PLAYING THE GAME OF NAVAL WAR

MIMIC ENGAGEMENTS THAT WILL SURPASS ANYTHING BEFORE ATTEMPTED

NEVER in the history of the United States have there been joint naval and military maneuvers on a scale even distantly approaching those scheduled for this month. And for the first time in the history of the world there will be recognized a new and important factor in war—the newspaper world. The newspapers will be considered as enemies; the fleets must beat them if they can. The Government does not desire that the newspapers shall not try to get the news; indeed, the authorities want them to try in every way possible. But they want their ships and men to prevent them from getting it.

So, in one way, this mimic war will be real. It will be a mimic war for the possession of the coast, and an actual war against the reporters, whose dispatch boats will be treated as enemies' scouts to be avoided or captured. Secretary Moody regards this as a very important part of the maneuvers. He desires to find out just how secret the movements of a fleet may be kept in time of actual war, and he realizes that if the movements of a fleet can be concealed from newspaper men bent on finding them out, they can be concealed from anybody. Just what plan has been adopted to prevent the newspapers from getting information meant to be secret the Secretary won't tell, but it is known that a careful and elaborate scheme has been prepared, and the experiences of the Spanish War have been drawn on in formulating it.

If any information meant to be secret is obtained by the newspaper men, the methods by which it was obtained will be carefully and fully reported to the department, and after the maneuvers are over such instances will be studied with a view of devising a satisfactory preventive of similar occurrences in case of actual war.

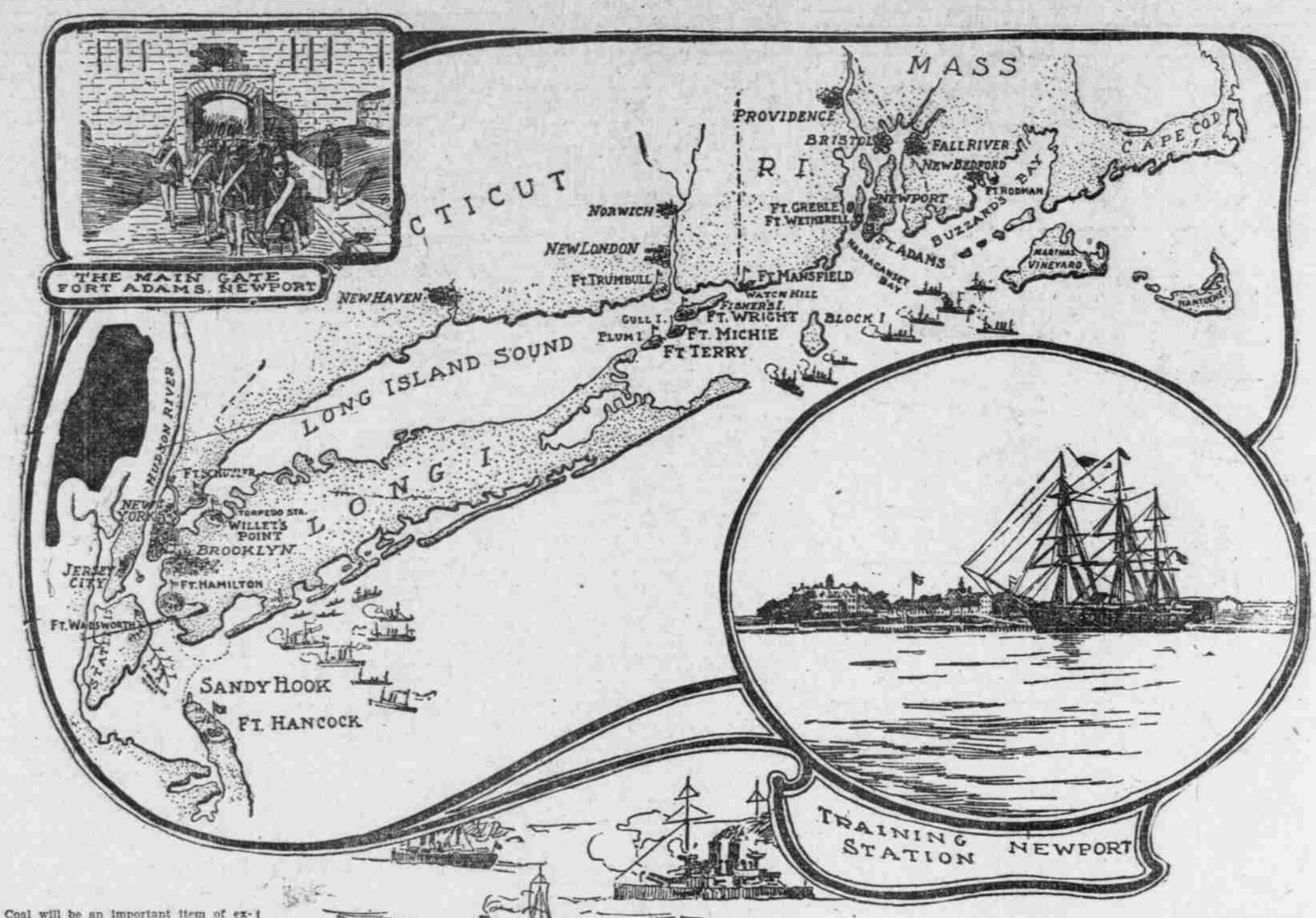
Newspapers as Enemies.

