

HENRY'S WELL-WON SCARS

Stories of the Gaunt, Gray Commander of Porto Rico.

HIS ONE EYE LIKENED TO A BULLET

Indelible Marks of Perilous Campaigns Against Hostile Indians—Housing Spaniards and Leading a Sunday School.

"He is a small man, poor! small like my son," exclaimed one of the committee of Porto Ricans selected to pay its respects to the new commanding officer of the island, after the ceremony, "but his one eye, Madre de Dios! it is like a mauler bullet when it strikes you."



MAJOR GENERAL GUY V. HENRY IN HIS OFFICE (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY H. H. LEWIS.)

mixture of old-time courtesy and military brusqueness. The members of the committee still held in recollection the scene in the gorgeous reception chamber; the staff of American officers uniformed like veterans fresh from the field, the sunlight gleaming through the stained glass windows, the martial trappings of the attendant guard and that central figure which represented to them the majesty and might of the wonderful republic to the north which had freed them from the yoke of the Spanish oppressors.

A Major General's Sunday School. Several months ago, while in Ponce, Porto Rico, I saw General Henry, "Fighting Guy V.," his men loved to call him, stand up in the quiet old plaza of the city and address, through an interpreter, a number of natives on the subject of good government and on the value of becoming citizens of the great republic. I also saw him hold a Sunday school service in the same plaza and as he stood upon the same steps of the clock in the center, with a bible in his crippled hand, and told in simple words the story of the Christ, I noticed a number of American soldiers, roughly uniformed, and some of them in drink, stop and listen with rapt interest. As the crowd dispersed after the affair was over I heard one old bearded sergeant, who also bore marks of long service in the army, turn to a comrade and with a slap of his brawny hand, exclaim: "I fought under that man out in the Black Hills in '74. He's a scrapper, every inch of him, and he's the best officer that ever drew a saber, bar none. And he knows when a good word is better than a good bullet, too. He ain't much to look at, but you can bet every scar he's got has a story."

Story of a Crippled Hand. In the fall of 1874, when the Cheyenne Indians were setting the frontier ablaze in

set out with all possible speed toward the boundary, almost 100 miles distant. Forty-eight hours after the start a fierce sleet and hail storm sprang up, the wind sweeping across the plains with the fury of a hurricane. It finally became so violent that the trail was lost and the troops rode blindly through the blizzard. Presently one of the subordinate officers ventured to ask if it would not be well to camp in the shelter of a rise of ground until the inclement weather had abated. Colonel Henry shook his head. "No," he replied firmly, "we will keep on until we capture the Indians or run them to the boundary line." Drawing down his rough fur cap, he urged his horse steadily onward at the head of the straggling troops. That day passed and another morning dawned, but still the pursuit continued in the face of the biting, piercing gale which swept down from the north with unabated fury. Before noon of that day several of the horses gave out, dropping before the icy blast like stricken deer. At dark a number of packs were abandoned to provide mounts for those who had lost their animals. Finally a brief rest was called and, after many failures, a fire was started and coffee made. When orders were given to resume

titles getting between it and the main body. Colonel Henry, seeing the peril threatening his brother officer, sent his command pell-mell to the rescue. Just as they swept upon the Indians with uplifted sabers, a flying bullet struck Colonel Henry in the face, tearing through both cheeks, breaking the ridge of the nose and completely severing the left optic nerve.

The force of the wild rush carried him on, but he was seen to sway in the saddle. A trooper near him called out hoarsely, "Are you struck, sir?" Gripping the pommel tightly with one hand Colonel Henry tried to wave his sword. "On, on!" he gasped. "Charge!" Down under the galloping hoofs of the combatants he lurched and in an instant he was lost to sight in the swirling dust.

The loss of their leader caused a temporary panic among the soldiers, but they soon rallied and, after driving off the Indians, they searched for their colonel. He was found at last, covered with blood, but as they tried to pick him up they saw that his life still remained in the brutal body. He was placed upon a blanket in the shade and everything possible done to aid him. It was then that one of the other officers consoled with him, saying, "Colonel, this is too bad. He is too badly hurt to be taken to the gallant Henry, suffering untold agony and barely able to articulate, whispered simply: "It's nothing, Jack. It's what we are here for."

It was long before he recovered, but when he finally returned to active service he carried with him the indelible proofs of gallantry and daring in action which were the heroic laurels which he had won through weeks of weary battling with the torturing pangs of a Porto Rican fever, a struggle which sapped his strength and wrung his soul—after which he quietly and calmly replied to his physician's orders to leave the field. "No. Here I stay, while I have been sent."

