

CADET LIFE AT WEST POINT

By EDWARD B. CLARK
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WASHINGTON.—Congress almost every year has before it the case of some West Point cadet who allowed his animal spirits to get the better of him, and who under the impulse of the moment committed some act of hazing or of another kind of a discipline breach, and therefore suffered dismissal. The life at West Point is a hard one, and each successive board of visitors is likely to make some suggestion to make the cadet's condition just a little more irksome. Just now there is speculation on the subject of what the official visitors of the year of grace, 1909, will recommend as an addition to the academy's code of discipline.

Sometime ago a clergyman of the Church of England visited West Point. He wished to get full knowledge of the drill, the system of study and the disciplinary methods of the institution, and so he rose at reveille and made the cadet day his own, until taps had sent the strapping soldiers to their blankets.

The clergyman, after seeing lights out, went to the off-



SETTING-UP DRILL



PHYSICAL DRILL UNDER ARMS

cers' mess and there in response to a question from the superintendent of the academy, he summarized his opinion of the day's duties of the cadets by paraphrasing the remark of the Frenchman on one of the Crimean battlefields: "It's magnificent, but it's a beastly grind."

Lord Roberts not long ago declared that the United States school on the Hudson is the greatest military institution in the world. The hero of Kandahar doubtless had made some study of the records and of averages, for history shows that in the number of soldiers entitled to be called great, West Point has turned out more than all the military schools of the continent combined.

Obedience and discipline are the foundation stones of the success of a soldier, according to all the authorities who judge solely by results obtained. Disobedience of orders means dismissal from the military academy. Disobedience of direct orders is a thing practically unknown at the school. Infractions of regulations may in a sense be termed disobedience, but they are never so regarded in any of the world's schools. Boy nature would needs be remanded if any institution were to be kept to the letter of the law.

Discipline at West Point is rigid to severity. As far as disciplinary methods are concerned the school never changes. It is the same to-day as it was in the days of Grant and Lee.

Take a day at the academy and compare its duties with those of any other institution, no matter of what country, and it will be seen that in comparison to the cadets' labor the work of students at other schools is but play. During certain months of the year there is little play at West Point. Drill in the open air gives the requisite exercise to keep the physique right, and for recreation apparently there is no need.

The routine has changed a little with the passing years, but in a general way the day's program at the academy is like this:

Reveille at 6 o'clock; roll call at 6:20; breakfast at 6:25; guard mount at 7:15; recitations and study hours from 7:15 until 11:15; dinner, 11:15 until 1:40; recitations and study from 2 until 4; drill from 4 until 5:30; parade at 5:30; supper at 6; study from 7 until 9:20; tattoo, then taps and sleep.

There are no recitations at the United States military academy on Saturday afternoons, and the cadets are given what is called "release from quarters," with permission to visit one another in barracks or to roam about the reservation, taking good care, under pain of dismissal, to keep from going off limits.

Release from quarters never comes for some cadets. The breaking of some small rule means confinement to quarters or the walking of extra guard tours. The boy who unwittingly puts on a pair of white trousers having an iron rust stain on them, and wears them at drill or at dress parade, will know no release from quarters for days.

Should a speck of rust be found on his rifle at Sunday morning inspection, he will shoulder that rifle and walk two or more hours up and down the area of barracks as a "sentinel without charge," while his more fortunate comrades are experiencing the ecstasy which comes from permission to ramble about the parade ground and to view the hotel and other delights of civilization from a distance.

Upon occasion the cadets are given permission to call upon friends at the little hotel on the reservation. If, however, a boy commits the enormous offense of leaving the main parlor of the hotel to visit his father or mother in another room, and the act should be discovered, he will never see the inside of that hotel again until many weeks have rolled by and he has expiated his crime by many extra tours of guard duty in the broiling sun or zero weather of a Highlands winter.

well, that any cadet who asks another to perform any menial work for him shall be dismissed from the service. The first classman knew too much to ask his visitor outright to do anything of the kind, but here is the way which veracious academy history says that he went at it:

"I presume, Mr. Grant, that you have lived on a farm, and such being the case you undoubtedly have had rare opportunities to note the effect of the sun's rays on certain objects. Now, if you had left in the sun a water bucket that was innocent of the retention of a single drop of the fluid, what do you think, sir, would have been the particular effect of the sun upon that particular water bucket?"

"I think," said Cadet Grant, "that it would get warped and leaky."

