

A black and white portrait of a man with a beard and mustache, wearing a suit and tie. The image is framed by a thick black border. The man has dark, wavy hair and a full beard. He is looking directly at the camera. The portrait is set against a white background. The man is wearing a dark suit jacket, a white shirt, and a dark tie. The tie has a subtle pattern. The overall style is that of a classic portrait photograph.

elson. Forrest did not consider it feasible, and argued against it. Wheeler overruled him and an attack was made. It failed, and Forrest's brigade suffered heavily. Never afterward would he serve under Wheeler. He quarreled, too, with Gen. Van Dorn, and a duel between them at one time seemed likely. Later on he lost all patience with Gen. Bragg, and when that general took his brigade from him he went to Bragg's headquarters, denounced him as a scoundrel and a coward, and threatened to hold him personally responsible if ever he interfered with him again.

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Forrest was a fury in those days. Probably he resented the fact that his successes in the field had made him so successful in the court that he was considered the warranted. In April, 1863, he had gone in pursuit of Streight's raiders. Col. Streight, with a picked force of 2,000 cavalry, had been sent by Rosecrans and Garfield to dash through northern Alabama and cut the railroad between Nashville and Mobile. Streight and Forrest had a running fight. Over plains and mountains and through dense forests they fought and won. Occasionally where an ambuscade was favorable, but day after day and night after night they fought and won near each other. At Rome, Ga., Streight was forced to surrender. His men were so exhausted that a large number of them were asleep in the saddle. Forrest's men were almost as badly off. For seventy-two hours they had been in the saddle. They were given no special rest for the horses. The force that surrendered was twice as large as that which Forrest commanded.

A curious sidelight on Forrest's character is afforded by an incident that occurred the day after Streight's surrender. When the news of the surrender reached his success, but he played for hours with a boy two years old, and when he rode to the front of the camp he sat on his saddle with him for several miles.

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It was within two weeks of the capture of Streight that Forrest came within an ace of being murdered by one of his officers, whom he had treated harshly. The man was a Kentuckian, and a native of the groins. Forrest caught his assailant by the hand which held the pistol and then, opening a penknife with his teeth, he ripped the man open. Then he went out, had a surgeon examine his wound, and then he returned. The man who had wounded he seized a pistol and raced out, bleeding as he was, to make sure of the death of the man who shot him. Forrest did not die, but the other man did.

So soon as he was able to get about again Forrest was in the saddle. He opened and closed the fight at Chickamauga, and he was the victor. He fought with an inferior force, he signally defeated the army commanded by Gen. William S. Smith. Many of the men serving under Forrest in this campaign were young slaves, never having been in the confederate. To check desertion he commanded two platoons of Negroes. He had their rifles dug, galloways built and men standing alongside their coffins with the ropes dangling above them. Then he rode into the desert and never to be in battle.

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For what was known generally as the Fort Pillow massacre Forrest got the reputation throughout the north of being a

lent work. Women may study medicine, law, pictorial arts, technical history—even commerce and agriculture. Not a few have done it and passed the examinations. They are free to engage in these professions. There are not many women as yet practicing medicine, but there are scores of well trained nurses who have peculiarly useful and humane life among the sick.

"As to the occupations in general of the women of Japan, I may say that matrimony and being good wives and mothers are the spirit of the advanced movements, the favorite occupations of women. The sexes are almost equally proportioned and the chances for the

content to be industrious housewives and to their husbands' interests and to the welfare of their children. Yui takes away a large percentage of the 'women with missions,' of which I hear much talk in the press and telegraph countries. But there are numbers employed in the silk, cotton and paper mills. Woman teachers are not numerous, as such the Japanese girl is in demand.

"We have also the dainty little maiden, who has not gone very far in her studies, and who is employed in the telegraph and telegraph offices. Girls, clerks in bazaars and other mercantile houses have recently made their appearance in the streets. They are, however, not yet employed eminently successful as well as attractive to the tourist.

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"Woman's primacy in philanthropical pursuits is manifest in the fact that twenty of our most important institutions were founded and are directed by women. The Chaitya Hospital is under the direct patronage of the empress, with her imperial highness, the Princess Arisugawa, as chief of council; the Japanese Ladies' Educational Society is directed by her imperial highness; the Society for the Care of the Deaf is under the patronage of the empress; the special society for nursing the sick is under the empress and controlled by the Red Cross; the Japanese Ladies' Society, the Society for the Care of the Orphans, the Founding Society all have eminent women as their presidents

to predict what place the Japanese woman will, in the future, hold in the social scale, so of course, I shall venture no predictions. One thing is certain—that the educational system for women has been increasing in proportion to that for men. Their emulation and aspiration increase each year, and the supply of facilities for the lower as well as the higher schools for women is always far short of the demand. Mentally I find the Japanese woman in about the same mental equipment in about the same terms as western public men, and that the rel-

She has also countless smaller receptions for her own coterie, and then the fortunate guest may obtain a delicious glimpse of life in Tokio in the exclusive cultured set. Trim little maids in native costume pass around tea and sweets of which the aroma alone is enough to tempt an anchorite.

T. A. DALY, the poet of "Canzon! and "Carmina," was praising the chivalry of his beloved Italians.

Mr. Daly, who speaks with equal fluency the classic Italian of literature and the difficult, unrefined patois of Naples, Rome and all the other districts, described a piece of chivalry that he once witnessed at a banquet in Philadelphia last year.

"There were two strangers at this banquet," said the poet, "and though they had the Italian look, one was called Fritz and the other the Spanish Hernandez.

"Well, as the meal progressed, and as the wine began to flow, the tordito, the fritatas, the frituras, the cassata siciliana—to say nothing of the Chiampì—were discussed. The talk turned hard times and low wages.

"In the midst of this sad discussion the two strangers began to talk of a crasling blow with his fist.

"Boys," said he, "the Germans are our enemies. They are the ones who are Dutch Fritz. We others live on our

"Germans work for nothing!" shouted Dutch Fritz. He leaned over and shook his finger under Hernandez's nose. "Why? Germans are the best workers and the best paid in the world!"

The Spaniards, crowding over here, that demoralize the wage scale.

"The day of war is at once begun," Spanish Hernandez defending Spain and attacking Germany, and Dutch Fritz taking the opposite course, "I don't dare take the day of war on my hands."

"It would make you, if you had any German or Spanish blood in your veins, too excited. Words failed the two combatants. They picked up their sleeves and went at it hammer and tongs with their fists. A bloody battle.

"On the twentieth round, Spanish Hernandez, gingerly fingering a front tooth that had been broken off in Spain's honor, said, rather sheepishly, "I don't want to fight any longer on this question, for I'm an Italian of Milano."

"Dutch Fritz looked up in astonishment from the handkerchief with which he had been stanching a scarlet nasal drop brought on in the vaterland's defense.

"You are an Italian?"

"Yes, now!"

"So am I Italian-born in Napoli."

"You speak civility?"

"My Dearly ended, 'Further go?'