

HOW ONE FEELS IN BATTLE

A reporter for the New York World, sent to gather from the men now in hospital expressions as to how they felt, "Just before the battle," put the direct question to Private C. F. McCoy, of the Marine hospital, Staten Island.

"For a moment he wore a puzzled look. 'Well, I guess,' he said, after a while, 'I just felt ordinary like—not exactly as if I were going to dinner, but well, just ordinary.'

"I suppose, like all the boys, I wanted a good, hard whack at the Spaniards, but nothing could knock it into my head that I was going to be hurt myself. Naturally, feeling like that, I wasn't scared. There was just one little bit of difference to ordinary times. We all wanted to be more loving-like to one another. When you are talking to a comrade and there is a chance that one or the other, or maybe both, will be dead men in a few hours—well, you naturally want to leave things just as nice as you can.

"Some of the boys who had tobacco—and tobacco was mighty scarce down there—passed it round to the other chaps, saying, 'Here, boys, take a bit, we may not be together again.'"

Louis Dorsey is only 18 years old, and probably joined the rough riders with all a boy's romanticism about the moving scenes of war.

"I was not afraid," he said, "but somehow I could not help feeling that I was never going to see my home again, and I went over to my mate, Ed Piper, my fellow townsman, to shake his hand and say good-by.

"I was wondering what mother would think of it just when the order to advance came. I was stationed with the Sims-Dudley dynamite gun, and when we moved into the line of fire I clean forgot everything, and all I wanted was to shoot Spaniards."

A devout Methodist's confidence in the Almighty was John Hendrick's strong support when the order came to his company to take its place in line.

"I had no fear of being killed," he said, as he sat propped up by pillows, for he is as yet unable to leave his cot, "because I asked the Lord to bring me out of it alive, and I was sure he would do it. You see," he added, as he showed his wound, "I didn't ask not to be wounded, just to get out alive was what I wanted, and here I am."

"Your first feeling, then, was to pray," the reporter asked.

"Sure!"

"And when you had said your prayers?"

"Well, I suppose I began thinking about my mother and brothers and sisters, but I reckoned they'd be all right, for I had confidence in the Lord. I wanted to get where I could fight best, not that I had any enmity to the Spaniards personally—I forgive the man who shot me—but I hated because I hated them as a nation and I hated their dirty doings in Cuba."

Corporal Andrew Treischmer confessed to a slight feeling of nervousness.

"I wouldn't have been a man if I was nervous for more than a minute, for the coolest and bravest man in the army led us. Even a born coward couldn't help feeling brave when led by Colonel Hugh Thacker. When we were dodging shells he walked right along the front of the line, cheering us on and never bending his head."

One soldier, who did not wish his name published, declared that the only thing troubling him was how long the fighting would delay the dinner hour.

"I was just hungry—a real good appetite, and I only considered the fighting as a kind of grace before meat," he said.

Her Pup Followed His Pipe.

A young woman entered the smoking car of a Brooklyn elevated train last week wearing a large cape, which concealed something. She looked demurely at the men who scrutinized her and took the only vacant seat, which happened to be next an Irish workman, who was filling half the air with smoke from a small clay pipe.

The curious quickly found an explanation of the young woman's bold entrance of the smoker when she threw her cape aside and revealed a young fox terrier, which seemed happy to get fresh air.

The workman watched the puppy interestedly and sent a cloud of smoke into the air in staccato puffs. The young woman coughed, frowned, and said sharply:

"What a horrible pipe; why don't you throw it away?"

"This is the smoker, miss," replied the Irishman.

"What if it is? How is a lady going to breathe in the presence of a thing like that?"

"Why don't you throw the dog away?" said the man.

"I'll show you what to throw away, you brute," said the woman. She snatched the workman's pipe from his mouth and threw it out on the station platform, which had just been reached.

The bereft man glared for a moment, at the angry woman, and, like a flash, seized the fox terrier by the nape of the neck and landed the dog outside the car window on the platform.

The woman screamed and ran out of the car. She rushed through the gate and when the laughing passengers looked out of the windows as the train drew away they beheld the puppy trotting toward its mistress bearing in its mouth the Irishman's clay pipe.

Among the Kols of Central India a sham fight always accompanies the wedding ceremony. In Persia a bonfire always plays an important part in the marriage ceremony, the service being read over in front of it.

STORY OF TWO BROTHERS.

Mrs. Richard O'Dowd of 2106 G street has received a brief letter from her son, Richard Montgomery O'Dowd, a corporal in company D of the Sixteenth United States Infantry, at Santiago, informing her of the death of her eldest son, John Roger O'Dowd, a private in company A, Seventh United States Infantry.

