

WHEN BOYS WERE MEN

By JOHN HABBERTON.

Author of "Helen's Babies," "George Washington," Etc.

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CHAPTER I. SACKET AND SPUR.

FEW years ago, when war was the most active of American industries and the supply of men and material was never equal to the demand, my friend, Charley Brainerd, and I, with a lot of other Summerton boys, joined a militia regiment which had been hastily called to the front. Not one of us was killed, and at the end of our three months' term of service the stupidest of us knew more about military life and duty than any of our officers when we first took the field, so several of us thought it our duty to re-enter the army and help save the nation.

We knew exactly how to do it: we knew almost everything in those days, for the youngest of us was fully 18 years of age, and one was almost 20. On being mustered out of the militia service we were to enlist in the Thirty-eighth cavalry, a regiment then being formed about a veteran battalion of troopers near whom we had camped and whom we greatly admired. No more tramping for us, with a musket on one shoulder and a knapsack on both, while the nation was willing to provide horses for such of its defenders as knew how to ride!

Immediately after enlisting we were to go to recruiting. The government was begging for men and, with state and local authorities, was offering large cash bounties by way of persuasion. We would do all we could to help the government to increase the army; we would also do all we could for ourselves while recruiting, for at that time and during the remainder of the civil war the only way to become a commissioned officer in a new regiment was to persuade some men to enlist and then see carefully to it that they were mustered into the service. Although there was no law defining this method, there was a general understanding which was fairly lived up to by the authorities. A man who could "raise" 50 recruits might feel assured of a captain's commission, 30 would secure a first lieutenant and 20 a second lieutenant.

Any one who could persuade half a dozen men to enlist could become a sergeant, a position not to be despised in a fighting regiment could the sergeant himself succeed in not being shot, for after a regiment was sent to fighting the officers who were killed or otherwise disposed of were replaced by deserving noncommissioned officers. I was so sure of becoming a lieutenant that I had myself measured for an officer's uniform before I ceased to be a private in the Ninety-ninth militia. Had not 27 members of our company promised to enlist under me if I would enter the Thirty-eighth cavalry? They did it with their eyes open, for all of them had seen what there was of the Thirty-eighth and they admired it as much as I. Their willingness to serve under me did not imply that they regarded me as a military genius or a born leader of men. It meant only that my father's little farm, at the edge of our town, contained the largest assortment of fruit trees in all Summerton, that I had never said "No" to any acquaintance who longed for apples, pears, cherries or plums, and that small boys have large memories. Besides, my cousin May, who had always lived with us, was greatly admired by all the boys whom I knew, and it had long been the fashion to be obliging to a cousin who was the cousin of so nice girl.

But this resolution did not cheer Brainerd any, and he felt worse an hour later when the three of us who had passed the mustering officer were looking at one another in new cavalry uniforms, while he was in civilian dress. He felt still worse when we all went back to Summerton and took supper together at our house, for my cousin May noticed him scarcely at all, but was very agreeable to Hamilton.

The next day, by special permission of the major, Hamilton, Cloyne and I opened a recruiting office at Summerton. Brainerd attached himself to us as a sort of civilian aid. He said if he wasn't to be a soldier and fight there was the more reason why he should try to persuade other men to enlist. I immediately notified 27 men that the roll was ready for them to sign. Hamilton and Cloyne had previously looked at my list and assured me that they would not accept any of these men without specially crediting them to me.

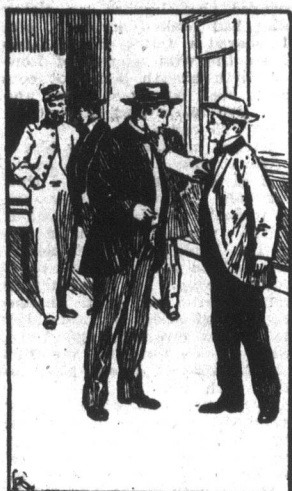
But somehow none of them made haste to sign. Some had heard that larger bounties were being offered in other towns or states, so they were going to look about carefully and do the best they could for themselves; others had themselves seen the cavalry major and obtained promises of commissions if they would raise men; still others had heard that so many men were enlisting from day to day that wages for work at home were going to be much better. Several had spent their final pay from the Ninety-ninth for drink and been picked up, enlisted and mustered for other regiments before they became sober.

