

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.

THE OTTUMWA COURIER:
FRIDAY, APRIL 16, 1897.

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

V.—"CALLED OUT."

In the case of the submission of a new class to older classes at West Point is but instanced the power of union against individual strength. Were the members of the new class to organize themselves against the tactics of upper classmen, they could, perhaps, very effectually resist the tyrannies that are usually inflicted upon Fourth classmen. But the new class is not in position to organize upon entering—most members know but little of West Point life, and but few are much acquainted with each other. The Fourth class men at that time lack that common experience so essential to organization, and usually the Fourth class does not organize until the January following the first half year of the course,—and the organization is then of more practical use for harassing the next new Fourth class than for protecting the then Fourth class. But it must not be supposed that in a class of 108 men there were not to be found a few who refused to be treated as such low inferiors as the higher classes affected to consider them, and these few men braved the consequences of their various refusals and were promptly "called out."

Cadet Luery was one of the first members of the Fourth class to be "called out." Luery was a Jew and a certain upper class man began harassing this Fourth class man principally on account of his nationality. Luery resented the treatment he was receiving by striking the upper class man a fearful blow on the head with his gun. The upper class man was knocked to the ground and was in a dazed condition for a moment, but he suddenly arose and struck Luery a hard blow with his fist. The yearling class at once challenged Luery to fight. Luery promptly accepted. The Fourth class man was awkward and unskilled. A man who handled his fists scientifically was chosen to represent the yearling class. The result was what may usually be expected on the part of the Fourth class man in an affair of this kind; Luery went to the hospital.

Cadet E. G. Davis also fought. The writer does not know the exact circumstances that led up to Davis' fight, but can state that the cause was due to a refusal on Davis' part to obey some order of an unauthorized nature from his would-be superiors. Davis was a man of courage and pluck and looked like a good fighter. A first class man—a cadet captain—who was a skilled pugilist, in fact the best of his weight in the corps, was put up against this fourth class man. The fight occurred at Fort Clinton before reveille one morning in the early part of the camp. It was a bloody, hard-fought contest, but Davis was defeated. By some means a report of this fight got into the press, though cadets

are prohibited from furnishing information of this nature for publication, and the editorial columns of New York and Philadelphia papers teemed with articles denunciatory of the "barbarity," the "disgrace to civilization," "Uncle Sam's brutal cadets," etc. The army officers at West Point investigated the reports. The cadet captain was called before the commandant of the cadets, who reduced him to the ranks in the battalion on the strength of the newspaper report.

There were a few other fights of greater or lesser importance—the degree of their importance, perhaps, dependant upon the number of days the fourth class man had to remain in the hospital for the recovery of his natural features. But there was one other fight, compared with which all the other fights between Plebes and Yearlings can be only minor events in the minds of the members of the class of 1900. They will long treasure up the remembrance of that fight, for the victor was a plebe! The man who went to the hospital was the upper class man!

The fight came about in this wise. The fourth class man, who shall be nameless in this writing, was a quiet unobtrusive, appearing person, of Irish descent, who was, however, not very handsome. In fact, he looked somewhat ugly from an aesthetic standpoint, but subsequent events would indicate that his countenance was indicative of pugnacity rather than repulsive. Really, he carried a warm, true heart beneath the forbidding countenance he wore. He attended strictly and faithfully to his duties and possessed those essential military qualities—energy and decision. Some member of the yearling class had offered this Plebe what the latter chose to regard as an affront and he resented it as such. He shook his fist under the nose of this upper class man and said: "I will give you to understand that I am man enough to resent this from you."

This was regarded as ample cause for "calling out" the Plebe. Accordingly the yearling class, through their class president, challenged the Plebe to fight. Nothing suited him better. He wanted to fight and in truth had been seriously thinking of taking the initiative in the matter himself, but now that they had saved him the trouble he was ready for them to bring on their man.

The Yearlings now began to look among their number for the proper man. The Plebe was a short, heavy-set man, and after considering all the points in the matter such as height, weight, ability, etc., the Yearlings concluded that the very man to pit against this pugnacious Plebe was their own class president, who was not only an active hazer but also the champion boxer of their class. This Yearling was delighted at the prospect of adding the glory of breaking

a Plebe's face to his many other laurels, and he at once signified his pleasure in meeting the Plebe in a fair fight.

Second, referee and time keeper were selected and the affair was set to take place at Battery Knox real early in the morning. Presumably, by way of making the affair doubly interesting, another Plebe was called out and his fight was to take place immediately after the big fight. Plebes anxiously awaited the issues of the contests, and Yearlings promised themselves two more victims for the hospital. Of course the whole affair was kept very quiet, but then nearly every one knew of it. The reports that a fight is brewing spreads among class mates with surprising rapidity.

The parties met at the appointed time and place. The upper class man not only outclassed the fourth class man from every point of "science," but he weighed more. He felt easily equal to the occasion and intended to add to the program in many ways. The Fourth class man well knew that he could expect no favors and he determined to do a good part of the fighting that was to be done. Things were arranged, the signal was given, and the two men met in the ring. The Yearling tried his tactics but found his opponent fully prepared. Then there was a desperate assault on the Plebe, but the Yearling got decidedly the worst of that assault, and of many more that followed. The two fought long and hard. It was a bloody fight, but the blood was drawn from the face of the upper class man. He had met his match—yes more than his match, for the unerring hand that drove past his guards and dealt him hard blows where least expected was not unpracticed in the art it carried. It had told for victory before. The upper class man persisted in fighting round after round, although he invariably got the worst of all. It was no use to prolong that contest—the Yearling was playing a bad game for himself. He attempted to land a terrible swing blow upon his too wary opponent and received terrible blows in return. At last, weak and exhausted, he gave up the fight and sought his way to the hospital. The Plebe was uninjured except for a comparatively trifling scratch, but upper class men insisted on his going to the hospital as well as their class-mate. The Plebe came out of the hospital in a few days but the face of the Yearling detained him there for two or three weeks. The Fourth class man was harassed no more, and none of the other eligible candidates for fighting him were heard pushing their claims.

James R. McVicker.

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

VI.—THE CAMP.

"Sound off the time somebody in 'B' company!"

"10:55, sir; the goose hangs high, sir; the featherless biped of the species Anci hangs suspended from the ethereal nothingness, sir. My name is Mud, sir. I am Irish, sir. I am chief time keeper and high cockalorum of B company, sir. I am regulator of the time, mean, solar, sidereal, and all the time, sir."

Such, in part, was the choice effusion of English with which Cadet Private Glynn, Co. B, U. S. C. C., regaled the ears of the Yearlings about "n" times per day. This was Glynn's "tech." A "tech?" Well, it would seem that the word is a contraction for technical, but its use in the substantive sense implies more of importance to Plebes than all the grammatical distinctions in the world. A "tech" is a peculiar piece of English originating in the "mathy" brain of some Yearling cadet of present or by-gone days, and may as in the above case be handed down from class to class with additions and alterations that would make it seem like some old moss-covered boulder that has rolled from time to time down the mountain side. Some "techs" are neither more nor less than newspaper clippings of a complimentary nature, and in the Plebes' estimation all the worse for that. To speak about one's self these little pieces that are usually headed, "The Winning Boy," "Our West Point Cadet," "Cadet Dumficket," etc, is not an unalloyed pleasure.

It is all very nice to have one's self in print in civilized portions of this terrestrial ball, where naught but the congratulations of friends, the delusive dreams of future greatness, and the sweet smiles of the fairies that admire shoulder straps, lay claim to the happy, fleeting moments. This were a mere matter of pleasure,—but just let the fiends at West Point get hold of those innocent little clippings and all their honied sweetness is turned to bitterest gall. The Plebe who "boned bootlick" on the editor is required to "speck," (memorize) the piece of printed "B. S." (British Science, i. e., English), and to "sound it off" on all occasions when ordered to do so, usually many times a day, all through the long summer camp. Then the criticisms that are gratuitously showered upon him by the Yearlings do not add to the pleasure of his effort. It is invariably quite a surprise to the Plebe as to how these clippings found their way to West Point. But really the Plebe is of a good deal of importance at West Point—to the Yearlings. They anxiously anticipate the arrival of the Plebes, and they request friends to "send all newspaper clippings about next year's Plebes"—so these clippings reach West Point in various ways.

Fourth of July was celebrated in the Corps with characteristic ceremonies. The Plebes turned out in frequent parades in which they carried brooms and wore their uniforms and other improvised costumes in as grotesque ways as Yearling ingenuity could devise. They sang, whistled, and chanted passages from the "Blue book" (the Regulations) all at once, and indiscriminately. It seemed in the writer's mind; a very novel way to celebrate the Fourth, and he was not altogether favorably impressed with the innovation. The fun was on the other side of the fence, in fact. The Yearlings seemed to enjoy it very hugely. A salute from the field artillery was fired by cadet detachments in the forenoon. The battalion attended exercises in which Cadet Lieutenant Sarratt, of South Carolina, was the orator of the day. He delivered a patriotic address. In closing he said: "Here, on this ground, made sacred by its historic associations, in sight of yonder old guns that have in the past spoken for our country, let us foster a true spirit of patriotism and a willingness to give ourselves if need be to the cause of our nation's welfare." In the evening cadets assembled here and there in the company streets and listened to the improvised oratorical efforts of all the Plebes. There was no opportunity for "dead-beating." The Plebe was required to deliver a speech in honor of the glorious Fourth.

An amusing little episode occurred on the day Cadet Lane, who represents the Hawkeye state in the class of 1900, was enjoying the course of events immensely and perhaps, was looking and acting a little more important than Plebes were accustomed. A Yearling saw him and demanded sharply, "What are you trying to celebrate Mr.?" Lane's reply was prompt, "The Fourth of July, sir!" This repartee brought the Yearling's smile and a lively "Go ahead, Mr."

In the pleasant summer evenings frequent concerts were given on the parade ground before the camp by the U. S. M. A. band. There was always a good attendance of officers and ladies at these concerts. Some upper class men would go out to the visitors' seats and engage the attention of some of the fair ones in conversation. By far the greater number elected to stay in camp, however, and it was their chief delight to instigate the Plebes of different companies into pillow fights. Instigate? Well, they did more. They arranged the plans of campaign like veteran generals and when affairs were in readiness the Plebes were ordered to seize their pillows, rush out upon the parade ground and join in the affay. These contests were always fierce, though brief. Plebes were bent on upholding the prowess of their respective companies, and generally they wielded the pillows with considerable force. More than one Plebe was knocked over in the

fray, and others were made to see stars. It was very interesting to watch these affairs, and doubtless they were enjoyed by the spectators quite as well as were the concerts. However, the "tacs," (tactical officers) thought these pillow fights quite detrimental to the proprieties and dignity of a well regulated army camp, so they make efforts to "hive" the participants. Plebes had to be very careful that they might not run fully and squarely into a "tac," upon bolting to their tent, and many a narrow escape was had.

Cadet Whitlock, the B company sprinter, was very nearly caught. He was passing in proximity to a "tac," when he was ordered to halt and give an account of himself. But, O no, Whitlock couldn't be caught that easily. He just ran all the more swiftly, relying upon his sprinting abilities, and left the "tac," all alone. On a certain occasion the writer was less fortunate. He was just emerging from the back of his tent, preparatory to joining a charge when a young lieutenant "hived" him. After a moment's hesitation the writer was just about to dart back into his tent when he was ordered to stop and approach the officer. He hesitated a moment about obeying the latter order, being almost minded to run and take his chances of being identified, but his discretion got the better part of his valor, and so he presented himself.

"What is your name, sir?"

"Mr. —, sir."

"Well, Mr. —, why did you hesitate when ordered to report to me?"

"It didn't at first occur to me that an officer was addressing me, sir."

"O, it didn't? You were going to engage in a pillow fight weren't you? Bring that pillow here. O, it's quite a clear case. You will be reported for this. It is a very serious affair."

The next evening there was read out in the list of delinquencies the following "skin":

"—, showing disposition not to obey the commands of his superior officer about 9:30 p. m."

The writer supposed he would hear of the matter again in the way of a few punishment tours, but he submitted a written explanation for the offense and the report was cancelled.

After the Plebes had been in camp about a fortnight, an order was published assigning them to duty as privates of their respective companies. The Plebes joined the battalion. At last they were to participate in those noble parades of the United States Corps Cadets! They were now eligible for guard duty, and the first detail of Plebes was eagerly anticipated. The Yearlings, too, were anxious, for when the Plebes' names were placed upon the roster it would relieve them of a great deal of guard duty. One evening the first detail of Plebes was read out, and now all the Plebes were in breathless suspense. Could they do it? Wouldn't they make mistakes that would get them into inextricable trouble? How would they live through it? Their classmates helped them to shine brasses, clean guns, polish bayonets, and to "spoon up" generally for the occasion. Meanwhile the men managed to find a few spare moments to learn their orders "general and special," and were instructed of the sacred trust of guard duty by upper class men. Plebes lay down to sleep thinking of sentinels' duties and dreamed of the ravages of "grim visaged" war and of guarding posts surrounded by the enemy.

James R. McVicker.

THE OTTUMWA COURIER:
TUESDAY, APRIL 20, 1897.

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

VII.—FIRST GUARD TOUR.

The day came for the first Plebe detail to march on guard. Cadet-Lieutenant Smith viewed the part the well-drilled Plebes performed of the ceremonies with a legitimate and conscious pride. Their knowledge of the manual of arms and skill in its execution reflected a just credit upon the upper classmen who had so laboriously drilled them. The accounts of the experiences of these first men to go on guard were eagerly listened to by their comrades, but theirs were only the experiences that each member of the Fourth class underwent in his turn. The writer's turn eventually came. With what of misgivings, and secret fears and tremblings, the careful reader of these lines may best imagine. He succeeded in executing the movements of the ceremony of guard mounting without knocking off with his piece either the helmet of his front rank file or that of his own, and really that was a feat to be truly self-congratulated for. The ceremony of guard mounting over, the new guard was formed into three reliefs of six men each, and the first relief was posted, thus relieving the men of the old guard then on post. All the old guard was then dismissed. The second and third reliefs of the new guard were also temporarily dismissed, but were restricted to the immediate vicinity of the guard tents. A sentinel walked post for two hours and was then relieved for four hours, after which he again walked his post for two hours. Of the twenty-four hours' guard duty one thus spent eight hours on post and sixteen hours resting. The writer didn't get much rest the first time, however. He had to "bone" (study) his orders. These consisted of "general orders," "special orders," and a large amount of miscellaneous information on the duties of sentinels in certain cases.

My general orders are: To take charge of this post and all government property in view.

To walk my post in a military manner, keeping constantly on the alert, observing everything that takes place within sight or hearing.

To report every breach of orders or regulations that I am instructed to enforce.

To repeat all calls from posts more distant from the guard tent than my own.

To quit my post only when properly relieved.

To receive, transmit and obey all orders from, and allow myself to be relieved by the commanding officer, the officer of the day, an officer or non-commissioned officer of the guard only.

To hold conversation with no one except in the proper discharge of my duties.

In case of fire or disorder to give the alarm.

In every case not covered by instructions to call the corporal of the guard.

To salute all officers and colors or standards not cased.

At night to exercise the greatest vigilance. Between taps and broad daylight to challenge every person seen on or near my post, and to allow no one to pass without proper authority.

Besides memorizing this one had to know the special orders of the post to which he had been assigned, and the before mentioned miscellaneous information in the way of the assimilated rank of officers in the army and navy, saluting, halting, etc.

The writer learned all this as best he could in the time, and hoped his way was clear. "Third relief fall in—call off." "One"—"Two"—"Three"—"Four"—"Five"—"Six" All are present, sir." "Post relief." "Right face, right shoulder arms—forward, column half-right, march. Relief, halt!—No. 1, post—forward, march. Relief, halt—No. 2, post—forward, march. Relief, halt—No. 3, post—forward, march."

