

NEWS FROM THE FRONT.

A WAR STORY OF TODAY.

By ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

(Copyright, 1898, by S. S. McClure Co.) "There ain't anything sadder of a cyclone could get Judith Talbot and Achsa Hawes within speaking distance, and then they'd have to be blown together face to face!" "You think they'd speak then, Uncle Purdy? I don't!" "Uncle Purdy wheezed gently in lieu of a laugh. He felt over the arid waste of his head for his spectacles, and adjusting them, peered through at the two women going by. They were on opposite sides of the street. They carried their heads rigidly erect and both their tall figures forked ahead with resolute swings of stiff, black petticoats.

"Dear land! murmured one of the other loungers on the postoffice steps. "That's all the like-ness there is 'twixt 'em!" chuckled the joker, who never neglected small opportunities for want of greater. "They're both real good women—real good women," said the little man in the blue jeans, mildly. The remark was well received, for it was known that he claimed relationship to Achsa Hawes through the devious winding ways that blood can run. Naturally it could not be expected of the little blue jeans man to call Achsa's sworn enemy a "real good woman." The loungers all appreciated the magnanimity. "O, yes, they'll both go to heaven," Uncle Purdy said. "There ain't any trouble with Achsa Hawes and Judith Talbot's bringin' up in the right place."

HOW IT RANKS AMONG BATTLES

The Three-Day Fight at Santiago Makes a New Record.

LARGE PROPORTION OF OFFICERS KILLED

Ratio of Killed to Wounded Compared with Battles of the Civil War—Looking Backward Over Fighting Records.

In the proportion of officers killed to enlisted men in the three-day battle of Santiago, says the Philadelphia Times, America exceeded her highest previous record. General Shafter's army, which had two thousand three officers and 208 enlisted men were killed in those three days. The proportion, therefore, is a trifle over one to nine. In killed and wounded both, 103 officers and 1,411 men, the proportion is one to thirteen. In none of the battles of the United States, nor even in any one regiment of this country, has this record of the killed been equaled. The cause of this tremendously close proportion is not to be laid entirely to the superior bravery of the officers. That they were courageous and normally led their men the report shows. But officers, more now than ever before, are shying marks for the enemy. On either side any man in the ranks who aims his gun will direct his fire at an officer of the enemy, if he can see one and distinguish him by the shoulder straps and sword. When the enlisted men are lying down, and somewhat protected from hostile fire, the officers sometimes have to stand erect, in the rear, it is true, but upright, directing the fire and the movements of their men.

At Gettysburg, the greatest battle of the civil war, the ratio of the officers engaged was killed or wounded, as against 21 per cent of the men. At Shiloh 21 per cent of the officers were similarly disabled, while the proportion of the enlisted men was only 17 per cent. But Gettysburg was fought largely in the rear, on the high ground, where the trees concealed officers and men alike, the proportion was more nearly equal. The average proportion of officers to men killed in the last war was as one to sixteen. This was the ratio in the volunteers and in the regulars. In the regulars it was one to fourteen, and in the colored troops one to nineteen. It was higher in the cavalry and light artillery than in the infantry, being one to fourteen in each of these two arms of the service.

The Average Ratio.

The average ratio in the war is shown by the totals of killed and wounded, being 6,365 officers to 103,705 men. In the composition of most regiments at the beginning of the war, the proportion of officers to men was one to twenty-eight, but as the proportion of killed is one to sixteen, it can be seen that the officers performed their full measure of duty. Later in the war, when the enlisted strength of the regiments was depleted by the casualties, the proportion of officers to men was one to twenty-one or thereabouts, which still was less than the death ratio.

The smaller the military organization the greater is the possibility of a high proportion between the officers and enlisted men killed. The private's luck may bring him into the front line, where the odds are against him, while the officers are in the rear, where the odds are in their favor. In the regulars, where the trees concealed officers and men alike, the proportion was more nearly equal. The average proportion of officers to men killed in the last war was as one to sixteen. This was the ratio in the volunteers and in the regulars. In the regulars it was one to fourteen, and in the colored troops one to nineteen. It was higher in the cavalry and light artillery than in the infantry, being one to fourteen in each of these two arms of the service.

that Gibraltar of the Castilian, the blockhouse. Into the observatory of the Washington university, the war scene had been drawn out into solemn, unaccustomed length. He fingered his paper nervously. "Yes," Uncle Purdy groaned, "I forgot it. I just remembered that Achsa was a woman, then."

