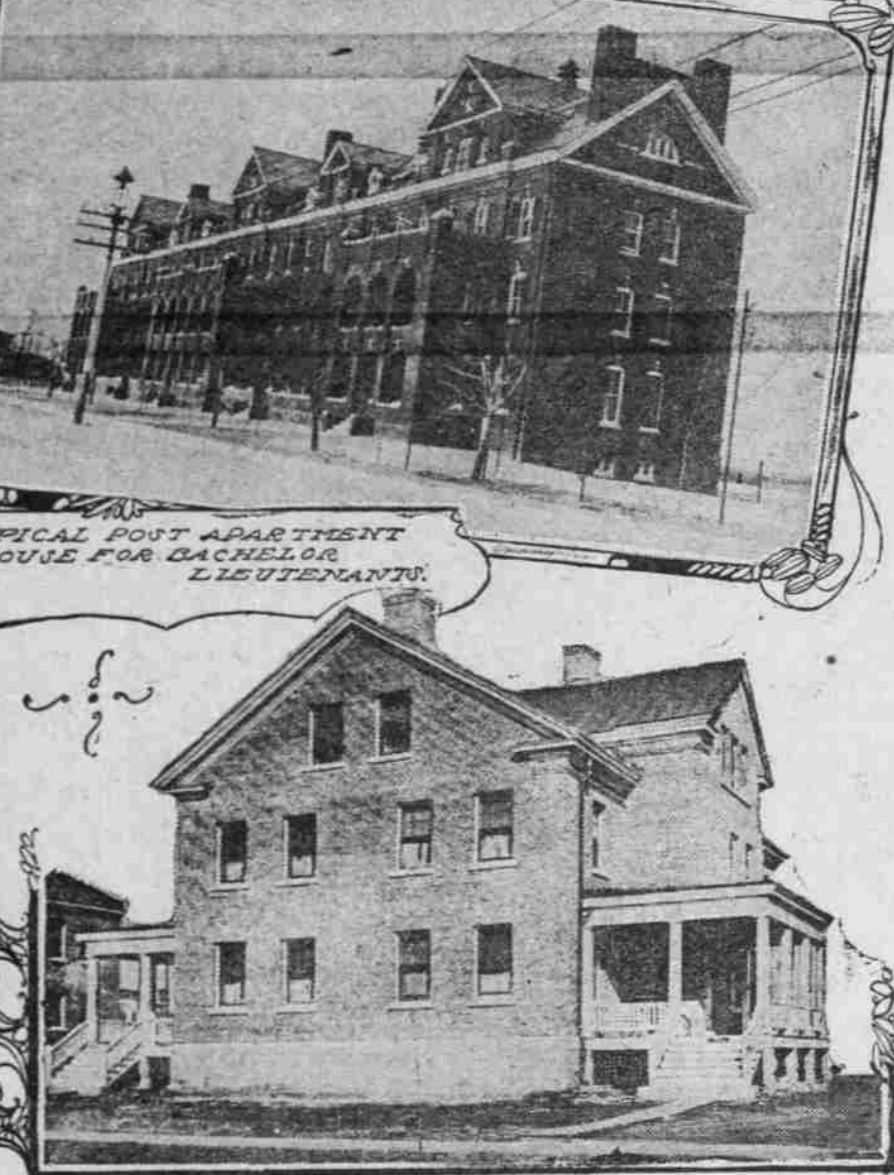


Wanted—150 Army Lieutenants.

Many of These Will Be Taken From Civil Life--And Now Is Your Chance of a Lifetime, if You Hanker for the Glitter of An Officer's Career--No Matter Whether You Have Ever Touched Musket or Sword or Not, if You Have Sufficient Education Uncle Sam Will Soon Teach You Tactics After You Have Been Commissioned--Graduates of Universities and Military Schools Preferred. Just What to Do to Get In--Examinations to Be Held on September 5



SECOND LIEUTENANT IN FIELD UNIFORM—FROM OFFICIAL PANTON PLATE, U. S. ARMY.

The United States, also O. K.'d by the Senate thereof.

In the filling of these vacancies—according to the law and the prophetic preference over the man in civil life must be given to the soldier in the ranks if the latter's fitness for promotion shall have been determined by competitive examination. But the changes in this exceptional year appear to be that 150 civilians will be needed after the men who work up from the ranks have qualified. So there now are exceptional opportunities for our young men who have never shouldered a musket or flourished a saber in the paid service of the U. S. A.

How to Get There.

There are lots of ins and outs to be understood before you can get even so far as the examination room. The first step is the filing of an application with the Adjutant-General of the Army at Washington. This done, you are merely an applicant for designation, and it rests with the War Department whether or not to grant you the status of a "candidate for examination." Your application must state your date of birth, citizenship, marital status and the branch of the service in which you aspire to become an officer—whether the infantry, cavalry, field or coast artillery. Then if your statement is satisfactory you will be authorized to report for examination at some military post as near to your home as the Department can arrange.

