JUDGE LYNCH DENOUNCED.

MISSISSIPPI AROUSED BY THE KILLING OF INNOCENT MEN.

Effect of the Lynching of the Two Negroes at Biloxi—Weakness of the Evidence on Which Mobs Have Acted—Growing Sentiment in Favor of Letting the Law Take Its Course.

NEW ORLEANS, June 15.—The lynching problem is rapidly reaching a solution in Mississippi, and all the indications are that it will be the correct solution, and that in another year lynching will be unknown in that State. The better public sentiment of the State has been roused against lynch law, and this sentiment is strengthened by recent developments, particularly the Mississippi City double lynching, showing that mob violence is more apt to be wrong than right and in the end utterly fails to accomplish what it aims at.

There have been, it is true, many set-backs to those who want to banish Judge Lynch, but even these set-backs have disclosed the fact that those who still cling to the mob idea of justice are no longer in a majority, but in a decreasing minority. Among these set-backs may be mentioned the failure of the Legislature to follow the suggestion contained in the message of Gov. Longino to pass a law to discourage lynching by allowing the family of the victim to sue for damages the county where the lynching occurred. A similar law was passed in Ohio: and it was thought that it would have the effect of bringing out the taxpayers and law and order element to prevent a lynching. One of the strongest arguments in favor of lynching in the backwoods districts is the financial one—that it is cheaper.

"Why should the county be put to the expense of convicting a negro field hand of murder or outrage?" many of the farmers in the poorer counties ask, "when his guilt is clear. It will cost several thousand dollars for witnesses, juries, feed of the prisoner in jail, erection of gallows, &c., while a ten-cent rope will reach the same result in shorter time, and hustle the negro out of the world."

This argument is met by the plan suggested by Gov. Longino. If the taxpayers are compelled to pay in damages for a lynching, a legal execution is cheaper than a mob one. Another set-back was the refusal of the Grand Jury in Amite City to indict the twelve white men who lynched a negro for an offence, striking a white man, for which lynching had never been resorted to before. A third set-back was the declaration of the Coroner's jury impaneled to pass on the lynching of Ackew and Russ or Saul at Mississippi City, that the lynching was done "by persons unknown." There was not the slightest difficulty in ascertaining who the lynchers were, if that were desired. The Sheriff himself was at the lynching, as a witness, but declared that he could not recognize the men engaged in the crime, because of the shadows from the trees. These shadows are an incident of all lynchings just as the "dull thud" was of old in all hangings.

But although these several occurrences may appear to show that the movement against lynching is not yet strong enough to suppress such violence, the contrary is true. The fact is that there is an unwillingness in Mississippi to prosecute and punish white men who have been engaged in lynching negroes. They are regarded as men who have been misled, and who do not realize the harm they are doing, men to be argued with, but not imprisoned or otherwise punished. In all the cases where lynching has occurred lately they have received marked evidence that public sentiment is no longer with them but against them; they have gone free, it is true, but not wholly free, for they have been put to some inconvenience, and have been threatened with indictment and the State prison—indeed, it is by no means certain that those engaged in the Mississippi City affair will escape punishment, for the District Attorney has announced his determination to prosecute vigorously if the Governor insists on it and if indictments can be found. The lynchers have, however, found themselves bitterly denounced instead of being the heroes they were wont to be.

What has particularly impressed public sentiment in Mississippi is not so much the brutality, as the ignorance, of Judge Lynch, and the fact now brought clearly to light that he is nearly always wrong. A few years ago the story of a lynching was nearly always the same. Tom Brown, or Bill Johnson, a negro was arrested for outrage, taken to the jail, rescued by a mob and lynched after he had made a full confession of his crime; but it is different to-day. The first case which attracted attention was that in central Mississippi some months ago, where one negro was burned to death and another hanged. Then the planters of the neighborhood interfered, stopped the lynching, suppressed the lynchers by force and demanded that there should be no more of that sort of thing in their neighborhood. It developed that the mob had made a serious mistake, had acted too precipitately and had burned to death a negro who could have told the story of the murder; in other words, had prevented the truth from coming out and had allowed the guilty to escape.

The Amite lynching has just been called to the attention of Gov. Longino by a letter from the uncle of the murdered negro, Henry Radcliffe, so well written as to produce a profound sensation throughout Mississippi. The letter is calm and dispassionate and it is difficult to understand how an illiterate negro could get so well to the bottom of the lynching evil when many white men have been led astray on it.

It would be unjust to his nephew, the old negro writes, if he were allowed to rest in his grave without some sort of formal protest by his relatives against the manner of his taking off. The negroes of Mississippi and other Southern States recognize that they are perfectly helpless in the matter of stopping these lynchings and that their sole chance of protection lies with the white people of the country. If the white people fail to extend it to them, there is no recourse. Believing this, he says, he had hoped that the firm stand taken by the Governor on the subject of lynching would have availed to bring the lynchers of his nephew to trial, especially as he was killed for an offence, not among those that usually serve as an excuse for calling out a mob. He predicted that such indiscriminate lynchings would result in the color line being finally forgotten, and that white men, as well as negroes, would be lynched for trivial offences in the mob rule that was encouraged.

But the greatest blow to lynch law has been the Biloxi affair, for it has exposed all the follies and ignorance of Judge Lynch. On Saturday, June 5, Christina Winterstein, aged 12, was assaulted and murdered two miles from Biloxi while going home from a school festival. The crime was one to arouse indignation and presented all the features of a crime where Judge Lynch is supposed to be most effective. It is said that in such cases instant and immediate death, possibly with torture, has a deterrent effect, and that a long legal trial during which the negro acquires that prominence which is the delight of the ignorant darkey is most demoralizing. There was an additional reason why Biloxi should desire immediate punishment of the murderer. It is a prosperous town, but at the same time a fashionable seaside resort, where thousands of persons from Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama spend the summer. A crime like the murder of little Christina Winterstein, committed on a public road in the immediate vicinity of the town, would have, it was feared, an unfavorable effect on the summer business and keep people away from Biloxi unless it were shown that life could be properly protected there.