And the writer found himself all alone, with a gun on his shoulder, in possession of a post. His thoughts were not of the happiest, either. To be a Plebe sentinel is no "grind." The writer began walking his post, and amid the whirl of his bewildering thoughts he remembered that his post was No. 3; that old post of ill-repute among Plebes for years and years on account of its sentinels being thrown into Ft. Clinton ditch! Yes, there was the ditch—a steep descent of about twelve feet and at one point only separated from the post of No. 3 by about a yard! Upper classmen took the greatest delight in suddenly sallying forth in numbers and throwing the Plebes into the ditch. Or, one would quietly glide forth, hide behind a tree, and just as the sentinel came opposite spring out and hurl him down the embankment. One imagines the trip would not be pleasant, not to speak of the dereliction of duty in the sentinel in allowing himself to be surprised. The sentinel is posted with fixed bayonet and he is expected to guard his post with all means in his power, to the extent of using that bayonet if need be. The officer in charge and all commissioned officers of the guard order him to use his bayonet, but of that more anon.

It was 12 o'clock when the writer went on post and so he had two daylight tours to walk before any danger of a serious kind.

His post lay in the rear of "A" company tents, on the north of camp. The upper classmen were accustomed to lying out in the shade behind their tents, and some of them on this occasion, noticing that a Plebe was on "No. 3," began to "devil" him.

"What's your name, Mr?"

(No answer)—"Hold conversation with no one except in the proper discharge of my duties.")

"You man, walking post, answer my question."

(No answer.)

"Well, there's a precious Plebe that refuses to answer a question."

"Where is the fat and lusty?"

"Out on No. 3."

"Mr. Dumguard, squad halt—do you intend to obey my command, Mr?"

Several voices now set in:

"What are you trying to celebrate, anyhow?" "Do you want to fight, Mr?" "I'll call you out if you don't answer my question." "You want to wake up, Mr." "Do you think because your orders forbid you to talk on post that you can defy this corps of cadets?" "Mr., you'll learn differently, you have to talk to us and do our pleasure or we'll give you more hell than all the tacs. What's your name—step out with a reply—sound off!"

"Mr. ———, sir."

"Well, you remember that. Walk your post!"

And the writer walked.

Presently an officer approached. The writer, with some trepidation, for things in general seemed pretty hazy in his mind just then, moved himself, as if he had been a ponderous engine, to the required position for saluting, and went through a very involved movement that may have resembled the working of a derrick crane.

"Who taught you that salute, sir?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Well, I want to see you salute properly."

"That's correct. Do you know your orders?"

"Yes, sir."

"I want you to be very careful and not allow yourself to be surprised on post tonight. You know what upper classmen are noted for doing to Fourth classmen on this post? Well, you use your bayonet on them. It would do good to run one or two of them through, for they deserve it. Don't get rattled on post. That's all."

Well, a strange sort of a "tac," this, who would wax so facetious and familiar as all that, and even condescend to use slang in talking officially to a sentinel on post. Pretty good sort of a "tac," though he was the same who "hived" the writer in a certain pillow fight experience.

The tactical officers ever seemed disposed to avoid any severity in correcting the mistakes of Fourth classmen. In fact, though these tactical officers must have been aware that old corps customs were daily practiced upon Fourth classmen, it would only have been a pleasure to them for any Fourth classman to dare to assert and to maintain his rights;—maintain by fighting, of course, and it takes a pretty good fighter at West Point. The officers well know the nature of the hard school of experience through which Fourth classmen are passing, and did not seem disposed to add to the burdens of the Plebes.

James R. McVicker.

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West Point Experiences.

The Reminiscences of Ex-Cadet McVicker.

VIII. *Alphe Sentinel.*

Truly, the paths to glory, to a Plebe Sentinel, do not lie in green fields. However eloquently the tactical officers may treat him, cadet officers of whatever rank are not accustomed to wasting sympathy on him. Seemingly, their duties consist in ascertaining how much he ought to know; and the result in the generality of cases, is the assurance that what he ought to know by far exceeds what he does know, and the incidental admonition to "do some boning." Occasionally the Plebe is reported to the commandment for "gross ignorance," especially if he happens to be persona non grata to the cadet officer, or in corps parlance, if the Plebe "has a reverse on" his superior. The cadet officer of the day and all cadet officers of the guard—commissioned and non-commissioned—make an inspection of each relief while it is on post, and the reader may know that a good part of their tender care and attention is lavished on the Plebe sentinel.

The writer's first sentinel experience was to him a memorable one. After he had been posted awhile the "O. D." (officer of the day) approached and inquired about orders. The writer having satisfied him he passed on and an officer of the guard came up.

"What are your orders?"

"That will do Mr. You want to learn those orders better than that."

Next appeared the sergeant of the guard, an officer who has the distinction of carrying a gun and also wearing a sword. The writer came down to a "present arms."

"Well, Mr. Dumjohn, what are you trying to celebrate? What do you think you are doing, anyhow?"

What do you mean by saluting a non-commissioned officer of the guard?"

"I didn't comprehend your official rank, sir."

"You didn't, eh? Well, you want to wake up all over and display some common sense around here. What are your orders?"

"That's all right, Mr. You're a pretty flendish-specoid. Did the officer in charge instruct you to use your bayonet on cadets, Mr?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are not to use it under any circumstances; do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. one of my classmates was stabbed by a bayonet in the hands of Plebe two years ago, and it wasn't pleasant for him or the Plebe, either. He recovered, but the Plebe came nearly having killed a fellow being. Of course, it is your official duty to use that bayonet, and you want to bear that in mind in answering the commissioned officer's questions. But never you come to a 'charge bayonets' on any one, Mr. It's not necessary to kill people around here. You won't be hurt. Just keep your eyes open and you're all right. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where are you from?"

"Iowa, sir."

"What's Iowa noted for?"

"Hog raising, sir."

"Yes, it just is. Are you one of the hogs that were raised there?"

"No, sir."

"You're not? Well you just are, Mr! What's your official rank in this corps of cadets, Mr. Do Crow?"

"I don't know, sir."

"You rank 'N' files below the drum major's dog. Got that?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are a pretty 'cold fess,' Mr."

It might be explained that "cold" in the cadet vocabulary is their idea for the superlative degree. So it means extreme, supreme, most, greatest, etc. A "cold fess" is an extreme fizzle, as it were, while a "cold max," is a perfect success. The writer's idea of the dignity of a sentinel began to dwindle somewhat. The blue book says: "All persons of whatsoever rank are required to observe the greatest respect toward sentinels." A cadet sentinel on guard—here one is placed in a position which commands the greatest respect of all, from a drum orderly up to the president, but upper classmen make the Plebe sentinel do their bidding in various ways. He has an official duty to perform and he has unofficial orders to obey, and although, of course, his execution of the latter rarely conflicts in any degree with his performance of the former, yet to him the one does not seem much less significant than the other.

Presently the corporal approached. The writer did not salute this time. He just unconcernedly kept walking till spoken to, when he halted, came to a "port arms," and faced outward.

"What's your name?"

"M. —, sir"

"Where're you from?"

"Iowa, sir."

"Who's your pred, (predecessor)?"

"Mr. —, sir."

"What's your P. C. S. (previous condition of servitude)?"

"A —, sir."

"What's my name?"

"I don't know, sir."

"You don't; well, you want to bone it up, I can tell you. If I ever ask you again and you don't know my name, you are going to get into serious trouble. Got that?"

"Yes, sir."

"What would you do if a steam-boat were to come upon your post?"

"I don't know, sir."

"You don't; what would you do then?"

"I don't know, sir."

"You don't. Whats the matter with you Mr.? I'll report you for gross ignorance of orders if you display any more of your woodenness around here! What are your general orders, what am I for?"

"I'd call the corporal of the guard, sir."

"Yes, you just would, Mr. What would you do if the Queen of Sheba were to come upon your post?"

"Call the corporal of the guard, sir."

"You maxed that cold, Mr. You're wooden, Mr. Got that?"

"Yes, sir."

"What does wood do?"

"It floats, sir."

"You're dense, Mr. Got that?"

"Yes, sir."

"What does a dense body do?"

"It sinks, sir."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Now what would you do, float or sink?"

"Drown in my own ignorance sir."

The corporal then passed on and presently the writer was relieved. He had never learned so much in such a really short time in his whole life before. He went on post again from six to eight o'clock, then from 12 p. m. to 2 a. m., and again from 6 to 8 a. m. His night tour was uneventful. He was very vigilant, but no attempt was made to throw him into the Ft. Clinton ditch. Morning came, another guard mounting passed, and the writer with others enjoyed "O. G. P." (old guard privileges). This entitled them to a half a day in resting from military duty or in visiting the public lands. This was enjoyed.

The writer went on guard many times as the summer passed. He was sentinel on different posts at different times. He was a sentinel in pleasant weather, cool weather, hot weather, rainy weather—and, in fact, had a variety of experiences.

The Plebe sentinel course is one of many vicissitudes, but it must not be supposed that there were

wanting opportunities for enjoyment. The writer enjoyed his guard tours, for the most part. He remembers the pleasant scenes that attended one of his tours while a sentinel on No. 4, which post constitutes the eastern boundary of camp. It is a pleasant evening. The stars are shining. A gentle breeze is blowing. The writers post is lighted at either end by the flickering flames of a gaslight. Across the road and down the embankment flows the majestic Hudson in perfect silence. Across the river are the tracks of the New York Central railway, and the hundreds of glimmering lamps all have their reflections on the surface. Now and then a train rushes by, and it, too, is reflected from the quiet waters below. Presently a loud, hoarse whistle is heard and there approaches a steamer—the river palace of magnificence, the Adirondacks. Music resounds from her decks. Presently there glides forth over the waters, up the bank and through the trees a huge, dazzling volume of light and concentrates itself upon Battle Monument. It is the vessel's large searchlight, and it is a most beautiful sight to see it glide over the water and light up some portion of the bank or river almost as brightly as old Sol himself can do it. But, suddenly the officer of the day advances, and the pleasant scene is for the present forgotten.

JAMES R. McVICKER.

**THE OTTUMWA COURIER:
THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1897.**

WEST POINT LIFE

IX.—THE END OF CAMP.

Camp must have been a pretty monotonous place to all except Plebes. Time never seemed to hang heavily on their hands for the want of anything to engage their attention. No feelings of ennui pervaded the environments of atmosphere of the healthy Plebian—at any rate, none were perceptible. The Plebe did not languish on flowery beds of ease—no, the Yearling did that. The Plebe was never given occasion to think himself a nonentity. Moreover, it required no demonstration to him that he was a self-evident reality. The Plebe's round of engrossing cares consisted of duties too numerous to mention.

Upper class men found that the mess hall could not fulfill all the exigencies of the inner man, and so they kept on hand quantities of contraband eatables such as graham wafers, crackers, saltines, sardines, pickles, olives, jellies, jams, lemons, limes, and sugar, which last they made Plebes "drag" from the mess hall. Actually stealing sugar? Yes, the down-trodden Plebi-

an actually descended to that. At the table the Plebe who was designated for the precarious task would prepare a napkin, swiftly glance in the direction of the superintendent of the mess hall, and then if the coast was clear, quickly empty the contents of the sugar bowl into the aforesaid napkin, tie it up by the corners, slip it under his fatigue coat, and throw the foolish qualms of conscience to the dogs. A soldier must steal—forge some times you know.

"A mouse! "What?" "There's a mouse!" "Turn out you Plebes and capture this elephant!"

And they turned out in force—about fifteen or twenty of them. The mouse being disturbed ran from under one tent floor to another. As soon as the Plebes would disturb its refuge it would quickly dart to another. At last it was taken—but not alive. Some blood-thirsty Plebe dealt it a blow with a broom that caused it to expire. Then there was weeping and wailing and donning of sack cloth and ashes among Plebes. They were ordered to mourn the mouse and to give it decent burial. A funeral procession was formed and the mouse was carried from company to company in a hastily devised coffin, with many Plebes as mourners. The funeral march was chanted, and the Plebes shed many tears! A council of upper class men was held and it was decided to be most advisable that the mouse lie in state all night with sentinels to guard its corpse. So it was done. The writer was chosen on one of reliefs. He remembers that he was on guard twice that night, about the middle of one of his most pleasant slumbers he was rudely shaken by a fellow Plebe and told that his turn had come. Really it wasn't pleasant business—this getting up to guard a dead mouse. But the Medes and Persians had spoken. The writer seized a broom and went on post. Time passed slowly by, and the writer's pleasant and unpleasant task it was to awaken the next relief. On the morrow it was decided to have a funeral with appropriate ceremonies, and an oration to be delivered by an able Plebe orator. Meanwhile candles were lit and kept burning in the forenoon at the head and foot of the coffin. Presently, "Wooden Willie," the B company tac, hived all this preparation for a genuine wake lying in state there, and he promptly "skinned" the occupants of the tent.

The funeral didn't come off.

And the days rolled by.

The evening of the 27th of August was the date appointed for the long-preparing Color-line entertainment. A temporary stage was erected on the parade ground and adorned with scenic paintings, emblematic of the classes of '97 and '99—the work of cadet artists. A play was given—"Inside and Outside"—representing different phases of a cadet's life "inside" and "outside" of the old barracks. A great many "grinds" were "perpetrated" at the expense of cadets of all classes, and not even the tacs were exempt. Yes, "Wooden Willie" was on that stage. Heaven wore one of that officer's cast-off uniforms which was "boned up" nobody knows where. A cadet approaches, salutes, asks "May I take my uncle through camp, sir?" "Lady or gentleman?" queries the "Wooden." Again he is represented spaking to a cadet. "What is your name?" "Mr. —, sir." "Remember that!" The "Com." (commandant) was not spared.

The part the "femmes" figured in this play was not inconsiderable by any means. Old "Flibustion Walk" was represented. A very large audience was present at the entertainment, and of course a very large number consisted of officers and ladies. They enjoyed the play immensely, as did in fact every one.

The next day the Furlough class marched into camp. The guard was turned out in their honor. Plebes all over the camp, pursuant to general orders of upper class men, climbed up the supports and "roosted" upon the ridge poles of their tents and at a given signal they all sounded forth a lusty crow for the occasion. The tacs thinking this too much hilarity for the occasion, ran out and "skinned" as many Plebes as possible. The writer very distinctly remembers he walked punishment tours for two hours in consequence of the report, "—, orderly, allowing Fourth class men to climb on the ridge pole of tent and create disturbance by crowing in imitation of fowls about 1:55 p. m." And when those Furlough men did arrive into camp and broke ranks such a sight one seldom sees. There was hand-shaking, embracing, and hug-

ging, such as made Plebes all turn green with envy. Reader, just ponder it: Here are these Yearlings, who for the year just preceding the departure of the Second class men have been known to them only as "Plebes"—here they are actually embracing and hugging their old oppressors like so many foolish feminine sophomores just returned for the second year at their Alma Mater. "Did you ever?" No they never—that baffled the minds of the Plebes! Just imagine them hugging those self-same Yearlings that way next year? Well, possibly it might be so, for now that the hard days of Plebdom were nearly over the Plebes were just beginning to forget the past tyrannies of upper class men. Yes, the trials of Plebdom are almost ended now! Henceforth till June only the name "Plebes" will cling to them to link them to the memories of the past! Yes, the hazing now is over!

The Furlough men seemed all good natured fellows and struck the Plebes as being altogether a different order of beings from other upper class men. They will spend their next summer's camp with these Plebes who will then be dignified Yearlings.

That day was the last day of Plebe camp. The next day Camp Hooker was broken. It was a very impressive ceremony to Plebes—that breaking of camp. Theirs was a feeling not of joy, not of sorrow, but of a kind of serious triumph. Plebe camp was a hard battle—the hardest man can fight—and now to them, "the battle's over, the race is run." Three signals were given for the taking down of the tents. At the first tap of the drum the side tent cords were loosened, at the second tap the corner cords were untied while two cadets supported each tent by the middle poles, at the third tap every tent in camp fell toward the west. "Camp Hooker" was now a memory! The yells of the classes of '97 and '99 were given, then rang out:

Rah! Rah! Ray!
Rah! Rah! Ray!
West Point! West Point!
Army!

Then the whole battalion marched over to barracks.

James R. McVicker.

THE OTTUMWA COURIER:
FRIDAY, APRIL 23, 1897.

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

X.—BARRACKS.

Life in the barracks presented an entirely new phase of West Point to the cadets who had entered in June. Plebes now became very "high ranking" as compared with their former selves. All semblance of inferiority to upper class men now disappeared by common consent—except that the Plebes were required to maintain toward their superiors, a respectful attitude in conversation and actions. In other words they were allowed to employ their time as they pleased, but were not permitted to "bone familiarity." "Special duty," stopped; and "erawling" stopped, except in ranks. It was a great emancipation to Plebes to enter upon barracks life. No one who has not appreciated the significance of Plebe camp could possibly comprehend what the beginning of the academic year meant to Fourth class men.

