

IOWA BOYS IN BATTLE

FIFTY-FIRST REGIMENT GOES THROUGH A HOT FIGHT.

Advance Through Deep Mud and Attack the Filipinos—Several Iowans Wounded.

Des Moines—(Special)—A special cablegram from Colonel Loper of the Fifty-first Iowa, which was engaged in Wednesday's battle, reads:

Manila—The Fifty-first Iowa saw some of the hardest fighting it has encountered during the present campaign. Our forces advanced several miles from San Fernando, wading through deep mud and fighting almost constantly, the Filipinos retiring in considerable confusion, but maintaining a steady fire.

The engagement was general, 6,000 of the enemy being engaged, while General MacArthur had, in addition to our regiment, the Ninth and Twelfth regulars, the new Thirty-sixth, part of the Seventeenth, and a cavalry troop. Our advance was assisted by the artillery, fifteen guns being employed. One battalion of the Fifty-first accompanied the artillery in a successful movement in the direction of Mexico, the regiment advancing with the main body of troops toward Angeles.

The American loss was severe, several killed and about twenty-five wounded. Our casualties were as follows: Company A of Des Moines, A. M. Slatton, wounded in the leg, private, age 21, enlisted in Des Moines under Captain Hull, and is a native of Missouri; company C of Glenwood, Peter J. Harris, wounded in the chest severely, private, age 28, and home in Henderson Mills county; company E of Shenandoah, Second Lieutenant LaMont A. Williams, wounded in the right thigh, moderately, age 22, and residence in Shenandoah; company M of Red Oak, Harry P. Bernholz, wounded in the leg severely, residence at Mount Pleasant; company E of Shenandoah, J. F. Stewart, wounded in the side, slightly, member of the band, and some in Clarinda. LOPER.

After reading the various telegraphic reports of Wednesday's battle Adjutant General Byers stated that it is believed that Major Duggan's battalion, consisting of companies A, D, E, H, and Major Hume's battalion, consisting of companies E, M, L and C, were the only ones engaged in the fighting and that the other four companies were sent out with a troop of cavalry to make a feint on Mexico.

REPORT FROM OTIS. Washington—(Special)—General Otis today called the war department on the following report of yesterday's engagement: Manila—Adjutant General, Washington: MacArthur's movement very successful; serves to clear country rear and left and right of insurgents. Has advanced north to Calicut, six miles from San Fernando, whence he is now reconnoitering; his casualties five killed, twenty-nine wounded. Officers wounded: Major Braden, Captain Abernethy, Thirty-sixth volunteers, leg and arm, moderate; Lieutenant A. D. and Fifty-first Iowa, thigh, moderate. These troops operated to left and rear towards Santa Rita. MacArthur's advance under Wheaton and Lacum consisted of Ninth, Twelfth, Seventeenth, part of the Seventeenth Infantry under Major O'Brien, advanced very close to Angeles. The major reports there are about 260 insurgents there. A battalion of the Twelfth Infantry made a reconnaissance in the direction of Porac, but enemy there scattered. The main body of the American army, under Calicut. The line has been materially changed since the advance was stopped Wednesday and now includes the towns of Guagua and Santa Rita. Major General Otis today issued an order closing the ports in Manila to the insurgents to inter-island traffic. Aguineldo issued a decree July 24 dated from Tarlac closing the insurgent ports to vessels flying the American flag and inviting vessels under other flags to visit them. Vessels under foreign flag cannot traffic with these ports without running the blockade.

The gunboats Concord, Yorktown, Callao and Pampanga bombarded San Fernando Tuesday. The Filipinos replied with cannon and musketry for an hour and then fled to the hills, and the gunboats firing on them with their machine guns until the rebels disappeared. The bombardment was continued for some time afterwards and many houses were riddled and destroyed, but the town was not set on fire. The gunboats did not land men. The rebel losses are not known.

MILES CONFERS WITH ROOT. Washington—Major General Miles had a conference of more than half an hour with the secretary of war, Secretary Root said that the conference was devoted to military matters, but would not speak definitely as to their character. When it was suggested that there were rumors that he was consulting General Miles with reference to a change of commanders in the Philippines he said he had nothing to say on that subject. It is known, however, that General Miles brought up the recent order of Secretary Alger upon the inspector general's department. That portion of the order which places the bureau under the direction of the secretary general of the army, as was the case in the former regulations, is not satisfactory. It is said, to General Miles.

Chicago, Ill.—(Special)—In an effort to commit suicide, George Peterson, a cook of Evanston, first drank a quart of whisky, then secured an old rusty sword, set the hit against a bathtub and fell upon the point so forcibly that the blade went nearly through his body. Feeling little pain and being still able to stand, Peterson again fell upon the sword. His vitality was still strong, however, and he placed the weapon's point against his stomach and rushed with the hit against the wall. Still he did not collapse and plucking the blade from his wound, he set fire to the house and crawled into a closet and waited for the fire to consume him. He was rescued by firemen, however, and taken to the hospital. He may recover.

