

THE FIELD OF BATTLE

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

The Veterans of the Rebellion Tell of Whistling Bullets, Bright Bayonets, Bursting Bombs, Bloody Battles, Camp Fire, Festive Bugs, Etc., Etc.

"I have a letter," said the Colonel, "from H. D. Luffin, of Saugerties, N. Y. He was a member of the old Childers Light Guards and also of the Zouave Cadets. I knew the men of the Light Guards almost as well as I knew the men of our own company, the cadets. There were times when the Light Guards could not muster their full strength. On such occasions we of the Zouave Cadets would don the Light Guard uniform and march with that company. The Light Guards returned the compliment when we were short of men.

"I marched with the Light Guards and wore their uniform at the time of their last public appearance, and I suspect that Luffin did the same. At all events he writes: 'I served in the Light Guards under Captain John B. Wyman, Captain George B. McClellan, and Captain Booth. It seems strange that I should be among the few survivors of the old Light Guards as well as of the Zouaves. I remember that at the time I joined the Zouaves I was the oldest man in the company. When we made the forty-five day tour of the country, in 1860, I was the only married man in the Zouaves, and yet here I am at the age of 76, in good health, looking backward at the good times we had forty-five and more years ago.'

"There are a few old Chicagoans," continued the Colonel, "who will remember C. Dwight Luffin, Second Lieutenant of the Chicago Zouaves under Ellsworth, as the chief organizer and exploiter of the local Sons of Malta. The initiations took place in a not very pretentious building that stood where the Marshall Field retail store now stands, and there was great fun when Luffin was present. The initiated wore cabalistic letters, which read in the right way, declared, in effect, 'I have been sold.' But having been sold, they were the more anxious to involve others. I have known them to postpone an initiation when Luffin could not be present because Luffin's presence meant more fun.

"That old building on the Marshall Field lot was the center of interest on the nights when the Sons of Malta took their new members. I have thought often of the Sons of Malta who went into the service to become good disciplinarians and soldiers. Not a single case can I remember in which the grotesque horseplay of the Sons of Malta was introduced in the army. The boys liked fun and there was much practical joking, but in our immediate command there was no resort to hazing methods, even with raw recruits. The order of camp at night was against noisy frolics or mysterious gatherings, and when the enemy was in front there was serious business in hand."

"If the boys missed any fun in the army," said the Corporal, "they have made amends at their reunions since the close of the war. Most of the boys I knew appreciated the stories about chaplains, but to show you that not all soldiers liked chaplains, I want to relate an experience of my own. Some time ago there was a soldiers' reunion at Rushville, Ill. Among those present were two Methodist preachers, one of whom told this story. He said a ministerial friend of his, in making his pastoral calls, stopped at a farm house for a drink of water. The well was quite deep with water to the depth of ten feet. It was equipped with the old-fashioned windlass and bucket.

"The preacher let the bucket down and brought it up filled with cool water. There being no cup or gourd at the well, he lifted the bucket to the windlass and leaned forward to drink, when his false teeth fell out and went with a splash to the bottom of the well. The preacher bewailed his fate in terms to attract the attention of a colored man working near. The situation was explained to the colored man, who said at once that he would get them out and without trouble. He went to the house, asked for a piece of fried chicken, tied a string to it, and lowered it into the well.

"After some maneuvering he succeeded in placing the piece of chicken near the false teeth. No sooner was this done than the teeth closed on the chicken and held fast until they were drawn out and returned to the minister. The inferences were plain and the story amused the boys greatly, and it was told and retold as a good joke on the preachers.

"That reminds me," said the Sergeant, "of our old chaplain. He was a strict churchman, and he had full measure of common sense and human sympathy. He always had a little spell of coughing before he entered a Sibley tent, and if a poker game was in progress cards could be whisked away. When he found that 'Why in hell' was

a phrase in common use, he did not lecture, but suggested that 'Why in Sam Hill' was a better phrase. The boys good naturedly adopted it. When a man stole a chicken he generally carried a choice piece over to the chaplain, and it always was accepted.