Down the quiet street Judith Talbot was hurrying. A great relief and a great pity were struggling in her plain, strong face. She was trying not to be glad that it was Achsa's boy instead of hers. She was trying honestly—but she was glad. How glad she was! There was so little room at first for anything but the blessed relief—for anything but little Jerome. Then she remembered Achsa. She thought of little Ivory then, and strangely enough the picture in her mind was of the sturdy little fellow walking hand-in-hand with little Jerome. O, no! No! he could not be wounded or dead! He was so little to be hurt! Ivory was Achsa's baby—poor Achsa!

"Uncle Purdy wanted me to break it to her—she forgot. He thought Achsa'd take it easier with me. I knew that was what he meant the minute he spoke. He forgot about Achsa and me. O, I can't think little Ivory's dead! He had such proud, independent ways, little Ivory had! He and Jerome! O, no, no, no! Achsa!"

An overwhelming sorrow for little Ivory's mother took possession of Judith Talbot. The pain stifled her and made her pant for breath as if she had been running. She clutched the terrible paper in her hand until her fingers were numb. Achsa's face opened it at all. It had not occurred to her to do it after the first heart leap of relief that came with Uncle Purdy's words.

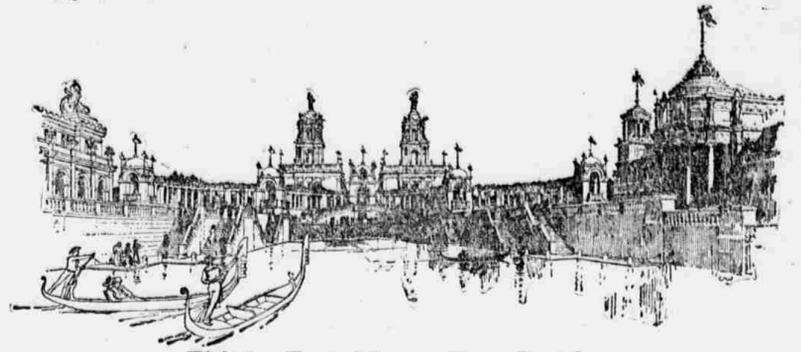
"Poor Achsa! O, poor Achsa!" murmured Judith Talbot over and over again in little gasps of horror. The bitterness, the long strangeness—everything was swept away on the tide of her pity. She longed unutterably to go and comfort little dead Ivory's mother.

"I'll go," she said aloud. "Lord in heaven help me comfort Achsa!" She sat up straight, looked wistfully back into the time when a worn white thread of path laid between the two houses, and little stubbed shoes were continually traversing it. How fond Ivory and little Jerome had been of each other! And now—what were the boys doing now? Dear land, dear land! In the other house little Jerome's mother rocked beside her window and remembered, too. She was not wistful and sad. She was thinking of the bitter time since the grass had grown under her feet. Achsa had been of each other! And now—what were the boys doing now? Dear land, dear land! In the other house little Jerome's mother rocked beside her window and remembered, too. She was not wistful and sad. She was thinking of the bitter time since the grass had grown under her feet.

Second Series

Photogravures of the Exposition Now Ready.

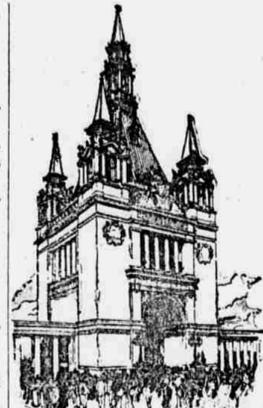
Some day it will be pleasing to remember the simple, classic beauty of the Grand Court, the Plaza with its music, the broad vista of the Bluff Tract and the hubbub and gaiety of the Midway. If you want pictures of the Exposition to bring it all back to you—you want the best. Every building and all the splendor of the Exposition, views of the whole effect and views showing detail, all have been reproduced in The Photogravure.



Thirty-Two Views Now Ready.

