

# CARPENTER AT PORT ARTHUR

HE LOOKS OVER THE  
BATTLEFIELD OF THE  
WORLD'S LAST GREAT  
WAR.

## CARPENTERS LETTER

PORT ARTHUR, Manchuria, June, 1909.—I spent this morning on Quail hill, where the Japanese are erecting a memorial in honor of their heroes who died at Port Arthur. This hill is a saddle-shaped elevation which rises to a height of 1,000 or more feet out of the arena of the amphitheater in which Port Arthur is located. It faces the narrow entrance to the harbor where the Japanese and Russian gunboats shivered and were scattered, and about it may be seen the hills forming the rim of the amphitheater upon which were the fortifications taken one by one by the Japanese during the siege.

It is right upon its top that the monument is now going up. A great temple of silver gray granite, it will be about 500 feet high and will cost almost \$200,000. The stone for it is coming by shipload from Ehimonosaki, Japan, and hundreds of huge granite blocks are now scattered about the harbor and at the foot of the hill. Many of them are as large as a library table, and not a few weigh several tons each. A cable road has been constructed from the harbor to the site of the monument, and a steam engine drags up the blocks on low cars.

The monument is already about one-third completed. The pedestal has been finished and the first series of Ionic columns erected. The scaffolding about the structure can be seen for miles around Port Arthur, and the monument will command both land and sea. When I visited it today 200 Chinese masons were chiseling at the stones and the great blocks were rapidly rising into place. The work is being done by Manchurian Chinese, under Japanese overseers.

## TWENTY-TWO THOUSAND HEROES.

I have visited the world's most famous monument from the mighty shaft to Washington, which rises from the base of the Potomac in our own capital city and the great sarcophagus of Napoleon in Paris, to the gigantic boulders on the Rhodanian Hills, which mark the grave of Cecil Rhodes, but I have seen nothing so impressive as this. At one end of the mighty elevation stands the monument; and at the other end, perhaps 800 feet distant, is a Chinto shrine of this same silver gray granite, under which lie the bones of more than 22,000 Japanese heroes, who were killed at Port Arthur. The platform upon

which the shrine stands is reached through a great copper bronze torii, and at each side of the latter is a granite lantern, like those one sees at Nikko and about the other shrines of Japan. The same stone platform must be more than 100 feet square, although the shrine itself is comparatively small. These two monuments cover the whole top of the hill. They are reached by military roads, which wind their way up the mountain, and also by steps for foot passengers.

## BATTLEFIELDS OF PORT ARTHUR.

Come with me to the foot of the monument and take a bird's eye view of the battlefields of Port Arthur, as they lie here in this quiet year of our Lord, 1909. We are right in the midst of the amphitheater in which, for eight months, day and night, went on the greatest gladiatorial show the world has yet known. Just under us is the harbor which was filled with the Russian gunboats, and on its shores are the old and new towns which were occupied by the soldiers during the siege. On that sea, outside, lay the blockading Japanese squadron sending its shrieking shells at the ships and the city. On the hills all about us were Russian soldiers, and on their opposite sides, the Japanese armies, crawling and plowing and tunneling their way to the forts. The story of how, inch by inch, every bit of the ground was fought over and how at last Japan was successful has been told in song and story; and you may find it today in the books describing the war. I doubt, however, whether any such story can show the real wonders of the defense and attack, or the heroism of both bodies of troops.

The country about here is much like the bare hills of Montana or Colorado. It is dry and thirsty. There is no vegetation except scanty grass, with here and there a bit of scrub oak. The fighting was all in the open, and the fortifications had to be thrown up out of rock, gravel and disintegrated stone. The tunnels, made by the Japanese, were not through earth, but through rock, and in undermining the forts they could go but a few feet a day. Nevertheless, while overlooking these hills one sees scores of miles of such trenches. The work on the embankments reminded you of the great Chinese wall; and the hundred miles and more of military roads which the Russians built to reach their various fortifications impress one with the vast sums which they spent, all in vain. Their forts were of concrete, reinforced with iron, and they embraced a circle of more than 10 miles. They made Port Arthur, the strongest fortress ever besieged.

Today all of the forts erected for land defense are in ruins. The Japanese do not intend to repair them, and the only work they are doing is upon those facing the sea. They had added to and strengthened the fortresses on Golden Hill and the Tiger's Tail, and they pro-



DEDICATION OF THE SHINTO SHRINE.

hibit strangers from visiting the battlefields along the coast.

