

A WEST POINT HAZING

It Knocked All the Egotism Out of the New Cadet.

SINGING HIS OWN PRAISES.

He Was Kept at It to His Own Mortification and the Delight of the Upper Class Men—A Clipping From His Home Paper Started the Trouble.

Hazing at the United States Military Academy, West Point, has in the past ten years been so frequently followed by punishment and otherwise discounted that it has practically become a thing of the past. A third of a century ago the modes of hazing were varied and many of them unique. A certain graduate who hailed from south of Mason and Dixon's line and from west of the Allegheny mountains told this story of his own experience:

He was a tall, rawboned fellow when he entered the academy as a "plebe" and had been assigned to a room with a bright little chap, with whom he soon became very friendly and confidential. Several weeks after he had entered the academy he received a letter from his good mother, in which she had enclosed a clipping from their county newspaper.

The article mentioned the fact that young Mr. — had received an appointment to West Point and had left for that place several days before; that, whereas they extended congratulations to the young man, the United States government was to be much more greatly congratulated upon obtaining as one of its embryo soldiers a man from their community, the son of such a noble sire, whose sire and great-sires had been equally noble, a young man above reproach, of great intellect and bound to make his mark in any calling he might elect, etc.

This article inspired its recipient with pride and pleasure. He found it impossible to refrain from showing it to his roommate and an hour after having done so was accosted while going downstairs by an upper class man who had been drilling him and had been very severe. At this meeting the upper class man, who was about half his size, looked at him solemnly, removed his cap and said: "Mr. —, I humbly beg your pardon for having been so stern with you. I did not know until a few moments ago what a distinguished and intellectual young man you were. You honor us by becoming one of us."

The pleased "plebe," never for a moment accenting mischief, grinningly replied: "That's all right, Mr. —, I forgive you."

That evening while the "plebe" and his roommate were engaged in study there was a knock at their door, and there entered the upper class man who had accosted and apologized to the "plebe" on the stairs, he being accompanied by a dozen other upper class men. He thus addressed the "plebe": "Mr. —, here are a number of your brother cadets who are desirous of knowing what a particularly distinguished man they have among them. You will therefore kindly read what your newspaper says of you."

The "plebe" was inclined to demur, but the determined manner and steely eye of the little upper class man compelled obedience. Embarrassed, he stammeringly read the whole article, at the conclusion of which the little upper class man stated that the reader had mumbled in parts, had failed to enunciate distinctly and required the poor "plebe" to read it again. This having been done, all shook hands with him in an apparently most deferential manner, after which the little upper class man stated that they would call the next evening augmented by other cadets and that in the meantime the "plebe" would commit the article to memory and be in readiness to repeat it when they called.

His manner brooked no disobedience. The call was made the next evening, the number of cadets being nearly double that of the previous evening, and he repeated the article, being prompted by the little upper class man. Before the departure of his visitors he was informed that he would be visited the next evening by a still greater number of cadets, and he was ordered to be prepared to declaim the article depicting his virtues.

The visit was made and the declamation rendered. He was then informed that he would be again visited the following evening and would prepare himself so as to be able to render the article in song. This visit was made, the room being fairly packed with cadets, and the poor "plebe" was required to stand on a table and howl the article from start to finish, for he had not the faintest understanding of how to sing or turn a tune. In after years he said that if he had ever had any egotism in his composition it was completely knocked out of him by having to handle that article as he had to handle it.—J. W. Duncan in Lippincott's.

The Black Hand Business.
Mrs. Bart—My husband got a letter today saying something dreadful would happen if he didn't send the writer a sum of money. Mrs. Smart—My husband gets dunned for his bills too.—Boston Transcript.

Same Thing.
Scribbler—I don't like the word "chase." Give me a synonym. Scribbler—How would housecleaning time do?—Philadelphia Record.

History is but the unrolled scroll of prophecy.—Garfield.

FELT HATS.

Evolution of the Fluffy Fur Into the Finished Product.

