

JAPANESE SEEK TO RENDERS PORT ARTHUR IMPREGNABLE

Defenses Being Reconstructed on a New Plan and the Town is Practically Given Over to the Military Authorities.

In view of the renewed interest in Port Arthur... Gen. Stoesel, it may be interesting to translate from the Voice of Russia...

He says that Port Arthur and Dally have changed very much since the war. Under Russian rule Port Arthur was an international town...

But suddenly something happened. All at once Port Arthur became a city of the dead. Business men quietly abandoned their shops...

The whole fortress is being reconstructed on a new and unworkable plan. The fortifications are being extended beyond their old limits...

The old redoubts are not destroyed, but all useful material in them has been moved to other sites. In the construction of the fortress great attention has been paid to the selection of the best positions...

Trials are carried on more and more frequently at night with the help of powerful searchlights...

As for Dally, it is strongly fortified on the landward side, the entire environs of the village of Loukski having been fortified...

The numerous barracks in Port Arthur and Dally are full of troops and great stores of grain, fodder, beans, etc. have been collected...

Lately parties of Japanese officers come frequently from Japan to visit the ground, not only at Port Arthur but also at Dally...

Often Danned, Seldom Out. There is no other country in the world in which the words "business failure" mean so little as in America...

Regular Feud. "Yes," sighed the suburban man who had just moved in...

A Careful Evasion. "I thought you told me Rodicus was playing a chief part in that party."

"Well, it was an Indian chief, wasn't it?"

Musings of the Metropolis

News of New York Town Outlined in Brief Form.

Sad Blow to Fashionable School Girls

Teachers that she must not wear such a hat to school. Another pupil reported a confiture with little artificial flowers...

These instances aroused great indignation among the girls in the matter of dress, until the decision was reached to tell them that there must be moderation...

"Merry Widow" hats, or hats of extremely large proportions, or trimmed in a conspicuous manner; hair ribbons of conspicuous color, false half of any kind...

For months the question of proper dress has agitated the pupils and interested the teachers. A certain clique has been the habit of going to class in raiment that verged upon the extremely fashionable type...

Hotels Which Strictly Bar Outside Food

day a man was caught bringing a bottle of milk into the front door and was requested to leave the place.

If you live by the year in one of these fashionable apartment hotels that run a restaurant in connection with the room, you cannot take food into your room...

The man who courted the police and the man who was stopped by the manager who had collected all the baskets of provisions brought to the hotel...

All Servants Affected by "Hard Times"

WHILE the recent "hard times" have not solved the servant problem, they have revolutionized it in some of its aspects...

The average wages paid to cooks obtained through agencies that supply the wealthier families have been reduced from \$10 to \$14 a month...

The remainder of the report, taking the different classes of labor separately, gives pessimistic totals, showing a decline in practically all branches a reduction has been found.

"Dead Man's Curve" New Danger Center

THE DEAD "OAT MEAL KING." Ferdinand Schumacher Conferred Favor on Posterity.

Ferdinand Schumacher, the dead "oat meal king," deserves more than a double share of honor...

"Dead Man's Curve," the spot at which for many years and under the name of being the most dangerous point in the city...

Statistics show various other danger centers throughout the city, including the Grand Central station, Sixth avenue and pedestrian crossings...

Chinese Crowding Vladivostok. An increase of 40,000 in one year to the Chinese population of Vladivostok...

Tool of Many Uses. During the present army maneuvers the French troops are using for the first time an instrument which for its purpose of adaptation probably adopted a record...

try to speak with his voice. Drop your chin. You are not a man. You are no more like him than I am.

"Betsy or Hypocrite," I quoted bitterly. "Make it strong, please." I had thought myself in a right place in the row as I looked at it...

"Nothing has happened," I said calmly, determined at last to braven it out. I could not tell her the truth...

"Oh, I wouldn't dare breathe it to you," said the other. "But I'm sure I shouldn't sleep a wink tonight." And they moved away.

I interrupted Mrs. Bowser to explain that I must speak to Mrs. Knapp and made my escape as some one stopped to pass a word with her.

"Oh, my dear, you must come again soon. We miss you when you stay away. Don't let Mr. Knapp keep you too closely."

I professed myself happy to come whenever I could find the time, and looked about for Luella. She was nowhere to be seen...

"Oh, Miss Knapp," I said. "I had the arrangements for you. I find no essay to make, and I heard one of the low voices behind me:

"Now this is a profound secret, you know. I wouldn't have them know for the world that any one suspects. I just heard this week myself."

"Oh, I wouldn't dare breathe it to you," said the other. "But I'm sure I shouldn't sleep a wink tonight." And they moved away.

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SYNOPSIS

Giles Dudley arrived in San Francisco from his trip to the States and met Henry Wilson, whom he was to assist in an important matter...

"But I suspect Mr. Knapp makes whirlpools instead of swimming into them," I said meaningly.

"At Henry," I said sadly, "how often have I told you that the best plan may come to ruin in the market."

"I'm thinking," I said smiling, "that Mr. Knapp would rather lose a million dollars than a gold mine at the end of the journey."

"Perhaps, but you're not telling me what Mr. Knapp is doing with the money."

"No doubt," she said with a trace of sarcasm in her voice.

"And here he comes to do it, I expect," I said, as the tall figure of the King of the Street appeared in the doorway opposite.

"I'm afraid I shall have to depend on the newspapers," she said. "Mr. Knapp is as much afraid of a woman's tongue as you are."

"Who are you?" broke from her lips almost fiercely.

"I was completely taken aback, and stared at her in amazement with no word at command."

"You are not Henry Wilson," she said rapidly. "You have come here with his name and his clothes, and made up to look like him, and you try her equal before her."

"I started to express my satisfaction when she interrupted me with the question: 'Who are you?'"

"I was a man I should be bewitched by, and I was ashamed to look at her. I saw no sign of skulking figures before the car swept past the corner and blotted the street from sight."

The idea of going back to Henry Wilson's room at this time of the night, and of being seen by the neighbors, was a chilling prospect.

"I am afraid, Miss Knapp, you are not well tonight," I said thoughtfully.

"I had thought you spoke with Henry Wilson," she asked directly. "Don't