Well, to make a long story short, not one of the 27 did I ever secure for the

work in the recruiting business, let us all enlist as private soldiers in the Thirty-eighth before we begin business, so our men may feel sure that we are in the service to stay. There is quite a lot of money offered in the form of bounties to recruits. It amounts to several hundred dollars per man. Instead of pocketing it, let us divide it among the men who enlist with us. That ought to give us some advantage over other recruiting officers.

We agreed to follow Phil's advice. Brainerd offered to use his bounty in the same way, although he did not expect to be an officer. He wanted to become a minister after the war ended, and he said he didn't wish to expose himself to any temptation that might alienate him from his purpose.

We four enlisted together at the regiment's recruiting headquarters in



"Don't be dismal, Jack."

New York, but Brainerd, who hurried back home to see his sick mother, did not reach the medical examiner as soon as we. After Hamilton, Cloyne and I had been accepted and sworn into service we spent a pleasant hour or two at the regiment's recruiting headquarters chatting with the officer in charge, who was to be major of one of the regiment's two new battalions. In the course of time Brainerd crept in, looking so dismal that I at once asked him whether his mother was much worse.

"That isn't the trouble," said he. "The surgeon has rejected me. He says I'm under the regulation height and too slight for service anyway."

Suddenly the whole world looked dark to me. Brainerd was my dearest friend, and my cousin May was very fond of him, although Phil Hamilton—handsome, rich, stylish Phil—was one of her most devoted admirers. The idea of going to the war again, and for three years, without Brainerd being where I could see him every day was too dreadful to be thought of. My feelings must have got into my face, for Brainerd put on a ghost of a smile and said:

"Don't be dismal, Jack, for now you'll have the chance to do all the fighting for both of us."

This ought to have comforted my patriotic soul, but it didn't. I was so disloyal to my new vows as to declare that if Brainerd was not allowed to enter the Thirty-eighth I wouldn't go either. I would do all in my power to raise men to defend the Union, but afterward I would run away, and Brainerd and I would go to some other state and enlist together, where Charley's smallness of stature might not be against him.

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But somehow none of them made haste to sign. Some had heard that larger bounties were being offered in other towns or states, so they were going to look about carefully and do the best they could for themselves; others had themselves seen the cavalry major and obtained promises of commissions if they would raise men; still others had heard that so many men were enlisting from day to day that wages for work at home were going to be much better. Several had spent their final pay from the Ninety-ninth for drink and been picked up, enlisted and mustered for other regiments before they became sober.

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cavalry. Hamilton tried to comfort me by crediting me with Cruse and Whyde, two of our militia comrades who declared they would not have enlisted had it not been for me; but, as Cruse's parents refused to sign the certificate necessary in the case of minors who enlisted, Cruse was released from his promise. Whyde went swimming one day in water too deep for him and was buried three days later with such military honors as Summerton could extort.

For the week after my re-enlistment my heart was as heavy as if it had been filled with bullets. No recruits, no chance of a commission; worse than all, no prospect of having Brainerd with me during the three years to come. I was too downhearted to notice that Hamilton and Cloyne were not in their usual spirits, but one day, as the three of us sat in the vacant store in which we had our recruiting office and stared gloomily at the roll which was still blank except for our own names, Brainerd came in, looked at us and said abruptly:

"If you fellows don't get your spirits up in some way, you'll never find the government any soldiers, and you won't be fit to be soldiers yourselves."

The looks that were fixed upon him quickly by three pairs of angry eyes ought to have scorched him and made him shrivel. But they didn't, for he went on:

"You haven't got anybody by sitting here or strutting around the village. Why don't you go about everywhere and talk your best? Why, there's Mick McTwyne, a village rowdy, who's working for a sergeant's position in the same regiment—he's enlisted seven men out of the fire engine company alone!"

