

HOW THE BOY SOLDIER WON

Story of General MacArthur's Early Career in the Civil War.

TROUBLE BEGAN AT HIS ENLISTMENT

Opposition and Sneers of Officers and Men Turned Into Admiration and Gratitude—Value of Perseverance.

Major J. A. Watrous, U. S. A., relates in the Philadelphia Post the story following, illustrating the patriotic zeal of a Wisconsin boy at the outbreak of the civil war, the difficulties encountered in enlisting, the opposition offered in the early stages of soldier life, and the triumphs that won for him not only promotion but the admiration and gratitude of his men. Now he is a major general, second in command of the United States army in the Philippines.

"Enlist him, captain. Sure there is the making of a second Lieutenant General Winfield Scott in the lad." Big Harry Dunn, of our company, who made the remark, was known for his wit and keen sarcasm. As he spoke a dozen soldiers who had seen the pale-faced boy, long, lean and slim, as he walked by the side of the captain, earnestly begging to go to the war in his company, laughed loudly at Private Dunn's outburst. "I didn't laugh, probably because I had heard the boy's earnest appeal to the captain, and also, probably, because I saw a tear on his cheek when the captain said: 'No, my boy; you are not old and strong enough for a soldier in my company.'"

"Then you will not take me?" "No, you would not last a month." It was at this point that Harry Dunn made his sarcastic remark. The incident occurred when the Sixth—the blessed old Sixth—was making its last parade in Milwaukee before boarding its train for Washington, in July, 1861, the week after the disaster at Bull Run.

That school boy, a scripling under 15, undismayed by our captain, slipped to the side of each company commander and besought him for a place in his ranks. The other nine regiments were enough like the first to make the boy leave the station, crying. As he passed company B, Captain Hill called to him with a word of encouragement, saying, among other things, "You would better be a scholar than a soldier, any way."

"I propose to be both, sir," was the quick reply. Other regiments that passed through the city that year imitated the Sixth in its lack of encouragement to the aspiring school boy, and though he made many visits to the recruiting office, he was each time turned away as poor material for a soldier.

Talk About Enlisting. The great war had been in progress over a year when the boy and his father had a long talk about the lad's enlisting. "My son," said the judge, "you are too young and not strong enough for a soldier. Heh! I want you to get an education and adopt my profession, the law."

"Please do not refuse me," pleaded the boy. "I must go. I have wanted to go as badly ever since the war began. I have made a failure in school, and I cannot fix my mind on studies while others are going to fight for the country. Lots of my friends are going in the Twenty-fourth, and some of them are no older nor stronger than I am. I wish you knew how my heart is set on becoming a soldier. I simply can't give up the idea."

"But suppose I refuse to give my consent? Would you try to run away and enlist, as you did last year?" "Don't make me run away, father. Let me join the Twenty-fourth." "Wait two or three days." "Then may I go?" "He is determined to go and I shall surrender," said the judge to himself.

The next morning the judge left for Madison, returning that night. He went out to see the governor, said Governor Salmon. "By the way, how old is your son?" "Not yet seventeen." "Rather young, but so were Alexander Hamilton and Napoleon when they received their first commissions." At the breakfast table the following morning the judge handed a large envelope to his son.

Seeing his father's name on the envelope and that he was addressed as adjutant, the boy enthusiastically exclaimed: "Now I know you will let me go, for as adjutant you can look after me."

the officers and men of the regiment who were not too mad to do so were laughing. After the first sergeants had been called to the "Front and center," had reported and to their "Posts, marched," and the regiment was brought to a "Present," the poor fellow had to pass through another ordeal—to about face, salute the colonel and report the parade formed, and then pass around that officer and take his place to his left and rear. While the adjutant was making this movement the colonel, with a contemptuous look, followed the boy, and was so noticeably disgusted that the whole regiment was aware of the fact.

Cruel Sneers. That first dress parade was not by any means a success, and when it was dismissed the colonel took pains to let his officers know that he was going to demand of the governor the appointment of a grown man for adjutant in place of that "white-faced, chicken-voiced boy."

The adjutant's heart was well-nigh broken that night when he sought rest. Immediately after dress parade he had heard many of the officers make uncomplimentary remarks touching his chicken-voice and awkward appearance. As if that was not enough, he straggled through the company streets after dark. In nearly every tent he heard the men talking about the adjutant, and in nearly every tent there was one or more who tried to imitate his dress parade commands. From every street came such commands as these: "In the most boyish voices possible: 'Front and center, march!' 'Present, arms!' followed by cat-calls and remarks like these: 'Who's got a baby adjutant?' 'The Twenty-fourth Milwaukee.' 'Colonel Larrabee has bought a new milk cow.' 'What for?' 'Fix the nurse who will have charge of our adjutant.'"