The following views have been issued:

- 1—Opening Day, June 1, 1898.
- 2—Northeast Corner of Court.
- 3—Government Building.
- 4—Main Entrance Agricultural Building.
- 5—Scene in Streets of All Nations.
- 6—Grand Court, Looking West.
- 7—Hagenback's on Children's day.
- 8—Grand Court, Looking South-west.
- 9—Fine Arts Building.
- 10—Nebraska Building.
- 11—Grand Court, Looking East.
- 12—Section of Fine Arts Bldg.
- 13—Grand Court at Night.
- 14—Main Entrance Horticultural Building.
- 15—Scene on North Midway.
- 16—Marine Band at Grand Plaza.
- 17—Grand Court from Restaurant Tower.
- 18—Administration Arch.
- 19—Liberal Art Building.
- 20—Government Building and Life Boat.
- 21—Manufacturer's Building.
- 22—Interior Manufacturer's Building.
- 23—Machinery and Electricity Building.
- 24—Illinois Building.
- 25—Arch of States.
- 26—Col. W. J. Bryan and Regiment—Military Day.
- 27—Agricultural Building.
- 28—Wisconsin Building.
- 29—Looking North from Administration Arch.
- 30—Section of East Midway.
- 31—Streets of Cairo.
- 32—Group of Orientals—Streets of All Nations.



Three for Ten Cents. Eight for Twenty-Five Cents. Thirty-Two with a Portfolio for \$1.00.

These are offered to Bee readers on heavy paper suitable for framing or for a collection of Exposition views.

A Portfolio Cover for 15 Cents.

In ordering by mail state which pictures you wish, by the title or number, and enclose 2 cents extra for mailing. For the full thirty-two enclose 10 cents extra for mailing.

Photogravure Department

The Omaha Daily Bee—Omaha—So. Omaha—Council Bluffs.

and the Seventeenth New York lost 190 out of 1,226. Losses of the Regulars. Besides the losses in the regular regiments in the civil war, which depleted their ranks, enlistment in them was not more popular in that war than it has been in this; so many regular regiments going into battle with ridiculously small numbers—in some cases not being as big as a company. But that did not affect the proportion of losses. The Tenth United States Infantry went into Gettysburg with only 93 men, but 22 of them, or 23 per cent, were killed. In the same battle the Seventh United States Infantry lost in killed 19 out of 118; the Eleventh United States Infantry, 35 out of 288; the Seventeenth United States Infantry, 43 out of 280, and at Stone's River the Eighteenth United States Infantry lost 102 killed out of 603.

A Slaughtered Regiment. No organization, either regiment or company, suffered such an overwhelming loss at Santiago as the First Minnesota on the second day of Gettysburg, thirty-five years ago. Hancock, to save time and allow reinforcements to come up, was obliged to order that regiment to charge a superior force of the enemy. He said to Colonel Colville: "Do you see these colors? Take them." Colonel Colville went in with 202 officers and men, of whom fifty were killed outright and 174 wounded; none were missing. Seventeen officers were killed or wounded, among the latter being the colonel, lieutenant colonel, major and adjutant. The killed, including the mortally wounded, numbered seventy-five, which was over 28 per cent of the whole number engaged. This proportion was not equaled by any other regiment in the entire war.

The Fifteenth New Jersey lost 116 killed and mortally wounded out of 432 at Spottsylvania, which was 28 per cent of those engaged. In fifteen minutes, at Cold Harbor, the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts lost seventy-four killed or mortally wounded out of 310—24 per cent. Two-thirds of the regiment were killed or wounded.

The One Hundred and Forty-first Pennsylvania lost forty-nine killed out of 198 at Gettysburg—24 per cent. Out of 198, 140 were killed or wounded. This regiment had gone into Chancellorsville the previous May with 417 men and lost there in killed and wounded 235.

Duress's Zouaves, the Fifth New York, lost at Manassas seventy-nine killed out of 170 wounded, besides forty-eight mortally wounded, out of 490. Its 127 killed (including the mortally wounded) was the largest number killed in any infantry regiment in one battle in the war, and it represented over one-fourth of the regiment. This is the regiment, which, at Gaines' Mill, where it lost 162 men, counted "four" under fire and closed up the gaps.

As a rule, the heavy artillery regiments did not see active service in the war until 1864, having been used the first three years in garrisoning the forts around Washington, and at other places. But when they did take the field to do real fighting, the result was entirely satisfactory to the men of the other arms of the service who had seen the heavies in easy work in the forts. The First Maine heavies took 950 officers and men into the assault on Petersburg on June 18, 1864 and lost 210 killed.

