

TALES OF WAR

In a Bowery Regiment and His First Command.

BY CAPT. MUSGROVE DAVIS.

The Adventures of a Young Second Lieutenant in this Celebrated Regiment on His First Reporting for Duty—An Illustration of Some of the Earlier Phases of the Volunteer Service in the Late Unpleasantness.

When my appointment as second lieutenant in the 109th New York Volunteers reached me it was April, and we were in camp at a place known as Catlett's Station, not far from Washington. The next morning I bade the old 15th good-by, and started in high spirits for the capital to take up my commission. At Manassas, on the way, we were cut off by rebel cavalry for thirty-six hours, with, I remember, nothing to eat but molasses, sweet-cakes, and sardines: a ration which effectually destroyed my liking for sweets.

Reaching Alexandria, finally, in the night, I was promptly clapped into the guard-house for being without the countersign, and languished there for quite half an hour before remembering that, as an officer, I was entitled to receive it. As soon as this fact dawned on me, I made haste to communicate with the officer of the guard, who, on sight of my commission, at once gave me the word, and off I went to the hotel.

In the morning I proceeded to Washington, where I allowed not a spear of grass to start under my feet until I had ordered my complete lieutenant's uniform, including shoulder-straps that made up in size what I lacked in rank. Thus accoutred I felt that I owned Washington. At one time I would issue from my hotel in the full splendor of sword, sash, belt, and gauntlets, at another I would sally forth in fatigue jacket and white gloves. In either array I knew myself for a paragon of martial beauty, and few store windows did I pass without stopping to feast on my reflection in the glass, under pretext of examining the goods displayed for sale.

General Wadsworth was Provost-Marshal General, and accordingly to him I applied for the location of my regiment. I found it was Colonel Harrison's regiment of Benton's Brigade, Couch's Division, Sumner's Corps, McClellan's Army of the Peninsula. Provided with this direction and a pass on a government steamer, I embarked at Alexandria, and so down the Potomac.

About two o'clock of a hot afternoon we arrived at City Landing, where, on all sides, little was to be seen but huge piles of quartermaster's stores, hundreds of army wagons, and in the background corduroy roads diverging into the woods.

The army was at that time encamped before Yorktown. Putting my valise into a wagon that belonged to Benton's Brigade, and strapping on sword, haversack, and canteen, I set out on foot, in company with a number of other officers, for the front. When we had covered three or four miles, guide-boards began to appear, and soon, as my companions separated for their different divisions and brigades, I was proceeding all alone. Coming presently upon a sentry, I asked the way to Benton's Brigade, and arriving in due time at the place indicated, I inquired of another sentry for the One hundred and ninety-ninth New York.

"No such regiment in the brigade," was the reply.

"What regiments are there in it?"

"The 11th Massachusetts, 10th Massachusetts, 56th Ohio and 3d New York Militia."

"You are sure this is Benton's Brigade?"

I persisted.

"Yes, and Couch's Division; but there is no 199th New York in this corps, I know."

Here was a fine state of affairs. In the midst of an army of strangers, and not able to even hear of my regiment! I could ask at brigade headquarters, the man suggested. I did so, but the assistant adjutant-general knew of no such regiment. "General Wadsworth must have been mistaken," he added; "for I have a list of all the regiments in McClellan's army, and there is no such New York number." He said, further, that he was sorry for me, but I was sorry for myself, for that matter. The question was, what to do?

As I turned away, I chanced to overhear the clerk say something about the "3d Militia," and immediately the officer called me back to wait while he looked at some new instructions. Then it came out that orders had that day been received from Washington giving the title of "109th New York Volunteers" to the old 3d Militia. This cleared the matter up, my camp was pointed out, and I started off again, with a suggestion from the adjutant that, as all militia regiments disliked very much to have the number of their organization changed, I take the figures of my cap, especially as the 109th were rather ugly lot from the Bowery and might otherwise make me trouble. But once acted on the advice, but remembering that "Lieut. Musgrove Davis, 109th New York Volunteers," was painted in large letters on the end of my valise, I wondered how they would take that.

Up to this time I had had no doubts as to the importance of my rank, believing that to see my straps would be to respect me. I was soon to realize, however, that possibly such was not the case.

