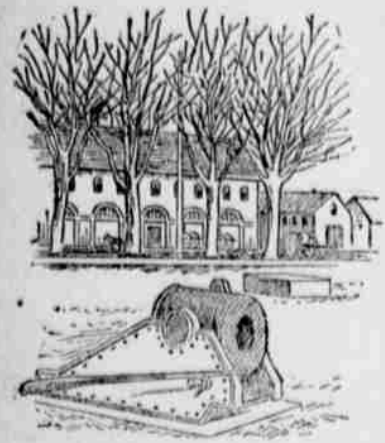


AT THE BARRACKS.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A UNITED STATES SOLDIER.

Visit to an Artillery Post—From First Call for Reveille to Lights and Taps—Four of Duty.

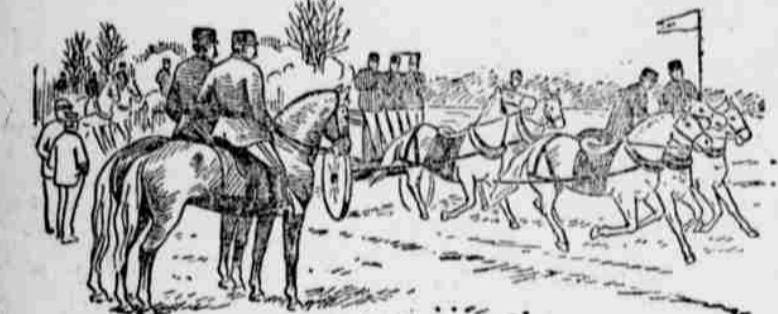
A SOLDIER in the army of Uncle Sam, be he "buck" private or colonel of a regiment, is obliged to soldier up to the handle wherever he may be stationed. The daily routine as practiced by the three main arms of the service—artillery, cavalry and in-



A VIEW OF THE QUARTERS.

fantry—is precisely the same in the chain of posts around New York Harbor as it is in Fort Yuma or in Vancouver barracks, Oregon. For each arm, in every post, the military day is essentially the same from reveille to taps. In one post as well as the other the soldier has to have his ears cocked for the calls of the trumpeter, has to do his share of fatigue duty, has to "hump" his post when on guard and has exactly the same intervals of rest in which to "hit his bunk"—the passive act of reclining known in the army vernacular as "bunk fatigue."

A Washington Star reporter recently spent an entire military day at the barracks, under the protecting guardianship of the soldierly looking adju-



LIGHT BATTERY DRILL.

tant of the Fourth Artillery, Lieutenant F. S. Strong. The reporter was on a quest for information, gained at first hand though actual observation, as to how soldiers soldiered. He saw and heard the whole grind, from first call in the morning to "lights out" at night. It was a revelation in human alertness, discipline, order and organization.

First call for reveille is sounded during autumn and winter months just when the Eastern sky begins to flame with orange. It is a signal to the men sleeping in the long rows of comfortable bunks in the second-story barracks rooms of the "double-decker" quarters that they have got to get up.

Assembly goes within five minutes after first call, and the men of each battery fall in in front of their respective quarters and answer to their name as called by the first sergeant who, at the conclusion of the roll call, reports to the officer of the day, who clanks along the lines, "Battery E present or accounted for," or "Privates So-and-So absent from reveille," as the case may be. If it is the latter case there is an immediate investigation as to what has prevented the absentees from standing reveille—an investigation which very frequently lands the laggards in the "Clink."

While the men are yet standing in line the bang of the morning sunrise gun comes thundering over the parade ground, the stars and stripes, under the manipulation of one of the corporals of the guard, fluttered from the top of the flagstaff, and the military day is begun.

The men barely have time to get their heads under the cold water sprigets in the wash rooms, and to dry themselves with crash towels before the flitting will-o'-the-wisp of a trumpeter of the guard blows out the mess call. It should be explained that at Washington barracks there are battery messes—that is, the batteries have each a separate dining room and kitchen, presided over by a permanent cook chosen from each outfit. The cook of each battery, together with the two men detailed each day to assist him—they are known as "kitchen police"—is awakened every morning about an hour before the reveille by one of the members of the guard, in order to give him plenty of time to prepare the battery's breakfast.