Comparison of the total number killed in a long-term regiment with the total number of the service who had seen the heavies is likely to be misleading, because among those enrolled are many non-combatants—musicians, teamsters, cooks, officers' servants, surgeons' assistants, quartermasters' men, and the sick, detailed and absentees. Nevertheless, in making such a comparison, the Second Wisconsin leads. It lost 238 men killed out of a total enrollment of 1,203, or 19.7 per cent. In killed and wounded together the loss of this regiment was 908. The Sixty-ninth New York—of one of them, for there were three—lost 259 killed out of a total enrollment of 1,513.

and the Seventeenth New York lost 190 out of 1,226. Losses of the Regulars. Besides the losses in the regular regiments in the civil war, which depleted their ranks, enlistment in them was not more popular in that war than it has been in this; so many regular regiments going into battle with ridiculously small numbers—in some cases not being as big as a company. But that did not affect the proportion of losses. The Tenth United States Infantry went into Gettysburg with only 93 men, but 22 of them, or 23 per cent, were killed. In the same battle the Seventh United States Infantry lost in killed 19 out of 118; the Eleventh United States Infantry, 35 out of 288; the Seventeenth United States Infantry, 43 out of 280, and at Stone's River the Eighteenth United States Infantry lost 102 killed out of 603.

A Slaughtered Regiment. No organization, either regiment or company, suffered such an overwhelming loss at Santiago as the First Minnesota on the second day of Gettysburg, thirty-five years ago. Hancock, to save time and allow reinforcements to come up, was obliged to order that regiment to charge a superior force of the enemy. He said to Colonel Colville: "Do you see these colors? Take them." Colonel Colville went in with 202 officers and men, of whom fifty were killed outright and 174 wounded; none were missing. Seventeen officers were killed or wounded, among the latter being the colonel, lieutenant colonel, major and adjutant. The killed, including the mortally wounded, numbered seventy-five, which was over 28 per cent of the whole number engaged. This proportion was not equaled by any other regiment in the entire war.

The Fifteenth New Jersey lost 116 killed and mortally wounded out of 432 at Spottsylvania, which was 28 per cent of those engaged. In fifteen minutes, at Cold Harbor, the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts lost seventy-four killed or mortally wounded out of 310—24 per cent. Two-thirds of the regiment were killed or wounded.

The One Hundred and Forty-first Pennsylvania lost forty-nine killed out of 198 at Gettysburg—24 per cent. Out of 198, 140 were killed or wounded. This regiment had gone into Chancellorsville the previous May with 417 men and lost there in killed and wounded 235.

Duress's Zouaves, the Fifth New York, lost at Manassas seventy-nine killed out of 170 wounded, besides forty-eight mortally wounded, out of 490. Its 127 killed (including the mortally wounded) was the largest number killed in any infantry regiment in one battle in the war, and it represented over one-fourth of the regiment. This is the regiment, which, at Gaines' Mill, where it lost 162 men, counted "four" under fire and closed up the gaps.

As a rule, the heavy artillery regiments did not see active service in the war until 1864, having been used the first three years in garrisoning the forts around Washington, and at other places. But when they did take the field to do real fighting, the result was entirely satisfactory to the men of the other arms of the service who had seen the heavies in easy work in the forts. The First Maine heavies took 950 officers and men into the assault on Petersburg on June 18, 1864 and lost 210 killed.

Comparison of the total number killed in a long-term regiment with the total number of the service who had seen the heavies is likely to be misleading, because among those enrolled are many non-combatants—musicians, teamsters, cooks, officers' servants, surgeons' assistants, quartermasters' men, and the sick, detailed and absentees. Nevertheless, in making such a comparison, the Second Wisconsin leads. It lost 238 men killed out of a total enrollment of 1,203, or 19.7 per cent. In killed and wounded together the loss of this regiment was 908. The Sixty-ninth New York—of one of them, for there were three—lost 259 killed out of a total enrollment of 1,513.

better understanding of the higher moral laws by the domestics in our homes! A Chicago organization, just formed, declares for its purpose the providing of "clean and elevating evening amusements for the girls and saleswomen of our large stores." All these charities are seriously entered upon, are well-intentioned, but they show a pitiable ignorance of needed reforms. Our farmers' wives are not sitting up nights looking for something to do. God knows they need no further burdens, no more "industries"; their need is for more rest, for more forms of recreation, which means cessation from labor. Our servants do not stand in need of the "clean and elevating" amusements; they do of more practical knowledge of their work and more consideration at the hands of their mistresses. Our shopgirls and saleswomen are not clamoring for "clean and elevating evening amusements" so much as that women shall shop a little more intelligently and systematically.