The most energetic efforts were therefore made to arrest the murderer, and every negro who had been near the place of the murder was under suspicion. Against three of them strong evidence was found. Henry Askew, the first arrested, was shown to have been at the Winterstein house a few minutes before the arrival of Christina and to have gone in the direction where the body was found. There were scratches on his person which he could not account for and his shoes fitted the very peculiar footprints found near the scene of the murder. At the same time there was sufficient other evidence to render it doubtful if Askew committed the crime. A number of citizens removed him from the jail, confronted him with the mother of the girl, took him to the scene of the murder, hanged him to a tree and started a fire to burn him. The negro believed that he was gone beyond hope, but protested his innocence to the last; and the mob, who had only intended to extort a confession from him by fear, returned him to the jail, satisfied that he was innocent after the ordeal by fire through which he had passed. Yet the evidence against him was stronger than that presented in nine lynching cases out of ten. A few years ago the mob would have lynched him at once and would have been perfectly satisfied that they had done right. The Askew case rendered it quite evident that many previous lynchings had been on similar defective evidence.

The evidence then turned against a negro named Russ or Saul. Russ was from New Orleans, where he bore an excellent reputation. He had been chopping wood near where the Winterstein child had been murdered and should have passed her on the road. He had borrowed the axe with which he was chopping, but failed to return it, and this confirmed the impression that he had used it in the murder. There was other evidence which tended to confirm the belief that he was the murderer, but before any action was taken a third murderer was discovered in Mobile, a negro named Franklin. The evidence against him was so convincing that it released Russ, for only one man was engaged in the murder. Franklin had been at Biloxi on the day of the murder, but had left there hurriedly. His dress, his appearance, everything confirmed the impression that he was the true criminal, and the discovery of blood on his clothes left no doubt on the subject. The garments were given to a chemist to determine whether the stains were human or animal blood and two little girls who were supposed to have seen the murderer coming from the woods into which he had dragged the body of Christina were taken to Mobile to identify Franklin as the man they had seen.

Zeal had led to the discovery of three murderers, when only one could have been engaged in the crime—and there was more than sufficient evidence for a mob to lynch any one of the three for the crime. A week had passed by this time and public sentiment had been kept in a state of excitement. Biloxi was divided into three factions over the issue. The first faction which was evidently in a large majority opposed all idea of lynching and wanted the matter left to the courts. The second faction believed in lynching, but only on undoubted testimony and proof of guilt. It did not believe that the guilt of the accused had been sufficiently established and it was willing to wait until that guilt was established. The third faction consisted of the straight-out lynchers, who thought the delay was doing harm, and that the case was becoming all the more involved because of it; that the truth of the guilt would never be legally established and that it would be best to have a lynching at once as an example. The idea that a lynching would prove a warning to the negroes whether the man lynched were proved guilty or not, was the principle upon which they proposed to act, and upon mobs have acted before in several parts of the South.

That the law party were in a majority is proved by the fact that in the several public meetings held at the court house to discuss the Winterstein murder, they were able to carry through resolutions insisting that the punishment of the guilty should be left to the courts. But on the very night, June 9, when they adopted these resolutions for the last time, the straight-out lynchers got hold of Askew and Russ who were confined in a bath-house in Mississippi City—for the jail was thought to be the last place to confine them—and lynched and burned both the accused. Their action has called forth almost universal condemnation, and the men engaged in the affair will be lucky if they escape punishment.

What strikes even the most thoughtless person is the fact that the mob beyond question lynched an innocent man. It is impossible that both Askew and Russ could be guilty and it is possible that neither was. The last evidence had pointed conclusively to Franklin as the murderer, and had he been in Harrison county he would have undoubtedly been lynched with the other two; yet his innocence is now proved beyond question. The two white girls declare that he is not the man that they saw near the scene of murder; the chemist and analyst declare that the stains on his clothing which proved his guilt are not human blood, nor, for that matter, blood at all; and finally he has established a perfect alibi, proving that he left Biloxi when Christina Winterstein was still alive.

And the innocence of the two men who were lynched is in a fair way to be established, for the true clue has at last been struck. The negro murderer has not yet been arrested, and may escape, but his track is being closely followed. He fled to Mobile after the murder, greatly excited and unable to keep his tongue. He is said to have confessed the crime to several of his own race, and then disappeared, and is supposed to be making his way back to the scene of his crime, drawn thither by that fascination which is so often seen in cases of murder.

In short, the fact stands out so clearly that Judge Lynch botched the case badly and the belief is so strong that he has made many similar mistakes in the past, that he is thoroughly discredited on the Gulf coast of Mississippi. It is safe to predict that there will never be another lynching there. Nor is the sentiment confined to southern Mississippi. In Jackson, the State capital, and throughout Mississippi, the lynching is treated with disgust and indignation, and a protest has gone up against it which will strengthen the hands of Gov. Longino, who has made the suppression of lynching the special work of his administration. The effect of all this agitation will be, if not to suppress lynching in Mississippi at once, to render it extremely rare there. It may be that public sentiment is not yet prepared to proceed criminally against the lynchers, possibly in the view that lynching has been tolerated in the State and it would be unjust to punish the misguided men who still resort to it; but another turn of the screw will see Mississippi not only prepared to frown on lynching, but to punish it.

NO DISGRACE ON THE BROTHERHOOD.

Justice Gaynor Reinstates a Conductor Expelled for Non-Payment of a Debt.

PORT JERVIS, N. Y., June 14.—A case of importance to railroad men throughout the whole country where the organization of the Brotherhood of Railroad Conductors exists, was tried in the Supreme Court of Goshen, Orange county, before Justice Gaynor this week. The evidence showed that there were 20,000 members of the organization in this country. The relator was Charles E. Weisz, who is well known among railroad men throughout this State and the defendant was Millard Division, Order of Railroad Conductors of Middletown. Mr. Weisz was one of the organizers of the division and a member in good standing up to Feb. 5, 1899. At that time he was tried on a charge of conduct unbecoming a member and expelled from the organization. The specifications accompanying the charge of unbecoming conduct stated that Weisz had not paid a bill for medical attendance and did not reply to requests for payment of the same.

Justice Gaynor directed a verdict for Mr. Weisz, which practically operates as a reinstatement of the expelled member in the order. Justice Gaynor holds that the act with which Weisz was charged did not reflect on the order and was not sufficient for his expulsion.

"I do not think," said Justice Gaynor, "that a case has been made out against this man. There is nothing in the evidence to show that he has been guilty of conduct which could bring disgrace on the order. This section of the by-laws introduced here may contemplate some conduct on the part of a brother which might bring the order into disgrace, such as charging him with being a thief, a murderer or being guilty of some moral delinquency which might bring disgrace to the order and the community. The non-payment of a debt does not go so far. This is a large bill, one which many would not like to pay in a hurry. I don't think he did anything to disgrace this order, or which might be a reproach to this order. I direct a verdict for the plaintiff."

SHE'D TRAVELLED BEFORE.

