BOYS AT WEST POINT.

FROM REVEILLE TO TAPS AT THE MILITARY ACADEMY.

The Making of Officers for the United States Army—A Pleasant Feature of the Life is Its Democratic Equality—A Place Where Manly Men Are Made—The Young Guard of the Republic.

There is no place in the country where the prospect of war is more eagerly looked forward to than at West Point. The 300 cadets of the United States Military Academy hope soon to be in the active service of Uncle Sam, and a conflict that required the services of a large number of troops would be welcomed as offering chances for experience and promotion that are slow in coming to the young soldier in time of peace.

If the United States had to raise a volunteer army to fight against Spain or any other country it would be officered chiefly by recent graduates of the West Point institution. Some persons affect to believe that these youngsters, fresh from their studies, would not be fitted for the serious work of war. But those who are familiar with the work required of the army boys at West Point and with the record of the old school in past years, have no such fears.

The same thing was said at the beginning of the Civil War, but when that desperate struggle had been fought and finished the men on both sides who had won rank and fame were those who had been trained at West Point. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Lee, Johnston, "Stonewall" Jackson, McClellan, Hooker, Meade, were all West Point men. Among those in the highest ranks were some who went directly from their books to the battlefield.

MAKING A SOLDIER.

There is a reason why West Point men are likely to be the leaders in any war that may come to the United States. Discipline, sound health, and scientific knowledge are the things that make good soldiers, and these are the things that are drilled into the cadet every hour of the day during his four years' stay at the military academy.

From the time of his admission until he graduates he must submit to a daily round of work and discipline more rigorous than is required of any other schoolboy in the country. West Point men become fit to command because they first learn how to obey.

In West Point every action of the day moves with martial step, to the command of the bugle. At 6:30 in the morning its shrill notes echo through the silent halls of "barracks" in the reveille with its familiar refrain:

"I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up in the morning."

Simultaneously 300 boys tumble out of bed, hastily thrust themselves into shoes, trousers, coat, and cap, and then tumble down stairs into ranks for morning roll-call. No matter how sleepy the cadet may be, or how cold his barren room, there must be no delay, for if he is an instant behind at roll-call his name will be posted on the demerit list, and his tardiness must be made up for by wearisome tramping along the halls with a gun across his shoulder.

As soon as the line is formed the lordly First Sergeant steps before the company and calls the roll. He rattles over the seventy or eighty names as fast as his tongue can wag. He never uses his roll-book, the names are firmly fixed in his mind by many repetitions, and he gets through the list in an incredibly short time. Then back go the boys to wash, dress, and tidy up their rooms in the half-hour that intervenes before breakfast. The tidying up process does not take long, for the rooms are bare of all except the necessities.

Each room is shared by two boys and contains two sturdy tables, three uncomfortable wooden chairs, a wash bowl and stand, two iron cots separated by a low wooden partition. Against the walls are shelves for books and clothes and a row of iron hooks. That is all. No rugs on the floor, no easy chairs or comfortable pillows or pretty pictures. Everything is ruled by martial simplicity, and every room is the same whether it is occupied by the son of a millionaire or a washwoman's boy.

The two boys who occupy a room take turns in serving as room orderly, each acting for a week at a time. The room orderly must sweep and dust and care for the room, and each man must keep his personal belongings in order. On rising he must carefully fold the bedclothing and mattress at the head of his cot, range his shoes in a regular line on the floor at the foot and hang each article of attire on its special hook before the inspection officer makes his rounds. When that personage appears at the door the two cadets stnad at attention while he carefully notes the condition of the room. If there is a speck of dust on the floor, a shoe out of line, or a scrap of soiled linen in sight it means demerits for the offender. Personal friendship with the inspection officer will not help the cadet. The officer is "on honor" to make an accurate report, and to put a cadet on his honor is better than to have his oath. Lying is a vice that has no place at West Point.

WEST POINT ROUTINE.

After inspection comes breakfast, and then there is half an hour for study before recitations begin, at 8 o'clock. From 8 to 1 are recitation and study hours. Each cadet has usually three recitations a day, and the classes are all called and dismissed by bugle. The boys line up and march to the lecture halls in a body and are inspected by the officer of the day before they are dismissed. Between 8 and 1 the cadet cannot leave his room except to go to recitations, and the academic building is as silent as a country churchyard, save when the classes march to or from their rooms.

