

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.

"No, I will not," ejaculated the angelic colonel, with the usual oath.

"You must do one thing or the other," was my rejoinder. "It seems, sir," I went on, "that you know as little about the duties of a soldier as you do about the habits of a gentleman, and since I happen to know my rights and your rights, my duties and your duties, I shall proceed to teach them to you in a way that will prevent their slipping your memory. I ask, I demand of you to approve or disapprove that requisition, and to be quick about it, too. I'm getting you where I want you now. And speaking of rights and duties, allow me to mention to you the title of a book concerning the contents of which you seem to be in blissful ignorance, but one which you will have cause to know better, and remember, too, before I have done with you. I refer to the 'Army Regulations.'"

"He knew that he was wrong and I fight, but his hope had been in my ignorance. Seeing that I was firm, he suddenly and unwillingly took the requisition and wrote 'Approved' across its face.

"To avoid the unpleasant possibility of another visit, Colonel Thomas," I continued, "I will thank you to give orders to the pioneers to put the tent up."

The colonel looked at me to see that I was in earnest, and, growling something which I didn't understand, gave the order. The tent was soon erected and the trench dug about it, and that was all. "Not a thing inside, and the position was as undesirable as one could conceive. I needed some bedding, but I had no right to order any one to bring boughs from the wood, so off I trudged for an armful myself, and arranged it into a bed.

Presently the drum sounded for dress parade. "Thank heaven," I thought, "I can't be called upon to do duty for twenty-four hours." Vain delusion! Almost the next minute I heard the captain call, outside: "Lieutenant Davis, get ready for dress parade."

At first I was inclined to refuse and stand upon my right to twenty-four hours' freedom, but on reflection I could not feel entirely certain whether it was a right or only a custom. So, deeming it better to do too much than too little, I obeyed the order.

As I took position in rear of the second platoon, I noticed that the sleeves of the man in the first lieutenant's place bore unmistakable traces of chevrons, showing that he had but lately risen from first sergeant.

"This," said I to myself, "is the chap whose nose I have broken, whom the colonel had intended for my place. But of course he has no commission, and if not, I rank him and must at once assert my rights; for if I yield these fellows an inch they will take an ell." Without a second's delay, therefore, I stepped to the front of the company, where the captain was standing, and said:

"Captain Baker, is that gentleman now acting as first lieutenant a commissioned officer?"

"What's that to you, sir?" was the reply. "You are a second lieutenant, and all I want of you is to take your position and obey orders, I'll attend to the rest. Your own rank is enough for you to know."

The men began to titter, and the late sergeant grinned, the captain meanwhile swelling with the consciousness of having, as he thought, effectually settled me. Again my blood rose to fever heat. I saw that to yield now was to lose what little I had gained, so, looking the latter full in the eye, I said:

"Captain Baker, you perhaps know something of the scene I have had with Colonel Thomas. It is plain that he hopes by persecution to drive me from this regiment, and it is equally plain that you intend to help him. Now, sir, let me say that you won't succeed. I am commissioned, I am here, and if I live, by heaven, I'll stay in spite of the whole pack of you. You can't frighten me, you can't bluff me, and it's useless for you to try. If you know anything about your duty, or the army regulations, which I doubt, you must be aware that you have not the right to put me on duty for twenty-four hours after joining your company, or to place me under a subordinate officer. The first I will submit to, the second I will not. Let that be distinctly understood. I have been obliged to teach the colonel his duty, and now that my hand is in, I don't mind giving you a lesson as well. It is evident from what I have seen that I can teach your whole regiment more of soldiering than you ever knew. Now, sir, I ask you once for all, is that gentleman a commissioned officer? If he is not, I will take his place, and you may do what you like with him."

The captain did not dare gainsay me, nor did he wish to stultify himself, so he hesitated.

"I refuse duty, captain, unless you comply. That will bring the matter to a point, and then we shall see who wants a court-martial. If it comes to that, one of us will be dismissed, and it won't be I."

This "settled" him. Stepping to the rear of the company, he gave the order: "Mr. Allen, take the rear of the second platoon." Allen accordingly skulked thither, while I, inwardly exulting, took the place of first lieutenant.