"Very well, Mr. Grant; you show erudition beyond your years. Now if you will look at my water bucket you will see that it is as dry as a chip. By the further exercise of your knowledge and observation, Mr. Grant, can you tell me by what means I may prevent the warping and leaking of my bucket?"

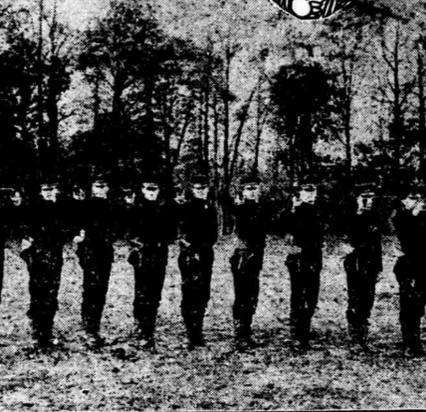
"Have it filled," said Grant.

"Very good, again, Mr. Grant; but pray note what you said: 'have it filled,' not 'fill it.' That necessarily means, Mr. Grant, that some one must fill it for me. You have shown so much acumen that I fear to violate the terms of your prescription either in letter or in spirit, which I should do if I presumed to carry the bucket to the water tank myself."

Grant filled the bucket.

A member of the West Point class of 1870, now an officer of high rank in active service, tells this story about the first day in plebe camp of Frederick Dent Grant, son of Ulysses.

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PISTOL DRILL BY CADETS

In an elder day at the academy, and it may be so to-day, the mail bag into which the cadets dropped their letters was hung with wide distended mouth just inside the door of the guardhouse. Until the first call for breakfast, the guardhouse was "off limits." The instant the drums rolled the cadets could enter the building and drop their letters. One morning a cadet stood without the door, holding his letter in his hands. The drummer's sticks were poised tremulously, waiting to fall for the pounding out of the first call for breakfast.

The cadet saw the poised sticks, entered the guardhouse and dropped his letter just as the first note of the call sounded. He had passed through the doorway just one-sixteenth of a second too soon. An officer saw him mail his letter and a report of "off limits" went in which caused the unfortunate letter maller to perform extra guard duty for 16 long hours—not consecutive hours, however.

On the first hook on the wall of his alcove the cadet must hang one specific article of clothing; on the second hook another article, and so on. If, perchance, the youth hangs his dresscoat on the nail sacred to the overcoat, he can bid farewell to release from quarters for two Saturdays at least, and if, perchance, the shell jacket hangs on the hook given over to trousers, he may add three more days of confinement to those which have accrued from the crime of the misplaced overcoat.

The methodical cadet runs a yardstick along the toes of the extra shoes which under regulation, must be placed in regular order beneath the foot of his bed. If the toe of one shoe protrudes half an inch beyond the toe of its mate, the cadet gets one demerit mark. If more than one pair of shoes shows symptoms of irregularity in the matter of toeing the scratch, the cadet will receive a sufficient number of demerit marks to enable him to realize thoroughly the beauties of a right line as applied to something besides geometry.

It is "a beastly grind," as the English clergyman said, but it is a grind that has its uses, and the proof of it is written in all the records of the service.

Hazing is in a sense an hereditary habit. The army officers who have been asked in the years that are past, and who are being asked to-day to root out the practice of "deviling" the plebe at West Point, did not, and have not all of them their hearts in the work, for were they not hazed themselves, and were they not in turn hazers? Nine out of ten of the hazed will tell you to-day that they profited by the experience.

When Gen. Ulysses Simpson Grant entered plebe camp, a first classman who noticed the boy's strong build intimated to him that it would be a pleasure to have him call immediately at the senior's tent. Grant went. There is a rule at West Point, which was a rule in Grant's day as

well, that any cadet who asks another to perform any menial work for him shall be dismissed from the service. The first classman knew too much to ask his visitor outright to do anything of the kind, but here is the way which veracious academy history says that he went at it:

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still wearing the clothes of civil life: "Which do you think is the greatest man, Gen. George Washington or Gen. Ulysses S. Grant?"

Fred's answer, blunt and quick, was: "Washington may have been the greater man, but my father was the greater soldier."

"Mr. Grant," said the upper classman, "to compare your father to George Washington in any sense, is like unto the comparing of a plucked hen to the American eagle."

Then there followed a fight, but it was stopped almost instantly by some first classmen because the place was too public.

Gen. John M. Schofield was an artillery officer. The army has it that Schofield had a distaste for the infantry branch because of an experience which he underwent during his first week as a plebe at the military academy.