As to the other parts of Port Arthur one may go anywhere, provided one leaves his camera at home. There are scores of droschies which were brought in by the Russians, and are now owned by Chinese. These are hauled by little Manchurian ponies, and they will take you all over the country at 25 cents an hour or for a little more than \$2 a day.

## MOTHER EARTH'S FACE POCK-MARKED.

During my stay here I have visited many a nick, the battlefields and have tramped over the hills where the severest fighting took place. The grounds are scarred by iron shot and the face of old mother earth has been pock-marked by the siege. The shells were thrown everywhere, and some of them went deep into the ground. As soon as the fighting was over the Chinese by the thousands swarmed over the landscape and gathered up every bit of lead and iron in sight. They even dug up the shells. Often they would find one which had not been exploded, and would innocently pound on the cap with a pick. The result was another big hole in the earth, and the almond-eyed diggers scattered over the landscape in places.

Today it is difficult to find large chunks of shell, although there are innumerable bits of iron about the forts, as well as all sorts of relics of the Japanese and Russians. There are army bibbons, torn caps and coats and pieces of the barbed wire which, charged with electricity, entangled the soldiers as they climbed the hills and burned them to death. I saw rotten sundrags and tattered hats worn by the Russians here and there about one of the forts, and I picked up a pocketful of splinters from the shells which the Japanese had thrown.

## THE HORRORS OF WAR.

The terrors of the siege are shown by the museum in Port Arthur. The government has collected relics from the various battlefields and placed them in a big building outside the old town. They have made models of two forts, which show the devilish ingenuity that both the Japanese and Russians used in destroying one another. There are great coils of the barbed wire which was connected with powerful batteries inside the fortifications, and such soldiers as blundered against it in the dark were sure to be killed. There were 30 kinds of hand grenades, filled with nitroglycerin. They look like miners' lamps, but when thrown they really lit the way to death.

The Japanese had wooden guns, 10 or 12 inches in diameter, which they carried with them into the trenches. Their projectiles for these were cans of Shimose powder holding from a pint to two quarts, and they caused terrible destruction. They had also squares of deal board which were buried a few inches below the surface. Attached to these were tubes of acids so connected by wires that they exploded as the troops stepped on the boards, throwing a whole company into the air.

Here also are the mines which were used on land and sea. These are acorn-shaped from shells as big as a bushel-basket, which would blow up a ship at sea or destroy a company or a regiment upon land.

The museum has every kind of shell, from some as high as one's shoulder down to little fellows the size of your finger. It has Japanese flags, which the Russians used to entice their enemies within reach of their guns, and a Japanese kite which they used to test the wind before sending up their balloons. It has pieces of silk which they employed during the latter part of the siege to make sandbags, and steel picks of all kinds, from new ones, fresh from the stores, down to some which are worn to the length of one's thumb by digging the rocks in the fort tunnels.

## HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING.

Much of the fighting was hand to hand. In tunneling into the forts the Japanese and the Russians were often close to one another, and they remained so for days, separated only by ramparts of sandbags. As I looked at one of the ports a Japanese officer pointed out a tunnel in which he said he had fought for several days with his fellows, the Russians being on the other side. "He wait, so close that the troops could hear one another talk," said the officer.

"We joked with each other, using one of our men as an interpreter, and we even passed brandy and tobacco over the sandbags," he said.

"How did the Russians fight?" I asked.

"They fought bravely, but the odds were against them in that their common soldiers did not know what they were fighting for. They did not care for Manchuria, and they had no faith in their emperor. Every Japanese esteemed it an honor to die for his country, and the most of us would rather have died than been defeated."

## ROOSEVELT AND THE JAPANESE.

"But would not the Russians have beaten you if the war had gone on much longer?" "I do not know," was the reply. "We were in a bad way when the hostilities were suspended. Our money was almost used up, and it is doubtful if we could have kept on fighting. Indeed, we owe everything to your President Roosevelt. It was his offer of peace that saved us, and I can tell you we

appreciate his work at that time. The Japanese worship him, and if he ever visits Japan we will just kill him with kindness in showing our gratitude."

Just here I would say that I have heard many such expressions concerning Theodore Roosevelt. He is a hero to the Japanese, and they cannot speak of him too highly. His biographies, printed in their language, have been sold by the thousands, and even the school children know all about him. During a call upon Prince Ito a few months ago his excellency referred to Mr. Roosevelt in the highest terms. He said: "Theodore Roosevelt is a friend of Japan and we honor him much." The prince thereupon ordered his servant to bring in a photograph of the ex-president. It was originally of cabinet size, which Mr. Roosevelt had sent to Prince Ito with his autograph at the foot conveying his regards. The photograph had been enlarged to more than life size, and it was beautifully framed. Prince Ito ordered it placed on a chair facing us, so that our ex-president seemed to be a part of the interview.

