

OUR UNCLE SAM'S CADET WARDS

Training Boys to Become Soldiers at West Point, the Best and Most Democratic Military Academy in the Entire World.

The Board of Visitors now at the military academy, West Point, N. Y., and who, by Presidential appointment, are inspecting the post and the drills of the cadets, doubtless will leave there with the feeling that there is nowhere a better "set-up" military institution than that formed by the future officers of Uncle Sam's Army. Merely to watch the cadets drill is a study in mechanical perfection.

Inspection trials every rifle and every part of the cadet accoutrement in prime condition. The boys march with perfect alignment and with absolute precision. Whether it be the color guard, or the whole battalion on parade, in full dress uniform, or in its picturesque campaign uniform, with the typical American blue flannel shirt and the sun-shade slouch hat, there is the same natty appearance. The illustrations presented on this page of The Oregonian show the cadets at inspection, on the firing line and in campaign uniform, and convey an admirable idea of the splendid military appearance of the lads, as they are put through their maneuvers.

The cavalry drills at West Point are exciting incidents of cadet life. The charge, with flashing sabers and shouting threats, is perhaps the showiest and most exciting detail. But the cadets are drilled in all kinds of riding, such as leaping onto a galloping horse from the ground and jumping hurdles astride three horses.

A battalion of cadet artillery, coming on at full gallop, is another exciting incident. Wall scaling, fencing and, in fact, all things tending to make a cadet familiar with the details of soldiering are taught at the academy. With the studies in the classroom, these drills combine to make the young soldiers perfect examples of sound minds in sound bodies.

No Social Distinctions.
The officers of the United States Army are not glacial castles. For the institution from which most of them have graduated is the most democratic in the world. Nowhere else are social distinctions so completely leveled as at West Point. At the United States Military Academy the son of the millionaire, the son of the grocer, the son of the farmer, wear the same uniform, share the same mess and are subject to the same discipline. It is West Point's boast that the son of a President was distanced in the race for military honors by the son of a bricklayer.

Uncle Sam pays for his cadets' training, but he is a strict uncle. He exacts, in return, that his bright-eyed, checked, healthy-looking young nephews in gray shall do their full duty, or be dropped from his pay roll, and so it is that this year's Board of Visitors will, like previous boards, see as fine a set of young fellows as can be found anywhere, the wide world over.

Moreover, it is a set that does our whole country credit. For these young men represent the widest variety of nationalities and are representative of the exclusion of any other. The cadets, being mostly appointees of Congressmen, represent every constituency in the United States.

Look over the cadets' roll! See how representative it is! You will find young men from every state and bearing names of English, Scotch, Irish, German, French, Spanish, Italian and Scandinavian origin. From this splendid commingling and leveling of all class distinctions and of all sectional and racial types, springs the ideal cadet, the "best West Pointer" of the United States Army.

Successful Leaders.
True we have had great Captains who were not "West Pointers." There are military geniuses who do not find their way to the United States Military Academy—who do not, in fact, find their way into a uniform, until the strenuousness of war sets the seal of office on their names. Nor is everyone who enters of graduates from West Point a military genius. But, in the long run, and in the great, the very great majority of instances, the trained officers of the most successful leader of troops in battle.

You may argue that General Lawton, the popular hero of the Spanish War, was of the United States Military Academy. But remember that most of the great leaders on either side who stood the great test of the Civil War—one of the most tremendous tests in history—were graduates of West Point. It is easy to understand this, when it is borne in mind that, so high is the standard in military department, physical training and studies at the United States Military Academy, only about 50 per cent of the cadets entered graduate.

West Point is an ideal spot for the training ground of our future Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Lee and Lawton. It is superbly situated, and it is rich in historical traditions of a military character. On the west bank of the Hudson, where that magnificent stream has forced its passage through the Appalachian system and formed a gateway to the Highlands, it was the great strategic importance during the Revolution. For it commanded the only line of communication by which the British could receive aid from Canada. While that struggle was in progress, defensive works commanding this natural gateway were erected.

