"To care for him who has borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans."

The National Tribune.

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WHY don't that great, flabby oof, China, get up and whip both Japan and Russia? She has more than twice as many men as they put together.

RUSSIA wants to give the struggle with Japan the aspect of a holy war against "pagans." Russia's Christianity is hardly up to the filled-cheese standard.

IT IS singular how the whole civilized world at times seems the same people, moved by the same waves. The political parties in Great Britain show the same signs of a general breakup as in this country.

THE electrical experts say that people who continue to believe in the efficacy of lightning rods belong to the same class with those who believe in divining rods, fortune tellers and rabbits' feet.

ALL THAT is needed for complete harmony in the Democratic Party is to find a man whom those who will not vote for Mr. Bryan or any of his kind, and those who will not vote for Mr. Cleveland, or any of his kind, can support.

THE Commander of the Department of Illinois has done a good work in sending a circular to every Post asking the comrades to express themselves on the bill formulated by the G. A. R. Pension Committee, and to send certified copies of their action to every Congressman and Senators.

SAM'L GOMPERS, President of the American Federation of Labor, vigorously repels the charge that the striking drivers and teamsters of Chicago refused to assist in burying the dead of the Iroquois disaster, and produces evidence to completely clear them of that shocking imputation. The letters he shows prove that immediately upon the magnitude of the disaster being known, Albert Young, the General Organizer, issued a proclamation declaring a truce in strike for 10 days, and requesting undertakers, livery drivers, and other men on strike to report at once to their respective places of employment and do everything in their power to assist their employers in caring for the wants of the public. The Union offered to furnish drivers free of charge to drive the hearses to bury the dead. This proposition was rejected by the livery owners, who claimed that they would be liable to a fine of $500 from their own association if they sent out a Union driver for any purpose during the continuance of the strike. This would seem to place a grave responsibility upon the Livery Owners' Union.

THE death of Ex-Secretary W. C. Whitney at the comparative early age of 63 removes a man of much force and a leader in public affairs. He will be principally remembered in American history as the Secretary of the Navy who began the upbuilding of our present navy. During the rebellion we had the most powerful navy in the world, but in the years following it was suffered to run down for various reasons. One of these was economy, but probably the most potent was that naval architecture was then in a transition stage, and no one could say with any degree of certainty what the naval vessel of the future would be. At the time President Cleveland entered office ideas as to naval vessels began to take definite shape, and Secretary Whitney took advantage of this to begin the reconstruction of our maritime equipment. He was a man of high character and excellent ideas on public matters, which brought him into collision with a large portion of his party associates when the Bryan fever became epidemic and he retired from politics, much to the loss of his party. He is sincerely regretted by a host of people without distinction of party affiliations.

IT IS now Secretary Taft. He comes to the portforlio of War with a well-deserved, high reputation for ability and intergrity. He refused to take the appointment in the Cabinet last year, because he had not yet advanced his work in the Philippines to the point at which he desired to leave it. This was a reason as rare among public officials as it is commendable. Now he has accomplished what he set out to do, and he informs us that the conditions in the Archipelago are very satisfactory. He thinks that within a couple of years a Filipino Legislature may be a possibility. He asserts that the greatest needs of the Islands are better means of communication, and more American capital. Here the Secretary seems to come to the parting of the ways. The Americans already in the Islands, who are developing its resources, feel that the development of the Filipino public spirit is dangerous, and likely to bring about the same mischief that similar unwise development did in Haiti and Jamaica. Imperfectly civilized men are only too likely to claim all the rights and responsibilities of citizenship before they comprehend what those mean, or are qualified for their exercise. The Manila "Cablenews" tells the Secretary very plainly that there will be no great inducements to American capital, so long as there is any suspicion in the minds of the people that the Islands are ever to be independent. They must be made to feel themselves a part of America, to understand that their destiny is forever linked with ours, and that they are subject to our Government.

COST OF A SERVICE PENSION.

The most serious obstacle to the passage of the Service Pension Bill is the indefiniteness as to its cost. The War Department's figures as to the number of men who served in the army are startlingly unsatisfactory. At first sight, it would seem as if the Department's records should be sufficient, but such was the rush and hurry of the great conflict, that men were brought in by the hundreds of thousands, and sped to the front, with only the most hasty statements as to them or their numbers. From first to last, under the various calls, there were 2,772,408 men furnished to the army, while 86,724 paid commutation, making a total credit to the States of 2,859,132 men furnished. In truth, this is a chaotic mass of figures of imperfect value. The War Department has put out the statement, that, "reduced to a three years' standard," there were 2,320,272 men, but this figure is not felt to have much value.

