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AN ISOLATED POST

How the Ninth Cavalrymen at Fort Du Chesne Busy Themselves.

FINE BICYCLES ALL THE RAGE

Lots of Work in the Summer, but Winter Time is Dull.

THE DU CHESNE GLEE CLUB

Staff Correspondence of The Evening Star.

FORT DU CHESNE, Utah.

LIFE AT AN ISOLated frontier post is busy enough in the gladsome summer time to dispel all tendencies toward melancholy, but through the long winter season there frequently bob up opportunities for the cultivation of that peculiar affliction commonly known as "the blues." That there were some such opportunities at Du Chesne during my stay I have no doubt, but the sufferers—if there were any—dissembled most successfully. When the balmy Pacific breeze—the ice-melting chinook—has removed the last trace of frostiness from the valleys and foot hills the entire garrison is ready for six months of hard work. Drills are practically suspended all winter because of the successful interference of cold weather and snow, but with the uprising and scattering abroad of the alkali dust comes the beginning of a long program. Mounted drills will be in order before breakfast, target practice with rifle and revolver will be insisted upon, dismounted drill may not be neglected, paymaster escort duty to and from the railroad must be performed, and all the while the regular post routine has to be attended to. But when there is a foot or so of snow on top of the alkali the conditions more nearly approach the monotonous.

Reveille starts each military day, of course. Everybody is supposed to get up at gunfire, but once a month or so, during the off-period, some officer who does not have to get up sleeps so soundly that he is not only undisturbed by the gun, but cannot even hear the rising of the sun. Guard mounting is at 9 o'clock, by which hour Col. Randlett generally has completed at least three hours' work. The colonel is not merely post commander; he is also acting Indian agent for the Uintah and Uncompahgre Utes; and if any one imagines that the combination job is an easy one he ought to watch the colonel get through with one of the six, and sometimes seven, busy days he has every week. The new guard having been mounted the officers may usually be found in the adjutant's office—Lieut. Edgar Koehler of the eleventh infantry attends to that desk—and from that focal point they scatter to wherever duty or pleasure may call them. Whenever a victim can be found the summary court is in session, but victims at Du Chesne are few, so the court is not overworked. The quartermaster is deeply engaged, of course. The responsible duties of that position are upon the shoulders of Lieut. Lewis M. Koehler—he of the ninth cavalry—but they do not sadden him, nor is he so wrapped up in property returns as to be unavailable for other purposes.

Once a week, on Friday, the post lyceum meets; an agreeable diversion. There the weaknesses of Napoleon's campaigns are mercilessly exposed, while it is a common occurrence for some one to offer irrefragible proof that Waterloo was won by Wellington because Ney's Pawnee scouts halted to roll and smoke a cigarette each. But such exposures are unofficial. When the lyceum is in session it attends to business. An officer reads a paper on a professional or semi-professional topic and then defends his testimony and his conclusions as best he can from the assaults of the critical. I was present one morning and heard Lieut. Watkins—well known in Washington—read an original account of a stone battle which he witnessed while touring in Palestine. It was a good paper, and it stumped the critics, because none of them had ever studied stone-throwing as a fine art or had ever been nearer to the Holy Land than New York; all much to their discomfiture.

Wheels Instead of Horses.

Bicycles are more plentiful than gas lamps on the streets of all American cities, but no one would expect to find a large assortment of high-grade wheels at such an out-of-the-way place as Fort Du Chesne. The assortment is there, however, and within two or three months there will hardly be an officer or enlisted man at the post who is not the possessor of a wheel. Soldiers are rarely rich, and it might naturally be supposed that the tendency would be toward some of the cheaper varieties of cycle, but, as a matter of fact, there is not a low-grade wheel in the garrison. Here in the east a slight snowfall discourages wheeling, but out at Du Chesne everybody rides wherever a reasonably hard-packed stretch of snow can be found in the roadway, and occasionally the always-clear sidewalks are taken possession of by the wheelmen.