St. Joseph, Mo.—(Special)—Mrs. Wm. Montgomery, wife of a farmer residing near Deartown, endeavored to exterminate several witnesses who had testified against her in a recent suit for slander. Armed with a revolver, she searched the home of Black Van Meter, whom she intended to hit first, but he escaped. She then searched Van Meter's sister, Mrs. Elizabeth O'Leary, to the door and fatally shot her. She then started for Smith's house, when she was arrested. She is now in jail for the killing of Mrs. O'Leary. She will kill the rest of them.

St. Joseph, Mo.—(Special)—Mrs. Wm. Montgomery, wife of a farmer residing near Deartown, endeavored to exterminate several witnesses who had testified against her in a recent suit for slander. Armed with a revolver, she searched the home of Black Van Meter, whom she intended to hit first, but he escaped. She then searched Van Meter's sister, Mrs. Elizabeth O'Leary, to the door and fatally shot her. She then started for Smith's house, when she was arrested. She is now in jail for the killing of Mrs. O'Leary. She will kill the rest of them.

REMOVING A SEA SAFEGUARD.

Port of the work that Samuel Pilsbrough did for the benefit of British shipping has been undone by the British Board of Trade in the abolition of the "Winter North Atlantic Mark." Before Pilsbrough's time vessels were systematically overloaded and sent to sea to take their chances of foundering in the first gale they encountered. He devoted his life to the creation of a system which should give a margin of safety to seagoing ships, and finally succeeded in having the "Pilsbrough mark" adopted by the British government. The board of trade, which has supervision of such things, ordered that it be affixed to all sea-going vessels, and the work of affixing it according to the principles laid down by Mr. Pilsbrough was entrusted (and still is) to Lloyd's.

The first part of this "mark" is a circle crossed by a bar, and that bar indicates the normal safe depth to which the vessel can be loaded down. But as what may be safe loading in some weathers is not safe in others a second mark was placed at the right of the first. This is an upright mark having four horizontal bars running out from the right of it and one from the left. The bar running to the left is highest up and is called the "Fair weather mark." The highest bar to the right is the "Indian summer mark," and next lowest the "Summer," the next the "Winter" and the lowest the "Now, North Atlantic winter weather is the worst a ship can possibly encounter, and therefore it was ordered that she should not be loaded down so deeply for voyages in such weather as she could be with safety in any other weather. Pilsbrough had not been long dead when an agitation was begun for a modification of his marks. The owners and shippers wanted to be allowed to take a little more chance with the winds and the waves. The margin of safety, they said, was too great. The result was that the board of trade reduced the margin of safety required in all vessels up to and including those of 230 feet in length, and in vessels above that length abolished the "Winter North Atlantic mark" altogether.

The abolition of the old mark means a considerable gain in freight-carrying capacity. For example, a vessel of from 7,000 to 8,000 tons register will be able to carry 150 tons more cargo, or 300 tons out and back, enabling the owner, say, another \$1,500 for her owners. But it is a significant fact that within a short time after the abolition of the "Winter North Atlantic Mark" nine steamers were reported missing on the North Atlantic, representing in the aggregate 25,754 tons. The loss in value of ships and cargo amounts to \$2,545,000.

This would seem to indicate that the Board of Trade made a big mistake when it undertook to interfere with the Pilsbrough mark. Losses at sea are frequent enough when every care is taken. To remove any of the safeguards which have been thrown around ocean travel is little less than criminal.

Edison's First Check. It is not every one that understands the ordinary system of banking and the proper thing to do with a bank check. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was sorely puzzled over the huge check her publishers paid her for her royalties in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and her husband could not tell her how to get money on it. So, also, it was with Tom Edison when he got his first check. When he completed his model of the now famous "ticker" he submitted it to the president of a telegraph company, who asked him to leave it for examination. Edison was out of money, and his landlady had warned him for the last time. He had decided to ask \$5,000 for his invention, but when the president at the next interview asked him his price his courage oozed away, and he faltered out that he would like the company to make an offer.

"How would \$40,000 suit you?" said the president. "What!" exclaimed the young wizard, "all in money?" "Certainly; you can have it now." "All right."

A check was drawn and handed over to Edison with these words: "That is a check for \$40,000.00 to the bank around the corner and they will give you the money."