It never will be known how many different individuals enlisted in the Union army during the war. Out of a gross of 2,772,408 men there were hundreds of thousands that enlisted two or more times. It was possible for a man to have served out five different enlistments; that is, he could have gone into the first three months service, then enlisted in the second three months service, then in the six or nine months regiments which were called for by some of the States, afterward in the 100 days service, and wound up by enlisting for one year at the close of the war.

There has been an estimate made, with some show of authority, that there were 550,000 of these reenlistments, but nothing official has ever been given. It is also alleged that there should be a still further reduction of at least 150,000 for frauds and illegalities, bounty jumpers, etc., in the reports of the various States of the men furnished. This would leave about 2,072,000 as the number of individuals who enlisted. The number of deaths and desertions before the war closed has been placed at 476,775. This is probably under the real figure, since there were thousands of deaths of which the War Department knew nothing. Very many thousands died in the service who were not reported, or borne on the rolls as "missing," and still other thousands died immediately after discharge, of whom no record was made in the War Department. This would leave the total number of honorably-discharged soldiers at the close of the war about 1,500,000. The estimate is 1,495,460. Every one who figures makes it larger or smaller than this according to his personal bias. We have had since then the mortality of 39 years. This must have been very large in the years immediately following the war, from those who were broken down completely, but lingered on some years in pain and suffering. The census of 1890 made an enumeration of the soldiers, but Congress refused to make an appropriation for the purpose of classifying and correcting it, so that its results could be accurately ascertained. The Superintendent of Census then found that there were about 1,060,000 honorably-discharged veterans living. That was 14 years ago.

In 1896 the Record and Pension Office of the War Department issued the following memorandum relative to the possible number of these survivors and the pensioners on the roll as follows:

Year.	Estimated Survivors.	Actual Pensioners.
1890	1,285,471	537,944
1891	1,261,232	676,160
1892	1,236,076	876,068
1893	1,209,968	966,112
1894	1,182,889	969,544
1895	1,154,810	970,524
1896	1,125,725	970,678
1897	1,095,628	976,014
1898	1,064,524	993,714
1899	1,032,418	991,519
1900	999,339	993,529
1901	965,313	997,735
1902	930,380	999,446
1903	894,585	996,545
1904	858,002	.....
1905	820,687	.....
1906	782,722	.....
1907	744,196	.....
1908	705,197	.....
1909	665,832	.....
1910	626,231	.....
1916	429,927	.....
1920	251,727	.....
1925	116,073	.....
1930	37,033	.....
1935	6,296	.....
1940	340	.....

The question of vital importance to the discussion of the service pension is, how many of the survivors are still unpensioned. There were last year 703,456 veterans of the rebellion upon the pension roll, and out of that number 21,644 had died during the year.

If the above table be true, then the number of veterans who do not receive pensions, but are entitled to a service pension, would be 191,129. But it has been claimed that the number of those who died immediately after the war has been greatly exaggerated, and that there are at present much over 200,000 unpensioned veterans alive. If there are 200,000 it would cost $28,800,000 a year to pension them all at $12 per month.

It is incomprehensible to those who are most intimately acquainted with the veterans of the late war as to what basis is taken for the estimate that there are yet, somewhere about 900,000 veterans alive. For example: It seems to the casual observer that almost every veteran is in the Grand Army of the Republic. In nearly every community the veteran who does not belong to the Order is rather an exception. The Grand Army has recruited very vigorously for the past few years, and tried to bring every man eligible into camp. In every neighborhood all those who have the qualifications for membership in the Grand Army are well known and have been solicited to join. Generally these solicitations have been successful, and it seems therefore incredible that there should be about 900,000 veterans alive, and only 203,745 in the Grand Army of the Republic. There is a discrepancy here that requires an explanation, and we invite the attention of the statisticians to it. As we said before, in every community the general rule is for the veterans to belong to the G. A. R., with few exceptions outside the Order, yet it would appear according to these statistics that less than one-third of the veterans are in the Grand Army—a thing most incredible to a man familiar with its operations.