I arrived at my regiment, and, passing the guard-house, made directly for the commanding officer's tent, which is always known by its position. On the way thither I happened upon a feature of my new environment which was to say the least, a little surprising. It consisted in a ring of officers and men shouting and acting in a way to convince me that a "mill" was going on in the middle. Men and officers mingling to cheer a fight, and that within the regimental lines! "What sort of a place," wondered I, "have I got into?"

It was now about four o'clock, and still very warm. The flaps of the colonel's tent were up, and as I drew near I could see inside the figure of a man lying on a camp bed in his shirt sleeves, with a newspaper before him. I scratched the canvas by way of knocking, and a gruff voice said: "What do ye want?"

I stepped inside, took off my cap, and stood for some seconds staring at the immovable newspaper before venturing to ask: "Is this Colonel Harrison?"

Dawn came the paper, and up rose the man to a sitting posture, revealing a red, bloated, brutal face, with blood-shot eyes and a decided ill-pleased expression. With an oath he replied: "No! He's in jail!"

This seemed a most unlikely statement, but was afterward found to be perfectly correct. The colonel had been arrested for appropriating and selling regimental rations and forage.

"May I ask your name, sir?" I made bold to inquire.

"Oh, yes [with another oath], you may ask, fer all I care!"

"What I wish to ascertain is who might be in command?"

"I can't tell you who might be in command, but I know who is. I am."

"Then, sir, I should like to know your name and rank," I continued.

"My name and rank is none of your business, that I know of," was the answer, and with that the officer coolly resumed his reading.

By this time I was pretty thoroughly frightened, and wished myself anywhere else and my commission in the moon. Meanwhile a lot of rough-looking brutes had gathered around, attracted by the conversation; and, altogether, for a smooth-faced stripling the situation possessed few attractions. However, I managed to say that I had official orders to the commanding officer of the regiment, and therefore must insist on learning his name and rank.

"Well, I am Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas," commanding. "Where are your orders?"

Laying down the paper and thrusting out his hand, in which I placed my orders as second lieutenant of Company B.

"Just what I thought!" he continued.

"You're another of those useless young fools that that ass of a governor has been sending down here. You a second lieutenant? Why, you little runt, you ain't!"

"I don't want you! Take your orders back to the governor and tell him that I can fill my own orders, and that he had better get a new set of brains pumped into his fool head. Tell him that I don't keep no nursery. I hain't got no bottles to bring up children on. Get out of this; I hain't got no use fer ye!"

During this astonishing outburst I had stood transfixed. At its conclusion, however, a reaction set in. I seemed to see the whole situation in a flash. Colonel Thomas probably imagined that I was the son of some rich man or influential politician, who had procured my appointment through favoritism, and that I had seen no service—knew as little of soldiering, in other words, as he did of preaching. If he could only frighten me out of camp, he had but to report me "absent without leave" to insure my instant dismissal; for the hundred or more of his men who were standing about might be relied on to swear black was white if I ever succeeded in having the matter brought to trial. That was his "game." The idea was not flattering to the lieutenant-colonel and his command, but further acquaintance with them proved it correct, for if ever there was a set of blackguards outside of "Billy Wilson's Zouaves," this regiment contained them. The extent to which they would steal, and lie, and fight, and fight, and lie, and steal was almost beyond belief. I ought to add, though, that they would stand up against the enemy as stubbornly as any regiment I ever saw in action.

I have said that I saw Colonel Thomas "game." I perceived, also, that to back down would be to invite disgrace, perhaps violence. Clearly, it was "sink or swim," "fish or cut bait." The knowledge that I was entirely right and he entirely wrong—that he had been guilty of "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman," and was himself liable to court-martial and dismissal—nerved me. The consciousness that not only my honor but my family's was at stake fired me. The recollection of the insults and abuse that I had just listened to sent the hot blood bounding through my veins as if it would burst them. I felt that I would rather die than submit, and that I would rather fight than do either. It seemed as if I weighed a ton. I started a step forward, and my tongue was loosed. Epithets and expletives rose to my lips like water to a pump, and I poured them out as freely. I wound up by assuring him that, as he didn't seem to know to whom he was talking, it should be my early and great pleasure to let him know, through my father's friend, General Sumner, and in a way which he wouldn't soon forget; advising him to pack his little "kit" meanwhile, as he wouldn't be in command of the regiment at midnight.

