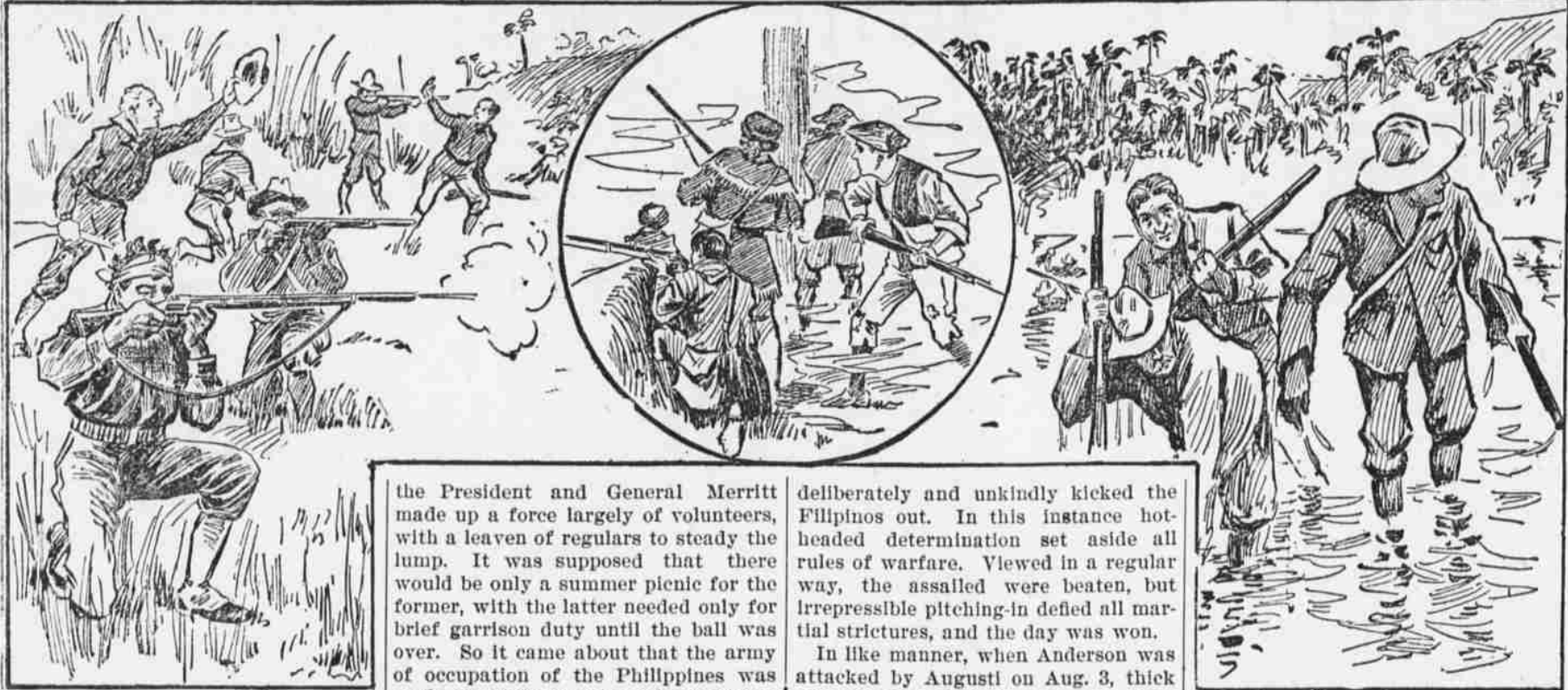


WORK OF THE VOLUNTEERS



NEW MISSION SOCIETY.
 Formed by Baptists to Establish Foreign Missions.
 A new mission society has been organized among Baptists. Rev. Dr. George C. Lorimer, of Tremont Temple, Boston, is one of its organizers. It aims to put into foreign mission effort a new idea—that of mission stations, which, after having been given three or four years to get started, must be self-supporting thereafter. The field secretary of the new society, Rev. Charles S. Morris, a grandson-in-law of Frederick Douglass, starts shortly



REV. DR. GEORGE C. LORIMER.

for upper Liberia. He takes a party of ten men with him. At that point—the gateway to the Soudan—a mission station is to be planted. It is to be allowed \$4,000 a year for four years, and after that it must not only pay its own way, but start a new mission further inland. Part of the missionaries are to be preachers. The rest are to be school teachers, carpenters, physicians, farmers, blacksmiths, etc. The industry is to be that of raising coffee. It is said a general desire exists on the part of many colored young men and women in our own South to go back to Liberia. Efforts are making now to raise money to buy two ships to sail between Savannah and Liberia and provide cheap transportation.