It was proved in the little affair with Spain that newspapers were not only factors of civilization, but factors of war. For the first time in the history of the world great fleets went out to make history, accompanied by a great fleet bearing the men who were to write it. It was realized suddenly that the future naval commander could not regard the newspaper dispatch boat as a negligible quantity. So in these most up-to-date maneuvers planned by the Navy Department the newspapers have had a place assigned to them.

The strategy of each of the two opposing commanders will be directed to outmaneuvering the hostile fleet and the newspaper forces, and the strategy of the newspaper forces will aim at outmaneuvering both fleets. It will be a pretty and most interesting contest, entirely new to warfare. The department has refused to give out even a general sketch of the maneuvers, but the first part of the maneuvers, which will be purely naval, will consist of the attempt of a fleet, supposedly hostile, to elude a fleet watching to intercept it and effect a landing on the coast, in all probability at some point between Martha's Vineyard and the eastern entrance to Long Island Sound. The opposing commanders will not know, except in a general way, just what vessels compose the fleet against which they are operating; and some very startling surprises may be sprung upon them by the managers of the maneuvers. Some naval officers would not be surprised if the European squadron or the South Atlantic fleet, or both, should suddenly appear on the coast. For all anybody knows ships from one or both of these squadrons may now be on their way to New England waters.

All the available ships of the North Atlantic squadron will be employed—battle-ship, cruisers and gunboats as well as a fleet of 15 torpedo-boats and 12 torpedo-boat destroyers. All along the coast, piercing searchlights, some of 100,000 candle-power, have been established to search with their fiery eyes at night for the coming of the hostile fleet. Wireless telegraphy will be thoroughly tested during the maneuvers as to the practicability of using it under war conditions for communicating between the fleets and the shore and between the different vessels. Many novel and modern appliances will be experimented with, and in all respects the present maneuvers will be the most up-to-date affairs of the kind ever attempted.

The question of cost is not to enter into the matter. The object is to have the maneuvers comprehensive and thorough, no matter what it costs, for it is believed that the results will justify the expenditure, however great it may be.



Coal will be an important item of expense. A battle-ship of the Oregon class burns 75 tons of coal at a speed of 11 or 12 knots, and the amount burned rises rapidly for every knot above that. One of the fast cruisers burns about 100 tons a day ordinarily and twice that at high speed, and coal costs the Government about $3 a ton. Though a good deal of the target practice will be done with the economical sub-caliber, a considerable portion of it will be done with full service charges and service projectiles. To fire one of the big turret guns on a battle-ship with full service charge and regular projectile costs from $500 to $600 each time.

Torpedo-boats, owing to their forced draught, are great eaters of coal, and the cost of firing ships' guns, even though they may not be the great turret guns, is considerable. So it will be seen that the cost of the maneuvers will mount up. It is generally believed by naval officers that the objective point of the ships detailed to represent the hostile fleet is Newport. That port is a great strategic point in Mr. Moody's war, just as it was in the Revolutionary War.

Sandy Hook Unlikely.

