DESCRIPTIONS OF ARMY LIFE IN THE PHILIPPINES

BY JAMES R. MEVICKER

Prologue:

This series of documents contain the contents of a scrapbook created by James Rufus McVicker (JRM) (1876-1963) during his term of Army duty in the Philippines Islands.

James R. McVicker agreed to act as a war correspondent, initially for the Ottumwa Courier newspaper and later for other publications.

The books contain all, or most, of the newspaper clippings and notes, which JRM submitted, in addition to other newspaper articles relating to the Spanish American War and beyond.

In addition there are articles relating to his West Point experience as well as his political and vocational careers.

The actual pages are faded, yellowed and extremely fragile.
Scanning the contents would have been difficult to accomplish, while maintaining the integrity of the document.

I decided to photograph the pages, as best I could, using a digital camera on a tripod.
Some of the pages may be difficult to read without zooming in to small sections. This dictated using a high-resolution image, resulting in a larger file size than I would have desired.

court-martial, which was held in the Conseil de Guerre building, opposite the Cherche-Midi prison. Great crowds gathered to see him cross the street and shouted: "Death to the traitor!" The trial was secret and lasted until December 22, when the court found the prisoner guilty and sentenced him to transportation for life, after being subjected to military degradation.

CAPTAIN ALFRED DREYFUS.
(From a Photograph Taken Before His Deportation and Suppressed by the French Government.)

On the morning of January 4 the condemned man was ordered to put on a captain's uniform that had been specially prepared by having the lace on the cap, the red seams of the trousers, and the buttons and trimmings on the tunic taken off and then stitched on again loosely enough to stay in place, but so loosely that they could easily be torn off. The sword that he was made to buckle on had been filed on each side about half way down the blade. He was then searched, handcuffed, placed in a prison van, and taken by a military escort to the Ecole Militaire, where he was marched between guards into the center of a hollow square of troops in the large courtyard of the school. He had already twice asserted his innocence to Capt. Lebrun-Renaud, who commanded his guard. The morning was misty and rainy, and the courtyard was a muddy waste, round which loomed the buildings with windows filled with faces, while a vast crowd that surged and pushed in the avenues without uttered loud and menacing cries against the prisoner. At exactly nine o'clock the drums rolled, the troops presented arms, and the regimental band played a melancholy tune. The sentence was read, Dreyfus standing firmly with head erect, his left hand resting on the pommel of his sword, and his eyes looking squarely in the eyes of Gen. Darras, who commanded the troops. Then a gigantic sergeant tore the triple band from the captain's cap, the buttons from his coat, the gold lace from the collar and sleeves, and the red stripes from his trousers. As the sergeant flung them on the ground Dreyfus threw up his arms and cried in a voice heard far beyond the limits of the courtyard: "You are degrading an innocent man. Long live France!" A roar of execration answered him: "Death to the traitor!" and the big sergeant roughly tore the sword belt from him, wrenched the sword from its scabbard, broke it across his knee, flung the fragments on the ground and stamped upon them. Then, amid howls from the mob without, the degraded officer, a grotesque and lamentable figure in his defaced uniform, was marched round the hollow square, protesting his innocence and crying: "Long live France!" while the drums rolled in order to drown his voice. Finally, after being photographed and measured as a criminal, he was driven in the prison van to La Sante prison, and thence taken, on January 19, to La Rochelle, where he was embarked for the neighboring Ile de Re, on which is the prison wherein convicts sentenced to transportation await their embarkation. Mobs all along the route sought to attack him, and the guard of gendarmes had to struggle hard to keep their prisoner from being murdered. He was eventually taken to the Ile du Diable off the coast of French Guiana.

The chronology of this famous case follows:

OCTOBER, 1894—Gen. Mercier, minister of war, gives order after an investigation conducted by Commandant du Paty de Clam to arrest Capt. Alfred Dreyfus. This is done by Du Paty de Clam and M. Cochefort, chief of detectives. Capt. Dreyfus is lodged in the Cherchi-Midi prison by Lieut. Col. Henry, who delivers him to Commandant Forzinetti, in charge of the prison.

NOVEMBER, 1894—An indictment is found against Capt. Dreyfus by the officers of the bureau of information connected with the general staff.

DECEMBER, 1894—The first council of war, assembled at Cherche-Midi, unanimously condemns Capt. Dreyfus to deportation for life in an inclosed fortification.

JANUARY 4, 1895—Capt. Dreyfus is degraded by Gen. Darras in the School of War.

FEBRUARY, 1895—Dreyfus is taken by the steamer La Rochelle to the Island de Re, thence to be embarked for Devil's Island.

MAY, 1896—Lieut. Col. Picquart discovers the "petit bleu," successively attributed to Cols. Panizzardi, military attache of the Italian embassy, and Schwarzkoppen, military attache of the German embassy, and addressed to Commandant Esterhazy. Lieut. Col. Picquart comes to the conclusion that Commandant Esterhazy is guilty.

SEPTEMBER, 1896—The Eclair publishes the secret document: "Ce canaille de D—"

OCTOBER, 1896—M. Barnard-Lazare publishes his first pamphlet tending to show the innocence of Dreyfus.

NOVEMBER, 1896—Publication of the copy of the bordereau in the Matin. M. Castelin, representative from the L'Aisne district, interpellates Gen. Billot, minister of war, upon the publication of papers connected with the trial.

MAY, 1897—First disputes between Lieut. Cols. Picquart and Henry.

JUNE, 1897—Lieut. Col. Picquart takes counsel with Mme. Leblois.

JULY, 1897—Mme. Leblois interests M. Scheurer-Kestner, vice president of the senate, in the case of Dreyfus, who declares on the 14th to his colleagues in the Luxemburg palace that he is "convinced of the innocence of Dreyfus."

MAITRE LABORI.
(Dreyfus' Attorney Recently Wounded by an Assassin.)

OCTOBER, 1897—M. de Castro, banker, believes that he recognizes in the facsimile of the bordereau, once more published in the Matin, the handwriting of Commandant Esterhazy. M. Ranc, senator of the Seine district, carries to the lobby of the chamber of deputies the speech delivered by M. Scheurer-Kestner in the senate. He has, on the 30th, an interview upon this subject with Gen. Billot, minister of war.

NOVEMBER, 1897—Interview of M. Mathieu Dreyfus, brother of the condemned, with M. Scheurer-Kestner. Beginning of the campaign of the Figaro in favor of a revision. M. Mathieu Dreyfus officially accuses Commandant Esterhazy with being the author of the bordereau; Esterhazy is turned over to a council of investigation. Commandant Forzinetti is dismissed because he stated to M. Henri Rochefort that Dreyfus is innocent. Search of the home of Lieut. Col. Picquart in Villarceau street. Lieut. Col. Picquart is recalled from Tunis, where he had been sent on a mission, and is examined by Gen. Pellieux, commissioner of investigation in the Esterhazy matter.

DECEMBER, 1897—The Dreyfus bordereau, examined in 1894 by the experts Gobert, Pelletier, Charavay and Crepieux-Jamin, is turned over to the papers in the Esterhazy case and is submitted to a new examination by the experts Belhomme, Couard and Varinard. Interpellation in the chamber of deputies and in the senate: Gen. Billot declares that "Dreyfus has been justly and legally condemned." Letter of Emile Zola to the young people of France. The documents of Lemercier-Picard upon the

GEN. COUNT DE GALLIFFET.
(Present French Minister of War Who Insisted Upon a Revision of the Dreyfus Case.)

"factory of forgeries" of a syndicate [documents themselves recognized as forgeries in the trial] are published in the Intransigeant. Call for a court-martial by Gen. Saussier to try Esterhazy.

JANUARY, 1898—In consequence of a report by Commandant Ravary, Commandant Esterhazy is acquitted by the court-martial presided over by Gen. Luxer and leaves the Cherche-Midi prison on the arm of his friend, Mlle. Marguerite Pays. He receives an ovation in the street. Lieut. Col. Picquart lodges a complaint upon the subject of two telegrams signed "Blanche" and "Speranza," addressed to him at Tunis and intended to compromise him. On the 13th Aurore publishes Emile Zola's "I accuse" letter to the president of the republic. Lieut. Col. Picquart is arrested. The chamber of deputies votes the order of the day upon the motion of M. de Mein, representative of the Morlaix district, accepted by M. Guerin, minister of justice, and demanding that the Aurore be prosecuted. The letter signed "Uhlan," produced by Mme. de Boulancy, and work of Commandant Esterhazy, is delivered to M. Bertulus, examining magistrate. Beginning of public meetings of the revisionists in the Tivoli-Vaux hall. The minister of war lodges complaint against M. Emile Zola and against the Aurore. Messrs. Zola, author of "I accuse," and Perreux, publisher of the Aurore, are summoned. M. Jaures address this question to M. Meline, president of the cabinet: "Has or has not information been given to the court-martial of which the defendant knew nothing?" M. Meline refuses to answer.

FEBRUARY, 1898 — Formation of the League of Human and Citizens' Rights. From the 7th to the 23d first trial of Zola in the court of the Seine under the presidency of Councilor Delegorgue. M. Labori defends Emile Zola, M. Albert Clemenceau defends M. Perreux, and M. George Clemenceau defends the Aurore. Zola is sentenced to one year in prison and a fine of 3,000 francs; M. Perreux to four months in prison and a fine of 3,000 francs. Lieut. Col. Picquart is placed on the retired list.

MARCH, 1898—The revisionists provoke an incident in court during the attempt of M. Jules Auffray, who proclaims in favor of the Zola jury, to make himself heard. The incident has no consequences. Suicide of Lemercier-Picard. Duel between Picquart and Henry. Emile Zola and the Aurore appeal on the 30th against the sentence of February 23.

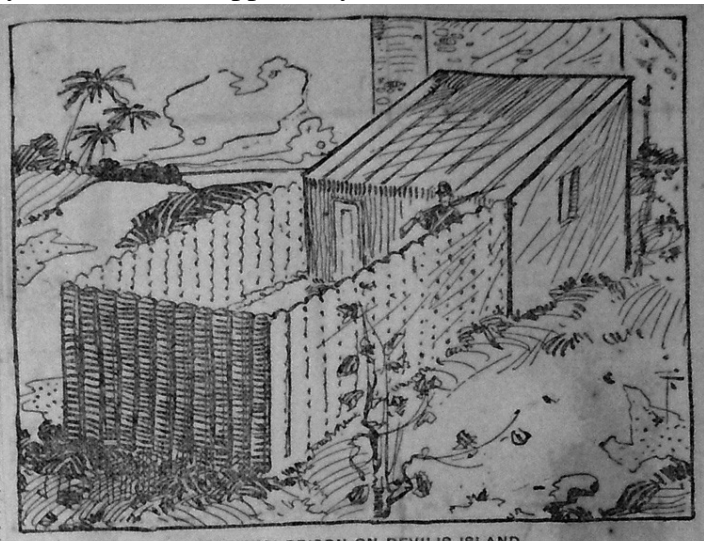
APRIL, 1898—Annulment of the sentence against Messrs. Zola and Perreux because the minister of war and not the court-martial made the complaint. This complaint is made by the court-martial on the 8th.

MAY, 1898—Second Zola trial before the court of Versailles under the presidency of M. Perivier. Tumultuous scenes result when the court is declared to have no jurisdiction.

JUNE, 1898—Minister Meline is relieved from office and M. Brisson appointed to form a new cabinet.

JULY, 1898—M. Cavaignac, minister of war, affirms in the chamber of deputies the guilt of Dreyfus. His speech is voted to be posted throughout France. Ex-Lieut. Col. Picquart is prosecuted for having communicated papers of the ministry of war to Mme. Leblois. Commandant Esterhazy and Mlle. Pays are arrested upon the charge of having manufactured the "Blanche" and "Speranza" telegrams. Third Zola-Perreux trial before the court of the Seine and Oise district. Both are sentenced, as before, to imprisonment of one year and a fine of 3,000 francs. The next day Zola disappears mysteriously. On the 22d his name is erased from the roll of the Legion of Honor. Suit of M. Picquart against Du Paty de Clam. The court of appeals sentences Messrs. Zola and Perreux to one month in prison and a fine of 3,000 francs for defamation of the experts Belhomme, Couard and Varinard. The defendants also have to pay 5,000 francs damages. On the 30th M. Bertulus, examining magistrate, renders a decision closing the prosecution in the Blanche and Speranza affair against Du Paty de Clam, Esterhazy and Mlle. Marguerite Pays.

AUGUST, 1898—The chamber of deputies orders the prosecution of Lieut. Col. Du Paty de Clam to be dropped. On the 12th Esterhazy is set at liberty. On the 30th Lieut. Col. Henry admits to M. Cavaignac that he is the author of the paper "Ce canaille de D—." He is arrested and imprisoned in the Mont-Valerion. On the next day he cuts his throat with a razor. Gen. Boisdeffre, chief of staff, is dismissed.



DREYFUS' PRISON ON DEVIL'S ISLAND.

SEPTEMBER, 1898—Dismissal of M. Cavaignac, minister of war. Gen. Renouard succeeds Gen. Boisdeffre, and Gen. Zurlinden succeeds M. Cavaignac. On the 5th Mme. Alfred Dreyfus writes to M. Mornard, keeper of the seals, asking for a revision of the trial of December, 1894, against her husband. Lieut. Col. Du Paty de Clam suspended from active service. On the 20th the council of the cabinet directs the court of cassation to order a revision of the Dreyfus case. Gen. Zurlinden is dismissed and succeeded by Gen. Chanoine. Commandant Esterhazy is dismissed and disappears immediately. League of Patriots is reorganized.

OCTOBER, 1898—Trouble at a public meeting caused by Messrs. De Pressence and Derioulede. Attorney General Manau finishes his investigation and demands revision of the Dreyfus case. M. Leow, president of the criminal chamber, appoints M. Bard reporter. Search of Zola's residence and confiscation of a table to pay his fine. The table is sold for 23,000 francs. On the 25th Gen. Chanoine is dismissed and the Brisson cabinet ends. On the 27th-29th discussion in the criminal chamber of the court of cassation upon the demand for revision.

NOVEMBER, 1898.—The Dupuy cabinet takes office on the 1st. Gen. Renouard is dismissed and replaced by Gen. Brault. The criminal chamber decides that Dreyfus is to be informed by telegraph of the demand for a revision and to be notified to present his means of defense. M. de Pressence is expelled from the Legion of Honor. The court of cassation begins its investigation on the 21st, and hears Gens. Roget, Gonse, Boisdeffre, M. Picquart and others.

DECEMBER, 1898—The criminal chamber receives communication concerning the secret dossier from the minister of war.

JANUARY, 1899—M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire, president of the civil chamber of the court of cassation, resigns. He is replaced by M. Ballot-Beaupre. The criminal chamber examines Du Paty de Clam, Trarieux, Couard, Belhomme, Varinard, Bertillon, Gobert, Esterhazy and Hanotaux and proceeds to examine the dossier of the minister of war.

FEBRUARY, 1899—M. Renault-Morliere, reporter of the commission for the procedure of the revision, reports favorably to such revision. Discussion in the senate concerning a law to dispose of the criminal chamber.

MARCH, 1899—The senate votes to dispose of this chamber and directs the entire court of cassation to proceed with the revision. The latter court examines again the secret dossier.

APRIL, 1899—The Figaro publishes the record of the investigation of the court of cassation and is fined 500 francs. The court hears Messrs. Lepine, Frystaetter, Bertillon and Roget.

MAY, 1899—M. Ballot-Beaupre finishes his report to the court.

JUNE, 1899—Paul Deroulede acquitted. Court of cassation decides in favor of Dreyfus on the revision. Esterhazy confesses having written the bordereau.

JULY, 1899—Dreyfus returns to France on the 3d. Governor of Devil's island dismissed for cruelty to Dreyfus. Esterhazy refuses to testify before the new court-martial which is to retry Dreyfus.

AUGUST, 1899.—New trial of Dreyfus begins on the 7th.

August 7, 1899, the court-martial held its first session. The court was composed as follows:

Col. Jouaust, director in the engineer corps, president.

Lieut. Col. Brongniart, director of the school of artillery.

