

KICKAMAUGA.

The Town Topics war correspondent writes to that paper:

I am beginning to suspect that I am woefully stupid. Of course, as I have said before, I'm only just learning the war business, but, confidentially, it looks to me as if I am going to fall down on some of these war problems.

Now, for the life o' me, there is one thing I cannot figure out how many dead and wounded heroes would it have taken to make Dr. Wood and Teddy Roosevelt major-general and brigadier-general respectively, if half, or nearly half, of their command was required to make them brigadier-general and colonel? And I am wondering, too, if Teddy had lost his life instead of his boot-heel, what congress would have done with the cut-and-dried bill that was in waiting to promote him as soon as he, or if perhaps only his men, made a dash and fired a bullet. You would not believe it possible, but in my stupidity I had actually been waiting for news of court-martial for Colonel Wood and Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt for sacrificing their men to glorify themselves and for the non-military rushing into ambush without having first sent out skirmishers!

And I never could from the first understand why poor General Shafter should have been placed in command of the attack on Santiago. Colonel Shafter may have been a good soldier, but even promotion, Michigan, the personal friendship of the secretary of the secretary of war and his counselors in the background, cannot make a general. And the good soldier, it was plainly seen at Tampa, had been trifled with by luxuriant California living. General Miles being sent to the rescue I can understand, because General Miles has spent his military life in going to the rescue of commanders in the foreground and background who—to use a most vulgar expression—bite off more than they can chew.

The greatest problem of all, and one that really discourages me more than all else about my stupidity, is the promotion of Adjutant-General Corbin to major-general! The only comfort, the only hope that I may eventually be able to learn war business, is that congress itself seemed wary, and slipped in this also cut-and-dried promotion at the last hour of the last day; congress, I am sure, would not have held back the bill so long, after it was prepared and passed upon secretly, if it had not felt the necessity of immediate action. The problem that puzzles me into real despair is the liberty given to an adjutant, a non-commanding officer, in allowing him to issue orders over the heads of his superiors, coupled with the audacity and rapid-transit work of senate and house in promoting him, leap-frog style, over the heads of men who earn such recognition in open warfare. The problem is such a puzzle to me that I really believe I would not be surprised if that great honor, lieutenant-general, fell in some such corner as this! Of course, this sounds unworthy of thought, pen and ink, but, forgive me, please, won't you? Politics, you know, are so very full of surprises.

Personally, I admire General Corbin. He has wonderful tact. It has always been a conviction of mine that that he had missed his vocation—the army part of it. He is a born politician. He has traits of character that are eminently essential in politics. He can in polished suggestive denial, create, make, break, and carry a point. This present administration and this war have given his opportunity. Opportu-

nities like these seldom come to the soldier—the line between the military and politics is usually so wide. This administration will pass away but General Corbin's new military rank will live on into other administrations. Nothing but conduct, the exposed conduct "unbecoming an officer and a gentleman," can take it away. The great regret is that he must exercise his remarkable political tact under the ironbound military shoulder-strap—still, he has done well. If Major-General Corbin's abilities but redound to the straightening out of some of these tangles, I am willing to fall flat on this problem, and pass on to my next lesson.

Ladies in the field and the "old ladies" in Washington are certainly playing the deuce with this war. "Old ladies" and "playing the deuce" sound a bit as if this war was demoralizing me, but those were the expressions I heard a general use, and, coming from his lips, they sounded very mild and very refined. The "old ladies" at Washington are vegetating chiefs who cannot understand the magnitude of war and the necessities of men in the field. Ladies "in the field" are sweethearts, wives and sisters and of the men who come "a visiting" and draw the attention of our volunteers—and, to fit instances, I might as well add some regulars—from their duties. I can add, too, ladies out of the field; if it so happens that they cannot come personally to upset the heart of the volunteer, they send boxes of jams, jellies and pickles and upset his stomach.

Of the "ladies in the field," hotels and tents are filled with officers' wives. Regiments may need the personal attention of the colonel who has a thousand or more men in his care, but the wife says she needs her husband more, so evening sees him at the hotel. During the day the wife gets lonely and starts for camp, and she demands his attention there. "The dear ladies! God bless 'em, of course!—but they do so get in my way. It has taken me over two weeks to get at the condition of affairs at Chickamauga. I have had to go as slowly here as Shafter ought to have gone at Santiago.

Now, don't think for a minute that I dislike women. I like them, and have not the slightest objection to their having the first claim on their delightful husbands. When, however, my work, which is official, claims attention from headquarters and from officers of regiments, then I want women where they will not mix up my claims with their own. You can say what you choose about the strength of men, but a man is not the same—from generals to privates he is only a subordinate—if his wife is around.

On my arrival somebody told me that General Brooke did not like war correspondents, and that it would be better to go to—well, I presume that it is not diplomatic to mention his name—to get my pass countersigned. And this same kind somebody told me that—that—this other one, was a mighty nice man, and to fix myself up so that I would not look like the ordinary straggly "literary feller," be pleasant and frank and I would get all the privileges I wanted for good, thorough work. I took his advice. I really looked fine! I drove up to the tent in style—it was quite a good looking carriage, the horses rather plump, and the driver had on new suspenders and a collar to his shirt. I took great pains in my selection. The "mighty nice man" showed it. A woman sat there. I didn't mind that. I remembered my instructions, remembered how well I looked—am sure I never looked better—remem-

bered to be pleasant, just pleasantly flattering—you know how it is—remembered to be frank. The officer's facial expression was encouraging, when, in the midst of it, up got the woman and said:

"Colonel, our carriage is waiting, and stalked out of the tent.

