

## THE JOURNAL JUNIOR

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The Journal Junior is published by The Minneapolis Journal for the public school children of the Northwest, and is devoted principally to their own writings. There is no expense attached and all are welcome as competitors. The editor wishes to encourage correspondence and suggestions from teachers. All correspondence should be addressed to the Editor Journal Junior.

## HONORS TO THE FLAG.

**D**URING the past week, hundreds of thousands of people in Minneapolis have had a magnificent object lesson as to what "The Flag" means, and what sacrifices men have made and always will be ready to make in defense of what it stands for. Yet few of them save those who have seen military service or have received military training, have the real idea of what "The Flag" means to those who are trained to defend it either upon land or sea.

At West Point and Annapolis, the very first thing the new cadet learns is that the authority of the flag is absolute, and that no person, not even the president of the United States, who is the Commander-in-Chief, outranks it. One of the most beautiful sights in the world is the reverence, the tenderness with which the flag as a piece of cloth is treated in army posts. One who has once seen the ceremony of lowering the flag at sunset, and the extreme care taken by the corporal in charge that not even the outer edges shall touch the ground as it floats down, will never forget the sight.

There is a pretty little story told by an officer in the United States army, showing how cadets at West Point are trained to honor the flag:

The color sentinel was walking the color line, immediately in front of a long line of stacked arms, on top of which lay the national colors and the gray and gold flag of the Corps of Cadets. It was his duty to allow no one to touch the colors and to see that no one, whether cadet, officer or civilian, passed in or out of camp around the ends of the line of stacks without removing his cap and looking toward the flag as he crossed the color line. Should anyone forget thus to comply with the regulations, it was the sentinel's duty to require him to go back, and to uncover on crossing the line.

As he turned about at the end of his beat, and started on his return trip, the sentinel saw the Commandant of Cadets, a most exalted individual in cadet eyes, approaching the color line at the farther end. At the proper time, the cadet brought his rifle down to his most military "present arms" and turned his head slightly sideward to receive the salute of his superior officer when he should raise his cap to the colors.

To his surprise and consternation, the Commandant never turned his head to right or left, but walked straight across the color line without so much as noticing the existence of colors or color sentinel, and passed on toward his office tent farther back in the camp.

With no thought except of his duty, the sentinel charged down the color line at "double quick" in hot pursuit of the delinquent Commandant. As he neared the other end of his post, he called in tones as respectful as they were positive:

"You will have to return across the color line, sir, and salute the colors."

The Commandant was surprised and, for the moment, apparently nettled at receiving this startling and unexpected order from a mere cadet. Then realizing the situation and his absentminded remissness, he came back without further ado, meekly removed his cap as he approached, crossed the color line, turned about and recrossed it again, and with no word to the sentinel, passed on to his tent.

Naturally, the cadet wondered what would happen to him—the he had only done his duty as he saw it. The Commandant knew that, also, and the next day the cadet was appointed corporal, for "strict and zealous execution of his duty in carrying out his orders as a color sentinel."

In war, no captures are more highly prized than flags, and none will tempt soldiers to greater extremes of attack and defense. There is nothing a soldier will not do in the way of risking his life to prevent the capture, or to accomplish the recapture, of his flag.

## RESTORING "OLD IRONSIDES."

**T**HE patriotic Juniors who were interested last winter in a plan for interesting the children of the United States in raising a fund for the preservation of "Old Ironsides," will undoubtedly be glad to know that at last congress has placed a fund at the disposal of the navy department which is to be used in restoring the historic old frigate to the appearance she presented in 1817.

Careful search in the files brought out minute descriptions and in every detail the new "Old Ironsides" will present the appearance of the frigate as she was at the close of the war of 1812.

There is very little left of the original ship beyond her hull. The masts disappeared long ago, the decks have been renewed several times, and for the past seven or eight years an unsightly house has covered the deck, giving her the appearance of a new kind of houseboat, as she lay moored near the very dock from which she was launched in 1797, and which still bears the name of Constitution dock. The new boat will not seem the same, perhaps, as if the old boat had been carefully preserved, but at least the hull is the original one, and the restoration will be so careful that we shall know just how the "Fighting Frigate of 1812" looked when she carried consternation into the ranks of the enemy who had boasted that the United States "could not be kicked into a war."

## BOY SOLDIERS OF THE CIVIL WAR

Youngsters on both sides responded with a man's courage to the call to arms, and made notable records for themselves—Stories of the "Drummer Boy of Shiloh," and the famous Johnny Clem, as well as of the "Cadets Corps" of the Confederacy.