Of course, no one anticipates that the whole of these alleged 191,000 or 200,000 unpensioned veterans will at once be pensioned. It is hardly likely that one-half of them are seeking pensions. Under the 62-year limitation very many thousands of them would not be eligible for pensions for three or four years. There were hundreds of thousands of boys from 15 years upward who went into the army under the last call, who are still far from 62 years old. In the meanwhile death will be cutting a wide swath through the pension roll. The estimate before the Senate Pension Committee is that 45,000 veterans are dying every year. Last year the Pension Bureau estimated the death in excess of 50,000. This latter number is much nearer the truth than the other, and the death rate must rapidly increase with the increase of years, so that not less than 1,000 a week will disappear from the pension rolls, a frightful diminution that ought to satisfy the most savage of the critics of the pension roll. The unfortunate part of all this is that those who are bitterly hostile to pension generally take advantage of all these indeterminate factors in the equation, to grossly exaggerate the probable cost of the passage of the Service Pension Bill.

WAR IN THE ORIENT.

THE discouraging news comes from St. Petersburg that Japan, without waiting for the deliverance of the Russian note, has severed diplomatic relations with that country, and that at any moment we may not be surprised to learn that the first blow has been struck. Russia says that her note was in the hands of the Russian Minister at Tokyo ready for delivery, when M. Kurino, the Japanese Minister at St. Petersburg, presented himself at the Foreign Office, saying that his Government was tired waiting for Russia to make up her mind, and had decided it was useless to continue diplomatic relations any longer and would take such steps as it thought necessary for the protection of Japan's interests. Russia met the situation with great promptness, and notified her representatives at Tokyo to leave immediately.

It is understood that the Russian note, while making concession, refused to yield Japan's right to ask for a treaty covering the sovereignty of Manchuria; that it insisted upon the mutual recognition of the independence of Korea; that there should be no fortification by Japan of Southern Korea which might threaten Russian communications with Port Arthur and Vladivostok, and also contained a prompt refusal to allow a neutral zone on both sides of the Yalu River. The Czar, on hearing the news of Japan's action, made preparations to go at once to Moscow, where he will seek divine guidance, in accordance with the ancient custom of his forefathers. The news created great excitement at St. Petersburg, which resulted in patriotic demonstrations.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

The comrades will regret to learn that Commander-in-Chief Gen. Black was seized with another attack of his old enemy, rheumatism, last week shortly after the Department of the Potomac banquet, and had to be taken again to Garfield Hospital, where he now is. It is probable that he will be there a week or more. Otherwise he is in a very good condition, and his chief regret is that he will be compelled to cancel his engagements with the Departments of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and the National Commandery of the Sons of Veterans. National Headquarters will be well represented at those gatherings, however, by Judge-Advocate General James Tanner, Adjutant-General C. A. Partridge, and Quartermaster-General Charles Burrows. These are fully in line with the Commander-in-Chief's views on the service pension and other matters of deep interest to the comrades, and Corporal Tanner may be relied upon to present them most strongly and effectively. Gen. Black is not suffering as much pain as in his former attack, and there is no doubt that he will soon be out in his old force and spirit.

THE NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT.

General Orders, No. 5, National Headquarters G. A. R., announce that the 38th National Encampment will begin Aug. 15, 1904, at Boston, Mass., with the Annual Parade, according to the custom of former years, on Tuesday, Aug. 16. The business sessions will begin Wednesday, Aug. 17. The National Headquarters will be at the Hotel Vendome.

The very best selection of time for holding the National Encampment has been made. August is a delightful month in Boston, and good weather can be assured. We all remember how pleasant it was at the 24th National Encampment, which opened in Boston, Monday, Aug. 11, 1890. The perfectness of the weather was only exceeded by the overwhelming hospitality and loyalty of the people. We can safely predict that the days we shall spend in the Hub of the Universe will be marked for the rest of our lives with the brightest of red letters.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S SPEECH.

President Roosevelt's speech at the banquet of the Department of the Potomac, G. A. R., last week, was one of his greatest efforts, and expressed in the best way his appreciation, and that of the American people, of the valor and fortitude of the men who saved the Nation. It was an address of unusual discrimination, and passed beyond the customary complimentary rhetoric, since it went into the causes of things and rightly affirmed that victory was not due to the Generals, who were admirable in their way, but to the fact that the men they commanded were of the highest class. The men carrying the guns were unsurpassed in their courage and devotion to the cause, and their unfailing fortitude under all trials and reverses was that which in the end compelled victory. It was a great speech, and deserves a permanent place in our literature.