Of course, it is entirely possible that a fleet may appear off New York suddenly by way of Sandy Hook. But that is not likely. For an attack on Sandy Hook could not be anything except a bombardment, and there would be no opportunity for much naval maneuvering, although it would possibly be good "war" for the hostile fleet to attempt to draw the defending fleet by making at least a demonstration off the Hook.

But it is generally conceded by naval as well as army men that the Sandy Hook approach to New York is practically impregnable. The works might conceivably be demolished by a steady, concentrated, overwhelming fire of long duration from a mighty fleet. But that would not be maneuvering; it would simply be pounding. And even if Sandy Hook were demolished and taken, there would be the same fight to make all over again, for the hostile fleet could barely steam past the Hook before it would find itself in a zone of fire from the two huge forts of Wadsworth and Hamilton, either one of which is powerful enough to fight a whole navy alone.

But a hostile fleet in possession of Newport would be able to make that place a base of operation for an invading army moving to the west on New York through Connecticut to take the city in the rear, moving around its eastern defenses and coming in out of reach of its southern ones. And, of course, New York, the "queen of the western waves," would be the objective point in a campaign of invasion. Hostile expeditions sent out from Newport would paralyze the industries of the wealthy and populous New England States. Massachusetts and Rhode Island, with their great cotton and woolen manufactories, and Connecticut, with its textile industries and its manufactories of arms and ammunition, would lie unprotected before the invaders. The outer line of New York's defenses, which lie at the eastern entrance of the Sound, would be shorn of its usefulness and such of them as are on the mainland would probably be taken in the rear and captured. New England is largely—almost entirely—supplied with coal by long tows which night and day crawl up the coast. A hostile fleet in possession of Newport would be able to stop all this traffic and reduce New England to dependence upon the sigle existing coal railroad for her supply of fuel.

Probable Plan of Attack.

A hostile fleet could hardly hope to make a successful direct attack on the defenses at the eastern entrance of Long Island Sound; still less on those which guard the entrance to New York Harbor by way of Sandy Hook. To seize Newport and make it the base for land operations evidently would be the most practicable plan of a campaign of invasion. The section of coast on which the supposedly hostile fleet in the maneuvres is descending is guarded by great modern forts either recently built and armed or recently supplied with new and powerful batteries.

In Buzzard's Bay, Fort Rodman defends the Harbor of New Bedford; the entrance to Narragansett Bay is defended by Fort Adams at Newport, and Fort Wetherill, which looks to it across the narrow entrance to the harbor, and by Fort Greble on Dutch Island, situated where the western entrance to the bay is narrowest. Then come the forts which form the outer line of the defenses of New York to the eastward. This group of powerful defensive works lies about 30 miles to the westward of Newport, and consists of Fort Mansfield at Watch Hill, Fort H. G. Wright on Fisher's Island, Fort Michie on Gull Island, Fort Terry on Plum Island, and Fort Trumbull in New London Harbor.

Whether the hostile fleet, if it eludes the opposing squadron will attempt to take the defenses of Newport by a frontal attack, or will try to effect a landing somewhere on the adjacent coast and takes the forts in reverse, is one of the questions to be answered by the attackers. If it eludes the fleet on the lookout for it, the commander of the hostile squadron can do whichever his judgment dictates. His problem is to give the slip to the defending fleet and so to manage that the newspaper fleet shall not discover his approach and give notice of his whereabouts until he has struck his blow; two rather difficult propositions.

Yet, when we remember the success of Cervera in masking his movements, the question does not seem incapable of solution. Vineyard Sound offers every inducement for a call from a hostile fleet, for it is entirely undefended; and from Vineyard Haven (the old Holme's Hole) the great tide of commerce which continually passes through Nantucket and Vineyard Sounds and out over the shoals could be held at the invader's mercy. It will be remembered that during the Civil War a Confederate cruiser ran into Vineyard Haven, destroyed all the shipping in the neighborhood, and got off to sea again scott free.

There are all sorts of possibilities in that strip of coast from Martha's Vineyard to Montauk, and when this year's maneuvers are over and the results summed up we shall know a great deal about them. The question which the maneuvers are to work out are questions of vital and National importance affecting every part of the country. This attack is not an attack on New York alone, but on all her sister cities, great and small, indeed on every hamlet. For the great market of the West is in the East, through the East to other countries, and the key of the East seems to be about Newport.

