HELEN KELLER

The Development of a Girl Who Seemed Doomed to Loneliness.

Washington, July 21.—Washington has just had a visit from Helen Keller, who has been the guest of Professor Graham Bell. The promise of Helen's childhood has been abundantly fulfilled and now, at the age of 13 (her birthday came on the 26th of June), she is a well-grown girl, lovely in face and character, and possessed of such mental attainments as make it difficult to believe that she has been totally blind and deaf from babyhood. Helen converses in sign language with the greatest ease, at the rate of 80 words a minute, upon all possible subjects, and expresses herself with an elegance and originality which most adults would envy. She is on omnivorous reader and is constantly drawing upon Tennyson, Holmes, Whittier and other poets, whom she quotes by the page. She devotes much time to writing, her characters being formed in square-shaped style and upright, the whole being almost as legible as print. Several of her stories have been published.

Within the past two years Helen has mastered oral language, and now speaks easily and so that anyone would understand her. She is even able herself to understand what others are saying, if the speaker will allow her soft fingers to rest upon his lips. Not content with her proficiency in English, which is far greater than that of the ordinary man or woman who has grown up with both sight and hearing, Helen has recently taken up French, and Professor Bell showed me a letter written by her in that language, which was absolutely free from faults.

A WONDERFUL MEMORY.

On of the most extraordinary features in Helen's case is the marvelous development of her memory. It is doubtful if a girl ever lived with such powers of remembering as Helen possesses. Professor Graham Bell realizes this so fully that, in a paper on Hellen Keller, read in Washington several weeks ago before the National Academy of Sciences, he devoted some time to explaining the phenomenon of unconscious plagiarism, which is constantly presenting itself, not only in what Helen writes, but in what she says. Everything that she reads and everything that is read to her, poetry, fact, fiction, no matter what, her mind retains with automatic precision and with no conscious effort. As books have been constantly read to Helen, read into her hand, of course, by the sign language, for the past five years, and only the best books, it is easy to see what an immense store-house she has to draw upon when she comes to express her own thoughts, either in word or writing. The fact is there is no way of determining where her thoughts end and the thoughts of others begin. Her daily speech is interwoven with beautiful similes and descriptions, the basis of which must have come from some great author, but are so turned and blended by her own rich fancy as to be difficult of recognition.

One day in Alabama, for instance, while gathering wild flowers near some springs on the hillsides, she exclaimed: "The mountains are crowding round the springs to look at their own beautiful reflections." At another time, speaking of a visit she had made in Lexington, Mass., she wrote: "As we rode along we could see the forest monarchs bend their proud forms to listen to the little children of the woodlands whispering their secrets. The anemone, the wild violet, the hepatica and the funny little curled-up ferns all peeped out at us from beneath the brown leaves." This same letter she closed thus: "I must go to bed, for Morpheus has touched my eyelids with his golden wand."

Although it is thus true that Helen has absorbed countless thoughts and fancies from the authors she has read, and can talk to you by the hour in the words of her favorite books, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," Dickens' "Christmas Carols," "Evangeline," "Swiss Family Robinson," "Tanglewood Tales," "Little Women," and scores of others, yet it would be a great injustice to the wonderful child to consider her merely as an imitation or dilution of others. She is in the highest degree original; she is herself and no one else. Strange, indeed, it would be if a soul whose growth has been in darkness and without any sound from the world about should not be different from other souls. And yet there is nothing morbid or gloomy about Helen. Her laugh rings gayly and she lives merry days. In her ordinary talk, she is like other children, except that she is brighter and more full of fancies. She is also more affectionate.

It may be interesting to those who have followed Helen's development to know that the original intention of keeping her mind free from religious speculations has not been carried out. Guard her as they could from the usual subjects of Sunday school instruction, Helen's restless thoughts seized upon

HELEN KELLER.

many clues here and there, and finally one day, in great perplexity, she made the following appeal to her teacher, whom she believed possessed of all knowledge:

I wish to write about things I do not understand. Who made the earth and the seas, and everything? What makes the sun hot? Where was I before I came to mother? I know that plants grow from seeds which are in the ground, but I am sure people do not grow that way. I never saw a child-plant. Why does not the earth fall, it is so very large and heavy? Tell me something that Father Nature does. May I read the book called the Bible? Please tell your little pupil many things when you have much time.

Helen's religious doubts were not set at rest until she was taken to Dr. Phillips Brooks, who, with rare tact and sympathy, was able to furnish answers to her deluge of questions which satisfied the little girl. Since then, her love and admiration for Bishop Brooks have known no bounds, and she grieved much at his death. Her little brother, born two years ago, on the Fourth of July, was named Phillips Brooks Keller.

Another great friend of Helen's is her favorite poet, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. When she was scarcely 10 years old, Miss Sarah Fuller, the lady who taught her oral speech, brought her to see Dr. Holmes. This was only a few weeks after Helen had taken her first lesson in producing articulate sounds, and yet such marvelous progress had she made in that time, and so great was her determination to be understood that she actually carried on quite a conversation with the eminent writer. It was in the same year that Helen wrote a long letter to the Poet Whittier on his 83d birthday, sending him many kind wishes "by the winged messengers of love," as she expressed it.

