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FUNSTON THE FIGHTER

INCIDENTS IN THE CAREER OF THE KANSAS "BOTTLED VITRIOL."

Heroic Colonel Who Has Repeatedly Led His Regiment Into the Jaws of Death in the Philippines Was Formerly a Reporter—The Little Man Had More Than One Encounter With Bullies—In the Railroad Business and Then Fighting for Cuba Libre.

When the war with Spain was formally opened who in the far East—unless a money lender with mortgages in the West—gave a thought to Kansas? The Sunflower state was then known merely as the home of gophers, coyotes, sand burrs, prickly pears, droutha, bad crops and cyclones. Every resident was supposed to pass the summer months beneath the surface of the flying earth. Town sites moved from section corner to section corner without the action of the county court. Fixtures as legally defined were not supposed to exist on those barren plains. All was movable but the federal land offices, and these were frequently half-buried under the shifting sands which the restless winds banked up in furrows.

Spain was a licked commodity before the previous condition of incertitude was removed from the historical prospectus of Kansas. The war was at an end, the papers signed and word on the way to the Philippines to the two commanders there to let up on the prostrate don, and still Kansas and her sons were regarded as harmless hayseeds, lacking in social graces, devoid of any more elevating sentiment than the condition of the allegedly stunted corn, reckless of political happenings, the birthplace almost of rampant populism and every other political heresy exploited on the earth. None from Kansas wore socks even, for the tradition had gained credence that the most renowned statesman of that commonwealth—of recent years, at least—had been compelled to forswear socks or lose his job.

Then Aguinaldo became busy—he is still—and the war with the Filipinos commenced last February. Now everybody is saying, What is the matter with Kansas? The bill of particulars is made more definite and specific and the query becomes, "What's the matter with Fred Funston of Kansas?" In the language of a certain ditty much loved of late, referring to a certain prince, power and potentate of a foreign land, the answer comes back from something over 70,000,000 of throats: "Nix." That is what is the matter with Funston, is the verdict of the Chicago Chronicle. It also applies to a band of gallant Kansas boys who follow their intrepid leader into every scrap which has been generated under the tropical sun of Luzon. It will to the end, whatever that may be.

Ten years ago the writer was seated in the city office of a Kansas City (Mo.) paper waiting for the daily assignments. He was alone, for he was the first arrival of the staff. While reading over his stuff—they all do that—of the day before, a short, sturdily built youth with a cherubic countenance entered. It was hot and the boy—he was little more—wiped a broad, fair brow with a spotless handkerchief. Then he bowed to the writer and said in a mild, almost effeminate voice: "City editor, sir?"

"Be in soon. Want to see him personally?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right, just sit down. Seen the sheet? Well, here's a copy. I am expecting him every moment."

The youth took the proffered paper, and modestly seeking a corner behind the open door, began to take stock of the shop. He read but little, but took in everything in the room, including the other tenant. This can be proved by the fact that the sole other tenant was taking stock of him at the same time. The boy was not much to look at, but one look called for two. He had a direct look from two bright gray-blue eyes that never faltered if detected in taking a fellow's measure. He was broad in the shoulders, slight in the waist, heavily hipped, short of stature, five feet four at most, if that, and as ordinary looking a young chap as one might wish to see. Yet he had an attraction which inspired a second glance. It was hard to tell what this was, but it was there.

The city editor arrived and proceeded with his routine labors. He had disposed of all of his men without noticing the presence of the stranger. He was an irascible man, that city editor, and when he did see the young fellow he asked angrily: "Well, and what can I do for you?"

"I'm Fred Funston. I was directed to report to the city editor for duty."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Funston, glad to see you," was the reply. Then turning to the writer he introduced the youth and directed his man to "break in" the newcomer on the courts. That was how Fred Funston broke into the newspaper business in Kansas City, along in the spring of 1889. He was duly broken in, for he was liked by his tutor, but he was always slipping a cinch. As a reporter he was alternately a surprise and a disappointment. He worked his "run" faithfully, but if he had continued long enough in the business would have been set down as a failure. He disliked trifles.

