

# Uncle Sam's Incipient Seamen



DINNER FORMATION

**"B**OOM! Boom!" sounds and rounds the reveille gun of the Naval academy at 6:30 a. m., and as it echoes and re-echoes along the shores of the Chesapeake and is answered by the drum and bugle corps of the Marine quarters, a mile north of Bancroft hall in a lively martial air, a stirring scene begins in the midshipman's halls. The bugle blows up and down the corridors and the captains of companies begin to call up the sleepers, who leap from their cots and commence active operations to dress, and put their rooms in order. Immediately, upon the bugle call, the inspecting officers begin the work of visiting the rooms of the midshipmen to see that they are out of bed. They must be up and stand at military attention when the officer enters. Then the midshipman dresses, opens the window, and turns down the bedding for an airing, and hurries below for the first formation and roll call of the day, which is at 7 a. m. At the bugle call, the roll begins, and up to the last second belated ones are hurrying down the steps and "falling in" just in time to save themselves from being reported "tardy!" and demerited. Here, demerits count.

### Regular Routine.

Immediately after breakfast the chaplain reads the prayers of the day, and the brigade, that, when at its average complement, numbers between 800 and 900, make for their rooms, for these few minutes left them before recitations begin, are the only period for them to put their rooms in order for the daily inspection that begins at 10 a. m. At 8, study and recitation periods commence. They are of one hour each. If a midshipman has a recitation, he, with the other members of the section, somewhere in the neighborhood of 10, assemble at the proper place, and march off in military order to the section room where the instructor awaits them. All stand until he is seated. At the end of the recitation, the section march back to their quarters, are dismissed, and each midshipman goes to his room. In these marches to and fro the ranking midshipman takes command. This rank may be held by appointment as a cadet officer or may arise from being the leading scholar. If it should happen that only two are in the section, the ranking midshipman assumes command, marches his "company" and himself off and brings him back, halts the squad, brings his one man to attention, and announces: "Squad dismissed!" as though there were a hundred in his command. Everything is military here. When a midshipman usher, at chapel service, escorts a visitor to his or her pew, he halts at the place selected, turns on his military heel like a pivot, and assumes a martial "attention" until the guest is seated. The brigade comes into church in regular order, the superintendent has his appointed position, and no one leaves the chapel after service until the brigade was marched out, and none dare drop from the ranks until it has been regularly dismissed.

If a midshipman should have no recitation during any of the morning period, he must stay in his room, and it is a serious offense to visit, or receive visitors during study hours, or even to leave the floor to get a drink of water if none happens to be in the cooler on that floor. Yet midshipmen will risk demerits and run the gauntlet of detection. One day an officer of the department of discipline, that branch of the work of the academy that has the management of the midshipmen in charge, whose business is, said one of the officers, "to know at all times where every midshipman is, and to be able to put your finger on him," made an inspection of one of the rooms. He saw by the manner of the two occupants of the apartment that something was wrong. He could not ask the midshipmen themselves: what they were doing that was irregular, so he looked sharply around the room to see what was the matter. The next day the midshipmen in the secret were greatly amused to see on the morning report: "Midshipman A, shoes out of place." Those shoes were not Midshipman A's, but Midshipman C's feet. He was a visitor, and when he heard the inspecting officer coming, he had only time to run behind the wardrobe door, and, as it was not long enough to cover him, his feet stuck below it. Another unwelcome visitor was not so successful. His face was to the door and his

host's not. He saw the inspecting officer coming and, making a desperate dash, hid completely behind the wardrobe; but his action, so unaccountable to the hosts, who had not seen the officer, made them look toward the spot where the visitor had hid, and this hint was enough for the keen-eyed officer to make him come out from cover.

### "Hikes" in the Country.

The responsibility for order in a room is fixed by the authorities requiring one man in each room to take a week's turn at a time, and no matter who is the evildoer, the authorities know where to lodge the charge. Soon after 12 the morning period of study and recitation ceases and dinner formation and dinner follow. At 1:30 p. m. begin the afternoon periods of study and recitation, and at 4:30 practical exercises commence. The fourth class will have cutters in oars or sails; the upper classmen will have launches under steam, rifle-range practice, or great-gun practice on the Chesapeake in vessels under steam. These exercises are alternated in their seasons with artillery and infantry drills, and long "hikes" in the country under command of their proper officers.