SLEEPING BAG LIKE A HOUSE.

Portable Shelter that Shields Hunters from Storms and Cold.
 Hunters, prospectors, and persons compelled to move from day to day have found the sleeping bag the most convenient form of bed and these are now in general use among this class of people. They are extremely comfortable and at the same time offer absolute protection from the elements, as they are generally lined with some soft material and have an outer covering of leather or rubber to keep out the wet. Their form is generally well known, but what seems to be a great improvement in these has been recently patented in this country by Aberlard Lapierre of Montreal. His invention consists of a rigid frame, collapsible when not in use, and covered with some material adapted to withstand the weather. The whole top is removable on a hinge to admit of entrance, while at the upper end of this lid is a smaller opening, also covered with a similar



AS GOOD AS A ROOF.

hinged lid. This latter may be closed entirely in cold weather, while in milder temperatures it may be fastened at any desired point. When the top is closed a means of ventilation is provided through holes under the protecting edge of the larger flap.

A Tempting Morsel.

Hollanders profess to be able to tell whether the herrings that they eat went into the salt alive. The Rotterdam merchant as he watches the dealer—a neat-looking Vlaardingener, by the by, dressed from head to heel in light blue linen—open a fresh barrel for inspection seems never to tire of these fish, and he takes a sparkling one, from the salt where it lies as bright in color as the day it was caught. He twists it by the tail till the backbone comes out as free and clean as the silk from corn, and swallows down the two pieces left boneless, with the same relish that a New-Yorker enjoys in swallowing a plate of saddle rocks.

An Allurement.

Mistah Mose—I tell yo, dat Pompey's progressive! Jes' look at him puttin' all his ground in flowah beds!
 Mistah Sniff—What's progressive 'bout dat?
 Mistah Mose—Why, he won't hab tub go aftah chickens now! Dey'll come to him.—Kansas City Independent.

A parrot's talk is a good deal like a baby's; only the owner can understand it.

the President and General Merritt made up a force largely of volunteers, with a leaven of regulars to steady the lump. It was supposed that there would be only a summer picnic for the former, with the latter needed only for brief garrison duty until the ball was over. So it came about that the army of occupation of the Philippines was made up of 75 per cent. of volunteers. Of sixteen regiments of these only one was from the East and South respectively. The others were all Western, representing California, Kansas, North Dakota, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, South Dakota, Colorado, Minnesota, Nebraska, Oregon, Washington, Iowa, and Utah—all from west of the big river. These men had only that training at arms that comes from having a pistol as a regular article of toilet. Ninety per cent. of them had never been organized as regiments. Without being drilled, within two months after concentration many of them were aboard transports and on their way to Manila. Five expeditions, with nearly 17,000 troops, reached the capital of Luzon by the middle of June. No drilling could be indulged in on the troop ships, but little time was given after debarkation for such things. But they were there to oust the Spanish, and ten days after arrival this raw material was engaged in a deadly struggle. Under the most terrifying conditions of night and a whirlwind of tempest and rain they repulsed the enemy and covered their States with glory.

No denial of the innate fighting qualities of these men of the nation had ever been made, but all regular officers held that much training was necessary to render them steady under fire, and enduring in a sickly climate. Yet these raw levies, fresh from counting-house and farm, accustomed to all kinds of good things to eat and drink, buckled down to army rations in a land 10,000 miles from home, took the good with the bad, and lacked not one whit of the steadiness of regulars.

The first sortie of consequence by the Filipinos was on Feb. 3. It consisted of a preconcerted attack at a dozen different places on Otis' lines, and was as skillfully planned as any fight ever made, but it was soon turned into a disgraceful rout. Our volunteers did not know that under the rules of war they were licked at the start. Hence it came about that instead of retreating these hardy Westerners hopped over the fronts of their trenches and made for those occupied by Aguinaldo's men, three times their number. They simply took them. They wanted the waterworks, and from the vicinity

deliberately and unkindly kicked the Filipinos out. In this instance hot-headed determination set aside all rules of warfare. Viewed in a regular way, the assailed were beaten, but irrepressible pitching-in defied all martial strictures, and the day was won.