The second part of the maneuver, while not calling for the display of strategic skill as the first part, will be more spectacular and noisy, and will simulate the conditions of actual combat. After the hostile fleet has succeeded or failed in its attempt to evade the fleet on the watch for it, and effects a landing on the coast, the two fleets will combine to form one great naval force and attempt to capture some of the forts within the field of operations. The forts will be defended by the Army and the militia of the adjacent states, and will be assisted by a few small vessels supposed to have escaped the annihilation of the rest of the American fleet. All the forts mentioned have been supplied with great quantities of blank ammunition. Mine fields have been laid out to cover the channels, and every other defensive precaution has been taken.

The commanders of the forts will not know which of them is to be attacked until the hostile fleet appears before them, the object being to take the place by surprise. And in this part of the maneuvers the newspaper forces will play a part also, as the attempt must be made by the fleet to prevent news from being carried ashore by them which will give the commander of any fort an inkling of the direction in which the hostile squadron is moving. Ships will try to run by the forts in the dark, and such torpedo-boats as are supposed to be left for the purposes of defense will try to steal out and torpedo the approaching vessels. When a warship is discovered the forts will open on her and she will reply. Umpires stationed on the forts will signal by rockets when a ship is in a concentrated fire which she could not withstand if the shots from the forts were real ones, and she will be declared out of action. The same thing will be done when a suppositious mine is exploded upon a ship, and, in short, all the conditions of actual warfare will be simulated as nearly as possible. The portion of the Army not used as garrison for the forts will be held in readiness at some strategic point to strike wherever the enemy may appear. This will involve the working out of many practical problems in rapid transportation.

The Spanish War was the first war in the history of the world in which the newspapers played any important part in naval operations. In that war the press dispatch-boats were regularly documented by the Secretary of the Navy, and provided with permission to follow the fleets, and generally to cruise wherever they pleased within the sphere of operations.

It would have been impossible to maintain any secrecy whatever as to the naval movements had not a rigid censorship been established. At every American port from which dispatches could be sent there was a censor, and there was a censor at the end of every cable, who took care of what was sent from foreign ports. No attempt to conceal operations from the newspaper men was made, but they were not allowed to send what they knew to their papers. In the present maneuvers more attention will be paid to preventing the newspaper men from obtaining information than in preventing them from sending it after they have it, though in some cases that may be done, too.

Many were the expedients to which the men with the newspaper fleet resorted during the war with Spain in order to get the best of the censor, but in most cases these expedients, though ingenious, did not succeed. It should be said that the mails and the express service were censored as well as the telegraph during the Spanish War, and that rigidly. No one knew of the censorship of the express until a reporter at Tampa, having had his dispatches held up by telegraph and mail, sent a package of manuscript by express. When he thought his package was well on its way to New York he boasted to some of his fellow-correspondents of how he had outwitted the censor. Just at that moment Lieutenant Brady came up and courteously handed him back his manuscript, which had been captured by one of the Lieutenant's men before it got to Savannah. One man at Key West, when the fleet sailed to bombard San Juan, sent a dispatch saying: "Fleet sailed for Havana." Being a bit of false news, he thought the censor would pass it. Later he came back and handed in a message, "Make Havana smoke," using a code word which had been agreed upon between himself and his telegraph editor.

"Oh," said the censor, looking at the message, "perhaps you would better make the correction yourself," and he handed him back his first dispatch, which had not been put on the wires; nor was it.

All sorts of codes were arranged, but none of them worked successfully, though one man did get through from Key West an important piece of news by telegraphing his wife, a purely imaginary person, to kiss a purely imaginary baby for him. Sometimes a man would file a number of seemingly harmless telegrams, which, however, could be understood by his telegraph editor. The censor would receive them smilingly, and at night hand him back the whole bunch. Meantime the newspaper man's office might be abusing him violently by cable at great expense and length for not sending any news. One man got a taboo piece of information to his paper by going by train from Tampa to Savannah and telegraphing from there to his editor, personally, at his house address, that he had "shipped him 100 boxes of Havana cigars," with some detail of their quality and price; all of which was translated by the use of a code by the editor into an interesting story. He did not repeat the exploit, however, for, somehow, his action became known to the Government, and after that there was a censorship established at Savannah, and for that and another successful operation of the sort the correspondent was temporarily forbidden entirely to use the telegraph.