At the bank he got into the long line and worked up to the paying teller's window. Then he pushed the check over the sill. The teller saw that it was not indorsed, and pushed it back with fitting remarks, which Edison did not understand, he being even then slightly deaf. He retired crestfallen, and the thought dawned upon him that he had been swindled. He had another scene with his landlady that night, and visited the telegraph president the next morning in sheer desperation. He told of his experience at the bank and begged for his money or his model. He was properly identified at the bank, indorsed the check and got his money in big bills.

A great crowd collected at St. Lazare Station, Paris, one day lately to see a furious dispute between a young girl and an elderly man, during which the girl kept uttering the cabalistic words, "My money or my three teeth!" At length the police marched them off to the nearest police station, and the girl told her story.

She met a man in Montmartre, who so admired her teeth that he offered her 50 francs for three of them. The girl had them pulled, but the treacherous monster did not pay. The man of St. Lazare station was, however, not the culprit in question. It was a case of mistaken identity. The police are now looking for the tooth thief.

ON THE FARM.

(From Des Moines Homestead.) Mrs. E. L. Stetson, Des Moines, Ia.: In thinking about the wives and mothers on the farm, and the duties they owe to themselves, one feels that these duties are the only ones neglected in the lives of many of them.

The most unselfish lives in the world are those of good mothers, and how many of them are scattered all over the world, speaking in many languages, living in varied conditions, but each having in her heart the same maternal affection. This affection strengthens weakness and carries a mother through many things she could not otherwise endure. When the manifold duties of farm life are added to those of the wife and mother it is not strange that few are able to perform them to keep their health. I met a lady the other day who said in conversation: "When I was young I taught school and boarded around on the farms. Two of the women with whom I boarded are in the insane asylum." It is not overwork alone which causes insanity, but a lack of anything to interest and divert the mind. It is not so much the dreary routine of today that hurts, but the knowledge that tomorrow and tomorrow will be like yesterday.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast," but it has to have something to feed upon; some hidden spring of joy, some oasis of fruit and flowers toward which the weary feet are hastening, to keep it alive. The cooking and cleaning and washing and ironing, not to mention the "thousand and one" steps that life on a farm necessitates, are all taken in order to live; this drudgery is but a means to an end. People work to live, but when there is nothing but hard and often unappreciated toil there is no real life.

Many women are simply a part of the machinery of the farm, working automatically until at last the mainspring breaks. Nothing can be done about the place, but a little more care is added to the mother's full burden. The busy days of the harvest come bringing more help out of doors and more cooking in the house. Mary has a party and mother makes a cake. Tom goes fishing, and she puts up the lunch. Even the husband takes a day off to see a man about selling the wheat, but the kitchen fire is kept burning, and in the summer the mother is much like Casablanca on the burning deck—no one comes to the rescue. She has made every one so comfortable so many years with the ministrations of her deft hands that apparently there has been no need for any outside help.

But there is great need for more social life for the mothers on farms—not to meet for the study of Browning, which calls for the leisure of a princess, but for social reunions and the reading aloud of some current literature which will interest and hold this club together. Anything to interest and get the mothers out of the kitchens and into a fresh dress and off to meet with friends.

How it brightens the tea table when the mother presides over it after a day's outing. The sparkle in her eye is indicative of her improved condition; her good spirits are contagious and the whole family is benefited through the happiness of one.

Attendance at the Sunday church service is of great benefit to every woman living. The meeting together for worship is restful and uplifting; socially it is cheering and comforting. Probably very few have ever thought they were going to church to prolong their lives, but indirectly that is the case.

Mothers need a vacation in some form once or twice a year. A necessity for rest is a law of nature. I well remember the best apple tree in the home orchard when the boughs bent almost to the ground under their fragrant load; we knew that the next year we could look for nothing but leaves.

The mother thinks that she cannot be spared to make a little visit, but mothers have been spared for sickness and to go away forever. I entertained a very good woman one year whose children sent her to attend the state fair. She was not well, and this little change in her life had come so late that it was like trying to oil machinery that is badly worn.

Many women overdo through their impatience and ambition. If they want a thing done they do it themselves, rather than wait for help. I once called on a woman who had just finished moving a kitchen stove so that it would stand at a different angle. No one was to blame but herself; a husband cannot foresee or prevent a foolish woman from injuring herself when he is away. I think a mother with sons in their teens who are so strong and vigorous that they are performing athletic feats, is perfectly justifiable in explaining to them that she is more delicate organized than they, and that they must aid her and their sisters in all the heavy tasks. Many men are not so unkind to women as they are wofully ignorant of things that it was a mother's duty to have told them. Many a boy sneers at his sister, who is too ill to lift her head from a pillow, who would walk softly and do her errands cheerfully if he comprehended her condition. I once knew some young gentlemen in an eastern school who became medical students. After this, when they called for the young ladies to go on long college walks they also called for their rubbers and wraps. It used to cause a smile, but they were serious enough. They had studied the delicate mechanism of the body, had learned its

TRUTH AND FICTION.