It was evidently his wife. "Colonel" was her title for him. I had to commence all over again, but it was "Colonel, the carriage is here," or, or "Colonel you will miss the train," or "Colonel, aren't you coming?" until finally the colonel had to go. My well laid plan of attack on the commander's headquarters was a complete failure. I derived one comfort, however. They will never know from that call who the caller was! At Tampa I had to be identified; I had to write my name in a book, and some one noted my description, before my passport was countersigned, for fear it would be lost and some one would find it and try to use it. The "Colonel" signed my passport, for all he knows I am a Spanish spy wandering where I choose. Sometimes I flaunt my pass in the face of a sentinel who tries to send me around to "post one" (but more often I don't). It is sort of go as I please. I don't dress up unless I want to. And I don't care whether my driver has on new suspenders or old ones; as for the horses—they can be mules for all I care. Wives are liking me better.

Advise the ladies at home who send jams and jellies to upset the stomachs of the men in the field—it is not at all necessary. Water and fever germs are doing the work most effectively. Instead of jams and jellies, send knitted cholera bands. I don't want to advertise Mr. Jaeger, but I am willing to do so if he will place the price of that band of his within the reach of every soldier. The soldier needs it, but it is robbery to charge so much for it. Be patriotic, Mr. Jaeger, and do something for your country. Charge less for that knitted abdominal band and your sanitary woolen system will glow with pride.

A broad complaint about the non-comprehensive "old ladies" at Washington is a cartridge belt that is being given out in some of the regiments. This belt in itself is murderous. Murderous from the fact that at the first activity on the part of the soldier he would be minus belt, cartridges and revolver, and at the mercy of the enemy. This belt—which I am happy to say is not given out to all of the regiments—instead of having the cartridge pockets woven into the canvass, has them sewed on with an unwaxed thread and with a machine stitch that unravels perfectly. The clasp that fastens the belt around the waist is not a buckle at all. It is a contrivance made of a brass wire that does not hold the belt securely and is continually unfastening. The government saved money, or else the ordnance department in Washington made a lot of money, when this cheap, miserable cartridge belt, which even a self-respecting Spaniard would cast aside, was taken from some snide manufacturer to be used by our soldiers.

As mariners on stormy main
When thro' the sky dark clouds are driving,
Well know the sun will shine again
To light them onward in their strivings;
So reason I, sweet Stella Maris,
When night appals and hope's declining
I know that thou, my bright Polaris,
Upon some other fool art shining.
Leonard H. Robbins.

Mrs. Bentham—Why is it that you never go to church?

Mr. Bentham—You forget, we were married in church.

Fashions of the Day.

What to wear when traveling is a question that interests the minds of women who only go away for a day or two at a time just as much as those who are fortunate enough to be regular travellers. It is quite as necessary to look well for a day's outing as it is for a long journey, and nobody likes to be inappropriately dressed in these days when it is possible to dress well. It is not wise nor desirable to put aside some shabby old gown with the idea that anything is good enough to take a journey, for there are few places where a gown shows more thoroughly its good and bad points than in a railway car or on a steamboat.

The day is gone by for people to go about with any amount of hand-luggage; everything is put in the trunks that is possible, and only enough left out to make one perfectly comfortable.

Grey mohair is especially pretty for travelling gowns. An exceedingly novel and very smart fashion this year is to have a sort of polonaise cloak belted in and finished to look like a gown. One of these made in a figured brillantine or mohair has a deep yoke at the back, and several small pleats tapering in at the waist line. The front is full, and, in fact, looks much like a shirt waist, as it is finished down the front with a straight band and shirt studs. The skirt is plain, but unusually full, so as to cover any dress skirt; the sleeves are of medium size in bishop shape, finished with a cuff. There is a belt of black leather studded with steel points. The skirt and waist are fastened together so as to look like a cloak or a polonaise. In many respects this garment is not unlike a glorified linen duster, but it possesses all the good points of that garment with none of its objectionable ones.

The coat and skirt style of gown is a very useful one for travelling, because the coat can be taken off in the car and is still at hand if the weather changes sufficiently to make it necessary.

These suits should be as plain as possible. The gored skirt is better than that with an attached flounce, because it does not get out of order so easily. The coat should be made as simply as possible, without any fancy revers—those can be added if necessary—should fit well, and not be of too heavy a material. A light gray serge or tricet is very good, and dark colors are better than light ones.

The best style of hat to wear when travelling is rather a difficult thing to state with any positive air of authority. Large hats and fancy bonnets are, of course, not to be thought of, but there is no absolute and distinct style of hat which can be said to belong to a travelling dress. The most comfortable hat is a small turban of as lightweight straw as possible, that has no brim outstanding in the back, or a small toque or bonnet which fits closely to the head, is light, and not too warm. It should be becoming and smart. A fancy straw trimmed with ribbon and two or three stiff quills stands hard wear better than anything else, and can be brushed and made to look perfectly fresh. Sailor hats are too stiff to be comfortable. If a straw is too elaborate the dust gets into intricate places where a brush cannot be put, and in these little crevices a most surprising amount of dirt will collect.—Harper's Bazar.

"What's your idea of heaven?"

"A plate where you'll always find burnt matches on the floor without your feet touching you."