

Where Our Naval Officers Are Trained



A lieutenant's wife writes about life at Annapolis Academy, and tells especially about the work which Mrs. Gabrielle Jackson is doing as "Little Mother" to the young midshipmen there



HERE is no more important unit of preparedness for our national defense than the United States Naval Academy. The American people are today making no better investment for the future, come peace or war, than in the education and training of the men whose professional ability and personal integrity we must one day trust for the efficiency of the fleet, but whose lives and traditions are less understood by the people than almost any group of men in the country." Thus writes M. Kelton in the New York Sun. She continues: "The American people are unrepresented before congress by the brains they are taxed to train and upon which they must rely to protect the national honor.

"Come with me through the Maryland avenue gate of the academy, past the midshipmen of the guard and let us look out at the world with the spirit and swing of the service back of us and through the eyes of the boys who are among the least appreciated of our national resources but who constitute the backbone of our potential preparedness; for preparedness is not to bring on war, not to preserve the peace; it is for the purpose of giving the country a reasonable surety of success in war.

"Our first shore duty was at the naval academy. My husband, then a lieutenant, reported in the department of mathematics and I set valiantly to work to make our quarters at least habitable. Government furniture has an exasperating way of representing the combined tastes of a long line of former occupants.

"We were assigned to a top floor flat in Goldsborough row, the one where Admiral Theodor Porter's daughter wrote her name with a diamond on a window pane when she was a child and he but a lieutenant. Admiral Benson, our present chief of operations, lived in the same flat and doubtless endured remnants of the same furniture when he was an ensign. The midshipmen called the old place the Corral and sometimes the Incubators—young devils! The whole row is gone now to make way for a green lawn, but its memories will go out only with the last of the souls who peopled the shabby rooms.

"I think it must be this succession of people facing at different times the same problems and difficulties, stepping actually into each other's footsteps in work and play, which gives us that splendid spirit of the service, the warm brotherhood of thought and action that no outsider may really understand. It begins with the plebe class in the academy and goes on down a man's life till he is struck off the list forever and its warmth is his children's heritage. It is the unspoken generosity of the upper-class men at the academy to lend a hand to youngsters (third-class men) or plebe alike. It begins in discipline and ends in justice.

"It is the co-operation of officer with men. It stands behind our guns and sweats in the stoker's hell. It is the chap who stays aboard to take another fellow's duty that some waiting wife may be happy, some child discover that the photograph he is taught to call father isn't just a make-believe. It is, more than any other one thing, fleet efficiency. Its steady, unchanging existence is the armament against which politicians' errors break like froth. It is our safeguard for protection and against militarism.

"My father had never let me visit the naval academy as a girl for fear I might marry a naval officer, so I looked forward to meeting my first midshipman with a curious flareback of youth, almost as if I were to see them through the eyes of a girl. I had determined when we went to duty at the academy to have a home place for the boys who were not invited out very much. My husband told me once long years ago, when I had gone all the way from Boston to Gibraltar to be with him for four days, that no one had ever asked him out to a single meal at the time he was at the academy.

"I never forgot that little confidence or the look in his eyes, and when I picked my first midshipman to invite to our quarters it was because he said 'Yes, ma'am' to me and didn't know what to do with his hands.

"The Sunday after S. reported we went to chapel in the academy. We were seated well back and in the shadow of one of the side balconies. It was infinitely quiet there, the very light held a quality of silence and the rows and rows of empty pews beneath the splendid dome seemed to be waiting tensely with me for some expected sound.

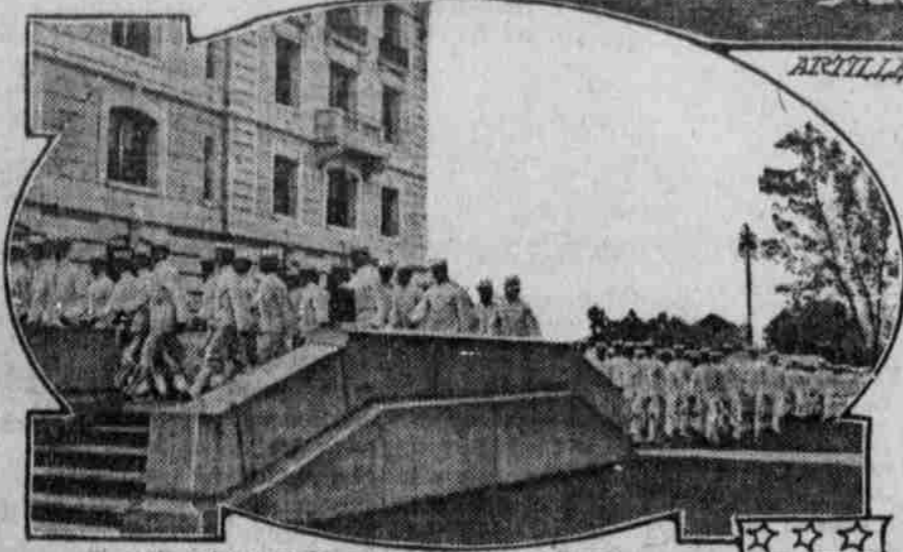
"I looked up into the rapidly filling balconies. So many girls, so young and eager, men and women, town folk and visitors. Then, as my



