

# A FIGHTING FAMILY

By OSCAR COX

Warringham was a wealthy young man with nothing to do to kill time. There was nothing but war talk in the city, and it tired him. It was spring-time and every one was going into gardening. Though it did not make any difference to him whether he paid 5 or 50 cents for a cabbage, he concluded to go in for gardening too. Looking over a catalogue of farms for sale and finding one that seemed about right, he took a train to go and inspect the premises.

When he alighted at the station and went out on to the street he saw a girl sitting in an auto. She wore an alpine hat with a feather in it and a tiny American flag on her corsage.

"Can you tell me," he said to her, handing her the ad, "where I can find that?"

She took the slip, glanced at it and said: "That's the Erskine property. I'm going there in a few minutes and will take you with me in my machine if you like."

Warringham accepted the offer, and after every one who had come in on the train had passed out the girl remarked that she reckoned "she hadn't come on that train" and turned her car away from the station.

"Who did you say owned this property?" asked Warringham.

"It belongs to Major Erskine."

"What's he major of?"

"The Pittsford battalion."

"Everybody here is preparing for war, then?"

"Yes, everybody that has any spunk. There are a few slackers among the men."

"When is a man to be considered a slacker?"

"When he's young, able-bodied and don't go to the war."

Warringham winced. The cap fitted him exactly. He noticed that the girl wore leggings, which were plainly visible beneath her short skirt.

"It seems to me," he said, "that you are got up in a soldierly fashion. I reckon you're not a slacker."

"You bet."

"What are you going to do to help the cause—fight?"

"I don't know. I'm going to do something. You see, I'm the granddaughter of a Union soldier in the big war fifty years ago and the granddaughter of a Confederate soldier. So, you see, it won't do for me to shirk."

"Did you have any more grandfathers in the Cuban fracas?"

"No. You don't suppose I could have more than two grandfathers, do you? But my father and four uncles were in that diminutive fight."

"Women are not now what they were in your grandmothers' time. Then they were feminine."

"My Confederate grandmother wasn't a coward. She drove some Federal soldiers out of her potato patch with a gun."

"How about your Union grandmother?"

"She stood off a mob in the draft riots."

"You do come of a fighting family, don't you? Do you think you could stand up to be shot at without showing the white feather?"

"I don't know. I reckon it would depend on how mad I got. Both my grandfathers agreed that when they first went in to fight they 'heaved Jonah,' but when they got mad they weren't scared a bit."

"On that ground they should make soldiers of women. My experience with your sex is that when a woman is mad she's mad from the crown of her head to the tip of her big toe."

By this time the girl was turning in to grounds with a house and a big pole from which floated the Stars and Stripes. Women in feminine uniform were walking about, and before the house paced a sentinel.

"What's this?" asked Warringham.

"The barracks of the Pittsford battalion."

She drove up to the house and alighted, while the sentinel faced and brought his musket to a "present." A young woman came out of the house with a lieutenant's straps on her shoulders and asked:

"Where's the recruit you were to bring, major?"

"She didn't come. I reckon she's going to turn out a slacker."

"Are you Major Erskine?" asked Warringham.

"Yes, at your service. Do you want to buy my little farm? I've no use for it this year. I'm preparing a battalion for active service."

"No," replied Warringham, "I don't think I do. Your two grandfathers who fought in the war between the states, your two manly grandmothers, your father and four uncles who fought in Cuba, have produced that in you which merits emulation. I don't see why I, a man, should be raising cabbages while you, a woman, are preparing for war. I'm going back home and pack my grip for Pittsford or some other training camp and leave the cabbages to the superannuated men and boys."

"Now you talk like a jim dandy."

"But there's one thing I want you to promise me."

"What's that?"

"Promise me, major, that if I come back from the war alive you'll marry me."

"Well, seeing there's only one chance in three of your coming back alive, I'll do it. Put it there."

She gave him her hand, he became an officer in the army, and others raised the cabbages.

# A Dangerous Journey

By JAMES BRAINARD

I was in Egypt before the fanatical outbreak of 1882. When a trouble of that kind is coming those who are not in the secret either know nothing about it or have only vague suspicions. I heard some ugly rumors as to what was about to happen, but did not know how much dependence could be placed upon them. To all outward appearances everything was moving on as usual.

I was obliged to go to Ismailia on business. If I had known the condition of the people of the country I should not have trusted myself out of Port Said, where Europeans were comparatively safe. To make a journey into the interior was madness, but I did not know it. Indeed, I only realized that under the circumstances I would rather not go. A matter of ordinary gain and being murdered were the alternatives.