Fred remained with the paper several months and became a favorite, for he was so modest nobody ever dreamed he had already made a record which is looked upon as remarkable by old campaigners in frontier duty. That sweet-voiced little chap had marched through Death valley with a bunch of greasy Shoshones, helping to make the only accurate survey ever made of that region and at a time when he was scarcely emancipated from the control of his father. He nearly died of thirst, for the party became lost in the labyrinthian fastnesses of that fearful stronghold. He carried a chain, but with the versatility which has always been his made a lot of anthropological observations which subsequently brought him many a dollar from Eastern publications.

Fred Funston is now thirty-three years old. He is the son of the former member of congress from the Second Kansas district, known to fame as "Farmer" Funston. The farmer was a Methodist preacher before he went in for agriculture and politics and was famed for the sonorousness of his mighty voice. It is common repute out in that district, which was then a shoestring running north and south along the 209 miles of the eastern border of Kansas, that the old man might address his constituents in Wyandotte and be heard down in Parsons. Fred spoke with the mild lisp of a budding schoolgirl. The farmer was six feet two and weighed about 240 when he felt real good, which was most of the time; the boy was under 5 feet 4 with French heels to his boots and was a bantam in weight. Contrasts are sometimes of value.

Down in Miami county, Kan., is a little city called Paola. It is not much as a city and has few attractions concealed about it. Not far from this spot Fred Funston passed his boyhood. He put in his time raising chickens and hell, learning to ride bucking ponies and becoming familiar with all kinds of firearms. He was only a Methodist preacher's boy then, and of course was looked upon as a fit subject for the prayers of the people. But he did not worry. In fact, he never does. He went his way with the same quiet, modest manner which always marked him. But if any boy or boys became anxious for a row, he would mingle and swarm all over them. He never asked for a fight, but he lost few.

In time Fred went to Lawrence to become a student of the state university. There he entered into all the sports with a zest, but was lax in his studies. He always had a faculty of taking up what interested him and coolly passing by the rest. He was content that the other students shoud yell the college yell, but he stood ready to back up "Old Jayhawk" at the drop of the hat. This readiness first brought him into public notice and also nearly wound up his college career. His pistol was the inciting cause for the deliberations of the faculty.

Lawrence, like all college towns, is a city divided between two opinions. One side is held by the students and the other by the resident populace. Funston, of course, was with the students. One night, in company with a fellow student, the youth was promenading the main thoroughfare of the historical town which Quantrell burned. The two young men encountered "Bad Bill," a huge and dangerous negro, noted as a razor fighter and all-around ruffler. The man was remarkable for his physical prowess and determination to rid the streets of all "stugents," as he called them. With a flourish of his big and knotted arms he ordered the boys to scamper back to the hill or he would presently exterminate both.

Funston's companion promptly put space between himself and Bill. Fred calmly looked at the negro with his blue eyes growing black. He waved the man aside and started forward. Bill whipped out a razor and with horrid curses bore down on the youth. Young Funston as promptly whipped out a bright new pistol, leveled it at the man and said: "I don't want to hurt you, but if you don't drop that razor I'll shoot you."

Bill hesitated for a short time, then, seeing the boy meant business, dropped the weapon and commenced to back away.

"Stop!" commanded the boy. "Pick up that razor and put it in your pocket. Now turn about and march straight to the calaboose. Mind, I've got you covered, and if you bat an eye off goes the top of your head. March."

That settled it. Bill was locked up and fined the next day. He never waited afterward to get within range of the youngster who had taken his measure so easily. But the faculty thought students should not carry weapons and the boy was compelled to dance on the carpet. He sweetly and resolutely declined to pay any attention to the orders of the rulers. But he was the congressman's son and this saved him from expulsion.

About the time Funston graduated the Santa Fe road decided that a conductor needed a check. So collectors were put on trains to take up the tickets of passengers, while the conductors swung lanterns or arms to send the train on. Funston wanted a job and had no trouble in getting one on the road as collector. He ran from Emporia to Nickerson. This put him in the cowboy country, as he went through the town adjacent to many of the biggest ranches in Kansas. One day a cowboy got on the train at Emporia to go to Florence, a few miles away. The man was feeling morose and wanted a row.