This threat was a piece of sheer, consummate "cheek" on my part, for, as a matter of fact, General Sumner did not know that such a man as my father existed. But something had to be done, and I was not disappointed in the effect of my little stratagem.

I had finished and was half way through the ruffianly crowd before Thomas recovered himself sufficiently to call out: "Come back here, boy!"

I turned and asked him what he wanted.

"Come here, come here! It won't do you no good to go to General Sumner. I and all my men would swear your story was a lie."

I judged this remark to be a "feeler"; so, standing by my colors, I replied: "You will see, sir, that in that quarter my little finger has more weight than your entire carcass or the whole of your regiment. You'll know me better next time you see me," and I turned to go.

"Come back," growled the colonel, in a tone which nevertheless showed that the shot had not been without effect, "and I'll see if the captain wants you."

Wheeling and walking up to him, I said, looking him straight in the eye:

"Colonel Thomas, I care not one straw whether you or the captain wants me. I know my rights, and I know how to get them. I'll have them, too, in spite of you and your whole crew. And although it would serve you right if I used the power I have, still, if within five minutes you assign me to duty, I shall go no farther. If you do not, I shall waste no more words with you; but as sure as there is a sun in heaven, I will secure speedy justice for myself and prompt disgrace for you. Make no mistakes, sir, for I am granting you a favor. I ask nothing of you; on the contrary, I defy you. Put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

This shot also told; the man was now evidently alarmed. "Orderly," said he, "call Captain Baker."

Off went the orderly, and in two or three minutes there appeared a tall, lean man, with a rough but not bad-looking face.

"Captain Baker," said the colonel, "here's a saucy infant the governor has sent you to bring up. He holds a commission as second lieutenant in your company. You may take him, and be — to him."

This was I introduced to my captain. However, I was satisfied that this careless man was mere bravado, put on to impress the bystanders and cover a case of pretty thorough fright; and as I was not anxious to carry my Summer subterfuge any farther, feeling that I had put upon it about all that it would bear, I made up my mind to let well enough alone.

The captain gave me a cold, vacant stare. I gave him one equally cold and vacant in return. Then he said, "this way," and off

we started. The crowd laughed and jeered me as we went, and the only thing approaching a compliment, I caught just as I passed without the circle. It was from a bull-headed sergeant, who muttered: "Begorry, I believe the spalpeen'll fight!"

"Well, I confess I felt fuller 'll fight than I ever did again; indeed, it was afterward asserted that on hearing this observation I turned like a young tiger and snapped out something about thrashing the whole lot of them. I don't remember it; but joke or no joke, I had never felt so desperate—never. I verily believe I could have fought a stone wall."

Captain Baker sullenly took the lead, and I as sullenly followed. Not a word was spoken until we reached the company street (camps are laid out in company streets), when my guide halted, said curtly: "Here's the company," and turning on his heel, walked away.

"Where is my tent, captain?" I called after him.

"I don't furnish tents," was the leering reply.

I could not dispute that. Here I was in my company, to be sure; but alone, with a lot of brutal faces sneering at me, and with no cover for my head. I was still too angry to falter; and so knowing that the quartermaster was the person charged with furnishing such supplies, I made my way to his tent and stated my wants, only to be met with: "I don't know you, and I can't give you a tent without the colonel's order."

I asked him if he could make himself acquainted with me to the extent of a pen and a bit of paper. These he gave me, and making out a requisition in my proper form, I returned to the colonel's tent.

Upon entering I was greeted snarlingly with: "Well, what do you want now?"

"Well, I want a tent now," I mildly replied, "and here is a requisition which I will thank you to approve."

"Approve nothing!" was the rough rejoinder; "I hain't got no tent for you."

"That being the case, you will oblige me by so writing across the face of the requisition."

[To be continued.]

IT WILL ALL COME OUT

When a Congressional Committee Gets Its Investigating Clothes On—Have Patience.

Editor Globe:

It is said in Postoffice circles that there are other officials as deep in the mire as "Mike Lewis" is in the supply division scandal.

There is a board in the supply division for the purchase of all supplies—inks, twines, papers, envelopes, cutlery, blotting papers, pens, pencils and many other articles too numerous to mention.

The chairman of this board is the present chief clerk of the P. O. Department who was the predecessor of "Mike" as superintendent of the supply division, Mr. Blaine Taylor by name, who is also a protégé of Mr. Perry "Nelly" Heath, who was most summarily, but not too soon, bounced by the late President when even his friend Mark Hanna could not save him from his ire.