SO THE BACHELOR GIRLS FAILED TO FRIGHTEN HER.

Instead the Newspaper Girl on the Eve of Another Voyage Spun Yarns of Adventure by Land and Sea That Made Her Clubmates Regard Her in Admiring Wonder.

The newspaper girl was to start for the Paris Exposition in another week and she was the guest of honor at a banquet given at the White Mouse restaurant. The banquet was really the regular table d'hôte dinner served by the White Mouse each evening with the exception that stuffed olives, anchovies, cold asparagus and strawberries were added to the regular bill of fare. This made it a banquet. At the close of the feast each member of the Bachelors Girls' Confession Club gravely presented the newspaper girl with a remedy for seasickness, and speeches being in order, the members, by prearranged plot, each spoke of the coming visit and voyage abroad as of something to be dreaded. The perils of travel, the pangs of homesickness as well as of seasickness were enlarged upon, and the general benefits to be experienced by those who remained quietly at home were made the most of.

The newspaper girl listened undaunted, and, on being called upon to reply, she said: "While I appreciate the pleasant spirit of comradeship that has prompted your several addresses I realize thoroughly that the deep feeling underlying your remarks is a regret that you are not all going yourselves. I wish to assure you as to my ability to meet the dangers of travel in foreign lands and of meeting any of the exigencies that may confront a woman travelling alone. The fact of the matter is that a girl alone always has the advantage. Officials on trains and boats feel that she is entitled to consideration and things are made easy for her on every side."

"Wait until you encounter one of those foreign time tables," suggested the medical student who had been abroad. "I can manage everything but trains." "I have found, said the newspaper girl, "that trains and boats are the easiest things to manage. I once stopped an express train in the middle of the night and I held a steamboat three hours past its regular sailing time."

"Dear me," said the members aghast, in one breath. "How did you stop the train? By swinging a red lantern in the track?" asked the fluffy girl.

"No, I just telegraphed the engineer to stop," said the newspaper girl. "He didn't know who it was from; but I worded the despatch technically, and he thought it must be from some one in authority, so he stopped as requested."

"That sounds like something from a play or a novel," said the fashion writer; "It's too unreal! Can't you tell us something we can believe with more ease?"

"No, it is really a fact. It is comparatively easy to stop an express train if one is in a hurry. It depends on the way you do it."

"Tell us how you did it, please" said the medical student, "it might be useful to know."

"I had been sent out to a small town in Michigan to investigate fully the telegraphed news report that women were running the town and occupying all the offices to the exclusion of the men. The facts were that a number of women were engaged in business there and that through the school boards and the church temperance societies they were making their influence felt in various ways. This, however had not increased the importance of the place to such an extent that more than two trains a day stopped there, each travelling at a snail's pace for Detroit—a slow accommodation that took all day to reach that city. The express trains simply ignored the town, as I discovered when I boarded a night express from Detroit. When the conductor saw my ticket he said there was some mistake and he had to get out a map to find where the place was. Finally he said the only thing he could do now was to stop the train at 3 A. M. and let me off there. So I arrived and by 4 that afternoon I had canvassed the village, obtained interviews and photographs and had promised to send copies of the paper containing the article to each man, woman and child that I spoke to.

"Then I inquired about trains. There was none for Detroit until 3 P. M. next day, and that was an accommodation. The prospect of twenty-four hours more in that queer town was appalling. So I went down to the station to find out about expresses, remembering that they had stopped to let me off I thought perhaps they might stop to take me on. The station agent didn't think they would. He didn't think much about anything; like the rest of the men in the village he was content to let the women do most of the thinking. But I found that the express that went by at midnight was No. 4 and the main office was at Battle Creek and I wired 'Please stop No. 4 at Marcellus Junction to-night. Important.' The message came back: 'Regret to reply that I cannot stop No. 4. A. R. M., assistant superintendent, C. & G. T.'

"This made me simply frantic. I thought of swinging a red lantern, but I concluded they might not let me on. Then I thought of another plan. I studied up the time table and found that No. 4 stopped at 10 P. M. at a station—north of Marcellus Junction—before starting on its uninterrupted trip to Detroit, one of the fastest runs of the road. I waited until about 9 o'clock when the station agent had gone to supper leaving a substitute, a country boy at the instrument. The office closed in a few more minutes. But I managed to have him send a wire to the engineer of No. 4 at the 10 o'clock stopping place: 'Please stop No. 4 at Marcellus Junction. Urgent. A. R. M., assistant superintendent, C. & G. T.'

"Then I paid my bill at the hotel and sat down in the lonely station to wait for the express. I knew that the engineer of No. 4 wouldn't have much time to inquire about the message, and, besides that, they had such a slack way of selling tickets for places they didn't stop at that I felt sure they would heed the wire. Sure enough, No. 4 slowed up and came to a stop. There was no one in the office, and I stepped quietly in a day coach and the train moved on. It was the neatest thing you ever saw. When the conductor came around for tickets I pretended to be asleep, and I reached New York just twenty-four hours earlier than if I had waited for that one slow train that stopped each day at the town run by women."

"It is a fact," said the President, "that when you get away from New York you find that boats, clocks or trains rarely go on schedule time. I can well recollect one town in the northern part of New York where I went to the station to catch an 8 A. M. special for Saratoga. They said the 8 o'clock went every morning at half-past seven since the summer season had set in. It was simply magnificent the way they disregarded the time table."

"I once tapped a Government wire," said the newspaper girl, "and had a splendid plan spoiled by my paper's economy at the very last moment."

"How was that?" asked the fluffy girl, "were you found out?"

"No; you see it was like this: The President had gone on a duck-hunting trip in Chesapeake Bay just at a time when there was some vexed question on hand in Washington, and the idea was that I was to find where he was and ask him about it. While it wasn't supposed that he would answer just that question, the account of his hunting trip, and especially of his whereabouts, which was kept a close secret, would be interesting. He communicated with the White House apparently by some secret wire, as no messages in cipher or otherwise passed through the regular channels. This secret wire, I discovered, was through the life-saving stations along the coast of the bay and through the weather bureau in one of the Southern cities to the White House in Washington.

"On the night I left New York one of the severest storms of the season swept up the coast. There were many wrecks, and the morning papers expressed grave fears as to the safety of the tender on which the Presidential party was. I found two telegrams telling me of this fact and asking me to find where the President was by all means in my power. I made a tour of the telegraph offices, but learned that absolutely nothing went over their lines to Washington. Yet it was certain that the President was in communication with his family.