The cowboy reached Emporia not very "strong," as they say when they go out for a good time, so he had not filled up on bad whisky to his usual extent. He felt ugly in consequence, and took his place in the smoker with the determination of beating his way. He had the usual supply of guns, the usual long hair and high-heeled boots and a reputation for being quick on the trigger. Fred started to make his train, when he encountered the ranchman, who scowled at his demand for a ticket. Funston repeated the demand.

"Ticket, hell!" roared the cowboy. "I ain't got no ticket, which I ain't none partickler of sich things. Low mebbe I kin ride on this yere outfit without none."

"No, that's a mistake, my man," was the quiet reply. "You can't ride on this outfit unless you pay your fare, and be quick about it, too, for I am in a hurry."

"Hurry, be ye? Well, just uncinch a bit. I ain't in no hurry. If you all think I'm skeered of you, you shore slips a strap."

"Come come, I have no time to fool with you. You pay or get off, and mighty quick, too."

The cowboy yip-yipped a couple of times, pulled a gun with a flourish and was dropping it down on the boy. Fred leaped like a catamount inside the aim, seized the fellow by the throat, took away his gun and smote him over the head with it. Then he pulled the air brakes, stopped the train, tossed the cowboy off, tossed his gun after him and finished by heaving bits of stone picked from beside the roadbed at him. He kept this up till the last coach drew nigh, then swung carelessly on his train and about his business.

Railroading grew wearisome after this. Cowboys refused to ride on his train and the other passengers were peaceful, so things palled. The young fellow must have Romany blood in him anyway, for he never would stay put long in any place. So, growing tired of life on the rail, he cut it and joined his father in Washington. There he was fitted with a desk in a department, but his blood was too hot for this. He heard of the geographical and geological survey in the West, so he besought the paternal influence and went with the party. He put in some eighteen months at this work and after perils and hardships which few men suffer these days, was back in Washington again, out of a job.

Then Farmer Funston determined it was time for the boy to buckle down to some life business. He could write and the father used his influence to put him on the Kansas City paper. Fred lasted about the usual time there. In fact, he quit sooner than was his wont, for Kansas City was a dull town, devoid of good fighting. Its glory had passed with the destruction of the once famous James gang. So before anybody knew what was coming off the youth showed up in Washington again. He made money easily, but he cared little for it as such. He traveled over the East, writing when he felt like it.

Finally some five years ago he started for Alaska. He had no special notion in making the trip, but, like everything else he has touched, he made it count. He explored more of that unknown region than any predecessor had explored and was able to correct some geographical lines. His services were valuable to the government and were suitably rewarded.

Fighting is his forte in spite of the absolute lack of suggestion in his appearance. America was distressingly peaceful. No war could be had here, so this youngster, determined he would go where he could find some fighting.

Three years ago he went to Cuba. In his travels he had come across the junta and soon became imbued with a desire to do battle under the lone star flag. To think is to act with him. He sailed away in a filibustering vessel, was landed away Matanzas and joined Maceo. He was familiar with arms of all kinds and soon wore the stars of a colonel of cavalry. He had a bunch of irrepressibles with him and they did excellent service.

He raided the country to within sight of Havana, and when the Spaniards bore down upon the Cubans Funston's raiders held the rear guard. They stood off Blanco's veterans until the great chieftain could escape to the hills. They were in every skirmish and were terrors to the foe. When the mulatto general fell and his forces were scattered the raiders went with them. Funston had a hard time of it dodging the enemy, but luck was with him and he reached his native land a war veteran months before the nation decided to take a hand.

With the outbreak of war he was offered and accepted a staff commission by one of the officers of rank. Gov. Stanley of Kansas, a Populist, raised a regiment of volunteers in addition to the national guard and called it the Twentieth Kansas. He offered the command to Fred Funston, although the boy belonged to the party which was the most bitter opponent of the governor. Funston accepted, and, when the command was ordered to the far East hastened to assume command.

Every war produces some man whose deeds stand above those of all others. Dewey undoubtedly was the man of the sea of the Spanish-American war; Funston is just as certainly the man of the land forces. This boy, commanding a regiment of raw levies, lacking in much of even the primary training of the national guard, is the one figure of the conflict who stands pre-eminent. The name of Fred Funston has been mentioned in the dispatches more frequently than that of any officer, regular or volunteer, who is in the Philippines or who fought at Santiago.