The course sprouts through which you must now go will depend upon the diploma which you can show. If you cannot prove yourself a graduate of a first-class university or military college—if you are a mere graduate of the university of experience or the college of hard knocks—you must, before September 5, run the gauntlet of a "preliminary mental examination" differing according to whether you aspire to enter the mobile army or the coast

artillery. If you would become an infantry, cavalry or field artillery lieutenant the preliminary test will include English grammar and orthography, algebra, geometry and trigonometry, geography and history. But if you would enter the coast artillery the examination in mathematics will be made stiffer by the addition of calculus—differential and integral. In all cases a showing in mathematics will count you much more than proficiency in the other subjects. If you do not make a general average of 70 you are down and out at your first pitfall.

This ordeal of the preliminary examination you will entirely escape if you can prove yourself a graduate of either a "recognized" college or university, or of a college or school that is essentially military and to which an officer of the regular army is detailed as a professor of military science and tactics.

But whatever your educational advantages have been, you must report September 5 at the designated military post, there to be taken in hand by an army board of medical and line officers, for the final examination that is to decide your fate.

Searching Physical Test.

First will come a careful physical test to determine whether you are big and strong enough to uphold the honor of the army and fight your nation's battles. In addition to proving up to all of the physical standards required of recruits enlisting in the ranks you will have to show that your degree of vision is good and that you are not color blind for red, green or violet. In the vision test you must show a degree of "less than 20-40," the meaning of which any oculist or optician can readily explain, thus, perhaps, saving you the trouble and expense of taking the final test.

Should you apply for a commission in the mounted service—the cavalry or field artillery—you will be put

tering through this civilian examination—he begins post life in bachelor quarters—a two-room and bath apartment, probably in the officers' club building.

But when he marries he is assigned to a "Lieutenant's house," which at the modern post is a semi-detached cottage with three family chambers on the second floor and two servants' bedrooms on the first. Besides a snug arrangement of parlor, reception hall, dining-room and kitchen below.

Serving away from a post, he is allowed to "commutation quarters," amounting to \$10 per month per room with a maximum allowance of two rooms, or \$24 per month, which, when he becomes a First Lieutenant is increased to \$36 per month, and so on up through the grades, as in the case of post houses, which increase in size and elaboration as an officer is promoted.

Perquisites That Help.

And at the same time that he is separated from his post—as when on special duty in Washington, for example—the Second Lieutenant also receives a monthly allowance for gas bills and coal, which the nearest Quartermaster may furnish him at a slight reduction on the commercial rate.

If a mounted officer, owning his horse, he is allowed \$170 a year for his keep—\$200 if he provides two steeds at his own expense. And while he serves in the Philippines or elsewhere outside the United States, except in Porto Rico or Hawaii, he is allowed a 10 per cent increase in his regular salary.

If he dies in the line of duty his widow will receive a half of his next year's unearned pay, besides a service pension of from \$12 to \$18 per month as long as she lives. And whether he dies he will be entitled to a free funeral, with doleful music, a bang of guns and a parade thrown in.

But, despite these various perquisites, the officer who has neither a "nest egg" of his own nor a rich spouse to help pay the bills soon finds the realization that the social standards of living are more extravagant at army posts than in private life. Even the bachelor subaltern must make continual return for the constant round of entertainment which he receives at the post club. Uniforms are a considerable drain upon his purse, for he has to maintain a complete civilian outfit in addition. Then the repeated movings from post to post to which officers are subjected prove to be a tax upon their purse, for, as the old adage says, "three movings are as bad as a fire."

The married officer at frontier posts or upon foreign duty finds no proper schools for his children, who are placed in boarding schools at a cost of from \$700 to \$1000 a year per annum. Such expenses leave a very small margin, if any, for life insurance, that they may be provided for above the pension pitance, that would not supply their widowed mothers with pin money.

Secure, Leisurely, Social.

Yet, the career is secure and leisurely, promising extraordinary social advantages. Every army officer's wife is expected to call, at least once a year, upon every other military matron in her community, and these opportunities of meeting people are further enhanced by the constant changes of post. Even if he has the prospect of drawing only about \$2500 when he is still a captain, past 50, the army officer usually enjoys a wife and family the breadth of the world, if not its length.

These social advantages account in large part for the exalted status of men and women of the army and navy "sets."

