

SPAIN'S DARKEST HOUR

GOD FIGHTS ON AMERICA'S SIDE
SAYS REV. BURGESS

HER DOOM SEALED IN HEAVEN

The Hand of Divine Providence Is in
the Marvelous Success of Uncle
Sam's Navy

Psalm 33:12: Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord, and unto whom he has chosen for his own inheritance.

Judges 13:6: In these days there was no king in Israel, but every man did that which was right in his own eyes.

Before Santiago July 1st the Twenty-first infantry held its position doggedly. The soldiers sang "The Star Spangled Banner," even the wounded joining in. When the knowledge of Sampson's complete victory reached the land forces they were wild with patriotic excitement as the glorious news was shouted from company to company. The rear guards could scarcely be restrained from rushing at once to the front. Our war bureau forwarded the news over our country as a Fourth of July greeting.

But patriotism calls us to stop and consider to whom the thanks is due. To the intensity of feeling we must add the penetration of deep thought. And must be joined with sagacity. The permanency of greatness will be retained by lynx-eyed vigilance and devout consideration.

"Far called, our navies melt away,
On deep and headland sinks the fire.
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!"

Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

There is not one law of life for Nineveh and Tyre and another for Washington and San Francisco. God sits and weaves on the looms of history. He weaves slowly, and the warp and woof of the web is assuring righteousness. He throws the scarlet thread of sacrificial service and the purple thread of regal virtue and the virgin thread of snowy chastity. Thus, for the righteous nation the eternal years of God are hers. Look at the meager casualties in the case of Dewey and Sampson. At Manila and Santiago there is a general feeling that God has had a hand in the conflict.

But what of Spain? God is against Spain, say even her saddened friends. Senor Buenaño, from the prison of Cavite, confined by Gen. Aguinaldo, writes a remarkable letter to Captain General August at Manila, explaining that he has always been an ardent supporter of Spain, that he raised a corps of volunteers, and that he had made various sacrifices for the Spanish cause, only to find that his efforts were wasted. He added:

"The Spaniards were unable or unwilling to perform their share of defense, and the native volunteers bore the brunt of the fighting, the Spaniards shirking their duty like cowards, bunglers and a perfidious, priest-ridden, inferior race. God decrees that they have no right to govern, and it would be better to surrender and avoid a massacre, which will follow a protracted struggle."

One of the most significant signs of the hand of God being in this whole campaign is that we have had no serious setbacks by events over which we had no control. Our most signal victories have not been planned.

Henry Norman, on May 29th, called the London Daily Chronicle the result of his close search in our national capital, saying: "Neither in the White House nor in the state department is there any definite conviction or determination concerning the future direction of the national policy with regard to the disposal of those overseas possessions over which the American flag will be flying when the war is over. The United States has drifted steadily toward its new fate."

Thus, like the eagle stirring up the sticks of his cry nest, and throwing upon the wings of the wind his untutored young, we are driven abroad, and only the Eternal Father knows whither we will circle and where alight. Certainly the United States can never again become the hermit nation that she was. She has gone abroad with her liberal ideas and Christian principles. It needs no prophetic eye to see the Nicaragua canal, Pacific ocean territory and gigantic commercial prosperity directly ahead. The close civilization of Nile and Euphrates has broadened to Mediterranean, to Atlantic, and is now surrounding the Pacific as a theater of action, and is about to involve the world as actors. The United States is in the lead. Europe is far east, and shackled with conservatism.

I am aware that there are great municipal problems to solve aright. Evil must feel the iron hand of restraint. On the rock of misrule the country must not make shipwreck. The revolution wrought by mechanical invention and our genius for great corporations of industry will find a solution. We are acknowledging to the world that we are God's ministers. We have abandoned the theory that the United States was just for the United States. We have ceased to talk about the coolies in Hawaii. We have cheered the president while he signed the annexation of the Sandwich Islands, and are sending over from San Francisco the self-same flag to fly above Honolulu that we pulled down some three years ago. The war that we entered upon in Cuba was the first war of history for the simple relief of the oppressed. And now President McKinley issues a call of the people to prayer and thanksgiving for our mighty deliverances in battle and for the speedy peace to land now devastated by war. And up from the Christian Endeavor convention flies the telegraphic words of greeting to the White House: "This society, representing more than 2,000,000 young men and women of the United States alone, wish to thank you for your greeting, and express their heartfelt sympathy with the Christian president, William McKinley, in his suggestion for a service of praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God. They have read the proclamation at their opening service, and have united as he desired for a speedy peace."

