

JAPANESE CARRYING THE RUSSIAN POSITION AT KIN-CHAU, WHICH HAD BEEN DEEMED IMPREGNABLE.



A SPLENDID FEAT OF ARMS.

One of the most splendid feats of arms in the present war in the East was the battle of Kin-Chau, in which the Japanese charged and captured the heights held by the Russians, thereby establishing their place among the foremost military people of the world. The heights were strongly fortified and were deemed practically impregnable. Nevertheless the Japanese, after silencing artillery fire, carried them by the bayonet, driving the Russians from the trenches and sending them in quick retreat toward Port Arthur. Our illustration is from the Illustrated London News.

SAILING.

Wind and wave and gold-washed weather.
Wind fling loose and wave set free;
She and I alone together
Sailing on a sapphire sea.

Clang and clamor of the crowded
City street is heard no more;
Only billows, foam enshrouded
Freighting music to the shore!

Sail full blown and sloop prow flinging
Floods of song on either side;
White gulls in the wide blue winging—
Gipsies of the roving tide!

Peaks afar that know the splendor
Of the sunset's waste of wine;
Twilight sky grown strangely tender
Like the eyes that look in mine.
—Leslie's Monthly.

A New Cinderella

JACK BERENSON caught sight of her as he was going to the office after lunch. He frequently caught sight of her, but this was the extent of their acquaintance. He had groaned more than once to think conventionally forbade a more extended one. She was not the kind of a girl with whom one might scrape up a bowing recognition, to be later elaborated into an interchange of commonplaces that might culminate in permission to call. Indeed, if she had been, it is safe to conclude Berenson would not have troubled his head about her, for he had a social position to maintain, a good deal of personal pride and more than the average sense of exclusiveness.

"Hallo!" he said, suddenly, and stopped short.

The girl ahead had paused. She was evidently in some predicament, for she stooped as though to extricate herself or to pick up an article dropped. Almost at the same instant, however, a tremendous dray, piled with boxes, bore down upon her, and at the shout of the driver, who was striving to rein in his huge Percherons, she sprang toward safety and reached the sidewalk.

Berenson let the dray pass. Looking down directly on the spot where the girl had hesitated, he saw that which had arrested her, and bending quickly, he pulled out of the thick, black, sticky mud an absurdly small rubber, with its wrinkles holding the arch of a high little instep.

"Well!" he ejaculated, "here's luck!"

He felt ridiculously elated. So pleased did he look, in fact, that a friend jostling him as he reached the opposite sidewalk remarked his satisfaction.

"What gone up, Berenson?"

"No—rubber!" laughed Berenson. And his friend walked off, wondering what there was in fishing footwear out of the mire to make a fellow look so idiotically pleased.

"It was mighty muddy, too!" he commented disgustfully.

This accusation could not be made against it an hour later, cleansed and polished to the highest possible degree by the man who kept the shoestand in the office building where Berenson had a suite. He took his prize upstairs, and deposited it, wrapped in tissue paper, on the top of his desk.

Then he sauntered to the window to look over at the skyscraper across the way, where at a certain window, in a certain tier, he had often seen a certain head. It was a shapely head, ringleted as close as a baby's with sunny brown curls. Indeed, so frequently of late had he gone to his own casement to discover if that particular bonnie head and rose-leaf face were within range of his vision that his business began to suffer from such erratic absences.

Not that Jack Berenson was bothering himself about business. During those minutes he stood, absorbed in day dreams, staring apparently at the uninteresting wall of an uninteresting

building, he was thinking for the most part how strange it was that he, who had come gaily up the road of life, heart whole and fancy free, until he had reached his thirtieth milestone, should all at once be beset by the most chimerical hopes, the most futile desires, the most glorious of chaotic imaginings.

It was lunacy, he told himself—stark, staring lunacy—that he should go on his way with a bounding heart and a feeling of the most senseless exhilaration, just because he had passed a girlish figure on the sidewalk, met the indifferent glance of violet, black-lashed eyes, looking forth from beneath a white brow, or caught the faint, elusive perfume of her demure garments. And the worst of it was that he could not bring himself to be indignant with himself for being such a fool!

