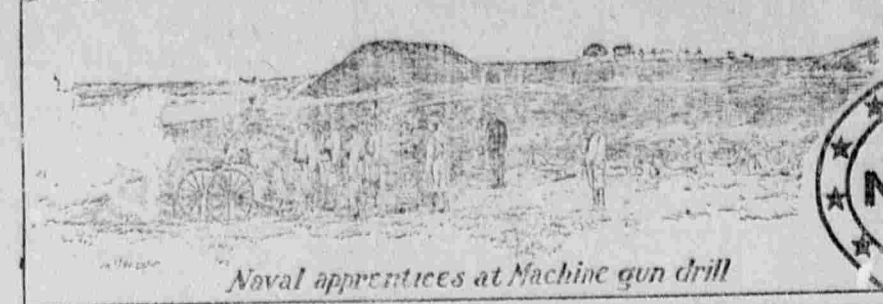
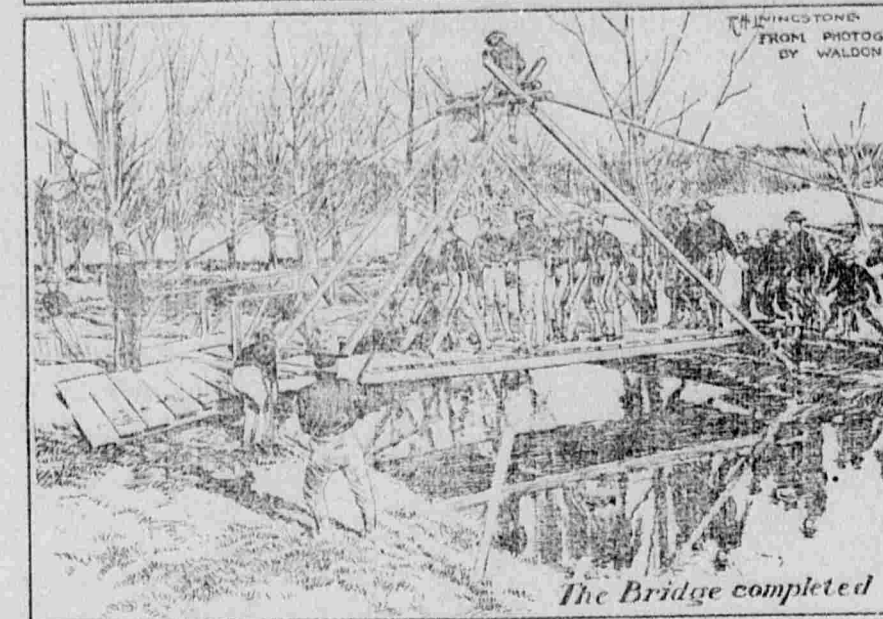


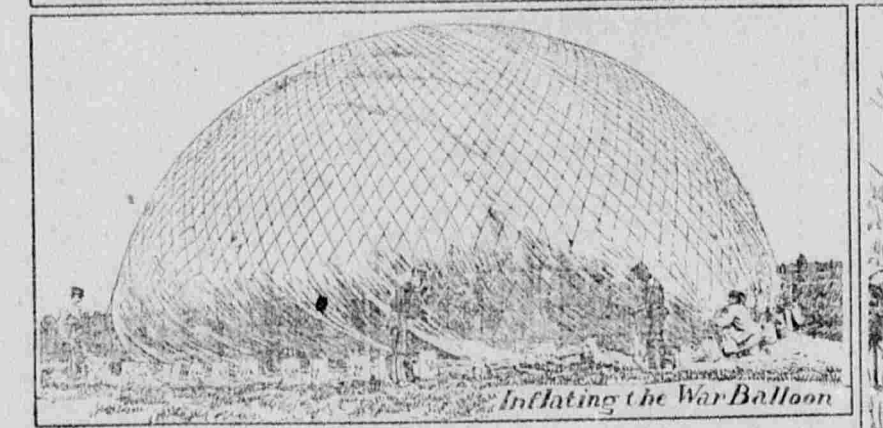
How Uncle Sam's Fighting Men Are Trained