One naval commander was so enraged at finding that a correspondent had sent a cable dispatch saying that the fleet had passed a certain point in the West Indies that he summoned the newspaper man on board his ship, where he rated him soundly before all hands, ordering him not to bring his dispatch-boat near the fleet again on the penalty of being fired upon, and declared in a passion that he had a good mind to order up a file of marines and shoot the delinquent. Yet the man was only doing what his paper had sent him out to do, and what the Secretary of the Navy had allowed him to join the fleet to do; the dereliction, if there was any, was at the New York end of the cable, where the Government should have confiscated the dispatch if it was objectionable.

When the fleet of transports was ready to sail from Tampa all news from that place was shut off. Washington gave out a dispatch saying that the fleet had already sailed, and the wires were kept hot with the scornful words of irate editors, berating their men for not having sent them news of such an important event. The fleet was still in the bay and did not sail for two days afterwards, but all that the censor would allow to go out in response to the entreaties of the newspaper men to be allowed to "square themselves" with their offices was only the single sentence: "Censor absolutely refuses to pass any news pertaining to the fleet." But the censors and the newspaper men got along well together, and matched their wits against each other with the utmost friendliness. So, also, in all probability, the best of feeling will exist between the parties concerned in the war on the newspapers and the Navy during this year's maneuvers.

IRVING KING.

DOOLEY'S ENTERTAINING LETTER

THE PHILOSOPHER'S VIEWS ON THE HOME LIFE OF GENIUSES

"A WOMAN ought to be careful who she marries," said Mr. Dooley.

"So ought a man," said Mr. Hennessy, with feeling.

"It don't make so much diff'rence about him," said Mr. Dooley. "Whin a man's married, he's a marrid man. That's all ye can say about him. Iv coorse, he thinks marredge is goin' to change th' whole current iv his bein', as Hogan says. But it doesn't. Afther he's been hooked up f'r a few months, he finds he was marrid before, even if he wasn't, which is often th' case d'ye mind. Th' first bride iv his bosom was th' Day's Wurruk an' it can't be put off. They'se no groun's f'r dissolvin' that marredge, Hinnissy. Ye can't say to th' Day's Wurruk: 'Here, take this bunch iv alimony an' go on th' stage.' It turns up at breakfast about th' fourth month afther th' weddin' an' creates a scandal. Th' unforchnit man thries to shoo it off, but it fixes him with its eye an' hauls him away fr'm th' bacon an' eggs, while th' lady opposite weeps an' wondhers what he can see in annything so old an' homely. It says: 'Come with me aroon,' an' he goes. An' afther that he spinds most iv his time an' often a great deal iv his money with th' enchantress. I tell ye what, Hinnissy, th' Day's Wurruk has broke up more happy homes thin comic opry. If th' coorts wud allow it, manny a woman cud get a divorce on th' groun's that her husband cared more f'r his Day's Wurruk thin he did f'r her. 'Hinnissy versus Hinnissy; corryspondent, th' Day's Wurruk.' They'd be ividince that th' defindant was seen ridin' in a cab with th' corryspondint, that he took it to a picnic, that he wint to th' theaytre with it, that he talked about it in his sleep, an' that, lost to all sinse iv shame, he even escoofted it home with him an' inthrajooced it to his varchous wife an' innocint childher. So it don't make much diff'rence who a man marries. If he has a job, he's safe.