"You like to be a fool!" he told himself angrily. "You're hugging your folly! And much good it will do you! You've not got enough sense, Jack Berenson, to last a crazy man till breakfast time!"

With which final shot he was apt to break away from his vigil, return sternly to his desk and plunge into work until—until he began to wonder if she might have returned to her chair in the window, or by any chance be going out. Though whether out or in, there had seemed slight chance of making her acquaintance before Fate, in the guise of a treacherous street crossing, had placed a belonging of hers in his possession.

But when he had sallied forth with his prize his courage almost failed him. And when the elevator man let him off at the eighth floor, as bidden, it was an insane desire to make his immediate escape by way of the staircase that overwhelmed him. But he pulled himself together and went toward the suite of doctor's offices, which he knew occupied that particular angle of the big building. Some of the physicians whose names were inscribed on the tablet in the corridor were friends of his.

"Hope I don't run into Norton, or Schriener, or MacIntyre," he said. "Hope I don't."

But he did—all three of them. They and a few of their professional associates had met in the reception room previous to attending a medical convention in a body. It seemed to poor Berenson, standing helplessly in the doorway with his package in his hand, that the place was packed with eyes—curious, inquisitive, mocking eyes!

But a few voices called out pleasantly enough, "Hallo—how d'ye do, Berenson?" And MacIntyre came forward with a smile that made his ugly countenance quite charming.

"You—the young lady?" stammered Jack. He held out the package much as though it were a letter of introduction. "She lost this, and—"

"Oh, I see!" The doctor turned hastily. "Miss Meredith?" he called.

A girl—the girl—came from an adjoining room. She looked lovelier than ever without her hat and coat. Her soft, green gown fitted her as its sheath fits a flower. And the pretty, bewildered look in her eyes made them look more than ever like violet stars.

Berenson knew then how a man felt who performs a deed of daring in the cannon's mouth.

"I was behind you this noon," he began, "and when you lost this—"

"Oh, thank you!" she interrupted, comprehending at once, and taking the offered bundle. "You were very kind to bring it to me!"

"Vera," MacIntyre said, "let me introduce to you Mr. Berenson. You have often heard Alice mention him. I am sure, Jack—this is Miss Meredith, my wife's sister!" And then as they bowed he went by way of explanation, "Vera has been looking after callers at the offices here during the last six months. She would work—you know what girls are!"

Jack didn't know, but he mentally decided to remain ignorant no longer.

He would remedy his deficiencies in this respect as soon as possible, at least as far as this one bewitching maiden was concerned. And he vowed that he had never before guessed what a thoroughly delightful chap MacIntyre was until he heard the latter saying before he went off with his friends: "Oh, I say, Berenson! Come to dinner to-morrow night—quite informal, you know. Six o'clock. Alice will be mighty glad to see you!"

Jack looked doubtfully into the violet eyes.

There was a smile in them, though the lips were sweetly serious.

"I'll come!" promised Jack fervently. He wrung his friend's hand vigorously in the ardor of his friendship. "Lord, yes, I'll come!"

And he said to himself as he strode back to the office, with his head in a whirl, that it might not be quite so romantic to find a rubber in Chicago mud as a slipper on a ballroom floor, but that it has its possibilities! It would serve!—San Francisco Call.

WOMEN MAKE PAPER MONEY.

Even Guides at Bureau of Engraving and Printing are Girls.

The government and the banks, and even the postoffices, would be in a hole for a time if all the women in the bureau of engraving and printing should drop dead all at once. That shop would have to close up pretty quick. Why, you can't even go over there and look around without a woman to show you. All the guides to the bureau for the benefit of tourists and other ignorant people—which includes all Washington people, for Washington people are the most ignorant people on earth about Washington institutions—all the guides, and there are seven of them, are women, young women and pretty women at that.

And how the people do visit there! Three thousand a week, said a guide. That's 500 a day. And that's one a minute for every working hour of the day. Pretty constant stream of callers that.

Not so many years ago three decrepit old men were the guides. Now the seven are women, which is significant, and one that typifies the work done in the bureau, for here, of the 3,000 employees, more than half are of the feminine persuasion.

