

# JAPANESE SOLDIERS SUPERIOR TO RUSSIANS.

## So Says Frederic Palmer, Just Back From the Front-War Correspondents Arrive at Victoria, B. C. and Speak of the Great Struggle.

(Victoria Colonist, Oct. 15.)  
R. M. S. Empress of Japan, Captain H. Pybus, R. N. R., arrived yesterday afternoon from Yokohama, and other parts of Japan and China, with a large number of passengers and upwards of 3,000 tons of Oriental merchandise, none of which was for this port. She waited here only twenty minutes, clearing for Vancouver about a quarter to five o'clock. The trip from Yokohama was made in pleasant weather, except the last few days, when head winds and a running sea added a little spice to the voyage.

Amongst the passengers were four of the most distinguished men who have passed through this port during the present year, men whose names are household words on two continents. They were Messrs. Richard Harding Davis, the famous war correspondent, novelist and playwright. He was accompanied by Mrs. Harding Davis, also a litterateur of considerable note.

E. F. Knight, the celebrated one-armed war correspondent, of the London Morning Post, a veteran who has witnessed and reported no fewer than fifteen campaigns in all parts of the world.

Mr. Frederic Palmer, special writer for Collier's Weekly, the author of many charming descriptive papers of travel, and certainly second to none of the war correspondents of the present war in the graphic power of his descriptions of the fighting, marching and other incidents of the campaign. Mr. Palmer was accompanied by his wife, and they are on their way to New York city.

George Lynch, of the London Times the correspondent who made such a brilliant record for himself during the Boxer troubles in China, and whose description of the scenes around Peking set the world talking. Messrs. Lynch and Knight are on their way to London, and it is probable that in the spring, they will report on the opening of the campaign of 1905. It is a great treat for a reporter to meet such men, for they have all the civility, the modesty, and the human nature about them which are so conspicuously wanting in many of the other celebrated persons whom it is sometimes his painful duty to meet and speak to in the course of duty.

Mr. Harding Davis is a powerful looking man, with a strong, typically American face, a face that somehow suggests the military man. He carries himself like an officer, and apart from the slight suggestion of hauteur about him he is geniality itself once the conversational ice is fairly broken.

Mr. Knight has seen too much of the terrible side of war, he has roughed it too much, to be encumbered with any of the tofthly nonsense that seems to be part of the stock-in-trade of people who have not seen a tithe of the life or experienced a tithe of the hardships that such men as Knight of the Morning Post has seen, and experienced. He talks freely of the world-shaking and geography-altering scenes which he has witnessed; the death struggle of two powerful nations, and in such manner as to force the impression that the terrible reality of it all was not lost on him.

Mr. Palmer is one of the most charming of conversationists, and he, too, speaks frankly of the wonderful things that he has been privileged to witness in the Orient. His descriptions of the great battle of Liaoyang, enabled the listener to follow the grand movements of the opposing armies; while Mr. Palmer's opinions of the Japanese private soldier and of his officers are worth having where there has been so much controversy regarding the relative merits of those men in comparison with the white soldiery of Europe and America.

Mr. George Lynch bears about him the evidences of campaigning in tropic climes, and has also the hardy, alert, keen look that all old war correspondents acquire from much campaigning.

Palmer, in conversation with a Colonist representative, spoke of the great battle of Liaoyang, which he had no hesitation in describing as the greatest battle of modern times, or perhaps in all history. He was fortunate enough to be attached to General Kuroki's army, and while every precaution was taken to see that none of the correspondents got anywhere within the firing line, both Mr. Palmer and Mr. Knight had an excellent coign of vantage from which to survey the immense field of battle. It stretched so far as the eye could see, right and left of the hill, on which the correspondents were safely ensconced, but the positions of the armies could be made out with perfect clearness.

First they witnessed the artillery duel, in which not fewer than 500 field guns, light and heavy, thundered all day and half the night for several days and nights, filling the air with shrieking shells, and the whole vast countryside with puffs of smoke and tall jets of brown earth. The air quivered with the intermittent banging until one's eardrum felt sore. It was beautiful tactical work that the Japanese did with their artillery. With wonderful precision they took position, sent their searching shells, and then, the range ascertained, raked and searched the heights, hollows and ridges where the Russians were, until battery after battery was silenced.