Maj. De Breon, of the Seventh regiment of artillery.

Maj. Profillet, of the Tenth regiment of artillery.

Maj. Merle, of the Seventh regiment of artillery.

Capt. Parfait, of the Seventh regiment of artillery.

Capt. Beauvais, of the Seventh regiment of artillery.

Counsel for Dreyfus were Maitres Labori and Demange—the latter one of the most celebrated criminal lawyers in France. Maj. Carriere represented the government as counsel for the prosecution. Early on Monday morning, August 14, while Maitre Labori, one of Dreyfus' attorneys, was on his way to the court, he was shot by an assassin and seriously wounded.

THE FAMOUS BORDEREAU.

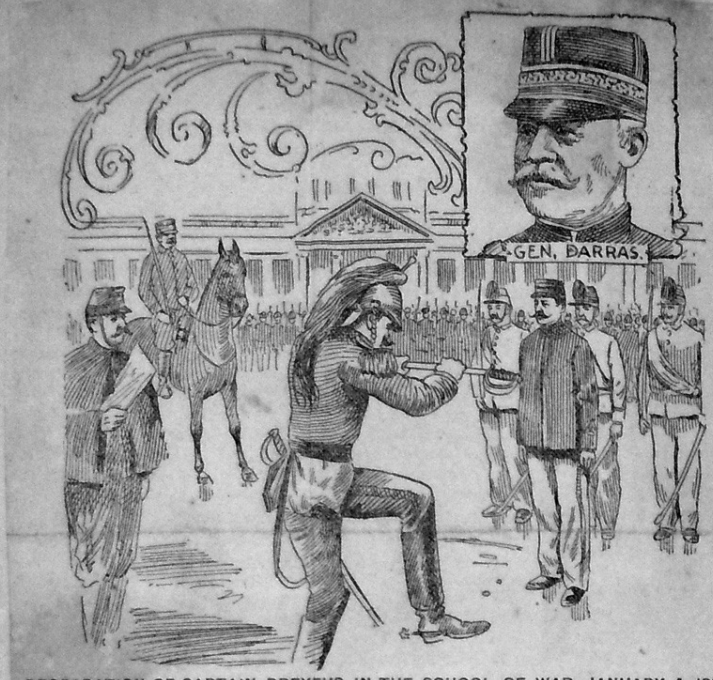
Acknowledged to Be the Main Evidence Against Dreyfus.

The famous bordereau (memorandum list), which is acknowledged to be the main evidence against Dreyfus, was discovered in April, 1894, among waste papers from the German embassy, in the particular department of Col. Count Schwarzkoppen, the military attache, by secret emissaries of the French government, who had bribed the janitor to surrender these papers. It is in translation as follows:

In the absence of any news indicating your desire to see me, I nevertheless send you, sir, certain information of interest:

1. A note on the hydraulic brake of 120 (method of operating this piece).

MME. DREYFUS.
(The Faithful Wife of the Unfortunate Captain.)



DEGRADATION OF CAPTAIN DREYFUS IN THE SCHOOL OF WAR, JANUARY 4, 1895.

2. A note on the outpost troops. (A few modifications will be made by the new plan.)
3. A note on modifications of artillery formation.
4. A note relating to Madagascar.
5. The scheme relative to the manual of field firing (March 14, 1894).

This last paper is extremely difficult to procure, and I can have it at my disposal only for a very few days. The ministry has issued a definite number to the corps, and these corps are responsible for them; each officer is obliged to return his copy after the maneuvers. If, therefore, you wish me to take from it whatever may interest you, and hold it afterward at my disposal, I will take it, unless you do not want me to make a copy in extenso and address it to you.

I am just leaving for the maneuvers.

According to Esterhazy's voluntary confession, made to a London newspaper, and repeated since then, it was he and not Dreyfus who wrote this bordereau. Esterhazy states that he wrote it at the instigation of his superior officers, intimating but not saying so in so many words that Gen. Mercier, then minister of war, ordered the bordereau written. In a letter written to the Siecle March 25, 1898, Panizzardi, military attache of the Italian embassy, relates that Count Schwarzkoppen received the articles enumerated in the bordereau, but was entirely unaware of the existence of the memorandum itself, for it had been stolen before it reached him.

THE SECRET DOSSIER.

Records of the Trial Preserved by the Department of War.

The secret dossier, which figures so prominently in the Dreyfus case, is a collection of papers belonging to the war department and collected in connection with the case. These papers are said to contain proof of Dreyfus' guilt even beyond the bordereau. The latter was admittedly written by Esterhazy. During the first Dreyfus trial this dossier (which in free translation would mean "record of the case") was submitted to the court-martial in executive session, not even Dreyfus' attorneys being permitted to be present during this examination. There are, all told, some 400 documents in this collection. These papers are examined in secret session, but Dreyfus' attorneys are present, so they may be informed of the record of the charges based upon these papers. Secrecy is demanded by the government because it is claimed that publication would cause complications with foreign gavernments. The secret dossier has been in exclusive control of the general staff up to the present trial, and there is, of course, no saying what it may contain. So far the entire nasty Dreyfus mess has shown so much corruption, conspiracy and forgery that the value of this secret dossier is very problematical.

THE EMPEROR'S DENIAL.

States That Germany Bought No Secrets from Dreyfus.

The enemies of Dreyfus laid particular stress upon the alleged fact that the accused officer had sold army secrets to Germany. This charge was disproved August 12 by ex-President Casimir-Perier who, before the court-martial, read the text of a dispatch received by Count von Munster-Leydenburg, the German ambassador at Paris, from Prince Hohenlohe, the German imperial chancellor, which the former communicated to M. Casimir-Perier during a visit to the Elysee palace.

"His majesty, the emperor, having every confidence in the loyalty of the president of the republic and the government of the republic," it ran, "begs your excellency to tell M. Casimir-Perier that it is proved the German embassy was never implicated in the Dreyfus affair. His majesty hopes the government of the republic will not hesitate to declare so. Without a formal declaration the legend which here continues to spread regarding the German embassy would compromise the position of the representative of Germany."

The communication is signed "Hohenlohe."

GENESIS OF THE CASE.

How the Web to Catch Capt. Dreyfus Was Woven.

Gen. Mercier was minister of war when the French spy at the German embassy brought to the secret service of the French army the fragments of the bordereau. The report was received by Col. Paty de Clam, head of the secret service. He was a violent Jew-hater. He appealed to Bertillon, and the man who invented the Bertillon system for measuring and identifying criminals, following Paty's suggestion—who in turn reflected Gen. Mercier's antipathy to the Jews—said it looked like Dreyfus' handwriting. It was reported. Mercier ordered that Dreyfus be arrested. Paty de Clam tried to prepare the case against him. It was not strong enough to suit Mercier, and the minister of war secured a pleader whose skill was as great as Paty's infamy. The anti-Semitic party and press had doubts of Mercier, and caught at the first hint of Dreyfus' denial to charge the minister with trying to smother the case because Dreyfus was a Jew. That added fuel to his flame, and Mercier became the most rabid foe of the imperiled captain. The press rewarded him by declaring him the paragon of patriots. Yet he knew he could not crush Dreyfus with the material at hand, and he must act at once. He rose at the first court-martial—minister of war in the republic's cabinet—and said: "Gentlemen, there is something more. I shall read you one sentence from a letter in cipher that some months ago came into possession of the ministry. You will comprehend its source, although I am not permitted to present its context: 'Decidedly this scoundrel of a Dreyfus is becoming too exacting.'" He had wholly, deliberately changed the sentence, for the paper from which he read did not contain the name of Dreyfus, but the initial "D." only. On this bit of irregularly submitted, boldly perjured

EMILE ZOLA.
(The Man Who Compelled the Government to Hear Dreyfus.)

bit of evidence the judges based a decision they had already formulated. Furthermore, that scrap of paper in Gen. Mercier's trembling hand was in not even the remotest manner connected with the alleged selling of French army secrets to the Germans. It was a fragment from some intercepted correspondence, passing between attaches of different embassies, and related to matters even more infamous, more unspeakable, than any treason of which Dreyfus was accused. But Gen. Mercier's best efforts could not keep the truth buried, nor could his subserviency to the rabble and the rank alike secure him in his seat as minister of war. He has been warned to leave France, but has chosen to remain, at least for the present.

Life of the Great Bismarck.

To nearly all Americans and many German-Americans the origin of such a name as Otto Edward Leopold Bismarck will be obscure even after explanation. The circumstances of German civilization are so different from British and French development that this biography must commence with some little history.

The north of Europe, [illegible] of the River Elbe, [illegible] in the hands of the Scandinavian Baltic tribes after fine nations had appeared under the French and Normans. To subdue these semi-Slavonic unbelievers crusades were sent on foot, and the warriors of the cross and of the feudal German empire were rewarded with the feudal or military lands which they took from the natives. Among these unknown warriors were the ancestors of Bismarck. He was born April 1, 1815, and might have been called among American schoolboys, therefore, an April fool.

In his babyhood Napoleon had burst from Elba and carried his banner again for 100 days almost to the North sea, lying low Napoleon as he passed through Germany from Russia the year previously appeared on the field as a Prussian prince, with Blucher and his elders, the long lived king whom Bismarck was to serve 40 years afterward as prime minister. Bismarck was six years younger than Gladstone and five years younger than Pope Leo XIII.

BISMARCK IN THE REICHSTAG.

The word Bismarck is an abbreviation of Bishop's Mark and refers to the bishops of Havelberg, who owned the Mark—that is, the march or line to be defended. The word is mentioned as early as 1203, or nearly 300 years before Columbus. By the river Biese stood a tower called the Bismarck Louse, in which by tradition lived a big louse who devoured the substance of the surrounding farmers. It is now said that this myth is a reflection upon a previous legend which named the tower after the Holy Cross, the Wendish barbarians perhaps considering that this Christian emblem cost them their lands and their crops.

Bismarck's grandfather was an intelligent man, and his father resembled the chancellor. In 1806 his father married Louise Menken, who was 16, and who lived till 1839. She was the orphan daughter of a privy counselor, and her family had literary traits. Her father sympathized with the French revolution and died in 1801. Bismarck had three brothers and two sisters. He was brought up in Pomerania, about Kniephof, which estate Bismarck retained until 1868.

At 6 years of age Bismarck was sent to school in Berlin by the side of his soldier brother, who lived a very long life. His parents spent the winter months in Berlin. Among the first things Bismarck attended to was the study of languages, becoming especially strong in English and French. His mother was handsome and socially influential. She was a bad manager, however, and spent too much money at the summer watering places. She much desired Otto to become a diplomatist.

In 1844 from the side of this father Bismarck wrote to his sister: "I live here with father, reading, smoking, walking, helping him eat lampreys and joining in a farce called fox hunting. We go out in the pouring rain or frost with three servants, surround an old bush in a sportsmanlike way, silent as the grave, and the servants make the most prodigious noise, while father stands perfectly stock still, his rifle out, just as if he fully expected some beast. Father asks me in the cooles manner if I have not seen something, and I reply with the most natural astonishment, 'Nothing in the world. Then growling at the rain we start for another bush, find nothing and play the farce over again. This goes on for three or four hours without father being in the least tired."

The tall young country squire was confirmed in his church at Berlin in 1830. He was a spoiled boy and early left his father's roof. He now and then went home, taking the stage at Berlin in the evening and getting to Stettin at noon the next day, and by the third day he would reach Kniephof and have his holiday of three weeks. At school he loved the history of his native country, Brandenburg, Prussia and Germany, and his historical attainments were ever eminent. He was not very good in Latin, but departed for the University of Goettingen at 17 years of age a thin, graceful boy, quite tall. He is said not to have been very animated and had rather blank but observant eyes, but was determined and enduring. All persons had to approach him with consideration. He loved dogs, had a strong memory and was a first class horseman, could swim, fence and dance, but did not like athletics.

At Goettingen one of his college mates was Motley, the American historian, who was minister at London just after Bismarck humiliated Austria. His mother refused to send him to Heidelberg because she thought he would get the detestable habit of drinking beer there. Before he left Berlin he had fought a duel with a Jew lad named Wolf and cut off Wolf's spectacles and received a wipe in the leg.

He was a jolly student and traveled through the Harz mountains on foot, and for throwing a bottle out through a window after breakfast was summoned before the faculty and came in with his enormous dog, which caused him to be fined 5 thalers. He fought about 20 duels at Goettingen and was wounded only once, showing the scar on his cheek. He is said never to have attended a lecture, rather displeased his fastidious mother, yet he passed his examination by natural gifts. He was full of hard pranks.

At 20 he was made a notary or examiner in Berlin and had much to do with getting divorces. At a court ball he met his future master and king, who was struck with his tall form and grim countenance. "Justice," said Prince William, "must seek her advocates according to their height in the guards." A favorite cousin once gave him a letter to deliver, which he forgot, and when he returned it to her in three weeks he said, "I did not deliver this in order to entirely cure my cousin of the habit of intrusting me with letters." Sometimes he would let a parcel of young foxes into the drawing room.

A man of exalted spirits, to whom the dry, common life of Prussia was insufficient, Bismarck was sure to attain distinction only in some irregular, perhaps overbearing, way. He was all the time getting ready to be a diplomatist, as his mother desired, and for that reason went to Aix-la-Chapelle, in the western section of Prussia, where there was a special court, but this was a bathing resort, and Bismarck fell in with French, Belgians and Englishmen and went with them on excursions everywhere. His first rate English made him a favorite with the young men of that nation, but he got into many scrapes and consequently had himself transferred to Potsdam, the old royal residence, an hour's ride from Berlin, where after 1838 he went into the messroom among his fellow guards.

His father's estates were falling to ruin, and he undertook to hear agricultural lectures. The sons took charge of their parents' estates in order to save them from destruction. He went into the provincial diet of Pomerania at Stettin, but got tired of its monotony. As an agriculturist, however, he showed some vigor and was a rather severe employer, yet after a hard day's supervision he would get on his horse and ride 10 miles to some evening assembly in a town. He was moody at times from the want of real domestic life, and some called him "mad Bismarck."

Sometimes, tortured by dark thoughts, he would dash through the fields in solitude and again bring in a loud company and make a night of it, so that tales were told of him as if he were some haunted spirit. Sometimes he appeared to be a Liberal in politics. In this country solitude at Kniephof, near the Baltic, however, he read much in every direction—theology and philosophy as well as history. He studed Spinoza deeply, visited France and England and had a remarkable impudence with his official superiors. The old father died in 1845, and the sons divided the property, and Bismarck kept Kniephof and Schoenhausen.

We must understand that Prussia had undergone a complete transformation in the early part of the present century, when she recklessly attacked Napoleon and was overrun by him in one brief campaign. He imposed upon her conditions of the hardest character. Her western provinces were absorbed in one of his experimental kingdoms, and her army was compelled to be kept at a low standard. Two remarkable men, Stein and Scharnhorst, undertook to keep these conditions and yet raise Prussia to her former military rank. They therefore compelled the whole population to be a certain period under arms, and this was the commencement of the great military system of Prussia, and Bismarck's first prominence in politics was in contending against the taxpayers who would not allow the army to be kept up to an extravagant standard at their expense, while he meditated recreating Germany by driving Austria out of it and consolidating the smaller states, which after the close of the French revolution governed the diet at Frankfort, which was somewhat like a weak congress in the United States.

In short, throughout Germany, until Bismarck reformed it, there was something like states' rights, with a diet or congress at Frankfort, in which Austria and Prussia were the two great rivals, to be compared to Virginia and New York in the story of the United States.

It may also be explained that Germany was peculiar among the nations of Europe after the conquest of the Roman empire by the Germans whose different tribes and leaders formed nearly every kingdom in Europe. France pulled away from the empire of Charlemagne and left Germany to become the representative of the old Roman empire. The German emperors were also called kings of Rome and after being elected in a peculiar way generally went to Rome at their convenience to be crowned by the pope.

Thus a mixed military and spiritual empire existed north of the Alps until the time of Luther, when the minor princes, feeling the popular inspiration against so much Italian interference in Germany, went into revolt. Prussia was the especial country of Luther and remained Protestant and was not much affected, like other parts of Germany and all France, by the Calvinistic second reformation.