One o'clock is the dinner hour. The cadets form in line and march down the street to the long, low mess hall, where they take their places at some thirty tables and fall upon the roast beef and other viands with as much vigor as though they were attacking an enemy. Thirty minutes is all the time allowed for eating, and then they march back to barracks for more study and recitations from 2 until 4.

At 4 o'clock mental labor ends for a time, and fifteen minutes later the roll of the drum calls the cadets to arms and to the field. The next hour is spent on the drill ground if the weather is pleasant, or in the armory if it is not, in going through company drill and instruction in the manual of arms. At the same time the cavalrymen, the third class boys, are going through their evolutions on another part of the field, sitting their horses with easy grace and putting the lively steeds through all their paces.

WINDING UP A DAY'S WORK.

Drill ends at 5:20, unless it is parade day. In that case the cadets are out again in ten minutes, having changed to their dress uniforms in the meantime. The band appears, led by the mighty drum major, and marches across the field before the long line of silent cadets, all standing at parade rest, not the variation of a fraction of an inch in their position. The blare of martial music, the long plumes of the reviewing officers and the bright red sashes of the officer cadets lend an element of life and color to the dress parade that makes it always an inspiring sight.

Then, as the sun sinks behind the rugged barrier of the Hudson hills, the boom of the sunset gun echoes across the river, the starry flag comes drifting slowly down from the tall flagpole, and the "Star Spangled Banner," softly played by the band, floats across the field, while the gray line still stands silently at parade rest, and the enlisted men of the post, who are lounging about on the old cannon, remove their caps in a reverent attitude of attention. It is a daily lesson of honor and respect to the beloved emblem for which scores of brave West Pointers have laid down their lives in the past, a lesson that is not lost on the young men in gray.

Now sharp spoken orders ring across the field, the line stirs into motion once more, and the men march back to barracks. A brief breathing spell, the one hour of the twenty-four the cadet can call his own, follows before supper.

Half an hour after supper comes the "call to quarters,' which means that every man must return to his room and to his study on the morrow's lesson. The sentries make their rounds of inspection and quiet reigns until 9:15, when "tattoo" warns the tired youngsters to prepare for bed. Fifteen minutes later the slow roll of "taps" sounds, the lights go out in the old academic building, and sleep assumes the command of the young guard of the republic.

COMPENSATIONS.

There are no vacations at West Point. Except for a few weeks at the close of the third year the cadet is not allowed a leave of absence during the four years' course. But from the middle of June to the end of August books are laid aside and the boys go into camp in the little grove at one side of the campus. Tent life is always welcome, but it can scarcely be looked upon as a holiday. Reveille sounds at 5:30 in the morning and every moment of the day is occupied with some military duty. There is troop parade every morning after breakfast, after that the daily guard mount, and then two hours of infantry drill. Then the fourth-class men, the plebes, tramp away to Washington Valley and spend an hour in receiving instruction in swimming, the third class men have artillery drill, and the first class, the seniors, have target practice. The afternoon is filled with more drill.

In spite of the Spartan discipline maintained and the unceasing round of drill and study, there is plenty of fun for the cadets. To the boy of athletic tastes the practice in swimming, fencing and riding comes under that head. There are officers' hops twice a week, which bring pretty girls from all along the river, and graduation week is a bright oasis in the year, made gay by a small army of sisters, aunts and cousins, who overflow the place.

One pleasant feature of West Point life is its democratic equality. If a man is a gentleman he stands as well as any of his fellows. Each cadet receives $540 per year from the Government. Out of that he must buy his clothing and rations from the commissary department. He is allowed to receive money from outside only in exceptional cases. There can be no difference in dress or style of living, and this spirit of equality enforced by the rules is accepted by all the men.

West Point is no place for a young man who has not a natural aptitude for a military career. To others the stern requirements of the studies, the strict discipline which never relaxes will become unbearable, and the pile of demerits that he can pick up for "gazing about in ranks," having an "odor of cigarettes in his room," or "appearing at parade with soiled gloves" will soon send him back home. Nearly half of those who enter the academy fail for one reason or another to complete the course.

West Point is a place where manly men are made, and the only material for that purpose is found in manly boys. Uncle Sam has no use for any other kind.—Cleveland Leader.

East Wind.

(A LULLABY.)

Sleep sweet, birdikin,
In the nest, mother's breast,
Silk-soft for birdikin,
With wind in the east.
Hush O, birdikin,
Sleep away another day.
Much too cold for birdikin
Is east wind day.

Sleep soft, leafikin,
Softly curl nor unfurl,
Silk sheath for leafikin
Of pink and pearl.
Hush, O, leafikin,
Nor unclose, baby rose,
Much too harsh for leafikin,
East wind blows.