Academic duty began on the first of September—for all classes. The Fourth class took up mathematics, English rhetoric and composition, history of English language and literature, fencing and bayonet exercises and military gymnastics. They were also drilled in the schools of the soldier, company and battalion,—infantry—and schools of the cannoner, siege and light field pieces, artillery.

On the first day of academical duty the Fourth class heard a lecture by Prof. Bass, of the department of mathematics. His lecture was decisive in meaning and forcible in utterance. He wasted no words. He said in part:

"You young men from different schools of all parts of the United States, will have to speedily master our methods of studying here, and the more quickly you do so the better for you. Few, if any, of you, have ever been taught to study properly, possibly partly your own fault, but very probably the blame ought to be laid upon your instructors. No matter what your education, no matter what your past advantages, you will find things different here from any of the ways you have ever met. The standard of work here is very much higher than that at any other educational institution, and you may as well know at once that you have all got to start at the beginning. You will have to work very hard. There is only one way you can master the course of mathematics here, and that is to do just as we tell you. You will have to commence following our instructions to the letter at once. If you do not do so we shall not get along together at all. You perhaps know how necessary it is for you to come up to the tests in this department. No favors will be shown here. You may possess some natural ability for mathematics—if so, that is all well and good. But if you are poor in mathematics as a branch, that is your own misfortune, and your only hope is to work as hard as you

are able. Perhaps, you may not like our methods, but you will have to submit to them. Our way here is to let you do all the work; you must stand on your own feet; and we are so well satisfied with our methods that we shall continue to follow them as the best possible ones. Another matter we instructors are not here to teach you what is in your book—you are required to thoroughly master that yourselves—but our work is to draw from you much thought upon what the principles in your book lead to and we shall frequently require you to show your ability in mathematics upon points that your text book does not touch upon. You will be required to have such a thorough knowledge of the rules and principles of your book and subject as to be able to readily deduce them, each and every one. You must know those principles from the same reasons or as good reasons as those by which the author knows them, and when you finish your text you are expected to be able to make a book upon the subject. Perhaps, some of you will not like our system of marking here. If you do not like your instructor's markings you may mark yourselves. You may keep a book for that purpose if you wish and put down what you think you deserve, but the only marks that will count here,—that I will accept—will be those that your instructor gives you. So you may know how much importance I attach to what your instructor thinks of your ability, and you know how useless it is for you to complain of your grades. That is all."

So the Plebes learned what it is to "bone math." Figuratively speaking, perhaps, it means to do more than getting at the flesh and blood of the subject, in gnawing its very bones, as it were. That is how it seemed anyhow, and some found mathematics a pretty dry old skeleton, and so mathematics eventually "found" them deficient. The mathematics professor's lecture was not an exaggerated statement of the methods in his department. The assistant instructors, all West Point graduates, were just as exacting in their questioning as a subject would possibly admit. One could not evade there. He had to know his lesson and tell the instructor all about it in good English, or the latter personage would immediately tell the forsonage individual that the recitation was mer individual that the recitation was useless. There was not very much ceremony about it either. The instructor would only say: "Mr. —, you don't know what you are talking about. Take your seat." That meant a "frigid fess," in other words, a zero. If one was fortunate enough to make a perfect recitation, he was given the maximum mark, or a "max."

The classes in each department were arranged into sections of about ten men each. At first the sections were

arranged in the alphabetical order of the men's names, but frequent transfers were made so that a class came to be arranged according to "general respective merit" of its members. The members of the last section were known as "goats." Each section had its instructor and hour for recitation. All the instructors had their peculiarities, but the one characteristic common to all of them and by which they will chiefly be remembered by cadets, was their bland "Why." "Not necessarily so, why?" "No, why?"

The recitations in English were conducted very differently. This was due to the fact that "B. S." was a "spec." (memory) study, and the instructors did not torture one with their innumerable "whys." Instruction was also given in military gymnastics and fencing—alternating daily. Fourth class men became quite proficient in fencing, and pity be to the luckless opponent who may ever engage one of them in a duel.

The splendid cadet library of over 12,000 volumes was now accessible to Fourth class men and many of them improved their opportunities to commune with the master minds of the world by spending a portion of their time in the library. The Young Men's Christian Association is an established part of the cadet surroundings, and their reading room contained all the daily papers, magazines, and periodical literature of the day. The gymnasium was open, also, at all release from quarters. Cadets were allowed to walk where they pleased over the reservation during this release. Truly the Plebe could now begin to look upon the bright side of the bargain he had made with Uncle Sam.

Several concerts were given in the gymnasium—at which cadets of all classes helped compose the audiences. A hop was given weekly, but Plebes were ineligible to these for various reasons.

"Plebe Walk" was now no longer a forbidden place to Plebes. Saturday afternoons many of them made excursions thither, and occasionally a Plebe might actually be seen in company with one or more of the fair admirers of "cadet grey."

During the autumn the corps foot ball team played several games with teams of other institutions. They easily beat all the smaller fry, but when it came to the Yale game the West Point was defeated. The "beef and brawn" of Yale's foot ball team is doubtless gained at the expense of their mental training, but at West Point no relaxations whatever are made by the academic board in favor of athletics. But West Points' last game was a great victory for cadets. It was played with Brown University, and the whole corps celebrated to the tune, "Brown, Brown, we did 'em up Brown!"

James R. McVicker.

THE OTTUMWA COURIER:
SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1897.

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

XI—"CADET DAYS."

Thus far the writer has endeavored, as well as space and time would permit, to narrate the scenes and experiences through which he passed just as they recurred to him in his mental retrospect, and he has not endeavored to influence the reader's thoughts and conclusions upon the object, customs, methods or discipline of either the corps cadets or the military academy. It has been the writer's purpose to furnish readable information upon a subject of which little is generally known. West Point is a little world in itself. It has not the daily intercourse with the world around it which most other institutions of learning have, but is indeed quite secluded from the outer world. This fact will be duly appreciated when it is known that a cadet does not receive a furlough—except for a possible one to three days Christmas or June leave—until the expiration of two years from the date of his admission, and that he is confined to the cadet limits of the post reservation during all other times. Cadets are, furthermore, forbidden from furnishing for publication any information concerning transactions of any kind that may occur in the military academy. However, the writer is, of course, now free to lay an account of his experiences before the reader. But, though these are reliable and representative scenes and experiences, the writer would greatly regret it were his reader to entertain ill advised thoughts or form hasty and unjust conclusions from the account hitherto furnished. The interesting and profitable period of his life that the writer spent at the military academy ought to have qualified him to form a competent opinion upon the phases of cadet life he witnessed and experienced, and he would be pleased to have his reader follow these lines that contain his mind on the results of the time he spent in his "Cadet Days."

The object of the United States military academy is not to fit young men for the ministry, the law, or medicine, or any other civil pursuit; it is the purpose of the government to there train cadets to be competent officers for the United States army. The training is, therefore, necessarily radically different from that that is necessary to fit one for any of the occupations of civil life, in that it is essentially military. On being admitted a cadet doffs his "civits" and dons the "cadet grey." He is no longer a civilian. He is a soldier. During his cadetship he is supposed to be preparing himself for the performance of active military duties, and his environments ought to be essentially different from the surroundings of any institution for civil education. And they are so at West Point. It is universally recognized that there are certain qualities that a soldier must possess. His lack of them is a serious defect—a just cause for his disqualification, for he

can not be a good soldier without them. These qualities are: Truthfulness, obedience, bravery, honor. Only men that possess them are wanted for officers in the United States army. It is the true intention and organized sentiment of the corps cadets to firmly instill these qualities into the minds of each candidate who desire to become a part of that honorable body. True, it is a severe test they require him to undergo, but it is in keeping with the general character of the work and the better fits him for the performance of his subsequent duties. West Point is not a royal road in any way. The timid man had best stay away from there.

The customs to which one entering the military academy is required to conform by cadets of higher classes, are not of recent origin. The purpose of them, at least, is as old as the academy. A new class is required to submit to them by older classes just as all previous classes have been compelled. Resistance would be as a drop of water in the ocean. Physical resistance would be quickly conquered. The only other practicable kinds—informing on the oppressors, or contempt of corps sentiment—would reap a terrible harvest in the utter severance of corps fellowship. Besides, the private sentiment of officers who are West Point graduates is in sympathy with the corps cadets.

And the training is beneficial to the men themselves. In the first place these men come from all parts of the Union, and their past environments and conditions have been mostly as diverse as are the different localities from which they come. Some are aristocratic, some are democratic. Among these candidates are college graduates, students, lawyers, farmers, merchants, mechanics, printers, teachers, and, in fact, men of all leading occupations, employments and professions. It is designed to place them all on an equality at West Point—and how could that be more effectually accomplished than to bring them all down to the one common level:—"Plebes?" "Plebe Camp" is a good physical preparation, and fitting introduction to the severer mental work. The Fourth classmen are incidentally taught habits of quickness, neatness, care and self-confidence—and they are untaught self-esteem. They enter upon their academic duties well disciplined for the methodical nature of the work, and unquestionably are immeasurably better fitted for the performance of military service than they otherwise would have been.

The severity of the requirements for admission to the Military Academy is maintained in subsequent tests for promotion, and deficiency in any branch of the work is sufficient cause for dismissal. The discipline record of cadets ranks with any other branch of the work and is always a potent factor in the academic board's esti-

mate of a cadet's standing. The training that a Fourth classman receives while in camp in the care of the effects of his superiors can not be regarded as lost to him when the result in the care of his own effects is considered. He learns in the exacting performance of service for others how best to perform that service for himself, and considering the system of giving demerits, the Fourth classmen is greatly benefitted by being early and thoroughly taught the proper care of his own accoutrements, although the knowledge is acquired in its practical application to the work of other men. Really, to one accustomed to life in the corps cadets, the customs and methods that prevail therein seem a proper and necessary part of the institution. Every cadet who has undergone "Plebe Camp," in thinking of the results of the training, can but express the corps sentiment: "It's right, it's right; to contradict would really be absurd." But the United States Military Academy and the United States Corps Cadets require no words of defense from the writer. He has aimed to merely give some lines of explanation.

The deeds of West Point men have spoken, and the names of West Point men are speaking for the glory and the honor of West Point. At Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Island No. 10, Fair Oaks, Antietam, Corinth, Vicksburg, Murfreesboro, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Chattanooga, Winchester, Cedar Creek, Atlanta, Nashville, Richmond, and a hundred others, the hand that bore the sword of destiny was the hand of him, who, in the United States Corps Cadets had fought the battles long before. McClellan, Hooker, Meade, Pope, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas,—Yes, and Beauregard, Longstreet, Jackson, Johnston, Davis, Lee, Ewall, Hood—but why prolong the list? These will live in history forever. To the remotest age of our country the lustre of their heroic deeds shall shine undimmed as the everlasting sun, and the honor of these heroes' names shall live untarnished as their pristine glory. Such the glory and the honor of West Point.

And the United States Military Academy will live on. The honorable United States Corps Cadets, the trusted leaders of our nation's defenders, will continue to maintain the standards of truth, obedience, bravery, and honor—the standards of worth it has ever upheld. And if ever again there shall come a critical time when our government shall need true and capable men to lead its armies, in whom can the trust be more safely placed than in the cadets who have been educated in the schools of the soldier at West Point?

James R. McVicker.

THE OTTUMWA COURIER:
MONDAY, APRIL 26, 1897.

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

XII.—"FOUND."

In December, general reviews were held for all classes, and early in January, the classes were marched into the Academic building and subjected to examinations. In mathematics the writer took both an oral and a written examination. He "maxed" that oral—but the "writ"—! The examinations were very rigid for all classes, and it was thought that many would be "found." The result of the examinations was anxiously awaited.

About a week's intermission followed the January semi-annual examinations, during which time cadets employed themselves as pleased them. It was a kind of informal vacation, lasting while the Academic board was passing upon the papers. Cadets know how to appreciate anything in the way of a relaxation from duty, and they enjoyed themselves right royally.

The 11th of January came like a large number of other mornings of recorded time, and the pleasant forenoon passed as not only pleasant forenoons, but happy days, months, and years ever do pass—all too soon. No omen of ill-starred fate, no cloud presaging the cruel storm marked the passing of the time. Not a suspicion in all the air or earth or sky seemed to point that it would be a day for bitterest disappointment, for greatest calamity to the life-planned work of any one. It did not as yet look like a day on which thirty cadets would be ordered to leave the post before sunset in the very midst, as it seemed, of a blinding snow storm.

As the battalion was marching back from the mess hall after dinner at "route step" the pleasant sounds of hearty laughter, lively conversation, calling to comrades, were to be heard, and all indeed seemed well. The battalion marched through the sally-port of the Academic building into the area barracks, and the manly voice of Cadet First Captain Morgan resounded "Bat-tal-ion At-ten-tion! Fours-right—march! Bat-tal-ion—Halt!" Cadet Adjutant Cheney then stepped forward, facing the battalion, and read the following order:

"Headquarters
U. S. Military Academy,
West Point, N. Y., Jan. 11, 1897.

The following named cadets having been declared deficient in studies by the Academic board at the recent semi-annual examinations, will proceed to their respective homes today, and there await the further orders of the War Department:

Second Class.

Chauncey B. Humphrey, Kansas.
William L. Reed, New York.
Ira D. Sankey Reedy, Indiana.
Philip S. Ward, New York.

Third Class.

Lewis Brown, Jr., Rhode Island.
Frank E. Burke, Georgia.
Julius C. Clippert, Michigan.
Cass C. Durham, Minnesota.
Fielding T. Marshall, Virginia.
Benjamin F. Sawtelle, Pennsylvania.
Edward M. Whittaker, Tennessee.

Fourth Class.

Herman W. Alberry, Ohio.
Daniel Bond, Tennessee.
Franklin G. Brown, Kansas.
Karl G. Cummings, Missouri.
William R. Gibson, Iowa.
William L. Graham, Pennsylvania.
James O. Hackenberg, Pennsylvania.
Carl J. Harris, Missouri.
Marshal H. Hunt, Alabama.
Morris Johnson, Wisconsin.
Joseph C. Kay, New Jersey.
George M. Lee, Virginia.
James R. McVicker, Iowa.
Allen F. Morrisett, Virginia.
Fred N. Read, Michigan.
Edward W. Robinson, New York.
Frank R. Roth, Pennsylvania.
John P. Sullivan, Louisiana.
Allen M. Yonge, Missouri.

By order of Colonel Ernst,
Superintendent U. S. M. A.,
Captain Wilber E. Wilder,
Adjutant U. S. M. A."

"Dismiss your companies," commanded Cadet Captain Morgan. "Dismissed," was echoed back and the companies broke ranks. Then, there were not heard the merry sounds of whistling, singing, talking, shouting, or of laughter. Deep sorrow reigned there. Classmates gathered round classmates, comrades round comrades, gave their hands in farewell grasp and spoke the manly words of sympathy and friendship and hope. Class distinctions were no longer regarded there. Upper classmen sought Fourth class men, made explanation for the past in brief manly words that were understood ere being spoken, and the men called each other comrades there. They grasped hands in friendship and farewell, wished each other good, and went their separate ways. Only classmates and comrades there know that parting. They know the meaning of that dire word, "Found," in the cadet vocabulary. They saw their classmates and their comrades, most of whom fought bravely and nobly to the last, singled out by the Academic board as victims to uphold the standard of excellence of a West Point training,—saw them humbled there, ambitions and hopes crushed, a life course rudely turned, bitterest disappointment and sorrow over all.

Yes, they are "found." But they fell honorably upon the field of battle. For West Point with its honors and glory and fame is truly a series of battles;—it is a very severe and long conflict to be waged with its mathematics, its drawing, its languages, its mechanics, its chemistry, its philosophy, its engineering, and with many other things its academical instructors,—all these must be ably and bravely met by him who would "win the cap," and "Bid farewell to cadet grey

And don the army blue."
All honor to him who conquers, but some brave, true soldiers must fall in battle. It is ever so. Were it otherwise where were the glory of the victory?
James R. McVicker.

THE WOES OF THE PLEBE.