I went on a night train. Being somewhat finical about my diet, I took with me a hamper filled with as succulent eatables as I could get together and on the top placed a box of cigars from which only a few of the weeds had been taken. I got into my compartment, put my hand baggage on the rack and settled myself for a journey. Being in a smoking compartment, I lit a cigar.

The compartment was filled with natives, I being the only European in it. This in itself was not encouraging. The train had hardly got under way when an old Arab sheik sitting opposite me leaned forward and calmly took my cigar from between my lips and, placing it between his own, smoked it himself.

To have resented the insult would have been equivalent to inviting the man to stab me. I therefore paid no attention to him and, taking a newspaper from my pocket, began to read—that is, I pretended to read, but I had no idea of what was on the sheet before me, my mind being taken up with the fact that I was in a compartment with seven Arabs and utterly at their mercy. My eyes appeared to be fixed upon the paper, but I was casting quick glances sidewise at the natives and knew by their chatter and occasional looks at me that I was the subject of their conversation.

Then a lucky thought occurred to me. I reached up to the rack, got my box of cigars from my hamper, took out one for myself and handed the box to the sheik who had robbed me of the one I had been smoking. He took it, appropriated a handful of the contents and passed it to the others, who did the same, and the box was returned to me empty.

Notwithstanding my peace offering I expected every moment to feel cold steel entering my vitals. Most of the Arabs wore long knives where they could be seen, and I knew not what other weapons they had concealed. As for me, I was unarmed, and even if I had been armed my opponents were seven to one.

I cannot describe the agony of that night, expecting, as I did, death at any moment. The Arabs in my compartment paid no attention to anything that was going on in the rest of the train, but I had a vague feeling that something very important might be going on. I can't account for this feeling, for I heard no sound to produce it. I only knew that I felt that there was murder in the air.

Finally their looks and acts were so suspicious that I bethought myself of some other way similar to my offer of cigars to placate them. Then my luncheon occurred to me. Reaching up again to the rack, I brought down my hamper, opened it and displayed the eatables. Every man's eyes were on them, but not a man moved to touch any of them. I offered the hamper to the man who sat next me, but he declined. In turn I handed it to every man in the compartment; but, though they all looked with eager eyes upon the vands, not a man would accept a morsel.

At first I was astonished at this. Then I remembered that no Arab will break bread with an enemy.

The moment this occurred to me I knew I was doomed. I put my hamper back on the rack and, wrapping myself in my overcoat, lay back in my seat, with my eyes closed, to await whatever was in store for me.

I heard a great deal of wrangling on the part of the Arabs, but I thought I would rather rely on my weakness than on being prepared for resistance that would be useless. So I did not open my eyes. Presently I felt a hand on my arm. Thinking my time had come, I looked, and there was the sheik who had taken my cigar from my mouth holding out a piece of dry bread. I took it and, biting from it, chewed vigorously.

A flood of relief and joy seemed to have been poured over me. I knew from that moment I was safe. Reaching up for my hamper, I took it down and handed it to the sheik. He helped himself, then passed it around to the others, each man partaking plentifully of the contents.

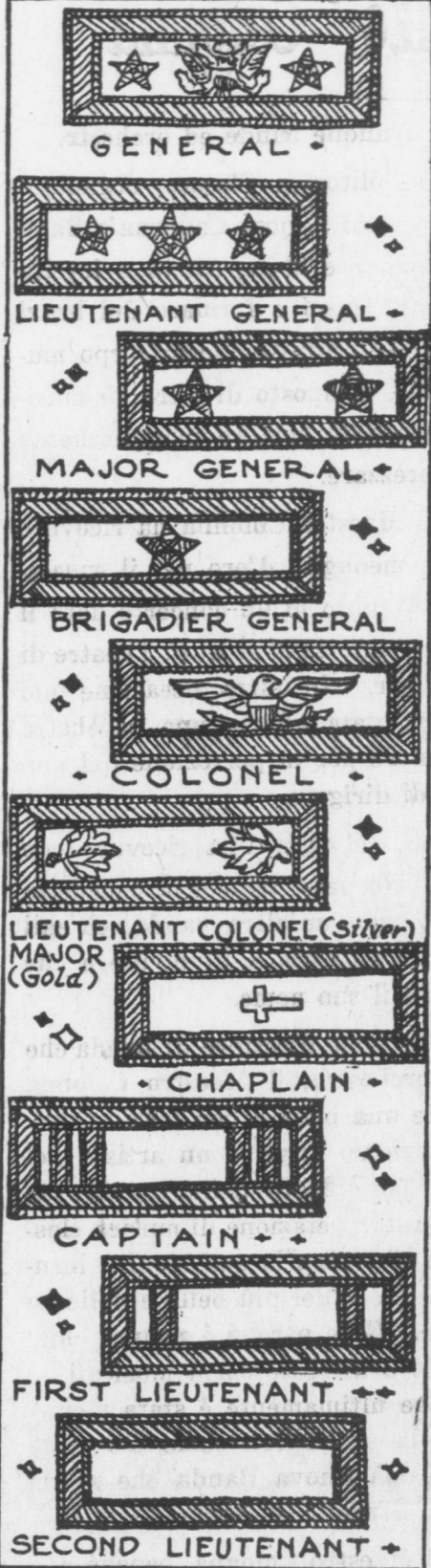
Now that they had broken bread with me and I having no more to fear, I again leaned back in my seat and this time slept. I knew that I was safe from my Arab companions as if I were in my own bed at home.