It seems peculiarly fitting that the future Indian fighter should have as his birthplace an army post in the very heart of the western frontier, Fort Smith, T., and that his father, Major William D. Stoen Henry, should be engaged in a war with the savages at that time, March 9, 1829, and it is also appropriate that a man who was destined to become the military and civil governor of a foreign territory, won by the sword, should be the grandson of one who was vice president of the United States and twice governor of New York state, Daniel D. Tompkins, and also grandson of a former secretary of the navy and judge of the supreme court, Smith Thompson.

He was fortunate enough to graduate from West Point at the very outbreak of the civil war. He was assigned as a second lieutenant to the First United States artillery and served with distinction in that regiment until he was made colonel of the Fortieth Massachusetts infantry in the fall of 1863. He continued throughout the war with that command, being present at many of the most important battles.

His bravery and daring at the battle of Picoaligo, S. C., October, 22, 1862, earned for him the commendation of his superior officers, and the attention of the commanding general was called "to the distinguished services of First Lieutenant Guy V. Henry."

For his work in the daring advance in Florida he was complimented by General Seymour in the following words: "I cannot commend too highly the brilliant success of this advance. When day finally broke a number of black specks were seen moving over the crest of a ridge a mile in advance. 'They are the Cheyennes,' exclaimed Colonel Henry, 'and that ridge marks the boundary line between Canada and the United States. We can go no further.'"

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PAIN STRIKES THEM KEENLY

Solving the Problem, "Do Women Suffer More Than Men?"

CURIOS STUDIES OF A SPECIALIST

Sensitiveness to Pain Determined by a Novel Instrument—Result of a Series of Extended Experiments.

Prof. Arthur Macdonald of Washington, specialist in the United States Bureau of Education, is carrying on a series of investigations for the purpose of finding out how sensitive the ordinary person is to pain. Under the direction of Prof. Macdonald school teachers all over the country have been testing school children and adults and the result, averaged up to date, contains some very curious and unlooked-for information concerning pain. Prof. Macdonald first made tests on 1,112 persons, and from them drew the following conclusions:

- 1. Women are more sensitive to pain than men.
- 2. American professional men are more sensitive to pain than American business men, and also more sensitive than either English or German professional men. The laboring classes are much less sensitive to pain than the non-laboring classes.
- 3. The women of the poorer classes are much less sensitive to pain than those in more comfortable conditions.
- 4. Young men of the wealthy classes are much more sensitive to pain than men of the working classes.
- 5. Young women of the wealthy classes are much more sensitive to pain than young men of the wealthy classes. As to pain, it is true in general that women are more sensitive than men, but it does not necessarily follow that women cannot endure more pain than men.

Machine that Measures Pain. These quite general results were obtained in a preliminary series of investigations, but they prompted so much that Prof. Macdonald determined to extend his operations so as to gain information of a much more special

character. It was thought that the individual human body might exhibit great differences in its ability to withstand pain, and so on. Prof. Macdonald, therefore, invented a little instrument which was designed to be used as a recorder of pain. He calls it the algometer. It looks like an immense hypodermic syringe, but the principle of its operation is that of the ordinary spring scale reversed. In short, it is a simple barrel and piston affair. Inside the barrel is a coiled spring. When the piston is pushed into the barrel it necessarily compresses the spring, which collapses according to the pressure put upon it. A scale in the side of the barrel records the amount of pressure. Now this affair was held against the temple of each person examined. As it was pushed against the temple, of course, the piston receded into the barrel. When the pressure of the spring made the affair uncomfortable, the subject under examination would describe his or her sensations. That is, whether the instrument hurt, or not. Of course the moment it grew uncomfortable the instrument was removed, as it was the greatest amount of sensitiveness to pain that was to be tested. The instruments were used in tests all over the country. They were tried on the pupils of public and private schools. They were tried on business men, professional men, laborers, washwomen, professional men, laborers, washwomen. They were tried on various parts of the bodies of these persons and differences of ages were noted. Out of the mass of statistics received the following facts were obtained:

Generally speaking, sensibility to pain decreases as a person advances in age. The left temple is more sensitive than the right temple. The left hand is more sensitive than the right hand. Children between 10 and 11 years of age exhibit an obtuseness to pain, which, however, diminishes between the ages of 11 and 12. That is, they can stand less general pain when 12 years old than they could just prior to 11 years. But they become more obtuse again when between 12 and 13 years. Between the ages of 12 and 17 the right temple increases in obtuseness, while the left temple increases in acuteness. Of course there are variations, but the above was culled from the majority of examples.