If his heart is not broken by the upper classmen while in camp, and if he passes the examination which follows a few months later, he becomes a full-fledged cadet, with the prospect of being graduated from the school in four years. The camp trial is the most severe test, and the man who goes through the ordeal of the peculiar hazing to which the plebe is subjected, who can control himself sufficiently to take it all in proper spirit, who can keep up with the studies in the meantime, and acquire sufficient rudimentary knowledge of military matters to satisfy his instructors, shows himself well qualified for the work which will follow and for the positions of trust and responsibility to which he may be called later. The defenders of the educational system at West Point do the institution an injustice when they deny the fact that there is hazing there, and that plebes are subjected to severe treatment at the hands of the upper classmen.

"Of course there is such a thing," was said by one whose position gives him every opportunity to know, "and the man who has lived through it will tell you that the hazing in camp and the little which was done in the barracks were among the most valuable parts of his West Point education. In order to be a good disciplinarian one must have felt the strong hand of discipline himself, and to know the value of superiority of place it is well to have been an inferior, and these points are made plain to the plebe. He is subjected to no indignity, he is compelled neither to do nor to say nor to act anything which would lessen him in his own esteem; and the upper classmen show that by the care which they take to 'Mister' the plebes, never thinking of such a thing as using a nickname or the man's Christian name."

It does not matter who the man is, whether he is the son of a senator, a general, a diplomat, or a blacksmith, whether he comes from the Old Colony or from the Bay State, whether rich or poor, he is a plebe with the plebes, and no power can save him from making love to a broomstick in the presence of a lot of upper classmen, if they decide that he shall do so, no influence can gain for him the privilege of sitting in the presence of the upper class man unless that man asks him to do so, and his ancestry, station or future prospects would avail him little if he failed to "sit" the upper class man properly and respectfully. The line between the plebe and the upper class man is drawn so sharply and is so impass-

able that the new men, although scattered among the others, naturally become interested in one another, although there are no occasions given for social gatherings. It is to the advantage of the plebe to have the good will of the upper class men and much is done to bring this about.

Taking his hazing in a good-natured manner is the most effective means, and being "B. J." or prone to resent and combat the methods of the upper class man, is the least advantageous. No upper class man would tell a plebe to bring him a pail of water, but if Mr. Newman should see a yearling looking fixedly at an empty bucket in his presence, he would probably ask, "May I get you a bucket of water, sir?" and the little five-foot-three tyrant, who had the same experience only a year before, would say in a condescending manner, "Yes."

The plebe is rigidly excluded from all the social functions, the little entertainments and jollifications, such as took place at the Academy last week, when there was a german in the afternoon and a theatrical performance in the evening. He has no part in the joys and sorrows of the older men, he can make no visits although he frequently receives such and at hours when they are least expected. He is treated by men who were possibly his friends a short time before he came to the Academy in a manner that is worse than indifference, and many a poor fellow, thinking it all over, and realizing that for two years he must remain on the reservation, with no hope for one day's vacation, has clenched his fists in anger, and consented to remain only because the hardship of it all was better than the brand of cowardice with which he would be marked if he left. When the man least expects it, a number of upper class men may come into his tent and sit down where they can find a place. He must stand, and then may come an order to tell a story about his travels in India or Iceland or New Jersey, to go through the manual of arms with a lead pencil, to stand on one foot, while he names the principal rivers in South America or the capitals of the territories in the United States. Then there are certain calisthenic exercises for which the upper class men have a great liking when they are performed by a plebe, and men have been kept busy performing these exercises by their tyrannizer until they were exhausted.

The new man worries along and works and plods to keep up with the required standard in mathematics, English studies, French and military discipline. He becomes a house-keeper, also. He must learn to take care of his room and his outfit. The

rules prescribe that he shall have two pairs of uniform shoes, six pairs of white gloves, two sets of white belts, eight white shirts, two night shirts, twelve collars, eight pairs socks, eight pairs summer drawers, eight pairs for winter, six handkerchiefs, six towels, one clothes bag made of ticking, one clothes brush, one hair brush, one tooth brush, one comb, one mattress, one pillow, two pillow cases, four sheets, two blankets, one quilted bed cover, one chair, one tumbler, one trunk, one account book and one wash basin. He is commanded by regulation immediately after reveille to hang up his extra clothing, to put such articles in the clothes bag as it is intended to contain, and to arrange his bedding and all other effects in the prescribed order. He may not, according to the regulation, keep in his room any of the implements used in chess, backgammon, or any other game, and he must receive a special permit before any map, picture or piece of writing can be pasted or attached in any way to the walls of his room.

When camp season comes again many of the plebes of the last camp season have disappeared; some departed before the camp closed, others could not stand the strain of work during the winter months, some failed to pass the January examinations, and, with the others who fell by the wayside, they went back to their homes, smaller possibly than they were when they received their appointment, and, although in many instances it may have taken argument to convince people of the fact, ill-health is usually given as the cause for a change in the plans, which had a generalship for their object only a few months before.

For those who have remained in the institution a new era is about to begin. At the June exercises the plebes are allowed to make their debut. Their bearing has become manly and soldierly for that time, they have acquired so much of the soldier in the year past that they do not resemble the boys of that time, and parents and friends who come to the Academy hardly know them. They feel a pride in the fact that they have lived through their year of plebedom, and no one greets them more heartily as they enter the domain of the upper class men than the yearlings who are about to shake the dust of their condition from their boots and enter the more dignified sphere of second class men. With the graduation hop the plebe's time of probation ceases. The upper class man goes so far as to secure partners for him, and between the smiles of pretty girls, the release from thralldom, the consciousness of

having won the respect of the older men and the anticipation of his good time in camp with the new men, the yearling's cup of happiness is nearly full. Another year, he thinks, and then a long vacation, and a chance to go home.—*New York Tribune.*

WEST POINT MATTER.

OUR MISSING GUNS.

Spare to us our precious trophies,
That were won by blood and strife,
For each ounce of brazen metal,
Represents a soldier's life.

Men have died 'mid blood and carnage,
Wives and mothers wept in vain,
For men who died for those same cannon
On the Southern field and plain.

O'er torrid plain and mountain,
Thro' the blazing tropic sun,
Fighting for the starry banner—
Dying for each captured gun.

Cerro Gordo—Palo Alto—
Vera Cruz—Chapultepec—
Bloody fields that tell the story,
How foreign foes were held in check.

Then in our own dreamy Southland,
Thro' the cannons' awful blast—
Fighting father, son and brother—
For the victory won at last.

Babes have grown to stalwart manhood,
Having but a widow's care,
Never having known the father
Whose courage placed the cannon there.

Spare them then, those silent mentors,
Eloquent of those who fell,
Of men who faced the blazing guns,
Whose thunder spoke their funeral knell.

God forever bless the heroes—
Bless each widow, child and wife,
Bless the men who won those cannon,
At the cost of blood and life.

C. M. MILLER.

The graduating hop Thursday night is said to have been the most largely attended of any held in recent years. It was a great social function and a decidedly brilliant event. Mrs. Ernst and Cadet Cheney received, and were assisted by the hop managers from their respective companies. Refreshments were served in Grant Hall.

The most popular young fellow in the class of 1897, who graduated from the Military Academy, is not a citizen of the United States, nor will he receive a diploma which would commission him a second lieutenant in Uncle Sam's army. He will merely receive a certificate from the Academic Board setting forth his qualifications as a student and the fact that he has passed the standard of proficiency required of candidates for the commissioned ranks of the army. This cadet is Francesco Alcantara, a native of Venezuela, who has been educated at the academy at the expense of his Government. The young man's father, who died some years ago, was one of the most patriotic citizens in the South American republic. He served as President of the country, was commander-in-chief of its army, and was an able statesman and a thorough soldier. Before he died he expressed a desire that his only son should be educated at the United States Military Academy, and Congress, at request of the Venezuelan Government, passed the necessary resolution admitting him to the academy. "I shall return to my native country," he said to-day, "present the certificate of my graduation to President Crespo, and receive from him a captain's commission in our army. It will be my duty to assist in the reorganization of our little army, and to apply the practical knowledge which I have gained here in drilling and disciplining the Venezuelan troops."

WEST POINT CEMETERY.
A Noted Burying Ground Where Many
Brave Soldiers Are Interred.

Interesting to every patriot is the cemetery at West Point. There General Judson Kilpatrick sleeps his last sleep, and near him rests the sagacious Buford, who opened the fight at Gettysburg, who held with two small cavalry brigades Hill's entire corps in check for five hours, and who received his commission as major-general the day he died. A handsome and substantial monument marks his grave, "erected by the voluntary contributions of the officers and men of his command." The grave of General George A. Custer is near that of General Buford. Even without the solid memorial, the visitor to West Point would be attracted to the gigantic proportions of a grave in the middle of a plot by itself—that of the second Lieutenant General of the United States Army, Winfield Scott, who died May 29, 1866, nearly five years after his retirement from the army. Had he lived two weeks longer, he would have reached his eightieth birthday.

Many other brave officers are buried at West Point. At almost every step is seen the name of some man that, almost forgotten now, was a household word thirty years ago. The hero of Fort Sumter, General Robert Anderson, General Ethan Allen Hitchcock, and George L. Hartsuff are side by side; at Kilpatrick's left, a simple stone marks the burial place of the gifted and unfortunate Rauald S. Mackenzie; at Kilpatrick's right a handsome testimonial adorns the grave of General Charles P. Stone, who is best remembered to New Yorkers as the builder of the pedestal of the Goddess of Liberty; further along is the grave of General Henry D. Wallen; next is that of General Cuvier Grover, who died some years ago while colonel of the First Cavalry; on a line with Grover's an imposing shaft has been erected in memory of General George Sykes, commander of the Regular division early in the war, and latter of the Fifth Corps. So highly were Sykes's services appreciated that Congress appropriated \$1000 to bring his remains from Texas, where he died, February 8, 1880, to West Point. The Army of the Potomac had no braver or better General than General Sykes. Close by are the graves of General Sherman's favorite staff officer, General Joseph C. Audenried, and of General Joseph B. Kiddoo. Several distinguished ordnance officers have been gathered in one section. General James Gillespie Benton, who died August 23, 1881; Colonel T. T. S. Laidley, April 4, 1886, and Colonel Julian McAllister, January 3, 1887. Near them is all that remains of two eminent engineers—General Quincy A. Gilmore, who died in Brooklyn, April 7, 1888, and General Nathaniel Michler, who died at Saratoga, July 17, 1881. Sedgwick and McPherson are also buried at West Point.

Where McClellan and Reynolds Rest.

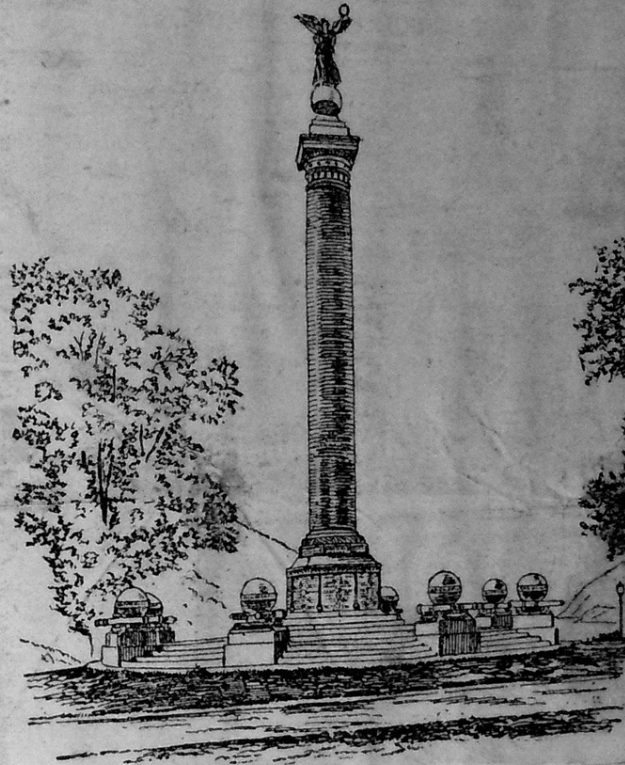
The ashes of General George B. McClellan lie at Riverview Cemetery, Trenton, N. J. In a beautiful, level, grassy plot in Lancaster (Penn.) Cemetery lies the dust of General John F. Reynolds. The sod is neatly trimmed in the plot and is surrounded by low blocks of granite. Lancaster is justly proud of Reynolds's grave, and no patriotic occasion passes without the famous general's last resting place being visited.

THE WEST POINT BATTLE MONUMENT.

History of the Project from the Dedication of the Site to its Completion.

PATRIOTIC SPEECH OF GENERAL GEORGE B. McCLELLAN

Delivered June 15th, 1864, and the Sequel to the Memorable Event. The Dedicatory Exercises Next Monday.



The dedication of the Battle Monument, in memory of the officers and men of the regular army of the United States, who fell in battle during the War of the Rebellion, which was erected by their surviving comrades, will take place next Monday at half past eleven o'clock. Following is the order of exercises:

- Music by the Military Academy band.
- Prayer by Rev. Herbert Shipman, chaplain of the Military Academy.
- Presentation of the Monument to the United States Army by Brigadier-General John M. Wilson, Chief of Engineers, U. S. A.
- Acceptance by Lieut.-Gen. John M. Schofield, retired, and presented to the general government.
- Acceptance by Hon. Russell C. Alger, Secretary of War.
- The National Salute.
- The Star Spangled Banner by the U. S. M. A. band.
- Oration by the Hon. David J. Brewer, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.
- Handel's Largo by the band.
- Benediction by Chaplain Shipman.

The following distinguished gentlemen have accepted the invitation and will be present at the exercises:

- The Secretary of War.
- Gen. Wesley Merritt, '59.
- Gen. G. S. Greene, '23.
- Gen. Geo. D. Ruggles, '55.
- Gen. W. B. Franklin, '43.
- Gen. Daniel Butterfield.
- Gen. T. H. Stanton, Paymaster General.
- Gen. E. L. Viele, '46.
- Gen. Rufus Saxton, '49.
- Gen. W. F. Smith, '45.



GENERAL JOHN M. SCHOFIELD.

- Gen. J. H. Wilson, '59.
- Gen. Alexander S. Webb, '55.
- Gen. James Longstreet, '42.
- Mr. Cortlandt Park, ex-Gov. of New Jersey
- Col. J. C. Tidball, '48.
- Col. E. Langdon.
- Col. Alfred Mordecai, '61.
- Col. J. J. Upham, '58.

HISTORY OF THE PROJECT.

The erection of Battle Monument is the culmination of an idea conceived away back in October, 1863, by Lieutenant H. C. Hasbrouck, now Lieutenant-Colonel in the 4th Artillery, while he was stationed as an instructor.



RUSSELL A. ALGER.
(Secretary of War.)

our victories in the capital of the Montezumas, the army was at once dispersed over the long frontier, and engaged in harassing and dangerous wars with the Indians of the plains. Thus thirteen long years were spent, until the present war broke out, and the mass of the army was drawn in, to be employed against a domestic foe.

I cannot proceed to the events of the recent past and the present without adverting to the gallant men who were so long of our number, but who have now gone to their last home, for so small portion of the glory of which we boast was reflected from such men as Taylor, Worth, Brady, Brooks, Totten, and Duncan.

There is a sad story of Venetian history that has moved many a heart, and often employed the poet's pen and the painter's pencil. It is of an old man, whose long life was gloriously spent in the service of the state as a warrior and a statesman, and who, when his hair was white and his feeble limbs could scarce carry his bent form toward the grave, attained the highest honors that a Venetian citizen could reach. He was Doge of Venice. Convicted of treason against the state, he not only lost his life, but suffered beside a penalty which will endure as long as the name of Venice is remembered. The spot where his portrait should have hung in the great hall of the doge's palace was veiled with black, and there still remains the frame, with its black mass of canvass—and this vacant frame is the most conspicuous in the long line of effigies of illustrious doges!



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN M. WILSON.

