

HISPANO-AMERICAN STRUGGLE

Some of the Dire Consequences of War.

More Warships to be Built—The Terrible Condition of the Families of Soldiers—Dr. Shradly Speaks of Modern Methods of Warfare.

A well known contributor to the New York Herald, under the title of "The Social Aftermath of War and its Worst Consequence," presents the following pen picture of the terrible results which follow in the wake of such conflicts as that now going on between Spain and the United States. He says:

The interesting and convincing exposition of facts in last Sunday's Herald, showing that the war has very materially reduced crime in New York, has as its corollary, if we can believe in the experience of the past, the certainty that the return of peace will find crime greatly increased and society generally demoralized. This was the case after the civil war, and the demoralization lasted for several years in an acute stage, and the whole generation which was arriving at maturity while that war was in progress was most seriously affected. Crime during war is reduced in the cities by reason of the fact that the most restless spirits in society go off to the front and are there restrained by military discipline, it would seem a natural sequence that this restraining discipline would have an abiding good result, and that those turbulent fellows who have been subject to it would come back home formed into more stability, and reformed out of habits of dissipation.

This may be the case to a great extent. It is very certain that military life in time of war is not calculated to do any harm to men who are already bad. But how about the tens of thousands of young fellows who go away from home and from their peaceful occupations just at the formative period of life, just when they are neither men nor boys? It is upon these that war has its greatest effect, and these constitute the bulk of the fellows who go into the camps.

It may be that so many camps and regiments exist that when they have gone into camp police justices are not kept busy, but while one camp puts on the uniform of his country and engages to fight under the flag, there are a hundred homes, young chaps to whom good motives are native and with whom patriotism is so a matter of course that they go gladly to do whatever duty they may be called upon to perform.

Now these are the men who make up the army in times of war, and these are the men who must come back—that is, some of these men must come back—to resume the occupations of peace. In very many, no doubt, the native sturdiness of character will be developed into an even tougher strength. To learn to obey is to know, also, how to command. These will be benefited, these will be better citizens for their army experience.

But what of the small percentage of weaklings, men only half capable of taking care of themselves under the most favorable circumstances. From this small percentage will come those who will assist in a social and political demoralization that is sure to follow the war in which we are now engaged. They will represent to the end of the chapter the class of men who, having served brief periods in the civil war, have continued to wear military hats to this time, while living in great measure from the too generous pension fund of the country.

With the weaklings and the incapable military discipline is most excellent while it lasts. But in the quieter times of peace, when the volunteers have been mustered out of service, there are no officers to keep these men up to the mark; there are no articles of war which may not be disobeyed. They are left to their own flabby resources and I can well recall what sad havoc they made of both society and politics when the armies were disbanded in 1865.

The social condition was bad even in the South, where the men returned to ruined homes and to poverty not far removed from starvation. The definite restraints having been removed, the repressed human nature which could only express itself in action and in battle, spoke in lawless words and still more lawless deeds, and when the acts of some of these returned warriors is recalled it is impossible to subscribe with entire heartiness to the old sentiment:—

The bravest are the tenderest, The loving are the daring.

I trust I will not be misunderstood in what I have said. Crime has been reduced in the cities because so many of the disorderly members of society have gone into the war. But such persons do not constitute one per cent of the army. Some ten per cent of those who come back will come back spoiled by camp life for the walks of peace. These are those who are likely to play the mischief when the battle flags shall again be put away in the armories. The great bulk of the soldiers will come back better men and better citizens for the experience which will work such grave harm to the small minority. This small minority will, however, be great enough, and years will pass before their influence will have passed away.

During the civil war and just after it scant attention was paid to the education of either boys or girls. They grew to manhood and womanhood not nearly so well equipped as they should have been. A man or a woman without those resources which come from cultivation is an easy prey for the tempter, that ingenious and often very pleasant gentleman who finds work for idle hands to do. This war probably will not last long enough seriously to affect our institutions of learning, but, as all of us know, all the colleges have sent young men out and of them probably few will return to complete their course. In most instances this interruption of scholastic study for the training of the camp will

do no harm, but in the cases of the types I have described the chance is likely to be most serious. War is awful while it lasts, though great present and future good may come of it; but the demoralization which follows in its wake is utterly and hopelessly bad.

