

THE WAR'S YOUNGEST HERO

Chuggins, a Runaway From Maine, Adopted by the Rough Riders.

WAS ON THE FIRING LINE.

Takes a Dead Soldier's Gun and Uses It Like an Old Veteran

Discovered by Colonel Roosevelt After the First Excitement at Las Guasimas Was Over, and Tells His Story Briefly: "I Felt That He Wouldn't Mind My Taking His Gun."

"Chuggins," a runaway boy from Maine, was adopted by the Rough Riders, and as we were with them at Las Guasimas, where they got their first real taste of war. As Chuggins charged along with the men he came upon a sight that made him feel as if some thing were freezing inside of him. Just to the right of the road, on the very edge of it, lay a young man. He did not stir, this young soldier, nor even breathe. In the center of his forehead there was a tiny hole.

Killed in battle—a soldier's death—Frank and manly he looked even now, when the last stiffness was upon him. A smile of exultation hovered on the face. The thought seemed trying to force a triumphant "Hurrah!"

"This is war," thought the boy, shivering. "It's what has to happen to some of us. It's nothing to cry about," he gulped down.

Next, something in the dead face of that youthful Rough Rider seemed to give the onlooker an idea.

"I believe, if he could talk, he'd say I ought to."



"YES MY LAD, BUT WHO ARE YOU?"

With a quick nervous movement, Chuggins bent over and took up the gun that lay at the dead soldier's side. With the precision of one who has handled such a weapon before—Chuggins had often done so in camp, back in the United States—he opened the breech and looked in. The magazine was empty.

"You wouldn't mind, if you could say so, spoke the boy softly, as he reached over, taking one after the other, five cartridges from the other's ammunition belt, and slipping them into the magazine. Five more cartridges, which he thrust into his pocket, and Chuggins ran down the road as fast as his feet could carry him, for the firing sounded as if the fight were shifting.

Chuggins had no time to see whether men were being hit around him, but he knew that the hiss and chug of bullets all about him was something terrifying, and he had time to be afraid. For a few moments he shook as if with ague. It was the thought of that dead soldier's face, with the lips trying to say "Hurrah!" that made a Sperry of him again. Pushing the carbine out in front of him, trying to see the blue-and-white uniforms through the forest, Chuggins began to fire. It was amazing how quickly that magazine was emptied!

Now the Rough Riders were up and yelling again. Onward they dashed, and the boy went with them. In the rush he was left in the second line; but just as he finished slipping in the five fresh cartridges, he reached the front rank again. He fired ahead, because the rest did; but it took him longer to empty the magazine now than it did when lying down. There was a spirited scuffling, a wild hurrahing, and the Spaniards had fled.

Now, when men began to breathe again, and rest, and look about for comrades, they espied Chuggins, or rather noticed him, for the first time. Certain of the officers were among the most curious. One of them strode swiftly over to the boy's side, rested a strong hand on his shoulder, and looked down inquiringly into his face. Something in the man's features looked familiar. Chuggins remembered a portrait that he had seen in the newspapers.

"You're Mr. Roosevelt, aren't you?" he asked.

"Yes, my lad; but who are you?"

"Name's Sperry, sir. Striker for Lieut. Hansel." Chuggins breathlessly explained.

"How came you here? Where did you get that gun? What are you doing with it?"

Col. Roosevelt did not look cross, but he plainly meant to have the whole story. So Chuggins told it briefly, dwelling on the dead soldier whose lips seemed trying to cheer.

"I felt sure he wouldn't mind my taking his gun, if he could only say so, sir," wound up the young narrator. "Fact is, I think he'd have been glad to have me put in a few more shots for him, and I'm glad I did."

"Weren't you scared, Sperry?" asked Col. Roosevelt, his face softening.

"Awfully, for a little while, but it wore off," came the candid reply.

The mustache in the British Army. The mustache first became common in the British army at the beginning of the present century. The Hussars adopted it, and not long afterwards the lancers. It was not until the beginning of the Russian war that the infantry adopted the mustache.

EVERY MAN CHEWED.

HOW A PRECIOUS PLUG PASSED DOWN THE CHEERING LINE.

A Fine Illustration of the Value of Tobacco to Men Who Had Long Been Without It—Is Bread and Meat and Drink to a Soldier.

