

ARMIES OF THE ALLIES IN CHINA

One Hundred Thousand Armed Men Have Invaded the Flowery Kingdom, and the Air Resounds With Noise of Other Disembarking Thousands—Comparisons of Forces.

SHANGHAI, China, Nov. 8, 1900.—The presence of large bodies of armed foreign troops upon the soil of China and in possession of some of her most important cities and fortifications, affords a striking commentary on the frequently repeated statement, "We are not at war with China." During the writer's visit to North China points—Port Arthur, New Chwang, Taku and Tien Tsin—troops were constantly arriving, troops disembarking, marching and counter-marching, and all the pomp and panoply of war was very much in evidence. In a former letter an attempt was made to give some idea of the vivid impressions made upon the beholder by this constant procession of daily caparisoned cavalry, the artillery, infantry and marines of the various powers now in occupation. Apropos, the following, by a correspondent of the Times, of India, is in the main so truthful and well expressed that I send it to you, thinking it may interest the readers of The Oregonian. Speaking of the memorable march of the allies to Peking and their capture of the Imperial City, the correspondent says:

"First in importance came the practical question of transport and commissariat; then generalship, courage, discipline, equipment and methods of training in the various armies.

"As far as generalship was concerned, the allies were so uniformly successful that there was no opportunity for criticism. Courage is a quality so universally prevalent that its absence could only cause surprise—in fact, the only people who showed themselves wanting in courage were the Chinese, and even among these there were many who would rather die than run away.

Troops Under Fire.

"Under fire, the British were steady, the Americans cool and courageous, the Russians stolid, and the Japanese daring and self-possessed. Some people at Tien Tsin spoke vaguely against the courage of the French, but I think such remarks both ill-natured and unfounded, as I saw the French marines under fire, and nothing could exceed their composure and sang froid.

"With regard to discipline, by which is meant strict obedience to orders, self-respect and regard for the traditions of humanity, the general conduct of the troops was excellent. No prisoners were tortured; no defenseless people shot down in cold blood, and few women shamed. In its more limited sense, a general aspect of discipline and order seemed to prevail in the various camps, although the freedom and independence of General Chaffee's soldiers somewhat puzzled the stricter disciplinarians of European training and standards.

"The war correspondents have spoken of the Americans with amazement, admiration and disapproval, at the same time. On occasion, we felt inclined to take our hats to every American soldier we saw, and, at other times, the army seemed almost a mob. An American officer told us that the Americans believe the 'fighting unit' is the man, not the company or the regiment, and that therefore the officers encourage self-reliance and individualism.

"I think if there had been no fighting all the foreign observers would have gone back to their homes with very strong opinions of the efficiency of the American troops. Luckily for General Chaffee and his soldiers there was fighting. When you see an American private advancing under fire, you begin to think there is something in the idea that the fighting unit of the future is the individual. Private Elias P. Holt acts by himself for himself. He and his comrades are sent for a common objective, not like stiff, trained soldiers, but like panthers stalking a prey. Their eyes flash; their little bodies swing forward. There is murder and deadly intention in their faces. When the American soldier lies down to die, he does so with the intention of killing somebody.

Yankee Fighters.

"Most troops fire, not at the enemy, but in the direction of the enemy. Not so the American.

Each man draws his watchful breath, slow, taken twice the rest. Trigger, and eye, and ear cock, knit brow, and hand—drawn!

"That is the picture of the American soldier firing on his foe. But allied to their ferocious steeliness the Americans in battle have a most reckless courage. At times they expose themselves with a strange contempt for death. An officer will take chances no European would care to take. The field battery was generally to be found in places where nobody, read in tactics, would have dared to put it. General Chaffee and his staff always rode where the enemy was most likely to see and shoot at them. Young and inexperienced correspondents were warned by older hands not to go during an action near prominent buildings, large groves, or the American staff.