Creep close, lambikin,
Nestle, hide, by mother's side,
Till unspring, for lambikin,
Daisies pied.
Hush O, lambikin,
Safe in fold from the cold
Till south wind for lambikin
Her wings unfold.

Hush O, babykin,
Mother's joy, father's boy,
Pearl of pride is babykin,
And winds are keen.
Dream sweet, babykin,
Golden head in rosy bed,
Over sleepy babykin,
Angels, lean!

—Pall Mall Gazette.

"I Mind the Day."

I mind the day I'd wish I was a say-gull
flyin' far,
For then I'd fly and find you in the
West.
And I'd wish I was a little rose as sweet
as roses are,
For then you'd maybe wear it on your
breast,
Achray!
You'd maybe take an' wear it on your
breast.

I'd wish I could be livin' near, to love you
day an' night,
To let no throuble touch you or annoy;
I'd wish I could be dyin' here, to rise a
spirit light,
So them above 'ud let me bring you joy,
Mavrone!
If them above 'ud let me win you joy.

An' now I wish no wishes, nor ever fall a
tear,
Nor take a thought beyont the way I'm
led,
I mind the day that's over-bye, an' bless
the day that's here;
There be to come a day when we'll be
dead,
Achray!
A longer, lighter day when we'll be
dead.

—Moira O'Neill in Blackwood's.

The Difference.

"I doan see no diffunce 'twix' de man 'at wucks an' de man 'at loafers," said Deacon Johnson.

"Dey hain't no diffunce, speshul," replied Deacon Jackson, "'ceptin' dat dey calls de loaferin' feller 'kunnel.'"—Atlanta Journal.

If a man marries a woman because she has more sense than he has, he is never allowed to lose sight of the fact.—Chicago Daily News.

NAVY CHAPLAINS.

IF OF THE RIGHT SORT ALL ARE HIS FRIENDS.

How Services Are Conducted on a Modern War Vessel—His Duties.

Jacks and marines who go to sea in our many styles of naval fighting craft have their spiritual welfare looked after by the Chaplains, who not only afford them church privileges on Sunday mornings, but read the prayers over them to afford them Christian burial—if the worst come. Our Government does not provide as many naval Chaplains as it ought, but one effect of the present war agitation will probably be an increase in their number. Twenty years ago there were no ships worth putting a Chaplain aboard of, at least not one who was more than a perfunctory person, bent on nothing save drawing his salary. Now the splendid fighting machines whose very names are household words and which are helping to make history have on each of them a number equal to a large parish, and all men. They are more and more recruited from the ranks of American homes—homes in Illinois, in Missouri, in Pennsylvania, in Ohio, the Northwest—for the reason that Jacks are now required to be native-born or naturalized American citizens. Those who are to uphold our honor on the seas are not foreigners, as some suppose.

The Chaplain is a friend to all of them. And if the Chaplain be the right sort of man, all the men are friends of his. Some Chaplains upon entering the service make asses of themselves. This is partly because of their inexperience, partly because landsmen cannot readily understand sea life, and a third of the responsibility rests with the Government itself, which ought to send newly appointed Chaplains to a navy yard, where they could gain experience before going to sea, and where they might have helpful consultations with old Chaplains. There are twenty-four Chaplains in the navy. They must be, upon appointment, ordained men and in good standing in their respective communions. They are free to use any form of service, that of the denomination to which they belong. As a matter of fact, many of them use the Book of Common Prayer.

There are two reasons for this. It is well adapted for the purpose, and Methodists, Presbyterians, and others often turn to it, as an available supply of a very apparent need. And the influence of England, to which the Prayer Book primarily belongs, is enormous on the seas. Members of churches who are sent upon the ships of our navy, either as Jacks or as marines, will find the sacrament of the Lord's Supper celebrated by these Chaplains, but generally in their own rooms. The reason for this is the liability of the communicants being called upon at any moment to go upon deck to perform naval or marine duty. This interferes with a public communion service. Hence the private one.

"Rig Church!" is one of the regular naval orders. The Captain issues it and the rigging is done on deck or elsewhere, according to the season of the year or the latitude of the ship. It consists of much or little, according as the Chaplain is Methodist or Roman Catholic, Baptist or ritualistic Episcopalian. When rigged, the ship's bell is tolled. Attendance at church is quite voluntary on the part of all. It rarely happens, save under exceptional circumstances, that so few as 40 per cent. of the men come. Generally half on shipboard attend. Sometimes three-fourths. They may not all be so inclined, but, unlike young men on land, they have nowhere else to go. Sometimes the band, if the service be on a flagship, is used to accompany the singing, but generally some officer, or perhaps an able seaman, plays the organ, with which all ships that have Chaplains are provided.