F. F. WOLFE, Past Commander, Post 54, Dover, N. H., urges that each G. A. R. Post in the whole country prepare at once a petition to the Senators and Representatives for the passage of the service pension bill as reported by the National Committee, and that they have every member of their Posts and every old soldier in the neighborhood sign it, with his company and regiment. This is the advice which The National Tribune has been giving the comrades for months, but we cannot give it too often of make it too emphatic.

Si Klegg, Shorty and their Comrades in the days "When Johnny Came Marching Home."

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The Splendid Camp of the 200t Ind. Near Raleigh, N. C.—Pete Skidmore Has More Troubles.

The camp of the 200th Ind., near Raleigh, N. C., was the acme of soldierly ingenuity, industry, neatness and comfort.

While wallowing through the Carolina Winter storms and mud—when a couple of rails for a bed were a joy, and dry clothes a rare luxury, the boys could hardly by the widest stretch of imagination, have looked forward to such a blissful haven of rest as this they had made for themselves in the pleasant valley of the Neuse, nigh the historic capital of North Carolina.

The camp was well-chosen on a breezy, sunny upland, just rolling enough to give good drainage. A clear, cold mountain stream, tumbling and brawling along over white stones, to join the Neuse, ran convenient, and gave abundance of water, while thick old woods surrounding the camp furnished all the timber and wood needed, and grateful shade in which the boys could loll at noonday, mend their clothes, read, write letters and play cards.

A broad parade ground, level as a floor, and without a stump, stub, or stone the size of a child's fist, spread in the center of the camp, and from a tall symmetrical flagstaff, upon which the boys had spent a world of pains and time, flew a beautiful flag, new in its issue from the Quartermaster, new in its triumphant glory over every other flag that waved between the Atlantic and Pacific. Its stripes were as vivid in their loveliness as the crimson and white of the flowers blooming in profusion on the hillsides and in the valleys, and its field was as blue as the sky, flecked by the lazy white clouds of North Carolina's May.

Maj. Bowersox commanded the shrunken regiment. He could not get promotion because it mustered below the minimum, but his headquarters, built by the willing hands of his admiring men, were sumptuous to the last degree.

The War Department might not reward his constant, gallant service as it should by replacing the strawberry leaves in his shoulder-straps with a Colonel's silver eagle, but his men, who knew, far better than the War Department, how well he deserved this recognition, could at least give him the finest headquarters of any regimental commander in the army.

Just as soon as it seemed likely that the regiment would remain in that camp for sometime, the boys turned the restless energy which had carried them resistlessly over all obstacles in their six-months' march from far-away Atlanta to making a camp which would be the envy and admiration of all the other regiments. The other regiments were animated by the same desire, and the country roundabout was ransacked for materials. Private property had long before lost its sacredness, and things that were desirable in the work had to be nailed down very tightly, or else guarded by a man with a gun.

The first thought after laying out the camp, setting the company lines, and clearing off the parade was for a flagstaff, and the woods were searched for the tallest, slimniest, and straightest hickory they could furnish. Everybody lent a hand toward peeling, smoothing and raising it, and when the flag swept out majestically on the soft breeze the boys eagerly counted the 36 stars upon it, while the brigade battery fired a shot for each State, with a double one for the baby State of Nevada, to which the boys responded by a roll of cheers and a tiger.

"Well, the American Eagle hain't lost nary an aig out of the nest in this hurricane," remarked Sol. Haymore, the wag of the regiment, after he had carefully counted the stars. "Instid, she's laid three more since the old 200th Injianny came out. Three cheers for our bully selves."

The next thing after the flag was the Major's headquarters. Sandy Baker, whose ingenuity and resourcefulness had gained him the greatest credit in the regiment, worked out a new idea, as he usually did, when any important thing was on hand. Sandy was intensely American, and in the course of his reading had come across the assertion that our native woods, flowers, leaves, shrubs, etc., were finer artistically than anything in any other country. He had read of Jefferson's corn-stalk columns in the National Capitol, and become an enthusiastic devotee of the idea of strictly American art and decoration. He had gone into raptures over the beauty of a thick-growing grove of young tulip trees near the camp. They were as exactly symmetrical in their slender, graceful hight as if they had grown to an architect's plummet lines. No columns ever fashioned by the hand of man surpassed their flawless lines. Their bark was smooth, soft, gray as lichen-covered granite, and beautifully marked by the white pits, or "lenticels," as the botanists term them, which are characteristic of the tulip tree, misnamed "poplar" in the West and South. The surface looked like the finest work of what the mason calls "trammeled" stone.