It is not too early to consider the problems that will arise when the Spanish flag shall be driven from our new domains. The Earl of Rosebery has assured us of the act of England's sympathy. "Naturally," he says, "we look upon the United States as seeking interests and having sympathies that coincide with England's, but it is unnecessary to draw a formal bond of alliance." England is present to her colonies for other purposes than merely commercial interests. Even the natives in her colonies recognize this. Protap Chunder Mozoom-

dar, founder of the eclectic religious society of India, known as the Brahmo Samaj, writes in the New World:

"There is an unseen and unfelt Christianity, unfelt even by those who spread it, in the presence of England in India. We have always maintained that the British government in India is an undoubted dispensation of God. Its influences are Christian in government, which penetrate us most deeply, and I trace the effect thereof not only in our higher religious and moral life, but in our educational and public life."

Thus we are to go forth to the oppressed and ignorant and guarantee them good government, remove oppressive taxes and teach the people to make internal improvements. To quote Chauncey Depew, "We would certainly never give any colonies back to Spain. Transferring them to any of them to a European power would lead to a European war in sixty days. It looks as if we would have to paint our white elephant brown and teach him to work." Joyously we will give them a government and commercial opportunity. And I be-

found ourselves at the town of Manila, on the Riffian coast. We were entertained by the Spanish commander, who did the honors finely. One morning we rode outside the town and reached a level stretch of sand, where there were a number of Riffian horsemen. They were fine looking fellows, with gleaming faces of bronze, white teeth, and attired in snow white burnouses. They were mounted on small animals, slight, but quick and wiry, of the thoroughbred Arab barb type.

"We were amused some time by their charges and evolutions. They would throw their swords and matchlocks in the air, catching them by the hilts and stocks infallibly. Finally it was announced that something of unusual interest would be accomplished. One of the men produced a needle and a piece of thread, possibly two or three feet in length. They were both handed around for inspection. I suppose the needle was a cambric one, and the thread 50 or 60 fms. When we had duly inspected both, one of the men signified he would thread the needle. He galloped his horse down the sand about 400 yards or so. He finally wheeled

BICYCLES THEY'LL RIDE

MILES' IDEA OF A REGIMENT OF
MILITARY WHEELMEN

TACTICS OF BICYCLE CORPS

How the New Style Cavalry Will Fight
Entrenched Behind the Hundreds
of Piled Wheels

"As very great progress is being made in Europe in the use of the bicycle and motor wagons, and as both have been found practicable in this country and would certainly be utilized to a great extent in case of war, I recommend that a force equal to one full regiment of twelve

Lieut. Moss says: "In addition to our rations, we carried 2 dripping pans with covers, 1 large tin case, 3 hatchets, 1 bottle bicycle oil, 1 stick lubricant, 1 can rim cement, 1 two-gallon coffee pot, 1 patented baker, 3 rubber blankets, 1 screw driver, 3 seat springs, 3 extra tubes tire cement, underwear, blankets, etc. Every soldier carried in his knapsack 1 summer undershirt, 1 pair summer drawers, 2 pair summer socks, 1 towel, 2 handkerchiefs, toilet paper, 1 winter undershirt, 1 pair winter drawers, 1 pair winter socks, 1 cake soap, 1 blanket, tooth brush and powder. Every other soldier carried a comb, brush, candle and matches. Every soldier carried one blanket and one shelter tent, half-rolled on the knapsack, and a knife, fork, spoon and meat can in his haversack. The morning we left the heaviest bicycle, packed, weighed 83 pounds and the lightest 68 pounds, the average being 76.2 pounds. The heaviest wheel, with its rider, tipped the scales at 209 pounds, and the lightest at 209 pounds, the average being 222 pounds."

ride of forty-five miles in less than one day, but that anything over this would make us feel tired at night. It's true we were pretty well hardened by this time, but such would be the normal condition of soldiers in time of actual warfare. At no time on the trip was anyone made sick or in any way disabled from riding.