These young and good-looking guides will explain how American money is printed on the back, then put in cold storage, where it goes through a drying process; then sorted and the imperfect sheets thrown out; then printed on the face, and then perforated and put up in packages to be sent to the treasury for the government seal.

They generally tell how useless it would be for any one to try to rob the wagon containing this money. In the first place, because six guards always accompany it; and, in the second place, because the money at this stage of its manufacture wouldn't be any good, anyway.

"It is seven days after a bill is printed on its back before it is printed on the face," said this visitor's guide. "It takes thirty days to make a silver dollar bill, and forty to make a gold one. The gold one is printed three times, twice on one side, because it has to have the word 'gold' and a little splotch of gold on this side before the face can be printed."

Then she led the visitor to the framed dollar bills fastened to one of the walls in the hall, and showed these bills, calling special attention to the gold certificate, and then led the way back to the front door and said adieu. It was all over in ten minutes.—Washington Post.

Bullfrogs as Sentries.

A Pennsylvania fisherman has discovered that bullfrogs act as sentries to fish, and that it is useless to try to catch bass when a deep-voiced bellowing frog is watching.

Women live longer than men because they have no one to talk them to death.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

TELLS HOW TO KEEP YOUNG.



REV. G. F. HALL.

In olden times men lived to a great age; few died under the century mark unless killed in the battle or the chase. There is no physical reason, no edict of nature, why men should not live 100 years and upward now. And yet age of itself is no virtue. Unless one can keep young in looks, feelings, actions and ambitions what pleasure can there be in merely piling up years?

I believe that the art of keeping young consists largely in the maintenance of a right attitude of the mind on the subject. The great apostle Paul laid down one of the most profound philosophical truths of the ages when he said: "As a man thinketh so is he." If a woman constantly thinks gray hairs and wrinkles she will soon have both in abundance. On the other hand, if she boldly defies spectacles, powders, paints, stays, wigs, etc., and constantly asserts to her own heart and the whole world her right to remain young, nine times out of ten she will still be a girl at 40 instead of a broken-down old woman ready for the grave.

If a man will defy old Father Time by a constant mental and physical declaration of his right to keep young and buoyant he can win in a walk. There is no use for a nervous collapse at 35 or 40. Most men chew too much tobacco, smoke too many cigarettes, drink too much liquor and live too fast every way. Too many mistake reckless dash for strenuousness. Repose is one of the greatest needs of the hour. Washington was a man of giant purpose and iron will, yet withal a man of magnificent repose. But for a little carelessness which precipitated pneumonia he might have lived to pass the century mark.

Sandow advises exercise and cold baths. This is all right as far as it goes. But a regimen which considers only the physical man is worth very little without a pure, strong mind, a clear, honorable life and a God-centered soul.

TREATING BUSINESS AS A SCIENCE.

There is a strong tendency at present to regard business as a science, knowledge of which can be reduced to principles and general laws. This means that the painfully acquired experience of individuals is being sifted, formulated, made general in application, so that it can be handed on to benefit others. In no department of business practice has there been such enormous development in the last decade as in organization, the intellectual framework by means of which a business moves, and this organization of business is now being studied as never before. It has long been known that system was an important element, but, as competition grows fiercer and fiercer, the perfection of method, of system, appears to be the very key to success.

