OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1898.

## LIFE IN A WARDROOM

THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.

Where All Except the Commander Est, Live and Have Their Social Being-Naval Etiquette Isolates the Man Whom All Others on Board Must Obey.

The wardroom on a man-of-war is the living place of all the older officers of the ship, with one exception, the commanding officer. He lives by himself, has his own cabins, his own mess, his own servants. Naval etiquette and custom have established this habit of isolation for the man on the ship who has command of all the rest. The reason is undoubtedly to be found in the very fact that he represents extraordinary power. Under these circumstances any attempt to forget the superiority of his rank by means of a common cabin or messroom for him and his subordinates would only result in embarrassment on both sides.

This does not mean that he may not be sociable, for much depends upon the man. But it is safe to say that any show of effusiveness among those who live abaft the mast must come from his side, if he wishes it to be general. The situation is a delicate one

In the freer air of the wardroom we find from 10 to 20 officers living together, the number varying with the size of the ship. Their ages may range from 25 to 50, and they are of all ranks above that of naval cadet, and of all corps. Engineer officers, line officers, medical officers, marine officers, one pay officer and one chaplain, may all be included in the wardroom of a large ship. These men live in staterooms arranged about a common space, which is known as the "wardroom country." This assumption of a space of prairielike dimensions is comparatively truthful in the cramped quarters of a ship. In this "country" exists the social life of the wardroom. Here these men of varied callings, yet all of the sea's following, live, move and have their social being.

A day spent in a wardroom by a landlubber would reveal many interesting differences between naval officers and their brothren on shore. To begin with, they are more cosmopolitan in their speech. The men in our wardrooms are gathered together from all parts of the Union. Local discussions find but an uninterested audience, or even a derisive one, so that a naval officer gets accus-tomed to speak and think of all the 45 states as belonging equally to him. Outside of his own country he is so great a traveler that very few civilians can keep up with the way he skips in conversation from China to Peru or to Tasma-Other characteristics that are nia. quickly noticeable are his simplicity, his cheerfulness and his heartiness. The wardroom is constantly resounding with laughter. The men in it are healthier than men who live in houses. They get up earlier in the morning and go to bed earlier at night. Most of our wardrooms are bustling with officers at 7 o'clock in the morning.

A glance at the breakfast table shows Griggs-Yes, Lounderstand they are the senior line officer presiding, and the both seeking the hand of Miss Triffett. other officers placed near him according to rank. At the other end of the table the other evening and at once began is the man who has been elected by his the exciting game of trying to outsit messmates to direct the catering of the each other. Tom had to give it up final-mess. Between this early meal and the ly and left Fred in possession.

## **Funishment** For a Murder That Was More Cruel Than Death.

A STRANGE SENTENCE.

In 1801 a man died in the Catskills who had been condemned by one of the strangest sentences on record. Ralph Sutherland was born in 1701 and lived in a stone house near Leeds. He was a man of violent temper and morose dis-position, shunned by his neighbors and generally disliked. Not being able to get an American servant, he imported a Scotchwoman, and, according to the nange of the times, virtually held her in bondage until her passage money had been refunded.

Unable to endure any longer the raging temper of her master, the girl ran away. Immediately upon discovering her absence the man set off in an angry chase upon his horse and soon overtook her. The poor woman never reached the house alive, and Sutherland was indicted and arrested on the charge of murder. At the trial he tried to prove that his

horse had taken fright, run away, pitched him out of the saddle and dashed the girl to death upon the rocks, but the jury did not accept the defense, and Sutherland was sentenced to die upon the scaffold.

Then came the plea of the insufficiency of circumstantial evidence and the efforts of influential relations. These so worked upon the court that the judge delayed the sentence of death until the prisoner should be 99 years old.

It was ordered that the culprit should be released on his own recognizance, and that, pending the Goal execution of his sentence, he should keep a hangman's noose about his neck and show himself before the judges of Catskill once a year to prove that he wore his badge of infamy and kept his crime in mind. It was a more cruci decision than the sentence of immediate death would have been, but it was no doubt in harmony with the spirit of the times.