"We found it best to carry everything, if possible, on the bicycle itself and nothing on our bodies. If placed on the body, in addition to carrying the actual weight of the object, the soldier would also experience some physical exhaustion from the weight resting on his body. Besides this, one falling from a wheel with much weight secured to the body is much more likely to get hurt than one whose limbs and body are entirely free and unhampered."

Since the eventual trip described the United States military authorities have made an especial study of the subject of the bicycle's use in war, and at any minute are prepared to put in the field a thoroughly equipped and trained corps for use against the Spanish troops. Military bicycle tactics have been formulated. The military

WAR DISPATCHES' COST

CABLE TOLLS OF ASSOCIATED
PRESS \$2000 A DAY

COAL THE BIG EXPENSE ITEM

A Syndicate That Has Illustrators at
the Front Pays as Much as Forty
Dollars for a Picture

Here is a surprise for the public. At least, an eye-opener for those who imagined that the war had filled the coffers of the newspaper proprietors with golden shales because of increased circulation. The war has been a source of great extra expense, as the following interview demonstrates. The press associations are supported by the newspapers. An interesting incident is the cost of the war illustrations to the only Sunday syndicate with war artists at the front.

Pater familias, reading The Herald and gloating over the news of hard-won victories in Cuba, little imagines the trouble and expense necessary to secure for him the latest tidings from the front. He reads in a casual way the statement that the report of the overthrow of Spanish arms comes by means of the dispatch boat, and so, he skims through a statement which explains that the news was obtained by a man who risked his life to get it; he notes in perfunctory manner the explanation that the dispatch was delayed a little in transmission, little dreaming that the delay was caused by the inability of the writer to get it in quicker time over eight miles of mountain and swamp, and gives the matter no more thought.

It is only those who sit in the executive offices of the great newspapers and news gathering associations who know what a ghastly thing from a financial standpoint is this business of reporting a nineteenth century war by means of dispatch boats, and the wheels for newspaper boats ceased to revolve there would have been a sad dearth of news regarding the doings of our warships and troops.

"Apart, however, from the coal expense, the average cost of running this fleet of boats is about \$500 per month. To be added to such interest. When I state that it costs this organization no less than \$2000 a day for cable tolls alone it will be seen at once that a frightful outlay of money the incidents happening at the front are made known in a flash to the anxious American public.