COMMAND OF LANGUAGE.

In his address before the National Academy, Professor Bell called special attention to the fact that Helen's marvelous command of language had been acquired to a great extent without instruction, by simply reading to her or allowing her to read from the best authors, regardless of whether she understood the words used or not. Gradually, by some unexplained process of the mind, Helen came to know what the new words meant, and her vocabularly increased with astonishing rapidity and apparently without effort. In other words, the child had gained a mastery of the language by reading books, thus reversing the ordinary method which makes children, especially deaf children, study language by memorizing words and having grammatical points explained to them, in order that they may be able to read books. Professor

Miss Sullivan Communicating with Helen Keller by means of the Manual Alphabet.

Bell thought that there was here an important lesson for teachers, who might do well to simply put good books in their pupils' hands, and let nature do the rest.

Referring to this point, Miss Annie Sullivan, Helen's teacher, and the teacher is scarcely less wonderful than the pupil, gives the following explanation of the way she began talking to Helen, using the sign language:

It became evident to me that it was not wise to confine myself strictly to the use of words of which she knew the full meaning, and I began to give her many words in my sentences without any further explanation concerning them than was conveyed to her by their connection with those words which she did know. I observed that she adopted their use often without inquiry, and before I realized the importance to her of this practice she was the possessor of a vocabulary which astonished me.

Shortly before her visit to Washington this summer, Helen was taken to Niagara Falls, where she experienced perhaps the keenest enjoyment of her life, although she could neither see nor hear. Standing at the base of the falls with her teacher, Helen received with delight the description of the grand scene about them, and then stepping forward to the edge of the torrent she cast some flowers into the plunging abyss, at the same time speaking aloud some of the beautiful thoughts which came crowding into her mind. That night she wrote the following description of Niagara:

"Oh, ——, you can never imagine how I felt when I stood in the presence of Niagara until you have the same mysterious sensations yourself. I could hardly realize that it was water that I felt rushing and plunging with impetuous fury at my feet. It seemed as if it were a living thing rushing on to some terrible fate. * * I had the same feeling once before when I first stood by the great ocean and felt its waves beating against the shore. I suppose you feel so, too, when you gaze up to the stars in the stillness of night, do you not?"

Really, as one talks with Helen or reads her writings, one marvels at the constant joy which seems to illumine this afflicted soul, perhaps less afflicted than one might think. Certain it is that had Helen Keller been born with sight and hearing, like other girls, she would never have possessed her present marvelous memory or known that exquisite delicacy of feeling which is hers now. Nor would she, at the age of 11, have written such a thought as this, taken from one of her letters:

"I am always delighted when any one writes me a beautiful thought which I can treasure in my memory forever. It is because my books are full of the riches of which Mr. Ruskin speaks that I love them so dearly. I did not realize until I began to write the sketch what precious companions books have been to me, and how blessed even my life has been; and now I am happier than ever because I do realize the happiness that has come to me."

Thus we see that the grand law of compensations applies even in a case of a child who is born deaf, dumb and blind. There is a splendid lesson for others in the life of Helen Keller, a lesson that much may be accomplished with little if one has but the will to do it, and that happiness or peace of mind, at least, is possible in spite of the saddest affliction.

CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

GRATEFUL TO THE JAPS.

The United States Have Established Two Schools for Humane Oriental Islanders.

On a small island in the extreme south of the island empire of Japan, where a few thousand peasants and fishermen live in isolation, are two curious little villages, and in them are two school houses with a romantic history, says the "London Illustrated News." They represent unselfish kindness, gratitude, international good will, a missionary spirit, and practical sense in its manifestation. In September, 1885, the American barque Cashmere was wrecked in a cyclone some two hundred miles off the Japanese coast. Seven sailors in the only ship's boat that was saved reached this island after intense suffering, while three sailors and the captain's little son remained on the wreck. It drifted so near to the coast that they escaped on a raft and reached a village near that inhabited by the seven sailors. All were nearly dead from exposure and famine, but the Japanese islanders treated them with such kindness that all recovered, and on arriving in San Francisco were earnest in asking that something be done to reward their benefactors. Horace F. Cutter, of San Francisco, prepared a memorial, which was extensively signed, and presented in Congress by Senator Jones, of Nevada. The Government sent gold medals to the principal rescuers, and $5000 was voted to the two villages—Anjio and Isaki. On the recommendation of Minister Swift the money was used to endow two schools, and photographs of the two buildings have recently been forwarded to Mr. Cutter. The island is Tanega-Sima, 30 miles from the main island of Kiu-Sin, and the native photographer had to travel 75 miles from Kagoshima to take the pictures. They are quite up to the standard of San Francisco art, and were paid for by the Japanese Government. In each village the people have set up a monument by the school house "to commemorate the goodness of the people of the United States."

Parted Friends.

Dost thou look back on what hath been,
 As some divinely gifted man,
 Whose life in low estate began,
And on a simple village green?
Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
 And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
 And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star,
Who makes by force his merit known,
 And lives to clutch the golden keys,
 To mold a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of a throne.
And moving up from high to higher,
 Becomes on fortune's crowning slope
 The pillar of the people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire.
Yet feels, as in a pensive dream,
 When all his active powers are still,
 A distant dearness in the hill,
A secret sweetness in the stream.
The limit of his narrower fate,
 While yet beside its vocal springs
 He played at counselors and kings
With one that was his earliest mate.
Who plows with pain his native lea,
 And reaps the labor of his hands,
 Or in the furrow musing stands:
"Does my old friend remember me?"

