NAVAL ACADEMY SLANG.

Localisms Which One Hears Middies Use at Annapolis.

Slang among college men, slang among street urchins and slang in society has been referred to and the terms quoted in public print, but there are slang terms at the Naval Academy at Annapolis which have not yet, and probably never will, become common property. However, the dignity of the future admirals of the navy will not permit of it being called "slang;" therefore it must be known only as "Annapolis localisms." Here are a few of the "localisms" of the "middies."

The "yacht" is the training ship employed for summer cruises and for winter drills; the "brig" is that part of the berth deck where the "plebes" are sent for light punishment, such as for smoking, talking, spitting on the floor or deck, taking "French leave," "playing a little quiet game" and getting caught at it, etc. Each ship in commission also has a "brig," to which only the sailors to be punished may be sent, the officers being confined to their rooms when under punishment. To "shake a leg" means "to get a move on," to hurry. To be "projected" or "hung on the Christmas tree" is to be posted for low mark; "sat" and "unsat" are short for satisfactory and unsatisfactory; "skinny" means chemistry; "sup" is nice, "Holy Joe" refers to the captain, and "holystoning" the decks applies to the use of a big block of sandstone, with a rope or toggle at each end, by which it is hauled back and forth to scrub the decks white on every Sunday morning, or when the President of the United States or some high official is expected to visit the ship; "grub" signifies food and regular meals; "salt horse" is the designating term for salt beef; "plumduff" means a sort of rolypoly pudding, a mixture of dough, without shortening, and through which, if one wants to stop to investigate, may be found here and there a raisin; "spuds" means potatoes; "tag ends" is the name of a book of jokes published at the Naval Academy a few years ago; "binnacle list" is the list of sick made out by the surgeon each morning after he has inspected and examined the tongues and pulses of those who report sick with a pain in the back, [illegible] or a touch of malaria.

That it is best to be careful and discreet in the use of "Annapolis localisms" when in public is shown by an instance of a midshipman who received leave for a few days some time ago. Stopping at a restaurant, the young officer said to the waitress who appeared at his table that he would have some "spuds" with his ham and eggs, and when she hesitated to catch the meaning of the latter part of the order he sputtered out: "Come now; shake a leg." She did hurry, but to make a complaint of this apparent rudeness to the proprietor, and the next moment the "bouncer" of the cafe was giving the "middie," a "lift" out of the door.—New York Tribune.

Just One Little Word.

There was a lull in the shopping and the two salesladies became confidential.

"Oh, Mame, is it really true that you have thrown over that young man at the ribbon counter?"

"Sure thing."

"Really?"

"Yes, really! He's the hardest young man to please I ever saw!"

"Really?"

"Yes, really!"

"Oh, Mame, do tell me!"

"Well, he called the other night, and before I could guess what he was going to do he dropped right down on his knees before me!"

"Oh, Mame, really?"

"Yes, really! Oh, Jen, it was just like the real thing in the drammer!"

"Really?"

"Yes, really! He said he couldn't live without me! Honest he did!"

"Oh, Mame!"

"And that I was the light of his soul."

"Oh, Mame, really?"

"Yes, really! All he said he asked of me was to whisper one little word—just one little word of three letters. He said it was such a tiny word that I ought to be willing to oblige him."

"Oh, Mame, did you?"

"Sure I did!"

"Oh, Mame, really?"

"Yes, really. I said 'nit!'"

"Oh, Mame, really?"

"Yes, really! And then he got mad!"

"Oh, Mame, really?"

"Yes, really!"

Then a fat lady with a red face and a thirst for bargains interrupted the conversation.—Detroit Free Press.

Vital phases of America's immigration problems are discussed in the March Century by such authorities as Jacob Riis, who describes scenes and conditions at Ellis Island under the caption "The Gateway of Nations;" Gustave Michaud, who tries to answer "What Shall We Do?" and Franklin H. Giddings, Professor of Sociology at Columbia University, who makes interesting and valuable comment upon Mr. Michaud's statements touching America's dominating race character.

A man may have a large following simply because he doesn't pay his bills.

Keep out of the frying pan and you won't get into the fire.

Lots of people become sadder without becoming any wiser.

The gift of gab often results in a man giving himself away.

When you cast your bread upon the water don't tie a stone to it.