Girls in private schools, the children in which generally come of wealthy parents, are found to be much more sensitive to pain than girls of public schools. Thus, in the language of Prof. Macdonald, "it would appear that refinements and luxuries tend to increase sensibility to pain. The hardihood which the great majority must experience seems advantageous. This also accords with the result of previous measurements to the effect that the non-laboring classes are more sensitive to pain than laboring classes. By laboring classes is meant artisans and unskilled laborers; by non-laboring classes is meant professional and mercantile men."

University women, that is, students and teachers in the larger colleges, are much more sensitive to pain than washwomen. Yet business women are more sensitive than university women. On the other hand, self-educated women, that is, those who are not trained in universities, are still more sensitive to pain than business women. There seems, in fact, to be no necessary relation between intellectual development and pain sensitiveness. Obtuseness to pain seems to

DRIVE TO THE NEAREST NEIGHBOR

It is found, as far as differences between sexes are concerned, that girls in public schools are more sensitive at all ages than boys. This, of course, corresponds to the previous measurements which showed that women are more sensitive to pain than men. Eight hundred and ninety-nine women and children were tested in getting at the above facts. The ages ranged from ten years to fifty, and a few of the subjects were older. They were selected from ninety-six private school girls; 726 public school girls; forty-eight self-educated women; eighteen business women; sixty-six university women, and twenty-eight washwomen. Seven hundred and fifty-seven public school boys were tested also for the purpose of comparing their sensitiveness to pain with that of school girls.

The results obtained comprise the work which has been accomplished to date. The investigations will be continued, of course, and they will be specialized even more than they have been. So we may expect in the near future to learn the pain-resisting capacity of other parts of the human body besides that of the temple and the hands. The practical use of it all is not clearly defined just at present. But it is of value to the student psychology, and it is easy to see how in the end it may come to form the basis of an improvement in the rules of life which may do much toward developing the general vitality of the race.

CROWDING THE LABOR MARKET

Causes of the Drift from the Farms to the Cities.

The Oregonian, published at Portland, in the state of Oregon, in a thoughtful article deplores the tendency of young men to leave

the farms and to overcrowd the cities. This has been an acknowledged evil in the eastern states for many years. Each census for a number of decades has shown that an increased per cent of the population is living in the cities. The chief causes of this concentration of population in the eastern states are well known. But that such a condition should come from a purely agricultural state like Oregon, with no great cities to attract people from the fertile and productive farms, cannot fail to cause some surprise.

As a rule the young men do not desert the farms to avoid hard work. Compared with the work of the railroad brakeman, the street car motorman or conductor and of many of the clerks and laborers in the cities, the occupation of the farmer is one of ease and leisure. There are times when he must work hard and the work in the harvest field under a July sun is not along the primrose path of dalliance. But of the continued and unremitting labor of the city man for 300 days in the year he knows nothing. Neither, as a rule, does he understand the struggle for existence, the fight for food which is the lot of so many industrial men in the cities.

The life upon the farm does not satisfy the aspirations of ambitious, energetic young men who have had their education in the city, who started poor in the city, who went to the city from the country without friends or money and became rich and gained high positions. Among the farmers around them they see few if any who have acquired either riches or position, and they leave the old home to take part in the struggle, the life and excitement of the city.

There is another class, and by far the larger class, who go to the city not with any ambition to gratify, but simply because country life is dull and monotonous. In the winter time when there is leisure the roads are bad and it is perhaps a long ride

to the nearest neighbor. In many cases that good roads and bicycles will make country life more attractive by promoting social intercourse.

The state of Maryland engaged at the last session of the legislature in an enterprise which may in time to some extent greatly promote the concentration of the population in the cities. Provision was made for establishing white and colored manual training schools in each of the counties of the state. In nearly every part of Maryland and especially along the tide water, there is a scarcity of farm labor. At any rate the farms about gold, wholesome occupation for all who apply. And while there is a scarcity of farm labor there is nowhere a scarcity of skilled labor. There is not a trade which is not crowded, and just why the state should engage in withdrawing people from the farms to educate them as carpenters, bricklayers, masons, joiners etc., is not apparent. Perhaps there is not a county in Maryland where there is any lack of artisans and if the state is to educate hundreds of them each year it is certain they cannot find occupation in the country, but will congregate in the cities to compete for work in already overcrowded ranks.