At 5:30 p. m. the midshipman is free until 7 p. m. to do as he pleases, unless he belongs to some one of the athletic practice squads of the Naval academy. Then he is a slave to it, until the supper formation, after which there are two hours for study. At 9:30 p. m. gun fire relieves the midshipman from his studies and he has a half-hour to glance over the evening newspaper, write a letter, visit a friend, tell a yarn, search up a "pibe" for a song or a dance, and then to bed by 10 p. m., when the bugle sounds, and down the corridors echoes the call, "All lights out!" A few moments later the inspection begins, and should a midshipman have been tardy in disrobing, he jumps into bed, boots and all, and covers up to his chin, until the inspecting officer looks in and sees all hands accounted for, then the belated one rises and undresses at his leisure.

If he is behind in his studies, an ambitious midshipman will have secured the contraband lamp, and then he will rise, tack a gum blanket over his transom, light his lamp, burn his midnight oil, and be ready for the next morning's recitation when it comes. Sometimes the authorities allow night study parties to stay up until 11, and then they work and move by written rules in slippers feet so as not to arouse the faithful sleepers who have been more diligent and have justly earned the slumber they are getting.

### CITY DWELLER UTTERS WAIL

Among Other Things, He Seems to Have a Grievance Against the "Fresh" Egg.

An unhatched crocodile, according to a learned journal, utters a cry from inside the egg. As we dwellers in this metropolis know to our cost, the egg of our acquaintance—the domestic breakfast variety, to-wit—cries aloud after being placed under our noses. Eggs are usually regarded as a comic subject, and the late Dan Leno was wont to deliver a most diverting dissertation concerning them. Too long have we suffered, however, from that ghastly imposture, the "fresh" egg, which may go back to the days of good King George—the Fourth—for all we can tell. Eggs are far more uncertain than woman's love or horse races, and whenever I think of them I long to be in the country. For there the milkman brings them along in the morning and we have a guarantee that they will not revive memories of Methuselah. With all our boasted advancement we take remarkable risks where provisions are concerned. Some of the tinned products observable in huckster's windows I should be sorry to sample for a royal ransom. And I couldn't eat a winkle if you paid me \$50 down. It was, Lizzie Coote who used to sing: "Did you ever catch a winkle asleep?" Most of us would plead "Not guilty." As for seeing an oyster walk upstairs, the chances are hopeless. The oyster is a swagger mollusc today and would insist on being taken up in a lift.—London Chronicle.

Second thoughts are best. God created man; woman was the afterthought.—Proverb.

# INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department, The Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

## LESSON FOR DECEMBER 14

### THE SIN OF ACHAN.

LESSON TEXT—Joshua 7:1-5. Read Joshua chapters 7-11.  
GOLDEN TEXT—"Be sure your sin will find you out."—Num. 32:23.

Before proceeding against Jericho, God, through his servant Joshua, had given strict injunctions as regards the taking of anything from the city for self-enrichment, ch. 6:17, 18. It was necessary at the outset of this campaign to safeguard Israel against any such motives. The fruits of their victories must in no way seem to be the rewards of, nor to be dependent upon, the efforts of their own hands. Spiritual victories are, as we learned last week, won by means and upon principles utterly foolish and inadequate in the view of human wisdom. Nor is the Christian dependent upon the principles of human thrift for his sustenance or enrichment. That does not mean the divorcement of the Christian from those principles.

The story of Achan is an illustration. While his sin was individual yet it was national in its results (v. 1.) After the fall of Jericho, Joshua sent a detachment of 2,000 or 3,000 men to take possession of the small town of Ai (literally, "ruins"). The task was seemingly an unimportant and an easy one, but the result was that the expedition was turned into a miserable rout (vv. 1-6).

### Achan's Sins Revealed.

The stages of the sin of Achan are wonderfully revealed in the confession (v. 21) which was finally wrung from—"I saw . . . I coveted . . . I took . . . they are hid."

I. Joshua's error, vv. 6-9. It was right and proper for Joshua to bring his difficulty to God, but it was not right for him to lay upon him the blame for his defeat. Moses before him had made that same mistake (Ex. 5:22, 23), and it would seem that Joshua should have profited thereby. In this, however, he is supremely human. We of today with far greater light are constantly making this same mistake of accusing God, instead of finding out and judging our sin. There is, however, an underlying note of the master passion of Joshua's heart, that note which had so governed the heart of his predecessor, Moses. It is expressed in the last note of his complaint, "What wilt thou do for thy great name?" v. 9. This complaint and petition sounds very much like those of the preceding generation uttered in the wilderness. For us to wish ourselves to be "content to dwell beyond Jordan," when the testing times of our Christian life come, when the calls come for an advance, is to doubt his wisdom. No wonder Joshua was amazed when he saw Israel turn its back upon its enemies (v. 8). We must beware lest we, too, be dismayed when we see the church of today give way before the world and the devil.