Actual warfare had scarcely commenced in Luzon until the world began to realize that Kansas produces something besides prohibitionists and high winds. The Filipinos had not fallen back into their second line of trenches until the world was made aware that the Twentieth Kansas had driven them out of their first. "Col. Funston with a handful of the Kansas regiment" went out and got them. A forward movement was determined on, the jayhawker colonel and his hayseeds were in the van.

Lloyd Wheaton, a veteran of many a battle on the frontier, started to whip Aguinaldo out of Malolos. His column, called the flying column, was detached from MacArthur's division and projected northwestward from the defenses before Manila. Funston, of course, was in this flying column, for speed, decision, skill and pluck were needed; he has them all and his men have also. Wheaton succeeded in his object. Every paper in the land printed his picture, but beside it could be seen the boyish face of the Kansan, covered by a soft brown beard of recent growth.

Then MacArthur started up the country to whale Aguinaldo out of his boots. He took Wheaton, Hale, Otis and had Hall in reserve. The four columns marched away, regulars brigaded with Funston's raw levies. They fought their way through jungles and over frightfully rough country, but they advanced. A river, supposed to be impassable, was met with not far from Malolos; Funston and half a company of his men swam over and kicked several hundreds of Filipinos out of the trenches.

Such a little thing as a river, no matter how swiftly flowing, is no bar to the progress of Fred Funston, provided there is a fight on the other side. If the fight happens to be on this side of the stream chain cables would not pull him over. Those who have sat in admiration of the exploits of the gallant Kansas officer have probably not realized what this swimming of rivers in Luzon means. All, of course, are aware that the deeds were accomplished in the face of a determined fire. But who has stopped to think or realize that the rivers of that archipelago are thronged with huge man-eating crocodiles? Men soon learn to face a storm of bullets and even joke about them. But the world has few men who would be willing to face the prospect of furnishing a meal to a hungry crocodile. Yet this is what that youth from Kansas has done more times than the cablegrams show.

Since the boys from the West faced the night attack of August 1 at Malate, delivered in the throes of a frightful storm; since the gallant men from gopherdom and Sandburrville turned back the exultant don, making seeming victory, sweet because of the awful slaughter of Cavite, the bitterness of abject repulse and defeat, the world has realized that the wind-swept plains of the West produce something more desirable than atmospheric disturbances. Since the men who follow the figure twenty on the broad blue banner of Funston's regiment have taken to swimming crocodile-infested rivers that they may mingle with Filipinos the world has taken a sudden interest in sunflowers.

This interest is not born of estheticism as prescribed in the school of Oscar Wilde; it is a virile, manly interest. It means that if Kansas can produce a regiment of such sunflowers then Kansas deserves to stand well up at the head of the list of states. No state in the Union—with one possible exception—has cause to blush when the names of their soldiers are mentioned. This applies not only to the present, but all other conflicts. No derogation of the gallantry and skill of officers and men of Nebraska, California, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Iowa, Tennessee, Pennsylvania and the Dakotas; in fact, all others who are serving under the banners of MacArthur or Lawton, are intended in what has been said. All have won honor and fame for self-sacrifice, daring and devotion. But of all the names which have won added luster since the first shot was fired none shines so brightly as that of Fred Funston. No regiment has a record more fully complete with military glory than his. That is why the query, "What's the matter with Funston of Kansas?" is answered with a mighty roar, "Nix!"

CARDS OF IDENTIFICATION.

Valuable in Case of Death, Accident or Jim-Jams.

