SOLDIERING DURING THE RAINY SEASON.

William R. Walters, In a Letter From the Philippines, Describes the Hardships Involved In Summer Campaigning In the Philippines.

THE STORY OF A HIGH PRIVATE.

HERE is the Philippine Sunday is always washday around our tents, dear boys. The only exception to this general rule is when there is some breakneck job for American troops on hand, and then it is washday the day after with good Filipinos to this and wield the sour lye and scrubboard. But when Dewey or some around camp you can wrinkle an hundred or

A DAY IN CAMP DURING THE RAINY SEASON.

soldiers of a Sunday morning, stripped to the waist, and washing the unspeakable like a Montana snowstorm. This is the only chance the boys have of freshening up their soiled and gritty linen, and though you come across an occasional soldier who seems to have a noted antipathy for water and cleanliness, the American typewriter as a rule is somewhat of a crank about the cleanliness of his own coated skin. Men who have been used to an enamel bath with silver plated faucets are here glad enough to get hold of a discarded cracker box, and to it perform their morning ablutions with both grace and dispatch.

As for water, boxes know there's enough of it! There's water everywhere. Blankets are soaked with it, bread is soggy with it. Leather belts are moldy and clothes are perpetually steaming with it. If you don't watch out your pile will rust with it and you will wish in the depths of your opinion and that you were back in Alaska. For this is what is known as the "rainy season" in the Philippine Islands, and any unscientific minister at home who thinks it is a blessed thing to have rain here and lots to live through it under canvas. Decidedly that three months are boiled in green and gently undoubting. In Dulcinea Jones there are now a double stretch of water sweet bob, marth, swamp, anything that suggests the superlative of unrelenting moisture. Through this our boys have to plow their weary way time and time again. When tired of the hog they are given a little taste of the bush, where they push their way through underbrush sinking with the big generous calm of horses. Tiredness by and they ship up to their tent tops to hook rest. Then showered down until dripping such they are rolled upon from above, and when the clouds let up they are covered a few Filipinos to exhaust some water about to provide a bath emotions. The trenches are filled with water and overflowed into numerous streams up and down which you could sit for days on fire excellent. Intermittent little streams also so mite than rails due now lose up to ship not up the good feet of mud below, rainy water.

But this is not the saddest part of the story. When the rainy season ceases to be a joke and the sun comes out to stay, and walking the streets is