Naval apprentices at Machine gun drill



The Bridge completed

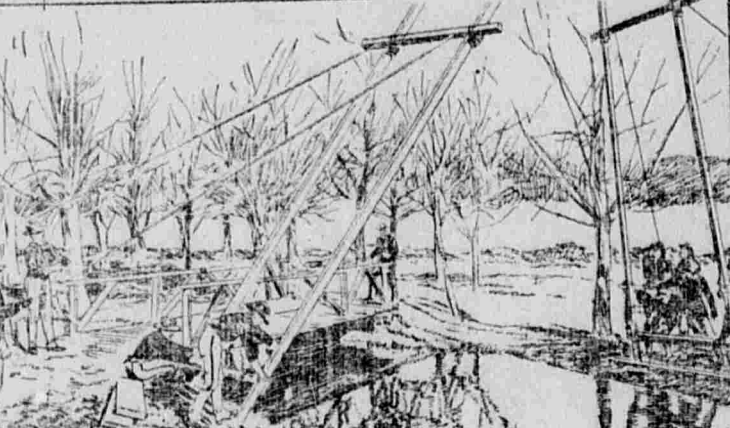


Soldiers wall scaling

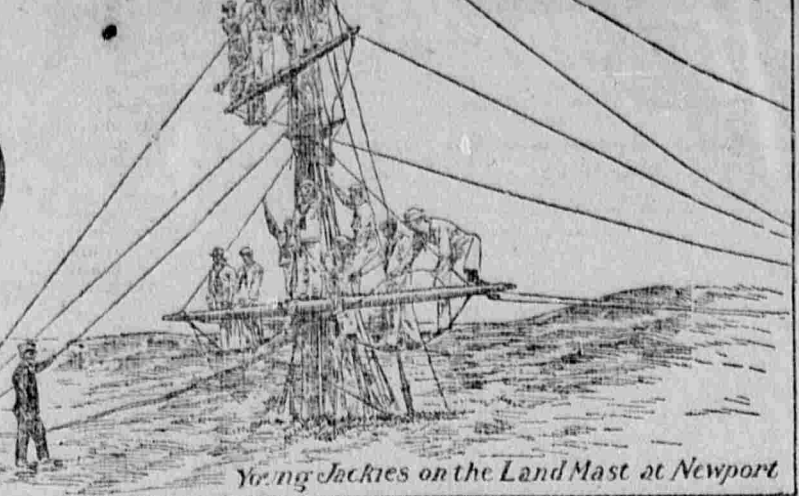
BRIDGE BUILDING
WALL SCALING, BALLOONING,
MACHINE GUN DRILL, AND
SKIRMISHING AFLOAT
AND ASHORE



Soldiers wall scaling



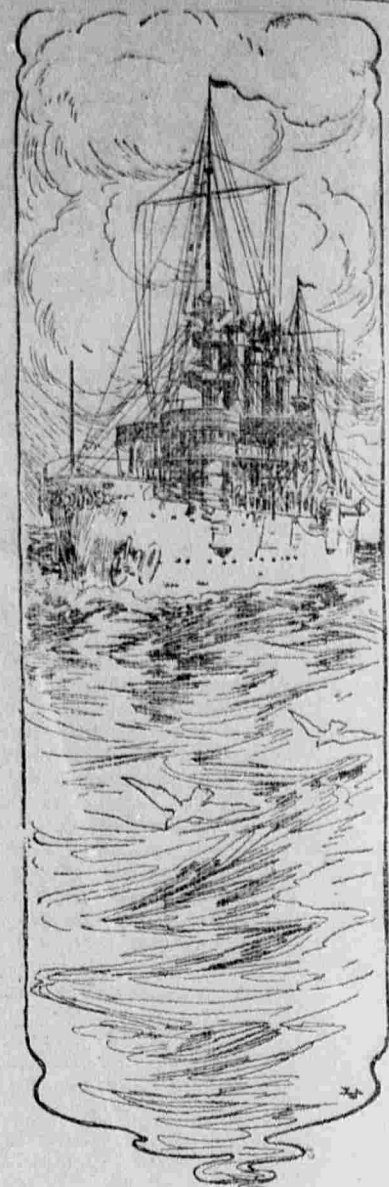
Engineers Building a Bridge



Young Jacks on the Land Mast at Newport



Cadets searching out the enemy



leaps from his hammock half asleep, rolls up his swinging bed and stows it away, drinks a bowl of hot cocoa and then does an hour's scrubbing and cleaning. By 8 o'clock he is quite ready for breakfast. The food served is excellent and abundant.