II. The cause of defeat, vv. 10-12. Joshua's petition is answered by the voice of Jehovah in terms of rebuke, strong, yet tender. In verse two we are told that Joshua sent men to view Ai. Why? Because in the language of verse one "the children of Israel committed a trespass in the accursed thing." Joshua wanted the people to know that the sin of Achan and its results was the sin of the whole nation. God brings the essential oneness of the nation before us in verse eleven; for an illustration, see I, Cor. 5:1-7 and 12:12-14, 16.

### God's Instructions.

III. The victory of defeat, vv. 13-15. It is a testimony as to the spiritual condition of this nation that the fraud was so soon located. The early Christian church had a parallel incident in the case of Ananias and Sapphira, Acts 5:1-11. In each case the evil was quickly judged and reveals the closeness of God to his people. In the process of years Israel passed from that condition; has the church of today so passed? God had given explicit instructions as to the spoil (ch. 6:18 R. V.). God commands Joshua not to cry unto him, but to "sanctify the people." The church of Christ, as well as the individual, needs to judge its sin and to set itself apart unto God. It was a stern judgment and the query arises what sort of bonfire would the church have today were all sinfully acquired property to suffer similar destruction. It is noticeable, however, that there is no suggestion of any confession on the part of Achan until the narrowing circle of judgment had closed upon him. He confessed only when there was no possible escape. This seems like a stern, hard process, but yet God was dealing in mercy with the whole people.

IV. The Golden Text. The words of this text were uttered by Moses to the two and a half tribes who settled on the east of Jordan, that in case they refused to come to the help of their brethren in the conflict necessary to the possession of Canaan, their sin would discover them. This lesson warrants the application of this principle. A sin against God results in injury to your neighbor. It is a sin not to help your neighbor and conversely to indulge in any act which results in the defeat, moral or otherwise, of those with whom we associate, is also a sin.

# The Basement Philosopher

By KENNETH HARRIS

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The Janitor sat at the top of the stone steps that led to the basement, nursing his injured toe, a grimace of pain contorting his usually pleasant countenance. His Scandinavian assistant was at the bottom of the steps in the act of arising from an undignified posture, complicated by a crushed ash can, and his expression was half wrathful, half amazed.

"Excuse me," snarled the Janitor, "my foot slipped. And now we're square, ain't we? Don't look at me in that tone of voice or there'll be more accidents and I'll have to wait till you come to me to make my apologies. And don't go," he added, as the assistant picked up the can. "I've a word or two to say to you."

"First of all, let me ask if you didn't have the whole dashing court to walk on without taking a constitutional on my corns?" the Janitor demanded. "You didn't mean to? Sure, you didn't. I never supposed you had the nerve to do it a-purpose; but I want to tell you that what you meant didn't take a pound off your weight, and your asking me to excuse you didn't help none. You may think it did, but you're wrong. If it had been my feelings you had trampled on, apologizing might have been a little comfort, though that would depend; but it was my corns. You remember that, you big-hoofed blundering blockhead! Excuse me calling you that, won't you?"

"I see you were tore your pants on that ash can. Well, I'm to blame. I didn't mean to have you do that, and you'll have to pardon me. All I really meant was to break your neck and teach you to look where you were setting your feet. My intentions was all right. Now the next time you come tripping along where I'm standing peaceable and quiet, you try and remember that the world is wide and

in your eye, they think they're mighty high-minded and virtuous if they take it back and apologize. They tell you that they didn't intend to be took literal in the way everybody had took 'em, or that they was under the wrong impression when they said you'd done a stretch in the pen for sheep stealing, and was sorry that they'd been misinformed and hoped you'd shake hands and excuse 'em. And they look as if they expected you to buy 'em a drink, cuss 'em! And there's the kind—your friends mostly—that'll bowl you out by the hour and when you're reaching for a club, they'll tell you they're sorry if they've said anything to hurt your feelings.