Sandy selected such trees as suited his design, and his eager coadjutors quickly felled them, sawed them into the right lengths, and neatly chamfered the ends to represent the "quoins" in the stylish walls Sandy proposed to build. They were next loaded onto wagons very carefully, so as to not scar the bark and blemish the appearance of solid gray stone Sandy was anxious to secure. They were so neatly "cornered" that when built up each one lay for its whole length on the next one below, making only as thin a line of "chinking" necessary as would represent the joint between two stones. Before the house was a portico, in the Greek temple style of architecture then prevalent, with the columns finely represented by selected portions of the trunks of the tulip-trees. Puncheons were hewed out smoothly for the floors, and the roof made of "clapboards" rived with a froe from sections of older trees. These shone with dazzling whiteness in the strong sunlight, and the effect was that of a temple built of ribbed granite and roofed with marble. In conception and execution so much originality and skill had been shown that the headquarters were conceded to be easily the finest in the Corps, if not in all the armies camped around Raleigh. Inside the house every comfort and convenience were placed, and so earnestly did the men work that it was all done inside a very few days. It was all in the nature of a grateful change and relaxation. There were skilful carpenters in the regiment, who had not touched a plane or a saw since their enlistment, and they were glad to get hold of their familiar tools once more, find out for themselves what they could do with them, and show their comrades. It was the same way with the blacksmiths, masons, painters and similar mechanics.

Next they built less elaborate quarters for the Captains and Lieutenants who were still with the regiment, and then each pair of bunkies turned themselves loose to make their own particular tent a joy to themselves and the envy of their comrades. The ingenuity and variety of the erections were boundless. No two of the tents were alike in anything except that they were scrupulously clean, entirely comfortable, and were in rigid line with the company street. One pair of bunkies had a miniature copy of their father's home. Another had duplicated the schoolhouse from which they enlisted. Another had put up a pretty faithful imitation of the houses in which their sweethearts lived, and made their architecture conform to that model. Only Harry Joslyn had confined himself strictly to the regulation tent. He had taken advantage of the permission given in the regulations to raise this some distance from the ground, boarding up the interval, and had a floor raised sufficiently to permit the passage of air underneath. Everything in it was severely military. It and the ground around was carefully swept every morning, the bedding exposed awhile to the air, and then neatly folded in place, and everything else was in the same prescribed order.

Montgomery Scruggs's tent was a fair imitation of the office of a County lawyer, as Alf Russell's was of that of a country doctor. Sandy Baker had a long, open workshed, into which he gathered all manner of tools, and had a work-bench, with a table for plans. The sleeping arrangements for him and Pete were secondary and little thought of, while the kitchen attachment was the main part of Gid Mackall's domicile.

When all this was done an overwhelming laziness seized everybody. The war storm was subsiding with even more rapidity than it had grown. All the news were of surrenders of rebel forces in all parts of the country. The paroled men from the Army of Northern Virginia and Johnston's army passing through were shabby, hungry, and unutterably weary of the struggle. They only wanted to get home, and begin life anew. It seemed as if this was the universal feeling.

"THEY BUILT QUARTERS FOR THE CAPTAIN AND LIEUTENANTS."

Why, then, go on drilling, mounting guard, and keeping up the serious business of war? They would go home soon, take up their old occupations, marry their long-waiting sweethearts, follow their trades, open up new farms, or embark in business or professions. Why bother any more about the old trade of war, which they were soon to abandon forever, as the burden of a time of sorrow, hardship and danger? Was not the night now past, and the dawn at hand?

There was absolutely nothing to do during the long, warm, pleasant Spring days but to drill a little, to maintain discipline, and to keep themselves, their arms and accouterments and the camp impeccably clean. The officers became martinets in insisting upon this, and no camp or men were ever in more perfect condition in the history of wars. It was necessary to do this, to keep up the regiment's efficiency.

The active minds of the boys of Si's squad sought employment in other directions. They were mostly "lanced" as noncommissioned officers, to take the places of the Sergeants and Corporals who had been broken down by the campaign, and were absent recuperating. Monty Scruggs assisted Wales Johnson, a good-humored young stalwart, who was the ranking Sergeant, but had a horror of rolls and reports, in keeping the company books and making out returns. Between times he studied law assiduously, and was always ready to make a speech to the boys, whenever they desired it, which was pretty frequently. Harry Joslyn was mainly devoting himself to preparing for examination for a commission in the colored troops. Alf Russell had attracted the attention of the Brigade Surgeon, a kindly, helpful man, and was reading medicine with him and accompanying him on his rounds of inspection whenever off duty. Sandy Baker busied himself in his workshop and besides was in general demand throughout the regiment for ideas, advice and directions.