Brooklyn Eagle: A new importance has been ascribed to laundry marks by the London police. They say that the marks frequently enable them to identify people who thoughtlessly die in the streets and parks without leaving an address and that they enable detectives—that is, real detectives, who detect—to follow criminals and fasten crimes upon them, inasmuch as criminals often array themselves in the stolen shirts and cuffs of their victims. It is hardly worth our while to insist that Jim Sling shall mark our shirts so that we may be successfully followed and captured if it is our intention to embark in a career of burglary and midnight murder, but the ability of English detectives to work on clues so slight that another kind of detective would throw up the case suggests the common sense in carrying with us not merely some distinguishing marks that might enable us to identify our clothing if it was rescued from the wash of a clothes line thief, but something more conspicuous and readily translated. This would enable strangers to identify us if we were to die in a strange place and a great hurry, or have a fit or bite our tongues off or be struck with palsy, or become temporarily paralyzed for reasons that need not be enlarged upon, but that are commonly excused as related to the proceedings of clubs and lodges, or suffer any sort of illness that affected our speech or our ability to write. It is no hardship on a man or woman to carry his or her card in a pocket, or two or three cards in two or three pockets, that if one were lost or made accidentally illegible another could be read. It is not unwise, also, to have a name and address appended to one's hat—on the inside, of course—and one's linen. Especially should this be done in the case of persons who are liable to epileptic attacks, or to faintness, or heart weakness, or aphasia, or to moments of derangement. By this simple precaution, the carrying of a card or note giving their names and home and business addresses, they may save pain to themselves and trouble, expense and anxiety to their friends, associates and families.

The Advantages of the Moccasin.

Harper's Magazine: The moccasin is the most rational and comfortable of all foot-wear. In moccasins the feet have full play; they can bend and grasp; there is nothing to chafe them or to impede circulation. In moccasins one can move like an acrobat, crossing slender and slippery logs, climbing trees, or passing with ease and security along [illegible] trails on the mountain side where a slip might mean sure destruction. The feet do not stick fast in mud. In the North, when the mercury is far below zero and no civilized boot will protect the feet from freezing, the savage suffers no inconvenience. His moccasins, stuffed with dried grass, let the blood course freely. The perspiration may freeze on the hay in a solid lump of ice, but the feet remain warm and dry. The buckskin moccasin, Indian-tanned with deer's brains and wood smoke, always dries soft after a wetting. In autumn, when all the leaves and twigs are dry as tinder, a man wearing shoes makes a noise in the forest like a troop of cavalry; but in moccasins he can move swiftly through the woods with the stealth of a panther. The feet are not bruised, for, after enjoying for a time the freedom of natural covering, these hitherto blundering members become like hands and feel their way through the dark like those of a cat, avoiding obstacles as though gifted with a special sense. Best of all, the moccasin is light. Inexperienced sportsmen and soldiers affect high-topped laced boots with heavy soles and hobnails, imagining that these are most serviceable for rough wear. But these boots weigh between four and five pounds, while a pair of thick moose-hide moccasins weigh only eleven ounces. In marching ten miles, a man wearing the clumsy boots lifts twenty tons more shoeleather than if he wore moccasins.

DARKEY'S FIRST RIDE IN A LIFT.

Nearly Paralyzed With Fear and Yells to Be Rescued.

Montgomery Advertiser: One of the most comical scenes that ever took place outside of the stage of a farce comedy was enacted down at the Moses building yesterday. It happened in the elevator—that elevator that is so familiar to the business people having occasion to use it. Pretty safe it is to say that not very many records would be smashed by it on a race track. It seems to be afflicted with a chronic case of spring fever, making its movements necessarily slow and painful for the passengers, at least. Yesterday afternoon an old negro woman, with all the trade-marks of the country, stepped gingerly into the cage from the fifth story—how she ever got up there heaven only knows. Johnny Hanson, who guides the destinies of the lift, sized up the "old sister," and determined to see if the ups and downs of his life could not have a little variety. When the old woman had gotten all of her anatomy in the cage and the door was clicked to, Jonnny gave the rope a quick jerk, sending the machine shooting down into space faster than it had done before. The startling results were even more than he had bargained for. With a yell of horror the old woman threw her arms about his neck with "Save me, honey, for de lamb's sake," and it would have been an easier task to comfort Rachel mourning for her children. Every floor that was reached on the downward journey seemed a haven of refuge to the old soul, who begged piteously to "le' me git out." Finally the ground floor was reached, and when the door was slid back and she was told to "light" the deep breath of thankfulness was something too eloquent for words.

Everyday Waste of Human Power.