A rather compact church was formed in Germany, something like the Established church of England, and this accounts for the Lutheran priests everywhere having such close control over their congregations and schools. Luther is regarded in Germany as the founder of the literature, the common language and the popular common sense and independence of the land. Of all these things, in a certain way, Bismarck was the old Tory representative, just as in England the ultra advocates of the crown were sticklers for the crown's religion.

It was Bismarck's work to drive Austria, the preponderating state, entirely out of Germany and make Prussia the new and only Austria, and to absorb several of the states offensively partisan for Austria, and to reconstitute Germany as she now stands, with Bavaria, Saxony, Baden, etc., accessory but obedient kingdoms, all under the same military autonomy.

He used, to involve and assail Austria, the popular hostility to little Denmark. The Danes owned Schleswig-Holstein, a German fraternity, and were trying to abolish the Germany language in the laws and university. The little German states made a great outcry at this, and the two big German states had to rival each other in going to Schleswig-Holstein's assistance.

In 1842 Bismarck rescued his drowning servant in the public sight at great peril to his own life and received for it his first decoration, which he still wears amid prouder stars, the Prussian safety medal. He was a good while lieutenant in the Uhlans and owned a mad chestnut charger named Caleb.

He fell in love with his wife, Johanna von Puttkamer, while in the army. Her father and mother both opposed the marriage, but gave in before the young woman's tears. They were married July 28, 1847, after Bismarck was 32 years old. She was not 23. She saw him first in his uniform.

Upon their wedding trip King William IV of Prussia was at the hotel in Venice and commanded the groom to dine with him, which he did in a borrowed dress suit. The king sounded him thoroughly on German politics and subsequently made him embassador to the federation at Frankfort.

He had two estates—Schonhausen, a 3-story and high garret house, near a church, with a broad, solid tower and wide, sharp roof, built in the year 1212, and Kniephof, far distant in Pomerania. At the former he passed his early married life, and his wife had three children—Mary Johanna, born 1848 at Schon-

hausen; Nicholas Ferdinand Herbert, 1849, at Berlin; William Otto Albert, 1852, Frankfort. He and his wife were both of half aristocratic extraction and military descent, and they inherited enough to live well. His father-in-law lived to a very advanced age.

In 1847 the king summoned a united diet and the chambers, something like the English parliament, and Bismarck appeared at the royal palace. The time was serious, as France was about to overset Louis Philippe and become a republic, and her example was potential in Germany.

Was it the mere accident of having formed the personal acquaintance of the king or was it original, rugged, contrary thinking which made Bismarck suddenly cease to be a Liberal and become a loud military Tory?

His brother, his cousins, his father-in-law, were also members. They all heard a great deal of Liberal twaddle. One man declared that only to get a free constitution had Prussia risen against the French in 1813.

Bismarck ascended the tribune to deny this. Prussia had risen, he said, not for politics, but for patriotism.

They howled at him and hissed. He defiantly took out a newspaper and began to read it until the president could restore order.

He had then a tall, gaunt stature, short hair, ruddy countenance and blond whiskers all round his jaws and ve shining eyes. The Conservatives we destitute of good orators. Bismarck spoke in a raw and hesitating voice.

The men of 1813 were still living—it was but 34 years—and thought they knew what they had risen for.

Bismarck went up again.

"True, I did not exist in those days," he said scornfully. "I always thought, however, that the men of 1813 rose against a foreign servitude. I now learn that it lay at home. For this correction I am not by any means grateful."

The Prussian press was all Liberal. It singled Bismarck out for regular abuse. It made him

From personal feelings he grew sour with everything democratic. He spoke often freely and learned confidence.

WITH PIPE AND MUG.

In February, 1848, only eight months afterward, broke out the revolution in Paris. In the meantime he had married and met his sovereign, who now knew his well published name.

He had a good while been a dike master, to keep the floods of the Elbe back from the fields. Now he was to keep back, if possible, revolution.

He saw the streets of Berlin carrying the Polish and every flag but the Prussian flag. April 2, the day of his thirty-third birthday, he again took his seat in the united diet.

He began to form antidemocratic clubs and found newspapers and gave forth the motto, "With God for king and our fatherland."

He gave the lie to a deputy who said that he paid his land laborers only $10 a year.

He wrote a letter to the king, Frederick William, offering him his services and life. The king saw him often at Sans Souci palace, Potsdam, an hour's ride by rail from Berlin. He passed the revolutionary summer at Stolpe, on the Baltic. In February, 1849, his native Brandenburg region sent him to the chambers. The Royalists made gains. People of respectable antecedents could not brook the familiarity, the swagger and the perpetual threatening of a mob where till 1806 had been serfdom in a phase nearly equal to that of Russia.

"No word has been more wrongly ased," vociferated Bismarck, "than the word people. Everybody has held it to signify just what suited his own views, usually as a crowd of individuals whom it was necessary to persuade."

Nevertheless he was a political worker and did not come to parliament nor get power there without scheming.

The king had put down the revolution. Bismarck opposed any further amnesty.

"Ere long," said he, feeling the army to be on top, "the Almighty, who is the arbiter of battles, will throw dice and determine the controversy between the brute force of barricades and a sovereignty granted by heaven."

He opposed the Frankfort imperial constitution.

"The Frankfort crown may be very brilliant, but the gold must be added by melting into its composition the Prussian crown, which I oppose."

The democrats, rising again, were put down in Berlin by a volley and a charge of cavalry. Cried Bismarck:

"The motive principles of the year 1848 were far more social than national. The envy the poor had of the rich was excited in proportion to the continued feeding of a spirit of license from high quarters, which destroyed the moral elements of resistance in the minds of men. I do not believe that these evils would be averted by democratic concessions or by prospects of German unity. The sound of the trumpet has lost no charm for the Prussian ear. Frederick the Great would have turned not to constitutional union from Frankfort, but to the most prominent peculiarity of Prussian nationality —her warlike element."

It took 17 years to demonstrate that.

"We do not need," he said, "to see the Prussian monarchy melt away in the filthy ferment of south German immorality. I have never yet heard a Prussian soldier sing, 'What is the German fatherland?' The Thirty-eighth German regiment preserved us from the Frankfort parliament. We are Prussians, and Prussians we desire to remain."

From such sentences came the song:

I am a Prussian! See my colors gleaming—
The black-white standard floats before me free;
For freedom's rights my fathers' heart blood streaming—
Such, mark ye mean the black and white to me!
Shall I then prove a coward! I'll e'er be to the toward!
Though day be dull, though sun shine bright on me,
I am a Prussian, will a Prussian be!

Bismarck moved his family to Berlin about 1850, and there his son was born, afterward his father's assistant. Bismarck became a courtier and went to the king's estates to hunt.

He became a politician as much as Croker in New York or Quay in Pennsylvania and was often seen at a beer saloon, where once he broke his mug over a man's head for insulting words about the royal family. He made a good deal of fun of Persigny, Napoleon's fellow, who came to Berlin on a mission. Bismarck wrote a great deal for his own newspaper—The New Prussian Gazette —and was often found at the office of nights. He was having an excursion in his favorite Pomerania when news came of his appointment to Frankfort. It was a great, bold, personal office. The king was rather taken aback at Bismarck's rapid decision to go, and so was Manteuffel, his minister.

He lighted a cigar before the presiding deputy at Frankfort, rose late, bluffed uncivil superiors and rode horseback to the neighboring petty courts. He influenced the press. His title was embassador. He lived in a Prussian merchant's house at Frankfort and received the visit of the prince of Prussia, subsequently his warrior king, who was a little disturbed at Bismarck's nonchalance and youth—but 36. This prince became thick with Bismarck soon and was godfather to his son Bill, named for the prince in 1852.

The envoy rented an elegant villa, had a thousand camellias in the flower beds and dispensed fine hospitality. Every ruler with a state in any degree Germa kept a minister at Frankfort. Bismarck was social with them all and with artists, authors and musicians. He also gave parties to the servants to show the Pomeranian way He received many crosses and stars to put upon his breast, besides the life saving medal, and lent money to needy Prussian travelers who had gambled at the baths he was one day to discipline. After 10 o'clock at night he dictated his letters for three or four hours. At 5 o'clock in the morning he went riding.

"Each of us," he said, "pretends to believe of his neighbor that he is full of thoughts and plans if he would only tell, and at the same time we none of us know an atom more of what is going to happen to Germany than of next year's snow. Nobody, not even the most malicious skeptic of a democrat, believes what quackery and self importance there are in this diplomatizing. Most of the letters are opened here by postal spies."

To his wife he wrote upon his misspent youth:

"Would it might please God to fill this vessel with his clear and strong wine, in which formerly the champagne of 21 years foamed uselessly and left nothing but loathing behind. Where now are Mrs. Blank and Miss Blank? How many are buried with whom I then flirted, drank and diced? How much is venerable to me now that I then ridiculed? I cannot understand how a man who considers his own nature, and yet knows nothing of God and will know nothing, can endure his existence from contempt and wearisomeness. I know not how I could formerly support it. Were I to live, as then, without God, without you, without my children, I should not indeed know whether I had not better abandon life like a dirty shirt."

He urged that the Prussian army be made very strong—ready to jump into Austria, which undervalued Prussia. The war between France and Austria occurred. Prussia did not pitch in, and Bismarck in 1858 was recalled. He had become well acquainted with old Metternich. His life in Frankfort made him the best political reporter in Germany.

Sent at once to St. Petersburg, he was visited with fierce rheumatisms and was nursed by his wife at her native Reinfeld, in the Baltic land. She was a strong looking woman, of as much character as himself—not handsome, but devoted. She was a fine piano player, and he loved her music. In 1860 they all went to St. Petersburg, and Bismarck began at once to study the Russian language with a master. He was a schoolmaster to his own children and attracted great attention as a sportsman. In 1861 he figured at King William's coronation. The czar and his mother thought much of Bismarck.

WILLIAM II. BISMARCK. PRINCESS BISMARCK.

He still longed for war saying to his wife: "Our [illegible] is nothing but hypocrisy and whether this mask of [illegible] torn off by fever or a carriage fall at last. Fools and wise men etons look very much like one He was only 44 when so despairing cynical.

The horrible climate of St. Petersburg transferred him to Paris as minister 1862. It was already considered [illegible] him prime minister:

"I am more lonely in the midst of great Paris than you, wife, on the Reinfeld, and sit here like a rat in an empty house, my only amusement quarreling the cook for cheating me in the accounts."

He thought Eugenie a beautiful woman.

"My conscience, dear, reproves me for seeing so much that is lovely without you." He walked on the same day with Napoleon III, whom he was to outlive eight years to hold a ruined prisoner of war.

In 1862 a cabinet crisis came to Berlin, and Bismarck at 47 was summoned there from the Pyrenees to be the head of the government. He was called The Red spur of the Junker party. Still the democrats again: "Bismarck! That is the coup d'etat!"

In the midst of his life of commotion at Berlin he wrote to his wife:

"Such good black pudding I never and seldom such good liver. May your slaughtering be blessed!"

He worked in the government from 8 o'clock to 10 p. m. and said: "But health and sound sleep — tremendous virtues. How I love to be lazy and how I hate to work!"

His unscrupulous yet sincere character now came fully out. He ruled without law, but for the glory and ultimate security of Prussia.

"The frontiers of Prussia," he said, "are not favorable to a good state constitution. The great questions of the day are not to be decided by speeches and majorities, but by blood and iron."

A soldier himself, his moral courage was extraordinary in Europe. He was the Tecumseh Sherman of that side of the water, and the year was that of Vicksburg.

He had a budgetless government. He went specially to Paris to take leave of Napoleon in August, 1862, at St. Cloud.

"Our relations to Austria," he declared bluntly, "must unavoidably change for the better or the worse." "That Bismarck drags us by the halter," said the Viennese at the Danish war. Austria went to Denmark to watch Prussia and recover prestige from her defeats in Italy.

In 1864 the Prussian flag waved on the Danish ramparts at Duppel, and Bismarck was there with King William. The emperor at Vienna gave him the order of St. Stephen and said, "Ah, if I had but him!"

The Danish war was an experiment on the newly reorganized army and the needle gun. In 1866 Bismarck was made a Prussian count. He had an intrigue with a celebrated opera singer, it was believed, and their pictures were photographed together like old Dumas and Ada Mencken.

He was so disgusted in 1865 that he said: "I wish that some intrigue would necessitate another ministry, so that I might honorably turn my back upon this liver of ink. The restlessness of this existence is unbearable. I regard every one as a benefactor who seeks to bring about my fall."

The French populace was even then clamoring for war.

Sept. 20, 1866, as new major general, Bismarck rode into Berlin with the victorious army. He wore a white uniform, orange sash, yellow collar and helmet, and was in such bodily pain he could hardly keep the saddle. For a good while he was very ill in the country.

The writer of this paper was in Berlin in July or August, 1866, and noted the complete conquest of the Prussian republicans and Liberals by Bismarck's armed policy. Men like Dr. Jacobi, whom I visited, gave up the competition with such a lion as Bismarck.

And yet, it seems, he never was an actor and said new, natural, offhand things, but without much style. In June, 1867, he was in Paris with his king and soon after became chancellor of the North German confederation. In 1868 he seemed to be a total wreck from overwork. His horse next fell upon him. He lived in those great years in a 1-story house in Berlin with 12 windows in front. He drank red Bordeaux wine. He bought estates near his wife's at Varzin. By the great year in his fortunes of 1866 Bismarck was sick, rheumatic, undermined.

The 7th of May as he was walking from the king's palace he heard two shots fired behind him, and one of them grazed his side. He grappled the assassin by the throat, who fired another shot that glanced from Bismarck's shoulder. Changing the revolver to the left hand, the assassin fired again twice, one shot burning his coat, another bending his rib and making him for a n instant sick. He handed the criminal over to the soldiery, and this person, a social democrat, committed suicide.

The city turned out in his praise. The king and princes went to his house. He was compelled for the first time in his life to speak from his window. Austria wanted to kill him.

In five weeks the Prussian columns were moving. June 29 the news of victory arrived. All were singing Luther's hymn. Lightning broke over Bismarck's head, and he shouted, "The heavens fire a salute!"

July 3 was fought Sadowa or Koenigsgratz. Major Bismarck, long under fire, was the first to discover the crown prince coming. "Those are not plow furrows," he cried, "they are marching lines." To his wife he wrote from the field:

"If we do not become extravagant in our demands and do not imagine that we have captured the world, we shall obtain a place worth the having. At Koeniggratz I rode the tall roan. He was 18 hours in the saddle without fodder. My bed was on the road with a carriage cushion."

He made peace to save his army from pest in Hungary. He and the king stopped in the castle of Nicolsburg, where Napoleon resided after Austerlitz. He was 51 years old and had been in politics nearly 20 years. Aug. 4 he was back in Berlin, the greatest man in Europe. To the French minister he said: "Friendship, a lasting friendship, with France! They will, I hope, represent the dualism of intelligence and progress."

Unable to get the army appropriations from the lower house, he closed the chambers, saying the thing would rule himself. Four sessions of parliament he treated in this way, ruling without other than feudal law. He awoke, however, the German student and patriotic feeling against the Danes and beat them by the help of Austria and other parts of Germany, and then suddenly turned upon Austria and drove her out of the German empire and extended Prussia to include Hanover, Hesse and finally several other states.

With a great army and the nation appeased he met the French and dictated the hard terms of peace to them.

He could not succeed in his long conflict with the Catholics and the pope. In 1879 he introduced a German protective tariff.

In 1884 he began German colonies.

In 1885 he was 70 years old and almost supreme.

In 1888 he demanded 700,000 men to be added to the army.

As just before the Austrian war Ferdinand Cohen tried to kill Bismarck, so in 1874 a Catholic tinsmith attacked him at Kissingen.

Statesmen in Europe are judged by the extension of their country they brought about. In this view Bismarck altered the map of Europe more than any man since Napoleon, and his changes have the consent of the governed.

In 1866 he accomplished the final unity of Italy by his aid, cast Austria out of Germany and took all Germany besides into a Prussian empire.

