

The famous old ballad has been sung for nearly a century by the cadets of the United States Military Academy. Its history makes good reading

We'll never fall to drink to her and Benny Havens,



HO was Benny Havens? Ask the next West Pointer you meet to tell you something about Benny Havens. He knows and you'll find that his eyes will kindle at the mention of the name, says the New York Sun.

West Pointers for half a century have told the story of Benny Havens - they have bled and died with it on their lips.

Wherever Duty called they went, their steps were never slow-With Alma Mater on their lips, and "Benny Havens, Oh"

"Benny Havens, Oh!" is the epic of West Point, It is a story in song, the story of West Pointers and their sacrifices for duty, honor, West Point and country.

This old academy of West Point, laid out on a rugged shelf overlooking the majestic sweep of the Hudson, has many prized traditions, unsuffied, inallenable, but none more sacred to her sons than that of Benny Havens. Go to Cullum Memorial hall at West Point and read in imperishable letters of bronze the story of her sons. She has seen them march out of her sallyports singing "Benny Havens, Oh!" and seen them brought back while minute guns were echoing among the granite nills. that surround her. The history of West Point is closely interwoven with that of our country; West Pointers have written bright pages in the annals

Their blood has watered Western plains and Northern

wilds of snow.

Has stained Sierra's highest peaks, where piercing wind e'er blow;

Has dyed deep red the Everglades, and deeper still, you know.

The sacred Montezuma shades and walls of Mexico.

Wherever duty has summoned them West Pointers have carried "Benny Havens, Oh!" The story of Benny Havens is almost as old as

that of the academy itself. Many, many years ago, in 1824 to be precise, Benny Havens took up his residence on the southern border of what then constituted the post of West Point. Almost immediately he and the cadets became friends.

He was a genial soul, generous, and of good company and an inimitable spinner of yarns, and he invariably plied his visitors with buckwheat cakes and maple sirup. Soon his refreshments acquired such fame that cadets often slipped away from their duties and made their way to Benny's retreat, where they found oblivion for their disciplinary woes. Almost every night after taps saw half a dozen daring cadets, who should have been in bed, gathered around Benny's bountiful table.

Only for a short time did Benny's fare confine itself to buckwheat cakes and maple sirup. Grog and wine were added to the menu, an addition whereby Benny's popularity increased tenfold. About this time the West Point authorities, who had previously shut their eyes to Benny's liberalities, decided that the time had come to declare a blockade on Benny in so far as cadets were concerned, and consequently Benny's haven of delight became "off limits" for the future generals and punishment was meted out by those caught ranning the blockade. Jefferson Davis, afterward president of the Confederate states, had the distinction of being among the first batch of endets court-martialed for midnight revels at Benny

Benny was warned that his generosity to cadets was demoralizing to discipline and that unless he called a halt summary proceedings would result. He was unable to refuse those few cadets who "ran it out" to his home and finally be was expelled from the post shortly after 1820, taking up his abode at the base of a high cliff near the river's edge about a mile below West Point. Here he lived in a small frame house until his death in 1877 at the age of ninety. He was buried in Union cemetery, about midway between Highland Falls and Fort

Montgomery on the West Point road. Many men win rose to fame after leaving West "GUARD MOUNT" AT WEST FOURT

others-spent happy hours in " any's retreat. Lucius O'Erlen of the F United States infantry paid a visit to Cadet Ripley A. Arnold, who was then a first classman.

Point-Grant, Fitzbugh Lee, Sherman, Custer and

Arnold introduced O'Brien to Benny Havens, a warm friendship at once springing up between the two. In the academy at this time were John Thomas Metcalfe, who after graduation studied medicine and became one of the foremost surgeons in the country, and Irvin McDowell, who commanded the Union forces at the first battle of Bull Run. Both Metcalfe and McDowell were great friends of Benny.

