

Story of The Fighting Tenth

Continuation of Major Frank Keck's History of the Tenth, as Published in the New York Sun.

The regiment was sent later to the Philippines, where it did efficient service on much the same lines which it had followed in Cuba. On its return from the land of the Filipinos the Tenth landed in New York city and marched up Broadway on its way to entrain for Fort Ethan Allen. It became the centre of a popular ovation and made a deep impression at the time by its soldierly bearing and its fine appearance.

Its employment on the Mexican punitive expedition was logical, as the regiment is composed of well trained men, accustomed to hardships, seasoned to a tropical climate, and inspired with the quality, inestimably valuable to the thoroughgoing soldier, of making the best of adverse circumstances.

It may be said that the wonderful good nature of these Colored troopers is a racial characteristic. That is only half a truth. The spirit of the men of the Tenth is due to that happiness which comes from a sense of having done one's duty. There is no regiment in the regular service which has greater esprit de corps or more pride in its traditions. Its average trooper can tell you off hand the names of officers for years back, even to the very organization of the regiment. He misses nothing of importance.

To the enlisted men the officers of the Tenth are like fathers. They look out after the interests of the troopers whenever they can. Supplies, equipment and all details are attend-

ed to with meticulous care. That is why, when circumstances permit, these black cavalymen are so smart in their attire and have the air peculiar to crack regiments everywhere. They are unusually particular about their appearance when not engaged in grim business.

Likewise, they care for their mounts with a solicitude which almost makes the man and the horse as one. The Negro naturally understands horses. He can talk to a horse or mule by the hour. To hear a Tenth trooper discussing a situation with his mount is a treat. To him the horse is not merely a living transport, but a comrade with a soul.

The intelligent horses of the New York police cavalry have much the same appreciation of what is going on about them as have the mounts of the Tenth. It is this mutual understanding between man and horses which helps to make these troopers such splendid horsemen. The detachment of Colored riders which on occasions makes a fine display at the United States Military Academy at West Point is composed of men selected from the Ninth and Tenth cavalry at the reservation on the Hudson. They act principally as grooms to the horses of the cadets, but they are always in themselves patterns of military bearing and soldierly qualities.

Wherever the troopers of the Tenth are going, no matter how prosaic their task, no matter how unpleasant, they never fail to give their work a touch of imagination and of romance. They have within them the fire of enthusiasm which makes all work an inspired labor.

Whether swinging along on the western plains looking for outlaws or hostile Indians, or charging up heights crowned with deadly fire, they glow with the ardor which makes heroes since the world began. Kip-

ling in one of his poems paid tribute to the Fuzzey Wuzzy of the Soudan, the first class fighting man. One day someone will write a poem, I hope, which will give credit to these hose-men of ours who know no fear and are ever prepared to do their duty for the honor of their country and their flag.

(The End.)

TALKS ON THRIFT

So eminent an authority as Dr. Eliot of Harvard has compiled the following table as showing the amount spent annually by the American people for "things that are not bread."

Intoxicating liquors, \$2,200,000,000; Tobacco, \$1,200,000,000; Jewelry and plate, \$800,000,000; Automobiles, \$500,000,000; Confectionery, \$200,000,000; Soft Drinks, \$120,000,000; Tea and Coffee, \$100,000,000; Millinery, \$90,000,000; Patent Medicines, \$80,000,000; Chewing Gum, \$13,000,000.—Total, \$5,303,000,000.

If a national board of efficiency experts were called upon to cut down these expenditures and cut out the needless, great differences of opinion would arise. The man who is addicted to liquor would call liquor a necessity. The tobacco user would claim the same for the weed. The imbibers of soda and soft drinks would claim the same for his indulgences and the patent medicine man would tell you that you will surely die if you do not take Dr. Blank's nerve tonic. The woman with a sweet tooth would say she could not do without her box of candy, and the habitual chewer of gum would tell you that chewing gum was good for the digestion and place that as a necessity of life; while the tea and coffee fiend would surely find life not worth the living if the morning and evening draught were missing from the menu. But be this as it may,

we must conclude that an enormous amount of money is spent for frivolities that give us no lasting pleasure, and do no permanent good.

We can never hope to get away from a habit, for we are all creatures that do things because we have always done them, and even admitting that frivolity habits give employment to a large number of people, the harm done is often greater than the resultant good.

As a rule we do not spend our money in large amounts, but in small sums. A certain lawyer who had been unable to save any money and at forty-five found himself a thriftless man, endeavored to analyze the reason for his inability to get ahead. For a month he kept track of his spendings and found that his money got away from him in dribbles—a nickel here and there, dimes and quarters handed on every side until the sum total was amazing. It is surprising how much our frivolity bill is when we come to reckon it up. And if you are unable to save money it may be because of wasteful habits. In fact, many people would not dare to keep an expense account lest the figures prove facts they do not care to face.

Every street railroad in the country, every summer resort, every soda fountain, every cigar store and every saloon lives by virtue of the nickel and the dime multiplied indefinitely. But in the multiplication of nickels come the millions.

The lesson we all need to learn (and it is not an easy one) is the art of conserving little things. If you doubt the facts above stated and fear to face them in cold figures, get a little pocket bank and every time you are tempted to spend money for that which is unnecessary, drop it in your little bank and watch the results. They will prove interesting if not surprising.

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