There is a singular circumstance connected with the O'Dowd boys. John had been in the army and navy altogether for more than twenty years, and when the war broke out was stationed in Colorado, where he leaves a wife and one child. His mother and brother did not know what regiment he was in, and did not know where he was located until they heard of his death, as he had not written home in a long time. Richard has also been in the army for a number of enlistments, and for many years had acted as quartermaster's clerk. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar in Boise City, Idaho, where he has practiced for a number of years. When the war was declared he too enlisted in the regular army, and was assigned to the Sixteenth regiment and went to Cuba.

The brothers did not meet either in camp or on board the transports, but on the first day of the fight before Santiago the Seventh and Sixteenth regiments were lined up side by side in the thickest of the encounter. One of the first to fall was John Roger O'Dowd. As the day was drawing to a close, Corporal O'Dowd was informed by a comrade that a private named O'Dowd had been picked up among the killed. He searched for the dead body, knowing that John was somewhere in the army, and to his great grief found that it was his brother. Immediately, while the fighting was still in progress, he took from his pocket a little notebook and wrote a few lines to his mother in this city informing her of his sad discovery of his brother's death, and sent it to the rear so that it would be mailed to her in case of his own death. He informed her then that the bullets were flying thick and fast about him at the time he wrote, and perhaps long before she should receive the note he too might be numbered among the dead.

This is all the information that Mrs. O'Dowd has received from her two sons at the front, except seeing John R. O'Dowd's name mentioned in the list of killed, and an unofficial and unconfirmed report that her other son had also been severely wounded. The brief letter also stated that her eldest son, as he lay dying on the field, had taken off his ring and placed it in the hands of a comrade to give to his mother in case he ever reached Washington alive. In addition to Mrs. O'Dowd's grief over her sons, her husband, who fought all through the Mexican war, now lies at the point of death in this city, nearly 70 years of age. He was for forty years a clerk in one of the departments. Mrs. O'Dowd has made an effort at the war department to have the body of her son removed to this city, but fears that she will be unsuccessful.

A Fastidious Thief.

Chicago police are looking for a gentleman. They are also looking for a thief. The gentleman and the thief will be one and the same person, a man of excellent judgment and an expert in his profession.

The detective who discovers this anomalous personage will be clever, far more clever than the ordinary run of his supposedly clever class. He may find a gentleman tallying with his description—an apparently well-bred fellow, dressed in a suit of gray summer tweed, new and faultless tailored, a soft felt hat of pale gray, a pink cheviot shirt, pink silk underwear and plaid silk hose; a walking stick and yellow gloves will complete the toilet.

Then, again, the person called for may be attired like a tramp. He may be ragged and unkempt; he may be rough; he may be a regular hobo.

The difficulties in a search of this kind are apparent. Still the search will be vigorous and the burglar may be caught. If he is a gentleman at the time of his arrest he will be wearing the pick of an extensive wardrobe belonging to E. C. Marble of River Forest, whose house he looted on Sunday night.

Mr. Marble and his family were out for the evening and the burglar had plenty of time for selecting his appropriations. That he was careful and used the very best of taste is evidenced by that which was left behind.

Patent leather he chose for his footwear, instead of calf or English enamel and a \$5 hat he picked from three others valued at \$3.50.

The thief went through the house systematically, turning the contents of every drawer onto the floor. He even looked for treasure under the corners of the carpets and turned the pictures face to the wall lest there might be something behind them.

When he had done all these things and had eaten a bite betimes he made an elaborate toilet. Then he thoughtfully lowered the gas, turned the latch in the front door and stepped out as might a king from his own palace. In his vest pocket were \$65, two diamond rings valued at \$150, a diamond brooch worth \$100 and \$100 worth of small jewelry.

The exhaust from steam engines is silenced by a new muffler, formed of a series of curved chambers of increasing capacity, separated by asbestos gauze partitions.

Bicycle saddles are being made in Germany with the rear under portion formed into a leather pouch, with the flap secured by snap buttons, to provide a receptacle for tools.

ALL LOST, BUT HONOR.

We were waiting for a train at a Georgia railroad station when a funnel-shaped cloud appeared in the southwest, and it was remarked that a thunder shower was probable. A native stepped forward after a while and took a long squint at the cloud and then drawlingly said:

"That's one o' them cyclones, that is, and everybody what don't be blown away had better get into a ditch."