**O**NE morning, in the early fall of 1862, the Twenty-second Michigan infantry awoke to find the roll had been added to by one overnight. The newcomer was a boy, small for his age, which he said was only 10, but full of courage, old for his years, and apparently determined not to be prevented from adopting the regiment. After several days of probation during which he made friends everywhere, Johnny Clem was finally enrolled as a drummer boy and later as a "marker." Johnny was a remarkably sharp lad, and while obedient to camp rules of importance, was too much of an unthinking, mischievous boy to give strict military obedience to every order. This early in the war, the federal authorities were anxious to protect not only the lives but the property of the southern people, and Colonel Doolittle, in command of the camp at Chickamauga, gave strict orders that no hogs were to be killed, even if they strayed into camp.

## An Enemy to the "Rebel Hog."

One morning, the colonel heard the report of a musket, so loud that he knew it must be close to camp. He rushed out to catch the offender redhanded—and found little 10-year-old Johnny Clem, with the tell-tale smoking musket in his hand.

"John," said Colonel Doolittle, "don't you know that it is against orders to kill hogs?"

"I know it," the youngster said soberly—and then added with a twinkle in his eyes, "but, colonel, I ain't goin' to let any rebel hog bite me."

On the dreadful day of the battle of Chickamauga, the brigade to which Johnny belonged was left to guard the position, while the main body of the Union army fell back to Chattanooga. The troops in gray swarmed over and around the little band like a thick, substantial fog, and there was nothing to do but surrender. Johnny, meanwhile, had picked up a musket, fastened a belt full of cartridges around his waist and was amusing himself by shooting low along the ground like a firefly in the grass. Suddenly a confederate colonel, on horseback, dashed at the little fellow and commanded him to surrender. Perhaps Johnny would have surrendered if the colonel had used different language. As it was, the style in which he was addressed roused all his temper, and lifting his gun he fired point blank at the colonel—who fell from his horse, dead.

As the prisoners marched off, they were between fires and many of them were shot. Johnny stumbled and fell—and then decided to lie still, as the dead, and see what would happen. The battle was too fierce for the dead to be looked after, and late that night, when the battlefield was deserted, he crawled away and started on the ten-mile tramp to Chattanooga and the union army. When General Rosecrans heard of the lad's adventure, and it was found, moreover, that three balls had gone thru his hat, he made him a sergeant. Later on, Johnny Clem attracted the attention of General Hooker, who sent him to school after the war closed, and then obtained his entrance to West Point. The one-time waif had the right stuff in him, for he graduated with honor, was appointed a second lieutenant of the Twenty-fourth infantry, by General Grant, served with distinction in various assignments, and in 1903 was appointed Chief Quartermaster of the Division of the Philippines at Manila.

## "Little Gib" and His Pony.

Still another boy soldier in the war was "Little Gib," otherwise Gilbert Van Zandt, long the cashier of the Sherman House in Chicago. When he was exactly 10 years and 7 months old, he enlisted with the Seventy-ninth Ohio Volunteer infantry, and from that day until the general mustering out at Washington in June, 1865, he stayed with the regiment and played his part in all the engagements in which they took part on Sherman's famous march to the sea. At Nashville, his colonel had a small sword made especially for him, while the regiment, not to be behind in gifts to their pet, presented him with a handsome drum and shield. At Milledgeville, Ga., a pony was captured, and by Sherman's own order, turned over to "Little Gib," who from that time acted as one of the general's orderlies. When the general mustering out came in Washington, Little Gib was almost heartbroken over the loss of his pony. He was then only 13 years and 6 months old, and even tho he was a true soldier in spirit, the boyish love of his faithful companion cropped out so strongly that at last he went boldly to President Johnson and asked permission to take his pony home with him.

"Which would you rather have, the pony or an officer's commission?" asked the president. Without a moment's hesitation, Little Gib replied, "The pony!" The president was touched by the boy's faithfulness and his love for his four-footed friend, and when Little Gib went back to his Ohio home, he took the pony with him.

## The Lonely Grave on Long Island.

Almost hidden in a dense growth of wild shrubbery on a little knoll near the United States government cemetery at Willet's Point, Long Island, there is half a wooden headboard, bearing a much defaced inscription which makes clear only that the grave it once marked was that of "Hamilton," who died Nov. 25, 1868, aged 19, and who had been a drummer in Company D, Battalion of Engineers. This is practically all that is left today of the record of Jimmy Hamilton, another well-known drummer boy of the civil war, as all the records of the Engineer battalion were destroyed by fire in 1897. Jimmy Hamilton came from a small town in Connecticut, and served as drummer boy with the First Connecticut heavy artillery all thru the war. After the mustering out at Washington, he enlisted in the Engineer battalion, but the privations of the war had already touched him with consumption, and he was discharged on account of disability two years later. Yet so much was he loved by companions in arms and officers, that he was admitted to the post hospital and buried in the post cemetery when he died. The commandant of the post himself wrote the

inscription for the head board, part of which was "As a child he served his country."