The scrubbing drill is not so exciting as the gymnastic drill, when the boys indulge in wrestling bouts and other matters dear to the average youthful heart. The drill on the land mast, rigged up just as on shipboard, is also interesting, for every boy likes to climb. Sword and bayonet exercises, practice in the firing of small arms, drills at the machine guns and the larger pieces are as regular as clockwork, each in its time and place.

Apprentices who show unusual aptitude at the training school are graduated to the ordnance school at Washington or to the torpedo station at Newport, where they may become proficient in electrical engineering and torpedo work and qualify as expert divers.

JAMES E. WARE

If anybody is disposed to imagine that a soldier is a soldier when he joins the army or that a seaman is a seaman when he enlists in the navy, let him reconsider and revise his notion at once. When Paul Jones was called upon to surrender, he remarked that he had only begun to fight. So it is with Uncle Sam's soldiers and seamen. When a young fellow is admitted into army or navy, he has just begun to fight the battle of educating himself, physically and mentally, to become a passable fighting man.

In a modified sense this may be said nowadays of the young man who is graduated from West Point or from Annapolis. He has just begun his fighting education. Though on graduation day, when his home folks and perhaps his sweetheart are looking on admiringly, he may feel inclined to strut like a peacock, if he is an ambitious young officer, the very shortly will be glad to have his commanding officer designate him for a course of instruction at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., or at the Naval War college in Washington.

Since the close of the main struggle in the Philippine Islands a marked change has come over the spirit of American military education. Colleges and schools for teaching the art of war, the most highly practical branches of it, have been established. Young officers take thorough courses. The chief military establishment of this kind is at Fort Leavenworth. There are two institutions, one called the Infantry and Cavalry school, the other the Staff college. They give the young officers what may be called a military manual training education, in addition to higher scientific training.

It is the business of army officers in time of war to superintend the building of bridges, the construction of intrenchments, the making of roads and the like. This is what these young officers do around Leavenworth. With their own hands they swing the ax that chops the timber that builds the bridge. They build the bridge and test it with a four mile team. They dig intrenchments and throw up breast-

works. They study how best to make barb wire entanglements, in order to give the enemy the time of his life in getting through them. This is a new feature of military instruction, but an important one. The war between the Japanese and the Russians proved the worth of wire entanglements. There is quite an art in making a little quantity of wire go a long way in producing a labyrinth to confuse an enemy. The officers at Fort Leavenworth schools study this art. Then they teach it to the men. Ballooning also is taught at Fort Leavenworth.

At Fort Riley, Kan., about a hundred miles west of Leavenworth, is a cavalry and artillery school, where both officers and men learn things necessary for them to know. At Fort Monroe, in Hampton Roads, Va., is an artillery school, and in Washington is the engineers' school. Thus each branch of the army service has now its postgraduate institution. Both theory

and practice are taught and in a manner that is not practicable at West Point. It is pretty much like going to a college greater than your alma mater and studying for a Ph. D. The chief difference lies in the fact that the military postgraduate student has to do more or less manual work in the college of his instruction. These war colleges are of particular benefit to the large number of young officers who during the past decade have been appointed to the service from civilian life.

The raw recruit, who sometimes feels that he is up against a tougher proposition than was indicated by the flaming posters which attracted him to the recruiting station, has no more severe instruction than the commissioned officer—only it lasts longer. There are certain things he must learn and learn well, according to the branch of the service he may enter. If he is an infantryman, for instance, he must practice wall scaling. This is truly a strenuous occupation, the men going up a blank wall in the human ladder fashion. No mollycoddles need apply.

In the cavalry the recruit is taught how to ride a horse. He may think he knows how, but, as a rule, he doesn't. He doesn't know the A B's of the requirements of cavalry riding. After some months of drilling he is saddle perfect, and if he is above the average he may get a chance to show off his stunts at Madison Square Garden or some other place where Uncle Sam occasionally sends a sound of his crack horsemen. The artilleryman, of course, must do long duty at the guns, big or little. The machine gun drill is one of the most interesting and by no means the least exciting of these necessary experiences. Rifle practice, of course, is obvious. All branches of the service must learn how to shoot small arms.

THE STRANGEST STORY GOIN'.

Oh, the blamed investigation of this scientific nation is a-spillin' all the things we have to eat! There's germs in every eatable, an' things are not repeatable. The microscope finds crawlin' in our meat. An' it seems beyond all reason that the fruit that's out of season An' reposin' in cold storage, snag an' nice, Should be loaded with formaldehyde, mildewed, speckled, streaked an' All kinds of animachulac, breedin' in the ice.