And the singing! It is grand. Three hundred men, with strong voices. And for the most part the men like to come and sing. Sometimes Sunday evening lectures are given. This depends upon the Chaplain, whether he wants to and whether he can. Other services are prayers on week day mornings, or perhaps, instead, at dress parade at evening. Here attendance is compulsory, but the service is very short. By far the greater part of the work of the Chaplain is pastoral. The service nas a tremendous influence on the men, even if they do not attend it. If the ship be lying in a harbor, other ships' men hear the bell and know divine service is going on. The whole effect is wholesome, and money paid to Chaplains is well invested.

When a Jack dies, the funeral, unless circumstances prevent, is exceedingly formal. Recently while the training squadron was at Barbados a boy apprentice drooped dead on deck. The funeral, held on a Sunday, could hardly have been made more formal. All the shipping in the harbor had flags at half mast, and the funeral procession, a long one, was made up of ships' boats, bells on all ships near were tolled, everybody was assembled on the spar deck, and stood throughout the service. On this occasion, as the body was carried on shore, a girl came hastily out of the crowd, put some flowers on the casket, and ran away into the crowd. The interment was in the Seaport Cemetery, which, like all such cemeteries, from Halifax southward, contain the remains of persons interred under similar conditions, hailing from every quarter of the globe.

In the minds of most people a navy Chaplain is a rather ornamental personage, who reads an occasional service and lives in comparative luxury at sea, with good pay as an extra inducement. The impression is wrong. There are in our navy twenty-four Chaplains. Of this number ten are Methodists, and the remainder are Episcopalians, Baptists, Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, and Disciples of Christ. There is no more trying life of which one can conceive than that of a navy Chaplain. The navy Chaplain must be courageous, physically and spiritually. He ought to be prepared to handle a cutlass; he must restrain himself from the least suspicion of wrong, night and day; he must be an example to men and officers.

He is under the eye of the officers and crew at all times, and suspicion is fastened on him very quickly. The men with whom the Chaplain is thrown have a different way of thinking. Life on shipboard means plenty of moral freedom, which will pass unnoticed among the men themselves. But the Chaplain must beware of all license. He must know where to stop. He must know how to unbend, but he must not pass the breaking point. The average Chaplain aboard shrinks from the very thought of entertaining a civil clergyman. The landsman cannot seem to appreciate, to come in touch with, his strange surroundings. He is likely to bring on board with him a number of curious women, who seldom show tact. One Scotch minister's first remark on coming on board one of our warships was: "Have you anything to drink? I believe in taking good things as they come along." The Chaplain hastened to reply that there was no liquor aboard—saying that there was none for the visitor. It may be added that by law only wine and beer are allowed to be taken on board our men-of-war.

The Chaplain of to-day is an altogether different personage from the Chaplain of thirty, forty and fifty years ago. Then you would have found it difficult to know a Chaplain as such. He was required to wear the uniform of a commissioned officer, with a sword at his side. The Chaplain of those days was most often a Low Church Episcopalian. He was very low church; in fact, so much so that the crew speedily estranged from him, and the officers became his boon companions. He passed the bowl with as good a grace as any. He knew the whys and wherefores of aces and spades. His services were brief and few in number.

Only when the ship was cleared for action, the great guns roared, and the cockpit was filled with the dying did the Chaplain become the ideal ship's spiritual adviser. To such "gentlemen Chaplains" there were notable examples. Times have changed. The Chaplain wears the costume of the church. His rank as officer is retained with all its privileges, but his sword is laid aside until his ship needs him. Then the Chaplain and Paymaster alike may stand by their country on a deck slippery with blood. A Chaplain in our navy ranks as a Lieutenant. This entitles him to regulated shore privileges, and, though he has no so-called ship duties, he may be called upon at court martialing or in similar emergencies.

After long and faithful service the Chaplain may be promoted to the rank of Commander, which corresponds to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the army. The Chaplain of to-day strives to put himself in perfect sympathy up forward—with the crew—accounting himself unworthy to cater merely to the officers. He messes with the wardroom officers as of old, and enjoys their company to the full, but he appreciates keenly the power for good which the naval Chaplain has in his hands.