## A BOOM CITY BUSTED.

The Port Arthur of today makes me think of one of the inflated towns of our great west after its boom has exploded. Just before the war began the Russians were preparing to make it one of the finest cities of Asia. They had erected enormous buildings for their officials and were putting up residences to correspond. Merchants and other private citizens were doing like-

wise. New structures were going up everywhere, and houses of 50 and 60 rooms were being erected. In the new town, which formed the Russian residence section, a dozen or so of such buildings, with the scaffolding about them, are still to be seen. Some are finished to the roofs and others to the first floors only. They have not been touched since the war and are going to ruin.

Such residences as were completed can now be rented for a few dollars a month. Just opposite my hotel stands a brick house of three stories which contains 50 rooms. It probably cost \$75,000 to build, and it could be rented today for \$50 a month. Adjoining it is another residence which is still larger. It is occupied at a rental of \$35. On the hill behind me are the foundations of a Russian cathedral which, if completed, would be as large as any church building in the United States. It was about ready for the walls when the war occurred and it was stopped forever. A new hotel which had been erected in the old city was turned into a hospital during the siege. It is now the property of the Japanese Red Cross and is used as a hospital for the Japanese.

The Japanese officials occupy many of the Russian public buildings. The civil officers of the Manchurian government are in a gray structure in the new town; the military department is in a white building farther back and the Russian naval offices,

which covered an acre or so, are to be turned into a Japanese military academy. The hotel in which I write this letter is the once famous restaurant known as Saratoff, in which the Russian officers gambled away thousands of rubles and drank their vodka. It has the same barroom and the same Odessa billiard table, but the vodka has disappeared and a Japanese bartender dispenses saké instead. Japanese girls wait upon you in the dining room and Japanese boys act as your chambermaids. The hotel belongs to the South Manchurian railway, which is now a Japanese corporation, and it has become a most orderly place.

## GRAND PIANOS FOR \$25.

I had a talk, this evening with an official who was here when Port Arthur fell. He tells me that the Russians were crazy to get away, and that furniture of every kind went for a song. "Sofas, tables and chairs could be had for the asking, and grand pianos brought \$25 apiece. Costly hangings were thrown out into the streets, and some of the houses were left to rot by their owners. After we took possession I found our soldiers tearing up valuable books, and using them for fuel or throwing them out into the snow, and I brought the general in charge to allow me to go through the town and save the libraries. He did so, and as he saw how many books there were gave me a detail of soldiers to bring them in. We collected altogether about 20,000 volumes. The most of them were in Russian, but there were a thousand or so in French and English. Several hundred were in Italian, and some Chinese and Japanese. There were nine sets of encyclopedias, all Russian or German, and a great many musical books.

I tried to catalogue them, classifying them first by languages, and later by subjects. The most of the volumes were fiction, but there were many scientific works. There were Russian translations of Shakespeare and Dickens, and also of Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad." The Russians had every luxury here. They lived well and at the close even better than we Japanese; for by the terms of our capitulation we gave them fresh meat, although we were living on canned stuff ourselves. Nevertheless we could not satisfy them."

## OLD PORT ARTHUR VS THE NEW

The Port Arthur of Russia was far different from that of Japan. In the old days there were soldiers everywhere. Military officers, dressed in big caps and long coats, swaggered through the streets. There was a large garrison, everything was booming and money and drink flowed like water. A circus building was erected in which all sorts of shows were held, and there were famous cafes and restaurants. Today the circus has been turned into a bazaar, and about two score Japanese women sell all sorts of goods at the booths within it. The soldiers have disappeared. The Japanese have only one regiment here, and nothing like as many troops as to be seen as in the towns of Korea or even Japan.

As far as business is concerned, the city is dead. It consists of about 5,000 Manchurian Chinese, and the military and civil officials of the Japanese government. The Chinese are poor, I see

full-grown men going around with baskets on their shoulders picking up the droppings of excrement from the whole day are equal to a half basket of such stuff he must be poor indeed.

The Chinese do the rough work of engaged in getting out the blocks of stone with which the Russians sank their merchant vessels when they knew that Port Arthur must fall. More than 30 ships were destroyed in that way; some thousands of stone blocks being used for the purpose. The Japanese are sending these blocks home for their public schools. One will be erected as a monument in each place, to keep alive the memory of the heroes of Port Arthur.