In 1870 the French, cast into the shade by the magnitude of Prussia's wars and annexations, made an issue with Bismarck insolently on the small matter of Spain offering her vacant crown to a prince of the family of Hohenzollerns. The consequences were heavy. France lost the fine provinces of Alsace-Lorraine, with cities like Metz, Mulhausen and Strasburg.

The Germany remade by Bismarck has 47,000,000 people. Out of about 1,160,000 annual emigrants from this empire 1,116,000 come to the United States. The cities have enormously grown, Berlin near 1,500,000 and 23 cities above 100,000. The army costs near $100,000,000 a year and is always near 500,000 men strong. Alsace-Lorraine added near 1,600,000 to the population.

Bismarck's unflinching soul took the field and made the terrible demands on France which, but for the gifted nature of the people and their soil and system, would have ruined her. He placed the kaiser's crown and name upon his king at Versailles, a scene not matched by any in Napoleon's career.

This Bismarck did not probably contemplate. France owed her humiliation to the desire for annexation whenever she found any neighbor making any. In taking Savoy and Nice from Italy she lost Alsace-Lorraine.

After these great acts of Bismarck he fell upon the residue of days. He assisted to curb Russia and established an alliance with Italy and Austria, but his aged sovereign dying in 1888 he undertook to superintend the country and control the reign of Frederick, who died in about three months.

Frederick's son, a half Englishman, came into power in 1888 and soon showed the possession of some such traits as George III. Bismarck was displaced and could not brook the humiliation. He antagonized Chancellor Caprivi's ministry, and from being the pink of the Bourbon royalists became the prompter of the agrarians. His bent for politics and power had grown to be a second nature. He became more approachable, more democratic, but not the less proud, persistent and inexorable. At 78 he was as busy in German politics as at 36.

If he had any model, it was in the combination of Cavour and Garibaldi, the secret mover and the sword. It is probably his model was Frederick the Great, the aggressive soul and sword of Prussia a century before. [illegible] was a merchant statesman [illegible]. He was more like [illegible] Russia, her extending spirit, and in some respects is more like Cromwell than any statesman the continent has known.

Bismarck belongs to the highest order of aggressive politicians like Ferdinand of Spain, Richelieu, Gustavus Adolphus, Peter the Great, William of Orange, Napoleon. We must pass from arm-grinders to class him truly and compare him with kings.

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND

Why Democrats Like Aguinaldo.

The Democratic admiration for Aguinaldo is not hard to understand. The insurgent chief has just issued $2,000,000 of paper money and decreed a death penalty for all who refuse to take it at par. This is financiering after Bryan's own heart, and would no doubt serve as a model for his gang of wild-eyed theorists should they ever get the upper hand in this government. The guillotine was once used in France as an incentive to make people take fiat money, and it would take some such measure here to make Bryan's 40-cent dollar go at 100 cents.—Paris Beacon.

Boer Tobacco.

Boer tobacco is a great institution at the Cape, and one of the grievances of today in south Africa is that it cannot be obtained pure. Its most ardent devotee is old Oom Paul, whose simple tastes and regular habits are proverbial. He uses a long clay pipe with a bowl of most capacious proportions, holding almost half an ounce of tobacco. He gets all his tobacco from Mahaliesberg, and cuts it all himself.—London Graphic.

General Otis' Way.

General Otis (addressing his aid)—"Have we taken Mayenoyenscanacayvanonan?"

Aid—"We have, your Excellency."

General Otis—"Then abandon it."

Aid—"I beg your pardon. I read the dispatch wrong. We have abandoned it."

General Otis—"O! Then capture it."—Minneapolis Journal.

Lengthy English Words.

Any alarm the casual newspaper reader may have felt lest the German is getting ahead of us in technical matters would be dispelled if he were to read our learned contemporary, the Textile Mercury. It is doubtful, indeed, if the German language itself can show words of equal length and deadliness. For instance: "Black dyes for wool are obtained by starting with paraamidodiphenylamine sulphonic acid, diazotizing it, coupling with alphanaphthylamine, and then after rediazotization combining with beta-naphthol or a sulphonic acid."

This is undoubtedly reassuring news. We are glad to hear it. And when we learn that "diethylmetaamidophenolsaccharein is a rhodamine dyestuff which has several homologues" our confidence in England is restored. What has the Kaiser to say to this?—Westminster Budget.

Had That Appearance.

The pay-car stopped half-way between stations, and the section men and track repairers came thronging into it.

"What is your name?" the paymaster asked the first man in line.

"Michael O'Hoolihan."

"Here's your envelope. Next man—What's your name?"

"August Schwartzkopf."

"Here's yours. Next?"

"Stanislaus Pezhzhynski."

"All right. Here you are. Next man?"

"Pushin Kinkiewicz."

"Take it. Next?"

"Lars Larson."

"Here. Next?"

"Donald McKinloch."

"Correct. Next?"

"Antoine Spaghetti."

"This is yours. Next?"

"John Jones."

"By George!" exclaimed the paymaster, handing over Mr. Jones' envelope. "This looks like a pay-raid of all nations!"

TEN YEARS HENCE.

"And what is your name?" the new teacher said
To the dear little boy who stood at the head
Of the very big class she was going to teach,
With a winning smile to all and to each.

"Dewey's my name," said the dear little lad,
Who looked as if he could never be bad.
"A beautiful name," the new teacher said,
"With it you are sure to be always ahead."

"The class in geography," then she said,
"May rise to recite." From her book she read:
"The lesson's about the Philippine isles,
'Tis far from here by ten thousand miles.

"Dewey, my dear," the new teacher said
To that little boy who stood at the head,
"Go to the blackboard and draw for me
A map of Manila for all to see!"

What do you think that new teacher thought
When all those sixty small boys she taught
Sprang to their feet with one single accord
And rushed right over to that blackboard?

—Frances Aymar Mathews in New York Sun.

"How dear to our heart is
Cash on subscription
When the generous subscriber
Presents it to view!
But the man who don't pay—
We refrain from description,
For perhaps, gentle reader,
That man might be you."

—Any Old Editor.

From sun to snow, from snow to slop,
When will this weather ever stop?
From sneeze to cold, from cold to grip,
And doctor man at five per trip.

—New York Herald.

DEATH OF COL. INGERSOLL.

World-Famous Orator and Agnostic Suddenly Called.

HEART DISEASE THE CAUSE.

Drops Lifeless from a Chair While Talking with His Wife—Short Sketch of the Career of a Remarkable Man—Life-Long Enemy of the Christian Religion, His Death Will Still Be Mourned by Believer and Agnostic Alike—Specimens of His Wonderful Eloquence.

New York, July 24.—Col. Robert G. Ingersoll dropped dead Friday in the residence of his son-in-law, Walston H. Brown, at Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., where he had made his summer home in recent years. Heart disease was the cause of death.

While Col. Ingersoll had suffered from heart trouble for a long time and

COL. R. G. INGERSOLL.

was undoubtedly aware that a fatal termination of his ailment was inevitable, the end was believed to be a long way off, and the suddenness of his death was a terrible shock to the members of his household.

He had left his son-in-law on the porch with the remark that he would soon return and play a game of billiards. Ten minutes later, as he was conferring with his wife as to what they should have for luncheon, he fell dead from a rocking chair. Doctors were hastily summoned, but they could only say that he was past human aid. Angina pectoris was what the doctors called the ailment to which he had succumbed.

Col. Ingersoll spent the morning in a hammock and on the veranda with members of his family. When he started upstairs at 12:30 o'clock he stopped in his wife's room. While talking with her he leaned his head on his hand, which rested on the back of the chair in which he sat. Responding to his wife's query, he said he was feeling better. Those were his last words. A second after they were uttered the sudden summons came.

A man of picturesque career, an orator possessed of unsurpassed eloquence and rhetorical ability, a lawyer and an impassioned pleader, a politician who never sought public office, a past master in the art of invective, satire and pathos, a word painter whose equal a century has not produced, a welling fountain of wit and humor, a humanitarian with a soul full of poetry and love for his fellow-man, a scholar who challenged the admiration of the learned, a constant friend, enjoyable companion, a loving husband and father, an agnostic who stirred the religious world as even Voltaire, Paine or Tyndall could not, a lecturer of international renown, the best beloved and most cordially hated man in Christendom—such a man was Col. Ingersoll. Thousands will deeply mourn the passing of a brilliant star and still other thousands will look upon his death as the close of a career that was a constant threat to the foundation principles of the Christian religion.

Col. Ingersoll was born in Dresden, N. Y., on Aug. 11, 1833. His father was a Congregational clergyman whose rigid adherence to the tenets of the church stood in bold contrast to his son's tearing down of sacred things. In 1843 the family removed to Illinois, where young Ingersoll studied law, finally opening an office in Shawneetown. In 1857 he removed to Peoria, and his life there was made the basis of one of the most bitter attacks ever made upon him. In September, 1889, after the Christian world had come to realize the purport of Col. Ingersoll's teaching, Prof. Clark Braden published a pamphlet which was distributed throughout the country and which charged him with nearly all the crimes in the calendar. To this attack Col. Ingersoll remained silent and refused to make any defense.

Early in the civil war Mr. Ingersoll became colonel of the Eleventh Illinois cavalry and united with the republican party.

It was Col. Ingersoll who in the republican national convention of 1876 nominated James G. Blaine for the presidency and dubbed him the "plumed knight"—a name which followed him to his grave. From that time dates Col. Ingersoll's fame as a campaign speaker, and ever afterward his services were in great demand. Time after time he was called upon to help the republican standard to victory by his matchless eloquence, and he always complied. His services to his party were rendered without demand for reward, and it is probable that he hoped for none.

It was about this time, 1877, that he entered the lecture field. It did not take him long to have the entire Christian world arrayed against him, and because of this there was little prospect of his political preferment. The very mention of his name as minister to Germany during the Hayes administration raised such a storm that all talk of such preferment was quickly abandoned. His friends say he would have rejected the post had it been offered to him, but he would have appreciated the mere tender as a sufficient reward for his services. Public sentiment was so strong, though, that even this gratification was denied him.

When the published works of Col. Ingersoll began to appear the storm of protest and the denunciation they aroused made him the most talked of man in the world. "The Gods," "Ghosts" and "Some Mistakes of Moses" are three of his works that were anathematized by the entire Christian world. Ministers of the gospel added fuel to the discussion they aroused by refutation, and the war of words waged warmer and warmer until it was partially burned out by its own intensity. Through it all Col. Ingersoll pursued the path he had marked for himself, and when he walked all the world turned to look, and when he wrote all the world paused to read, and when he spoke all the world listened.

While many who admired his genius and talent were wont to turn from this picture with feelings of regret, this was not the case with that other picture of Ingersoll, the lawyer and friend of the distressed. After the convention of 1876 he went to Washington and joined his brother in the practice of law. One of his passions in life was the love he bore this brother, E. C. Ingersoll. When the latter died Col. Ingersoll pronounced the funeral oration, and there are few bits of English prose-poetry of greater beauty. Later he abandoned his practice in Washington and went to New York, where his success continued and grew. It was said that his yearly income reached $250,000. He was a corporation lawyer, and the fees he is said to have obtained sometimes amounted to small fortunes.

The history of the American bar furnishes few jury pleaders of the power of Col. Ingersoll.

INGERSOLL'S BRILLIANCE.

Ingersoll's speeches, lectures and letters are filled with brilliant apothegms. Here are a few of them:

NAPOLEON.

I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the amorous kisses of the autumn sun. I would rather have been that poor peasant, with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky—with my children about my knees and their arms about me—I would rather have been that man and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that impersonation of force and murder known as Napoleon the Great.

REFORMERS.

Shall we not become charitable and just when we know that every act is but condition's fruit; that nature, with her countless hands, scatters the seeds of tears and crimes—of every virtue and of every joy; that all the base and vile are victims of the blind, and that the great and good have, in the lottery of life, by chance or fate, drawn heart and brain.

A CHILD'S LAUGH.

Strike with hands of fire, O, wierd musician, thy harp strung with Apollo's golden hair; fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and idm. deft toucher of the organ keys; blow

bugler, blow until the silver notes do touch and kiss the moonlit waves, and charm the lovers wandering midst the vine-clad hills; but know, your sweetest strains are discords all, compared with childhood's happy laugh—the laugh that fills the eyes with light and every heart with joy!

SELFISHNESS.

I do not see how it is possible for a man to die worth millions of dollars in a city full of pain, where every day he sees the withered hand of want and the white lips of famine! I do not see how he can do it, any more than he could keep a pile of lumber on the shore where hundreds of thousands were drowning in the sea.

LOVE.

Love is the only bow of life's dark cloud. It is the morning and evening star. It shines upon the babe and sheds its radiance on the quiet tomb. It is the mother of art, inspirer of the poet, patriot and phiosopher. It is the air and light of every heart; builder of every home, kindler of every fire on every hearth. It was the first to dream of immortality. It fills the world with melody—for music is the voice of love. Love is the magician, the enchanter, that changes worthless things to joy, and makes right royal kings and queens of common clay. It is the perfume of that wondrous flower, the heart, and without that sacred passion, that divine swoon, we are less than beasts; but with it earth is heaven, and we are gods.

ART AND MORALITY.

Art is the highest form of expression, and exists for the sake of expression. Art is not a sermon, and the artist is not a preacher. **Art accomplishes by** indirection. The beautiful refines. The perfect in art suggests the perfect in conduct. The harmony in music teaches, without intention, the lesson of proportion in life. The bird in his song has no moral purpose, and yet the influence is humanizing. Art civilizes because it enlightens, developes, strengthens and ennobles. It deals with the beautiful, with the passionate, with the ideal.

POETRY.

The greatest poet is the one who selects the best, the highest, the sublimest thoughts. Each man occupies a world of his own. He is the only citizen of his world. He is subject and sovereign, and the best he can do is to give the facts concerning the world in which he lives, to the citizens of other worlds.

HE NOW SEES THE LIGHT

NO LONGER IS W. O. WAGGONER AN UNBELIEVER.

A Library Burned in Front of a Toledo Church Last Tuesday—A Man Who Was on the Verge of Collapse.

Toledo, August 19.—Probably for the first time in history a private library was burned in the presence of a multitude August 15. The conflagration occurred in this city in front of the Memorial United Brethren church, with the full consent and approval of the pastor, Rev. F. P. Rossellot. The books destroyed were the property of M. O. Waggoner, who is seventy-four years old, and a prominent lawyer and real estate dealer of this city. The following is a partial list of the books that were sacrificed in the cause of religion: "Foolishness of Prayer," by L. K. Washburn, published by the Investigator, a noted infidel paper; "Elegant Extracts From the Bible for Believers Who Are Not Readers"; infidel hymn book, by Eliza Boardman Burnz, published by the Burnz company, of New York; another infidel hymn book entitled "National Hymns," by Abner Kneeland; "Living Present and Dead Past," by Henry C. Wright; "Bible of Bibles," by Kedsey Graves, published in Boston, 1887; "Spice for Spiritualists," by John D. Woodruff; "Cupid's Yokes," a letter from Parker Pillsbury to Ezra Haywood; "Candle From Under a Bushel," by William Harps; "Crimes of Preachers," published by the Truth Seeker, of New York; an eight-volume and a two-volume set of Voltaire's works, all of the

Works on Ingersoll,

and all of the works of Kersey Graves, the noted writer on infidelity. There were many others, as Mr. Waggoner had been busily engaged in collecting in books that have been loaned. His library originally consisted of 150 books treating on criticisms of the Bible and scoffing at religion, but he has loaned many of them which he never expects to be returned.

Mr. Waggoner destroyed these books because he has been converted to the Christian faith. He wishes to, as far as possible, remove all things that have been associated with his unbelief for at least a half century. His library originally contained nearly all the books written which were calculated to antagonize the teachings of the Bible. The list was selected with great care, as he is a connoisseur in books and a delver in historic lore. He was a Bible student and read the work to revile it.

Marshall O. Waggoner is a lawyer, a student, a bookworm, and a philisopher. He has been editor in his time, and has written for many of the leading journals in this country and in Europe. He has been called an agnostic, but he says it is a misnomer as applied to him. He prefers the term materialistic infidel, for he always believed in evolution. He differed very materially in his views from Ingersoll, whom he dubs an agnostic know-nothing, for he believed in nothing, and could give no valid

Reasons for Disbelieving.