St. Louis Republic: A physician reads a homily on the unnecessary amount of dynamic force people throw into all their movements. They wear themselves out by wasting their supply of energy. They may think they are moving gently and deliberately along, while they are really wasting enough power to run an engine. If they would only go slow, he maintains, they would, in a majority of cases, reach the end they are making for quite as effectively, and certainly with much greater ease. He speaks of one of his patients who had to summon him after she had miscalculated the height of the bottom step in descending a flight of stairs. She thought it was similar to the others, but it was only half as high, and the result was that she landed on the pavement with a jar that sprained her knee and laid her up for two weeks. The mistake of trying to substitute strength for skill is exemplified every day on the golf links and in many departments of athletics, and a music professor laments that thousands of tons of dynamic force are thrown away every day at the keyboard of the piano because music tutors have not taught their pupils the simplest rules of the concentration of the power of the hand by the position and movement of the fingers and wrist.

HE DIDN'T MENTION THE ROOSTER.

From Col. Bryan's Last Interview—"My Hens Are Happy These Days."

FAMINE AND FRATERNITY

PLAN OF THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA FOR DISARMAMENT.

A Cogent Argument in Advocacy of This Peaceful Proposition—Russia's Billion Dollar Reserve—Extent of the Terrible Famine Now Prevailing in the Dominions of the Czar—Why the Latter Is Anxious for Reform—The Origin of the Dreyfus Trouble.

Russia's new circular to the powers in connection with the peace conference, coupled with her efforts in the various capitals of Europe, and even in New York, to negotiate a loan of $100,000,000, may be accounted for by the fact that she has cut out for herself a costly policy of expansion in Eastern Asia, and that she is at the same time face to face with the most terrible and extensive famine that has ever devastated the Muscovite empire, either in modern or ancient times. Indeed, it is estimated that a sum of no less than $200,000,000 will have to be disbursed by the government for the relief of the starving peasantry between this time and next May; while it is impossible to form any correct estimate of the colossal amounts that will be needed during the year which has now opened, for railroad construction in Asia, for the subventioning of Oriental potentates and statesmen—in one word, for Russia's policy of expansion east of the Ural mountains.

Everything that serves to tighten the grasp of the czar on China tends to injure the commerce of the United States, Great Britain and of other western powers in the Mongolian empire, and by refusing, therefore, to loan the money for which Russia has been asking recently, financiers in this country have helped to obstruct Muscovite projects that are calculated to injure American trade in China.

While expansion in Asia and famine in the European portion of the czar's dominions constitute this year a tremendous and altogether abnormal drain upon the resources of Russia, says "Ex-Attache" in the New York Tribune, the latter differs from most countries that appear upon the money market as a borrower in that she possesses an immense reserve fund in gold, the accumulation of which has been one of the chief elements of disturbance in the financial circles of Western Europe and of the United States for several years. Russia's thirst for gold has been insatiable, and it is calculated that at the present moment the Imperial Bank of Russia and the imperial treasury in St. Petersburg, which are practically one, hold between them a billion dollars in gold. No one knows exactly the object of this vast hoard of the precious metal. Russian government officials are renowned for their reticence in all that concerns the plans and projects of their master, the czar. But it is generally believed that this billion dollars of gold is destined to serve as a reserve fund in the event of war, and this view is strengthened by the extraordinary reluctance manifested by Count de Witte, the finance minister, and by his colleagues to draw upon this fund. In fact, they prefer to apply to the foreign money markets for new loans, exposing themselves and their country to refusals and stipulations that are humiliating when the grandeur and the undeveloped resources of Russia are taken into consideration.

It is with the object of avoiding recourse to this vast gold reserve of the imperial treasury that the czar has conceived the idea of a peace congress, the purpose of which is not so much disarmament as the avoidance of further expenditure for increased armaments. Indeed the chief point dwelt upon in the circular issued last week by Count Muravieff to the foreign powers is that at the forthcoming peace conference the governments taking part shall agree not to increase naval or military forces or expenditures for a stipulated period. As matters have been until now it becomes necessary every few years either to increase the standing army in order to maintain the proportion to those of the neighboring powers, or to equip the entire body of troops with some new weapon at an enormous cost. No sooner has one new rifle been perfected and adopted than some new kind of small arm of still finer quality commends itself to the military authorities, and as often as not renders useless not only the gun so recently adopted but likewise all the ammunition; sometimes, too, the plant used for the production of the same.