"The British and Americans were the very best of friends. In fact, whenever drinks were handy, which was not often, there was great talk of the Anglo-Saxon alliance. We were not let into all the secrets of the war, but there were probably times when differences arose between the various generals, and on such occasions there is reason to believe the Americans always supported the British. One who overheard him, told me that once, when the Americans sent over to General Gaselee making some request, the latter exclaimed: 'Certainly, certainly. Nothing we can do is too good for the Americans. I cannot tell you how much we owe to them.'

Mysterious Russians.

Of the Russians, the correspondent says: "If the American Army was a source of wonder and admiration to Europeans, the Muscovites were something more—a profound mystery! The Russians were always polite and obliging, yet, in some undefined way, they seemed to be always holding aloof. We saw them in camp at Tien Tsin; we saw them on the march to Peking; we saw them in battle, and, yet, notwithstanding all this, very few would care to venture an opinion of their real fighting efficiency. There was always an air of aloofness and expectancy about the Russian camp. It was guarded by double lines of sentries. The Russian soldier never unloads his bayonet, and the officer never unbuckles his sword.

"The Russian soldiers we saw were the thickest, muscular men, capable of great endurance, having light hair, blue eyes and generally fair skins. The officers were of a totally different type—dark, bearded men, with stern, strong features, seemed to have no aim or object in life beyond war, and when the Russians make war, they make it with a vengeance. Whenever we entered a Russian camp, we saw as if a thousand eyes were furiously watching us.

"The Russian soldiers paid as little attention to 'smartness' in dress and equipment as the Americans, but they had all

learned one cardinal principle—to obey, and to obey at once. This quality of absolute, unquestioning obedience, when directed by trained and intelligent officers, makes the Russian Army, a formidable instrument. What it could do, if deprived of such officers and guidance, is another matter. The Oriental air of mystery that surrounds it, leads one to hesitate to express an opinion; behind this veil of reserve and suspicion, the Russians may be holding a mighty engine of warfare.

Friendly Little Japs.

"The Japanese Army excited almost universal admiration and friendliness, and

brilliant spots of color in any background where they are grouped.

The German troops well deserve mention. About 10,000 arrived at Tien Tsin while I was up there, and probably as many more have since come to the far East by the later transports. A rumor has been in circulation that still more German troops are to be sent, but we do not know if it is reliable.

One thing is certain, the Germans are out here 'for business,' and whatever indifferent or shilly-shally policy may control their cabinets, the Kaiser proposes to teach the Chinese a lesson that they will not be likely soon to forget. The German troops are a sturdy-looking lot of men, the very picture of robust health and good nature, and, with their Minerva helmets and dark blue uniforms they look very martial. Their order and discipline seem perfect. I have never seen a more remarkable operation of military machinery than the disembarking of 10,000 German troops at Taku; it seemed like a piece of well-lubricated clockwork. It is estimated that there are fully 100,000

foreign troops in China at the present time, with full supplies of ammunition, food and all requisites for the winter. The Japanese are the most numerous, at various Chinese ports. If thought can penetrate the dense ignorance of the Chinese Court mind and of the reactionary officials connected with that antediluvian institution, it must begin to dawn upon their medieval understandings that 'China against the world' is a difficult contract to carry to successful consummation. Paper lanterns, red banners, tom-toms and moth-eaten superstitions are utterly inadequate for the task.

It may astonish Oregonian readers to learn that, at this very moment, with Peking, the Taku and Pei Yang forts, and almost every important city and fortification along the China coast under the absolute control of the allied powers, the great masses of the Chinese blindly believe that their government is still in supreme control, and that foreigners are in China only on sufferance.

Important News.

My table boy came to me yesterday to tell me the very important news that the Emperor and Empress Dowager had decided to remove from Peking for a short time, 'in order to get better air up in the mountains.'

One hundred thousand foreign troops in China is really the only argument that counts for anything in the settlement of this question. No consideration but force.

Picturesque East Indians.

As little has been said of what is probably the most picturesque body of foreign troops now in China—the Indian forces, I will try to give you readers some idea of these strange, swarthy soldiers, drawn by England from the native races of India and now employed here against the Chinese. It is the settled policy never to use them against Europeans, but only against other Asiatic peoples; therefore, they were not sent against the Boers in South Africa.