Historical Spots.
The ruins of Fort Putnam on Mount Independence are relics of the Revolution. On what is now Constitution Island, Fort Constitution was erected. Six miles below, Fort Montgomery and Clinton were put up, and the passage of the river was obstructed by a chain. All these works fell into the enemy's hands in October, 1777, but were abandoned after Burgoyne's surrender. Early in the following year, other defensive works were erected by Kosciuszko, to whom, appropriately enough, there is a monument at West Point. Among these defensive works was a heavy chain and boom extending from West Point across the river to Constitution Island. Portions of this chain are still preserved as relics at the Military Academy. It may be said that enough alleged links of it can still be bought in New York City junk shops to form a chain, reaching from New York to Albany.

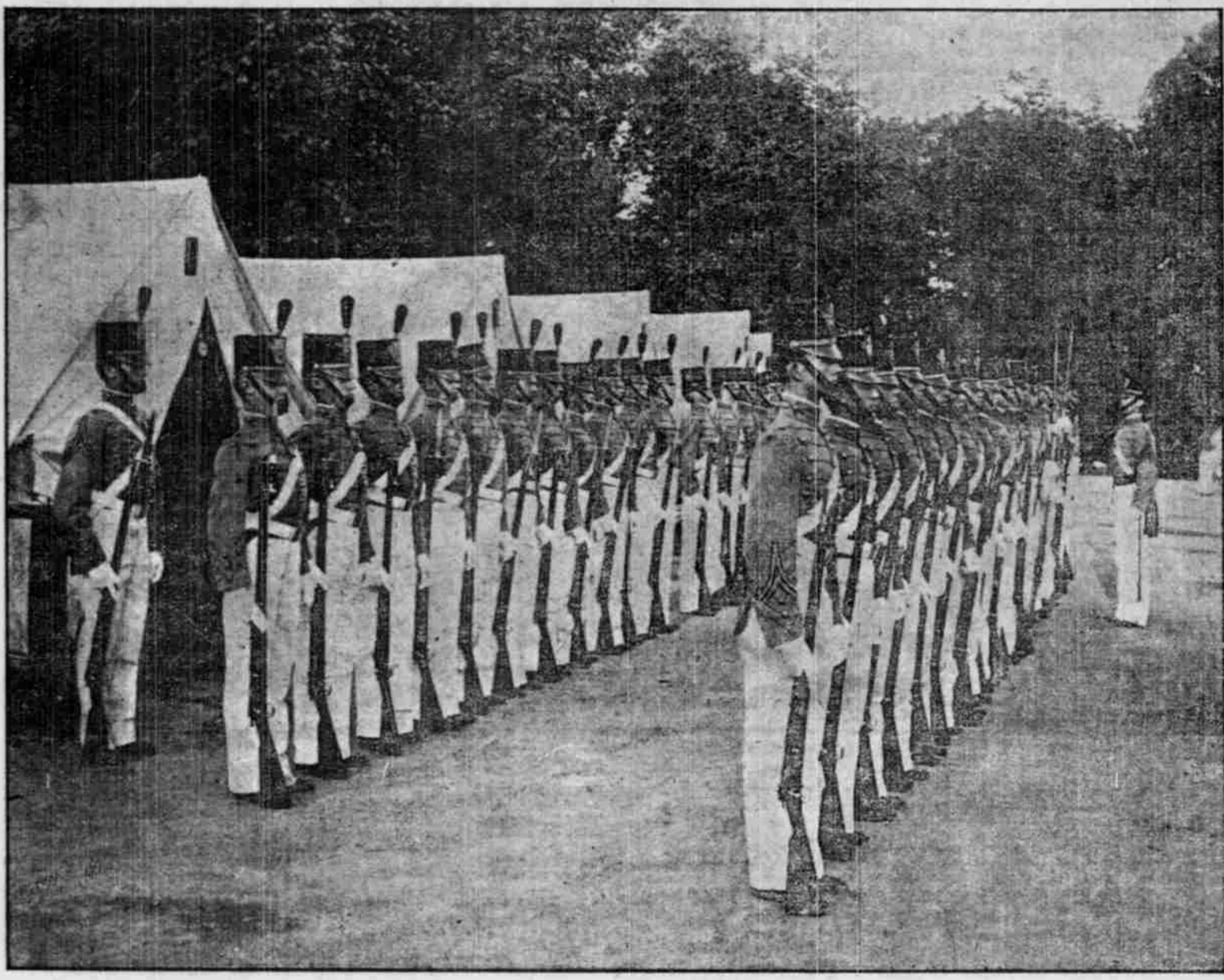
After the Revolution these defensive works fell into disuse, but in 1794 the United States bought West Point. The property which was subsequently purchased makes, with the original site, about 200 acres, with a plain of 100 acres for buildings and the area for tactical instruction and parade. Flanked by hills and mountain spurs, with old Crow Nest rising grandly in the background, West Point, from a height of 120 feet, looks down upon the river from bold, rocky cliffs and commands superb views of one of the most beautiful streams in the world.

