LIFE IN A WARDROOM

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

Where All Except the Commander Eat, 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 fiving 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 andoubtedly 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 landbber would roveal many interesting differences between naval officers and their brethren 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 Tasmania. Other characteristics that are quickly noticeable are his simplicity, his cheerfulness and his heartiness. The wardroom is constantly resounding with laughter. The men in it are he 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 the senior line officer presiding, and the other officers placed near him according to rank. At the other end of the table is the man who has been elected by his messmates to direct the catering of the mess. Between this early meal and the breakfast proper, which comes at half past 11 or 12 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 deck. 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 rooted in the one idea that you must preserve your own life by destroying that of your enemy.

As soon as an officer roturns to the wardroom from one drill and begins a conversation or perhaps hums a song he is interrupted by the bugles on deck and must buckle on his sword and return to another drill.

At every call to quarters all officers must report themselves ready for duty. The chaplain and paymaster, having much less to do with drills than the other officers, are usually the first to be 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 broakfast comes, here 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 come for collision drill, or fire drill, or battalion drill. If at sca, 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 S to 5 o'clock in the afternoon there is generally a respite from work, and the vardroom begins to show signs of being a home. Some in it are reading or writing, others are smoking or playing ames or loafing. Still others are in their rooms taking the scaman's after-noon nap. But at 5 o'clock the drills

one can sit down and dine without fear should speak volumes to the women of interruption. The mess as a whole is who are persisting in making this secnow gathered together, and the meal is ond mistake. If so direct a hint does generally a thoroughly enjoyable and not suffice, however, the United States delightful affair. After it is over there are cigars, games, masic, or the right to withdraw within enceelf without ex-citing remark. By 10 o'clock most of these sailors are in bed, but even now the drills may not be over. At midnight ridicule. The American woman's inthe bugies may sound, and in two min-ntes all the ship's company be rapidly making ready for an enemy.—Now

It is strange to notice how many old lassical expressions still survive in macany. The people still swear "By lackans!" and "By Diana!" just as we o "By Jove!" but when they talk of from, Dick and Harry" they say "It.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

THE GRAND OLD FLAG.

Our Women at Paris In 1900 To Make Carpets and Rugs Wear-Women Love Brave Men - The New Robe Dresses. Blessings of a Summer Stove.

Mrs. Margaret Mecks, a widow, into whose hair the streaks of silver are be- York physician as he laid the morning ginning to steal, has given what she could to the war-her four sons.

These stalwart young men-the widow's only children-are members of

Here are the names of the four brave, patriotic brothers: Captain William F. Meeks, Sergeant Elmer C. Meeks, Private Ludlow C. Meeks and Private Benjamin C. Meeks.

Upon a table in the parlor of Mrs. Meeks' home, at 70 West Sixty-eighth Every fellow does that at the start for street, are the pictures of these four experience, and later he keeps it up for boys dressed in soldier uniforms. Their mother, who looks at the photographs cess with children and made quite a through welling tears many times a name down in the tenement districts day, has arranged a silk flag about them and incidentally spent most of my pocket with tender, loving fingers, as a back-

If she must ever see one of her boys in his shroud, she would that it be of relief of the poor. the stars and stripes.



MRS. MARGARET MEEKS. been dead several years. Her three youngest sons live with her, the eldest -Captain Meeks-being married. "Yes," she said simply, "my boys

have gone to the war. They all wanted not pick one or two of them out and say 'Stay at home.' I love them all." Mrs. Meeks reads all the papers for

tidings of the war and watches anxiously for the postman's whistle to bring her news of her sons.
"My eldest son joined the Seventy-

first regiment about four years ago,' she continued. "and then his three brothers followed. They are all good boys-good to their mother-and I know they will prove good soldiers for their "I believe in patriotism, and I believe

it is every young man's duty to answer promptly when his country calls for his services. My boys have done it, and I'm proud of them.

"I hope-I hope very much-and I pray that they may come back to me." There were tears in the mother's eyes and her voice trembled as she said this.

The Meekses come from good fighting Revolutionary stock. Captain Meeks' great-grandfather fought with Washington. It is a strong, healthy, long lived family too. Not long since at a family reunion there were representatives of five generations present.-New York Evening Journal.