"But with a woman 'tis diff'rent. Th' man puts down on'y part iv th' bet. Whin he's had enough iv th' convarsation that in Union Park undher th' threes med him think he was talkin' with an intellechool joyntees, all he has to do is to put on his coat, grab up his dinner pail an' go down to th' shops, to be happy though marrid. But a woman, I tell ye, bets all she has. A man don't have to marry but a woman does. Ol' maids an' clargymen do th' most good in th' wurruld, an' we love thim f'r th' good they do. But people, especially women, don't want to be loved that way. They want to be loved because people can't help lovin' thim no matther how bad they are. Th' story books that ye give ye'er daughter Honoria all tell her 'tis just as good not to be marrid. She reads how kind Dorothy was to Lulu's childher an' she knows Dorothy was th' betther woman, but she wants to be Lulu. Her heart, an' a cold look in th' eye iv th' wurruld an' her ma tell her to hurry up. Early in life she looks f'r th' man iv her choice in th' tennis records; later she reads th' news fr'm th' militia encampmint; thin she studies th' socyal raygister; further on she makes herself familyar with Bradsthreets rayports, an' fin'lly she watches th' place where life-presarvers are hangin.'

"Now, what kind iv a man ought a woman to marry? She oughtn't to marry a young man because she'll grow older quicker thin he will; she oughtn't to marry an old man because he'll be much older befure he's younger; she oughtn't to mary a poor man because he may become rich an' lose her; she oughtn't to marry a rich man because if he becomes poor she can't lose him; she oughtn't to marry a man that knows more thin she does, because he'll niver fail to show it, an' she oughtn't to marry a man that knows less because he may niver catch up. But above all things she mustn't marry a janius. A flurewalker, perhaps; a janius niver.

"I tell ye this because I've been r-readin' a book Hogan give me, about th' divvle's own time a janius had with his fam'ly. A cap iv industhry may have throuble in his fam'ly till there isn't a whole piece iv chiny in th' cupboard, an' no wan'll be th' wiser f'r it but th' hired girl an' th' doctor that paints th' black eye. But ivrybody knows what happens in a janius' house. Th' janius always tells th' bartinder. Besides he has other januses callin' on him an' 'tis th' business iv a janius to write about th' domestic throubles iv other januses so posterity'll know what a hard thing it is to be a janius an' duck. I've been readin' this book iv Hogan's an' as I tell ye, 'tis about th' misery a wretched woman inflicted on a pote's life. 'Our Bayro,' says th' author, 'at this peesyed contracted an unforchunit alliance that was destined to cast a deep gloom over his carcer. At th' age iv 50, afther a life devoted to th' pursoot iv such gayety as januses have always found nicissary to solace their avenin's, he married a young an' beautiful girl some 32 years his junior. This wretched crather had no appreciation iv lithrachoor or lithry men. She was frivolyous an' light-minded an' ividently considhered that nawthin' was rally lithrachoor that cudden't be thranslated into groceries. Niver shall I f'rget th' expression iv despair on th' face iv this god-like man as he came into Casey's saloon wan starry July avenin' an' staggered into his familyar seat, holdin' in his hand a bit iv soiled paper which he tore into fragmints an' hurled into th' coal scuttle. On that crumpled parchmint fludin' a somber brave among th' disinterred relics iv an age long past, to wit, th' carboniferous or coal age, was written th' iver-mim'rable pome, "Ode to Gin." Our frind had scribbled it hastily at th' dinner iv the Bettther-thin-Shakespere Club, an' had attimpted to read it to his wife through th' keyhole iv her bedroom dure an' met no response fr'm th' flirstein but a pitcher iv wather through th' thransom. Forchnitely he had presarved a copy on his cuff an' th' gem was not lost to posterity. But such was th' home life iv wan iv th' gr-reatest iv lithry masthers, a man indowed be nachure with all that shud make a woman adore him as is proved be his tindher varses: "To Carrie," "To Maude," "To Flossie," "To Angebel," "To Queenie" an' so foorth. De Bonipoor in his cillybrated "Mimores," in which he tells ivrything unpleasant he see or heerd in his frinds' houses, gives a ashrjkin' pitcher iv a scene that happened befure his eyes. "After a few basins iv abscceinthe in th' reev gosh," says he, "Parnassy invited us home to dinner. Sivral iv th' bum vivonts was hard to wake up, but fin'lly we arrived at th' handsome cellar where our gr-reat frind had installed his unworthy fam'ly. Ivrything pinted to th' admirable taste iv th' thrue artist. Th' tub, th' washboard, th' biler singin' on the fire, th' neighbor's washin' dancin' on the clothes rack, were all in keepin' with th' best ideels iv what a pote's home shud be. Th' wife, a faded but still pretty woman, welcomed us more or less an' with th' assistance iv sivral bottles iv paint we had brought with us, we was soon launched on a feast iv raison an' a flow iv sowl. Unhappily befure th' raypast was con-cluded a mis'rable scene took place. Amid cries iv approval, Parnassy read his mim'rable pome intitled: "I Wisht I Niver Got Marrid." Afther finishin' in a perfect roar iv applause, he happened to look up an' see his wife callously rockin' th' baby. With th' impetchoaity so charackteristic iv' th' man, he broke a soup plate over her head an' burst into tears on th' flure where gentle Sleep soon soothed th' pangs iv a weary heart. We left as quitely as we cud, considerin' th' way th' chairs was placed an' wanst undher th' stars cominted on th' ir'ny iv fate that condimned so great a man to so milancholy a distiny.'