"This convinced one of the men, Charley Webb, that the chaplain was a fraud, and he said he would tell the old fellow so to his face. The next day we had a running fight and Charley did not come into camp. Some of the boys had seen him fall, and a party was ready to start out to find him when the chaplain came staggering through the darkness, carrying the wounded Charley pickaback fashion. Both were pretty well done up, and they were given a cheer. One of the boys asked, 'Charley, did you tell him to his face? Charley, faint and weary, answered, 'You bet I did. And I told him that he was a tramp.'—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A Confederate Yankee.

"I was up in the northern part of Maine the other day and heard a story which was a little out of the ordinary line of Civil War stories I have read about," said a New York drummer whose territory is New England. "I had noticed a funeral in the town, the turnout of which indicated that the deceased must have been a prominent man in his lifetime.

"A citizen said in answer to my inquiry that the man had retired from business several years before his death. The citizen said: 'His funeral to-day is much larger than it would have been some years ago.'

"I then heard the story. "When Lincoln called for troops there were few men in the State of Maine who opposed coercion of the South. This man was an exception.

"Although a New Englander from a Colonial family whose history goes back to the Colonial wars, this man was, at the call for troops, what was known in the North as a copperhead. He was an officer in the militia at the time of Lincoln's election. Every man in his command except him volunteered in answer to Lincoln's proclamation.

"He not only refused to go out, but he boldly contended that it was an outrage to oppose the secession of the Southern States. He was ostracized socially and commercially. His business dwindled away.

"During the second year of the war he left the community. Nobody seemed to care where he went.

"Two years later he returned. He was a physical wreck. The feeling in the community was not quite so bitter as in the beginning of the war. However, the man was not cordially received.

"He had not been back long when it was learned that he had been in the Confederate army and was discharged on account of his inability to do duty. This information did not tend to increase his popularity.

"He came into possession of considerable money soon after his return. Meanwhile some of the shattered remnants of Maine companies began to drift home. Most of them were broken in health and some were penniless.

"This man began contributing to the relief of the needy. A majority of the beneficiaries did not know the source of their help.

"After the war was over it leaked out, little by little, that the benefactor was the man who had been ostracized. To the credit of many he was again admitted to fellowship, and his business began to thrive. He became independent.

"A few years later he was elected to office on a Republican ticket. The nomination came to him unsought. Up to that time he had never affiliated with the party that elected him.

"He served his term of office, but whenever there was a township or county election he voted the Democratic ticket. This was understood to be his right. It was never questioned.

"Before he retired from business he was on one occasion visited by a man from the South who had been the colonel of the Confederate regiment of which he was a member. The ex-Confederate was down at the heel in every way.

"No one knew what happened during his visit in Maine, but a few years ago it became known to a few people in the vicinity that the Maine man helped his old commander to recoup his fortune. That man until 1901 was a successful broker and banker in this city, and his silent partner for nearly fifteen years was the Maine Yankee who as a Democrat held a Republican office.

"I have traveled over the United States, and met all sorts of people, but I have never heard a Civil War story that was anything like this. My informant is at the head of a big industry in Maine; he told me that only a few persons knew the facts as I have stated them."—New York Sun.

Although Germany has held Metz for thirty-five years, she is still adding to the strength of its defenses, and has just built three more great forts, commanding the plateaus of Gravelotte and Amanvillers.

Rise Liars,

And Salute Your Queen Ho, All Ye Faithful Followers of Ananias GIVE EAR!

A Young Girl said to a Cooking School Teacher in New York: "If You make One Statement as False as That, All You have said about Foods is Absolutely Unreliable."

This burst of true American girl indignation was caused by the teacher saying that Grape-Nuts, the popular pre-digested food, was made of stale bread shipped in and sweetened.

The teacher colored up and changed the subject. There is quite an assortment of traveling and stay-at-home members of the tribe of Ananias who tell their falsehoods for a variety of reasons.

In the spring it is the custom on a cattle ranch to have a "round up," and brand the cattle, so we are going to have a "round up," and brand these cattle and place them in their proper pastures.

FIRST PASTURE.