The Japanese artillery practice was far superior to that of the Russians in spite of the handicap of an inferior gun. The Russians have a weapon well-nigh perfect, a fifteen-pounder with a range of 1,000 yards greater than that of the Japanese guns. But the Japanese artillerymen have the enormous advantage of perfect train-

ing, a perfect powder which increase the destructive efficiency of their shells 80 per cent over the ordinary shrapnel, and they are so quick. The Russian soldier, no matter of what era, is generally a blockhead; no amount of training seems to make him efficient in the sense that the Japanese is efficient.

From the tremendous artillery battle developed the infantry engagement that makes Waterloo seem an affair of outposts and Gettysburg a skirmish. Profiting by the lessons of the Boer war the Japanese adopted a style of attack in which the individual became a great and potent factor. Such soldiery as the Japanese, with their marvelous training, intelligence, activity and daring can safely be trusted to fight the individual battle with terrible effectiveness. Mr. Palmer said the whole desire of the Japanese soldiers seemed to be to get at the foe with the bayonet.

The fine-spun theories of M. Bloch were torn to shreds in the practice of the battlefield of Liaoyang. In spite of a rifle fire that loaded the air with sheets of whistling lead of an artillery fire that seemed to rip the universe to fragments, the Japanese lines again and again got home with the bayonet on ridge and slope.

How do the Russians stand the cold steel? Mr. Palmer smiled. Very ill indeed; they are not for one moment to be compared with the Japanese as fighters. They had no chance. In those combats with the steel the Russian soldiers were simply slaughtered, butchered, massacred by their demoniacally energetic foes.

"The Japanese soldier," said Mr. Palmer, "is a born fencer; he understands the feint and slip, the side step and all that; and with a fixed bayonet in his muscular hands he is a truly terrible antagonist. The lessons imparted in the drill yards of Japan are put to bloody proof in those shocks in which the clumsy, overfed, overclothed and ill-drilled Russian moulik goes down helpless."

"Ah, but, Mr. Palmer," put in the interviewer, "the Japanese have not met the trained Russian troops from Europe; only raw Siberian levies, eh?"

"Quite a mistake, my dear sir," retorted Mr. Palmer. "They have met the flower of the Russian army; we know they have; the best men they have."

"And the results were the same?" asked the interviewer in dismay.

"Precisely," replied Mr. Palmer. "Another point, Mr. Palmer made clear. It is supposed that the Japanese greatly outnumbered the Russians at Liaoyang and that the alleged plan to capture Kuropatkin failed. On the contrary the forces were practically equal, and no such attempt as the capture of Kuropatkin was made; it could not be made where the forces were so nearly balanced. The plain, hard fact of the matter is, said Mr. Palmer, the Russians got a thorough beating, it was a defeat in every sense of the word. Of course, Kuropatkin did his best work in saving the wreck of his shattered army; but that was all."

Mr. Palmer then described the flanking movement of Kuroki's army and stamped it as one of the most brilliant feats of tactics in the annals of war. It was an exceedingly dangerous thing to do. In the presence of a more active or a more intelligent foe, it would have been suicidal, for he left a gap of five miles totally unprotected for hours. But the Russians never noticed it; they failed to seize an opportunity that would have turned a disgraceful rout and disaster into brilliant triumph. It was like a boxer who drops his hands when his adversary is within striking distance, Kuroki, however, must have had complete confidence in the slowness and dullness of the Russians to attempt so hazardous a movement.

The Japanese infantry lines have a curious method of rushing positions. They go in scattered bands of thirty or forty. They lie perdu in the moments, their Khaki uniforms blending so perfectly with the soil that they are invisible. In a moment they rise like a flock of quail, dash at sprinter speed forward to the next cover and flop altogether, just like quail settling in bracken. Again the "fit fit fit" of the rifles sputter viciously from the shelter of stones and shrubs; again the little soldier-athletes rise and speed to fresh cover. So on and on, until by some almost magical process, ten thousands brown clad warriors rise with the suddenness of a jack-in-the-box; there is a wild, blood-chilling yell, as if all the fiends from the pit had screamed in unison, and before one can realize what has happened, is happening, the ten thousands furies have raced up the slope and are butchering the grey-coated Russians, like so many maniacs. The Japanese with the cold steel, is an awful sight to see.