These Indian troops probably number somewhere 15,000 in China. They have English officers, and follow modern tactics. They consist chiefly of Rajputs, Gorkhas and Sikhs. The Gorkhas are short, thickset, stocky little fellows, somewhat like the Japanese. They are said to be splendid fighters. In the recent battle of India, they march to the music of the highland bagpipes of Scotland and seem to like that peculiar music. Whenever we hear the pipes, we know the Gorkhas (if not the Campbellis) are coming.

The Sikhs and Rajputs are much larger built men, many of them exceeding six feet in stature. They are handsome, soldierly fellows, in bronze, with fine, broad shoulders and curiously spidery shanks, reminding one of what Garrigue once said to the Bishop, 'All right, my Lord, but weak in the legs.' They make excellent light cavalry, and we had a really wonderful example of their expertness with the long lance, in the recent athletic game in Shanghai, when they exhibited their skill in 'tent-pegging,' or catching up a tent peg upon the point of the lance, while their horses were in full gallop. It is a question of considerable interest, how these troops from the hot Indian climate will stand the sharp, biting cold of the Chinese winter, especially as many of them seem to have no other shelter prepared than this bamboo sheds, covered with straw matting.

The Gorkhas wear little, brimless caps, similar to those of the English soldiers; the Rajputs have dark blue turbans, but of the same shape as the turban of material of one such turban unrolled and stretched on the ground, and it is no exaggeration to say that it was at least 30 feet long. The Sikhs wear a similar turban, but of the same shape as the turban of material of one such turban unrolled and stretched on the ground, and it is no exaggeration to say that it was at least 30 feet long. The Sikhs wear a similar turban, but of the same shape as the turban of material of one such turban unrolled and stretched on the ground, and it is no exaggeration to say that it was at least 30 feet long.

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MODERN SUN WORSHIPERS

LATEST HEALTH FAD OF JADED MEN AND WOMEN.

Colony at Veldes, in Julian Alps, That Seeks to Banish Disease by Basking in the Sun.

PARIS, Dec. 2.—I have just returned from a few days' sojourn among the modern sunworshippers. The most important colony of them is located at Veldes, in the Julian Alps.

The sun-bath cure is supposed to be the highest cult of modern therapeutics, and some of the wealthiest people of the world are flocking to Veldes. It is the highest and latest shrine of hygiene. Naturally there are plenty of Americans there, whose plethoric purses enable them to patronize the latest and supposedly best cure.

Dr. Rikkl is the oracle of this remarkable panacea. He is the creator of a new system of therapeutics, and was his own first disciple. To see the wonderful results of the self-denial and experimenting of this unique character as presented at Veldes is to view a modern miracle. It is the compulsory return of the most pampered and petted of society's pets to a condition of pretty nearly natural living.

The property of the establishment covers several acres, stretched along the front of the lovely lake of Veldes. Its inhabitants for the most part are housed in small, three-sided huts, open to the lake, and very simply furnished. On the open side of the hut there is a Holland curtain which can be closed at pleasure, and which serves as the only shelter from the breeze.

Complete Relaxation.

In these huts one can give way to complete relaxation, and it is surprising how soon one becomes accustomed to the low temperature to which, asleep or awake, the patients are exposed. Colds which have pestered one for months, or possibly years, disappear as if by magic. In addition to the lightness of shelter, the clothing worn is very loose and light.

At 8 o'clock in the morning this very novel colony is astir and every one starts for the air bath. The women's division is a highly fenced-in and very carefully inclosed park, situated about a mile and a half from the "encampment." The conventional robe is of white muslin, in which, having arrived at the "bath," you march wherever you will on the grass or finely sanded paths, with bare legs and feet, bare-headed and bare-shouldered, and enjoy yourself immensely. The enjoyment comes from free and untrammelled exercise practically in nature's own habitations, in a temperature of from 50 to 55 degrees.

You wonder if, in your sleeping hours, some good fairy has given you deep draughts from Ponce de Leon's immortal spring. The limbs are so supple, the breathing so easy, and the sense of exhilaration so ethereal, you feel your cup of happiness is quite full.

