

THE RAG TAG PARADE.

BY ALICE RIX.

"D-r-r-r-rub! d-r-r-r-rub!
D-r-r-r-rub! d-r-r-r-rub!"
The Rag Tags were coming out of
Folsom Street.
"Hurrah! hurrah! we sing the Jubilee!
Hurrah! hurrah! the flag that made us free!"
They were turning into Third.
"So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the
sea,
When we were marching through Georgia!"
They were nearing the corner of Mar-
ket.
"Hurrah! hurrah! we sing the Jubilee!"
The crowd gathering on the streets
to hear the passing of a finer band,
to look on the passing of a handsomer
flag, to cheer the passing of older patri-
ots, turned to see the absurd little
procession coming up the street.
"Hurrah! hurrah! the flag that made us free!"
The sound of the drum was shallow—
but it is always the old roll. The voice
of the life was tin—but it is always the
old tune. The look of the flag was
sore—but it is always the old flag.
Men laughed kindly as the Rag Tags
passed them by. Women looked after
them and smiled and wiped their eyes.
"Hurrah! Hurrah!"
"Halt," said the Captain. "Look out
for de car."
The motor hummed around the cor-
ner and the Rag Tags lined against the
curb. Their Captain passed them ap-
provingly in review. He was about
seven, with a small, sweet, soiled coun-
tenance as cheerless and grave as a
little white owl. His military breeks
had begun life as overalls and been
painted over by some impressionist's
brush in broad, free, devious lines of
red and white and blue. A cambric

flag had served his taller for the coat—
with the stripes across the shoulders
and the stars upon the breast. His
helmet was covered with a flag and
stuffed, as was apparent here and
there, with newspapers for a mightier
effect. A gunny sack was rolled and
strapped with hay ropes to his should-
ers. A tomato can rattled at his hip.
He carried a brave toy gun and walk-
ed with the dignity of kings.
"Keep back you're rears! Re-treat!"
The Rag Tags backed obediently to
the curb.
They stood against it thirteen strong—
Cavalry, Artillery, Infantry, Band and
Hospital Corps, all told. Their solemn
eyes looked out from under hats and
caps of every shape and size. Their
irresponsible toes looked out of boots
and shoes of every size and shape.
Beyond these uncontrollable differ-
ences, they were uniformed with care.
You could pick them apart by the col-
ors of their divisions, painted sidelong
down their little breeches. Their
knee-belted tunics were lined in
papers, elaborately wrapped with
twine. Their hunched little shoulders
were saddled with gunny-sack blan-
kets, strapped on with hay ropes—ex-

actly like their Captains'. Their little
tum-tums were stoutly girdled with
belts of old black cloth. They car-
ried broomsticks on their shoulders,
laths swinging at their sides. They
were all sewed and pinned and painted
over with the insignia of the service
made out of whatever material came to
their little, eager hands—bits of tan-
nished lace and braid for straps and
chevrons, knots of the colors out from
cotton rags, peddlers' joys in tin and
brass and ribbons—all soiled, all shab-
by, all scavenged from the streets, all
worn with a noble, honest pride as de-
corations merited and won.
And beneath these trappings so sad-
ly gay, the sameness of shabby little
coats, sad little other things, shocking
little hats, sorry little shoes,
Happy little soldiers of misfortune!
All their hearts and souls in the far