Thus Ralph Sutherland lived. He al ways lived alone. He seldom spoke. His rough, imperious manner had gone. Years followed years. At each session of the court the broken man came before the bar of justice and silently showed the noose that circled his neck.

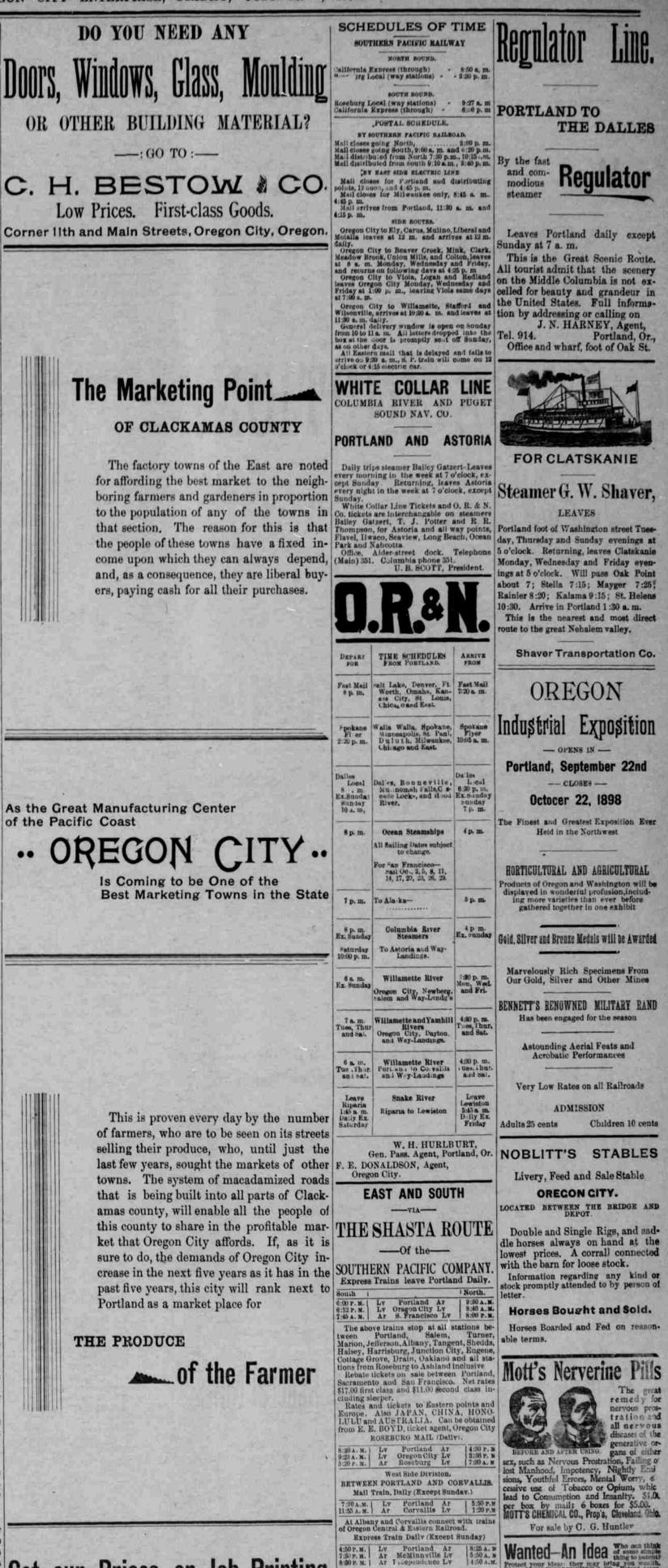
At last his ninety-ninth year came, the time when the court had ordered that the utmost penalty of the law should be executed. For the last time the man tottered before the judge's bench, but new judges had arisen in the land, new laws had been made, old crimes had been forgotten or forgiven, and there was none who would accuse him or execute sentence. Indeed the awful restriction that had bound his life so intimately to the explation of his crime was now legally removed.