Benny Havens, Lieutenant O'Brien, Metcalfe and Arnoid together composed the original five verses of the song "Benny Havens, Oh!" and set it to the tune of "The Wenring of the Green." An obligary notice of Doctor Metcalfe says: "He had an early taste for versifying, and with skill at the guitar and a good tenor voice, composed many a ditty to pass away the idle time. It was thus that he wrote the celebrated song 'Benny Havens, Oh!"

It is not what would be called good poetry. Some of it is crude. Today there are about 50 verses, almost all of which were composed before Benny's death in 1877. Class after class added a verse. In the waning years of Benny's life almost every night the cadets sang them through, crowding round Benny, with glasses full, while their host led them with his fiddle and his low clear barytone. This fiddle, by the way, is still in possession of an old citizen of Highland Falls.

Come, fill your glasses, fellows, and stand up in a row, To singing sentimentally we're going for to go. In the army there's sobriety, promotion's very slow, So we'll sing our reminiscences of Benny Havens, Oh!

Soon came along the Mexican war to furnish inspiration to the cadet poets. Several verses were added to the poem in commemoration of the deeds of those whose gallantry carried the American flag from Vera Cruz to the heights of Chapultepec, overtooking Montezuma's ancient capital. Two of these are:

Here's a health to General Taylor, whose rough and ready blow struck terror to the rancheros of braggart Mexico May his country ne'er forget his deeds and ne'er for-get to show olds him worthy of a place at Benny Havens,

To the "veni, vidi, vici!" man to Scott, the greatest hero, Fill the goblet to the brim, let no one shrinking go. May life's cares on his honored head fall light as flakes

And his fair fame be ever great at Benny Havens, Oh! The civil war saw stressful times at the Point and the cadets turned their attention to sterner things than poetry. The ranks of the corps were thinned by the loss of the Southerners, who went home to take up the cause of their respective states. Many of those from the North and South, who had been friends of Benny, fell on the field of glery-Manassas, Antietam, Gettysburg, the Wilderness and a hundred other places were stained with the blood of West Pointers.

There was little gayety at Benny's during the stern four years, for Benny was getting old and the almost daily news of the less of his former friends on the battlefield robbed him of his oldtime lightheartedness.

Some of the verses of the poem which were written just after the war are lost. There seems to be only the following intact:

To the army's brave commanders let now our glasses

We'll drink to Grant and Sherman and to the subs To Thomas, Meade and Sheridan (these come in apro-We'll toast them all with goblets full at Benny Ha-vens, Oh!

Early in 1866 Gen. Winfield Scott died. For him. this verse appeared:

Another star has faded, we miss its brilliant glow, For the veteran Scott has ceased to be a soldier here below: the country which he honored now feels a heart As we toust his name in reverence at Benny Havens,

During the last year of Benny's life came the stunning news that Custer and his men had fought their last fight. James E. Porter, Harrington and others, lieutenants and West Pointers all, perished with that gallant band. Not until Benny had died did these verses appear in memory of Custer and his command:

In silence lift your glasses; a meteor flashes out So swift to death brave Custer; amid the battle's shout out called—and, crowned, he went to join the friends

of long ago.

To the land of Peace, where now he dwells with Benny Havens, Oh:

We'll drop a tear for Harrington and his comrades, Custer's braves
Who fell with none to see the deeds that glorifled
their graves;
May their memory live forever with their glories present glow.

They've nobly earned the right to dwell with Beany
Havens, Oh!

Some of the other verses are fraught with the magic spirit of West Point-that spirit that is best summed up in the words, "Duty, Honor, Country, West Point," which are part of the motto of the

Nowadays at West Point every cadet memorizes the first three verses of "Benny Havens, Oh!" The first has already been given; the other two are as

To our kind old Alma Mater, our rock-bound Highland May we cast back many a fond regret as o'er life's Until on our last battlefield the lights of heaven shall e'll never fail to drink to her and Benny Havens,

May the army be augmented, promotion be less slow,
May our country in the hour of need be ready for
the foe;
May we find a soldier's resting place beneath a soldier's blow.