away wars; never a thought of the
battle nearer home.
The infantry carried broomsticks on
their shoulders. The walking cavalry
tripped on their wooden swords. The ar-
tillery—of one—had a toy cannon sticking
out of his coat pocket. The hospital
corps bore a stretcher—a gunny sack
slung between two broom handles—and
on it a little figure lying, covered with
the flag, with wide, bright eyes wink-
ing at the sky.
The ladies of the Christian Work Society
had charge of the writing tent in the Wyoming
Battalion which to express their thanks to
Major F. M. Foot, Captain D. O'Brien,
Morrison, Captain T. Miller and the other offi-
cers of the battalion for their great courtesy
and uniform kindness.
Colonel McReeve of the crack Minnesota Regi-
ment acknowledges the work of the society in
the following communication:
CAMP MERRITT, San Francisco, June 24.
Mrs. John F. Merrill, President Red Cross
Society, San Francisco, Cal.—My Dear Madam:
I beg leave to acknowledge receipt through our
quartermaster, on board the steamer City of
Washington, of thirty-three boxes containing necessities
and delicacies for the use of our enlisted men
on the voyage to Manila.
This generous donation, so entirely un-
expected by us, adds but another to the many
obligations under which we rest to your noble
attention to the wants and comforts of our regi-
ment ever since we have been under your
cordially yours,
C. McREVEE,
Colonel Commanding.

Mail will be received from Honolulu on the
Benington.
The Austrian Military and Benevolent Associa-
tion will hold their annual picnic at Ger-
mania Gardens, Presidio, to-morrow for the benefit
of the Red Cross Society.
The hospital committee entertained this
morning 100 recruits, 25 from Oregon, 45 from
Washington in charge of Corporal R. L. Ross,
14 from Nebraska, and 500 more are expected
on Monday.
Donations were received at the ferry from
Maudie Red Cross, Mrs. A. Easton,
San Mateo, Mrs. Monroe, Berkeley, Deaf, Dumb
and Blind Institute, St. Nicholas, Mrs. W.
Churchill, Napa, Red Cross Society and Mrs.
Walker.
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Colonel Commanding.

held at Shell Mound Park on Labor day.
It is proposed to hold an open-air mass
meeting in the park during the after-
noon instead of hiring a hall in the city,
as has formerly been the custom.
The musicians generally were reported
as rather dull, particularly with the
printers, a great many of whom were
driven out of work by the recent strike.
The musicians reported that a non-union
band was employed at the recent fight in
the city to learn how it was done.
Messrs. Groom and Gibb, who represent
the National Athletic Association, had ex-
pressed themselves as antagonistic to
union labor.
"Fight."
"De Louisas. Dey's de udder gang."
We was all one gang an' one of de
Louisas he called one of us a Spaniard
and we licked 'um an' his friens an'
dey made up dere own gang an' we

"What's the matter with the boy on
the stretcher?" asked a woman com-
ing to the curb.
"Nuthin' the matter with 'um."
"Oh! You're only playing."
"We ain't playin'."
"No."
"We're drillin'. That feller's drillin'
dead an' wounded."
"Oh!" said the woman sharply. "He's
too heavy for you to carry."
"We four's drillin' to carry."
The sun was very hot. The Captain
of the Rag Tags mopped his face with
the back of his hand and left a grimy
streak to mark the spot. The drummer
shifted the strap about his neck. The
hospital corps lifted and sank should-
ers wearily under the strain.
"Put that child down!" said the
woman on the curb, impatiently. The
Captain of the Rag Tags eyed her with
disfavor. "Soldiers don't do such silly
things," she went on. "They know how
to take care of themselves in hot
weather."

"Drop de kid," said the Captain,
touched in his military pride. "You're
hospital corps at ease!"
The dead and wounded was rolled un-
ceremoniously out of a profound, open-
eyed slumber and dumped on the bak-
ing curb. He rose resentfully.
"What's de matter wid you, Jakkie?"
inquired the Captain.
"Nuthin', I'm hot."
"This is ice cream to what you'll get
in Manila," said a man in the crowd
facetiously.
The woman on the curb gave a little
start. "Wouldn't you boys like some
ice cream?" she said looking at the
Captain.
The Rag Tags came to attention like
a squad of regulars.
"Come on!" she said, starting down
the block.
They broke ranks and followed her
with a rush. The crowd followed them
to the confectioner's door. Inside, the
Rag Tags stood in expectant joy before
the tables.