Thus Germany and France have just completed the equipment of their respective armies with new quick-firing cannon, the most potentous military advance since the introduction of the breech-loading needle-rifle by the Prussians in the Austrian war of 1866. Up to now, a six-gun battery has fired an average of some fifteen rounds a minute. Each of the new French and German guns is calculated to fire fifteen rounds a minute itself, and the French have even managed to fire twenty-one rounds in a minute with one of their new guns. So marvellous are the properties of this new quick-firing gun that, according to the demonstrations of French and German experts, one will hold its own against an ordinary battery of six guns of the type now in use by Russia and other foreign powers. Germany and France have each about five hundred batteries, each battery armed with six of these new quick-firing guns, and as they may be thus said to have increased the strength of their artillery sixfold, it becomes incumbent upon all the other powers of Europe, particularly Russia, Italy, Austria and Great Britain, to follow suit in order to maintain the military balance between the powers that has existed hitherto. It is generally admitted that artillery plays the chief role in every great war. Russia could not, therefore, afford to meet Germany, neither could Austria or Italia venture to embark upon a war with France so long as the possession of quick-firing ordnance renders German and French artillery six times stronger than that of the other powers just enumerated. It has cost France and Germany $50,000,000 each to furnish their respective armies with this new quick-firing gun, and the wagons and ammunition that constitute the necessary complement; and, inasmuch as the number of Russia's batteries is somewhat larger, about 650 all told, the expense of arming them with quick-firing guns would be proportionately larger.

Incidentally it may be stated here that it is these quick-firing guns which are to a great extent responsible for the Dreyfus case. At the time when, several years ago, France first resolved upon adopting the quick-firing cannon, Russia asked for the plans and drawings. To this request France demurred. She asked Russia to wait until she herself had completed the equipment of her own army with these guns (it has only just been completed), and then insisted that Russia should bind herself to order in France all the quick-firing guns which she needed for the rearming of her artillery. Russia replied that, having excellent gun factories of her own, she did not see her way to spend abroad $60,000,000 or $70,000,000 which would stimulate and enrich her own industries if expended at home, and thereupon set to work to obtain by means of secret agents the plans and drawings of the gun. These attempts were successful, and it was the knowledge that the plans and drawings had been obtained by Russia through underhand means that gave rise in Paris to the public charges of treachery against the French war department. In order to satisfy public opinion it was necessary to find a scapegoat, and, as the anti-Semitic craze was then at its height, Dreyfus, as the only Hebrew member of the general staff, was selected for the purpose, and the evidence against him was fabricated. It is pretty generally known, however, that the person who furnished Russia with the drawings and plans of the quick-firing gun was no less a personage than Gen. de Boisdeffre, then chief of the general staff, now dying in disgrace from cancer of the throat, while the Russian parties to this conspiracy were Gen. Obrutcheff, chief of the Russian general staff, and Baron Mohrenheim, at that time Russian ambassador on the banks of the Seine. It is a significant fact that although Gen. Obrutcheff, who is married to a French woman and is the most intimate friend of Boisdeffre, was slated for the portfolio of minister of war, he was suddenly and sensationally dismissed from office at the same time as Baron Mohrenheim and Gen. de Boisdeffre, and, like them, relegated to dishonorable retirement, without any reason being given at the time for this sudden disgrace.

It is because the French authorities know that the publication of the secret dossier containing evidence of the underhand attempts on the part of Russia to obtain the drawings and working plans of the new gun would bring about the rupture of the Franco-Russian alliance that they are so anxious to prevent the nature of these documents from becoming known.

