

CAMPAIGNING IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Ambuscades Have Cost Americans More Relatively Than Regular Warfare.

John T. McCutcheon, the Manila correspondent of the Chicago Record, writes as follows in regard to the progress of the war in the Philip-

...days, as many more have been killed and wounded, almost a hundred rifles and a great deal of ammunition has been lost and a big quantity of rations has fallen into the enemy's hands. Most of these depredations have occurred in the territory which we now are supposed to hold, and all the engagements would come under the head of ambushes and assassinations. There is certainly a new condition of warfare confronting the troops. The time is evidently gone for big, imposing columns to march sedately through the country, columns so big that the

into three squadrons under the command of majors. Every trooper carries his entire outfit on his horse's back. The cav-



NATIVE WOMEN AND CHILDREN EXHAUSTED BY FLEEING BEFORE THE UNITED STATES CAVALRYMEN.

...man's full kit consists of a bridle, a halter, a saddle, saddlebags, blanket roll, poncho, carbine, carbine boot, lariat, picket pin, nosebag, curry comb and brush, saber, two horseshoes (fitted to his horse), some horseshoe nails, 140 rounds of carbine ammunition, a Colt revolver and twenty-five rounds of pistol ammunition and a canteen. In addition to these things he has his saddlebag more or less filled with rations. When a cavalryman is mounted, with jingling spurs and blue flannel shirt, thrown open at the neck, with his felt campaign hat tipped rakishly over one eye, girt up with all his paraphernalia for the fray, he makes a very interesting total and is likely to inspire respect in those who see him. Several hundred of him, mounted on big sixteen-hand American horses, distinctively multiply the impressiveness of the picture.



(Troops deploying in order to find some insurgent sharpshooters concealed in the grass along the road from Indan to Naic.)

...insurgents deem it imprudent to offer opposition. When the column has passed, they come out of the woods and fall upon the little bands of stragglers and outposts and signal corps men.

From now on the guerilla methods must be met by smaller and more mobile forces. General Lawton, with his great experience in this method of waging war, would have been quick to adjust himself to the new conditions. General Bell is pre-eminently qualified for the kind of work that will now have to be done, while General Funston, whose Cuban experience has fitted him well to meet the new conditions, will undoubtedly adjust his tactics to meet those of the insurgents.

...insurgents know the exact strength of the force they are ambushing, for they usually lie in wait for small groups of ten or fifteen men, which they permit to approach so close that their first volley kills or wounds most of them, and leaves the rest utterly demoralized.

Insurgents who live within our lines, who are amigros in the daytime and enemies at night, have been particularly pernicious. It is now unsafe, more than ever before, to move in small numbers, even in the districts which are presumably pacified by the presence of strong garrisons.

The rank and file of the people in the towns are in full sympathy with these marauding raids, for they never render help by word or deed which



OUR MACABEE SCOUTS ENTERING SAN PEDRO.



BRINGING IN A WOUNDED FILIPINO.

will aid our troops in locating and whipping the guerilla bands, although it is certain that they are always aware of the plans and prospective movements of these bands.

Even to-day there is not a native in Manila, friendly though he may profess himself to be, who will breathe a word as to Aguinaldo's whereabouts, yet there are doubtless thousands who know exactly where he is, and many who doubtless are in constant communication with him.

The list of our losses by both men and ambushes in the occupied districts since January 1 is rather startling.

A list which I have selected from

Down in Negros General Smith has for some months been engaged in the guerilla kind of fighting, and he has been able to crush it out. When a depredation was committed near or in a town on the island he promptly imposed a heavy fine on the place. After doing this several times the citizens resolved themselves into a sort of vigilance committee as a matter of financial preservation, and the depredations ceased with startling suddenness.

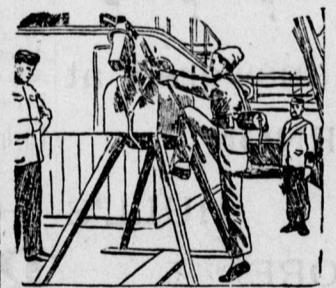
The Tagalos, however, are more tenacious and vindictive in their fighting than the Visayans of Negros, and it will require the most stringent measures and vigorous pursuit to put them down. With Aguinaldo loose in the islands the work will be harder and more dangerous and much more lasting.