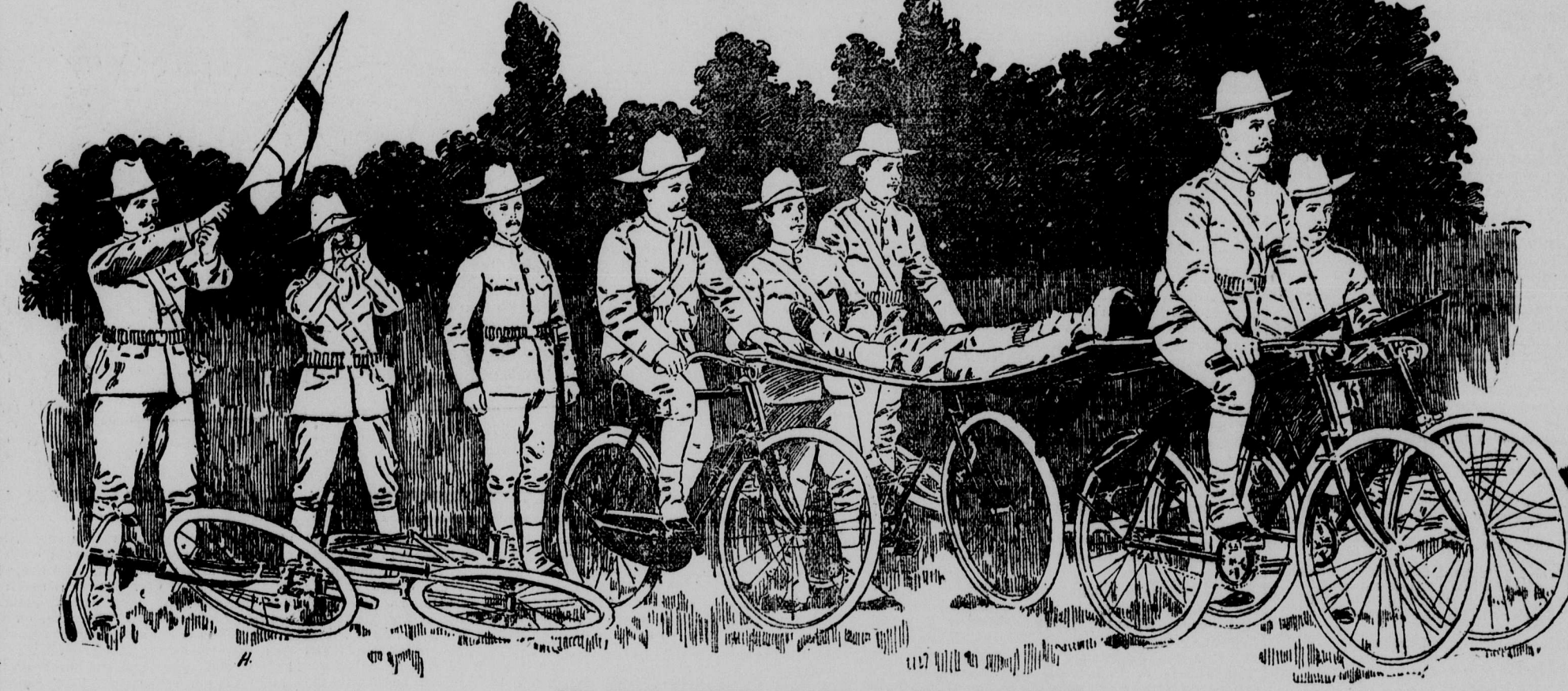
"I have confined myself entirely to the expense of getting the news. The danger and hardship are another story. The public has read of the wounding of some of the war reporters and can judge for themselves what an arduous and dangerous task it is to report a fight in modern long range weapons are used. It is not too long to say that no war has been so recently and so intensely and accurately reported as is the present war between this country and Spain."

At the news gathering association of the New York Sun, known as the Laffan bureau, the same story was told regarding the enormous expense of gathering the news that is distributed to the clientele of that organization. "Coal figures as the chief item of expenses in the bill," said a representative of this bureau to the writer. "We have been reduced at times to the most extraordinary straits to secure this precious commodity. We have had to pay wretched coolie laborers the most exorbitant glit-tered prices for transferring to the bunkers of our dispatch boats coal that was almost unburnable. We have been held up in the most unbecomingly manner and have been forced to pay, but we could not help ourselves; had coal cost a dollar a lump we should have paid it with as much cheerfulness as we could muster, for the news had to be obtained, and the cost was a secondary consideration. We have faithfully chronicled the story of the war, and the public has never known at what a cost the reports from the front were obtained."

"We do not think it necessary to inflict the details on the public. How we got the news is for us and not the readers to worry about."

There is another branch of war literature that has no cable tolls to pay, but yet is under an extraordinary expense in collecting the kind of material that the readers of bright newspapers require. This is the newspaper syndicate that supplies special literary matter, photographs and sketches for the magazine sections of the Sunday papers. Only one of these syndicates has gone to the expense of sending a special artist to the front, and this syndicate seeing what a golden opportunity it is to obtain an impregnable front rank position among such enterprises, has invested every cent of its profits in that the papers may be furnished with half-page war illustrations by the most famous newspaper artists of the day. The Herald has the exclusive use of this syndicate service in this city. The other syndicates have contented themselves for the most part with delving into ancient history and describing past battles, treating the subject from a reminiscent standpoint. Of course these syndicates have expended an immense amount of money by so doing. Illustrations made on the spot during a fight cost fancy sums. As much as \$40 is paid an artist for a single illustration made at the front, but as the syndicate in question announced at the beginning of the war that it would take half-page war illustrations, it has had to live up to its promise, no matter what the cost.