"You're a low-lived scoundrel and a cock-eyed gutter pup, begging your pardon if I'm sort of personal, and hoping that you won't take no offense where there ain't none meant," quoted the Janitor, with bitter emphasis. "That's their style. 'Was that your eye I knocked out? Pray pardon me. Here, let me pick it up and dust it off for you. Quite unintentional, I assure you."

"Well, I guess that's all now, Nels, my friend," concluded the Janitor. "You can go straighten out that ash can, and believe me, the next time you plunk your two-hundred-and-twenty-five pound of awkwardness on my bunions, your head will be harder to get back into shape than the can. Maybe that'll keep you from the necessity of apologizing."

### WHEREIN WAS THE MYSTERY

Henry's Bewilderment After Sam's Explanation Quite Natural Under the Circumstances.

Here is one of the favorite stories of Josephus Daniels of North Carolina, the new secretary of the navy: "Two darkies bought a piece of pork, and Sam, having no place to put his share, trusted it to Henry's keeping. They met the next night, and Henry said:

"'A mos' strange thing done happen at my house, las' night, Sam. All mystry to me."

"'What was dat, Henry?'"

"'Well, Sam,' explained Henry, solemnly, 'dis maw'nin' I go down in



"YOU BIG-HOOFED, BLUNDERING BLOCKHEAD!"

that—there's room a-plenty to steer around me as a general thing, and if there ain't, you can ask me to move to one side and let you a-past. I'd sooner do that than have you walk on me.

"Here's the thing I want you to keep in mind, Nels, my friend," continued the Janitor. "You can't square yourself by apologizing. That ain't the general impression, I know—not with the ginks that have got the apologizing habit and seem to think that they've made it all right when they say they're sorry. They'll smash the china vawse that your wife's cousin that was in the commissary brought home from the Emperor's palace as a souvenir at the time of the Boxer trouble—a vawse that you've been offered a hundred dollars cold cash for, and they'll say, 'Oh, ain't that too bad! How careless of me to slam it again the radiator! I didn't mean to break it. I just thought I'd see-if it sounded cracked.' And then they think your wife's real mean if she doesn't tell 'em that it ain't no consequence."

"And they'll jump into an automobile and throw the clutch into high and head right into the middle of a bunch of kids. 'Bumpety-bump,' goes the machine. 'What's that?' say they. 'Little girl killed?' Dear me, ain't that too bad! We're just so sorry as we can be. We hadn't no more intention of killing her than anything. We're awful sorry.' And then they think they're abused when a cop arrests them. 'We didn't run off,' says they. 'We stopped and we apologized to the heart-broken parents,' they says. 'What more could we do?'"

"There's all kinds of them," the Janitor continued. "You ain't the only one. There's them well-meaning, but high-spirited rah, rah boys, with their hazing, that I'd like to have my way with. They don't mean no harm when they tie a new Johnny up hand and foot and gag him and lay him on the railroad track; they just want to scare him a little, and if they hadn't forgotten all about the 8:40 express, it would have been all right—unless the kid died of heart failure. They're just as sorry as you was, and it certainly seems too bad to give them a set back on their education: by firing 'em out of college just on account of a boyish prank and after they had expressed their regret, don't it?"

"It ain't only the ones that jabs the ends of their umbrellas in your face and upsets their billing coffee in your lap with their elbow and short-changes you and sits down on your silk hat and such as that as needs the fool-killer's attentions. There's a breed that'll knock you till your best friends won't speak to you and when you go to 'em about it with blood

de cellar for to git a piece of hawg fo' breakfasts, an' I put my han' down in de brine an' feels 'roun', but ain't no po'k dar; all gone; so I tu'n up de bar', an', Sam, sho' as preachin', de rats had done et a hole clar froo de bottom of dat bar', en' dragged de meat all out!"

"Sam was petrified with astonishment for a moment, and then said: "Why didn't de brine run outen de hole?"

"'Well, yo' see, Sam,' replied Henry, 'dat's de mystry.'—New York Evening Post.

### Fought on Edge of Precipice.

A terrible struggle took place near a precipice of 3,000 feet, on the south slopes of the Bernina range, between an Italian officer and a private.

An Italian custom-house patrol, under the command of Lieutenant Rocca, was visiting the Alpine posts in the Valtelin, on the Swiss frontier, when the officer had to reprimand a soldier named Celli. This man determined to have revenge.