"Mick McTwyne?" exclaimed Cloyne, springing to his feet.

"That ignorant ruffian!" shouted Hamilton, also rising hastily. "Has he the impudence to want to be a sergeant in our regiment—perhaps our very company?"

"Yes," said Brainerd, "and he'll be one, too, if he keeps on as he's begun. I didn't say much, I couldn't. A whole dictionary could scarcely have supplied words to express what I felt. For awhile, as I imagined Mick in camp in a sergeant's uniform and myself a private in the same company and subject to his orders, I wished it had been I instead of poor Whyde who had been drowned. Hamilton and Cloyne began to pace the floor like tigers in a cage. Suddenly Hamilton stopped and exclaimed:

"There's but one way out of it. We must get more men at any cost. I'll have a handbill printed at once and circulated throughout the county saying that larger bounties will be paid at this office than at any other in the United States. 'Twill cost all the money and property I have, I suppose, but I'd rather lose my last dollar than go out again in the ranks with a beast like Mick McTwyne in authority over me."

"I'll distribute your handbills," said Brainerd.

That boy's faculty for seeing what ought to be done always persisted in cropping out just when I wasn't in condition to see anything whatever. Pretty soon, however, the old worry about soldiering under Mick McTwyne and of being three years without Brainerd's society came back to me, fully prepared to stay and make itself disagreeable.

I don't know how I should have lived through those days if it hadn't been for my saber and spurs and the chance to display them on horseback. Arms were not given out at recruiting stations. We were told, when we received our uniforms, we would have to wait until we reached the regiment for sabers, revolvers, carbines and ammunition, but I learned that there was no law against a soldier purchasing for himself such arms as his branch of the service used, so I bought a saber and belt and took great comfort from the clank of the saber as I dragged it after me in dismounted cavalry fashion. Then I bought a pair of spurs, and as my father lent me a horse with which to ride about to look for recruits, I had the pleasure of feeling that I was the first cavalry soldier that had been seen in our county since the Revolutionary



I went head first over his shoulders.

war ended. I enjoyed my spurs, too, after I learned not to strike their teeth into my trousers legs. Our horse Rover did not agree with me. For several years I had found him entirely trustworthy under the saddle, but one day when I was approaching a country store in front of which stood several men, among whom I hoped to find at least one recruit, I gave Rover the spurs so as to dash up to the group in fine style and make them fall to admiring the cavalry service. Rover had never before felt a spur, and as he was a thoughtful, sagacious animal, he stopped short, turned his head and looked

at his sides to see what had caused the new sensation.

"Get up, Rover!" said I. He resumed the gentle pace at which he had been traveling, but we were now only a few rods from the store, so I again used the spurs. Rover bounded wildly forward. Then he reared his hind quarters high in the air. I went head first over his shoulders, neck and ears, and almost before I knew what had happened I was on my face and breast in a disgusting puddle such as is always found by the pump in front of a country store. At the same time I heard a chorus of hard laughter, and as I picked myself up and rubbed the mud from my face a man in the crowd drawled:

"That boss 'pears to be a rebel sympathiser, colonel!"

I lost all interest in the war for a few moments; being called "colonel" didn't comfort me at all. I didn't ask any one to join the Thirty-eighth, I merely picked up my cap, mounted Rover and went on as if my errand would carry me farther. Even then my humiliation was not complete, for some one shouted:

"Hahn't ye better take yer frog stick'er with ye?"

I looked back and saw one of the men with my saber in his hand. It had fallen from the scabbard as I went down. As I rode back to get it the man who held it was trying the edge with his thumb.

"That won't make no reb feel unhappy," said the fellow as he handed me the weapon. "It's got an edge like the back of a hoe."

I sheathed the sword and passed on without even saying "Thank you." I rode until I reached a bit of wooded land. There I dismounted, removed my spurs and buried them in the hollow of a rotten stump, where I found them after the war ended. They hang in my bedroom now to give me a friendly warning whenever I am tempted to put on airs about anything.