"'This,' says our author, 'was th' daily life iv th' hayro f'r tin years. In what purgatory will that infamous woman suffer if Hiven thinks as much iv januses as we think iv ourselves. Forchnitely th' pote was soon to be marcifully relieved. He left her an' she marrid a boorjawce with whom she led a live iv coarse happiness. It is sad to relate that some years afterward th' great pote, havin' called to make a short touch on th' woman f'r whom he had sacrificed so much, was unfeelingly kicked out iv th' boorjawce's plumbin' shop.'

"So ye see, Hinissy, why a woman oughn't to marry a janius. She can't be cross or peevish or angry or jealous or frivolyous or annything else a woman ought to be at times f'r fear it will get into th' ditchn'ry iv bio-graphy an' she'll go down to histhry as a termygant. A termygant, Hinnissy, is a woman who's heerd talkin' to her husband afther they've been marrid a year. Hogan says all januses was unhapplly marrid. I guess that's thrue iv their wives, too. He says if ye hear iv a pote who got on with his fam'ly, scratch him fr'm ye'er public lib'ry list. An' there ye ar-re."

"Ye know a lot about marredge," said Mr. Hennessy.

"I do," said Mr. Dooley.

"Ye was niver marrid?"

"No," said Mr. Dooley. "No, I say, giv-in' three cheers. I know about marredge th' way an asthronomer knows about th' stars. I'm studyin' it through me glass all th' time."

"Ye're an asthronomer," said Mr. Hennessy; "but," he added, tapping himself lightly on the chest, "I'm a star."

"Go home," said Mr. Dooley crossly; "befure th' mornin' comes to put yet out."

(Copyright 1902.)

Spiders are met with in the forests of Java whose webs are so strong that it requires a knife to cut through them.

GEORGE ADE'S FABLE IN SLANG

POINTS OF DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LEARNING AND LEARNING HOW

IN a Red Schoolhouse back in the Web-Foot District, it was the Custom to have a Debate every Friday Afternoon. The much-mooted question as to which does the greatest Damage, Fire or Water, had been carefully gone over by the Squabs. Also who was the heftier Proposition, Napoleon or Washington? But the original Stand-By was as follows: "Resolved, That Education is better than Wealth?"

The Corporate Interests got many a Whack here in the Knowledge Works. Most of the Children wanted to grow up and be like Galileo. They claimed that mere wealth could not purchase Happiness. The only genuine Peace of Mind came from being able to call off the Geological Periods with the Eyes closed.

Here in this little Brain Hatchery were two Kids who were not Mates. One was named Otis and the other was Bradbury, or Brad for Short. Otis was the Boy who took the Affirmative side on Friday Afternoon. Ote firmly believed that Learning was the most valuable Asset that a Man could tuck away. Brad was for the Money End of the Game but when he got up to make his Talk his Vocabulary would become jammed up and caught crossways in the Flue, and teacher would motion him back to his Seat. Otis, however, could tell in well-chosen Phrases why the Scholar was a better and happier Man than the Millionaire, and so he always received the Vote of the Judges.

Now, Brad was done up, but unconvinced. He could not stand up before the District School and tell why it was good policy to corral the Coin, but he had a secret Hunch that it would be no Disgrace for him to go out and do the best he could. Brad had a bull-dog Jaw and large, blood-shot Hands and a Neck-Band somewhat larger than his Hat-Band. He jumped the Stockade when they started to teach him Botany. He weighed 180, and he thought he was too large to sit around and count the Petals of the Ox-Eyed Daisy when he might be out selling Lightning Rods to the Yaps and making jug-handled Contracts. Accordingly he Dug.