"It has struck me right along that the newspapers of the yellow variety have been making a terrific hullabaloo over the way things were run down in Cuba. Porto Rico and in the American camps, with very little reliable information upon which to base their charges," said an officer of the Twenty-fourth Infantry (one of the negro regiments) to the Washington Star man. "I didn't see much to complain about under the circumstances down in Cuba and I had a pretty fair chance to see what was going on. The only genuine criticism, in fact, that I have to make refers to the scarcity of tobacco among the troops down there."

Tobacco was at a premium during the greater portion of our stay in Cuba, and the soldiers who were deprived of it would very willingly have paid for it at any price of its weight in gold. I don't think it would be possible to overestimate the value of tobacco to troops undergoing a hard campaign. It is bread and meat and drink to a soldier enduring the hardships of war. It is at once a stimulant and a tonic and its value in allaying hunger is well known to experienced commanders.

Queer as it may seem, chewing tobacco also allays thirst. I know this, because I've tried it. Another point with reference to the chewing of tobacco by soldiers in a campaign is that all of the old-timers swallow the juice of the weed. They allow that it is apt to make fellows not used to handling it in that way a bit sick at first, but that say that the stimulating effect of the plant is lost if the juice is expectorated.

"I never had a better illustration of the value of tobacco to men who had long been hankering for it than on the day of the San Juan fight. The black soldiers of my outfit of the Twenty-fourth had been entirely tobaccoless almost from the time we landed in Cuba and it was the hardest kind of a deprivation upon men who had been used for years to consuming the weed in all its forms. The men missed tobacco particularly after meals. After they got outside of their coffee they would get together and talk long of tobacco and I could just see their teeth looking for it, but there wasn't a quarter of an ounce to be had. I don't hesitate to say that the men of my company weren't quite the same without tobacco and a number of them frankly said that they'd rather be without grub than to be tobaccoless."

"On the morning of the San Juan scrap I came into the proud possession of a one-pound plug of chewing tobacco. I'm not going to incriminate myself by stating how I happened to get the plug, but I got it all the same. A short time before it came our turn to go into the action. I produced the plug and handed it to the big, black top sergeant of my company. You ought to have seen his eyes stick out when he caught sight of the plug."

"Just pass it down the line," I told him, "and let each of the boys take a nibble off it."

"The sergeant took a bite off the plug himself and then handed it to the first duty sergeant. The whole company was 'on to the presence of the plug of tobacco in the outfit by this time and they set up a cheer. They just forgot all about the impending fight, they were so tickled over the sight of the tobacco. The plug went down the line, every man taking off a bite, and then it started up the line and toward me again. It certainly did dwindle in size, that plug of tobacco. By the time it got into the hands of the top sergeant it was just the size of the good chew, which the men had by careful calculation, saved for me. 'The loot'! Did I take it? Well, I guess yes, and swallowed every bit of the juice, like all the rest of the men. And I can tell you it tasted good. The men threw their shoulders back under the stimulus of the tobacco and became perky and sassy and fought all through—and I suppose you remember what the Twenty-fourth did in the San Juan fight? I had the chew in my mouth, enjoying it hugely, when the last of the three Mause's that plugged me got me in the hips, paralyzing me from the waist down for a couple of months afterwards and, as I didn't become unconscious, I enjoyed that chew even after I was hit."

A wealthy German from Wisconsin, in a fine spirit of patriotism enlisted as a private soldier. He proved a good one, but the exacting duties of camp life soon grew irksome, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

One night he was detailed to stand guard over an ammunition wagon. It was a chilly night and the rain was falling. To and fro he plodded until his patience was exhausted.

"Corporal of der guard!" he roared, "dake my gun, and vatch dees vaggin a leetle vild. I vant to go und speak mit der colonel."

The corporal demurred, but the German insisted, and finally the good-natured non-comish took his place.

Up to the colonel's tent the German hastened. The colonel was there. The private saluted.

"Colonel," he abruptly inquired, "vat's dot vaggin of ammunition down by der end of der camp worth?"

The colonel knew the German intimately. In fact, Louis, as everybody called him, was a general favorite, and highly regarded by all who knew the story of his personal sacrifice.

"Yes, vat's it worth? Is it worth five hundred dollars?"

"More than that, I guess," said the colonel.

"Is it worth a thousand dollars?"

"Yes," said the colonel, "I should say its value was just about that amount."

"Den," said the German, "I'll gif you my check for a thousand dollars, und you let me go back to mein tent und go to bed."