At 7 o'clock breakfast is served, at fresco, or in one of the shelters, where the tables are ready for the brown loaves and pots of honey to be disposed of, with long draughts of sweet, newly drawn milk.

Breakfasting Dyspeptics.

It is surprising to see these willom dyspeptics, accustomed to their high bills, cafe-au-lait, fried sole and various highly flavored dishes of the morning meal, relish these simple, elementary dishes. The food is discussed in a leisurely way by the women as they lounge or sit around in groups, after which dress is resumed and they return to the beach. There for awhile one rests so that the body shall assume a passive condition before the sunbath is taken.

The bathhouse roof is very large, and capable of accommodating quite an army. The roof is divided into little stalls like those for cattle at the stockyards, but not so deep, into which one dips to bathe in the golden sunshine, all the body being nude and the head sheltered. As the beams of the sun play upon the cuticle a sense as if all the pains and aches of poor mortality were being exercised is experienced.

After remaining perfectly passive in this most novel of all baths, with the tendency toward a half-baked feeling crawling over one, an attendant comes and rolls you up in a blanket. For a quarter of an hour you remain swathed up in this way, the perspiration quickly wetting the blanket through. Then you descend to a tepid bath, where two muscular attendants rub and scrub you as a nurse would treat a child fresh in from the playground.

Vegetarian Dinner.

After this a severely frugal luncheon is disposed of, and the afternoon is given

which will prevent your being held up—at least an attempt to hold you up. But the following precautions, suggested by the Chicago Times-Herald, in view of the recent numerous "hold-ups" in the "Windy City," will go a long way toward saving you that shock. If they fail, then it is fate—you were destined to be a victim.

Walk the street after dark, if you must, as if you were going through a country full of Indians. Keep alert on the outside of the walk, avoid all shadows possible, keep away from alley entrances, angles of buildings and shade trees. Walk quick, head up, hands out of your pockets and ready for action. Keep your mind on where you are and what you are doing.

If you carry a gun learn its mechanism, how to shoot it, and when out in the dark, keep it where you can get it quicker than you ever did anything else before in your life.

Flight—in other words, inasmuch as you

probably will be beaten anyway as well as robbed, it is better to fight the instant you are attacked than to submit. You may win. The odds are in your favor, if you know anything about fighting and have ability to strike quick and rush. You may not hit hard, but you can surprise, and that is half a victory. But fight anyway, and as you never did before.

Never let two men meeting you on the walk divide as they pass. Walk so that they must be on the inside of you. Take the middle of the road whenever feasible and needed. Don't give the time of night to strangers. Keep out of saloons. In all have a little horse sense when on the streets, day or night, and leave the rest to Providence.

up to dozing idly in the sun box until it is time to rise and prepare for dinner, which is the only real meal of the day. Even at this meal one gets nothing beyond a substantial vegetarian diet, comprised of vegetables cooked simply and puddings severely plain.

As a boy, Dr. Rikkl suffered greatly from ill health, and worked out his theories first for his own benefit. His home was a sequestered spot in Canton de Berne, Switzerland and near by were woods and lakes. In the morning he would go to the southern side of the wood, and, undressed, lie upon his clothes until his blood was chilled. He then would dress and bring his temperature up to normal by some rapid exercise. As the heat of the day increased, he lay longer in the sun, afterward cool-

ing himself off by walking naked in the woods.

When the sun became vertical and the woods hotter, young Rikkl took his bath near the lake, into which he subsequently plunged to obtain a return to normal temperature. Thus he professed to have discovered his great doctrine of true equilibrium by the two extremes of heat and cold. His theory is that "disease is the battle of the soul against effete matter."

The constant covering of the skin by clothes, he asserts, is productive of the most vicious results. Much of our well-being and happiness depends upon the condition of the skin, for through it travel messengers of good and ill to our vital organs. VALERIE DELAMOUR.

HOW NOT TO BE HELD UP.

Precautions Designed to Protect Purse and Person.

