

LIEUTENANT FITZGERALD'S DINNER PARTY



INTERNATIONAL EPISODE ON NORTHWEST BORDER

BY EDWARD B. CLARK

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A SK ANY gray-haired retired-list American soldier in Washington for an army story and instantly he will start to tell you of the tale of Lieut. Michael Fitzgerald's dinner party. It is a favorite army yarn, but not often does it find its way outside of the circle of the blue.

Lieut. Michael Fitzgerald became Major Michael Fitzgerald in course of time and because of wounds received in the very forefront of a battle for his adopted country he was placed upon the retired list of the army. He died within a few months at his quiet little home town in Pennsylvania.

The dinner of Lieut. Fitzgerald was an international episode. Some of the elders will remember that it was not until shortly after the close of the civil war that the last echo was heard of the dispute between Great Britain and the United States over territory in the northwest. The question of the ownership of the islands between Vancouver and Washington territory was still unsettled. The two governments in order not to lose prestige felt it necessary to maintain garrisons on the disputed grounds.

The United States was represented by one company of the old Ninth Infantry, commanded by Second Lieut. Michael Fitzgerald. Fitzgerald was the only American commissioned officer in the field. Not far away from his headquarters were two companies of British regulars with a full complement of officers.

Before Fitzgerald and his command were sent to the island, occupied in part by the British, Gen. McDowell, who commanded the division of the Pacific, sent for the second lieutenant for the purpose of impressing upon him the delicate nature of his mission.

"Above all things, Mr. Fitzgerald," said the general, "observe the rules of international courtesy."

"I'll do it, general," answered the second lieutenant promptly, "and no war will grow out of my treatment of the red-coats."

The British and American garrisons were only a few miles apart. When Lieut. Fitzgerald finally became comfortably fixed in his quarters and was feeling the full weight of being not only company commander but commanding officer of a United States garrison as well, he was called upon in turn by each of the half-dozen red-coated officers stationed beyond the hill. Fitzgerald returned the calls promptly and shortly thereafter he was invited to dine with the six Englishmen as his hosts.

At that dinner the American lieutenant was entertained royally. There was nothing in the British garrison that was too good for him, and, as the veterans say to-day, "Fitzgerald afterward told his comrades in the states, 'It was a wot night!'"

When Fitzgerald returned to his quarters and three weeks had passed away he made up his mind that it was time to prepare to return in some way the hospitality of the Englishmen. He took an account of the provender at hand and found that the supply at his disposal were the ordinary army rations and a jug of whisky.

There was nothing fit for a banquet such as Fitzgerald was to give, nearer than San Francisco. The next day he sent a man of his own to San Francisco to carry some communications to certain supply houses, and not long afterward the sup-



plies arrived at Fitzgerald's quarters. The American officer was no mere dinner giver. The invitations which he sent to the six British officers were engraved, bore the arms of the United States in colors and announced a banquet.

It took Lieut. Fitzgerald a full week to unpack the boxes which had come from San Francisco. He told about 10 of his enlisted men that it would not do for an American officer to be outdone in hospitality by the British. Forthwith he instructed them carefully in duties as waiters.

He picked out of the command five men who had some music in their souls and provided them with instruments. When the British officers arrived and preliminary courtesies had been exchanged they were shown into a banquet hall with a table in its center glittering with silver and with cut glass. The red-coats ate of delicacies and of substantialities that none of them thought could be found nearer than New York, and they drank wine of the kind that needs no bush.

There were two waiters for every guest, and five enlisted men fiddled away and blew at their instruments throughout the 20 courses of the dinner. There were toasts and toasts, and it was not all over until about an hour after the host had excused himself temporarily to attend revelry roll call.

Then came the cold gray light of the week after. The joy of remembrance of the banquet had kept Lieut. Fitzgerald's heart up for the week that had passed. Then the bills came in from San Francisco. In amount they were \$1,400. Second Lieut. Fitzgerald's banquet had cost \$200 a plate.

If the lieutenant should pay the bills the banquet would mean bankruptcy. The commanding officer of the island post passed a night in thought. In the morning there was a look of relief upon his face. In an hour's time there was ready for transmission to Gen. McDowell in San Francisco a large official envelope marked in large letters in red ink "International Courtesies."

Inclosed were the bills for pate de foie gras, rare old Burgundy and other things which never before had found their way to the northwestern coast. With the inclosures went this, written in Lieut. Michael Fitzgerald's own hand: "Excerpt from Maj.-Gen. McDowell's instruction: 'Above all things, Mr. Fitzgerald, observe the rules of international courtesies.'"

Gen. McDowell fumed, and tradition has it that he swore, but he ordered that the bills be paid out of the contingent fund, and the memory of that banquet in the wilds of one of the islands which now forms part of San Juan county, in the state of Washington, lives to this day in the minds of several veterans

of the English service, and has a place in the story telling groups of the American army as "an international episode."

