

PRIEST MAKES PLEA FOR ARMY CANTEEN

Chaplain Ferry of Tenth Infantry, Recently in Richmond, Speaks.

W. C. T. U. IS MISTAKEN.

DECLARES DISCIPLINE MAKES SOLDIERS MORAL—HOW IT COMES THAT SOLDIERS ARE MISJUDGED BY CITIZENS.

"The Enlisted Man at Short Range" is described by Capt. John A. Ferry, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., in Richmond, during the recent fall festival, in a manner interesting and instructive. In discussing the topic the chaplain, who counts most on his "elbow" work, reviews the regular soldier's life as few know it. He deals with conditions in the army and says that the W. C. T. U. in securing the anti-canteen legislation, did more harm than good. The chaplain said:

"The desire to be independent—to stand upon one's own legs, so to speak, is innate in the human heart. Whether individual independence is conserved does not hinge upon the eternal law of right, but upon the temporal conditions of might. The criminal at large is independent so long as he evades the clutches of the law of the land. He is mighty in himself, and hence retains his independence till one mightier than he deprives him of his freedom. The victim of circumstantial evidence, though innocent of the crime charged, is at the mercy of might when right becomes its serf. That 'might makes right' is an axiom which has had from time immemorial the benediction of men, though not of heaven. It is a 'de facto' rather than a 'de jure' principle among men. The question of its morality, I am sorry to say, is confined within the sanctum sanctorum of the theologian and his discipline. Other individuals, seeking to promote their selfish interests, never fail to offer incense at its shrine.

"We are all selfish beings—all looking out for No. 1. Self protection is the first law of human nature. It can be sought whenever a higher law is not infringed. The more mighty the individual the more certain and lasting his independence.

"As with individuals, so with nations. A nation depends upon its strength for protection. By its might alone it holds the respect of other nations. The mercury of a nation's caliber of strength moves up or down according to its resources. These resources have value not solely in point of quantity, but also in point of quality. Of what comparative value are 5,000 raw recruits or mutinous soldiers or sailors compared with 500 well disciplined and patriotic men? It is the quality that counts in the long run, and which eventually brings victory to the national hearthstone.

I speak now of quality, viewed from a scientific point of view and not under the microscope of the moral law—quality begotten of the science of warfare, which in turn engenders might—the scepter of nations. If purely scientific quality can be the meat and marrow of martial success, how much greater the degree of success and lasting its effects when linked with moral virtue. In other words, to what greater heights of might will not a nation soar which is borne on the wings of a service not only of scientific, but intrinsic, moral worth?

Of such worth is the American army taken as a whole. Look at it impartially with a mind bent on statistical research, with an ear deaf to calumny and eye unblinded by prejudice. Weigh them as a community of 7,000, with any city or community of number of inhabitants, and dare any one say the army is found wanting? Does it not stand to reason that human nature everywhere being weak, there will be more strength of character where discipline is mistress? Discipline in the army is what grace is to the soul. Grace can be resisted however, without telling temporal effects, but not so army discipline. A civilian unsupported by discipline is weaker than he who is not. Discipline makes man more receptive of morality, since there is a growing character to work upon. I confess that there is such a thing as personal discipline, but history and observation demonstrate it to be more theoretical than practical. Discipline dealt out by authority is the more productive of good results. Hence the community rigorously disciplined according to justice is by far morally ahead of that depending upon personal spasmodic disciplinary acts of its individuals.

If we make comparisons the truth of my assertion will become evident. How many murders occur within a community of 7,000 or even less, composed of men and women, than in army of that number of men? What is race suicide but murder pure and simple? The army's most caustic critics are oftentimes those who sin against the natural law raised to sacramental dignity. Seldom does the canker worm of divorce find existence within army circles. If it does its consequent evils inevitably lead its patrons to the gateway of dismissal. Honesty must be in the military service. Only a fool would be dishonest in the army. In civil life dishonesty can and often is cloaked by respectability so-called. Not so in the army. A thief is always

detected in the army and punished. Habitual intemperance can not be tolerated because it begets inefficiency. Purity—there is more purity in the army than out of it, not because of nature, but because of necessity. The degenerate can never make a soldier. Who will say that Uncle Sam has not an army of fighters?