The poems of the March Lippincott's Magazine are well-chosen and readable. They are from such well-liked-and-known singers as Marie Van Vorst, Florence Earle Coates, Edgar Fawcett, Albert Bigelow Paine, Chas. Francis Saunders, Charles McIlvaine, Hilton R. Greer, Agnes Lee, Alonzo Lee, Alden Charles Noble and William Lucius Graves.

ROUGH.

First Roman Actor—Canst lend me the price of a shave, Julius?

Second Roman Actor—Verily, Caius, I have not a denarius about me.

First Roman Actor—This is rough. Here I must play Queen Hecuba tonight, and I've got a two weeks' beard on my chin.—Tit-Bits.

WOMAN'S WAY.

He—I hope you didn't believe what they said about me.

She—I make it a point never to believe more than half I hear.

He—But the trouble is you women generally believe the wrong half.—Brooklyn Life.

HISTORY OF A FORTUNE.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER TO BE A BILLIONAIRE.

Million on Million Being Piled Up in Profits From Oil, Railroad and Bank—When the Standard Oil King Almost Went Broke—His Destiny.

David Graham Phillips writes as follows in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post:

Among the great fortunes of the world today there are two that tower colossal—the Rothschild and the Rockefeller. No one—not even the heads of the two houses—knows just how large these fortunes are. A few years ago John D. Rockefeller said upon the witness stand that he was unable to tell how much he was worth within several millions. Indeed, there is no way of estimating accurately these modern fortunes, invested in many ways and subject to daily, hourly fluctuations. Probably a billion and a half of dollars is as near to accuracy as it is possible to come in stating the wealth of the house of Rothschild. As for the house of Rockefeller, a business associate of the elder and many times the richer of the two brothers said within a year: "John D. Rockefeller is worth not far from three-quarters of a billion, and he will presently be the first billionaire the world has ever had. "If the estimate were based upon income—certainly as fair a way as to attempt to value capital—John D. Rockefeller would today be classed as a billionaire half on the way toward his second billion. And there are in addition the several hundred millions of his brother's fortune, and the many millions of the three or four allied members of the family.

The Rockefeller fortune was founded upon credit capital. In 1875 John D. Rockefeller was a considerable oil merchant. But his schemes for monopolizing the oil business of half the world, were trembling between success and failure. In that year there were three weeks when he walked the floor night after night, sleepless, fighting the ruin that seemed to be closing in around him. It is said that his wife exclaimed: "[illegible] John would go [illegible] he would get some sleep." It is said that the nervous indigestion which now compels him to the quietest of lives and to a diet of crackers and milk at 98 2-5 degrees Fahrenheit dates from that terrible three weeks. He owed the banks in Cleveland $1,700,000. He could not pay they were pressing him, but did not dare to close in upon him. They knew that if he failed it would swamp them and would precipitate a panic in Cleveland—Cleveland was not so large and rich in those days, and $1,700,000 was a big sum of money, even in Wall street.

The Rockefeller fortune may therefore be dated from 1875, the year when the founding crisis was passed, though the big returns did not begin to come until about 1885, the enormous returns until less than ten years ago.

From 1860 to 1875 Rockefeller was reaching out and out to take possession of his promised land. His brother, and their intimate friends laughed at him, tried to dissuade him, warned him. They, too, would buy oil wells, but they would make what they could and sell out before the well caught fire or ran dry. He bought to keep, bought burning wells and extinguished the fires, bought dry wells in the hope that they would some day yield to the pump. And when his brother and their intimates saw that there was method in his madness, he invited them in, practically gave them as a present the shares that were to make them multi-millionaires. And, slow and tenacious and saturated with his "mystic" of manifest destiny, he marched on to the Montenotte of 1875. The reaching out on small capital, the rising clamor and fury against his merciless methods of monopoly, brought on that crisis.

Until the secret history of the Standard Oil company is written, and it probably never will be—no one except John D. Rockefeller will know how that crisis was passed and how prosperity and power were obtained through those contracts with the railways which made competition with Rockefeller hopeless and forced almost all the oil men, producers, refiners and sellers, to choose between submission and ruin.

Another point in the development of the great American fortune is control of railways—the arteries of the whole people. It is next in importance to a monopoly of some natural product. Rockefeller scored both points.

It was about 1884 that some of the high-priced counsel discovered a way of freeing him from the bondage of anti-monopoly law, a method of reorganizing him into legality and safety. Soon the period of insecurity passed—though the general public did not know it and the press and the politicians were still howling. Rockefeller was able to shake off his pursuers and dismiss his horde of lawyers. He had at last a large, secure income.