Some yearlings chased Schofield up a ladder from the cock loft of barracks to the roof. The future hero of Franklin was clad only in a night shirt. When the roof was reached the cadets gave Schofield a rifle, marked out a sentinel's beat on the tin roof and started the future artilleryman on his walk back and forth with the musket on his shoulder. They kept him at it with few intermissions, from taps to reveille.

Edgar Allan Poe was a cadet at West Point only for a short time. Army tradition holds nothing concerning the hazing of Poe. The academy, however, is the custodian of one of Poe's first poems, which is nothing short of a striking example of the boy's wit.

While Poe was at the academy Lieut. Joseph Lock was stationed there as a tactical officer. Lock was the strictest kind of a disciplinarian, and he was constantly reporting Poe for offenses, reports which brought as their natural consequence some heavy punishments. Poe had his revenge in a poem which the curious may find in a volume called "The Tacs," which was published years ago by the cadets:

John Locke was a great name,
Joe Lock is a greater. In short,
The former is well known to fame,
The latter well known to report.

There is, or was, one form of hazing at West Point which has in it the essence of cruelty. This consists in making a plebe read with appropriate gestures and the proper inflections, all the nice things which the newspapers of his home town printed about him when the announcement of his appointment to a cadetship was made. Imagine, if you will, the feelings of a green youngster, as he stands upon a barrel, reading to an assemblage of possibly 50 yearlings, the editorial statement of the local papers, that Henry Smith "doubtless will be made a corporal as soon as the eyes of the superintendent of the military academy fall upon his tall and manly figure. Henry has in him the making of a great soldier. We shall hear of his deeds on the field of battle as a leader of his country's hosts in case dread war shall come."

Then Turn to Another.
When you have set yourself to a task, finish it.—Ovid.

For the Hostess

Chat on Topics of Many Kinds, by a Recognized Authority

A Beach Picnic.
There was nothing very remarkable about the invitation I found on my desk last week, save that I was asked to come at three, and in large letters were the words: "Bring your bathing suit."

The hostess lived on the shore of an inland lake. Oh, yes; "Mr. Mame, Merri" was asked to come at six. Well, the whole thing was so delightful, so delightful, so possible to nearly every one, that we all found ourselves asking: "Why haven't we done it before?" As with almost everything, there must be a leader, some one who realizes possibilities and makes them realities. In this case the hostess had lived for years on this self-same spot, had regularly gone to the seashore for the bathing and it was only because the family exchequer had been struck by the financial panic that the summer was being passed at home. It's an ill wind that blows no one any good, and there is more than one person who is grateful that the "Blanks" had to remain at home, for there have been a number of affairs just as pleasant as the one herein described.

At four o'clock, water suits were donned and under the protection of automobile coats the run to the beach was made. After a jolly splash and an hour spent on the broad piazza the men came out from town and there was a regular beach supper served with all the comforts of home close at hand.

A huge driftwood fire cooked the potatoes just to the right turn and a real Gypsy kettle boiled the corn. Sawhorses with boards on top made the table and the cloth was white paper with the latest napkins and rings of paper, each with a souvenir inside. The guests went in raptures over the dishes—I mean the plates—which were of pasteboard, each with dainty painted flowers for decoration. The hostess said they came in sets all packed in one box.

As there have been several requests for menus for outdoor suppers I am going to tell exactly what we had. First, there was a canteen cut in half by the man who was dubbed "the knight of the knife;" then there were sandwiches of minced meat mixed with mayonnaise and chopped pickles, sandwiches of sliced chicken and plain raisin brown bread sandwiches; deviled eggs and potato salad garnished with beets, bottles of olives, iced tea (the ice brought from the house), ginger and white cookies and delicious little frosted chocolate cakes. The corn and potatoes cooked over the fire made the heavy portion of the repast. For the finale there was a huge watermelon, and afterwards a marshmallow roast over the dying beach fire. Every one declared that they had learned a lesson by learning to appreciate what was within their reach, and the hostess received a vote of thanks for the pleasant outing.

The Golden Wedding.
This is in reply to several requests for golden wedding celebrations, and I hope will fully answer all questions asked:

The invitations are engraved with letters of gold and, of course, golden yellow will be the color scheme throughout the house. If the affair is in the fall golden glow and golden rod are just the flowers to use. For the table centerpiece there should be 50 roses, preferably Marshall Nells; the candles of yellow in brass holders. Gilt slippers make charming souvenirs filled with almonds. The bonbons may be wrapped in gilt paper, the cake frosted with yellow icing (made from the yolk of eggs) and the ice cream frozen in rings. New York ice cream is a deep yellow and should be used. Serve orange frappe in a punch bowl wreathed with yellow. If the young people who assist are gowned in yellow it will add greatly to the scenic effect.