Hurried to the Front. Kindly old Captain B., who knew of the adjutant's efforts to get into the service, and was full of sympathy for him, saw him wandering through the streets with head bowed and sighs that told of mental distress, approached him and told him not to mind what he had seen and heard, but to go right on doing the very best he could and in time those who made fun of him would praise and applaud instead.

It is quite safe to say that no would-be soldier ever had a harder struggle to enlist than the little adjutant. I have endeavored to make plain a few of the obstacles he encountered and how heroically he tried to overcome them. I particularly want the reader to keep in mind the young fellow's many struggles to enlist, for they will look well with what follows.

Not a Christian. State Treasurer Jim Davidson of Wisconsin is a fat, happy, good-natured fellow, who likes to take life easy and always looks on the sunny side of things, says the Chicago Chronicle. He happened to be present at a revival meeting in a small town not far from Madison. The preacher was eloquent and Mr. Davidson was much interested in what he had to say. The singing was good, too, and Mr. Davidson was forcibly reminded of the good old days when he was younger and had participated in many such a meeting.

At one stage of the meeting young men went through the audience, asking each one: "Are you a Christian?" If the answer was a negative one, then an appeal was made to the person addressed to at once seek the throne of grace.

Mr. Davidson was lost in thought when one of these earnest young men tapped him on the shoulder. He looked up inquiringly. "Are you a Christian?" asked the earnest young man.

"No," said the Norwegian, replied Mr. Davidson, slowly.

Only Hope for Stock Cattle. The indications are that the run of southern cattle from Texas, New Mexico and Arizona to the ranges of the north through Denver during the next two or three months will be the largest on record, says the Denver News. For three years the ranges of the north have been buying few southern cattle, hoping that the prices would drop to a point where they would stand a better chance of making a profit, but this year it is either a question of stocking up or going out of the business. It is impossible to hold on to a range with no cattle in sight, and most of the northern ranges have been pretty well cleaned out.

Sheepmen have succeeded in getting in on some of these deserted ranges, but most of the big companies have held on with the few cattle they have and most of them will buy this year, not with an idea of making much profit, but for the purpose of holding on to their lands. The south seems to be the only section where stock cattle are left and all the big range men of the north have been making pilgrimages there during the winter and many will come to Denver hoping to pick up what they need on this market.

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the skull the doctor would throw his voice so as to make it appear to proceed from the jaws of the bony customer, and gurgle out: "Gr-r-r-r-h-h-h! That's hot."

This was too much and, without exception, the lads dropped the basin and boiled. The doctor began to despair of ever getting a suitable helpmate until a small boy came and was given the basin and spoon. After the first spoonful the skeleton appeared to say: "Gr-r-r-h-h-h! That's hot!"

Shoveling in the scalding gruel as fast as ever the boy rapped the skull and impatiently retorted: "Well, let blow on't, ye auld hony!" The doctor sat down on his chair and fairly roared, but when the laugh was over he engaged the lad on the spot.

STORIES ABOUT ANIMALS. Nye of Hopbottle, Susquehanna county, Pa., has a domesticated fox, says a writer in the New York Press. Last spring he discovered that something was carrying off his poultry. He suspected a wildcat and he set a trap to catch the marauder. Instead of the wildcat the trap caught a fox and the farmer promptly dispatched it.

Hardly had he done so when a little baby fox came out from the brush and mowed pitifully around its dead mother. The farmer took it home. Refusing the food offered it, the little fox was in a fair way to starve to death, when Mrs. Nye had a bright idea.

One of the ewes had been robbed of her young by the wildcats and the little fox was carried to the bereaved ewe to receive nourishment. The fox threw amazingly on sheep's milk and the strange foster mother formed a strong attachment for the little fellow. Before other animals and to all human beings, except Nye, the fox is extremely shy, but it sleeps side by side with the ewe and the farmer can handle it like a house dog.

Five pretty little pussy-cats, invited to a tea. "Mother, let us go—oh, do! for good we'll surely be." We've our ribs and hold our things as you have shown us how— Spoons in our right paws, cups in left—and make a nice row. We'll always say, 'Yes, if you please,' and 'dilly-hally' of that.

"Then go, my darling children," said the happy mother cat. The pretty little pussy-cats went out that night to tea. Their heads were smooth and glossy black; their tails were swinging free; They held their things as they had learned and tried to look as if they were good. With snowy bibs beneath their chins they were a pretty sight. But, all else for matters good and coats as soft as silk.

The moment that the little kits were asked to take some milk They dropped their spoons, forgot to bow, and—oh, who do you think? They put their noses in the cups and all began to drink. Yes, every mighty little kit set up a new record for more. Then, knowing the tea-cups over quick and scurried through the door.

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