—Tennyson.

A Boys' Republic

The Story of Camp Chocoma and How It Was Governed.

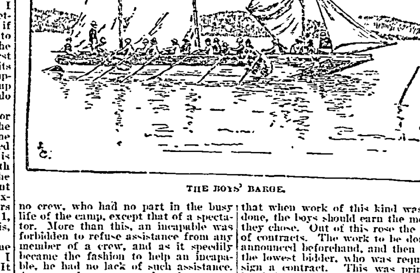
By ALFRED BALCH.

There is an island in Big Asquam Lake, New Hampshire, lying almost under the shadow of Mount Chocoma, and on it there are many buildings, rough but weather tight; paths which have been carefully built to grade; a boat-yard, with ways leading to the water; a long wharf projecting out toward a swimming raft which is floating where there is depth for diving; a sea wall of heavy stone, against which the ice is powerless. Down by the water's edge and squatting on a wooden stage within easy reach, a group of boys are washing dishes. From time to time one of them, who, while working as hard as any, keeps his eye on the others, gives a short order which is instantly obeyed. Other boys are sitting on the porch, polishing lantern and lamps, while yet others are sweeping up litter which disfigures the open space. There are buildings to the right and left, there are canvas canoes and boats floating near the wharf, and a great flat boat—somewhat rudely made—is moored in front of the sea wall. With each group of boys is a young man, busily employed in the same work, but it is noticeable that he gives no orders.

Big Asquam lake was more picturesque during the summers from 1881 to 1889, because Camp Chocoma was there, than is has been since. The camp was founded by Ernest Berkeley Balch as a summer camp for boys, in which they could have plenty of outdoor sport, a reasonable amount of work, and abundant opportunity to enjoy themselves in their own way. Starting with five boys and a small frame shanty in 1881, it grew into one of the oddest institutions that may be imagined. It was different in many ways from anything else of the kind, and its great success was due to the fact that it was in fact modeled on real life as men see it. The motive underlying all of its pleasant features and most quaint customs was twofold: First, responsibility personally and for others; and, second, work—not only the work which each must do for himself, but also that extra work which brings with it a tangible reward.

NO DRONES IN THE HIVE.

One of the fundamental rules of the place was that every boy or man there should do his own work and his share of the common work of the camp. Many of the boys who came had never in their lives done anything for themselves, and the first thing demanded of them, that they should make up their own beds and take care of their own clothes, came very hard. The boy was careless, he lost his waterproof, he could not put on his shoes, or could not remember to put away his clothes. There was no punishment for his faults; he was simply ranked as an "incapable." An incapable was a boy who did no work of any kind, who belonged to



THE BOYS' BARGE.

no crew, who had no part in the busy life of the camp, except that of a spectator. More than this, an incapable was forbidden to refuse assistance from any member of a crew, and as it speedily became the fashion to help an incapable, he had no lack of such assistance. Any one who can remember the scorn a boy feels for another who, he thinks, is less manly than himself will understand the sort of blistering sore applied to an incapable.

The supreme power in Camp Chocoma resided in the founder. Associated with him were the members of the faculty, generally four in number, and it was their duty to oversee and watch the boys. One of the faculty was always with a crew, and he had the right to give general orders and to inspect the work done, as a whole. He had no power, however, over the individual members of that crew, for this resided wholly in the stroke, or, in his absence, in the sub-stroke. The boys in the camp were divided into four crews, and at the beginning of the camp year the strokes were appointed by the faculty. As soon as a stroke was named, he had the power of appointing his sub-stroke, or second, in command of the crew, on the principle that, as he was responsible for all the sub-stroke did, it was but fair he should have his choice.

THE ACT OF GOVERNMENT.

It was a cardinal principle in Camp Chocoma that the boys should govern the boys. The strokes were to all intent and purposes supreme over their crews, and under no circumstances did a member of the faculty give an order to a member of a crew. The order was given to the stroke or sub-stroke in command, and he carried it out as he saw fit. The stroke was expected not only to rule his crew and see they did the work, he must also set them an example by doing as much or more than any one of them. In point of fact, the stroke and sub-stroke were generally the two most efficient boys in a crew. But in such a system as this, that a member of a crew might be disobedient, or a stroke might be tyrannical, was not lost sight of. The stroke had no power to punish, but he could, were his orders disobeyed, direct a boy to report to the faculty. On the other hand, although the presence of a member of the faculty prevented any open bullying, it was within the power of a stroke to "work" a boy, and that boy had an appeal to the faculty.

The position of stroke was the most sought-for in Camp Chocoma. It was understood the stroke had to get the work done perfectly, rule his crew justly and without friction, and personally be a model of a camp boy. If he failed in either of these, the inference was obvious—he was unfit for the position; the faculty had made a mistake in putting him into it. If a complaint of tyranny was proved, there was but one thing to do—the stroke was reduced in rank. He lost all the privileges of his position, and, in the eyes of all, men and boys alike, he was disgraced; he was officially declared to be unfit to govern others.