One very lazy day the Sergeant-Major came down to Co. Q's street with six green, awkwardly louting boys, attired in ill-fitting uniforms which, though new, were badly stained by a long journey and neglect. They seemed sadly out of place in that trim, well-kept camp, among such trim, soldierly young fellows, but in reality did not look very different from what the whole regiment had when it crossed the Ohio River. Yet everybody sniffed disdainfully at them, and spoke as if they had no business on the earth.

Nothing could be more despicable at that time than raw recruits.

"Here are some recruits which have been assigned to your company," the Sergeant-Major said to Serg't Wales Johnson. "I don't know what on earth they are sent here for at this time, when the war's over. But that's none of my business nor yours. You've simply got to take them and take care of them. Here's a list of their names, which you'll enter on your company roll, and make out their descriptive lists. Make out a requisition for their rations, and I'll have it signed, so that you can draw them at once, and give them something to eat. They probably need it."

"Indeed we do," feelingly answered the poor boys in chorus, for they were at that age when hunger is perpetual and only briefly appeased for a time.

"O, of course you'd say you were hungry; brats like you always do," said Serg't Johnson crossly, for he was angry at being interrupted in his game. He had just gotten his second man into the king-row, and felt sure of beating Serg't Coles, who claimed the checker championship of the regiment. "Here, Monty, you heard what the Sergeant-Major said. Fix up the papers and attend to these runts brought out by the last seining."

"O, the devil," snapped Monty, looking up most unwillingly from the fascinating mysteries of "fee-simple," "base fee," "fee qualified," and "fee in tail," in which he was absorbed. "Why can't you attend to them yourself, Wales?" It's your business."

"Go on and do as I order you, Monty, or I'll attend to you," answered Wales imperatively, as he clapped another checker on his king. "Drop that book and attend to your duty."

Monty grumblingly shut the book and obeyed, feeling at that moment that of all bores on earth cubs just entering the army were the most unendurable. The boys looked and acted very much as he and his companions did at the same period of service, but this never occurred to him. He sulkily took down their names, flung a withering word or two at them about their "lunkiness," made out the requisition for their rations, passed it over to Wales Johnson to sign, and then called out for Harry Joslyn to take it and charge of the squad. But Harry had gotten a pass to go over and inspect a negro regiment in course of organization. Alf Russell was off with the Brigade Surgeon, Gid Mackall had so stubbornly refused to do non-commissioned officer's work that he was not available, and Sandy Baker had been sent for to the Major's tent. Therefore the irksome duty fell to Pete Skidmore, who for a wonder was reading in his tent. He had come across a gory dime novel—"Limber-Legged Zeke, the Wall-Eyed Scout of the Burning American Desert," or something like that, and was excited over the situation of the hero, whom the 150 Comanches had chased into a closed canyon with walls 150 feet high where he was standing at bay, protecting a beautiful white maiden, with arrows sticking into various and inconvenient parts of his person, and only three loads left for his faithful and deadly rifle. The bloody and merciless Man-Afraid-of-a-Fine-Tooth-Com, the Comanche Chief, who wanted the white maiden, and wanted her bad, had just shot an arrow through Limber-Legged Zeke's left ear, and was adjusting another for better aim at his heart, when Monty delivered a sharp order for Pete to jump out and take charge of the bunch of recruits, get them rations, draw tents for them, and start them as members of Co. Q.

To begin with, Pete was now lazier than the laziest. He did not want to stir on any pretext, especially an order, and more especially an order from Monty Scruggs, who was only a Lance-Sergeant anyway, and disposed to magnify his authority, Pete thought. Next, he wanted awfully to finish the story, and, lastly, new recruits coming in at that time were loathed as the scum of the earth. Pete had all the superiority that a boy who had been through the mill was likely to have over green boys of his own age who had never smelled powder.

But Monty's tone convinced Pete that he would save a heap of trouble by obeying promptly. So he flung down the book and proceeded to take it out of the poor recruits.

"Well, you are the greenest set of cucumbers that ever was picked," he remarked, disdainfully surveying the louting, weary boys. "Blossoms hain't all dropped offen you. How'd your mothers come to let you go. I'd like to know? Stand up there. Take the position of soldiers. What do you mean by slouching that way? This ain't no spelling-class nor game of three-cornered cat. Jewhilikens, do they expect to make soldiers out of such stuff as that?"