Oh! that such a pall as that which replaces the portrait of Marino Faliero could conceal from history the names of those, once our comrades, who are now in arms against the flag under which we fought side by side in years gone by. But no veil can cover the anguish that fills our hearts when we look back upon the sad memory of the past, and recall the affection and respect we entertained toward men against whom it is our duty to act in mortal combat. Would that the courage, ability and steadfastness they displayed, had been employed in the defence of the "Stars and Stripes," against a foreign foe,

rather than in this gratuitous and unjustifiable rebellion, which could not be so long maintained but for the skill and energy of those, our former comrades. But we have reason to rejoice that upon this day, so sacred and so eventful for us, one grand old mortal monument of the past still lifts high his head amongst us, and graces by his presence the consecration of this tomb of his children. We may well be proud that we have been commanded by the hero who purchased victory with his blood near the great waters of Niagara, who repeatedly eclipsed the achievements of Cortez; who although a consummate and confident commander, ever performed, when duty and honor would permit, the olive branch of peace to the blood stained laurels of war, and who stands, at the close of a long, glorious and eventful life, a living column of granite against which have beaten in vain alike the blandishments and the storms of treason. His name will ever be one of our proudest boasts and most living aspirations. In long-distant ages, when this incipient monument has become venerable, moss-clad and perhaps ruinous, when the names inscribed upon it shall seem to those who pause to read them, indistinct mementoes of an almost mythical past, the name of Winfield Scott will still be clear cut upon the memory of them all, like the still fresh carvings upon the monuments of the long-forgotten Pharaohs.

But it is time to approach the present. In the war which now shakes the land to its foundations, the regular army has borne a most honorable post. Too few in number to act by themselves, regular regiments have participated in every great battle in the East, and in most of those west of the Alleghenies. Their terrible losses and diminished numbers prove that they have been in the thickest of the fights, and the testimony of their comrades and commanders show with what undaunted heroism they have upheld their ancient renown. Their vigorous charges have often won the day, and in defeat they have more than once saved the army from destruction or terrible losses, by the obstinacy with which they resisted overpowering numbers. They can refer with pride to the part they played upon the glorious fields of Mexico and exult at the recollections of what they did at Manassas, Gaw's Mill, Malvern, Antietam, Shiloh, Stone River, Gettysburgh, and the great battles just fought from the Rappahannock to the Chickahominy. They can also point to the officers who have risen among them and achieved great deeds for their country in this war, to the living warriors whose names are on the nation's tongue and heart too numerous to be repeated here, yet not one of whom I would willingly omit. But, perhaps, the proudest episode in the history of the regular army is that touching instance of fidelity on the part of the non-commissioned officers and privates, who, treacherously made prisoners in Texas, resisted every temptation to violate their oath and desert their flag—offered commissions in the rebel service, money and land freely tendered them, they scorned the inducements held out to them, submitted to every hardship, and when at last exchanged, arranged themselves on the field of battle for the unavailing insult offered their integrity. History affords no brighter example of honor than that of these brave men, tempted, as I blush to say they were, by

some of their fellow officers, who, having themselves proved false to their flag, endeavored to seduce the men who had often followed them in combat, and who naturally regarded them with respect and love. Such is the regular army—such its history and its antecedents—such its officers and men. It needs no herald to trumpet forth its praises; it can proudly appeal to the numerous fields, from the tropics to the frozen banks of the St. Lawrence, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, fertilized by the blood and whitened by the bones of its members. Let its deeds speak for it; they are more eloquent than tongue of mine.

Why are we here to-day? This is not the funeral of one brave warrior, nor even of the harvest of death on a single battlefield, but these are the children of the land, who have fallen in actions almost numberless, and despatched among the most sanguinary and desperate among the history bears record. The men, the names of which history we now seek to perpetuate, rendering them the highest honor in our power, have fallen whenever armed rebellion showed its front—in far distant New Mexico, in the broad valley of the Mississippi, on the bloody hunting grounds of Kentucky, in the mountains of Tennessee, and the

swamps of Carolina, on the fertile fields of Maryland, and in the blood-stained thickets of Virginia. They were of all grades—from the general officer to the private of all ages—service, to the beardless youth of all degrees of cultivation—from the man of science to the uneducated boy. It is not necessary, nor is it possible, to repeat the mournful yet illustrious role of dead heroes whom we have met to honor. Nor shall I attempt to name all of those who most merit praise—simply a few will exemplify the classes to which they belong. Among the lost slain, but among the first in honor and reputation, was that hero of twenty battles—John Sedgwick—gentle and kind as a woman, brave as a brave man can be, honest, sincere and able—he was a model that all may strive to imitate, but whom few can equal. In the terrible battles which just preceded his death, he had occasion to display the highest qualities of a commander and a soldier, yet after escaping the strike of death when men fell around him by thousands, he at last met his fate at a moment of comparative quiet, by the ball of a single rifle man. He died as a soldier would choose to die—with trust in his heart, and a sweet, tranquil smile upon his face. Alas! our great nation possesses few sons like true John Sedgwick. Like him fell, too, at the very head of their corps, the white-haired Mansfield, after a long career of usefulness, illustrated by his skill and cool courage at Fort Brown, Monterey and Buena Vista—John F. Reynolds and Reno, both in the full vigor of manhood and intellect—men who had proved their ability and chivalry on many a field in Mexico, and in this civil war, gallant gentlemen, of whom the country had much to hope, had it pleased God to spare their lives. I yon fell in the prime of his life, leading his little army against superior numbers, his brief career affording a brilliant example of patriotism and glory. The impetuous Kearney, and such brave generals as Richardson, Williams, Terrill, Stevens, Weed, Strong, Saunders, and Hayes, lost their lives while in the midst of a career of usefulness. Young Bayard, so like the most renowned of his name, that "Knight above fear and reprisals," was cut off too early for his country, and that excellent staff officer Colonel Garesche, fell while gallantly doing his duty. No regiment can spare such gallant, devoted and able commanders as Rossell, Davis, Gove, Simmons, Bailey, Putnam, and Kingsbury—all of whom fell in the thickest of the combat—some of them veterans, and others young in service, all good men and well beloved. Our Batteries has partially paid their debt to Fate in the loss of such commanders as Greble the first to fall in this war, Benson, Hazzard, Sneed, De Hart, Hazlett, and those gallant boys Kirby, Woodruff, Dimmick, and Cushman; while the engineers lament the promising and gallant Wagner and Cross. Beneath the battlefields rests the corpses of McRae, Reed, Bascome, Stone, Sweet, and many other company officers. Besides these were hosts of others, sergeants, corporals and privates, who had fought under Scott in Mexico, or contended in many combats with the savages of the far West and Florida, and mingled with them, young soldiers, who, courageous, steady and true, met death unflinchingly, without the hope of personal glory. These men in their more humble spheres, served their country with as much faith and honor as the most illustrious generals, and all of them with perfect singleness of heart. Although their names may not live in history, their actions, loyalty, and courage, will live. Their memories will long be preserved in their regiments for there were many of them who merited as proud a distinction as that accorded to the "First grenadier of France," or to that other Russian soldier who gave his life for his comrades.

But there is another class of men who have gone from us since this war commenced, whose fate it was not to die in battles, but who are none the less entitled to be mentioned here. There was Sumner, a valiant, honest, chivalrous veteran, of more than half a century's service. Who had confronted death on a score of battlefields, had shown his gray head serene and cheerful where death most revealed, who had been at home from the effects of the hardships of his campaigns. That man, who died at home from the disease which he had contracted in the field, fell a victim to the disease which he had contracted in the field. Mitchell, eminent in science; cool and intrepid; Palmer, and many other officers and men, lost their lives by sickness contracted on the field. But I cannot close this long list of martyrs without paying a sacred debt of official duty and personal friendship. There was one dead soldier who possessed peculiar claims upon my love and gratitude. He was an ardent patriot, an unselfish man, a true soldier, the best ideal of a staff officer—he was my aide-de-camp, Colonel Culburn. There is a lesson to be drawn from the death and services of these glorious men. What we should read for the present and future benefit of the nation.

Was in these modern days a science, and it should now be clear to the most prejudiced that for the organization and command of armies, and the high combinations of strategy, perfect familiarity with the theoretical science of war is requisite. To count upon success when the plan or execution of campaigns are intrusted to men who have no knowledge of war, is as idle as to expect the legal wisdom of a story or a Kent from a skillful physician.

But what is the honorable and holy cause for which these men laid down their lives and for which the nation still demands the sacrifice of the precious blood of so many of her children? Soon after the close of the Revolutionary war, it was found that the confederacy, which had grown up during that memorable contest, was falling to pieces of its own might. The central power was too weak; it could only recommend to the different states such measures as seemed best; and it possessed no real power to legislate, because it lacked the executive force to compel obedience to its laws. The national credit and self respect had disappeared, and it was feared by the friends of human liberty throughout the world that ours was but another added to the long list of fruitless attempts at self-government. The nation was evidently upon the brink of ruin and dissolution, when, some thirty years ago, many of the wisest and most patriotic of the land met to seek a remedy for the great evils which threatened to destroy the great work of the Revolution. Their sessions were long, and often stormy; for a time the most sanguine doubted the possibility of a successful termination to their labors. But, from amidst the conflict of sectional interests and prejudices, and of personal selfishness, the spirit of wisdom and conciliation at length evoked a constitution, under which we have lived so long. It was not formed in a day, but was the result of patient labor, of lofty wisdom, and of the purest patriotism. It was at last adopted by the people of all the states—although by some reluctantly—not as being exactly what all desired, but as being the best possible under the circumstances. It was accepted as giving us a form of government under which the nation might live happily and prosper, so long as the people should continue to be influenced by the same sentiments which actuated them who formed it, and which would not be liable to destruction from internal causes, so long as the people preserved the recollection of the injuries and calamities which led to its adoption. Under this beneficent constitution the progress of the nation was unexampled in history. The rights and liberties of its citizens were secure at home and abroad; vast territories were rescued from the control of the savage and wild beast, and added to the domain of civilization and the Union. The arts, the sciences, and commerce, grew apace; our flag floated proudly on every sea, and we took our place among

the nations of the earth. But under the smooth surface of prosperity upon which we glided swiftly, with all sails set before the summer breeze, dangerous reefs were hidden which now and then caused ripples upon the surface, and made anxious the more cautious pilots. Elated by success, the ship swept on, the crew not heeding the warnings they received of the dangers they escaped in the beginning of the voyage, and blind to the hideous maelstrom which gaped to receive and destroy them. The same elements of discordant sectional prejudices, interests, and institutions, which had rendered the formation of the Constitution so difficult, threatened more than once to destroy it. But for a long time the nation was so fortunate as to possess a series of political leaders who, to their highest abilities, united the same spirit of conciliation, which animated the founders of the Republic, and thus for many years the threatened evils were averted. Time and long continued good fortune obliterated the recollection of the calamities and wretchedness of the years preceding the adoption of the constitution. Men forgot that conciliation, common interests, and mutual charity, had been the foundation and main support of our government—as is indeed the case with all governments and all relations of life. At length met appeared with whom sectional and personal prejudices and interests outweighed all considerations for general good. Extremists of one section furnished the occasion, eagerly seized as a pretext by equally extreme men in the other, for abandoning the pacific remedies and protection afforded by the constitution, and seeking redress for possible future evils in war and destruction of the Union. Stripped of all sophistry and side issues, the direct cause of the war, as it presented itself to the honest patriotic citizens of the North, was simply this: Certain states, or rather, a portion of the inhabitants of certain states, feared or professed to fear, that injury would result to their rights and property from the elevation of a particular party to power. Although the constitution and the actual condition of the government provided them with a peaceable and sure protection against the apprehended evil, they preferred to seek security in the destruction of the government, which could protect them, and in the use of force against the national troops holding a national fortress. To efface the insult offered to our flag; to save ourselves from the fate of the divided republics of Italy and South America, to preserve our government from destruction, to enforce its just power and laws, to maintain our very existence as a nation—these were the causes that compelled us to draw the sword. Rebellion against a government like ours, which contains the means of self-adjustment, and a pacific remedy for evils, should never be confounded with a revolution against despotic power, which refuses redress of wrongs. Such a rebellion cannot be justified upon ethical grounds; and the only alternative for our choice is its suppression, or the destruction of our nationality. At such a time as this, and in merged in a true and brave patriotism, which thinks only of the good of the whole country. It was in this cause, and with these motives, that so many of our comrades gave their lives, and to this we are all personally pledged in all honor and fidelity. Shall we not have such a devotion as that of our dead comrades be of no avail? Shall it be said in after ages that we lack the vigor to complete the work thus begun? that, after all these noble lives freely given, we hesitated, and failed to keep straight on until our country was truer hearts than that! Oh, spirits of the valiant dead, sons of our slain heroes, lend me your indomitable will, and if it be permitted you to commune with those who remain by the name of mortal,

ty, hover around us in the midst of danger and tribulations; cheer the firm, strengthen the weak, that none may doubt the salvation of the republic and the triumph of our grand old flag! In the midst of the storm that tossed our grand old ship of state, there is one great beacon light to which we can turn with confidence and hope. It cannot be that this great nation has played its part in history; it cannot be that our sun, which arose with such bright promises for the future, has already set forever. It must be the intention of the one ruling Deity that this island, so long the asylum of the oppressed, the refuge of civil and religious liberty, shall again stand forth in bright relief until, purified and chastened by our trials, as an example and encouragement for those who desire the progress of the human race. It is not given to our weak intellects to understand the steps of Providence as they occur; we comprehend them only as we look back upon them in the far distant past. So it is now. We cannot unravel the seemingly tangled skein of the purposes of the Creator—they are too high and far reaching for our limited minds. But all history and His own revealed Word teach us that His ways although inscrutable, are ever righteous. Let us then cheerfully and manfully play our part, seek to understand and perform our whole duty, and trust unwaveringly in the beneficence of the God who bid our ancestors cross the sea, and sustained them afterwards, amid dangers more appalling even than those encountered by His own chosen people in their great exodus. He did not bring us here in vain, nor has He supported us thus far for naught. If we do our duty and trust in Him, He will not desert us in our need. Fix in our faith that God will save our country, we now dedicate this site to the memory of brave men to loyalty, patriotism and honor.

There is a little bit of history connected with the dedication of the site that has never been published. It is related by an old resident of the Post, who claims to be familiar with the facts, as follows: On the morning of the dedication Colonel Bowman, the Superintendent of the Academy, received orders from Secretary of War Stanton, not to permit General McClellan to deliver the oration. It appears that the General had been summarily relieved of his duties as a commanding officer in the army, and a spirit of animosity existed between the Secretary and "Little Mac," as he was called. The Superintendent ignored the order, however, and General McClellan made the speech, according to arrangement. In the afternoon of that day Colonel Bowman was relieved of his duties as Superintendent of the Post by direction of the Secretary of War, and General Cullom, who was on the grounds at the time, was appointed his successor, and assumed command at once.

The incident created wide-spread gossip in army circles and made a big rent in McClellan's presidential boom. The ardor for proceeding with the erection of the Monument was somewhat dampened, and the matter remained dormant until revived by Colonel John M. Wilson in 1890. However, the interest on the funds already contributed, had accumulated from year to year, until the sum aggregated nearly \$75,000. So that next Monday will witness the consummation of the grand memorial which had its origin thirty-four years ago.

The star members (first five) of each of the classes, according to general merit, are as follows: 1st—Connor, Oakes, Wolf, Morgan and Cheney; 2d—Boggs, Smith, Wooten, Brown and Kerr; 3d—Woodruff, Kelly, Stickle, Chambliss and Rand; 4th—Pillsbury, Adams, Rhett, Slattery and Lawson. Cadet Boggs stands No. 1 in each of the subjects studied by his class, philosophy, chemistry, drill regulations and drawing, and for one year has had no demerit. That is a record indeed to be proud of.

The examination for the West Point cadetship took place at Oskaloosa last Saturday. Rufus McVicker, of Sigourney, and at present an employee of THE NEWS, was one of the contestants and came within a fraction of getting the place. Below we give an item from the Oskaloosa Herald in relation to the marking and other items:

"The examination held on Saturday was an interesting one and a goodly number of bright boys presented themselves. Prof. Robinson, of Brooklyn, Mayor D. A. LaForce, of Ottumwa, Judge McCoy and Dr. Barringer, of Oskaloosa, conducted the examination. We give the rating of the four highest:

	Genl.	Geog.	Hist.	A. H. B.	Gram.	Total.	Days.	Aver.
F. B. Reid.....	95	98	98	85	96	472	100	91.25
J. R. McVicker.....	90	95	90	95	95	465	100	93
F. D. Everett.....	85	95	85	80	90	445	100	89
George Ury.....	85	95	80	80	80	340	100	68

Selections: cadet, Frank B. Reid, Oskaloosa; alternate, J. R. McVicker, Sigourney."