The blow was a stunning one to the captain, and not without effect upon the men. Moreover, we moved out so late to parade that the captain came in for a reproof from the adjutant, though little did that officer know the cause of the delay. In due time parade was dismissed, and I walked solitary and alone to my tent, amid the jeers and taunts of officers and men. Meanwhile the quartermaster's wagons had arrived at brigade headquarters, bringing my valise, which I carried to the tent, and, spreading a blanket over the boughs and stretching myself thereon, I drew a little needed strength and comfort from a certain flask which the new arrival contained.

It was growing dusk, and the din of supper getting filled the air as the men gathered around their fires. As for me, I had no names of preparing a meal, and no one of

ferred me a word or a morsel. I did feel desolate and alone. "Keep a stiff upper lip, Musgrove, you haven't time to get blue," said I to myself, and out I sallied in search of the sutler's tent.

I had to go into the next camp before I found such an institution, for the 19th had, by its peculiar attentions, so impoverished its own sutler that he had finally departed, and nobody seemed desirous of taking his place.

I made my purchases, consisting of herring, crackers, coffee, sugar, and a tin cup, and, regaining my tent, prepared a lonely but tolerable supper. The meal despatched I lay wearily down upon my blanket and gave myself up to gloomy thoughts. As darkness came on I stepped tentatively outside my quarters, in order to get the fresh air and to obtain a better idea of my surroundings. I was almost instantly seized, and, in fear, perhaps, that I had not been made to feel sufficiently at home, certain unconventional amenities were offered me—even forced upon me. My rank was not allowed to interfere with the convivial hospitality; in short, I was inconspicuously tossed in a blanket by the privates of my own company. I went skyward until the men were tired, nor did a single officer appear to interrupt the harmony of the occasion. When I was near swooning they let me go, and I returned giddy and faint to my tent, simply remarking: "You are having your fun now; my turn may come later on."

Presently tattoo sounded, and I had just about concluded that I would try to sleep, when there came a scratch on my tent. I said, "come in." Immediately the flaps parted, and a head was thrust in with the inquiry: "Is this Lieutenant Davis?"

I answered in the affirmative. "Officer of the guard to-morrow," was the reply.

"There it was again! Another violation of the 'Regulations' and another act of persecution."

"Are you the adjutant?" I asked. "I am."

"Whose order is this?" "The colonel's, sir."

A thousand angry thoughts flashed through my mind, but, resolved that my persecutors should not have the least pretext on which to excuse me of shirking duty, I said, "Very well, sir," and the adjutant departed.

Now guard-mounting is about as difficult and particular a duty as an officer has to perform. Positions are reduced to paces, and paces almost to inches, and salutes and orders must come exactly certain times; so that a person not well posted in the manual is almost certain to blunder. All this the colonel had no doubt thought of, and he was probably chuckling at that very moment in anticipation of my failure and consequent disgrace on the morrow; for if I did fail he would be sure to have me tried for incompetency.

"No, you won't," thought I, and making another trip to the sutler's, I soon returned, with half a dozen candles and a box of matches. Out came next the "Regulations" and a copy of the tactics, and to work I went. I broke the matches into men, platoons, and officers, and put them repeatedly through the entire manoeuvre, until when daylight came it found me innocent of a wink of sleep, but with the whole order of guard-mounting and guard duty at my finger's ends. This acquisition was made easier by the fact that on the Christmas during my connection with the 15th, the colonel had for that day turned over the regiment to officers elected from among the privates and "non-coms," and I had been chosen officer of the guard.

I got my breakfast (what little I ate) as I had got my supper, and nervously awaited the guard-mounting call, due at half-past eight. When the time came I was belted, gloved, and on the ground, where also the entire regiment, from the colonel down, were gathered "to see the little upstart bilge," as they expressed it.

Desperation had made me perfectly calm to all outward appearances, and I went through the various evolutions, and marched my men off to the guard-house, without a blunder. There further formalities were to be gone through between the old and the new guard, and thither, accordingly, the crowd now pressed.

I marched my new guard past the old, and dressed them up on a line with the latter. As I did so I heard a murmur go round, followed by laughter and jeers, and immediately the crowd began to disperse with expressions of satisfaction which seemed to say: "We've got him now." This threw me into a cold perspiration. I could not see the mistake, and I dared not hesitate. With my hand in my boots I aligned the men, and went forward to meet and salute the old officer of the guard and receive from him the standing orders. These he repeated to me as he had received them, and ended by taking from his belt and handing over three or four pairs of handcuffs. Feigning astonishment, I asked what the things were for and was told that I would find out fast enough before the day was over. With that the old guard marched past, received its proper salute, and departed.