"Sit down," she said, glowing with
her good deed. "Sit down anywhere."
The Captain of the Rag Tags coughed
significantly. "Side Captain!"
A taller boy crowding to a place be-
side the dead and wounded looked over
his shoulder impatient of delay.
"Lieutenant!"
A very little boy rose from a place
already gained.
The Captain seated himself with dig-
nity at a table and pushed back two
chairs from beside him—"Dis," he said,
"is de officers' mess. You's come over
here."
The facetious man came in to see the
fun.
"When do you think your troops will
get off, Captain?"
"I dunno."
"Next transports?"
"I dunno."
"You really think you'll get there?"
"We'se 'll get dere before you'se."
The Rag Tags applauded their com-
manding officer's joke like soldiers to
the service born. The facetious man
laughed good naturedly.
"Been organized long?"
"Yep."
"What do you call yourselves?"
"Rag Tags."
"Where did you get that name?"
"It wuz give to us."
"Where's your headquarters?"
"Folsom an' Alice."
"Do you have regular drill?"
"Yep."
"What time?"
"No time. We goes up to headquar-
ters when we gets tro' workin' an' wait
dere till all de fellers get dere an' den
we drill. Or else we fight."
"Fight?"
"De Louisas. Dey's de udder gang."
We was all one gang an' one of de
Louisas he called one of us a Spaniard
and we licked 'um an' his friens an'
dey made up dere own gang an' we

cleaned 'em out onst an' it took 'em
tree weeks to reorganize. Dey smash-
ed our cantens for us yesterday, all
excep' mine, an' we got in an' tore dere
uniforms off 'em las' night an' so dey
ain't out to-day."
"Do you always turn out?"
"We meets everythin' dat comes to
de town an' escorts 'em out. We wuz
down to escort General Merritt yester-
day when he moved his headquarters
from de Folsom Buidin' to de Palm
Hotel. We lined up an' giv' him de
salute an' he giv' it back to us."
"Have some more ice cream?" asked
the woman, jealously crowding the
facetious man. "Or some candy?"
"Yes'm."
"Yes'm which? Both?"
The Rag Tags hung their heads. The
side Captain licked his saucer.
Down the street, in through the door,
called the herald notes of the coming
band.
The Captain of the Rag Tags cocked
an ear.
The next strain sounded far, faint
and clear,
"Three cheers for the red, white and blue!"
"Here you'se," said the Captain.
"Where's de band? Where's de stretch-
er? You'se hospital corps attention! Get
on to de stretcher! Dere you'se! Lemme
get outside first. Attention! Fall in!
Right face! Forward! March!"
Music To-Day at the Park.
The Park Band will render the following to-
day:
Overture, "Tannhauser".....Warner
Waltz, "Temptation".....Bolognesi
Song, "Marching to Cuba".....Jose M. Gallway
Selection, "Carmen".....Suppe
"Tone Pictures of the North and South".....Bendix
Description, Military scene, "Day in a
Garrison".....Oesckie
Cornet solo, "Tramp, Tramp".....William
Burlesque, "The Arkansas Trav-
lers".....Rollinson
Burlesque, "The Arkansas Trav-
lers".....Rollinson
Burlesque, "The Arkansas Trav-
lers".....Rollinson
"Dewey's Victory March".....J. Dognan

**WILL BANQUET
THE FIFTY-FIRST IOWA'S TROOPS**
Native Daughters Pre-
paring a Big Rally.
A DRILL BEFORE THOUSANDS
THE RED CROSS FUND NEARING
THE \$50,000 MARK.
Interesting Items Gathered Among
Workers Throughout the State.
Troops to Embark
To-Day.

As the soldiers will go
aboard the transports to-day,
it is asked that all lunches be
sent to Mrs. Lundenberg,
chairman of the hospitality
committee, before 8 o'clock
this morning instead of Mon-
day morning.