Humming birds are domesticated by placing in their cages a number of paper flowers of tubular form containing a small quantity of sugar and water, which must be frequently renewed. On the lips of the birds partake, and quickly become apparently contented with their captivity.



RED CROSS DIVISION OF THE MILITARY BICYCLISTS

leave we will teach them, too, the righteousness and beauty of the Lord Jesus Christ. We will redeem them from the bondage of sin and error. We will minister unto their eternal needs. This is the church's opportunity. The church will not fall the nation now. There must be a victory of peace and good will. Naturally our friends will copy our vices. Painstaking and heroic men and women must go and live among them. They must live for them and die for them if necessary, till the Sun of Righteousness arises with healing on his wings.

So shall Christian Columbia put her protecting loving arms around distressed Cuba and benighted Philippines and God's crown of light shall be planted on all their brows in the presence of the centuries. Amen.

G. A. BURGESS, D. D.,
Pastor Congregational Church, Toledo.

A RIFFIAN HORSEMAN

The Feat of Threading a Needle While
Going at a Gallop

"The greatest feat of horsemanship I ever saw performed was by a Riffian irregular cavalryman," said Captain J. E. Rathbone, of Los Angeles, Cal. This was in reply to a story by an ex-Confederate, who had served with General J. E. B. Stuart in the valley of Virginia. The latter told how, on more than

INDIANS AS WAITERS

Carlisle Students Serving at a Summer
Hotel Under a Princeton Soph

"A New Jersey seaside hotel, where I have been this week," said a man yesterday, "has a dozen waiters who would make an old plainsman jump out of his chair when he first laid eyes on them, though, as a matter of fact, they are better natured than the average waiting maid. They are all Indians from the government school at Carlisle, Pa., except the head waiter, who is a Belgian sophomore."

"The Indians take a great interest in athletics, and one of them, Albert Nash, a graduate of the Carlisle school, was one of the winning team in the relay races at the University of Pennsylvania. Another of these waiters is Vincent Nataniel, who was taken prisoner as a child in the Apache war,

companies be equipped with bicycles and motor wagons, and their utility thoroughly demonstrated by actual warfare service. There are more than 100 officers and men in the army who are able to use the bicycle as a means of transportation. The officers and men for such a regiment to be so equipped should be carefully selected from the most efficient and skilled in the use of this modern appliance, and I recommend that authority for such transfer be granted with as little delay as possible.

"GENERAL NELSON A. MILES."

WASHINGTON, July 26.—(Special Correspondence to The Herald.) So far, the bicycle has had no place in the war. In the tangled thickets around Santiago and on the improvised roads through the desolate wilderness leading from the landing stage to the Spanish trenches it was hard work for our troops to force their way on foot, so that bicycle riding was an impossibility. There is almost sure to come a time, however, before the fighting is ended when the bicycle will be used for a practical purpose for the first time in a great war. Gen. Miles is a thorough believer in this new method of locomotion for troops, and when the army strikes roads that will admit of it, our military wheelmen will be given an opportunity to show what they can do.

The first bicycle corps to be established in this country in accordance with the recommendation of Gen. Miles, quoted above, was organized at Fort Missoula, Mont. The corps at first consisted of one sergeant, one corporal, one musician and five privates.

surpass, the little company struggled on through the Rocky mountains, refusing all offers of outside assistance and relying upon their own resources, for the trip was to be an important experimental one, and the result was to show whether or not a bicycle corps could travel unaided through a difficult country.

When the little band got back to the post, after a most interesting trip, Lieut. Moss made the following report, enthusiastically endorsing the bicycle as a military adjunct of the future:

"Our practice march fully demonstrated the practicability of the bicycle for military purposes in a mountainous country. The matter was most thoroughly tested under all possible conditions. We made and broke camp in the rain; we traveled through mud, water and sand dust, over rocks, ruts, etc.; we crossed and recrossed mountain ranges and forded streams, carrying our rations, rifles, ammunition, tools, blankets, extra underwear, medicines, tools, repairing material, cooking utensils and extra bicycle parts.

"Only when in gumbo mud did we find our wheels to be a hindrance. At other times, when we could not ride, the wheel was a great aid, as we could roll our loads on our bicycles a great deal easier than we could carry them on our bodies.