With room enough beside our graves for Benny Ha-vens, Oh! Wherever duty has led them West Pointers have sung "Benny Havens, Oh!" Since Benny's death these verses have appeared in commemoration of the deeds of West Pointers in all parts of this

Their blood has watered Western plains and Northern winds of snow.
Has stained Sierra's highest peaks, where plercing winds e'er blow.
Has dyed deep red the Everglades, and deeper stiff, you know. You know.

The sacred Montesuma shades and walls of Mexico.

From Nevada's heary ridges, from stormy coast of Maine, From lava beds and Yellowstone-the story never duty called they went-their steps were

It is the old, old story of West Point and they who know it well love best to tell it. It will never die; it is as firmly fixed in the bighlands of the Hudson as the academy itself.

mever slow-With Aima Mater on their lips and "Benny Havens,

clever little Mice," said Daddy. "To be sure, they were naughty Mice-but then they didn't know it. They had never been taught any other way-and It was only the Grown-Ups who said they were naughty. But this isn't telling you the Story. "Well, in the first place it was Mr.

Gray Mouse who said: 'Little Mice, tomorrow night we'll have a Feast. "All the other Mice wondered and

wondered what Mr. Gray Mouse had found to have a Feast with. They knew he was a very smart old Mouse and that they would have a Feast if he said so. Still they couldn't help thinking about where it would be and what they would have.

"At last it was time to follow Mr. Gray Mouse to the Feast.

"'Come along,' he squealed in a very low voice as he saw all the Mice gathering around him. 'Follow me along this cellar and up these dark stairskeeping well to the sides,"

"Up scampered the Mice after Mr. Gray Mouse, and when they came to the top of the stairs he said:

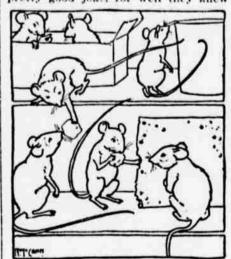
"You see, the door is open. Now when I say, one, two, three-all run for the Pantry, which is right across this big room.

"The Mice are good runners, and they almost seemed to reach the Pantry before they had started-so fast did they go! "There are no cats around, are

there?' asked Mrs. Bright-Eeyes Mouse. She was always very much afraid of Cats and would take no chances-even for the sake of a

"'No,' said Mr. Gray Mouse; 'that is one of the best things about this affair. Not a Cat will come--invited or not invited.

"All the Mice thought this was a pretty good joke, for well they knew



Having Such a Good Time.

that Mr. Gray Mouse would never invite any Cat to one of his feasts—for then, alas and alack, it would have been changed to a Cat's Feast instead of Mr. Gray Mouse's Feast.

"'First,' said Mr. Gray Mouse, 'there are some of the best biscuits in these boxes I think I have ever nibbled at. You see, I didn't dare take much, for then the Grown-Ups would have surely known I'd been to call on them, and I wanted to save all these findings for the Party.'

"All the Mice grinned with delight at the great unselfishness of Mr. Gray Mouse, and Mrs. Bright-Eyes Mouse, who was frightened no longer, said: "'You're a Gentleman, Mr. Mouse,"

"How can I be a Gentleman and a Mouse?' asked Mr. Gray Mouse laughing. For, of course, he knew it was simply a very pretty speech for Mrs. Bright-Eyes Mouse to have made, and secretly he was extremely proud to

have such a compliment paid him. "And then began the feast. There were biscuits of all sorts-soft cream cheese-such cheese as Mice had never had before. Their mouths and paws were covered with it, and one of the little Children Mice said:

"'Let's not wipe off our whiskers, We can do that later on when we may be getting a little hungry again-perhaps after we're in bed.' So all the Children Mice had very sticky mouths

and whiskers. But the big Mice said: "'Let the Children have a good time, for this is a real Party.' And Mr. Gray Mouse was very much pleased that all his Guests were having such a good time.