Cooking school teachers—this includes "teachers" who have applied to us for a weekly pay if they would say "something nice" about Grape-Nuts and Postum, and when we have declined to hire them to do this they get waspy and show their true colors.

This also includes "demonstrators" and "lecturers" sent out by a certain Sanitarium to sell foods made there, and these people instructed by the small-be-whiskered-doctor—the head of the institution—to tell these prevarications (you can speak the stronger word if you like). This same little doctor conducts a small magazine in which there is a department of "answers to correspondents," many of the questions as well as answers being written by the aforesaid doctor.

In this column sometime ago appeared the statement: "No, we cannot recommend the use of Grape-Nuts, for it is nothing but bread with glucose poured over it." Right then he showed his badge as a member of the tribe of Ananias. He may have been a member for some time before, and so he has caused these "lecturers" to descend into the ways of the tribe wherever they go.

When the young lady in New York put the "iron on" to this "teacher" and branded her right we sent \$10.00 to the girl for her pluck and bravery.

SECOND PASTURE.

Editors of "Trade" papers known as grocers' papers.

Remember, we don't put the brand on all, by any means. Only those that require it. These members of the tribe have demanded that we carry advertising in their papers and when we do not consider it advisable they institute a campaign of vituperation and slander, prying from time to time manufactured slurs on Postum or Grape-Nuts. When they go far enough we set our legal force at work and bid them to the judge to answer. If the paper has been bad enough to throw some of these "balls" over on their backs, feel tied and "shel-lowing?" do you think we should be blamed? They gambled around with bills held high and jump stiff legged with a very "rocky" air while they have bill range, but when the rope is thrown over them "it's different."

Should we untie them because they bleat soft and low? Or should we put the iron on, so that people will know the brand? Let's keep them in this pasture, anyhow.

THIRD PASTURE.

Now we come to a frisky lot, the "Labor Union" editors. You know down in Texas a weed called "Looco" is sometimes eaten by a steer and produces a derangement of the brain that makes the steer "batty" or crazy. Many of these editors are "Loocoed" from hate of anyone who will not instantly obey the "demands" of a labor union and it is the universal habit of such writers to go straight into a system of personal vilification, manufacturing any sort of falsehood through which to vent their spleen. We assert that the common citizen has a right to live and breathe air without asking permission of the labor trust and this has brought down on us the hate of these editors. When they go far enough with their libels, is it harsh for us to get judgments against them and have our lawyers watch for a chance to attach money due them from others? (For they are usually irresponsible.) Keep your eye out for the "Loocoed" editor.

Now let all these choice specimens take notice:

We will deposit one thousand or fifty thousand dollars to be covered by a like amount from them, or any one of them, and if there was ever one ounce of old bread or any other ingredient different than our selected wheat and barley with a little salt and yeast used in the making of Grape-Nuts, we will lose the money.

Our pure food factories are open at all times to visitors, and thousands pass through each month, inspecting every department and every process. Our factories are so clean that one could, with good relish, eat a meal from the floors.

The work people, both men and women, are of the highest grade in the state of Michigan, and according to the state labor reports, are the highest paid in the state for similar work.

Let us tell you exactly what you will see when you inspect the manufacture of Grape-Nuts. You will find tremendous elevators containing the choicest wheat and barley possible to buy. These grains are carried through long conveyers to grinding mills, and there converted into flour. Then the machines make selection of the proper quantities of this flour in the proper proportion and these parts are blended into a general flour which passes over to the big dough mixing machines, there water, salt and a little yeast are added and the dough kneaded the proper length of time.

Remember that previous to the barley having been ground it was passed through about one hundred hours of soaking in water, then placed on warm floors and slightly aerated, developing the diastase in the barley, which changes the starch in the grain into a form of sugar.

Now after we have passed it into dough and it has been kneaded long enough, it is rounded by machinery into loaves about 18 inches long and 5 or 6 inches in diameter. It is put into this shape for convenience in second cooking.