The only musical instrument to be seen or heard, in the Japanese camps is the military bugle; the only flag the little signal wig-wags to notify that this ridge or that summit has been gained; the little bit of ornamentation about the Japanese uniform, is the narrow scarlet riband around the shako of the Imperial Guard; the only noise heard in the Japanese camps besides the bugle calls is the voice of stern command.

The Russians have brass and reed bands. Mr. Palmer often used to hear the strains of music from their camps, across the Yalu and Taitse. They have banners and flags, and ikons for each regiment and battalion; many of their uniforms are gaudy to gaudiness; plumes wave from their helmets, and bright gleams flash from buttons, gold, silver, or brass numbers or letters. There is constant praying in the Russian camps; very rarely in the Japanese, usually Shinto or Buddhist rites over the dead. Mathematical precision marks every movement of Japanese squads, companies, battalions, regiments, divisions. There is no blundering, no waiting; no hesitating, stammering, half-taught officers to issue absurd and contradictory orders; but sharp, exact, terse commands that electrify. And every Japanese fights as if the Emperor Mutsuhito stood at his elbow, or as if the fate of Japan depended upon his individual prowess.

An incident of the Liaoyang battle was the riddling to pieces by the Japanese of the band instruments carried by the Russian bandmen. Unfortunately many of the hapless musicians were also shot to pieces.

"What do you think of Kuropatkin's latest move on the offensive?" asked the interviewer of Mr. Palmer and Mr. Knight. Both replied that it was simply suicide and could only result in the speedier destruction of the Russian armies. So long as Kuropatkin kept on going north he was increasing his chances of escape; but what he was now doing was evidently not the result of his own cool judgment, but the desperate move of a man goaded by considerations known only to himself. Both correspondents foretold the doom of Kuropatkin's force if the Russian general persisted in his present course. The Japanese would probably fight a re-trying battle until they had drawn Kuropatkin to a position prepared for his annihilation.

As for Port Arthur, Messrs. Palmer and Knight expressed the opinion that the only possible hope for its relief would be an unexpected victory for Kuropatkin in the north. That might save off what now seemed to be its inevitable fate. Mr. Palmer may return to Manchuria in the spring when the campaign will be resumed after the winter's rest.

## Morning News in Brief.

John Collins, I. C. R. policeman, has concluded his vacation and was back on duty at the station last night.

The entertainment given a couple of weeks ago in Portland Methodist church by Miss Mina Harding, elocutionist, Boston, assisted by Miss Stella Wetmore, was repeated last night to a large audience.

The St. John presbytery held its quarterly meeting, yesterday, in the parlor of St. Andrews church. Rev. J. C. Robertson was chosen as a representative for the professorship of Old Testament history at Montreal Presbyterian College. The college board will choose from the representatives of the different presbyteries. A number of calls were considered.

The water main which supplies the low service of the city, burst yesterday at the one mile house. This pipe was laid 47 years ago. The salt in the soil has so corroded the iron that some parts are more like graphite than iron, and are easily burst. The repairs were completed and the water let on shortly after midnight.

Dr. McInerney while on his recent trip to New York, contracted a severe cold, which has since enveloped into pleuro-pneumonia. He will be confined to his bed for several days.

H. Price Webber, and his company arrived on the New Brunswick Southern Railway last evening from St. George, where they have been playing the last week to very large audiences. They are to perform in Annapolis this evening.

The enquiry into the death of George Wheaton, who was killed by a flying stone, from a dynamite blast, was concluded last night before Corner D. E. Berryman. Accidental death was the verdict. Several witnesses were examined.

A meeting of those interested in athletics, was held in the Y. M. C. A. last night. Those present organized themselves into a club and elected Frank White, president; S. B. Wilson, vice-president; L. Simms, secretary; G. Whittaker, treasurer. The object of the club is to take part in amateur sport, such as hockey, basketball, and hand ball.

## CAPTAIN REECE SCORES A HIT.

### Halifax Amateurs Give a Decidedly Clever Performance at the Opera House.

"The brightest amateur entertainment witnessed in St. John for a long, long time," was the popular verdict of those who saw Captain Reece of Mantepiece presented by Halifax amateurs at the Opera house last night.