In like manner, when Anderson was attacked by Augusti on Aug. 3, thick weather prevented the regiments from knowing that in a tactical point of view they were as good as wiped out. But they pressed on diligently, fought their way past obstacles, half realized at the time, by sheer force of pluck—system and scientific skill out of the question. When Miller landed at Iloilo with his handful of Iowans he seemed to have committed suicide. He faced a bunch of Filipinos ten times his number, and well armed and well disciplined. Yet he kept the town, and when the Tennessee regiment was added to his force, with a part of the Third artillery, he went into the country looking for a fight. He found one, and, to the chagrin of all military strategists, from Charles Martel down to Kitchener of Khartoum, he won it. He had no right to do anything of the kind, but he did, and there is an end to the discussion that red tape and ironclad rules have anything to do with real enthusiasm and victory.

What is aimed at here is to express what "Teddy" Roosevelt, "Joe" Wheeler and others affirm: the volunteer of America is a fighting machine who imbibes practical skill with salt pork, bean soup, black coffee and bad bread. He does not need a course of sprouts at any school of technical war instruction if he can get the real thing in front of him. Lacking regular training, he does the best he can, coolly realizing all his advantages and marching up to the point where he can do the most effective shooting. He makes use of what skill he has, and then drops the whole science of war to find out who is shooting at him and how quickly he can shoot back.

A great deal of jungle skirmishing has marked the Filipino conflict. Here the work of the Western volunteer has been such as to excite wonder and admiration on the part of trained officers of foreign lands, who never dreamed a force of raw recruits could behave so like steady regulars. Smokless powder in bamboo wildernesses could not daunt these men. They wrestled with the undergrowth as they would with a patch of sunflowers at home, they wriggled through right down upon the guerrillas, and the sturdy regular grinned with approbation when he heard these fighting wildcats yell.

HOW well volunteers have borne the brunt of battle since the war with Spain began is now a matter of history. A recapitulation of the main exploits of our armies in Cuba and the Philippines shows at once how splendidly this contingent has upheld the name of America. When the Maine was destroyed in Havana harbor the people eagerly clamored to be led to the front, and when war was actually declared the response to the call to arms was ten-fold greater than the needs. Twenty-five thousand regulars—no matter how brave, skillful and well-disciplined—could not be a match for ten times that number of trained regulars fighting under the banner of Castile, and, from the beginning of military operations to the volunteer has come a glowing share of the glory of daring, patient, effective work well done.

The first fierce fight of Las Quasimas was engaged in by Western volunteers in conjunction with negro regulars. These men were practically without experience—cavalry, but dismounted and forced to plunge through a Cuban jungle in the face of a hot fire. Wood's rough riders led the fierce charge. The men were away from home in an unfriendly climate, which in itself was sufficient to enervate them. But they fought and won. Regular army officers, who scorned the national guard and hastily organized volunteers, opened their eyes in wonder to see the "minute men" conscripts of the West give the truculent dons their "trimmings" in approved measure! The men who went to Porto Rico with Miles were of the same class—with no previous experience under fire. Yet all the fighting that amounted to anything was done by Illinois and Ohio men, not of the regular army. Bennett's Third Illinois had never said much, but it fought, and wept that peace was declared just as they had things nicely fixed "to smash the dons!"

The Philippine situation is worth going over in detail to analyze the fighting mettle that has been shown by our new men. Dewey won the first fight there so easily that nobody thought there would be another battle. As the disordered enemy took heart, however,

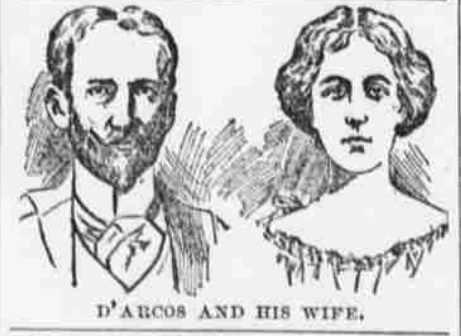
OUTCLASSED DEWEY IN LOVE.

The Spanish Duke Who Did It Now Minister to Washington.
 Spain's new ambassador to the United States, the Duke of Arcos, is a man in whom Admiral George Dewey once found a successful rival. Twenty years or more ago D'Arcos, then a poor Count, but a handsome, dashing fellow, was in Washington as a legation attaché. Dewey was also there in a subordinate naval position, and was equally poor. Both men were popular favorites. They were in society a great deal together, and were well liked. Among their intimates Dewey was always "George" and D'Arcos, whose family name is Brunetti, was called "Jack."