Here, I thought I, "is a chance to score a point. These men have evidently been treated more like beasts than human beings, and if I can awaken a spark of manhood in them, if they have any pride left, I can now turn it to my account." So, with the bracelets still in hand, I stepped to the front of the guard and addressed them as follows:

"Men, for a year I have been, like yourselves, a private. I have carried a gun and knapsack I have gone through my duties to campaign and on the march, but never did I need one of these things upon my wrists. They are for felons, not for honest soldiers; and I see no one here who looks as if he deserved anything of the kind." (A compliment which involved a severe strain of the truth.) "You can and I am sure you will, discharge your duty without them, and I shall take great pleasure in doing what I can to lighten that duty. I make no threat as to what will happen if you fail, for I am sure you will not. We are all here, not from choice, but to serve our country, and we have equal rights and interests. It is, of course, necessary for every organization to have its officers. The government, feeling that I deserve a commission, has given me one, and I shall do all in my power to honor it. The mere fact of my having shoulder-straps is not proof that I am better than you, but in this case, evidence of longer service; and I trust you will not follow the example of some of your superiors and condemn me before trial, but rather wait and judge for yourselves. If ever I ask you to go where I will, not lead, then ensure me. I am sure that when this tour of duty is over we shall be better friends."

(To be continued.)

A German authority states that from the mouth to the source of the Rhine, 725 castles, formerly the homes of warlike chiefs, are to be found overlooking its waters.

CITIZEN MAGILL

Still After the District Officials With Cold Facts.

CHEMIST HIRD HELD UP

And His Motives Explained from Mr. Magill's Point of View—The Recent Cider Investigations and Arrests With the Usual Brief Reference to That Persecution of July Last and the Book Published on His Experience.

Editor Sunday Globe.

Will call your attention to the fact that the GLOBE has put "Chemist Hird" to the necessity of lying. By your kindness in commenting on the book "Thirty Days in the District Jail," and the space allowed since for disclosing the workings of the gang, the citizens have been enlightened in respect to the methods of these officials in the prosecution of the innocent grocers, and Hird now finds it necessary to "lie," through the reporters of the dailies. It is true the book is selling slow, but there are more in circulation than what have been sold, and in good "spots," I think. The more they investigate the more pleased I am; every word is strictly true, no exaggeration, and the slow move I hope will be a sure one.

In *Times* edition of Monday, December 9, there is an article headed Detecting Sales of Spurious Cider. The vendors of cider do not dispute any analysis made by the Health Officers; instead of finding fault they approve of and would help to convict any person or firm using salicylic acid, etc., or selling them an article not up to the requirements of the food law.

The grocers find no fault with the law; it is the one-sided, low, tricky manner in which the "ruling" of that law is carried out that they complain of. Any fair-minded citizen that could have been in the police court on the 17th day of July last, heard the testimony, and reviewed the procession of about forty reputable, honest grocers, amongst them a half dozen or more ladies, would be convinced that the ending clause of this article, viz: "Prof. Hird explained that the results of the testing were to warn the persons selling the decoction and if persisted in to bring them into the police court and subject them to a fine under the food law" can only be answered by the plainest word in the English language—"It is a lie."

I make the assertion that Prof. Hird cannot produce one reputable person in the District of Columbia that he has notified, or warned, of the quality, etc., of his goods, when under the requirement; all prosecuted, regardless of guarantees, etc., and fined in the Police Court were for first analysis, no warning. This statement by Hird, to the reporter, is another proof of the low cunning which is now trying to make it appear to the public that the grocers are dishonest and selling goods "after being notified."

How long will the tin (grocer) soldiers stand it?

He wants \$500 per year increase of salary; if remediated lies in connection with his presentation of food cases before the Police Court are at a premium he is entitled to it; he has earned it.

Why did the Health Department refer the case of the Butterine Company, in reference to pure milk, to Attorney Duvall, as per *Post*, December 4, for an opinion.

