THE AMERICAN SOLDIER AS HE REALLY IS

One of Our Men In the Ranks In the Philippines Tells of the Weaknesses, Foibles and Good Points of the "High Privates" of Uncle Sam's Army.

THE American soldier boy, as you find him fighting away in the Philippines today, is what might be called a Tolstoan of civilization. He is an enlisted scapegoat made up of a touch of John Bull, a dash of Kaiser, a pinch of Tom, a trace of Mike Hoey and a sprinkling of mental characteristics of Hobson. If you have ever worked around a continental soldier and gazed up at him in all his glory of height, trappings and swagger, with his fiery and glittering accoutrements and jingling metals, it's ten to one you will say the Yankee boy is woefully lacking in picturesqueness and beauty. He is not, on the parade ground, the prettiest specimen of disciplined militarism to be found in the world, but when it comes to choosing Manner armed oriental barbarians across rockbeds and inspire the Yankee boy redeems himself as a fighting machine. His private life has perhaps a great deal to do with his characteristics and weaknesses as a soldier. His capricious privilege of "having his say," which the American citizen never forfeits, sticks to him even in the army, especially with the volunteers, among whom, of course, the ideas of rigid discipline and respect for officers have not been so deeply imprinted as with the regulars.

The soldier as we encounter him—fighting, eating, sleeping and swearing side by side with us here—is more like the popular hero of the war correspondent than the real old Indian in the ranks of Fremont's Conquer Bands. I have enlisted in many times and places, I have been and worked among soldiers in camp, in barracks, in the trenches and on guard and pickets duty and during my campaigning here experienced all the various vicissitudes of soldier life, and the result of all the experience is that I have found the "boys" before all other things a "quantity." There is something radically wrong with the officer who does not great. They all do it. A private would sort with his rations rather than with his right to grumble. It doesn't make much difference just what he grumbles at. Sometimes it is at the "big surgeon" or at the "sergeant" but his pet and his best growl is reserved for his "grub." I have seen men here in Manila come off on a detail when they had been living on hard tack and "embalmed" beef or canned salmon and sit down in barracks to a dinner of succotash, Philippine chicken, stewed squash, mashed potatoes with chicken gravy, topped off with a generous piece of pie or a dish of pudding. It's not exactly a Delmonico feast, but it's a mighty good one for a soldier to have in during active service. One would naturally think at least, that a feast of such a character after that last of the preceding five days would cause a sigh of content to escape from the lips and wipe their mouths and tone the importunate stomach and shut out of the fullness of their hearts and stomachs. But no! Not a man in Manila ever did it! They leave away from the feast half heard, after clearing away everything in sight, sit around and growl for the next day for the same thing, anxiously and latently how they "took to me in the old days down on the Rio Grande." In fact, when a man can growl he is only a shit that he is in good condition. When he stops growling what is gone him without a kick, it is time to send for the sexton and see if he is not dead in the name of the Union.

Another interesting thing I have noticed while canvassing the soldier so far chief name is the different manner in which different men and whole units fire. I have had every of contrast to make observations on that subject since coming out here, though, as a rule, one the other comes to think about where he begins to lose Yankee ingenuity and becomes a machine. Men who are used and reserved in barracks as soon as the bugle commences to ring sound begin to grow lethargic and horrifically lack ideas and in some cases start drinking a good currency water, which again keep up a bubble of talk in their veins. Two children are always on a hunt for some, as the saying goes. It is simply the different ways in which environment moves and rules from the terrible stretch. I'm no matter how old and experienced the veteran there is always a certain amount of fear in facing an unknown enemy, whereas a young newspaper correspondent was say to the contrary in gushing about heroes to whom "fear is unknown."

Come now, again, let us come and sit down and talk it out. A stranger would see some one their face, a shrewd, genuine one, interest to the eye and a look that would shoot a glare of frenzied rage, as they hear the boys gave would be the result. I remember one fellow of the detachment who was hit twice in the trenches. Neither wound was serious enough both times was so much to that fighting could hear them moan and bawl. Now, of some poor chap to whom the smell of powder was not such an old story and who was accordingly a little "up in the air."

The Tonquinese, in contrast to the gay Nebraska boys, fought in a manly, sullen, dogged way that did not seem to add a jot to their glory. They were our other kind, and they were the men stripped of their savage work to think of nothing at such a time. They put me in mind of bulldogs, and those arms, Pennsylvania hatchets, for after taking a grip they never let go. If ever rage tried to push on forward and strike a little behind the enemy, he was landed back with a vengeance, for it was an unnatural thing that no man should ever pass that partition. This disposition has won for them the title of "the Indian of the Tonkin," but it might be remembered the title is a phrase of admiration and not of contempt.