Under its curious double government by faculty and boys, Camp Chocoma prospered and grew. The personal and routine work done, the boys played baseball or tennis, they swam and dived, and went sailing, rowing and paddling. No ambition was greater in the mind of a camp boy than that of owning a canoe, and as many of them were not rich enough to buy, the boat-yard was established in the cove. Here was a carpenter shop, with a full set of tools and a bench, and outside its open door were the ways on which the canoes were built. At one time the yard was

THE EQUIPPED CAMPER.

full of the pretty little boats in all stages, from the keel with its newly joined ribs to the completed canoe, on whose canvas cover the paint was slowly drying. Exceedingly good canoe builders some of the boys turned out to be, and their models were not only fast, but safe. Here, too, was the floor on which they cut their sails, or sat and talked as they stitched in the leach lines or fastened the reef points in place. Many of the canoes were the work of their owner's hands in every part—hull, paddle, sails and rigging.

FINANCES OF THE CAMP.

The financial system of Camp Chocoma was as odd, when one thinks of it as applied to boys from 8 to 14 years, as were many other things about the place. Each boy had an allowance of 25 cents a week paid by the camp, and no boy, no matter what the wealth of his parents, was allowed to bring money given him to the camp. His outfit might include fishing tackle, but a canoe was barred. If, as was generally the case, he wanted more money than his allowance, he could get it by working during his own time. While the boys did the routine work of the camp as a part of their duty, they had nothing to do with permanent improvements, yet there was many of these made during the nine years. These were paid for by the camp, and it was a cardinal principle that when work of this kind was to be done, the boys should earn the money if they chose. Out of this rose the system of contracts. The work to be done was announced beforehand, and then sold to the lowest bidder, who was required to sign a contract. This was printed in legal form, with the camp as party of the first part, and the contractor as party of the second, and the price to be paid and the time being duly entered.

FORMING A TRUST.

The keenness in business of these boys is well illustrated by the story of the soda-water trust. Whenever the boys went to the store in Holderness they generally bought soda water. This went on until some one suggested the apparatus could be bought and the soda water made in the camp. Two firms—one of three boys and the other with two—each firm having a bank account large enough to purchase the apparatus and supplies, were formed at once. But the privileges or monopolies in the camp were always sold for the benefit of the charity fund, and it was promptly announced the soda water franchise would be put up at auction. The two firms were rich, but they were not willing to enter a contest of this kind. The members got together and talked matters over at length, finally resolving to form a trust. When the time came the trust bid one cent for the franchise, and there being no other bid it was sold at this price. When their apparatus came the trust did a rushing business.

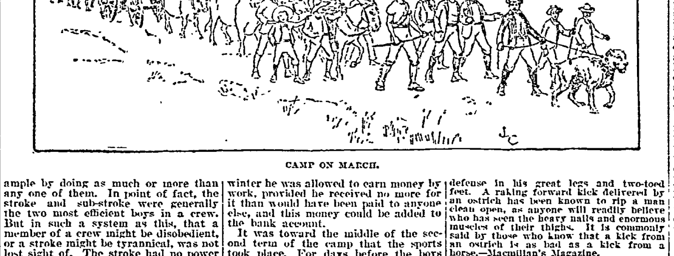
In the Camp Chocoma Bank each man and boy had an account. Payments of all kinds were made by check. The allowance was added to the account each week, and as the boys made money the credits grew larger. At the end of the camp season the depositor could either draw out his balance or have it carried over to the next summer. During the winter he was allowed to earn money by work, provided he received no more for it than would have been paid to anyone else, and this money could be added to the bank account.

It was toward the middle of the second term of the camp that the sports took place. For days before the boys were at work cleaning the camp up, and the cooks—two of the boys—were busy getting the lunch ready. To the sports all the friends and relations of the boys were invited, and there were usually many grown people present. There was a game at baseball, some sets of tennis; there were sailing, rowing and paddling matches, swimming and diving contests, foot races and the like. The prizes were simple enough, bits of ribbons with the name of the camp, the contest and the date printed on, yet they were valued very highly. Splendid work the boys did in these sports, and conclusive was the evidence of their thorough training during the summer. Those who attended the sports once were always glad to come again, for long as the days were, they were filled with fun and frolic. In the evening the boys and their visitors gathered around the great fireplace in the dormitory building, and there, in the light of the camp fire, joined in the camp songs. The last song of all was "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," the verses being sung as a solo, and the chorus by everyone present; and it was with the grand old melody still ringing in their ears that the guests took the boats which carried them home.

BREAKING UP CAMP.

The cruise which marked the end of the summer's camp life was one of the most picturesque things imaginable. An ox cart with four oxen carried the blankets, dishes and stores; Porgus, the great slobbering bloodhound, was fastenedto the rear axle; the Infant—the youngest boy in camp—mounted the donkey, and with faculty and boys on foot, the camp set out. The routes taken during the nine cruises included all the best known roads in the White Mountains. Generally, the boys who wished to make up a separate party climbed some of the great peaks, while the rest confined themselves to lower levels. At night they all slept in some barn. The routine work of the cooks and crews was picnicking on a grand scale. Sometimes the ox cart would stall, or the oxen be unable to haul it up a hill, and then the rope was fastened on, and the whole camp toiled on and pulled. It was an experience to pass them at this time, to listen to the orders of the strokes, to hear the chaff flying backward and forward, and to watch the crowd, all clad in gray knickerbockers and jackets, gray stockings, and flannel shirts, and wearing the scarlet knit Scotch caps which completed the camp uniform.