The colonel gasped at this astonishing offer, then he roared.

The German had to go back to his guard duty, but the colonel soon relieved him.

Yeast—Do you believe married people always quarrel?

Crimsonbeak—No; sometimes they fight.—Yonkers Statesman.

HONOR TO BRAVE DUTTON!

The First American to Hoist the Stars and Stripes on Cuban Soil.

TWO OTHER CLAIMANTS.

Who Actually Hoisted the Flag But in Security and Merely to Claim the Honor.

Circumstances Attending Dutton's Exploit, Picturesque and Interesting—Danger of Attack by the Spanish Very Real—Occupied an Old Spanish Fort at Banes—Spaniards Showed Cowardice.

The returns are in and now it is time to render a verdict as to the claims for the honor of having first hoisted the American flag on Cuban soil after the declaration of war with Spain.

The contest has narrowed down to three men, all naval officers. One was a young ensign, who, in May, stuck up a small flag on a deserted sand Key on the north coast of Cuba, and then promptly went away. No enemy was near and the whole proceeding was farcical. The next claimant was the gallant Lieutenant Victor Blue, of the Suwanee, who, on May 31, while reconnoitering along the southern coast in a boat, landed for a few moments near Diaguiri, put his boat flag-pole in the beach, saluted it, and then took it up, re-embarked and proceeded on his way.

Neither of these was the real thing. Both were done in security merely as ceremonies and with a view to claiming the honor.

The man to whom the honor rightly belongs, the one who actually, in the line of duty, in the heart of the enemy's country, and in imminent danger of attack, made the first bonafide raising of the Stars and Stripes in Cuba, and was fully prepared and determined to defend it during his prolonged guardianship of it, was Lieutenant Arthur H. Dutton, U. S. N., who, on June 6, hoisted the starry banner over an old Spanish fort at Banes, Cuba.

The circumstances were interesting and picturesque. The Gloucester, upon which Lieutenant Dutton was serving, had gone into the inner port of Banes, a land-locked harbor some miles from the sea, the only approach



LIEUT. ARTHUR H. DUTTON.

to being a narrow, tortuous channel, which it would have been perfectly easy for the enemy to have mined or otherwise blocked, and have had the Gloucester at their mercy. To forestall any such attempt by the Spanish, who were near by, at Niipe, with gunboats and troops, Lieutenant Commander Wainwright, commanding the Gloucester, sent Dutton, with only seven men in a small boat to the outer harbor, to repel any such attack.

With his small but well armed and fearless party, Dutton proceeded down the river and by evening had reached a point which suited his purpose. Occupying the abandoned Spanish fort, he hoisted the Colors over it, upon the fort's own flagstaff, challenge to the enemy. All that night, and the next day, until relieved by the Gloucester herself, coming out, Dutton "held the fort" with his devoted little band of sturdy blue-jackets, but fortunately the Spaniards were too lazy or too cowardly to attack him and he came out in safety, although a very small force could readily have obliterated his handful of men.

An incident of the affair was when a Cuban officer, with whom Wainwright was in communication, learned of Dutton's perilous position. He offered to send a force of insurgents to help the little party but Wainwright promptly declined the offer, with a smile. "It would not be safe," he told the Cuban officer, "for anyone not in Uncle Sam's uniform, no matter who they were, to approach Dutton's position now. He'll take no chances."

Lieutenant Dutton is a native of Washington, D. C., and graduated from the Naval Academy in 1885. His father, an officer in the regular army, was killed in the Civil War.

An Immense Apple Tree.

A farmer of West Dresden, Me., has an apple tree in his orchard which measures 9 feet 10 inches in circumference a foot from the ground, and at the height of six feet the trunk branches into four limbs almost as large. Its great limbs are full of crooks and angles, but the whole makes a most shapely tree. It is over a century old, and has borne well for each year of the 47 it has been in his possession. One year it gave him forty-three bushels of good apples.

The Rarest Bird.

The rarest bird in existence is a certain kind of pheasant in Annam. For many years its existence was known only by the fact that its longest and most splendid plume was in much request by mandarins for their headgear. A single skin is worth \$20, and the living bird would be priceless, but it soon dies in captivity.

Drawn by Dogs.

The light traffic of the streets in Berlin is generally drawn by dogs, as in most southern countries, and apart from the slowness of progression, for the dog has not learned to trot in harness—the practice is growing out of favor as a contrived and backward fashion.

