' gin'ral: 'If ye haven't got a sheet or a pillowslip handy fr' a flag, ye can use our shirt. Ye may change th' dute to horse meat but horse meat ray-minds a European sojer iv what his mother used to call beef. But he's got to have en-ough. A hungry man won't fight except fr' food an' he'd follow a beestek twice as far as he wud th' flag iv anny imp'ror or car.'"

"Why don't that Gin'ral Stoessel sur-rinler annyhow?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"No wan has told him to. He's a Ger-man," said Mr. Dooley.

Woodstock Hotel Damaged by Fire.

Woodstock, N. B., Dec. 6.—(Special)—The Curiale Hotel had a narrow escape from destruction by fire tonight. About 7 o'clock the men employed in the hotel were startled by the electric light going out. Upon investigation they found the roof a mass of flames, the fire having started in the hay mow, which had just been filled with hay and straw. The alarm was given and the firemen were quickly on the scene. The horses and sleighs were removed.

The fire quickly destroyed the barn and the new ell of the hotel was soon ablaze. By herculean work the firemen succeeded in saving the hotel, but the roof of the ell was damaged considerably by fire and the whole annex flooded with water.

A couple of wagons, stored in the barn, were burned, but outside of the breaking of window glass the hotel escaped.

C. J. Tabor, the proprietor, had just finished the annex, which was so badly damaged by the fire.

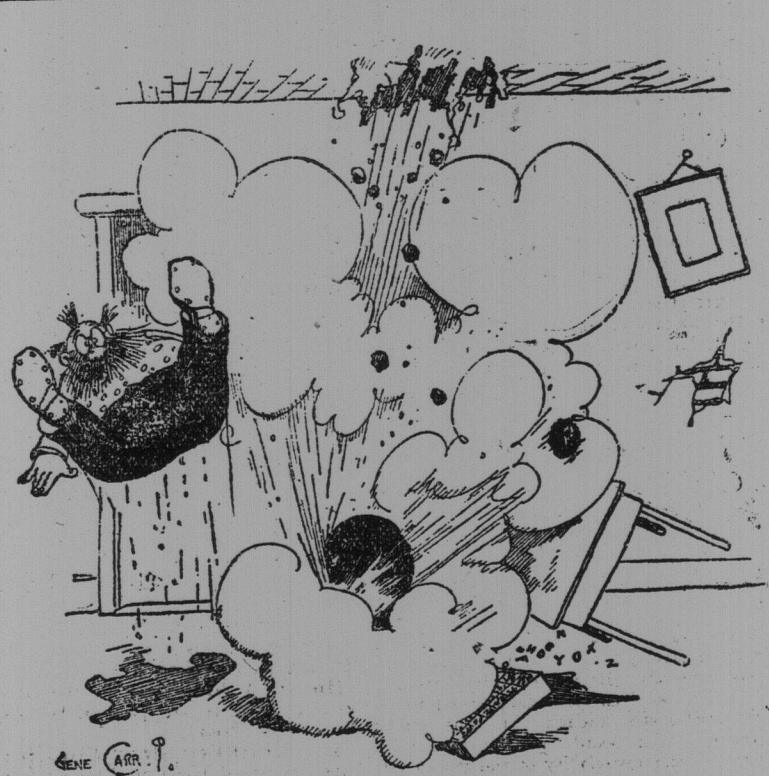
How to Attract a Man's Love.

There is one peculiar mistake which is very common among the girls who desire to attract and win the love of the man they admire. They concentrate their whole thoughts and attentions on their personal appearance, manners and talk and think that if these are pleasing that the man is sure to succumb to their attractions soon or later. It is true that a girl does not stand much chance of winning a man unless she appears at her best while in his presence. But although one might not think so, she does not appear at her best by only taking care that nothing could be desired in her dress and training herself to amuse him by her conversation. Such a girl may attract for a short while, but after a time she will find that the talk which seemed to attract him loses

its charm for him and it's not unlikely that if he could be gotten to express his true opinion of her it would be that she was merely a pretty chatterbox. To really attract a man a girl must not only be interesting herself, but also show that she takes a deep interest in whatever concerns him. While every man may not have his price, there is no man so perfect, as not to have some point where he is as-sailable, some weakness through which he may be won. A clever woman who has the wit to make a man talk freely with her ought not to find it a difficult matter to discover his favorite topic of conversation.

The girl who draws a man out, so to speak, on the subject of his work, hobby, sport, or whatever he wants most to talk about and shows that she is a sympathetic listener is far more likely to win him than the girl who seeks to draw him with the brilliancy of her own small talk. There is no form of flattery so delicate, so subtle as the deferential attention to what he says about his favorite subject.

While all men are susceptible to flattery and while they like to be admired and still more to be appreciated at what they think their true value, there are few who are not repelled by open attentions from a woman. A woman must be charming in order to charm. The girl who wishes to attract a man must also study every way of pleasing him. When he pays her atten-



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Newcastle May Rebel.

The Newcastle Advocate publishes an article dealing with the ultimatum of the board of fire underwriters, and asserts that the town will probably reject it. Some time ago the mayor of Newcastle received from the secretary of the board a communication pointing out that unless the reservoir capacity was increased from 119,000 to 200,000 gallons before the new year, an increase of ten cents in insurance rates in the fire district would be made.

Engineer Chipman recommended another pumping engine, and the general opinion about the town, says the advocate, was that it would practically be impossible to satisfy the board.

Three Kings County Robberies.

Hampton, Dec. 6.—Edwin Fowler, charged with having in his possession goods stolen from Elworth Belyas, Welsford parish, knowing them to be stolen, was before Judge Wedderburn today and Fowler pleaded not guilty. On Tuesday next, Dec. 13, the case will be tried.

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OF THE

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