The Chaplain is a regular Government officer. To enter the navy he must file his application with the department in the same manner as would a man looking for a Postmastership. The Government accepts the applicant on the strength of his record as a minister and as a man with noteworthy qualifications for his position, regardless of creed or dogma. A very absurd scene took place not long ago, when a number of Presbyterians waited on the President regarding the advantage to be gained in appointing Presbyterian ministers to naval chaplaincies on the ground that the Presbyterian Church is the best suited to the needs of the navy.

Church is concerned in none of the Government's appointments. The decrease in the Episcopalian appointments is due almost entirely to the lessening of interest in the navy by the Bishops of the church. They know, as every one knows, that young men should be chosen for the chaplaincies—men who are not set in deep grooves, who will be liberally disposed to officers and crews, though firm in the ways of right living. The Episcopal Church needs all her available men who are young, say the Bishops, for the foreign and domestic field ashore. A High Church Episcopalian naval Chaplain makes the statement that as a rule Roman Catholic priests make the most aceptable Chaplains.

Said a veteran Chaplain who has been in our navy over a score of years:

"Landsmen do not appreciate Jack's good qualities. They regard him as a jolly, happy-go-lucky chap, tremendously dissipated ashore and as much as possible aboard. This is a great mistake. Jack does drink. But think of the months that he perforce does not drink. Jack is simple-hearted, and when ashore he wants to divide his overmuch money with the first man he meets. He meets a number who are glad to share with him, and the result is, Jack is often seen wandering through the streets. But I can say from positive knowledge that there are many men in every crew of our navy who never drink, and a still greater number who drink very moderately. Jack is rough-and-ready. This is to be expected from the life of force, blind, unresisting, which he is taught to lead.

"Jack loves his country and his ship with might and main. He will defend his ship to his last breath—against another ship of his own navy, if necessary. Jack loves the sight and association of his flag. I remember on one occasion when the crew of one of our ships landed in Turkey. They bought a barrel of beer, and beside it set Old Glory. Any one who wanted a drink was first made to salute the flag, though he were the Sultan himself. The simple sailors saw no harm in what they were doing. They really thought they were doing a deed of fealty.

"Another time an American sailor, landed on the island of St. Thomas, had become hilariously drunk, and the Judge sent after him a negro police officer. The sailor mounted a hogshead and roared out in a boatswain's voice: 'In my democratic country no man allows himself to be jugged by a negro, and I'll be damned if I'll be! Go back to your Judge and tell him to send a white cop after me, and I will come along.' The white officer arrived, and the tar gracefully accompanied him to the station-house.

"The Chaplain is subject to the Captain's orders at all times. He may hold no services without orders to that effect from the commanding officer. When the Chaplain leaves the vessel for shore he leaves and returns in the order of his rank. Going to shore the officers proceed from the lowest to highest, and coming aboard in reverse order. There is no stated time for holding services aboard. It is the general custom to hold morning prayer each day. A more elaborate service always takes place on the first Sunday of the month, when general muster is held. At this time every man aboard is spick and span, the laws for the better government of the navy are read to the men with bared heads, and a preaching service is generally introduced. There is almost always preaching on Sunday. The men seem really to enjoy the services, unless they are made painfully long."

The duties of the Chaplain are set forth to the least detail in the regulations of the navy. In time of action the Chaplain's place primarily is with the sick and wounded. There are many hero Chaplains on record. Chaplain Chidwick of the Maine is one familiar to all. Another was the Chaplain who gave up his life on the ill-fated ship Victoria, which went down off Tripoli. This Chaplain carried men out of the sick bay on his shoulders until death came to him. The Chaplain of one of our vessels wrecked off Samoa escaped most miraculously and holds a record of great heroism.

The pay of the Chaplains when at sea is $2,500 a year, on shore $2,000, and while on leave or waiting orders $1,000. But the Chaplains are liable, in amounts according to rank, for expenses of mess and for entertainment. The mess bill will run from $25 to $50 per month, according as the ship's officers live, and the entertainment contingent may be very heavy if the ship is at the opening of a German ship canal or if anchored where some high dignitaries are likely to come often to pay visits.

It is the judgment of one of the oldest Chaplains in the navy that the personnel of the men is growing better. He says there is far less drinking than twenty years ago, fewer crimes, and a better grade of men in all branches of the service. He thinks the improvement especially marked among the able seamen, and that when there is greater religious progress made it will be forward. He says the officers may follow; they will never lead. The influence of naval Chaplains among the men is growing, in part because better men are able better to appreciate noble things, and in part because there are Chaplains better fitted for their peculiar and difficult tasks. The number of naval Chaplains is likely to be increased in order that all our ships may be supplied.—New York Times.