And now began the rapid increase. He was a simple, thrifty man, and so was his brother. They spent comparatively nothing of their income. They re-invested it in obtaining complete ownership of what they had only controlled—that is, of the petroleum industry. They developed the Standard Oil company from the single concern to a conglomerate of about 60 corporations, each engaged in a separate department of the industry. They utilized the crude oil in a thousand ways, turning to account the discoveries of science which the scientists gave freely to the world. Soon, so many and so valuable were the by-products of oil production that the oil itself cost the Rockefellers practically nothing at all—for the by-products more and more paid for its pumping, refining, transportation and sale. For 15 years, Mr. Rockefeller and his group have been selling about a thousand million gallons of oil a year at prices ranging from 5 to 20 cents a gallon, and averaging about 7 cents; and, as the by-products have increased in number and in value, they have put into their pockets as clear profit more and more of the entire selling price of the oil. Today that selling price is estimated to be all clear profit, and it is said that there is in addition a profit of from $10,000,000 to $20,000,000 upon the by-products. This explains why the profits of the Rockefellers from their trust are greater by many millions annually than the value of the petroleum production.

About 10 years ago Rockefeller's income was given as $10,000,000 by an excellent authority. He had reached the limit of profitable reinvestment of profits in the oil industry. Here then were these enormous sums in cash pouring in—more than $2,000,000 a month for John D. Rockefeller alone. The problem of reinvestment became more than serious, it became a nightmare. [illegible] was swelling, and the number of sound investments is limited, was then even more limited than it now is. It was through no especial eagerness for more gains that the Rockefellers began to branch out from oil into other things. They were forced, swept on by this irrolling tide of wealth which their monopoly magnet irresistibly attracted. They developed a staff of investment seekers and investigators. It is said that the chief of this staff has a salary of $125,000 a year. It may be remarked in passing that Rockefeller, like almost all the great American fortune builders, pays cheerfully the highest market price for brains. He expects valuable service, but he does his part ungrudgingly. He holds that while it may be dangerous to an employe to overpay him, it is fatal both to employer and employe to underpay.

The first conspicuous excursion and incursion of the Rockefellers was into the railway field. By 1895 they controlled one-fifth of the railway mileage of the country. What do they own or, through dominant ownership, control today? They are powerful in all the great railways of New York, north, east and west, except one where their share is only a few millions. They are in most of the great railways radiating from Chicago. They dominate in several of the systems that extend to the Pacific. It is their votes that make Mr. Morgan so potent—though, it may be added, they need his brains more than he needs their votes—at present, and the combination of the two constitutes in large measure the "community of interest."

But railways could not alone absorb rapidly enough those mighty floods of gold; presently John D. Rockefeller's $2,500,000 monthly had increased to four, to five, to six millions a month, to $75,000,000 a year. Illuminating oil was becoming all profit; the reinvestments of income were adding their mite of many annual millions.

The Rockefellers went into gas and electricity when those industries had developed to the safe-investment stage. And now a large part of the American people must begin to enrich the Rockefellers as soon as the sun goes down, no matter what form of illuminant they use.

The latest industry into which the Rockefellers have gone is banking. There they already dominate, and [illegible] think they have found the [illegible] investment problem—[illegible] least. And it is [illegible] possibilities that the Rocke[illegible] adventure may cause [illegible] a greater convulsion, [illegible] that which shook the [illegible] John D. Rockefeller first [illegible] industrial monopoly to the American people and began to force its acquaintance and society upon them.

The Rockefeller bank—the National City bank—is by herself far and away the biggest bank in the United States. It is exceeded in the world only by the Bank of England and the Bank of France. The deposits average more than $100,000,000 a day; and it dominates the call loan market on Wall street and the stock market. But it is not alone; it is the head of the Rockefeller chain of banks, which includes 14 banks and trust companies in New York City, and banks of great strength and influence in every large money centre in the country.

The chief business of these banks is to receive the Rockefeller income and loan it to speculators, manufacturers, merchants and farmers throughout the country. And the Rockefellers not only are relieved from much of their former anxiety over investments, but also receive a double profit. There is the profit of the interest which the banks pay them for their huge cash balances, 50 and 75 and even of a 100 millions steadily maintained from day to day those largest private handlers of cash the world has ever seen; then there are all profits of dividends which the banks declare—and large dividends they are.

The Sleeping Car.