The same act of Congress, February 17, 1898, under which the grocers are fined (as construed by Kinnah) covers the Butterine Company in precisely the same manner as the grocer, and moreover Hird says the dairies, from which this milk is shipped (inspected) are insanitary. Attorney Duvall decides they are liable, yet no prosecution, and why? Because this is a great big bluff. There never was any intention to interfere, in any manner, shape or form with this forerunner of the "milk trust proper" (another cunning manoeuvre).

In your comment on my book you say if my deductions were true you were worked for a soft thing; before next you will be sure about those deductions.

The tin (grocer) soldiers are, being marched up systematically, but "not published as formerly." The work goes bravely on, and a great many have stopped selling. I think the plum is very near ripe. It will soon be time for the "sealed bottles," thirty-six hours old. When they come there will be no more 3.5 per cent salicylic acid, formaldehyde or freezing; the salaries will be up to the high water mark, the dividends on the stock will compare with those of the best trust and the manipulators will be happy.

In conclusion of this article, will call your attention to this fact. On the 17th day of July one or more grocers demanded jury trials, gave bond, etc.; since then others have also demanded jury trials five months ago and not tried yet. Does not this prove that the court, its officers and the Health Department know a jury could not be had that would convict an honest, reputable business man on such flimsy pretenses as *now* carry such heavy weight in the police court of this, the best (not) governed city in the United States.

If a grocer must pay money, let him give it to a lawyer, demand jury trial and thereby save the stigma attached to forfeiture of collateral or conviction. By taking this course his money will go into honest hands and he will never hear of the case again. I knew my case was clear that I was innocent; was able to give corroborative testimony; offered to do so; felt sure of acquittal, and stood trial. It was a lesson. I had a reverence for a court until that day. I know now what the "oath of office" amounts to. The cases reminded me of "sheep shearing the fleece gathered from about forty innocents that day will go far towards the increase of salaries asked by the "oath-bound officials" who did the shearing of the meekest, humblest and cowardliest set of lambs I have ever seen. How a man, knowing himself to be innocent, can tamely submit to be branded as a rascal by such a set of sneaks as are at the present time manipulating this system of oppression is something I cannot understand.

Our local press never tire commenting on New York City, Philadelphia, Chicago and other cities of the oppression and injustice inflicted in them; but right under their noses men of reputation are being branded, mutilated, and this very press is dumb. Why is it thus?

CHARLES J. MAGILL.

The United Kingdom has 16 leading art societies, of which eight are royal.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

Notes and Announcements of New Books and Periodicals Up to Date.

"The Whim," "The Jenk," and "The Blue Sky" are the names of new magazines.

Headliners from the press of the National Publishing Company, New York, are: "When the Dead Walk," by Lavinia Walsh; "The Heart's Own Bitterness," by Bessie Burns, and "The Girl from Mexico," by Miles G. Hyle. This is the house that put on the market the successful seller of the year, "Chickens Come Home to Roost," by L. B. Hilles.

Harper & Brother announce that over 73,000 copies of General Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur" have been sold.

Two political novels are having a run at this writing. One of these is "J. Berlin, Boss," by Francis Churchill Williams, issued by the Lothrop's, and the other is otheris "Shacklett, a Story of American Politics," by Walter Bard, from the Appleton press.

Historical romances are forging to the front. One reason for this may be found in the fact that a number of these productions have been dramatized with more or less financial success. Out of a long list those scoring a hit are Mills of God, The Sign of the Prophet, The King's Messenger, When the Lord was Young, The Tory Lover, Clayton Halowell, Tristram of Brent, Cardigan and A Lily of France.

In the possession of the Neale Publishing House, Washington, can claim the home office of the publisher as well as the author. During the month of November this firm issued three pretentious works—"Alicia's Ambition," by Lida C. Tulloch, "Thirty-six Years in the White House," by Thomas F. Pende, and the poems of Lieut. Richard S. Poomey. For December they announce a novel "Romance of Race," by Charles M. Carter, and two books of poems, one by Henry A. Blood and the other by Mary Ruele Hinton. Over in the immediate future is promised a memoir of Robert M. T. Hunter, by his daughter, and "Dorothy Quincy," by Ellen D. Q. Woodbury.

Classified according to house of issue, the books in the public eye today would read something like this:

Charles Scribner's Sons—"The Cavalier" and "The Ruling Passion."