It is cleverly conceived and cleverly presented and indeed it is hard to believe that the ladies and gentlemen who help to make up its success are behind the footlights "for sweet charity's sake," alone, for it certainly bears none of the earmarks of amateurism.

The programme lasted three hours and five minutes during which time nearly every musical number in the production was encored. This is sufficient to indicate the success of the production. In the part of Captain Reece, Lieut. Commander A.K. Hill, R. N. became very quickly a favorite with his audience. His song "Tut! Tut," was one of the hits of the evening and was encored again and again. Commander Berkeley Martinet was well placed in the hands of Surgeon R. H. Mornement, R. N., who carried out the martinet idea to perfection. Lieut. Bellaye who, as he himself explains in the humorous dialogue, is juvenile lead with love songs sweet, found an admirable exponent in Lieut. Gilbert R. F.A. In the character of William Lee, A. B., Eng., Lieut. S. M. G. Beyer, R. N., was very funny, his "business" being especially good and his resource and fund of originality stamped him as a comedian of high attainment. Lord Clarence de Brown Jones the Englishman whose ideas of Canada are somewhat vague, was well portrayed by Lieut. R. G. A. his dialogue and expression being exceptionally good. Captain Campbell Todd, A. P. D., the author of the piece and to whose excellent stage management the success of the production is in a great measure due, made a hit as Macpherson McEwan who had no use for the Scott act.

Of the ladies Miss D. Foster was heard to great advantage in her songs, especially Pinky Penny Poo and Four and Twenty Little Men. Her voice is one of much sweetness with considerable power. Miss G. Siroom, as Miss Reece, was dainty and attractive. The hornpipe which she danced in act III with J. Moran was one of the hits of the evening. Mrs. Gossip found an excellent exponent in Miss B. Plunket, her song, "Dear Mamma, in act I meeting with a well deserved encore and showed her incidentally to be a graceful and finished dancer.

Mrs. J. McD. Taylor has a reputation in amateur circles which she fully maintained, her by-play and general playing of Amelie Ann Brown being exceptionally clever.

Miss D. Wise sang and danced herself into the hearts of her audience in an English Daisy and won one of the most hearty encores of the evening. Choruses, scenery and electrical effects were first class. Several admirable views of Halifax being shown.

Not if it Cost Ten Dollars  
A bottle would I be without Polson's Nervine, writes J. A. Ruth, a farmer living near Trenton, Ont. Nervine is the best household "niment" I know. We use it for stomach troubles, indigestion, headache and summer complaint. I know of nothing better to take in hot water to break up a cold, or to rub on for rheumatism or neuralgia. Every farmer should keep a few bottles of Nervine handy and have smaller doctor bills. Large bottles 25c. at druggists.

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"If there's anything I hate it's a conceited person, and that Bloyley is certainly the limit." "What makes you think him conceited?" "He told some one he knew as much as I know."—(Cleveland Plain Dealer).

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## SOME STATISTICS OF CRIMINALS.

### State Department Reports on Year's Record of Crime in Canada.

Ottawa, Oct. 19.—(Special.)—At the state department, it has been ascertained, that 196 tickets of leave were issued for the year ending with September, as against 413 in the previous year. Of the tickets granted last year eight were afterwards revoked on account of the recipients having failed to comply with the terms on which they were released. All cases are dealt with on their merits. There have been four executions for murder since the 1st of January 1904; in 1903, five criminals, paid the death penalty. One of these was an American, one a Japanese, one an Assyrian, and one a Judian.

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"My partner must have plenty of ginger in her makeup. Have you got it?" Sure. That's a snap."

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The upper and lower sections are disconnected and overlap. There is an elastic gore on each side. And so with every motion of the body there is instantaneous adjustment. This is a corset of perfect ease, superior grace, and stylish elegance. And it positively will not break at the waist.

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ST. JOHN, N. B.

says: "I take great pleasure in stating that I have used Hawker's Tolu and Cherry Balsam for the last eight years and consider it the best cough cure I ever used. I find Hawker's Liver Pills an excellent liver regulator."

### THOMAS McAVITY, ESQUIRE

ST. JOHN, N. B.

writes: "I take great pleasure in stating that I have used Hawker's Tolu and Wild Cherry Balsam in my family for years, and find it an excellent remedy for coughs and colds."

Then Take the Other Side of Politics. For Instance:

### W. S. FISHER, ESQUIRE,

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