Our Women at Paris In 1900.

Bok notes that American women are arranging to make "another exhibition emselves" at the Paris exposition in 1900, proportionately similar to the painful "Woman's building" at the ing to death, and I want to know what World's fair in Chicago in 1893, and you've done with the milk.' urges that the painful mistake of Chicago be not repeated at the French capi-tal. "It was not," Mr. Bok says, "that the women who projected the 'henhouse' (at the World's fair), as it was irreverently called by many, were altogether to blame, nor was its failure due to lack of energy. The failure was in the idea itself. It was unwise, and intelligent women on all sides did not hesitate to express their opinions. They objected, and rightly so, to be classed apart and have their handiwork shown as that of a set of freaks. If their work was good, they asked, why should it be separated from the main exhibits simply because it was the work of women? What did their sex matter if the work was of meric?

There is no seuse, however, in making this mistake for the second time, particularly within the boundaries of another country and for another people to laugh at, The idea at Chicago itself was wrong, and the idea for Paris is and seemed almost crazy. The thing equally wrong. It is significant that the women who were foremost in the Chi-By 6:80 o'clock there is a feeling that to do with the Paris project. This the World's fair in mind, should and doubtless will refuse to allow Americau womanhood to be held up again to genuity can have adequate expression in the general American exhibit at the Paris exposition in 1900. But her handiwork must be shown with the handiwork of men, and not apart from it. The lesson must be enforced upon continental Europe that in America merit is recognized irrespective of set."

THE DOCTOR'S STORY

SHE GAVE FOUR SONS TO FIGHT FOR TRAGIC HISTORY OF JOE, HIS MOTHER AND THE BABY.

> An Early Professional Experience That Was Brought Back to a New York Physician's Mind by the Story of a Murder

In a Bowery Saloon, "It's a queer world," said a New

paper aside. "What prompted that original remark?" asked a visitor.

"Well, I was just reading an account Company I of the Seventy-first regi- of a stabbing affair, and it suddenly occurred to me that I had known the man who did the killing." The doctor settled back in his chair, and the visitor waited for the story. After a few mo-

ments it came. "When I first began to practice, I did an immense amount of charity work. humanity's sake. I had pretty good sucmoney on my patients. That was before the day of free sterilized milk for sick babies and dozens of institutions for the

"One summer a woman began bring-Mrs. Mecks is a large, well preserved ing a sick baby to me. A small boy, woman of 55 years. Her husband has about 3 years old, always came with them and seemed to be fairly strong and well, but the baby was a pitiful little thing, with a thin, white face and big blue eyes with a look of pain in them. The woman seemed an ignorant, honest soul and generally wore a thick, dark veil to hide a black eye or great blue bruise. It's easy enough to figure out a thing like that, you know, but she never speke of her husband or complained, so I didn't ask any questions. She brought the baby often, and each time it looked more waxen and scrawny, but I couldn't find out that the child had any disease, and all the symptoms pointed to a lack of nourishment.

"At last one morning I said to the mother that I believed the baby was starving, and that I didn't intend to allow her to leave the office until she had told me the truth about the affair. She looked stubborn for a moment and wouldn't answer, but then the tears began to roll down her bruised, discolored cheeks, and she confessed that she didn't have enough food to give the baby. She worked hard, but her husband drank and took every cent she made and beat her every day into the barto go, and I-what could I say? I could gain. She was fond of the brute in spite of all that and told me a long sto ry about the heavenly nature the fel-

low had before he began to drink. "Finally I told her I would give her a quart of milk every day. I wouldn't give her the money because I didn't covet the privilege of buying bad whisky for the husband, but I would pay pearest milk depot to supply her with a quart a day. That would feed the baby and leave some for little Joe, who didn't look quite so well as he did when the two first began calling on me. After that I didn't hear any more about the case for a week or two. Then my friends turned up again. The baby looked worse than ever, and the woman's face was a patchwork in blue and green, but little Joe was quite rosy. I didn't understand. The baby was in a bad condition, and I did what I could for it. After I left my office I went down to the milk depot. The man said my woman had had her quart of milk