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glance wandered, I made out in the dimness of the organ loft the figure of a tiny woman. She was leaning forward and I could tell by her alert watchfulness that she, too, was waiting with me and the quiet church for a breaking of the silence. "The seats about us were filled now with officers and their families. The midshipmen of the choir sat motionless in the chancel. Zimmerman, the band master, slid silently along the organ bench. There was a turning of heads, an instant's heavy pause, and then the quick, sharp crash of men marching on stone, an inrush of sweet air through the open doors, short, high commands, and to the triumph of 'Onward, Christian Soldiers' in they marched, youth and life, ambition and hope, courage and discipline.

"I had thought to see them through the eyes of a girl, for I was only twenty-two, but the blurred sight of those 900 shining young heads, the straight, strong bodies in all their bravery of full dress uniforms, the knowledge that discipline had marched them to church when most of them wanted to be free and out of doors, awakened in me a sense of them I have never since lost. They needed a home and a mother, and but few of them realized how the iron arm of the navy department would separate them from both. You'll understand presently; but first let me take you out of the quiet chapel into the earnest bustle of Sunday liberty.

"The broad shallow steps are massed with uniforms crowding up to meet the frocks and flowers coming down and far out under the splendid trees and along Love lane the midshipmen wait to be joined by friends or family. All too many have neither living near enough to come to them, and these stand in groups or move off toward Bancroft hall, which is quarters for the entire brigade. There goes my little lady of the organ loft, completely swamped by 20 or more young giants and more come hurrying toward her along Chapel walk. I do not remember seeing in all my life so happy a face as hers.

"The gay picture breaks up, the people scatter and presently the streets of Annapolis are thronged with hurrying, loitering, laughing youths all moving dinnerward. It is a pathetic thing, in its very joyousness, these young men children trying to make the most of a few short hours of liberty. Many homes are thrown open to them on liberty days, both out in town and among the officers, but comparatively few boys are reached in this way.

dom from routine discipline may be had openly and in order and with the sanction of the authorities. Carvel hall, the one possible hotel, the Peggy Stewart inn and a few boarding houses must be the meeting place for friends and family, and perched on chair arms, overflowing into halls and onto stairs, lining balconies and filling benches in the grounds our navy in embryo kicks its heels, pulls down its dress jacket and is generally uncomfortable.

"Bright and early of a Monday morning, hatless and happy, I went exploring. Something lovely always happens to me when I explore. I've proved it from Hongkong to the Bahamas and back to New York.

"First of all I inspected the quarters of the ranking officers. Some day if my lieutenant ever reaches the exalted rank of commander we might live in one of these houses. I sat on the bench, sacred to first-class men, where my husband had been as a boy of nineteen. I gazed upon the academic building where at that moment he was engaged in subduing 16 plebes. I sat in Love lane and watched section after section march by to recitation and thanked my Maker I did not have to study what they did.

"A nice yellow dog joined me, and we wandered off to look at the old statue of Tecumseh, god of two-five, or passing mark, who must be kissed by all plebes if they hope to get through the academy. There was a flight of stone steps leading over the terrace to the tennis courts below. Dog and I went down and there under the single great willow tree sat my very tiny lady of the organ loft. A watchman ap-

proches me. "Sorry, ma'am, but you can't talk to that there lady; it's agin orders. She sets there and writes and there ain't no one to disturb her."

"But, I began. Friend dog barked, my lady looked across at us, and I could hear her laugh. "Did you want to speak to me?" she called out. "Every wan wants to speak to 'er," said the departing and disgusted Jimmy legs.

"We were friends before I had sat down under her tree, and, would you believe it, I'd known her all my life because she wrote 'Denise and Ned Toodles' in St. Nicholas, and I think that makes her partly belong to me.

"Have you any children? I asked. "Yes, my dear," she replied crisply, 'one daughter and about 900 sons in uniform.'

"So, here was the mother of midshipmen, a tiny, alert figure, young eyes, face lined by years of physical pain and the heart and soul of her in every tone of voice and expression of her screwed-up forehead.

"That was the beginning. Since then, all down the years I have been Gabrielle Jackson's honored friend and watched her work for her boys against the odds of delicate health, constant physical suffering and slender means. Her little sitting room in Carvel hall, dubbed Sky parlor in its early days, is the meeting place for all her sons, plebes and first-class men alike. There are no "rates" there, and all she asks is that they shall come to her and let her be their 'little mother.'