"The newspapers of this particular Southern city didn't know where he was or didn't pay any attention to the matter that was then of considerable importance, as rumors of the possible wreck had been published in all the Northern papers that day, with thrilling accounts of the terrific gale that then raged off Hatteras. By arousing a feeling of rivalry between the two offices the town boasted I had by evening awakened them to a sense of their duty in the matter. One of the editors had gone so far as to offer to go halves on the expense of a tug when I pictured to him the possibility that we might rescue the disabled lighthouse tender and have the glory of saving the chief magistrate of the land. I had already composed a thrilling description of sighting the wreck with its occupants clinging to it in the gale through which we rode to their rescue.

"By evening the town was in a ferment. I knew if I could only get them working on the matter with their various telegraphic facilities and knowledge of the coast that I would be able to learn more than I could alone. Here, however, I was mistaken. Before those sleepy Virginia newspaper men had begun to wake up I was in possession of the contents of the President's two telegrams to his wife that day assuring her of his safety. A courteous young man called at my hotel with the information I desired and I must do the justice to his Southern chivalry to admit that he seemed more anxious to give me the desired news than to sell it. He gave me copies of the two despatches that had gone through the Bureau that day. One was; 'Very rough night. Party safe and well.' And the second in response to an inquiry from the President's wife regarding the reported wreck: 'No cause for alarm. Report untrue. Will return Friday.'

"While waiting for information I had wired our correspondent's office at Washington to learn what they knew of the President's whereabouts and received this answer: 'President aboard lighthouse steamer Violet, expect reach Norfolk to-morrow. His secretary says was out in big storm yesterday at Hatteras. Probably not stop at Norfolk; you'd better come home via Washington.' Evidently there was no time to lose. But the President would sail right into our trap. The chivalrous young man knew the exact station from which the wire had been sent. So the only thing possible was to hire a tug and head the President off. But it was a difficult thing to get one. Those that were not engaged were owned by men too prudent to care to risk their boats in the teeth of the gale that raged along the coast. Finally, however, we secured the promise of one on the morrow—$300 it was to cost—provisioned with a captain and crew.

"Then the chivalrous young man kindly arranged that as we proceeded along the coast we were to hoist a small Government flag which he had procured, and the lighthouse stations would signal to us with flags by day, and lights by night, just what direction the Violet was moving in. It was the most beautifully arranged plan I ever heard of and I sat up all night writing the details to my paper in New York, for, of course, I didn't dare to wire definitely. But I telegraphed them that night: 'Violet located surely. Have secured tug for to-morrow—three hundred. Will have story Thursday.'

"And back came the wretched message: 'Return to New York. Story too expensive.'

"What do you think of that, after all the fine work I had put through. Oh, these editors! These editors! I supposed they expected me to walk on the sea or else take a rowboat over Chesapeake Bay."

"That was almost as bad," said the girl artist, "as the time we both were sent with barrels of provisions to relieve the starving fishermen at St. John, N. B."

"Yes—and couldn't find a starving fisherman in the place and on inquiring found it was St. John's, N. F., where the fishermen were. Oh, that was a dreadful trip!"

"But about holding the steamship? How did you accomplish that?"

"Just sent a message to the captain and said that unless he waited for me and took me away I would be arrested. He was an American, you see, and it was Cuba during the war and I had information that the Chief of Police was on my track for using a Cuban woman's pass into the Spanish prison. All foreigners are forbidden to enter a Spanish fortress in time of war under pain of death so, I thought it was a singularly auspicious time to get away. I packed my trunk and made ready to start next day, as there was a steamer sailing. I prepared a cable despatch to be sent to New York after the boat had sailed. But in the morning I learned that my passport would have to be visèd by the Governor. It was St. Joseph's Day, and when I reached the Governor's house he had not yet arisen. It was then 9, and the steamer was booked to go at 10. And the Spanish were even then on my track.

"Through my interpreter I pleaded, prayed, wept, implored that they bring the passport to the Governor's bedside. I asked them to wake him and tell him that an American lady was in a hurry to start for New York, and that he was a mean old thing if he wouldn't do it, but they only smiled languidly and said that American ladies were very much more spirited than the Cuban ladies. The Governor would have to bathe and breakfast before he could look at the paper. Then I threatened them that I would inform the President when I returned to New York and that his vengeance would be summary and decisive—that this matter would settle any leanings that America had had for the Spanish.

"Seeing that all this had no effect I sent a note to the captain of the ship and said: 'This is St. Joseph's Day and the Governor of Havana is taking a bath. Wont you kindly hold the steamer awhile as I shall be arrested if I remain over to-day?' I never thought he would do so, but finally when we drove down to the pier, waving the passport in the air—for you could do all sorts of queer things in Cuba if you were an American—there was the ship waiting in the harbor and it was three hours past the sailing time. He was a gruff, good old captain, and he said they weren't waiting for me at all when I thanked him; but I learned from the purser coming back that he was secretly planning a rescue in case I hadn't come."

"Under such circumstances," said the President, "it is needless to say that the newspaper girl is fully able to take care of herself and that in case she should desire to have the ship stand still in midocean or deviate in its course it will be a comparatively trifling matter to accomplish. However, seasickness is quite another story and it will be well to take our little offerings in the spirit in which they are given."

The newspaper girl returned thanks for the gifts and after the grip and watchword had been given the banquet was declared over and the party left the White Mouse.

THE HOBO AT THE BEACH.

Fall-Down of an Honest Endeavor to Get Fifty Cents Worth of Ocean Breeze.

"Did I ever tell you of my first season at Manhattan Beach?" asked the hobo of better days of the kith on the bench in City Hall Park.

"I don't s'pose we wuz workin de same gravel den," replied the kith.

"It was me first year in the metropolis, and when I used to be a sort of understudy for George Francis Train in Madison Square. I did not feed the birds, but I had a bench near Mr. Conkling's statue, and when a swell team drove up to the trough I offered me services as rein-looser, so the horses could drink, and fastened the reins when the horses had slaked."

"Den I s'pose youse fell asleep and dremp youse wuz at de beach," said the kith.

"You wrong me, old man. One afternoon when it was so hot I had to fan meself with me newspaper one of the swellest turnouts hove to the trough and I went to rein. After the slake the guy with the ribbons tossed me a rake-off and remarked that I had better go out to the beach and get an ocean breeze. I took the Broadway route to Whitehall ferry where I invested in double-ender—going and coming, you understand—to the beach, and that left me a half case to blow meself on one sweep of the breeze. When I arrived the places were all taken and I had to meander for awhile."

"Dat must a made you feel nachural," said the kith.