Rufus McVicker should feel proud of his standing in the contest. If Mr. Reid fails when he goes to West Point for final examination, Mr. McVicker will come in next. Rufus McVicker is a graduate of Sigourney high school and is a worthy young man. If his association with THE NEWS office does not ruin him he will make his mark in the world.

Frank B. Reid departs Wednesday evening via the Rock Island to enter upon his military studies for West Point. He goes to enter the military preparatory school of Lieut. Braden, near West Point, until March 1, 1896, at which time he will take the examinations for admission to the national military academy at West Point.

Frank B. Reid, of Oskaloosa, who has been appointed cadet at West Point, has just completed his examination at the academy and is in the city on his way home.

Frank B. Reid, Jr., has returned from his studies preparatory to entering West Point military academy. He was in a class of seventy-two and was successful in passing the necessary examinations of entrance. He will be at home for a visit of six weeks.

Congressman Lacey has appointed J. R. McVicker, of Sigourney, to the position of cadet at West Point for the term beginning in June. MacVicker was the alternate, and now secures the appointment to first place on account of the failure of the principal to be admitted.

Rufus McVicker will leave for New York in a few days to enter the national military academy at West Point. Rufus is a steady and industrious young man, who has improved his opportunities far more than most young men do. He has a good mind which he has improved by diligence in his studies. He is the kind of a boy to make a useful citizen and worthy member of society, and it seems a pity to turn him into a military puppet. He is too good stuff to make a tin soldier out of. — *Sigourney Review*

West Point Cadetship.

Frank Reed, of Oskaloosa, who won first honors in a competition for West Point, has failed on examination. He passed a creditable examination on everything but arithmetic. James R. McVicker, of Sigourney, has been designated, having stood second in the competitive examination. But one appointee from the Sixth district has graduated from West Point in twenty years—Mr. Thompson, of Albia, now in the regular army. John Morrison, of Hedrick, will graduate in June. Mr. Reed was quite anxious to try the West Point examination again but Congressman Lacey held that as a matter of right, Mr. McVicker should be designated.—*Oskaloosa News.*

It has been known by a few in Sigourney for some time that Reed's friends were working hard to induce Congressman Lacey to ignore McVicker and get another trial for Reed but they were working with the wrong man when they approached Lacey on that subject. Major Lacey is an honorable man and treats all alike. It would have been unfair to allow Reed to have another chance at the sacrifice of McVicker. Mr. McVicker will take the examination at West Point in June and if he fails will be satisfied to quit. The action of Major Lacey in this matter shows he is fair and just to all concerned. All honor to him for it.

Gone to West Point.

Rufus McVicker, a former NEWS office employee, departed Thursday eve for West Point, where he takes his examination next week. Rufus is a good honest christian lad, a deep thinker and a young man who will succeed. Owing to financial embarrassment he did not have the opportunity to go back to a college and be coached up, but waded into books at home and recited to Miss Wilson and Supt. Griffin. Rufus friends and especially THE NEWS folks wish him success and that he will sail through the examinations o. k. and stand high.

Rufus McVicker returned home from West Point, Thursday of last week. As we stated last week, he failed to pass the January examination, along with thirty others. He failed in mathematics. At West Point's Academy, a failure in any single branch lets them out and no political or other influence can have any effect. We are sorry Rufus failed to make the proper standing, for he worked hard to make it. But some of our best young men in all ages have failed in this as well as other branches of learning, and it often turns out that they reach the top round of the ladder in other professions, and in this case it may be for the best. The U. S. Government could not induce us to enter the regular army and remain there through a life time.

THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

It has become the fashion with certain newspapers and a large number of stump orators of the demagogue type to decry the character and usefulness of the army of the United States. Such a course can only be attributed to gross ignorance of the subject or a desire to inflame the minds of the people against the established order of things for the purpose of creating political capital for parties or individuals. As a matter of fact the United States has the finest and most useful army of its size in the world, and such is the opinion of the military authorities of Europe as well as those of this country.

In the first place the officers are selected by a system of competition from every Congressional district. When these young men enter West Point they are presumably nearly perfect from a physical point of view, and have won the right to enter by most rigid mental examinations, accompanied by certificates of good moral character. They are given a practical education in all the ordinary branches of learning and others of a more technical character. The constantly recurring examinations insure proficiency as the course is proceeded with. After graduation they are assigned, as a rule, to some of the frontier posts, where they secure practical experience in the field necessary to the making of a good soldier. There are cadts and shirks in every business, but

the chances are that, by the time an officer in the United States army has become a first lieutenant, he is a courteous gentleman, well versed in his chosen profession, not without some experience in hardship and fully competent to give and obey orders in an emergency, no matter how trying the circumstances may be.

Almost equal care is now exercised in the choice of enlisted men. This is shown by the fact that only about 10 per cent of those who apply for enlistment are accepted. After enlistment they are schooled and drilled in the various departments and duties of a soldier's life until they reach the standard of the army as a whole, which is very high. Life at the army posts is no soft snap. From early morning until night guard duty, stable duty, drill, exercise and the general work at the post goes on with the ear constantly alert for the bugle call which may mean a suddenly conceived march on an emergency duty extending for an indefinite period.

In the officers' quarters the school of instruction is constantly in evidence. Practice marches are devised, foreign wars closely followed in detail, new weapons and ammunition invented, discussed and tested, and the command kept fully up to date, both mentally and physically. Men of a scientific turn of mind are afforded opportunities to exercise their talents and the results are to be found in an improved equipment, many features of which have been adopted by foreign countries. In return for this the army officers receive no more pay than a skillful clerk and the private soldier no more than a day laborer.

The service performed by this army is varied and necessary. The Indian reservations from British America to Mexico are patrolled and kept in peaceful condition. The Rio Grande border is effectively policed, the various inland and coast fortifications are manned, instructors are furnished all colleges and state organizations of militia and the military arm of this Government is suitably represented at every capital abroad by army officers. They are used as members of all manner of national and international commissions, thus taking the place at no additional expense of high-priced political favorites. Last, but not least, the United States army constitutes a perfect skeleton organization which could effectively officer and drill a million men at short notice should the nation become involved in war.

This army costs more in proportion to numbers than any European army, for manifest reasons. The American people clothe and feed their servants well and few taxpayers would have it otherwise. First cost is always the greatest item in any plant, and the military expenditure of the United States represents the first cost of a military plant. The size of the army could be doubled or even quadrupled at a small percentage of the present outlay, as it would simply mean the bare equipment and rationing of additional men. It is safe to say, however, that the people of this country would refuse to save money by feeding and clothing their army in the same manner as the armies of Europe are clothed and fed. The American idea is to pay well and require good service in return, and it has been found to bring the best results in the end.

The army has been the foot ball of the politicians in every Congress, and while scandals and abuses occasionally come to light, they are few and far between considering the number of men and the vast interests involved. It is only in connection with the very highest places, which, by an error in our system, have been forced into the political spoils list, that there is ever serious reason for criticism, and the cause for this is found in the very fact that here military procedure is abandoned.

A KANSAN IN THE GREEK ARMY

Will West of Hays City Has an Officer's Commission and Sails for Greece.

William West, a Kansas boy, has been commissioned as an officer in the Greek army and has sailed for Greece. This was not done without some difficulty, however, because when he went to the Greek consul in New York to enlist it was found that he was not of age. He is the ward of his uncle, James H. Reeder of Hays City, Kas., whose consent was telegraphed for, and, being given, West became a Greek patriot.



WILL WEST, THE KANSAS CADET WHO ENLISTED IN THE GREEK ARMY.

West is not a mercenary or a soldier of fortune. His remuneration as a Greek officer will not be large. He was given his passage money and will be paid his expenses while in the Greek service. West went to Hays City when a child. After going through the public schools he went to St. John's Military academy at Salina, Kas., from which he was graduated with credit. In Denver he joined the Colorado National guard and was in service during the Leadville strike. He was honorably mentioned by his superior officers afterwards for his meritorious conduct. West is a natural soldier and a born patriot. He has always evinced great sympathy for the Greek cause, and his Kansas friends were not surprised when he enlisted in it.

SOON TO BE SOLDIERS.

WEST POINT'S ANNUAL CLOSING.

Board of Visitors at National Military Academy Sees the Young Men Who Are to Officer Our Future Armies Go Through Evolutions.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Record from a Staff Correspondent.

West Point, N. Y., June 3.—The board of visitors appointed by the president to inspect the military academy is here attending the examinations and graduating exercises, which will continue for ten days longer, with drills, dinners, parades, hops and other festivities and functions. Ex-Senator Manderson of Nebraska is the president of the board, and this is the third time he has enjoyed that honor. Col. William C. Church, editor of the Army and Navy Journal, is the secretary; Gen. Anson G. MeCook of the fighting family of that name; Abraham C. Kauffman, a venerable ex-confederate colonel from South Carolina; Col. Dudley Evans, who was adjutant-general on Stonewall Jackson's staff; Prof. David F. Houston of the Texas State university, and the Rev. Henry M. Curtis, D. D., a Presbyterian clergyman of Cincinnati, make up the board, with Representative Slayden of Texas as the only congressman present. Senators Carter and Harris and Representatives Grosvenor of Ohio and Capron of Rhode Island are expected this week provided congress adjourns.

On Friday the board witnessed a review of the corps of cadets and the annual presentation of colors, which is one of the most impressive events of the year. The colors were presented last year by Miss Julia Grant shortly before her marriage to Prince Cantacuzene, and this year Miss Louise Adams, daughter of Capt. Granger Adams of the 7th artillery, one of the instructors in tactics, was awarded that honor because she is so great a favorite at the post. Gen. Manderson represented the board of visitors at the review and stepped out like the old war horse referred to in the book of Psalms when the trumpet soundeth afar off.

Saturday morning was spent in examination and inspections, Saturday afternoon the board witnessed a ball game at the parade ground between the cadets and the team of Columbia college, New York, which resulted 19 to 3 in favor of the former, and in the evening there was a ball in the beautiful hall of the memorial building recently erected by the munificence of the late Gen. George W. Cullum, which will be dedicated on Tuesday of next week.

This morning the Rev. Herbert Shipman, chaplain of the academy, preached the annual sermon to the graduating class, and this evening Admiral Phillip of the navy addressed the Young Men's Christian association.

Similar functions will continue to the 13th inst., which is graduating day, the only unusual events being the dedication of Memorial hall and the new catholic church, over which there was so much discussion when President McKinley early in his administration granted a permit for its erection upon the military reservation. It is a tiny but picturesque chapel of stone near the cemetery and was erected entirely by the catholic church. The government contributed nothing except the land upon which it stands. There are seven or eight catholic families among the instructors and military officers attached to the academy, twenty-four communicants of that faith among the corps of cadets, including Gen. Sheridan's son, and a hundred or more among the enlisted men of the garrison and the civil employes about the reservation. The services at the chapel, which the cadets are required to attend every sabbath morning during the year, are conducted according to the protestant episcopal form of worship, and hitherto the catholic cadets have marched to Highland Falls, a little village just outside of the reservation, where Father O'Keefe, the brilliant and popular young priest, who made a pilgrimage to Rome in behalf of the late Father McGlynn, has ministered to them. A small squad of cadets whose parents objected to the episcopal service also go each Sunday morning to the methodist church at Highland Falls.

The graduating class this year consists of only fifty-four members, an unusually small number. The second class has seventy-six, the third class seventy-two and the fourth class 134 members, but the last will be considerably reduced after the examinations, as is usually the case. The course of study is so severe that at least 20 per cent of the cadets are unable to survive the struggle of the first year.

The most conspicuous of the graduates for scholarship and soldierly qualities is Cadet Pillsbury, a son of a physician of Lowell, Mass., who stands at the head of his class and so high above his comrades that one of the professors told me there was room enough between him and No. 2 for a dozen able men. He had excellent preparation at the Boston School of Technology and has stood first in every study since the day he entered, but he is a phenomenal student and they say that he would have been the best man in any class of any institution that he might have entered. He is a young man of fine character also and soldierly qualities, and was captain of company A until the hazing troubles last fall, when he was reduced to the ranks for refusing to report the escapades of some of his classmates. The discipline of the corps required that he should be punished, but he gained rather than lost respect both among the faculty and the cadets. It is a long and interesting story, which I will tell in another letter.

The second in standing, and the most influential man in the class, is a young man named Adams, the son of a major in the engineer corps, who was also reduced to the ranks at the same time for the same reason. He was prepared at the high school at Washington, D. C.

The third place is contested by several cadets, and their standing is so close that it cannot be determined until the close of the examinations. Cadet Slatterly of Cincinnati, Cadet Lukesh of Akron, O., Cadet Rhett of Charleston, S. C., and Cadet Lawson of Massachusetts are neck and neck in the race. Rhett stands third at present, but the others are pressing him closely. Lukesh, who is the youngest man in his class, is the son of an architect and builder at Akron, descended from Austrian ancestry. He is a nephew of Col. Feibeger, the instructor of engineering. Rhett's father is a physician, and he belongs to the famous southern family of that name. Slatterly is the son of a Cincinnati lawyer, and his maternal grandfather was Judge De Steiger of the Ohio bench.

Perkins of Wisconsin is the best all-round athlete at the academy.

There are several sons of army officers who stand well and stand high for their soldierly behavior. Benjamin is a grandson of the late Hamilton Fish. His father was once assistant adjutant-general.

Cadet Stokey is the son of the superintendent of schools at Canton, O.

Cadet Morey is a rara avis—a Texas republican.

Illinois has two fine representatives in Cadets Sunderland of Delavan and Mitchell of Mattoon. The former is the son of a farmer and the latter the son of a merchant. Mitchell came here with a high-school preparation and Sunderland from the University of Illinois. He is lieutenant of one of the cadet companies.

Cadet Carson of Muncie, Ind., is captain of D company. Comley and Hillman of Indianapolis are both lieutenants.

Hopkins of Cassopolis, Mich., is quartermaster of the corps of cadets, a very responsible position. He is also a crack football man. Glade of Indiana is also on the football team.

The military academy will celebrate its centennial anniversary next year. It was proposed in the continental congress as early as October, 1776, and a committee was appointed to prepare a plan, but never reported. Shortly after Brig.-Gen. Huntington proposed to congress that a school be established for "the instruction of a competent number of young gentlemen in what is usually called military discipline, tactics and the theory and practice of fortification and gunnery," but it was not until 1801 that such an institution was attempted, and then only in a small way under the direction of George Barron, a private citizen, who obtained permission from the government to occupy the buildings at West Point for educational purposes, but he did not make a success of it, and a few years later his school was abolished because "the students ran into disorder and the teachers into contempt."

In 1812 the institution was reorganized on a scientific basis under the direction of the corps of engineers and by order of congress, and, curiously enough, Mr. Jefferson entertained doubts as to the constitutional power of the government to establish a mili-

tary academy or even educate the young men of the country with the expenditure of public funds. It was not until 1817, when Maj. Sylvanus Thayer of the corps of engineers became superintendent, that the academy was brought up to a level of foreign schools of war and began to attract popular attention and favor.

One of the habitual objections that have been raised to this school by the narrow-minded is that it is "a nursery of aristocrats," and I have heard demagogues in congress declaim about the "dudes" that are here being pampered and paraded at the expense of the taxpayers; but if there was ever a place where the doctrine of equality was vigorously enforced it is among the cadets at this academy. If there was ever a place where vanity and conceit were extinguished in the heart of a boy and where manliness and truth and devotion are taught by precept and example, both among the faculty and among the cadets, it is here. The military academy is no place for dudes, nor for any boy who thinks himself better than his companions, because the slightest evidence of consciousness of such superiority, the slightest disclosure of self-appreciation, is almost certain to call for discipline from his fellow-cadets that will impress the virtue of humility upon his mind forever.

Gen. King, in one of his charming stories, tells of a lad who came to the academy from a northwestern town, where he had been the captain of the high-school cadets, and where, upon his departure, the citizens gave him an ovation and delivered eulogies which were published in the local papers. With the best of intentions marked copies of that paper were sent to West Point with the mistaken idea of securing a warmer welcome and greater respect for the young cadet, but it was a calamity, for the other cadets clipped the article from the paper, pasted it carefully upon a board so that it could not be destroyed or injured, and then, when the hero of the northwestern high school showed consciousness of his superiority, they would compel him to read the account of his farewell ovation aloud, backward and forward, until he had committed it to memory, and several times they compelled him to sing it to some familiar tune until the poor fellow realized what a miserable worm he was and had every atom of conceit taken out of him.