When the patrol was away on other duty Celli attacked his officer on a lonely Alpine pass and attempted to throw him over the precipice. A long struggle followed, the men being of about equal strength and unarmed.

The officer, to save his life, bit through an artery in the wrist of his subordinate, who collapsed, owing to loss of blood. Soon afterward the patrol arrived and carried Celli to a hospital in the valley, where he recovered.

The military court, which has now tried the case at Milan, took into consideration the condition of the soldier, and above all, the refusal of his officer to prosecute, and sentenced Celli to six months' imprisonment.

Minister and Moving Pictures. M. Cheron, French minister of labor, was sitting in the darkness of a cinema show watching the pictures of an official recitation. On the film appeared M. Cheron himself in the procession. M. Cheron's neighbor in the house remarked to him upon the extraordinary likeness between him and the gentleman on the film. He added, "The only difference between you, monsieur, and the real M. Cheron seems to be that you and I are mere plain bourgeois, whereas, of course, M. Cheron, the minister, is one of our greatest geniuses."

The labor minister could not resist it. He took his card and handed it silently to his neighbor. The neighbor returned his own card, and on it, M. Cheron managed by the dim light to read the name of M. Rene Desnard, who was a predecessor of M. Cheron's in a previous cabinet.

# POULTRY FACTS

## FOR BETTER POULTRY STOCK

Keeping Birds Healthy and Improving Them Can Be Done by Adoption of Few Systematic Rules.

In raising stock or poultry it should be the aim of everyone to keep it healthy and improve it. You can do it very easily by adopting systematic rules. These may be summed up in brief as follows:

Construct your houses good and warm, so as to avoid damp floors and afford a flood of sunshine. Sunshine is better than medicine.

Provide a dusting and scratching place where you can bury the grain and thus induce the fowls to take the needed exercise.

Provide yourself with some good, healthy fowls, never to be over three years old, giving one cock to every 12 hens.

Give plenty of fresh air at all times, especially in summer.

Give plenty of fresh water daily, and never allow the fowls to go thirsty.

Feed them systematically two or three times a day. Scatter the food so they cannot eat it too fast or without proper exercise. Do not feed more than they will eat up clean, or they will get tired of that kind of feed.

Give them a variety of both dry and coked feed. A mixture of cooked meat and vegetables is good for a morning meal.

Give soft feed in the morning and the whole grain at night, except a little wheat and cracked corn placed in the scratching pens to give them exercise during the day.

Above all things, keep the house clean and well ventilated.

Do not crowd too many into one house. If you do, look out for disease.

Keep the house, nests, etc., sprayed with some good disinfectant, in order to keep down the lice and mites.

Wash your roosts and bottom of laying nests, and whitewash once a week in summer and once a week in winter.

Let the old and young have as large a range as possible, the larger the better.

Do not breed too many kinds of fowls at the same time. Better have one breed and understand it.

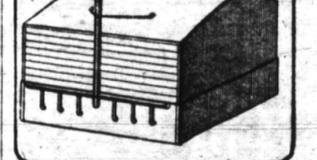
Introduce new blood into your stock every year or so, by either buying a cockerel or a setting of eggs from some reliable breeder.

### BROODER HOUSE VENTILATOR

Device Invented by New Jersey Man Prevents the Delivery of Too Strong Current of Air.

The Scientific American, in describing a ventilator for brooder houses, the design of C. W. Brick of Crosswick, N. J., says:

This invention relates particularly to a means for ventilating brooder houses, and provides an improved



Ventilator for Brooder Houses.

form of ventilator and in connection therewith, means for heating the air induced by the ventilator; and to provide a safety valve exteriorly of the brooder house, whereby to prevent the delivery of too strong a current of air thereto.

# POULTRY NOTES

Feed plenty of sharp sand or grit with the food.

Please the consumer and you can raise the price.

Systematic marketing will overcome overproduction.

Pekin ducks do not make good sitters—use a chicken hen.

Good development before beginning to lay is best for the pullet.

Ducks must have plenty of green food or they will not thrive.

Impure water will not produce many eggs of any kind, and none that are good.

Fewer and better birds, and all as much alike as possible should be every poultry keeper's motto.

You must know that a duck has no crop. The food must be soft because it passes directly into the gizzard.

Pure white exhibition birds will have their plumage made yellow by constant feeding of corn, though a little corn occasionally will do no harm.