

Omaha Y. M. C. A.

"Hiking Club" Jaunt

The spring jaunt of the "Hiking club," accomplished during May, was one of the most entertaining feats in the chronicles of the Young Men's Christian association. The club is made up of sturdy young pedestrians, who are likewise ball players and all-around athletes. They are cognizant of the art of sucking eggs and other lore of forest and field. Early in May the call of Kipling was issued:

Who hath smelt wood smoke at twilight,
Who hath heard the birch log burning,
Who is quick to read the noises of the night,
Let him follow with the others,
For the young men's feet are turning,
To the camps of proved desire and known delight.

In response a large squad of boys, little, intermediate and large, attested their own eagerness and the acquiescence of their parents and the tour was arranged. Seventeen of the larger boys, whose likenesses are given in a photograph taken en route, went to Schuyler by rail and made their way home on foot, eighty miles of the prettiest part of Nebraska in the prettiest time of the year. An agreement was made with the younger boys, who formed a party under Secretary Overton of South Omaha for a tramp from Red Oak, to meet at the Young Men's Christian association building one week from the day of the start.

Hikers Elect Officers.
The larger party, under Physical Director Barnes, arrived in Schuyler at 11 o'clock in the morning and after the boys had mailed postals home in their final capacity as civilized beings, the crowd started for home overland by turnpike. At the first shady spot the boys halted and effected an organization. The following officers were chosen, to hold office during the trip: Barnes, captain; McClelland, lieutenant; Dumont, president; Fuller, secretary and treasurer; Knapp, official photographer.

That afternoon the boys went cautiously about the process of inuring themselves to the continuous exercise and only made seven and one-half miles for the day. Early in the afternoon the pedestrians came upon the farm of J. C. Ward and concluded to accept the farmer's hospitality over night. The afternoon was spent fishing and swimming and enough fish were caught to supply a bountiful breakfast. It had been a hard day and the boys crawled gratefully upon their couches of hay early in the evening. Half of the party was in the barn loft, while another section found more civilized quarters in the large room down stairs. At some unknown hour of the night the beligerents upstairs began a sharp fusillade of corncobs and it was necessary for those below to organize a scolding party and proceed to violent measures before they were again left in peace.

The next day the traveling was to better purpose and the boys covered eleven miles in spite of a steady downpour, which began soon after the start. At noon the drenched and bedraggled crew reached North Ben and took such means as could be found to dry themselves. One of the boys was footsore from the tramp along muddy roads and was obliged to give up. He swore his comrades to secrecy and his coming home by train has never reached the public ear.

After dinner the boys went manfully out into the rain and made the best of their way along the railroad track, which was solid under foot. The party reached Ames, but went through without a pause, as the rain still fell and the wheels at the beet sugar factory were silent. A hospitable farmer was finally located with a blazing kitchen fire and drenched garments were hung up to dry, while their owners spent a peaceful night between blankets.

Met by Fremonters.

On the morning of May 13 the squad followed the railroad track into Fremont, being received several miles out of the town by a delegation of Fremonters. The boys were conducted to the Young Men's Christian association rooms, where they were treated to the luxury of a shower bath and a rub-down. Until 2 o'clock the boys relaxed their tired limbs in the reading room and then went on the diamond to cross bats with the Fremont aggregation. Stemm and McDermott had come from Omaha by train to act as battery. The Fremonters were too well trained in individual and team work, however, and the game ended with the score 14 to 1 in their favor. In the evening the Fremont association entertained their vanquished guests at an informal reception. There were a number of literary and musical numbers and refreshments were served at the close.

The next morning, May 14, promised an ideal day for tramping—cloudy and cool. The boys made good progress along the Military road toward Elk City. While several of the party were at a farm house well a hay wagon passed and the members on the highway caught a ride. The beaten ones, including Director Barnes, made heroic efforts to overtake their more fortunate friends, but gave up the attempt after having been swamped in a sandy field. The boys covered eight miles during the morning and nine during the afternoon, coming about 4 o'clock to a reward worthy of all the pains expended—the Elkhorn river. After a delightful swim the boys pressed on to the farm of a Mr. Jungbluth, near Elk City.