It is an interesting matter to follow stage by stage the evolution of a little pile of soft, furry rabbit fur into the finished hat, whether a light colored crush or a raven black hard hat of the derby shape. The general idea about such a hat is that it is cut and made or molded out of a sheet of felt, so that amazement comes when one is shown bales and heaps of rabbit fur and is told that it is out of this that hats are made. Felt indeed is not so much a primary material, but felting is the process by which wool, fur or hair is matted together and formed into a close fabric. For hats rabbit fur is the material used. The first step in its treatment is the thorough cleansing of the close clipped fur in a machine, which winnows it of all dirt or foreign matter and leaves it in a soft, fluffy condition resembling the finest and lightest down.

Anything less resembling a hat it is impossible to imagine. But the marvelous ingenuity of the next process accomplishes an almost magical change. In the central box of a hopper-like machine a big copper cone revolves. From above the soft, fluffy fur is fed down in a shower, which clings like gray snow on the revolving cone, while jets of water and steam spray on the fur mat and plaster it into a complete covering. In a minute or two the cone is covered to the depth of one-eighth of an inch with this matter and saturated fur, which is now become felt. The machine is stopped, the cone is taken out, and the workman dexterously peels off the felt covering. Being built up on the cone, it is also cone shaped and looks like a gigantic sugar loaf bag. It is the embryo hat.

In this first state it is a soft, wet, felt cone, measuring 24 by 30 inches. Rolled up, it enters upon a series of processes and is shrunk together so that it measures 10½ by 14 inches.

The hat, now a brownish-gray felt cone, like a clown's cap, is smoothed by being placed against rapidly revolving sandpaper. It is stiffened by being dipped in shellac, dyed black by immersion in a vat and then passes on to be shaped. Warm water gives the felt pliability again, and the man pulling out or "earring" the apex of the cone draws and smooths it down to a wooden block of the exact shape and size the hat is required to be. As it dries it takes its destined shape and firmness as regards the crown, while the brim is still flat and untrimmed.

The body of the hat is now practically finished. Then comes the shaping of the brim, which is worked down and bent over a wooden frame of the exact curl and line of the ordained design. Each size and style of hat has its own frame, as it has also its iron mold, wood block, etc., and every alteration in a season's styles and shapes calls for an entirely new set of molds.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Highest Endurable Temperature.

It is difficult to say what the highest temperature is that a human being can live in. In the kitchens of some of the great hotels and in the stokeholds of some steamships the temperature gets to 140 or 145 degrees. Cooks and their helpers and stokers have to endure that temperature for hours at a time, and they seem to get along pretty well. The hottest place perhaps where human beings work is in the vulcanizing factories, where the temperature is 212, the boiling point of water. There are a few who can stand this heat for a little while at a time, but man can endure no more.—New York American.

Vesuvius.

Vesuvius cut but a small figure in history till the latter half of the first century of the Christian era. In 73 B. C. its crater served as a camp of refuge to a band of gladiators. In 63 A. D. the serenity was broken by a violent grumbling that manifested itself in a severe earthquake that shook up the surrounding region. For sixteen years the subterranean rumblings continued at intervals, and in the year 79 A. D. came the great catastrophe in which Herculaneum and Pompeii were overwhelmed. In 1631 there was another terrible explosion, and since that time Vesuvius has seldom been at rest for many years together.—Exchange.

A Culinary Tragedy.

"What's the matter, dear?" asked Mr. Justwed as he came into the house and found his wife crying as if her heart would break. "I am so discouraged," she sobbed. "What has bothered my little wife?" "I worked all the afternoon making custards, because I knew you were so fond of them, and—" Here she began weeping hysterically again. "And what, darling?" "And they turned out to be sponge cakes."

The Cleverest.

Willy—You see, it was this way. They were all three so dead in love with her and all so eligible that to settle the matter she agreed to marry the one who should guess the nearest to her age. Arthur—And did she? Willy—I don't know. I know that she married the one who guessed the lowest.

Crushed.

"Really, Louise, this bill is outrageous. You must not try to dress like the millionaires' wives." "My dear Ned, control yourself. I am only trying to appear as well-dressed as the shopgirls."

Absence of occupation is not rest. A mind quite vacant is a mind, distressed.—Cowper.

Championing the Worm.