Everybody has heard of the "Drummer Boy of Shiloh," for he was made famous in song and story. In civil life, he was known as George W. Brintnall, and lived to enjoy his justly earned fame until 1901. In the battle of Shiloh, when only 15, he was blinded in both eyes by powder, but nothing daunted, he kept on his steady rat-tat-tat. Fortunately a surgical operation restored his sight later on. Brintnall enlisted three times and became famous as a scout. Once he stood alone at his post against sixty of Mosby's guerrillas—and the words "Mosby's guerrillas" carried terror wherever they were heard during the four years of the war. Young Brintnall figured in many thrilling adventures and had many narrow escapes from death. On one occasion, when hard pressed by the enemy, he swam his horse across the Potomac at Clear Spring, Md., the faithful animal dropping dead as soon as he reached the other side.

Then there was Clarence D. MacKenzie, of Kings county, N. Y., whose service lasted only from April 23, 1861, to June 11 following, but who in that time made such a record that when the survivors of his regiment, the Thirteenth, organized a G. A. R. post they named it in his honor. Moreover, on Nov. 25, 1886, they unveiled a monument in his memory in the soldiers' plat at Greenwood cemetery. Part of the inscription reads: "His was the first life offering from Kings county in the war of the rebellion."

## The Boy Confederate Regiment.

These are only a few of the boyish spirits who responded with a man's courage to the call to arms. Nor was the boyish response confined to the northern army. When the final step in secession was made, Major Hill, commandant of the North Carolina Military Institute at Charlotte, decided to give his services to the confederate cause, and was authorized by the governor of North Carolina to raise a regiment. He announced to the cadets that the school would close indefinitely and the boys were to make immediate preparations to return home. The older cadets took fire at once and insisted upon being allowed to enlist, but Major Hill refused to accept them until they had received permission from home. This was readily granted by the parents of the older boys, but more than one little fellow forged telegrams in order to follow the "stars and bars." One hundred and ninety-two of the cadets enlisted and were set to work drilling the "awkward squads" that poured into Raleigh at the call of the southern confederacy.

The first battle the boys were in was that of Big Bethel, fought June 11, 1861, and one of the youngest boys who was in the corps told the story in later years, as follows:

"This was the first battle of the war, altho Fort Sumter had been captured some time previous. The First North Carolina was sent out to meet the brunt of the attack, the Cadets remaining in the rear. The line advanced in perfect order until the enemy opened fire, when it began to give way. Colonel Hill rushed to the front, calling upon the men to be steady. Lieutenant-Colonel Lee saw the situation and called the Cadets to attention. He realized that everything depended upon their behavior, and he counted largely upon the military training which he had given them, to overcome the shock they had received in seeing the regiment give way. The Cadets, like the First North Carolina, had never had their mettle tested, but they had the advantage of discipline and of implicit confidence in their officers. Everything was lost unless the Cadets could check the advancing line of the enemy.

"The character of the southern soldiers must be made within the next five minutes! The North Carolina regiment passed thru our line, and the enemy was advancing. It was a moment of supreme suspense to Colonels Hill and Lee. Colonel Lee gave the order. 'Forward, Cadets! Guide center! Charge bayonets! Double quick!' It was like the blast of a bugle. The boys were accustomed to his voice, and moved forward in perfect line. There was not a waver. The minnies began to whiz, but they only added to the determination to drive back Butler's line. The enemy was dazed by the steadiness of the Cadets. They halted and began to fall back. The First North Carolina, seeing the enemy give way, reformed and rushed to the support of the Cadets. When within two hundred yards of the works, the Cadets opened fire and continued to advance. The works were taken and the battle won."

This was the only battle in which the Cadets took part as a corps. After the battle of Bull Run, they were disbanded, but all to the last boy immediately joined commands from their homes, and such as survived the various engagements fought out the war to a finish, each one faithfully upholding the record for gallantry which he had helped to win for the famous "Cadets Corps."

—Mae Harris Anson.

## TREES SHAPED BY THE WIND.

The influence of the wind on vegetation is the subject of a report by Professor J. Fruh to Swiss geographers. The effect is powerful on trees; even the presence or absence of forests may be determined by the character of the prevailing wind or the conditions that modify it. The wind acts as a drying agent, giving a special aspect to many plants. When it is almost always from the same quarter the plants show greater development upon one side. Trees are smaller on the windward edges of forests, and trunks and branches are bent to leeward. The deformations are most marked near the sea or in flat regions. The cherry, plum, walnut, black poplar, ash and certain pines are very sensitive to the wind, but mountain pines and certain firs offer great powers of resistance, and these are recommended for reforesting wind-swept lands.—New York World.