

CLEM C. JONES OF BATTALION THREE.

[Written by E. J. Arnold, after reading the famous sketch "Taking a Message to Garcia."]

During a fierce encounter before Jaro, Sergeant Clem C. Jones, of the Third Battalion, Tennessee Regiment, made a dash from the outposts across eight hundred yards of open rice fields, forded a river, seized a rebel standard, and returned unscathed with his trophy through a hail of Mauser bullets from the Filipino intrenchments. It was the most desperate deed of daring the war has produced.—A Cablegram from Manila.

The famous article, "Taking a Message to Garcia," has hardly reached the length and breadth of our country before the daring act of Clem Jones, of Battalion Three, Tennessee Regiment, adds another event to our roll of honor. His act strikes the writer with additional force, because but a few months ago in San Francisco (where he then was) the Tennessee regiment arrived and pitched camp at the Presidio, and by acts of lawlessness, and even murder, obtained a hard name in 'Frisco. The Kansas boys arrived about the same time in tatters, a study in lack of discipline and preponderance of rags. Shabby civilian clothes scarce covered their burly, healthy bodies. So different, indeed, looked these betattered recruits from Bleeding Kansas that when marching up Market street, San Francisco, they were openly laughed at. But Tennessee and Kansas have been heard from nobly and persistently—when the Mausers flew. First in the charge Funston of Kansas; Stotsenberg led these Kansas heroes until he died. In life the boys said he was the greatest martinet in the United States army. When he dropped dead before Malolos these boys wept on the field of battle, and covering his body with the colors of the regiment calmly carried him from the hail of bullets whistling around them. Feared and even reviled in life; honored and wept for in death. The Kansas boys cannot be judged by outward appearances; clothed as outcasts their acts were those of heroes. The actions of a few Tennessee soldiers in San Francisco (notably drunken brawls and one murder) cast a stain upon the whole regiment, but on the fields of the Philippines the Tennessee boys wiped out the stains. The aggregate swept away the dishonor of the minority, and now the dare-devil act of Clem Jones forms the topic of discussion wherever the roll of honor is referred to. Deeds like this go down to glory; they stimulate in the present and provoke emulation in the future.

Clem Jones is not cast in the outward mold of a hero, judging from appearances, yet he made a dash for the outposts across 800 yards of rice fields. Again appearances are often deceptive. Great acts of daring become even greater

when done on the spur of the moment and as an object lesson of lack of fear; an action to inspire confidence in others around the hero. Clem Jones "dashed from the outposts." Note, he was even then among the leaders, the advance guard entering the enemy's camp. That position alone was one of danger, but it did not satisfy Jones. He wanted to give a moral setback to the Filipinos and inspire added bravery to his comrades.

He did it openly across half-a-mile of rice fields and forded a river. Mauser bullets appalled him not and the added dangers of an unknown stream could not deter him. Clem Jones was not a hero for a moment, each bound more he made was fraught with danger, the end a chain of heroic deeds. Dripping wet, overheated, probably every muscle strained to its utmost tension, he rushed into the Filipino's entrenchments and seizing their standard from its position (with an act characteristic of the Yankee dash) he cheered and leaped back through a perfect hell of the enemy's yells and bullets, way through the swollen stream, across the half-mile of open rice fields, through the outposts back to the heart of his regiment he dashed, and, to add to the glorious success of the whole deed, he arrived "unscathed." Furthermore, the cablegram at the head of this article is all we know of Clem Jones's famous deed. Yet his dashing capture of that flag goes down to fame.

We need men like Jones. Men who can act on their own impulse and responsibility. Men who can come out of the rut and routine of daily duties and make a dash way way into the heart of the enemy's camp. Men of moral as well as physical courage! Men who do things not because *ordered* by their superiors, but who can act on their own standard of life and its responsibilities. We want men who, in grasping the force of example, can cross half a mile of known and certain danger and have enough reserve force to ford the river and strong enough then to act. We want men who can fight difficulties and red tapeism when necessary and create precedents. We want men who can keep their heads in the midst of a thousand petty troubles; can fight down obstacles; batter down prejudices; face the full force of even unanimous disapproval; men who believe in the ultimate right of an act and do it for the power of right and against the force of might.

We want men who can capture the standard, hold it, bring it back and plant it amid new scenes and a new policy. We don't expect the impossible. Men cannot all be Clem Joneses; go into the very jaws of death with all the vim of the noble Six Hundred, but, unlike them, come out unscathed. The halo of success which surrounds these acts of dare-devil bravery sometimes spoils men, but, judging from the acts of both the Kansas and Tennessee boys, there are

those who keep as cool after being heroes as when absolutely unknown.

It is foolish to suppose that war is the only field wherein we can reap fame. Peace hath her victories; commerce her heroes; daily life her Hobsons; constant responsibility her Funstons; duty her Joneses and every day its heroes. The man who is working for his daily wage may not find today an opportunity to become a Clem Jones, but his employer watches him and knows whether he has the right man in the right place. Doing one's full duty—full duty, understand—is not easy. It is never easy to do any one thing well. The merchant prince has duties to his employees, the buyer to his employer, the assistant to his "boss." If we do our duty we have the satisfaction of knowing it, and there is an added pleasure in time, because, you can say what you will—blood will tell. Merit wins, perhaps not as quickly as we would wish, but the daily and hourly duties faithfully, conscientiously performed bring certain recognition.

Clem Jones *won fame with a dash*. You and I win recognition by slowly doing our duty. Clem Jones rushed over a half-mile of open risk and danger. You and I may have to plod along for years doing our duty, slowly rising step by step, reward coming only after long toil. But we are heroes just the same. Every man is a hero who fully does his duty. Conscience adorns his brow with a wreath of content. Clem Jones came out from a shower of Mauser bullets unscathed. Clem Jones was lucky. We may have many a wound, many a time, each time worse than before, but the end should glorify the past. When the reward comes we forget the scars, the wrinkles, the past. Conscience crowns more heroes than the world will ever know. The man who is talked of most may not be the greatest hero. The violet often blooms and perfumes all its little world and dies unknown. Neither you nor I can give a list of heroes. No man can, but if you wish you can die a hero.

A PREACHER'S VIEW. THE CONSERVATIVE congratulated a clergyman upon

the fact that Chaplain Mailey made a good fighter in the Philippines and a fairly interesting speaker in a political campaign. But the domine declared that he found no comfort in the selection of House Rent Holcomb for the supreme court, and in the pathos of his despair quoted this from the Bible: "Judgment is turned away backward, and Justice standeth afar off; for Truth is fallen in the street, and Equity can not enter."

Bryan and the bicycle are not altogether unlike. The former is tired when the wind is out and the latter when the wind is in.