This article is but a brief account of the methods through which so much was done. The place now belongs to the founder, and a custodian is kept there to look after it. The buildings are open to the old camp boys, and many of them spend their vacation time there. For the most part they are men in the world now, but although Camp Chocoma has ceased to be, Camp Chocoma lives in the memories of the camp boys.



CAMP ON MARCH.

LONELINESS OF THE PACIFIC.

Four-Thousand-Mile Trips May be Made Without Seeing a Sail.

I notice an item in the press stating that the City of Peking in her recent trip sailed 1240 miles without meeting a single sail, and this fact is cited as showing the loneliness of the Pacific Ocean, says a writer in the "Washington Star." In the summer of 1850 I left San Francisco on a sail vessel (formerly from Baltimore) for Panama, distant 4000 miles, and on the entire route, which lasted 43 days, we never saw a sail! Loneliness is no name for it, especially when we lay becalmed in the tropics with our vessel floating as helplessly about as a chip on a mill pond, the ground swells keeping up the monotonous roll of the vessel from side to side all day and night and day after day, each roll being accompanied by a flap of the sails and a creaking of the rigging that might have passed for the flap of the wings and the wail of lost spirits. When we read about Noah in his ark we are apt to think that he must have had rather a lonely time, but then he was out only 40 days, and, besides, with all the animals, etc., on board, he had plenty to occupy his time and attention, and if he wanted amusement to while away the time he had only to start a sparring match between his monkeys and parrots. True, there is no report of any such proceedings on his part, but that is doubtless because there was no modern newspaper reporter on board. I tell you, a man can't realize what loneliness or comfort is until he has made some such trip, and if he wants to complete his education in that line he should preface it with a tramp of 2000 miles over the mountains and across the deserts amid wolves and wild Indians, as thousands of '49-ers did.

HOW LAKE TAHOE WAS FORMED.

The Result of Volcanic Upheaval in an Age Long Gone By.

Major J. W. Powell, director of the United States Geological Survey, thus describes the origin of Lake Tahoe: "In geographical times not long ago, as speaks the scientist, but very long ago, as speaks the chronicler of human follies, there was a deep valley on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevadas at the headwaters of the Truckee River. About this valley towered granite mountains. But earthquakes came, rents were opened in the rocks, and from the fissures poured monstrous streams of lava. One of these fissures crossed the lower end of the valley, and through it poured floods of molten rocks. Stream after stream issued, to cool in solid sheets and blocks, until a wall was built across the valley 2000 or 3000 feet in height, and above it was a deep basin 500 or 600 square miles in area. The storms that fell on the granite and volcanic mountains rolled in rivers to fill the basin, and Lake Tahoe was created. When filled at last its waters overflowed the rim of lava, and the Truckee River now springs from the Tahoe fountain. Its deep waters are dark with profundity, like the clouds of a stormy sky, but about its shores a few shallow bays are found, and emerald waters, like festoons of beauty, encircle the deeper and more sombre lake. Back from the waters forest-clad slopes rise toward the heavens, and above are seen naked crags and domes of granite."

Had a Gory Rise and Fall.

The Janissaries or Janezaries were a body of Turkish soldiers, first organized about 1330 A. D., by Sultan Orcan from is from the Turkish yeni askari, new soldiers. The Janissaries formed the earlier standing armies of Europe. They were at first highly privileged and soon attained great power, both in war and politics. In 1512 they raised Selim to the throne, and caused the death of the famous Bajazet; in 1808 they objected to the organization of any other army than their own body, and massacred all the new troops they could. In 1826 Mahomet II. suppressed them, his new troops remembering the massacre 18 years before, and slaughtered 20,000 of the obnoxious troops. This put an end to the body. The massacre lasted three days, June 14, 15 and 16. When it was ended Mahomet organized his new armies in comparative peace.—New York Dispatch.

Vigor in the K'ck of an Ostrich.

The strength of the ostrich is something prodigious. We have all read, with more or less of skepticism, of their carrying boys upon their backs. I have myself seen, and close at hand, a hen ostrich running freely with a full-grown Kaffir of not less than 10-stone weight astride on her back. They are dangerous, too, at times, for, though powerless in neck and beak, an ostrich possesses formidable weapons of defense in his great legs and two-toed feet. A raking forward kick delivered by an ostrich has been known to rip a man clean open, as anyone will readily believe who has seen the heavy nails and enormous muscles of their thighs. It is commonly said by those who know that a kick from an ostrich is as bad as a kick from a horse.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Travelers.

We shall lodge at the Sign o' the Grave,
 you say!
 Yet the road is a long one we trudge,
 my friend,
So why should we grieve at the break of
 the day?
Let us drink, let us love, let us sing, let
 us play,
 We can keep our signs for the journey's
 end.
We shall lodge at the Sign o' the Grave,
 you say!
 Well, since we are nearing the journey's
 end,
Our hearts must be merry while yet they
 may;
Let us drink, let us love, let us sing, let
 us play,
 For perchance it's a comfortless inn, my
 friend.