But I did not reach Ismailia that night. In the morning I found that the natives had murdered the engineer, stoker and every European on the train except myself.

# How to Tell the Soldiers and

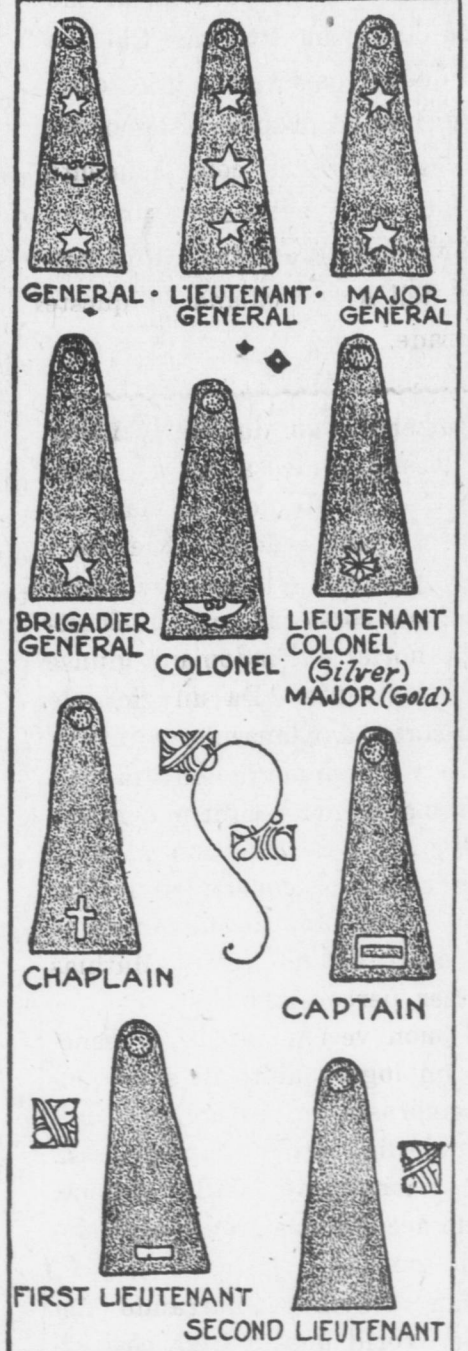
## Stripes on Sleeves and Collars Denote What Branch of Service and What Office the Wearer Holds.

In these martial days, when the eyes of the civilian nation are upon the army and navy, every one, from the boy scout and campfire girl age to the graybeards and grandmothers, is, or should be, anxious to know all about these two arms of the country's defense. With the streets of all cities and towns full of officers of both branches the most obvious bit of knowledge to be first gleaned is how to



distinguish not only the more highly placed ones, but those who belong to the various divisions of the military and naval personnel.