For many years Mr. Waggoner was a familiar figure on the streets of Toledo. He was wont to congregate on the street corner near his office and harangue a crowd for hours. He had a parrot, a beautiful bird, and with it perched on his shoulder he would hurl the most scathing denunciations at the Bible and all Christian believers. He was a terror to ministers and especially evangelists. He would take especial pains to involve a divine in an argument, and it was his boast that he was never worsted, and those who knew him best say he was able to cope successfully with the most learned Bible student. He proclaimed his infidel beliefs not only from the street corners, but from the rostrum, and was much sought after by men of his belief. As a result he was shunned somewhat by society, and his law practice suffered. He was honest in his convictions, fearless, and ever ready to stand by his colors. He is an uncompromising democrat, and during the campaign of 1896 he was so actively engaged that he had several personal encounters in which he came out first best.

Mr. Waggoner's open and public avowal of his conversion was made July 23, when he made an open confession of the faith and was taken in as a member of the United Brethren church.

According to the statement made by Mr. Waggoner his conversion dates back just eight months from his uniting with the church. The manner of his conversion is probably the most unique and strange in history. The truth did not come to him as the result of exhortation. He was not moved amid the excitement of a revival. No one was present to offer him words of encouragement or counsel. He says that since the death of his wife several months ago he has thought continually of his past life. He was stricken with remorse, but could not find a solace. He was struggling between two emotions. He was seriously in doubt in regard to the stand he had taken in regard to religious matters. This so preyed upon his mind that he was on the

Verge of Collapse.

The incidents connected with his conversion are dramatic in the extreme. He retired, but not to sleep. His mind was disturbed. His brain, though tired, refused to be at rest. He tossed on his bed unable to obtain the repose which nature required. He was in the throes of a battle, the better against the worst, and his agony was intense. When the midnight hour approached his mind was in a turbulent state. He arose, donned a dressing-gown, and repaired to his office, which is on the same floor with his sleeping apartment. Mr. Waggoner is the possessor of a gramophone, a valuable instrument with which he whiles away many pleasant hours. He is passionately devoted to the instrument from the fact that the inventor journeyed many miles to consult him on some of the details of the work. He lighted a lamp and arranged a complete religious service for the instrument. Screwing down a disk the record produced in tones both sweet and solemn, "Praise God, From Whom All Blessings Flow." The Twenty-third Psalm as read by Dr. Talmage followed, and then "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me" was wafted on the midnight air. "During the production of the last-named hymn," says Mr. Waggoner, "the light came into my soul and I realized the consciousness that my sins had been forgiven. It was the voice of God speaking to me through the machine. It was more powerful than any sermon I have ever heard. As the last notes of the

Beautiful and Sacred,

music died away I was shouting thanksgiving. The scales had fallen from my eyes and I saw myself in all my wickedness. The years that I had reviled the religion of my Maker passed before my eyes. I offered up thanks to God and soon my soul was at rest. In the morning I felt happy, much happier than I had felt for years, and it was the proudest day of my life when I united with the church and was enrolled with God's chosen few. I intend to devote the rest of my life to the cause of Christ. Whatever I can do in my humble way for him will be done cheerfully, for I must devote the remainder of my life to atoning for my former sins."

Concerning his life Mr. Waggoner says: "I was born near Norwalk, Huron county, O., October 8, 1826, and resided there until I was forty-two years old, since which time I have lived in Toledo. For more than seventy-two years I have been an uncompromising materialistic infidel, and a promoter of secular, liberal, unbelieving newspapers, and furnished them communications for publication, and in every way supported the cause of outright unbelief; and all this when in my early childhood I was blessed with a mother's care and Christian advice and watchfulness of a dear maternal grandmother, who was a near descendant from that noted gospel teacher and di-

vine, Russell Bigelow."

Some idea of the persistency of Mr. Waggoner's attacks on the Bible and all that

Pertains to Religion,

can be gleaned from the following stanzas selected from a poem he wrote and had sent broadcast throughout the land, which was entitled "An Ode to Reason."

Two stanzas will suffice:

Away with old church bells
And all the brimstone hells,
And priestly yells.
And give us common sense
Without old Peter's pence,
Or smoking hot incense.
Let reason rule.

I always proudly tell
I am an infidel,
No church, no hell.
Place common sense on high,
Depend on brain and eye,
On this you can rely
In every land.

Since his conversion he has turned his talents in a different direction, and has been a regular contributor to several religious publications. During the war he published a paper at Norwalk and called it "Waggoner's Bulletin." In this paper he printed many screeds against the Bible and ridiculed ministers.

That his conversion is thorough and genuine is not doubted by any one. Since it has been noised about that he contemplated burning his valuable library he has been besieged with letters from men who beg him to reconsider the matter. Several enterprising book collectors have written him offering to purchase the volumes, but he declined to sell them.

The Crafty Poet.

A certain poet who was singularly unsuccessful flung his ink pot into the scrap basket and his pen out of the window and took to his bed in dispair. And as he lay there he slumbered. And as he slumbered he had a vision and he awoke smiling and jumped from his bed and bought new pens and new ink and sent out all the poems he had ever written—for they had all been returned to him. And he put a prohibitive price upon each one. And then he sat down and wrote much and speedily, for he was a judge of human nature, although a poor writer. And in a sennight he had answers from all the editors to whom he had sent his stuff. And soon besought him that he would come down in his price that they might buy of him his poems. And others, and they were many, took him at his own assessment and inclosed checks. And one asked that he write for him alone and he would pay him a sum exceeding any that he had himself set.

And to the editors of the first class the young man wrote that he could not abate one jot or tittle of his demands, and to those of the second class he wrote thanking them for their checks. But to the munificent editor he wrote accepting his offer.

And the stuff that he turned out was grievous in quality, but because it was costly it caught hold of the public, and the end of that man was great riches.

MORAL.—Success is not the daughter of Humility.—From Demorest's Magazine for September.

Victor Hugo.

Victor Hugo wrote in old age: "I feel in myself the future life. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is over my head. Heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds.

"You say the soul is nothing but the result of bodily powers, why then in my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart.

"The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the world's which unite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tail, and it is a history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song—I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is into me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others: 'I have finished my day's work,' but I cannot say 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley, it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open with the dawn. I improve every hour because I love this world as my fatherland. My work is only a beginning. My work is hardly above its foundation. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite proves infinity."

A PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
"Life is but an empty dream,"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal.
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way,
But to act that each tomorrow
Finds us farther than today.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle;
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living present!
Heart within and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time—

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother.
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate.
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Surprising His Father.

Lippincott's Magazine has the story of old Mr. B., who owned a big farm out in Michigan, and a dreamy, blue-eyed boy named Steve. This lad never seemed to "fit in." He did not complain, but he appeared to be dissatisfied. When he should have been holding the plow he was looking over his shoulder at the dusty road that ran away to the town where the train stopped daily.

Finally old Mr. B. took the plow from him and told him to go 'way for a spell, and see if he didn't want to get back worse, an ever he wanted to "get away."

So Steve wandered west and began "rail-roading." In a little while he was promoted. He kept planning visits to the farm, but somehow he could never be spared, and so the time went on until he needed rest, and the manager suggested a vacation—thirty days, or even sixty. Then Steve started for Michigan.

One warm midsummer day he found himself seated under the old Baldwin apple-tree, with the half hull of a red-hearted watermelon in his lap. Old Mr. B., busy with the other half, paused now and then to ask him about his new job, and how many cigars he smoked a day, what they cost and what he paid for his fine clothes. Presently he wanted to know what they called his boy on the road—conductor, brakeman, or what.

"They call me the general freight agent, father," said Steve.

"That's a big name, Steve."

"Yes, father; it's rather a big job, too, for me."

"But ye don't do it all, Steve? Ye must have hands to help you load and unload."

"Oh, yes! I have a lot of help."

"And the company pays 'em all?"

"Oh, yes!"

"How much do they pay you, Steve? Two dollars a day?"

Steve almost strangled on a piece of core, and the old gentleman saw that he had guessed too low.

"Three?" he ventured.

"More than that, father."

"Ye don't mean to say they pay ye as much as five?"

"Yes, father, more than twenty-five."

The old man let the empty hull fall between his knees, stared at his boy and whistled. "Say, Steve," he asked earnestly, "are ye wuth it?"

THE ROMANCE OF ROME.

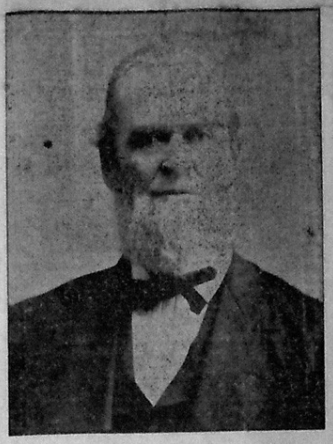
The Rome we see to-day owes its mystery, its sadness and its charm to six and twenty centuries of history, mostly filled with battle, murder and sudden death, deeds horrible in that long-past present which we try to call up, but alternately grand, fascinating and touching now, as we shape our scant knowledge into visions and fill out our broken dreams with the stuff of fancy. In most men's minds, perhaps, the charm lies in that very confusion of suggestions, for few indeed know Rome so well as to divide clearly the truth from the legend in her composition. Such knowledge is perhaps altogether unattainable in any history; it is most surely so here, where city is built upon city, monument upon monument, road upon road, from the heart of the soil upward—the hardened lava left by many eruptions of life; where the tablets of Clio have been shattered again and again, where fire has eaten, and sword has hacked, and hammer has bruised ages of records out of existence, where even the race and type of humanity have changed and have been forgotten twice and three times over.

Therefore, unless one have half a lifetime to spend in patient study and deep research, it is better, if one come to Rome, to feel much than to try and know a little, for in much feeling there is more human truth than in that dangerous little knowledge which dulls the heart and hampers the clear iustincts of natural thought. Let him who comes hither be satified with a little history and much legend, with rough warp of fact and rich woof of old-time fancy, and not look too closely for the perfect sum of all, where more than half the parts have perished forever.—F. MARION CRAWFORD, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for April.

And now while we are remembering Gen. Funston let us not forget White and Tremby, the first men who swam the Rio Grande, attached a rope to the insurgent trenches and all but scared the rebel army into a retreat by throwing dirt clods into the lines.

It is gratifying to note that, in a long list of deaths, over a score sent in by Gen. Otis from sickness and wounds that have occurred in the American army since April 24, not an Iowan is mentioned. The record, especially where it touches deaths from sickness, is one that is a pride to every Iowan.

Col. Funston's bravery and conspicuous service has been partially compensated for by appointment, by the president, to a brigadier generalship. Gen. MacArthur commended the gallant hero of the Cuban and American campaigns for his leadership of men. Gen. Funston may come from Kansas but he belongs to a whole country, the people of which will applaud the action of Mr. McKinley in giving him a merited promotion.



REV. FATHER THOMPSON.

Rev. James G. Thompson was born in Washington, Rea county, Tennessee, July 5th, 1814, and emigrated with his parents to Washington county, Virginia, where he grew to manhood. In September 1845 he removed to Iowa. and settled on a farm near Abingdon, Jefferson county. He was one of the pioneer preachers of the west and has rode thousands of miles horseback to fill his appointments in a sparcely settled country. He has been pastor of many of our best churches. He is a Methodist and loves the church. He has been a resident of Sigourney many years, and everybody honors and respects him and his faithful companion. He was 84 years old last Tuesday. His beloved wife is in her 81st year.

The Des Moines veterans are equal to the occasion, and they have given the women of that city, a sarcastic and what will appear to a great many a just rebuke, when they resolved:

Whereas, The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Des Moines have, "in the interest of good morals and to preserve the purity of their sex, protested against the location of an army post at Des Moines."

Whereas, We, the lingering element of a glorious army know and acknowledge our weakness, and in the interests of good morals and to protect ourselves against the conscious charms of the ladies.

Resolved, That we solemnly protest against the holding of the women's congress at or near Des Moines and that we implore the ministerial association to use its influence and good offices in our behalf.

The Worst Teacher.

That teacher was the worst we ever tackled;
He warn't so very tall, an he was light.
—It is best to lay your egg before you've cackled,
Though we never had a notion he could fight.

For he acted sort of meechin' when he opened up the school,
—We sort of got the notion he was It—and we tagged gool;
We gave him lots of jolly in a free and easy way,
And showed him how we handled guys as got to actin' gay,
We showed him where the other one had torn away the door.
When we lugged him out and dumped him in the snow the year before,
And soon's we thought we had him scart, we sat and chawed and spit,
And kind o' thought we run the school—concludin' he was It.

It worked along in that way, sir, till Friday afternoon.
—We hadn't lugged him out that week, but 'lowed to do it soon.
That Friday, 'long about 3 o'clock, he said there'd be recess,
And said, "The smaller kids and girls can go for good, I guess."
And he mentioned smooth and smily, but but with kind o' greenish eyes,
That the big boys were requested to remain for exercise.

And when he called us in again he up and locked the door,
Shucked off his co't and weskit, took the middle of the floor,
And talked about gymnastys in a quiet little speech.
—Then he made a pass at Haskell who was the nearest one in reach.
'Twas hot and swift and sudden and hit him on the jaw,
And that was all the exercise the Haskell feller saw.

Then jumpin' over Haskell's seat he sauntered up the aisle,
A-hittin' right and hittin, left and wearin' that same smile.
And when a feller started up and tried to hit him back,
'Twas slipper-slapper, whacko-cracker, whango-tango—crack!
And never, sir, in all your life, did you see flippers whiz
In such a blame, chain-lightnin' style as them 'ere hands of his.

And though we hit and though we dodged —or rushed by two and threes
He simply strolled around that room and licked us all with ease.
And when the thing was nicely done, he dumped us in the yard.
He clicked the padlock on the door and passed us all a card.
And this was what was printed there, "Professor Joseph Tate,
Athletics made a specialty and champion middle weight."

That teacher was the worst we ever tackled.
He warn't so very tall and he was light.
—It is best to lay your egg before you've cackled,
Though we never had a notion he could fight.

—Holman F. Day in Lewiston Evening Journal.

A little dreaming by the way,
A little toiling day by day,
A little pain, a little strife,
A little joy—and that is life.
A short-lived, fleeting summer's morn
When happiness seems newly born,
When one day's sky is blue above,
And one bird sings—and that is love.
A little weary of the years,
The tribute of a few hot tears,
Two folded hands, the fainting breath,
And peace at last—and that is death.
Just dreaming, loving, dying, so
The actors in the drama go,
A fitting picture on a wall,
Love, death, the themes! But is it all?

—Selected.

No one married.
No one dead.
No bootlegger.
Has been tried.
Nothing happened in the city,
What a pity, what a pity.

Nary a team
Has run away.
Town's been quiet
'Every day:
Can't get items any place,
For I tell you news is scarce.

—Ye Rural Scribe.

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

By Rudyard Kipling

Take up the White Man's burden—
  Send forth the best ye breed—
Go, bind your sons to exile
  To serve your captives' need;
To wait in heavy harness,
  On flttered folk and wild—
Your new-caught sullen people,
  Half devil and half child.

Take up the White Man's burden—
  In patience to abide,
To veil the threat of terror
  And check the show of pride;
By open speech and simple,
  An hundred times made plain,
To seek another's profit
  And work another's gain.

Take up the White Man's burden—
  The savage wars of peace—
Fill full the mouth of Famine,
  And bid the sickness cease;
And when your goal is nearest
  (The end for others sought)
Watch sloth and heathen folly
  Bring all your hopes to naught.

Take up the White Man's burden—
  No iron rule of kings.
But toil of serf and sweeper—
  The tale of common things,
The ports ye shall not enter,
  The roads ye shall not tread,
Go, make them with your living
  And mark them with your dead.

Take up the White Man's burden,
  And reap his old reward—
The blame of those ye better
  The hate of those ye guard—
The cry of hosts ye humor
  (Ah, slowly!) toward the light—
"Why brought ye us from bondage,
  Our loved Egyptian night?"