In Arlington cemetery, just across the Potomac from Washington lies the body of John G. Bourke, who in life was an officer of the fighting Third cavalry. Major Bourke's last

tour of active duty was in Chicago during the railroad strike of 1894. The cavalryman found time aside from his soldier duties to study the folklore of the North American Indians with whom he fought and was friendly alternately, as the government would have it, for years on years of life in the west.

Major Bourke was an active member at one time of the American association which makes folklore study a specialty. He was interested not only in the inherited tribal tales of the Sioux and the Apache, but he took within his study scope the folklore of all primitive peoples.

Into the side of the great stone monument erected to the memory of Gen. Crook and which stands near Major Bourke's grave in Arlington cemetery is set a bronze panel showing the scene of the surrender of the Apaches under Geronimo to Crook in the Sierra Madres 23 years ago. The faces of the Indians and of the army officers shown are portraits. One of the officers in the group is John G. Bourke, and there is a story in connection with the folklore major and the Geronimo campaign which others besides folklore people possibly may appreciate.

There had been a fight at long range with the Apaches in the mountains and Bourke's troop, dismounted, had been engaged. When the fight was over and the Apaches who escaped killing had made for farther mountain fastnesses, as was their custom, the troopers moved forward and found one Indian who had been shot between the eyes, the bullet coming out at the back of his head. It is needless to say, perhaps, that the Apache brave was dead.

Gen. Crook came up and found Major, then Captain, Bourke saying a few warm things to one of the duty sergeants of his troop. Bourke left the sergeant, and Crook, turning to the cavalry captain, said: "Bourke, what on earth has Sergeant Casey been doing this time?"

"Doing, general!" exclaimed Bourke wrathfully. "Doing enough; I tried for five years to make a sharpshooter out of Casey, and at the end of the time he couldn't hit the barracks if he was inside with the doors and windows shut."

"And yet, general, that fellow Casey here to-day at a clean 900 yards plugged and killed the only Apache in this whole southwestern country who could have given me the folklore story I've been after for years."

"I tell you, general, that Casey has escaped court-martial only by swearing the shot was a scratch."

It takes only a casual reader of the army orders which are published daily in Washington to make it known that more than one deserter who has been caught succeeds in escaping the punishment due him by sheer force of the pleas, pathetic and otherwise, which friends make for him. Occasionally there are extenuating circumstances even in the cases of deserters; but desertion is desertion, no matter how it is viewed, and clemency is not looked upon with favor by either regimental or company commanders, and in truth the deserters generally escape punishment, when they do escape, through the soft-heartedness of civilian secretaries of war.

It is said that occasionally deserters write to the wife of the president of the United States asking that she intercede for them with her husband. This plan worked once, but if the facts in the case are known to the present mistress of the White House it is probable that the letters of deserters caught and awaiting trial will receive scant attention.

The story of a deserter who appealed to a president's wife, and he did not appeal in vain, is a Fort Sheridan story. In the year 1890, just as the snow was beginning to fly in the fall, a young fellow went from Chicago to Fort Sheridan and there gave himself up as a deserter. It is probable that the cold weath-

er and lack of money had much to do with the former soldier's surrender to the authorities.

The records were looked up and it was found that the man was what he declared himself to be—a deserter, and nothing less. He was locked in the guardhouse to await trial, and the waiting was not long, for a court-martial was convened and the result of the officers' deliberations was a sentence of four years in Fort Leavenworth for the prisoner.

Then it was that the deserter began to think he had been a fool to give himself up and he began to think of something else as well. It was just a week before Christmas when the prisoner sat down in his cell and wrote a letter to Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, White House, D. C. Afterward a fellow prisoner of the deserter said that he had been allowed to read the letter before it was sent to Washington and that it was such an appealing epistle that it made him weep. Mrs. Harrison was told how hard it was to be in prison during the glad Christmastide, when the world was bright from the reflection of happy faces, and when, if ever, pardon should come to the erring.

The president's wife received the letter and was so touched that she made it a point at once to interest her husband in the case. The result was that President Harrison pardoned the prisoner. The young fellow was released and by permission he stayed around the barracks at Fort Sheridan a few hours before leaving for Chicago.

When he left he carried away all the money which a sergeant of F company had been saving for a year to use on furlough. The pardoned one also took a gold watch belonging to the first sergeant of the same company.

That deserter never was caught, and as far as it is known he never again gave himself up to the authorities. There was more than a rumor at the time, however, that two enlisted men in the United States army saw to it that the tale of the deserter's deeds was sent to the White House in order that the president's wife might learn that even a woman and a president's wife may sometimes mistake human nature.

CONDENSED COURTESY.

Wise Club Member Wheateaked German Baron Instead of Wineing and Dining Him.

A German baron—he said—blew into New York and got acquainted with some clubmen. He was put up at a club by one of them for the customary two weeks and paid his bills promptly.