The station agent took a look and agreed that it would be prudent to go into hiding. There were eleven of us, and we went up the track a few rods and took cover in the deep ditch. We hadn't been there over five minutes when a cyclone came sweeping up the valley with a wild shriek, and if we hadn't hung onto each other all would have been blown out of the ditch. It was over in fifteen seconds, but it took the station house, fences and trees along, and the big pine forest to the north had a swath forty rods wide cut through its center. Half a mile above us was a cabin, and after the storm three or four of us set out to the rescue of the people. The forest trees had been uprooted and dashed about until we felt sure that the people of the house had met instant death. After a hard journey we reached the place. The house was gone, and every tree around it leveled, and we were sure that the people of the house had met instant death. After a hard journey we reached the place. The house was gone, and every tree around it leveled, and we were sure that the people of the house had met instant death.

They had just repulsed an attack made by the Nineteenth Wisconsin regiment. The latter had fallen back through the field and were lost to view. Dusk was fast gathering, rendering the scene indistinct and brightening the glare of flashing musketry on all sides, the incessant roll and rattle of which told that the battle raged.

The men of the Seventh were weary with a long day's fighting and were taking a needed rest, preparatory to charging in their turn, the enemy, whom they knew was concealed somewhere in or beyond the ravine.

It was at this moment that Sergeant Bell performed this remarkable feat—a feat that which no more daring act was ever attempted in ancient or modern warfare, and which, if it had been performed under Napoleon's eye, would have won the gallant soldier instant promotion and the grand cross of the "legion of honor."

While the regiment was at fatigue rest, Sergeant Bell thought he would reconnoiter and, climbing over the works, he moved stealthily across the field and obliqued, so as to meet the ravine at its head.

Here he beheld a sight which almost paralyzed him. The ravine was full of federals and he run plump upon them. To retreat would have been dangerous, it was one man against hundreds, and Captain Bell determined in a moment to capture the regiment and take the colors with his own hands. Boldness was safety in this instance, though few men would have the courage to think so; without a pause he dashed boldly forward, firing his musket into the ranks of the enemy, crying: "Surrender! Throw down your arms!"

The Seventh Georgia heard the cries and shots and sprang across the field like bloodhounds, slipped from the leash, but too late to rob the gallant soldier of the honor due him for his daring act, and when the leading files of the regiment appeared they beheld 500 or 400 men marching toward the works. Bell had captured them single-handed and alone, and taken the colors of the Nineteenth Wisconsin regiment with his own hands.

The captured regiment was sent to the rear amid great laughter, and Sergeant Bell became the hero of the hour. Nor can it be said that the support of his own regiment enabled him to accomplish this unparalleled feat, for it was the opinion of many witnesses of the scene that had the whole regiment appeared, coming across the field, they would have been saluted with a volley, and an obstinate fight would have ensued, ending in the repulse of the attacking troops, but the sudden apparition of a single wild figure darting out of the gloom, yelling and firing into their midst, so disconcerted them that they yielded to a general panic, and were prisoners almost before they knew it.

For when Sergeant Bell dashed at them at the head of the ravine, first one man rose up and surrendered, then another, and another, and in less than two minutes they were all prisoners, and the colors of the Nineteenth Wisconsin were in Bell's hands. The hero of this incident is a hale, handsome man, about 45, with grizzled hair and mustache. He is as modest as he is brave and the story told here came from the lips of his comrades, who were with him and who witnessed the remarkable feat on that October day.

In 1894, in conversation with a friend, Captain Bell expressed a great desire to know the fate of the gallant color bearer, whom he had met on the field of battle so long ago, and whom he had always regarded as a brave, heroic soldier.

The friend, without informing him of his intention, inserted in a Wisconsin paper a little notice to the effect that the color bearer of the Nineteenth Wisconsin regiment, if still alive, would please confer with James L. Bell, Atlanta, Ga. The result of the notice was an interesting correspondence in which the death of John Fallier, the color bearer, was told of.

On one occasion a well-to-do cobbler, who, in the course of his long wedded life had buried three wives, about whose graves he had erected a handsome headstone, on resolving not to marry a fourth, instructed the sculptor to engrave under the name of the third the brief but appropriate inscription: "A Shoemaker's Last."

A HERO OF THE CIVIL WAR

Ex-Sheriff Charles Wells tells a remarkable story of an incident that occurred while the Seventh Georgia regiment was campaigning in the valley of Virginia.

The hero of this wonderful feat is alive and is no less a person than Captain James L. Bell, who daily takes his train in and out of Atlanta on the Atlanta & West Point railroad, and is as popular a conductor in peace as he was brave and daring in war.

The facts of this story, while strictly true and known to all the surviving members of the Seventh Georgia regiment, constitute one of the most wonderful achievements ever performed on the theater of war, and go toward explaining the reason why whole bodies of well disciplined men are liable to sudden and uncontrollable panics.

