



LOGIC.

STOUT PARTY—WHAT! NO ROOM! AIN'T THAT MAN JUST GOT OUT? IF PEOPLE CAN GET OUT, PEOPLE CAN GET IN!—(Punch.)



NO CHANCE FOR CONTRADICTION.

EDDY (who has had an argument with his papa)—ANYHOW, I COME FROM A BETTER FAMILY THAN YOU DO.—(Copyright, 1904, Browning's Magazine.)

FIFTEEN JAPANESE EDUCATED AT ANNAPOLIS.

Continued from ninth page.

Japanese were taken into the home of Mark Pitman, headmaster of the Choate School, for preparation. Afterward Mr. Uriu spent his vacations at the home of Mr. Pitman. On one of these occasions he became acquainted with Miss Nagai, then with Miss Sternatz Yamakawa at Vassar. In the American fashion they fell in love, but the young lady's brother and guardian desired a match seemingly more befitting her rank and wealth, and protested. The protest was of no avail. The couple could not be persuaded to change the course of their affections.

The United States Naval Academy is always interesting, but, nobody, far or near, who has not been on the inside during working hours can have an adequate conception of the patient study, vigorous physical and mechanical training and careful demonstration in progress there even in midwinter, when the weather forbids outdoor drill.

There never was a greater mistake than that so often indulged in by civilians that the cadets at Annapolis have little to occupy their time. Workers in factories have not a routine so severe or hours so uniformly long and so uninterruptedly busy. Study and recitation hours are about the same as in other prominent colleges, but these are the easiest of the youngsters' and midshipmen's trials. Besides being a student, the naval cadet is a soldier, a sailor before the mast, a gunner, an engineer and a housekeeper, and from the time reveille is sounded in the morning until "taps" at night, when he is not one of these he is another every moment, and must be a gentleman through it all.

When the cadet rises, near 5 o'clock in the morning, he must get his room in apple pie order and then his person. So much as a towel out of place or a misplaced article in his wardrobe may bring him a discredit mark which will impair his record for conduct and count against him in the rosy June of his fourth year, the one day in which is the object of all his toil. There must not be a loose button on his uniform, nor yet a spot of dust, nor a smudge on his shoe or a visible impairment of the immaculate whiteness of his linen. There must be no loose hair in his brush and no dust or grime on his furniture. His washbowl and pitcher must be as clean as washing can make them, and his

bed must be made and the covers turned down with an exactness no housewife thinks of observing. There must be no rip, rent or ravelling in anything he wears, and just so many buttons must be snugly in their buttonholes at inspection. In his room there is a place for everything, and woe be his portion if anything be left in the place for something else.

After breakfast comes study, and after study, recitation. With an intermission for luncheon, study and recitation are the order until 3:30 o'clock. When this ordeal is over in ordinary schools, the day's work is done. That of the naval cadet is not. He must get into his ship

toggerly, every item of which must be just so, and in fifteen minutes must fall in and march to a distant part of the grounds for serious work at the gymnasium, in seamanship, at the guns, or on the parade ground. There is a solid hour of this, and, if it be at the mast in the seamanship building, at the big guns or the loading machines back of the armory, in the gymnasium or on the parade ground, it is genuinely hard work. To-day it is here for this section of the class and there for another, every branch of this practical instruction being in progress during the hour. One section in the seamanship building will be receiving instruction in everything pertaining to the mast. In the balcony at the same moment another section will be exercising with signal flags. In the splice room a third section will be learning how to knot, splice and handle hempen cordage and splice and fit wire rigging. There are no fewer than twenty-five knots and splices in cordage and eleven in wire to be learned. Still another section will be studying the parts of a ship in the model room, and yet another will be learning the secrets of mooring a ship with a model bow built and mounted on wheels for the purpose. Handling ships' boats is another branch of instruction in

which every "middy" must become proficient in each station.

Meanwhile another class, subdivided into sections, is at work in the gymnasium just as vigorously and as earnestly. There are callisthenics and everything else that develops the strength and agility required for seamanship, swordsmanship, gunnery and infantry drill. This is work, hard, serious and exhausting.

All this while another class is busy at the armory. Inside there are little groups about the torpedoes and sections of torpedoes and the small rapid fire guns in the gallery, all receiving instruction. On the floor is a big class learning swordsmanship with the foils. At the south end of the gallery another instructor is giving individual instruction in fencing, and the more advanced students of the art of defence with the sword are engaged in interesting bouts.

Just outside the armory are four loading machines with which the rapid handling of ammunition for guns of the lighter sort is taught. A crew at each dummy gun is striving for a record of more shots to the minute than ever were made before. This is work which makes the face red and the brow moist, even in zero weather. It is the most strenuous exercise on



THE SWEET CHARMERS.

Ethel—Indeed, she has a face that would turn any man's head.
Daisy—Which way?—(Comic Cuts.)



SARCASMIC CADDIE—IT'S NO USE YOU 'UNTIN, GUYMON; THE 'IDDEN TREASURE'S BIN FOUND!
—(The Sketch.)



A GREAT PITY.

OLD GREYBEARD—IT'S A PITY TO KEEP SUCH A PRETTY BIRD IN A CAGE.
MRS. DE STYLE—ISN'T IT A SHAME! HOW PERFECTLY EXQUISITELY LOVELY IT WOULD LOOK IN A HAT!—(Illustrated Bits.)



Mr. Slap—What is the secret of Giddiboy's success?
Miss Bang—Why, he knew a girl who spends a thousand a year on dresses.
Mr. Slap—Ah, I see; he married her?
Miss Bang—Oh, no; he married her dressmaker.
—(Comic Cuts.)