"Bradford is making a great Mistake," said Otis, as he saw his Friend tear from the Institution of Learning. "In order to get a few worldly Chattels right at the jump he sacrificed his Diploma. I shall be more Foxy. I shall go right on through the High School and then I shall attend College and get a Degree. When I have taken my Degree then I will be the human IT."

While Brad was out in the back Townships short-changing the Farmers and buying 8 per cent Mortgages, Otis was wrking his way through College and living on Oatmeal except on Holidays and then Prunes. He was getting round-shouldered and wbre Specs and was all gaunted up, but he never weakened. He was pulling for the Laurel Wreath of Scholarship, or in other words, the Degree. After humping it for four years he passed his final Exam and the Faculty decided that he was a Bachelor of Arts.

That was the Day when he had the Laugh on Brad.

In the meantime, Bradford had been choking various People and taking it away from them. He had four Salesmen under him and had butted into the Firm, but he was still shy on Botany.

Inasmuch as Otis had been one of the brightest Men in his Class he was offered a position as Instructor in the College at a Salary of $55 a Month with a promise of $5 raise at the end of five Years, if he lived. Otis accepted, because the Outside World did not seem to be clamoring for his Services, even though he was an Authority on the Mezozoic Period and knew all the Diatomes by their First Names.

Often while he was burning the Midnight Oil and grinding out Jaw-Breakers, so as to qualify for the Master's Degree, he reflected as follows: "It is true that Brad is making it Hand over Fist and wears $6 Shirts and rides in a State-Room on the Pullman, but he is not a Bachelor of Arts. And some day when he is a Multi-Millionaire I can still look down on him for then I shall be a Master of Arts. I have known since Childhood that Education is more desirable than paltry oGld."

In due time the Faculty gave the Degree of M. A. to what was left of Otis and still his Ambition was not satisfied. He wanted to land a Doctor's Degree. He knew that any one who aspired to this Eminent Honor had to be a Pippin. But he hoped that he could make some Contribution to the World of Thought that would jar the whole Educational System and help him to climb to the top-most pinnacle of Human Greatness.

Professor Otis did the Dig Act year after year. At the age of 49 he was still M. A. and owned a House with a Mortgage on it. In the Meantime there had been revolutionary Changes in the World of Finance. Everything on Earth had been put into a Pool. Each Smooth Citizen who had something that was of no particular use to him went to work and Capitalized it. Brad closed out his Interests for so much Money that any one else would have been ashamed to take it. Then he and some other Buccaneers went down to Wall Street to have fun with several dignified Gentlemen whom Brad described as Them Fly Eastern Mugs. They succeeded in putting the Skids under a number of Persons who did not care to meet them Socially.

When Brad walked around in his Million Dollar Hut he had to step high to avoid stumbling over Bundles of the Long Green. But he never had made any further headway with his Botany.

It happened one Day that Brad was out Moting and he dropped in at the College where his Boyhood Friend was now the Professor of Dipsicology and Plamaxzus.

"This is a likely-looking Plant," said Brad, as he sized up the Campus. "I like to encourage these Joints because they help to keep a lot of Young Fellows away from Business Offices. I find that I have here in my Vest-Pocket a measly $50,000 that I have overlooked in changing my Clothes. Give it to the Main Cheese and tell him to have a Laboratory on me."

When the News got out all the sis-boom-ah Boys gave a Parade in their Nighties. The Faculty called a Special Meeting and made Brad a Doctor of Philosophy.

Next Year he put up for a Gym and they made him a Doctor of Divinity.

The Year following he handed them a Telescope and became an LL.D.

Every time he coughed he was made some new kind of Doctor.

In fact, for a Man with a 6¾ hat who did not know the difference between the Pistil and the Stamen he was the most learned Thing in Seven States. Prof. Otis was crowded into the Ditch. Sometimes he wonders which of the two has the nub end of the Argument that started in the Red School House.

Moral: The Longest Way Around is the Shortest Way to the University Degree.

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