A Cycle Company.

The enlisted men have organized a cycle company, with Quartermaster Sergeant Gillespie in command; that is, in command for all practical purposes, the real commander being Col. Randlett, who, in his new position, has been endowed with high rank—major general, I believe. The election of the post commander to the highest office in the gift of the cycle company is, of course, purely a compliment, for Col. Randlett is not a wheelman. As a cavalry officer of thirty-five years' experience, he is fully equal to the task of riding a fairly fractious horse, and he is willing to drive almost any sort of an animal that can be persuaded to wear harness, but the paymaster general couldn't bribe him with a year's funds to climb on the hurricane deck of an unsupported bicycle. The colonel might, perhaps, be persuaded to sit on a wheel if the wheel were flat on one side, was firmly held down by two or three muscular men and had pillows enough on it to make the seat comfortable. But the colonel is by no means unappreciative. If he will not ride he will at least smile upon the organization in which he is a major general as it parades past his residence every fine evening after retreat, and he is positively interested in the maneuvers which follow the bugle calls sounded by a trumpeter, who is also an expert wheelman.

Post Office and Club Room.

Waiting for the stage is a habit indulged in by a large percentage of the garrison six days a week; waiting on the seventh day would be a waste of time, for, on the seventh day, the stage never comes. The favorite loafing place at such a time is in and around the post trader's store, in which is located the post office. When the mail comes everybody seems to be quite as anxious to get a letter or a newspaper as he might be if the incoming of the stage was a semi-annual event instead of being an almost daily occurrence.

Not far from the post office is the officers' club room; an unpretentious apartment, the principal features of which are a billiard table, a big stove and an unpatronized buffet. Wherever there is an army post there is an officers' club, and wherever there is an officers' club somebody generally displays a tendency to swallow more liquor than is good for him. But Du Chesne is almost unique in that respect, and if the existence of the club depended upon the quantity of intoxicants sold the organization would be hopelessly bankrupt in a week. I know that the reputation of the army officer would hardly harmonize with the principles set forth in the doctrine of total abstinence, but it is, nevertheless, a fact—and one on which it is perfectly safe to bet many dollars—that temperance is the normal condition at this out-of-the-way station. Once in a while an inordinately thirsty officer indulges in a single glass of beer or ventures to share a bottle of that liquid with one of the club's guests, but such indulgence constitutes a notable event, and is invariably the cause of comment. A more thoroughly moral army post than Fort Du Chesne cannot, I feel satisfied, be found on this or on any other continent.

A Long-Distance Billiard Champion.

Reading the newspapers and magazines and pushing the ivory balls over the green cloth of the billiard table afford the officers fully two-thirds of their amusement. And there are billiard players at Du Chesne. Some of them are, of course, not quite as good as some others, but even the least expert receives the consideration which is his due. The "sharp" is Capt. Harry Wright. Born a Washingtonian, still a Washingtonian at heart, and remembered by a great many Washingtonians who were Washingtonians during those years when Harry was in the War and State departments. It frequently happens that Capt. Wright plays a game of billiards against the combined forces of half a dozen opponents, and it is invariably the fact that he wins without apparently having to make any extraordinary exertion. Occasionally there have been championship games; long-distance pedestrian contests, in which Dr. Snyder and Lieut. Cavenaugh shone with wonderful brilliancy. It is a phenomenal game in which Lieut. Cavenaugh does not tramp at least six or seven miles, and, through mis-cues, waste energy enough to break two tons of limestone small enough to be used for macadamizing purposes. Capt. Day and Lieut. L. M. Koehler are both able players, but it is their custom to sit near the stove and make sarcastic and discouraging remarks about the hard-working individuals, who are doing the best they know how on a table that runs up hill from all directions in spite of the quartermaster's daily affidavit that "that table was leveled up perfectly, first thing this morning."