Take up the White Man's burden,
  Ye dare not stoop to less,
Nor call too loud on Freedom
  To choke your weariness.
By all ye will or whisper,
  By all ye leave or do,
The silent sullen peoples
  Shall weigh your God and you.

Take up the White Man's burden!
  Have done with childish days,
The lightly proffered laurel,
  The easy ungrudged praise:
Come now to search your manhood
  Through all the thankless years,
Cold, edged with dear bought wisdom,
  The judgment of your peers.

"WAR IS HELL."

War is hell!
Ah well!
We pray "Our Father,
Thy kingdom come,"
Then build our ships
And forge our guns
To kill thy sons;
Our brothers.
Then pray, that Thou wilt well
Direct our shot and shell,
And give us help
In making hell,
War is hell.
Ah well!

"Peace on earth"
The angels sang.
Ah Christ we worship Thee
Mid clang of arms
And battle's roar,
Where hate and wrath
Shed human gore.
And think we serve thee well
With cruel shot and deadly shell
In making hell.
Ah well!

"God is love" we say.
To Him we pray
To win the day,
To help us slay—
That we may well
Perform our part
In making hell.
War is hell.
Ah well!

"Thy will be done on earth."
Not yet.
Unless the prayers we raise.
God will not change our ways.
Man causes all man's woe.
Man is man's friend or foe,
His to say, war or no,
His to stop shot and shell.
His to quit making hell.

—DAVID B. PAGE, in Humanity.

COMMON SENSE.

H. S. M.

'Tis common sense the poeple lack,
  For common sense today is slack;
It seems that each day, passing o'er,
  Finds men worse fools than e'er before.

The youngsters go to city schools.
  And there they're molded into fools;
The boys and girls that's here today
  Are much too sporty—much too gay.

Such stuff as Latin—such as Greek
  Has took the place of 'rithmetic.
A good, old-fashioned spelling school
  Would violate new-fangled rule.

What good results in wasting cash
  To fill the youngsters' head with trash?
'Would pay to put them on the farm,
  For education's doin' 'em harm.

How times have changed and worser got—
  The world is fell more'n one'd a thought
And what the youngsters need intense
  Is hickory oil and common sense.

Two tramps slept in No. 10 school house, in German township the other night. Next morning teacher Harry McVicker found the following written on the blackboard, "whatsoever you may do unto your duty, it is imperative that to enjoy this life yon must be kind unto your fellowmen."—Signed Immaculator Dreary, "Miseries succurrere disco," which McVicker found to be latin for "Learn to help the wretched." The other hobo signed himself "Magnanimous Mind and also relieved himself by use of chalk of the following;

"Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep and alone you greive,
And while your moan is uttered alone,
The world laughs in its sleeve."

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

From an Anti-Expansion Standpoint

Written for the News, by W. R. Hollingsworth

"Take up the White Man's Burden,"
Says John Bull to Uncle Sam,
"The judgment of your peers has so decreed,
Arise and face your duty
To the Sons of Shem and Ham,
Though you bind to exile sons the best you breed."
"Take your rank among the nations
Slaughtering pagans for their good,
Though you give your lives to work another's gain;
Man must be his brother's keeper;"
Though God did not say he should,
When the question was put to him straight by Cain.

"Take up the White Man's Burden,
Help make the Bear afraid,"
That Kipling pictures walking like a man,
That blocks our British cousins'
Right of way to Mongol trade—
Be that a part of our advisors' plan?
Perhaps the dear-bought wisdom
Couched in our peers command
We may not in our present temper need;
We have dealt with fluttered peoples
In our boasted Christian land,
And wrought fair cloaks of duty for our greed.

We've borne the White Man's Burden—
This Brothers' Keeper's sham,
Subduing our inferiors for their good;
See how we've spread the Gospel
Among the sons of Ham,
And christianized them as good brothers should.
Though we met not their assagai,
From jungles, dunes and plains
With glittering steel and lead and cannon flash,
We've torn them from their idols
And brought them here in chains,
And christianized them firmly with the lash.

Not born our White Man's Burden?—
Where is the Indian wild?
Swept to the western slope from Plymouth Rock;
We've so assimilated
Our half devil and half child
The remnent wouldn't pay to invoice stock.
To cowboy target practice
Check off the fallen Braves.
To our bullets, our diseases, lack of food,
To our vile post-trader's whiskey—
Could you only count their graves,
You would learn how many red men we've made good.

Take up the White Man's Burden
Though it bend a million backs,
New fields for gainful venture to provide,
And makes our seventy million
Yield the conscript and the tax—
All who're in it for the dollar have to ride.
Of benign assimilation
And humanity we brag,
But no philanthropic mission do we seek;
'Tis our yankee greed and cunning
Now flaunting freedom's flag
In the hope of wresting treasures from the weak.

"THE STRENUOUS LIFE."

Muscatine Journal: Roosevelt's Chicago banquet speech should be a beacon light for every young man in this country. It is calculated to put courage in every noble endeavor—not the courage merely that comes by success or hope of immediate success, but of a conviction of being in the right and of working for a noble and worthy purpose. "The strenuous life" is the only life worth living. The most rounded lives are those that have passed through a perpetual battle of adverse circumstances and often of adverse criticism. The steel out of which God forges his polished shafts has to be

"Heated red-hot with hopes and fears,
And plunged in baths of hissing tears,
And battered with the shocks of doom,"

Before it is ready for his service. After all, what a tame world this would be if we had not perpetually the shock of adverse judgment and opinion! Storms root the oak, we are lifted by the burdens we carry—we are refined by the cares and difficulties we encounter. We ought not to be discouraged because we are sometimes defeated. We are never so near victory as when we are defeated in a good cause. Here is the true test of the "strenuous life." Wounds received for the truth are like the gashes of Milton's angels—they close up by the healing influence of their own heavenly nature and cause him who receives them to stand forth in even greater power and excellence than before. Applying this sentiment to national life, we find illustrated the words of Mrs. Whitney in the poem on "the sons of Israel who passed through the solemn aisle of the sea:"

"God works no otherwise. No mighty birth
But comes by throes of mortal agony.
No man child among nations of the earth
But findeth baptism in a stormy sea."

But, returning to Roosevelt, the most gratifying thing about his late remarkable utterance is that with him it is not simply lip service, but he is in his own person and life-work, so far, an illustration of his theme. He stood like granite against the assaults of Tammany, the almost overwhelming power in New York City, in his determination to give to that city so far as was in his power a faithful administration of justice in its laws. And in war, amid the carnage of battle, he showed the courage of the true soldier. And now in civil life again, as governor of New York, he is showing what it is to live "the strenuous life." Long live Roosevelt, and may a beneficent Providence give our country more of his kind!

IT SHALL NEVER COME DOWN

"Who will haul it down"—President McKinley

By MAURICE THOMPSON

Shall it ever come down, ever come down,
From the height where we hung it o'er castle and town?
Answer, O patriots, stalwart and true,
We ask you in honor, say what shall we do?
Do? hold it forever o'er castle and town!
It shall never come down, never come down,
The flag of our country shall never come down.

Thou world-waking bugles, thou sea-shaking guns,
Lo! the weakling who doubts and the coward who shuns
Lay hold of the halyard to haul from its height,
Where valor has reared it, our emblem of might!
Hands off! High and holy o'er castle and town
Wave freely, old bunting; who dares haul thee down?
The flag of our glory shall never come down,

Oh, ships in the offing all battered and grim,
Is the blue fading out, are the stars getting dim?
Is our flag shrinking back from its place in the sky?
Are the hands growing weak that have borne it so high?
No, no!—never fear, over castle and town,
Where it floats it shall stay and never come down;
The mine-riven "Maine" echoes: "Never come down!"

Oh, Gray of the South, and Oh, Blue of the North,
Who shoulder to shoulder as brothers went forth
To strive on the seas and to storm on the lands,
With our hope in your hearts and our strength in your hands
Shall our flag from the Morro and palace and town
And blood-splattered hill-tops ever come down?
It shall never come down, never come down!

Far pickets of faith on the field of the Lord,
Brave scouts, through the wilderness bearing the Word,
Thou leaders of light in the darkness, Oh, say,
Shall the vanguard of hope call a halt on its way,
And slink back disheartened from castle and town,
What time the old banner of glory comes down?
Oh, just God, forbid that ever come down!

Pure white, like a lily, and red, like a rose,
Blue—starred like all heavens—wherever it goes
God's blessings go with it to glorify men;
It has covered yon isles, shall we fold it and then—
Fold it? No! hold it o'er fortress and town,
It shall never come down, never come down,
The Star-spangled Banner shall never come down!

...Ben King's Poetry...

It is now more than four years since Ben King died suddenly at Bowling Green, Ky., while on a tour of entertainment, says the Leavenworth Times. Almost immediately after the curious and amusing verses he had written were published and found speedy sale. Now, four years having passed to apply to them the test of time, there is found to be a demand sufficient to warrant a new edition, containing all the poems in the older work and a number of others which were not so included. Some of the better known of them, it is safe to say, will never be lost to the world. King had a sense of humor which was truly American and of the best order, intellectually speaking. He wrote funny things because he could not help it, being still funnier than they. What he has written survives in garbled form on every stage in America. The new edition has seen fit to change the name of the "The Sum of Life" to "The Pessimist," ignoring the pun on the Longfellow poem implied in the earlier title; but it is just as well worth laughing over as ever it was:

Nothing to do but work,
Nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to wear but clothes
To keep one from going nude.

Nothing to breathe but air—
Quick as a flash 'tis gone!
Nowhere to fall but off,
Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to comb but hair,
Nowhere to sleep but in bed,
Nothing to weep but tears,
Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to sing but songs,
Ah, well, alas, alack!
Nowhere to go but out,
Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to see but sights,
Nothing to quench but thirst,
Nothing to have but what we've got;
Thus through life we're cursed.

Nothing to strike but a gait;
Everything moves that goes;
Nothing at all but common sense
Can ever withstand these woes.

Several "If I Should Die Tonight" poems have been written by several persons of varied ability. All were given to the world before Ben King wrote his during the World's fair. Since that time none have been published.

King was married and his wife and children idolized him. At his funeral a Chicago newspaper man recited "If I should die," much to the distress of the widow. It was queer humor.

If I should die tonight
And you should come to my old corpse and say,
Weeping and heartsick o'er my lifeless clay—
If I should die tonight
And you should come in deepest grief and woe
And say, "Here's that ten dollars that I owe"—
I might rise in my large white cravat
And say, "What's that?"

If I should die tonight
And you should come to my cold corpse and kneel,
Clasping my bier to show the grief you feel—
I say, if I should die tonight
And you should come to me and there and then
Just even hint of paying me that ten,
I might arise the while;
But I'd drop dead again.

By way of a third parody, true to life, and worth quoting to the member of the family that seems to be most in love, take "How Often":

They stood on the bridge at midnight
In a park not far from town—
They stood on the bridge at midnight
Because they didn't sit down.

The moon rose o'er the city
Behind the dark church spire;
The moon rose over the city
And kept on rising higher.

How often, oh, how often
They whispered words so soft—
How often, oh, how often,
How often, oh, how oft!

And a popular superstition he wove into his verse on "The Mermaid" in a most alluring manner, thus:

But hush! A mermaid sister comes this way
And lashing with her tail the wavelets into spray.
Cometh she alone o'er yonder watery pampus?
Oh, no, by Jove! There comes the white hippocampus.

Finally, there is a tale of a maid, her brother and another, which is not as well known as it deserves to be:

Mary had a cactus plant,
So modestly it grew,
Shooting its little fibers out
To live upon the dew.

Her little brother often heard
Her say it lived on air,
And so he pulled it up one day
And placed it on a chair.

Placed it on a chair he did,
Then laughed with ghoulish glee—
Placed it in the old arm chair
Under the trysting tree.

Nor thought of Mary's lover
Who called each night to woo,
Or even dreamed they'd take a stroll
As lovers often do.

The eve drew on. The lover came,
They sought the trysting tree,
Where was the little cactus gone?
The lover—where is he?

The verses may be recommended to those suffering from melancholy.

SOLDIER, MAIDEN AND FLOWER.

"Sweetheart take this," a soldier said,
"And bid me brave good-by;
It may befall we ne'er shall wed,
But love can never die.
Be steadfast in thy troth to me,
And then, whate'er my lot,
'My soul to God, my heart to thee,'—
Sweetheart, forget me not!"

The maiden took the tiny flower
And nursed it with her tears;
Lo! he who left her in that hour
Came not in after years.
Unto a hero's death he rode
'Mid shower of fire and shot;
But in the maiden's heart abode
The flower, forget-me-not.

And when he came not with the rest
From out the years of blood,
Closely unto her widowed breast
She pressed a faded bud;
Oh, there is love and there is pain,
And there is peace, God wot,—
And these dear three do live again
In sweet forget-me-not.

'Tis to an unmarked grave to-day
That I should love to go,—
Whether he wore the blue or gray,
What need that we should know,
"He loved a woman," let us say,
And on that sacred spot,
To woman's love that lives for aye,
We'll strew forget-me-not.

—EUGENE FIELD.

THE GENTLE FILIPINO.

(As the Sergeant Sees Him.)

Oh, I've chased the sweet Apache
through his God-forsaken land,
And I've tracked the darlin' hoss-thief
where his tootsies marked the sand
And I've summered with the dago
down at "Caney by the Sea."
But the gentle Filipino—say, he beats
'em all fer me!

He beats 'em all fer me, son, the
the whole immortal lot,
In his squshy, mushy country, where
the climate's good and hot.
Oh, I've tackled red and yaller, and
I've tackled wild and tame,
But the gentle Filipino, he is high,
low, jack and game.

With his timid little manner and his
sweet and lovely smile
And his easy way of swearin' that he's
loved yer all the while,
With the white flag on his shanty
hangin' out ter catch yer eye,
And his little rifle ready fer ter plunk
yer by and by.

Ter plunk yer by and by, son, ter
shoot yer through the back,
And skip away as lively as a sprinter
down the track;
Ter come' round when they plant
yer, jest to drop his little tear.
Fer the gentle Filipino is a tender-
hearted dear.

He's as playful as a kitten, and his
pastime, as a rule,
Is ter shoot the flag-er-truce men as a
sort er April fool;
And if he can find a tree-top and sit up
there with his gun
And pick off the chaps that's wounded,
then he knows he's havin' fun.

He knows he's havin' fun, boy, a
grand, good time all 'round.
They look so awkward tumblin' from
the stretcher ter the ground;
It's such a joke ter spot 'em and ter
kill 'em where they lay.
Fer the gentle Filipino loves his pret-
ty, childish play.

'Course I know that he's a angel, pure
and white as ocean foam,
'Cause I read it in the pamphlets that
they send us here from home;
And I know that I'm a "butcher,"
'cause the pamphlets say I am,
But I guess I'll keep on fightin' jest
the same fer Uncle Sam.

The same fer Uncle Sam, son, fer—
jest bear this in mind—
The watchdog's better than the curs
that sneak and snarl behind;
I'll try to bear up, somehow, under-
neath my "murd'rer's taint,"
Fer the gentle Filipino is a blame
queer kind er saint.

—Joe Lincoln in Leslie's Weekly.

IT NEVER CAME.

Have you ever looked for a letter that did not come? Have you gone to the postoffice day by day, with a sickening feeling of mingled doubt and hope in your breast—at times feeling your heart leap joyfully in the sure belief that the letter will be waiting there for you, and again sinking like lead in the dull certainty that it will not? Have your knees trembled a little, and your hands shook when you tried to fit the key in the box? Has something come into your waiting eyes that is very like tears of keen suspense, and something beat so loud and so strong in head and breast that you could scarcely hear or feel? Did you hesitate when you had finally turned the key, and gather up all your courage that you might bear it bravely should disappointment be your lot again? And when you at last opened the little door—dear heart, was the letter there? O, if it was, be glad; for I tell you that never a sun slopes from east to west but hundreds of eyes grow dim waiting and looking and longing for letters that never come.—Del Valentine.

SALUTING KATE SHELLY.

A recent special from Cedar Rapids says that thrilling stories are not the only kind told of the furious dash of the Northwestern fast mail on its recent trip from Chicago to Omaha for one of pathos and sentiment is now being related among the trainmen.