The selection of cadets by competitive examination, as is the custom in many districts, gives boys of humble parentage an opportunity to get into the army, and the cadets come from every class of society, to meet here on a common level, where wealth and aristocratic connections are apt to be to the disadvantage of a lad, particularly if he is inclined to presume upon them. Boys of practical common sense and modest manners, who have the tact to avoid making themselves conspicuous and assume no airs, invariably get along without trouble, but any cadet who attempts, consciously or unconsciously, to conform to the description given of the inmates of this academy by the congressional demagogue is often made to wish that he had never been born before he is reduced to the ordinary clay that his comrades are made of. It is only the upstarts, the "smarties," as they are called, that have trouble. No boy is accepted at his own valuation. It takes only a few weeks for his comrades to find him out, and if he has estimated himself too highly they do not hesitate to teach him where a discount should be applied.

I find an almost unanimous prejudice here against the competitive system of appointment, on the ground that no casual examination by a committee can determine the qualifications of a boy, and it is claimed that some of the cadets who have passed such examinations with the highest marks have soon developed weaknesses, mental or moral, which made it inadvisable for them to continue their studies. The professors say that the best material that comes here in the form of cadets is of the sons of soldiers whose childhood and boyhood have been spent at military posts and whose minds and morals have been shaped by army discipline. It is easy for them to conform to the regulations and acquire the habits of a soldier compared with the difficulties experienced by a boy who has been brought up in a home of luxury and under the care of indulgent parents.

At the same time cadets appointed by competitive examination have the best records in the academy. In twenty-two years, out of a total of 2,282 cadets 1,029 were appointed by competitive examination and 1,262 by selection. Of the former 66 per cent graduated, of the latter only 45 per cent. The remainder resigned, were dismissed or were dropped because of deficiency in their studies.

Of those appointed by competition only 24 per cent failed to pass the entrance examination. Of the others 49 per cent failed. Of those appointed by competition 242 were discharged for deficiency in scholarship and nine were dismissed in disgrace. Of those appointed by selection 568 were discharged for deficiency and ten were dismissed. Hence the records are in favor of the competitive system, but the professors still insist that the boys appointed by selection make the best soldiers.

The records of the parentage of cadets furnish a suggestive study and illustrate the representative democratic character of the corps. You cannot find among the pupils of any public school a wider social range than that from which the cadets at West Point were chosen. They come from all classes and ranks of people and the largest number from the farm. During the last ten years, for example, the sons of 149 farmers have been admitted to the academy. The merchant class has contributed 115, the next largest number, an even 100 were the sons of lawyers, sixty-five were boys brought up in the army, the sons of officers, most of them graduates of this institution; the fathers of thirty-seven were manufacturers and of thirty-two mechanics, twenty were insurance and nineteen were real-estate agents, fourteen were clergymen, thirteen editors—an unlucky number—thirteen bankers, thirteen bookkeepers, ten druggists, nine commercial travelers, eight school teachers, six dentists, five salesmen, five laborers, five hotelkeepers, four printers, three policemen, three photographers, three locomotive engineers, seven civil engineers, four mechanical engineers.

Only three were sons of members of congress, which speaks well for the absence of nepotism in the military branch of the public service; two were sons of livery stable keepers, one was the son of the manager of a lottery company, an unlawful business, and each of the following occupations were represented by one cadet:

R. E. baggage master.	Undertaker.
Brewer.	Detective.
Baker.	Teamster.
Locksmith.	Teacher of garment cutting.
Music teacher.	Teacher of garment cutting.
R. E. conductor.	Deck master.
Draughtsman.	Electroplater.
Engraver.	Inspector of water meters.
Letter carrier.	Lithographer.
Sea captain.	Tailor.
Restaurant keeper.	Dairyman.
Fishery master.	Librarian.
Marble dealer.	Band leader.
Pilot.	Architect.
Barber.	President of university.
Manager wire mill.	Hatter.
Butcher.	

I have selected these out of 120 occupations that appear upon the records of the parentage of the cadets at the academy, as they illustrate the point I have made about the democratic character of the institution, and if possible it would be interesting to trace the future careers of these boys and learn whether the theory of heredity is confirmed in the army.

WILLIAM E. CURTIS.

GIBSON FOR CADET.

The competitive examination for the purpose of selecting a cadet to represent the Sixth Iowa District at the U. S. Military Academy was held at Oskaloosa Saturday, and Adelno Gibson of Mt. Pleasant was honored with the appointment. Mr. Gibson was a soldier of Co. "F," 51st Iowa, U. S. N. and seen active service in the Philippines. He has been a student at Mt. Pleasant for several year, and is well qualified for the place. He is a good man, and will do credit to the Sixth District as a cadet.

In the examination for Annapolis, Knapp of Grinnell stood first. The

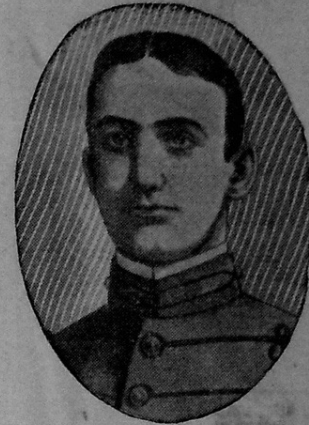
WEST POINT ACADEMY'S STAR STUDENT; GEORGE B. PILLSBURY OF MASSACHUSETTS.

[SPECIAL TO THE TIMES-HERALD.]
WEST POINT, N. Y., June 11.—Cadet George B. Pillsbury, who will graduate at the head of his class at the United States Military Academy next Wednesday, is one of the most brilliant students who ever studied there. He not only stands at the front in the general average of his marks for his work, but he leads his class in every single branch studied. Even in an institution in which so many capable men have been trained as at West Point his record is a most remarkable one.

His professors unite in giving him praises that seem almost extravagant to an outsider. One of them unhesitatingly describes him as the most brilliant man he has ever known. Another says that between him and No. 2 in the class there was room for a dozen able men, and adds that he would be the intellectual leader in any class in any institution he might have entered.

Pillsbury is a Massachusetts man, the son of a physician of Lowell. He was 19 years of age when he entered the academy four years ago, and he showed his ability from the first day. He has been second to none in rank in his studies at any time during his course.

He excels in personal character and soldierly qualities as well as in intellect, and is most popular among the entire corps. He is vice president of his class. Last summer during the hazing troubles at Camp



GEORGE B. PILLSBURY.

Humphrey he was captain of Company A, but he was reduced to the ranks for refusing to report the escapades of some of his classmates. Discipline required that he should be punished, but his stand gave him increased rather than lessened respect among both professors and students.

alternates for the two places are Overman of Ottumwa and Laughlin of Oskaloosa.

There were about forty applicants for the two cadetships and they comprised a list of some of the brightest boys of the district. About thirty-four passed successfully the physical examination.

In the mental examination, however, a man is not only required to pass a certain mark, but he must stand the highest of all the candidates. There were several who stood high in the examinations, among whom were two Keokuk county boys, but there was great opposition, and a man had to stand the very highest to get the place. We congratulate Mr. Gibson of Mt. Pleasant and Mr. Knapp of Grinnell.

Two Keokuk county boys went up to Oskaloosa Saturday and took the competitive examination for West Point. They are a couple of brilliant young men, Harry S. McVicker of Sigourney and Arthur Axmear of White Pigeon. There was fierce competition for the place, there being only one vacancy, and about forty applicants. Soldier Adelono Gibson got the place, but McVicker and Axmear both stood high in the examination and may yet be called upon to wear the cadet gray of the military academy. The News is glad to see these young men maintain the dignity of Keokuk County, by standing so well in the examinations.

NOTICE.

Congressman John F. Lacey announces that there will be a competitive examination at the Court House at Oskaloosa, Iowa at One o'clock p.m. June 16th for the selection of a cadet and alternate for West Point, and also a cadet and alternate at Annapolis. Boys of the Sixth District desiring to compete should report in person at the time and place named.

FUNERAL OF LIEUT. JOHN MORRISON WHO WAS KILLED IN THE PHILLIPINES



FIRST LIEUTENANT JOHN MORRISON, JR.

The funeral of Lieutenant John Morrison at Hedrick occurred at 1 o'clock Tuesday after noon. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Morrison of Hedrick. The funeral services were held at the Baptist church conducted by Rev. I. H. Lynch rector of Trinity church Ottumwa, assisted by F. N. Byram pastor of the Ollie church and an intimate friend of the family. The Masonic orders of Hedrick and Oskaloosa had charge of the funeral and Company F. of Oskaloosa was present as a military escort. Most of the soldier boys present were members of the 51st Iowa and served in the Philippine Islands. The remains were escorted from the home of the parents by the Masonic lodge and military company, followed by a large concourse of people. The choir sang "Now the Laborer's Task is O'er". After a brief but very impressive service conducted by Rev. Lynch, Rev. Byram gave a short history of the deceased life. The speaker had known Lieutenant Morrison since he was a small boy and paid a glowing tribute to his worth and young manhood. After a song by the quartette the body was conveyed to the cemetery west of town where services were held by the Masonic order, after which Company F. fired a military salute, the bugle sounded taps. Thus ended the services over a brave and gallant soldier, one who loved his

country and his flag. Lieutenant Morrison was born in Benton township, Keokuk county, thirty-one years ago, received his schooling in the public schools until he was appointed a cadet at West Point at which institution he graduated. He was sent to the Philippines among the first that went there and had engaged in many fights. Our readers have already read a description of how he was killed. He was killed on the 18th of January, and his body arrived at Hedrick on Monday of this week. The body looked natural not withstanding the body had been on the way almost two months. Colonel and Mrs. Cress of St. Louis parents of the widow were present at the funeral, with their daughter, the widow, and her child. Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, the parents of deceased, and all the sisters and brothers were present at the funeral. Lieutenant John Morrison spent much of his boyhood days in Sigourney and was well known by our people. Great sympathy is extended here for the sorrowing ones. Those present from Sigourney at the funeral were; Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Stockman, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Adams, Mrs. L. A. Funk, Mrs. A. P. Johnson, G. E. Kleinschmidt, S. W. Brunt, Mrs. Frank Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Engledinger and children and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Needham.

LIEUT. MORRISON'S DEATH.

Particulars of the Sad Death that Befell the Gallant Young Officer a Bullet Pierces his Heart and He Expires in Few Moments.

Mrs. Frances Morrison, widow of the late John Morrison Jr., arrived from Jefferson Barrack, Mo., Monday evening. Tuesday she received two letters from Manila officers who saw Mr. Morrison fall from his horse, and was with him at time of his death, and very kindly cared for the body of their loved officer until it was placed on board the vessel that brought it to the United States. At our request, she has kindly prepared a letter giving the facts and history of the fray in which Mr. Morrison was engaged when killed. It is as follows:

From letters received from Lieut. Haight, Second Lieut. of my late husband's troop in the 4th Cavalry and Chaplain Walkley in Manila, I have learned how he was killed Jan. 18th, 1901 in the Philippines.

Lieut. Haight wrote:—The morning that he was killed he started out with fifteen men to make a scout through the foot hills to the south of Penaranda as directed by his commanding officer Gen. Funston. Dr. Deaton, the Asst. Surgeon, went with him and gives the following account of the fight.

It was about three-thirty in the afternoon and they had been marching along for an hour or two on a plainly marked trail when just in front, across a small wooded gulch in some opened rice fields, he noticed some white flags flying and near them several groups of men. He was riding just behind the first two men. After looking at them for a minute or two he handed his glasses to the sergeant, who was just behind him, telling him to try and make out what the groups of men were, peaceable citizens or soldiers. While the sergeant was doing this, Mr. Morrison rode down into the gulch and upon a little hill on the other side, turning around he cautioned his men to draw pistol and follow him mounted. He setting his horse at a gallop, rode straight for the white flags. There was one man behind a rice gulch just in front of him and he aimed straight at him firing as he went. Some of the troopers say that the man fell wounded, and Mr. Morrison riding up to within ten feet of him fired twice again both of the bullets taking effect but just before he finally fell, the man raised up and fired point blank, the ball hitting Mr. Morrison in the right breast and piercing his heart, coming out on the left side behind the shoulder blade. He fell from his horse and when the sergeant got to him and asked if he was hurt he said "Yes sergeant," but was unable to say more. The sergeant said however, he knew the Lieut. wanted to say, "go in and fight it out." The Surgeon reports that he could have suffered very little pain, he died in a few minutes.

It is a pleasure to me, as it must be to you, to know that he died as every soldier wants to, at the head of his

men in the thick of battle doing his duty to the very last. No soldier can ask for more and I know that it was as he wished it to be.

It has been my privilege to have charge of his body and to have been able to do all the last sad rites. I have now relinquished it to the care of his brother officers who are more grieved than it is possible to tell at his loss. Not only the officers of the Fourth Cavalry, but those of the Third and his fellow classmates and those that knew him in other regiments mourn the loss, not only to themselves but to the service and the country as well.

Needless to say that every honor has been shown him, not only in town here but all along the route from Penaranda. The Adjutant of the regiment will speak for all his brother officers.

It is not given to every one the privilege of living with and being the daily companion of a truly noble man, but that privilege has been given me for the last five months, for a truer man and faithful soldier than Mr. Morrison, I have never met, and each day brought with it the appreciation of some new trait in his character, and each day my respect and admiration grew greater and greater.

Faithful to every detail with a high sense of his duty and responsibilities as a soldier and a conscientious officer. He was not only the admiration and esteem of his superiors but also the love and respect of his men. I was with him continually and I never heard him swear under even the most trying circumstances, nor would he demand of them any service which over taxed their powers.

He was a leader, not a driver of his men, and they on their part have followed him through thick and thin.—
Hedrick Herald

V

VIVID DESCRIPTION of the PHILLIPINES

M

ANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS shaken by the vibrations of the population.

December 7, 1900. Some Just to cheer you up and by the South English have often why of variety are the gentle and written me concerning those islands soothing diseases, small pox, leprosy, cholera, dobie itch and the so I will try and give you a brief geographical account of them and tell exactly what I think of them, and no doubt you would too were you in my place.

The Philippine Islands are a bunch of trouble on the border of civilization. They are bounded on the north by rocks and destruction, on the east by typhoons and hurricanes, on the south by cannibals and earthquakes, on the west by sharks and smugglers, and the interior is composed of mud and mountains.

The total population is 80,000 caraboo, a water buffalo, 8,000,000 people, 80,000,000 roosters.

The climate is pleasant for flies, misquitoses, fleas, bats, lizards, tarantulas, scorpions, centipedes, snakes and alligators. Malarial fever is so prevalent that on many occasions the islands have been

The soil is very rich and produces large crops of sugar, hemp, rice and tobacco.

The chief industry is cock fighting and stealing.

The house and dress of the natives are very attractive and artistic and consist of landscapes and transparencies.

The wedding service is deeply impressive especially the clause in the contract wherein the bride is given the privilege of working as much as the husband desires.

The diet consists of fish, rice, rice, fish and vice versa.

The above statements read like a series of jokes, but they are the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. "So help me Moses."

ELZA MILLER,

Company A 4th U. S. Infantry.

THE PRESIDENT'S LAST SPEECH.

Expositions are the timekeepers of progress.

Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times. Measures of retaliation are not.

God and man have linked the nations together. No nation can longer be indifferent to any other.

We must encourage our merchant marine. We must have more ships. They must be under the American flag.

The following are extracts from President McKinley's last speech made at Buffalo the day before his assassination:

Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development under the domestic policy now firmly established.

Trade statistics indicate that this country is in a state of unexampled prosperity. The figures are almost appalling.

We must build the Isthmian canal, which will unite the two oceans and give a straight line of water communication with the western coasts of Central and South America and Mexico.

In these times of marvelous business energy and gain, we ought to be looking to the future, strengthening the weak places in our industrial and commercial systems that we may be ready for any storm or strain.

BENJAMIN HARRISON'S LAST PUBLIC UTTERANCE.

It has been asserted that the late Benjamin Harrison, in his deathbed delirium, bemoaned the fate of the South African Republics.