Rough and Ready.

"Stables" is the event of the afternoon. After that sounds, every horse in the post is groomed until the officers who take that call are satisfied. Horses at Du Chesne are not as smooth or stylish in appearance as are the horses at many other western posts. The reason for this is to be found in the fact that the animals are sheltered only by sheds and horse covers. In much warmer climates than exist in northeastern Utah the horses are housed in comfortable stables and are therefore nothing like as rough as the Du Chesne horses must necessarily be. But if all of the United States cavalry force was ordered into the field tomorrow, few, if any, troops would be as well equipped in the matter of horseflesh as are the troops of Col. Randlett's command; horses that live through a Du Chesne winter in open-sided sheds are tough; if they were not tough they would not live through a Du Chesne winter.

When Night Comes.

Occasionally some one starts out to do a little fishing through the ice or to shoot the coyotes and magpies that abound near the post, but winter fishing is apt to be sloppily uncomfortable, so it is not popular. A few of the garrison fill in an odd hour or so in skating whenever the ice surface is in reasonably decent condition.

Evening amusements are not lacking, and they are generally enjoyed by the men who are off duty. The post exchange—which used to be known as the canteen—operates satisfactorily, an amateur orchestra is often in evidence, while the meeting of a Masonic lodge and the cleaning of bicycles all assist in filling the interim between "retreat" and "to quarters."

The officers frequently assemble at Dr. Snyder's quarters, there to sing and sing and sing until even the doctor wearies of playing the accompaniments. It was there that the Du Chesne Glee Club was born and nurtured to phenomenal maturity. It was there that Col. Burns and Col. Edelin of the Ute commission (Col. Edelin is another of those wandering Washingtonians), Lieut. Edgar Koehler and Lieut. Watkins sat with more or less of stolidity while the Glee Club got in its deadly work; commencing about 8 o'clock and ending at or near midnight. Lieut. Watkins (one more Virginia-Washingtonian by the way) was speedily lullled into a semi-comatose condition; he thoroughly appreciated the free concerts, but he was less hardy than Burns and Edelin and Adjutant Koehler, who never blinked an eye, who applauded all the solos and joined vociferously in all the choruses—a surprising exhibition of politeness when it is probable that they would have preferred whist or (like Quartermaster Koehler) slumber to the rehearsals they so graciously chaperoned.

Reminiscences.

Some of the evenings would find only two or three of us gathered together before a big open fireplace in which blazed and crackled cedar logs that threw out both warmth and fragrance. Those were the times and places for reminiscence—humorous, sentimental, tragic.

Somebody having made casual mention of the fact that a citizen resident at Fort Du Chesne—Seaboldt, I think the name was—had treed a skunk under a chicken coop, had secured the assistance of some one and had shot the intruder "by the misty moonbeams' struggling light, with the lantern dimly burning." Precisely what happened to the marksman is practically unknown, save to the marksman himself, and he is discreetly silent. That brief narrative awakened a memory which had as its central figures two young officers, who, years ago, were stationed at a post in New Mexico. Because of many practical jokes played by those youngsters they were under a social ban; were boycotted, in fact, by nearly all the ladies at that station. It was one of those delightfully warm August evenings common enough in New Mexico. Outside several of the houses on "the line" pleasant little parties were in progress, but to none of these were the two lieutenants invited; everybody else had a bid, but they were being punished for prankishness. They sauntered down in front of the quarters; ice was clinking in glasses and frozen dainties were being lavishly dispensed, but no one said, "Won't you come in for a while and take something?" Therefore they plotted vengeance, did those two neglected ones.

The Plot Hatches.

