

How He Got His Promotion

By F. A. MITCHEL

"I must get a message through to General N.," said General B. of the Japanese army to his staff during the war between Russia and Japan. "Can no one of you suggest some device by which I may do so? I have sent five couriers, and every one of them has been shot."

"Had we a balloon, general," said one, "we might succeed."

"A balloon would be riddled," replied the general.

"Has any one tried to go through in the night?" asked another.

"Yes, and failed. It is more difficult to pass at night than in the day time. In addition to running the risk of getting shot, a courier would almost surely be lost in the darkness."

"I will carry your message, general," said Lieutenant Kamura, a five foot youngster weighing some ninety pounds.

"By what means?"

"Horse."

"Horse! Most of our couriers have tried to get through in that way."

"They have not known how to be carried through an enemy's camp by a horse. I am an equestrian."

"And how will you ride?"

"In a way to avoid the observation of the enemy."

"Well, you may go inside the horse if you can get my message through."

"I have not yet decided just how I will ride. You know that the American Indians ride on one side of the horse, holding on by one hand and by one foot. If I could keep my enemy on my flank this plan might serve, but I am able to be shot at from both sides. Give me your message, general, and when you see my steed you will know all about it. I have great hopes of success."

"When will you start?"

"Tomorrow morning just before reveille. It will be after the hour when night attacks are expected and when the men except the guards are asleep."

The general gave orders that he should be carried in time to see his aid start. In the morning when he went out before his tent he saw a horse standing there with no rider. But under the horse's belly was little Kamura, face downward, strapped to the animal with bands that were concealed by the horse's trappings. He looked out between the horse's fore legs and held the reins in his hand.

"Now I am ready, general," he said. "Will you please tuck your message in my belt?"

The general did his part and, wishing his aid success, withdrew for the start. On Kamura's heels were spurs with sharp points, and he was free to kick with the lower part of his legs. A slight touch started the horse, and he made off, guided by the man under him, for the enemy's lines.

He had chosen an opportune time. The guards alone were awake. Kamura rode between two of them into the camp. Seeing a riderless horse coming, both these men ran aside to catch him, but by Kamura's skillful management and a liberal supply of spurs the horse eluded them.

So far so good. Kamura guided the animal down a road with tents on either side. Here and there a man went out before reveille and a riderless horse coming through the camp, and some of those who were near tried to catch him. But it is not easy to catch a horse that does not wish to be caught, and when he has a guide provided with spurs it is much more difficult. Kamura ran the gamut to the rear line on the opposite side of the camp, where more efforts were made to catch him. A cavalryman gave chase, but the courier had the fastest horse that could be found in the Japanese army, and on his heels were the sharpest spurs. He distanced his pursuer, and when some time later he rode up to the Japanese lines the horse's flanks were dripping blood.

The Japanese were as surprised as the Russians. They caught a wild horse and were congratulating themselves on their prize when a squeaky voice came from under his belly.

"Take me to General N.'s headquarters."

But before doing that they unstrapped Kamura and put him on the animal instead of under him, then led him to their commander. Kamura took the message from his belt and said, with the formality usual to soldiers on duty:

"General, I have the honor to hand you a message from General B."

"How did you get through from General B.'s camp?" asked General N.

"On foot?"

"No, general."

"On horseback?"

"No, general."

"By the shades of my ancestors! How did you come?"

"Horse belly."

"Horse belly! What do you mean?"

"I was strapped under the horse."

"What an idea! A splendid idea! You shall take a message back on no other horse belly."

And that's exactly what little Kamura did. He rode back through the Russian lines in the same way he had come and delivered the reply to General N., who embraced him, and when he had disengaged himself said:

"I shall send an account of your exploit to the war office at Tokyo and set for your promotion to be captain at once."

And that's the way Lieutenant Kamura became a captain.

This Time the Lawyer Scored.