There is no inviolable rule of conduct

which will prevent your being held up—at least an attempt to hold you up. But the following precautions, suggested by the Chicago Times-Herald, in view of the recent numerous "hold-ups" in the "Windy City," will go a long way toward saving you that shock. If they fail, then it is fate—you were destined to be a victim.

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When the man came back at night and found the tent turned around, with the door facing another way, he understood that he had worn out his welcome and was expected to move on. But the woman stayed with the tent—she kept the house.

Among the most beautiful references to woman in the Bible are those in which she is depicted as the head of her household. In the Greek classics Penelope is the model woman. The Roman matron is one of the noblest characters in history. Emperor William expresses the sentiments of the German man when he extols the housewife. The French woman is said to shine pre-eminently in the home circle. The women of England are the ideal homemakers of the world. Since, therefore, in all ages and among all nations, women have been the housekeepers, what possible foundation exists for the question? Will the American woman of the future keep house? Only one contingency will prevent her doing so, and that will be having no house to keep.

Woman's Highest Duty.

But if it be asked whether the future woman will give so much time to housekeeping as women of the past have done, that is another story. Woman, as a rule, has a strong sense of duty. If it is not born into her, it is drilled into her, and the vast majority consider that their first and highest duty is to their family. The exceptions only prove the rule, and the Mrs. Jellibaby existed long before "the new woman" of today was dreamed of. No Darwinian theory can evolve a race of women whose strongest instinct will not be to make a home. One might just as well try to produce a race of hens that did not have a tendency to "set," or of birds without the instinct of building nests. There is just now what may be termed a "crurge" for these things, but, like other "fads," they will have their day. They are of too much value, however, to be discarded so easily, and women will have learned the strength that lies in organization, but they will have learned also the weakness which results from spreading themselves out too thin and attempting too many different things. They will have discovered, besides, that the home suffers from having imposed too many burdens upon themselves.

Will Find Her Niche.

This knowledge will not result in a wholesale repudiation of these public matters. The woman of the future will take even a more prominent place in the affairs of the world than the woman of the present, but she will select the line of work she is best fitted for, instead of scattering her energies. And she never will lose her interest in housekeeping, because that is innate; it is a vital part of the womanly nature. She will, however, have reduced it to so perfect a system that it will no more necessitate absorbing her whole time, thought and energy, than does a man's business of necessity prevent his participation in outside activities of value to society at large.

IDA HUSTED HARPER

Leilaby, 1900.

Sleep, baby, sleep! As the shadows creep, Father is off on the hills away, Seeking the gold of the morning sun, Soon he'll come home and bring to thee A trophy fine for his baby to see.

So sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep! Sink to slumber deep! For you must grow as fast as you can, To show the world that you're a man. Your father is champion of the game, And yours 'will be in surpass his fame, So sleep, baby, sleep!

—Gertrude Rogers in Boston Evening Transcript.

WORK OF WOMEN OF THE FUTURE

Ida Husted Harper Says Women of the Coming Century Will Do Less Housework, Because Drudgery Will Be Abolished, and That Higher Duties Will Absorb Their Leisure Time.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—Will the woman of the future be a housekeeper? Will the man of the future go down street and attend to business? There is just as much relevancy in one question as in the other.

When primitive man was a hunter, a warrior and a nomad, claiming no parentage over his offspring and desiring no fixed abode, primitive woman was keeping her curve, and afterwards her tent in order, taking root in one spot and caring for her children. History tells us that the former employments have been taken into the factories and the average housekeeper can use a portion of every day for outside matters, and not neglect any home duties. That modern tendency which has carried so much of the work outside must inevitably increase instead of diminish, and this will still further relieve the housekeeper. Had it not been for these encroachments upon her domain, woman never could have gone into the work of the church, the club and the philanthropies as she has done. Should a revolution set in, and should the abolition of slaves and the end of the domestic sphere, she would not find her old occupations there. Doubtless she could manage to kill time, but it would not be necessary for the benefit of her household.

Housekeeping Simplified.