It will be remembered, and is well known by all in the Postoffice Department, that Mr. Heath made his name famous or infamous by his connection with the biggest contemplated steal connected with any department of the government only that it was detected in time. Now that Congress is in session this wholesale robbery and scandal of the supply division should come to light when no doubt but our brave and fearless Executive will not permit it to pass without a man escape.

There is some considerable excitement in Post Office circles in the endeavor at the present time being made to save Taylor and Lewis for one is as deep in the robbery as the other and the opinion is that no ink was destroyed without the consent of the chief clerk who is well known to work in with his friend Lewis for no purchases are made without his consent, being so well conversant with all the details of the supply division "rake off" since he was in charge of the same division. It is said the P. M. G. will do all in his power to save Taylor on account of his recent change in politics from strong Democratic to the Republican fold for "his well known" that he went down to his state of West Virginia to work for Bryan against McKinley in 1896 and worked for McKinley in his late election.

Will this fact cover up the downright robbery and scandal connected with this expensive supply division that the P. M. G. is known never yet to have visited or looked into and which he is responsible for an outraged country.

JUSTICE.

A Funny but Gruesome Story.

A family residing in the northwest part of Washington employed a new servant, and for lunch ordered her to bring to the family room cold meat and other things together with the pepper and salt. After lunch the family attended church, but before going gave instructions for dinner, and roast beef was a part of the bill of fare, and all was to be well seasoned. When the cook came to that part of her orders she could not find the salt and pepper. Thinking she had left them up in the family room where lunch had been served she went and found what she supposed was the salt and also the pepper, but made use of them. When the family returned they questioned the cook as to the dinner, and the daughter went with the cook to see that all was right. To her horror she discovered that the contents of the urn that contained the ashes of her dead father had been used to season the dinner. The servant was discharged.

Drink Plenty of Water.

Hot water quenches thirst in most instances better than cold. Taken regularly at the rate of one glassful half an hour before meals it promotes digestion, and in catarrhal conditions of the stomach it is recommended by physicians. It has also been tried as a remedy for insomnia. Constipation is frequently the result of an inadequate supply of water. One of the reasons people thrive at springs is that besides any medicinal properties the springs may possess, they drink much more water than at home.

Held Prisoner by His Trousers.

A passenger on the elevated railroad in Brooklyn had the slack of his trousers leg caught in a closing side door as he was standing with his back to it. The side doors are only opened from the outside, with keys kept at the Brooklyn bridge. The passenger was therefore obliged to go way beyond his station until a bridge man and a key could be found.

REAL REASONS

Why the Globe Has Been a "Dirty" Sheet.

THE EDITOR OWNS UP

How the Last Straw Broke the Camel's Back and the Secrets of the Globe are Exposed—Hamilton, Roman Helper, Author and Scholar Responsible for Our Change of Front—The Globe Will Now be a Clean, Moral Newspaper.

The fascination of running a great moral Sunday newspaper will be fully understood by those who will read this excerpt to the end. We will be brief and merely epitomize things. Detail would stretch out the subject to the lengths of those Prison Reform nightmare papers. Let us commence at the beginning therefore and proceed chronologically with the aid of our hydraulic compressing machine.

That the SUNDAY MORNING GLOBE has been an unusually "dirty sheet" I admit! From the typographical, orthographical and grammatical point of view! The matter composed has been clean enough in conception or until it encountered the linotype machine. There it met its "Waterloo." Even a sermon by Talmage and an angel serenade by Grubbinie came out from under that invention of the devil with all the hoof marks of his Satanic Majesty, disfiguring not only our syntax and prosody, but our orthography and etymology.

We are a patient and a forbearing biped, like all hard-working newspaper men. We have been accustomed all our life to the hand compositor, that all-around hard drinking, educated and well-read individual to whom numberless editors, dead and living, are indebted for such fame as writers as a discriminating, intelligent public awarded them. That old time compositor is passing away, and hence the "dirty" sheets now issued by even family newspapers dependent on the linotype and the MACHINE who (or which) manipulates it. When, therefore, the daily newspaper comes out daily with errors sticking out as prominently as the nose of Don Caesar de Bazan what must a suffering public endure from the perusal of a what is intended by its editor as a highly moral Sunday newspaper. The former has the pick of the MACHINES who (or which) operate the linotype and the latter is compelled to submit to any old shoemaker, bricklayer or carpenter, temporarily out of employment at his own particular craft, and fills in the interregnum operating for some one-horse office (where the GLOBE has been murdered weekly until the present issue), by this miserable substitute for BRAINS known as the linotype machine.