"Not altogether, old man, for I had dust in me make-up. Now if you will stay awake I'll tell you how I come out. After I had done the walk for awhile I returned to the promenade. I had done some financial cogitating—struck a balance sheet—of which the following is a copy: One weed, 10 cents; four beers, 40 ditto. I come mighty near making the error of me life, though, on the calculation. I first thought of ordering the beers and finishing on the weed, but I thought it would not be form, so I went up against the weed stand first and called for a two-nick burner. The guy at the stand throwed out one and I was just trying the cutter on the small end——"

"Which was putty 'stravigant, I should soy," interrupted the kith.

"Well, I wasn't pinching meself. But just as I was about to test the cutter the guy at the stand says, 'Hold on,' he says, and flipping the half case he says, 'It aint got the ring,' he says. I laid down the weed and picked up the coin of the realm and looked at it and with as much of our family pride as I could remember I says, 'What's the matter with the coin?' 'Well,' says the guy, 'you've made a mistake,' he says, 'we ain't got any bullet-molds,' he says. 'You must a played the wrong colt,' he says, 'at Sheepshead. Ain't you got anything else,' he says. And while I was still looking at the plunk, studying the formation of it, the guy he takes up the weed from the stand and plants it back in the box. As I was moving away from the crush the guy gives me another hot one by saying, 'You might sell it for a sinker to one of the fishermen,' he says.

"Then I eased meself out of the push and meandered down to the train and returned to the Battery. It was a hot time in the town, even down there, so I meandered up Broadway until I got to this siesta and here I rested under the shade of the trees, as Stonewall Jackson said, and in the sound of the play of the fountain I fell into sleep and dream. I thought I was a boy again. When I come to the cop was using his night stick on the sole of me boot as if he was trying to break in. He had me dead. Then we had a discussion and I played the rôle of a weary capitalist to his feelings and gave up the sinker to satisfy him I was no hobo."

"You don't mean to say he tuck it?" asked the kith.

"I didn't care anything about that. I tendered it and that was all right. But as I stood on the shaded side of a tree I see him shamble over to a banana bunk, raise a bunch, plank the plunk, get his come-back in good realm coin, and resume his vigil. Then it occurred to me, old man, how I had missed me calling. Madison Square has been a sort of a tandem team of nightmares to me ever since. Did you ever know such a close run to cover?"

"And it all come fum yore bein' so nigh de water. It's fatal to some," said the kith, as he turned his face from the fountain.

The Plague in Australasia.

VANCOUVER, B. C., June 15.—Advices by steamer say that the plague is steadily increasing in Australasia. Many cases are reported in the colony of Victoria, which started in the slums of Melbourne. In Sydney there continue to be from four to six new cases daily and the percentage of deaths is high. In the city of Sydney there had been 239 cases to May 21, eighty-two of whom died. In Victoria there have been some 100 cases, and in Queensland fifty-eight.

DOBLEY'S CAPSULE DINNER.

HE UNFOLDS A GREAT SCHEME FOR A FOODLESS DIET.

The Capsule Dinner Parties in Colors He Thinks Will Be the Most Useful Novelty of the Age—May Solve the Servant Girl Problem—War on Luncheons to Begin First.

"One of the plans that Mr. Freshington and I have in mind for the coming weeks," said Mr. Dobley to his wife, "is the establishment of a Stay-at-Home Club."

"What will it be like?" asked Mrs. Dobley.

"It will be devoted to matters that people are too busy to think about during the winter," said Mr. Dobley, "and its most interesting department will be a culinary kindergarten."

"Do you mean a cooking class?" inquired Mrs. Dobley.

"I mean a class in culinary education," explained Mr. Dobley. "This is a subject in which we Americans are still in the primer stage. We have the best hotels in the world and the finest chefs, but about the culinary art or even about the proper foods and when to eat them and how they should be cooked, we know next to nothing."

"Is this to be a social club or a philanthropic idea?" asked Mrs. Dobley. "Will ladies be admitted to membership or will it be one of those horrid eating clubs?"

"It will be both social and philanthropic," said Mr. Dobley. "It will refine, educate and gradually ennoble its members. Food has more to do with the workings of the mind and the subsequent actions of the human being than we imagine. The trouble is that cooking is not dignified as it should be among the accomplishments. It is regarded by many as a subject to be dealt with in the cosey corner of a country newspaper. Individually we know it is important but we refuse to accord it the place generally, that it deserves. Freshington thinks that a culinary kindergarten will fill the bill."

"But don't you think it is better that people do not attach so much importance to such things?" said Mrs. Dobley. "We should probably deteriorate in other ways."

"A proper knowledge of food and a higher education in the cuisine would not have that effect," said Mr. Dobley. "It would, first impress upon us the important fact that we all eat too much and too often and at the wrong times. One of the first results we should aim at would be the abolition of the luncheon habit."

"What a dreadful plan!" exclaimed Mrs. Dobley.

"Not at all," said Mr. Dobley. "The luncheon habit is a hideous mistake. Nine poeple out of ten eat the midday meal not because they are hungry but for the reason that others do so. Women, I may say, are the chief offenders in this respect."

"I should rather omit breakfast than luncheon," said Mrs. Dobley, "just as they do abroad."

"The coffee and roll fad," said Mr. Dobley, "is pernicious. It is the result of the deadly late supper. No, breakfast and dinner should be the two principal meals for those who really require food. But Freshington and I propose to eradicate finally this idea that food is absolutely necessary. At all events we shall try to introduce and establish the capsule plan. Think of the time that might be saved if instead of sitting down to a course dinner one might simply take out a case of assorted capsules and the question of dinner would be settled in a few moments at most. To busy people this would be an inestimable boon."

"But if you did away with dinner and luncheon giving, you would take away one of our most delightful forms of entertaining."

"I think myself," said Mr. Dobley, "that capsule dinners would be in every way more desirable than the usual thing. Then think of the novelty. It would be entirely original and everybody is crying out for novelty nowadays. Fancy how much it would please a party of guests to be seated around a table upon which sparkling glass dishes of capsules in different colors would be distributed instead of heavy roasts, gravies and vegetables? Think of the rainbow effects that might be produced by mingling the shades artistically."

"I have never seen any food capsules," said Mr. Dobley, "but I didn't imagine that they were in colors."

"They are not at present," said Mr. Dobley, "but Freshington and I propose to manufacture a capsule that will be produced in all the most exquisite and newest shades. We agree that the sort of people who would go in for the capsule fad would be of dainty tastes. Therefore we will appeal to the eye by having the entire dinner constitute an admirable color scheme as well as an excellent repeat. For instance, we should have the soup in Nile green—oval and globular. One capsule would constitute a plate of soup."