These great loaves are sliced by machinery and the slices placed on wire trays. These trays, in turn, pass on great steel trucks, and rolled into the secondary ovens, each perhaps 75 or 80 feet long. These loaves are subjected to a long low heat and the starch which has not been heretofore transformed, is turned into a form of sugar generally known as Post Sugar. It can be seen glistening on the granules of Grape-Nuts if held toward the light, and this sugar is not poured over or put on the food as these prevaricators ignorantly assert. On the contrary the sugar exudes from the interior of each little granule during the process of manufacture, and reminds one of the little white particles of sugar that come out on the end of a hickory log after it has been sawed off and allowed to stand for a length of time.

This Post Sugar is the most digestible food known for human use. It is

so perfect in its adaptability that mothers with very young infants will pour a little warm milk over two or three spoonfuls of Grape-Nuts, thus washing the sugar off from the granules and carrying it with the milk to the bottom of the dish. Then this milk charged with

Post Sugar is fed to the infants producing the most satisfactory results, for the baby has food that it can digest quickly and will go off to sleep well fed and contented.

When baby gets two or three months old it is the custom of some mothers to allow the Grape-Nuts to soak in the milk a little longer and become mushy, whereupon a little of the food can be fed in addition to the milk containing the washed off sugar.

It is by no means manufactured for a baby food, but these facts are stated as an illustration of a perfectly digestible food.

It furnishes the energy and strength for the great athletes. It is in common use by physicians in their own families and among their patients, and can be seen on the table of every first-class college in the land.

We quote from the London Lancet analysis as follows:

"The basis of nomenclature of this preparation is evidently an American pleasantness, since 'Grape-Nuts' is derived solely from cereals. The preparatory process undoubtedly converts the food constituents into a much more digestible condition than in the raw cereal. This is evident from the remarkable solubility of the preparation, no less than one-half of it being soluble in cold water. The soluble part contains chiefly dextrin and no starch. In appearance 'Grape-Nuts' resembles fried bread-crumbs. The grains are brown and crisp, with a pleasant taste not unlike slightly burnt malt. According to our analysis the following is the composition of 'Grape-Nuts': Moisture, 6.02 per cent; mineral matter, 2.01 per cent; fat, 1.60 per cent; proteins, 15.00 per cent; soluble carbohydrates, &c., 49.40 per cent; and unaltered carbohydrates (insoluble), 25.97 per cent. The features worthy of note in this analysis are the excellent proportion of protein, mineral matters, and soluble carbohydrates per cent. The mineral matter was rich in phosphoric acid. 'Grape-Nuts' is described as a brain and nerve food, whatever that may be. Our analysis, at any rate, shows that it is a nutritive of a high order, since it contains the constituents of a complete food in very satisfactory and rich proportion and in an easily assimilable state."

An analysis made by the Canadian Government some time ago shows that Grape-Nuts contains nearly ten times the digestible elements contained in ordinary cereals, and foods, and nearly twice the amount contained in any other food analyzed.

The analysis is familiar to practically every successful physician in America and London.

We print this statement in order that the public may know the exact facts upon which we stake our honor and will back it with any amount of money that any person or corporation will put up.

We propose to follow some of these choice specimens of the tribe of Ananias.

When you hear a cooking school teacher or any other person assert that either Postum or Grape-Nuts are made of any other ingredients than those printed on the packages and as we say they are made, send us the name and address, also name of two or three witnesses, and if the evidence is clear enough to get a judgment we will right that wrong quickly.

Our business has always been conducted on as high a grade of human intelligence as we are capable of, and we propose to clear the deck of these prevaricators and liars whenever and wherever they can be found.

Attention is again called to the general and broad invitation to visitors to go through our works, where they will be shown the most minute process and device in order that they may understand how pure and clean and wholesome Grape-Nuts and Postum are.

There is an old saying among business men that there is some chance to train a fool, but there is no room for a liar, for you never can tell where you are, and we hereby serve notice on all the members of this ancient tribe of Ananias that they may follow their calling in other lines, but when they put forth their lies about Grape-Nuts and Postum, we propose to give them an opportunity to answer to the proper authorities.

The New York girl wisely said that if a person would lie about one item, it brands the whole discourse as absolutely unreliable.

Keep your iron ready and brand these "mavericks" whenever you find them running loose.

"There's a Reason" for

Grape-Nuts and Postum