Some color is given to the statement by paragraphs in two very interesting papers written by General Harrison for the North American Review. Extracts from the March number follow:

There is no emotion so susceptible to overwork as gratitude and no role so silly as that of a prophet without an attestation. Is it not wholly illogical to argue that, because the British Ministry, and, to a considerable degree, the British people, gave their sympathy to us during the Spanish war, an American administration and the American people must give their sympathy to the British in the Boer war? The major premise is wanting—namely, that the two wars are of the same quality. The argument we hear so much takes no account of this element.

I think the great weight of opinion among the English Liberals was that the war with the Dutch Republics could have been, and ought to have been, avoided. Many of them believe that this war is only a supplement of the Jameson raid. Surely an American may hold these opinions without subjecting himself to the charge that he is a hater of Great Britain. Nor can the repression which the British Liberals have imposed upon themselves, pending the war, be exacted of Americans. Nations can only be reached by process from two tribunals—war and public opinion. The arbitral tribunal has no process; it assembles upon a stipulation. The tribunal of public opinion, on the other hand, is always in session, and must give a judgment upon all acts of men and nations that affect the public welfare. It would aid the tribunal greatly if each of the combatants could be compelled to plead, to declare the cause of the war and its objects.

Great Britain's intervention in South Africa was against a united people living in content—an ignorant content, if you please—under a Government of their own construction; and the ground of the intervention was ostensibly the interests of British subjects sojourning there.

Never before has American sympathy failed or been divided, or failed to find its voice, when a people were fighting for independence. Can we now calculate commercial gains before the breath of a dying Republic has quite failed or the body has quite taken on the rigor mortis? If international justice, government by the people, the parity of the nations, have ceased to be workable things, and have become impracticable, shall we part with them with a sneer, or simulate regret, even if we have lost the power to feel it? May not one be allowed to contemplate the heavens with suppressed aspirations, though there are no "consumers" there? Do we need to make a mock of the stars because we cannot appropriate them—because they do not take our produce? Have we disabled ourselves?

Mr. Hoar says that "by last winter's terrible blunder * * * we have lost the right to offer our sympathy to the Boer in his wonderful and gallant struggle against terrible odds for the Republic in Africa." It is a terrible charge.

There was plainly no call for an armed intervention by the United States in South Africa, and perhaps our diplomatic suggestions went as far as usage would justify. But has not public opinion here been somehow strongly perverted, or put under some unwonted repression? If we have lost either the right to denounce aggression or the capacity to weep when a Republic dies, it is a grievous loss.

HIS COUNTRY'S PERIL.

There is a singular pathos in the fact that the last days of the late Benjamin Harrison, former President of the United States, were darkened, by his fears that the American spirit of independence and love of liberty was being perverted and stifled by commercialism.

It was in this Government's attitude toward the two little South African Republics, engaged in a life-and-death struggle with England for their very existence as free and self-governing nations, that Mr. Harrison perceived the most ominous indication of our growing indifference to the principles upon which our own free government was founded. It filled his mind with foreboding that we had seemingly "lost either the right to denounce aggression or the capacity to weep when a Republic dies."

Unhappily, also, our own policy toward at least one of our new "dependencies" was of a nature to justify Mr. Harrison's fear that, as a Government, we are no longer controlled by the true American spirit. In the passage, at the dictation of the Sugar Trust, of the infamous Porto Rican tariff bill, which directly violated the American Constitution, Mr. Harrison discerned most alarming proof of our willingness to betray liberty and justice for the sake of commercial gain. He characterized the enactment of the Porto Rican tariff law as "a grave departure from right principles," and he never failed to condemn that unamerican act when occasion offered.

It is worth while for the American people to take to heart the repeated warnings voiced by Mr. Harrison in the year immediately preceding his death. The great Indianan was a typical American, descended from an illustrious American stock, faithful in every fiber of his being to the cause of liberty and popular government. He would not needlessly have cried out that his Government was becoming recreant to American principles. He was not a "traitor" nor a "copperhead." He was an American—and the close of his life was saddened by the thought that the American spirit was dying out from American bosoms.

Aguinaldo is captured. Presumably the insurrection is practically at an end. The astonishing thing is that the Filipino chief was not enmeshed in army red tape. At the end it was not a point of military etiquette which ensnared him. The insurrection did not fail because article 76 of chapter 986 of book 234 says that insurgent chiefs must surrender. It was not the blue pencil of a censor or the gilt shoulder straps of a major-general which overthrew Aguinaldo. A person who had been brought up as a civilian and whose nerves had never been shattered by contemplation of army precedents went out with a handful of companions and took the rebel leader by the nape of the neck. Probably it was quite improper. But it seems to have been effective.

SENSATION IN MADRID

Capture of Aguinaldo Regarded by Spaniards as of Great Importance.

WAS SOUL OF REBELLION

Wife and Sister of the Captive Permitted to Visit Him—Thanks for Funston.

SPECIAL CABLE TO THE DAILY NEWS.

Madrid, March 30.—The capture of Aguinaldo has caused a sensation here and the press is lively with comment on Gen. Funston's daring feat. The recent governors of the Philippines, Gens. Polivieja, Primo de Rivera and Augusti say that the capture is an event of great importance,

even if the other Filipinos manage to continue the insurrection.

Gen. Polivieja says that Aguinaldo has been the soul of the agitation first against Spain and then against the United States owing to his great qualities as an organizer and a military commander.

Wife to Visit Aguinaldo.

[By The Associated Press.]

Manila, March 30.—The wife and the mother of Aguinaldo, who have been living at Binacayan, near old Cavite, have been granted permission to visit him.

The Spaniard Lorenzo Prieto, who was charged with assisting the insurgents by furnishing information to the insurgent general, Cailles, in exchange for trading privileges, was tried by a military commission, found guilty and sentenced to death. Gen. MacArthur commuted the sentence to imprisonment for ten years.

Prieto was the agent of the firm of Mendezona & Co. and to a certain extent was associated with D. A. Carman, the American contractor also charged with aiding the Filipino insurgents.

Thanks for Gen. Funston.

Washington, D. C., March 30.—The war department to-day made public a portion of the cablegram sent yesterday to Gen. MacArthur conveying the appreciation of the president and secretary of war of Gen. Funston's capture of Aguinaldo. It is as follows:

"Washington, D. C., March 29.—MacArthur, Manila: The president directs me to express his high appreciation of the gallant conduct of Gen. Funston and of the officers and men of the army and navy engaged with him in the Palanan expedition. The secretary of war personally joins in this expression. CORBIN."

There is excellent reason for the belief that the portion of Gen. Corbin's message not made public relates to the case of Aguinaldo, the question of whose deportation is now a source of some perplexity to the administration. Although it is more than probable that Gen. MacArthur is asked for an expression of his judgment as to the best course to pursue with regard to his prisoner, it is barely possible that the message contains definite instructions on that point.

Wants Aguinaldo to Come Here.

Boston, Mass., March 30.—Senator Sixto Lopez has sent the following cablegram to Aguinaldo:

"Aguinaldo, care Gen. MacArthur, Manila: Request American authorities to send you with Mabini to America.

"SIXTO LOPEZ."

HOW FUNSTON DID IT

Account of the Daring Expedition Which Made Aguinaldo a Prisoner.

EX-INSURGENT AS LEADER

Forged Letters Used to Win Rebel General's Confidence—Several Killed in Fight

[By The Associated Press.]

Manila, March 29.—Emilio Aguinaldo is now in jail. His captor, Gen. Frederick Funston, has told the story of the capture. It is a thrilling story, but Funston related the feat modestly, as if it were an every-day occurrence. He did not take any credit to himself for the daring feat, but gave generous praise to the men who accompanied him. The story of the rebel's capture is as follows:

The confidential agent of Aguinaldo arrived Feb. 28 at Pantabangan, in the province of Nueva Ecija, northern Luzon, with letters dated Jan. 11, 12 and 14. These letters were from Emilio Aguinaldo, and directed Baldermero Aguinaldo to take command of the province of central Luzon, supplanting Gen. Alejandro.

Emilio Aguinaldo also ordered that 400 men be sent him as soon as possible, saying that the bearer of the letters would guide these men to where Aguinaldo was. Gen. Funston secured the correspondence of Aguinaldo's agent and laid his plans accordingly.

Used Decoy Letters.

Some months previously he had captured the camp of the insurgent general Lacuna, incidentally obtaining Lacuna's seal, official papers and a quantity of signed correspondence. From this material two letters were constructed, ostensibly from Lacuna to Aguinaldo.

One of these contained information as to the progress of the war. The other asserted that, pursuant to orders received from Baldermero Aguinaldo, Lucana was sending his best company to Presidente Emilio Aguinaldo.

His plans completed and approved, Gen. Funston came to Manila and organized his expedition, selecting seventy-eight Macabebes, all of whom spoke Tagalog fluently. Twenty were insurgent uniforms and the others the dress of Filipino laborers. This company, armed with fifty Mauser-Macabebe company, armed with ten Krags, eighteen Remingtons and ten Krag-Jorgensons, was commanded by Capt. Russell T. Hazzard of the 11th United States volunteer cavalry. With him was his brother, Lieut. Oliver P. M. Hazzard of the same regiment.

Only Trusted Men Taken.

Capt. Harry W. Newton, 34th infantry, was taken because of his familiarity with Casiguran bay, and Lieut. Burton J. Mitchell, 40th infantry, went as Gen. Funston's aid. These were the only Americans accompanying the leader's expedition. With the Macabebes were four ex-insurgent officers, one being a Spaniard and the other three Tagalos, whom Gen. Funston trusted implicitly.

Gen. Funston and the officers wore plain blue shirts and khaki trousers. They carried each a half-blanket, but wore no insignia of rank. The Macabebes were carefully instructed to obey the orders of the four ex-insurgent officers.

Land in Insurgent Stronghold.

On the night of March 8 the party embarked on the United States gunboat Vicksburg. It was originally intended to take caseoes from the island of Dolillo and to drift to the mainland, but a storm arose and three of the caseoes were lost. This plan was abandoned. At 2 a. m. March 4 the Vicksburg put her lights out and ran inshore twenty-five miles south of Casiguran, province of Principe. The party landed and marched to Casiguran. The Americans had never garrisoned this place and the inhabitants are strong insurgent sympathizers.

Having arrived there, the ex-insurgent officers, ostensibly commanding the party, announced that they were on the way to join Aguinaldo between Pautobang and Baler; that they had surprised an American surveying party and that they had killed a number, capturing five. They exhibited Gen. Funston and the other Americans as their prisoners.

Funston Is a Prisoner.

The insurgent presidente of Casiguran believed the story. Two of the Lacuna letters, previously concocted, were forwarded to Aguinaldo at Palanan, province of Isabela. Gen. Funston and the others were kept imprisoned for three days, surreptitiously giving orders at night.

On the morning of March 17, taking a small quantity of cracked corn, the party started on a ninety mile march to Palanan. The country is rough and uninhabited and provisions could not be secured. The party ate small shellfish, but were almost starved. Wading swift rivers, climbing precipitous mountains and penetrating dense jungles, they marched seven days and nights, and on March 22 had reached a point eight miles from Palanan.

They were now so weak that it was necessary to send to Aguinaldo's camp for food. Aguinaldo dispatched supplies and directed that the American prisoners be kindly treated but not be allowed to enter the town.

Met by Aguinaldo's Officers.

On the morning of March 23 the advance was resumed. The column was met by the staff officers of Aguinaldo and a detachment of Aguinaldo's bodyguard, which was ordered to take charge of the Americans.

While one of the ex-insurgent officers conversed with Aguinaldo's aid, another, a Spaniard, sent a courier to warn Gen. Funston and the rest, who, with eleven Macabebes, were about an hour behind. Having received this warning, Gen. Funston dodged the Aguinaldo's detachment and joined the column, avoiding observation. The Tagalos went ahead to greet Aguinaldo and the column slowly followed, finally arriving at Palanan.

Aguinaldo's household troops, fifty men, in neat uniforms of blue and white and wearing straw hats, lined up to receive the newcomers. Gen. Funston's men crossed the river in small boats, formed on the bank and marched to the right and then the front of the insurgent grenadiers. The Tagalos entered the house where Aguinaldo was.

Sudden Attack on Rebels.

Suddenly the Spanish officer, noticing that Aguinaldo's aid was watching the Americans suspiciously, exclaimed:

"Now, Macabebes, go for them."
The Macabebes opened fire, but their aim was rather ineffective, and only three insurgents were killed. The rebels returned the fire. On hearing the firing Aguinaldo, who evidently thought his men were merely celebrating the arrival of re-enforcements, ran to the window and shouted:

"Stop that foolishness; quit wasting ammunition."

Aguinaldo a Prisoner.

Hilario Placido, one of the Tagalog officers and a former insurgent major, who was wounded in the lung by the fire of the Kansas regiment at the battle of Calococan, threw his arms around Aguinaldo, exclaiming:

"You are a prisoner of the Americans!"
Col. Simeon Villa, Aguinaldo's chief of staff, Maj. Alambra and others attacked the men who were holding Aguinaldo. Placido shot Villa in the shoulder and attempted to jump out of the window and was drowned. Five other insurgent officers were fought for a few minutes and then fled, making their escape.

Funston Takes Command.

When the firing began Gen. Funston assumed command and directed the attack on the house, personally assisting in the

AGUINALDO A PUZZLE

Government Officials at Sea as to What to Do with the Captive.

BELITTLE FUNSTON'S DEED

Regular Army Men Annoyed at the Kansan's Success—MacArthur Loses Caste.

Special to The Chicago Daily News.

Washington, D. C., March 29.—The problem presented by the capture of Aguinaldo remains unsolved. It was discussed at the cabinet meeting without a decision being reached. Hope is entertained that Gen. MacArthur's predictions will be realized, and that the captive leader of the Philippine insurrection will appeal to his followers to lay down their arms, take the oath of allegiance and accept amnesty.

Strong opposition exists in government circles to the deportation of Aguinaldo to Guam. The establishment of a penal colony under the American flag is distasteful to the president. Regular army officers continue to belittle the achievement of Gen. Funston and regret that a great nation should resort to strategy and the comic-opera methods of the volunteer brigadier-general. He will never be forgiven for succeeding where they failed.

Didn't Believe He Would Do It.

An explanation of the exploit is that Gen. Funston was given permission to organize the expedition upon his urgent request, the officials of the war department entertaining no idea that he would make the capture. During the last few days it has been the common question of army officers here, "What has become of Funston and his military band?" The undertaking was treated with levity, even the secretary of war joining in the jests and witticisms.

Gen. MacArthur is not in touch with the authorities here. Yesterday the cue was passed around the war department and the capture was uniformly regretted. Nothing had been accomplished by having Aguinaldo a prisoner, the officers contended. It would have no effect upon the insurrection, as he was without a following, they said. Something would, of course, be done for Funston, but just what no one knew.

MacArthur on Blacklist.

After hours of diligent labor in an effort to create the impression which the administration desired, Gen. MacArthur's second cablegram was received, giving Gen. Funston full credit, recommending his immediate promotion to the rank of brigadier-general in the regular army and reciting the widespread effect the capture would have upon the insurgents. Gen. MacArthur need expect no favors from the department for his treatment of Aguinaldo remains to be determined.

The disposition of Aguinaldo remains to be determined. As a prisoner of war he remains under military control and may be tried by court-martial. It is suggested that the president complete the St. Louis exposition commission by appointing him to the remaining vacancy. He has all the qualifications, it is asserted, and would be a drawing feature.

Urges Promotion of Funston.

[By The Associated Press.]

Washington, March 27.—The Kansas congressional delegation has decided to urge the president to appoint Gen. Funston as a brigadier-general in the regular army as a reward for his daring capture of Aguinaldo. This afternoon Senator Burton and Representatives Long and Curtis, the only members of the delegation in the city, will call upon the president for that purpose.

The members of the Kansas delegation do not consider that a brigadier-generalship would be too great a reward for Gen. Funston's exploit, and point to Gen. MacArthur's recommendation that he be appointed to that grade as complete demonstration of the great service he has rendered to the government. They are exceedingly warm in their praise of Gen. Funston for giving the entire credit of the expedition to Funston. In view of his recommendation they do not believe that the president will hesitate to bestow upon the gallant Kansan the star he has won.

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

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