"It would seem like gulping one's soup to take it in that way."

"On the contrary, my dear," said Mr. Dobley, "the new way of dining would do away with every disagreeable feature of table etiquette. No one could attempt to eat with a a knife, for no one would think of slicing a capsule. No one could spill soup or tip up the plate or eat toward him or other forbidden things if he had only a capsule to handle. Soup, you know, is one of the most ungraceful foods in the list."

"How about olives and salted almonds and things of that sort?" asked Mrs Dobley. "I am very fond of peanut sandwiches also. Surely you wouldn't have those in the capsule form?"

"We should have those frivolous foods all in a small sugar-coated morsel that could be carried in a small box in the vest pocket or in a bonbonniere. We have a delightful idea for the fish. We have a newly invented phosphorescent coating that will cause the fish capsule to glow brightly, like jewels. The different tintings will indicate the different fish. They will be actually tempting and you see the great advantage? There will be no bones. At last we will be able to enjoy that noble fish, the shad, without feeling that an accident policy insurance is necessary as an accompaniment. The fish capsules will be perfectly round, but when you come to the desserts, we shall have heart shapes, Greek crosses, flowers of all sorts and all in different colors."

"It will really be a very pretty plan," said Mrs. Dobley thoughtfully, "but wont it seem like a foodless dinner; something like those table d'hôtes of Mr. Freshington's, where, when one is finished, it is considered proper to begin all over again?"

"Before we put the capsule dinners in progress we will educate ourselves away from the actual food idea. That is what the culinary kindergarten is for. First we shall eradicate the luncheon. When this is done we shall become aware of the benefits resulting, and then Mr. Freshington, Mr. Van Ripper, one other man and myself propose to constitute ourselves in a quartet which we shall call the Foodless Four. We shall introduce the capsules by living on them exclusively, keeping in strict training and inviting leading physicians to report on the superior conditions that will result. Of course, this will make a great stir throughout the entire country. It will advertise our capsules and induce people to buy them. Dyspeptics will simply be overjoyed at the prospect of being able to go without food in its injurious forms. To-day nothing wakens as much interest as the record of some man who has fasted for a number of days and has grown used to living without food. We will do more than live with the new food capsule diet; we shall flourish and become athletic and, intellectually, we hope for marvellous results."

"I think you will be generally regarded as cranks," said Mrs. Dobley. "Vegetarians have a great many sensible arguments in favor of their abstinence from flesh, but still they rank as faddists."

"We don't propose to hurl our idea at people," said Mr. Dobley. "We will let it sink in gradually. We shall first take up the question of our present system of too abundant menus. A dinner of seven courses, followed by a dessert, is really a barbaric custom. When we get this truth thoroughly absorbed we shall give our individual opinions the light. There will be much discussion and debate; we shall have at first chafing dish demonstrations to prove the superiority of delicate methods of preparing delicate foods."

"These experiments will be non-explosive, I trust," said Mrs. Dobley, who remembered one of Mr. Dobley's attempts to prepare a Welsh rarebit with naphtha instead of alcohol.

"By the time we have reformed our members from the frying pan and roasting systems to the more idyllic chafing-dish plan they will begin to appreciate the idea that we will strive to promulgate in the kindergarten—that food is not a necessity—and that our present system of ponderous menus is all wrong. Naturally some of us will remain unconverted; some will reach the chafing-dish stage; some will only improve to the non-luncheon condition, but there will be a steady advance in the right direction."

"Will you take up any other subjects?" asked Mrs. Dobley with interest.

"We think, Mr. Freshington and I," said Mr. Dobley, "that the capsule era will witness the solving of the servant question. When capsules are used as food there will be no need of cooks; in fact, it will simplify the entire domestic system. The matter of serving a dinner will be easy. It will only be a case of opening one of our company dinner caskets containing as many of the pellets as desired. There will be an assortment of caskets for special occasions like weddings, teas and picnics."

"I should think they would be lovely for picnics," said Mrs. Dobley; "so easy to carry around. But then not half so much fun, do you think so?"

"Those who like the trouble of packing and unpacking hampers and dodging beetles and things while enjoying a lunch in the country can continue in the old lines," said Mr. Dobley, "but we feel that all will eventually be won over to the new plan. We have a charming little wedding cake capsule—pure white frosted and wrapped in a bit of lace paper. It's a perfect dream!"

"It doesn't seem as poetic as the other sort," said Mrs. Dobley. "Just think of the wedding guests going home with capsules to dream on instead of cake!"

"When you see the style of the wedding cake capsules, you will think it much prettier than the old-fashioned thing," said Mr. Dobley confidently. "Then we have a free lunch capsule that we expect will sell rapidly. There are magnificent possibilities in the idea, Mrs. Dobley, that you will gradually become aware of when the culinary kindergarten becomes an established fact. In the meantime——"

"In the meantime," said Mrs. Dobley, "I've grown so hungry hearing you talk about it that I think you had better take me out to a real food dinner."

A MOST UNUSUAL MAN.

The Agent of a Chicago Firm Tells of His Queer Experiences in New York.

"I must have been born under an unusual star, one of the sort that are jolted from fixed orbits about once in a thousand years, because my experiences are never like those of any one whom I know," said the New York agent of a Chicago firm. "I was walking down Gold street with a friend on April 1 when we saw a pocketbook on the sidewalk.

"'Not on your life,' said my friend as he passed by, but I picked it up. It contained $60 in notes, and although I advertised it, no owner appeared. Every other pocketbook lying idle on a New York street that day had a string attached to it.

"My life has been filled with contrary incidents of this sort. An acquaintance who had occasionally borrowed money from me came to me two years ago and said:

"'Old man, you have always been white to me and I want to do you a favor. I can't pay back the money I owe you, but I have a straight tip that is worth more. It is inside information. Rake up all the money you can and buy this stock.'

"I knew no more about stocks than a child and I had never heard that straight tips sometimes failed. I bought the stock and sold it at 60 points profit. That was unusual, eh?

"Now, yesterday my office boy came to me and said:

"'Sir, my grandmother died yesterday and I want to get off this afternoon to attend the funeral.'

"I always read the comic papers and I said: 'Wait a minute, my boy, and I'll see about it.' I looked in my newspaper and found that the home team was going to play a strong Western team that afternoon. My experience in unusual experiences somehow never teaches me anything, so I said:

"'William, are you sure your grandmother is dead?'