A lawyer appeared before one of the New York city boards asking that damages be awarded to certain clients because of a change of grade in their street. When he had completed his argument the president said: "Mr. Blank, you ought to know better than to talk up the time of this board in this manner. You are too good a lawyer not to allow that on your own presentation of facts these people have not the shadow of a legal claim against the city." "Your remarks are fully justified," Mr. President, said Mr. Blank. "I not only expected them, but you have done me a favor by making them so pushed by his clients who seem to know more about the law than he does that the only thing he can do is to let them come up against it themselves. They probably know as much about it now as I did before. I thank you for your attention." With that he took up his books and left the room followed by a half dozen crestfallen clients.

Coast Guards in England.

Should a coast guard in Great Britain stationed at any particular place fall in love there, say, with the village beauty, his marriage is instantly followed by his transfer to another and generally far distant station. The reason for this is that in the old days when smuggling was universal at small coast towns, the marriage of a coast guard with a girl living in the locality was considered dangerous, as it might interfere with him in the discharge of his duties should any of the smuggling parties be among his wife's relatives, and a regulation was framed compelling the newly married man to be instantly transferred elsewhere. To this day, therefore, and in places where smuggling is an unheard-of practice, the unfortunate coast guard, directly after his marriage, must drag his wife away from the home of her youth and her family ties and dwell where she could have little chance of revisiting her people.

Wonderful Reasoning.

We had taken the tram at Dupont circle, and as we strung around into Connecticut avenue I said to my companion:

"Do you see that lady across the aisle?"

"You mean the left handed girl?"

"I mean the one with the blue scarf."

"Yes, the left handed one."

"My dear," I replied, "I acknowledge that you have reduced deduction to science, but surely you are justifying when you pretend to say that you can pick out a left handed girl at a glance."

"Nothing easier, my dear Watson. By glancing at her hat you will see that she is wearing an enormous fish tail and that the jeweled head of the pin is on the left side of her milliner. Nothing easier, my dear Watson—a mere trifle."—Washington Star.

Literary Coincidences.

Tennyson said of a strange literary coincidence. "A Chinese scholar some time ago wrote to me saying that in an growing off to the right, and right unknown, untranscribed Chinese poem there were two whole lines of unknown almost word for word." Byron in his "The Fleeciest spots for fifty miles monody on the death of Sheridan, and all on account of 'Little Fourty-two,' as we called the youngster. As to the boy himself, he took to old Ben in such a way that they could which an ancient Sanskrit document refers to the death of Maru, potwith, standing that Byron could never have and all the gold in California wouldn't see the document. Shakespeare have bribed the boy off his knee. At passage about love and lightning in night his arm was the child's pillow. "Romeo and Juliet," II, 2, is almost identical with a quotation from "Mister You might have expected that 'Little Fourty-two' would die on our hands, living as we did, but he never had a moment's sickness. Old Ben had a way of preparing nourishing dishes out of our coarse provisions, and from the clothing found with the wagon he was kept comfortably clad. Old crammed with a multitude of useless Ben was no dressmaker, and the boy facts may show up brilliantly on an examination, but he so clogged as to be unable to put the knowledge to practical use. We know we are raising the pedagogic's eye by too starting that there is such a thing as too much knowledge, but as a fact the world's work is being done by specialists who are densely ignorant of everything out side their respective narrow spheres—and of many things inside too.—American Medicine.

School "Examinities."

Let us remember that there is such a thing as examinations and that a brain crammed with a multitude of useless facts may show up brilliantly on an examination, but he so clogged as to be unable to put the knowledge to practical use. We know we are raising the pedagogic's eye by too starting that there is such a thing as too much knowledge, but as a fact the world's work is being done by specialists who are densely ignorant of everything out side their respective narrow spheres—and of many things inside too.—American Medicine.

Those Thoughtless Remarks.

Jinks—the biggest fool trick I ever did was once when I was ill and thought I was going to die. I sent for all my creditors and paid them in full. And then you recovered, I suppose? Jinks. No, did, you blanked idiot!—Boston Transcript.