The great dailies use the linotype because the linotype saves office space and cannot go out on a strike. One linotype will compose as much matter as four or five compositors. Whether it is more economical as a mere type setter than the old time hand compositor is a question, except in the matter of shop space. But, ye gods! and little fishes! the contrast in the product of the linotype and the human being with brains is where the climax is reached in the printed newspaper. The pleasure is no longer enjoyed by the reading public of the graceful and flowing rhetoric, properly punctuated, spaced, paragraphed and orthographically, grammatically as well as typographically correct which we all enjoyed before the substitution of brains with this linotype machine. The ambition has departed from the Faber styled by the modern scribe, for alas! too well he knows that could he write to bring the angels down the MACHINE operating the machine would make his abled inspired effort look like thirty cents!

There is no redress to be obtained from these butchers of copy, of "English as she is written," they simply take corrections on proof sheets as the harmless amusement of hand raised writers and regard all such with the same dense stolidity with which their fellow machine grinds out the lines of type metal!

If an editorial does not suit the MACHINE operating the machine, he simply destroys it and his boss puts up the excuse that the MACHINE is on a drunk! This happened to the GLOBE last week and it was the last straw that broke the camel's back. We struck! And this issue is the product of the hand and old time intelligent compositor. Contrast it with the "dirty" GLOBE you have been reading, dear public!

But we had almost forgotten the real motive which inspired this tribute to our old "pard"—the hand compositor. In last Sunday's GLOBE there appeared an open letter to the President of the United States from the distinguished writer, traveler and author Mr. Hamilton Rowan Helper. His great work "The Impending Crisis" will be recalled by the student and political economist. Well—Mr. Helper selected THE SUNDAY GLOBE as the medium for his very able and exhaustive letter to the President on the importance of the three American Pan-American Railway from Alaska to the Straits of Magellan. A stupendous undertaking and magnificent conception truly. Mr. Helper, however, undertook an equally marvelous enterprise when he supposed because he furnished type written copy to the MACHINE who (or which) operates the machine that his article would be free from errors. He gently chided the Editor of the GLOBE on our careless proof reading and the "dirty" appearance of the paper. We bided our time and turned Mr. Helper's type written copy over to the MACHINE who (or which) runs the machine.

Mr. Helper called on Friday to read his proofs. He commenced at 11 a. m. and finished just two galleys (columns) by 2:30 p. m. There were three more to read. We made a rapid time calculation and decided that if the GLOBE was to make its usual appearance on Sunday morning Mr. Helper, great man though he is, must be suppressed. His antics while reading the two proof sheets mentioned were those of a centipede afflicted with the jim-jams. He several times struck the ceiling with his head and protested that he was not a swearing man. He did think, however, "the printer who could or would furnish such proofs ought to be arrested for false pretenses and kept in jail until Congress adjourned." He said and did so much that the distinguished author of "THE IMPENDING CRISIS" succeeded in making us lose our temper. We sent for the printer and introduced him to Mr. Helper, and then we abandoned the GLOBE office for the balance of the afternoon. Saturday morning's mail

brought us the following epistle from Mr. Helper:

No. 519 THIRD STREET, NORTHWEST, WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 29, 1901.

W. J. HILLIOTT, Esq., Editor of the Sunday Globe.

DEAR SIR: Not one of the ninety-eight errors which I corrected today (leaving a dozen or more uncorrected, because of their comparative immateriality, in the proof of my "Open Letter to President Roosevelt," should have been rendered necessary through the negligence of your printer, the type written copy, from which he printed, having been and being, from beginning to end, as clear as a whistle.

The communication itself presents, not at length, but only briefly, the public merit of the matter at issue, my projected Three America's Railway; and I had intended to see you sometime next week in regard to the private interests involved in the measure, in which you might possibly find a most excellent business—but I shall not deem it worth while to trouble either you or myself any further in the premises, unless those 98 typographical errors shall be eliminated from the next edition of your SUNDAY GLOBE.