Judging by the energy displayed by
the members of the Native Daughters'
Red Cross Aid, the reception to be
given the Fifty-first Iowa regiment on
Tuesday evening next will be one of
the grandest affairs of its kind held in
this city for some time. A tremendous
gathering is confidently expected and
in preparation for their coming a large
number of prominent Native Sons have
been pressed into service as ushers.
Tickets were issued yesterday and to-
day many hundreds were dis-
posed of. Fifty cents will be charged
for admission, entitling the holder to
an excellent seat on the main floor of
the big structure. Those wishing to
view the maneuvers from the gallery
need only pay 25 cents. Soldiers will
be charged the same amount, but will
be permitted to sit in any portion of the
Pavilion.

The following excellent programme
has been arranged by Colonel John C.
Loper, commander of the regiment:
Band concert of the Fifty-first Infantry Iowa
Volunteer Band; Entrance of Fifty-first In-
fantry Iowa Volunteers; guard mounting, de-
tails from all companies; old officer of the day,
Captain Butterfield; new officer of the day,
Captain Mount; officer of the guard, Lieutenant
Point; adjutant, Lieutenant Davidson; physical
drill with arms, Company H, Captain Worth-
ington; company drill, Company L, Captain
Fryer; music, "The Stars and Stripes For-
ever" (Sousa), Fifty-first Iowa Band; battalion
parade, Second Battalion, Major Home; bat-
talion exercise, Company A, Captain Gibson; ex-

tended drill, Company M, Captain Clark;
review by Major General Merritt.
The guests of the evening will be feasted in
the Machinery Hall, and their welfare will be
looked after by the following ladies: Mrs. Bol-
derman, Mrs. Bonny, Dr. Bolderman, Miss
Piper, Miss Creigh, Mrs. L. Carlie, Miss Carrie
Creigh, Miss Martin, Mrs. Theo. Lounsbury,
Mrs. Bossi, Mrs. Ralph, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs.
J. H. Barrington, Mrs. Day, Miss Piper, Dr.
Selling, Mrs. C. Ketchum, Miss Richter, Miss L.
Smith, Mrs. Brackett, Mrs. Kemp Van De, Miss
Brackett, Mrs. Algotinger, Mrs. Derussa, Mrs.
L. Miller, Mrs. Hackmeyer, Miss B. Mayer,
Miss McCarthy, Mrs. Meyer, Mrs. Bradley, Mrs.
Mooker, Mrs. Hinzman, Mrs. Grazer, Mrs. Cook,
Miss Noonan, Miss Ruth, Mrs. Barton, Miss
McLaughlin, Miss M. Layton, Miss M. Waters,
Mrs. Munson, Mrs. Schmitz, Miss Feichling,
Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Foley, Miss Utschig, Miss
Day, Miss Vonstraden, Miss Levy, Miss Bab-
cock and Miss McDougal.

The First Presbyterian Church will provide
the luncheon for the Newport, on which General
Merritt will leave and which will probably sail
after the other transports have gone.

The Red Cross fair they by Irsan Ferry
and Nettie Noyes, which was held at 919
Greenwich street on Thursday last proved a
big success and they have turned over nearly
\$60 to the society. The parlors were hand-
somely decorated with evergreen flags and
Chinese lanterns. With a fancy-work table
in one room and a lemonade well and ice
cream tables in the other, the evening was
spent in the strains of Morris' string band,
which played all the evening, thought they
were in a fairy world. The two young misses
deserve much credit for the way they worked
and it is a surprise that they are so young.

The following letter is self-explanatory:
June 25, 1898.
Colonel James F. Smith, commanding First
Regiment, California Volunteers, U. S. A.,
Manila, Philippine Islands—Dear Sir: In
a meeting of the executive committee of the Red
Cross Society of San Francisco, held on June
17, it was unanimously resolved that the sum
of \$50,000 in fifteen hundred dollars (\$1000)
to be used as an emergency fund by the offi-
cers and members of your command.
Recruited from our own loved city, it is with
pride and gratification that we are able to
express our appreciation of the mission of your
society and the generous response of our citizens
to the call of the Red Cross. My cousin
James C. Smith, of the Fifty-first Iowa, ex-
hibits a check on Messrs. N. M. Rothschild &
Sons, London, on demand, for \$338.18, which
is a sum equal to the fifteen hundred dollars
mentioned above.
Though far from the land whose honor you
have sworn to defend, I have been thinking
of you and your loving thoughts follow you across
the broad Pacific, and the "Red Cross" with
its appreciation of the mission of your soci-
ety, sends its benediction and greetings to
every man of the regiment, patiently and
firmly when you shall be no more and San
Francisco's streets shall echo the cheers of a
rally welcoming you home.