The average Pullman sleeper is a marvel of compactness and ingenuity as well as elegance. It is strongly built of choicest woods, with skillful and artistic workmanship. Its size, weight and construction make it a great deal safer than the regulation passenger coach. In the arrangement of the berths, however, there has been practically no change in many years. Each car has one or two staterooms which are very comfortable and high priced, says the Utica Press. The sections, with their upper and lower berths, are no larger or more convenient than they were years ago. The American people are learning to be more or less acrobatic according to the extent of their experience and the number of times they have dressed in one of these narrow spaces. Some years ago what was called the Mann boudoir car was introduced on a few roads and was very popular, but the management discarded it because it did not consult the greatest economy of space. It did afford its occupant a little room in which to disrobe at night and dress again in the morning, a place to hang attire, and was far more comfortable than the regular Pullman berth. It would seem as if it were about time, in view of the Pullman company's prosperity, for it to give its patrons more room without materially increasing the cost of the accommodation.

Wakes by Electricity.

There is in Mobile a gentleman who in the past has been in the habit of oversleeping in the morning hours, and as his business requires that he come down street early it is essential that he should awaken at a certain hour. Time after time he came late to his business, in spite of alarm clocks and other appliances to get his eyes opened at the proper time. One morning last week he came into the office on time to the minute; the others in the office expressed great surprise at this unusual event and asked the whyfore of it. He thus explained:

"I determined that this business of sleeping when I should be awake had to stop, so I called in an electrician and he fixed me up a few things. I have it so arranged that at the hour set that a light flashes in my eyes. If this is not successful and I do not get up and throw the switch a mosquito bar and the frame falls on me. If I still slumber and sleep a gong like the one used on the patrol wagon goes off. Should I fail to notice all of these things there is over my bed a bucket filled with water, having a small nozzle attached, and a ratchet releases a stop so that a stream of water is squirted into my face. When I sleep through all these it will be time to order my coffin."—Mobile Register.

The regular way of searching for truffles in France is with the assistance of trained pigs, but as it is impossible to secure such a pig, gentlemen have in recent years successfully trained dogs for the purpose.

REBUILDING A TREE.

Broken Down by an Ice Storm, It Is Again in Its Oldtime Beauty.

Every passing storm seemed to wreak its vengeance on the big elm tree that grew by the roadside. One late winter morning we awoke to find the world transformed by ice on every tree and bush. In wonder and amazement we looked abroad. But in front of us the elm tree lay a shapeless mass, broken and splintered by the weight of ice. Already the tree had been endeared to us by its many hardships, in which all the family had sympathized. The tree must not perish now.

With ropes and pulleys the great limbs, some of them now several inches in diameter, were drawn back to their places; for every one of them still clung to the parent stock by a strip of bark and wood at its base. Iron bolts were made from half inch rods, long enough to reach through branch and stock just above the split. With long augur, half inch holes were bored through the tree the bolts driven in tight and then drawn up by means of a nut and thread. A large head and washer, and another washer under the nut at the other end, prevented the ends of the bolt from drawing into the wood. So tightly was the branch drawn to the trunk that no gaping crack was left, and the crease was hermetically sealed with melted wax. Then higher up, between brancher two or three feet apart, other rods were run to hold all the members in place. We knew that if the bolts fitted tightly in their holes no harm would come to the tree; but that if bands were placed about the branches they would soon crease and girdle the parts and work much harm. When the storm had passed the dear tree stood in its customary mood, and all the following summer it grew as if with renewed determination.—Country Life in America.

Football and Insanity.

During the year 1902, two men in America were killed in prize fights; and, in a season of three months just passed, twenty-one men have been killed playing football. Fifteen of these died from broken necks or broken backs. How many men have been ruptured and permanently injured in various other ways no man can say. I know, says Elbert Hubbard, in the March Cosmopolitan, that two young men with whom I am personally acquainted, are now in lunatic asylums as a result of football. Author ravings are the cries and [illegible] of this game. If you still think that football is manly sport, you might interview the parents of these young men.

ONE WAY TO CRAWL.

"And is this the first time you have experienced the sensation of love?" she asked.

"It is," he replied.

"Am I the first girl you ever told you loved?" she persisted.

He hesitated. What might not have come to her ears? "You must remember," he said at last, "how easy it is for the ignorant and uninitiated to accept a base imitation for the real thing."—Boston Post.

The charm about the Lippincott nuts to crack in each month's Magazine is that they are not chestnuts, but Walnuts and Wine. For March there is an appetizing array and not a bad nut in the bunch.