Weary Pilgrims Entertained.
At the farm there were a number of young people, and the weary pilgrims were royally entertained. In the evening a number of neighbors were invited in and an

old-fashioned country party was in progress until a late hour. The young people played such exciting games as drop the handkerchief and ate ice cream of their own manufacture. The next morning the boys helped the farmer and his men hoist a large windmill and then betook themselves across the fields to the southeast.

In the afternoon the pedestrians followed the railroad tracks into Bennington and after a brief pause continued along the highway until they reached the Papio, which offered another irresistible invitation to the bath. The night was spent in a farmer's barn and the next morning, in another rain, the boys reached the car line at Benson. They rode downtown, but their friends who had gone to Red Oak had found the weather too wet and could not keep the appointment.

The discipline of the wandering was one of the most commendable features. The officers wielded military authority, and morning and evening services were held, consisting of prayer and scripture reading. When the boys were either fishing or swimming they were under the constant oversight of those in charge.

Told Out of Court

"Here!" blustered the defendant. "Let's get this case over with. My time is valuable, I want you to know."

"Really?" remarked the magistrate. "Would you say, now, that it's worth \$5 a day?"

"Yes, all of that."
"Very well, we'll give you \$150. That is to say—thirty days!"

An old friend met Judge Gary for the first time in many months not long since and by way of greeting he said:

"Well, Judge, time seems to be dealing pretty gently with you."

"Why shouldn't it?" the judge replied. "If I make any mistakes somebody else has to worry about it."

There is an entire and cozy philosophy of life bunched up in that decision.

George Ticknor, the historian of Spanish literature, says Caroline Ticknor in Truth, was once called for a witness in a case in which Mr. Choate was engaged and being seated by the eminent counselor was attracted by the notes which he had made of the evidence. After eyeing them with interest, he remarked that the writing reminded him of two autograph letters in his possession—one of Manuel the Great of Portugal (dated 1512) and the other of Gonsalvo de Cordova, the great captain written a few years earlier. (Any one who has glanced over these remarkable specimens of chirography will marvel that it was possible to make out a syllable of such illegible scrawls.)

"These letters," Mr. Ticknor assured Mr. Choate, "were written 350 years ago and they strongly resemble your notes of the present trial." Choate instantly replied: "Remarkable men, no doubt. They seem to have been much in advance of their time."

The late Sir Frank Lockwood was defending a man accused of swindling and in an eloquent peroration talked of his much injured client as an angel of light. When Sir Frank had finished his speech his client whispered that he wanted to shake hands with him. "When first my solicitor told me what he was paying you," said the client, "I grumbled, but since I have been



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listening to you I have come to the conviction that the money was well spent and I apologize. That half-hour talk of yours about me has done me good. It is many years since I have experienced the luxury of self-respect and it is worth the money."
"Oh, that's all right," said Sir Frank, genially, "but you take my advice and go out of court. Sir Edward Clarke, the lawyer on the other side, is just going to speak."

Judge Arthur MacArthur, for more than twenty-five years an associate justice of the supreme court of the District of Columbia and father of General MacArthur, who has recently succeeded Otis as governor general of the Philippines, was widely noted for his gallantry toward women, which he never allowed, however, to interfere with his impartiality as a judge, says Leslie's Weekly.

At a certain session of his court, Belta Lockwood, a local lawyer and politician, the candidate some years back for president of some party chiefly composed of women, appeared before him for the purpose of trying to be relieved from responsibility because of her endorsement of a note, pleading that since she was a married woman she had no right to be held to it. "Madam," said Judge MacArthur, with that peculiarly winning smile for which he was noted, "your plea is not consistent with your position as a member of the bar and I am, therefore, compelled to decide against you."

Dust

Detroit Journal: My uncle having directed in his will that his dust be scattered to the four winds, I was somewhat at a loss how to proceed.

Somebody suggested that I cause my uncle's remains to be cremated and the ashes to be scattered, thus:

"But will the courts," I objected, "hold that the ashes are, in strictness, dust?"

Here my solicitor, a shrewd man, proposed an expedient.

"Cremate your uncle's money," said he.

I was much struck with this advice and after brief consideration resolved to be guided by the same.

It Takes Nerve To Disobey Orders

Literal obedience to the military orders of the general commanding an army in battle has always been considered a soldier's duty. By soldier is not only meant the man in the ranks, but the officers in command of a regiment, a brigade, a division or a corps, as the case may be.