First Steps Taken.
The first provisions for maintaining the point as a site for a military academy date from 1794. Four battalions of engineers and artillery were organized and four cadets were attached to each battalion. Finally, in 1802, the Engineer Corps was constituted a military academy and the senior officer of the corps became the Superintendent thereof. Since 1802, the Superintendent has been chosen from the Army at large. Colonel

A. L. Mills, the present incumbent of the office, is a Captain of the Sixth United States Cavalry. The rank of "Colonel" is local.

West Point cadets would rather "walk extra" than be guilty of a lie. "Honor is the speech of my story" might well be quoted by anyone who should write of the cadets of the Military Academy. From the moment a cadet enters West Point, he is an honor. Whatever breach of discipline or neglect of studies he may be charged with, he must not be guilty of conduct unbecoming a cadet and a gentleman.

The drills at West Point are superb. The line of gray and white is geomet-



WEST POINT CADETS, AT "FULL-DRESS INSPECTION."

rically straight; the 800 cadets go through their evolutions as one man; a cavalry charge, with the flashing of sabres, and the fiery impetus of galloping horses, is thrilling and the camp life in Summer is highly picturesque. But what most impresses the student of West Point life is the high sense of honor and the esprit de corps which animates the entire institution.

There is every reason for the claim that the United States Military Academy is the finest military school in the world.

GUSTAV KOBBE.

BEST PISTOL TO CARRY.

Short Barrel and Big Caliber Handiest for Escapades.

"The best sort of a pistol for a man to carry, if he has to carry a weapon at all," said a former resident of Texas, who has seen a good deal of wild life along the frontier, to a reporter of the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "is a '44' or '45,' with not over a two-inch barrel. A genuine British 'bulldog'—not one of the cheap American imitations, but the real thing—comes nearest being the ideal weapon for the pocket if one anticipates trouble."

"But those old cannon don't shoot accurately for any distance," objected the listener.

"I know they don't," replied the Texan, "but long-distance marksmanship seldom cuts any figure in a personal encounter. In nine cases out of ten the men are too close together to miss, and it's not a question of fine shooting, but quick shooting."

Three armed is he who hath his quarrel just. But four times he who sets his gun out first. That's a frontier proverb. A bulldog can be pulled twice as quick as a long-barreled pistol, and then, again, suppose your antagonist tries to wrench it out of your hand; he has nothing to take hold of but that inch or two of barrel, and you can blow his hand off by simply pulling the trigger. It is almost impossible to disarm a man who uses a bulldog, but I have seen him revolver, torn out of men's grasp more than once in hand-to-hand fights.

"My reason for saying the caliber ought to be 44 or 45 is because the impact of a ball of that size is so terrific that it paralyzes the nerve centers and puts a fighter instantly out of action, no matter where it hits him. On the contrary, a strong man may be drilled through and through with a .22 and keep right on doing executive work. A big, short-barreled gun shoots straight enough for close work, and if you are far enough away to make marksmanship necessary you are far enough away to run and keep out of trouble."

NAPOLEON III'S MON AML

Beautiful Comtesse de Castiglione and Her Dainty Feet.

The Comtesse de Castiglione was, I think, the handsomest woman I ever set eyes on, says a writer in London Truth. She had all the grade of prettiness without being pretty, for her beauty was of the highest style—high, indeed, that she stood unrivaled. Women were so carried away by her appearance as to drop all jealousy. One alone was jealous, and she was the most exalted of all. I never understood the power of Helen to turn away wrath or blame until I saw the Comtesse de Castiglione.

The Comtesse de Castiglione had all the points that Phidias would have required for a perfect model. She was stately through perfect harmony and ease of motion. It was she who brought in the sleeveless corsage. She would, if she could, have brought in bare feet and ungloved hands at soirees. Her feet were so showy at small receptions. Sometimes she wore sandals and no stockings; sometimes she dis-

MR. JAY PLAYS LOTTERY

EXPERIENCE OF AN EAST OREGONIAN IN WICKED 'FRISCO.