KITE TELEPHONE.

Successful Tests by English Naval Authorities.

The English naval authorities have just tested with great success a suggested novelty in the way of communication at sea which promises to render obsolete the present method of signaling.

Commander R. G. O. Tupper of the Royal Navy experimented with a "kite telephone." The kite used was of the regulation sort, except that it was minus a tail. It was six feet long and three feet wide at the broadest point. In place of the tail the kite carried two lines, one of which was retained on board the Daring, the instructional torpedo boat destroyer, from which the experiments were conducted. With the wind between the two lines referred to, it was found that the kite was so easily managed that it was no trick at all to drop letters or even a hawser into another ship, and in this way establish communication.

Following this experiment came one with a wire. The end of the wire which the kite bore away from the ship was dropped upon the deck of H. M. S. Dauntless, where it was secured by the electrician of the ship and attached to a telephone apparatus in waiting. The other end, which had remained aboard the Daring, was also attached to a telephone, and as soon as this task was completed the two ships were in perfect communication. The kite remained suspended, secured by two lines, for more than four hours, during which time communication between the Daring and Dauntless was uninterrupted.

The experiment that was made by the officers of the Daring and the Dauntless had another valuable result. It showed that it is possible to arrange for a new system of signals from one ship to another that would be greatly superior to any flag system which could be conceived. If the telephone wire can be arranged in this manner there is no reason why telegraphic communication cannot be made in a similar fashion. In this case an operator aboard the flagship could carry on a conversation with his fellow-operator aboard one of the fleet without difficulty.

As a means of signaling the kite is firmly believed, not only by naval officers but by those of the army, to be fraught with great importance when the future is considered. It is of course very much easier for a signal to be seen that is elevated to a considerable hight than one which may float at the top of the mainmast or be waved from the summit of a hill.—New York Herald.

SHE WAS FROM CHICAGO.

And the Way She Could Sling Slang Was a Caution.

"On Sunday afternoon last I went for a walk on Connecticut avenue with my wife and one of her school friends, a pretty young married woman from Chicago, who is visiting us," said a citizen to a "Star" man. "Our visitor wore a swell costume—an English walking dress, I believe it's called—with a lot of braid and things on it. It was really a stunning dress, and unique, too, for I take notice of women's clothes since I got married, and I certainly hadn't seen any frock quite so swagger as this black dress that our Chicago visitor arrayed herself in for the promenade.

"Well, the dress certainly attracted attention. Women coming the other way would begin to inspect the cut of the dress when they were half a block off, and they just riveted their gaze on it as they passed by our party. Our guest from Chicago enjoyed their inspection of the costume hugely. She expressed her enjoyment over the sensation she was creating in characteristic Chicagoese. Three young women more than craned their necks to size up the furbelows on the dress.

"'Now, will you get next to those girls a-rubber-necking at this blanket of mine?' she broke out, laughingly, as the girls passed by; and, say, do you know, it didn't sound half so bad as it does when I say it?"—Washington Star.

Her Romantic View of It.

"John," said his wife, as she laid the morning paper down, according to the Atlanta "Constitution," "do you think there'll be war?"

"It looks that way," he answered, "but don't let it worry you!"

"It don't," she said, thoughtfully, and with a far-away look in her eyes, "I was just thinking——"

"Just thinking? Of what, love?"

"That it would be romantic——"

"Yes?"

"For you to be found on the battlefield——"

"Hem!"

"Dead, under the drooping flag——"

"The devil!"

"With my picture on your breast——"

"Blood and thunder!"

"Pierced through and through——"

"Look here, Molly——"

"With a brutal Spanish bullet!"

He said "d—n!" but she was so absorbed that she didn't hear him.

Smart Suits for Little Boys.

At 3 years of age mothers usually want their boys to look as boyish as possible, and adopt the kilt skirt and blouse, or jacket, and one-piece suits; the latter are of serge, duck, denim, pique or Madras. The prettiest are of pique, with embroidery for belt, collar edging, center plait and cuffs. The blouse and kilt skirt are made of Madras, blue or white serge, linen, duck, gingham or percale, and the short jacket of the same material with a loose waist of white lawn or cambric.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Something like home, that is not home, is to be desired; it is to be found in the house of a friend.—Sir William Temple.

A FLOATING HOSPITAL.