Hieing themselves to the post cemetery, they carefully proceeded, from a safe distance, to round-up several able-bodied specimens of Mephitis Americana, two of whom they succeeded in herding on to the parade and not far from the scenes of revelry. By this time their movements were concealed by the gloom, so their chances for detection were few. One of the conspirators kept an eye upon the animated bottles of decayed and concentrated compound of assafoedita and limburger, while the other trotted to the squad room of his troop to suggest that half a dozen men and two or three dogs "chase those skunks out of sight." Two minutes later and the old atmosphere had been entirely supplanted by a new one, the skunks were dead and everybody but the hunting party had vanished. Windows and doors were being hastily and forcibly slammed to the possible but altogether improbable end that the outer air be kept entirely on the outside. On porches and verandas and grass plots were the neglected remnants of festive occasions that died in their early youth while within the various sets of quarters—with the interior thermometers registering an even hundred degrees—were disgusted ladies and profane officers; victims of two unscrupulous low comedians.

A Hose Cart Masquerades.

The percentage of brave men in the United States army is very large; rarely indeed does any man deficient in physical courage find a place either in the register or in the ranks. But there are degrees of courage; some fighters are less valorous than others. One of the less valorous commanded a post most of the troops from which were, at the time of which I write, in the field at Pine Ridge against hostile Sioux. The fear of an attack was ever before the mental vision of this post commander; to such an extent that he was finally moved to make extravagant preparations for defending his residence. Prominent in his plans were two rather inferior Gatlings and the gun that had for years done service at reveille and retreat. These three pieces were so placed as to defend the rear and two sides of the colonel's quarters. Another gun was demanded of the officer who had charge of the post ordnance, but the other gun wasn't there. Something had to be done, of course, or the colonel wouldn't enjoy a wink of sleep. Fortunately, the officer upon whom the requisition was made had a rich fund of unquestioned originality and assurance. He caused a hose cart to be covered with a big tarpaulin, and had a sufficient number of men, who couldn't help grinning, haul the imitation weapon into position before the colonel's house. The effect upon the nervous colonel—who never dreamed of the deception—was all that could have been desired. Protected by a hose cart and by three guns, for all of which there were not more than five rounds of ammunition in the magazine, the old warrior slept soundly.

Laughing for the hundredth time at the ease with which the veteran was lulled to slumber, it suddenly occurred to me that there was marked resemblance between the satisfied colonel and the average American civilian, who is satisfied that we have at hand ample means of coast defense and war material sufficient to meet any emergency.

GEO. H. HARRIES.

THE NATIONAL GUARD

Armory Gossip Confined to a Forthcoming Court-Martial.

RULES COVERING THE BURKART MEDAL

Discussion Regarding the Interstate Competitive Drill Situation.

COMPANY MATCH SCORES

Armory gossip during the past week has been confined almost exclusively to the discussion of the forthcoming court-martial of Lieut. George E. Tralles of company A, third battalion. Something having excited the ire of Lieut Tralles he, so it is stated, accused Lieut. Gibson, the third battalion's inspector of rifle practice, of dishonesty in keeping the scores. To this accusation—than which no charge could easily be more serious—Lieut. Gibson has responded with charges and specifications, that will, in the near future, receive the careful attention of a general court-martial. Discussion of the possibilities and probabilities is, of course, very vague, for most of those who do the bulk of the chattering are entirely without knowledge as to the case in any of its phases. Several members of the company of which Lieut. Tralles is now an officer seem to be making a personal matter of it, and in one instance there was exhibited toward Lieut. Gibson insubordination, which, it is understood, Capt. Shilling will undoubtedly attend to; anyhow, it will be attended to, say some of the officers who have heard of the incident. Gratuitous and vulgar impertinence, emanating from a private and addressed to an officer in one of the company rooms of the armory, will not be permitted, it is stated, under any circumstances, no matter what may result from the promptest possible application of deserved punishment.

General expression of opinion is to the effect that the court-martial and some of its accompaniments will have a wholesome effect upon more than one battalion, but especially upon a battalion which has been in a decidedly ragged condition since its last reorganization.

The Apology Was Not Forthcoming.