"Yes, my dear, they are all right—for civilians," the wife of an officer once said to me, "but I was lately overheard to say:

But outside the pale of the post itself the glimmer of the sword and straps and the glitter of the braided buttons do not blind the civilian to his sense of proportions, especially in these times of peace. Except during periods of war, the military profession is almost wholly feminine, commencing in the kitchen and ending in the boudoir. Moreover, it is the growing tempo of the taxpayer to regard the military as a necessary evil, fast approaching the status of an unnecessary burden, and the young citizen who by next month's competition will be a soldier is almost sure to be met with a gaudy subaltern snooty grin on his trusty blade in full appreciation of the fact that no civilian outside of the military ranks will ever stand in any awe of him whatsoever until he proves his mettle in the fast narrowing field of his endeavor.

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A TITLE before your name, prominence in the favor of military honors, brass buttons and gold lace; the guarantee of a home and salary, so long as you shall live honorably, and, when you die, a free funeral with a brass band thrown in—young man, hankerst thou for these?

If dost, sit up now and take lively notice—likewise note here! For if you are still enjoying single blessedness and are neither under one-and-twenty, nor above one score and seven; if you can stretch up to five feet four in your naked feet and tip the beam in accordance with your stature; if you can exhibit a chest bellows that has a manly circumference and expansion—why, for aught that you know, you may be

one of the 150 lucky fellows upon whom will now be heaped the honors and glories of such a picturesque career.

As a result of the recent increase of that service the Army now finds itself short over 150 more second lieutenants than West Point can supply. So to fill these vacancies appointments will have to be made from enlisted men in the ranks and from eligible young men in civil life.

On September 5 the final examination for all candidates will be held at the various military posts throughout the country, and if you are a citizen of the United States answering the requirements specified—also some more in the bargain—now, perhaps, is your chance to add a military handle to your name and to enter—suitable for framing and hanging upon the wall—an engraved commission signed by the President of

Ethel and Jimmy GO CAMP.

"O H, Jimmy, I think it is perfectly darling to go camping! I didn't use to believe you when you said it was such great fun, but now I know. Do look at that lovely sunset effect through those green fir trees, and—"

"Cut out the rhapsodies now, and get that lunch counter started. I'm hungry enough to eat both horses' tails and all!"

"Oh, so am I. I just love camping! Isn't it exciting? What shall we have to eat, Jimmy?"

"Food."

"No, but really—"

"Well, some bacon and eggs, potatoes and gravy, a little pork and beans on the side, some bread and jam, coffee and doughnuts."

"Oh, lovely, lovely, but you'll have to start the fire, and show me about that iron thing. You know I never went camping before."

"That's right, but you'll soon get wise to that camp. Here, I'll fix up some stones to rest the corners of the sheet iron on. This is much better than a camp stove. You see, it's two feet square and that gives you lots of room, and it's easy to build a fire under it."

"You always have such perfectly wonderful ideas, Jimmy. But won't I burn my fingers every time I pull it off the fire to put more wood on?"

"No, no; just stuff the wood underneath like a fireplace. I'll be back in a minute. I must finish putting up the tent."

"Oh, look at the leaves waving in the wind, and just see that darling little chipmunk. He looks so—"

"Chipper, eh? Better get busy with that muck-a-muck. Did we bring the hammer?"

"I don't know. You said you'd look after the packing yourself. Oh, this fire smokes so, I'm nearly blind."

"Never mind, I'll fix that in a minute for you. Come here and help me with this confounded tent."

"I will, Jimmy, but where are you, dear? I can hear your voice, but—"

"Well, I've no pocket map—this

mase which some idiots call a tent, but I think I'm under the upper left-hand portion of the middle ridge near the fly or awning, and would like to be dug out or have food sent down to me p. d. c."

"Well, I can't find you, and this tent is so heavy to lift. Oh, dear, I've stumbled over those old ropes! Do they need so many?"

"Gad, yes, those are guy ropes, Ethel! Take the place of the manufacturer, who'd like to be here grinning his head off at my efforts! I know now where we get the expression, fall guy. I'm it, all right."

"Oh, there you are, Jimmy, with your hair all full of dry grass and ferns. How funny you look."

"Well, get to work at that corner, will you? You're not playing peek-a-bob with the Brockhurst kid?"

"Why, I thought you said this tent was self-adjustable when you bought it?"

"So it is! It wrapped me up in itself like a mummy the first shot out of the box, and if you don't do something mighty quick, I'll be branded as the first man on the Pacific Coast to wear a sheath skirt."

"Jimmy, you are such a dear and so good natured. I dearly love this color for a tent, too. It just makes my khaki shirt and your suit, see? Oh, how soft and fleecy the clouds—"

"Come out of the clouds and get down to business! Can't you hold up that corner a little higher?"

"Oh, yes, dear. Which corner?"

"Any corner, confound it, so we get something started. I never saw such hard ground to dig stakes in. I don't believe I'll do them all tonight."

"What's that long rope hanging down in front for?"

"Oh, that belongs to the awning. We won't put that up tonight. Besides, I may want it to hang myself with if things get much thicker around here."