—Percy Addleshaw.

Making a Soldier

The Work of the Non-Commissioned Officers in the German Army.

Berlin, July 14.—The average non-commissioned officer in the German army has very little resemblance to a sculptor at first sight, and the good man himself would be more astonished than any, if one should attribute to him artistic proclivities. And yet if he would but stop and think—that is, when the occupation of training recruits leaves him time and temper sufficient for the effort of thinking—he might at least compare his position to that of the workman in the marble shop, who forms the block into the reproduction of the clay model from the studio.

The difference is that the corporal's marble having, occasionally, a will of its own, is the more difficult to handle.

The raw recruit is equally "raw" all over the world, I suppose, but having seen a few batches here, I can imagine the sinking of heart experienced by the officer in charge as his eyes wander over the unpromising array. The best and most intelligent men are selected for the guard, and come to Berlin; so the samples sent to the smaller provincial garrisons must be discouraging to those whose duty it is to form these uncouth blocks into shape. But the work is there, it must be done, and it is done with a thoroughness and celerity truly remarkable. In three months' time the unkempt peasant youth is transformed into the trim, jaunty soldier, with his well-fitting uniform, his erect carriage and elastic step, and his joyous sense of his wonderfully increased importance.

The captain parcels off his batch of recruits—from 50 to 60 are allotted to each company yearly—into divisions of 12 to 15 each, under the immediate charge of non-commissioned officers, each of whom has for an assistant a private of at least two years' term of service.

FIRST LESSONS OF THE RECRUIT.

The infantry recruits are brought up in the spring, those for the cavalry and artillery in autumn. Twelve weeks is the usual time alloted for the training of the infantryman before he enters the ranks, and, if for any one man this time is found insufficient, he may be kept out for the next batch, as the appearance of the regiment must not be spoiled by a single uneven step, by a single awkward carriage, or a moment's dilatoriness in maneuvering. The subdivision of the squad, giving to each corporal and his assistant never more than six men apiece, who are under their charge day and night, allows that personal study and training of each man, which is the only sure method to attain perfect evenness in the regiment.

When the recruit has been combed and scraped into shape sufficiently to be put into the first simple working uniform of white duck, his training begins. And oh! how much there is for him to learn! First of all, order and punctuality, and implicit obedience, and then his day is portioned off for him, and every hour has its duty, its rigid law to which he must bend or break. The division of daily labor differs in various garrisons, in various regiments, but the substance is the same, from 4 to 4½ hours of drilling on the barrack grounds, and later in the open country, one hour of oral theoretical instruction, and one hour for instruction in cleaning buttons, belt, etc., in cleaning the various parts of the musket, and in keeping uniform and accoutrements in proper order.

When our hero has passed the informal inspection at the hands of his corporal, that he may appear worthily in the regular general inspection later on, the first lesson begins. This is from 7 to 8, the hour for cleaning accoutrements and learning the various parts of the musket, which, however, is not put into his hands until he knows it thoroughly, and until a week or more of drilling has taught him to forget his limbs, and to hold himself easily and naturally erect. Then comes a short pause, then the signal for drill. The drill the first week consists of light calisthenics to loosen the muscles of the

SWIMMING EXERCISE.

various motions that make up the famous army step, and of the simplest general exercise, such as forming the line, marching in line (but without the trained step), and turning on count. Each man exercises alone, the line is formed in each division by itself, so that every man receives personal attention. This first week the first simple military greeting, drawing up before a superior, etc., is taught, and again and again each day with painful care. The sight of the recruit balancing on one foot, then on the other, or from toe to heel, like a pupil in the dancing school, is decidedly amusing for the passer-by, but means hard work for the teacher and pupil. Two to two and a half hours drill in the morning and two hours in the afternoon is the usual quantum, then later, toward evening, comes the hour of oral instruction, which, when the mental status of the average recruit is considered, is the most difficult of all and most taxes the teacher's temper and talent.

The first week a short time is allotted for practice in aiming, the second week the holding of the musket is taught, but the drill is held alternately with and without musket, and the movements become stiffened with the additional weight. Each portion of the step, the holding of each part of the body during the march is taught separately, and not until each man has mastered these details are they allowed to march even two by two.

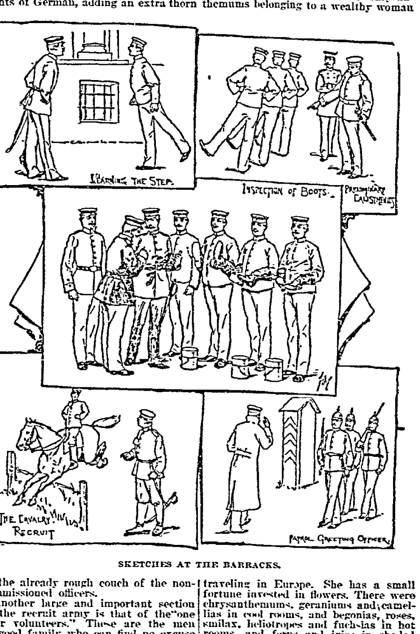
MINUTE CARE IN TEACHING.