It was during Pope's advance on Richmond that the Seventh Georgia regiment, after a day of hard and incessant fighting, found itself on the confines of a large field, across the center of which ran a deep ravine as straight as an arrow.

The exigencies of the battle had in a measure separated them from the touch of their comrades on either flank, and although the firing was incessant all around them, no enemy was at that moment visible in their front.

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SOOVAL STORY OF THE SLAP

General Shafter struck me in the face. The blow was stinging, quick and absolutely unlooked for. I answered it.

Such was my offense in the public square of Santiago after the close of the entrance ceremonies July 17, 1898.

I had not signed the "Articles of War," never having applied for a military license. Nevertheless, I was under control, and should have borne General Shafter's blow. Whether General Shafter had any provocation for striking me appears in the following detailed account of the whole affair. Enough men cognizant of the matter are now in New York to substantiate this presentation of an incident whose occurrences I naturally regret. I have awaited their coming before making any statement whatsoever to the public. Meanwhile, the published accounts have been false, inasmuch as they have told only half the truth.

Had I really done the things generally ascribed to me I should and certainly would have been shot. Grant would have ordered a court-martial for that purpose. Shafter would surely have done so.

Shortly after the American flag was to be raised over Santiago palace I assisted Lieutenant Miley to gain the roof where was the flagstaff. General Shafter's son-in-law, a civilian appointee, and Lieutenant Wheeler, son of General Wheeler, were already there. There was no prohibition, expressed or implied, as to my going upon the roof. Soon after Lieutenant Miley ascended I gained the extreme rear portion of the roof—practically another part of it. My head and shoulders alone were above the ridge. I was fully thirty feet from the flagstaff, was out of sight from the officers in the square below, and could be seen only from the extreme opposite side of the square. In no sense was I an intruder and certainly I had no such intention. I had chosen that position to be able to observe accurately every movement in the raising of the flag, and make that the feature of my account of the ceremonies. This minute observation could not be had from the square below on account of a low parapet.

Lieutenant Wheeler saw me on the roof, bowed and smiled. Later Captain McKittick, General Shafter's son-in-law, turned and saw me taking notes. He asked Lieutenant Miley: "Who is that man?"

I answered, giving my name. Lieutenant Miley ordered me down. Why this staff officer dislikes me is another story, entailing as it does the telling of the shameful reasons why we lost so many men at the taking of San Juan, Cuba.

I obeyed the order to leave the roof, but did not move as quickly as Lieutenant Miley wished, and he called down to General Shafter: "There is a man on the roof who won't get down." The answer was: "Throw him down." But even before Lieutenant Miley had spoken to the general I was upon the tree which served as a ladder. Before he had finished I had descended and stood in the palace door, where a throng was gathered watching the soldiers.

The flag ascended, the band played the "Star Spangled Banner," and then everyone formally congratulated General Shafter as representing a victorious nation. After the principal congratulations Mr. De Armas of the Sun proposed to General Shafter that the soldiers be allowed to cheer the flag. I seconded the suggestion made by Mr. De Armas.

General Shafter seemed pleased, and stepped toward the ranks. All the men watched him. He spoke to an officer there. That officer turned about, faced the lines, and called for "three cheers for General Shafter." The men smiled. They cheered faintly. The commander-in-chief became intensely irritated. Apparently the officer had misunderstood General Shafter's order, and either that fact or the faint response to the call for cheers infuriated his chief.

Although I noticed General Shafter's anger, I did not heed as much as I should have that he was very angry. What chiefly concerned me at the moment was that presently I should have to leave the palace to forward my dispatches, and I sincerely desired to make an explanation to General Shafter concerning my presence on the roof. Had I paused to consider how the general was more than annoyed by the blunder as to the cheering, I should, of course, have realized that it was an inopportune moment to make my desired explanation to him. And so, unfortunately, while he was yet angry I approached him.

Before I had finished explaining to him that I was the man who had been on the roof, but that I certainly had no intention of causing any trouble there, he used the most violent language in denouncing all correspondents as liars and nuisances. His exact words are not fit for publication.

I should have remained silent. According to military custom, a subordinate should put his feelings in his pocket. But I told General Shafter he should not use such language to me. He had taken a step away while I spoke, but now he turned very quickly for one of his weight—he weighs 310 pounds and I weigh 150 pounds—and with the force of his swing and an advancing step, William R. Shafter, major general, commanding the Fifth army corps, struck me a full-arm blow in the face.