AN OLD-TIME TAR. He Sacrificed Himself to Save His Commander's Life. The naval history of the United States is replete with instances of individual bravery and heroism that have made Uncle Sam's sturdy tars especially dear to the hearts of all patriotic Americans.

One of the most remarkable of these heroic deeds, the unusual character of which has given it a special place in the naval annals of the country, says the Indianapolis News, was that of Reuben James, an ordinary seaman, who saved the life of his commander, the famous Commodore Stephen Decatur, by a deliberate act of self-sacrifice.

During a battle with Tripoli war vessels, in the early part of the present century, Decatur boarded one of the enemy's ships, to revenge the death of his brother, who had been treacherously killed by a Tripolitan commander. The latter was singled out for attack by Decatur, as soon as he got aboard, and a fierce hand-to-hand conflict ensued. The Turk was a large, powerful man, and grappled with Decatur, both men falling on the deck. Just then another Tripolitan officer aimed a blow with his sword at Decatur's defenseless head.

Reuben James, an American sailor, both of whose arms were temporarily disabled by wounds, saw the impending blow, and dashing forward, he interposed his own head to save that of his daring captain. Fortunately the blow was a glancing one, but it made a terrible gash in the skull. It was a long time before he recovered from the effects of the blow. His brave act was suitably recognized by congress, which granted him a pension, though he continued in active service.

Besides being a brave man, James was also a philosopher of the Diogenes type, though he probably had never heard of that wise old man's interview with the great Alexander. When his injuries had healed and he was again ready for duty James was asked by Decatur what he could do for him. The sailor, who was quarter gunner on the vessel, and had charge of the men's hammocks, touched his hat in a customary salute, and, after a moment's reflection, replied: "Nothing, sir, as I know on, 'cept you might let some 'un else give out the hammocks when they're tipped down."

Send your out of town friends three photogravures of the Exposition. Only ten cents. The Bee office has them.



WHEN IT WAS FRESH, SWEET MORNING IN THE WORLD AND JUDITH WENT DOWN THE LITTLE UNWORN PATH.

when they see each other coming along," the joker murmured, "nearly. The two women were out of sight now, down the sunny street of the little town. They were still abreast, with only the narrow stretch of dusty roadway between them, but there was not the slightest turning of their heads. Boys in blue on parade could hardly have trumped on more inflexibly erect.

"She's got on her best black skirt, too," thought Judith Talbot. "I can see it out of the tail of my eye. I wouldn't be a mite surprised if she'd put it on for the identical reason I did mine. Achsa's dreadful fond of ivory. I suppose she takes it real hard."

"Judith dressed up in black, too," across the street Achsa Hawes was musing. "Its that same black bombazine she wore to Jerome's funeral. That dress always means mourning. Judith thinks a sight of little Jerome."

Both women drifted presently into neat white houses at the extreme end of the sunny street. The houses were as much alike as the women, but they, too, had the same rigid, uncompromising aspect toward each other.

It was the beginning of the war, and the little town of Priestley had but recently sent away its generous contribution of "boys." Two of them had come out of the neat white houses at the end of the sunny street.

"I wore this dress to big Jerome's funeral, too," the mother of one of the "boys" was thinking beside her windowful of gay geraniums. Her thoughts were wistful. It seemed such a dreadful little white—no way. One way it seemed such a dreadful long while since big Jerome crossed the way had died. She remembered just how little Jerome looked. He and Ivory had walked together in the procession, in their little decorative black suits, and Ivory had wistfully wiped little Jerome's eyes with his wisp of white handkerchief. Judith had insisted upon Achsa's going with her, she said it was such a comfort.

"Dear land!" murmured Achsa aloud. She sat up straight, looked wistfully back into the time when a worn white thread of path laid between the two houses, and little stubbed shoes were continually traversing it. How fond Ivory and little Jerome had been of each other! And now—what were the boys doing now? Dear land, dear land! In the other house little Jerome's mother rocked beside her window and remembered, too. She was not wistful and sad. She was thinking of the bitter time since the grass had grown under her feet.