More War Ships.

The report comes from Washington that the Navy Department issued advertisements on Saturday last, calling for proposals for building the great battle-ships authorized by the last naval appropriation bill. These bids will be opened at the department Sept. 1, and thirty-three months will be allowed for the completion of the ships after contract. Bidders are invited to specify the time within which they can complete the construction, which indicates the purpose of the department to regard speedy construction as one of the determining factors in awarding the contract. The time allowed is about three months less than the period fixed in preceding contracts.

Grasping Landlords.

The agents of the New York Soldiers' Families' Protective Association are finding scenes of wretched poverty as the result of the war. Entire incomes were cut off from the families when husbands, fathers and sons went to the front. Nobody can tell of the wearing anxiety of those families in waiting for the soldiers' pay which does not come. Besides, the agents of the association find many instances in which landlords are pushing those sufferers to the wall, compelling them to sell furniture to keep a roof over their heads, and finally throwing them into the streets. One agent told yesterday of a case in which a landlord had told a tenant who had not paid her rent that she could be arrested if she removed a piece of furniture from her rooms until the rent was paid.

An exchange, in referring to the action of these landlords, says:—The landlords can do no better or more patriotic service at this time than to wait until the soldiers have received their pay from the Government before making final and pre-emptory demands for their rent.

The work of the association grows each day. The mails bring more letters asking for assistance, however small, and the office of the organization is visited by many wives and mothers who have reached the limit of distress and hunger. One woman, who lives in West Thirty-second street, writing to the Secretary, says:—

"My husband is off with the Ninth Regiment. I have three children, and am left without one penny in the house. My husband has not been paid. I owe \$9.50 rent, and that has not been paid. I don't know what I am going to do. I have not a cent of money to buy food. I would be very thankful to you if you could relieve me."

Another pitiful story was written by a soldier's wife on Willis avenue:— "I write to let you know that my husband has gone with the Sixty-ninth Regiment. I am sick and in want of medical attendance. I have not a cent to buy anything. I have sold all of the furniture that I could sell. I did not want to be a burden on anybody but I cannot help it now."

"My rent is due and I don't know what I can do if you won't be kind enough to help me till I get money from my husband. I have been sick all winter, and have not been able to work."

Dr. Shradly Speaks of Modern Methods.

In an interview with a reporter of an American journal Dr. George F. Shradly, President of the Red Cross Society and editor of the Medical Record, in speaking of the modern methods of warfare, said that they have eliminated the element of personal bravery. "The puniest of men may stand by a cannon, take his range, touch a button and destroy a thousand lives."

"In the civil war methods were different. Except as obscured by the smoke of battle, soldiers could see their foes and their weapons. There were no giant machines for hurling tons of death dealing iron and steel through the air from points miles and miles away. When the 'Swamp Angel' came into existence we all thought it was a marvel, and yet it was nothing compared with modern engines of war."

"In those times, as my own experience taught me, in observing the men who fought, the number of dead and wounded often depended largely upon the personal conduct of the soldiers themselves. There was no machine for dealing out bullets by wholesale, and therefore, the effect was regulated infinitely more by circumstances than it is today."

Slaughter by Machine.

"The soldier who goes into battle in our present war with Spain must face a storm of bullets which are as apt to come from half a dozen machine guns as from a regiment of soldiers. These bullets cover so wide a range that it is almost like a cross fire at times. The soldiers are unable to protect themselves as they did in the old days when there was a bullet for every gun and no more. In spite of all this, however, I am inclined to think that our modern methods are more merciful, for a man's chance to be hit by a bullet and live are better than they were."

AN EXPLANATION.

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A schoolmistress last week offered a prize to the scholar who came to the school with the cleanest face. We are assured that she did not know half her pupils next day.

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The Brigand's God-Child.

By a Subscriber to The "True Witness."