Obedience to orders issued from the headquarters of the commander responsible for the plan of battle has ever been regarded as the first duty of those subordinate in rank, but in charge of separate units of the whole. Disobedience to orders emanating from such authority during the stress of conflict is a crime punishable with either death or court-martial, the severity depending upon the loss sustained or the seriousness of the result due to a non-compliance with the orders received. There are many instances on record, however, which go to show that the officer in supreme command, not having all the details of the vast field of operations well in hand, or perhaps misjudging the situation; or, again, acting upon misleading information, has given such orders to a subordinate having command of an important number of troops and holding a position of great value, which, if they had been implicitly obeyed, would have entailed disaster and the very result desired would have been impossible to accomplish, thus turning a possible victory into defeat.

It requires a man of strong will power and self-reliance to either disobey or quietly ignore a command given him by his chief during the stress of battle, the Cincinnati Enquirer says, but there are cases on record, and well attested, showing there can be found a man occasionally who has had the hardihood to act on his own responsibility at a critical juncture, even in direct opposition to the plainly given and plainly understood directions of his superior. One need not go further back in history than the recent short campaign that resulted in the American victory at San Juan, Cuba, during

the late Spanish-American war. It is a matter of history that the affairs of neither El Caney nor of San Juan would have occurred had not General Lawton and General Wheeler acted in direct opposition to the instructions of General Shafter, the commander-in-chief, who for some inscrutable reason did not wish to bring on a general engagement. These instructions were, however, ignored, those officers being in a better position to judge of the situation than their commander, six miles in the rear, and the consequence was the assaults were made and the Americans won.

On a par with this is another historical fact that Shafter notified the War department previous to the engagements in question that he intended to fall back to a point that would be a retrograde movement as far as the coast, a virtual retreat. Before such a move could be carried out, however, others on the field took the initiative and thus spared the American people the humiliation of its army running away from the enemy for no good reason.

How Nelson received the order to retreat given by Sir Hyde Parker at the battle of Copenhagen is one of the most stirring episodes of history. When it was communicated to him that the signal to leave off action had been hoisted on the admiral's ship, the London, he turned to Captain Foley, who was standing at his side, and exclaimed:

"Foley, you know I have only one eye. I have a right to be blind sometimes!" Then, raising his telescope to his blind eye, he added: "I really do not see the signal!" Truly it is an ill wind that blows no one any good, for the hero's blindness on that day placed a glorious victory to England's credit.

When, during the terrific onslaught of the cavalry at Waterloo, Wellington gave orders that certain batteries were to be abandoned and that the men were to take refuge within the squares, Captain Merch ordered those under his command to stick to their guns. They obeyed, and with such success was their courage crowned that they repulsed three charges of the Horse Grenadiers with so great a slaughter that on the morrow the position they had held could be ascertained by the vast heaps of slain that lay around.

At Vittoria, in 1813, Wellington sent directions to Lord Dalhousie to advance with the Seventh division, supported by the Fourth and Sixth, and attack the bridge. The aide-de-camp, to whom was instructed the delivery of the order, chancing to pass General Picton, inquired of him whether he had seen Lord Dalhousie.

"No, sir," answered Picton; "but have you any orders for me?"

The other replied in the negative. "Then pray, sir, what orders do you bring?"

And on the aide-de-camp telling him their purport, he added with extreme hauteur:

"You may tell Lord Wellington for me, sir, that the Third division, under my command, shall in less than ten minutes attack the bridge and carry it, and that the Fourth and Sixth divisions may support me if they choose."

Then with a shout of "Come on, ye rascals! Come on, ye fighting villains," he put himself at the head of his men and galloped forward to redeem his promise.

Although Colonel—afterward Sir Henry—Hardinge cannot be said at Albuera to have acted in direct contravention to orders, his assumption of command at a time when the commander of the allied armies, General Beresford, had virtually ordered a retreat, would, but for its resultant success, have entailed on him serious consequences.

As it was, by ordering Generals Cole and Abercrombie to advance with their divisions he completely changed the fortunes of the day, and, by driving the French before him down the hill, converted an almost certain defeat into a brilliant victory.



HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATING CLASS, LEAD, S. D.—Photo by Fuller & Sturms.