A column of cavalry moving through the Luzon country is an extremely picturesque sight. Five or six hundred big American horses strung out in columns of twos make a very long and imposing line, and when the troopers wear their rough-service uniforms, as they do out here, the effect is such as would be produced by a regiment of mounted cowboys.

Just behind the headquarters staff come the squadron officers—the major and his staff. Behind them ride the

A Genuine "Horse Marine."

When war breaks out, bringing with it a hurry call for cavalrymen and mounted infantry, the efforts of recruits to master horsemanship in so short a time are ludicrous. To avert this a dummy horse has been invented on which unaccustomed soldiers may practice mounting, dismounting and other equestrian feats which require long practice. Such dummies are carried on transports and



LEARNING TO RIDE HORSEBACK ON BOARD SHIP.

the recruits go through daily drill with them, thus learning, by the time they reach their destination, the rudiments of horsemanship and render their subsequent lessons on real horses less awkward and slow. The "silent steeds" are of the average height of the army troop horse, and the saddle and other accoutrements are of the regulation cavalry type.

Sentiment and Business.

The junior partner, on the other hand, believed in mingling sentiment with business, and suggested this form of advertisement:

"Let Us Eat, Drink and Be Merry—"
Table Supply Department, Ground Floor.
"For To-Morrow we Die!"
Coffin and Tombstone Department in Basement.
"Take the Elevator."
Etc., etc.—Puck.

Chameleon Postal Cards.

Italy is essentially the land of post cards. The latest postcard is shod with various colors, so that the hue change if the card is regarded from different angles. The colors, more over, are made of sensitive chemicals ingredients which are effected by changes in the weather to the extent of altering their colors.

THE KIND-HEARTED CZARINA.

Russia's Empress Greatly Beloved by Her People.

The young Empress of Russia, whose newest photograph is here reproduced, has, according to report, achieved an immense amount of good, not only in St. Petersburg, but in far-away Siberia. She is actively promoting the establishment of nursing homes and of hospitals for members of her own sex and slowly but surely the Empress's influence is making for good in the higher and more frivolous stratum of Russian society.

The Czarina holds her own among the splendidly dressed women of Europe. She has exquisite taste, and never looks to greater advantage than when in full dress. On the other hand, the imperial nurseries are simple and unostentatious in all their appointments, and, greatly to the sorrow of their Russian attendants, the three little grand duchesses are not allowed to wear any jewelry, though every pin used in the imperial nursery is of pure gold, and, were it not



(From her latest photograph.)

that the Empress will not allow it, everything else would be arranged for on the same scale of luxury.

The great Russian world is curiously constituted. In Russia extremes meet, and boundless luxury is to be seen almost side by side with a depth of poverty which is not common in any other civilized country in the world.

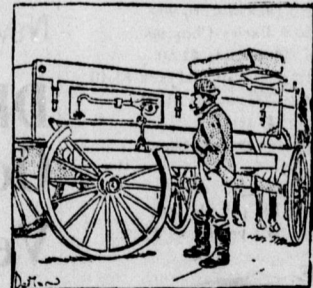
When a great Russian nobleman entertains his Emperor or Empress to quite an informal function, he thinks nothing of sending to the Rivera for several thousand dollars worth of fresh flowers with which to decorate the apartments through which the sovereigns must pass; and before the splendors of a Russian court ball every great function held in other capitals pales into insignificance.

A Nursery Measure.

The yard measure is a new and semi-useful nursery accessory. Of course, the baby could be measured with a common, every-day footrule or a tape measure, but the fastidious mamma thinks growth is too important a subject to be treated in a matter of fact way, and she measures Teddie's or Marjorie's inches with a long, broad, flat piece of wood which has inches and feet plainly marked on one side and pretty pictures and verses painted on the other side.

Weighing Wagon.

A new idea in wagon construction, applicable to those used for delivering articles sold by weight, as, for instance, coal, ice, sand, etc., is to provide scales on the wagon, so that its contents can be weighed and shown to the purchaser before unloading. In carrying out this scheme every effort has been made to induce to a minimum errors in indications, the contact surfaces being so as not to become easily disturbed or misplaced by the shaking or jarring of the wagon in use. The balancing levers are



WAGON WEIGHS CONTENTS.

placed on the wagon frame and so designed that the wagon bed, with its contents, may be removed from them to the wagon frame, as soon as the scale readings are taken, thereby removing the continual strain and wear on the balancing levers while the wagon is in use.

Telegraph Lines in Rhodesia.