CHAPTER II. THE UNEXPECTED, WHICH FREQUENTLY HAPPENS.

RECRUITING at Summerton went on slowly in spite of our new efforts and of Phil Hamilton's money. There were many reasons for the lack of recruits, and each new reason as we were brought face to face with it proved depressing. First, it became evident that all of our fellow townsmen who really wanted to go to the war had already enlisted. Again, offers of bounties had increased so rapidly that men who looked at soldiering as a mere matter of hire and pay were waiting for higher offers to come.

Besides, the old patriotic enthusiasm which had caused men to enlist at the first notice of a new call for volunteers had entirely disappeared, perhaps because an end had been put to the early impression that the war would be only a sort of picnic, ending in the speedy suppression of southern malcontents. Worse still, increasing taxation was causing a number of the earlier hot blooded patriots to become very cool and conservative and wonder whether the north hadn't perhaps been too hasty and whether the disagreement might not better be settled by words than bullets.

Yet none of these depressing influences seemed to affect the class of men among whom Mick McTwyne was working, for Mick's list had crept along until he had a full dozen of men enlisted and sworn in. They were the 12 worst characters of Summerton, and the natives rejoiced to learn that they were to go where they might be effectively killed. I had my doubts as to their value to the Union cause, although Cloyne said they would be as useful as better men in the work of stopping bullets and that a barroom loafer often fought better than an accomplished gentleman.

As for Hamilton, Cloyne and me, we got less than a dozen men between us in the three weeks in which we worked at Summerton and its vicinity. Another personal discouragement slowly worked its way after each trip that any of us made to headquarters in the city. We found at the major's office from time to time about 25 quite fine fellows, all of whom were trying to get recruits, all hoping or expecting to be made officers, yet the entire number of commissions, including the major's own, could be but 13 to the battalion. How were the conflicting claims to be adjusted and by whom? I asked Cloyne this question, and he replied sadly:

"There'll be no claims to adjust unless the other claimants are getting more recruits than we."

It seemed he was right. If Hamilton's wild offer could not bring men to our office, how were poorer men to secure recruits? Yet Mick McTwyne—ah, there was a mysterious, provoking, enraging, affrighting puzzle!

When I hadn't my own disappointments in mind, I couldn't help worrying over affairs at home. My father and mother grew more and more silent. Little Ned complained that there was no one to play with him, and my cousin May was becoming more deeply interested in Hamilton and Brainerd. Which she liked best I could not discover—probably because May herself did not know. She wasn't old enough to know. She treated Brainerd as an adult and gentleman. She was right in both cases, but I couldn't help seeing that both of my comrades were very fond of her, and I feared that when the time for parting came one of them would have to suffer greatly. Which would it be? I could not tell for the life of me tell for which I would feel worst should he be the least favored.

One day word came by mail that the major would like to see all of us at

headquarters the next day about noon if entirely convenient to us.

"That looks as if we were to have commissions in spite of our small success at recruiting," said Hamilton. "Officers aren't in the habit of saying 'entirely convenient' to privates when they've any orders to give. Between ourselves, I've been asking my father to use a little family and political influence with the governor to get us commissions, either in our own regiment or elsewhere, and this may be the outcome of it."

"More power to his elbow then," said Cloyne, "if it isn't."

Somehow we all were more hopeful for the remainder of the day, and I would have felt entirely cheerful were it not for the thought that whether officer or private I should still be deprived of Brainerd's companionship for three years.

Suddenly there came to my mind a plan which was irregular and shocking, yet which made me wildly gleeful in an instant. The medical examiner had to see daily hundreds of different recruits of all ages, sizes and differences of appearance. His memory certainly could not recall Brainerd's appearance, and he was again to examine him. Suppose I went to enroll Brainerd again, take him to headquarters, have his name put on the day's list of recruits to go before the surgeon and then, before that functionary were reached, substitute myself for Brainerd in the squad, answer to his name when the surgeon called for him and be examined in his stead? Then Brainerd could go on with the new squad, none of whom would know us apart, to the mustering officer and be sworn in.