But the strangest story goin' (if it's true it's simply showin' What an awful lot of garbage our ancestors have to) Is that eggs full of bacteria ought to make folks kind of "leary." An' refrain from eatin' many at the present price, you bet. Eggs at fifty cents a dozen, gathered by our country cousins, are full of typhoid wigglers are infectious things to eat. Unless hens are disinfected, an' the ten fruit all inspected, these dangerous contraptions no longer are a treat.

An' it does beat all creation what we're goin' to feed the nation. If these germs keep on a spreadin', far an' wide, Milk an' meat an' fruit an' hen fruit (cats and dogs an' pets that's be'n cute) All loaded with bacteria, even our pride, Oh, those good old days when eatin' was a solemn duty, keepin' Everybody fat an' healthy, free from fears! Not a germ or bug or "fumin'" not a bacilli presumin' To be seen (or no one knew it) in these happy by-gone years. LESLIE GRISWOLD.

WHY FRET AND WORRY
When your child has a severe cold, You need not fear pneumonia or other pulmonary diseases. Keep supplied with Ballard's Horehound Syrup—a positive cure for Colds, Coughs, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis. Mrs. Hall of Sioux Falls, S. D., writes: "I have used your wonderful Ballard's Horehound Syrup, on my children for five years. Its results have been wonderful." For sale by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept., 112 and 114 South Main St., St. Louis.

THE HISS POLITE.

The Japanese prince drew in his breath with a hissing sound as he bent over the young girl's hand. "Princess," said she, "I have been up against a lot of Japs, and they all hiss like that when they meet you. What's the reason, anyway?" "The reason is politeness," the prince answered. "I hiss—like this—I draw in my breath—I keep on drawing it in as long as I remain near you. For if I blow out, some of it might be blown in your fair face. What an offense! Shocking! And so we Japanese always hiss in exchanging greetings. Out of politeness we hold our breath."

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And lose all interest when help is within reach. Herbine will make that liver perform its duties properly. J. B. Vaughn, 2125, Ave. C, writes: "Being a constant sufferer from constipation and a disordered liver, I have found Herbine to be the best medicine for these troubles. I have used it constantly. I believe it to be the best medicine of its kind, and I wish all sufferers from these troubles to know the good Herbine has done me." For sale by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept., 112 and 114 South Main Street, St. Louis.

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Commerce.—Business Administration, Accounting, Banking, Transportation, Commercial Law, Stenography, etc.
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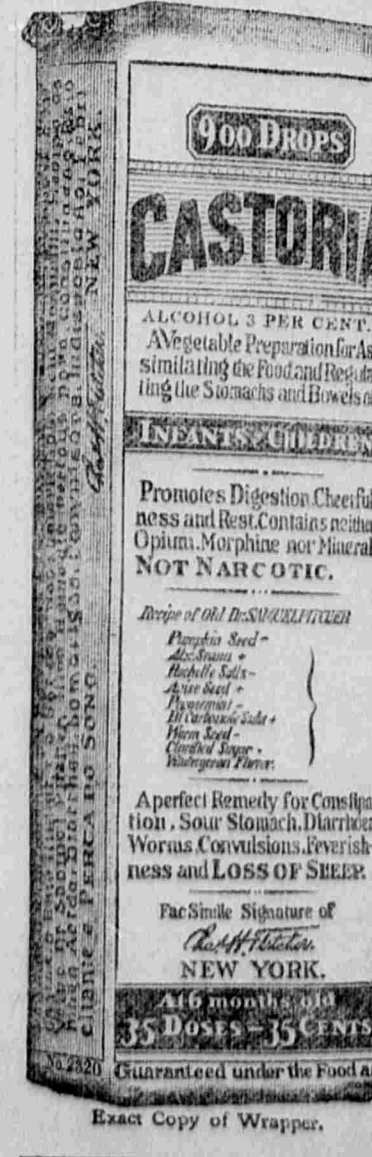
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The thoughtless druggist only offers the counterfeit because of a few pennies more profit. Any new preparation can be but an experiment, and they are experiments—mere guess work—irrespective of what their sponsors may say for them. It is experience of over thirty years, against wild and injudicious experiment.



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