"I'll go," she said aloud. "Lord in heaven help me comfort Achsa!" She sat up straight, looked wistfully back into the time when a worn white thread of path laid between the two houses, and little stubbed shoes were continually traversing it. How fond Ivory and little Jerome had been of each other! And now—what were the boys doing now? Dear land, dear land! In the other house little Jerome's mother rocked beside her window and remembered, too. She was not wistful and sad. She was thinking of the bitter time since the grass had grown under her feet.

"I'll go," she said aloud. "Lord in heaven help me comfort Achsa!" She sat up straight, looked wistfully back into the time when a worn white thread of path laid between the two houses, and little stubbed shoes were continually traversing it. How fond Ivory and little Jerome had been of each other! And now—what were the boys doing now? Dear land, dear land! In the other house little Jerome's mother rocked beside her window and remembered, too. She was not wistful and sad. She was thinking of the bitter time since the grass had grown under her feet.

"I'll go," she said aloud. "Lord in heaven help me comfort Achsa!" She sat up straight, looked wistfully back into the time when a worn white thread of path laid between the two houses, and little stubbed shoes were continually traversing it. How fond Ivory and little Jerome had been of each other! And now—what were the boys doing now? Dear land, dear land! In the other house little Jerome's mother rocked beside her window and remembered, too. She was not wistful and sad. She was thinking of the bitter time since the grass had grown under her feet.

"I'll go," she said aloud. "Lord in heaven help me comfort Achsa!" She sat up straight, looked wistfully back into the time when a worn white thread of path laid between the two houses, and little stubbed shoes were continually traversing it. How fond Ivory and little Jerome had been of each other! And now—what were the boys doing now? Dear land, dear land! In the other house little Jerome's mother rocked beside her window and remembered, too. She was not wistful and sad. She was thinking of the bitter time since the grass had grown under her feet.

"I'll go," she said aloud. "Lord in heaven help me comfort Achsa!" She sat up straight, looked wistfully back into the time when a worn white thread of path laid between the two houses, and little stubbed shoes were continually traversing it. How fond Ivory and little Jerome had been of each other! And now—what were the boys doing now? Dear land, dear land! In the other house little Jerome's mother rocked beside her window and remembered, too. She was not wistful and sad. She was thinking of the bitter time since the grass had grown under her feet.

"I'll go," she said aloud. "Lord in heaven help me comfort Achsa!" She sat up straight, looked wistfully back into the time when a worn white thread of path laid between the two houses, and little stubbed shoes were continually traversing it. How fond Ivory and little Jerome had been of each other! And now—what were the boys doing now? Dear land, dear land! In the other house little Jerome's mother rocked beside her window and remembered, too. She was not wistful and sad. She was thinking of the bitter time since the grass had grown under her feet.

"I'll go," she said aloud. "Lord in heaven help me comfort Achsa!" She sat up straight, looked wistfully back into the time when a worn white thread of path laid between the two houses, and little stubbed shoes were continually traversing it. How fond Ivory and little Jerome had been of each other! And now—what were the boys doing now? Dear land, dear land! In the other house little Jerome's mother rocked beside her window and remembered, too. She was not wistful and sad. She was thinking of the bitter time since the grass had grown under her feet.

"I'll go," she said aloud. "Lord in heaven help me comfort Achsa!" She sat up straight, looked wistfully back into the time when a worn white thread of path laid between the two houses, and little stubbed shoes were continually traversing it. How fond Ivory and little Jerome had been of each other! And now—what were the boys doing now? Dear land, dear land! In the other house little Jerome's mother rocked beside her window and remembered, too. She was not wistful and sad. She was thinking of the bitter time since the grass had grown under her feet.

"I'll go," she said aloud. "Lord in heaven help me comfort Achsa!" She sat up straight, looked wistfully back into the time when a worn white thread of path laid between the two houses, and little stubbed shoes were continually traversing it. How fond Ivory and little Jerome had been of each other! And now—what were the boys doing now? Dear land, dear land! In the other house little Jerome's mother rocked beside her window and remembered, too. She was not wistful and sad. She was thinking of the bitter time since the grass had grown under her feet.