Drops \$1000 With "His Friend's Son," on Way to Hawaiian Islands to Buy a Sheep Ranch.

In Wallawa County there is an old ranchman who, for the purposes of this story, shall be called Mr. Jay. He owns one of the largest ranches in the county, and is one of Eastern Oregon's oldest and best citizens. He is strictly honest, generous to a fault, and believes that everybody tells the truth, until convinced to the contrary.

Not far from Island City, in Union County, lives another old farmer, who is well-

known quickly, and it was not many minutes before the latter had the coveted \$500 in his possession.

The day arrived when the steamer on which Mr. Jay had secured passage was to sail. His friend's son would accompany him to the dock, and bought him some fruit and other delicacies for the voyage. On the way to the steamer the young man suddenly stopped.

"By the way," said he, "there is a lottery office right here, and I remember I have a ticket in it. Suppose we go in and see what it will draw; you have plenty of time, as the steamer will not sail for several hours."

Mr. Jay was agreeable, and the pair ascended the stairs to the "lottery office." They stepped up to a desk, at which a nicely dressed man was sitting, apparently very busy. The son of Mr. Jay's friend said: "I hold a ticket, and I want to see what it will draw." At the same time he took a small piece of pasteboard from his pocket and threw it on the desk. The nicely dressed individual took it up, looked at the number, and said: "All right; do you want to draw now?"

"I do," replied the ticket-holder, and turning to Mr. Jay, he said: "You are al-

After waiting a sufficient length of time, Mr. Jay asked the nicely-dressed man where the young man had gone. "I don't know," was the reply. "He came in here with you, and I supposed he was your friend."

Mr. Jay collected his scattered faculties as best he could, and went to the steamer. As he went, he thought of the two crooks who had victimized him hurried to a bank and drew, through a bank in this city, on the Enterprise bank, for the amount of the two checks, \$500, and which was promptly paid. It seems a little strange that an institution so discreet as banks usually would pay two checks for the same amount, drawn on the same bank, by the same man and payable to the same payee, especially when the drawer had no money in the bank.

At any rate, the money was paid, and Mr. Jay was out just \$1000—the \$500 he had lent and the \$500 on the two checks.

When he got to Honolulu, he found that he could not buy a cemetery lot, to say nothing of one of the islands for a sheep ranch. On his return, he stopped at San Francisco and succeeded in finding his friend's son, and, of course, wanted him to settle up—pay the borrowed \$500 and make good the \$500 check that he gave the lottery man, he supposing that the first one had been destroyed.

Mr. Jay's Disappointment.
His friend's son promised faithfully that he would make everything right, and said he would meet Mr. Jay at the Commercial Hotel, in Portland, if he would stay over in the latter city till a certain day, and would then "square" the whole matter. Mr. Jay, according to appointment, was on hand at the hotel, but his friend's son did not put in an appearance.

Mr. Jay went home to his ranch, and, soon after, he was notified by the Enterprise bank that it held two of his checks for \$500 each, which must be paid. This was the first intimation Mr. Jay had that the first check had not been destroyed.

He called on the Enterprise bank, and the bank in this city, through which the business had been transacted, to see whether there was not some way by which he could bring the swindlers to account, and compel them to pay back the \$1000. The banks could give him no satisfaction, and he had to make arrangements to redeem the checks. He then called on the father of the business-steerer to get him to pay the amount, but the old man could or would do nothing.

Seeing that nothing could be done in the way of recovering himself for the losses he had sustained, Mr. Jay determined to prosecute his friend's son for swindling. With this in view, he paid another visit to San Francisco. He had been advised not to get the matter in the hands of the police, but he thought he knew it all, and when he landed in San Francisco, he proceeded personally to hunt up his friend's son.

Mr. Jay's Luck.
His good luck still clung to him, and he met the object of his search on the street. Laying his hand on his shoulder, he said: "I want you to go with me!"

"Why, Mr. Jay, I am the surprised young man," "How glad I am to see you! Of course, I'll go with you." The two walked down the street until they were opposite a saloon.

"Let's go in and get a glass of beer; I'm thirsty," said the son of Mr. Jay's friend.

"No, I thank you; I never drink," said Mr. Jay.

"Oh, well; all right. You just stand here at the door while I go in and get a glass of beer; I'm almost choking for a drink."