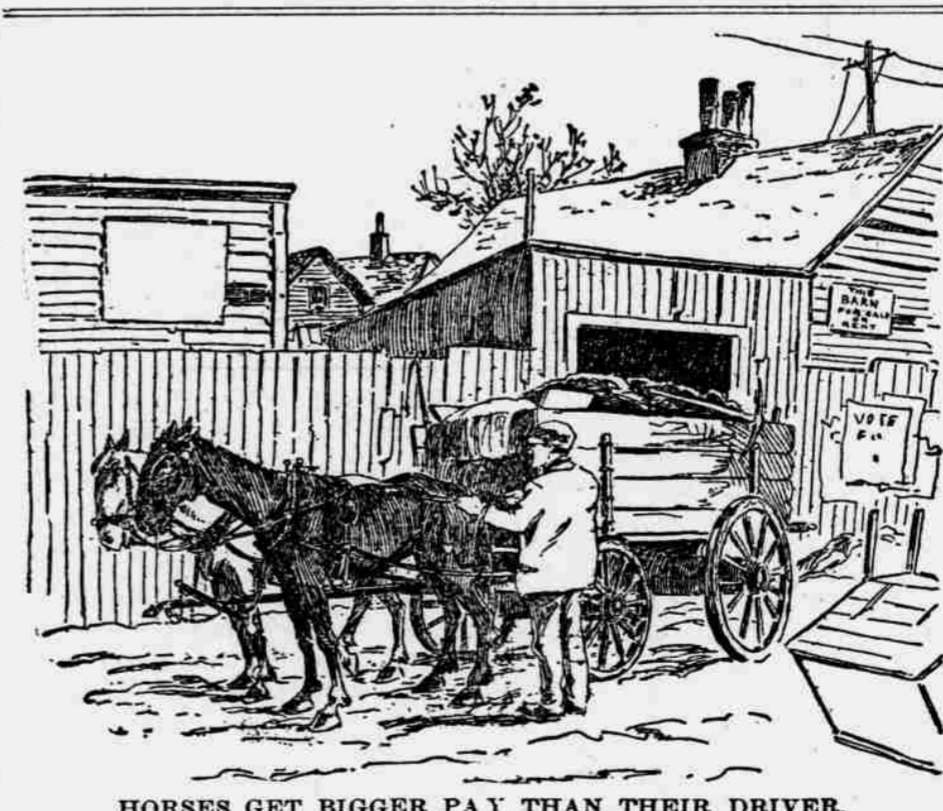
The latest development of this tendency to discard the methods of our fathers is shown in the rise of the "business doctor," who is an expert who may be called in to examine and prescribe for any business that shows symptoms of failing health. He is a graduate from the school of experience. He takes charge of everything and bosses everybody concerned. The first thing he does is to examine the working system, and he invariably finds this to be closely connected with the seat of the disease. Striving at every point to eliminate waste, he often finds it necessary to reorganize it from top to bottom. Detecting leakage here, waste of time there, he endeavors by introducing time and labor saving devices to reduce the running expenses. He teaches managers how to advertise most effectively for the least money, how to have the windows dressed, how to economize floor space, how to make two men do the work of three.

Besides examining into wastes that result from lack of

MEN CHEAPER THAN HORSES.

Famine in Horses and Rush of Work Make Them Hard to Hire.

If anyone is deceiving himself that the automobile has any chance of driving horses out of the market let him ask the teamster or bus driver, says the Chicago Chronicle. The contractor will tell the same story, giving figures to prove that the horse market was never in better shape than it is this fall and that horses were never in greater



HORSES GET BIGGER PAY THAN THEIR DRIVER.

demand. Indeed, it is much as the superintendent of one of the city bus lines said the other day: "It is a pity the automobile does not take hold of the rough work the horse now has to do. We don't need automobiles to haul the fashionable about town. We need them for delivery wagons and for dirt-hauling and for coal wagons and the like. The horse can do the best of the work himself. What he needs is something to help him with the hard work."

There are not on the market to-day enough heavy horses to do the hard work of city teaming. According to reports the price of an average team horse has doubled within the last nine months and the scarcity of teams for general hauling is alarming. Contractors are having the greatest difficulty in getting enough teams to do their work and the price of hire for a team, wagon and driver has recently advanced from \$3 to \$4 to \$5 to \$6 per day. Even at this price horses are not to be found and general teaming companies are unable to fill their orders because of their shortage in horses. Drivers and wagons are plenty enough, but it is impossible to get the horse to complete the outfit. It so happens that while a man is earning \$1.50 a day his team is earning \$3.

The superintendent of barns for a big cab company figures the cost of a

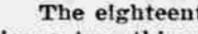
system, the business doctor looks out for possible dishonesty on the part of employees. He uses all sorts of clever devices for detecting such practices. He mercilessly prods everybody to see how much work he can get out of him. He pries into every nook and corner and into every slightest transaction till he knows just what is going on everywhere every minute. He shakes up and he shakes down the whole business, tightening a screw here, fastening a loose board there, applying to one man a tonic, to another a dressing down, always with his finger on the pulse of his patient, till finally it steadies down to a normal, healthy action.