STEEL STEAMSHIP SOLACE JOINS THE NAVY.

First Vessel to Be Used for Hospital Purposes in the History of Naval Warfare.

The United States navy is to have a hospital ship, and, strange as it may seem, the first in the history of the world. It is to the credit of the Stars and Stripes that our national colors shall float over this vessel, shall sanction the first step toward tempering the horrors of war with a humane endeavor to alleviate suffering. War has enough heart pangs to answer for, God knows, and the announcement that we are to have a hospital ship is indeed a welcome one.

While thousands of workmen have been busy day and night transforming the steamships built for commerce and passenger traffic into men-of-war, placing armament in position on decks and painting hulls with a coating of somber gray, gangs of men have been incessantly at work during the last week transforming the steel steamship Creole of the Cromwell line, into the Solace—the name, so suggestive of hope and cheer, given to the first floating hospital ever designed for service in war. Its hull has been painted white, with a wide strip of green along the side, which makes a striking contrast to the frowning aspect presented by the men-of-war lying at the piers of the Newport News Ship and Engine Building Company.

The Solace is a 3,800 ton ship, with a speed of seventeen knots, which will enable it to keep close to the American fleets on any expedition against the enmy. The Red Cross will protect it from menace. There is not a thing about the Solace to provoke attack on the part of the ships of any civilized nation. Its appearance is as peaceable as the name painted on its bows, but there is still the suggestiveness everywhere of the horrors of war, more convincing even that the battleships and cruisers with guns protruding from every porthole.

EVERY POSSIBLE COMFORT.

Gleaming guns convey no such appreciation of war as the tiers of bunks for the wounded and the rows of operating tables. In its white coating the Solace is handsome and inviting, but the poetry of war finds no place with the visitor on board.

Such comforts as are to be found in a well equipped hospital on land are present in this hospital of the seas. These comforts have been provided with the deliberate conviction that they will be needed by many brave officers and men who still hope that calamity may escape them. How many lives this ship of special purpose will save is for the future to tell. Never before in battles on the seas has there been such provision to allay suffering and prevent death that might ensue from lack of proper attention.

Two large steam launches form a part of the equipment of the Solace, and whenever there is opportunity, they will dash around among the war ships of the fleet, to remove such of the wounded as cannot be properly cared for in the sick bay and carry them to the hospital ship. Of necessity this transferring would have to be done after an engagement has ended, but in the event of a ship being sunk many of the ship's company will be saved from drowning by these swift launches.

ABOUT THE EQUIPMENTS.

Wounded officers and sailors will be lifted from the launches to the deck of the Solace by a cable and tackle forward. Once on deck, they can quickly be taken into the operating room or lowered on the elevator which has been placed in the bow of the ship, similar to the elevators in hospitals on land, large enough to carry injured persons placed on stretchers to the wards on the main deck and in the hold where the bunks are.

The large forward saloon, on the saloon deck, close to where the wounded will be hoisted on board, has been transformed into an operating-room for sailors and officers. It is perfectly adapted for the purpose, the light and ventilation being all that could be wished for. Immediately in the rear, in what was formerly one of the largest staterooms, the dispensary has been arranged, and another adjoining stateroom has been transferred into a bathroom. The operating tables are all of the best make, and all the appliances for the care of the wounded are likewise of the most improved pattern.

The ward for wounded officers is what was formerly the saloon on the main deck amidships. The main ward for the sailors is on the main deck forward, which is communicated with by the elevator from the saloon deck. There are 150 bunks in this ward. The bunks are in the form of lower and upper berths, and each one is provided with a wire mattress. There are other quarters for use in an emergency in the hold of the ship.

FOR THE CONVALESCENTS.

The woman's steerage in the after part of the ship has been transformed into a convalescing-room. It is well lighted and ventilated and will be a comfortable resting place for those least severely injured, and far removed from the part of the ship occupied with scenes of sadness, where the surgeons are busy operating on the mangled, and also far removed from the maimed and dying in the hospital wards.

On the after part of the main deck is located the laundry, with every modern appliance at hand. This will be by no means one of the least important features appertaining to the ship, and one that could not be depended on in an emergency on the men-of-war. The disinfecting machine is in the forward part of the hold and completes the paraphernalia of a floating hospital in which no convenience has been forgotten.