"Very well," said Mr. Jay, who stood guard at the door. The son of his friend stopped inside. It is unnecessary to say he never came out again; at least not out of the door by which he went. He made his exit through a side door, and Mr. Jay was left to ponder over the wickedness of a perverse generation. He then told the police, but the bird had flown.

Mr. Jay returned to his ranch, after spending another \$200—power by over \$1000 through his kind-heartedness and credulity. He has come to the conclusion that he can make more money out of chess and lay than he can out of lotteries, especially such as they run in San Francisco. H. B. METCALF.

Sure to Win.
"Why don't you get a ticket and draw on your own account?" asked his friend's son. "You are sure to win," he added.

Mr. Jay, like Her Rabbit, didn't care if he did make a thousand or so in a minute.

"Of course," said the nicely dressed man, "you can't expect to get a ticket for nothing. A man with your luck will have to pay \$20 for a ticket; but, as you are sure to win a cool thousand, you can't make \$200 any easier," and the bald bait was swallowed without a grimace.

Mr. Jay did not have that much money about him.

"Oh, that's all right," said his friend's son to the nicely-dressed man; "his check is as good as gold."

Mr. Jay was delighted more than ever at the confidence reposed in him. So he pulled out his checkbook and drew a

check for \$500 on the bank with which he did business, at Enterprise, Or. He knew he had no money to his credit in the bank at the moment, but he also knew that the bank would honor his demand, for Mr. Jay was, and is, regarded as one of the squarest men in Eastern Oregon. The check was signed and torn out of the book; but, for some reason, Mr. Jay was not pleased with the manner in which it had been filled out, so he started to tear it up.

"Give it to me, and I'll tear it up, while you draw another," said his friend's son. The check was handed over, and by a sleight-of-hand that was not acquired on the farm his friend's son substituted another piece of paper for it; tore up the substitute, and slipped the check into his pocket. By this time, Mr. Jay had drawn another check for \$500, which he handed to the nicely-dressed man.

Portland.
Some time ago, the representative of a local line received a "tip" that, on a certain day, one of the steamers would bring in three passengers from an interior town. He was informed that they were destined for Eastern points, and he hoped to ticket them over his line. When the boat arrived, the railroad man was not on hand, but he reached the landing a little later. He found that only one of the expected two had arrived; but he consoled himself with the reflection that one was better than none, and asked the pursuer of the boat where the lone passenger was. The railroad man thought the best thing to do was to answer the letter in person.

Accordingly, a few hours later he alighted at the little country town. He inquired of the postmaster where he could find his man, and explained his mission. The postmaster took a few rodent-like gnaws of a plug of tobacco, with the two teeth nature had given him.

"H'm," he muttered, "why that fellow's all mortgaged up, and he can't get away. Besides, his wife's been dead more'n six months."

"Well," replied the railroad man hopefully, "he might die 'er up, you know."

"No; he can't do that, either. You see, he hasn't paid the undertaker's bill, and the undertaker says he might show a sudden attachment for the body and levy on it at the train and hold it till the funeral bill is paid."

That settled it, and the railroad man returned to Seattle, without even seeing his man.

Seattle.
A Seattle railroad representative received a letter from a man, residing some 40 miles distant from that city. The writer wanted to know what it would cost to secure a ticket for himself, and what would be the charges on the body of his deceased wife, which he desired to accompany to Springfield, Or., for interment. The railroad man thought the best thing to do was to answer the letter in person.

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Tacoma.
Three ticket men at Tacoma heard that the wife of a resident of that city was not expected to live. They knew that, in case of her death, the remains would be taken East for burial. As the husband and one other member of the family would travel on the same train, this meant a nice little commission for the one securing the business. Two of the three worked together, from mutual interest. The third man "stood in" with the doctor, who kept him posted on the sick woman's condition.

One day, while walking past the house, he saw the physician coming down the steps. The expression of his face told that the sick woman was no more, and the doctor quietly announced that her sufferings had ended half an hour previous.

It so happened that the bereaved husband was slightly acquainted with one of the company's efficient agents, the ticket men well knew. He thought quickly, and, adjourning to a near-by saloon, he wrote out a "fake" telegram, purporting to come from the office, and sent it. This conveyed to the husband sympathy with his bereavement, neatly bringing in at the close a suggestion that the sender's line should continue the remains and the bereaved to the point of burial.