There is more crime among civilians than in the army. Statistics show it and facts do not lie. Can it be possibly that the man who loves his flag to the extent that he would give his heart's blood in its defense is a ruffian or daily associates himself with an organization whose members are for the most part murderers, debauchers, thieves, degenerates—in a nutshell, vagabonds? I admit that courage and villainy are oftentimes inseparable companions. But the truly patriotic man must be truly good, since love of country is akin to love of God. If God were to judge civilians by the same standard as civilians pass judgment upon the man in "olive drab" what hope for mercy could they have from the eternal tribunal?

"The enlisted man, as you know, has a questionable reputation among civilians. He is a 'person non grata' in good society. In the public thoroughfare he is frowned down upon. Women lift their skirt lest it brush against the cloth oftentimes stained with human blood begotten that these self same women's breath of freedom might be preserved. In the street car the whispered remark of contempt is passed between men who would tremble at the smell of gunpowder or roar of cannon. In the shop he is treated with indifference to the point of offense. The courtesy of common politeness is denied him.

Some one will say: "Where there is smoke, there must be fire. There must be some reason for this repulsive attitude on the part of civilians toward the soldier." I admit the force of such logic, but that the effect is proportionate to the cause I deny. Why is the soldier distasteful to the civilian? Because the civilian is ignorant of the average enlisted man, of his daily life, his ambitions, his true worth. Because the civilian is ignorant he is ungrateful. This lack of appreciation he shows in contempt or at least indifference. He forms his conclusions from hearsay and from having viewed the enlisted man in the wrong light.

For example, around pay day in the vicinity of a regimental post of we say, 850 men, he sees fifteen intoxicated men, not in a group, but here and there, on the street car, ornamenting a saloon, on the highway, sometimes in restricted localities. Perhaps he would not have observed them had his attention not been attracted by the uniform. What does the civilian conclude? Usually that the army is a set of drunkards. Why? Because he has seen less than 2 per cent of one regiment intoxicated. Proportionately speaking, less than 1,443 men out of 77,000 enlisted men. Take a community of 800 men. If more than fifteen drunkards can not be found then I, a priest of twelve years' study of the human heart, do not know what I am talking about.

What I have said about the excessive use of liquor holds good from point of statistics in the case of other vice. Some vices may find more patrons than others; but in every case the proportion of offenders to the number of men is so small as to admit of no force in the argument against the morality of the army. I speak from observation. My life is spent in daily contact with soldiers. The chaplain finds entrance to the enlisted man's heart where others dare not enter. He knows the men, their good and bad side, the lights and shadows of their existence; hence he is competent to judge of their moral worth.

As nothing human can be perfect, the army has its faults as well as other organizations. But these faults though small compared with civic organizations, would still be smaller if it were untrammelled by a certain well-meaning but overzealous civilian society. I speak of the W. C. T. U.—Woman's Christian Temperance Union—through whose efforts the anti-canteen law was promulgated.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in order to promote the virtue of temperance in the army, sought to remove, as they thought, the occasion for intemperance instead of the cause of occasional intemperance.

Through their efforts they effected congressional legislation abolishing the "canteen." The results have been disastrous and far from the expectations of those good women.

When the army had the canteen only the best of beer was sold. No man was sold more than he could reasonably contain. If through accident he became intoxicated there were friends to look after him. The money paid came back in periodical dividends to the companies. There was not the strong attraction to leave the post and miss calls as there is at present with the anti-canteen law in operation. The guardhouse had few occupants when the "canteen" was flourishing and the town grog shops few soldier habits. The sooner the "canteen" is given back to the soldier the less cause the civilian will have to turn up his nose at the enlisted man.

The soldier is well aware of the distaste the average civilian has for him. Is it any wonder then, that, being a social mortal, he sometimes seeks the companionship of questionable characters. I say sometimes, but not always. The rule is otherwise. I find much self respect under the cover of the rough olive drab shirt. The rank and file is a school of advancement as well as the military academy at West Point. Self respect is requisite for promotion as well as intellectual efficiency. In the army there are almost 800 commissioned officers who have come up from the ranks out of a total of nearly 4,000. The mere fact of commissions being granted them is convincing proof of their moral as well as mental efficiency. That some fall by the wayside is quite to be expected as even the divine institution of the church has its renegades.

Previous to the Spanish American war the army had less than one-half its present strength. The percentage of foreigners among the enlisted men



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The place considered generally as the right place to buy clothes must be the home of Hart, Schaffner and Marx. This store is the right place, and our fine goods from Hart, Schaffner & Marx are the right clothes.