"'Sure,' said he, 'Casey, the undertaker, put her on ice yesterday.'

"'And has she never been buried before?'

"William looked at me as if he thought my mind was wandering.

"'Never that I know of, sir.'

"'Are you going to sit on the bleachers, Willie?' I asked.

"'Naw, I'm going to ride in the kerridge with the folks.'

"He's deeper than I thought, I concluded.

"'Well, Willie, you may go this time and see the game,' said I, 'but don't bury your grandmother again this season.'

"Willie told the elevator boy that the old man was gettin' 'dotty' and off he went. Now it does seem strange, but Willie's grandmother was buried that afternoon and Willie not only went to the funeral but his 'kerridge' was upset and he was taken to the hospital with a broken arm. I have just been up to see him and I am so penitent at my jibes about Willie's grandmother, to whom he was really attached, that I have had him removed to a private room and I'm going to pay all of his expenses. Willie never went to a ball game in his life. Now did you ever hear anything stranger than that? I am certainly the most unusual man of my acquaintance."

HIS BOOTS CHANGED HIS CAREER.

A Southerner Whose Success in Life Hinged on His Substantial Footgear.

"Talk about your two good suits of clothes," said the son of a well-known Confederate army officer. "In my young days shoes, one pair, was the badge of the plutocrat. I came of a large family, eight sons, and when things were going particularly well one of us had a pair of shoes. I was the youngest, so that it never was I. Now, you would be surprised to know the effect, mental, moral and physical, that shoes have on a man. I consider that my career, aye, and my character, hinge upon the possession of a pair. When I went to school in Virginia thirty years ago, of course I was barefooted. I was a quiet youth, strong for my age, but phlegmatic and would put up with a lot rather than get into a fight.

"My particular enemy in the school was an impudent and conceited boy, somewhat older than myself. He was the son of our family doctor, an only son, and the proud possessor of a pair of shoes, shoes of the old country type, with thick soles adorned with plenty of steel. You see we were not utterly poverty stricken. We had a family doctor. You couldn't expect a Southern gentleman to be able for stand for a family doctor and shoes for his family at one and the same time. My enemy was forever tormenting me, but I endured it silently for a long time. At last one day my patience would endure it no longer. I fell upon him and a sanguinary conflict ensued. We fought for an hour or more. We fought like windmills in a hurricane. It is true we did not often hit one another. We were usually too close or too far off, but we smote everything in sight, trees, walls, and particularly the air. Tweedledum and Tweedledee were not a marker to us. We managed to blacken each other's eyes and bleed each other's noses, chiefly through the contact of our heads.

"Finally, however, my enemy bethought him of his superior armament. He drew back and delivered upon my unfortunate bare shanks a kick of cruel force and precision. I can feel to-day the impact of that mass of leather and steel. It was agony. I surrendered unconditionally. Now began a period of the most heartrending humiliation and misery. Wherever I went that wretched shod youth followed. I was his slave. I ran his errands. He thwarted me in all my undertakings. He stood on his steel and leather between me and the smallest taste of enjoyment.

"There was a girl, a sweet little blue-eyed thing of twelve summers, my first love who was to me as all the world, including the village candy store. With her I would commune under the trees near the village school. With her I would wax gallant and eloquent. Yankees I would slay by the score, rather than that a hair of her head should be disturbed. I wished her to believe me a Paul Jones and a Stonewall Jackson in embryo, only with a spice of wickedness.

"I believe I should have succeeded but for that horrid boy with his shoes. One day when I was holding forth to my lady love in an especially lofty strain, the wretch came sauntering past. As he took in the situation, his eyes lighted up with malicious joy. He made straight for me.

"'Get out,' he said in tones of peremptory contempt. 'I want to talk to Delia.'

"For a moment, as the spirit of Jackson and Jones burnt bright in my breast, I was for giving battle. But he merely raised his foot and I saw the flash of steel beneath the leather. The fire of my valor was quenched. I turned one last despairing glance on Delia, who was laughing, and slunk away. The horror of those shoes was upon me and my knees knocked together.

"But I swore vengeance, and all things come to the man who knows how to wait. That winter my father carried through successfully a piece of business. Result, the whole family was shod. My own footgear was especially magnificent. No shoes, mind you, but boots, with stout leather reaching even unto the knee. Homer was all right when he made the well-grieved Achæans the victors. Mine enemy and I met. He was vanquished from the start. I think he turned pale when his eye fell upon my leather-clad shanks. He would have declined combat. But burning with the wrongs I had suffered I fell upon him without giving him time to retreat. The battle was short and fierce. I scorned to use my feet, but I was now proof against his mulish onslaught. I took his kicks without feeling them and smote him with my fists. Finally I got him down and choked him until I was weary. But as he arose, humble, bruised and trembling, I deliberately landed my armed feet on each of his shins, and with a howl of agony he turned to flee. I delivered one more kick, the most satisfactory of all, on Nature's appointed kicking place.

"My fame reached Delia's ears, and she was all smiles when she received me. She had understood, she said, all along and her heart had bled for me. I had my doubts, but the heart of youth is as wax in a maiden's hands. Shortly after my enemy approached I called to him sweetly and he came tremblingly.

"'Why don't you tell me to get out?' I asked pleasantly, swinging my foot the while, and the titter of Delia sent the hot blood of pride and joy coursing through my veins. What became of Delia I don't remember. But upon those boots turned my career. My shyness and phlegm left me. I became energetic and confident. I succeeded in study and sport; I afterward became captain of my college football team. My subsequent career has been one of effort crowned with success."

THE POOR GOLF WIDOW.

SHE HAS TO GO TO THE LINKS TO SEE HER HUSBAND.

Not Until She Has Become Expert May She Get Near Him—When He Does Come Home His Talk Is of the Game—Her Only Salvation Is to Become a Devotee.

For several years now the golf widow's situation has been most pathetic, but she gets very little sympathy from any one save the other golf widows, and they are too busy sympathizing with themselves to feel another's woes. The attitude of the general public toward the stricken one is: "Serves her right. Any one who is fool enough not to play the game deserves any hard luck she gets." Your true zealot is proverbially hard-hearted.