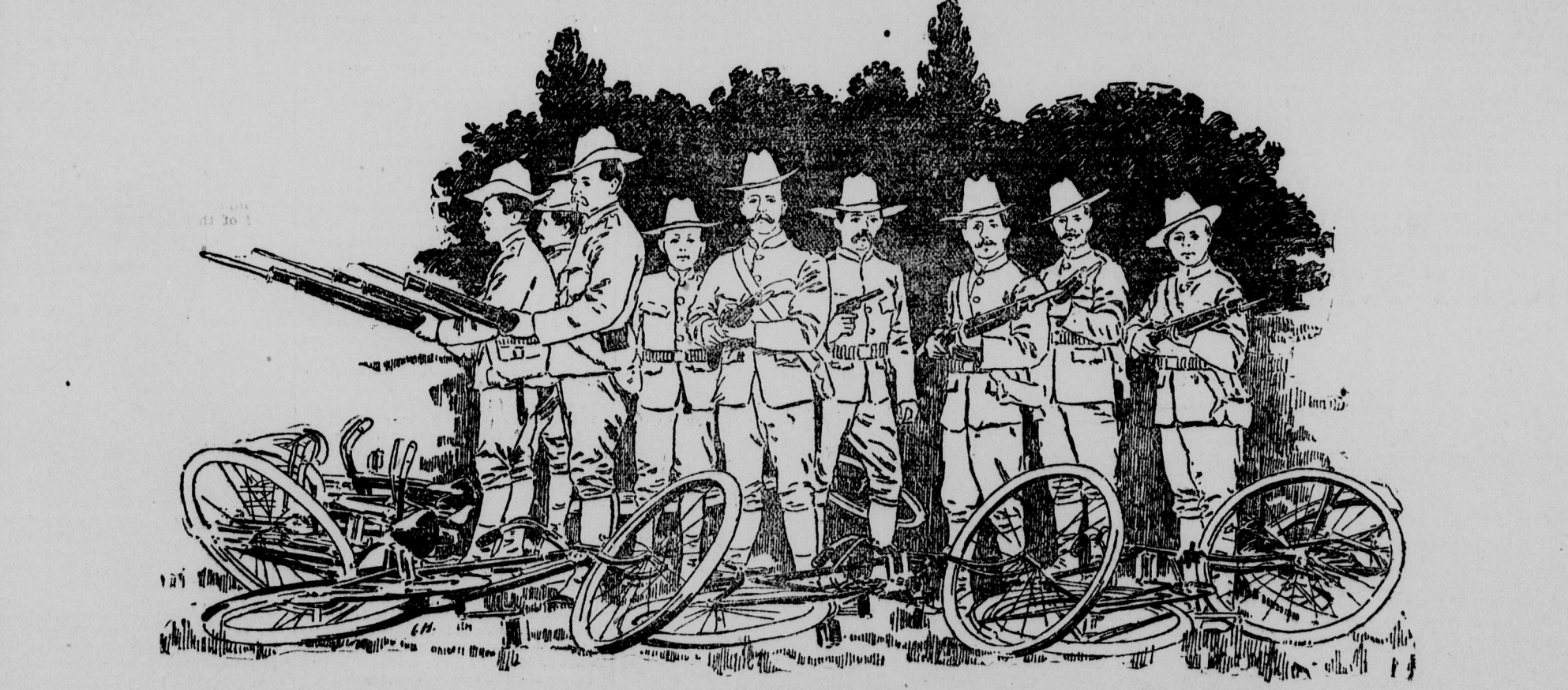
"Our best ride was made on September 3, when we covered seventy-two miles in eight and three-quarter hours, averaging

wheelmen are drilled to form in line, with the wheels in front, making a barrier that could be relied upon to effectively keep off cavalry, for horses would be demoralized and go down if they charged into the mist of a tangled mass of spokes and handle bars, while infantry charging the wheelmen would find it no easy matter to surmount the obstacle presented by a heap of bicycles in all manner of confusing positions. Any bicyclist who has been thrown from his wheel and tangled up in the spokes will bear witness to the truth of this.