With this end in view there is presented herewith a comprehensive series of insignia. As will be realized at a glance, it is no easy feat of memory to place all these accurately in one's

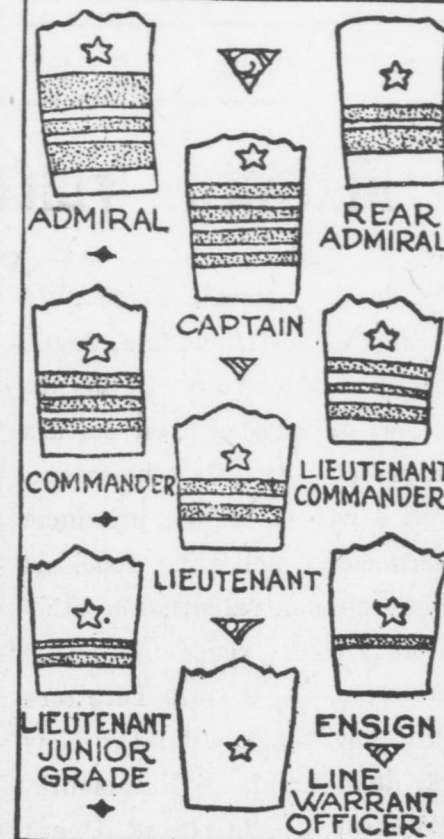


mind ready to be called forth when occasion arises, as it does many times in a stroll down almost any street. But this is a small matter indeed compared with what must be memorized by the men who wear these insignia. The ones shown herewith are only

# Rank of Our Sailors In Uniform

## Streets of Cities and Towns Filled With Uniforms and Everybody Should Know What the Insignia Denote.

the more important in the way of emblems to mark rank, for in both army and navy there are minor sleeve and shoulder signs which denote particular callings in the services, such as gun



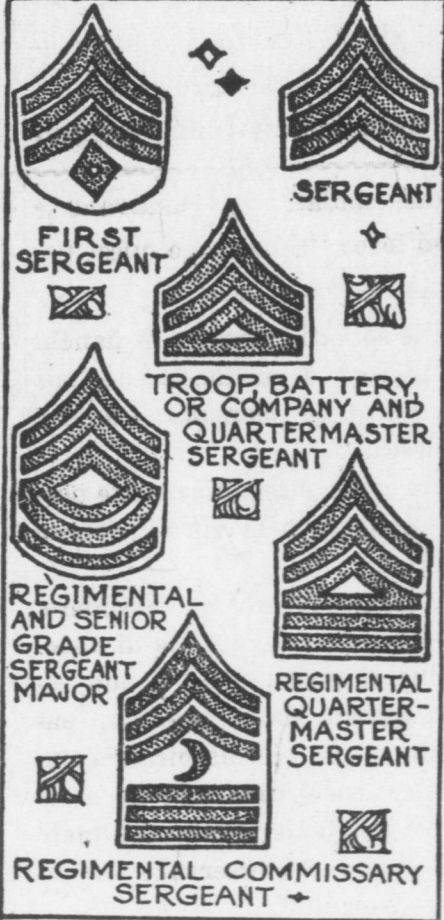
commanders, gun pointers, signal corps, hospital corps, professors of mathematics, civil engineers, medical corps, paymasters, engineers of various sorts, musicians, subsistence department, saddlers, farmers and artificers. The meaning of most of these insignia, however, is so plain as to need no explanation.

One row of symbols is worn extending from the neck to the shoulder



with uniforms of khaki, while the more elaborate ones are worn across the shoulder with uniforms of blue cloth. Most of the other insignia are found either on the neckband or sleeve.

Numbers on collar devices show to what regiment the wearer is attached. Militiamen are distinguished from those of the regular army in that the former wear bronze initials of their state in addition to the devices shown, which are indicative of the branch of the service they are in, while the regulars wear the initials "U. S." Members of volunteer regiments wear the



initials "U. S. V." When wearing the khaki uniform a second lieutenant is distinguished by a bronze coat of arms of the United States on his service cap and on his belt and a gold and black braided hat cord.

The wearing of colored hat cords, by the way, is a comparatively recent innovation in the army, and, since there are many more privates in any military organization than there are officers, it is perhaps as well to memorize the significance of these. Here it is in brief: Yellow for cavalry, light blue for infantry, red for artillery, maroon

for medical corps, black for all staff departments, red piped with white for engineers' corps, black piped with red for ordnance department, buff for quartermaster corps, salmon with white edge for signal corps. All commissioned officers wear a gold and black braided hat cord when wearing service hats, and the coat of arms of the United States is worn by all commissioned officers on hats, caps and belts.

Collar ornaments of commissioned officers in the navy are: Ensign, a silver



anchor; junior lieutenant, silver bar and anchor; senior lieutenant, two bars and an anchor of silver; lieutenant commander, a gold leaf; commander, a silver leaf; captain, a spread eagle; rear admiral, two silver stars, one of them surcharged on a fowl anchor; vice admiral, three stars, an end one surcharged on a fowl anchor; admiral, four silver stars, the rear one surcharged on a fowl anchor; admiral of the



navy, a rank held only by the late George Dewey, four silver stars.