"When the Party was over and it was time to go Home, Mr. Long-Tail Mouse said: 'I'm getting tired of our present Home. Let's all have a change. I have been looking at new Homes for a little time-ready in case we ever wanted to move, and I know of a fine

"'Let's go.' said Grandpa Gray Mouse. 'I never believe in living in one Home too long. That's why I'm such an old Mouse, and have lived so much longer than most. I keep changing Homes-and I fool the Cats!"

"So all the Mice went to a new Home-for they knew in a short time after the Feast they had just had a Cat would have been invited to the house to live!"

Reward for Being Good.

"Mamma," said little Elmer one evening, "haven't I been a good boy

"Yes, dear," was the reply. "You have been unusually good."

"Then mamma." he continued. "I can go to bed without saying my prayers, can't 1?"



HIS MOTHER CAME

Fiancee of Illinois Militiaman Had to Wait Outside the Camp Grounds.

While the mobilization of a certain Illinois regiment was under way women in the persons of relatives and friends of the Guardsmen flocked to the camp in such numbers that necessary work was hampered. Thereupon it is reported, the colonel issued orders that only one woman should be allowed to visit each member of the regiment.

One of the Guardsmen, not yet knowing of the order, approached the camp in company with his mother, a sister and his fiancee. The guard stopped the party and sternly asked who the women were. When told he answered:

"You can take in only one. It's up to you to choose,"

The young man looked for a moment at the three, and then said, mother."

When war is in the air humanity gets down to fundamentals, and when this is done mother will never get the worst of it. We do not believe that the young Guardsman will make n worse husband than if he had chosen his sweetheart. A man who can appreciate his mother may be expected to take good care of his wife.

DON'T LOSE ANOTHER HAIR

Treat Your Scalp With Cuticura and Prevent Hair Falling. Trial Free.

For dandruff, itching, burning scalp, the cause of dry, thin and falling hair, Cuticura Soap and Ointment are most effective. Touch spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment. Then shampoo with Cutioura Soap and hot water. No treatment more successful.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L. Boston. Sold everywhere.-Adv.

Two of a Kind.

The dean of a western university was told by the students that the cook at the dining hall was turning out food "not fit to eat."

The dean summoned the delinquent, lectured him on his shortcomings and threatened him with dismissal unless conditions were bettered.

"Sir," said the cook, "you oughtn't to place so much importance on what the young men tell you about my meals. They come to me in just the same way about your lectures."-Harper's Magazine.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the dignature of Catherlitative In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

The Next Job. Mother-Have you practiced Chopin's "Ballad in A?"

Gertie-Yes, mother. "Have you translated your page of Homer?"

"Yes, mother." "Have you learned your five problems in Euclid?"

"Yes, mother." "And have you worked out the binomial theorem?"

"Yes, mother." "Then go and dust the dining room."

Bees are the only insects that have any use for any kind of combs.

THE HIGH QUALITY SEWING MACHINE NOT SOLD UNDER ANY OTHER NAME Write for free booklet "Points to be considered before purchasing a Sewing Machine." Learn the facts.

THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINECO., ORANGE, MACS. For Sale or Trade

.,000 acre Saskatchewan Farm, with complete equipment. Produced in 1915 over 100,000 bushels. Value \$100,000. Further tistings of Canada land desired.

FRANK CRAWFORD W. O. W. Building OMAHA, NEBRASKA PATENTS Watton E. Coleman, Wash-ington, 11.U. Books free, High-est references. Best results.

Nebraska Directory

COMING TO LINCOLN'S Ten room modern bouse, arranged in three suites bath with each, corner let pavement, has rented for nished for E5 month. Price E. OC. will consider par reception. Cubertees & Waite, 218 Little Bidg., Lincols, Re-