J. Appleton & Co.—"The Eternal City," "Lincoln in Story," "The Teller," and "Some Women I Have Known."

Lothrop's—"Dri and I," "The Kidnapped Millionaire," "A Carolina Cavalier," "A Princess of the Hills."

Henry A. Coates & Co.—"Captain Blunt" and "With Bobs and Kruger."

Fleming H. Revell Co.—"Deborah," "Black Rock" and "The Sky Pilot."

Mutual Publishing Co.—"Love and Politics," "The Satyr," and "The Destruction of Poverty."

H. L. SUTTON.

Catharine II's Rules.

The rules, inscribed on a tablet now in the Hermitage, the famous St. Petersburg Museum of Art, are as follows:

- 1. Leave your rank outside as well as your hat and sword.
2. Leave your right of precedence, your pride and any similar feeling outside the door.
3. Be gay, but do not spoil or gnaw anything.
4. Sit, stand, walk as you will, without reference to anybody.
5. Talk moderately, not loud, so as not to make the heads or ears of others ache.
6. Argue without anger and without excitement.
7. Neither sigh nor yawn, nor make any one feel dull or heavy.
8. In all innocent games, whatever one proposes, let all join.
9. Eat whatever is sweet and savory, but drink with moderation, so that each may find his legs on leaving the room.
10. Tell no tales out of school. Whatever goes in at one ear must go out at the other before leaving the room.
Whoever offends against rule 10 shall never again be admitted.
Our grand dame will call these rules her Ten Commandments.

Egotism of Genius.

A writer in the London Standard declares the idea that genius is usually modest to be a popular delusion. On the contrary, he alleges egotism to be the very essence of true genius and quotes many amusing examples.

When Wordsworth, Southey and Coleridge were walking together and Coleridge remarked that the day was so fine "it might have been ordered for three poets," the gentle Wordsworth promptly exclaimed: "Three poets! Who are the other two?"

Disraeli, then a mere youth, wrote to his sister that he had heard Macaulay, Shell and Grant speak, "but between ourselves I could fool them all." And again he said, "When I want to read a good book I write one."

Our own Joaquin Miller wrote to Walt Whitman: "You and I are over the head of the rabble. We know we are great, and if other people don't know it is their own fault."

Was President Grant who, being told that a Senator, an admitted genius, who was very hostile to him, did not believe the Bible, expressed his estimate of the Senator's egotism by rejoicing: "Why should he? He didn't write it, you know."

Must Give a Horseshoe.

An old manorial rite exists at Oakham, in Rutlandshire, England, where every peer of the realm is bound the first time he enters the town to present a horseshoe to be nailed on the old portal, which is well nigh covered with these tributes. It is said that in case any contumacious peer should refuse to pay this tax the authorities have a right to stop his carriage and levy blackmail by snatching one of the horses. To avert so serious an annoyance the tribute shoe is generally ready, some being of enormous size and inscribed with the name of the donor.

An Anecdote of Genius.

The following anecdote of Leigh Hunt was once related by "Orion" Horne. Horne on a bitterly cold day in winter went to see Hunt, and found him in a large room with a wide, old fashioned fireplace. He had dragged his piano on to the hearth, close to a large fire, leaving only room for himself and his chair, and was playing with the greatest enjoyment.

"My dear fellow," cried Horne, "are you aware that you are ruining your piano forever and ever in that heat?"

"I know—I know," murmured Hunt, "but it is delicious."

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Sponging Woolen Goods.

Whenever there is a very high poish on woolen goods it is well to distrust them. They have probably been finished by pressing them over hot rollers or calenders, and a drop of water will remove the finish and leave a spot. In order to make such goods of value they must be sponged. Indeed there are few woolen goods that are not improved by the process of sponging before they are made up. Lay the cloth, yard after yard, on a board and go over it with a sponge dipped in cold water till it is thoroughly and evenly wet through; it need not be drenched. Lay it in a sheet. Two sheets may be necessary if it is a very long piece of cloth. Fold it in the fold of the goods as it came from the shop, but lay a smooth piece of the sheet between the folds. Begin to roll it at the end, and roll it up evenly and firmly in the sheet until the cloth is all rolled up. Let it remain over night. In the morning press it on the wrong side with a moderately hot iron until it is perfectly smooth and nearly dry. Then hang it on a clotheshorse until it is thoroughly dry.