The third week, the greeting of various superiors, combined with the proper holding of the musket, is added to the list, raising and lowering of the weapon and gymnastics of a more difficult and violent order supplement the simple calisthenics. About the third or fourth week the recruits are led in to the open country, at first merely as spectators of regimental maneuvers, which they must explain or describe on their return.

Then they learn to measure distance in the open air, to seek cover to overcome obstacles, and all the exercises with the musket are repeated in the training of the sharpshooter. The gymnastics are continued until the whole body is supple and tough, and by sensible training soon hardened to wind and weather. Little by little the exercises are taken in groups of increasing size, but at the slightest sign of faltering in a single man the whole training is recapitulated. About the seventh week the bayonet is introduced, and in the tenth the divisions are formed for one hour a day into regimental order, for the simple drill. By the following week the watch and sentry service is taught; the recruit accompanies the watch to learn the formula for changing, and in the last week of his training stands sentry for half an hour daily to learn the various presentings and greetings due the passing officer for varying grades.

So far the infantryman. Up to a certain point the training of the artillery is much the same, the handling of the guns comes later, but for the cavalryman there is the important item of riding and handling his mount, which he must learn as well as all the other details of the service. As a rule the men allotted to the cavalry have had previous experience in the treatment of horses, or at least a love for and interest in the animal, but even then they must learn the very rudiments of military riding. As the cavalry recruits are brought up in the fall, they have two months or more during which they can have an hour or so a day of riding in the open field, and in small garrisons, where the district is sufficiently rural, the men wander about the country with perfect freedom, that they may learn the ground and the best method of overcoming natural obstacles. During the winter in the ring comes the fancy riding, with and without saddle, jumping, using the lance and sabre on horseback, "doubling up," all the other arts necessary for the perfect cavalryman.

In the southeastern provinces, where a large portion of the recruits are Poles, they must often be taught the rudiments of German, adding an extra thorn



SKETCHES AT THE BARRACKS.

to the already rough couch of the non-commissioned officers.

Another large and important section of the recruit army is that of the "one year volunteers." These are the men of good family who can find no excuse to escape from the service, but have their term shortened to one year on consideration of their bearing all expense of uniforms, etc., as well as for board in the barracks. Students of medicine and theology, if they can pass the necessary examinations, need serve but six months, and the service has no further claims on the volunteer after his time is up, unless he intends becoming officer of the reserve, in which case he is called in a certain number of weeks every year.

The one-year volunteers receive their preliminary training among themselves and do not come in contact with the ordinary recruit until they join the regiment. Otherwise the treatment and instruction is exactly the same, only those aspiring to the rank of officer receive special courses of theoretical training. The volunteers wear the same uniforms as the regular private, but are recognizable by a tiny twisted black and white cord running around the epaulet. In spite of the democratic laws of the army, the volunteer undoubtedly has an easier time of it than the common recruit. The corporal may occasionally take, in word at least, an undue advantage of the authority his position gives him over men of a more privileged class, but even his duty-hardened heart is not unsusceptible to the charms of an occasional bottle or dainty sausage handed him on the sly, and the thought of the possible good things may soften his rigor just a little. The absolute authority of the non-commissioned officer, himself a man of the people, over the recruits in his charge sometimes leads him to excesses; and tales of cruelty crop out here and there, which are no great credit to a civilized nation in the latter half of the 19th century. But, to the corporal's credit, in one instance at least, it must be confessed that during the recent investigations held by the prince of a Southern State, the result proved the officers of the regiment far more to blame for the cruel treatment of the privates than their inferiors, who had but obeyed orders. This, unfortunately, is an unusual case, for, however generous toward the corporal he may wish to be, stories of cruelty and brutality seem less dreadful when laid to the debt of uneducated peasants than to men who have had every advantage of birth and breeding.

Her Father Signed the Declaration

The recent election of Miss Emily Louise Gerry, of this city, as regent of the Society of the Daughters of the Revolution, makes an interesting point of connection between the present and the past in American history. Miss Gerry's father, Elbridge Gerry, was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, a member of the committee which framed the Constitution of the United States, and Vice President of the United States in Madison's administration. He was born 150 years ago a subject of King George II., and his daughter, at the age of 92 years, is a citizen of what is now the oldest republic on the face of the earth. She is the last living child of a signer of the Declaration of Independence.—New Haven (Conn.) Daily News.

The City of the Dead.

They do neither plight nor wed
 In the city of the dead.
In the city where they sleep away the
 hours;
 But they lie, while o'er them range
 Winter blight and summer change
And a hundred happy whisperings of
 flowers.
 No, they neither wed nor plight,
 And the day is like the night,
For their vision is of other kind than ours.
 They do neither sing nor sigh
 In the burg of by and by,
Where the streets have grasses growing,
 cool and long;
 But they rest within their bed,
 Leaving all their thoughts unsaid,
Deeming silence better far than sob or
 song.
 No, they neither sigh nor sing,
 Though the robin be a-wing,
Though the leaves of autumn march a
 million strong.
 There is only rest and peace
 In the city of surcease
From the failings and the wailings 'neath
 the sun;
 And the wings of the swift years
 Beat but gently o'er their biers,
Making music to the sleepers, every one.
 There is only peace and rest;
 But to them it seemeth best,
For they lie at ease and know that life is
 done.