Although the Russian government has had the drawings of the French and of the German quick-firing guns in its possession for some time, it has not yet proceeded either to manufacture them or to take any steps to equip the army therewith. This delay is due to the enormous expense which it would involve. Russia cannot spare the $60,000,000 or $70,000,000 needed for the purpose without dipping heavily into her war reserve, and not only obstructing, but actually arresting, her policy of expansion east of the Urals. It might still, perhaps, be managed were it not for the famine. But if, in addition to the extensive relief made necessary during the next few months, Russia is called upon to incur the expense of rearming her entire artillery at once, it will be impossible for her to carry on the construction of her railroads in Siberia, toward the Indian frontier and in China, besides subventioning the emperor of Corea, Chinese statesmen and Central Asian rulers.

It would be unjust, however, to forbear to ascribe to humanitarian motives the peace conference upon which the czar has set his heart. Possessed of a keen sense of the responsibilities of his lofty office, he is overwhelmed with horror by the description of the misery that even now prevails in the nineteen famine-stricken provinces. He naturally shrinks from spending millions upon the construction of engines destined to destroy human life when by devoting that same money to the relief of the stricken subjects he can save hundreds of thousands from the horrors of death by starvation.

It is difficult for foreigners to conceive the terrible character of this famine now raging in Russia. The official reports admit that no less than nineteen provinces, with a population of 40,000,000, are affected by it, and it is worthy of note that the sufferers comprise not merely the peasantry, but likewise the landed gentry and territorial nobility, who in many instances are seeking and obtaining government and even private relief. The very thatch from the roofs has been consumed in food for the cattle, which have to such an extent succumbed to hunger that even in the agricultural districts least affected by the famine 80 per cent of the rural population are without horses or cattle, and, therefore, without means to plow their land. Hunger typhus has broken out among the people, with its usual accompaniment of bovine typhus among the cattle, and Russia may therefore look for another visitation of the cholera, since this pestilence usually follows in the wake of famine.

In some districts the starving populations have attacked and severely injured the veterinary surgeons and government officials sent to destroy the carcasses of the cattle which had succumbed to bovine typhus, the meat, though black with disease and putrefaction, being ravenously devoured by the rioters. The loaves sold as "famine bread" are composed of the goose-foot plant, which is catalogued in the Russian pharmacopoeia as an emetic, and animal dung. There ingredients are baked into a hard, black mass, like stone, and it is for the sake of obtaining one of these loaves that every form of murder and robbery is being committed. A sample of this bread, which, according to official reports, forms the sole sustenance of 30,000,000 men, women and children, is exhibited in the great cathedral at Kazan, with the object of stimulating private charity. But charity stands paralyzed and powerless in the presence of a famine of such magnitude.

The responsibility for this famine, as for that of 1892, lies at the doors of the Russian government far more than at the gates of Providence. The complete failure of the crops last year in almost every latitude and longitude of European Russia, except Finland and the Baltic provinces, was due mainly to the fact that the fields have not been tilled or sowed by the peasantry. The government, in order to provide money for its standing army, had confiscated and sold for non-payment of taxes the agricultural implements, as well as the horses, the cattle, the sheep, the pigs and the poultry—in one village, according to the St. Petersburg "Novoe Vremya," the tax-gatherers seized every chicken in the place, about six hundred in all. Formerly the peasants were able to raise the cash requisite for the purchase of seed and implements by pledging a portion of the crop to be grown; but since the Muscovite government resorted to the policy of persecution and expulsion of Germans and Hebrews, who were the only persons in Russia possessing the means of loaning money to the agricultural population, the practice of mortgaging and discounting the harvest in advance has necessarily ceased. The government has endeavored to take the place of the Jewish and German money-lenders by establishing agricultural credit banks for the landed gentry, as well as for the peasantry. But in this, as in all Russian government enterprises of the same kind, the dishonesty and corruption of the Russian officials, high and low, serve to deprive these praiseworthy projects of their usefulness, and render them not a blessing, but a curse.

It is because the young czar has, by careful investigation made himself acquainted with all these facts that he is anxious to reform the service of his government and to relieve the sufferings of his famine-stricken country before wasting any more millions on the military incubus of nineteenth-century prosperity and progress.

Names for Summer Drinks.

New Orleans Times-Democrat: "These queer new-fangled names that they get up for summer drinks confuse the country folks," said the clerk at the soda fountain, "and, honestly, I don't much wonder. A man carrying a big, old-fashioned, value some wandering in here

Defective Page