A DESERTED VILLAGE SOLD

It was built in Middlesex County, N. J., by a German Corporation. Middlesex county's deserted village has been sold at auction, reports the New York World, and soon nothing will be left of the place except a tradition. It was a deserted village that had never been inhabited, centered upon the big powder factory erected by the Rheinisch-Westphalian Explosive company of Cologne, Germany. The company, about two years ago, decided to enter the American market, manufacturing on a magnificent scale, in a factory built exclusively for the American trade and located in this country, so the goods might be sold without the tariff handicap. A tract of woodland in an isolated section of Middlesex county, New Jersey, was selected. The company's American agents evidently were given carte blanche, the only stipulation being that the factory be erected and put in operation as soon as possible. An

army of men was set at work and buildings arose with marvelous rapidity. There were huge brick and stone buildings for the manufacture of explosives, equipped with enormous walls and folding roofs. Then there were storehouses and sheds, a little freight station and dwelling houses. The heads of the enterprise announced that more than 1,000 hands would be employed. The factory buildings were almost ready when orders came to the contractors to quit work at once. The quit announcement was made that the company would abandon the projected plant. One week there were heard on all sides the tap of hammers and ring of saws; the next the place was silent as the grave. The contractors were paid in full and the project became a thing of the past. For months the buildings served as the nesting places of birds and tramps.

The company sold the plant at auction last Saturday. The buildings went for a long time, but finally they were abandoned to them for materials. Dwelling houses were sold for \$10 and \$15 each. The land was sold to a speculator and the chapter was closed.

For a while it was a mystery why the firm so suddenly had abandoned the scheme. Later it was learned that the factory had been started to bring the American powder trust to terms. The American trust, by payment of a liberal subsidy, abandoned plans it had made for an incursion into the South African trade, of which German firms long had the monopoly. Thus the American powder trust kept control of the American market, and thus the dream of an industrial village in Middlesex failed of realization.

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Lumber Dealers of Middle States. COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 24.—The seventeenth annual convention of the Union Association of Lumber Dealers of Ohio and Pennsylvania, which also includes members from Kentucky and West Virginia, met here today. There is no fixed program outside the usual routine of such gatherings. Between 200 and 300 members will participate in the meetings.

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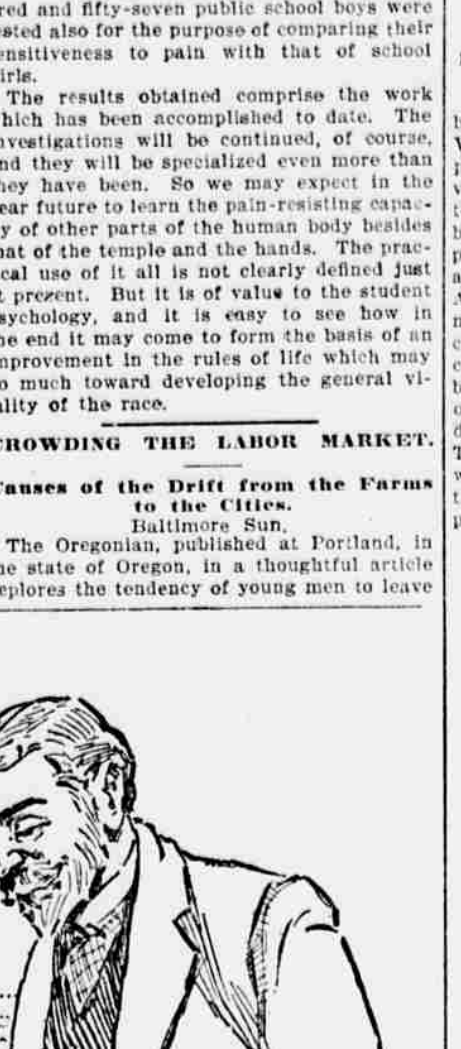
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GENERAL HENRY'S HEADQUARTERS, PONCE, PORTO RICO.

the northern part of Dakota, Colonel Henry, then in command of several troops of cavalry, came upon a village of the enemy nestled among the hills. There was a brief but decisive fight and the Indians fled toward the Canadian boundary. Immediate pursuit was ordered, notwithstanding the fact that the weather indications gave sign of a blizzard, which meant, in those wild, exposed regions, certain peril to life. Day and night, with scarcely a halt for food, the pursuit was kept up. The Indians were mounted on fleet ponies and they were not only acquainted with the country, but also insured to the rigors of the latitude. At first they did not anticipate being chased, but when they discovered that the troops were actually in pursuit they



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The memory of the retreat back to shelter will be as a blank page to most of the party. Several days later the troops stumbled painfully into the welcome gates of the fort, bearing with them twenty-one of their number frozen almost within the grasp of death. Colonel Henry kept command until he saw his men in safety again, then he took to his bed and hovered between life and death for many weary weeks, finally arising with his left hand crippled and his constitution so broken that he was reported unfit for further duty. But he was in harness again after a brief rest.

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