The plan looked deceitful enough to appear about as bad as treason, but I was equal to any wildness for the sake of having my old chum in the army with me. I did not tell Brainerd the whole of it, but I asked him to let me enroll him again and see if the surgeon might not find him a little taller and stouter than before. The poor fellow was willing, but he had not much hope. Brainerd and I hurried to headquarters very early the next morning. I had heard that the old surgeon who always was on duty there would do anything for \$5, so I took him aside, told him of my plan and offered him a \$10 bill to help me through. I was about to explain further how good a soldier Brainerd had been and how much more useful I would be to my country if I could have my old friend with me, but the veteran scoundrel cut me short with:

"That'll do. The \$10 is explanation enough."

Then he made out the day's list, which didn't take long, as there were only three recruits besides Charley. He explained to me that with Brainerd's name on the list he was giving my height, age and particulars of personal appearance. Then he told me to hurry myself into civilian's dress. I had not such clothing in town, but from some cast off coats and trousers at head-



Charley smiled sadly and leaned against a door-casting.

quarters I selected a suit, and away we went, Brainerd walking beside me. When we reached the examiner's office, I asked Brainerd to wait outside a few moments while I could speak a few words with the surgeon, with whom I thought I might have some influence. Charley smiled sadly and leaned against a door-casting, while I entered, with my heart beating so violently that I feared it might burst before the surgeon could examine it. At last came the call:

"Charles Brainerd!"

"Here!" I shouted. The surgeon looked at the list and then at me, at which I began to tremble guiltily and wondered how soon I would be shot or hanged after discovery. But the surgeon went on with his examination, exactly as he had done three weeks before, and then he marked the list and gave it to the sergeant with the words:

"All accepted."

The sergeant dug his fist into my ribs as we passed out. His fist was big, and he used it with thoughtless vigor, but I imagined there was much more force in a similar familiarity I bestowed upon Brainerd as we rejoined him, and the old sergeant said:

"Come along."

"Won't he even see me?" asked Charley pitifully, as we marched toward the mustering officer's quarters.

"He's changed his mind about you," I explained. "All you now need, to be a soldier once more, is to take the oath and be mustered in."

"Hurrah!" shouted Charley, with a glad look which I thought absolved me at once of whatever crime I had for his sake committed. "Let's run!"

There was no chance to run, the two officers being near each other. At the mustering officer's it was my turn to stand outside, but I got near enough to look through the door, and I wished all Summerton might be there with me to see how handsome and manly a little, thin, flat chested, round shouldered

yellow could look when his heart was full of honest joy.

And how glorious it was to help select a uniform for Brainerd when he returned to headquarters! True, his trousers had to be turned up several inches to clear the floor, and the collar of his jacket had to be turned down until none of the yellow braid could be seen, and the row of buttons on the front, which should have reached only his waist, seemed to descend half way to his knees. Still, he was a member of the Thirty-eighth, duly sworn and mustered, and nothing but death or the end of the war could change the situation. How I did wish my brilliant plan had occurred to me sooner, so that Hamilton's father might have used his influence with the governor in Brainerd's favor also!

After I got into my uniform again we sat and talked and planned as happily as if we were going into possession of unexpected riches instead of to war and possible death. The wicked old sergeant strolled to and fro in front of us, smoking his pipe and eying us strangely. Suddenly he stopped in front of us and blurted out:

"I never struck a couple like you before. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll take you both out and get you drunk at my own expense."

We declined, with thanks, explaining that we expected to be quite busy for an hour or two, as we had to make some purchases and I had an engagement at noon with the major, whom I didn't like to disappoint.

"Oh, no; of course not," he replied, with a grim grin. "I wouldn't keep the major waiting for anything if I were you. But, say—here he drew me aside and pressed something into my hand—"you'll take back your \$10 anyhow."

I tried to decline, but he said that if I didn't take the money he'd light his pipe with it. He insisted that he already had pay enough for his trouble, and when I replied that I couldn't see how, he called me a fool. He put a lot of uncomplimentary adjectives in front of the "fool" too.

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