The Tonquinese, now, on the other hand, moved forward with the drilling dash of men and was seldom knocking back from their line as they advanced. If they did not stop, they wavered, and I have seen the whole regiment forward shuffle and finally shouting "Dieu Lass." It was very strange music and, I must confess, had something about it that stirred one's heart in a most remarkable way. Yonds and Biondo Revists the boys would throw down everything on which they could lay hands, and the result was that the Chinese merchants found themselves stripped of most of their worthy goods. Now, if you take a couple of men calmly take possession of a stock of rice cut, go to work. The coxon, one had been carrying the rice for the Chinese officers, so easy, but the rapture, after holding their find for several days and having no chance of cooking on it, had the officers to offer it back for a consideration to the original owners. They were said at the rate of "soda pop," a week for it, clearing about $10 on the deal.

I know of another case where two men found a safe containing some $1,000. They were making off with it safely when they were discovered in the act by their officer, who at once forwarded the safe to its owner. The detected Chinaman, who had caused it and had expected never to see his treasure again was hardly overcome with joy at the speed back.

The Chinese, who are a sort of middleman between our boys and the Indians, are usually treated with a good deal of suspicion by us, though of late enough we have to depend upon them for both help and food. Some very amusing affairs take place between our soldiers and the Chinese merchants owing to the inability of the Americans to "make" the oriental language. During that part of the fighting which is known as "our raids on the Isle of Tondo" I saw a corporal of the Twenty-third regulars take a small pile out of some rubbish after a Rio. Filipino had left in scurry, he started away with it under his arm, leaving behind some very far to not a Chinese merchant, to whom he undertook to sell the confiscated stuff.

"Chuck, chuck, John. How much you gee for sale? Some wine. Mucha wate sake?" over the corporal, with much gesticulation and contortion.

"I don't know what you mean," replied the benighted Chinaman, "but I suppose you boys need some new money. So what do you say to $1 for it?"

This was said in the purest English. The corporal almost dropped his safe with astonishment, but he took the dollar and sold the contents of the company "commissary." Some of these Chinese merchants, indeed, speak English with a purity and fluency that are remarkable.

One of the furniture of the enlisted men is a pocket knife. The use of such a tool is left fated by all the men, for everything must be done to order by the pocket, and it is not has an especially good edge. Now, the boys are always liable to get "hot coffee" and popcorn in the guardhouse for a few days. Before he enters he liberty sure time he shall have contributed to Uncle Sam a goodly portion of his monthly stipend, a punishment which is known among our boys as "putting a kink." In the concession the following incident took place in Manila, the leading characters being a private known as No. 1 and Lieutenant Black, who happened to be one of the most martial "shad tails" that ever came out of West Point. It occurred during a threatened attack by insurgents, and stand duty in consequence was particularly alert. No. 1 was settled at the guardhouse at the entrance of the barracks. His orders, according to the "Manual of Guard Duty," were simply and laid down for him as follows: "After receiving an answer to his challenge No. 1 calls 'Corporal of the Guard So-and-so!' repeating the phrase if the challenge is not answered. At this point there happened to be the aforementioned jumpers officer, who possessed a colored body servant who was certainly dazzled by all the work. This dusky man probably owed it to the fact that the colored gentleman in question was allowed to pass to and fro at all times of night or day, while the soldiers had to "stand pat" to report to the guardhouse at 8 o'clock. About 11 o'clock one night No. 1 was walking his post and hearing his eye period for an expected visit from Lieutenant Black, who was just at that time officer of the day.

Suddenly he espied a form approaching and, taking his station to be the object of the visit, he challenged the newcomer with a click, his face to sort were with a sarcastical presumptuous and impudent and in a loud voice challenged: "Halt! Who's there?"

The visitor, who was quite a voice with an unmistakably sour twang, "Called gentleman are to post!"

With a voice made strident by disgust and rage No. 1 cried out:

"Halt, you blackey black black son of a gun! Corporal of the guard, a nigger!"

Just at that moment the officer of the day emerged from behind the guardhouse, and No. 1 knew he was in for it. The officer had heard the entire challenge, and for his unconstitutional nonsense No. 1 paid old Twin Sam $10 and for ten days swept the parade grounds.

All of this, of course, simply goes to show what I hinted out at the first, and that is that the United States is the most cosmopolitan military nation. It shocked an English officer here nearly to death to see a private respond to his office with a pipe in his mouth. Among the freshest individuals enlisted in all parts of the United States for the war are, of course, a great many who are a little short on education. Occasionally, it seems, one has slipped in who is able neither to read nor to write. Of such a character was a private nicknamed "Abdul Ike." It happened he was on guard over a magazine one night when a sharp Twenty-third man, whom we shall call Lieutenant Stripes, was acting as officer of the day. Now, Lieutenant Stripes had never "pulled a gun," and the desire to do so was kick within him.

He watched for his chance and, descending on poor Ike one morning about 2 o'clock, in a few minutes had old "Abdul" so tangled up that he could not tell whether he was or was not duty or on foreign.

"Have you a 'Manual?'" snarled the lieutenant.

"Yes, sir!" said Ike.

"Then why in blazes don't you know your orders?"