A married woman to-day must play golf or give up her husband. Even when she plays she probably has only the melancholy satisfaction of occasionally seeing the flutter of his golf coat across a far bunker; but that is something. It's a devoted and self-sacrificing man who plays golf with his own wife, save at rare intervals, when no man friend is in sight or when he feels inclined to show his proud superiority by a little valuable instruction. Flattery, judiciously administered, will also bring the family together on the links occasionally. If a wife can only seduce herself to a condition of awe-struck appreciation, and knows just enough about the game to wonder and adore in technical sporting terms, she may be allowed to trail around the links with her husband, but it takes tact to achieve this proud distinction. The most she can hope for under ordinary circumstances is to lunch or dine with her golf-smitten husband, and hear him fight his battles over again; but that is better than dining and lunching alone, and she may prevent complete and final estrangement.

The wife of a cummuter has an especially hard time. He is so hurried and he really doesn't have time to go home at all save for purposes of sleep. Yet, after all, the city man does the same thing, and it is harder for his wife to follow him to the links than it is for the wife of the commuter to follow him, so perhaps honors are easy. The business man doesn't go home from the office to change his clothes. Not he. He keeps golf togs in his locker at the club. As early as he can possibly cut business he leaves the office, races for a train, goes straight to the links, plays until dark and dines at the clubhouse, where he and the other men tell what would have happened if what did happen hadn't happened. Later he goes home so tired and sleepy that he doesn't stand upon the order of his going to bed, but goes at once, unless he stays awake long enough to tell his wife about his phenomenal drive from the sixth tee and the spectacular long put by which he halved the seventh hole. If she doesn't know the tee from lemonade so much the worse for her.

The golfer goes to the office early, so that he can get away early, and in the gray dawn he talks across the breakfast table about the virtues of his new brassey and the approach he has learned from Vardon. Then he goes off, wondering whether the weather will be too heavy for good work across the green, and calling back over his shoulder that he will not be at home for dinner unless it rains hard.

Countless golf widows are praying for rain as ardently as a Texas farmer in time of drought. A wet season is their only hope, and the wetness must be of the wettest variety. No ordinary drizzle will stop a golf game. No thunder shower will daunt a golf fiend.

"Over at home," says Willie, (every well regulated and warranted golf professional is a Willie, though there is some slight variety in our names), "no one wad think o' stopping for a Scotch mist, and any Scotch mist is a deal worse than this bit of drizzle."

And the American devotees of the ancient royal game, turn up their coat collars, take a grip upon their clubs and their stoicism and paddle around the links, warmed by the thought that they are living up to Scotch tradition and that the quality of the clubhouse "Scotch" is beyond reproach.

So only a summer of continuous and pouring rain can restore the golfing husband to the arms of a non-golfing wife, and, if there is anything in prayer, it's a lucky thing for the general public that the golfers are praying for fair weather as earnestly as the golf widows are praying for foul, and that the former class outnumber the latter.

Saturday and Sunday used to be the days for domestic joys, with the tired business man. They are field days now, and the insidious thing about the game is that there's no age limit immunity from attacks of the disease. Anything from the infant to the octogenarian is fair prey for the golf germ, and only paralysis or blindness can make masculinity immune. Local attacks of morality have stopped Sunday playing in certain clubs, and there has been a good deal of eloquent arguing for and against it. There's no denying that a day on the links is a tremendous physical invigorator for a man confined to an office during the week, and when one gets into the morals of the problem the issues are sadly complicated, but there's the golf widow. Some concession ought to be made to her; but, up to date, no silver-tongued orator has pleaded her cause.

On the whole, the best thing the deserted wives can do is to get into the game, whether they like it or not. They may hate violent exercise, and the sun may give them headaches and ruin their complexions, and they may find golfing so fatiguing and time-consuming that it leaves no time or energy for social duties or care of home and children; but, if they are going to leave all things and cleave to their husbands, they will have to do their cleaving on the golf links. If health or home cares absolutely prevent their playing the game, they will have to summon their feminine fortitude and resign themselves to the rôle of golf widow.

GEN. SCHWAN'S REPORT.

Swift Operations of His Expeditionary Brigade in Southern Luzon.

WASHINGTON, June 15.—A copy of Gen. Schwan's report on the operations of his expeditionary brigade into the southern provinces of Luzon last January and February was made public at the War Department today. The report is full of praise for the work of the cavalry, Gen. Schwan calling particular attention to its work. The infantry on this expedition marched over six hundred and fifty miles within about one month, and Gen. Schwan says:

"When we consider that this marching was done under a tropical sun, without a murmur, by men reared in a temperate climate, while burdened with a weight of not less than forty-five pounds and obliged much of the time to live on scanty fare—that this marching was done on steep, rocky mountain trails, through deep gorges, over bridgeless streams—it must be considered that the performances were remarkable, and reflect the highest credit upon the American Regular and Volunteer."

The performance of the Thirtieth Infantry is especially instanced, for the reason that while other infantry organizations repeatedly exceeded the recognized limit of march for troops of their army, Company B, for example, covered under adverse conditions twenty-one miles in ten hours and sixty-one miles in three consecutive days. This particular regiment constituted a part of the brigade's mobile force from the beginning to the end of the campaign. Detachments of it marched as much as 244 miles, the headquarters and one battalion covering on one occasion thirty-eight miles in twenty-eight hours. Portions of the mountain artillery, and also detachments of the Macabebe scouts were attached to the Thirtieth Infantry and accomplished about the same distance.

"Hayes's cavalry," he says, "at all times part of the field and moving force, was noted throughout the campaign for the celerity of its movements and the punctuality with which it appeared at a given point at a designated hour. Altogether it marched 311 miles, both squadrons on one occasion making 44 miles in 26 consecutive hours and one squadron at one time accomplishing, inclusive of a flanking operation which it executed, a 46-mile march within 15 hours.

"At times the rapidity of the movements of the American troops would paralyze the action of the enemy. Hayes's cavalry appeared so suddenly and unexpectedly before Indang, looked upon alike by Spaniards and insurgents as a strategic point, that the insurgent commander had no time for concentrating a sufficient force there to make more than a feeble resistance, and the capture of Stalisay, Batangas, Layabas and Majayjay, all points of political, commercial or strategic importance, was effected in each case by manœuvering rather than by fighting. The most striking example during the expedition of the success of a turning movement occurred at Majayjay, a place deemed well nigh impregnable, and where it was thought ten men could with ease hold at bay a thousand, from which the bulk of the enemy's force precipitately withdrew, dispersing in all directions at midnight on the morning of Jan 23, upon learning that not only their flanks were threatened by the troops in their front, but that the advance of Hayes's troops had reached Lucban, presumably to attack their rear on that date.

"In the course of the expeditions the troops fought thirty-seven successive combats and permanently occupied twenty-one places. The fighting, though for the most part not severe, detained the troops in their march and rendered it the more exhausting.