It was conductor Free Paine who took the train at Boone. As his fiercely roaring train flew over Honey Creek, near the Des Moines river, he stood at the door of a car and waved his lantern toward a farm house on a nearby hill, and the memories of other days came back to him as he saw the answering light in that house disappearing in the distance.

It was the home of Kate Shelly.

Nearly a score of years ago, one dark stormy night, a flood carried away the bridge over Honey Creek. Kate Shelly, then a little school girl of fifteen years, looked out from her home upon the storm and saw the creek, now a roaring river, and no bridge. Knowing that twenty miles to the west a passenger train was bearing down upon that torrent-filled abyss, she at once started toward the little station of Scranton to give warning. With only a lantern she arrived at the trestle bridge crossing the Des Moines river, and ere the light could be of any service it was blown out. So, on her hands and knees, in the storm and wind, she crossed the bridge over the rushing river, and arrived at Scranton just in time to intercept the train.

Free Paine was the conductor of that train and as once again he was speeding across the country on a wild night ride, he saluted the little girl, now a woman, who saved his life at Honey creek nearly twenty years ago.

THE MASONIC LECTURE.

A Very Interesting Lecture on Siberia and the Hardships of the Exiles to that Terrible Place.

Some time ago the Masons of Sigourney made arrangements to have Captian Alberti give his lecture on "Siberia" before a Sigourney audience. The lecture occurred on Wednesday evening of last week. The opera house was crowded to overflowing and all who were there were very well entertained. As an introductory feature of the evening's entertainment, there was a phonograph concert. The phonograph was a powerful one, provided with a megaphone so that all in the house could hear the reproductions. The lecture proper was a recital of the experiences of Captian Alberti, and a description of the horrors of the life of an exile to Sibera. Captain Alberti had been educated in the government schools of Russia and as pay for this he was required to serve three years in the army. At the close of his service he was arrested for the technical disobedience of the army regulations, and sentenced to serve three years longer, and this time he was stationed in Siberia where the government made use of his knowledge of surveying. Here he remained till near the end of the secperiod of service; but he was again arrested and again sentenced to three years of army service. Near the close of the next three years he obtained a permit to hunt in the Ural mountains, but instead of looking for game he looked for an opportunity to escape to America, and finally succeeded in this. Here he remained until about 1891, and then prospects of a large inheritance from his mother's estate lured him back to Russia. Provided with the United States citizen's papers and a passport from Washington, he thought he was perfectly safe. But the officers of the Russian government arrested him, and without the formality of a trial and without reading his papers, the officer sentenced him to exile in Siberia, using this formula: "Take him out; this is number sixty." On his way to Siberia he passed from the land route to the water route. The prisoners were to be conveyed part of the way in a boat. As he was going into the boat and he began to realize that he was leaving the world behind, he remembered the past. He remembered the instructions that he received when he joined the Masonic lodge at Smyrna. He remembered that in time of great danger he could use the sign of distress and that if there was a Mason who saw it he would be rescued if it were possible. Going over to the boat he used the sign of distress, but it seemed to him that no one saw it. However, when he was on the boat, a captain of a steamer came to him and asked what he meant by his recent actions. When Alberti had properly answered him, the captain went away. When the physician came to inspect the prisoners, he stood in the doorway with his hands in the position of a Master Mason. Alberti answered him. The physician examined the prisoners and when he came to Alberti he told the guard that Alberti was very sick and should be transfered to the hospital boat. From the hospital boat he was taken at night to the shore and was provided with clothing and money so that in a few weeks he was once more in the United States. Had he been taken to the mines of Siberia he would have been dead long ago. After this recital of his history, he exhibited about a hundred stereopticon views, some of which had to do with the life of the Siberian exiles.

GERMAN TOWNSHP GRADUATON

Exercises the First of the Kind Ever Held in the County.

The German township commencement exercises, which were held at the school house in District No. 10 last Saturday evening, April 20, mark an epoch in the educational history of the county. Never before has a township class of eighth grade pupils stood up and graduated, receiving diplomas from the hands of the county superintendent. We are pleased to note this great forward step and the healthy condition of German township schools, which it indicates. It is very apparent that the schools of the entire county are under way of greater improvement and growth than ever before. Evidences of this fact may be noticed on every hand. The people as a whole are taking a greater interest and the school question is a leading topic for conversation among most people of the county. Superintendent Gemmill has been working constantly and hard with a determination to bring about a great era of prosperity in our schools and it is evident that they are now thriving better than ever before. The fruits of persistent efforts are thrusting themselves before us, and awakening a great enthusiasm among us all.

We are now upon the brink of a great advance movement in educational affairs, the limits of which are almost undefined. Let us all increase our interest and attention to the schools, and let us pull on one string and do all we can to help in the great forward stride.

The class which graduated Saturday evening consisted of thirteen bright boys and girls from various parts of the township.. Each member of the class took part in the program by way of speaking a recitation or reading an essay, and the entire roll was deserving of great commendation. Good music was furnished by Miss Emma Strohman and John and George Schwenke. Orlando Hobson presented the class and W. H. Gemmill made a neat little address in presenting the diplomas.

Following are the names of the graduates:

Number 5, Sue Downing, Teacher
Edward Kuhn
Elsie Snakenberg.

Number 8, Orlando Hobson, teacher
Curtis Roe

No. 9, Minnie Strohman, teaher.
Dorothy E. House
Nettie Ritzinger
Emma L. Strohmann

No. 10, Harry S. McVicker, teacher
Francis R. Bakehouse
Jennie V. Bakehouse
Louisa A. Bakehouse
Mary E. Bakehouse
John C. G. Duensing
David F. Strohmann
Louisa M. Strohmann

THE OTTUMWA COURIER:
MONDAY, APRIL 12, 1897.

WEST POINT LIFE—SCENES AND EXPERIENCES IN UNITED STATES CORPS CADETS.

WEST POINT LIFE.

The Courier begins today the publication of a series of twelve articles on West Point Life, written by an Iowa student at that institution. This series of articles promise to be of special interest, not only because of the personal and historical associations connected with the great government school at West Point, but because there are many young men throughout the state who have an ambition to enter this school and who will be deeply interested in this description of actual life as it is at West Point. The writer is Cadet James R. McVicker, whose home is in Sigourney.

I.—ENTRANCE

Every one has heard of the famous post of West Point and its great military academy. This government reservation is situated on the west bank of the "classic Hudson," about forty miles above New York. It is not very necessary to refer that it was here that Sherman, Sheridan and Grant, Johnston, Davis and Lee received the training which so pre-eminently fitted them for the arduous tasks to which their lives were afterwards called. West Point furnishes most of the commissioned officers for our regular army, but aside from that, the wonderful training that one there receives, the world that is opened to ambition through this education,—these and other considerations combine to make a West Point cadetship of more value than worlds of material wealth. West Point is indeed the idol of many a young man's fondest ambitions, but the many are doomed to disappointment.

It was the writer's good fortune to receive a conditional appointment to the Military Academy, and he was ordered by the war department to report at West Point in June last for mental and physical examination. To the ceaseless toils and struggles incident to receiving the appointment he will no more than refer. Suffice it to say that the appointment came as a welcome reward to crown with success the efforts, the labors of many days of study, toil and worriment. Naturally, a great deal of interest attached itself in his mind in relation to that June examination. It was a time big with expectancy. Here, perhaps, was to be decided a matter which would determine the whole future course of his existence. Here the line was to be drawn between the civilian and the soldier. Here was to be won or lost the opportunity that might some day make him a major general. Who could tell? Who could read the future? "Time will tell." By hard, unswerving, indefatigable labor, he meant to achieve the full measure of success,—to do his very best.

At last the day came to bid goodbye to home and friends. The writer did so with a buoyant heart, hoping some day to meet them as the "conquering hero," to heartily shake them by the hand when some of victory had attended him. So the trip was undertaken. "It's but a chptear in the life of every cadet." Via Chicago, via wondrous Niagara, down through the Mohawk valley to the "Great City"—our country's metropolis. A brief period of sight-seeing, and then that lesser but grander trip up the Hudson to the appointed place of destiny—West Point.

The writer found his way up to the post late in the afternoon, and was most pleasurably impressed with the beautiful surroundings. The green plain facing the bend of the river on the north and looking miles up the broad Hudson, the shapely trees, the stately buildings, and the historic interest of the place, all combined to lend a charm that awakened responsive chords of pleasure in the breast of the writer that he can not easily forget. In company with other candidates he walked out upon the plain to watch that first evening parade. A martial band discoursed the finest military music. Only half the corps took part in that parade, two classes being away on furlough. But it was a scene long to be remembered. With perfect cadence every move was executed. "Present arms," "order arms," "fix bayonets," "charge bayonets," "port arms," "right shoulder arms," "order arms," "unfix bayonets," throughout the whole exercise each man seemed to be a part of one machine and all moved as one man at the voice of the commander. The battalion stood at "parade rest" while the "Star Spangled Banner" was played, the national colors were slowly lowered from the top of the tall flag staff, then the sunset gun was fired, and the command rang out "battalion attention!" The battalion was then moved at a double-quick time across the plain, with unbroken step and keeping perfect time and disappeared through a sally port into the area barracks.

After an evening stroll around the post several of the candidates returned to the hotel and began to get acquainted with each other, and meanwhile thought of the morrow. The 13th of June dawned—yes, "clear and bright." The two classes in barracks marched over the camping ground in military array and pitched the tents of Camp Hooker. A few of the candidates watched the proceedings at a distance, and the proud "yearlings" cast many a scornful look at them that evinced a desire to cultivate a future acquaintance. About sixty of the candidates collected about the chapel to compare notes and to make each other's acquaintance. Gilmore, "Little Johnnie" Sullivan, and Hull—the three big men of the class—were there, and considering "all in all," it seemed quite a formidable and famous class. After a while they gradually worked their way to the adjutant's office to report. "One man at a time only," were that official's words of greeting, and were a second man to intrude his unworthy presence into the sanctum sanctorum of that dignitary before his turn, he would be "called down" and ordered out in a manner anything else but gentle. The candidate was ordered to "stand up," "salute," and to "report properly." He received his first lesson in military discipline in this office, and some of his thoughts about the glory of cadet life might have been taken off his hands at some discount by the time the adjutatnt got through with him.

The candidate repaired to the rear doorway of the building as they finished reporting, and from here they were convoyed in small groups, say seven to eleven, by an orderly who appeared at intervals, and in a sorrowful way invited them over to the cadet store. After a while, the writer's turn came. His group was led to the building and forsaken by the orderly. There being seats provided, these candidates availed themselves of them, and wondered "what next?" Well, the "next" came and struck them like a cyclone. Presently there stalked into the place in a very military and heavy-footed fashion, a cadet-lieutenant and three or four cadet-sergeants. Of course, the candidates had to admire the uniforms, etc., and the cadets immediately fell upon them, individually and collectively. "Take your slimy eyes off of me!" "Keep your eyes to the front!" "Remove your gaze from me, Mr!" "You keep your eyes strictly to the front, Mr!" were their salutations.

Language is utterly void to portray the manner in which these cadets greeted the candidates. They were actually the fiercest looking men the writer ever saw, although, of course, these fierce looks were merely assumed. Well, to make what seemed a long story at the time short, the candidates were driven like so many animals over into the barracks, told to clean up their rooms, "drag" over their bedding, and await further orders. Frequent inspections were made to note their progress, and it always seemed that they were doing things in the worst possible manner. They were "beasts" in name as well as in fact.

They settled in the barracks and time rolled on very slowly. The following week was devoted to examinations. Meanwhile, the cadets who had been admitted at the March examinations, arrived and were put immediately to drilling. The candidates had a brief respite from the oven in watching them "fry." Oh, how they caught it! Finally, the June candidates were lined up, and the names of the successful ones called off. The unsuccessful ones were ordered immediately to their homes or "anywhere else," and then a little undivided attention was given the others, of whom the writer was one. They were driven to the cadet store, provided with uniforms, and then dragged back to barracks. They were cadets of the United States Military Academy at last!

James R. McVicker.

James Rufus McVicker has a very interesting letter in this week's issue of the NEWS on "Life at West Point." Every reader of the paper should read it from start to finish. He will write a series of articles.

THE OTTUMWA COURIER:
TUESDAY, APRIL 13, 1897.

WEST POINT LIFE—SCENES AND EXPERIENCES IN UNITED STATES CORPS CADETS.

II.—"BEAST BARRACKS"

Having been received as cadets, these successful candidates of the March and June examinations received the official designation of "New Cadets," and were assigned two weeks' sojourn in the barracks before entering the summer camp. These two weeks of cadet experience are known among cadets as "Beast Barracks," and if the qualifying word is meant to convey the idea that the new cadet is treated like a beast—and such its meaning surely is—then these two weeks are most appropriately named.

The new cadets were soon a very homesick and sorry lot of boys, but they were kept busy enough. At half past five o'clock every morning the fife and drum, accompanied with the report of the reveille gun, awoke the one hundred and eight sleepers, and when the reader is informed that it was understood that every man of them must be in ranks in proper uniform in just five minutes from the "boom" of the gun, perhaps the reader's imagination will picture some "tall hustling" being done in that five minutes. If he thinks that, the writer can assure him that it is not a bad guess. The worst trouble was experienced in fastening one's fatigue coat. It was adjustable at the collar by means of certain hooks which to the inexperienced new cadet always seemed bent on anything else but on the plan to hitch with speed and accuracy. So the first morning it happened that some luckless "beast" omitted to make the proper connection at the collar of his coat—an omission he was forcibly reminded was about as unmilitary as if he had not been dressed at all. On the fatigue coat there was a black stock devised to conceal that part of the collar under the hooks, and this had a habit of slipping from its proper place. The eagle eyes of the cadet lieutenant and sergeants quickly noticed the offenders, and they were quick to administer big reprimands with their sharp tongues. The new cadet was ever criticised very severely on his personal appearance—"hair not properly brushed," "cap dusty," "cap absolutely vile and slimy," "improperly shaved," "collar dirty," "vile and slimy collar," "coat not buttoned throughout," "black stripe on trousers showing dust," "shoes improperly blacked," etc. It seemed impossible to please the fastidious eye of these demi-gods.

Not only did one find a world of troubles in maintaining a satisfactory personal appearance, but his actions and bearing furnished numberless causes for reproof. The beasts were compelled to "brace" when in ranks and at all other times when under the surveillance of the cadet officers. "Bracing?" It is, "Get your feet and knees together," "draw up your stomach," "Get those shoulders back—more yet," "drag in your chin—more yet," etc. Bracing in ranks, bracing between times in the "office," and then those bracing drills. New cadets braced manfully, obeyed their orders as became true soldiers, but it was excruciatingly painful to brace so hard and so long at a time. A few fainted from exhaustion or muscular tension.

There were four drills per day during these two weeks, and taking into consideration the three meal formations the new cadets did not have much spare time for homesickness. Part of the drills were in the "setting-up" exercises and part in the manual of arms. The significant features of the drills were the drill-masters. They were chosen from the third or "yearling" class and their treatment of the new "Plebes" was scientific to be sure. It seemed to afford them a huge amount of enjoyment to have these "Plebes" under their control. They delighted to ask questions of a trivial nature and to exact the most dignified and serious replies. They of course demanded that the new men observe toward them the most respectful attitude, and as for the use of "Mr." and "Sir" in conversation of all kinds, it goes without saying.

Despite the severity of their military duties and discipline, the new cadets found a little time for enjoyment in their barracks prisons, and, "New cadets turn out promptly" was not the most welcome sound in the world. But just to think of the many offenses — all "unintentional"—that they committed, and the scores of "explanations" that had to be written for them. The causes for those "explanations" seemed to increase with wonderful rapidity, and it took all the cadet's spare time to assure the cadet lieutenant and his assistants that the "grossness" was "unintentional" and "would not be repeated."

Finally, the two weeks rolled by, and the new cadets were notified to be in readiness to remove to "Camp Hooker." Of course, all was hurry and preparation then. They anticipated a pleasant time in camp, but still there was wondering as to what kind of reception the corps would give them.