In addition to the removal from the home of all the tasks which kept the grandmothers busy, the spinning, weaving, tailoring, dressmaking, quilting, quilt-piecing, carpet-weaving, herb-gathering, fruit-drying, canning and pickling, butter, cheese, candle and soap-making, curing of meat, bread baking, laundry work and scores of others, the introduction of the modern "flat," or apartments, has simplified housekeeping a hundredfold. As ground is constantly increasing in value there is no reason to believe that these ever will give way to separate dwellings. And this being a further reduction of labor in regard to heat, light, removal of ashes and garbage, care of porches and yards, etc. The rapid introduction of gas and electricity into houses reduces the demand for time and work, and every new convenience has this same effect.

As far as housework is concerned, it is impossible to see any reason why the woman of the future should devote more time to it than she is doing at present. And when it comes to needs, nine-tenths of the things she used to make may now be bought ready-made for little more than the cost of the material.

Home of the present day and industrially superior to those of the good old times, and those of the so-called middle classes have far more comfort than had those of the ancient aristocracy. Women are better housekeepers now because they understand better the laws of health in regard to food, ventilation, plumbing, etc., and there is far less sickness in families than there used to be.

More Comfort in Homes.

There is more comfort in the homes than formerly. The family, instead of being confined to a few "living" rooms, with the rest of the house closed and dark, has free access to all of it, with music, books, magazines and games to add to its pleasures. Children are more sensibly clothed than they were a generation ago, and far more attention is paid to their education and training. If the modern woman has been able to bring about all these improvements and at the same time do more work of a public nature than her predecessor could have dreamed of, there surely is no ground for the prediction that in the future she will give up her outside duties and return to the old regime of devoting herself wholly to those of the household.

The only thing which renders this retrogressive step remotely possible is the difficulty of obtaining the domestic service absolutely essential to modern housekeeping, but the resourceful woman of the future will find some other solution of the problem. The man of the future will self the maid-of-all-work. It must be confessed that in the management of the average household there is a lack of the systematic business methods which regulate the various enterprises successfully conducted by men, but this is, partly at least, because women have not received a business training, and housekeeping is another way of saying that women were obliged to have the opportunities for observation, and the experience in other occupations, which were to be had only by getting outside of the home. In all directions, may be seen their efforts to put housekeeping on this systematic business basis.

Household Economics.

There are training schools on every hand for both mistress and maid. Housework is being introduced into the kindergartens, the public schools and the colleges. Household economics has become a popular branch of study, and the various societies are united in a national association, now several years old. It has just held its annual meeting in Toronto, with women present from all parts of the United States and Canada. Of course, in all this there is a great deal of chaff, but at the bottom is the solid kernel of scientific inquiry.

But even this does not indicate that the 20th century woman will do her own housekeeping to such an extent as to exclude all outside matters.

Can it be said that it would mean to the general welfare of a community if its women should withdraw from all participation in public affairs and confine their energies within the four walls of the home? Women are put their hand to the plow and cannot turn back. It is probable, however, that there will be a certain reaction from this unprecedented rush of women into public life, and federations and associations for every purpose which the finite mind can conceive. This is the natural result of the widest possible liberty after centuries of repression. There is just now what may be termed a "crurge" for these things, but, like other "fads," they will have their day. They are of too much value, however, to be discarded so easily, and women will have learned the strength that lies in organization, but they will have learned also the weakness which results from spreading themselves out too thin and attempting too many different things. They will have discovered, besides, that the home suffers from having imposed too many burdens upon themselves.

Will Find Her Niche.

This knowledge will not result in a wholesale repudiation of these public matters. The woman of the future will take even a more prominent place in the affairs of the world than the woman of the present, but she will select the line of work she is best fitted for, instead of scattering her energies. And she never will lose her interest in housekeeping, because that is innate; it is a vital part of the womanly nature. She will, however, have reduced it to so perfect a system that it will no more necessitate absorbing her whole time, thought and energy, than does a man's business of necessity prevent his participation in outside activities of value to society at large.