AT some distance from the city of Seville, in Spain, once dwelt an honest and religious peasant who was blessed with a family of twelve healthy children, and, at the date of our story, was in expectation of the thirteenth. As the support of this numerous family depended entirely upon the scanty earnings of the peasant, it may be readily understood that they were not encumbered with many of the luxuries of life. Unlike most of his neighbours he had not a piece of land to cultivate, but procured bread, such as it was, for his wife and children by working on the public roads. The small pay he got in this occupation was sufficient only to supply his family with the barest necessities, and as he had been lately discharged, for some unknown reason, by his employer, it was feared that the advent of No. thirteen would not be attended with very joyful demonstrations. The poor man saw his family almost starving, and unable to render them the least assistance. Since he could find no employment, he wandered forth from his cottage into a dense forest which lay not far from his home.

The excess of his grief rendered him almost unconscious of what he was doing, and in this state of mind he strayed on till, late in the evening, he found himself entering some dark place that had the appearance of a cave. The sudden change from light to darkness had the effect of restoring him to a proper sense of his situation, and turning quickly around, he was about to retrace his steps when he felt himself roughly seized by a powerful arm, and before he had time to make any resistance was thrown violently on the ground.

This sudden shock almost frightened the poor peasant out of his senses, but having become by this time somewhat accustomed to the partial obscurity of the cave, he saw, to his horror, a fierce looking man standing over his prostrate body with a gleaming sabre in his hand. It is unnecessary to say that the peasant now wished that he was once more safe within his own humble cottage, although poverty did reign there.

Considering, however, that he must make the best of his situation, he did not offer the slightest resistance, well knowing how rash would be the attempt, and that without doubt, if he did so, his life would pay the penalty. He therefore feebly supplicated the robber, or such he evidently was—to spare his life; that he had no bad intention, and that it was unconsciously he had entered the cave. Upon hearing this the bandit allowed him to rise and the trembling peasant soon made known to him his sorrowful story. During the time that the conversation was going on many others of the bandits, who had been out of the cave, and after saluting the person whom the peasant was addressing, they stood around listening to his story.

The brigand captain was much moved by the lamentable tale, and commiserated his prisoner on the mistreatment that oppressed him. Though he was a robber, and the captain of the desperate gang, his heart sympathized with the poverty-stricken creature before him, and in order to remove his present difficulties, and procure food for his starving family he gave him a purse of gold, requesting at the same time that he would be allowed to stand as godfather for the expected child of the peasant. This was, of course, readily granted, and the poor man set out for home with a heart overflowing with gladness and gratitude. He reverently thanked Heaven for the timely assistance that he had so unexpectedly received, and soon reached his cabin, which he entered just in time to welcome the new-comer. As may be readily supposed, the news brought by the father created not a little joy in the hearts of the children, who gathered around him to hear his dangerous but fortunate adventure. As so it was the good man had obtained food and other necessities for his family, he immediately returned to the cave to acquaint the brigand with the birth of his intended god-child. In a few days after the baptismal ceremony took place in the neighboring church, and the robber captain, according to promise, became godfather to the infant son of the worthy peasant.

When the christening was over the captain accompanied the poor man and his wife to their humble cottage, where he partook of a very comfortable dinner with his friends, and remained a great part of the day. Before leaving in the evening he presented the father with a bag of gold for his god child, and left another for the use of the whole family. The peasant and his wife could scarcely believe that this good fortune was not all a dream, but heartily thanked again and again the kind-hearted robber for his generous liberality. The young stranger, who had brought so much good luck with him to his needy parents, did not remain long with them, for he died when little more than a month old. But now we must follow the little cherub to the portals of Paradise, where, borne by a bright angel, he soon arrived. On reaching the gate, which swung round on its 'golden hinges' to receive him, and near which St. Peter was standing to bid him welcome, he refused to enter till the Saint would grant him permission to return and bring with him his god-father. At this proposal the celestial porter smiled sadly, and told the little petitioner that as the person he alluded to was leading a very wicked life, his request could not be granted, telling him at the same time to come in himself, and leave such a sinful man to God.

'Yes,' answered the earnest suppliant, 'but I know that if you intercede for me, God will allow him to come here with me, for he has been so kind and good to my dear father.' Just at this moment the Blessed Virgin chanced to pass that way, and, seeing the stranger, enquired why he did not come in. 'Oh,' said the little angel, with tears in his eyes, 'I want to bring my kind god-father with me, for I know well that if I don't he can never get in.' Then, falling on his tiny knees and clasping his little hands, he beseechingly implored the Queen of Heaven to grant his request.