An incident that occurred some years ago during a session of the British parliament furnished an amusing illustration of the power of satire to bring about results that sober argument often fails to accomplish.

There had been introduced a bill designed to prevent cruelty to wild animals in captivity. It was opposed on the ground that, if passed, it would endanger certain kinds of legitimate sport.

When the Earl of Kimberley arose he gravely admitted the force of this argument.

"There can be no doubt," said he, "that the bill would put an end to fishing with worms as bait. It is a bill to prevent cruelty to wild animals in captivity. The schedule states that the word 'animal' shall be held to include reptile. A worm may be held to be a reptile. A worm impaled on a hook must certainly be held to be in captivity; therefore the angler who uses a live worm for bait would be guilty of cruelty to an animal in captivity."

The laugh that followed at the expense of those against the bill robbed the opposition of whatever force it had and carried the measure to a successful issue.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Sun Cooking.

Sun cooking—roasting and boiling by sunlight instead of by coal or gas—has been going on for 300 years. There are sun stoves that roast a sirloin or boil a soup to perfection. They are only used, however, by scientists. A sun stove consists mainly of a mirror—a spherical mirror—on a joint. There is also a reflector. The place for pot or plate is so situated that the mirror's rays can be focused on it accurately. A German, Baron Tcherhausen, was the first sun cook. He began in 1687 to boil water, and in 1688 he had very good success in boiling eggs. Sir John Herschel and Buffon are other famous names associated with sun cooking. In California various sun cooks have boiled a gallon of water in twenty minutes, roasted meat in two hours and poached eggs in fifteen minutes, quite as good time as the ordinary fire makes.

An odd thing about meat roasted by sun rays is that it has an unpleasant taste. This is avoided by the insertion of a plate of yellow glass between the meat and mirror. In all solar stoves the sheet of yellow glass figures.—London Tit-Bits.

One Sided Gambling.

"One need only to try his luck at any of the Riviera gambling palaces to learn how slender are the chances to win at roulette," says a German correspondent writing from Ostend. "But if he would experience the gambler's disadvantage at its best let him come to Ostend and join the baccarat players. The game as it is played gives the man who places his money against the bank no chance whatever, and if it were known how much money is sacrificed in a season in the endeavor to win by luck and by system the public would be horrified. It is nothing unusual for the bank to win twenty-four times before an outsider wins once. The people who play, if they have ever played before, know this, and still they come again, respond to the call until they depart and plant their gold in the baccarat mire in the hope that it will bear fruit. It does. But what is the harvest?"

A Shocked Scot.

The London Chronicle says that two Englishmen recently touring in Scotland found that Sabbatarianism occasionally extends to the middle of the week. They were forced by the weather to take refuge in a small country hotel and after lunch adjourned to the billiard room to kill time until the rain stopped. The game had hardly started when the landlord entered in a very drunken condition, upbraided his visitors for their unseemly conduct and insisted on their leaving the billiard room. They received profuse apologies from the landlady. Her husband always got drunk on Sundays, she explained, but, mistaking the day, he had got drunk on Thursday instead, and from force of habit, believing it was Sunday, had been shocked at the click of the billiard balls.

Rebuked the Bishop.

The bishop of Petersburg, England, is a great motorist and is also a staunch teetotaler, and thereby hangs a tale. On one occasion, while out in his car, the chauffeur ran short of petrol and applied at a public house for some more. The publican came out, and, seeing the bishop in his episcopal dress in the car, said: "Yes, I've got plenty of petrol, but I don't sell it to the likes of them what never buys my beer."

Making Herself at Home.

Last summer five-year-old Lola's aunt came to spend a week with them. "Now, aunty," said Lola, "you must make yourself at home." "How can I do that, dear?" queried her aunt. "Why," answered Lola, "you can pitch in and help mamma work."—Chicago News.

The Finisher.

Lawyer—What is your occupation? Witness—I'm a piano finisher. Lawyer—Be a little more definite. Do you polish them or move them?—Boston Transcript.

The Gossip.

Nell—She's an awful gossip. She tells everything she hears. Belle—Oh, she tells more than that.—Philadelphia Record.

Do not make unjust gains. They are equal to a loss.—Hesiod.

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THE POET SAYS

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