But the spirit of self punishment continued, and when Sutherland, after he had passed his hundredth year, was discovered dead, alone in his house, his throat was found to be encircled by the rope which had been placed there nearly three-quarters of a century before. Youth's Companion.

## He Wasn't Left.

Biggs-Quite a rivalry between Tom and Fred.

Biggs-They both called at her house



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breakfast proper, which comes at half past 11 or 19 o'clock, there is not much life in the wardroom, for the daily mil-itary routine is full of drills and exercises which keep most of the officers on dock. There are drills with great guns and with small arms, drills in clearing ship for action, drills in handling ammunition and many others-all of them preserve your own life by destroying that of your enemy.

conversation or perhaps hums a song he must buckle on his sword and return to another drill.

At every call to quarters all officers must report themselves ready for duty. back in the wardroom, where there is other work for them. The medical officer has gone forward to the sick bay to look after his patients.

When the midday breakfast comes, there is the first breathing space for a little leisure and relaxation. But the drills for the day are not yet over, and at 1. o'clock the bustle is resumed throughout the ship. A sudden call may When the midday breakfast comes, throughout the ship. A sudden call may come for collision drill, or fire drill, or battalion drill. If at sea, a floating target may be dropped overboard, and for an hour the ship be shaken from stem to stern by the discharge of guns. From 8 to 5 o'clock in the afternoon there generally a respite from work, and th wardroom begins to show signs of being a home. Some in it are reading or writing, others are smoking or playing games or loafing. Still others are in their rooms taking the seaman's afternoon nap. But at 5 o'clock the drills and exercises come again.

By 6:30 o'clock there is a feeling that one can sit down and dine without fer of interruption. The mess as a whole is generally a thoroughly enjoyable and withdraw within oneself without enciting remark. By 10 o'clock most of these sailors are in bed, but even no the drills may not be over. At midnight the bugles may sound, and in two minntes all the ship's company be rapidly making ready for an enemy.-New York Post.

It is strange to notice how many old classical expressions still survive in Tuscany. The people still swear "By Bacchus!" and "By Dianal" just as we do "By Jove!" but when they talk of "Tom, Dick and Harry" they say "Ti-tus, Caius and Sempronius."

Griggs-So Fred got the best of it? Biggs-That's the question. It was a miny night, and Tom did not take sway the poorest umbrella when he left. the house.-Boston Transcript.

Carries His Hatchet In His Boot Leg. In some places men carry bowie knives and guns in their boot legs. One rooted in the one idea that you must may meet in Fulton fish market in this city a man carrying a hatchet in his boot leg, but the hatchet is for peaceful As soon as an officer returns to the purposes. It is an implement much used wardroom from one drill and begins a in the market for opening and for nailing up boxes and barrels in which fish is interrupted by the bugles on deck and are packed, and the boot leg seems to be the handiest place to carry it .- New York Sun

Mme. de Pompadour encouraged fan painting and also collected fine speci-The chaplain and paymaster, having mens of the work. Greuze, Watteau much less to do with drills than the and other great artists did not disdain other officers, are usually the first to be to lend their talents to the art. These pictures were done mostly on vellum or phicken skin.

The Enterprise will be pleased to reeive within the next few days several cords of wood which parties have agreed to bring in on their subscription to the paper.

For Young Men and Young Women.

There is nothing that will arouse the ire of a young man or woman so quick as to have inferior laundry work put off on them. They may dress ever so well, but if their shirt front or shirt waist is mussy their neat appearance is spoiled. now gathered together, and the meal is The Troy laundry makes a specialty of ladies' and gentlemen's fine work. delightful affair. After it is over ther There can be no better work than is are cigars, games, music, or the right to done at the Troy. Leave your orders at Johnson's barber shop.

> Plenty of money to loan at 8 per cent on long or short time. Apply to G. E. Hayes, office up stairs, opposite Huntley's drug store.

For Constipation take Karl's Clover Root Tea, the great Blood Purifier. Cures Headache, Nervousness, Eruptions on the face, and makes the head clear as a bell. Sold by Charman & Co., druggists, Get our Prices on Job Printing. the face, and makes the head clear as a Oregon City.