Of the previous thirty hours I had been in the saddle eighteen, had slept four and had worked hard the others. I had eaten nothing for eighteen hours. I had neither the strength nor the nerve to stiffen myself against such a sudden, unexpected blow, and thought-

lessly, without premeditation and of the natural impulse of the moment, I returned it. I was quickly drawn away by several staff officers, and I said to General Shafter exactly this: "You—a major general—commanding a United States army—you ought to be ashamed of yourself." I said nothing else. Many heard and saw all that took place.

The general then said: "Take a file of soldiers and detain that man. Let no one see him." He took a step toward the palace, stopped, turned and said, "Let no one speak to him." Another step, General Shafter stopped and said "Let no one come anywhere near him." And finally, the fourth time, the general, now quite near the palace door, shouted, "You be sure that no one comes near that man."

I was handed over to the Spanish authorities and placed, incommunicado, in the town jail.

If I had been the aggressor, if I had been alone in the wrong, I can not doubt, nor will anyone who knows General Shafter doubt, that I would have been court-martialed for my life.

New York Too Big For Him.

"New York is too big for me," sighed the clerk in a Nassau street office, "and I want to go back to my dear native land. I've lived here now for going on two years, and the feeling of strangeness and of immensity and distance is fully as strong now as it was the first day I landed here. In my town in the west—and it had over 200,000 people, so it is no village—I knew a letter carrier or two, a policeman on the beat where I lived and another on the beat where I worked. I knew the milkman and the huckster; I knew the fruit stand men; among the clerks in the stores where I did my dealing I had several very pleasant store acquaintances, and I was on terms with half a dozen street car conductors and drivers. Of course, the acquaintance was a business one, and I did not claim any social recognition, but I had a speaking acquaintance, and it was agreeable to me to be greeted by any or all of them with a smile or a nod or a 'good morning.' But here it is all so different. I guess the humanity is rushed or crowded out of everybody. I know that all my attempts at friendliness are repelled with a freezing formality that reminds me of swell society. It is worse, for there is a sense of suspicion, and I feel that I am watched as if I had sinister designs of some kind. I don't recall ever having been a policeman or letter carrier smile when on duty, and once or twice, when I was feeling good and attempted to be a bit frivolous with them, I was frowned down as if I had been guilty of a breach of etiquette. Indeed, I always feel in addressing them as if they resented my speaking to them without an introduction. I have found policemen some different in Brooklyn, but it is nearly as far to Brooklyn as it is out home, and I can't go there for relief from the strain. I have been in a good many New York stores, and in some of them a good many times, but, with out exception, the clerks never recognize me when I come again, and if in thoughtless exuberance I have said 'good morning' to one of them, as one naturally would in meeting something familiar in the desert of Sahara, while I might be greeted in the same words, the tone of the speaker made them sound as if the clerk was thinking, 'what tell!' Yes, New York is too big. It is 3,000,000 of people divide up into 3,000 societies of 1,000 each, and if you get out of your thousand you are viewed with alarm and pointed at with suspicion by all the other thousands."

Story of a Quartermaster.

It would seem as if some of the boys at Santiago were in about as big a hurry to get home as they were to get there, and for a better reason. Old soldiers say that no army ever suffered so much in so short a time without reason as our troops around Santiago, and there is going to be a lot of inquiries and investigations and criminalities and recriminations before we get through talking about it. They tell a story of a German-American regiment which landed one night in a rain so heavy that it seemed as if the bottom had dropped out of the sky, without tents or blankets or ponchos, or any form of shelter. Everybody seemed to think it was the quartermaster's fault. The colonel overhauled him, the lieutenant colonel gave him a blowing up, the surgeon swore at him, and he got it on all sides from the three majors and every captain in the regiment. Finally, when his patience was entirely exhausted a sergeant from one of the companies inquired when the tents would be up.

"Sundimes or never," was the tart reply.

"Well, Dutchy," was the impertinent reply, "can't you give my men some blankets or ponchos or something?"

"Yes, by gosh! I gib dem eberytings they wants anyhow altogether. Yust tell 'em ebery man gets a hair mattress and a silk umprella. By gosh! You fellows dinks I can do eberydings?" he yelled, growing furious. "You dinks I makes dis rain! You dinks I make dis war! You dinks I was Presidents McKinley and Sheneral Miles and ebery old ting! I didn't ask you to gum to dis war! You sit on the steps and you giry cause you don't get ordered arrety, and now ven you get here you don't lak it any more and you blame of the quardmaster! I saw to — mit war, to — mit Spain, to — mit eberytings!" and he turned into the dark to hide his emotion.

The transport Gate City, from Santiago, has arrived off Montauk Point and is being inspected by quarantine officers.