'My dear child,' said the ever merciful Mar. 'I cannot remain dead to your earnest appeal, stay where you are a moment till I return.' In a short time she came back bearing in her hand a golden chalice. This she presented, with a benignant smile, to the little cherub, saying, 'take this to your god father, and when he shall have filled it with tears of repentance, you may bring him with you to Heaven.' The little fellow, after returning his sincerest thanks, spread forth his shining wings, and sped back again to earth for his god-father. He found the brigand captain fast asleep upon a rock, and dreaming of the child whom he used to love so tenderly, and whose memory he still cherished though passed away from earth. Suddenly he felt a gentle tap on the shoulder, and opening his eyes he beheld, to his fear and astonishment, a bright angel leaning over him, in whose hand was a beautiful chalice, so bright that he could hardly bear to look at it. Starting up, he was about to run away when the bright spirit thus addressed him: 'Fear not, I am your godchild who am come to bring you to Heaven, but before you will be permitted to enter, this cup must be filled with repentant tears.' He then, morned the robber of the kindness shown him by the Blessed Virgin, of Her promise to admit him to Paradise on the condition mentioned, and also of his entreaty with St. Peter.

EASY QUICK WORK SNOWY WHITE CLOTHES. SURPRISE SOAP MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

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TO SAVE TIME. During the great strike a few years ago among the employes of the North British Railway much difficulty was experienced in finding qualified engine drivers. Upon one occasion a young fellow was put upon a section in Fife. One day he ran some distance past a station, and upon putting back he went as far the other way. The station master, seeing him preparing for another attempt, to the great amusement of the passengers on the platform, shouted:— 'Just hide whaur ye are, Tommas. We'll shift the station.'—Fid-Tit.

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St. Ann's Young Men's Society. Organized 1885. Meets in its hall, 15 Ottawa Street, on the first Sunday of each month at 8 o'clock, p.m. Officers: President, REV. R. S. TRUBBICK; Secretary, JOHN WHITTY; Treasurer, D. J. O'NEILL; Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. Whitty, D. O'Sullivan and M. Casey.

Ancient Order of Hibernians. DIVISION No. 2. Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church, corner Centre and Laprairie Streets, on the 2nd and 4th Fridays of each month at 8 o'clock. Officers: ANTHONY HUNN, Recording Secretary; THOMAS SMITH, Treasurer; J. J. O'NEILL, President; JOHN WHITTY, Secretary; D. J. O'NEILL, Delegates to St. Patrick's League: A. Dunn, M. Lynch and B. Coleman.

A.O.H.—Division No. 3. Meets in the hall, 4th Monday of each month, at 8 o'clock, in the hall, 150 St. James Street. Officers: J. W. WOOD, President; P. Carroll, Vice-President; John Hinchey, Recording Secretary; Wm. Rawley, Recording Secretary; W. P. O'NEILL, Treasurer; John Kennedy, Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. Whitty, D. O'Sullivan and M. Casey.

A.O.H.—Division No. 4. Meets in the hall, 150 St. James Street, on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month at 8 o'clock. Officers: J. W. WOOD, President; P. Carroll, Vice-President; John Hinchey, Recording Secretary; Wm. Rawley, Recording Secretary; W. P. O'NEILL, Treasurer; John Kennedy, Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. Whitty, D. O'Sullivan and M. Casey.

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Catholic Benevolent Legion. Shamrock Council, No. 320, C.B.L. Meets in St. Ann's Young Men's Hall, 150 Ottawa Street, on the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 o'clock. M. J. SHEA, President; T. W. LESAGE, Secretary; G. Berri Street.

Catholic Order of Foresters. St. Gabriel's Court, 185. Meets every alternate Monday, commencing Jan. 1st, in St. Gabriel's Hall, corner Centre and Laprairie Streets. M. J. McFARLAND, Chief Ranger; M. J. HEALY, Recorder; 48 Laprairie St.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 95, C.O.F. Meets in St. Ann's Hall, 150 Ottawa Street, every first and third Monday, at 8 p.m. Chief Ranger, JAMES E. BROWN; Recording Secretary, ALEX. PATRICK; 150 Ottawa Street.

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