Several efforts have been made to bring about a harmonious and unofficial settlement of the difficulty between the two principal parties to the court-martial, but as no proper apology was forthcoming, Lieut. Gibson reluctantly withdrew his request for a court of inquiry, and has substituted therefor the charges which are hereafter made plain. In this matter Lieut. Gibson has had no choice. When the inspector general of rifle practice returned to duty, after being on sick report for five months, it was reported to him that Lieut. Tralles had accused Lieut. Gibson of dishonesty. Major Harries thereupon notified Lieut. Gibson that he must put forth every effort to purge himself of that charge, and if he failed to do so, Major Harries said he would prefer charges against Lieut. Gibson, and, in the court-martial which would follow, would put Lieut. Tralles on the stand as a witness. This action on the part of the inspector general of rifle practice is said by that officer to be due to his determination to permit no one to be an officer of the department of rifle practice whose reputation for honesty and efficiency can possibly be called into question. With both horns of the dilemma in his immediate vicinity, Lieut. Gibson soon made up his mind that he would rather be on the witness stand than in the dock.

What Gibson Says Tralles Said.

Charge I is conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, in that Lieutenant Tralles said to Lieutenant Gibson while they were in the neighborhood of the armory on the evening of February 1: "There is one thing certain, you are dishonest in keeping the records of rifle practice, and if you do anything right you do it in a sneakyfied manner," or words to that effect. The second charge is conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, in that Lieutenant Tralles made the statement quoted, knowing at the time that his accusaion was false.

The charges have been signed and started on their step-ladder course to headquarters. The signatures as witnesses are those of Lieut. Gibson and of Lieut. Cook, the latter being present when the alleged verbal assault was made on Lieutenant Gibson.

The Interstate Drill Situation.

Quite a little concern among the organizations directly interested followed the announcement in The Star Saturday last that the commanding general would probably decline to grant permission to companies of the District of Columbia National Guard to leave the District hereafter for the purpose of participating in interstate drills. In consequence, at the meeting of company A, third battalion, called for the purpose of taking action in regard to attending the Savannah interstate drill in May, it was decided to postpone the matter until it could be determined officially whether or not the company would be allowed to send a team to the Georgia competition.

A special meeting, called for the express purpose of considering the Savannah drill proposition, was scheduled for company A, second battalion, but Captain Edwards lost no time in revoking the call when he learned of the probability of a prohibitory order from headquarters. Meetings of other companies have been postponed for the same reason.

Statements to the effect that company A of the third fully intends to participate in the Savannah drill at all odds, even though it might be necessary to withdraw from the National Guard in order to carry out that purpose, have been floating around rather promiscuously during the week. It has been reported, too, that the Memphis prize winners will make an attempt to go to Savannah as a National Guard organization in spite of orders to the contrary, and also that they are thinking seriously of attending as individuals in a manner similar to that followed by the Sealy Rifles of Galveston, Texas, in going to the Memphis drill and by the Neeley Zouaves of Memphis in reaching the St. Louis competition. These alleged intentions, it is said, have reached the ears of the commanding general, and it is natural to presume that the chances for favorable action on the company's application for the necessary permission have not been increased to any appreciable extent by the reports.

Capt. Shilling's Statement.

Capt. Shilling, in conversation with a Star reporter, yesterday expressed regret and indignation that such rumors should have become current. All talk of the nature described, he says, has been unofficial and unauthorized, and probably emanated, if at all, from irresponsible and agitated members of the company.