You can wear a suit with two buttons or three; with box back or form fitting. The shoulders are high and broad; the lapels long and wide; the pockets are various, patch, pleated buttoned flap, plain; trousers and waistcoats with new kinks in cut. That is the way our line of Hart, Schaffner & Marx suits look.

Many colors and patterns, the grays, greens, olive, as well as blue and black.

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The flowing end four-in-hand ties are very popular. The colorings in the new silks are exquisite.

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824 Main Street

HOMES OF MANY RICHMOND MEN ARE MARKED SYMPATHETIC PEOPLE WORKED BY ARMY OF HOBOES

If on returning from your work some afternoon, you find a queer looking cross or circle, or some other undecipherable hieroglyphic roughly chalk-drawn on your front gate or your porch, you may be assured that you are a marked man.

This does not mean that the "Black Hand" has chosen you for its prey. It means only that that vast heterogeneous "genus homo" known as the hobo is passing through town on his annual winter sojourn toward a warmer climate, and that, having applied, mayhap, at your door for food, clothing or money, has marked your house according to the reception he received that brother wanderer may read as they run and profit thereby.

Not a winter passes but hundreds of these homeless soldiers of ill fortune pass through Richmond singly, but nevertheless, vast numbers driven south by the severe cold of the north.

At this particular season of the year hobo traction considers Richmond the official junction of the unnamed and widely diverging road. In addition to being practically a halfway house between the north and the south, Richmond has a widespread reputation for generosity, and it is by this quality that the hobo must live.

It is a vast unorganized people, this world of men, who either from force of circumstances or from sheer inclination, superinduced by laziness, have become victims of the "wanderlust." They are bound by no restrictions, either of nationality or class, and so far as their own volition is concerned they recognize only two laws: First the primary law of all creation, which in their own rough wording reads, "Look out for yourself," second, an application of Golden Rule, worked out from a general to a particular setting, which might be translated: "Make it as soft as you can for the bum that follows you."

And it is in their application of this last rule of action that you may expect to find your home defaced with chalk marks.

"According to the approved lexicon of 'Hobo Land' a simple circle means 'Kind lady, good handout.' A cross may be interpreted to read 'Sympathetic, but needs a strong line of talk before she will come across. A straight line means that one may obtain food in that particular house, but no money nor wearing apparel, while a curved line indicates to the elect that, with the exercise of the proper amount of finesse, one may obtain any one of the above mentioned articles, and possibly all three. If you would not have your wife annoyed rub out these marks and speedily. But if you find instead of these a circle with a cross inside let it remain. As long as that mark is visible your house hold will be given a wide berth by the gentlemen of the road, for a circle containing a cross means beware. Possibly you have a vicious dog—possibly 'the misliss' threatened to call a policeman, or she may have even presented the frayed and bedraggled seeker after aid with an unexpected portion of scalding water.

At any rate you may be sure that the man who made the mark has mentally classed you among the undesirable citizens of his world, and you may

be equally sure that his word as expressed through the medium of a bit of chalk will be accepted verbatim by each and every one of his companions of the road.

Marvelous ingenuity is often displayed in the markings of these signs. The man who makes them knows that they will be erased if they are too self-evident. He, therefore, contrives to place them where they are perfectly apparent for those for whom they are intended, and yet will escape observation from others. A favorite place is on the curbing directly in front of the house in question or on the lowest step of the front or rear porch. On other occasions it will be drawn so openly that it will escape attention through its very breeziness.

Still greater ingenuity is necessary in the telling of a story that will produce results. Any great calamity—such as the San Francisco earthquake or the recent panic are seized upon as the container of material of the highest class. Immediately following such an event homes the country over are besieged by men claiming to have been victims thereof. These men, according to their story, were never wealthy, but previous to the disaster they were comfortably situated. Always they had a wife—long do they dwell on her good qualities—and usually there was a boy—sometimes two.

The little home was being paid for, and all were as happy as could be.

Then came the earthquake, the fire,

the panic, what you will, and he, who now craves your bounty, was thrown out of work. He tried to get work—tried hard. Strange, you ponder, how a man with such a good record should be unable to find work of any sort—but he is continuing.