In the battery messes the men are fed with good, substantial food, served on white pine tables and without any frills. The most common breakfast dish of the army, next to beans is a not unappetizing compound, like Irish stew, briefly called "alum" by the soldiers. The men drink two or three big bowls of good coffee without milk, and several slabs of unbuttered bread, moistened by the "alum" gravy, and they get through the meal with phenomenal quickness. They do not hold their breakfasts from preference,

but because the cook, if they appear to linger a trifle over the meal, glares in from the kitchen and tells them that "there's going to be a dinner in this shack to-day, as usual." Thus adjured, they do not waste much time in showing the cook their backs.

Anyhow, there are duties to be performed immediately after breakfast. The mattresses on the bunks and the blankets must be rolled up and the quarters arranged for the inspection of the battery commander, who, in the detection of dirt or slovenliness, has eyes of the strength of a hawk's. Besides, fatigue call is sounded by the unrelenting "wind pusher" about half an hour after breakfast. A large portion of each battery reports to the provost sergeant at fatigue call. There is "old guard" fatigue for men who have come off guard on the day previous, "quartermaster's" fatigue and "commissary's" fatigue for all hands, and there is never any lack of work in a military post to keep the fatigue parties busy.

Immediately after breakfast the men whose names have been read out at retreat the previous night for a tour of guard duty begin their elaborate preparations for going on guard. It is necessary that they should make elaborate preparations, for who betide the soldier who mounts guard with a pinhead of dirt, dust, rust or tarnish on the most trivial item of his trappings. As guard duty is the most important duty of the soldier, he is expected to get ready for each tour of it with about the same amount of care and attention to detail that he might be supposed to exert in preparing for his wedding.

From the crown of his forage cap to the soles of his "Government straight" shoes, he has got to look as if he had just sprung from a bandbox or else be "tarned down" by the inspecting adjutant by being displaced by one of the supernumeraries of the guard, a number of whom are always mounted with the regular guard detail for just such cases. It is exceedingly rare, however, that the supernumeraries are called upon, for it is a matter of pride with the men to go on guard in good shape. Indeed, there is an incentive for them to do all of the buckle shining and rifle barrel cleaning that they labor over, for the adjutant, in mounting the new guard, selects the "cleanest" man—that is,

quired to learn the same evolutions as the infantryman, in order to prepare himself for field and riot service at any time. There is any amount of battery and battalion drill in infantry movements at the barracks. Then there are certain days set aside for drilling in the hated "mechanical maneuvers," which consists in the mounting and dismounting the heavy old guns by means of hydraulic jacks, "guns," garrison slings and other appliances.

The light battery at the barracks, like light batteries everywhere, with their "Napoleon" brass pieces of ordnance, hauled by horses, has a distinct drill of its own, not unlike that of the cavalry, and nearly all of the post calls for the light battery are different from those to which the heavy batteries respond. It would require a separate chapter to treat of the superbly organized light artillery of the United States army—indubitably the best in the world.

Recall from drill is blown out in time to give the men a chance to clean up for dinner. Dinner mess call is sounded at noon. After dinner the "one soldier, one bunk" idea predominates. Except the men comprising the afternoon fatigue parties, and the few detailed from each battery to bind the red crosses upon their arms and take part in the hospital corps' drill, under the direction of one of the army surgeons or a hospital steward, all hands are permitted to indulge after dinner in a general loaf. The banjoists, the violinists, the guitarists and the mandolinists get out their instruments. Many of them play well. Nearly all of the soldiers sing well.

Sweetly, pathetically, humorously and martially the majority of them take part in this midday musicale. In every outfit there are always two or three jig dancers of eminence. These are dragged to the center of the quarters to contribute their little act to the entertainment. The fun of this kind is a good deal more hilarious than ordinarily, a few days after pay day, when the canteen becomes for a time a veritable mint. About a week after pay day the quarters began to take on a gloomy atmosphere, and there is a general complaint of "heads."