"When I entered the National Guard," explained Capt. Shilling, "I had not the faintest idea of ever attending an interstate drill. After a lapse of several years, opportunity presented itself, and we went to Memphis, and were fortunate enough to be successful in the competition held in that city in May last. Throughout the winter the boys have been working unusually hard to perfect themselves in a manner purely military. Special attention has been given to rifle practice, and we now have some of the best marksmen in the brigade among our members. A school of instruction has also been established, with the result that a score of enlisted men are now prepared to successfully pass examinations for commissions, and they will endeavor to secure candidate badges as soon as an opportunity is afforded them to appear before the brigade board. The boys are exceedingly anxious to participate in the Savannah drill, and I know the standard of the organization as a military company would not be affected in the slightest degree by the trip. However, if my application for the necessary permission which is now at headquarters is denied I shall accept the situation as an officer should, and I trust that there has been no doubt on that point, so far as I am concerned. Of course, I realize that if the application is denied, certain members of the company will apply for discharges, and it may be stated incidentally that they will be forwarded, approved, without delay. But such a situation will not affect me in the slightest degree, for I shall remain and endeavor, as heretofore, to place company A, third battalion, at the top of the ladder, so far as military efficiency is concerned."

Application Will Be Disapproved.

It is understood, and equally as thoroughly as was last week, the proposed intention of the commanding general to issue the prohibitory order that the application of Capt. Shilling to take a team to Savannah will be disapproved, and it may be repeated on the best of authority that hereafter no companies of the District of Columbia National Guard will be permitted to leave the District for the purpose of participating in interstate drills.

Several guardsmen have expressed the opinion that if company A of the third is forced to remain at home the company will not be in existence at the end of two months from the present time, and that the third battalion, as at present constituted, will then be a memory. This is not likely to work any hardship on Capt. Shilling, who is regarded throughout the brigade generally as one of its most efficient officers.

It has heretofore been stated that the intention is, or was, until Saturday last, to reorganize company C, first battalion, as a drill company, and, so it is stated by members of the battalion, the expected order of prohibition has already begun to affect the organization of which First Lieut. Lee is in command.

Company B, second battalion, has taken no action on the Savannah proposition as yet, and it is not likely to do so, although several of the members have stated publicly that the company is very desirous of being represented in the competition.

Advices from Savannah explain that the expression "state troops" is intended to exclude the entry of companies from the regular army, and that all other organizations, whether in the National Guard or "independent," are invited to compete.

Company Match for March.

Some little surprise was occasioned, especially in the engineer corps, by the second section of the company match for March, which occurred Thursday evening last. The scores show that company A, sixth battalion, is the winner of the match, surpassing the record of company A, engineer corps, by five points. All the teams reported in the gallery with the exception of the first separate company.

The scores in detail are as follows:

Second battalion, company A—Sergt. Thompson, 37; Sergt. Davis, 40; Private Brittain, 43; Private Hazard, 39; Private De Moll, 34. Total, 193.

Sixth battalion, company A—Capt. Simonson, 43; Sergt. Groome, 44; Sergt. McClain, 46; Corp. Whitacre, 47; Corp. Wilcox, 46. Total, 226.

Company B—Sergt. Davenport, 43; Lieut. Kirk, 43; Private Barstow, 45; Private Buell, 46; Private Pile, 44. Total, 221.

Company C—Capt. Streeks, 38; Sergt. Wilkinson, 31; Private Sweeny, 40; Private Gainer, 39; Private Presnell, 42. Total, 190.

First separate battalion, company A—Sergt. Clements, 9; Sergt. Wells, 38; Private Gibson, 38; Private Harris, 27; Private Thomas, 40. Total, 152.

Company B—Lieut. Piper, 31; Sergt. Addison, 37; Sergt. Thomas, 39; Private Henson, 23; Private Jackson, 36. Total, 166.

Company C—Private Ernest, 16; Private Brooks, 28; Private Nelson, 26; Private Thornton, 27; Private Johnston, 15. Total, 112.

Company D—Lieut. Johnston, 36; Corp. Murry, 38; Private Payne, 31; Private Ware, 29; Private Stewart, 20. Total, 154.

Engineer corps, company A—Private E. W. Scott, 41; Private Alberde, 47; Private Williams, 46; Private Birney, 39; Private McLaughlin, 48. Total, 221.