The boys awkwardly tried to obey, only to increase Pete's contempt and anger.

"O, tarnation! Stand up straight. Put your heels together. Draw your stomachs in. Don't carry your bellies as if they were base-drums. Put your little fingers down to the seams of your pantaloons. Keep off one another's heels. Condemn such a clumsy lot of brindle calves. What in time can be done with you, I don't know."

"I don't know that we're so much worse than you was, Pete Skidmore, when you first came out," the biggest of them plucked up courage to say. "I remember the men writing home that you was always in the way when the company was drilling, and everybody was falling over you."

"Shut up, Tom Taylor," roared Pete, recognizing an old school mate. "You're sassing your superior officer, which ain't allowed. Shut your head, or I'll make you."

"I don't know whether you'll make me or not," replied the other, doubling his fists. "I licked you once, and I kin do it agin."

This challenge was too much for Pete. He forgot that he was a non-commissioned officer, and instantly mixed up with the boy. In spite of Pete's veteran airs, it seemed that Tom Taylor had been growing muscle at quite as rapid rate. The likelihood was that he would have downed Pete had not Wales Johnson, hearing the row, dashed out, snatched the boys apart, cuffed them both, threatened Pete with the guard house, and standing him up in front of the squad sharply ordered him to go ahead with his business without any more rotten foolishness.

Pete was now madder than ever because he had lost much of the prestige of superiority he had started out with. He became more severely military than ever.

"Tenshion!" he shouted. "Come into line, there. Right dress. Come out on the left. Back there in the center. Front. Right face!—Forward, march!"

Alas for Pete! He was well enough drilled himself, but had never drilled anybody else. He forgot that when standing in front of men the officer must give the commands in reverse: that what is right to him is left to them.

Therefore, the boys nervously eager to obey, whirled in just the opposite way which Pete had intended, and bolted straight for the sink for the company kitchen. Pete jumped after them, and rescued them by main strength before that disaster happened.

Then he became conscious that Wales Johnson, Monty Scruggs and others had taken a sudden interest in his handling the squad, and were standing in front of their tents grinning at him.

He resolved then to do or die, and realigned his squad, patiently going from boy to boy, showing him how to stand, hold his hands and place his feet. Then he placed himself in front, facing them, and commanded:

"Now, be careful, and all move together, keeping a straight line. All keep your faces to the front, but cast your eyes a little to the left, so as to keep even with the next man. Step off with your left feet. Don't move till you get the command March. Forward—MARCH. Hep! Hep! Hep!"

The boys started fairly well, and Pete walking backward in front of them, calling out "Hep! Hep!" to regulate their step, thought that at last he was doing it in a way in which Wade nor Monty could find fault.

Just as this comforting thought secured lodgment he backed with full force into Harry Joslyn's trim tent, and the next instant his rising hopes and the tent were involved in one common ruin.

He crawled meekly out from the entangling ropes and canvas, and said:

"Fall in behind me, boys, and follow up to the Commissary's."

(To be continued.)

THE New York Tribune, which is always a great friend of the soldiers when it wants something of them, but decidedly unfriendly when they want anything, comes out strongly against the service pension bill, starting off with the old clack—"Is patriotism to be appraised on a cash basis?" This is the shallow screed of a cheap and ready writer. It is just as applicable to the men who won our independence by marching with bleeding bare feet over the snow and ice of Valley Forge as it is to the veterans of to-day. At the time the Continental soldiers engaged in the War of Independence, there was no thought of a direct personal advantage that would accrue to them. They enrolled themselves in the patriotic armies to do a work which they recognized ought to be done, and for which they were ready to sacrifice themselves rather than leave undone. Years later a grateful people, enjoying to the utmost the benefits resulting from their services and sacrifices, gave them a service pension, as it is now proposed that a grateful people, basking in the bright sunshine of a phenomenal prosperity, shall give to the survivors of those whose measureless sacrifices made our present prosperity possible. Consistently throughout its history the country has in their old age given a service pension to the men who in its days of stress and trial have gone to the front, separating themselves from the rest of the community and borne the heat and burden of the day of battle. In spite of groveling minds like the New York Tribune's, there is no thought of a cash value or a money reward for patriotism. It is simply a decent recognition by the people of services rendered, and a proper provision for the old age of meritorious public servants.