—Richard Burton.

Boarding-Houses for Plants

They Need to Be Cared for Just as Do Men and Women.

A new and novel occupation for women—to open boarding houses for plants. Here is a field offering pleasant work and fair remuneration.

There is a growing demand for some one able and willing to take care of valuable plants and flowers during the owner's absence. A family goes abroad for the winter, or to the seaside for the summer, the house is closed or else left in the charge of servants who may not know an orchid from a cauliflower. What becomes of the rare lilies, the heliotropes, the fuchsias and the other fragile beauties which have been so tenderly cared for by the ladies of the household? For one such family which can afford its private gardener there are a thousand which cannot. The need of a plant boarding-house is thus apparent.

I know a woman who has established such a temporary home for flowers, and is making it an increasing source of profit. She began several seasons ago merely to accommodate a friend who had valuable chrysanthemums. Others asked her to take their flowers also, and soon she found herself at the head of a regular business. Now she has a full-fledged greenhouse, and will soon be obliged to make enlargements.

Visiting the curious establishment, I found it well filled with costly plants, among them a collection of chrysanthemums belonging to a wealthy woman traveling in Europe. She has a small fortune invested in flowers. There were chrysanthemums, geraniums and camellias in cool rooms, and begonias, roses, smilax, heliotropes and fuchsias in hot rooms, and ferns and ivies in shaded rooms, and there was one room entirely filled with somebody's gorgeous orchids.

I learned that no system of flower insurance has yet been devised. If an orchid worth $1000 dies during its stay in the plant boarding-house, the owner has no redress. By extra payment, however, it can be arranged that the flowers receive special foods and the greatest possible care.

The ordinary charge for a valuable plant per month is about $1.

However, I should judge that all the plants were made the subjects of special study; in fact, treated very much like so many children, for their feedings and airings and baths and blanketings from the cold seemed as carefully apportioned as though they were human beings.

CEYTON SAXE.

A Clever Sparrow.

I believe that animals reason and are not guided by blind instinct alone. I have observed many instances that have led me to this conclusion, having always studied the ways of birds and beasts with loving patience. For that impudent little imp of brown impertinence, the English sparrow, I have no affection, for besides disturbing my rest, he has driven away from the haunts of men many of my sweet-voiced feather friends, who were also favored with beautiful plumage.

In front of the respectable "Tribune" building, in New York city, there stands—or sits—a statue of the late Dr. Greeley. Over against the doctor, as it were, and well into the street, Benjamin Franklin, of revered memory, is mounted in bronze upon a pedestal where he can get a good view of the farmer-journalist, who is also in bronze. Around the statue of Franklin is a car track, and this point encircling Poor Richard is known to the drivers and conductors as "Cape Horn."

Standing not long ago at a point near "Cape Horn," I observed a sparrow struggling with a piece of bread about as large as himself. He tried to fly away with it, but it was apparently much too heavy. Then he changed his tactics and pushed and pulled until the bread lay directly upon the car track. He was none too soon, for a car rounded the "Horn" just at that moment, and the sparrow with a sharp chirp flew up and rested upon the bald head of the venerable Dr. Franklin. The wheels of the car crushed the hard lump of bread into a thousand crumbs, whereupon the little bird descended and settled down to a feast.—Donahoe's Magazine.

A Character Required.

The captain of a large vessel was once filling up his crew for a long voyage when a seaman came up and said:

"I want to sail with you, sir."

"All right, my man," replied the captain, "Where have you sailed before?"

"P. & O., sir, to Australia."

"What countryman?"

"An Oirishman," was the ready response.

"Well, you must get a character."

The discharge was obtained, and, as the Irishman was presenting it, another seaman came up and said he wanted to join.

"What line were you on before?" asked the captain.

"Cunard, sir."

"What countryman?"

"English, your honor."

"All right. Go forward."

Shortly after, as the two were swilling the decks in a heavy sea, the Englishman was swept overboard, bucket and all. Unmoved, Paddy finished his job, and then went to the captain's cabin.

"Come in," responded the officer to his rap. "What's up now?"

"Do you remember Bill Smith, the Englishman and Cunarder?" queried Pat.

"Certainly, my man."

"You took him widout a character?"

"I believe so. What of that?"

"He's gone overboard wid your bucket."
—Chicago Record.

Mailing a Book for One Cent.

I wonder how many people in Washington who handle the "Congressional Record" every day are aware that it enjoys a unique distinction in the matter of postage rates? I have certainly witnessed with my own eyes a hundred times the efforts of strangers in the city, who have bought a "Record" to send home, to get it properly weighed and stamped. Their trouble is thrown away. In the view of the postal laws a "Record" is a "Record" regardless of weight; and any "Record" will go to any part of the United States for one cent, no matter whether it is a big book, containing an eight-hour speech by Senator George and a House debate over the pension question, or is boiled down to a single sheet, holding only the prayers of the two chaplains and a vote on two motions to adjourn.—Kate Field's Washington.