"I puzzled over the thing that night. The next morning the trio were at my office. The baby's blue eyelids were closed, and I thought at first that it was not breathing, but found a faint flutter. I couldn't see any reason for such a state of things, so once more I In The Ladies' Home Journal Edward led the woman into my private office and shut the door. Then I said:

"'Now, look here. There's a mystery about this, and you've got to tell me

"The woman looked scared and turned pale between bruises. Then she gave a sort of wail and jumped up, still

holding the baby. "'No, the baby didn't have the milk!' she said in a frantic sort of way. 'I gave it to little Joe. There wasn't enough to feed them both, and Joe began to get sick, and I loved him better than I did the baby. I ain't had a crust to eat myself, but I couldn't let Joe die. The baby's only a girl, and if she does live she'll be unbappy like me, and I don't love her like I do Joe. I thought both of them were going to die, and I couldn't live without Joe, so I gave him the milk and just let the baby have a little. Maybe you think I ain't suffered watching the baby, but I couldn't spare Joe. I couldn't. Some day he'll be a mau, and I'll be proud of him. A man can do anything, but a girl would just do what I've done. Jee shan't die.

"She was screaming the words out was awful. It made me feel heartsick. "'Why, you idiot,' I said, 'why didn't you tell me? I'd have looked out

"Just then the baby opened its eyesgreat, uncanny, weird eyes in the tiny face. It stared at me in a miserable way that made my heart come into my throat. Then all the light died out of the eyes, but they still stared.

"There was no use saying anything more to the mother. She sat down and looked at the taby in a quiet, stunned way. Then she reached out and put an arm around little Joe and hold him tight. I told her I would keep on paying for the milk as long as she wanted it, and she and Joe and the baby went

"I never saw them again. When I went to the house, they had moved, and no one seemed to know where they had gone. Joe's the fellow who has just The Make Carpets and Rugs Wear.

The heavy grades of carpet, such as wonder what the girl would have been!

The heavy grades of carpet, such as wonder what the girl would have been!

It's a quoor world."—New York Sun.

Smoothing their forelocks, as their sex diotated, had gathered to offer their application.

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the of which I had racted, but the at-

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Miss Becate Wiedman.

I have been a great sufferer from consipation for over five years. Nothing save me any relief, for over five years. Nothing save me any relief, my feet and less and aidoms a were blocked so I could not wear show on my feet and only a loose dress. I saw Ripans Tabules advertised in our daily paper, bought some and took them as directed. Have taken there about three weeks and thered. Have taken there about three weeks and there and I owe it all to Ripans Tabules. Fam thirty-seven years old, have no occupation, only my household duties and nursing my sick husband. He has had the dropsy and I am trying Ripans Tabules for him. He feels some better but it will take some time, he has been sick so long. You may use my letter and name as you like. Mrs. Mary Gorman Clarke.

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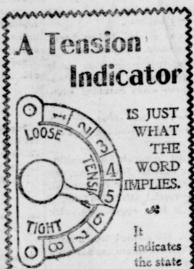
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An excellent angedote was told of a west country parson's experience the Mounted on the upper deck

other day. of one of these hideous "three dock ers," as the wooden abominations A FREE PATTERN where parson and clerk took up their places were nicknamed, the cleric in question commanded an extensive view of his bucolic congregation. Even the depths of the old fashiened high pow failed to escape his searching glances In one of these pews be observed a youth and a maiden, who clasped hands tenderly and gave themselves up to endearments which even the Scriptural exhortation of "Love one another" did

not entirely warrant. The parson was filled with a great and righteous indignation, and fixing his glance not on the guilty pair, but on the west gallery, he abruptly arrested his discourse and informed his abashed congregation that "two young persons of epposite sexes were behaving in a manner that was highly indecorous and unbecoming, and unless these sinners came round to the vestry at the conclu sion of the service and assured him of their penitonce their names would be publicly proclaimed on the Sunday fel-lowing." With regard to the after service scene in the vestry, 17 shamefaced pairs, gnawing their gloves or smoothing their forelooks, as their sex diotated, had gathered to offer their

My seven-year old boy surfered with pains in his head, constipation and complained of his stomach. He could not eat like children of his age do and what he did eat did not agree with him. He was thin end of a saftron color-testimoulais in favor of

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