Company B—Sergt. Miller, 44; Sergt. Mayes, 38; Private Teery, 49; Capt. Holt, 54; Private Nash, 38. Total, 203.

Company C—Lieut. Johnson, 45; Sergt. Lepper, 40; Corp. Wright, 47; Private Lamson, 43; Lieut. Chandler, 25. Total, 200.

Second separate company—Capt. Wiggin, 34; Sergt. Gibson, 8; Private Kervin, 41; Private Willis, 14; Private Eckstein, 40. Total, 137.

Rules for the Burkart Medal.

Competition for the Burkart medal will not be in accordance with the terms which were unofficially announced some six or seven weeks ago. The original regulations were unsatisfactory in several respects, so, after consultation with the donor of the medal, the inspector general of rifle practice announces the approved terms to be as follows:

"Team members who make at least 90 per cent of the possible in their first scores at each range—each competitor being compelled to fire at least ten rounds at each range on either a company, battalion or regimental team—will be admitted to the final stage, in which those who have made not less than 90 per cent may compete. Competitors in the final stage will be required to fire ten rounds each at 200, 300, 500 and 600 yards. Competition for the medal will be annual and in the gallery. The medal becomes the personal property of any one winning it three times."

In the First Battalion.

There is a reported dissension in company D, first battalion, the trouble being the result, it is said, of dissatisfaction over one of the lieutenants. Col. Moore has been consulted in the matter, and is endeavoring to cause an amicable settlement of the difficulty.

At a drill of the first battalion Thursday evening last service medals were presented to a number of members who have served six years or more, the names of whom have heretofore been published.

Second Separate Company.

In the second separate company during the week Privates George E. Frech and William C. Eckstein appeared before the examining committee to establish their eligibility for appointment as corporals. Several members of the company are undergoing court-martial for disobedience of orders. The quarters of the company, on the fourth floor of the armory building, have been handsomely furnished of late, and it is the intention to procure a distinctive uniform in the near future. Capt. Wiggin has established a school of instruction for noncommissioned officers, which meets each Tuesday evening.

Notes.

A drill of the second battalion has been ordered for Monday evening, March 23.

The following men are among the possibilities for places on the rifle team of the fifth battalion: Sergt. Maj. Bailey, Corporals Tyler and McLeod and Private Callan, company A; Capt. Phebus, Sergt. Acher, Corporal Schufert and Privates Dennison, Weir and Totten, company B; Lieut. Leeman, Sergt. Loveless, Corporal Homer and Privates McGirnis and Murray, company D.

As the result of court-martial, Privates Eshleman and O'Hagen, company D, third battalion, have been discharged in the interests of the service. This company has formally adopted the distinctive name "Allison Nailor Guard." Following the example of others, Capt. King has established a school of instruction in his company, which is held each Saturday evening.

A meeting of the ladies who are to assist at the coming joint entertainment of company A, sixth battalion, and the Second Regiment Band will be held Thursday next at the quarters of Capt. Simonson's company in the National Guard armory. The entertainment, which is to take place April 15, at the National Rifles' Armory, is intended to be of a highly artistic character, and will be followed by a full dress reception and ball.

A Fact to Be Considered.

From Puck.

Caller (in editorial sanctum)—"Young man, do you think I could lick the editor?"

Office boy (judicially)—"What is your record as a sprinter?"

"Gas administered."—Life.

"London Creams" —are ideal Cream Crackers. It isn't possible to buy finer. There's no comparison between London Creams and the ordinary soda or cream crackers. They're dependable crackers, too—not good one time and stale, heavy and uninviting the next. "LONDON CREAMS" are ALWAYS light, crisp, delicious and fresh whenever they're sent. Try them once—and you'll have no other.

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DIAMONDS, Rubies, Emeralds, Sapphires, Pearls, and other precious and semi-precious stones, set in rich gold mountings as Pendants, Brooches, Rings, Scarf Pins, etc. Chaste in design, masterly in workmanship.