Early one bright morning they "floated" over to camp, accompanied by brooms, wash-bowls, pails, bedding, guns, accoutrements, and numerous other paraphernalia, in pretty much of a promiscuous as well as conspicuous array. The Plebes of the class of 1900 crossed No. 6 sentinel's post with appurtenances of war sufficient to equip a small army, and the guard wasn't even turned out for them. But they were sufficiently honored—they attracted enough attention. As they marched on the parade ground the whole corps turned out of the tents laughing with "fiendish glee." Ah! if the would-be cadet could only see himself in the long, hot summer days of his Plebe camp, congressmen would not be troubled with a flood of applications for West Point!

"'B' company men fall out," and the writer, with others, marched down the gravel street to the tent to which he and two classmates had been assigned. The battalion is composed of four companies, "A," "B," "C" and "D." Each company has a street, upon each side of which are the tents. The tents were small, 8x10 feet floor space, but every article of a cadet's effects has a prescribed place, which accounts for the great economy of room. The upper classmen very kindly condescended to volunteer their assistance in arranging the "Plebe's" effects, for which favor there was true gratitude. As a slight compensation for their services the upper classmen chose every man of the Plebe class as a "special dutyman." These were assigned to the different men in the corps, first classmen being served first, so that if there were not enough Plebes to go around to all the "yearlings," the said yearlings had to borrow Plebe service from some other man's Plebe. So when a Plebe was not working for his liege lord, he would be pretty sure to be in the borrowed service of some other man. At first it seemed to be a high honor to be chosen a special dutyman. Some of the Plebes were "high-ranking" enough to be chosen by cadet-lieutenants. The writer fell into the service of a sergeant. It was not long till there came a realization of the office of special dutyman. It was carry water—clean gun—sew gloves—brush dress hat—change cuffs—lower tent walls—raise tent walls—sweep floor—make down bed—pile bedding—burnish dress coat buttons — "drag" ice-water — make "lemos"—go, present compliments, and borrow—change belts—burnish brasses—scour cartridge-box —crease trousers—fix up tent—etc., ad infinitum. In return therefor, the Plebe was taught how to do the work "properly" and was paid advice. He occasionally drank a "lemo" and was treated to a little "boodle."

Their first day in camp was a day of introduction to their respective tents and the men for whom they were chosen special dutymen. The many days to follow were to make them acquainted with the men of the U. S. Corps Cadets. They retired to rest that first night with feelings of pleasure. It seemed pleasant to sleep out in the salubrious air and gaze at heaven's canopy. Many times that first night they heard the sentinels' calls. The call would start at the guard tent just after the Academy bell had told the hour: "No. 1, two o'clock, all's well"—"No. 2, two o'clock, all's well"—"No. 3, two o'clock, all's well"—"No. 4, two o'clock, all's well"—"No. 5, two o'clock, all's well"—"No. 6, two o'clock, all's well"—"All's well." Then there would be silence for a while, to be broken by "Halt! Who's there?" But, finally, sleep—sweet sleep with pleasant dreams—came and wafted their weary minds to her evanescent kingdom.

James R. McVicker.

THE OTTUMWA COURIER:
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 14, 1897.

WEST POINT LIFE—SCENES AND EXPERIENCES IN UNITED STATES CORPS CADETS.

III.—"PLEBE CAMP."

Boom!

Reveille!

The camp musicians started the sound of the fife and drum, and cadets had just ten minutes for dressing and falling into ranks in their respective company streets. But this was ample time. Some upper classmen continued to snore until half the time had expired, but the Plebes arose, immediately dressed, and piled their bedding They did this latter on the suggestion, "You Plebes, pile your bedding before reveille, so that you will have the time to pile ours after reveille." Now "Plebe Camp" commenced in earnest. So did the afternoon "bracing formations." It is not known as to whom the credit belongs for the origination of this noble institution (the afternoon bracing formations), but the Plebes would like to have seen the founder and all his proselytes in Hades. Plebes were compelled to brace from ten to twenty minutes, and generally a piece of paper was inserted between their shoulder blades for them to hold in place. This was intended as an evidence of "good faith," or rather to show that the Plebe was not "dead-beating."

The military duties were heavy enough also. The Plebes continued for about a month of the camp under charge of Cadet Lieutenant Smither. He marched them to a retired part of the grounds every evening and subjected them to an inspection. "Open ranks—march." Then the inquisition began, "Did you black those shoes, Mr. ——?" "Yes, sir." "Well,they don't look like it, you want to black your shoes properly before you ever come out here again, understand that?" "Yes, sir." "Did you brush that cap tonight, Mr. ——?" "Well, it is absolutely vile. What did you brush it with, a towel? What is your name, you gross man? What do you mean by coming out here wearing such a vile, slimy collar as that? It's utterly disgraceful!" And so on down the lines. Language is weak to impress these things upon the reader's mind. At best it can be said that the coming Fourth class men were speedily brought to realize that West Point life is not a bed of roses, but quite a different life from one of ease and pleasure. The class of 1900 found out, as every new class soon discovers, that the United States Military Academy is an institution where only men of worth, honor, and manhood are wanted; and all these qualities so essential to the soldier and gentleman are put to the severest test at West Point. True, the authoritative manner in which these upper classmen lorded it over Fourth class men injured the latter's pride, but they already realized that a Plebe's dignity is at a great discount in "Plebe Camp."

The Fourth or Plebe class were drilled daily in infantry and artillery. They also received a lesson in swimming or dancing, alternating daily. The yearlings were given the benefit of a good long period of each forenoon in practical military engineering—digging trenches, throwing up earthworks making wire entanglements, and other like beneficial hard labor for their tyrannical constitutions. "Oh, that awful P. M. E.—it will be the death of me." Some Plebes would have been glad to have been afforded an opportunity to attend the few funerals.

The other class in camp, the first or graduating class were employed in the forenoons in enginering and cavalry drills. In the afternoons all the classes were unengaged with official duties. First class men "spooned femmes," pearlings slept or read books, and Plebes "spooned" guns. The second class was away on furlough, and presumably they "celebrated" that fact and "spooned" to their heart's content.

In camp, evening was the social time among cadets. The hours were spent with music, singing, story telling and other amusements, in all of which the Plebe played a very conspicous part. Then took place, also, the "soirees." A soiree? Well, a Plebe soon finds out, and if you think "to his sorrow," you have made an admirable guess, reader The unlucky Plebe or Plebes who had incurred the displeasure of some one or more of the yearlings were put to "exercising" by way of diversion or punishment. It was the former for the upper class men and the latter for the Plebes. The most popular of the exercises was the "wooden willy." This was named after a certain Lieutenant William ——, who was also "wooden." The legend is that he was one day drilling a company of cadets whose execution of the manual did not suit him, and he kept them going through the movements, "Aim, recover," until their arms felt ready to drop off. "Wooden-Willying" is now reserved exclusively for the benefit of Plebes by their self-appointed superiors. "Eagling" is a very graceful exercise performed by bending the knees and rising on the toes, and at the same time extending the arms and circling them from the shoulders. When this movement is performed properly, the victim's movements resemble those of an eagle with outstretched and flapping wings. "Double stepping" consists in raising the knee to the height of the waist, right foot and left foot successively, and very rapidly. There are other exercises, notable among which are "foot-balls" and "chew-chews," but those detailed are the important ones. Perhaps it would be as well to state that an interesting feature of these movements is their continuance. Some times the Plebe is made to keep up the exercising until he faints from sheer exhaustion. It is a case of obey or fight.

The Plebe is also compelled at all times to "stand up," "get 'em back," (his shoulders), "drag it in, (his chin) and when walking the compay street must "dig in" his toes and "fin out," which latter means to carry his hands with the palms to the front It is a ridiculous position to assume and, just imagine all Plebes habitually walking that way during camp! The Plebes were made to do all sorts of ridiculous and foolish things. The writer knows that his own sense of dignity suffered somewhat in his having to chew a tent rope and the side of a wooden stretcher and all the while growl lustily like a most bloodthirsty bear. A downright mean thing was done to a few Plebes in having them chew candles. This chewing of candles was so utterly nauseating as to make one feel sick for hours. Frequently Plebes, at the behest of their superiors, bestrode such fiery steeds as brooms,and pranced up and down the company streets shouting forth such eloquent sayings as: "I'm mad, I'm mad, I know I'm mad;" "This noble breast was pierced with three codfish balls at the battle of pork and beans, sir;" "Turn boys, turn, we're going back!"

A favorite pastime of the upper class men is to have the Plebes whistling a certain corps tune, the "Missouri National," or singing of the taking down of their famous "Blue Bottles." The latter runs:

"Ninety-nine blue bottles a' hangin'
on the wall,
Ninety-nine blue bottles a' hangin'
on the wall,
Take one away, from them all,
And there's ninety-eight blue bottles
a' hangin' on the wall."

The Plebe must take the "Ninety-nine Blue Bottles" down, one by one, without "dead-beating" after which he may be allowed to put them back again, or he will be otherwise employed. O, how the fourth class man's dignity is made to grovel here!

James R. McVicker.

THE OTTUMWA COURIER: THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1897.

WEST POINT LIFE—SCENES AND EXPERIENCES IN UNITED STATES CORPS CADETS.

IV.—"CORPS CUSTOMS."

"Crawling" Plebes is one of the established customs of the corps, and an expert person in this intricate art of using his tongue to the greatest discomforture of the Plebes is termed a "fiendish crawloid." That the reader may get the full meaning of the word "crawl" as applied to annoying Plebes, let him in his imagination follow the writer. Suppose a scene in Camp Hooker. An upper classman who is a "crawloid" sees a Plebe walking up the street of "B" company. Assuming a would-be Napoleonic air and with a would-be stentorian voice, the aforesaid upper classman vociferates to the aforementioned Plebe this, "B. S.," (British Science, i. e., English).

"Here, you man, there, what do you mean by slouching in this company street? Stand up! Get your shoulders back! Stand up hrd d. ia ers back! Drag in your chin! Tin out! Dig in your toes! Come off swinging that arm! What are you trying to celebrate? Who do you think you are, anyhow? You're altogether too indifferent and blase around here! You've got to come off it, too! Drag in your chin! Get those shoulders back! More yet! More yet, Mr. Dumguard! Mister, did I see the least semblance of a smile on that homely countenance of yours? Wake up! Take your vile, slimy, green eyes off of me! You keep your eyes straight to the front! You're too gross to be B. J. to me! You're altogether wooden! You're absolutely petrified! You are going to be found in January—do you know that? You are the vilest-looking object to be called a man I ever cast my two eyes upon! Suppose you stand at attention properly when a superior speaks to you! It's utterly useless for me to waste my breath on you, though—you are too worthless. Take your hot, beastly, vile breath out of my face! Don't assume that injured, supercilious look! You resemble a beast more than you do a man! You are utterly beneath my contempt! Don't look so displeased! Do you want to fight, Mr? How much do you weigh? One hundred forty-five! Ah! indeed! That is just my weight exactly, Mr., and I shall just take supreme delight in smashing that ugly face of yours into an unrecognizable mass of dislocation and gore! I am going to do it, too, if you don't wake up and display a little life and some sense around here. Do you think I can? Well, you had just better beware of me, and there are about N other men in the corps who are just aching to get a chance to send you to the hospital. Go and get me a drink—step out about it! Now get my gun down from the rack and go to wooden-Willying till you drop over! Now you take that gun to your tent and clean it thoroughly, and if you scratch it or leave a bit of pomade on it, or I catch you dead-beating, I'll make it the most serious matter of your life! Get out!"

Such an insulting tirade heaped upon one would be more than ample stimulus to incite the fourth classman to fight then and there, for that matter, were it not for the requirements of the cadet code of honor. One must not only defend himself on the honor of a gentleman, but he must also comply with the demands of corps sentiment if he would hold his place in the esteem of the cadets.

All this harrassing of fourth classmen—the menial service, the exercising, the carrying one's self in "constrained and painful position"—all these things are forbidden by the regulations of the Academy, but the reader must know that the "power behind the throne" is not the officers who enforce the regulations of the U. S. Military Academy, but the men who compose the U. S. Corps Cadets. One must unquestioningly do as he is bidden or face the opposition of the whole battalion. Corps customs require that the Plebe shall learn the first duty of the soldier—obedience. And these customs are as fixed in that famous corps of cadets as the blocks of granite in the old barracks building itself. They are regarded as a part of the institution, and although nine Plebes out of ten while undergoing the schooling themselves say they will never haze others, it is said that only one in a hundred fails to grasp the first opportunity to "devil" the next year's class of Plebes. There are two courses, one of which the Plebe must choose—he must submit, or he must fight. Be he the son of a millionaire or the son of a woodchopper, he must lay his dignity aside, or he must render satisfaction in an "affair of honor." To refuse to fight when challenged would be branded as cowardice, and far better would it be for one to resign than in the United States Corps Cadets to carry upon his forehead the name of "Coward!"

Reader, accompany the writer, if you will, to the customary settlement of a cadet difference. A Plebe, for cause sufficient in the mind of the class president of the yearling class, has been "called out," and against him is pitted a member of the third class, whose weight and size are about equal to his own. It is the corps code that there will be no advantages taken. The Plebe is required to fight only men who are physically his equals, and only one at a time. The antagonists chose seconds, a referee, and a time-keeper, and the affair is conducted on the Marquis of Queensberry rules. Early on the appointed morning, long ere the first signs of dawn, the Plebe and his seconds are quietly awakened and join the party of upper classmen. The little party very cautiously and stealthily work their way to the edge of the camp, and as soon as the sentinel turns his back, they glide across his post and in the generality of cases proceed to "Ft. Clinton," but in this particular case the party's objective point is "Battery Knox." This is situated a hundred feet below the camp, just by the water's edge.

Arrived here, the participants are ~~taken on distance and decisively~~ taken in charge by their seconds. The time-keeper and referee make a few preliminary arrangements, and then take their stations. "Time," calls a voice and into the ring from opposite points spring the fourth classman and the third classman. They advance quickly. They both guard. Then a lunge—a plunge—again they guard—now they rush at each other—afeint—then the Plebe is dealt a hard blow—he returns it—now science tells, the Plebe is knocked down—he staggers up—fights on wildly, blindly—again he is knocked down—he is wounded, but again rises and fights—the blows are hard and quick—the Plebe fights bravely, heroically, but is clearly overmatched—again he receives a sledge-hammer blow that causes him to reel and fall heavily to the ground—he is dazed—he does not rise up in the ten-second limit, and is defeated—the fight is ended. Both parties wend their way back to camp, the principals being cared for by their seconds. The haughty yearling has disfigured his opponent, has "sent him to the hospital," but where is the glory? The self-appointed superiors have satisfied their cadet code of honor, but was it bravely and manfully done? Would the circumstances redound to their "honor" in years to come? The Plebe was given a chance to defend himself against the savage assault of one who clearly overmatched him in physical prowess. What a proud and noble affair, but, then, cadet "honor" has been satisfied.

In the years of the Military Academy's history there have been hundreds of fights between Plebes and yearlings. It may not appear the most amicable way to settle difficulties, but corps sentiment says that a cadet must fight when "called out."

Stop it? No, the unwritten laws of the institution demand that the Plebes obey the upper classmen. The tactical officers are of the "old school" themselves, for they have been cadets, and though they will relentlessly perform their official duties, they will not stoop to "spy" upon cadets. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan—all had to submit. True, the last did show them that he, too, could fight, but he conformed to the ancient customs. And the treatment is not without its benefits. It is only a temporary evil. The common subjection and classmates' fights serve to join these men from all parts of the great Union by a band of brotherhood that all the years of life shall not destroy!

James R. McVicker.

Continued in:

Vol-1 (1-20)	Vol-2 (21-40)	Vol-3 (41-60)	Vol-4 (61-80)
Vol-5 (81-100)	Vol-6 (101-120)	Vol-7 (121-140)	Vol-8 (141-160)
Vol-9 (161-180)	Vol-10 (181-200)	Vol-11 (201-220)	Vol-12 (221-240)
Vol-13 (241-260)	Vol-14 (261-269)		

Scrapbook provided Courtesy of Dean Norman

Compiled by James B. McVicker

http://freepages.genealogy.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~mcvicker/