No wonder that with such provoking and imperfect printers to deal with you need the patience of a Job. I should require to be endowed with a far greater degree of mental fortitude and endurance. Yours very respectfully, H. R. HELPER.

We mournfully reflected on our loss in having sacrificed the friendship of this distinguished gentleman but with the true Hibernianism of our race we laughed until the tears ran down our cheeks over the certainty that if the MACHINE undertook with the result would be its worse errors, the computation being based on our seven months' experience with the linotype and the operators who run it. And we pictured the distorted features and centipede gyrations of Hamilton Rowan Helper, Esq., as he read his murdered production in the columns of the GLOBE! And here it is where the MACHINE broke the camel's back and lost the contract for the printing (?) of THE SUNDAY MORNING GLOBE. Something had to give way, our sanity or the printers (?) snap. We are still sane.

A WORD OF CAUTION.

Addressed to Boys Who Have Bicycles, But Equally Pertinent to Those of Larger Growth.

Although it may seem selfish to say so, everyone who owns a bicycle should make a resolve and stick to it to never lend the wheel to anyone. This does not mean that a boy should refuse to let another boy take a trial spin for a block or two, but under no circumstances should he loan his wheel for a day, or even for a ten-mile run. Any rider who has a wheel fitted to him knows that it has certain peculiarities, almost like a horse, which only he knows. It runs better when pedaled in a certain way, and the borrower, having a style of his own, is almost certain to injure the machine, trifling perhaps, but to an extent that the owner will notice. Then there is the risk of damage. If the machine is broken in any way the borrower may profess a willingness to pay for the repairs, but at heart he is very unwilling. He acts as if he had been induced to ride a machine liable to break, and the chances are that he feels a resentment toward the lender. Or perhaps he is not able or willing to repair the damage. In any event, it will be found that the borrower is never particularly grateful for the favor, and no matter how many times the wheel is loaned to him, if it is once refused he is your friend no longer. Therefore the best for all concerned is to refuse at the outset to lend your wheel to anyone.

BATS OF GREAT SIZE.

In Some Parts of the Philippine Islands They Form a Part of the Poor Man's Diet.

The horrible bat of the islands grows in many cases to the size of the American chicken hawk, and is eaten in some sections of the Philippines. The best class of natives, however, do not eat the bats. The mode of catching the bats is peculiar. The cities, towns and barrios of all the islands of the Philippine group are quite overrun with bats, which fly through the streets in large numbers. They fly slowly and seem incapable of dodging articles in their path. Therefore, the native takes a long pole, puts a sort of combination hooked arrangement at the top and takes position in a street, and with the pole erect waits for bats to come along and bump into the hooked portion. As the native sees a bat coming he plans to have the hook in its path, and as he moves the pole, so as to bring the hook into contact with the head of the bat, the latter usually strikes it with a bang and drops to the earth stunned, when the native proceeds to promptly put the bat to death. After standing in this position for an hour or more, the native has a pile of bats at his feet. These he takes to market the next day and receives about two cents each for them. The bats are eaten only in small part. The wings, head, and, in fact, all but a small portion of each side is thrown to waste.

Giving Definite Invitations.

The old-time and usually very unsatisfactory invitation, "Come and give us a long visit," is no longer *comme il faut*, the more sensible English fashion for invitations having taken its place. Now one says "come" at such a date and such a time, "two weeks" or a month, "as the case may be," thus leaving both hostess and guest to formulate and carry out individual plans. Only exceptional circumstances should induce a guest to prolong her stay beyond the limit originally fixed.

Married in Haste.

They tell this story in Lee County, Ga., of a negro who applied to a justice of the peace to marry him. He had no money and offered a string of fish as the fee. After a year had passed the justice met the man and said: "Well, William, how do you like married life?" "Well, suh," was the reply, "I wish ter de Lawd I'd eat dem fish."

How to Clean Oil Paintings.

Oil paintings may be cleaned by dividing a sound, raw potato, having previously removed the skin, and applying the flat, cut side to the surface of the picture. As the soaplike froth accumulates use a very soft piece of sponge and a little tepid water to remove it. The superfluous moisture will be readily absorbed by the careful application of a piece of chamois leather. As the potato gets dirtier cut off a thin slice and use again.

A MINING CAMP.

Opening of School in Ballarat a Great Day.