"There is an open fire to stoke, big chairs, a tea table to mess with a warmth of love no boy should ever miss, no matter how good for him the discipline all through the week may be. Midshipmen of the first class have only 20 hours of liberty in a whole week and a plebe but five and a half. What wonder that they long for a home place in which to spend the precious hours.

"For nine years Sky parlor has been a home to all who wish to come, with or without introduction or invitation, and only three times has Mrs. Jackson been forced to say, 'Son, I am sorry, but remember the open sesame to Sky parlor must be clean living and high standards, and having forgotten this I think, for the sake of those who have not forgotten, it would be wiser for you to give up your visits here.'

"Commandant and officers are glad of her co-operation, for discipline and drills, strict orders and hard work may turn out many a fine officer, but it does not always reach and help a naturally fine but high-strung nature.

"This is Gabrielle Jackson's work."



Julia Bottomley is recognized as one of the best informed women's fashion writers in the United States. She knows exactly the needs and desires of women in the small town and country, for not many years ago she conducted a dressmaking and millinery shop in a little city in Colorado. And the articles she prepares for us are written with a view to meeting the conservative ideas of the ladies of our community. The lawdry and extravagant are taboo with her. Leading wholesale and retail dealers and manufacturers of women's apparel recognize in Mrs. Bottomley an authority, and the editor of the Ladies' Home Journal has consulted her frequently. She is at present associate editor of one monthly fashion periodical, is a regular contributor to another and is fashion editor for an important newspaper syndicate. Before the war Mrs. Bottomley went annually to the Paris fashion center, and since then has kept in touch by personal correspondence. We publish these articles by special arrangement.



AMONG THE NEW BLOUSES.

Among the new blouses there are high as well as open necks and, occasionally, models that fasten in the back. But the blouse with round or V-shaped neck and its fastening at the front is still a favorite and outnumbers all other designs. Where the decoration requires it the fastening may be neither in the back or front but along the shoulder and underarm seam. Some very smart semi-dress models of crepe de chine are made in this way.

In materials the sheerest things refuse to abdicate in favor of heavier fabrics for winter. Crepe georgette, chiffon, lace, net and thin cottons have made a permanent place for themselves for winter as well as summer wear. They conquer by reason of their faintness. It is left to the outside wrap, and a sweater-vest worn under it, to provide warmth, while the dainty blouse fulfills its mission by being 'rely beautiful. But, after all, these

thin blouses are more practical for those who spend their time in steam-heated buildings than are heavier ones. A pretty model, made of cream-colored net, and trimmed with val lace, is pictured here. It has the popular epaulette shoulder and long sleeves with deep pointed cuffs. It is made of net with a row of insertion and one of edging as a finish. Both insertion and edging, used as insertion, are let into the front of the blouse. It fastens with small crochet buttons. The sleeve is gathered into a band made of insertion with edging set onto it, and a small pointed cuff of the net is finished with a scant frill of lace. Net blouses are worn over underbodices of thin silk or of net or chiffon. They are soft and easily laundered and for this reason commend themselves to the traveler or to the business girl.



ALL-FEATHER TURBANS AND FEATHER TRIMS.

Feathers, in the incomparably beautiful colorings and markings with which nature has glorified them, are used for all-feather turbans and as trimmings on turbans and hats of velvet. Small, intricate and brilliant ornaments are made of them and set flat against brim or crown, like a rich embroidery. Breasts, small wings and feather wreaths adorn draped velvet shapes in compact trimming, and feather sprays and plumes are not altogether neglected.

The all-feather turban represents such patient and painstaking handwork, by which tiny feathers are glued to a foundation. Small feathers, or larger ones that have been trimmed down to the required size and shape, must each be handled several times, and separately, to make these rich hats. The bronze feathers from the breast of the turkey and the gorgeous plumage of the peacock are in high favor for turbans and ornaments. It is this careful handwork which makes the all-feather turban, or the handsome feather ornament, expensive.

In the picture given here a brilliant turban, made entirely of feathers, is shown at the right. The feathers are bronze, shading into brown and green. There is an odd ornament at the front made of silver cord. At the left a velvet turban supports a graceful wreath of curled coque feathers that extends almost entirely round the shape. Wreaths of this kind are made in several colors to use with velvets in harmonizing colors. Green and bronze are especially effective with dark brown velvet.

At the top of the group a black velvet tam carries off a spray of soft black feathers with good grace, although it must assert its independence in doing so. But it makes amends with a band of silver tissue about the narrow brim—acknowledging the vogue for close-set trimmings in this way.

In Fashionland. The more fluffy summer dresses will combine organdie and taffeta. A plain taffeta suit may be effectively touched up by plaid pipings.