Rank insignia for the marine corps for commissioned officers are the same as the army for shoulder ornaments. The corps device, a globe surmounted by the eagle and backed by the fowl anchor, is worn on the collar. The sleeve insignia for full and mess dress are the same as the British Royal Horse artillery.

# A TOURING EPISODE

By PAULINE D. EDWARDS

My dear Belle, I have had an adventure, and I must tell you all about it. As soon as the spring opened I became wild to go on an auto tour with my new machine, that is admirably fitted for long trips, having a rack in the rear large enough to carry a Saratoga trunk. Of course I couldn't tour alone or with a girl friend. Mamma would not hear of that, and there was nothing for it but she must go with me herself.

We started when the leaves on the trees were well grown, with excellent road maps, and by supplementing the information they gave us at every fork in the road we got on very well. One evening we were nearing a place called Huntingdale, which seemed to be rather a collection of summer cottages than anything else, and we did not have the name of any hotel at which to stop. Passing an autoist who had alighted to examine his engine, I asked him if he could direct us to a public house where we could spend the night. He looked up at me, and our eyes met.

Did you ever look into the eyes of a man for the first time and recognize through them a soul that was in harmony with yours? This I did when I met the gaze of this man. Not only that; I knew he saw in me what I had found in him.

"I am sorry to say," he replied to my question, "that there is no hotel in Huntingdale. You'll not find one that you would care to stop at till you reach Arborville, twelve miles beyond."

I looked disappointed. Mamma was getting tired, and before we could make the twelve miles it would be dark, and we made it a rule to travel only by daylight.

"I can direct you," continued the young man, "to a private family hotel, but they are not taking boarders there this year except myself. However, if you care to try I think you can get in for one night."

We said we would certainly care to try, and the young man, pulling down the hood of his auto and cranking it, got into his machine and led the way to an attractive looking house on an eminence. When we reached it he asked us to remain in our car till he stated our case for us. We thanked him, and he went inside. In a few minutes he returned and said that he had fixed the matter for us satisfactorily. The landlady was confined to her room, but he was very much at home there himself and would see that we were made comfortable. He handed us out of our car, and after our trunk had been removed and our machine started for the garage we went up into the house.

I wondered that so luxurious an abode should be used for boarders. Hotels and boarding houses be they ever so well furnished are bound to show some wear.

Mamma thought she was too tired to dress for dinner, but I told her in such a place it would not be safe to dine in traveling costume, so we both put on evening dress. On entering the dining room we saw that places had been set for three, and the only person in the room besides ourselves was the young man who had been our conductor. Seeing that he was in evening dress I was very thankful that mamma and I had decided to change our costumes.

"Our landlady," he said, "has commissioned me to take her place at table and do the honors in her stead. I presume I shall have to introduce myself, having no one to introduce me. I am Edgar Sterling, at your service."

Mamma introduced herself and then introduced me, after which a waiter who seemed rather a butler than a waiter served us, and we had a delicious dinner. Wine was opened with our having ordered it. Both mamma and I declined it when the waiter was about to pour it into our glasses, whereupon Mr. Sterling said:

"The terms in this house include wine, so you are not under any obligation to me."

We permitted the waiter to fill our glasses, but since the wine served was champagne we concluded that the bill for our one night's stay would be something frightful. But I had fallen under a spell induced by the devotion of Mr. Sterling, expressed in his eyes, a pleasing smile he had and his constant attention to my every wish.

After dinner mamma remained below but half an hour, when she went upstairs to bed. I passed the most delightful evening of my life, and mamma was obliged to call me several times before I could tear myself away from my entertainer.

The next morning we breakfasted alone, the waiter having informed us that Mr. Sterling had gone out early in his car. We asked for our bill, but were told that the landlady was not in a condition to make it up and if we would leave our address a statement would be sent us when she recovered.

Upon our return home we expected to find our hotel bill. We were still expecting to find it when one evening Mr. Sterling called and put a new face on the matter. He confessed that he had taken us to his own residence, that the landlady was a myth and that the waiter was his butler. He apologized for his deception by saying that it had occurred to him to take this course rather than attempt to force before us the hospitality of a stranger.

Now, wasn't that just too delightful an episode to keep?

From Mr. Sterling's attention to me I expect soon to tell you of another episode.