CAPTAIN PHILIP.

When the yellow and red flag was pulled down on the Almirante Oquendo the commander of the Texas gave the order to his men: "Don't cheer, because the poor devils are dying."

The victor looks over the shot-churned wave. At the riven ship of his foe he braves And the men in their life blood lying; And the joy of conquest leaves his eyes.

The lust of fame and of battle dies, And he says: "Don't cheer; they're dying."

Why leap our hearts at our Hobson's choice Or at his who bathed his way to fame, Our flag in the far latest flying? The nation's spirit these deeds reveal— But none the less does that spirit peal In the words: "Don't cheer; they're dying."

Cycles have passed since Bayard the brave— Passed since Sydney the water gave, On Zuphen's red soil lying; But the knightly echo has lingered far— It rang in the words of the Yankee tar.

When he said: "Don't cheer; they're dying."—Charles W. Thompson.

ROOSEVELT'S BEEF STEW.

How the Colonel Cheered His Men, at His Own Expense, at a Critical Time.

An incident illustrating Col. Roosevelt's devotion to the men of his regiment was told by Trooper Burkholder of the rough riders, who, before returning to his home in Phoenix, Ariz., spent a few days at the home of his friend, John Palmer, on Thompson avenue near Middleton street, Williamsburg, Burkholder was all through the active campaign with the rough riders and returned with them to Camp Wikoff. He was away on furlough on account of a slight attack of swamp fever when the rough riders were mustered out, and thus missed, as he puts it, the most important part of the campaign, that a soldier was ever privileged to fight under.

"Only a few men who were with him," said Burkholder, "know how considerate he was of us at all times. There was one case in particular that illustrates this better than any I can recall. It happened after the fight at Las Guasimas. The men were tired with the hard march and the fighting, and hunger was gnawing at every stomach. We had our first attack of the rough riders, and men killed there, and taking it all in all, we were in an ugly humor. The usual shouting, cracking of jokes, and snatches of song were missing, and everybody appeared to be in the dumps. I suppose we were all thinking of poor Liam Fish and the rest of the poor fellows who had been dropped in the short scrap."

"Well, things hadn't improved a bit, in fact, were getting worse along toward meal time, when the Colonel began to move about among the men, speaking encouragingly to each group. I guess he saw something was up, and no doubt he made up his mind then and there to improve at least the humor of the men. There's no ad saying that a man can best be reached through his stomach, and I guess he believed in that maxim. Shortly afterward we saw the Colonel, his cook and two of the troopers of Company I strike out along the narrow road toward the town, and we wondered what was up. It was probably an hour or so after this, and during a little resting spell in our work of clearing ground and making things a little camplike, that the savory and almost forgotten odor of beef stew began to sweep through the clearing. Men who were working stopped short and began to sniff, and those who had stopped work for a breathing spell forgot to breathe for a second. Soon they joined in the sniffing, and I'll wager every one of us was sniffing as hard as he knew how. Oh, but didn't that smell fine! We weren't sure that it was for us, but we had a smell of it anyway, quickly drooping spirits revived, and as the fumes of the boiling stew became stronger the humor of the men improved. We all jumped to our work with a will, and picks, shovels and axes were piled in race horse fashion, while the men would stop now and then to raise their heads and draw a long breath and exclaim: "Wow! that smells good!"

"We were finally summoned to feed, and then you can imagine our surprise. There was a big boiler and beside it a crowd of mess tent men dishing out real beef stew! We could hardly believe our eyes, and I had to taste mine first to make sure it wasn't a dream. You should have seen the expression on the faces of the men as they gulped down that stew, and we all laughed when one New York man yelled: "A nd it's got real onions in it too!" "After we had loaded up we began to wonder where it all came from, and then the two Troop I men told how the Colonel had purchased the potatoes and onions while his own cook secured the meat from Siboney."

"You probably won't believe it, but the bushel of potatoes cost Col. Roosevelt almost \$20 and he had to pay thirty-odd good American dollars to get the onions, but then he knew what his men wanted and it was always his men first with him. There was a rush to his tent when we learned this, and if you ever heard the cheering I'm sure you wouldn't wonder why the rough riders all love their Colonel."