The formation of this bicycle auxiliary to the army forces has established the military wheelmen in our army. Punchy years ago printed a picture that was regarded at the time as very humorous. It depicted a corps of soldiers mounted on bicycles charging an enemy. Punchy's joke, like many similar ideas that appear here-brained at the time, has ceased to be humorous, as the Spanish soldiers will probably learn before the war is over.

Germany's Oldest Woman Smoker

Berlin.—Katherine Normann, an old matron of 90, who served as farm girl in 1813, when the French were in the country, has just departed this life. She had hitherto played no distinguished part in the history of her village—Buer, in the district of Munster—where she has been for some time in receipt of outdoor relief, but, as



WE RATHER FANCY MAUSER BULLETS OURSELVES, BUT PLEASE DON'T PUNCTURE OUR TIRES

one occasion, Turner Ashby had ridden up to an opposing cavalryman, seized him around the waist, lifted him out of the saddle as if he had been a child, and taken him, on his own horse into the Confederate lines. It was agreed that this was more of a feat of strength and display of courage than horsemanship.

"I have seen Cossacks snatch a baby from its mother's arms at full gallop, toss it into the air, catch it and repeat the performance," said Captain Rathbone. "I once saw an Indian rider in the far west spring from his pony's bare back while the animal was moving at full gallop, pick up an arrow and remount instantly in a standing posture. I have seen other performances all over the world, but for a neat, clever, clean-cut feat, I think the feat of the Indian rider is the best. Several of us had been at Gibraltar and

For a time he was confined at St. Augustine, Fla. Edwin Moore is the high jumper of the group, who distinguished himself at the Fourth of July games. Healy Wolf, another Indian, is a little chap who came from Alaska, and he is very proud of the fact that he served Captain Pratt, the director of the Indian school, as orderly. The names of some of the other Indians are: Edward Peters, George Musco, John Garrick, Edward Rogers and Jos. Shoulder, and while their appearance as waiters does not suggest the ultimate solution of the Indian problem, it does indicate the surroundings at a summer hotel, and that is something that may a white man finds difficult.—New York Sun.

A Prince of Wales is of age from his birth, and a chair is placed for him on the right of the throne in the house of lords.

It was called the Twenty-fifth United States Infantry bicycle corps, and was commanded by Lieut. James A. Moss. After the formation an experimental trip of 1000 miles was made over some of the worst roads in the United States. The little corps of military bicyclists traveled through sand, mud, water and rain, carrying rations, rifles, ammunition, blankets, tents, cooking utensils, etc. The following rations were taken along: One jar Armour's extract of beef, 1/4 pounds; 7 cans beans, 19 pounds; 2 pounds salt, 5 pounds prunes, 6 pounds sugar, 1 can condensed milk, 1 pound, 20 pounds bacon, 3 cans deviled ham, 2 pounds; 2 ounces pepper; 2 pounds coffee; 3 pounds flour, 3 cans corn, 5 1/2 pounds; 1 can syrup, 12 pounds; 3 pounds lard; total, 120 pounds.

In describing the equipment of his men,

8.2 miles per hour. That night I asked the men if they were very tired. Every one of them answered they were feeling tired, but not one-half as much as they had often felt after an ordinary twenty-five-mile forced march.

"No one but a person who has had experience with troops on the march can fully appreciate the significance of a squad of nine men traveling through a mountainous country at the rate of 8.2 miles an hour for seventy-two miles, carrying their rations, rifles, ammunition, blankets, tents, etc."

"After being out about a week I found that we would not feel the effects of a

they carried her to the grave a few days ago the villagers thought they had a right to demand public attention both for the deceased and themselves. She had been proclaimed far and wide as the oldest woman smoker in Germany, and it is added that the village authorities used to allow her daily, "as is right," the necessary quantity of tobacco that she had always been accustomed to." Katherine Normann can now be cited by statisticians all over the world as being a woman smoker who, notwithstanding that she smoked her daily pipe, lived for twenty-nine years longer than the limit prescribed by the palmist, and, above all, enjoyed her tobacco by the grace of her fellow creatures up to the very last for she was utterly unable to provide it out of her own pocket.—London Daily Telegraph.