A good many of the soldiers devote a large portion of their afternoons to letter writing. American soldiers are inveterate letter writers, and they are exceedingly fond of receiving letters. In the afternoons, also, the "barrack lawyer" gets in his fine work. He knows more about the regulations than the major-general commanding the army, and, in his estimation, the army is going headlong to the dogs. He gathers a knot of recruits around his bunk and expiates vociferously upon the rapid degeneration of the service.

The dolce far niente period draws to a close about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when the men of the batteries begin to prepare for dress parade. The men have to jump into their full dress clothes for this evening parade and look their best. The inspiration of the band's music as they march in review gives an additional squareness to their shoulders and a dragonish swing to their movements. American soldiers are good to look upon. They must be perfect men physically to get into the service at all, and as recruits they are given much athletic training.

During the autumn and winter, first call for retreat is sounded during the progress of dress parade, and assembly for retreat goes at the conclusion of the march in review. Then the men answer to their names for the last time of the military day, the echoes of the evening gun reverberate through the post, the colors, while the band solemnly plays "The Star Spangled Banner," are struck, and the men of each battery are marched to their quarters and dismissed, to resume their everyday uniforms for supper.

There is nothing in the way of duty to be performed by the soldiers after supper. If their names are not on the "black list," such of them as wish to visit the city may discard their uniforms, don muffs, or civilian dress, and go—having handed in their names



CLEANING THE PIECES.

for leave to the "top," or first sergeant, during the afternoon. There is a fine post library for the readers. Then, there is always the canteen. It is not neglected. The card and checker players are numerous in the quarters during the long, cool evenings.

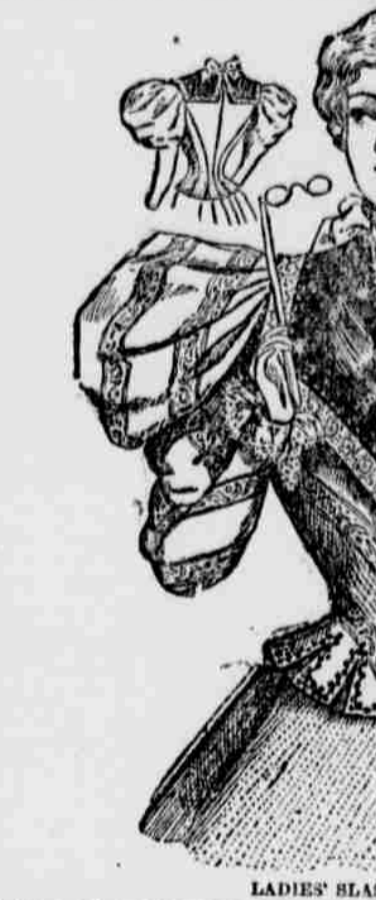
At 9.30 the flourish of the trumpeter's tattoo warns the men to prepare for bed, for the lights go out ten minutes later. When the blast is given for the extinguishing of the lights there must be perfect silence in the quarters. Those of the soldiers whose consciences are good are sound asleep by the time the sorrowful taps, the last call of the military day, is wafted by the "wind pusher." The deep silence of the post is then unbroken for the remainder of the night, except for the hourly calls of the sentries on guard—"Number five 12 o'clock, and all-1's well!"—that fall of the eternal vigilance of the soldier.

WINTER STYLES.

NEW BASQUES AND WAISTS FOR WOMEN AND MISSES.

Modish Basque in Which a New Color Scheme is Exquisitely Blended—Simple and Stylish Waists.