"I see," said Burkholder, "that in his address to the men at Camp Wikoff the Colonel told how he had to hurry at the San Juan Hill fight to save himself from being run over by the men. That's just like him to say that; but he probably forgets that more than half of the men never ran so fast before and never will again as they had to run to keep up with him. If Col. Roosevelt lived in Arizona we would give him any office he wanted without any election nonsense."

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MORMON ROBERTS OF UTAH

The Congressman-Elect is an Orator and a Natural Leader.

ALSO A MAN OF NERVE.

He Defied His Church and Was Severely Disciplined for Insubordination.

When the Election Took Place Many Non-Mormons Supported Him—The Tremendous Powers of President Snow, Head of the Mormon Church—Some of His Views.

Congressman-elect Brigham H. Roberts, "the man with three wives," would be a grave disappointment to anyone who expected to meet the typical mormon elder. He is a stalwart, broad-shouldered man, 40 or 41 years old, with noticeable firmness of frame acquired when he learned his trade as a blacksmith. Even his enemies—and he has many—concede his leadership in this state as an orator. He got most of his early education at the state university, and has supplemented it since by constant study and travel. He has written much on the theology of his church.

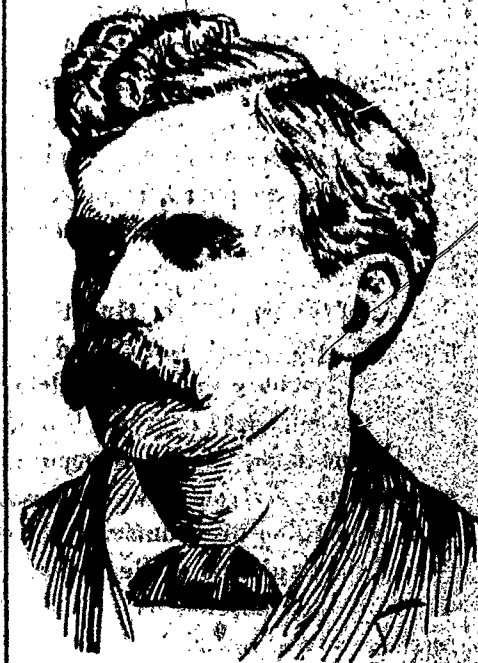
In conversation, Mr. Roberts is earnest, his voice strikingly smooth and well modulated, and he is too serious to appreciate a joke much. One incident is characteristic enough to show the man's courage. A mob had murdered two mormon missionaries in Tennessee. Roberts was in charge of all the Southern mormons, with headquarters at Chattanooga. Disguising himself as a tramp, he ventured into the region, although he knew discovery would probably mean a rope and a tree for him. He recovered the bodies of the murdered men and made his way back to headquarters in safety.

So much for the personality of the man. His political life began when he made a noteworthy speech in opposition to woman suffrage at the state constitutional convention, as both the national parties were committed to suffrage. Roberts' position raised a storm. He was finally beaten in the convention, but his very audacity made him a power in Utah politics.

The next step was a nomination for congress on the democratic ticket in 1895. The campaign was fierce, and at its height the leaders of the church issued a manifesto that Roberts had ignored his church obligations when he accepted the nomination without "taking counsel" with his co-laborers. The democratic leaders, Roberts among them, in a reassembled state convention, charged that this manifesto was a clear case of ecclesiastical interference in state affairs, but whether the charge was true or not, Roberts was defeated.

The last campaign had barely opened when his opponents made the charge that he was living in active polygamy. Roberts made no public reply until three days before the campaign closed, when the governor, himself the son of a polygamist, declared publicly that Roberts' election would be a calamity. Roberts' reply was a signed interview, which has seldom been equaled for classic English and savage invective.

The returns on election day showed that many mormon democrats had voted against Roberts. On the other hand, numerous non-mormons voted for Roberts.



BRIGHAM H. ROBERTS.

That the election of Roberts forebodes a return to the old system of plural marriages is scouted by non-mormons of high standing, who believe that the quickest way to settle the so-called mormon question is to leave it to the mormons themselves, to the schools and associations with the outside world. Undoubtedly the older men have maintained their families and do now as they did in the earlier days. But no one familiar with the facts believes that any new polygamous marriages have been contracted in recent years, and no one who knows the modern young mormon, man or woman, can believe seriously that polygamy is likely to be revived as part of their religious system.

The mormon church is progressing naturally with the influx of new population and the influence of education and travel.

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