Public Opinion.

The Ford Mother. Everybody says he is such a pretty baby. I'm sure the point was right when he said that "heaven lies about us in our infancy." The Uncle (unfeeling). But he should have added, "So does everybody else."—Life.

Just a Trifle.

"Oh, Mrs. Meyer, how do you do? It's an age since I've seen you! Any thing new with you?"

"Only my husband"—"Wagende Blatt."

There are those when God sets nothing of his children except silence and patience.—Robinson.

"LITTLE FORTY-TWO"

By M. QUAD
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Well, now, but weren't we surprised! You see, we had encountered such a run of hard luck up at Point Despair that one morning we packed up our baggage, to the last man, and set off down the trail in search of something better. I well remember—it was a hot July day, and there were exactly forty-one of us.

Seven miles down the trail we came to what was then called Uncle Joe's road, and right at the intersection was where the surprise hit us. An animal grant family had strayed from the main party for some reason which we never ascertained, and right at the crossing they had been attacked by Indians. The wagon broke down there and there the pioneer made his defense and fired his last shot. That he was game we needed no other proof than that visible to our eyes.

The family had consisted of five persons, and there they lay, hacked, cut, shot, and a shocking spectacle under that bright sun and birds singing around us. It was a horrible heap which we surrounded, and for a minute no one spoke. Then the astonishment and horror of the men brought forth deep and angry exclamations, and amid the rumpus Uncle Ben Turner suddenly called out:

"Stand back—stand back! Here's a live young'un!"

There was for a fact Half-Hidden under the torn and blood stained garments of its dead mother was a boy about two years old. What could we do with him?

We had no kisses, no pet words, no dainties nor little clothes. We looked from the baby to each other and scratched our heads, and no man knew what another man thought until finally Uncle Ben called out:

"Boys, it's a token of good luck. If this here what I've call it don't bring us a rich find then we've all forgot our homes and wives and children."

"That's what we're all waiting for. Up went our hats cheers made the rocks echo, and the little toddler was one of us, one of forty-two."

When we were ready to go he stood in the circle, screaming out as we coaxed him in turn, but when old Ben finally advanced the young cub held up his arms and nestled against his shoulder as if he had found his own true father. I believe the rest of us were a bit jealous, but we were also help less. Ben had a kind, fatherly face, a quiet voice, and the boy had only to look into his eyes to trust him.

As to the luck, the old man was right. Four miles farther down the trail the boy pointed to some flowers time ago wrote to me saying that in an growing off to the right, and right unknown, untranscribed Chinese poem there were two whole lines of unknown almost word for word." Byron in his "The Fleeciest spots for fifty miles monody on the death of Sheridan, and all on account of 'Little Fourty-two,' as we called the youngster. As to the boy himself, he took to old Ben in such a way that they could which an ancient Sanskrit document refers to the death of Maru, potwith, standing that Byron could never have and all the gold in California wouldn't see the document. Shakespeare have bribed the boy off his knee. At passage about love and lightning in night his arm was the child's pillow. "Romeo and Juliet," II, 2, is almost identical with a quotation from "Mister You might have expected that 'Little Fourty-two' would die on our hands, living as we did, but he never had a moment's sickness. Old Ben had a way of preparing nourishing dishes out of our coarse provisions, and from the clothing found with the wagon he was kept comfortably clad. Old crammed with a multitude of useless Ben was no dressmaker, and the boy facts may show up brilliantly on an examination, but he so clogged as to be unable to put the knowledge to practical use. We know we are raising the pedagogic's eye by too starting that there is such a thing as too much knowledge, but as a fact the world's work is being done by specialists who are densely ignorant of everything out side their respective narrow spheres—and of many things inside too.—American Medicine.

A Successful Hiding Place

By JOHN L. LARNED

Talking about hiding things in places no one would suspect, the way to do it is to put them in such plain view that the seeker can look right at them. A good way is to give them to him.