There was great surprise when the man who put him up refused to make an application for a renewal of the courtesies of the club for the baron. Club members were indignant about it and one of them had a new card issued.

The baron appreciated the compliment and entertained lavishly. He left without paying his bills and the member who volunteered the second time had to settle.

"Did you lose anything?" he asked the man who had stood sponsor first time.

"No," he said. "I didn't wine and dine him, like you. I took him out one day and wheateaked him."—Saturday Evening Post.

A BOOKMARK CHURCH.

In Japan, under the guidance of Rev. David S. Spencer as presiding elder, many of the native churches have been engaged in a strong effort toward self-support. The Toyohashi church was built of the proceeds of the sale of silk bookmarks made by the members of the congregation. These silk slips with tassels were sold by friends in other lands. Some of the workers made elegant embroidered silk handkerchiefs, which are also sent for sale among the people of the home land. The Japanese are showing themselves in labors and patience true types of the Christian.

Windy Wills.

As a contrast to the short will of E. H. Harriman, one might mention the will of the late Lord Grimthorpe, in the framing of which no fewer than 11,070 words were used; and that of Mr. Edward Bush, a retired Gloucester engineer, who died last autumn worth £114,813, and disposed of it in a will containing 26,000 words.—Strand.

THE ONLOOKER
WILBUR D. NESBIT

THE IDEAL



Thith here front tooth—wy, it wath looth—
That ith, the front tooth that wath here
Where thith here hole ith; 'cauthe the looth
Ith gone now, that 'th wath looth the queer.
An' my ma thie thaid if I would
Go where the dentith ith, an' be
Real brave an' big an' awful good
An' get it pulled thie'd jutit love me!

But I'm afraid, an' I won't go.
An' tho my pa he laugh an' thaid
He'd be the dentith, cauthe he know
The way to pull a tooth with thread.
An' he wropped thread around th' tooth.
But when he'd go to pull it out
I wriggle till th' thread come looth
An' won't let my pa come about.

An' my aunt Thue thie thay th' right!
That little boyth 'ith full o' nerveth
An' oughtn't to be give a fright
The long ath gentle patienthe therveth
The purpethel an' she atiked me let
Her thos the tooth—but when thie try
To thake it til it will upath
It thare me till I part' near cry.

Nen pa be thoid an' ma thie thay
It's thilly to be thuch a calf,
An' my aunt Thue thie turn away
An' laugh an' laugh an' laugh an' laugh!
At all of ut! An' pa get mad
An' my ma thie aceth kind o' croth
An' thay 'at I'm a actin' bad—
An' pa thay for me not to thauthe.

Tho bye an' bye they let me be
An' after while I go to thieep—
Nex' mornin' what you th'peth I thee?
Wy, thith here tooth! An' now I keep
It packed away with all my thingth
In thith here box up on the thieif
With all my marblith, toph and ringth—
'Cauthe it's a tooth that pull itthelf!



A Good Samaritan.

A man with red eyes and red nose and red hair stood at the side of the street and sneezed dolefully. It was not one of these surprise sneezes that creep upon us unawares. Not one of these titillating sneezes that cause us to pucker the nose and wink the eyes and catch the breath and then kachoo at the top of the voice from sheer joy in sneezing. That sort of sneeze is not vouchsafed to us every day. That sort of sneeze comes infrequently. We do not care then if we have been sitting in a draught. Nor if we have gotten our feet wet. The point is that we have sneezed. Most of us rejoice in it. A sneeze of that kind we will render gloriously and valiantly as who should say to all the world: "Listen and hear what sneezing is when it is done by the boss sneezer of the universe."

We left the man with the red eyes and nose and hair at the side of the street sneezing, but it does not matter. We could go away and leave him there four weeks and he would sneeze with the impersonal, disinterested, mechanical regularity of a cuckoo cuckooing in a cuckoo clock. The man had hay fever.

To him came a man with kindly eyes and pleasant smiles. This man said:

"You have hay fever, have you not?"
The other man sneezed.

"Tell you how I cured myself," said the stranger. "I suffered from it until I hit on the idea of cutting my hair with a lawn mower."

But the sufferer merely sneezed sadly.

Dangerous Nowadays.

"Mr. Munneysax," says the dignified stranger, entering the private office of the plutocrat, "I have here a—"
With a quick glance Mr. Munneysax sees the stranger has in his hand a document of some sort, and immediately leaps through the window and is away. With the same promptness attendants leap upon the stranger and bear him to the floor, when they wrest from him the document.

"Lemme up!" cries the stranger.

"That's a pretty way to treat the chairman of a committee to invite Mr. Munneysax to be the guest of honor at a banquet."

Couldn't Fool Her.

"Miss Brown," asks the austere chaperon, "what would you do if a young man should ask you for a kiss?"

"Now, don't try to make me think you have lived as long as you have and haven't mastered that subject!" giggles Miss Brown.

Wilbur D. Nesbit.