IN the first large engraving a modish basque is delineated, introducing a dainty color scheme so exquisitely blended as to be pronounced as fait. The materials selected, writes May Manton, are a handsome novelty, the ground, gray, with the stripe shows gray and green with the merest thread of yellow interwoven. The reviers are of velvet in a shade known as forest green, and the full vest, deep gridle and collar are fashioned in canary-colored silk, one of the most popular colors of the sea-

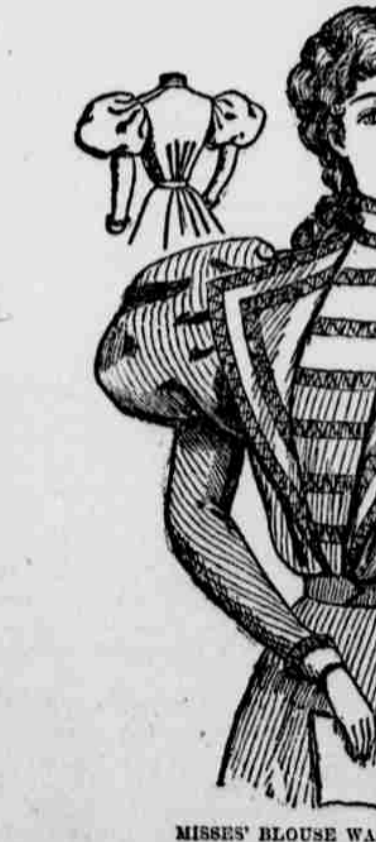


LADIES' SLASHED BASQUE.

son. The free edges of the basque are decorated with sequins. The waists are completed by a deep frill of dainty lace. The basque, of becoming length, is fitted to the figure by the usual seams and is slashed below the waist line in deep square tabs. The vest front is arranged in tuck shirring to a yoke depth and adjusted over a glove-fitting lining front that closes in center. At the waist is a deep wrinkled gridle that closes with the vest invisibly on the left side. A stylish accessory is the handsome collar of original design slashed in the centre-back and extending down the fronts. The stylish sleeves, of moderate fulness, are made over cast fitted linings with the lower portions fitting snugly to the arm, after the prevailing fashion. The neck has a close standing band and stock of ribbon. The model is adapted to all reasonable fabrics, including silk, satin, velvet, novelty, etc. Made up in costly fabrics it may be worn on full dress occasions or may do service as a theatre waist.

To make this basque for a lady in the medium size will require two and three-fourths yards of forty-four-inch wide material.

MISSES' BLOUSE WAIST. Huscar blue mohair made the simple and stylish waist delineated in the second large illustration and described by May Manton. The collar, cuffs, plastron and the wide revers being of

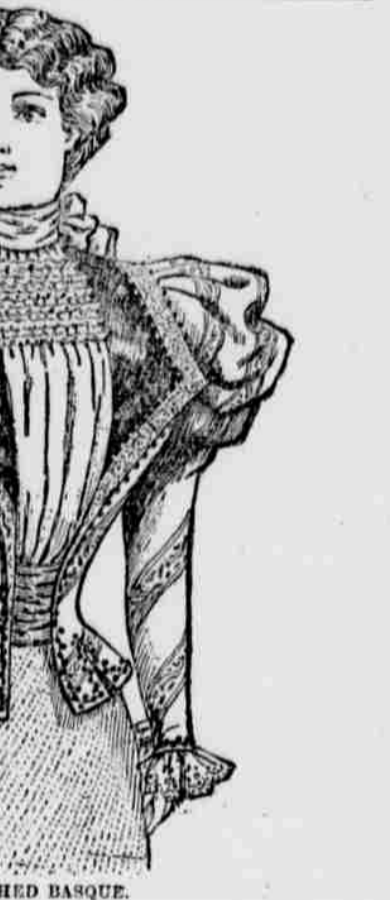


MISSES' BLOUSE WAIST OF BLUE MOHAIR.

ivory white satin faced cloth, trimmed with galloon in black and gold. The waist is arranged over smooth linings fitted by single bust darts and closes in the centre front. The front droops slightly over the belt in blouse style, rolling back in graduated revers to show the plastron vest of contrasting material. The seamless back is smooth across the shoulders, with the additional fulness drawn well to the cen-

tre at the waist line. The fashionable sleeves are provided with full short puffs and are completed at the wrists by round flaring cuffs. The close fitting collar of white cloth is decorated to match the vest and revers, and closes on the left side. A belt of the material encircles the waist, which may be substituted, however, for any one of the pretty leather or metal belts now in vogue. Waists of this style are extremely becoming to youthful figures, and may be developed prettily in soft woollens or silk. When made of serviceable materials, such as serge, camel's hair, cheviot, etc., velvet can be used in combination with stylish effect. No better design can be suggested for every day or school wear.