Donations of postals have been received from
Miss Anna Sperry, Mrs. G. Folsom, Miss
Blanchard, Mrs. A. W. Scott, Mrs. L. H.
Alyne and Dorothy Tuttle. Miss Burke, chair-
man of the committee, reports that she has
given out 10,815 postals.

The following donations received yesterday
raised the fund to \$47,039.22: Dramatic enter-
tainment managed by the Misses Cuning and
Cunning, \$25; W. A. Watson, monthly subscrip-
tion, \$5; Mrs. A. E. Wallace, \$1; Mrs. H.
W. Goddard, Portland, \$1; Richmond School,
\$20; California Chapter, D. A. R., \$5; pro-
ceeds given by Mrs. Ned A. Schlessinger, \$1;
memberships, \$3; collected by N. Schlessinger,
\$1; total, \$47,039.22.

The State having sent donations direct to
camp, and with the exception of the few
mentioned, send to the secretary of the
State department a concise report before
Wednesday, so that it can be included in the
report to be read at the public meeting on the
30th of this month.

The society wishes to express its thanks to
Mr. Allen of the Press Clipping Bureau for
his kindness in sending newspaper clippings of
work being done by the society.

Mrs. Reinstein, chairman of the sewing de-
partment at 15 Post street, has been actively
engaged in superintending the large amount
of work handled by her care during the week.
She has been ably assisted by Miss Hor-
ton.

**PINE CANYON'S
YOUNG THUG**
Eight-Year-Old Child
Under Arrest.
IS A BURGLAR AND FIREBUG
CAUSED THE DESTRUCTION OF
A RESIDENCE.
Stole a Rifle and Shot at Passers-By
to Get Into Practice
for a Deer
Hunt.

Special Dispatch to The Call.

SALINAS, June 25.—For some months
past residents of Pine Canyon, near
King City, have been complaining that
houses were nightly entered and robbed
of sugar, fruits, etc. Of late houses
were set afire, and barns and out-
houses burned. A suspicion pointed to a
small boy not yet 9 years old, named
Leopold Ortiz, and a full investigation
has proved him guilty.

Last week the house of Frank Hoover
was destroyed by fire after having been
robbed. Hugh Urey of King City
swore to a complaint against young
Ortiz and a constable started in search
of the culprit, but the little fellow had
fled. After a search of twenty-four
hours he was found hidden in some
brush. When arrested the lad, who
takes great delight in boasting of his
crimes, made a full confession of sev-
eral burglaries and of having fired
Hoover's and other houses. He said
he stole a rifle from one cabin and shot
at people who passed him, doing this
in the way of practice so he could be-
come an expert deer hunter.

Ortiz is bright and intelligent but
very small for his age. His father
works for one Molera on the Sur
ranch, but his mother lives in Pine
Canyon. She is paralyzed and unable
to look after him. He has been left
alone and has become a veritable young
Arab. The officers here are puzzled
over the case and hold the prisoner to
await further developments.

**MAJOR LONG AGAIN
ON THE GRILL**
LABOR COUNCIL TAKES UP THE
UNIFORM QUESTION.
Letters Will Be Sent to Washington
Calling Official Attention to the
Facts of the Case.

Quartermaster Long, the officer who is
credited with having given soldier uniforms
to the Chinese for manufacture and
insulted white women who applied for
forms, received grilling at the Labor
Council meeting on Friday, in comparison
with which the outer atmosphere was
colder than a Klondike Christmas.