In way of gifts on such an occasion gold pieces are in order, flowers and any dainty remembrance, for, of course, quantities of elaborate things are not expected or in good taste. When a couple have reached this period in life's journey they do not want the care of a lot of new things, but rather to be relieved of what they have. In many instances of this kind the children and near relatives have a really golden "shower" for the honored pair, and then they do what they like with the money.

The golden wedding is a fitting time for reminiscences, and a feature of the evening should be a description of the original ceremony, with toasts, music and letters read from absent friends.

IN VOEGUE

Military brushes now come with pigskin backs.

Rows of tiny buttons rival rows of large ones.

Buttoned shoes are more popular than laced ones.

The newest covers and chemises are cut low.

Stylish riding boots for women come in white buckskin.

The new coat collars are large, round affairs of Irish or Cluny lace.

Raffia handbags are to be found in almost every color and every shape.

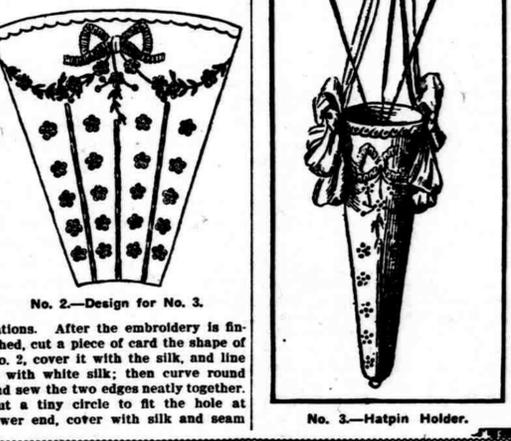
Ostrich feathers are much used, although few of the uncurled sort are seen.

Satin crepes, on account of their light weight, are the preferred hat facing.

Pearl Embroidery.
Pearls are a great deal worn, embroidered on tulle. There is, too, a great fancy for dead gold fillet lace, and this over tulle or chiffon is quite becoming. For gold, like oxidized silver and copper effects, is much in vogue, and shows the trend of magnificence.—Vogue.

FOR HATPINS

A very decorative and useful little article this to hang on the wall or on the looking-glass. Cut a piece of silk the shape and size of No. 2, allowing a third of an inch at edge for turning. Embroider it with sequins and ribbon in the design given, or in satin and knot stitches if preferred; gold sequins and pale pink ribbon on white silk would be very dainty, and would accord with most bedroom decorations.



STOCKINGS OF EVERY HUE.
Black Hosiery No Longer Worn by Women Who Keep Pace with Fashion.

The new stockings come in every design and in every color. The reign of the sedate black stockings, even of the fancy description, with clocks and embroideries, is no more.

Women has now a stocking for every dress, and the brighter the hue the better.

Women will be seen wearing yellow stockings with black shoes, peach colored hose with peach colored gowns and gray shoes and scarlet stockings with black dresses and shoes, although the general rule is that shoes and stockings shall match.

The suffragette can wear short stockings of purple, white and green, and the Scotch lassie a tartan plaid. The woman who desires a bizarre effect has squares of scarlet, yellow and green from top to toe.

With a striped costume one can don stockings with mixed stripes of every shade, both narrow and wide.

PUTS CRIMP IN PIANO FIEND

Scheme of Long-Suffering Couple Resulted in Considerable Abatement of Nuisance.

"We've found a joyful way to stop the continual playing of a piano in the flat below us," said a young matron to a girl friend. "Unfortunately, the remedy is only applicable when the nuisance is in the flat below one, so I'm afraid it won't do other people

much good. However, it has been most efficacious in our own case.

"Every evening about 5:30, I think it is, when the man of the house gets home, some one starts this fearful tinnny piano going, and they are accustomed to keep it up at frequent intervals all evening until we get no more of 'O Gee, Be Sweet to Me Kid' and that sort of music that we almost grow mad. The other evening we had

two friends to dinner, and when the music down stairs had been going for some time one of our friends suggested that we make use of it and have a dance. The idea no sooner took root than we had the rugs up and were doing the merriest barn dance you ever saw, and we took little care to tread softly. It was not long before the music ceased, and it was something like an hour before they began to play again. Almost at the same time, even though we were in the middle of our salad, we got up and began

DUSKY MONARCH "EASY MARK"

Wives of Beautiful Captive Proved Just the Thing When Emergency Came.