One of the saloons on the main deck has been made into quarters for the ship's crew, while the officers will occupy staterooms on the upper and saloon decks, as will the surgeons and their assistants. A corps of trained men nurses from New York will accompany the ship. It has not been learned here who the commander of the Solace is to be. Lieutenant J. W. Stewart is to be the executive officer, and Ensign A. A. McKethan will be the senior watch officer. Two of the mates of the Creole that was, Mr. Willets and Mr. Barrett, will remain with the ship as the other watch officers.

Following are the surgeons attached to the Solace: Surgeon T. H. Streete, Surgeon C. F. Stoker, Surgeon E. T. Smith and Surgeon E. S. Borgert, Jr. She will carry a Geneva cross flag—a red cross in a white field, and it will float at the main.

SHE IS ALMOST READY.

It is expected the Solace will be ready to sail early next week, but its destination is not positively known. Work on the ship is being done with the same secrecy the Government is pursuing with regard to the work on the fighting ships. No visitors are allowed on board, but I was accorded special permission to inspect it in order that the people of the country might be informed of the first ship of its class designed for war service, and permission was also granted to take a photograph, showing the Solace as she appears lying at her pier in the shipyard.

Naval officers are thoroughly impressed with the great utility of the hospital ship, and I learn that efforts are being made to have the Government fit up another ship of the same kind. It is regarded as certain that many lives will be saved by the floating hospital and that the horrors of modern warfare will be lessened in no inconsiderable degree.—Newport News correspondence New York Herald.

AN INCONVENIENT BIRD.

A Housewife's Experience With a Famished Guest.

In the days "before the war" a family of hard working people lived in a border county of Mississippi. Their home was situated upon the "big road," which led from Alabama northward into Mississippi. They did not keep a tavern, but they often fed the wayfarer.

One Saturday the housewife roasted a large turkey, baked a batch of bread and made a number of pies. She was ready for her Sunday dinner, and expected to go to church the next day; the services were held a number of miles away.

After 2 o'clock that Saturday afternoon a single horseman appeared. He asked for his dinner and fed his horse in the ample stable of the farmer. The housekeeper was busy and the man in haste, so she set the turkey before him, thinking that he would not make much of an impression upon it.

The stranger sat down in front of the turkey and set to work. He cut into the breast on one side and ate it all. His appetite was only whetted. He demolished the wing and then cut off the leg. The drumstick disappeared and the upper joint was stripped. The woman stood aghast. She pattered out to the back porch where her pies were cooling, and, selecting a tempting apple pie, set it before her guest. He put it to one side and turned the untouched side of the turkey toward him. He cut off the wing and the leg. The woman saw her Sunday dinner disappear before her eyes.

At length, having exposed all the bones of the large fowl, he attacked the pie and left not a crumb.

The woman sank in a chair near by. She was too much overcome for a moment to speak. Then she said:

"You seem to have enjoyed the turkey. There is not so much left as I expected."

She could say no more. She felt that words were inadequate to the occasion.

The man pushed back his chair, took out his quill toothpick, crossed his knees and sighed with satisfaction. Then he spoke:

"Well, madam," said he, "a turkey is a very inconvenient bird."

He fell to ruminating. His countenance expressed the benevolence which a good dinner is apt to produce in a man.

The woman waited for him to explain, but he was silent. Then she said:

"Why is the turkey inconvenient?"

"Well, madam, it is a little too much for one and not quite enough for two," replied her guest.

The woman fainted.—St. Louis Republic.

Her Sacrifice.

"If war breaks out," said the little woman with the bright gray eyes, "we must all do something to help. We can't fight, of course, but each of us can aid in some way. We must economize on our pocket money, and buy nice things for the wounded. We must reduce our extravagances. We can buy cheaper goods, you know, and put less material into our gowns."

"Yes," said the dreamy girl with blue eyes; "I know what I can do. I can have my bicycle skirt cut shorter!"

And all the other girls said "Oh!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Eloquent Meaning.

"Do you ring the curfew bell in your village?"

"No; we strike a shingle with an old slipper."

"What does that mean?"

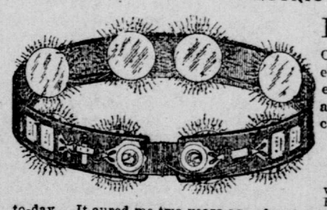
"It means that any youngster found out after 9 o'clock will be eternally walloped."

First Boarding Mistress—What is your method of using up bread crusts?

Second Boarding Mistress (firmly)—The boarders eat them.—Puck.

STORY OF CAPTAIN BECK.

AN OLD SEA CAPTAIN OFFERS HIS THANKS TO DR. SANDEN'S ELECTRIC BELT.



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