

MAKING WAR MORE MERCIFUL

Figures Show that the Death Rate in Battle Has Grown Less.

MORAL EFFECT OF MODERN MISSILES

The Annual Slaughter at Tours and Trafalgar—As for Today More Desolates, but Less Destructive.

"Six hundred shots a minute!" What a frightful slaughter must accompany the use of these terrible weapons, capable of throwing such a relentless hail of death-dealing projectiles! How destructive of life a modern battle must prove!

Such is the opinion one hears constantly expressed in these days of Maxim and dynamite guns, surprising as it may seem, an investigation into the facts, coming down to the bedrock of figures and statistics, reveals an entirely different state of affairs from that usually imagined. Not only were there more men actually killed in the battles of olden times, but also the percentage of dead was often far greater than in modern engagements.

Three memorable battles took place in France shortly after the advent of the Christian era, and the story of each of them is fraught with intense interest. Some of the successive details of three powerful races that strove in turn to obtain a mastery over central and western Europe: one was a bloody butchery. At Atheldom, A. D. 5, 16,000 Roman troops under Varus, with some 25,000 camp-followers, were completely routed and cut to pieces by a large force of Teutons under Arminius, not one of the unfortunate descendants of Romulus, it is believed, escaping to tell the tale.

The third of the epoch-making combats was fought at Tours, in the year 732, and resulted in the driving back of the Moors across the Pyrenees, which they had crossed, under the leadership of Abderrahman, with the intention, by one bold stroke, of conquering Frankland and making the rising faith of Christianity that was striding rapidly through western Europe. At the head of 300,000 Arab troops Abderrahman arrived at Tours without encountering the slightest opposition and proceeded to march on to little distance from the ancient Roman city. The thoroughly alarmed Christians had meanwhile assembled under the banner of Charles, afterward Marcell, and, with only 30,000 followers, the Champion of Christendom determined to meet the invader at Saracene. The cause of the cross prevailed against the almost overwhelming numbers of the heathen and the victory was accompanied by the inevitable wholesale destruction of the vanquished. If we can believe the accounts of the monks, the only historians of the period, Abderrahman and 275,000 of his followers were ruthlessly butchered, while the Christian loss was only 1,600 men. It is certain, at least, that very few of the invaders ever returned to Spain, whence they had started on their ill-starred expedition.

Instances of the enormous lists of casualties in the battles of the early centuries could be multiplied without difficulty, but sufficient has been said to show that for every man killed in a modern fight hundreds and even thousands paid the penalty in the mighty hand-to-hand struggles of ancient days, when primitive spears and arrows took the place of the modernally precise weapons of today. An interesting table can be made showing the percentage of slain in a number of the most important battles of history.

Table of Percentages. Columns: Date, Battle, Troops Engaged, Slain, Per. Cent.

LONG FIGHT AGAINST LAW

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CASE THAT HAS HAD NO PARALLEL

Continuous and Unrelenting Fight for Twenty-Eight Months, Resulting in the Woods—Jesse Lee in Prison from Choice.

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ONE OF THE MERRIMAC HEROES.

Reminiscences of Osborne Degnan When He Was Boy Tramp in Texas.

On one of the heavy supports of the water tank of the Southern Pacific railroad at Sabinal, Tex., may be seen this inscription:

IOWA SPUD, YORKER PAT. Bound over December 23, 1852.

To the average passer-by, relates the New York Sun, it denotes nothing of greater import than the registry of two tramps. Nearly every water tank, too, shed, section house and railroad structure of any kind in the United States contains entries somewhat similar. Let it be understood that the man hitting the road very seldom gives his real name to those whom he meets.

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It was three days later that Degnan obtained his first military experience. At Fort Hancock, Tex., stationed two companies of infantry and one of cavalry. The senior captain, in command of the post, was a martinet. The post is one and a half miles from the station, and pretty tough walking at that. The elder of the pair of rogues advanced upon the fort first. The sentinel on Post No. 1 challenged him and turned him over to the corporal of the guard. Next he was escorted to the post headquarters, and by the post commander sentenced to twenty minutes at the woodpile on suspicion of being hungry. A Fourth warder stood guard while the job was being performed, and then saw that his fellow citizen of the Empire state satisfied his hunger at the barracks mess. But that was all. "Pat" was being escorted to the gate, he espied the future hero marching from headquarters upon the woodpile under the escort of Corporal Fitzgerald. The punishment was the same.

The confinement now being undergone by Degnan will not be an entirely new thing in his varied career. For on that Texan trip he was seized at San Antonio and thrust into the Bexar county jail for a period of ten days for daring to stretch his tired limbs on the grass near the I. & G. N. railroad freight house. The other man narrowly escaped a similar fate by sprinting toward Mexico slightly in advance of two policemen.

As the state lawyer felt his bosom swell with pardonable pride the other day when he read that his old pard's road days were over, and that Uncle Sam would probably provide for all time a comfortable berth for the lad who once near alone had helped him sing. "When I was broke in Texas in December, '52."

How We Are Deceived. Chicago Post. "Truly it is a sad and disappointing world," said the red-headed philosopher thoughtfully.

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Had Sabinal known the past and future history of these two visitors their reception would undoubtedly have been of a warmer nature. The old man who lives in the house with a veranda directly south of the water tank will probably be a little ashamed of himself when he thinks of how hard he made the Merrimac hero's life while he was on his lawn before giving him that small handout, which would hardly feed two sparrows, while the woman who invited the New Yorker to her table will only wish that she might have seen the little fellow sound out his trump with the extra piece of pie carried away from her house by his fat partner.

It was three days later that Degnan obtained his first military experience. At Fort Hancock, Tex., stationed two companies of infantry and one of cavalry. The senior captain, in command of the post, was a martinet. The post is one and a half miles from the station, and pretty tough walking at that. The elder of the pair of rogues advanced upon the fort first. The sentinel on Post No. 1 challenged him and turned him over to the corporal of the guard. Next he was escorted to the post headquarters, and by the post commander sentenced to twenty minutes at the woodpile on suspicion of being hungry. A Fourth warder stood guard while the job was being performed, and then saw that his fellow citizen of the Empire state satisfied his hunger at the barracks mess. But that was all. "Pat" was being escorted to the gate, he espied the future hero marching from headquarters upon the woodpile under the escort of Corporal Fitzgerald. The punishment was the same.

The confinement now being undergone by Degnan will not be an entirely new thing in his varied career. For on that Texan trip he was seized at San Antonio and thrust into the Bexar county jail for a period of ten days for daring to stretch his tired limbs on the grass near the I. & G. N. railroad freight house. The other man narrowly escaped a similar fate by sprinting toward Mexico slightly in advance of two policemen.

As the state lawyer felt his bosom swell with pardonable pride the other day when he read that his old pard's road days were over, and that Uncle Sam would probably provide for all time a comfortable berth for the lad who once near alone had helped him sing. "When I was broke in Texas in December, '52."

How We Are Deceived. Chicago Post. "Truly it is a sad and disappointing world," said the red-headed philosopher thoughtfully.

ONE OF THE MERRIMAC HEROES.

Reminiscences of Osborne Degnan When He Was Boy Tramp in Texas.

On one of the heavy supports of the water tank of the Southern Pacific railroad at Sabinal, Tex., may be seen this inscription:

IOWA SPUD, YORKER PAT. Bound over December 23, 1852.

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