Rhodesia's telegraph system, including transcontinental line, consists of 2635 miles of lines, with 3163 miles of wires. The police telephone system consists of 251 miles of telephone. Exchanges have been opened at Salisbury and Bulawayo. There are sixty-two telegraph offices in Rhodesia.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The Bad Adder.

There was a little adder who said he wouldn't add.
As he sat in school on pleasant summer day;
The teacher said such conduct was very, very bad,
And the naughty little adder ran away.
The garden gate was barred.
But he sat down in the yard.
A monstrous adder standing very nigh;
And the adder
Climbed the ladder,
At each round a-growing madder
Till he seemed to reach the sky.
And I have never heard
Another single word,
And of our hero not a trace I've found,
But, of course, you must admit
Up there he still must sit,
As he never has descended to the ground.
I'm sure there's nothing sadder
Than to be a little adder
A sitting on a ladder's topmost round.

When Nut-Cracking Was a Church Custom.

The modern minister likes to have things quiet when he talks. It disconcerts him to hear a baby cry or a woman cough or an old man snore. If he is put out by such trifles as these it is interesting to conjecture what he would do if he were to take hold of a congregation where everybody brought nuts to crack during the sermon. Worshipers used to do this in England, and even in our own states in colonial days. This disturbance was not a weekly occurrence by any means, if it had been, the poor preacher would have undoubtedly left his congregation to administer spiritual consolation to suit themselves. But as it only happened once a year he was forced to endure it. This one day which was attended by such remarkable license came the Sunday before Michaelmas day, and was called crack-nut Sunday. Nobody, no matter how pious he might be, hesitated to avail himself of the peculiar privilege granted him, and men, women and children came to church with their pockets stuffed with nuts, which they complacently cracked and munched during the sermon. It can be easily imagined that when forty or fifty people get to cracking nuts with all their might the noise is apt to be something terrific, and many times the minister was hard put to it to "bear himself think." The custom, from being regarded with high favor for many years, finally came to be looked upon as a nuisance, and in the beginning of the present century the habit was suppressed, although the air of suppression was attended with considerable difficulty, so firmly had the nut-cracking fever taken hold of the fancy of the people.

Father of Natural History.

Carl Linnaeus, the eminent Swedish naturalist, was born in Sweden in 1705. His father was a great lover of nature, and when Carl was but four years of age, he began giving him simple lessons in botany. He taught him the names of the Swedish plants and flowers that grew in their garden, and of many foreign ones also.

Often, after having shown the child a peculiar plant or flower, and pointed out its chief characteristics, he would send him to search for another like it. In order to vary the lessons and thus make them as interesting as possible to the boy, the father would sometimes teach him to transplant, and sometimes he would allow him to sow the seeds. Many times he took him to the woods for the purpose of pointing out the different kinds of trees, and teaching him their names.

When Carl was six years of age, he was taught the Latin names of the plants and flowers that grew about him. He found the Latin names difficult to remember, and wished to give up trying to learn them.

"Try to conquer difficulties, my son," said his father, "you know how much of your success in life may depend upon that little word try."

Thus encouraged, the child persevered, and at last his botany lessons grew easier to him, and he found real pleasure in them. While yet a youth he determined to devote himself to the study of natural history. He told his father what he wished to do, and asked that, if possible, he might be sent to the University of Upsal to prosecute his studies.

"My income is so small," his father replied, "that the most I could possibly allow you would be but \$40 a year. How could you live on that at Upsal?"

"Thanks to my early training," said the young man, "I will at least try to conquer difficulties."

He went to the university and took up his chosen study; but so great was his destination while trying to finish his education, that he often had not enough to eat. His clothes after a time became very shabby, and he mended his shoes time after time with folds of brown paper. Yet he diligently persevered, never once swerving from his purpose.

At last he was rewarded by a scholarship, which slightly increased his income, and soon afterward, having attracted the notice of some of the university professors by his untiring industry, they got private pupils for him. Then the professor of botany appointed him his deputy lecturer, took him into his home as tutor to his children, and gave him free access to a fine library and a collection of drawings.

Encouraged beyond all expectation Linnaeus worked faithfully on, completed his education and went to live in Stockholm. There he was employed by the government to deliver lectures on botany and mineralogy. He wrote books on the subject that were read and greatly admired. His fame as a botanist spread throughout Europe, and he was styled the "Father of Natural History."