"Will your people continue to hold question of a high Japanese officer.

"Yes," was the emphatic reply. "We shall hold on to Korea as long as there is a bone in a soldier's leg to stand upon the soil. We are in Manchuria to stay, and we will before we will allow either the Chinese or Russians to drive us away."

## JAPAN'S MONUMENT TO RUSSIAN DEAD.

At the same time, I find a kindly feeling for the Russians among the Japanese. They have erected a little granite temple with a Greek cross upon its top as a monument to the dead among their enemies who fell at Port Arthur. This is situated on a low hill about two miles from the city, and surrounded by the graves of thousands of Russian soldiers. There is a brick wall inclosing several acres about the monument. In this space the officers are buried, the grave of each being marked with a stone or iron cross. Outside on the slopes of the hill stands a thicker of white wooden crosses rising to the height of a man's shoulder, and marking the graves of the privates. The inscriptions on the monument are in Japanese and Russian, and they state that the memorial was erected by the emperor of Japan in honor of the bravery of his great enemy, the Russians. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

## STARVED TO DEATH.

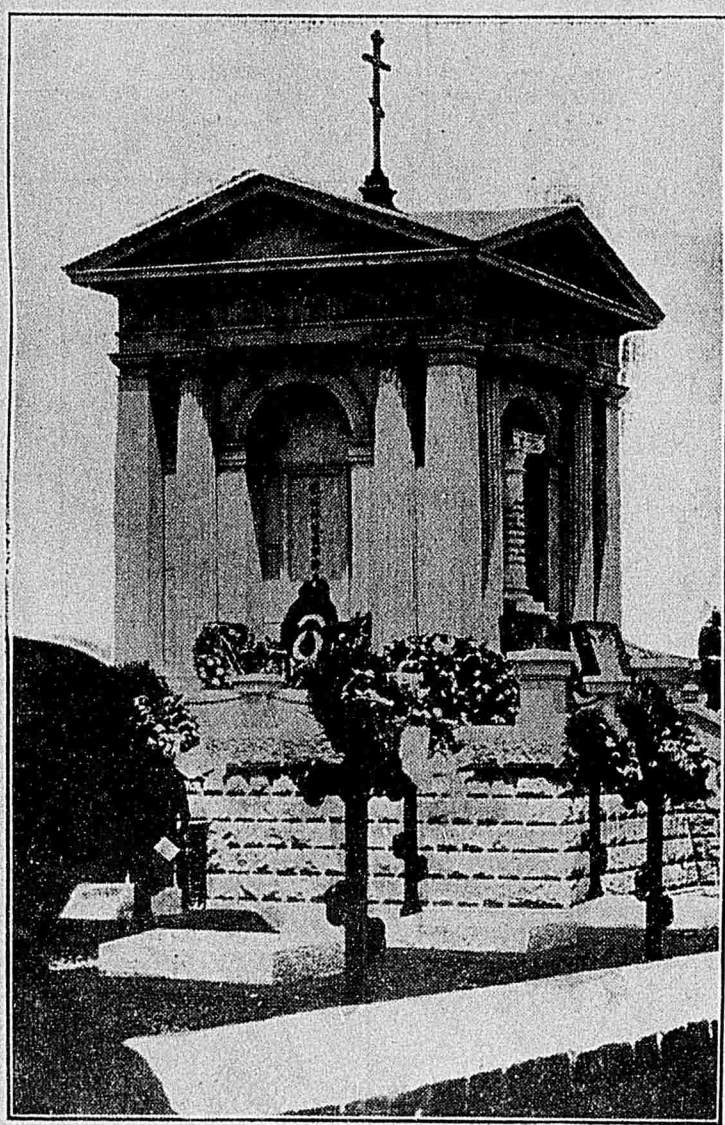
It is what could truthfully be said of many children who die. They have worms, poor little things—they don't know it and you don't realize it. If your child is cross, fretful, irritable, picky and loses weight for no apparent reason, give it White's Cream Vermifuge. You will be surprised at the results and how quickly it picks up. Sold by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept., 112 and 114 South Main St., Salt Lake City. R

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IN HONOR OF THE RUSSIAN DEAD.



Photo by Shipley.

## THE GOLD HOTEL

Luxuriously furnished, equipped with every convenience and comfort, and, above all, admirably situated to attract the patronage it seeks, the New Gold Hotel at 26 South West Temple street is one of the most attractive stopping places in the whole city. Being less than a hundred yards from the Temple grounds, it is already proving to be a most inviting resort for tourists and for the numerous young couples that come to this city to be married; and, indeed, in quietude and dignity it is made to conform especially to their needs.