"Don't know, sir," answered Ike.

"Don't know, sir!" shouted Lieutenant Stripes. "Now, what blackey black ever enlisted you?"

"Lieutenant Stripes, sir," said "Abdul" in his sweetest tones.

After a few terms and have the chipper young lieutenant quite gently away and after that leave a little more decently toward old Ike.

The general trouble with most of the men is to keep them away from the internal lines. Some of our boys will start up a game of baseball right in front of Filipino entrenchments, and it is all the officers can do to keep them in the trenches when there is a chance for making out a temporary discount on a dozen of the best baseball stuff at with Filipino work around the field. During a charge it is exactly the same, then and old Baldheads all fight and fret for a chance of getting into a fight or over a wall or through a gate first. The other day I found a young coup Rached in the stable by a Filipino Mauser bullet. He was crying like a baby, and when I asked him if I could do anything for him he said "No," for his tears were of pure rage and disappointment to think that Harry Jones, who came from the same town as he did, had got over the trenches first.

WILLIAM R. WALTERS.

Manila.

ESCAPED FROM THE HAREM.

Dervishes in the Turkish seraglio to get the style of coaping from the Sultan Abdul Hamid's harem. Finding those simultaneous of the seraglio, the black skinned cavalier, Enidabes slipped

Escaping from the harem

out of the Yildiz kiosk. It was during the celebration of the twenty holiday of Leiteh al Kadr that Kef Bueiton lover spotted Yes Tuk gone Bempty. It is doubtfully that all the eunuchs rapes Bempty. It is certain that his escape would not have been made without the help of at least one of the eunuch guards. The Sultan's wrath was great, and he ordered the Ishmaelite to be hunted down and put on bread and water diet in a dungeon.

The sultan is not so much grieved at the loss of one wife, even if she were his favorite, as he is stirred at the precedent which has been set. The time was that a wife of the harem should have a lover among the barbarians not of the holy faith of Allah to simply sprinkling, but that the sultan's harem guard should desert the commander of the faithful to empty their possibilities. Judging from the proclamation of the eunuchs, they are not likely to encourage the copying habit. But Enidabes's escape is causing any harem to hold alarming effect on the ladies of the harem now that an "open door" has been shown.

SOME NATIONAL CUSTOMS.

The traveler who lands at Calais from Dover and enjoy there overnight is put into a bed having a hard, rolled bolster, surrounded by a square pillow, very different from anything of the sort he has before seen, but which he is destined to find—perhaps to his great comfort—wherever he goes in France.

The traveler who enters Switzerland—it matters not where—has Bonny placed before him the first time he breakfasts or dines on his rice. He has been treated to bonny before in any and every country in which he has traveled—or, at least, where he has specially ordered it—but now it is placed before him whether he cares for it or not, and he continues to appear, both at breakfast and tea, so long as he continues his sojourn in Switzerland.

The traveler who enters Germany exchanges customs in regard to the time of day for taking dinner and the time of night for retiring to rest. The Frenchman eats his dinner in the morning or through the middle of the day, reserving the dinner until the close of the day. The German dines at midday. So much is this his practice, the story goes, that he has coined the "midday's meal." And even Indefatigable Germany goes to its evening's entertainment at 6:30 p. m. and is at home and in bed by 10 o'clock. The night has barely begun in London or Paris.

The more one travels the more, of course, he observes of these national peculiarities. He finds them existing in all parts of the world, and, as he goes, he finds, indeed, that in every department of life, he discovers, as deeply rooted, as widely prevailing are these peculiarities of a nation, as strongly indicative of the national character.

A VALUABLE CLOCK.

The most valuable clock in the world is probably that in the possession of Lady Brassey. This remarkable work, presented by Queen Victoria of the Sandwich Islands to Captain Thomson of the British navy for the protection afforded her subjects by Thomson in 1861. The foundation of the mantle is a network of native bamboo, and to it are attached by the threads of the same material the feathers of birds found only in the Hawaiian Islands. The upper and lateral borders, which are ended with a series of bows, are decorated with alternate crescent shaped figures composed of yellow and red feathers.

The clock is 1 foot in length and 10½ feet in width at the bottom, tapering to 14 inches at the top. The great difficulty experienced in procuring the feathers and the number of years required to complete the present specimen are alone enough to make it valuable. Its yellow feathers are confined to the tufts of the bird from which they are obtained, and are difficult to capture. The most prized pair of five of these feathers is worth $20, and the Sandwichers the value of the clock, asking in the amount of labor involved, is about $10,000.

GOSSIPY FACTS.

A woman electrician earns and runs a giant in Long Beach, Cal., a pretty man parlor on the shore of the Pacific within a 20 mile of the City of the Angels, Miss Ida E. Tull is the only woman to successfully operate an electric lighting station. Early in life she arrived in the lively successes vicinity and after an investigation of the business openings decided for Pacific Ocean. Invested her savings in machinery and necessary grounds and equipment and joined them down in