"Why, I thought you just loved camping! You always said—"

"Well, I never went camping with a woman before, and they're his ways, I likely to get things all balled up. I

"Eight potatoes! What bliss! How much are they a pound now? Do you suppose the price is still coming up?"

"Sure, sure! That's the reason for eight of them. I thought we'd have a reach day the week we're camping, and I counted on the price being up so high when we get back. I'll just turn in the extra potato to pay for our lively bill. Jimmy, you certainly have the most wonderful head for business."

"Right you are! When it comes to fancy finance, I've got Lawson lashed to me."

"I should say you have. Oh, these mosquitoes are killing me!"

"See here, where's the wash basin? I must wash before I eat."

"Why, Jimmy, I'm cooking the beans in it. You know you brought so—"

"I should say not. I love touting it, don't you?"

"Roughing it, you mean. Say, these mosquitoes are—"

"Oh, dear, there's no frying pan. How can we fry the eggs, Jimmy?"

"Confound it! Didn't you—I mean—I—how did I happen to forget that? Have to boil them, I guess."

"Yes, that will be lovely. I'm so fond of bacon and hard-boiled eggs, aren't you?"

"Humph, not so as you could notice it! Don't forget to salt those eggs when you put them on."

"Oh, no, I won't, Jimmy, just as soon as they come to a boil. I know that much, even if I'm not a good cook."

"Learned that at cooking school, didn't you?"

"Oh, Jimmy, where are the potatoes? You surely haven't lost the potatoes?"

"Well, you always do, by George, or rather, the mosquitoes have you. See, they're all over my wrists and hands and face. I can't stand this. I'll tear up my veil. See? Then we can tie up our heads and arms, too."

"Not for me! What'd I look like with a veil swishing around my ears? And a purple one, too?"

"Oh, but you'll have to. We can't eat if we have to stop and brush mosquitoes off every minute. I'll cut a little place for your mouth, see?"

And then stick a slice of bread in it, like you were mailing a letter, eh?"

"There, you look very sweet in purple."

"Makes me think of that verse—I never saw a purple cow, I never want to see one—only I'd like to, if that's all the milk we got over there."

"Yes, and that has to last us two days."

"Well, now can we sit down and eat? I'm starved. Hal! I see our potato has me skinned for potatoes. It has its little blue eyes on me. I'll have to eat it in my shirt sleeves!"

"Jimmy, you must let me tie a dish apron around you. That's the only shirt you brought and you mustn't have it ruined the first night."

"Well, hurry up about it. Now can we eat?"

"Yes, dear. Won't everything taste good?—Oh, I love camping, it's so exciting."

"Here, give me your plate. Where are the knives and forks? Give me a spoon for these beans, little one."

"Why, Jimmy!"

"Why, Ethel!"

"What?"

"Why, Jimmy, I haven't—I haven't seen any spoons, or forks, or anything but the knives I cut the bacon with—this big butcher knife—"

"Do you mean to tell me that you came off without any knives or forks or spoons?"

"Oh, I know you said you knew just what to bring, and—"

"Confound it, quit ragging about that! I'll never—"

"Oh, look, Jimmy, one horse got loose and is going off."

"No, no, she's all right. That's Jennie, she won't go far while the other horse is tied up, so I give her a little more range."

"No, I don't mind eating with my fingers, do you? Really, camping is so—"

"No, I forgot to bring a handkerchief. Yes, I do, too."

"Did you drop your handkerchief near the fire, or the dish rag?"

"No, I forgot to bring a handkerchief. But, oh, isn't it just lovely to go camping? Do listen to the wind in the

"Gad, my head nearly went too—there's no wind—some one's snaked it off like we used to do the freshies' bedclothes. But who the dickens—"

"Oh, dear, do you guess—that light streak way down the road. I'll find the mucker that did it."

"Why, Jimmy—you know—you know that lone rope that kept dangling all at the front of the tent—"

"Yes—yes—"

"Well, I—I—I got to worrying about Jennie running off, you know, and—"

"Oh, aren't you going to catch her and get our nice new tent back?"

"I'm sleepy, I tell you! I don't care a red poker chip what she does with the tent."

"But it's moonlight!"

"Don't care! Hope the man in the moon drops down and runs off with you, too, then I'll be left in peace with no worldly goods but my pajamas! Give him my blessing, but warn him not to go out camping with you."

"Jimmy, you're just as mean as you can be."

"All right. Don't talk to me then. Go to sleep. I'm going."

"Well, anyway, you said you were going to move the tent tomorrow, so it isn't so bad after all—we can go where Jennie leaves it!"

Peaceful snore.

"Did you hear, Jimmy?"

"Doubt-barred snore."

"Jimmy!"

"Oh, hang, yes, I heard."

"Jimmy, I just want to—"

"Huh?"

"I just want to say that— isn't camping perfectly exciting?"

"Curse, yes!"

MAY KELLY.