REVIVAL OF AN OLD FASHION. A pretty revival of the old-time custom, says the Boston Globe, is a proof that sentiment has not passed wholly out of fashion.



THREE RINGS IN ONE.

The engagement ring, which is almost a fac-simile of the one worn by the modern girl's great-grandmother, is, as the illustration shows, really three rings in one.

Three slender bands must encircle the finger of the engaged maiden. And each band is studded with jewels of a different sort.

The middle band is set with diamonds, which should be small but perfect gems, uniform in size. The lower band must be set with the girl's own birthstone and the upper one with the birthstone of her fiancé.

That is to say, if she chanced to be born in February and the other in October, the diamond would be surrounded by opals and amethysts.

TRIMMINGS. Beaded and embroidered trimmings in shades of light blue, pink, mauve, gold, and green are in greater variety

A ROGUE PLANT.

It Lies in Wait for Flies and Other Insects.

Here's the picture of a rogue of a plant that lies in wait like a highway robber for unwary flies and other insects and when they appear it swallows



A BANDIT PLANT.

them up and their friends never hear of them again. It has been given the botanical name of *Sarracenia*, but it is commonly called the pitcher plant, from the fact that its leaves are rolled into the form of pitchers, in which many a poor fly is caught. The flies are attracted to the plant by a sweet liquid which it gives off, and in their greediness they go a little too far and are killed. Botanists do not know exactly why the plant should wish a dinner of flies, but there must be some good reason for it, else its pitchers would not be so attractive. By experiment they have found that the plant will live just as well where the flies cannot get at it at all. So all the evidence would indicate that it is just a rogue, killing flies because it really enjoys the sport.

ODD AND MARVELOUS.

The Colossal Recumbent Rock Figure on Easter Island.

The accompanying picture is from a photograph of a recumbent rock figure found on Easter Island, in the South Pacific. This island is about 2000 miles from the coast of Chile. As many as 500 figures, mainly busts, have been counted on the island. They differ considerably in size, from the pigmy of three feet to those of giant proportions, the largest measured being seventy feet long, 14 1/2



A MYSTERY OF THE PACIFIC.

feet across the back and six feet through the body, its computed weight amounting to 238,000 tons. The usual height of these wonderful busts is about twenty feet, having a weight of seventy-six tons each, by far the greater portion being about this size. Yet these huge masses of stone were not only moved considerable distances from the still existing quarries where they were sculptured, but were placed in an upright position on vast platforms of stone prepared for their reception, and were finally decorated by having the huge cylinders of stone placed on their heads, the whole indicating a surprising engineering knowledge and skill, recalling that exhibited by the ancient Peruvians in their mighty undertakings. The origin of these interesting antiquities is unknown.—Philadelphia Record.

The Flous Robin.

Here is a story of an orthodox robin. Some time ago I attended morning service in Ely Cathedral, where, during the prayers, a robin kept flitting about the building, joining occasionally in the service with a modest "chirrup." When the clergyman ascended the pulpit and began to speak, the robin deliberately perched himself on one of the pinnacles of the chancel-screen, quite close to the orator, and the louder did the robin sing, much to the amusement of the congregation. I have no recollection of what the sermon was about, but the robin's singing made a deep impression upon me.—London Telegraph.

Presence of Mind.



Irate Father—"Didn't I tell you not to go skating?" Quick-Witted Son—"Stay where you be, Pop. The ice is awful thin."—Truth.