It Worked.
The agent presented the memento, a few minutes later, to the bereaved husband. The scheme worked. The husband told him to get the tickets, etc., and bring them to him, and that he would give his check in payment thereof. The ticket man met his two competitors. They declared that they were merely out for a little walk, but he knew better. He offered to walk with them, and they declared that they had some private matters to talk over, and that he would be de trop. He felt certain that they were going to convey the remains and, so he came out bluntly with:

"You fellows are too late. The woman is dead, and I have just been down to deliver the tickets. It's a wonder you wouldn't get onto yourselves."

CHARLES E. SAWYER.

SWEET YOUNG THING.

Delicate Situation Didn't Phase Her in Little Bit.

It was on a "party line," but the Sweet Young Thing didn't seem to realize it. For twenty minutes Brown had tried to attract "central's" attention, but without avail. He concluded he would make one more attempt, failing in which, he made up his mind, to yank the telephone off the wall by the roots, toss it in the corner and pour out a volume of swear words.

Brown placed the receiver next to his good ear and this is what he heard:

Sweet Young Thing—"Who is it, please?"

Man's Voice—"I'll let you know later. Do you know Jones?"

Sweet Young Thing—"Oh, yes."

Man's Voice—"He told me of you. He said you was the dearest girl in the world. I want to make a date with you."

Sweet Young Thing—"Oh, my! Where can we meet?"

Man's Voice—"You get off the Sunny-side and Mount Tabor car at Third and Morrison, at 7 tonight, sharp, and I'll be there."

Sweet Young Thing—"Well, I know, but how am I to recognize you?"

Man's Voice—"That's easy. I'll wear a white carnation in my left lapel, and stand near the Northern Pacific ticket office."

Brown hung up. That was enough for him. He told the joke to three other young fellows. That night, five in a row lined up at the appointed time and place, each with a white carnation in his left lapel. When the car stopped at the curve, Miss Sweet Young Thing stopped off. Five hats were immediately raised. In one glance she took in the flower show. For a brief instant, a puzzled look went over her face. Then she stepped forward to the plainest looking man in the quintette.

She had found "it." The other four scattered.

Couldn't Understand It.
"There's one thing I can't understand about farming," said the Summer boarder, as he watched the hired hand turning the soil.

"What be that, young feller?" queried Farmer Osteake.

"I can't understand," said he, "why the ground is placed bottom-side up so that it has to be turned over with a plow before the crops can be planted."—Chicago News.

due as the antecedent. Beauty was the apotheosis of the virtues. The Comtesse, in attending a fancy ball of the Empress, as Salambo, acted on these maxims. She was attended by Comte Horace de Chole-soul, as a Carthaginian page.

The Comtesse de Castiglione went too far for a grande dame and not far enough to hold her own. She did not understand that prodigality without great fortune is the sin of sins in Paris. She ran into debt. The Emperor was not able to imitate Louis Quatorze in giving \$9,000,000 a month to Madame de Montespan. Creditors were set on by Lagrange, head of the Empress' police, to pestier the Comtesse. A court intrigue was set on foot to make her appeal to the generosity of Dr. Evans, the dentist. He was not the man to hide his generous actions, and he thought he was obliging the Emperor in helping her.