I never felt so much doubt as to my being fitted for detective work as once when I was fooled by an old woman crook whom I knew to be guilty of what I was trying to prove on her. My chief told me one day that a number of banknotes had been stolen from a cashier's drawer, and he wanted me to get on to the thief. I interviewed the cashier, who told me that a certain man had been in the store when he placed the bills in the drawer and saw him do it. The cashier was called to the rear for a few minutes, leaving the man where he was outside the counter. When he returned the man was gone and so were the notes.

Fortunately the cashier could give a pretty accurate description of the bills. They were all fives, all new and all on the same bank. The suspected man was arrested, but nothing was found on him but a little silver change. It was evident that he had got rid of the bills. I nosed around among his haunts for awhile, hoping to learn something. At several stores in the neighborhood I left a description of the bills and asked the proprietors to let me know if any of their customers presented one of them.

Happening in at one of these stores later on I was shown a bill answering a description of those stolen. It had been paid for groceries by an old woman who lived near, she receiving \$2 or \$3 in change. I gave the grocer another bill for it, and took it to the cashier from whom the money had been stolen. He identified it as one of the lost notes.

Investigation showed me that the old woman and the man suspected of stealing the money were known to be cronies. She was a notorious receiver of stolen goods, and there could be no doubt that she was spending the stolen money. Doubtless she had the whole or what was left of it in her possession, for the man who had been arrested for stealing it would not dare carry or pass any of it himself and would not be likely to have more than one confederate in the matter. Added to this, I was told by one of my neighbors that she knew the old woman had the money in her possession.

I preferred not to take the chances of making a slip by getting out a search warrant, so I suddenly appeared at the woman's house, locked the door on the inside and went to work. Beginning in the garret, I found it pretty dark and called on the occupant for a light. She gave me a candle, making no comment on my proceedings, what ever, taking the trouble to light it herself. Having finished the garret, I tipped up loose boards in the floor and tearing away plastering, I descended to the second story where I cankered every nook and cranny. Being an old hand at the business, I looked especially in shoes, in drawers, in stores, in deed, in any receptacle where one would ordinarily not expect a hiding place because it was in such plain view. I stretched an arm up a chimney and pulled a lot of soot down on me, but no bills. Coming on down to the main floor, I looked in closets, under carpets. In everything hollow having finished this floor, I went through the cellar, extending my candle between the joists where they rest on the brick walls and turning over everything it contained. From the peak of the roof to the cellar floor nothing was found.

Going to the main floor, I found the old woman peering out at me as I curiously as if she were not under the slightest suspicion. Placing the candle on the table, I sat down on a chair to rest and think over what I had but ter do. I did not think to blow out the candle, which had burned low. In deed, it had reached some felled paper that had been wrapped around its bottom to keep it steady in the socket, which was too large for it.

"Are you through with the light?" asked the old woman.

"Yes, I confess you've beaten me. I know there are some stolen bank notes in your possession, but I can't find them."

She blew out the candle and resumed her work of peeling potatoes.

"Tell me where the stuff is, mother," I added after some thought, "and I'll get you off."

"Oh, you'd better go over the house again. You might find it next time and you may do enough damage to make it pay me to collect from you."

She gave me a knowing look when she said this. I knew it meant some thing, but I was a trifle slow in interpreting it.

"Oh, yes," I said presently. "You should be paid for the damage I've done. How would one of the bills suit you?"

"It's worth two of 'em."

"All right. Tell me where you've got the bills hidden and I'll give you \$10 for the damage and no prosecution."

"No questions asked?"

I knew the loser of the money wished to get all of it that remained unspent, so I agreed that she needn't tell from whom she received the swag, whereupon she pointed to the candle she had given me and said:

"They're there."

They were wrapped around it.