IDA HUSTED HARPER

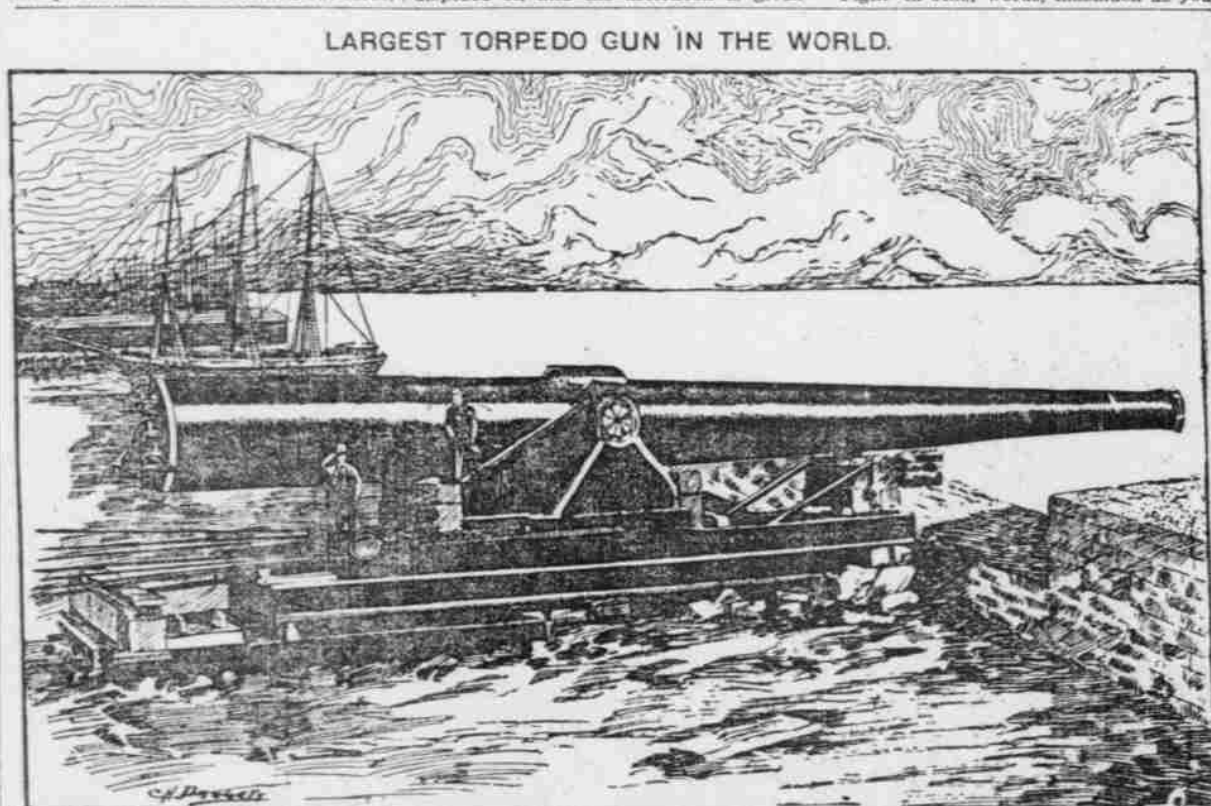
Leilaby, 1900.

Sleep, baby, sleep! As the shadows creep, Father is off on the hills away, Seeking the gold of the morning sun, Soon he'll come home and bring to thee A trophy fine for his baby to see.

So sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep! Sink to slumber deep! For you must grow as fast as you can, To show the world that you're a man. Your father is champion of the game, And yours 'will be in surpass his fame, So sleep, baby, sleep!

—Gertrude Rogers in Boston Evening Transcript.



HURLS AN AERIAL DEATH-DEALER FIFTEEN MILES.

This remarkable weapon, the Gathmann torpedo gun, recently approved by Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles, commanding the United States Army, throws an 18-inch torpedo 15 miles, with terrible effect. It weighs 50 tons, is 44 feet long, and is said to be the largest military weapon in the world.

and no motive but fear, will ever have weight with the ruling class in China.

"For ways that are dark and tricky that are vain, the Huashen Chinese is peculiar."

FRANCIS B. WARDLE.

To Keep Shaved Ice in a Sickroom.