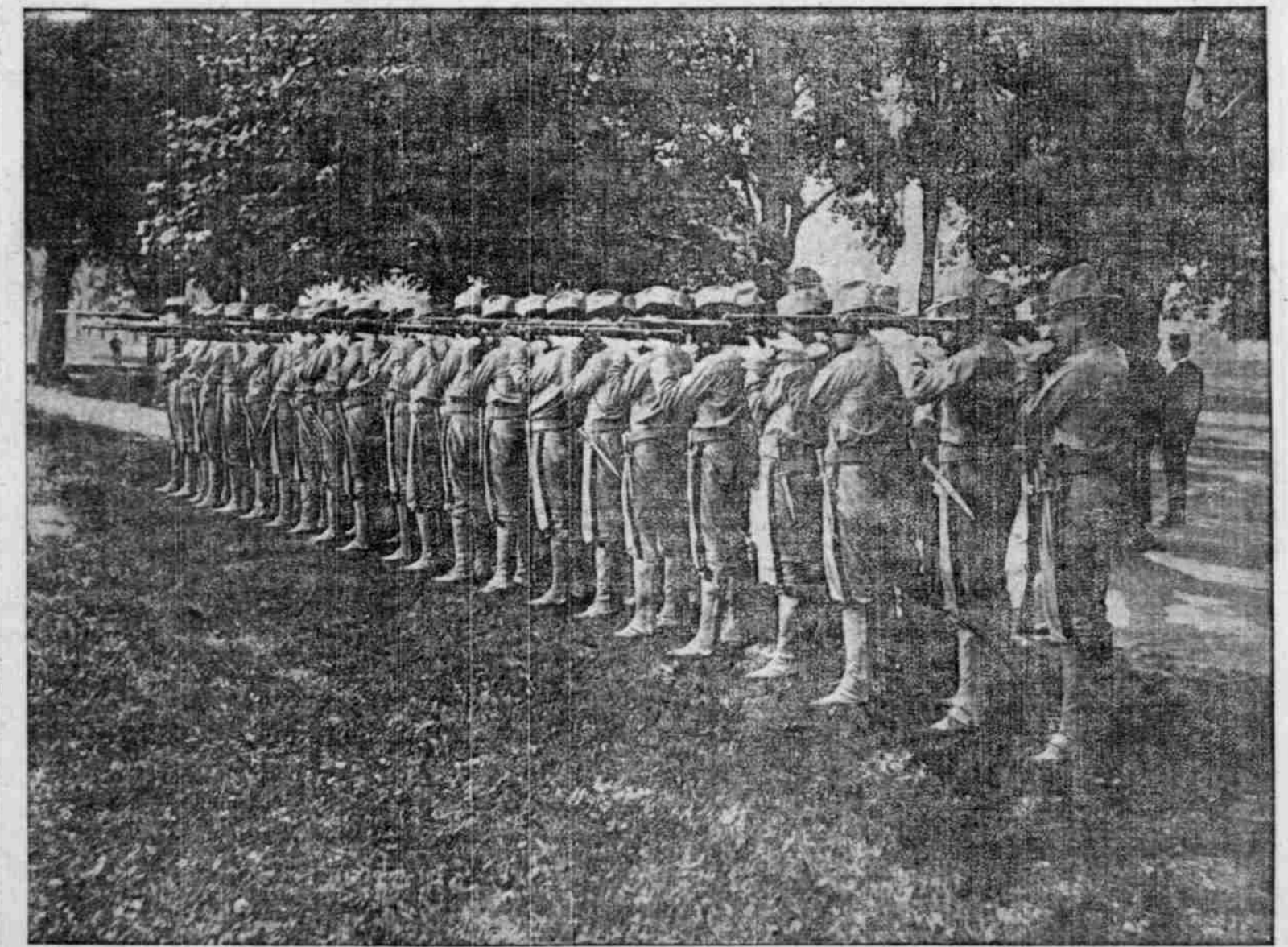
The fact being known that he had helped was socially disastrous to her. The Emperor's courage was not equal to hers. He slipped away. She anticipated the effect of this by retiring forever from the world. Her hermitage was in the very heart of Paris. It was an entresol at the corner of the Rue de la Paix and the Place Vendome. For 24 years, she lived there, with the Venetian shutters of her windows closed. She only went out at night. There were few visitors. She kept her beauty to the last, though transformed by the course of time, gray hair and disappointment.

to-do, and who enjoys the confidence and respect of all who know him. This old farmer has a son, who makes San Francisco his headquarters, and who is a professional bunco-steerer, confidence operator and all-around crook. This young man's father and Mr. Jay are old acquaintances, having known each other for many years.

A few months ago, Mr. Jay conceived the notion of going to the Hawaiian Islands and buying or leasing one of the smallest ones for a sheep ranch. The fact that he thought he could buy or lease one of the islands, any one of which is probably worth more than the whole of Wallawa County, is conclusive evidence of the old ranchman's want of experience in worldly matters.

Mr. Jay's Friend's Son.
On his way to the Hawaiian Islands, Mr. Jay stopped in San Francisco, and while there he ran across the son of his up-country friend. Of course, the young man showed Mr. Jay the sights of California's metropolis, and made himself extremely agreeable to his father's friend.

During Mr. Jay's sojourn in the city his friend's son had pressing need of \$500 till he could "hear from home." Would Mr. Jay accommodate him with a loan for a few days; or until the ranchman's return from the islands? The generous-hearted old man could not oblige his friend's son



WEST POINT CADETS "ON THE FIRING LINE," IN SERVICE UNIFORM.