In a brand new building and with bath, steam heat, electric lights and hot and cold water in every room, it has about it more of the serenity of the heartstone than the restlessness of an hotel. In fact some rooms are veritable bridal chambers. One, a beautiful suite, is furnished in Tuna mahogany, with Axminster carpets and comely brass fixtures; another is in birds eye maple and still another in oak. No chateau could be more charming. Verily the "Gold" is well named for in it is seen nothing but the best.

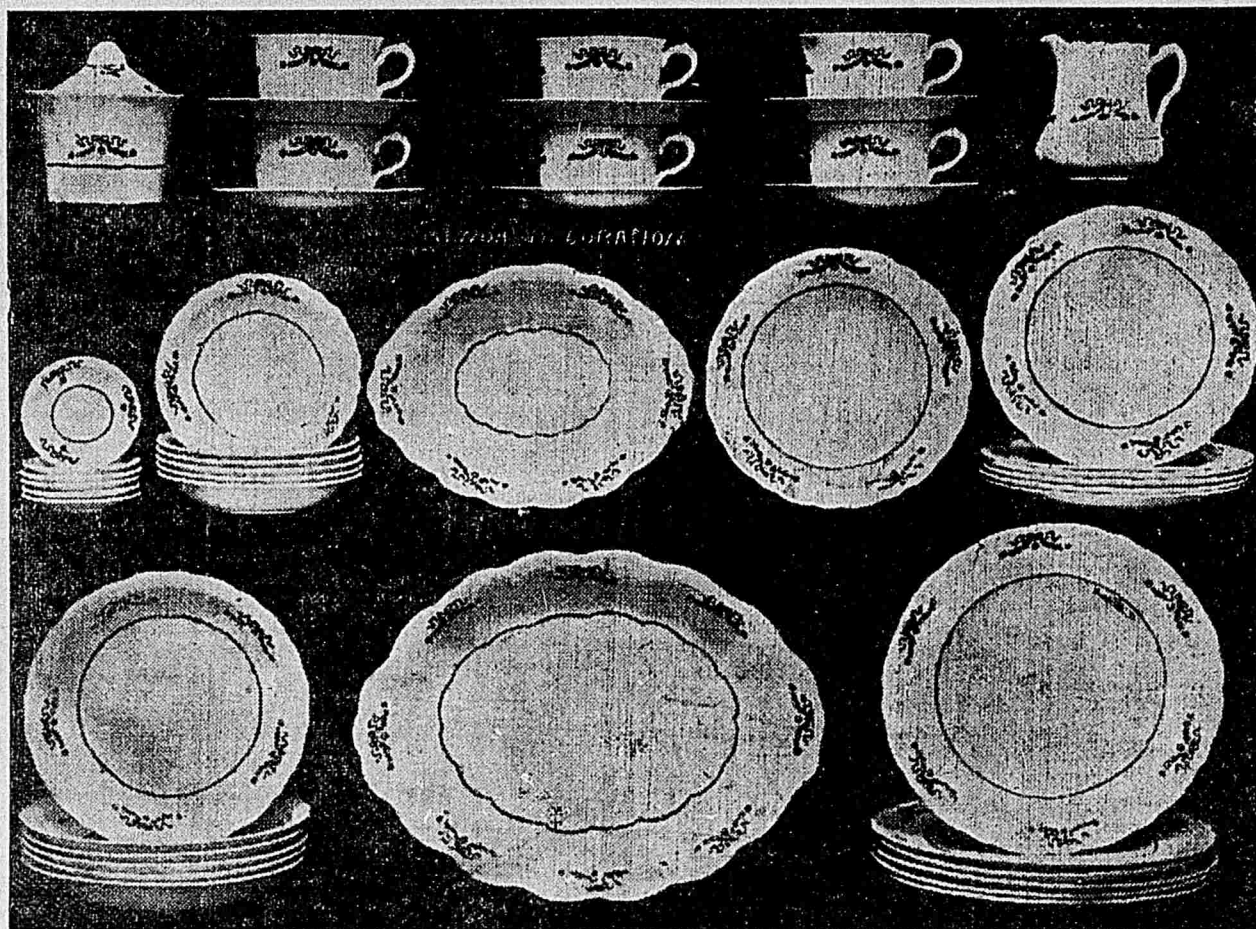
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