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TREATMENT OF ORCHIDS.

How Our Grandfathers Slowly Discovered Their Disposition.

From Garden and Forest.

The essential cultural requirements of orchids were not known till long after they had attracted the attention of horticulturists. It is interesting to note the struggles of our great-grandfathers to discover the conditions most suitable for them. We who know all about it are surprised that any intelligent cultivator should have tried to grow epiphytic plants "in common soil in pots plunged to the rim in a tan bed." Teak baskets, sphagnum moss, peat fiber and charcoal appear to us to be exactly what any intelligent schoolboy would have recommended as supplying the right material for an epiphyte. But, like all useful discoveries and inventions, simple as they appear to us they were not worked out without much thought, experiment and the sacrifice of many plants. One of the shrewdest of botanists working in the van of the horticultural art of his time, Dr. Lindley, stated in a paper read to the Royal Horticultural Society in 1830 that "high temperature, deep shade and excessive humidity are the conditions essential to the well-being of orchids." Thirteen years later another orchid authority, Mr. Bateman, recommended the same treatment, adding that a resting season was necessary. This treatment became the only orthodox one, and was persisted in for upward of thirty years.

We now recognize that fresh air at all times is essential, that many orchids enjoy bright sunshine, that while some require plenty of moisture all the year round, others require it only for a portion of the year, and that some even thrive only when treated as if they were cacti. The temperature for exotic orchids varies from a purely tropical to that of a few degrees above freezing point, and while some species during growth are kept in a hot steamy atmosphere, and after growth is completed are removed to comparatively cool and dry conditions to afford them a rest, others suffer if the conditions are not fairly uniform all the year round.

A Good Comparison.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

"How large were the diamonds?" asked the press agent, pausing in the writing of the account for publication.

"About as large as chestnuts," confessed the actress, unwittingly.

SOME ASPECTS OF OUR CIVILIZATION

When Courtesy and Good Manners Are Lacking.

From the Forum.

Genuine courtesy and refinement are rare in almost all parts of the world; they are certainly rare in America. The deficiency does not exist in the lower classes alone. It is conspicuous among those favored by fortune. Where in any other of what are called the great centers of civilization could one see a grosser exhibition of boorishness than was recently displayed by the well-to-do crowds at the horse show in New York, in their behavior toward the young Duke and Duchess of Marlborough?—women and men crowding and hustling to get a place from which to stare at the newly married pair, vying with each other in the shameless manifestation of the want of self-respect, as well as of decent regard not merely to the conventional, but to actual propriety.

But a more serious, because a more widespread and permanent exhibition of the lack of due regard for manners, is the neglect—common to all classes of society—of the proper domestic training of children. The frequent and notorious self-sufficiency and impertinence of the American child betray the indifference of parents to the essential and most commonplace considerations of domestic discipline and parental responsibility. The spirit of unchecked independence and of selfish willfulness permitted in childhood develops into youthful lawlessness and resistance to restraint. The hoodlum of the street corner and the rough loafer of the village find their mates among the students of our colleges. The difference between them is only one of circumstance and of degree.

The Great Unwashed.

From the Woonsocket (R. I.) Reporter.

Teacher—"Suppose you were a king, Tommy, what would you do?"

Tommy—"I'd never wash my face any more."

As Deadly Weapons.

From the Chicago Record.

"Bicycles are to be made useful in war."

"Oh, I see; if the soldiers' guns don't destroy the enemy, he can be run over."

Far From It.

From Puck.

Flora—"Is he as stupid as he looks?"

Cora—"Oh, no! He has a wealthy aunt."

There are good points —to most every laundry. Some are better than others, but THE YALE is the best of all.

That's a strong statement, but it's true—every word of it!

We have one of the finest equipped laundry plants in America. Best facilities—expert help—perfect sanitary system—pure washing materials —and prompt delivery.

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