Nature is an unconscionable plagiarist from fiction. Hardly has some genius conceived a thoroughly original situation than the great mother comes along and vulgarizes it by turning romance into the dull prose of fact. Her latest exploit of this sort has just occurred in Vienna. Dr. Archibald U. Sheffield is an American citizen lately resident there with his young wife. Though apparently a Caucasian, he has negro blood in his veins. Only his most intimate friends knew of the fact. Whether his wife shared the secret does not appear. At all events everything seems to have gone well until the birth of a son to the young couple—an unmistakable negro pickaninny. This unexpected apparition so frightened the superstitious nurse that she ran from the house in horror and alarm, proclaiming that the Prince of Darkness had become incarnate. Negroes are practically unknown in Vienna. The news spread everywhere. Curious crowds flocked to the house to get a glimpse of the "black crown prince," as the newspapers dubbed him. The situation finally became so unbearable that the family were forced to leave Vienna.

Now, the novel from which this episode in real life is stolen is entitled "Mr. and Mrs. George Morton," by Howard Williams, and was published some half a dozen years ago. Henry Morton, the hero, is a young lawyer, apparently a magnificent specimen of the Caucasian race, the adopted son of a distinguished Virginia family, who had never revealed to him anything definite about his parentage. He marries, and, in due course, contentment is thrown into the family circle by the birth of a negro infant.

The nurse is the least disturbed of all. She jauntily attributes the phenomenon to the father's long sojourn among the negroes in the ancestral home in Virginia. She does not consider the fact nearly so remarkable as a case of hers, in which the baby had a claw like a lobster's, caused, she explained, by its mother having been bitten by a lobster eleven years before the birth of her child. But the physician has a more scientific theory. He divines that some one of Mr. Morton's ancestors, either in the direct or collateral line, was of African origin.

"It is an example," he continues, "of that extraordinary law of inheritance, known as atavism, by which a child does not resemble either of its parents, but reverts to some ancestor more or less remote." "I see it all," cries the unhappy father. "I must be a white child born of negro parents. That explains it all. My parents are black and I resemble some white ancestor."

This was near the truth, yet not exactly true in view of the adoptive father of Mr. Morton. "Mr. Morton's family," he explained when appealed to, "is one of those peculiar ones of pure African blood, in which white children, called Albinoes, are often born. Thomas Jefferson in his 'Notes on Virginia' mentions seven instances in which a white child was born of negro parents. Three or four of these cases, he says, came under his personal observation, and he describes them at considerable length, though quite enough, under the head of indigent animals. Among other writers I can recall a certain Dr. Pritchard, who mentions the case of a negro man who was the father of a white child to a negro mother. This negro, when questioned in regard to the color of his child, said that his own father was white, although born of black parents in a district of the country where white men were never seen."

By a wise provision of the novelist the baby dies after a few weeks' existence, the secret never becoming public.

Reporter's Funeral Emblem. Mr. Jacob A. Riis tells an amusing anecdote of a reported detailed to police headquarters by a well known newspaper. His special forte was fires. He knew the history of every house in town that ran any risk of being burned; knew every fireman, and could tell within a thousand dollars, more or less, what was the value of the goods stored in any building in the dry goods district, and for how much they were insured. If he couldn't, he did anyhow, and his guesses often came near the fact, as shown in the final adjustment. He sniffed a firebug from afar, and knew without asking how much salvage there was in a bale of cotton after being twenty-four hours in the fire.

He is dead, poor fellow. In life he was food of a joke, and in death the joke clung to him in a way wholly unforeseen. The firemen in the next block, with whom he made his headquarters when off duty, so that he might always be within hearing of the gong, wished to give some tangible evidence of their regard for the old reporter, but, being in a hurry, left it to the forist, who knew him well, of choose the design. He hit upon a floral fire-badge as the proper thing, and thus it was that when the company of mourners was assembled, and the funeral service in progress, there arrived and was set upon the coffin, in the view of all, that triumph of the forist's art, a shield of white roses, with this legend written across it in red immortal: "Admit within fire lines only." It was shocking, but irresistible. It brought down even the house of mourning.—Century Magazine.

BIRDS AND BILLS. "There is something wrong with this bill," said the young married man to the milliner who has imported Parisian prices as well as styles. "It is correct in every item," after looking it over. "Eight dollars for that bird, no bigger than my fist?" "Yes, sir, and cheap at that."

"All right, madam, I'll settle, but it's robbery. We had our first anniversary yesterday and I bought a ten pound turkey for \$1.25."—Detroit Free Press.

SENSELESS IDEA. "Why do you say that you will marry only a widow?" "Well, I think it is a part of wisdom to get some one who has already discovered that men are not angels."—Chicago Post.