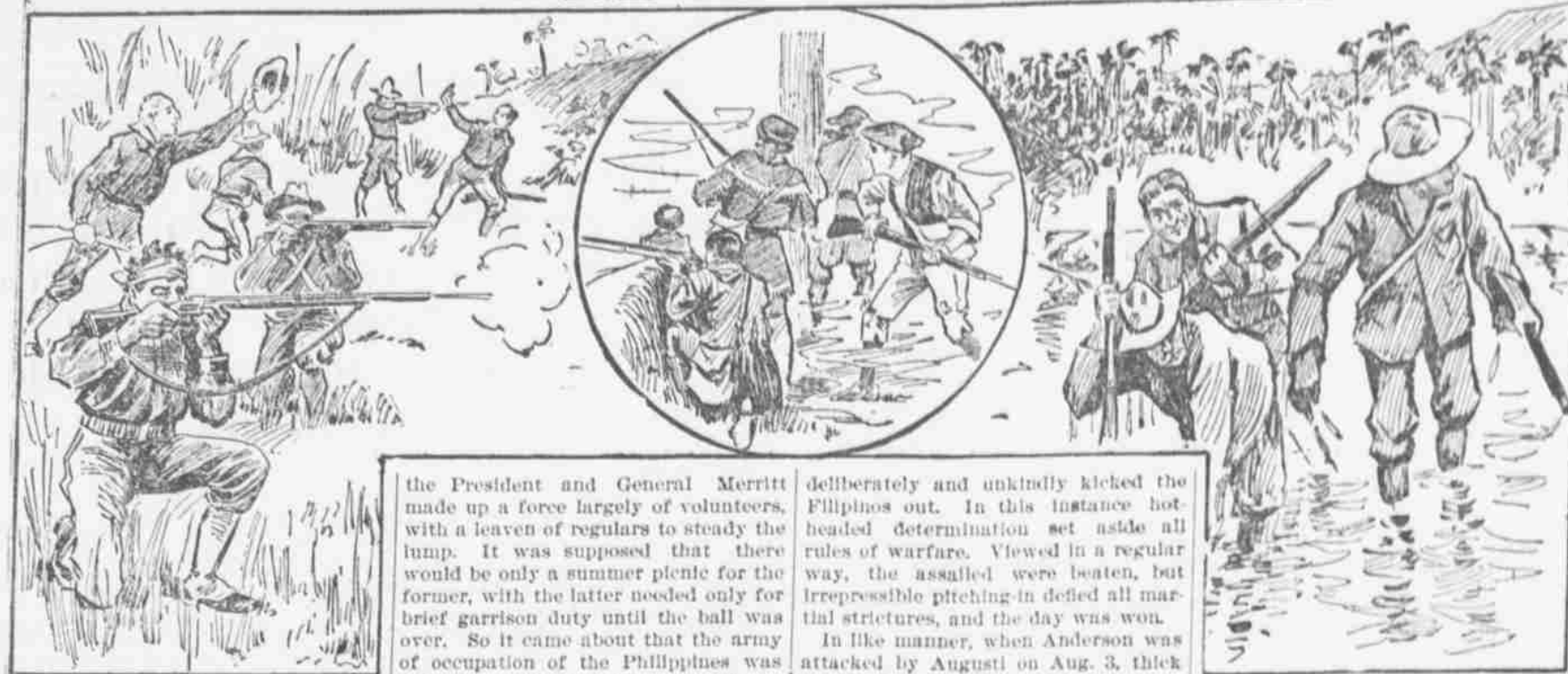


WORK OF THE VOLUNTEERS



NEW MISSION SOCIETY
 Formed by Baptists to Establish
 eight Missions.
 A new mission society has been
 organized among Baptists here.
 George C. Lorimer, of Tremont
 place, Boston, is one of its organ-
 izers. It aims to put into effect
 a new idea—that of mission
 which, after having been given
 or four years to get started, is
 self-supporting thereafter. The
 secretary of the new society is
 Charles S. Morris, a grandson
 of Frederick Douglass, starts



REV. DR. GEORGE C. LORIMER.

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

SLEEPING BAG LIKE A HOUSE

Portable Shelter that Shields Hunter
 from Storms and Cold.

Hunters, prospectors, and people
 compelled to move from day to day
 have found the sleeping bag the most
 convenient form of bed and these
 now in general use among this class
 people. They are extremely com-
 fortable and at the same time offer ab-
 solute protection from the elements
 they are generally lined with some
 material and have an outer covering
 leather or rubber to keep out the wet.
 Their form is generally well known,
 but what seems to be a great improve-
 ment in these has been recently in-
 vented in this country by Albert
 Lapierre of Montreal. His invention
 consists of a rigid frame, collapsible
 when not in use, and covered with
 material adapted to withstand the
 weather. The whole top is remain-
 ing on a hinge to admit of entrance, with
 at the upper end of this lid is a small
 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 pro-
 vided through holes under the protect-
 ing 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 re-
 sult that a New-Yorker enjoys in swal-
 lowing a plate of saddle rocks.

An Allurement.

Mistah Mose—I tell yo, dat Pompey's
 pergressive! Jes' look at him puttin'
 all his ground in fowah beds!
 Mistah Smiff—What's pergressive
 'bout dat?
 Mistah Mose—Why, he won't hab tuh
 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 August 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 Holo 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. Smokeless 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.

In the fighting that has taken place in the Philippines the difference between the methods of regulars and volunteers has been strikingly manifested. The former move forward persistently and doggedly in silence; the latter go to the front with yells and enthusiasm, but both go to the front. When Wheaton was opposed by a river, the other side of which bristled with rifles, he halted for the pioneers. The regulars did the same, but the Oregon boys, being good swimmers and not liking to wait for bridges under fire, swam the river. When Otis met the Maricao River Colonel Funston and a score of his men swam over and took some trenches which were manned by the Filipinos. Some of the Washington boys saw a blockhouse flag. One of them volunteered to go and set it on fire. He did so under a heavy fire, and his comrades rushed up, in possession while the Filipinos gave in, affrighted at such foolhardiness and bravery.

Like Grant's army in the Wilderness, the volunteer contingents have made a showing no nation on earth can match—not a man has advanced backward in all that gallant army. Bullets fired from old rifles in the hands of supposedly raw troops have done as much damage as bullets sent from modern guns by men wearing sharpshooters' badges. They have been kept constantly at the front, the reason assigned being that they are hardened to the climate, and better than any freshly arrived regulars. It took General Otis less than half a year to reach a conclusion that all the precedents of the army and the science of war were useless in the face of the indomitable bravery, the matchless aptitude and speed, the unbounded enthusiasm of the American volunteer. Lacking skill as pioneers, they swam rivers; knowing nothing of skilled clearing work, they cut the jungle; not supposed to be full-fledged soldiers, they camped on the trail of the sullenly retiring enemy with bulldog tenacity. Our regulars in the Philippines have proven themselves marvels of steadiness and machine-like precision, but the volunteer—all dash, spirit and pluck—has shown that the true American fighting vim cannot be repressed, and, given expression, carries all before it to victory.

OUTCLASSED DEWEY IN LOVE.

The Spanish Duke Who Did It Now Minister to Washington.

Spain's new ambassador to the United States, the Duke d'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 d'Arcos. He was named Spanish min-

ister 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'ARCOS 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 '97 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 wobbly 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 photograph 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 lazy legs will carry them away from our village. This means you.'"