His works on botany are particularly

famed for his system of names—a system by which every known plant can be spoken in two Latin words. He rose steadily in his profession, and was at length appointed professor of botany in the University of Upsal, where, in other days he had studied as a half-clad, half-starved youth. This position in the university he filled with honor and renown for a period of 37 years. He died at the age of 71, and was buried in the cathedral of Upsal. His death caused general mourning throughout his native land, and Gustavus III caused a medal to be struck expressive of the public loss, and in a speech from the throne he introduced the subject, regarding the death of Linnaeus as a national calamity.

The Story of Wednesday.

The story of Wednesday is the story of a Scandinavian god. His name is Woden, or as he is more often called, Odin.

Wednesday used to be called Woden's day, and from that has gradually been changed into Wednesday.

Odin was the greatest of all the Scandinavian gods and is often called the All-Father.

He lived in a beautiful gold and silver palace called Valhalla. In this palace he had a great throne, and when he was seated on that he could look over heaven and earth.

But even that did not seem to be enough for Odin, for on his shoulders he kept two ravens. They were named Hugin and Munin.

And what do you suppose was their duty. Every day they were obliged to fly over the world. And when they came back they had to tell all they had seen and heard.

So you see there is nothing that went on that Odin did not know.

Like the Romans, Odin was very fond of giving feasts. That seemed odd, too, for he ate nothing himself. All he ever took by way of refreshment was a drink called mead.

There was another strange thing about Odin's feasts. No one could be invited unless he had been killed in battle.

He said they were only for heroes; but some of us think that it is possible to be a hero without going to war.

They always had the same thing for dinner at these feasts, the boar Schrimmir.

This is hard for us to understand, for when we have meat cooked and eaten that is the end of it. But though this animal was roasted and served up every morning, it grew again every night.

To be polite they would offer some of the meat to Odin, but as he never ate it, it was given always to two wolves who lay at his feet.

Do you wonder how they got their guests? In the palace of Odin lived many maidens called Valkyrior.

They have beautiful horses to ride and are armed with shields and helmets and spears just as if they were soldiers. But they are not.

Still whenever there was a battle on earth Odin sent these maidens down to choose which men should be killed and to bring them to him in the Valhalla.

Sometimes, perhaps, you have seen a bright light in the sky. You have wondered what it could be for it was quite too late for the sunset.

Then you have been told that it was the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights, and your papa or teacher has tried to explain to you what causes them.

If you understand you are much wiser than the Norsemen, for when they used to see it, they thought it was made by the light shining on the armor of these maidens as they started on their journey.

Even to this day, if you should go to Denmark, or Sweden, or Norway, you would see stones covered with curious little letters that look like sticks.

These are called Runic letters, and the people once thought they were made by Odin. Of course now they have grown wise enough to know that Odin never lived.

Not long ago the people really had many little sticks called Runes. When they wanted to know what was about to happen, they used to shake the sticks up together much as we do when we play jack-straws. I fancy.

They would study the sticks as they fell, and think they formed letters and words that told what was going to happen. And yet I think their prophecies were no more likely to come true than these of the Roman augur.

I suppose you are each thinking to yourself that they were very stupid to try to make words of sticks, and that you know much better than that.

To be sure you do little lads and lasses, but your parents have always been taught not to believe such things.

So perhaps that is the reason you are so much wiser and more sensible than the people of long ago.—The Favorite.

An Apple Eater.

During a visit to the south of England a gentleman was met with who related a unique and most interesting experience in dietetics. It was that for the last three years he had lived on one meal a day, and that meal was composed chiefly of apples. Further astonishment was evoked by the reply to my question as to what he drank, when he supplied him with all the moisture or drink he needed. This, he claimed, was of the purest kind, being in reality water distilled by nature and flavored with the pleasant aroma of the apple. He partook of the one meal about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, eating what he felt satisfied him, the meal occupying him from 20 minutes to half an hour. He looked the picture of healthful manhood, and is engaged daily in literary work.—Chambers' Journal.



UNITED STATES CAVALRY IN PLAZA AT INDAN—THE CHURCH IS IN THE CENTRE AND AN INSURGENT HOSPITAL ON THE RIGHT.

the files of a daily paper, and doubtless far from complete, shows that about forty men have been captured by the insurgents in the last forty

troop commanders, and then the first troop. Each cavalry regiment consists of twelve troops of 100 men each, the regiment being divided equally