Dewey and D'Arcos both fell in love with the same girl, the beautiful Virginia Woodbury Lowery, of Washington. Archibald Lowery, who is rich and proud and patriotic, did not like either suitor. He thought his daughter could do better than marry Dewey. As for Brunetti, he was not an American. In the father's eyes he was impossible.

Perhaps that was one reason why the beautiful girl preferred the handsome Spaniard. She gave him a vow that she would wed no one else, but she told her father that she would not marry without his consent. She kept both promises, but there was a long and weary waiting. For years the father was obdurate; the lovers were sundered. In the meantime Dewey had married another girl. She was in her grave twenty years and more before the guns at Manila echoed around the world. After many years the old Duke died and Jack Brunetti became the Duke of Arcos. He was named Spanish minister to Mexico. Mr. Lowery finally concluded that further opposition was useless and gave sanction to the marriage, which was carried out very quietly.

The new minister from Spain is an important man in Washington, and his



D'ARCO'S AND HIS WIFE.

wife a great lady. But there are people in Spain as well as the United States who think Miss Lowery missed a great opportunity when she said "no" to Dewey.

Exempt from Regulations.
 An Italian physician, rushing on his wheel to the bedside of a patient, was arrested by a policeman for scorching, and notwithstanding the urgency of the case was compelled to go to court. When the doctor was finally released, on arriving at the home of the patient he found that she had died for lack of medical attendance while he was in the hands of the law. The circumstance led to the exclusion of physicians from the regulations regarding scorching.

A married woman's tears excite curiosity oftener than they excite sympathy.
 Satan probably originated the saying "Man wants but little here below."

HE LOST ALL,

Including that Winsome Creature, the Lovely Birdy Jones.

It was the first perfect day of the glad springtime. The warm sun brightened the country landscape, and the odor of opening apple blossoms came upon the laden atmosphere. The lazy clouds floated dreamily in the sky overhead, chiefly because they could not go afoot nor on the trolley cars. The rural roads were smooth under the hammer of innumerable wheels, and Clarence Wheeler had stolen Birdy Jones from her haughty Soho home for a ramble on his '07 tandem among the highways of the townships. Stopping from their run, they rested beneath a great oak tree which overhung a wayside spring. Cowbells tinkled in the woodlot below the meadow, and little lambs with wabbling legs three sizes too big for them gambled on the short green grass. On a broad, flat stone that looked down upon the crystal water Birdy spread the lunch they had carried in the tandem box, and Clarence brought water in a romantic tin can that he had found hard by.

The soft winds toyed with the girl's bleached tresses, which streamed over her face like a photogravure picture of the west wind to illustrate Longfellow's poems. Her cheeks flushed with the vigor of exercise and robust health, and when the young man approached her from the spring his whole thought was centered upon the winsome beauty of the divine creature. He sat down by her side. His soul drank in the charm of the picture. She looked up from the can of embalmed beef that she was opening, with a smile of confi-

dent approval on her young face. Suddenly her eye kindled and the rosy flush of young womanhood gave way to a ghastly pallor. Her lip curled in scorn. Her classic head was lifted in anger. "Merciful heaven!" shrieked the young man. "Tell me, dearest girl, what is the matter?"

But she stepped back, and, striking the attitude that she had learned at the Soho Amateur Dramatic Club, she pointed her finger at him and said in tones that would wither a load of hay: "All is lost, Clarence Wheeler. You are sitting in the pie!"—Pittsburg Times.

A Model Town.

"Three miles from nowhere, in a little backwoods village over in North Carolina the other day, I found the one town in the world where everybody works, and no loafing is permitted," said a well-known traveling salesman. "In this hamlet there's no idleness that is not voluntary or vicious, and this privilege is not allowed even to the wandering Willie out of a job. On a sign at the postoffice in Beechland is this injunction, from which there is no appeal: 'No loafing allowed in this town. We work, and so must everybody else who expects to reside here for any length of time. Idleness breeds crime, and, as we never had a robbery or a murder here, we have determined to strike at the root of all evil. Tramps will be given one hour in which to depart, and honest men out of employment will be given work if they desire it. If not, they must git, and git as quick as their lassy legs will carry them away from our village. This means you.'"