After more or less desultory conversa-
tion, in the course of which the Major
was called several things which would not
look well in print, J. K. Phillips moved
that "all the correspondence and evidence
in the possession of the council, proving
Major Long to be a cowardly liar, be for-
warded at once to the proper authorities
at Washington." Other members of the
council, while agreeing that this action
was good, did not consider that it thor-
oughly covered the ground. Mr. McArthur
suggested that a mass meeting be
held which would arouse such a storm of
public sentiment that Chinese labor on
army supplies would be done away with
forever, while Mr. McArthur thought it
would be a good plan to make a canvass
of Chinatown and see how many of the
Mongolians, "who are fighting one an-
other for the profits of army supplies,
would be willing to enlist." After con-
siderable discussion, which roused the
council to the fever pitch of enthusiasm,
Mr. Phillips' motion was adopted, and all
the officers against Long will at once be
put in the hands of the proper authorities.
The joint committee from the two cen-
tral bodies recommended that a picnic be

RELIEF FOR FORESTERS.
An Organization That Will Help
Those of the Order Who Have
Gone to the Front.

At a meeting last night of the repre-
sentatives of the local courts of Foresters
of America and circles of the Fore-
sters of America, the object is to send
Foresters in the service of the United
States such practical assistance as they
may require before going to the front.
The plan is to send the sum of \$5 as
help, by reason of sickness, unable to earn
a livelihood. Each court and circle will
be asked to contribute the sum of \$5 as
a fund for a beginning, and every mem-
ber of the order shall be eligible to mem-
bership on payment of an enrollment fee
of 25 cents, and the payment of 10 cents
per month during the continuance of the
war. The courts and circles that contrib-
ute the sum of \$5 will be entitled to send
three delegates, who shall constitute the
supervisory board.

Julius L. Wilby offered to print the cir-
culars of information to be sent to each
court and circle, and these will be sent
out this week.

Mrs. E. W. Haughy of Inter Nos Circle
was elected secretary, and after the ob-
jects of the new organization had been
fully explained an adjournment was taken
until next Friday night in the Alcazar
building.

CATHEDRAL COUNCIL Y. M. I.
Cathedral Council No. 58 of the Y. M. I.
has elected the following officers for the
ensuing term: W. F. Humphreys, P. P.;
J. D. Mahoney, P.; C. D. McCarthy and
C. W. Steady, V. P.; W. A. Hennessey,
S.; J. M. Hyland, F. S.; E. L. Milan, C.
S.; Charles Caulfield, T.; P. McCarthy,
M.; Dr. J. H. Connor, M. E.; Fred Mc-
Dermott, I. S. The Very Rev. Father Mc-
Dermott was unanimously elected chap-
lain. On the 23rd of July the officers will
be installed in the cathedral. The mem-
bers of the council will give an home
to their lady friends.

Carpet weaving in Persia is done exclu-
sively by women.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

**NEUVOIS
PEOPLE.**

The Keeley Treatment is an
absolute cure for extreme
nervousness as well as alco-
holism and drug addictions.
For the overworked brain it
has no equal. It restores
the patient to a normal
mental and physical condi-
tion.

Send for printed matter that
tells all about it.
THE KEELEY INSTITUTES,
1170 Market St., San Francisco,
232 No. Main St., Los Angeles.
Fred A. Pollock, Manager.

GOLDEN GATE LODGE OF THE ELKS.
Stuart S. Harvey, esteemed leading
knight of Golden Gate Lodge No. 8,
Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks
of America (Incorporated), having en-

acted in Company M of the Fourteenth
United States Infantry, the members of
his lodge on last Friday gave him a fare-
well reception in Alcazar Hall, Alcazar
building. It was in the nature of a social
under the direction of Henry H.
Davis, who was master of ceremonies,
and the imposing of lines on mem-
bers. There was a good attendance of the
members to bid Harvey good-bye, success
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