ROUND THE WORLD

Cleveland is now 117 years old. The new Atlantic coast port of Uruguay is to be named Atlantida. Vigo, Spain, has 43,000 inhabitants who depend largely on fisheries. Mexico's first button factory has been started in Mexico City. Ecuadorian wavy nuts are used. A press weighing 12,000 tons has been manufactured in England for heading armor plate. Dean George Hodges of Harvard theological school, says the world never was socially better than it is now. Aloys Sulzer of St. Louis is protected from kidnapping by his first wife by a big bulldog provided by his second wife. India annually exports about a million pounds of fish maws and shark fins for edible purposes, mainly to other oriental lands. Chicago makers of women's ready to wear garments employ over 200,000 persons and have a yearly output valued at \$27,000,000. The British meteorological office has established a station for furnishing weather information and forecasts to aviators and aeronauts. In Chicago a young woman caused the arrest of her beau for yowling like a cat under her window to attract her attention at midnight. There are about 300 electric stations in the United States equipped with ice making plants profitably to utilize the surplus power in the summer months. The importation of cotton prints has gradually dropped to nothing in Japan, because of the increased manufacture at home of the cheaper grades of cotton goods. A new German machine cleans and sorts medicinal tablets, rejecting broken ones, and packs them in boxes of rubber at a rate of from 150,000 to 200,000 a day. Honoring the memory of John Kinzie, Chicago's first villain, a bronze tablet has been unveiled at Pine and Kinzie streets, under the auspices of the Chicago Historical society. Southern Belgium is likely to obtain a great water supply from an underground lake which was discovered a short time ago. At present it is dependent on rainwater. It is a common saying in the far east that Japan pays its national debts in raw silk and silk products. The millions of raw silk last year sold \$100,000,000 worth of these materials abroad. During a recent election in Sweden the interesting fact was revealed that only 36 per cent of the women voters were disqualified for failure to pay taxes as compared with 24.6 per cent of the men. A French society for the encouragement of national industries recently awarded a gold medal to a farmer who established a snickerkraut factory in which all the machinery was electrically driven. That an ostrich farm is of more value than a good cattle ranch is shown by an authority who puts the value of a beef animal at \$40 at five years of age, while an ostrich of the same age is worth \$300. Paraguay tea (yerba mate) is becoming a formidable rival of tea and coffee in South America. Brazil exports over \$10,000,000 worth of it last year. After coffee and rubber, it is now the most important of Brazil's exports. Pupils in a German school were recently tested as to their reading of newspapers in the highest elementary class of forty four, twenty five read a newspaper every day, fifteen at least once a week and four less frequently. An interesting new farm product, the "beetato," is a hybrid, between an Irish potato and a red beet. It has the shape of a potato, the meat being a deep purple. Great possibilities are claimed for the product as a food. A farmer at Silver Springs Station, Ore. is experimenting with the hybrid. An English case of separation is recorded where the wife waived alimony, stipulating only that she should not be disturbed in the use of a room in a house owned by her husband, where she had a machine and earned her living as seamstress. This was also inserted in the separation papers. The department of agriculture has issued the largest water power permit ever issued by that body, granting rights to the Pacific Light and Power company of Los Angeles to operate power plants in the Sierra national forest. It will carry electric power 240 miles to Los Angeles and vicinity. There are more deaths than births in Prussia, and the only augmentation of the population is by illiterates from the near east. France has just voted large grants to parents who have more than two children, and it is considered likely that other states suffering from the loss of native population may do likewise. It is shown that the Mysore infant marriage prevention regulation has caused a decrease of infant marriages in the state. In 1831 there were 18,677 such marriages, but in 1901 there were reduced to 7,130, and now the last census gives the number of girls under ten years of age, who were married during the decade as only 2,664. Alaskans say that indiscriminate slaughter soon will drive the whales out of the North Pacific, and that this will result in the destruction of the salmon industry. Countless millions of herring, now driven close to shore by the whales, will stay out in the deep water, they declare, and the salmon, which live on the herring, will stay out in deep water with them, except in the spawning season.

Musical Possibilities.