The beautiful young captive retained her presence of mind, however, and when it came her turn to be taken before the cannibal king, she marveled herself very carefully.

"Ain't I sweet, though!" she exclaimed, archly flirting her handkerchief at the monarch.

His majesty at once fell into the trap.

"You're simply it!" he replied cordially.

"Well, sweet things are terribly fattening."

"Ah!"

"O, terribly. And there's nothing so hopelessly out of it as to be fat, these days!"

Whereupon the king was greatly shaken and commanded her instant release.

"People used to blame me because I knew I was pretty, but all the time I felt sure the knowledge would come handy some day!" commented the lovely creature, as she was led away.—Puck.

NATURE STUDIES.



The Phunnebird—Hello, who are you?
The Other Bird—Don't you know me? Why, I'm "The harp that once through Tara's Halls."
The Phunnebird (shortly)—Oh, tut, tut! You're a lyre! That's what you are.

HANDS RAW AND SCALY.

Mashed and Burned Terribly—Could Not Move Thumbs Without Flesh Cracking—Sleep Impossible.

Cuticura Soon Cured His Eczema.

"An itching humor covered both my hands and got up over my wrists and even up to the elbows. The itching and burning were terrible. My hands got all scaly and when I scratched, the surface would be covered with blisters and then get raw. The eczema got so bad that I could not move my thumbs without deep cracks appearing. I went to my doctor, but his medicine could only stop the itching. At night I suffered so fearfully that I could not sleep. I could not bear to touch my hands with water. This went on for three months and I was fairly worn out. At last I got the Cuticura Remedies and in a month I was cured. Walter H. Cox, 16 Somerset St., Boston, Mass., Sept. 25, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Force of Habit.
In spite of the impediment in his speech the fervent lover had persuaded himself up to the point of a proposal. "Mum-Mum-Maud," he began. "I mum-mum-may call you Mum-Mum-Maud, may I nun-nun-not?"

"Why, yes, if you wish to, Mr. Chat-terton—Harry."

"That's rah-rah-right. Call me Ha-Ha-Harry!"

"Ha-ha-Harry!"

"Thank you, Mum-Mum-Maud, there is sus-sus-something very nun-nun-near my heart that concerns yuh-yuh-you. Can you gug-gug-guess what it is?"

"Why, no, Harry."

"Then I'll tut-tut-tell you. My dud-dud-darling, I lul-lul-love you. Wuh-wuh-will you bub-bub-bub-bub-bub-bub-will you wuh-wuh-wuh-wuh-wife?"

"Oh, Harry! This is so sudden!"

The Marital Grasshopper.
What is a grasshopper? The latest definition comes from western Australia. Domestic servants are almost unprocurable there, and wives have to do nearly all their own household work. The consequence is that they are compelled to recuperate at the seaside in summer. In their absence the husbands have to prepare their own meals and do domestic duty generally. Husbands so engaged have come to be locally known as "grasshoppers." No doubt the word is the husband of the more familiar "grass widow."—London Chronicle.

AN OLD TIMER Has Had Experiences.

A woman who has used Postum since it came upon the market knows from experience the wisdom of using Postum in place of coffee if one values health and a clear brain. She says:

"At the time Postum was first put on the market I was suffering from nervous dyspepsia, and my physician had repeatedly told me not to use tea or coffee. Finally I decided to take his advice and try Postum. I got a package and had it carefully prepared, finding it delicious to the taste. So I continued its use and very soon its beneficial effects convinced me of its value, for I got well of my nervousness and dyspepsia.

"My husband had been drinking coffee all his life until it had affected his nerves terribly, and I persuaded him to shift to Postum. It was easy to get him to make the change for the Postum is so delicious. It certainly worked wonders for him."

"We soon learned that Postum does not exhilarate nor depress and does not stimulate, but steadily and honestly strengthens the nerves and the stomach.

"To make a long story short, I've entirely family continued to use Postum with satisfying results, as shown in our fine condition of health and we have noticed a rather unexpected improvement in brain and nerve power."

Increased brain and nerve power always follow the use of Postum in place of coffee, sometimes in a very marked manner. "There's a Reason."

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appeared from time for him. They are the true, and all of human interest.