SNAP FOR THE SCHOOLMARM.

The Fortunes of a California Boy—Not Yet Thirty Years of Age He Is the Highest Wage-Earner in the World—His Adventures and Knowledge of Minerals—Going Over to England.

Ballarat is a mining camp 100 miles northeast of Los Angeles, on the west side of the Panamint River, and 30 miles west of Death Valley. Women are few in Ballarat, and those there are married. When a woman visits Ballarat, the town goes wild and takes "pizen straight." Then the whole town proposes.

A fortnight ago the stage from Darwin halted at the office in Ballarat. The miners were all about for there were strange rumors that a fairy was coming to town. They saw a dainty foot appear on the step of the stage, followed by a snowy skirt and then the blushing face of a beautiful girl. It was the first schoolmarm for Ballarat.

Ballarat celebrated that night. Several barrels of liquor went down, and several hundred pounds of lead went up. Long glasses and six-shooters made much merriment. Ballarat then, a few days before school opened Ballarat was shocked. The law said that no school could be opened unless at least five children were enrolled. The trouble was that Ballarat had only one child of school age.

Mass meetings were held and the situation caucused. Hardy miners who could swallow an ounce of lead shot from a 44-gauge were weeping. There was no time to be lost, as the school had to open on the following Monday, and it was then Saturday. Finally a plan was hit on. One of the best broncho riders on the swiftest cayuse was sent to Panamint Tom, a bad Indian with many notches on his gun, and with many purposes.

Panamint Tom lives twenty-five miles from Ballarat in Arvon Canon. He was asked to contribute four of his flock to open the school. He held out a long time, but finally a plug of tobacco and five dollars did the trick. A quartet of dirty-faced, naked little Indians were torn from the wigwam poles to which they held on and, tied on burros, were ruzed to Ballarat. The procession arrived Sunday morning, and there was great celebrating. The cause of education had won another victory. More "pizen" was consumed and more lead soared aloft.

When school opened Monday morning, the four reds and a white were in their seats, and the dutiful teacher waved the rule at them. Next day the school was only one scholar. Panamint Tom had taken the four pappones back to his wigwam. The law had been vindicated. It was only necessary that five pupils register on the opening day, and now the school runs daily. The schoolmarm has a contract for a year at \$75 a month, and Ballarat is proposing hourly.

In New York recently, on his way to London, was a young man who is said to be the highest salaried man of his years in the world. His name is Herbert C. Hoover, of San Francisco, 25 years old, and mining expert for Bewick, Moring & Co., of London, one of the most notable mining syndicates in the world. He gets \$33,000 a year salary, and is now on his way to London to be junior partner in the firm.

Hoover was a poor boy and worked his way through Stanford University in California, graduating in 1895. He went to Colgardie in western Australia, and was there two years at a salary of \$15,000 a year, in charge of rich property of a London syndicate. Later he went to China for another syndicate at \$20,000. Recently his salary was raised to \$33,000. After three years' expert explorations in China, he has sold out his interest in a coal mining company for \$1,500,000 and has come back to America with the declaration that there are no gold mines in China worthy of exploration, but that the country is the richest in the world in coal, and that the company he was interested in has begun to construct a great harbor, purchased twelve large steamships and intends to land coke in San Francisco at \$6 a ton, for ore smelting purposes, and carry back cheap freights to the China markets.

"China," says Hoover, "possesses greater resources than any other country in the world, of both bituminous and anthracite. In the provinces of Shansi, Chihli, and Honan, there are fully 8,000 square miles of horizontal beds. The bituminous coal occurs in almost every province, and in some instances is of fine cooking qualities. This coal will be a factor on the Pacific coast later on, for China can supply coke landed in San Francisco at a rate which will make possible the smelting of iron in California. The Chinese Engineering and Mining Co., of which I have been general manager, is operating a bitumen coking coal field in Chihli province, 60 miles from Tien-Tsin, constructing a harbor at Ching Wong Tow, 70 miles from the mines, and preparing to ship their coke to San Francisco. Cheap labor and cheap back freights instead of ballast will make it possible to land coke in California at \$6 a ton. The effect on the Pacific coast trade should be considerable as there is a lack of back loading to China, and therefore high outward freight rates."

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Philadelphia Woman of 93, in Spite of Her Advanced Age, Takes a Spin Every Day.