ENGLAND is going to reform her army. She always does this after any serious war. It would be so much better if she would reform her army before a war, but the aristocrats who are holding down the soft berths succeed in preventing this until war demonstrates their startling unfitness.

BALTIMORE BURNING.

The Fifth Largest City in the United States Firewept and Almost Helpless.

From Feb. 7, 1904, Baltimore, Md., will figure in conflagration annals as having suffered one of the greatest fires in the history of the world. About 11 o'clock a. m., Feb. 7, fire broke out in the great wholesale dry-goods establishment of John E. Hurst & Co., right in the heart of the business section of the city, and for 24 hours burned without let or hindrance. Everything that human skill could do to check the flames was done. Washington, New York City, Philadelphia, Wilmington and other great Eastern cities responded to the frenzied call for fire-engines and firemen, till the wonder is where all the great fire-fighting machines could find lodgment in the narrow streets of the old city; yet, with all this help, the city went on burning like a box of matches.

Acres upon acres in the heart of Baltimore, densely populated, and enormously valuable because of the great business interests centered there, have been burned to cinders. Every newspaper building in the city has crumbled like a house of cards before the awful wall of flames which swept over and over the doomed city with a velocity that is said to be absolutely unprecedented in the history of fires. The great daily newspapers which are without a home are the Sun, American, Herald, News, Record and World. All these newspapers have moved over to Washington, where they are housed in the various newspaper buildings of this city and are getting out their regular editions. Some of the editorial writers remained at their desks in Baltimore until the fire blistered the varnish on their desks and curled the paper under their hands.

With the wind raging at 40 miles an hour, and fanned into even greater velocity by the flames, the task of combatting the fire monster seems herculean if not impossible. When the advance was checked in one direction, a perfect whirlpool of flames would form, and then shoot off like the spout of a cyclone cloud in an entirely different direction, till the frightened residents of the fire-smitten town did not where to go to seek safety.

Some of the eight, nine, 11 and 12-story buildings built of stone and marble with framework of iron, were licked up by the flames like a piece of oiled paper in a furnace. A writer for the Sun says that the great Calvert Building, one of the loftiest marble structures in the city, supposed to be fireproof, collapsed within five minutes after the wall of flame swept across the street. "It went down before my eyes almost before I could breathe," he declared. And so it was with everything that the fire struck. Flames were carried half a mile to spread disaster and ruin in comparatively safe districts.

Baltimore is one of the older cities in the United States. It has narrow, tortuous streets, and the older portion, where the fire has fed the heaviest, presented that peculiar picture of great wealth and grovelling squalor and grinding poverty which characterizes but one other city in the United States, in all probability, and that is New York City. The slums of old Baltimore are unspeakable. They are now wiped out. Many of the buildings upon which the flames worked so easily have been standing the storms of Winter and Summer for over 150 years. Amidst these antiquated fire-traps were some of the finest buildings in the United States. The enormous losses are covered by insurance, but it is feared that the great insurance companies will be crippled by the disaster and unable to pay claims.

Baltimore, founded in 1730, was named for Cecilius Calvert, Lord Baltimore. In 1759 Baltimore had a population of 200 souls and contained 25 houses. To-day Baltimore ranks as the sixth city in size in the United States with a population of 508,957.

The entrance to the Port of Baltimore is defended by Fort McHenry, and it was at this point that Col. Armistead and the force under his command defended the city successfully against the British in 1814. Francis Scott Key, a resident of Baltimore, a prisoner in one of the British ships in that harbor, wrote the "Star-Spangled Banner" as he watched this fight.

It was in Baltimore that the Congress of the United States took refuge when Philadelphia was taken by the British in 1776. John Adams in his journal describes the building as follows: "The Congress sits in the last house at the west end of Market street (as Baltimore street was formerly known), on the south side of the street in a long chamber with two fireplaces, two large closets and two doors. The house belongs to a Quaker (Jacob Fites), and was built for a tavern."

This place, now in the very heart of the city, is in the burned district.

All the telegraph and telephone buildings went down at midnight Sunday, so that the stricken city was cut off from communication with the outside world except by messenger and train service.

At the hour of going to press the residence portion of the city is in flames and there seems to be no hope of checking them until the river is reached.

The loss up to this time is estimated at over $100,000,000, and growing.

The greatest fire in the history of the world was that in Chicago in October, 1871. There were 2,100 acres burned over and the loss was $100,000,000.