

ADVISE TO VOLUNTEERS.

CAMP THOMAS, Chicamauga, Ga., June 14, 1898.—(Special Correspondence of *The Courier*.)—If a Nebraskan should strike this camp at the present time and allow his eyes to wander up and down the clean swept streets, the tastily arranged tents and note the general air of neatness prevailing in the present quarters of the Second Nebraska regiment in comparison with others, he could swell up with honest pride without using a bicycle pump. If he stayed over to meals he would soon discover that pride was about the only thing he could conscientiously swell up on even if he could down the "sow belly," cold beans, hard tack and government poison known as coffee. If these did not suit he could go out and eat baled hay with the mules. To the uninitiated I will state that "sow belly" is meat that has been condemned by the inspecting officer, forbidden by our Savior and damned by the soldier. If he had more enthusiasm than common sense he might want to enlist.

It is said that a word to the wise is sufficient. Presuming you who read this are among the wise I will make the statement that the man who is thinking of throwing up a good position and fair prospects for eating three times a day, to come out here and do scavenger work at \$15.00 per month, ought to have his dome of thought examined by the board of insanity and be placed under the care of a guardian. Don't imagine that because you have enlisted you will be jabbed into Cuba at once. Oh, no. You may not get there for a week. It is best not to sell the old bear-skin rug, expecting to have a nice brunette rug for next winter. You may never get a scalp in the first place and then again you may be down here with the rest of us, filling up swamps, dusting out the yard and doing other odd jobs for two years yet. If you really want to fight and feel that you must be recognized as a belligerent, trot down the street on your hands and knees till you meet somebody's bull terrier. Then growl at him in a savage manner and grab for a vital spot. If you miss the spot flee for your life.

If you insist on enlisting, however, yell your head off amid the din of brass bands and cheering crowds as the train leaves the station. Leave with your system as thoroughly soaked with enthusiasm as possible, because after you are here about three weeks, a lemon squeezer wouldn't bring out enough to be visible to the naked eye.

Do not imagine for a minute that the Second Nebraska boys are at all dissatisfied. Not at all. This is just what they closed up their business for. They are all kicking because they haven't four or five lives to give up for their country in just this way.

Now before you enter the service of Uncle Samuel it might be a good idea to take up a course of light training. It is hard to tell exactly what kind of light training is most beneficial but the following program is easy and if followed closely for about seven days before starting, will give a man an advantage over the raw recruit and will enable him to smile in a condescending way when addressing said raw recruit and act important.

To train properly it is first necessary to select a nice vacant lot where the sun can have some show. The lot should be completely covered with a rank growth of underbrush and weeds, with a few car loads of stones thrown in. Keep your peepers peeled on this lot till the mercury lands at 100 in the shade, then amble over and with the aid of a spade, perspiration and profanity, make the lot look like a newly polished hard wood floor. Now you are ordered to erect a tent for yourself. Start in with a will and don't dally around about it.

Before wasting much time on your own accommodations, however, tear up to the other end of the lot (lot really ought to be 300 yards long), and assist a gang of sweltering recruits to put up company quarters. After doing the very best you know how for an hour and having been told a dozen times by a corporal, who probably doesn't know a skirmish line from a mess tent, that you are a blanked idiot, etc., you are at liberty to mop the sweat from your throbbing brow and rush back to your own tent. Do not delay or linger around and wonder if the thermometer is long enough to register the heat, grab an axe and start driving stakes. As you are about to swat the fourth stake in a vehement manner, do not neglect to respond promptly when the corporal yelps out and wants to know "what in — you are loosing around there for," lope up to him with a smile on your face as if you enjoyed these things, and when ordered to "git over to them tents and do something," don't stand around and argue, but "git."

When these "quarters" resemble a suite at the Waldorf, skin back to your own tent and drive three more stakes. As you are preparing to smite the next one drop everything and beat the three hundred yard record and find out what the corporal is howling at you for. He wants you to put down five hundred stakes around the mess tent. For a moment your heart leaps with joy, but you soon discover that he did not refer to beefstakes. After performing the operation referred to, hike back to your own abode and start in again. Before straining yourself in that quarter, however, hustle down the ravine about a mile with the water detail and four wash boilers and return with the same filled with spring water. According to the corporal's ideas you can saunter to the spring and back in fifteen minutes. When you climb the last hill and turn the water over to the cook, stagger back to your tent again, heave eleven sighs and wade in. Before the last sigh is completely hove, do as the corporal commands and rustle out with the "wood detail" and lug back forty cords of wood for fuel. After doing this wipe enough perspiration out of your eyes to see your road clearly, then start for your own tepee again in order to get something over your person during the night. Just as you are reaching for a stake rush back to the wood pile as requested and monkey with a six pound axe and a government bucksaw till the wood is cut in stove lengths and split to suit the cook, then pile it nicely.

By this time you should have your tent up. At least the sergeant thinks so and asks you in an exasperating tone if you expect the colonel to come down and assist you. It is best to hold your temper on occasions of this kind and say nothing that is audible. Then acting under his instructions put up your tent. After this start to move in your stuff. As this operation is being performed the corporal looms up and asks with a sneer if you were brought up in an idiot asylum. It is customary to blame yourself right then and there and candidly admit that you never attended school a day in your life. This gives the corporal an opportunity to display his ignorance and puts him in better spirits. When he discovers you to be an absolute idiot he explains that a tent should be "ditched" and orders you to "ditch" it.

He then leaves you and you pike out to find a spade. Being unable to secure one, get a sharp stick and dig a trench about large enough to carry off a heavy dew thinking this will fool somebody. It might deceive a chiropodist but when Mr. Corporal loiters by you realise at once that if the ditch had been large enough for breastworks the corporal would have ripped out a line of "cuss" words that would make the

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