Modern composers who lack the faculty of creating original melodies sometimes try to console themselves with the reflection that the melodic possibilities have been exhausted. How far this is from being true Dr. Ralph Dunstan has shown: "Even with such a short musical form as the Anglican single chant, which consists in its simplest statement of the notes, no less than 60,000,000 different melodies are possible, without regarding the multitudinous differences formed by passing and auxiliary notes, harmonies and rhythmic accentuation. Supposing only one in a hundred of these tones to be musically interesting, we have a possible repertory of 600,000 single chants. And if this be true of such a simple and restricted form of melody, with what overwhelming force does it apply to longer and more important compositions!" The chromatic scale yields over 4,000,000,000 possibilities in the construction of melodies.—Chicago News.

London's First Stone Bridge.

London only gained its true position and importance when the first bridge replaced the ferry across the Thames. The first stone bridge there seems to have been begun in 1176; there had previously been a wooden structure. It is said that King John, pleased with the bridges that he saw in France, brought over a skilled French workman, and he decided to raise the necessary revenue from the rent of houses built upon this bridge. Its arches were narrow, sometimes causing accidents to boats passing beneath; and occasionally whole blocks of houses, falling into disrepair, would topple over into the stream. There were twenty arches, one forming a draw bridge. Many reasons made a draw bridge desirable—not only the passing of masted vessels, but the power of raising it against an enemy.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Air Pressure in Tunnels.

The effects of air resistance are well shown in the twelve and a half mile Simpson tunnel, where an exceptionally high amount of energy is required for running the electric trains. The tunnel, which is fifteen feet wide and eighteen feet high, with a sectional area of 250 square feet, has a ventilating current of 3,530 cubic feet of air per second, maintained by two blast fans at the Brugue end and two exhaust fans at Iselle. Trains going with this current encounter less resistance than in open air up to fifteen and a half miles an hour, but at higher speeds or in the opposite direction the resistance is much greater than outside. Causing by gravity down the seven per 1,000 maximum gradient, the train, even though going with the current, cannot exceed thirty five miles an hour on account of the braking by the air.

Queer Tricks of Memory.

In later life Emerson's memory played him some strange tricks. James Cabot, his biographer, says that he met him one day in the streets of Boston apparently at a loss for something and asked him where he was going. "To dine," said Emerson, "with an old and very dear friend. I know where she lives, but I hope you won't ask her name." Then he went on to describe her as "the mother of the wife of the young man—the tall man—who speaks so well," and so on until Cabot guessed to whom he was referring. This falling led to a pathetic scene at Longfellow's funeral. After gazing long at the face of his lifelong friend as he lay in his coffin Emerson said to a bystander, "That gentleman was a sweet, beautiful soul, but I have completely forgotten his name."

An Old Ruse.

The influence of women in Louis XV's day was all powerful. The men, in consequence, feared them. It became the custom for women to dash about Paris in cabriolets, driving often somewhat rashly, and increased accidents were put down to this cause. Gabriel de Sartines, minister of police, dared not forbid any woman to drive in Paris, so he caused an edict to be issued prohibiting their doing so until they were forty years old. "After this declaration," notes Mrs. Bearne in "A Court Painter and His Circle," "there was not a cabriolet to be seen driven by a woman."

Hot Remedy.

Cayenne pepper is said to be a reliable and effective means of preventing seasickness. A slice of bread is first buttered and sprinkled with the pepper and is then folded over so that it can be eaten without burning the mouth and throat.—Popular Mechanics.

One of the Family.

Mrs. Duff to new maid—But, Mary, there are only two in the family, Mr. Duff and myself. Why have you set Dufls for three? The New Mind—Sure, it was the cook that told me Harper's Weekly.

Her Yearning.

She—Do you love me as much when you are absent from me? He (ferreted)—I love you more, darling. She—Oh, why can't I be with you then?—Boston Transcript.

Equality in Iceland.

Men and women are political equals in Iceland. The nation numbers 70,000 people and is governed by representatives elected by men and women together.

On the great clock of time there is but one word—Now.

RECEIVED