It is not such a long stretch of years since the Dutch trader used his foot as the standard of weight in buying furs from the Indians of America. There was method in that! But we have elaborated business knowledge and methods in America since then. To-day experts and specialists in business principles are known as "doctors," and we may without undue exaggeration dignify the sifted, classified, and duly arranged substance of their special knowledge as science.

AMERICA AND THE PRESENT TIME.

I have only contempt for watery patriotism. I know men who invest abroad because they see the shadow of an anarchy and communism which is to touch their possessions. I know men who live abroad to get out from under the American avalanche. I hope they will never return. We neither want them nor do we want the offspring of such stock. What are our perils? In comparison with what we have gone through and overcome they are nothing. Our dyspeptic friends talk about the glory of the old time and how we have fallen away in manners and in morals. Early records speak of the exceeding drunkenness among the clergy of Virginia, but no such record attaches to any church in any denomination in any State, in any township, of the United States to-day.

The eighteenth century had for its inventions by Americans two things, the lightning rod and shingle nails, but the nineteenth century contributed more to the happiness of man and the glory of God than all the centuries which preceded it. General Washington's administration and his republic were rocked to the center by a whisky rebellion in a county of Pennsylvania, but in our time thirteen States and a million of men, American at that, in arms against the republic for its overthrow only placed it on firmer foundations with purer liberty. Rah for your good old times! The best time is to-day, except to-morrow.



SENATOR DEPEW.

We are all terribly alike, and every man and woman is but an imitation of some other man or woman. In literature, art, religion, we are all under the influence of some domineering power. Even in sports we are not free from imitation. Thousands of people who did not want to ride bicycles did so because they wanted to imitate the wealthy class at Newport. And of what use was their rejoicing? Now they must needs motor, and play golf, because it is fashionable to do so and the people they want to seem like enjoy these things.

We will never get rid of the fads, and we may never get rid of the imitations, but the only chance for the latter is to cultivate individuality. The way to do that is to stimulate yourselves for greater efforts by never letting a day pass without spending fifteen minutes at least with some one you feel is superior to you or by reading for that length of time in a good book.

PEOPLE OF TODAY ALL IMITATORS.

By Geo. E. Vincent.

By Senator Chauncey M. Depew.

you will find that a single horse does not hire for quite as much per day as a man does. But we never hire a single horse—we get them in an outfit—horse, wagon, harness and driver for so much. Naturally the outfit will cost more than any one part of it.

Many of the large contractors, unable to get horses to use in the work of excavating cellars, have put in large forces of men, who, with pick and shovel, are able to do the work of teams.

In the meantime if there is an automobile which will haul dirt or scrape roads or do any of the drudgery of the horses' work the equine family will no doubt welcome it. There will be plenty of work left for the horses.

Getting Hair Cut in Japan.

On returning to the hotel I indulged in a Japanese hair cut for the first time. Here you don't go to the barber shop. The barber shop comes to you. A very serious-looking young Jap with sober-hued kimono waiting upon me at my room at the hotel, and undoing his barberous instruments, deftly and skillfully executed a very good modern hair cut in a very short time.

He did not tenderly rub his hand over that little bald place on the back of the head (most all old boys have it) and enlarge on the virtues of his imitable hair restorer, and tell you how much brighter life would seem to you if you would only invest in a bottle of it, nor did he enlarge on various themes to display his conversational powers, but confined himself strictly to his professional work. In some respects Japanese barbers are preferable to those of our country.

Possibly this superiority may arise from the fact that as they do not know our language they could not indulge in the customary "airy persiflage" if they wanted to.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Hard to Make Them Do It.

First Boarding-house Mistress—I've seen it figured out that people can live on 12 cents a day.

Second Boarding-house Mistress—Ah! But you can't get them to do it.—Brooklyn Life.

Two Truths.

One of the most important things in life, my son," said the father, "is to know when to grasp an opportunity."

"And another," said the wise son, "is to know when to let go of it, I suppose."—Philadelphia Ledger.

When a woman steps off a street car, every man watching her expects to see her fall.