"My savings began to dwindle," he tells you with pathos in his voice that would credit to an emotional actress. His wife and child began to lack the necessities of life. And then the boy became ill, and with no money to procure the proper medical attention, died. All that the weaver of this tale could beg and borrow, he tells you, went to defray the funeral expenses, and now his wife is supporting herself by sewing, which nets her possibly \$3 a week, while he is searching for work in other cities. He is a worker—and in spite of your better judgment—the earnestness in his voice makes its appeal. He has had no luck in this city, he is even hungry. He has no money and his shoes—which he shows you in verification of his statement—have outlived their usefulness.

Throughout the entire telling of this story you discover the apparently unmistakable ring of truth—with the not infrequent result that you give him food which he may not eat; shoes and clothes which he will probably sell at the nearest second hand shop; money which he will add to the store he has gathered earlier in the day and which he will spend that night after his own admirable fashion.

FIGHT A FATAL DUEL WITH KNIVES

Mississippians Battle Until Both Drop.

Coldwater, Miss., Oct. 17.—In a duel with knives at Wakefield, Miss., Manning Jamison, aged thirty years, was killed and his brother Edwin Jamison aged twenty-two, was dangerously wounded. Edwin Jamison and Will Kountz, according to information received here were engaged in a wrestling bout and a fight was about to start, when Manning Jamison interfered, acting as peacemaker. This angered Edwin Jamison and he drew a knife.

Manning whipped out his knife and the two fought until both dropped to the ground. Manning died in a few minutes.

The starfish, netted, commits suicide. It dissolves into many pieces which escape through the meshes of the net. Then a kind of resurrection takes place, each piece growing into a perfect starfish.

A man that attracted attention at the Sixth-avenue entrance to Central Park, New York, recently, because of his striking Western clothes and his long hair and beard, told one of the children who stood gazing at the queer figure that he had vowed never to have his hair cut until Bryan was elected.

When It Is Dyspepsia, You'll Know It

That's different from Indigestion. You may experience the first symptoms of Indigestion without knowing what they really portend. Kodol, however, prevents Dyspepsia by providing for complete digestion.

Where there is complete and perfect digestion there is, of course, no room for dyspepsia. And it is, for various reasons, more satisfactory to prevent dyspepsia than to attempt to cure it. Fact is, you must depend upon Nature for a cure, and Kodol assists Nature.

Nature will cure a sick stomach quicker than any medicine in the world—if you give Nature a chance. But Nature cannot cure the stomach while the stomach is overworked. That is impossible.

In order to be cured the stomach must rest. That is the point. And that is what Kodol is for—to rest the stomach. It digests every particle of food for the stomach, so that the stomach has nothing to do but get well. Then it gets well.

You would be surprised if you knew how many persons have indigestion. And, of course, most of them have dyspepsia, ultimately—if they neglect the indigestion. Then Nature is in urgent need of assistance. And nervous dyspepsia is a terrible thing to those afflicted with it.

Kodol supplies this assistance just the same as in the early stages of indigestion. But more time and more rest are required for Nature to effect a cure. It is best not to wait until one gets dyspepsia.

Nearly all classes of people are subject to indigestion. Healthy appearance outwardly is no indication of a healthy stomach. Neither are sound muscles any safeguard against an unhealthy stomach.

The indications of digestive derangement are bloated feeling, gnawing pain in the pit of the stomach, sourness of stomach, belching of gas and nauseating fluid, heartburn (so-called), diarrhetic condition, headaches, dullness and lassitude, etc. When you experience any of these, you need Kodol.

Kodol is a digester of unquestioned merit. Unquestioned, because one cannot question the merit of a thing that does all it is claimed to do, or was intended to do. Kodol does this. It completely digests all food. That is all that is required, because Nature does the rest.

Eat what you want, let Kodol digest it. You don't have to take Kodol all the time. You only take Kodol when you need it.

Our Guarantee

Go to your druggist today and get a dollar bottle, and if after using the entire bottle you can honestly say you have received no benefits from it, return the bottle to the druggist and he will refund your money to you without question or delay, and we will pay the druggist the price of the bottle purchased by you.

Don't hesitate, every druggist knows our guarantee is good.

This offer applies to the large bottle only and to one in a family. The dollar bottle contains 2½ times as much as the fifty cent bottle.

Kodol is prepared at the laboratories of E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

Kodol For Indigestion. Relieves sour stomach, flatulence of the heart, distresses what you eat.